THE PAST.

I dreamed last night that the sunny past
Had come back to my life with its old time light;
That my heart with with throbs of joy beat fast,
That my eyes again shone warm and bright.
Oh! the sunny scenes and the gladsome eye,
And the smile that flashed so warm and gay,
The hours unfettered by sorrow's sigh
In the beautiful past so far away!

I dreamed of an eve when the sun was low,
And rested its head on the mountain's crest,
When the heavens were lit by a burning glow,
And red plumes waved in the golden west;
I saw a face that on me looked down
With the rosy light of love's young ray,
The fair, white brow wore no haughty frown,
That eve in the past, so far away.

Again I drink in the tender light
Of radiant eyes; and my spirit bowed
At my Ideal's feet, so sweetly bright—
At my Ideal's feet, so fair and proud.
I spoke of love, for a wildering spell
Had chained my soul in its fetters gay,
And my heart from its haughty summit fell,
That eve in the past, so far away.

I raised in my heart a holy shrine,
And wreaths from the garden of Fancy wrought—
The flowers, the wreaths, the songs were mine;
To my idol no borrowed gifts I brought.
All woe was drowned in the mighty sea
Of love that swept o'er my heart that day,
And from sorrow and pain I thought me free—
Oh! happy past, so far away.

I awoke from dream to life, to thought,
And o'er my soul swept an endless pain;
The peace which my heart in peace had brought
Was all, sweet Heaven! in vain, in vain!
Then thoughts as bright as my dream's gay sheen
Stole o'er my heart with a fleeting ray—
But never, oh! never will come again
The beautiful past, so far away.

Oh! woe for the dreams of the vanished past—
Oh! woe for the hopes of our buried youth—
The storm-clouds sweep with a sullen blast
At noon o'er each feeling of love and truth,
The fragile wreaths that at morn we wove
Fade and die ere the close of day;
But one tiny blossom, the bud of love,
Lives from the past so far away.

We've met but once since the happy past,
And now another path is mine.
(Fool, fool, to think such dreams could last)
Which force new lights on my path to shine,
Fame may smother my heart's refrain,
With its brazen trumpets and banners gay;
But ever and aye will come again
Thoughts of the past, so far away.

BY THE ROANOKE.

By F. C. Farnholme.

The Roanoke had broadened and deepened here where the canoes were tied to water-willows whose reddening bark told that the warm blood of the opening spring was blushing through their veins. Up near the village the river had made its last dash, amid much foaming over the highly rocks that barred its way, and a little farther down it had parted, still turbulently, to make the group of small islands through whose bare trees the massive irons of the new bridge shone like golden bars in the afternoon sunshine; but here the current flowed silently and the yellow waters spread into a broader sheet. Beyond the canoes stood the great stone piers of what had once been a railroad bridge until the wrath of mountain-fed floods had risen against it and swept it away, leaving these pillars to show what the river could do in its might. Some evergreen vine, brought down perchance by the same fierce torrent, had found lodgment in the stones of the central pier, and now was crowning it in wreathing gracefulness and giving to it the dignity of a ruin whose bareness nature has taken upon herself to clothe. In the middle of the stream two fishermen, in blue shirts and battered hats, were paddling their light boat to the fish-stakes to set them for the night's catch of shad, and the faint plash of their oars was the only sound except the swish of the water against the chained canoes that struggled to be free. Peace in its deepest quiet reigned over the scene, and the two who sat in one of the moored canoes sat silently at this moment, so at one with each other and with nature that they were unconscious of having lost the need of speech. Presently on the stillness came the sound of a violin and then the notes of a clear soprano.

'That is Anne singing,' said Clare, looking at her companion. 'Listen how sweet it is.'

'Oh! listen to the mocking bird,' sang the voice in notes no mocking bird could imitate, while in the pauses between the stanzas the musician played on his violin variations and trillings on the theme. But the music, sweet as it was, had broken the spell which had held the two in its power, and, rising, they started homeward. As they walked, keeping a sort of time to the air, which became more and more distinct, they reached the cabin, where, seated in the doorway, was a young mulatto, the village fiddler, and standing beside him, so that he had to look a trifle upward and backward to see her, was the signer—a quadroon she must have been, for the dark blood in her veins but gave the deep olive to her clear skin and the raven waviness to her hair; and perchance the submission of a race of slaves softened the gleam of the large and lustrous black eyes. Beautiful she was in figure and in face, and the man who played the accompaniment to her song did so without looking at his instrument, for his face was turned upward to hers, and his deep eyes were filled only with the thought of her.

