

# The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1905

Vol. XXXIV, No. 41

## Flour. Flour. Furniture of Quality

We carry a large stock of Flour, and can suit you in quality and price.



### Groceries.

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.

## Parlor Tables

Our stock in this line is simply immense. If you are interested in Parlor Tables, this is your store.

**Mark Wright Furnishing Co.**

CARPETS AND FURNITURE.

## Custom Tailoring!

**Gent's Furnishings, Hats, Caps, etc., etc.**

SIR,—We wish to direct your attention to our stock of

### NEW CLOTHS

For Fall and Winter wear. Our Cloths are imported from the very best manufacturers in England, Scotland and Ireland, and include

Worsteds, Fancy Suitings,  
Vicunas, Serges,  
Tweeds, Trowersings,  
And Fancy Vest Cloths.

Overcoatings in Vicunas, Rainproof and Fancy Worsteds.

We can guarantee satisfaction in the cutting, fitting and making up of our Clothing. We invite you to call and examine the stock, and believe we will be able to suit you.

**JOHN McLEOD & CO.**

Queen Street, Charlottetown,

## Furniture of Quality

We Keep Pounding Away on Quality.

We don't want you to forget it. It is more important than price in the Furniture business. The long wearing qualities of Newson's Furniture are known all over P. E. Island. Added to this important quality is the extreme lowness of price which prevails at this store. This combination of high quality and low price is what has made this store what it is—the place where people of means are sure of GOOD things—where those of slender purse are sure of full value for their money. Come here for your next furniture purchase.

**JOHN NEWSON.**

## HARDWARE!

Largest Assortment, Lowest Prices.

WHOLESALE and RETAIL

## Fennel & Chandler

**ROBERT PALMER & CO.,**

Charlottetown Sash and Door Factory,

Manufacturers of Doors & Frames, Sashes & Frames inerior and Exterior finish etc., etc.,

### Our Specialties

Gothic windows, stairs, stair rails, 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.

### ARE YOU COMING TO

## The Exhibition

When in the city you can go a good ways towards making a part of your expense bill by calling at either of our Big Stores and getting a supply of

## GROCERIES

Just leave your order at McKenna's, we will attend to the rest.

Up town store, W. F. Carter's old stand, corner Queen and Kent Sts.

Down town store, corner Queen and Dorchester Streets.

CHARLOTTETOWN.

### Good Form and the Reverse in Speech.

In social life there is ever a search for novelty, and this results in a special vocabulary which is always subject to change in fashion. Words which are used for a time are quickly dropped as soon as they are adopted by the multitude. The word "swell" has long ago passed away and "smart" has taken its place, no doubt to be discarded in the course of time.

Slang has been aptly defined as a sort of "vagabond language" which forces its way into the most respectable company. Often it is descriptive, but it needs discrimination in its use. It is not wit, and the avoidance of it is advisable. It gives one a shock to hear it from the lips of a pretty girl, who speaks of having a "clutch." Even worse is it to hear any one assent to a statement by saying "That's right," or "Sure." These are vulgarisms.

Very small things in talk reveal refinement of personality or the reverse. Words which are bad form are "wealthy," "elegant," "homely." Instead of these the form would be "rich," "beautiful," "plain." No one who knows the distinctions in refined words would say "folks" for "family" or "relatives," or "fellows" for "young men." The expressions "lady friend" and "gentleman friend" are never heard in social life, and would stamp a person immediately as being ignorant of good form.

No person of education would use the expression "Say, Mary," when wishing to call one's attention, nor would say, "Is that so?" "You don't say!" in conversation. Grammatical errors are inexcusable. Confusion in the use of pronouns is a fatal mistake. An educated person would not say, "It is me," or "Mary and me are going," or "Sarah is coming to see my sister and I," or "between you and I," but would say, "It is I," "Mary and I are going," "Sarah is coming to see my sister and me," "Between you and me."

Other unpardonable errors are to use "learn" for "teach," or "have got" for "have," or "those kind of things" for "things of that kind," or to say "he don't" for "he does not" or "you was" for "you were," or "we are at home evenings" instead of "in the evening."—Delineator.

### A Valiant Priest.

The correspondent of a Los Angeles paper, in his account of a round of the hospitals of San Diego after the horrible accident to the gunboat "Bannington," speaks feelingly of a man whom many visitors to Southern California have learned to admire and love, as do his parishioners—Father Ubach, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, San Diego:—

A man turned in at the driveway and walked quickly across the lawn. He wore a long board of iron grey and his hair was flecked with white, yet the brown eyes were young, and the grasp of his hand had all the vigor of youth. It was Father Anthony D. Ubach.

"He was here almost all last night," said the policeman. "There is not a lurch on earth that he don't speak, and he goes about in there comforting every man in his mother tongue. He'll do 'em good if any preacher can. I'm not a Catholic myself, but I know a good man when I see one, and Father Ubach will do for mine."

And so the aged priest went from room to room now helping the nurses with the sick, and now dropping a few words into a conscious sufferer's ear. He was there to say the last word over the dying sailor, and his soft, Andalusian murmur was the last thing that many a dying ear heard that night.

Father Ubach, despite his German name, is purely Spanish in every respect; in his bearing and manner, every inch the grandee and the soldier; in his character and goodness, every inch the minister of God's altar.

### The Father of the Simplon.

An interesting example of priestly heroism in the discharge of duty will be marked by a monument proposed to be erected in Switzerland, at the entrance to the famous Simplon tunnel, completed in the early part of the present year. This tunnel, which runs through the Alps is twelve miles long, took six years to construct and cost \$2,000,000. The undertaking, as may be imagined, was one of great difficulty and not a little danger, the latter being the occasion of the priest's connection with the work, as we are thus told in a

sketch in one of the papers:

"On the second day, when only a short distance in the mountain, the first accident occurred, which resulted in the death of two engineers. Father Mattei, the priest of a neighboring village, was called to the bedside of the dying man. When he saw the dangers that surrounded the workmen on all sides he gave up his parish and remained with the working force to the end. While the greatest care was taken to avoid accidents, there were eighty-five during the six years of construction, and on several occasions Father Mattei was at the side of the man killed. When the work was first begun the priest held himself in readiness at the mouth of the tunnel. Later, when the men employed were probably not aware of the seriousness of the situation, Father Mattei went into the tunnel and remained with the workmen for two months, until the greatest danger was averted. During that time there occurred the largest number of accidents, but the Father was on hand on each occasion, and able to tender the last Sacraments of the Church. He never lived to see the actual completion of the work, but two weeks before the two forces met in the centre of the tunnel he was taken suddenly ill and died in a few days. His death was so generally deplored that work was stopped all over the tunnel on the day of the funeral, the only day in six years when that was permitted. A monument is proposed to be erected at the Swiss entrance of the tunnel, and on the stone will be engraved the simple legend:

"To the Father of the Simplon."

This is nothing but a repetition of the old, old story of the self-sacrificing devotion of the Catholic priest in every case, however great the danger involved, where the administration of the Sacraments to the dying is called for or likely to be needed. The good shepherd gives his life for his sheep.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

### The Deterioration of American Morals.

It may seem quite like gratuitous croaking to declare that the chief danger now threatening American civilization is a general deterioration of morals and to say that one condition in particular is as serious menace to such morality as we still may boast of. But let us look at the facts.

A deterioration already apparent is revealed not in such laxities as the growth of beer drinking and the conversion of the New England "Sabbath" into the "Continental Sunday"; it is revealed in the transformation of a nation of once honorable, patriotic citizens into a nation of "grifters." Professor Sumner's clever aphorism, "that every man is a sovereign, but that a sovereign cannot take tips," has become a gem of archaic philosophy. When its author out and polished it the only grifters that we knew anything about were the Indian agents, the star-route contractors, a few bankers and Congressmen, while mere tip taking was regarded as "foreign," "effete," and ungentlemanly. Now it would seem as if we are all grifters, as if gentlemen of all professions and occupations carry their itching palms open behind them, with their fingers instinctively feeling for draohmas. Professor Sumner should revise his phrase to read that every American is a sovereign, and every sovereign is a grifter.

However, this deterioration of American morals, serious and deplorable as it is, is only a beginning of the depravity that we are likely to see before certain social forces that are rapidly being generated have wrought out their inevitable effects.

One of these forces is the passionate hysterical emotionalism that manifests itself in race and class hatred, mob action, and lynchings, in "crises," "fads" and "isms." Whatever else morality is, it is at any rate a mode of self-control. Its precepts may be narrow, its exemplars may be bigots, its underlying philosophy may be arrant stupidity, but it certainly is not an individual or collective hysteria. The moral man, whatever else you may say of him, at least has himself in hand; and no people can long boast of its morality, or have any morality to boast of, when it has once surrendered itself to spiritual jimmies.

The other social force that is bound to work the mischief with us is one of a very different character. From time to time we have commented upon the astonishing fact that a people which spends millions of dollars annually upon education is nevertheless a people that takes almost no interest in substantial literature. No other people in the

world boasting of its intelligence has so small a percentage of readers of serious books. The proofs that back up this assertion are notorious and overwhelming. For example, there are at least twenty thousand somewhat pretentious public libraries in the United States, not counting the little ones. If one-half of these bought one copy each of every standard book that is published there would be a market for any volume of genuinely scholarly or scientific quality. There would be a sufficient sale to pay the author and the publisher for the labor and expense of producing it. As a matter of fact, there is almost no market for such books in this country. New York publishers say that the public library call for a high grade book seldom takes up an edition of more than two hundred and fifty or three hundred copies. The reading of one-half of the American population consists of ephemeral novels and newspapers. The reading of the other half consists of the nickel magazines and "scare-heads."

The bearing of this fact upon the future of American morality may not be obvious, but it is real and direct. If a people has no intellectual resources, what is to become of it when it gets rich and commands leisure? How will it fill time? History has given us the answer to this question over and over again. It will do the sort of things that the luxurious, listless Romans did and that the intellectual, artistic Greeks did not. It will consume its substance and its manhood in material, enervating pleasures, not in creative activity.

Already we see abundant signs, in the inner, esoteric, monkey-dinner circle of the American smart set and elsewhere, that this is the fate in store for a large proportion of the inordinately rich class in the American population, and that the other classes intend to rush on the same fate by imitation if they can. We are developing a kind of American who can be described only as an automobile-racing, bridge-whist-playing, champagne-drinking, mistress-keeping fool. His father had brains enough to get money; not to make it, please observe; other people made it; he only got it—but the second generation, as Mr. Jerome calls him, hasn't brains enough even to steal without being caught in the act.—The Independent.

### Items of Interest.

Father Neuzhammer, rector of the Greek College in Rome, has been appointed by the Holy Father Archbishop of Roumania. He is a Benedictine.

The Rev. Dr. Aveling, the organizer of the course of lectures in Westminster Cathedral Hall, to which we referred last week, is a Canadian by birth and the son of a Protestant minister. Going to England to continue his studies at Oxford he came under Catholic influence at the University with the result that he entered the Church.

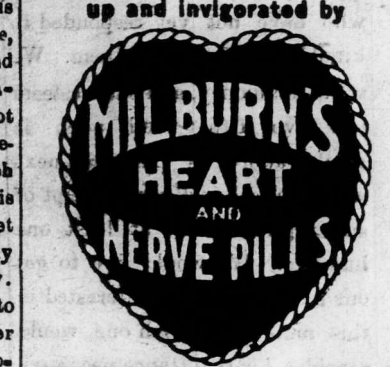
The late Cardinal Pierotti was the only Dominican in the Sacred College. Like most of his predecessors who have worn "the white wool of St. Dominic" under the purple, he was Master of the Sacred Palace, and his successor in that office, Father Lepidi, who is, for his learning and writings, one of the most eminent Dominicans, is not the most eminent, now stands high in the line of promotion.

There were some dramatic moments the other day at a sale in Paris. A prosperous auctioneer put up for sale the furniture of the Capuchin convent of the Rue de la Sante—one of the convents closed by M. Combes. There were about a dozen professional buyers and about forty friends of the monks in the salerooms. The auctioneer began to describe the furniture amid some professional titers. But nearly all the spectators turned their backs on the auctioneer to listen to an old friar, grey-bearded, bare-headed and with naked feet, who was standing on a bench. He had been the guardian of the convent.

"Yes," said he, "this is the furniture of the Capuchins." He pointed to the broken-down chairs and worm-eaten tables, for which the few bidders were offering tiny sums. "You see how luxurious we were. It is with those proceedings that they will start old age pensions. Those faded old green chairs were in the reception room of the Bishop. Three francs the pair! Why, the auctioneer is being robbed." He got down from the bench and went into the street, followed by his friends. The professional buyers were left to themselves, but before the end a table fetched twenty-six francs.

### STRONG AND VIGOROUS.

Every Organ of the Body Toned up and invigorated by



Mr. J. W. Mayers, King St. E., Berlin, Ont., says: "I suffered for five years with palpitation, shortness of breath, sleeplessness and pain in the heart, but one box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills completely removed all these distressing symptoms. I have not suffered since. My heart, head, eyes, ears and feet are strong and vigorous."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure all diseases arising from weak heart, worn out nerve tissues, or watery blood.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

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

Agent.—Here is a book you can't afford to be without. Victim.—I never read books. Agent.—Buy it for your children. Victim.—I have no family—only a cat. Agent.—Well don't you need a good heavy book to throw at the cat sometimes?

### Grippe Headache.

Mrs. C. Appleton, Wattewood, 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 10 and 25c. all dealers.

A bright little girl asked one morning at the breakfast table, "Mamma, is hash animal or vegetable?" "Animal, my dear," replied mamma. "Then," cried the little girl triumphantly, holding up a tiny bone "here's the hash's tooth!"

### Sick Headache.

Mrs. Joseph Wardworth, 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."

Short.—Halloo, Long! Where are you going?  
Long.—I'm on my way over to the post-office to register a kick against the miserable delivery service.

Short.—What's the trouble?  
Long.—Why, that, check you promised to send me ten days ago hasn't reached me yet.

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 Hagar's Yellow Oil. It is a perfect medicine chest. Price 25c.

Mrs. M'Bryde.—John, I'm simply disgusted. While I was out this morning the cat got into the pantry and ate every single thing except a cake I had just baked.

Mr. M'Bryde.—What a wonderful thing animal instinct is, to be sure.

Castor Oil or other Cathartic is not needed after giving Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup. This remedy contains its own purgative and not only destroys but carries off the worms. Price 25c.

Minard's Liniment cures Colds etc.

### BIG B CURSES

Dyspepsia, Bells, Pimples, Headaches, Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, and all troubles arising from the Stomach, Liver, Bowels or Blood.

Mr. A. L. Hanson of Burlington, Ont., writes: "I believe I would have been in my grave long ago had it not been for Big B Bitter. I was run down to such an extent that I could scarcely move about the house. I was subject to severe headaches, backaches and faintness; my appetite was gone and I was literally a skeleton. I tried every remedy I could find, but I found my health fully restored by the use of Big B Bitter. I warmly recommend it to all who are run down and worn out with age."