

# The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25, 1906

Vol. XXXV, No. 39

## GOOD 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.

## OAK BRAND TEA.

In order to introduce our Oak Brand Tea we will ship and prepay freight to any station or shipping point on P. E. Island an 18 lb. caddie, and if you are not satisfied in every way return at our expense, and we will refund your money. Cut this out and enclose \$4.00 and mail to us.

### McKenna's Grocery,

Box 576, Ch'town, P. E. I.

Enclosed find \$4.00 for which you will send us a caddie of tea as advertised in this paper.

(Sign full name)

(And Address)

## ROBERT PALMER & CO.,

Charlottetown Sash and Door Factory,

Manufacturers of Doors & Frames, Sashes & Frames, Interior 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.

## Custom Tailoring!

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

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

### NEW CLOTHS

For SPRING WEAR. Our Cloths are imported from the very best manufacturers in England, Scotland and Ireland, and include

Worsted, Fancy Suitings,  
Vicunas, Serges,  
Tweeds, Trowserings,  
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,

## Students, Attention!

Rare Chance to Secure a College Education.

We have made arrangements that enable us to place within the reach of a limited number of deserving students, opportunities for securing, on easy terms, a classical or commercial education. A little work during the vacation season will secure this for the one worthily striving for such a boon, but who may not be in possession of sufficient money to realize his heart's desire. The facilities at our disposal enable us to offer a year's board and tuition at

### St. Dunstan's College

to any three young men who will fulfill the necessary, easy conditions required. These may be beginners, or former students of the College who have not been able to complete their course. In addition to this we have at our disposal four scholarships at the

### Union Commercial College

of Charlottetown. A full course in this excellent Commercial College may be won by any four young men or women, in town or country, who will fulfill the easy conditions we require. Whenever anyone satisfies the requirements in either of the cases enumerated he or she will be given a certificate entitling the holder to the educational advantages offered. A rare opportunity is here placed within reach of those desirous of acquiring a good education, and no time should be lost in taking advantage thereof. Only a little work is required in order to secure the coveted boon, and all can easily be accomplished during this summer's vacation, so that the winners may enter either college at the opening of the next academic year.

For particulars apply in person or by letter to the editor of the HERALD, P. O. Box 1288, Charlottetown, P. E. I. June 20, 1906—tf

## Morson & Duffy

Barristers & Attorneys

Brown's Block, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

MONEY TO LOAN.

Solicitors for Royal Bank of Canada

JOHN T. MELLISH, M. A., J. J. D.

BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

Office—London House Bldg.

Collecting, conveying, and all kinds of legal business promptly attended to. Investments made on best security. Money to Loan.

A. A. McLean, K. C. & Donald McKinnon

A. E. McEACHEN,

THE SHOE MAN

QUEEN STREET

Barristers, Attorneys-at-Law.

## E. F. RYAN, B. A.,

BARRISTER & ATTORNEY,

GEORGETOWN, P. E. ISLAND

March 25, 1906.

JOHN T. MELLISH, M. A., J. J. D.

BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

Office—London House Bldg.

Collecting, conveying, and all kinds of legal business promptly attended to. Investments made on best security. Money to Loan.

A. A. McLean, K. C. & Donald McKinnon

A. E. McEACHEN,

THE SHOE MAN

QUEEN STREET

Barristers, Attorneys-at-Law.

### What Does Not Make a Gentleman.

FROM "A GENTLEMAN."

Chewing is a habit that had better be unlearned as soon as possible. It is happily ceasing to be an American vice, and with it will cease the chronic dyspepsia and many of the stomach and throat diseases which have become almost national. Many a man, come to the years of discretion, bitterly regrets that he ever learned to chew tobacco; but he thought once that it was a manly thing, and he learns when too late that the many things would have been to avoid it. Some of you will perhaps remember a fashion boys had—I don't know whether they have it now—of getting tattooed by some expert who practised the art. What pain we suffered while a small star was picked in blue ink at the junction of the thumb with the hand—and how proud we were of a blue anchor printed indelibly on our wrist! But a day came when we should have been glad to have blotted out this insignia with thrice the pain. And so the day will come when the inveterate tobacco-chewer will wish with all his heart that he had never been induced to put a piece of tobacco into his mouth.

