

The Month of Mary.

BY CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Green are the fields, and sweet the flowers, And rich the hues of May; We see them in the gardens' round, And market-panniers gay; And e'en among the streets and lanes, And alleys, we descry, By fitful gleams, the fair sunshine, The blue, transparent sky. O Mother-maid, be thou our aid, Now in the opening year; Lest sighs of earth to sin give birth, And bring the temple near.

Green is the year, but wait awhile, 'Till grow, and then will wither; The flowers, brightly as they smile, Shall perish altogether. The merry sun, you sure would say, It ne'er could set in gloom; But earth's best joys have all an end, And sin, a heavy doom. But Mother-maid, thou dost not fade; With stars above thy brow, And the pale moon beneath thy feet, Forever throed art thou.

The green, green years, the glittering grove, The heaven's majestic dome, They image forth a tender bower, A more refulgent home; They tell us of that Paradise Of everlasting rest, And that high Tree, all flowers and fruit, The sweetest, yet the best. O Mary, pure and beautiful, Thou art the Queen of May. Our garlands wear upon thy hair, And they will ne'er decay. —S. H. REWIS.

The Two Keys.

REV. P. A. SHERHAN IN THE DOLPHIN.

Some fifty years after the great Florentine's death, there lived in an obscure street in Ravenna one of those artists in iron and brass, of which the towns in Italy then were full. You may see their handiwork still in Cathedral gates, in the iron fretwork around a shrine, in the gratings around the Sacramental altars in episcopal churches; and if you have not seen them, and on certain any lingering doubts, look up your Baskin, and he will make you see them. These were the days when men worked slowly and devoutly, conscious that work was prayer, and that they were laboring for the centuries, and not for mere passing bread. We cannot do it now, for we toil in the workshops of Mammon; and neither games, no fame, can give the inspiration of that mother of art, called faith. Well, this artist's name was Jacopo Scondo; and he had an only child, a daughter, whose name was Beatrice, called after the great poet who had made his last home at Ravenna. The old man, for he was now old, never tired of speaking to his child of the great exile; and Bice never tired of questioning her father about Beatrice, and the wonders of purgatory and heaven. Once a month, however, a dark shadow would fall upon their threshold; a brother of Jacopo's, from Florence, who would come over to see his niece, for he loved her, but she did not love him. For, after the midday meal, the conversation of the two brothers invariably turned upon Dante and Florence, and Dante and Ravenna. No matter how it commenced, it veered steadily around to the everlasting topic, and on that they held directly contradictory views.

The Florentine stoutly maintained that Dante was in hell and eternally damned. "You say here," he would say, pointing his long finger and sweeping the whole of Ravenna in a circle, "Eccovi l'uomo che sta all' Inferno! I say: Eccovi l'uomo che sta all' Inferno!" "Corpo di Bacco!" the brother would exclaim, "you deserve to go thither yourself for such a saying. God couldn't send such a man to hell. He could not give such a triumph to Satan!" "Dante hath sent priests and bishops and cardinals there," the brother would reply. "He hath filled his gloomy caverns with his enemies. He was vengeful and unforgiving. There is no place for such in heaven!" "I saw him here in exile," replied Jacopo, "when you, good Florentine, drove him out, I saw him walking our streets, a grave, solitary man. My father used to point him out, and say: 'Look well, Jacopo, look well! That's a face that men will worship to the end of time!'" "A bad, gloomy face, full of scorn and malice to God and man," the Florentine would reply. "Presence of the devil! No, no, no!" cried Jacopo. "But a great, solemn, noble face, embellished as with a point of fire. I mind it well! He used to pass our door, always looking forward and upward, his cloak clung around him, and the folded beret on his head. Men used to kneel down and kiss the pavement where he had trod. God sent his angels and his Beatrice for him when he died."

