The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW S RIES — CHARLOTTETOWN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1890 — VOL. XIX NO. 49

The Charlottetown Herald
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All Correspondence should be addressed to the HERALD Printing Company, or to

JAMES McISAAC,
Editor and Manager

Calendar for October, 1890.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Last Qtr., 5th day, 4h., 10.8m., p.m., N.
New Moon, 13th day, 7h., 32.5m, p.m. N.W
First Qtr., 21st day, 1h., 24.0 a.m., N. W.
Full Moon, 27th day, 7h., 29.4m., p.m., S.E

D M	Day of Week.	Sun rises	Sun sets	The Moon. Rises	The Moon. Sets	High Water Ch'tow
		h m	h m	after'n	morn	after'n
1	Wed	6 3	5 36	7 28	9 22	0 21
2	Thur	6	5 34	7 39	10 37	1 0
3	Fri	6	32	8 37	11 47	1 42
4	Sat	8	30	9 22	af 52	2 29
5	Sun	9	28	10 17	1 50	3 25
6	Mon	10	26	11 14	2 38	4 37
7	Tues	12	24	morn	3 19	5 53
8	Wed	13	22	0 16	3 52	7 5
9	Thur	14	20	1 20	4 18	8 1
10	Fri	16	18	2 25	4 40	8 44
11	Sat	17	16	3 30	5 2	9 24
12	Sun	19	15	4 35	5 21	9 59
13	Mon	20	13	5 41	5 40	10 31
14	Tues	21	11	6 48	6 1	11 3
15	Wed	22	9	7 56	6 24	11 37
16	Thur	24	8	9 9	6 51	morn
17	Fri	25	6	10 19	7 23	0 13
18	Sat	26	4	11 29	8 8	0 52
19	Sun	28	3	af'n 34	8 29	1 37
20	Mon	29	1	1 26	10 3	2 31
21	Tues	31	4 59	2 16	11 15	3 38
22	Wed	32	57	2 53	morn	5 4
23	Thur	33	55	3 23	0 32	6 33
24	Fri	35	54	3 49	1 50	7 47
25	Sat	36	52	4 12	3 8	8 40
26	Sun	38	51	4 34	4 26	9 20
27	Mon	39	49	4 58	5 42	10 6
28	Tues	40	47	5 23	6 58	10 43
29	Wed	41	45	5 59	8 14	11 22
30	Thur	43	44	6 29	9 24	11 59
31	Fri	6 45	4 43	7 12	10 36	aft 38

North British and Mercantile
FIRE AND LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY!
—OF—
EDINBURGH AND LONDON.
ESTABLISHED 1809.
Total Assets, 1890, - - $39,371,980.79
TRANSACTS every description of Fire and Life Business on the most favorable terms.
This Company has been well and favorably known for its prompt payment of losses in this Island during the last twenty-two years.
FRED. W. CHUNDMAN.
Agent.
Corner Queen and Water Streets, Charlottetown, Jan. 19, 1888. 1y

Liebig Company's
EXTRACT OF MEAT.
For improved and economic cookery, use it for Soups, Sauces, and Made Dishes. In flavor incomparable, and dissolves perfectly clear in water. Makes delicious Beef Tea and Soups in all climates for any length of time. 1 lb equal to 40 lbs of lean beef. Only sort guaranteed genuine by Justus von Liebig and bears his signature in blue, thus: Liebig

BEST AND SAFEST.
The Dominion Government Analyst reported

WOODILL'S GERMAN BAKING POWDER
compounded of ingredients, the BEST and SAFEST for manufacturing Baking Powder.

All kinds of Job work executed with neatness and despatch, at the Herald Office.

Blank books, bill heads and receipt forms in the best style, printed at the Herald Office

Watches. Watches.

SOLID GOLD Ladies' and Gents' Open or Hunting Case. Gold filled do., do., warranted to stand and wear better than a cheap gold case.

Silver and Silveroid, in key or stem-wind, with works thoroughly tested and warranted, from $5.00 up to $40.00. Cheaper can be supplied, but not warranted as reliable time-keepers.

