

The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES

CHARLOTTETOWN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND WEDNESDAY, MARCH 27, 1918.

VOL. XLVII, No. 13



Synopsis of Canadian North-West Land Regulations

The sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, who was at the commencement of the present war, and who has since continued to be a British subject or a subject of an allied or associated country, may, by depositing a certain section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta, acquire an adjoining quarter-section as pre-emption. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Reside six months in each of three years after earning homestead patent and cultivate 50 acres extra. May obtain pre-emption patent as soon as homestead patent on certain conditions. A settler after obtaining homestead patent, if he cannot secure a pre-emption, may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$3.00 per acre. Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate 50 acres and erect a house worth \$300.00. Holders of entries may consult time of employment as farm labourers in Canada during 1917, as residence duties under certain conditions. When Dominion Lands are advertised or posted for entry, returned soldiers who have served overseas and have been honourably discharged, receive one day priority in applying for entry as local Agents' Office (but not Sub-Agent). Discharge papers must be presented to Agent. W. W. COYR, Deputy Minister of the Interior, N. B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will be prosecuted.

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS Prince Edward Island.

Time Table in Effect February 21st, 1918

ATLANTIC STANDARD TIME.					
Trains Outward, Read Down.			Trains Inward Read Up		
P. M.	A. M.		P. M.	A. M.	
2.00	6.00	Dep. Charlottetown	5.30	10.30	Arr. Charlottetown
3.33	7.00	Dep. Hunter River	6.15	8.55	Dep. Charlottetown
4.30	7.30	Arr. Borden	7.45	7.55	Dep. Charlottetown
	8.30	Arr. Borden	8.30		Dep. Charlottetown
P. M.	A. M.		P. M.	A. M.	
4.30	6.30	Dep. Borden	5.40		Arr. Charlottetown
5.15	7.45	Dep. Emerald Jet.	6.20	7.25	Arr. Charlottetown
6.00	8.15	Dep. Kensington	6.45	6.45	Arr. Charlottetown
	9.00	Arr. Summerside	7.15	6.00	Dep. Charlottetown
P. M.	A. M.		P. M.	A. M.	
2.30		Dep. Summerside	11.00		Arr. Charlottetown
4.14		Dep. Port Hill	9.22		Arr. Charlottetown
5.44		Dep. O'Leary	8.03		Arr. Charlottetown
6.51		Dep. Alberton	6.45		Arr. Charlottetown
8.00		Arr. Tignish	5.45		Dep. Charlottetown
P. M.	A. M.		P. M.	A. M.	
3.10		Dep. Charlottetown	11.10		Arr. Charlottetown
4.45		Dep. Mount Stewart	8.55		Arr. Charlottetown
5.25		Dep. Morell	8.25		Arr. Charlottetown
5.55		Dep. St. Peter's	8.55		Arr. Charlottetown
7.30		Arr. Souris	6.50		Dep. Charlottetown
P. M.	A. M.		P. M.	A. M.	
8.50		Arr. Elmira	5.30		Dep. Charlottetown
P. M.	A. M.		P. M.	A. M.	
4.50		Dep. Mt. Stewart	9.20		Arr. Charlottetown
6.05		Dep. Cardigan	8.03		Arr. Charlottetown
6.45		Dep. Montague	7.33		Arr. Charlottetown
7.30		Arr. Georgetown	6.45		Dep. Charlottetown
P. M.	A. M.		P. M.	A. M.	
3.10		Dep. Charlottetown	10.10		Arr. Charlottetown
4.35		Dep. Vernon River	8.20		Arr. Charlottetown
7.05		Arr. Murray Harbor	6.20		Dep. Charlottetown

ALL THE ABOVE TRAINS RUN DAILY, SUNDAY EXCEPTED.

General Manager (Eastern Lines) Moncton, N. B. Passenger Traffic Manager, Moncton, N. B. District Passenger Agent, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

LIME!

We have on hand a quantity of

St. John LIME

In Barrels and Casks.

PHONE 111

C. LYONS & Co.

April 26, 1916-17

Fire Insurance

Possibly from an oversight or want of thought you have put off insuring, or placing additional insurance to adequately protect your self against loss by fire.