Instinctively Clare stopped, hoping that they could see and listen without interrupting the pose and the music; but Anne saw her, and ceased singing so suddenly that the man put down his instrument, and, glancing toward them, rose instantly in cheerful deference of greeting.

'That was beautiful, Anne,' Clare said with the graciousness which endeared her to all the negroes about her. 'And now sing 'Aileen Alanna,' won't you? I want Mr. Parmelee to hear you.'

Only the fiddler saw the glance which the girl threw at Parmelee, who looked away.

'I can't sing that this evening, Miss Clare,' she answered. 'Let me sing 'Gipsy Countess' for you.'

'But that is a duet,' remonstrated Clare, 'and not half so sweet as the other.'

'Oh! I can sing both parts,' Anne declared with the confidence born of power, and nodding to the fiddler, whose eyes seldom left her face, they began the old ballad. While she sang she might herself have been the gipsy maiden, so alive were her face and voice with the sadness of a woman who, under a ban of race, loves one above her, yet only half trusts him while she listens to his pleadings. Before she had sung the first stanza the tears were dropping from the eyes of one of her listeners, brought by the infinite pathos of her tones, and perhaps it was the sight of them that made Mr. Parmelee say hastily:

'Come, Clare, it is too late to be standing here. Anne, you will have to sing for us some other time.'

'He didn't even say 'Thank you!'' exclaimed the fiddler, crestfallen; 'and I thought he would have given you some money.'

'I would have flung it in his face if he had,' the girl replied fiercely; and not all the persuasion of her lover could make her sing again that day

* * * * * *

When Parmelee and Clare reached the high bluff on which the town stood some distance up, they turned and looked backward over the plantation they had just been wandering through. The landscape stretched before them in a fitness that had in it no suggestion of tameness. The course of the hidden river and the windings of the stream which ran its sluggish way through the meadows to join it, were marked by tall beeches draped in wild grape-vines, and reed-like willow bushes interlaced with the bramble and blackberry which a few weeks hence would make a starry whiteness of bloom that then would clothe the earth; and now all was brown, in every varying shade and tint, from the dull yellow of the newly-ploughed fields to the reddened trunks of trees and the bronze of swelling buds. Around the great gray barns flocks of white pigeons fluttered, seeking their homes for the night; and the wreathing smoke from the negro cabins rose and melted into the mist that was already obscuring the horizon's skirting of blue green pines.

The peace that had hovered over the scene was about them still, and seemed to have become a visible presence in the person of the young girl, as she stood in the careless pose of one a trifle wearied, her hands clasped loosely before her, her large black hat pushed back from her shining hair, and the blue of the sky itself in wide-open eyes which gazed afar off, alight with calm happiness.

Parmelee stood apart from her, and while he watched her standing there, so perfectly a part and crown of the fair world that lay around her, a sense of his own unworthiness came to him; one of those impulses to contrition and amendment, stirrings of the divine recall from evil in his each of us, arose in his soul.

'Clare,' he said suddenly, 'how is it possible for a girl as pure as you are to love a fellow like me?'

She looked at him in surprise; this note of humility was a new one in his relations with her. From the time that the grown school boy had tolerated her childish adoration until the man told her of his loves he had always accepted his devotion as in some sort his due, and she had sometimes the sense that he loved her in an apologetic way to himself, as if he were wasting his talents, just as she knew he felt he was doing in remaining in this remote Southern village. She had felt this for him and had warned him more than once that he should seek a more brilliant marriage, wishing sadly that he would scout her warning more vigorously than he had ever done. But now, that for the first time he was calling himself unworthy of her—being a woman—she never felt so ready to give herself, and drawing near to him, she said, almost in a whisper:

'How is it possible that I should not, Wilson?' Then, with a sudden transition to coquetry, she added:

'I wish I knew how not to—then I would not.'

She expected some light answer, but he said, still in his humbled tone:

'I wish I knew to love you better, sweet-heart—then I would.'

She slipped her hand through his arm and walked close beside him.

'Is anything troubling you that I ought to know?' she asked, with the sweet gravity of a woman conscious of the strength of her love to meet any demand that he whom she loved could make upon it.

'Do you think you ought to know my past life?' he asked, smiling down on her tenderly. He could see, though the dusk was gathering, that the face upraised to his was full of love and faith.

'Yes,' she said, 'just as much of it as you feel that you ought to tell me.'

'And how about my present life away from you?'

She laughed a happy little laugh.

'There hasn't been much of it spent away from me since Christmas,' she answered. 'But there should be nothing for you and me to conceal from each other, now, should there?' she asked, growing grave again.

Though they had entered the village street by this time, he took her hand, and raising it to his lips, kissed it in the twilight.

'There never shall be from now on,' he said solemnly; and at that moment he believed his own words almost as implicity as he knew she believed them.

Clare became suddenly conscious of the lateness of their walk when she saw the lamps already lighted at home, and thought with a little tremor of the disapproval she would see on her mother's face when she met her. Indeed, Clare had an uneasy sense that she was living in an atmosphere of maternal disapprobation these days. There was a sort of intangible breach widening daily between mother and daughter.

Mrs. Montfort was a rigidly pious woman; that everybody in the village acknowledged, though her children had an idea that somehow, despite their mother's devoutness, she

they must be most miserable sinners and that their way to transgressors was a wofully hard one. For the announcement of the priest's rare visits—he came but once in six months—was a signal for the household to be plunged into gloom lest some member of it should fail to prepare adequately for the reception of the sacraments. Texts of Scripture, setting forth God's searching out of hidden sins and His vengeance on the sinner, were read and their impressiveness enhanced by legends of the awful fate of many who received the sacraments unworthy, until the children thought of Confession and Communion as mysteries so exacting as to make their warm young blood run cold with fear. The priest himself, gentle, simple-minded man, thought with dread of the hour he must spend listening to and quieting as best he could the possible and impossible scruples Mrs. Montfort poured forth to him; and the penitent generally ended the day of confession with a prostrating, nervous headache, with the natural result that the irritability of which she accused herself with so many sighs and tears became more and more uncontrollable. As her daughter Clare grew up, given to courageous thinking, this strict—almost terrified—observance of the letter of the law, and constant insistence on the justice of God, began to make religion appear a slavery to the young girl. 'Better no God at all than one so petty as this!' she said to herself once, after witnessing her mother's torment of scrupulosity; and with the superficial judgment of youth she began to question all the rules of the church, because her mother's practices, as a superlatively pious Catholic, seemed to her contrary to reason and common sense.

Everything helped this growing tendency to indifference; there was no wise confessor to guide her, and all her friends were of that class of Protestants who treat the affairs of the soul with an easy nonchalance, to be considered perfunctorily for an hour or two on Sundays. Mrs. Montfort was troubled at her daughter's lack of devotion, but her anxiety became grief when she saw that she was becoming seriously attached to Wilson Parmelee; and while she waited for her in the dusk that afternoon she decided to remonstrate with her more earnestly than she had yet done.

'It doesn't matter about a man's having religion, mamma,' Clare declared, with oracular wisdom, after listening to her mother's talk that night in her own room; 'men never are pious, anyhow. Look at papa, good and kind and dear as he was: I never saw him receive Holy Communion but once in my life.'

'Ah! but, Clare, he had the faith; he had what the best Protestant lacks; and he died contrite and believing, a trough, alas! the priest did not reach him in time.'

And the widow's face whitened with the anguish of that last fatal delay. Clare was not looking at her mother or she would not have said lightly, as it immediately the subject:

'I never knew a practical Catholic man—she had known only three Catholic men in her life—'and I would just as soon marry a good Protestant as a bad Catholic. Though, to tell the truth,' she continued, smiling, 'Wilson's religion is not enough to give any one any uneasiness. He would not care if I were a Mohammedan.'

Such airy treatment as this of a matter so paramount shocked Mrs. Montfort into silence. Herself one of those to whom piety seemed to come at their birth, she had no experience to give her an insight into her daughter's soul and show her that it had not yet awakened to its deepest needs. Conversion as of hardened sinners she knew about, but of that other conversion of the young and happy who have been so shielded from sorrow as to have no dread of it, and so protected from temptation as to be ignorant of their own weakness until some supreme moment comes when the sorrow-laden heat finds the world a void, or the untried soul must make its choice between right or wrong, and when in this flood of many waters the creature stretches lame hands of faith towards the Creator, and so is lifted into safety—of such conversion as this Mrs. Montfort could not know, and at this moment she felt that she had lived in vain since a child of hers could set aside a law of the Church with scarcely a recognition that to disobey it was a thing to think twice about.

