

The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, JAN. 3, 1906

Vol. XXXV, No. 1

Christmas Supplies.

Give us a chance to fill your order for Christmas Supplies. We have now a full line of Raisins, Currants, Spices, Essences, Peels, Icing Sugar, Baking Powder, and all other requirements for Baking. Also a full line of Fruit, Nuts and Confectionery.



Our store has gained a reputation for reliable Groceries. Our trade during 1904 has been very satisfactory. We shall put forth every effort during the present year to give our customers the best possible service.

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.

Preserves.—We manufacture all our own Preserves, and can guarantee them strictly pure Sold wholesale and retail.

R. F. Maddigan & Co.

Eureka Grocery,

QUEEN STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

Have You a Wheel,
Not a Bicycle,
BUT
A Spinning Wheel

That will

Double and Twist

Single Yarn

Which we can supply you in a variety of colors at the remarkably low price of

45 cts. per Pound.

Samples sent to any Address.

The Humphrey Clothing Store,
Opeta House Building, City.

A. WINFIELD SCOTT, Manager.

P. O. Box 417.

Phone 63.

Wholesale and Retail.

FURNITURE FOR XMAS GIFTS!

Who would not appreciate a nice piece of Furniture for Xmas?
FOR THE MAN a nice Smoking Chair or a nice Bed Room Chair would suit him to a nicety.

FOR THE LADY any of the following would be most acceptable: Ladies' Desk, Rattan or Oak Rocker or dainty Table, many others just as nice as here.

FOR THE CHILDREN high or low Chairs, Rockers, Sleighs, etc.

Make your gifts practical as well as beautiful by buying Furniture from

JOHN NEWSON.

HARDWARE!

Largest Assortment,
Lowest Prices.

WHOLESALE and RETAIL

Fennel & Chandler

ROBERT PALMER & CO.,

Charlottetown Sash and Door Factory,

Manufacturers of Doors & Frames, Sashes & Frames inerior 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)

(Add Address)

A Christmas Play.

In the current Bookman occurs a pleasing Christmas article on "the Manger Plays given at Christmas time by the Children of Duchan, Bavaria, under the direction of Alois Heisehman." We read as follows: "Three years ago he called together a group of the village children, and feeling his way, worked out with them the dramatization of a fairy tale. The delight pictured on their faces, the response of their spirit to his, set his imagination afire, and the approach of the next Christmas found him again with the boys and girls about him, planning to repeat the story of an old Miracle Play from out the sixteenth century, and played them his music, into which he had woven the old hymn 'Heilige Nacht' (Holy Night).

TUE SHEPHERD LADS AND THE STRANGER.
"The curtain rises, and some slowly distinguishes in the dim light a herdsman wrapped in his uncombed sheepskin sleeping before his fire. Three shepherd boys, whose brown legs and arms needed little or no make-up, have come together to while away the long winter evening. The most rebellious sheep of the flock has been gathered into the fold, and the herdsman's heavy breathing assures the lads that they have the night and the field to themselves. One boy raises his date to his lips and blows a few minor notes. Far across the moor answers another flute in the same plaintive key, and its voice awakens another more distant yet. Then, as the sound dies, we hear the boys talking together in the soft Bavarian dialect.

"I don't know what it is about this night that makes me feel so happy and yet so restless," muses one half aloud. "The moon is red as a northern light, and I can't go to sleep. Come, let us set up our marbles and give riddles. Three guesses right and the marbles are won."
In the midst of this pastime another shepherd lad comes running in through the darkness, his hand at his throat as he struggles for breath to explain his flight.

The new comer tells his story, how a wonderful strange man has appeared, who speaks of a new-born babe and of needed fire. The watchdog dare not bite this man; the angry herdsman's spear rebounds from him. "I am not afraid, and yet I shiver," cries the herdsman. "Take as much as thou wishest from my fire," he adds in scorn, no shovel or tong being there. But the stranger unhesitatingly bends down, takes some of the live coals in his bare hands, wraps them beneath his mantle, and with a courteous word of thanks he goes.

THE WISE MEN.
Then appear the wise men; a swart-faced little figure, coming on the stage, declares: "We are three princes from the East, led hither by a beautiful star, that ever guided our feet northward, bidding us ever hasten for a King was near the earth: Last night we slept in Manich, but now we stand on the cold moor, and our star has set. A moment before King Herod rode by and begged us to bear his greetings to the poor little naked child."

