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NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, TUESDAY, MARCH 22, 1892.

VOL. 29.—NO. 241

Calendar for March, 1892

MOON'S CHANGES
 First Quarter, 5 h day 2 51 after
 Full Moon, 13 h day 8 32 after
 Last Quarter, 21st day 8 54 after
 New Moon, 29th day 8 54 after
 Apogee, 15 h day 6h. after

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	High Water.	
		Morn.	After.
1	Tuesday	h. m.	h. m.
2	Wednesday	0 30	0 45
3	Thursday	1 6	1 27
4	Friday	1 48	2 15
5	Saturday	2 42	3 15
6	Sunday	3 51	4 36
7	Monday	5 21	6 2
8	Tuesday	6 42	7 22
9	Wednesday	8 1	8 27
10	Thursday	8 53	9 15
11	Friday	9 36	10 2
12	Saturday	10 11	10 28
13	Sunday	10 44	10 59
14	Monday	11 14	11 29
15	Tuesday	11 45	m dn/h
16	Wednesday	0 15	0 15
17	Thursday	0 30	0 45
18	Friday	1 3	1 27
19	Saturday	1 44	2 7
20	Sunday	2 29	2 51
21	Monday	3 14	3 36
22	Tuesday	4 15	4 54
23	Wednesday	5 39	6 24
24	Thursday	7 7	7 49
25	Friday	8 3	8 56
26	Saturday	9 21	9 46
27	Sunday	10 6	10 26
28	Monday	10 55	11 3
29	Tuesday	11 20	11 27
30	Wednesday	11 54	0 1
31	Thursday	0 11	0 31

We Welcome Our Friends

—TO INSPECT OUR NEW ARRIVALS IN—

**Worsteds, Tweed Suitings,
 Scotch and English Pantings,
 Serges, Broad Cloths, etc., etc.**

As we are preparing for another season of rushing trade, we would cordially invite our many friends and customers to give us the pleasure of showing our Spring Ware, thereby indicating your interest in our welfare as well as contributing to your own financial interest by trading with us.

McLeod & McKenzie, STAR CLOTHING STORE.

Charlottetown, March 10, 1892—eod & wky

TEETH, \$10 Per Set.

BEST OF MATERIAL!
 BEST OF WORKMANSHIP!
 BEST OF SATISFACTION!
DR. J. P. MURRAY,
 145 QUEEN STREET.
 mch7

NERVE BEANS
 NERVE BEANS are a new discovery that cure the worst cases of Nervous Debility, Loss of Vision and Falling Muscles; restore the weakness of body or mind caused by over-work, or the stress or other causes of nervousness. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price by addressing THE JAMES CO., Montreal, P. Q. Write for name.

**JAMES A. MORRISON,
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 AGENT FOR
**WARREN, CAKEBREAD & CO.,
 TEA MERCHANTS,
 London, - - England,
 —AND ALSO—
 Several First-Class West India Firms, etc.**

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 Tea, Sugar and Molasses.**
 Careful attention given to consignments of Prince Edward Island Produce.
 REFERENCE—Bank of Nova Scotia.
OFFICE—Pickford & Black's Wharf.
 Halifax, August 13, 1891—dy & wky

NASAL BALM
 SOOTHING, CLEANSING, NEVER FAILS
 HEALING.
 Instant Relief, Permanent Cure, Failure Impossible.
 Many so-called cures are simply symptoms of Catarrh, such as sneezing, itching, watering of eyes, foul breath, hoarseness and spitting, general feeling of debility, etc. If you are troubled with any of these or kindred symptoms, you have time procuring a bottle of NASAL BALM. Be warned in time, neglected cold in head results in Catarrh, followed by consumption and death. Sold by all druggists, or sent, post paid, on receipt of price (50 cents and \$1 by addressing FULFORD & Co., Box 35, St. John's, N.S.)

