OBITUARY.

THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE YOUNG VIRGINIAN.

In Memory of Mr. George M. King, a Professed Novice of the Congregation of the Mission, who went to his eternal reward, February 25th, 1888.

I am floating away on a golden cloud
Into the depths of an infinite sea,—
Bright-winged spirits around me crowd,
I sail to the port of eternity!

Strong is the Pilot at the helm—
His sweetest name is *Immanuel*;
Winds may threaten, and waves o'erwhelm,
All is peace where my Lord doth dwell.

Oft, in the murk of the misty night,
His pure eyes pierce the purple gloom,
Flooding my soul with a mystic light,
Fairer far than a lily's bloom!

Oft, again, when the tide runs low,
And the breeze is soft as a baby's sigh,
I faint at His feet in the sunlight's glow,
For very joy that my Love is nigh!

But, whether the winds be fair or foul,
The will of my Pilot raleth me,—
His might upholdeth my sinking soul,
As I sail to the port of Eternity!

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

THE EVIL MAY DAY;

—OR—

A FOOL AND HIS FOLLY.

A Tale of the Time of Henry VIII.

CHAPTER I.—[CONTINUED.]

Nurse Joan had fought their battles, but with the sore heart of one who was parting with her darlings never to see them again. She bade them doff their suits of mourning that she might make up their fardels, as they would travel in their Lincoln Green suits. To take these she repaired to the little, rough, shed-like chamber where the two brothers lay for the last time on their pallet bed, awake, and watching for her, with Spring at their feet. The poor old woman stood over them, as over the motherless nurslings whom she had tended, and she should probably never see more, but she was a woman of shrewd sense, and perceived that 'with the new madam in the hall' it was better that they should be gone before worse ensued.

She advised leaving their valuables sealed up in the hands of my Lord Abbot, but they were averse to this—for they said their Uncle Randall, who had not seen them since they were little children, would not know them without some pledge.

She shook her head. 'The less you deal with Hal Randall the better,' she said. 'Come now, lads, be advised, and go no farther than Winchester, where Master Ambrose may get all the book-learning he is ever craving for, and you, Master Stevie, may 'prentice yourself to some good trade.'

'Prentice!' cried Stephen, scornfully.

'Aye, Aye. As good blood as thine has been 'prenticed,' returned Joan. 'Better so than be a cut-throat sword-and-buckler fellow, ever slaying some one else, or getting thyself slain—a terror to all peaceful folk. But thine uncle will see to that—a steadyminded lad always was he—was Master Dick.

Consoling herself with this hope, the old woman rolled up their new suits with some linen into two neat knapsacks; sighing over the thought that unaccustomed fingers would deal with the shirts she had spun, bleached, and sewn. But she had confidence in 'Master Dick,' and concluded that to send his nephews to him at Winchester gave her a far better chance of their being cared for, then letting them be floated into ill-doing by their grudging brother and his wife.

CHAPTER II.

THE GRANGE OF SILKSTEDE.

Very early in the morning, even according to the habits of the time, were Stephen and Ambrose Birkenholt astir. They were full of ardor to enter on the new and unknown world beyond the Forest, and, much as they loved it any change that kept them still to their altered life would have been distasteful.

Nurse Joan, asking no questions, folded up their fardels on their backs, and packed the wallet's for the day's journey with ample provision. She charged them to be good lads, to say their *Pater*, *Credo* and *Ave* daily, and never omit Mass on a Sunday. They kissed her like their mother and promised heartily—and Stephen took his crossbow. They had had some hope of setting forth so early as to avoid all other human farewells, except that Ambrose wished to begin by going to Beaulieu to take leave of the Father who had been his kind master, and get his blessing and counsel. But Beaulieu was three miles out of their way, and Stephen had not the same desire, being less attached to his schoolmaster and more afraid of hindrances being thrown in their way.

Moreover, contrary to their expectation, their elder brother came forth and declared his intention of setting them on their way, bestowing a great amount of good advice, to the same purport as that of Nurse Joan, namely, that they should let their Uncle Richard Birkenholt find them some employment at Winchester, where they, or at least Ambrose, might even obtain admission into the famous College of St. Mary.

In fact, this excellent elder brother persuaded himself that it would be doing them an absolute wrong to keep such promising youths hidden in the Forest.

