

A GOOD OVERCOAT

Has saved many a doctor's bill. We suppose that a man looking overcoat will keep you just as warm as a nice looking one, and so will a blanket for that matter and some of the overcoats you see on the streets these days look as much like blankets as they do like overcoats. Do you think we would talk like this if ours were of the blanket kind.

At \$6, 8 & 10

At these prices we will sell you coats of good material, perfect fitting and elegantly tailored, worth a lot more money. Should this not suit you, you can bring them back.

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We have coats of every desirable color and style. The dark dressy Raglan, the steel grey Governor and the blue and black Chesterfield are all favorably known, and we are selling the balance of them without profit. Now is your chance to get \$14, \$16 and \$18 coats at \$12, \$13 and \$14. If you don't want to buy, don't; but come in and buy at any rate.

FUR GOODS AT COST.

The balance of all kinds of fur goods at cost. That means that we are going to get clear of them in a hurry. What's left is merely high priced and good quality goods, and now there's a chance to secure the very best at the price of the lowest quality. Come now to

PROWSE BROS., The Wonderful Cheap Men.

LOCAL AND OTHER ITEMS.

The notorious Margaret L. Shepherd of Detroit is dead.

"SHAMROCK 111" was successfully launched yesterday.

The Cuban Senate by a vote of 16 to 7 ratified the Reciprocity Treaty with the United States on the 11th inst.

Rev. Dr. McMillan lectured to a large audience in Cadillac hall on Monday night last on "Father Damien."

The Venezuelan revolutionists claim that they now hold all the eastern parts of Venezuela from the Orinoco down to the Rio Chio.

The big candy factory of Gagnon Bros., at St. Stephen, N. B. was totally destroyed by fire on Saturday last. The loss is fully one hundred thousand dollars.

Advices from Toronto say that Provincial Treasurer Stratton, implicated in the Game Scandal has tendered his resignation to Premier Ross.

ADVICES received at San Francisco from Samoa Islands say 600 lives were lost, and property worth \$300,000 was destroyed by a hurricane in a group of islands in the Pacific.

This arrival at Havana on Sunday, of a British squadron consisting of the Ariadne, Ladefatigue, Retribution, Tribune, Fantom and the Columbine this morning from Kingston, J., gave the harbor a naval aspect.

The Store of George Carter & Co Seedmen, was closed yesterday and Mr. George Carter has gone away. We know not whether the financial difficulties can be so arranged as to enable the store to open and resume business.

W. H. Gault was arraigned before Judge Wallace in the County Court, Halifax on the 10th, charged with forgery and uttering forged note. The Judge found the accused guilty, and sentenced him to five years in Dorchester penitentiary.

J. Whitaker Wright, the London promoter, who is accused of being concerned in Colossal frauds in connection with the organization of various financial corporations, was arrested Sunday, on the arrival at New York, of the French line steamer, La Lorraine from Havre.

The third of the Lenten course of sermons was preached in the Cathedral on Sunday evening last, by Rev. Dr. Monaghan. His theme was religion and business life, and his text was from the XVII chapter of the Gospel according to St. John, verses 3, 4, 5.

Attorney Philip V. Fennelly, of Buffalo, N. Y., who represents Miss Hutchinson, the Canadian girl, has begun an action against Wm. R. Hearst for \$250,000 damages because of the multitude of alleged libelous statements and indignities in the Evening Journal.

On Friday evening last the 13th inst., Mr. James H. Reddie lectured, under the auspices of the A. O. H. in their hall on Queen Street. His subject was "John Bright," the eminent British statesman and orator. There was a good attendance and the lecturer was accorded a hearty vote of thanks at the close.

DURING a riot at Coimbra, Portugal, on Sunday last, caused by the refusal of the inhabitants to pay taxes, a fight occurred in which three persons were killed. The mob attacked the Courts of Justice and stoned the troops, who replied with a volley. The inhabitants of neighboring villages flocked to Coimbra and swelled the mob.

The police authorities of Philadelphia have directed the opening of thirty-four graves, having evidence that leads them to believe George Hasey, a negro herb doctor, is responsible for that many deaths. Hasey is in jail as an accessory to the murder of Wm. G. Daniel, who is believed to have been given poison by his wife.

At a Cabinet meeting at Ottawa, on the 11th inst., all the vacancies for Senators were filled, except one for Ontario. Those appointed were: J. K. Keir, Toronto; Frank E. Frost, Smiths Falls; ex-Mr. P. for Leeds and Grenville; T. P. Coffey, of London, proprietor of the Catholic Record; J. Teasler, Quebec; Rufus Curry, Windsor, N. S. O'Leary gets the seat of the late Senator Primrose, of Pictou. W. C. Edwards, M. P., is mentioned in connection with the Ontario senatorship not yet filled.