The pain of the thought lined her face into misery which startled her daughter as she looked upon it.

'O mamma!' she exclaimed, hurrying to her side, 'don't look like that. Wilson and I have no idea of marrying for years to come, and maybe he will become a Catholic by that time. I ask our Blessed Lady for his conversion every night of my life.'

The child-like faith of the last speech served in a measure to reassure the mother, and, putting her arm about her child, she knelt with her before a picture of that other most blessed of mothers and prayed for guidance and strength. Clare left her mother still at her devotions and soon fell asleep, but the older woman watched far into the night in anxiety and prayer.

II.

There was no sound of song or violin in the cabin by the river that chill November night, though the singer and the musician were both there.

'How come you will not marry me? you and your mother can't do for yourselves, and that white man has forgotten that he flattered you—has clean forgotten you.'

A gleam of indescribable emotion shone in the girl's great dark eyes

'What makes you say he has forgotten me?' she asked, pausing.

'Because I heard them teasing him in the barber-shop Saturday night about his going to get married right off,' the man replied with the air of one bringing forward a conclusive proof. But the girl betrayed no surprise, and presently resumed her careless swaying motion with an air of relief.

'I thought maybe you was going to tell me something new,' she said

since Miss Clare came home from school. That is no sign he is going to get married.'

'But, Lord, Anne, don't you know he is going to marry some of these days? He is tired of you now. Goodness me! how comes you will put your trust in a white man? The Evil One ain't as deceiving as he is,' the mulatto exclaimed, rising as he spoke, while his splendid chest expanded and his deep tones trembled in this uncontrollable outburst of jealous love. His vehemence made the girl flinch a little but his words must have roused some strong feeling in her own breast, for her face had lost its calmness as she said:

'He has never deceived me yet. He told me the other day he would always care for me.'

'Is he started coming here again?' the mulatto asked, disappointedly—'a low-lived hound a fooling you and that white woman both, and both of you believing in him like he was an angel from on high! Ah! Anne,' he said with a note like tears in his passionate entreaty, 'will you not give him up, my precious? will you not give him up?'

He leaned down toward her and would have clasped her in his arms, but she sprang away from him and stood erect on the other side of the hearth, while the flickering fire-light threw strange shadows over both superb figures and the girl's beautiful face. 'I ain't never going to give him up,' she said defiantly. 'No other woman shall ever have him, white or not white. I ain't never going to give him up; and I ain't never going to marry no nigger. How many times have I got to tell you that, Hal Burt? and how comes you don't quit pestering me? You go along home anyhow; I'm afraid he will come and find you here.'

She said this with the very perversity of a troubled and angry woman for she knew there was not the smallest chance of his coming at that hour, and through the driving November rain which was falling. But the speech roused the mulatto into fury. He walked to the door, and opening it, looked out into the darkness, while he listened for a step. Then he returned and towered above the girl, who had resumed her seat.

'I ain't staying to wait for him,' he said huskily, 'because I ain't got no pistol. But I will never be in such a fix no more; and sure as there is a God in heaven, that man dies if ever he puts his foot in this house again. You hear me, Anne Price?—he dies! You seen me hit a mark before.'

* * * * * *

'What's Hal been rearing about now?' Anne's mother asked, entering from the other room of the cabin just as the mulatto stalked out of the door. 'Seems like he ought to know you're above marrying a nigger by this time. Seems like he ought to see it don't run in all our blood,' she said, with a haughty turn of her head.

'I told him all that to-night,' the girl replied, 'and he went out swearing he meant to kill Mr. Parmelee. And I'm scared about it. Hal looked like he was sure to do what he said.'

'Shoo!' exclaimed the older woman, in an accent of proud contempt, 'A nigger will run if a white man shakes a stick at him. Hal Burt wouldn't no more try to kill Mister Parmelee than he'd try to swim the Roanoke river in a freshet. You needn't scare yourself about that.'

But the girl did not share her mother's confidence. The memory of the mulatto's stern face prevented her doing so, and she determined to warn Parmelee the next day not to come to her house for some time.

* * * * * *

There was great excitement in the village the next night when Wilson Parmelee strained his horse into town, and sought the doctor with the news that he had found Anne Price shot by the roadside on his way through the Island plantation, when returning from his work as superintendent of the Roanoke lumber mills. People who saw him said he might have been shot himself, so white and terrified he was; but it was natural that he should be shocked—the whole village was appalled, for Anne was liked by everyone. There was no doubt that Hal Burt was the guilty man. His love for Anne was known, and many remembered his distress when he knew of Parmelee as a rival. But Hal could not be found, and Anne refused to tell a circumstance of the affair. Wilson Parmelee declared he had nothing to tell except that he had lifted her, unconscious and wounded, from the roadside and taken her into her mother's cabin. Clare herself could not get him to speak of the affair, anxious though she was to hear about the accident to her old playmate. A genuine affection had existed between the negro and the white girl since they were children together, and it was more the prompting of friendship than any idea of charity which made Clare take her way to the negro's cabin a day or two after the shooting. She knew beforehand the welcome of flattering deference she would receive when she got there, but she was surprised to find Anne so well as she seemed.

'Are you badly hurt, Anne?' she asked in tender solicitude, as she took the weakened hand and stroked it.

'Yes'm,' Anne replied, smiling at her; 'I reckon I'm bound to die; seems like I lost too much blood ever to get well.'

* * * * * *

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BUYERS will do well to make purchases at W. A. Weeks & Co's New Store—prices are certainly very low, and large numbers of people find they can save money. The goods must be sold and such buyers will supply themselves very cheap. 31n

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PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO,
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NOW OPEN.
THIS STUDIO [illegible] first in the [illegible] class [illegible]

"German Syrup"

Croup. We have selected two or three lines from letters freshly received from parents who have given German Syrup to their children in the emergencies of Croup. You will credit these, because they come from good, substantial people, happy in finding what so many families lack—a medicine containing no evil drug, which mother can administer with confidence to the little ones in their most critical hours, safe and sure that it will carry them through.

Rd. L. Willits, of Alma, Neb. I give it to my children when troubled with Croup and never saw any preparation act like it. It is simply miraculous.

Mrs. Jas. W. Kirk, Daughters' College, Harrodsburg, Ky. I have depended upon it in attacks of Croup with my little daughter, and find it an invaluable remedy.

Fully one-half of our customers are mothers who use Boschee's German Syrup among their children. A medicine to be successful with the little folks must be a treatment for the sudden and terrible foes of childhood, whooping cough, croup, diphtheria and the dangerous inflammations of delicate throats and lungs.

HICKEY & NICHOLSON,
Tobacco Manufacturers.
BLACK TWIST, BRIGHT TWIST Smoking,
FLAT CHEWING TOBACCO, "HIC-NIC."
Orders solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.
Ch'town, May 11, 1892.—3m

Dissolution of Partnership.

THE partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, carrying on business as Barristers and Solicitors under the name of MACNEILL & MACDONALD, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent.
Dated this 15th day of July, A. D. 1892.
CHESTER B. MACNEILL,
ÆNEAS A. MACDONALD.
All legal business entrusted to the late firm of Macneill & Macdonald will be continued by me at the offices heretofore occupied by the old firm.
ÆNEAS A. MACDONALD.

ÆNEAS A. MACDONALD,
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Agent for Credit Foncier Franco-Canadien,
Office, Great George St.,
Near Bank Nova Scotia, Charlottetown,
jy 20—3mos.

JAMES H. REDDIN
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Solicitor, Notary Public, &c.,
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(Late McMillan's),
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Collections carefully attended to. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest.
Aug 13, 1892—1y.

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

EXTRACT OF BEEF
Inferior and imitation sorts are coarse, of disagreeable odor and unpleasant flavor, but the genuine
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Bearing the authorised signature of Justus von Liebig, the great chemist. J. v. Liebig
has the odor of roast beef gravy, a fine flavor, dissolves clearly in water and assimilates with the finest and simplest cookery.
For delicious, refreshing beef tea.
For improved and economic cookery.

