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 September, 1890.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Last Qtr., 5th day, 11h., 17.0 p.m., E.
New Moon, 14th day, 3h, 40.5 a.m, N. E.
FirstQtr., 21st day, 5h., 53.0 p.m., S.
Full Moon, 28th day, 8h., 47.2m., a.m., N. W

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	aftr'n	after'n
1	Mon	5 25	6 34	8 11	8 1	0 9
2	Tues	27	33	8 35	9 17	0 45
3	Wed	28	31	9 1	10 32	1 25
4	Thur	29	29	9 29	11 44	2 9
5	Fri	30	27	10 4	af 55	2 57
6	Sat	32	25	10 45	2 0	4 0
7	Sun	33	23	11 32	3 2	5 19
8	Mon	34	21	morn	3 54	6 34
9	Tues	35	19	0 26	4 40	7 43
10	Wed	37	17	1 27	5 16	8 34
11	Thur	38	15	2 28	5 48	9 17
12	Fri	39	13	3 32	6 14	9 54
13	Sat	40	11	4 37	6 36	10 28
14	Sun	41	9	5 41	6 56	11 0
15	Mon	43	8	6 56	7 15	11 30
16	Tues	44	6	7 55	7 29	morn
17	Wed	45	3	8 58	7 56	0 1
18	Thur	47	2	10 6	8 20	0 33
19	Fri	48	0	11 17	8 48	1 9
20	Sat	50	5 58	aft 30	9 42	1 50
21	Sun	51	56	1 36	11 9	2 51
22	Mon	52	54	2 38	11 7	3 48
23	Tues	53	52	3 32	11 55	5 17
24	Wed	54	50	4 16	morn	6 50
25	Thur	55	48	4 52	1 31	8 7
26	Fri	56	45	5 21	2 51	9 3
27	Sat	58	43	5 47	4 13	9 49
28	Sun	6 0	42	6 11	5 32	10 30
29	Mon	1	40	6 34	6 51	11 8
30	Tues	6 2	5 38	6 58	8 8	11 45

North British and Mercantile
FIRE AND LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY!
—OF—
EDINBURGH AND LONDON.
ESTABLISHED 1809.
Total Assets, 1886, - - $29,371,980.79

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 past twenty-two years.

FRED. W. RUNDMAN.
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 keeps 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: J. v. 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.

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

All kinds of Job work executed with neatness and dispatch, 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 6 o'clock, p. m., and leaving Boston every Wednesday at noon.

CARVELL BROS.
July 9, 1890.—tf

The Use Of

Harsh, drastic purgatives to relieve costiveness is a dangerous practice, and more liable to fasten the disease on the patient than to cure it. What is needed is a medicine that, in effectually opening the bowels, corrects the costive habit and establishes a natural daily action. Such an aperient is found in

Ayer's Pills,

which, while thorough in action, strengthen as well as stimulate the bowels and excretory organs.

"For eight years I was afflicted with constipation, which at last became so bad that the doctors could do no more for me. Then I began to take Ayer's Pills, and soon the bowels became regular and natural in their movements. I am now in excellent health."—Wm. H. DeLaurett, Dorset, Ont.

"When I feel the need of a cathartic, I take Ayer's Pills, and find them to be more

Effective

than any other pill I ever took."—Mrs. B. C. Grant, Burwellville, Va.

"For years I have been subject to constipation and nervous headaches, caused by derangement of the liver. After taking various remedies, I have become convinced that Ayer's Pills are the best. They have never failed to relieve my bilious attacks in a short time; and I am sure my system retains its tone longer after the use of these Pills, than has been the case with any other medicine I have tried."—H. S. Sledge, Weimar, Texas.

Ayer's Pills,
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS
WILL CURE OR RELIEVE
BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN.
And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.
T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

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

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

THE Farm, formerly owned by Mr. Peter McLourke, 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. MacKinnon, Solicitor, Charlottetown
July 23 1890.—tf

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

IN IRELAND.

"BY THE PLEASANT WATERS OF THE RIVER LEE."

BLARNEY CASTLE.

VII.

