Doctors now agree that consumption is curable.

Three things, if taken together, will cure nearly every case in the first stages; the majority of cases more advanced; and a few of those far advanced.

The first is, fresh air; the second, proper food; the third, Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil with hypophosphites.

To be cured, you must not lose in weight, and, if thin, you must gain. Nothing equals Scott's Emulsion to keep you in good flesh.

50c. and $1.00, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists Toronto.

THE LIGHT OF THE LORD.

(Written for the S. H. Review.)

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

O shine and song of Easter morn!
O touch of heaven low bending!
Our souls like April buds new-born,
Ope at thy sweet descending.

O Risen Lord! Thy golden light
Transfigures our contrition,
And tears are but as dewdrops bright
Where guilt hath found remission.

Thy lilied peace is solace sweet,
Thy smile, uplifting power;
It glorifies Thy Mercy-Seat,
Love's full seraphic flower!

It quickens our reluctant souls;—
O warmth of deep desire,
The strength abides, Thy grace controls.
New flame of spirit fire!

It is Thy presence, Lord of All!
Like Magdalen, divining
Thyself in this, Thy festival,
May we adore its shining!

IN BED FOR WEEKS.

Mr. Lewis Johnston, living near Toledo, Leeds Co., Ont, says that he had Rheumatism so bad that he was confined to bed for weeks. Two doctors did him no good. In one week after taking Milburns Rheumatic Pills he was out of bed and is now cured.

Love's Resurrection.

"There, that un ain't wuth nuthin'."

Jacob Stern pushed the small wooly animal out of the way with his foot. It certainly did not look worth much, that wee lamb only two days old, as it lay on a bunch of straw gasping its little life away. It was very small, very thin, and and very ugly. It seemed all legs. If its eyes had been either open or shut it might have excited more pity, but there was something almost repulsive in the half-closed orbs that had the death-film over them.

"Yes, it'll be as dead as a doornail in half an hour, I tell ye," the man continued, as he gave his attention to other more likely lambs of his flock. But Sarah Stern was ched the dying creature with a growing pity in her eyes. She had stood near her husband when he kicked it, and a pain shot through her heart when the big, coarse boot touched the helpless thing. A moment longer she watched, then stooping down she gathered the ugly, shivering lamb into her checked apron and started for the house.

There was nothing to suggest tenderness or pity in the retreating figure of Sarah Stern. Her back was stiff and straight. Determination and repression were written on those broad, flat shoulders and in that springless walk. There was nothing to awaken a thought of pity in the awkward figure in its short, scant skirt, flapping the tops of the heavy shoes, as it took a near cut to the house across the corner of the ploughed field. Her face, when she turned an instant to see if she were followed, was scarcely more attractive. It was wrinkled, yellow, and dried, and resembled a leaf which had withered in the unfolding. The eyes were cold, the lips firmly pressed together, and the iron-gray hair was wiry and lifeless. It would never occur to any one to ask Sarah Stern for sympathy, but just now, when she opened one corner of the blue and white apron and looked again at the motionless thing she carried, there was a strange expression on her face. New and strange as it was, it did not look out of place on those homely features.

"I believe he's gettin' harder every day," she muttered, as she hurried along. "Laws, I guess we've both bin gettin' harder and colder sence—"

The sentence was left unfinished, but the heavy sigh and the one word "Mamie" that quivered through the thin lips told there was much not said in that unfinished sentence.

"You'll live, little lamb; you'll live just for the sake of them old days." The woman was crooning over the lamb now as it lay on a ragged shawl under the kitchen stove. Sarah Stern, who had never been known to say a caressing word in twenty years, was lifting that morsel of life with the tenderness she might have bestowed on an infant. She coaxed a few drops of warm milk between the lamb's nerveless lips, covered it snugly with the shawl, and then sat down beside it to await results.

When Jacob came into the house an hour later the lamb had recovered sufficiently to open its eyes, and its breathing was more regular. Sarah's face wore a brighter expression than it had for years. Jacob saw it and wondered.

"Queer creatures women be," he muttered. "There, she's looking more pleased over that mis'able lamb than I ever seen her look at me once—;" and Jacob stopped abruptly when he reached the point in his sentence where his wife had faltered an hour before.

Like other men, when Jacob Stern was puzzled he was apt to be unreasonable. He strode over to the stove, lifted the shawl none too gently and looked at the lamb.

"'Tain't no use coddlin' that thing. I told you it wun't wuth nuthin', and it ain't. Ye'll see it'll die and ye'll hev ye're trouble fur nuthin',"

"If I want to waste my time over a sick lamb it ain't none of your affair," was the gruff answer that Jacob received for his prying.

Between the preparations for dinner Sarah found many opportunities to visit the corner behind the stove and watch the struggle between life and death that was going on there. Sometimes her eyes were bright and sometimes troubled, when she went back to the potato paring or table-setting; it all depended on the progress nature was making in its fight with death. At dinner the man and woman were silent. They were never talkative, but there were frequently remarks to exchange about the condition of the weather or the crops; to day there was none. But twice they looked at each other and caught a look in the other's eyes that made shadow of some remembered thought flit over their faces. Each was conscious of it and each wanted to hide it from the other. Cold and apathetic as these two were, there was an undercurrent in their lives that was being stirred to-day. Sarah showed it by being more cold and reserved than ever. Jacob showed it by being more than usually irritable. The lamb seemed to be the cause of his ill-nature. It was able now to bleat feebly at intervals, and there was an occasional wriggling under the shawl that betokened greater activity shortly.

"You surely don't expect to keep that creature around the house if it should live a day or two. 'Twon't last more'n that, I know," Jacob said, while he changed his old house-coat for an older one he wore about the barn.

"I haven't said yet what I was a-going to do, and I guess you hev your hands full with them other lambs at the barn without troubling about this one;" and Sarah caught up the remains of the roast pork and went down cellar to escape further questioning. When she came back Jacob had gone and the kitchen was quiet.

"He don't seem to have any more heart than a stone, He can't seem to think about anything that isn't big and strong and that will bring in money. Money! Money!—that's all we either seem to live fur now. O Mamie! it might hev bin different if you'd hev stayed with us." The voice that was irritable at first sank to a wail of grief, the grey head dropped on the table and Sarah Stern wept bitterly. Great sobs that shook her from head to foot sounded through the quiet kitchen and the stillness was oppressive with that terrible sorrow. Sarah did not cry often. Tears did not come readily to her eyes; her grief would have been lighter if they had. Deep sorrow, like deep waters, are not easily stirred; when either is moved there is a change in consequence.

The clock struck the half-hour since Jacob left the house. The dinner table was still covered with the remains of the last meal. The fire had gone out and the lamb under the stove was very quiet. The woman's head was still bowed on her arms. Her sobs had ceased and she sat there motionless. In the silence of that hour Sarah Stern saw a pleasant vision.

* * * *

It was twilight in the summer-time. The evening meal had been finished an hour ago, and Sarah sat by the open window, through which the sweet-scented honeysuckle nodded, and hemmed a child's white frock. Jacob's broad back could be seen in the distance leaning over the gate he had just closed on his herd of cows. The sleek creatures were wading knee-deep through the dewy grass looking for the juiciest little bite in that luscious field of clover. They were not hungry, and soon lay down one by one among the rank grass and were satisfied. In the pool over by the woods the frogs were croaking and an occasional June-bug flew against Jacob's hat in its flight towards the light. The air was heavy with the perfume of clover and wild flowers. Nature was in her most delightful mood and man and beast were content. The stillness in the house was broken by a childish voice saying, as a little figure stepped over the doorstone:—

"Mamma, I want to sleep with my pet lamb; he's all alone tonight."

"What'll mamma do if Mamie sleeps in Billy's pen? She'll be all alone then."

"Oh, do let me sleep with him just for tonight, mamma."

Sarah put down her sewing and took the little one in her arms. She was a sturdy little miss; her big hazel eyes, shaded by long, dark lashes, were troubled now when she thought of her playmate spending the night alone. The mother pushed back the mass of yellow curls and looked in the baby face that already had a woman's tenderness dawning in it.

"Will Mamie leave mamma and sleep out doors with Billy? She'll be very cold, I'm afraid"

"'Tisn't a bit cold tonight, mamma; and besides, I'll lay close beside Billy, and his wool is very warm you know. Do let me go, mamma."

What was the use of arguing? The child's heart was set upon it, coaxing would not convince her, so better let her find out for herself the foolishness of her plan.

"Get your night-gown and pillow, then, and mamma will undress her little girl."

The child needed no second bidding and in a moment was back on her mother's lap trying to hurry the undressing process. All the time the mother talked about how dark Billy's pen would be after awhile, how there was no soft bed in it, and no one would be near to hear her if she called. But the little girl was firm, and taking her pillow she started for the garden. The mother followed, for the first time thinking it might be difficult to make the maiden change her mind.

It was very quiet in the lamb's pen. The twilight had deepened into night and only a few stars looked down from a dark sky. Billy was lying in the corner, quite oblivious to the concern of his little mistress. She peeped through the bars at the lamb curled up on the grass, then she looked up into her mother's face. There was a short mental struggle ending in a sigh of perplexity, then two arms were reached up to the mother's neck and a quivering voice said:—

"It is dark, isn't it, mamma? and Billy doesn't seem to care's much as you do; so I guess Mamie'il sleep with you."

An hour later Sarah was telling it all to Jacob as they stood by the bedside and watched their sleeping child. The mother laughed for the fulness of her love and the father stooped to kiss the sunny curls on the pillow, then kissed his wife as she stood beside him.

* * * * *

The scene changed, and time turned back a few more years in its record. Now Jacob and Sarah Stern were standing hand in hand in the kitchen of their home. It was a plainly furnished room, but there seemed to be a halo over the common deal table, the painted chairs and the bare floor. The man and woman had been married a few days before, and had come for the first time into their new home the place dearer than all the world to them, the centre of their ambitions and their hopes.

"We'll gather the sunbeams together, love, and we'll go hand in hand through the shadows," Jacob said tenderly as he drew his wife to him.

"Yes, Jacob, we are all the world to one another, and life can not be very hard," Sarah answered.

(To be continued.)

The Easter Antiphon.

[SACRED HEART REVIEW.]

In the antiphon with which the office of Holy Saturday terminates, the Queen of Heaven is bidden to rejoice because He Whom she merited to bear as her Child has arisen as He foretold before dying he would. And assuredly nobody had better right to exult in the accomplishment of the great mystery which we celebrate on Easter Sunday than the Virgin Mother of the Risen Redeemer. Not that Mary ever entertained the faintest or remotest misgiving regarding Christ's Ressurrection, but for the reason that during the three days that He lay in the tomb, her grief was greater and intenser than that of any other human heart, because her deprivation was keener and her sorrow, consequently, sharper. It has always been the pious and general belief of the faithful, although no mention is made of the occurence in the pages of Holy Writ, that the Risen Redeemer showed Himself to His blessed Mother before He deigned to appear to any other person. And certainly such a belief is a natural and rational one. For what is more credible than the statement that the Saviour, Who, in His sufferings, gave His last thought, so to speak, to His Mother when commending her to the care of the Beloved Disciple, through filial love and compassion with the unspeakable sorrows which He knew she must have experienced when she stood at the foot of Calvary's cross, manifested Himself to her after His Ressurrection, in order to console her and assuage her grief, before He appeared to any other creature. Nor is such a belief without its excellent warrants. For St. Irenæus, St. Ambrose, St. Bonaventure, St. Ignatius, St. Vincent Ferrer, and many other souls who are now enjoying the endless delights of a heavenly eternity, held it during their days here upon earth. The theologian Suarez found no difficulty in accepting this belief, for in one passage of his works he declares that although the Evangelists make no mention of this first apparition of the Risen Redeemer to His Virgin Mother, nevertheless, it is to be believed without any doubt that after His Ressurrection Christ showed Himself to His Mother first of all. Which opinion, he adds, from the very terms in which it is expressed, is so credible that almost without any controversy at all it has taken root in the minds of all the faithful and the doctors of the Church; and thus all Catholic writers who touch upon this question teach. Whence it seems to have been always the opinion of the Church, since we can discover no date when it began to be taught in the Church. But why, it may be asked, is no mention of this appearance of Christ to His Mother made in Holy Writ? The Abbot Rupert, who wrote in reply to that question, answers it thus. "The Blessed Virgin," says he, "must not be counted among the witnesses whom alone it concerned the Evangelists to name, or to whom it was becoming to announce the Resurrection of Christ. Did it become her to proclaim it that her words might seem to the apostles ravings? If the words of the other women seemed to them as ravings, how much more would they think that the Mother of God raved from love of her Son! Most surely, then, did the Son arising appear to His Mother, but she, as she had begun in the beginning, kept all these words, meditating them in her heart." The same pius writer gives us another reply to the doubts raised by those who say that no mention is made of this first appearance of Christ His Mother is found in the gospels. If the failure of the Evangelists to mention this occurrence, he says, be accepted as evidence that it never occurred, then for similar reason, since no mention is made of it, either, we will have to conclude that Mary never saw her Son after the Resurrection, and that the favor bestowed upon the apostles, on Mary Magdalen and the hundreds of people who saw Christ after he arose from the tomb, was denied to her who had the best rights of all humanity to it. Such a supposition, of course, is untenable. St. Vincent Ferrer declares that the Risen Redeemer appeared to His Mother first and appeared to her in a more majestic manner than to the others whom He visited after His triumph over the grave. "He came at once," says this saint, "to His Mother, with all the holy Fathers," meaning thereby the holy souls who had been called away from life before His death and Resurrection. It is not at all difficult for our faith to accept that statement. For Christ, Who honored His Mother so often during His earthly career, would naturally wish to honor her in a particular manner after the great sorrows which He knew she experienced at seeing Him expire on the cross. And what better way could He have chosen to gladden her maternal heart than by showing to her, in the way which St. Vincent Ferrer indicates, how great was His triumph over death and how comprehensive, how infinite, were the graces He had merited for humanity by His Passion and death upon the cross! With good reason, therefore, does the Church bid God's Mother in the Easter antiphon to rejoice because her Son has arisen as He said He would. And how eagerly and how often should we not join the Church in its recitation, since in its closing salutation the antiphon implores the rejoicing Virgin to intercede in our behalf with her Son, the Risen Christ.