FOR SALE.
THAT Three Tenement house, situate on the South Side of Dorchester Street being the second house East from P. P. Gillis' new houses. This building is well built, well situated and let to good tenants.
For particulars apply to the undersigned.
DANIEL GRIFFITH.
Aug 10—4i.

P. E. ISLAND RAILWAY
Saturday Excursions
UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, Excursion Return Tickets will be issued every Saturday at Charlottetown for Point du Chene at $2.50 each, and to Moncton at $3.00, the former being good for return on same day or following Monday, and the latter on Monday following date of issue.
J. UNSWORTH,
Superintendent.
Railway Office, Ch'town, Aug 9, 1892—4i

Free Farms
—IN THE—
Canadian Northwest.
Manitoba, Assiniboia,
Alberta, Saskatchewan
C. P. R. Lands at a uniform price of $3.00 per Acre.
THE undisposed of lands in the Railway Belt, West of the Third Meridian and the Saskatchewan, Red Deer and Battle River Valley lands will be on sale commencing Monday, April 4th, at a uniform price of $3.00 per acre.
Only one-tenth of the purchase money required down. A payment of $48.00 will secure a farm of 160 acres, the balance of the purchase money is payable in nine annual instalments: interest—6 per cent. The usual regulations regarding mineral and other rights, remain in force with respect to these lands.
Edmonton Lands.—The Lands in the Edmonton District will be sold by Auction at Edmonton on 3rd May.
The Government give one quarter section (160 acres) free to every bona fide settler. A second quarter section can be pre-empted by different payments.
The Canada Northwest has the most productive soil in the world. Its wheat fetches the highest price; its live cattle are admitted to the English markets, while United States cattle are not. There is a market for the farmer at every station; and there are schools and Churches wherever there are settlers. It is not subject to drought nor floods, to grasshoppers or to cyclones or tornadoes. Ask any Canadian Pacific Railway agent for books and maps concerning it; ask for "Farming and Ranching in Western Canada," or the "Free Farms" map, or "Actual Experience," and read the testimony of men who have gone there from Eastern Canada. Young women are in great demand; they find occupation as domestics directly they arrive, and readily get married to prosperous young farmers. Young men or young women can start life there almost without money. They make the money there; an independence is gained in a very few years by the thrifty.
Apply to
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—OR TO—
J. HEBER HASLAM,
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Choice Teas, Coffees, Sugars, Molasses, Choice Fruits, Confectionery, Tobacco, Cigars, &c.
Corner of Queen and Dorchester Streets,
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SMALL PROFITS AND CASH SALES.
Charlottetown, April 8, 1891.

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

REUBEN TUPLIN & CO,
KENSINGTON,
Are receiving New Goods daily, in all Departments.
Boots & Shoes—one of the largest stocks on the Island. Factory Tweeds, Imported Tweeds, Worsteds. Overcoating in Beaver, Naps, Melton's, &c. Men's Knitted Shirts, Top Shirts, &c.
The Largest Display of Dress Goods and Mantle cloths we have ever shown. Trimmings to match.
MILLINERY.—The newest and most stylish Hats, Shapes, Feathers Ribbons, &c. Trimming done after the latest New York Fashions, which are received as soon as issued
The Hardware, Grocery & Crockery Departments are kept full of the choicest goods. Fine Teas a specialty.
The highest market price paid for all kinds of produce.
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WATCHES THAT WILL LAST.
WATCHES AT THE RIGHT PRICE
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Special discounts on all Watches sold to teachers at
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WHOLESALE & RETAIL,
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Have now opened one of the Largest and most complete assortments of English, American and Canadian Hard & Soft Felt Hats ever brought to P. E. Island, and every person knows we keep the largest best and cheapest Stock of Men's, Boys' & Childrens Ready made Clothing in the Provinces.
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THE WONDERFUL CHEAP MEN,

1892-SPRING-1892
WE have on hand and to arrive a choice lot of Field and Garden Seeds, comprising White Russian, White and Red Fife Wheat, Timothy, Late Long Red, Early Red, Alsike and White Clovers, Hazzard's Improved Turnip Seed, Mammoth Mangold, Vetches, etc., etc., which we will sell as low as any other house in the trade.
IN GROCERIES,
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Department, and we will show you the [illegible] assortment of Crockery and Glassware, and Lamp Goods ever shown on P. E. I. Come and see us.
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