

# The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 4, 1912

Vol. XLII, No. 38



MANUFACTURED BY  
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HAWTHORNE, N. Y.  
July 8, 1912-31

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To have your Watch or Clock, repaired and put in serviceable order.

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### ROME LETTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Rome, August 9, 1912.  
PART I.

At the birthplace of St. Francis of Assisi. When old King Sol has shown how uncomfortable he can render life in Rome in the dog-days, those whose business chains them to the Eternal City during the long summer have a trick of eluding his vengeance. A day passed on the Alban Hills or by the Mediterranean, away from the hot Roman streets is some variety; and if two or three can be stolen from the week in Rome, so much the better. For this reason, therefore, the 'Rome Letter' of this week should be called a 'Letter from Assisi.'

A seven hours' journey by rail brings one to the little town of Assisi, which the name of the Seraphic Doctor has rendered so famous. Under the Roman Empire Assisi was one of the most notable cities in Umbria; it had magnificent temples, superb aqueducts, a theatre rich in marble, and a circus, and in the collection of ancient inscriptions there are found no fewer than twenty-three names of consular families. But the glory of the town was to come from Christ, not from Caesar. In the third century, and though its first three Bishops died for the faith, the good seed grew and flourished, despite the perpetual war and turmoil of the Middle Ages, until the poor man of Assisi was born.

La Chiesa Nuova. Standing on the slope of a range of hills that command a lovely view of the rich Umbrian plain, Assisi has in its very centre the Chiesa Nuova, the Church built on the site of the home belonging to the rich, mercantile father of St. Francis. Here the founder of the greatest Order in the Church lived until the day came when Francis while praying in San Damiano took too literally the words that came to him from the Crucifix: 'Francis, my servant, thou shalt restore my Church, and that same evening divested himself of the very clothes he wore in order that he might be able with all the more truth to call God 'His Father.' This Church, which encloses part of the walls pointed out by tradition as belonging to the home of the young Francis, belongs to the Spanish crown, and is therefore, I am glad to say, beyond the range of the power of the Italian Government.

St. Maria degli Angeli. The future of Francis was henceforth marked out for him. With ingenious trust the young man applied to the Benedictines, those beacon lights of Religion, Art and Science since the sixth century, for aid, and he was given permission to take over the little Chapel that stood in the rich woody plain below, and is now known to the world as the Chapel of the Portiunculata, which stands under the dome of the grand basilica of St. Maria degli Angeli (St. Mary of the Angels) which the Friars Minor have reared above the birthplace of the Franciscan Order. Here Jesus Christ appeared to Francis and promised the privileges of the Portiunculata indulgence; here the gentle Saint gave his disciples not the name of Franciscans but of 'Fratres Minores'—the humblest of God's servants; here he comforted his followers when he spoke from a vision on the greatness of his Order, saying: 'Take comfort, carterians, and be not sad because we are few, for God has shown me that ye shall increase to a great multitude, and shall go on increasing to the end of the world.' And in the little stone building, just a few feet from the Chapel of the Portiunculata, which St. Bonaventura raised over the cell, the Seraphic Patriarch had welcomed Sister Death.

Somehow one passes by the magnificent marble, paintings, carvings, even the Pontifical Throne, all splendid with mosaic; for one likes to live here with Francis alone. His spirit is everywhere. We are lucky in being here on the first of August, the feast of the Portiunculata, when pilgrims in thousands are doing penance here in the hope of gaining the plenary indulgence promised by Christ to St. Francis. Religious enthusiasm is in the very air. Starting at the door those fervent Italian peasants, some of whom have been walking for days, approach the knees. Many of them in an excess of humility and fervour, in spite of all the clergymen in attendance may say, insist upon licking the floor with their tongues as they go along. The forty confessors are surrounded by penitents eager to lay their burden of their sins and to go forth light-hearted and free from the trammels of iniquity. With devotion they visit the cell under one of the altars where Francis lived in darkness until called to his mission, and they go down to

the 'Garden of the Roses' behind the sacristy to view the spot where the Saint once threw himself into a clump of thorny rose bushes to mortify the flesh. And ever since that day the rose bushes have flourished there, but they have no thorns—for the merits of Francis caused Heaven to so will it.

To the honor of the Sons of St. Francis every building, every plot of ground, every tree that has connected with it any tradition of their Father has been left as they found it. And they are full of gratitude to their Father for having built on the green sward that lies in front of the monastery, for, it was there St. Clare, the first and greatest flower of his impassioned sermons, took dinner once with St. Francis and his followers. How beautifully the story runs in the Fioretti di St. Francesco: 'St. Francis prepared the meal on the bare ground, as was his custom. The hour of dinner having arrived, St. Francis and St. Clare, with one of the brothers of St. Francis and the sister who accompanied the Saint, sat down together, and all the other companions of St. Francis were humbly seated around them. When the first dish was served, St. Francis began to speak of God so sweetly, so sublimely, and in so wonderful a manner, that the grace of God visited them abundantly, and they all became lost in the contemplation of Christ. Whilst they were thus entranced, with their eyes and hearts raised to heaven, the people of Assisi and Bettosa, and of all the country about, saw St. Maria degli Angeli as it were on fire, as well as the convent and the woods adjoining. But on arriving at the convent, they only found St. Francis, St. Clare and all their companions, sitting around their humble meal but lost in contemplation; and then they knew of a certainty that what they had seen was a celestial, not a material, fire which God had miraculously sent to bear witness to the divine flame of love, which consumed the souls of those holy monks and nuns, and they returned home with great consolation in their hearts. After a lapse of time St. Francis, St. Clare and their companions came back to themselves; and, being fully restored by the spiritual food, cared not to eat that which had been prepared for them.'

But a few years later the same place and all around it saw another sight. The prophecy of the Saint to his first disciples had come true, and here his Order, grown great and powerful, even in the Founder's lifetime, gathered to hold its First General Chapter, at which Cardinal Ugolino, St. Anthony of Padua, and it is said, St. Dominic were present. Priests and brothers as they were to the number of 7000, it is said, they lodged in huts made of reeds scattered over the broad plain below; hence the name 'Storcaram' given to that gathering.

### Child Saints.

Many little children imagine it is so hard to be good that the effort is not expected of them until they are older. Yet some of the greatest saints in the Church reached their high degree of sanctity at an early age.

St. Peter of Verona was a eloquent preacher at fifteen. St. Catherine of Siena was a zealous tertiary at the same age. St. Paschal Baylon converted the herdsmen of Arragon when he was a lad in his teens. St. Alexius was a saintly child before he was nine years old. When a boy at school, St. Dominic told books to feed the poor during the famine then raging, and he offered himself in ransom for a slave when he was but fifteen. St. Louis of Brignolles, nephew of King Louis, was devoted to the mortification of self at an early age. It is recorded of this child that he would steal out of his royal bed and sleep upon the floor in memory of the King who had vowed to lay his head.

So saintly was the childhood of St. Charles Borromeo that his singular virtues caused his elevation to the cardinalate at the age of twenty-two. St. Stanislaus Kostka was but seven when he died, after a life which, though but short, had its minute devotion to God. St. Lawrence O'Toole was a model of virtue at the age of fourteen, and became Abbot before he was twenty-five. St. John the beloved disciple, was only a boy when Our Lord called him to follow Him. St. Louis, the Crusader, King of France, was but twelve when he ascended the throne and voluntarily vowed to make the defense of God's honor the aim of his life. St. Agnes, St. Cyril, and a host of other child martyrs, gave up their lives for the holy faith. These young saints needed not the maturity of years to reach them the better way. Sanctity and genius, though often revealed at an early age, are occasionally slow of development. Some do not know themselves until the world has tried them. St. Francis Xavier, St. Augustine, St. Ignatius, St. Alphonsus were among those who found the heavenly path among the tangled ways of earth.

### Smoothing The Way.

"If we would tell one another pleasant things once in a while," said a woman yesterday, "how much happier life might be. There is a certain family reticence that is good in its way, but it often prevents full enjoyment of home relations." One sister realizes how much the other has done for her, and is truly grateful, but she will not tell her. She can not bring herself to say the things that are in her heart, as she has never been given to demonstrativeness and has always taken things for granted. She will willingly tell her friend how much she is pleased with what is being done for her, while just a word or two may have meant so much to the other woman. Some women are even as reticent with their very intimate friends, and as shy of doing or saying anything that will have the flavor of sentimentalism about it. Life is so short at best, and the world unkind so often that one should not miss the opportunity, when it offers, of saying kind things. Flowers for the dead are beautiful, but kind words for the living mean so much more. Especially does a mother take pleasure in kind words from her children. She does not expect her boys to tell her they love her and appreciate her kindness. They think she knows how they feel about her, and why should they take the trouble to tell her? But when she is growing old and life is a drab affair at best, a kind word now and then, a caress perhaps, means a great deal, boys, to the old mother at home. Don't begrudge it to her. Some children, even grown-up men and women, come home simply to grumble. They have been on good behavior all day, and it is a relief to say what they feel like at home. They criticize the table arrangements, discuss the dinner if it is not to their taste, and seldom say a pleasant word. Mothers are used to such treatment, they think, and know nothing of the pangs the dear ones may feel, the stab that hurts more than a blow from a son or daughter. If you can not say something kind to one another in the home, better keep silence.—St. Louis Christian Advocate.

### Eavesdroppers.

Do you know why a person who listens at a keyhole is called an eavesdropper? About two hundred years ago there was a certain very powerful secret society which would allow no outsider to hear or see what went on at its meetings. There were some people in those days, just as there are now, who spent much of their time prying into other persons' affairs, and they tried in all sorts of ways to discover what this society was doing. They kept on trying until several of them were caught and punished, and that put an end to the prying around and listening at knot holes or chinks in the wall, for when a man was caught in this trick he was condemned to be suspended for a short time under the eaves of a shed while it was raining, hard until the water ran in under his collar and out at his shoes; and from that day until this a prying person has been called an 'eavesdropper.'

### Mother Becomes Nun.

After rearing a family of ten children, four of whom will be ordained priests in the Jesuit Order, Mrs. Sarah Scott, of Springfield, Mo., has taken her final vows as a nun in the Visitation Convent, St. Louis. Mrs. Scott will be known in religion as Sister Mary Ignatia.

### Was Confined To Bed FOR FOUR MONTHS

RHEUMATISM THE CAUSE  
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HIM  
Mr. W. H. Riley, Ruddell, Saskatchewan—'It is with the greatest pleasure that I can recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to all suffering with rheumatism. I was so bad with this terrible disease, I was unable to get up from my bed for four months, and nothing seemed to relieve me until a friend recommended Doan's Kidney Pills. I had my doubts about them, but was so desperate I would try anything suggested to me. After taking half a box, I was able to get up, and after taking two boxes could get around quite well. After taking six boxes I was completely cured, and able to work for the first time in five months, and have not had a touch of rheumatism since. Anyone who saw me then would not know me now, as I am so strong and active since taking your valuable medicine.'

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. In ordering direct, specify 'Doan's.'

### WHEN THE LIVER IS INACTIVE CONSTITUTION SOON FOLLOWS

The duty of the liver is to prepare and secrete bile, and serve as a filter to the blood, cleansing it of all impurities and poisons. Healthy bile in sufficient quantity is Nature's provision to secure regular action of the bowels, and therefore when the liver is inactive, failing to secrete bile in sufficient quantity, constipation soon follows. Mr. Henry Pearce, Owen Sound, Ont., writes:—'Having been troubled for years with constipation, and trying many so-called remedies, which did me no good whatever, I was persuaded to try Milburn's Last-Liver Pills. I have found them most beneficial; they act, indeed, a splendid pill, and I can heartily recommend them to all suffering from constipation.'

### A Sensible Merchant.

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.

Creditor—How often must I climb these five flights of stairs before I get the amount of this little account?  
Debtor—Do you think I am going to rent a place on the first floor to accommodate my creditors?

### Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

Lots of 'Em—Stiggins—Are there any musicians in your family?  
Wiggins—Rather! My father is an adept at blowing his own trumpet, and mother is equally expert at harping on one string; ma-in-law has to play second fiddle, and Aunt Tabitha leads bum-drum existence; grandpa gives a solo on his nasal organ every night, without the stops; uncle spends his time watching his whistle; Harry is fond of his pipe, and Gerry is forever ringing the changes on her lovers.

### Minard's Liniment cures neuralgia.

Judge—The evidence that you called this gentleman a donkey is overwhelming. Had you not better admit the fact?  
Accused—Maybe I had. The longer I look at him the more probable it seems to me.

### There is nothing harsh about Last-Liver Pills. They cure Constipation, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, and Bilious Spells without griping, purging or sickness. Price 25c.

### The Barber—One of our customers had his rheumatism cured by mud baths.

The Customer—No good to me. I've stood as a candidate in two elections—and my rheumatism is as bad as ever.

### Minard's Liniment cures Neuralgia.

It was pay day at the boarding house and the young man with the cuffs on his trousers had come to the breakfast table to see the ever present prunes at his place. He said, frowningly:  
Do you think any one can thrive on prunes?  
I have to, replied the boarding house lady, complacently.

### Minard's Liniment cures Neuralgia.

We saw the statement somewhere that a man with an Irish name now in trouble is a Jew. We remember reading an article a good while ago in which the statement was made that many people in New York bearing well known Irish names have not the slightest trace of Irish blood, but adopted Irish names in place of foreign-sounding names, sometimes difficult to spell and pronounce correctly.—Casket.