LIFE.

(L. L. Summerves — in Donahoe's for December.

A GASP—a breath—
And life's begun;
A breath—a gasp—
—And life is done.

Great tears, great sins,
And earth is run;
Great strength, great good,
And Heaven's won.

There Is no Time.

There is no time such fault to find,
No time for envy vain;
There is no time for words unkind,
Nor giving needless pain.

There is no time on coming years
To speculate and plot;
No time for burning, blinding tears
O'er things we value not.

There is no time to fret and scold,
To fling the taunting jest,
No time to be so harsh and cold
With those you love the best.

There is no time to criticise
The acts of others so;
No time your work thus to revise;
As written it must go.

There is no time on doubt to waste,
No time for petty strife;
To do the best you can make haste,
For short, so short, is life.

—Kathleen Cavanagh, in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

MOONDYNE!

Book Fourth.

THE CONVICT SHIP.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED)

'Where is the woman?' asked Mr Wyville.

Officer Lodge pointed to the heavy door of the lock-up, with a grim shake of the head. He sank his voice to a whisper.

'She's a bad 'un, she is—worse and worse hevery time. But now she's done for.'

'Done for?'

'Ay, she'll go, this time, sir. Seven years at the least. She nearly killed a woman, and she would have killed her altogether if she'd had her way a minute longer.'

'Tell me the facts,' said Mr. Wyville.

'Well, sir, she were down near Draper's 'ouse all one day, last week, and she hacted queer. They came for me and told me, and I looked after her all the hafternoon. She only sat on the roadside, looking at Draper's 'ouse, wich is hopen, and she stayed there an hour. Draper's sister, who was too curious, maybe, went up to the 'ouse, to see what she were doing; and then it began. I heard two voices, one a' screaming and the tother swearing, and when I ran to the spot, I sees Harriett assaulting the woman, choking her and beating her head against the stones. If I had been half a minute later there would have been murder.'

'Does the prisoner speak to any one?' asked *Mr. Wyville.*

'No; there's no one to speak to her but me; and she never hopens her lips to me.'

'Can I see her, and speak with her?'

'Yessir,' said Officer Lodge; 'but be careful'—she's not safe.'

Officer Lodge carefully locked the outer door, and then approached the lock-up. He knocked on the door heavily with the key, as if to rouse the prisoner. No sound came from within. He turned the key in the lock, and opened the door.

Mr. Wyville entered the lock-up, which was a room about twelve feet square, with one window. A wooden bench ran round three sides of the room, and in the farther corner, upon the bench, was something like a heap of clothes.

It was the prisoner, who sat upon the bench, her back to the wall, her knees drawn up, and her face sunk upon them. A tattered shawl covered her, so that she presented the appearance of a heap of wretched clothes.

She did not move as the door opened, nor for a minute afterwards. But as some one had entered, and the door had not been closed, she became aware of the intrusion. She raised her head, and looked around on the floor, slowly, till her glance fell on Mr. Wyville's feet. Then she raised her eyes till they rested on his face.

She seemed to have been in a sort of daze or waking dream. She did not take her eyes away, but looked at the strange face before her as if she were not yet awake.

She was a woeful wreck of womanhood. Her eyes had cavernous circles around them, and her cheeks were sunken, as if with consuming disease. Her hair, unkempt, was covered with the old shawl, but its straggling locks fell across her forehead. As she looked at Mr. Wyville some remant of womanly feeling stirred within her, and she raised a wasted hand and pressed backward the tangled hair from each side of her face.

Wretched as she was, and lost, there was something beneath all the stains that spoke of a face once comely and soft and lovable.

'Harriet Draper!' said Mr. Wyville, with unusual emotion in his deep voice, and speaking in a subdued tone.

She moved uneasily at the name, and her large eyes grew fearfully bright.

'Harriet Draper, I have been searching for you many years. *May* God pardon the man whose crime sent you here!'

'Ach!' gasped the woman, suddenly burying her face again, as if she had been stabbed in the breast. Then she started, and sprang to the floor, and put her hands on her eyes.

'O God! what did he say?' she hoarsely whispered, as if speaking to herself, O God! God! to pardon him, and not me!'

