

The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 6, 1901.

Vol. XXX, No. 10

Calendar for March, 1901.

MOON'S CHANGES.
Full Moon, 5th, 4h. 4m. m.
Last Quarter, 13th, 5h. 5m. m.
New Moon, 20th, 5h. 5m. m.
First Quarter, 26th, 12h. 39m. evg.

Day of Week	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
1 Friday	6 38	5 46	9 09	20 11			
2 Saturday	38	47	9 58	21 12			
3 Sunday	34	40	10 37	22 08			
4 Monday	32	50	11 14	23 02			
5 Tuesday	28	55	11 47	23 56			
6 Wednesday	25	53	12 18				
7 Thursday	26	54	0 33	12 47			
8 Friday	24	56	1 08	13 14			
9 Saturday	22	57	1 41	13 40			
10 Sunday	20	58	2 16	14 05			
11 Monday	18	6	2 58	14 30			
12 Tuesday	16	1	3 41	15 00			
13 Wednesday	14	3	4 24	15 25			
14 Thursday	12	4	5 09	16 00			
15 Friday	11	5	5 57	16 30			
16 Saturday	9	6	6 48	17 00			
17 Sunday	8	7	7 42	17 30			
18 Monday	5	9	8 40	18 00			
19 Tuesday	3	11	9 42	18 30			
20 Wednesday	1	12	10 48	19 00			
21 Thursday	59	13	11 58	19 30			
22 Friday	57	15	0 30	20 00			
23 Saturday	55	16	1 13	20 30			
24 Sunday	53	17	2 02	21 00			
25 Monday	51	19	2 55	21 30			
26 Tuesday	49	20	3 54	22 00			
27 Wednesday	47	21	5 07	22 30			
28 Thursday	45	22	6 24	23 00			
29 Friday	43	24	7 47	23 30			
30 Saturday	42	25	9 16	24 00			
31 Sunday	40	27	10 51	24 30			

"Imitation is the Sincerest Form of Flattery."

The best proof that MINARD'S LINIMENT has extraordinary merits, and is in good repute with the public, is, that IT IS EXTENSIVELY IMITATED. The imitations resemble the genuine article in appearance only. They lack the general excellence of the Genuine. This notice is necessary, as injurious and dangerous imitations liable to produce chronic inflammation of the skin, are often substituted for MINARD'S LINIMENT by Dealers, because they pay a larger profit. They all Sell on the Merits and advertising of MINARD'S. One in particular claiming to be made by a former proprietor of MINARD'S LINIMENT, which simply is a lie. INSIST UPON HAVING MINARD'S LINIMENT, MADE BY C. C. RICHARD'S & CO., YARMOUTH, N. S.

We will move towards Gordon & McLellan's WHEN WE WANT OUR CLOTHES MADE THEN WE WILL BE SURE OF Getting a Good Fit.

Do not compare the generality of Suits to that made by Gordon & McLellan. The difference is the same that night is to daylight. Ours is elegant, superb, the masterpiece of perfection. Suits and Overcoats Made by Experts. GORDON & McLELLAN, Men's Outfitters.

"We treat you white, wherever you may hail from." Grocery Satisfaction

In this store means something more than simply LOW PRICES. It means strictly high-class goods—the guaranteed kinds. It means prompt attention, quick delivery. It stands for all you can possibly expect, from the best Grocery Store you ever heard of. Everything guaranteed to be the best of its kind.

Our Tea pleases many. It will please you. Driscoll & Hornsby, Queen Street.

WE ARE IN THE Monumental Business

We devote all our time and energies to this line only. We employ tradesmen who thoroughly understand their business—some of them having served their time with the old reliable firm of Cairns & McFadyen. Proportion is one of the most particular branches of our trade; without it a Monument cannot look well. This is one of the places where some competitors are continually going astray. We do not import condemned stock full of cracks and stains because it is cheap, but we pay the right price and get the right goods.

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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

A BAD CATHOLIC.

A MEDITATION FOR LENT.