The drive from Cork to Blarney, the Milesian Mecca, runs through a country beautified by every variety of sylvan scenery. Keeping to the banks of the Lee the visitor soon comes upon Carrigrohane castle, a fortress founded by the Macarthys of Munster. Very little of the old place now remains. The view from a little bridge within the grounds is very beautiful. Far beneath rolls the broad river. The formidable height of rock is deceptive; no road appears; nothing on looking down but the dizzy height and the rushing waters below; while beyond, as far as the eye can stretch, the scene is lovely, soft, verdant banks of green, browsing cattle, and wooded heights interspersed with stately mansions, and glorious-hued clumps of foliage in the wide demesnes.

A mile from St. Anne's stand the celebrated ruins of Blarney castle, the grounds about which and the other points of interest near the castle are tastefully laid out and adorned. The castle itself was a seat, previous to the English invasion of the princely house of Macarthy, kings of Desmond and Cork, as they were sometimes styled. It was built in the fifteenth century by Cormac Macarthy, and must, before the introduction of gunpowder, have been an impregnable fortress. The principal portion is the massive donjon tower, one hundred and twenty feet high, which is ascended by a spiral stone staircase. The view from the summit is very fine. The peep-hole, also, on the bridge, originally a breach made by Cromwell in attacking the castle, gives a very charming view of the ruins and demesne of Blarney. The castle itself, one of the strongest fortresses in Munster, was taken by Cromwell in 1628, and bears the look of strength so utterly subdued as to remind unforcibly that the glory of Ireland belongs to other days. Of the one hundred and sixty castles erected in the county of Cork, thirty-six were raised by Irish chieftains, and twenty of these belonged to the Macarthys. The walls of these old strongholds were of immense thickness, convenience, as one is reminded who laboriously makes his way up the narrow spiral ascent to the summit, being apparently sacrificed to strength. The fall of Blarney, like everything else connected with it, has had its poet. One of the local lamentations runs as follows:

"O Blarney castle, my darling,
You're nothing at all but stone,
And a small little twist of ould ivy,
Och wisha, ullahoo, ullagone."

In fact, Blarney, like Shandon, has become famous through its poet. Millikin, the Blarney laureate, sang its praises in the well-known lyric:

"The groves of Blarney, they look so charming
Down by the purling of sweet silent streams."

There is an additional verse to this song by Father Prout, relating to the famous "stone." Samuel Lover says that any editor who would omit it deserves to be hung up to dry on his own lines. So to avoid this fate here they are:

There is a stone there, that whoever kisses,
Oh, he never misses to grow eloquent;
'Tis he may clamber to a lady's chamber,
Or become a member of parliament;

A clever spouter he'll sure turn out, or
An out-an-outer—to be let along.
Don't hope to hinder him, or to bewilder him,—
Sure he's a pilgrim from the Blarney stone."

The stone that imparts such eloquence to mortals is placed beneath the battlements on the western side of the tower, though another stone, said to be of equal virtue, is kept by way of consolation in the castle. To obtain the silver-toned wheedling eloquence which comes in the kiss of the Blarney stone, the bold aspirant had, until lately, to be suspended by the heels or by ropes over the battlements, an experience which I am not disposed to believe that many visitors have been keen about. That the genuine stone could, until lately, ever have been kissed from the inside, unless by the aid of some elaborate contrivance, is, from its peculiar position, preposterous. It is both below and beyond the reach of the pilgrim. Quite recently, however, and as a result of a serious accident that befell two adventurous spirits, two iron bars have been placed horizontally, and about six inches apart between the two projecting sides of the battlement. By lying on one's back on these two bars (for, an additional difficulty, the face has to be up-turned to kiss the stone) and by stretching the head and neck down and out some distance, it is possible to kiss the Blarney stone. But it is still a dangerous undertaking. To lose one's balance on the bars, a fall of one hundred and twenty feet is inevitable, for strung across though they are there is an ugly yawning space of more than a foot on either side of them.

