To Nursing Mothers!

A leading Ottawa Doctor writes:
"During Lactation, when the strength of the mother is deficient, or the secretion of milk scanty,

WYETH'S MALT EXTRACT

gives most gratifying results." It also improves the quality of the milk.

It is largely prescribed To Assist Digestion, To Improve the Appetite, To Act as a Food for Consumptives, In Nervous Exhaustion, and as a Valuable Tonic.

PRICE, 40 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

THE ABBOTS BREAD.

It happened all so very long ago—
This sweet old legend of an ancient time—
I fain would pluck it from forgotten dust,
And let it bloom anew within my rhyme.

In a fair valley once a famine came;
For five long months no drop of rain fell there,
And with the famine came a dreadful plague,
Which with its poison filled the heated air.

First little children and the feeble died;
Then strong men perished stricken as they fled,
And all the people who could leave their homes
Crept to the Abbey doors and begged for bread.

"Give," said the abbot; "it were ill indeed
One to deny while yet we have a store,
For never yet in twice one hundred years
Hath one gone hungry from this Abbey's door."

Death has been busy in the Abbey too:
Day after day came forth the mournal train
As chanting brothers, bearing to the tomb
Some dear companion which the plague had slain.

Until of all the Order there were left
Within the ancient Abbey's sacred pale
But the good Abbot and his faithful dog,
And one lay brother, old and worn and frail.

They nursed the sick, they shared their store of food,
Though it grew less and less, until one day
Their final loaf, cut in three equal parts,
Scanty, yet all upon the table lay.

There came a ringing at the Abbey gate;
And waiting there a fainting stranger stood.
"My father," said the poor lay brother then,
"A wayfarer is here who begs for food."

"Give him my share," the Abbot said and smiled,
When suddenly the great bell rang once more,
And then the lay brother came again to say,
"Another beggar at the Abbey door."

Then the good Abbot looked upon his dog,
And gently placed his hand upon his head.
"My little brother" said he tenderly,
"Give to the hungry man thy piece of bread."

Yet once again the Abbey bell clanged loud,
And there a hungry beggar stood once more.
To the lay brother then the Abbot said:
"My son, for Christ's sake feed His hungry poor."

The Abbot looked upon the empty board.
"God will provide for man and beast," he said;
And then he blessed them while they waited there,
And man and beast went supperless to bed.

Next morning, when the poor lay brotner woke,
He saw, close anchored by the Abbey's side,
A stately barge laden with wine and bread,
Which rose and fell on the incoming tide.

"God hath provided!" then the Abbot cried.
With trembling hands he blessed the precious store;
"And God be thanked, no wayfarer need yet
Be turned in hunger from our Abbey's door."

The winter passed, spring time and summer came,
With rain and sunshine, till one happy day
The whole wide valley brimmed with light and joy,
For on its breast a ripened harvest lay.

Long years the Abbot dwelt in that fair vale,
Loved by the people, by all strangers blessed,
For still he turned no weary soul away
Who to the Abbey came for food and rest.

At last God took him, for one summer morn
His brethern found him on his pallet dead;
But in that valley still they tell the tale
Of the good Abbot and his Blessed Bread.

Some Books of To-day.

If one may judge from private letters and an occasional article in the papers, there is a demand for small libraries of Catholic books. A correspondent recently suggested that some competent person should make a list of twenty-five books which no Catholic should neglect to have on his book shelves, and that the publishers who would bring these out in uniform size would make money. Whether this is practical or not is a question. There are several good guides through the mist that enshrouds bookland; and one of the best of these is the Rev. J. L O'Neil's "How to Read and What to Read." Father O'Neil is in the world, but not of it; he realizes that you cannot coerce a man, woman or child into the reading of good books; of the Order of Preachers, he has acquired the art of persuasion and he never seems to preach. He fills you with the desire for books, and boldly names those he thinks you ought to read; and so impresses you with his sanity and good taste that you are willing to accept his *dictum*, even in the case of a book generally held to be dry. "He has the art of doing what the old reviewers did for us and which the new reviewers do not do:—he excites one's interest in each book he notices. Who that is old enough to remember the reviewers of an elder day, full and leisurely, does not wish that the modern critic could raise in him the old yearning for the book reviewed? There was an ancient notice of "The Amber Witch," for instance, in *Littell's* Ages ago! Who that read that did not long for "The Amber Witch" as a treasure? The author reviewed by Father O'Neil ought to be happy: and a list of good books made from his will surely be a good one.