Going back to the subject of entertainments, let me impress on you that it is your duty when you go into society to think as little of yourselves as possible, and to talk as little of yourselves. If a man can sing or play on any musical instrument or recite, and he is asked to do any of these things, let him not refuse. Young women sometimes say no in society when they mean yes; but young men are not justified in practicing such an affectation. It is not good taste to show that one is anxious to sing or to play or to recite. If you are invited out, do not begin at once by talking about elocution, until somebody is forced to ask you to recite; and do not hum snatches of songs until there is no escape for your friends from the painful duty of asking you to sing. The restless efforts of some amateurs to get a hearing in society always brings to mind a certain theatrical episode. There was a young actress who thought she could sing, and consequently she introduced a vocal solo whenever she could. She was the cast for the principal part in a melodrama full of tragic situations. The manager congratulated himself that here, at least, there was no chance for the tenuous young lady to try her scales. But he was mistaken. The great scene was on. A flash of lightning illumined the stage. The actress was holding a pathetic conversation with her mother as the thunder rolled. The mother suddenly fell with a shriek, struck dead. And then the devoted daughter said, "Aha, mother is dead! Alas, I will now sing the song she loved so much in life!" And the young lady walked to the footlights and warbled "Comrades"

The editor of the department, "Books and Reading," of the New York Evening Post (July 3), writes as follows:—

Many readers have wondered how it was that the Rev. Charles Wolfe happened to be the author of a single poem, "The Burial of Sir John Moore," worthy of a place in all the anthologies, but never wrote anything else of any value. Henry N. Hall explains the mystery in the current. The stanzas are nothing more than a close translation of a French poem by Lally-Tollendal, which may be read in the memoirs of that officer, published by his son. In 1749 a Colonel de Besançon raised a regiment and accompanied Lally-Tollendal on his ill-fated expedition to India. He was killed in the defence of Pondicherry against the English, and was buried by a few of his faithful followers at dead of night. How closely Wolfe followed the verses written by Lally-Tollendal on that occasion, may be seen from a comparison of the first four stanzas of each poem.

In these days of superficial knowledge we no longer are surprised at the errors into which writers and editors fall and the absurdities they utter so copiously. But it does seem somewhat astonishing, nevertheless, to find a writer in the "Morning Post" both making the ludicrous blunders of taking serious notice of the waggeries of that illustrious liar, "Father Prout," and to the editor of the "Evening Post's" "Books and Reading," that the Rev. Francis Mahony, otherwise known as "Father Prout" was a man of infinite jest. One of the freaks of his excellent fancy was to pretend that the writers

of English poetry copied from Latin, French, Italian, and other foreign languages. To lend verisimilitude to his assertions he made excellent translations of certain English poems into other languages, claiming them for the originals whence he had copied the English versions. He pressed the witty and waggish habit to include Wolfe's poem, "The Burial of Sir John Moore," in these so-called translations, on page 312 of "The Reliques of Father Prout" (Bell and Daly, London, 1865), our friends of the "Morning Post" and of the "Evening Post" will discover the hoax. Really, they should both read "The Reliques" and develop a sense of humor. But never mind.

Prout's best good to know that scribe writers and editors were still deceiving themselves and the public with the hoax which his fertile fancy invented long ago?

It may be no harm to call attention to another blunder in the above New York Evening Post paragraph. Lally-Tollendal was not even born in 1749 when he is said to have conducted this ill-fated expedition to India. The Critic's writer and the Post's editor confound the son with the father. It was Thomas Arthur Lally, Baron de Tollendal, who had charge of that expedition and not his son Lally-Tollendal who was not born till 1751. The Critic's writer seems to have copied blindly Father Prout's joke except in one instance. Prout does not assign the authorship of the poem to Lally-Tollendal. He says that one of Besançon's retainers must have been the writer of the lines. Mr. Hall, as it were, goes Father Prout one better here.—Sacred Heart Review.

