

The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, FEB. 5, 1908

Vol. XXXVII, No. 6

Carter's Big Holiday Bazaar

Bigger and Better Than Ever
Old and young are cordially welcome.

1st Floor (2 stores).—Books, Stationery, Calendars, Christmas Cards, Leather Goods, Fancy Goods, Chinaware, Sleds and Sleighs.

2nd Floor (Santa Claus Headquarters).—Dolls, Toys, Games, Dolls Cabs, Go-Carts, Rocking-Horse, Shoo Fly Rockers, Baskets, Dolls Carriages, and an endless variety of other Goods too numerous to mention.

COME ONE COME ALL.

CARTER & CO.,

Santa Claus Headquarters.

HARDWARE!

Largest Assortment,
Lowest Prices.

WHOLESALE and RETAIL

Fennel and Chandler

READY-MADE CLOTHING

Gents' Furnishing HATS and CAPS

Don't forget to give me a call first day you are in town.

When you buy your

SUMMER SUIT

I will save you a dollar.

When you want a HAT or CAP or anything in the Furnishing line I can show you by far the largest assortment of up-to-date goods in the city.

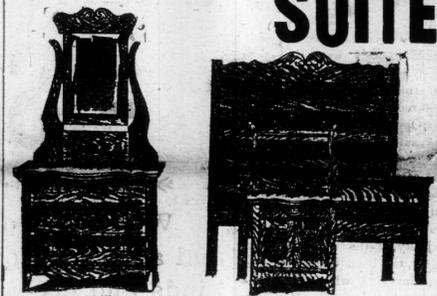
If you have any wool for exchange bring it along with you.

H. H. BROWN,

The Young Men's Man.

Queen Street, just around Hughes' Corner.

This Bedroom



3 pieces as shown, \$12.50, at any station on the P. E. Island Railway.

We are headquarters for everything in Furniture and Carpets!

And we guarantee you Better Goods for Less Money Than you'll find anywhere else.

MARK WRIGHT Fur. Co.

ROBERT PALMER & CO.,

Charlottetown Sash and Door Factory,

Manufacturers of Doors & Frames, Sashes & Frames Interior and Exterior finish etc., etc.

Our Specialties

Gothic windows, stairs, stair rails, Balusters New Posts, Cypress Gutter and Conductors, Kiln dried Spruce and Hardwood Flooring, Kiln dried clear spruce, sheathing and clapboards, Encourage home Industry.

ROBERT PALMER & CO.,

PEAKE'S No. 3 WHARF.
CHARLOTTETOWN.

OAK BRAND TEA.

In order to introduce our Oak Brand Tea we will ship and prepay freight to any station or shipping point on P. E. Island an 18 lb. caddie, and if you are not satisfied in every way return at our expense, and we will refund your money. Cut this out and enclose \$4.00 and mail to us.

McKenna's Grocery,

Box 576, Ch'town, P. E. I.

Enclosed find \$4.00 for which you will send us a caddie of tea as advertised in this paper.

(Sign full name)

(And Address)

Spring & Summer Weather

Spring and Summer 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.

Greetings to the Holy Father.