"But!" would exclaim his brother "That's a pious deceit. There are only ten commandments, brother mine, and one of those the greatest: 'Thou shalt love!' Believe me, your Dante has read the Lasciate more than once since he died!" "Then where could God put him?" stouted Jacopo. "Did he create another circle for him lower down? No! not God does not damn such souls as Dante's! I allow you be may be in purgatory for a short time, because we must all go thither for our sins and imperfections. But Dante damned! All heaven would cry out against it!" So the controversy would rage, month after month, and Bice would listen with wondering, fearful eyes. But she hated her uncle cordially, and would refuse to kiss him when he went away. And for days Jacopo would not be the same; but he swung to his work in a moody, silent abstracted way, and sometimes he would pause and wipe the sweat from his brow, and say to himself: "Dante in hell! Yes, he was! We all know that; but he is not, I swear it. He is not!" And he would bring down his hammer furiously upon the iron; and Bice, cooking the midday meal, would tremble and cry. But in the cool evening, when her work was done, and father had had his supper, and was poring over the great black-letter pages of his great poet. Bice would steal down to the little church just around the corner, and pray long and earnestly. For she was a sweet, innocent child, and loved all things, but most of all God, as the Supreme Beauty. Then she prayed for the soul of her good mother, who was dead; and lastly, she knelt before a favorite Madonna, and remembering her father's words, she prayed long and earnestly for the dead poet.

"Abandoned and rejected in life," she said, "like all great souls, he must not be neglected in death. God may hear the prayers of a child for the mightiest soul! He has made for centuries." And she always prayed in the poet's own words, for they were as familiar as her Pater Noster or Ave Maria, as no evening ever went by but she had to repeat one of the great oantos for her father. Then, one soft summer evening, she fell asleep on the altar steps immediately after prayers; and she had a dream. She saw a great sea in the dawn light, just waking up in the morning breeze, and floated in long gentle plait, that caught the pink light from the burning East. And lo! across the waters came a tiny boat, propelled neither by sail or oar; and standing in the prow was a Soul, —the Soul of a Woman, resplendent as the sun, and glowing in its crystal transparency, for Bice saw the Morning Star through her vesture, as it lay low down in the horizon. And the boat and the Soul came towards the sleeping child, until the latter beckoned and said: "Come hither, O Child of Mercy, and enter with me. I have come for thee!" And Bice said: "Who art thou?" And the Soul answered: "I am the spirit of Beatrice. I have been sent for thee."

And Bice answered: "I cannot go for my father is old and feeble, and I may not leave him." And the Soul said: "It is imperative that thou come; for thou alone holdest the keys of that place, where he, whom we love, is detained." And Bice entered; and they passed out over the shining waters that trembled beneath them, until they came to a shore, horrid with beetling crags, which seemed to touch the sky, and beneath whose feet the sea swelled and made no sound. And they rode on the waves to the mouth of a gloomy cavern, vast and impenetrable for the front was closed by a great iron gate, whose bars seemed red with fire, or the rust of eternity. And behind the bars was the figure of the great poet, wrapped in his gloomy mantle of old, and looking out over the shining sea with that same look of settled gloom and despair which Bice knew so well. And the Soul said: "Go forward, and open the gate, and liberate our Beloved!" "But Bice wept and said: 'Alas!'

How can I? I am but a child, and the gate is heavy, and the task is grievous!" But the Soul said: "Loose the keys at thy girdle, and go forward!" And Bice found two keys at her cincture, and she loosed them. And one was marked "Charity," and it was of gold; and the other was of silver, and the word "Prayer" was stamped thereon. And going forward she fitted the former into the great rusty lock. The bolt shot backwards, but the gate would not yield. Then she fitted the silver key, and lo! the great iron barrier swung back heavily. And entering, the child caught the poet's hand, and drew him forth. And the gate swung back with horrid clangor. And, entering the boat, the three sped forward rapidly toward the dawn, which is infinity, which is heaven. And the poet, placing his hand on the child's head, said sweetly and solemnly: "Sweetly blessed art thou, thou second Beatrice; for lo! what my Beatrice accomplished in vision, thou hast verily wrought!"

"How now? how now? giovanetta mia!" said the aged acristian, as he rattled his keys above the sleeping child. "What a strange couch has thou chosen! but sleep comes lightly to the young. Surge! filia! benedictus Dominus!" he shouted. He bent low and raised the face of the sleeping child. "Jesu! Maria! but she is dead!"

The Bloodhound Fad in Detection. The use of bloodhounds as a detective agency has of late years been exploited almost to the proportion of a fad. Yet, when put to the test of actual experiment, the result has been humiliating failure. The experience of Canton and Charleroi is still fresh in public recollection. Numerous other cases where bloodhounds have been put upon the trail have been reported, but their achievements have been suspiciously slight. The success of bloodhounds in slavery days was no doubt due to two conditions, neither of which is present to-day. The dogs were carefully trained for the purpose for which they were used and were pure bred. The so-called bloodhounds used to-day are seldom of straight breed, and almost invariably untrained.