At last there is hope of the completion of the Basilica of the Sacre Coeur, on the hill of Montmartre, says the Paris correspondent of the "New Era." This great dominating shrine, which resembles Notre Dame de Fourvieres of Lyons and Notre Dame de la Garde of Marseilles, and has like them, an historical site, will soon be finished. So says Cardinal Richard in a letter addressed to the Sovereign Pontiff, wherein he reminds the Pope that his predecessor blessed the beginning of the works of the church "For twenty-eight years," continues his Eminence, "we have persevered in building the temple which France, repentant and devoted to the Sacred Heart, had vowed to eleyate to its glory. In this year, 1899, we hope to finish the works and to place the cross on the dome of the Church." The Sovereign Pontiff sent the following answer in reply to Cardinal Richard's filial application for the Pontifical blessing: "You will leave to posterity a monument of public piety, to which few others can be compared. May you happily put the last hand to the erection of the monument, as we ask of God, who has given you the grace to undertake a work of such importance, LEO XII."

A PHRENOLOGIST SPEAKS.

Prof. J. W. Crouter writes from Penetanguishene: "I was troubled with palpitation of the heart which became very severe. Hearing of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I determined to try them, and after taking them for about a week I was cured.

SAVED THE BABY. "Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry saved my baby's life. She was cutting her teeth and was taken ill with Diarrhœa very badly. My sister advised Fowler's Strawberry. I got a bottle and it stopped the trouble at once." Mrs. Peter Jones, Warkworth, Ont.

BOILS DISAPPEARED.

Mr. James Elliot, White P. O., Ont., writes: "Last fall while I was threshing I became troubled with boils, which got so bad I had to quit work. I started taking Burdock Blood Bitters and before I had finished one bottle the boils entirely disappeared."

LEGS ENTIRELY RAW

From his feet to his body, and ran a blood tinged, irritating water.

Mrs. A. Keirstead, Snider Mt., N.B., tells how her little boy suffered, and how B.B.B. cured him permanently.

FREDDY KEIRSTEAD.

There is not a mother in this land who has a child suffering from skin disease in any form but will thank Mrs. Keirstead, of Snider Mt., N.B., for telling of the remarkable manner in which her boy, Freddy, was cured of one of the severest and most torturing of skin diseases by the use of Burdock Blood Bitters; and not only relieved and cured for the time being, but, mark you, *after eight years the disease has shown no sign of returning.*

The following is Mrs. Keirstead's letter:—

"With gratitude I can testify to the wonderful curative powers of Burdock Blood Bitters. Eight years ago our little son, Freddy, was afflicted with salt rheum and was in a dreadful condition. His legs, from the soles of his feet to his body, were entirely raw, and ran a bloody water, which appeared to burn and itch until he was often in great agony.

"After trying several remedies, we resolved to give B.B.B. a trial.

"You can imagine with what delight and gratitude we saw our boy entirely cured after using one bottle and part of the second. We gave him the remainder of the second bottle, and from that time till the present he has never had a sign of salt rheum or a sick day. You need not wonder that I think there is no other medicine can equal Burdock Blood Bitters to purify the blood and build up the health and strength."

MISCELLANEOUS.

"I should like to know when you are going to pay that bill. I can't come here every day in the week."

"What day would suit you best?"

"Saturday."

"Very well, then; you can call every Saturday."

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

CURED TO STAY CURED.

It's a wonderful record of permanent cures Burdock Blood Bitters is presenting. Instances are given of such serious diseases as Cancers Scrofulous Sores, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Abcesses, Running Sores, etc., where B. B. B. made a cure three, four and even twelve years ago, and the disease has shown no signs of returning.

Minards Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

MR. ARTHUR BYONS, ROCK HILL, ONT, writes as follows: "I was laid up with stiff joints and could get no relief until I used Hagyard's Yellow Oil, which cured me." Price 25c.

Deacon Dodds—I'm afeard thet Boggs, the groceryman, is a lettle bit stingy.
Farmer Scroggs—Not a bit of it! Many's the time I've seed him put in a bean or two arter the scales had tipped.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Anxious mothers find DR. LOW'S WORM SYRUP the best medicine to expel worms. Children like it—worms don't.

REGULAR ACTION of the bowels is necessary to health. LAXA LIVER PILLS are the best occasional cathartic for family or general use. Price 25c., any druggist.

A CHATHAM LADY

Tells How Her Health Came Back.

There are too many women who suffer dreadful backaches, pain in the side and headaches, who are weak, nervous and run down, whose life, energy and animation seem gone. Here's a lady who was cured by

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS.

Mrs. Mary Bordeau, King St., Chatham, Ont., says: "For some months I have been afflicted with nervousness and general debility. Going upstairs would produce a great shortness of breath and a tired, exhausted feeling.

I had palpitation and fluttering of the heart, and for months have not been well or strong. Until I took Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, I almost despaired of a cure. I have only taken one full box, and now feel splendid.

My nerves are strong, all the heart troubles are completely removed, the shortness of breath has vanished, and the constant tired out, all gone feeling is a thing of the past. It is needless to say that I esteem this remedy the best in the world for heart and nerve troubles."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. a box or 3 for $1.25, at all druggists.

1899
DIARIES

Canadian and American Excelsior DIARIES, all sizes for the POCKET, OFFICE or HOME.

P. E. I. Almanac now on sale.

HASZARD & MOORE,
Sunnyside.

CHILDREN'S COUGHS QUICKLY CURED.

Hard to keep the children from catching cold—will run out of doors not properly wrapped—get wet feet—kick the bed clothes off at night.

What's mother going to do about it?

Mustn't neglect the children's Coughs and Colds—might end in Croup—and Croup end fatally or weaken the lungs for life.

Most mothers now give their children Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

It's nice to take, and cures all kinds of Coughs and Colds more quickly and effectually than any remedy known.

Mrs. R. P. Leonard, Parry Sound, Ont., writes: "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for Coughs and Colds of myself and also of my baby. I find it always cures a Cold quicker than any other Cough mixture I ever tried." Price 25c.

LAXA-LIVER PILLS Cure constipation, biliousness sick headache and dyspepsia. Every pill guaranteed perfect and to act without any griping, weakening or sickening effects. 25c. at all druggists.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Patrick's face was so homely that it had been described as an "offince to the landscape," and he was as poor as he was homely. One day a neighbor met him and said, "And how are ye, Pat?"

"Mighty bad," answered Pat. "It is shtarvation that is shtarin' me in the face."

"Is that so?" said the sympathetic inquirer. "Sure, an' it can't be very pleasant for ayther of ye."

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL cures all pain in man or beast; for sprains, cuts, bruises, callous lumps, swellings, inflammation, rheumatism and neuralgia, it is is a specific.

GENTLEMEN,—While driving down a very steep hill last August my horse slumbled and fell, cutting himself fearfully about the head and body. I used MINARD'S LINIMENT freely on him and in a few days he was as well as ever.

J. B. A. BEAUCHEMIN.
Sherbrooke.

AT THE TELEPHONE.

Casey—Who does yez want ter see?
Grogan—Dunnohue.
Casey—Who did yez say?
Grogan—Dunnohue—Donnohue!
Casey—Well, if yez dunno who, how the divil do I know who?—Scribner's.

THAT aching head can be instantly relieved by taking one of MILBURN'S STERLING HEADACHE POWDERS. 1 powder 5c, 3 for 10c., 10 for 25c.

For diarrhœa of the infant or adult there is no more safe and reliable remedy than Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Refuse imitations, they're dangerous.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

DR. LOW'S WORM SYRUP is recognized by Mothers as the best remedy they can give their Children. It is simple, safe and effectual. Price 25c.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

They Reach The Kidneys.

Mr. Conrad Beyer's opinion

—OF—

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

No one can be healthy with the kidneys in a diseased or disordered state. The poisonous Uric Acid which it is their duty to filter out of the blood, is carried into the system and produces Rheumatism, Headaches, Backaches and hundreds of ills and ailments.

Any one who has the slightest suspicion that the kidneys are not acting right should take Doan's Kidney Pills. They are the most effective kidney remedy known. Mr. Conrad Beyer, at E. K. Snyder's Shoe Store, Berlin, Ont., bears this out when he says:

"Anyone suffering with kidney troubles cannot do better than take Doan's Kidney Pills, for they cured my wife who has been afflicted with pain in the back and other kidney troubles for a long time. They have helped a great many of my acquaintances in this town, and I must say they are the medicine that reach the kidneys with the best effects."

Breakfast Foods

For breakfast we have:
Pettijohn's Breakfast Food,
Necker's Breakfast Hominy,
Self-rising Buckwheat,
Tillson's pan dried Rolled Oats.
Fresh Ground Oatmeal,
Gold Dust Corn Meal,
Rolled Wheat,
Wheat Farina,
Wheatlets,

BEER & GOFF.
GROCERS.

EPPS'S COCOA
GRATEFUL COMFORTING
Distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of Flavor, Superior Quality and Nutritive Properties. Specially grateful and comforting to the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold only in quarter lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.
BREAKFAST SUPPER
EPPS'S COCOA
Oct. 5, 1898—301

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Barrister, Solicitor, Notary,
Etc., Etc.,
BROWN'S BLOCK. MONEY TO LOAN.

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INSURANCE COMPANY
ASSETS - - SEVENTY MILLION DOLLARS.

The strongest Fire Insurance Company in the world.

This Company has done business on the Island for forty years, and is well known for prompt and liberal settlement of its losses.

P. E. I. Agency, Charlottetown.

F. W. HYNDMAN,
Agent.
Queen St, Dec. 21, 1898.

A Large Assortment of
Finished Monuments
AND HEADSTONES

To be cleared out quick, AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

Agents will tell you they can sell as cheap as you can buy from the manufacturer.

Buy from us direct, and we will convince you that this is told to effect a sale and make something out of you.

We employ no agents, as we prefer to make all sales right in our shop, where customers can see what they are buying.

Cairns & McFadyen.
June 8, 1898—y Kent Street, Charlottetown.

NEWS.
—:o:—

It is news to some people that we sell Heating Stoves. We sell Stoves for wood, soft coal or hard coal, and carry the finest assortment of Cooking and Heating Stoves on P. E. I. Our large stove room, 35 x 65, is devoted entirely to stoves.

Quick Sales, Small Profits.

Fennell & Chandler.

Tailor-Made
—VS.—
Factory-Made.

Take up the printed announcements of makers and importers of Rerdy-made Clothing, and when they strive to give emphasis to the alleged merits of their clothing they invariably tell how nearly they approach to tailor-made.

Here are some quotations: "Elegantly tailored," "Cut and finished equal to ordered work," "Equal in quality, fit and finish to suits made to order," or similar statements.

Then tailor-made clothes are different from imported factory-made, otherwise there would be no need to make comparisons. If tailor made were not the better clothes they would not be held up as the ideal to which the ready-made strive to reach.

The fact is there is a great deal of difference between a factory-made imported suit and a tailor-made, in style and durability.

The man that is indifferent as to the appearance of his clothes when he buys them and when worn a month, may be satisfied with a factory-made, but if he has regard to looks and economy, he will buy tailor-made garments.

For those who are not disposed to give the prices usually paid for clothes made to special order and are not satisfied with the imported ready-made clothing, we have made, and are daily adding, Suits and Overcoats of superior workmanship that we are selling as low in price as imported makes of inferior quality.

All Wool Oxford Tweed Suits - - $9.25
All Wool Serge Suits - - - - $9.50
All Wool Worsted Suits - - - - $9.50

D. A. BRUCE,
Morris Block, Victoria Row.