

The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 15, 1899.

Vol. XXVIII, No. 41

Calendar for Nov., 1899.

MOON'S CHANGES.
New Moon, 3rd, 6h. 14m. a. m.
First Quarter, 10th, 9h. 23m. a. m.
Full Moon, 17th, 6h. 6m. a. m.
Last Quarter, 25th, 2h. 22m. a. m.

Day of Week.	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	High Water
1 Wednesday	6 50	4 37	4 46	9 39
2 Thursday	6 32	5 01	5 10	10 24
3 Friday	6 03	5 37	5 47	11 17
4 Saturday	5 34	6 20	6 06	12 06
5 Sunday	5 05	7 08	6 55	12 50
6 Monday	4 36	8 00	7 44	1 39
7 Tuesday	4 08	8 57	8 32	2 32
8 Wednesday	3 40	9 58	9 20	3 29
9 Thursday	3 12	10 54	10 08	4 20
10 Friday	2 45	11 46	10 56	5 06
11 Saturday	2 18	12 34	11 44	5 48
12 Sunday	1 51	1 18	12 32	6 26
13 Monday	1 24	2 00	1 20	7 00
14 Tuesday	9 21	3 06	2 08	7 29
15 Wednesday	10 20	3 46	2 56	8 04
16 Thursday	11 19	4 20	3 44	8 33
17 Friday	12 18	4 58	4 32	9 03
18 Saturday	1 17	5 29	5 20	9 30
19 Sunday	16 16	6 19	6 08	10 00
20 Monday	17 15	7 20	6 56	10 30
21 Tuesday	18 14	8 22	7 44	11 00
22 Wednesday	19 13	9 24	8 32	11 30
23 Thursday	20 12	10 25	9 20	12 00
24 Friday	21 11	11 22	10 08	12 30
25 Saturday	22 10	12 15	10 56	1 00
26 Sunday	23 09	1 02	11 44	1 30
27 Monday	24 08	1 44	12 32	2 00
28 Tuesday	25 07	2 20	1 20	2 30
29 Wednesday	26 06	3 00	2 08	3 00
30 Thursday	27 05	3 44	2 56	3 30



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To Boston and Back.

The following brief account of a trip to Boston and return, together with a few reflections regarding some of the scenes and incidents that came under the writer's observation is not intended to convey anything approaching a description of the great and busy city of Boston, or its environs, or of the numerous activities, institutions and personages that contribute towards its success. That would require very much more space than is at my disposal, besides our readers, for the most part, hear of all these to some extent at least, in one way or another. My purpose is rather to intimate to those who may be contemplating a visit to Boston, especially in the summer season, that the Canada Atlantic and Plant Line is the most desirable route. The passage by this line is direct, its scenic beauties are very attractive, its ships are first class and are in charge of most efficient and courteous officers. The writer avails himself of this opportunity to return his thanks to Mr. Chipman, of Halifax, the Canadian agent of the line, and to Mr. W. W. Clarke, the energetic and courteous agent at Charlottetown, for courtesies and kindnesses experienced at their hands. This writer left this City for Pictou, on board the excellent steamer Princess of the Charlottetown Steam Navigation Company. In the Northumberland and Prince, this popular company has two of the very best steamers of their class afloat. They are both new iron steamers with all modern equipments, offered by men of ability and experience. The passage to Pictou, under the guidance of the genial Captain McLean, was of the most pleasant. From Pictou to Halifax over the well equipped and well managed Intercolonial Railway, the trip is in every way agreeable and satisfactory.

At Halifax, the writer joined the steamer "Halifax," of the Canada Atlantic and Plant Line, bound for Boston. This splendid steamer has been on the route between Boston, Halifax and Charlottetown for several years and has been described and more than once referred to in the HERALD; consequently our readers must be tolerably well acquainted with her. She is a splendid sea ship and has a good set of officers as ever walking the deck of any steamer entering our ports. Captain Pye is a most capable, careful and courteous gentleman, scrupulous in the discharge of his official duties and most solicitous for the comfort and welfare of his passengers. Mr. Ellis, first officer, is a splendid specimen of humanity, as capable as he is genial; as courteous as he is portly. Mr. Monbouquette, Purser, is an ideal officer; zealous in the discharge of his duties; of winning manners, polite and accomplished. Mr. Noyes, Steward, is the epitome of kindness and gentleness. He is a lay-hearred, courteous gentleman, ever solicitous for the comfort of passengers. Mr. Doby, Chief Engineer, is, as might be taken for granted, a Scotchman. Needless to say, he is master of his business; he is besides, a most friendly man and an agreeable companion. Mr. J. A. Flanders, New England agent of the line, was a passenger to Boston, after a brief visit to the Island. He is a genial and courteous gentleman. The popularity of the Plant Line was evidenced last summer by the great number of tourists thereby brought to our shores.

We left Halifax at midnight, in a downpour of rain. When the open sea was reached some of us land lubbers were glad to assume a horizontal position as soon as possible. Our good ship was rolling a little, and the hoarse sound of a steam whistle at regular intervals indicated that, in addition to the swell there was also fog. The steamer rolled and the fog continued for the greater part of the following day. This was Thanksgiving Day and assuredly I am not drawing on my imagination when I say that many of us passengers were extremely thankful that we were not much worse than we were. An attempt to assume a perpendicular position in the morning was attended with rather disagreeable consequences. It was, consequently, forced to make the humiliating admission that I was sea sick and that the horizontal position was the only one that, for the time being, could render life tolerable. The greater part of the day was spent in this manner. After we had crossed the mouth of the Bay of Fundy the sea became smoother, the weather cleared up and that night was beautiful and starlit. Boston light was sighted early next morning, and shortly after seven o'clock the Halifax was moored at her dock, and the passengers were soon trooping down the gangway.

A dozen years or more had passed since I had previously visited Boston and numerous changes, such as are peculiar to all great progressive cities, had in the mean time taken place. It would be idle to attempt to describe the evolution and expansion that is going on in this great metropolis. The improvements are most marked and to undertake any lengthy account of them would be an endless task. At the time of my previous visit the street cars were all drawn by horses; now, of course, these cars are all propelled by electricity. I believe there is one short line of horse cars, in a section where the tax payers have sufficient influence to prevent, so far, the advent of electric cars. These electric cars are very numerous, and on the principal streets and at great business centres appear to be running hither and thither in constant succession. They are certainly a most convenient mode of conveyance between distant sections of the city and between the city and suburban districts. These lines extend in all directions, in some instances to a distance of thirty miles from Boston. It may be said in a sense that every body rides in the electric cars; for you may see, all day long, and far into the night, a continuous line of them, almost without a break, one following another and all filled to their utmost capacity. Still, on the great thoroughfares, such as Washington Street, pedestrians are moving in such dense throngs that one finds his way with difficulty. In the sense that no one goes from one section to another, at least for any distance, except by the cars it is true that everybody rides. The rush is so great that there is no time to walk. Before very long the elevated electric system will be in operation. The construction is now going on. This will greatly relieve the congestion of the great thoroughfares which are now so thronged with cars, carriages and every manner of conveyance that it is almost impossible to move along with any degree of celerity. All this notwithstanding that there are continuous lines of cars running at full speed through the subway. This subway is itself one of the wonders of modern Boston. It extends from the eastern Union Station across the city, under the Common and beyond the very heart of the city. It is a veritable net work of electric railway lines; it is in places close to the surface, and overhead the incessant business and traffic goes on as if the subway did not exist. By means of the subway all car traffic is removed from Tremont Street. That was the main object, it appears. Another wonderful transformation of late years is the concentration of the steam car railway lines into Union Stations. The half-dozen lines running east all start from a great central station, located just where the Boston and Lowell station formerly stood. This is an immense brick and stone structure fitted up with all modern appliances. But it scarcely bears any comparison to the colossal granite and marble structure that constitutes the great Union Station for all the roads running from the western end of the city. No adequate description could be given in brief of this wonderful building. It covers many acres of ground, and embraces within its walls every possible facility and modern accommodation that can be desired by the travelling public. This colossal edifice of magnificent proportions is said to be the finest railroad station in the world, and that is not difficult to believe; for it is not easy to conceive how it could be very much improved upon. I shall only mention one more of the splendid new buildings recently erected. That is the new public library. This is a magnificent stone building of gigantic proportions. For the purposes of a library and reading rooms it is most elaborately equipped and furnished. As a free public institution it is a credit to even cultured Boston.

