

The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES

CHARLOTTETOWN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1915

VOL. XLIV, NO. 89

SHOES

The home of good shoes is a shoe store for everybody to-day. We believe we can meet and satisfy the special requirements of every foot that comes to us. The right shoe for different purposes and the best shoe for different prices. That's the endeavor and the achievement of the shoe store. Make us prove it. We can and will.

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Synopsis of Canadian North-West Land Regulations

Any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within five miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 20 acres, wholly owned and occupied by himself or his wife, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter section alongside his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre.

Duties—Must reside upon the homestead or pre-emption six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required a homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a probated homestead in certain districts. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$20.00.

W. W. COOY, Deputy Minister of the Interior



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 22nd Oct. 1915, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week over Rural Mail Route No. 1 from Cornwall, P. E. Island from the Postmaster General's (lesser) Printed notice containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen, and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office at Cornwall and at the office of the Post Office Inspector, Ottawa.

Fire Insurance

Possibly from an oversight you have not put up insuring, or placing additional insurance to adequately protect yourself against loss by fire.

ACT NOW—CALL UP DEBOIS BROS., Charlottetown. Water Street, Phone 521. June 30, 1915-3m.

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Canadian Government Railways.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE IN EFFECT SEPTEMBER 27th, 1915.

Table with 4 columns: Trains Outward, Read Down (P.M., Noon, A.M.), ATLANTIC STANDARD TIME, Trains Inward, Read Up (A.M., P.M., P.M., A.M.). Rows include stations like Charlottetown, Hunter River, Emerald Jet, Kensington, Summerside, Port Hill, O'Leary, Alberton, Tignish, Mt. Stewart, Cardigan, Montague, Georgetown, Vernon River, Murray Harbor.

On Prayer and Prayer Books

We have not been surprised, writes Cardinal Wiseman in his essays on Various Subjects in his that, in later years, there should have prevailed a much greater use than formerly, of the missal as a prayer-book, and that even it should be found expedient to print, in other books of devotion, the ordinary of the Mass. This feeling, on the part of the faithful, shows the sense of the superiority of the Church prayers over any substitutes for them.

Nor in fact, can any human genius hope to attain their beauty and sublimity. In these two qualities, the Mass differs from all other offices in a remarkable manner. It has not merely flights of eloquence and poetry strikingly displayed in particular prayers, but it is sustained throughout in the higher sphere, to which its divine purpose naturally raises it.

If we examine each prayer separately, it is perfect; perfect in construction, perfect in thought, and perfect in expression. If we consider the manner in which they are brought together, we are struck with the brevity of each, with the sudden but beautiful transitions, and the almost stanza-like effect with which they succeed one another, forming a lyrical composition of surpassing beauty.

If we take the entire service, as a whole, it is constructed with the most admirable symmetry, proportioned in its parts with perfect judgment, and so exquisitely arranged, as to excite and preserve an unbroken interest in the sacred action.

No doubt, to give full force and value to this sacred rite, its entire ceremonial is to be considered. The assistants, with their noble vestments, the chant, the incense, the more varied ceremonies which belong to a solemn Mass, are all calculated to increase veneration and admiration. But still the essential beauties remain, whether the holy rite be performed under the golden vault of St. Peter's, with all the pomp and circumstance befitting its celebration by the sovereign pontiff, or in a wretched wigwag, erected in haste by some poor savages for their missionary.

What can be more appropriate than the opening psalm and humble confession of sin by priest and people, the former yet standing at a distance from the altar, feeling himself unworthy to approach! Then comes the Introit, which seems intended to be the keynote to the whole service; which, being one in its essence, yet adapts itself to all our wants; whether of propitiation or of evils to be averted or blessings to be gained. Sometimes this introductory verse is loud and joyous—"Gaudemus omnes in Domino," (Let us all rejoice in the Lord); sometimes low and plaintive—"Miserere mihi, Domine quoniam tribulor," (Have mercy on me, O Lord, in my distress); in the Paschal solemnity, the Alleluia rings through it all, like a peal of cheerful bells; in Passion time, even the "Gloria Patri" is silent, and it falls melancholy and dull; when a saint is commemorated, the nature of his virtues and his triumphs is at once proclaimed; if it be a festival of Our Lord, the mystery which it celebrates is solemnly announced.

The choral, thus struck at the opening of the service, returns at given intervals, as if to keep up the tone throughout. At the Gradual, the Offertory, and the Communion, the verses read are in perfect harmony with it; and having, moreover, a corresponding and even deeper echo in the Collects, Gospel and Preface, one feeling is preserved suited to the devotion which the liturgy, in its essence and main purposes invariably, is intended secondarily to excite.

