

The 8th of December.

Where the seven-hilled cities towers Rise aloft, and Tiber flows; In the Indian banyan bowers, 'Mid the polar ice and snows; Where the western streams are flowing To the ocean's briny breast, Where the Southern Cross is glowing North and south and east and west; In the sunshine's golden splendor, In the wintry shadows gray, Myriad voices praise the tender Mother-Maiden all the day.

In cathedrals famed in story, Rich in many a jeweled shrine; And in abbey's gray and hoary, Whence a lily song divine; In the cloisters dim and hazy, Where the virgins softly tread, In the wayside chapel lowly Where the peasants' prayers are said; From the hearts with sorrows laden, And from joyous hearts and gay, Rise the praises of the Maiden Who is Queen in heaven to-day.

And 'tis not alone by mortals That such glorious strains are sung, But beyond the golden portals All the heavenly host among, Martyrs high their palm boughs bearing,

Seraphs in their robes of snow, Saints of every a nation wearing, Crowns well worn on earth below, Sing the word that earth is singing From the dawn to evening late; All courts of heaven are ringing With the word "Immaculate." —MAGDALEN ROCK.

"The Dear St. Elizabeth."

A CASH LIO FRENCH CLASSIC, NOW CLOSELY CONNECTED WITH THE HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

So many Catholic memories cluster about the beautiful volume now lying before us that we are inclined to write the history of the book rather than a review of the book. This "Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, Duchess of Thuringia," was originally written in French by the brilliantly gifted young Count de Montalembert, intimate friend of Fernandou and of the distinguished de la Ferronnays family of "The Sister's Story." He was that true noble man, who, standing before his judges and his peers as a peer of France at the age of twenty-one, on trial for the cause of education, dared to cry out: "If I were a father, I would rather a thousand times see my children remain all their life in ignorance and idleness, than expose them to the horrible risk, which I myself incurred, of purchasing a little knowledge at the cost of the faith of their fathers, at the cost of all there was of purity and freshness in their souls, of honor and virtue in their hearts. . . . Let them not talk to us of freedom of religion, who have reduced it to a point where it is freedom to believe in nothing. . . . But I do not know why I adopt here the language of sadness and discouragement, when my heart is full of fervor and hope. No, I do not think that my faith can die. . . . It is because I believe it is ended with the vigor and strength of an eternal future that I have consecrated to it my brief and obscure life."

THE GLORIOUS THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

Brave Chevalier of God, with the true spirit of a crusader! Such a man well deserved to be moved to write this remarkable "Life of St. Elizabeth," with his superb introduction that, in the translation, occupies no less than 122 of the 493 pages that make up the work. This introduction is really a splendid essay on that glorious thirteenth century—of an Innocent III., of a St. Dominic, and St. Francis of Assisi, of a Gregory IX. and an Urban IV., of that Austrian Leopold the Glorious, "brave as a lion, and modest as a girl," of St. Louis of France, and of that Rudolph of Hapsburg, who, at his coronation, took the cross in the altar and exclaimed: "This is my scepter; I wish no other." This is the age of Cimabue the artist, and of great cathedrals; of the famous Latin hymns—the Luda Sior, the Des Lac, and the Statat Mors; the age of Skjphos Langton, St. Edmund of Canterbury, St. Richard of Worcester, the ages when Sweden and Norway and Denmark were one with the Mother Church; and when Ferdinand, ruler of Castile in Spain, cried out: "I fear the malediction of a poor woman more than the whilary of the Moors!" he who, dying, wrote, with tears, these words: "O my dear Saviour! Thou hast suffered so much for the love of me, and I, wretched creature, what have I done for the love of Thee!" This was the age of the Crusades, and of St. Francis' yet diviner crusade, started in the name of the faith of Jesus Christ.

Here we write down, in so many words, the passionate heart of that magnificent thirteenth century, pre-

Aching Joints

In the fingers, toes, arms, and other parts of the body, are joints that are inflamed and swollen by rheumatism—that acid condition of the blood which affects the muscles also. Sufferers dread to move, especially after sitting or lying long, and their condition is commonly worse in wet weather. "I suffered dreadfully from rheumatism, but have been completely cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, for which I am deeply grateful." Miss Frances Serra, Prescott, Ont. "I had an attack of the grip which left me weak and helpless and suffering from rheumatism. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and this medicine has entirely cured me. I have no hesitation in saying it saved my life." M. J. McDONALD, Trenton, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Removes the cause of rheumatism—no outward application can. Take it.

posteriorly mangled as dark, but really radiant, beyond words' telling, with true faith in God and with chivalric and saintly love of God. It was the time of Albertus Magnus, and St. Thomas Aquinas, and St. Bonaventure, and of the magnificent universities; of saintly women like Sis. Gertrude, Mechtilda, Clara, Humility the abbess of Valambrose, St. Zita, St. Elizabeth of Portugal, and of that illustrious woman whose name adorns the noble work before us, daughter of a king, wife of a duke, she who was maid, wife, mother, widow and nun ere she died at the early age of twenty-four, and who has been known for six centuries by that unique and tender title, "the dear St. Elizabeth of Hungary."