It is not my intention to refer at any length to the "successful" Islanders abroad." I am not sure that this has not been somewhat overdone. Those who acquire genuine fame seldom have any desire to see their names constantly in print. Such Islanders as Robson, O'Meara and some others who have reached the top in the journalistic and other professions require no special mention. My stay was but short and I was not able to see many of the numerous Islanders in Boston and its vicinity. I am happy to be able to say, however, that I met quite a number who are steadily forging to the front in the professions and other walks of life, and meeting with that success which is the reward of integrity and duty well done. Among the medical



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men I found Dr. R. J. McCormack, to the possession of a large and apparently constantly increasing practice. The great secret of success in this, as in other professions, being assiduous attention to duty. He resides in the Roxbury district, in Dorchester I found Dr. William Johnston, son of our esteemed townsman, Mr. John Johnston. Dr. Johnston is but young in years as well as in his profession; but he seems to be quite established and to be enjoying a good practice, which is constantly increasing. He is happily married and has a charming home. In the Dorchester district and not far from Dr. Johnston I also found Dr. Harry F. McLeod, son of the late Mr. James McLeod, Tailor, formerly of this city. Dr. Harry is evidently prospering in his profession, and has just been in our midst and has taken away with him, as his bride, one of Charlottetown's charming young ladies, as was noticed in last week's Herald. He has the Herald's best wishes for future prosperity. In Cambridge, Dr. T. E. Cunningham has long been established; he has built himself a splendid practice and is now one of the solid men of that city. His brother Dr. Joseph is also a busy medical man, and the brothers J. A. and H. J. are doing a large real estate business in the same place. The Cunningham brothers formerly belonged to Misouchoe. Other well doing Islanders whom I met include J. O. McDonald and Daniel McLean of East Boston; J. D. McIntyre, in the employ of S. S. Pierce & Co. the celebrated Grocers Boston. At Hyde Park I found John G. McDonald, formerly from the western part of the Island. He occupies a responsible position, as the superintendent of a large estate. The business of his position for the position may be found in the fact that he has held it for eighteen consecutive years. I found Mr. Neil McEubra occupying a position of trust and responsibility in the Hotel Savoy, and his sister in charge of one of the most important departments of the Hotel Bellevue, one of Boston's newest and most splendidly equipped hotels. In Cambridge I found Mr. John B. Fitzpatrick, carrying on a large hardware business. He formerly lived at Tracadie, but has been absent from the Island for a great number of years. Mr. P. J. Carmichael, formerly of Millisnoe, is also conducting a prosperous hardware business in Cambridge. Mr. Patrick Kelly, formerly of this city is also in Cambridge, in the boot and shoe business, and is meeting with a reasonable share of success. These Islanders, one and all, were extremely kind to me, and did their utmost to make my stay among them pleasant. To Mr. William B. Murphy of Cambridgeport, I have to express my very sincere thanks for his extreme courtesy and kindness and his liberal hospitality. Mr. Murphy is in the book business and is prospering as he deserves; for he is the most obliging and affable of men. At Woburn I met an old friend, Mr. Charles Campbell. Mr. Campbell, formerly resident in this city for some years; but has been in Woburn for twenty years or so. He has an interesting family and a happy home. He is a genial and hospitable friend. In Malden, Miss Julia Berrigan and Mrs. John Cairns and family are prosperous Islanders. Mr. Joseph F. Roche formerly of this city, is employed on the Boston Transcript and doing well. Other Islanders I also met, not at present recalled, and there are very many whom I would wish to see; but time did not permit.

I paid a flying visit to Lynn; but found the place unfamiliar. A great fire had swept away a large number of buildings in the central portion of the city. These have been replaced by new and modern buildings, and the place had otherwise grown and changed from what it was at my previous visit. I also found that death had made great gaps in the number of my acquaintances. I found the office of Mr. J. F. Hannan, a prosperous lawyer, a friend of former days; but he was absent and very limited time did not permit me to await his return. From Lynn I went to Wakefield, Wakefield, too, had been visited by a serious fire, shortly before my visit. I found that the dread respect had also been busy among the number of my friends in this town. My esteemed friend Mr. Joseph Connell had passed away since my last visit; I need not say that I was grieved at this intelligence. I found his son

Mr. Hugh Connell, a prosperous merchant and I visited the old homestead and partook of the beautiful hospitality of Mrs. Connell, now grown quite old.

The short time at my disposal passed all too quickly and the day of departure for home was at hand. After taking leave of friends the good steamer Halifax pulled out from her dock and we were soon down the harbor and out into the open sea again. The same fog that we had experienced on our way up seems to have been waiting for us; for we had scarcely cleared Boston harbor, when the fog whistle began to blow. That night and the following day, the weather seemed very much like what it had been on the upward passage, and I must confess that the effects experienced by me were very similar. Suffice it to say that I occupied a horizontal position for the greater part of the time. We reached Halifax about seven o'clock on Sunday evening, and it was raining, just as it was when we left there a week and a half before. After a somewhat longer stay than usual at Halifax, in consequence of discharging some very heavy freight. The start was made for Charlottetown, via Hants Bay. The weather was very fine now and the passage along the eastern shore was pleasant. Canoe was passed through at night, consequently the beauties of its scenery were not visible to any appreciable extent. The passage up the Strait and the entrance to Charlottetown harbor on a beautiful morning was the most pleasant portion of the voyage. There seemed to be a charm and freshness about the scenery such as we had not appreciated anywhere else on the trip. The Halifax was soon at her moorings and we took leave of our good friends, the officers who had been so kind and considerate to us all. Home never seemed so dear as now when returning from even a brief visit abroad, and the familiar words of the song seemed now to suggest their full significance: "There is no Place Like Home."—M.

Mrs. Charles N. Robinson, mother of Mr. Nugent Robinson and grandmother of the Rev. Paschal Robinson, O. F. M., who passed to the reward of a fervent Christian life on the 15th ult. in New York city, was a remarkable old lady. Although in her ninety-seventh year, she retained all her faculties to the last. She distinctly remembered and often recalled the details of the celebrations in honor of the victory of Waterloo in Dublin, where her father held a government position. She knew the patriotic Henry Grattan and all his more distinguished associates; and at a later period, through her brother Eugene, himself a literary man, she became acquainted with Dickens and many other celebrated authors. She never forgot any one in whom she became interested, or any incident of her long and eventful life. Inevitable as it may seem, Mrs. Robinson was able to read this magazine without glasses up to within a short time before her death. She died as she had lived, piously and fully resigned to the will of God. May she rest in peace.—Ave Maria.

A Protestant Episcopal contemporary tells this amusing story apropos of marriages: The incumbent of a populous parish in England who never failed to have publication of numerous banns, looked for the banns-book at usual one Sunday. Feeling assured of finding it he commenced: "I publish the banns of marriage—" An awkward pause during which he looked beneath the service book, still fumbling, "between—between—" "Between the cushion and the seat, sir," shouted the clerk, looking up and pointing to the place where the book had been mislaid.

The late Father Eugene O'Grady; M. R. I. A., formerly professor of Irish in Maynooth College, is said to have been one of the greatest masters of spoken Gaelic. He was the author of several popular textbooks and editor of the Gaelic Journal. His last literary work was the translation of "The Star-Spangled Banner" into metrical Irish. The death of this gifted priest, at the early age of thirty-seven, is widely mourned. He was so pious and zealous as he was learned and laborious. One of the last letters he ever wrote was addressed to us, and it proved that he was filled with the spirit of his holy vocation. May he rest in peace.—Ave Maria.

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August 3, 1898—6m

THE HERALD

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 15th 1899.
SUBSCRIPTION—\$1.00 A YEAR.
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY
JAMES MCISAAC,
Editor & Proprietor.

Our Subscribers are not coming in as fast as we would wish. This is a matter on which we do not wish to harp, and we trust our friends will spare us the disagreeable necessity of reminding them about delay.

They Play Their Last Card.

We have already referred to the cowardly tactics of the Provincial Government... Sir Louis Davies has been boasting that the Government, of which he is a member has kept its pledges. Of course every body who knows anything of the history of the Laurier Government is well aware that this declaration is to be understood in a contrary sense that it has broken all its pledges. And at the Pownal meeting Sir Louis gave ample proof that he and his Government are prepared to go on breaking their pledges. He held over the heads of the electors the disgraceful threat that if they voted to elect a Conservative Government, the public works to which they are entitled might be stopped. What does this mean but that the pledges and promises of Sir Louis and his Government will be totally disregarded if the people vote in accordance to their conscience?

and that Ladysmith is besieged. It is, however, intimated that General Buller will be able to hold out till reinforcements reach him. General Buller is supposed to be on the way to rescue General White. No serious casualty is apprehended, before General Buller reaches the scene of action.

