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NEW YORK LETTER

Two Great Games of Hockey at Gotham.

The Best Matches Ever Played in the World, Between the Victorias of Montreal and Brooklyns and All-New-York, as Witnessed by The Guardian's Correspondent.

NEW YORK, March 14—(Special)—On Friday and Saturday nights I saw the two greatest games of hockey ever played in the world.

These were the international matches between the renowned Victorias of Montreal and the crack local teams—the Brooklyns and All-New-Yorks. Of course you have heard how it all resulted, but a few notes made from personal observation of the great event may be interesting.

Although American hockey is yet only a tender stripling its precocity is wonderful, and in three or four years American hockey prowess has become somewhat formidable. Last year the Victorias were invited over to New York and inflicted defeat on the home teams, but this year there was an impression floating about Manhattan hockey circles that Montreal's crack team was to meet its Waterloo. The New York teams have worked with the puck like hired men all winter, and came to the agreeable conclusion that they had a pretty dangerous amount of skill piled up, which the Victorias would find to be quite embarrassing if not overwhelming.

You may therefore well believe that interest, expectation and enthusiasm were at a notable pitch on Friday night when the Victorias and Brooklyns—the crack local team—lined up in the brilliant St. Nicholas rink. The promenade was packed, and the galleries held many of the elite of the city. Great attention was bestowed on the Victorias, and the scene was a very inspiring one as they glided on the ice in their red sweaters and duck pants and were saluted with the British National Anthem, all rising. They were loudly applauded, and bore their blushing honors as only champions can. All are bright, healthy, even boyish looking Canadian youngsters, Davidson, the star of the team, being a jaunty, rosy-cheeked little fellow of apparently tender summers.

Friday evening's game was an easy proposition for the Canadians, although when half-time arrived with a score of 2 to 1 against them, their stock receded several points. In the reserved seats near the centre of the promenade, however, was a contingent of confident merry Montrealers who had come over to see the Victorias do the annihilating act and they were not at all troubled, neither were they afraid.

When play recommenced the Canadians turned in three goals in succession in a style that simply bewildered the New Yorkers and set Maple Leaf "rooters" wild. It was a procession in last half, as the Brooklyns failed to score again, and the close of play showed 5-2 in Canada's favor amid a

scene of indescribable excitement.

On Saturday evening, however, the Victoria's met the All-New-York team, which was composed of picked players from the Brooklyn team of the preceding evening and from the American Hockey League. It was the strongest aggregation, as the Herald said, that ever came together on this side.

The attendance on Saturday evening must have numbered over 3000 people. The 400 of New York society were out in force in the \$1.50 seats in the gallery, and the scene was one of brilliancy and fascination not to be forgotten.

The rink, which is about the size of the one at Charlottetown is fitted with every device that affords comfort and utility and the appointments are all elaborate. You enter, from 66th street, into an elegant foyer, set out with tropical plants and bristling with uniformed ushers, and ascend a broad marble stairway to reach the rink proper. The entrance is more like the foyer of a theatre than of a sporting club. Among other admirable features is the netting stretched across the promenade at each end of the rink which obviates any injury from the puck; and also the system by which the score is bulletined. This is done by an official in the gallery at the farther end of the rink who displays the score the instant the goal are made with pasteboard figures of heroic size. Above him are the band quarters whence float down the ravishing sounds from brass and reed and tinkling metatophone to spur on the gladiators on the ice arena below, and to tickle the ears of fair women and brave men.

Saturday evening's game was a revelation in scientific hockey. Few opportunities are offered in a lifetime of seeing the game played as it was on that evening. The Canadians had McLea, who came over from Montreal specially for the closing match, and the American team showed many new faces on that evening. In the first half the Canadians, as on Friday night, failed to get lumbered out, and let their opponents roll up a score of 2 to 0. When play was resumed however, the Yankees got a taste of real Canadian hockey! The Victorias, wildly cheered by their numerous friends, settled down to a pace that simply bewildered the Yankees, and scored twice in quick succession.

The teams then scored alternatively and when time was up the score was tied at 4-4. Play was then continued until either side should again score, amid a scene of enthusiasm and excitement almost unparalleled. Again and again the Canadians crowded the Yankees against their goal with brilliant sorties, but the enemy's stop knew his business and showed no desire to let the puck through. Occasionally Dobbie, of the Yankee team, would secure the puck, and make a run clean down the rink, but the Canadians would be upon him like a pack of wolves ere he reached their cover point, and securing the rubber would take it back to Yankee territory. Finally after 40 minutes play, Davidson, in a fierce scrimmage, shot the puck through the New Yorkers' goal posts and the victory was won.

One familiar with hockey could easily see where lay the points of superiority in the Canadian play. It was in combination work throughout, which has been brought to so marvellous a degree of perfection by the Victorias that they employ it with the perfection of a machine. In "lifting" and in "dodging" work while running with the puck, they have a phenomenon in Drinkwater who is no doubt the most brilliant hockeyist in the world. He lifts from goal to goal every time. In dashing, resistless "runs" Davidson is the star and pride

of the team, and they have to thank this boyish fellow for three goals on Saturday evening.

The defect in the American play is a tendency to individual work, with consequent loss of alignment and lack of unanimity and force. Nor are they nearly so quick on skates as the Canadians, who are lightning acrobats and who hardly ever tumble. The Yankees were always "piled up" when they encountered a Canuck going in dead earnest for a goal. In all the little minor points of form the American teams lack that nerve and

style and agility, which only genuine skill can give. They have all that to learn, and in some future day when they learn it the honors may pass from the gallant Victorias, the champions of the world.

M. A. N. H.

EDITOR'S MAIL.

A PROTEST.

SIR,—I was much surprised upon reading your account of last night's performance in the Opera House, to see that your reporter omitted all reference to the fact that the proceedings closed by the orchestra playing the National Anthem and that the vast audience with one single solitary exception rose when it was being rendered. That exception was a foreigner who has been sojourning here, partaking of our hospitality, and enjoying the protection of the British flag for many months and who rejoices when he is addressed as "Sir." And I trust that on the next occasion when loyal Irishmen act together, no foreigners who may happen to be present, even from the wilds of Texas and imbued with Texan democracy, shall be permitted to again so far forget the duty he owes to the country under which he has sought protection and liberty, but that means will be taken to compel him to pay proper respect to the Sovereign when the National Anthem is being rendered.

SPECTATOR.

Charlottetown,
March 18th.

TO PRODUCE RAIN BY MEANS OF GASES.

Los Angeles, Cal., March 14.—Prof. T. S. Lowe, who proposes to produce rain by means of gases, is meeting with encouragement here, and it is probable that funds will be raised to try an experiment.

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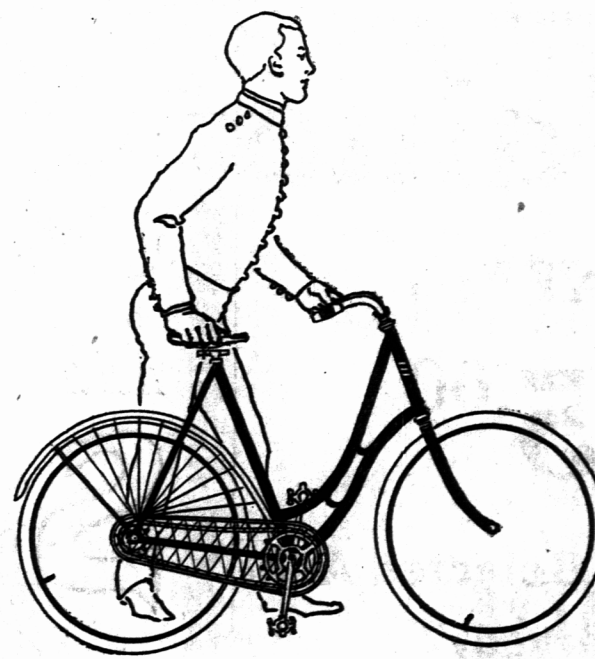
JAPANESE CATARRH CURE CURES.

This is not merely the words of the makers of this remedy, but the assertion is backed up by leading physicians and the honorable testimonials of hundreds of cured ones. And more, there is an absolute guarantee to cure in every package, or money will be refunded. We will also send a two weeks' trial quantity free to any person suffering from this dangerous disease. Japanese Catarrh Cure is a new discovery, being a prescription perfected by one of America's most successful specialists in treating this disease. It is a soothing, penetrating and healing pomade, prepared from stainless compounds of Iodine and Essential oils, to be inserted up the nostrils. The heat of the body melts it, and the very act of breathing carries it to the diseased parts. It reaches, soothes and heals every part of the mucous membrane, curing invariably all forms of catarrh of the nose and throat, and all forms of catarrhal deafness. Mr. Joseph Little, the well-known mill owner of Port Essington, B.C., writes: "Japanese Catarrh Cure completely cured me of catarrh, which had troubled me for 25 years, during which time I had spent over \$1,000 on remedies and specialists in Toronto and San Francisco. About two years ago I procured six boxes of Japanese Catarrh Cure, and since completing this treatment have not felt the slightest symptoms of my former trouble. I can highly recommend it. Relief came from the first application. We always keep a supply in the mill for cuts and burns, and consider it superior to any other remedy for healing." Sold by all druggists, 50 cents. Sample free. Enclose 5 cent stamp. Address, The Griffiths & Macpherson Co., 121 Church Street, Toronto.

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