### LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

BY CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Should'st lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of tears,
Pri'e ruled my will; remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

### OUR LADY OF DOLORS.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

(Suggested by the beautiful and costly painting of the *Crucifixion*, recently imported from Italy, and presented by Mr. Morris Boney, as an altar piece, to the Church of St. Joseph, Sea Isle City, N. J.)

*Regina Martyrum!* we cry to thee,
As cry the unfeeling swallows in their nest
Unto their mother . . . On the cruel tree,
'The work is finished—*Consummatum est!*'

The thorn-crown'd King hath bowed His bless'd Head,
The red wounds widen, and the cloven Heart
Its last, sweet, saving drop hath meekly shed
Under the stroke of th' centurian's dart.

Come gentle John,—the Queen hath need of thee!
Oh, best-belov'd of thy Master, come,
And claim thy beauteous, priceless legacy!
—Lead back the dolorous Mother to thy home!

Her robes are spotted with her Son's pure blood,
Her virgin cheek is blanched with nameless woe;
And o'er her passive hands (a mighty flood),
The Tears of Magdalen, resistless, flow.

Oh! one-time sinner,—sweet, repentant saint!
Our place is close to *thee;* thy golden hair
Shall be our shield when heart and flesh grow faint
Before the bar of God.—None need despair

When many sins are pardoned for much love,
And Love Divine forgiveth such as thou:—
The raven hath become a spotless dove,
And builds its nest in Mary's bosom now.

Lady of Dolors! turn, and clasp us close,
With this dear penitent, upon thy breast!
Sinners are we, who seek a safe repose,
A haven sure, beneath thy mantle blest.

We cannot claim the innocence of John,
But lo! the tears of Magdalen are ours!
If barren is the soil they fall upon,
Thy love can bid the desert bloom with flowers.

In thy sweet mercy do we place our trust;
Within thy tender Heart our hopes abide;
For sinners, Mother, *sinners*,—not the just,—
Thy sinless Son, our Saviour, bled and died!

And, as the "*Fiat lux!*" called forth the light,
New-made, from out a chaos dark and wild,—
"*Behold thy son!*" makes (by divinest right),
The contrite sinner evermore thy child!

## THE SHAN VAN VOCHT,

—A STORY OF THE—

## UNITED IRISHMEN.

BY JAMES MURPHY.

CHAPTER V.—[CONTINUED.]

'I should prefer not. We shall hire one to take us home. Truth is,' Redmond,' said he confidentially, 'I am rather ashamed to admit that my late illness has made me somewhat nervous—and cowardly if you will. It is not an agreeable character to bear before the ladies, and I should therefore take it as a favor if you would not state to anyone the reason of your coming.'

'Certainly not,' said Redmond. 'There is no reason why I should.'

'Thanks. You were always such an agreeable fellow, Redmond. This feeling I have referred to will wear off when I get more out of door exercise, but you can well understand one's weakness in desiring not to have it known.'

'Of course. And after the illness you have had, your nervousness comes natural enough. I shall not mention the reason of my going, and I shall be there at the appointed time. Your going may do you good, too, and give you strength to accompany us on our future excursions.'

'It may. I am sure it will. Nothing has given me more pain than not to have been able to enjoy the pleasure of your company and Eugene's during the past few weeks.'

'By the way, how do you like Eugene? He is a very agreeable fellow, is he not?'

'Yes, I think so,' said Mortimer cheerfully.

'The girl's like him very much—Helen particularly. 'M,' said Redmond, 'you had been able to enjoy his company frequently I am sure you would have been delighted with him, too.'

'It is a pleasure yet in store for me,' said Sir Trevor, with less heartiness, however, than Redmond had expected. 'In a few days, I trust to be able to make one of your party.'

'We shall all be so glad of it. Meantime you should retire to rest without further delay. This being your first night up, it may overtax your strength for your proposed city visit to-morrow.'

'I daresay you are right. You will not forget the time, the place, and the company.'

'I shall remember all. Good-night, Mortimer.'

'Good-night.'

CHAPTER VI.

A SUDDEN RESOLVE.

'You slept rather late, Eugene' said Redmond, as the former entered the drawing-room.

'So I see, said Eugene gaily; 'but I have an excuse in that we had so long a ride yesterday and retired so late. I hope our friend Mortimer has not suffered from the unreasonable time we kept him up.

