The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY DECEMBER 11 1889. VOL. XIX. NO. 7

The Charlottetown Herald

—IS PUBLISHED—

Every Wednesday

—BY—

The Herald Printing Company,

FROM THEIR OFFICE,

CONNOLLY'S BUILDING,

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All Correspondence should be addressed to the HERALD Printing Company, or to

JAMES McISAAC,
Editor and Manager.

Calendar for December, 1889.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Full Moon, 7th day, 5h., 39.9m., a. m., S. W.
Last Qtr., 15th day, 10h. 45.8m., a.m., S. W.
New Moon, 22nd day, 8h. 39.9m., a.m., E.
First Qtr., 29th day, 1h., 40m., a. m., N. W.

D. M.	Day of Week	Sun rises	Sun sets	The Moon Rises	The Moon Sets	High Water Ch'town
		h m	h m			
1	Sun	7 28	4 10	1 50	0 50	5 43
2	Mon	30	9	2 12	1 58	6 53
3	Tues	31	9	2 34	3 7	7 50
4	Wed	32	8	2 57	4 13	8 35
5	Thur	33	8	3 24	5 19	9 17
6	Fri	34	8	3 54	6 25	9 55
7	Sat	35	8	4 33	7 29	10 31
8	Sun	36	8	5 14	8 27	11 7
9	Mon	37	8	6 5	9 23	11 43
10	Tues	38	8	7 3	10 12	aft 19
11	Wed	39	8	8 4	10 52	0 56
12	Thur	40	9	9 5	11 29	1 35
13	Fri	41	9	10 8	11 55	2 16
14	Sat	42	9	11 13	aft 24	3 1
15	Sun	43	9	morn	0 47	3 57
16	Mon	44	9	0 20	1 9	5 3
17	Tues	44	9	1 27	1 32	6 15
18	Wed	45	10	2 40	1 56	7 23
19	Thur	46	10	3 54	2 24	8 22
20	Fri	46	10	5 12	2 58	9 14
21	Sat	47	11	6 30	3 40	10 4
22	Sun	46	12	7 45	4 33	10 52
23	Mon	45	13	8 51	5 37	11 39
24	Tues	45	13	9 44	6 51	morn
25	Wed	44	13	10 28	8 6	0 27
26	Thur	44	14	11 3	9 24	1 13
27	Fri	43	15	11 31	10 38	2 0
28	Sat	42	15	11 56	11 49	3 0
29	Sun	42	16	aft 18	morn	3 46
30	Mon	41	17	0 40	0 51	4 52
31	Tues	7 41	4 17	1 3	2 4	6 3

North British and Mercantile

FIRE AND LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY!

—OF—

EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

ESTABLISHED 1809.

Total Assets, 1886, - - $29,371,980.79

TRANSACTS every description of Fire and Life Business on the most favorable terms.

This Company has been well and favorably known for its prompt payment of losses in this Island during the past twenty-two years.

FRED. W. HYNDMAN,
Agent.

Corner Queen and Water Streets, Charlottetown, Jan. 19, 1888. } 1y

IMPERIAL

CREAM TARTAR

TRADE MARK

BAKING

POWDER

PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.

CONTAINS NO ALUM, AMMONIA, LIME, PHOSPHATES, or any injurious materials.

E. W. GILLETT, TORONTO, ONT. CHICAGO, ILL.

Sole Prop'rs of the CELEBRATED ROYAL YEAST CAKES.

The Most Successful Remedy ever Known.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

OFFICE OF CHARLES A. SPYKER, MANAGER OF CLEVELAND HAY AND TRUSTING BOOD HOUSE. ELMWOOD, ILL., Nov. 3, 188.

Dr. B. J. Kendall Co.

Dear Sirs: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure when I did not know what it was, which is the best remedy on earth. I have used it on my stock for the three years.

Yours truly, CHAS. A. SPYKER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 4, 188.

Dr. B. J. Kendall Co.

Dear Sirs: I wish to give you testimonial of my good fortune in finding Kendall's Spavin Cure. I had a valuable horse badly lame for a long time, I could not find anything that would do him any good. I saw your advertisement in a local paper, bought a bottle of your Spavin Cure, and it cured my horse sound and well. Yours truly, A. H. GRANGER, Manager Troy Laundry Machine.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

SOUTH WEST CORNER, Ohio, Dec. 29, 188.

Dr. B. J. Kendall Co.

