

The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 9, 1899.

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Calendar for August, 1899.

MOON'S CHANGES.
New Moon, 6th, 7h. 38m. a. m.
First Quarter, 14th, 7h. 42m. a. m.
Full Moon, 21st, 0h. 33m. a. m.
Last Quarter, 27th, 7h. 45m. p. m.

Day of Week	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	High Water Ch'town
1 Tuesday	5 50	7 22	0 13	6 51
2 Wednesday	5 51	7 20	1 04	7 40
3 Thursday	5 52	7 19	1 59	8 29
4 Friday	5 53	7 18	2 59	9 17
5 Saturday	5 54	7 17	4 01	10 06
6 Sunday	5 55	7 16	5 08	10 55
7 Monday	5 57	7 15	6 21	11 44
8 Tuesday	5 58	7 14	7 39	12 33
9 Wednesday	5 59	7 13	9 02	1 21
10 Thursday	6 00	7 12	10 30	2 10
11 Friday	6 01	7 11	12 03	3 00
12 Saturday	6 02	7 10	1 41	3 50
13 Sunday	6 03	7 09	3 24	4 40
14 Monday	6 04	7 08	5 12	5 30
15 Tuesday	6 05	7 07	7 05	6 20
16 Wednesday	6 06	7 06	9 03	7 10
17 Thursday	6 07	7 05	11 06	8 00
18 Friday	6 08	7 04	1 14	8 50
19 Saturday	6 09	7 03	3 27	9 40
20 Sunday	6 10	7 02	5 45	10 30
21 Monday	6 11	7 01	8 08	11 20
22 Tuesday	6 12	7 00	10 36	12 10
23 Wednesday	6 13	6 59	13 09	1 00
24 Thursday	6 14	6 58	15 47	1 50
25 Friday	6 15	6 57	18 30	2 40
26 Saturday	6 16	6 56	21 18	3 30
27 Sunday	6 17	6 55	24 11	4 20
28 Monday	6 18	6 54	27 09	5 10
29 Tuesday	6 19	6 53	30 02	6 00
30 Wednesday	6 20	6 52	3 00	6 50
31 Thursday	6 21	6 51	6 03	7 40



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Are Gems of Beauty.

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Are beautifully engraved, others plain, solid and substantial.

Watches from \$6.00 to \$100
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Solid Silver Souvenir Spoons with scene stamped in bowl, "Stanley crossing through ice," or "Parliament Building," Charlottetown.

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August 3, 1898—6m

\$4 TROUSERS

— IN —
Black Cashmere Stripes.

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Charlottetown and Summerside, May 16, 1899. THE BICYCLE MEN

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"EAGLE" Parlor Matches, 200 s
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The finest in the world. No Brimstone.
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Summer Suit

Lots of Light Weight Tweeds to select from. Our Tailoring Department has been rushing all this season.

Men's Furnishings.

See our Summer Underclothing in Balbriggan and natural Wool, which will be sure to keep you cool.

Big Reductions on lines of Furnishings from this date.

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Truth Made Impossible at Manila.

Standard and Time.
Despite the "round robin" of the American press correspondents, conditions at Manila remain exactly the same as before the issue of that remarkable manifesto, and the official system at Washington works exactly as before. The same old conspiracy of silence is maintained, just as if nothing whatever had occurred to cause a stir in the world. Stoicism of this kind may be sublime in the private circle; in the public service it is something that transmits virtue and must be called by another name. Adjutant General Corbin has attempted to throw dust in the eyes of the public by a very disingenuous defense of General Ota, refuting charges which have not been made and passing over those which were advanced. But facts are dead against him and the commander whom he seeks to shield. The volunteers are returning, but not "not the six hundred." More eloquent than Tennyson's periods are the fearful facts visible in the returning ranks. The Nebraska Regiment, for instance, which went forth to battle eleven hundred strong, only comes back two hundred and eighty. The others fill foreign graves or toss about invalided in foreign hospitals. Was there ever anything in the despatches given out from Washington to lead one to think that such frightful mortality was marking the Philippine campaign? Never a syllable. After every action we were usually told by General Ota that while numbers of the Filipinos were slain, the American forces had a man or two killed and a few more wounded. Confirmation of what the "round robin" charged has now come over the wire from London. One of the English war correspondents writes home something even stronger. He says, amongst other things:
"For some reason which the censor would not explain, General Ota refused to allow us to send the death of the Monsoon's captain (Njohol) for two days after its occurrence. The general also refused to let us send news of the disappearance of Captain Rootkeller, on the ground that it would worry his family, or the killing of Captain Tilly, of the Signal Corps, until the next day. The correspondents are all very tired of this arrangement, which simply means that they must go out and run large chances of getting shot several times a week, with no chance of making reputations, because their stories must always reflect Ota's views. "It is impossible to write the truth about the situation. The resources and fighting qualities of the natives are quite misunderstood by the American papers, and we cannot write the facts without being accused of treason; nor can we tell of the practically unanimous opposition to and dislike of the war among the American troops. "The volunteers, or at least a portion of them, were at one time on the verge of mutiny, and unless General Ota had been sending them homewards there would have been sensational developments. "We have been absolutely refused all hospital figures." Much humorous laughter was indulged in by our press over Captain General Blanco's telegrams regarding the Cuban war. The story of the bombardment in which a mule was reported killed had at all events one good feature; it put people into good humor. We might well hope that the present bombardment of public censure might kill our own mules—the stupid people whose evil policy and misadministration are sacrificing thousands of lives and threaten the ruin of American liberty.