The watches we keep in stock have received the highest award for general excellence and time-keeping qualities.
Good value in every department.

G. H. TAYLOR.
Aug. 21, 1889. North Side Queen Square.

Grocery & Tea House!

P. MONAGHAN,
—IMPORTER AND DEALER IN—
Teas, Sugars, Coffees, Confectionery, Flour, Molasses, Pork, Ham, Lard and Choice Groceries.
ALL THE ABOVE ARE CHOICE AND VERY CHEAP.
TEAS A SPECIALTY.
Try our 20c Tea. Nothing like it for the price.
Next to Miller Bros., Upper Queen Street.
Charlottetown, January 19, 1890.—1 yr.

General Hardware!

Barb Wire Fencing, Bar Iron, Cut Nails, Roofing Material, Builders' and Painters' Supplies, Carriage Goods, Wholesale and Retail.

NORTON & FENNELL,
May 28, 1890

Perkins & Sterns

Popular Prices for Standard Dry Goods.

Up to the 1st of August this season's trade with us has been exceedingly good—much ahead of last year. We attribute it to the fact that we have been giving excellent value in all kinds of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods. Those who have not traded with us in the past should do so now, and they will find we have the cheapest goods to be had. During August we will give some Rare bargains in Summer Dress Goods, Millinery, Parasols, Hosiery, Gloves, Muslin's etc. We have a job lot of Homespuns, suitable for Boys' wear (or even Men's), which we will clear at a low price.

NOW OPENING—A large stock of Grey and White Cottons, Cotton Warps, Bed Ticks, Fleecy Cottons, Ducks Drills, Blankets, etc. Having bought at the lowest point, we can sell them very cheap. Try

PERKINS & STERNS.
Charlottetown, August 13, 1890.

BOSTON STEAMERS!

JULY 2.

From this date the Steamers Carroll and Worcester will run regularly for remainder of season, leaving Charlottetown for Boston every Thursday, at 4 o'clock, p. m., and leaving Boston every Wednesday at noon.

CARVELL BROS.
July 9, 1890.—tf

Cough-Cures

Are abundant; but the one best known for extraordinary anodyne and expectorant qualities is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For nearly half a century this preparation has been in greater demand than any other remedy for colds, coughs, bronchitis, and pulmonary complaints in general.

"I suffered for more than eight months from a severe cough accompanied with hemorrhage of the lungs and the expectoration of matter. The physicians gave me up, but my druggist prevailed on me to try

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists Price $1; six bottles, $5.

THE KEY TO HEALTH
BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

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

A Rare Opportunity.

THAT desirable block of ground situate and being in the front and centre of the City of Charlottetown, and known as the "REVERE HOUSE" property, and comprising nearly one acre of land, and a most magnificent site for a Railway Passenger Station or first-class Hotel, is now offered for sale by tender.

Tenders will be received by the Lady Superioress of the City Hospital for the purchase of the whole block only up till the 31st of December, 1890, reserving the right to accept or reject any tender

Further information respecting bounds and conditions can be had on application to Lady Superioress at the City Hospital, or to

M. P. HOGAN, Agent,
City of Charlottetown.
Aug. 13, 1890.—tf

Get your business cards printed at the Herald Office.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE
FOR SALE.

THE Farm, formerly owned by Mr. Peter McIlourie, at Mill View, in Queen's County, consisting of about

315 Acres of Land,

With the Dwelling House, Barns, Cloth, Carding and Saw Mills thereon. This property is situated in a fine farming settlement, convenient to Churches, Schools, &c. It will be sold *en bloc*, or in lots to suit purchasers.

For terms and particulars apply to C. B MacNeill, Solicitor, Charlottetown July 23, 1890.—tf

IMPERIAL CREAM TARTAR BAKING POWDER
PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST,
CONTAINS NO ALUM, AMMONIA, LIME, PHOSPHATES, or any injurious materials.
E. W. GILLETT, TORONTO, ONT. CHICAGO, ILL.
Mf'r's of the CELEBRATED ROYAL YEAST CAKES.

