

Calendar for Sept. 1906.

Moon's Phases.

Full Moon 2d, 6h. 36m. p. m.
Last Quarter 13d. 3h. 54m. p. m.
New Moon 18d. 7h. 33m. a. m.
First Quarter 25d. 1h. 11m. a. m.

D	Day	Sun	Moon	High	Low
M	Week	Rises	Sets	Water	Water
1	Sat	5 37 53	3 56	8 19	9 47
2	Sun	5 38 53	3 56	8 19	9 47
3	Mon	5 39 53	3 56	8 19	9 47
4	Tue	5 40 53	3 56	8 19	9 47
5	Wed	5 41 53	3 56	8 19	9 47
6	Thu	5 42 53	3 56	8 19	9 47
7	Fri	5 43 53	3 56	8 19	9 47
8	Sat	5 44 53	3 56	8 19	9 47
9	Sun	5 45 53	3 56	8 19	9 47
10	Mon	5 46 53	3 56	8 19	9 47
11	Tue	5 47 53	3 56	8 19	9 47
12	Wed	5 48 53	3 56	8 19	9 47
13	Thu	5 49 53	3 56	8 19	9 47
14	Fri	5 50 53	3 56	8 19	9 47
15	Sat	5 51 53	3 56	8 19	9 47
16	Sun	5 52 53	3 56	8 19	9 47
17	Mon	5 53 53	3 56	8 19	9 47
18	Tue	5 54 53	3 56	8 19	9 47
19	Wed	5 55 53	3 56	8 19	9 47
20	Thu	5 56 53	3 56	8 19	9 47
21	Fri	5 57 53	3 56	8 19	9 47
22	Sat	5 58 53	3 56	8 19	9 47
23	Sun	5 59 53	3 56	8 19	9 47
24	Mon	6 00 53	3 56	8 19	9 47
25	Tue	6 01 53	3 56	8 19	9 47
26	Wed	6 02 53	3 56	8 19	9 47
27	Thu	6 03 53	3 56	8 19	9 47
28	Fri	6 04 53	3 56	8 19	9 47
29	Sat	6 05 53	3 56	8 19	9 47
30	Sun	6 06 53	3 56	8 19	9 47

Far Away.

By Dr. George Storer.

As chimneys that flow o'er the shining seas
When morn'g lights on meads of May,
Painful voices fill the western breeze
With wailing songs from Far-Away.
Oh, dear the dells of Dunmore,
A home is odorous honey,
But sweet as honey, running o'er,
The golden shore of Far-Away!
There grows the tree whose summer breath
Perfumes with joy the azure air;
And he who feels it fears not death,
Nor longer heeds the bounds of Care.
Oh, soft the skies of Seakmore,
And mild in meadow Mellary,
But sweet as honey, running o'er,
The golden shore of Far-Away!
There rises the Voice whose wondrous tune
Falls like diamond showers above
That in the radiant day of June
Renew a sense of youth and love.
Oh, fair the fogs of Farramore,
And bright is billowy Ballintrae;
But sweet as honey, running o'er,
The golden shore of Far-Away!
Come, fragrance of the flowering tree,
Oh, sing, sweet bird, thy magic lay,
Till all the world be young with me,
And love shall lead us far away.
Oh, dear the dells of Dunmore,
A home is odorous honey,
But sweet as honey, running o'er,
The golden shore of Far-Away.

Abuses of Prosperity.

(From the Catholic Universe.)

When we consider the effect of a little worldly success on many Catholics, it seems almost a pity that the Church in this country is so rapidly emerging from that phase of its struggle for foothold when the great majority of its children were hewers of wood and drawers of water.
The prosperous Catholic, unfortunately, is not often so representative a specimen of his faith as his poorer brother. Ease and wealth always develop their own vices, and Catholics who achieve prosperity are not, it seems, more impervious than others to the temptations to arrogance, idleness and self-sufficiency which it invites.
This is especially true of Catholic women. The changes in the manner of life which easy circumstances make possible chiefly affect the women, and in all ages of the world's history women have been the creators of social conditions and distinctions. Their position as custodians of the home makes them the principal benefactors of wealth. The rich man may have to labor as hard as the poor man. It is his wife, in the matter of leisure and opportunity at least, who profits most by his acquisitions.
The necessity of labor has never been such a curse to the race as the opportunity for idleness, and the Catholic woman with means enough to delegate her duties to others soon develops the petty vices of her class. Having nothing to fill time worthily, she seeks pastime—the demoralizing pursuit of pleasure, which achieves only discontent, worldliness and weariness. The habit of gossip, the cultivation of puerile standards of life, the frivolity that breeds irreverence, the social competitions that breed bitterness, the surface living that blinds to all but external values, the absorption of the spiritual in the material, the loss of the balancing sense of responsibility—these are some of the ugly growths of too much leisure, of too much wealth and too little sense of proportion.
The Church, which looks to women as the handmaidens of religion, the priestesses of faith and piety in the world, has a right to expect much from the Catholic

Aching Joints.

