The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES | CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8, 1910 | Vol. XXXIX, No. 23

"PERIQUE."

Dark Cut Tobacco in tins and packages. This is one of the

COOLEST SMOKES

On the market. Try a 10 cent package. You'll enjoy it. All up-to-date grocers and druggists sell it.

HICKEY & NICHOLSON Tobacco Co., Ltd.

Ch'town, Phone 345. Manufacturers.

For New Buildings

We carry the finest line of

Hardware

to be found in any store.

Architects, Builders and Contractors, will find our line of goods the newest in design, the most adaptable and improved, and of the highest standard of merit in quality and durability.

Also a full line of pumps and piping.

Stanley, Shaw & Peardon.

June 12, 1907.

Dominion Coal Company

RESERVE COAL.

As the season for importing Coal in this Province is again near, we beg to advise dealers and consumers of Coal that we are in a position to grant orders for cargoes of Reserve, Screened, Run of mine, Nut and Slack Coal, F. O. B., a loading piers Sydney, Glace Bay or Louisburg, C. B.

Prices quoted on application, and all orders will receive our careful attention by mail or wire.

Reserve Coal is well known all over this Island, and is most extensively used for domestic and steam purposes.

Schooners are always in demand during the season and chartered at highest current rates of freight. Good despatch guaranteed schooners at loading piers.

Peake Bros. & Co.,

Selling Agents for Prince Edward Island for Dominion Coal Company.

Charlottetown, P. E. I., April 21, 1909—4i

Spring & Summer Weather

Fall and Winter weather calls for prompt attention to the

Repairing, Cleaning and Making of Clothing.

We are still at the old stand,

PRINCE STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN

Giving all orders strict attention.

Our work is reliable, and our prices please our customers.

H. McMILLAN.

Far-Sightedness

—OR—

Near-Sightedness

Uncorrected by glasses, imposes a severe tax on the eyes, which are needlessly weakened by the strain involved in trying to misuse them. Defects in vision grow, like weeds, without cultivation, and it's dangerous to overlook them. Whatever may be thought of a tax on income, a tax on the sight will never do, as it is apt to leave taxers out of sight.

Should you need glasses, better have your eyes tested and fitted at once. You will find our prices quite reasonaple.

E. W. TAYLOR,

South Side Queen Square, City.

Just Received

New Hat Pins, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Fobs, Chains, Lockets, Sterling Thimbles, Links, Bracelets, Brooches.

E. W. TAYLOR,

South Side Queen Square, City.

Souvenir Post Cards

Are a nice thing to send to friends abroad. We have a nice selection of City and Provincial views to select from. The following are some of the titles.

One color 2 cents each.

St Joseph's Convent, Ch'town
St Dunstan's College, "
Notre Dame Convent, "
Hillsborough Bridge "
Soldiers Monument "
Bishop's Palace & Church Ch'town
Interior St Dunstan's Cathedral, Charlottetown
View of Charlottetown from Victoria Park

Colored Cards 2 for 5 cents.

Victoria Row, Charlottetown
Block House Poinl, "
City Hospital, "
Crossing the Capes
Str Stanley in ice
Str Minto in ice
Apple Blossoms
Travellers Rest
Beautiful Autumn
Terrace of Rocks
Catching Smelts at S'Side
Sunset at S'side Harbor
Summer St, Summerside
High School, "
Pioneer Family, five generations
Among the Birches
A Morning Walk, Bonshaw
Trout Fishing
A Rustic Scene
North Cape
By Still Waters
The Border of the Woods
Harvesting Scene
A Shady Nook
Surf Bathing, North Cape
Looking Seaward

We also have a large variety of Comic Cards at one cent each. Any number of cards will be sent by mail providing one cent extra is added for each 10 cards.

EUREKA TEA.

If you have never tried our Eureka Tea it will pay you to do so. It is blended especially for our trade, and our sales on it show a continued increase. Price 25 cents per lb.

R. F. Maddigan & Co.

Eureka Grocery,

QUEEN STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN.

Jeanne d'Arc's Feast Day.

For weeks before May 8 the feast of Blessed Jeanne d'Arc, the French bishops seized every opportunity of impressing upon their flock the duty of celebrating the fete of their national heroine with due honor. Mgr. Touchet, Bishop of Orleans, aptly pointed out that this year the feast fell upon the exact anniversary of the deliverance of their city; he added that it was the citizens of Orleans who through years of oblivion, neglect and calumny, preserved the tradition of her holiness and, unlike many of their countrymen, never wavered in their belief in her heavenly mission. It is owing, he said, to the historians of Orleans and to the deeply-rooted traditions of its inhabitants that the memory of the heroine, forgotten by medieval writers and disfigured by modern sceptics, has been handed down in all its simplicity, purity and grandeur.

