THE MONKS OF ERIN.

The Irish monks, the Irish monks, their names are treasured still
In many a foreign valley, on many a foreign hill,
Their preaching, prayers and fasting are still the peasants' themes
Around the coast of Cornwall, and along old Flanders' streams;
Their lives austere and holy, and the wonders of their hands,
Still nourish faith and sanctity through fair Italia's lands,
The cross they bore in triumph, oh, bright as e'er shines
Above the dome of Austria, among the Tuscan vines.

Sedulius, the poet, and Columbkille, the dove,
At Rome and Hy are honored, and remembered still with love;
At Lerona, St. Frigidian, in a church ablaze with lights,
Is honored with pure worship, 'mid the pomp of Roman rites.
Even still the British miners exult on Piran's feast,
And though they hate the Church of Rome, they venerate her priest
The bells of sweet Tarentum, as they wake the matin air,
Still tell in tones of gladness that Cataldus' faith is there.

Quaint Mechlin's noblest temple to an Irish monk is raised,
In every home in Mechlin St. Rumold's name is praised;
Virgilius, the gifted, in his glorious Saltzburg tomb,
Is honored by the silent prayer and by the cannon's boom;
Old hymns are sung to Fridolin in the islands of the Rhine,
And the relics of Besancon's saint sleep in a silver shrine:
The voice that roused Crusaders by the Tagus, Rhone and Po,
Seems ringing still o'er Malachy at the convent of Clairvaux.

The Irish monks, the Irish monks, their spirit still survives
In the stainless Church of Ireland, and in her priesthood's lives.
Their spirit still doth linger round Holy Cross and Kells—
Oh, Ireland's monks can know no death while gush our holy wells.
High Cashels fane is standing, and though in the spoiler's hand,
Like the captive ark of Judah, 'tis a blessing to our land,
For proudly it reminds us of the palmy days of yore,
When kings were monks, and monks were kings, upon our Irish shore

—Rev. William P. Tracey, S.J.

DARE AND DO RIGHT;

—OR THE—

ADVENTURES OF TOM, THE BOOTBLACK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ONLY AN IRISH BOY."

CHAPTER XIII—[CONTINUED.]

Tom left the counting-room in excellent spirits. He had found a place, and one just such as he liked. Five dollars a week, he foresaw, would not pay his expenses, but he was sure he could earn more in some way. As he was about to leave the store, Maurice, whose curiosity was aroused, came to meet him.

'Did you get through your important business?' he said, sneeringly.

'Not quite. I'm coming here again next Monday.'

'Mr. Ferguson must be glad to see you.'

'I'm comin' Tuesday, also.'

'What, every day?'

'Yes; your boss has concluded to take me into the business.'

'You ain't coming here to work?' asked Maurice, hastily,

'You've hit the nail on the head.'

'We've got enough clerks now.'

'I'm comin' to help you sweep out in the mornin'.'

Maurice was by no means pleased to hear this. Regarding Tom as his social inferior, he did not like to be placed on a level with him.

'How much pay are you to get?' he asked.

'Five dollars a week.'

'The same as I get?'

'Yes.'

Maurice was disgusted.

'Then I shall ask for higher pay.'

'Go ahead. I don't care.'

'Do you expect to live on your salary?'

'No, of course not. I've got private property.'

'How much?'

'Go and ask the man that calls for the taxes.'

'I don't believe it.'

'Why, I'm paying ten dollars a week for my board.'

Finally our hero went out, leaving Maurice dissatisfied and annoyed—first that his rival, as he regarded him, had obtained a place in the same establishment as himself, and next that the new-comer was to receive the same salary. He sent in an application, the next day, for increase of pay, but it was dismissed, with the curt response that when he earned more he would get it.

Meanwhile Tom bent his steps towards the Ohio river. Of course, my readers knows that Cincinnati is on the north side of the Ohio, and that just across is a town in Kentucky.

'I'd like to see Kentucky,' said Tom to himself. 'I guess I'll go across.'

Small river steamers convey passengers across the river for a very small sum. Our hero paid the required amount and went on board.

'It's some like goin' across to Jersey,' he thought.

There was the usual variety of passengers—men, women, and children. Tom sat down beside a young man well dressed, but a little strange in his manners. It was evident that he had been drinking too much, and was under the influence of liquor at present. He was perfectly quiet, however, till they were in the middle of the stream, when, all at once, he climbed the railing and threw himself into the turbid waters of the river.

