TO THE BOOK OF LEINSTER.

By T. O'Neill Russell.

[The Book of Leinster was compiled in the Abbey of Kildare, Ireland, in the latter part of the eleventh or beginning of the twelfth century. It is probably the largest manuscript volume of such an early date in existence, and one of the most beautifully written and illuminated. It is written throughout in Gaelic.]

Thou glorious records of the days gone by,
Thou silent proof of culture and of life,
Thou marred, moth-eaten relic of the past,
Thou mighty tome of annals and of song,
All hail! No towering temple's fane,
No architectural ruin, hoar with age,
No crumbling pile of marble or of stone,
Wrought in the subtlest symmetry of art
Could prove a nation's culture as canst thou!
The men who raised the Pyramids of Nile,
And hewed out Carnac's mighty temple-tombs,
Were the base thralls of some despotic lord,—
As mute and soulless as the stones they quarried;
But those who traced thy gorgeous capitals,
And tinted them with all the rainbows hues.
Bowed down before no despot; unto them
A book was dearest of all earthly things,
For it contained the history of their sires,—
Told of their deeds, their legends and their graves,
Add all the fortunes of the land they loved.
Thou wast the last great effort of free hands
In a free nation's literatures, for soon
The stranger came and spoke an alien tongue
That brought slow poison to the nation's life.
Thy language lived, but 'twas a life in death;
For every year the stranger's idiom spread;
And soon men wondered o'er thy time-torn leaves,—
They wondered at thy beauty, but knew not
Their own sires' language that was writ in thee!
And so the poison worked and worketh still;
And so a nation vanishes from sight
When the main anchor of her nationhood
Is cast away by suicidal hands.

O ye who try to save a ruined land,
And lift her up from darkness into light,—
To place a diadem on the pallid brow.—
To make rich life-blood circle in the veins,—
To bring back beauty to the thin, worn cheek
O her, your mother, why look coldly on
When the pale face grows paler every day,
And shows the end is near;—that all may soon
Be liteless clay and dust without a soul'

There is a land far off in eastern seas
That knew no freedom for thousand years;
The Roman, Goth, the Vandal and the Turk
Trampled upon her through long centuries,
They revelled in her ruin, and they razed
Her noblest temples,—levelled to the dust
Her monuments of glory, and made Greece
A wilderness of ruins; but her sons
Still clung like heroes to their mother-tongue,
And never lisped the language of their foe,
Vanquished a thousand times and sold as slaves,
Greek was their tongue with chains around their limbs!
And Greece to-day is free and full of hope,—
Free as when Xerxes fled before her sword,
Free as "the Spartan borne upon his shield,"
Free as the eagles soaring in her sky!

If Ireland's liberty be regarded,
'Tis soul and sentiment must make her free.
The men who look not backward to her past
Can never shape her future. All the gold
Of all the earth can't bring her back to life;
No nationhood was ever gained by gold.
Those who despise her old, her heroes' tongue,—
The language of her warriors and her saints,
The one in which they wrote and prayed and sang,
Can never bring her back her liberty.
New men must take the helm; new thoughts
Must guide them; then, like glorious Greece,
After the long night of her weary woe,
May Ireland rise and be again a nation!

—*Boston Pilot.*

SIMON VERDE.

CHAPTER I.

Every one who has been on the Guadalquivir must have observed the little towns that are passed on the way to the noble city of Seville, to the right in descending, to the left in ascending the river. La Puebla, that comes first in going up from the sea, is large, compact, destitute of trees, and more devoted to agricultural than to the river and shipping interests. The inhabitants do not take off their *calanes* (hats) either to the grandees, princes or kings who often pass by them. The second town, named Coria, more ambitious than its neighbor, adorns its banks with gardens, and is proud of the Betis, giving its name to one of the steamers plying upon that river Coria boasts a manufacture of liquorice, which grows and is prepared here; and is a cheerful place, famous for bull fights. Gelves, the third of these little towns, rises modestly and gracefully from the river to the summit of a hill, upon which stand, side by side, forming one edifice, the Church and the Palace of the Counts of Gelves, belonging to the House of Viba. This, the prettiest of the four miniature cities, is built with the symmetry and picturesqueness of a toy village. The last, San Juan de Alfarache, certainly owes the preference it enjoys to its good houses and vicinity to the capital; for in beauty and position the modest rural Gelves has the advantage Between the latter town and the river a green common extends, and between this common and the platform in front of the church and palace, is a wooded slope of trees and flowers, the houses being scattered on both sides of this shrubbery, especially to the left. This house owes its pious name of palace morally to the grand arms ostentatiously displayed upon it; actually to the simplicity of the cottages surrounding it. The common by the river side is divided by a path connecting La Puebla and Coria with the capital, which, after crossing Gelves, winds up to a solitary rustic little inn, with melons and oranges clustering near its thatched roof.