"The other Wise Men have come upon the stage, and now they ask together:
Thou little child king, livest thou far from here?
So still is the world shut in by snow.
"And the second Wise Man turns his face back again to the East, as he thinks of the sunlight on the palm-trees and the great ripening fruit of Paradise back in the homeland, while his heart rebels against the grey moor and the star now set that has led them on this idle quest. But the others chide him, for they see that the star has not set, but is just rising, and with its light they perceive another band approaching them. It is the stranger carrying home his coals on fire, followed by the shepherd.

THE WISE MEN AND ST. JOSEPH.
"The wise men scoot them. 'We have come hither, led by a star, that told us that here, led in the night, a king should be born. There on the hilltop we see a castle stands. Do you know if a king has been born there to-night?'
"The herdsman shakes his head. 'Nay, the old castle is empty. But I ask you to pardon me if I tarry no longer. The stranger here is in great haste. His little naked child is dying of cold on its mother's breast.'
"The first wise man turns towards the stranger and speaks as if thinking aloud, 'Did not Herod speak of such a poor, naked babe? Where is your little child? Could it be a King.'
With the same calm dignity that has always characterized the stranger, he replies:
"A king, sire, such as you seek lies not on hay and straw, but on a

bed of down, like King Solomon. And still my little baby's face is full of heavenly light, and round his little forehead shines a crown of glistening stars. And, as the light of heaven breaks o'er the village from yon star, so glows from out his eyes a wondrous light. Now mother and child await the fire I bring. We dwell within a cattle stall. The way is not so bad; follow me up the hill and through the quiet lane, that I can show you mother and child, forsaken by all the world.'

THE ORB.
"The curtain falls, to raise again on Mary, the peasant mother, standing over her babe as it lies wrapped in its swaddling clothes on his little pallet of straw. A host of child angels guard the mother on either side, and before the baby kneels the stranger, the shepherds and the wise men. The herdsman's voice breaks the silence as he presses forward beseeching the stranger to take his sheepskin coat to cover his little child.
"When my own little child died I killed his favorite lamb to avenge my grief," he continues, "and bound the skin against my aching heart. As I look at your little babe lying there in the cold my old pain awakes. But what vision is this? The herdsman falls back, for as he spreads the coat over the child the hut becomes flooded with light, and there among the angels he perceives the smiling face of his own child, while with the song of the chorus the curtain falls."—(Sacred Heart Review.)

Confession a Necessity to Young Men.

It is a very bad sign when a young man begins to shirk the duty of monthly confession and communion, which, as a boy, he fulfilled as a matter of course. This generally happens when, having left school, he secures a position in some store, shop or factory, and begins to rub elbows with the various kinds and conditions of men.

any officials whose dearest wish is to make the work of the Church impossible in France.—The Casket.

One of the greatest complaints which the world has to make against the Church is that the latter is so insistent in defining specifically what is right and what is wrong. With the general principles of morality laid down by the Church, the world has no quarrel at all; what it dislikes exceedingly is particular applications. It bows its head before the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill"; but when it is told that every case of pre-natal infanticide and every deliberate suicide is murder, it revolts from the authority which pronounces such a decision. The general prohibition against reading bad books, the world acknowledges to be wise and salutary; but when the Congregation of the Index undertakes to deal with particular cases, the world calls such action purely tyrannical. The world is perfectly willing to make a confession of sin in the Anglican formula: "We have done the things which we ought not to have done"; it is even indulgent to the human weakness which finds relief in voluntarily unburdening itself to a minister of religion; but place a table of sins in its hands, bid it study this and ask itself whether it has committed this, that or the other offence against God; and tell it that if it has done so it must confess these things specifically; and in a transport of rage it cries out against the abominations of the confessional. These remarks are spoons of some recent happenings in the Province of Quebec. The world acknowledges the right and duty of a bishop or a priest to condemn the immorality of the stage; but if he presumes to declare that such and such a play is immoral, then we find Catholics so infected with the world-spirit as to say that the bishops and priests are going too far. On this account we feel proud of the laity of the Ancient Capital who, in a rude and vulgar manner if you will, took the part of the clergy against the "nice people" who criticized them. The mob that rotten-egg Sarah Bernhardt in Quebec may have been unwise, unrefined, uneducated, bigoted; but they stood for what is right. And the great French tragedienne, and those who debauched their souls by witnessing her artistic portrayal of the lives of women whose profession is the same as that of the hideous "Mrs. Warren" whom the yellow press and the police drove from the stage in New York—those people, "nice people" all of them, stood for what is wrong.—The Casket.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

