The Calm that Comes at Evening.

There's a calm that comes at evening,
When the weary day is o'er,
That's as soothing as the lullaby
Our mothers sang of yore.
And though the day be dreary
I can just forget it all,
In the calm that comes at evening,
When the twilight shadows fall.

I can see my sweetheart's signal
From her waving window blinds;
I can feel her perfumed presence
Wafted to me on the winds;
When I hush my heart to hear her,
I can almost understand
Her sweet voice in the wimple
Of the wind wave from her hand.

When she laughs, it's like the music
Of the ripples on the rills,
And her breath is like the fragrance
Of the flowers that deck the hills.
And though the day be dreary
I can just forget it all,
In the calm that comes at evening,
When the twilight shadows fall.
—Cy Warman in New York Sun.

The Melody of Moore.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

The harp of the minstrel has never a tone
As sad as the song of his bosom to-night,
For the magical touch of his fingers alone
Cannot waken the echoes that breathe it aright;
But, oh! as the smile of the moon may impart
A sorrow to one in an alien clime,
Let the light of melody fall on his heart
And cadence his grief into musical rhyme.

The faces have faded, the eyes have grown dim
That once were his passionate love and his pride;
And, alas! all the smiles that once bloomed for him,
Have fallen away as the flowers have died.
The hands that entwined him the laureate's wreath
And crowned him with fame in the long long ago,
Like the laurels are withered and folded beneath
The grass and the stubble, the frost and the snow.
Then sigh, if thou will, as the whispering strings
Strive ever in vain for the utterance clear,
And think of the sorrowful spirit that sings
And jewel the song with the gem of the tear,
For the harp of the minstrel has never a tone
As sad as the song in his bosom to-night,
And the magical touch of his fingers alone
Cannot waken the echoes that breathe it aright.

SALLY CAVANAGH,

—OR—

The Untenanted Graves.

A TALE OF TIPPERARY

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(CONTINUED.)

'I'll bring Captain Dawson round to the garden,' said he, 'and you can easily rejoin Mrs. Hazlitt, whom you see waiting for you without being seen.'

He went out and entered into conversation with Captain Dawson.

Miss Evans clenched her hand, as was her wont when vexed with herself, or any one else.

Now what was this young lady driving at? Did she love Brian Purcell? She would not have answered the question, even to her own heart. If she did love him, she certainly did not loved anybody else. She wished to leave the question an open one. Time enough to decide upon when he should be at her feet again. And now she saw him escape from her at the moment when her victory was certain, had it not been for her own cowardice—meanness she called it, as she clenched her hand.

She looked out at these two men, the only two in whom she felt the slightest interest.

Captain Dawson was tall, broad shouldered and well made, with singularly regular features, and a clear, fresh complexion. But there was neither soul nor intellect in his handsome, sleepy, good-natured eyes. And this woman felt could bow only to mind. She wished it were otherwise; but there was no use wishing. She could not 'sympathize with clay.'

Her eyes turned from the captain, and rested on her old lover. He was far from being so handsome a man as the other. But his forehead was high and broad; his eyes full of expression—they suggested the idea of a fiery, sensitive soul, calmed down by reason and softened by sorrow; and his mouth, though not small like the captain's, was such as a woman might love all day long. So thought Miss Evans as she fixed her penetrating look upon her old love and her new.

Miss Evans had a will of her own. She generally did what she made up her mind to do. It was this decision of character that kept her mother in such constant dread. She now astonished both the gentlemen outside, by walking towards them, and giving her hand to Captain Dawson with a smile. Then turning to Brian Purcell, she said, shaking hands with him too:

'Good morning. And I trust you duly appreciate the honor Mrs. Hazlitt and I have conferred on you.'

'You see, Captain,' she went on, 'I do not stand upon ceremony with old friends. It is not every lady would have the courage to venture into a bachelor's den—even he if happens to be something of a philosopher,' she added, with a playful glance at Brian. 'Come, Mr. Hazlitt, I am waiting for you.' And bowing to the gentlemen with inimitable grace, she gathered up the skirt of her gown, and stepped across the lawn like a goddess. Brian and the captain gazed after, but both shrank from making any allusion to her.

Brian had written to Captain Dawson, asking him to call at Coolbawn, as of course it would not do for him to call at Grindem Hall.

'I was just remarking,' said Brian, resuming the conversation, 'that your earnest desire to avoid meeting me for some time back was a puzzle to me till I found out the cause.'

The captain became as red as a turkey cock.

'But, of course, you are not to blame at all.'

The captain looked surprised.

'If your uncle treats my father rudely or unjustly, how can you help it?'

'Oh, yes,' said Captain Dawson, evidently relieved.

'And now,' Brian continued, 'what I want to know is, could you induce him to deal fairly, or anything like it, with my father? His heart is set on keeping the farm, and he is ready to pay even more than it is worth.'

'Devil a use in talking to him, just now, at all events, for he is in one of his drinking fits. My aunt has sent for Dr. Forbis to-day. I shouldn't wonder if he is in *delirium tremens* already.'

'By the way,' said Brian, 'here is the doctor himself.'

The doctor rode up on his remarkable mare.

'Well, doctor, how is your patient?' the captain asked.

'We'll pull him through,' replied the doctor. 'Particularly as Miss Grindem is gone to work *vi et armis*.' (The old lady had just flung a jar of whiskey out of the window) 'Tim Croak is after being put in charge of him, so I expect to have him all right in a few days.'

'He has been going it devlish hard for the last month,' Captain Dawson observed.

'Come in, doctor,' said Brian.

'No, thank you; I had lunch at the Hall.'

'Well, but a glass of grog will do you no harm. Come in, captain.'

The doctor dismounted, and he and Captain Dawson followed Brian into the house.

Miss Evan's reflections on her way home were to this effect:

'I trust I have recovered the lost ground by that last move. How dumb-founded the captain was. Poor George! 'tis a pity he hasn't brains. *How* malapropos his appearance was. Brian has been in Dublin. Of course he met that foolish little creature. Yet,' added Miss Evans, softening as she recalled Fanny's tearful eyes and shrinking timidity 'yet the poor child loves him.'

Miss Evans took the roundabout way to Moorview House, much to the annoyance of the old coachman. 'But does he love her?' she thought. 'He did not love her that night, at all events.' She was just passing the Finger-post. 'And I am much mistaken if Brian Purcell ever could love such a mere baby. Time will tell.' She said this with a smile of conscious superiority. Your clever ladies are apt to forget that a woman's heart counts for more with a man like Brian Purcell than her head.

And what were his thoughts when he found himself alone? Whatever they were, he thought it best to fly from them. He called Mick Dunphy, and busied himself about the affairs of the farm for an hour or two. Standing on Knockclough, he folded his arms and looked around the domain over which Mr. Oliver Grindem held sway. He saw hundreds of acres along the mountain foot which were a rocky waste till the persevering toil of the poor tenants reclaimed them. The poor people were robbed of the fruits of their labor. And where were they now? God knows.

'No wonder' said Brian Purcell, 'the strength of the old land is wasting away, and her children are wanderers and outcasts all over the world.'

CHAPTER XX.

'Mammy,' said one of Connor Shea's curly-headed urchins—ah! but where are the rosy cheeks now?—'mammy, won't we have anything to eat any more?'

The question was quivering in the mother's heart when Mr. Oliver Grindem's unwieldly figure darkened the door.

'I pledge you my word, Sally,' he began, in his pompous tone, 'I did not promise him not to saze the oats.'

She compressed her lips, and placed one hand over her eyes, but said nothing. She was sitting on a low chair, rocking the cradle.

'That was all a mistake,' continued the landlord; 'and you know I only looked for my own.' She made no reply.

'And now, Sally, he went on, 'I needn't tell you what a regard I always had for you; and to prove it to you, I'm after coming over myself to offer you the lodge. You can send the children to the old lady's school. They'll be well fed and clothed; in fact, ye'll want for nothing.'

The children looked with hungry eyes into their mothers face.

But Sally Cavanagh would not endanger the faith of her children, even to save their lives. Besides, did she not know what his designs were? The calm manner in which his proposal was received made him certain of success.

