THE CHURCH AT PUTEOLI.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY REV J. COSTELLO.

I went from Naples to Puteoli;
Huge stones along the road my course impeded—
Relics of Roman pride in days gone by,
Now fallen low, unnoted and unheeded.

I left the pagan temples where they lay—
Fain would I sweep their ruins from existence—
When now a church uprose beside the way,
Its quiet beauty shining in the distance.

A legend graven on the portal there
My gaze held fast; in language quaint it stated
That 'neath St. Raphael's protecting care,
The traveller's friend, the church was consecrated.

Thou who Tobias' son didst lead of old,
Safe to the arms of his expectant father,
Guide thou me home when dangers manifold
Around my wandering footsteps darkly gather.

Within that little wayside shrine I stept,
A coffin 'mid the solemn gloom discerning,
In which the toil-worn frame extended slept.
Of some poor pilgrim into dust returning!

Saint Raphael! him hast surely guided home
To where life's journey ended at death's portal:
Oh! guide us pilgrims, too, who blindly roam
Amid life's ruins, to our home immortal!

THE MUSICIAN MONK;

A CARTHUSIAN LEGEND.

BY GABRIEL BENEDICT.

CHAPTER IV.—[CONTINUED.]

Oh, the anguish of that moment was truly great to the repentant Edmund; yet it was an anguish mixed with peace and consolation. Rising from off the low bed, he threw himself at Father Bruno's feet and sobbed out:

'Father, I have sinned against heaven and against thee, and I am not worthy to be called thy son.'

The angelic face of the white-robed Bruno shone with a radiance as of heaven. Tears of joy coursed down his pale countenance, and placing his arms around his kneeling brother he lifted him from the ground and replaced him on the bed.

'Dear brother in our Lord,' he exclaimed, 'do not grieve so bitterly. Our loving Lord and Master has watched over thee, His strayed sheep. Thou shalt be washed in the blood of that spotless victim by Absolution, and thou shalt die, robed in the white habit of our glorious Father St. Bruno, pure and spotless in soul and body. Stay in peace, while I go and bring thee some one whom thou wouldst be glad to see.'

So saying he left Alexander's side, and returned in a few instants with a monk, who was closely cowled. Once beside the bed Father Bruno's companion threw back the hood, and lo! Alexander sees the face of Father Cyril, whom we have known as the Duke de Bretelles.

'You!' exclaims the prince. 'You, Father Cyril! But how did you escape from—from——?'

Here the painful remembrance of that dreadful night came back vividly to the memory of the agitated noble, and Father Bruno hastened to calm his emotion, saying:

'Yes, dear brother, by the help of God we escaped, but do not think of all that; rather rejoice with us that you have been spared to see that your sin was not so black as it might have been. You feel worse,' he exclaimed, seeing the deathly pallor that was now spreading over Alexander's face. 'Brother, you have just time to make your peace with God, for I feel that you will not live to hear midnight strike. Whom will you that I send to you to hear your confession?'

'You! you! Father,' gasped the fast-sinking Edmund. 'But will not Father Cyril bless me before he goes?'

'Yes, surely will I, dear Brother Edmund,' said the young monk thus addressed, and raising his hand he made the sign of the cross over him. Then smiling at him he drew his cowl once more over his head and noiselessly left the chamber.

Alone now with the dying man, Father Bruno bends over his bed and receives his last confession. The sacred words of absolution have been pronounced over the repentant soul; the holy oils have been applied, and now nought remains to the two occupants of the silent infirmary but to await in prayer the tolling of death's hour.

Father Cyril has told his fellow-monks of the stranger who is dying, and, according to the Carthusian custom, the 'passing bell' is slowly tolling out.

Four hours pass away slowly, and yet quickly. Father Bruno is still sitting by the bedside of the dying Alexander, holding his hands. The monks are all assembled now in the infirmary, saying the Lytany for the dying. Half-past eleven strikes! A quarter to twelve! The hands of the clock on the wall are pointing to three minutes to midnight, when, rising up in the bed, Edmund Alexander Movaska exclaims in a loud voice:

'My Lord and my God, into Thy hands I commend my soul!' Then, sinking back, with his last look fixed lovingly on Father Bruno, the wearied and purified spirit fled to its eternal rest.

One minute after the great bell of midnight tolled out, thus verifying Father Bruno's prediction that Father Edmund would not live to hear it strike. It was Father Bruno who with loving hands robed the still form of his departed brother in religion in the white habit of St. Bruno. With a tender care he placed a rosary round the white-clasped hands, and then, after kissing the marble brow, he drew down the cowl, as is customary with the Carthusians. The simple funeral took place on the following evening, and on the white cross that marked the earthly resting place of the dead monk shone in gold letters—Father Edmund Alexander de Movaska, Carthusian, aged 48. R. I. P.

CHAPTER V.

Father Cyril wrote off to his mother and Agnesa immediately after the death of Prince Alexander. Living as he did the life of a complete recluse (for such were the lives of the Carthusians), he had not remembered that the burning of the abbey of Jumieqe went all over Europe, and that, of course, his mother would mourn for him as dead. The astonishment evinced by Father Edmund at seeing him alive, recalled him to the fact of his supposed death. Accordingly he sent the information of his and Father Bruno's existence to his family in France.

Father Bruno wished to send a few lines to Sister Dominica, but he had grown so weak that he was unable to hold the pen for more than a few moments. His friend Father Cyril, wrote, however, for him, and the letter soon brought the promise back from the gentle nun for many fervent prayers. She was overjoyed to hear of the conversion and edifying death of her uncle, and ended her missive by declaring that Father Bruno would indeed receive a bright crown for all the souls he had saved, contemplative monk as he was. The bright tone of the letter seemed to give Father Bruno new strength for a time, and he was again able to resume his daily music in the church. But well the monks saw that his health was indeed failing, and that he was not long to be left amongst them. Day by day he grew more ethereal, and his playing became more angelic.

One evening he came into the choir with an unusually listless step, and his brethren noticed with sorrow the wan hue of the sweet face. He commenced playing as usual for a short time, when suddenly lifting up his voice in song, he sang a splendid 'Ave Maria.' His brethren had never heard him sing before, and they took the beautiful notes as a token of his approaching death.

After completing the 'Ave Maria,' he burst forth, on the organ, into a hymn of triumph, and as the last note died away, the tall figure swayed and fell back in a dead faint. He was carried out of the choir by his sorrowing brothers in religion, and laid on the very bed which had been the death couch of Father Edmund. He soon recovered and looking at the weeping monks that were grouped around him he said:

'My beloved in God, I am going from amongst you, but not yet. My hour is marked by the finger of my Master, but it is not now that it will strike. I will depart from your midst when you will be all assembled in the choir. Weep not when I go, for oh! how I long to see Him who possesses and always did possess my heart. It was but a small gift, but, small as it seemed, He, my Master, took it with sweet condescension. Ah, my beloved, how blessed a thing it is to consecrate one's entire life to that loving Lord's service! You may suffer in your soul. You may feel discouraged at the thought that perhaps you are doing no good to others because you see not the fruits of your prayers. You may feel a great dereliction clouding your spirit with a sense of worthlessness and despair; but, oh, beloved, in pity do not give way to these temptations, for they are nought else; fight to the end, and the harder the conflict here, the sweeter will the consolations be hereafter. Pray, beloved, and oh, have a great confidence in and devotion for Our Lord in the Most Blessed Sacrament.'

He ceased, exhausted, and the monks, who had remained motionless, listening with bated breath to the flow of divine eloquence that came from his lips, seemed to rouse themselves from a rapture of love towards the God of their hearts, inspired by the burning words of His holy servant.

He, on his side, did not appear to even remember what had passed, but, quietly putting up his cowl, he left the room.

About a month after the preceding occurrence Father Bruno was asked for in the guest hall.

When he entered the great room, that was strangely like the one at the ruined abbey in France, his appearance confirmed the worst fears of the visitors, who were no other than the De Bretelles family. They had come over from France to see Father Cyril, and also to receive Father Bruno's blessing, who, they had heard was dying. His pale and emaciated countenance spoke in silent but feeble words, and amongst the party who had come to see him there was one who felt a sharp pain of mingled sorrow and joy at reading the signs of his early fading, and this was Agnesa. She had received a special permission from the General of the Dominican Order to come over to a branch convent in Spain, which allowed of her seeing Father Bruno for the last time. These two holy souls had conceived a deep spiritual affection one for the other, and it was with a smile of sweet content that Father Bruno turned with out-stretched hand to the gentle Dominican nun. Whilst the rest were talking with Father Cyril, and hearing about his and Father Bruno's miraculous escape from the burning monastery, the latter was talking to Sister Dominica upon heavenly things. At last, after nearly an hour had rolled away, he stood up, and taking up his long Rosary from his side, he placed it in Agnesa's hand, saying:

'Dear Daughter, I would fain give the a memento, which will remind thee to pray for me when I am gone. What!' he continued, seeing her weep, 'are those tears for me? Why shouldst thou grieve at my going home?'

'Nay, Father,' she rejoined, 'think not they are tears of sorrow; they are but those of joy, tinged, mayhap, with a certain regret, but still containing no bitterness. I would that I were worthy of going, too, but it is not to be my happy lot yet.'

'Daughter,' he replied, 'you will not be long here a wanderer; pray for me, however, and I will not cease my petitions for you before my Master.'

Then, turning to the others, he said in a louder tone:

'My beloved, I must leave you now, for the *Angelus* bell will soon be heard, and you know that to-night the king and queen of this country are coming to assist at our Office. Before I leave you I would give you my blessing; it is all a poor monk has to give.'

As he finished the whole party knelt down, and Father Bruno raised his hand in solemn blessing. Alas! though they knew it not, it was the last time they should hear his low and gentle voice.

They left the guest-hall and repaired to the church, which had been magnificently decorated in honor of the expected royal visit. The king and his bride were coming especially to hear the wonderful young musician monk, although he, in his humility, put their visit down to a desire to hear the Carthusians chant the Office, which was a peculiarly impressive ceremony

Punctually, at a few minutes before six o'clock, the royal carriage arrived. The visitors were escorted up the centre aisle to the crimson-velvet seats reserved for them, and after a short time the *Angelus* tolled out.

The monks were already in the choir, and Father Bruno, who had been kneeling at the foot of a large statue of Our Lady of Dolors on the side, rose and took his seat at the organ. It were impossible to describe the beauty of the heavenly sounds that floated through the church; many years have elapsed since then, and the memory of the wondrous playing has become a tradition of Seville. The vast crowd that had already heard Father Bruno play before were electrified by the lovely harmonies that echoed around and above them. They listened spell-bound and awe-struck when the inspired player passed from the glorious and joyful symphony he had been playing to the weird and lovely music of the 'Dies Iræ.' Ah! how the notes thrilled and sighed in sweet melody; and how it dies away and then seems to awaken again, as if loth to depart. But, hark! The organ has sobbed out one last melancholy chord, and then—silence! Ah, behold! the figure at the organ has fallen forward over the keys as if in farewell. The monks hurry from their stalls and raise him up.

Yes, raise him from the instrument he loved so well, and cherish up in your memory the sounds you have heard. You will hear them never again flow out in musical waves under the saintly fingers of Father Bruno, because he is dead!

Reverently and lovingly they bear him out and lay him on the humble pallet in his cell. They watch around all the night, chanting the Office of the Dead, and the following morning at dawn they bring him back to the church, where the remains were laid out before the high altar. The hands are crossed over a Crucifix, and a rosary is twined around them. The lovely face is exposed to view, with the cowl forming an ivory-hued background. As alabaster are the still, chiseled features, and a strangely beautiful smile is lingering on the cold, lifeless mouth. A sweet perfume fills the old church, and all those who touch their rosary against his seem to obtain a breath of the sweet odor that clings to the things thus touched. All day long is the vast church filling and refilling with mourners, come to pay the last tribute of loving homage. The wreaths and crosses of natural flowers simply hide the marble pavement around the catafalque, and the hundreds of tapers burning form an immense illumination that dazzles the eyes of the throngs who are pouring into the sacred edifice.

At last the saintly countenance is hidden from view. Thousands follow the humble son of St. Bruno to the tomb; even royalty comes to pay its tribute of regret and admiration, and it seems as if God wished to honor in death the mortal remains of His loving servant. Sweet music resounded in the air during the whole time of the funeral *cortege*, and even when the earth was pressed down over the grave the angelic choirs continued their heavenly concert.

Father Bruno is dead indeed, but he is not forgotten, and his name is held in loving remembrance by a countless number of souls. A strange sight was witnessed at Jumieqe, on the site of the old abbey, the very day of Father Bruno's death over at Seville.

While the peasants were praying as usual in the evening, they heard sweeter strains of music than had ever before stirred the place where the church had stood; they saw floating in the air a shadowy form attired in the Carthusian habit. After remaining a few minutes the figure seemed to lift its hands in benediction over the spot, and disappeared in the midst of the sweet music, which was never heard again.

Little remains now to tell. Father Cyril only survived his friend, Father Bruno, a few years, and then departed this life in the midst of the prayers of his brethren at Seville.

Agnesa, the sweet Dominicaness, verified the saintly musician's prophecy concerning her short time of probation on this earth. But three days after his funeral she was visiting some poor people in a low part of the Spanish city, and a malignant fever that was then raging seized the fragile girl. A few hours of pain, a short struggle, and all was over.

* * *

If this short and imperfect sketch of a saintly soul has inspired any one with a love for the Order of St. Bruno, of which he was such a bright ornament, the writer will indeed feel that his poor endeavors have not been in vain.

[THE END.]

Hints from a Rapid Reader.

Mr. A. R. Spofford, the Librarian of Congress, is probably the most rapid reader in this country. Some time ago a Washington *Star* reporter sought some information of him. Simultaneously, within a space of five minutes, he conversed with the reporter, 'read' through completely a twelve-page New York paper, dictated a letter to a stenographer, and gave directions to two assistants. He commenced all at the same time, and finished them together.

A remark—a sentence dictated aside—a direction—a sentence dictated—a remark, and so on, apparently without an effort, and all the time his eyes were running over the paper almost as fast as he could turn from page to page.

The reporter asked him afterwards how he did it.

'Oh, it comes natural for me to give my attention to two or three things together that way. I do it by a sort of intuition without thinking of it.'

'But how do you read so rapidly?'

'I acquire the subject-matter,' said Mr. Spofford. 'I pick out the meat—the pith. I pay no attention to the verbiage. I scarcely see the words, and never note the form of sentences. I have learned, by long practice, and having a natural tendency for it, to get the information without the rhetoric. In this way the thought is got at a glance. It is not the words you want. When your time is all too short for your work you can't afford to waste it on words. In reading there is so much that is no use to you—a worthless lot of verbiage. By practice you can avoid all this. Nearly all books or papers are taken up mostly with rhetoric, and have the fact or substance stored away in a very small space, if you only know how to find it. I seldom spend more than half an hour, and never more than an hour and a half, in the reading—or reconnoissance of the largest volume. For instance I take this,' and he took a volume from the shelf. 'No,' looking at the title, 'this is hardly the proper book to illustrate it with. This is Carlyle; he has to be read; every word. He is one of the few authors who cannot be read as I have described. You must read every word, and well it pays you for the time. But it is only such a rugged and extraordinary writer that it is necessary to read that way. All those thousands of books, with smooth, easy-running sentences, they are all alike, and you don't want to waste time on the language: you want to seize on to the soul and devour it in an instant. Like this now,' and he reached another book (not Carlyle), and went down the pages one after another, as an expert accountant would go down a column of figures. 'Nothing there I want, nor there, nor there.' Then occasionally striking something to the point, and getting the thought in an instant.

'Many people,' Mr. Spoffard went on, 'have the time-wasting habit of pronouncing every word in their mind, and noticing every pause and punctuation as they go along, as if reading aloud. All these words and sentences, with the capitalization and punctuation—the commas, the colons, the semicolons, the periods and the paragraphs—are only the signs to be followed but not to be recorded in the mind. The mind must take note of the thought only. Many readers, perhaps most readers, chuck their heads up with commas and colons instead of thoughts.'

'Can you estimate how many books you have read?' asked the reporter.

'Oh, I could not begin to make an estimate. That is, of the books I have read in this way. As to reading, as I would read Carlyle, they are comparatively few. There are hundreds of young ladies in Washington who have *read* more books than I have. Many—very many—read as many as twelve books every week. I do not begin to read the number of books they do. I don't see how they get through them.'

