

# The Charlotte Town Herald.

NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, AUG. 21, 1901.

Vol. XXX, No. 33

## Calendar for August, 1901.

Day of Week	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
1 Thursday	4 51	5 11	6 11	7 11	8 11	9 11	10 11
2 Friday	5 11	6 11	7 11	8 11	9 11	10 11	11 11
3 Saturday	6 11	7 11	8 11	9 11	10 11	11 11	12 11
4 Sunday	7 11	8 11	9 11	10 11	11 11	12 11	1 11
5 Monday	8 11	9 11	10 11	11 11	12 11	1 11	2 11
6 Tuesday	9 11	10 11	11 11	12 11	1 11	2 11	3 11
7 Wednesday	10 11	11 11	12 11	1 11	2 11	3 11	4 11
8 Thursday	11 11	12 11	1 11	2 11	3 11	4 11	5 11
9 Friday	12 11	1 11	2 11	3 11	4 11	5 11	6 11
10 Saturday	1 11	2 11	3 11	4 11	5 11	6 11	7 11
11 Sunday	2 11	3 11	4 11	5 11	6 11	7 11	8 11
12 Monday	3 11	4 11	5 11	6 11	7 11	8 11	9 11
13 Tuesday	4 11	5 11	6 11	7 11	8 11	9 11	10 11
14 Wednesday	5 11	6 11	7 11	8 11	9 11	10 11	11 11
15 Thursday	6 11	7 11	8 11	9 11	10 11	11 11	12 11
16 Friday	7 11	8 11	9 11	10 11	11 11	12 11	1 11
17 Saturday	8 11	9 11	10 11	11 11	12 11	1 11	2 11
18 Sunday	9 11	10 11	11 11	12 11	1 11	2 11	3 11
19 Monday	10 11	11 11	12 11	1 11	2 11	3 11	4 11
20 Tuesday	11 11	12 11	1 11	2 11	3 11	4 11	5 11
21 Wednesday	12 11	1 11	2 11	3 11	4 11	5 11	6 11
22 Thursday	1 11	2 11	3 11	4 11	5 11	6 11	7 11
23 Friday	2 11	3 11	4 11	5 11	6 11	7 11	8 11
24 Saturday	3 11	4 11	5 11	6 11	7 11	8 11	9 11
25 Sunday	4 11	5 11	6 11	7 11	8 11	9 11	10 11
26 Monday	5 11	6 11	7 11	8 11	9 11	10 11	11 11
27 Tuesday	6 11	7 11	8 11	9 11	10 11	11 11	12 11
28 Wednesday	7 11	8 11	9 11	10 11	11 11	12 11	1 11
29 Thursday	8 11	9 11	10 11	11 11	12 11	1 11	2 11
30 Friday	9 11	10 11	11 11	12 11	1 11	2 11	3 11
31 Saturday	10 11	11 11	12 11	1 11	2 11	3 11	4 11

## "Imitation is the Sincerest Form of Flattery."

The best proof that

### MINARD'S LINIMENT

has extraordinary merits, and is in good repute with the public, is that it is EXTENSIVELY Imitated. The imitations resemble the genuine article in appearance only. They lack the general excellence of the Genuine.

This notice is necessary, as injurious and dangerous imitations have been produced, chronic inflammation of the skin, are often substituted for MINARD'S LINIMENT by Dealers, because they pay a larger profit.

**They all Sell on the Merits and Advertising of MINARD'S.**

One in particular claiming to be made by a former proprietor of MINARD'S LINIMENT, which simply is a lie.

### INSIST UPON HAVING MINARD'S LINIMENT,

MADE BY C. C. RICHARD'S & CO., YARMOUTH, N. S.

## Farm for Sale!

On Bear River Line Road.

This very desirable farm consisting of fifty acres of land fronting on "The Bear River Line Road" and adjoining the property of Patrick Moriarty and formerly owned by John Pidgeon. For further particulars apply to the subscribers, executors of the late William Pidgeon, or to James H. Reddin, Solicitor, Cameron Block, Charlottetown.

JOHN F. JOHNSON, F. F. KELLY, Executors.

## JAMES H. REDDIN,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

CAMERON BLOCK,

CHARLOTTETOWN.

Special attention given to Collections

MONEY TO LOAN.

## North British and Mercantile

INSURANCE COMPANY

ASSETS - SEVENTY MILLION DOLLARS.

The strongest Fire Insurance Company in the world.

This Company has done business on the Island for forty years, and is well known for prompt and liberal settlement of its losses.

P. R. I. Agency, Charlottetown.

HYNDMAN & CO. Agents.

Queen St., Dec. 21, 1898.

## FIRE INSURANCE,

LIFE INSURANCE.

The Royal Insurance Co. of Liverpool.

The Sun Fire office of London.

The Phoenix Insurance Co. of Brooklyn.

The Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York.

Combined Assets of above Companies \$200,000,000.

Lowest Rates. Prompt Settlements.

JOHN McRACHERN, Agent.

## FOR SALE.

The House and Lot at Head of St. Peter's Bay, lately occupied by Charles McLean, and adjoining the premises of Lesock Anderson, Esq.

This would be a good locality for a mechanic or for a boarding house. Terms easy. Apply to AENEAS A. MACDONALD.

Ch'town, April 10, 1901, if.

## A. L. Fraser, B. A.

Attorney-at-Law.

SOURIS, P. E. ISLAND.

MONEY TO LOAN.

AENEAS A. MACDONALD,

BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Agent for Credit Foncier Franco-Canadian, Lehigh Valley Fire Insurance Co., Great West Life Insurance Co.

Office, Great George St. Near Bank Nova Scotia, Charlottetown

Nov 992-1y

## Going Out of the Crockery - - Business.

We will close out our entire stock of

Crockery, Glassware and General Merchandise

At Great Clearance Sale Prices.

Bargains in Tea Sets, Dinner Sets, Toilet Sets, Lemon

ade Sets, Table Sets, Cups and Saucers, Parlor Lamps, Hall

Lamps, Fancy Goods, Silver Knives, Forks and Spoons &c.

Many lines at half price. All at sweeping reductions.

Stock must be sold at once as I am going out of the Crockery business. Book accounts must be settled at once. All the above goods will be sold for spot cash, therefore you can depend on getting bargains.

P. MONAGHAN, Queen Street.

## Light Weight UNDERCLOTHING For Warm Weather.

In Cotton, light, smooth and soft,

50 cents per Suit.

Nicely Finished Balbriggan, fine as silk,

90 cents per Suit.

Beautiful soft Merino,

One Dollar per Suit

Something extra fine in light weight natural wool, nicely finished, sizes up to 46.

Two Dollars per Suit.

GORDON & McLELLAN Men's Outfitters.

WE ARE Manufacturers and Importers

## Monuments AND Headstones

In all kinds of Marble, All kinds of Granite, All kinds of Freestone.

We have a nice assortment of finished work on hand. See us or write us before you place your order.

CAIRNS & McFADYEN, Cairns & McLean's Old Stand, Kent Street Charlottetown.

## Ants Make War Just Like Men.

Was it the attempted application of the doctrine of territorial expansion; was it a case of forcing a higher order of civilization upon an energetic and unwilling race; was it retaliation for real or fancied insult to national honor; was it, perhaps, because of an interest in the slave trade or a gold mine or a diamond field; was it any or none of these reasons that led to the terrific and decisive battles of which I was an interested witness some years ago? It will perhaps never be determined what were the causes underlying a struggle of three days' duration, marked by carnage, feats of strength and deeds of valor such as is rarely the lot of historian to record.

I was sitting one summer afternoon in the shadow of my cottage near a stunted lilac bush, when my attention was attracted to a horde of large black ants crawling a narrow roadway which lay between my house and that of a neighbor in the same yard. Their objective point, I soon perceived, was the foot of the lilac, the ground around which had been honeycombed by little red ants less than half as large as the others. There seemed to be an unusual excitement here. Possibly a sentry or scout had brought news to the colony of the approaching army. At first they were not being attacked unawares. The invaders were met near the foot of the bush, and the war was on. The battleground was confined to a space perhaps three feet square, but here among the hillocks and ravines in miniature, all the tragedies and triumphs of war were enacted.

There was at first arrangement and order when van met van, but the conflict soon resolved itself into a general cat-and-mouse-can encounter. Woe to the valiant lackey enough to get into the jaws of its larger foe. One closing up of those powerful instruments and a crushed, helpless mass was flung aside. The smaller, however, had the advantage both in numbers and agility, and fought in pairs or triplets. Thus, while the black ant generally killed one or more of its antagonists, it was itself doomed. The duration of a battle varied from five to fifteen minutes, when, all at once, hostilities would cease by the disappearance of the invaders to be as suddenly renewed later.