When our story begins, it was the peaceful hour of twilight. The sun had set behind the mountain, and the olive trees were tinged with the reflected glory of the King of light. A refreshing breeze, wafted from the river, pervaded the reeds and willow branches, confiding to these gentle friends the secrets which it did not wish to be lost in the cruel vastness of the ocean. The moon shone brilliantly upon it as she gradually succeeded the sun, and a boat with white sails glided along the river so swiftly and silently that it might have seemed a shadow but for the clear, joyous singing heard from it as it passed.

The laborer, gladly returning home to his rest, heard from afar the bark of the field dog, softened by distance, and made more welcome as a sign of faithful vigilance by the approaching darkness. All timid creatures gained courage: the stars shone forth from their appointed position; thousands of insects, unseen by the enemies that beset them by day, ventured forth; the grasshoppers buzzed and hummed merrily; the glow worms lit their lamps; and the frogs vied in persevering noise and boldness with the indefatigable cricket. The nightingale gave forth from the branches some gentle notes, to tune his melodious throat to the divine nocturnes with which he celebrates the month of flowers; and the orange blossom exhaled from its small hard calyx the delicious fragrance that, added to the softness of the air and the delicate moonlight, made this simple rustic scene an ideal Eden. Above all this terrestrial concert, from the high church tower sweetly and solemnly pealed forth the vesper bell; and the countryman, who holds his faith pure as the air he breathes, uncovered his head in prayer.

By the path above mentioned a man was coming from Seville riding an ass at an easy pace, saying to it from time to time—

'Get on, Papalina! You seem to be treading on eggs. Aguedila will scold you if you are late.'

This man was about forty, and was quite Andalusian in style; his features were regular and handsome, his expression a happy mixture of simple-heartedness and cheerful fun; his laugh merry, frank and kind. He had been a widower for many years, and lived with his mother and only daughter. Thus placed by fate between old age and youth, he gave a hand to each, and devoted to both with complete self-denial his life and every affection of his heart. He was born at a very pretty farm close to the town, of which he was manager, and was called Simon Verde after it, according to custom in country places. He gained his living by taking every day to Seville a load of the farm produce, which he sold in the streets, and at the same time acted as carrier, fetching and bringing loads. His occupation, added to his amiable character and sociability, had made him much known and beloved, and no one in the town or neighborhood met him without a kind greeting.

'Hola, Simon Verde! Have you been to Gibraleon for the oranges out of your own garden you sold to-day? Such was the question of the Alcalde, who was sitting with the mason at the door of the humble inn, when Simon passed there on his ass.

'Yes, Senor, what was I to do? If I cried oranges of Gelves nobody would have bought them, and I will give your honor a proof of it. Last year I bought a load of acorns, and to say the truth, Senor Alcalde, they were worth nothing!'

'You were probably deceived in them?'

'No, Senor, only I took them to please a Serrano, who wished to return to Sierra.'

'Just like you, Simon Verde. Just like you!' said the mason.

'I can't help it. I can't bear to see people in trouble or sorrow, it quite upsets me. But to return to my story. As I went along I cried them, but did not sell one the whole blessed day. The evening was near, and I did not know what to do with them, when it occurred to me to cry, 'Acorns from Cadiz!'

The Alcalde burst into a loud laugh, exclaiming: Don't you know, man, that Cadiz is nothing but stones built upon rocks?'

'Of course I know that there are neither trees nor flowers there. But I said it all the same, and it attracted so much attention that the acorns were soon off my hands.'

'And is your wheat good, Simon!' asked the mason.

'How can it be otherwise than good? I never fail to sow it in proper time, and autumn wheat always comes up well. Autumn is the legitimate sowing time.'

'You will be all right, Simon. This year will be one of Pharaoh's fat kine, and not of famine,' said the mason.

'Simon, I will buy your harvest in the ear for two thousand reals,' said the Alcalde.

'Senor, it costs me more,' replied Simon Verde. After some debate, when the mason took the Alcalde's part, the crop was sold for three thousand reals, a ruinous bargain for Simon.