### The Filipino Mission.

The appended passages are from a most interesting letter written by an American priest working in the Philippines to his sister, an American nun:

I wish you could know how happy this makes me feel. I wish you could know how wonderful—how all-absorbing—this mission field is. I wish you could know how great a grace may call to this mission is; all my life seems to have been a preparation for this great field of work, and my prayer every day is that the Good Master may be pleased to allow me to pass here the rest of life's brief span. I shall be surprised if He does not. The climate is splendid, far better than in New York, and Mindanao is one of the pleasantest parts of the Philippines. It is precisely where Americans like to go. And so it is that when we poor missionaries imagine we are making a sacrifice we get the hundred-fold here.

I am in excellent health and in more than excellent spirits, and the idea of going back never enters my mind.

We have care of countless multitudes of people, people whom one cannot help loving. Their common custom is to come out of the houses, or hasten towards the priest on the street or road to kiss his hands. Poor, simple, docile, helpless, countless souls! Commonly as many as 20,000 to 27,000 souls are in charge of one native priest! Bishop Bookers has 150 parishes without pastors. Bishop Hendrick about 60, Bishop Doherty has no priest to send to places where Episcopalians imitate Holy Mass, say the Rosary, wear cassocks, etc., etc.

In your America case and abundance you cannot realize what we experience in mission life. I believe a great part of our terrible difficulties here will be settled only by religious communities being established among us. The radical change following the destruction of the Catholic power of Spain has left us resourceless—few and poor Catholic schools, scarcely any religious—almost no nuns—no mission funds and a dastardly Aglipayan propaganda. Communities of nuns would help greatly to solve the question of schools and of religious instruction.

We shall have a council soon, and that will do much to simplify matters. The council will be probably followed by the formation of five new dioceses. Mindanao will most likely be one of these. It is a real mission land!

I have passed through a part of the Moro country. Within four miles of Otagayao are 4,000 non-Christian Montenos, or Mountain Visayans.

But the great part of the Northern, or populated portion of the province of Misamis, of which Cagayan is the capital, is now apostate; town after town all gone from the Church, as well as churches, schools, land, etc. A lot of soundrels dressed as priests, supported by a few worse and more dangerous lot of political ex-insurrecto villains, have the audacity to imitate Holy Mass, and pretend to administer the sacraments; while a real priest or two go round rigging the Bishops. We have been in an only a few months, and we know how hard will be the task to bring the people back to the faith.

So you now know the situation. The fact of an American priest being with the Spaniards helps greatly. It is amazing to see how every American, soldier or civilian, stands up for the Catholic Church. Military officers are among our best and most devoted friends. I send my best regards to all the kind friends who are helping to procure us assistance. I understand the state of the Mindanao mission, formerly entrusted to the Spanish Government, now completely paralyzed for want of means. I am becoming an adept in getting the Chinese ship owners to give me half rates in order to save a few pesos.

The success of the missionaries is wonderful. I met Father—lately—founded 80 settlements of converts, baptized personally 50,000 persons, including 2,000 Moros. On one occasion he poured the waters of baptism on 232 persons. Often he had 100 to baptize. He used to go with bands of music and a troop of the older Christians to invite the wild mountain people to the Christian settlements.

May God bless you, dear, and He will bless you doubly if you work for the Filipino mission.

### Items of Interest.

In the Cathedral, Mullinger, on Sunday, June 24, Dr. Gaughran, for over twenty years pastor of Kells, was consecrated Bishop of the historic Diocese of Meath. His Eminence Cardinal Logue was the officiating prelate.

A the recent annual meeting of the Oathello Truth Society of Ireland the secretary reported that 878,758 penny booklets had been sent out during the year.

Only the other day says the London "Catholic Times," one of the daily papers published a column of eulogy on M. Clemenceau, the French Premier, who was described as "a great statesman," and so forth. To judge by what was there said, one would have imagined that the French Minister was a man of high principles and a Christian. But in reality M. Clemenceau is, or would seem to be, a pagan—and not even a tolerant pagan at that. On the 20th inst., in the midst of his now famous speech in the Chamber of Deputies, M. Clemenceau said, turning to M. Jaures, "You are like Jesus, who wanted to stir up mankind, and only succeeded in conjuring up an era of violence and blood." Well may a continental journal, in speaking of this, ask: "What can one say of a Minister, the head of a pretended civilized government, a man having relations with the representatives of all the Christian nations in the world, who has the impudence to declaim against the Divine Person and the work of Jesus Christ?" It seems incredible, our contemporary remarks, that any man could dare to compare our Lord to M. Jaures, a Socialist demagogue, and call the work of Christianity one of violence and blood.

