A Fashionable Rhyme.

Oh, wise or dull or fast or slow,
A carpet knight or hero,
Man wants but little here below—
Below what's known as zero.
—New York Press.

The Modern Editor.

A man who runs a paper
Should know every human caper,
And hold up the torch of knowledge like
a gleaming midnight taper.

He should be profound as Plato,
Pliant as a boiled potato,
And as humble to his patrons as a street
and crossing scraper.

He should honour in his journal
Every captain, crank, and colonel
And dish up their proud achievements in
a hodge-podge cooked diurnal.

He should puff—the hardened liar—
Clubs and concerts, church and choir,
With long adjectives, sonorous, sweet, seraphic, and supernal.

He must write the funny column,
That makes all the readers solemn,
With the fashions, frills, and flounces,
furbelows, and—what d'ye call 'em?

Quell the copy fiend's wild revel,
Squelch and massacre the devil,
And put on a brow of thunder that shall
petrify and appal 'em.

Don't Let Mother Do It.

Daughter, don't let mother do it!
Do not let her slave and toil,
While you sit, a useless idler,
Fearing your soft hands to soil.
Don't you see the heavy burdens,
Daily she is wont to bear,
Bring the lines upon her forehead—
Sprinkle silver in her hair?

Daughter, don't let mother do it!
Don't let her bake and broil;
Through the long bright summer hours
Share with her the heavy toil.
See her eye has lost its brightness,
Faded from her cheek the glow,
And the step that once was buoyant,
Now is feeble, weak and slow.

Daughter, don't let mother do it!
She has cared for you so long,
Is it right the weak and feeble
Should be toiling for the strong?
Waken from your listless languor,
Seek her side to cheer and bless;
And your grief will be less bitter
When the sods above her press.

Daughter, don't let mother do it!
You will never, never know
What were home without a mother
Till that mother lieth low—
Low beneath the budding daisies,
Free from earthly care or pain—
To the home so sad without her
Never to return again.

MOY O'BRIEN.

A TALE OF IRISH LIFE.

By Miss Skefington ("Melusine.")

CHAPTER XLI.—(Continued.)

Moy had many an anxious moment about the new owner of 'Glenrowe.' She asked herself, what did she know of his character? Could she be certain that he would be the good landlord she wished for her poor friends the tenants? Her only comfort was in the thought that he would surely be better than anyone Mr. Hackney could have selected.

On one subject, after consulting Mr. Gilmartin, she made up her mind, and that was to get her grandfather to allow her to invite the McDonnells to spend the first few days with them, small though the house was; for Moy knew that, even should the new landlord begin at once to make any objectionable alterations, they would have a greater chance of being well received if made by a friend of hers. So the invitation was sent, and joyfully accepted. Mr. McDonnell himself seeing of what advantage it would be to him, and not only to himself but to his child, he spoke very nicely of his 'little Carinna,' whom he commended to Moy's care. 'She has,' he wrote, 'no woman's love now but that of her good old nurse, though when I tell you that she is Irish, you will think, perhaps, she has enough.'

In Mr. Gilmartin's carriage Father Fitzgerald and Moy went to the station to meet the McDonnells. They had not been there many minutes when the whistle announced the approach of the train, and, when it drew up, the first thing Moy saw at a window was a sweet childish face, with large blue eyes, full of an innocent wonder.

This, then, was 'Carinna,' for Mr. McDonnell was holding her up to the window. Moy recognized him in a moment, though the face wore a graver expression, and the rich curly auburn hair was now well streaked with gray.

Mr. McDonnell was a tall man, with the look, some way or other, of a civil engineer. His keen blue eyes were sheltered by rather bushy brows. He had a long, straight nose, and a thick mustache and whiskers, but his chin, which was remarkably well-shaped, was clean shaven.

Though it was the height of summer, he had provided against the evening being chilly, for, as he lifted Carinna on to the platform, a rich Russian robe fell out at his feet; but he let it lie as he grasped Moy's hand, and his whole face beamed with delight as she kissed his little girl, and kept her arm lovingly round her. Then Moy, as she introduced Father Fitzgerald, saw, stepping out of the carriage, not only a rather weather-beaten but happy-faced old woman, but behind her a sight more startling—a keen, dark faced, and very tall American—for at once Moy decided upon his nationality.

Mr. McDonnell followed her gaze. 'Oh, I forgot,' he said. 'I must introduce my brother-in-law, Mr. Cormac. He is a very good brother to me,' he went on, eagerly. 'He's left his sawmills to come home and see us settled. I don't know what Carinna and I shall do when he leaves us.'

Moy shook hands with the gentleman thus warmly introduced; but she was rather in despair, for her grandfather's house would not possibly hold another visitor. Her own servants were obliged to sleep at a neighbor's.

As these somewhat depressing thoughts floated through her brain, Mr. McDonnell went on: 'My brother is going to the inn with the greater part of our luggage. He made me promise before we left America that I would allow him to look after everything, so we will just leave all to his care; and if you are ready, Miss O'Brien, we can go.'

CHAPTER XLII.

"Rich prairies, deck'd with flowers of gold,
Like sunlit oceans roll afar;
Broad lakes her azure heavens behold,
Reflecting clear each trembling star.
Great God! we thank thee for this home,
This bounteous birthland of the free,
Where wanderers from afar may come,
And breathe the air of liberty!"
—William Jewett Parsons.

Moy only waited to introduce Father Fitzgerald to Carinna's uncle, who so far had not opened his lips. The good priest agreed to accompany him to the inn, and see that everything was comfortable for him there.

The removal of the luggage was soon arranged, and then the two set out to walk to Ballyvorna.

'I ain't a Catholic,' said Mr. Cormac, in a rich deep voice, with the peculiar American accent, 'but I've a darned deal of respect for you all.'

Father Fitzgerald smiled as he acknowledged the compliment. 'You have an Irish name,' he added.

'Irish? Oh, of course, I'm Irish. There ain't no manner of mistake about that. I was a boy of eleven or twelve when my father and mother were flung on the beach at Gross Isle to die. I don't know whether they had the fever or no, but I guess many of the Irish died of broken hearts in 1847, torn or driven from their homes over here; subjected to every indignity, as I said, flung on the beach to die—dying there in the mud, or carried into a shed with hundreds of others, and breathing out their last breath in that plague smitten atmosphere. Many a one who took no fever, like my own uncle and aunt, pressed up the country, but only to die farther on, worn out and broken-hearted.'

'It's a terrible story,' said Father Fitzgerald, as Mr. Cormac paused; 'I don't think that history can produce a greater tragedy.'

'Ay, that's true,' said his companion, with deep feeling.

'Well, as I was saying,' he went on, 'my uncle and aunt took us on to Toronto; that was, me and little Carinna's mother, who was only a few weeks old then (a brother and sister younger than me had died during the voyage). Well, we hadn't been long in Toronto when we were left quite alone. I remember sitting on some steps leading up to the hospital where uncle and aunt had just died. Me, with my baby sister crying in my arms, and some medical students saying we ought not to be there; the next thing I remember was sleeping in a long room like a barrack, where a lot of other children were sleeping, too, in iron beds. Snug enough we were then! Some kind ladies used to come and see us every day. I remember one in particular, a sweet-faced lady, when the children were sobbing and crying and calling for their fathers and mothers she would hold them in her arms and cry with them, and it seemed to do them good. She brought us toys, too, and talked to us about her own little girls that sent the toys; and then one day she told us her son had the fever, and she must not come among us any more, and I don't think we saw her again; but others came, and at last a farmer's wagon, and I and my baby sister went away with the farmer and his wife a long way off into the backwoods, but we were as jolly as sandboys very soon.'

'You have, indeed, had an eventful life,' said the priest. 'I suppose your parents had been Catholics,' he added.

'Oh yes,' said Mr. Cormac, 'and I remember the good Catholic Bishop of Toronto blessing me. Since I was grown up I heard that he died of the fever. He used to be at the hospital all hours of the day and night. He, and many of his priests, and many Protestant clergymen, worked and died like heroes then.'

'They have their reward,' said Father Fitzgerald, looking up with a peaceful and happy smile.

'Well, I was brought up in the backwoods,' said Mr. Cormac, 'and, of course, you can't be particular in those regions. We all went together to the nearest meeting-house. Preachers came around nearly every Sunday. We often did not know their names—it just depended on who they stayed with. My adopted father's name was Morpeth, and he was a Baptist. So when the Baptist minister came round he was called Morpeth's preacher. And then came McLeod's preacher, and McGarry's, and so on. There was the same congregation each Sunday; and on evenings every man brought his own candle, and two of the congregation were told off to snuff them with their fingers. Well, we children grew up to think that it didn't much matter what conventicle we went to. So, when Cis married, she quite naturally went to Mass with her husband; but I go on at the same old meeting-house still, and my bringing up taught me this much—never to fight about religion; for, as a rule, all mean well, though many's the sound sleep I've had in that old conventicle.'

Father Fitzgerald asked if Mr. McDonnell had lived in the backwoods near Mr. Cormac's house.

'Oh, bless you, no, sir. He was brought up in the States, where his father and mother died just after they landed. He was a little chap then, and he was taken by some kind Sisters to a convent, till some priests could take charge of him. He got a right good education, he did; not like me. Why, he can speak three languages like a native, and play the piano-thrum besides; and he'll look at a picture for thirty minutes at a stretch. I'm all around a gallery and out again before he's done seven.'

'Ah, he is fond of art,' said Father Fitzgerald, smiling.

'That's about it,' continued Mr. Cormac. 'Well, as I was saying, he got a thorough, good education, and then, being a real sharp fellow, he went to California, and then to the silver mines of Nevada, or some diggings round there, and before long he made a heap of money. In the meantime, I'd got my father and mother, as we called them, to send Cis to a good school in the States. I was often there on business. Cis made lots of friends, and once, when she was spending her holidays with a school fellow, she met Mr. McDonnell. They never forgot one another, and the next fall (as we call the autumn), it he didn't drive up to our door one day and ask for her like a thousand of bricks. Of course there was a grand wedding, and no end of a spread—pumpkin pies by the million, and all that. Lord, how you folks over here would stare at a wedding in the back-woods; but I'll be tiring you, sir.' And he paused at last.

'You have interested me very much,' said Father Fitzgerald, courteously; Mr. Cormac seemed to him a bit of the New World brought over bodily. 'But here we are at the inn; I must come with you,' he continued, 'and see if they have room to put you up well. They do a much better business now than they did formerly.

* * * * *

Meanwhile Moy and Mr. McDonnell, Carinna and her nurse, Mrs. Duggan, were driving to Mr. O'Brien's, and as they passed through the old town Mr. McDonnell looked thoughtfully out of the window. At length he said: 'Miss O'Brien, you did describe this place well; it all comes back to me like a picture I have seen before.'

'I am very glad,' said Moy, smiling. 'I had no idea I was so clever. I seldom write letters. Look, Carinna,' she went on; 'do you see that little girl curtsying to you? I have been telling her about you, and some day, perhaps, your papa will let you go with me to see her. She makes lace, and pays her mother's rent with the money she gets.'

'That's a brave child!' said Mr. McDonnell, 'and Carinna must buy some of her. I'm very fond of lace.' And here he sighed, for his little wife had often looked lovely enough adorned with the old laces that had caught her husband's fancy in Paris or in Madrid.

'Here we are,' said Moy. The carriage stopped, and there was old Mr. O'Brien at the open hall door, while the three servants were standing ready to carry in the luggage.

'My house is small,' said Mr. O'Brien, as he grasped the stranger's hand; 'but there is a hearty welcome to make up for that.'

'Thanks, sir,' said Mr. McDonnell, as he introduced his little daughter. 'When the heart is large it matters little the size of the roof that covers it.'

CHAPTER XLIII.

"The nations have fallen and thou still art
young;
Thy sun is but rising when others are set;
And though slavery's clouds o'er thy morning hath hung,
The full moon of freedom shall beam
round thee yet.
Erin! oh, Erin! though long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out when the proudest
shall fade."
—Moore.

Mr. Gilmartin came to meet Mr. McDonnell at dinner that evening, and an invitation had also been sent Mr. Cormac.

The answer had not come when Moy entered the drawing-room dressed for the evening She had just put the finishing touch to some vases of flowers when Mr. Gilmartin was announced.

'Oh, Denis,' said Moy, laughing, as she half crossed the room to meet him, 'even you, who have studied men and manners all over the world, will have a new subject to-night;' and then she told him about Mr. Cormac. 'Father Fitzgerald has just been here, and he says that Mr. Cormac is a good fellow, but unlike any one he ever met.'

'I have met him,' said Mr Gilmartin, looking very merry. 'Mr. Finch was with me on business, when the door opened and in walked a long legged, black-haired American, as I thought, but he is from the backwoods of Canada. He stared at us for a moment, and then said, 'I calculate I've made a mistake; I thought this was my room; I'm Mr. McDonnell's brother.' So I got up and begged him to come in, saying I hoped to make Mr. McDonnell's acquaintance to-night. 'Oh, then,' he said, 'I guess you and I'll dine together, for I'm bound for the O'Briens', too. I've just got a *Billydux*, as they say,' and there, my dear child, was your dainty note in this monstrous paw.'

They both laughed heartily, and Moy said, 'I don't care; 'I'm sure he's a good man, for Carinna adores him. Did he stay?'

'Oh, yes—we had a long talk; and I quite agree with you, he is a nice fellow, though a rough diamond. He amused me much. Finch asked very innocently if Mr. McDonnell was a Scotchman, and Mr. Cormac answered, 'Not if I know it. No more Scotch than I am, or than his own namesake, Count Charles McDonnell, of Vienna, was. No. The Scotch have robbed us of a good many of our saints and a good many of our songs, but I'll be hanged if they get a live man.'

Kitty's successor, 'Mary,' came in holding a little salver on which lay a note for her young mistress. When the servant left the room Mr. Gilmartin read aloud the following epistle:

'Miss—Much obliged for your kind invite to dinner. Shall be there sharp.'

"Yours cordially,
James Cormac."

'Moy, I think you had better announce your engagement,' said Mr. Gilmartin, archly. 'These two poor lonely fellows, one or other, or both, will be falling in love with you and giving me no end of trouble.'

Moy blushed and smiled. 'The servants will tell the old nurse, and Mr. McDonnell will hear of it from Carinna,' she said, in a low voice.

And just then Mrs. Duggan opened the drawing room door, and with a parting kiss ushered her young charge into the room. Carinna, rather overdressed for so young a child, looked very sweet and lovely. She wore white silk embroidered in gray—the last trace of mourning for her dear mother—and her little white satin shoes had gray rosettes, while her sunny brown hair was tied back with black velvet as a contrast to its fairness. She ran to Moy's side, and, with her arm clasped round her kind friend's waist, looked shyly at Mr. Gilmartin.

'Carinna, this gentleman is a great friend of ours,' said Moy. 'Won't you go and shake hands with him?'

The child went at once, and Mr. Gilmartin bent down and kissed her.

Carinna returned to Moy. 'Hold your face down quite close to me,' she said in a whisper. Moy obeyed. 'Is that the gentleman you are going to marry?' she asked.

'Yes, dear,' said Moy, gravely.

Low as was the tone in which the question was asked Mr. Gilmartin heard it; and after a minute or two he said to Moy, as their eyes met, 'You were right.'

Yes; Carinna was certainly more 'knowing' than an English child of the same age.

'I was almost afraid,' Moy said, 'it would be too late to keep Carinna up, but her papa says she is accustomed to dining late with him.'

'Very bad for little girls,' said Mr. Gilmartin, teasing her.

'No,' said Carinna; but she went nearer to him, and at last showed him her locket and her mother's likeness in it.

Mrs. McDonnell had been a remarkably pretty woman, but in the miniature she looked exquisitely lovely. Mr Gilmartin admired it very much.

'And papa gave Uncle Jimmy one, too,' said Carinna.

'Is Mr. Cormac 'Uncle Jimmy?'

'Yes, he was ever so much older than mamma, you know. He's a great deal older even than papa.'

Mr. McDonnell entered the room, and the two gentlemen were introduced to one another. While they were chatting, and Moy and Carinna were having a little quiet play on the sofa, the door was thrown open, and 'Mr. Cormac' was announced. He looked much better in evening dress, and, with his little niece clinging to his arm, positively handsome. His face was beaming with love and good-will.

'We'll all get accustomed to each other presently,' said he. 'I hope I am to see Mr. Fitzgerald again?'

'Not to-night, I am sorry to say,' said Moy, as her grandfather entered the room. 'He had some duties to attend to, and could not join our party.'

Mr. Cormac's liveliness was a little subdued by Mr. O'Brien's courtier-like greeting. The old gentleman had the lofty air of a Spanish grandee, and this, softened by his warm heart, made a very charming and polished manner.

But they had not long been seated at the dinner-table when, during a slight pause, Mr. Cormac began—'My stars! it's like a fairy tale for me and Charley to be back again in old Ireland. I little thought this time last year that I'd ever be in Ballyvorna, hats, boots, and all. I see, Miss,' turning to Moy, 'you are the great authority all around these diggings I've heard of nothing but 'Miss Moy this' and 'Miss Moy that' from those old fossils at the inn.'

Every one laughed. It was impossible not to. Even poor Mary disappeared suddenly from the dining-room convulsed with mirth, when she ought to have been handing some dish round the table.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Brother Gardner on Fishing.

HE PROPOUNDS THE TRUE PHILOSOPHY OF THE PISCATORIAL ART

'Yes, I know dat sartin people goes a-fishin an nebber has any luck,' said Brother Gardiner in the Limekiln club library the other afternoon, 'but I reckon it's their own fault. Gwine a-fishin am jest like gwine a-courtin or anything else—you's got to be guided by certain rules. I'ze knowed men who would tramp twenty-seven miles arter a rabbit an not say a word if dey missed him, but de werry same men will git mad if dey doan catch a fish widin five minits of de time dey frow in a hook.

'In de fust place, when I has made up my mind to go a-fishin, I goes out in de garden arter supper an digs de bait. While I am diggin I spits ober my left shoulder an keeps de right eye a leetle squinted up. I does dat fur luck. I puts dat bait away under a cherry tree fur de night. In case yo' hain't dun got no cherry tree, den put it in de shadder of de smoke house or under de co'ncrib. Arter I gits to bed dat night I tries to reckolect all de mean things I eber did, an hope I shall be forgiben fur 'em. If I'ze had a jaw wid de ole woman, I sorter crawfish an let her know dat I'ze sorry.

'When I gits up in de mawnin I takes keer to git out o' bed wid de right fut first. If I'ze got a hole in de heel of one of my stockin's I pulls dat one on fust. Some folks puts a piece of red rag in each shoe, but I dunno as dat does any pertickler good. Arter breakfas' I kiss de ole woman goodby, whistle to de dawg an sot out fur de creek, carryin my fishpole on my right shoulder an keepin de left eye squinted up. When I reaches de creek I takes off my coat, hitches up my suspenders an places de bottle o' cold tea in de shade. Den I rubs de fishhook wid a wishbone broken from de breast of a black rooster. Den I puts on de bait, spits on it fo' times, an de fishin begins.'

'An yo' catches a whopper,' said Pickles Smith, who was an attentive listener.

'Boy, doan yo' be in a hurry,' chided the old man. 'Nobody should be in a hurry when he goes a-fishing. Dat's de reason folks doan cotch mo' fish—dey am in too great a hurry. I trow in my line wid a sort o' silent prayer dat I may cotch de biggest fish eber pulled outer dat creek. I doan spect he's right dar waitin to bite. I wait about half an hour an den pull up de hook to see if de bait am all right. Sometimes I pull it in an spit on it ag'in. An hour goes by.'

'An yo' hain't dun got no bite?' queried Pickles.

'Boy, does yo' think dem fish was a lot of idiots? Reckon dey am gwine to gobble dat bait right down afore dey swim around an looks at it an makes up deir minds? Not much! Fish hain't erected dat way. An hour goes by.'

'An no bite!'

'An hour goes by. I embellishes myself wid some cold tea an den takes a smoke. Plenty of small fry around de hook, but dey knows what I'se arter an doan bodder me. Two hours goes by.'

'An no bite yit!'

'Two hours goes by. Dat big fish I wants is down de creek to see his relashuns. Mo' cold tea; mo' smokin. I spits on de bait ag'in an rubs a buckeye on de line. Three hours goes by.'

'Fur de land's sake!' gasped Pickles.

'Boy, yo' has got to curb that impatience or yo'll nubber cotch no fish!' replied the old man as he turned on him. 'Fo' hours goes by. I spits on de bait ag'in an rubs de pole with a rabbit's fut. Den I falls asleep wid my arm around de pole. Dat was 'bout noon. When I opens my eyes ag'in it was just sundown.'

'Hu! An 'bout de fish?'

'Wasn't nary fish on de hook.'

'An yo' didn't dun cotch any?'

'Boy, yo' am de moss' aggravatin pusson I eber did see! In de fust place, dar was only one big fish in dat creek. In de second place, he was gone away. I reckon he cum back 'long in de arternoon, but I was asleep an he wouldn't take advantage of me. No, I didn't cotch no fish—didn't eben git a nibble.'

'Den—den'——

'Den what? I doan see anythin so mighty-strange 'bout dat. Nobody dun goes a-fishin to cotch fish. He jest goes to injoy hisself and recuperate de system. Somebody look in de jug an see if dar'am any mo' of dat root beer left.'

BURDOCK
Regulates the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, unlocks the Secretions, Purifies the Blood and removes all impurities from a Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore.
BLOOD
CURES
DYSPEPSIA. BILIOUSNESS. CONSTIPATION. HEADACHE. SALT RHEUM. SCROFULA. HEART BURN. SOUR STOMACH. DIZZINESS. DROPSY. RHEUMATISM. SKIN DISEASES
BITTERS

Extraordinary Announcement

Facts Worthy of Consideration.

I AM disposing of the balance of my fall supply of overcoatings, trouserings tweeds and worsteds at remarkably low figures. I do not advertise prices; but an examination of the goods must convince anyone that no better bargains can be obtained in this city. The public are cordially invited to an inspection of the stock so as to satisfy themselves of the correctness of these statements.

A. J. MURPHY,
Merchant Tailor.
Dec 7, 1892—tf.

ÆNEAS A. MACDONALD.
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Agent for Credit Foncier Franco-Canadien,
Office, Great George St.
Near Bank Nova Scotia, Charlottetown.
N 9, 1892—1y

TEAPOT FREE!

With every 5 Pounds of our Tea bought at either 20, 24 or 28 Cents per pound, we will give, free of charge, ONE EARTHENWARE TEAPOT.

Our Tea has given excellent satisfaction lately, and it is too well known all over the country to require any puffing on our part.

CALL EARLY & GET A TEAPOT FREE

(This offer is good for one month from this date.)

BEER & GOFF,
April 8—1yr QUEEN & KING SQUARE STORE

TELEPHONE COMPANY OF P. E. ISLAND

TOLL LINE STATIONS.

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

ROB ANGUS, Manager.
A.—1y

Prowse Bros.
WISH EVERYBODY
A Happy and Prosperous New Year
The way to be happy and prosperous is to always trade with
PROWSE BROS.

JAMES H. REDDIN,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW
Solicitor, Notary Public, &c.,
Office, Cameron Block,
(Head of Stairway,)
Charlottetown, - P. E. Island.
Collections carefully attended to. Money to loan at lowest rate of interest.
Aug. 13, 1890.—1y.

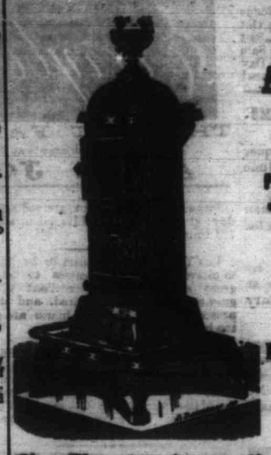
Freehold Farm For Sale.

90 Acres of good land near Harmony Station, Lot 45, on west side of Souris Line Road. About 50 acres cleared, lately occupied by Lauchlan McDonald Will sell cheap. Apply to
ÆNEAS A. MACDONALD,
Barrister, &c.
h'town, aug 24—tf.

Liebig Company's
Extract of Beef.
BEST
PUREST. BEEF TEA CHEAPEST.
INVALUABLE.
in the kitchen for Soups, Sauces and made Dishes.

DR. WOOD'S

Norway Pine Syrup.
Rich in the lung-healing virtues of the Pine combined with the soothing and expectorant properties of other pectoral barks and barks.
A PERFECT CURE FOR
COUGHS AND COLDS
Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Croup and all THROAT, BRONCHIAL and LUNG DISEASES. Obstinate coughs which resist other remedies yield promptly to this pleasant pine syrup.
PRICE 25C. AND 50C. PER BOTTLE.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.


DO YOU REQUIRE
A HEATING STOVE
AT A LOW FIGURE? call and see
The Eureka.
WE HAVE ALSO THE
Haricon, Silver Moon, Sultana,
AND MANY OTHERS.
The Fire can be continued in these Stoves the entire season without relighting.
DODD & ROGERS,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL HARDWARE.
December 21, 1892—

We request prompt payment of all accounts furnished by us.
D. A. BRUCE.

Fennell & Chandler,
HEADQUARTERS FOR
MILLER'S, FARMER'S, BLACKSMITH'S CARPENTER'S & PAINTER'S SUPPLIES.
SPECIALTIES:
Henry Disston & Sons Celebrated SAWS & FILES.
AMERICAN FORKS & SHOVELS.
FENNELL & CHANDLER,
VICTORIA ROW.

Mark Wright AND Co
(LIMITED)
—ARE GIVING—
GREAT BARGAINS
—IN—
FURNITURE.

A Reward offer for Cash
and payable to the party presenting the article inquired after in EXTRA DISCOUNT SALE.
REUBEN TUPLIN & CO.,
Kensington,
They have been considering the advisability of rewarding their many friends and customers for their extended patronage in the past years, and have decided to give them an
EXTRA DISCOUNT SALE FOR CASH
for the next few weeks as a reward for their past favors, and as they have a larger stock of Men's Laced and Long Boots, Ladies Boots of the newest styles, Children's Boots—special lines—than they wish to have at stock taking, they will give an exceptional discount for Cash.
Also the Ladies Dress Goods of every material and pattern and trimmings to match, will come within the scope of the EXTRA DISCOUNT SALE PRICE.
All other winter and spring goods will suffer the same fate for the next few weeks for SPOT CASH. Bring your CASH and get your CHOICE of the benefit reward.
REUBEN TUPLIN & CO.

K. D. C. the greatest cure of the Age. Guaranteed to cure any case of DYSPEPSIA or MONEY REFUNDED