It was pathetic during these periods of truce to note the casualties and the movements on the fatal field. Busy little army surgeons, or possibly members of the Red Cross corps, hurried from one mangled body to another. Sometimes a feeble response on the part of the wounded soldier to the anxious inquiry of the redies was noticeable. "They make the church a house of hypocrites, in the eyes of critical observers, and cause genuine religion to be suspected. Two or three men in a community eventually cause widespread distrust. The world will judge from works, even when the judges themselves affect to believe that salvation is derived by faith alone. This is one reason among many why those who profess Catholic faith should be especially careful of their actions." No one is so constantly before the bar of public opinion as the Catholic Christian. The enemies of the faith are continually watching to catch him tripping. Whether willing or not to admit the truth, his critics know that he professes a purer religion than they. Other men, professing more worldly creeds may do things he can not dare. Because he professes much, much is expected of him. It is a pity all our people do not realize that this is true.

Commenting on the rapidity with which the heroes of the late war with Spain lost the halos with which the newspapers surrounded them when first they distinguished themselves, the Catholic Universe says: "And now every blessed Spanish war hero is mixed up in a squabble that would remind you of the preliminaries or aftermath of a prize fight. They call one another names and hurl epithets approaching the vulgar with an ease and fluency that can not be duplicated on the B'way or in Market Space. It looks just now as if all the King's horses and

That is what you should breathe through - not your mouth. But there may be times when your nostrils are so bad you can't breathe through it. Breathing through the mouth is always bad for the lungs, and it is especially so when your delicate tissues have been weakened by the atrocious condition of the blood on which catarrh depends. Alfred E. Vinson, Hiramstown, Pa., suffered from catarrh for years. His head felt bad, there was a ringing in his ears, and he could not breathe through one of his nostrils nor clear his head. After trying several catarrh specifics which he derived no benefit, he was completely cured, according to his own statement, by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Sarsaparilla. This great medicine radically and permanently cures catarrh by cleansing the blood and building up the whole system. Hood's Pills are the truest cathartic. No. 1

Catholics, there is a large element of common vanity. How should such cases be treated? By a ruthless application of the knife to the supposed pride and egotism that breed such a disposition? The young man is not usually humbled by a broadside of censure at his daring and imprudence and rashness in presuming to judge respecting things 'of which he knows nothing.' To one instance where a broadside of denunciation works a cure, it is possible to point out ten instances where such treatment drives the presumptions young man farther from the right moorings. Kindness is a more commendable method. Sinner or later the desirability and the necessity of religion will occur to the indifferent or the lukewarm man with a new force. He is not apt to embrace Protestantism, but is apt to return, if he moves at all, to the religion in which he was nurtured. There is a species of indifference and criticism which is peculiar to youth, which is evoked under certain conditions, and which, if lot alone, runs its course. This indifference or scornedness may be flattered by attention or irritated by adverse notice. The boy who has been away to college; or who has a turn for reading; or who has obtained a teacher's certificate; or who has mingled with non-Catholic company, sometimes betrays a tendency in this direction."

Again the New Century deplors the tendency of many Catholics to boast about the Catholicity of this or that celebrity. Our contemporary says: "The nobility of the Catholic is a spiritual nobility. It is above genius or worldly success. The 'Divina Commedia' could not save Dante, were he lacking in that 'good will' which attracts the grace of God. Martin Luther was probably the greatest genius of his time; an intellectual giant, a charming and magnetic personality, but his genius did not count, in the eyes of the Spouse of Christ, in comparison with the prayer of the simplest child who, in faith, knelt before the Blessed Sacrament. What is wrong with us, that we should take such a false view of the meaning of religion? What is wrong with our representatives in the press that they should paint us such blighted souls? It must be thoughtlessness on their part; it can be interpreted as a want of understanding that the kingdom of our Divine Lord is not of this earth. When we shall begin to value the Church for the number of 'prominent persons' that belong to it, we shall need a St. Francis d'Assisi even more than we do now."

"People who profess Christianity and do not practice it, do incalculable evil," says the Pittsburg Observer. "They make the church a house of hypocrites, in the eyes of critical observers, and cause genuine religion to be suspected. Two or three men in a community eventually cause widespread distrust. The world will judge from works, even when the judges themselves affect to believe that salvation is derived by faith alone. This is one reason among many why those who profess Catholic faith should be especially careful of their actions." No one is so constantly before the bar of public opinion as the Catholic Christian. The enemies of the faith are continually watching to catch him tripping. Whether willing or not to admit the truth, his critics know that he professes a purer religion than they. Other men, professing more worldly creeds may do things he can not dare. Because he professes much, much is expected of him. It is a pity all our people do not realize that this is true.

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all the King's men were not less adequate to setting up Hamplidy-Dumpty than we to gluing together the dismembered members of our vari colored heroes. The only hero left whole and entire appears to be Admiral Cervera, and he was defeated."

## Your Nose

That is what you should breathe through - not your mouth. But there may be times when your nostrils are so bad you can't breathe through it. Breathing through the mouth is always bad for the lungs, and it is especially so when your delicate tissues have been weakened by the atrocious condition of the blood on which catarrh depends. Alfred E. Vinson, Hiramstown, Pa., suffered from catarrh for years. His head felt bad, there was a ringing in his ears, and he could not breathe through one of his nostrils nor clear his head. After trying several catarrh specifics which he derived no benefit, he was completely cured, according to his own statement, by Hood's Sarsaparilla. This great medicine radically and permanently cures catarrh by cleansing the blood and building up the whole system. Hood's Pills are the truest cathartic. No. 1

## West Prince Convention. Large and Enthusiastic.

### SECRETARY'S REPORT OF PROCEEDINGS.

The eighth annual meeting of the West Prince Liberal-Conservative Association took place in the Orange Hall, O'Leary, on Tuesday, the 25th ult, at 2 o'clock p. m., Dr. P. C. Murphy, President, in the chair.

There were present a large number of delegates from all parts of the riding.

After the reading of the names of delegates and the minutes, the President read the following eloquent address:

### PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

To the officers and members West Prince Liberal-Conservative Association: GENTLEMEN—In approaching the discharge of my duties as presiding officer at the opening of the eighth annual meeting of the West Prince Liberal-Conservative Association, I beg to thank my fellow citizens of the Liberal-Conservative party of the riding of West Prince for the generous suffrages which last year elected me to this conspicuous position. My appreciation of that honor becomes all the more accentuated when I think of the magnitude of the achievements of the interests of what we believe a patriotic duty, which have been accomplished since our organization. It is a pleasant reflection, too, that instead of giving any evidence of retrogression or decay, the good work in which we, as an organized body are engaged, was at no time in our history more fruitful of beneficent results, or more suggestive of a vigorous vitality and steadfast aggressiveness than in the year just closed. The ennobling precepts of patriotic action, as enunciated by the great founders of Canadian nationality, whose names we delight to honor, are amongst us as perennial today as they ever were, and our earnest efforts as freely put forth against trickery and sham in public life.

The dread reaper has been at work, and we have to mourn the loss of our counsels and deplore the loss to our common country, and the Liberal Conservative party in particular, of one who for nearly four decades filled such a large part in the political and commercial history of Canada. It is needless to say I refer to the late lamented Hon. George W. Howland, to whose statesmanlike foresight and business acumen the riding of West Prince, which was the cradle of his political experience, owes so much. The name of Cyrus Shaw, Esq., is one that brings us memories of militant Conservatism guided by a bright intellect, whose light was extinguished in the prime of manhood since we last met. There are doubtless, many other gentlemen whose work is done and whose names are worthy of mention, the memory of whom we can best honor and perpetuate by a strict adherence to those principles for which their names have always stood as a synonym.

The results achieved in the year just closed must be a source of gratification and pride to you as they are productive of the highest optimism in me. We carried the banner to victory handieapped, though we were on a hard-fought field, and had the proud satisfaction of sending to the national capital, as our representative, that prince of Liberal-Conservatives, Edward Hackett, Esq. It is true we were less successful in a subsequent election held under the most unfavorable circumstances. We had our opponents playing with loaded dice, and the party disorganization attending a national victory for these same opponents to contend against. Notwithstanding these handicaps and every seductive while so well exercised by a corrupt government, our efficient secretary, Mr. Birch, with Mr. Baote and Mr. Barclay, made a gallant fight and have no reason to feel ashamed of the result. Following in the footsteps of a lamented sire, our first vice president, Joseph F. Arsenault, Esq., emerged triumphant from the general disaster that overtook our friends on that occasion.

