THE HERALD

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1885.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

SWIFTLY FLEETING TIME again has brought the blessed Christmas-tide—the season of Christian joy and sociality. Men turn from toil and worry, and for a while indulge in the poetry of life, rest by the wayside and let their souls go out in sympathy for their kind. And it is well so to do. The struggle of some for fame, of many for wealth, and of the great majority for mere existence is materializing, and apt to make us forgetful of our true destiny and our duties to our fellow men. We become wrapped up in our little selves, and look on individuals simply as parts of that great crowd in whom we have no interest—whose trials and sufferings, joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, are naught to us. Such was the state of the world long, long ago when an angel-faced woman and an aged man turned sorrowfully yet resignedly away from that city in which they had been refused a resting place, and sought from the chill wintry wind the shelter of a stable, where that

"Woman above all women glorified,"

gave birth to Him who came from His Father's Heavenly Home to be to men "the Way, the Truth and the Life." The innkeepers of Bethlehem had no room for those poor travellers; they shut their doors against them, and went on with their work or their revelry, some with an unkind word, but none with a kindly thought for the humble pair so lone and weary.

Man is still prone to be selfish, and age after age becomes more materialistic. In the rush and bustle of every-day life we, who profess to be followers of that little child who came to kindle on earth the fire of love, oft act as did the innkeepers of old when He, who was born of the Virgin, comes to us in the guise of a sufferer, in the semblance of one for whom the burden of life is over heavy, and the way dreary and sad. Then, too, do we imitate the hardened innkeepers when we speak unkindly words and think unkindly thoughts of those whose hearts we cannot see, and of whose motives we cannot judge. Of course we throw our mite to the beggar, we subscribe to charitable institutions, and do our share of denunciation when cases of injustice are brought to our notice: but somehow we become so engrossed with our own small affairs that we forget we are each our brother's keeper, we fail to realize how much we can do individually for the alleviation of suffering; we do not always remember that a word of sympathy is like a refreshing draught to the distressed soul, and that to be charitable in thought and word is to be truly Christain.

There is one day, however, on which even the most selfish of us are wont to lift our hearts above the things of earth. The blessed influence of that first holy Christmas-many, many years ago, has come down through the ages; and, though we may at times forget the lesson of the God-child, still at this holy tide we rest from our labors and let our hearts expand in love for God and man. The silvery chimes floating on the crisp Christmas air bring to our souls a subtle sympathy, and we feel we have something in common with the great human family—a kinship, a brotherhood with all. Sectarian differences and political animosities are forgotten; we have a kind thought and word for those whose conduct has been to us inexplicable; to those who are in need, who are poor, as were the wanderers in Bethlehem, we give cheerily with a kindly sympathy that is better than gold; we rejoice to make the innocent face of childhood light up with the joy of an unexpected gift; for all we have a bright smile and a hearty good wish. We lay all our own care before the manger and pray; and then enters into our souls a peace supernal. Sad indeed is the lot of that poor man who even at this season softens not his heart; but sadder still is the lot of him who seeks enjoyment in rioting and drunkenness, in licentious revelry and sinful mirth. Without Christ there is no Christmas. Without Him the day would be like the pagan festivities of the past; for there is no true Christmas joy which is not Christian.

Then let us reverently kneel, with Mary and Joseph, by the straw couch of the Child Divine and learn the lesson of love; and that peace of which the angels sang will penetrate our souls, our hearts will glow with God-like charity, and ours will indeed be a bright, a joyous Christmas. Such a Christmas we wish to all our readers.

We fully agree with the remarks of our correspondent "Paterfamilias." The return asked for by the Health Department is altogether impracticable. The information could be obtained with infinitely less trouble, and far more accuracy, by the appointment of competent medical practitioners to visit each house and report on the vaccination of each inmate. The Board of Health should give the matter reconsideration.

The "Patriot's" Short Memory.

THE *Patriot* thinks the cheek of the HERALD unbounded in claiming the right to offset the credit at Ottawa, and the balance due on the sales of Public Lands, against what it calls the debt of the Sullivan-Ferguson Government. Why should we not do so? They are all assets to the credit of the Province, but the *Patriot* has only eyes for what the Island owes, not for what is owing the Island.

We again wish to deny the existence of any debt at all. The Provincial Government, by their last official report, owed the Local Banks something about $56,000, while it had to its credit at Ottawa over ONE MILLION DOLLARS in cash, and lands and other marketable assets on the Island representing about half a million more.

