

The Charlotte Town Herald.

NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, MAY 22, 1895.

Vol. XXIV. No. 21

Calendar for May, 1895.

MOON'S CHANGES.

First Quarter, 2nd day, 11h. 31.6m. p. m.
Full Moon, 8th day, 7h. 46.5m. p. m.
Last Quarter, 16th day, 1h. 31.6m. p. m.
New Moon, 24th day, 5h. 33.7m. a. m.
First Quarter, 31st day, 4h. 36.0m. a. m.

Day	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thur	Fri	Sat	Sun
1	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
2	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
3	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
4	28	29	30	31				

North British and Mercantile

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF—
EDINBURGH AND LONDON.
ESTABLISHED 1866.

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TRANSACT every description of Fire and Life Business on the most favorable terms.

This Company has been well and favorably known for its prompt payment of losses in this Island during the past thirty years.

FRED. W. HYNDMAN, Agent.
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Jan. 21, 1895-7

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W. H. CROSKILL, Stenographer, Charlottetown, June 4th, 1894-7

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The undersigned having been appointed sole selling Agent in the Province of Prince Edward Island for the above Company's mines in Cape Breton, are now prepared to issue orders for Run of Mine, and Run of Mines, and will keep a stock of each kind of Coal on hand to supply customers at lowest prices.

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Office, Great George St. Near Bank Nova Scotia, Charlottetown Nov. 9, 1892-17

BURDOCK B PILLS

A SURE CURE FOR BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS, SICK HEADACHE, AND OBSTACLES OF THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS. THEY ARE MILD, THOROUGH AND PROMPT IN ACTION, AND FORM A VALUABLE AID TO BURDOCK BLOOD PURIFIER IN THE TREATMENT AND CURE OF CHRONIC AND OBSTINATE DISEASES.

Pains in the Joints

Caused by Inflammatory Swelling

A Perfect Cure by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"It affords me much pleasure to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla. My son was afflicted with great pain in the joints, accompanied with swelling so bad that he could not get up stairs without being carried on his hands and knees. I tried every other medicine, but without success, until I procured Hood's Sarsaparilla, and having read so much about Hood's Sarsaparilla, I determined to try it, and got a half-dozen bottles, four of which entirely cured him." Mrs. G. A. LARK, Oshawa, Ontario.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels. 25c.



Take care of your eyes, or you will perhaps be unable to take care of yourself. If the eyes become impaired, not to say deprived of sight altogether, the unfortunate sufferer of such a calamity will find himself hopelessly crippled for the struggle of life. Relieve your eyes in every possible way and use spectacles as soon as you perceive that any benefit may be derived from their aid. We have the largest stock of glasses for every eye and anything we haven't got, or cannot procure, isn't to be had anywhere. We also keep the great German Eye Water.

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Can be properly suited at our establishment. We never had a greater variety of superior clothes than we are showing to-day. The man who can't find exactly what he wants must be very hard to please. By the way, do you know why the clothing made by us looks so well and wears so well? It is because we employ none but the best skilled workmen, who have orders to do nothing. An inferior workman, no one found putting inferior work on a garment, does not stay long at work for us.

D. A. BRUCE.

The Sisters of Mercy at the Crimea.

It was during the Crimean war in 1854, that the Irish Community of the Sisters of Mercy was for the first time allowed to pursue its mission of charity upon the battle-fields of England. To the Right Rev. Mr. Grant, Bishop of Southwark, belongs the merit of suggesting the sending of some English speaking nuns to aid the Crimean sufferers. He was himself the son of an Irish soldier, and he felt intensely the sad privations, temporal and spiritual, to which the sick and wounded soldiers were then exposed. Moreover a bitter outcry had been raised throughout England against the necessity of sending to the Crimea, by the bigots of Exeter Hall, a body of Irish nuns, and he very justly said: "Let the nuns, who are so fiercely assailed, proceed to the battlefield, there their daily life seen by the whole world, and their devotedness to the cause of charity will be the best answer to the vile calumnies uttered against them." The Cardinal Archbishop of Sydney, in the first instalment of what promises to be a most interesting contribution to the new *Australian Catholic Record*, relates how, at Bishop Grant's request, five Sisters of Mercy from Belmont Convent were soon on route towards the East, under the guidance of M. Mary Clare Moore, Dublin lady whose privilege it was to be one of the first founders of that Community. As the Government was indifferent to their services, they set out purely as volunteers, and the Earl of Arundel undertook to defray all their expenses before their arrival in Paris, however, the Government felt ashamed of the coldness shown to them, and arranged with Bishop Grant for the expenses of their journey and their official recognition as nurses in the military hospitals of the East.