The purpose of his going thus far with them soon made itself evident. It was to see them past the turning to Beaulieu. No doubt he wished to tell the story in his own way, and that they should not present themselves there as orphan's expelled from their father's house. It would sound much better that he had sent them to ask counsel of their uncle at Winchester, the fit person to take charge of them. And as he represented that to go to Beaulieu would lengthen their day's journey so much that they might hardly reach Winchester that night, while all Stephen's wishes were to go forward, Ambrose could only send his greetings. There was another debate over Spring, who had, as usual, followed his master. John uttered an exclamation of vexation at perceiving it, and bade Stephen drive the dog back. 'Or give me the leash to drag him; he will never follow us.'

'He goes with us,' said Stephen.

'Ha! Then'll never have the folly! The old hound is half blind and past use. No man will take thee in with him after thee.'

'Then they shall not take me in,' said Stephen. 'I'll not leave him to be hanged by thee.'

'Who spoke of hanging him?'

'Thy wife will soon, if she hath not already.'

'Thou wilt be for hanging him thyself ere thou hast made a day's journey with him on the king's highway, which is not like these forest paths, I would have thee know. Why, he limps already.'

'Then I'll carry him,' said Stephen, doggedly.

'What hast thou to say to that devise, Ambrose?, asked John, appealing to the elder and wiser brother.'

But Ambrose only answered "I'll help,' and as John had no particular desire to retain the superannuated hound, and preferred, on the whole, to be spared sentencing him, no more was said on the subject as they went along, until all John's stock of good counsel had been lavished on his brothers' impatient ears. He bade them farewell, and turned back to the lodge, and they struck away along the woodland pathway, which they had been told led to Winchester, though they had never been thither, nor seen any town save Southampton and Romsey at long intervals. On they went, sometimes through beech and oak woods of noble, almost primeval trees, but more often across tracts of holly underwood, illuminated here and there with the snowy garments of the wild cherry, and beneath with wide spaces covered with young green bracken, whose soft, irregular masses on the undulating ground had somewhat the effect of the waves of the sea. These alternated with stretches of yellow gorse, and brown heather, sheets of cotton-grass, and pools of white crowfoot, and all the vegetation of the mountain side, only that the mountain was not there.

The brothers looked with eyes untaught to care for beauty, but with a certain love of the home scenes, tempered by youth's impatience for something new. The nightingales sang, the thrushes flew out before them, the wild duck and moorhen glanced on the pools. Here and there they came on the furrows left by the snout of the wild swine, and in the open tracts rose the graceful heads of the deer, but of inhabitants or travellers they scarce saw any, save when they halted at the little hamlet of Minestead, where a small ale-house was kept by one Will Purkiss, who claimed descent from the charcoal burner who had carried William Rufus' corpse to burial at Winchester—the one fact in history known to all New Foresters, though perhaps Ambrose and John were the only persons behind the walls of Beaulieu who did not suppose the affair to have taken place in the last generation.

A draught of ale and a short rest were welcome as the heat of the day came on, making the old dog plod wearily on with his tongue out, so that Stephen began to consider whether he should indeed have to be his bearer—a serious matter, for the creature at full length measured nearly as much as he did. They met hardly anyone, and they and Spring were alike too well known and trained for difficulties to arise as to leading a dog through the Forest. Should they ever come to the turn of the Forest? It was not easy to tell when they were really beyond it, for the ground was much of the same kind. Only the smooth, treeless hills, where they had always been told Winchester lay, seemed more defined, and they saw no more deer, but here and there were inclosures where wheat and barley were growing, and black-timbered farm houses began to show themselves at intervals. Herd boys, as rough and unkempt as their charges, could be seen looking after little tawny cows, black-faced sheep, or spotted pigs, with curs which barked fiercely at poor weary Spring, even as their masters were more disposed to throw stones than to answer questions.

By and by, on the further side of a green valley, could be seen buildings with an encircling wall of flint and mortar faced with ruddy brick, the dark, red-tiled roofs rising among walnut-trees, and an orchard in full bloom spreading into a long green field.

'Winchester must be nigh. The sun is getting low,' said Stephen.

'We will ask. The good folk will at least give us an answer,' said Ambrose, wearily.

As they reached the gate, a team of plough horses was passing in, led by a peasant lad, while a lay brother, with his gown tucked up, rode sideways on one, whistling. An Augustinian monk, kindly and sunburnt, stood in the farm-yard, to receive an account of the day's work, and, doffing his cap, Ambrose asked whether Winchester were near.

