

The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, JULY 25, 1900.

Vol. XXIX, No. 30

Calendar for July, 1900.

MOON'S PHASES.

First Quarter, 4th, 4h. 55m. p. m.
Full Moon, 12th, 4h. 55m. a. m.
Last Quarter, 19th, 4h. 55m. p. m.
New Moon, 26th, 4h. 55m. a. m.

Day of Week	Sun	Moon	High Water
1 Sunday	4 23	7 48	10 31
2 Monday	5 21	8 48	11 27
3 Tuesday	6 18	9 46	12 18
4 Wednesday	7 14	10 42	1 5
5 Thursday	8 9	11 35	2 30
6 Friday	8 54	12 25	3 40
7 Saturday	9 38	1 12	4 50
8 Sunday	10 21	1 56	6 00
9 Monday	11 3	2 37	7 10
10 Tuesday	11 54	3 15	8 20
11 Wednesday	12 14	3 50	9 30
12 Thursday	12 33	4 22	10 40
13 Friday	12 51	4 51	11 50
14 Saturday	1 7	5 18	1 0
15 Sunday	1 22	5 42	1 11
16 Monday	1 36	6 13	2 21
17 Tuesday	1 49	6 41	3 31
18 Wednesday	2 1	7 6	4 41
19 Thursday	2 12	7 28	5 51
20 Friday	2 22	7 57	7 01
21 Saturday	2 31	8 23	8 11
22 Sunday	2 39	8 46	9 21
23 Monday	2 46	9 6	10 31
24 Tuesday	2 52	9 23	11 41
25 Wednesday	2 57	9 47	12 51
26 Thursday	3 0	10 8	1 0
27 Friday	3 1	10 26	1 11
28 Saturday	3 2	10 51	2 21
29 Sunday	3 3	11 13	3 31
30 Monday	3 4	11 32	4 41
31 Tuesday	3 5	11 48	5 51

BIG SALE

—OF—

GROCKERY, GLASSWARE

—AND—

Groceries

All Goods at Low Prices.

A large assortment of Table Sets, Berry Sets and Lemonade Sets, suitable for wedding presents, to which we specially invite inspection. Customers will be astonished at our low quotations.

P. MONAGHAN.
Queen St., Charlottetown.
June 13—71y.

COME TO HEADQUARTERS

—FOR—

HIGH QUALITY

—AND—

LOW PRICES

—ON—

MADE-TO-ORDER SUITS, Overcoats and Trouserings.

LARGE STOCK, Nobby Patterns, Exclusive Designs.

Leave your orders NOW before the great rush comes; besides you will have FIRST CHOICE.

Men's Furnishing Department.

New White & Colored Shirts, New Neckwear, New Gloves.

GORDON & McLELLAN,

Men's Stylish Outfitters.

"Hit the Nail On the Head."

If you have eruptions, pains in the head or itchy, stomach trouble and feelings of nervousness, use the nail on the head. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the hammer to use. It will purify your blood. The masses praise it for doing this and making the whole body healthy.

Sick Headache—"I was troubled with sick headaches. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, my husband having been cured of all them by it, and soon it made me feel like a new woman." Mrs. Robert McAfee, Deerfield, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Never Disappoints

Good Ste. Anne de Beauspre.

(Charles Warren Stoddard, in Ave Marie.)

It was all a blank, and I know not which way to turn. It seemed that nothing I had read—yet I had read much—had left any definite impression as to where it was, what it was, or how it was when one got there. There was no picture in my mind, no map, no guide-book memory; no living guide to lie in wait for me along the airy heights of Quebec, to track me to and fro among its zigzag streets, and finally waylay me at the foot of the slope and happily lead me away captive.

I have said there was no picture in my mind, let me retract. There was a kind of misty vision that haunted and allured me, and this must have been suggested by what I had read or heard or dreamed—after reading or hearing of it. In the whole there was a shadowy cliff beside a river that was as silent as a river should be in a picture; for, after all, it was only a picture, and a dream-picture at best. A little chapel upon the brink of the cliff mirrored itself in the stream below, a chapel bathed in a temperate light; the light was within it and without it and a part of it, like an aureole.

