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"This is a **senate read. room**erty, when Free Born Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."—**HERALD.**

Single Copies two cents.

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NO 16

FASCINATION OF FOIBLES.

Little Frailties May Make the Possessor of Them More Lovable.

"No man is sincerely and securely loved except by those who know his foibles," says Sir Arthur Helps. Rousseau qualifies his recognition of faults in his old friend Gouffrecoeur by the surmise that without them he would probably have been less amiable. In no works is this better exemplified than in those of Charles Dickens. "When I know all the foibles a man has with little trouble in the discovery, I begin to think he is worth liking." And of Dickens' father, and his notable Misanthropicisms of speech and demeanor, he declares that no one could know him without liking him the better for them. No one likes Mearns less for his foibles, and Dickens liked his father better the more he recalled his whimsical qualities.

One of the notable examples of the fact that foibles may rather endear than estrange is in Oliver Goldsmith. The epithet so often heard and ever in the kindly tones of "Poor Goldsmith" speaks volumes. Writing of him, Washington Irving says that when eminent talent is united to spotless virtue we are awed and dazzled into admiration, but our admiration is apt to be cold, while there is something in the harmless infirmities of a good and great but erring nature that pleads touchingly with ours. Irving is persuaded that few who consider the real compound of admirable and whimsical qualities which formed Goldsmith's character would wish to prune away its eccentricities, trim its grotesque luxuriance and clip it down to the decent formalities of rigid virtue.

"Let not his frailties be remembered," said Johnson. "He was a very great man." Washington Irving would rather say, "Let them be remembered, since their chief end was to endear."

Oliver Wendell Holmes asserts that we must have a weak spot in any character before we can love it much. "People that do not laugh or cry or take more of anything than is altogether good for them or use any but dictionary words may be admirable subjects for biographers. But we don't always care most for those flat pattern flowers that press best in the herbarium."

The most non-exacting and most indulgent cannot perhaps fail to find some faults in the nearest and best friends. But in not a few cases foibles are even the strengtheners of regard.—Exchange.

RAISED THE COOK'S WAGES.

For He Had to Preserve His Wife's Confidence in His Capabilities.

There is nothing in all the world that I admire so much as a really capable man. A friend of mine has married one, and I am quite sure he can do all that does become a man and a few other things that are not entirely becoming. He and his wife—somehow one always thinks of them in that order—moved into a new house. The upper floor was to be left uncarpeted and was to be oiled. The wife suggested having a man from the furniture store to do it, but the capable man scoffed at the idea; oiling a floor was just as easy as rolling off a log. He'd attend to it himself. The wife went out of town for a few days, and one afternoon the capable man came home early with a can of prepared oil finish and a brush. He went up stairs and whistled gayly. When the cook went up later, the hall was a neatly oiled desert, with a narrowing unrolled oasis in the middle. There were sundry spots on the new wall paper, but the capable man said they'd dry off. The cook went down stairs, and presently there was a loud noise, a sliding noise and a falling noise from up stairs, together with a savage yell and some remarks that even cooks don't care to repeat. The wife came home a few days afterward. The husband met her at the station. He was wearing brand new trousers. The wife ascended to the upper hall. It was neatly carpeted with a new carpet and the walls had a new paper dado. "Why!" she exclaimed. "I thought you were going to oil it."

"I decided that a bare floor would be noisy," answered the capable man. "It always looks cheap."

"And the dado?" answered the wife. "Wasn't it a good idea?" answered the capable man. "It gives the hall such an air, you know."

The cook has had her wages raised, but then a man must preserve his wife's confidence at any price, you know.—Washington Post.

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A lot of fine black beaver Overcoats, made in the finest possible manner; silk velvet collar, best of erimings and sewn with silk; a gentleman's coat in every respect; a cheap coat at our former price, \$16 for \$11.

30 dark blue beaver Overcoats, s. b and d. b, velvet or cloth collar, former prices from \$8 to \$13.50, selling now from \$5 to \$9.