Over in London Father Bernard Vaughan's crusade against the iniquities of the "smart set" has won him praise in the most unexpected quarters, and the press has been using terms about the learned Jesuit that are rarely bestowed on Catholic priests. The "Daily News" now joins the other papers in likening him to Savonarola, and the "Daily Chronicle" says, what is more: "Roman Catholicism has rendered an inestimable service to Christian civilization in its attitude towards marriage, and Father Vaughan's eloquent protest against the habit of regarding lightly the most sacred of all human ties is in harmony with the best traditions of his Church."

The Socialist citizens of Paris were greatly shocked the other day to see workmen putting up an altar in the Masse Clouy. How could the State, after the separation law, pay for the erection of an altar? They discovered that the altar was not to be used for religious services, but only as an exhibit of rare seventeenth century carving. The altar has a history. It was carved out of white marble by some of the best artists to settle in Martinique, and was then erected as the high altar in the Cathedral of St. Pierre. It was all that remained standing of the cathedral after the eruption three years ago.

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

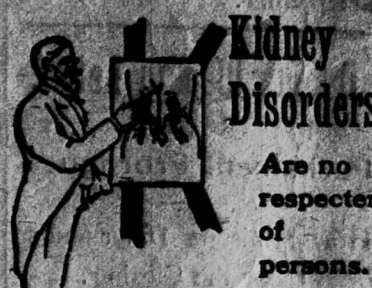
Mrs. New-Wed.—Dear me, these eggs are very small.

Village Grocer.—They are indeed, mum, and I'm sure I don't know why.

Mrs. New-Wed.—Oh, I dare say it's because you take them out of the nest too soon.

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.



**Kidney Disorders**  
Are no respecter of persons.

People in every walk of life are troubled. Have you a Backache? If you have it is the first sign that the kidneys are not working properly.

A neglected Backache leads to serious Kidney Trouble. Check it in time by taking **DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**

They cure all kinds of Kidney Troubles from Backache to Bright's Disease. 50c. a box or \$3 for \$1.25 all dealers or THE DOAN KIDNEY PILL CO., Toronto, Ont.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

"Our office-boy dropped into poetry yesterday," said one journalist to another.

"How was that?" asked his friend. "Oh, he fell into the big waste-paper basket!"

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.

Briggs.—That was a great dance. I hope I made an impression on that girl.

Griggs.—I guess you did. She has been limping ever since. —Christian Register.

### Sick Headache.

Mrs. Joseph Wordsworth, Ohio, U. S. says: "I have been troubled with sick headache for over a year. Later I started taking Laxa-Liver Pills and they did me a world of good acting without pain or griping."

Several years ago, a party of friends traveling by trolley had occasion to ask the starter on a certain line how often the cars ran, to which question he made the following reply: "Quarter after, half after, quarter to, and at."

### Wire Wounds.

My mare, a very valuable one, was badly bruised and cut by being caught in a wire fence. Some of the wounds would not heal, although I tried many different medicines. Dr. Bell advised me to use **MINARD'S LINIMENT**, diluted at first, then stronger as the sores began to look better, until after three weeks, the sores have healed and best of all the hair is growing well, and is NOT WHITE as is most always the case in horse wounds.

F. M. DOUCET, Weymouth.

Willie.—Did you have a good time at the picnic?

Jimmie (small boy).—Fine! Sis got into a wasp's nest, pa fell out of a tree when he was putting up a swing, and ma burnt her fingers making tea. Awful fun, I can tell you.

### Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

Mrs. New-Wed.—Dear me, these eggs are very small.

Village Grocer.—They are indeed, mum, and I'm sure I don't know why.

Mrs. New-Wed.—Oh, I dare say it's because you take them out of the nest too soon.

