

The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 27, 1907

Vol. XXXVI, No. 48

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Only one piece of each decoration. Special importation. Most suitable for

Wedding Presents

Goods you cannot duplicate in any other store in Prince Edward Island.

Prices Low
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A pleasure to show this ware, whether you purchase or not.

CARTER & CO., Limited.

HARDWARE!

Largest Assortment,
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READY-MADE CLOTHING

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Don't forget to give me a call first day you are in town.

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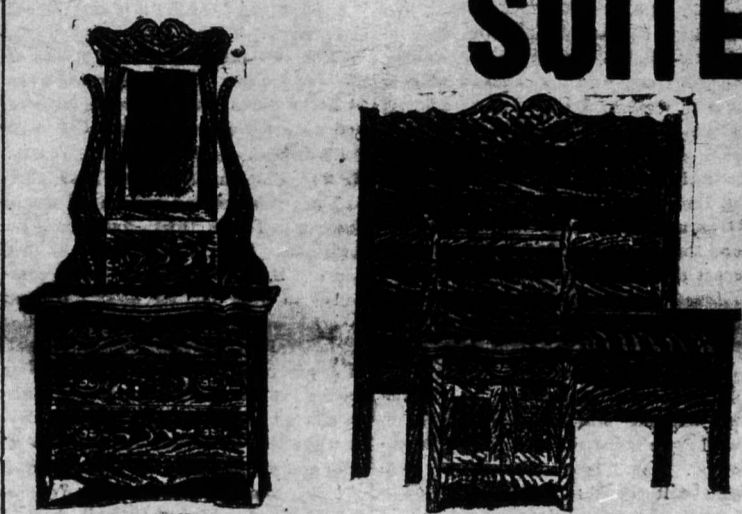
When you want a HAT or CAP or anything in the Furnishing line I can show you by far the largest assortment of up-to-date goods in the city.

If you have any wool for exchange bring it along with you.

H. H. BROWN,
The Young Men's Man.

Queen Street, just around Hughes' Corner.

This Bedroom



3 pieces as shown. \$12.50, at any station on the P. E. Island Railway.

We are headquarters for everything in Furniture and Carpets!

Better Goods for Less Money Than you'll find anywhere else.

MARK WRIGHT Fur. Co.

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. caddy, 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 caddy of tea as advertised in this paper.

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ROBERT PALMER & CO.,

Charlottetown Sash and Door Factory,
Manufacturers of Doors & Frames, Sashes & Frames,
Interior and Exterior finish etc. etc.

Our Specialties

Gothic windows, stairs, rail, 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.

Spring & Summer Weather

Spring and Summer weather calls for prompt attention to the

Repairing, Cleaning and Making of Clothing.

We are still at the old stand,
PRINCE STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN
Giving all orders strict attention.

Our work is reliable, and our prices please our customers.

H. McMILLAN

English Writers on the Index.

A great deal of nonsense has lately been written about the Index. What Protestant controversialists lack in information concerning it they make up in prejudice, so that the Index, as pictured by their pens, is an anachronism whose existence in this twentieth century is an insult to human intelligence. "What English books have been put on the Index?" is a question often asked. A writer in a literary journal lately said it was amusing to note that the main body of English literature is under Papal ban. He added that almost all English poets—*from Milton, Spenser, and Chaucer*—were on the Index. Addison, Swift, Goldsmith, Bacon, and Gibbon, he added, shared the same fate, while philosophers from Locke downwards also figured in the list.

The "Bombay Examiner," whose editor is Father Hall, S. J., a man of learning and of great literary attainments, in a recent issue examined these statements minutely. The article in which he did so is both instructive and interesting. We reproduce it here with its main conclusion—

The Index, we confess, is one of those subjects which is as a rule "veiled in the double obscurity of erroneous information"—that is to say, most people know very little about it, and what they know is mainly wrong.

