THE MORNING GUARDIAN.

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The Morning Guardian

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THE GUARDIAN PUBLISHING Co.

FROM THEIR OFFICE IN THE

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The Only Morning Paper in the Province.

Delivered on the Breakfast Tables of the City, and all over the Province by 8oon.

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Six Months.....2.00

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B. D. HIGGS,
Editor and Managing Director.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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BEARSTO, R., Auctioneer and Commission Merchant. Office and Warerooms, Dodds's old stand, Queen st., Ch'town. nov 7

NORTON & Co., E. H., Auctioneers, Commission Merchants, Money lenders. Salesrooms, Queen Street, Ch'town. nov 7

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DR. STRICKLAND extracts teeth without pain by vegetable gas, electric forceps, 25 years practice. *Written guarantee* with all work.

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URQUHART, A. S. See Card in another column, Feb 21

DESBRISAY, 'AS., Queen Insurance Co. of England. Confederation Life Assc. Office, Brown's Block, Maket Square, Ch'town. Jy.25.

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MCLEAN & McDONALD, Barristers and Solicitors. Office—Brown's Block, Charlottetown; Gaffney's Building, Water Street, Summerside. Money to loan. nov 7

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DAVIES & HAZZARD, Barristers and Attorneys. Office, Dodd's Building, Queen Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I. nov. 7

MCLEOD, MORSON & McQUARRIE, Barristers, Solicitors, &c. Office—Charlottetown, Brown's Block; Summerside, over Merchants Bank of Halifax. Money to loan. nov 7

MACNEILL & McDONALD, Barristers, Solicitors, &c. No. 124, Gt. George st. Charlottetown, P. E. I. Money to loan. nov. 7

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MELLISH, JOHN T., Attorney-at-Law, Notary Public, etc. Office, London House Building, Queen St., Ch'town. Money to loan at low interest. [Jan 17, '90]

STEWART & McNEILL, Barristers and Solicitors.—Office Newson's Block, opposite Post Office. Money to loan. July 25, '90

MOORE, F. W. L., Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, Commissioner, etc.—Office, London House. Loans negociated July 25, '90

PRINTERS, &c,

HAZZARD, G. HERBERT, Book-binder, Printer and Stationer, Brown's Block Ch'town, P. E.I. nov 7

COOMBS, JOHN, Steam Printer and Book-binder, Queen Street, Charlottetown, P. E. Island. nov 7

ISLAND GUARDIAN Co.—Billheads, Cards, Circulars, Letter Heads, and every variety of printing neatly and promptly executed. Cameron Block, Charlottetown.

TAYLOR & GILLESPIE, Bookbinders, Blank Book Manufacturers, &c., North Side Queen Sq., Ch'town, P. E. I. nov. 29

MANUFACTURES.

R. PALMER & Co., Ch'town Sash and Door Factory, Peake's No. 3 Wharf, Ch'town, P. E. Island. [Jan. 28, '91.]

WHITE & SON, A. Founders & Machinists, Foundry, King Square, Ch'town. House heating a specialty nov22

DEKARD, JASPER, Saddler and Harness Maker. Repairing done promptly. North side Queen Square, Ch'town nov 22

CH'TOWN WOOLEN MILLS. Store N. side Queen Sq.; Branches at Montague, P. E. I. and New Glasgow, N. S. Wool wanted. nov 22

MCKINNON & McLEAN, Iron Founders Machinists and Boiler Makers. Hot water heating. Spring St, Ch'town, P. E. I. nov 22

FANNING, P. T., Manufacturer of and dealer in Boots & Shoes, Custom work a specialty. Leathers and findings, Water st., Summerside.

CH'TOWN Roller Mills: Cash paid for Wheat, or fine Flour, Shorts and Bran given in exchange. Flour, Cornmeal and Feed for sale cheap. Feb 27, '90

SCHURMAN, Clark & Co., manuf'rs and builders. S'side, Building material of all kinds; School & Church Furniture a specialty. July 4,

MISCELLANEOUS.