'Mortimer,' said the other, 'why Mortimer seems the strongest of the three. He has gone into the city already.'

'What? Why I thought he was unable to stir from the house.'

'You would not have thought so had you seen him this morning. He looks as vigorous as either of us. His recovery has been something wonderful.'

'Much more than I expected. But when did he leave for town?'

'Not quite half an hour since.'

'He made no mention of his intention last night.'

'No. It was some sudden notion he took. Some business matter that occurred to him probably. Or perhaps, he wished to take some exercise to aid his recovering strength.'

'I am surprised he should not try it with us.'

'Possibly he thought his strength would not be sufficient for that.'

'Well,' said Eugene, 'I am sorry we are deprived of his company. When is he returning?'

'Probably to-night.'

'If he had waited until this afternoon I should have had the pleasure of his company.'

'Are you going to town to-night?' asked Helen.

'Unfortunately I must.'

'We shall have a lonely evening in that case,' said she.

'If the ladies would only permit it, Eugene,' said Redmond, 'I should be very glad to accompany you. We shall probably be back with Mortimer.'

'You would not deprive us of all the gentlemen, surely Mr. Lefebre?'

'I would not of my own will, I assure you, Miss Howard,' said Eugene gallantly, 'for it brings myself too much pain.'

'You look this moment like one who is suffering by anticipation,' she said sarcastically.

Redmond laughed—as indeed did all, for the young Frenchman looked at the moment the embodiment of gaiety and enjoymeet.

'But, surely, you are not going, Redmond?' said Helen. 'Think how lonely we shall be.'

'I shall undertake to bring him back early and safe and sound,' said Eugene.

'With that undertaking I think I shall venture it,' said Redmond indolently. What time do you propose going?'

'I shall not be due in town until after dusk. The moon rises early. We shall have a pleasant walk; the tide will be full in.'

'Very well; I am at your service.'

'Well, gentlemen,' said Miss Howard, 'it is very unkind of you. How shall we two ladies pass the time until your return?'

'And the worst of it is,' broke in Helen, 'they have all made up their minds to leave together.'

'We must only make amends for the present by enjoying the time we have,' said Redmond. 'What say you, ladies, to a long drive after breakfast?'

'Of all things,' said Helen.

'It is a delightful morning for one. How soft and bright and mild the air is,' said Kate.

'Always providing,' said Eugene, 'that we shall be back in sufficient time to permit me to keep my engagement. I am sorry to have to make such a proviso; but unfortunately, my engagement is important and must be kept.

'We must prevail on Redmond to remain with us,' said Miss Howard, addressing Helen.

'I have given my word to Eugene—he only can give permission to me to withdraw it,' said Redmond.

'A permission I must withhold,' said Eugene earnestly, 'for I desire and need his company very much. You must remember, ladies, I am more or less a stranger in the city.'

'Under these circumstances we must see that the stranger is protected,' said Miss Howard, and amid much laughter they sat down to breakfast.

CHAPTER VII.

NEWS FROM FRANCE.

Redmond and his friend proceeded on foot to the city. The night was clear and starlight; and, as the tide was full in, their walk along the sea shore, with the murmur of the waves in their ears, was very pleasant.

Arrived in the city, they separated, with an arrangement to meet at the Eagle, a famous inn that then stood in Eustace street.

The Frenchman proceeded swiftly in the direction of the quays. Arrived at a narrow street leading off the Southern quay, he came to a public house, in the window of which a small oil lamp was burning. There was but little appearance of business in the shop, and the hostess sat knitting, in the absence of customers, behind the counter.

Lifting his hat courteously, to which salutation the good-looking landlady replied with a smile of recognition and welcome, he passed rapidly through, and, pushing a door open, ascended a narrow and lightless stairs that led upwards. When he had groped his way to the top he turned the handle of a door and entered.

A flood of light burst on his vision as he did so. The apartment which he entered was splendidly lighted, and its comfortable—nay, elegant—appearance was but little indicated by the exterior of the house or the shop. A number of gentlemen were scattered about—some seated, some standing, and some playing at billiards. Evidently they had been expecting him, for there was a general movement towards the fireplace when he entered.

'I have come, Eugene?' said a handsome-looking young man, as he presented the new comer with his cigar case, the while the diamond ring on his finger flashed its scintillations around.

'A little later than I intended, but not too late, I hope.'

'In these uncertain times it is difficult to say whether one is too early or too late,' said another, whose foreign accent betrayed him as not of Irish origin.

'Why, Antoine,' said Eugene quickly, 'has the messenger come?'

'He is here since dusk.'

'What news does he bring?'

'Excellent—but he is here to speak for himself.'

At this moment a hand was laid on his shoulder, and, turning round, a young fellow, whose boyish face was round and soft as a girl's, and whose age was certainly not more than eighteen, stood before him.

'Hello! Francois,' said Eugene in much surprise; 'is it you that have come this time?'

'Yes, *mon capitaine*,' said the youth laughingly, 'I thought I should come over and see what this new country is like and how it may look with the French banners flying over it.'

'Well, I certainly did not expect to see *you* here, Francois, but you are welcome to Irish soil. Any despatches?'

'Yes, here they are,' said the youth, as, pressing a spring in the head of a light cane or riding whip which he carried, the top flew open, disclosing a very small cavity, from which he drew forth a slight roll of thin paper not much thicker in diameter than a quill.

'Well, Francois, before I read this, tell me how matters are going on in France. It is so long since I heard any news from that dear land that I am really athirst for information.'

'You have not heard the great news, then?' said Francois, with wonderment expressed on his face.

'No; how could I, Francois? You are the first that could tell me since I left. You don't suppose we are in Paris?'

'I find it difficult to think I am not,' said the youth gaily. 'I fancy ever since I came in here that I have only to step outside to be on the boulevards again.'

'Well, Francois,' said Eugene with a grave but good humored nod of the head, 'You will be much more fortunate than some of your predecessors or it will be some time before you tread the boulevards again.'

The youth laughingly put his handkerchief to his eyes as if to mourn for the afflictions that awaited him.

'Look here, Francois,' said Eugene, as he watched this fanciful piece of acting, 'take my advice and remember that it is not playing pranks in General Clarke's office you are now. A hempen rope and dance over the battlements of Carlisle-bridge is a vastly different thing from a saunter down the Rue des Victoires. But advice was always thrown away on you. Tell me the news. What is Bonaparte doing?'

'Doing? Carrying the French banners over Italy. You have not heard that he has carried everything before him there? The Austrians were beaten at Castiglioni last month, and Wurmser, who never saw his banners in retreat before, was barely able to save his rearguard from the sabres of the cuirassiers. So also the bayonets of the infantry, under Bonaparte himself, swept the army of Alvinzi from his position at Arcola, and with the exception of Mantua, Italy from end to end is ours.'

'He is a wonderful soldier,' said Eugene.

'He is the great master of war,' said the youth enthusiastically. 'The army is in ecstacies over the triumphs he has won and the glories he has achieved.'

'I hope they will prove glories for France,' said Eugene thoughtfully.

'Of course they will. What is glorious for her army is glorious for France.'

'I trust so.'

'Trust! Of course they are.'

'Well, Francois,' said Eugene, laughing at the airy, enthusiastic manner of his friend, 'you are a very angel of good news. And now for the despatches'

Eugene unrolled the delicate tissue of paper, and, holding it up between his eyes and the light, read the secret writing thereon with deep attention, whilst the gentlemen assembled stood silently around him.

'This is wonderful news, gentlemen,' he said at last, after a pause of great expectation.

'What news does he bring? What is in the despatch?' asked half a dozen of voices at once.

'De Morand de Galles sails from Brest on the 15th instant with a French army on board, for the shores of Ireland!'

A ringing cheer went up from those assembled.

'Read it—read it!' cried a dozen enthusiastic voices.

'Here it is, gentlemen,' said Eugene once more holding the paper to the light, and reading:

"'Morand de Galles will sail on the 15th December from Brest for Bantry Bay, on the Southern Irish coast. Hoche will command them.' That is all. 'Oh! by the way, Francois, you are likely to see your comrades sooner than I wotted of. Here is yet another note from De Galles, laconic enough too. 'Come back at once with bearer—by any way you can, but come. You are appointed to command a frigate.' There gentlemen, is all the news for you. The French fleet with a French army on board, will sail for Ireland on the 15th.'

