

The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, JAN. 22, 1908

Vol. XXXVII, No. 4

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.

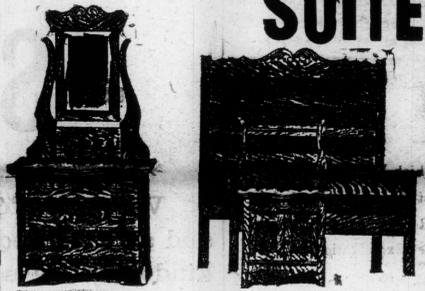
When you want a HAT or
CAP or anything in the Furnish-
ing line I can show you by far
the largest assortment of up-to-
date goods in the city.

If you have any wool for ex-
change 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 Newel
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.

The Autobiography of W. T. Jerome.

After leaving Amherst college I went to Columbia law school, where I was graduated in 1884. Then I became a clerk in the office of Stanley, Clark & Smith, lawyers, with a large practice. My family had gone to smash on Wall Street, and when that happens everything goes, roots as well as branches. So I had no means of getting clients for the firm I was with.

In New York business connections count, especially in lawyers' offices. The situation was clear to me, and I was innocent enough and bold enough to hang out my shingle. I did when I think of my unselfish courage. Those were dreary and desolate years—four of them. I lived at home. I couldn't have lived elsewhere and paid a dollar a week for my board. But I put in my time. I took up the Harvard law course and studied it alone and to the end. I read all the law I could find and searched out its history. Finally my father sued some men in Wall Street. I tried the case and won it. On the appeal I got the decision. I scarcely shall be as happy again as I was at that time.

But life dragged. My coat became shiny and even hope ragged around the edges. I recollect that I spoke of my discouragement to an elderly lawyer. "Don't be impatient," he said. "Business is an accident that always happens." Moreover, I was engaged to be married and that bothered me—had been engaged for five years, I was madly in love and most miserable. After the election of John R. Fellows as district attorney my father asked me one morning at the breakfast table if I would like a place in his office—it might enlarge my experience, and so on. I thought of my wedding day and vehemently accepted the suggestion. Fellows always had said he was under obligations to my father, and so my father went to him and there was some talk of a divorce.

I heard the ring of my marriage bell and the odor of orange blossoms was everywhere, especially in my loving little office where I sat and saw visions which are too sacred to describe.

But Fellows hesitated, and dodged, and never came to the point. The peal of the bell grew less joyful, the orange blossoms began to fade, and the visions stole away one by one as if ashamed of being seen in my presence. Then my father thought of Richard Croker. When I was a lad in school Croker, a city fireman, was arrested for murdering a man on election day. He was tried and acquitted. The person who actually committed the crime sat in the court-room and heard the trial. Croker had been a rough fellow, a member of the notorious tunnel gang, but he took his medicine and never said a word. He was declared to be innocent, but nevertheless, was a marked man. John Kelly, then chief of Tammany, told him that he was ruined unless he ran for some minor office, was elected, and thus vindicated by the people themselves. Accordingly, Croker became a candidate for coroner, or something like that. Naturally enough the newspapers attacked him, and they didn't employ soft words either. "Croker, the murderer," was printed in big type, and the fury and tenacity of the assault were on him. One night he came to my father's house. "You don't know me," he said, and I have come to tell you why I am. I can reach all the democratic newspapers in the city but the Herald. I am informed that you are the friend of James Gordon Bennett and his father. My wife is broken-hearted because the Herald calls me a murderer. Can't you induce the Herald to let me alone?"

My father was interested in the frank and manly character of the man, and after hearing his story agreed to see Mr. Bennett. The Herald stopped its attacks.

Therefore when Fellows began to back and fill about giving me a place in his office my father thought of Croker, who was in the south. He wrote to Croker for several days and then caught him. "I have arranged it," Croker telegraphed back. Consequently I was made a deputy in Fellows' office at \$3,000 a year. It was a hard place for a young fellow. This office is the jaws of hell even when everything is honest. Under Fellows matters tolled like a galley slave, preparing briefs and getting not only the facts but the law. My work impressed the assistants, and by and by one of them said: "That young fellow can try cases." I was sent into the

court-room and made a friend of Recorder Smyth, the judge. I held the deputyship for thirty-six months and was in court twenty-eight months of that time.

Presently a reform movement came along. I could have kept out of it and retained my job, but there were evils of which I knew and I thought it to be a part of my duty to help correct them. I was young and easily persuaded, and therefore readily believed that the time was at hand for better conditions of government. I even convinced Mrs. Jerome that we were bound to win, that there was to be an upheaval, and that virtue was to enter on a reign where sin was wont to congregate.

