Found Wanting.

She had read the work of sages from before the middle ages
And had studied all the writings left from prehistoric times.
She would range from ancient Homer to the verse of William Morris,
While she pointed out the difference 'twixt the old and modern rhymes.

She discuss'd the moral hurt in those unhappy thoughts of Burton,
And for relaxation revel'd in the sketches of Mark Twain,
And she held that Aristotle was addicted to the bottle,
Or he never would have thought the things that fill'd his mighty brain.

Chaucer, Dante and old Gower she would pore on by the hour,
But in spite of all her learning I would not have her for my wife;
For, desiring once to serve her—this young latter day Minerva
I took her out to dinner, and she ate it with a knife.

—Philadelphia Ledger.

Running a Newspaper.

Jim Jones, he was an editor, that is, he tried to be;
He bought himself a hand-press, an' he started in to see
Jes' what there was in editin', but when he canvassed 'round
Some fifteen hundred editors in that same town he found.

They all new more about it than Jones could hope to know;
They told him: "You must run her, Jones, jes' so an' so an' so!
Be sure and boom the Baptists, they're bound to help you out,
An' give the good old Methodists a big salvation shout!

"Give every man a notice; be sure an' put it down
Whenever Major Jinks is seen to perambulate the town;
Put in a few free locals for all the stores, an' give
Each man a free subscription, if you want your sheet to live!"

Well, Jones, he said jes' as they said, for fear they'd make a row,
But the more he tried to please 'em al', the more they told him how!
Until at last he took his book an' laid it on the shelf:
Then run the paper in the ground an' followered it himself."

—[Atlanta Constitution.

MOONDYNE!

Book Third.

ALICE WALMSLEY.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

In the streets, there was nothing very noticeable about the man, except is athletic stride and deeply bronzed face. He might be classed by the passing observer as a naval officer who had served many years in Southern latitudes, or as a foreign captain. His dress had something of the sailor about its style and cloth. But it is the inner man who interests us: let us follow the burden of his thought.

'Remorse does not end in this calmness, unless the prisoner be insane. Her mind is clear; she is not melancholy; she is self possessed and firm. Her health has not suffered. Yet, she has abandoned belief in man's truth and God's mercy. She does not claim that she is innocent; she makes no defence and no charge; she accepts her punishment without a complaint. These are not the symptoms of remorse or guilt. She has abandoned prayer; she deliberately shut out the past and the future. Yet she is in all other respects obedient, industrious, and kind. There is only one explanation of these contradictions—she is innocent, and she has suffered terrible wrong.'

Mr. Wyville did not return to his house till late in the evening. He had walked for hours; and, as he went, he had unravelled, with infinite patience, the psychological net-work that had troubled him. He had come to a decision.

Then flashed, for the first time, into her mind the question—Who had placed the flower in her cell? Had she been unjust—and had the hand that pulled this flower been moved by knidness, and kindness to her?

The thought troubled her, and she became timid and impressionable again. Who had brought her this flower? Whoever had done so was a friend, and pitied her. Else why—but perhaps every prisoner in the ward had also received a flower. Her heart closed, and her lips became firm at the thought.

A few moments later, she pulled the signal-wire of her cell, which moved a red board outside the door, so that it stood at right angles from the wall. This brought the warder, to know what was wanted. The door was opened, and the warder, a woman with a severe face but a kind eye, stood in the entrance. Alice had the flower in her hand.

'Have all the prisoners received flowers like this?' she inquired, with a steady voice.

'No,' said the warder.

In five years, this was the first question Number Four had ever asked.

'Why was this given to me?' she asked, her voice losing its firmness, and her eyes filling with tears.

'I don't know,' said the warder.

This was true: the hand that had dropped the flower into the watch-grate had done so unseen. The warder only knew that orders had been received from the governor that Number Four was not to be disturbed, nor the flower taken away.

The door closed again, and Alice raised the flower to her lips and kissed it. Some one had pitied her, had thought of her. She was not alone in the world. This reflection she could not drive away. She sat down to her work; but she could not see the cloth—her eyes were blurred with tears, her hands trembled. At last she rose, and pressed her open hands to her streaming eyes, and then sank on her knees beside her bed, and sobbed convulsively.