A Visit to the Birthplace of the Jesuit Ord'r.

PARIS, August 16th.—"Already a fortnight in Paris, and we have not been yet on pelerinage to the birthplace of the Jesuit Order. It's shocking," says my friend, a young Galway lady, spending her holidays in France's capital, "and you," she adds, "as great a Jesuit as myself." I do not reply. "Ay, and twice as great a one," but I just say, "Put on your bonnet and follow me." And in less than five minutes we find ourselves on the top of one of the numerous Parisian 'busses and bound for Montmartre. As our horses slowly pant and slip over the greasy stones, we have plenty of time to study the groups of French people shaded under the double rode of the fine rows of trees planted on either side of the boulevard. Whole families are there; the matrons fiercely knitting away—and who can knit like a Frenchwoman!—the "grand pere" nursing the baby and babooing to it as only an old Frenchman can; the son reading out Le Petit Journal or some other paper, while les enfants are busily engaged building up castles and knocking them down again on the yellow sand that the ground is strewn with, and making the most of their two months' holiday. The shops are gay with summer goods, or tempting with summer fruits—green gages, peaches, green and purple grapes being the most common. It is past the hour for the dejouner a la fourchette, and too early for that of the dinner, so the cafes and restaurants are only doing a slack trade, and the little round buildings placed outside, and well in view of the passers-by, are only thinly occupied by Messieurs et Dames, sipping away cafe noir frappe in long glasses, provided with still longer spoons, or drinking bottle after bottle of the thin vin ordinaire of the country. As we approach Montmartre we find ourselves in a very old part of the city; narrow lanes or courts run up the side of the hill: the people here appear much poorer and hard-worked than about other quarters of Paris. But before we have time to study more of the bearings of the place our conductor calls out: "On descend ici pour Montmartre," and we, who are well accustomed now to a Paris 'bus, and know that they, like time and tide, wait for no man or woman, rush to get down the steep stairs before the three white horses are in motion that conduct our vehicle. When, as we find ourselves breathless but safe and whole on terra firma, we stand, and, forgive us, we just relieve our feelings by a low whistle. Yes, there is the Eglise du Vœu National au Sacre Cœur right in face of us—but, oh, at what a height, and under what a blazing sun must we get to it. My heart sinks. "Ce n'est egal," I bravely cry; we are pilgrims, in this naughty, unbelieving city, and we start. Our street is a street of stone steps, or rather of flights of stone steps—we count up to three hundred—and then our breath and brain fail us under the fierce heat, and we painfully toil up the rest, and are on the plateau before the great church, which now, thank God, after so many years' building, is being completed. Oh, what a view rewards us for our climb. All Paris stretches under our feet and away all around us. To be sure, the first thing that catches our eye is that impertinent Tour Eiffel. Go where we will it seems to spy down on us, and even at night its luminous eye darts down its electric light and seems to say: "Go wherever you will, you will see me; there is no way of getting away from my observation." "You horrid, vulgar, modern thing," I say to it, and turn away in disgust, and am rewarded by the view of the majestic, pointed towers of Notre Dame, stately, calm, antique, historical Notre Dame. How aristocratic she looks beside the further dome, all gilded, shining, and modern, of the tomb of Napoleon. One by one we trace out the spires and columns of the city, the two graceful needles of the Sainte Chapelle, more to the left of the Obelisk, under whose shadow French blood ran in streams during the Revolution. The handsome Opera House, where once poor Eugenie lived and reared her boy, the streets and gardens, the fountains and boulevards of Paris lie at our feet, prostrate and pleading to us not to forget them as anon we pass into God's holy presence, into this, His High Temple, which every day pleads to His Father for the vast city below, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Though I am told my way is toujours a droite, I cannot resist turning aside into a little old church, where the strains of the "Tantum Ergo" fall on the ear, and where in the midst of a large congregation we scarcely get kneeling room.

