THREE SONGS OF CHRISTMASTIDE.

I. ADVENT.

(A free rendering into English verse from a Latin version of a German Carol.)

DONATE NOBIS PACEM, DOMINE.

1.

Donate nobis pacem, Domine!
Heavens dew! your balmy showers,
Fair earth, thy fruitful bosom lay bare,
Fruitful as the rose of Jericho!
The Emmanuel promised of old,
Surrounding Paradise in the cold,
Is quickly from his heavenly towers,
Et nobis Puer natus est.

II.

Angelic choirs! in ecstatic lays
Through powers that hearts never knew
before
And all ye heavenly operations,
Planet and sphere and starry light,
Fire, earth and air and water bright,
To Him pay homage, most and least,
That cometh in meekness on this night,
Et nobis Puer natus est.

III.

Sinners be glad and penance do,
Add thanks your maker heartfully,
For He, were you might not come to,
To you is come full humbly;
Your souls with His red blood to buy,
And loose you from shadow's target,
And only of his own mercy:
Pro nobis Puer natus est.

IV.

All things shall be His bodes,
To Him divine reverence bring,
And how unto that child hasten,
To Him that is of kings the King;
Incense His altar, pray and sing,
In Holy Church with hearts well dress,
Him honoring above all things
Qui nobis Puer natus est.

V.

Ye birds of Heaven in the air
Sings sweetest notes upon the height,
In woods and dales and forest fair,
Raise mirthful hymns with all your might
Far passed is now the gloomy night,
Aurora hath the clouds dispersed,
The Sun is rifen with gladsome light,
Et nobis Puer natus est.

VI.

Now spring up flowers from the root,
Revert you appared naturally,
In honor of the Blessed Fruit
That sprang up from the Rose Marye;
Lay out your leaves full healthy,
From death like lift now at the least,
In remembrance that Prince worthy
Qui nobis Puer natus est.

VII.

Sing Choirs Angelic in the height,
Regiment of all make harmony;
All ye in food and birds in flight,
Be mirthful and make merrily;
All "Gloria in Excelsis" cry—
Heaven, earth and sea, man bird and
beast;
He that lieth yet above the sky
Et nobis Puer natus est.

ILLUMINARE HIERUSALEM.

I.

Hierusalem, rejoice and sing,
Jesus the star of royal beauty,
In thee is risen, a Righteous King,
From darkness to illumine thee;
With glorious songs of angel choir,
Thy Prince is born in Bethlehem,
Who shall thee make of thraldom free,
Illuminare Hierusalem.

II.

The radiance of the angel host
Illumes thy walls, O fair city;
Three Kings from distant regions post
In haste, across the hills to thee,
All drest with diamonds gloriously,
Bevessed with gold in every hem,
And wondering at the Star they see,
"Illuminare Hierusalem."

III.

The tyrant monarch, with rage inspired,
Herod, is exiled, and his offspring,
The land of Jude, for wrong out-hired;
And rises in power thy righteous King;
So high he is above all thing,
When men do tell His glorious Name,
Heaven, earth and hell, make tremblingly,
"Illuminare Hierusalem."

IV.

His coming knew all creatures—
Thereby, when Bethlehem's Star shone
bright;
The water, when dry He on it went;
The earth, that shook on Calvary's
height;
The sun, when he gave out no light,
The cross, which bore the King of men,
The rocks that rent in sunrise bright;
"Illuminare Hierusalem."

V.

The dead him knew, that once upright,
Whereupon coached with voice of thunder
Crippled and blind declared His might
Those healed lame whose sins thereil lay
under,
Nature knew him, and had great wonder,
The stainless Flower of Jesse's stem,
Hell, when their gates were broken
asunder,
"Illuminare, Hierusalem."

"NOW GLADDEN EVERY LIFFIE CREATURE."

I.

Now doth rejoice each heaven-made creature,
With bites and mirth and comfort and
gladness,
The Heaven's King Wed in our nature,
Up from the death with ransom to redress
The lamp of joy that chaseth all darkness
Sounds the cry to the world's true light
From every troublous woe the earth to
bless
Born of the glorious Virgin Marye bright

II.