The editor of the *Patriot* has the audacity to ask what did our present Tory rulers ever do to give this Province the capital which it possesses, and goes on to say that "our capital is a large part of the dear bought equivalent which we received for surrendering to Canada the right to tax us by her tariffs and to control our fisheries." The editor of the *Patriot's* memory must be very short. Was he not a member of a Government which, by its incapacity, plunged the Island into a whirlpool of debt? Was he not a member of a delegation which stole away from the Island one Sunday to sell to Canada the right to tax us? Was he not, as a member of that delegation, perfectly willing to sell us to Canada for about $500,000 less than the "Tories" subsequently obtained, or for about $25,000 less subsidy per year than we now receive? And did he not, after his return to the Island, assisted by his political friends in the Legislative Council, endeavor to thwart the "Tories" in their efforts to get larger pecuniary concessions? Yet the editor of the *Patriot* will prate about the present Government spending the capital of the Island?

The editor of the *Patriot* is very anxious that we should have money, and how does he propose to raise it? By his favorite Assessment Act, of course, so as to give employment to another army of tax gatherers. In 1877 the Davies-Stewart Government collected over $57,000 taxes, for the cost of collecting which they paid over $8,000. In 1878 they collected nearly $39,000 of taxes, which cost them nearly $6,000! This is the style of things the *Patriot* would have us return to—collecting money at a cost of SIXTEEN PER CENT.

The first thing to do in the way of saving money is to practise all the retrenchment possible, and this is the course which the present Government have adopted since they came into power nearly seven years ago. Our annual expenditure now is $120,000 less than it was during Mr. Davies' regime; savings must have been accomplished in more than one branch to effect this. The *Patriot* advocates reducing the Legislature, and thus effecting additional retrenchment. For four successive years after the accession of the present administration did they make an honest attempt to do so, and each time were foiled by the obstructive policy of the *Patriot* and its friends in the Legislative Council. Every retrenchment consistent with the efficiency of the public service has been accomplished by the present Government, and we think we speak the mind of the people when we say that when they desire additional retrenchments they will not entrust the editor of the *Patriot* and his friends to effect them.

The Bovyer Road Case.

THERE is no necessity of any lengthy remarks upon Mr. Frank Bovyer's letter which appeared in our columns a fortnight ago, regarding the sum awarded him for damages on account of the opening of the new road across his farm. Mr. Bovyer considers he was unfairly treated by the arbitrators, and he cites the names of several highly respectable and well-informed gentlemen who valued the damages much higher than the arbitrators. The question which chiefly concerns the public is not what Mr. Bovyer himself considers sufficient, but whether, as the *Patriot* insinuates, he has been paid too much for his land. He himself estimated the damage at $2,000 for, in his affidavit to the Supreme Court he testifies in these words: "That I then considered, and still consider, that the said Stephen Bovyer should be paid at least the sum of $2,000 as compensation &c." The arbitrators, fully as sensible and intelligent men as those witnesses who gave evidence on behalf of Mr. Bovyer valued the damages at $600. By subsequent arrangement this amount has been increased to $760. We dare say Mr. Bovyer feels himself aggrieved, but it takes two parties to conclude a bargain, and Mr. Bovyer doubtless understands the rule of buying in the cheapest markets and selling in the dearest. Instead of paying $2,000 for the right of way, at which Mr. Bovyer values it, or even $1,200 as he says he subsequently offered to take, the Government have acquired it for $760, and we think the public will be very well satisfied with the arrangement.

The "Patriot's" Attack on the Irish.

LAST WEEK we had occasion to defend the Irish people against the stale slander repeated by the *Patriot* to the effect that they are incapable of governing themselves. In reply to our strictures thereon the editor of this so-called Liberal organ attempts to excuse himself by asserting that we are no more Irish than he is. No doubt the ex-Governor considers this a convenient way of escaping the punishment his unwarrantable assertion deserves; but, generous as the Irish people are, we assure him such an apology will not satisfy them.

It is of no consequence whether the editor of the *Patriot* is more or less Irish than we are; thousands of abler men than he is, without a drop of Irish blood in their veins, consider the Irish people quite capable of legislating on their own soil for themselves. About the last public utterance of the late Vice-President Hendricks of the United States, was an eloquent appeal for Home Rule for Ireland, and there are thousands of others equally influential of the same opinion.

Of course the editor of the *Patriot* has not stated the exact degree of consanguinity existing between himself and those disloyal and untrustworthy Irish; neither has he explained why he would deny his kindred in the Green Isle self-Government. Can it be because the great majority of the Irish are Catholic, or is it because he believes they are governed better through Dublin Castle? If it can be shown that the Irish people have not, by their tact, ability, unity and patriotism during the past six years, and especially during the recent contest, shown the whole world an example, then there may be room for more than one opinion on the subject; but the fact is Parnell and his followers are as far above the *Patriot's* "gang" as the sun is above the mud puddle, which only reflects its brightness, and yet no one would dream of refusing Mr. Laird and his friends self-government.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

OUR outside pages to-day contain a large amount of original matter for the Christmas season. The initials "A. M. P." are not unfamiliar, while Mr. Gaffney has several times delighted our readers with the old stories he tells so well.

THE latest joke of the season is the attempt of Mr. David Laird to pose as an Irishman. Fancy the editor of the defunct *Protector* and *Protestant* expressing sympathy with an Irishman or a Catholic! Who that ever saw Mr. Laird or heard him open his mouth would accuse him of being an Irishman? By the old fable of the ass and the lion's skin.

THE *Patriot* charges us with denouncing and ridiculing a large number of the Catholics of the Province of Quebec, and of sneering at Riel's French-Canadian sympathizers. We did nothing of the kind, and we defy the *Patriot* to produce any words of ours which could be so construed. But the *Patriot* is so thoroughly unscrupulous that it cares naught for the truth or untruth of its remarks so long as it can injure an opponent. Our remarks were directed to "frothing Grit demagogues" such as Mr. David Laird, who are seeking to raise this excitement. Will the *Patriot* take up our challenge?

THE Grits are repeating their usual little game in King's County, N. B., where Hon. Mr. Foster is seeking re-election in consequence of his acceptance of the portfolio of Marine and Fisheries. If Sir John Macdonald's administration is so near its downfall and if the people are so thoroughly disgusted with it, why should the Grits fear to bring out a straight party candidate? Instead of this, however, as in Cardwell, Antigonish, and St. John, they are bringing out a dissatisfied Conservative. Col. Domville, whom Mr. Foster defeated so badly in 1882, is now to oppose the new Minister of Marine. Mr. Domville is a renegade from the party, having supported Mr. Skinner at the recent contest in St. John. We have no fears for the result,—his beating will be even more complete than three years ago.

ONE of the chief missions—in fact the only apparent mission of the *Patriot* just now—appears to be the vilification of Mr. Sullivan; nor does it seem to have any conscience as to the enormity of the falsehood it will utter in the hope of injuring the Provincial Premier. Notwithstanding that, last week, we quoted the Premier's words which we had reported five weeks ago, that, before consenting to give the use of the old Asylum building, he desired to consult a medical gentleman, the *Patriot* affects to misunderstand them. Our contemporary says that it has been assured by a member of the Citizens' Committee that they never received the slightest intimation from Mr. Sullivan that he objected to giving the building for a hospital, because it was unfit for the purpose. The *Patriot* is careful not to give the name of this member of the Citizens' Committee, which was a body of considerable numbers and doubtful responsibility. The only gentleman with whom Mr. Sullivan had any communication on behalf of the citizens was Dr. Jenkins, and to him he made the request that the citizens should wait in the Library a few minutes until he had consulted with a medical gentleman. The *Patriot* is very dishonest in this matter, as upon all wherein Mr. Sullivan is concerned. We re-affirm that the Premier had serious doubts as to the propriety of placing small pox patients, or indeed sick people of any kind, in a building which had been disused for years, and was cold and damp.

J. B. Macdonald's Gaspereaux are acknowledged to be the best and cheapest in town. When you want anything in that line go there.

Around the World.

A fire in Montreal on the 19th inst. destroyed property valued at $150,000.

Zadkiel, the almanac prophet, predicts troublous times for Canada early next year.

A man and his wife were arrested last week for attempting to extort money from the Prince of Wales.

The usual Christmas ordinations were held at the Grand Seminary, Montreal, on Saturday last, 18th inst.

Hugh O'Brien, Democrat, was re-elected Mayor of Boston last week by a majority of 8,500 over his Republican opponent.

Dennis E. McCarthy, proprietor of the Virginia Nevada, *Chronicle*, and one of the best known journalists on the Pacific coast, is dead.

The indications are that the Canadian exhibit at the Colonial Exhibition next year will be the most prominent feature of the affair.

Says the *Pall Mall Gazette* of recent date: The ascendancy of Mr. Parnell is secured until Home Rule is conceded, and then the Liberals will return to office with ease."

The stories about the restlessness of Indians in Prince Albert settlement are untrue. Word has been received here from that quarter that the Indians are perfectly quiet.

Herbert Gladstone says: "If five-sixths of the Irish people desire a Parliament in Dublin to manage local affairs, in the name of justice and wisdom let them have it."

St. John is in trouble about the colour line. At a Bar dinner given there recently a colored lawyer named Dr. Walker was not invited, and Judge Palmer accordingly declined to attend.

The Northwest Council, in session at Winnipeg adjourned last week, having passed several useful measures, and unanimously endorsed the action of the Dominion Government in the execution of Riel.

The debt of France is over four thousand millions of dollars—the largest national debt in the world being six or seven hundred millions more than the debt of Great Britain, and about three times the amount of interest bearing debt of the United States.

The pork packing industry of the United States shows a large increase of business over last year. During the first two weeks of November the total packing of the country amounted to about 590,000 barrels against about 350,000 for the corresponding weeks of last year.

A London despatch states that the decision of the Privy Council in the Dominion License Act appeal case was rendered last week upholding the Provinces on every point and sustaining the right of all Provinces of Confederation to exclusively control the issue of licenses.

