

The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13, 1912

Vol. XLI, No. 11

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For the man who must work out doors in winter, there is nothing more essential for good health and comfort than good heavy Woolen Underwear. "Stanfield's" underwear is made from all pure wool; it is well made, every stitch is put in just right. It is made to fit perfectly, which insures extra comfort. "Stanfield's" is the cheapest underwear to buy. When you buy "Stanfield's" you get one hundred cents worth of value for every dollar you spend. We sell Stanfield's in all the different weights. Stanfield's "Green Label," a heavy ribbed Underwear, all pure wool, double breasted, well made; absolutely unshrinkable.....\$2.00 a suit. Stanfield's "Red Label," a heavier and finer grade, soft and warm, unshrinkable. All sizes.....\$2.50 a suit. Stanfield's "Blue Label," a very heavy line. Will keep you warm in any climate, no matter how cold. Won't shrink. All sizes.....\$2.80 a suit. Come in and have your Underwear needs supplied.

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Nov. 30 1910.

JAMES H. REDDIN Barrister, etc.

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ROME LETTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Rome, Feb. 17th, 1912.

There are few who have not heard of the Roman Carnival and have not desired to witness its gay scenes when persons of every class gave themselves up to a week in which pranks of all kinds seemed dearest to their hearts. Customers of all ages were worn on the streets, showers of confetti came from the balconies on the Corso and pleasure seekers below. Music, laughter came from throngs of people to whom the ridiculous side of life strongly appealed and who danced along the street with the gaiety of schoolboys.

In the old days the chief event of the Carnival was the race of horses along the Corso, the long, narrow street that runs quite straight to the Piazza del Popolo and the Piazza Venezia. Wild as steeds of the desert the animals ran without need to say, bridle or saddle and the prize of a piece of silk or woolen stuff went to the owner of the winner.

But times have changed. The Roman Carnival is dead or dying. With the fall of Rome in 1870, when Pavia Pia was battered in by Victor Emmanuel's cannon, the spirit of innocent mirth died out, and all efforts to revive the ancient fest have proved unsuccessful, despite the endeavors of the newcomers from Piedmont. And so old King Carnival is dead. Peace to his ashes, for he once made Rome throughout its length and breadth ring with laughter and the mirth of a mirth-loving people who held it lawful to go mad once a year.

It is rumored among the ecclesiastical circles of Rome that a Papal decree of special importance to clergymen may be expected very shortly. This decree, it is said, will bind clergymen, wherever it is possible, to live a community life. To what extent the decree may bind is yet unknown; it may bind in Rome and be afterwards extended to Italy, or it may bind Italy from the very start, and, perhaps, be extended afterwards to other countries. At the present stage, though, according to one source of information, the decree is already signed by the Pope; no one can give more detailed information, for official secrecy is one of the special characteristics of the Pontificate of Pius the Tenth.

At this hour, when the enemies of the Catholic Church are straining every nerve against the Faith by means of the press, by secret societies, by virtue of calumny and hypocrisy—the favorite weapons of Freemasons and Socialists—it is useful to take stock of what is being done to counteract their efforts by the use of their own great weapon—the press. We have the words of Pius X that neither the clergy nor the faithful realize the power of the press. And yet, some of those who speak most to encourage others, take precious good care to do very little themselves, lest their little might cost any trouble or expense in the great cause of sound Catholic literature. Still, be this as it may, there are many great champions of Catholic literature in every country, whose efforts go far to make up for loud-voiced defaulters. One of these men has just been called to mind in the Correspondence de Rome, in the person of Louis Veuillot, whose name is engraved on the heart of every Catholic writer on the Continent of Europe. During life he labored unparingly in the interests of the Church and the Sovereign, and only in his old age, when he still preserved the heart of a boy, did he take a rest. His farewell to life showed the confidence and fortitude with which he looked beyond the tomb.

"Place my pen by my side," he said, "and on my heart, Christ, my pride. At my feet place this volume. I hope in Jesus. While on earth I never blushed for His law. On the last day, before His Father, He will not blush for me."

