

The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 15, 1899.

Vol. XXVIII, No. 41

Calendar for Nov., 1899.

MOON'S CHANGES.
 New Moon, 3rd, 6h. 14m. a. m.
 First Quarter, 10th, 9h. 23m. a. m.
 Full Moon, 17th, 6h. 6m. a. m.
 Last Quarter, 25th, 2h. 22m. a. m.

Day of Week.	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	High Water
1 Wednesday	6:59	4:37	4:46	9:39
2 Thursday	6:58	4:37	5:51	10:28
3 Friday	6:57	4:36	6:57	11:17
4 Saturday	6:56	4:35	8:03	12:06
5 Sunday	6:55	4:34	9:09	12:55
6 Monday	6:54	4:33	10:15	13:44
7 Tuesday	6:53	4:32	11:21	14:33
8 Wednesday	6:52	4:31	12:27	15:22
9 Thursday	6:51	4:30	1:33	16:11
10 Friday	6:50	4:29	2:39	17:00
11 Saturday	6:49	4:28	3:45	17:49
12 Sunday	6:48	4:27	4:51	18:38
13 Monday	6:47	4:26	5:57	19:27
14 Tuesday	6:46	4:25	7:03	20:16
15 Wednesday	6:45	4:24	8:09	21:05
16 Thursday	6:44	4:23	9:15	21:54
17 Friday	6:43	4:22	10:21	22:43
18 Saturday	6:42	4:21	11:27	23:32
19 Sunday	6:41	4:20	12:33	24:21
20 Monday	6:40	4:19	1:39	25:10
21 Tuesday	6:39	4:18	2:45	25:59
22 Wednesday	6:38	4:17	3:51	26:48
23 Thursday	6:37	4:16	4:57	27:37
24 Friday	6:36	4:15	6:03	28:26
25 Saturday	6:35	4:14	7:09	29:15
26 Sunday	6:34	4:13	8:15	30:04
27 Monday	6:33	4:12	9:21	30:53
28 Tuesday	6:32	4:11	10:27	31:42
29 Wednesday	6:31	4:10	11:33	32:31
30 Thursday	6:30	4:09	12:39	33:20



Our Watches FOR LADIES Are Gems of Beauty.
SOME GENTS' WATCHES
 Are beautifully engraved, others plain, solid and substantial.

CARTER'S Bookstore

Is to the front with the largest stock of

- School Books,
- Exercise Books,
- Scribbling Books,
- Pens,
- Inks
- And Paper.

YET OFFERED.

Assortment Complete. Prices always the lowest.

Geo. Carter & Co.

IMPORTERS.

Our Big Discount Sale

Still continues. Every day shrewd buyers come in, look over our stock, ask prices, make their purchases, and go away fully satisfied that their money is well spent.

Bargains In All Lines.

If it is a Parlour Suite, Bedroom Suite, or Dining or Kitchen Furniture you require you will find our regular prices very low, and remember we will give

Big Discounts for Cash.

John Newson CARD.

ANTOINE VINCENT, Architect and Sculptor, Dorchester Street, West, is prepared to execute orders for Monuments and Church-work in Altars, Statuary, Holy Water Fonts, &c. Work done promptly. August 2, 1898—6m

CLEARANCE SALE OF Fancy Shirts and Neckwear.

Our shirts are the W. G. & R. make. Nice patterns. Fresh stock. Some are open back and front with cuffs attached and detached.

See our nobby Ties, in Puffs, Knots, Four-in-hands, Bows, Strings, etc., etc.

Now is the time for **BARGAINS!**

GORDON & McLELLAN.

MEN'S STYLISH OUTFITTERS. Upper Queen Street.

WE ARE CATERERS IN THE Grocery Business

To those people who wish to live well at a minimum cost. Besides being prompt and attentive in our store, we make every effort to send away satisfied customers, no matter how great or how small the purchase.

Think of this and you will certainly leave a share of your patronage at

THE OLD TEA STORE, JAS. KELLY & CO.

September 6th, 1899—4m

WE WANT Housekeepers

To come in and look over our Groceries. Our stock is fine and fresh and guaranteed to be satisfactory. We keep everything in our line that is necessary

For Housekeeping.

The prices—well, that is what we want you to see when you are looking at our goods. Their lowness will surprise you.

Driscoll & Hornsby Queen Street.

Big Bargains!

We offer Big Reductions in Suits, Overcoats, Waterproof Coats, Underclothing, and all lines Gent's Furnishings.

John MacLeod & Co.

Merchant Tailors, Charlottetown.

To Boston and Back.

The following brief account of a trip to Boston and return, together with a few reflections regarding some of the scenes and incidents that came under the writer's observation is not intended to convey anything approaching a description of the great and busy city of Boston, or its environs, or of the numerous activities, institutions and personages that contribute towards its success. That would require very much more space than is at my disposal, besides our readers, for the most part, hear of all these to some extent at least, in one way or another. My purpose is rather to intimate to those who may be contemplating a visit to Boston, especially in the summer season, that the Canada Atlantic and Plant Line is the most desirable route. The passage by this line is direct, its scenic beauties are very attractive, its ships are first class and are in charge of most efficient and courteous officers. The writer avails himself of this opportunity to return his thanks to Mr. Chipman, of Halifax, the Canadian agent of the line, and to Mr. W. W. Clarke, the energetic and courteous agent at Charlottetown, for courtesies and kindnesses experienced at their hands. This writer left this City for Pictou, on board the excellent steamer Princess of the Charlottetown Steam Navigation Company. In the Northumberland and Prince, this popular company has two of the very best steamers of their class afloat. They are both new iron steamers with all modern equipments, offered by men of ability and experience. The passage to Pictou, under the guidance of the genial Captain McLean, was of the most pleasant. From Pictou to Halifax over the well equipped and well managed Intercolonial Railway, the trip is in every way agreeable and satisfactory.

At Halifax, the writer joined the steamer "Halifax," of the Canada Atlantic and Plant Line, bound for Boston. This splendid steamer has been on the route between Boston, Halifax and Charlottetown for several years and has been described and more than once referred to in the *HERALD*; consequently our readers must be tolerably well acquainted with her. She is a splendid sea ship and has a good set of officers as ever walking the deck of any steamer entering our ports. Captain Pye is a most capable, careful and courteous gentleman, scrupulous in the discharge of his official duties and most solicitous for the comfort and welfare of his passengers. Mr. Ellis, first officer, is a splendid specimen of humanity, as capable as he is genial; as courteous as he is portly. Mr. Monbourquette, Purser, is an ideal officer; zealous in the discharge of his duties; of winning manners, polite and accomplished. Mr. Noyes, Steward, is the epitome of kindness and gentleness. He is a lay-hearted, courteous gentleman, ever solicitous for the comfort of passengers. Mr. Doby, Chief Engineer, is, as might be taken for granted, a Scotchman. Needless to say, he is master of his business; he is besides, a most friendly man and an agreeable companion. Mr. J. A. Flanders, New England agent of the line, was a passenger to Boston, after a brief visit to the Island. He is a genial and courteous gentleman. The popularity of the Plant Line was evidenced last summer by the great number of tourists thereby brought to our shores.

We left Halifax at midnight, in a downpour of rain. When the open sea was reached some of our land lubbers were glad to assume a horizontal position as soon as possible. Our good ship was rolling a little, and the hoarse sound of a steam whistle at regular intervals indicated that, in addition to the swell, there was also fog. The steamer rolled and the fog continued for the greater part of the following day. This was Thanksgiving Day and assuredly I am not drawing on my imagination when I say that many of us passengers were extremely thankful that we were not much worse than we were. An attempt to assume a perpendicular position in the morning was attended with rather disagreeable consequences. I was, consequently, forced to make the humiliating admission that I was sea sick and that the horizontal position was the only one that, for the time being, could render life tolerable. The greater part of the day was spent in this manner. After we had crossed the mouth of the Bay of Fundy the sea became smoother, the weather cleared up and that night was beautiful and starlit. Boston light was sighted early next morning, and shortly after seven o'clock the Halifax was moored at her dock, and the passengers forgetting all about sea sick-

ness were soon trooping down the gangway.

A dozen years or more had passed since I had previously visited Boston and numerous changes, such as are peculiar to all great progressive cities, had in the mean time taken place. It would be idle to attempt to describe the evolution and expansion that is going on in this great metropolis. The improvements are most marked and to undertake any lengthy account of them would be an endless task. At the time of my previous visit the street cars were all drawn by horses; now, of course, these cars are all propelled by electricity. I believe there is one short line of horse cars, in a section where the tax payers have sufficient influence to prevent, so far, the advent of electric cars. These electric cars are very numerous, and on the principal streets and at great business centres appear to be running hither and thither in constant succession. They are certainly a most convenient mode of conveyance between distant sections of the city and between the city of Boston and suburban districts. These lines extend in all directions, in some instances to a distance of thirty miles from Boston. It may be said in a sense that everybody rides in the electric cars; for you may see, all day long, and far into the night, a continuous line of them, almost without a break, one following another and all filled to their utmost capacity. Still, on the great thoroughfares, such as Washington Street, pedestrians are moving in such dense throngs that one finds his way with difficulty. In the sense that no one goes from one section to another, at least for any distance, except by the cars it is true that everybody rides. The rush is so great that there is no time to walk. Before very long the elevated electric system will be in operation. The construction is now going on. This will greatly relieve the congestion of the great thoroughfares which are now so thronged with cars, carriages and every manner of conveyance that it is almost impossible to move along with any degree of celerity. All this notwithstanding that there are continuous lines of cars running at full speed through the subway. This subway is itself one of the wonders of modern Boston. It extends from the eastern Union Station across the city, under the Common and beyond the very heart of the city. It is a veritable net work of electric railway lines; it is in places close to the surface, and overhead the incessant business and traffic goes on as if the subway did not exist. By means of the subway all our traffic is removed from Tremont Street. That was the main object, it appears. Another wonderful transformation of late years is the concentration of the steam car railway lines into Union Stations. The half-dozen lines running east all start from a great central station, located just where the Boston and Lowell station formerly stood. This is an immense brick and stone structure fitted up with all modern appliances. But it scarcely bears any comparison to the colossal granite and marble structure that constitutes the great Union Station for all the roads running from the western end of the city. No adequate description could be given in brief of this wonderful building. It covers many acres of ground, and embraces within its walls every possible facility and modern accommodation that can be desired by the travelling public. This colossal edifice of magnificent proportions is said to be the finest railroad station in the world, and that is not difficult to believe; for it is not easy to conceive how it could be very much improved upon. I shall only mention one more of the splendid new buildings recently erected. That is the new public library. This is a magnificent stone building of gigantic proportions. For the purposes of a library and reading room it is most elaborately equipped and furnished. As a free public institution it is a credit to even cultured Boston.

It is not my intention to refer at any length to the "successful" Islanders abroad. I am not sure that this has not been somewhat overdone. Those who acquire genuine fame seldom have any desire to see their names constantly in print. Such Islanders as Robson, O'Meara and some others who have reached the top in the journalistic and other professions require no special mention. My stay was but short and I was not able to see many of the numerous Islanders in Boston and its vicinity. I am happy to be able to say, however, that I met quite a number who are steadily forging to the front in the professional and other walks of life, and meeting with that success which is the reward of integrity and duty well done. Among the medical

I paid a flying visit to Lynn; but found the place unfamiliar. A great fire had swept away a large number of buildings in the central portion of the city. These have been replaced by new and modern buildings, and the place had otherwise grown and changed from what it was at my previous visit. I also found that death had made great gaps in the number of my acquaintances. I found the office of Mr. J. F. Hannan, a prosperous lawyer, a friend of former days; but he was absent and very limited time did not permit me to await his return. From Lynn I went to Wakefield, Wakefield, too, had been visited by a serious fire, shortly before my visit. I found that the dread respect had also been busy among the number of my friends in this town. My esteemed friend Mr. Joseph Connell had passed away since my last visit; I need not say that I was grieved at this intelligence. I found his son