'Three mile or thereaway, my good lad,' said the monk; 'thou'lt see the towers an ye mount the hill. Whence art thou?' he added, looking at the two young strangers. 'Scholars? The college elects not yet awhile.'

'We be from the Forest, so please your reverence, and are bound for Hyde Abbey, where our uncle, Master Richard Birkenholt, dwells.'

'And oh, sir,' added Stephen, 'may we crave a drop of water for our dog?'

The monk smiled as he looked at Spring, who had flung himself down to take advantage of the halt, hanging out his tongue and panting spasmodically. 'A noble beast,' he said, of the Windsor breed, is't not?' Then, laying his hand on the graceful head, 'Poor old hound, thou art o'er travelled. He is aged for such a journey, if you came from the Forest since morn. Twelve years at the least, I should say, by his muzzle.'

'Your reverence is right,' said Stephen; 'he is twelve years old. He is two years younger than I am, and my father gave him to me when he was a little whelp.'

'So thou must needs take him to seek thy fortune with thee,' said the good-natured Augustinian, not knowing how truly he spoke. 'Come in, my lad, here's a drink for him. What said you was your uncle's name?' and as Ambrose repeated it, 'Birkenholt! Living on a comody at Hyde! Ay! ay! My lads, I have a call to Winchester to-morrow; you'd best tarry the night here at Silkstede Grange, and fare forward with me.'

The tired boys were heartily glad to accept the invitation, more especially as Spring, happy as he was with the trough of water before him, seemed almost too tired to stand over it, and after the first, tried to lap lying down. Silkstede was not a regular convent, only a grange or farmhouse, presided over by one of the monks, with three or four lay brethren under him, and a little colony of hinds, in the surrounding cottages, to cultivate the farm, and tend a few cattle and numerous sheep, the special care of the Augustinians.

Father Shoveller, as the good-natured friar who had received the travellers was called, took them into the spacious but homely chamber which served as refectory, kitchen and hall. He called to the lay brother who was busy over the open hearth to fry a few more rashers of bacon; and after they had washed away the dust of their journey at the trough were Spring had slaked his thirst, they sat down with him to a hearty supper, which smacked more of the grange than of the monastery, spread on a large solid oak table, and washed down with good ale. The repast was shared by the lay brethren and farm servants, and also by two or three sheep dogs, who had to be taught their manners towards Spring.

There was none of the formality that Ambrose was accustomed to at Beaulieu in the great refectory, where no one spoke, but one of the brethren read aloud some theological book from a stone pulpit in the wall. Here Brother Shoveller conversed without stint, chiefly with the brother who seemed to be a kind of bailiff, with whom he discussed the sheep that were to be taken into market the next day, and the prices to be given for them by either the college, the castle, or the butchers of Boucher Row. He, however, found time to talk to the two guests, and, being sprung from a family in the immediate neighborhood, he knew the verdurer's name, and, ere he was a monk, had joined in the chase in the Forest.

There was a little oratory attached to the hall, where he and the lay brethren kept the hours. Ambrose's responses made their host observe as they went out: 'Thou hast thy Latin pat, my son, there's the making of a scholar in thee.'

Then they took their first night's rest away from home, in a small guest chamber, with a good bed, though bare in all other respects. Brother Shoveller likewise had a cell to himself, but the lay brethren slept promiscuously among their sheep dogs on the floor of the refectory.

All were about in the early morning, and Stephen and Ambrose were awakened by the tumultuous bleatings of the flock of sheep that were being driven from their fold to meet their fate at Winchester market. They heard brother Shoveller shouting his orders to the shepherds, and they made haste to dress themselves and join him, observing that they might be in time to hear Mass at one of the city churches, but the sheep might delay them, and they had best break their fast ere starting.

The breakfast was of oatmeal porridge, flavored with honey, and washed down with mead, after which Brother Shoveller mounted his mule, a sleek creature, whose long ears had an air of great contentment, and rode off, accommodating his pace to that of his young companions up a stony cart track which soon led them to the top of a chalk down, whence, as in a map, they could see Winchester, surrounded by its walls, lying in a hollow between the smooth green hills. At one end rose the castle, its fortifications covering its own hill, beneath, the valley, the long, low massive Cathedral, the college buildings and tower with its pinnacles, and, nearer at hand, among the trees, the Alms-house of Noble Poverty at St. Cross, beneath the round hill of St. Catherine. Churches and monastic buildings stood thickly in the town, and indeed, Brother Shoveller said, shaking his head, that there were well-nigh as many churches as folk to go to them; the place was decayed since the time he remembered when Prince Arthur was born there. Hyde Abbey he could not show them, from where they stood, as it lay further off by the river side.

