PRAYER.

BY SISTER MARY GILMORE.

Prayer is the sure, the guiding star
That lights our way from morn till eve;
Thitherward when we fain would grieve,
That keeps the soul from wandering far.

If we would follow where it leads
And watch its course where'er that be,
Then we may hope that victory
Will crown our efforts—trembling reeds.

Hast thou not often felt how keen
The North wind's breath was, when the year
Had shed its last December tear,
And drifts of snow had frozen been?

Hast thou not felt too, how the cheer
Of home fireside had comfort given;
Felt, too, that every care was driven
From thee away when friends were near?

'Tis thus we feel the chilling air
Of worldly pomp, of worldly pride;
Thus adverse winds of fortune glide
'Gainst which we onward must repair.

And thus we feel the constant love
Of God when we to Him return,
Nor need we feel we have cause to mourn
When cared for by our Lord above.

'Tis He alone can give us rest
In all our real or fancied cares;
'Tis He the heaviest burden bears,
While we, poor mortals, think we're prest.

Let us look up and daily hope
For better hours beyond the tomb;
There, there at least shall be no gloom
And there eternal life shall ope.

There will we rest; no weary years
Shall weigh the trembling spirit down;
In peacefulness we there shall drown
The memory of our mortal tears.

Thus thinking, hoping, we can see
Not thorns, but roses on our way,
And cheerfully, from day to day,
Move onward toward eternity.

—*Cork Examiner.*

AN INVITATION.

Addressed to our Young Catholic American Men of Color.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

"I have a letter from the President of the Young Men's National Union, the Rev. M. Lavelle, of N. Y., encouraging me to start a Literary Union or Lyceum among our young Colored Men, there being none as yet among them. The undertaking is a difficult one, as you may imagine; still I am determined to make the venture. 'Nothing venture, nothing have,' and after all, our lives are but ventures and risks."—*Extract from a letter addressed to the present writer by Rev. Michael Heffernan, of the Josephite Fathers, Baltimore, Md.*

As heroes rally round their loved Commander,
When fields of valor must be fought and won,
And hail him as a second Alexander,
By whom great deeds of prowess shall be done;

As Knights around their leader closely gather,
With glance of firm resolve and deep drawn breath,
And follow him, their chief, their friend, their father,
Where leads his path to victory or death;

So, with high courage, with sublime emotion
(Through weal or woe, through gladness or through grief),
O! men of color! with a brave devotion,
Rally, to-day, around your chosen chief!

See, where he lifts the standard of salvation,
And flings its crimson colors on the breeze!
Behold the cross, the ensign of your nation,—
And hail the Crucified on bended knees!

Gather around the leader He hath sent you,
And brave the strife of passion pride and pelf!
With all the strength Omnipotence hath lent you,
Do battle against Satan, sin, and self.

Fair is the armor of your consecration,
Holy and pure, the weapons that ye wield,
Hard is the discipline and poor the ration,
Tho' bloodless be your mighty battle-field.

For, lo! with flesh and blood is not your warring,
But against great principalities and powers,
The evil spirits in high places soaring,
Who mask their batteries 'neath forms and flowers.

Yet with the gentle weapons of true culture,
With arms of light, ye may their master's prove
'Tis love divine transforms the cruel vulture
Into love's type, the meek and spotless dove!

Rise, then, and rally round, your brave Commander!
Your men of color!—in the van-guard dim.
Your chieftain waits. . . . (What mission could be grander?)
Hark!—the *reveille!* Rise and follow him!

THE SHAN VAN VOCHT,

—A STORY OF THE—

UNITED IRISHMEN.

BY JAMES MURPHY.

CHAPTER VII.—[CONTINUED.]

'Well, gentlemen,' he said at last, 'you see how matters stand. The fleet will sail on the fifteenth if not otherwise counter-ordered. What would you have me do? Time is pressing, and it may be difficult, if not impossible, to alter matters thus definitely fixed.'

'I think,' said Lord Edward,' that it is of the very first moment that the destination should be altered, and that I take to be the opinion of all here.'

'But how is it to be done?' anxiously queried Eugene.

'I see no other way for it,' said Oliver Bond bluntly, 'except by your proceeding immediately to France and laying our views before Hoche and the Directory.'

