The Church and Columbus.

By ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

"Piously we use the discovery of America to an obscure and humble priest."

When we chant our mighty paean for Columbus,
Great "Te Deum" of triumph for all time!
Then we crown him with a glad and golden diadem,
And shrine him in the glory of the Year;

When we strive to limn in gorgeous hues, yet tender,
The noble heart of Ferdinand, the King,
And at Isabella, robed in regal splendor,
A choral of Castilian sweetness sing;

When we boast of Don Diego and Mendoza,
Of Saint Angel, Quintanilla and the rest,
Ah, forget not Fra Juan Perez de Marchena,
Of all the friends the bravest and the best.

Too poor Franciscan, gifted Father Guardian
Of La Rabida (Old convent near the sea,
Close to Palos, in the blue waves' breezy margin,
Where the fishing boats were rocking in the lee);

Who bade welcome unto bed and broad monastic,
The Pilgrim with the thorny chaplet crowned,
Too great Genoese—the grave, enthusiastic
Christopher Columbo, world renowned!

In his wanderings gave him rest and consolation,
In his disappointment, filed fate's iron chains,
Helped him open wide the mansions of salvation
To the waiting millions lost beyond the main;

Cheered his spirit when it pined amid the shadows
Of a dark distrust, a wearisome delay;
To a conquest grander far than old Granada's,
Sent him forth, at last, exulting on his way.

Let upsoal the dulcet lyre of an angel
From the shining ranks that harp before the Throne,
Rather, snatch the silvern trump of some Arch-angel,
With its rarest notes by Seraph lips unblown,

To give the land, in strains of matchless sweetness,
The moral of the poor Franciscan's fame,
The glory that enshrines in rich completeness,
Juan Perez de Marchena's humble name.

First the guide of queens, the confidant of princes,
In the splendid court of Leon and Castile,
In his bare and lowly cloister he evinces
All a simple friar's unpretending zeal.

From the convent-tower (nightly vigils keeping)
Among the stars his virgin thoughts take wing;
With planet lore entranced—perchance when sleeping
He sees, in dreams, those lamps of Heaven's King

Illume a mighty land beyond the surges,
A continent across the western wave,
Where grieving angels moan pathetic dirges
O'er full many a lonely heathen grave.

Whose eye, like his, has searched those starry realms?
Whose ear hath caught that wail upon the breeze?
The burden of his hopes and fears o'erwhelms
The spirit of a great soul'd Genoese.

Behold, he comes! His hand is on the portal!
His foot hath gained its heav'n appointed goal!
The Hero comes—Columbus, the immortal!
Fra Juan salutes the brother of his soul!

Say not that greed for gold or precious species
Allures that noble sailor to his quest
Is it not rather zeal for souls entices
His generous heart? Faith animates his breast.

What time he sees the flames Hope expire,
Quenched by the torrent of a strong man's tears,
He comes—he meets, he greets the pitying Friar,
He tells the wonderous tale to willing ears.

Tho' wholesom cheart with bitterness be cankered,
Tho' waves of doubt roll round him roll,
And, like a ship among the ice-bergs anchored,
He feels the chill of death assail his soul;

Praise God he finds among the sons of Francis
One spirit broad enough to grasp the plan,
Despised and scorned as wildest of romances
By sage and doctor, Knight and nobleman.

Glory to Fra Perez, brave De Marchena
Who nerved the Hero in the hour of gloom
To meet the master in faith's wide arena
Those giant shades of Hell—Despair and Doom.

All glory to the Church of God Eternal,
Our mighty mother, Christ's immortal spouse,
Who, through her servant, snatched from powers infernal
Unnumbered souls as gems to bind her brows.

Ah! when to-day, Columbia, from her eyrie,
Looks out with eagle glance across the land,
And sees the gardens crowding out the prairie,
The hamlet wid'ning to the city grand—

Sees, from afar, where plagues and perils chasten,
Mid wreck of thrones and sceptres downward hurled
Swift to her shores, across the billows hasten
The exiled and evicted of the world—

Sees nature's bounty, Science, Art, Invention,
Flooding her children's homes with joy and light,
While freedom 'neath the Starry Flag's extension,
Above the hamlet set, spreads her egis bright.

