

The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 18, 1901.

Vol. XXX, No. 37

Calendar for Sept., 1901.

MOON'S CHANGES.
Last Quarter, 5th, 9h. 27m. m.
New Moon, 12th, 5h. 18m. evg.
First Quarter, 20th, 9h. 23m. m.
Full Moon, 28th, 1h. 38m. m.

Day of Week	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun
1 Sunday	5 30 6 28	11 11 12 47						
2 Monday	31 26 1 11	13 34						
3 Tuesday	32 24 1 47	14 23						
4 Wednesday	33 22 2 21	15 31						
5 Thursday	34 20 2 58	16 47						
6 Friday	35 18 3 46	18 07						
7 Saturday	37 16 4 56	19 27						
8 Sunday	38 14 6 28	20 38						
9 Monday	39 12 7 47	21 34						
10 Tuesday	41 10 8 55	22 18						
11 Wednesday	42 8 9 55	22 57						
12 Thursday	43 6 10 56	23 32						
13 Friday	45 4 11 42	24 12						
14 Saturday	46 2 0 04	25 20						
15 Sunday	47 1 0 34	25 57						
16 Monday	48 5 59	1 02	26 34					
17 Tuesday	50 7 1 26	14 13						
18 Wednesday	51 6 3 46	14 54						
19 Thursday	52 5 6 25	15 40						
20 Friday	53 4 9 50	16 21						
21 Saturday	55 4 9 31	17 49						
22 Sunday	56 4 7 44	18 59						
23 Monday	58 4 5 45	19 58						
24 Tuesday	59 4 3 13	20 59						
25 Wednesday	6 0 4 1 28	21 42						
26 Thursday	1 59 9 30	22 21						
27 Friday	2 38 10 34	23 58						
28 Saturday	3 35 11 13	23 34						
29 Sunday	4 33 11 57	24 01						
30 Monday	6 5 1 0 06	12 18						

Imitation is the sincerest Form of Flattery.

The best proof that
MINARD'S LINIMENT
has extraordinary merit, 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.

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CH/ town, April 10, 1901 ft.

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WHY? Because we buy the best goods, and employ only Experienced Custom Tailors to make it; it is made on the premises under the superintendence of Experienced Outfitters. There is no house in the trade more able to sell good clothing than we are, and we invite you to inspect our stock.

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To Niagara Falls and Back

August the 24th was a charming day, with clear blue sky, bright sun and a refreshing breeze. Passing from Charlottetown to Summerside, over the P. E. Island Railway, a delightful view of hill and dale is presented and interesting scenes in or agricultural activity were viewed on every hand. The harvest was at different stages of progress; fields of golden grain still waved in the morning sunlight; other fields were just then falling before the sharp edge of the reaper, while in others still, the stocks proclaimed that the work of the reaper and binder was complete. But the paroled appearance of the meadows showed the effects of continued drought. At Summerside the splendid steamer Northumberland and her gallant commander awaited the passengers. The crossing, on such a day, on the admirably appointed Northumberland in charge of the accomplished, portly and warm-hearted Captain Cameron, was an ideal one. The genial and courteous Parser Ryan lent his aid in making the trip agreeable, and the excellent dinner served on board proves that Seward Collings has lost none of his cunning as a cook's eye of choice viands. At Point du Chene a tremendous throng of men, women and children awaited the arrival of the steamer. It was soon learned that a picnic of the employees of the Intercolonial Railway, from Moncton, was on hand, and that the picnicers were to be taken out into the straits by the Northumberland for a couple of hours. It took some forty cars to convey the pleasure seekers from Moncton to Point du Chene. From Point du Chene to Moncton the distance is less than twenty miles.

Moncton derives its importance from being the head-quarters of the Intercolonial Railway; the head-quarters of the Canadian Government railways. Here are the mechanical shops and here the general offices. The Intercolonial, with the P. E. Island Railway embraces some sixteen hundred miles of railway. The general manager of Government railways, the accomplished and courteous D. Fothergill, Esq., resides at Moncton. All having business of any kind with the road may expect to receive at his hands the utmost courtesy and consideration. Under him is a large staff of competent officials. The efficient general passenger and ticket agent is Mr. J. M. Lyons, a gentleman of charming manners. Moncton has the distinction of being a point of vantage for the observation of the "Bore," as is called that peculiar tidal phenomenon that daily presents itself in the estuary of the Petitcodiac River. The ebb of the tide leaves the river bed almost completely devoid of water, and vessels astir while the ebb is high and dry on platforms many feet above low water mark. Presently the tide comes in as a wall of water many feet in height, making a tremendous roar as it moths along. This noise is what gives it the name of "Bore." The total rise and fall of the tide is in the vicinity of thirty feet. The "Brunswick," conducted by Mr. McSweeney, is a well known and popular hotel; it is convenient to the railway station and is well patronized by Island visitors to Moncton. Mr. Boyd, editor of the Moncton Times, always has a friendly greeting for any Island friends that call upon him.

From Moncton to Montreal, a distance of about 240 miles, the Intercolonial traverses a most interesting country. In the vicinity of Bithurst, in New Brunswick, the road comes in sight of Baie de Chaleur along which it runs for some distance. Beyond this beautiful sheet of water, jets out the Gaspé Peninsula which is styled "the land of bold and impressive scenery." Now the road runs through the Metapedia valley and enters the famous salmon and trout fishing region. In this famed region is included the Metapedia River in the Province of Quebec, the Cascopegia and other streams in Gaspé, and Restigouche, Megallowick and Miramichi in New Brunswick. The Restigouche is the boundary line between New Brunswick and Quebec. A short distance below Rimouski, the St. Lawrence comes into view, and from there to Quebec the road skirts the banks of the mighty river. This is a most interesting country, towns and villages appear every six or eight miles and in every one of these the most noticeable object is the Catholic church, with its cross-crowned spire. These churches are of stone for the most part, and in many cases are of magnificent proportions. They are built of granite boulders which are found in great abundance all along this region. In most cases the stone necessary for the edifice is found within a very small radius of where the church is built. On

the opposite side of the St. Lawrence, the scenery is for the most part bold and precipitous, here the mountains of the Laurentian range show themselves. Shortly before coming to Lewis, opposite Quebec, the falls of Montmorency come foaming down two hundred feet, just peeping out from behind the Island of Orleans. The dear old city of Quebec looms up proudly on its rock-bound eminence, a landmark indelibly fixed in the memory of everyone who has once seen it. After leaving Quebec the railway in a short time "pulls away from the river and traverses a, by no means uninteresting region of country. As it approaches Montreal, however, it passes through a most beautiful and fertile agricultural region. From St. Hyacinthe to Montreal seems to be a land of wealth if not of luxury. The crops seem to have been most abundant, and the second growth of clover appeared almost fit for cutting. The cattle feeding in this rich grass might well be said to be "in clover." The wonderful Victoria bridge is crossed and the traveller finds himself in the great city of Montreal. Before parting with the Intercolonial it is due to say that the service between Moncton and Montreal is splendid. It is a complete vestibule train, with sleepers, dining cars and everything complete. Excellent time is made and the officials are most courteous and attentive.

Of Montreal, the great commercial metropolis of Canada, it is impossible to speak at any length in this brief notice. Suffice it to say, that, as all who visit it know, it is second to no city on the American continent, in architectural magnificence, the grandeur of its churches, the number and equipment of its educational institutions and the growth and solidity of its commerce. Montreal is the head quarters of the G and Trunk Railway system. Passengers arriving by the Intercolonial Railway at Windsor street station, leave from the same station on the trains of the Grand Trunk Railway, for Toronto and all interesting stations in Ontario, for Chicago, Portland and numerous other places in the United States and Canada. A train called the "International Limited," leaves Montreal daily at 9 o'clock a. m. and runs through to Buffalo, N. Y., stopping at only the principal stations along the route. This is a magnificent train and travels at a very rapid rate of speed. It is a complete vestibule train, with palace cars, dining cars and everything complete. The trains on the Grand Trunk Railway for Toronto and other parts of Ontario cross the St. Lawrence on the great Victoria bridge, called since it has been remodelled, the Jubilee Victoria bridge. They then run along the northern bank of the St. Lawrence river, until it joins Lake Ontario at or near Kingston. The road then continues along the right bank of the lake till Toronto is reached. Thence follows the course of the lake to Hamilton at the head of Lake Ontario. From here the road comes back on the opposite side of the Lake to Niagara Falls. The distance from Montreal to Niagara Falls by this route is about 400 miles and by the "International Limited," the journey is made in 24 hours, a rate of about 42 miles an hour. From Charlottetown to Niagara Falls by the Intercolonial and Grand Trunk is about 1,140 miles. The scenery along the route from Montreal to Niagara Falls, although not of a very extraordinary character, is pleasing and interesting. The road, for the most part, traverses a fine farming country and at the same time passes through or comes in touch with a large number of the most important cities and towns of the Province of Ontario. Corn is grown much more abundantly all through the Province of Ontario than is the case with us. Rye-wheat seems also to be cultivated to a very considerable extent. They would appear to have been much more favored with rains or moisture of some kind than this Province has been during the summer; for their meadows from which the hay has been cut have grown a beautiful and abundant second crop of clover. The luxuri-