men I found Dr. R. J. McCormack, to the possession of a large and apparently constantly increasing practice. The great secret of success in this, as in other professions, being assiduous attention to duty. He resides in the Roxbury district. In Dorchester I found Dr. William Johnston, son of our esteemed townsman, Mr. John Johnston. Dr. Johnston is but young in years as well as in his profession; but he seems to be quite established and to be enjoying a good practice, which is constantly increasing. He is happily married and has a charming home. In the Dorchester district and not far from Dr. Johnston I also found Dr. Harry F. McLeod, son of the late Mr. James McLeod, Tailor, formerly of this city. Dr. Harry is evidently prospering in his profession, and has just been in our midst and has taken away with him, as his bride, one of Charlottetown's charming young ladies, as was noticed in last week's *Herald*. He has the Hon. Mr. Justice's best wishes for future prosperity. In Cambridge, Dr. T. E. Cunningham has long been established; he has built himself a splendid practice and is now one of the solid men of that city. His brother Dr. Joseph is also a busy medical man, and the brothers J. A. and H. J. are doing a large real estate business in the same place. The Cunningham brothers formerly belonged to Missouche. Other well doing Islanders whom I met include J. O. McDonald and Daniel McLean of East Boston; J. D. McIntyre, in the employ of S. S. Pierce & Co the celebrated Grocers Boston. At Hyde Park I found John G. McDonald, formerly from the western part of the Island. He occupies a responsible position, as the superintendent of a large estate. The business of his position for the position may be found in the fact that he has held it for eighteen consecutive years. I found Mr. Neil McEneaney occupying a position of trust and responsibility in the Hotel Savoy, and his sister in charge of one of the most important departments of the Hotel Bellevue, one of Boston's newest and most splendidly equipped hotels. In Cambridge I found Mr. John B. Fitzpatrick, carrying on a large hardware business. He formerly lived at Truro, but has been absent from the Island for a great number of years. Mr. B. J. Carmichael, formerly of Millis, is also conducting a prosperous hardware business in Cambridge. Mr. Patrick Kelly, formerly of this city is also in Cambridge, in the boot and shoe business, and is meeting with a reasonable share of success. These Islanders, one and all, were extremely kind to me, and did their utmost to make my stay among them pleasant. To Mr. William B. Murphy of Cambridgeport, I have to express my very sincere thanks for his extreme courtesy and kindness and his liberal hospitality. Mr. Murphy is in the book business and is prospering as he deserves; for he is the most obliging and affable of men. At Woburn I met an old friend, Mr. Charles Campbell. Mr. Campbell, formerly resident in this city for some years; but has been in Woburn for twenty years or so. He has an interesting family and a happy home. He is a genial and hospitable friend. In Malden, Miss Julia Berrigan and Mrs. John Cairns and family are prosperous Islanders. Mr. Joseph F. Roche formerly of this city, is employed on the Boston Transcript and doing well. Other Islanders I also met; not at present recalled, and there are very many whom I would wish to see; but time did not permit.

Mrs. Charles N. Robinson, mother of Mr. Nugent Robinson and grandmother of the Rev. Paschal Robinson, O. F. M., who passed to the reward of a fervent Christian life on the 15th ult. in New York city, was a remarkable old lady. Although in her ninety-seventh year, she retained all her faculties to the last. She distinctly remembered and often recalled the details of the celebrations in honor of the victory of Waterloo in Dublin, where her father held a government position. She knew the patriotic Henry Grattan and all his more distinguished associates; and at a later period, through her brother Eugene, himself a literary man, she became acquainted with Dickens and many other celebrated authors. She never forgot any one in whom she became interested, or any incident of her long and eventful life. Incredibly as it may seem, Mrs. Robinson was able to read this magazine without glasses up to within a short time before her death. She died as she had lived, piously and fully resigned to the will of God. May she rest in peace.—*Ave Maria.*

A Protestant Episcopal contemporary tells this amusing story apropos of marriages: The incumbent of a populous parish in England, who never failed to have publication of numerous banns, looked for the banns-book at usual one Sunday. Feeling assured of finding it he commenced: "I publish the banns of marriage—An awkward pause during which he looked beneath the service book, still fumbling; "between—between—" "Between the cushion and the seat, sir," shouted the clerk, looking up and pointing to the place where the book had been mislaid.

The late Father Eugene O'Grady; M. R. I. A., formerly professor of Irish in Maynooth College, is said to have been one of the greatest masters of spoken Gaelic. He was the author of several popular textbooks and editor of the Gaelic Journal. His last literary work was the translation of "The Star-Spangled Banner" into metrical Irish. The death of this gifted priest, at the early age of thirty-seven, is widely mourned. He was an pious and zealous as he was learned and laborious. One of the last letters he ever wrote was addressed to us, and it proved that he was filled with the spirit of his holy vocation. May he rest in peace.—*Ave Maria.*