[By how many] a Catholic have the very mercies of God been perverted to his [own] ruin! He has rested on the Sacraments, without caring to have the proper dispositions for attending them. At one time he had lived in neglect of religion altogether; but there was a date when he felt a wish to set himself right with his Maker; so he began, and has continued ever since, to go to Confession and Communion at convenient intervals. He comes again and again to the Priest; he goes through his sins; the Priest is obliged to take his account of them, which is a very defective account, and sees no reason for not giving him absolution. He is absolved, as far as words can absolve him; he comes again to the Priest when the season comes round; again to confess, and again he has the form pronounced over him. He falls sick, he receives the last Sacraments; he receives the last rites of the Church, and he is lost. He is lost, because he has never really turned his heart to God; or, if he had some poor measure of contrition for a while, it did not last beyond his first or second confession. He soon taught himself to come to the Sacraments without any contrition at all; he deceived himself, and left out his principal and most important sins. Somehow he deceived himself into the notion that they were not sins, or not mortal sins; for some reason or other he was silent, and his confession became as defective as his contrition. Yet this scanty show of religion was sufficient to soothe and stupefy his conscience; so he went on year after year, never making a good confession, communicating in mortal sin, till he fell ill; and then, I say, the viaticum and holy oil were brought to him, and he committed sacrilege for the last time, and so he went to his God. Oh, what a moment for the poor soul when it comes to itself, and finds itself suddenly before the judgment-seat of Christ! Oh, what a moment, when, breathless with the journey, and dizzy with the brightness, and overwhelmed with the strangeness of what is happening to him, and unable to realize where he is, the sinner hears the voice of the accusing spirit, bringing up all the sins of his past life, which he has forgotten, or which he has explained away, which he would not allow to be sins, though he suspected they were; when he hears him detailing all the meritorious of God which he has despised, all His warnings which he has set at naught, all his judgments which he has outlived; when that evil one follows out into detail the growth and progress of a lost soul—how it expanded and was confirmed in sin, how it budded forth into leaves and flowers, grew into branches, and ripened into fruit, till nothing was wanted for its full condemnation! And oh! still more terrible, still more distracting, when the Judge speaks, and consigns it to the jailers, till it pays the endless debt that lies against it! "Impossible, I a lost soul! I separated from hope and peace forever! It is not I of whom the Judge so speaks! There is a mistake somewhere; Christ, Saviour, hold Thy hand,—one minute to explain it! What? hopeless pain! for me! impossible, it shall not be!" And the poor soul struggles and wrestles in the grasp of the mighty demon, which has hold of it, and whose every touch is torment. "Oh, atrocious!" it shrieks in agony, and in anger too, as if the very fierceness of the infliction were a proof of its injustice. "A second! and a third! I can bear no more! stop, horrible fiend, give over; I am a man, and not such as thou! I am not food for thee, or sport for thee! I never was in hell as thou; I have not on me the smell of fire, nor the taint of the charnel-house! I know what human feelings are; I have been taught religion; I have had a conscience; I have a cultivated mind; I am well

versed in science and art; I have been refined by literature; I have had an eye for the beauties of nature; I am a philosopher, or a poet, or a shrewd observer of men, or a hero, or a statesman, or an orator, or a man of wit and humor. Nay, —I am a Catholic; I am not an ungenerous Protestant; I have received the grace of the Redeemer; I have attended the Sacraments for years; I have been a Catholic from a child; I am a son of the Martyrs; I died in communion with the Church; nothing, nothing which I have ever been, which I have ever seen, bears any resemblance to thee, save to the flame and stench, which exhale from thee so I defy thee, and abjure thee, O enemy of man! Alas! poor soul; and whilst it thus fights with that destiny which it has brought upon itself, and with those companions whom it has chosen, the man's name perhaps is solemnly chanted forth, and his memory decently cherished among his friends on earth. His readiness in speech, his fertility in thought, his sagacity, or his wisdom, are not forgotten. Men talk of him from time to time; they appeal to his authority; they quote his words; perhaps they even raise a monument to his name, or write his history. "So comprehensive a mind! such a power of throwing light on a perplexed subject, and bringing conflicting ideas or facts into harmony!" "Such a speech it was that he made on such and such an occasion; I happened to be present, and never shall forget it," or, "It was the saying of a very sensible man," or, "A great personage, whom some of us knew," or, "It was a rule with a very worthy and excellent friend of mine, now no more," or, "Never was his equal in society, so just in his remarks, so versatile, so unobtrusive," or, "I was fortunate to see him once when a boy," or, "So great a benefactor to his country and to his kind," "His discoveries so great," or, "His philosophy so profound," "Oh, vanity! vanity of vanities, all is vanity! What profited it! What profited it! His soul is in hell. Oh, ye children of men, while thus ye speak, his soul is in the beginning of those torments in which his body will soon have part, and which will never die.—Newman's Discourse to Mixed Congregations.

INTERESTING HAPPENINGS The World Over.