ance of this second clover crop is most noticeable and the cattle feeding in these fields should certainly yield an abundant milk supply. With all this luxuriance of crop, the farmsteads, taken as a whole, do not present so attractive an appearance as those of Prince Edward Island. There seems to be an aversion to the white wash brush. The barns and out-buildings are almost invariably totally devoid of any appearance of paint or white wash. In many cases this holds good also of the houses. It is true that in many places there are fine brick farm houses, and sometimes stone houses; but even in these instances the barns seem to be left to the mercy of the weather, without paint or white wash. The first town of importance at which the limited stops is Cornwall. There is here a junction from which trains go to Ottawa and other places. Prescott is a town of considerable importance. Directly opposite Prescott on the other side of the St. Lawrence is the city of Ogdensburg, in the state of New York, a ferry connects the two cities. At Brockville there is a junction whence trains by the C. P. R. go to Ottawa. Historic Kingston is also touched, so are Billville, Port Hope and Coburg. The great city of Toronto, the capital of Ontario is passed through, and so is Hamilton at the head of Lake Ontario. From Hamilton to Niagara Falls the road traverses a most interesting section of country. This is the great fruit growing region of Ontario. For miles the train passes through the centre of orchards, where apples, peaches, pears, grapes and other fruits are cultivated in abundance. Reports say the yield of fruit this season is not good. That may be; but it does not detract from the interest and beauty attached to this charming section of country. After passing through this continuous orchard the train arrives at the town of Niagara Falls. The very name of this place conveys an idea of stupendous and magnificent natural scenery. Niagara Falls have often been described as follows: "It is safe to say that no description have done, or can do, the scene justice. These stupendous cascades, where the immense volumes of water forever tumble from their lofty abutments may well be set down as one of the great wonders of nature. More than that the writer will not say. The return to P. E. Island was by the same route as that traversed going to Niagara Falls. The writer begs to return his grateful thanks for courteous treatment on all the lines over which he traveled.

M.
Bishop Metz of Denver has been making a visitation of his immense diocese, and the Denver Catholic writes, apropos: "Few people understand the amount of work required from the bishop in a diocese of the size of Denver. By taking a map of Colorado and following the route of the Bishop one gets an insight into part of it. In Colorado, as in the other states of the Union, the Catholics are of numerous nationalities. The Bishop addresses each congregation in its own tongue. Incidentally, in our account, is mentioned the Bishop addressing congregations in English, Spanish and German, and we may state here that French and Italian are also spoken by him."

It may be necessary for even some of our Catholic women to keep this fact in mind, stated by the Catholic Record: "Whoever rights woman has today she owes to Catholicity. The Church has defended her, and safeguarded her education, morally and intellectually, throughout the centuries; and today, when the disintegrating agents, through social and pecuniary reasons, to grapple with the divorce evil, the Church is at the forefront protesting it from the defiling touch of legalized lust. The historian Von Moller says that if the Pope could hold up no other merit than that which they gained by protecting monogamy against the brutal lusts of those in power, notwithstanding bribes, threats and persecution, that alone would render them immortal for all future ages."

Thirty years ago Iggo, on the west coast of Africa, could scarcely number twenty Catholic people. Now it contains 6,000 African Catholic laymen, two large churches, four schools and a high school. So unhealthy for Europeans is the locality, however, that the Lagos cemetery already contains the graves of some forty priests and nuns who have laid down their lives in the effort to convert the natives.

An interesting item of information to Irish Catholics is the announcement that the canon's vision of Oliver Plunkett, Archbishop of Armagh and primate of Ireland, is now in the advanced stage at Rome and is expected to take place at an early date. The illustrious prelate fell a victim to Cromwellian ferocity and died a martyr to faith and country during that gloomy period when freedom of conscience was forbidden by British law.

In September, 1902, the Irish Christian Brothers will celebrate the centenary of the foundation of their institute.

Father Karner, who is assisted financially in his underground excavations by the Austrian Imperial Academy of Science, reports that he has discovered in Belle, in Hungary, an artificial cavern of large size, with rooms, passages and steps. From writings and cuttings on the walls it appears that in 1626 many Hungarian nobles took refuge here. A woman's name, with the date 1738, is also visible. On the ground, in the lowest vault, a prehistoric urn, with fragments of other ancient vessels, was found, showing that the cavern had been occupied in ancient times.

A gentleman of Lennoxton, Scotland, recently invited the children of the village, save and except those attending St. Machan's school, to the Glasgow Exhibition. Another Protestant gentleman, Mr. Oliphant Brown, of the Celtic print-works, near Lennoxton, having heard of this, had all the Catholic children brought to the exhibition at his own expense.

The Catholics of Holm, in Huntingdonshire, England, live in a scattered parish extending over a wide area. To enable them to attend divine worship a floating church is towed along the extensive canal system of the district, stopping at a different station each Sunday. It is a flat-bottomed lighter, the interior being thirty feet long and the height only seven feet, owing to the lowness of the canal bridges.

In an interview with a representative of the "Echo de Paris," the superior of the Abbaye de Ligues, in the vicinity of Poitiers, Dom Besse, declared that the Benedictines were firmly resolved never to demand the authorization of the State. He was quite sure that the Benedictines of the Abbaye de Solemes and all the Benedictines established in France would adopt the same attitude. As for the date of their departure it was uncertain, but Dom Besse had warned the workmen of the Benedictine printing office that in two months their services would no longer be required and that they must seek employment elsewhere. Being asked to what country the Benedictines would emigrate, Dom Besse said that though they possessed establishments in Spain, the situation there was too uncertain, and they would go to either Belgium or England. In any case it would not be difficult for them to find a home. If France expelled her sons, there were numerous foreign governments that would welcome them. The Benedictines had already received various offers and could make their choice. In conclusion, Dom Besse affirmed that the Benedictines were not in despair, because the persecution on religion was a sure pledge of its prosperity.

The Paris correspondent of the "London Daily Chronicle" has had an interview with a prominent Jesuit, the general drift of which he has just put before the readers of that paper. Reference was made to the Associations' bill, but evidently the Jesuit Order has no fear of it. At least the father in this case said he had declared that even if the French Government decided to banish the society, the expulsion would be merely formal. In fact, the effect of expulsion would seem to be that the order grows in influence and numbers. On a certain memorable occasion, when the order was disbanded, its members were received by Frederick the Great of Prussia and even by the terrible Catherine of Russia. M. Jules Ferry decreed the society off the face of the earth, with the result that the number of novices belonging to it in France has doubled since his time. The Jesuit father claimed that the members of his order are essentially patriotic and of the soil. Thus he maintains that the members of the British province are essentially "John Bullish," while no more typical smart Americans can well be found than the Jesuits of the United States. The Jesuits of the Irish province are of the richest. As regards the Jesuits in France, the father ventured to prophesy that they would neither decrease nor depart. "We began," he said, "on the hill of Montmartre, and we shall remain within the sound of the 'Marianne'."

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THE HERALD
WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 18th, 1901.
SUBSCRIPTION—\$1.00 A YEAR.
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JAMES MCISAAC,
Editor & Proprietor.

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Opinions that Agree.