Gents: I feel it my duty to say what I have done with your Spavin Cure. I have used it on my horses, some old and of long standing, one of them a very valuable mare, and I have kept your Cure in my stable ever since. I have never had a case it did not cure. Respectfully Yours truly, ANDREW TUPMAN.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All Druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent by the proprietors, Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS

DISCOUNT SALE!

During the next Thirty Days I will allow a

Discount of 20 per cent.

—ON THE—

Balance of my Stock of CLOTHS

—AND—

GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

P. J. FORAN,

Next Door to J. D. McLeod's.

Charlottetown, July 17, 1889.

Watches. Watches.

SOLID GOLD Ladies' and Gents' Open or Hunting Case Gold filled do., do., warranted to stand and wear better than a cheap gold case.

Silver and Silveroid, in key or stem-wind, with work thoroughly tested and warranted, from $5.00 up to $40.00. Cheaper can be supplied, but not warranted as reliable time-keepers.

The watches we keep in stock have received the highest award for general excellence and time-keeping qualities.

Good value in every department.

G. H. TAYLOR.

Aug. 21, 1889. North Side Queen Square.

Wholesale Trade.

DEALERS who will send us specifications of their wants for Fall Trade will find our Jobbing Prices lower than any other Hardware Supply House in Canada. Order at once for importation.

Axes, Cross Cut Saws, Forks and Shovels,
Nails, Horse Nails, Horse Shoes,
Iron, Chain, Bolts, Traces, &c.

AND ALL SHELF HARDWARE.

NORTON & FENNELL,

CHARLOTTETOWN.

August 28, 1889.

London House

HARRIS & STEWART.

Our Fall Stock

—OF—

READYMADE CLOTHING

Is the Largest we have ever shown, and at the LOWEST PRICES.

NAPCLOTH OVERCOATS, REEFING JACKETS,
PILOT OVERCOATS, REEFING JACKETS,
WORSTED OVERCOATS, REEFING JACKETS,

MEN'S SUITS, BOYS' SUITS,
MEN'S SUITS, BOYS' REEFERS,
MEN'S SUITS. BOYS' OVERCOATS.

HARRIS & STEWART.

Charlottetown, October 23, 1889.

Important Notice!

OWING to the almost entire loss of our goods by the fire, we have been obliged to purchase a new Stock, which cannot be excelled for good value, and which we will offer very low for CASH as we need the money. We have a GENERAL LINE of

HARDWARE, GROCERIES, BOOTS & SHOES,

Dry Goods,

Consisting in part of Dress Goods, in great variety of material, new and Fashionable Shades; Ulster Cloths, Astrachans, Sacque Cloth, Millinery, Felt Hats, and Trimmings, &c.

WOOL GOODS, in Squares, Clouds, Scarfs, Hoods, &c., &c.

HOSIERY, in wool, from 20c to a fine Cashmere, 75c.

Ladies' Under Vests, Gloves, Shawls.

Gents' and Boys' Linders and Top Shirts, splendid value, all wool, for 50c to $1.50.

In BOOTS and SHOES we have a most serviceable line, in Men's Boy's, Child's, Ladies' and Misses'—whole stock—Buff, Oil Goat, Grain, &c.

Owing to our severe loss we have to request payment in full of our Accounts this Fall. Thanking those who have remembered us already and are doing so now, We are, yours respectfully,

REUBEN TUPLIN & CO.,

November 20, 1889. LONDON HOUSE, KENSINGTON.

Irish Envoys in Australia.

JOHN DILLON'S FAREWELL SPEECH IN MELBOURNE.

John Dillon, before leaving Melbourne, on September 28, addressed an immense multitude of Irish sympathizers in the Hippodrome Reserve, near Hibernian Hall. He was accompanied by Sir T. G. Esmonde and M. Macdonald, President of the League, took the chair. Mr. Dillon on being introduced said, among other things:

I am exceedingly glad to have this opportunity of saying good-bye to the people, my friends in Melbourne, who have done so much for us, and who gave us such a magnificent reception when we reached this city. I am very glad to have this further opportunity of thanking you for the many kindnesses and cordial hospitality you have extended to us. We came to this colony at a time of great difficulty and danger to Ireland. We came to those of you who sympathized with the cause of Ireland, and we have received a measure of support far beyond anything I hoped for. The news of that support and sympathy has been sent home to our people in Ireland, and has strengthened the hands of those left behind, who are struggling against terrible odds (Applause). I have traveled a good deal in Australia, and I have seen a great many portions of the colonies that I dare say many of you who have been born here have not seen, and I think I know its characteristics now. It has been said to me, if our people in Ireland are not contented with the conditions that exist there, why do they not come out to Australia, where there is work for all? I have come to the conclusion that there is no better country for a man who has to live by the labor of his hands than Australia. But I say, why that Ireland is not just as good a country? There must be a cause for this. What is the cause? I know perfectly well that everyone who has studied the condition of Ireland could answer that question. It is a good country to live in, it has a fertile soil, an industrious people, and there is no country in the world which will grow taller and stronger men. Then, why are the people who live in Ireland poor and discontented, and those same people, when they come out here, prosperous and happy? There is but one answer, that is that the laws and institutions were bad, and while Providence had blessed that country, the evil counsels and designs of man had cursed it. (Applause). Our object is simply this, to make the old country as good a country to live in as this is, and I cannot understand why any citizen of this country should not agree with us in this aim, and help us with support and sympathy. We know the people of Ireland are disturbed and discontented with their incessant struggle with poverty; and no wonder it is so, for this remarkable fact must be admitted by all, that for eighty years the people of Ireland have had no voice in making the laws of their country. (Shame). They have governed us for eighty years without regard to the wishes of the people, and now, after those eighty years of their rule they have produced discontent and poverty, they make that a matter of reproach to the people who have never had the opportunity of governing themselves. Is it not fair and reasonable, under such circumstances, that we should ask you for your willing support?

You know the story of the evictions. You know, that ground into poverty by a landlord system, which has no parallel on the face of the earth, until within the last few years, they had no inducement to improve their land, because they were always robbed of the fruit of it. We in Ireland have to struggle against evils far greater than the London dock laborers have against those which they fought (I am glad to say) successfully. (Loud Cheers). If they had the intelligence and courage of your Australian workmen, they would soon alter the situation. We have sent the Tories packing out of Ireland, but the Government of England is an aristocracy, which is, in spite of the people, maintained by force of arms, and our people have no redress for the wrongs they suffer under.

You have nobly responded to our appeal, and I will say, that had it not been for the generosity of Australia we would have been crushed in the struggle. But some people seem to think that the poor Irishman, who has ten thousand times more to fight for than the dockyard laborer, should look for aid only to his family and those of his own blood; but we have greater confidence in the generous sympathies of humanity than that, and we have made our appeal for aid to all who are capable of sympathizing with suffering—we have looked for it, and have got it, too. You know as well as I do, that in the attempt to raise the character of the life and condition of the people of Ireland, we are equally engaged in the struggle to raise the condition of Irishmen all over the earth. Every Irishman, when he reads in the newspapers, day after day, of the poverty and misery of his people at home, and knows what is being done to alleviate that, must rejoice within himself, and there is not one who will not feel a juster and a prouder man when that is accomplished; when the struggle to put down the poverty and misery, and that crime which is its off-spring, has been banished from the old land forever, and the Irish race at home, for the first time in their history, are able to show what they can do with the soil they have inherited. (Cheers). And I can promise this for the Irish people—for I know them well—that, whatever they may do for Ireland, they will make a better land of it than the Government of England have done.

Mr. Dillon resumed his seat amid loud, continuous and deafening cheers.—*Philadelphia Freeman.*

A Day with St. Hubert.

A happy, joyous day, one "that brings no morrow's pangs," is soon gone. Yet it is not lost, for it lives in the memory to awaken kindly feelings and whisper to the soul some useful lesson of God's love for man. Such a day not long since fell to the lot of the Stranger; a day of high aspirations and holy thoughts, a day of Christian fellowship, and it will always remain a red-letter day in the calendar of his life. It came about in this way: A gentleman of large means and generous impulse conceived the idea of building a hunting chapel, not many miles from our great city, and placing it under the patronage of St. Hubert, the mighty hunter, so that his family and friends while enjoying the pleasures of country life, the hunting and fishing that his large domain affords, would be able to return their thanks to the Giver of all these goodly gifts.

The idea materialized, the chapel was built upon a small rocky island amid the crystal waters of Lake Kinnelon. Under the master's hand it grew little by little from its rocky bed, "a thing of beauty" in its rustic rudeness and complete harmony with its rural environments. Yes, the chapel was built, but there was one thing needed before the Christian hunter could feel at home within its walls—the sacrifice. The German, therefore the Bishop of Newark was called on to dedicate it to the living God, under the patronage of St. Hubert, once a sportsman like its owner—a hunter in the great forest of Ardenne; a bishop also, preaching the same faith twelve hundred years ago among the barbarous inhabitants of what is now one of the most civilized countries of the world.

We were a party of five that left Jersey City on the morning of St. Chrysostom and St. Daria. After a ride of almost two hours upon the slowest of all slow railroads, we arrived at a small hamlet, the seat of a large industry, the only excuse for the existence of the village, for the neighboring field yielded little else but an abundant crop of stones. Carriages were in waiting to take us to our journey's end. Having stowed ourselves in one vehicle and our luggage in another, the signal was given, the horses started merrily along over the hills to Kinnelon. The further we rode the more the country became. The leaves of yellow-brown falling foliage and the sky cast a momentary shadow on our spirits. As we passed the gate-house of Kinnelon the evident beauty of the house was revealed to our eager vision and we could truly have sung with the poet:

"My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne,
And, all this day, an unusual calm pervades
This breast, a placid joy spreads through my spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts."

All this beauty of scene gave way to the vista that opened upon our view as we gained the summit of the hill overlooking the home of our host; the placid waters of Lake Kinnelon encompassed by a green sward, covered with bright autumn foliage to their very tops, and with the gray rocky island lake and the gem, the centre of its island and chapel, with its rubbled walls and quaint tower calling to mind a bygone age, an age of chivalry and romance.

But there stands, on the broad and generous porch of his summer home, mansion, the kind host of Kinnelon, with all his family by his side:

"Of her familiar spirit—[illegible]
Of all who on her graciousness may gaze,
And in the light and music of her way,
Have a companion portion."

There he stands ready to welcome us. His smile of welcome seems to say:

"—pray, enter.
The birds sing as they sweet to entertain you;
Everything smiles above you!
And if we can read aright the thoughts of the fair lady, they would be best expressed in the words of Portia:

"—you are very welcome to our house,
It must appear in other way than words."

Having received a hearty welcome, the Reverend Artist and the Stranger were at once dispatched in a boat to St. Hubert's to prepare everything for the rites of dedication. They were shortly followed by host and hostess, children, guests and servants.

The Rt. Rev. Winand M. Wigger, D. D., Bishop of Newark, having donned his rochet, stole and mitre, and assisted by the Very Rev. James J. Dougherty, of the church of St. Monica, New York, proceeded to dedicate the chapel in accordance with the rules of Holy Church and by the authority received from the Throne of the Fisherman—the living voice of God. The procession was led by the Rev. John B. McGrath bearing the Cross:

"O Cross, our only hope sublime,
Whose triumph cheers this glorious time;
Let grace renewed the just repay,
And wash the sinner's guilt away."

After the dedicatory exercises were finished, the Rev. James T. Barry celebrated Mass. As we knelt adoring the Lamb "who taketh away the sins of the world," surrounded by the gray stone walls of the chapel, with its painted windows telling the story of the conversion of its Patron Saint, the cloud of incense floating over our heads and reflecting the light from the great log fire, in a wide open fireplace, the silence only broken by the words of the Liturgy, there flashed into the mind of the Stranger the thought of the enduring love of God for poor weak humanity, and the universality of the faith, both as to time and place, was vividly portrayed to him by the scene before his eyes.

When the heart of Hubert, Duke of Aquitain, was touched by the hand of God, on a Good Friday, by the miraculous appearance of a crucifix between the antlers of a deer he was about to slay, the church had already seen six hundred years, and men were to be found, as now, who called her old, decrepit, and prophesied that her days were numbered. And yet here we are, twelve hundred years after, in a new land, not even dreamt of then, worshipping at her altar, believing and following the selfsame faith as did Hubert, acknowledging the tenderness and love of God in giving us the bread of life and the oil of gladness. I am sure every soul at St. Hubert's thrilled with mystic joy and every will was moved to follow Hubert as he followed Christ:

Laudate Dominum omnes gentes:
Laudate eum omnes populi.
Quoniam confirmata est super nos misericordia ejus:
Et veritas Domini manet in aeternum.

Recrossing the lake and returning to the house, the rest of the day was passed in sweet recreation and merry song.

Time moved on, the hour of parting was upon us. As we turned homeward every heart turned to the master of Kinnelon, filled with kindest wishes for all he holds dear, and trusting when the great hunting horn of Heaven sounds for him he may leave the earth with the same words on his lips as did the great St. Hubert. And Hubert, breathing his last breath the Creed and the Lord's Prayer, sweetly repeated Christ.—*Catholic Review.*

An Englishwoman's Tribute to Father Damien.

Mrs. Isabella Bishop, née Miss Bird, the well-known author of "Six Months in the Sandwich Island," and other interesting works of travel, tells in the Leisure Hour one of the "noble instances of devotion given by Father Damien, the leper priest, who lives and dies among the lepers of Kalawao," in the scenes and the circumstances [illegible]

[illegible] Mrs. Bishop [illegible] Father Damien, who has literally followed the example of Christ by laying down his life for the brethren, is a Romish priest and a Roman Catholic; there are at present upwards of 1,000 lepers assembled to number, from week to week, among the victims.

It is further worthy of note that the Rev. M. C. W. Lowe, in the November number of Quiz, honorably apologizes for a scandalous and false attack made in October issue on Father Damien's character. The article, he says, was published by an assistant in the office during his absence, and "he does not share the sentiments and opinions expressed therein."—*Catholic Record.*

The Late Lord FitzGerald.

On the 16th ult., the death took place in Dublin, after a brief illness, of Lord FitzGerald, Lord Appeal in Ordinary for Ireland. He was one of the distinguished Catholics educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He made a great reputation at the Irish Bar, and early in his career entered Parliament as Liberal Member for Ennis. Three years later (1855) he was appointed Solicitor-General for Ireland, and in 1856 Attorney-General. In 1860 he was appointed to the Bench. From this time, of course, he was before the public only as a Judge, but his reputation extended far beyond his Court. He was learned and temperate; his fairness was admitted; his wit was such as to enchance the Bench of which he was a member. He was the principal Judge in the great State trials of January 1881, when Messrs. Parnell Biggar, Dillon, Sexton, Egan, and others were indicted for "seditious conspiracy." Personally Lord FitzGerald was everything that was charming. Of a keen intelligence, but genial and courteous in the extreme, his society was eagerly sought for. He had a plentiful supply of Irish humor though he fortunately never posed as a humorist on the Bench.

The death of the late Lord FitzGerald has occasioned public references to some interesting facts concerning his father's connection with the rebellion in Ireland known as Emmet's Rebellion. On November 22, 1803 David FitzGerald was committed with Robert Holmes and others, to Birmingham Tower, Dublin Castle, on a charge of high treason. Having managed to [illegible] Philip Long, one of the leaders of the rebellion then in Kilmainham Prison, young FitzGerald had chanced to meet in one of the corridors Robert Emmet, who shook him warmly by the hand and inquired anxiously for Long. Soon afterwards FitzGerald came again, and placed a plan for escape in Emmet's hands; but a week later Emmet suffered death on the scaffold for the crime of loving Ireland "not wisely, but too well." Young FitzGerald, who was only seventeen, was rescued by his friends with difficulty. Lord Clare, when asked how to refuse bail to "that child FitzGerald," exclaimed: "Child, indeed! If we had many of such children it's a short time I'd be here!" It is a matter of record that the late Lord FitzGerald to free to escape a number of young men brought before him to trial for raising their hats respectfully when passing the statue in Trinity College, as a mark of respect to a fellow-countryman in trouble. He saw nothing in young men uncovering and bowing in passing the statue of an unfortunate countryman.

A Distinguished Convert.

[illegible]

Irish Bishops to the American Catholic Congress.

[illegible] Most Eminent and Venerable Brethren: It would be strange indeed did not the great thanksgiving that goes up to Heaven from the great heart of the American people find an echo from our Irish shores. Ireland rejoices with America, and we, the prelates of Ireland, desire to give expression to that sympathetic joy.

Next to the mother of our dearest Rome herself, what ancient church in Christendom can claim a more distinguished course than the church of Ireland? Almost from the first days of Christianity Ireland was called the island of saints, and people has she been to whom to make them your inheritance.

Were her voice absent from your Council, you would wonder, we feel, deservedly, and the Spirit would justly wonder at her silence. We therefore rejoice to congratulate you, the venerable hierarchy of America, on the splendid proof your hundred years have given of the eternal youth of the Catholic church.

Gigantic as has been the progress of your free, unmoulded peoples, and appalling as has been the swift advance of error in its train, Catholic truth has outstripped all in its rapid spread among you, and in the perfect organization of its onward march.

While therefore the Catholic church of America, cries out in the words of the Psalmist: "Who is God, but our God? God, who hath girt me with strength, and made my way blameless; who hath made my feet like the feet of harts"—we too, venerable brethren, lift up voices of thanksgiving for all that he has wrought in you, and for the share he has permitted Ireland to have in the grace and glory of your 100 years.