During the last week, says "Roma" in its issue of January 4, the Sala Regia of the Vatican leading to the Holy Father's apartment and to that of the Cardinal Secretary of State has witnessed an unusual movement of ambassadors and ministers, in full uniform and blazing with decorations, on their way to offer the Father of Christmas the customary greetings for the new year. You would have looked in vain among them, however, for the Ambassador of France to the Holy See—he has never darkened the doors of the Vatican since that memorable night four years ago when he rushed into the Appartamento Borgia to ask the Secretary of State a number of questions, and then rushed out again without waiting for an answer, and then hurried off to the railway station to avoid the possibility of receiving the Cardinal's reply. Neither would you have found there this year the Minister from Ecuador, for that country, too, has been for some years past in the hands of the most rabid anticlericals. This year, too, the Minister of Bolivia to the Holy See was conspicuous by his absence, for the antichristian pestilence has spread also to that Republic. But Bolivia is the only diplomatic black mark in the Vatican diplomatic chronicle of the year 1907, and it is more than balanced by the improved relations between the Holy See and civil powers in the same period. Last year there was some danger of trouble between the Spanish minister and the Holy See—this year the relations could hardly be better or more promising. This year too the Argentine Republic has promoted its representative at the Vatican from a simple Charge d' Affaires to a Minister Plenipotentiary, and Chili, hitherto content with having one Minister to represent it at Paris and at the Vatican, has accredited to the Holy See its Minister Plenipotentiary Senator Errazuriz Urmeneta, one of its best statesmen and most admirable citizens. Belgium continues to be admirably represented at the Vatican, and during the past year its Minister has contributed to the drawing up of a convention by which Catholic missionaries in the Congo are guaranteed liberty and protection. With regard to Portugal, the public is not likely to learn much about the events which led to the resignation of the Cardinal Patriarch of Lisbon, but in any case the incident is over, and in spite of the anomalous state of things there everything is well between the Holy See and the government—or rather the Dictator. The success of the Social Christians at the last elections in Austria has not been without happy results in the relations between the Holy See and that country. The new Minister of Prussia to the Vatican had not arrived in time to present his new year's greetings to the Holy Father, but he is expected here some time in January. His task is perhaps more difficult and delicate than that of any other diplomatist in Rome, yet there is no reason to anticipate complications. The question of the Royal Palace in Bavaria has been settled without the intervention of diplomacy and neither Mr. Frickwirth at Munich nor Baron de Cetto in Rome is likely to be troubled by it.

The diplomatic relations between the Holy See and Russia are rather puzzling. On the one hand, Russia has had for many years a Resident Minister, N. de Sazonov, at the Vatican, and within the last few months has raised him to the dignity of Minister Plenipotentiary—but on the other hand the Holy See has no representative at the Court of St. Petersburg. The result is to be seen in such incidents as that connected with the case of Mr. Ropp, which was recently described in "Roma." Now that France has ceased to be considered as the Protector of Catholics in the Orient it would seem as if the times were ripe for having exchange of representatives between the Holy See and Constantinople—although it is well-known that France would look very much askance at such an arrangement.

Church societies and fraternal organizations of Catholics should never cease harping on the necessity of all their members and all Catholics attending Mass every Sunday and holy day that it is at all possible; and the Masses should be taboed and every other way made to feel his delinquency. In certain parts of Germany, I am told, a man who misses Mass on Sunday frequently is pointed out as one to be shunned, and one for the children to be afraid of as a bogey man. The same is done in parts of Ireland, where no one dare miss Mass on Sunday unless for the most serious reason. Such means must be restored to here in order to bring some so-called Catholics to a full sense of their duty. A crusade must be instituted against the Mass-missers.

Some people easily get into the non-Catholic habit of thinking that their cannot be a grave obligation to attend "Sunday services;" that if they are tired or ailing a little, or the weather is too hot or too cold, or the distance far, or the preacher not very good, or if things are not just so, they are not obliged to go to Mass. This is modernism, modern ease, modern selfishness, modern fastidiousness; and if the Pope does not condemn it, God does. Some people who do not go to Mass regularly only get a pious streak occasionally, when something extraordinary is going on in the parish, a mission, a strange priest, a new

ing used to excite, especially at Christmas, among the simple folk in the whole countryside around Naples, and how he himself used to lead them in his own lovely hymn to the Divine Infant. But it was growing late, and the community at Pagani were waiting the return of the fathers who had been giving a mission in a parish some miles away. Everything was very still in the darkness around, until at last a faint murmur was heard in the distance, which grew louder and louder and nearer with every minute. What could it be? The mystery was revealed a quarter of an hour later, when the square in front of the church became filled with a multitude of men, as many as three thousand, and there in the midst of them was a carriage without horses with the three Redemptorist missionaries seated in it. They had been drawn in triumph the whole six miles of the journey, and they had been accompanied by practically the entire male population of the parish they had been evangelizing. Then they filled the church, sang a hymn, listened to the thanks of the Rector of Pagani, received his blessing, and returned to their distant parish to take part in the midnight Mass there.