The passengers seemed paralyzed by the suddenness of the action. Our hero was the first to recover, and, being an expert swimmer, jumped in after him without hesitation.

CHAPTER XIV.

A FASHIONABLE BOARDING HOUSE.

When Tom had emerged from the yellow and turbid waters he caught sight of the young man, and struck out for him. Grasping him by the arm, he succeeded, with considerable difficulty, in holding him up till a small boat near by picked both up.

'Phew!' spattered Tom, spitting out some of the water which he had involuntarily taken into his mouth.

The young man rescued looked about him stupidly.

'What made you jump into the river?' asked the boatman.

'I was drunk,' said the young man, frankly, upon whom the shock of falling into the water had produced a favorable effect.

'It's lucky this boy was near and jumped after you, or you might have been drowned before I got to you.'

The young man turned and looked earnestly at Tom.

'So you jumped after me?' he said.

'I feel as if I did, answered Tom. 'I'm as wet as a drowned rat.'

'You're a brave boy.'

'Thank you,' said Tom, modestly; 'but I can swim so well that it didn't take much courage.'

'I can't swim a stroke.'

'Then you'd better not jump into the water again.'

'I don't mean to,' said the young man, smiling. 'Where did you learn to swim?'

'In the East River.'

'Where's that?'

'New York.'

'Look here, gentlemen, where do you want to be carried?' asked the boatman.

'Back to Cincinnati. I'll pay you for your trouble,' said the young man.

'I was goin' on an explorin' expedition to Kentucky,' said Tom.

'You are too wet. You must take another day.'

'It ain't any wetter on one side of the river than the other.'

'Do you live in Kentucky?'

'No.'

'In Cincinnati?'

'Yes. I've lived there a day or two.'

'You must change your clothes, or you will get cold.'

'I haven't got any clothes except what I've got on.'

The young man looked rather surprised at this, since Tom had on a good suit, and appeared to be in good circumstances.

'Then,' said he promptly, 'I shall take you home with me, and lend you one of my suits.'

'It would fit me too much,' said Tom, laughing.

'Never mind. We will stay in the house till your clothes are dry. What do you say?'

'All right,' said Tom. 'I'm agreeable.'

When they came to the Ohio side of the river the two got off. The young man was so well over his fit of drunkenness that he walked quite steadily, showing no traces of it in his gait.

'I live a mile and a half away,' he said, 'but it will be better to walk, as we shall be less liable to take cold in our wet clothes. Or, do you feel tired.'

'Not a bit,' said Tom. 'I'm used to walkin'. My coachman don't have much to do.'

'You're a genius,' said the young man.

'I'm glad to hear it,' said Tom. 'If I'm a fair specimen, geniuses don't know much.'

'At any rate you're not such a fool as I am.'

'Are you a fool?'

'Any man is a fool that gets drunk.'

'I don't know but you're right,' said Tom. 'What makes you do it?'

'Because I'm a fool. That's all the reason I can give. 'I'm too weak to resist temptation.'

'I never was drunk but once,' said Tom. 'I don't want to be again.'

'How did that happen?'

'A sailor invited me into a bar-room, and got me to drink. I felt as if my head would bust open the next morning.'

'So you didn't get drunk again?'

'No, I got enough of it.'

'What is your name?' asked the young man, interested.

'Gilbert Grey.'

'Do you live in this city?'

'I'm goin' to.'

'I wish you would come and live with me.'

'What for?'

'Because, though you are younger, you know how to take care of yourself. I think you would take care of me too.'

'If you'll pay me good wages,' said Tom, 'I'm willin' to be your guardian.'

'I'm in earnest,' said the young man. 'It would do one good to have some one to help me keep straight.'

'How many times a week would you want me to jump into the water after you?' asked Tom jocularly. 'Because I'd want to keep a good stock of dry clothes on hand, or may be, I might wear a bathin' suit all the time.'

'I shant try that again,' said the other smiling; 'I don't like it well enough.'

By this time they reached a handsome brick house, in a fine street.

'This is where I board,' said the young man. 'Come in.'

He rang the bell, and a servant answered the summons. She looked surprised at the appearance of the pair, both showing signs of the wetting they had received.

'We met with an accident, Bridget,' explained the young man, 'or rather, I tumbled into the water, and this boy jumped after me.'

'Faith, you look like it, Mr. Mordaunt,' said Bridget. 'Will I tell Mrs. White?'

'Yes. Ask her if she can send us up some hot coffee in about twenty minutes. I am afraid if we don't have some hot drink, we will take cold.'

