

The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2, 1910

Vol. XXXIX, No. 9

"PERIQUE."

Dark Cut Tobacco in tins and packages. This is one of the

COOLEST SMOKES

On the market. Try a 10 cent package. You'll enjoy it. All up-to-date grocers and druggists sell it.

HICKEY & NICHOLSON Tobacco Co., Ltd.

Ch'town, Phone 345. Manufacturers.



For New Buildings Hardware

We carry the finest line of Hardware to be found in any store.

Architects, Builders and Contractors, will find our line of goods the newest in design, the most adaptable and improved, and of the highest standard of merit in quality and durability.

Also a full line of pumps and piping.

Stanley, Shaw & Peardon.

June 12, 1907.

Fall and Winter Weather.

Fall and Winter 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.

Dominion Coal Company

RESERVE COAL.

As the season for importing Coal in this Province is again near, we beg to advise dealers and consumers of Coal that we are in a position to grant orders for cargoes of Reserve, Screened, Run of mine, Nut and Slack Coal, F. O. B., a loading piers Sydney, Glace Bay or Louisburg, C. B.

Prices quoted on application, and all orders will receive our careful attention by mail or wire.

Reserve Coal is well known all over this Island, and is most extensively used for domestic and steam purposes.

Schooners are always in demand during the season and chartered at highest current rates of freight. Good despatch guaranteed schooners at loading piers.

Peake Bros. & Co.,

Selling Agents for Prince Edward Island for Dominion Coal Company.

Charlottetown, P. E. I., April 21, 1909—41

Watch Department.

VERY FINE timekeeping watches with 21 jewels adjusted to heat, cold, and five positions. Also 7, 15 and 17 jewel watches, from the larger men's size to the tiny watch worn in wrist bracelets.

Watches cleaned and put in first class order.

Ring Department.

Ladies' rings set with diamonds, ruby, opal, amethyst, pearl and other gems. Signet rings for engraving, emblem rings, children's rings. Rings repaired, stones re-set.

Spectacle Department.

We fit spectacles and eyeglasses up, both in frames and in rimless, after testing each eye separately or on Drs. prescription.

E. W. TAYLOR,

South Side Queen Square, City.

Souvenir Post Cards

Are a nice thing to send to friends abroad. We have a nice selection of City and Provincial views to select from. The following are some of the titles.

One color 2 cents each.

St Joseph's Convent, Ch'town	Bishop's Palace & Church, Ch'town
St Dunstan's College, " "	Interior St Dunstan's Cathedral, Charlottetown
Notre Dame Convent, " "	View of Charlottetown from Soldiers Monument
Hillsborough Bridge " "	Victoria Park

Colored Cards 2 for 5 cents.

Victoria Row, Charlottetown	Pioneer Family, five generations
Block House Point, " "	Among the Birches
City Hospital, " "	A Morning Walk, Bonshaw
Crossing the Capes	Trout Fishing
Str Stanley in ice	A Rustic Scene
Str Minto in ice	North Cape
Apple Blossoms	By Still Waters
Travellers Rest	The Border of the Woods
Beautiful Autumn	Harvesting Scene
Terrace of Rocks	A Shady Nook
Catching Smelts at S'Side	Surf Bathing, North Cape
Sunset at S'Side Harbor	Looking Seaward
Summer St, Summerside	
High School, " "	

We also have a large variety of Comic Cards at one cent each. Any number of cards will be sent by mail providing one cent extra is added for each 10 cards.

EUREKA TEA.

If you have never tried our Eureka Tea it will pay you to do so. It is blended especially for our trade, and our sales on it show a continued increase. Price 25 cents per lb.

R. F. Maddigan & Co.

Eureka Grocery.

QUEEN STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN.

The City of the Soul.

(From "Rome" of Jan. 22.)

The Feast of St. Peter's Chair is no longer (for the moment) what it was in the good old times when the Pope used to come down from the Vatican or over from the Quirinal in all his state, to be present at the great function in the Vatican Basilica, but it was the chief event of the last ecclesiastical week in Rome, and thither we bent our steps last Tuesday afternoon for the veepers.

