

The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, MAY 15, 1912

Vol. XLI, No. 20



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We want EGGS and BUTTER for CASH, or in exchange for GROCERIES.

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We Have a Full Line in Stock

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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 of it show a continued increase. Price 25 cents per lb.

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to chew and smoke an inferior grade of Tobacco. Some tobacco manufacturers are not over particular as to quality or cleanliness, while we make a specialty of these two important items. Try our

RIVAL OR MASTER MARINE

Smoking Tobacco, and our BLACK TWIST Chewing Tobacco, and you will thank us for the tip.

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All kinds for your winter supply. See us before you place your order.

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Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Nov. 30 1910.

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Join the Army of Successful C. B. C. "Grads."

Look up the records of nearly all graduates of the C. B. C. and you will find that they are holding down the most responsible, prominent and lucrative positions that an appreciative business world can bestow.

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FOR HEALTH AND COMFORT Wear Stanfield's Underwear!



For the man who must work out doors in winter, there is nothing more essential for good health and comfort than good heavy Woolen Underwear. "Stanfield's" Underwear is made from all pure wool; it is well made, every stitch is put in just right. It is made to fit perfectly, which insures extra comfort. "Stanfield's" is the cheapest Underwear to buy. When you buy "Stanfield's" you get one hundred cents worth of value for every dollar you spend. We sell

Stanfield's in all the different weights. Stanfield's "Green Label," a heavy ribbed Underwear, all pure wool, double breasted, well made; absolutely unshrinkable. \$2.00 a suit. Stanfield's "Red Label," a heavier and finer grade, soft and warm, unshrinkable. All sizes. \$2.50 a suit. Stanfield's "Blue Label," a very heavy line. Will keep you warm in any climate, no matter how cold. Won't shrink. All sizes. \$2.80 a suit.

Come in and have your Underwear needs supplied.

MacLELLAN BROS.

253 QUEEN STREET.

Spring & Summer Weather

Spring and Summer weather calls for prompt attention to the

Repairing, Cleaning and Making of Clothing.

We beg to remind our numerous patrons that we have REMOVED from 23 Prince Street to our new stand

122 DORCHESTER STREET,

Next door to Dr. Conroy's Office, where we shall be pleased to see all our friends.

All Orders Receive Strict Attention.

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

H. McMILLAN

ROME LETTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Rome, April 26th, 1912.

Not even the struggle with the Turks has sufficed to force into the background the School Question in various parts of Italy, and in various centres decisive action has had to be taken by parents who were determined to break down all opposition in order to have their children obtain religious instruction. According to the law of 1908, the exclusion of religious instruction from the curriculum of the elementary schools in Italy rests with its Municipal Councils, a fact that has brought out the sturdy spirit of the Catholics of Genoa in opposition to the body of Socialists and Masons into whose hands control of the city has fallen for the time being. Nothing could be more pleasant for the Municipality of Genoa than to exclude the Catechism from being taught in the schools—hence the presentation of a Commission from the fathers of families with a couple of stout porters carrying notes demanding the alternative allowed by the law.

The following document was read on the occasion by the Commission: "The undersigned in their own names and those of the 11,524 parents whose signatures are appended, make a request that the Communal Administration will concede the use of a corresponding number of school rooms in accordance with the royal decree of February 5, 1908, since they have decided to have religious instruction given to their children. The list of schools with the respective number of pupils to whom religious instruction must be imparted is appended."

A document so short and sweet leaves no room for masonic juggling.

The feast of S. Benedict Joseph Labre, 'the beggar-saint,' as he is popularly called, which was celebrated on Monday, brings to mind one of the extraordinary men whose lives improved the world in modern times. Upon the altar under which he lies in the Church of S. Maria in Monti, Masses were celebrated continuously from dawn till noon on Tuesday before immense congregations, and few there were who did not recall the years passed in that parish by Joseph Labre until his death in the next street. After being refused admission to the Trappists, Carthusians and Cistercians in turn, the poor Frenchman, after visiting on foot all the shrines in Europe, arrived at Rome, weary and footsore, determined to serve God in the world as the last of all. And renting a little room in the Via Serpenti he used to take his stand daily as a beggar at the Coliseum among the many mendicants who were then to be found in the Flavian Amphitheatre. There he begged day after day, and was to be seen each night dividing among his fellows the alms received before returning to the church to pray. An amusing part of Labre's duties at this time consisted in making up the quarrels of the beggars under the shadow of the Coliseum, and their passions and angry feelings were smoothed over by the gentle beggar saint. Each summer Joseph Labre made a pilgrimage on foot to Lourdes. Many of his nights were passed in prayer in the Catacombs, a part of each day was spent in S. Maria del Monti where the proud dames of Rome often refused to receive Holy Communion at the rails with the beggar saint—for it must be admitted Joseph sadly neglected his toilet. And so the years passed in prayer, suffering, humiliation and good works until his last illness suddenly seized him before the tabernacle in his favorite Church of S. Maria in Monti. He staggered to the door, whence kind hands bore him to his little room, where he died the same day in his thirty-fifth year. The cry went through the parish that 'the saint was dead,' and the proud ladies who had despised him in life now fought over his corpse for the rags he wore. The beggar-saint was raised to the altars of the Universal Church by Leo XIII, and his little room has been converted into a chapel where his crucifix and other relics are reverently preserved.

