

The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, FEB. 28, 1906

Vol. XXXV, No. 9

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

(Sign full name)

(And Address)

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, stair rails, Balusters, New 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.

E. F. RYAN, B. A.,
BARRISTER & ATTORNEY,
GEORGETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.
March 29, 1906.

ALL KINDS OF
JOB WORK

Executed with Neatness and

Despatch at the HERALD

Office,

Charlottetown, P. E. Island

Tickets

Dodgers

Posters

Check Books

Receipt Books

Note Heads

Note Books of Hand

Letter Heads



Are Your
Glasses Right

Vision changes as all things do with the years (particularly in old folk) and the glasses that were just right a few years ago may be all wrong to-day. If they have outlived their usefulness, you are doing your eyes an injury by wearing them and you are bringing on headaches and nervous disorders. Better let us test your eyes and see whether your present glasses are suited to them.

We have many styles of

both

Eye-glasses and Spectacles

To show you, and can fit either with frames or without as preferred. We keep a record of thousands of tests made by us, and it is a great pleasure sometimes on referring to our book to find a person's eyes have considerably improved since first testing and fitting.

Should your Spectacles need truing up bring them in and have them done, which we like to do without charge.

We have just opened some very handsome Silverware suitable for Wedding or New Year Gifts.

E. W. TAYLOR

South Side Queen Square,

Established 1870.

Good Herring ARE SCARCE,

But we have them. Quality guaranteed. Prices \$3.00 and \$3.50 per half barrel.

Social Baskets.

We have imported a line of Fancy Baskets suitable for Socials. Prices 25 to 50 cents.



Our store has gained a reputation for reliable Groceries. Our trade during 1904 has been very satisfactory. We shall put forth every effort during the present year to give our customers the best possible service.

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.

Preserves.—We manufacture all our own Preserves, and can guarantee them strictly pure Sold wholesale and retail.

R. F. Maddigan & Co.

Eureka Grocery.

QUEEN STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

Begin the New Year WELL.

.. BY ..

Buying a Suit, an Overcoat, a pair of Pants, a Coat & Vest, or a Raincoat for yourself or your son.

.. OR ..

Tweeds, Homespuns, Flannels, Blankets, Horse Blanketing, Carriage Wraps, Buffalo Lining & Robes.

When in town give us a call, it will mean \$\$\$ to you.

The Humphrey Clothing Store,

Opera House Building, City.

A. WINFIELD SCOTT, Manager.

P. O. Box 417.

Phone 63.

Wholesale and Retail.

Religious Maxims.

(Sacred Heart Review.)

Sunday.
God does not require that our work shall succeed, or even that we shall complete it. He only asks us to labor. One who dies leaving his task unfinished is as far advanced in the eyes of Supreme Justice as he who has leisure wholly to complete his work.

I have never known what it is to mourn,
I am still so young today—
Filled full of beauty, and full of
of charm.

My life has been away;
I can not bear to think of night,
To see life's dawn depart.
Then leave, oh! leave me my sixteen
years,
Queen of the Sacred Heart.

Monday.
Is what we are doing so important to the good of the whole world that we are unwilling to die before we have completed it, and that we hasten its completion with such feverish anxiety?

Azure-blue is my sky above;
I hope, and so I smile;
And sometimes my heart sinks low,
And I tremble and fear the while:

The great, gay world that lures me on,
I fear it poisoned dart.
Then leave, oh! leave me my sixteen
years,
Queen of the Sacred Heart!

Tuesday.
Poor, simple children to imagine that we are doing an indispensable work! The only thing indispensable is our sanctification.

God is so dear to my soul today;
With angel choirs I sing;
If the great gay world in the future
years
Evil and pride shall bring—
If my voice, that now is God's
alone.

Shall from His praise depart—
Oh, leave me, leave me my sixteen
years,
Queen of the Sacred Heart!

Wednesday.
It will not be that grand work thou desirest to complete that will form thy crown during eternity, but thy intention in performing it. Fire will consume all that is material at the last day, leaving only the loving thoughts which accompanied thy work.