Of the stone itself, Windele says that "a touch of it creates a smooth and graceful liar of the first magnitude; a sweet and persuasive tongue to win women, full of guile and blandishment and potential flattery. A few extracts from a conversation of rare old Father Prout, "parish priest at Watergrass hill," with Sir Walter Scott, on the history of the Blarney stone, may not prove uninteresting:

"You behold in this block (the Blarney stone) the most valuable remnant of Ireland's ancient glory, the most precious lot of her Phœnician inheritance. Possessed of this inheritance she may well be designated

'First flower of the earth, first gem of the sea!'

for neither the musical stone of Memnon, nor the oracular stone of Delphi, nor the lapidary talisman of the Lydian Gyges, nor the colossal granite shaped into a Sphinx in Upper Egypt, nor Stonehenge, nor the Pelasgic walls of Palestrina, offer so many attractions. The long-sought lapis philosophorum, compared with this jewel, dwindles into insignificance; nay, the savory fragment which was substituted for the infant Jupiter, when Saturn had the mania for devouring his children; the Luxor obelisk; the treaty-stone of Limerick, with all its historic endearments; the Zodiacal monument of Denderach, with all its astronomic importance; the Eglin marbles with all their sculpture; the Arundelian with all their lettered riches, cannot for a moment stand in competition with the Blarney block. What stone in the world, save this stone, can communicate to the tongue that suavity of speech, and that splendid effrontery, so necessary to get through life? This palladium of our country was brought here originally by the Phœnician colony that peopled Ireland, and is the best proof of our eastern parentage. The inhabitants of Tyre and Carthage, who for many years had the Blarney stone in their possession, made great use of the privilege, as the proverbs fides Punica, Tyrioeque billingues, testify. Hence the origin of this wondrous talisman is of the remotest antiquity. Strabo and Didorus and Pliny mention the arrival of the Tyrians in Ireland about the year 883 B.C., according to the chronology of Sir Isaac Newton, and the twenty-first year after the sack of Troy."

Sir Walter Scott marvels, as well he might, how this miraculous stone got to Cork. Father Prout explains:

"It went to Minorca with a chosen body of Carthaginian adventurers, who stole it away as their best safeguard on the expedition. They settled at Port Mahon, a spot so scalled from a clan of the O'Mahons, a powerful and prolific race still flourishing in this country; just as the Nile had been previously so named from the tribe of the O'Neills, its original inhabitants. All these matters, and many more, will one day be revealed in a work on the Round Towers of Ireland. Sir, we built the pyramids before we left Egypt; and all those obelisks, sphinxes and memnonic stones were but emblems of the great relic before you."

Sir Walter shakes his head doubtingly.

"I can convince the most obstinate sceptic, Sir Walter, of the intimate connection that subsisted between us and those islands which the Romans called insulæ Baleares, without knowing the signification of the words they thus applied. That they were so-called from the Blarney stone will appear at once to anyone accustomed to trace Celtic derivations; the Ulster King-at-Arms—Sir William Betham has shown it by the following scale": (Father Prout traced on the floor of the castle with his cane—*BaLeA ResiNsulÆ*—Blarnae).

"Prodigious!" exclaimed Sir Walter.

"Setting sail from Minorca, the expedition, after encountering a desperate storm, cleared the pillars of Hercules, and landing in the Cove of Cork, deposited their treasure in the greenest spot and shadiest groves of this beautiful vicinity."

Sir Walter marvels how such a valuable relic was left in quiet possession of Blarney.

"They had sufficient tact (derived from this connection with the stone) to give out that in the storm it had been thrown overboard to relieve the ship in latitude 36° 14' longitude 24'. A search was ordered by the senate of Carthage, and the Mediterranean was dragged without effect."

Sir Walter, it is added, devoutly kissed the wonderful stone, visited the cave where no daylight enters and bats and badgers are forever bred, the lake, etc., and left the castle with his host for Watergrass hill.

