EVERY FAMILY
SHOULD KNOW THAT

PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN-KILLER

Is a very remarkable remedy, both for INTERNAL and EXTERNAL use, and wonderful in its quick action to relieve distress.

PAIN-KILLER is a sure cure for **Sore Throat, Coughs, Chills, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cramps, Cholera,** and all Bowel Complaints.

PAIN-KILLER is **THE BEST remedy** known for **Sickness, Sick Headache, Pain in the Back or Side, Rheumatism** and **Neuralgia.**

PAIN-KILLER is UNQUESTIONABLY **the BEST LINIMENT MADE.** It brings SPEEDY AND PERMANENT RELIEF in all cases of **Bruises, Cuts, Sprains, Severe Burns,** etc.

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BEWARE of imitations. Take none but the genuine "PERRY DAVIS." Sold everywhere; 25c. big bottle.

VISION OF ST. PATRICK.

The green award is steeped in the most mellow light,
Yet kneeling since Vespers doth Patrick still pray;
For hundredfold prayer he breathe forth each night,
And as often communes with his Maker by day.
"Look down on my labors, All-powerful One!
Bless thou the dear children I bring to Thy fold;
Make them ever cling fast to the Faith of Thy Son,
And spurn with the tempter, his threats and his gold."
Thus prayed our apostle, when forth on his sight
Bursts a scene that with rapture his glowing heart fills.
He sees the horizon all dazzlingly bright,
And fires lighted up on sweet Saul's verdant hills.
With millions of praises he bows to the ground—
For he knew by the lights that so brilliantly shone,
His Gadelians would lumine the Gentiles around,
And his teaching survive when the teacher was gone.
He raises him up, and continues to pray,
Alas! the bright vision no longer is there;
The lights are extinguished and faded away,
And Patrick is buried in all but despair.
"O Lord! hear Thy suppliant; take not away
The faith from Thy people so pious and true;
Chastise them, but spare them this heavenly ray.
And Mary, sweet Mother, my hope is in you.
Thus fervently prayed he, with tear-streaming eyes;
And lo! as again he looks round in his grief,
An angel all beaming with light he descries.
Who tells him to fear not, for God sends relief;
Then points to the hills that awhile were in gloom,
And through the deep darkness there glimmers a star,
And soon it grows larger and brighter—and soon
It gloriously shines on the island afar.
The saint is enraptured, he pours forth his soul
In praise to his Maker, with joy as before;
For though ages of darkness and sorrow may roll
O'er Erin, her faith shall shine bright as of yore;
Though the fierce storm of heresy vent all its force,
Though tyrants wade deep in the blood of her sons,
Yet ne'er can they parch up her faith's gushing source,
Or lesson the stream that unceasingly runs.
No Father Omnipotent! ne'er shall the race,
Whose Pagan sires no martyr blood can accuse
At the throne of Thy justice, be lost to that grace,
Which passion and pride may make others abuse;
And though for a season oppression may twine
Around them her impotent legal restraints,
The light of Thy justice shall one day o'ershine
The see of Thy servant—the Island of Saints.

DIMITRIOS AND IRENE;

—OR—

The Conquest of Constantinople.

A HISTORICAL ROMANCE

(Copyrighted)

—BY—

CHARLES WARREN CURRIER.

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CHAPTER XV.—(*Continued*).

"They do, my son, Listen. You subscribe to the Council of Chalcedon. Well, this Council was presided over by the legates of Pope Leo. The Fathers of the Council call the Church of Rome the head of the churches, and, after the reading of a letter of Pope Leo, they all exclaimed: 'We all believe thus . . . Peter has thus spoken through Leo.' They also declared that Leo 'has been constituted interpeter of the voice of Blessed Peter to all men.' The Greek historian, Sozomen, tells us that the decision of the Church of the Romans in a matter of faith, was accepted by all the churches of the East. Ascending higher in antiquity, we hear the Council of Ephesus, in 431, assure us that it was guided by Pope Celestine, whom it calls 'Our Most Holy Father.'"

"From the Greek historian, Socrates, in the fifth century, we learn that the Pope was appealed to as judge, in the case of St. Athanasius The same is told us by Theodoret, also a Greek Father. St. Cyril of Alexandria, calls the Pope the Archbishop of the whole Universe. Your great St. John Chrysostom, Patriarch of Constantinople, appealed to Pope Innocent against his persecutors. St. Gregory of Nazianzen, writes: 'The faith (of Rome) was of old, and still is now, right, binding the whole West by the saving word, as is just in her who presides over all, reverencing the whole harmonious teaching of God.'"