Fortunately we allowed ourselves ample time or we might have been late. For hardly had we started on our journey when we felt impelled to draw up before the old church of S. S. Celso a Guillano to note a sinister souvenir of the recent Ferrer agitation. The upper part of the door is still all charred and blistered as the result of the attempt to set it on fire in the dead of the night. Similar traces are to be seen on six other churches within a radius of a mile, but nobody has been arrested for the crime, and apparently little or nothing has been done to bring the miscreants to justice. That reminds us that in a month from now the anticlericals of Rome are to have another field-day to celebrate the memory of their hero Giordano Bruno.

From the church to the Ponte Sant' Angelo is but a few paces, and if it is never easy to cross the old bridge without pausing to look round, it is unusually hard this mild and springlike afternoon of mid-January. For a few of the other wayfarers are craning their necks over one parapet to watch the spectacle, unwatched nowadays, of a few craft on the yellow waters of Father Tiber, and a few on the other are all intent on the workmen who are manoeuvring a large stone into its place in the new Ponte Vittorio Emanuele, which is to keep close company for another thousand years or so with the ancient Ponte Aelius. These modern Roman bridges have a curious interest of their own, especially this Ponte Vittorio which is approaching completion and that Ponte Umberto a quarter of a mile higher up the river. For the completion of the one it has been found necessary to destroy great part of the ancient Ospedale di Santo Spirito, which might be called the Mother of all the Hospitals built throughout the world during the last six centuries. The Ponte Umberto, on the other hand, has been built to afford a suitable approach to that grandiose monument della terra Roma, as the Palace of Justice is called in tonight's papers on the occasion of its semi-inauguration next Sunday. Looking at it this afternoon it is not easy to imagine that one of the reasons that inspired its authors to plant it there by the banks of the Tiber in comparative juxtaposition with Adrian's Mole, and the mass of the Vatican and Saint Peter's, was to show the world that the men of the Third Rome were not inferior in their conceptions to those of Imperial and Papal Rome.

There is a true story told of an unfortunate sculptor of a few centuries ago. He thought he could design a better statue of Moses than Michelangelo, and he succeeded in obtaining a commission to try his hand at it on a fountain.

When he had finished his work (it is still to be seen in the Piazza di San Bernardo) he looked at it lovingly and then went over to San Pietro in Vincoli to gloat over Buonarroti's poor marble. The contrast so effected him—that he committed suicide!

Happily the authors of the modern home of Themis are not so impressionable. When they go on Pincio they can hear the artistic groan to see the lovely lines of the Roman landscape seen across by their "grandiose monument," and they are aware that even the poplino knows it already only as the Palazzo or ugly palace, which has taken a generation and a million of money and a mountain of travertine to build, and yet has proved all together inadequate for its purpose. But they will not commit suicide—on the contrary they are sobbing to build a monument to Dante over there on the summit of Monte Mario, if only they get the chance. It is almost a relief to get out of the bright light that floods the bridge and the Piazza Pia, and to plunge into the cool shade of the central street, the Borgo Nuovo, of the Leonine City. It is only about a quarter of a mile in length and it leads straight to St. Peter's and you might have thought to find it a magnificent approach to what has been the goal of pilgrims, potentates and pugilists for eighteen hundred years. Instead it strikes you as somewhat insignificant and most of the shops on either side are of the poorest kind. Their monotony is

relieved here and there by the picturesque wares of curiosity dealers. A few months ago if you walked on the left side of the street you would have been obliged to pass under the black flag of the Giordano Bruno Society which had its headquarters here. These have since been transferred to a little shabby house near the Vatican where the adepts are even now hatching their anticlerical demonstration for next month. In a few years the mass of buildings between the Borgo Nuovo and the Borgo Vecchio are to be torn down so that the dome will rise before you immediately you have crossed the bridge. That will have its advantages no doubt, but in the meanwhile last Tuesday we were able to enjoy again for the thousandth time the sudden surprise of the beautiful piazza, with its colonnades, statues, obelisk, fountains, palace, facade and dome, bristling upon us as we emerged from the narrow Borgo. The place is always new and always marvellous no matter how often you visit it.

The sentimental tourist tries to save himself from disappointment on entering St. Peter's for the first time by reading the passage of Byron which is conveniently quoted for him in his guide-books. "Enter," the poet tells him, "his grandeur overwhelms thee not," but he soothingly explains the reason, viz: that his mind "expanded by the genius of the spot has grown colossal."

