

The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, DEC. 14, 1910

Vol. XXXIX, No. 50

THE FANCY GOODS

Toy Bazaar

IS NOW IN FULL SWING.

3-Big Stores-3

We are ready for the big Christmas Holiday rush departments. Fancy Goods, Chinaware, Glassware, Cut Glass, Brass Goods, Leather Goods, Toys, Dolls, Games, Newest Books, Elegant Xmas Stationery, Calendars, Christmas Cards, New Year Cards, Fountain Pens, and a thousand and one useful gifts.

Come in and see.

CARTER & CO., Ltd.

SANTA CLAUS' HEADQUARTERS.

HARDWARE!

Largest Assortment, Lowest Prices.

WHOLESALE and RETAIL

Fennel and Chandler

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

W. J. P. McMILLAN, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE:
148 PRINCE STREET,
CHARLOTTETOWN.

June 13, 1910-11

Fraser & McQuaid,
Barristers & Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors, Notaries Public, etc.,

Souris, P. E. Island.

A. L. Fraser, M. P. | A. P. McQuaid, M. A.

Nov. 10, 1900-20.

Tea Party Supplies.

We are headquarters for Tea Party and Picnic Supplies. We carry a large stock of all requirements for the catering business, such as Confectionery, Cigars, Nuts, Fruits, etc.

SODA DRINKS.

We also manufacture a full line of Sodas, such as Ginger Ale, Cream Soda, Raspberry, Iron Brew, Hop Tonic, etc.

We have just been appointed Agents for the

Land of Evangeline

Pure Apple Cider

The Pure Juice of Choice Nova Scotia Apples.

This Cider is quite non-intoxicating and can be handled by stores, restaurants, etc. It is put up by a special English process which prevents any excessive amount of alcohol, but retains the exquisite flavor of the Annapolis Valley Fruit. No chemicals of any kind are used in the manufacture—it is just a Pure Fruit Juice, and will remain sweet and clear and sparkling indefinitely in any climate.

A READY SELLER.

In Casks, Pints and Split Bottles. Write us for prices.

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.

A. E. McEACHEN

The Shoeman,

HAS BOUGHT THE BALANCE OF

Prowse Bros. Stock of Shoes

Look out for Bargains.

500 PAIRS AT ABOUT HALF PRICE.

A. E. McEACHEN,

THE SHOEMAN,

82 and 84 Queen Street.



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 13, 1907.

Tolstoy.

(America.)

Count Leo Tolstoy, whose recent death, under circumstances peculiarly characteristic of the man and his life, has been the occasion of long panegyrics and superlative eulogies in the public press, was a foremost figure among so-called modern writers. Like the reformers of the sixteenth century, the Russian writer was a "protestant"; he, whereas they protested against Catholic ecclesiasticism and teaching, Tolstoy carried the doctrine of protest and revolt to extremes which, without his literary art, would have made his mission ridiculous and harmless and created grave suspicions of his mental sanity.

That this is no hasty and gratuitous calumny, the offspring of mere prejudice, a reference to some of his principal beliefs will make sufficiently clear. He wrote vigorously for years in favor of what he called "non-resistance." If a man attempted to steal what belonged to you, you should not try to prevent him, for the own reprob of any property is immoral and besides one of Christ's first laws is that you must not resent injury. Prisons, legal punishments, trials, judges, juries are all wrong and ought to be abolished. Organized government of every kind is pernicious. There should be no kings, presidents, senators, mayors of policemen. Marriage is a sin. Everyone is under the obligation of preserving virginal chastity. All religious creeds are shame. War for any reason whatsoever is a crime and everyone who takes part in it is a criminal. These are but a few of the tenets advanced seriously and repeatedly and most earnestly during a long life by the late Count Tolstoy. Even his ardent admirers have to admit his excesses in theorizing and to make apologies for his impractical and absurdly irrational views.

Why, then, is such a man hailed the world over in dignified editorial utterances as a great apostle of humanity? To simple and unpoised minds the explanation is not an easy one to grasp. For one thing, Tolstoy was a master in the art of writing. He had the power of seizing upon a sore in modern society, studying it with microscopic vision and picturing it with a clarity and strength of phrase which compelled wide attention. This power goes a long way to explain what else would be a mystery. With this gift of keen observation and vivid portrayal the diary of a surgeon in the theater ward of a hospital could be made the most popular book in a dozen nations. Tolstoy had the gift; and he made it amuse the equating and myopic deductions of an un-sound brain from facts which he saw and described with remarkable graphic intensity.

Hence, his claim to our veneration, as put forward by his eulogists, is mainly threefold. First, he was a great artist; secondly though his remedies for the ills of society were fantastic, still he has attracted attention to those ills and awakened the consciences of the rich, the selfish, and the sensual; and, thirdly, he strove to embody in his private life the principles of conduct which he wished to inculcate on others. As to the first of these claims we are at one with Tolstoy himself in believing that the art of any writer stands or falls according to the judgment that has to be passed on its content; and in our minds the content of Tolstoy's art is unquestionably pernicious. It is a denial of every law except a vague and altogether undefined "Divine Law" which Tolstoy frequently refers to and never formulates fully. Wherever Tolstoy's teachings have been carried out—and when has any quack needed followers?—they have invariably led to misery, unhappiness and tragedy. As for the contention that, in over-shooting the mark, he has at least made it clearer for others to see and easier for them to hit, we must confess a lack of conviction. Exaggeration is always discrediting, and a whirling dervish among the conspicuous advocates of any good cause will inevitably injure that cause in the eyes of those who are best qualified to help it along.

The last of the claims put forward by Tolstoy's admirers, that he deserves respectful regard for his personal sincerity, can be urged only in a modified form. In his old age, it is true, he divested himself of his property, as a Russian had done before him; but, unlike the latter, he tied a string to it by transferring it to his wife and children. Furthermore, he found it easy to practice his non-resistance by shifting upon others the crime of propagating him from his obvious disadvantages. We do not deny, however, a large measure of sincerity to the man; but it seems to us that sincerity, as much as it is not necessarily an object of reverence. Sincerity ceases to be a

virtue when it has said farewell to reason, prudence and discretion. A mad-house, it is conceivable, may offer more striking instances of sincerity than a university. Tolstoy's sincerity is uttered in accents that continually suggest the fanatic and the madman. It is strange to reflect that the world, which so admires the renunciations practised by Tolstoy, has nothing but contempt and ridicule for those that have been practised so often in a saner spirit in the life of the Catholic Church.

A Father of the Church has pointed out that for personal perfection self-apostrophe is not enough; for even Crates, a pagan philosopher, discombed himself of all earthly luggage. We must, in addition, follow Christ. Tolstoy, indeed, took the lesson to himself and professed to be a follower of Christ. But the Christ, whom he followed, was one of his own devising. To the Russian novelist Christ was not divine, but only a man like Socrates or Buddha. Tolstoy rejected the Christ of the Gospels wherever Christ did not agree with him. He felt simply capable of understanding Christ for himself and he brooked no instruction on the subject from outside sources. Tolstoy was, for all his monkish dress and humble self-denials, preeminently a proud man. He labored hard and with skill, but the spirit of insane pride breathes through all his work. That is why it will never lead anywhere. It ended for him in the confusion of his own soul. It survives him to work confusion and despair in the souls of those who in the valley of darkness hail the voice of every new prophet.

The Blessed Sacrament in the processions which became common after the institution of the Feast of Corpus Christi in 1246, came by degrees to be carried in transparent vessels, resembling our present monstrances. Moreover, a custom grew up, especially in Germany, of keeping the Blessed Sacrament continually exposed to view in churches. It was forbidden by many synods, but a sort of compromise was arrived at through the construction of the Sakramentshauschen of which so many examples still exist in central Europe.

These tabernacles of great height and imposing appearance, were elected in the most conspicuous part of the Church, and there the Blessed Sacrament was reserved in a monstrance behind a metal door of lattice-work which allowed a more or less free view of the interior.

It was thus that the practice developed, though partly kept in check by synodal degrees, of adding solemnity to any function, even the Mass itself, by exposing the Blessed Sacrament during its continuance.

Turning to our second element, we find that from the beginning of the thirteenth century, a custom prevailed among the confraternities and guilds which were established at that period in great numbers of singing canticles in the evening before a statue of Our Lady.

These canticles were called Ludes, and were often composed in the vulgar tongue, booming in the hands of such poets as the Franciscan Jacopone da Todi, one of the great popular influences which helped to develop a native Italian literature.

Confraternities were formed for the express purpose of singing these canticles and their members were called Ludeisti.

It was such a company of Ludeisti that brought together the seraphic founders when, in the first half of the thirteenth century, established the Order of Servites, or Servants of Mary.

Although the ludeisti hardly flourished outside Italy, where both the language and the character of the people lent themselves readily to the composition of innumerable canticles, the idea of an evening service of a popular character sung before the statue of Our Lady, spread throughout Europe. In particular the "Salve Regina," a special devotion of the Servites, Dominicans, Carmelites, and other Orders, was constructed by usage to this rite, and we find traces everywhere of its being sung, often by choirs of boys, for whom a special endowment was provided, as a separate evening service.

In France this service was commonly known as a Salut, in the Low Countries as the Lot, in England and Germany simply as the Salve.

Now it seems certain that our present Benediction service has resulted from the general adoption of this evening singing of canticles before the statue of Our Lady, enhanced as it often came to be in the course of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries by the exposition of

the Blessed Sacrament, which was employed at first only as an adjunct to lend it additional solemnity. The blessing at the close seems to have been added simply because the custom gained ground of making the sign of the cross over the people whenever the Blessed Sacrament was replaced in the tabernacle after a procession or after being carried to the sick or any kind of an exposition.

But in the course of the seventeenth century, we find numberless bequests for Saints in French wills, the items to be sung, often of a most miscellaneous character, being minutely specified, and among these the condition is frequently appended that the Blessed Sacrament should be exposed during the whole time of the Salut.—[From an article by Rev. Herbert Thurston.]

The Power of Repentance.

"But most of you will say to me: 'The way of righteousness we have not known. We have defiled our souls by sin.' Well, be it so. If you cannot enter Heaven by the path of innocence, thank God, you can enter it by the path of repentance. If you cannot go before your Maker clothed in the white garments of sinlessness you can appear before Him in the purple robe of penance.

"If you cannot walk heavenward with the innocent John the Baptist, you can go in company with Peter. Which of you has ever offended God as Peter did?—Peter, who denied his Master with an oath after he had made so many protestations of fidelity, who denied Him after his lips were purple with the precious blood of his Master, which he had drunk at the Last Supper, yet so much did Peter prostrate his Lord by his tears and repentance that he is appointed the Prince of the Apostles and the Head of the Church.

"If you are unworthy of keeping company with Mary the Virgin in your journey to eternity, you can be the companion of Mary Magdalen, the penitent. Which of you has defiled her soul as Mary Magdalen did? And yet, next to our immaculate Mother, there is no woman mentioned in the Gospel who more favored by our Lord or more honored in the Church than is Mary Magdalen. If you cannot kiss the feet of Christ with chaste lips, like His Mother, you can water them with tears of compunction, like Magdalen. Oh, how precious in the sight of God is the gift of repentance, since it changes a moral leper into an object of God's love!"—Cardinal Gibbons.

The Dime Novel.

During the past month at a Congress of psychiatrists in Berlin, Professor Pick, of Prague, told of a boy of thirteen, who, together with another lad of the same age, strangled himself. The professor demonstrated that the determining incentive of the act was the reading of certain cheap novels with flashy covers. The young mind is full of fantastic activity, and when this is nourished upon such literature it conduces to a pathological state whose final end is crime.

Everyone knows the effect of the excitement and suggestion aroused when children especially boys, devour with avidity the lurid tales of Indian adventure, and were led to fly from their homes. To day suggestion comes to the young from the reading of novels whose argument is criminality and glided in decency. The result of such reading is an epidemic, more or less extensive, of like heinous transgressions against the moral law.