The irreligious elements in the Eternal City are evidently falling on evil days and their house of cards is falling to the ground. Bissolati, Socialist leader and Deputy of the Chamber, seceded from the party a month ago, and Ferris, a personage in Masonry and Socialism, has seen his resignation promptly accepted by the Roman Socialist Union, which, when telling his celebrity he may go about his own business as soon as he likes expresses a hope "that Ferris's example may be followed by all those who more or less admit they are in the same state of mind and conscience as he." And even that motley group

of Masons, Socialists and other disturbers of peace who rule from the Capitol as the Municipality of Rome, under Signor Nathan, Jew and Mason, as Mayor, show signs of disintegration. The Republican Councilors have resigned; a number of others never attend the meetings; and of late Nathan, whom the Mayor of Montreal as well as a number of other men of worth soundly thrashed, seems to be weary of his position as First Magistrate of Rome. And so the disgrace of having an ex-wanderer in English slums and tool of Masonry in the Mayoral Chair of the Eternal City will probably soon be wiped out.

Perhaps nowhere in the world was the catastrophe of the Titanic more profoundly regretted than in the Vatican. Only a few days before the loss of so many lives, Major Butt, Adjutant to President Taft, had left the Apostolic Palace, as the bearer of an autograph from the Holy Father and letters from Cardinal Rampolla and Cardinal Merry del Val in reply to the complimentary epistles received from the President of the United States of America. When writing to Mr. Taft an expression of condolence as to the great loss of life, the Holy Father inquired particularly as to the fate of Major Butt. Replying to His Holiness the President warmly thanked the Holy Father for the interest taken by him in the disaster, and added that all hope of finding his Adjutant among the survivors had already disappeared.

One often hears sharp criticism coming from American travellers as to the Catholic spirit shown by Italians in the United States. But were these critics to live here and watch the spirited campaign waged by the Union of the Catholic Women of Italy against the secret powers in the Italian Government that would paganize the growing generation, they would depart convinced that neither Europe nor America has a body of ladies more determined to use their influence for the good of religion than has Italy. Two months ago a delegation from the Congress of the Catholic Women of Italy was received by the Premier in Rome at the end of the last session of the body. Christian schools and a clean press were demanded by the ladies—most of them of the aristocratic classes, and Giolitti bowed them in and out with the grace of a Chesterfield, and promised every attention should be paid to their petition. At that time the writer expressed a belief that the matter would end there, and so it has—as far as the Government is concerned. And this week the Central Council when giving an account of its stewardship to the branches scattered all over Italy says: "We have received a response which certainly cannot satisfy us. Anyhow, did we delude ourselves with the hope of obtaining justice from our adversaries, or of exacting respect for the religious conscience of Catholic Italy from those who prefer tricky neutrality or barefaced atheism? We were persuaded of all this before gathering at Rome to deliberate on religious education. But it is not for this reason we should say: there is nothing more to be done and we shall speak of it no more. Instead we say: everything has to be done, and we shall ever speak of it. It matters not what the venerable (the masons), the onerovoli (the deputies of the Chamber), or the Government of Giolitti say. We shall not grow tired and not shall we yield. And until we obtain our demands we shall agitate on the supreme question in which our whole program of action is involved, and in which lies the future of Catholic Italy." With such spirit as this there is no fear for the future.

During the first years of the present Pontificate Pius X proved the despair of painters and photographers; none seemed fortunate enough to catch the expression of the strong, kindly face that has gained so many hearts. Of late years the celebrated Count Lippay has succeeded in painting some magnificent portraits of the Pope, in which Pius X seems to live as if speaking in his private study. Count Lippay is presently engaged in finishing the twelfth portrait he has painted of the Holy Father, which is destined for the Chamber of Archbishop Ranzani del Bionchi, the Pope's Maestro di Camera, and another intended for the National Gallery of Hungary.

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THE COWARD.

Valentine Madd, the "coward," is younger brother in an English family of tremendously aristocratic antecedents, whose creed was summed up in (1) the reality of the Titus Oates plot, whereas a Madd first became a Protestant; (2) the essential disloyalty of papacy; (3) the sacrosanctity of the National Oath. Their pride of ancestry was silent but superlative, and their observance of the external forms of Protestantism was as strict as became loyal Englishmen. They never went beneath the surface of their lives. They were gentlemen all after the olden fashion of their caste, but they gently did not include gentleness. They could be kind to dependents—they were a Madd belonging—but convention rather than Christian charity or principle was their guide, and Madd was their religion. Their untarnished virtue was physical courage, and because Val had violated their conception of it he was ostracised inexorably by father, brother and sister, and even his mother held him irremediably disgraced.