Miss Nightingale joined these Sisters in Paris, and accompanied them during the remainder of the journey, and they continued to be associated with her throughout the whole campaign. At Southampton she gave full charge of the hospital to M. Clare, and it was remarked that everything in which she followed the guidance of the devoted Sisters was attended with the most brilliant success, whilst in everything else failure and dissatisfaction followed her footsteps. A few weeks before the close of the war in 1856, Mother Clare was accounted for falling health was recommended home by Dr. Grant. Miss Nightingale in several letters attested her gratitude and admiration for the skill and devotedness of which M. Clare and companions had given such abundant proof. She thus writes from Balaklava: "My dearest Rev. Mother—Your going home is the greatest blow I have yet had, but God's blessing and my love and gratitude go with you. What you have done for the work no one can ever say. But God will reward you for it with Himself. My love and gratitude will be yours, wherever you go. I do not presume to give you any tribute but my tears." In another letter: "No one, even of your own children values you, loves you, and reverences you more than I do. You were far above me in fitness for the general superintendency, both in worldly talent of administration and far more in the spiritual qualification which God values in a Superior." The presence of the first Sisters of Mercy, as if by magic, wrought a complete change in the hospitals at Scutari. Hence it is not to be wondered at that prejudices at headquarters were soon set at rest, and in October, 1854, the Secretary of War in an official communication requested Dr. Grant to provide an additional staff of the devoted Sisters. As the convents were so few in England to supply a sufficient number, he at once wrote to the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin, and to other Irish prelates, soliciting their aid in the great work of charity. He at first met with unexpected difficulties, for the Archbishop of Dublin, though desiring to meet his wishes, could not consent to allow the Sisters to be associated in their work with paid nurses, or to be subordinate, excepting the medical officers. He feared that the devoted Sisters would be held responsible for the faults of the former, and for the mistakes of Miss Nightingale, and letters from the Patriarch of Constantinople, which were received soon after, more than justified his provision. These difficulties were however, soon set at a side in a practical way, and fifteen additional Sisters, under the direction of Mother Bridgeman, of Kinsale as Superior followed soon after by three others, hastened to the fields allotted to their zeal and heroism.

Lord Napier was one of those who bore testimony to the fidelity

with which the nuns observed the rule of non-interference with the Protestant patients, held at that time a diplomatic position under Lord Stratford de Redcliffe in Constantinople, and we may relate his testimony in his own words: "During the distress of the Crimea was the Ambassador called one morning and said: 'Go down to the port, You will find a ship there loaded with Jewish exiles, Russian subjects from the Crimea. It is your duty to disembark them. The Turks will give you a house in which they may be placed. I turn them over entirely to you.' I went down to the shore and received about two hundred persons, the most miserable objects that could be witnessed, most of them old men, women and children, sunk in the lowest depths of indigence and despair. I placed them in the cold rainous lodging allocated to them by the Ottoman authorities. I went back to the Ambassador and said: 'Your Excellency, these people are cold and I have no fuel or blankets; they are hungry and I have no food; they are very dirty and I have no soap; their hair is in an undesirable condition and I have no comb. What am I to do with these people?' 'Do' said the Ambassador. 'Get a couple of Sisters of Mercy; they will put all to rights in a moment.' I went, I saw the Mother Superior, and explained the case. I asked for two Sisters. They were at once sent. They were ladies of refinement and intellect. I was a stranger and a Protestant, and I invoked their assistance for the benefit of the Jews. Yet these women made up their bundles and followed me through the rain, without a look, a whisper, or a sign of hesitation. From that moment my fugitives were saved. No one saw the labors of these Sisters for months but myself, and they never endeavored to make a single convert." In his speeches in after times Lord Napier repeatedly referred to the singular zeal and devotedness constantly shown by the Sisters to the sick of every denomination. On one occasion, in Edinburgh, he remarked that the Sisters faithfully kept their promise not to interfere with the religion of non-Catholics, but continued his Lordship, "they made at least one convert; they converted me, if not to believe in the Catholic faith at least to believe in the Sisters of Mercy."

The few months spent at Balaklava by the devoted Sisters witnessed a repetition of the deeds of heroism which had achieved such happy results at Scutari and Koulali. The cholera and a malignant type of fever had broken out in these days by the Sisters were called upon to help the patients, yet their strength seemed never to fall in their work of charity. Besides the soldiers there were sick civilians, Maltese, Greeks, Italians, Americans, Germans, and even negroes, and to all they endeavored to show some attention. The medical orders reveal the constant nature of the nursing required at their hands. At one time the doctor "requests that a Sister would sit up with his Dutch patient in No. 9 Ward to night." Again, "Sisters to sit up with the Maltese and the Arab." Kind attendances on Jones every night would be necessary until a notification to the contrary be given." "Keep the stump moist; a little champagne and water to be given during the night." "Elliot to be watched half hour; wine in small doses if necessary." The very confidence placed by the physicians in their careful treatment added to their toil. As the deputy purveyor-irish chief reported to the government in December, 1855: "The medical officer can safely consign his most critical cases to their hands, stimulents or opiates ordered every five minutes, will be faithfully administered though the five minutes labor were repeated uninterrupted for a week." The heroism of the nuns, however, was now well known in camp, and never did workers find more sympathetic subordinates than the Sisters had in their orderlies. The fact that they would never lodge complaints or have the orderlies punished, only made the men more zealous in their service. One of the Sisters found it necessary to correct her orderly. "Perhaps James," she said, "you do not wish me to speak to you a little severely." He at once interrupted her: "Trot, Sister, I glory in your speaking to me. Sure the day I came to Balaklava I cried with joy when I saw your face." One who had taken a glass too much was so mortified at being seen by the Reverend Mother—whom the soldiers call their commander-in-chief—that he sobbed like a child. Another in the same predicament hid himself that he might not be seen by the Sisters. He had never hidden from the enemy, a

modal with three clasps bore eloquent testimony to his bravery. "I don't like to say anything harsh," said the Sister. "Speak, ma'am," interrupted the delirious, "th words of your blessed mouth are like jewels falling over me." One of the Sisters writes: "We have not a cross here with any one. The medical officers all work beautifully with us. They quite rely on our obedience. Sir John Hall, the Head of the medical officers of the army, is quite loud in his praises of the nuns. The hospital and its huts are scattered over a hill. The respect of all for the Sisters is daily increasing. Don't be shocked to hear that I am so accustomed to the soldiers now, and so sure of their respect and affection, that I don't think them more than the school children." The soldiers in the camp envied the good fortune of those in the hospitals, and sought by stratagem to have a few words with a nun. "Please, sir," they would say to the chaplain, "do send a couple of us on an errand to the hospital to get a sight of the nuns."

As the time for the nun's departure approached, the cordial manifestations of respect and kindly feeling were only the more multiplied. "The grateful affection of the soldiers" (a Sister writes) "is most touching, often ludicrous. They swarm around us like flocks of chickens. A veiled nun in the midst of red-coats, all eyes and ears for whatever she says to them, is an ordinary sight at Balaklava. Our doors were besieged by them to get some little keepsake; a book in which we wrote 'Given by a Sister of Mercy,' is so valuable an article that a Protestant declared he would rather have such a gift than the Victoria Cross or Crimean medal." The Sunday after the nun's departure the men who went to the chapel sobbed and cried as though their hearts would break. When the priest turned to speak to them, and ask their prayers for the safe passage of the nuns, they could not control their emotion. "I was obliged to cut short my discourse," wrote the chaplain, "else I should have cried and sobbed with my poor men." This sympathy was shown by Protestants and Catholics alike, and from the Commander-in-Chief to the private soldier, from the medical officer to the simple dresser in the surgery, all was a chorus in praise of the "nurturing, judicious and gentle nursing of the Sisters of Mercy." Two Sisters of Mercy were summoned to their crown from the hospitals of the East. One was English, a lay Sister from the Convent in Liverpool; she fell a victim to the cholera, which raged with extreme violence at Balaklava. The other was a choir Sister from Ireland—Sister Mary Elizabeth Butler. Already rumors of peace had brought joy to the camp, when towards the close of February 7, 1856, she caught typhus attending the sick, and in a few days joyfully bade farewell to the world. One of the surviving Sisters describes her funeral. The 89th Regiment obtained the honor and privilege of bearing the coffin to the grave. One officer earnestly desired to be among the chosen, but thought he was not worthy, as he had not been in Holy Communion on that morning. The whole medical staff attended. The Sisters of Charity at the Sardinian Camp sent five of their number to express sympathy and condolence. Eight chaplains attended to perform the last rites for the heroine of charity. The place of interment was beside the departed lay Sister, on a rocky hill rising over the waters of the Black Sea. The funeral was a most impressive sight. The soldiers in double file; the multitudes of various nations, ranks and employments; the sobs and sobbing, the groups, still as statues, that crowded the rocks above the grave; the moaning of the sullen waves beneath, all combined in a weird pageant never to be forgotten by the thousands that took part in it. The graves of these cherished Sisters were tended with loving attention. Marked by crosses and enclosed by a high iron railing set in out stone, they are still quite visible from the Black Sea beach. Many a pilgrim went thither to strew the graves with flowers; and to the present day many a vessel entering the Black Sea lowers its flag in memory of these heroines, who in the true spirit of charity devoted their lives to alleviate the sufferings of their countrymen.—London Tablet.

Patriotism

On Sunday evening, April 28th, Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, Minn., lectured to an immense audience in the Boston Theatre, Boston, for the Working Boys' Home. "American Citizenship" was the theme of his discourse. In the course of his lecture he gave ex-

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pression to some beautiful thoughts regarding patriotism, deserving of being taken to heart by the people of any country. We make the following extracts from the report of the lecture which appeared in the Boston Herald, of Monday, April 29th, they are worthy of most careful perusal. Patriotism is love of country, and loyalty to its life and well-being, tender and strong; tender as the love of son for mother, strong as the pillars of death; loyalty generous and disinterested, shrinking from no sacrifice, seeking no reward save country's honor and country's triumph. Patriotism! There is magic in the word. It is bliss to speak it and bliss to hear it. The human race through ages burnt at the shrines of patriotism the incense of admiration and reverence. The most beautiful pages of history are those that recount the deeds which it inspired. Fireside tales, the outpourings of the memories of people, borrow from it their warmest glow. Orators most potent when re-echoing its whisperings; poets are sweetest when thrilling its chords to music. Pagan nations were wrong in making gods of their noblest patriots. The error however, was only the excess of a great truth; that heaven unites with earth in approving and blessing patriotism, that patriotism is one of earth's highest virtues, worthy to have come down from the atmosphere of the skies. The exalted patriotism of the exiled Hebrew exhaled itself in a canticle of religion, which was written under the breathings of Jehovah, and which was transmitted, as the inheritance of God's people to the Christian Church: "Upon the rivers at Babylon, there we sat and wept when we remembered Zion. * * * If I forgot thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand be forgotten. Let my tongue cleave to my jaws. Let me not remember thee, if I do not see Jerusalem the beginning of my joys." The human race pays homage to patriotism because of its supreme loveliness. Patriotism goes out to what is most precious, the first and best and dearest—country; and its effusion is the fragrant flowering of the purest and noblest sentiments of the heart.

Patriotism is innate in all men; the absence of it betokens a perversion of human nature; but it grows its full growth only where thoughts are elevated and heart beatings are generous. Next to God is country and next to religion is patriotism. No praise goes beyond its deserts. It is sublime in its heroic oblation upon the field of battle. "O glorious is he," exclaims in Homer the Trojan warrior, "who for his country falls!" It is sublime in the oft-repeated toll of dutiful citizenship. "Of all human doings," writes Cicero, "none is more honorable and more estimable than to merit well of the commonwealth." Countries are of divine appointment. The Most High "divided the nations separated the sons of Adam and appointed the bounds of peoples." The physical and moral necessities of God's creatures are revelations of his will and laws. Man is born a social being. A condition of his existence and of his growth to mature age is the family. Nor does the family suffice to itself. A large social organism is needed, into which families gather so as to obtain from one another security to life and property and aid in the development of the faculties and powers with which nature has endowed the children of men. The whole human race is too extensive and too diversified in interests to serve those ends; hence its subdivisions into countries or provinces. Countries have their providential limits—the waters of a sea, a mountain range the lines of similarity of requirements, or of methods of living. The limits within in space according to the measure of the destinies which the Great Ruler allots to people, and the importance of their parts in the mighty work of the cycles of years, the over-advancing tide of humanity's evolution. The Lord is the God of

nations, because he is the God of men. No nation is born into life or vanishes back into nothingness without his bidding. I believe in the providence of God over countries as I believe in his wisdom and his love, and my patriotism to my country rises within my soul invested with the halo of my religion to my God.

The foundations of good citizenship are morality, religion and intelligence. Said George Washington in his farewell address: "Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. * * * whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on the minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles. * * * Promote as an object of primary importance institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened." Republics live from the righteousness of the people. Monarchies and empires can count on physical force, on the wisdom and goodness of the one or the few. Republics are ruled by the many, and the virtue of the many in their reliance. The personal righteousness of the citizen, the deep abiding sense of duty, the quickly responsive moral conscience does what inter-er ambition and honor vainly attempt. Those who observe the "ten commandments" break no civil law, and their virtuous souls are prompt to reply in action and sacrifice to country's call. The nation seems strong and prosperous, and the sentinels on its outposts repeat that no peril is nigh; but in future peace, impurity, dishonesty dwell in the hearts of its people, its strength has departed and the dark shadows of death are fast descending upon it. Private morality begets national morality, and the latter always acts upon the former. The moral code is the same for governments and for individual men. In its dealings with foreign countries, or with its own citizens, the nation or state, as well as the individual, is held to the sovereign law of eternal justice, which is never violated by might or low with impunity. Vox populi vox Dei, it is said. The words are true when the nation or state moves within the orbit of the powers delegated to it by the Supreme Master, but that orbit never exceeds the lines of righteousness. Without religion, the recognition of a living God, ruling men and nations, the everlasting impersonation of righteousness and its avenger, morality is vague in its enactments and weak in its enforcements. This living God has for civilized nations his expression in the Christian faith.

The distribution of office by municipalities, state or national administrations must be based on fitness. The spoils system in politics inevitably leads to public corruption, treacherous and unsafe administration of public affairs, and the ultimate foundering of the ship of state. It permits before election day the bribery of votes by the promise of place, and election over the best for place is not the fitness of the candidate, but the work which was done for the political boss. We may well wonder, with Mr. Bryce, "that a people so eminently practical as the Americans acquiesced in a system which perverts public office from its public function of serving the public, destroys the prospect of that skill which comes with experience, and gives nobody the least security that he will gain a higher post, or even retain the one he holds; by displaying conspicuous efficiency. One of the most commendable movements of the day is civil service reform. Law is order in liberty, and without order liberty is social chaos. The highest test of a people's fitness for free institutions is their willingness to obey law. In monarchies and empires physical force restrains the multitude and maintains government. In a democracy all depends on the people's own intelligence and conscience. Americans are law-abiding. Occurrences which may be quoted to the contrary are infrequent exceptions to the rule. The prevailing spirit of our people is to observe law, to revoke it if they dislike its provisions, but to observe it while it is written on the pages of the statute book. Exceptions there have been; mobs have striven to redress by rioting, real or imaginary grievances; holders of public power have hesitated to enforce in such cases the law, and to punish those daring to violate it, and for the time being the pill of death hung over democracy. It is exceptions of this kind were to be often repeated, all

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ELECTION.

It is not a certainty whether the Government issues writs for an Election this Spring. But Farmers, for all that, must make a (S) Election of the best HARROW, SEED SOWER PLOUGH, &c.

HARROW—We have the only Spring-tooth on the Island, with Steel Clip Fastening to Frame; also, the Farmers' Favorite, the Steel Disc Randall.

SEED SOWER—Our Seed Sower has all Steel Feed, which is not liable to breakage, and therefore insuring regular seeding.

PLOUGHS—One and Two-Horse, by the best makers also Repairs for all Ploughs common to the Island.

FARM SEED—We have a full assortment of Wheat, Timothy, Clover, Vetches, Corn, Peas, etc.

D. W. FINLAYSON, H. T. LEPAGE'S OLD STAND. Charlottetown, P. E. I., April 24, 1895.

At the Old Tea Store.

1000 LBS. TALLOW wanted, for which Cash or Trade will be given. Eggs or Butter taken in exchange for Cash or Trade at Market Prices. Manhattan Food for Horses, Cattle and Sheep, which will effect a saving of over 20 per cent. on old system of feeding. The Poultry Food has no equal. The value of increased quantity of eggs will more than doubly pay cost of food. A full line of General Groceries at away down prices for Cash only. Remember, a dollar in hand goes much further than a dollar "on the books."

JAS. KELLY & CO. QUEEN STREET. Charlottetown, April 24, 1895.