The fetes at Oreleans were, this year, somewhat marred by the weather. However, on May 6, the traditional ceremony; took place the mayor placed the maid's standard in the hands of the bishop, who stood on the threshold of the cathedral. In spite of the ill-will of the Government, this ceremony continues as before to excite much enthusiasm. Replying to the mayor's address, Mgr. Touchet regretted that the army should now be prohibited from joining the Church to honor the national heroine, adding that when he spoke thus he expressed his feelings as a Frenchman as well as a bishop. The next day, M. l'abbe Gaudeau preached Jeanne's panegyric. He drew a comparison between the material perils of the France that Jeanne helped to deliver and the perils that, at the present time, threaten its very existence as a Catholic nation; concluding that the Blessed Maid must again be called upon to save her country!

The procession then took place, but it was less numerous than usual. The municipal Council took part in it, but the civil and local societies and associations kept aloof, while the army had a separate military function in the afternoon. "One freely realized the want of union that exists," says a newspaper reporter. By its narrow sectarian prejudices, the Government has shorn a unique celebration of its picturesqueness and originality, besides inflicting a gratuitous insult upon the Church. Since Jeanne 'd Arc has been raised to the altar she has become a "clerical" and her past services are ignored by the atheists who control French politics.

In Paris, preparations on a large scale were made, and, as early as the morning of May 7 blue flags with Jeanne's portrait, the Papal standard, white and yellow, the familiar tricolor and fac similes of the Maid's famous banner with its magic words: "Jhesus, Maria," were flying gaily from many windows. Then came, like a thunderbolt, the news that Edward VII had died the night before. This was followed by a notice sent to the newspapers by the archbishop, requesting Catholics, as a mark of sympathy with the mourning of a friendly nation, to abstain from decorating and illuminating as they had intended to do, but to be all the more zealous in celebrating the feast within the churches. The archbishop's tactful act must appeal to the English people, and in many a Paris church prayers were offered up in private for the dead king.

If the feast of the heroine was thus deprived of some of its outward splendor in Paris, the churches were crowded throughout the day. They had been appropriately decorated with banners upon which were inscribed the most glorious dates of her short life and the places most closely connected with her memory; Vaucouleurs, Orleans, Reims, Rouen Rome. At Notre Dame, her panegyric was preached by l'abbe Sertillanges, in presence of the archbishop and of the principal leaders of the Catholic party.

In the provinces, fetes in honor of the national heroine continue to take place and often assume a picturesque form, appealing strongly to the emotional and artistic side of the French temperament. These manifestations have a twofold advantage; they bring home Jeanne's story to the uneducated, whose imagination is struck by the pageants of which she is the central figure; they also frequently create a feeling of good fellowship between persons of different rank; and this, in small provincial centres, has a deeper and happier meaning than might be supposed. In a little town in northern France, for example, a fete of this kind was organized on the occasion of a mission; women and young girls of all ranks worked hand in hand, and the working class was given an appropriate part in the procession. The church, usually empty, was filled to overflowing and the preacher attributed many of the spiritual victories that crowned his efforts to the cordial good will created by the celebrations in honor of the Maid. This instance is but one example out of many of Jeanne's happy influence in the land she loved so well.

French literature experienced a severe loss, when on the 28th of March last the Vicomte Eugene Melchior de Vogue, a member of the French Academy, died almost suddenly in Paris. He was the first to introduce Russian literature to his countrymen and his studies on Russian history are more interesting than any novel. His marriage with a Russian gave him an insight into the intimate life of a country whose language, history and literature were, at that time, almost unknown to outsiders.

ANGLO-FRENCH CATHOLIC,
In America.

Modern Literature.

The day has gone by when the discussion was between Christian and Christian; it is now a stand-up fight, a fierce struggle, every day becoming more firce, between faith and infidelity. A spurious philosophy has prevailed under one name or another in every age, from the days of Democritus down to our own: but it has received recently an impetus from the teachings of Materialists. Emboldened by their success in research, the professors of the Materialistic school have attempted to lift the mysterious veil of nature, and have challenged the truths of Revelation on the most fundamental principles of the Christian creed.

In fact the Materialistic theories which to-day defy reason and make matter eternal, and which recognize in matter the principle and perfection of every form of life, are the substratum underlying almost every species of modern literature. It is this Materialistic philosophy in the trappings of popular literature which is filling the earth with crime and making the lives of men a veritable inferno. Its pernicious influence has been stealing over the minds of men till it has succeeded in shaking to its centre the whole fabric of social life in almost every civilized country.