'Hunger,' thought Mr. Oliver Grindem, 'is a powerful ally.'

Sally Cavanagh stood up. There was a majesty in her figure, and an unearthly light flashed from her dark eyes, as she waved her hand towards the door, and said in a voice of *command*.

'Leave my house! Tyrant, villain, go out of my sight!'

The frightened children pressed round her, and turned their wan-worn faces inquiringly up to hers. It was a grand picture: the noble mother, with hunger gnawing at her own vitals, prepared to see the children of her heart wither before her eyes, rather than expose them to the risk of losing the faith of their fathers, or imperil the priceless jewel, for which, in all her woe, and want, and misery, the daughters of Erin have been famed.

Even Mr. Oliver Grindem was awe-struck.

She waited another day for the long-expected letter from America, but it did not come. The next morning poor Norah fainted while trying to lift her little brother out of his cradle. Then Sally Cavanagh made up her mind for the worst.

* * * * * *

Mrs. Purcell was distributing oatmeal among a group of beggars. On seeing her husband coming from an out office she reddened (the good old soul) as if she was engaged in some unlawful work, and hurried away. Mr. Purcell threaded his way through the squallid crowd, pretending unconsciousness.

At a little distance from the house, and within view of it, might be seen a smaller group,—a mother and five children. She carried the youngest in her arms, while an emaciated fair-haired girl was trying to support the tottering foot-steps of a boy who was evidently faint with hunger.

'If I had wan little bit to ate,' said the boy, 'I'd be able to go on.'

The woman hesitated no longer, but walked through the yard hiding her face in a tattered cloak, and stood by the door.

Brian sat upon the kitchen table, swinging his legs and tossing fragments of a 'quarter' of oaten bread to his greyhounds. On catching a glimpse of the woman's features he started, and dropped a large piece of the bread from his hand, which one of the dogs snatched up, and running outside the door, he began to crunch it at his leisure.

'Moll,' said Brian, in a low voice, to the old dairy maid, 'go speak to that woman at the door, and ask her where she's going.'

'God save you, honest woman,' said the old dairy maid.

'God save you, kindly, mam,' replied the 'poor woman.'

'Did you come far?' inquired the old dairy maid.

'About three miles, mam,' was the rep'y.

'A long walk for thim crathurs,' said the old woman, 'sich a day as this. An' would be any harm to ax you have you much farther to go today?'

The woman shuddered, and a heavy sob told what a struggle was going on within her. As if she had gained the mastery over her feelings, she flung back the cloak from her face, and said; in an almost defiant tone:

'We're going to the poor house.'

'Avoo! nine long miles,' exclaimed the old dairy woman. 'But as for goin' to the poor-house, shure, 'tis what the decentest people in the parish must do sich times as these, glory be to God for all his mercies.'

Anxious as Brian was to hear this conversation, a scene which was enacted during its continuance almost entirely absorbed his attention.

The greyhound was crunching the piece of hard oaten bread outside the door,—the children watching him with wolfish eyes. The eldest boy at last sprang upon the dog, and snatched the bread from him. He broke it into three parts, and hurriedly thrust one into the hand of each of the other children,—keeping none for himself. Then seizing the hound by the throat, the boy pulled a fragment of the bread from between his teeth, and devoured it ravenously!

'Kate,' said Mr. Purcell to his daughter, 'will you try and explain to your mother the meaning of poor-rates? There's no use in thinking she can keep up the old system—we couldn't afford it. She has a congregation of beggars at the door every hour of the day.'

'And do you know, Kate,' said Brian, who had just come into the parlor, 'who is among the beggars at the door now?'

'Who?' said his sister, startled by the tone of his voice.

'Sally Cavanagh!'

Kate dropped on the floor the shirt she was engaged in making.

'Yes,' continued Brian, 'on her way to the poor-house. And never let us know she was so badly off,—I suppose because I helped them a little when her husband was going to America.'

His sister stood up, but paused irresolutely, with her hand on the door-handle.

'I declare, Brian,' said she, 'I have hardly courage to speak to her. She that was always so light-hearted and happy. I often said I envied her'.