Coming out, we are greeted on all sides by vendors of "objets de piete," all stamped with the words, "Souvenir de Montmartre," and all at treble the prices charged anywhere else. Numerous are the cafes here; one, styling itself "Refectoire des Pelerins a Montmartre," was greatly crowded; but we push on to purchase our tickets at fifty centimes each, to see the church "du Vœu National," and await our time patiently, with some fifty others, till the "conducteur" or "guide" opens the doors of the "Crypte," and lets us in. The cold of this subterraneous church is very pleasant, but a little dangerous, too. "No matter," the Galway young lady remarks, "we will see where the Jesuit Order was born." But will we? I begin to doubt. Our "guide" conducts us faithfully to every altar, all unfinished as each is; shows us where Monsigneur Glibert, the archbishop, has chosen his place of sepulchre, points out to us the beautiful pathetic statue of the thorn-crowned Saviour, showing his sacred heart, and pleading for repentant France—ay, and for France non-repentant, too—draws our attention to the gorgeous and beautifully embroidered banners left by pious pilgrims from all parts of France and from every town; shows us even the altar of "St. Ignace," but not a word to point out where that holy little band met and sowed the seed that was to bring forth a mighty tree whose branches was to spread over many lands. No, not a word, and at length Madame can stand it no longer, and she boldly catches the little round cloak of a Monsieur Abbe, who is a pilgrim like herself, and asks him where is the spot where so many saints met and founded the mighty Order of the Jesuits. She has some little time to await his response, for the Padre is taken by surprise. He raises his shoulders, and, with a prolonged "Je ne sais pas," looks troubled in his mind. "Du tout, du tout," she hears him mutt'ring for some time, when she in her turn darts over, catches the buttonhole of the guide just as he has finished a long peroration, and puts the question to him Madame has already demanded. "But Monsieur le Guide is not to be permitted to show his want of knowledge in that manner." Who is it wants to know such out-of-the-way questions?" And, as poor, blushing, guilty Madame is pointed out to him, he fiercely murmurs: "Que ces dames Anglaise sont toujours droles," and with an aggrieved air begins his information again, Madame only consoling herself with the reflection that she is neither "drole" nor "Anglaise;" and so we proceed onwards, now stopping to admire the pieces of mosaic let in here and there to show us what this chapel and that will be when finished, or pausing to take in the beautiful effect of the pillars, so placed that one may hear and see seven masses going on at the same time, if one were so inclined; and now we mount by broad stone steps to the church above. It is not yet finished, though roofed in. Workmen, in long blue and white blouses, are chipping, carving, and carting away; but as we stand in that vast space our thoughts turn towards St. Peter's at Rome, and we say how much it reminds us of it. But see, we are nearly left behind; all are leaving the church. The great portals stand wide open, and the sun, now a welcome intruder after the chill of the unfinished walls inside, invites us once more to the outer world. The descent we find much easier than the climb up. One of the ever numerous busses journeying towards the Arc de Triomphe is found on the boulevard; we jump in, and in a very short time are back in our Parisian pied-a-terre, not far from the church of the English Passionist Fathers.—*The Nation.*

Cardinal Manning's Panegyric of Cardinal Newman.

The Cardinal-Archbishop's discourse on Cardinal Newman delivered at the Requiem at the Oratory, South Kensington, on Wednesday, August 20, was as follows:

We have lost our greatest witness for the faith, and we are all poorer and lower by the loss.

When these tidings came to me, my first thought was this: In what way can I, once more, show my love and veneration for my brother and friend of more than sixty years? It was not in my power to stand beside his grave. For a time I was in doubt whether this last sad and solemn rite should be in my own cathedral church, or here, as I may say, in his own home. I believe he would have wished it to be here, where the sorrow for his loss is a domestic sorrow, as of sons for a father. With their filial and private grief it is, then, most fitting that we should unite our personal and universal sorrow.

I am not come to pronounce orations or panegyrics. I would not, if I could. I could not, if I would. The memories of an affectionate friendship, as I have said, of more than sixty years, and the weight of age, put it beyond my power.

Few now are living who cherish such a record of the past as I can.