The Lorraine case, where a citizen was arrested upon the sole fact that the dogs, being taken to the house, went to his room, contains an example of their use which it will be well to avoid. Whatever faith may or may not be placed in their instinct, it is certainly not enough, with corroborative evidence, to justify the arrest and humiliation of any person. Governor Pennypacker must have had something of this possibility in mind when he last week vetoed the bill authorizing sheriff to purchase bloodhounds for the purpose of tracking criminals. Even if the use of brutes in such cases was not subject to the charge of barbarism, the danger of a fearful mistake ought to require the production of strong corroborative evidence before an arrest is made.—(Pittsburg Dispatch.)

Spicy Remarks on Marriages for Money. Commenting on the Yarmouth-Thaw wedding in Pittsburg recently the Boston Herald says:— In all the features of the too often shoddy civilization which the acquisition of great wealth has brought into American society, the palm in disgusting evidence, we are inclined to think, is to be accorded to the disposal of American heiresses to decrepit or impecunious offshoots of foreign families accounted in what is recognized as the nobility. Let a fortune be squandered at the gambling table or in horse racing, and frequently a physical frame is wasted in concomitant excesses, the resort to reconstitute the means of living for the victim, if nothing further is to be attained, is to quarter him on some American millionaire's daughter in marriage. Indignation here is not the first to be visited upon the peculiarly benefited by this arrangement. He simply profits by our national weakness, is provided for by the gift of the earnings of those whom he despises, and despises not altogether unjustly. The contemptible creatures are those who bow down before nobility in its debasement and sell their own flesh and blood for its sustaining. We are moved to these remarks by an instance just recorded in which one of these English bridegrooms had himself's writs for debt served on him shortly before his wedding, and the ceremony itself was delayed because of the failure to appear promptly of a guarantee of a certain amount of the bride's dowry to that interesting individual.—True Witness.

Taylor's Bookstore is showing a magnificent line of Wall Papers, this being the first year handling wall paper the stock is all new, and those buying at Taylor's will be sure to get the latest up-to-date wall paper and the cheapest in the city.—Taylor's Bookstore, opp. front door Post Office.

We will send you a couple of ounces free. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto, Ont. per. and \$1.00; all druggists.

SHYLOCK

Shylock was the man who wanted a pound of human flesh. There are many Shylocks now, the convalescent, the consumptive, the sickly child, the pale young woman, all want human flesh and they can get it—take Scott's Emulsion.

Scott's Emulsion is flesh and blood, bone and muscle. It feeds the nerves, strengthens the digestive organs and they feed the whole body. For nearly thirty years Scott's Emulsion has been the great giver of human flesh.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Cures Coughs, Cold, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Pain or Tightness in the Chest, Etc. It stops that tickling in the throat, the pleasant taste and soothing and healing to the lungs. Mr. S. Bishop Brand, the well-known Galt gardener, writes:— I had a very severe attack of sore throat and tightness in the chest. Some times when I wanted to cough and could not I would almost choke to death. My wife got me a bottle of DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP, and to my surprise I found speedy relief. I would not be without it if it cost \$1.00 a bottle, and I can recommend it to everyone bothered with a cough or cold. Price 25 Cents.

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MISCELLANEOUS. There was a knot that gnawed a knot, He knew a knot was in that spot, A worm, however, in the knot, Detected him, and called: "Gut, gut!" You have gone gnawed to gnaw this knot, There's not a knibble left, gnat's kwat!"

Keep the Balance Up. It has been truthfully said that any disturbance of the even balance of health causes serious trouble. No body can be too careful to keep this balance up. When people begin to lose appetite, or to get tired easily the least inappetence brings on sickness, weakness or debility. The system needs a tonic, craves it, and should not be denied it; and the best tonic of which we have any knowledge is Hood's Sarsaparilla. What this medicine has done in keeping up the even balance of health, gives it the same distinction as a preventive that it enjoys as a cure. Its early use has illustrated the wisdom of the old saying that a stitch in time saves nine. Take Hood's for appetite, strength and endurance.

Wantano—Why do you call that boy of yours 'Flannel'? Duzoo—Because he just naturally shrinks from washing.

Minard's Liniment Cures La Grippe. She—After all, there's no difference between a nickel and five cents. He—You just try the five cents on a street car conductor, and see if there sn't.