A Kingston despatch of the 14th says: Two Kingstons left here with a team last night. They drove to Landdown, thirty miles from here, and while attempting to rob a cemetery one was caught, and placed under arrest. The other escaped and is still at large. Two Queen's University students, who had given out that they were going to Nanapan, are under suspicion. They hired a team at Wilson's. The phone was said to be first year men. Further developments are expected hourly. Detective R. Allen is working on the case.

In Buffalo, New York, on the 10th inst., Arthur R. Pennel, one of the chief figures in the investigation of the Birdick murder, was hurried headlong to eternity. Pennel was riding in an electric automobile with Mrs. Pennel, on Kensington Avenue. Skimming along the edge of Ghiesse stone quarry, a huge rock ribbed a hole into the ground, Pennel's car blew off and suddenly the automobile swerved and leaped over the curb into the abyss below. Pennel was killed instantly and Mrs. Pennel was injured so severely that she died shortly afterwards.

ADVICES from St. John's, N.B., of the 14th, say: Two women passengers on one of the trains snowed in the interior of the Island reached the city last night after a month's detention. They were imprisoned in pairs in snowdrifts until the blizzard ceased, and then were transported across forty-five miles of snowy waste on dog sleds until they reached the railway line. They were four days making the journey here. An American Engineer named Courtney and his wife also travelled seventy miles by similar conveyance to reach the railway. Railway traffic with the more remote districts is still suspended.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

St. Patrick's Day.

Yesterday, being the feast of St. Patrick Patron Saint of Ireland, was celebrated in the usual way by the Benevolent Irish Society and the Ancient Order of Hibernians in this city. These societies, headed by the Band of the League of the Cross and the Fourth Regiment, turned out in large numbers and presented a fine appearance. Unfortunately the rain which began to fall about 10 o'clock rendered it disagreeable for those in the parade. The societies having joined forces after marching from their respective halls, proceeded to St. Dunstan's Cathedral, reaching there a few minutes after ten o'clock. Solemn High Mass immediately commenced. Rev. Thomas Curran, D. D. Rector of St. Dunstan's College, was celebrant, Rev. Dr. Morrison dean, and Rev. T. Campbell, sub-deacon. His Lordship, the Bishop, occupied his seat in the sanctuary. There was a large congregation in attendance. After the Communion, Rev. Dr. Sinnott, of St. Dunstan's College ascended the pulpit and delivered the following splendid sermon:

"For unto you it is given for Christ, not only to believe in Him but also to suffer for Him." Phil. 1: 29.

My dear Brethren:—A pagan king once asked the question:—"What ought to be done to the man whom the king honors?" The king replied:—"The king should be honored." The man whom the king honors, ought to be clothed with the king's apparel, and to be set upon the horse, that the king might ride upon, and to have the royal crown upon his head, and let the first of the king's princes and nobles hold his horse, and going through the streets of the city, proclaim before him an ass:—"This shall be honored whom the king hath a mind to honor." (Ezra VI. 7, 8, 9).

The case of St. Patrick is similar. He was a nation to Christ; what honor shall his master bestow upon him? He did no less than the other apostles; what reward shall be worthy of him? He was a facile instrument to accomplish God's purpose; but can the instrument not claim some reverence from the hand that employs it? Let him then be "clothed with the apparel" of the King of Kings. He was once the livery of a slave and a servant, let him now be clad "with a garment down to the feet and gird with a golden girdle" (Apoc. 1: 13). Let him "have the royal diadem upon his head." Has he not worn his own circlet of thorns and made kings and princes kneel before him, and cast the earthly crowns before the altar of Christ? "Let the first of the king's princes and nobles hold his horse." Yes, let even the hungry of earth and those who reviled him once, acknowledge his sovereignty now and proclaim his praise as one whom the king hath honored.

We are here to day, my dear Brethren, to do honor to Ireland's Patron Saint. As Catholics and as Irishmen, we are present in this edifice to glorify in our tribe of prayer and homage to him, to him, to whom under God we owe the blessing of our Christian faith. We are not here to give voice to any feelings of hate or enmity. I am well aware that in Irish history there are interesting, heroic, tragic periods. But they who figured in such scenes are at peace; shall we dissect into their graves and disturb their hallowed dust. The blood and tears of our forefathers did not wipe out the enormity of the crime committed against them; would our rehearsal of it be more effective? No, for retribution the Almighty has reserved unto Himself. Else how is it that the "souls of them that were slain for the Word of God and for the testimony which they held" cry even in heaven to the judge upon the throne.