'Get them their breakfast, at all events,' said Brian, 'and we'll send a car with them to the poor-house. That's all we're able to do for them,' he added bitterly, as he placed his arms on the table, and dropped his head upon them.

The car with Sally Cavanagh and her children was some distance on its way, before Brian raised his head. When he did so, he saw his greyhounds with their keen eyes fixed upon him, while Gazelle thrust her taper head under his arm. He seized his gun, and rushed out into the orchard,—the hounds yelping and bounding before him. He beckoned to a workman, and desiring him to follow with a spade, strode hurriedly to the farthest corner of the orchard. The dogs yelped their delight, and leaped up to caress him.

'Down, Bran! down, Gazelle!' The hounds crouched at his feet. He was pale as death: even his lips were bloodless.

Bang! bang! He fired both barrels in quick succession, and flung the discharged gun upon the ground. The man with the spade came up, and Brian pointed to the foot of a particular tree without speaking. He then leaped over the fence and disappeared.

His mother and sister, hearing the shots so near the house, came out in some alarm to the orchard. They found the workman staring over the fence, over which Brian had disappeared, in mute amazement.

'My goodness!' exclaimed Kate, looking horrified, 'why has he done that?'

'I don't know in the world, miss,' replied the man. 'Shure it couldn't be account ov the gorsoon takin' the bread from wan ov 'em, for instead ov bitin' him, she stopped as quiet as a lamb.'

Kate and her mother exchanged looks, which showed they understood the matter.

'Poor Brian,' said Mrs. Purcell, wiping her eyes, 'it is so like him.'

'I'm to bury 'em ondher this tree, man,' said the workman.

But though Kate appreciated the sacrifice Brian had made, and knew he was prompted to make it by the reflection that the cost of keeping his dogs might help to keep some poor family from starvation,—still she was shocked to think that it was his own hand stretched the noble animals lifeless and bleeding as she now beheld them.

'I declare, 'mamma,' said she, 'I feel quite nervous. *How* glad I am that Fanny will soon be here. Hes,' she added, after listening for the sound of wheels for a moment, 'here she is.' She and her mother hastened in to welcome Fanny O'Gorman to Ballycorrig.

Little Fanny, while she took the prettiest little cloak and bonnet off the prettiest little figure and head in the world, began to talk.

'Can it be Kate,' said little Fanny, 'that it was Brian I saw running up the hill without his hat, like—like a wild Indian?' added little Fanny, at a loss for a moment for a comparison.

Kate told her what just occurred.

'Did he shoot Gazelle?' exclaimed Fanny, horrified.

Many a secret caress Fanny had lavished upon Gazelle.

We say secret; for whenever she found she was observed, Fanny used to blush in spite of herself. Now wasn't it odd that a young lady should blush to be seen caressing a beautiful greyhound?

But when Fanny reflected upon the motive that induced Brian to sacrifice his favorites, she clasped her hands and looked up wonderingly. Then feeling her cheeks begin to glow, she covered her face with her hands. And then little Fanny began to shed tears. Foolish little Fanny! She first pressed her hands together and turned up her eyes, as she thought: 'Was there ever any one like him!' Then another thought got into her head which made her blush and hide her face. And then she thought he did not care about her—'only as a friend,'—that was all; and so little Fanny began to weep. Dear, kind-hearted little Fanny! how well she loved him, though he did not know it. Loved him all the more tenderly because of an old wound in his heart. Ah! if he knew of these tears—would they not heal the old wound?—and would not a fragrant flower spring up in its place?

CHAPTER XXI.

'The youngest little boy, sir!' exclaimed Sally Cavanagh, as she clasped her treasure to her bosom—as if she could hide it there—and looked imploringly into the face of the poor-house official.

But it was no use: she should comply with the rules.

The children followed the official into a long corridor. Before the door closed behind them, they turned round to take a last look at their mother, and as they did so, their little hearts died within them. Surely something horrible is going to happen to them! For their mother stretches out her hands towards them with a look despair, as if she saw up before her eyes. Poor, terror-stricken children! Miserable, heart-broken mother!

'This way, good woman,' said the matron. And Sally Cavanagh followed her mechanically.