Father Zahm who has been praised by the *Civilta Cattolica*, the Marquis de Nachillac, Father Ryder, and all the very difficult foreign reviews, has another book in press,—"Bible, Science, and Faith." And, coming after the Holy Father's latest encyclical, it is sure to be opportune. Father Zahm's reputation is European,—even more European than American, since his last book was translated at once and will be sent through Italy and France in great quantities as an antidote to Draper's insidious inanities. If Father Zahm wants to do a work which is to be done, he will drop Moses and Adam,—for whom, however, we all have the highest respect,—and take up Doctor Andrew White,—for whom few of us have any respect at all. Father Zahm is admirably equipped for such a task; and he has immense reserves of learning and power.

The Abraham Lincoln revival in our country almost matches the *furore* over Napoleon Bonaparte in France. Autographs of Lincoln have trebled in price, and every scrap of information concerning this great man is eagerly treasured. The "Complete Works of Abraham Lincoln," edited by John Hay and John G. Nicolay are one of the latest books issued by the Century Company. They form two volumes of state papers, addresses, letters, and miscellaneous writings. The arrangement and the book making are eminently satisfactory. These two volumes give a more intimate knowledge of Lincoln's habits of thought and action than any "Life." Biographies are always more or less biased and misleading,—Doctor Johnson's "Boswell" being the only exception. These letters and state papers are better than any biography for the reason that Lincoln possessed eminently the art of expression. We know that he learned to write by using chalk on a bare table; we know well the few treasured books he read; we know the difficulties under which he acquired his education, and we know now that no American ever attained to a more virile and plastic style of writing. The man, the keen, wise, even humorous man is always evident in the words. Lincoln's allusions to General Shields have caused some ill-feelings, as have his allusions to some other people. But, still, here they are,—and Shield's friends have shown themselves entirely able to defend him. As memoirs to serve as future history,—as helps to the new manner of teaching history, these volumes are most valuable; and as "human documents" they are most interesting.

The Baron de Meneval's "Memoirs Illustrating the History of Napoleon I.," shows the hero of the bees in the pleasantest possible light. The Baron, who was private secretary to Bonaparte, sees no wrong in Napoleon In the Jerome Bonaparte-Patterson marriage, Pius VII. is almost guilty of heresy in taking sides with a Protestant woman against the ruler of the universe! At the same time the Baron tries to show that Bonaparte was at all times at heart a believer in the Catholic Church. De Meneval excuses him for assisting at the Mahommedan devotions in the East. The Baron has some delightful bits of personal gossip. One gets a better idea of Napoleon's temper,—perhaps a little rose-colored, for it does not always agree with Madame de Remusat's—and of his personal appearance than from any of the other authors who have occupied themselves with him. Early in his career, he was the "frailest and queerest looking object imaginable." He had, at the siege of Toulon, seized the rod of a dying gunner and looked after his piece of artillery. The rod, hot from the gunner's hand, had communicated to him a skin disease. Napoleon forced his physician to cure this outwardly, but the disease struck in, and he suffered for some years, until Corvisart helped him much. Meneval, speaking of the Concordat, coolly says that Napoleon, from motives of policy, made choice between Protestanism and Catholicity, since some religion was necessary to France—"Napoleon's mental reservation being to bring the Catholic faith back to its evangelical purity. In re-establishing the Roman Catholic religion in France he filled the void which its absence left in the state, but at the same time he obeyed the dictates of his religious instincts. It is remarkable, that in all the accounts of the arrangement of the Concordat, Pius VII. appears most strongly to our affection and veneration; he is very human, very tender, very firm; it is *non possumus* with him, though he does not escape the fascinating influence of the wonderful little corporal.