When I was twenty years of age and he was about twenty-eight, I remember his form, and voice, and penetrating words at evensong in the University Church at Oxford. Having once seen and heard him, I never willingly failed to be there. As the time went on, those quiet days passed into the conflict and tumult of the following years. My field of work was far away; but I knew his thoughts by letter, and when trials came I was not absent from him. Littlemore is before me now as fresh as yesterday. Then came the great decision, in which the toils and prayers of so many years were fulfilled and rewarded.

The next time we met was 1848. It was in Rome. He was in the Oratorian habit; simple, humble and dead to the world. Again four years passed, and I heard once more the well-known voice, sweet of old but strong in the absolute truth, prophesying a "second spring" in the First Provincial Council of Westminster. Why should I go on? You have known him since then in the midst of you. My last vision of him is when, as a brother and a colleague, he leaned upon my arm at the door of this church in a funeral rite well remembered by many of you, and by some of you never to be forgotten while life lasts. The last time I wrote to him, some months ago, I remember saying that his length of days was a pledge of the love of God. Such is the beginning and close of the friendship that can have no end.

If any proof were needed of the immeasurable work that he has wrought in England, the last week would be enough. Who could doubt that the great multitude of his personal friends in the first half of his life, and the still greater multitude of those who have been instructed, consoled and won to God by the unequalled beauty and irresistible persuasion of his writings—who could doubt that they, at such a time as this, would pour out the love and gratitude of their hearts? But that the public voice of England, political and religious, in all its diversities, should for once unite in love and veneration of a man who had broken through its sacred barriers and defied its religious prejudices, who could have believed it? He had committed the hitherto unpardonable sin in England. He had rejected the whole Tudor settlement in religion. He had become Catholic as our fathers were. And yet for no one in our memory has such a heartfelt and loving veneration been poured out. Of this, one proof is enough. Some one has said, "Whether Rome canonizes him or not, he will be canonized in the thoughts of pious people of many creeds in England." This is true; but I will not therefore say that the mind of England is changed. Nevertheless, it must be said that, toward a man who had done so much to estrange it, the will of the English people was changed; an old malevolence had passed into good-will. If this is a noble testimony to a great christian life, it is as noble a proof of the justice, equity and uprightness of the English people. In venerating John Henry Newman it has unconsciously honored itself.

It is too soon to measure the work that has been silently wrought by the life of Cardinal Newman. No living man has so changed the religious thought of England. His withdrawal closes a chapter which stands alone in the religious life of this century. It has for the most part been wrought in silence; for the retiring habits of the man and the growing weight of age made his later utterances few. Nevertheless, his words of old were as "the hammer that breaks rocks in pieces," and as the light that works without a sound. It has been boldly and truly avowed that he is the "founder, as we almost say, of the church of England as we see it. What the church of England would have become without the Tractarian Movement we can faintly guess; and of the Tractarian Movement he was the living soul and inspiring genius." This sentence will be implacably resented and fiercely attacked; but it is true as the light of day. This intellectual movement was begun and sustained by one man. But for this movement Erastianism and Rationalism would by this time have reigned supreme in the national religion. The penetrating influence of this one mind has pervaded also the bodies separated from the Established church and most opposed to it. They have been powerfully attracted, not to the Tudor Settlement, but to primitive christianity. And the same sweet voice and luminous words have been working among them; all the more persuasively because he had rejected all things of this world, even more than themselves. He spoke to them as a simple voice of truth, which could neither be warped by prejudice nor bribed to silence.

In 1861 the following words were published in a letter to Father Newman, as he then was: "You have been a master-builder in this work, and I a witness of its growth. You remained long at Oxford, still, with all its disfigurement, so dear to both of us; but I was removed to a distance, and had to work alone. Nevertheless to you I owe a debt of gratitude for intellectual help and light, greater than to any one man of our time; and it gives me a sincere gratification now publicly to acknowledge, though I can in no way repay it." I little thought in 1861 that I should have the consolation of repeating these words, as it were, over his grave.

I have no heart, at such a time as this, to go into details. It is for others, who will hereafter give their mind to record minutely the history of this great life and all that it has done. But we cannot forget that we owe to him, among other debts, one singular achievement. No one who does not intend to be laughed at will henceforward say that the Catholic religion is fit only for weak intellects and unmanly brains. This superstition of pride is over. St. Thomas Aquinas is too far off and too little known to such talkers to make them hesitate. But the author of the "Grammar of Assent" may make them think twice before they so expose themselves. Again, the designer and editor of the "Library of the Fathers" has planted himself on the undivided church of the first six centuries; and he holds the field: the key of the position lost. Moreover, his hymns are in the hearts of Englishmen, and they have a transforming power. He has taught us that beauty and truth are inseparable; that beauty resides essentially in the thought, so that nothing can make that to be beautiful which is not so in the plainest words that will convey the meaning. The English people have read the thoughts through his transparent words; and have seen the beauty of eternal truth as it shone forth in his mind.

Thus far I have spoken of his work upon the world without; what can I, or what need I, say of his work inwardly upon the church? You all know it and have felt it. His writings are in your hands. But beyond the power of all, books has been the example of his humble and unworldly life; always the same, in union with God; and in manifold charity to all who sought him. He was the centre of innumerable souls, drawn to him as teacher, guide and comforter, through long years, and especially in the more than forty years of his Catholic life. To them he was a spring of light and strength from a supernatural source.

A noble and beautiful life is the most convincing and persuasive of all preaching; and we have all felt its power. Our Holy Father Leo XIII knew the merits and the gifts, both natural and supernatural, which were hidden in his humility; and to the joy of all he called him to the highest dignity next to his own.

The history of our land will hereafter record the name of John Henry Newman among the greatest of our people, as a confessor for the faith, a great teacher of men, a preacher of justice, of piety, and of compassion.

May we all follow him in his life, and may our end be painless and peaceful like his.

Let every condemned sinner cheer up Geronimo the renegade Apache, is teaching a Sunday-school class.

A short method of measuring timber is by sawlogarithms.

Cleanse the scalp from scurf and dandruff; keep the hair soft and of a natural color by the use of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

A flight of fancy is the product of a scarehead.

STICK TO THE RIGHT.—Right actions spring from right principles. In cases of diarrhœa, dysentery, cramps, colic, summer complaint, cholera morbus, etc., the right remedy is Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, an unfailing cure, made on the principle that nature's remedies are best. Never travel without it.

A LETTER FROM EMERSON.—"I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and I think it the best remedy for summer complaint. It has done a great deal of good to myself and children." Yours truly, Mrs. Wm. Whitely, Emerson, Man.

The late John Boyle O'Reilly's estate is estimated to be worth one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

UNBEARABLE AGONY.—For three days I suffered severely from summer complaint, nothing gave me relief and I kept getting worse till the pain was almost unbearable but after I had taken the first dose of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, I found great relief and it did not fail to cure me. Wm. T. Glynn, Wilfrid, Ont.

A man never becomes so homely that he is not handsome to the woman he is kind to.

If you could see your own scalp through an ordinary magnifying glass, you would be amazed at the amount of dust, dandruff, and dead skin thereon accumulated. The best and most popular preparation for cleansing the scalp is Ayer's Hair Vigor.

Mr. Gladstone, wife and family sang that beautiful hymn "Lead, Kindly Light" in respect to the memory of the late Cardinal Newman.

Sallow and lean-lined complexions soon give place to the loveliest pink and white when the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is persisted in and cosmetics entirely abandoned. Nothing can counterfeit the rosy glow of perfect health, which blesses those who use this medicine.

Unless more care is given to the hair, the coming man is liable to be a hairless animal; hence, to prevent the hair from falling see Hall's Hair Renewer.

Commander McCalla of the U. S. Navy often uses figures of speech, but his saltiest say he is partial to trees.

The use of calomel for derangements of the liver has ruined many a fine constitution. Those who, for similar troubles, have tried Ayer's Pills testify to their efficacy in the outright remedying the malady, without injury to the system.