She is stretched upon a pallet in the crowded dormitory. She knows not whether she is asleep or awake she has such horrid, horrid visions. She hears angry voices around her calling upon somebody to keep quiet and let them rest. Then the horrid visions again; and then the voices angrier and louder than before. Then a hand is laid on her forehead, and a voice whispers close to her ear: 'My poor woman, they are getting angry with you for preventing them from sleeping.'

'What!' exclaimed poor Sally Cavanagh, bewildered—'Oh! was it ravin' I was?'

'Yes, you talk of your husband, and children, and the youngest little boy, and I'll sit here near you.'

'But the night is very cold: you'd be perished.'

'Oh, no, I have my quilt on my shoulders.'

'Your quilt? Shure you aren't one of the paupers?'

'I am,' was the reply, in a whisper, but with a strange distinctness.

'Your speech is like a lady's. And your hand—oh, how silky and slender it is; and soft, like an infant's. Are you married?'

'Yes—but—but he's dead!' and the word came with a choking sob.

'The Lord be merciful to his soul.'

'Thank you—thank you, though I cannot join you in your prayer.'

'Why so?'

'I am a Protestant. But I believe I do pray for him,—in my heart.'

'Must you stay long in the poor-house?'

'No—I hope not.'

'You have friends to go to?'

'Yes; I have friends to go to.' And now there was something like gladness in her voice.

'Maybe they're not in this country though?'

'No; they're in Heaven.'

A faint moonbeam at that moment enabled Sally Cavanagh to see the face of her companion. It was wan, and worn, and beautiful. The eyes were turned upwards, and seemed to look into the Heaven of which she spoke. Sally thought it was like the face of a saint. Sitting up in her bed, she wound her arms round the slight waist, and drawing the fragile form close to her, rested the pale head on her bosom. And Sally Cavanagh, forgetting her own great misery, wept for the woes of a sister in misfortune.

CHAPTER XXII.

There was a letter from America for Sally Cavanagh, directed to Brian Purcell's care. He went to the workhouse himself with it,—but poor Sally was delirious, raving of her husband, and her children, and the youngest little boy. How a mother's heart will yearn for her youngest little boy!

Sally Cavanagh had brain fever. Brian tried to learn something of her children, but failed. There was such a mass of misery, he could not find out these particular atoms. He saw great piles of little rough coffins, though; and Brian shook his head sadly. He opened the letter and read it. It told of hardship, and sickness, and disappointment. But Connor Shea had employment at last 'cut ventwood,' and was earning many shilling. And with God's help he'd be able to keep his word, and send for them 'before the cats was out.' In the meantime, he'd send a few pounds as soon as he'd hear from her. And poor, honest, unsuspecting Connor Shea concluded with kind remembrance to the neighbors—'not forgetting Mr. Brian'—and he (Connor) often thought of the night at the old Finger-post. (Brian sometimes thought of that night too). In a post'script, Connor said that Neddy was going on first-rate with his friend the school-master, and that he sent his love to all.

'Where am I? Sally Cavanagh asked faintly.

'You must not talk—'tis the doctor's orders,' replied the nurse.

Another day and night were on. Then she knew it was the doctor who was feeling her pulse. She struggled a long time to speak, but was not able to utter a word. But when she saw the doctor turning away, despair appeared to give her strength, and with an effort she cried—'The—children!'

'You must keep very quiet,' said the doctor kindly; 'you are after getting over a bad fever; and the children are quite well.'

Another, and another, and another day. And now she could understand her position clearly. They assured her that when she was strong enough she should see her children—the youngest little boy and all. 'Oh, that was all she wanted,—just to see them from the window for one minute, and sure she'd be strong enough for that to-morrow, at any rate.'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"A Word To the Wives Is Sufficient."

For Rendering Pastry Short or Friable.

COTTOLENE

Is Better than Lard Because It has none of its disagreeable and indigestible features.

* * *

Endorsed by leading food and cooking experts.

* * *

Ask your Grocer for it.

Made only by N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., Wellington and Ann Streets, MONTREAL.

All kinds of Job work executed with neatness and despatch, at the Herald Office.

Dr. T. C. Robins,

SURGEON DENTIST.