Brother Shoveller asked the boys whether they were expected there at St. Grimbald. 'No,' they said; 'tidings of their father's death had been sent by one of the woodmen, and the only answer that had been returned was that Master Richard Birkenholt was ill at ease, but would have Masses said for his brother's soul.'

At that moment they came up with the sheep, and his attention was wholly absorbed by them, as he joined the lay brothers in directing the shepherds who were driving them across the downs, steering them over the high ground towards the arched West Gate close to the royal castle. The street sloped rapidly down, and Brother Shoveller conducted his young companions between the overhanging houses, with stalls between serving as shops, till they reached the open space round the Market Cross, on the steps of which women sat with baskets of eggs, butter and poultry, raised above the motley throng of cattle and sheep, with their dogs and drivers, the various cries of man and beast forming an incongruous accompaniment to the bells of the churches that surrounded the market-place.

Citizen's wives in hood and wimple were there, shrilly bargaining for provision for their households, squires and grooms in quest of hay for their masters' stables, purveyors seeking food for the garrison, lay brethern and sisters for their convents, and withal, the usual margin of begging friars, wandering gleemen, jugglers and peddlers, though in no great numbers, as this was only a Wednesday market day, not a fair. Ambrose recognized one or two who made part of the crowd at Beaulieu only two days previously, when he had 'seen through tears the jugglers leap,' and the jingling tune one of them was playing on a rebeck brought back associations of almost unbearable pain. Happily, Father Shoveller, having seen his sheep safely bestowed in a pen, bethought him of bidding the lay brother in attendance show the young gentlemen the way to Hyde Abbey, and turning up a street at right angles to the principal one, they were soon out of the throng.

It was a lonely place, with a decayed, uninhabited appearance, and Brother Peter told them it had been the Jewry, whence King Edward had banished all the Jews, and where no one chose to dwell after them.

Soon they came in sight of a large extent of monastic buildings, partly of stone, but the more domestic offices of flint and brick or mortar. Large meadows stretched away to the banks of the Itchen, with cattle grazing in them.

Through a gate between two little red octagonal towers, Brother Bulpett led the two visitors, and calling to another of the monks, '*Benedicite*, Sir Porter, here be two striplings wanting speech of old Birkenholt.'

'Looking after dead men's shoes, I trow,' muttered the porter, with a sour look at the lads, as he led them through the outer court, where some fine horses were being groomed, and then across a second court surrounded with a beautiful cloister, with flower beds in front of it. Here, on a stone bench, in the sun, clad in a gown furred with rabbit skin, sat a decrepit old man, both his hands clasped on his staff. Into his deaf ears their guide shouted: 'These boys say they are your kindred, Master Birkenholt.'

'Anan?' said the old man, trembling with palsy. The lads knew him to be older than their father, but they were taken by surprise at such feebleness, and the monk did not aid them, only saying roughly: 'There he is. Tell your errand.'

'How fares it with you, uncle?' ventured Ambrose.

'Who be ye? I know none of you,' muttered the old man, shaking his head still more.

'We are Ambrose and Stephen, from the Forest,' shouted Ambrose.

'Ah! Steve! Poor Steve! The accursed boar has rent his goodly face so as I would never have known him. Poor Steve! Rest his soul!'

The old man began to weep, while his nephews recollected that they had heard that another uncle had been slain by the tusk of a wild boar in early manhood. Then, to their surprise, his eyes fell on Spring, and calling the hound by name, he caressed the creature's head—'Spring, poor Spring! Stevie's faithful old dog. Hast lost thy master? Wilt follow me now?'

He was thinking of a Spring as well as of a Stevie of sixty years ago, and he babbled on of how many fawns were in the Queen's Bower this summer, and who had shot best at the butts at Lyndhurst, as if he were excited by the breath of his native Forest, but there was no making him understand that he was speaking with his nephews. The name of his brother John only set him repeating that John loved the greenwood, and would be content to take poor Stevie's place and dwell in the Verdurer's lodge; but that he himself ought to be abroad, he had seen brave Lord Talbot's ships ready at Southampton, John might stay at home, but he would win fame and honor in Gascony.