WILLIS, Co., J. F., Pianos & Organ dealers, &c.; McEachern's Building, Lower Queen Street, Ch'town, P. E. I. nov 7

PEAKE BRO'S. & Co, Ship owners, Chandlers, Hardware Merchants. Agents Black Diamond S. S. Co. L. Queen St, Ch'town, P.E.I.

CLARKE, W. W., Com. Merchant; Agent Furness Steamers to London, Halifax & P. E. I., & Fishwick Steamship Co's., Canadian Express Co., Republic Building & Loan Asso. & London Masonic Mutual Asso., Charlottetown, P. E. I. dec 9

NEWBERY, FENTON T', Wholesale Grocer, Commission Merchant, Shipping Agent. Fire, Marine, & Accident Insurance. Inman & Dominion S. S. lines. Water St. Ch'town. 22

TOOMBS, G. H., Commis'n Merchant, wholesale Grocer, dealer in Produce, Agent Cornwall Cheese, 59 Queen St., Ch'town. nov 22

TELEPHONE Co., R. Angus, Manager. Office, No. 81, Lower Water St., Ch'town, Connection with nearly all parts of the Island

COOK & Co., Photographers. Rooms over Apothecaries' Hall, Charlottetown. Photos finished in best style. nov 22

HIGGINS, JOHN—Sewing Machines repaired promptly; satisfaction guaranteed North side Queen Square, Ch'town, P.E.I. July 25 '90

MERCHANTS BANK OF P. E. I.—L. H. Davies, M. P., President; D. Farquharson, F. L. Haszard, L. L. Beer, Benj. Heartz, Wm Dodd. Cashier: Wm. McLean. Office opposite Bishop's Palace, Great George St. Souris Agency, J. J Hughes, Agent. nov 7

LECKIE, A. A., Graduate of Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, Glasgow. Eldon House, Kent St., Charlottetown.

LIVERY STABLES.

WORTH'S Livery Stables, Prince St. Charlottetown. Telephone communication. First-class Teams supplied promptly. nov 22

GILLIS, P. P., Boarding and Sales Stables. Great George Street, opposit Bishop's Palace, Charlottetown. Dec. 5, '90

WHOLESALE.

CARVELL BRO'S., Commission Merchants, wholesale Grocers, Agents for—Old Sydney and Victoria Mines; the Guardian, Fire, and the Boston Marine Insurance; the Allan Line; the Quebec and the Boston, Halifax & P. E. Island Steamship Lines. nov 18

MYRICK & Co., J. H., Packers & Dealers in Pork, Lard, Hams, Fish &c., Grafton St., Ch'town; Tignish & Alberton. nov 22

HAVE YOU

Indigestion,

Constipation,

or any of the many ailments caused from a Billious Stomach?

If so try a bottle of the Great Discovery

LILAC FLOWER.

A sure cure for the above diseases.

C. D. RANKIN,
Agent for Queen's County.

J. A. GOURLIE,
Agent for Prince County.

Ch'town, Jan, 30, '91—d & w

Dissolution of Partnership

THE Partnership between the undersigned as Barristers and Attorneys, under the style of PALMER & MCLEOD, having terminated by lapse of time, is dissolved from this date.

Dated at Charlottetown, 31st December, 1890.

MALCOLM McLEOD,
H. J. PALMER,
D. C. McLEOD.

Jan7—all dlys 3 w. wklys 3 mos.

NOTICE.

THE undersigned have entered into Partnership as Attorneys and Solicitors under the name of

M. & D. C. McLEOD.

OFFICE—Bank of Nova Scotia Building, Charlottetown, P. E. Island,

MALCOLM McLEOD,
D. C. McLEOD.

Ch'town, Jan. 2, 1891.
all dly papers 3wks. wklys 2 mos

H. JAMES PALMER,

(of the late firm of Palmer & McLeod)

Barrister, Attorney-at-Law, Notary Public, Etc.

OFFICE—O'Halloran Building, next door to Bank of Nova Scotia.

MONEY TO LOAN.