During the course of his remarks at a public meeting at Pownal on Monday evening last, Sir Louis Davies laid great stress upon the necessity of keeping the Provincial Government in touch with the Federal Government. He pointed out (so he is reported), that if the electors should vote to bring in a Conservative Local Government, the contemplated Belfast railway and Hillsborough bridge would be much impeded, possibly stopped altogether. That is just what we have been telling the people. These public works are dangled before the eyes of the electors for political purposes only. Are we to infer that the Government contemplate the construction of these works for Grits only, and that Conservatives must not use them? What else can Sir Louis mean by his statements? Any public works established by the Dominion Government are paid for by the people of the Dominion, no matter whether they are Grits or Tories. But here comes a minister of the Crown and tells the people that their money will be thrown to the trade for the purpose of inducing the unwary to vote Grit. Electors of Belfast and Murray Harbor, don't allow yourselves to be deceived by any such shibboleth!

With such a record and such a record as he has made for the past few days, it would be a waste of time to go on with the same old story. The way to avoid this is to send in the money.

AT THE CAPITAL.

LECTION OF SENATORS—MINISTERS TRYING TO DECIDE—WHEREBY TO KEEP THE PEOPLE OR PARLIAMENT—RAPID CHANGE OF PROGRAMME—SOURASATHEBOLTER HAVING THINGS HIS OWN WAY.—TROUBLE IN THE WEST—MR. MARTIN CONDENSES HIS FRIENDS.

OTTAWA, Nov. 11.—These ministers of ours are queer men. Within two weeks after declaring that they had no power or right to send a corps to Africa, they were getting one ready to send. While claiming credit in Canada—or in a part of Canada—for their loyalty in taking part in the wars of the Empire, they named an overseas council, at the instance of Mr. Tarte, declaring this act was no precedent, and would not be repeated; but he may burn his fingers rather badly in the attempt. Sir Louis said a good fat salary from the pockets of the tax payers of this Dominion, to superintend the business of the Marine and Fisheries Department; not for the purpose of campaigning in Belfast and Murray Harbor in the vain hope of buying up a corrupt Local Administration. He has just returned from England, where he succeeded, for the time being, in giving to our United States neighbors about everything they desired, and without even looking into his department at Ottawa comes down to campaign for Premier Farquharson and Attorney General McKinnon. This is in line with what was done last spring when the Stanley and special train were run on Sunday, so as to bring Mr. Peters of British Columbia here in time to prevent the seat for Fort Augustus from being declared vacant. We have no doubt, however, that the electors of Belfast and Murray Harbor will resent this intrusion of Sir Louis Davies into matters that do not particularly concern him. Sir Louis commenced his campaign yesterday and is to continue until Friday. We shall be greatly surprised if, by that time, the Government's case shall not be worse than ever. The fact of having recourse to such means in the hope of gaining their end shows how hard the way of the transgressor is and that Nemesis is fast overtaking the Government.

tion in Ontario was intended to be a campaign tour. Write for the by-elections in seats long vacant were withheld. All was proceeding on the understanding that the election was at hand. But there are signs of a change of mind. The bureau is taking things over. It is reported that by-elections are likely to be held. Sir Wilfrid has, apparently, left his Ontario tour incomplete and abandoned the stump for the time being. All those signs may be delusive. The most that can be said is that the ministers are uncertain what to do. They are evidently afraid that public indignation, which burst upon them a month ago, after Sir Wilfrid and Mr. Tarte declared themselves against the offer of a Canadian corps for Africa, has not subsided. What is still more significant, they find that the people are sick and tired of the government on general grounds. The policy of deceit and dissimulation, humbug and falsehood, conspiracy and corruption, extortion and extravagance, of blundering blunders, of taking and giving, of stealing, has had its day of success. But the people do not like it. It is well for the electors to be on the alert. Sir Wilfrid, himself, has said that elections come like a thief in the night, and the Ontario record shows that it is not only in the matter of time that the government applies. The people should be prepared for an early election, and for an unfair one. But they need not be surprised if parliament should be called in January and the election withheld until next summer. They will understand in that case that the postponement is the result of a government panic.

ANCIENT VACANCIES.

Before the house meets some by-elections must be held. Winnipeg has been vacant since early last winter. It was not represented last session. Quebec ridges vacated by death or appointment to office are waiting to be filled. The most recent vacancy is that in Labelle, whose member resigned as a protest against the offer of the Canadian corps. Mr. Bourassa has appealed to his constituents on that issue, and is holding meetings in his constituency. His riding is just across the river from Ottawa, but, strange to say, no minister, and no member supporting the government has taken issue with Mr. Bourassa. There is a suspicion that Sir Tarte is backing up the young legislator, with the intention of allowing his imperialist colleagues that the French speaking people are not with them. At all events Mr. Bourassa has had all his meetings and the press reports say that the people have been with him, except in one village, which is strongly conservative and largely English. One would think that the government, which comes to the front fast enough when a protest is made against some boodle scheme, would take enough interest in a matter of this kind to oppose Mr. Bourassa on his own ground.

ON THE DEFENCE IN THE WEST.

Among the odd things in political history is the defensive campaign of Mr. Sifton, Mr. Paterson, Mr. Fraser, Mr. Logan, and other government supporters in Manitoba. Mr. Sifton, who has been claiming a solid west for the liberal party, is discovering that while the west is solid enough, it is solid the wrong way. But the present defensive movement is not a purely tactical one. The government has been condemned by its own party, and the ministers have found it necessary to go to Manitoba to answer to charges against them, made by one of the most prominent and able men in their ranks. Hon. Joseph Martin, who is now a member of the British Columbia legislature, has been attorney-general of that province and of Manitoba. He is the author of the Manitoba School Law, and represented Winnipeg in the last house of commons. He contested Winnipeg against Hon. John McLeod at the last general election, and was regarded then as the leader of his party in the west. He is now in Winnipeg a short time ago, and on the invitation of his old friends, delivered a political address to an immense audience.

MR. MARTIN'S ARRANGEMENT.

He reminded the people of the '11 campaign which he has made with Laurier, Cartwright, Paterson, and others, who were all agreed in declaring that the great issue in the west was the traffic and railway monopoly. Then he expressed deep regret that the reforms which had been promised in these campaigns and in the liberal platform had not been carried out. He was sorry to say that the farm machinery tariff, which was the largest grievance had not been lowered, but the protectionist tariff on the other hand had been increased. Mr. Martin went over the whole list, showing how utterly and completely the government had failed to carry out its undertakings, and assuring his hearers that so far as he was concerned, he did not see what had been gained by the change of government. He thought that if the protective policy was to be maintained, it would be fair to have it administered by its authors rather than by those who professed to be its opponents. He repeated it. On the question of railway monopoly Mr. Martin was still more severe. The government had not only allowed the old monopoly to remain, but had created a number of new monopolies in other parts of the country. He had paid the monopolies for allowing themselves to be established. This speech made a decided sensation. It was reprinted all over Manitoba, and represented so fully the experience and sentiment of the farmers that it became necessary for Mr. Sifton to do something about it. So he took the minister of agriculture and other help and started out. He is now laboring to convince the farmers that they can afford to pay to get government taxes, and would win them if the taxes were in power. He explains that what was contained in his former speech is "a growing pain" now. He points out that oil monopolies, binder twine combine, and railway concerns are small and trifling concerns unworthy of the attention of patriotic people.

BINDER TWINE.

Talking about binder twine, it is now better understood how the price came to be double the rate that prevailed a few years ago. It is announced this week that the Ontario binder twine which made a net profit of 60 per cent. on its capital last year, has this year divided no less than 100 per cent. There are great gains, but from whom is the money taken? From the farmers who pay two prices for their twine. These farmers who looked to Laurier, Cartwright, Paterson and Mulock to make twine cheap have now the reward of their faith, and their work. Binder twine comes in free, but the combine of monopoly will, United States manufacturers is worse than a fifty per cent. tariff. The whole thing is pooled. Makers and importers stand together to get the best out of the farmer, now that the government policy has killed off effective Canadian competition.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE COMBINES.

In the case of binder twine the government of Canada and the government

of Ontario have the means to protect the farmer. In the case of the Kingston millinery, the tariff for which the people have paid 12 to 15 cents could have been sold to them direct for half the price at a substantial profit after all expenses were paid.

If one or both governments had adopted this course the combine would have been obliged to reduce its price to a reasonable figure. But instead of doing this the government handed over the prison product to favorites of its own, practically without competition. The details of the dominion transaction were pretty fully explained by Mr. Taylor, M.P., at the last session of the house. It is enough to say here that the government sold the output of the penitentiary at from one-third to one-half the price which the farmer had to pay and that the proceeds went to the middleman, while the combine was protected from competition in the price. The farmer who pays two prices for his twine may congratulate himself on three things:

1. He has enabled the surviving manufacturers in Canada to make a profit of 100 per cent. on their capital. 2. He has given the United States producer to make a like profit of one 100 per cent. 3. He has given the government contractor, who required no capital for this business, to make more than 100 per cent. advance on the cost of the goods.