Considerable proportion of those who pay as they go and have a right to get what they desire or not, whenever and wherever such is procurable. But it is not merely Catholics who prefer fish on Fridays. A large number of connoisseurs incline to fish for many reasons—its lightness, its nutritive and fish-forming qualities, its help to brain-workers especially. There can never be said to be a scarcity of fish of all kinds—for our vast coast line is sure to yield plenty at many points, even though some particular sort may be at times unobtainable. There is no cuisine perfect with out fish. As a rule we eat far too much meat in this country, and we have good medical authority for the belief that a consumption of fish would mean a prolongation of life and a freedom from the pangs of dyspepsia for many a poor victim to an antiquated system of indigestion. Fish of some kind should form part of the menu at every meal, and we hope to see the day when all travelers shall insist upon it.

A very delicate position has been created for the Catholic authorities in Cuba and Porto Rico by the promulgation of the decrees introducing the American divorce system and making civil marriage compulsory in those islands. While they regard such decrees, just as we do, as utterly uncalled for and out of place in those Catholic countries, they cannot, like us, speak their minds freely on the subject, for the reason that they are under a military dictatorship in either place, and it is worse than folly to argue with the master of many legions. From an American point of view, divorce means progress, and civil marriage the hall-mark of genuine freedom—that is, a non-Catholic American point of view. We regard them both as abominations and mistakes on the road to national progress. But there is no use in discussing the matter now. The thing is, what is to be done to make the evil of both decrees as small as may be? We perceive that the sturdy Bishop of Havana has dealt with the subject in a pastoral letter to his clergy, following up some verbal directions which he had caused the local clergy to give out. The mandatory part of this document is crystallized in these three paragraphs: "In consequence, therefore, of what has already been said by the parochial clergy to their parishioners upon this doctrine of matrimony, it is further shown in this pastoral letter that it is a matter of serious importance. "Let it be known that the motives of the civil command do not affect the canonical disposition and consequently Catholics must celebrate their marriages as has been the custom heretofore. "The better to prevent many false authorizations to the parochial brethren, they shall present such certificates and documents as may be required, with the object of confirming the civil contracts, thereby avoiding conflicts with the authorities, to the prejudice of the interested parties."

Bishop of the North Pole.

(True Witness.)

Almost all our readers are familiar with the name of the Right Rev. Mgr. Clat, O. M. I., the aged Bishop of Athabasca. Many of them have seen the venerable missionary, when he visited Montreal two years ago; and all of them must have read some details of his wonderful life. It will, therefore, interest every one to read the following spirited article from the New Zealand "Tablet":—"Athabasca-Mackenzie is what Hood would call a bumpy, lumpy country. It lies away in the wild, mountainous part of the great north-west of Canada, on the sixtieth parallel, where the winter cold is almost as keen and unrelenting as on the gold fields of Alaska. Athabasca has the very jewel of a bishop—the Right Rev. Dr. Clat, O. M. I., who is better known by the title of "Bishop of the North Pole." The "Northwest Review" tells how this saintly old man—he carries the weight of seventy years quite jauntily on his shoulders—journeys over his wide, wild and desolate diocese, eating of the meagre and most scanty fare, and sleeping in huts as he goes. In a private letter to a friend—which received publicity without his knowledge—Bishop Clat says:—"I have not written to you for a long time. During the whole summer I was absorbed in manual labor, and oftener had the spade and axe in hand than the pen, so that my correspondents may have a right to complain. It is true also that we have few occasions to send letters to civilized regions, and we have just spent more than three months without receiving any mail."