In the fingers, toes, arms, and other parts of the body, are joints that are inflamed and swollen by rheumatism—that acid condition of the blood which affects the muscles also.

Sufferers dread to move, especially after sitting or lying long, and their condition is commonly worse in wet weather.

"I suffered dreadfully from rheumatism, but have been completely cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, for which I am deeply grateful." Mrs. Frances Burns, Prescott, Ont.

"I had an attack of the grip which left me weak and helpless, suffering from rheumatism. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and this medicine has entirely cured me. I have no hesitation in saying it saved my life." M. J. McDonald, Trenton, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Removes the cause of rheumatism—no outward application can. Take it.

Woman of leisure. Her opportunities are great, but so far her zeal in the use of them has not been conspicuous. In her gain of means and time and position she seems to lose things of infinitely greater value, to become not only useless for service, but demoralizing as an example.

The Socialist regards as a curse Christ's declaration that the poor we shall have always with us. But when we observe the rich, and realize how fatal are great possessions to the preservation of the virtues that endear man to God and to their fellows, it sometimes seems that the divine word may have been meant as a blessed prophecy. Certainly, adversity often uplifts where prosperity degrades, and it is the poor who sustain the Church with their mites and glorify it with their merits.

His Debt to Canada.

The members of the naval committee of the house of representatives were not so many years ago had a little cruise in the waters of the northern Atlantic. At St. John a stop was made, and there the men from Washington received much attention from the Canadians.

At a dinner one evening the Americans dined with the Canadians in expressions of friendship and comity. Among the speakers was Congressman Capron of Rhode Island, and it was generally agreed that he made the bit of the evening. "Gentlemen," observed Mr. Capron, "it is indeed difficult for me to say anything that at all approaches the cleverness of the speakers preceding me, but I am in deep sympathy with all efforts to strengthen the ties of friendship between our two countries. Personally, I rest under a sense of deep gratitude towards Canadians, especially those of the island. Many years ago there came to my home a girl from Prince Edward Island, and she has ever since remained there to brighten it."

This bit of sentiment from Mr. Capron was greeted by vociferous applause. Clearly the Rhode Islander had surpassed all the others. After the dinner one of Capron's colleagues, well acquainted with him and his family, said:

"Your speech surprised me. I didn't know that your wife was from Prince Edward Island."

"Nor is she," replied Capron; "but our cook came from that place."—New York Sun.

Debt and Taxes.

(Boston Post, August 14th.)

With the new 4 per cent loan which was offered and taken last week, the funded indebtedness of Boston leaps over the hundred million mark. The gross figures stand at \$102,837,106. The accumulations of the sinking funds for the redemption of the city bonds at maturity amount to about \$30,000,000; but as it stands the city of Boston owes \$170 for every man, woman and child in its population.

These figures should give the people of Boston a halt. The city has been driving its team too fast. The ratio of debt to population is too great; to assessed valuation it is oppressive. The aggregate of all property upon which taxes are levied in Boston this year is \$1,289,704,900—hardly more than twelve times the total debt.

The simple fact is that the city of

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In some conditions the gain from the use of Scott's Emulsion is very rapid. For this reason we put up a fifty-cent size, which is enough for an ordinary cough or cold or useful as a trial for babies and children. In other conditions the gain is slower—health cannot be built up in a day. In such cases Scott's Emulsion must be taken as nourishment; a food rather than a medicine. It's a food for tired and weak digestions.

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Boston, like many other cities and many individuals, has been living years beyond its means. It has been borrowing and spending and paying interest, leaving it for those who come after to square the account. In 20 years the municipal debt has grown from \$43,000,000 to \$102,000,000, multiplying almost two and one-half times.

This debt has accumulated not only through expenses controlled by the local authorities, but by authority of the State, often compulsory and in the face of protest from the city. But whatever the cause or combined causes, this debt is a burden upon the people of Boston. It affects the cost of living and the profits of industry. This is shown in the increase of rents of stores and tenements, in the price of food.

It is a serious drawback to enterprise. The item of interest and sinking funds in the tax levy becomes weightier year by year. The reduction of 10 cents in the rate expected to be announced today is not gained by reduced expenditures but by increase in a valuation already large.

It is clearly contrary to all laws of finance and rules of common sense that Boston should go on for another ten years at the present pace without handicapping the city to such an extent as to stant its growth and interfere with its prosperity.

A Prayer for Light and Grace.

From the Bombay Examiner.

Those whose work it is occasional, or regularly to instruct or guide inquirers into the claims of the Church, invariably amongst other advice tell their clients to pray for light to see the truth and grace to follow it. Yet not infrequently it happens that such inquirers are wholly unpractised in prayer, and therefore must be provided with some form of words to use. In many cases where the inquirer is well advanced towards the faith an ordinary Catholic prayer book will not be out of place in his hands; but in case of one who is not as yet prepared to accept Catholic beliefs this will not do. Everywhere he will find such expressions as "I firmly believe all that thy Church teaches"—"Holy Mary, all ye saints and angels pray for us," etc., and other expressions familiar to Catholics, but as yet quite inconsistent with the inquirer's present state of mind. We have looked through several prayer books and failed to find a single prayer entirely suitable for such cases, and others have perhaps experienced the same difficulty. The following, however, seems to hit the mark; it postulates in the inquirer nothing but a belief in God and Christ, faith, charity, contrition and a desire to learn the truth whatever it may be, and to follow it when known:

A PRAYER FOR LIGHT AND GRACE.

O, Almighty and Everlasting God, our Lord and Heavenly Father, look down in mercy upon us for whose sake Thine only begotten Son Jesus Christ became obedient even unto the death of the Cross. Deliver us through His precious blood from the punishment which we have deserved for our sins. Convert our hearts to repentance and amendment of life. Kindle in us the fire of Thy love, and make us seek above all things to do Thy holy will. Give us the grace to know Thee, to hope and trust in Thee and to love Thee above all earthly things. Remove from our minds the mists of doubt and error, so that we may reach the fullness of Thy truth; and from our hearts purge out all desire, except to embrace and follow in all things that which is good and well pleasing to Thee—so that, having passed our lives in obedience to Thy sacred law, we may die in Thy love and Thy grace, and attain to everlasting happiness, through Jesus Christ our Lord Amen.

Then say, "Our Father, who art in heaven," and Glory be to the Father," etc.

Where the Children Haunt the Church.

Writing in the "Nineteenth Century" and after, Rose M. Bradley, Anglican, tells charmingly of the intimate way in which the Italians think and speak of Almighty God, and of the familiar terms upon which the people of Italy and particularly the children, stand towards their Creator. "You England you Protestants," said an old lady to Miss Bradley, "you put on your best clothes and you go to your Church once a week, and their is ended; you have too much respect to be happy. We others in France—well, as we speak 'good God' we are more at home, but in Italy it is God the Father indeed. There, mademoiselle, you will find no reverence as you understand it. The churches are the playgrounds, the nurseries of the children, resting place of the mothers."

The remarks of the French lady, very often repeated to Miss Bradley's mind during her sojourn in Italy, but she declares that she has seldom felt the truth of them more irresistibly than on one occasion in the Cathedral of Siena. She writes it thus: "A service was preceded with some apparent pomp and

ceremony. At all events, the Archbishop was officiating in gorgeous vestments and attended by usual vultures. * * * Near the great west door a baby was making her first valiant essays to walk unassisted, patting noisily with an occasional soft thud as she fell on the wooden covering of the mosaic pavement. In a corner an admiring grandmother muttered absently over her beads, whilst she proudly watched the child's progress.

A few rows of benches in front of the altar were occupied by a handful of women in an attitude of devotion. But upon the front bench was the most genuinely interested member of the congregation. He was an extremely small boy, who might have been five but his pinfold and untidied proclaimed him as older. With breathless attention his keen little eyes followed every movement of the archbishop and his assistants. That he was immensely impressed there could be no doubt, and when the acolyte, not so many years older himself, and perhaps an intimate friend, held up a silken cushion to receive the Archbishop's mitre his feeling got the better of him. Gliding suddenly from his seat, he sped with the heavy-footed side-way gallop peculiar to children, across the steps of the choir and disappeared through a leather covered door, which closed with a bang behind him. In another minute, however, he reappeared dragging by the hand another quite considerably smaller than herself.

Together they returned across the steps, under the very nose of the Archbishop, with a great clatter of stout boots on the marble, but without appearing to attract the smallest notice either from the priests or the congregation. The smaller boy was then carefully hoisted and bumped down upon the bench by his older brother, who scrambled up beside him, and with silent and absorbed concentration they watched the remainder of the ceremony, which had evidently been too fascinating for one unselfish-minded baby to enjoy alone. Well here at all events, the Deo Padre was receiving in his own house a meed of attention which if familiar, was also extremely heartfelt!

How a Cathedral was built.

In August 1830 Bishop Provencher started for the east to collect money for a stone cathedral. After having spent a year and a half in Lower Canada, he embarked in a canoe at Lac-Beauport on April 17, 1832. Thanks to the generous contributions received during his journey, the Bishop hoped to begin immediately the construction of the new cathedral and get the work well in hand before the end of the year. But the only stone masons able to conduct so large an undertaking were engaged by the Hudson Bay Company and the Bishop had to wait till the next year to get masons from Lower Canada. The foundation of the new church was begun only in June, 1833.

It was then very difficult to find skilled or unskilled workmen. Most of the men in the settlement preferred the agreeable and lucrative pursuit of the chase to the hard daily grind of labor. In order to encourage the workmen and hasten on the construction, Bishop Provencher did the most humble and menial work with his own hands. He helped to carry the stone and hoist it up the scaffolding. When a hand-barrow was loaded he would say to two of the men: "You two take one end and I will manage the other alone." For the Bishop was a man of herculean frame and strength.

Central Catholic.

In the first edition of his History of the United States, says the Casket, George Bancroft gave full credit to the Catholics of Maryland; in a subsequent edition he modified his language to please his Protestant readers. On this account, some Catholic writers have felt uncertain what position to take in the matter. From a review in the Antislavery we learn that the latest History to be published does our coreligionists the justice which Bancroft did them in his first edition. The author is Elroy McKendree Avery, and the Antislavery says:

"Dr Avery seems to think that the Plymouth Pilgrims were believers in religious toleration, as; though facts narrated by him decidedly clash with this theory. Undoubtedly the Plymouth colonists were less guilty in the matter of religious persecution than the colonists of Massachusetts Bay, but religious toleration in America was born, as Dr Avery clearly shows, in the Roman Catholic settlement of Maryland."

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Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Items of Interest.

A few days ago, as Cardinal della Voipe was entering the Propaganda, he was assailed by a young man named Brunacci. Brunacci accused the Propaganda of having appropriated the worldly goods of Cardinal Consalvi, which he said was left to the family of the Bunsoci, who were relatives and the rightful heirs of the Cardinal. Cardinal Consalvi died in 1824. Nine times have the Italian courts decided that the Brunacci claim was worthless. As to the whole property. It does not all amount to more than about £1,000 a year, although much of it had been accumulating from 1814 till about 1870, when the Propaganda first came into possession of it. But the journalist, as long as they thought that Brunacci might be able to put some plausible face on his claim, made it over £500,000. The bigger the sum, of course, the bigger the robber the Propaganda would be made to appear.

The Carthusian Monastery of Salanches, France, famous for centuries, has been sold at auction for \$41,000. It is said that the monastery is to be turned into a repository for coal and wood by a merchant of Geneva.

At Bucklost Abbey, England, a letter has been received from Father Anscar, O. S. B., supposed to have been drowned in the wreck of the Sirio near Carthage, along with Right Rev. Abbott Boniface Nattar. "I owe my safety to a very slight cause," writes Father Anscar. "Having received absolution from the abbott and given it to him in turn, I embraced him and said, 'Au revoir, wherever God wills that to be.' I then hastened to that part of the ship where the second and third class passengers were, in order to give them absolution and help them to die well. I had scarcely gone four or five steps—or rather leaps—when the vessel's stern, where the first-class passengers were sunk into the water, and was cleared of everything. I tumbled over the right side of the vessel, which had settled on its flank but managed to catch the cordage and climb up on to the vessel's side again. I could not say how long I stayed there, giving absolution and encouraging every one a little. Of the two Bishops and seven priests, I was the only one left on the ship."

One of the first gifts of the late Mrs. Craigie, after her conversion, was \$5,000 to Westminster Cathedral, a contribution which entitled her to be regarded as a founder.

Very Rev. J. Shannon, P. P., V. F., Knocking County, Permacagh, Ireland, died on August 16th.

