

# The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, MAY 25, 1910

Vol. XXXIX, No. 21

## "PERIQUE."

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

### COOLEST SMOKES

cent package. You'll enjoy it. All up-to-date grocers and druggists sell it.

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Uncorrected by glasses, imposes a severe tax on the eyes, which are needlessly weakened by the strain involved in trying to read 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.

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E. W. TAYLOR,

South Side Queen Square, City.

### Friendship.

"Friends are like melons, shall I tell you why? To find one good, you must a hundred try."

Once upon a time in my school days, the members of our class were called upon for a quotation. In my inability to respond at a moment's notice I glanced over the list that had been placed before me. My choice was the one quoted above. I cannot offer any definite reason for my selection, unless its brevity and the absence of difficulty in committing it to memory spoke in its favour. I did not realize the purport of the lines at the time, but they were nevertheless impressed on my memory, and in later years have found the truth verified. So often, in choosing our friends, we make the great mistake of not being able to distinguish the real from the unreal; we reject the jewel and retain the empty casket. Why is the strongest friendship the one we usually pass by, while the friend we kneel to and worship is but common clay?

What can be more beautiful than friendships true and tried, tested and not found wanting, friendships that have been able to withstand all trial, hearts that have remained faithful through all opposition? God gives us our friends, but we ourselves are the despoilers of their friendship. Instead of making them bulwarks of strength in our lives, we too often make them stumbling blocks. Friends that were dearer than life itself we pass now as coldly as strangers.

The great fault of most of us is that we are too willing to listen to the remarks and criticisms of others. It is to be deplored that it is not always an enemy that comes stalking thus into our camp, but too often the one that comes in the guise of a friend. The intentions of such friends are often good; it is not through malice they speak. But nine times out of ten the manufactured grievance never materializes, unless we ourselves prove the instigators. We do not respond at once to the remarks of the detractor. We are willing to listen. Nevertheless, the seed of mistrust has been sown in our hearts. It takes root; we are on the alert; we watch for the little flaws in our friends. Trouble pursued becomes the pursuer, and our friends, unconscious of this feeling growing within us, at some time may be guilty of some act of indiscretion. We are willing to overlook it; but if it is commented on, or criticised by another, we are immediately on the defensive. The seed of mistrust is beginning to bear fruit. We become conscious of little slights, or thoughtlessness on the part of our friends; we entertain a sense of injustice; we cannot act naturally, and our friends, feeling the coldness, get in like manner.

These misunderstandings arise. If kind words, the whisperings of angel voices, could find their way into our lives, we would witness a turn of the tide. Misunderstandings flourish in the soil of silence. After a while indifference creeps in, and when this petrifies the heart it breaks the strongest ties of friendship. Friendships that have been as strong as life, that have given us so much comfort, so much happiness, are forever destroyed. The ties that were considered indestructible are snapped in twain. Friendships that seemed to have been built upon a rock have crumbled.

And how has the tragedy been brought about? By listening to whisperings, by being influenced by criticisms. And seldom or never are the strands of the broken friendships reunited. We may feel a desire for reconciliation, but the monster pride dominates our hearts; we are its slaves, and it will not permit or consent to our making overtures of peace. We remain silent and a great chasm is formed between us, that grows and widens, until it becomes impassable. We can be prejudiced so easily. I hear some one remark: "That one is indeed very weak, to allow herself to be thus easily led." But we are all strong until tempted.

The massive gates of circumstance are turned upon the smallest hinge, and thus some seeming chance. Off gives our life its tinge.

If we know the influence, the weight of chance remarks or criticisms in swaying the balance, destroying the estimation in which one friend holds another, we would certainly ponder well and long ere we uttered the least remark that might cause an estrangement, or by the least act or sign be the means of severing one single strand that binds friend to friend. On the contrary, we would exercise every means in our power to weld the bonds and make them stronger and firmer. We cannot value our friends too highly, or be too willing to overlook their little failings.

The pain our pride costs us is greater than we are willing to admit. A proud spirit suffers more in proportion to its wrongs than a humble one. We show greater willingness to overlook in strangers the faults that we cannot forgive in those dear to us. We become oblivious to the happiness that has been ours in the past, the great treasure we possess. Only the wrongs are visible and these are magnified until the goodness and kindness of our friends are completely overshadowed. In our eagerness to show resentment we will be guilty of some rash act, that may prove a source of regret to us for the rest of our lives.

Most persons seem to have a little streak of spitefulness in their make-up. I do not mean to say that any name I shall say resentfulness. The spirit is strong within us. If offended, we are not content until we can show this feeling, or in other words, pay the offender in his own coin. We do not stop to inquire into the circumstances that probably were unaccountable for the act. How many mothers implant this feeling in the hearts of their children. Instead of casting about to find an excuse for the offender, they encourage resentment. Children forgive readily, but if this feeling of self-love is nurtured, their lives are made miserable.

I remember when a child I was full of fire, not able to take a thing I felt to be an injury. Resentment being my strong weakness, I would boast about what I intended doing to revenge a fancied injury. My mother would always wait until I was through talking; then she would smile and say, "Don't cut off your nose to spite your face." After a little consideration, I was willing to acknowledge the wisdom of peace. This little saying, though homely, has been of great benefit to me later in life. If mothers would instill more of this feeling in their children, the world would be happier and better.

Let us encourage forgiveness. It is better to forgive ten times, even though the offender is undeserving, than with hold pardon once, for this once may be for the time it is truly merited. Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God. I trust at the Last Day of Judgment, God may show mercy to the destroyers of peace, for in my estimation there is no greater sin to be found in the category.

In the structure of friendship, there are four large pillars. Understanding is called the basis, sincerity the tenure, progress the fruit, peace the crown. These four mammoth pillars are required in holding up this great structure. It is supposed to be strongly built, able to withstand all the ravages of time and storm. But it has one great enemy to fear, small in appearance, but great in the destruction it is capable of. This enemy is called criticism. It commences operations on a pillar number one, destroys understanding, then goes on with its deadly work, until the whole building topples over our heads, a mass of ruins. I read a little poem the other day, entitled "A lost friend." The words were so true, the pathos so real, that it impressed me deeply.

Why are we capable of appreciating or valuing our friends at their true worth only after we have lost them? We form new friendships, but can they take the place of the old? Can they fill the vacancy created in our lives by the loss of the old? For a time we are willing to believe they can, we banish all thoughts to the contrary from our minds. We forget that old friendships, like old wine, are improved with age. It is not so much what we do or say, but what we feel that governs our lives.—Rosa Lee, in *Catholic Universe*.

### The North Pole.

(Catholic Encyclopedia)

In the light of the recent North Pole controversy, the article on Impositors in the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, by Herbert Thurston, is intensely interesting. Under this heading the author briefly considers the various frauds who have sought at different times to foist themselves on the credulity of their generation. After considering some of the earlier impostors the author goes on to say:

Two similar pretenders to royalty, however, are of more consequence, and the impersonation, if impersonation it was, is buried in deeper mystery. When King Sebastian of Portugal in 1578 fought his last desperate battle against the Moors upon African soil, there was some conflict of evidence regarding the manner of his death, and though what purported to be his dead body was brought back and interred in Portugal, rumours persistently

circulated that he had escaped and was still alive. Influenced by the fact that Philip II of Spain now claimed and occupied the throne of the sister kingdom, a whole series of pretenders appeared, each averring that he was in truth the Sebastian whom men believed to have perished. The first three of these claimants were vulgar rogues, but the fourth played his part with extraordinary firmness and consummate ability. He obtained recognition from a number of people who had known Sebastian well, and though the Spanish Viceroy of Naples seized him and sent him to the galleys, he seems to have been treated by the Spanish authorities with a curious degree of consideration. Even now it cannot be

ascertained with absolute certainty that his story was a false one, though nearly all historians pronounce against him.

Still more doubtful is the case of "The false Demetrius." The true Demetrius, the son of Tsar Ivan, the Terrible, was murdered in 1592. Mascovy after Ivan's death fell into terrible anarchy, and not long afterwards there appeared in Poland a young man who declared that he was Demetrius who had escaped the massacre and that he now meant to press his claim to the throne of the Tsars. Sigismund, King of Poland, lent him his support. He made himself master of Moscow and was generally received with enthusiasm, although he made no secret of the fact that during his residence in Poland he had adopted the Roman Faith. Probably the merits of the historical controversy as to his identity have never been quite fairly judged, because all have agreed in describing him as a tool of the Jesuits and have consequently taken it for granted that the whole claim was a political coup devised by them to draw Russia over to the Roman obedience. It has, however, been clearly shown how doubtful is the assumption that Demetrius was really an impostor. (See Pierling, "Rome et Demetrius," Paris, 1878; and "Le Russe et le Saint-Sieg," of the same author.) Of the other royal pretenders and notably of the six various adventurers who came forward in the character of the Dauphin Louis, the son of Louis XVI, there is no need to say anything.

Neither need we linger over such fantastic personages as Parsesius (Philip Bombast von Hohenheim, 1493-1544), who, despite his parade of cabalistic formulae and his pretensions of Divine inspiration, was really for his age a scientific genius, or Nostradamus (1503-1566), the Parisian astrologer and prophet, who also practised as a physician, or Cagliostro (Giuseppe Balsamo, 1743-1795), who died in the dungeons of the Castle of St. Angelo after an almost unprecedented career of fraud, in which sort of freemasonry, called "Egyptian Masonry," invented by him in England, played a notable part. Such English astrologers on the other hand as John Dee (1527-1608), whose life has recently been written by C. F. Smith (1909), William Lilly (1602-1681), and John Gadbury (1627-1704), seem to have been sincere believers in their own strange science, and that serious character Valentine Grestreke (1629-1683), was not a mere charlatan but undoubtedly possessed some natural gift of healing. More to our purpose are a number of feigned or deluded exstasies who often traded upon the popular credulity in countries like Spain that were ready to welcome the miracles. Amongst the most famous of these was Magdalena de la Cruz (1497-1560), a Franciscan nun of Oviedo, who for many years was honoured as a saint. She was believed to have the stigmata and to take no other food than the Holy Eucharist. The Blessed Sacrament was said to fly to her tongue from the hand of the priest who was giving Holy Communion and it seemed at such moments that she was raised from the ground. The same miraculous levitation took place during her ecstasies at which time she also was radiant with supernatural light. So universal was the popular veneration, that ladies of the highest rank, when about to be confined, sent to her the cradles or garments prepared for the expected child, that she might bless them. This was done by the Empress Isabel, in 1527, before the birth of Philip II. On the other hand St. Ignatius Loyola had always regarded her with suspicion. Falling dangerously ill in 1543, Magdalena confessed to a long career of hypocrisy, avowing most of the marvels to the action of demons by which she was possessed, but maintaining their reality. She was sentenced by the Inquisition, in an auto da fe at Oviedo, in 1546, to perpetual imprisonment in a convent of her order, and there she is believed to have ended her days most piously amid marks of the sincerest repentance (see Gorres, "Mystik," V, 168-174; Lutz, "Chap.

## HEADACHE

### AND Burdock Blood Bitters.

The presence of headache nearly always tells us that there is another disease which, although we may not be aware of it, is still exerting its baneful influence, and perhaps awaiting an opportunity to assert itself plainly.

Burdock Blood Bitters has, for years, been curing all kinds of headaches, and if you will only give it a trial we are sure it will do for you what it has done for thousands of others.

Mrs. John Connor, Burlington, N.S., writes:—"I have been + Headache + troubled with headache and constipation + Cured. + for a long time. After + trying different doctors' medicines I had asked me to try Burdock Blood Bitters. I find I am completely cured after having + + + + +"

For sale by all dealers. Manufactured only by The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

ters from R. Hig. Hist. of Spain, 330-335). A large number of similar cases have been discussed in considerable detail by Lea both in his "Obsequies" just cited, and also in the fourth volume of the "History of the Inquisition of Spain," but Lea, through indefatigable as a compiler, is not to be relied on in the conclusions and inferences he draws.

### 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.

"How is your wife, John?"

John (the waiter)—"Well, I don't know, Miss. When the sun don't shine she's miserable, and when it does, she says it fades the carpet."

### Sprained Arm.

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

"Then you don't want to leave foot prints on the sand of time?" "Nix," answered the politician guardedly. "All I want is to cover up my tracks."

### Minard's Liniment Cures colds, etc.

"I think we shall like our new neighbors." "That so. Have you met any of them?" "No, but I watched their furniture being carried in yesterday, and there wasn't a phonograph or a music box in the outfit."

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

A stranger in a Southern town was surprised at seeing an old colored woman strenuously laboring her husband with a stick. He asked what she was beating the old man for. "Ca's he done opened de coop do' an' turned out all de chickens," was the reply.

"Oh, well," said the mediator, "If you leave the door open they will all come back."

"Come back! Dey ain't gwinter come back! dey's gwinter go back!"

There is nothing harsh about Lix-Liver Pills. They cure Constipation, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, and Bilious Spells without gripping, purging or sickness. Price 25 cts.

By the time you have acquired wisdom everybody look upon you as an old fool.

### Minard's Liniment cures Neuralgia.

## Suffered From Her Terrible Pains

For Backache, Lame or Weak Back—one of the commonest and most distressing symptoms of kidney inaction, there is no remedy equal to Doan's Kidney Pills for taking out the stitches, twinges and twinges, limbering up the stiff back, and giving perfect comfort.

A medicine that strengthens the kidneys so that they are enabled to extract the poisonous uric acid from the blood and prevent the chief cause of Rheumatism.

Mr. Douglas A. McLean, Broad Cove Banks, N.S., writes:—"I was troubled with my kidneys for nine months, and suffered with such terrible pains across the small of my back all the time that I could hardly get around. After taking two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills I began to feel better, and by the time I had taken three I was completely cured."

Price 30 cents per box, or 3 for \$1.25. All dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. When ordering specify "Doan's."

### 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

## Fall and Winter 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,**

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

**Colored Cards 2 for 5 cents.**

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

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.