How long she remained so she did not know, but she felt a hand softly on her head, and heard her name called in a low voice,—

'Alice!'

A woman had entered the cell, and was kneeling beside her.

Alice raised her head, and let her eyes rest on a face as beautiful as an angel's, a face as white as if it were a prisoner's, but calm and sweet and sympathetic in every feature; and round the lovely face Alice saw a strange, white band, that made it look like a face in a picture.

It was a Sister of Mercy she had seen before when she worked in the hospital; she remembered she had seen her ounce sit up all night bathing the brow of a sick-girl, dying of fever. This thought came clearly to her mind as she looked at Sister Cecilia's face, and saw the unselfishness and devotion of her life in her pure look.

'Alice,' said Sister Cecilia, 'why do you grieve so deeply? tell me why you are so unhappy—tell me, dear, and I will try to make you happier, or I will grieve with you.'

Alice felt her whole self-command deserting her, and her heart melting at the kindness of the voice and words.

'Turn to me, and trust me, dear' said Sister Cecilia; 'tell me why you weep so bitterly. I know you are innocent of crime, Alice; I never believed you guilty. And now, I have come to bring you comfort.'

Sister Cecilia had put one arm around Alice, and, as she spoke, with the other hand she raised the tearful face and kissed it. Then the floodgates of Alice's affliction burst, and she wept as if her heart were breaking.

Sister Cecilia waited till the storm of sorrow had exhausted itself, only murmuring little soothing words all the time, and patting the sufferer's hand and cheek softly.

'Now, dear,' she said at length, 'as we are kneeling, let us pray for a little strength and grace, and then you shall tell me why you grieve.'

Sister Cecilia, taking Alice's hands between her own, raised them a little, and then she raised her eyes, with a sweet smile on her face, as if she were carrying a lost soul to the angels, and in a voice as simple as a child's, and as trustful, said the Lord's Prayer, Alice repeating the words after her.

Never before had the meaning of the wonderful prayer of prayers entered Alice's soul. Every sentence was full of warmth and comfort and strength. The words that sank deepest were these—she repeated them afterwards with the same mysterious effect—'Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.' She did not know why these words were the best, but they were.

'Now, Alice,' said Sister Cecilia, rising cheerfully, when the prayer was done, 'we are going to bathe our faces, and go on with our sewing, and have a long talk.'

Alice obeyed, or rather she followed the example. Sister Cecilia's unaffected manner had won her so completely that she felt a return of her girlish companionship. All other teachers of religion whom Alice had seen in the prison had come to her with unsympathetic formality and professional airs of sanctity, which repelled her.

Half an hour later Alice was quietly sewing, while Sister Cecilia sat on the pallet and talked, and drew Alice into a chat. She made no reference to the grief of the morning. The cases in the hospital, the penitence of poor sick prisoners, the impenitence of others, the gratitude and the selfishness and the many other phases of character that came under her daily observation—these were the topics of the little Sister's conversation.

'Why, I might as well be a prisoner, too,' she said, smiling, and making Alice smile; 'I have been in the hospital seven years. I was there two years before you came. You see, I am as white as a prisoner.'

'Yes,' said Alice, looking sadly at her; 'it is not right. Why do you not grieve as they do?'

'Why?' answered Sister Cecilia, gayly, 'because I am not a criminal, perhaps. I am like you, Alice; I have less reason to grieve than the other poor things.'

Alice had never seen it in this light before, and she could not help smiling at the philosophy of the little Sister. But she was affected by it very deeply.

'If you had remained in the hospital, Alice,' said the nun, 'you would have been as much a Sister of Mercy as I am. Do you know, I was very sorry when you left the hospital.'

Every word she said, somehow, touched Alice in a tender place. Was the wise little nun choosing her words? At any rate, it was well and kindly done.

When she kissed Alice, and pulled the signal-wire to go out, her smile filled the cell and Alice's heart with brightness. She promised to come and see her every day till the ship sailed; and then they would be together all the day.