She took away her hands and looked severely for a moment at Mr. Wyville. He met her gaze with a severity greater than her own.

'Yes; God pardon him, for through him you have been made guilty,' he said.

'Who are you? she cried, becoming excited. 'Why are you that pretend to know me? No man made me commit crime. You lie! you lie! you don't know me—you don't know him!'

'Her voice became high with excitement, and her eyes blazed, as with fever.

'Harriet Draper, I know you and I know him—your guilty husband. I have searched for you for years, to ask you to lighten your soul of one grevious crime. Before long, you will need repentance; for your health is broken, and you cannot die with this terrible burden on your conscience.'

'What—what are you talking about?' she cried, still fiercely, but in a lower tone. 'What have I done?'

'You have committed murder!'

She looked at him without a word, and increased the pitiful fixity of her gaze by raising her hands to press her temples, as if to keep down pain.

'You murdered Alice Walmsley's child!'

Her eyes closed, and she grasped at her breast with both hands, and tottered backward, sinking on the bench with a long moan.

'You killed the child, and you saw the innocent mother dragged to prison for your crime. You have remained silent for nine years, and destroyed your own life, while she has borne your punishment. You shall now confess, and save her who has suffered so much to save you.'

'Ha! ha! ha! ha!' screamed the woman, in a laugh so sudden and hellish that Mr. Wyville stepped back appalled. He had expected a different result. Again and again the horrid laugh rang through the place, till it had exhausted the strength of the ferocious and most miserable being who uttered it, and she sank heavily on the bench.

'Save her!' she cried at length, clenching her hands, and shaking them over her head. 'Ha! ha! save her! Save the false woman that sent me here! Never! I hate her! She brought her suffering on herself by stealing my husband—he was only a fool in her hands!'

She rocked herself to and fro for a time, and then cried wildly:

'Why should I forgive her? Why should I save her? Am I to bear all the misery she made? He was my husband, and he loved me, till she made him false!'

Here she became wildly excited, almost screaming her words.

'If she were free to-day she would seek him out, and go back to him. Why should I save her to do that? Begone! I will not! I know nothing about her. I would rather die than speak a word to save her!'

A fit of coughing, that almost convulsed the miserable frame, now seized the woman; and when it had passed she sank back against the wall, exhausted.

Mr. Wyville remained silent; he feared that more excitement might affect her reason, or her life. He looked down upon the unfortunate being with profound pity. He had expected a depraved and selfish nature, shrinking from confession through selfish fear. He saw, instead, a woman's heart, criminal through its own love and truth, and cruelly unjust through jealousy of its rival.

Darkest and saddest of human sights—the good tortured from its straight course until it actually had become evil; the angelic quality in a heart wraped by deceit and wrong until it had become the fiendish part.

'O, man, man!' murmured Mr. Wyville, as he looked upon the wreck, but only saw the evil doer beyond her, 'your sin is deeper than the sea. Not here, not here must I seek to right the wrong.'

He walked from the place with bowed head. Officer Lodge, without speaking locked the door and followed him. Mr. Wyville sat down in the court-room, and, after a long pause, said to Officer Lodge:

'Has this man, Draper, ever been here—since the crime was committed?'

'No, sir, he hasn't never been seen; but they say as he has been here; that he came in the night to his own folks once. *He* can't never live in Walton, sir.'

'Has he been outlawed?'

'No, sir, there was no one to go again him. The law let him pass: but the people couldn't stomach him—though they never thought he was as bad as this.'

'You have heard, then, what I have said to this woman? It will do no good to speak about it. She has made no confession—nor will she confess till the hand of death is upon her. When is she to be tried for this last offence?'

'In two weeks, sir; and she'll get at least seven years.'

'Well, my kind friend, remember she has been cruelly wronged; and so long as she is in your charge, treat her with mercy. She is not the author of her crime and wretchedness.'

Officer Lodge promised to be kind, though his heart overflowed when he thought of poor Alice Walmsley and her great wrong. He also promised to send by mail to Mr. Wyville a report of Harriet Draper's sentence.

Mr. Wyville thanked him, but offered no reward.

'I shall see you again before long,' he said, as he left the little court room. His journey to London that night was mainly consumed in reflection on the tangled web of crime and injustice in which he had become so deeply interested.

Two days later Mr. Wyville sat in the office of the governor of Millbank, relating to him the story of Harriet Draper and Alice Walmsley.

'Good heavens!' cried the kind old governor; 'the case must be brought at once before the Directors.'

'No,' said Mr. Wyville, 'not yet—and not at any time before them. Release cannot right the wrong of this injured woman. She must be cleared by the confession of the criminal—and then we shall send her case to the Queen.'

'Well,' said the governor, 'but how are you to get the confession?'

'This woman, Harriet Draper, will come to Millbank within two weeks. If she does not confess before the convict ship sails, she must be sent to Western Australia next month.'

'We never send convicts in their first year,' said the governor.

'She must go,' said Mr. Wyville, warmly; 'break your rule for the sake of justice.'

'I'll break it for your sake, Mr. Wyville,' said the governor. 'I shall put her name on the roll.'

'And she must be kept aloof from the others. Can this be done?'

'Yes; we can enter her on the hospital list, and send her before the others to the ship. She will be confined on board in the hospital.'

Mr. Wyville held out his hand to the governor.

'I thank you sincerely,' he said; 'I am deeply interested in this case.'

When he had gone the bluff old major walked up and down his office, and mopped his head with his big handkerchief.

'It's like good health and a good conscience to come near that man,' he said to himself. 'How strange it is that he should have such deadly enemies!'

III.

A CAPTAIN FOR THE BOUGUEMONT.

In Mr. Wyville's house, in the library or study, sat Mr. Hamerton. He had been writing for hours. On the table beside him lay a heap of documents, with large red seals, like title-deeds; and in another heap lay a number of letters, addressed and stamped.

Mr. Wyville entered, and they talked for some minutes in a serious vein. It was evident that Mr. Hamerton was engaged in some more important business than usual, and that he had advised with *Mr.* Wyville during its progress.

Lord Somers called, as usual, on his way to the Department; and shortly afterward Sheridan arrived. *Mr.* Hamerton continued to write, and a cursory conversation began, the gentlemen glancing at the morning papers.

An exclamation from Lord Somers broke the commonplace.

'Hello! What the deuce! *Why,* Hamerton, this must be your place. Are you going to sell Broadwood?'

'Yes,' said Hamerton, and he went on with his writing.

'The whole estate and manor house?' asked the peer, in plain astonishment.

'The whole thing,' said Hamerton, in the same prosaic tone.

Will Sheridan took the paper, and read the advertisement: Magnificent and historic demesne and manor house of Broadwood—400 acres of rich land—enire village of Broadwood—valuable church living—antique furniture, pictures, armor, etc—in a word, the entire surroundings of an English aristocrat of the first standing, advertised in the daily papers to be sold by auction, not as a whole, but in lots.

'What do you mean by that?' asked Lord Somers; 'why not sell the right to one purchaser?'

'Because he couldn't buy it,' answered the stolid Hamerton, who was in a mood for apothegms.

'What! you want too much money for it?'

'No, I do not.'

'Come, come, Hamerton—this is unkind. Your place is close to mine, and I am naturally interested, independent of my sincere interest in your affairs.'

'Well, you spoke of buying the right. Now, Somers, no one man could buy or hold the right to so much land as Broadwood, in this populous and poverty-stricken country—yes, poverty-stricken—there are only a few rich people. Eighty out of every hundred are miserably poor. The best a rich man could do would be to buy the title-deeds; but the abstract right of ownership would remain with the farmers who tilled the land.'

'I don't understand you,' said Lord Somers.

'I propose to sell the deeds to the men who already hold the land by right.'

'You will break up Broadwood, and sell it to your farmers?'

'I will.'

Lord Somers was seriously affected by this extraordinary announcement; but he knew Hamerton too well to remonstrate or argue.

Mr. Wyville, looking across his paper, observed both speakers, and listened to the conversation, evidently pleased.

'You will be no nearer to your republican idea when this is done,' said Lord Somers, at length; 'you will have sold the land; but the money it brings has not been earned by you.'

'Quite true,' answered Hamerton.

'Why keep it, then?'

'I shall not keep it.'

