FAME.

BY F. O'D. CALLAGHAN.

What, Fame, art thou? An empty sound,
Aye, nothing more art thou,
A something sought, and seldom found,
To rapture or to blow;
A phantom buried on and on
Through life's intricate maze;
A golden prize, at length, when won,
Has dust before the gaze.

A light which dashes from the spheres—
Quick flashes, and is gone;
A fire-fly floating o'er the meres
'Neath night's star-spangled zone;
A bubble strong, yet soon the stain
And breaking on the shore;
A sweet entrancing fairy strain,
Once heard, and heard no more.

A lightning flash—a thunder peal—
Too mid-how's transient glow—
Too clash and clang of battle steel
When foe in fight meets foe;
A trumpet-blast, a cannon's boom—
A wish sent o'er the sea—
A summer cloudlet's flitting loom—
A song bird's melody.

Ah! such is fame—a fleeting thing
Like that Utopian Isle
Of which the dreamy poets sing
In tuneful rhymes the while.—
Which bursts upon the seaman's sight
On ocean's throbbing breast
Like gilded visions of the night
Or sunlight from the West.

The soldier seeks it on the field
Thick strewn with ghastly dead,
With heart 'gainst gentle feelings steeled—
And finds a grave instead:
The minstrel trills his tuneful strain
To catch a fleeting name
And fondly dreams—ah, dream how vain—
Of all immortal fame.

Alas! for this the poet weaves—
His songful harmonies,
And on the wings of fancy cleaves
The liquid of the skies;
But blasted hopes, dark woe and tears
And soul with sorrow fraught
Are his who wings to brighter spheres
In ecstasy of thought.

Oh, Fame! in boyhood's vanished hours
I worshiped at thy shrine,
And now when murky sorrow lowers
I dream thou'lt yet be mine;
Though well I ween an empty name,
A phantom false thou art
Yet hold I thee enshrined, oh! Fame!
Deep, deep within my heart.

* The fabled Island, Atlanta.

The Great O'Donoghue.

A LEGEND OF KILLARNEY.

BY M. J. MURRAY.

It was towards the close of a warm summer day in the year 1730 that two footsore and weary travellers slowly dragged themselves along the Kenmare road. One, a man of perhaps sixty years of age, whose tall erect figure and military carriage denoted the soldier, seemed to be the father of the other, a girl of delicate mould. Both were plainly but neatly clad in the costume of the period.

The shadows were beginning to lengthen, and the crest of the venerable Carran-Tuel, that monarch of the Reeks, was bathed in glory by the last rays of the dying sun, when the old man halted.

'Mary, my child, night will soon be upon us.' He spoke in the full, rich tones of the Munster Gaelic; a voice that is soft and round as the voice of the far famed Cremona violin. "... the way we shall rest, I know ... and rough and I am in fear for thy gentle self.'

'Fear not for me, father,' answered the maiden. 'My heart is brave, and while thou art with me I shall want for nought.'

'Hark, what was that?' suddenly cried the old man starting forward.

The girl listened intently for a few moments and replied: 'Methinks I hear the sound of hoofs.'

'Heaven send it,' the old man exclaimed fervently; 'for the rider, if he be a gentleman, will direct us to a place of shelter.'

Nearer and nearer came the sound of horses approaching at a rapid gallop and both strained their eyes to catch the first glimpse of the horsemen. At length, around a bend in the road, dashed two strange looking men on coal-black steeds. The foremost of the two was encased in an antique steel armor, similar to that worn in the early ages, and his steed was in a like manner accoutred. The second rider was evidently an equerry or groom, and was dressed in hose and doublet of ancient make. A heavy two-edged sword hung at his side, but otherwise he possessed no weapon. The old man and his daughter gazed in wonder at the strange beings, and as the the latter approached, withdrew to the side of the road to let them pass. The strange knight seemed to have no such intention, however, for he drew rein and stopped in front of the bewildered travellers.

'Heaven save thee, honest man, and thee also, fair lady. How comes it that ye are overtaken here by the night.'

'My story is a strange one, Sir Knight,' replied the old man, approaching the horseman, 'and if it please thee to listen I will relate to thee our history.'

The mailed knight leaped from his horse as lightly as though unencumbered by the massive armor in which he was encased.

'It would indeed be a pleasure, good friend,' said he, leaning against his horse and resting his arm on its back.

