ITALY'S VESPER BELLS.

BY REV. P. B. MARVIN, D. D.

Hark! It is the Vesper bell,
Sounding forth the hour of prayer;
Bow the head and bend the knee,
God is worshipped everywhere.

Stranger in the city street,
Lift thy soul to Heaven above;
Peasant toiling in the field,
Now adore the Eternal Love.

Man of wealth, thy pleasure leave;
Merchant cease from trade and gain;
Humbly worship now the King
Who for human guilt was slain.

Hushed be every busy sound;
Let a solemn silence fall
O'er the lowly cottage home
And the proud! ancestral hall.

Send your music o'er the land,
Evening bells of faith and prayer!
Holy thoughts of faith and Heaven
Gently breathing everywhere.

THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK

CHAPTER VI.—[CONTINUED.]

He had hardly spoken these words when the old man seized his hands.

'Lois, my dear Lois, my good boy,' he exclaimed with a trembling voice, 'did your guardian angel inspire you with this means for restoring to me my peace of conscience? The last possession of the good gentleman will be well taken care of by these fishermen. Thank you a thousand times.' Tears rolled down the cheeks of the old man while his heart beat violently.

'Do not let us talk about this matter, father,' begged Lois gently, as he tried to soothe the excited old man. 'Let us leave to our good God what shall become of it; and if you will do me a favor ask me no questions upon this subject. I have never questioned you Come, father, I will walk home with you.' He placed his arm in that of the old man, whose failing knees could hardly support him.

'You tremble and seem very weak. I shall remain with you to-night, father, and I know when it is day, and you see the lakes and the mountains again, you will forget your weakness. With loving care he led the old man the short distance it was to his house.

'But you wished to go somewhere else, Lois.'

'Yes, to the landlady at Kochel; but it cannot be just now. You may know, father,' said the youth, his heart full of emotion, 'I have something to tell you. The landlady at Kochel—you know how good she is; she is a widow, but she is young, steady, and what would please me above all things in a wife, she is good and religious. I have seen others more elegant and refined,' he said in a decided tone, 'but I soon found out that it is better to keep to my equals, and so I have come to the opinion that this is the person meant to be my wife. I have not been there very often, but I know—she always gives me the best there is in the house. I am the only one of the guests who has an ornamented mug to drink out of, and the best jug in the house is always placed before me. And the chief thing, father, is that when she knows I am coming she always puts on a clean white apron and neckerchief. I think that is sufficient; there is no occasion for anything more. That speaks plainly enough.'

'Yes, my lad, I can understand it,' said the old man, who had listened attentively. 'Do not give it up. It will make your happiness, Lois, and you deserve this more than most people do. If I only live to see it how gladly will I give my blessing,' he added.

'You may easily live till then,' said Lois, smiling. 'It may be as soon as I ask her, as I mean to do to-day in so many words—' Landlady of the Kochel will you or will you not make me the landlord?' '

'Do so, my boy,' said Mark, and he gave his son a slap upon the shoulder 'And now do not stay here any longer, but go.'

'If you will promise me that you will not worry yourself all night about that ring, I will go.'

'Yes, boy, I promise; and now be off with you.' Then, more to himself than to his son, 'I have not yet made my confession. The boy will take care of himself. My dear boy! It is a happy day after all, and I shall sleep better than I have done for a long time. God bless you, Lois!'

They shook hands cordially and separated.

Many weeks had passed and no one came to claim the ring, which remained in the safe keeping of the old fishwoman, in spite of all that was done to spread the knowledge of its discovery in every direction. It drew towards the end of the summer. Most of the foreigners had already left the country, and a short visit from a wandering tourist made the only change in the quiet, every day work of the fisherman's family.

To the satisfaction of the whole family there was a surprising change in the behavior of the youngest daughter. She controlled her repugnance and applied herself with earnestness to whatever she had to do. If she did not quite succeed in getting rid of her quiet and abstracted ways, and only quite woke up from her dreamy life when Englehard was near, to whom a restless longing attracted her, yet those interested in her did not give up the hope that the singular girl would become a good and worthy wife of a native of her canton.

