THE HERALD

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1884.

The Shade Tree Question.

HOWEVER small any evidences of improvement may appear, it is beneficial to note them, and one of the pleasing duties of a journalist is to make such suggestions there anent that may both assist and inform "the new departure," and lead it in the way it should go, so we are glad the TREE QUESTION is up, not only for discussion, but for a practical application, and willingly devote a few paragraphs to still further advance the cause of progress, of order, and adornment for the city highways and streets. Our people have so long been content with such things as they have, and thought them good enough *for the present*, that the inertia had almost taken a chronic form of masterly inactivity. But as there is evidently an awakening in the beautiful direction of tree culture and cooling foliage, we feel pleased at the early prospect of the planting our sidewalk borders with a grateful shade, and generally improving the town. Our first advice, however, is to well consider what the HERALD has to say about it, and don't go to the square in front of the Law Courts for a pattern, though it may be well to remember wine there that the two dilapidated specimens at the entrance are symbolic only, intended to shew the condition of "no form nor feather" after a law suit.

The striped maple (*acer Pensylvanicum*), though a small tree, is very ornamental, and would thrive in our soil.

The silver maple (*acer Dasycarpum*) is the most rapid growing of all the maples, often attaining some twenty feet in three or four years from the seed, and, if properly treated as a shade tree, would be desirable to plant, and if the authorities would put down a comely white maple at the corner of every block in Charlottetown, that is four at every crossing, the general effect would be as useful as ornamental.

The red maple (*acer rubrum*) from the fact that its lower leaves become bright red in winter, that it flourishes in swamps and attains sixty to seventy feet in height, would indicate that the low lying portions of Charlottetown might be greatly benefited by planting it freely. They would be healthful in the bog district. It should by remembered that both the silver and red maple will grow from cuttings, if planted very early, and in moist soil; that two or three year old wood more freely roots than one year old, and that maple budding can be interchangeably done easily.

The horse chestut (*æsculus hippocastanum*) has beautiful flowers, handsome foliage, and is generally admired. It makes a large tree under suitable conditions of cultivation. If the horse chestnut is grown from seed, be sure and procure fresh, and plant immediately in wide drills, filling in with friable soil, and covering with about three inches of leaves. In the spring rake off most of the leaves, and as soon as the seeds have made an inch or two of growth, draw a little soil about them. Transplant and shorten the tap root before they have been two years in the seed bed.

The white birch (*betula alba*), the paper birch (*betula papyracea*), the yellow birch (*betula excelsa*), and the sweet black birch (*betula lenta*), are all adapted to the requirements of arboreal ornamentation.

The hickory, as a class, are of slow growth, and some are beautiful when properly grown; but to do this effectually it must be remembered, that while frequent transplanting is beneficial to all trees to be removed when large, none so imperatively demand this as all the hickories.

The beech (*fagus*) family, furnish the copper, weeping, cut leaved, and some others, suitable for embellishing parks or squares. They are all propagated by layering, grafting or budding on the common variety.

All the different species of the ash (*fraxinus*) are important contributions. The white, red, green, black and blue would probably all do well in some parts of Charlottetown. They all grow readily from seed, and produce plenty of fibrous roots the first season, and are, consequently, easily transplanted. They can all be worked on to free growing stocks by either budding or grafting, but, as a rule, they require high and dry situations.

The butternut (*juglans cinerea*), though it seldom becomes a large tree, is especially a northern tree, and thrives best in moist rich soils.

The larch, tamarack, or hackmatack (*larix americana*) grows freely in low ground, and all the unproductive land on the seacoast should be seeded down with the English or Scotch species. Thousands and tens of thousands of acres on the coasts of England and Scotland are being planted with larch. The wood lasts for ages when driven into wet ground. The seeds can be obtained of almost any seedsman in any quantity, if a few months notice is given in advance of the order.

The sweet gum (*liquidamber styraciflua*) if used, must be put in quite small; as it is almost impossible to transplant large ones successfully.

The buttonwood or sycamore (*plantanus occidentalis*) ought to succeed here, as it is common throughout the Northern States.

The poplar (*populus*) has the advantage of rapid growth, and some of the species are very ornamental. One of the species was so extensively planted in the streets and suburbs of Rome, that it was called the Peoples' Tree; hence its name, *populus*. Charlottetown might do worse than follow this example of the ancient Roman.

The oak (*quercus*) family, furnishes many beautiful species, but for pre-eminence the Rock Chestnut oak (*quercus monticola*) found in New York, Ohio and Pennsylvania is without rival.

Ten thousand cypress (*taxodium Distichum*) can be grown on a single acre, (if it is not too tender for this climate), planted in rows four feet apart, and if only worth five cents at the end of five years will return five hundred dollars per acre.

Red cedar stakes, eight to ten feet long are worth in the vicinity of New York sixty to eighty dollars per thousand.

The American Linden, or Basswood (*tilia americana*) is a large tree common in the Northern States, and has many desirable qualities as a shade tree.