'All right, sir.'

A hasty glance satisfied Tom that it was a first-class boarding-house. The hall was handsomely furnished, and when on reaching the head of the stairs, his companion led the way into a spacious room, with a chamber connecting, our hero saw a rich carpet, elegant furniture, a handsome collection of books and some tasteful pictures upon the walls, it was evident that Mr. Mordaunt was possessed of ample means.

'Now—by the way, I've forgotten your name, yet—'

'Gilbert Grey. Some call me Tom, for short.'

'Now, Gilbert, make yourself at home. The best thing we can do, is to strip at once, and put on dry clothes.'

He went to a wardrobe, and brought out two suits of clothes, also a supply of under-clothing.

'There,' said he, 'go ahead, and change you clothes.'

Tom followed directions obediently, while his companion was similarly employed. Of course it was necessary to wash also. The clothes were too large for him, but still not much, as he was a well-grown boy, and Mr. Mordaunt was by no means large.

'How do you like the looks?' asked the young man, as Tom surveyed himself in a handsome mirror.

'I expect it's me, but I ain't certain,' said Tom. 'It'll take me some time to grow to these clothes.'

'They are rather big, that's a fact,' said the young man, smiling. 'When the servant comes up with the coffee we'll send down our suits to be dried. Will your friends feel anxious about you?'

'There's one will, I expect,' said Tom.

'Who is that—your mother?'

'No, it's my intimate friend, Maurice Walton. He can't bear me out of his sight, or in it either.'

Mordaunt laughed.

'So he's very devoted, is he?'

'You bet he is.'

Here there was a knock at the door.

'Come in,' called Mordaunt.

Bridget entered with a waiter, on which were a coffee pot, some cups and saucers, sugar, etc., besides a plate of sandwiches.

'Thank you, Bridget,' said Mordaunt. 'I see you understood what was wanted. Now if you'll take down these wet clothes and dry them for us, we will be much obliged.'

'I'll do it, Mr. Mordaunt,' said the willing handmaiden.

'Now, Gilbert, sit down, and we'll have a good cup of coffee a piece,' said Mordaunt. 'You're hungry, are you not?'

'Bathin' in such a big tub gave me an appetite,' said Tom; 'but I wouldn't like to get up an appetite that way every day.'

'Nor I. It's too much trouble, not to speak of the danger. How do you find the coffee?'

'Tip-top.'

'It's a good deal better than wine, eh?'

'That's so.'

'Now, Gilbert, while we are taking lunch I have a little plan to propose to you.'

'All right. I'm ready.'

CHAPTER XV.

TOM CHANGES HIS BOARDING-HOUSE.

'Where are you boarding?' Mordant began.

'At the Ohio Hotel. But I don't mean to stay. I'm lookin' out some first-class boardin'-house, where they don't charge mor'n five dollars a week.'

'You haven't found one yet?'

'No.'

'Come here and room with me.'

'Don't you pay but five dollars?'

'Rather more,' said Mordaunt, laughing.

'I only get five dollars a week for my valuable services,' said Tom. 'I pay that for board, and get my clothes with the balance. If I hadn't a fortune of ten dollars to fall back on, I'd have to go without.'

'Is that really the way you are situated?' asked Mordant, seriously.

'Yes.'

'Then,' said the young man, 'come and board with me, and it shan't cost you a cent. I'll have another bed put into the bedroom, and we'll make ourselves as comfortable as we can.'

'Do you mean it?' asked Tom, incredulously.

'Certainly.'

'And you'll pay my board for the sake of my agreeable society?'

'Just so,' answered his companion.

'Then you're a tip-top feller, and I'll not refuse such a good offer.'

'Good! That's settled, then,' said the young man, with satisfaction. 'Now I'll tell you my reason for making you such an offer. I am an orphan, and with no relations, except an uncle in Canada, with whose family I am acquainted. I inherited from my father who died just as I reached the age of twenty-one, a fortune of one hundred thousand dollars.

'Whew!' said our hero; 'that's a big pile of money.'

'It was too large for me. It took away my ambition and energy; and though for two years I have been in a law office, pretending to study law, I have wasted my time in drinking among unworthy companions. The fact is, I am of a sociable disposition, and I found my room lonely. Now I want to turn over a new leaf, giving up drinking, and devote myself more to study.'

'I want to study, too,' said Tom. 'I'm as ignorant as a horse. I'll have to study some evenings.'

