

The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1894

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The Charlottetown Herald
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Correspondence should be addressed to the proprietors as above or to the Herald.
E. K. MORAN, J. M. SULLIVAN.

North British and Mercantile FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
—OF—
DUNDEE AND LONDON.
ESTABLISHED 1809.
Total Assets, 1891, £1,000,000.
[REPRODUCED every description of Fire and Life Insurance on the most favorable terms. This Company has been well and favorably known for its prompt payment of losses in this island during the last thirty years.]
FRED. W. HYNDMAN, Agent
Stamps' Block, Upper St. John's Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
Jan. 21, 1894.—17

Do You Cough?
It is a sure sign of trouble. You need more than a tonic. You need
Scott's Emulsion
The Cream of Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites, not only cures the Cough, but gives your system real strength. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.
Don't be deceived by Substitutes.
When Rogues Fall Out, etc.
THE FIRST DISTRICT OF PRINCE COUNTY AND ITS POLITICIANS.
To the Editor of the Herald:
Sir—Our late representatives in the local Parliament are making desperate attempts to explain to the public the causes which led to their defeat, and in the bitterness of their chagrin have recourse to every expedient in order to blacken the character or prospects of their more fortunate opponents. In a letter to the Island Farmer Mr. Matheson, whose name of mind appears to be disturbed by the defeat, is the substance of his letter by stating that Mr. Rogers is a man of acknowledged ability, and then goes on to try and prove that all of the political tricks that ever trod the thorax path of politics Rogers is the worst. It is low cunning and political juggling are commodities that go to make up ability in Mr. Matheson's estimation. Surely the public must form a very poor estimate of the ability, knowledge and unerringly sound judgment of Mr. Matheson himself. But it is not the ability of Rogers that troubles Mr. Matheson most. It is not the recollection that he has always been a tool in the hands of Rogers, a knowledge of that fact and of the compact they had formed in the days of their friendship to forward their own ends, politically speaking, in a disreputable manner, that ever had a claim upon, nor a right to represent in Parliament. Party lines drawn to their utmost tension give ample scope to men of the stamp of Rogers to play a winning card in a political contest; for knowing well the power of a united action of a body of men, however small in numbers, they always been, either in military or political warfare, it has always been his policy to keep his opponents in confusion, and when the time arrived to strike with his trusty band—thatsaid hundred which has been decreed in deciding the contest on many a famous day. This was the power that elected Gavin when his best friends advised him to abide his time; this was the power that defeated him repeatedly in spite of the determined stand taken by a majority of his countrymen and co-religionists; this was the power that gave McLaughlin his narrow majority over Gillman, and which the speaker now seeks making grimaces at him from behind an ugly mask. This is the power that Blanchard has seen fit to court with. Let him beware. The fall of others should be a warning to him.
But this thing cannot go on forever; the people must sooner or later come to realize that the fate of this district is in the hands of a man whose sympathies are not in accordance with their own; whose influence has always been used in one direction, that of making use of men and circumstances in order to climb to high places, and when his purpose has been achieved casting contemptuous glances at the miserable tools he left behind him. Unlike Mr. Matheson I have yet to learn where ability was displayed by Mr. Rogers. Presumably it may be said he never had an opponent while in the Legislative Council, where he sat as a member for some years, to show that shining talents which characterized the successful candidate for political honors. But it is natural to expect anything but great or magnanimous from a man who, in the declining days of the nineteenth century, possesses a narrowness of mind in religious affairs worthy of the darkest days of the reformation? Matheson in his letter to a public newspaper accuses Rogers of raising the religious question against him by telling his Protestant friends that the Catholics were going to ask for grants and that he, Matheson, was pledged to support them. Rogers in his reply to Matheson makes no allusion to this accusation, therefore the public are bound to accept it as the truth. Does Rogers forget that a majority of the electors of the first district are members of the Catholic Church? Does he pretend to believe that he can win a majority of Catholics voted for him on the 15th of December last, that they are a shrewd and