"How long O' Lord, (only and true), dost thou not judge and revenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth" (Apoc. 6: 9).

A saint, my brethren, is not honored by the anger or resentment kindled in our breast by the wrongs done him or the causes he represented; the glory of the martyr is not increased by vituperating the tyrant who gave him his crown. You may listen to a panegyric of the saint to-day with pleasure or with pain, but it will avail you nothing in living faith do not accept the doctrines he labored so incessantly to teach, if your lives do not reflect the good works he sought so assiduously to realize in you and in himself. We the more honor a saint, the better we fulfill our duties as Catholics, and it is vain for us to boast and bluster to-day about the greatness of St. Patrick, the magnitude of the work he accomplished, the glory of Irish faith, the struggle our Irish ancestors made to preserve it in spite of every heathenish or devilish obstacle, unless we ourselves are living witnesses of that same faith, its glory and its permanency.

"A people's voice" says a writer "may be the proof and echo of all human aims, but the voice of the dying church is the voice of everlasting glory." The spirit of St. Patrick still lives because his fame is in the church and because his name is enrolled among the immortal sons of Christ's spouse on earth. The Irish race may become extinct, their nationality may become the curiosity of a scientist, as their language is an object of research for scholars, but the glory of St. Patrick will live on, and year by year unto the end of time will the church with her countless sons and daughters proclaim: "Blessed the great priest, who in his days pleased God and was found just; and in the time of wrath was made a reconciliation" (Ecc. 44: 14). Such is the enduring fame of the church's heroes and of them it can never be said that they are among those "of whom there is no memorial; who are perished, as if they had never been; and are born as if they had never been born and their children with them." (Ecc. 44: 9). It is the church then that speaks loudest on days like these and at best we raise but a feeble echo of her song of praise. We are here then as Irishmen perhaps, but likewise and principally as Catholics. There are others here who are not of Irish descent. Shall we exclude them? If they love St. Patrick as deeply as we do, if they have as sincere a devotion to him as we have, at the foot of this altar they have a right—the right that comes from spiritual kinship—of joining with us in prayers of thanksgiving to God for the great exemplification to St. Patrick.

That the Irish in history have been right loyal sons of St. Patrick it is impossible to deny. The Irish race of the

past no more needs an apologist than an enologist. The important question then is not, will the history of Ireland and the light of the historian, but it is, are the Irish in America faithful children of their apostle, faithful sons and daughters distinguished by the virtues that adorned their ancestors,—or coming nearer home the question is, will our own conduct bear the scrutiny of the moralist. At most this general question can be answered in a general way. That the Irish character has undergone a change in the New World no one can deny. The raw peasant from the country hillside differs very much from his descendant, the refined city man of business. The first class cabin passenger from New York to Liverpool is not at all like his compatriot in the steerage from Queenstown to New York. And this difference is not merely external, not alone the refinement of manner that comes from education, travel, or better social condition. No, he is walking side by side with his Anglo-Saxon neighbor. He has caught the characteristics and sometimes the mode of thought of the man with whom he daily associates. He has some of that individualism that makes a merchant, some of that stuffiness that makes an infidel; he has acquired in part the mental habits of self control that amount to stoicism in the spirit of secularity that pampers with comfort the victim it means to destroy. It is an open question too if the faith is now as strong in America, the devotion as pure and as Catholic, as it was years ago by whom the Irishmen left Ireland. It is sometimes said that the Irish were superstitious and that they would have loved the lordly St. Lawrence and the magnificent people who inhabit its banks. The massive granite boulder that stands by Victoria Bridge in Montreal tells in silence the sad story of that gloomy period; but it stands too as a memorial of the humanity, kindness, hospitality of a noble race that forgot themselves and their own to procure us, in the presence of the dead, by the side of that common monument we are—we shall be a united people.

Let it not be supposed that we preach a narrow intolerant creed; we do not wish to raise the cry of creed, that in the end would be perhaps to our disadvantage—but I merely state that we Catholics should stand together to champion the principles which we believe to be the only salvation of society, the only ultimate safeguard of a free, responsible government. Let us respect and admire everyone of our fellow-citizens whether the land of their forefathers was England, France, or Scotland. It is the River Rhine any better than the neighbor from the Seine or the Thames, or any one of the many white better than the who runs his house set like an eagle on a peak of the Highlands or than he who dried his nets under the shadow of the peaceful cottage on the shores of Galway. Our country's foundation is upon racial and individual equality. We are going to prosper, not that any one race may predominate, but to evolve one people with the complete virtues of all. Our only hope of success, our only guarantee of union and strength is that we look at all questions from the view-point of Canadians and as nothing else. It is not something desirable to live together in peace and it is not a lesson to be learnt on such a day as this!