THE STORY OF A STORY.

For its own intrinsic value, this introduction by itself alone entitles Montalembert's book to a place in every library—private or public—throughout the world. But, when we turn from it to the story of the woman herself, we find combined with the erudition and charm of the introduction, a detailed account, in this one woman's life, akin to many things, mentioned briefly in the introduction, that, for all their brevity, seizes upon, moves and uplifts the heart. This simple and holy child, this loving betrothed, this devoted wife, the absolute openly expressed tenderness between the brave and Christian Duke Louis and his beautiful Elizabeth, their love for their children, and their absolutely greater love for Christ—all this told by a gifted writer, a man of our modern day, who loved to write it, and to write it because he, too, loved God better still, how wonderful it is in its intellectual power and spiritual beauty. But then to know that when he chose his own bride, he found that God had given him a lineal descendant of St. Elizabeth's noble line, and that he later gave to God his own child for the convent, when, with kindling face, she told him that she loved Jesus Christ best of all—this unique story of a story, true, historical, recorded, makes Montalembert's "Life of St. Elizabeth" a Catholic classic, and a classic of French literature for all time.

THE STORY OF TRANSLATION.

Around this present translation by Francis Deming Hoyt, however, there linger other remarkable memories that make it, in its turn, the story of a story, and should commend the work forever to our hearts. The book is dedicated thus: "To the sweet memory of my wife, Julie Scammon Hoyt, by whose side I have spent many of the happiest hours of my life, in the work of this translation, and who is now with St. Elizabeth in Heaven." To those who know the facts, these few words indicate a chapter in the Catholic Church of these United States that should not be forgotten.

For Thin Babies

Fat is of great account to a baby; that is why babies are fat. If your baby is scrawny, Scott's Emulsion is what he wants. The healthy baby stores as fat what it does not need immediately for bone and muscle. Fat babies are happy; they do not cry; they are rich; their fat is laid up for time of need. They are happy because they are comfortable. The fat surrounds their little nerves and cushions them. When they are scrawny those nerves are hurt at every ungentle touch. They delight in Scott's Emulsion. It is as sweet as wholesome to them.

Send for free sample. Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy. Scott & Bowne Chemists Toronto, Ont. 50c and \$1.00 All Druggists

Francis Deming Hoyt is a son of that Vermont Episcopalian clergyman who, with his wife and family, entered the Catholic Church many years ago, and who, after the death of his saintly and beloved wife, became a student, at the age of sixty, in a Catholic seminary, and set meekly and humbly, among the young men gathered there. Ordained to the Catholic priesthood, he was stationed at St. Ann's Church, New York, with the convent Father Preston, the vicar-general of the archdiocese, and founder, with the late Mother Veronica Starr, of the Sisters of the Divine Compassion. Father Hoyt's son Francis married a woman of singular beauty of character, Julie Scammon, daughter of General E. P. Scammon, of the United States army, a convert, and of his wife, Margaret Stebbins, of Springfield, Mass., also a convert, among whose descendants to-day are a Dominican priest and an Ursuline nun, as among Father Hoyt's there was a Dominican nun of the very rigorous and contemplative second order.

LIKE A CHAIN OF MEMORIES.

"The Father Hoyt came the death of a saint might have envied. On the feast of the Immaculate Conception, some years ago, he said Mass and received Holy Communion; then he turned to give abolution and Communion to the waiting people, but fell unconscious there at the feet of the Lord for whose dear sake he had literally given all things. He never recovered consciousness; he had given himself his own Vatican, and had gone home to God. Then was seen that strange, wonderful, and seldom-witnessed sight in the Catholic fold—the grave of a Catholic priest surrounded by his own children and grandchildren, one of whom at least his own hand had baptized. And then followed him to God (all too soon, as we blindly feel, in grief), the gentle and sweet soul whose name is now, fully and forever, linked with St. Elizabeth of Hungary's, and with the name of her to whom Montalembert's Life in the original is dedicated: "To the memory of my Sister, Elizabeth Rosalie Clara de Montalembert, who died at the age of fifteen."

One who remembers Julie Scammon in her exquisite Catholic girlhood—one to whom she said, "I will never stop trying until I see you in the Catholic Church"—one who knows that her life was at last laid down as the price of her unselfish, motherly devotion to her child in dangerous fever—that old friend, now a Catholic, rejoices to see the name of Julie Scammon Hoyt stamped on this beautiful volume that will be to her a far grander and better monument than granite or stone could be. It may easily be maintained that few volumes have appeared, in the long history of literature, about which cluster such remarkable and holy memories. The book has been brought out in very appropriate form; and should meet with a steady, enduring and frequent demand, as a work of permanent value, and of more than ordinary worth and charm. Publishers, Longmans, Green & Co., New York, London and Bombay. Price \$4.00.—Sacred Heart Review.

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.

Laval Monument.

SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THE MONUMENT OF MGR. DE LAVAL.

NINETEENTH LIST.

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\$ 1,911 94 19,635 17 \$ 21 547 11 MGR. H. TETU, CYR. F. DELAGE, M. P. P., Treasurers. Quebec, November, 11th, 1904.

TWENTIETH LIST.

- Rev A Rousseau, Deschambault..... \$ 40 00 Mgr J A Prevost, Fall River..... 25 00 Rev C Baillargeon, St Cyrille..... 20 00 Mr Edward Foley, Quebec..... 15 00 Rev Leonce Vezeine, Quebec..... 10 00 Sisters of Chatei, Deschambault..... 5 00

Amount of preceding lists, 21,547 11 \$ 21,666 00 MGR H TETU, CYR F DELAGE, M P P, Treasurers. Quebec, 25th November, 1904

Items of Interest.

Pope Pius X. has conferred the Cross Pro Ecclesia et Pontificia upon Augustine Roche, Lord Mayor of Cork, in attestation of approval for devotion and fidelity shown to the Church and its Supreme Head.

Right Rev. Dr. Miller, Bishop of Eureka and Vicar Apostolic of the Transvaal, was consecrated on Nov. 20 by the Archbishop of Westminster. Dr. Miller was born in 1858, at Clonagh, near Mountrath.

Irish exchanges record the death of Rev. Patrick Luttrell, O. C. Kilcomnoon, Thurles. The deceased, who was a native of Ballygarry county, Tipperary, and aged 43 years, had ministered in the parish of Kilcomnoon as curate for ten years. The Luttrell family gave two other sons to the priesthood, now on foreign missions in Chicago.

Judging from the statistics laid before the November meeting of the Coisde Gnotha by a deputation from the Anti-Emigration Society, the Catholic population of the West and Southwest of Ireland is declining at an alarming rate. It was stated that in the Archdiocese of Tuam, whilst the number of Catholics decreased 5 per cent. in the twenty years 1861-1881, it decreased 18.16 per cent. during the next twenty years. Ach-anny decreased 3.2 per cent. in 1861-1881, and 20 per cent. in 1881-1901; Killala, 5.5 and 19 per cent., respectively; Galway, 15 and 18 per cent. The number of Catholics in the Diocese of Kerry was reduced by 1595 in the period of 1871-1881, and by 38,395 from 1871-1901. Ross lost 4,472 in the first period, and 13,374 in the second, and so on. It is much to be feared that the acute distress now prevailing in the West, owing to the failure of the potato crop, forebodes another exodus in the near future. Starving people will go any where in search of food.

The roof of the Cathedral of St. Croix, Orleans, France, has been reported as having fallen in upon the high altar and destroyed the sumptuous marble work above. Luckily, Orleans is not one of the finest of the French cathedrals. Indeed, the Gothic and Romanesque Cathedral was mainly destroyed by the Huguenots in 1567, and afterwards rebuilt, the towers not being finished until the end of the eighteenth century. Most of it is a strange Renaissance imitation of Gothic principles, and the roof which has just fallen in was mainly a work of the 17th century. It is said that this roof was known to need repair, but that want of money had delayed the necessary work. Now, of course, it must be taken in hand at once, and at a much greater cost. This disaster, and the far worse one of the Campanile of St. Mark's, is a warning to all cathedral authorities. The spire of Chichester Cathedral fell in suddenly about forty years ago, but of late years we have had no great calamities of this kind.

The nuns who have control of the Orphanage of Providence, are to be prosecuted on charges of ill-treating the youthful inmates. From various quarters come contradictions and refutations of the charges. The "Nouveliste de Lyon," whose representatives have made special inquiries, states that the accusations, which were first put forward by the "Matin" of Paris, are groundless and wicked. The "Matin" pretended to have interviewed a former pupil of the orphanage named Madame Elodie Ricard and to have elicited from her the information that she had often been beaten whilst her hands were tied behind her back; that she had been compelled to make the sign of the cross on the ground with her tongue, and that she had been doused with water. In a letter since addressed to the "Providence Nouvelle," Madame Elodie Ricard writes: "The 'Matin' has attributed to me a deposition I have never made. I have never had to complain of a single Sister during my stay in the convent. I protest against the use that the editor of the 'Matin' has made of my name." The nuns at six rescue poor children from poverty and want, educate them and train them so that they are enabled to earn their own living. To libel ladies who are engaged in such beneficent work is a shameful proceeding.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS.

Stimulate the sluggish liver, clean the coated tongue, sweeten the breath, clear away all waste and poisonous matter from the system, and cure Sick Headache, Biliousness, Constipation, Heartburn, Jaundice, Water Brash, Catarrh of the Stomach, etc. Mrs. C. Windrum, Baldur, Man., writes:—I suffered for years from liver troubles, and endured more than tongue can tell. I tried a great many different remedies, but they were of little or no benefit to me. Some time ago I got a trial package of Laxa-Liver Pills, and they proved so beneficial to me that I procured more. I highly recommend them to anyone suffering from disordered liver. Price 25 cents or 5 for \$1.00, all dealers, or THE MILBURN CO., LIMITED Toronto, Ont.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The story is pretty well known of the town council on whose minutes was recorded a resolution that "thanked Mr.—for his offer to present a dodo for the Town Hall, but could only accept it if he would also supply the necessary cage for the animal."

Pain in the chest and wheezing are promptly and completely cured by Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It's the best cough remedy in the world. Easy to take. Price 25c

Father (to son).—Now, look here, my boy; if you ever do that again I'll make you smart for it. Son.—You can't do it. My schoolmaster says I was born stupid, and no power on earth can make me smart. He says I come of a stupid family. Father.—What? I'll go and see that master.

Minard's Liniment cures Distemper.

"How lucky," said Mrs. Nuwad, "that I happened to pass that cigar sale this morning! These cigars are exactly the shade of George's new smoking jacket, and the smart little green bands round them will go with the lining beautifully. Men never consider these little things."

Destroys Worms.

Mrs. John Lowe, New Germany, N. S., writes: "I have given Dr. Lowe's Worm Syrup to my children with excellent results. They are fond of taking it and it acts powerfully, requiring no ostentatious afterwards."

An officer in the army 1-ughod at a timid woman because she was alarmed at the noise of a cannon when a salute was fired. He subsequently married that timid woman, and six months afterwards he took off his boots in the hall when he came in late at night.

Raging Headaches, that nothing else will cure, are quickly quieted by Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders. Price 10c. and 25c. at all dealers. Refuse substitutes.

"I am Mr. Paak, sir," said the obtrusive stranger, "maker of Paak's panacea."

"Ah, yes," remarked Oadslight.

"Your medicine, sir, has benefited me greatly."

"Glad to hear it. I—"

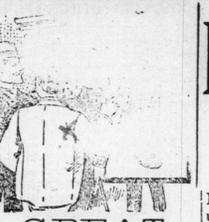
"Yes; a rich uncle of mine took it, and I was his sole heir."

Minard's Liniment relieves neuralgia.

A young woman recently received the following note, and is heart-broken:—"You needn't expect me up to your house no more sunda nights. A girl that leaves chewing-gum sticks in on the parlour chairs for a fellow to sit on ain't no girl for me.—Jim."

Many Women Suffer Untold Agony From Kidney Trouble.

Very often they think it is from so-called "female disease." There is less female trouble than they think. Women suffer from backache, sleeplessness, nervousness, irritability, and a dragging-down feeling in the loins. So do men, and they do not have "female trouble." Why, then, blame all your trouble to female disease? With healthy kidneys, few women will ever have "female disorders." The kidneys are so closely connected with all the internal organs, that when the kidneys go wrong, everything goes wrong. Most distress would be saved if women would only take DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS at stated intervals. Miss Nellie Clark, Lambeth, Ont., tells of her cure in the following words:—"I suffered for about two years with kidney trouble. I shed all over, especially in the small of my back; not being able to sleep well, no appetite, menstruation irregular, nervous irritability, and brick-dust deposit in urine, were some of my symptoms. I took Doan's Kidney Pills. The pain in my back gradually left me, my appetite returned, I sleep well, and an effectually cured. I can highly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to all sufferers from kidney trouble." Price 50 cents per box, or 3 for \$1.25. All dealers, or DOAN KIDNEY PILL CO., TORONTO, ONT.



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Big Stock of Men's Furnishings,

Shirts, Collars, Ties, Underclothing, Sweaters, Braces, Caps, Rain Coats, Umbrellas, Overalls, handkerchiefs, etc.

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