"The Greek Council of Sardica, in the year 347, teaches clearly that an appeal may be had to the Bishop of Rome against the decision of other Bishops."

"S. Irenæus, in the second century speaks of the Church of Rome as the greatest of the churches; possessing a more powerful principality; with which it is necessary that every church agree; and in which Apostolic tradition has been preserved. I might thus continue, but let what I have said suffice."

"Father you have given me great information. I was never acquainted with these citations. You have opened before my eyes a new field of research; if ever I find leisure to devote myself to study, I will most assuredly, explore it. But, tell me, what is your opinion of the beginning of the separation or schism?"

"If I may be outspoken, I must assure you that I think the cause, lies primarily, and as it were, in germ, in the jealousy which existed between the East and the West. From time immemorial, almost, there has been a tendency in Constantinople to place the Patriarch of that city on an equal footing with the Bishop of Rome. The first development arrived when Photius became Patriarch. This most learned man of his time was at first an intruder, and no the rightful Patriarch. The schism, begun under him, was, for a time, healed, but it was renewed again some years later, about 1053, when Michael Cerularius succeeded in withdrawing the eastern Bishops from communion with the West, on account of a discrepancy in doctrine, and a few minor differences in discipline. But, once more, this separation from the See of Rome was an innovation, and entirely opposed to the teaching of the early Fathers and the Councils."

"After all, then," said Dimitrios, "perhaps the Emperor is right. Father I will continue to reflect most seriously upon this subject."

He had scarcely ended the sentence, when another wild shout arose, which reached from one end of the line to the other.

"Let us go out," said Selim.

Leaving the tent they took up their position on a commanding eminence near by, whence they could overlook the entire scene. The balls from the large brass cannon were striking hard and fast upon the wall of which, now and anon, a huge piece would fall. "Poor Greeks!" said Selim, "Their end is nigh. Do you know what the present Pope, Nicholas V., wrote to them some time ago? These are his words: 'Long time have you abused the patience of God, by persisting in your schism. God is waiting, as in the parable, to see whether the fig-tree, which has been tended with such care, will at last, yield its fruit; but, if within three years it shall bear none, the tree will be hewn down, and the Greeks will be overwhelmed with the justice of God.' Do not these words seem sadly prophetic?"

Dimitrios could not help remembering the day when he first met Father Gregorios on the threshold of St. Sophia, his venerable aspect had brought to mind so forcibly the Prophet Jeremias, and now, as he heard those dreadful words uttered by his lips, they seemed to fall upon Constantinople as those of the Prophets of the Old Testament had fallen upon Jerusalem.

"My poor, unfortunate country!" lamented Dimitrios, "is there no salvation for thee? Father" he continued, "I love your society, but I long to re-enter Constantinople, but, alas! hope is dying out in my heart. Tell me, Father, would I injure you if I should effect my escape?"

"No, my son, you would not injure me, for I could show that you escaped without my co-operation. Besides, the Turks are not likely to trouble themselves concerning an individual prisoner, whom they are inclined to look upon as a fool; even had they a desire to injure me, they would abstain from doing so, for I am too useful to them."

"See!" exclaimed Selim, pointing towards the city, "what is that? Do you see that multitude of men? The Greeks are issuing forth from Constantinople.

Dimitrios looked in the direction indicated, and, verily, proceeding from the gate Polyandrion, over an improvised bridge, marched a small army in battle array, Spears and pikes glittered in the sunshine, which caused the armour of the soldiers to glisten like polished silver. Like one compact mass they advanced. Immediately the Turkish cannon were directed upon the multitude. The guns from Constantinople belched forth flames of fire and clouds of smoke in reply, as if needless of the danger to the walls. The Turkish balls flew over the heads of the Greeks as they advanced.

"Bravo! Bravo!" exclaimed Dimitrios, "Oh! how I wish I were there . . .

"Restrain your ardor, my young man," said Selim, calmly. "See! a Turkish regiment is forming in line of battle, there will be a hand-to-hand encounter. Look! the Sultan has come out of his pavilion. Beside him stands Mustapha Pacha, one of the trusty servants. The affair is serious, Dimitrios."

Meanwhile, the Greeks marched steadily onward, heedless of the Turkish fire. The standard of the Emperor floated above the multitude; beside it, fluttering in the breeze, was that of Genoa.