De Meneval does not give us a high opinion of Cardinal Consalvi or the cardinal-uncle. If tradition be right, they went "as near to the mouth of hell as they could" without burning holes in the scarlet. There is a pretty picture here of Cardinal Consalvi "not condemning the decrees of the Council of Trent on the subject of the marriage of the clergy," but insinuating, to the delight of an emancipated *entourage*, that he is very liberal on the subject. The first volume of the memoirs stops before the divorce of Josephine, which makes us more eager for the second,—since the De Meneval process of white washing is pleasant to witness, and it does not conceal the truth at all.

Prince Talleyrand and Fouche do not even get a drop of this whitewash,—Meneval asserting plainly that Talleyrand lied as usual when he denied repeatedly that he had no hand in the murder of the Duc d'Eughein. Some of the translator's notes are careless—one in which he mixes up the Redemptorists with the Jesuits, being remarkably so. De Meneval corroborates the general opinion of De la Fayette; he retained all his life the fixed opinion that the American form of government was suitable for France, with himself as the French Washington. De Chateaubriand is not treated affectionately and Madame de Stael does nothing but wander through the first volume with the usual flow of verbiage and the usual sprig of heather in her hand. The emperor had not yet found her dangerous. De Meneval tells us that Napoleon throughout his life never lost the habit of crossing himself in time of danger. He could perform complex calculations, but simple sums of arithmetic were beyond him. He managed, however, to increase the number of his soldiers in a hopeful way whenever a report was handed to him; he liked to see his army represented in as large numbers as possible. He was not clever at school, and De Meneval seems so anxious to prove that he never wrote poetry and, like Plato, preferred poets, only at a distance, indicates that the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and that there must be some bad verses of Bonaparte's in existence. It is a comfort to some of us to know that he was one of the worst spellers of his time. He was five feet two inches in height; in his earlier life he wore a "bang," from which he parted without regret when he grew bald, and he had the weakness to be proud of his well-shaped hands. These "Memoirs" are full of similar details which will have more and more interest as Napoleon recedes into the misty realms of the older heroes of war.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

Raphael's Masterpiece.

HIS "SISTINE MADONNA" THE GREATEST PICTURE IN THE WORLD.

I write this morning sitting before the greatest picture in the world. The room in which I write is not large, but this is the only picture it contains. The walls are draped in dark red cloth, and around one end are comfortable sofas. At the other, entirely from the walls, is the broad pedestal on which the massive framework of the picture rests. One large side window gives to the picture all its light. The picture itself is 8 x 6 feet, and its frame is hinged so as to swing when better light is needed.

This picture is Raphael's "Sistine Madonna." A bust of the immortal artist stands opposite.

As I sit here this morning, and have sat here every morning since coming to Dresden, I ask myself what is it in this picture that hushes every voice to a whisper as people enter the room? What is it that causes men involuntarily to remove their hats? Is it the two cherubs that rest on their chubby arms below and turn their eyes upward towards the beautiful vision? The dimpled elbows, the creases in the wrists, the delicate baby fingers, the carelessly tossed hair, the coloring of the wings, the expression of the eyes—all combine to place the cherubs of Raphael among the most charming baby faces ever painted. But no, it is not these.

Is it the figure of Pope Sixtus to the left (in whose honor the picture is named) as he kneels in his Papal robes, and lifts his head in rapt admiration? This is one of the most interesting faces of an old man that one finds in the galleries of Europe. But it is not this that holds the eyes so riveted to the picture. Nor is it the beautiful St. Barbara to the right with head bowed reverently; nor the myriad cherub faces in the fleecy clouds of the background. Perfect as each of these parts of the picture is it is overlooked in the matchless beauty of Mary and the Christ Caild.

The Virgin stands on a mass of white cumulus clouds with loose flowing drapery, holding the Child in her arms. All the stiffness that one notes in the early Italian masters is gone. These are living, speaking figures before us. As I look at the picture and try to study the artist through it, I have come to believe that his best thought—his best effort—was centered in the face of the Child Jesus. I glance from His face to the cherub faces below. What a contrast! Here are exquisite faces, but earthly; such beauty as the mother sees in the fat baby face that she clasps to her bosom.