Here the celebration of separate national holidays can only be good inasmuch as they are manifestations of our faith or because they manifest the virtues engendered by the recalling the noble deeds of our ancestors into the love we bear this country. Canada is surely broad enough for us all. Surely this young nation with her wealth and resources, with her prairies and limitless areas, with her heritage of freedom and accommodation to all in peace. Canada has done well by us and in gratitude she deserves our best energies. She has still mines to work, still lands to settle still forests to cut away. Irish hands have done their share of this work in the past; they will do it in the future. Irishmen have ever been loyal to Canada in the hour of danger, and they have sought her glory and her honor in the hour of peace. We know the past history of Canada in which there are so many heroic deeds to admire, so few crimes to deplore; we know her present condition so full of promise; but when we contemplate the future we are lost in wonder before the picture that our own imagination paints. My brethren, if there is a need now there will be a greater need in the future for great and good men who will be beyond the petty prejudices of section, party or race, ready to sustain the burdens of citizenship in a mighty God-fearing commonwealth. I have repeated more than once the more we honor a Saint, the better we fulfill our Christian duties. And I would add to that now; we cannot fulfill our Christian duties and at the same time be bad citizens of this country of our adoption. And under this light how luminously clear our future conduct is.

My brethren, I'll say that St. Patrick, on his deathbed raised himself up and with prophetic vision he stretched forth his hand to bless the Irish people unto all time. If we but abide in his faith, that blessing will be ever; it will be an assurance of God's grace and God will in reality "supply our wants according to His riches in glory in Christ Jesus." (Phil. IV. 19). Amen.

The sermon occupied about half an hour and the delivery was as faultless as its diction is admirable. It was a gem.

After Mass the societies reformed in procession and marched through the principal streets.

The day's celebration was brought to a close by a dramatic performance in the Opera House by the League of the Cross dramatic club, entitled "Faugh-a-Bal-lough." The play was well rendered and there was an immense audience in attendance.

The day was also appropriately celebrated at St. Ann's, Summerside, Tignish, Fort Augustus and other places.

Mardochai at the King's gate, they will hate him though clothed in royal purple. This is a day then that we should speak a word of good fellowship—that we can remember our thanks to our Catholic brethren who have been subjected to the same ill-fortunes as we, and who have with us manfully and Christianly borne the burden of the day. It is invidious to mention any people particularly—but there is a race amongst us who were first in this country and who to-day form the vast majority of its Catholic population. To them Canada owes a debt of gratitude; to them we owe more than we sometimes concede. We are not unmindful of the labor, (in these provinces) especially of the noble, devoted men, missionaries in the truest sense of the word, names that we shall reverence unto our dying day and hand down to our children to be revered in every generation. But in that vast region that stretches from the rugged coast of Gaspé to the foot of the Rockies, along the shores of the St. Lawrence and down the valley of the Mississippi the first white men to penetrate the dangers of the forest were not armed traders greedy for the spoils of earth, but simple French priests seeking to save souls to Christ, with no other protection than the cross and their backs. They have done much more for us than we have evangelized this country; but we are not envious of them. We have more Catholic spirit than that, and as we view their triumphs, we realize that this country is theirs, is ours, by their right of conquest. Not only have they planted Catholicity, but they have watched it in its growth, as it came into its vigor. Many an act of folly and injustice has been averted by the untiring of our fellow-citizens of French descent. To their efforts it is in great measure attributable that our constitution has in its framework so many Catholic principles. If we enjoy rights it is in part because they were strong enough to fight for them. If we now suffer here fewer injustices than Catholics elsewhere it is because they held the balance of power. And as Irishmen we owe another, a special debt of gratitude to them. They showed a kindness to our people half a century ago that we have not forgotten and shall be slow to forget. He who afterwards would be a cardinal robes once ministered to our poor fellow-countrymen by the aid of famine and persecution from their own homes and cast in thousands, plague-stricken and helpless as they were, into the shores of the St. Lawrence. For them the rugged rocks were turned into beds of down and the waves upon the beach sang lullabies as they sank in strange but friendly arms to eternal peace and rest. Had that people lived, oh how they would have loved the lordly St. Lawrence and the magnificent people who inhabit its banks. The massive granite boulder that stands by Victoria Bridge in Montreal tells in silence the sad story of that gloomy period; but it stands too as a memorial of the humanity, kindness, hospitality of a noble race that forgot themselves and their own to procure us, in the presence of the dead, by the side of that common monument we are—we shall be a united people.

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Oatmeal (per cwt).....	2.25 to 2.50
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