Canoes stole noiselessly across the water, freighted with pilgrims, pilgrims toiled up the winding way that was hewn out of the rock; and about the chapel they gathered and knelt with foreheads to the earth, or again lifted up their voices in prayer and praise; and their voices were as one voice hymning, "Glory, glory, glory be to God on high, who hath given us good St. Anne to succor us!"

Then the multitude, which was ever increasing, was swallowed up in the deepening dusk; the glow of the chapel shone like a star on the darkening wave; no sound was heard save the oboes, growing fainter and fainter as they slipped into another, "Good St. Anne!" That sweet refrain a thousand and a thousand times repeated: "Good St. Anne!" I hear it now—it is a rapturated. I hear it wafted hither and yon upon the waiting and willing winds: "Good Ste. Anne de Beauspre! Good Ste. Anne! Ah, here it is! A whole page in the official guide, "From Niagara to the Sea," a whole page spattered with tim-tables and conveying in a series of imperative headlines the desired information: "Visitors to Quebec should not fail to visit the celebrated Montmorency Falls, and take a pilgrimage to Ste. Anne de Beauspre. To do so take the electric cars to the Quebec, Montmorency and Charlevoix railway station, from whence there are five trains daily."

My friend, let us take a pilgrimage to Ste. Anne de Beauspre and see what we shall see. The station, in the ragged edge of Quebec, is small and uninviting. Surely it can not take a pilgrimage, nor a tenth part of the pilgrims that sometimes go to Beauspre in a body. It is not over thus with those who would follow in the footsteps of the faithful from shrine to shrine? Accommodations are limited, and even the "personally conducted" are apt to find the way as "steep and thorny" as that to heaven. But this is the bitter-sweet of piety, and is thrice welcome for the rest it adds to faith.

It is one and twenty miles by rail from Quebec to Beauspre; the wide river on the one hand, the highlands on the other. Nothing can be more interesting than a drive from the citadel to the Falls of Montmorency, especially if it be taken in one of those aerial cable-cars wherein the passenger swings between two enormous wheels, while the driver balances himself upon the footboard and seems to be kneeling upon the horses' haunches. Leaving the "Bons le Cap" in its picturesque disorder at the foot of the Breakneck Stairs, the Canadian Gibraltar is soon forgotten in the charms of semi-pastoral life.

The most inviting villages, the wayside shrines, the pathetically primitive habitations, the demure children, and the Sabbath serenity are among the marked features of a Catholic province; they are the pronounced characteristics, and all these are missed when the pilgrim goes by rail to Beauspre. Yes he is sure to go by rail or by boat; though my caliche-driver assured me he had often footed it to the shrine of St. Anne and back again, when he was a lad.

After one has seen the grand Falls of Montmorency—that perpetual avalanche of whipped cream—one experiences an ever-growing desire for a glimpse of Beauspre. My mind, guided by imagination, naturally ascended to the heights; were they not high and holy? Here was the broad St. Lawrence on the right hand,—a softly-flowing river that washed the shores of Beauspre. And Beauspre itself—fair meadow,—was it not the fairest of meadows, up yonder? And were we not hastening to it by rail and steam, albeit our rate of speed was not alarming? Almost before we knew it we were there,—before we knew it; because it was not at all what any one of us was looking for. It was not that fair meadow in our mind's eye; it was not even a meadow, and it was not fair. It was only a rather narrow rim of lowland along the river's edge. Back of it the land sloped upward, but our interest was centered this side of the top of the slope. There was a street like a country road at the foot of the slope, and on each side of the street a long row of hotels.

I might have known this would be the case had I stopped to consider the matter. Where there are sudden influxes of pilgrims—hundreds and hundreds of them arriving in a day or an hour—there must be hotels of all sizes and all shapes, and of every class—good, bad and indifferent. There is a pressing need of food, shelter, and drink; and all those who do not come down or up the river by boat and return as they came, on a round-trip ticket that calls for the necessities of life, must be provided for on land. To these the hotels, standing shoulder to shoulder or even to offer hospitality on both sides of the street at prices to suit all customers; though I, personally, will not vouch for the bill of fare.

When, at Quebec station, I had asked myself under my breath, "Are there hotels enough to go round?" I might have spared myself the question. No sooner had the train got well under way than a business card was politely offered me by a stranger who sat in the next seat. "Would I like to spend the night at Beauspre? He would escort me with pleasure, not unmingled with profit, to his hotel. I need borrow no trouble, but get my train in him from that moment." I did so. He was a polyglot and a fisher of men; and as it was Friday, he bore with him the fish of the market of Quebec for the comfort of his own establishment. He was snarlingly itself; he was persuasive and sympathetic; he impressed me favorably and my grip-sack forcibly. Before I was well aware, I had been piloted safely along a tressel walk that crossed a marsh, and down the one long street between the double row of hotels, with their verandas at that moment loaded to the rails with ogling spectators.

It was a small room he gave me, and it seemed to be in telephonic communication with every other chamber in the house. The bed-clothes were damp from the laundry. My one window opened upon the open window of the house next door. I was indeed a pilgrim, but not a stranger for long; nor is any one in Beauspre long a stranger.

It had been raining in the village, and the streets were unrecognizable save at the forks. Not only had the righteous rain fallen alike upon the just and the unjust, but the rain had fallen upon the fair meadows atop of the slopes poured down the hillsides, and the frequent carts sank to their very hubs in mud. Fortunate, very the same, the halt and the blind could make their way on foot or on litter to the ballies at the lower edge of the village. A vehicle of light draft could have stemmed the turbid tide, that neither rose nor fell between the narrow walks under the verandas; but stopped right there, and looked as if it had come to stay all summer.

First impressions, if not always fleeting, are very apt to fade. It is only with an effort that I recall quite at this moment. Nor had I come to hasten hotels and veranda elements. A truce to all that was disagreeable and disagreeing!

Does Your Baking Powder Contain Alum?

Prof. Geo. F. Barker, M.D., University of Penn.: "All the constituents of alum remain (from alum baking powders) in the bread, and the alum itself is reproduced to all intents and purposes when the bread is dissolved by the gastric juice in the process of digestion. I regard the use of alum as highly injurious."

Dr. Alonzo Clark: "A substance (alum) which can derange the stomach should not be tolerated in baking powder."

Prof. W. G. Tucker, New York State Chemist: "I believe it (alum) to be decidedly injurious when used as a constituent of food articles."

Prof. S. W. Johnson, Yale College: "I regard their (alum and soluble alumina salts) introduction into baking powders as most dangerous to health."

Time to give The Little Folks An Airing,

And we have just the Carriages For the purpose

Most comfortable for the baby—easiest to push—easiest to buy because the

Prices are right.

John Newson

Our Watches FOR LADIES

Are Gems of Beauty.

SOMEBODYS' WATCHES

Are beautifully engraved, others plain, solid and substantial.

WATCHES from \$6.00 to \$100

Specially recommended for time-keeping.

PINE SHOW OF SILVERWARE,

suitable for presents.

Solid Silver Souvenir Spoons with scene stamped in bowl, "Stanley crossing through ice," or "Parliament Building," Charlottetown.

E. W. Taylor,

Cameron Block, City.

A Large Assortment of Finished Monuments AND HEADSTONES

To be cleared out quick, AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

Agents will tell you they can sell as cheap as you can buy from the manufacturer.

Buy from us direct, and we will convince you that this is told to effect a sale and make something out of you.

We employ no agents, as we prefer to make all sales right in our shop, where customers can see what they are buying.

Cairns & McFadyen.

June 8, 1898—y Kent Street, Charlottetown.

Thos. Driscoll. F. J. Hornsby.

Seeds of Quality.

In the Grocery business it has been our constant aim to give satisfaction, and we try to please.

NOW that we have to sell Seeds we purpose to sell nothing but the best.

We have imported our own Seeds, and you can depend on getting them clean and fresh.

If you want the best Wheat (White Russian and Fife), Timothy, Clover, Peas, Vetches, etc., etc., buy from us. Don't take our word for it. Come in, compare, and see for yourself.

Our Island Timothy defies competition. Yours for Good Seeds.

Driscoll & Hornsby

Queen Street.

In view of such testimony as this, every care must be exercised by the housewife to exclude the over and over condemned cheap, alum baking powders from the food.

Baking powders made from cream of tartar, which is highly refined grape acid, are promotive of health, and more efficient. No other kind should be used in leavening food. Royal Baking Powder is the highest example of a pure cream of tartar powder.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

That Boy Of yours,

He's the pride of your heart; he wants one of those nice

Four wheel Carts or Wagons.

We have the Very one he wants

Or perhaps it's the Wee Daughter.

Well, we have the very Doll's Carriage to make her heart glad. Big new stock of Carriages, Go-carts, Express Wagons, Wheelbarrows, Doll's Carriages, all marked at low prices for cash.

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—AND—

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NOTARY PUBLIC, etc.

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Collecting, corresponding, and all kinds of legal business, promptly attended to. Investments made in best security. Money to loan.

HOW IS THIS?

Ladies' Hockey Boots with straps, warm lined, worth \$2.50; now \$1.35; now is your chance to secure a bargain; cost us no more money; want to clear them out. Headquarters for Ladies' Goods. We have them as low as 20 cents a pair.

A. E. McRACHEN, THE SHOE MAN.

FIRE INSURANCE, LIFE INSURANCE.

The Royal Insurance Co. of Liverpool.

The Sun Fire office of London.

The Phoenix Insurance Co. of Brooklyn.

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Combined Assets of above Companies, \$200,000,000.00.

Lowest Rates. Prompt Settlements.

JOHN McRACHEN, Agent.

Our Suitings ARE TO HAND.

They are the prettiest lot of Clothes we have ever had.

We are busy making them up into

STYLISH SUITS.

We invite our patrons to examine our stock. All Clothes made by us are guaranteed to fit.

John McLeod & Co.

Tailors for Ladies and Gentlemen.

HOOD'S PILLS

Always keep on hand

There is no kind of pain or sore, internal or external, that PAIN-KILLER will not relieve.

LOOK OUT FOR IMITATIONS AND BE SURE YOU GET THE GENUINE BOTTLE BEARING THE NAME, PERRY DAVIS & SON.

have a memory of Beauspre, that, thank Heaven, is sweet and sane! Precious are the traditions of the saints, and blessed are they who help to fashion them and foster them. The St. Lawrence river is "a great deep," and sometimes its "fountains" are "broken up." A little company of Breton mariners were toiling in their bark upon the bosom of that mighty river. They were like to founder, and in their extremity they called on good St. Anne, the well beloved patroness of their own dear Brittany. Does not that which was most with us in our youth return to us in our last hour? Fainting at the oar, they vowed that if she would guide them to a haven of rest, on that very spot they would build a sanctuary in her honor, and there they and their children and their children's children should honor her forever and a day. When the morning broke they touched the shore at a point then known as Petit Cap, seven leagues northeast of Quebec; and there they built a little wooden chapel, according to their pious vow. These things are recorded in the parochial register of the last century; and likewise in the memoirs of Mgr. de Laval, first Bishop of Canada, by M. de Lator.

Beauspre is noted in the early history of the colonization of Canada. The "Company of the Hundred Associates" (cent associates), having the interest of the country in hand, agreed to pay annually twenty-five crowns to a priest from Quebec who should administer the sacraments to the settlers at least once a year. The first missionary in Petit Cap (1645) was M. de Saint-Sauveur, of Quebec. The Jesuits followed him,—Father Vimont in 1646; Father De Que in 1647-48. The government gave the first grants of land to the colonists in 1650. In 1657 Father Andrew Richard, a Jesuit, came on a mission to Beauspre; and on the twenty-eighth day of July he there baptized Oland Pelletier, who afterward became a Franciscan lay-brother, under the name of Brother Didon. This friar was the first Canadian to die in the odor of sanctity.

Until 1657 the Fathers who visited Petit Cap offered the Holy Sacrifice in the little chapel of the

* See Book X, in 12, page 109.

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ADA Charlottetown.

store!

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S. School Books, Buss, Scribblers, always on customers. Your

Our Watches FOR LADIES

Are Gems of Beauty.

SOMEBODYS' WATCHES

Are beautifully engraved, others plain, solid and substantial.

WATCHES from \$6.00 to \$100

Specially recommended for time-keeping.

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