'A message by our young friend Francois would not be sufficient?' suggested Eugene, whose thoughts went back to the mansion of Seamore and the friends therein.

'The matters progressing are too important,' said Lord Edward gravely, after some deliberation, 'to place the mission in any hands but your own. The consequences of failure are too dreadful to think of anyone of less importance undertaking it.'

'Well, in any case,' thought Eugene, 'this appointment Clonin has promised on me would necessitate my departure in a few days at furthest.' Then aloud 'Well, gentlemen, I am completely at your service. When do you think I should leave?'

'At once,' chimed in a number of voices. 'This night.'

'It will take some time to get a vessel ready.'

'As for that, the boat by which this young gentleman came,' said Bond, 'is lying safe and sound at Dunleary, and I have no doubt, long before daybreak will be ready to sail.'

'In that case, Francois,' said Eugene, turning to his young countryman, 'you shall see the fair city of Paris sooner than you expected. I am sorry you could not see more of Ireland but——'

'Why I shall come back with the expedition,' said the youth, with enthusiastic glee at the idea of his again seeing his beloved Paris. 'We shall have a holiday march through Ireland, something like what we had through Prussia with Davoust.'

'Were you there?' asked Eugene with a smile.

'Yes. I was drummer boy in the regiment of which Hoche was colonel,' said the youth proudly.

'That's it you see, gentlemen,' said Eugene, addressing the group around him. 'It is little wonder that our French armies marched to victory when the drummer boy in a few years wears the epaulettes of a sous lieutenant.'

'I hope to wear the baton of a marshall of France yet,' said the youth.

'Very well, Francois,' said Eugene, laughing. 'There is nothing like aiming high, at any rate. Meantime, my young marshal, there is many a swelling wave between us and France at this moment, and if you have any traps to prepare you had better be getting ready.'

'They are all in the cutter where we landed.'

'So much the better. It will take the less time. And now, my lord,' said he, addressing young Edward, 'What further message may I bear across?'

'Simply this. If Hoche lands with ten thousand men on any of our Eastern seaboard counties, and with one hundred thousand stand of arms, tell him from the Irish Directory the freedom of Ireland is assured. An army such as he never led to victory will be beneath his banners within half a score of days after your landing.'

'Very well, my lord, that message covers everything. And now, gentlemen, as the night is growing late—it is closing on twelve o'clock—I think my young friend and myself may be taking our leave.'

'If you will permit me to drive you to Dunleary—my trap is in the stables,' said John Sheares—'I shall have much pleasure in doing so.'

'You place me under great obligations,' said Eugene.

'It is but a sorry way to entertain an ambassador,' said Lord Edward laughingly, 'but we shall give you a right royal welcome when the van of the French army is tramping, with banners flying, through Grafton Street.'

'Which may be very much sooner than you think,' said Eugene, falling into the hopeful mood of the hour.

'And not sooner than they will be welcome,' said Oliver Bond.

'I think, however,' said William Byrne, the Wexford delegate, who until then had remained a silent listener to the conversation, 'we are bidding our friends a most un-Irish adieu. You have never heard of the stirrup-cup in France, I suppose?'

'The stirrup cup! What is that?' asked Eugene.

'Upon my word, Byrne, I should not have thought of it if you had not mentioned it,' said Lord Edward with hearty good humor. 'My mind was so preoccupied with the business on hand that I never once thought of it. The stirrup-cup by all means.'

Champagne bottles were promptly in requisition, and as the silvery bubbles of the wine sparkled in the glasses a feeling of trust and hopefulness in the future seemed to breathe through the atmosphere of the room.

'Here's to gallant France!' said Lord Edward, as he and others clinked their glasses against those held by the two French officers. 'May the light of victory never darken on her banners.'

The toast was drunk with enthusiasm.

'Gentlemen, one toast from me,' said Eugene, as he glanced at the young sous-lieutenant, whose face, like his own, was flushed with pleasure at the enthusiastic manner in which the toast had been received, and whose eyes were not undimmed as the hurrahs called up memories of their native land.

'The men of Ireland! may they soon be enabled to strike a blow, and a successful one—for freedom.'

This toast was not less honored than the previous one, and a subdued hurrah, sounding most strange to unaccustomed French ears, rang through the apartment.

'I claim the right,' said Oliver Bond, when the acclaim was over, 'to give the final toast. It is:

'To our next meeting. May it be amid the thunder of French guns bearing the crown of victory to the Irish nation!'

Amid a cheering and laughing that was delightful to witness, the toast was drunk; and, amid hearty wishes for his safe passage to France and the success of his mission, Eugene and his friend Francois shook hands with the gentlemen of the Directory of United Irishmen, and in company with John Sheares, passed down the dark stairway.

Over these buoyant and joyous hearts, full of high hope and expectation, but little of the shadow of coming disappointment fell that night! Coming events, it is said, cast their shadows before; but that statement was falsified in that company. For the Fates were waiving their gloomy shrouds for unfulfilled anticipations and dead hopes even then, and unseen lips were already chanting the dirge for many of the gallant and high-hearted gentlemen whose pulses beat with lofty and chivalrous feelings.

There were no policemen to keep watch and ward over the streets—none but old watchmen, 'the Charlies'—and in a few moments they had passed the back way into the stables, had harnessed the horses, and were soon swiftly driving through the dimly lighted streets.

'You had better drive to the Eagle for a moment or two,' said Eugene, as they passed along the quays, 'there is a gentleman there for whom I promised to call.'

CHAPTER VIII.

A HURRIED DEPARTURE.

'Do not delay,' whispered Sheares, as he sat, closely muffled up, on the driver's seat. 'There is but little time to spare. You should be well down the channel by daybreak.'

'I shall not be long,' said the other, as he stepped to the door of the Eagle and knocked. It was opened immediately, and he entered. He returned without delay, alone. As he passed over to the car a form hurrying quickly collided against him.

'Hallo!' called Eugene.

'Why, Mr. Lefebre, I did not expect to meet you here so late.'

'I have been just looking for Redmond and failed to see him. Have you seen him, Sir Trevor?'

'I saw him—that is—I mean to say I saw him in the forenoon.

'But to-night?' asked Eugene. 'Have you seen him to-night?'

'No.'

'I am surprised he has not met me. I wish to see him particularly, as I leave to-night.'

'To-night?'

'Yes. I am going back to France. Tell Redmond how sorry I am I did not see him. Good-bye, Sir Trevor. Shall return soon. Good-bye.'

They parted, and Eugene leaped upon the trap.

'It is very odd,' he said, as he retook his seat, 'the gentleman has not called, although he promised to meet me here an hour ago. He must have gone by some other route. Drive quickly; we shall have another stop to make.'

'Was not that Sir Trevor Mortimer you spoke to,' asked Sheares.

'Yes.'

'I hope you did not tell him who was with you or where you were going.'

'I told him where I was going certainly,' said Eugene.

'Better you had not. He is a *mauvais sujet*, that gentleman. Not worse in Ireland.'

The conversation ended with this.

The importance of the subject they had been discussing, the joyous enthusiasm of the meeting, and finally the necessity for proceeding without delay on his voyage, had prevented Eugene from more than a passing thought on Seamore. But now that they were alone on the road, no conversation passing between them, the sob and sigh of the waves breaking against the shore alone in his ears, his thoughts went with wonderful yearning to the place. The memory of the days he had spent there came with strong force on his mind now that he was hurriedly leaving it. He thought of Helen—of her welcoming voice, of her winning and handsome face, of her eye so bright with pleasure and delight when she saw him, until his brain filled with dream-pictures of her, until the dark night gave forth her face to his eye, and the murmur of the restless sea her silvery laugh. Attached to her as he had become, he never felt, until now that he was leaving her, that she had become so dear—so inexpressibly dear—to him.

The dark cloud or mist—obscuring the starlight—that hung over the sea seemed to him, as he vaguely gazed at it, a barrier of gloom and disappointment that should soon separate him from her and beloved Seamore. There was, however, the silver lining to it—the happiness that awaited him when he should come back and rejoice once more in the light of her presence.

Her presence! Why, what right had he to rejoice in her presence? She had never given him, in the slightest degree, to understand that the feelings which he now felt he so strongly entertained for her were reciprocated. She was warmly friendly to him, as became her to one who was so well beloved of yore and so long absent. Her frank and pleasant nature never concealed the delight she felt in having him among them; but that was all—of love there was none. And, then, on the other hand, Trevor Mortimer! He knew well enough—he could not be long in Seamore without understanding it—that Mortimer looked upon her as one who, in the natural course of events, should in time be his wife. Redmond possibly viewed matters in the same light. And for aught he knew, for no words passed between them on the subject, Helen might be possessed with the same views.

In the midst of these thoughts the trap reached the meadow that led up to the orchard. He quickly got down, desiring them to await his return, hastily crossed the meadow, clambered over the orchard wall, as he had done on the first night of his arrival—it was the shortest way—and, lifting the latch, entered.

It was close upon one o'clock. A solitary light was burning on the kitchen table, and one of the girls was sitting up awaiting his return.

'I am sorry to have kept you up, Norah,' said he, as the girl, half-asleep, raised her head from the table. 'I suppose they have all retired to bed, long ago?'

'Ay, these two hours and more.'

'Give me a light, Norah! I want to say a word in haste to Redmond.'

'Redmond!' said the girl, in sleepy surprise; 'is he not with you?'

'With me?' cried Eugene, in tones in which a sense of disappointment was manifest. 'Do you mean to tell me Redmond has not yet returned?'

'No,' said the girl, in alarm, 'he has not. He went out with you, and we thought he would have returned with you.'

'So he ought, but he did not meet me at the appointed place. I suppose he remained with his friends. I am going away for a short time, Norah, and——'

'Going away,' said Norah, now roused completely from her sleepiness, 'an' at this hour of the night! Won't you wait until morning?'

'Unfortunately I cannot, Norah. I shall be many a mile away before morning. I wish to leave a message for your mistress, Norah. You will give it to her?'

'Yes, I'll give it,' said the girl; 'but what am I to tell her about Redmond?'

'Redmond will likely be home in the morning,' said Eugene, as he finished the letter. 'He has probably stopped with his friends in the city. Give Miss Barrington this note Norah; and now good-bye. I am sorry I cannot remain longer,' he said.

'When will you return? or how long will you be away?'

'Two questions pretty difficult to answer, Norah,' he said smiling. 'I don't know myself; but I shall return as soon as I can. Tell Miss Barrington so, although I have said as much in my note. Once more—good-bye!'

He held out his right hand to bid her good-bye, and with the other handed her the note, and a gold ring which he took from his finger.

She took the former and returned the latter.

'I could not take this, Mr. Lefebre,' she said. 'If there was anything I could do for you I would do it, and with pleasure, but I could not accept a reward. You have been too friendly and kind since you came, and——'

'It is not a reward, in the ordinary sense of the word at least, Norah,' he replied, as he noticed her rejection; 'it is rather a memento to remember me by. In my hurried departure it is the only gift I can make, and you must accept it—at least until we meet again. Good-bye!'

Before the girl could make further motion he was gone.

Out into the darkening night, and this time by a circuitous route, until he reached where the parties were awaiting him.

'I fear I have delayed you,' he said, as he resumed his seat, 'but though it was at rather an unseasonable hour, I could not leave without a parting message.

'We have not too much time to waste; the night is passing and you would want to be well away from the seaboard by sunrise,' said John Sheares, as he handed him his cigar-case.

The Frenchman wrapped his cloak round him, lit his cigar, and the vehicle whirled along the road to Dunleary in silence, so far as the three travellers were concerned.

They drove swiftly over the rough, scrubby brushwood—the Dunleary common—on which the town of Kingstown now stands, and without stop or stay until they reached the shingly strand, where in a sheltered nook the Albatross was rocking to and fro in the plash of the waves.

There was a wierd silence around, when they had, after tying their horses to a tree, descended the steep hillside down to the little cove, where in the dim and misty moonlight, the little barque lay vaguely on the waters like some phantom vessel. There was no light on deck, and nothing to indicate that there was anyone on board. A sharp whistle, twice repeated from the lips of Francois, caused the appearance of some dim figures over the bulwarks; and after another interchange of similar signals a boat put off from her side, and with muffled oars was driven rapidly shorewards.

In a few moments her keel grated on the shingle,

'Is that you, captain?' asked Francois.

'Yes, *mon officer*,' said the skipper. 'I did not expect you back. We were just getting ready to start.'

'I am glad you delayed,' said the youth. 'I am going back with another gentleman. How is it out at sea?'

'A fine spanking breeze from the Nor'-West; just the thing to suit us,' said the skipper; 'but we have very little time for delay. The night is waning rapidly. Jump in.

The young Frenchman jumped into the boat, whilst Eugene and Sheares waited for a moment to exchange a word or two.

A hurried intimation from the captain that the breeze was freshening concluded the discourse; and in a few moments Eugene was by the side of his companion. In a quarter of an hour or less the anchor was hauled up, the sails expanded to the wind; and, as the United Irishman—so soon to climb the steps of the scaffold—clambered up the steep sides of the cliff to where his horses were tethered, and stayed a minute on his way to look round, a phosphorescent gleam on the water—a track of white wave—showed him where the rapid keel of the cutter was cleaving its way out to sea, her sails showing in phantom dimness through the white mist that gathered over the waters.

'Good luck and God speed you,' was the muttered parting prayer, as he untied his horses and turned his face homewards to the city.

CHAPTER IX.

DISASTER!

The cold grey light of the dawn came slantingly from the East, across the breast of the Irish sea, as the cutter ran down the Channel off the Wicklow coast. The tops of the Grogan mountains far above were turning into gold as the rays fell on the white mists that circled their summits and dispersed them. The long line of surf in the wake of the boat, as the growing day-beams fell on it, showed very strikingly the effect the breeze had on her filling sails.

As it grew brighter, the captain swept with his glass the rather limited horizon within view, but closed it up again as no sign of a vessel on the sea gave indication of danger.

'With this breeze at our heels and no need for tacking,' he said, 'we shall be in the Atlantic in a few hours.'

'You don't anticipate any danger, I hope,' said Eugene, who noticed his survey of the sea with some concern.

'There is always cause for fear along this coast,' said the captain sententiously.

'Well, I hope not on this occasion,' said Eugene. 'It seems perfectly clear of sail of any kind just at present.'

'A run of a few miles might change all that,' said the captain.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa., U. S. A.

The Charlottetown Hospital.

UNDER the management of the Sisters of Charity, visited daily by a staff of skillfull physicians, supplied with all the convenience for the treatment of special cases, private rooms at moderate charges for private patients. For admission and other particulars apply to the Lady Superior or to any member of the medical staff.

March 12, 1890.—tf.

A Great Event

In one's life is the discovery of a remedy for some long-standing malady. The poison of Scrofula is in your blood. You inherited it from your ancestors. Will you transmit it to your offspring? In the great majority of cases, both Consumption and Catarrh originate in Scrofula. It is supposed to be the primary source of many other derangements of the body. Begin at once to eliminate your blood with the standard alterative,

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

"For several months I was troubled with scrofulous eruptions over the whole body. My appetite was bad, and my system so prostrated that I was unable to work. After trying several remedies in vain, I resolved to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and did so with such good effect that less than one bottle

Restored My Health

and strength. The rapidity of the cure astonished me, as I expected the process to be long and tedious."—Frederico Maria Fernandes, Villa Nova do Gaya, Portugal.

"For many years I was a sufferer from scrofula, until about three years ago, when I began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, since which the disease has entirely disappeared. A little child of mine, who was troubled with the same complaint, has also been cured by this medicine."—H. Brandt, Avoca, Nebr.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

PREPARED BY

DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by Druggists. $1, six $5. Worth $6 a bottle.

CAPT. JOHN HUGHES,

—DEALER IN—

Anthracite and all kinds of Coal

THE BEST QUALITY.

ORDERS left at OFFICE will be promptly attended to.

WATER STREET.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.

Aug. 13, 1890.—3m

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C. B. MACNEILL.
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Sept. 3, 1890.—3m

JAMES H. REDDIN,

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Aug. 13, 1890.—1y.

Freehold Farm for Sale.

FOR SALE, at a Bargain, the Freehold Farm of 115¼ acres of Land, situate at Hope River, Lot 25, with Farm Buildings, formerly owned by Patrick Mahoney. The whole of the above Farm will be sold, or a portion of it, to suit purchasers. Possession given immediately. Terms easy.

For further particulars apply to

SULLIVAN & MACNEILL.

Charlottetown, June 5, 1890—tf

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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DR. FOWLER'S

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CURES

CHOLERA
Cholera Morbus
COLIC AND CRAMPS
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DYSENTERY

AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS. IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

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Physician & Surgeon

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Kent Street, Charlottetown.

July, 9, 1890.—6m

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THE CHEAPEST PLACE ON P. E. ISLAND.

DRAWING ROOM PARLOR SUITES, best value.
BEDROOM SUITES at low prices,
All kinds of UPHOLSTERED GOODS at Bargains,
PICTURE FRAMING, 125 varieties, very cheap and nobby
LOOKING GLASSES,
The latest in WINDOW BLINDS, and all kinds of WINDOW FURNITURE and Fixings at cost.
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JOHN NEWSON.

Charlottetown, Feb. 20, 1889.

Prince Edward Island Railway.

1890. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1890.

On and after Monday, June 2nd, 1890, Trains will run as follows:—

TRAINS FOR THE WEST.

STATIONS.	Express	Accom	Acc'm
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Charlottetown ..dp	6 10	8 45	3 30
Royalty Junction	6 40	9 15	4 00
North Wiltshire	6 49	9 24	4 09
Hunter River	6 56	9 31	4 16
Bradalbane	7 02	9 38	4 23
Emerald Junction	7 08	9 44	4 29
Freetown	7 20	11 00	4 40
Kensington	7 31	11 11	4 51
		P. M.	
Summerside ..ar	8 15	12 00	5 30
Summerside ..dp	2 20	1 00	
Miscouche	2 42	1 22	
Wellington	2 54	1 33	
Port Hill	3 03	1 42	
O'Leary	3 20	2 00	
Kinkora	3 37	2 20	
Albert	3 54	2 37	
Tignish ..ar	4 15	3 00	
Emerald Junc..dp			P. M. 6 45
Cape Traverse..ar			8 15

TRAINS FROM THE WEST.

STATIONS.	Express	Accom	Acc'm
	P. M.	A. M.	
Tignish ..dp	1 10	8 00	
Kinkora	1 33	8 23	
Bloomfield	1 42	8 32	
O'Leary	1 52	8 42	
Port Hill	2 09	9 00	
Wellington	2 18	9 09	
Miscouche	2 31	9 22	
		P. M.	
Summerside ..dp	4 05	12 00	A. M. 6 15
Kensington	5 17	12 51	6 46
Freetown	5 30	12 59	7 10
Emerald Junction	5 40	1 10	7 20
Bradalbane	5 47	1 18	7 30
Hunter River	5 53	1 27	7 44
North Wiltshire	6 00	1 36	7 55
Royalty Junction	6 08	1 45	8 17
Charlottetown ..ar	7 15	2 00	9 25
Cape Traverse..dp			A. M. 8 45
Emerald Junc..ar			9 15

TRAINS FOR THE EAST.

STATIONS.	Express.	Accom.
	P. M.	A. M.
Charlottetown ..dp	3 15	8 30
Royalty Junct'n	3 50	9 20
Bedford	4 00	9 35
Mt. Stewart Junc. ..ar	4 15	9 55
	..dp	4 30	9 59
Morell	4 50	10 24
St. Peters	5 03	10 34
Bear River	5 15	10 46
Souris ..ar	5 25	10 56
	P. M.	A. M.
Mt. Stewart Junc. ..dp	4 25	8 20
Cardigan	5 25	9 20
Georgetown ..ar	5 40	10 20

TRAINS FROM THE EAST.

STATIONS.	Express.	Accom.
	A. M.	P. M.
Georgetown ..dp	7 00	2 40
Cardigan	7 17	3 05
Mt. Stewart Junc. ..ar	8 10	4 10
	A. M.	P. M.
Souris ..dp	6 15	12 40
Bear River	6 45	1 15
St. Peter's	6 55	1 25
Morell	7 42	2 12
	..ar	7 52	2 22
Mt. Stewart Junc. ..dp	8 10	3 00
	..dp	8 40	3 20
Bedford	9 05	4 05
Royalty Junct'n	9 45	4 35
Charlottetown ..ar	9 20	4 45

Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

J. UNSWORTH,
Superintendent.

Railway Office, Charlottetown, May 28, 1890.—tf

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