Perhaps it is not surprising that Mr. Martin lifted up his voice for the western farmer.

News put off till to-morrow what can be accomplished to-day is good advice, and especially good when applied to the matter of forwarding your subscription.

DR. LOW'S WORM SYRUP is a safe, sure and reliable worm expeller. Acts equally well on children or adults. Be sure you get L.W.'s.

Minards Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

The storm of Sunday and Monday forenoon was very severe and did much damage. Along the north shore, towards the western end of the Island a large number of oyster boats were driven on the beach and almost all destroyed. The wind-mill at St. Dunstan's College was blown down about nine o'clock Monday morning. The Prisoners did not leave here for Pictou till near noon on Monday and did not return till about four o'clock Tuesday morning. The Northumberland also was late leaving Summerside for Point du Chent. She returned about ten o'clock same night.

ONE LAXA-LIVER PILL every night for thirty days makes a complete cure for biliousness and constipation. That is, just 25 cents to be cured.

IT PAYS TO BUY AT PERKINS'

We are offering a few of last season's

Sacques

At Tremendous Discounts.

Table with 3 columns: Price, Discounted Price, Original Price. Rows include \$3.00 for \$1.90, \$4.75 for 2.00, \$5.90 for 3.75, \$6.85 for 3.75, \$9.60 for 4.82.

The above marked in plain figures and must be sold for cash regardless of COST.

The Peerless Blanket, SIZE 60 x 80.

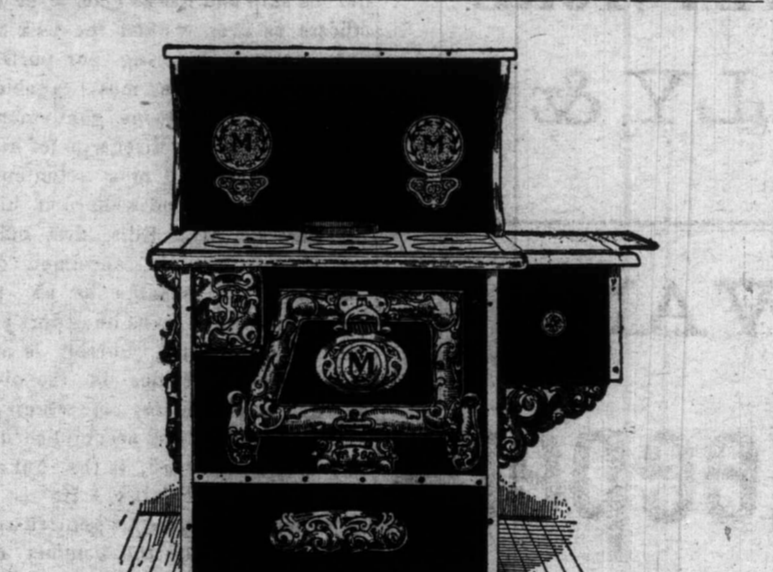
This is one of our specials, and is only to be found at PERKINS'. It sells for—

\$2.95 PER PAIR. REMNANTS.

About 40 or 60 ends of Dress Goods in Cloth, Serges and Fancies—in lengths from 3 to 5 yards. All Required

F. PERKINS & CO.,

Bazaar Glove Fitting Patterns, Fifteen Cents Each. Millinery Leaders, Sunnyside, Charlottetown.



STEEL STOVES!

STEEL RANGES.

\$30 UP.

GUARANTEE—These Stoves are guaranteed perfect in workmanship and construction, substantial and durable. The oven works quick. Saves one third to one-half the fuel used by other stoves. All parts are guaranteed against warping.

DODD & ROGERS.

USE

EDDY'S

BRUSHES

The Most DURABLE on the Market. FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

ADMIRAL DEWEY WEBS.

Mrs. Hagan and Admiral Dewey were married at Washington last Thursday morning. The ceremony took place in St. Paul's Church, Fisher, Madison building. The ceremony was strictly private, and of the simplest character.

RUSSIA VIND JAPAN. The Shanghai correspondent of the London Times of the 11th says: "There is every indication of an increased friction between Russia and Japan, owing to the latter's activity in Corea and the northern provinces of China."

TRANSPORT SAILS.

The troopship Bavaria left Queenstown Friday evening for the Cape, carrying the Connaught Rangers, the first battalion of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers and a contingent of miscellaneous troops, altogether over 2000 men, and a large quantity of stores. Crowds witnessed and cheered the departure of the vessel.

FRENCH STEAMER BOARDED.

The French steamer Cordova was overhauled outside Lorenzo Marques, Delagoa Bay, a few days ago, by H. M. S. Magdalen, and refusing to stop, was brought to by a blank shot across her bows. Her papers were examined and she was then allowed to proceed. This incident is expected to cause some international complications.

MILITARY PRISONERS MUTINY.

San Francisco advices of the 13th say that a hundred military prisoners from Manila on the troopship Indiana broke through the bulkhead of the Commissary department and made their way to the deck. They then attempted to take possession of the ship. The officers had a terrible time of it. Some were put in irons and others led on bread and water.

TRAGEDY AT SEA.

Captain B. Vandenburgh, of the American schooner J. B. Vandenberg, was stabbed by a seaman named Maxwell when the schooner was off Point Lepanto on Saturday night. The dying man was either pushed or fell overboard, but was picked up by the mate and one seaman in time. The schooner kept on her course. The mate headed for shore, landing at dipper harbor. It is believed when the troops got within short range the Boers opened fire. The British charged at once. The infantry with fixed bayonets, the Royal Artillery, and the Boers fought like demons. The Gordon Highlanders lost heavily, but the Boers were awful. The wounded presented a fearful appearance, some and ears being missing from their heads, and others with their arms and legs cut off. The British were victorious.

THE WAR!

Cape Town advices of Thursday last contain the following: "Terrible slaughter of Boers occurred in Friday's fight at Ladysmith. According to the news just received the Boers killed a white flag. The firing ceased and the British approached them, believing they had surrendered. When the troops got within short range the Boers opened fire. The British charged at once. The infantry with fixed bayonets, the Royal Artillery, and the Boers fought like demons. The Gordon Highlanders lost heavily, but the Boers were awful. The wounded presented a fearful appearance, some and ears being missing from their heads, and others with their arms and legs cut off. The British were victorious."

RECORDED, Natal Nov. 13.—A company of the Dublin Fusiliers had a sharp brush with a large force of Boers, reported to be 600 in number, near Colenso today. The Fusiliers went out on a reconnoitering party on an armored train, and were fired on by the Boers at Fort Willie. The British promptly returned the fire and succeeded in driving the enemy under cover, after which the British retired, having captured considerable forage. No casualties are reported on the British side.

DIED.

At Black River, Oct. 35, on the 9th Nov., Mrs. Wm. Conner, aged 80 years. At Let 7, on the 15th inst., of heart disease, Henry Butler, aged 54 years. R. I. P. In this city, on the 18th inst., William Boyie, banner in the 72nd year of his age. In this city, on the 7th inst., William Colwell Harris, in the 87th year of his age.

At Worcester, Mass., on Saturday, the 4th inst. of heart failure, Andrew P. McCarron, painter, formerly of this city. R. I. P.

At 299 Cabot Street, Roxbury, Mass., on November 3rd, Sarah, beloved wife of James Fahay, late of this Province. May her soul rest in peace.

On Sunday, Oct. 22nd, at Chatham, Eng. Harry Slozger, aged 35, Captain Royal Engineers, son of the late Richard Slozger, B.-C., of Telmouss, Plymouth.

At her residence, King Street, on the 9th inst., Frances, widow of the late Patrick Mahoney, aged 80 years, leaving one daughter to mourn. May her soul rest in peace.

Suddenly, at Alberton, on the 8th inst. of heart failure, Alexander McDonald, aged 55 years, leaving a widow, five sons and four daughters to mourn. May her soul rest in peace.

At Brandon, Man., Oct. 20th, 1899, Margaret Gill, of Little York, P. E. Island, wife of the late Donald MacLachlan, aged 69 years, leaving three sons and two daughters to mourn their loss.

At Dawson's Grove, Lot 37, after a short illness, of influenza, Mary Mooney, beloved wife of Mr. William Fitzsimmons, in the 53th year of her age. Deceased was a pious and devout Christian, a good mother, a true friend, charitable, and of an agreeable and kind-hearted disposition, and her death is deeply mourned by all who knew her. She leaves a disconsolate husband, 4 sons and 4 daughters to mourn the loss of a devoted wife and loving mother. May her soul rest in peace.