The Congregation of the Index was founded in about the year 1572 as an outcome of the deliberations of the Council of Trent. Its scope has already been explained on several occasions. Here we need only remark that it does not profess to be an omniscient supervisor of the world's literature, but confines its attention to such books as happen to come prominently before its notice under circumstances which call for a decision on their contents. The fact that any given book is on the Index shows, therefore, that the Congregation found some reason for placing it there; while the fact that any other book escapes the Index does not in any way imply that it has been examined by the Congregation and "passed." Such a book may never have come before its notice at all.

In 1897 Leo XIII. reorganized the Index, weeded out the older lists, and published a revised edition, which is the only one in force at the present day, so that books not mentioned in it ought as being no longer on the Index. English books on the Index are so few and far between that to find them is like looking for so many needles in a haystack. At a rough guess we should say that they would hardly amount to much above 100 or 120 all told; and of these the most part are hardly known beyond the place and time which gave rise to them. Of names familiar in standard English literature there are very few needed. The following is a list: Camden, Bacon, James I., Andrew, Usher, Herbert of Cherbury, Thomas White, Milton, Hobbes, Millotson, Barnet, Thomas Smith, Addison, Swift, Locke, Boyle, Cave, Bingham, Hume, Robertson, Gibbon, Cudworth, Goldsmith, Sterne, Bentham, J. F. D. Maurice, Whateley, Hallam, J. S. Mill, Andrew Lang.

In most cases only a particular work of each author appears on the Index. Thus Milton's "Paradise Lost" (on account of a libellous passage on the Catholic Church) appeared on the old list, but is omitted on the revised list. The works of some of the above mentioned writers on the Index are a prose work by Addison on the condition of Italy; Swift's "Tale of a Tub," being a satire on the Catholic Church; Locke on the understanding, and on Christianity; the works of Hume, Robertson's "Charles V.," Gibbon's "Decline and Fall"; Goldsmith's "History of England"; Sterne's "Yorick" and "Sentimental Journey"; Whateley's "Legio"; Hallam's "Constitutional History and Middle Ages"; Mill's "Political Economy"; and Lang's "Myth, Ritual, and Religion."

It should be observed, moreover, that in many cases the condemnation was not provoked by the work as written in English, but by some translation into French or Italian with the object of circulating anti-Catholic ideas among the people of a Catholic country.

Thus we fail to find either Chaucer or Spenser on the Index, while Milton, Swift, and Bacon seem to be omitted in the revised edition. The other names are correct, and of course, might be added to. The fault of the writer lies in his too opening sentences. It is absolutely false to say that "almost all English poets are on the Index. The only English poem we can find on the Index is Milton's 'Paradise Lost'—in an Italian translation; and even that is omitted in the new list. Secondly, it is absolutely false to

Alone with the Holy Father.

Here is a picture of Our Holy Father not to be met with every day. It is from the sympathetic pen of the gentle editor of "Roma," who cherishes a practical devotion to the Vicar of Jesus Christ.

"It was after the Ave Maria one night this week, and the Vatican was wrapped in darkness, except for a stay light here and there in one or other of the windows. The Swiss on guard opened the wicket on the bronze doors in answer to a knock. He at once recognized the priest outside, and with a friendly 'Buona sera,' allowed him to pass unquestioned. The salutation was repeated at the head of the Staircase opening on the Court of San Damaso by the gendarme on duty; and at each landing of the Scala Regia, where a solitary guard paced to and fro in a dim light. A minute later the priest was making his way through a long series of silent, empty halls—not a guard did he meet, or a chamberlain, or a servant, not even his footsteps as they moved over the carpets. But his goal was in sight at last, when he beheld a thin blue line of light cutting the floor for a few feet at the end of the passage. He paused for a moment at the door of red brize to wipe away the perspiration from his face, for it was a close night, and he had mounted several hundreds of steps since he had said 'Buona sera' to the Swiss at the bronze door. Then he tapped on the wooden frame of the brize door.

"Avanti!" called a voice from within, and the priest entered. The room was very large, so large that the far end of it was buried in gloom; even the bookcases and busts and pictures on the side walls were recognizable from memory rather than from sight. All the light of the apartment was concentrated in a little space on the right of the door; an electric reading-lamp threw a flood of brilliancy on the big desk, showing it to be piled high around the edges with papers, books and pamphlets. But there was a free space in the centre, evidently used for writing, and here the rays from the lamp fell directly on the writing, and on two letters that lay open near the foot of it, almost as if they had been placed there so that the eyes of the suffering Christ might read them. There was a Bishop's crest at the head of each of the letters.

"The only person when the priest entered was the Holy Father himself. He was seated close to the desk, but not writing, and he put his hand up to his eyes to shade off the light so that he might see the features of his visitor. 'Ah! it is you father,' he exclaimed, as he stretched forth his hand, while the priest knelt to kiss his ring. 'Well! and what good news have you for me this evening?' But in spite of the cheeriness of the priest's face at once that something was the matter. The Pope looked unusually pale and sad, and he smiled when he spoke; his face was drawn, and there was a care-worn expression in his eyes. 'Has your Holiness had any further news from Calabria?' the visitor asked with a suspicion that the cause of his distress might be found here; and he was right. 'Ah! yes,' said Pius X., 'I have had news, of course. Every day brings its tale of sorrow, and every day's news is more distressing than the last. You know how I have sent the bishops and priests all the money that I possessed or could gather together. It was little enough, but it was more than could be spared, and just when I am empty-handed I receive these two letters from the Archbishop of Coesenza and the Bishop of Mileto, and he pointed to the two letters lying near the foot of the crucifix. Until a few days ago nobody outside his own large diocese had ever heard about Monsignor Morabito, the Young Bishop who had ruled over Mileto for the last seven years, but now his name has become almost a household word throughout Italy. Even the irregular papers have enlarged his zeal and charity

English Writers on the Index.

say that "the main body of English literature is under papal ban." Perhaps the most unaccountable entry in the list, in the eyes of many, will be Whateley's "Elements of Logic." A close examination of that book, however, reveals the frequent use of theological illustrations, and in a way which a Catholic theologian would consider heterodox. Suppose that this text-book came into use among students in certain Catholic seminaries, these passages would at once attract attention; and if the book were referred to the Congregation of the Index, there is no doubt what their verdict must be, if they gave any verdict at all.

and the heroic efforts he has made to stem the tide of distress among the ruined villages of his diocese. "This is what the Bishop of Mileto has to say to me," said the Pope, taking up his letter and beginning to read. It was not a long epistle, but there were no superfluous words in it. The Bishop was pained to have to write to His Holiness, for he knew how bitter was his cup of sorrows, and how many claims there were on his obduracy. But he was driven to it. His diocese was a heap of ruins; he had passed through it to find his churches and presbyteries thrown in shapeless masses on the ground, or seamed with crevices, and unsafe as places of worship; he had seen little orphan's cry over the mutilated remains of their parents, as the bodies were brought from the debris of their homes; thousands of empty hands were stretched out to him for relief wherever he went. And until now he had been able to do a little through the offerings he had received from parts of Italy, but he was at the end of his resources. That day he had stood near the threshold of what had once been his residence, distributing relief to the famishing men and women and children and when he stopped he had nothing more to give—even the beds and the linen that could be rescued from his house had been distributed. 'And now, Holy Father,' the letter concluded in substance, you know why I write to you; my people are crying out to me for bread and covering, and I have no longer a house of my own or a penny to buy to-morrow's dinner, so I threw myself on your father's heart, begging you for God's sake to help us.' The Pope laid down the letter and looked at the priest, and then the priest flushed and grew pale again as he saw the tears fall from the Pope's eyes on the open letter. 'Just at the moment when I have nothing to send him,' said the Pope; 'provero popola papa!' Happily his Holiness was able to send another large alms next day to Coesenza and Mileto," N. G. Freeman's Journal.

