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Boston and That Sort of Thing.

If you have business in Boston and want to go there and return with as little loss of time as possible, go by the all rail short line. Of course those who live on an Island cannot travel to any destination on the mainland by an all rail route; and no one can go from here to Boston without crossing Northumberland Straits. But to all intents and purposes we may speak of the all rail route from here as well as from Point du Chene or Pictou. Passengers from Charlottetown, over the short line, travel by the Prince Edward Island Railway, the steamer Northumberland, the Intercolonial, the Canadian Pacific, the Maine Central and the Boston and Maine railways. Good connections are made and you are landed in Boston twenty-four hours after leaving home. Of the courtesy and politeness of the officials of the P. E. Island Railway nothing need be said: they are proverbial. The steamer Northumberland, plying between Summerside and Point du Chene is the best steamboat navigating the Maritime waters, and her gallant commander, the portly and courteous Captain Cameron, is well worthy of such a splendid ship. No better man ever stood upon a bridge. Purser Ryan and Steward Collins are always at their posts and give the utmost care and attention to such concerns of passengers as devolve upon them. Excellent meals are furnished during the passage, both going and returning. After a delay of about half an hour the start for Painessee Junction, over the Intercolonial is made. At the last named place connection is made with the express train from Halifax for St. John. This is a first class train, running at a high rate of speed and not making very many stops. On board this train, in charge of competent and courteous officials the run to St. John is rapid and comfortable. The scenery as St. John is approached, becomes quite interesting. On the right we come in view of the head waters of the Kennebecasis, broadening as we advance. St. John has sent forth some renowned oarsmen and some world famous skaters. No doubt, this beautiful sheet of water furnished the opportunity for practice in both these feats of endurance and agility.

Connection is made at St. John's with very little delay, in the same station at which you arrive, with a train for Boston over the Canadian Pacific Railway. Of course there is a change of roads at Vanceboro, when we cross into the State of Maine and enter on the Main Central. This, however, does not always mean a change of cars, as through express trains carry passengers from St. John to Boston or return without a change. The Maine Central road runs from Vanceboro to Portland. The trains are well equipped and well officered, and vestibled Pullman sleeping cars are attached to all through trains. From St. John to Vanceboro, the scenery is quite attractive. There are lakes and rivers, mountains and forests, alternating in pleasing variety. From Vanceboro to Portland the going journey is made at night; consequently little or nothing can be seen. From Portland to Boston the trains travel on the Boston and Maine railroad, and the line runs close to the sea coast to the Maine boundary, across a corner of New Hampshire and into Massachusetts. Portsmouth, Lowell, Lawrence, Haverhill, Salem, and Lynn are among the places the road passes through, either on its eastern or western branch, going or returning. The Boston and Maine Central seem to be practically one line at present. The cars of either line are drawn over the other and the equipment of the trains and competency and courtesy of the officials on the Boston and Maine are all that could be desired.

It would be as vain as it is unnecessary to attempt, in these brief notes, any adequate account of Boston and what is going on there. A great many of the people of this Province keep more or less in touch with the march of events in the "Hub". Above all, Boston, as is the case in all large cities, is a busy place. The everlasting buzz and whirl and

clang of the electric cars are well calculated to confuse the uninitiated. There are surface lines, elevated lines and subway lines. But the most apparently paradoxical phase of the car question is traversing the subway by the elevated road.

I looked into the United States circuit court, which happened to be in session. Perfect order and decorum were observed. The presiding Judge wore a gown, but no other official of the court wore any distinguishing badge of uniform. The counsel engaged in the case on trial could not be distinguished, so far as dress is concerned, from anyone else in court; they did not wear even the traditional black insisted upon by Dickens. Both of them wore light grey suits on this occasion. It was noticeable that while one was examining a witness the opposing counsel remained standing all the while. Very likely this was in order to be able to make any objection without loss of time. An important functionary of this court is the United States Marshal. Certainly the Marshal in this case was a most notable personage; for he was, I believe, the largest man I ever saw. His weight must be close unto four hundred pounds. I was informed that his name was McDonald. To see him run after an escaping prisoner would be a sight never to be forgotten. He was certainly the antithesis of what Uncle Sam is represented to be in the pictures we see of him.