If I shall yield to that great, gay world—
If ever the day shall be,
When I shall turn from my loving
Lord

Who left high heaven for me—
This very night, sweet Mother of
God!

Ob, bid my soul depart,
And clasp thy child, in her sixteen
years,
Forever to thy heart!

Thursday.
Higher! Let this be our device and the cry, the watchword of our souls. Higher than the senses. They drag us down, down to depths of dishonor and shame. Higher than human glory. It dazzles, it deceives, it does not satisfy the heart.

Higher still, and higher, towards those heights serene,
Where our brief desires know no ebb and flow:
Where the songs of sirens, earth's alluring scene,
Vanish with the doubts that mocked us here below.

Friday.
Higher than riches. They encumber, they wither the heart, leading it to seek only self. Higher than honors. They flatter, they fill us with sentiments of contempt and pride.

Higher in our scorn of the earthly prize,
Fighting ever upwards where angels and martyrs trod;
Yet higher in our love and worship let us rise,
Along that golden stairway ascending unto God.

Saturday.
Higher than popularity. It abases us, leading us to be false to duty. Higher is God, is glory, is joy, is honor, is peace!

The Layman's Pulpit.

During the Catholic Congress held at Lille, France, some weeks ago, the crisis through which the Church in France is at present passing was discussed, from different points of view. The cause of the Catholic press was eloquently pleaded by Pere Coube, the well-known Jesuit preacher. An imperfect resume only can here be given of his admirable address. Quoting the oft-repeated saying (attributed to Mgr. Ketteler) that if St. Paul were living in our days he would adopt the profession of a journalist,

the speaker remarked: "There is a pulpit existing to-day which did not exist in St. Paul's time. It is not set up in our churches. There is one, it is true, in our churches from which the pastor explains truth and condemns error before some hundreds of pious persons. But outside the church there is another pulpit, from which the layman may make himself heard by a hundred thousand—aye, five hundred thousand—men. This pulpit is the newspaper. I say, then," he added, "that St. Paul, were he to return to earth, would certainly occupy it. And I say also that for too long a time we Catholics have been in the wrong by not endeavoring to take possession of it. We have left it to the Socialist, the freethinker and the Freemason. The newspaper has the further advantage," Pere Coube went on to observe, "that it is an arm of which the enemy cannot deprive us. Suppose you build ten schools, and at the same time found ten journals; what will happen? A Combes will come who will close your schools, but he will not dare to touch your newspapers. It is not Combes who one day said: 'I have swept away 17,000 religious establishments whose dark haloed light was cast on the town halls of our communes?' Ah," remarked Pere Coube, "if we had 17,000 journals, or even less, well edited and widely read, Combes would not have swept them away; it is they would have swept away Combes and his band."

A PRACTICAL VIEW.

Towards the close of his eloquent address the distinguished Jesuit, referring to the lavish generosity with which various causes had been supported, expressed a view that some may be disposed to regard as "advanced," but the propriety of which will be recognized by those who give serious thought to the subject. "During the last thirty years," said Pere Coube, "Catholic France has spent millions, hundreds of millions even, on charitable and religious works, such as hospitals, schools, churches, chapels, convents, and missions. These works certainly merited all our sympathies, and they have undoubtedly done much good. Without, however, wishing to injure them—on the contrary, in their interest even—allow me to say that there were two others to which we should have given still more abundantly, for it was these two which would have prevented all these pious foundations from perishing; they were the 'œuvre' electoral, and its auxiliary, the work of la Bonne Presse. Of what avail is it to erect and furnish at great expense hospitals, schools and churches if the legislator of to-morrow should confiscate and laicize them, drive out our nurses from the hospitals, our Brothers and Sisters from the schools and convert our churches to secular uses? Would it not have been wiser and better," added Pere Coube, "to have given a little less during some time towards these pious objects, and, with the money thus economized, assist in the election of worthy Deputies who would have passed good laws, and thereby secured the liberty of religion and the stability of all these good works into the bargain?"

HIGH AUTHORITIES QUOTED.

The vast utility of Catholic journals and of their wide circulation has been frequently urged by many Frenchmen of note, but their counsel has apparently fallen on deaf ears. Mgr. Pechenard, the present rector of the Catholic Institute at Paris, who presided over the Ecclesiastical Congress at Rheims ten years ago, addressing his colleagues, said: "The press is a formidable power, a means of action of which we have not yet known how to use or even seriously wished to avail ourselves." Cardinal Lavergne remarked, many years ago, that "the foundation and support of newspapers intended to enlighten the public mind, and to lead back to faith and virtue those who had gone astray, is as meritorious as to build churches." And not long since another eminent member of the Sacred College, Cardinal La Bourne, Archbishop of Rennes, expressed a still stronger view. "The hour is past," said His Eminence, "for building churches and decorating altars; there is but one thing which is urgent, and that is to spread broadcast throughout the country newspapers that will teach the truth."

But if we need a higher authority as to the supreme importance of la Bonne Presse, let us listen to the words of the Sovereign Pontiff, who, as Cardinal Newman observes, "has a gift proper to themselves of understanding what is good for the Church and what Catholic interests require." "The press," said Pius IX., "is a double-edged weapon, as invaluable for the diffusion of good as it is terrible for the propagation of evil. A good journal," he added, "is worth more

than a good preacher." Leo XIII. was equally emphatic. "At the present day," said that illustrious Pontiff, "the press is an instrument of corruption in the hands of the impious. Answer the press through the press; establish newspapers, and reply to calumnies and misrepresentations by arguments in support of the truth." And Pius X., before his elevation to the Chair of Peter, showed his high appreciation of the services which the press can render to religion when he declared that "to support a good journal in danger of disappearing through want of resources, I would sell even my pastoral cross." These weighty words of successive Pontiffs should bring home to us the enormous influence which the press exercises for good or for evil, and the urgency of our duty to support those publications which defend the highest and boldest of causes. The Catholics of France are now, unfortunately, paying the penalty of their failure to recognize the mischief wrought by the irreligious press, and of their neglect to oppose the propagation of impiety by the foundation and wide diffusion of journals which, inferior in no respect to their rivals, would have as their special aim the exposure of doctrinal errors, the vindication of Catholic truth and the social and moral enlightenment of the masses.

Cured.

A young woman was staying in a distant city, where she had made few acquaintances. She had money, but homesickness and insufficient occupation were unfriendly conditions to health of mind or body. At length she felt obliged to call upon a physician and seek his advice. It happened that the doctor whom she consulted was a religious man as well as a skillful one. He understood her symptoms, and when she complained that she was a victim to "the blues," he astonished her with this original prescription: "David Soames lives at 140 Dash Street. He is ill, and confined to his bed, and very poor. Call there, show sympathy with him and his family, and read the 'bread and butter' psalm to him, and when you go away leave a small sum of money in his hand."

Of course he had to explain to the amazed lady that the Scripture he had so oddly named was the 102nd Psalm, and that the "heartening and rejuvenating effect of it"—fifth verse and all—made it to him just what he called it. Of its virtue in this case he seemed to have no doubt.

But the very idea of doing as he recommended was as distasteful to the young woman as it was surprising.

"Why, how rude and intrusive the man would think me to break in upon him so, a perfect stranger!" she said. "I could not do such a thing."

She went from the doctor's office disappointed and displeased, but thinking. The very bluntness of the advice had stirred her stagnant spirits, and she was already beginning to forget her own ailment. The storm of protest in her mind gave her a bad hour or two, but finally something, she could hardly tell what—compelled her to surrender to the doctor's orders.

She found the sick man, and after talking kindly to him about himself, and encouraging him to hope for recovery and for better days, she opened her Bible to read the psalm. Her lips were dry, and the first three or four verses were pronounced like a mechanical exercise, but farther on her voice and mood mellowed. The force and beguiling of the words aroused her, and she read the last verses of the psalm with real feeling.

A woman, who had entered the room and listened, sat in the corner weeping. She was a recent lodger who had tried in vain to find work at her trade as a dressmaker, and had become discouraged. The young lady had already earned the gratitude of three strangers. With feelings entirely new to her she remained in the poor tenement, conversing with the sick man and his wife and their needy friend, until she had quite gained their confidence, and then left them with encouraging words and a small gift of money. Thoroughly interested now, she in a few days secured orders for the discouraged dressmaker, and work not long after came in so abundantly that the family were placed above want. The sick man, relieved of his anxieties, soon recovered. A shadowed home had been brightened by an involuntary kindness. It was a lesson that the complaining young woman never forgot. Her experience—thanks to the good doctor's counsel—had exploded the vain notion that "it is useless to try to do good unless you feel like it." A brave effort to cure "the blues" had resulted in opening her heart to an unselfish act, and to a broader view of her relations to less fortunate souls about her. Exchange

OBSTINATE COUGHS AND COLDS.

The Kind That Sticks. The Kind That Turns To BRONCHITIS. The Kind That End In CONSUMPTION.

Do not give a cold the chance to settle on your lungs, but on the first sign of it go to your druggist and get a bottle of

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

It cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throats, Pains in the Chest, Hoarseness, or any affection of the Throat or Lungs. Mrs. C. O'Shannon, 45 Chestnut Street, Toronto, writes: "I wish to thank you for the wonderful good Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup has done for my husband and two children. It is a wonderful medicine. It is so healing and soothing to a distressing cough. We have never without a bottle of it in the house."

Don't accept a substitute for Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three lines the trade mark, and price 25 cents, all dealers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A schoolmaster who happened to have red hair was giving an objection to a class on a nut.

In his endeavor to draw a distinction between a hazel nut and other nuts, he held one up to view, asking:—

"What kind of a nut is this?" at the same time unconsciously putting his pencil to his head while waiting for an answer.

Suddenly a young chap, who was noted for his witty answers, replied:—

"A ginger nut, sir."

Grippe Headache.

Mrs. C. Appleton, Whitewood, N. W. T., writes: "Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders have given me great relief from the terrible pains of La Grippe in my head and through my back." Price 10c. and 25c. all dealers.

Minard's Liniment Cures everything.

Artist.—You'd be surprised if you knew the amount of time spent on that picture.

Friend.—Yes; I hear that people stand in front of it for hours trying to make out what it is.

At this time of the year when sore throat, pain in the chest, rheumatic pains and aches are so prevalent, it would be wise to keep on hand a bottle of Hagyard's Yellow Oil. It is a perfect medicine chest. Price 25c.

"Yes," said the emphatic lady; "I tell you that women ought to enjoy the same rights as men."

"The same rights, Matilda?" returned her husband. "Do you mean that they should be street-car conductors and policemen?"

"Certainly."

"And—and soldiers?"

"By all means."

"Then I am in favor of it. Don't you think you would like to enlist Matilda."

Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia and Gout are all completely cured by Milburn's Rheumatic Pills, the great specific rheumatic remedy. Price 50c. a box at all dealers.

One day a little boy came to school with very dirty hands, and the teacher said to him:—

"Jamie, I wish you would not come to school with your hands soiled that way. What would you say if it came to school with dirty hands?"

"I wouldn't say anything," was the prompt reply. "I'd be too polite."

Sick Headache.

Mrs. Joseph Wordworth, Ohio, U. S., says: "I have been troubled with sick headache for over a year. Lately I started taking Laxa-Liver Pills and they did me a world of good acting without pain or griping."

Suffered Terrible Agony

FROM PAIN ACROSS HIS KIDNEYS.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HIM.

Read the words of praise, Mr. M. A. McTigue, Marion Bridge, N.B., has for Doan's Kidney Pills. (He writes us): "For the past three years I have suffered terrible agony from pain across my kidneys. It was so bad I could not sleep or bend. I consulted and had several doctors treat me, but could get no relief. On the advice of a friend, I procured a box of your valuable, life-giving remedy (Doan's Kidney Pills), and to my surprise and delight, I immediately got better. In my opinion Doan's Kidney Pills have no equal for any form of kidney trouble."

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25. Can be procured at all dealers or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Do not accept a spurious substitute but be sure and get "Doan's."