

THE HERALD

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 9th, 1901. SUBSCRIPTION—\$1.00 A YEAR, PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY JAMES MCISAAC, Editor & Proprietor.

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The Rivals at Daggers Drawn.

The war between the Patriot and the Guardian on behalf of their respective prospective candidates for the West Riding of Queen's goes merrily on, and its bitterness seems to be intensified in proportion to its progress. In addition to editorial comment both papers admit to their columns the communications of an onymous correspondent upholding one or other of the would-be candidates and showing up the political shortcomings of his rival. Mr. Farquharson has come out over his own signature in the Patriot, stating that on his way home from Ottawa in April last he wrote to Sir Louis Davies withdrawing his refusal to become a candidate and afterwards confirmed this letter by a telegram. This would seem to be putting the cart before the horse, as the usual procedure in such written and telegraphic combinations is for the telegram to take precedence and the letter is afterwards sent to confirm the telegraphic message. But in this somewhat mixed affair ordinary methods have been revolutionized and previous usage counts for very little. Right on the heels of this declaration of the Premier, out comes Mr. Haszard in the Guardian in a communication embodying letters that passed between Mr. Farquharson and himself. By means of these letters Mr. Haszard endeavors to show that Mr. Farquharson is not only slightly inconsistent, but that he contradicts himself inasmuch as he declared in his communication to the Patriot that he had not thought of being a candidate till the 24th of June. The Guardian adopts the opinion of its protegee, Mr. Haszard, and regards the communication as a somewhat mixed declaration. The analysis of Mr. Farquharson's side of the argument, by the morning organ, seems to strike its antagonist in a vulnerable point, for the Patriot retorts that the Guardian by this manner of controversy is false to its pretended principles of independence and is working hammer and tongs to break up the Liberal party. It is altogether likely that the Patriot was quite well aware all along that the independence of its morning contemporary was a pseudo independence. But so long as the morning organ, masquerading under these false colors, assisted the evening Government organ in upholding the false and corrupting political methods of Critism, the Patriot had no fault to find with it. Now, however, when each of these exponents of Critism espouses the cause of separate and antagonistic upholders of the standard, a white flag goes up from the evening organ; a complaint is made that its morning contemporary is striving to rend the unhallowed compact. Our readers are doubtless conversant with that homely adage regarding what takes place when rogues fall out. By means of this little disagreement about their choice of candidates, both the Patriot and Guardian are unwittingly contributing more to the cause of truth than is their wont. Among the declarations attributed to Mr. Haszard in his speech at Hunter River is the statement that if he did not get the nomination he would henceforth attend to his business and have nothing more to do with politics. That was a very rash statement, and it would be a most serious matter for the body politic if it should come to pass. Would the political world be able to wag along at all, if Mr. Haszard should carry out his dreadful resolve and retire to private life? Another phase of the difficulty that seems to be annoying the Patriot is the contingency that an attempt might be made to pack the convention. Ah! there is the rub. Our evening contemporary threatens all manner of punishment if any attempt of this kind should be made. It sounds a note of warning against allowing any one to sit in such a convention whose Critism is not above suspicion. All sore headed Grits and all whose political views have undergone any change within the past year are to be refused admission to the convence. None but the clear Grit; the follower of Farquharson through thick

and thin should in the estimation of the Patriot, have a voice in this grand pow-wow. Again and again does Mr. Farquharson's organ, the Patriot, point to his claims on his party and his herculean labors in their behalf. It reiterates over and over, that he has, through thick and thin, in prosperity and adversity, been the standard-bearer of genuine Critism. At the same time it never fails to insinuate that Mr. Haszard has not always been the Simon pure. Ah! Mr. Haszard, you little thought when you were posing as a political Moses to lead your countrymen out of the mire into which your Grit friends had landed them, that this unselfish, patriotic act of yours would be cited against you in a critical moment! This act of yours seems to have left a stain on your political escutcheon that will not wash out! You have not to your credit in the statute books of your party such brilliant and memorable acts of statescraft as that which dazzled Pineau and drew him, volens, volens, into the Grit fold; nor have you at any time manifested such belligerency as is attributed to Mr. Farquharson, when he superintended his henchmen while they purged the legislative chamber of his erstwhile colleague, Mr. Wise. Surely such services as these demand recognition at the hands of all true blue Grits!

The International Yacht Races.