Found At Last. A liver pill that is small and sure, that acts gently, quickly and thoroughly, that does not grip. Laxa-Liver Pills possess these qualities, and are a sure cure for Liver Complaint, Sick Headache, etc. Ethel—What do you think of this landscape aunty? Aunt Hannah—Well, er—I don't think so much of the trees, but that grapevine is pretty good. Ethel—Grapevine? Why, dear, that is the artist's signature.

Wherever there are sickly people with weak hearts and deranged nerves, Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will be found an effectual medicine. They restore enfeebled, enervated, exhausted, devitalized or over-worked men and women to vigorous health. "My boy tells me you discharged him," said the late office-boy's mother. "You advertised for a strong boy, and I certainly thought he was strong enough." "Madam," replied the merchant, "he was too strong. He broke all the rules of the office and some of the furniture in the two days he was with us."

It's not the weather that's at fault. It's your system, clogged with poisonous materials, that makes you feel dull, drowsy, weak and miserable. Let Burdock Blood Bitters clear away all the poisons, purify and enrich your blood, make you feel bright and vigorous.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows. BRECHE A MANON LADY TELLER OF HER EXPERIENCE WITH DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS The Great and Well-Known Kidney Specific for the Cure of all Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

Mrs. P. Bertrand, Breche A Manon, Que., writes:—I think it nothing but right for me to let you know what DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS have done for me. For five months I was badly troubled with a sore back, and such severe pains in my kidneys that I could scarcely walk at times. I got a box of DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS, and before I had them half taken I was greatly relieved, and with another box I was completely cured. I cannot help but give them all the praise I can, and will never fail to recommend them to all kidney sufferers.

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MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS. Make Weak Hearts Strong. Make Shaky Nerves Firm. THEY CURE. Nervousness—Sleeplessness—Palpitation of the Heart—Nervous Prostration—Faint and Dizzy Spells—Brain Fog—After Effects of La Grippe—Anemia—And all Troubles Arising from a Run-down System. Read what T. L. Foster, Mining, Ont., has to say about them:—I was greatly troubled with palpitation of the heart, a sudden blindness would come over me, and floating specks before my eyes caused me great inconvenience. Often I would have to gasp for breath, and my nerves were in a terrible condition. I took MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS, and they have proved a blessing to me. I cheerfully recommend them to all sufferers from heart and nerve trouble. Price 50c. per box, or 3 for \$1.25; all dealers or The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

MISCELLANEOUS. A little girl and boy were playing Sunday school. One was organist, the other chorister. They got along all right till the chorister selected a hymn the organist did not know, so she said: "I guess we will have to sing this by hand. The organ don't know it."

There is no form of kidney trouble from a backache down to Bright's disease, that Doan's Kidney Pills will not relieve or cure. If you are troubled with any kind of kidney complaint, give Doan's Kidney Pills a trial.

The preacher had apparently almost reached his peroration, but he had apparently almost reached it before, and the congregation was suspicious. "What can I say more?" he asked in impassioned tones. "Amen," answered a man in a back seat.

For Cholera Morbus, Olera Infantum, Cramps, Colic, Diarrhoea, Dysentery and Summer Complaint, D. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is a prompt, safe and sure cure that has been a popular favorite for nearly 60 years.

The microbe conductor clung desperately to a thread on the trailing skirt of the street dress. To the angry germs who waited he shouted: "Can't hold any more take the next train?"

Get Rid of that Cough. Before the Summer comes. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cures Coughs, Cold, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

At the beginning of the war with Spain the teacher told the class something about the circumstances, and asked all who favored the war to hold up their hands. Up went every hand but Jack's. "Well, Jack, why are you opposed to the war?" asked the teacher. "Cause, Miss Sophie, war makes history, an' there's more now'n I can ever learn."

Stratford, 4th Aug., 1893. MESSRS. O. O. RICHARDS & Co, Gentlemen,—My neighbor's boy, 4 years old, fell into a tub of boiling water and got scalded fearfully. A few days later his legs swelled to three times their natural size and broke out in running sores. His parents could get nothing to help him till I recommended MINARD'S LINIMENT, which, after using two bottles completely cured him, and I know of several other cases around here almost as remarkable, cured by the same Liniment and I can truly say I never handled a medicine which has had as good a sale or given such universal satisfaction. M. HIBERT, General Merchant.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS. Turns Bad Blood into Rich Red Blood. This spring you will need something to take away that tired, listless feeling brought on by the system being clogged with impurities which have accumulated during the winter. Burdock Blood Bitters is the remedy you require. It has no equal as a spring medicine. It has been used by thousands for a quarter of a century with unequalled success.

HERE IS PROOF. Mrs. J. T. Skine of Shigawake, Que., writes: "I have used Burdock Blood Bitters as a spring medicine for the past four years and don't think there's its equal. When I feel drowsy, tired and have no desire to eat I get a bottle of B.B.B. It purifies the blood and builds up the constitution better than any other remedy."

Commercial CAFE, Queen Street. In store formerly occupied by A. Vincent, next A. E. McEachen's Shoe Store. YOU can get a good dinner at the above Cafe for only 15 cents. Also a large bill of fare to choose from. We make a specialty of baked beans, meat pies, Hamburg steak and onions. Sirloin steak always on hand. Try our Ice Cream, Pastry and Cake on the premises.

JAS. LONERGAN, Proprietor. June 25, 1902.—If

Mortgage Sale. To be sold by public Auction, on Friday, the twenty-ninth day of May, A. D. 1903, at the hour of twelve o'clock, P. M., at the Court House Building in Charlottetown, P. E. Island, under the authority of the power of sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the seventh day of May, A. D. 1891, in and to the said County of Prince Edward, in the Province of P. E. Island, and made between Patrick Edward, Island, Farmer, and Catherine Rice, his wife, of the one part, and Lelia Matilda Mackleson, of Charlottetown, in Queen's County, in the said Island, of the other part.

All that tract, piece or parcel of land situate lying and being on Lot or Township number Fifty-three (53) in King's County, as shown on the plan of the said County, described as follows, that is to say: Commencing at a stake on the south side of the Grand River Road, at the west line of land and from thence running south thirty-five (35) chains; thence west fourteen chains; thence north five chains and fifty links; thence west six chains; thence north seven chains; thence east twenty links to Grand River Road; thence easterly along said road to place of commencement, containing sixty-seven acres of land, a little more or less.

Notice of Application. Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Parliament of Canada now in session for an Act empowering the applicants to construct and operate telephone and telegraph lines throughout the Dominion of Canada. Dated at Ottawa, 27th of March, 1903. KIDD & THOMSON, Solicitors for the applicants. April 15, 1903—91

SAY! If you want to buy a SATISFACTORY pair of BOOTS or SHOES or anything else in the FOOTWEAR line, at the greatest saving price to yourself, try— A. E. McEACHEN, THE SHOE MAN, QUEEN STREET.

Quaker MARMALADE. This is a new brand of ORANGE MARMALADE put up in One Pound Glass Jars. It is a Very Superior Article. And gives splendid satisfaction whatever used. Try a pot of it from BEER & GOFF, GROCERS.

JOHN T. MELLISH, M. A. LL. B. Barrister & Attorney-at-Law, NOTARY PUBLIC, etc. CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND. Over 1—London House Building. Collecting, conveying, and all kinds of legal business promptly attended to. Investments made on best security. Money to loan.

ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK. Executed with Neatness and Despatch at the HERALD Office, Charlottetown, P. E. Island.



Strike while the iron is hot. Just now the hottest thing in hardware is the demand for our stock. This brisk demand comes from our taking combination, large values and little prices. You can't find a poor article in our collection. You strike a bargain whatever you hit. We've hammered prices down to rock bottom. Figures that have been put on the anvil of reduction can't be beat. That's our case, and your case will be one of practical economy if you jump in and buy the bargains which we are offering in every kind of hardware.

Fennell & Chandler, The acknowledged Hardware Leaders.

Suits. WE KEEP Right to the Front IN THE

Tailoring Trade; But we do not charge high prices for our Goods—just enough to make you feel satisfied that you are getting the best value in town.

Tweed & Worsted Suits FROM \$14 UP.

JOHN McLEOD & CO., Merchant Tailor. HEAD QUARTERS On P. E. Island for Fine Tailoring.

We'll be in a better position than ever this spring to meet the demands of our numerous customers in town and country with the largest and greatest show of Suitings, Trouserings, Overcoatings, etc.

Materials, Workmanship & Fit Guaranteed or Money Refunded. Men's Furnishing Goods. Ever seen under one roof in this city, which we will offer at the lowest possible cash prices.

GORDON & MACLELLAN, Merchant Tailors and Furnishers, Ch'town. White and Colored Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Neckwear, Underclothing, Waterproof Coats, Umbrellas, Caps, Hose, Suspenders, Handkerchiefs, etc.