The religious works of the European continent have been translated into English, and circulated in every variety of form from the most ornate to the cheapest and most accessible. They are on the counters in the department stores, in the most flashing advertisements where their most prurient qualities are held out as inducements to the buyer. Nor are works of a similar spirit and tendency wanting in our own literature. And these works, adapted to every class of readers, and to every grade of intellect revive the old errors while fertile in the production of new ones, flatter the pride of the understanding, stimulate the passions of the heart, and diffuse their poison in every department of human learning and through every form of publication by which the popular mind can be reached.

An evil Press, largely circulated and read by many who suspect no evil, is rapidly sapping the faith of the multitudes.

Unfortunately there exists in our nature a propensity to evil. Whatever flatters our passions or vicious inclinations we, as a rule, are readier to follow than what is good and virtuous. Hence we find that bad books are more generally read than good ones, and that newspapers wherein religion and morality are outraged, have a very wide circulation. If anything more than bad example tends to propagate vice, it is bad reading. Vice in itself is odious, but when decked out in the false coloring of a cleverly written book it becomes enticing. Young inquisitive people—and young people are generally inquisitive—are tempted.

After persuing such a book their horror of vice is much lessened, they take up another; and so, by degrees, their ideas become perverted. Nearly all men agree that it is the familiarity with vice which develops all the immoral and vicious propensities of human nature, and it is this familiarity with the face of vice which is so contagious, and draws so many into the vortex of crime in the large cities while its absence keeps country life so pure and untarnished.

It is indeed hard to say which is the more dangerous among books—those which are written professedly against Christ, His Church and His laws, or the furtive and stealthy literature which is penetrated through and through with unbelief and passion, false principles, immoral whispers and inflaming imaginations. To read such books is a moral contagion—it is to imbibe poison—it is certain spiritual death.

It is certainly a melancholy reflection, that any such books should be extant amongst us. It is sad to think that any of the human species should have so far lost all sense of shame, all feelings of conscience, as to sit down deliberately and compile a work entirely in the cause of vice and immorality, which, for anything they know, may serve to pollute the minds of millions, and to propagate contagion and iniquity through generations yet unborn—living, and spreading its baneful influence long after the unhappy hand that wrote it is mouldering in the dust.

It is a striking observation made by one of the Fathers of the Church that "as the authors of good books may hope to find their future crown lightened by the degree of wisdom and virtue which their writings impart through successive generations, so the writers of evil books may well dread an increase of punishment in the future world proportionate to the pollution which they spread, and the evil effects which their writings shall produce as long as they continue to be read."

To what frightful deserts must the writers of modern literature look forward in accordance with such a prediction! The literature of to-day, light and popular, stately and philosophical alike, teems with immorality and infidelity. It displays itself in every form of poetry and prose, in lectures, essays, histories, and in biblical criticism. There it stands palpable and terrible, like Milton's Death, black and horrible, obstructing the light of heaven, and overshadowing God's fair creation. The Press is a Catholic institution; a Catholic invented it; a Catholic first printed books, and the Catholic Church first fostered it. But the enemies of Catholicity have seized it and turned it into an engine of destruction to faith and morals.

The newspapers in most cases teem with scandals which absorb the thoughts or arouse the passions. Such reading familiarizes the young with the details of vice, and their better nature is overshadowed by the vicious existences pictured, while the moral strength to resist temptation is slowly but surely weakened.

Then there is that inward strife and struggle—that warring of the passions from which no one is free—that tendency to evil which seeks to cast off the salutary restraints of religion, and which has carried down with the current of innate corruption the greater part of mankind. All these things are borne in upon the soul, day by day, and year by year, as though life were to last forever, until the unhappy reader begins to abandon the absolute realities of life and law and to dwell in the house of a diseased imagination like a leper waiting for the moment of final dissolution.

What we want thus to day is an arousing of the Catholic conscience in this regard, the cultivation of Catholic instincts, and the acquiring of Catholic habits of thought. While the banners of atheism and anarchy are waving throughout Europe, the forces of infidelity and indifference are doing their deadly work at home. The spirit of revolt, born of corruption and bred of disease, has swept across the ocean and finds a resting place never home. The enemy has laid hold of a great part of the press and is using it for the destruction of morality and the perversion of truth. The wells of knowledge and the fountains of truth are being daily and hourly poisoned by means of the current literature. A spiritual pestilence is passing over the earth, and the souls of millions are perishing through its foul agencies.

If God, therefore, has given to Catholics wealth of ability and strength of mind, and richness of opportunity to engage in the intellectual combat which is being fought everywhere around us, they ought to use these means to oppose the tide of infidelity and indifference which is sweeping over the nations by putting against it the barrier of good books and Catholic reading. In many quarters the mists are beginning to lift; many intelligent people are beginning to look to the Catholic Church because of her openly proclaimed doctrines, her magnificent works in building up the mighty fabric of the social world, and her lofty ideals of humanity. Secularism in education is confessing its failure at home and abroad.

The toiling masses are turning to the Church for the solution of the vexed problems of labor. The creeds are falling to pieces for want of unity, cohesive principle and authority. Thousands are flocking back to the old Church in sheer weariness of spirit. The thousands would swell into millions if we were up and active in the dissemination of good books, and did our part in helping on the cause of Catholic literature. The Catholic book, the Catholic magazine, the Catholic newspaper is the fiery cross spread from hand to hand, to light up the darkness and to kindle the faith of the multitudes.—The Tablet.

Had Weak Back.

Would Often Lie in Bed For Days, Scarcely Able To Turn Herself.

Mrs. Arch. Schnare, Black Point, N.B., writes:—"For years I was troubled with weak back. Oftentimes I have lain in bed for days, being scarcely able to turn myself, and I have also been a great sufferer while trying to perform my household duties. I had doctors attending me without avail and tried liniments and plasters, but nothing seemed to do me any good. I was about to give up in despair when my husband induced me to try Doan's Kidney Pills, and after using two boxes I am now well and able to do my work. I am positive Doan's Kidney Pills are all that you claim for them, and I would advise all kidney sufferers to give them a fair trial."

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS are a purely vegetable medicine, realizing quick, permanent relief, without any after ill effects. A medicine that will absolutely cure Backache and all forms of Kidney and Bladder Disease.

Price, 50 cents per box, or 3 for $1.25, at all dealers or The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

In ordering specify "Doan's."

"I tell you I must have some money!" roared the King of Maritania, who was in sore financial straits. "Somebody will have to cough up!"

"Alas!" said the guardian of the treasury, who was formerly the court jester, "all our coffers are empty."

Beware Of Worms.

Don't let worms gnaw at the vitals of your children. Give them Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and they'll soon be rid of these parasites. Price 50c.

Gladys: "Well, what did Miss Doctor Cleverton say was the cause of your extreme paleness?"

Grace: "Well, she has prescribed for me a hat and waist that will go beautiful with it."

Sprained Arm.

Mary Oulington, Jasper, Ont., writes:—"My mother had a badly sprained arm. Nothing we used did her any good. Then father got Hagyard's Yellow Oil and it cured mother's arm in a few days." Price 25c.

Real Estate Agent—"I tell you, sir, the death rate in this suburb is lower than in any other part of the country."

Near-Victim—"I believe you. I wouldn't be found dead here myself."

Minard's Liniment Cures colds, tec.

Him—"I—I don't know how to tell you how I love you." Her—"Don't worry about that—I'll take it as it comes. What you want to get nervous about is how to tell papa about it."

Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders give women prompt relief from monthly pains and leave no bad after effetcs whatever. Be sure you get Milburn's. Price 25 and 50 cts.

"Cholly's club and Fredy's club got up teams and played a game of ball for the benefit of a hospital." "Make any money for the hospital?" "No, but they made considerable business for it."

Minard's Liniment cures Neuralgia.

"I want the office, of course," said the aspiring statesman, "but not unless I am the people's choice." "We can fix that, too," said his campaign manager; "only you know it's a good deal more expensive to be the compromise candidate."

"The great poets have done so much to make life easier!" said the earnest young woman. "That's right," replied Mr. Cumrox; "if it weren't for the great poets we'd be stumped many a time for something to write in an autograph album."

Could Not Sleep In The Dark.

Doctor Said Heart and Nerves Were Responsible.

There is many a man and woman tossing night after night upon a sleepless bed. Their eyes do not close in the sweet and refreshing repose that comes to those whose heart and nerves are right. Some constitutional disturbance, worry or disease has so debilitated and irritated the nervous system, that it cannot be quieted.

Mrs. Calvin Stark, Rossmore, Ont., writes:—"About two years ago I began to be troubled with a smothering sensation at night, when I would lie down. I got so bad I could not sleep in the dark, and would have to sit up and rub my limbs, they would become so numb. My doctor said my heart and nerves were responsible. I saw Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills advertised and got a box to try them. I took three boxes and can now lie down and sleep without the light burning and can rest well. I can recommend them highly to all nervous and run down women."

Price 50 cents per box or 3 for $1.25 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.