The grand old man of the North-west can evidently wield the axe

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ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

with all the skill and effect of the late master of Hawarden. Here is what he says in another letter:—"During last summer I cleared two acres of the forest, in order to enlarge the Sisters' field; and when the hard frost stopped my work of clearing, I took up my axe and chopped sixty ox-loads of firewood. Though these jobs were not exactly piscatorial, they proved very useful to the mission."
Not episcopal, indeed! Why, the Bishop of the North Pole was just doing what St. Paul would have done in like circumstances. As things stood, was not the Apostle of the Gentiles often "in labors"—or rather in exhausting and wearying labor; for that is the meaning of the Greek word he uses (topos)? And did he not say of himself: "Even unto this present hour we both hunger and thirst and are naked and are buffeted and have no certain dwelling-place, and we toil, working with our own hands." Athabasca has an apostolic Bishop—one of those grand pioneers of the faith who go out into the wilds with a single aim—to spread God's Kingdom, neither solicitous for their life, what they shall eat or drink, nor for their body, what they shall put on. God's sappers and miners and road makers, clearing the obstructions that lie in the path of faith. Look at them; hands often grimy with oil, faces weather-beaten as the granite outcrops below Walmate, old clothes that a Jew would not give sixpence for. And do not some of us know the Marist Fathers who have bravely settled among the head-hunters, and the patient missionaries who live as Maori in order to win the Maori, and the Jesuit Fathers who lived barefooted and in destitution among the Daly River blacks in South Australia to gain the dusky tribesmen to Christ? There is more of the glory of God and true heroism in the soul and work of one of those weather-beaten missionaries than there is in a train-load of sparkling Koh-i-noors or an army of men who scarambled over the ice-bound pass in search of gold. Nameless often and unconsidered now, they will yet

Rome in Summer.

Those who only visit Rome in winter, or in April, have not realized the full charms of the city, for in those seasons it owes its appearance of life chiefly to the "fosterer." The people themselves have not yet issued from their shells, their houses are still their refuge, where they mope or laze, shrunken with cold or else sobbing with "sirocco," which does not, as a rule, affect the foreigner until he has resided here for some time. But now that the tourists have vanished back to their various fashionable centres, Rome asserts herself. The "joie de vivre" testifies itself all through her streets. The air blows fresh and sweet from the flowering "campagna" under the morning sun. Faces look happy; the step seems lighter than usual; eyes are brighter, and cool colored costumes predominate. The middle hours of the day are, of course, too hot, and they are passed indoors, over the family meal, the siesta, etc. After four o'clock the streets have developed a shady side to some purpose, and they therefore become populous once more, this time rather with fashionable than industrial folk, and one pines a moment perhaps to reflect how much beauty, male and female, has frequented this "Corso" since the days of Hannibal, for it was originally the "Via Flaminia." Various, indeed, are the figures one sees during a wander through the delightful network of these streets. In the morning there is less crowding, so that they stand out more vividly. At the corners here and there stand picturesque country women, with white, folded headcloths, ailing wild straw-berries, which scent the fresh air or weighing out cherries in old-fashioned scales and chattering to their customers all the time. Presently various other interesting figures pass by—a black and white monk, wearing a red cross upon his habit, going about the business of his convent—a vendor of lemon water, the favorite drink of the lower classes of Rome in summer, with

of those immortal dead, who live again
In minds made better by their presence, live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self

After opposing the inevitable lot these many centuries, Russia is about to put away the Julian Calendar and adopt the Gregorian. A commission of sixteen members, including nine astronomers, will arrange the details of the change—a task of extreme difficulty, and it is expected the new calendar will come into use in 1901. Greece will henceforth be the only European nation to hold out against the calendar established by Pope Gregory XIII. All the Catholic nations at once adopted the new arrangement; but the Protestant countries objected to the action of the Pope of Rome in changing the fifth day of the month to the fourteenth, thus wantonly ousting nine days out of their lives; and they did not accept the new calendar until 1700. England held out till 1751, and even then the change was bitterly opposed by the Anglican clergy as a Popish innovation.—Ave Maria.

Since the Trinitarian Movement began, 448 Anglican evangelists have been received into the Catholic Church. It is a remarkable fact that the body which, after the clergy, gave most converts to Rome is the skilled nobility, of whom 41 have received the faith during the last half century. Converts among army officers number 205; public officials, 90; and physicians, 32; 123 are rather comprehensively banished under the name of authors, poets, and journalists. Of the total number of converts, 158 have identified themselves with one of the old religious orders, and 290 have become diocesan priests. At least 445 of the converts were Oxford men; Cambridge gave 213. It is curious to note that of the whole number only four came from the Scottish universities.—Ave Maria.

A letter recently sent to the Sovereign Pontiff by Mgr. Altamir, of Mesopotamia would seem to indicate that the marvellous success achieved by a St. Dominic or a St. Francis in the conversion of heretics is being duplicated in our own day. Two Dominican Fathers of Montreal have been giving missions during the past three months among the heretical Christians of Mesopotamia; and, as the result of their labors, no fewer than 50,000 Nestorians have been baptized in our own day. It is being duplicated in our own day. Two Dominican Fathers of Montreal have been giving missions during the past three months among the heretical Christians of Mesopotamia; and, as the result of their labors, no fewer than 50,000 Nestorians have been baptized in our own day. It is being duplicated in our own day.