

The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES

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QUEEN STREET.

October 2, 1906.

Father Campbell. S. J. Sails for the West.

Readers will join with us in wishing a pleasant journey, and a successful mission, and a speedy and safe return to Father Campbell, S. J., of Glasgow, who sails to-day (Saturday) by the S. S. Corinthian, to take up a series of missions among the Highland Catholics of Nova Scotia.

The congregation of St. Joseph's, Glasgow, consists for the most part of Irish Catholics; but if they were the very "Children of Toupet" themselves, they could not be more devoted than they are to their Highland pastor.

The early home of Father Campbell was in Balachula, where he was born in 1850. With a vocation for the Orah he entered the Society of Jesus in 1871, and he went through the novitiate in Belgium. He afterwards continued his studies at Stonyhurst, taught for a time at St. Francis' Xavier's Liverpool, and completed his studies for the priesthood, to which he was ordained at St. Bruno's in 1883. In 1884 he came to Glasgow to take up mission work at St. Joseph's. Although but recently ordained, Father Campbell could not be described as "a pale young curate."

He was tall, stalwart, and erect—something like six foot in height, and his head covered with a mass of thick, black, curly hair; with a boyish—almost mischievous—look over his open, cheerful face; and with a genial, ready "gate" and kindly manner that made the congregation at St. Joseph's take the new priest to its bosom at once. His coming almost synchronised with that of the late Father John Lee, S. J., the newly appointed pastor, who had spent many years of his life in mission work by the side of the Zambesi; and for a time many of the people did not know whether Father Campbell was Father Campbell or Father Lee.

In 1886 Father Campbell was absent from Glasgow when he went to his Tertiarship; but he returned to St. Joseph's after about ten months, and remained till 1890, when he was transferred to St. Aloysius, Grenville. His term at Grenville lasted only about a year, and in 1892 Father Campbell was sent to parish priest at St. Joseph's where he has since remained.

His most arduous labors date from that appointment. While at the ordinary duties of a priest, which are never light in a large city, and seldom otherwise than arduous in a parish like St. Joseph's. His district was regularly and assiduously visited; and in the homes of the poor he was to be found sympathizing with them in all manner of misfortune, helping them when possible (and few knew the extent of the help given by Father Campbell then or since); soothing those who were inclined to "go off the books"; and it might be whispered that in a desperate case Father Campbell could give a soothing that none could rival. He had charge of that part of the parish which embraced Mace Lane, Milton Lane, Sterling Street, and other places in the rear of Woodlands. In those by-ways he was constantly to be seen; and the children especially knew him, not perhaps so well as they knew their own "Daddy Payne," but well enough to watch for him and wait for him to say "Is that you, Willie?"—for he knew them all by their Christian names, and would know them yet if he met them. At St. Joseph's he had similar work to do; but he was responsible for the finances of a large parish, and had to manage two large schools which were attended by nearly 2000 children.

The work and worry involved in the management of two such schools can well be imagined, and the financial responsibility laid upon his shoulders in connection with the parish were not less heavy. When the church was built and the parish established in 1880, there was a large, flourishing, working-class population in the "Black Quarry" district, but, later, several large public works were closed—among them the Biggie, Basin, Sun and Phoenix Foundries—and this led to a large decrease of the Catholic population in that part of Glasgow, and the parish was saddled with debts incurred in the erection of the church and the erection and subsequent enlargement of the schools. The removal of this debt was one of the tasks that Father Campbell had to set himself to when he was appointed to the charge. He carried the people of the parish with him in his efforts, and he himself has frequently led the congregation for its generosity and its loyalty. Shortly after his coming, a fancy fair was held to defray the cost of repairing the church; since then a special collection was taken up for the celebration of the jubilee of the church, and recently a special effort was made to defray the cost of

erecting the new schools of the parish. For the jubilee the church was renovated, and re-decorated, and electric light installed. There, with quarterly collections common to all churches, were the only special efforts he asked the people to make during the past five years. When Father Campbell took over the charge of St. Joseph's there was a debt of £21,000 on the mission, and two years ago that had been reduced to £7000. Besides reducing the debt by that enormous sum—£14,000 in 13 years—under his organization a top storey was added to St. Joseph's School at a cost of £3300; the halls in Macrea Place were also built at a cost of £1100, and not a farthing extra was asked—the cost of these buildings being taken from the ordinary income of the parish. Hot water has been introduced into St. Joseph's School, St. Columba's School, and the church; St. Joseph's Schools were sub-divided by the erection of new glass partitions; ground at the corner of Monroa Place and North Woodside Road has been bought, and on it have been erected the new schools which do credit to the diocese; another piece of ground has been secured at the corner of Braid Street and North Woodside Road, and quite recently a very valuable site was purchased in Macrea Place and Garaboe Road, so that there is now no mission in the diocese better equipped. He finds time, notwithstanding these many obligations, to devote occasional Sunday evenings to the Catholic Highlanders of the city, and in this connection it may be mentioned that he is the only Gaelic speaking Jesuit in the world if we except his brothers who speak Irish. His popularity among all classes is well known. It is the close personal interest which he takes in every member of his large congregation of something like 7000 souls which brings him into the hearts of his people. He knows the names of almost every member of almost every family in the parish, and he is part of the flock, and he and the flock are one. That is why his parishioners and his friends in Glasgow generally bid him "God-speed" on his mission to the Gael beyond the sea, and why they pray for his safe and speedy return from a mission which they pray will add to the only happiness that the priest can have. His Irish friends will join as heartily as any other in that prayer, for those to whom the "Gaelic Man" goes have, like themselves, descended from the victims of intolerance and persecution. Their ancestors were given the option of going to the Protestant Church or being left homeless in the Western Isles. They chose to be homeless; but there arose to be their friend the relative of their persecutor, and these Irish Catholic Highlanders emigrated to the Far West; their seed multiplied, and there are now in Nova Scotia more Gaelic-speaking Catholics than in the whole of the Highlands of Scotland. Father Campbell is awaited by them with eagerness—eagerly only equal to that with which his own people wait his return to his own land.—Glasgow Observer.

Father Lacombe and the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Father Lacombe, the famous Oblate missionary of the Canadian Northwest, was in Montreal recently, the venerable priest, who bears valiantly his fifty-eight years of hard labors among the Indians, was invited to the table of Archbishop Broche, Bishop Rossignol, and the provincial of the Jesuit and Oblate orders were among the guests.

The president of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, occupied a place of honor next to Archbishop Broche. When Sir Thomas turned came to speak he said among other eulogistic words about the hero of the feast, the following: "The other day I heard a missionary say jokingly, 'I pity the C. P. Railway Company if Father Lacombe lives for one hundred years.' My Lords and gentlemen, I am happy to affirm that, even if Father Lacombe were to live for two hundred years, the C. P. Railway would always be pleased to do him the same favors, for even then the company would not yet have paid its debt of gratitude towards him."

As a matter of fact, Father Lacombe has not only the privilege of travelling free with a secretary on all the lines of the Canadian Pacific Railway, but on the day following the family banquet he received from the president of the company also the privilege of using, free of charge, the telegraph lines of the company.

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc

A Father's Gratitude.

In the terrible yellow fever epidemic of 1897, when so many were stricken in New Orleans, Father (now Archbishop) Blenk, then pastor of Algiers, came near laying down his life in his devotion and self-sacrifice to his people. All about were disease and death, and he was going from morning till far into the night ministering to his helpless flock. One day he was called to see a poor boy who was dying of the yellow fever. He went and there met the oft-told tale of a drunken father and a helpless wife and children, and now pestilence had come to still further sadden that unhappy home. Father Blenk found that the family were practically without aid; the mother lay ill in one room, the dying boy in another, and the father too much under the influence of liquor to help either. His great heart went out in charity and pity, as it always does. He left the home and going about sought to procure a nurse to go to the poor woman.

There was a strict law that year against non-ehold visitations among the pestilence stricken, a guard being placed at the doors to prevent visitors, in order to arrest the spread of the disease. At length Father Blenk succeeded in getting a good Irish woman to go and help the mother in her trouble, saying that he would remain and nurse the dying boy, who had no one to hand him even a glass of water. All night the devoted priest remained at the bedside of the sufferer. In the early morning the poor boy died and Father Blenk assisted in preparing him for burial. A few moments later a tiny cry was heard in the other room, and the little life that had come into the world went out with that of the afflicted mother who gave it birth.

Father Blenk performed the last sad rites and returned home with a raging fever. In a few hours Father Dempsey, his assistant, was stricken, too. For days Father Blenk and Father Dempsey lay at death's door. During this time, one dark night, a poor, hard-looking man knocked at the door of the presbytery, which was then only a poor, dilapidated kitchen building, and asked to see Father Blenk. The nurse refused, as she had a strict orders from the physicians to let no one to enter. He pleaded with Father Joyce, the only priest who was not yet stricken, and thinking that it might be for the salvation of a soul he knew the man well, Father Joyce admitted him. The man fell on his knees at that midnight hour at the bedside of Father Blenk, and covering his hand with kisses he cried out between his sobs: "Oh, Father, give me your blessing for it is the blessing of a saint. You are dying because you gave your life for my poor boy." Father Blenk raised his feeble hand and blessed the man, saying: "If the sacrifice of my life can help to save your soul and keep you from drink, willingly, gladly I give it for such an end." The man said: "Father, I will never again touch a drop of liquor." And he kept his word.—New Orleans Morning Star.

Rette was one of the brilliant young men who fell under the spell of General Boulanger, and who after his suicide passed into the ranks of the socialists. "Duladot," he says in his latest volume, "we threw ourselves into revolutionary socialism. More independent, more adventurous than the rest, I fell into the slough of the proud, the obsessed who dream of preparing a humanity satisfied in all its appetites, wading through heaps of gold over a globe without God or masters. Then I blasphemed in gross and blasphemous terms, forgetting the Church and society, and had, proscribed revolts, burned incense to anarchy. Brief illusions! I came out of it unbalanced, oscillating between sensual paganism and a species of cloudy Buddhism that led me to deny the reality of the sensible world and to long for the night of the Nirvana. After the anarchist, after Pougnet, that cold hater, Sebastian Ferra, the unroofed fall of him-self, I knew that metaphysical Brassas Jaures and that demagogic Buddhist Comescosau. * * * The priest has, in spite of his conversion, kept the style that minds him famous."

The late Bishop Dudley of Kentucky could administer a delicate rebuke, but usually took pains that the point should be obvious. A wealthy but unusually stingy member of his church told him he was going abroad. "I have never been on the ocean," said the old skiff-bait to the bishop, "and I should like to know something that will keep me from getting seasick." "You might swallow a nickel," responded the bishop.

Minard's Liniment relieves neuralgia.

A BAD STOMACH! THAT IS THE SECRET OF DYSPEPSIA.

This disease assumes so many forms that there is scarcely a complaint it may not resemble in one way or another. Among the most prominent symptoms are constipation, sour stomach, variable appetite, distress after eating, etc.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS is a positive cure for dyspepsia and all stomach troubles. It stimulates secretion of the saliva and gastric juices to facilitate digestion, purifies the blood and tones up the entire system. Mrs. M. A. McNeill, Brock Village, N.S., writes: "I suffered from dyspepsia, loss of appetite and bad blood. I tried everything I could get, but to no purpose. I then finally started to use Burdock Blood Bitters. From the first day I felt the good effects of the medicine. I can eat anything now without any ill after effects and am strong and well again."

MINARD'S LINIMENT

Blaise: "Oh you better leave those preserves alone. Ma said if I caught you at 'em again she'd dutt your jacket!" Tommy: "I know, but I ain't wearin' my jacket. I took it off on purpose."

I was cured of Bronchitis and Asthma by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

MRS A LIVINGSTONE, Lot 5, P. E. I. I was cured of a severe attack of Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

JOHN MADER.

Mahone Bay.

I was cured of a severely sprained sprained leg by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

JOSHUA A WYNACHT.

Bridgewater.

A prominent surgeon, lecturing a class of students, said: "I was so excited at my first operation that I made a mistake." "A serious one, sir?" asked a student. "Oh, no," the surgeon answered "I only took off the wrong leg."

Muscular Rheumatism.

Mr. 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 50c a box.

A train derailed over another road takes on "a pilot." He is an extra engineer that knows the road. So are silver hairs to youth—they're our pilots. To ignore them means wreckage.

There is nothing harsh about Laxa Liver Pills. They cure Constipation, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, and Bilious Spells without griping, purging or sickening. Price 25c.

Since Kadley came in for all that money I don't suppose he'd know me." "Well, Fate events things up. Since he started to learn how to run his automobile you wouldn't know him."

Mrs Fred Laine, St. George O.T. 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."

Minard's Liniment cures everything.

UNRIPE FRUIT, CHANGE OF WATER, COLDS, IMPROPER DIET CAUSE

DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, CRAMPS, PAIN IN THE STOMACH, SUMMER COMPLAINT, Etc.

These annoying bowel complaints may be quickly and effectually cured by the use of

DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY

This wonderful remedy has been on the market for over sixty years and in using it you are not running any risk.

Be sure when asking for Wild Strawberry you get Dr. Fowler's and don't let the unscrupulous dealer palm off a cheap substitute on you. Mrs. Gordon Helmer, Newington, Ont., writes: "I have used Dr. Fowler's EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY for Diarrhoea and never found any other medicine to equal it. There are many imitations, but none so good as Dr. Fowler's."

Mrs. C. W. Brown, Grand Harbor, N.B., writes: "I consider Dr. Fowler's EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY to be the best remedy for Summer Complaint, as it cured me of a very bad case. I can recommend it highly to anyone."