ACT NOW. CALL UP

DEBLOIS BROS.,

Water Street, Phone 251

June 30, 1915

Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on Friday, the 15th March, 1918, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week. Over Rural Mail Route No. 2, from New Wiltshire, P. E. Island, from the Postmaster General's pleasure. Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of New Wiltshire, Kelly's Cross and at the office of the Post Office Inspector.

JOHN F. WHEAR, Post Office Inspector, Ottawa, 21st Jan., 1918. Feb. 6, 1918-3.

Grand Opening!

L. J. Reddin begs to announce to his Customers in and out of Charlottetown, that he has opened his New Dry Goods Store at 164 Richmond Street, Newson Block.

I Must Sincerely Thank all those who have given me such liberal patronage in the past, and hope to receive their support in the future.

My intention is to offer my Customers Good Service, Splendid Values, and as expenses will be greatly reduced, all patrons will benefit by the reduction in Profit.

We offer many Snaps both in Men's and Ladies' Goods, and notwithstanding the steady advance in all classes of Dry goods, many of our lines will be sold Cheaper than ever.

Come In and See Me You will receive a Cordial Welcome even if you are not in a Buying Mood.

A Word of Cheer or a Welcome dear Helps some, my Boy, helps Some.

L. J. REDDIN.

Jan. 1917.

ADVERTISE IN THE HERALD

The Index Of Forbidden Books

There is no phase of Church discipline that the pseudo-literate hates more than that which is summed up in the word "Index." The high school girl who thinks she has an expansive soul, the amateur teacher who regards his outlook upon life as the sunset, the young professional man who views his own acquirements through magnifying lenses, all join in chorus of denunciation of a Church that refuses to art and literature the independence they claim. That the number of forbidden books is infinitely small does not alter the situation. The Church's crime consists in refusing free and independent minds the right to dip into anything that pleases them, and in denying to such enlightened people as they believe themselves to be, the right of judging for themselves. Accordingly they hasten to unjust ecclesiastical authority by seizing some forbidden work, which usually will be by preference Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables." The thousands of sane and wholesome books that lie about them are neglected in the mad drive for a work whose chief merit is that it is forbidden. How such conduct leads the mind to an early day when the most subtle of the beasts said to the woman: "Why hath God commanded you that you should not eat of every tree in Paradise? And the woman saw that the tree was good to eat and fair to the eyes, and delightful to behold: And she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave to her husband who did eat."

Poor Mother Eve, how little did she think that down through the ages even in the twenty-first century, but for the eyes of brave souls would still follow her illustrious example? Like her they would look with longing eyes to the forbidden, like her they would turn their backs upon the fairest and the best, scattered in wild profusion about them, and hurry to the tree, the book that bore "Thou must not touch" on its bark or cover. If we could but see ourselves!

As a matter of fact, every authority, legitimate or illegitimate, that existed in the world since men first began to put their hands to paper, had its index. The primal government, under Heaven, is that of the parent. Does any one suppose that a worthy parent will allow indiscriminate reading in the home? As he is obliged to protect the morals of his family, he must be concerned about what his members read. He may not permit books that will attack his own authority or assail his character. There is, therefore an Index in every well regulated home. Indeed the home that tried to work without it must, and should fail.

There is no civil government that has not its Index. Plato, in discussing the formation of the model city or republic says: "Apparently our first duty will be to exercise a supervision over the authors of fables, selecting their good productions and rejecting the bad. And the selected fables we shall advise our nurses and mothers to repeat to their children, that they may thus mould their minds with the fables even more than they shape their bodies with the hand. But we shall have to repudiate the greater part of those now in vogue." This is the Index with a vengeance! There is no government of our day that has not its "index expurgatorius," and of such scope that the small volume containing the list of the Church's forbidden books pales before it. In Germany which will be conceded the most scholarly country in the world, more books and periodicals are condemned than in the Universal Church. Prussia for many years would not allow a catechism that taught Papal infallibility. Bismarck, during four short months of 1875, arrested 137 editors, and confiscated 30 newspapers.

But even in so liberal a country as England, the same thing happens, though in a less degree. British allows attacks upon Om-

nipotence to go unchallenged, but it has again and again suppressed National publications in Ireland and literature in its various forms elsewhere. It exercises its power whenever it considers the writing seditious, or in any way opposed to peace or to good morals. Then we are all familiar with our own government's shutting the mails against publications of low character. Now especially a strict censorship is exercised. No one finds fault with this. Indeed, if good people desire any change it would be in the direction of a more rigorous discipline.