"Come, Father, come," said Dimitrios, "can we not advance to the front? I will, at least, behold the scene in which I cannot act a part."

"I will go to the front," said Selim, "I am always where danger is greatest; my services may be required, but I cannot take you with me. It would be considered treason."

"At least, let me stand where I can see the fight. May I not place myself near yonder tree?

Dimitrios pointed to a tree at one of the outposts, beside which stood a horse, from which the rider had shortly before dismounted.

Selim beckoned to a Turk. The latter advanced; it was Fortuny.

"Hassan," said Selim, in a loud voice, and in the Turkish language, with a significant twinkle of his eye, "I confide to you this man; take him where he may behold the destruction of his countrymen, but remember, your life shall answer for him."

Selim pointed to the tree,

B.B.B. FOR THE BLOOD

B. B. B.
Turns
Bad Blood
Into
Rich Red Blood.

In Spring Time get Pure Blood by using B.B.B.

No other remedy possesses such perfect cleansing, healing and purifying properties as Burdock Blood Bitters. It not only cleanses internally, but it heals, when applied externally, all sores, ulcers, abscesses, scrofulous sores, blotches, eruptions, etc., leaving the skin clean and pure as a babe's. Taken internally it removes all morbid effete or waste matter from the system, and thoroughly regulates all the organs of the body, restoring the stomach, liver, bowels and blood to healthy action. In this way the sick become well, the weak strong, and those who have that tired, worn out feeling receive new vigor, and buoyant health and spirits, so that they feel like work. If your appetite is poor, your energy gone, your ambition lost, B.B.B. will restore you to the full enjoyment of happy vigorous life.

Fortuny, drawing his scimitar, took Dimitrios by the arm and led him to the place indicated.

"Where are you going with that Greek, Hassan?"

queried a Turk, "are you about to cut off his head?"

"No, but he is about to see other heads cut off."

The Turk laughed. When Fortuny and Dimitrios were alone, the former whispered:

"Fear nothing, young man, I will not harm thee."

They reached the tree. Dimitrios gazed in the direction of the combatants, who were fast approaching each other. The eyes of all the spectators were turned in the same direction. Suddenly Dimitrios disengaged himself from the light grasp of Fortuny, and, with one bound he sprang towards the horse. The seeming Turk, noticing this, wheeled around, and, raising his scimitar as if about to strike, rushed upon Dimitrios, but, in his haste, he stumbled and fell heavily, as if by accident. Meanwhile, in less time than it takes to think of it, Dimitrios had loosed the animal and sprang into the saddle. Kicking it under its ribs, he darted off towards the city with the speed of lightning. Hearing the sound of hoofs, the Turks turned their heads, and their surprise was so great, that, for a moment they stood, as it were, bewildered. In another moment, volleys of shot and showers of arrows were sent flying after the fugitive. They flew over his head and whizzed past him, but he heeded them not. Suddenly he turned, and in an oblique line, galloped straight towards the advancing Greeks. More than a dozen Turks, on fleet Arab steeds, were in pursuit, but the Greek was out of their reach, Onward he flew, as though borne by the wind, his ringlets gracefully floating in the breeze. His friends had noticed him. In an instant their arrows flew against his pursuers, who dared advance no further, and, with rage within their hearts, abandoned the chase. Dimitrios had been recognized, and, amid a roaring outburst of applause, he reached the ranks of his countrymen, and, in another moment, the Emperor had embraced him, as though he were a long lost son.

CHAPTER XVI.

Dimitrios had scarcely reached the ranks than he entreated the Emperor to allow him to take part in the fray. Unmindful of the danger from which he had just escaped, his ardent nature spurred him on to cast himself into the midst of new perils. His armor had been taken from him in the Turkish camp, and he wore nothing save the few pieces of clothing that had been left him and an old garment that Selim had obtained for him. The Emperor would not hear of the proposition, and sternly commanded him to return to the city with a guard of horsemen whom he detailed to accompany him. Obedient to the commands of his Sovereign, but with disappointment in his heart, Dimitrios turned his horse's head toward the city. However, the thought of so soon meeting his sister consoled him. He had proceeded half way, when his curiosity impelled him to turn. Clouds of smoke and dust filled the air, loud shouts could be heard in the distance, swords were flashing right and left over the heads of the soldiers. The Greeks and Turks were in a close engagement. Dimitrios and his companions halted, they could not proceed on their way while Grecian blood was flowing like water. Gladly would our hero have rushed back to take part in the encounter, but the positive command of his master held him to the spot. His eyes were riveted upon the combatants, and the fire that sparkled from them was sufficient evidence of what was passing in his heart. At that distance it was almost impossible to distinguish the Greeks from the Turks by their position. The battle-field seemed to be one seething mass of humanity. Evidently the Greeks were endeavoring to force back their enemies upon the great battery which was now silent, for, although the latter were more numerous, they wore little or no armor, and they found themselves unable to withstand the ponderous weapons of the Greeks. For a moment the Turks fell back; the Greeks, profiting by every inch of ground yielded to them, advanced. Dimitrios, perceiving this, could not refrain from exclaiming:

"Bravo! my brave brothers, onward for Christ and Byzantium!"

His enthusiasm, however, was but momentary, for, lo! Turks innumerable were advancing in the rear and on the flanks of their comrades. The ranks of the enemy opened by a sudden movement, so that the way to the coveted battery lay clear before the Greeks.

"Dimitrios," exclaimed one of the veterans who stood beside him, "it is a fearful ruse. Nothing can save our brave men against such frightful odds but a hasty retreat. If the Greeks, flushed by their first successes, advance, the Turks will certainly close in their rear, and, thus hemmed in, the Emperor and every man will perish."

The speaker forgot how hard it was to conquer Greeks by ruse or stratagem.

"See!" cried out Dimitrios, "they are fast retreating. with the Turks following. See our brave cavalry, how it protects the flanks, striking right and left into the enemy. Let us not abide here, the Emperor would be displeased."

Turning their horses, they galloped off towards the city. Before the ditch they halted. The Greeks were still retreating, followed by the triumphant Turks. They had approached near to the city. It was a ruse on the part of the former. Suddenly the Byzantines make a stand. The Turks, surprised, fall back an instant. The combat begins anew. Far in the rear of the opposing hosts, huge columns of the enemy are moving forward to assist the vanguard. But, lo! fiery serpents are seen to wing their way through the air from the walls of the city; they fall upon the terrified foeman The Turkish ranks are broken, for a moment the utmost confusion prevails among the enemy. A wild shout is heard to the left, Dimitrios turns his head, the standard of Venice is fluttering in the breeze.

"God wills it, advance!" sounds over the din of battle, and the old war-cry of the crusaders seems to animate the Venetians with superhuman ardor. Though only a few hundred men strong, they advance to meet the veterans of Mahomet, followed by a thousand Greeks, who, like themselves, have issued forth from the nearest gate to the south. Few men remain upon the land wall, most of the others are engaged on the side of the Propontis,

The Turks, perceiving the new comers, divided their forces in the van, but the vacant space was immediately filled by the onrushing columns from the rear. It was impossible to withstand the increasing numbers of the enemy. The Venetians fought like lions. At their head a man of giant form was dealing deadly blows upon the heads of the infidels, his sword fell right and left, claiming countless victims on either side.

"It is Morosini!" exclaimed Dimitrios who knew the armor of his friend, "Morosini!" I never knew he was such a lion. The gentle, philosophical Morosini, what a hero!"

He would have flown to the assistance of his friend, had not the command of the Emperor kept ringing in his ears. Meanwhile, the deadly Greek fire was doing its work, penetrating through the openings in the armor of those who were thus protected, inflicting inexpressible torture and consuming those who were unarmored. But all was unavailing against the overwhelming numbers of the Turks. The Christians, seeing the impossibility of keeping up the unequal contest, slowly retreated toward the walls with their faces to the enemy, in order to afford an opportunity to the Greek cannon and fire to thin their ranks. The Turks, seeing that they were being drawn further from their camp, halted and began their retreat. The battle was at an end. The ground was strewn with the dead and the dying, heart-rending shrieks of agony filled the air, broken swords and helmets lay scattered in all directions. The wounded might not be forgotten. There was, perhaps, no nation in mediaeval times which was so solicitous for its wounded as Byzantium. A corps of surgeons and ambulances was never wanting, and the bearer company received a gold piece for every disabled soldier whom it brought off the field after a battle that had been lost. On this occasion, in the midst of the fight, the surgeons and ambulances might be seen moving among the combatants, carrying off, as soon as possible, every wounded man to the rear, and when the Greeks retreated, the disabled were placed in the centre and thus protected, so that few, if any, fell into the hands of the Turks. Now that the fight was over, the wounded were all removed into the city. Dimitrios and his companions had crossed the bridge and entered the gate of Polyandrion as soon as it became evident that the battle was at an end, for he feared the displeasure of the Emperor if he should be found outside the walls.

Instead of immediately returning to his home, he proceeded to the gate, where he knew Morosini would enter. He had but a short time to wait, when the Venetians rushed in. Morosini did not observe his friend, until the latter rode up to him, calling him by name.

"Great heavens! Dimitrios, have you fallen from the skies?"

"No, my hero, you would better ask if I have risen from the ground, for have I not been buried in the captivity of the Turks?"

"And who broke your bands, reckless boy?"

"I effected my escape, but I will tell you later. How is Helena"

"Dimitrios, this will be the happiest day of poor Helena's life She has pined away ever since your sudden disappearance, and had she not received your letter, I fear the worst would have occurred. As it is, she is still very weak."

"Vincent I cannot return home in this guise, will you not procure me clothing?"

"Certainly. friend, go to the Hebdomon, I will send you all you need."

"Those Turkish brutes stole my beautiful armor that had newly been made."

"Never mind your armor, thank God and the Madonna that your life has been saved."

"Has Nicolaus been found?"

"No; the rascal has completely disappeared. The city has been searched in all directions, but all was fruitless. It is all the same now, you are home again."

"Home again," repeated Dimitrios, with a tone of sadness in his voice, "but, alas! for how long?"

"Drive away those sad reflections, Dimitrios, and leave the future to God."

"Farewell, my friend," answered the Greek, and he galloped off towards the palace.

Within an hour, Morosini and his friend were standing before the door of the latter's house. The heart of Dimitrios beat violently for, though he was rejoiced at the thought of meeting Helena he could not restrain a certain feeling of fear and a presentiment of ill, which frequently takes possession of a nervous temperament like his. They enter the portal. How familiar is the scene! The events of the past few days seem like a dream. There stands the fountain scattering the spray of its cool water in all directions, beside it is the marble seat upon which Dimitrios and his sister reposed on the morning when the life of Nicolaus Lecapenos seemed to hang surpended on an uncertain thread, the will of the Emperor. Suddenly the door opens. It is Helena. How pale and wan since we last saw her! She sees Dimitrios, and with a cry of joy, she rushes towards him. Another moment, and brother and sister were locked in close embrace.

"O! my brother," she exclaimed, "my lost brother, God has brought thee back to me. How can I ever thank Him? How couldst thou be so reckless? I have learned all from thy letter, but what suspense and anxiety did my soul pass through, until that blessed message of joy reached me!"

"My sister," said Dimitrios, gently disengaging himself from her embrace "your health has suffered much, I see, but you will soon recover, let us thank God that He who delivered Daniel from the lions' den, has deigned to save me from the cruelty of the Turks. But, alas! poor Irene! where is Irene? Helena, day and night her image haunts me, and my heart is harassed by fear."

"Calm your anxiety, dearest brother, for I have the firm confidence that the Almighty Power of Him who protected you in the midst of peril, will suffer no harm to befall Irene."

Morosini, having now beheld the happy re-union of brother and sister, deemed fit to retire in order not to encroach upon their joy. Divining his intention, Helena exclaimed:

"Morosini, do not leave us. You are now one of the family, you have been to me a second brother, stay and share our happiness."

It was evening. The exciting day was over, and the red glow of sunset illuminated the western horizon, as Morosini, having excused himself on the plea of urgent business, left Dimitrios and Helena to each other's society. The deadly combat had caused a lull in the bombardment, and Constantinople seemed to breathe more freely, though in many a home there was sadness and grief for the dead that had fallen. More than one heart was breaking as the sun sank to rest at the end of a day which long since has been blotted from the pages of history, but which then stood marked in letters of blood upon the tablets of Byzantium's memory. More than one young widow shed tears that evening for the husband that would never return, and the babe, as it nestled close to the aching breast of its mother, slept soundly in the blissful unconsciousness that war had rendered it fatherless. The aged father knelt beside the bier of him, whom, years before, he had cradled on his knee, but who, cut down in the flower of his manhood, had preceded him to the silent grave, though he had fallen for his country's sake, fallen as heroes fall. The mother, greater than whose love there is no earthly love, gazed with tear-stained eyes upon the face of the boy she had nurtured in his infancy, having given him his life mid dire sufferings, upon the face of the son, once a babe, whom she had fed with her milk. But, O cruel death! thou tyrant of the human race, thou avenger of the first injury inflicted by man upon the Deity, thou hast conquered; there lies thy victim! There lies a flower from one of old Byzantium's trees; its young heart has ceased to beat, no more doth glow within its veins the fervor of Byzantium's blood, but weep not, mother, for the dead, for greater ills await the living. Thy son has fallen, but on earth his sorrows are ended. See you not how calm and peaceful is his brow in death? Weep rather, mother, weep for the living ones, weep for thyself, weep for the babe still unborn, for Byzantium's doom is sealed.

(*To be continued.*)

James E. Nicholson.

Almost Passes Belief

Mr. Jas. E. Nicholson, Florenceville, N. B., Struggles for Seven Long Years with

CANCER ON THE LIP,

AND IS CURED BY

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Mr. Nicholson says: "I consulted doctors who prescribed for me, but to no purpose; the cancer began to

Eat into the Flesh,

spread to my chin, and I suffered in agony for seven long years. Finally, I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In a week or two I noticed a

Decided Improvement.

Encouraged by this result, I persevered, until in a month or so the sore under my chin began to heal. In three months my lip began to heal, and, after using the Sarsaparilla for six months, the last trace of the cancer disappeared."

Ayer's The Only Sarsaparilla

Admitted at the World's Fair.

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IT'S A "SHOER" THING.

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June 12, 1895—6m

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Charlottetown, Jan. 8, 1896.

"The iron bound bucket—"

heavy and clumsy, but good in its time: out of date now though—given way to the modern, light, hoopless, Fibre Pail—kept by all grocers and called

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Have received 125 cases and bales of

New Goods for Spring

500 Remnants Dress Goods at about half price, 300 Remnants Gray Cotton, 250 Remnants Print Cotton, 5 cents up, 150 pieces Flannel, 200 Rolls Carpet, 65 Rolls Oil Cloth, 100 dozen Shirts, 500 suits

READY-MADE CLOTHING

All bought for spot cash, to be sold on the same terms. Talk about Bargains, but if you want real genuine Bargains you can get them at Prowse Bros. Never in the history of trade in this Province was such nice goods offered for the price as this season. A good man's shirt for 20 cents.

PROWSE BROS,

The Wonderful Cheap Men.

P. E. ISLAND RAILWAY.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.

Excursion return Tickets at one first-class fare for the double journey will be issued to and from all stations on this Railway on the 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 6th April, 1896, good for return up to and on the 7th April, 1896. Tickets no good for going journey after the 6th April.

A. McDONALD, Superintendent. D. POTTINGER, Gen. Mgr. Gov. Rys.

Railway Office, Ch'town, 23rd Mar., '96. march 25—3i

ÆNEAS A. MACDONALD,

BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Agent for Credit Foncier Franco-Canadien, Lancashire Fire Insurance Co., Great West Life Assurance Co.

Office, Great George St.,

Near Bank Nova Scotia, Charlottetown.

Nov 9, 1892—1y

Mortgage Sale.

To be sold by Public Auction on Tuesday the twenty-fourth day of March, A. D. 1896, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, in front of the Law Courts Building in Charlottetown, under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the twenty-first day of December, A. D. 1887, and made between Thomas Connors, of Grand Tracadie, Lot or Township Number Thirty-five, in Queen's County in Prince Edward Island, farmer, and Anne Connors, his wife, of the one part and Credit Foncier Franco-Canadien of the other part.

All that tract piece or parcel of land situate lying and being on Lot or Township Number Thirty-five, aforesaid, bounded and described as follows that is to say:—Commencing on the shore of Winter River at the southeast angle of a farm of land formerly in the occupation of Hugh Ready but now in the possession of Michael McNab; thence north twenty-five degrees east for the distance of sixty-nine chains to the shore of Bedford Bay; thence eastwardly along the said shore for such a distance as to admit of fifteen chains at right angles to the last named line; thence south twenty-five degrees west to Winter River, aforesaid; and from thence westerly along the said river to the place of commencement containing ninety-five and one-half acres of land a little more or less.

If not sold at the time and place aforesaid the said property will thereafter be sold by private sale.

For further particulars apply at the office of Æneas A. McDonald, Solicitor, Charlottetown.

Dated this eighteenth day of February, A. D. 1896.

CREDIT FONCIER FRANCO-CANADIEN,
Feb. 19, '96—tl sale. Mortgagees.

The above sale is postponed until Tuesday the fifth day of May, A. D. 1896, then to take place at the hour and place aforesaid.

Dated this fourteenth day of March, A. D. 1896.

CREDIT FONCIER FRANCO-CANADIEN,
e o w, tl sale. Mortgagees.