

# The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 30, 1910

Vol. XXXIX, No. 48

## For Ladies' Wear.

Watches & Chains, Brooches and Pins, Locketts, Rings, Bracelets, Links, Eyeglasses, Chains.

## For Men's Use.

Watches and Chains, Links and Studs, Rings and Pins, Tie Clasps, Fobs.

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## Dominion Coal Company RESERVE COAL.

As the season for importing Coal in this Province is again near, we beg to advise dealers and consumers of Coal that we are in a position to grant orders for cargoes of Reserve, Screened, Run of mine, Nut and Slack Coal, F. O. B., a loading piers Sydney, Glace Bay for Louisburg, C. B.

Prices quoted on application, and all orders will receive our careful attention by mail or wire.

Reserve Coal is well known all over this Island, and is most extensively used for domestic and steam purposes.

Schooners are always in demand, during the season and chartered at highest current rates of freight. Good despatch guaranteed schooners at loading piers.

## Peake Bros. & Co.,

Selling Agents for Prince Edward Island for Dominion Coal Company.

Charlottetown, P. E. I., April 21, 1909-41

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Barristers, Attorneys and Solicitors.

**MONEY TO LOAN**  
Offices—Bank of Nova Scotia Chambers.

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**Mathieson, MacDonald & Stewart,**

Newson's Block, Charlottetown.  
Barristers, Solicitors, etc.  
P. O. Building, Georgetown.

## Tea Party Supplies.

We are headquarters for Tea Party and Picnic Supplies. We carry a large stock of all requirements for the catering business, such as Confectionery, Cigars, Nuts, Fruits, etc.

## SODA DRINKS.

We also manufacture a full line of Sodas, such as Ginger Ale, Cream Soda, Raspberry, Iron Brew, Hop Tonic, etc.

We have just been appointed Agents for the

## Land of Evangeline Pure Apple Cider

The Pure Juice of Choice Nova Scotia Apples.

This Cider is quite non-intoxicating and can be handled by stores, restaurants, etc. It is put up by a special English process which prevents any excessive amount of alcohol, but retains the exquisite flavor of the Annapolis Valley Fruit. No chemicals of any kind are used in the manufacture—it is just a Pure Fruit Juice, and will remain sweet and clear and sparkling indefinitely in any climate.

## A READY SELLER.

In Casks, Pints and Split Bottles. Write us for prices.

## 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.

**R. F. Maddigan & Co.**  
Eureka Grocery,  
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## A. E. McEACHEN

The Shoeman,

HAS BOUGHT THE BALANCE OF

## Prowse Bros. Stock of Shoes.

Look out for Bargains.

500 PAIRS AT ABOUT HALF PRICE.

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THE SHOEMAN,  
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## For New Buildings

We carry the finest line of Hardware

to be found in any store.

Architects, Builders and Contractors, will find our line of goods the newest in design, the most adaptable and improved, and of the highest standard of merit in quality and durability.

Also a full line of pumps and piping.

**Stanley, Shaw & Peardon.**

June 12, 1907.

## The Church in the Polar Regions.

To the Mois Litteraire (Paris) Father Joseph Bernard, S. J., contributes in the current issue an account of his life and labors in the mission to the Esquimaux of Northern Alaska, a country which despite the fact that it is one-seventh the size of Europe has a population of only 100,000 inhabitants.

The particular district over which he exercises his apostolic mission is, he tells us, about the size of Belgium. The name of the Jesuit's mission is called St. Mary's igloo and is situated about 150 miles north of Cape Nome, the last station on the border of the arctic circle.

St. Mary's, says Father Bernard, is the nearest station to the North Pole from which it is separated by less than five hundred miles of glacial sea.

The weather is not his worst enemy, says the Jesuit, although the winter cold sometimes touches the fifty below zero mark. The snow blizzard is the only real danger of the mission, and it is no unusual experience for him to experience a visitation of this kind, which endures for a whole month at a time.

So terrible are these storms that it is impossible to stir from the hat (or igloo) while they rage, and in one case, a miner who ventured out to fetch logs lying less than fifty yards from his shack, entirely lost all sense of his whereabouts and succumbed before help reached him.

At such periods his log-chapel becomes a veritable snow-house. The snow becomes ice-hard and the priest is forced to cut an entrance which, during the cold weather has all the consistency and hardness of a stone structure.

In summer Father Bernard has a degree of variety, though not much. The thermometer then registers on an average 11 degrees above zero. This is not enough, he says, to grow vegetables, and if your fancy runs that way, you have to cultivate them as near your stove as possible.

The summer in these regions is, of course, the reverse of the winter, inasmuch as it is perpetual day, and the question of deciding exactly at what time to turn in becomes a daily puzzle which gives a little interest to the deadly routine of the period in which the Esquimaux are most apathetic, for they are winter-animals by nature and the departure of ice and snow means the departure of their natural energy and goodwill.

The mosquito is the scourge of Alaskan regions in summertime; they lay their eggs (says the Jesuit) in the moss at the end of August; the following June when an eruption of the pests takes place. And they are the worst specimens of their kind, says the Jesuit; very poisonous and persistent and a terror to the dogs whose eyes they often succeed in draining of blood, driving the brutes mad and causing the loss of their sight.

The natives on the Upper Yukon are Red Men; up north near the Behring Sea, there are none but Esquimaux, who come of a remote Mongolian stock. They are pagans, believing in a just God, the existence of the soul and a devil; they possess no religion, nor any rite. Contrary to what the explorers have recently informed us, Father Bernard declares the Esquimaux to be an extremely truthful people. During the four years the Jesuit has been at St. Mary's he has had sufficient leisure to learn the language. It is by no means a conversational tongue and single words and signs seem to suffice for all purposes.

The Jesuit gives an example of the opening verses of the Adeste Fideles in Esquimaux, as follows:

Karotessi (adeste) naknaset (fideles) kossamneesi (sicut triumphantes) karotessi Baltheman (venite ad Bethlehem).

His little church is naturally a very primitive structure of log and process-pulp, which cost \$600; its altar is a plank on which stands a statue of the Sacred Heart, a statue of Our Lady of Lourdes, the Prototroess of the little mission, and a few ornaments which the lonely Jesuit keeps in a case near the altar. This is all his sanctuary; but there is a little harmonium possessed of a weirdly plaintive wail that sounds strange to those ghostly solitudes.

His own apartment is not elaborate, he says; the same corner is his bedroom, his dining-room, kitchen, dispensary, store, drawing-room, dog-roost—and it is 15 by 12.

Outside is an elevated cache, raised beyond the enterprise of his often hungry dogs. Nearby is a cemetery in which the corpses are buried deep—again for fear of their being dug up by hungry dogs with keen scent.

The Esquimaux die easily. His

hard that his only regret is to leave his children whom he cherishes very fondly; he surrenders his ghost with a requiem on his lips that is more like an alleluia.

From mission to mission—there are seven of them in the region—giving instruction, saying Mass, hearing confessions—this is the work of the Jesuit day in, day out. On short journeys he travels on snow-shoes; on long excursions, he takes his sleigh and eight dogs. This sleigh is sixteen feet long, weighs sixty pounds, is entirely of oak without a single nail or screw and cost \$80. The dogs cost from \$50 to \$100 apiece, and are capable of doing sixty miles a day. Father Bernard once did seventy-five miles in less than seven hours.

Alaska is not a country where converts are made by the hundred, says the Jesuit. If one makes twenty conversions in a year one is happy. Nevertheless, there are scores of native settlements where priests are wanted; some of two thousand Esquimaux. The life is as hard as life can be, but the cause is also as great as can be.

## A Wonderful Discovery.

Sir Frederick William Herschel, celebrated astronomer, was born at Hanover, November 15, 1738. His earlier education was of a very limited character, but being at all times an indomitable student, he, by his own exertions, more than repaired this deficiency of his youth. He became a very skillful musician, both theoretical and practical; while his attainments as a self-taught mathematician were fully adequate to the prosecution of those branches of astronomy which, by his labors and genius, he so eminently advanced and adorned.