A medical man in California gives a curious prescription as a safeguard against smallpox when he says: "Place one ounce of cream of tartar in sixteen ounces of water, and take a tablespoonful three times a day, and you may sleep with a smallpox patient with perfect impunity. If every citizen would do this for fifteen days there would be an end of smallpox in any city."

Mrs. Yscult Dudley, who attempted to kill O'Donovan Rossa, is sorely trying the patience and kindness of the authorities of the Middletown, New York Insane Asylum, to which institution Judge Gildersleeve, when the verdict in her case was announced, ordered her taken until she was in order. She is the old fable of the ass and the lion's skin.

tempted to commit suicide several times lately.

The London *Standard* commenting upon Gladstone's plan for the Irish parliament, says the scheme bristles with almost insuperable difficulties, affording no material for a compromise. If such a parliament should be established it would not endure six years. The proposition is an obvious attempt to catch the Irish vote before meeting of parliament. Gladstone's surrender is absolute.

In the case of the French girl who being bitten by a mad dog, was inoculated by Pasteur and afterwards died of rabies, the savant explains that, thirty six days having elapsed between the bite and the inoculation, the treatment came too late. However this may be, it should be borne in mind that the value of Dr. Pasteur's process is as yet very far from being scientifically demonstrated, though the best results are expected.

Parnell will be a severe task master He will rawhide either of the two parties into submission unless the union elements combine against him. The Irish leader has played his cards with skill and he deserves to reap some measure of success. No fidgety, impulsive leader could have attained to his present degree of strength. His coolness, perserverance and tact have made him what he is—the real ruler of Ireland and the coming dictator of the British Parliament.—*Canadian American.*

The type-setting contest between Joseph McCann, of the *Herald*, and W. C. Barnes, of the *World*, for the championship of New York City and State, and $500 a side, began in New York on the 15th, in the presence of a large number of printers. Both men appeared in good condition. The contest was to last four hours; the type used to be solid minion, without paragraphs; the copy to be identical reprint. Each contestant was to correct his composition at the termination of the type-setting, one line being deducted for each minute consumed in correction, and a corresponding part of a line for each fractional part of a minute. At 11-05, Referee White gave the word, and simultaneously began the clicking of the types as they rained into the sticks. At 3.05 time was called, and their sticks were emptied for the last time. McCann set 8,087 ems, from which 200 ems were deducted on account of the time occupied in correction, giving him a corrected total of 7,787 ems. Barnes set 7,975 ems, and lost 575 ems for corrections, his total being 7,400 ems McCann was thus declared the winner.

Messrs Curtis, Davis & Co., makers of the "Welcome Soap," have issued a panel picture showing two beautiful young ladies and appropriate accessories, beautiful in this case means a beautiful physical development—strikingly in contrast with the foolish and vulgar style adopted by some of our manufacturers. In this Welcome Soap picture is represented honesty, purity, intelligence, refinement, and those characteristics which are pronounced by the pure and virtuous as beautiful. These pictures are being adorned with costumes representing different seasons, occupations, and customs of dress and nationality, which, with the variety of colors and materials of dress, make a most excellent picture, entirely different from anything we have ever seen, and Messrs Curtis, Davis & Co. can in this case, consistently claim to be the inventors of this new and novel mode of picture finishing, that stands out more prominent than any oil painting possibly can. The copyright for these has been applied for. Any lady can secure the "Plain Picture," and dress it to suit her own taste, by mailing 3 Welcome Soap wrappers to Curtis, Davis & Co., Boston, Mass.—*From New England Grocer.*

THE Big Discount Sale now going on at W. W. Bear's is a great success. The discounts are made *bona fide* and the stock of goods offered is very attractive. It is a rare chance to secure bargains

Carter's Little Liver Pills are free from all griping and irritating matter. Common pill medicine only; very small; very easy to take; no pain; no griping, no purging.

Home Rule for Ireland.

NEW YORK, Dec. 18.—The Times London special says: Parnell has won. Yesterday's news removes the last doubt that Gladstone will concede home rule of a sweeping kind. Of course the details of the eventual compromise are unknowable, but it is believed that beyond stipulating for free trade and extending guarantees of protection for the loyal minority in Ireland everything will be yielded to Parnell. As Gladstone's programme is outlined, it contains a proviso that Ireland shall continue to send members to Westminster, but it is likely that he will give way on this point, as the Irish do not wish Imperial representation. There will be a Dublin Parliament, supreme over Irish affairs, over police taxation, courts, and all internal matters. This much seems certain, but how it will be brought about is doubtful. There is no question of Gladstone's ability to carry the great bulk of Liberals for the measure, as the Liberal papers are rapidly vaulting to the Home Rule side, but whether it will be done while the Liberals are in opposition or after their return to power is not seen. Lord Salisbury has it in his power to dissolve parliament before the thing is done, and it is quite likely that he will do this, going to the country on a strenuous anti-Irish cry. There is immense excitement in London over the news and a despatch from Dublin says:—The public is intensely enthusiastic.