'I'll teach you, said Mordaunt. 'We'll spend our evenings that way, instead of in bar-rooms.'

'All right,' said our hero. 'That suits me. But I ought not to let you pay my board.'

'I can well afford it. My money is securely invested, and brings me in six thousand dollars a year clear.'

'I shall have to work from now till I'm a grey-haired old patriarch before I can earn six thousand dollars,' said Tom, comically.

Mordaunt laughed.

'I hope it ain't so bad as that,' he said. 'Well, do you agree?'

'To come here as your geardian?'

'Yes, if you put it in that way.'

'You are very kind to me,' said our hero, changing his tone and speaking earnestly. 'I am a poor boy, and don't know much. I'm afraid you'll be ashamed of introducing me to your friends.'

'Friends! I have no friends that care for me. They care for my money, and are jolly enough; but, if I needed help, they wouldn't give it. I don't know why it is, but I like you. You saved my life this morning, and I would rather have you live with me than anyone I know. So, when your clothes are dry, go around to the hotel, and bring your trunk here.'

'I haven't got any trunk,' said Tom.

'I wouldn't have any use for one. I've got a carpet-bag.'

'Very well. Bring that. Now you must do me a favor.'

'All right. Only if it's to lend you a hundred dollar bill I'm afraid I couldn't do it.'

'I hope some time you will be rich enough to grant such a favor; but that isn't the favor I meant.'

'What is it?'

'You must let me buy you some more clothes.'

Tom was about to object, but Mordaunt continued:

'Remember, I've got more money than I know what to do with. I owe you something for the wetting I exposed you to.'

'I won't resist very hard,' said Tom. 'I s'pose you want your guardian to look respectable.'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Random Notes.

Lady.—'Here, my poor man, is a ticket for a dinner at the soup kitchen; and you can eat as much there as will suffice for to-morrow and the day after.' Mendicant.—'Thanky kindly, mum; but I'd rather like first to eat enough for yesterday and the day afore, if it would make no difference to you to write that down on the ticket.'—

A little girl in a London Sunday-school being asked why God made flowers, replied, 'Please, ma'am, I suppose for patterns for artificial ones.'

'Will the coming man be happier?' asks a writer. It depends to a great extent upon whether his wife has got tired and has gone to sleep or is still waiting up for him.

The most trying circumstances under which a boy can be, is when another boy is in the alley winking at him, and his father is offering him a nickel to carry in a pile of wood.

Out West the cellar is the place to go in the time of a cyclone, and when a man has a barrel of cider it's surprising how many times a day he thinks there is a cyclone coming.

Some people are never contented. After having all their limbs broken, their heads smashed and their brains knocked out, they will actually go to law to get further damages.

The sea-shore season will shortly open, and as usual, one wave from a woman's handkerchief will be to the men far more attractive than all the waves of the sea.

No longer ask, 'Is life worth living?' A 'silent piano' has been invented.

Love is blind. That is why so many young people like best to court in the dark.

DeSmith—'What's the reason, I wonder, the electric lights always go out during a thunderstorm?' VanJones—'Professional jealousy.'

An advertiser asking for patronage in a business in which he has just started closes with the sentence: 'Prices reasonable until I get established.'

J. J. Kelly a book agent canvassing Memphis, became tired of life and tried the laudanum route to another and failed. They physicked him in jail and he commenced operating on them: 'The very book you want; no family should be without it; 10,875 quarto pages, several thousand engravings on the instalment plan; let me put down your name.'

LIVE STOCK.

There are very few grains that make a perfect food ration. Corn, which is usually fed for fattening, is too starchy and too concentrated as well. If fed alone animals will not digest it perfectly. It is for this reason that a mixture with bran or oatmeal is advisable.

For diarrhœa in calves give two or three ounces of castor oil, with three to four drachms of laudanum; three to four hours thereafter, give a mixture of two drachms of compound chalk powder with opium, one drachm of powdered gentian, one ounce of peppermint water, and three ounces of starch emulsion. Such a dose may be given twice or thrice daily uniil the symptoms abate. Change the diet.—*Breeders' Gazette, Chicago.*

When any animal dies from disease on the farm it is a common practice to bury it or else draw it off to the woods where crows or stray dogs can pick the flesh from its bones. Both of these are mistaken policies. A little strychnine bedded in small pieces of meat will destroy the prowlers, and oil of vitrol will eat away both flesh and bones and convert them into a valuable fertilizer after a few months. Lambs and sheep will occasionally die, even with the best of care, after severe winters, and this plan will prevent them from becoming an entire loss.