9 light drab melton Overcoats, s. b. fly front; the latest styles, selling price \$12 now \$7.50.

18 English nap Overcoats, barrel buttoes, tweed lining, and storm collar; the Impress of style, price \$14.25, now \$7.75

14 dark brown Canadian tweed Overcoats, s. b.; fly front velvet collar, a good coat with a good appearance, former price \$8.25, now \$5.60.

6 blue cloth Overcoats, extrr value at \$5.25, now \$3.60.

6 diagonal black worsted Overcoats, astrakan collars and cuffs, former price \$14, now \$8.50.

10 black Paton Serge Overcoats, a good weight, suitable for spring or fall or under a fur coat, price \$10.60, now \$7.35

Men's High Grade Ulsters.

Klondike—this is the name of our extra heavy black frieze Ulster, rubber lined, rendering it windproof, waterproof and frostproof, price \$16.25, now \$8.50.

Extra fine blue and dark brown Ulster, silk lined, with dust vents; a tailor made coat, a snap at \$12.50, now \$7.75.

A mixture of colored friezes of superior quality, will be sold at 1-3 less than price.

Light grey frieze Ulsters, heavy, all wool, nice leather exters, a perfect garment, price \$9.75, now \$6.25.

A lot of very stylish tweed Ulsters, worth \$12.50, now \$6.35.

A mixed lot of good all wool Ulsters, worth \$6.50 and \$7, now \$4.50.

MEN'S REEFERS

We have not very many men's Reefers left, extra fine goods. We promise startling values on these garments.

A lot of blue pilot Reefers, all wool, fast dye, worth \$9.50 now \$6.

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Children's, Boys' and Youths' Clothing.

The impulse of giving the best bargains and broadest values ever known has swept through our elegant lines of Ready to wear Clothing for the juveniles. In this department we have shattered the prices and upset all precedents in values.

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Youths' Overcoats, worth \$8.25, for \$5.50.

Youths' Overcoats, worth \$7.25, for \$4.85.

Youths' Overcoats, worth \$11, for \$7.60.

Youths' Overcoats, worth \$8.25, now \$5.75.

Youths' Overcoats, worth \$4.50, for \$3.50.

Youths' Overcoats, worth \$6, for \$3.65.

Youths' Reefers, worth \$5.60, for \$3.85.

Youths' Reefers, worth \$4.25, for \$2.85.

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Job lot of Reefers for \$2.60.

Children's Ulsters, worth \$4.50, for \$3.

Children's Ulsters, worth \$4.50, for \$2.60.

Children's Ulsters, worth \$5, for \$3.60.

Boys' Ulsters, worth \$6.35, for \$4.75

Boys' Ulsters, \$6.50, for \$4.75

25 assorted Overcoats, children's, with caps and hoods, mixed qualities and prices, at half price

Children's and boys Reefers, in naps and serges, at away below the marked price Remember the above are all good goods; no cheap stuff palmed off, but the genuine article at less than shoddy prices

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HORACE HASZARD,

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Charlottetown 29th Dec. 1897

TENDERS.

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned until Friday, 14th noon, from all parties wishing to contract for the repairing and fitting of the floor, walls and ceiling, of the Assembly Hall of the Y. M. C. A. building, of this city. Plans and specifications to be seen at the Association Rooms. Lowest tender not necessarily accepted.

S. N. ROBERTSON, President.

Jan 11 d&w

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Application to Parliament.

Public notice is hereby given that application will be made to the Parliament of Canada, at the next session thereof, for an Act changing the name of The Dominion Building and Loan Association, to that of The Dominion Permanent Loan Company. Dated at Toronto, this 17th day of November, A. D. 1897. MACDONALD, BOLAND & THOMPSON 2 Toronto-street Toronto, collectors for Applicants

LOVE'S EPIPHANY.

Time-much the implacable face of life defies, Thus much defies death's absolute decree, One hour that claims of fate-immunity By right divine of birth; non-suppliantwise But calm, triumphal, in competent guise. This one redress, this salvage, falls to me, This one hour spared of all severity. Saved of the sacrificial flames-that ease, We two, within the circled silence there, Looking on God's fair world-with quickened sighs In that awed hush when souls meet face to face, Through the heart's deep assessment were aware Of -ushing wings and sudden blinding light, As of love's visible presence in the place. —Elizabeth C. Cardoso in Century.

EXAMINED UNAWARES.

A Timorous Barnard Student "Never Knew It Till She Had "Passed."

One of the brightest and incidentally the prettiest girls in Barnard college was also the most nervous at least at examination. Her affliction, not apparent ordinarily, rendered her miserably hopeless then. She was bound to stumble and fall over the simplest questions, and she knew it. She despised herself for it. As the fatal time approached she held herself in increasing contempt until she felt she was not worthy to live.

At Barnard she was preparing herself for a professorship in mineralogy and geology. She had done brilliant work through the year, both in laboratory and in recitations, so that those of her classmates who did not know of her weakness predicted certain honors for her. But the hideous finals were upon her and she was in despair.

The examination was to be oral and public, and to complete her agony they would be conducted by a Harvard professor, who was coming on for that especial purpose. A friend of hers in Barnard knew this professor and met him on his arrival. She told him of the trepidation of her brilliant friend.

On the morning of the fatal day, some three hours before the finals were to begin, the professor was walking through the Museum of Natural History and met there quite by chance his acquaintance and her nervous friend. He was introduced and begged the ladies to show him over the hall of mineralogy and geology.

The older of the young women excused herself, having an engagement, but the younger said she would be only too happy. The honor was more than grateful, she said, for it would allow her to forget the torture in store for her. She took the professor all over the building, which was perfectly familiar to her. He asked her many questions, which she answered with wonderful accuracy, growing enthusiastic as she proceeded and a king brilliancy over her hobby.

Both the professor and his fair guide forgot the time until a messenger warned him. The girl looked like one suddenly awakened from sweet dreams to find herself on the edge of a precipice.

"Why should you fear now," said the professor as he took a pen from his pocket and hastily filled out a blank. "This is to certify that you have passed with honor." —New York Press.

Not a Bit Like a Man.

I must tell you of something which happened less than a month ago. Several young women had been invited to attend a young companion on the occasion of her marriage, and a few days before, perhaps only one day before, the ceremony a married kinswoman of the bride elect gave them all a breakfast. The married kinswoman is a woman of ideas, and as an entertaining feature of the affair she arranged a list of toast. A girl from New York acted as toastmaster. She was almost an utter stranger to the other guests, but she made an exceedingly witty speech. In closing it she said:

"I shall ask Miss Blank to respond to the first sentiment, a sentiment which I am sure she will deal with earnestly and with feeling. Miss Blank, I give you, 'Why I Prefer Single Blessedness.'"

Everybody turned pale. Miss Blank flushed painfully, half rose from her chair, tried to speak, and then, to the New York girl's utter astonishment, she burst into tears and ran out of the room. The New York girl found out later that Miss Blank had once been betrothed to a western gentleman who had eloped with one of her friends almost on the eve of her wedding day. The New York girl was so angry at the hestess for putting her in the way of making such a false step that she took the next train home, and her place in the bridal procession was empty. —Washington Post.

A Parisian Puzzle.

During the last few weeks the Paris postal officials have been troubled with many letters which they find it impossible to deliver. They are all in one handwriting and are addressed for the most part to celebrated personages who have long since passed beyond the reach of earthly correspondence. One envelope bears the inscription, "M. le Marquis de Saxe, a Paris," and there is added the direction, "In case of absence forward immediately to the seat of war." Another letter is addressed to "M. Cornelle, to the good care of his majesty, in Paris." The most extraordinary thing about the letters is their contents. All ask the question, "What influence do you think the employment of automobile cars will exercise on contemporary journalism?" The writer signs himself, "Emile de Girardan, the Pantheon."

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