THURSDAY'S RACE. In a glorious wholesale breeze which heated the big cup contestants down until their lee rails were awash in the foaming seas, Harreshoff's white wonder, the Columbia, beat Watson's British creation over a triangular course of thirty miles by two minutes and fifty seconds, actual time on Thursday. With the 43 seconds which the Irish sloop allowed the American boat on account of her larger sail plan, the Columbia won the second race of the series by three minutes and thirty five seconds, the fastest race ever sailed in a cup contest. It was not only a royal struggle from a spectacular point of view, but it was absolutely decisive as to the merits of the two racing machines. The wind was strong and true, blowing about 18 knots out of the northwest. Reaching for the first mark ten miles down the Long Island shore, with the wind abate the beam, the Columbia gained 22 seconds; in the closer reach for the second stake she gained 30 seconds, and in the third to windward on the jag home she gained exactly two minutes. The Yankee victory began with the start, when Barr, by manoeuvring, convinced his adversary that he was trying to cross the line first. Captain Sycamore promptly rushed his boat into position and sent her away almost in the smoke of the gun. Barr having accomplished his purpose, tacked about back of the line and held too for more than a minute. Then with a flying start he went over just before the handicap gun was fired. Some of the patriots were disappointed with the experts' explanation that there was no windward berth in a reach where the boats could lay their courses straight for the mark, and that the position astern, where Barr could keep his eye on every move of his rival, was the commanding one. For the first 15 miles no human eye could tell which if either was gaining, so closely were they matched, but gradually it became apparent that Columbia was outstripping the flying challenger. Both were going a terrific pace. They had covered the first two miles in a little over 50 minutes. When they came around the second stake they took in their baby jibtopsails and hauled their wind for the best home. Within five minutes after rounding the last mark it was apparent that the Columbia was footing faster and pointing higher. She went through Shamrock's lee like a quarter horse. The rash of the leviathans on the final tack was magnificent. The exultation boats black with people from the gunwale to the pilot house, gathered about the finish in a great horseshoe. As the white five came on with a big boom in her teeth, well in the lead, the patriotic skippers with their hands on their whistle cords could hardly restrain themselves. As she swept across the finish the din was ear-splitting. Until after Shamrock crossed a minute and 18 seconds later, whistles and signals were kept going. When they died away the bands could be heard playing "Columbia, the gem of the Ocean." "Yankee Doodle" and other patriotic airs. Sir Thomas in the Erin, did not appear within half a mile of the finish line. But after the Columbia went over the line he ran the American flag up to the forepeak, and fired a salute in its honor. The rival crews cheered each other as they were towed home behind their tender escorted by the whole excursion fleet. Sir Thomas Lipton, when asked what he thought of the race he said: "I admit frankly that I was licked by the best boat, in a fair and square race, and I maintain and believe that there is not a better skipper afloat than Captain Sycamore, nor a better crew than mine. I have as much esteem for my captain and crew as when I came to this side, but they can't do impossibilities. They took as much out of the boat as could be taken. I am very disappointed at the result," continued Sir Thomas, "and the only consolation I have is that I know I've been licked by a good honorable opponent. I know that the wind was true and that the Columbia won without any duke. However, as long as the Shamrock flag flies there is just as much fight in me, and until I've beaten in the third race I am just as hopeful."

The Cup Remains on this Side.

FRIDAY'S RACE. The third race of the series was sailed on Friday, and won by the Columbia, which gives her the cup and ends the racing for this year. The wind was

strong, about 18 knots. The course was fifteen miles to leeward and return, as the direction of the wind, north-west, prevented the windward leg being first sailed. The yachts played around the line, each waiting for the other to cross first and Columbia went over at 11:02. 15, fifteen seconds after the handicap gun fired, with Shamrock five seconds behind. Shamrock passed Columbia at 11:17 and turned the leeward mark at 12:48.46, forty-nine seconds ahead. Columbia caught her in the beat home, and finished only three seconds after Shamrock crossed at 3:35.35, which gave her the race by forty seconds corrected time.

The Cup Remains on this Side.

Notwithstanding the fact that Columbia beat Shamrock before the wind on the previous Saturday the challenger in the final race gained slowly but steadily all the way out and rounded 49 seconds before the defender, having actually gained one minute and four seconds. Immediately after they turned their noses into the wind for the best home the breeze moderated and turned fluky. The skippers split their courses for wind, with the result that one would get a lift and then the other. At one time Columbia seemed a mile ahead when a sudden slant of the wind allowed the Shamrock to point nearer the mark and a mile from home the challenger appeared to be leading by fifty feet or more. The tacks began to see nervous, but as the yachts approached the finish, the Yankee skipper by some "miraculous" legerdemain shoved his boat into the wind like a phantom ship, and 100 yards from home the two racers were almost on even terms. It was a pretty sight and one seldom witnessed when they crossed rail to rail, the white yacht's bowsprit just tapping the golden ball of the mast.

The Cup Remains on this Side.

The usual pandemonium that attends the final Yankee victory in a cup contest followed. Whistles, sirens, bells, bands and cheers united in a grand chorus of jubilation, and J. P. Morgan's steam yacht Corsair added to the terrific din by firing a national salute of 21 guns. After the Columbia had hauled down her sails and set her victory flag the excursion boats crowded alongside to cheer the Yankee sailors and the winning skipper. Nor did they forget either Lipton or his gallant craft. In turn the crowded steamers ran alongside the Shamrock and Erin and the vanquished got almost as much as the victors. And thus with felicitations all around the 12th series of races for the old cup ended with the best of feeling.

Lipton's Disappointment.

While taking his defeat gamely, Sir Thomas Lipton made no attempt to conceal his honest disappointment when talking afterwards about the race on the Erin. "I am very much disappointed," he said. "I can't hide that. I thought within fifteen minutes of the finish that we had won. I was sure as my life that we had won. When I looked around the situation had changed, and we had lost. It was a hard blow to be so near winning and then to lose. I should like to have got one race just by way of consolation. It is a very hard thing to be beaten by a few beats of the pulse. It has been a severe strain on me. I have worked hard for many months now and I am glad it is over. To have won would have been a joy greater than today's disappointment. Columbia's win today was fair and square and honorable. There is nothing to protest if I wanted to protest. In fact, I have a feeling in my heart that if there had been any error in judgment at all it would have been in my favor. If there had been any possibility of choice in the matter I believe the New York Yacht Club would have given me the race. Sometimes a man may have the better boat, but even having it must have a wee bit of luck to win. I must have a very grateful indeed, and very grateful indeed, and very grateful indeed, and very grateful indeed. I should like to have won one race."

The Royal Month and the Royal Disease.

Sudden changes of weather are especially trying, and probably to a greater extent than to the scrofulous and consumptive. The progress of scrofula during a normal October is commonly great. We never think of scrofula—it bunches, cutaneous eruptions, and wasting of the body subside—without thinking of the great good many sufferers from it have derived from Hood's Sarsaparilla, whose radical and permanent cures of this disease are enough to make it the most famous medicine in the world. There is probably not a city or town where Hood's Sarsaparilla has not proved its merit in more homes than one, in arresting and completely eradicating scrofula, which is almost as serious and as much to be feared as its near relative,—consumption.

The Herald's Scoop-Net.

CONDUCTED BY JON A. HAWKE. "Three leaves of Shamrock"—The result of the International Yacht Races.

The Amer of Afghanistan is dead, says a despatch from Simla. However, the news has not been confirmed, therefore it may only be A-meer rumor.

You may speak as you will of pedicure generally, but in a sleeping-car it is a man's berth which raises him above his fellows.

Not a bad definition of courage: That quality of mind which makes us forget how afraid we are.

Can a man who has been fined by the magistrates again and again be considered a refined man?

A man who wanted to see the last eclipse to get into a cab and told the driver to take him as close as he could, because he was near-sighted!

A colored philosopher reported to have said: "Life, my brethren, am movin' 'round up prayin' for rain and then wishin' it would 'clar' off."

Clothes don't make the man, but they make a dangerous imitation.

Some people take so much pleasure in telling how much they know, that it's a pity they know so little.

The Powers are talking of taking action against Turkey. They might wait until Thanksgiving Day.

It is said that the Sultan of Morocco has one thousand wives. Solomon had only seven hundred. But Solomon was a wise man, for he knew when he had enough.

The North Sydney Herald has in mind Grit, and is rejoicing at the result of the elections in Nova Scotia. It had been contemplating the step for some time and had been anxiously awaiting the result of the election to know what to do. Editors are said to be queer fish, but this seems to be only an ordinary "sucker."

There is a war on at present between the different Chinese laundrymen of this city. A number of newly arrived Celestials have opened up laundries and as usual their fellow countrymen have taken the usual means to make their life not worth living, by cutting the prices. For instance, the regular price for doing up collars was two cents each; when the new arrivals came the price went down to 1 1/2 cents, and has since slumped to one cent. Now if they could only be induced to lower the price one cent more everyone but Chitamen will be satisfied.

Just after the fall of Bloomfield soldiers were called upon, owing to the scarcity of civilians, to work the railway. The weary men were lying in camp one night after a hard day's work when a sergeant called out: "Any of you men want to put your names down as railway porters, drivers

LOCAL AND OTHER ITEMS.

Masses, Hazard & Moore's catalogue of bulbs for winter and spring flowers has come to hand. Send for a copy.

The King's Birthday, the 9th of November has been fixed by proclamation to be observed on a public holiday.

PRINCIPAL Grant, of Kingston University who has been very ill is recovering. Hon. Clarke Wallace is very low and his death is expected at any moment.

A Jew named Isaac Kaplan was murdered at Clarke's Harbor, Yarmouth County, N. S., on Sunday night by being shot through the head.

SMALLPOX is still very prevalent in Ottawa. Seven new cases were reported yesterday. The Ottawa City Council has asked for the resignation of the health officer.

The schooner Merino, of Murray Harbor, Bonnel, master, in ballast from North Sydney for Bedford, lies a total wreck in Big Bras d'or entrance. The crew were saved. She was owned by John McDonald and Capt. Bonnell, both of Murray River, P. E. I.

The big Provincial Bazaar was opened to the public on Monday evening and is now in full swing. The display of articles is something wonderful and the different booths are all being well patronized. There are many unique and interesting features in this Bazaar which are entirely new and cannot fail to please. The League of the Cross band renders a choice programme of music each evening. Saturday is the last day of the Bazaar and everybody who has not yet visited it should make a point of doing so before it closes.

A New York despatch of the 8th says: From the present indications it is highly probable that there will be some very interesting racing among the 90 foot yachts next season. Sir Thomas Lipton has decided to keep Shamrock II. in America this winter with the view of racing her next spring and summer with the Constitution and Columbia. Shamrock II. is to be towed to New London, Conn., and there to be laid up for the winter.

To make money it is necessary to have a clear, bright brain, a cool head free from pain, and strong vigorous nerves. Millburn's Heart and Nerve Pills invigorate and brighten the brain, strengthen the nerves, and remove all heart, nerve and brain troubles.

The Most Nutritious. EPPS'S COCOA Prepared from the finest selected Cocoa, and distinguished everywhere for delicacy of flavour, Superior quality, and highly nutritive properties. Sold in quarter pound tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & Co. Ltd., Homeopathic Chemists, London, England.

EPPS'S COCOA Breakfast—Supper. Oct. 2, 1901—301

The Prices. Potatoes are plentiful on the market at present and bring 22c. a bushel. The demand is good. Hay is worth ten dollars a ton and straw seven dollars. Oats bring 36 cents. The supply of meat on sale on the square yesterday was larger than for some time. Following is the price list:

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Butter (fresh), Beef (small per lb.), Beef (quarter) per lb., Calf skins, Ducks, Eggs, Pork, Hides, Hay, Lamb, Mutton, Pork (small), Pork (quarter), Sheep pelts.

J. B. Macdonald & Co. have removed to their new premises on Queen Street adjoining Norton's Hardware Store. Customers and others will please not forget to call when in town, and get the lowest prices ever seen in Charlottetown on Overcoats, Suits, Underclothing and everything you want from the Hat to the Boots.—41

EPPS'S COCOA Breakfast—Supper. Oct. 2, 1901—301

Advertisement for Stanley Bros' Good Trunks. Includes illustration of a man with a trunk and text: 'THE TRUNKS WE SELL ARE Good Trunks They will stand the wear and tear of a journey; they are doubly strengthened, have new spring locks, and are UP-TO-DATE in every respect. PRICES \$2.10 to \$6.50 each. Stanley Bros'

Advertisement for F. PERKINS & CO. THE LATEST NEWS FROM OUR GENTS' Furnishing Department. NECKWEAR, The Duke of York, The Outing Bow, Lombards, & large variety four-in-hands and knots. Caps Just In From London. Pretty patterns, pretty shapes. THE MILLINERY LEADERS. They Help. It is the little expenses that count. It is the small leak that sinks a big ship. Housekeepers can save quite an item in their Grocery bill by dealing at McKenna's. Everything new and fresh at the Corner Grocery. JOHN MCKENNA.

Advertisement for JAMES PATON & CO. Visit the Big Bazaar This Week. We give you the benefit of all our BIG SPOT CASH PURCHASES, and that is one of the principal reasons why we worry competitors—we make the pace too hot for them. Paton's Dry Goods is as good as Wheat. A Big Bankrupt Stock of FALL CLOTHING. Hot on your trail for more business. Success in Business represents the result of long continued, perfectly applied efforts gained with the force of past efforts acting upon the present. Of course you concede that all the force and effort applied will not establish permanency and success unless supported by the RIGHT KIND OF GOODS; and if it is a question of price and quality, quality must eventually win against price, if price represents poor shoddy quality of Dry Goods. Farmers know that Paton's goods are as good as wheat.