shortsighted people who forget that whenever he had the opportunity he never let that opportunity pass without placing himself on record as an enemy of their church? Is he not bringing to his recollection the different occasions on which he has voted in this manner, and can assure him that in the future he may find that the dying physician, the remedy he has prescribed in so many cases with success, may in the end fill him in his own case. Mr. Rogers references to ex-speaker McLellan, or Bernard as he is pleased to call him, is very amusing. If Bernard had entrusted himself to my care as he did when he was younger, he should have come through without damage. This is rich coming from Mr. Rogers. What are the public to infer from it, but that to the influence of Mr. Rogers ex-speaker McLellan owes the honor of having a seat in parliament? This must be extremely gratifying to Mr. McLellan to be told that he was only taken as a man of straw to be paid sitting whenever he thought proper to think for himself, or in any other manner than in conjunction with Mr. B. Rogers.
Matheson's allusion to Blanchard is beneath contempt and only shows the extreme ill-nature of the Knight of the Brass Knuckles who would thus go out of his way to attack the character of a man who has done him no wrong. Has his own private life been always a model of honesty and honor? Has there been nothing in his business or political life such as would make it extremely awkward for him to cast the first stone? Whenever you again accuse a man of stealing another's seat, Mr. Matheson be sure you know what you are talking about, and before calculating the height to which the soul of that Mimsingah episode arose in the heaven, try and make the public believe that the aroma from your own actions does not descend to an equally great depth.
J. L.

Gladsstone's "Pick-me-up"
HIGHEST OF ALL IN LEAVENING POWER.—LATEST U. S. GOV'T REPORT.
There is a mystery about the fluid "Pick-me-up," with which Mr. Gladsstone refreshes himself from time to time during his parliamentary conflicts. He carries it with him to the House of Commons, not in a bottle, but in a small glass receptacle known as the "tomato-pot." It is a liquid of some kind; it is yellow in color; it is taken in light draughts; its influence is strengthening and exhilarating. But what is it? asks the New York Sun. The Conservatives and the Unionists entertain different opinions about it; the Liberals cannot form any satisfactory opinion. If any party could get a small of it they would be all right; but they can't. He whips the glass receiver out of his pocket, applies it to the proper spot and feels better. All parties are able to see the fluid in yellow; but nothing more than that is known about it. He is fond of it, but there is no yellow old pot. He does not like sherry; it cannot be that. Some beers have a yellowish look, but a few drops of beer could not elevate him. There is no real yellow whiskey or brandy or gin or rum. Some mixed drinks have a yellow appearance after the liquor or orange has been put into them; but these drinks do not fill the bill. We should like to know what the stuff is. It was invented by Mr. Gladsstone's doctor, Sir Andrew Clark, recently deceased, and so it must be worthy of his name, "Pick-me-up."
If Gladsstone will tell what his restorer is made of there will certainly be a run upon it. If he will confide the secret of it to some man in New York who will put it on the market in small glass pots handy for the market and patenting, the man will make a fortune. Even people who never drink elevating fluids would surely like to take a pull at a pot of Pick-me-up.
Estelle's Priceless
AN AMERICAN GIRL WHO REFUSED TO CARRY IT.
In a lengthy and most interesting sketch of the Court of the Sacred Heart at Manhattanville, New York, which was standing, conversing among themselves. Just behind the edge of the platform were the grounds of some private residence, fenced in by an iron fence only three feet high. Inside the fence, held by a heavy chain, was a dog of the deerhound breed. He was impatiently chafing against the restraint imposed upon him, and pined and tugged at his chain at a great rate. The four men were standing looking at him, and making comments.
"I don't know why it is," said one, "that I never had the least sense of fear at dogs. Why, if that dog was to break loose and jump at me it might be dangerous, but I'd be just as cool as I am now."
"I've had several narrow escapes with ferocious dogs," said another, "and I've trained myself to instantly unshrink them by looking them in the eye steadily. Notice my eye?"
The other three peered into it.
"Well, gentlemen, that eye has opened a dog that would take a leg off you at a bite."
The third man, who had been for some time trying to intercept No. 2 in order to get off his little tale, seized the opportunity and struck in, "I simply kick 'em," he said. "I've had dogs come at me at lightning speed, gentlemen; jaws wide open and their eyes red with rage. All I've done has been to calmly step aside and plant one tremendous kick in their ribs as they went by. It took courage, but I was always there. I never had one come back at me yet."
The fourth man was just opening his mouth to tell his little lie when the dog barked over the fence and jumped on to each other's toes in a wild endeavor to get out of the way of the dog. The band of the iron fence was bumped into the man with the meager eye and jammed his hat down so that the luster of the eye was dimmed, and I suppose that's why it didn't work. The man who always kicked vicious dogs got in his kick, but it was on my right side accidentally, as he stepped by me to evade his. But the deerhound rushed over the fence without looking at any of the men.