OFFICE—Prince Street, Opposite St. Paul's Church Charlottetown, P. E. Island. mar 1st 93.

ÆNEAS A. MACDONALD,

BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Agent for Credit Foncier Franco-Canadian.

Office, Queen Street Opposite Near Bank of Nova Scotia, Charlottetown

N 6, 1892—1y

Baking Powder.

INLAND REV. DEPARTMENT, Ottawa.

Bulletin No. 10. Class No. 1. Cream of Tartar Powder.

WOODILL'S GERMAN Woodill's German Baking Powder

PURE, WHOLESOME, WELL PROPORTIONED.

GEORGE LAWSON, Ph. D., LL.D., M. I. S. C. B. & Ireland

Ripans Tabules.

Ripans Tabules are compounded from a prescription widely used by the best medical authorities and are presented in a form that is becoming the fashion everywhere.

Ripans Tabules act gently but promptly upon the liver, stomach and intestines; cure dyspepsia, habitual constipation, offensive breath and headache. One tabule taken at the first symptom of indigestion, biliousness, dizziness, distress after eating, or depression of spirits, will surely and quickly remove the whole difficulty.

Ripans Tabules may be obtained of nearest druggist.

Ripans Tabules are easy to take, quick to act, and save many a doctor's bill.

TELEPHONE COMPANY OF P. E. ISLAND

TOLL LINE STATIONS.

WESTERN STATIONS.

Charlottetown, Hunter River, New Glasgow, Laird's Mills, Bentonville, North Bunton, Emerald, Tryon Mills, Crapaud, Victoria, Freetown, Kensington, Clifton, Summerside, Centreville, St. Eleanors.

EASTERN STATIONS.

Mount Stewart, Bell's Station, Cardigan, Dundas, Grand River Bridge, Annandale, Souris, Georgetown, Lower Montague, Montague, Murray River, Murray Harbor North, Murray Harbor South, New Perth, Fifth Valleyfield, Orwell, Vernon River Bridge, Brush Wharf, Eden,

ROB ANGUS, Manager,

A. —1y

THE BEST OF

Boys Clothing

is the cheapest in the end.

Boys' Suits from 4 to 14 years $2.00 TO $6.50.

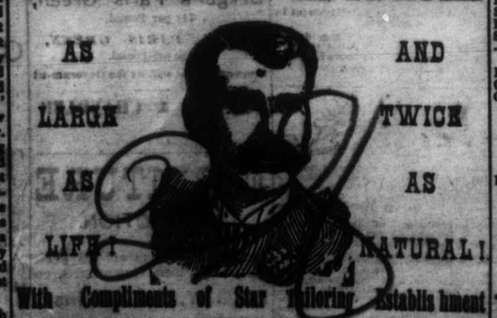
YOUTHS' SUITS from 10 to 14 years $3.50 TO $7.50.

ODD COATS, PANTS & VESTS

HARRIS & STEWART

LONDON HOUSE.

HERE WE ARE



With Compliments of Star Tailoring Establishment

IT is fitting to acknowledge through the Press our appreciation of the patronage of our friends in this city and throughout the Island for the last six years; and as we propose to live as long as we can, we are hopeful of hope that the future will develop greater things for the customers than the past ever dreamed of.

Our objective point is PERFECTION; and until our art will don that title, you will find us selling Suits, cheaper Suits, better-made Suits, than any house in the trade. Our claim is no idle dream, but patent facts.

JOHN T. McKENZIE,

Star Tailoring Establishment, London House.

GENUINE

HASZARD'S IMPROVED TURNIP SEED.

WE have just received a large quantity of this Seed, which we guarantee to be the *Real Genuine Hazard's Improved*, grown in England by the same man that Mr. H. T. Lepage formerly got his Seed from.

We sold a large quantity of this Seed last season, and it proved true to its name, producing fine crops of large, sound, good-keeping Turnips.

If you want a first-class crop of Turnips buy *the real Genuine Hazzard.s Improved Seed*, at

BEER & GOFF,

April 8—1yr QUEEN & KING SQUARE STORE

HOUSE CLEANING.