The truth is almost the exact converse—it is St. Peter's which has grown diminutive when seen through the false lens of his imagination. We do not envy most persons who see St. Peter's for the first time. To see it really, and know and love it for what it is, you must have visited it hundreds of times, under a hundred different aspects, when the golden sunshine is flooding it with rich light and when the grey shadows are throwing a mantle of mystery over its tombs and monuments, when you stand alone in the centre of its great nave feeling as if the riches and genius of ages had been working for you only, and when you are a lost unit amid a crowd of seventy thousand persons, when you have left the ephemeral rush and noise of the streets for a silence and calm that remind you of sterility, or when you pause to listen to the distant singing of the choir in the Canon's chapel, or when you feel the temple throb around you with the great Te Deum that cannot but be heard in heaven, when you have come up from the Coliseum, that broken, ruined, mutilated, repulsive (for it is repulsive in spite of a thousand Byrons) corpse of a cruel and bloody paganism, and stand here in this ever youthful temple of Christian truth with the angels and the saints for your company, when you have not merely read in a book but know with a knowledge that is part of yourself so that you can see it when you close your eyes that Peter was laid to rest over there nearly two thousand years ago, that Constantine with his Christian Legions here offered his empire to God, that the porphyry disk on which you are standing was the very spot on which Charlemagne received his empire from a successor of Peter, when you can still hear the decree (for it was read for you only a few months ago) vindicating the memory of the Blessed Joan of Arc and raising her to the altars, when you realize that the little circle of lights around the confession above the tomb of the Prince of the Apostles is the very centre of the Christian universe.

It is assuredly a different thing to look on the ancient statue of the first Pope with the eye of an archeologist or an art critic, speculating whether it is good art and whether it belongs to the fourth or the fifth century, and to press your lips on the bronze foot worn by the knees of hundreds of millions of lips that have whispered reverently "Thou art Peter." It is interesting to know that the mosaic on the hand of S. Luke is seven feet long, but it is still more to see Michelangelo take up the Pantheon, the temple of all the gods, in his great right hand and set it as a crown above the altar upon which the true God offers Himself in daily sacrifice. The builders of St. Peter's were not all Michelangelos or Raphael or Bramantes, but those of them that were not builders better than they knew and of them Byron might truthfully have said that their minds expanded by the genius of the spot did really grow colossal. Even that riotous genius of the Settecento Gian Lorenzo Bernini grew suddenly in artistic stature when Alexander VII entrusted to him the commission for the last great architectural ornament of the Basilica.

The end of the apo was bare and empty up to that time—Bernini was asked to complete it, and with a flash of inspiration he took the Chair of St. Peter from its place in

the fir-tobapel in the left as you enter the temple, enclosed it in an immense chair of bronze, raised it high up in the hands of the four great Doctors of the Oriental and Occidental Church, St. Ambrose and St. Augustine, St. John Ory-sostom and St. Athanasius, placed above it a glory of angels in the center of which the Holy Ghost in the form of a Dove with outstretched wings breathes inspiration and light upon the hallowed relic. Andrea Sacchi on seeing the monument immediately after its erection declared that the figures of the Doctors were a foot too short; other artists have added other criticisms since then; the epaulets have been based themselves, with the history of the Chair—grieving that they cannot trace it back clearly beyond the fourth century, but admitting that it is such a curule chair as St. Peter's convert the Senator Pudens might have used, with its finely wrought figures in ivory representing the Labors of Hercules, its ornaments of gold filigree, and the very rings for the poles employed when it served as a sedia gestatoria. Eusebius in the sixth century records the custom of bringing the neophytes before the Chair, the Symbol of authoritative teaching. In those distant days a certain feast, the clergy of the Basilica used to bear it in procession, with lights and incense to the gates of the Choir where the faithful thronged to venerate it and to touch it with their objects of devotion.

Until the Papacy was temporarily transferred from Rome to Avignon it was the custom for the Popes to sit in it on certain extraordinary occasions, as we know, for instance, from Anastasius, took place in the year 845 when Pope Benedict III was solemnly crowned in it, "after the custom of his predecessors."

But on Tuesday afternoon, when the veepers are over, and the procession of the canons closing with the noble figure of the Archbishop Cardinal Rampolla returns to the sacristy, and you are at liberty to draw near to the Apostolic Chair, you are impressed still more by what might be described as the doctrinal magnetism which emanates from it. It was here that the Fathers of the Vatican Council gathered in 1870 to do for the material one—to raise it up as the infallible teacher of Catholic truth. Sixteen years before that Bishops from all parts of the world had gathered at the foot of the Chair to bear Pius IX proclaim the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception. Their names are there carved in marble for you this afternoon on the walls of the apse.