The common disorder known as "hooks" is simply inflammation of the eye, which affects the membrane by which the eyeball is connected with the surrounding tissue. This membrane is known as the conjunctive. Part of this membrane is movable, and serves the purpose of cleansing the eye from dust. When it becomes inflamed it swells and protrudes from the eye, and ignorant persons sometimes cut it off. Bleeding may relieve the inflammation and effect a temporary remedy: but it is a bad practice. The better way is to give the horse some cooling medicine, and apply to the eye a solution of sulphate of zinc, one dram to a pint of water.

MACMILLAN'S DEPOT

IS NOW BEING SUPPLIED WITH

COAL!

In all the leading varieties, including

ACADIA, - - Nut & Round
INTERCOLONIAL, do do
VALE, - - - - do do
SYDNEY (old mine), - Round
SYDNEY (reserve), - do
CHIMNEY CORNER, - do
ALBION & RESERVE SLACK,

All of which will be sold on most reasonable terms.

ALSO TO ARRIVE—A cargo of (Red Ash) Anthracite Coal from Wales, due here 1st October, and same quality as gave such good satisfaction three years ago. Will be sold low from ship.

R. McMILLAN.

Charlottetown, July 2, 1884.

A PRIZE Send six cents for postage and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. ap 15 1y

A MARVELOUS STORY

TOLD IN TWO LETTERS.

FROM THE SON: "28 Cedar St., New York, Oct. 29, 1882.

"*Gentlemen:* My father resides at Glover, Vt. He has been a great sufferer from Scrofula, and the inclosed letter will tell you what a marvelous effect

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

has had in his case. I think his blood must have contained the humor for at least ten years; but it did not show, except in the form of a scrofulous sore on the wrist, until about five years ago. From a few spots which appeared at that time, it gradually spread so as to cover his entire body. I assure you he was terribly afflicted, and an object of pity, when he began using your medicine. Now, there are few men of his age who enjoy as good health as he has. I could easily name fifty persons who would testify to the facts in his case.

Yours truly, W. M. PHILLIPS."

FROM THE FATHER: "It is both a pleasure and a duty for me to state to you the benefit I have derived from the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Six months ago I was completely covered with a terrible humor and scrofulous sores. The humor caused an incessant and intolerable itching, and the skin cracked so as to cause the blood to flow in many places whenever I moved. My sufferings were great, and my life a burden. I commenced the use of the SARSAPARILLA in April last, and have used it regularly since that time. My condition began to improve at once. The sores have all healed, and I feel perfectly well in every respect—being now able to do a good day's work, although 72 years of age. Many inquire what has wrought such a cure in my case, and I tell them, as I have here tried to tell you, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. Glover, Vt., Oct. 21, 1882. Yours gratefully, HIRAM PHILLIPS."

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA cures Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin. It clears the blood of all impurities, aids digestion, stimulates the action of the bowels, and thus restores vitality and strengthens the whole system.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

THE KENSINGTON DRUG STORE

OFFERS A FULL LINE OF

Pure Drugs, Chemicals, and Medicinal Preparations

Family Medicines, Spices, Essences, Perfumery, Soaps, Sponges, Chest Protectors, &c.

Diamond, Handy Package & Star Dyes, Horse and Cattle Medicines, Thorley's Improved H. and C. Food, all the leading Patent Medicines.

Stationery & Choice Tobacco.

☞ Prescriptions accurately prepared.

D. DARRACH.

Kensington, Feb. 20, 1884—1yr

STEAMER

"HEATHER BELLE."

Summer Arrangement.

ON and after Tuesday, May 13th, the new 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 seven a. m., for Charlottetown, calling at China Point and Halliday's Wharves; leaving Charlottetown at three p. m., for Halliday's, China Point and Brush Wharves, where she will remain over night.

Wednesday, will leave Brush Wharf for Charlottetown at seven a. m., calling at China Point and Halliday's Wharves; leaving Charlottetown at three p. m. to return, remaining at Brush Wharf over night.

Thursday, will leave Brush Wharf for Charlottetown at seven a. m., calling at China Point and Halliday's Wharves; leaving Charlottetown at three p. m. to return; leaving Brush Wharf about 6 p. m. for Charlottetown.

Friday, will leave Charlottetown for Crapaud at four a.m.; leaving Crapaud for Charlottetown at seven a. m; leaving Charlottetown for Crapaud at three p. m., remaining over night.

Saturday, will leave Crapaud for Charlottetown at seven a. m.; leaving Charlottetown for Crapaud at 1 30 p. m.; and returning to Charlottetown from Crapaud same day.

FARES:

Cabin, to and from Orwell and Wharves, 30 cents; deck, 20 cents.

Cabin, to and from Crapaud, 40 cents; deck, 30 cents.

Excursion return tickets will be issued from Charlottetown to Orwell every Thursday evening, at one first-class fare. Also, excursion return tickets will be issued every Saturday to Crapaud, at one first-class fare.

JOHN HUGHES, Agent,

Ch'town, May 14, 1883.—3m

M. HENNESSY,

Furniture Dealer,

No 35 Great George St., Charlottetown.

All kinds of Furniture made to order at the lowest rates.

☞ Undertaking attended to in all its branches, either in town or country, cheaper than ever. Caskets and Coffins, latest styles, always on hand.

Charlottetown, March 19, 1884—1y

COAL, COAL.

THE Subscriber is now prepared to receive orders for the following Coal, which will be sold at the lowest cash price, viz:—

Acadia Mine, Round and Nut,
Intercolonial, do. do.,
Vale, do. do.,
Albion, do. Slack,
Gowrie, do. do.,
Sydney, do. do.,

—AND—

ANTHRACITE,

(Egg and Chestnut Sizes).

CAPT. JOHN HUGHES,

WATER STREET.

Ch'town, May 21, 1884—3m.

Now Opening

—AT THE—

LONDON HOUSE

PART OF OUR

SPRING STOCK,

Selected by our Mr. Harris in the British Markets, arriving by the Steamers

WETHERBY,
BOSTON CITY,
WALDENSIAN,
HIBERNIAN,
CIRCASSIAN,
CASTLE CITY,
TEXAS,
POLYNESIAN,

And Sailing Ships from Liverpool and London.

G. DAVIES & CO.

TEAS!

On Hand and to Arrive,

425 Half-Chests

CHOICE RETAILING TEAS

IN PACKAGES OF

5, 10, 15 and 20 lbs.

Also, at Wholesale Prices.

GEO. DAVIES & CO.

HATS, HATS, HATS.

A Splendid Assortment of

Christys' Hats,

IN SILK, FELT, &c.,

Via the Northern Light, just opened at the

LONDON HOUSE,

AND PRICED VERY LOW.

Charlottetown, May 7, 1884.

CARROLL & McALEER,

Carriage Builders!

FORMERLY occupying the premises of Messrs. J. & R. Scott, lately destroyed by fire, beg leave to inform their patrons that they have engaged the premises of Mr. P. H. Trainor,

OPPOSITE THE ROCKLIN HOUSE,

KENT STREET,

where they are prepared to attend to all work in their line.

Repairing and Painting done with Neatness and Despatch.

Charlottetown, March 5, 1884—tf

COAL! COAL!

THE undersigned, having entered into Partnership to carry on the COAL BUSINESS in this city, are prepared to supply the public with all kinds of COAL cheap for cash.

Office, Lord's Wharf.

LANDRIGAN & STRONG.

Ch'town, June 4, 1884—3m.

ATTENTION!

PICNIC & TEA PARTY COMMITTEES

YOU can get the best Goods at the lowest prices, at the "City Steam Bakery."

You can return all Goods not used, if in good condition.

We give satisfaction to our customers, and give as references the Committees of the following Teas and Picnics, supplied last year:

Uigg Tea,
Lot 48 Tea,
Clyde River Tea,
Eldon Hall Tea,
DeSable Tea,
Lot 65 Tea,
Springfield Tea,
South Wiltshire Tea,
St. Peter's Tea,
Railway Picnic,
B. I. Society Picnic.

J. QUIRK.

Prince Street, Charlottetown, July 2, '84.

Gun for Sale.

A FIRST-CLASS FOWLING PIECE, 12 bore breech-loader, rebounding lock, semi-hammerless, single barrel, pistol grip. Very handsome. Nearly new, for $35. Cheap at $50.

Apply either personally or by letter to this office. July 16, 1884—tf

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD

And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 Pill each night from 1 to 15 weeks, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them for the cure of LIVER and KIDNEY diseases. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25c. in stamps. Circulars free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

DIPHTHERIA Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism. JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT (for Internal and External Use) will instantaneously relieve these terrible diseases, and will positively cure also many out of ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure.

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