'Then know, Sir Knight, that I am the last of the direct line of the MacCrathy's More, Princes of Desmond. Not far from here, and contiguous to where the ruins of the holy Macross Abbey stands as a monument to my race, I was born some sixty years ago. My father was a soldier, and braver than he never drew sword in defense of his country's honor. He taught me the arts of war and trained me in the use of the sword until I had few equals in its use. While yet a boy I attached myself to Sarsfield's regiment in which my father was an officer, and fought by his side in the seige of Limerick. When the cause was lost, my gallant father, leaving his brothers in charge of our demense, set sail for the Low Countries taking me with him. There we rejoined our beloved Sarsfield, and with him cut a path to victory on many a hard fought field. Alas! for the dark day. On the plain of Flanders I saw our gallant general fall, stricken unto death. My father raised his head upon his knee and Sarsfield gazing into his face, raised his hand, crimsoned with his heart's red fountain, saying: 'See, they have slain me. Would to God this blood was shed for Ireland.'

'A fresh spurt of blood burst from his wound and our gallant Sarsfield was no more. After that battle my father and I went to Paris, where I married the sister of a comrade, the mother of my child here. My father died abroad and after many years of absence I returned yesterday to find my cousin in possession of my estates, which he refuses to deliver into my hands until I pay him a thousand pounds in gold for the improvements he claims to have made upon them. Where am I to obtain so much money I know not, as all I possessed scarcely sufficed to bring us here. For myself I care not. My life is almost at its close, but she my daughter yonder, is but a fragile child and knows nothing of the world. To think that she should suffer wrings my heart.'

'Whither goest thou now?' asked the knight.

'Alas! I know not.'

'Are ye without shelter?'

'Aye,' replied the old man, 'that we are. I begged shelter for the night from the churl, but he refused it. He told us to seek it from the O'Donoghue who dwells near here.'

The knight made a sign to the equerry who leaped upon his horse and disappeared in the darkness. Shortly afterwards he dashed up leading two magnificent horses. One was a powerful charger, similar to that ridden by the knight, and the other a beautiful lady's palfrey.

'The churl did well to bid thee seek the O'Donoghue,' said the knight. 'I am he, I bid thee welcome to my castle and if I mistake not we will make thee and thy daughter more comfortable than thou wouldst be with yonder knave. Mount, good sir, be mine the pleasure of assisting thy gentle daughter.'

So saying the O'Donoghue, with scarcely an effort seemingly, lifted Mary to her seat on the palfrey. Then quickly mounting his own steed the knight led the way at a marvellous speed.

The darkness around them had now grown intense and no object could be discerned on either side. It was impossible to guide their steeds so they gave them a loose rein, trusting to the instinct of the animals to find the road. That they were going in the right direction they were quite sure, as directly in front of them could be seen the sparks of fire from the hoofs of the knight's noble charger. The pace was a fearful one, but the horses had that cat-like lope for which our Southern Irish horses are noted, and as both of the riders were expert equestrians it was no difficult task for them to keep in the saddle. Had it been a daylight ride, there is no doubt that both riders would have enjoyed it immensely, but flying through impenetrable darkness is quite another thing, and Mary's heart almost stood still as they tore along in that mad gallop. Suddenly a light in the far distance flashed through the darkness; then another and another, and in a little while the illuminated windows of a great castle burst upon their view. Nearer and nearer they came and as was but a brief while ere they ... the drawbridge and into the courtyard of the castle.

'The O'Donoghue welcomes thee to his castle, gallant sir, and you, fair lady; all that is within these walls is at thy service.'

'From my heart I thank thee, Sir Knight,' replied Mary. 'Were it not for thy kindness, my father and I might even now be lying beneath the falling dew.'

The knight bowed and assisting Mary to alight, conducted her to a spacious apartment where a number of richly dressed ladies and gentlemen rose to greet them. They evidently awaited the coming of the knight in order to begin the evening meal, for on the board before them a royal repast was spread. Haunches of venison and kingly salmon rested on platters of solid gold. Jewelled goblets were filled with rosy wine, while the choicest fruits of every clime were piled in many-colored pyramids at intervals along the table. Golden candelabra were filled with countless wax candles, the light of which threw a halo over the scene and caused a myriad of gems with which the ladies were decked to sparkle like flashes of living light. At the head of the board and at the right hand of the master's seat sat the chief bard, and near by sat the *filidhe* or poets with jewelled harps in their hands. The knight raised his hand to stop the shouts and cries of pleasure that greeted his entrance, and motioning MacCarthy and his daughter to come forward, he said:

'Friends, it is your duty as well as mine to extend a greeting to one of Erin's fairest ladies and her noble father MacCarthy More. His sword flashed 'neath the banner of Sarsfield in defense of Motherland. Need I say more?'

'No! no!' cried all.

Knights and ladies pressed around them to offer greetings. The noble ladies brought Mary to a seat in their midst whilst the knights beseiged MacCarthy with questions about Sarsfield and the Irish in the service of foreign powers. The exciting scene was brought to a close by the assembled guests being summoned to supper. O'Donoghue had laid aside his armor and now appeared at the head of the table, attired in a costume similar to the others. Our travelers were seated at the left hand of the chieftain and were treated with marked courtesy. When the repast was finished the bards struck up hymns in praise of the chieftain and the ancient heroes of Ireland. The ladies were toasted in flowing goblets and then all retired for the night. Mary and her father were conducted to spacious sleeping apartments adjoining each other and left to retire. As both were worn out it was not long before they were fast asleep, and daylight was streaming in the windows before they awoke. They arose and ate sparingly of a breakfast which a servant brought into the father's room. Hardly had they finished when a knock was heard and the O'Donoghue entered the room.

'I bid you good morrow,' he said, 'and trust you have rested well.'

'Well, indeed, Sir Knight, and to thee we return thanks for thy generous hospitality,' replied MacCarthy.

'Nay, nay,' exclaimed the knight, 'it is but the duty of every Irish knight to shelter and feed the weary traveler. But it is not for this I came hither. The horses that brought ye here await ye at the gate. There also ye will find two equerries, each of whom carries a thousand pounds of gold at his saddle bow. Out of this sum you can pay the knavish claim of your cousin and the balance will support you until your crops are grown.'

MacCarthy and his daughter were overcome with emotion at the knight's generosity and fain would have refused so munificent a gift, but the knight said with a smile:

'To refuse this is to wound me. As for thy villainous cousin, I will take care that the money does him no good. You can repay me by extending the hospitality of your house to the traveler and helping the friendless.'

He conducted them to the courtyard where the horses awaited them and when they were mounted he walked as far as the outer gate to bid them farewell. Thanks to the noble animals on which they were mounted, our travelers were soon far on their way, and before the sun was in his noontide glory they drew rein at the paternal home of MacCarthy More. In answer to their summons a servant came out to meet them.

'Tell thy master the MacCarthy More and his daughter are here to meet him,' commanded MacCarthy.

The servant went into the house and in a short space of time his master came out, and laying his hand on his sword, said:

'What! Art thou here again beggar? If thou thinkest thy soft words and the pretty face of yon couper jade, thy daughter, will help thy claim, thou art mistaken. A thousand pounds in yellow gold must thou bring if thou wouldst have this noble house and those broad acres.'

'Curb thy tongue, good cousin,' sternly replied the MacCarthy More. 'A thousand pounds in gold do I bring thee. Send for thy notary and give me a full receipt for the money and for all claims on me and mine.'

When the churlish cousin saw the heavily laden saddle bags of the two attendants, his manner changed. The gates were opened and the party entered. MacCarthy assisted his daughter to alight and calling on the attendants to follow him, entered the house and proceeded at once to the drawing-room. In a short time a notary entered. The gold was paid over and a receipt made out and handed to the MacCarthy More, who, in the presence of all the tenantry, who had been called in, formally took possession of the place.

His cousin lost no time in getting away from the house with the gold across his saddle. His intention was to go to Tralee and deposit his money there, getting a letter of credit on bankers in London, his ultimate destination. He reached Tralee the next morning and proceeded at once to the bank, where on opening the bags, to his horror and dismay, he found the coins had turned into ginger-bread cakes. There they lay, instead of the shining gold, and every one of them had the king's stamp on it as before its metamorphosis. He raved and swore until he was black in the face. The servant, who was standing by, almost paralyzed with astonishment, tried to comfort him but the infuriated man drew his sword and attacked him. To save himself the servant drew his own sword, ran his master through the body and jumping on his horse made his escape.

MacCarthy More and his daughter were soon settled in their new home and had the love and esteem of all. The two servants given to them by the O'Donoghue disappeared the very night they took possession of the old manor and were never seen again.

About two years afterward, the MacCarthy More having saved up sufficient money to pay back the sum given him by the O'Donoghue, started out with a couple of attendants to find the knight's castle. They searched in vain, however, and were obliged to return home with the money. On the way back, tradition says, their ears were greeted with the loveliest music ever heard by mortal men.