Editing a Paper.
IT IS AN EASY TASK FOR A GOOD-NATURED MAN.
Editing a paper is a very pleasant occupation—if you only can stand it.
If it contains many advertisements, subscribers complain that they occupy too much space. If there are few advertisements, people won't have it because they don't know where to get it.
If we accept an invitation to a great demonstration, they say we were only "invited" to write it up.
If we do not attend, they complain because we were not there.
If we take a trip, they say we go on free tickets.
If we don't travel, they say we are narrow and circumscribed by our own environment.
If we are seen on the streets too often they say we neglect our business.
If we are not seen on the streets, they say we don't humiliate about after news.
If we reject a long-winded communication, its author becomes furious and discontinues his paper.
If we publish a lengthy communication, they say we lack judgment, and put in anything to fill an up.
If, in our family, we sometimes perpetrate a joke, or make a stagger at a poor little pun, they say we are exceedingly light.
If we omit jokes, they say we are poor, miserable fossils.

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Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE
A Matter of Faith.
THE POSITION OF MR. ST. GEORGE MIVAT EXPLAINED.
The pastor of a Universalist church recently wrote to the New York Sun, saying that he did not see how St. George Mivart could remain in the Catholic Church after the condemnation of his book, "Happiness in Hell."
Rev. William J. McClure replied as follows:
"The question involves a matter of faith, and no one can belong to the Roman Catholic Church who denies even one article of faith. If, as in Mivart's case, a Catholic writer propounds a theory relating to religion, in good faith, although rather audacious, he does not, in the judgment of the Pope, at least, in submission to the judgment of the Pope. If he be in bad faith, and writes heresy knowingly, he will probably not submit to the Church's decision, but withdraw from her communion. The true Catholic rejects what the Church rejects, because the latter has authority to decide as to truth and error. The individual Catholic is in the attitude of one instructed, and, when need be, corrected, by Mother Church. Her position toward him is maintained by every title of honor, and above all by charity. Therefore (1), the Roman Catholic Church cannot honorably, or in any other way, allow a man who believes what it condemns (in the matter of faith) to remain a member of it. In Mivart's case, he discards his erroneous theory, and 'stands corrected.' (2), Permission to remain in the Roman Catholic Church depends on one's submission to her authority and teaching, and obedience to the Church is the acme of honor for the Catholic."

Calendar for February, 1894.
New Moon, 8th day, 9:25 a.m.
First Quarter, 15th day, 6:50 a.m.
Full Moon, 22nd day, 2:25 a.m.
Last Quarter, 29th day, 9:50 a.m.

Dr. T. C. Robins,
SURGEON DENTIST.
OFFICE:—Prince Street, Opposite St. Paul's Church Charlottetown, P. E. I.
mas 1st 98

C. M. B. A. DIRECTORY.
Branch 214, Alberton.
Branch 215, Summerside.
Branch 216, Charlottetown.

Day	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat	Sun
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	1	2

SHORT and SWEET.
DRAFT effort a large amount. We will at small prices we can't equander time, space or money. But we will the cheapest custom made clothing on P. E. I. and on the island. We have the latest styles overcoats or suits.
JOHN McLEOD & CO.
Merchant, 7th

London House!
Sale of Remnants.

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Prints,
Dress Goods,
Silks,
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HARRIS & STEWART
LONDON HOUSE.
LOW PRICES!

**Shovels, Forks, Axes,
Handles, Horse Shoes,
Horse Nails, Bar Iron,
Sleigh-shoe Steel, Disston's
Cross Cut Saws, Disston's
Files and Raps, Cart and
Truck-wagon stock, Hubs,
Spokes, Rims, Axles, Galvanized Iron Well Buckets.**

FENNELL & CHANDLER
CHARLOTTETOWN.

GOOD BUCKETS

COFF'S

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When Rogues Fall Out, etc.

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