Jan7--3m pd

A. S. URQUHART,

General Insurance Agent,

BROWN'S BLOCK,

QUEENS SQUARE, CHARLOTTETOWN,

P. E. ISLAND.

REPRESENTING:
Lancashire, Commercial Union, and British America Insurance Companies.

Sept. 13, '89. 1y

ISAAC W. WADMAN,

UNDERTAKER,

GRAFTON STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN,

A large assortment of Caskets, Coffins and Trimmings kept constantly in stock.

Undertaking personally attended to.—Charges moderate.

Ch'town, Sept. 20, '89. 1y

GOOD TEA!

—FOR EVERYBODY AT—

BEER & GOFF'S.

:o:

Our Teas, as a rule, have given excellent satisfaction, but the lot that we are retailing this winter has turned out to be the best value that we have ever imported.

Our 24c. is the Strongest and Finest-Flavored Tea for the money on P. E. Island.

REDUCTIONS MADE ON PARCELS OF 5 POUNDS AND UPWARDS.

BEER & GOFF.

Feb. 27.—eod — QUEEN & KING SQUARE STORES.

NEW SPRING HATS!

JUST OPENED.

—o—

TEN CASES NEWEST LONDON HATS,

FOR MEN AND BOYS,

Bought direct from the Manufacturers, the Prices Cheapest consistent with quality. Do look at these Hats before you buy elsewhere.

J. B. MACDONALD.

THE GREAT SLAUGHTER SALE OF

Boots & Shoes

—NOW GOING ON AT THE—

DOMINION BOOT AND SHOE STORE

Will be continued for Two Weeks longer. Go there for Best Bargains.

STANLEY BROS.

STAPLES.

White Cottons,
Print Cottons,
Sheeting Cottons,
Pillow Cottons,
Ginghams,
Tickings,
Flanneletts,
Linen Sheetings,
Pillow Linen,
Hessians.

STANLEY BROS.,

BROWN'S BLOCK.

Ch'town, Feb. 19.

CALEDONIAN

INSURANCE COMPANY.

THE OLDEST SCOTTISH OFFICE.
Founded 1805.

CONSERVTIVE in their BUSINESS. Prompt in their Settlements. *Insure against Fire.*

E. H. NORTON & Co.
Agents for P. E. Island.

NASAL BALM

NEVER FAILS — CURES COLD IN HEAD AND CATARRH

It is a certain and speedy cure for Cold in the Head and Catarrh in all its stages.

SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING.

Instant Relief, Permanent Cure, Failure Impossible.

Many so-called diseases are simply symptoms of Catarrh, such as headache, partial deafness, losing sense of smell, foul breath, hawking and spitting, nausea, general feeling of debility, etc. If you are troubled with any of these or kindred symptoms, your have Catarrh, and should lose no time in procuring a bottle of NASAL BALM. Be warned in time, neglected cold in head results in Catarrh, followed by consumption and death. NASAL BALM is sold by all druggists, or will be sent, post paid, on receipt of price (50 cents and $1.00) by addressing

FULFORD & CO.,
Brockville, Ont.

HARDWARE

HARDWARE
HARDWARE
HARDWARE

H A R D W A R E

WHOLESALE & RETAIL

DODD & ROGERS

CHARLOTTETOWN

Feb. 17.—1 yr. e o d & w

BENSDORP'S ROYAL DUTCH COCOA.

—o—

BENSDORP'S Royal Dutch Cocoa has a most enviable repute the world over. It is manufactured at Bensdorp & Co.'s extensive works in Amsterdam, Holland. The excellence of the beverage is not to be wondered at, considering the care exercised its production. The beans from which it is manufactured are the product of one of the famous South American plantations, exclusively. The crop is shipped to the factory, where it is carefully picked, roasted and ground; the grease is then extracted by hydraulic pressure resulting in a powder entirely free from oil and moisture, which completes the manufacture The product is then put up in parchment papers and in turn enclosed in hermetically sealed tins, which preserve it from deterioration in any climate. It is so highly appreciated at court that it is manufactured under Royal Letters Patent of the King of the Netherlands, by whose special command it is known as the "Royal Dutch Cocoa." The Royal family of Great Britain are constant consumers and prefer it to any other.

Bensdorp's Royal Dutch Cocoa is for sale in Charlottetown by Geo. Carter & Co.

Dec 15, 1890.

CROCKERY.

300 Doz. Cups and Saucers, 250 dozen Plates, 100 dox. Bowls, 100 doz. Tumblers and Goblets, 600 Butter, Cream, and Preserve Crocks, 400 Water Jugs, Dinner Sets, Tea Sets, Chamber Sets, Glass Water Sets, Table Sets, 500 Bowls, a large number of Milk Pans, Bean Pots, Flower Pots—to be sold cheap, at the Cheapest Crockery Store.

W. P. COLWELL.

Ch'town, May 30, '90.

FOR SALE.

INTENDING to leave the Island I have decided to offer for sale at a bargain

Ten Acres of Land at Nine Mile Creek,

With good Dwelling House and Out Buildings

—ALSO—

1 Good Horse, 2 Waggons, 2 Sleighs, 2 Sets Harness, and 2 good Boats, together with Furniture and other utensils. Address

DANIEL McEACHERN,
Nine Mile Creek P. O.

Jan. 30, '91—3t wky

R. M. H. S.

STANLEY BRIDGE, Dec. 23, 1890.

MRS. ROSS—Dear Madam,

HAVING used your "Magic Healer" Salve for scratches and cuts on Horses, I have no hesitation in saying that it is the best article I have ever tried for the purpose, and; would recommend farmers and dealers in horses, to give it a fair trial.

Yours respectfully,
PATRICK WALSH,
Harness Maker.

Jan 23]

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The Plagues of the Cities.

Noah planted a vineyard; and he drank of the wine and was drunken.—Gen. ix,. 20, 21.

This Noah did the best and the worst thing for the world. He built an ark against the deluge of water, but introduced a deluge against which the human race has ever since been trying to build an ark—the deluge of drunkenness. In my text we hear his staggering steps. Shem and Japhet tried to cover up the disgrace, but there he is, drunk on wine at a time in the history of the world when, to say the least, there was no lack of water. Inebriation, having entered the world, has not retreated.

Ever since apples and grapes and wheat grew the world has been tempted to unhealthful stimulants. But the intoxicants of the olden time were an innocent beverage, a harmless orangeade, a quiet syrup, a peaceful soda-water, as compared with the liquids of modern inebriation, into which a madness and a fury, and a gloom, and a fire, and a suicide, and a retribution have mixed and mingled. Fermentation was always known, but it was not until a thousand years after Christ that distilation was invented. While we must confess that some of the ancient arts have been lost, the Christian era is superior to all others in the bad eminence of whiskey and rum and gin. The modern drunk is a hundred-fold worse than the ancient drunk. Noah in his intoxication became imbecile, but the victims of modern alcoholism have to struggle with whole menageries of wild beasts and jungles of hissing serpents and perditions of blaspheming demons. An arch-fiend arrived in our world; and he built an invisible cauldron of temptation. He built that cauldron strong and stout for all ages and all nations. First he squeezed into the cauldron the juices of the forbidden fruit of Paradise. Then he gathered for it a distillation from the harvest fields and the orchards of the hemispheres. Then he poured into this cauldron capsicum, and copperas, and logwood, and deadly nightshade, and assault and battery, and vitriol, and opium, and rum, and murder, and sulphuric acid, and thieft, and potash, and cochineal, and red carrots, and poverty, and death and hops. But it was a dry compound, and it must be moistened, and it must be liquefied, and so the arch-fiend poured into that cauldron the tears of centuries of orphanage and widowhood, and he poured in the blood of twenty thousand assassinations. And then the arch-fiend took a shovel that he had brought up from the furnaces beneath, and he put that shovel into this great cauldron and began to stir, and the cauldron began to heave, and rock, and boil, and sputter, and hiss, and smoke, and the nations gathered around it with cups and tankards and demijohns and kegs, and there was enough for all, and the arch-fiend cried: "Aha! champion fiend am I.