The beautiful Mary married one of the O'Briens and their descendants have faithfully kept the pledge given by the MacCarthy More to the O'Donoghue, by entertaining the belated traveler as well as the friend with genuine Irish hospitality.

Indeed, as the veteran Major Haverty once told the writer, after a visit to his friend, William O'Brien, "He's the sort of a fellow that never does things by halves. You'll never get punch at his home mixed with hot water. He boils the whiskey."—*Union and Times*

LOOKING AFTER AN ESTATE.

NOVA SCOTIANS HEIRS TO LARGE ESTATES IN SCOTLAND.

To Scotchmen the name of MacDonald-Rutland is one associated and interwoven with a great deal of the history of that part of their native land north of the Caledonian canal. The bearers of the name were powerful landlords and of the estate of landed gentlemen, a social rank now obsolete.

The rise of this family to importance is lost in the flux of time; but not until the first quarter of this nineteenth century, was there a break in the line of succession.

Allan Rutland succeeded to the titles and estates of his fathers somewhere in the last half of the last century and continued to enjoy them up to the time of his death, which occurred between the years 1820 and 1830.

He had seen active service in America with Prince Edward and having distinguished himself he received, as was customary at that time, a large grant of land on the island named after his commander. This land was afterwards the cause of the separation of the family and the effort now being made by the descendants of the Nova Scotian branch to secure the vast estates of MacDonald-Rutland and the moneys appertaining thereto, heirs to both of which have been called for in the old and new worlds repeatedly, and said to have been bulletined in the chancery court in England during the past decade without claimants.

Allan Rutland was the father of several children, but all that is definitely known at present of the individual members of his family is that Alexander, the eldest, came to Nova Scotia in the company of Governor Fanning to dispose of the land on P. E. Island, owned by his father.

The next eldest was a son, also. He went to India, accumulated a large fortune, which, as he died childless and intestate, went to swell the entailment. The other children, it is probable, lived short and uneventful lives, for less than sixty years ago the widow of Alexander received word in Judic, Cape Breton, that the family estates in Scotland were occupied by two distant relations.

Alexander, while executing the aforementioned commission on this side of the Atlantic, met and married a niece of the late Bishop McEachren, of P. E. Island, and informing his father at home of the step he had taken also signified his intention of permanently residing in a country so like his own and congenial to his young wife. It is probable that the father, Allan, supplied the young man with ready money; at any rate he had it, for he and his large family of children have lived in comparative affluence ever since. He, like his father, had a large family of children, five of whom are still living, viz: John, the eldest, living in Judic, Cape Breton; Jane and Kate, both married in P. E. Island, and Agnes (Mrs. Cameron) living on Cornwallis street in this city. The eldest John, is thus by the English laws of ential and primogeniture heir to his father's rights who by the same laws became proprietor but never entered into possession of the estates in Scotland left vacant by the death of Allan Rutland.

Alexander was sent for to go to Scotland just after Allan's and just previous to his own death. He came as far as Halifax but took sick and had to return to Cape Breton and did not live to cross the ocean to claim his patrimony. His house was burned some time after, and with it nearly all family records. His children, not being in want, made no efforts to secure the estates in Scotland, although a man was sent out from the old country by the widow of Allan to have them claim the estates.

The descendants now at the instance of John Rutland have decided to make a determined effort to prove their parentage and secure the estates which are presumed to be in chancery.—*Halifax Herald.*

In the course of a long and beautiful pastoral letter on the celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America, the Right Rev. Louis M. Fink, Bishop of Kansas City says: "The whole project would have had to be abandoned perhaps for centuries if God had not raised up a woman, full of faith and zeal for religion, who had listened to the plans of that providential man, and after due consideration, encouraged by some of the clergy that had exercised great influence at her court, had taken up his cause and was willing to pledge even her jewels, in order to obtain the means necessary for carrying out the undertaking. That great woman was Queen Isabella the Catholic, of Spain. God alone could have inspired Columbus with that indomitable spirit of perseverance, required for carrying out so perilous a work; faith and piety guided his every action, which made him find the time for gathering up his crew to receive in a body Holy Communion before leaving the port of Palos. No wonder he took possession of the land he discovered by setting up the sign of salvation, the Cross!" The Bishop, therefore recommends that on Octocer 12, the day be celebrated in every church of his diocese in the morning with Mass, sermon, and benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and in the evening by a civic display, consisting of a parade, speeches or some appropriate entertainmens. "We request," he adds 'that all take part, young and old, and especially the mothers, in honor of that great woman and mother, whom God had chosen as the active and powerful protectress of that event, Queen Isabella the Catholic."