It is well known that King Edward VII. was baptized with water from the Jordan, but the fact that it came through Catholic hands may be news to many. The Very Rev. A. J. Canon Sooles, of Yeovil, son of the late J. J. Sooles, has the copy of the "Morning News" of January 25, 1842, in which the following occurs: About two months ago Mr. Soholes, the architect, of Argyle place, forwarded to Buckingham Palace a bottle containing water from the river Jordan to be used in the baptismal ceremony of the Prince of Wales. The water was taken from the river by Mr. Sooles in the year 1825 while pursuing his professional studies in the East, and when sent to the palace was clear and sweet, although so many years have elapsed since it was sealed up.

The Benedictines have suffered a serious loss through the death of Father Cristofori, procurator general, who resided in the celebrated abbey of S. Paolo fuori le Mura, Rome. He was a brother of Cardinal Cristofori, who died in 1891. The cause of beatification of the ecclesiastics who were massacred in Paris in September, 1793, is, it is reported, about to be introduced at Rome.

FINED FOR SELLING ALUM BAKING POWDER.

At Bradford, on Thursday, Walter E. Sugden, grocer, Wakefield road, Bradford, was summoned for selling adulterated baking powder. Mr. Herbert Hankinson, deputy town clerk, who prosecuted, said the inspector called at the defendant's shop and purchased samples of baking powder. There were two kinds on sale. The article described as the best was sold at 2d. for four ounces, and the cheaper kind was sold at 2d. for half a pound. The cheaper sample when analysed was found to be adulterated with 20 per cent. of alum. The use of alum in making bread was injurious to health, and it was used as a cheap substitute for tartaric acid. Alum in bread liberated the gas and made the bread rise, but it was injurious to children. The Bradford Corporation were determined to put a stop to these adulterations, which pressed especially hard upon the poor. The defendant said that he purchased the baking powder ready made up in packets, and did not know that it was adulterated. A fine of £2 and costs was imposed.—London Grocer, Dec. 15.

BENEDICTION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

The Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is one of the simplest rites of the Church. The priest enters and kneel down; one of them unlocks the Tabernacle, takes out the Blessed Sacrament; inserts it upright in a Monstrance of precious metal, and sets it in a conspicuous place above the altar, in the midst of lights, for all to see. The people then begin to sing; meanwhile the Priest twice offers incense to the King of heaven, before whom he is kneeling. Then he takes the Monstrance in his hands, and turning to the people blesses them with the Most Holy, in the form of a cross, while the bell is sounded by one of the attendants to call attention to the ceremony. It is our Lord's solemn benediction of His people, as when He lifted up his hands over the children, or when He blessed His chosen ones, when He ascended up from Mount Olivet. As some might come before a parent before going to bed at night, so once or twice a week, the great Catholic family comes before the eternal Father, after the bustle or toil of the day, and He smiles upon them, and sheds upon them the light of His countenance. It is a full ac-

complishment of what the Priest invoked upon the Lilies, "The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord show His face to thee, and have mercy on thee; the Lord turn His countenance to thee and give thee peace." Can there be a more touching rite, even in the judgment of those who do not believe in it? How many a man, not a Catholic, is moved, on seeing it, to say, "Oh, that I did but believe it!" when he sees the Priest take up the Font of Mercy, and the people bent low in adoration! It is one of the most beautiful, natural, and soothing sections of the Church.—Newman's Present Position of Catholicism.

INTERESTING HAPPENINGS The World Over.

Pope Leo XIII. has just given a remarkable proof of his good will to the Archdiocese of Bologna. He has presented to the metropolitan church of that archdiocese the golden obelisk offered to him by the Catholic world to be used by him in the celebration of the first Mass of the twentieth century, which he celebrated at the very turning point of the two centuries in his private chapel in the Vatican. A Bologna journal writes that the gift is splendid on account of the precious nature of the metal and its artistic exquisiteness of form, but it is still more splendid for its value as a memorial, "as having served in the hands of the august Visor of Jesus Christ to offer the first divine sacrifice of the new century. From Bologna went forth the first thought of that solemn homage to Jesus Christ the Redeemer and to His Visor from which came afterward the idea of the obelisk. At Bologna the sacred gift was designed and completed, and to Bologna, then, the Holy Father has desired that it should return and there stay as a pledge of his august clemency and of his benevolence to that city." The people of Bologna are proud of the gift, and their gratitude to His Holiness finds eloquent expression.