At the age of twenty he went to England and supported himself as an organist and teacher of music. He soon secured a position as organist in a church at Bath, and the next six years were spent in establishing his reputation as a musician, and he thereby eventually became the leading musical authority in the place. He soon began reading books on optical instruments, and thus began educating himself for an astronomer and undying fame.

In those days telescopes were very rare, very expensive and not very efficient. So Herschel was obliged to content himself with hiring a small Georgian reflector.

Not satisfied with this implement, he procured a small lens of about eighteen feet focal length, and set his sister to work on a pasteboard tube of that length, so as to make a telescope. A tube of this construction was naturally bent, and it was useless for all purposes but for the determined eyes of William Herschel. This material was soon displaced for tin, and thus a sorry sort of vision was obtained of Jupiter and Saturn and the moon. Being unable to obtain a reflecting telescope, he was driven to the construction of one for himself. By 1774, he had, as he says, "the satisfaction of viewing the heavens with a Newtonian telescope of six feet focal length," constructed with his own hands.

But he was not a man to be contented with viewing the heavens as a mere star-gazer; on the contrary he had from the very first conceived the gigantic project and the hope of surveying the entire heavens, and, if possible, of ascertaining the plan of their general structure on a settled and systematic mode of procedure, if only he could but provide himself with this view, he and his sister toiled for many years at the grinding and polishing of hundreds of specula. After 1774 every available hour of the night was devoted to the long-bored for scrutiny of the skies.

In those days no machinery had been invented for the construction of telescopic mirrors; the man who had the hardihood to undertake the polishing doomed himself to walk leisurely and uniformly round an upright post for many hours, without removing his hands from the mirror, until his work was done. On these occasions Herschel reposed his food from the hands of his faithful sister. But his reward was high. In May, 1780, his first two papers containing some of the results of his astronomical observations during the last six years was communicated to the Royal Society. In the following year he communicated to the society the first of a series of papers containing "the results of his telescopic inquiries, in relation to the rotation of the planets and of their several satellites."

telescopic observations he lighted on the curious appearance of a white spot near each of the poles of the planet Mars. On investigating the inclination of its axis to the plane of its orbit, and finding that it closely resembled that of our earth, he concluded that its changes of climate also would resemble our own, and that these white patches were probably polar snow. Modern investigations have confirmed his conclusion.

A material part of the task which he had set himself, as the work of his astronomical life, embraced the determination of the relative distances of the stars from our sun and from each other. Now, in the course of his scrutiny of the heavens, he had observed many stars which were very close together, but often greatly differing in their relative brightness. He concluded that, on the average the brighter star would be the nearer to us, and the smallest enormously more distant. With this view he mapped down the places and aspects of all the double stars that he met with, and communicated, in 1782 and 1785, very extensive catalogues of the results. The very last scientific memoir that he ever wrote, in 1822, related to those investigations.

In the first of these memoirs he throws out the hint that these apparently contiguous stars must, if constituted after the material laws of our solar system, circulate round each other through the effects of gravitation; but he significantly adds that the time had not yet arrived for settling the question. Thus the philosopher abides his time in patience and confidence, and a dozen years afterward (1793) he re-measures the relative positions of many of those contiguous pairs, and we may conceive what his feelings must have been at finding the verification of his prediction. For he found that some of these stars had circled round each other, after the manner required by the laws of gravitation. Thus Herschel had determined the action of the same mechanical laws among the distant members of the starry firmament which bind together the harmonious motions of our solar system. This sublime discovery was his final triumph.

The visit of the Metropolitan of the Ruthenian Catholics to Western Canada, will be a memorable one in the annals of our Ruthenian brethren and will be productive of lasting results as well. His arrival in Winnipeg was the signal for general rejoicing and his countrymen spared neither time nor trouble in extending a cordial reception to their Archbishop. Word comes from Edmonton that His Grace has been received with open arms and that his short visit was a red letter day with the Ruthenian Catholics of Alberta. It is expected that in the near future in the course of a couple of weeks—Archbishop Sapieycki will again visit Winnipeg upon his return trip.

## The Ruthenians.

There are no more loyal Catholics in Canada than those composing the Ruthenian body. In the past they have been subjected to every kind of temptation by proselytizing itinerant preachers who would prefer to "convert" one adherent to Catholicity than attempt to strengthen their own back sliding brethren in the faith. But they have almost reached the end of their tether. Mr. Sapieycki will have a thorough grasp of the situation upon his return and will be able at the same time to supply with priests of their own rite and who can enter into the national aspirations of the people. They are crying for priests of their own nationality—please God, they shall not be long waiting.

In the absence of a clergy of their own, the West Canada Publishing Co., together with His Grace Archbishop Langevin of St. Boniface, have done their utmost to relieve in some measure the pressing necessity. They proposed establishing a Catholic Ruthenian paper and spared neither time nor expense in accomplishing the object they had in view. And that such a paper has not yet appeared is none of their fault.

Somewhat over a year ago, they set about looking for an editor capable of taking charge of such a publication. Upon the recommendation of Rev. Father Dydik, pastor of St. Nicholas' Church, this city, the West Canada Publishing Co., communicated with a gentleman in Austria with this end in view. The Company sent him \$150 to defray his expenses to this city but since that time nothing has been heard of him. After a long and fruitless delay the management cast about in America and amongst others wrote Bishop Ortyanski, of Philadelphia, requesting him to

(Continued on fourth page.)

## HAD HEART TROUBLE

NEVER WERE ALL UNSTRUNG.

Wherever there is any weakness of the heart or nerves, flagging energy or physical breakdown, the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will soon produce a healthy, strong system.

Miss Benzie Kinsey, Arkona, Ont., writes:—"It is with the greatest pleasure I write you stating the benefit I have received by using your Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. This spring I was all run down and could hardly do any work. I went to a doctor and he told me I had heart trouble and that my nerves were all unstrung. I took his medicine, as he ordered me to do, but it did me no good. I was working in a printing office at the time, and my doctor said it was the type setting caused the trouble, but I thought not. My father advised me to buy a box of your pills as he had derived so much benefit from them. Before I had finished one box I noticed a great difference, and could work from morning to night with my nerves all unstrung."

I can recommend them highly to all nervous and run-down people. Price 50 cents per box, or \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

'Aw—Will you give this note to Miss May de Syphington, the—aw—pretty little blond creature with the violet eyes, don't you know, who dances in the ballet?'

'That'll be all right guv'nor. I ought to know her; I'm her son.'

Mrs. Guzler—Aren't you ashamed to come home in this condition? Mr. Guzler—Mortified to death, my dear I find my capacity isn't what it used to be.

Minard's Liniment cures Neuralgia.

'Come into a fortune, didn't he?'

'Yes, a big one.'

'What's he doing these days?'

'He has become interested in settlement work.'

'Well, that ought to keep him occupied for awhile. He owed everybody.'

A Sensible Merchant.

Mrs. Fred. Laine, St. George, Ont., writes:—"My little girl would cough so at night that neither she nor I could get any rest. I gave her Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and am thankful to say it cured her cough."

Redd—What was that man talking to you about today when you were in your automobile?

Greene—Oh, he was a book agent.

'Did his talk have any effect on you?'

'Oh, no. Didn't you notice I had the wind shield up?'

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

Benham—What did you forget to debate today?

Mrs. Benham—Resolved. That mere man has some rights that woman is bound to respect.

Benham—And the decision?

Mrs. Benham—was in the negative.

Sprained Arm.

Mary Ovington, Jasper, Ont., writes:—"My mother had a badly sprained arm. Nothing we used did her any good. Then father got Bayard's Yellow Oil and it cured mother's arm in a few days. It cured me."

Minard's Liniment cures Rheumatism.

Chief—Tell me, sir, why you have so utterly failed to get a clew to this crime—Detective—Tain! my fault. The reporters are down on me, sir, they won't tell me nothing.

Was Terribly Afflicted With Lame Back.

Could Not Sweep the Floor.

It is hard to do house work with a weak and aching back. Backache comes from sick kidneys, and what a lot of trouble sick kidneys cause. But they can't help it. If more work is put on them than they can stand it is not to be wondered that they get out of order.