This United Press cablegram from London, under date of July 25, is to the point: "Letters have been received from the Missionary Ashe, in Uganda, who throws more light on the conflict between Protestants and Roman Catholics there. He corroborates the worst reports concerning the slaughter during Capt Lugard's conflict with the Roman Catholics. Lugard's forces, he says killed several hundred men, women and children during the attack upon the island where King Mwanga and the Catholics had taken shelter. Ashe's letters show that whatever the provocation, the British forces proceeded with unpardonable recklessness as to the loss of life which they might cause."

1892.

Fall Trip from Liverpool.

THE Clipper bark "RALPH B. PEAKE," 700 Tons Register, classed A 1 at Lloyds, D. A. McDonald, Commander, will sail from Liverpool for Charlottetown

About 10th of September next,

and will carry Freight at through rates to the different Railway points on the Island.

For Freight apply in London to John Pitcairn & Sons, 7 Union Court, Old Broad Street, E. C., in Liverpool to Pitcairn Brothers, 51 South John Street, or here to the owners.

PEAKE BROS & CO.

Charlottetown, July 27, 1892—6w.

The Charlottetown Hospital.

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

March 12, 1890.—tf.

"German Syrup"

The majority of well-read physicians now believe that Consumption is a germ disease. In other words, instead of being in the constitution itself it is caused by innumerable small creatures living in the lungs having no business there and eating them away as caterpillars do the leaves of trees.

A Germ Disease. The phlegm that is coughed up is those parts of the lungs which have been gnawed off and destroyed. These little bacilli, as the germs are called, are too small to be seen with the naked eye, but they are very much alive just the same, and enter the body in our food, in the air we breathe, and through the pores of the skin. Thence they get into the blood and finally arrive at the lungs where they fasten and increase with frightful rapidity. Then German Syrup comes in, loosens them, kills them, expells them, heals the places they leave, and so nourish and soothe that, in a short time consumptives become germ-proof and well.

HICKEY & NICHOLSON,

Tobacco Manufacturers,

BLACK TWIST, BRIGHT TWIST Smoking,

FLAT CHEWING TOBACCO, "HIC-HIC."

Orders solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

Ch'town, May 11, 1892.—3m

Dissolution of Partnership.

THE partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, carrying on business as Barristers and Solicitors under the name of MACNEILL & MACDONALD, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent.

Dated this 15th day of July, A. D. 1892.

CHESTER B. MACNEILL,
ÆNEAS A. MACDONALD.

All legal business entrusted to the late firm of Macneill & Macdonald will be continued by me at the offices heretofore occupied by the old firm.

ÆNEAS A. MACDONALD.

ÆNEAS A. MACDONALD,

BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Agent for Credit Foncier Franco-Canadien,

Office, Great George St.,

Near Bank Nova Scotia, Charlottetown,

jy 20—3mos.

JAMES H. REDDIN

BARRISTER-AT-LAW

Solicitor, Notary Public, &c.,

Office, Cameron Block,

(Head of Stairway),

Charlottetown, - P. E. Island.

Collections carefully attended to. Money to loan at lowest rate of interest.

Aug. 13, 1890.—1y.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

EXTRACT OF BEEF

Inferior and imitation sorts are coarse, of disagreeable odor and unpleasant flavor, but the genuine

Liebig COMPANY'S

Bearing the authorised signature of Baron von Liebig, the great chemist.

J. v. Liebig

has the odor of roast beef gravy, a fine flavor, dissolves clearly in water and assimilates with the finest and simplest cookery.

For delicious, refreshing beef tea. For improved and economic cookery.

FOR SALE.

THAT Three Tenement house, situate on the South Side of Dorchester Street being the second house East from P. P. Gillis' new houses. This building is well built, well situated and let to good tenants.

For particulars apply to the undersigned.

DANIEL GRIFFITH.

Aug 10—4i.

P. E. ISLAND RAILWAY

Saturday Excursions

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, Excursion Return Tickets will be issued every Saturday at Charlottetown for Point du Chene at $2.50 each, and to Moncton at $3.00, the former being good for return on same day or following Monday, and the latter on Monday following date of issue.