These facts thus stated, analyzed and discussed by men of science ought to serve as ample confirmation of the warnings so often uttered by the Church. It ought to teach those parents whose carelessness in this regard permits books of the most offensive and degrading character to litter the tables of their drawing rooms and parlors.

Moreover, these cheap novels, low in thought and slung in diction, are found in the newspapers which are read day by day. It is hardly to be wondered at that the taste for decent Catholic reading grows less as this literature increases in circulation. An evil mind cannot appreciate the pure, the correct and the wholesome. The Catholic paper and the Catholic book thus becomes a bore. Men and women who are otherwise intelligent fail to see this point. They see children raised; they see young men abandoning their faith; they see young women entering into unions full of unhappiness. They never seem to see that the cause of it all lies in the literature they read and the companionship they keep. The record of crimes emanating from such sources speaks for itself, and will be listened to by all whose perspective reaches beyond selfishness and unholly pride.—Union and Times.

All Skin Diseases

Can be Directly Traced To BAD BLOOD.

Therefore to get rid of these skin diseases it is absolutely necessary that the blood should be thoroughly cleansed of the accumulated poisons, and for this purpose there is nothing so equal Burdock Blood Bitters.

This remedy has been on the market for over thirty-five years and when you use it you are not experimenting with some new and untried remedy.

Miss Stella Eichel, Mainland Forks, N.S., writes:—"I have been bothered with Salt Rheum on my hands for three years and it itched so I didn't know what to do. I tried everything but nothing seemed to be any good. I heard of Burdock Blood Bitters and bought two bottles of it, and now I am perfectly cured and have no Salt Rheum on my hands any more. I cannot speak too highly of Burdock Blood Bitters."

Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

"But, tell me, what is appendicitis? Jones—(convalescent)—Well, it requires an operation where a doctor explores your anatomy and removes your—banking account.

Artist (to burglar)—"Er—by the way—if you should manage to dispose of them, would you mind sending me your customer's name?"

"What has become of your zoological garden?"

"Well, we thought meat was too valuable to have it loafing around in cages to look at."

A Sensible Merchant.

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."

"I want to be a pirate when I grow up, Uncle Bob."

"Well, I understand there's money in it. What do you want to pirate, books or plays?"

"Your daughter practices on the piano faithfully, I notice. Now mine hates it."

"Mine does too. But she'd rather practice all day than help with the house work."

"Tell me," said the newly-rich lady, as they were discussing points of pronunciation, "do you say the 'the Rhine' or the 'Rhone'? I hear it both ways."

Minard's Liniment cures Neuralgia.

Pretty woman—Is his excellency in?

Servant—I'm sure he would be to you, miss.

Pretty woman—Really! Then tell him his wife is here.

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.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

Kicker—"My great-grandfather carried that drum all through the Revolution."

Solier—"And whenever he sighted the enemy he beat it. I suppose?"

"When we were engaged, you said I was an angel, and now you refuse me a new dress."

"Well, my dear, do angels wear dresses?"

MacGregor (who has just borrowed a match)—Oh, but I've forgotten me baccy pipe.

MacCabe—Ah, well, give me back the match; y'll have no use for it.

Heart Trouble

Caused Dizziness, Weakness and Smothering Spells.

Through one cause or another a large majority of the people are troubled, more or less, with some form of heart trouble. Wherever there are sickly people with weak hearts, Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will be found to be the most effective medicine on the market.

Mrs. F. Leslie Craig, 114 Erie Ave., Brantford, Ont., writes:—"It is with the greatest of pleasure I write you stating the benefit I have received by using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I suffered greatly from heart trouble which caused dizziness, weakness and smothering spells. I used a great deal of Dr.'s medicine but received no benefit. A friend advised me to buy a box of your pills, which I did, and before I had finished one box I felt so much better I could use your pills by taking two boxes. I highly recommend these pills to any one suffering from heart and nerve trouble."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50 cents per box, or 3 for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.