Doan's Kidney Pills are a specific for lame, weak or aching backs and for all kidney troubles. Mrs. Napoleon Larmour Smith's Falls, Ont., writes:—"I take pleasure in writing you stating the benefit I have received by using Doan's Kidney Pills. About a year ago I was terribly afflicted with lame back, and was so bad I could not even sweep my own floor. I was advised to try Doan's Kidney Pills, which I did, and with the greatest benefit. I only used three boxes and I am as well as ever. I highly recommend these pills to any sufferer from lame back and kidney trouble."

THE HERALD

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1910

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Please send in your subscriptions. The year is nearing its close and we need the money to meet our obligations. Please don't delay.

Lively Parliamentary Fighting.

As was anticipated the session at Ottawa started out with a keen fighting spirit displayed on both sides, and the campaign in Ontario and Arthabaska was vigorously fought over again with the government in the "back to the well" attitude. That nothing has stirred the rank and file of the Liberal party in recent years as has the result in this typically French Canadian constituency is evidenced by the bitter speech made by Sir Wilfrid Laurier himself during his contribution to the debate on the address in reply to the speech from the Throne. He was very angry because his own home constituency should have the effrontery to think for itself on an important public question, particularly when he had chosen such a nice promising young man as Mr. Perreault for the Laurier candidate. The Premier thought this was a blow where least expected and his remarks contained that venom of bitterness which comes of keen disappointment.

Much has been made by Liberal speakers that the campaign against the puny naval force which the government had committed the country

before consulting the people was one of disloyalty and slander. Under these circumstances it is worthy of note that Mr. F. D. Monk produced an affidavit which he read to the house signed by one of the opposition speakers during that campaign showing the following argument was used by a Laurierite at a public meeting: "That a navy such as the government proposes to establish was desirable for many reasons: that every thing could not be said in a law, but should any difficulties arise between England and Canada, this navy might be found very useful and that the said navy might help us to obtain independence."

They again Mr. P. E. Blondin M. P. for Champlain made the following statement on the floor of parliament: "In spite of all the statements published in the newspapers, and made in this house to the contrary I declare from my seat in parliament and in the face of my fellow country men that during the whole campaign in Drummond and Arthabaska we who spoke in opposition to the government candidate remained loyal and faithful to our king, to our country, and to what we think are the true principles of the Liberal Conservative party." That was Mr. Blondin's statement made on his responsibility as a member of parliament.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier has the reciprocity bee buzzing hard in his bonnet. In his speech he declared it was the question which was engrossing the attention of the people of the country more than any other at the present time and from the trend of his remarks the premier gave the House to believe that the nation was crying out loudly for reciprocity. It did not take Mr. Foster very long to prick the Laurier bubble. To day said the member for North Toronto Canada did not want reciprocity "As for

me" he said "I have turned my back on Washington and have set my face towards England. The mandate the premier got in 1904 and 1908 was to leave reciprocity with the United States alone and to devote his superabundant energies to the cultivation of better trade relations with Great Britain and the Empire of which we form a part."

Mr. Borden was in excellent fighting form and his denunciation of the government for refusing time and time again legitimate demands that the great spending departments should be rigidly investigated was one of the strongest notes of an excellent speech. "I say" he declared "that for all the loss, inefficiency, maladministration, stealing, looting and grafting the government of this country is not only politically but morally responsible. Although the mills of the gods grind slowly they grind exceedingly fine, and the day is not far distant when the responsibility for this disgraceful condition will be lifted from the shoulders of the men in the departments and laid upon the shoulders of the men who are responsible." That kind of fighting spells success for the Conservative party at the next struggle.

The feature of the debate on the address, on Thursday, last was the splendid speech of R. L. Borden, leader of the opposition. At the conclusion he submitted an amendment to Mr. Monk's amendment on the address. Like Mr. Monk's Mr. Borden's demands that the people be consulted before the permanent naval policy of the country be settled. Where it passes Mr. Monk's amendment it that it expresses a firm and high sense of the duty of Canada to bear all her just responsibilities as a nation of the Empire. After doing this the government for its omission to consult the people. In his speech Mr. Borden made it absolutely clear that he is not in alliance with the nationalists as the Liberals are desperately striving to make out. He explicitly repudiated any such connection and his action speaks even more loudly than his words.

Secondly, Mr. Borden laid down before the people of Canada his policy on the naval issue when called to power. The significance of this is that the Liberals, are terrified by the proof that Sir Wilfrid Laurier has lost his hold on Quebec. As an introduction to his declaration of policy Mr. Borden gave the government the most terrible thrashing on the question of sincerity that a party has undergone in many years. He made the government as a whole, and Mr. Brodeur in particular, look as foolish, as mean and as contemptible as could possibly be the case.

Mr. Brodeur in his speech described a cartoon which he said was circulated in Drummond-Arthabaska. It represents Baptiste smoking his pipe quietly and holding the Union Jack with both hands. Behind him is the Britisher, John Bull, Baptiste has taken off his coat and hung it on a tree, and the Britisher says to him, "hold the flag Baptiste, and while you are doing that I will take care of your coat." And while he is doing this the Britisher is represented as picking his pockets. That is the kind of cartoon, Mr. Brodeur said, with indignation, "these Nationalists or Conservatives are distributing in the Province of Quebec." Now, that cartoon, Mr. Borden said had originally appeared in a Liberal paper. Mr. Brodeur rose and declared that the cartoon in question had been published

in Le Nationaliste, Mr. Bourassa's weekly paper. Mr. Borden's reply was instant and crushing. That cartoon, he said, first appeared in Le Canada, the official Liberal paper of Montreal, on September, 26, 1904, and he had a page fetch the bound volume of the file of Le Canada for that year. He opened it at the place, set the file upon edge on his desk and showed the cartoon to the confounded ministers.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier looked as foolish as ever he has. As for Mr. Brodeur, it is not easy to describe his looks. He himself, not 48 hours earlier, had described that cartoon as "criminal"

The Conservative benches roared their delight at their leader's body blow, while the Ministerialists sat absolutely dismayed. "This," said Mr. Borden in scorn, "is the honorable gentleman who says the Nationalist party started a campaign of this kind. That cartoon had been published in connection with the DUNDONALD incident. "That's not the same thing at all," said Mr. Brodeur, feebly, too stunned even to keep silent. "The Nationalists had said that the Liberals were robbing the country." "It is all very well," retorted Mr. Borden, "to represent the Conservatives and their leader as wanting to rule the people in the interest of England. It is wrong to represent the Liberals as doing that. The hon. minister denounces the cartoon when used against him. He is perfectly willing that it should be used for him." And finally there came the one last grand touch. The actual copy of the cartoon, which Mr. Brodeur had held in his hand when denouncing it, bore on its face the statement that it was copied from Le Canada. Mr. Brodeur had concealed this from the House.

The ministerialists were sitting discomfited, the Conservatives were cheering with delight, when Mr. Borden came to discuss his relations with the Nationalists. It had pleased the Nationalists in Quebec, he said, to declare that the Conservative party in Canada was in alliance with Sir Wilfrid Laurier on the naval question. He had been denounced beyond measure by Nationalist speakers on all their platforms in Quebec. He did not complain, he had taken his stand, and was open to attack by those who did not agree with him. It also had pleased sundry Liberal speakers and Liberal newspapers to declare that the Conservatives were in alliance with the Nationalists. "We are not in alliance with the government on this question," he declared. "So far as our policy is concerned, we differ from it. If it brings down anything which is in accordance with our policy we will support it. "We are not in alliance with the Nationalists, he went on, "We have been denounced by them, we will retract no part of our policy, whether Nationalist or Liberal agrees or disagrees, we will not be swayed from our course by any statement that we are in alliance with any party."

Mr. Borden then read Mr. Monk's amendment. In doing so he made it clear that he had not known in advance what form it was to take. He agreed with Mr. Monk's amendment, he said, so far as it went. But it dealt with only one aspect of the case. Then Mr. Borden, in a few words, laid down his own policy. There was first the matter of naval control. He could not see that it was possible to maintain the naval supremacy of the Empire by means of a series of disconnected navies. If Canada once made up her mind that she was to help to maintain that naval supremacy, it was clear that naval supremacy should be upheld only by one great naval force under one central control. If a Conservative government found itself in power it

would take steps to consult with the British government and ascertain whether the conditions then existing, were or were not so grave as to require immediate and effective aid. If the circumstances did require such aid, it would be given. If Parliament refused it, he would appeal to the people on the question. Then as to a permanent policy. This involved large and wide considerations. "If Canada and the other Dominions," he continued, "are to take part as nations in this Empire, defence of the Empire as a whole, shall it be that we, contributing to the defence of the whole Empire, shall have absolutely no voice whatever in the councils of the whole Empire with regard to the conditions of peace and war throughout the Empire?"

"I do not think that would be a tolerable condition. I do not think that the people of Canada would for one moment submit to such a condition. "Would the members of this House, representative men, representing constituencies from the Atlantic to the Pacific, submit to a condition whereby not one of them would have the same voice with regard to these Imperial issues as the humblest taxpayer in the British Isles has at this moment? The permanent policy would have to be worked out. Then, when the permanent policy had been worked out, it would be the right of any government to give to the people an opportunity to give their mandate." He was not particularly satisfied with the wording of Mr. Monk's amendment, though he was in sympathy with its object; and so he moved his own amendment to the amendment as follows: "We beg to assure Your Excellency, of the unalterable attachment and devotion of the people of Canada to the British Crown, and of their desire and intention to fulfil all just responsibilities devolving upon this country as one of the nations of the Empire. We desire, however, to express our regret that Your Excellency's gracious speech gives no indication whatever of any intention on the part of Your Excellency's advisers to consult the people upon the naval policy of Canada."

British Elections.

The British Parliament was dissolved on Monday and the election campaign is now in operation, growing warmer from day to day. The first pollings are expected to be on December 3rd, and Parliament is expected to reassemble on January 31st. The issues between the parties are about the same as at the last elections, nearly a year ago. The Unionists are for tariff reform and Imperial preference, and the Liberals will make their fight again on the question of the prerogatives of the House of Lords.

Just as the Government were leading up to dissolution, the House of Lords, on Thursday night, without a division, adopted the resolutions of Lord Lansdowne, the opposition leader of the House of Lords, and decided to send them, together with Lord Rosebery's plans for the reformation of the membership of the Lords to the House of Commons. The Upper Chamber then adjourned until Monday, when dissolution of Parliament took place. Thus the Government's veto bill has been ignored by the House of Lords. A noticeable feature of the debate has been the number of Liberal peers who supported Lord Lansdowne's scheme and opposed the Government's veto bill.

While the political campaign is waged with a fierceness almost unknown in British elections, the politicians on the stump are not allowed to have all the fighting to themselves. The suffragettes are vigorously putting themselves in evidence on the battlefield. The battle of Downing street which was fought, Thursday afternoon, when several hundred suffragettes attempted to storm the premier's residence, assaulted Mr. Asquith and Augustine Birrell, chief secretary for Ireland, and broke many windows in the government offices, surpassed all previous spectacles of the sort. About 150 women and several men supporters were taken to the police station. Following an announcement by the prime minister in the House of Commons, that if he were still in power at the next session of parliament, the government would give facilities for the consideration of a suffrage bill, a large body of women, inflamed rather than placated by this promise, which was characterized as "nothing more nor less than an insult to the cause," left

Caxton Hall in search of the premier.

They came upon him on the way to Downing street, and immediately formed a hostile cordon around Mr. Asquith, who recently had resorted to all kinds of subterfuges to keep himself clear of the hands of the militant women. One of them, Henrietta Williams, struck the government leader, and the premier would have fared badly had not large detachments of police come running to his rescue. The police had great difficulty in putting down the disorders and many of the women had to be dragged from the scene, with clothes half torn from their backs. The rioting continued into the evening, when squads of women attacked the residences of Sir Edward Grey, the foreign secretary, Winston Spencer Churchill, the home secretary, and Lewis Harcourt, secretary of state for the colonies. Stones crashed through the windows of the houses, Sir Edward Grey's bearing the brunt of the attack. One band leader, Mr. Birrell, striking through St. James Park, to the Athenaeum Club and swooped down upon the aged statesman, knocking his hat over his eyes, and kicking him about the legs. When help came, and the women were driven off, Mr. Birrell limped to his motor car, on the arms of policemen.

Twenty of these militant suffragettes were arrested for smashing the windows in the Government offices, and were sentenced in the Bow street police court, each to two months imprisonment. In pronouncing sentence Sir Albert De Rutzen, chief magistrate of the metropolitan police court, said: "You disorderly women have been treated with too much leniency in the past."

To Down Suffragists.

Bishop Dumoulin advises that the London police should turn the hose on the suffragettes, or let loose a swarm of rats among them. During the shirtwaist makers' strike in New York last winter, several hundred girls who were engaged in picketing, were arrested and sent to Blackwells Island, where they were herded in the women's prison with the ordinary class of females who are sent there. The action of the authorities raised a storm of protest, but it is not likely that public opinion in Great Britain would interfere on behalf of the suffragettes if they were treated in a similar manner. When General Butler was in command of the federal army occupying the city of New Orleans during the American civil war, he and his officers had a great deal of trouble with ostensibly respectable females, whose loyalty to the southern cause impelled them to spit upon United States soldiers in the street, and otherwise harass and insult them. General Butler published a military order that in future all classes of women who misbehaved themselves on the street would be treated alike. This order elicited a vehement squeal of indignation from the whole southern confederation, but the insulting of Butler's soldiers stopped.—Ottawa Citizen.

Traffic is Clear.

Fort William, Ont., Nov. 25.—For the first time in ten years the Canadian Pacific railway freight traffic passed the head of the lakes and Winnipeg has been freed before the close of navigation. Train crews have been laid off during the week and indications are that a further reduction in the staff will be made next week. The reduction is due to many causes. There is extremely little wheat, being shipped, compared with the movement of 400 cars during November a year ago. The movement of live stock for export is also light.

Another important item this year is the double track between Fort William and Winnipeg. Running time for handling trains has been almost cut in two. Last year only parts of the double track were used the trains leaving here required ten hours to make the trip to Ignac, 148 miles. The same mileage is now covered in six hours.

The Supreme Court opened at Summerside yesterday forenoon, Chief Justice Sullivan presiding. There are six criminal cases on the docket this term comprising nearly all the crimes in the calendar. The first to be taken up is that of Clifford Cunningham, charged with the murder of W. J. Skerry, of Alberton. The other charges are as follows:—The King vs. Michael Cameron, Wellington, criminal assault. The King vs. Hugh Turner, Tyas Valley, setting fire to buildings owned by Francis Riley. The King vs. Geo. McFadyen, 1, stealing whiskey, 2 stealing beer from Tignish railway station. The King vs. John McDonald, aggravated assault on J. A. Palmer, Kennington.

Distribution of Seed Grain and Potatoes from the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, 1910-11.

By instruction of the Hon. Minister of Agriculture a distribution is being made this season of samples of superior sorts of grain and potatoes to Canadian farmers for the improvement of seed. The stock for distribution has been secured mainly from the Experimental Farm at Indian Head, Sask., Brandon, Man., and Ottawa, Ont. The samples consist of oats, spring wheat, barley, field peas, Indian corn (for ensilage only), and potatoes. The quantity of oats sent is 4 lbs., and of wheat or barley 5 lbs., sufficient in each case to sow one twentieth of an acre. The samples of Indian corn, peas and potatoes weigh 3 lbs. each. A quantity of each of the following varieties has been secured for this distribution:—

Oats—Banner, Abundance, Danish, Thousand Dollar, Compton's Improved Ligow—all white varieties. Wheat—Red varieties:—Marquis and Early Red Fife (early beardless sorts of high baking strength), Red Fife (beardless) Preston and Huron (early, bearded) White varieties:—White Fife (beardless), White Fife (bearded), Robe (early, bearded).

Barley—Six rowed:—Mauney and Mauchurian (a selection from Mauney) Two-rowed:—Standwell and Invaluable. FIELD PEAS—Arthur and Golden Vine. Indian Corn (for ensilage)—Early sorts:—Angel of Midnight, Compton's Early and Lowfellow. Later varieties:—Selected Learning, Early Mastodon, and White Cap Yellow Dent.

Potatoes—Early varieties:—Rocheester, Rose, and Irish Cobbler. Medium to late varieties:—Gold Coin, Carman No. 1, and Money Maker. The later varieties are, as a rule, more productive than the earlier kinds. Only one sample can be sent to each applicant, hence if an individual receives a sample of oats he cannot also receive one of wheat, barley, peas, Indian corn or potatoes. Application on printed cards or sheets, or lists of names from one individual, or applications for more than one sample for one household, cannot be entertained. The samples will be sent free of charge through the mail. Applications should be addressed to the Dominion Experiments, Experimental Farm, Ottawa, and may be sent in any time from the 1st of December to the 15th of February, after which the lists will be closed, so that the samples asked for may be sent out in good time. Applicants should mention the variety they prefer, with a second sort as an alternative. Applicants will be filled in the order in which they are received, so long as the supply of seed lasts. Farmers are advised to apply to avoid possible disappointment. Those applying for Indian corn or potatoes should bear in mind that the corn is not usually distributed until April, and that potatoes cannot be mailed until danger from frost is past. No postage is required on mail matter addressed to the Experimental Farm, Ottawa.

W. M. SAUNDERS, Director of Experimental Farms.

LOCAL & OTHER ITEMS

One thousand persons were drowned and 400 boats were lost during a flood in the province of Quangang in Annam Indo China, on the 23rd.

Four tanks containing 2,500,000 gallons of benzine exploded in the subway of Rummelsburg, Germany last Monday night. There were no fatalities, but the whole city was lighted up by the flames. The damage is estimated at \$700,000.

Fifteen miners were killed in an explosion at the Jumbo shaft mine Oklahoma and one only of the fourteen men in the workings at the time was brought out alive, but unconscious. Five men were blown from the mouth of the shaft by the force of the explosion and the other nine were entombed.

The two Brazilian Dreadnoughts which the ministers have seized at Rio Janeiro were recently built in England, and are the largest and finest vessels of their class afloat. It is suggestive of the potential value of such a navy that the minister of mines got control of them all the rest of the navy of Brazil surrendered without further trouble. Under the guns of two such leviathans there was nothing else for smaller vessels to do.—Ottawa Citizen.

The marriage of Miss Margaret F. Donahoe, formerly of Roseneath, near Carleton Place, to State Senator James F. Nichol of Philadelphia, took place at the church of St. Mary's of the Assumption, Brookline Mass., on Tuesday morning the 22nd. inst. Rev. M. T. McManus, P. R. of the Assumption officiated at the marriage, assisted by Rev. Dr. McMillan, P. P. of Carleton. The bride's former pastor, who also celebrated the nuptial Mass, the bride's maid was Miss May Donahoe, her sister, and the groomsmen were Mr. James P. Sheehan, a personal friend, and the bride is a lady of high intellectual gifts and she has been eminently successful in her profession of trained nurse. She graduated from the Massachusetts General Hospital in 1902, and for some time afterwards practiced her profession there. Subsequently she became superintendent of nurses at the Philadelphia General Hospital, a position she occupied with much distinction for several years. She is the author of a text-book for nurses, lately published by the Appleton Company, New York. Mr. Nichol is a leader in politics and finance in Philadelphia. He is a State Senator in the Pennsylvania Legislature, as well as a wealthy and successful contractor. He is reported to be a millionaire. He constructed the great Philadelphia Subway and other public works in that city, and is now engaged in the construction of the mammoth Cotton Dam, outside of New York City, which involves the expenditure of \$500,000,000. The marriage was attended by only the immediate relatives and intimate friends of the contracting parties. After the ceremony the bridal couple left for Florida for their honeymoon.



Flat Top Japanned and Marbelized, Sheet Iron, Birch Slats, Heavy Brass Yale Lock, 3-ply Leather Handles. 28 inches long \$2.85 32 inches long 2.60 Same as above except has round top, 28 inches \$2.75 32 inches 3.00 Plain Waterproof Canvas Edges of ends sheet iron bound, 3-8 inch Hardwood Slats, 3-ply Leather Handles, 30 inches \$3.25 32 inches 3.75 34 inches \$4.15

Stanley Bros.

COAL!

All kinds for your winter supply. See us before you place your order. HARD COAL—Different Sizes Soft Coal—All Kinds. G. Lyons & Co. Charlottetown, P. E. I. Nov. 30, 1910.

KING EDWARD HOTEL

Mrs. Larter, Proprietress. Will now be conducted on KENT STREET Near Corner of Queen. Look out for the old sign. King Edward Hotel, known everywhere for first class accommodation at reasonable prices. June 12, 1907.

Morson & Duffy

Barristers & Attorneys. Brown's Block, Charlottetown, P. E. I. MONEY TO LOAN. Solicitors for Royal Bank of Canada. \$60 Miles in 52 days.

McLeod & Bentley

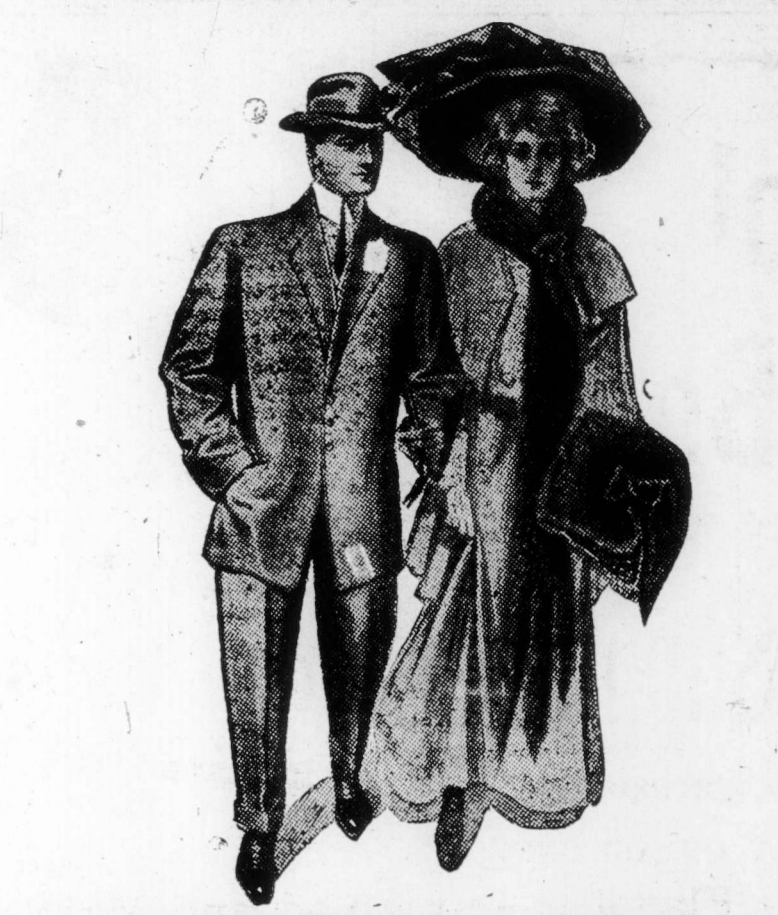
Barristers, Attorneys and Solicitors. MONEY TO LOAN. Offices—Bank of Nova Scotia Chambers. Tickets Dodgers

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of a statute execution to me directed, issued out of His Majesty's Supreme Court of Judicature of Prince Edward Island, at the suit of John Howard Beers against George F. Beers, I have taken and seized as the property of the said George F. Beers, all the estate, right, title and interest of the said George F. Beers, in and to all that tract, piece or parcel of land situate lying and being on Lot or Township Number Fifty, in Queen's County, in Prince Edward Island, bounded and described as follows, that is to say: Commencing on the shore of Pownal Bay at the northwest corner of land owned by Job Irving; thence along the northern boundary of said land northeasterly until it strikes the road leading from Cherry Valley Road to Seal River; thence along the northern side of said Seal River Road easterly for the distance of thirty chains or until it strikes the western boundary line of land in the occupation of John Dugberry; thence along said last mentioned boundary line northerly until it strikes the southern boundary line of land formerly owned by Joseph Beers and Frederick Beers, now the property of Francis McLean; thence along said last mentioned boundary line along the shore of Pownal Bay westerly; thence along the various courses of said Bay southerly for the distance of about three chains or until it strikes the place of commencement, containing about one hundred and ten acres of land a little more or less, together with fifteen acres of marsh, situate on said Pownal Bay, bounded on the north by the cove lying north of the farms now or formerly in possession of Job Irving and James Hayden, and on the south by said farms and being appurtenant to the said one hundred and ten acres above described. And I do hereby give public notice that I will, on Friday, the 30th day of June, A. D. 1911, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, at the Court House in Charlottetown, set up and sell at public auction the said property, or as much thereof as will satisfy the levy marked on the said writ, being the sum of (\$2981.87) Two Thousand Nine Hundred and Eighty-one Dollars and Eighty-seven cents, besides Sheriff's fees and other legal incidental expenses. GEORGE COOMBS, Sheriff. Sheriff's Office, Queen's County, November 22nd, A. D. 1910. McLean & McKinnon, Plaintiff's Attorneys. Nov. 30, 1910—31

JOB WORK!

Executed with Neatness and Despatch at the HERALD Office, Charlottetown P. E. Island



PATON'S The House of Quality Where THE Best Clothes COME FROM.

Mortgage Sale

To be sold by public Auction, in front of the Law Courts Building in Charlottetown, on Friday, the twenty-third day of December, A. D. 1910, at twelve o'clock noon...

Mortgage Sale

There will be sold by Public Auction at the Court House at Georgetown in Kings County on Thursday the Eighth day of December, A. D. 1910 at the hour of twelve o'clock noon...

Mortgage Sale

Notice is hereby given that I, the undersigned Lella M. MacKinnon of Charlottetown in Queen's County, single woman, will on or after the tenth day of December A. D. 1910 sell by private sale under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the fifth day of January A. D. 1908 and made between William A. Leslie of Souris, Lessee...

LOCAL and OTHER ITEMS.

Shrubbs defeated Longboat in a 15 mile race in Boston by three quarters of a lap. Shrubbs' time was 1 hour and 26 minutes and 8-5 seconds. Shrubbs led from start to finish.

MARRIED.

HASZARD-DAVISON - At Edmonton, on the 12th inst., Allan C. Hazard, son of Walter Hazard, Charlottetown, to Miss Lee M. Davison, formerly of Orangeville, Ont.

DIED

McLURE - At Gasperaux, on the 8th inst., Catherine, relict of the late Andrew McLure, aged 90 years. One brother, Philip, and two sisters, Mrs. John McLure and Mrs. Beaton, Richmond, Maine, U.S.A., survive her.

LOCAL & OTHER ITEMS

Monday, November 21st was the fifty eighth anniversary of the laying of the first ocean cable in America, that between Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick.

LOCAL & OTHER ITEMS

Japan has placed an order with Vickers, Sons and Maxim at Harrow-on-Farres for a Dreadnought bigger than any under construction. She will be of a tonnage of nearly 28,000 and will cost about \$12,250,000.

LOCAL & OTHER ITEMS

Eleven coal miners, two white men and nine negroes were entombed in a mine of the Providence Mining Co., Kentucky following a gas explosion and it is believed that all are dead.

LOCAL & OTHER ITEMS

Armstrong Drexel broke world's aviation record in flight from Point Breze Philadelphia. The barograph recorded 10,000 feet. The best previous records 7714 feet, was made by Johnstone at Balmont Park.

LOCAL & OTHER ITEMS

The German Steamer Berlin from Sunderland, for Stettin, Germany has not been reported for seventeen days and is supposed to have foundered in the North Sea. She carried a crew of seventeen men. Her cargo was coal.

LOCAL & OTHER ITEMS

Eight persons were injured, none fatally, when a Missouri Pacific passenger train collided with a freight train at High Mass at St. James Cathedral Montreal Sunday by Archbishop Brodeur. The letter was personally sent by His Holiness to the Archbishop and warmly congratulated his Grace together with the clergy and members of the Catholic Church in Canada on the great success of the recent Ecumenical Congress.

MacLellan Bros., Bank of Commerce Building. Tailors and Gents' Furnishers.

To Be Well Dressed at a Reasonable Cost Let Us Make Your Suit!

Have you been giving your money away to a poor tailor for clothes that did not satisfy you? or worse still have you, thinking you were saving two or three dollars on your suit, paid your good money for a "Ready-Made" - a suit that stays good only until you wear it, and instead of adding to your appearance, will by its bad fitting qualities make you appear poorly dressed.



Don't you think it will pay you to leave your order with us?

The Swellest Line of Men's Furnishings In the City is Here--Moderately Priced.

In our new store, we have opened up a first class Gent's Furnishings Department, where you will find the newest ideas in up-to-date goods for men.

NEW SWELL SHIRTS

A big stock including the lines of the two best Canadian makers. All the swell patterns and colors. Pretty shirts at 75c., \$1.15, \$1.25, \$1.35, \$1.50 up. See them.



PRETTY NECKWEAR

We have the newest and best selected stock of Ties in the city. All styles, 25c. to 75c. each.

COLLARS

We carry the W. G. & R. Collar, the best collar made in Canada. We can give you the latest shapes. These collars combine style and quality. Price 15c each or 2 for 25c., 20c. each, 3 for 50c.



MACLELLAN BROS.

We Pity You Mr. Smoker! If you never tried OUR TOBACCO. Thousands are smoking it today and want no other. Are you one of them? Try it. You'll be pleased. HICKEY & NICHOLSON Tobacco Co., Ltd. Ch'town, Phone 345. Manufacturers.

Mortgage Sale. Notice is hereby given that I, the undersigned Lella M. MacKinnon of Charlottetown in Queen's County, single woman, will on or after the tenth day of December A. D. 1910 sell by private sale under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the fifth day of January A. D. 1908 and made between William A. Leslie of Souris, Lessee...

W. J. P. McMILLAN, M. D. PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. OFFICE AND RESIDENCE: 148 PRINCE STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN. Nov. 10, 1910-11

FRASER & McQUAID, Barristers & Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors, Notaries Public, etc. Souris, P. E. Island. Nov. 10, 1909-20.

FIRE INSURANCE. Royal Insurance Company of Liverpool, G. B. Sun Fire offices of London. Fidelity Phenix Fire Insurance Co. of New York.

Combined Assets \$100,000,000. Lowest rates and prompt settlement of Losses. JOHN MACBACHERN AGENT. Telephone No. 362. Mar. 22nd, 1906

Montague Dental Parlors. We guarantee all our plate to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Teeth pulled and extracted absolutely painless. A. J. FRASER, D. D. Aug. 15 1906-3m

(Continued from first page.)  
recommending some one who might fill the position. This again proved a fruitless quest. When Mgr. Skop, tycki was in Winnipeg he was approached upon the subject but could not at the present time render any assistance.

The West Canada Publishing Co. is at the present time equipped with a first class plant for producing a paper in the Ruthenian language. But it is a most difficult matter to secure the services of a competent editor. We must not lose heart, however. The Metropolitan will be returning in a few days and with his assistance it will be possible to secure the services of a responsible and reliable journalist.

For the information of enquirers not conversant with the status of the Greek Uniates we add a word of explanation.

The majority of the so-called Greek Uniates, united to Rome, are Ruthenians and Servians living in the Austro-Hungarian Empire. They number 4,097,073 souls. The Maronites do not exceed the number of 300,000 souls.

The Uniate Churches are Greek in name only.—North West Review.

“Why Persecute Thou Me?”

It was the year 1793 in France. Spring, that fairest of the seasons, had passed her magic wand over the queenly city of Paris, and beauty had sprung forth everywhere. But, though the sun shone, and the birds sang throughout France it was winter, cold and desolate, in the hearts of her people; for she was going through a struggle, the most critical in the blood stained pages of her history. She was tottering on the brink of a ruin well nigh as complete as that which overtook the mighty city of the Caesars. And who stood at the helm of the storm-tossed “Ship of State” as she struggled with the forces that threatened to engulf her? One whose only aim, whose sole desire was to bring her safe to the haven, regardless of personal motives or considerations? Oh no! It was Hebert, the violent, the fanatical, the insatiable Reasoner in the person of a wicked woman on the dismantled altar of Notre Dame! In vain had the States-General assembled and laid their demands for right before the weak Louis; in vain the National Assembly framed wise laws in the hope of stemming the flood of anarchy that was fast rushing upon the unhappy country! All efforts had failed, but Hebert had assisted him; he had had himself constituted leader, and a field was enough for his ambition lay before him.

On one of these spring days, two men sat earnestly conversing in one of the rooms of the deserted palace, in the very room indeed, in which the unhappy monarch had been made to sign away the nominal sovereignty which was his. One of these men was small and thin, with a longish head, narrow restless eyes, and a month firm, but insinuating; the other was of more pleasing presence, straight and military in his bearing, with frank blue eyes and glossy brown hair. Both wore the uniform of the French army.

For some moments neither had spoken. The one, buried in thought, seemed debating within himself some difficult question, while the other watched his quick restless movements with ill-concealed impatience. The soft spring breeze stole through the open window, and gently stirred the rich hangings on the walls, and now and then, there were borne in on the breeze, fragments of a song which made Hebert glance significantly at his companion (who, however, did not heed his look), for the burden of it was “Long Live Reason.” Presently the older man spoke.

“Well, Pierre,” he said, “will you undertake the commission? It is one of trust and may turn out to your advantage. Be a man! Put aside those cowardly scruples, fit only for women, and bend your manly knees to the handsome Goddess of Reason. Your outburst is simple; go tomorrow to the Church of Saint Agnes, close the door and disperse the silly multitude. And if they seem to resent your action, invite them to the festival of Reason to be celebrated this evening. What! you are silent, you still hesitate?”

At this the other raised his head, and with an air of forced determination, rose from his chair.

“Pardon, Monsieur,” he said, “I have had a struggle, but it is over, I will execute your orders.”

A smile of triumph crossed the features of Hebert at these words.

“There!” he said, “I knew your good sense would win in the end, and you shall not regret it.”

The young soldier saluted and passed out into the sunbeams.

On the following morning, when the risen sun was in his wont, stole in through the stained glass windows of Saint Agnes, to pay his homage at the little golden palace doors, he found a throng of children kneeling in silent devout expectation, in the great pews. On one side, the girls with snow-white veils symbolizing the spotlessness of their young souls;

An Ancient Foe

To health and happiness is Scrofula as ugly as ever since time immemorial. It causes blemishes in the neck, disfigures the skin, inflames the mucous membrane, wastes the muscles, weakens the bones, reduces the power of resistance to disease and the capacity for recovery, and develops into consumption.

“Two of my children had scrofula sores which kept growing deeper and kept them from going to school for three months. Ointments and medicines did no good until I began giving them Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine caused the sores to heal, and the children have shown no signs of scrofula since.” J. W. McGraw, Woodstock, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla will rid you of it, radically and permanently, as it has rid thousands.

on the other, the boys, bearing on their upturned faces the sacred impress of the Eucharistic Communion to which they had been admitted but a few hours before. It was Confirmation day at St. Agnes, and the scent of lilies filled the air, and high over the heads of the little ones the tiny light Sentinel trembled in prayerful adoration.

Presently a solemn procession issued from the sacristy—bearing lighted tapers and followed by a venerable figure in cope and mitre. Then quietly, two by two, the world-be soldiers of Christ approached and knelt at the Bishop's feet, while his aged hands extended o'er their youthful heads, and his gentle voice invoked the Holy Spirit in their behalf. And all the while the solemn tones of the great organ floated upon the fragrant air.

And now, while the gentle Bishop is enlisting these new soldiers of the Cross, Pierre La Rose has started on his way with the soldiers of France, to execute the deed of which he had pledged himself on the preceding night. It was early as yet, and the first rays of the sun were beautifying the quiet old streets through which they passed, the silence broken only by an occasional burst of song or laughter and the clanking of their weapons on the ground. Presently one of the soldiers spoke.

“Why so silent, Monsieur Pierre?” he said, “Art hungry? Art in love? Or does thy conscience trouble thee? Thy countenance would suggest the gallinule or the tortoise.”

“Nay,” said another, “his neither conscience nor hunger that makes him gloomy. He fears to meet his sweetheart, here where we are going to work mischief.”

La Rose said nothing, seemed to be unconscious of their raillery, and kept doggedly on, his head bent and his hand clenching his sword. Ere long, the Gothic spires of Saint Agnes rose before them in all the golden glory lent them by the sun.

—up the broad steps marched the little party, rattle and noise, into the quiet. Once inside, they were forced to pause, for the sudden transition from the sunlight to the dimness of the church had blinded them. La Rose, a little in advance of the others, stood as if unwilling to advance, yet wishing to do so. It was as if he had been suddenly introduced into an outer court of Heaven. The solemn strains of the organ thrilled him strangely and he stood as if unable to move, and in that moment, the vigilant little sentinel which keeps watch before the Tabernacles of the world, from its watch-tower high upon its castle ramparts, flashed out a solemn warning, “My house is a house of prayer.”

Swiftly the moments flew. The last two of the little soldiers had been knighted. All was still and La Rose still standing with bent head listening to the glowing words of the old Bishop. Did the old man see those dusky figures faintly outlined in the dimness? Did he divine their sacrilegious mission? Perhaps, for the words that fell from his lips smote like steel thrusts on the proud heart of La Rose. Then at the end, with kindling eye and forceful gesture, he bade the children go forth, strong in their new found valor, to the combat for God and His suffering Church.

“Hold yourselves ready my children,” he said, “to suffer obediently, yes to die gladly for the Faith which gave me a Panoply and an Agnes, for the day is not far distant, I fear, my little ones, when the Church of France will be hunted to the Catacombs, as was the Church of Rome under the Caesars. But fear not, for the God, Who in His own good time brought low beneath His avenging and the proud mistress of the world, still holds in the palm of His hand the destinies of nations. ‘Tis under His standard you go forth to fight, and ‘tis He Who, when the fight is o'er, will decorate you with the badge of the heavenly Legion of Honor.”

Then amid a solemn stillness, the Master bled slots in consecrated fingers, blessed the kneeling little ones and all departed. As the retreating footsteps echoed in the vestibule, La Rose roused himself, and turning abruptly to the soldiers, bade them secure the doors. This

was the work of but a few moments and when it was completed, he himself secured the massive outer door, and gave the order to march.

In the guard-house that day, in the busy streets, everywhere that La Rose went to seek distraction from his thoughts, there rang in his ears the oft-repeated text of the old Bishop—“He that shall confess me before men, I will also confess him before My Father Who is in Heaven, but he that deny Me before men, I will also deny him before My Father Who is in Heaven.” Why did those words repeat themselves so incessantly in his soiling brain like a warning? In vain he strove to escape their insistent persecution, in the company of his fellow lieutenants. They followed him and bared themselves into his confused thoughts. Hour by hour, he strode through the streets, seeing and hearing nothing—but only on forgetting. Finally, driven by an impulse like that which forces the murderer to revisit the scene of his crime, he bent his steps, half unconsciously, in the direction of Saint Agnes. Ascending the steps he unlocked the great door, and entering, secured it behind him. He walked restlessly up the aisle as if drawn by some unseen force, and dropped on his knees at the railing.

Darkness brooded like a mournful shadow within the hallowed walls and out of the shadows rose the white marble altar, the throne of the invisible King. A holy hush was in the air, and fraught with sacred power, thrilled the heart of the young soldier with memories of the past.

How often in the days so far removed from him had he spent moments of sweetest communion with the gentle Prisoner of the Tabernacle here in this very spot. How often in the first flush of schoolboy triumph, had he hastened hither to pour out his grateful heart to the beautiful Queen Mother through whose powerful aid he had attained success. Thick and fast the long forgotten memories crowded upon him, memories of those days of innocence and piety spent under the watchful guidance of the old pastor of that bright May morning, when, his heart aglow with fervor he had approached for the “Great Supper of the Lord,” of that proud day when, with the holy chrism moist upon his brow he had gone forth from the Church burning with the desire to prove his soldier's courage in the cause of his Master.