When the people had time to reflect, however, the fighting instincts of our party were aroused; and you know the history of the bye-election in the old first district, when, what was supposed to be an invincible minister of two powerful governments, with a fresh portfolio in his pocket, nearly met his Waterloo at the hands of a gentleman from the

ranks of the party, was taken like Cincinnatus, from his plow to fight a patriotic war.

As indicated in my opening paragraphs, then, we have much cause for thankfulness, much cause for a buoyant hope in the future and much pride in the fact that we are a strong unit in that grand aggregation which cradled our country's infancy and watched with a zealous care its growth to vigorous nationality whose influence and potentialities for good in the great world no body can foresee.

It would be an unpardonable lapse did I not refer to the retirement of the veteran leader Sir Charles Tupper, and to the election of R. L. Borden, Esq., K. O., to the eminent position of leader of our grand old party in the House of Commons; and to congratulate our honored leader and the Conservative party on the happy choice. Worthy successor in a line of illustrious predecessors, we cannot but felicitate ourselves and the country that his great talents are placed at his country's disposal. With a prophetic vision we gaze into the near future and see him the honored Premier of Canada.

The following officers were then elected for the ensuing year:

President, D. P. C. Murphy, Tignish; Secretary, James E. Birch, Alberton; Treasurer, Thomas Alberton.

### 1st Vice Presidents—1st district,

James Barclay, O'Leary; 2nd district, John Forbes, Tyne Valley; 3rd district, Joseph F. Arsenault, Wellington.

### 2ND VICE PRESIDENTS

Pol No. 1, Donald McCarthy; 2, Joseph E. Richard; 3, Fiddle Peter Perry; 4, Patrick Fitzgerald, Waterford; 5, Joseph Barle, (Jarome) Little Tignish; 6, Norman J. Perry, St. Louis; 7, Patrick O'Brien; 8, James H. Palmer; 9, James P. Cunningham; 10, Alfred Wedge; 11, Jas. Gorman; 12, E. C. Maxwell; 13, Dominic Gallant; 14, Joseph Gillis; 15, A. A. McNeill; 16, John E. Morrison; 17, George Boulter; 18, Allan McPhee, J.; 19, Alexander MacDonald; 20, John D. Kirkide, Foxley River; 21, A. A. McCaul; 22, D. C. Ramsay; 23, John H. Yoo; 24, Marcelang Gallant; 25, John Trainor; 26, Jerome A. Arsenault; 27, Peter J. Cameron.

Mr. George R. Montgomery then in a few feeling remarks submitted the following resolution, which was seconded by H. B. Huestis and carried unanimously by a standing vote:

We, the Liberal Conservative party of West Prince, in annual Convention assembled, desire to place on record our appreciation of the great loss we have sustained in the death of the Hon. George William Howland, Esq., Lieutenant-Governor of this Province, and for nearly half a century connected with the public life of this County and Province, and Dominion. In the distinguished dead statesman we have lost a representative who in every way advanced the public interests of this Country strenuously and well for a great number of years; a man who was prominent in the ranks of the Island's best legislators, one who took high rank in the Councils of the Country in the larger Federal sphere, and later one who as Governor of this Province discharged his duties with the full acceptance of all, and won and merited every one's respect and veneration. It is therefore resolved that we do spread this resolution upon the records of our Association, that we extend our sincere condolences to his bereaved wife and friends, and that we publish in the press this testimony to his worth and merit.

Mr. Edward Hackett was then called upon and gave a very comprehensive account of the late meeting of Parliament; and before resuming his seat submitted the following resolution, which was seconded by Mr. Joseph E. Richard and carried by a standing vote:

We, the Liberal-Conservatives in annual meeting assembled, desire to express our sincere condolences and heartfelt sympathy with our honored President, P. C. Murphy, Esq., M. D., in the recent sore bereavement and great loss in the sudden and unexpected death of his beloved wife, and pray that the consolation of Divine grace may be extended to him and his dear little motherless children in this their hour of affliction. Mr. Joseph F. Arsenault was called upon and went fully into local politics, reviewing the political situation in an able manner, and proposed the following resolution, which was seconded by James E. Palmer and carried unanimously by a standing vote: We, the Liberal-Conservatives of West Prince, P. E. I., in annual meeting assembled, desire to extend our unanimous thanks to our worthy President for the efficient and able

(Continued on second page.)

THE HERALD

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 21st, 1901.

SUBSCRIPTION—\$1.00 A YEAR.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY

JAMES McISAAC,

Editor & Proprietor.

WHILE extremely thankful to those of our subscribers who have so promptly and so heartily responded to our call for funds, we have to express our regret that the contagion of their good example and generous impulses has not been more universal.

The Census of Canada.

Elsewhere in this issue will be found the official figures of the census of the Dominion taken during the present year. The small increase in our population for the ten years from 1891 to 1901 is certainly disappointing.

The table of relative populations in the cities in 1901 as compared with 1891, shows that Charlottetown increased 707 during the decennial period. The increase in the population throughout the Dominion has been principally in the cities, while the rural districts have gone behind in many places.

As we said in the outset every one was disappointed in the census figures; but none were more disappointed than the Government and their officials. They and their press had been telling us of the wonderful progress in the matter of immigration that had been going for the past few years, and they had been also telling us that the exodus had ceased.

thousands of Canadians who were abroad and who would have been counted in 1891 and 1891 were not counted in 1891. Moreover it is well known that our Grit friends raised a terrible hullabaloo at the small increase of population between 1881 and 1891, as shown in the census of the last named year.

The Census.

OTTAWA, August 16.—The population of Canada, according to the census of 1901, is 5,338,883, an increase of 505,644 in the ten years. The population of Canada in 1891 was 4,834,239, an increase of 508,429 in the ten years.

The first bulletin of the 1901 census was issued by the bureau this morning. It gives the population as above, with the explanation that the figures for a few districts being incomplete, have been estimated, while for the extreme northern portions of the Dominion, and the Yukon, the returns are not yet in.

The number of families in 1901 is 1,403,294. In 1891 the number was 921,643. The number of dwellings has increased from 877,586 to 1,006,625.

The most important showing of the census is the increase in the population of the province of Quebec, 132,439. The population of Ontario increased only 53,657; British Columbia increased 91,827; Manitoba 93,958; New Brunswick 9,830; Nova Scotia 8,720. P. E. Island decreased 8,200. The North West Territories increased 78,201.

Table showing population by provinces and cities for 1891 and 1901. Includes columns for Province/City, 1891, and 1901.

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Election Trial.

THE EVIDENCE.

James Livingston (sworn)—I live at Murray River. I voted for Mr. Bruce at the election. I don't know where he is now. He is sick. I don't know that he is well enough to come. I had a drink from Mr. Bruce's bottle. He gave me a flask the morning of the election and I treated an elector. I treated John Donnell the evening of the election. I am not sure that he voted.

Peter Matheson (sworn)—I live in Dover, Lot 63. I voted for Bruce at the election. I know Carter's name. I saw him election day. He overtook me on the road. I got a drink from him. James Livingston was on the sleigh with me. I did not get a drink from anyone else.

John Brown (sworn)—I don't know Peter Matheson. I don't know James Livingston. I don't know William McLean. I don't know William McLean. I don't know William McLean. I don't know William McLean.

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John A. McKenna Dead. (A Denison, Texas paper of a recent date contains the following. Deceased was the last surviving son of the late John Arnold McKenna, of Charlottetown.)

me a drink. I understood Noah Campbell carried the bottle. I gave all of the share of it. It is this way that all claim the bottle. I had a drink of Noah's, Fraser, handed the bottle to some one else in McDonald's yard at Montague. I live at Milltown. I voted for Bruce. I was at Montague the night before the election. I got whiskey in Isadore Martin's stable. I hardly know what I got. I went into the stable and I would say I was Isadore. I don't know where he gave me one bottle. There were some outside. There were Neil Matheson, Donald Matheson and Benjamin Davy. I voted and came home. I did not go down to the bridge election day.

Samuel McEwen (sworn)—I live at Headbush and voted at White Road Cross. I am not a property voter. I know Oswald Campbell to see him. I was in his company day of election. I was in company with Joseph McLean day before election. I got a pint of whiskey day before election. I was in a store at Montague. I got 50 cents to a fellow who bought a flask. Jonathan McLean went home with me. I don't know where he had it. I had part of that flask on election day. I treated Henry Matheson.

Malcolm McLeod (sworn)—I live at Milltown. Daniel McDonald was to my place on election morning. He said there was a bottle in the sleigh with him. I treated my father Angus McLeod. He is a voter and a Liberal. I don't know where he had it. I had the deed of it when Bourke voted.

The Herald's Scoop. No. 1. CONDUCTED BY TOM A. HAWKE. The flags of distress on the Examiner building still dangle in the breeze. Must be some trouble. Wonder what it can be?

Newfoundland should be asked to either enter the Canadian Confederation or else to kindly get out of the way of Canadian navigation. Canadian navigation has a bad reputation through the poverty of Newfoundland's coast protection, and we have plenty of that kind of poverty of our own.

A Seventh-day Baptist out in Omaha, Nebraska, comes out with the alarming intelligence that the end of the world takes place on the 13th of next month. What reckless carelessness on his part not to have warned the world sooner than this. Many had already gotten their supplies of food for the winter, and—BUT—it has always been said that the 13th was not lucky and who will defy it now?

A man in Kentucky got 30 bullets into him but it still alive. He is now more holy than righteous.—Exc.

The work of damming the Nile still goes on. An Exchange. The Nile that's away down in Egypt. No need to go so far. Take a walk down to Connolly's wharf some fine day and you'll hear what some of the dissatisfied Hillsborough bridge workmen have to say about our own lovely river. That's what we want to go.

His Lordship the Bishop who went to the Magdalen Islands on Monday of last week returned home today. He was pleased to state Rev. D. B. Reid, who had been for several weeks in the Charlottetown Hospital has so far progressed towards complete recovery as to be able to return home to Kelly's Cross on Saturday last.

George Bertram, census commissioner at St. John, N. B., informs the Globe of that city that he returned population of St. John 49,829, which is 118 more than appears by the census bulletin. If he is right, St. John is 48 ahead of Halifax, instead of 72 behind.

An Ottawa despatch says: It is possible J. M. Courtney, deputy minister of Finance, will be sent to England with the high commissioner as secretary and be succeeded by Mr. Rae, a Picton country man, and lately manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia at Charlottetown.

The steamer Yarmouth has been placed on the Charlottetown, Boston route to replace the Halifax. She arrived here Monday evening with thirty-one passengers and left on return yesterday with about the same number. The Yarmouth was built at Belfast in 1887. Her length is 230 feet 3 inches; the breadth 33 feet 2 inches; depth of hold 21 feet; net tonnage 725 gross tonnage 1432; the engines are 280 horse power.

C. M. H. A.—St. George's Branch, No. 852, C. M. H. A., organized at St. George's, Monday evening by Rev. Dr. McMillan, Grand Officer for King's County. The officers are as follows:—Rev. D. J. G. McDonald, Pres.; Angus H. McLellan, 1st Vice Pres.; R. H. McCormack, 2nd do.; Clement McDonald, R. S.; A. B. McDonald, F. S.; James Fay, Chan.; A. F. Macdonald, Grand; A. E. Walker, Mar.; A. Johnson, R. H. McCormack, R. Campbell, Gregory McLean, A. H. McLellan, Trustees.

The Prices. The market was not largely attended yesterday, and there are few changes to report. Potatoes are very scarce just now. In the market they retail from 50 to 60¢. The price paid by buyers is 40¢. Oats are 43¢. Pressed hay is \$9.00 per ton and straw \$6.50.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE. CRESCUS TO THE FRONT AGAIN. The trotting match between Crescus and Beulah at the end of the week in York, was won by Crescus. The time made by Crescus in the first heat was 1:10.4. In the second heat he made 1:08.4. In the third heat he made 1:07.4. In the fourth heat he made 1:06.4. In the fifth heat he made 1:05.4. In the sixth heat he made 1:04.4. In the seventh heat he made 1:03.4. In the eighth heat he made 1:02.4. In the ninth heat he made 1:01.4. In the tenth heat he made 1:00.4.

REAL ESTATE SALE. BUILDING LOTS AT SOURIS. The undersigned will offer for Sale by Auction, on the premises, at Souris, on Friday, Aug. 30 AT 11 O'CLOCK, A.M.

Meet Me at the Always Busy Store.

TRUNKS!

The quality, style and finish of our Trunks will be evident to everyone who looks at them. While they look well they are thoroughly up-to-date in every respect, strong too, they are doubly strengthened in every place where it is required.

Want a Trunk?

Come right here \$2.10 to \$12.00 each.

Stanley Brothers

West Prince Convention.

THE LATEST NEWS FROM OUR GENTS. Furnishing Department. We have just received a swell line of NECK WEAR, The Duke of York, The Outing Bow, Lombards, a large variety four in-hands and knots. Caps Just In From London, Pretty patterns, pretty shapes, F. PERKINS & CO. THE MILLINERY LEADERS.

REAL ESTATE SALE. BUILDING LOTS AT SOURIS. The undersigned will offer for Sale by Auction, on the premises, at Souris, on Friday, Aug. 30 AT 11 O'CLOCK, A.M.

They Help.

It is the little expenses that count. It is the small leak that sinks a big ship. Housekeepers can save quite an item in their Grocery bill by dealing at McKenna's. Everything new and fresh at the Corner Grocery. JOHN McKENNA. Trustees late Owen Connolly. Aug 21-21.

# GREAT REDUCTION SALE

## 25 to 33 1/3 per cent. off.

### During the Month of August WE WILL SELL ALL OUR

Clothing, Hats, Caps, Carpets, Oilcloths, Dress Goods, Millinery, Gingham, Cottons, Flannelettes, Blankets, Batchelers, Cloths, Capes, Jackets, Shirtwaists, Wrappers, Gents' Furnishings, Curtains and House Furnishings.

#### EVERYTHING MUST GO AT

## 25 to 33 1-3 per Cent. Discount For Cash Only.

Dig up your dollars and get them busy at

# Prowse Bros.,

The Wonderful Cheap Men.

"We treat you white, wherever you may hail from."

## Grocery Satisfaction

In this store means something more than simply **LOW PRICES**. It means strictly high-class goods—the guaranteed kinds. It means prompt attention, quick delivery. It stands for all you can possibly expect, from the best Grocery Store you ever heard of. Everything guaranteed to be the best of its kind.

Our Tea pleases many. It will please you.

**Driscoll & Hornsby,**  
Queen Street.

If You Want

# A WATCH OR ANY KIND OF JEWELLERY!

TRY E. W. TAYLOR.

Now is the time for Bargains.

**E. W. TAYLOR,**  
Cameron Block.

### LOCAL AND OTHER ITEMS.

The Maritime record for the broad jump was broken at North Sydney on Thursday by J. McDonald. His distance was 21 feet 8 inches.

Mr. J. W. McLeod, of Carvell Bros., had one of his toes badly crushed by the wheel of a gun carriage while at drill one evening last week.

FRANK STEPHEN, of Halifax, the fastest short distance runner in the Province is going out of training, and has retired from athletics for good.

The death occurred in Halifax last Wednesday of J. A. Leaman, the well known horseman, aged sixty years. He was worth a hundred thousand.

One thousand two hundred and fifty dollars are offered by the Charlottetown Driving Park in prizes for the races on the 11th and 12th Sept. next.

A RESTAURANT at Sydney, C. B., owned and controlled by J. J. Woods, formerly of P. E. Island, was broken into Saturday night and merchandise to the value of sixty dollars stolen.

An Ottawa despatch says: It is said Sir Louis David will remain in the Government until after the visit of the Royal Party. Then he will be appointed to the Supreme Court Bench.

Col. Dent, the officer in Canada buying horses for the Imperial Government, says that the price to be paid will be probably between \$80 and \$100 for colts, and from \$100 to \$120 for cavalry and artillery.

It is understood that the Canadian regiment to be sent to represent Canada at the King's Coronation will be organized in the same manner as the regiment sent to the Jubilee in 1897, but will be considerably larger.

The Government of Nova Scotia offers a bonus of a hundred thousand dollars for the establishment of a steel ship building yard, capable of building at least five steamers a year of the capacity of 2000 tons each, the company to furnish evidence of its bona fides and financial ability for carrying on the business.

The dead body of Ernest Young, aged 18 years, son of John Young, of Wood Islands, was found at Wood Islands breakwater last Wednesday. An inquest was held and a jury, after viewing the remains and hearing the evidence gave as their verdict, "That the deceased, Ernest Young, came to his death by accidental drowning off the breakwater."

The members of the P. E. Island South African Contingent held a meeting in the Magistrate's room on Thursday evening, at which it was unanimously decided that they should go to St. John, N. B., to receive their medals with the other members of Company G. A committee to complete arrangements was formed as follows: Capt. J. A. McDonald, Lieut. Lorne Stewart, Sergt. O'Reilly, H. H. Brown, Robert Cameron.

The militia department at Ottawa have almost completed details for the military reviews to be held in honor of the Duke and Duchess of York at Halifax, Quebec and Toronto. Gen. O'Grady-Haley will be in supreme command at all reviews. Col. Pallister will command the review at Quebec; Lieut. Col. Wilton will have charge of the artillery at Quebec; and Major Turner will command the cavalry; at Halifax Lieut. Col. Irving will be in command with Lieut. Col. Campbell, of St. John, in charge of the cavalry, and the Commanding Officer of Halifax battery in charge of artillery. The Fourth Regiment Canadian Artillery, P. E. Island, are slated to take part.

MANY of the greatest discoveries of the world have ever been made by accident, says the Pioneer. So was the following: An intelligent and thoroughly reliable resident of Summerside a few days ago accidentally spilled a mixture of sulphur and oil in a department of the cow's stable. The stable, like all others, had been full of flies, but after the accident they became conspicuous by their absence. Following up the hint he prepared a mixture of sulphur, kerosene oil and some coarseness of (any kind) will do) reducing it to the consistency of cream. This he applied to his cow, swabbing it on lightly with a cloth or sponge, and there has been no trouble with flies since. When the cow goes into the stable the flies leave. This mixture is inexpensive, and knowing the inventor to be thoroughly reliable we have no hesitation in recommending it.

A WINNIPEG despatch says there is no truth in the report that men are unable to obtain work in the wheat fields of Manitoba. Every man who wants employment can be placed, and thousands of them are already at work at good wages. Although there may have been a little congestion in some places owing to the great rush of harvesters, before the harvest actually began, the men find no difficulty in getting employment elsewhere, and in such instances they are carried free by the railways to other places where help is wanted. At most only a day or two in loss, and this only in exceptional cases. It is naturally inevitable that with so many thousands coming in a bunch every one could not be located instantaneously. Besides, all who came west were evidently not too anxious to go to work. The local government officials declare that no cases have come before them where men who were willing to work have been unable to find it.

This steamer Jacques Cartier, while on her way to Pughwash to bring over a party of excursionists to this city collided with the schooner A. Lincoln, at an early hour on Thursday morning. The accident occurred outside Charlottetown harbor between the blockhouse and the black buoy. The schooner is owned by Mr. Jardine of Crown Point, and was beached near Kippook. She was damaged considerably. The crew of the Cartier say that the vessel was running before the wind with a clear sheet, and appeared as if she intended to pass behind the Cartier. However, when about 100 yards away she changed her tack and came straight on, moving at about an eight knot rate. The bell was rung as a warning, but she still kept on her course, and before the accident could be avoided she crashed into the steamer at the forward hatch. A considerable part of the railing was torn away, and a large hole about five feet deep made in the side of the steamer. Two firemen who were emptying some ashes had barely time to escape—as it was the bucket they had was dinged against the schooner. After ascertaining the extent of the damage Captain McLean put about and returned to the city. She had had all the damages repaired, and is again running.

### LOCAL AND OTHER ITEMS.

Will the man who sent us his subscription to the Herald without sending his name or address kindly let us know who he is, and where he abides. His letter was postmarked "A. Hillon," and we want to give him proper credit on our books for his kind action.

The Canadian Press Association Excursionists have come and gone. They numbered 84 in all. At Summerside they visited the principal places of business, and on Saturday morning, took the train for York station, thence by teams to the Cliff Hotel, where they spent an enjoyable day. They spent Sunday in Charlottetown and crossed by the Princess on Monday. Although their stay was very brief, yet they all speak in the highest terms of what they did see.

The funeral of the late Mrs. John Trainor took place from her mother's residence, King street, on Sunday afternoon and was very largely attended. The cortege proceeded to St. Dunstan's Cathedral where the funeral services were performed thence to the cemetery on St. Peter's Road where an interment took place. Deceased was the only daughter of the late John McQuillan, and her death occurred at Kamloops, British Columbia, where Mr. Trainor is employed on the C. P. R., and the body reached here on Saturday. A disconsolate husband, two children and an aged mother are left to mourn. R. I. P.

A horse wearing snowshoes, and that in summer, is a somewhat unusual sight. Mr. Welcomes Thomas appeared in the street Monday with a horse equipped with a full set of shoes that were practically the same thing. The shoes consisted of an iron bound wooden plate about a foot in width, secured to the hoof by wooden claps. Mr. Thomas secured the model of the work was done by Mr. E. W. Parry. The horse was thus equipped to enable him to draw a mowing machine across the soft spots in the meadows of his owner, Bear River, N. S., Telephone.

While at work examining the oyster beds at Fullerton's Marsh, on Monday Morning, Inspector Kemp and Dr. Moore, of the U. S. fishery commission, together with the oysterman John Thomas and Collins were fired upon from the shore by a man named Boyer who thought they were fishing the oysters. No warning was given and the man blazed away, the shots narrowly missing the occupants of the boat, one grazing the mast of the boat just above the heads of the dismayed oystermen. They managed to get away and the man was given some sound talk by the Inspector.

The news of the accident to the C. P. R. train comprising the harvesters from the Maritime Provinces caused a great deal of anxiety among the parents and friends here as elsewhere. Fortunately for our Island boys none of them were injured. The accident occurred near Ingolf, about nineteen miles east of Winnipeg. The engine and five coaches were derailed, caused, it is believed, by a rail breaking under the engine. Two poor fellows were killed, Dan White, of Kent Co., N. B., and Donald McGuigan, of Galden, Minn., C. B. The following were injured: James Craig, St. Mary's, N. B., mill laborer, serious scalp wound, will recover; John McKinnon, laborer, George's River, C. B., little finger torn off; Arthur Langford, Bristol, England, knee-cap injured, lips split; Edward L. Kleyer, St. John, N. B., railroad freight clerk, left arm badly lacerated; Geo. McLeod, Port Morien, C. B., laborer, out and bruised; Jas. Little, Robert Forward and Geo. Porrier, addresses unknown in New Brunswick, badly injured but not serious; Martin Almman, George River, head badly cut; John Reed, Newfoundland, hand and leg injured; Thomas Corbett, mechanic of engine, Moose Jaw, leg amputated. The engineer's pluck, it is said, saved hundreds of lives. Wrecking trains with doctors left Winnipeg and Hal Portage on receipt of the news.

MR. JOHN A. SUTHERLAND, Mechanical Superintendent of the Hillsborough Bridge construction, met with his death in a terrible form late on Monday afternoon while at work on the dredge, on the southern end of the site of the proposed bridge. The engine which operates the bucket had not been working in a satisfactory manner, and a young man named Vandierstine was about to put some rosin on the friction of the gear-wheels. To do this he would have pushed a bar through the frame work, and Mr. Sutherland fearing that the young man might lose his arm undertook the task himself. The engine was running backward slowly while he was doing this, and he told Vandierstine to shut off the steam. This was the last thing he said, for the next moment his right arm caught in the arm of the hoisting drum, drawing the unfortunate man in slowly, and bringing his head in contact with the revolving drum, crushing in the skull. The engine could not be backed by steam as it would further mangle the body, and it was slowly backed by hand, and a crow bar was secured and used as a lever, and by this means the body was extricated. Apparently the deceased's elbow caught first. The cable connected with the bucket ran on the barrel of the friction belt, and the bucket was in operation only a few minutes before. As soon as the accident happened the whistle was blown for the tug William Aitken, and when she came alongside the remains were placed on board and brought to Connelly wharf. The coroner, Dr. Conroy, was sent for, and after he had viewed the body and ascertained the particulars of the accident he decided that an inquest was not necessary. The remains were reported to the undertaking rooms of Mr. J. R. Davison, whence they were sent to Watertown, N. Y., to the deceased man's home. Mr. Sutherland had been Mechanical Superintendent for Mr. Pease for some years, and had been engaged upon many public works in Canada. He was about 45 years of age, a widower and childless. His mother and sister are living at Watertown, N. Y. This morning the remains were borne from the undertaker's room to St. Dunstan's Cathedral, where the funeral service was performed by Rev. Dr. Morrison. The coffin was then replaced in the hearse and the funeral cortege returned and proceeded to the railway station, where the coffin was placed on board the west bound train on route to its destination. The funeral procession was very large, all the officials and employees of the bridge construction besides a large number of citizens being in attendance. The dreadful accident was a terrible shock to the community and produced profound sorrow among the associates and acquaintances of the deceased by whom he was highly esteemed. His aged mother and his sister have the sympathy of the community in their sore bereavement. R. I. P.

### In South Africa.

The War Office received the following from Lord Kitchener, dated Pretoria, Aug. 16: "While a party of fifty of French's scouts were proceeding to join a column near Bathesda they were surrounded in the hills by a superior force under Theon and surrendered. One was killed and three were wounded. Capt. Bethelheim dangerously." Lord Kitchener does not give the date, but the casualty list indicates August 8.

### Kruger in His True Light.

"The Conservative, of Nebraska City, Neb., of which J. Sterling Morton is the editor, had the following trenchant things to say of Mr. Kruger in its issue of Aug. 1: "Gradually the public are beginning to see Kruger in his real light. A stubborn, selfish, avaricious brute. With his twenty-five millions of political plunder he is safely hidden in Belgium, and refuses to listen to the pleadings of Mrs. Botha, who has come thousands of miles to advocate the cessation of a war that means only death and desolation to those who did not follow the cowardly president in his flight. Even his poor wife, who had honestly struggled by his side for years, was left to die alone amid the horrors of a useless and hopeless war. While his precious body and fortune are safe he cries frantically for all others to risk their lives and sink their all in the struggle. From the very outset of the trouble his obstinacy and covetousness produced, he never ceased to quote pious platitudes and plunder. At the first approach of danger he resigned his commission, but left not one dollar of his ill-gotten wealth to aid the cause he claims to represent. Benedict Arnold and Aron Burr at least had the imaginary or real excuse that their great services to the country had been required by neglect and abuse. Kruger was simply a South African populist who had the temporary power to attach by legislative robbery every species of successful enterprise within his grasp, corrupt enough to amass a fortune of \$25,000,000 in office, coward enough to flee, and audacious enough to pose as a standard bearer of liberty."

# Removal Sale!

In September we move to the building adjoining Norton's Hardware Store (Our old Stand.) We don't want to have to move much of our present stock. In order to make a quick clearance will give the following discounts:

- Boots and Shoes 25 to 50 per cent. discount.
- Ready-made Clothing 25 to 50 p. c. discount.
- Underclothing, Shirts, Collars and Ties 25 to 50 per cent. discount.
- Hats and Caps 25 to 50 per cent. discount.
- Cloths and Cottonades 25 per cent. discount.
- Clark's Spools, 200 yards, 4 cents each.

## Nothing Reserved.

This is the Best Chance of the Season, buy quick.

# J. B. McDonald & Co.

### ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE!

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed administrator "de bonis non" of the estate of John P. Sullivan, late of Head St. Peter's Bay, King's County, Merchant, deceased, intestate, and all persons indebted to the said estate are hereby required to make immediate payment to him at the office of McLeod, Morson & McQuarrie, Solicitors, Charlottetown, otherwise legal proceedings will be taken to enforce the same. Dated this sixth day of June, 1901. DANIEL SINNOTT, Administrator, &c. July 15-3mo.

# Suits.

WE KEEP

## Right to the Front

## Tailoring Trade;

But we do not charge high prices for our Goods—just enough to make you feel satisfied that you are getting the best value in town.

## Tweed & Worsted Suits

FROM \$14 UP.

# JOHN McLEOD & CO.,

Merchant Tailor.

# The Prohibition Act

Ain't effecting us a bit. The people are drinking harder than ever. They must be, for our sales are increasing every month. We don't fear the inspectors. The more inspectors that visit us the better we like it. We invite every one who likes a cup of good TEA to become an inspector of the quality of our

## "EUREKA" BLEND.

Temperance advocates will also find in it a mild and pleasant beverage. So many of our customers are acting as informers (we mean acquainting their friends of the good qualities of this Tea) that our sales are increasing on it continually.

## Price 25c. per Pound.

WE CARRY A FULL LINE OF

## General Groceries

Which, like our "Eureka" Tea, will stand inspection. We buy the best quality of everything we handle, having found from a long experience that it pays in the end to do so. Though having to sell at a smaller profit we hold our old customers and gain new ones; for a satisfied customer is the best advertisement a merchant can have.

We buy Eggs, Butter and Wool. We are agents for Mill View Carding Mills.

# R. F. MADDIGAN & Co

Lower Queen St., Charlottetown  
Telephone No. 28

# Great ALTERATION SALE NOW ON AT Weeks & Co's

Our whole stock thrown on the market at **25 to 33 1-3 PER CENT. DISCOUNT.**

Hundreds of customers have already shared in the bargains we are offering. Bargains for hundreds more.

All Dress Goods	25 p. c. off	All Millinery	33 1/3 p. c. off
All Cloths	25 "	Gents' Straws	33 1/3 "
All Trimmings	25 "	Gents' Furnishings	25 "
All Silk	25 "	Corsets	25 "
Ladies' Whitewear	30 "	Belts	33 1/3 "
Dress Muslins	33 1/3 "	Table Linen	25 "
Blouses	33 1/3 "	Sheeting, etc.	25 "

## All Staple Goods at Clearing Prices.

Sale for Cash Only

# Weeks & Co

Wholesale and Retail. | The People's Store.

## Blatchford's Calf Meal.

### THE ONLY PERFECT MILK SUBSTITUTE.

Calves can be raised on Blatchford's Calf Meal from a day old quite as successfully and more cheaply than on new milk. For sale, retail by all country merchants, and wholesale by

# AULD BROS.

Charlottetown.

Athletes, Bicyclists and others should always keep Hagyard's Yellow Oil on hand. Nothing like it for stiffness and soreness of the muscles, sprains, bruises, cuts, etc. A clean preparation, will not stain clothing. Price 25c.

GIVE THEM NOW.

If you have gentle words and looks, my friends, To spare for me—if you have tears to shed That I have suffered—keep them not, I pray, Until I hear not, see not, being dead. If you have flowers to give—fair lily buds, White roses, daisies, (meadow-stars that be Mine own dear namesakes) let them smile and make The air, while I breathe it, sweet for me. For loving looks, though fraught with dears, All kindly tears, though they fall thick and fast, And words of praise, alas! can naught avail To lift the shadows from a life that's past. And rarest blossoms, what can they suffice, Offered to one who can no longer gaze Upon their beauty? Flowers in coffins laid Impart no sweetness to departed days. —Harper's Weekly.

Blandine of Betharram.

BY J. M. CAVE.

(American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.)

(Continued.)

The contrast almost made her shiver aloud, for it was like bringing those terrible creatures in contact with her person. She shuddered at the thought of the involuntary recoil and shrinking, yet could not conquer the thrill of moral disgust she felt at the bare idea of such a thing. O something must be done to equalize things, or at least to make the dreadful difference less tremendous! She was determined now to perform some deed of atonement, to make reparation to some way for her luxurious life. But what could she do? Cross or cure in the world she had none—material cross or cure, he it well understood. What could she give? Money? gold? Quite useless here. Fill that leper's pocket with purest coin, what could it avail him on this earth? And still less could it advance him one step nearer heaven. And yet Madame Daore is yearning seriously, perhaps for the first time in her life of seventy odd years, for something not material, something not outside of herself, that she might offer up as a sacrifice or bear as her rightful portion of human pain.

Like many others who have come, like her, in the same frame of mind, to this holy shrine, she has forgotten that she has a human infirmity and a real one. But this infirmity has always been so skillfully disguised, so hidden from all eyes, so modified by every cooly aid known to existence, that very few suspected its existence, and hardly any one would believe that the wailing of that tortoise-shell fan, all set with gold, was not more for coquetry than use. Yet it held the little mechanism that conducted all the sounds that could reach her sense of hearing. Not even Madame's own children suspected the gravity of her deafness, however they might and did wonder at her irrelevant answers even to serious questions. Sensitive on the subject of her want of hearing, the poor lady often remained in complete ignorance of the meaning of the conversation that would have given her infinite pleasure. But pride would not let her betray the full extent of the corporal weakness that seemed to her a stigma of reproach rather than a precious little cross. She refused to learn the lesson while not admitting that pride had anything to do with her preoccupation as to hiding it, or her indignation if anyone spoke loud in her presence. It was hard not to hear the voices of her loved ones, especially of that son, so idolized and so worthy. She overheard every word that fell from his lips, and what reached other ears, and missed her own, was like a personal injury to her spirit. When she could keep Father Francis close to her side, and, fan in hand, artfully and unconsciously to all appearance, touch the tortoise shell to her still beautiful teeth, she was happy, and really another creature. No more random answers, no affectation, no flash of pride, and sudden turning away to avoid answers or explanations. She had prayed to be relieved of this infirmity and others had prayed for her intention, after human science had been vainly exhausted, and nothing better found by it than the mechanism concealed in her fan. But before the emptiness of the incense wards of city hospitals, spread out before her on the platform of the Grotto of Lourdes, before the overpowering horrors that assailed her sight, and choked her lungs,

and filled her whole being with loathing unspeakable, she had forgotten her one cross, till there came a moment when she wanted to hear as well as to see. Her spirit was seeking something of vital importance. She used her fan, she bent towards little groups, clattering around objects of interest. Now it was a pale young girl, risen as it were, from the grave, whose abiding eyes were returning the gaze of pale trembling lips tried to frame answers to a score of questioners, all speaking at once, all pulling at her garments, all striving by fair means or by force, to touch the miracle.

Now it is a tired nun, who is passing through the ordeal. She is not, indeed, cured, and thoroughly obliged, to have strength and patience to tell how many doctors had declared her case hopeless, how many remedies were tried in vain, how many years she languished, how many she lay helpless, how she bore the journey to Lourdes and how many times she had been plunged into the piscina before the final cure. She must reply or fall. No way to escape till the throng be satisfied on all these points; then she is allowed to go and kneel within the Grotto and thank her Blessed Mother, who has certainly sustained her through this arduous attack. Madame asks questions too. How can she help it? There is a child who cries out that he sees! He was born blind. O miracle of miracles! How can one not ask questions? Madame forgets her English reticence till, all at once, she perceives a group of tourists quizzing her. She drops her fan, and is her natural stately self in an instant. Do they fancy, those impertinent quizzers, that she is taking sceptical notes of the subjects around her? She contents herself with gathering the sense of what is passing, by observation alone.

From time to time the momentum of the compact throng is stirred as if by a ground swell. There are gesticulations, vociferations, shoulder to shoulder resistance, then an irresistible onward movement that bears still another miracle towards the Grotto railing. Sometimes a pair of crutches held high in air explains the commotion, or a pillow, borne on strong shoulders is hurried forward, and another ghastly face looks down upon the crowd, from the altitude of the shoulders, and their hospital bed, whereon sits, as on a throne, one who was put into the bath in a dying state, and who now sits smiling there, quite unconscious of his ghastly look. He is alive, he expects to live, and perhaps he will. Oh, the sun is shining down on a fearful sum of human misery to day! It really seems a crime to have no burden to bear, when these are so overladen. "What can I do for the little zeal I have felt for the good of such as these," asks Madame Daore? "And what shall I do to repair that other wrong I wrought, and which rises before me here, as never before." Thus far she had been reproaching herself for what she had not done, and what she had not suffered, forgetting how privileges of this kind are given or withheld by Providence. Now she begins to tell herself what she has done, she sees it, and sinks under it, at the very best place, happily for her; the feet of Mary Immaculate.

Now, as never before, Madame Daore's selfishness stands revealed before her, and beneath its weight she literally sinks down in the mud and dust. Mud and dust are always there on the platform before the grotto. Pilgrims bring plenty of dust to add to the home supply. And pilgrims must drink and carry draughts of the clear cold water to their friends and companions, and fill their cans and bottles for home consumption, and the volunteer sons and daughters of the regiment of "the Hospitality of our Lady of Lourdes" must distribute bidons of the miraculous water to the "worst cases" who are thirsty, poor souls, and in spite of their thirst, spill more than they swallow. Yes, there are mud and dust and scorching sun, and then wind too, at times—but the wind never comes for anything on pilgrimage days. "Braz croix," no matter how the pain pours, or the sun burns. And the mud and dust and sun had their own way with the penitent woman, kneeling close to the barrier, quite near the last row of "worst cases." She hardly knew where she was, as far as externals went, for a little while. She thought of the consequences of her vain ambition, and asked herself if there was no way at all by which she could restore to Antony what he had lost through her. And if there was, would our Blessed Lady show it to her? "A blind wife, through my fault, and even yet not sure that Margaret's unwilling consent will even be ratified, for it is only too evident, that she shrinks from burdening him with her helplessness."

The time

to fight consumption, with Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil, is long in advance. If it threatens, you can resist; and you may overcome it. Don't be afraid; be brave. But tackle it; don't waste time. Read for more details and see it, Scott's Emulsion, 100% PURE, 100% GUARANTEED, 100% SUCCESSFUL. Price 25c. All Druggists.

Ah! she thinks, if I could only give my deafness for her sight. She surely meant, if she could only keep her deafness, keep it even in an aggravated form, she would consent, yes, even though she were never again to hear the voice she loves best in the world. She would accept even that, to gain back the sight of those poor eyes, on which Antony gazed so fondly and so sadly. She knelt long, though pushed and crowded, tramped on and walked over, as one can only bear to be at Lourdes, and not turn to unjustifiable rage. Once she did raise her eyes, when too roughly pushed, with a look of silent expostulation, but the monochrome of one of the tourists returned her look, and she bent her head again quickly. She did not bear it, but the owner of the monochrome was humming low an opera air, in saucy, careless fashion, to which he adapted to the words gratia plena, insolently and irreverently. He bore the outward marks of a man of fashion, a grand seigneur. Plenty of eyes followed him with looks of admiration, and made way for him to pass, where they would have stubbornly opposed a priest or bishop even. Those who cultivate the philosophy of clothes make a great impression in throngs of this kind.

Madame was forced to rise at last for her position at the corner of the enclosure exposed her to danger. She succeeded with great difficulty in reaching the stone benches bordering the river, and there, just opposite the holy grot and the niche, she was fortunate enough to find a little place, in spite of the numerous candidates for such vantage ground. No doubt her age, her weary air, her rich but sadly disarranged attire, moved the hearts of the other aspirants for place. Madame accepted the courtesy without haste, thanked those who kindly made room for her, and took possession, only by kneeling and supporting her self against the seat. She had prayed until her heart had exhausted itself, and now, heedless of her rich garments she knelt, till another wave more irresistible than any she had yet felt, forced her neighbors and herself not only to rise from their knees, but to stand on the benches. She felt very uncomfortable in that sea of people, whose ceaseless surge ebbed and flowed with such force. She was arranging her bonnet and skirts as best she could, when the sound of a little bell told of an advancing procession. The advance escort came in sight at the same moment. A group of gentlemen of France bearing lighted tapers; some priests, a dais, and beneath it the Blessed Sacrament. The bell subsided, a path was made, by some, grudgingly enough, while others touched their foreheads to the ground in loving salutation. The clergy entered the grotto. The holy sacrifice of the Mass began. The long preparations were made to carry the Bread of Life to the famishing sick, so patiently waiting there. Never had one looked on, at least, been so profoundly moved as now, when she beheld our Divine Lord in the Sacrament of His Love, borne thus, and distributed thus, to the most wretched, the most hideously deformed, the most disgustingly diseased of His children. She thought of the power He had given into the hands of His priests, and a pang smote her heart at the recollection of how she had tried to deprive her own son of this surpassing grace. How she had tried to secure to him lands and castles and gold, everything, in fact, that could chain his soul to earth, rather than this open sesame to heaven. She is not accused; for God, in His mercy, frustrated her proud will.

There is a mist before her eyes, as she gazes upon the altar within the grot. Around it is a group of white surplined priests—and, yes! in spite of the mist, she sees her own boy, one of His accepted ministers. Who shall blame her, if she fancies she sees an aureole around his head? She sees that, to-day, around the head of every one of these consecrated brothers of his, laboring so uselessly for the outcasts of civilization. She begins to have a dim idea of what it really means to be a priest of God.