If you want anything at any time, and cannot come yourself; just drop us a postal, and we shall be pleased to send you samples and give you any information of any line of goods offered in a first class store like ours. Stanley Bros.

I can fit any Man or Boy out with everything he wants to wear excepting his boots. Don't buy your Fall Overcoat until you see what I am showing.

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Kidney Trouble, no matter of what kind or what stage of the disease, can be quickly and permanently cured by the use of these wonderful pills. Mr. Joseph Leland, Alma, N.W.T., recommends them to all kidney trouble sufferers, when he says: "I was troubled with dull headaches, had frightful dreams, terrible pain in my legs and a frequent desire to urinate. Noticing DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS recommended for just such annoyances as mine, it occurred to me to give them a trial, so I procured a box of them, and was very much surprised at the effectual cure they made. I take a great deal of pleasure in recommending them to all kidney trouble sufferers."

Price 50c. per box, or 3 for \$1.25; all dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A little girl taken to London for the first time, on her return was describing the places she had seen to her friends. One asked: "Did you see the Old Bailey, where they hang the murderers?" "No," replied the girl, "I don't think so, but I saw the Royal Academy, where they hang the artists."—Smiles.

MINARD'S LINIMENT COMPANY, LIMITED.

Dear Sirs,—I had a Bleeding Tumor on my face for a long time and tried a number of remedies without any good results, and I was advised to try MINARD'S LINIMENT, and after using several bottles it made a complete cure, and it healed all up and disappeared altogether.

DAVID HENDERSON.

Belleisle Station, Kings Co., N. B., Sept. 17, 1904.

Sunday School Superintendent.—Fighting again, William Baber! How many times have I told you when struck on the cheek to turn the other cheek to the striker?

William.—Please, sir, 'e 'it me on the nose, and I've only got one.—Smiles.

Mrs. Thos. Tracy, Byndale, Ont., writes: "We have used Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and find it to be better than any other remedy. It is easy for the children to take and always effectual."

"So you can't help stealing?"

said the magistrate kindly.

"No, your honor—an impulse comes over me that I can't resist."

"Too bad, too bad! An impulse to commit you for three months is getting hold of me. There! It's got hold. Three months; can't resist. Impulse is a wonderful thing!"

—Tit Bits.

Don't suffer from Rheumatism this winter Milburn's Rheumatic Pills eliminate every atom of the uric acid poison from the system and give complete relief from pain and suffering.

Green.—Who was it that said "Let me make the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws?"

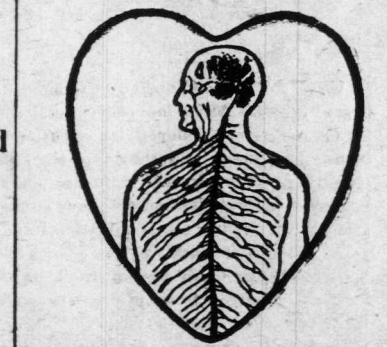
Brown.—I don't know the man's name, but he was a wise guy, all right.

Green.—Because why?

Brown.—Because it is possible to evade the laws, but one can't get away from the songs—especially when they become popular!—Chicago News.

Distress After Eating.

Mrs. P. Waters, Dinton, Ont., writes: "I suffered for five years with pain in the stomach and distress after eating. Doctors failed to cure me, so I tried Laxa-Liver Pills and three bottles of them made a complete cure."

MILBURN'S
Heart and Nerve
Pills.

Are a specific for all heart and nerve troubles. Here are some of the symptoms. Any one of them should be a warning for you to attend to it immediately. Don't delay. Serious breakdown of the system may follow, if you do: Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Distress, Palpitation of the Heart, Shortness of Breath, Rush of Blood to the Head, Smothering and Shaking Spells, Faint and Weak Spells, Spasm or Pain through the Heart; Cold, Clammy Hands and Feet. There may be many minor symptoms of heart and nerve trouble, but these are the chief ones.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will dispel all these symptoms from the system.

Price 50 cents per box, or 3 for \$1.25.

WEAK SPELLS CURED.

Mrs. L. Dorey, Remford, N.S., writes as follows:—"I was troubled with dizziness, weak spells and staggering of the heart. I procured a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and they did me so much good that I got two more boxes and after finishing them I was completely cured. I must say that I cannot recommend them too highly."

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With Your Present Position.

Do you want to earn more money? If so you want to secure a practical business education—a sound training that will fit you for business life. By attending the

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Ch town, P. E. I., July 11th, 1906.

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