A deep depression has been caused throughout ever-faithful Poland by the sentence of sixteen months imprisonment inflicted by the Russian tribunal upon Mgr. Casimir Ruzkiewicz, suffragan Bishop to the Archbishop of Warsaw. The term is to be passed in a fortress, and the prelate is to be deposited from his See. During the Russo-Japanese war, a good deal of sympathy went out to Russia from Catholic nations because "it was Christian at any rate." How much that sympathy was merited by the implacable enemies of Catholicity and liberty is now seen in the light of the religious persecution which is presently being carried on within those iron-bound coasts. The facts which led up to the imprisonment of the Bishop manifest the deep-rooted desire to destroy the Catholic Faith and

the Polish language in Poland. It appears that when the desire of two young Polish peasants to get married met with opposition on the part of their parents on account of closeness of kindred which existed between the families of each, the couple repaired to a minister of the Mariavite sect. By this individual the Catholic pair were married, and a dispensation was given from the impediment of consanguinity by the Mariavite Bishop of Plock. On returning to her native village the young woman asked the parish priest for a confirmation of the marriage. Considering that she attended a sectarian church and formed a part of the sect itself, the pastor refused the request. She then begged to be saved from the heresy into which she had been drawn by her partner, and to be readmitted into the bosom of the Catholic Church, which demand was willingly received, as was also that for a declaration of the nullity of her "marriage," after she had asked pardon for her fault. A legal trial was forthwith held at the Curia of the Archbishop of Warsaw according to the regulations of Canon Law, and the "marriage" was declared null. In this the Russian authorities wished to see the transgression of an old law of 1836, which evidently was quite inapplicable to the case, for the very good reason that the Mariavite sect did not exist when the law was promulgated. Notwithstanding this the Bishop, the priest who acted as defender of the marriage tie, and the notary of the Archbishop of Warsaw were put on their trial on the charge of trying a case of marriage between non-Catholics, and thus infringing civil authority. The result was a sentence of sixteen months imprisonment for Bishop Ruzkiewicz and Father Cieplinski, and the acquittal of the notary. Were the pagan Japs to teach another lesson to the Russian bear, perhaps we should not bubble over with sympathy for a nation of tyrants!

Another decree regarding the regular clergy may also be expected to make its appearance shortly. According to this the Religious Orders and Congregations will be bound to give from time to time a detailed account of their income. In all probability each house of an Order or Congregation will be required to furnish, on the occasions determined in the decree, this statement of the state of its finances.

Yesterday a note of good deal of importance reached the rector of nearly every church in Rome from the Government department known as the "Fondo del Culto," which has charge of the repairs of religious edifices, the payment of stipends due to each church, etc. The note stated that the Roman Municipality had been notified by the Department to clear away all advertisements from the walls of the principal churches, and the priests in charge of it were respectfully requested to make known within six days if the order had been obeyed. To comprehend this one must go back to events of three or four years ago. When that queer mixture of Republicans, Socialists, etc. known as the "Bico" Municipality of Rome came into power a few years back, one of its first acts was to let the exterior of certain churches for bill-posting at so much each. To the indignation of thousands this arbitrary proceeding continued until three months ago when one priest challenged the claim of the Masonic Municipality to the walls of his church as an excellent piece for advertising theatres and cinematograph shows. This priest had the case tried and utterly defeated the Municipality with Signor Nathan Jaw and Mason, at its head. And now the Department called the "Fondo del Culto" has taken the matter in hand, so that next week Romans, who are always keen on comical sights, will probably be diverted by caricatures of Nathan tearing down in terror advertisements from every church wall in the city.

NOT S.
The death of the Most Rev. Archbishop Storoz, Titular of Trebizond, of one of the most aristocratic families of England, is daily expected. Dr. Storoz is eighty two years of age, fifty of which he has passed in Rome, during which he frequently served as intermediary between the Holy See and the British Government.

So far-reaching in its results is the war between Italy and Turkey that the sudden-prize in the Biblical Institute of Rome are unable to enter the Holy Land with any degree of confidence. A tour for the purpose of studying biblical questions which had been arranged for them by Father Fonck, S. J., Rector

of the Institute, has to be abandoned for the present.

The inauguration of the new bell-tower of St. Mark's, Venice, which after ten years of labor has been erected exactly like that which crashed to the earth a dozen years ago, is fixed definitely for April 25. The Patriarch, Cardinal Cavalleri, will bless the building and the obituary bells which surround it and which Pius X donated, in presence of Victor Emmanuel III.

The Calendar.

Years ago I knew a singular personality, a nun whose face might well have been the model of a fourteenth century picture of a saint, a woman of adamantine strength of character and prodigious memory. She had many queer traits. One of them was her almost uncanny recollection of dates. I have often seen her surprise a friend by her remarking: "I remembered your dear brother this morning at Mass" or recalling some half forgotten day that had once loomed large to the person to whom she spoke.

As years pass and events crowd each other it becomes increasingly difficult to keep in touch with the various anniversaries of our friends, and I feel sure the good lady often pondered the knife of remorse into the hearts of those whom she minded of days they had neglected. She is dead these many years and I hope she remembers all her old favorites even in her joy. We had a fashion of laughing over her kindly failures. Somehow I cannot see now just where the laugh came in.

I was once associated somewhat closely with a son of the Emancipator, who was most faithful in celebrating certain days rich in memories for him. It was his habit at such times to assemble his friends, doff formality and compel all about him to join in innocent gaiety. Anything good was permitted except business and heavy talk. He insisted that these days should be sacred to good feeling and harmless. He has now accumulated such a store of these anniversaries that I do not see exactly how he can commemorate them all properly, but I am sure he still keeps up the good old custom. I recall that I participated in these festivities with a certain condensation, the condensation of the very young. The years being counsel.

A few days ago—and this is what I had in mind—my privilege to take part in celebrating the feast of a dear, old friend (I use the word "old" in the Puck, wickian sense.) The dinner was favored by many a laugh. He told us with glee that the children about had not forgotten his feast; showed the gifts and messages that had come to him from distant cities. It was good to see his unaffected delight in these proofs of good will and remembrance.

It occurred to me that this faculty of exhibiting so much enjoyment from those things that are to itself a life asset of great price. It brought home to me how much there is in the custom of dignifying certain days that are bound up with great events in the individual life. There is something creative, wonderful in this taking of a common day that is so many other to the world and making it a special day, an occasion, a festival. It is in a subtle way an honor paid to the individual soul, and rightly.

The nation that commemorates great events in its history. Why should not each one of us declare certain holidays for our own small cosmos? They who enter at the deserve what they get at last, loneliness and taste of ashes in the mouth. To survey the matter in a larger way, consider the calendar. I defy anyone to produce a less inspiring topic. There it is, with its carefully accurate list of months and days, ranged in hard, straight lines, so many innocent days pilloried in the stocks of Arabic numerals. It may bring grim joy to the convict or the imprisoned schoolboy who erases a date hastily, knowing he is so much nearer freedom. But for the generality of folk it is a forbidding fact, one of the brute basins of civilization.

Turn now to the ecclesiastical panoramas of the year, with its flash procession of saints, its feast days standing at intervals like triumphal arches, its anniversaries of sorrow like the monuments erected in memory of great deeds done in bitter pain and the shadow of death. It is the pigment of the ages. It is like coming from a blank waste to some noble city whose every street is hallowed, every building a deathless memorial, every statue a glowing reminder of victories won for the Kingdom of God. Wise Mother Church! With her centuries old knowledge of human

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Burdock Blood Bitters is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. nature as well as the wisdom of the Holy Spirit, she reasoned from the first the moral dominion that she had upon the sons of men when left to shift for themselves. She saw that the long road from the oracles to grave must not be left bare, but must be made inspiring with a living scene, tokens of triumphs in the realm of genes, memorials of victories won by poor human nature when touched by the hand of God.

He does well who in all right and proper ways honors his own soul and life. Life is what we make it, arid and barren as the neglected salt meadow, or blossoming and fruitful in opportunities wisely used. The cynic and unbeliever are welcome to the bare calendar. But we of the Faith live consecrated days and years. Each is gladdened and glorified by priceless memories. The heroes and heroines of Christianity rise one after another, like priests incensed in turn.

The world and life are not harsh and crude, for the world is humanized by the great souls who conquered it, and life is sweetened by our saintly predecessors who out of weakness wrought holiness out of sorrow unending joy. The poorest soul of us all may by divine grace make of the year a moving Paradise, and through life, like Boaz, walk with God, Pilot.

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

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Ch'town, July 19, 1911—3m

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