Above the radious heaven ethereal,
The court of stars, the course of sun
and moon,
The potent Prince of joy imperial,
The high surmounting Emperor alone,
Has come down from His Mighty Father's
throne,
To earth with an esmable light,
And is, while angels with sweetest intone,
Born of the most chaste Virgin Marye
bright.

III.

Who ever on earth had heard so blithe a
story,
Be tidings of so great felicity,
As now the coolness of all grace and
glory
For love and sorrow to the humanity
Maker of angels, man, earth, heaven and
sea,
That he may vanquish sin in deadly
fight,
Is coming, a babe, full of benignity,
Born of the most chaste Virgin Marye
bright.

IV.

The Sovereign Lord of Heaven's altitude,
That sitteth above the order cherubim,
Who all created, and all doth include,
That never had and so He did never
begin,
Without whom naught is, and all time is
in,
With whom all is good, and He every
night,
Has come with His Five Wounds to wash
our sin
Born of the most chaste Virgin Marye
bright.

V.

Wherefore sing all with comfort and gladness,
Cast away care and heaviness out of your
eyes,
Throw off all wicked lies in wretchedness,
Do virtuous deeds and banish every vice,
Despise fortune, right scale on stages and
rise,
And in the honor of His blissful might,
All welcome we this Prince of Paradise,
Born of the most chaste Virgin Marye
bright.

THE MYSTERY OF KILLARD.

A STORY OF BOWLING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A SEARCH FOR GOLD."

CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED.)

'Did Captain Cassidy I heard of the Fool? I was sent for you.'

'I did not come to Killard this long time, because I knew the disgrace of that fight would be too fresh before me. But I thought I'd come over to-day. I don't feel well, and I thought the sea might do me good.'

'I am sorry you are not well, and I hope the sea will serve you'; 'is there good in that people.'

'Ay, some people. But it doesn't seem to be doing you much good. You look worse than like death. Mary—'

'Mary, well, she's only as she ought to be, a little grave; maybe the hot weather is doing her good.'

'Mary, I hear she has been—'

your color is going; it's going away with your thoughts. But what good will crying do? It's all past now, Mary—that old thing—but you're young yet, and more like an angel than ever, and no man in Killard or Clonmore would be proud of you.'

'I'd rather you wouldn't speak that way.'

'Why not? It's the truth, and you ought not to be afraid of the truth, especially when it's pleasant truth.'

'Pleasant; pleasant! If it was true it would make things worse.'

'Why?'

'Oh, I don't know. Don't ask me. I'd rather you didn't talk this way.'

'Well, then, may I talk to you another way?'

'Any way but that.'

'May I?'

He sprang to his feet, and was close by her side in a moment. He seized both her hands in his, and cried:

'Mary, Mary, will you listen to me at last? Now the old thing is all over, and you are free—'

'Let me go! Let me go at once, sir! Do you hear? I did not mean that you might say such things to me. Let me go at once, sir. I am not free, and I never can be free, no matter what happens.'

She had broken from him and stood pale and panting with excitement.

'Mary—'

'Go away, and never speak to me of this again. I pity you, for now I know what it is to feel hopeless; but my state is no more hopeless than yours. I was his, and I will be his, and no other man's, until I die. He may put some one else in my place, but I will never think of any one but him until I die, and that can't be far off.'

'Won't you listen to me for one moment? Here, on my knees—'

'Get up! get up! Why should you kneel to me? Ask for strength to bear your cross—I ask strength for mine—and in time you may get it. That's right, get up.'

'If you'll speak the word, I'll go over the cliff and never see you again.'

'Don't say such sinful things. Go to your home in Clonmore and try to forget all this. Don't come near me again until you have forgotten you ever spoke to me as you do now.'

'That can never be.'

'Then we must never meet again. I am all the same as John Lane's wife. I feel just as if the words had been spoken over us. If he puts another in my place, I'll be John Lane's widow in my own mind, for he will be dead to me.'

'And am I never to see you again?'