Who has done more than I have for coffins and grave-yards and prisons and insane asylums, and the populating of the lost world? And when this cauldron is emptied, I'll fill it again, and I'll stir it again, and it will smoke again, and that smoke will join another smoke—the smoke of a torment that ascendeth for ever and ever. I drove fifty ships on rocks of Newfoundland and the Skerries and the Goodwins. I have ruined more Senators than gather this winter in the national councils. I have ruined more lords than are now gathered in the House of Peers. The cup out of which I ordinarily drink is a bleached human skull, and the upholstery of my palace is so rich a crimson because it is dyed in human gore, and the mosaic of my floors is made up of the bones of children dashed to death by drunken parents, and my favorite music—sweeter than Te Deum or triumph march—my favorite music is the cry of daughters turned out at midnight on the street because father had come home from the carousal, and the seven-hundred-voiced shriek of the sinking steamer, because the captain was not himself when he put the ship on the wrong course. Champion fiend am I! I have kindled more fires, I have wrung out more agonies, I have stretched out more midnight shadows, I have opened more Golgothas, I have rolled more Juggernauts. I have damned more souls than any other emissary of diabolism. Champion fiend am I!"

Drunkenness is the greatest evil of this nation, and it takes no logical process to prove to this audience that a drunken nation cannot long be a free nation. I call your attention to the fact that drunkenness is not subsiding, certainly that it is not at a standstill, but that it is on an outward march, and it is a double quick.

I call attention to the fact that there are thousands of people born with a thirst for strong drink—a fact two often ignored. Along some ancestral lines there runs the river of temptation. There are children whose swaddling-clothes are torn off the shroud of death. Many a father has made a will of this sort:—"In the name of God, amen. I bequeath to my children my houses and lands and estates; share and share shall they alike. Hereto I affix my hand and seal in the presence of witnesses." And yet perhaps that very man has made another will that the people have never read, and that has not been proved in the courts. That will put in writing would read something like this: "In the name of disease and appetite and death, amen. I bequeath to my children my evil habits; my tankards shall be theirs, my wine-cup shall be theirs, my destroyed reputation shall be theirs. Share and share alike shall they in the infamy. Hereto I affix my hand and seal in the presence of all the applauding harpies of hell."

From the multitude of those who have the evil habit born with them this army is being augmented. And I am sorry to say that a great many of the drug stores are abetting this evil, and alcohol is sold under the name of bitters. It is bitters for this, and bitters for that, and bitters for some other thing, and good men deceived, not knowing there is any thraldom of alcoholism coming from that source, are going down, and some day a man sits with the bottle of black bitters on his table, and the cork flies out, and after it flies a fiend and clutches the man by his throat and says: "Aha! I have been after you for ten years. I have got you now. Down with you! down with you!" Bitters! Ah! yes. They make a man's family bitter, and his home bitter, and his disposition bitter, and his death bitter, and his hell bitter. Bitters! A vast army, all the time increasing.

It seems to me it is about time for the 17,000,000 professors of religion in America to take sides. It is going to be an out and out battle between drunkenness and sobriety, between Heaven and hell, between God and the devil. Take sides before there is any further national decadence, take sides before your sons are sacrificed and the new home of your daughter goes down under the alcoholism of an imbruted husband. Take sides while your voice, your pen, your prayer, your vote may have any influence in arresting the despoliation of this nation. If the 17,000,000 professors of religion should take sides on this subject it would not be long before the destiny of this nation would be decided in the right direction.

Is drunkenness a State or national evil? Does it belong to the north, or does it belong to the south? Does it belong to the east, or does it belong to the west? Ah! there is not an American river into which its tears have not fallen and into which its suicides have not plunged. What ruined that Southern plantation?—every field a fortune, the proprietor and his family once the most affluent supporters of the summer watering places. What threw that New England farm into decay and turned the rosate cheeks that bloomed at the foot of the Green Mountains into the pallor of despair? What has smitten every street of every village, town and city of this continent with a moral pestilence? Strong drink.

Gather up the money that the working classes have spent for rum during the last thirty years, and I will build for every workingman a house, and lay out for him a garden and clothe his sons in broadcloth and his daughters in silks, and stand at his front door a prancing span of sorrels or bays, and secure a policy of life insurance so that the present home may be well maintained after he is dead. The most persistent, most overpowering enemy of the working classes is intoxicating liquor. It is the anarchist of the centuries, and has boycotted and is now boycotting the body and mind and soul of American labor.

This evil is pouring its vitriotic and damnable liquors down the throats of hundreds of thousands of laborers, and while the ordinary strikes are ruinous both to employers and employees, I proclaim a universal strike, against strong drink, which strike, if kept up, will be the relief of the work classes and the salvation of the nation. I will undertake to say that there is not a healthy laborer in the United States who, within the next twenty years, if he will refuse all intoxicating beverages and be saving, may not become a capitalist on a small scale.

Oh! how many are waiting to see if something cannot be done for the stopping of intemperance! Thousands of drunkards waiting who cannot go ten minutes in any direction without having the temptation glaring before their eyes or appealing to their nostrils, they fighting against it with enfeebled will and diseased appetite, conquering, then surrendering, conquering again and surrendering again, and crying: "How long, O Lord! how long before these infamous solicitations shall be gone." And how many mothers are waiting to see if this national curse cannot lift!

I am not much of a mathematician, and I cannot estimate it; but is there anyone here quick enough at figures to estimate how many mothers there are waiting for something to be done? Ay, there are many wives waiting for domestic rescue. He promised something different from that when, after the long acquaintance and the careful scrutiny of character, the hand the heart were offered and accepted. What a hell on earth a woman lives in who has a drunken husband! Oh, Death, how lovely thou art to her, and how soft and warm thy skeleton hand! The sepulchre at midnight in Winter is a king's drawing-room compared with that woman's home. It is not so much the blow on the head that hurts as the blow on the heart.

"Oh! how many wives are there waiting to see if something cannot be done to shake those frosts of the second death off the orange-blossoms! Yes, God is waiting, the God who works through human instrumentalities, waiting to see whether this nation is going to overthrow this evil; and if it refuses to do so, God will wipe out the nation as He did Phœnicia, as He did Rome, as He did Thebes, as He did Babylon. Ay, He is waiting to see what the church of God will do. I the church does not do its work, then He will wipe it out as He did the church of Ephesus, church of Thyatira, church of Sardis. The Protestant and Roman Catholic churches to-day stand side by side with an impotent look, gazing on this evil, which costs this country more than a billion dollars a year to take care of the 800,000 paupers, and the 215,000 criminals, and the 30,000 idiots, and to bury the 75,000 drunkards.

The church of God is the grandest and most glorious institution on earth. What has it in a solid phalanx accomplished for the overthrow of drunkenness? Have its forces ever been marshalled? No, not in this direction. Think of three hundred thousand churches and Sunday-schools in Christendom marching shoulder to shoulder! How very short a time it would take them to put down this evil, if all the churches of God, transatlantic and cisatlantic, were armed on this subject!

Young men of America, pass over into the army of tetotalism. Whiskey, good to preserve corpses, ought never to turn you into a corpse. Tens of thousands of young men have been dragged out of respectability, and out of purity, and out of good character, and into darkness by this infernal stuff called strong drink. Do not touch it! Do not touch it!

In the front door of our church in Brooklyn, a few Summer's ago, this scene occurred: Sabbath morning a young man entering for divine worship. A friend passing along the street said: "Joe, come along with me; I am going down to Coney Island, and we'll have a gay Sunday." "No," replied Joe; "I have started to go here to church, and I am going to attend service here." "Oh, Joe," his friend said, "you can go to church any time! The day is bright and we'll go to Coney Island, and we'll have a splendid time." The temptation was too great, and the twain went to the beach, spent the day in drunkenness and riot. The evening train started up from

(Continued on page three.)