MR. TARTE, Minister of Public Works in the Laurier Government, telephoned "Master of the Administration," no doubt feigns a high opinion of his political chief; otherwise he would hardly be expected to occupy a place in the Cabinet. But the Minister of Public Works did not always place a high estimate on Laurier's ability. When he was plain Wilfrid Laurier and had no cabinet position to bestow, and when Mr. Tarte was not one of his political followers, the latter placed on record his opinion of the then aspirant for political preferment and present Premier of Canada, and we must assume that this opinion was candid in as much as it was not expressed in the hope of political reward or extorted through fear of political revenge. Quite recently another able and observant journalist has candidly expressed his opinion of Sir Wilfrid. This opinion has been reached after mature deliberation and after learning by experience whereof he speaks. This latter opinion is that of Mr. Richardson, former Liberal member of Parliament for Lisgar Manitoba, whose open letter to Sir Wilfrid we referred to a couple of weeks ago. Mr. Richardson was always, and is still a Liberal, consequently his recorded opinion of the Liberal Premier cannot be attributed to party bias. It is most remarkable to notice the agreement between these two opinions regarding Mr. Laurier, notwithstanding that they have been given by two such different persons at altogether different times. This was the opinion Mr. Tarte placed on record long ere he basked in Sir Wilfrid's sunny smiles: "Mr. Laurier is not a nobody; still less is he a man of talent. He has a character of his own, and a certain mediocrity within."

And again: "The fact is that he has not pronounced a single discourse of a nature to manifest in him a man of serious worth. His polished manners, his astuteness—a certain ability in concealing his principles not far removed from hypocrisy,—have won for him his popularity in the country." This, among other things, is what Mr. Richardson says: "Whilst at no time have I ever regarded you as an intellectual Colossus, I was attracted by your debonair manner and your affability, and was firmly convinced of the rightness of your impulses and the soundness of your Liberal principles. In fact, I set you up in my mind as an example of that very fine type of man, the chivalrous French gentleman. Whilst, I am yet convinced that your natural impulses are good, experience has shown me the folly of my assumption, that with urbanity of manner, geniality of disposition, and goodness of intention, a man might be a successful political leader, even if he lacked other qualities."

And again: "It has been irresistibly borne in upon me that to be a leader of men and of government, who will be a successful statesman, from the point of view of the public interest, a man must possess in the first place intellectual power, and energy, and an assertive virility of character. * * * In these essential qualities you have proved yourself lamentably deficient, and this deficiency on your part has already been frightfully costly to the country, not only in a material sense, but still more importantly in the lowering of the standards of public morality, which were already certainly low enough."

It is altogether likely that these opinions fairly represent Sir Wilfrid as he really is, and faithfully portray his short comings.

The Royal Visit.

THE visit of their Royal Highnesses, the Duke and Duchess, of Cornwall and York, so anxiously anticipated by the loyal people of Canada has at length entered upon its realization. The Royal Yacht Ophir, bearing the Duke and Duchess, accompanied by her naval escort, reached Quebec on Monday forenoon. The grand old city was en fete in the fullest

sense of the term. Flags and bunting and appropriate decorations of all kinds were displayed in rich profusion. Long before the Royal Yacht made her appearance, the wharves, terraces and every possible point of vantage were thronged with an expectant multitude, all desirous of getting a glimpse at our future King and Queen. Throngs of people from all parts of Canada had assembled in the ancient capital to participate in or witness the festivities consequent upon the advent of the distinguished visitors. The Governor General, accompanied by an imposing escort proceeded to the wharf, where he was joined by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and the party boarded the Ophir at 10.30. At 12.30, the Royal Party landed and proceeded towards the Parliament buildings. Their progress through the streets was a continued ovation; it was a universal manifestation of enthusiasm and triumph. At the Legislative buildings an address of welcome to the Province was presented by Lieutenant Governor Jette and one on behalf of the city was presented by Mayor Parent. Subsequently the party visited the Citadel and also Laval University where the degree of L. L. D. was conferred upon the Duke. An address was presented to the Duke in the name of the Hierarchy of Canada, expressive of the loyalty and devotion of the Catholic Subjects to the crown and Empire. Such an immense crowd and such unbounded enthusiasm were never witnessed in the ancient capital.

The Dead President.

As announced elsewhere in this issue, the assassin's attempt on the life of President McKinley was only too successful and the wounded and suffering President came to his death at an early hour on Saturday morning. He is the third President of the United States to meet death at the hand of the assassin, Lincoln and Garfield having shared the same fate. Surely it is high time that some drastic measures were taken for the extirpation of this brood of vipers, these fiends in human form. William McKinley was born at Niles, Trumbull County, Ohio, in 1843. When nine years of age he moved with the family to Poland, Ohio, and after attending the local academy he taught school for a time. At the outbreak of the civil war he determined to volunteer for service at the front and in 1861 enlisted as a private in a company of Ohio volunteers. He continued in the service, participating in many battles during the whole war, and was promoted to one commission after another till he was brevetted major, by President Lincoln, for gallant services in 1865. In July of the same year he was mustered out of the service. He immediately began the study of law and was admitted to the bar in 1867. He settled at Canton, Stark County in his native State. He was elected prosecuting Attorney of Stark County in 1869 and in 1876 was elected to Congress where he continuously held a seat till 1888 when he was re-elected for the seventh time. He was a high protectionist and framed and carried through Congress the bill that bears his name. In 1892 he became Governor of Ohio, and in 1896 was first elected President of the United States. He was re-elected to the Presidency by a sweeping majority in November 1900. While not a man of genius, President McKinley seems to have been a shrewd level headed statesman, and as chief executive of the nation will probably rank among the best of its Presidents.

The constitution of the U. S. provides that in the event of the death or inability of the President to serve, the Vice-President becomes President. Consequently, Vice-President Roosevelt has now become chief executive of the Republic. President Roosevelt is a young man, being less than 43 years of age. He never served in either branch of Congress until he became Vice President in March last. But he has had a wonderfully active public career, notwithstanding. He was for some time in the civil service of the county, has been a member of the Legislature of his native State, New York, and subsequently chairman of the police Commissioners of the city of New York. He was appointed assistant Secretary of the navy by President McKinley and was serving in that capacity when the war with Spain broke out. He resigned his office and raised a cavalry regiment known as "Roosevelt's Rough Riders." In 1898 he was elected Governor of

the State of New York and continued in that office until elected Vice President of the United States in November last. The death of the President involves the resignation of the Cabinet and the new President may appoint other ministers, as he may see fit.

The body of President McKinley was taken from the Milburn residence on Sunday, to the Buffalo City Hall, where it lay in state till midnight. On Monday the remains were borne to Washington where they lay in the executive mansion and the rotunda of the capitol until Tuesday when the state funeral took place and the remains were taken to the President's old home at Canton, Ohio, where the interment takes place tomorrow.

It has been represented to us that considerable dissatisfaction and so-called inconvenience exist regarding the conveyance of mails between Head St. Peter's Bay and Greenwich. In the first place it is pointed out that the authorities are guilty of a grave irregularity in assigning the carrying of the mails. The contract has only twice been given without tender, which cannot be regarded as a fair and honorable method of dealing with matters involving the expenditure of public money. Besides this, it is shown that in the winter season especially great inconvenience is experienced in the receiving of mail matter. The courier makes only two trips a week, on Wednesdays and Saturdays. These trips are made in the forenoon, and in winter, when the mails do not reach St. Peter's till the evening, Wednesday's mails are not received till Saturday and Saturday's mails not till Wednesday following. The people of this place think they should have some redress in this matter.

Death of President McKinley.

MILBURN HOUSE, Buffalo, Sept. 14.—President McKinley died at 2.15 this morning. He had been unconscious since 7.50 p. m. His last conscious hour on earth was spent with his wife, to whom he had devoted a lifetime of care. He died unattended by a minister of the gospel, his last words were an humble submission to the will of the God in whom he believed. He was reconciled to the cruel fate to which an assassin's bullet had condemned him, and faced death in the same spirit of resignation and peace which marked his long and honorable career. His last conscious words, as related by Dr. Freeman, who stood at his bedside when they were uttered, were as follows: "Good-bye all, good-bye. It is God's will. He will be done."

His relatives and the members of his official family were at the Milburn House, except Wilson, who did not avail himself of the opportunity, and some of his personal and political friends took leave of him. This painful ceremony was simple. His friends came to the door of the sick room, took a longing glance at the dying statesman and turned away. He was practically unconscious during this time. But the powerful heart stimulants, together with oxygen, were employed to restore him consciousness for his final parting with his wife. He asked for her. She sat at his side and held his hand. He consoled her and bade her good-bye. She went through the scene with the same bravery and fortitude with which she has borne the grief of the tragically which ended his life.

