

The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 16, 1901.

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Calendar for Oct. 1901.

MOON'S CHANGES.
Last Quarter, 4th, 4h. 52m. evg.
New Moon, 12th, 9h. 11m. m.
First Quarter, 20th, 1h. 55m. evg.
Full Moon, 27th, 1h. 6m. m.

Day of Week	Sun	Morn	High	Water
Week	rises	Sets	Water	After'n
	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.
1 Tuesday	6	7 52	0 42	15 35
2 Wednesday	8	27	1 12	14 38
3 Thursday	10	35	1 44	15 28
4 Friday	12	23	2 25	16 28
5 Saturday	13	21	3 24	17 47
6 Sunday	15	19	4 44	19 02
7 Monday	16	18	6 16	20 03
8 Tuesday	17	16	7 38	20 56
9 Wednesday	19	14	8 50	21 40
10 Thursday	20	12	9 53	22 19
11 Friday	21	10	10 38	22 51
12 Saturday	23	8 11	11 18	23 21
13 Sunday	24	7 11	11 57	23 50
14 Monday	26	5	12 35	24 35
15 Tuesday	27	3	0 16	13 12
16 Wednesday	28	1	0 38	13 49
17 Thursday	28	0	1 20	14 22
18 Friday	31	0	1 58	15 15
19 Saturday	33	58	2 02	16 09
20 Sunday	34	54	2 46	17 10
21 Monday	36	53	3 36	18 13
22 Tuesday	37	51	5 24	19 19
23 Wednesday	39	49	6 54	20 18
24 Thursday	40	48	8 10	20 59
25 Friday	41	46	9 13	21 40
26 Saturday	43	44	10 09	22 19
27 Sunday	45	41	11 01	22 55
28 Monday	46	41	11 51	23 27
29 Tuesday	47	41	12 40	23 39
30 Wednesday	49	39	1 40	13 33
31 Thursday	6	30	2 54	14 22

"Imitation is the sincerest Form of Flattery."

The best proof that

MINARD'S LINIMENT
has extraordinary merits, and is in good repute with the public, is that it is EXTENSIVELY Imitated. The imitations resemble the genuine article in appearance only. They lack the general excellence of the Genuine.

This notice is necessary, as injurious and dangerous imitations liable to produce chronic inflammation of the skin, are often substituted for MINARD'S LINIMENT by Dealers, because they pay a larger profit.

They all Sell on the Merits and advertising of MINARD'S.

One in particular claiming to be made by a former proprietor of MINARD'S LINIMENT, which simply is a lie.

INSIST UPON HAVING MINARD'S LINIMENT, MADE BY C. C. RICHARDS' & CO., YARMOUTH, N. S.

Farm for Sale!
On Bear River Line Road.

That very desirable farm consisting of fifty acres of land fronting on "The Bear River Line Road" and adjoining the property of Patrick Mackinney and formerly owned by John Pigeon. For further particulars apply to the subscribers, executors of the late William Pigeon, or to James H. Reddin, Solicitor, Cameron Block, Charlottetown.

JOHN F. JOHNSON, F. F. KELLY, Executors.

JAMES H. REDDIN, BARRISTER-AT-LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c. CAMERON BLOCK, CHARLOTTETOWN.

North British and Mercantile INSURANCE COMPANY.
ASSETS - SEVENTY MILLION DOLLARS.

The strongest Fire Insurance Company in the world.
This Company has done business on the Island for forty years, and is well known for prompt and liberal settlement of its losses.

P. E. L. Agency, Charlottetown.
HYNDMAN & CO. Agents.
Queen St., Dec. 21, 1898.

FIRE INSURANCE, LIFE INSURANCE.

The Royal Insurance Co. of Liverpool.
The Sun Fire office of London.
The Phenix Insurance Co. of Brooklyn.
The Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York.

Combined Assets of above Companies, \$300,000,000.
Lowest Rates. Prompt Settlements.

JOHN McRACHERN, Agent. FOR SALE.
The House and Lot at Head of St. Peter's Bay, lately occupied by Charles McLellan, and adjoining the premises of Lockwood Anderson, Esq. This would be a good locality for a mechanic or for a boarding house. Terms easy. Apply to **ENEAS A. MACDONALD.** Charlottetown, April 10, 1901.