'Can it be true? Is it really true?' was anxiously asked.

'It is true enough,' said Eugene. 'Here is Clarke's signature at the end. There is no mistaking that C. The Brunswicker's sabre on the plains of Valmy did not tend to improve his handwriting.'

'This is wonderful news, certainly,' said the gentleman who first spoke when Eugene entered the room. A buzz of conversation immediately spread round the little party, each discussing or giving his opinion on the last despatch. 'He does not say what the number of ships to be despatched is?'

'No; but the Directory are not accustomed to doing things by halves. They who sent separate armies at the same time marching on the high road to every capital in Europe are not going to send a squadron of sabres to fight England. Take my word for it, Clarke knows his business too well for that. It will be your duty, gentlemen, to see that his efforts are well seconded.'

'We can readily answer for our country, can we not, Bond?' said a young gentleman who had remained silent during the communication of the message, but who, now when he did speak, was listened to with great respect and attention. 'A hundred thousand men will be ready to lift the Irish banner the moment the first French cannon thunders on Irish soil. All we want is arms and ammunition, and officers to lead them.'

'No doubt, my lord,' said Bond, 'we can promise such an array of fighting men as never yet were under the banners of France. But it seems to me that the point of destination of the fleet is, next to its sailing at all, the most important matter. The despatch mentions Bantry. Now I am inclined to think that is a mistake.'

'But you remember,' said Eugene, 'the first night I came here we went carefully over all the possible places of disembarkation, and Bantry was mentioned as one of the most secure and ample harbors on the Irish coast.'

'True,' said Bond, 'but I certainly do not remember—I may be mistaken—but I do not remember that it was urged as a suitable or likely place as the objective point of the French expedition. It is, in the first place, a remote position in the wildest and most thinly populated part of the whole country. For any considerable body of men to array themselves under the French colors, they would have to march immense distances. The reception, therefore, our French allies would meet would be disheartening at the outset and that is to be avoided.'

'I quite agree with Bond,' said Lord Edward after a pause. 'The best place assuredly for a French army to land would be in the centre of a populous district, where the cheers of an enthusiastic people would greet their disembarkation. With smart officers to drill them, one week would place an army, such as no power of England could dream of meeting, in your hands. I fear that there would be many obstacles to success if so remote a landing place as Bantry is chosen. The proper place to strike is at the heart, and that place so far as Ireland is concerned, is—Dublin.'

'You must remember that it will take some time to drill the raw levies that will flock to our standard,' said Eugene, 'and that you cannot drill and fight at the same time. A short breathing time after landing is for that reason necessary, and a remote district would give us that.'

'You have forgotten the question of the commissariat,' said Oliver Bond, whose vigorous mind grasped all the difficulties of the position at once. 'The fleet are not supposed to carry more provisions with them than will last the voyage?'

'No,' said Eugene, laughing; 'we carry better things than provisions—plenty of bullets and powder, long muskets and bright sabres—the sort of cargo that befits a conquering nation.'

'And how,' asked Bond, 'would you provide for your French soldiers, not to speak of the people who would flock to your standard?'

'Why the matter is very simply settled by our generals, at all times,' said the Frenchman, interrupting with some haughtiness. 'If our troops are in a friendly country they expect support, if in an enemy's they compel it.'

'I am afraid you have mistaken the point of my question,' said Oliver Bond, smiling at the other's mistake. 'I did not refer so much to the manner of obtaining supplies as to the possibility of obtaining them at all. My impression is that the country there for many miles around would not provide, if it were all taken, as much commissariat supplies as would last an army for two days.'

'Could they not march on Cork?'

'That would be a long and weary march, and to little purpose. They would be still a long way from where they could meet an enemy or strike a telling blow. I greatly befear me,'—it was Lord Edward who spoke—'your generals would get disheartened fighting, not against the enemy, but against the difficulties of the position. No; the only place a landing can be effected with any hope of successful result must be somewhere on the eastern seaboard. One successful battle, a march on the capital, and Ireland were free from Main Head to Cape Clear.'

'You are forgetting, gentlemen There are two initial matters to be thought of—one is the difficulty of landing at all—the English fleet is by no means to be despised, and our admirals must try and avoid it as much as possible. A fight between a fleet prepared for an engagement and one crowded with ammunition and guns and soldiers is very unequally fought. It would be simple massacre. France does not hesitate to shed the blood of her children in the cause of freedom—whose eldest born she is—but she will not needlessly sacrifice them. The first difficulty, therefore, is the landing at all. The second is the safe anchorage for the vessels.'

'You cannot carry on warfare,' said Lord Edward, 'with rosewater. A blow at England will in any case entail sacrifices; and I am, for one, of opinion that between an expedition to Bantry Bay and none at all there is not much to choose. You must further remember that it is a matter of life and death to us. We cannot hope to succeed without your aid, but to be of use to us, that aid must be effectually rendered. A failure in that respect would place us neck and heels at the feet of England for another hundred years.'

This and much more was urged by other speakers, until the young Frenchman's mind was much impressed by their arguments.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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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 11 | 4 00 |
| North Wiltshire.. | 6 48 | 9 19 | 4 08 |
| Hunter River..... | 6 58 | 10 35 | 4 20 |
| Coleraine..... | 7 06 | 10 46 | 4 30 |
| Emerald Junction. | 7 20 | 10 60 | 4 45 |
| Freetown..... | 7 30 | 11 08 | 4 55 |
| Kensington..... | 7 45 | 11 23 | 5 07 |
| | | P. M. | |
| Summerside..{ ar. | 8 15 | 12 00 | 6 00 |
| dp. | 8 30 | 1 05 | |
| Miscouche..... | 8 45 | 1 20 | |
| Wellington..... | 8 52 | 1 28 | |
| Port Hill..... | 9 00 | 1 35 | |
| O'Leary..... | 9 20 | 1 55 | |
| Alberton..... | 10 20 | 4 00 | |
| Tignish ..... ar. | 11 15 | 6 45 | |
| Emerald Junc...dp | | | P. M. 5 45 |
| Cape Traverse..ar. | | | 6 45 |

TRAINS FROM THE WEST.

| STATIONS. | Express. | Accom. | Acc'm |
|---|---|---|---|
| | P. M. | A. M. | |
| Tignish.....dp | 1 30 | 6 00 | |
| Alberton..... | 2 15 | 7 05 | |
| Port Hill..... | 3 15 | 7 45 | |
| O'Leary..... | 3 35 | 8 05 | |
| Wellington..... | 3 42 | 8 12 | |
| Miscouche..... | 3 51 | 8 21 | |
| Summerside..{ ar. | 4 05 | 8 35 | |
| dp. | 4 35 | 12 05 | A. M. 6 15 |
| Kensington..... | 4 57 | 12 31 | 6 46 |
| Freetown.....ar. | 5 20 | 12 55 | 7 10 |
| Emerald Junction. | 5 40 | 1 15 | 7 30 |
| Hunter..... | 5 51 | 1 25 | 7 39 |
| Coleraine..... | 6 01 | 1 35 | 7 49 |
| North Wiltshire.. | 6 13 | 1 47 | 8 14 |
| Royalty Junction. | 6 22 | 1 56 | 8 23 |
| Charlottetown...ar | 7 10 | 3 00 | 9 17 |
| Cape Traverse..dp | | | A. M. 7 15 |
| Emerald Junc..ar. | | | 8 25 |

TRAINS FOR THE EAST.

| STATIONS. | Express. | Accom. |
|---|---|---|
| | P. M. | A. M. |
| Charlottetown.....dp | 1 15 | 7 00 |
| Royalty Junct'n..... | 1 30 | 7 20 |
| Mt. Stewart Junc.. { ar | 1 55 | 7 50 |
| dp | 1 55 | 7 55 |
| Morell..... | 2 20 | 8 20 |
| St. Peters..... | 2 30 | 8 31 |
| Bear River..... | 2 45 | 8 46 |
| Souris .....ar. | 3 30 | 9 45 |
| | P. M. | A. M. |
| Mt. Stewart Junc....dp. | 1 20 | 7 20 |
| Cardigan ..... | 1 50 | 8 00 |
| Georgetown.....ar | 2 45 | 10 00 |

TRAINS FROM THE EAST.

| STATIONS. | Express. | Accom. |
|---|---|---|
| | A. M. | P. M. |
| Georgetown .....dp | 7 00 | 1 40 |
| Cardigan ..... | 7 45 | 2 40 |
| Mt. Stewart Junc.....ar | 8 10 | 3 10 |
| | A. M. | P. M. |
| Souris .....dp | 8 15 | 12 55 |
| Bear River ..... | 9 03 | 1 43 |
| St. Peter's..... | 9 20 | 1 58 |
| Morell..... | 9 40 | 2 18 |
| Mt. Stewart Junc..{ ar. | 9 55 | 2 35 |
| dp. | 9 10 | 3 20 |
| Bedford..... | 9 15 | 3 30 |
| Royalty Junct'n..... | 9 40 | 3 56 |
| Charlottetown.....ar | 9 55 | 4 05 |
| | | P. M. |
| Charlottetown.....dp | 9 20 | 4 45 |

Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

J. UNSWORTH,
Superintendent.

Railway Office, Charlottetown, May 9, 1890.—tf

Parsons' Pills
These pills were a wonderful discovery. Unlike any others. One Pill a dose. Children take them easily. The most delicate women use them. To feel all bodily ease obtain very great benefit from the use of Parsons' Pills.
One box cost, postpaid, by 32 cts., or five boxes for $1 in stamps. 50 Pills in every box. We pay duty to Canada.
The circular around each box explains the symptoms. Almost every case is a great disorder of stomach. This information alone is worth ten times the cost. A handsome illustrated pamphlet containing some cases valuable information, sent free by Dr. B. B. Johnson & Co., 52 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass. "Best Liver Pill Known."
Make New Rich Blood!

GOING TO MOVE
INTO OUR NEW STORE.
But before doing so we want to give our customers some
SPECIAL BARGAINS.
Dress goods—to suit all—8 cents to 99 cents. Trimmings to match.
Prints, Gingham's, Cottons, Laces, Curtains, at cost to clear.
A splendid stock of Tweeds we are selling for 55 cents worth 75 cents. A good all wool light weight for 40 cents The choicest patterns of the Charlottetown Woolen Co's make always on hand to exchange for wool. HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR WOOL.
10 Cases of Boots and Shoes just in—will go cheap with the rest.
100 cCoils Barbed Wire at bottom prices.
Building Paper, Nails, and all kinds of Hardware.
REUBEN TUPLIN & CO.,
February 12, 1890. LONDON HOUSE, KENSINGTON

McLeod & McKenzie
CUSTOM TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT,
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E.
We keep Goods of the first quality and make Newest Styles. Prices as low as the lowest.
McLEOD & McKENZIE
July 2, 1890.—tf

GREAT SALE OF
BOYS' CLOTHING
500 Suits at Away Down Prices.
TO MAKE ROOM FOR FALL IMPORTATIONS, we offer the whole of our stock at following prices:

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 100 | SUITS, | former | price | $2.25 and | $2.50, | now $1.75 |
| 100 | SUITS, | " | " | 2.50 and | 2.60, | now 2.00 |
| 100 | SUITS, | " | " | 3.00 and | 3.25, | now 2.25 |
| 60 | SUITS, | " | " | 3.50 and | 3.75, | now 2.50 |
| 60 | SUITS, | " | " | 4.00 and | 4.25, | now 3.00 |
| 50 | SUITS, | " | " | 4.50 and | 4.75, | now 3.50 |

A Job Lot selling for 50 cents and $1.00
This is, beyond doubt, the Biggest Bargain in BOYS' CLOTHING in the City.
HARRIS & STEWART
LONDON HOUSE.
Charlottetown, August 20, 1890.

Account Books!
TAYLOR & GILLESPIE.
OUR STOCK OF BLANK BOOK PAPERS IS NOW COMPLETE Come in and see them, and get prices for Ledgers, Day Books, Cash books, Journals Letter Copying Books, Invoice Books, Wallets, Pocket books, etc., etc.
We Challenge Competition!
Careful attention given to the BINDING of Works of Art, Magazine, Periodicals, Music, Illustrated Papers. Old Books, etc., any style. Also, we clean old Pictures, Steel Engravings, Wood Cuts, etc., stain, and made to look as good as new.
TAYLOR & GILLESPIE,
Ch'town, May 14, 1890. NORTH SIDE QUEEN