Now the venerable figure distributing the Bread of Life is very near to the spot where she kneels once more, close to the enclosure. She hears a voice say, quite distinctly. "That is Monsieur de Aix, that is Gouthie Soulard, the old hero." And she follows the speaker's admiring glance, and with him admires the handsome old prelate, crowned with his eighty odd years and with the invisible crown, earned by his dauntless courage in resisting aggression, in sacrificing everything, to uphold the dignity of Mother Church. From pallet to pallet, from carriage to carriage, from bench to bench he goes, no light labor; bestowing, with the blessing, a look of infinite pity and tenderness on each communicant.

"Why do they wish to be cured now?" the watcher asks herself. "If they have communicated worthily, why not choose to go to heaven, to shake off that horrible flesh, from their purified spirits?"

O my dear lady! they pray for life, because they have human hearts as tender, and perhaps tenderer than your own. And have they not eternally before them in which to rest? And have they not ties here below, as sacred as your own? And are they not even more tenderly cherished, because of their surpassingly heavy load? Ah, let them live! Life is His

NINE BOILS. FOUR RUNNING SORES.

The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. Some time ago my blood got out of order and nine large boils appeared on my neck, besides numerous smaller ones on my shoulders and arms. Four running sores appeared on my foot and leg and I was in a terrible state. A friend advised Burdock Blood Bitters, so I procured three bottles. After finishing the first bottle the boils started to disappear and the sores to heal up. After taking the third bottle there was not a boil or sore to be seen. Besides this, the headaches from which I suffered left me and I improved so much that I am now strong and robust again. Yours truly, Miss MAGGIE WORTHINGTON, Golaspie, Ont. Feb. 23rd, 1901.

gift, and they love it, hard as it is. And now—strange thing, indeed—it seems as if sounds had suddenly become louder and more intense. The air is filled with them. Great noise, loud voices, the rush of waters. Madame hears all these at one and the same time, and it bewilders and confuses her. It must be fatigue! A priest just then mounts the pulpits beside the grot, and she hears him say: "A chaplet of thanksgiving for a remarkable cure." (To be continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Only a Mask.

Many are not being benefited by the summer vacation as they should be. Now, notwithstanding much outdoor life, they are little if any stronger than they were. The fan on their faces is darker and makes them look healthier, but it is only a mask. They are still nervous, easily tired, upset by trifles, and they do not eat nor sleep well. What they need is what tones the nerves, perfects digestion, creates appetite, and makes sleep refreshing, and that is Hood's Sarsaparilla. Pills and foodstuffs generally will find the chief purpose of the vacation best subserved by this great medicine which, as we know, "builds up the whole system."

Richards' Headache Cure, 12 doses, 10 cts.

There was a very little boy wading up to the ankles in muddy water one afternoon. "Why aren't you at school, young man?" asked the passing gentleman. "Cos I've got the whooping-cough," he exclaimed.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

"That is a pretty big buckwheat cake for a boy of your size," said papa at breakfast to Jimmie-boy. "It looks big," said Jimmie-boy, "but really it isn't. I've got lots of porcupines in it."

If you take a Livers-Liver Pill to-night before retiring, it will work while you sleep without a gripe or pain, curing biliousness, constipation, dyspepsia and sick headache, and make you feel better in the morning.

Harry one day climbed up in a parlor chair, in order to reach something he wanted. "Don't get up in that chair with your feet, Harry," exclaimed his mother. "I jist have to wash 'em," replied the little fellow. "I can't take my feet off."

Passed 15 Worms—I gave Dr. Low's Worm Syrup to my little girl two and a half years old; the result was that she passed 15 round worms in five days.

Mrs. B. Roy, Kilmarnock, Ont.

"Come, Bob, get up," said an indulgent father to his hopeful son the other morning. "Remember, it's the early bird that catches the worm."

"What do I care for worms?" replied the young hopeful. "mother won't let me go a-fishing."

Richards' Headache Cure contains no opiate.

BRITISH TROOP OIL LINIMENT FOR Sprains, Strains, Cuts, Wounds, Ulcers, Open Sores, Blisters, Stiff Joints, Stings and Stings of Insects, Coughs, Colic, Constipation, Cereb, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Croup, Sore Throat, Quinsy, Whooping Cough and all Painful Swellings. A LARGE BOTTLE, 25c.

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS FOR WEAK PEOPLE

These pills are a specific for all diseases arising from disordered nerves, weak heart or watery blood. They cure palpitation, dizziness, smothering, faint and weak spells, shortness of breath, swellings of feet and ankles, nervousness, sleeplessness, anæmia, hysteria, St. Vitus' dance, partial paralysis, brain fog, female complaints, general debility, and lack of vitality. Price 50c. a box.

MISCELLANEOUS.

M. s. Battle—Oh, Mr. Cadleigh told me he thinks I sing beautifully. Miss Digg—Isn't he too sensitive for anything!

Backache, sidache, swelling of feet and ankles, puffing under eyes, frequent thirst, scanty, cloudy, thick, highly colored urine, frequent urination, burning sensation when urinating. Any of the above symptoms lead to Bright's disease, dropsy, diabetes, etc. Dan's Kidney Pills are a sure cure for all kidney diseases.

"You don't mean to say she has accepted him? He isn't at all her idea!"

"We'll, it didn't take her long to choose between a fiance in the hand and an ideal in the bush."

Richards' Headache Cure gives instant relief.

"You look nice enough to eat," he said admiringly.

"Ah, now that you mention it," she replied, "I wouldn't mind eating a little ice cream."

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

She—I'm sure, Mr. Goodby, there are many girls who can make you far happier than I could.

He (deftly)—That's the trouble; they could—but they won't.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Dear Sirs,—I have great faith in MINARD'S LINIMENT, as last year I cured a horse of Ringbone with five bottles.

It blistered the horse, but in a month there was no ringbone and no lameness.

DANIEL MURKISON, Four Falls, N. B.

"Mary, go into the sitting-room, please, and tell me how the thermometer stands."

Mary (after investigation)—It stands on the first mantel-piece, just agin the wall, ma'am!

A Red Hot Season.

During the hot summer season the blood gets over-heated, the drain on the system is severe and the appetite is often lost. Burdock Blood Bitters purifies and invigorates the blood, tones up the system, and restores lost appetite.

Willie Littleboy—Papa, what is a tear?

Papa—A tear, my son, is a Russian potentate almost entirely surrounded by assassins.

SO-CALLED STRAWBERRY COMPOUND

ONE NOTHING MORE OR LESS THAN RANK IMITATIONS.

THE GENUINE IS

DE FOWLERS' EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY CURES

Dysentery, Dysentery, Colic, Cramps, Pains in the Stomach, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum and all Summer Complaints. Safe, Reliable, Harmless, Effectual.

HAS NO EQUAL DE FOWLERS' EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY HAS NO EQUAL

MID-SUMMER Finds us with the Largest Stock of Up-to-date FURNITURE Ever seen in Charlottetown. We are able and willing to make prices interesting. MARK WRIGHT & CO., Ltd.

Home-Made Ready-Made — IS THE — Best Made Clothing. Pure all wool Black Worsted Suits \$12.00 Pure all wool Blue Serge Suits 10.50 Imported Worsted Suits 8.00 Imported Serge Suits 8.50 Youth's Blue Serge Suits, sizes 32 to 35, long pants 6.25 D. A. BRUCE.

Lawn Mowers ICE CREAM Freezers Oil Stoves Very Cheap Fennell & Chandler THE STOVE MEN.

GET YOUR Money's Money's Worth! THAT'S THE WAY TO LOOK AT IT. Always see that you get your money's worth. In buying CROCKERY YOU CAN'T HELP SEEING that you are getting your money's worth when you purchase the goods from W. P. COLWILL. Sunnyside, Charlottetown.

HAMMOCKS The hot weather is now upon us. To have Cool Comfort You need one of our "Solid Comfort" HAMMOCKS. We have the best \$1.00 Hammock that it has ever been our pleasure to show. Large Pillow, strong and comfortable, and large enough too. Also Hammocks at \$1.50, 1.75, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00, up to 5.00 each. Geo. Carter & Co. IMPORTERS.

Lime Juice Lime Juice is one of the most wholesome and refreshing summer beverages. We have just opened a cask of very fine West Indian Lime Juice Which we can recommend as strictly first-class. We offer it for sale at the rate of 15 cents a pint or 20 cents a bottle. We have also the Montserrat Lime Juice in Pint bottles.

BEER & GOFF GROCERS. ! SAY! If you want to buy a SATISFACTORY pair of BOOTS - SHOES or anything else in the FOOTWEAR line, at the greatest saving price to yourself, try— A. E. McRACHEN, THE SHOE MAN, QUEEN STREET.

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