So did Val himself. Unlike the other Madds, he was imaginative, nervous and sensitive. He showed brilliant courage in face of sudden danger, but when his imagination had time to conjure up attendant perils he became unnerved at the crisis; hence his refusal to fight a duel he had accepted. This was the unforgivable sin. He could have become a gambler, spendthrift, moral wreck, and still remain a Madd, but the guilt of apparent cowardice was irremediable, and he was made to know it. Besides, a pseudo-scientist informed him that man is what evolution makes him, hence not self-improvable nor responsible, and suicide seemed the only way out till Father Maple, an occasional guest, the only person in whom he can confide, sets him right on the matter, analyzes his disease and shows him how to cure it by exerting his will power, curbing his imagination and saying his prayers.

There is not a word about Catholicity in the book, nor is there even a hint of sermonizing, yet the necessity of Catholic truth and morality peeps through every page. The photographic picture of the Madd household expresses convincingly the hollowness of "respectability" and the bareness of Protestantism, suggesting at every touch how fastidious conventions as a substitute for religion, how they generate false standards and judgments, strangling equality and stifle the soul, and how the religion of which the Catholic priest holds the key can alone feed and fashion character. The ease and firmness of the drawing, the delicacy of the satire, and the skill which makes a very Protestant tract a thoroughly Catholic story, render "The Coward" the most valuable of the many volumes with which Mr. Benson has enriched Catholic literature. —M. K. in America.

Diseases in Potatoes From Europe.

Owing to the shortage in the potato crop this year, dealers in and growers of potatoes find it necessary to import large supplies for table and seed purposes from Great Britain, Ireland and other countries. Bulletin 63, issued by the Dominion Experimental Farm, Ottawa, explains how Potato Canker has found its way across the Atlantic into Newfoundland with potatoes imported from Europe.

Potato Canker is a disease at present unknown in Canada. It is one of the most serious diseases known, affecting not only the farm lands on which potatoes are grown, but the disease is also directly injurious to the health of the consumer of affected potatoes. Biting does not destroy the infectious properties. The disease is characterized by nodular excrescences which may often be larger than the tuber itself. These 'cankers' affect the eyes of the potato, and are very small in the early stages. Any tubers found with smaller or larger outgrowths rising from where the eyes are situated should under no conditions be used for seed or table purposes. The introduction and establishment of this disease would seriously compromise one of the most important agricultural industries of Canada, viz, Potato growing. Farmers and consumers should be exceedingly careful in using potatoes that have been imported from Great Britain or the Continent of Europe. Suspicious looking tubers should be destroyed by fire and not be thrown on the ground, or the disease, if present, will establish itself permanently in the soil.

The bulletin referred to explains in detail the character of the disease, and is available to anyone making application for the same.

H. T. GUSSOW,
Dominion Botanist, Ottawa, Ontario.

Policeman—Do you have to take care of the dog?
Nursegirl—No; the missus says I'm too young and inexperienced. I only look after the children.

Mary Ovington, 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 25 cents."

Husband—Does that new novel turn out happily?
Wife—It doesn't say. It only says they were married.

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 25c.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

Mr. Simson—Willie, didn't you go to the trunkmaker's yesterday and tell him to send round the trunk I ordered?
Willie—Yes, pa.
Mr. Simson—Well, here is the trunk, but no strap.
Willie—Yes, pa; but I told him I thought you had'd better have any strap.

Milburn's Sterling Headache Powder gives 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 neuralgia.

"Do you think your son will forget all he learned at college?" asked a friend. "I hope so," replied the father. "I don't see how he can earn a living playing cricket and football."

HEADACHE

Seems To Be Habitual With Many People.

Some are seldom, if ever, free from it, suffering continually and wondering why they can get no relief.

Headaches are generally caused by some derangement of the stomach or bowels, or both.

Burdock Blood Bitters removes acidity of the stomach, improves digestion, regulates the constipated bowels, and promotes a perfect circulation of pure blood to all portions of the body, thereby curing the headaches by removing the cause.

Mrs. L. Maguire, Kilmount, Ont., writes:—"I am writing you a few lines to tell you what your Burdock Blood Bitters has done for me. I used to be greatly troubled with headaches, but after using two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters I was completely cured. This was two years ago and I have had no return of headaches since."

Burdock Blood Bitters is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

"I like to see a man take an interest in his work."
"So do I. I once knew a p leoman who was so enthusiastic that it positively pained him to see anybody out of jail."

W. H. Wilkinson, Stratford, Ont., says:—"It affords me much pleasure to say that I experienced great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. Price a box 50c."

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