And while he thus wandered, and the boys stood by perplexed and distressed, the porter came back and said: 'So, young sirs, have you seen enough of your doting kinsman? The subprior bids me say that we harbor no strange, idling, lubber lads nor strange dogs here. 'Tis enough for us to be saddled with dissolute old men-at-arms without all their idle kin making an excuse to come and pay their *devoirs*. These corrodies are a heavy charge and a weighty abuse, and if there be the visitation the King's Majesty speaks of, they will be one of the first matters to be amended.'

Wherewith Stephen and Ambrose found themselves walked out, and the gates shut behind them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOR LIVERPOOL, G. B.,
DIRECT.

The Clipper Barkentine
'EREMA,'
WILL SAIL FROM
Charlottetown for Liverpool
ABOUT 15th AUGUST,
And will carry Lobsters at a Low Rate of Freight.
For particulars apply to the owners,
PEAKE BROS. & CO.
Charlottetown, Aug. 1. 1888—2i

Grand Tea at Sturgeon.

THE GRAND TEA comes off at Sturgeon on
Wednesday, the 15th of August,
On the beautiful grounds of the Catholic Church. This will be a good opportunity for inspecting our great Stone Church, now nearly completed, and pronounced by all competent judges to be a complete success.
All are cordially invited to come and contribute their mite towards so deserving an object of charity, and to enjoy a good day's amusement.
The usual Games will be provided, and new ones added.
The steamer *Montague* will run all day on Georgetown Ferry.
Should the day prove unfavorable the Tea will take place on the next fine day.
Tea at 12 o'clock. Tickets 25 cents.
NICHOLAS MURPHY,
Secretary.
July 25, 1888—d & w pst—2i

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.
This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.*
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., Wall St., N.Y.
Sold at Wholesale by Mr. Fenton T. Newbery.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
CURE
Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing
SICK
Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured
HEAD
Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head
ACHE
Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.
Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents: five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.
CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York City.

WANTED!
LIVE, Energetic Men to Sell Fruit Trees, Small Fruits, Rose Bushes and Shrubs.
Salary and Expenses Paid.
State age and name references to insure a reply. Address
S. T. CANNON & CO.,
Mention this paper. Augusta, Maine.
June 6, 1888—3mpd

1888.
Boston Direct
—BY THE—
Boston, Halifax & P. E. Island Steamship Line.
THE ONLY DIRECT LINE WITHOUT CHANGE.
Charlottetown to Boston.
THE staunch and Commodious Steamships CARROLL and WORCESTER, having been thoroughly refurnished and put into first class condition in every particular, will, during the season of 1888, run as follows, commencing with
THE CARROLL, ON SATURDAY, 5th MAY,
One of these vessels will leave Boston for Charlottetown every SATURDAY, at noon; and Charlottetown for Boston every THURSDAY, at 6 o'clock, p. m.
Excellent Passenger Accomodation! Low Rates!
FARES—First-class Passage Berth in well-furnished cabin, $6.50; Stateroom Berth, $8.50.
Lowest rates for Freight, which is always carefully handled.
CARVELL BROTHERS, Agents, Charlottetown.
HARRISON LORING, Managing Director and Treasurer, Lewis Wharf, Boston.
Ch'town, May 9, 1888

Paine's Celery Compound
For The Nervous
The Debilitated
The Aged.
CURES Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervous Weakness, Stomach and Liver Diseases, and all affections of the Kidneys.
A NERVE TONIC.
GEORGE W. BOUTON, STAMFORD, CONN., says:
"For two years I was a sufferer from nervous debility, and I thank God and the discoverer of the valuable remedy that PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND cured me. It is a valuable remedy. Long may it live. Let any one write to me for advice."
AN ALTERATIVE.
ALONZO ARNOTT, WINDSOR, VT., says:
"I believe PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND saved my life. My trouble seemed to be an internal humor. Before I used it I was covered with an eruption from "head to heel." The eruption is rapidly healing, and I am five hundred per cent. better every way."
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A. G. BRAM, WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT., says:
"For two years past I have been a great sufferer from kidney and liver trouble, attended with dyspepsia and constipation. Before I began to take CELERY COMPOUND it seemed as though everything ailed me. Now I can say nothing ails me.
A DIURETIC.
GEORGE ARNOTT, SIOUX CITY, IOWA, says:
"I have been using PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND and it has done me more good for kidneys and loins back than any other medicine I have ever taken."
Hundreds of testimonials have been received from persons who have used this remedy with remarkable benefit. Send for circular
Price $1.00. Sold by Druggists.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors
Montreal, P. Q.