Wilfrid Wilberforce, sketching the history of Brompton Oratory in the Catholic Weekly, mentions that the Prince Consort, when laying the first stone of the South Kensington Museum, remarked: "It is a pity that Jesuit establishment is so near." To a Catholic it seems very funny that the sons of St. Philip Neri should be confounded with the sons of St. Ignatius Loyola, but to Albert the Good they were all children of darkness, and it was a case of "All niggers look alike to me." We doubt whether many Londoners, outside of the disciples of John Kensel, would echo his remark today. Rather do they regard the stately church which has replaced Father Faber's barn-like structure as one of the show-places of their great city. A zealous Protestant, Colonel Mande, who settled down in Brompton to neutralise Faber's influence, was punished by having his son become a Catholic priest. The Oratory might well be feared, for every night of the week except Saturday a sermon is preached and the whole congregation joins in the singing. The Sunday evening meeting of the Confraternity of the Precious Blood, Mr. Wilberforce says, is especially notable.

"At this service, which consists of sermon, hymns, and Benediction, there is an average attendance of 2,000 people. To listen to the loud shout of loving praise which sounds every Sunday night in honour of the Saving Blood of Jesus is an experience which, unless heard, can scarcely be imagined. I should pity anyone who could hear it unmoved, and I venture to say that many a man has been consoled when far away from the joys and helps of Catholic life by recalling to his memory those heart-stirring strains and the loving words of that hymn, which among so many others Father Faber has bequeathed to us." Casket.

Several Canadian artists have distinguished themselves abroad, but Mr. Alfred Laliberte is the first of our sculptors to win an "honorable mention" in the Paris Salon. The piece which gained him this distinction, "Two Indians Hunting," has lately been on exhibition in Montreal, together with a variety of other statues and casts which show that Mr. Laliberte is not only a Canadian sculptor but a sculptor of things Canadian. Casket.

Among the sales of rare old books during the past twelve months, a Shakespeare first folio went for \$15,000, a third folio \$3,250 and a Kilmarnock edition of Burns for \$3,500. In manuscripts, Shelley's note-book fetched \$15,000, Pope's "Essay on Man" and other pieces \$4,475. The summary of the year's sales gives \$31,300 worth sold at very nearly \$670,000, that is an average of more than \$20 a piece. Casket.

MILBURN'S Heart and Nerve Pills.



MISCELLANEOUS.

An auto car has been invented. That swins they say, to beat the band. Or pounds as hard the boulevard. Are we not safe on sea or land?

Mrs. Fred Laine, St. George, Ont., writes:—"My little girl would cough so at night that neither she nor I could get any rest. I gave her Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and am thankful to say it cured her cough quickly."

Some people may be bigger fools than others, but they will have to prove it before we believe it.

Muscular Rheumatism.

Mr. H. Wilkinson, Stratford, Ont., says:—"It affords me much pleasure to say that I experienced great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills." Price 50c a box.

A woman usually thinks that it is up to her to make her husband either reform or conform.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

If more people would cultivate its acquaintance truth wouldn't be stranger than fiction.

Sprained Arm.

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

The world is your oyster all right but you generally have to go through a sea of trouble to get it.

Minard's Liniment cures colds, etc.

Rake up your yard and mow the grass. And all the rubbish clear, Put on your company managers, For Mars is drawing near.

I was cured of a severe cold by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Oxford, N. S. R. F. HEWSON.

I was cured of a terrible sprain by MINARD'S LINIMENT. FRED COULSON, Yarmouth, N. S. Y. A. C. I was cured of Black Blisters by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Inglesville, J. W. RUGGLES.

"That man can never see good in a live man." "He's very discerning." "How do you make that out?" "When a man gets good he is a dead one."

DOES YOUR HEAD

Feel As Though It Was Being Hammered? As Though It Would Crack Open? As Though a Million Sparks Were Flying Out of Your Eyes? Horrible Sickness of Your Stomach? Then You Have SICK HEADACHE!

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

will afford relief from headaches no matter whether sick, nervous, spasmodic, periodical or bilious. It cures by removing the cause. Mr. Samuel J. Hibbard, Belleville, Ont., writes:—"Last spring I was very poorly, my appetite failed me, I felt weak and nervous, had sick headaches, was tired all the time and not able to work. I saw Burdock Blood Bitters recommended for just such a case as mine and I got two bottles of it, and found it to be an excellent blood medicine. You may say my name as I think that others should know of the wonderful merits of Burdock Blood Bitters."