The elm (*ulmus*) family, have some hardy varieties that present some advantages to the tree-planter, but we must pass on to the evergreens.

The Pine, the Hemlock and the Spruce,
Have all a value in their use;
And whether growing or cut down,
Maintain their beauty and renown.

Retaining their foliage during the winter, they afford protection at a time when it is most needed. A town planted wholly with deciduous trees, seems in winter, to be hybernating, but scatter a few evergreens about here and there, and winter is robbed of half its gloom by their perpetual green, which cheers always, by its tenacious hold on the verdure of a dozen forgotten summers.

In very cold climates it is injurious to move evergreens in the fall, because it separates the attachment of the roots from the soil, and the winter exhalation from the leaves becomes in consequence greater than it can maintain, but when evergreens can be removed with a large ball of earth, the removal may be made at any time. By transplantation early in the spring, the new root fibres will be formed in time to maintain the necessary circulation. Probably no business requires a greater exercise of judgment than tree planting, the receiving holes must be dug several feet larger than required by the tree, and the roots must be set on good soil, and pegged down close to it, and kept moist till the small rootlets have got a good hold upon the new soil. To take a view of some of the specimens already "located" in Charlottetown, a stranger might think it was an attempt to test the limit of tree endurance, or some funny experiment to make the visitor smile at such tree jokes, but ere long the indifferent will be conscious of a new desire and the provident of a new pleasure, and all Charlottetown will be glad that our advice has been so generally followed by new and effective efforts, to adorn our streets with foliages, and give our city the goodly appearance it has so long been capable of, but asked for in vain. It is the shade tree question that will become the pioneer of a dozen other much needed reforms and changes. The HERALD, at least, is of this opinion.

No Cause for Alarm.

THE *Patriot* is distressed about the Local Government, and exhibits alarm for the mental condition of the gentlemen composing the Provincial Cabinet. Our contemporary gets this way at intervals, and when we do not hear from him somewhat regularly, we begin to fear that something is wrong. Now, however, we feel reassured, for things never run so smoothly, and the country is never so well satisfied, as when the *Patriot* is finding fault.

The *Patriot* accuses the Local Government of neglecting the public works of the Province because it has not undertaken the repairs of the wharves. Is our contemporary not aware that the Government washed its hands clear of the wharves nearly two years ago, and notified the Dominion authorities that it would no longer provide for their construction or maintenance? Is the *Patriot* not aware that were the Government of the Island to enter, with its workmen, upon any foreshore for the purpose of building or repairing a wharf it would be guilty of trespass upon Dominion property? Is the *Patriot* not aware that the Legislature has made no provision for the repair of wharves, and that even were the Local Government inclined to spend money upon them, it has no authority to do so? Is the *Patriot* not aware that the General Government has admitted its liability to provide wharf accommodation? Yes, the *Patriot* is aware of all these facts, but it suits its purpose better to forget them, abuse the Government and make the people believe that the local authorities are neglectful of their wants.

We have no doubt that some of the wharves are in bad condition—they could not well be otherwise after two years' neglect. But whose fault is it? It is certainly not the Local Government's, and if the people and their representatives would only make known their wants to the proper department at Ottawa, we believe they would be speedily attended to. Take the case of Red Point Wharf, Lot 48. This was one of those reported by the engineer as not of Federal importance, as in his opinion the trade could be accommodated elsewhere. Well, the people of the surrounding district thought otherwise, and early in the summer addressed the Minister of Public Works, pointing out the importance of the wharf as a shipping place, and praying for its repair. Their application was recommended by the member for the county, and by him forwarded to Ottawa, whence the order came for a re-examination of the structure, and subsequently for its being placed in thorough good order. What the people of Red Point did, those of every other section of country similarly situated should do—represent their grievances, enlist the support of their representatives, and pray for relief.

The *Patriot* would have us believe that the repairs of Red Point wharf were promised so as to influence the election. Nothing could be further from the truth; the petition was forwarded long before an election was thought of. So far back as the 23rd of June we find the *Patriot* ridiculing the idea of petitioning the Ottawa Government, and jeering at the Commissioner of Public Lands for advising his constituents to do so. Had the inhabitants of Lot 48 heeded the sneers of the *Patriot* they would now be without wharf accommodation, but they acted wisely, and we hope others will profit by their example.

St. Joseph's Bazaar.

THE St. Joseph's Bazaar, which opened so auspiciously on Wednesday, the 12th instant, was heartily patronized by the public until a late hour on Saturday night, and although all the moneys are not yet collected, the magnificent sum of $2,050 lies a testimony to the popularity of the cause for which the Fair was undertaken, no less than an evidence of the liberal generosity of the good people of Charlottetown.