The rage of the people of Buffalo against the President's assassin when they learned last night that he was dying was boundless. Thousands marched the city and the entire police force of the city and two regiments of militia were utilized to insure his protection. Milburn House, Buffalo, Sept. 13.—Before six o'clock it was clear to those at the President's bedside that he was dying, and preparations were made for the last farewell from those who were dearest to him. Oxygen had been administered steadily, but with little effect. The President came out of one period of unconsciousness only to relapse into another. But in this period when his mind was partially clear, occurred a series of events profoundly touching in character. Down stairs, with strained and tear-stained faces, members of the cabinet were grouped in anxious waiting. They knew the end was near and that the time had come when they must see him for the last time on earth. This was about six o'clock. One by one they ascended the stairway, Secretary Root, Secretary Hitchcock and Attorney General Knox. Secretary Wilson was also there, but he held back, not wishing to see the President in his last agony. There was only a momentary stay of the cabinet officers at the threshold of the death chamber. Then they withdrew, the tears streaming down their faces.

All the evening those who had hastened here as fast as steel and steam could carry them, continued to arrive. They drove up in carriages or a pallo or were whisked up in automobiles, all intent upon gazing here before death came. One of the last to arrive was Attorney General Knox, who reached the house at 9.30. He was permitted to go up stairs to look for the last time upon the face of his chief. Those in the house at the time were Secretaries Hitchcock, Wilson and Root, Senators Fairbank, Hanna and Burrows, Judge Day, Colonel Herrick, Absorb McKinley, the President's brother, and his wife; Dr. and Mrs. Bar, the President's niece and her husband; Mr. Barber and Mrs. Danau, the President's sisters; Miss Mary Barber, Mrs. McWilliams, Mrs. McKinley's cousin; the physicians, including Dr. McBurney, who arrived at 8 o'clock, J. G. Milburn, John N. Seashore, Harry Hamlin, all of this city; Secretary Corley and a number of others.

Rev. C. D. Wilson, a Methodist minister of Tonawanda, N. Y., who was the President's pastor for three years at Canton, called at the residence to inquire whether services were needed, but did not enter the house. Another Methodist minister, who has a church nearby, remained at the Milburn house for two hours, in the belief that his services might be desired. At 7.37 Secretary Corley, who had been much of the time with his dying chief, sent out a notification that the President was dying. But the President lingered on, his pulse growing fainter and fainter. There was no need for official bulletins after this. Those who came from the house at intervals told the same story—that the President was dying and that the end might come at any time. His tremendous vitality was the only remaining factor, and this gave hope only of brief postponement. Another Methodist minister thought he might last until 2 a. m. Dr. Mann said at 11 o'clock that the President was still alive and probably would live an hour. Thus minutes lengthened to hours, and midnight came with the President still battling against death.

At midnight the Milburn house was the scene of a scene as sad as any that has ever been witnessed. The lights were low and around on the north side where the chamber of death is located, there were faint lights, some lights burning brightly and others turned low. Secretary Root and Secretary Wilson came from the house about midnight and paced up and down the sidewalk. All that Secretary Root said was "The end has not come yet."

Despite the fact that vitality continued to ebb as midnight approached no efforts were spared to keep the spark of life glowing. Dr. Janeway, of New York City, arrived at the Buffalo depot at 11.40 o'clock. George Urban was waiting for him, and they drove to a bedroom near the Milburn house. He was shown to the President's room and once and began an examination of the almost insensate form.

Secretary Root arrived at the Milburn house at 12.06 o'clock. This was his first visit to the city, and he had the extreme satisfaction of seeing the President alive, though he was not conscious of his visitor's presence. Secretary Root was visibly affected. Vice President Roosevelt had been notified early in the day of the critical state of affairs. There was no longer a doubt that in the approaching death of the President a complete change in the executive administration of the government was imminent.

When Mr. Roosevelt would take the oath of office was wholly a matter of conjecture. President Arthur took the oath at 2 a. m., after the death of Garfield, and in that case Justice Brady of New York administered the oath. Shortly after midnight the President's breathing was barely perceptible. His pulse had practically ceased and the electrical currents were cold. It was recognized that nothing remained but the last struggle, and some of the friends of the family who had remained through the day began to leave the house.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Sept. 13.—The day which ended in despair was begun in hope. The evil effect of the removal of the organs of digestion to make after the solid food that had been taken earlier in the day had seemingly been overcome by midnight, and when this day came it found the President relieved and resting. Suddenly there was a failure of the heart which for several days had been manifesting signs of weakness and the President sank toward unconsciousness. This was at 2 o'clock in the morning. There was an immediate appeal to the restoratives and a general call went out to the absent physicians and nurses. Digitalis, strychnine and saline solutions were administered, but there was no immediate response. The physicians admitted that he was desperate and that the only chance was to send for the relatives and close friends of the President, the Vice President and the members of the cabinet. Desperate measures were resorted to to stimulate the heart. It was agreed that if the wounded man could be carried for 24 hours his chances would be very favorable.

The Herald's Scoop-Net.

CONDUCTED BY TOM A. HAWKER. The Canadian rifleman who attended the meeting at Sea Cliff, N. J., made a great record. They not only defeated the American team, but also the Irish team, which also defeated the American team. They were better than the best.—Montreal Gazette. They are going to charge an admission fee to see the Duke in Toronto. The Hamilton Spectator comments on this suggests the idea that the Duke should travel like a circus, with a big tent and barkers. "Gave your chance once to live like a jester, and gentlemen! On the interior of this canvas is on exhibition a genuine royal jester, imported at vast expense from London! The only live jester, lydis and gentlemen, now on exhibition on the face of the globe. And how a dollar pays the bill with a bob hextra to see in feed! He walks, smokes and talks just like a man being, lydis and gentlemen, and sells his photograph just like a regular circus freak! This wye, lydis and gentlemen, for the real live jester!" The Hogtown ideas is nothing short of grand.

Sir Louis Davies has decreed that the oyster season shall not be opened so early as the legal date even to accommodate the royal appetite of his highness the Duke of York. And so the P. E. Island oyster loses the chance of the best puff it would ever get. It's too bad. We would have liked the Duke to get a taste of our oysters, and perhaps the oysters themselves would have objected very much to die in such a noble cause. However, if the authorities at Ottawa want to keep on good terms with the Duke, they might treat him to a good clam-bake.

"Summerside is a quiet town in the sporting line," said a fellow the other day who had just returned from there. "So quiet indeed, that if anyone sits down to write you a letter you can hear him dropping you the lines. Boating is the chief pastime and in this they are ahead of Charlottetown by a few laps. The boys never go in for cricket, baseball or football. They are terrorists on the hockey ground, and in their leisure hours when they are not sailing, they are kept busy thinking of plans to win back that trophy. Some of the boys have to be kept on ice during the summer to keep their hockey propensities from overheating their imaginations."

This is surely a prohibition city. Why, we haven't even got one drinking fountain on our streets. But its time we had several. Tourists come here, walk around our streets, get thirsty, and inquire as to the whereabouts of our drinking fountains. Of course, a large number, on finding that we have no such things, walk into our so-called prohibition saloons and there partake of something stronger than ordinary water. We have a good sewerage system in this city now, so there is no excuse for not having the fountains. We would like to see one daily contemplate getting stirred up in this matter. It would help the cause they profess to be so enthusiastic about.

After waiting patiently for all the other picnics to be over, the ladies of All Saints Parish, Cardigan Bridge and holding their picnic on Wednesday next the 25th inst. The idea of waiting until Sept. is a good one. They could have held the picnic if they so desired during the awful heat which disgraced the months of July or August, and still have had a good crowd to partake of the fun and the agony. But they concluded it would be wiser to let the picnic wait a while, so that the agony could be dispensed with. A picnic at this time seems to take me back to old days, when I could get away with eighteen sandwiches and six cups of—but never mind. Children need no no fear attending this picnic as the swings will be tied up strong and no cotton branches of trees will be used. All the usual affairs calculated to make people happy will be provided. I cannot think of the name of those things, just now, but all I can't remember the committee has kindly consented to supply. This picnic is the last of the season and the best things always come last.

The remon of more than 2,000 Smiths at Peaback, N. J., suggests that Mark Twain was wise in dedicating one of his books to John Smith in the hope that that favored person would buy a copy.

A downcast editor has drawn up some new game laws which he wants adopted. The following is a summary: Book agents may be killed from October 1st, to September 1st, spring poets from 1st, to June 1st, scoundrel mongers, from April 1st, to February 1st, umbrella borrowers from August 1st, to November 1st, and from February 1st, to April 1st; while every man who accepts a paper two years, but when the bill is presented says, "I never ordered it," may be killed on sight without reserve or relief from valuation or appraisement, and buried face downwards, without the benefit of the clergy.—Ex.