Then the scenes of memory shifted; he saw himself a youth, the pride of his sweet-faced mother, the darling idol of a devoted sister, and—ah! memory was cruel!—the proud suitor of a beautiful noble girl. The loving faces so inseparably united in their sorrow seemed to smile entreatingly upon him in the darkness, and their pale grief smote him to the heart. Yes! in those days he had been happy; but then came the wild desire for the soldier's life, for military renown, and despite the anguished pleading of his mother, and the tears of his sister and Eugenie, he had entered the army, and once under the perilous influence of Godless associates, he had gradually drifted down stream. Soon indifference gave place to a contempt for those things which had once been dearer to him than life, and eternity was forgotten in the mad race for advancement in his chosen career. Step by step, he traced the downward path there in the darkness, alone with conscience. Suddenly a great wave of realization came over him. He, Pierre La Rose, had not twenty-four hours before closed with his own hands the ever-open doors of this stronghold of his King, had rudely debarred from His presence the innocent courtiers of that King, had enlisted under the standard of Reason, and had come with a band of armed soldiers to offer a mortal insult to the gentle Dweller within these walls, to Him Who he knew would not resent it, though in shining array powerful to annihilate in the fraction of a moment, him who dared offend the Captain.

He raised his head. High up amid the darkness, the tiny tremulous red spark was flickering just as it had in the twilight evenings of the long ago. Now it spoke to him for the second time that day, but tenderly, reproachfully, not sternly. “Defile not the temple of the Lord;” and with the pleading whisper of the little light, came again the vision of his mother's anxious, wistful face. Generous tears started to his eyes, and he wept as he was wont to do when a boy at the sight of his mother's grief. Convulsive sobs shook his frame, and he cried out in the darkness: “Path, I have sinned against Heaven and Thee, I have proved an unworthy son, but take me back among Thy servants, Have mercy on me, my God, and bear me!”

His head sank upon his hands, and his lips began to move in fervent eager prayer. Long and earnestly he pleaded with the Father whom he had wronged, ere peace came to his weary soul, and from the little golden door, came the words which had brought joy to many a sorrowing soul before him: “Go in peace and sin no more.”

In a stately house in the Rue Saint Jean, a little party sat enjoying the calm twilight evening. They were three, an elderly lady, slender and with snow white hair and soft brown eyes; a girl of about sixteen, with

delicate rose tint in her cheek, rich dark hair, and blue eyes full of merriment, and lastly one who stood—

“Where the brook and river meet.” She too was fair, with cleft gray eyes and Titian hair.

“Touch thy magic instrument, Celeste,” said her mother, “and add that which alone is lacking to the romance of the moonlight evening and the sighing zephyrs.” Celeste turned and let her slender fingers wonder over the keys of her beloved instrument and soon the tender strains of Gounod's “Ave Maria” filled the room.

“Mother,” she said, as the low notes were borne away on the breeze, “the last time I played that Pierre stood beside me here and sang it.”

“And willst it tonight, if you will let him,” exclaimed a voice and ere she could be startled by the unexpected reply to her words, a tall familiar form strode into the darkening room, as the stood beside her mother's chair.

“Sweet Mother, he said, ‘I have come back to you, and to Celeste and to Eugenie.’

“My boy!” was all she could say and Pierre was on his knees his eyes touching his mother and her joyful tears moistening his brow. When the first intense embrace was over, Pierre turned to where Celeste was standing patiently waiting her turn, and she was held close to his heart, too happy for words. But when he would have saluted Eugenie, she was gone. With another tender kiss on his mother's cheek, Pierre hastened in the air, and fraught with sacred power, thrilled the heart of the young soldier with memories of the past.

“Eugenie,” he whispered eagerly, “will you not forgive me. I was but a foolish boy when I left you and I wandered far, in my blindness, but the good God called me back to the Fold, and now it needs only your forgiveness to make me supremely happy.”

He waited, gazing hungrily into her tear stained face. Softly the little white hand, lying passively in his tightened its clasp, and her clear grey eyes looking into his own gave the answer which her maiden lips would not frame. Fall of a new exultant happiness he drew her into the parlor to his mother and Celeste. As they sat in the old familiar group, looking out to the calm moonlight night, Celeste whispered to her mother:—

“The old priest was right, was he not, mother? when he smiled whilst we wept, and said always: ‘Ask and you shall receive, knock and it shall be opened to you.’” Casket.

Tempus Fugit.

“Are you almost ready?” asked the man. He stood in the doorway and scowled.

“In just a minute, dear,” the lady made answer; “all I have to do is to put on my hat.”

The man went out and slammed the door and began strolling up and down the hall. Presently he returned and opened the door again.

“Good gracious,” he said, “you're taking a whole lot of time—”

“I'll be through right away,” the lady assured him. He saw she was indeed putting on her hat, and had a sheaf of long hampins in her mouth. The man resumed his stroll through the hall. After a while he looked at his watch, snapped it shut and returned.

“Look here, woman,” he said, “we have only twenty minutes to catch that train. Cut it short, Can't you?”

The woman nodded and jabbed pins recklessly through her hair. Then she tilted the hat on one side and ran a pin through it. She gave a dissatisfied shrug and removed the pin and tilted the hat the other way. The man hopped about, first on one foot and then on the other.

“Jumping Jerusalem crickets!” he wailed, “will you ever get through?”

The lady grabbed a handkerchief, sought for a bottle of perfume in a trussed-up drawer, pulled out two more drawers in search of it, and again approached the glass. The man looked grimly on. Then he looked at his watch. The train had gone, that was plain.

“I'm ready, dear,” said the lady, sweetly, “come on; we must hurry.”

BOILS AND PIMPLES

Are caused altogether by bad blood, and unless you cleanse the system of the bad blood the boils or pimples will not disappear.

Get pure blood and keep it pure by removing every trace of impure morbid matter from the system by using the greatest known blood medicine, BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

Both Cured.  
Mr. A. J. Sathier, Newwood, N.S. writes:—“Two years ago I was troubled with boils on my neck and back, and could not get rid of them. A friend recommended me to try Burdock Blood Bitters, and after using two bottles I was pleased to note the boils were entirely gone, and I have not been troubled with any since.”

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Miss Eva A. Skinner, Cranby, Que., writes:—“I am pleased to recommend Burdock Blood Bitters as it has done me much good. My face was covered with pimples, and being advised by a friend to try Burdock Blood Bitters and have them removed I did so and I now have not a spot on my face.”

Burdock Blood Bitters is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

“You hunt too much,” said Louis X V to the archbishop of Narbonne. “How can you prohibit your carter from hunting if you pass your life in setting them such an example?”

“Sir,” said Dillon, “for my carter the chase is a fault; for myself it is the fault of my ancestors.”

MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., LTD.  
Gentlemen.—In July 1905 I was thrown from a road machine, injuring my hip and back badly and was obliged to use a crutch for 1 month. In September, 1906, Mr. William Outridge, of Lachute, urged me to use MINARD'S LINIMENT, which I did with the most satisfactory results, and today I am as well as ever in my life.

Yours sincerely,  
MATTHEW BAINES, mark.

I scream if you dare kiss me, sir!  
“Nay, not of such act dream.”  
The swain, resourceful, said “the kiss let's follow with ice cream.”

Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria  
“How did your husband enjoy his vacation?”  
“He is very much alarmed about it.”  
“How is that?”  
“Why, he has come home with an appetite in excess of his income.”

There is nothing harsh about Lax-Liver Pills. They cure Constipation, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, and Bilious Spells without griping, purging or sickness. Price 25 cts.

May has lost her chance to marry that rich young man.  
“Is that so?”  
“Yes, she hasn't any fact at all. He asked her the other evening if she objected to his smoking in the house and she said she did.”

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 50c.

Politeness is a sort of guard which covers the rough-edges of our character and prevents them from wounding others. We should never throw it off even in our conflicts with coarse people.

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“Oh no; just being fitted with the necessary gowns.”

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SHE HAD CONSUMPTION.  
Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup Cured Her.  
Weighed 125 Pounds—Now Weighs 172.

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Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup contains the lung healing virtues of the Norway pine tree, which, combined with other absorbent, expectorant and cooling medicines, makes it without a doubt the best remedy for coughs, colic, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. Price 25 cents at all dealers. Beware of imitations. The genuine is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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