On Wednesday evening the Hall was crowded to excess. His Honor the Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Macdonald and party, His Grace the Archbishop of Halifax, His Lordship the Bishop of Charlottetown, the reverend clergy of the Cathedral, the Rector and staff of St. Dunstan's College, and the Rev. Dr. McDonald and the Rev. Dr. Grant arrived about half past seven o'clock. After the arrival of the evening trains we noticed the Very Rev. James McDonald, V. G., Rev. Angus McDonald, Rev. Pius McPhee, Rev. P. Doyle, Rev. N. C. A. Boudreault, Rev. Dr. Chaisson, Rev. S. Boudreault, Rev. A. J. Trudelle, Rev. James Æneas McDonald, Rev. Peter McPhee, Rev. D. J. Gillis, Rev. Allan McDonald, Rev. D. F. McDonald, Rev. D. J. G. McDonald, Rev. M. J. McMillan, Rev. E. Walker, Rev. J. Corbett and Rev. F. Dumont. The Catholics of Charlottetown mustered in full force, and there was among the crowd a very goodly number of Protestants of all denominations, who were equally liberal in their purchases. Too much praise cannot be given to Mr. Worth's Band for their great kindness in volunteering their services. The excellent music which they discoursed did much to attract purchasers, and contributed very materially to the success of the Bazaar. One of the chief features of Wednesday evening's entertainment was the double subscription list open to all on payment of ten cents, which was got up to purchase a magnificent burnished brass inkstand, and an equally handsome paper knife, which were presented, the first named to the Bishop of Charlottetown, the second to His Lordship's guest, the Archbishop of Halifax. Both these articles had been sent to the Bazaar by the Rev. Mother St. Bernard, Superior General of the Congregation of Notre Dame, Montreal.

Besides the numerous costly and beautiful articles offered for sale, there were lotteries *ad lib.*, as well as the Fishing Pond, the Deaf and Dumb Black Man, the Fortune Teller, and the Post Office, not forgetting the ever fresh attraction of the refreshment tables, the oyster saloon, and the soda water fountain.

During the afternoon of Thursday the sales went briskly on, and in the evening there were some new devices to catch cents, such as a Weighing Machine (capable of weighing anyone from a "baby a year and eleven months old," up to the contractor for the Summerside Post Office), and a "Guess Cake," which was to be awarded to the lucky person who, after paying five cents, should make the nearest guess as to how many beans there were in a large bottle that stood near the cake. It was amusing to note the different ideas of the guessers. A subscription list was opened towards the purchase of a very handsome set of Vestments painted on white velvet, the work of the Rev. Mother St. Ursula, Superioress of the Notre Dame Convent of Charlottetown. These Vestments were to be presented to the Rev. A. J. McIntyre, and a very large sum was subscribed to secure them for that purpose. On Thursday evening Mr. Carter surprised the ladies of the Bazaar by an opportune gift of a quantity of ice cream, which was liberally patronized. At ten o'clock Mr. A. McNeill, as usual, kind and obliging, mounted the platform and announced that the Bazaar would re-open on Friday at 5 p. m., and that during the day refreshments would be provided for the market people. This programme was carried out, and on Friday evening the grand idea of an election to decide who was the most popular man in Queen's County occurred to some of the faithful friends of St. Joseph's. A large black-board was obtained, and on it were written the names of twelve of the prominent men of the County; a ballot was procurable for the sum of five cent, and the election was carried on in due form. The names selected were:

Hon. T. H. Haviland.
Dr. Jenkins, M. P.
William Welsh, Esq.
Hon. W. W. Sullivan.
L. H. Davies, Esq., M. P.
Hon. D. Ferguson.
Frederick Peters, Esq.
Neil McLeod, Esq., M. P. P.
Patrick Blake, Esq., M. P. P.
Hon. D. Laird.
D. Farquharson, Esq., M. P. P.
Hon. Wm. Campbell.

The poll opened at eight o'clock. The suffrage was universal, and the ladies proved themselves eager to profit by the rare privilege of voting thus accorded to them. When it was known that Dr. Jenkins was suffering under a severe family bereavement, his name was removed from the board. At first the votes were pretty evenly distributed, then the contest lay between Hon W. W. Sullivan and Patrick Blake, Esq., M. P. P. After a while Mr. Welsh, Mr. L. H. Davies and Hon. Donald Ferguson began to receive a number of votes. Then Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Blake took a fresh start, and when the poll re-opened on Saturday evening Mr. Sullivan had 568 votes, and Mr. Blake 555. All during the day and evening of Saturday canvassing was kept up most energetically. About nine o'clock the excitement was intense. Mr. Welsh's friends had come to the fore and his score had run up about 300 over his opponents. They however gained ground rapidly and at ten o'clock when the final count was taken Mr. Sullivan led the poll with 2647 votes, and received as the prize of popularity a handsome "five o'clock tea table" trimmed with Indian embroidery. Mr. Blake received 2,045 votes and Mr. Welsh 1,905. The utmost good humor prevailed throughout, and after a stentorian voice from the platform had announced, to the accompaniment of a bell, "Oysters to the right, ice cream to the left," the whole party of opposing candidates and rival canvassers might be seen peaceably discussing bivalves and bread and butter. After the election came the auction, kindly conducted by Mr. A. McNeill, and then the crowd dispersed, and the tired saleswomen and their assistants "folded their tents like the arabs, and silently stole away."

We give below a full list of the lotteries with the names of those who held the winning numbers:

Doll, "Queen of Fashion," Miss Annie O'Neill.
Sugar Bowl, Miss Ellie Sweeney.
Doll, "Bride," Rev. Charles McDonald.
Writing Desk, Mr. Thos. Crockett.
Toilet Set, John S. McDonald.
Doll, "Belle of the Ball," J. J. Trainor.
Work Box, Mrs. E. Sullivan.
Foot Stool, Miss Katie F. Flynn.
Portrait (tinted) of Father McGillivray, John Collins.
Doll's Carriage, Mrs. P. McCloskey.
Steel Engraving, Mrs. Sarah Murphy.
Doll on Sofa, D. C. M. Reddin, jr.
Cake, Mr. J. B. McDonald.
Hearth Rug, Miss Rose McQuaid.
Reception Chair, Miss S. Large.
Photograph of Bishop McIntyre, John J. Walsh.
Painted Tidy, John Bell.
Doll and Bed, Will Leahy.
Gold Ear Rings, Miss Susie Reddin.
Tidy, Miss Bridget Baldwin.
Coffee Cosey, John Bell.
Album (green plush), Mr. F. Loughran.
Canary Bird and Cage, Capt. J. Hughes.
Mantel Border, Jas. Taylor.
Doll, "Court Lady," Mrs. M. Smith.
Smoking Cap, Mr. Ford.
Mantle Drapery, P. P. Gillis.
Fish Scale Jewelry, Miss Katie F. Flynn.
Fish Scale Jewelry, Lieut. Governor Macdonald.
Napoleon (statue), John Murray.
Arm Chair, P. N. Pate.
Five o'clock Tea Table, Rev. Dr. Grant.
Sofa Cushion, Mr. C. Strong.
Album (morocco), Rev. F. Gallant.
Large Portrait of Rev. Alex. McGillivray, Chas. McKinnon.
Mantel Border, A. F. McLellan.
Mantel Border, Jas. H. Reddin.
Odor Case, Joseph Doiron.
Doll, Capt. H. Mutch.
O'Connell (steel engraving), Archbishop of Halifax.
Queen Victoria (engraving), J. Whelan.
Swing Chair, Nellie McDonald.
Child's Dress, Mr. Frank Kelly.

A Manitoba Winter.

WE subjoin a description of Manitoba and our Canadian North West, which has found its way into a paper so widely circulated as Harper's *Bazaar*. We know that the Grits are never tired depreciating the country, but the most vivid Grit imagination is not lively enough to conjure up a winter such as has been imposed upon our friends, the American publishers. Fancy the poor woman's husband coming in half a dozen times a day, and before he has time to sit down at the fire, his nose falls off with a snap! How aggravating when he lifted the pot cover to smell if there was going to be something nice for dinner, to find that his nasal organ had stuck to his mitten! What a roaring fire the good housewife must have kept up when the mustard froze only a foot from the kitchen stovepipe, and two feet above the store! What an extraordinary thing that clothes which had been left out for two or three nights for the snow and ice to bleach, should need thawing and drying when brought indoors, nor can we see anything strange in the statement that a pail of water left for two months would freeze solid. We have seen scores of men, who were not Englishmen, whose beards, when they came indoors, would be covered with ice, but they preferred the beard to the inconvenience. What a heaven for policemen where they all dress in buffalo coats down to their heels in winter, so that the keenest wind cannot pierce them. How Sergeant McGonnel, of the Charlottetown Police Force would loom up, a mountain of fur, at the top of Queen Street! Of course a buffalo coat down to the heels will naturally impede a man's movements, but in the case of a policeman it makes no material difference. But let our readers peruse the article for themselves. We can only express our surprise that such astute publishers as the Harpers could be so easily deceived.

The snow outside our house was from six to ten feet deep from November to April. I tried to wear boots last November, and one of my feet froze. Moccasins, made by Indians, of moose-skin, are used instead of shoes to cover the feet, which are first cased in several pairs of stockings. For traveling on foot, snow shoes are best. Mittens supersede gloves during the winter, as the fingers, if separated, generally freeze. We were forced to melt snow for all the water we used last winter. The cold was so intense that when melted snow-water was poured from the boiler into a pail, and taken at once across to the stable, the ice on it frequently had to be broken with a stick before the cattle could drink, it froze so hard whilst being carried a distance of some sixty yards in the open air. My husband would sometimes come in from a short visit to the stock yard with his nose frozen: indeed, it is rather a common sight to see people partly frozen. The part affected turns as white as marble and loses all feeling. Unless you see yourself in a glass, or are told of it, you are not conscious of being frozen. In this plight it is not best to go near a fire, as sudden thawing is very painful. People generally try friction, rubbing themselves with snow, or, better still, with paraffine oil. Occasionally, when one is frozen and far from help, the part frozen, if an extremity, will snap off. My kitten's ears froze and broke off last winter, and a neighbor's pony lost its ears in the same way. I was surprised when I first found the mustard freeze in my mustard-pot, which stood a foot from the kitchen stove-pipe and two feet above the stove, where there was a blazing fire all day and every day through the winter. Yet the mustard froze between every meal. Bread froze if left for half an hour in a room without a fire. I once left a pitcher full of milk in the kitchen all night, and next morning, on trying to move it, the pitcher fell to pieces and left the milk standing solid in its place. We could buy frozen milk by the pound, frozen so intensely that when I put a lump of it in a tin into the oven, or on the top of the stove, the first part that melted would burn to the tin before the rest of it had been thawed. I managed to melt it by first chopping the ice milk into very small pieces. Clothes which had been washed froze before I could hang them on the line to dry. I used to leave them out two or three nights for the snow and ice to bleach, and they always needed thawing and drying again when they were brought indoors. Even after being damped and folded they would freeze together, and when I have been ironing the top of a pocket handkerchief the lower part would freeze to the table, which was close to a roaring fire. Ironing under these conditions is rather slow work. Such stories must sound almost incredible, except to those who, like myself, have witnessed the facts, though, of course, only in the most severe weather. A bearded Englishman who stayed with us last winter was often forced when he came indoors to thaw the icicles from his mustache, which froze to his beard and hindered him from talking to us. A pail of water left in the kitchen all night would freeze solid to the bottom before morning. This happened every time one was left for two months. In such a climate everyone who can afford it is dressed in fur. The Winnipeg policeman all dress in buffalo coats down to the heels in winter. The keenest wind cannot pierce them. Winter is, of course, not equally severe throughout. Part of my description applies only to its colder half. But to a woman the most trying part of a winter in Manitoba is not its severity—for you live in a warm house—but its length. Snow lay on the ground last season for six months and a half, and the great lakes are frozen for the same period. One's eyes grow very weary of the bare blank whiteness and long for something green to look at; yet the bright, clean, still frost, with brilliant sunshine, glorious skies and moonlit, aurora colored nights, have great compensations of their own.—*Harpers Bazaar.*

EDITORIAL NOTES.

STRAWS shew which way the wind blows. Will the *Patriot* inform us if there is any significance in the fact that among the three favorites at the Bazaar election the other night, no Grit had a place?

THE *Patriot* gravely informs its readers that the Montreal *Times* is no admirer of Sir Leonard Tilley. Neither is any other Grit journal for that matter. Why does not the *Patriot* tell us that Queen Anne is dead?

THE official count of the Presidential vote in the state of New York was concluded on Saturday last, when Cleveland was awarded a plurality of eleven hundred and seven. This now practically decides the question, that Cleveland and Hendricks will be next President and Vice-President of the United States.

CABLE DESPATCHES inform us that Sir John Macdonald was on Monday last, at the request of Mr. Gladstone, invested with the Order of the Grand Cross of the Bath, in recognition of his eminent public services. The great Liberal leader and statesman seems to find true worth and merit in the man whom the self-styled Liberals of Canada deery as the arch-priest of corruption.

THE Halifax *Chronicle* is throwing up its hat over Cleveland's election, and telling us that not only did it feel sure of his success all the time, but actually nominated him before the Convention did. It likewise sees in Cleveland's election the sealing of Sir John Macdonald's doom. What smart people the *Chronicle* editors must be, and how neatly they extract sunbeams from cucumbers. It takes very little to please a Grit.

OUR usually careful contemporary, the Halifax *Herald* makes a most unpardonable slip in last Saturday's issue. Speaking of a citizen recently deceased it says: "Though a Conservative in politics he was a noted reformer of abuses, and was the originator of many improvements in connection with the city institutions." Have we studied the *Herald* for so long a time and not learned that to the Conservative party only can we look for the reformation of abuses, and the origin of improvements. The writer of that obituary notice must have been borrowed from the *Chronicle* staff.

SOME time ago, when Sir John Macdonald was unseated for Lennox, and Mr. Allison, a Grit, was elected to represent that county, the Grit press sang pæans and hailed the result as an evidence of Grit reaction, and of the downfall of Tory corruption. Unfortunately for them, however, their joy is turned into mourning, for not only has Mr. Allison been unseated for grossly corrupt practices, but Mr. Drury, of Middlesex, and Mr. Lyon, of Algoma as well, two other sturdy supporters of the party of purity. Mr. Allison is being prosecuted for personal bribery, and it is more than probable that the Conservatives will win the seat, as his majority was only five.

THE *Patriot* attempts to make out a good case for its friend, Mr. Mercier, by abusing the opposite side. It says that we have not a word to say in condemnation of Judge Mousseau for his personal bribery of the electors. It is quite time enough for us to condemn Mr. Mousseau when the personal charges against him are proved, but we shall require something more substantial than Mr. Mercier's unsupported accusation before we do so. The *Patriot* should know that Capt. Trudel, although a friend of Mr. Mousseau's, was Mr. Mercier's particular friend and financial backer, upon whose sworn testimony Mr. Mercier stands convicted of prostituting his position for a money consideration, and of having lied about it afterwards.

THE *Patriot*, true to its principles, is never tired of proclaiming that the Island is going to the dogs, and that the N. P. has killed whatever little trade we used to have. Day after day it sings the old story, but occasionally, and then only by accident, tells the truth. In one issue of last week it gave half a column of "Shipping Intelligence," from which we learned that "a large number of vessels are loading and to load both here and at the outports," and it then proceeded to name some forty-one vessels which are now being loaded or are expected to arrive for cargoes within a few days, besides several others which it mentioned, but did not name. Yesterday's issue announces that oats and potatoes are being briskly loaded—and yet the *Patriot* sees nothing but "Blue Ruin" ahead.

WHEN we turn to the State of Maine to look at the results of twenty-five years working of a Prohibitory Liquor Law, we are amazed. Instead of drunkenness being banished, as might be expected, in the city of Portland last year out of 2250 arrests for infraction of the laws, no less than 1453 were for drunkenness, and 70 were for offences connected with the sale of liquor—but there were only eleven arrests for the actual sale, the other fifty-nine being for the illegal transportation of liquors, and for their seizure. Then a percentage of the other eight hundred arrests were for vagrancy, assault, etc., which are more or less attributable to drunkenness. What a terrible record! But this is not all. With a population less than half as large as that of Ontario, there were within nineteen months recently ended no less than twelve murders and a large number of murderous assaults—within one month, ended only a few days ago, there were three murders, and five persons are now under sentence of death for murders committed last year. We very much fear that prohibition is in advance of public opinion in Maine.

Death of the Reverend Dr. Jenkins.

ANOTHER of the few links connecting this century with the past has broken. In the fulness of years, having long exceeded the allotted three score and ten, the Reverend Dr. Jenkins has lain down to his rest. For more than half a century he occupied a prominent and honored place in the history of our Island. Of Welsh descent he was born in England on the 12th April, 1797, and was admitted to deacon's orders in the Church of England in 1820. Soon thereafter he emigrated to this Island, where, in January, 1821, he married Miss Penelope DesBrisay, a daughter of the Reverend Theophilus DesBrisay, the first Rector of Charlottetown, and the first Protestant clergyman resident upon Prince Edward Island. In 1822 he received priest's orders and was for some time stationed in Quebec, where he officiated as Garrison Chaplain, and also ministered to the sick during the terrible scourge of the emigrant fever. Having returned to Charlottetown, in 1827 he was appointed Rector of St. Paul's Church, in which position he continued for the period of 28 years, or until 1855. Since that time he held no charge but was ever ready, while his health permitted, to assist in the work of the ministry.

We regret that we have not the materials at hand to enable us to write a more lengthy account of Dr. Jenkins' life—such a history as would do credit to so worthy a man, and as would hold up the bright example of a long and a pure life. Those who knew him most intimately, and who had the best opportunities of appreciating him when he was alike strong in body and vigorous in mind, have nearly all preceded him, while to the present generation he appeared as the venerable servant who, after years of well-spent toil, was patiently awaiting his Master's call. He was a devoted student, and his writings, both in prose and poetry, gave evidence of a well stored mind and of brilliant literary talents. For the last four years he lived in comparative retirement, but to the visitor at his bedside what a lesson did not his love and patience teach? Happily, until a few days before his death, he was permitted the full use of his mental faculties—he read the newspapers daily, and kept himself posted upon current events. Never a murmur escaped him—whatever was, was well. His thoughts were not confined to himself, but of old friends and young ones too did he often enquire tenderly, while his domestic animals were none the less objects of his solicitude.

Yesterday his remains were carried to St. Paul's Church, where the services were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Fitzgerald and the Rev. Charles O'Meara, the pall being borne by Judge Hensley, Hon. Messrs. Warburton, Haviland and Haythorne, Mayor Hooper and James Reddin, Esquire; a very large number of friends following in the procession. Thence they were borne to St. Peter's Burial Ground, where they were reverently laid to rest, the last office being said by Rev. W. B. King, Curate of St. Peter's Church. May the Good God grant unto him eternal rest, and cause His everlasting light to shine upon him.

Unintentional Bigamy.