The demesne of Blarney is wide and extensive, and contains many pleasant walks in its charming groves. Sir George Colthurst, the present proprietor, has erected a handsome mansion in the demesne, and this has led to a curtailment of the freedom of the ordinary Cork pleasure-seekers to whom the castle and grounds were at one time a popular rendezvous. A short distance from the castle is Blarney lake, embosomed in pastoral beauty and rich in legendary lore. Tradition, speaking through the local "larvey," tells you that in this lake there dwells a famous red trout that will not rise to a fly; that enchanted cows, too, have chosen it for their habitation, and have been frequently seen browsing on its banks; that the plate-chest of the last Clancarthy who held Blarney lies buried here; that three of his race hold the secret which will never be revealed till a Macarthy is again lord of Blarney; and that every year some one of the Macarthys walks from the lake with troubled mien hoping to be addressed. However, as nobody has ever been courageous enough to address so wonderful a personage, he returns pensively to his watery habitation. In short, "The Macarthy," like "The O'Donoghue" and "The O'Sullivan" throughout the Killarney country, is the subject of score upon score of idylls and legends.

Nearly adjoining the castle is Rockclose, an enclosure of a few acres, shaded with evergreens, and disposed into laurel-crowned grottos. It is said to have been at one time adorned with numerous statues whose fate Millikin has thus depicted:

"The statues gracing this noble place in,
'Tis they are vanished so neat and clean;
For on Lapp's Island they all in style stand,
Before the hall-door of Mrs. Deane."

The village of Blarney is a much decayed and unpretentious place. Its chief support at the present time is the Messrs. Mahon's woolen mills, an establishment which gives employment to between seven and eight hundred hands. It is here that the "Blarney tweed" is manufactured, a texture that is much esteemed all over the world. Many tourists and influential persons have visited and been deeply interested in the working of these mills, which are the most successful and prosperous in the south of Ireland. Towards the end of the last century it is worth mentioning, that is just before England set herself to destroy the trade of Ireland, Blarney was a thriving town running thirteen mills. Now it has one. The old place is one of some antiquity. The Druids had one of their places of worship there, as the great "cromlech," or Druids' altar, over the Witches' Stairs in the Rockclose, still testifies. The Four Masters, too, I am informed, mention (A.D. 3501) the Carrac Biarnæ, or "Rock of Blarney"; while the whole neighborhood is rich in antiquities—circular raths or forts, Druidical relics, stones inscribed with Ogam characters, etc., many of them, unfortunately, destroyed, and others again used for some ignoble purpose.—*Shanid Aboo, in Toronto Catholic Review.*

A Priest's Great Work.

ONE YEAR'S LITERARY SERVICES FOR THE INDIANS.

Rev. Father Le Goff, a missionary who has lived among the Indians at Cold Lake in British America, for many years, recently returned home from Montreal, having accomplished in one year the gigantic work of enriching the dialect Montagnais with five most important and imperishable volumes, viz.:

A complete grammar.

A complete course of instructions containing 100 sermons on the principle truths of religion.

History of the Old Testament.

A manual of piety containing prayers catechism, hymns and other exercises of piety in ordinary print.

The same manual in syllabic characters.

When we consider the amount of patient and unwearied toil necessary for such a stupendous work in the short space of twelve months, we are convinced nothing short of supernatural motives could have cheered the author in his labor of love. The task of revising and writing anew his manuscripts, assisting and being present with the printers and publishers in order to avoid confusion in such an extended work, will but faintly convey an idea of the labor entailed.

A very notable conversion has just taken place in England. Mr. C. Kegan Paul, head of the important firm of publishers, Kegan, Paul, Trench, Truebner, & Co, the Liverpool Catholic Times informs us, was received into the Church the day after Cardinal Newman's death, and attended the Requiem Mass and funeral at Birmingham as a Catholic.

Though very few knew that he had taken the important step, it was not altogether unexpected. Going up to Oxford shortly after the publication of Tract XC., and when the University was agitated by the storm of Tractarian movement, he soon fell under the powerful influence of Newman's revival. Unlike the majority of Newman's admirers and disciples, however, he did not at that time feel any attraction towards the Catholic Church. He accordingly was ordained a clergyman in the Established Church, but he exercised the ministry for only a short time.

He resigned his position and became an agnostic, which he remained till his reception into the true fold. Mr. Kegan Paul is a man of learning and culture as well as an excellent man of business. Besides managing the whole literary department of his firm, he finds time to write original works, magazine articles, and translations.