The dark-eyed Katherine had also within a short time become a different person. Since the day when the forester, Sebald, to Bertina's inexpressible relief, had exchanged his love for her for another's, she had passed her days in dreams and in watching. The old matron felt bewildered when she saw the once lively, industrious girl now sunk in thought for hours together, and even exceeding her younger sister in forgetfulness and absence of mind. She was, however, always the first to laugh when she detected herself in some stupid mistake.

'A bad year,' murmured the old woman. 'My girls have had a sunstroke. Now I have two who are not right in the head.'

'What should alter Bertina, I cannot understand,' said Ernest, 'but for Katherine, I know there is a reason; she is in love.'

'Do not be a fool,' said the mother shortly.

'You will see what comes of it, mother,' said the son, maintaining his own opinion.

'Her age is on the side of it,' said the matron with a thoughtful look; 'She is not far from twenty, and that is a suspicious age. It is a difficult piece of work to keep guard over a lively young thing like her; but I am not blind, I must find out what there is behind.'

'You must have hawk's eyes indeed if you can see through the tricks of a young maiden,' replied Ernest.

'Lovers are very cunning,' remarked Lisbeth, with a significant glance at her husband. The remembrance of her own early life and of all its enjoyments brought a smile to the blooming face of the young wife. To her only it was not a secret that the handsome young forester no longer prowled about the house for the sake of Bertina's lovely eyes, but met the new choice of his heart under the hedge behind the garden summer house. She had herself advised secrecy, and did not think it wrong if the engaged pair exchanged a hasty greeting over the garden hedge in the gray of the morning, and then awaited in patience the hour for the next happy meeting. Very soon the black-eyed Katherine would herself inform her mother of her prospects, and if after that the old forester, who at present would not hear of such a thing as his son's marriage, could be brought to a better mind, nothing would stand in the way of their happiness.

One day Sebald arrived heated and in haste at the fisherman's cottage at an unusual hour, and in the hope that Katherine might have seen him he slipped through the hazel hedge to the accustomed place behind the arbor. The sun shone with the heat of midsummer, and he looked anxiously at the clouds which were collecting around the peaks of the mountains.

A few minutes later the thick boughs were divided and the black eyes of his beloved smiled upon him.

'Why have you come so early to-day?' she whispered.

'Anxiety on your account brings me here, Katherine. Give me your word that you will not cross the lake this afternoon, Before long a storm will break loose. I shall have no peace if you do not promise me this.'

'You need not be uneasy,' was the courteous reply, 'the lake knows me and I know the lake. I have much more reason to be uneasy about you, my dear boy. When during the night I hear a shot my hand goes to my heart and I have to make sure that it could not be a shot fired at you. But, Sebald, to please your Katherine keep out of danger.'

The merry expression of her face had given place to one of tender anxiety. A ray of happiness shone in his eyes and in thanks for her loving care he would hove pressed her hand when a sudden start of the terrified girl separated her from his side.

He had prophesied truly. In an incredibly short time the heavens had become quite dark, and the mountain resounded with the mighty thunder claps. Flash after flash divided the black vault, and only the torrents of rain which followed the first outburst moderated the sharpness of the storm.

* * * * * *

'But, sir, it is not safe to stand under a pine tree in such a storm,' said Lois to a stranger, as he was rapidly making his way towards the lake.

'If I do not I shall get wet though and through, my man,' called out the other.

'That would be better than to be struck by lightning,' returned Lois; 'it is just those single trees that it selects.'

The stranger joined the young man on the road.

'I am no longer young,' he said, 'and being heated with exercise I was afraid to get wet.'

'Wrap yourself up in your woollen cloak,' advised Lois, and he helped the stranger to wrap himself up in his plaid; then he took his own leathern jacket and placed it around the gentleman.

'Now you are quite safe from the rain, and we shall soon be out of this wood. Come with me; there are some very good people living in the fisherman's cottage below, by the lake, and they will supply you with all you want.'

'But you, my good fellow,' said the stranger so carefully muffled up, while he walked by the side of his kind helper, stepping quickly forward in his shirt sleeves; 'you are already wet through.'

'Do not be uneasy about me. I have often enough slipped into the Iser when at my work; it goes no deeper than the skin.'

Forgetful of himself, he only thought how to protect the companion whom chance had given him, from danger of cold.

He was a stout, robust man, about fifty years of age, in a travelling dress, and the expression of his countenance and the cordiality of his manner produced a most favorable effect. In spite of the increasing down-pour of the rain, he could not repress a smile at the droll introduction given him by the kind-hearted lad; as soon after as he had expressed his cordial thanks he led him into the fisherman's cottage.

'I am bringing you some one who is as wet as a fish-basket; please to dry him,' cried Lois as he entered the cottage.

Before, however, he let his protege enter the room, he took from him the plaid and jacket, which were dripping wet.

'We must not go into the room in this plight, or we shall displease the women.'

The displeasure, which either the storm or a sudden feeling of cold, and which he could not conceal, was expressed on the countenance of the stranger, could not but pass away when he looked at the true-hearted lad who had been his guide.

Lois hung the wet clothes on the rails of the staircase, pushed the stranger before him into the sitting-room, and carefully took off his shoes before he followed him.

'Do not be amazed, my good people, at my intrusion into your house,' said the stranger, excusingly, as, with a wave of his hand in salutation, he approached the table at which the family were seated at their evening meal. Bertina only was absent.

'No one would turn out a dog in such a storm,' said the ready Lois, with hospitable feeling, speaking for the master of the house, 'much less a Christian man.'

'Yes, dear sir, sit down and rest,' said the old woman, laying down her spoon, while Ernest rose, and coming forward offered the stranger a seat.

Katherine made room for the new guest, and he took his place in the family party in a friendly manner, giving little Maurice a pat on the head.

'The gentleman looks very pale,' whispered the girl to her mother.

'You are not ill?' asked the old woman, looking anxiously into his face.

'I must have taken cold; I shiver as if I had a fever,' replied the unknown, shuddering.

'You are not accustomed to wet clothes,' said Lois.

'We can help that,' said Ernest, with a glance at his wife.

'Yes, Lisbeth,' said the old woman, taking up the word; take the gentleman into the best room and give him a change of your husband's things. If you go with him, Ernest, you can help him to change, and you, Kitty, make a cup of coffee with a few drops of spirits in it, and if the gentleman drinks it hot, it will soon remove his shivering.

'Do not be afraid, the good woman will soon cure you,' said Lois, encouragingly, to the trembling man.

'I must look after the coffee,' said the old woman, as the husband and wife conducted the stranger up stairs; 'I cannot depend on her now.'

She went from the room into the kitchen to see herself that everything was right.

'Where is Bertina, Maurice?' asked Lois of the little boy who sat alone at the large table, with a slice of bread and butter in each hand, from which, with a childish appetite, he took alternate bites.

By way of an answer the boy shook his curly head.

'Fish-mistress, you are a very sensible woman,' said Lois, turning to the old woman, who now re-entered the room, and, as a side glance showed him, carried in her hand the well-known flask, as well as a glass. With full intention to flatter her into making him a participator in her good things, he said, 'You will soon put that good gentleman to rights; he will require no doctor as long as he remains with you; but one thing I must tell you; ever since you spoke of spirits I also have had a shivering. I am as wet as if I had swam hither. I have either fever or nothing is the matter with me; and it is therefore that I ask you for some hot coffee.

'You good-for-nothing! There, I will pour you out a glass,' said the old woman, laughing, as she looked at the healthy face of the young man, and offered him the refreshing liquor. 'Your jacket is dripping, as if it were just taken from the wash-tub; would you not like a dry shirt?'

'No, no, mother; when it leaves off raining the wind will soon dry me. Would you like a ride, Maurice? Sit up, comrade.'

He placed himself at the window seat and took the little boy, who made a face expressive of the greatest pleasure, on his knee. While the improvised horse galloped up and down he told the old woman how he had met with the stranger, and expressed his surprise at the awkward ways of those townspeople, who never know how to help themselves, and so weans from her another little glass of spirits.

'Then, mother, I will hang up these things in the kitchen to dry,' said Lisbeth, who appeared at the door with a heap of wet clothes on her arm.

'The gentleman is already much better,' said Ernest; 'he will lie down on the sofa up there and take a nap,'

'I wish him a good rest,' said the old woman. 'Do not make so much noise, Maurice, every sound is heard up there,' she added, turning to the shouting boy, who had enjoyed his hard ride.

'There is so much difference in what does people good,' said Lois. 'The more moist I am inwardly so much the dryer am I outside, and I prefer a glass of good beer to a dry shirt.'

'You will make a good landlord,' observed Ernest; 'thirst will make you industrious.'

'It is true we are not made of paper like the gentlefolks,' said the mother to the young man, 'but you must remain here to-night, Lois.'

'Yes, you must stay here,' cried Katherine, coming from the kitchen, 'that is certain.'

'As long as it pours down in this manner I shall not go out,' declared Lois. 'Stay with me, Katherine; we two were born in a merry hour.'

The matron cast a look at the old clock which stood in the kitchen.

'Bertina must have left the singing class long since. It was quite fine when she went out, but she has been detained by this storm.'

'I gave her a basket full of fish to take to the castle,' said Lisbeth as she joined the others.

They continued in cheerful chat, and as there was no work to be done out of doors they made merry with the light-hearted young man.

An hour had thus passed when they heard the step of the guest overhead.

'Go and bring the gentleman down stairs, Ernest,' said the mother; but before this could be done he was heard descending the stairs.

The guest entered the room hurriedly. There was an expression of emotion on his face, and to the inquiries after his health he gave only a few short words. He walked up and down the room with long strides, and then suddenly stopping short before the old woman asked in a troubled manner: 'Where did you get the signet ring which is in the room above.'

'Does it belong to you?' asked the matron joyfully. 'God be thanked that some one at last claims it. We found the ring in our boat, and I am quite sure from your look that it belongs to you.'

'I know it the moment I saw it under the glass case.'

'I will fetch it for you if you like,' said Ernest.

The stranger held him back, took mother and son by the arm, and leading them to the table, sat down by them.

'I must relate to you an occurrence of my past life,' he said, 'that you may know in what way I am connected with that ring.'

All eyes were directed to him in expectation. Lois, whose countenance expressed the greatest surprise, tried impatiently to quiet the noisy little Maurice, who still sat on his knee. Katherine stood behind the stranger's chair, while with a voice full of emotion he related as follows.

CHAPTER VII.

'I was book-keeper in a large mercantile house in Bremen,' said the stranger, 'and twenty years since left; my only brother, who was a painter, was at that time making a bridal tour down the Rhine, with his beautiful young wife, who was a celebrated singer, and I was lucky enough to be able to see him and take leave of him. When on board of my ship he begged a remembrance, and looked so significantly at the signet ring on my finger that I could not refuse to give it to him. 'You are quite right, Herman,' I said, 'it is an inheritance from our father, and as you are the eldest it belongs by right to you.' I drew it from my finger and he placed it on his with the remark that it would be a remembrance of both father and brother, which he would wear all his life. The first letters from him which reached me in the New World were full of happiness, and this continued for two years, after which there came one full of sorrow, on account of the serious illness of my sister-in-law, of which the birth of a little girl had laid the foundation. At the time when this letter reached me Herman told me that he was in Italy with his dear invalid. He must make this sacrifice to the infirm health of his wife, and he hoped, with God's blessing, she would recover under the mild sky of the south. He hoped, too that he might get some improvement in his art through the study of the old masters, and so promised himself that a long stay would be the best thing for them both. From that time for some years I received no tidings of him. My life over there was an uncertain and changing one, and letters might often miss me. My own letters remained unanswered, or came back marked 'unknown.' About six months since I was surprised by a letter in my brother's hand, forwarded to me through the consul; it brought no happy news; it contained a picture of the deepest distress and bitterest agony that could afflict the heart of man. He told me that during the second year of their abode in Italy, his beloved wife, distinguished alike for talent and goodness, had sunk under disease of the lungs, and that his happiness was forever buried in the grave. He had already told me this, but had never received any answer. He would have been unable to leave the country where the remains of her he loved so dearly were resting, but the political troubles of that stormy period arose, and, for an inconsiderate word he once uttered, he was imprisoned in a fortress for some years.

'Now I am at liberty,' he wrote, 'but broken in body and mind.' He was friendless and helpless in the world. Forsaken by all those who once knew him, he resolved to return home. In spite of all his disappointments and all his sorrows, he had still one tie to life; he had left this behind him and perhaps it was now lost. He did not explain his meaning. When he arrived at home his first thought would be to write and do so in full. Months passed without my hearing further, and I accordingly began to consider that during my many years of hard work I had not only sufficiently provided for my old age, but might be a great help to my brother, and I also felt a great longing after my old home.'

The stranger was silent and placed his bowed head on his hands, which rested on the table. As Lois had listened with breathless attention to the narration, so also had the old woman, who at first showed only a slight interest in it, as it proceeded she listened to the words of the stranger with an almost anxious appearance of sympathy. Her eyes hung upon the speaker, and she sometimes passed her trembling hand across her forehead as if she were trying to collect her wandering thoughts.

'Now, I am on the way in search of my brother,' he said, suddenly raising his head, 'but first tell me more exactly how you came by this ring'

Ernest gave him a short account of this, when Lois, who had got rid of the restless baby, placing him on a bench near his mother, was listening anxiously, not desiring to lose a word of the conversation. He consequently did not remark that his father had entered the room and had sat down at his accustomed place at the end of it.

'I should have arrived before this at the capital,' said the stranger, when he had heard Ernest's unsatisfactory account, 'but I wished to stay a little while at Posen, for the restoration of my health, and from thence I have just come, intending to make short journeys through this beautiful country, and the town where I hoped to find Herman. There we both lived, there we have old acquaintances. But my hopes have suddenly sunk, and you can hardly imagine what anxiety has filled my heart since I saw and recognized the ring in the room above. I cannot get rid of a singular feeling of apprehension.'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, Mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and bowels cures Wind Colic, Softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP" and take no other kind.—Feb. 16 1887. 1 yr

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BAKING POWDER

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The Appetite

May be increased, the Digestive organs strengthened, and the Bowels regulated, by taking Ayer's Pills. These Pills are purely vegetable in their composition. They contain neither calomel nor any other dangerous drug, and may be taken with perfect safety by persons of all ages.

I was a great sufferer from Dyspepsia and Constipation. I had no appetite, became greatly debilitated, and was constantly afflicted with Headache and Dizziness. I consulted our family doctor, who prescribed for me, at various times, without affording more than temporary relief. I finally commenced taking Ayer's Pills. In a short time my digestion and appetite

IMPROVED

my bowels were regulated, and, by the time I finished two boxes of these Pills my tendency to headaches had disappeared, and I became strong and well.—Darius M. Logan, Wilmington, Del.

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Ayer's Pills are the best medicine known to me for regulating the bowels, and for all diseases caused by a disordered Stomach and Liver. I suffered for over three years with Headache, Indigestion, and Constipation. I had no appetite, and was weak and nervous most of the time.

BY USING

three boxes of Ayer's Pills, and, at the same time dieting myself, I was completely cured. My digestive organs are now in good order, and I am in perfect health.—Philip Lockwood, Topeka, Kans.

Ayer's Pills have benefited me wonderfully. For months I suffered from Indigestion and Headache, was restless at night, and had a bad taste in my mouth every morning. After taking one box of Ayer's Pills, all these troubles disappeared, my food digested well, and my sleep was refreshing.—Henry C. Hemenway, Rockport, Mass.

I was cured of the Piles by the use of Ayer's Pills. They not only relieved me of that painful disorder, but gave me increased vigor, and restored my health.—John Lazarus, St. John, N. B.

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

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For "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated school teachers, milliners, seamstresses, housekeepers, and over-worked women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is not a "Cure-all," but admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, being a most potent Specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to women. It is a powerful, general as well as uterine, tonic and nervine, and imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly cures weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating, weak back, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness, in either sex. Favorite Prescription is sold by druggists under our positive guarantee. See wrapper around bottle. Price $1.00, or six bottles for $5.00. A large treatise on Diseases of Women, profusely illustrated with colored plates and numerous wood-cuts, sent for 10 cents in stamps. Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

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SEWING MACHINES, AT A BARGAIN.

ONE first-class RAYMOND SEWING MACHINE, new, and also one second-hand for sale very cheap. Apply at the HERALD OFFICE. Charlottetown, May 25, 1887.

Wool Wanted.

THE Subscriber will pay the highest price in cash for a few thousand pounds of GOOD WASHED WOOL, at his Fur and Wool Store, on Grafton Street, in the building occupied by Martin Whitty as a Boarding House, nearly opposite J. D. McLeod & Co's Grocery Store. CHARLES HIGGINS. June 15, 1887—8i pd

SULLIVAN & McNEILL, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Solicitors in Chancery, NOTARIES PUBLIC, &c. OFFICES—O'Halloran's Building Great George Street, Charlottetown. Money to LOAN. W. W. SULLIVAN, Q.C. | CHAS. B. MACNEILL. Jan. 17, 1884

Mortgage Sale.

TO be sold at PUBLIC AUCTION, on THURSDAY, the 25th day of AUGUST, A. D. 1887, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, at the Court House in Charlottetown, in Queen's County, under a power of sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage, dated the twenty-eight day of April, A. D. 1885, and made between John L McDonald, and Mary McDonald, his wife, of the one part, and Peter Murchison of the other part,—All that tract, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being on Lot or Township Number Fifty-three, in King's County, in Prince Edward Island, and being boudned as follows, that is to say: Commencing on the south side of the Road leading from Cardigan Bridge to Grand River Bridge at the Eastern boundary of land in the possession of John Fogarty, and running thence eastwardly for the distance of seven chains and thirty links, or to the western boundary of land in possession of Roderick O'Henley; thence south along said boundary and the western boundary of land in the possession of Malcolm J. Campbell, for the distance of one hundred and fifty chains to the rear boundary of farms fronting on Cardigan River, thence west to the eastern boundary of land in possession of Allan Wilson; thence north along the said boundary and the eastern boundary of land aforesaid, in possession of John Fogarty, to road aforesaid, to the place of commencement, containing an area of one hundred acres of land, a little more or less.

For further particulars apply to Messrs. McLeod, Morson & McQuarrie, Solicitors, Charlottetown.

Dated the 18th day of July, 1887.

PETER MURCHISON. [jy 20, 4i] Mortgagee.

FREEHOLD FARM FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale his Freehold Farm of one hundred and thirty-five acres of land, situated at Montague West Lot 58. About eighty acres are clear, and in a good state of cultivation, and twenty acres are fit to stump; the remainder is covered with fence poles and firewood. There are on the premises a good dwelling house and two barns, an orchard and well of water. For terms and particulars enquire of the owner on the premises.

MAURICE O'CONNELL. Montague West, July 13, '87—3m pd

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THE undersigned, viewing the propriety of encouraging the Farmers to manufacture their own Cloth, thus causing them to realize the best results from the product of their flocks, has concluded to reduce the price of dyeing and dressing Cloth to the following rates:

Full Dressing Black Cloth down to 10 cents per yard; Full Dressing Grey Cloth down to 7 cents per yard; dyeing Wool and Yarn, to 4 cents per pound, and a proportionate reduction on all kinds of work in the Cloth Department.

He would also announce that the Carding Mill is being clothed with new Cards, the best the market can afford, which will enable him to turn out superior work. Good Oil always on hand at lowest prices.

And he takes this opportunity of thanking his numerous customers for the very liberal patronage extended to him for the last three years, and trusts that, by recent important additions to the machinery of the Mills, together with strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of the same.

D. MUNN, Proprietor. Roseneath Mills, June 29, 1887—3m

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Smoking and Chewing Tobacco

OF THE FINEST QUALITY, Manufactured from Pure Virginia Leaf, at *Riley's Tobacco Factory, Water Street, Charlottetown.*

Special Wholesale Rates. See my prices and inspect my Goods before making purchases.

T. B. RILEY. March 23, 1887—1y

SEE THE Columbus Watch ONE OF THE LATEST & BEST AMERICAN WATCHES MADE. JUST IMPORTED BY G. H. TAYLOR, North Side Queen Square, Charlottetown, - P. E. I. June 15, 1887—6m

Notice.

ALL persons indebted to the HERALD Printing Company are hereby required to pay the mounts so due by them forthwith, otherwise legal proceedings will be immediately instituted to recover the same.

January 19, 1887.

PARSONS' PILLS

These pills were a wonderful discovery. No others like them in the world. Will positively cure or relieve all manner of disease. The information around each box is worth ten times the cost of a box of pills. Find out about them, and you will always be thankful. One pill a dose. Parsons' Pills contain nothing harmful, are easy to take, and cause no inconvenience. One box will do more to purify the blood and cure chronic ill health than $5 worth of any other remedy yet discovered. If people could be made to realize the marvelous power of these pills, they would walk 100 miles to get a box if they could not be had without. Sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. Illustrated pamphlet free, postpaid. Send for it; the information is very valuable. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House Street, BOSTON, MASS.

Make New Rich Blood!

Perkins & Sterns

ARE NOW OPENING THEIR

New Stock of Spring and Summer Goods.

New Dress Goods, New Cloths, New Prints.

GRAND DISPLAY OF English and American Millinery, Parasols and Umbrellas.

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, OF ALMOST EVERY DESCRIPTION—IN LARGE VARIETY.

25,000 Rolls Room Paper, a large stock of Tapestry, Brussels and other Carpets.

Customers will find our Goods New and our Prices Low.

PERKINS & STERNS. Charlottetown, May 11, 1887—1yr

READ!

ANYONE CAN ADVERTISE, BUT WE HAVE THE GOODS

GENTLEMEN wishing to dress in style will find our Stock one of the Largest and Best in the Provinces, consisting in part of—

Best Worsted Overcoatings,
Best Melton Overcoatings,
Best Nap Overcoatings,
Vicuna Nap Overcoatings,
Best Broad Cloths and Doeskins,
Best West of England Trowserings,
Best Scotch Trowserings,
Worsted Suitings,
Worsted Coatings,
Scotch and Canadian Tweeds, &c., &c.

Gentlemen favoring us with their orders will find our Clothing up to their usual high standard in Style, Fit and Finish.

Also, Gents' Furnishings, 50 dozen Linders and Drawers, 75 dozen Ties, 30 dozen Silk Handkerchiefs, 30 dozen Hats, Fur Coats, Caps, &c., all at extremely low prices to clear.

JOHN McLEOD & CO., MERCHANT TAILORS, Upper Queen Street, opposite Rogers' New Brick Block. October 27, 1886.

SEEDS, FARM & GARDEN, ALL KINDS.

Building Material.

ROOM PAPERING, IN HUNDREDS OF NEW & BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS.

Our Low Prices tell every time. These will be continued and made still lower in some lines DURING THIS MONTH, to clear our shelves, so as to make room for Spring Importations, which will begin to arrive on opening of Navigation.

REUBEN TUPLIN & CO. London House, Kensington, April 13, 1887.

BOOKS. BOOKS.

Having employed a first-class Book-binder, I am now prepared to *Execute all Kinds of Work in my line at the Shortest Notice.*

We are making a special effort to reach our country trade, and therefore we pay *Special Attention to the Binding of Old Books, Magazines, and Periodicals of all kinds.*

Those favoring us with their patronage will find they cannot get their Binding done Better or Cheaper in P. E. Island.

JAMES D. TAYLOR, North Side Queen Square, over W. R. Boreham's Boot and Shoe Store. Charlottetown, June 29, 1886.