On election night I came down town to hear the peans of victory and to do some singing myself. I walked home in the clear moonlight of a beautiful night, but in the most hopeless gloom of my young life. I crept into my flat thinking I could cheat my wife, but she was sitting up in bed. "How big is our majority?" she asked "Polly," I replied, and I tried to look unabashed and even reconciled. "Polly," I replied, "we have been pounded into the earth and are no longer visible."

In the morning I took an inventory. I had two months in office, \$330 in bank, and a wife and baby. I was soared into a state of mental paralysis. Of course I knew that we wouldn't starve. Mrs. Jerome had a home and I had one, but I was a man of a family, a lawyer by profession, and the mortification contained in the possibilities of my case almost made me weep. In two and more or less shame I served my two months and again hung out my shingle. It is heaven's truth when I tell you I didn't smile for six months.

A man walked into my office one day and said: "I sat on a jury while you were trying a case in the criminal court. I rather like your way. The cashier of my establishment is a thief. I have hired lawyers and expert accountants, but can't catch him. I have spent money enough, but I want you to take hold of the matter and run it down."

I went to work and attacked the case from every possible viewpoint. By the process of elimination I decided that the cashier had removed the names of the payees to whom checks had been issued by his employer and had written in his own name. Then when the paid checks were returned to the bank he had erased his name, also with acid, and had written in cleverly the names of the original payees. I sent for a number of the paid checks and examined them under a microscope. There was no visible evidence of alteration in the writing. I had taken a course in chemistry at college and was interested in photography. The base of ink is either logwood, which is vegetable or iron salts. I tested one of the checks to make it moist and put it over a flask of sulphide of ammonia. The ink used by the cashier in writing his name after he had erased the name of the payee thus became black sulphide of iron and was brought out so clearly that I photographed it. I tried other checks with the same result. The bank settled with my client, the cashier went to the penitentiary, and I got a whooping fee. Thereafter I was on Bay street and once more smiled.

Clients came straggling in, and the need of money gave me no further concern.—James B. Morrow, in Worker's Magazine.

Bethlehem.

At the time of our Lord's birth—the 25th of December—was full of mysterious significance, so the place, Bethlehem, is not without mystery. The word Bethlehem means the House of Bread. It was not by accident, but by divine choice, and long before pointed out by the prophets, that this interesting town should be the Birth-place of the Messiah. When the Magi, the Eastern Kings, came to Jerusalem, inquiring for Him whose star they had seen in the East, the priests did not hesitate in deciding that the Redeemer would be born in Bethlehem as declared by the Prophet: "Out of Bethlehem shall He come forth, that is to be the Ruler in Israel."

But the mystery of the place. Why among all the cities of the world should this insignificant town be chosen in the divine counsels as the Birth-place of the Son of God? Our Lord solves it in His teaching after years, in the Synagogue at Capernaum. We know that Bethlehem means the House of Bread. It was the day after the Lord had miraculously multiplied the loaves and fishes to feed the multitude in the desert. He referred also to the manna which had been miraculously sent every night

to their fathers on their journey to the promised land. He then made the astonishing announcement, anything like which the world had never heard before: "I am the Living Bread that came down from Heaven." Never was a word heard like that before. His hearers were astonished. They called it a "hard saying." But the Lord continued not to mince words, but to reaffirm emphatically and without ambiguity of any kind the astonishing declaration that He is "living Bread." He spoke of two kinds of miraculous bread, that which He had multiplied the day before and that which fell from Heaven in the desert, and remarked the superiority of the "living Bread" that He intended to give them and that would be Himself: "Your fathers did eat manna in the desert, and are dead. This is the bread which cometh down from Heaven; that if any man eat of it, he may not die. I am the living bread which came down from Heaven."

Sublime and infinitely gracious was the end which the Lord had in view in offering us this living Bread to eat, it was the communication of divine love and everlasting life, union with Himself. Manna was preserved in the Ark of the Covenant, but it was food for the corruptible life of the body. The Ark of the new Covenant will be incomparably more excellent, it will be none other than the Blessed Mary who will give us Jesus, the living Bread, and who will present Him, first for the adoration of angels and men in Bethlehem, the House of Bread. Hitherto a great gulf was placed between the Creator and the creature; now God proposes a most intimate union, a transformation, as it were, of the creature into Himself: "He that eateth My flesh abideth in Me, and I in him."