Let everybody in life be serious, if you will, but leave it for death to be solemn.

You cannot be too particular about the medicines you use. When you need a blood purifier, be sure you get Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and no other. It will mingle with, purify and vitalize every drop of blood in your body. It makes the weak strong.

Every dog has his day and Sunday belongs to the greyhound.

The Empress of Austria is making a tour of France, Spain, Portugal, Majorca, Ireland, Scotland and England, in her steam yacht.

A MOUNTED STORY.—I have used your Burdock Blood Bitters and Pills and find them everything to me. I had dyspepsia with bad breath and bad appetite, but after a few days' use of B.B.B. I felt stronger, could eat a good deal, and felt myself a different man. W. H. Story, Moncton, Que.

A RARE REMEDY.—Mr. Reuben Knight of Morris, Man., states that he was troubled with a rash all over his body which was cured with less than one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters. He highly recommends it as a blood purifier of the greatest efficacy.

Our tale of woe this year will be caused by the little peach that didn't grow.

A cheerful old maid or old woman is like the sunny side of a wood shed in the last of winter.

THE SAMBRO LIGHTHOUSE is at Sambro, N. S., whence Mr. H. E. Hartt, writes as follows: "Without a doubt Burdock Blood Bitters has done me a lot of good. I was sick and weak and had no appetite, but B.B.B. made me feel smart and strong. Were its virtues more widely known, many lives would be saved."

The silver question—got change for a quarter?

Improve the nutritive functions of the scalp by using Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer, and thus keep the hair from falling and becoming gray.

If thou art wise thou knowest thine own ignorance and thou art ignorant if thou knowest not thyself.

Rheumatism is caused by a poisonous acid in the blood and yields to Ayer's Pills. Many cases which seem chronic and hopeless, have been completely cured by this medicine. It will cost but little to try what effect the Pills may have in your case. We predict success.

Mystery lends a charm to almost everything except boarding-house mince pie.

Just how an alterative medicine cleanses the system is an open question; but that Ayer's Sarsaparilla does produce a radical change in the blood is well attested on all sides. It is everywhere considered the best remedy for blood disorders.

FACTS AND FIGURES.—Thousands of people have been cured and thousands will be cured by the use of Burdock Blood Bitters, the best remedy for biliousness, dyspepsia, constipation bad blood, lost appetite, etc. Millions of bottles have been sold and all have given satisfaction.

Woman may be a conundrum, a puzzle, but the world will never willingly give her up.

THE DEADLIEST OF SERPENTS.—Tuberculosis destroys less life in the aggregate than the various forms of cholera, including morbus, cholera infantum, diarrhœa, dysentery, cramps, colic, etc. Mortality in Canada during these causes is light, owing to the general use of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which is an unfailing specific for all bowel complaints.

This life is all a fleeting show, but heaven knows it's no circus.

A SEVERE ATTACK.—I never felt better in my life than since I used Burdock Blood Bitters. I had a severe bilious attack, I could not eat for days and was unable to work. One bottle cured me. For biliousness use B.B.B. John M. Richards, Ayr, Ont.

The only way to be honest—sixteen ounces to the pound.

OUT IN PERIL.—Lives of children are often endangered by sudden and violent attacks of cholera, cholera morbus, diarrhœa, dysentery and bowel complaints. A reasonable and certain precaution is to keep Dr. Fowler's extract of Wild Strawberry always at hand.

In base ball, as in cookery, the best batter takes the cake.

READ THESE LINES.
1 to 2 bottles of B. B. B. will cure headache.
1 to 2 bottles of B. B. B. will cure biliousness.
1 to 4 bottles of B. B. B. will cure constipation.
1 to 4 bottles of B. B. B. will cure dyspepsia.
1 to 6 bottles of B. B. B. will cure bad blood.
1 to 6 bottles of B. B. B. will cure scrofula.
In any case relief will be had from the first few doses.

There is nothing so often front-bitten as budding genius.

The new military conscription law in France compels all clergymen under 35 to serve a term of military duty.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 27, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE