The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 19, 1887. VOL. XVI. NO. 12

Big Excitement!

—OVER THE—

BIG BARGAINS IN CLOTHING

—AT—

L. E. PROWSE'S.

HIS PRICES for Overcoats and Suits are awful low, and his assortment is the largest ever shown on P. E. Island. No one should buy till they see his Stock. He has also started a

First-class Tailoring Department,

which is under the management of Mr. MALCOLM BRUCE, who is well known to be a First-class Cutter. Perfect fits guaranteed. Prices the lowest. Give him a call.

L. E. PROWSE,

Next door to Stamper's Corner, Queen Street.

Charlottetown, Nov. 24, 1886.

NEW FALL & WINTER GOODS

ARRIVING DAILY AT THE

LONDON HOUSE, KENSINGTON.

Dress Goods (in great variety); bawls, Jerseys, Mantle Cloths, Knit Goods (of all kinds); Gloves, &c.

Flannel Underwear, Top Shirts, Mufflers, Felt Hats, Caps, in Cloth and Fur; Robes.

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS, of all kinds,

MILLINERY WORK TO ORDER.

A full line of **STOVES, &c.,** for Coal and Wood.

Our TEAS, SUGARS, MOLASSES, and GENERAL GROCERIES cannot be beaten in Price or Quality.

☞ PRODUCE always bought at Highest Market Price

REUBEN TUPLIN & CO.

London House, Kensington, Sept. 29, 1886.

J. F. WILLIS & CO.

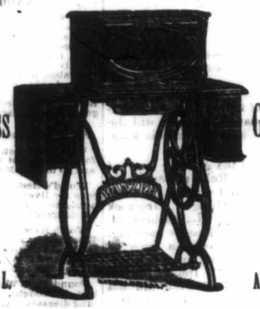
SOLE AGENTS FOR THE

Gold Medal Wanzer Sewing Machines.

THE GENUINE

Uxbridge Organs, and the Leading Pianos of the Day.

ONLY ONLY

Knight's Cross  Gold Medal

—OF— IN CANADA,

BRITISH SOIL AND BRITISH ISLES.

☞ *McEachern's Block, Queen Street, Charlottetown*

PIANOS, ORGANS AND SEWING MACHINES sold on easy payments for CASH.

N. B.—Sole Agents for fine Canadian and American Pianos, Boudoir, Cottage, Square, and Grand Best Action Pianos, sold on easy monthly payments or farmers notes. Every style and price of Uxbridge Organ, Stools and Books for sale.

April 7, 1886. J. F. W. & CO.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND RAILWAY.

1886-7. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1886-7.

On and after Wednesday, December 1st, 1886, Trains will run as follows (Sundays excepted):—

Trains Depart—For the West.

STATIONS.	No. 1.	No. 3.
	A. M.	P. M.
Charlottetown	7.15	1.50
Royalty Junct'n	7.34	2.12
North Wiltshire	7.47	2.25
Hunter River	8.20	3.20
Bradalbane	9.00	3.57
C'ty Line	9.09	4.07
Freetown	9.23	4.22
Kensington	9.40	4.45
	ar 10.40	5.30
Summerside	P. M.	P. M.
	dp 12.40	
Miscouche	1.00	
Wellington	1.27	
Port Hill	2.04	
O'Leary	3.22	
Bloomfield	3.46	
Alberton	4.30	
Tignish	ar 5.15	
	P. M.	

Trains Arrive—From the West.

STATIONS.	No. 2.	No. 4.
	M. P.	A. M
Charlottetown	2.30	10.00
Royalty Junc.	2.12	9.37
North Wiltshire	1.59	9.24
Hunter River	1.15	8.30
Bradalbane	12.45	7.50
C'ty Line	12.36	7.42
Freetown	12.22	7.29
Kensington	12.05	7.05
	dp P. M.	6.20
Summerside	11.25	A. M
	ar 10.35	
Miscouche	10.15	
Wellington	9.49	
Port Hill	9.07	
O'Leary	7.54	
Bloomfield	7.30	
Alberton	6.55	
Tignish	dp 6.00	
	A. M.	