KALSOMINES, all colors,
READY MIXED PAINTS, all colors,
Whitings, Red & Yellow Ochre,
TINTINGS Pink, Yellow, Green and blue,
Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Japans, Stains, Turpentine.
A full line of BRUSHES.

Fennell & Chandler.

Clothing for Men

Clothing for Boys

J. B. MACDONALD & Co., Will sell you Clothing cheaper than you can buy elsewhere in Charlottetown. Be sure and call and see them.

J. B. MacDONALD & CO.

Prince Edward Island Railway.

1893 SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1893

On and after Wednesday, May 24th, 1893, Trains will run as follows:—

TRAINS FOR THE WEST.

STATIONS.	Expr'ss	Accom	Ac'm
	A M	P M	
Char'ottetown ....dp	6 00	2 40	
Royalty Junction....	6 14	3 01	
North Wiltshire....	6 48	3 50	
Hunter River....	6 58	4 05	
Bradalbane	7 22	4 40	
Emerald Junction....	7 30	4 55	
Freetown....	7 40	5 05	
Kensington	7 53	5 28	
Summerside ....ar	8 15	6 00	
Summerside ....dp	8 30		P M 1 40
Miscouche	8 45		1 02
Wellington	9 05		2 [illegible]
Port Hill....	9 25		2 17
O'Leary....	10 30		4 [illegible]
Bloomfield	10 47		[illegible]
Alberton....	11 14		[illegible]
Tignish....	11 55		[illegible]
			P M
Emerald Junction..dp			5 15
Cape Traverse....ar			6 05

TRAINS FROM THE WEST

STATIONS.	Expr'ss	Accom	Accom
	P. M.	A. M.	
Tignish.....dp	12 25	6 00	
Alberton.....	1 08	7 05	
Bloomfield	1 30	7 44	
O'Leary.....	1 46	8 09	
Port Hill.....	2 37	9 25	
Wellington.....	3 07	10 17	
Miscouche	3 25	10 44	
Summerside ....ar	3 40	11 05	
Summerside ....dp	4 05		A. M. 6 15
Kensington.....	4 29		6 48
Freetown.....	4 45		7 10
Emerald Junction...	4 55		7 20
Bradalbane.....	5 01		7 29
Hunter River.....	5 24		8 15
North Wiltshire....	5 34		8 30
Royalty Junction....	6 06		9 19
Charlottetown....ar	6 20		9 40
			A. M.
Cape Traverse....dp			6 25
Emerald Junc....ar			7 15

TRAINS FOR THE EAST.

STATIONS	Expr'ss	Accom
	P M.	A. M.
Charlottetown.....dp	3 00	8 30
Royalty Junction.....	3 15	8 [illegible]
Bedford.....	3 40	9 [illegible]
Mount Stewart Junc. ....ar	4 00	8 05
Mount Stewart Junc. ....dp	4 10	8 20
Morell.....	4 36	9 00
St. Peter's.....	5 00	9 20
Bear River.....	5 33	10 14
Souris.....ar	6 05	10 50
	P. M.	A. M.
Mount Stewart Junc.....dp	4 10	8 20
Cardigan.....	5 05	9 20
Georgetown.....ar	5 20	10 00

TRAINS FROM THE EAST.

STATIONS.	Expr'ss	Accom
	A. M.	P. M.
Souris.....dp	6 15	1 15
Bear River.....	6 46	1 55
St. Peter's.....	7 20	2 45
Morell.....	7 46	3 15
Mount Stewart Junc. ....ar	8 10	3 55
Mount Stewart Junc. ....dp	8 15	4 05
Bedford.....	8 40	4 40
Royalty Junction.....	9 05	5 15
Charlottetown.....ar	9 20	5 35
	A. M.	P. M.
Georgetown.....dp	7 00	2 15
Cardigan.....	7 17	2 37
Mount Stewart Junc....ar	8 10	3 45

Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. All trains run daily, Sundays excepted

J. UNSWORTH.

Railway Office, Ch'town, May 22, 1893.—tf Superintendent

GOFF BROS.

MAKE OF

BOOTS AND SHOES

every time for solid wear. Call and get hand-sewed.

GOFF BROS.

Manufacturers of Boots & Shoes.