Nothing more un-modernist could be imagined than the service that followed at Pagani. Matins were chanted, and then one of the fathers entered the pulpit and preached a fervent. While he was yet speaking the solemn procession issued from the sacristy, with the celebrant last, bearing in his hands a statue of the Divine Infant which he presented to the people, addressing it as if it were in truth the very Child just taken from the manger. And afterwards, before the Mass began, the people went up to the altar rails to kiss the face and feet of the Infant. One can imagine the fervent devotion of the great congregation during the solemn Mass that followed—perhaps one can even imagine that a voice from the tomb under the altar joined with theirs as they sang:

When Jesus first appeared on earth
A babe in Bethlehem
The winter midnight of His birth
Did fair as noon-tide seem.

Something Wrong.

There's something wrong about our teaching the obligation of attending Mass on Sunday and holy day. Not that the attendance, generally speaking, is not good, but it is not what it ought to be, considering the grave obligation. Our sense of that obligation has been shocked frequently by the flimsy and often no cause at all which both men and women, young and old, offer for missing Mass on Sunday. Now, why is that? They are not impressed with the supreme importance of the duty of going to Mass every Sunday possible. Yet there is nothing in the Church's regulations of so much importance. It is fundamental. With the sense of this obligation developed to the full, people will get everything else. If they don't go to Mass, they get nothing. They do not know when Masses are, when holy days occur, when Easter duty time comes; they do not bear the word of God explained; they know nothing of the Church.

Church societies and fraternal organizations of Catholics should never cease harping on the necessity of all their members and all Catholics attending Mass every Sunday and holy day that it is at all possible; and the Masses should be taboed and every other way made to feel his delinquency. In certain parts of Germany, I am told, a man who misses Mass on Sunday frequently is pointed out as one to be shunned, and one for the children to be afraid of as a bogey man. The same is done in parts of Ireland, where no one dare miss Mass on Sunday unless for the most serious reason. Such means must be restored to here in order to bring some so-called Catholics to a full sense of their duty. A crusade must be instituted against the Mass-missers.

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choir, or a special sermon or special doings of any kind. Indeed, we are getting to have to announce a special doings for some people, as special musical programmes. The Mass is not considered at all. It is common.

Now this is all wrong, all worldly and all destructive. The Mass is everything to a true Catholic. It has always been the centre and source of all Catholic devotions. It is the highest service that can be given to God; it is the greatest act that was ever performed on this earth. It has been reduced to a short half hour or so, but it is the very quintessence of prayer and praise. The Mass, then, is what must be insisted on, and not the frills, feathers and "fluffy ruffles." A true Catholic will always make the Mass his central thought and supreme object for Sunday services. If there's a fine choir and an eloquent preacher, so much the better; but these are away down the list, of which the Mass stands supremely first. The Church has made Mass attendance on Sunday her first law. "Thou shalt hear Mass on Sundays and on holy days." It is not merely the Church's law; it is God's law to rest and keep holy the Sabbath day. Now, Catholics know no other way to keep holy the Sabbath day than by going to Mass on Sunday. We've gone to some length on this subject, still this duty of some importance is supremely felt.—The Apostolate.

An Antigonish correspondent lately wrote to the editor of "Notes and Queries" in the Montreal Star to ask who was Walter Bagehot. Strange to say, Dr. Murray, whose literary information is encyclopedic, did not seem to have a great deal at hand on this occasion, nor has he since returned to the subject, so far as we have seen. If the inquirer has access to Collier's edition of Chambers Encyclopaedia, he will find a notice of Bagehot in the ninth volume, an American supplement edited by Mayo W. Hazlitt. And in Anguine Birrell's "Essays and Addresses" he will find one devoted to the man of whom Mr. Birrell says: "To know Walter Bagehot through his books is one of the good things of life." And he sums up what he was in more poetic style in the following paragraph:

"Mr. Bagehot was a mathematician, a moral philosopher, a political economist, a trained, though not a practising lawyer, a banker, a ship owner, and from 1840 till his too early death in 1874 the editor and manager of the Economist. In addition to all this, he was a reader and critic of books."