It is little more than half a century since they met, but not one of them is alive to-day. Among them you recognize in the list of names that of Cardinal Nicholas Wiseman "of the title of St. Pudentiana," under whom the English Hierarchy was restored, and next but one to his that of Joachim Pecci who was to be the great Leo XIII; fourth on the list of Archbishops comes John McClell, "John of Tam," and near him John Peckham, first Archbishop of Sydney, Paul Cullen, destined a little later to be the first Irish Cardinal, side by side with John Hughes, the great Archbishop of New York, and far down among the Bishops you read the name of the Venerable John Neumann, "Bishop" of Philadelphia.

Four centuries before, Pope John XXIII opened a Council in the Vatican Basilica, which like that of 1870 was never finished; and four centuries still earlier Urban II closed a long series of Synods and Councils, stretching almost without interruption from his time to that of Pope Sixtus to the fourth century, who condemned the false teachings of the Donatists and Montanists of Africa.

We have found our way back again to the central door and turn round as usual to take a last look before leaving the Basilica; in the fading light it looks the immensely it really is, the shadows have stripped the marbles and gildings of their lustre but have robbed them with mystery, the last of the worshippers and the curious have left—only to make the place seem still more densely populated with sacred memories. It ought to be a lonely place towards nightfall with its tombs and shadows and vacant spaces but curiously enough it is the great square outside and the busy streets that make you lonely after you have passed a few hours in St. Peter's.

Our store has gained a reputation for reliable Groceries. Our trade during 1900 has been very satisfactory. We shall put forth every effort during the present year to give our customers the best possible service.—R. F. Maddigan.

HEADACHE

Burdock Blood Bitters.

The presence of headache nearly always tells us that there is another disease which, although we may not be aware of it, is still exerting its baneful influence, and perhaps awaiting an opportunity to assert itself plainly.

Burdock Blood Bitters has, for years, been curing all kinds of headaches, and if you will only give it a trial we are sure it will do for you what it has done for thousands of others.

Mr. John Connor, Burlington, N.S., writes: "I have been troubled with headache and constipation for some time. After trying different doctors' medicine a friend asked me to try Burdock Blood Bitters. I find it completely cured after having taken three bottles. I can safely recommend it to all."

For sale by all dealers. Manufactured only by The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

"How is your boy Fritz getting along in der college?"
"Ach! He is half back in der foot ball team and all der way back in his studies."
"Look here, doctor, how much are you going to charge for this operation?"
"Oh, you've got enough to worry you now without facing that."

Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria.

"Our friend, the alderman, has had quite a number of political love affairs."
"What do you mean?"
"First the flirted with both factions, then he won a nomination, wooed fame, and now he is courting an investigation."

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 Oil and it cured mother's arm in a few days." Price 25c.

"O, will you marry me?" he cried.
Her answer brought him grief:
"Said she 'I will be no man's bride."
Who cannot pay for beef,
The man I wed, must promise true
To buy grub I'm accustomed to."

Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders give women prompt relief from monthly pains and leave no bad after effects whatever. Be sure you get Milburn's. Price 25 and 50 cts.

"There is no place in the world for me."
"Why not?"
"Nobdy understands me."
"Then there is a place in the world for you. Get a job as a train announcer."

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

"There goes a man I could have married," the said softly. "Some men never know just what they missed." He replied quietly, and she is still wondering what his mean!

Beware Of Worms.

Don't let your worms gnaw at the vitals of your children. Give them Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and they'll soon be rid of these parasites. Price 5c.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

Is Specially Calculated To Cure All Diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Croup, Pain or Tightness in the Chest; and all Bronchial Troubles yield quickly to the curative powers of this prince of pectoral remedies. It contains all the virtues of the world famous Norway pine tree, combined with Wild Cherry Bark and the soothing, healing and expectorant properties of other excellent herbs and barks.

Mr. John Pelech, Windsor, Ontario, writes:—"I was troubled with a hacking cough for the past six months and used a lot of different remedies but they did me no good. At last I was advised by a friend to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and with the first few doses I found great relief and to-day my hacking cough has entirely disappeared and I am never without Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup in the house."

The price of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is 25 cents per bottle. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, so be sure and accept none of the many substitutes of the original "Norway Pine Syrup." Manufactured only by The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.