CATARRH

LA GRIPPE VANQUISHED.
 PLACE one of the OZONATOR DISINFECTANTS in your house and La Grippe will not trouble you.
 The most powerful and pleasant Disinfectant known to the medical profession.
**F. DeC. DAVIES
 DRUGGIST.**
 Is AGENT for them here, and will cheerfully show and explain their use to those who desire it. Call and see them. No trouble to show them.
 eod&wky—Jan15

ALLIANCE Assurance Co.,

ESTABLISHED IN 1824,
 Head Office, Bartholomew Lane, London, England.

Subscribed Capital.....\$25,000,000
 Paid up and Invested.....2,750,000
 Total Funds.....17,500,000

**RIGHT HON. LORD ROTHCHILD, Chairman,
 ROBERT LEWIS, Esq., Chief Secretary.**

This Company having re-insured the Canadian business of the Royal Canadian Insurance Co., assumes all liability under existing policies of that Company as at the 1st March, 1892.
 N. B.—Risks taken upon the most favorable terms.
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**J. F. KENNY, 6 Prince Street, Halifax,
 General Agent for Nova Scotia and P. E. Island.**
 AGENT FOR PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND:—
**F. H. ARNAUD,
 Merchants Bank of Halifax.**
 mch14—1m eod

Every Housekeeper
 Should have a supply of
JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF
 as a stand-by for making
Soups and Gravies.



The improvement made by its use must be experienced to be fully appreciated. mch3

Grand Sale OF NEW FURNITURE.

Continued daily until the whole of our immense stock is disposed of. Good work, new styles, bottom prices, at our Warerooms, Queen Square. Save money and get the best goods. Come one, come all.
JOHN NEWSON.

Charlottetown, Feb. 25, 1892.

COLONIAL HOUSE, Philips Square MONTREAL. THE GREAT

CANADIAN EMPORIUM
 —FOR—
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 N. B.—We invite correspondence, and give prompt and careful attention to mail orders.
**HENRY MORGAN & CO.,
 COLONIAL HOUSE,
 Philips Square, Montreal.**
 feb13—t t a

Merchants' Bank of P. E. Island
INCREASE OF CAPITAL STOCK.
 At the Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of the Merchants' Bank of Prince Edward Island, held at its Banking House, Charlottetown, the following By-Law was unanimously passed:—
 "Resolved that the Capital Stock of the Merchants' Bank of Prince Edward Island shall be and the same is hereby increased, by the sum of \$51,000, thus making the Capital \$200,000."
 Pursuant to the Bank Act, notice is hereby given of the intention of the said Merchants' Bank of Prince Edward Island to apply to the Treasury Board, after the expiration of four weeks from the publication of this notice, for a certificate approving of such By-Law.
 Attest at Charlottetown, this 4th day of March, 1892.
 L. H. DAVIES, President. WM. McLEAN, Cashier.
 mch5—dy law (ant) wky 4w

Eggs for Hatching.
 LIGHT BRAHMAS, Great Size.
 BLACK MINORCAS, Non-setters, Great Layers,
 SILVER WYANDOTTES,
 GOLDEN SEBRIGHT BANTAMS.
 Eggs \$1.00 per setting. Address: L. A. HASZARD, P. O. Box 184, Ch'town. mch10



White Ribbon Notes.

"For God and Home and Every Land"

Boys Make Men.

When you see a ragged urchin Standing wistful in the street, With torn hat and kneeless trousers, Dirty face and bare red feet. Pass not by that child unheeding— Smile upon him, mark me, when He's grown he'll not forget it, For remember—Boys make men.

Have you never seen a grandaie, With his eyes aglow with joy, Call to mind some act of kindness Done for him when but a boy? Or relate some slight or coldness With a brow all clouded when Once recalled some one too thoughtless To remember—boys make men.

Let us try and add some pleasure To the life of every boy. For each child needs tender interest In the sorrow and its joy. Let Home charm your boys by brightness; They avoid the household when It is cheerless. Make them happy, For remember—boys make men.

Three Generations.

BY HELEN A. STEINHAUER.

"Charlie! Charlie! Oh, Charlie-boy! mamma wants her little man."
 This found, motherly call was wafted into my room through open door and windows, sweet but a little late, but under impression as I sat at my desk poring over an array of papers which resembled chaos, but represented daily bread.

Presently there came a light tap, and as I raised my head I saw framed in the doorway the graceful figure of young Mrs. Preston, our good doctor's wife, with its shapely, well-poised head, her sweet face harmonizing with the voice whose musical tones still rang in my ears.

"Miss Helen," she asked, "have you seen my little lad, my Charlie? I can't think where he can be? I left him to amuse baby Paul while I laid down to rest. I had been up with the dear little fellow most of the night before and was so weary. I did not mean to lose myself, but it seems I fell asleep; and when I awoke after a long, long nap, I found baby sleeping sweetly, but Charlie gone. It is so strange," she added, after a slight pause, "for although such a little boy he is so trustworthy; he never before has left his brother when I have put him in his charge."

Together we hunted through yard and garden, down the long green lane which led to the broad, macadamized road, which in its turn led to the great city near which we lived, but all to no purpose. Then turning to the left we searched carefully both of our rooey, rambling houses, though with faint hope of finding the object of our quest.

Just as we were about to give up, being at our wits' ends, happening to push against the open door of his father's now empty office, I felt some obstacle which prevented its swinging entirely back. Mechanically looking behind to see what was the hindrance, I saw the dimpled darling lying in a little heap.

"Here he is, safe and sound; fast asleep in Morpheus' arms!" I exclaimed joyfully. But with a look of horror his mother waved me aside, and quickly stooping, picked up an empty medicine bottle, evidently from his father's saddle-bags, which were lying at his side where he had dragged them,—and at the same instant lifted the child's limp form from the floor with the agonized cry: "Oh, my God, has it come at last!"

I remained silent, as by this time I, too, recognized the fact that blue-eyed, golden-haired Charlie, only three years old, was dead drunk!

Ah! happy mothers, whose innocent little prattlers are playing safely at your knees, you can hardly credit this as an actual occurrence, can you?
 Shall I tell you the whole sad story as it fell from the blanched lips of my friend, confirmed by the neighbors' testimony and what I myself had seen and heard?

It appears that long years before, the grandaie of this child, then in the mother country, had been a hard drinker. But God in His mercy found and saved him, body and soul, and subsequently he became not merely a teetotaler, but an earnest minister of the gospel. I myself have often heard him preach, and sat spell-bound beneath his impassioned eloquence.

The old man never broke his pledge of total abstinence, but deeply rooted in the nature of his only child, a son, although born after his reform, was an inherited lover of spirituous liquor. Possessed of a brilliant intellect, and many graces of mind and person, he passed through school and college, and ultimately graduated with high honors from a medical university, soon became prominent as a practitioner, as well as a club member, in the small town in which he lived.

From his inmost soul he abhorred the vice of intemperance, yet at intervals, sometimes of months, and even of years, he would be seized with a craving for intoxicating drink which he seemed utterly powerless to resist. Leaching, yet longing for it, he would struggle along, fighting the ground inch by inch as he yielded it, unable to overcome, yet unwilling to give up—at length stealthily swallowing his medical tinctures for the alcohol they contained and finally succumbing helplessly to the inherited appetite, and drinking like a sot for three or four days. Then, as he gradually sobered, his remorse would be pitiful. Again and again I have seen the strong man weep like a child in private meetings of the church, accusing himself, confessing his fault, and beseeching his fellow-Christians to pray for him and give him one more trial before casting him off.

This was repeatedly granted, for he was universally beloved for his generosity, his kindness and genuine goodness of heart, yet, sooner or later, he would again be overcome and fall before temptation.
 In the third generation the tendency developed in was Charlie, who, when still in arms, quivered with eager longing when the faintest whiff of spirits reached him; and as he began to toddle about he had to be

constantly watched lest he might get hold of his father's tinctures for the alcohol they contained. But never, that the day which ended so sadly did the little fellow succeed. Fortunately for him the medicine was otherwise harmless, for he drained the vial to the dregs.

The ensuing August, the precious babe who had come with the early birds of spring fell seriously ill, and after a long, hard struggle, breathed his last on my lap, just as the sun rose over the hilltops, and a new day dawned after that weary night of anxious watching. With white, drawn face the mother saw me press gently shut the brown-fringed eyelids. "He is at rest, now," I said tenderly, "and never will know pain again."

"I am glad, glad he is dead!" she cried, passionately; and then snatching him to her breast, raised her hot, dry hands to heaven, and said, solemnly: "Oh, God, I thank Thee that one child, at least, is safe!"

And the poor father back in the shadows bowed his head and sobbed convulsively. I had intended adding a few lines to point the moral of this tale, but words fail me, and I can only quote from the inspired writers who assure us that the sins of the fathers will be visited "upon the children, unto the third and to the fourth generation;" and who bid us, "Look not upon the wine when it is red," for "at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an aspid."

Horse Notes.

To all who are familiar with the literature of the trotting horse, the name of California will recall what that sunny land has done to spread abroad the fame which this single state has won in breeding and developing that product of American enterprise—the fleet-footed trotter. The gifts which nature has lavished on this land of the setting sun are many and various. Her climate is one of the most agreeable; and it is claimed that this is a great factor in enabling the trotters and pacers of California to attain an extreme rate of speed at an early age. There must be some truth in this, as it is noticeable that all the famous yearlings, trotters and pacers that have covered the mile in better than standard time were bred and developed in that state.

There are quite a number of breeding ranches in that state, but perhaps there are none better known than the famous Palo Alto, the home of the dead Electioneer; the San Mateo farm of William Corbett, the home of Guy Wilkes, 2 1/4; and that of W. S. Hobart, of San Francisco, the owner of Stamboul, 2 1/4.

As it may be of some interest to many of your readers to know something of the general character of the stock on these famous breeding ranches, I am permitted to give a few extracts from a letter recently received by the writer from a friend who has visited many farms of the Pacific slope. He had ample opportunity of acquiring reliable information, and is well qualified to give an unbiased and intelligent opinion on what he saw. Comparing the horses at the rancho of Mr. Corbett (owner of Guy Wilkes) with those on the Palo Alto rancho, he says:—

"I like the horses at Corbett's much better, as there is not so much running blood in them, and they (Corbett's) are race horses. I do not care much for tin-cup horses, and Palo Alto has not much else; nor I don't believe ever will have anything else on account of the way they breed them. You would never believe there was so much difference in horses as there is between Corbett's and those of Palo Alto. Corbett's horses are big, coarse of limb, strongly-built fellows, and when you see them on the track you would think they were after the money. The Palo Alto horses have fine limbs, are short, trappy gaited, and many of them are poor feeders. I think they kill them when they are yearlings; they feed them all the grain they can eat, and work the heart out of them. There are more broken-down ones turned out at Palo Alto than Corbett has in training altogether."

Referring to the stock on Hobart's ranch, the writer of this letter says:—
 "I was out to Hobart's ranch, owner of Stamboul, 2 1/4. He has the prettiest looking colts from Stamboul I ever saw, poor limbs and no good. I think he is a failure in the stud. I forgot to mention that Corbett has a string of sixteen good ones this season, starting about April 20th, and I think you will hear of them; he has a good trainer, Goldsmith, brother of the famous driver and trainer that died last season. From what I have seen of horses, I am fully convinced that for the ones which will do or die on the race track, the family which has sprung from the ever famous George Wilkes has yet had no superior. Its star is yet in the ascendant, and will likely be so for some time."

Stamboul, whose colts are described as so poor-looking, has trotted over fifty heats between 2 1/4 and 2 3/4. He was foaled in 1882, was bred by the well-known breeder, L. J. Rose, Los Angeles, Cal. He was sired by Sultan, 2 24; his dam was the Hamlet-mare, 10, mare Fleetwing, also dam of Ruby, 2 19 1/2, full sister to Stamboul; he is the sire of six in the 2 3/4 list, none of them in the 2 20 list. Sultan, the sire of Stamboul, was foaled in 1875 and has a record of 2 24 and was bred by Rose. He is now in the stud of Wilson & Handy, Kentucky, and is the sire of 27 list performers. The sire of Sultan was The Moor, a horse of Clay blood.

Guy Wilkes, 2 1/4, in Mr. Corbett's stud, is a great young horse; he is a full brother to William L., sire of Axtell, three-year-old record of 2 12, and is the fastest entire son of George Wilkes. He is the produce of the Wilkes-Mambrino cross which has given the American turf so many of its brightest stars. Guy Wilkes was foaled in 1878 and took his record in the fourth heat of a race. He is a horse 15 1/2 hands, of great power and substance, and of invincible courage on the track. He is the sire of 12 in the list, 8 of the 12 in the 2 20 list. Two are pacers. Ropes 2 14 and Allansh 2 18. The following are some of his fast trotters:—Lillian Wilkes (3 yrs.), 2 17 1/2; Regal Wilkes (3 yrs.), 2 17 1/2; Sable Wilkes (3 yrs.), 2 18 1/2.

Vida Wilkes (2 yrs.), 2 22 1/2, and (3 yrs.) 2 18 1/2. His son Sable Wilkes, three-year-old record 2 18, at six years of age was the sire of Freedom, 2 29 1/2, the first yearling to trot in 2 30 or better. This was pretty good, more especially as it is the policy of San Mateo not to work yearlings beyond breaking them to harness. SEAWAY.

Stop that CHRONIC COUGH NOW!
 For if you do not it may become so unmanageable, for Consumption, Scrophulous Glandular Debility and Wasting Diseases, there is nothing like

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES Of Lime and Soda.
 It is almost as palatable as milk. Far better than other so-called Emulsions. A wonderful flesh producer.
SCOTT'S EMULSION
 is put up in a salmon color wrapper. Be sure and get the genuine. Sold by all Druggists at 50c and \$1.00.
 SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

AUCTION SALE

WE are instructed by the Trustees of Mrs. Thomas C. Robins to sell by Public Auction, on Thursday, the 24th day of March, instant, at 12 o'clock, noon, on the premises, that Dwelling House, Outbuildings and Land, situate on the north side of King Street, lately occupied by Dr. Thomas C. Robins. The said land has a front on King Street of forty-two feet and rank back north by parallel lines for the distance of eighty feet.
 For further particulars apply at the office of C. R. Smallwood, Solicitor, Cameron Block, or to the undersigned.
 E. H. NORTON & CO., Auctioneers.
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ARE YOU USING
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 Pleasant to take as Milk.
 A Great Flesh Producer.
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Estey's Emulsion cures Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Throat and all Lung troubles. A great remedy for weak and delicate children, builds them up, strengthens the bones, makes new blood. All dealers sell it, don't be induced to take any substitute—it hasn't any.
 E. H. Estey Mfg. Co., Moncton, N.B.

HAVE YOU A COUGH MIXTURE that suits you at \$1.00? **HACKMORE IS THE BEST MADE,** and costs only 25c.
HAVE YOU A COUGH MIXTURE that suits you at 50c? **HACKMORE** at 25c. per bottle is better than any at 50c.
HAVE YOU A COUGH MIXTURE that suits you at 35c? **HACKMORE** at 25c. is worth two bottles of any at 35c.
 Save money and be relieved from suffering by buying **HACKMORE** for Coughs and Colds. **Accept no substitute.**
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 Beware of Imitations.
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 Stewart Hartshorn
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 Beware of having the HARTSHORN. BY ALL DEALERS.
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