MILBURN'S STERLING HEAD-ACHE POWDERS cure the worst headache in from five to twenty minutes, and leave no bad after effects. One powder 5c, 3 powders 10c, 10 powders 25c.

STANLEY BROS.

DRESS GOODS.

The New,

Only the New.

When we ask you to visit our Dress Goods department, we do it with the greatest confidence in our ability to please you. The assortment is complete, both in black and colored goods; and it takes very little money these days for your dresses, if you buy of us.

If you can't come yourself

SEND FOR SAMPLES.

Stanley Bros.

Where Do You Trade?

CLOTHING

At PROWSE BROS.

YOU ARE RIGHT.

Heavy Ulsters \$3.75, worth double; Pants 75c., \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2.00; Suits \$3.75, \$4.75, \$6.00, \$7.50, \$8.50 and \$10.00; Shirts 20c., 30c., 40c., 50c.; Flannelette 5c., 6c., 7c., 8c., 10 and 12c.

The Best Assortment of Goods to be found in the city at any price.

PROWSE BROS.

The Wonderful Cheap Men.

WE SELL

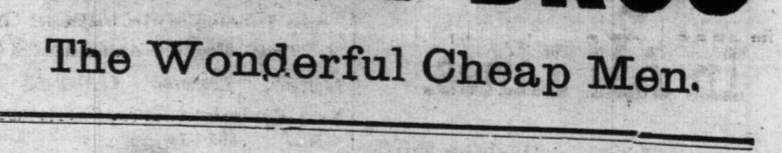
Cheapest

BEST FURNITURE

On P. E. Island.

Mark Wright & Co., Ltd.

HOME MAKERS.



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MILBURN'S STERLING HEAD-ACHE POWDERS cure the worst headache in from five to twenty minutes, and leave no bad after effects. One powder 5c, 3 powders 10c, 10 powders 25c.



Shoemakers
Boot Tops & French Kip
 Imported from England, on the way.
 Rubber Heels, Rubber Cement, Leather Cement (best)

Eyelts Hooks, Rasps, Welts, Wax, Nails, Brass Wire, Steel Wire, Sole Leather, Shoe Knives and Shoe Thread.

Good quality,
 Low Prices,

AT
GOFF BROS.



A Failing Business

It is strange, but nevertheless true, that many Clothiers, in finding their business dwindling away never ascertain the true cause—the kind of Clothing they're selling.

There is no going back of the fact if you want to keep in touch with the spirit of the times you have got to sell the right kind of Clothing—Clothing that you, as well as the wearer, can truly depend upon. A satisfied customer is your best possible advertisement and costs nothing.

We sell the "SHOREY" BRAND CLOTHING to over two thousand, and the best evidence in the world that we produce the BEST WEARING CLOTHING is the tremendous volume of our business.

You ought to know us—you ought to investigate your offerings. We will change the course of your business and place it on a paying basis. Now is the time to get out of the rut.

"A man's character is generally judged by the company he keeps."

To be Progressive is to sell Progressive Clothing.

We have produced a line of

Suits for
Fall & Winter
 AT \$5.50
 \$6.00
 \$7.50
 AND \$8.50

That for exclusiveness, quality, style, tailoring and fit will prove invincible to all competition.

If you are interested write. We will send sample garments, express prepaid.

The acknowledged Best Tailored, Popular Priced, Perfect Fitting Suits.

JAS. PATON & CO.

A BIG SENSATION
 IN
Dress Goods!

We're going to give you for two weeks, beginning November 10th, ending November 24th, the greatest Dress Goods Snap ever given in Charlottetown. "We leave you to judge." We've placed on our counters 5 heaps of wide double width Dress Goods, put out in 5 lots.

- Lot 1.** You'll find pretty Plaids, plain blacks, fancy Blacks, colored Tweeds, widths 36 to 40 inches. **12c.**
- Lot 2.** You'll get almost anything you want in this lot, in fancies, plain blacks, plaid and tweed effects. You've paid 39 cts. for the same goods. **19c.**
- Lot 3.** Handsome Serge mixtures, all popular shades, choice patterns in fancy blacks and pretty plaids. Never mind what they are worth. **29c.**
- Lot 4.** Plain Black Cashmere Possims; also figured black and Silk and Wool Mohairs. This we consider the biggest snap we ever heard of. **39c.**
- Lot 5.** You're choice of 50 pieces of the prettiest up-to-date Goods we have ever offered you. You'll save 50 cents on every \$5's worth you buy. **49c.**
- Lot 6.** Oh! we haven't time to tell you half we are offering you at **69c.**

There'll be a crush at our Dress Goods counter the next two weeks that you have seldom ever seen in Charlottetown.

- "MY STORE" is the Popular Store.
- "MY STORE" is the Fur Store.
- "MY STORE" is the Dress Goods Store.
- "MY STORE" is the Busy Store.

SENTNER, McLEOD & CO.

Wholesale and Retail.

Successors to Beer Bros.

LOCAL AND OTHER ITEMS.

WANTED—500 Herald Subscribers to send in a dollar a piece during this week.

The snow storm of Sunday and Monday made a bad mess of the roads.

It is thought the condensed milk factory will be ready for business by December 1st.

ORWELL cheese factory made \$48,500 worth of cheese during the season just closed.

The Montreal banks have advanced the rate of interest on all loans of stocks and bonds to 6 and 6 1/2 per cent.

The S.S. Sardinian with the Canadian contingent for South Africa, has arrived at St. Vincent, Cape Verde Islands.

It is reported that, within the past two weeks, over \$100,000 have been stolen by burglars in Montreal and other Canadian cities.

HARMSWORTH, the proprietor of the London Daily Mail says that he would like to have a chance for the America's Cup next year.

The steamer Halifax, from Boston, arrived here about ten o'clock yesterday forenoon and left on return towards three o'clock in the afternoon.

Mrs. Logan, wife of H. J. Logan, M. P., Amherst, N. S. was found dead in her bed on Wednesday morning last. She was but twenty-six years of age.

While trying to rescue a child whose clothes were on fire, Mrs. Sylvester Anderson had all her clothes burned off near Sussex, N. B. on Wednesday last. Neither is expected to live.

LAST season the Orwell cheese factory made cheese to the value of \$43,500. The number of patrons was less than 200, many of whom make from \$200 to \$400 by the season's work.

The ladies and citizens of St. John, N. B., and Charlottetown have secured shipment of boxes containing presents of all kinds, as a Christmas box to our boys when they reach South Africa.

The schooner Evelyn sailed from this port on Thursday, for Trinidad via Barbados with 3,000 bags of oats, 24 horses, 2 cows and calves, 22 sheep, 150 geese, 200 fowl, 75 barrels of potatoes and 5 tons of hay.

WORD comes from India that there is a famine there, and the Governor-General of Canada has been asked if cheap grain can be had in the Dominion. His Excellency has referred the matter to the Trade and Commerce Department.

In the storm of Monday the schooner Oswald, owned by Wm. Orr, French River, was wrecked at Conna's Cape Park Corner, at about 2 o'clock in the morning. The schooner was in ballast and bound for New London. The crew were saved.

Two Sisters of the Community of St. Joseph, of St. Paul, Minn., are on the island, seeking postulates. One of them, the Mother Provincial, is a sister of Archbishop Ireland, the distinguished prelate of St. Paul, and the other his cousin. They are now in the west at Tignish and Alberton.

Mrs. GEORGE HILSON, formerly of Summerside, but now of Bridgetown, Conn., is heir to \$6,000,000, part of the estate of the late Elisha Crowell, of Bristol, Eng., who left a fortune of \$30,000,000. He is a relative of Mrs. D. Hamilton, of Summerside, and her brothers are John Lee, of Summerside and Newton Lee, of Truro.

A VERY impressive ceremony was performed at Chatham, N. B., on Wednesday morning last, when the black veil of the Hotel Dieu Order of Nuns was conferred upon the Misses Lynch, recently of Charlottetown, by his Lordship Right Rev. James Rogers, D. D., Bishop of Chatham, in the chapel of the Hotel Dieu Hospital of Chatham, N. B. His Lordship was assisted by Father Walsh and Father Jayner of the Cathedral. A very eloquent and instructive discourse was pronounced by Rev. Dr. Morrison, of Charlottetown, on the duties and consequent reward of those who sacrificed their lives to assist the poor and distressed. In the sanctuary besides the officiating clergymen were Very Rev. Father Barry, Vicar General of the diocese of Chatham, Rev. Henry McRory, and several others. Sister St. Bridget, Congregation de Notre Dame, Ploton, who is a sister of the Misses Lynch, went to Chatham for the ceremony.