It has been our lot, alas, to see our flocks diminished under the civil and political institutions of this land, and more than once during the century of your happy progress have you heard from across the ocean the voice of Ireland asking for bread for her perishing children. But we recall those sorrows now, only that we may record our people's gratitude to America. May God reward with blessings richer than any yet received, the bishops, priests and people of the American church and all their fellow-citizens who, though outside half pale, have yet shared her feelings and rivalled her bounty towards the children of Ireland.

Accept, your Eminence and Venerable Brothers, these our words of loving congratulation. We had hoped that some members of our body would be able in person to bear them to you, but heavy cares and imperative duties at home have prevented them. Alas, our time of weariness and struggle is not yet passed; you know, however, that millions of our children are around you, and that in their love and loyalty you have a pledge of our devoted attachment.

Signed on behalf of all the Irish prelates: Michael Logue, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of Ireland. William J. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin and Primate of Ireland. T. W. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel and Metropolitan of Munster. John McEvilly, Archbishop of Tuam and Metropolitan of Connaught.

GENERAL AGENCY.

Donald McKenzie,

Kent Street, Charlottetown

Insures both men and women on all plans of

Life & Accident Insurance

In the Manufacturer's.

Rt. Hon. Sir John A. McDonald, President.

Also dealer in the Celebrated Farm Machinery, made by A. Harris, Son & Co., J. O. Wisner, Son & Co., Brantford, Ont., and B. Bell & Son, of St. George, Ont.

Charlottetown, Oct. 9, 1887.—6m

STRONG TESTIMONY.

Mrs. John Ross.

For the past eleven years I have been a great sufferer with a cankerous sore on my ankle, for which I tried several remedies that did me little or no good, until I applied your Magic Healer Salve, which I began using about three months ago, and am now perfectly healed. I can cheerfully recommend it to any one similarly afflicted.

MRS. DANIEL COMPTON.

Georgetown, July 11, 1889.

THE above testimonial was voluntarily given by the lady whose name is appended to it. The SALVE here referred to is manufactured in Charlottetown and for sale throughout town and country, being within the reach of all.

For any skin injury, use the MAGIC HEALER, ask for it and take no other until its merits are fairly proven.

Sold at 25 cents per box, and supplied wholesale by

JOHN ROSS & CO.

(*Formerly of Ross' Wholesale*)

P. O. Box 457, Charlottetown.

Ch'town, July 17, 1889.

Notes of hand forms in good style printed at the Herald Office.

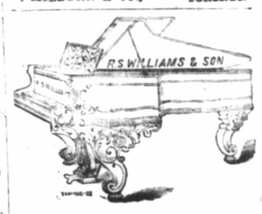
Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,

every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors. TORONTO.



Williams!

AWARDED 200 MEDALS,

PRINCIPALLY GOLD.

Over 12,000 in Canada.

1000 SOLD IN NOVA SCOTIA IN TWO YEARS.

J. F. WILLIS & CO.,

McEachern's Building, Queen St., Ch'town,

SOLE AGENTS

Williams and Emerson Pianos and Uxbridge Organs for Parlor, Church, Chapel or Lodge, for all Nova Scotia and P. E. I.

Write for catalogues—mailed free.

August 28, 1889.—1y.

The Herald is kept on file in the office of the New York Printing & Advertising Co., Equitable Building, 96 Broadway, New York.

CAUTION!

I HEREBY CAUTION all persons against negotiating for the purchase of a Note of Hand of mine in favor of Ronald Steele for $250, as I have received no value for the same.

(Signed,) MICHAEL STEELE.

Tracadie Cross, Nov. 27, 1889.—3i

Get your business cards printed at the Herald Office.

Blank books, bill heads and receipt forms in the best style, printed at the Herald Office.

To Our Subscribers

The SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT which appeared in our columns some time since, announcing a special arrangement with Dr. B. J. KENDALL Co., of Enosburgh Falls, Vt., publishers of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases," whereby our subscribers were enabled to obtain a copy of that valuable work free by sending their address (and enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing same) is renewed for a limited period. We trust all will avail themselves of the opportunity of obtaining this valuable work. To every lover of the Horse it is indispensable, as it treats in a simple manner all the diseases which afflict this noble animal. Its phenomenal sale throughout the United States and Canada, make it standard authority. *Mention this paper when you send for "Treatise."*

November 6, 1 m—19.