I now compare the face with that of the mother. What a close resemblance! Yet here again something is in the baby face that is lacking in the calm, benignant face of Mary. Those baby eyes seem to be looking down through the centuries and to compass the world in their gaze.

They seem to see Calvary, the victory over death, and further still, the kingdom that is to be established. What an inspiration that young Italian artist must have had to paint such a face!

Does God reveal Himself to men through the Bible and through nature itself? Nay, verily, He speaks to us through great men. When man can so cause the chords of the soul to so vibrate, let it be through music, painting, or any art it is not he that speaks to us, but the Divine through him.

I brought an 8 year-old art critic to the gallery yesterday and turned her loose with the sole information that a great picture by Raphael is here. We wandered through many rooms where the Artists Rubens, Rembrandt, Corregio and others were represented by great works.

As we entered this room there was no doubt in her mind that this was the picture. All words of comment were avoided, and ample time was given for observation, then the question was put, "What is the most beautiful thing in the picture?"

The answer came prompt and decisive, "The face of Jesus." Art is high art when children and the uneducated can appreciate and enjoy it.—The Republic.

Japanese Ancient Missions.

CATHOLICS WHO HAD KEPT THE FAITH INVIOLATE FOR CENTURIES.

The present Emperor of Japan came to the throne in 1867 and that year four thousand native Christians were torn from their homes and distributed as criminals throughout the Empire They had been "discovered" near Nagasaki and were representatives of the Roman Catholics who had received the faith from their fathers and had kept it inviolate, The Emperor for six years followed the persecuting policy of the Shoguns, but in 1873 religious liberty was tacitly allowed and the exiles went home again.

Two incidents were related to me by one of the officials present at the banishment, incidents illustrative of the endurance nurtured by three centuries of persecution.

Men and women were bound, and passed from hand to hand across the gangplank of the boat which waited to carry them away, handled and counted and shipped like bales of merchandise. One woman, thrown amiss, fell into the water, and her hand waved farewell in the sign of the cross as she sank never to rise again.

The other concerned a woman, too, with her infant at her breast. The officials determined to force her to recant, and failed. At last they took her infant, placed it just beyond her reach, and there let it wail its hungry cry two days and two nights, with promises all the time of full forgiveness to the mother, and the restitution of her babe, if only she would recant Recant she would not, and at last her torturers gave in, their cruel ingenuity exhausted.

The history of the Catholic Church in Japan is one of the miracles of missions, a story of great success, of tragic failure, and of resurrection from the dead.

Xavier landed in Japan in 1549, was welcomed, successful, and laid the foundations in his brief three years. With him and after him came other Portuguese Jesuits; men of learning, breeding, devotion, adroit, and fitted to win victory. The times and circumstances favored them.

In 1614 the Christians numbered a million or more, and the persecution once more began, sixty priests being banished and nine churches destroyed. Thenceforth persecution followed persecution for sixty years. More than two hundred priests were killed. They dared all things, refused to go home, were concealed by converts only to be found out by spies tempted by the large rewards. The native Christians were annihilated; friend was hired to betray friend, and, at a large price, child was bought to inform on parent and parent on child. Every barbarity was employed to compel the Christians to recant, with forgiveness and reward for acceptance of the Buddhist faith.

The persecution stopped only when all Christians had been destroyed, as was supposed, and for two hundred and fifty years the anti-Catholic decrees remained.

In 1686 a decree stated that no Christians had been discovered for years, and urged fresh zeal with higher prices paid informers. But there are records of no further discoveries. In 1711 the rewards to informers were again increased, but without effect. During these years foreign missionaries had sought Japan from time to time, only to suffer death. Three recanted, repeated the Buddhist formula and were given wives and pensions.

Then comes a long blank, until the persecution in 1867. In 1860 Catholic missionaries went to Nagasaki, and in 1865 found traces of a Christian community which was persecuted as one of the first acts of the present Government.

Since 1873 the Catholic missionaries have carried on their work throughout Japan, chiefly by schools and hospitals and in private, without attracting much attention. Their converts are from the humblest walks of life, and the church is composed for the most part of the communities near Nagasaki, the descendants of the converts made three hundred years ago. There are one archbishop, four bishops, many foreign priests and nuns, and 46,682 adherents.

So again the Catholic Church prospers in Japan, not because its missions are allied with trade, or because feudal barons destroy temples and drive out Buddhist priests, but because these humble folk, without priest, or book or sacrament or public assembly, endured in faith, and were stronger in their ignorance and obscurity than the power and wisdom of the world.

And the Japanese are thought easily carried away by every wind of doctrine and a fickle minded fold!—Catholic Standard.

Catholic Missions in China.

The following is from *Les Missions Catholiques*.—The Rev. Father Cesaire, a Franciscan missionary in Chan tong, northern China, writes:

Our holy religion is spreading more and more in the district of Cheseul litch-oang, judging from the constantly increasing numbers of catechumens. Since the feast of Christmas I have had in consequence of the new applicants to send out other catechists; and if I could command the services of a greater number of well instructed and zealous assistants I could easily keep them occupied. Unfortunately the person suited for this delicate mission are very few; and besides it requires a considerable time to prepare them.

A few days ago a neophyte told me of the origin of his conversion. Before asking admission to the number of catechumens he was the chief of a sect whose religion consisted in a few superstitious practices, and he had never heard of our religion. An occulist by profession he was called to treat a young girl in the orphan asylum at Tche li; he visited the chapel; the catechist of the mission explained to him the symbolical meaning of the different objects of piety which ornamented the sanctuary; the catechist thus after a time was enabled to give him a full explanation of the Christian doctrine and at last concluded by proposing to him this question:

"You ought to become a Catholic."

"Is it possible at any age?" replied the pagan; 'it is very difficult to break away from our old customs!"

"It is never too late," replied the catechist. This reply removed the the last difficulty; from that time he resolved to become a convert. While awaiting the time of his baptism the new chatucmen worked with extraordinary zeal for the propagation of our holy religion. May the Lord bless his efforts!

The Pope's Appeal for Church Union.

In reading Pope Leo XIII's Apostolic Letter "to the rulers and people of the world," the first impression that one gathers is of its most attractive Christian spirit. There is a sincerity and affection about his words that will touch every unprejudiced heart. No one can question the pain with which he looks upon the millions of unevangelized pagans.

Thence the Pontiff turns to the various Protestant bodies. He is willing to forget the rise of Protestantism; and he tells Protestants that, making each his individual conscience his guide and rejecting all authority, they have been broken into a multitude of sects, and that many have torn away the very foundation on which religion and the hope of immortality rests—the divine nature of Jesus Christ; and that, having begun with a declaration of submission to the Bible only, they are now, with promises all the time of full forgiveness to the mother, and the restitution of her babe, if only she would recant Recant she would not, and at last her torturers gave in, their cruel ingenuity exhausted.

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And the Japanese are thought easily carried away by every wind of doctrine and a fickle minded fold!—Catholic Standard.

Local and Special News.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

K. D. C. restores the stomach to healthy action.

THEIR NAME IS LEGION.

Reader, there are many blood purfying medicines.

There is but one Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Do not allow high-sounding advertisements or other devices to turn you from your purpose to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, because in this purpose you are right and will not be disappointed in the result.

I was attacked severely last winter with with Diarrhœa, Cramps, and Colic and thought I was going to die, but fortunately I tried Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and now I can thank this excellent remedy for saving my life.
Mrs. S. Kellett,
Minden, Ont.

Dear Sirs.—I have been using Burdock Bitters for Boils and skin diseases, and I find it very good as a cure. As a dyspepsia cure I have also found it unequalled.
Mrs Sarah Hamilton,
Montreal, Que

Skin Diseases are more or less occasioned by bad blood. B. B. B. cures the following Skin Diseases: Shingles, Erysipelas, Itching Rashes, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Eruptions, Pimples, and Blotches, by removing all impurities from the blood from a common pimple to the worst Scrofulous sore.

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A cold in the head is quickly cured by using Hawker's Catarrh Cure.

THAT TIRED FEELING.

Is a dangerous condition directly due to depleted or impure blood. It should not be allowed to continue, as in its debility the system is especially liable to serious attacks of illness. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the remedy for such a condition, and also for that weakness which prevails at the change of season, climate or life.

For immediate relief after eating, use K. D. C.

Is your digestion weakened by "la-grippe?" Use K. D. C.

K D C. Pills tone and regulate the liver.

K. D. C. the household remedy for stomach troubles.

When?

Your husband will notice a great improvement in your cooking, *when*

You use COTTOLENE

Your house will not be filled with the odor of hot lard, *when*

You use COTTOLENE

Your doctor will lose some of his Dyspepsia cases, *when*

You use COTTOLENE

Your children can safely eat the same food as yourself, *when*

You use COTTOLENE

Your money will be saved, and your cooking praised, *when*

You use COTTOLENE

Famous cooks, prominent physicians and thousands of everyday housekeepers endorse it. Will you give it a trial?

Sold in 3 and 5 pound pails, by all grocers.

Made only by
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LARGE SALE

Of fine slippers, 68 and 78 cents. About half price at

GOFF BROTHERS,

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BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

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

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Oct. 4, 1893.—9m

We have now in stock Beautiful Rings, and also some of the newest and nicest Cake, Baskets, Butter Dishes and useful Silver novelties suitable for wedding presents.

E. W. TAYLOR'S.
Cameron Block, Ch'town.

Potatoes!

Protect your Potato crop against the ravages of the bug by using our

Pure Paris Green

To give best results the Green should be mixed with Land Plaster and sifted on. One application in this way does more execution and lasts longer than two or three applications with water.

Paris Green
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FENNELL & CHANDLER.

SS. "ELLIOT."

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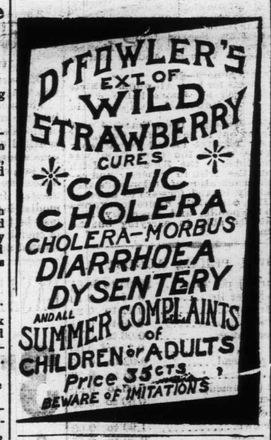

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The Largest Stock, the Best Goods
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Lowest Priced Drug Store in the City.

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ALL WOOL

and no shoddy mixture makes durable materials. All wool suits are cheaper at $12 than shoddy is at a quarter that price. We are not asking $12 for our wool suits although they're well worth the money, but are offering them at from $5 to $10. These are bargains, because the price is really low and the quality (all wool) is really high. When you get high quality at a low price you get a bargain. That makes it a stroke of business to examine our all wool suits, which we're showing in the latest styles for the season of 1894. Try us.

The cheapest clothing in Charlottetown at our new quarters, Market Square, opposite west end Market House. Wool taken in exchange for Clothing and Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes

J. B. Macdonald & Co

LOWER PRICES THAN EVER

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W. A. Weeks & Co.'s,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

READ THIS LIST:

Heavy Grey Cotton	5½	cents	per	yard,	sold elsewhere at	7½ cents.
Fine white Cotton,	5	"	"	"	"	7 "
H'vy Shirting Gingham	7½	"	"	"	"	9 "
Print Cottons,	4½	"	"	"	"	6 "
Heavy Print Cotton,	9	"	"	"	"	14 "
All Wool Dress Goods	25	"	"	"	"	35 "
Ladies Straw Hats,	10	"	each	"	"	35 "
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and hundreds of other bargains.

We are clearing out all our Jackets, Capes, Mantles at nearly half price. Now is the time for bargains.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

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LADIES,
See our New Stock of Dress Goods, Millinery, Mantles.

GENTLEMEN'S
Felt Hats, Caps, Fancy Shirts Readymade Clothing,

HARRIS & STEWART

LONDON HOUSE.

AMERICAN KEROSENE OIL!

The Best is the Cheapest.

DON'T buy low grade, inferior Oil because it is a little cheaper in price than the highest grade. It is false economy as you will find it to be the dearest in the long run.

Poor Oil will not burn nearly so long as the better grades, and besides it will smoke your chimneys and make a very disagreeable odor in the house.

This fall we are selling the BEST AMERICAN WATER WHITE OIL cheaper than ever before, and we guarantee every gallon of OIL we sell TO BE THE BEST AMERICAN WATER WHITE.

Bring in your can and have it refilled at

BEER & GOFF'S.