A. L. Fraser, B. A. Attorney-at-Law.
SOURIS, P. E. ISLAND.
MONEY TO LOAN.

ENEAS A. MACDONALD, BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Agent for Credit Foncier Franco-Canadien, Lancashire Fire Insurance Co., Great West Life Assurance Co.
Office, Great George St.
Near Bank Nova Scotia, Charlottetown
Nov 892-3y

Going Out of the Crockery - - Business.

We will close out our entire stock of **Crockery, Glassware and General Merchandise** At Great Clearance Sale Prices.

Bargains in Tea Sets, Dinner Sets, Toilet Sets, Lemonade Sets, Table Sets, Cups and Saucers, Parlor Lamps, Hall Lamps, Fancy Goods, Silver Knives, Forks and Spoons, &c. Many lines at half price. All at sweeping reductions. Stock must be sold at once as I am going out of the Crockery business. Book accounts must be settled at once. All the above goods will be sold for spot cash, therefore you can depend on getting bargains.

P. MONAGHAN, Queen Street.

CUSTOM Tailor-Made Clothing Is Best & Cheapest in the End.

WHY? Because we buy the best goods, and employ only Experienced Custom Tailors to make it; it is made on the premises under the superintendence of Experienced Cutters. There is no hours in the trade more able to sell good clothing than we are, and we invite you to inspect our stock.

Big Reductions On all Summer Suitings, Trouserings, etc. Men's Furnishings
In soft Front Shirts, Underclothing and all Summer Goods at cost to make room for our Fall Goods.

GORDON & McLELLAN Men's Outfitters.

WE ARE Manufacturers and Importers

Monuments AND Headstones

In all kinds of Marble, All kinds of Granite, All kinds of Freestone.

We have a nice assortment of finished work on hand. See us or write us before you place your order.

CAIRNS & McFADYEN, Cairns & McLean's Old Stand, Kent Street, Charlottetown.

A Canadian Heroine.

Boys and girls, no less than men and women, in the troublous times when America was first settled, held themselves ready at any time to face sudden danger without flinching. The story of Madeleine Jarret is still preserved in the records of French Canada to show what has been done by a young girl's quick wit and courage.

On the southern bank of the St. Lawrence, just below the Island of Montreal, lies the little Canadian County of Vercheres.

The town of Vercheres, the capital of the county, is now a common place manufacturing community. But two hundred years ago, after the outbreak of the bitter struggle between the French and the Iroquois it was a fortified settlement, of great importance as well as of great danger. The only highway from the Indian haunts in the forests of New York to the Canadian settlements lay along the water course of Lake George and Lake Champlain and the Richelieu River.

Vercheres, which was midway between Montreal and Sorel, and at the junction of the Richelieu and St. Lawrence, guarded the immediate approach by water to Montreal, and was at the same time within easy reach of the marauding bands of savages that swooped down on the ripe fields of the Canadians. These attacks became so frequent that men at last dared not till their lands alone, and either abandoned their farms or worked in companies, going first to one farm, then to another, to gain the added security of numbers.

According to this custom, twenty farmers had assembled at Vercheres in October, 1692. It was late in the afternoon of the 22nd. The men were hastening to finish their task in the fields, half a mile or more from the little fort which crowned the river bank. The day was bleak and gloomy. Great clouds hung gray and lowering in the sky, sending a chill of foreboding into the stoutest heart among the workers. Yet two persons in the little settlement on that dreary afternoon paid no heed to the threatening weather. These were Louis and Alexander Jarret, sons of the commander of the fort, who were watching Lavolette, the aged boat builder, as he put the finishing touches to a new bark canoe. Madeleine, their sister fourteen years old had joined them, but an anxious look stole into her face as she glanced now and then toward the distant fields. M. Jarret, the commander, had been called away with his garrison by Governor Frontenac, on the rumor that 10,000 Bostonians were on their way to destroy the Canadian capital. Only the old carpenter and two broken down half-witted fellows were left to guard the fort.

Upon Madeleine then came the care of her two younger brothers, and, in fact, she felt responsibility for the fort itself in the absence of any suitable defenders. But no trouble was expected since all had been quiet for several weeks.