Agan, in that half-humorous tone which is scarcely ever absent from his writing, Mr. Birrell says:

"But not only is Mr. Bagehot a great favorite with those dignified beings who write books, at their leisure invariably to be found on the tables of editors, journalists, reviewers—the whole fraternity of ready writers, and this for another set of reasons. He is one of those extraordinary men whose remarks are made for the first time. Most of our sayings have been backed about long before they get into print; an air of staleness clings to them. True it is there is always somebody—may God bless him!—in every audience who may be relied upon never to have heard anything, but for all that, originality is a great quality. Nor does it stop quite there. Mr. Bagehot is not only an original writer, but he presents you with his thoughts and faculties in an awfully terse state. He is not an artist; he does not stop to elaborate and dress up his material, but having said something which is worth saying and has not been said before, this strange writer is content to pass hurriedly on to say something else. There is more most of Mr. Bagehot's bones for the critics than on almost anybody else's hence his extreme utility to the nimble-witted and light-hearted gentry of the world."

Bagehot wrote up all over the country. His mind is as full as a barrel; his thoughts are on all waters; his brew, mixed with a bumble element, may be tapped everywhere; he has made a hundred small reputations."

There are, however, two men whose influence over Mr. Bagehot's powerful and original mind was all pervading, Wordsworth and Newman. He did not become a disciple of either; he was not a disciple's mind. He paid these two great writers a true compliment; that he would have done had he snuck his individuality into their, for he allowed their individualities to color and temper his own.

As for Newman, Mr. Bagehot must have had the Parochial Sermons by heart. Two of the most famous, entitled, The Invisible World and the Greatness and Littleness of Human Life, seem to have become incorporate with Mr. Bagehot's innermost nature. They are not obviously congruous with his purpose. What have bankers to do with the invisible world? One has heard of the Divine Economy, but that is something different from the Economist. However, there these sermons are, underneath his mathematics, his humorous treatment of things, his aloofness from all ecclesiasticalities. He wrote about Lombard Street like a lover, and the British Constitution like a polished member of Parliament, and the genius of St. John Falstaff like a humorist.

But amidst it all, ever and anon "From the soul's subterranean depths upborne. As from an infinitely distant land, Come airs and floating echoes of the Invisible World and the Greatness and Littleness of Human Life."—Casket.

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

are mild, sure and safe, and are a perfect regulator of the system. They gently unlock the secretions, clear away all effete and waste matter from the system, and give tone and vitality to the whole intestinal tract, curing Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Coated Tongue, Foul Breath, Jaundice, Heartburn, and Water Brash. Mrs. R. E. Ogden, Woodstock, N.B., writes: "My husband and myself have used Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills for a number of years. We think we cannot do without them. They are the only pills we ever take."

Price 25 cents or five bottles for \$1.00, at all dealers or direct on receipt of price. The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MADE HIM A SINKER.

Farmer Jones (to smatterer hunter)—There wasn't a better water dawg livin' until you shootin' gents took to borrowin' 'im. Now 'is 'ids that fall of shots he'd sink to the bottom like a brick.

Sprained Arm.

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

THE MEEK.

"You should try to be a little less assertive, my dear. Remember, 'the meek shall inherit the earth.'"

"Oh, yes, I dare say they will—when the others have done with it!"

Mrs. Fred. Laine, St. George, Ont., writes:—"My little girl would cough so at night that neither she nor I could get any rest. I gave her Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and am thankful to say it cured her cough quickly."

When a quarrel is breakfast food look out for marital indigestion.

Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria.

WHAT HE HAD TO LEARN.

Peter—My wife's learning the piano, my daughter's learning the violin and my son's learning the banjo.

Sater—And you are learning nothing?

Peter—Oh, yes, I'm learning to bear 't.

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 20 and 25 cents. All dealers.

THE REPORT COURTEOUS.

At the terminal of an up the state railroad one day last week a conductor was making a verbal report to the general manager. Among the things that he reported was that his train had struck a bear on his way in.

"Was it on the track?" asked the general manager.

"No," replied the conductor. "The train had to go in the woods after him."

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

QUITE LIKELY.

Of blushing roses and all that
The frenzied poet sings,
No doubt the rose is blushing at
The fancy price it brings.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

Turns Bad Blood into Rich Red Blood.

No other remedy possesses such perfect cleansing, healing and purifying properties.

Externally, heals Sores, Ulcers, Abscesses, and all Eruptions.

Internally, restores the Stomach, Liver, Bowels and Blood to healthy action. If your appetite is poor, your energy gone, your ambition lost, B.B.B. will restore you to the full enjoyment of happy vigorous life.

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