'It is said,' suggested the reporter, 'that you know every book in the library.'

'In a general way. I know where to find every book, its size and general appearance, and its subject matter. I could not tell you the contents of the books, but merely what they are about.

'There are some six hundred thousand volumes, arranged in forty-four subdivisions, which are again subdivided. I have the library arranged according to what I conceived to be the common-sense plan. The books are arranged alphabetically by subjects. The fiction only by authors. You are now in the alcove containing biographies of Englishmen. The alcoves are arranged alphabetically by subjects, and the books within arranged in their alphabetical order. For instance, take Cromwell; all the biographies of Cromwell are together, and next is another 'C,' progressively. Suppose some one wants a certain work on finance. I know it is in that alcove up there. I know what book it is, by association, and just where it is. But that alcove is overflowed and the books are all piled up on the floor and along there in front. Suppose they ask for a book of comparatively recent date. I know it is not on the shelves, because they were filled long before its publication. So it must be in that pile somewhere. I know the size of the book and its appearance; I can recognize it; for it passed through my hands to get into the library. For the past twenty years every book that has come into the library has gone through my hands and I remember it. In a general way I know its size and appearance, and about what is in it. Any of them you mention I will remember it, and what it is like. It is all a working of the mind by association.'

'How about finding quotations?' asked the reporter.

'Well, if a member wants to use a quotation that is not in 'familiar quotations,' and is from a poet who has no concordance—Byron and Burns, for instance, have no concordance—and he wants to know the exact words and where it comes from, he will probably come to me. He will likely remember in a general way what it is—a few of the words—or what its about and the metre. I may be able to tell by its sound who the author is, and I can form an idea anyhow as to the period it belongs to. Then I discard all poems of an earlier or later period, then I discard all authors I know could not have written it, and then I discard again all poems of a different metre and all upon subjects wherein the quotation could not occur. In this way I narrow my field of research, and then I generally have little difficulty in finding what I want.'

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FOR INTERNAL —AND— EXTERNAL USE.

Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Rheumatism, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Colds, Chills, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Diseases. We will send free, postpaid, to all who send their names, an Illustrated Pamphlet containing information of very great value. Everybody should have this book, and those who send for it will never offer blank bills hereafter. All who buy or order direct from us, and request it, shall receive certificates that the money shall be refunded if not satisfactory in results. Retail price, $1.00 a bottle. Address, Express prepaid to any part of the United States or Canada, J. S. JOHNSON & CO., P. O. Box 3110, Boston, Mass.

THE MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY EVER KNOWN.

Flannels, Tweeds & Worsteds

Tweeds and Worsteds—4,000 Yards.

—:o:—

12,000 Yards, Extra Value,

SELLING CHEAP FOR CASH,

AT THE

LONDON HOUSE.

—:o:—

8,000 Yards of Flannel,

SCARLET, GREY, WHITE AND NAVY.

—:o:—

HARRIS & STEWART,

SUCCESSORS TO GEO. DAVIES & CO.

Charlottetown, Sept. 7, 1887.

HOUSEKEEPERS & OTHERS ABOUT TO FURNISH,

Should See Our Magnificent Stock.

We Show the Largest and Most Varied Stock of

CARPETS AND OILCLOTHS

IN THE PROVINCE.

Our facilities for getting all classes of merchandize at the closest prices, enables us to give customers the best value.

An inspection will convince that our prices, quality considered, are below others who are everlastingly advertising reduced prices, and even then cannot get clear of the goods.

MR. PATON is now buying large stocks in England to fill up again for Fall and Winter.

JAMES PATON & CO.

MARKET SQUARE.

Charlottetown, Aug. 10, 1887.

SEEDS, FARM & GARDEN,

ALL KINDS.

Building Material.

ROOM PAPERING,

IN HUNDREDS OF NEW & BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS.

Our Low Prices tell every time. These will be continued and made still lower in some lines DURING THIS MONTH, to clear our shelves, so as to make room for Spring Importations, which will begin to arrive on opening of Navigation.

REUBEN TUPLIN & CO.

London House, Kensington, April 13, 1887.

Mothers Should Read This.

GENTLEMEN,—I again have to ask you to send us some more of your excellent EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL. It has proved such a valuable remedy in all cases of Pulmonary complaints, and for building up the constitution of our little ones, many of whom come to us in a very weak and debilitated state, we have come to think that we cannot do without a supply of PUTTNER'S EMULSION in our home. We have no trouble in getting the children to take it; in fact they often ask, and sometimes cry for it.

MRS. L. E. SNOW,
Matron Infant's Home.

Halifax, N. S., Dec. 23, 1886.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION is sold by all wholesale and retail Druggists throughout the Dominion.

BROWN BROTHERS & CO.,
Proprietors, Halifax, N. S.

Sept. 7, 1887.

Prince Edward Island Railway.

1887. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1887.

On and after Wednesday, June 1st, 1887, Trains will run as follows:—

TRAINS FOR THE WEST.

STATIONS.	Express.	Accom.	Accom.
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Charlottetown, dp	6 00	10 15	3 30
Royalty Junct'n	6 14	10 35	3 40
North Wiltshire	6 41	11 23	4 25
Hunter River	6 58	11 48	4 50
		P. M.	
Bradalbane	7 23	12 13	5 20
C'ty Line Junct'n	7 30	12 21	5 40
Freetown	7 40	12 33	5 55
Kensington	7 52	12 57	6 17
Summerside, ar	8 15	1 30	6 50
Summerside, dp	8 30	2 00	
Miscouche	8 45	2 21	
Wellington	9 05	2 47	
Fort Hill	9 35	3 35	
O'Leary	10 30	4 55	
Bloomfield	10 47	5 20	
Alberton	11 14	6 10	
Tignish, ar	11 55	7 00	

TRAINS FROM THE WEST.

STATIONS.	Express.	Accom.	Accom.
	P. M.	A. M.	
Tignish, dp	1 20	6 00	
Alberton	2 03	7 05	
Bloomfield	2 25	7 44	
O'Leary	2 42	8 10	
Fort Hill	3 26	9 25	
Wellington	4 05	10 15	
Miscouche	4 25	10 44	
Summerside, ar	4 40	11 05	
Summerside, dp	4 55	11 40	A. M.
		P. M.	6 15
Kensington	5 17	12 12	6 40
Freetown	5 30	12 35	7 10
C'ty Line Junct'n	5 40	12 50	7 30
Bradalbane	5 47	12 58	7 39
Hunter River	6 12	1 23	8 14
North Wiltshire	6 22	1 42	8 39
Royalty Junction	6 56	2 26	9 17
Charlottetown, ar	7 10	2 55	9 35
C'ty Line Junc, dp			A. M.
Cape Traverse, ar			9 25
			9 45
C'ty Line Junc, dp			P. M.
Cape Traverse, ar			6 45
			7 15

TRAINS FOR THE EAST.

STATIONS.	Express.	Accom.
	P. M.	A. M.
Charlottetown, dp	5 15	8 20
Royalty Junct'n	5 30	8 50
Bedford	5 38	9 08
		P. M.
Mt. Stewart Junc. ar	5 55	9 25
Mt. Stewart Junc. dp	6 30	2 20
Morell	6 56	3 04
St. Peter's	7 26	3 35
Bear River	7 39	3 50
Souris	8 25	4 35
	P. M.	A. M.
Mt. Stewart Junc. dp	4 35	8 25
Cardigan	5 15	9 05
Georgetown, ar	5 45	10 00

TRAINS FROM THE EAST.

STATIONS.	Express.	Accom.
	A. M.	P. M.
Georgetown, dp	7 17	3 05
Cardigan	7 47	3 40
Mount Stewart Junc. ar	8 10	4 15
	A. M.	P. M.
Souris, dp	6 15	1 50
Bear River	6 49	2 19
St. Peter's	7 30	3 03
Morell	7 42	3 20
	7 50	3 30
Mount Stewart Junc. ar	8 15	4 00
Mt. Stewart Junc. dp	8 40	5 17
Bedford	9 05	5 40
Royalty Junct'n	9 23	5 58
Charlottetown, ar	9 30	6 15

Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

JAMES COLEMAN,
Superintendent.

Railway Office, Charlottetown, May 25, 1887—tf