Every library has, in letter or in spirit, its index. So has every school, college and university. Indeed, wherever there is order there also is supervision of literature, or an index. How, then, can the great institution, the Church, whose mission is to teach all nations, and to guard the faith of its children from contamination be expected to discard this protective measure? Indeed, the Church would fail in its duty if it did not exercise a supervision over its children's reading. It must, like a good shepherd, lead the sheep to wholesome pasture, and away from that which is noxious. It must protect their Faith and their morals, and also must defend its own authority. Anything that weakens its influence or prestige is an injury to the entire flock.

It will be noticed that governments are especially watchful during crises. The nations during the war are disposed to censor or exercise supervision, wherever there is the slightest suspicion. This will cease for the nations when the war is over. But vigilance can never be abandoned by the Church, for the war against it never ends. It comes from known and unknown sources, from hidden and open hostility, from wicked men and the powers of darkness. Hence its censorship can never relax.

If in particular cases the law should work in hardship, relief can easily be had. But the hardship is not in the working of the law in the main, imaginary; it is the hardship that comes to "jeuneurs" intellects that we have allowed prurient curiosity to work them up to impatient desire. Sometimes it is even worse than this.

—Catholic Columbian.

"Our Father"

In a certain southern village, a fine young fellow fell from a chestnut tree and broke his spine. They carried him home and laid him on his bed. He was one of these wild youngsters, brimful of strength and life, but now he is sick unto death. His father, helpless, and depressed, is sitting beside his bed. The poor boy is almost beside himself with pain and agony, he is so unused to suffer because he never had a pain in his young life. He looks up into his father's tearful eyes, imploring for help. "Father, help me, O help!" With a deep mournful sigh the father answers from the depth of his paternal heart. "My dear boy, if I only could!" The pain grew, space with all its intensity, and finally death came to throttle him. This was the end of a boy's existence. Next day the undertaker came with a plain coffin; they laid the body into it and sprinkled holy water upon the remains; then amid some mournful hymns they carried the coffin to the churchyard and lowered it into the grave. I am not sure whether the cross that marked the spot is still to be seen, because all this happened some three years ago. His body is still there but where his soul went, I don't really know. May the Lord give him eternal rest, and may he rise to a glorious resurrection. May I ask you to remember him with an occasional Our Father?

I would have you sit quietly in thought beside the father that is dying by his bedside. But for fear who bear an unquestioned respect to you might think too much, or not nearly enough, and let you become confused and lost in your musing, I will ask you to follow my lead.

The same incident may not happen to you, but some day you will be lying on your

deathbed, too, death will be kneeling on your chest, pressing life's breath out of you in heavy groans and deep heaving; for fear of the things that are to come, cold pearls of sweat will bathe your brow and trickle down upon your cheek; and worst of all you will be utterly helpless. You would like to call on father or mother or anybody else at your bedside for help. But alas all they can do is to give you a little strengthening broth, or some old wine and mop the heavy sweat from your face and forehead; they will ease you by gently lifting your aching head a little higher and they may pray aloud. Finally they will light a candle and put a crucifix into your cold hands; your nearest and dearest relations can hold back no longer; they are weeping and sobbing aloud; but help you they cannot; they would gladly offer you their last drop of blood, but there is no use. A strange noise begins to buzz in your ears; the voices of those around you grow indistinct and sound as though they came from afar; death hangs a black veil over your eyes, daylight is vanishing and finally all is dark; hands and feet are growing cold and clammy—how do you think you will feel then, when those doings will be yours; when you are gradually being cut off from the visible world and those to whom you will turn for help. Naturally, one would like to have near him then, a father who really has the power as well as the good will to help. A kind of surgeon who actually knows how to handle disease and pain; one who is extremely skilful with the knife and the force. He would have to know how to reach the soul; one that could banish away the cobwebs of despair and fear and banish those terrible sensations which the evil one hurst into our ears. Besides his power and knowledge would have to extend beyond the grave, over into another world; one that could give us lodging, board and light, and all else we might need. He needs must have a piercing eye, and exceedingly fine hearing, and an extremely good heart so that he would know and see and hear what is needed; hear what the soul asks for and years after, when the tongue is too weak to utter a sound. Such a wonderful surgeon this is the kind of a father who would be a priceless treasure. Do you know one of this stamp?