'Why Hamerton—what do you mean? What will you do with it?'

'I shall invest it in schools and a library for the people of that section 'for ever,' as the lawyers say. Mr. Wyville and I have been looking at the matter, and we think this money will establish a school with three technical branches—chemistry, engineering and agriculture.'

'And you? will you teach in the schools for a living?'

'Oh no; I am going to Australia.'

'To Australia!' said Lord Somers and Sheridan in a breath. Then Sheridan asked,—

'Are you going to settle there?'

'Yes; I am tired of Europe. I shall never return here.'

'I am glad,' cried Sheridan, starting up and seizing Hamerton's hand. 'Australia is going to send out the largest-hearted men that ever owned the earth. You will be at home there. You will breathe freely in its splendid air. Oh, I am proud to see such men turn by nature to the magnificent South!'

Mr. Wyville had approached the table with a look of intense pleasure. He laid his hand almost carelessly on Will Sheridan's shoulder. As they were placed, these three men—Wyville, Sheridan, and Hamerton—they formed a remarkable group.

'You are dangerous company,' said Lord Somers, looking at them with admiration. 'You almost tempt me to follow you, or go with you, to Australia. When do you sail?'

'Mr. Sheridan and I will sail on the convict ship in three weeks,' said Mr. Wyville. 'Mr. Hamerton will take my steam-yacht and follow when he has settled his plans—perhaps a week later.'

'I am dumb-founded,' said Lord Somers. 'I cannot speak on this new thing. I only forsee that I shall be very lonely, indeed, in London when you have gone.'

After some further conversation on this point, Mr. Wyville changed the subject.

'You have engaged a captain for the convict ship?' he said to Lord Somers.

'Yes; Captain Rogers, late of the P. & O. Company's service.'

'You were not aware that I wished to engage him for my yacht?' said *Wyville.*

'No; I should be sorry to take him from you. But his articles are signed now, and good commanders for such a service are not easily found.'

'If I find you a suitable captain, and guarantee his command, will you oblige me by cancelling Captain Roger's commission?'

'Certainly—if you give him, instead, the command of your steamer.'

'Thank you; that is my intention.'

'But have you found another captain for the convict ship?' asked Lord Somers.

'Yes—I have been looking into the matter with the view of saving you further trouble. I have settled on a man who is classed as a first rate master mariner and commander, and who is now in London, disengaged.'

'I shall make a note of it,' said Lord Somers, taking out his pocket-book. '*What* is his name?'

'Draper,' said *Mr.* Wyville; 'Captain Samuel Draper.'

'That will do,' said the Secretary. 'I shall have new article made out. Will you see to it that he is engaged at once, and sent to the ship at Portland?'

'Certainly. I shall attend to it to-day.'

Mr. Hamerton and Sheridan, who had been talking together, at the other end of the room, now approached, and the conversation became general. Soon after, Lord Somers said 'Good morning,' and proceeded to his Department.

IV.

CAPTAIN SAMUEL DRAPER.

In the inner office of Lloyd's great shipping agency in London, on the day following Mr. Wyville's conversation with Lord Somers, the former gentleman sat while one of the clerks in the office brought him books and documents.

'This completes Captain Draper's record,' said the clerk, handing a paper to *Mr.* Wyville. 'It is from his last ship.'

'Thanks. Now, can you give me his address in London?'

'Yes; No 37 *Hatton* street, East.'

Mr. Wyville left the office, and the clerk collected his papers, from which the visitor had taken notes.

Mr. Wyville hailed a cab, and said to the driver, 'Hatton Street.' I was a long way off, and during the slow progress through the crowded streets Mr. Wyville examined his notes, and arranged them carefully in a certain order. At last the cab stopped.

'What number?' asked the driver.

'I shall get out here,' said Mr. Wyville 'But you may wait for me—say half an hour.'

He walked down the quiet little street, with its uniform brick houses, green blinds, and white curtains. It was a street of comfortable residences of small business men and well to-do mechanics. Number 37 was in no way different from the neighboring houses.

Mr. Wyville rang the bell, and an old lady, with glasses pushed up to her forehead, and a piece of sewing in her hand, opened the door, and looked inquiringly at the caller.