(*From the Sackville, N. B., Post.*)

The trite, time honored axiom, truth is stranger than fiction, receives frequent confirmation in every day life, and a somewhat remarkable illustration of the old adage is to be found in this village at the present time. About four weeks ago a family consisting of a man and woman and four children—the youngest only about six weeks old—arrived here from Pictou and secured lodging in a tenement house owned by Mr Amasa Dixon. The man, who professed to be a barber by trade, obtained employment in one of our manufactories. Since that time he has only had an occasional job, and the family has been reduced to the verge of destitution, and has only been kept from actual suffering by the kindness of some of the neighbors. To one of these the woman told the story of her life, and the statements made were so remarkable that a *Post* reporter was induced to investigate the matter. The story told by the woman is substantially as follows: Her maiden name was Clarke, and she was born thirty-eight years ago near Bedeque, Prince Edward Island. When about twenty years old she went to Boston to nurse her brother's wife, who was in delicate health, and while in that city she made the acquaintance of a young man named Sharpe, belonging to Sussex, N. B. The acquaintance ripened into intimacy and mutual love, and resulted in a happy marriage. The joys of her wedded life, however, were of short duration, for her health soon failed and her husband thinking that a change of scene and climate might prove beneficial, sent her home to his relatives in Sussex, while he retained his situation in his adopted city. The young wife remained two years in the home of her father-in-law, and during that period never heard from her husband. She then returned to her Island home where she lived six years, but in all that time she failed to obtain any tidings of the man she had married. The continued silence of her husband naturally led her to suppose that he must be dead, so, very much against the wishes of her relatives, she married the man with whom she is now living, who answers to the name of Johnson, and claims to be a native of Swansea, Wales, and went with him to Charlottetown. Her second matrimonial venture was scarcely more fortunate than her first, for her new husband appears to have been either shiftless or unfortunate, and was unable to provide a comfortable living for his family, so that their daily life was seldom far removed from actual want. However, she was a faithful wife to him for nine long years, during which time she bore him three sturdy children, and would in all probability have remained with him until they were parted by death if her husband had not again appeared upon the scene. After his long and unexplained absence and silence he sought her out and, taking pity on the wretched condition of his lawful husband; but at length she was seized with an uncontrollable yearning for the children she had left behind, and, without telling anyone of her intention, set out on a winter trip across the Strait for the purpose of seeing them once more. Soon after her arrival at Charlottetown navigation became obstructed for a time so that she could not return, and, yielding to the persuasions of husband number two, she went to live with him again. It was not long however, before she regretted the false step she had taken, and thinking that if she could get on this side of water it would be easier to return to her rightful lord, she persuaded Johnson to remove to Pictou, on the plea that he would be likely to better his condition in that town. If she really had any expectation of being a gainer by the change, her hopes were doomed to disappointment, for, after arriving at Pictou, matters went from bad to worse. Finally she gave birth to another child, of which she says her first husband is the father, and as soon as she was able to travel some of the charitable people of Pictou purchased tickets to Newcastle for the whole family. Johnson having expressed a wish to try his fortune at that place. While on the journey from Pictou to Rockville the baby and one of the other children became ill, and the parents decided to stop here. Of the results of that decision nothing remains to be told except that the much married woman has visited her first husband since her arrival here, but evidently without the effect she anticipated. The woman tells her pitiful story in a simple, straightforward manner, without any attempt to palliate her own conduct or throw the blame upon others. In fact she seems willing to assume the responsibility for all her troubles, which she ascribes to her own ignorance and "softness," and is ready to make excuses for her present husband's failures on the ground of ill health. She is a woman of remarkably good personal appearance for one in her circumstances, and her manner conveys the impression that she is more sinned against than sinning.

We have been told that "Johnson," referred to above, is identical with Mr. Dawson, the "two cent barber," who lived here some time ago.—ED.

Around the World.

Mayor Edson will hereafter prohibit slugging in New York.

The Scott Act was carried in Norfolk Ont., by 1000 majority.

There was a severe shock of earthquake near Manchester last Friday.

The newly elected German Reichstag contains a strong protectionist majority.

Dr. Edward Jennings, a prominent physician of Halifax, died last Friday.

The London *Daily News* says that there will be no dissolution of parliament this year.

Messrs D. R. and C. F. Eaton, well known shipbuilders of Eatonville, N. S., have assigned.

Hon. Isaac Burpee is very ill in New York with Brights disease and fatal results are feared.

The average weight of the carcases of American cattle is now one-third more than it was fifty years ago.

The Woodside Sugar Refinery at Dartmouth, N. S., is turning out 80 tons of refined sugar per day.

The St. Croix Cotton Mills are running on full time, paying out about $10,000 per month to employees.

Four men were sentenced last week at Coburg, Ont. to ten years imprisonment each, for outraging a woman.

The Dominion Government is considering the advisability of granting a bonus to the Civil Service at Christmas.

Hon. Alex. McKenzie is under medical treatment in New York being afflicted with partial paralysis and loss of voice.

About 300,000 bushels of Manitoba wheat have been brought to Ontario and Quebec this season by one firm of millers.

The Salvation Army in the United States has split into rival factions who abuse one another more than they do the devil.

Immigration returns shew the total settlers in the Dominion from Jan 1st to Nov. 1st to be 80,500, against 96,500 last year.

The annual meeting of the Moncton Cotton Co. was held last week, when the report of the directors was very satisfactory.

The brush factory of T. S. Simms & Co., St. John, N. B., employs 40 hands and turns out 400 dozen brushes and brooms a week.

Canada will not participate in the New Orleans exposition on account of the shortness of time for collecting and forwarding the products.

American beef in the English markets is now sold as Scotch, and as such brings four cents more per pound than under its true name.