In order to this happy consummation some action is required on our part. No Christian can read unmoved the account of our Lord's cold reception, or rather non-reception, on His entry into the world: "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." And in the very same account continued, St. John tells us what action is required on our part, and what its reward: "But as many as received Him, He gave them power to be made the sons of God." This is what devolves on us—to receive Him, thus to become united with Him. Partaking of His life and love through the living Bread, we become with Him children of the Heavenly Father. Let St. John again tell us about it: "Behold I what manner of charity the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be the Sons of God."

Bethlehem changes but little in any respect in the course of ages and centuries. It is cleaner and more beautiful than most other scenes in that beautiful land of promise. It is more Christian, too, than any other town in Palestine, there being but little over four hundred Mohammedans in the population of eight thousand. There are four thousand Catholics of the Latin rite, about three thousand five hundred Greeks and some fifty Protestants. New Freeman.

Cardinal Gaetano De Lai.

He is the youngest of the new cardinals having been born in Malabar Vicenza fifty-four years ago. He was sent to Rome in 1870 to begin his study of philosophy at the Apollinaris and after having taken the Doctorate of Philosophy, of Theology, and of Canon Law with great distinction was ordained priest on Holy Saturday 1876. After spending six years as an official of the Congregation of the Council the young priest was recalled to his diocese of Vicenza to profess theology in the seminary there, but Rome refused to part with him and he was appointed Auditor of the Council, a position he held until 1891 when he was nominated Under-Secretary. Like Mgr. Gasparri at Paris, Mgr. De Lai in Rome found abundant opportunities for exercising his apostolic ministry, especially among the young. On the elevation to the Purple of Mgr. Cavicchioni, Secretary of the Congregation of the Council, Mgr. De Lai was appointed Pro-Secretary by Leo XIII in 1903, and on November 11 of the same year Pius X entrusted him with the office of Secretary. Like Mgr. Gasparri, too, of whom he is an intimate friend, Mgr. De Lai is noted for the simplicity of his manners, and with Cardinal Gasparri, Cardinal De Lai enters the Sacred Collage only to have his work in the Curia doubled. N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Attend the Union Commercial College for a thorough business training with no waste time, no nonsense. College re-opens Sept. 3rd. send for new prospectus.—W. Moran, Prin.

DYSPEPSIA AND STOMACH DISORDERS MAY BE QUICKLY AND PERMANENTLY CURED BY BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

Mr. P. A. Labadie, Montreal, Que., writes me as follows: "I desire to thank you for your wonderful cure. Burdock Blood Bitters. Three years ago I had a very severe attack of Dyspepsia. I tried five of the best doctors I could find but they could do me no good. I was advised by a friend to try Burdock Blood Bitters and to my great surprise, after taking two bottles I was so perfectly cured that I have not had a sign of Dyspepsia since. I cannot praise it too highly to all sufferers. In my experience it is the best I ever used. Nothing for me like B.B.B. Don't accept a substitute for Burdock Blood Bitters. There is nothing 'just as good.'"

MISCELLANEOUS.

A genial little man entered one of Toronto's always crowded street cars. He was too short to reach for a strap, and was obliged to stand in the aisle anchored to nothing. The car, in stopping at a corner, gave a lurch which threw the little man into the lap of a lady sitting near. With profuse apologies he sprang to his feet, only, as the car gave another lurch in starting, he landed in the lap of another lady at the other side of the car. The latter lady felt aggrieved.

"What kind of a man are you, anyway, that can't stand up?" she exclaimed, irritably.

"Faith, madam," said the little man as he again regained his balance, and raised his hat politely, "I've always passed for an Irishman, but I think I must be a Laplander by the way I'm acting."

Sprained Arm.

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

African tribesmen who first stun the brides of their choice with a club and then wed them will be interested in the case of the Connecticut girl who knocked a Yale student senseless with a golf ball and afterwards married him.

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."

The man who keeps cool generally keeps everything else.

Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria.

He wore a handsome silken tie, His clothes were in the latest style, But still he did not work a bit, Calm in the Rideau club he'd sit. I said: "Dear sir, explain your plan." He answered, "I'm a Middleman."

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 panic is over and gone, We're back to prosperity's dawn, So you'll have to hustle And bustle and bustle. If you're to make good, Are you on?

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

WEAK TIRED WOMEN
How many women there are that get no refreshment from sleep. They wake in the morning and feel tired when they want to bed. They have a dizzy sensation in the head, the heart palpitates; they are irritable and nervous, weak and worn out, and the lightest household duties during the day seem to be a drag and a burden.

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

They give sound, restful sleep, tone up the nerves, strengthen the heart, and make rich blood. Mrs. C. McDonald, Portage la Prairie, Man., writes: "I was troubled with shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart and weak spine. I got four boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and after taking them I was completely cured."

Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25, all dealers or The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.