It is hardly necessary to tell you that you die but once and this hour of death when it does come, you'll have to experience yourself. Besides this tremendous hour, there are other hours in life that are not always sky blue; nor have they all the sweet aroma of rosemary leaves and lavender. Many are hit very hard, and life has a bitter taste for many more, so that folks are sometimes tempted to glide off the thorny path very abruptly. Some feel like divorcing themselves from life, as some men do from a cranky wife, if only the Almighty had nothing against such proceedings.

—The Echo

The Mother Crowded Out

"After a mother is fifty years old there is no longer any room for her in the world; and she ought to die." The words were bitter, but they were not bitterly spoken. Rather, the intonations of the patient voice were plaintive and the care-lined face of the elderly woman who uttered the sentiment wore no look of protest. Instead there was in it an expression of resignation, of acquiescence in something which must be accepted and endured.

Thinking of the misty aged mothers, loved to idolatry by the men and women who are still "bairns" still, albeit some of them have silver hair and bent shoulders; thinking of the middle-aged who bear an unquestioned respect to you as when their babies were in or not nearly enough, and let you become confused and lost in your musing, I will ask you to follow my lead.

The same incident may not happen to you, but some day you will be lying on your

NEVER NEGLECT BRONCHITIS IT MAY TURN TO PNEUMONIA.

Bronchitis comes from a neglected cold, and starts with a short, painful, dry cough, accompanied with rapid wheezing, and a feeling of oppression or tightness through the chest.

You have, no doubt, wakened up in the morning and have had to cough several times to raise the phlegm from the bronchial tubes, and have found it a yellowish or gray, greenish color, and you have received relief right away.

This is a form of bronchitis, which if not cured immediately may turn into pneumonia or some more serious trouble.

Cure bronchitis with Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and thereby prevent bronchitis and pneumonia taking hold on your system.

Mr. E. Jarvi, New Finland, Sask., writes: "I was troubled, for years, with bronchitis and could not find any relief. I was especially bad on a damp day. I went to a druggist, and asked him for something to stop the cough and constant tickling in my throat. He gave me a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, which I found gave me instant relief. I think it is the best medicine for bronchitis I know of. Now I take it, and I always have a bottle of it on hand."

Do not accept a substitute for "Dr. Wood's." It is put up in a yellow wrapper, a pine tree the trade mark; price 25c. and 50c.; manufactured only by The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

It is my conviction that somebody should uplift a note of warning to the ears of thoughtless, not heartless daughters.

"The wind is in the east this morning," said a girl at the breakfast table, with a significant glance around at her brothers and sisters, and a little pucker of the mouth in the direction of the matron, whose hand trembled a little as she poured out the coffee.

"Your mother is very tired and evidently not well," ventured an acquaintance, later, when a mother's irritability was freely discussed in her hearing by these young people.

"That may be," said one of them lightly, "so cross. We do our share in help—she does not know that she has moved since her day."

Neither did the young daughter realize that, however far the world may have moved since her mother's "day" it never has moved and never will, from the shadow of the fifth commandment. I have a standing quarrel too, with the statement that a person's "day" is pre-eminently her day of youth. There is a "day" for forty for sixty, for eighty; and each "day" is as important and as honorable, if well spent, as the other—the latter as glorious as the earlier. There is one beauty in the rosebuds and another beauty of the opened whorl, and another again of the anemones.

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.

Do you think this photograph does me justice? No, I think it is extremely merciful.

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

MINARDS LINIMENT CURES GARGET IN COWS.

SHARP PAINS SHOT THROUGH HEART.

Thousands of people go about their daily work on the verge of death and yet don't know it.

Every once in a while a pain will shoot through the heart, but little attention is paid to it at the time, and it is only when a violent shock comes that the weakness of the heart is apparent.

There is only one cure for the weak heart and that is Millburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

Mr. H. A. Young, 83 Bayler St., Toronto, Ont., writes: "I used to have sharp pains shoot through my heart, suffered from shortness of breath, and was so nervous I could not sleep at night. A friend advised me to try Millburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and after one box I found great relief. These boxes completely cured me."

Millburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. per box at all druggists, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.