The State Legislature was in session and in company with a friend a brief visit was made to the State House. The House of Representatives consists of 240 members and the State Senate of 50 members. The chamber of the Representatives is not very large, it is almost semi-circular in form, somewhat after the fashion of the Paris Chamber of Deputies, and is laid off in four divisions or sections separated by aisles. Members of the different political parties seem to mingle indiscriminately with one another in the seats and the leadership of the House seems to be in the Speaker's hands. He wears no gown or other distinctive mark of office; but he wields his gavel quite freely for the preservation of order. The manner of taking divisions and especially of forming pairs seemed to me much slower and less systematic than in the Dominion House of Commons or our Provincial Legislatures.

It is quite unnecessary to mention that the number of P. E. Islanders who have made Boston and vicinity their home, is very large indeed. Many of them have been there for a long time and have prospered; others are forging their way to the front with bright prospects of success. Worthy of mention among Islanders whom I met are Dr. R. J. McCormack, who seems to have a large and growing practice in Roxbury; Dr. Donnelly, of Sturgeon, a bright young physician who has located in Cambridge and has made a splendid start in his chosen calling. He certainly has every prospect of a successful professional career. Dr. Dalton, a native of Tignish, who has just graduated from McGill, has started practice in Somerville. He is a clever young man and is bound to succeed. My esteemed friend, Mr. William E. Murphy, of Cambridgeport, is prospering in the book business. His trade is constantly increasing and must so continue, for Mr. Murphy is a hustler. He deserves success and that he may achieve an abundance thereof is my sincerest wish. Cunningham Brothers, formerly of Miscouche, have long since become thoroughly identified with the city of Cambridge, where two of them are successful doctors and John and Henry are prospering in the real estate business. That they may flourish! Mr. Patrick Kelly, formerly of this city, is doing a good trade in the shoe business in Cambridge. He is assiduous in his attention to the "soles." A very successful Islander is Mr. Raphael McCormack, formerly of Souris, but a resident of Boston for about 36 years. He is a contractor and builder and is particularly identified with works connected with the great markets, where the most improved system of cold storage is in use. He employs a large number of men, mostly Islanders; he is the owner of much valuable property and lives in a splendid residence at South Boston. Mrs. McCormack is a daughter of Mr. Stephen A. McDonald, Souris. John C. McDonald, formerly of St. Peter's, is connected with Young's Hotel, and is a property holder in East Boston, where he resides. He is high up

in the Clan Cameron and is President of the Prince Edward Island Association. John is all right, you bet! Daniel J. McLean, formerly of Cardigan is another successful Islander. He is in the real estate business in Cambridge with McClosky & Hartly. He is secretary of the P. E. Island Association and a warm friend of the Islanders. Peter J. Carmichael of Cambridgeport is successful in the hardware business. He is a good citizen and deserves success. J. D. McIntyre, formerly of New Port is still with the great grocery firm of Pierce and Company, Tremont and Beacon streets. He is a valuable and trustworthy employee and his worth is appreciated. Other Islanders who seem to be doing well are, Daniel McLean, formerly of New Port, Samuel and John A. Beaton, of Rollo Bay; John J. and Peter McIntyre and Thomas Melnis of St. Peter's; Edward F. Hughes and Patrick Whitty, Head of Souris; and Matthias Gillis, Grand River, Lot 14. John Bowden and family reside in Charlottetown; Mrs. Keough and family in Chelsea, and appear to be meeting with a fair share of success. Mr. Charles Campbell and family reside comfortably at Woburn where a fair share of success has attended their industry and integrity. Mrs. Katie McDonald, Bayfield, occupies a position of responsibility and trust in the Hotel Bellevue, on Beacon Street, one of the most elaborate hotels in Boston. Her two daughters also occupy important and honorable positions. Mr. Arch. McIsaac, of St. Peter's, is on the staff of the Bellevue and doing well, and Mr. D. McIsaac of the same place is forging his way to the front as a successful mechanic. Among friends, not Islanders, I was pleased to see once more Messrs. Hugh and Joseph Connell of Wakefield, and their aged mother. Success seems to be attending Hugh in the shoe business. May it continue. I was delighted to meet and form the acquaintance of Dr. John S. Thompson, formerly of Antigonish, who enjoys a large medical practice in East Cambridge. Dr. Thompson is a brother of Rev. Dr. Thompson, Rector of St. Francis Xavier's College, Antigonish, and is a most estimable gentleman. A call on the Rev. Allan McDonnell, S. J., at St. Mary's was the occasion of much pleasure. The venerable priest takes the deepest interest in matters pertaining to his native Province and manifests the greatest kindness of heart towards his friends from Prince Edward Island.

The Herald's Scoop-Net.

CONDUCTED BY TOM A. HAWKE.
About the only use some men have for a head is that it makes a convenient peg to hang their hats on.
This city has some people in it who are so lazy that they have to be worked like a wheelbarrow—pushed.
If that new consumption cure would effect the cure of the consumption of intonoxants it would be worth more to the country.
A cigarette is a little roll of paper, tobacco and drugs with a little bit of fire on the front, and generally a big fool on the rear.
"Yes," said the funny barber, "we're up to date here. We shave you while you wait." "Indeed?" replied Peppery. "I've usually found that you shave several other fellows while I wait."
Riches are comparative. A dollar is a fortune to a beggar and 25 cents looks like great wealth to the average boy while J. P. Morgan could put \$5,000 into his vest pocket and forget it. "Sawful!"
The Boston Herald remarks that "perhaps the report that the Boer prisoners in Bermuda sang the British national anthem when they heard the peace news had better be taken with a Bermuda onion." Just so. The news of the suppression of the "insurrection" in the Philippines that has been coming for a year or more ought to have been sent over a special cable of Manila hemp.—Exchange.
A DAY IN MAY.
The angler sallies forth again,
And by the brooklet's shore
Doth idly lie and fish, and then
Goes home and lies some more.
On the morning of the 24th of May, in the present year of grace, 1902, two wide-eyed looking specimens of young manliness humanity might have been seen mounted on bicycles, tearing their way at a heart-breaking pace toward the beautiful railway station which stands like a sleepy Boer sentinel guarding the back door of the city of Charlottetown. The observing wayfarer, standing a moment to gaze upon these two retreating forms, would, I think, be impressed with a sort of an idea that the aforesaid two persons, just about entering upon the threshold of their young manhood and the railway station, were also about to enter upon a year's service chasing the Boers or else perhaps going to attempt a trot around the globe on the strength of a soda cracker per day supplemented by a little cheer or nerve. This impression might be gathered by the amount of luggage encumbering the backs of the said youths and which

also fondly embraced the cross bars of their bicycles, by means of store twine. Perhaps I do not make this quite clear to all readers, but however we'll let it go at this.
The persons who made up this party consisted largely—I may say entirely—of my friend, the camera fiend—and myself. (For further particulars about the camera fiend see P. E. L. Magazine for April and May.) We were bound for the Dunk River, known as "the home of the gamy trout." I'm not sure however, whether he was "at home" the day we called or not. He probably was, but wasn't in a mood for receiving callers that day. The gear we had with us on that occasion included among other bric-a-brac, the following, to wit: One large camera for taking time exposures; one small do. for taking snapshots; one tripod or camera stand; two four piece fishing rods; two haversacks loaded with all sorts of "grub," besides fish reels, line, camera supplies and a lot of other etc. which is not worth mentioning and was not worth taking.

We arrived at the station just in time to get our wheels checked for Freetown and get them thrown into the freight car. Freetown is the nearest station to Dunk River and if anybody wants to go fishing at one of the best spots on P. E. I. let him take the train to Freetown, which is about three miles, I think, from the Dunk. But don't go on the 24th of May. The trout up there have got so fat they're almost impossible to catch. It is due and use judgment as to whether to bite or not. (They're not so particular on other days, so it is said.)
The station was crowded that morning with people—all bent on one purpose—to shake the dust of the city from off their drogues and saturate their systems with some good unalloyed country ozone. Soon the shout "All aboard!" heard from the conductor, and the train is pointing her nose toward the cloudy west. Cloudy west! Yes! but little we thought about it then. We thought about it later on, however.

The scenery all along the P. E. I. R. to Freetown is very good indeed—being far ahead of any brought here by travelling American show companies. Not that I want to detract any from their scenery, I say this, but because I want to let the truth be known that the home product is hard to beat anywhere. All we need to boost up our scenery a little bit is a few mountains, and I have no doubt that with their usual enterprise, our railway officials before very long will see their way clear to import a few and have them planted at proper intervals in good view from the railway line. Of course it won't be long to have them too close to the railway, as in winter snowdrifts from the mountains are apt to cause inconvenience to the traveller. (For further particulars about snow-drifts buy, or borrow, any book treating on travel in Switzerland.) The snowdrifts in one of the chief features connected with the beautiful Swiss scenery. Many people who have gone to S. to admire the Alps have been so carried away by it that they have not yet returned.
But Switzerland is a good distance from Freetown, as any geographer will tell you and this looks as if I am getting a little out of my latitude. Pardon the digression. The trip to Freetown was very uneventful. The only things which occurred to break the quiet harmony was that one young man lost his cap while standing on the platform and another lost his hat. The dog made a brave effort to catch the train but could not get up the necessary steam required for such a purpose. In the last glimpse we caught of that canine he was describing a delicate parabola—his doggy form seemed to linger on the landscape a moment—and then plunked into the depths of a stream below.
[As the printer is howling out for copy the remainder of this article will have to be continued in our next.]

Mens felt hats at Weeks & Co. We are having a splendid sale of our Christy Hats this year beating all other years hollow. We give the best value and have a big stock of the latest styles to choose from. We will be glad to show them to you. Weeks & Co. The Peoples Store.

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Are no respecter of persons.
People in every walk of life are troubled. Have you a Backache? If you have it is the first sign that the kidneys are not working properly. A neglected Backache leads to serious Kidney Trouble.
Check it in time by taking
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
"THE GREAT KIDNEY SPECIFIC."
They cure all kinds of Kidney Troubles from Backache to Bright's Disease.
50c. a box or 3 for \$1.25
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THE DOAN KIDNEY PILL CO.
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EXCURSIONS
To the Canadian Northwest
Second-Class Round Trip Tickets will be issued from Charlottetown, P. E. I.
To Winnipeg, Estevan, Moosomin, Swan River, \$31.55
To Regina, Moosejaw, Yorkton, Prince Albert, McLeod, Calgary, Red Deer, Strathcona, \$43.55

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500 Pairs Workingmen's Pants
bought at 1/3 off, selling at \$1.
This gigantic purchase cannot fail to create a furor. Every sensible man in Charlottetown will recognize its benefits and the enormous saving possible. Such a chance comes only once in a decade or so.
The very best Clothing at a saving of from one third to one half. Now read carefully.
500 pairs pants at \$1, worth \$1.50.
Men's spring Suits of all wool, neat patterns, not a suit in the lot worth less than \$7, price \$3.75.
Men's Stylish Spring Suits, pure all wool, black indigo blue Serge, \$7.
Men's swell spring and summer Suits, scores of new spring patterns, in all the wanted colorings, homespun, \$7.50.
Men's handsome spring and summer Suits, everything new and nobby, in all colorings and styles, has the style of a merchant tailor make \$15 value, price \$10.
Men's spring and summer Suits in a variety of foreign and domestic fabrics, great variety of styles and patterns, both the extreme stripes and the genteel mixtures, \$18 value, price \$15.
Men's new spring and summer Suits in the finest imported and domestic wools, a grand assortment of plain and fancy effects, \$18.00 value, price \$15.

COW-EASE

Is a preparation to prevent the dreaded fly pest on horses and cattle. It is a clean, clear non-penetrating liquid, does not gum up the hair, blister the skin. It contains nothing injurious and is absolutely harmless.
The use of Cow-Ease, by keeping away the flies, allows the cow to feed in peace in the pasture, thereby keeping the flow of milk.
It is a fact that where Cow-Ease has been used, the increase in the quantity of milk has been as much as 25 per cent.
Cow-Ease will Kill Lice and Vermin on Cows.
Cow-Ease Eradicates Vermin.
It is an excellent thing for spraying the interior of hen coups, kills all lice and flees, it will exterminate head lice on poultry and keep the hen house in a sweet, clean condition.
Cow-Ease Kills Lice on Pigs.
It cleans the skin, keeps the flies away and really allows the hog to eat and grow fat.
It is an Excellent Hoof Dressing.
Directions for Use.
Cow-Ease is an article of great merit. If you have never tried it buy a gallon can and after giving it a fair trial, if you find it does not do all we claim for it we will take it back and refund you your money.

Dodd & Rogers,
SOLE AGENTS FOR P. E. ISLAND.

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In Black and the newest shades, 56 inches wide, good weight and special finish.

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The Millinery Leaders.
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We need it always, so we can buy whenever goods are offered, and parties want the CASH. We'll give you the benefit of our watchfulness and cash buying.
Compare the quality and price of our Groceries with those credit prices you've been getting.
When you have a basket of EGGS or BUTTER it will be to your advantage to sell them at our store.
Kindly place your order with us and see what we can do for you.
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Jan. 22, 1902.



BAH! BAH! BAH!
The poor Sheep may cry, but Mary must have her
NEW DRESS, NEW SUIT, NEW CLOTHES,
and father and mother and mother must have their
At PATON & CO'S,
So Shear, Shear, Shear, and Cry, Cry, we want
Good, Clean Wool
In exchange for Ready-made Clothing, Dress Goods, Carpets, and Double and Twist Tweeds. We will allow you 18 cents trade.
Thousands of pounds wanted.
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