'Are you going to Australia?' asked Alice, in amazement.

'Certainly,' said Sister Cecilia, with a smile of mock surprise. 'Why those poor children couldn't get along without me—fifty of them. Now, I'm very glad I shall have you to help me, Alice. We'll have plenty to do, never fear.'

Two days after his visit to the prison Alice Walmsley sat in her cell, sewing tirelessly. The morning had opened like all other mornings of her imprisonment; there was nothing new, nothing to suggest a new train of thought.

Some one who walked along the corridor about ten o'clock had seemed to hesitate a moment at her cell, and then had passed on. The governor, she thought, who had glanced through the watch grate.

In the wall of every cell there was a minute hole, about two inches square on the exterior, cut in the solid stone. The opening, which grew wide towards the wedge. A warder outside could see a large part of the cell, while the prisoner could only see the eye of the warder. As the officers wore woollen slippers, they could observe the prisoners without being heard or seen.

At this opening, Alice Walmsley thought, the governor had stopped as he passed, and had looked into her cell. It was not unusual.

A few minutes later she paused in her work, almost impatiently, and tried to put away from her an unwelcome thought. After a short pause she renewed her sewing, working rapidly for a few minutes; and then she did the coarse cloth aside, and buried her face in her hands.

She was thinking of her old life, of her old self; she had tried to escape from it, but could not. For years she had separated the past and the present until she had actually come to think of herself as two beings—one, who had been happy, and who was dead—the other, living, but separated from all the world—alone, with neither memories nor hopes, neither past nor future.

Yet to day, without apparent cause, the two selves had drawn together—the happy Alice had come beseechingly to the unhappy one.

For an hour she remained motionless, her face bowed in her hands. Then she raised her head, but she did not renew her work. She stood up, and walked across the cell, and re-crossed it, in the rapid way of restless prisoners; but on the second passage, she stood still, with a bewildered air. Her eye had caught a gleam of bright color in the opening of the watch-grate. There was a flower in her cell!

She trembled as she reached her hand to take it. She did not try to recover her dispassionate calmness. She took it in her hand, and raised it to her lips slowly, and kissed it. It was a sweet rosebud, with two young leaves. She had not seen a flower nor heard a bird sing since she left her own little garden.

This tender thing had stolen inside her guard. Its sweet fragrance, before she knew of its presence, had carried her mind back to the happy days of her girlhood. She kept the flower to her lips, kissing it. She fed her wistful eyes on its beauty. She had been so long without emotion, she had so carefully repressed the first promptings of imagination, that her heart had become thirsty unto death for some lovely or loveable thing. This sweet young flower took for her all forms of beauty. As she gazed on it, her soul drank in its delicious breath, like a soft and sensuous music; its perfect coloring filled her with still another delight: its promise, the rich green of the two leaves its exquisite completeness, made a very symphony for the desolate heart.

Two hours passed, and still she fondled the precious gift. She had not once thought of how the flower had come into her cell.

'You are pleased at last, Number Four,' said a female warder, who had been looking into Alice's cell.

Number Four raised her eyes from the flower, and looked silently her answer. For the first time in five years, the warder saw that her eyes were flooded with tears.

She did not sew any more that day,—and, strange to say, the officers took no heed of her idleness. There was a change in her face, a look of unrest, of strangeness, of timidity.

When first she looked upon the flower, a well had burst up in her heart, and she could not stop its flood. In one hour it had swept away all her barriers, had swamped her repression, had driven out the hopeless and defiant second self, and had carried into her cell the wronged, unhappy, but human and loving heart of the true Alice Walmsley.

She was herself. She feared to think it,—but she knew it must be so. When the warder spoke to her now, she shrank from the tone. Yesterday, it would have passed her like the harsh wind, unheeded.

That night, unlike all the nights of her imprisonment, she did not lie down and sleep as soon as the lights were extinguished. With the little flower in her hand, she sat on her low bedside in the still darkness, feeling through all her nature the returning rush of her young life's sympathy with the world.

The touch of the rosebud in her hand thrilled her with tenderness. She made no attempt to shut out the crowding memories. They flooded her heart, and she drank them in as a parched field drinks the drenching rain.

Toward midnight the moon rose above the city, silver-white in a black blue sky, lovelier than ever she had seen it, Alice thought, as she looked through the bars of her window. She stood upon her low bed, opened the window, and looked up. At that moment her heart was touched with a loving thought of her dead mother. Her arms rested on the window-ledge, and her hands were raised before her, holding between them the little flower, as she might have held a peace-offering to a king.

Softly as a manna falls upon the desert, or the dew upon the wild flower, descended on the afflicted heart the grace of God's love and mercy. The Eye that looked from above on that white face upturned amid the gloom of the prison, beheld the eyes brimmed with tears, the lips quivering with profound emotion, and the whole face radiant with faith and sorrow and prayer.

'O, thank God!' she whispered, her weeping eyes resting on the beautiful deep sky; 'thank God for this little flower! O, mother, hear me in heaven, and pray for me, that God may forgive me for doubting and denying His love!'

With streaming eyes she sank upon her knees by the bedside, and poured her full heart in passionate prayer. And, as she prayed, kneeling on the stones of her cell, with bowed head, the beautiful moon had risen high in the vault of night, and its radiance flooded the cell, as if God's blessing were made manifest in the lovely reflection of the window bars falling upon the mourner in the form of a cross. It was long past midnight when she lay down to rest.

But next day Alice began her monotonous toil as on all previous days. She was restless, unhappy; her face was stained with weeping in the long vigil of the night. But her heart had changed with the brief rest she had taken. She began her day without prayer. Her mind had moved too long in one deep groove to allow its direction to be changed without laborious effort.

The little flower that had touched her heart so deeply the day before lay upon the low shelf of her cell. Alice took it up with a movement of the lips that would have been a sad smile but for the emptiness of her poor heart. 'It grew in its garden, and loved its sweet life,' she thought; 'and when the sun was brightest, the selfish hand approached and tore it from its stem, to throw it next day into the street, perhaps.'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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

GROWTH OF ADVERTISING.

The Publisher and the Advertiser Share the Harvest.

HOW ADVERTISING IS DONE BY A LARGE CONCERN—DISTRIBUTING ADVERTISING MATTER IN EVERY QUARTER OF THE GLOBE—NEWSPAPERS THE BEST MEDIUM FOR DISTRIBUTION.

One of the most interesting phases of the growth of business in this country has been the development of advertising. Persons who have watched the newspapers, magazines and other publications for the last twenty years must have noticed with some degree of curiosity the change that has been going on in their appearance and wondered at the increased size of the periodicals themselves, together with the increased proportion of advertising to reading matter. It seems to the average reader that there cannot be a proportionate return to the advertiser to pay him for all this extra expense in advertising, and still it may be said with every degree of confidence that advertising in this country is still in its infancy. The growth of newspapers, magazines and all publications has been the direct result of advertising. The advertising department is the backbone of the newspaper, and at the same time the advertising of any article of merit controls to a large extent its sale; consequently the publisher and the advertiser meet on friendly ground, each helping the other to success.

Twenty years ago it was considered quite a big undertaking for an advertiser to contract for $50,000 worth of space in the newspapers of the country, whereas to-day there are a number of concerns which spend anywhere from $300,000 to $600,000 a year in advertising in this country alone. It must be understood at the outset of this article that no claim is made for the success of advertising unless the article advertised possesses superlative merit. It is true that successes have been made by men who simply impose upon the credulity of readers of newspapers, but their successes have been short-lived, for it is the same in advertising as in every branch of business—it does not take the public long to appreciate the worthlessness of any article advertised and refuse to buy it. In selling an article of merit, however, legitimate advertising paves the way for a ready success, and newspaper advertising is unquestionably the best method to employ. The newspapers are the best means for the distribution of advertising matter, costing less in proportion to the number of people reached and causing the least trouble. Still there are other methods for distribution which are very effective.

It is only necessary to refer to the history of one concern to show the value, as well as good business judgment, of making known to the public any article of merit through the medium of legitimate advertising. In 1876 there was organized the firm of Scott & Bowne in New York city. The members of the firm—Messrs. Alfred B. Scott and Samuel W. Bowne—had for three years prior to that time been experimenting with cod-liver oil and had succeeded in making an emulsion which came up to the standard fixed by physicians. Cod-liver oil had been recognized by the medical world for years as the most nourishing of foods and the possessor of unusual remedial properties. It is a well known fact that physicians had prescribed plain oil for years in cases where there was a wasting away of strength, such as Consumption, Coughs and Colds, Scrofula, Anæmia, Loss of Flesh and Blood Diseases. It was also prescribed for Weak Mothers and Children where food did not seem to nourish them properly. The objections to it, however, were that it was nauseating to the taste and taxed the digestive organs of the body in getting rid of it. The plain oil was so difficult of assimilation that even if the stomach could retain it the digestive organs were taxed in dealing with it. When Scott's Emulsion made its appearance, however, cod-liver oil became practicable as both food and medicine and by the year 1880 Scott's Emulsion was fully established among the medical profession. There was no effort made to conceal the formula or method of its manufacture, as Messrs. Scott & Bowne were very anxious to co-operate with physicians and improve their emulsion in every way possible. It may be said for the purpose of explanation that an emulsion of cod-liver oil means simply the breaking up of the oil into tiny particles so that the oil may readily be assimilated. The great difficulty is in making an emulsion wherein the oil will not separate from the other ingredients, thus going back to its old form, and in preserving the strength of the oil by making an emulsion contain a large per cent. of it.

Messrs. Scott & Bowne believed in advertising their preparation from the start, the same as they have always believed in elevating its standard to the highest degree of perfection possible. Not having much money, their advertising during the first few years of their business was necessarily small, but in about the year 1880 they began branching out in newspapers all over this country. In 1880 they had established a factory in Belleville, Canada, and about the same time that they began their extensive newspaper advertising in this country they started a factory in London. The newspaper advertising brought almost immediate returns and enabled them to extend their business further. In 1884 they opened factories at Barcelona, Spain, and Oporto, Portugal. In 1885 a factory was started at Milan, Italy, and in 1890 the concern went into Paris, France. In the meantime, however, they had introduced their preparation into South America, Central America, Mexico and the West Indies. Wherever they went they introduced their unique trade-mark of a Norwegian fisherman carrying a big cod-fish on his back into the newspapers, together with other advertising matter, and they also distributed cards, circulars, books and calendars free.

Several years ago the firm bought property fronting on Pearl and Rose streets, New York city, and last Spring there was completed the new Scott & Bowne Building which is now the home of Scott's Emulsion. This building is twelve stories high and is the most perfectly equipped building of its kind in the world. On the second floor of the building a large space is set apart for the advertising department, where a force of men is kept busy with the making of contracts in about every country of the world, in preparing advertising literature to be sent all over the world from New York, and in checking newspapers to see that contracts are carried out. To show the vast extent of this advertising department it is only necessary to say that the department in the home office at New York controls the advertising of Scott's Emulsion in the following countries: Canada; United States, Salvador, Honduras, United States of Colombia, Bolivia, Guatemala, Ecuador, Venezuela, Mexico, Argentine Republic, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Chili, Peru, Brazil, Uruguay, Paraguay, West Indies, Great Britain, France, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Portugal, Spain, Italy, Turkey, Malta, Egypt, Palestine, South Africa, India, Japan, China and the Australian Colonies including New Zealand.

Prior to this Fall it was the policy of Scott & Bowne to place all their United States advertising through an advertising agency in New York City, but the advertising department has grown to such proportions that it became advisable to handle the United States advertising the same as foreign countries—that is, from the home office. In several countries there are still advertising agencies employed to a certain extent, but the growth of the business necessitates a centralization of work under the one head of the advertising department in New York, which is personally superintended by Mr. Scott himself, although Mr. Scott delegates the details, such as the making of contracts, etc., to his subordinates.

Mr. Bowne attends to the financial part of this great business, and thus the responsibility is divided evenly between the members of the concern.

The purest and best medicinal cod-liver oil in the world is made in Norway, and it has been to an extent through the influence of Scott & Bowne that the standard of its manufacture has been elevated in that country. Scott & Bowne consume a large percentage of all the first grade medicinal Norway cod-liver oil. They import it themselves to their various factories, and are continually making improvements in their emulsion. Experiments are constantly made with the oil, and it is no injustice to others to say that in its degree of perfection Scott's Emulsion stands head and shoulders above all other forms of cod-liver oil.

Such has been the growth of Scott's Emulsion, and this is only one instance of the development of the legitimate advertising of an article of merit. Physicians and the public generally have found by years of experience with Scott's Emulsion that it has great merit, being much more effective than plain oil in the cure of Wasting Diseases such as Consumption, Scrofula, Anæmia, Lung and Throat Troubles, Loss of Flesh and Wasting away of Children, and this accounts largely for its sale all over the world in the countries wherein it is advertised. There are many other similar cases, and no one is better fitted to testify to the truth of this article than publishers themselves, who have reaped their share of the harvest.

"A Word To the Wives Is Sufficient."

For Rendering Pastry Short or Friable.

COTTOLENE

Is Better than Lard

Because It has none of its disagreeable and indigestible features.

Endorsed by leading food and cooking experts.

Ask your Grocer for it.

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

PRODUCE

We are again prepared to handle consignments either by cargoes or in lots of

Potatoes.

Turnips.

Oats.

—ALSO—

Butter, Eggs, Pork, Oysters.

to which we will give our personal attention.

HIGHEST MARKET PRICES

Quick Sales. Prompt Returns.

Bremner Bros., 21 Barrington Street. Halifax, N.S.

TELEPHONE COMPANY OF P. E. ISLAND.

TOLL LINE STATIONS.

WESTERN STATIONS.		EASTERN STATIONS.	
Charlottetown,	Victoria,	Mount Stewart,	Murray River,
Hunter River,	Freetown,	Peake's Station,	Murray Harbor North
New Glasgow,	Kensington,	Cardigan.	Murray Harbor South
Laird's Mills,	Clifton,	Dundas,	New Perth,
Rustico ville,	Stanley,	Grand River Bridge	Valleyfield,
North Rustico,	Malpeque,	Annandale,	O well,
Emerald,	Summerside	Sour's,	Vernon River Bridge,
Tryon Mills,	Centreville,	Georgetown,	Brush Wharf,
Crapaud,	St. Eleanors.	Lower Montague,	Eldon,
		Montague,	

ROB ANGUS, Manager.

A.—1y

Great Discount Sale.

25, 33⅓ and 50 per cent. off for Cash.

EXPLANATION TO MY CUSTOMERS.—This Sale is to enable me to pay off the balance due my late partners.

Yours truly, JAMES PATON.

Dry Goods, Carpets & Readymade Clothing.

JAMES PATON & CO.,

168 VICTORIA ROW

HERE WE ARE

AS LARGE AS LIFE!

AND TWICE AS NATURAL!

With Compliments of Star Tailoring Establishment

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

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

JOHN T. McKENZIE,

Star Tailoring Establishment, London House.

FOUND GUILTY

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

CHEAPER

than any other place on P. E. Island.

D. A. BRUCE,

MERCHANT TAILOR

CHEAP

Preserving Sugar.

The berry season is now here, and almost every housekeeper wants to buy some good, cheap preserving sugar for preserving purposes.

Beer & Goff have just received over 15000 pounds of Raw West India Sugar (suitable for table use or for preserving) which they are now offering for sale as cheap as the common Refined Sugar is being sold at.

Call early and get a supply of the cheapest and best preserving sugar in the city.

BEER & GOFF,

April 8—1yr QUEEN & KING SQUARE STORE

The Cosmopolitan Magazine

—AND THE—

CHARLOTTETOWN HERALD

BOTH FOR $2.00 A YEAR!

THE GREAT ILLUSTRATED MONTHLIES have in the past sold for $4.00 a year. It was a wonder to printers how The Cosmopolitan, with its yearly 1536 pages of reading matter by the greatest writers of the world, and its 1200 illustrations by clever artists, could be furnished for $3.00 a year. In January last it put in the most perfect magazine printing plant in the world, and now comes what is really a wonder:

WE WILL CUT THE PRICE OF THE MAGAZINE IN HALF FOR YOU!

Think of it, 128 pages of reading matter, with over 120 illustrations—a volume that would sell in cloth binding at $1.00

For only 12½ Cents.

We will send you THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE which has the strongest staff of regular contributors of any existing periodical, and

THE HERALD

BOTH FOR ONLY $2.00 A YEAR.

Mark Wright AND Co

(LIMITED)

—ARE GIVING—

GREAT BARGAINS

—IN—

FURNITUR E

Prince Edward Island Railway.

1893 SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1893

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

TRAINS FOR THE WEST.

STATIONS.	Expr'ss	Accom	Ac'm
	A M	P M	
Charlottetown ....dp	6 00	2 40	
Royalty Junction....	6 14	3 01	
North Wiltshire....	6 48	3 50	
Hunter River....	6 58	4 05	
Bradalbane	7 23	4 40	
Emerald Junction....	7 30	4 55	
Freetown....	7 40	5 08	
Kensington	7 53	5 28	
Summerside ....ar	8 15	6 00	
Summerside ....dp	8 30		P M
Miscouche	8 45		1 40
Wellington	9 05		2 02
Port Hill....	9 35		2 28
O'Leary....	10 30		3 17
Bloomfield	10 47		4 42
Alberton....	11 14		5 06
Tignish....ar	11 55		6 00
			6 55
Emerald Junction..dp			P M
Cape Traverse....ar			5 15
			6 05

TRAIN FROM THE WEST.

STATIONS.	Expr'ss	Accom	Accom
	P. M.	A. M.	
Tignish ....dp	12 25	6 00	
Alberton....	1 05	7 05	
Bloomfield	1 30	7 44	
O'Leary....	1 46	8 09	
Port Hill....	2 37	9 35	
Wellington....	3 07	10 17	
Miscouche	3 25	10 44	
Summerside ....ar	3 40	11 05	
Summerside ....dp	4 05		A. M
Kensington....	4 22		6 15
Freetown....	4 45		6 48
Emerald Junction....	4 55		7 10
Bradalbane....	5 01		7 20
Hunter River....	5 24		7 29
North Wiltshire....	5 34		8 15
			8 30
Royalty Junction....	6 06		9 19
Charlottetown....ar	6 20		9 40
Cape Traverse....dp			A. M.
Emerald Junc....ar			6 25
			7 15

TRAINS FOR THE EAST.

STATIONS	Expr'ss	Accom
	P M.	A. M.
Charlottetown .....dp	3 00	9 30
Royalty Junction....	3 15	9 50
Bedford....	3 40	7 20
Mount Stewart Junc. ....ar	4 05	8 05
Mount Stewart Junc. ....dp	4 10	8 20
Morell....	4 28	9 00
St. Peter's....	5 00	9 30
Bear River....	5 33	10 14
Souris .....ar	6 05	10 55
	P. M.	A. M.
Mount Stewart Junc.....dp	4 10	6 25
Cardigan....	5 05	9 28
Georgetown.....ar	5 20	10 00

TRAINS FROM THE EAST.

STATIONS.	Expr'ss	Accom
	A. M	P. M.
Souris.....dp	6 15	1 15
Bear River....	6 45	1 48
St. Peter's....	7 26	2 45
Morell....	7 45	3 15
Mount Stewart Junc. ....ar	8 10	3 55
Mount Stewart Junc. ....dp	8 15	4 05
Bedford....	8 40	4 40
Royalty Junction....	9 05	5 15
Charlottetown.....ar	9 20	5 35
	A. M.	P. M.
Georgetown.....dp	7 00	2 15
Cardigan....	7 17	2 37
Mount Stewart Junc.....ar	8 10	3 45

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

J. UNSWORTH,

Superintendent.

Railway Office, Ch'town, May 23, 1893.—6