'Never, until you forget.'

'Then, Mary Martin, good-bye forever; and may you never know as bad a day as this is to Christie Cahill.'

'Good-bye, and I pray you may find comfort.'

'I'll leave Clonmore and go to America.'

'That may be best for you; and now, good-bye.'

She held out her hand to him. He took it, and stooping over it, kissed it, without a word; turned round and walked rapidly away, with his head down, his hand clenched and his white teeth set.

CHAPTER VII.

CONCLUSION.

A week passed without bringing any event to stir the people in the cottage on the southern slope of the downs. One morning, when the three were at breakfast, a man knocked and entered.

'I come from Clonmore,' he said, 'with this letter. It was sent to Mr. Cassidy, of the Clonmore Arms, with orders to have it forwarded at once, by car, to Killard. It's for Edward Martin, and the people told me he lived here.'

'That's my name,' said Edward Martin, in surprise.

'I must be going now,' the man added; 'I have only to give it to you. The care is paid for.'

With these words the man withdrew, leaving the letter in the hands of the perplexed fisherman.

'Mary,' he said, turning to his daughter, and holding out the letter to her, 'open it, and let me know what's in it. I'm not expecting a letter from any one.'

As she took it she uttered a cry, half joyful, half tearful. 'It's from John, father! and it comes from London.'

'From John Lane in London?' He frowned. 'What can he have to say to me that he must write? He knows my mind as plain as words can show it. Open it anyway, and let me hear what's in it.'

With trembling hands and flushed face the girl broke the envelope. At first her eyes refused to see—they were full of tears. When her sight became clear, this is what she read in a faltering voice, often interrupted by her own feelings, by ejaculations and by questions:

"LONDON, July 17th.

"*My Dear Edward Martin*—When I saw you last you said to me that I was never to cross the threshold until I told you the reason of the change in my plans, and I never will. This letter will put all before you. To begin at the beginning:

"When I went to Bishop's Island, the day after I got to Killard, the Fool put a paper into one of my hands, and a dried mackerel doubled up in the other, and made me stand with my feet to a particular spot. He told me my father had directed him to do so, and then go away. I looked at the paper and saw rude drawings on it, one a church of the Blessed Island, or, to be nearer the mark, I think I knew was intended for the Bishop's Island, with a square for the hut, and under the square a blot. The other side had a thing I cannot very well describe, but can show you.

"Well, as you may think, I made up my mind that this paper, and the way I was made to stand, had something of consequence in it. There were things like fish on the side of the paper was not a drawing of the Island, but, and dangerous fish in my hand. I hadn't in the two sides very clearly, and I kept them in the room to wait. I could not make out what the blot under the room was intended for. That was the only thing on this side of the paper I could not understand. I was all in the dark about the other side.

"Not to make my story too long, I thought that maybe there was something in the wall. I tried, and found nothing. Then, remembering that I was in front of the fire-place, I looked up the chimney, and in the end got up a little way. Here I found a piece of wood cut by myself long ago in the shape of a fish. I now felt all was right so far, and could understand the drawing and the fish in my hand. The wooden fish pointed up the chimney.

"I took a candle and climbed up to the place where the flue began, and saw there another fish, not pointing up, but in a bend down another flue—the flue of what used to be my room, as I thought.

"I turned and went down to this meeting another wooden fish on my way, and found myself not in my old room, but in a kind of small cave dug out of the Island, and may-be used by the Bishop to hide in.

"The floor of the cave was sand, and in one corner was a fourth wooden fish stuck into the sand headforemost. I dug with my hands, and there, Edward Martin, lay the secret. An immense quantity of gold, in small canvas bags. It was all in lumps.

"As you may fancy, I was astonished beyond everything, and for a while I felt as if the air of the place was choking me.

"Without my wishing it, all at once a great temptation came to me, and I thought if I could only get the gold away I'd be happy. Now you can see the reason for the way I was in after I came off the Bishop's.

"Well, I started for London, and here I made it plain to myself that the gold had not been rightly belonging to the island or to me; but I could not get rid of the temptation to keep it, do all I might. I hired a yacht and a French crew, so that they could tell nothing in Killard and little in London. I carried the gold and the temptation with me here. The night I arrived something struck me, and heaven sent me thoughts of you, Edward Martin, and all you had done for me when I was a speechless outcast on the world and knew nobody; and I thought of the girl I loved, and of your good wife, till my conscience came back and I resolved to give up the gold, and now I have done so, and it will go to the government, for they can find no tale or tidings of how it came to be on the island, or who owned it. But I am to get a fortune out of it for giving it up. The only way the Government can account for the gold is that a treasure ship was lost long ago many miles south of Killard.

"And now, Edward Martin, you know all, and I humbly ask your pardon for not telling you at first, and I ask Mary's pardon, too. When you get this I shall be close to Clonmore, and in the evening I hope to be in Killard. If you and Mary will only try to forgive me, I'll be the happiest man alive. I have fought the curse and I have won.

"I write this to you that you may know all before I see you, and that if you forgive me, you may be ready to let me cross your threshold as I have done a thousand times, with a heart full of thankfulness to you and your good wife. I'll take it as a sign I am forgiven if Mary is on the edge of the downs near Killard. Until I see her, if I may, I'll say nothing more.

"Your dutiful JOHN LANE."

That evening a young girl with a face a little pale, but full of happiness, waited on the edge of the downs near Killard. She waited long, but at length across the broad green level of the upland plain she saw a car approaching. Gradually it became more distinct. At length she could make out a brown-bearded man standing up, waving his hat. The driver urged his horse forward, the brown-bearded man shouted, and in a little time the girl rested, sobbing in the man's arms.

After a while he said to her; 'Mary, the curse has gone forever from the Lanes, and a blessing has come instead, and you, darling, are the blessing! Is your mother well?'

[THE END.]

Under the Earth.

THE GREAT HEAT OF THE INTERIOR, ITS CAUSE AND EFFECTS.

The workmen in the deepest mines of Europe swelter in almost intolerable heat, and yet they have never penetrated over one seven-thousandth part of the distance from the surface to the centre of the earth.

In the lower levels of some of the Comstock mines the men fought scalding water, and could labor but three or four hours at a time until the Sutro tunnel pierced the mines and drew off some of the terrible heat, which had stood at 138 degrees.

The deepest boring ever made, that at Sperenburg, near Berlin, penetrates only 4,172 feet about 1,000 feet deeper than the famous artesian well at St. Louis.

While boring the mines reveal to us only a few secrets relating solely to the temperature and constitution of the earth and a few thousand feet below the surface, we are able, by means of volcanoes, to form some notion of what is going on at greater depths.

There have been many theories about the causes of volcanoes, but it is now generally held that though they are produced by the intense heat of the interior of the earth, they are not directly connected with the molten mass that lies many miles below the immediate source of volcanic energy.

Everybody knows that many rocks are formed on the floor of the ocean, and it had been found that a twentieth to a seventh of their weight is made up of imprisoned water. Now, these rocks are buried in time under overlying strata, which serve as a blanket to keep in the enormous heat of the interior. This heat turns the water into a superheated steam, which melts the further rocks, and when the steam finds a fissure in the strata above, it breaks through to the surface with terrific energy and we have a volcano.

We find that these outpourings that have lain for countless ages many thousands of feet below the surface are well adapted to serve the purposes of man. Many a vineyard flourishes on the volcanic ashes from Vesuvius, and volcanic mud has clothed the hills of New Zealand with fine forests and its plains with luxuriant verdure. The most wonderful display of the results of volcanic energy is seen in the northwestern corner of our own land, a region of lofty forests and of great fertility.—*Goldthwaite's Magazine.*

POMPEII

UTENSILS THAT HAVE LONG OUTLASTED THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

In these deserted streets life suddenly stopped 1800 years ago. It is true that the destruction was not instantaneous, and a great number of inhabitants saved their lives, and even took away a good deal of their treasure. But enough was left to show us every detail of Roman life. The Old World is set before us, with all its good and all its evil, its glories and its shames. We know what manner of men and women they must have been, and what their daily lives were like, almost as well as if we had actually dwelt among them. These old Pompeiians were very modern. There is nothing new under the sun. They had folding doors and hot water urns; they put gratings to their windows, and made rockeries in their gardens; their steelyards are exactly like those your own cheesemonger uses to weigh his Cheddars and Glosters. Their children had toys like ours—bears, lions, pigs, cats, dogs—made of clay, and sometimes serving as jugs also. Poor children! poor mothers! How did they fare in those three days of darkness and dismay. People wrote on walls and cut their names on seats, just as we do now. They kept birds in cages. In Naples to-day, as you walk along the Chiaja, you may find yourself in the midst of a herd of goats, with bells around their necks, exactly like those in the museum. They gave tokens at the doors of their places of entertainment—the people in the gallery had pigeons made of a sort of terra-cotta. They put lamps inside the hollow eyes of the masks that adorned their fountains. They even made grottoes of shells—vulgarity itself is ancient. They ate sausages and hung up strings of onions. They had stands for public vehicles, and the schoolmaster used a birch on the dunces. They put stepping stones across the roads, that the dainty young patrician gentlemen and the pursy old senators might not soil their gilded sandals. It was never cold enough for their pipes to burst, but they turned their water on and off with taps; and their cookshops had marble counters. They clapped their offenders into stocks—two gladiators were kept there 1800 years. When their crockery broke they riveted it. At Herculaneum there is a huge wine jar half buried in the earth. It has been badly broken, but it is neatly riveted—with many rivets—and it no doubt held the water as well as ever. Those rivets have lasted 1800 years! It is a strange thing to think about. What would the housewife have said if some one had told her that her cracked pot would outlast the Roman Empire?

ADVENT.

THIS IS THE TIME FOR US TO RISE FROM INDIFFERENCE.

"Know that it is now the hour to rise from sleep."—Epistle of the Day.

It is not always an easy thing to rise from sleep even when we are told and know the hour for rising has come. From experience we know it requires much loud calling and at times energetic shaking to bring us from sleep to usefulness, and even then it is hard for us to be up and doing. Still let something very important be on our mind and it is almost miraculous what an effect it has upon our rising. You know too well the truth of this. So, too, brethren, it is true of our spiritual lethargy, the sleep indifference, the positively comatose state into which we sometimes fall.

Now, then, why is this the hour for us to rise from sleep, and what should be the exciting motive? This is the beginning of the Christian year, it is your New Year's Day, the first Sunday in Advent when the Church, beginning her round of feasts and fasts, calls out to you to arise from sleep, to cast off the works of darkness and put on the armor of light. "To-day," she calls out, "if you will hear her voice, harden not your hearts."

And, brethren, our rising up at this hour is because now is the time to prepare for the great feast of Christmas; just as the Jewish people of old waited and prepared for the coming of the Messiah, so are we called upon to arise from our past state, no matter how careless or indifferent we have been, and begin now at least to prepare for the coming of Jesus Christ into our hearts. For this season of preparation is indeed intended by the Church to awaken us to the blessings and graces that are in store for all who, like the wise virgins, are ready awaiting the Bridegroom when He cometh.

Therefore the church puts on her penitential garb—the white and the red are exchanged for the purple; she bids us fast and abstain; she exhorts us now more especially than ever to watch and pray and harden not our hearts to the words of warning and counsel uttered by her Ministers.

And what is the exciting motive for all this? Nothing less than our soul's salvation—the highest, the holiest, the most personal motive that could urge men to arise from sleep, to be up and doing.

The coming of Christ brought peace and happiness and salvation to all who were prepared for it; so, too, will the commemoration of that great event bring untold blessings to us if we will but stir ourselves and be in readiness for their reception.

If you expected some great favor, some high position from any one in authority, would you not take pains to prepare yourselves to receive it? Would you present yourselves in your every-day clothes, with uncombed hair and soiled hands, to your patron to acknowledge its receipt. Certainly not. You see the compari-

son. God is going to give you many favors; for some it will be the turning point in their lives; for all it will mean an increase of grace, a bountiful outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Prepare now; do not come to the throne of grace with hardened heart, but with souls anxious, earnest and well prepared for the gifts God has in store for you.—*Paulist Fathers.*

"German Syrup"

A Cough and Croup Medicine. For children a medicine should be absolutely reliable. A mother must be able to pin her faith to it as to her Bible. It must contain nothing violent, uncertain, or dangerous. It must be standard in material and manufacture. It must be plain and simple to administer; easy and pleasant to take. The child must like it. It must be prompt in action, giving immediate relief, as childrens' troubles come quick, grow fast, and end fatally or otherwise in a very short time. It must not only relieve quick but bring them around quick, as children chafe and fret and spoil their constitutions under long confinement. It must do its work in moderate doses. A large quantity of medicine in a child is not desirable. It must not interfere with the child's spirits, appetite or general health. These things suit old as well as young folks, and make Boschee's German Syrup the favorite family medicine.

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BEST PUREST BEEF TEA CHEAPEST

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GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

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"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." — "*Civil Service Gazette.*

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Call and Inspect and get Bargains at Auction Prices for Cash.

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PARLOUR SUITES, best value.

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JOHN NEWSON.

Charlottetown, Feb. 20, 1889.

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Elegant Dress Goods,

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ap 22—1y

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PARTIES desiring to borrow money on either city or farm property in sums of FROM TWO TO THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS can obtain the same on the most favorable terms and at a low rate of interest by applying to

JAMES H. REDDIN, Solicitor.

Cameron Block, Ch'town, Oct 7—3m

The Charlottetown Hospital.

UNDER the management of the Sisters of Charity, visited daily by a staff of skilfull physicians, supplied with all the conveniences 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.

DR. FOWLER'S EXT: OF WILD STRAWBERRY CURES CHOLERA Cholera Morbus COLIC and CRAMPS DIARRHŒA DYSENTERY

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

REMOVAL!

THE undersigned begs to inform his patrons and the public generally that he has removed from his former place of business on Richmond Street TO EUSTON STREET, near the head of Pownal Street, where he is prepared to attend to all matters in the line of Boot and Shoemaking and repairing

PATRICK KELLY.

Dec. 16.—3m

TO LET.

THE building and premises now used and occupied as the Charlottetown Hospital, on Dorchester Street. There is a large garden attached and the building is well adapted for a boarding house. It will be ready for occupancy about the 1st December. Application may be made at the Bishop's Palace or to A. A. McDonald, chairman Cathedral building committee.

XMAS IS COMING

—AND—

Beer & Goff

Are now ready with an Immense New Stock to supply you with anything and everything you require in the

GROCERY, CONFECTIONERY, OR FRUIT LINE

RAISINS. We have some very fine LAYER VALENCIAS this fall that are away ahead of last years stock, being much larger and more juicy. Our Common Valencias are also better than last season, and we are selling them very low. We have also imported a few boxes of SULTANAS or BEEDLE'S RAISINS.

CURRANTS. We have just received several Cases of VOSTIZZA CURRANTS, which are of much finer Flavor than the common kind. Our PATRAS are also very nice and clean.

CANDIED PEELS. We import our Candied Peels direct from London, and can now offer you this fall's importation. Also, a full line of FLAVORING SPICES, etc., on hand.

BEER & GOFF,

April 8—1yr QUEEN & KING SQUARE STORES

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Charlottetown, April 8, 18 91.

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ALL FIRST CLASS COMPANIES.

PROMPT SETTLEMENT OF LOSSES.

J. MACEACHERN,

July 2 1890.—tf Agent for P. E. I.

TELEPHONE COMPANY OF P. E. ISLAND

TOLL LINE STATIONS.

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Charlottetown, Hunter River, New Glasgow, Laird's Mills, Rusticoville, North Rustico, Emerald, Tryon Mills, Crapaud, Victoria, Freetown, Kensington, Clifton, Stanley, Malpeque, Summerside, Centreville, St. Eleanors.

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