'Does Captain Draper live here?' he asked.

'Yes, sir; but he is out at present,' said the intelligent old lady.

'I am sorry; I will call again,' said Mr. Wyville, turning to go.

'He will be in soon,' said the old lady; 'he comes into dinner always.'

'Then I shall wait, if you please,' said Mr. Wyville, and he entered the house, and sat down in a comfortable little parlor, while the old woman, drawing down her glasses, went on with her sewing.

'Captain Draper is my grand-nephew,' said she, after a silent interval.

'Indeed!' said Mr Wyville. 'Then you will be pleased to know that I come to offer him a good command.'

'Oh, I am delighted!' said the old lady; 'he is so good, so conscientious. I always said as Samuel would come to something 'igh. He has been waiting for a ship for neatly a year. I know he doesn't please his owners, because he is too conscientious.'

'You will also be pleased to hear, madam, that his owners this time will be quite conscientious, too.'

'I am so delighted!' said Captain Draper's grand aunt.

At this moment the outer door opened, and immediately after Captain Draper entered the room. It was rather a chilly day, and he had buttoned his coat close up to his throat. He was not a robust figure—rather slim, and bent forward. The past ten years had laid a strong hand on him. The charm of his younger manhood, the boisterous laugh and hearty manner of waving his hand, was much lessened; but the cold watchfulness of his prominent blue eyes was proportionately increased.

He had a long and narrow face, thin jaws, covered with faded side-whiskers, worn rather long. His upper lip and chin were shaven, showing his wide mouth. His lips were dry, as of old, but now they were bluer, and more offensively cracked. On the whole, he was a decent-looking man in outward appearance; as he walked rapidly through the streets, with shoulders bent forward, one would say he was a consumptive hurrying home. But there was a compression of the mouth, accompanied with a quick watchfulness of eye, and an ugly sneer in the muscles of the nose, that would make his face detestable to any one who had the power of rapidly perceiving character.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ÆNEAS A. MACDONALD,

BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Agent for Credit Foncier Franco-Canadien,

Office, Great George St.

Near Bank Nova Scotia, Charlottetown

N 9, 1893—1y

What fills the housewife with delight,
And makes her biscuit crisp and light,
Her bread so tempt the appetite?
COTTOLENE

What is it makes her pastry such
A treat, her husband eats so much,
Though pies he never used to touch?
COTTOLENE

What is it shortens cake to nice,
Better than lard, while less in price,
And does the cooking in a trice?
COTTOLENE

What is it that fries oysters, fish,
Croquettes, or eggs, or such like dish,
As nice and quickly as you'd wish?
COTTOLENE

What is it saves the time and care
And patience of our women fair,
And helps them make their cake so rare?
COTTOLENE

Who is it earns the gratitude
Of every lover of pure food
By making "COTTOLENE" so good?

Made only by
N. K. FAIRBANK & CO.,
Wellington and Ann Streets,
MONTREAL.

AWFUL HEADACHES.

2 YEARS OF SUFFERING.

LIFE A TORTURE.

Kendrick Outhouse, of Moncton, N.B., says: For several years I suffered from severe attacks of biliousness, which came on periodically, about every ten days. I had awful headaches and the smell of anything cooking turned me sick. I became weak and nervous, and had no ambition or strength to work. I passed many sleepless nights, and for days could not retain food on my stomach. I suffered intensely with piles and hives, and my life was a constant torture to me. I became so weak that my friends gave up all hopes of my recovery. My brother brought me a bottle of

HAWKER'S NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC,

and a box of

HAWKER'S LIVER PILLS.

I had not taken them long before I commenced to improve and in a short time I was completely cured. I grew strong and vigorous, my appetite returned, I *slept well* and in a few months had *gained 30 pounds* in weight. I have not suffered from piles or biliousness since, now 2 years, and am as *strong and hearty* as any man could wish to be. I cheerfully believe that

HAWKER'S NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC AND LIVER PILLS

Saved My Life.

I hereby certify the above statement is correct in every particular.

HOLLAND OUTHOUSE.

Sold by all Druggists and general dealers.

Price of *Nerve Tonic*, 50cts., *PILLS* 25cts.

Manufactured by

HAWKER MEDICINE CO., Ltd.,

SPECTACLES are being worn by numbers of people with eyes entirely too strong; others ought to have a stronger glass than they do use. If the child who holds a book close in order to see best, or the older person who finds it difficult to see the finest print at night, will call on us we will soon tell them whether a glass will benefit them or not.

In some cases we find it best to give a pair on trial to be changed after using a short time for a stronger lens if needed, and then gradually get the eye accustomed to the help that it needs.

E. W. TAYLOR,
Cameron Block

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING

Epps's Cocoa

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.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets by Grocers, labelled thus:

JAMES EPPS & Co., Ltd., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

Oct. 4, 1893.—9m

Mortgage Sale.

TO be sold by public Auction in front of the Law Courts Building, in Charlottetown, on Friday, the First day of December, A. D. 1893, at the hour of Twelve o'clock, noon, all that tract, piece and parcel of land situate lying and being on Township Number Fifty-one, in King's County, in Prince Edward Island, bounded and described as follows. Commencing on the east side of the Baldwin's Road at the northwest angle of a farm of land in possession of John Cairns; thence running eastwardly along John Cairns' northern boundary to the division line between Townships Number Fifty-one and Fifty-two; thence north along said division line till it meets the southern boundary of a farm of land in possession of John McAree; thence westwardly along said McAree's southern boundary to the Baldwin's Road aforesaid; and thence along the same southwardly to the place of commencement, containing by estimation Fifty acres of land a little more or less.

The above Sale is made under Power of Sale in a Mortgage dated 5th day of September, A. D. 1883, made between Patrick McKenna and Mary Ann, his wife, of the one part, and Patrick Cullen, of the other part.

For further particulars apply to J. J. Johnston, Solicitor, Charlottetown.

PATRICK CULLEN,
Mortgagee.

Ch'town Nov. 1, 1893—3i

TELEPHONE COMPANY OF P. E. ISLAND.

TOLL LINE STATIONS.

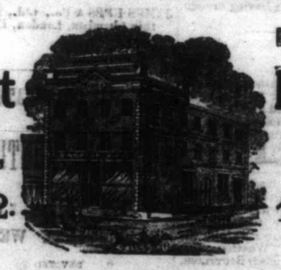
WESTERN STATIONS.		EASTERN STATIONS.	
Charlottetown,	Victoria,	Mount Stewart,	Murray River,
Hunter River,	Frostown,	Peake's Station,	Murray Harbor North
New Glasgow,	Kensington,	Cardigan,	Murray Harbor South
Laird's Mills,	Clifton,	Pinette,	New Perth,
Rusticoville,	Stanley,	Grand River Bridge	Valleyfield,
North Rustico,	Malpeque,	Annandale,	Orwell,
Emerald,	Summerside	Souris,	Vernon River Bridge,
Tryon Mills,	Centreville,	Georgetown,	Bush Wharf,
Crapaud,	St. Eleanors	Lower Montague,	Eldon,
		Montague,	

ROB ANGUS, Manager,

A.—1y

WHOLESALE & RETAIL

HARDWARE



Burnt Dec. 30th. 1892. Rebuilt MAY, 1893.

Headquarters for all kinds of Hardware and Carriage goods.

R. B. NORTON & CO.

HERE WE ARE

AS LARGE AS LIFE!

AND TWICE AS NATURAL!

With Compliments of Star Tailoring Establishment

IT is fitting to acknowledge through the Press our appreciation of the patronage of our friends in this city and throughout the Island for the last six years; and as we propose to live as long as we can, we are hopeful of hope that the future will develop greater things for the customers than the past ever dreamed of.

Our objective point is PERFECTION; and until our art will don that title, you will find us selling Suits, cheaper Suits, better-made Suits, than any house in the trade. Our claim is no idle dream, but patent facts.

JOHN T. McKENZIE,
Star Tailoring Establishment, London House,

FOUND GUILTY

D. A. BRUCE has been found guilty of selling CLOTHING and HATS

CHEAPER

than any other place on P. E. Island.

D. A. BRUCE,
MERCHANT TAILOR

TRADE BOOMING.

Our prices on Clothing, Furs, Hats, Caps and Dress Goods is making trade boom. October trade has been the best October trade we have ever done. The public know good value when they see it.

For November we will give special prices on Men's, Boys and Youths

REEFERS, OVERCOATS & SUITS.

We keep the largest stock on P. E. Island, and we guarantee our prices the lowest.

PROWSE BROS.

The Farmer's Boys & Wonderful Cheap Men

SEASONABLE!

Preserve Kettles, *Refrigerators,*
"Gem" Freezers. *Screen Wire,*
Nash's Scythes, *American Rakes,*
Machine Oil, *Binder Twine,*
Paints & Oils, *Fence Wire.*

Wholesale & Retail

Fennell & Chandler,
Victoria Row.

Mark Wright AND Co

(LIMITED)

—ARE GIVING—

GREAT BARGAINS

—IN—

FURNITURE.

Prince Edward Island Railway.

1893 SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1893

On and after Wednesday, May 24th, 1893, trains will run as follows:—

TRAINS FOR THE WEST.

STATIONS.	Expr'ss	Accom	Ac'm
	A M	P M	
Charlottetown ....dp	6 00	2 40	
Royalty Junction....	6 14	3 01	
North Wiltshire....	6 48	3 50	
Hunter River....	6 58	4 00	
Bradalbane....	7 23	4 40	
Emerald Junction....	7 30	4 55	
Frostown....	7 40	5 08	
Kensington....	7 53	5 28	
Summerside ....ar	8 15	6 00	
Summerside ....dp	8 30		P M 1 40
Miscouche....	8 45		2 02
Wellington....	9 05		2 28
Port Hill....	9 25		3 17
O'Leary....	10 30		4 42
Bloomfield....	10 47		5 08
Alberton....	11 14		6 00
Tignish....ar	11 55		6 55

STATIONS.	Expr'ss	Accom	Accom
	P. M.	A. M.	
Tignish....dp	12 25	6 00	
Alberton....	1 05	7 05	
Bloomfield....	1 20	7 44	
O'Leary....	1 45	8 00	
Port Hill....	2 37	9 26	
Wellington....	3 07	10 17	
Miscouche....	3 25	10 44	
Summerside ....ar	3 40	11 05	
Summerside ....dp	4 05		A. M 6 15
Kensington....	4 28		6 48
Frostown....	4 48		7 10
Emerald Junction....	4 58		7 29
Bradalbane....	5 01		7 39
Hunter River....	5 24		8 15
North Wiltshire....	5 34		8 30
Royalty Junction....	6 05		9 10
Charlottetown....ar	6 20		9 40

Emerald Junction..dp			P M 5 15
Cape Traverse....ar			6 05
Cape Traverse....dp			A. M. 6 25
Emerald June....ar			7 15

TRAINS FOR THE EAST.

STATIONS	Expr'ss	Accom
	P M.	A. M.
Charlottetown....dp	3 00	6 30
Royalty Junction....	3 15	6 50
Bedford....	3 40	7 28
Mount Stewart June. ....ar	4 05	8 05
Mount Stewart June. ....dp	4 10	8 20
Morell....	4 30	9 00
St. Peter's....	5 00	9 30
Bear River....	5 32	10 14
Souris....ar	6 05	10 55
Mount Stewart June....dp	4 10	8 25
Cardigan....	5 03	9 30
Georgetown....ar	5 20	10 00

STATIONS.	Expr'ss	Accom
	A. M.	P. M.
Souris....dp	6 15	1 15
Bear River....	6 45	1 60
St. Peter's....	7 20	2 45
Morell....	7 45	3 15
Mount Stewart June. ....ar	8 10	3 55
Mount Stewart June. ....dp	8 15	4 05
Bedford....	8 40	4 40
Royalty Junction....	9 03	5 16
Charlottetown....ar	9 20	5 35
Georgetown....dp	7 00	2 15
Cardigan....	7 17	2 37
Mount Stewart June....ar	8 10	3 45

Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. All trains run daily, Sundays excepted.

J. UNSWORTH,
Superintendent.

Railway Office, Ch'town, May 22, 1893.—

Ward of Diseases by Taking K. D. C. Check your Indigestion with K. D. C., the great Checker.