WITH CORTEZ IN MEXICO—1519.

W. W. CAMPBELL.

"Hator a Dios, preserve us,
And give us the Mexican gold,
Viva Espana forever!"
Light-hearted, venturesome, bold,
With clashing of drums and cymbals,
With clatter of hoofs and of arms,
Into the Tenocan city,
Over the Tenocan farms;
In through the hordes of Aztecs,
Past glitter of city and lake,
Brave for death or for conquest,
And the Mother of God's sweet sake.

Perchance from distant Granada,
Perchance from the Danube's far blue,
Had fought with the Moor and Saracen,
When the death hail of battle-fields flew.
Down through the smoke and the battle,
Trolling an old Moorish song,
Chanting an Ave or a Pater,
To whiten the red of his wrong.
Dreaming of Seville, Toledo,
And dark, soft, Catholic eyes,
Light-hearted, reckless and daring,
He rides under Mexican skies.

Child of valor and fortune,
Nurtured to ride and to strike,
Fearless in defeat or in conquest,
Of man and the devil alike,
Out through the clamor of battle,
Up through rivers of blood,
"Viva Espana forever!
God and the bold brotherhood!

"Strike for the memories left us,
Strike for the lives we keep,
Strike for the present and future,
In the name of our comrades who sleep;
Strike for Jesus' sweet Mother,
For the arms and the vows that we hold
Strike for fortune and lover,
God and the Mexican gold.'

* * * * * *

At morning gay, careless in battle,
With love on his lips, in his eyes,
At even stretched pallid and silent,
Out under the Mexican skies.
And far in some old Spanish city,
Two dark eyes wait patient and long
For a lover who sailed to the westward
Trolling an old Moorish song.

RIVALS BY FATE.

London Lamp.

CHAPTER V.—[CONTINUED.]

'I think, my dear,' he said to Diane, as he nervously fumbled with the door key, 'I think that you need not say anything to my womankind about the profession you wish to adopt. They might not understand, you know.'

Diane did not know, and looked at him with innocent, bewildered eyes. But she did understand, that for some unexplained reason, her new friend was not as much at ease in his own house as he was in the village lane.

'If you will come in here,' he said, opening the door of the parlor, 'I will tell my wife whom I have brought to see her.'

He took Diane into a room which was the perfection of neatness and order. He left her alone with an inward hope that no foreign ideas would induce her to touch any of the books or to handle any of the ornaments. He inquired from a servant where her mistress was to be found, and learnt that she was in the garden with the young ladies.

Then he remembered, with a sudden sinking at the heart, that it was preserving time, his wife, he knew too well, proud of her talent in that capacity, always superintended the gathering and preparing of the fruit. It was unfortunate but could not be helped now.

With, it must be owned, no small trepidation, he went into the garden and advanced towards a group, in the midst of which figured his wife, in a costume suitable to the occasion, and a large sun-bonnet protecting her masculine features.

She was directing with praiseworthy alacrity several fragged looking servants, who admired but could not emulate the unfailing briskness of their mistress.

'My wife is truly a wonderful woman,' thought the rector with an admiring sigh.

Her watchful eyes ever on the alert, were the first to perceive his approach.

'Anything the matter, Reuben?' she asked, coming to meet him, stringing currants as she walked.

'No, my dear,' he began mildly. 'I am sorry that you are so busy. I have found a young person, who would, I think, do nicely for your choir. She has a good voice, and as she lives near, could attend on practice nights without inconvenience. I would like you to see her and judge for yourself. I did not mention anything to her for fear of raising the poor child's hopes.'

Ah, Reuben Howard, what will you not do for a peaceful life? To what straits are you reduced when the acrid remarks of your sharp tongued partner teach you to depart from the path of candor and truth? Fear and experience have kindled your wits, and taught the dull simplicity to be proud of being able to throw dust into those piercing eyes.

The choir was Mrs. Howard's hobby; she rose to the bait immediately.

'Is the young person here?' she demanded.

'I left her in the drawing-room,' he replied, in an apologetic manner.

'She had better go into the kitchen till I am ready to see her,' decided Mrs. Howard, with promptness. 'I hope that there are no spoons about; temptation should never be thrown in people's way.'

'My dear, we can hardly ask her to go there; she is niece to Squire Mordaunt's new tenant.'

Mr. Howard dreaded the effect of this speech, as he knew his wife's contemptuous dislike for foreigners.

To his surprise and relief, however, she remarked:

'These must be the same people on whom young Fitz Nigel was urging me to call. I promised that I would do so as soon as I was less busy. How stupidly you tell things, Reuben. I quite thought that you were recommending a common sort of girl. It is all the better; she will not want to be paid for her services. Bring her into the garden, and we can talk while I work.'

Thus dismissed, the rector returned to his visitor, and was much relieved to find that, apparently, she had not moved from her seat.

As he led her to the garden, he elaborately explained to Diane that his people revelled in fresh air; that they were never idle; and that he himself as soon as he had introduced her, must go to perform some clerical duty.

He also took pains to impress on her the fact, that the name of the unrivaled prosperity of the English nation was its activity and industry; and that which he saw practised in his own family, was a type of what was going on in almost every household of this frugal land.

Having thus, as he thought, neatly explained to Diane all which might strike her as strange or peculiar (and which never struck Diane at all), he took her to his wife, who greeted the girl cordially.

'I am glad to see you,' she said; 'I have been intending to call on your aunt, but you know fruit only ripens at one particular time, and has to be gathered then, if you do not wish your preserve to be spoiled. Here are my daughters, Jasmine and Rye. I was young and foolish when they were born, and liked fantastic names. By the time my youngest, Susie, arrived, I had learned common sense, and have never lost it since.'

She waved her brown juice-stained hand towards a clump of bushes, from which two girls emerged in holland aprons and mushroom hats.

Jasmine, a pretty, shy girl of eighteen, came forward and shook hands; while Rye, a plain, plump little thing a year younger, gave Diane's fingers a hearty squeeze, and said in the most friendly manner:

'I shall soon have finished my share of the gathering, and then we can talk. Would you like a parasol?'

'No, thank you,' said Diane, 'I will sit under this tree. I like to watch the sunshine through the branches.'

She seated herself beneath a spreading chestnut, and with half-closed eyes lazily contemplated the workers.

Mrs. Howard alone attempted any conversation, which was rather difficult under such circumstances.

She possessed, however, a clear, loud voice, and was able to use it without the effort impeding the progress of her arduous task.

She asked the new-comer several questions, which the latter answered simply and briefly.

Diane had plenty of natural manner, but none of the fashionable mannerisms of society, and was too much accustomed to her solitary life to know anything of the art of endeavoring to charm.

It was very pleasant to sit in the shade and watch the nimble fingers of the workers, as cluster after cluster of the red shining beads was rapidly stripped from the trees and deposited in large baskets.

She enjoyed the warmth, which filled her with a languorous rest, and was content to let Mrs. Howard monopolize the conversation. Such conduct raised her in that good lady's estimation. She did not approve of the fast rattling style, and considered the foreigner's behaviour as respectful and becoming.

She made up her mind that she would know more of this young stranger. She rapidly surveyed all the benefit which might be derived from the acquaintance. The girl would be a nice companion for her daughters; she would save the expense of masters if she would converse with them in foreign languages, and help them in their music. She would be of invaluable service to the choir, if she had the talent ascribed to her by Mr. Fitz Nigel and Mr. Howard.

'I dare say that she has,' commented Mrs. Howard, 'all foreigners can sing; that is all they can do.'

So she determined that she would, that very day, hear and decide for herself as to the extent of Diane's musical capabilities.

'There,' she said looking at her watch, 'You girls had better stop now, and take our young friend into the house. We shall be very glad if you will stay to dinner; you will see us just as we are, no pretense, no affectation, you know. We shall treat you as one of ourselves, Miss—what is your name?'

'Zingari,' stammered Diane, remembering with a keen pang the revelations of the evening before.

'Zingari,' echoed Mrs. Howard, in a tone of contempt. 'My dear, you must quickly change it for one less outlandish and more Christain. Now, girls, take Miss Zingari to your room; and remember that dinner will be ready punctually at one.'

'Mamma might just as well call it lunch,' grumbled Rye, when they had got a safe distance from her mother; 'it sounds so horridly common to say dinner at one.'

'It is Friday,' remarked Jasmine, pensively; there will be no meat today.'

Diane opened her eyes, and Rye explained:

'Mamma does not set herself against every prevailing fashion. She thinks if people want to get on in this world that they must conform a little to the spirit of the times, so she yields to the High Church movement so far as to make us abstain on Friday. Papa does not like it, but he never says anything, only I have caught him hurriedly eating a sandwhich when he thought we were safely out of the way.

'Rye,' said Jasmine, reprovingly, 'if mamma could hear you, you would not rattle on in that manner.'

'No,' assented the irrepressible Rye, making a grimace; 'I should be most demure, trying to prove the truth of my mother's axiom, that good-breeding consists in perfect self-possession and a habit of stern repression. But I have been good for so long, that I really must give vent to my feelings now. I am going to steal a rose for you, Jas., to wear in your bonnie brown hair.'

The happy, laughing girl darted off to the flower garden, leaving her more sedate sister to take their new companion upstairs to the room which the girls shared.

It contained three little beds primly placed in a row; three little washing stands side by side; and three little tables on which were placed each of the girl's particular treasures.

Jasmine, who considered that she was of a poetic temperament, always had on hers an esthetic vase, some books of sentimental rhyme, a Cupid ink-stand, and some highly perfumed paper on which she could, when inspired, pay flowing tribute to the fragile muse.

Rye's table was a medley; a collection of anything and everything. At present it was heaped with sundry old lesson-books, the contents of a work-box, which itself reposed on the floor, also some apples which she had conned from her brother, but unable to escape from her mother's all-vigilant eye had never been able to eat.

The third table was empty; the third bed was not in use; and the third washing-stand was evidently not wanted.

'Is your youngest sister away?' inquired Diane, as she stood at the open window, while Jasmine indolently brushed her long, silken hair.

'She is still at school. Rye left last Christmas, Susie is to remain for another year.'

'Yes, I am out; my education is finished,' said Rye, who at this moment rushed into the room. 'I only want the last cost of polish which my mother bestows, then I shall be turned out as an article of superior quality, warranted to stand any amount of wear and tear, and one that will not blister in the sun. I did get to some dances last winter, but found them rather slow.

'There is so little society,' observed Jasmine. 'We can get few good partners for a waltz.'

'Barring the handsome Dr. Fitz Nigel,' said Rye, mischievously. 'You do not object to dance with him, Jas.'

Jasmine did not reply. She imagined that she was consumed by a hopeless passion for the doctor, so pensively shook her head, as she inhaled the perfume of the flower which Rye had brought.

'Goodness gracious, if that isn't the bell!' exclaimed Rye, 'and I have been chattering away instead of making myself tidy. Here, Miss Zingari, help me, Jasmine is too slow. Please just put a pin in my dress where the flounce is torn, and I will wear the skirt the wrong side before; that will hide the fruit-stains.'

She hurriedly smoothed her hair with her hands, dipped them in water and dried them on her handkerchief, as she went down stairs laughing and talking the whole time. With a little adroitness she managed to slip behind Diane, and to be seated at the table before any peculiarities of dress could be observed.

'We are safe now,' she said with a sigh of relief, as she motioned Diane to a seat by her side. 'Reuben has only just come in; we shall have to wait for him.'

'Is Reuben your brother?' asked Diane.

'Yes; the only one we have; he is the eldest of us all, and is going to Cambridge after the long vacation. I wonder that you have not seen him, he is always wandering about—a great clumsy fellow with stupid sleepy eyes.'

Just as she had finished the sister-like description, the subject of it entered with his mother, and was introduced to Diane. Her first impression was, that in appearance he was much like his father. He never spoke during the meal, but stared much at Diane, with eyes which she thought neither 'stupid nor 'sleepy.'

Now he discovered who was the singer of the organ loft. No mention was made of the occurrence by Reuben, and Diane was too occupied with other thoughts to give one to so trifling an event. Mrs. Howard said grace in a loud, decided voice—as if she defied Providence to prove that she had not earned every crumb of the meal by the labor of her hands.

It was a speedy lunch, for Mrs. Howard ate, as she did everything else, systematically, and vigorously. She never waited for anyone, but ordered some tinned salmon to be set apart for her husband who did not make his appearance.

CHAPTER VI.

"LA SULTANA."

'Now,' she said, when they rose to depart, 'we will have some music; and then return to our fruit. Miss Zingari, I hear that you are fond of music. Reuben, open the piano, and ask our young friend to play.

The first part of his mother's injunction he fulfilled with alacrity; but he was quite unable to attempt the second. He only stood helplessly before Diane, shuffling his feet and getting very red.

'Jasmine, you sing first,' ordered Mrs. Howard, hoping that under cover of the music her son would recover from his confusion, 'My daughter has a sweet voice, and plays with pathos.'

In a languid manner Jasmine seated herself at the piano; and affectedly simpered forth a song of 'love forlorn, weeping desolate in the moonlight,' and 'sighing forgotten 'neath a willow tree.'

'A very sweet song, that,' said Mrs. Howard. 'Do you not think so, Miss Zingari?'

This was more than Diane could bear.

'I do not know. I am not accustomed to this sort of music,' she answered. 'I fail to find the soulfulness, the expression that tells it comes from the heart. This is, I suppose, what is meant by English music? Listen to this, and tell me if it does not move the soul like a branch swaying softly in the breeze.'

'Rude young person!' ejaculated Mrs. Howard, *sotto voce*, as Diane, unconscious of her offence, seated herself at the instrument, and with marvellous skill and sweetness played a national melody. Blending her voice with the martial strains she poured forth, in her native tongue, a passionate appeal to her people, to stand true to their colors, to fight manfully, and to die arms in their hands, faces towards their enemy; dauntless and defiant to the last.

In spite of her annoyance, Mrs. Howard was forced to admire the power and pathos of the clear fresh voice. In her anxiety to obtain the services of this gifted donzella, she controlled her anger, and merely remarked, when Diane stopped, that the playing was good, and the voice not bad, but that she never cared for songs which she could not understand. She thought that people ought to sing in respectable English, or not at all.

The girls, however, were not so meagre in their praise. They begged Diane to go on singing, and listened with true delight as she, nothing loth, gave them serenades, dirges, solemn chants and tender love songs, throwing into each the requisite expression, and playing the accompaniment with much taste and sensibility.

Mrs. Howard stayed to listen, though her conscience smote her when she remembered the fruit which probably was being rapidly demolished by the birds. Bunches of lucious currants danced before her eyes in a tantalizing manner in the midst of some particular entrancing strain.

The call of duty was never long neglected by Mrs. Howard. With an effort she shook off the delicious, soothing sensation produced by the music, and approaching Diane, she said:

'I have wasted quite time enough in listening to you. There is no denying that you have the gift in great perfection. But it will be of little use if you only indulge your talent for the pleasure that it gives. Such a course would unfit you for the sober realities of life. 'There, girl,' for Diane looked up quickly with a vehement defense on her lips, 'I know what you are going to say; but you can save yourself the trouble. I have heard it all before scores of times. Every girl who has your talent goes mad on the subject of music; and has to learn by her own experience that life has little to do with poetry; and that sentiment sounds well only in verse. I shall not try to convince you; you are not likely to take advice from an old woman like me.'

She stooped and kissed Diane, patted her kindly on the shoulder, and promised to call soon at Brierlea, to make arrangements about her joining the choir.

'Girls,' she added, as she tied her sun-bonnet and drew on her gardening gloves; entertain Miss Zingari till she goes, and then join me. Reuben, you must take her home; and if you meet your father, remind him that he has still his Sunday sermon to write.'

'Don't mind what mamma says,' Rye said to Diane, when Mrs. Howard had left the room; she does not mean to hurt people; it is only her way.'

'I understand not Madame Howard,' Diane replied with a puzzled expression. She loves music; her eyes say so, but her lips tell not the same tale.'

'Can you tell what people are like by their faces?' asked Rye, regarding their new friend with admiration and wonder. 'Some of the girls at school tried phrenology or physiology, I forget which, but I never could manage it, the names were so hard.'

'I never heard these words before,' Diane answered, 'but I know when a person has a kind heart, and their faces tell if you may trust them or not.'

'Oh, do tell my character,' exclaimed Rye; 'it would be such fun—almost as good as a fortune-teller. I won't mind if you say anything bad; I know I have lots of faults.'

But Diane shook her head and laughingly declined.

'It would not take long to tell, would it?' said Reuben. 'There is not much in you, Rye; even I can see that.'

'Many thanks, my sage brother,' said Rye good temperedly, surveying him with an assumption of offended dignity. 'I flatter myself that this tenement of a human body contains more than that which holds the mind of a certain specimen of the masculine gender, yclept Reuben Howard. He can eat, he can sleep, he can loll in an easy chair when his mother is not present; beyond that my discerning spirit can penetrate no further.'

'I suppose one is intented to be comfortable in a drawing-room,' remarked Jasmine, who had taken possession of a couch, and was enjoying the luxury of repose.

'Well, I can only say that I never saw two such lazy people,' was the energetic sister's reply.

'Your heaven will have to consist of velvet settees, and sedan chairs composed of soft clouds carried by angels,'

'Hardly substantial enough,' observed Reuben. 'Your heaven, Rye, will be an odd mixture. You will want plenty of poor children to teach, no end of old people to nurse, and a few patient boys like me to tease and scold.'

'I could do very well without the last-named article.' said Rye, laughing. 'But to complete the picture there must be a large supply of books and a prodigious amount of apples and nuts. Now, Miss Zingari, it is your turn. Tell us what is your idea of perfect happiness?'

'Is it mine you wish to have?' she said dreamily. 'I think that my heaven must be an abode where the houris sing their witching strains, where the sun sparkles and flashes through gold-fringed clouds on sculptured columns and marble arches of dazzling snowy whiteness. Where, in delicate tracery, is engraved the deeds of many a noble hero; where rubies burn and sapphires glow on the breasts of the good and great. I think that my heaven will be a place where fragrant trees give forth their perfume, where fountains play and keep ever fresh the brilliant flowers; where the grass is ever green, and the sky ever radiant. A place where we need dread neither chill blasts nor wintry rain; where the gemmed ocean lulls to rest, and destroys not people in its shining depths.'

'Oh, that is pretty,' exclaimed Rye; 'it is just like talking poetry—only I can understand this, and I don't when it is all in rhyme.'

'Perhaps it is blank verse,' suggested Reuben modestly.

'Say some more,' asked Jasmine, who had listened with closed eyes in a truly esthetic posture.

But Diane became shy and refused.

She was ignorant that girls of the nineteenth century are looked upon as sentimental if they betray sentiment. But she was confused by their outspoken praises, and felt intuitively that she had not been 'English.'

She rose to go, saying with sincerity that she was sorry to leave.

It was the first time that she had been taken into the heart of an English family, and seen them without any company manners. She was not attracted towards Mrs. Howard; she liked pleasant little Rye, and did not object to the graceful listless Jasmine. The good-natured banter between the brother and sisters amused her, and served to distract her mind from her own particular cares.

'You must come again very soon,' said Rye, as they went up stairs for Diane's hat and gloves, 'you are so nice; I want to see a great deal of you.'

'We shall hope to continue our acquaintance,' added the quieter sister, and shall look forward to many pleasant meetings.'

'You must often be awfully dull,' remarked Rye sympathetically, 'with only a delicate old creature—I beg your pardon! I have never seen her, you know.'

'Think not that Donna di Castro is old,' said Diane, amused at her companion's discomfiture; 'but I am never dull; the days are often not as long as I should like them to be. I never tire of climbing that large hill close to the village. I would like to get on the top when the clouds seem to rest there. I would like to know if the valley on the other side is inhabited by knights in armour, by dragoons, or by gentle maidens.'

'Oh, it is just the same as this,' replied Rye in a matter-of-fact tone; 'I went once with papa, and they eat, drink and dress just as we do. Are you always alone in your walks? You must get fearfully tired of your own company.'

'I take Lopez, my dog, he is better than any other companion, he is so intelligent and faithful.'

'Still, you can't argue with a dog,' remarked Rye, sagely, 'and people are always better for an occasional wrangle. I do not believe in continued self repression. It may be all very well for old people who are like soda-water gone flat, but for us young ones I am sure that it does us all the good in the world to have a regular good quarrel every now and then.'

'I see Mr. Fitz Nigel sometimes', said Diane, 'but I never quarrel with him.'

'What do you mean by sometimes,' enquired Jasmine with sudden interest in face and voice.

'He comes every day to see my aunt. He brings books for me to read, and has promised to show me his oil paintings soon.'

'He is too grave and quiet to please me,' said Rye. 'Have you ever seen his sister? She is much older than he is, and keeps house for him; she is so prim and precise, but very amiable, and thinks that there is nobody in the world like Sydney Fitz Nigel.'

'I suppose that Donna Di Castro is very ill,' interrupted Jasmine, whom Diane's last speech had reduced to a state of melancholy

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

To Denver in One Night.

On December 4, 1887, the Burlington route, B. B. & Q. R. R., inaugurated a fast train service as follows: Fast express train known as "The Burlington's Number One" leaves Union Depot, corner Canal and Adams streets, Chicago, at 12.01 p. m. daily, and runs to Denver solid, arriving at 10.00 p. m. the next day, thus making the run from Chicago to Denver in thirty-four hours. This train arrives at Omaha at 5 a. m., making the run to Omaha in seventeen hours, Corresponding fast train from Denver to Chicago. Direct connection made to and from St. Louis with these trains, and at Denver with the fast train of the D. & R. G. R. R. for San Francisco and Pacific coast points. Superb equipment on "The Burlington's Number One," consisting of sleeping cars and coaches from Chicago to Omaha and Chicago to Denver without change. Meals served en route on the famous Burlington route dining cars as far West as the Missouri River; Omaha passengers will be allowed to remain in their sleeping cars till breakfast time. See that your ticket reads via the C. B. & Q. R. R. It can be obtained of any coupon ticket agent of the own or connecting lines, or by addressing

PAUL MORTON,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of Purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.*

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., Wall St., N.Y.

Sold at Wholesale by Mr. Fenton T. Newbery.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after Eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint, but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York City.

CALIFORNIA EXCURSIONS, combining low rates and excellent accommodations. Quarterly Guide to California sent free. Address A. PHILLIPS & CO., 250 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. 4 eow

IMPERIAL CREAM TARTAR BAKING POWDER

PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST, CONTAINS NO ALUM, AMMONIA, LIME, PHOSPHATES, or any injurious materials.

E. W. GILLETT, TORONTO, ONT. CHICAGO, ILL. Manf'r's of the CELEBRATED ROYAL YEAST CAKES.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS.

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,

And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

MAGAZINES.

Music and Periodicals

OF ALL KINDS,

BOUND IN THE BEST STYLE,

AT PRICES TO SUIT THE HARD TIMES.

Everybody is satisfied with the work done by

JAMES D. TAYLOR,

North side Queen Square, over R. K. Jost's Boot and Shoe Store.

March 21, 1888—1y

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR STEELE BROS & CO'S SEEDS

ALL LEADING MERCHANTS. ILLUSTRATED DESCRIPTIVE PRICE LISTS FREE. ADDRESS STEELE BROS & CO. TORONTO, ONT.

D. A. MACKINNON, LL.B.,

ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR,

Notary Public, &c.,

Has Opened his Law Office,

IN

Georgetown, King's County.

Where he will attend to professional work, and loan money on Real Estate.

Georgetown, Nov. 23, 1887—6m

BREADMAKER'S YEAST.

BREAD made of this Yeast took 1st Prize at Ontario Exhibition in 1887. Housekeepers have written to say that it surpasses any yeast ever used by them. Lightest, whiter, sweetest bread, rolls, buns and buckwheat pancakes. Grocers everywhere in every town in Canada are using it. PRICE FIVE CENTS

Pure, Reliable

NO { AMMONIA, ALUM, LIME,

But purest and best materials used in manufacture of

Woodill's German Baking Powder.

OVER 600,000 PEOPLE USE FERRY'S SEEDS

D. M. FERRY & CO. are admitted to be the Largest Seedsmen in the world. D. M. FERRY & CO'S Illustrated, Descriptive and Prized SEED ANNUAL For 1888 will be mailed FREE TO ALL. It contains all that a practical seed grower can find to last a lifetime, and is invaluable to all. Every person using Garden, Field or Flower SEEDS should send for the Annual. Address D. M. FERRY & CO., Windsor, Ont.

BEST ON EARTH

SURPRISE SOAP

THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

A marvel of efficiency and economy. Quality never varies. The purest and best for all household purposes, washing and cleaning without injury to hands or fabric. No boiling, soaking or hard rubbing necessary. The saving of fuel alone pays for the soap. Makes white goods whiter, without wooden stools and makes colored goods brighter. One bar for all purposes. Toilet, Bath, Laundry, Scrubbing, &c. Build the fire, heat the water, put in the soap, wrapper and learn the new "surprise" way of washing clothes, saving time, money, labor and worry of the old way. Cash day is made a pleasant day by the use of Surprise Soap and joy and comfort take the place of tired looks. Save 2 Surprise wrappers, send to the manufacturers with your address and get a handsome picture for framing. Ask your grocer to show you the Surprise. If your grocer has it not, insist on his getting it. If not obtainable at your home send 6 cents in stamps to us for sample bar.

The St. Croix Soap M'f'g Co., St. Stephen, N. B.

PARSONS' PILLS

These pills were a wonderful discovery. No others like them in the world. Will positively cure or relieve all manner of disease. The information around each box is worth ten times the cost of a box of pills. Find out about them, and you will always be thankful. One pill a dose. Parsons' Pills contain nothing harmful, are easy to take, and cause no inconvenience. Most people would be made to realize the marvelous power of these pills, they would walk 100 miles to get a box if they could not be had without. Sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. Illustrated pamphlet free, postpaid. Send for it; the information is very valuable. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House Street, BOSTON, MASS.

Make New Rich Blood!

CHARLOTTETOWN

BOOT & SHOE FACTORY.

With IMPROVED PREMISES,
EXPERIENCED WORKMEN,
NEW LASTS,
BETTER LEATHER,

We now turn out neater, better fitting and wearing Boots than ever. Every Pair Warranted.

FOREIGN MAKE.

We import from Canada and United States the Latest Styles in Ladies' and Gents' Boots, Shoes, Slippers and Rubbers. Buying in large quantities for cash, it enables us to sell cheap. You do not require a heavy purse when dealing with us.

SHOEMAKERS, ATTENTION!

Custom Sole Leather by the Side, 24 cents per lb., Kip, Grain, French Calf, Kid and Goat. Awls, Welts, Shoe Thread, Heel Ink, Dressing, Pegs, Pincers, Hammers, Wax Bristles, Nails, Eyelets, English Tops, &c.

As we have to keep these articles for our own use, and buying them in large quantities, we can afford to sell cheaper than any in the trade.

GOFF BROTHERS,

March 7, 1888. Successors to Dorsey, Goff & Co.

AN ADVERTISEMENT

Worth Reading

IS one with something in it which may be of benefit to you. Please read the list of attractions we are now offering, and call and share in the bargains.

In order to make room for a large stock of Summer Goods we are clearing out all lines of Cloths at very low prices. In Fancy Goods our stock is still well assorted, and we are giving large discounts to clear, so NOW is your time to buy. Our last list of bargains brought hundreds of extra customers, and we expect our Dress Goods Bargains to cause a genuine rush. Think of it, New and Fashionable Goods, and the very Latest Styles of Trimmings, at prices that must positively sell them. Housekeepers will find this a rare chance to replenish their stock of cottons and linens; and if Carpets are required, we can give you THE BEST VALUE IN THE CITY.

We have a large supply of Embroideries, Edgings, Insertions, Laces, &c., and the choicest value in WHITE COTTONS we have ever offered.

It pays to buy your Dry Goods and Millinery at

BEER BROS.

Feb. 15, 1888.

STANLEY BROS.

WHITE COTTONS,	DRESS GOODS.
PRINT COTTONS,	CASHMERES,
GREY COTTONS,	MERINOES,
PILLOW COTTONS,	PLUSHES, SILKS,
SHEETING COTTONS,	BROCADES,
SHIRTING COTTONS,	GLOVES, CORSETS,
TABLE LINENS,	HOSIERY, EMBROIDERI'S
TOWELS, TOWELLING,	COLLARS AND CUFFS,

And a well assorted Stock of all kinds of

DRY GOODS,

VERY CHEAP,

At STANLEY BROTHERS,

BROWN'S BLOCK.

March 7, 1888.

REDDIN'S

DRUG STORE.

Always to the Front

With the Freshest and Most Reliable Stock of Goods

IN THE MARKET.

FRESH DYES,	FELLOWS' SYRUP,
PATENT MEDICINES,	BURDOCK BITTERS,
CONDITION POWDERS	MILK FOODS.

Prescriptions Carefully Dispensed.

HAVANA CIGARS WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

OPP. POST OFFICE — CAMERON BLOCK

D. O'M. REDDIN, Jr.

Charlottetown, Oct. 19, 1887.