

The Charlotteville Herald.

NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, RINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 26, 1902

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A Letter to the Public

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Containing NITROGEN, PHOSPHORIC ACID and POTASH in the most soluble and available forms known. Each ingredient sold under guaranteed analysis and consequently thoroughly reliable. Sold unmixed and therefore adaptable to all crops and conditions. 25 per cent (the manufacturer's price) cheaper than any mixed and so-called "Complete Fertilizers" on the market. The Only Fertilizer farmers can afford to use, and those who know most about artificial manures will use no other.

AULD BROS.

April 2, 1902.

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Lowest Rates. Prompt Settlements.

JOHN McHARRN, Agent.

Items of Catholic Interest in the Magazines.

(Sacred Heart Review)

Fall of the Campanile.

The Century Magazine prints, by permission, an account of the fall of the Campanile, as seen by an American girl. She writes: "Yes, we are all safe. The tower did not fall on any of us, although I suppose we shall never be pushed nearer being buried alive than we were this morning. It came without any warning. We were on our way to Cook's, which is on the side the crack first appeared. As we came down from the hotel we noticed a small crowd of people watching the tower, and some of the Piazza officials had placed a few boards around it to keep people from going up to it; but the crack was so slight that we asked where it was. We walked to the other side under the clock-tower, and as we stood there bricks began to fall out of the crack, which grew wider every minute. Some people thought that a corner of the tower might go, but no one was really there but a few tourists and some shopkeepers. We, having lots to do, went to Cook's, where we could see if anything did happen, and still attend to our business. Cook's men smiled at the Americans who thought that a tower which had seen eleven hundred years could fall without any warning. Suddenly as we stood there a huge gap appeared from top to bottom, and then the whole thing seemed to groan and tremble, and, with apparently no sound, sank in a heap where it stood; only the top . . . poised itself a minute in mid-air, tipped, and fell crashing toward St. Mark's. Pieces of the gilt angel were picked up on the church steps; otherwise nothing but a pile of bricks and mortar was to be seen. We all stood in the doorway, too stunned to move. The people in the square fled panic-stricken in every direction. Instantly [what appeared] a scid wall of dirt and plaster rose from the mass, as high as the tower had been, and spread in every direction I thought, of course, we should be suffocated, and a rush followed for the back of Cook's office. Every one screamed to shut the doors, but there were none at hand, being separate and kept packed away all day. The dirt entered like a thick fog, and you could not distinguish your best friend. Fortunately, it cleared away in a minute or so, enough to see where we were, and all were safe. Not even one woman fainted where we were. . . . The dust was about two inches deep, huge rocks were against Cook's building, and I picked up a piece of one of the bronze bells on the other side of the square. Venice went wild, of course, and the square was soon crowded by hundreds of mourning people. It was a very sad sight. All shops closed at once, and every one waited."

The Cradle of San Francisco.

We are told that even in its best days this chapel lacked the architectural beauty of many of the other missions. "There were no arches, no arcades, no towers, no buttresses, no ornamental faades. The severity of outline is relieved only by four columns flanking the entrance and the niches where hang the bells." This description does not, however, really do justice to the austere and impressive front shown in the illustration, and topped by a severely plain but very prominent urn. "The interior decoration, however, was left undisturbed, and today shows the pious Fathers took with even their plainest sanctuaries. The uncovered, rough-hewn rafters, which rest on heavy, adzed supports, are painted in diamond-shaped patterns, the dull red, yellow blue and white giving an effective touch of color against the monotonous gray of the adobe walls. On the north wall is an immense symbolic painting on canvas, the work of Spanish artists, representing the religious mysteries. This was a part of the religious recreation, and the difficulty of early transportation is shown by the canvas being in many small pieces, carefully matched in hanging. The painting is in excellent condition except for holes in the lower part where mischievous youngsters have been at work with pocket-knives. Two side altars support images of saints. . . . In the sanctuary the decoration is quite elaborate and in a good state of preservation. The entire end of the chapel is a mass of carving painted in a dull reddish color with much gilt. Five empty niches show where images formerly stood, and which were probably removed for safety as time weakened their supports. A plain, inert, rustic wooden altar, painted white, is clearly of comparatively recent date. It covers the original altar. . . . Here in the sanctuary is the grave of Father Carroll. . . . There are other graves beneath the floor of the main body of the church. Back of the sanctuary is the sacristy, which contains some interesting relics of former days." The full-page picture of the church's interior is very striking. There are but two rows of pews, one on either side of the aisle, which leads right up to the quaint old sanctuary. The rafters of the roof are certainly unique.

The First Church in San Francisco.

A pleasing number of Sunsets, "a magazine of the Border," a Western magazine hitherto unknown to us, has been brought to our notice through an article, graphically illustrated, on "San Francisco's Mission Dolores," by Sarah Henry. It seems a little difficult to take in the fact that this little church was actually the only church in San Francisco as late as the year 1849. It was built in 1776, and the article says that it is fairly well preserved. In reading its story we must bear in mind that this building dates to the year that the Declaration of Independence was signed, when the great state of California, one of the proudest in our Union to-day, was the Indians' home, the Spaniard's possession, and the Catholic missionary's harvest field. "The Mission San Francisco de Asis, the Mission Dolores," says our writer, "was the sixth of the chain of missions that marked the zig-zag path of the Franciscans from San Diego to Sonoma, the distance from mission to mission being a good day's journey. For six years prior to the founding of the San Francisco mission, Monterey was the northernmost outpost, that having been established within a year after the Franciscans entered Upper California. During these six years many unsuccessful attempts were made to found a mission on the bay of San Francisco, which had been discovered in 1769 by the first overland expedition sent northward from San Diego. Father Serra, prompted by his pious zeal, represented to the Marquis de la Croix, then viceroy of Mexico, that it was a reproach to Catholic Christianity that there was no mission dedicated to St. Francisco de Asis, the patron of the order

which bore his name. According to a tradition of native Californians, the viceroy replied: 'If our Father San Francisco wants a mission dedicated to him let him show us that good port up beyond Monterey, and we will build him a mission there.'

The First Church Service.

St. Francis did not fail to answer this appeal to him. In 1772, by a land expedition, Father Junipero established the existence of the bay which bears the great Saint's name, and in 1775 the viceroy of New Spain decreed that a fort, presidio and mission should be founded there. In the diary of Father Palou these words are found: "About the middle of September, 1776, the soldiers had already built their wooden houses, all duly roofed; the lieutenant had his royal house. . . . It was immediately decided that the festival should be celebrated with a procession, fixing upon the day as that of September 17, the same on which Our Mother the Church celebrates the memory of the impression of the wounds of our Saviour Father, St. Francis." Meanwhile the Fathers, with the help of some Indians and sailors, built "a house thirty feet long and fifteen wide, all of plastered wood with tile roof, and a church fifty-two feet long with a room for the sacristy behind the altar." As Miss Henry remarks: "A San Franciscan standing before the low, tile-roofed chapel of the Mission Dolores has somewhat the feeling of the man who finds in a dark corner of the attic the cradle in which he once slept. Both wonder if they were ever small enough to find room in so small a thing."

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Played His Own Requiem.

Venerable Organist Dies While His Hands are on the Keys.
Aged John Dummer, an organist of Trenton, N. J., received word that he was to die before the day had closed on Sunday, so he went for a priest, and received the sacraments and quietly began playing Mozart's requiem as a welcome to death.
He was sitting at the organ when he had practiced for forty years, when his white-crowned

head dropped on his chest and his hands fell from the keys, leaving unfinished the strains of the requiem.

When the presentment came to Dummer he told several persons and sent for his friend, the priest. After Father Killian had administered the last rites, the old organist said to him:

"Father, for thirty years I played the organ in the cathedral. You are the only priest who has graced its altar who has not heard my music. While I have not sat at my organ since I left the hospital last spring, I am going to do so now."

Dummer crossed the room wearily to the old-fashioned organ and touched the keys with infatigable tenderness. Then he paused, and Father Killian, with bowed head, awaited.

"It is for you, Father, I am going to play." The old man began Mozart's "Last Requiem." His eyes were cast upward as he played. The priest approached softly and stood by his side. True was the touch of the old organist, and Father Killian, with bowed head, was awed by the solemn music.

The requiem was half finished when the organist's hand dropped from the keys and his head fell forward. Father Killian knelt by his side and supported him. Paralysis had stricken the old musician. Assistance was summoned and he was carried to his bed. Five hours later he died.—N. W. Chronicle.

It has been made abundantly clear by these intimately acquainted with the facts that in Ireland Catholics are, as far as employment is concerned, subjected to severe boycotting by many public companies and even by business concerns, although both depend largely for their profits upon the people whom they treat in this un-Christian way. The vexed question was dealt with in a vigorous manner by Father Corbett at the thirty-first annual meeting of the Queenstown Catholic Young Men's Society. A federation of Catholic societies for the protection of Catholic interests is the remedy proposed by Father Corbett. In this he was supported by the Bishop of Cloyne, who said what he strongly objected to was the exclusion of Catholics from positions to which they were entitled by their intelligence, their moral rectitude and their business habits simply because of their religion. They had, he asserted, the remedy in their own hands, and he thought it was time they had an organization to look after the material interests of Catholics. He wished that it should be started and that it should spread all over the land for the purpose of asserting their rights. Such a society as that proposed by Father Corbett has a wide field for operations in Catholic Ireland.

The Right Rev. Mgr. the Hon. Algernon Stanley has been appointed Assistant Bishop to His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan of Westminster. Mgr. Stanley is a brother of Lord Stanley, third Baron Stanley of Alderley. He was made Protocollary Apostolic to the Holy See by Leo XIII. in 1897. Mgr. Stanley was a pupil at Rugby of Archbishop Temple, the head of the Anglicans. Mgr. Stanley was born in 1843. After leaving Rugby he graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and was ordained in the Church of England. He was for some years a curate of the High Church of St. Mary, Sobho, and then took charge of a very poor district near King's Cross. It is to his honor that he declined the valuable, family living of Alderley in order to work among the poor. At that time he used to ride third class and was very fond of his pipe.

The recent decision of the Supreme Court of Nebraska, denying the right to read the Bible in the public schools of the State, has aroused a number of Protestant churches to vigorous action, and in dozens of churches all over the State resolutions have been passed denouncing the decision. The decree is declared to be a menace to religion and contrary to the spirit of the Constitution, which recognizes God. Concerted action was taken, not to intimidate the court, which has been asked to grant a rehearing, but to encourage the numerous teachers that have announced that they will consider the wishes of the majority of their patrons and will continue Bible reading until enjoined by the courts.

The death of Right Rev. William Vaughan, Bishop of Plymouth and uncle of His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan, removes the most venerable figure of the Catholic hierarchy in England. Dr. Vaughan was consecrated Bishop of Plymouth in 1855

by Cardinal Wiseman.

Rev. H. C. B. Campbell, B. A., lately curate of the Anglican Church of St. Alphege, Southwark, was received into the Catholic Church on Wednesday, October 15, at St. George's Cathedral, Southwark.

The death is announced of the venerable mother prioress of the Carmelite community of the Monastery of the Immaculate Conception, Rosebank, County-Dublin. Mother Josephine Dunn had spent no less than sixty-eight years within the cloister.

There is, says the "Franciscan Annals," every probability that the solemn beatification of the great Irish son of St. Francis and redoubtable champion of Our Lady's Immaculate Conception, the Venerable Dan Scotus, will very shortly take place.

The "New World," of Chicago, takes pleasure in announcing that the new chief surgeon of the United States army, Surgeon General O'Reilly, is not only a Catholic, but a good practical one as well. The honor which the new chief surgeon has received is one in every way deserved.

The Right Rev. Herman J. Alcreding, D. D., Bishop of Fort Wayne, laid the cornerstone of a new \$250,000 building which, it is said, will practically double the capacity of St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind. Very Rev. Andrew Morrissey, O. S. C., president of Notre Dame University, delivered the oration.

The Michigan Central finished laying its track to Notre Dame University the other day. Very Rev. J. A. Zahm, provincial of the Order of the Holy Cross in America, drove the last spike. The line fills a long felt need at the university, which is given direct communication with Chicago and the East.

Rev. Jean Francois Chambon, S. J., died October 9th at Sault-au-Recollet, Canada, aged seventy-one. He was born in France, was ordained priest in 1837 and began his novitiate in the Society of Jesus in 1867. Ten of his years as a Jesuit Father were spent in ministrations at New York hospitals and prisons, and twenty-one in work among the poor Indians of Manitoulin, in the wide regions north and south of Lake Superior, etc. He spoke the English and Indian languages with as much ease as his mother tongue.

"First the monk, then the priest." In these words a Radical newspaper in Paris sums up the anti-clerical policy of the French Government. M. Combes has driven out the monks, now he is in hand to hand conflict with the secular clergy. With every week, says the "London Catholic Times," the evidence grows more and more clear that the hatred of the anti-clericals will not cease until the Church is destroyed or a counter revolution sweeps them away to their own place.

The few Italian converts to Protestantism contribute in turn a contingent of converts to Catholicism. Cases of this kind have been reported frequently. Again on the feast of St. Michael, Mgr. Gasparri, Archbishop of Caserta received into the Church Signora Cecilia Giuseppina de Gaetano, nee Moitana, of Ogliastra, mother of Signor Arturo De Gaetano, whose conversion to Catholicism took place on May 31st last. Signora De Gaetano is the widow of a Baptist minister of Ogliastra; her son was, until his conversion, a Baptist minister of Palermo.

Minard's Liniment relieves neuralgia.

All Stuffed Up
That's the condition of many sufferers from catarrh, especially in the morning. Great difficulty is experienced in clearing the head and throat.
No wonder catarrh causes headache, impairs the taste, smell and hearing, pollutes the breath, deranges the stomach and affects the appetite.
To cure catarrh, treatment must be constitutional—alterative and tonic.
"I was ill for four months with catarrh in the head and throat. Had a bad cough and raised blood. I had become discouraged when my husband bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and persuaded me to try it. I advise all to take it. It has cured and built me up." Mrs. Hiram Robinson, West Lincoln, N. S.
Hood's Sarsaparilla
Cures catarrh—it soothes and strengthens the mucous membrane and builds up the whole system.

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Call early and get best selection.
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Manufacturers and Importers
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Headstones
In all kinds of Marble,
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We have a nice assortment of finished work on hand. See us or write us before you place your order.

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We want to tell you that you can get better value for your money here than in any other store in Charlottetown. We give the highest

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We give good, fresh Groceries. We give our customers good attention. We deliver all goods at train, steamboats, or anywhere you require inside the city limits. We want you to give us an order.

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