The Dublin *Freeman's Journal* says: "It is reasonable for England to require a guarantee for the protection of the landlords' legitimate interest. The most hopeful scheme for the Irish parliament to purchase the land, repaying England back by annuity. England to apportion the purchase money and Ireland to deal with the tenants. Failure to pay the annuity to the Imperial exchequer would virtually imperil Ireland's independence. Therefore it is imperative to encourage Irish industries which English legislation and unfair competition by English capitalists have destroyed. But we are willing to restrain the power of protection in order to assure England that our purpose is not a hostile one. We wish Mr. Gladstone Godspeed. We beseech Irishmen to remember his difficulties, and be prepared to accept a reasonable compromise on our extreme rights if a sacrifice of our principal rights be not involved."

A Mistake.

To the Editor of the Herald:

DEAR SIR,—Among other matters lately dealt with by the Board of Health is the following:—

"That the Recorder be requested to draw up a resolution compelling persons having slaughter houses to have them removed outside the city limits, and that no person be allowed to keep a pig or pigs within the city."

I am not aware, Mr. Editor, that there are more than three or four slaughter houses within the city limits, and if they were not conducted in accordance with the very strict sanitary By-laws in force in the city, they would have been removed by the Stipendiary Magistrate last summer when he ordered a thorough inspection of all yards, water closets, etc., and when there was more danger of contagion from such source than at present. As to removing pigs outside the city, many persons will consider such change a great hardship; and it is unfair to those who keep clean piggeries to be placed on the same footing with those who do not. In any case, the above are matters that should not be summarily dealt with.

Within the last few days blanks have been left, we suppose, with all householders or heads of families, requesting them to be filled before the 24th of December, instant. On one side is to be entered the names of each member of the family, their age, when vaccinated, when re-vaccinated, whether or not successfully vaccinated, etc. On the other side of this important document is a space for a physician's certificate, which must state that he personally inspected the persons named in the return, and that they have all been successfully vaccinated, or as the case may be. This physician's certificate is the most puzzling part of the whole affair. Supposing a family consisting of six persons were vaccinated, as I am aware, by three different physicians, how is the head of a family to obtain a certificate in such case? Must each two go to the physician who vaccinated them and procure a certificate; and as there is only space for one certificate, what is to be done with the other two? It will even be found inconvenient by families who have been vaccinated by the same physician. We are all well aware of the rush and confusion there was to get vaccinated for the first few weeks after the outbreak of the Small Pox, and think it is a great injustice to expect that the public, now that the disease has been almost stamped out, should be compelled to do what will be found impossible by the majority of them. While the Board of Health deserve credit for their exertions in suppressing the disease, still they should not now pass rules that cannot be carried out, as will prove to be the case with the one referred to.

Yours, &c.,

PATERFAMILIAS.

December 21, 1885.

Tignish Board of Health.

By an order of the Board of Health at Tignish, held this 19th inst., it was ordered that the Superintendent of Vaccination be at once requested to call on all houses in this district, comprising Lots 1, 2 and 3, and vaccinate in general; and all parents, guardians, and all persons refusing to comply with the order of this Board be forthwith prosecuted according to the previous order of this Board already made, viz., ten dollars penalty.

By order of this Board,

BENJAMIN HAYWOOD, Chairman.

BENEDICT RICHARD, Secretary.

Tignish, Dec. 21, 1885.

MARKET PRICES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, Dec. 22, 1885.

Beef (quarter) per lb	4 to 6
Beef (small) per lb	5 to 12
Lamb (quarter) per lb	4 to 6
Mutton (quarter) per lb	4 to 6
Pork (small) per lb	5 to 4
Pork (carcass) per lb	4½ to 5
Ham, per lb	12 to 17
Fowls, per pair	45 to 50
Turkeys, each	50 to $1.00
Geese, each	50 to $1.00
Ducks, each	25 to 40
Chickens, per pair	30 to 60
Butter (fresh) per lb	20 to 25
Butter, Tub, per lb	17 to 18
Eggs, per doz	25 to 32
Flour, per 100 lbs	$3.00
Oatmeal, per 100 lbs	$2.50 to $3.00
Oats, per bushel	32 to 35
Hay, per 100 lbs	60 to 65
Potatoes, per bush	30 to 35
Turnips, per bush	15 to 16
Cabbage, per doz	30 to 60
Hides	6 to 7
Tallow	60 to 65

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites.

Palatable as Milk, and borne by Delicate Stomachs.

DR. J. W. CORYTON, of Evansville, Ind., says: I have prescribed Scott's Emulsion largely. I find it very palatable and borne well by delicate stomachs, even children take it readily, and it is very useful as a cough remedy.