J. UNSWORTH,
Superintendent.

Railway Office, Ch'town, Aug 9, 1892—4i

GREAT

Carpet & Clothing Sale

—AT—

JAMES PATON & CO'S

168 VICTORIA ROW, MARKET SQUARE.

Call and get a bargain at the SCOTCH STORE,

JAMES PATON & CO.,

168 Victoria Row, Market Square.

Norton & Fennell

Dissolved Partnership on June 14th.

R. B. NORTON & CO.

Continue the Business at the Old Stand, Brennan's Corner,

City Hardware Store,

and requests a continuance of trade from all old customers.

HARDWARE CHEAP.

We will continue the Discount Sale. Large discounts for Cash to reduce the present large stock. Call or write for prices and you are sure to buy.

R. B. NORTON & CO.

June 22, 1892. QUEEN STREET.

Fine Teas a Specialty.

P. CALLAGHAN,

—DEALER IN—

CHOICE TEAS, COFFEES, SUGARS, MOLASSES, Choice Fruits, Confectionery, Tobacco, Cigars, &c

Corner of Queen and Dorchester Streets, Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

SMALL PROFITS AND CASH SALES.

Charlottetown, April 8, 1891.

TELEPHONE COMPANY OF P. E. ISLAND

TOLL LINE STATIONS.

WESTERN STATIONS.		EASTERN STATIONS.	
Charlottetown,	Victoria,	Mount Stewart,	Murray River,
Hunter River,	Freetown,	Peake's Station,	Murray Harbor North
New Glasgow,	Kensington,	Cardigan,	Murray Harbor South
Laird's Mills,	Clifton,	Dundas,	New Perth,
Rustico Mills,	Stanley,	Grand River Bridge	Valleyfield,
North Rustico,	Malpeque,	Annandale,	Orwell,
Emerald,	Summerside,	Souris,	Vernon River Bridge,
Tryon Mills,	Centreville,	Georgetown,	Brush Wharf,
Crapaud,	St. Eleanors.	Lower Montague,	Eldon,
		Montague,	

ROB ANGUS, Manager.

A—1y

REUBEN TUPLIN & CO,

KENSINGTON,

Are receiving New Goods daily, in all Departments.

Boots & Shoes—one of the largest stocks on the Island. Factory Tweeds, Imported Tweeds, Worsteds. Overcoating in Beaver, Naps, Melton's, &c. Men's Knitted Shirts, Top Shirts, &c.

The Largest Display of Dress Goods and Mantle cloths we have ever shown. Trimmings to match.

MILLINERY.—The newest and most stylish Hats, Shapes, Feathers Ribbons, &c. Trimming done after the latest New York Fashions, which are received as soon as issued

The Hardware, Grocery & Crockery Departments are kept full of the choicest goods. Fine Teas a specialty.

The highest market price paid for all kinds of produce.

REUBEN TUPLIN & CO.,

LONDON HOUSE, KENSINGTON.

WATCHES

TO KEEP GOOD TIME.

WATCHES THAT WILL LAST.

WATCHES AT THE RIGHT PRICE

WATCHES REPAIRED

Special discounts on all Watches sold to teachers at

G. H. Taylor's,

Sept 9—1y NORTH SIDE QUEEN SQUARE, CHARLOTTETOWN.

NEW HATS!

WHOLESALE & RETAIL,

WE

Have now opened one of the Largest and most complete assortments of English, American and Canadian Hard & Soft Felt Hats ever brought to P. E. Island, and every person knows we keep the largest best and cheapest Stock of Men's, Boys' & Childrens Ready made Clothing in the Provinces.

PROWSE BROS.,

THE WONDERFUL CHEAP MEN,

1892-SPRING-1892

WE have on hand and to arrive a choice lot of Field and Garden Seeds, comprising White Russian, White and Red Fife Wheat, Timothy, Late Long Red, Early Red, Alsike and White Clovers, Haszard's Improved Turnip Seed, Mammoth Mangold, Vetches, etc., etc., which we will sell as low as any other house in the trade.

IN GROCERIES,

our Stock is complete, and our prices are sure to suit you. We are giving exceptional value in Teas Sugar, Flour, &c. Come and See our

CROCKERYWARE & GLASSWARE

Department, and we will show you the best assortment of Crockery and Glassware, and Lamp Goods ever shown on P. E. I. Come and see us.

CONNOLLY & CO.

LOWER QUEEN STREET.