The Cardinal at Home.

We should not conclude without enumerating one or two of Cardinal Newman's more conspicuous traits. His method of life for years was of the very simplest. "Those who have been privileged to visit him in his own little room at the Oratory," says a biographer, "have been struck by the comparative bareness of its furniture. His bed hung all round with curtains, stands screened off in one corner; a little square of carpet occupies the middle of the apartment; there are no evidences of luxury save those afforded by the presence of books—simplicity prevails on every hand. It is characteristic of this distinguished man that he cares nothing for the treasures of this world. His life has been one of severe self-discipline. It would have been no difficult matter for him to have surrounded himself with the material evidences of refinement, and some at least of the purchasable comforts which, in the idea of most men, go so far in contributing to mundane contentment. There is nothing of the kind, however, in the surroundings of Dr. Newman's home life. He loves and has always loved, plain and homely ways, retirement from the busy haunts of men, the pleasures of contemplation, and the rich delights of a scholar's occupation. In the unique library of theology possessed by the Oratory, he finds society and counsellors. Nor has age caused his diligence to cease."

Cardinal Newman had the rare faculty of making everyone with whom he came in contact feel the influence of his sweetness and geniality of disposition. The children of the Birmingham Catholic Schools, it often happened, obtained permission to spend a day at Rednal, where the Oratorians have a small country house and where Cardinal Newman has been buried. On one occasion a school had this privilege while Dr. Newman was seeking repose at Rednal from the wearing cares of the Oratory. So delighted was he to have the opportunity of ministering to the happiness of these little children—the sons and daughters, most of them, of poor people—that he went out to meet them, conducted them through the little chapel and house, the pleasure ground, over the mountain side, and on to its very top; his face beaming with joy, and his manner as complaisant as if he had been showing the attention to the children of nobles. Cardinal Newman always took a singular delight in young people. This has been, to some extent, the natural outcome of an exceedingly amiable disposition; for in no man of conspicuous mark in the world of thought, has the combination of sweetness and light been more strikingly exhibited.—*Exchange.*

BRANDED FOR LIFE.

The San Francisco Chronicle of the 4th inst., contains the following:

BERLIN, August 30.—Word comes from the city of Bylstock, Poland, of the fiendish revenge taken on a poor boy for stealing a single apple. Isaac Shilokowich is seventeen years old. One day he was passing by an orchard owned by Dr. Sergin Freudianow, one of the wealthiest men in the province, famous in that part of Poland as a scientist.

The doctor saw the youth take an apple, and dispatched his servants after him. Dr. Freudianow first gave Isaac a severe thrashing. That did not wear out his rage, but seemed rather to increase his violence. "I'll teach you," he said, "to rob people." "I will mark you, so that all the world shall know you for the thief that you are."

He bade his servants bring him some stamping irons which he used about the place. He directed them to bind Isaac so that he could not move a muscle. He took the steel letters and set up the Hebrew word "gauff" in Russian characters. He plunged the stamp in the fire until it was almost red hot. Then, with fiendish skill, he forced the iron upon the forehead of the boy. The victim fainted.

The doctor then set up the Polish word "dieb," meaning "thief," in the frame. When it was sufficiently hot stamped the word upon both cheeks. The fiendish doctor chuckled over them, and again he resumed his infernal task of preparing the stamps. This time he set the Russian word for thief "tchor" in the frame. For the third time he heated it and pressed the red-hot stamp upon Isaac's upper lip and chin.

The awful screams of his victim warned the doctor that he must use caution. He carefully dressed the wounds and gave the boy an opiate; then he sent him home. The barbarity of the deed aroused the poor people of the city and they threatened vengeance. Dr. Freudianow became frightened and offered to pay the boy $10,000 to have the matter dropped. The money was refused, however, and a prominent lawyer has taken the boy's case. The doctor has been arrested.

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 use Hall's Hair Renewer.

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

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 thoroughly 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 in the growler.

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

A MOSQUITO STOPPER.—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, Mosside, Ont.

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

A short method of measuring time 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 sense head.

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.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE