### BY A STREAM.

There's something queer comes o'er my heart—
A strong and wondrous feeling—
Whene'er I pass where the waters dart
Thro' fissures deep, or stealing
Along thro' the meadow with evergreens crown'd,
Where they hurry away with a musical sound.

It sets my old brain burning,
Whenever I glance on a scene so entranc'ng—
On the stream ever-changing, and turning
Like a steed that is constantly prancing
From left to right, long a road of green,
It brings peace to my soul and a smile to my spleen.

I have lingered for hours on the marge of a stream,
Drinking its songs enchanting,
And my spirit was soothed, and its melodies seem
That still my mind they are haunting.
With the songs of the stream and the sighs of the breeze,
Tell me, ye scoffers, what equals these?

Nor idly have these hours flowed by—
Tho' thus perhaps, it seems to thee,
No; in that quiet glade the brain and eye
Ne'er toiled more ardently.
The sight had feasted on the georgeous sky,
And that grand scene had told me more
Of God and that illimitable shore
To which we're sailing, tossed by storm and strife,
Thro' the dark waters of the sea of life,
Than speechless books or burning words.

Oh! 'tis a balm to wearied souls,
Stifled with the oppressive air
Of sin and sorrow, to meander forth
And find a comfort in the streamlet there.
Sweet words of sympathy from all around
Bursts on us unawares;
The stream, the sky, the wood, the vale
Sends up a welcome, and the sound
Is a sword to banish cares.

Ye cynics, misanthrophes, and all,
Arise from the lethargy of your thrall;
Dissolve the chains that bind you in
A pampered woe—escape the din
Of tumult passions, and the web of sin;
Flee to a mount untrodden yet by men,
Else seek the quiet of an olden glen,
Or by a sweet-voiced, chiming stream
Let thy spirit muse and dream.
And mark me! when thou shalt return
From thy musings on some silent shore,
The void that filled thy soul shall be more.

*—Joseph T. Copithorne, in S. F. Monitor.*

THE

## SHAN VAN VOCHT,

—A STORY OF THE—

## UNITED IRISHMEN.

BY JAMES MURPHY.

CHAPTER I.—[ CONTINUED ]

The girl was a delicate child always, and your father having a cousin an abbess in a convent in the South of France, he took her there after her brother's disappearance. And she remained there since—only once, about twelve months ago, when she came on a visit, as you will remember, Helen.'

'You don't mean Alice Trainan, Grannie?' said Helen with astonishment.

'I do, indeed, my dear; she was daughter of the stranger and poor Rose, and sister to the little boy.'

'Why, I never heard that before, Grannie,' said Helen in great surprise. 'I thought Alice was a cousin of ours.'

'Your father, having taken the child under his care, and seeing the name she bore so unlucky, resolved on giving her an assumed name. And it was under that name she was known both at the convent and here. But her real name was Alice Lefebre. Lefebre was her father's name, though your father often thought and said that too was an assumed one.'

'Well, Grannie, you astonish me. I never thought but Alice was our cousin.'

'So she was, for her mother was a distant cousin.'

'Really, Grannie, that surprises me. How little I knew of her history when she was here! What a dear, sweet girl she was! How we used to make her blush at the attentions Trevor Mortimer paid her! And how sorry we were when she went away! Is it not odd we have not heard from her the past few months? And so she was sister to that little boy.'

'Poor child!' said Kate Howard. 'What was thought to have happened him, Grannie?'

'The ill-fortune, my dear—the ill-fortune that comes of tempting the future, that comes of Holly Eve tricks. Some said he was drowned; some said he was stolen away to France; others said other things; but I knew, aroon, that it was the luck, the ill-luck. It swept in upon us with the storm and the rain that night long ago, when the door opened and the strange man kem in. That's the reason why, my dear, I'd never like my guld eyes to see any girl calling up her luck, good or bad, from the future, until God chooses to send it.'

A pang of dread and remorse passed simultaneously through the hearts of the two girls; for just before coming from the drawing-room they had from the window overlooking the orchard, passed down two threads of green flax, with a glove attached to each; and the story the housekeeper had just told them had therefore startled them not a little. They would, *moreover*, have gone and withdrawn them immediately, but that the eerie feeling that pervaded, without exception, the company around the fire, as the result of the story they had heard, made them unwilling to face the corridors they would have to pass through on their way.

'Anyhow,' thought Kate Howard with a sense of relief, 'it can come to no harm even if they *are* taken. There is no one to take them but Redmond and Trevor Mortimer, for no one else can come that path; they alone have the key of the orchard.'

With this consoling reflection, she gently managed to turn the conversation into cheerier channels, and in a short time the sad thoughts, that filled all present, were banished. It is not easy to retain sorrow in youthful hearts nor gloom on young faces; and under the influence of the blazing fire, and the bright firelight, the laugh soon went round as if such things as sorrow and trouble had no existence.

The wall of the orchard touched the centre of the house at right angles, and about a yard from the latter a small wicket gate opened into it, whilst at the further end of the garden a corresponding one gave egress to the meadow or shrubby land that sloped to the shore.

It was in the days of long ago, when the discoveries of the present times were undreamt of, and when no prophet had ever foretold that a machine running without horses, and with speed as that of the wind, would whirl hundreds of passengers along from Dublin to Old Dunleary. So it was that naught but meadow or whin-covered lands lay between the mansion and the sea.

A hearty burst of laughter, on the part of the company assembled, at some passing joke, was interrupted by the noise o the closing of the above mentioned wicket door; a step was heard; and immediately after a hand was laid on the latch.

"It is Redmond and Trevor Mortimer," thought Helen Barrington, with a quick palpitation of the heart for, in spite of her efforts at a repentant state of mind, she yet furtively hoped that the latter would pluck her love from its pendent flaxen thread. But she was doomed to be disappointed, as a tall, handsome fellow of two-and-twenty or thereabouts entered with a pleasant smile on his face, and advanced towards the group bearing a glove in his hand! About five feet ten in height, broad shouldered, with the healthy hue on his face which plenty of outdoor exercise gives, he advanced with lithe step towards the group gathered in front of the huge fire.

"Well, young ladies," said he pleasantly, holding up the glove in his hand. "I found this suspended from your window as I came along. Whose is it? Of what lady fair and gay am I to be the chosen knight?"

"That's yours, Kate," said Helen in a gratified whisper. As Redmond had taken hers, the inevitable result was that Trevor Mortimer should take her own, and the thought came with a throb of pleasureable anticipation at her heart.

"Whose is it young ladies?" jocularly asked the young fellow again, as the two girls, half ashamed of the old housekeeper and of the manner in which they had sinned against the moral of her story, blushed and remained silent.

"Where did you leave Sir Trevor?" dexterously queried Miss Howard, to distract attention from the embarrassing question.

"Well, if you won't tell—as I see you won't—I must retain the precious souvenir to happier and more communicative times" said Redmond Barrington with a sly laugh, as he placed the glove in his pocket "Trevor? Well I left Trevor behind me for a few minutes; he will be here presently. Meanwhile," said he, as he drew a chair over in front of the roaring fire and beside the two girls, 'it must have been something very pleasant that caused that laugh that I heard as I opened the gate. Let me participate in the pleasure of the night. Go on with the story. Who was telling it?'

'Luke was telling it; and a very droll story it was,' said Helen.

'Well, Luke, go on with it. Don't let me interrupt you.'

'Sorra word ov id I remember now, Master Redmond,' said Luke. 'Your comin' in dhruv it altogether out of my head I'd have to begin id all over again.'

'Well, supposing you do?' said Redmond.

'I object,' said his sister. 'A story told twice the same night loses all its captivation. You are very selfish, Redmond, to ask such a thing.'

'Well, my dear,' said Redmond gaily, 'I am agreeable to anything; and, as I have been the unwitting agent in spoiling your story, perhaps I may make up for it by coaxing Kate into singing one of her exquisite songs.'

'If you will hand back that glove,' said Kate, with a quiet smile, and a very bright look in her eye as she glanced towards him, 'perhaps I might.'

'It was yours, then?' he asked quickly.

'I did not say it was,' she replied, with ready wit; 'but, whoever owns it, I make it the condition of my singing that you give it to me.'

'He is a bad paymaster, my dear Miss Howard, who pays beforehand; so I shall only give it when the song is ended.'

'But you promise it then?'

'Well, yes—conditionally.'

'Conditionally?'

'Yes; if I like the song. Not the singing,—Kate—because you sing always exquisitely—but the song—the words and air of the song. That's the bargain. Will you have it?'

'Yes; agreed.'

'Well, now, select your best.'

The young girl smiled; looked into the bright flame of the logs for a moment; and, turning her eyes on him with a look in which drollery and pleasure and affection were all combined, sang. The song was an ancient Irish melody. Her voice was rich, sweet and musical; and the plaintiveness of the air sank deep into the hearts of the rapt audience.

She had scarcely concluded the song—rendered with a grace and sweetness exquisitely telling—when, just as the plaudits of the little group were about to be warmly given, the wicket gate was heard again to open, and a hand was again laid, after a short interval, on the latch.

'Trevor,' said Redmond, shortly.

'*Your* glove, my dear,' whispered the songstress in the ear of Helen Barrington, who was sitting on the same chair with her, one arm encircling her waist. An answering pressure of her hand intimated at once the young girl's assent and her delight that it was so.

The door opened as the latch raised, and the new-comer entered.

'You did not delay long after me, Trevor—What!—Who is this?'

Redmond Barrington had spoken at first without looking around; but when he did turn to see his friend an exclamation of surprise broke from him.

Helen had risen to make room for the welcome wanderer; but as the exclamation from her brother caused her to look around in the direction, she stood stock-still for a moment and then, with a cry that might have been the echo of the cry of the dead and buried girl of twenty three years ago—in which fear, surprise, mortal terror were all combined, and which made the blood run back on the hearts of the group assembled—fell senseless into the arms of her brother!

For—standing a few steps inside the door was a stranger, a gash over his temple, the white cicatrice there showing distinctly where it had healed; and in his upraised hand he held a glove—her glove!

CHAPTER II.

THE VISITOR—HELEN'S GLOVE.

It would be difficult to picture the scene of amazement and confusion that ensued at this moment, or perhaps it would be equally difficult to portray the surprise with which the stranger looked on the confusion his entrance had caused.

Nor was his astonishment much less than that of Redmond, who could not conceive why the simple entrance of a stranger—a by no means unusual circumstance in the hospitable mansion of Seamore—should give rise to such terrors in the mind of his sister.

Helen was quickly borne to her own room by the females of the house, the old housekeeper muttering to herself sorrowfully the while—"her luck, *mavrone*—her luck! It's come to-night as it came three-an'-twenty years ago. Woe is me—*mavrone!* Woe is me!"

When Redmond had seen his sister safely placed in her room, and under the ministering care of the women-kind of the house, he hurried back to see the unconscious cause of the disturbance.

He was standing, with feelings of disappointment depicted on his countenance, in the spot wherein he had stood when Helen's terrified eyes rested upon him; for the remainder of the party at the fire were too surprised to bid him welcome, or even to speak to him, and, if the truth were known were inclined to look upon his presence with almost as much repugnance as the fainting girl herself.

So he stood there stock-still, apparently undecided what to do.

But standing there, in his half-sailor half-soldier uniform, he certainly seemed to be one who, upon even ordinary scrutiny, was little calculated to cause terror to any gathering, much less to the breast of susceptible girlhood.

About twenty-two years of age—scarcely more—though his weather-beaten, bronzed features might make him out older, his appearance was decidely prepossessing. To a frank, open countenance, set off by a pleasant mouth, the white teeth of which formed an agreeable contrast with the dark mustache which was begining to shade the upper lip, was added a pair of dark brown eyes which, notwithstanding the look of half displeasure that shaddowed them, were attractive and striking. His forehead, brown with exposure, was singularly marked by the oblique cicatrice referred to, whilst under the sailor's cap he wore, with its braided band of gold, dark locks peeped out—so very dark that they almost made his forehead look marble-white by comparison. His jacket, descending but little below his hips, gave him the appearance of being much taller than he was; and on the whole, his appearance, as we have said before, was but little calculated to create such unwonted alarm.

So, at least, Redmond Barrington thought, as, having come back again to where the stranger was standing, still with the glove between his fingers, the latter smiled and said:

'I am afraid I have unwarrantably disturbed you.'

'You have disturbed us, certainly,' said Redmond courteously, and smiling in response, 'though I do not know why. It was certainly not your fault. Perhaps it was because I, my sister, and her friend were expecting a different visitor.'

'I *have* disturbed you at any rate, and I have to apologize for it'

'I beg you not to mention it,' said Redmond, who, the more he looked at the frank, attractive countenance of the stranger, the more he wondered what on earth frightened his sister.

'I am not quite certain,' pursued the visitor, 'that it would not be becoming in me to withdraw: but perhaps it is only right that I should give a reason for my unceremonious intrusion and for the path by which I came.'

Redmond had completely forgotten that the stranger had come by way of the orchard—a way never permitted to any but himself and his sister and friends—and he now bethought him of it as a very singular circumstance, and, as, perhaps, in some way leading to his sister's sudden alarm.

Checking, however, any appearance of concern, he promptly said:

'You must not think of going, and indeed, I should apologize for inhospitably keeping you standing here so long. You must not take it,' added he pleasantly, 'as our usual way at Seamore. Come with me—the night is cold and stormy for one travelling.'

So saying, he pushed open the door that led into the corridor, and proceeded up stairs to his own room, followed by the stranger.

A fire was burning in the grate and a lamp was burning on the table Redmond wheeled over an arm-chair to the fire opposite to the one reserved for himself, and motioned the stranger thereto. But the latter took no notice of his gesture. He was standing, cap in hand, his black hair curling over his temples, in the centre of the apartment, looking around him. Having apparently satisfied himself with his observation, he threw himself in the arm-chair.

'How well I know this room!—how well I know every article of furniture in it! Nothing altered—nothing changed!'

It was more of a soliloquy than as an opening of conversation; but it surprised Redmond not a little, and he said:

'Did you say that you knew this room?'

'Well,' said the stranger.

'I do not remember ever seeing you here before.'

'I was here, nevertheless,' said the stranger with something like a sigh.

'Pardon me. I do not doubt your words. But it seems curious to me that you should, for you could not have been here before my time—you are not much older than I—and you certainly have not been here since, that I remember.'

'I have been here, nevertheless. There is not a secret drawer in yonder oaken cabinet that I could not open in the dark. I could find, blindfolded, the door in this room that leads to the secret stairway into the cellars.'

The first time ever I knew or heard there was a secret stairway,' said Redmond.

'It was a similar remembrance that prompted me to come the old familiar way by the orchard instead of——Grannie!'

Whilst he was speaking the old woman had entered the room noiselessly, and—before he was aware of it—had advanced towards him with outstretched arms. Her movements at last attracted his unsettled attention, and as soon as his eyes had alighted on her face he sprang up and in a moment she was clasped in his arms.

"Grannie! Grannie! have I seen you at last?"

"Let me go, Eugene, until I see your face once more," said Cauth, as her dim eyes suffused with tears. She turned him round, and drew back a little, the better to let the light full on his face. If the old housekeeper's eyes were suffused with tears the stranger's were not either without visible marks of emotion

"It's the same face, my dear—the same face. Your mother's eyes—I'd know them the world over. Oh! Eugene! Eugene! where were you these many years that you never came to Seamore?"

"I was many a place, Grannie, the wide world over; but I never was any place yet that I did not think of Seamore—never."

"How strong you have grown; or is it to my poor old eyes that you look so big?"

"I have grown, I believe, Grannie. Sixteen years is a long spell in a young fellow's life, and I suppose," said the stranger, with a furtive and awkward attempt to banish the unaccustomed dew from his eyes, "I have grown somewhat in the time."

"If your mother could only see you now, Eugene!"

The stranger turned away to the window, looked out on the garden where the orchard trees were—stripped of their leaves—standing bare and desolate, and, having recovered himself, returned to his former position.

"One of my reasons, Grannie," he said quietly, brokenly, "in coming to Ireland, along with seeing Seamore, was to kneel once more upon her grave."

"*Aroon*, it would have been the forgotten grave this many a year," said the old woman, "but for us in Seamore."

"I think, Grannie," said Redmond, who had been a wondering listener to this conversation, "I must ask you to introduce me to this gentleman; for I protest that, familiar as he is with the place, and well as you know him, he has, I am sorry to say, passed from my memory."

"The young soon forget, my dear," said Cauth; "the old have longer memories. But, even if you forget him, you must have often heard his name. There was a little boy here once. Eugene"

"What!" said Redmond in a burst of delight and welcome, and advancing to shake hands with the stranger, "the little boy who disappeared from the English school, and never was heard of again!"

'Until now, dear sir—until now,' said the stranger, smiling at the warmth and welcome of the other's salutation. 'I came,' added he to the housekeeper, 'expecting to see old familiar faces, and learned not half an hour ago, to my deep pain and regret, that I might never look on them again.'

'That's the way of the world, my dear; the old die and the young grow up and take their places. I am the only one left.'

'I can only say,' said Redmond, himself not a little affected by the turn the conversation had taken, 'that if they were here you would not be more welcome than you are at present.'

[ TO BE CONTINUED. ]

### HOW GASPE WAS WON.

It is asserted that the cause of Mr. Flynn's defeat in Gaspe county, P. Q, was the promise made that in the event of Mr. Carrier's election the Mercier government would purchase the Magdalen islands and sell the land to the residents. It probably is not generally known that the whole of this group, consisting of six islands, with a population of over six thousand, is private property, and that not a single resident owns enough ground to be buried in. Yet this is the case. The islands are the property of Mr. I. C. Coffin, a resident of Boulonger-sur-Mer, and grandson of Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, to whom George III, in 1785, made a present of the islands in consideration of the Admiral's services in connection with the American Revolution. The estate has always been managed by an agent, and the manner of management has been the cause of frequent and bitter complaints on the part of the residents, who are for the most part descendants of some of the Acadians who were expelled from Nova Scotia and settled on the islands before they were given away by King George. So long as 1864 the government of the old province of Canada appointed a commission to inquire into the land tenure of the islands. The commission did not make any recommendation; but most of the witnesses examined advocated the purchase of the land from the landlord by the government, and its sale to the residents of the islands. The suggestion was not acted on, and the matter has been in abeyance, until thoughtful Mr. Mercier conceived the idea of utilizing it for the purpose of gaining a seat. The cost of buying out the Coffin title is estimated at about three-quarters of a million of dollars. This seems a pretty steep price to pay for one seat, but Mr. Mercier is a very "generous" man, and is always ready to help his friends with the people's money, as long as it lasts, the great trouble for him, however, being that under his management it won't last long.—*Exchange.*


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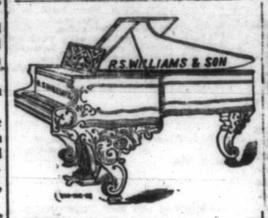


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TRAINS FOR THE WEST.

| STATIONS. | Express | Accom | Acc'm |
|---|---|---|---|
| | A. M. | A. M. | P. M. |
| Charlottetown..dp | 6 10 | 8 45 | 3 30 |
| Royalty Junction | 6 40 | 9 17 | 4 02 |
| North Wiltshire | 6 49 | 10 02 | 4 20 |
| Hunter River | 6 56 | 10 15 | 4 30 |
| Bradalbane | 7 03 | 10 45 | 5 20 |
| Emerald Junction | 7 20 | 10 50 | 5 40 |
| Freetown | 7 40 | 11 10 | 6 00 |
| Kensington | 7 50 | 11 25 | 6 15 |
| | | P. M. | P. M. |
| Summerside { ar. | 8 15 | 12 00 | 6 40 |
| Summerside { dp. | 2 30 | 1 05 | |
| Miscouche | 2 45 | 1 20 | |
| Wellington | 2 55 | 1 32 | |
| Port Hill | 3 05 | 1 35 | |
| O'Leary | 3 20 | 1 55 | |
| Bloomfield | 3 27 | 2 05 | |
| Alberton | 3 35 | 2 15 | |
| Tignish..ar. | 3 50 | 2 30 | |

TRAINS FROM THE WEST.

| STATIONS. | Express | Accom | Acc'm |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | P. M. | A. M. |
| Tignish..dp | | 1 10 | 8 00 |
| Alberton | | 1 02 | 7 05 |
| Bloomfield | | 1 15 | 7 25 |
| O'Leary | | 1 22 | 7 35 |
| Port Hill | | 2 05 | 8 40 |
| Wellington | | 2 20 | 9 25 |
| Miscouche | | 2 30 | 10 15 |
| | | A. M. | A. M. |
| Summerside { ar. | | 2 45 | 10 44 |
| Summerside { dp. | | 4 35 | 11 05 |
| | | P. M. | P. M. |
| Kensington | | 5 17 | 12 31 | 6 48 |
| Freetown | | 5 30 | 12 50 | 7 10 |
| Emerald Junction | | 5 40 | 1 04 | 7 30 |
| Bradalbane | | 5 47 | 1 12 | 7 39 |
| Hunter River | | 6 12 | 1 43 | 8 14 |
| North Wiltshire | | 6 22 | 1 57 | 8 30 |
| Royalty Junction | | 6 36 | 2 41 | 9 17 |
| Charlottetown..ar | | 7 10 | 3 00 | 9 35 |

TRAINS FOR THE EAST.

| STATIONS. | Express. | Accom. |
|---|---|---|
| | P. M. | A. M. |
| Charlottetown..dp | 1 15 | 6 30 |
| Royalty Junct'n | 1 50 | 6 50 |
| Bedford | 2 00 | 7 05 |
| Mt. Stewart Junc. { ar | 4 05 | 8 00 |
| Mt. Stewart Junc. { dp | 4 30 | 8 20 |
| Morell | 4 58 | 8 56 |
| St. Peters | 5 20 | 9 21 |
| Bear River | 5 35 | 10 05 |
| Souris..ar. | 6 05 | 10 45 |
| | P. M. | A. M. |
| Mt. Stewart Junc..dp. | 4 35 | 8 25 |
| Cardigan | 5 28 | 9 20 |
| Georgetown..ar | 5 45 | 10 00 |

TRAINS FROM THE EAST.

| STATIONS. | Express. | Accom. |
|---|---|---|
| | A. M. | P. M. |
| Georgetown..dp | 7 00 | 1 40 |
| Cardigan | 7 17 | 2 05 |
| Mt. Stewart Junc..ar | 8 10 | 3 10 |
| | A. M. | P. M. |
| Souris..dp | 6 15 | 12 40 |
| Bear River | 6 45 | 1 15 |
| St. Peter's | 7 20 | 1 58 |
| Morell | 7 42 | 2 25 |
| Mt. Stewart Junc. { ar. | 8 10 | 3 00 |
| Mt. Stewart Junc. { dp. | 8 15 | 3 20 |
| Bedford | 8 40 | 3 56 |
| Royalty Junct'n | 9 00 | 4 26 |
| Charlottetown..ar | 9 20 | 4 45 |

Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

J. UNSWORTH, Superintendent

Railway Office, Charlottetown, May 28, 1890.—6w


# Parsons' Pills

These pills were a wonderful discovery. Unlike any others. One Pill a Dose. Children take them easily. The most delicate women use them. In fact all ladies can obtain very great benefit from the use of Parsons' Pills.

One box sent postpaid for 25 cts., or five boxes for $1 in stamps. 50 Pills in every box. We pay duty to Canada.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS.

The circular around each box explains the symptoms. Also how to cure a great variety of diseases. This information alone is worth ten times the cost. A handsome illustrated pamphlet sent free contains valuable information. Send for it. Dr. I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass. "Best Liver Pill Known."

## Make New Rich Blood!


# GOING TO MOVE

## INTO OUR NEW STORE.

But before doing so we want to give our customers some

SPECIAL BARGAINS.

Dress goods—to suit all—8 cents to 99 cents. Trimmings to match.

Prints, Gingham's, Cottons, Laces, Curtains, at cost to clear.

A splendid stock of Tweeds we are selling for 55cents, worth 75 cents. A good all wool light weight for40 cents. The choicest patterns of the Charlottetown Woolen Co's make always on hand to exchange for wool. HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR WOOL.

10 Cases of Boots and Shoes just in—will go cheap with the rest.

100 cCoils Barbed Wire at bottom prices.

Building Paper, Nails, and all kinds of Hardware.

REUBEN TUPLIN & CO.,

February 12, 1890. LONDON HOUSE, KENSINGTON

# McLeod & Mekenzie

CUSTOM TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT,

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

We keep Goods of the first quality and make up in the Newest Styles. Prices as low as the lowest.

McLEOD & McKENZIE.

July 2, 1890.—tf

## GREAT SALE OF

# BOYS' CLOTHING!

## 500 Suits at Away Down Prices.

TO MAKE ROOM FOR FALL IMPORTATIONS, we offer the whole of our stock at following prices:

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 100 | SUITS, | former | price | $2.25 | and | $2.50, | now $1.75 |
| 100 | SUITS, | " | " | 2.50 | and | 2.60, | now 2.00 |
| 100 | SUITS, | " | " | 3.00 | and | 3.25, | now 2.25 |
| 60 | SUITS, | " | " | 3.50 | and | 3.75, | now 2.50 |
| 60 | SUITS, | " | " | 4.00 | and | 4.25, | now 3.00 |
| 50 | SUITS, | " | " | 4.50 | and | 4.75, | now 3.50 |

A Job Lot selling for 50 cents and $1.00

This is, beyond doubt, the Biggest Bargain in BOYS' CLOTHING in the City.

HARRIS & STEWART

LONDON HOUSE.

Charlottetown, August 20, 1890.

# Account Books!

TAYLOR & GILLESPIE.

OUR STOCK OF BLANK BOOK PAPERS IS NOW COMPLETE Come in and see them, and get prices for Ledgers, Day Books, Cash books, Journals Letter Copying Books, Invoice Books, Wallets, Pocket ooks, etc., etc.

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Careful attention given to the BINDING of Works of Art, Magazine, Periodicals, Music, Illustrated Papers. Old Books, etc., any style or prices Also, we clean old, Pictures, Steel Engravings, Wood Cuts, etc., from any stain, and made to look as good as new.

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Ch'town, May 14, 1890. NORTH SIDE QUEEN SQUARE