

An Experience.

How tender was thy patience, Sweet Mother, in the days Of vague uncertain service And doubtful wandering ways. I did not fall in Aves Or tributary verse. And oft employed full numbers Thy merits to rehearse. Yet something still was wanting, Sweet Mother, faith unfeigned I long delayed, and scruples High o'er my nature reigned. 'Twas thought that truest fealty, A loyal sincere, Should guard thee from "false honors," And "wisely bound" thy sphere. Thus led, I failed to trust thee, And held I might not dare, To follow thee, Sweet Mother, Always and everywhere. It seemed, too, one might weary Thy sympathetic heart, Presume upon thy bounty, And ask too great a part. Yet, kindest of all beings, Thou lovest so dispense, In rich, unstinted measure Thy Christ's munificence. Again might not thou enter Between my Lord and me, To rob Him of a lustre Born of Eternity? I feared also! Sweet Mother, Amazed, I own it now— That thou might dim the diadem That blazes on His brow. I feared that fuller service To thee His work would mar, And, dreaming oft of danger, I followed thee afar. Do angels know a sadness Amidst their holy mirth, To see the Queen of Heaven Light-honored on the earth? But joy! Oh joy, Sweet Mother, Tower of ivory fair, The dream has passed I trust thee Now, always, everywhere. One day the veil was lifted, And then came needed grace, To see in Plan Redemptive Thy lofty, ordained Place. Thus you who pays the homage Thy wondrous merits won, And honors thee devoutly! Most honors thy dear Son, Thou wouldst not pale the splendor Of His dear-bought renown, Or wear a single jewel That glitters in His crown. 'Tis thine to aid His subjects His Kingdom to advance, And by sweet meditation His majesty enhance. Who loves thee most devoutly Loves Jesus more and more, And learns from thy example, His Saviour to adore. Supreme of all creations, Thou lovest to display The glories of Redemption Christ brings the world to-day. Through three the world first found Him, Through thee He now will reign, And energize His children Until He comes again. Forgive the past, Sweet Mother, Each holy effort best, And robe me in the splendour Of Jesus' righteousness. On midst Christ's bannered legions A host deemed all thine own, Safe lead me in the progress With victors towards His throne. —B. F. De Costa, Feast of the Nativity, B. V. M., 1904.

Our Roman Letter.

(Special Correspondence the Freeman's Journal.) Rome, Nov. 2.—It is still uncertain whether Propaganda will consider at an early meeting the appointment of a conditor to the Archbishop of Boston, but it is more than likely that the matter will come up at the third general meeting, that is to say, early in December. Meanwhile, Vox Urbis has been asked by more than one of the authorities here in Rome to say a word about some of the very discreditable incidents to which the subject has given rise. It appears that a Catholic paper published in the East has been occupying itself largely with the appointment in a Roman "correspondence"—or a correspondence dated Rome, which is not always quite the same thing. The writer is a master of the art of vilification, and he expends all his energy in heaping disrespect and opprobrium on a member of the hierarchy, who is supposed to be "in the running" for the important office. He and his friends are evidently the enemies of the prelate in question, and they themselves, or others for them, have taken pains to place the ribald stuff under the eyes of several of the ecclesiastical authorities of Rome. Anybody who knows anything about Rome and its ways would be able to tell them that they have adopted one of the best methods for attracting sympathy here to the prelate in question. We are not unfamiliar in the Eternal City with papers which make a specialty of attacks on churchmen, but the genre that embark in them are invariably blackmailers of the very lowest type, who sooner or later end in jail. It would,

Get the Most Out of Your Food

You don't and can't if your stomach is weak. A weak stomach does not digest all that is ordinarily taken into it. It gets tired easily, and what it fails to digest is wasted. Among the signs of a weak stomach are uneasiness after eating, fits of nervous headache, and disagreeable belching. "I have been troubled with dyspepsia for years, and tried every remedy I heard of, but never got anything that gave me relief until I took Hood's Sarsaparilla. I cannot praise this medicine too highly for the good it has done me. I always take it in the spring and fall and would not be without it." W. A. Knezer, Belleville, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Strengthens and tones the stomach and the whole digestive system.

of course, be quite wrong to ascribe the character of blackmailers to the authors of the Roman correspondence in the Eastern paper—their object is merely to "down" a man whom they deem to be an objectionable candidate. But the association of ideas is unfortunate for them—and entirely helpful to their bugbear. At least it would be helpful, if he were really a likely candidate, but as his name has not appeared in either of the journals submitted to Propaganda, Vox Urbis is able to state on excellent authority that it has not and will not be considered by the cardinals. Your correspondent has also been asked to write a protest in the Freeman against such shameless attacks. But surely they speak loudly enough for, or rather against, themselves.

One of the most wonderful sights to be seen in Rome at any time may be observed to-night just outside the walls of Rome—perhaps a hundred persons to witness it. In the great Roman City of the Dead, at the Campo Verano, which is now as populous as the Eternal City of the living, with its half million inhabitants, the darkness is lit up with thousands of points of light, every one of which burns above a Roman grave. Such is the pious custom which has been perpetuated in Rome for centuries—perhaps ever since the Campo Verano has become the last resting place of the Romans. That is a long time. "In 261 A. D. the precious remains of St. Laurence and other early martyrs were transferred to the cemetery, which already existed there, and half a century later the Emperor Constantine built the venerable basilica of St. Laurence, which was visited by tens of thousands to-day and yesterday. But for more than a thousand years after the time of Constantine comparatively few Romans were interred in the venerable cemetery—for rich and poor alike sought to lay their bones beneath the churches where they had been used to pray. It was really only seventy years ago that the Campo Verano became the common burying place of all Rome. The Jews and the Protestants have cemeteries of their own, and the latter is often visited by the sentimental stranger on account of the grave which contains the remains of Keats, and that which covers the heart of Shelley with its inscription, "Ossuary." Campo Verano is open not only for Catholics but for Freemasons and atheists—for it must never be forgotten that here in the centre of Catholicity the Church is not able to carry out her own laws regulating the burial of the dead. To-day, for instance, one might have observed one grave marked only by a wreath of flowers and a note written in a rude hand. It was that of a young man brutally murdered by one whom he had injured, and the

"SAVED MY LIFE"

—That's what a prominent druggist said of Scott's Emulsion a short time ago. As a rule we don't use or refer to testimonials in addressing the public, but the above remark and similar expressions are made so often in connection with Scott's Emulsion that they are worthy of occasional note. From infancy to old age Scott's Emulsion offers a reliable means of remedying improper and weak development, restoring lost flesh and vitality, and repairing waste. The action of Scott's Emulsion is no more of a secret than the composition of the Emulsion itself. What it does it does through nourishment—the kind of nourishment that cannot be obtained in ordinary food. No system is too weak or delicate to retain Scott's Emulsion and gather good from it.



Items of Interest.

The beatification of the Cure of Ars is fixed for the 8th of January next.

The birth rate in France in 1903 was the lowest on record since the beginning of the 19th century.

The jubilee of the dogmas of the Immaculate conception will be celebrated by the erection of a church at Salerno, thanks to the munificence of an English lady convert.

Pious ladies of the Paris aristocracy, to express their antagonism to the Combes ministry, have started a fashion intended to prove their allegiance to the Church. Gold crosses of various sizes have taken the place of brooches, and rosaries are used for chains and bracelets.

A Canadian exchange reports that Captain Roger de Boasdrap, of Vanves, France, who resigned his commission in the French army rather than obey Combes' order to evict religious, has purchased a ranch in Manitoba, and will settle there with his family next year. He has already placed his 16-year old son in St. Boniface College.

Foreign exchanges are publishing a statement that Admiral Togo is a Catholic, and that his conversion took place many years ago in England.

Simultaneously, it is said, with his studies in the art of modern warfare, he directed his attention to the evidences of Christianity. As a result of this study he decided to become a Catholic, received the necessary instruction and was duly received into the fold. While he stayed at Woolwich he frequently attended at the celebration of Mass.

Catholic students have again distinguished themselves by carrying off more than a due proportion of the honors awarded by the Royal University of Ireland. Amongst the candidates on whom the B. A. degree in mental and moral science was conferred were five students of the Franciscan Capuchin Order from the Friary, Kilkenny. The names of the graduates are Brother Columba Murphy, Brother Bertram's Cantillon, Brother Gregory Brennan, Brother Edward Walsh and Brother Brendan O'Callaghan.

A pleasing incident is reported from Australia. It appears from a statement published by the Sydney "Freeman's Journal" that when the details of the recent massacre of Catholic missionaries in New Britain reached Sydney the Protestant community was as much moved by sorrow as the Catholics. Their sympathy found expression in a letter addressed to His Eminence Cardinal Moran by the president of the Evangelical Council of New South Wales. "We were deeply grieved," he wrote, "as the news of the awful massacre of your missionaries in New Britain, and on behalf of my council I desire to tender our heart felt sympathy with your Church in the loss of so many brave, self-denying workers and with the bereaved families who have lost their loved ones. They are part of the noble army of martyrs, heroes and heroines whose death we all deplore. We pray that God's comfort may ever be with the bereaved, and that you, revered sir, may feel that the hearts of your Protestant fellow-citizens are beating in truest Christian sympathy with you in the grief that has come upon your own heart." The Cardinal, in his reply, showed that he was deeply touched by this kindly act.

When the Russo-Japanese war broke out, says the London "Catholic Times," it was at first feared that during the progress of hostilities the Church in Japan would suffer, as the central authority would then be necessarily somewhat relaxed. Experience, however, has proved that the tolerance of the Japanese has not abated, and it is not likely to abate. In the four dioceses into which the country is divided there is of late been a steady increase in the number of Catholics, which is now about fifty-six thousand. It is true the Church is not nearly as strong in Japan at present as it was in days prior to the great persecutions, when the number of Catholics amounted to over two millions, but the prospects of rapid progress after the war are bright. On March 17, 1865, when Father Petitjean was endeavoring to revise the faith in Japan, a very noteworthy incident occurred to him. Three women approached him in his little church and put three questions to him: 1st: Have you a Hope? 2nd: Do you pray to the Blessed Virgin? 3rd: Are you married? Having answered the questions, and made further inquiries the priest found that there were groups of Catholics scattered through the country who had heard of down the faith from father to son during almost three centuries, maintaining the doctrine to some extent, but preserving substantially what had been the treasure of their martyred ancestors. Pope Pius IX. was so much moved by this wonderful event that he made the 17th of March in Japan a solemn feast, to be celebrated under the title of "The Finding of the Christians."

Little Boy Had Eczema For Six Months. Salves and Ointments—No Good.

Eczema is one of the most torturing of the many itching skin diseases, and the most prevalent, especially in children. The cause is bad blood, aided by inactive skin, indigestion, etc. It manifests itself in small, round pimples or blisters, which later on break, and form crusts or scales. The skin has an itching, burning and stinging sensation. To get rid of Eczema, it is necessary to have the blood pure, and for this purpose nothing can equal

Burdock Blood Bitters.

Mrs. Florence Benn, Marlbank, Ont., writes: "My little boy had eczema for six months. I tried ointments and salves, but they had no effect for a short time, when it would break out worse than ever. I then decided to give Burdock Blood Bitters a trial. I only gave him five bottles, and it was two months ago, and there is no sign of a return. He now has a clear skin. To get rid of Eczema, it is necessary to have the blood pure, and for this purpose nothing can equal it." Mrs. T. MacIntyre Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

MISCELLANEOUS.

There is no use in wearing oneself out. The sun keeps our planets in good order without working overtime.

Mrs. Hibbert Beck, Newburn, N. S., writes: "I was in bed for weeks with Rheumatism and could not move without help. I began using Milburn's Rheumatic Pills and one box relieved the pain and six boxes completely cured me."

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Minard's Liniment relieves neuralgia.

"I suppose," said the physician to the sufferer, "that you would throw physics to the dogs?" "Not good dogs," the other returned, gravely.

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"But," said the absolutely bald old party, "can I be assured that this horse is quite gentle?" "My dear sir," replied the horse-dealer, earnestly, "he wouldn't hurt a hair of your head."

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Mrs. James Clark, Comanda, Ont., writes: "I was greatly troubled with Headache and Constipation. I tried Laxa-Liver Pills and they did me more good than anything I ever took."

Her Mother.—Mr. Sloman has been coming to see you for quite a long while, Maude. What are his intentions? Do you know? "She.—Well, I think he intends to keep on coming."

Minard's Liniment cures Distemper.

Landlady.—Don't be afraid of the meat, Mr. Jones. Jones (a new boarder).—I am not afraid of it. I've seen twice as much meat, and it didn't scare me a bit.

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"So you want to marry my daughter?" remarked the old gentleman. "I certainly do," replied the youth.

"Well, what are your prospects?" persisted the old gentleman. "My dear sir," replied the youth, "the prospects of any fellow who marries the daughter of a man as rich and influential as you ought to be splendid."

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The Kind That Turn To Bronchitis.

The Kind That End In Consumption.

Consumption is, in thousands of cases, nothing more or less than the final result of a neglected cold. Don't give this terrible plague a chance to get a foothold on your system.

If you do, nothing will save you. Take hold of a cough or cold immediately by using

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

The first dose will convince you that it will cure you. Miss Hannah F. Fleming, New Germany, N.S., writes:—"I contracted a cold that took such a hold on me that any people thought I was going to die. Hearing how good Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup was, I procured two bottles and they effected a complete cure." Price 25 cents per bottle. Do not accept substitutes for Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Be sure and insist on having the genuine.

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