sought a rupture with the Vatican and that the country should have been consulted before Parliament attempted to pass so important a measure. The Bill as it stands he called "spoliation, tyranny and the unscrupulous exercise of might over right." And in warning tones he added: "Remember what I tell you. You will be disarmed sooner or later. The religious convictions of a whole nation, the most respected traditions of forty million citizens cannot be violated with impunity." The Bill passed the Senate by a vote of 181 to 162, and becomes law on the first of January. Abbe Guyard, Deputy for Beas, writing in the *Revue de Clergy*—Francis advocates striking the best of the law. If there were a choice between the Concordat and Separation, he would pronounce in favour of the former; but since there is no choice, the Church should try to reap what advantage it can from the new arrangements. The new Public Worship Associations, the Abbe believes, will be very similar to the existing vestries (fabriques) and their regulations can be drawn up by the church authorities independently of the civil power. He has no fear that the Public Worship Associations will be formed for the purpose of getting hold of church property, since one of the clauses of the new law requires that the Public Worship Associations must conform to the general organization of the Church, which means that they must be constituted under the authority of the Bishops and of the Holy See. On the whole Abbe Guyard believes that the Church in France will be more independent, more autonomous, and more Roman than it has ever been before. In spite of the Abbe's optimism, we fear, however, that Government supervision of the financial management of the various parishes,—the managers of the Associations must not allow their revenue or reserve funds to exceed a certain sum, under penalty of heavy fines,—and the regulation punishing with the fine and imprisonment any priest who libels a public functionary, will be a constant source of vexation, and used as instruments of

any officials whose dearest wish is to make the work of the Church impossible in France.—The Casket.

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Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

OBSTINATE COUGHS AND COLDS.

The Kind That Stick. The Kind That Turn to BRONCHITIS. The Kind That End in CONSUMPTION.

Do not give a cold the chance to settle on your lungs, but on the first sign of it go to your drugstore and get a bottle of

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

It cures Croup, Colds, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, and all other ailments of the Throat or Lungs. Mrs. G. writes: "I have suffered terribly since my little boy was born for the wonderful good Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup has done for my little boy and I. It is a wonderful medicine, it is so healing and soothing to a distressing cough. We are never without a bottle of it in the house."
Don't accept a substitute for Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three nine trees the trade mark, and price 25 cents, at all dealers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A good story is told of ex-President Cleveland. He was being driven to a great gathering during his Presidency, and a tremendous storm was raging. The hailstones rattled on the roof of the carriage. Meanwhile, a band, undismayed by the weather, began to play.

"That is the most realistic music I have ever heard," said the President to a friend in the carriage.

"What are they playing?"
"Hail to the Chief," said Mr. Cleveland, "and they are playing it with real hail!"

An All-Round Remedy.

Mrs. HANNESTON, Bismarck, Minn. writes: "I have used Haysday's Yellow Oil for Sore Throat, Cuts, Scalds and Frostbites for a long time and consider it the best all-round household remedy made." Price 25c all dealers.

Minard's Liniment cures Colds.

Charles.—I don't see how Blank can make a business of his. He's always smoking the best cigars himself.

Fred.—Oh, that's his method of advertising.

"How so?"
"Why, puffing his goods."

Clears Away Worms.

Mrs. Wm. Graham, Sheppardton, Ont., writes: "I have given Dr. Low's Worm Syrup to my boy time and again and find it a good worm medicine. It is nice to take and never makes the child sick like powders." Price 25c.

"Look here," remarked the thrifty man to his extravagant wife, "you're carrying too much rail, lady."
"I don't know why you should bother about that," she retorted.
"No!" said he. "I think I should, since I have to raise the wind."

There is nothing better for children's Coughs and Colds than Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It is very pleasant to take and always cures the little ones' coughs promptly.

At a bend in the river opposite a likely pool a portly gentleman in new fishing "togs" stopped a native in order to get some necessary information about the surrounding country.

"Do you suppose," asked the man with the rod and reel, "it would be worth my while to try fishing round here?"

"Well," said the native thrusting his hands into his pockets and setting back on his heels, "the fishing ain't good, but of course I don't know how ye value yer time."—Life.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

Suffered Terrible Agony

FROM PAIN ACROSS HIS KIDNEYS.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

CURED HIM.

Read the words of praise, Mr. M. A. McNamee, Marine, Bridge, N.S., has for Doan's Kidney Pills. (He writes us): "For the past three years I have suffered terrible agony from pain across my kidneys. I was so bad I could not sleep or eat. I consulted and had several doctors treat me, but could get no relief. On the advice of a friend, I procured a box of your valuable, moving remedy (Doan's Kidney Pills), and to my surprise and delight, I immediately got better. In my opinion Doan's Kidney Pills have an equal for any form of kidney trouble."
Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.50. Can be procured at all dealers or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.
Do not accept a spurious substitute but be sure and get "Doan's."

THE BRITISH LIBRARY