A. E. ARSENAULT, H. R. MCKENZIE ARSENAULT & MCKENZIE Barristers, Solicitors, etc.

(Late of the firms of Charles Ross & Co., and F. V. Knox, London, Eng.) OFFICES—Camden Block, Charlottetown.

JOHN T. MELLISH, M. A., LL. B. Barrister & Attorney-at-Law.

NOTARY PUBLIC, etc. CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND OFFICE—London House Building.

Collecting, conveying, and all kinds of legal business promptly attended to. Investments made on best security. Money loan.

Opening of St. Malachi's Hall.

On Tuesday the 10th inst., the new St. Malachi's Hall, Kinkora, which has been put into fine shape was opened under favorable auspices. A large audience—at least four hundred in number—greeted Rev. Dr. Monaghan, who delivered his beautiful lecture on "Daniel O'Connell and held his hearers spell-bound from start to finish by his interesting detailed account of the career of the great Irish Statesman. At the close of the lecture a vote of thanks moved by Mr. Michael McKenna and supported by Messrs. Thos. McCall, Peter Duffy and Rev. J. A. McDonald and P.P.A. result in a decidedly interesting manner was tendered by the Rev. chairman J. J. McDonald and fittingly acknowledged by the Rev. lecturer. After the close of the lecture the drawing in connection with the Kinkora Bazaar took place and resulted as follows: S. E. Reid, Esq., M. L. A., Tryon, Shaker and Cleaner; Miss A. McIvor, 20 Dan St. Roxbury, sewing machine; Herbert Mann, Orono, Me., driving sleigh; Peter Bonaghan, 122 E. 115th St. N. Y., driving harness; Howard J. McDonald, Piquet, barrel of flour; Arcade Arsenault, Cape Egmont, Cheese (General Factory Make); J. A. Rogerson, Granville Cor., P. E. I., Hardwood Lot; D. O'Shaughnessy, 95 North St. Halifax, Bed Spread; Florence Duffy, Emerald, Iron Plover; John N. McEachern, Cherry Grove, Watch; J. B. Trainor, M. D., Fall River, Picture; M. Eagen, Middleton, Life of Sir John Thompson; Dr. Gallant, Kinkora, Lamp; Mrs. C. E. Butler, 210 Howard St., Dorchester, Mass., Cow; Miss Carrie Brennan, West Derry, New Hampshire, Jersey Cow; Ellis E. Arsenault, Urbanville, Parlor Table; Dr. P. M. Smith, Tremont and Mass Ave., Boston, Violin; E. T. Murphy, Halifax, Straw Cutter; Mrs. Richard Johnston, Middleton, Lamp; B. McDonald, Young's Hotel, Basion, Bed Spread; Allan McDonald, Orwell, Sofa Cushion; Mrs. S. N. Dawson, N. Tryon, Glass Water Set; D. R. McDonald, Orwell Cove, Tea Cup and Stand; Rys Burns, Lower Frestown, Mat; Mrs. M. Greenan, Kinkora, Bric-a-brac; Edward Croker, Emerald, Watch; Kate B. Kenny, Chatham, Alarm Clock. Supplementary prizes to those mentioned in the list were drawn by Benetta McIvor, Lizzy Duffy, T. A. McIvor, Mary E. Smith, Herbert Strannan, Wallace Murphy, Kinkora; George McDonald, Harmony St.; Martha Reeves, Frestown; Jos. A. Campbell, Clermont; Patrick Carr, Emerald; Rev. H. B. McDonald, Rustico; John Doyle, French Village; O. Trainor, Auburn; Louis E. McGarrigle, Sullivan. The new St. Malachi's Hall is the fitting touch to the now magnificent parish equipment at Kinkora, and during the coming winter season a series of choice lectures and other entertainments will afford the community in and around Kinkora ample opportunity for instruction and amusement.—Com.

Richards' Headache Cure

12 doses, 10 cts.

DIED

At Euryale, on Aug. 26th, Catherine McKenna, beloved wife of Mr. Peter Connolly, aged 78. R. I. P. In this city, on the 11th inst., John Collins, aged 80, leaving a large family to mourn their loss. R. I. P.

In this city, on Sept. 10th, Sidney Frederick Perkins, youngest son of Frederick and Jane Perkins, aged 11 years.

At St. Patrick's Road, King's Co., on Sept. 11th, Emma Ely, daughter of Mr. William Birt, aged 22 years.

At Little Pond, on Sept. 11th of cholera infantum, Mary Ann, aged four years and ten months, beloved daughter of James A. and Eliza McDonald.

"Suffer little children to come to me and forbid them not; for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Richards' Headache Cure

Gives instant relief.

The Renewal a Strain.

Vacation is over. Again the school bells ring at morning and at noon, again with tens of thousands the hardest kind of work has begun, the renewal of which is a mental and physical strain to all except the most rugged. The little girl that a few days ago had roses in her cheeks, and the little boy whose lips were then so red you would have insisted that they had been "kissed by strawberries," have already lost something of the appearance of health. Now is a time when many children should be given a tonic, which may avert much serious trouble, and we know of no other so highly to be recommended as Hood's Sarsaparilla, which strengthens the nerves, perfects digestion and assimilation, and aids mental development by building up the whole system.

If all Furniture Were the same

It would not matter where you buy. But the kind you find in THIS STORE is different in appearance and finish; different in construction and design; different in workmanship and materials used; and different (that is a lot lower) in price. Call and see our large line of bedroom furniture.

John Newson

THE TRUNKS WE SELL ARE Good Trunks They will stand the wear and tear of a journey; they are doubly strengthened, have new spring locks, and are UP-TO-DATE in every respect. PRICES \$2.10 to \$6.50 each. Staney Bros.

IT PAYS TO BUY AT PERKINS' 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.

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.

You Never Hear

A man, say his Christy Hat did not wear well. Well, then, why do you wear any other kind when we have just opened some thousands of New Christy's for Fall?

Prices \$1, \$2 and \$3 each. PROWSE BROS.

Jack Frost

Will be here soon, and every man will need a nice Light Overcoat for Fall. We have opened a great variety for Fall and Winter, and we are anxious to have you see them.

Prices are \$5, \$6, \$7, \$8, \$10 and \$15.

These Overcoats are all right, cut right and made right. Fiable kind—warm Overcoats—bad for the doctor but good for you.

PROWSE BROS.

You Feel It

Very much if you get a nice Suit and it don't fit well. Here you cannot make this mistake because we never let a man leave our rooms with an ill fitting suit. We don't have to, because we have Twenty-five Thousand Dollars worth of Clothing to fit him from.

SEE US

PROWSE BROS.

"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.

10 to 33 1/3 p. c. Off!

In order to reduce our immense stock to make room for new good goods, we will sell

for 30 days

All goods in our store at from 10 to 33 1-3 per cent. off!

BIG BARGAINS

FOR EVERYBODY. This is a genuine slaughter Sale of Grockery.

W. P. COLWILL, Sunnyside : : : Charlottetown,

LOCAL AND OTHER ITEMS.

Flags are flying at half mast all over the City out of respect to the memory of the late President.

The new building on the site of the Apothecaries Hall corner is nearing completion, and is a magnificent structure.

The nearest approach to the pronunciation of the name of the assassin of President McKinley is said to be "Shaw-Gotch."

The Minto left here Thursday morning for Quebec, to take part in the welcome to the Duke. Sir Louis Davies and family were on board.

The Chilean training ship, Gral Baquedano, arrived at Halifax Friday night from the Canary Islands, and will remain a week. She has a crew of 300.

Rev. J. A. Crowe, of Detroit, Mich., who is visiting here with Father Kelly, sang the High Mass in St. Dunstan's Cathedral on Sunday last.

Over one hundred cases of typhoid fever are reported at Glouce Bay, C. B., and surrounding towns. Impure water is said to be the primary cause for the prevalence of the disease.

Mr. E. A. Schmeidler, of the firm of Schofield Bros., St. John, N. B., was in the city on Saturday on return from Sydney and gave us a pleasant call. He reports that business is flourishing well in St. John.

Mr. John P. Woodbury, horse buyer, took over thirteen fine Island horses by the steamer Princess on Friday morning for Sydney, including Jack, purchased from Mr. P. Doherty, of the Hotel Davies, for \$250.

A severe thunderstorm passed over the Eastern section of the Province Friday night causing damage. Mr. James Coady's barn at Newburg, near Eton, was struck by lightning and burned down and two cows killed. At Georgetown the storm is said to have been the worst for years, and was accompanied by halitosis of unusual size.

A fire broke out in St. John's, Nfld., on Thursday, which lasted nearly all day, causing a loss of \$500,000 and two lives. Eight dwelling houses were destroyed and five large business firms had their property burned. All the Insurance Companies are losers. The crew of the British warship Alert, did great work in helping to extinguish the fire.

The Minister of Militia has received a cable through Lord Strathcona, announcing that Lord Roberts is mentioned for distinguished services. Major William R. C. D., Major Cartwright, Major Forrester, Major Sanderson, Northwest Mounted Police; Captain Stairs, of Halifax; Lieut. Borden, deceased; Lieut. Morrison Ottawa, and Lieut. Mason, of Toronto.

St. Dunstan's College has organized its Athletic Association for the year and held their first football practice on Friday. The following are the officers for the coming year: Moderator, Rev. P. C. Gauthier, Pres., J. J. Gillis; Vice Pres., A. R. Kehoe; Sec'y, Treas., W. E. Cameron; Ex-Committee, J. S. McLaughlin, Bobt. Donahou, P. H. Trainor, P. A. McIntyre, Sam Doyle, C. E. Scourie.

A girl attempted to go over Niagara Rapids in a barrel labelled the "Footballer" last week, with the sad result which always accompanies such experiments. An exchange commenting on the affair says: "The death of any human creature is, of course, a sad event, but we do not think the world is weeping much over the fate of that barrelled girl who died in Niagara whirlpool."

A fatal accident occurred near Kensington, on Tuesday night of last week. Miss Sarah McDonald, aged sixty years, who lived with her brother Mr. Archibald McDonald, while coming downstairs without a light, is supposed to have lost her footing and fell to the bottom of the stairs. Mr. McDonald heard the fall, but when he reached her she was dead, her neck being broken, resulting in instantaneous death.

Frank McPhee, rigger for the New England Structural Line, was almost instantly killed while working in Lawrence, Mass., by the falling of an iron girder upon him recently. He lived only a few hours after. His body was removed to his late home in Brookline, Mass. The deceased, who was an upright, industrious and popular young man, was the youngest son of the late James N. McPhee, of Scurie. He was unmarried.

A party of United States Congressmen visited this city last week. A deputation of the City's business men met them at Phoenix and made things pleasant for them while they were here. They were shown through the City and given a drive through the Lot 48 and 49 districts. They took in the horse races on Wednesday and were tendered a reception in the Legislative Assembly Chamber at which His Honor Lieut. Governor McIntyre presided. They expressed themselves as highly pleased with this Province and the treatment accorded them.

Another prisoner has escaped from Queen's County Jail. This time it was David Bell the man who was recently committed to await trial in the Supreme Court in January, for the burglary of the office of W. P. Hogan, Geo. E. Fall, and Messrs. Hyndman and Peake's yacht. The jailer was inside the jail examining the cells when Bell escaped. Bell was outside in the jail yard with the three juvenile offenders who were recently committed for burglary. He managed to climb up to the outside grating of a window just where the fence joins the building and from there he reached the top of the fence and dropped over.

This town of Pugwash, N. S., had a narrow escape from total destruction by fire last Wednesday morning, when Mr. W. H. Brown's new brick store and warehouse, and four other buildings were destroyed by fire. At one time the whole town was threatened, and almost every building in the town was at one time or another on fire. Mr. Brown's loss is a very heavy one and there was no insurance. The fire is supposed to have been started by burglars, who entered Mr. Brown's store, blew open the safe which they robbed of \$450 and valuable papers, and then set fire to the place to cover up their tracks. After the fire was subdued it was found that the safe had been blown open. Parties were then organized and sent out to search the country for the criminals.

LOCAL AND OTHER ITEMS.

The Halifax Exhibition opened on Saturday, and is being largely attended.

The barn of Mr. Herbert James, Marle, was struck by lightning during the storm of Friday night, and all his fall harvest destroyed and two horses killed.

Wednesday next, the 25th inst., is the date of the picnic at Cardigan Bridge. This is to be the last and best, and the public are expected to govern themselves accordingly.

The tug Fred M. Bell was unsuccessful in her attempts to release the schr. Polar Star, which went ashore on Tryon Shoals last week. The tug brought the gear of the schooner to the city on Friday. The schooner's cargo of lumber is owned by the captain.

The Grand Trunk Railway system is the picturesque route for the Pan-American passenger and freight agents, Montreal. Incoming visitors to the Pan-American should apply to him before deciding on their route.

Michael McKinnos, a car shunter employed in the Dominion No. 1 coal yard, Glouce Bay, C. B., was instantly killed Wednesday while coupling cars. He was breaking a loaded coal car on the screen siding on a down grade and jumped down to couple the car when it reached the mark, the ordinary mode of doing the work. The draw bar of the car he ran into broke in coming together and jammed the life out of the man. He was forty years of age and belonged to French Valley, C. B.

While driving along the road about a mile to the east of Summerside, the carriage containing Mr. James McDonald, V. S., and a lad named John Gallant, of Summerside, was run into by a runaway team and overturned, the occupants being thrown with great violence. When picked up Mr. McDonald was unconscious and badly bruised about the body and face. It was some time before he could be brought round. The boy was also badly bruised, particularly about the face and nose.

Capt. Mauley was in the city a few days ago purchasing remounts for the British army. Over one hundred horses were offered; but as they had to conform to certain standards, only twenty-four out of the number were accepted. The horses were divided into three classes: Infantry cobs 14 to 15 hands high, cavalry 15-1 to 15-3 hands high, artillery up to 15-3 hands. In ages they had to range from five to nine years. They were to be perfectly sound and neat grey or white in color. The prices paid ranged from \$80 to \$135.

The residence and barn of Mr. John A. McNeill, near McDougall's, Grand River, Lot 14, were completely destroyed by fire one day last week, together with all his crop, farm implements and household furniture. The fire started in the barn and had gained great headway when discovered. It quickly spread to the dwelling, out of which only a few articles were saved. The buildings were new, having only been erected three years ago by Mr. Kirkwood, of Sodbury, Ont., who purchased the farm from Mr. Angus McDonald, of the Union House, Summerside, and afterwards disposed of it to Mr. McNeill. The origin of the fire is unknown. The loss is a very heavy one to Mr. McNeill, he having only \$300 insurance.

Rev. F. C. Kelly, of Lepore, Michigan, son of the late John Kelly, Waterman, Commissioner, Charlottetown, lectured under the auspices of St. Vincent de Paul Society, in the basement of St. Dunstan's Cathedral last evening. Subject "Joan of Arc." There was a good audience present and the Rev. lecturer, in pleasing and eloquent language told the story of the "Maid of Orleans." He graphically described the extraordinary career of this wonderful maiden; her trials and difficulties, her triumphs and her final execution. A vote of thanks was moved by Rev. Dr. Monaghan and seconded by Hon. Senator McDonald, to which the Rev. lecturer suitably replied. After the lecture Father Kelly told some of his experiences as army chaplain during the Spanish American war.

The horse races at the Driving Park here on Wednesday last were largely attended. The free-for-all was won in straight heat by the Sydney horse Waller C., owned and driven by LeRoy Willis; Park Campbell, owned by Patrick Bell; Hope River, 2nd, and Ben F., owned by J. Falconer, Sydney, 3rd.—Time 2:20; 2:19; 2:21. The Springhill mare Nina Willis, won first money in the 2:30 class, winning straight heats. Lady Thompson, owned by Owen Trainor captured second money, and the Sackville stables, Robert Wood, third.—Time 2:31; 2:31; 2:33. It took four heats to decide the 2:24 class. The first went to Rex, by Fred Warren, Springhill; Parkwood, owned by John McPhee, secured the following three heats and the race. Rex was given second money. Guy J., entered by C. Willis, Sackville got third money.—Time 2:29; 2:28; 2:21; 2:21.

J. B. McDonald & Co., have removed to their new premises on Queen Street adjoining Norton's Hardware Store. Customers and others will please not forget to call when in Town, and get the lowest prices ever seen in Charlottetown on Overcoats, Suits, Underclothing and everything you want from the Hat to the Boots.—41

The Prices.

The market was well attended yesterday. Sales were fairly lively, and every commodity was well supplied. Buyers are paying \$9.00 a ton for pressed hay; \$7.00 for pressed straw; 36 cents for oats and 26 cents for potatoes. Following is the price list of other commodities as they stood yesterday: Butter (fresh) 0.23 to 0.24 Butter (rub) 0.19 to 0.20 Beef (small) per lb. 0.06 to 0.10 Beef (quarter) per lb. 0.06 to 0.07 Calf (small) 0.06 to 0.08 Dishes 0.80 to 0.70 Eggs, per doz. 0.12 to 0.13 Potatoes 0.40 to 0.38 Grease 0.80 to 0.80 Hides 0.05 to 0.05 Hay, per 100 lbs. 0.00 to 0.45 Lamb 0.07 to 0.07 Lamb (qr.) 0.50 to 0.70 Mutton, per lb. 0.05 to 0.07 Oats 0.30 to 0.30 Oatmeal (per own) 2.75 to 3.00 Potatoes (buyers price) 0.30 to 0.32 Sheep pelts 0.30 to 0.33

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

THE SCHLEY INQUIRY.

The trial of Admiral Schley, the "American Dreyfus" which has been going on all along, was indefinitely postponed on Thursday. Rear Admiral Howison, one of the members of the Court of Inquiry and who has expressed himself hostile to Schley, has been declared ineligible to sit and excused from further duty. The court cannot sit until the navy department has named an officer to succeed Howison.

CERSEUS TO LEAVE THE TURF.

The board of directors of the Pimlico race track at Baltimore, Md., has received a telegram from Geo. Kestham stating that Cerseus, the world's champion trotter, would race no more after he had tried to lower his mark at the Pimlico track on Oct. 3.

CZOLGOZ'S TRIAL.

A Buffalo despatch of the 15th says: Governor Odell announced today that he had declined to call a special term of the supreme court to try the murderer of President McKinley, because he believed that haste was not necessary.

THE YACHT RACES.

It has now been decided that the first of the America's Cup races will be sailed on Thursday, Sept. 26th.

In South Africa.

Lord Roberts' final list of recommendations for meritorious service in South Africa has just been published by the London Military Gazette. The list includes over 5,000 names, and the recommendations affect every rank and branch of the service. The list includes Colonel Yule, who conducted the masterly retreat from Dundee to Ladysmith, and the omission of whose name from previous lists had excited much comment in military circles. While expressing his high appreciation of the promptitude and completeness with which all the administrative departments at home and in the colonies met his demands, Lord Roberts trusts that the list of recommendations will not be thought too long, "considering the number engaged, the extent and severity of the operations and the very great hardships cheerfully borne by all ranks." He also states that "the opportune arrival of the Indian contingent saved the situation in Natal."

J. B. McDONALD & CO. Have Removed to Their New Store On Queen Street, Adjoining Norton's Hardware Store. Our customers and the buying public are invited to visit our new premises. With reduced expenses we are in a position to do better than ever for our patrons. J. B. McDonald & Co. QUEEN STREET.

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.

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 " All Trimmings 25 " Gents' Furnishings 25 " All Silks 25 " Corsets 95 " Ladies' Whitewear 30 " Belts 33 1/3 " Dress Muslins 33 1/3 " Table Linen 25 " Bouses 33 1/3 " Sheeting, etc., 25 "

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.

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,

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.

AT CAPHARNAUM.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

I saw Him as He passed; as from within a light shines from a lamp in holy place, So shone a flame upon His noble face And on my sin The town is full of Him. Some even say That He is God,—they speak it not aloud; The healed youth whispered it, as from the crowd He came to-day.

I shall believe it soon; I love Him so; He looked at me into my heart straight down! He saw the evil there, but did not frown.— And I knelt low.

I dare not touch His robe, as others did; Afar off will I stand, and o'er and o'er Think of that look,—but follow evermore, If He should bid.

My very soul He saw,—its heart and core, Its very heart and all the loathsome things That in that heart from daily hatred springs,— Yet He forbore!

Love in His gesture,—love! His eyes did shine Like veiled stars; He did not for me weep; (I should have died!) yet there was anguish deep, Deep and divine!

Since He can pity me, He must be God; He must be God since I can love Him so, For in my heart all vilest hatreds grow As plants from sod.

Can He be God? With tears my hard eyes brim,— He looked at me!—He must be from above, Ah, surely He is Love!— I'll follow Him.

He sees me as He passes,—God! one said; I know He's Love, and He is all for me, And I for Him. Love leads me verily,— Love! Love to Faith!

—Ave Maria.

Blandine of Betharram.

BY J. M. CAVE.

(American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.)

(Continued.)

Although not a colporteur, or pedler, by profession, or habitual occupation, he was now occupied in that manner. His wares consisted of out-stones for beads or rosaries, of more or less value. He had learned the art of cutting them, and could speak of lapidary work intelligently. He made a trade of some sort with the village. When they were alone once more, Nan asked: "Shall I take this one, Rand?" She pointed to the package. "You know you like to take my advice when your head's cool."

"I like to take it, and I take it, Nan, when it isn't forced down my throat. I know enough to tell a gentleman when I see him! Now this one," he pointed over his shoulder in the direction the visitor had gone, "he's a sharp one, he is! Sharper than a Jew! He'd liked to have got the whole lot for a gift, in exchange for something to be had down that way!" he nodded in the direction of the church, "prayers and a free pass to his paradise, but his charity didn't fool me, I prefer to attend to that sort of thing for myself."

"If you only would, Rand!" "Would what?" "Attend to that sort of thing, as you call it. I mean just what you mean Rand, and you needn't be told that I know you'd be the better and happier for it."

"I don't feel in a good mood for preaching. I was going to say I'm not what you might call a spender. If I do take your savings-sometimes, I give my profits when I have any." He tossed a couple of louis d'or into her lap. Nan sighed. When he had any, was rare enough, alas! "I know you, Rand, so don't spend your breath telling me what I know. If you feel like talking, just be kind enough to explain about the hamper you referred to, and what your bill is for to-morrow. I suppose you don't intend to give me the slip again. If you do, tell me so, fair and square, speak your mind without let or hindrance."

"Now, I'll be hanged! Well, it's no use! You will be forever doubting. No confidence, no trust, not a bit! Leave you after what you saved me from, Nan! I'd sooner leave my skin and my bones for that matter. What do you want! Say out! There can't be anything inside of a fellow but you'll have to know the ins and outs of it."

"Could I save you if I did, Rand?" He hung his head, weak and blustering, swearing and yielding in the same breath. But he told all, and when all was told Nan stood up. If she had been like most women she would have broken out in a flood of bitter words. A passionate woman could have killed him. If she had loved him as little as some women love better brothers than he had been to her, she would have been indifferent to the prospect that she saw before him. He had weakly, criminally betrayed her and his own best interests.

"You have put your neck in the noose, and this time I can do nothing."

"You will still be dreaming, woman! When I tell you that this man is a gentleman. You would have told him the whole story yourself if you had talked with him five minutes."

"How did you get in with him in the first place?" "O I was wandering around that grot, looking at the sick people, and he asked me to do him the favor of taking his spring overcoat into my care while he looked about awhile. He said he saw by my looks he could trust me. Of course I was not so childish as to refuse a gentleman like that—a real lord, I should say, to judge by the overcoat and all other parts of the harness—so I said I would. I just got a good seat, and it was no trouble to let the coat hang over my arm. He gave me his card, too; a fine one; double name. Here it is."

Nan turned her head away. "When are you to meet him?" "To-morrow sometime. I'll hear from him to-night when I'm to meet him. I'll have nothing to do but lend him the card and have it well furnished with provisions. He says he knows the little girl by sight. He has seen her going up and down the hill of Betharram with only a blind woman. You need not go to Betharram, neither must I; he'll do all and send me word where to take up the team."

"So he has been to seek the child, been watching her! When did you begin to give him your confidence? We've only been three days, and didn't you promise me, Rand, not to go making inquiries till you got over that sprain a little better?" "Yes, so I did, and while I've been getting over it he's been busy. But it's all in our interest; he don't want any of the reward. It's just three days since we first made acquaintance, since you must be satisfied on that head, and he declared to me, word of honor, over and over again, that it was just because he'd taken a fancy to me, and would be glad to help me make a tidy sum, now that I'm laid up, owing to that blamed foot."

"Did you tell him you were with me?" "Yes, and he said he was sorry he hadn't brought his sister along. You could have chummed together, and not been so lonesome."

and obtain the reward. We will never see horse or cart again, that's sure." Oh, if that were all the loss! But to be arrested as a common pickpocket! That was the shame and terror that filled her soul with fear. The first and only thing she saw clearly that she could do was to make way with the stolen goods. She donned her walking garment, took the bundle under her cloak and set forth, after taking the precaution to tie up a parcel of odds and ends as nearly resembling it as possible, in case Rand should call for it or miss it on entering. She directed her steps towards the grotto as the safest place of concealment. She decided to hide it in some out-of-the-way nook or corner. She looked about her in all directions for a long while, but it seemed to her as if there were people everywhere, as if a thousand eyes were watching her every movement. She thought she could drop it into the river at this part. No; the banks were steep and sloping and the water was low. She looked up towards the sky. People in crowds were there, moving about. She wandered till she was weary. Then she bethought herself of the dark crypt. She had passed through the long passages that led to a sombre chamber, where hung many lamps. She mounted by the viaduct and made her way thither. Dark, solemn, impressive, many red lamps lighted, circumscribed space. The painted windows gave color, but little light. For a few minutes Nan thought herself in gloom and alone, the silence was so deep. She hesitated till her eyes became accustomed to the semi-darkness, and then she saw dark forms everywhere. In all the benches, around the confessionals, deeply set into the black wall, and even around the narrow aisles, for every row and then she saw prostrate figures rise, pause a few seconds and sink down by the close-set pillars. They were making the Way of the Cross, but Nan did not know the meaning of their movements. She did not even criticize them. She saw them, her object even here was defeated, and she retraced her steps, disheartened.

She passed into the open air once more. All so bright without, and in her heart such darkness, like the vaulted room she had just left. Yes, but God was there; people were praying to Him there. Someone may have been praying for her without knowing her need. She was about to descend to the grotto once more, this time by the Laet Peyramale, so called because the spring path behind the basilica that communicated directly with the grotto had been traced by the hand of the Curate of Lourdes himself, the Curate of the Apparitions, our Blessed Lady's chosen instrument in her designs on the city called today by all the world—"The City of Mary."

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The Abbe raised his eyes to heaven in mute prayer. "I am old and feeble, my poor child, what can I do?" "Come, that I may tell you better, and tell you what you may be able to do if the worst come to him. Here it is not possible to speak."

A little later the old man was listening to a tale with part of which he had been long familiar, therefore the sequel, the events unfolding here, were more readily understood by him. But also, old and feeble, what can he do? Only oppose moral courage to brute force! But Gideon and the sword of God overthrew a host! The Abbe and our blessed Lady may safely face the threatened danger.

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As Nan descends the first winding of the Laet, she beholds the bent figure of the old man ascending the path just below where she stands. The first sight of that figure has struck her spellbound. The shabby black cassock, the stooping shoulder, the broad-brimmed, sun-discolored hat, but above all, the boots, heavy and of a size out of all proportion with the wearer's stature, brought her to a standstill. Nan held her breath in suspense. If it should be he! If it should not be he! The latter supposition made her shrink with terror, the former thrilled her with a wild hope. The old man mounts slowly, slowly turns the corner of the zigzag. "Oh, it must be that God is in this place," said the anxious girl to herself, "for He has raised up a friend for me."

She sped forward to meet the pedestrian. "Abbe!" The old man looked up, touched his shabby hat and with a gentle "Good day, my child," was passing on.

"Abbe!" The voice was a groan. The Abbe turned and scanned the speaker's face more closely, then lifted his withered hands in surprise. "Ah, my poor child, is it you? I did not recognize you. What are you doing here?" "Abbe, good Abbe! It is as if God had sent you to me to-day. If you cannot help me, my brother is lost. He is here, too, he has done no wrong, but he is in great danger. But you look weak. Come to my lodging. It is just there, below, look, Abbe; for Rand, my brother, is innocent, I swear, and unless you can save us he will be in prison this time to-morrow. If you can help him this time, Abbe, you may be gaining two souls."

The Abbe raised his eyes to heaven in mute prayer. "I am old and feeble, my poor child, what can I do?" "Come, that I may tell you better, and tell you what you may be able to do if the worst come to him. Here it is not possible to speak."

A little later the old man was listening to a tale with part of which he had been long familiar, therefore the sequel, the events unfolding here, were more readily understood by him. But also, old and feeble, what can he do? Only oppose moral courage to brute force! But Gideon and the sword of God overthrew a host! The Abbe and our blessed Lady may safely face the threatened danger.

AT EMPERED B. B. D. N. AND B. B. D. N. We're Margaret and Blandine on the heights of Betharram, I kneeling

and obtain the reward. We will never see horse or cart again, that's sure." Oh, if that were all the loss! But to be arrested as a common pickpocket! That was the shame and terror that filled her soul with fear. The first and only thing she saw clearly that she could do was to make way with the stolen goods. She donned her walking garment, took the bundle under her cloak and set forth, after taking the precaution to tie up a parcel of odds and ends as nearly resembling it as possible, in case Rand should call for it or miss it on entering. She directed her steps towards the grotto as the safest place of concealment. She decided to hide it in some out-of-the-way nook or corner. She looked about her in all directions for a long while, but it seemed to her as if there were people everywhere, as if a thousand eyes were watching her every movement. She thought she could drop it into the river at this part. No; the banks were steep and sloping and the water was low. She looked up towards the sky. People in crowds were there, moving about. She wandered till she was weary. Then she bethought herself of the dark crypt. She had passed through the long passages that led to a sombre chamber, where hung many lamps. She mounted by the viaduct and made her way thither. Dark, solemn, impressive, many red lamps lighted, circumscribed space. The painted windows gave color, but little light. For a few minutes Nan thought herself in gloom and alone, the silence was so deep. She hesitated till her eyes became accustomed to the semi-darkness, and then she saw dark forms everywhere. In all the benches, around the confessionals, deeply set into the black wall, and even around the narrow aisles, for every row and then she saw prostrate figures rise, pause a few seconds and sink down by the close-set pillars. They were making the Way of the Cross, but Nan did not know the meaning of their movements. She did not even criticize them. She saw them, her object even here was defeated, and she retraced her steps, disheartened.

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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 small 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, Colapic, Ont. Feb. 3rd, 1901.

before the church door. They had not yet finished their beads when Blandine's attention was attracted by a figure, enveloped in a long cloak, that had suddenly and without the least noise, stationed itself at the angle of the church wall. The figure was bent almost double. One hand leaned heavily on an immense stick, the other was outstretched for alms, while motionless as a statue, with eyes intently fixed upon her, stood the beggar. Not a leaf had stirred, not a pebble had crunched beneath his feet, to herald his approach. And now, not a word or single sigh escaped his lips, not a single movement to attract attention, still, mysterious, with outstretched hand and forcible gaze that compelled the child to look towards him, nothing more. His back was against a great tree. From his position he commanded a view of all the paths that led up to the church precincts in every direction. There was not a single human being in sight save those two still figures by the church door. In vain Blandine tried to keep her eyes away from the statue-like figure, she found it impossible to do so. The eyes became more compelling, the hand reached out, almost imperceptibly, a little farther, the body bent lower and lower, without sound or visible motion. Beggars were too common a sight at Betharram to attract the least notice, and in the appearance of this one, there was nothing unusual. A long faded mantle, the hood drawn well over the head, leaving only the eyes visible. Only the eyes themselves were different to any that had ever before rested on Blandine, or attracted her attention. At last she could bear the strain no longer. She touched Margaret's arm. "Mamma, there is a beggar there; and he is holding out his hand such a long time, and looking so—" She did not know what word to use for the gaze of those eyes. They were not menacing, yet they intimidated and compelled.

"Have you any soul, dear?" "Yes, mamma."

"Then give them to him, my child." Blandine drew forth the coins and arose. As she did so, the beggar withdrew a little behind the tree, but the outstretched hand was still visible. Just as she was about to drop the money into it, fell, as if the old man, tired of waiting, and despairing of receiving alms, was going away. Blandine hastened to put herself in his path. She held out the coins. No beggar is there.

(To be continued.)

If you take a Laxo-Liver Pill tonight 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.

Mrs. Hagle—I can read my husband like a book.

Mrs. Doyle—You must have good eyes to read such a small type.

Backache, sideache, swelling of feet and ankles, pulling 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.

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THE GENUINE IS

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