The Italian anti-clerical press is trying hard to make its readers believe that Verdi was an enemy of religion, says the Rome correspondent of the "London Catholic Times." Nothing could be more false. The great composer, like all truly great men, was a deeply religious man, as his words, his actions and the inspired nature of his sacred music itself amply prove. In his will Verdi perhaps suspecting that an attempt would be made to bury him without the august rites of the Church in which he was born and in the arms of which he died a Christian death, expressly stipulated that his funeral should be as simple as possible, but that he should be accompanied to his last resting place by two priests. And when he erected his famous hospital, Verdi confided it to the Sisters of Charity, of whose piety and glorious abnegation he always spoke with enthusiasm. "They are not women," he wrote to a friend at Piacenza, "but angels. They are the heroines of self-sacrifice. Wherever their white 'coiffe' appears, pain is calmed and anguish soothed." On another occasion he deeply offended the house surgeon by remarking to him in his usual blunt manner that he thought the chaplain and the Sisters of Charity did more good to the patients than all his science. Although the Freemasons once attempted to claim him as one of their dark brotherhood, Verdi immediately gave them the lie, proclaiming his Catholic principles in a letter to the press.

All Barcelona will rejoice that Dr Morgades, the late Bishop, is to be succeeded in the see by another of its sons, who, although a prince of the Church, is of very humble parents—Cardinal Casanas, Prince-Bishop of Urgel. His Eminence was left an orphan at a very early age by the death of his parents. He found in the chapter of Barcelona good friends, who took charge of him and watched over him during his college course until he attained the dignity of the priesthood. Afterwards his progress, step by step, in his native city was the delight of his reverend patrons, till he became what he is now, the most popular of prelates and the most revered of Spanish Cardinals.

Tonight

If your liver is out of order, causing Biliousness, Sick Headache, Heartburn, or Constipation, take a dose of Hood's Pills

Hood's Pills

On retiring, and tomorrow your digestive organs will be regulated and you will be bright, active and ready for any kind of work. This has been the experience of others; it will be yours. HOOD'S PILLS are sold by all medicine dealers. 25 cts.

Father Cenozo, S. J., rector of the "Casa Residencia," Malaga, Spain, is dead. He was the founder of the present Jesuit Missionary College of Jerez de la Frontera, Archbishop of Seville, as well as of that of Malaga, in each of which places he held the position of superior. In the obituary list of the month may also be found that of Father Francisco Palan, S. J., who died at an advanced age in the College of S. Ignatius, situated in the beautiful suburbs of Sarra, quite close to Barcelona. A native of the Diocese of Girona, he entered at an early age "La Compania," and in its ranks served many years beneath an African sun. On his return to Spain no figure was better known than Father Palan in Velez, Tarragona and Barcelona. He was as humble as a child, ever showing the meekness of a true disciple of Jesus Christ.

The Rome correspondent of the "London Catholic Times" writes: "The Holy Father will hold a consistory in the first half of the month of March, when the oft-deferred creation of new Cardinals will take place. The vacancies in the Sacred College being now abnormally numerous, amounting to nearly one-fourth of the plenim, or full number, it is expected that the list of new Porporati will be longer than is usually the case. Besides the Papal majordomo, Mgr. Della Valle, the Archbishop of Florence, Mgr. Mistrangelo, and the substitute to the Secretaryship of State, Mgr. Tripodi, it is now almost certain that the Very Rev. Father Hildebrand de Hampton, prior general of the Benedictine Order, will receive the purple, as the Holy Father has more than once expressed the wish that each of the great monastic orders should have a representative in the Sacred College."

Father Zoncada died suddenly in the pulpit some days ago whilst preaching at Borghetto Lodigiano in Italy. He had been parish priest there for forty years.

Rev. P. T. Butler, for thirty-two years pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Chicago, died on the night of January 26. In the performance of his duties the Sunday previous Father Butler became chilled, contracted a cold which developed into pneumonia, and this, with other disorders he had been afflicted with, caused his death. For four days he had been kept alive with oxygen and strychnine. Father Butler was born in Limerick, Ireland, in 1839, and was one of three brothers chosen for orders by his parents. He received his rudimentary education in the Christian Brothers' school in Limerick and later attended All Hallows Missionary College in Dublin. After his studies in Ireland he went to the Propaganda in Rome, where the course was completed, and he was ordained in 1864. After a short visit to his home he came to this country, and arrived in Chicago in 1865. In 1869 Father Butler succeeded his brother, the Right Rev. Thaddeus J. Butler, D. D., in the pastorate of the Church of the Immaculate Conception. In twenty years he is said not to have been absent from his pastorate, and his acts of charity during that period have been manifold.

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Minar's Liniment relieves Distemper.

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