Broad as her skies (whence bigots' ban has drifted,
And justice guards the lights of liberty),
Will she not cry with hearts and voices uplifted,
"O Church of God, how much we owe to thee!

"For then didst prompt the Spanish Friar's devotion,
Didst 'spoil the Spanish Queen of gems and gold,
Didst guide Columbus o'er a trackless ocean,
To give a new world to the wandering Old.

"And thine it is, with tongue and law supplanted,
To bid thy sons strew of their banner band,
As Christian freemen, patriots devoted,
Prove ever true to God and Fatherland!

"Yes, thine it is, across Time's stormy waters,
To point us to a fairer shore than this,
To guide (Columbus-like) thy sons and daughters
To that new world of everlasting bliss."

MOY O'BRIEN.

A TALE OF IRISH LIFE.

By Miss Bradshaw ("Melusina").

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

'You know Lady Ann is my godmother,' he said; 'that is the reason I am like a tame cat in the house. My mother and Lady Ann were brought up together.'

Presently, as Mr. Finch directed all his conversation to Moy, old Mr. O'Brien (who could not hear very well) rose and left the room to go on reading his Dublin paper. Then with rapture Mr. Finch announced an engagement.

'I know you will sympathize with me,' he said, with an emphasis on the 'you' which puzzled Moy, as she thought of it afterward. 'To think of that angel caring for me!' he continued, with a glance heavenward. 'What have I done to deserve such an angel!'

Moy, with her keen sense of the ridiculous, and her superior knowledge of the agent's daughter, had hard work to control her countenance. 'How long will this rapture last?' she asked, mentally; but she congratulated the poet very kindly, and inquired if they would live in Ballyvorna when they were married.

'Yes,' said Mr. Finch, 'for dear Janet knows it will only be for a comparatively short time—in fact, till my poor uncle passes away. And so she had consented to our taking an old house near the church—it is being done up now. On our wedding trip we will go and see the old man. He has dictated a very kind letter to me, which the nurse wrote—you will be glad to hear she is an Irishwoman, a very superior creature. But dear Janet says she will gladly nurse my uncle herself. Oh, Miss O'Brien, she is such an angel! and she says 'Yes' to everything.'

Some men profoundly admire—before marriage—such women! Again Moy found herself wondering how long this would last, and then she felt very angry with herself, and thought—'Perhaps Janet is altered. I have no right to doubt her so, because she has sometimes annoyed me;' and so Moy threw herself with real interest into the one subject upon which Mr. Finch conversed during the rest of his visit.

CHAPTER XI.

"If hearts that feel and eyes that smile
Are the dearest gifts that heaven supplies,
We never need leave our own Green Isle
For sensitive hearts and for sun-bright eyes."

—Moore.

When Mr. Gilmartin called in the afternoon he found Mr. O'Brien and Moy sitting in the drawing-room by one of the wide open windows, the cool air from the garden waving gently about the soft India muslin curtains—'Too good to be curtains,' as Lady Catherine always said.

Mr. O'Brien met his guest very warmly.

'I knew your father well,' said he 'Ah! what a fine man he was! Though not in the army, he looked like a general officer. He used to laugh and say, 'Why, I'm like the Gascon of the story! I have such a martial air that when I look in the glass I am afraid of myself.'

Moy laughed; but as she glanced at Mr. Gilmartin she thought the son had inherited a good deal of that look and manner.

'He was not often in the country,' continued Mr. O'Brien; 'but whenever he did come we met as old friends, for I remembered his father. Yes, you look surprised at that; but many a day we spent together. Ah, those were the good times in Ireland, when the gentry lived here, and spent their money in the country. What is it, Kitty?'

For there stood Kitty, blushing and smiling, and not quite liking to advance farther into the room, with a splendid salmon she held fismly.

'Please, sir, a boy just brought this for Miss Moy, because he was glad she had come home.'

'Ay, we are all right glad,' said the old man; 'but who is it?'

'He's gone, sir. He would not stay, or leave his name; but I was to tell you it was all fair. He had leave to catch this, just for a present to Miss Moy. I think, sir, he would not stay for fear you would go to give him some money.'

Moy could not help looking at Mr. Gilmartin to see if he was not much impressed with this confirmation of what she had told him of the people's generosity and delicacy of feeling. To her astonishment she saw that he was—as Kitty would have said—'dying with laughing.'

As soon as Kitty had left the room he began—'As I looked at that salmon, I thought 'thereby hangs a tale.' The poor fellow did not dream that I would be here when it was presented. I met him yesterday, and he asked my permission to fish in the river. He said it was a present he wanted for a young lady who had done them all a world of good, and had just come home again. Of course I had no objection to the testimonial being presented.' Here he looked archly at Moy. 'But as I did not know any of the regulations about the fishing, I sent him with my card to Mr. Finch, and this is the result. I should think, from the size of the fish, that the salmon, too, thought it an honor to be caught for such a purpose.'

Laughing and blushing, Moy said, 'And wasn't it all true what I told you about the people?'

'Yes,' he said, gravely, 'it was—it is all true. I have been to see a good many of them, and they have not said anything but what was pleasant to hear. They have made no complaints to me, though they had made them to my agent just before I came. They have not made a request to me' for themselves, but in two or three houses they begged that a poor widow on the property might not be pressed for rent. She has had three children 'down with the fever,' and has spent what she laid by for the rent.'

'There, Moy,' said her grandfather, looking very mischievous and happy, 'I am sure that does your heart good, darling.'

Moy did not speak. Mr. Gilmartin wanted no words when her eyes turned on him with such an expression of rapture as was in them now. He went on—'They all, without exception, have received me most kindly as you said they would. Some of them begged me just to come inside their door, that they might tell their children in after-years 'that Gilmartin had stood under the roof,' they thought I was only paying a flying visit, like the last'—and he sighed—'or such as my poor father's were. They did not know I was going to stay.'

The he was going to stay. Moy was still silent, and old Mr. O'Brien said:

'You see how the old expression linger. I remember, when I was a boy, the head of a family—an old family—was always called by the name of the property; but you don't often hear it now.'

'I am surprised,' said Mr. Gilmartin, 'at the great beauty and refinement of some of the faces, both men and women. There is the old man in particular who has the most beautiful face, perfect features, and great intelligence. I found, upon talking to him, that he understands a little both of Greek and Latin; so that he really can speak in four languages—for he and his wife always chat together in Irish; and then their manners are so perfect!'

'It is not strange,' said Moy. 'When you think how few generations ago many of the best families had either to leave the country or become tenants on the land that had once been their own. I always account for their good manners in that way—the agricultural classes have so often been recruited from the gentle classes.'

'And, gentle or simple, they all have tact and kindness of heart; and both qualities are the foundations of good manners,' said Mr. Gilmartin.

'I was almost forgetting to tell you something very particular,' said Moy, archly. 'I heard to-day a verse on Mr. Aubrey de Vere's song in your honor.'

'Indeed!'

'Yes;' and then she repeated the incident.

Mr Gilmartin looked very much pleased, and Moy's grandfather said:

'Yes, it's an Irish hand; hold it out, my friend!'

Mr. Gilmartin laughed, and raised his hand to his forehead with a military salute. It was a slender and perfectly-shaped hand, and yet gave an idea of power as well as beauty.

Before any of the three could speak again the sleeping echoes of the road outside were roused by a tremendous clatter of wheels and horses' hoofs; and though the garden wall was a good way from the house, and they were sitting at the end of the drawing-room farthest from the road, they all saw, as they turned their heads that way, a carriage dash past, followed by two men of the mounted Constabulary.

Mr. Gilmartin glanced at Moy for an explanation. 'Oh! that's Hackney,' said old Mr. O'Brien, 'he is going to dine with us this evening. Will you honor us by joining our little party, Mr. Gilmartin?'

Moy was so utterly amazed that she felt for the first time in her life as if she was going to faint. The shock was very great. Mr Hackney asked to dine with them, to celebrate her return, no doubt! Never before had their hospitality to him gone beyond a glass of wine and a bit of cake, when he called on some winter afternoon after a long and cold ride.

Moy was recalled to the reality of the present circumstances by Mr. Gilmartin's voice saying, 'Thank you very much; but unfortunately I have promised to go to-night with Mr. Finch and dine at the Syms', to be introduced to the family of the bride-elect; but perhaps,' he added, 'you will be so kind as to renew your invitation some other day?' He looked at Moy, as the lady of the house, to second her grandfather's invitation, and to his astonishment saw that she was looking utterly confused and unnerved, almost fainting, he thought; but as she met his surprised glance the color rushed back to her cheeks. Her grandfather was also looking at her rather uneasily, too, for he knew well the cause of her agitation; but all he said was:

'I hope Hackney won't think it necessary to bring the Constabulary fellows in here. Very fine men, good fellows; but we have no room for them.'

'Why is Mr. Hackney so guarded?' asked Mr. Gilmartin, rather coldly. Moy had not seconded her grandfather's invitation.

'I heard about it only this morning,' said Moy, with a great effort. 'There is a man named Dan Riley, who threatened long ago to shoot Mr. Hackney. He set out to go to America, but lately Mr. Hackney heard he had been seen in this neighborhood.'

'Some of the houses are very curious here,' said Mr. Gilmartin, as he rose to go. 'One of my tenants showed me yesterday part of his house, which had a double wall, inside which a man might live pretty comfortably for some hours, perhaps days.'

'Such places were necessary in penal times, when our martyr priests went about the land at the risk of their lives. Perhaps Mr. Dan Riley is in one of these houses profaning the consecrated spot, for the assassin runs the risk of ruining not only his own soul, but his country's hopes.'

Then 'good-bye' was said, and Mr Gilmartin went away, feeling not quite so happy as he had felt in the sunny morning hours.

CHAPTER XII.

"The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies."—*Merchant of Venice.*

Miss Syms was certainly unfortunate in one circumstance of her existence. Her mother had been one of four sisters, who went by the names of 'Envy,' 'Hatred,' 'Malice,' and 'All Uncharitableness.' Mrs. Syms's maiden name was 'Envy,' and she had, perhaps, bequeathed to her daughter some further portion of the family characteristics. It is wonderful how much mischief one woman can do in this world; without going back to Helen of Troy, Count Julian's daughter, or our own 'Deirdre,' were we to think of a few of the women of our acquaintance, who, without being absolutely wicked, have managed to blight the happiness of others, the list would be a long one. In some cases their evil deeds have almost the appearance of virtues; was, when the wretched mother of a large family of marriageable but stupid daughters tries (with the motive, not always successful, of securing a good husband for one of her own flock) to ridicule or ignore the existence of some young and more charming lady triumphed by a desirable *parti*. Men are so simple in some matters, they seldom see through 'deep designs' when a woman is the designer; they are twisted round the finger of artful creature, whom those of her own sex know at a glance. Men work the mighty evils of our life—they desolate our lands, they stamp out our very life; but women, so to speak, do the embroidery of misery.

Mr. Gilmartin dined with the Symses on the evening of the day he had called at the O'Briens', and Moy never saw him again for ten days. At least, she was never certain that she saw him; but many evenings when she went to her room for the night and drew near the window to close it, she fancied she saw the red light of a cigar in the shadow opposite; but she never waited to look for the tall, graceful figure she had seen the first night of her return home.

During those ten days Mr. Gilmartin had been busy enough! He had received addresses from his tenantry far and near, and given all a great dinner in Ballyvorna; but he would have made time to call at the O'Briens' had he not been kept away by what he had heard.

Moy had a letter from her friend, Mrs. Fitzgerald, telling her that some cousins of hers had taken a cottage about three miles from Ballyvorna, on the coast, and asking the O'Briens to go and see them. Moy determined to go, but day by day put off her visit. She had a good deal to do, upon first coming home, going to see her friends, both rich and poor, and she was feeling unhappy and thoroughly dissatisfied with herself. Was she forgetting Dermot? Why should she care if Mr. Gilmartin never came near the house again? Was Ireland not still left to work for and to love? But, oh,—bitter thought!—had she not been boldly glad to meet 'the stranger?' Was he horrified with her, though amused and pleased at the time? She did not blame him. She knew the cold and conventional atmosphere he had long been accustomed to in England. 'It was very natural,' she thought, 'that my manner should shock him; but I was only glad!' And then the tears she could not always restrain would rise and dim the brightness of her eyes.

At last, one bright, clear day, she felt as if a long walk would do her good, and she told her grandfather that she was going to call on Mrs. Fitzgerald's friends.

'Why, my dear child,' said he, 'you will be blown away.'

'Oh, no,' returned Moy, 'it's only a fresh breeze.'

'Here; but wait till you get near the sea. Remember we are sheltered.'

However, Moy was not to be frightened out of her walk, and soon set off, telling Mr. O'Brien not to expect her home again for some hours.

Moy, like the lady in Moore's song, was not afraid to trust 'to Erin's honor and Erin's pride,' and set out on her long and lonely walk without the least anxiety.

The sky was blue enough whenever it was to be seen, but great white clouds were passing hurriedly over it, and it looked hather stormy altogether. Still, though the wind was high, it was not unpleasantly so, till Moy, following the course of the river, drew nearer to the sea. But she liked it; she had to 'battle with the elements,' and that seemed to do her good; besides, the wind was off shore, so every now and then she seemed to sail along with it.

After her healthy walk she reached the cottage, and paid Mrs. Fitzgerald's nice friends a long visit. She had afternoon tea with them, and set out on her homeward journey; but as soon as she had mounted the hill and got into the road along by the sea, she found how unpleasantly the gale had increased. The wind had changed, and the tide was coming in. She walked on for some time, until she felt rather tired of breasting the storm, and almost frightened with its violence. She went a little way off the road and sat down to rest in a sheltered spot, where a grassy knoll rose up and protected her from the storm, for such it had now become. And as she sat there, as in some still lagoon, she had one of the grandest sights before her that the eye could wish to rest upon. Over her head the curlews were flying and the gulls coming in by dozens from the angry waves. The roar of the sea was tremendous; every now and then it seemed to rush in quicker. The gigantic waves advanced almost in regular columns across the wide bay, their glittering crests sparkling in the afternoon sun, which gleaned ever and anon through the grand stormy clouds, that appeared like a veil which gaunt hands were trying to tear from the fair face of heaven. Down below one seemed to hear the hurrying, remorseless feet of millions of sea-devils, driven on toward 'the Isle of Destiny,' whose sacred cliffs, with their proud heads reared high above the sea, seemed to wait in fearless calmness for the onslaught. At last headland and headland was reached by the furious tidal wave, which rushed with each return higher and higher up the rocks, until the cliffs were swathed in foam, and the spray fell even upon Moy's face as she sat at what she considered a safe distance from the edge of the rocks. The waves would rush up their sides even to the very top, but only to fall back again, leaving a wreath of spray and white foam clinging to every crack and shelf, sparkling like diamonds, too, and seeming to drown the cry of hundreds of weird-like voices, as it sobbed and fell away and was lost in the chasm below; for the whole coast was terribly undermined, and every now and then Moy could hear the deep boom far inland, as it seemed, of some gigantic wave that had found its way into these subterranean chambers.

Ah, the Atlantic coast of Ireland! Is there anything like it in the world? Moy was thinking this, and feeling a sort of wild exultation in Nature's grandeur, which so often soothes 'our insect miseries,' even when it does not altogether drive them away, when round the knoll which sheltered her out of the roar and the turmoil, the spray and the sunshine, came Mr. Gilmartin.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Care of the Eyes.

Never read in bed or when lying upon the sofa. Sit with your back to the light as much as possible. Attend to your digestion. Do no work longer than two hours without closing your eyes and resting them for five minutes. If your eyes are weak bathe them in water to which a little salt and a little brandy have been added. (The November *Ladies' Home Journal*.

Lippincotts Magazine.

FOR NOVEMBER.

The complete novel in this number, 'More and Kin,' is from the well-known pen of Marion Harland. It is a tale of love, sorrow, and misunderstanding, in which one domestic tragedy narrowly misses bringing in another; but darkness gives way to light at last. J. B. McCormick, otherwise known as 'Macon,' carries on the *Journalist Series* in a sketchy and readable article headed "The Sporting Editor." George Stuart Patterson, in the *Athletic Series* gives an account of 'Cricket in the United States,' and C. Davis English lays down the law concerning "Form in Driving." Both these papers are illustrated, as is Mrs. Ellen Olney Kirk's Venetian sketch, "In a Gondola." Under the chapter, 'Men of the Day,' M. Crofton gossips about Dr. Pasteur, General Wolseley, and Secretary Foster. The editorial department, "As It Seems," refers to the deaths of Curtis and Whittier, the rehabilitation of Tom Paine, and the passing of the championship. Mrs. M. Helen Fraser Lovett contributes a short story. The poetry of the number is by Edith M. Thomas, Dora Read Goodale, and Frances Nathan.

Christmas Gifts for Men.

If a man has a nook of his own in his home, what men are apt to call their 'den,' the Christmas gift cannot be better than something which will enter into the practical spirit of that room, writes Edward W. Bok in a timely editorial upon the subject of Christmas giving in the November *Ladies' Home Journal*. If he has used a writing table, or if his present desk has outgrown his papers, the most acceptable gift would be one of those roller-top desks of generous capacity, which men so enjoy. Expensive, you say? Not at all for the lasting enjoyment derived from such an article. A most capacious oak desk, filled with pigeon holes, drawers and side slides, can now be purchased for thirty dollars, and far better it is to spend a little more on a useful present than to waste a smaller amount upon something utterly useless to a man. Or, if the desk be there, or the purse will not permit, there is perhaps lacking a comfortable rug under the desk, or an easier chair. A revolving bookcase, a dictionary-holder or a simple 'doubled-storied' table stand for books and papers, to be placed beside the desk, are luxuries which any man enjoys in his library. For the inside of the desk there are many little things which can be thought of to brighten writing hours, and when they are to be had in silver they are far more acceptable, since silver brightens by its ornamentation and is lasting as well in its usefulness. A silver pen tray or pen rack, a paper weight, a letter opener, a paper cutter, a mucilage stand and brush, a letter or bill clip, an inkstand, a memorandum tablet, a penholder, a hand blotter, a match box or stamp box, a library ink receiver, an ink eraser, a pincushion or holder, an engagement tablet—all these are little adjuncts any one of which is appreciated by a man much at the desk in his home. Do not choose the elaborate. Men are fond of simplicity about their things, and especially when it concerns their working tools. I have known men to receive as gifts some of the things I have mentioned, but of such a fancy character that they refrained from putting them on their desks. A man's desk should be masculine, and its belongings should never suggest the more fancy things to be found on women's secretaries. Whatever you buy for a man's desk get of good quality, but of simple design. Look for the serviceable qualities. A man soon tires of a fancy inkstand to which there is more ornamentation than there is depth of ink well.

BETTER THAN GOLD.—Gentlemen,—I have used Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for bowel complaint and can say there is no remedy as good.
Mrs. James Dennison,
Lake Dore, Ont.

WORSE AND WEAKER.—Gentlemen,—I suffered for three days very severely from summer complaint and could not get relief but kept getting worse and worse till the pain was almost unbearable and I became very weak. Some friends advised Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and after I had taken the first dose I found much relief and it did not fail to cure me. I do not intend to be without this valuable medicine if I can help it.
Wm. T. Glynn,
Wilfred, Ont.

The hello girl at the telephone exchange has much to answer for.

A Small Quantity of Liebig Company's Extract of Beef
Added to any Soup, Sauce or Gravy Gives Strength & Fine Flavor.
Invaluable in Improved and Economic cookery.
Makes cheapest, purest & best Beef Tea.

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LIME JUICE is, without doubt, the most healthy and refreshing Summer Beverage you can take.
BEER & GOFF always carry a large stock of it, and this year they are selling it for
15 cents per Pint or 25 cents per Bottle.
They also keep good heavy syrups of the following flavors: Lemon, Raspberry, Strawberry, Pineapple, Cherry, Vanilla, Orange, Lime Fruit, Lemon Gingerette and Raspberry Vinegar.
RASPBERRY and LEMON SYRUPS for sale by the gallon, suitable for Retailing or for Tea Parties.
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YARDS OF CLOTH bought at a great Bargain and will be sold 20 per cent less than regular price. If you want a Suit we can save you from five to six dollars on a suit. We have a large stock of our own make of Readymade Clothing at astonishingly low prices. You can save from 10 to 20 per cent at
D. A. BRUCE'S,
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Dissolved Partnership on June 14th.
R. B. NORTON & CO.
Continue the Business at the Old Stand, Brennan's Corner,
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HARDWARE CHEAP.
We will continue the Discount Sale. Large discounts for Cash to reduce the present large stock. Call or write for prices and you are sure to buy.
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Farmers J. X. L. Feed Mills
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One carload of these consigned to us to be sold by auction without reserve on Exhibition grounds on Wednesday, 28th September.
Terms, six months on approved notes.
E. H. Norton & Co.,
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Are receiving New Goods daily, in all Departments.
Boots & Shoes—one of the largest stocks on the Island. Factory Tweeds, Imported Tweeds, Worsteds. Overcoating in Beaver, Naps, Melton's, &c. Men's Knitted Shirts, Top Shirts, &c.
The Largest Display of Dress Goods and Mantle cloths we have ever shown. Trimmings to match.
MILLINERY.—The newest and most stylish Hats, Shapes, Feathers Ribbons, &c. Trimming done after the latest New York Fashions, which are received as soon as issued
The Hardware, Grocery & Crockery Departments are kept full of the choicest goods. Fine Teas a specialty.
The highest market price paid for all kinds of produce.
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SMALL PROFITS AND CASH SALES.
Charlottetown, April 18, 1891.

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Rustico Mills,	Stanley,	Grand River Bridge	Valleyfield,
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Per Schooners Edward Blake, Esther Tibbs, British Eagle, Martha Jane, Dayspring, Daisy, Hector, Annie, Alma, Catherine, Tarquin, Anna Bella, Daniel, Neil Dow, James Semple, Dielytris, Lois, and Albert.
C. LYONS.
Charlottetown, Oct 19.—3i

To Old Customers.
W. A. WEEKS & CO.,
Beg to remind their old customers and friends in all parts of the Island who for many years traded with us in the Brick store, that we have again opened a first class retail store on Queen Street, and now extend an invitation to all to come and deal with us again. We do this confident we can make it to your interest to do so. We are large importers and offer the best inducements to all purchasers. When buying come and see what we can do for you.
Just received an elegant line of ladies rich Furs, new Mantles and Dress Goods.
W. A. WEEKS & CO.,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

D. D. C. the greatest cure of the Age. Guaranteed to cure any case of DYSPEPSIA or MONEY REFUNDED