The little group about the boat builder were absorbed in admiration of the beautiful canoe, when suddenly a distant yell, shrill and piercing, burst upon their ears, blanching their faces and freezing them with terror.

"Run, mademoiselle, run! The Iroquois!" gasped Lavolette, regaining his voice. Seizing a boy with each hand he fairly leaped up the bank toward the gate of the fort.

The Indians were soon in full view, hurrying along the open country between the fort and the fields where the farmers were at work. They must have come from the wooded edge of the river below Vercheres, for as the stream made a slight bend at that point they could not be observed from the landing where Lavolette and the children had been. Had a proper watch been kept at the fort, however, the farmers might perhaps have been warned in time. Madeleine knew at once that their could be no help for the workmen among so many savages. Her only hope was to save herself and the few who might be in the fort. Pressing closely behind her three companions she threw herself inside the gate of the palisade.

"To arms. To arms!" she shouted, breathlessly. "Gabriel! La Bonte! To arms! To arms!" There was no response. Only two terrified women came rushing from their cabins in the inclosure to meet her, and clung to her skirts with tears and sobs. Their husbands were in the fields, and that very moment perhaps would prove their last. The firing and yelling outside grew louder, mingled with cries of distress. Madeleine rushed about in search of the two men. As she entered the covered passage leading to the blockhouse she saw one of them in the further corner,

and before she could reach him the second appeared with a lighted taper in his hand.

"What are you doing with that torch, Gabriel?" she called out sharply as the fellow turned toward the store of powder near him.

"There is no chance for us, mademoiselle," he said, his pale face growing more ghastly in the flaring light. "You do not know the Iroquois. Better to die here together than roast over the campfires of those devils. We must blow up the blockhouse."

"You are a miserable coward!" cried the girl, "and you, too, Pierre La Bonte. Give me the torch. Shall we fling away our lives without shedding one drop of our miserable blood? Let us fight to the last breath." Madeleine seized a musket as she spoke and her resolute tones roused the men. They armed themselves, and, taking muskets for each of the two boys—for very young children in those days of terror knew how to handle firearms—the three placed themselves in readiness at the loopholes. Lavolette was already busy repairing a breach in the palisade.

For some time the Indians were too much occupied with their easy prey in the fields to turn their attention to the fort, which was some distance from them, and the little company were able to lay their plans of defence. From time to time they fired the single cannon, the pride of the fort. As night drew on a strong north wind began to blow, and soon a cold, driving sleet was upon them. Not one of the men had made his escape to the fort, so cunningly had the savages arranged themselves between the farmers and a place of safety. Since her encounter with the two half-witted fellows in the blockhouse, Madeleine had assumed command of the situation quite naturally, her first feeling of bewilderment and terror passing away. Although Indian warfare was usually one of stealth, and on ordinary occasions the savages showed the utmost reluctance to attack a fortified place, Madeleine was well aware that in the darkness of the storm they could easily scale the palisade without detection, and would undoubtedly try to make the best of so favorable an opportunity. Her only hope was that they might be deceived as to the strength of the garrison. If they believed the fort well defended they would never allow themselves to be caught in a trap. She must strain every nerve to keep up the appearance of numbers.

Lavolette took his place on one of the bastions. Little Alexander was placed at another, armed with a drum in addition to his musket. Louis, who was two years older, took his place also with a gun. La Bonte was to keep guard at the entrance of the blockhouse, with a pike along over his shoulder, ready to sound an alarm. The young commander stationed herself at the remaining outermost bastion, urging her sentinels to call back and forth at frequent intervals. The hours dragged slowly in the cold and wet, but the watchers stood well to their duty. Just after midnight, Madeleine, peering earnestly through the darkness, described a moving something outlined against the now softly falling snow, and soon two stealthy figures were distinctly visible close to the fort.

Without waiting to discover their purpose, Madeleine boldly fired her musket, the prearranged signal, whereat the drum instantly beat a loud tattoo, Louis and Lavolette discharged their guns, and the trumpet from the blockhouse responded with a loud blast. The clatter was continued for some moments, then the sentinels ceased their din to watch and wait. All was quiet, and no sign appeared of the shadowy figures.

The night wore on and another day and night of anxious watching followed. On the third day La Monnaie, who had heard of the attack at Vercheres, and was anxious not to lose so important a post arrived with forty men.

Madeline, at first sight of her countrymen, sprang from the bastion and ran joyously to meet them, not forgetting, even in her assurance of safety to leave sentinels at the

Dyspepsia
From foreign words meaning bad cook has come rather to signify bad stomach; for the most common cause of the disease is a predisposing want of vigor and tone in that organ.
No disease makes life more miserable. Its sufferers certainly do not live to eat; they sometimes wonder if they should eat at all.
W. A. Nugent, Belleville, Ont., was greatly troubled with it for years; and Peter R. Geare, Esq. of Ottawa, Wis., who was so afflicted with it that he was nervous, sleepless, and actually sick most of the time, obtained no relief from medicines professionally prescribed.
They were completely cured, as others have been, by
Hood's Sarsaparilla
according to their own statement voluntarily made. This great medicine strengthens the stomach and the whole digestive system. Be sure to get Hood's

gate. "Monsieur, I surrender my arms," she said, saluting La Monnaie, and then dropping a courtesy as she smiled up into his face. "They are in good hands. I accept no surrender, Mademoiselle," replied the officer, returning her courtesy with a salute given in as grand a manner as if she had been in pontifical Count Frontenac himself.

The soldiers found no words to express their admiration as they saw the young sentinels at the gates, and perfect order everywhere. Later they learned that on the night of the 22nd the Iroquois had planned an attack on the fort, but had desisted because their scouts had found it full of soldiers. La Monnaie laughed heartily at the story of Madeleine's mode of defence.—True Witness.

What is Anarchy?
Anarchy is brute economy. The lower animals live without laws and rulers. Anarchists contend that men can do the same. Ants live and prosper in peace; yet they have no standing army, no police, no legislators. Man, they say, can do the same. The buffaloes and prairie dogs live in tranquility and harmony without courts or constables. Man, they hold, can do the same.

The lower animals have no morality. They have no Ten Commandments, no counsels, no sermon on the Mount, no hope of heaven or fear of hell. Yet they propagate their species and have no need either of minister or divorce courts. All laws are, therefore tyrannical; and all morality is soul slavery. All laws, human, divine and ecclesiastical are encroachments on individual liberty; usurpations, impositions, tricks upon the credulity of the superstitious. The only law is that of nature; the only restraint is the limitations of appetite and lust. Therefore kill rulers. They are usurpers and tyrants. Kill the rich because they are the creatures of law, the porteges of law; the triumph of law. Kill priests; they are the spectres of the nightmare of religion.

The error of Anarchy is its assumption of the equality of man and the lower animals. The lower animals repudiate Anarchistic equality. The brute is innocent; the Anarchist is a criminal. The brute never did an unlawful act in his life. The Anarchist is a malefactor on principle. The brute is honest. He never committed an act of unjust aggression in his life. The Anarchist is an assassin. The brute follows his instinct, which is his sovereign law implanted in his nature by the Creator; and he never deviates from it in the slightest particular. Conscience is the sovereign law implanted in the soul of man by the same Creator; and the Anarchist knows it only to violate it; hears it only to trample it beneath under foot. The Anarchist has the instincts of the brute, but is unfortunate, in that he has also the conscience of a man.

Man and brutes are essentially different. The brute knows no wrong. Man would not be man if he did not know right from wrong. The brute is incapable of resisting his instincts or controlling his passions; man is free in thought and action; any absence of free will would argue absence of reason and consequently an absence of manhood. This freedom to do right and this power to do wrong necessitates discipline; and where discipline is perfect law and government are unnecessary. But man is not self-disciplined; therefore mankind has to defend itself against his vagaries. Hence law. Hence governments.

Hence police and civil magistrates. The theory of Anarchy is that human passion is as harmless as brute passion, and to indulge it is divine. This is the corollary of Protestantism. Luther was the arch-Anarchist of the world. He taught the world that nothing that man could do was sin; that the believing Christian was above every law. Erasmus and Rabalais were both monks. Both wrote the worst books that were ever penned. Both are the philosophers of modern Anarchy. Both would be Protestants, but the former could not brook the assumptions of Luther, and the latter the tyranny of Calvin. Communism is the belief that all men, being brethren, should equally share the goods of all. Socialism is a theory that men should live in society, without government, without restraint, without any individuality of career, pursuit or ambition.

The pleasures of the whole should be shared by all alike, and the duties of the whole borne by all alike. Socialism is communism in both the goods and joys of life. Anarchy repudiates society and substitutes gregariousness. Goods, joys and life itself they leave to nature to supply; to nature to nourish; to nature to defend. Theirs is the communism of the brute, the freedom of the wilderness. There is Christian civilization, but they will have none of it. There is education and enlightenment; but the wild freedom of the forest is dearer to them than all. Not civilization; not refinement; not artistic paganism for them, but barbarism—nay, savagery is their element; the heather their bed; the mountain their altar, and the tornado their prayer. Such is Anarchy.—Western Watchman.

Decadence of English Speech.

George Riddle had an article with the above title in the New York Sun last Sunday, which contained a good deal of food for thought. We make a few extracts which are particularly telling:—

The English language is becoming more and more the language of the world, in commerce, social intercourse and in promoting peace among the nations. When spoken by the best speakers it is the most vigorous as well as the sweetest and most poetical language. Yet, in its usual utterances or delivery, even among educated people, it is the most abused language in the world, especially in the United States.

The very few men and women who have a high standard of speech, have not been able to make that standard generally recognized, and, consequently, there have been manifested for the last twenty years a carelessness and vulgarity of speech, accompanied by slovenliness of manner, in all the professions and in society, which may well bring forth the query: Is the art of delivery a lost art, and what is to be the end of this shameful decadence? The main essentials of delivery, on which the clearness of our discourse depends, are correct pronunciation and distinct enunciation. Manner, which includes attitude and gesture, is another essential.

In France, the standard of speech is irrevocably the French of Paris; in Germany, the German of Hannover; in Italy, the Italian of Florence; in Spain, the Spanish of Madrid.

There is a tradition of speech in those cities which, neither eccentricity nor caprice has been able to destroy. What is the standard of English speech? It can not be located in any one place. It might be fair to say that he speaks of the best English whose speech does not betray his nationality and environment, whether he be from London, New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Boston or Kalamazoo.

The principal difference of speech between educated Americans and English is one of intonation and inflection, not of vowel sounds, and it may be added that no American need feel flattered when told that he speaks like an Englishman, for the American has more variety of speech.

The principal advantage of the Englishman lies in the fact that tradition of speech obtains more with him than with the American. The English are not forever dicker- ing and changing the pronunciation of words. Nothing seems to delight the American orthoepist more than to apply the provincialisms of his particular locality and environment to words which have elsewhere had a stable pronunciation for generations. Some years ago Webster from Connecticut ordered kag to be pronounced cag, and for years the spinners of New England surrounded their oleander "cags" and "garding" beds with clam-shell borders. At a time when the theatre was emerging from the curses of the prejudiced, and when sane persons had ceased to consider it a concoction of the devil, Worcester spoke of the "drayma," and then we began to hear of "Cloparytta."

When even college professors use such vulgarisms of speech as motor news, git for get, got for gon, bon for been, and so on, almost ad infinitum, it is time to call a halt. That which Artemus Ward meant for satirical dialect when he wrote from Boston, "I meant to have alluded to the grate origin," is no exaggeration of most of the English heard today in schools and colleges.

"At this particular time," says the Rosary Magazine, "when the country which we proudly call our own is plunged in grief and is beset by the uncertainties which must inevitably come with every change of administration, it can not be other than wise to address ourselves to the Ruler of all nations, and ask Him to guide our destinies with His unerring hand. Of the stability of our government we need not doubt, for no anarchist bullet can kill the strong life of our free institutions. Still, there are rough waters, the sailing of which will bring less of peril if there be the Hand of Power and Wisdom at the helm. Let us then pray fervently that God's special protection and guidance may be vouchsafed to him who now fills the high place of the President of these United States, and that the prosperity which is rewarding the immense energy and industry of our countrymen may continue, nor suffer one jot of abatement."