ASTHMA REMEDY
ASTHMA is positively robbed of its terrors by C. McKinnon's Asthma Remedy, discovered and manufactured by a sufferer. Sold in 25c. 50c. and $1.00 packages. Ask your Druggist for it, or send price by mail to W. E. WATSON, Charlottetown, Wholesale Agent.
May 16, 1888—1y

DR. FOWLER'S
EXT: OF WILD STRAWBERRY
CURES
SCIDIARRHŒA
CHOLERA
Cholera Morbus
COLIC and CRAMPS
DYSENTERY
AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

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

LOST,
ON MONDAY, the 16th ult., between 3 and 4 o'clock, p. m., on the South Wiltshire or Old Tryon Road, somewhere between Henderson's Forge or Kingston School House and Kelly's Cross, Lot 29, a yellow leather Pocket Book, nearly new, with a rubber band on it, containing about Thirty Dollars and other valuable papers, bearing the owner's name. The honest finder will receive a reward of Five Dollars by leaving the same at the HERALD Office, or writing or applying to the Subscriber.
MARK A. SMITH, Teacher.
Kelly's Cross, Lot 29, Aug. 1, 1888.—2i

STEAMER
"HEATHER BELLE,"
Summer Arrangement,
1888.
On and after Tuesday, May 29th, the Steamer "Heather Belle," Hugh McLean, Master, will run as follows:—
EVERY TUESDAY morning, at 4 o'clock, will leave Charlottetown for Orwell Brush Wharf, leaving Orwell Brush Wharf at 7 a. m. for Charlottetown, calling at China Point and Halliday's Wharves; leaving Charlottetown at 3 p. m. for Halliday's, China Point and Brush Wharves, where she will remain over night.
WEDNESDAY morning, at 7 o'clock, will leave Brush Wharf for Charlottetown, calling at China Point and Halliday's Wharves; leaving Charlottetown at 3 p. m., remaining at Brush Wharf over night.
THURSDAY morning, at 7 o'clock, will leave Brush Wharf for Charlottetown, calling at China Point and Halliday's Wharves; leaving Charlottetown at 3 p. m. leaving Brush Wharf about 6 p. m. for Charlottetown.
FRIDAY, will leave Charlottetown for Cranberry Wharf, East River, at 4 a. m.; leaving Cranberry Wharf at 7 a. m. for Charlottetown, calling at Hickey's Wharf; leaving Charlottetown for Hickey's and Cranberry Wharves at 3 p. m. returning to Charlottetown same evening.
Every alternate Friday, steamer will go to Mount Stewart.
SATURDAY, at 3 o'clock, a. m., will leave Charlottetown for Crapaud; leaving Crapaud at 7 a. m. for Charlottetown; leaving Charlottetown at 3 p. m. to return to Crapaud, returning from Crapaud to Charlottetown same evening.
FARES:
Cabin to and from Orwell and Wharves, 30 cents; Deck, 20 cents.
Cabin, to and from Mount Stewart, 20 cents. Cranberry and Hickey's, 12 cents.
Cabin, to and from Crapaud, 40 cts.; Deck, 30 cents.
Excursion tickets will be issued to Orwell every Thursday, and to Crapaud every Saturday.
L. C. OWEN, Agent.
Ch'town, P. E. I., June 6, 1888—3m

Tailors Wanted
WANTED IMMEDIATELY, Three Coat Makers, Two Pant and Two Vest Makers, at J. A. McDonald's Tailoring Establishment, Queen Street.
Charlottetown, July 25, 1888—tf

DR. KELLY,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office: Upper Queen Street,
(Four Doors above Apothecaries' Hall)
RESIDENCE:
Hillsborough Street, next door North of R. Bridges.
Charlottetown, July 18, 1888—3m

Mail Contracts.
TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon FRIDAY, 31st of AUGUST next, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails on a proposed contract for four years, from 1st October next, over the following route, viz:—
Kildare Capes and Tignish.
Printed notices containing full information as to conditions of proposed contracts may be seen, and blank forms of tender may be obtained at the Post Offices at which the services commence and terminate, or at the office of the subscriber.
F. DE ST. C. BRECKEN,
Asst. P. O. Inspector.
P. O. Inspector's Office, Ch'town, P. E. I., 25th July, 1888—3i

Pure, Reliable
NO { AMMONIA, ALUM, LIME,
But purest and best materials used in manufacture of
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