Trains Depart—For the East.

STATIONS.	No. 5.	No. 7.
	P. M.	
Charlottetown	2.00	
Royalty Junct'n	2.50	
Bedford	3.22	
Mt. Stewart Junc.	ar 3.55	
	dp 4.10	
Cardigan	4.32	
Georgetown	ar 5.45	
	P. M.	P. M.
Mt. Stewart		4.05
Morell		4.48
St. Peter's		5.12
Bear River		5.37
Souris		6.40
		P. M.

Trains Arrive—From the East.

STATIONS.	No. 6.	No. 8.
	A. M.	
Charlottetown	10.35	
Royalty Junct'n	10.08	
Bedford	9.32	
Mount Stewart	dp 9.00	
	ar 8.40	
Cardigan	7.32	
Georgetown	dp 7.15	
	A. M.	A. M.
Mount Stewart	dp	8.00
Morell		8.17
St. Peter's		7.42
Bear River		7.06
Souris		6.20
		A. M.

Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

☞ Trains on Cape Traverse Branch leave County Line Junction at 4.10 p.m. on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, arriving at Cape Traverse at 5 p. m., and leave Cape Traverse at 6.45 a. m. on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, arriving at County Line Junction at 7.35 a. m. All other Trains run daily (Sundays excepted.)

JAMES COLEMAN,

Railway Office, Charlottetown, November 27, 1886—G Superintendent.

READ!

ANYONE CAN ADVERTISE, BUT WE HAVE THE GOODS

GENTLEMEN wishing to dress in style will find our Stock one of the Largest and Best in the Provinces, consisting in part of—

Best Worsted Overcoatings,
Best Melton Overcoatings,
Best Nap Overcoatings,
Vicuna Nap Overcoatings,
Best Broad Cloths and Doeskins,
Best West of England Trowserings,
Best Scotch Trowserings,
Worsted Suitings,
Worsted Coatings,
Scotch and Canadian Tweeds, &c., &c.

Gentlemen favoring us with their orders will find our Clothing up their usual high standard in Style, Fit and Finish.

Also, Gents' Furnishings, 50 dozen Linders and Drawers, 75 dozen Ties, 30 dozen Silk Handkerchiefs, 30 dozen Hats, Fur Coats, Caps, &c., all at extremely low prices to clear.

JOHN McLEOD & CO.,

MERCHANT TAILORS,

Upper Queen Street, opposite Rogers' New Brick Block.

October 27, 1886.

No need to worry about where to buy Good Tea.

OUR NEW TEA

IS BOUND TO PLEASE.

We Sell at Prices to Suit the Times.

GOOD, 24 CENTS.

CHOICE, 30 CENTS.

EXTRA FINE, 36 CENTS.

Reduction in 5 pound parcels, half-chests and other packages.

Our Five Pound, Screw Top, Airtight Tins the best yet.

☞ Bring your empty Cans to be re-filled.

BEER & GOFF.

October 27, 1886.

THE ONLY

FUR STORE

IN P. E. ISLAND.

All kinds of FURS Made to Order and Manufactured on the Premises.

Ladies Fur Caps,
Ladies Fur Tippets,
Ladies Fur Sacques,
Ladies Fur Muffs,
Gents' Fur Caps,
Gents' Fur Coats,
Gents' Fur Mitts.

BUFFALO ROBES, GOAT SKIN ROBES.

Choose your own Skins and have your Caps made to order, and know what you get.

The Largest Stock of Furs ever kept in Charlottetown.

CALL AND SEE OUR STOCK.

E. STUART.

Charlottetown, Sept. 29, 1886.

Contains Nothing Injurious.

WOODILL'S GERMAN BAKING POWDER

MAYNARD, BOWMAN,

DOMINION ANALYST,

Halifax, N. S.

Dec 8, 1886.

"The Highest Satisfaction."

PUTTNER EMULSION CO.

GENTLEMEN:—I have largely used Puttner's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil ever since its first introduction and have found it to be readily taken by patients, especially by children, pleasant and followed by no nausea, applicable to Lung and Scrofulous diseases, also of the nervous system and digestive organs. I am much pleased with the results and it is giving the highest satisfaction.

L. R. MORSE, M. D.

Lawrencetown, Annapolis, Co., Oct. 29th, 1886.—dec. 15.

Home Rule Ballads.

THE SONS OF ERIN SING SONGS OF DEFIANCE.

The lively Irish campaigners are making Erin ring with the ballads of the day. A few verses, bristling with local hits or flings at the tory leaders, are dashed off by some bright journalist at a Dublin dinner table. As the wine courses round, he fits his lines to some popular air, and sings them while the glasses click, and the guests hail each turn. Soon the refrain is caught up or a chorus tacked on, and the very window panes rattle with the swelling storm of sound. Next day every newsboy in the streets is whistling the air and humming snatches of the words. Then the town sings it with its medley, of voices from chamber to cellar and from mansion to hovel. Teamsters troll the catching chorus from bog to bog. Peasants take it from their lips and roar it forth in season and out of season, about their peat hearth-fires, with a few drops of poteen, or in the face of the process servers with a shake of shillelahs. With a speed that seems magical it spreads over the provinces until all Ireland, from Skibbereen to Ballyhillin, echoes with its strains. The harder he is pressed upon the louder will the true Irishman sing. While other people would be grovelling in despair, the Irish peasant breaks into songs of invincible defiance. He may be flung neck and crop out of doors and driven from the little farm which he has learned to think his own, but his spirit cannot be broken, and even in the meanest cell of the darkest jail he can persuade himself that stone walls do not a prison make nor iron bars a cage. Age and station matter not. The foremost leaders of the home rule party in parliament are not too dignified to join in a chorus, and bog-trotters that never saw an English tory, living or dead, roll the names of Churchill and Salisbury on their tongues like those of Parnell and Dillon. Of such a nation the wise man quoted by Fletcher of Saltoun might say with truth, that if he was permitted to make all the ballads he need not care who should make the laws. Of the form and character of these songs, the following extracts may give some idea. Here is one somewhat labored stanza from a ballad in honor of Parnell:

He vowed that outside the toiler's door
Gaunt famine no more should dwell,
Nor the land-thief seize on his scanty store;
That want and sorrow would fly our shore,
And the ring of the crowbar be heard no more—
Our vigilant chief, Parnell.

John Dillon gets a rougher but no less hearty greeting in this tough ballad:

From all around green Erin's shore the shouts of Granual
Did welcome brave John Dillon safe from Kilmainham jail.
He came out free with liberty, unconditionally you'll own,
And the cheers they did resound, my boys, along to Innishown.

Of Father O'Hara, a favorite priest and home rule champion, it is written:

Long may he live amongst us, in splendor to be seen,
Till the Lord will make him bishop here in Ballaghaderreen.

The famous struggle of the home rulers and liberals against conservatives and unionists is told in a rattling chorus:

Oh, those all-night sittings were a sight to see
As we carried on the music till the morning.

Gladstone at the end of the fight figures as follows:

Stiff and straight when the fight began
Was the grand old collar of the Grand Old Man.
But it seemed to have been fashioned upon quite another plan
When he left the House of Commons in the morning.

The following duet of a land owner and a home ruler speaks for itself:

"Your League has the kick of the ball," says he.
"You're driving us fast to the wall," says he.
"And now, as things go
We are wanting to know,
Will you leave us a ha'porth at all?" says he.

'Twas very amusing to hear him, boys;
For it used to be hard to come near him, boys,
He was cock o' the walk,
And so big was his talk
That he thought the whole country should fear him, boys.

"You needn't take quite such a fright," says I.
"The people will do what is right," says I;
"And your class cannot say
That such is their way,
For they're robbing us morning and night," says I.

Oh, then you should look at him staring, boys,
And notice his weather eye glaring, boys,
While he seemed well inclined,
For the ease of his mind,
To indulge in a stiff bit of swearing, boys.

"'Tis treason you're talking, my boy, says he;
"The Union you want to destroy," says he;
"And you'd better look out,
Or I haven't a doubt,
That you'll see the inside of Mountjoy," says he.

I smiled at him very sedately, boys;
I drew up my figure quite stately, boys;
And the truths that I told,
Both the new and the old,
Seemed to bother the hayro completely, boys.

"Sure Cromwell was here before you," says I;
"And Forster tried what he could do," says I;
"And Trevelyan and Co.
Had to bundle and go
From the land they could never subdue," says I.

He turned on his heel to be leaving, boys;
His bosom with anger was heaving, boys;
He then gave a moan,
And a start and a groan,
And he settled to sighing and grieving, boys.

"My days of enjoyment are o'er," says he;
"I'll quit this misfortunate shore," says he;
"I'll live in the gloom
Of a London back room,
And I'll never come back any more," says he.

The present "poet laureate" of Ireland is said to be the lord mayor of Dublin, T. D. Sullivan, M. P., whose collection of songs, known as "Green Leaves," is scattered all over the country. One of his choruses is the banner motto of Erin to-day, and may fitly close this galaxy of lyrics:

So landlords and grandlords
Go grumble as you may—
A low rent or no rent
Is all the rent we'll pay.

Is It Really Consumption?

Many a case supposed to be radical lung disease is really one of liver complaint and indigestion, but, unless that diseased liver can be restored to healthy action, it will so clog the lungs with corrupting matter as to bring on their speedy decay, and then indeed we have consumption, which is produced at the lungs, in its worst form. Nothing can be more logically advanced to stop this danger in the bud than is Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." By druggists.

"United Ireland" O'Brien.

A PEN PICTURE OF TWO FIERY IRISHMEN BY EDITOR STEAD.

After Mr. Sheehy, Mr. W. O'Brien spoke and made the oration of the day. The editor of United Ireland is one of those men who in revolutionary times seem predestined to the gallows. A reporter on the "Freeman," he threw in his lot with the land league, and was appointed to edit the organ of the party, "United Ireland," much the most powerful newspaper in the country at this hour. An extreme short-sightedness necessitates the use of spectacles, through which small, pale weak eyes peer discontentedly upon the outer world. The wrongs of his country have entered into his soul and soured it. No man writes in a more masterly style in all Ireland than this ex-reporter. He is a kind of Irish Cobbet with all the savage strength of his English prototype. He is in earnest, in black, bitter, bloody earnest. His private friends assure me that personally he is the most amiable of men, unselfish, disinterested, idealist to a fault, all of which I can well believe from what I have seen of him in public and in private. But none the less is he dangerous on that account—rather the more. Like Murat, whom Carlyle describes as "acrid and corrosive as the spirit of sloes and copperas," he does "not want sense, but with croaking gelid throat croaks out massses of the truth on several things." Nor is he without a perception of humor also, as if he too, like the editor of the "Friend of the People," "were laughing a little far down in his inner man." Of which take the following as an example. Speaking at Portumna lately he was exhorting the tenants to crush Lord Clanricarde, when a hoarse voice cried ou from the crowd, "crush him to hell." "Nay," said Mr. O'Brien, "I think we may safely leave him to be dealt with on the other side of Jordan. Our business is to deal with him on this side. But I tell you that if this struggle were to last until—well, I was going to say the eventuality contemplated by that voice in the crowd will come to happen, but I will say until Lord Clanricarde goes to join his sainted father, in whatever region he now inhabits," &c., &c. Whereat the crowd laughed loud and long, although the jest was somewhat grim. The portraits of the "sainted father" have been pulled down in the Clanricarde cottages, and in their steads the tenants have posted up the cartoon representing the present Clanricarde as a tough and obstinate badger, who is being drawn from his hole as far as 20 per cent. by the combined persuasion of two hounds respectively labelled "English public opinion" and the "National league." These weekly pictorial cartoons of "United Ireland" and the "Freeman" line the walls of Irish cabins from Donegal to Kerry. For in this also Ireland resembles revolutionary France, and these weekly cartoons displayed in the window of every shop and placarded within every cabin, constitute the official "Journal-Affiche—Placard Journal," of the Revolutionary Government, "legible to him that has no half-penny; in bright prismatic colors, calling the eye from afar." Only in Ireland all the placards are on one side, the I. L. P. U. not yet having risen to the height of a colored cartoon. Mr. O'Brien is an effective speaker. Mr. Dillon is too reserved, too restrained for a crowd. Mr. O'Brien revels in the tumult of a great crowd. At Woodford he spoke with immense force and effect. His words were rough, and his language was that of the barricades. Referring to Lord Randolph's declaration that if the home rule bill passed Ulster would fight and Ulster would be right, he declared that if their homes were attacked by robbers Connaught would fight and Connaught would be right. He eulogized the resistance at Saunders Fort. Wherever an evictor like Clanricarde attempted to execute sentences of death upon his tenants, there let a Saunders' Fort bar his way. The good landlords were giving reductions to their tenants, who could best afford to do without them. The bad landlords would give nothing. "You have no chance of a reduction unless you fight for it." And the battle has to be carried on without faltering. Public contempt should cling like a blight and a leprosy to every man who would take an evicted farm, and the evictor should never know a happy home or a pleasant night's rest until the evicted tenant was reinstated in his holding. And so it went on, until, after denouncing the 25 per cent. reduction as inadequate, he concluded, amid prolonged cheers, by promising not to fail them if they would but "unite in crushing this detestable tyrant."

MATTHEW HARRIS, M. P.

After O'Brien came an orator of another stamp—Matthew Harris, M. P.—the famous Matt Harris—at one time a slater—the landlords say a drunken slater, of Ballinasloe, now M. P. for the county Galway, a leading light in the national party, who claims rightly or wrongly to be the gaand-father of the land-league. Michael Davitt was its father, but the idea was Matt Harris's—so at least I was told by an excellent authority, who shall be nameless. Of course Matt Harris has been in jail. If the officials at the castle are to be believed, he ought never to have come out, unless, of course, it were to be hanged. Mr. Forster used to show a map in which Mr. Matt Harris's tour round the country was marked by a blood-red cross which showed the murder or the attempt to murder which followed the outpouring of his grisly eloquence. "His trail may be tracked in blood." "He has planned murders if he has not actually executed them." These and similar remarks follow the mention of his name in landlord circles. At all of which Matt smiles benignly, and comforts his conscience by reflecting that in his youth he did as much as any man to put down moonlighting, and that he took a leading share in organizing the league which taught the peasant to substitute boycotting for assassination, and agitation for the mutilation of cows. His views after a second glass of hot-grog he imparts with a mellower eloquence than that which occasionally empties the House of Commons as he meanders along discoursing about things in general for an hour at a time until he is rudely caught up by one of "thim rules" which were created for the botheration of the member for west Galway. As a platform orator, he is not quite in such excellent form as after dinner, but it was superb to note the critical—nay, judicial—manner in which he dissected the characters of the Clanricardes, past and present, a task which, indeed, he hesitated at undertaking before so virtuous a peasantry. Few Irishmen are neater in turning a compliment than Matt Harris, and very few have thought more deeply about the evils of their country than this Ballinasloe philosopher, who has a whole scheme of reform ready for immediate application. When Mr. Parnell is prime minister of Ireland, Matt Harris will lead the opposition. He is getting up in years now, but his spirit is as youthful as ever, and his heart overflows with the milk of human kindness to all save the exterminating landlords, whose misdeeds, he pathetically deplores, so often cause public opinion in Ireland to crystalize in the shape of a blunderbuss. He is a bit of a stoic also in his way. Ireland, he thinks, is never so healthy as when being coerced. A vigorous coercion act combs off the parasites who attached themselves to the national cause in the days of prosperity. He is a character well worth studying, for there is much more beneath Matt Harris's hat than he gains credit for. There is a dry humor about Matt, which leads him to relish a joke even at his own expense. Some one was congratulating him on the elevated position which he had attained in becoming a member of the Imperial Parliament; "Not so elevated," said he, "as when I used to be earning my bread by slating roofs."

General News.

Right Hon. George May, Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, has resigned.

George W. Childs of Philadelphia gave $10,000 in new bank notes, as Christmas presents to his employes and other persons. He also sent out a few $500 dollar gifts and a few $1,000 checks. In all he gave away $25,000.

A remarkable illustration of the enduring character of human hair may now be seen in the British museum, where has been placed a wig, lately found in a temple at Thebes, which is supposed to have been worn by an Egyptian priest at a period not less than 3,400 years ago.

There are more than fifty-four thousand post offices in the United States. Think of that! Fifty-four thousand post offices! Locate them on a continuous line, and a mile apart and they will reach twice around the earth, and still enough left over, putting them sixteen rods apart, to cover the distance between Boston and New York.

A traveller in one of the hotels in Bangor, Me., put his false teeth in a glass of water when he went to bed the other night. In the morning the water was frozen solid, and as the water-pipes in the house were also frozen he had to take the glass in bed with him, and thus thaw the ice before he could go to breakfast.

In 1878, the last year of the Mackenzie Cartwright fiscal policy, there were in Canada 56,347 traders, of which number 1,697 failed in business with liabilities aggregating $23,908,677. In 1886, there were 76,680, of which number 1,252 failed with liabilities aggregating only $10,385,884. These statements are indicative of the relative effects upon Canadian trade and commerce of the old and the new fiscal policies respectively.

A Toronto despatch says: Justice Armour has given an important decision in a Scott act case, holding that the purchaser of liquor is not an sider and abettor, and consequently quashing a conviction. At the opening of the civil assizes, Judge Rose dwelt on temperance legislation saying that he felt that no prohibitory act should be placed on the statute book unless behind that act there was enough moral force to carry it into effect. From his own personal observations he could say that the Scott act was not enforced in most of the counties where it had passed and when it is not and cannot be enforced it should be struck off the statue book. The fact that any law might easily be broken and without punishment ensuing, had a tendency to make men utterly regardless of law.

A paper having stated that most of the Irish aldermen in Boston, "run groggeries," the *Pilot* says: The occupations of the leading Irish-American representatives in the city government are as follows: Mayor Hugh O'Brien is a journalist and president of an electric lighting company; Alderman Sullivan is stevedore in charge of the National, Dominion, Warren and Leyland steamship docks; Alderman P. J. Donovan, chairman of the board, is a mason and contractor; Alderman J. A. McLauchlin was an accountant, and more lately an overseer of the poor; Alderman P. J. Maguire is a prosperous manufacturing tailor. The only Irish-American liquor-dealer on the board is Alderman Carroll. On Monday last, the city government elected another Irish-American, Mr. Joseph H. O'Neill, to be city clerk. Mr. O'Neill is a crockery dealer.

The Blackfoot Indians.

Mr Magnus Begg, who has occupied the position of Indian agent on the Blackfoot reserve at Blackfoot Crossing for the past eight years, arrived in Ottawa recently. Mr. Begg's influence had much to do with the allaying of all warlike feeling among the Blackfeet at the time of the Rebellion. Regarding the Blackfeet he says:—"The condition of affairs among the Indians of the North West at the present moment is of the most satisfactory nature. It was a wise act on the part of the Government to give the leading chiefs a trip to the East. The advantages which have been derived from the well-planned excursion are simply incalculable. For instance, old Crowfoot is a greater chief than ever among his warlike people. On the occasion of his return he was given a tremendous reception. The braves and squaws went fairly wild with delight over his return, and it was an all day and all night rejoicing at the Crossing. The evening was devoted to a recital on the part of Crowfoot of the wonderful sights he had seen in the far East. The listening groups were greatly captivated and delighted by the glowing account he gave of the treatment he received everywhere from his pale-faced brethren. What especially tickled the fancy of the Indians were the wonderful accounts they heard of the working of the telephone. This great invention was regarded by them in a mysterious manner, and to do their best they could not account for the manner in which the voices of their companions could be so plainly heard several miles away. The test I refer to took place near Winnipeg, when Crowfoot was on his way to Ottawa. The man-of-war at Quebec and the Citadel were also strange sights. The Blackfeet are enjoying great prosperity just now."

The annual statistics of the Chicago Divorce Court show that 1,250 divorce suits were instituted during the past year, against 952 in 1885 and 1,030 in 1884. Many cases are yet to be tried, but during the year a total of 686 decrees were granted. In 1885 the number of decrees granted was 548, and in 1884, 566. A Canadian exchange says: That divorces are not so readily obtainable here as on the other side of the line is a matter which those who believe in the sacredness of the marriage tie may felicitate themselves upon. The ease with which a wife or husband is set aside in the United States in favor of a new partner is illustrated by this remark of the St. Louis marriage license clerk:—"I issue marriage licences to people who have been divorced almost daily. A moment ago I issued a licence to a couple who had just been divorced. They had got rid of their former partners and arranged to marry each other at the same time. I always ask applicants for licences whether they have been married before, and elicit from them whether they are widows or widowers. 'I have been married and divorced,' is a response I receive about as often as any other. These people do not appear to consider a divorce any more discreditable than to be a widow or a widower. It looks as if divorces were really fashionable." With such a condition of affairs, what becomes of the domestic idea upon which the strength of a nation so largely depends.

Speaking at Chatam, N. R., a few days ago Hon. Mackenzie Bowell made an interesting statement respecting an industry which is exclusively Nova Scotian in so far as the Dominion of Canada is concerned. He said:—"A factory for the manufacture of duck, which had been established in Yarmouth, was on the point of closing, but the repeal of the regulation allowing importers a rebate of 15 per cent on duck sold for marine purposes had put new life into the business and the factory had sold duck one cent a yard cheaper than an imported article had been previously sold for."

The Montreal *Herald* estimates the 827,781 tons of shipping owned in the three maritime provinces to be worth twenty-five million dollars, ($30 per ton) and commenting says that as twenty millions are deposited in the savings banks it would look as if the "maritimes" were not very poor. As the *Herald* says, forty-five million dollars in shipping and the government savings banks is a tidy bit of property to be controlled by less than a million people. And the *Herald* is a Grit organ too.

The Winnipeg *Manitoban*, which is in a position to know the facts whereof it speaks, says that the recent rebellion was due to "the grit emissaries who worked on the feelings of an easily deluded people and hurried them into deeds of bloodshed and treason." This conclusion is quite in consonance with the facts with have frequently been published respecting the correspondence by which the grits of the east were kept posted by the grits of the west.

What True Merit Will Do.

The unprecedented sale of *Boschee's German Syrup* within a few years, has astonished the world. It is without doubt the safest and best remedy ever discovered for the speedy and effectual cure of Coughs, Colds and the severest Lung Troubles. It acts on an entirely different principle from the usual prescriptions given by Physicians, as it does not dry up a cough and leave the disease still in the system, but on the contrary removes the cause of the trouble, heals the parts affected and leaves them in a purely healthy condition. A bottle kept in the house for use when these diseases make their appearance, will save doctor's bills and a long spell of serious illness. A trial will convince you of these facts. It is positively sold by all druggists and general dealers in the land. Price 75 cents, large bottles.

The "Favorite Prescription" of Dr. Pierce cures "female weakness" and kindred affections. By druggists.