A special cablegram says that Mr. Stephen is likely to succeed in his scheme for a line of steamers from British Columbia to China.

The date for the provincial convention and banquet to Sir John McDonald to be held at Toronto, has been fixed for December 17th and 18th.

Bombay cotton yarns have recently been shipped to Manchester to test the home market. This is carrying coals to Newcastle with a vengeance.

Mrs. Boutet, who poisoned Mrs. Savers, is to be hanged at Quebec tomorrow, the Governor General having refused to commute her sentence.

The downward tendency of the sugar market has at length received a check, and the price of raw sugar has advanced three-eights of a cent per pound.

Not a single orthodox Jew died of cholera either in France, Italy or Spain. Five died in Marseilles who habitually disregarded the hygienic precepts of their race.

A chinese doctor at Victoria, B. C., is reported to have accomplished some remarkable cures upon white men who were given up as incurable by the medical faculty of Victoria.

The Pope has approved of a division of the diocese of Three Rivers, Canada, by the creation of a new see at Nicolet. His holiness has appointed a new commissary apostolic to go to Canada.

A brakesman named Irvine Deacon, belonging to Shediac, was killed on the train at Hampton, N. B., on Monday. He leaves a mother and sister who were dependent on him for support.

A consignment of Canadian made tweeds and woollens has been made, we hear, per Grand Trunk, by the proprietor of the Lambton woollen mills to England. Should the shipment result successfully, others will be made.

Upon the report being published in Canton that Gen. Gordon had been killed, the Chinese squadron hoisted flags at half mast and fired minute guns. The garrison also paraded and fired a funeral volley in honor of his memory.

The Morning Post's Dongola despatch states that Gen. Wolseley has received a letter from Gen. Gordon dated Nov. 4th, confirming the massacre of Cols Stewart and Power and Mr. Herbin. Gordon says he is still able to hold out against the Mahdi.

John L Sullivan and Alf. Greenfield pugilists were arrested in New York on Sunday, charged with having arranged for a prize fight. They were discharged next day, the police being ordered to watch them that they did not go beyond the restrictions of the law.

The census of 1880 showed that Texas had over 4,000,000 head of cattle exclusive of all other live stock. The increase since then is estimated at 2,000,000 head, which makes a total of 6,000,000. An average of $25 per head would give a total valuation of $150,000,000.

Reports from up the Nile show that the Canadian boatmen are experiencing more difficulty in getting boats up the cataracts than they had anticipated. The muddiness of the water prevents them from seeing rocks. The difficulty at the Dal cataract however, is diminishing, and the flotilla's progress is likely to increase.

Messrs I. and F. Burpee, an old established firm of hardware merchants, of St. John, N. B., have failed. They are short $60,000 which Messrs Isaac and E. R. Burpee will make good to the creditors, although not legally bound to do so. The firm was composed of two young men to whose lack of prudence the troubles are attributed.

Cardinal Manning refuses to appear on the same temperance platform with Sir Wilfred Lawson, who recently ridiculed the Duke of Norfolk for taking his afflicted son to shrines and holy wells to implore Divine aid for his recovery. The United Kingdom Temperance Alliance fears that great losses to the cause will result.

Justin McCarthy, senr. and junr., members of the House of Commons, addressed the national Irish club of Birmingham last Sunday. Justin McCarthy, jr., said the Irish members of the House of Commons would not rest until they had parliament on College Green, Dublin, which he prophesied they would have within five years. Justin McCarthy, senr. said three of the most influential members of the government had declared in favor of the principle of home rule in Ireland, and he believed the English parliament would affirm that principle before five years had passed.

A Grievance.

To the Editor of the Herald.

SIR,—Permit me to offer a few remarks through the columns of your paper, with a view to remedy one of the many inconviences, which at present are a disgrace to the citizens of Charlottetown, namely, our post office. First let me ask who is responsible? Are our Dominion officials doing their duty, or are they aware of the condition of business at our post office on arrival and delivery of mails? If not, I beg to invite their attention thereto in order that they may improve matters if possible. It is a matter of surprise to me that the citizens of Charlottetown have patiently endured for nearly twelve months, and are still enduring such negligence on the part of the Dominion Government and their officials, until it has become a by-word to the public—yes, commented on by the press abroad. As a citizen of Charlottetown, and a supporter of the present Government, I am disgusted with the mean treatment we receive both in the conveyance and distribution of our mails, and it is the duty of every citizen to protest against a continuation of the present mode. It appears as though the public officials considered the citizens of Charlottetown natural born athletes, that on arrival of mails some hundreds of them assemble to receive their letters, when they are huddled together into an eight by ten room, through a space less than we are supposed to occupy in our last resting place. Females with a sense of propriety will not enter this bedlam, except of dire necessity, unless they are of the above described class. But once admitted they will find themselves as helpless as the *Northern Light* in the Straits of Northumberland in mid-winter, while their male companions are engaged in a mutual tug of war to receive their mails. I have