The "Kyrie Eleison"—that cry for mercy, which is to be found in every liturgy of East and West—seems introduced as if to give grander effect to the outburst of

joy and praise which succeeds it, in the "Gloria in excelsis"; it is a deepening of our humiliation, that our triumph may be better felt. That hymn itself is full of beauties; the best demonstration of which is, that no composition ever lent itself more perfectly to the musician's skill; none ever afforded better play to the rich and rapid succession of every mode, gay and grave; none better supplied the slow and entreating cadence, or the full and powerful chorus. In the simple Gregorian chant, or in the pure religious harmonies of Palestrina, it is truly the "Hymn of Angels."

We should for ourselves wholly surrender to the task of pointing out the excellence of the prayers which occupy the essential portion of the liturgy, from the Offertory to the end. It has often struck us, that one single word could not be changed to advantage in any one of them; that there is more meaning compressed into a small space than in almost any other composition which we know; and that everything is said which could be required or desired.

All the prayers connected with the Offertory are remarkably short; but they are full of vigour and of feeling; there is in them a most heavenly and sublime simplicity, a mild and tender pathos. When the priest having completed his oblation, bows himself down upon the altar, and humbles himself in contrition of heart, as unworthy of his ministry, then with a noble confidence rises erect, lifts his hands and eyes to heaven, and solemnly invokes the God who dwells there saying: "Veni Sanctificator, omnipotens aeternus Deus," (Come, O Sanctifier, Almighty everlasting God and in His name blesses the sacred gift—there is an awful grandeur in the rite; an assurance of its efficacy in heaven as on earth. It seems as though the priest instantly retired, in order to make way for him whom he had so powerfully called down to bless his offering, and went to seek still greater purity of hands and heart, so to return to his ministrations more worthy to "hear the words of praise" which the church, in concert with holy angels, is about to sing in her hosannas. The preface are all perfect in substance and in form; there could not be a more splendid introduction, with the hymn which closes them, to the divine rite that follows.

Here we must pause: because the subject becomes too sacred for our pen; the ground upon which we are about to tread is holy, and the shoes must be loosed from the feet of him who will venture upon it. To speak worthily on it, requires language and a mood far removed from the humble office which we are exercising. We stated at the outset, that we were not going to read a homily upon prayer, but only to act the ungrateful part of critics. We therefore content ourselves with saying, that those who wish to learn how prayers may or should be composed, should meditate long and deeply upon these apostolic prayers, which have nothing beyond them save God's inspired word.

Bishop Racicot Dead

The Right Reverend Zotique Racicot, Titular Bishop of Poggia and Auxiliary to the Most Reverend Archbishop Bruchesi of Montreal died on September 14 after a long illness at the Hospice Drapau at St. Therese de Blainville, Quebec, Can., an institution in charge of the Sisters of Charity of Providence. Monsignor Racicot was born at Sault An Recollet, Quebec, in 1845 and was ordained on November 6, 1870. He was consecrated Titular Bishop of Poggia on May 3, 1905, and five years later retired on account of ill health.

Priest Contracts Leprosy

The Mindanao Herald, Mindanao, Philippine Islands, of July 10, 1915, has the following item: "In our last number we stated that telegraphic information had

been received that Father Tarrago, chaplain of the leper colony, Island of Cullion, Philippine Islands, had contracted that dreadful maldy, leprosy. In the Manila newspapers received today, we find further mention of this matter. The publication refers to Rev. Jose Tarrago, a member of the Society of Jesus, who is a native of the city of Tarragona, Spain, who for the last five years has served as chaplain of the leper colony. The disease had just begun to manifest itself and the director of public health has ordered that he be isolated and subjected to the treatment formulated by Dr. Morosco, and that every effort be made to isolate him."

The Eucharistic Propaganda Adoration

There is one surpassing good in our lives, and that is our Catholic Faith; from it all other good radiates; to it, as to its source, all else ascends. Yet are we ever, as we logically ought to be, consciously, wildly, almost uncontrollably glad of being Catholics? Does our Faith ever so grip us that our very being simply tingles with the vast joy of being in God's true Church, with a holy elation of humble superiority that we are of the true fold of the great "Chief Shepherd?" Or does this stupendous grace allways and unvaryingly remain unnoticed, matter-of-course fact of our all too ordinary lives? Of all else we are glad—of riches, of health, of loved ones; we are glad of life of life's passing, fading, shadowy realities.

Are we ever madly happy in owning life's one reality? Is there ever a "Thank God" that rushes forth immensely from our inmost being that we know God the Father, and God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, Three yet One, eternal, omniscient, omnipresent; that we have knelt beside the midnight crib, and called an Infant of an hour's span our God, and stood beneath the midday darkened Cross, and adored the shattered Man of Sorrows, Mary, our Mother, we know, and all her gracious love these buried years, and are we glad, "real glad" of it, with the simple, untellable gladness of a child for Mother's presence? The saints of God are our victorious brethren, and the angels of God our sentinels, whose eyes never close in sleep, the Holy Scriptures are the thoughtful letters from our own God Father, letters as really and truly from Him as the thin missive sent us from those we love this side the grave.

And the great wide circle of the Church of God, girdling the world, unyielding as the everlasting hills, it is ours, its tapers and its myriad gusts of song and are we glad? Oh, yes, we trust we are, at times so very grandly glad! But best of all, highest of all, as we kneel in silent adoration, before our Eucharistic God, Jesus Christ, our Eldost Brother, still resident on earth, does a strong, big wave of happiness flood each nook and cranny of our being, that to us, despite the black ungrateful past, to us despite the sins high-heaped of years, our God's veiled presence is unveiled, pierced through and through by Faith's unimpeded light. Does a fierce shudder ever run through us as we catch a glimpse of life's desert waste were we orphaned of His Sacred Presence? Think what a day that would be wherein we trod our way amid the crowded streets and hurried along the quiet lanes, and going into every Church gazed up to every sanctuary lamp and found them all in darkness; and looked into every tabernacle and saw them emptied of their Treasure. Life would be chilled in our veins, life would not be worth its constant fight. For Jesus would be gone. My God, the vastness of it all! Whence all this wonderful goodness to us, your faithless creatures, to me, faithless among the faithless? Oh the huge joy of it all—to be a Catholic! To be far withdrawn from the blind gropings of darkened infidelity and to

Many Troubles Arise From Wrong Action Of The Liver.

Unless the liver is working properly you may look forward to a great many troubles arising such as biliousness, constipation, heartburn, the rising and souring of food which leaves a nasty taste in the mouth, sick headache, jaundice, etc.

Mr. Howard Newcomb, Pleasant Harbor, N.S., writes: "I have had sick headache, been bilious, and have had pains after eating and was also troubled with a bad taste in my mouth every morning. I used four vials of your Milburn's Liver Pills, and they cured me. The best advice I was given was not to eat fatty food."

be housed safe in Father's house and greatest of joys, to meet there our own Brother, Jesus Christ, Thy Son, to know that He is ever "at home," to know that we may hasten along the still unlighted way before the break of morn, that we may brave the sun's high rays, that we may steel amid the lengthening shadows of evening—and always find Him in His tabernacle—home! Oh what happiness in God's own Home!

BEWARE OF WORMS.

Don't let worms gnaw at the vitals of your children. Give them Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and they'll soon be rid of these parasites. Price 25c.

Youth comes but once in a lifetime; therefore let us so enjoy it as to be still young when we are old.—Longfellow.

MINARD'S LIMENT CURES DISTEMPER.

"The lawyers can't split hairs over that case."
"Why not?"
"Nothing in it but the bald facts."

A SENSIBLE MERCHANT

Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders give women prompt relief from monthly pains, and leave no bad after effects what ever. Be sure you get Milburn's price 25 and 50 cts.

MINARD'S LIMENT CURES DIPHTHERIA.

He was one of those young men given to the use of stale slang. At the breakfast table, desiring the milk he exclaimed: "Chase the cow down this way, please."
"Here, Jane," said the landlady, "take the cow down to where the calf is bawling."

Could Not Read Down On Account of Backache.

Mr. J. A. Lubinski, Duxbury, Mass., writes: "It is my pleasure to write you in regard to Deane's Kidney Pills which I have been using for some time for kidney trouble, which used to affect my back so that at times I could not bend down, nor could I walk straight. I had about your pills from your Almonaco, and I mean the biggest box I thought of buying this medicine. One time a druggist persuaded me to buy Deane's Kidney Pills, saying they were just as good, in fact he said they were better. I yielded to his advice, and what was the result? I had walking down stairs to my back for two days, so I took the balance of the pills unused to the druggist, and told him to give me Deane's Kidney Pills as they would stop the pain in 15 hours at the outside. He told me he was sorry I did not use more of the pills, and lengthen the time to wait results. I told him there is no need of waiting with Deane's Pills, they go right to the spot. No substitute for me."
"Deane's Kidney Pills are 50c a box, 2 boxes for \$1.25, all dealers or mail direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Can. When ordering direct specify "Deane's."

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