CAPT. J. TAYLOR WOOD, of Halifax, received a telegram on Saturday from the war office, London, announcing that his son, C. C. Wood, of the North Lancashire Regiment, was dangerously wounded in head and chest in a skirmish near Belmont on November 10th. On Saturday he received another telegram announcing the death of his son. Lieutenant Wood was the worthy son of noble sires. A great grandson of General Zachary Taylor, one-time President of the United States; grandson of General Robert C. Wood, of the United States army; son of Captain J. Taylor Wood, probably the most daring, most famous and one of the most successful fighters in the confederate navy, and for the last thirty years one of the most respected and highly esteemed citizens of Halifax, and brother of "Zeck" Wood, who was adjutant of the Winnipeg battalion, and served with the Batoche column under General Middleton, during the Northwest rebellion, and is now inspector of the Northwest mounted police.

In our obituary column today will be found notice of the death of Alexander McDonald, Alberton, which occurred very suddenly at that place on the 8th inst. It appears that Mr. McDonald was out doing some work about his place when he was noticed by some who were passing, to fall to the ground. He was at once carried into the house, but life was extinct. Deceased was within a month of completing his eighty-fifth year at the time of his death. Two of his five sons reside at Perth Amboy, N. J., one in New Zealand and two reside on the island—Mr. James McDonald, Maple Hill, and Rev. Ignatius McDonald, pastor of St. Teresa's. Of his four daughters three reside on the island—Mrs. Gillis, Mount Stewart, Miss May McDonald with Father Ignatius at St. Teresa's, and Miss Clemens at home at Alberton. The remaining daughter, Mrs. Kelly, resides in Boston. The interment took place at St. Andrew's on Friday last, and was largely attended, his Lordship the Bishop and a number of priests attending.

My little girl, 7 years old, used to get indigestion at night and I gave her Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and it acted promptly and with good effect.

MRS. JOB DOTY,
 Port Gilbert, N. S.

No Grip or Pain.
 When you use these gentle acting Little Laxa-Liver Pills. They cure Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache and Dyspepsia and produce no weakening or Sickening effect.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Political Meeting
Belfast District.

The undersigned will meet the electors of Belfast District at the following times and places:

Avondale, Friday, 17th Nov., inst., at 6 p. m.
 Pownall, Saturday, 18th Nov., inst., at 6 p. m.

Mt. Buchanan, Monday, 20th Nov., inst., at 7 p. m.
 Eldon, Monday, 20th Nov., inst., at 6 p. m.

Belle River, Tuesday, 21st Nov., inst., at 6 p. m.
 Wood Islands, East Hill, Wednesday, 22nd Nov., inst., at 6 p. m.

Montague Cross, Thursday, 23rd Nov., inst., at 6 p. m.
 Grandview, Friday, 24th Nov., inst., at 6 p. m.

Ugg Hall, Saturday, 25th Nov., inst., at 6 p. m.
 Cherry Valley (Gleason's), Monday, 26th Nov., inst., at 6 p. m.

Melville Schoolhouse, Wednesday, 29th Nov., inst., at 6 p. m.
 Montague Cross, Thursday, 30th Nov., inst., at 6 p. m.

Iris (Pleasant Valley), Friday, 1st Dec., at 7 p. m.
 Mt. Vernon (Rons), Friday, 1st Dec., at 6 p. m.

Alberty Plain, Saturday, 2nd Dec., at 6 p. m.
 Orwell Cove, Monday, 4th Dec., at 6 p. m.

Vernon River Bridge, Wednesday, 6th Dec., at 6 p. m.
 The Government candidate, Mr. D. P. Irving, is cordially invited to attend.

A. A. McLEAN.
 Nov. 15—11

\$7,000 SALE!

Great Sale Boots and Shoes.

We have decided on CLOSING OUT our Boot and Shoe department and devoting our entire store to **Dry Goods & Ready-made Clothing.**

We now offer 7,000 Dollars worth Boots and Shoes at prices that will make a quick clearance.

- Ladies' Fine Boots, Buttoned and Laced, 33 1/2 per cent. off.
- Children's Fine Boots " " 33 1/2 per cent. off.
- Women's Strong Boots " " 25 per cent. off.
- Girls' Strong Boots " " 25 per cent. off.
- Children's Strong Boots " " 25 per cent. off.
- Men's and Boys' Boots " " 25 per cent. off.

Job lots at half prices.
 As the price of Boots and Shoes is advancing this will be a good chance to buy your Boots cheap.

Sale to begin Wednesday at 9 a. m.

J. B. McDonald & Co.

Weeks AND Co You Want

A Place

WHERE YOU GET
Full Value for Your Money

That is only natural. Everybody wants to make the dollars go as far as possible—they are hard to get and easy to spend.

Now We Wish to Say This:
 We are not going to begin to tell you that we are giving goods away; but one thing you can always rely on

You can get a Better Value at the Model Store than anywhere else.

GO TO THE Model Store



- If you want Ready-made Clothing,
- If you want Tweeds,
- If you want Boots and Shoes,
- If you want Flannels or Blanketings,
- If you want Gents' Furnishings,
- If you want Hats or Caps,
- If you want Trunks or Valises
- If you want Umbrellas

The best goods obtainable At lowest price possible.

R. H. RAMSAY & CO.

Furs, Mantles, Jackets, Dress Goods and Staples, WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

One of the largest and best stock of Fine Furs, Jackets, Dress Goods and Staple Goods ever imported to Charlottetown
At the Lowest Possible Price.

New Jackets Best quality
New Jackets ever offered
New Jackets for the money

FURS Fur Lined Capes.
FURS The very latest.
FURS A specialty.

Furs of all kinds, Jackets in Astrakan, Coon, Greenland and Electric Seal, Collarines, Muffs, Rugs and Bobes.
Come and see us. Examine our new goods.

We want you to trade with us, as we know that we can please you and can sell as cheap as any house in the trade.
KID GLOVES.—Special line of black and colored, at 65 cents, regular \$1.10 and \$1.35 cut.

MEN'S UNDERCLOTHING.—In fleeced lined, half wool and all wool. Topshirts, all new goods and prices low. Our special 48 cent Black Cashmere Winter Weight is without doubt the best value in the city.

WEEKS & CO'S,
 The Peoples' Store.
 Successors to W. A. Weeks & Co.

NOTICE. The drawing in aid of St. Mary's Church, Indian River, will come off early in December, and parties holding books will please return them in November.
 W. J. McMILLAN, Sec'y.
 Oct. 25—41

NOTICE. All amounts in Book accounts, notes of hand or judgments due the Estate of the late John P. Sullivan of St. Peter's Bay, must be handed in and paid forthwith, to Lawrence J. McDonald who will give receipts therefor. All accounts not closed and arranged for at once will be placed in October court for collection.
 HELEN SULLIVAN, Administratrix.
 St. Peter's Bay, Sept. 27th, 1899.—2m.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

A Permanent Cure

Of such serious diseases as Scrofula, Old Sores, Eczema, Ring Worm, Ulcers, and all malignant diseases having their origin in bad blood can only be obtained through the use of Burdock Blood Bitters.

THE MONTHS OF THE HOLY SOULS

Let us pray For the father and the mother, For the sister and the brother, And the friend.

For the soul forgotten, longing— 'Mid those mournful phantoms thronging— For a friend.

When again the leaves are falling, We, too, may be sadly calling For a friend.

While the bleak winds of November Wall around us, oh, remember Every friend!

"I have used Hazard's Yellow Oil for Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, Sprains, Bruises, Sore Throat and pains in the Stomach. I always say it is a regular medicine chest, it can be used in so many different ways.

A Victim to the Seal of Confession.

A True Story, by Rev. Joseph Spillman, S. J.

Published with the permission of Mr. B. Herder, publisher and bookseller, St. Louis, Mo.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

Not until Aix was resolved did Father Montmoulin experience to the full the pain and ignominy of this vicarious. The report had already reached the town that a priest was to be brought in, convicted of robbery and murder, and on the way to the prison heads were thrust out of every window, the shopkeepers stood on their doorsteps, the lowest rabble filled the streets, and it was not without difficulty that the cart made its way in some parts through the crowds of roughs that surged around it.

"One moment, my good lady," quoth the stall keeper, a sturdy, weather-beaten old woman, "I will serve you directly, only I must see who they are taking to prison. Hold the chair, child, while I get up on it to look," she said to Mrs. Montmoulin's grand-daughter, who was carrying the basket for her grandmother. "They did say, it was a priest who had committed murder—my goodness, is it possible, yes, the prisoner in the cart actually has a cassock on! Do you see child? Get up there and look."

In the twinkling of an eye Julia climbed up on the stand, and no sooner did she catch sight of the prisoner who sat with closed eyes, pale and patient in the cart, than she screamed aloud: "Grandm! ther, it is a soul." Hardly knowing what she did, the old woman turned round, and as the conveyer proceeded on its way, she caught a glimpse of her son, and calling him by name, she fell fainting to the ground.

The cry reached Father Montmoulin's ears, and he recognized his mother's voice. He sprang to his feet, and begged the guard for Heaven's sake to stop for a moment, that he might speak a word of consolation to his mother; but the police only ordered the driver to go faster, and ere long they drew up at the prison gates. After the usual formalities had been gone through in the presence of the Governor, the prisoner was given in charge of one of the warders with the words: "Robbery and murder, as good as proven. Take the prisoner to cell 11, and let him be closely watched."

The massive iron gates which separated the main body of the prison from the wing containing the prisoner's apartments and the various offices, swung back on their hinges to admit the prisoner and the attendant warder. The porter who opened the gates looked the priest up and down with a sinister expression, then all was locked and behind them. Father Montmoulin's heart was heavy as he walked by the warder's side down a long corridor, closed by a heavy iron grating, on both sides of which were the prisoner's cells. The warder unlocked No. 11, and ushered his companion into the gloomy chamber. Father Montmoulin glanced at the bare, white-washed walls, the tiny wooden shutters, the iron bars and wooden stanchions, through which a narrow strip of blue sky alone was visible, the small table and wooden stool standing on one side, while against the opposite wall was a wretched pallet with a straw mattress; then he turned to the warder and asked if he would

take off the handcuffs and get him a breviary and writing materials.

"I will take off the handcuffs," the man replied, with a searching look at the prisoner. "You seem a quieter chap than your predecessor here, who tried to commit suicide when he found he was sentenced to death. He hung himself to the bars of the window, but we cut him down in time, so the hangman was not cheated. I dare say the Governor will allow you to have writing materials, but we have not got the book you ask for, it is quite unnecessary."

"It is very necessary for me, I am under the obligation of saying it every day. Would you have the kindness to ask the Governor to get me one from the Director of the Diocesan Seminary. He knows me quite well; my God, how amazed he will be when he hears I am imprisoned on a charge of robbery with murder!"

"I will mention your wish to the Superintendent," the warder answered. "Is there anything else you want?" No! "We generally get no end of requests, very few of which are granted, let me tell you. A prayerbook is the last thing asked for. There is your pitcher of water in that corner; your food will be put through this sliding door. I suppose you will wish to be supplied from outside until after the trial. The prices are: 1st class, ten shillings per diem; 2nd class, five; 3rd class, three. Which will you have?"

"What does the usual prison fare cost?" "Nothing at all, it is supplied gratis, but I warn you it is not very appetizing."

"I have no doubt it will do for me, I am poor, and so are my relations. And the prison fare will be suitable for Lent, on which we have just entered," Father Montmoulin rejoined with a mournful smile.

The warder stared at him for a moment. "As you please," he said and turned to depart. Then coming back, he took up the pitcher saying: "At any rate sir, I will fetch you some fresh water and a piece of good bread," and left the cell, half annoyed with himself for having been moved to pity by the pale, delicate looking priest in the shabby cassock. "That is the strangest murderer I have ever seen," he said to himself as he bolted and locked the door. "I have had the experience of a good many during twenty years service here, but none has been like this one. But there must be strong evidence against him, or the Governor would not have sent him to No. 11. Perhaps he is only a better dissimular than the others. I am not going to let myself be taken in at my year."

As soon as he was left in solitude Father Montmoulin knelt down and made an offering to God of the bitter shame and disgrace which had been his portion during the past twenty-four hours. He did so from his heart, although he felt within him the natural repugnance that everyone feels to humiliation and injustice. He then prayed for fortitude, that he might drink the chalice of suffering like his Lord, to the very end, and endure anything and everything rather than be unfaithful in the slightest degree to the sacred obligation of secrecy. For some time he remained at prayer; at length he found consolation and peace of mind. "I cannot do otherwise," he said to himself, "I must do my duty, and leave the rest in God's hands. He will make all turn out for the best. In te Domine speravi; non confundar in aeternum."

After thus raising his heart to God Father Montmoulin, worn out with

sorrow and fatigue, laid down on his hard and narrow bed, and from sheer exhaustion, fell into a heavy sleep.

When he awoke, it was almost dark. The warder must have been in, for he found a pitcher of water on his table, besides some bread and the writing materials desired. A basin of soup and a small piece of meat had also been put through the sliding door, both were cold, as if they had been there some time. He ate some bread and meat, and then said his beads, which he had been allowed to retain when his pockets were searched. Afterwards he paced up and down his cell, endeavoring calmly to reflect what it would be best for him to do. He decided to write to his ecclesiastical superiors next morning giving a brief statement of what had occurred, and declaring his innocence, with an earnest entreaty that they would both counsel him how to act and take steps in his behalf, not so much for his sake as that of the clergy in general, who would be involved in his disgrace, and for the sake of averting terrible scandal to the faithful and to unbelievers. Next to this, his principal anxiety was as what would become of his mother, whose image, as she fell fainting in the market place, was continually before his mind. But he could do nothing except commend her to Providence. He had no friends in Aix to whom he could write asking them to look after her. At length it occurred to him, that amongst his parishioners there might be some kindly disposed person, in tolerably affluent circumstances, who would befriend her, if as he feared, the blow which fell upon him would affect her also.

After long hesitation he fixed upon a wealthy landowner, who had no children, and whom he had visited very assiduously during a recent severe illness. "If it comes to the worst I will write to him," he said to himself, as he prepared to go to rest, and God, who gives sleep to his beloved, sent to this faithful servant, who was sorely tried, a long and refreshing slumber, from which he did not wake until the light of a new day shone through the iron bars of his prison window.

"It is a wonder how one can sleep, under such circumstances," he said to himself almost cheerfully, as he rose and dressed. After his usual devotion, including a meditation on our Lord's Passion, which he was accustomed to take for the subject of his meditations during Lent, he seated himself at the table, and wrote the Vicar-General, enclosing a short note to the Archbishop. He also wrote to his mother, to comfort and encourage her; there was no need to assure her of his innocence. He felt not a little uneasy on account of the magistrate having threatened to arrest her, but he tried to persuade himself that this was an empty menace. There was nothing to be done but to leave this all to God; even if his mother were put in prison and sentenced to some punishment as accessory to the crime, it would not justify him in breaking the seal of confession.

When his letters were finished Father Montmoulin looked around for his Breviary, intending to recite it as usual. He then remembered that he had not been supplied with one, and was obliged to content himself with saying the Rosary in its place. Then he waited as patiently as he could until the warder should come for his letters and perhaps bring him up for some examination.

Shortly before noon the bolts of the cell door were drawn back, and to his great joy Father Regent, the Director of the Seminary, entered. The good old man looked kindly but sorrowfully at his former pupil: "My dear Francis!" he exclaimed, "this is indeed a terrible trial for you! I had believed you and tried to see you but could not get the permission. This morning I went to the Prefect of the parliament, an old friend of mine, and he gave me an order to the inspector of police, and this access was granted me. And now my dear fellow, you need not tell me this accusation is perfectly false, for I know you to be utterly incapable of committing so foul a crime; I told the Inspector so, but he only shrugged his shoulders, and said that the circumstantial evidence seemed incontrovertible. There is no doubt about your innocence, but how is it to be proved? That is the difficulty. What can we do to put down this frightful scandal as soon and as completely as possible, and vindicate you and your name?"

Father Montmoulin thanked his old friend for his kind sympathy and said he really did not know what could be done for him. He told the whole story of what had taken place, entirely omitting however, the fact that Loyer had been to confession to him. After he had counted up all the evidence against himself, and dwelt upon its gravity, he wound up by saying: "God, the omniscient and omnipotent, knows that I am innocent. I take Him to witness! But how to prove my innocence in the sight of man, is another matter. I shall not be the first man who has been unjustly condemned."

Father Regent's countenance had grown gloomy, as he listened to the priest's narrative. He remained silent for some minutes; then he said: "The difficulties seem more insuperable than I first imagined. I thought the whole affair was cooked up by our enemies, to make a point

Agony of Eczema.

Couldn't sleep at night with the torture.

Eczema, or Salt Rheum as it is often called, is one of the most agonizing of skin diseases, nothing but torture during the day and two-fold torture at night.

But there's a remedy permanently cures the worst kind of Eczema—relieves the itching, burning and smarting and soon leaves the skin smooth and healthy.

It is Burdock Blood Bitters. Mrs. Welch, Greenbank, Ont., tried it and here is what she says: "B.B.B. cured me of Eczema three years ago and I have had no return of it since. I was so bad that I could not sleep at night with it."

Being told of B.B.B. I tried it, and two bottles made a perfect and permanent cure. At the elections, because the Liberal papers made use directly of the fatal occurrence in support of their views."

After a pause he continued: "It is a good thing the lady who was murdered was not young, or another construction might have been put upon the deed. I must say I think you were very unwise to let the old lady come to you when you were alone, if you were going to hand over that sum of money to her you might have told her to bring another member of the committee with her or at least you need not have sent the old servant away. I know what you will answer; who would have dreamed of such a thing happening; I do not mean to reproach you, but one must observe ordinary prudence. What we have to do now, is to prove that you are not guilty. There must have been some one else on the premises, who had got in without your knowledge, and who committed the murder; who can it have been?"

"The Magistrate averred that it could not possibly have been a stranger, for how could he have known that Mrs. Blanchard would pass by the lumber room with the money at that particular time and laid in wait for her," Father Montmoulin answered dejectedly.

"There was the sacristan; has it been actually proved that he was absent that day?" "So I am told."

"That must be looked into. Or perhaps the maid-servant talked about Mrs. Blanchard going for the money, and it got to the ears of some rogue, who slipped into the Convent after her. Take courage, all must be thoroughly investigated. I will go at once to the Vicar-General and if necessary, to the Archbishop; Council must be retained for the defence."

"I have no money to pay for his services."

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP. CURES COUGHS AND COLDS.

Mrs. Alonzo H. Thurber, Freeport, N.S., says: "I had a severe attack of Grippe and a bad cough, with great difficulty in breathing. After taking two bottles of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup I was completely cured."

LAXA-LIVER PILLS. Work while you sleep without a grip or gripe, curing Sick Headache, Dyspepsia and Constipation, and make you feel better in the morning.

MISCELLANEOUS. This letter which some person wrote to an editor when discontinuing his paper contains internal evidence of the truth of its assertion: "I think folks ought to spend their money for paypar, my dad didn't, and every one said he was the intelligentest man in the country and had the smartest family of boys that ever dug tails."

Getting overheated and catching cold often brings on Cramps and Colic of the worst kind. A few doses of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry give relief from pain and quickly cure the worst cases.

Has A GREAT FUTURE — "Any bright boys in your school, Jimmy?" "Yes! Billy Goff kin eat a whole apple in two bites."

Pain Ceased First Day. Mrs. Mary O'Dell, 262 Dunn Ave., Toronto, says: She used Millburn's Rheumatic Pills for a severe attack of Rheumatism and she got relief from pain after taking the remedy one day.

CURE FOR RINGWORM. — Yellow Dock, root or leaves, steeped in vinegar, will cure the worst case of ringworm.

G. C. RICHARDS & CO. DEAR SIRS,—A few days ago I was taken with a severe pain and contusion of the cords of my leg, and had to be taken home in a rig. I could not sleep for the pain, and was unable to put my foot to the floor. A friend told me of your MINARD'S LINIMENT, and one hour from the first application I was able to walk, and the pain entirely disappeared.

You can use my name as freely as you like, as I consider it the best remedy I have ever used. CHRISTOPHER GERRY, Ingersoll, Ont.

Queen Street Emporium

W. Grant & Co., Importers and dealers, keep constantly on hand a large and choice assortment of the best groceries which they sell at lowest prices.

Flour, Tea, Coffee, Kerosene Oil, Fish, etc. etc, SEED! SEEDS! SEEDS!

A splendid selection of all kinds of clovers, timothy, peas, vetches, imported seed wheat, garden seeds, wholesale and retail.

FARMING IMPLEMENTS! Having bought the entire stock of Frank Beales at LePAGES OLD STAND, we are now prepared to supply all kinds of Farming Implements. We are also agents for the celebrated McLaughlin Carriage Co., and the Deering Harvesting Co. We have always on hand a full line of ploughs, harrows, cultivators, etc. Repairs of all kinds. Washing machines, wringers, and wringer repairs. All these goods are offered at the lowest prices. Call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

W. Grant & Co. Queen Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I. April 26, 1899.

Pickling Vinegar. The pickling season having come around again, we are prepared as usual to supply our customers with everything that they may require in this line.

We have a stock of— English Malt Vinegar, Canadian Malt, English Spiced Apple Cider, Proof White Wine Vinegar, French " " Also Turmeric, Cayenne Pepper, Pickling Spices, etc.

BEER & GOFF. GROCERS. School Books! College Text Books and a large new line of all kinds of School Supplies NOW READY. HAZARD MOORE. Sunnyside. A. E. ARSENAULT. H. R. MCKENZIE. ARSENAULT & MCKENZIE Barristers, Solicitors, etc. (Late of the firms of Charles Russell & Co., and F. V. Knox, London, Eng.) OFFICES — Cameron Block, Charlottetown. Aug. 30, 1899—y

Received OUR NEW

Fall Overcoatings, Suitings

—AND— Trouserings, LATEST DESIGNS

As the price of Woolens has advanced and is still advancing, you will study your own interest by placing your order early. Any goods, we repeat, will be at the advanced price. WE ARE OFFERING A JOB LOT OF TWEED SUITINGS AT 20 PER CENT. TO CLEAR.

D. A. BRUCE, MORRIS BLOCK.

STOVES STOVES STOVES OF ALL KINDS

Fennell & Chandler. A Large Assortment of Finished Monuments AND HEADSTONES

To be cleared out quick, AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES. Agents will tell you they can sell as cheap as you can buy from the manufacturer. Buy from us direct, and we will convince you that this is told to effect a sale and make something out of you. We employ no agents, as we prefer to make all sales right in our shop, where customers can see what they are buying.

Cairns & McFadyen. June 8, 1898—y Kent Street, Charlottetown. 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. E. I. Agency, Charlottetown. F. W. HYNDMAN, Agent. Queen St., Dec. 21, 1898.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR!

Ask your physician this question, "What is the one great remedy for consumption?" He will answer, "Cod-liver oil."

Yet when persons have consumption they loathe all fatty foods, yet fat is necessary for their recovery and they cannot take plain cod-liver oil. The plain oil disturbs the stomach and takes away the appetite. The disagreeable fishy odor and taste make it almost unendurable. What is to be done? This question was answered when we first made SCOTT'S EMULSION

of Cod-Liver Oil with Hypophosphites. Although that was nearly twenty-five years ago, yet it stands alone today the one great remedy for all affections of the throat and lungs. The bad taste and odor have been taken away, the oil itself has been partly digested, and the most sensitive stomach objects to it rarely. Not one in ten can take and digest the plain oil. Nine out of ten can take SCOTT'S EMULSION and digest it. That's why it cures so many cases of early consumption. Even in advanced cases it brings comfort and greatly prolongs life.

Two Warnings.

Losing flesh is one, and a hacking cough is another. If they come together the warning is a loud and hard one. Scott's Emulsion does some of its best work in just these cases. It prevents consumption.

TO TAKE OUT MACHINE GREASE. — Cold water, a teaspoonful of emulsion and soap, will take out machine grease while other means would not answer on account of colors running.

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL cures sprains, bruises, sores, wounds, cuts, frostbites, chilblains, stings of insects, scalds, contusions, etc. Price 25 cents. Minard's Liniment Cures Carget in Cows. Carpenters' Kidneys. Carpenters is not an easy trade. The constant reaching up and down, the lifting and stooping over all sorts of strains on the kidneys. No wonder a carpenter, exclaiming, "I feel that every time I drive a nail it seems as though he was giving his own back." His 1899 "DOAN'S Kidney Pills" have cured him and he is able to follow his trade with comfort and profit.

PALE PEOPLE

Have their blood enriched, their heart strengthened and their cheeks rosy by using Millburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

Insufficient quantity or poor quality of the blood is one of the evil results that usually follow any derangement of the heart.

As a result the blood deteriorates. It loses its nourishing, health-giving qualities. The face becomes pale, thin and waxy, the lips bloodless, the hands and feet cold. There is weakness, tiredness, nervousness, and palpitation. When those suffering from this or watery blood start taking Millburn's Heart and Nerve Pills they are assured of a cure. Every dose acts on the heart itself, causing it to beat strong, steady and regular. Every dose, too, introduces into the blood those vital elements necessary to make it rich and red. Soon the pale cheeks take on the rosy hue of health, there is strength instead of weakness, energy and activity take the place of listlessness and languor. My blood was of poor quality, so much so that I became pale and languid. Millburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cured me after all else failed. They built up my system, enriched my blood, strengthened my nerves and restored me to health."