The cheapest Boots, Shoes and Rubber Overshoes on P. E. Island will be found at J. B. Macdonald's Boot Store, west side Queen Street.

Ladies' Fur-lined Cloaks, Mantles and Dolmans—handsome Goods—will be sold cheap. All this season's importation. Not old Goods left over from the last three or four winters.—W. A. WEEKS & Co., Market Square.

J. B. Macdonald is selling Goods cheap and giving Fox gratis in the bargain. Read his advertisement.

(Written for the Herald.)

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

There was a hush of holy awe in Heaven;
when the Eternal spoke
And said: "The world must be redeemed."
Hosanna's woke,
The Spirit breathed, and Virgin pure conceived.
Angels echoed His commands, until earth awoke
And gazed upon the eastern star
Hovering over Bethlehem, bringing from afar
Men travel-stained and worn, with frank incense and myrrh
And other gifts. Then sounds of praise filled the air,
And hearts did worship; where
In a stable here, the Godman came to birth,
Filling the world with bliss, and Heaven with holy mirth.

'Twas Heaven's just demand, and earth's great need
Which gave the Child to us, for us to bleed.
Eden's pure streams had borne the curse of sin
And mankind fell. Unclean without, within
All nature tottered 'neath the load;
And banished from the sweet abode
Where first of mortals dwelt in peace
Was doomed, and now must cease
To glory in the world's first paradise.

Sorrow, and sin and pangwere left,
Of heaven's smile and bliss bereft,
Adam wandered forth 'neath angry gleaming sword,
And Eve, forsaken, beside her fallen lord
Kept company, on the outward way
Which had no gleam of light, or sign of day.

Yet not all forsaken were the outcast pair,
A voice of promise sounded on the air.
Again God spoke: "A woman's seed should bruise the serpent's head."
And all mankind might rise to life, though dead,
A holier Eve should come, immaculate, most pure,
Whose child should bring salvation sure.

So in Eden's garden, grand, and rich and bright,
The first of mankind dwelt in holy light
Till sin, cursed sin, wrought out a cruel blight
And left the world as dark as hell's deep night;
Banished by justice from God's clear sight.

In Bethlehem's manger, a lowly pair
Had shelter. Their bed, the sorry lair
Where beasts of burden lie.
They were grander in that humble state
Than all the pomp of rich and great.

Glorious in that lowly birth
Was the Lord of lords, the King of the earth,
For heaven sent a courtly train,
Whose message far'o'er hill and plain
Echoed and re-echoed o'er again:
"Peace on earth, good will to men."
To men of good will the message came
That they might bow at Jesus' feet,
And wip with glad heart and soul
The name of Christ, from pole to pole.
The wise men worshipped as he lay
On this, the world's FIRST CHRISTMAS DAY.

A Babe of Glory; offspring pure
Held in Virgin Mother's arms, secure;
While heaven's praises, loud and long
Broke forth in hallowed, glorious song;
And golden harp and angel tongue,
Sounded by a myriad throng,
Adored before the great white throne
The will of God, who sat alone,
Whose justice through His mercy shone,
Who gave to man His only Son
To die, that man to him might come.

Since then the years have swiftly fled,
The world can tell of countless dead.
But the song is sung, and the tale is told,
Of that first Christmas Day, so old.
The Church, the holy Spouse of Christ,
Thrice happy, on a day so blest,
Loud anthems sings to Jesus' name,
And spreads abroad the glorious fame
Of Heaven's Queen; who through her Son
Is blest by all. Her peal so blest
Did magnify her God, and rest
Supremely on the Angel's word
Which called her: "Mother of our Lord."
Ah, then, let loud hosannas wake on this our Christmas Day,
And let us glory in the Christ, to whom we sang
To deeds of love and kindness too—no hasty
Filling gaps in life's great waste.
Let's weep with those who weep, and laugh with those who laugh,
And from purest joys, eternal blessings quaff,
Wishing each to each, from heart's full store
Many happy days to come, which more and more
Shall celebrate, that Christmas Day of yore,
And speak of Jesus, Mary, Joseph evermore.

BAGONAY.

(Written for the Herald.)

FIORETTI FOR CHRISTMAS.

Again it comes, that joyous ray,
Dispelling night, restoring day.
The weeping flowers on the chilly plain
Their former life once more regain;
The sprightly hill and the rushing stream
Rejoice in the rays of the ancient beam.
The gloomy vale in the mountain shade,
Where the icy soil bears a sickly blade,
Unfolds its flowers to the midday air,
And fain its hidden charms would share.

'Tis Christmas eve, with its pure streams of love
That have opened fountains of mercy above,
And poured a warm stream o'er the child'd barren soul,
That hopes not in Heaven as its joy and its goal,
With its mountains of sorrow, of misery and sin,
That hang o'er dark valleys, of shame from within,
That stream, which for ages so softly has flown
Richly laden with gems from the Godhead's bright throne.

But let all our thoughts retire for awhile,
To the first Christmas night, from our earthly toil,
For never have been on this side of the grave,
Scenes dearer to man than in Bethlehem's cave;
December's harsh gale grows gold and hoarse,
As o'er the wild landscape he hurries his course.
Chill evening gives way to night's awful form,
And Bethlehem bends neath the weight of the storm.

The peasant retires to his own cottage hearth,
The songsters no longer their music impart,
The shepherd secures every beast of his drove
And retires for the night to the sheltering grove,
Alone 'neath the scowl of the angry sky,
Rejected and friendless two forms we descry.

'Tis Joseph of Nazareth, aged and gray,
And Mary, more sweet than the first breath of May.

Bethlehem! how clouded, this day was thy sight,
The sun blessed around thee, thou saw'st not its light.
Thou gavest two mortals safe shelter till morn,
To Jesus not even a place to be born.
At length to a dark, gloomy cave they repair,
With the beasts of the hillside a lodging to share,
And while midnight still hovers o'er Judea's plain,
The "Looked-for of Nations" commences his reign.

The choirs that burn incense round heaven's high throne
To a moss-covered stable at Bethlehem have flown,
And there with the mother of God's only Son
Their worship of Jesus Incarnate begun:
But Mary, the Mother, what joy filled her breast
When to it her God and her Son she had pressed,
When like the sunbeam through the storm-covered sky,
The glory of Heaven shone forth from his eye,
And met for the first time his mother's sweet face
As bending, his features she calmly did trace.

There quietly he rests on the stone-covered floor,
While o'er the chill manger the angels do soar,
But His birth is proclaimed on the wings of the storm
And awakes the meek shepherds e'er yet it is morn.
Approaching, they worship their newly-born King,
Nor wait till the morning their offerings to bring.

Oh, man, if false riches have frowned on your birth,
Don't barter your soul for the glories of earth,
But like the poor shepherds on Judea's moor
Seek God in the storm and salvation secure.
Adore the Infant, though feeble he seem,
For the waters of love from his tender heart stream.
Adore Him, humble in the manger he lay,
The night at His will to the morning gave way.

Local and Special News.

At McPherson, Kansas, the other day, biscuits were made from flour ground from wheat that was standing in the field ninety minutes previous.

If you had taken two of Carter's little Liver Pills before retiring you would not have had that coated tongue or bad taste in the mouth this morning. Keep a vial with you for occasional use.

Useful Christmas and New Year presents. Silk Handkerchiefs, ladies' fur caps, gents' fur caps, fur lined circulars, ladies' Astracan Jackets, men's coon fur coats, black wolf coats, mufflers, scarfs, ties, gloves, mitts, etc., selling cheap for the holidays at J. B. McDonald's.

Musical Instruments of all kinds at Fletcher's Music Store, Queen Street, Sign of the Big Eiddle."

In the walking match between O'Leary and Weston, the former is still ahead.

NEW GOODS FROM THE LONDON MARKET.—*Last Instalment for this season.*—WEEKS & Co., Market Square, will open, on Monday next, three Cases English Goods, received ex steamer *Sweden*, embracing many novelties for the season. Handsome and valuable Silk Umbrellas for Ladies and Gentlemen—just the article for Xmas present. New Velveteens, in Black and Colored; beautiful range of New Buttons for Ladies; New Gloves, Braids, Plushes, &c., and other Goods too varied to particularize.—W. A. WEEKS & Co., Market Square.

The fortune of the late William H. Vanderbilt is estimated at $200,000,000.

If you purpose buying a fur coat, either coon or wolf, you will find a choice lot selling low at J. B. McDonald's.

ACID STOMACH, HEADACHE, HEARTBURN AND INDIGESTION are quickly cured by using Perry Davis' Pain Killer. ☞ Bathing the head freely in Pain Killer will usually relieve the most severe attacks of Headache.

A clergyman, meeting an inebriated neighbor, exclaimed, "Drunk again, Wilkins!" to which Wilkins, in a semi-confidential tone, responded, "So am I, parson!"

CHEAP SEWING MACHINES.—Parties wanting a Cheap Sewing Machine can buy the Improved Wanzer from Messrs. Miller Bros., Queen Street, Charlottetown, for THIRTY DOLLARS.

FUR COATS FOR GENTLEMEN.—Half a dozen splendid Fur Coats remaining. If you are thinking of making a purchase, just call, and look at ours.—WEEKS & Co., Market Square.

The untidy, dirty appearance of a grizzly beard should never be allowed. Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers will readily change their color to a brown or black, at discretion, and thus keep up your reputation for neatness and good looks.

NOTICE TO DEBTORS.—All persons indebted to the subscriber, will please to pay their respective accounts before the 31st instant. All accounts remaining unpaid after that date will be handed over for collection.—J. B. MACDONALD.—3 ins

The girl who bangs her hair often makes the wife who bangs her husband.

"Words fail to express my gratitude," says Mr. Selby Carter, of Nashville, Tenn., "for the benefits derived from Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Having been afflicted all my life with scrofula, my system seemed saturated with it. It came out in blotches, ulcers, and mattery sores, all over my body." Mr. Carter states that he was entirely cured by Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and since discontinuing its use, eight months ago, has had no return of the scrofulous symptoms.

Er dere's no hell, colonel; some folks is wastin' er heap er time preparin' fer one.

Ladies' and misses felt lined skating boots very cheap, ladies' oil goat double sole boot for $2, cheap at $150. J. B. McDonald's boot store.

Sir George Errington, who is not in the new House, is reported to be preparing for a quiet diplomatic mission in Persia and India.

Smart Weed and Belladonna combined with the other ingredients used in the best Instantaneous Pain Killer, Carter's N. W. & B. Mustache Plasters are the best in the market. Price 25 cents.

Sewing Machines Cheap.—Latest New Style HIGH ARM RAYMOND at WANZER S. M. Depot for $30.—J. F. WILLIS & Co., McPherson's Building, Queen Street, Charlottetown. [nov 11 tf

There are about 42,000,000 cattle on farms in the United States, and 10,000,000 on ranches and ranges.

Mr. Edward Burgess, the designer of the sloop *Puritan*, is engaged, it is stated, on the model of a keel schooner to contend in English waters with their crack yachts for the cups carried away by the *Genesta*.

S. E. BURWELL, of Fingall, Ont., writes:—Last autumn I was suffering from a severe cold which settled on my lungs and produced a distressing cough, for which I gave trial to a number of Cough Medicines, but without any benefit. I at length tried one bottle of Allen's Lung Balsam, which I am happy to be able to state gave almost immediate relief, and performed a perfect cure in a short time.

Ladies' and gents' felt boots, without exception the best assortment in town, at J. B McDonald's boot store.

MARRIED.

At St. John's Church, St. Eleanor's, on the 9th inst., by the Rev K. Richardson, A. M. T. C. I., Sydney Richardson, second son of H. P. Richardson, Esq., of Norfolk, England, to Isabella H. Compton, eldest daughter of George Compton, Esq., of St. Eleanor's.

At the St. Lawrence Hotel, on the 16th inst., by the Rev. J. M. McLeod, Mr. Robert Milne Barratt, to Miss Christina Robinson, both of Charlottetown.

At Marshfield, on the 9th inst., by the Rev. A. W. Mahon, Mr. D. L. Hooper, to Miss Mary S. Robinson, both of Charlottetown.

At the Eldon House, Charlottetown, on the 16th inst., by Rev. J. M. McLeod, Mr. William Forsyth, of Elmdale, Lot 1, to Miss Maggie Emma Moore, of Montague.

On the 21st inst., by Rev. J. M. McLeod, Mr. Joseph Frederick Mills, of Fownal, Lot 49, to Miss Isabella Merrison, of Boston Mass.

On the 21st inst., by Rev. J. M. McLeod, Mr. Alva Mallory, of Lindsay, Ont., to Miss Mary Jane Curtis, of Crapaud, Lot 29.

DIED.

At Fort Augustus, on the 11th December, after an illness of ten months, Alice, beloved daughter of Edward and Bridget Coady, in the 16th year of her age. May she rest in peace.

Once more solemn death has entered
Into our peaceful home,
And with sudden a moment's warning
Called dear sister Alice home.

We are very sad, dear Alice,
Since thou hast left us lone;
Since thou hast left this dreary earth
For thy peaceful, heavenly home.

Yet though we're very lonely, Alice,
And think of thee with pain,
We would not wish for thy return
To this weary world again.

But when our worldly race is run;
When our visit here is over
God grant that we may meet with thee,
To abide forever more.

At her son's residence, Somerset, Nov. 19th, Catherine Murphy, relict of the late Edward Hughes, in the 89th year of her age. May she rest in peace.

At the Hospital, on Wednesday, Dec. 16th, of Small Pox, Mary, second eldest daughter of William and Ann McTague, in the 19th year of her age. May she rest in peace.

At Port Hill, on the 15th inst., Thomas Sullivan, in the 90th year of his age. The deceased came to this Island from County Antrim, Belfast, Ireland, in 1818.

At Chatham, N. R., on Dec. 8th, of Consumption, Albert Edward Bell, son of John and Jane Bell, aged 22 years.

At Cavendish, on the 23rd ult., Andrew Clark, aged 70 years.

At her brother's residence, Milton, Dec. 3rd, Miss Rachel Curtis, aged 70 years.

In Dorchester, Mass., 11th inst., Jerusha A., beloved wife of A. D McDougall, and daughter of A. st. Clair McDonald, of Charlottetown, P. E. Island, aged 33 years, 7 months and 16 days.

Passed peacefully away, December 21st