'Well, you have sold your crop, and you will be lucky if you make anything out of it,' said the inn-keeper, a young, good-natured giant, whom his mother still called 'my child,' an epithet generally bestowed upon him satirically.

'I don't know it is, but my money is like the sacristan's, it sings as it comes, and sighs as it goes,' said Simon Verde.

'It's your own fault, Simon Verde,' said the Alcalde. 'You make enough to be very comfortable. But your kind heart is your ruin; you can never see a tear, and can never say no.'

'Senor, if we didn't help each other in this world, what would become of us?'

'Everyone would protect himself as he ought, Simon. Didn't you lend Nicholas the carter enough to buy an ox? Has he repaid you?

'The ox died. Could the poor man pay for a dead thing?'

'You gave money to Matias to mend Has he paid you?'

'I gave it to him on credit, Senor.'

'How much did you gain by that and the dead ox?'

'Senor, your honor is always looking on the dark side. I can live without this money; thank God, we have never wanted for our daily bread.'

'But you have a daughter, man.'

'I love her more than my life, and she deserves it. She is as bright as sun, as sweet as honey and as wise as an old woman. But I need not become a miser for her sake, as some do for their children. I know several who always talk of their children, if they are asked for a *cuarto*, and who would leave their children penniless if they could take their goods with them into the grave. Your honor was going to seize Juan Martin for the taxes, and I met him in such trouble that I gave him all I had for my load of oranges. I may never see the thirty reals again but my broth tasted better to me than a chicken the night I helped the poor man.'

'Go on spending, Simon Verde—you are wonderful! What property you must have!' said the Alcalde, ironically. He felt the allusion made to himself by the good man.

'I Senor! No, indeed. But I owe nothing to your honor or anybody,' replied Simon innocently. 'You will always have what you want,' said the mason.

'I hope so. Those who have few wishes are happier than those who have riches. Senores, God be with you—I am wanted at home.'

So saying, Simon Verde remounted his donkey and crossed the meadow, singing in a sonorous voice.

CHAPTER II.

From the plain in front of the palace there is rather an abrupt descent, and at the foot of this ridge there stood the house and garden of Simon Verde. Although comfortable, it was small, and had no *patio*, but as a *patio* (courtyard) is almost indispensable to the Andalusians, they used as such a paved space leveled in front of the house, and which was protected by a fence rendered necessary by the uneveness of the ground. To this fence small poles were fixed that supported a large arbor, the pride of humble dwellings, with fresh branching plants overhead, so well trained that violence only could uproot them, offering grateful shade from the burning rays of the sun, cooling the hot air, and giving timely warning of, and shelter from, a passing shower. This kind friend fulfils its office without exacting any return, and in autumn, as a parting gift, showers upon the children, who during the summer have cheered it with song and play, enormous clusters of sweet fruit, and then shedding its now useless leaves, takes its well deserved winter rest. On the other side of the fence there were quantities of flowers that leaned against the arbor for shade or contrast of color. In the orchard was a great assemblage of trees, among which orange trees ranked first, but the olive tree was the least represented, and the laurel found no place in this peaceful garden, the produce of which was rather abundant than refined and delicate. There were elephantine cabbages, giraffe-like beets, boa-constrictor radishes, and dromedarian beans.

On the morning of the day when we made Simon Verde's acquaintance, a number of girls were assembled in the arbor before Simon's house. They were all talking; the flowers were all in bloom, and the birds which had their abode among the branches were singing. As the flowers formed almost a circle, with the girl's grouped in the centre, the effect might be compared to that of a Flemish picture or French engraving, in which groups of nymphs or maidens are depicted within a garland of flowers. At the door of the house sat an old woman, of grave, gentle aspect, neatly dressed. This old woman, amidst so many girls, birds and flowers, was closely attached to them, and they gratefully so to her. She was the grandmother of the girls, the mother of the flowers she had planted, and the Providence of the birds she fed. She still preserved her faculties, although her hearing and sight were both defective, so that when she looked into the arbor she confounded the girls with the joyous warbling of the birds and the childish talk of grand-children.

'The poor froge!' said another. 'How they croak at night! Mrs. Frog said to Mr. Frog, 'Ranoque (froggy), is Picuaque come?' Ranoque replied, 'Picuaque is not come.' Then said Mrs Frog, 'Let us sing the 'Reniquiquaque!'

'Let us sing the 'Reniquiquaque!' shouted all the girls.

'Children, you deafen me,' said the grandmother, although I don't hear well. Agueda, you are the eldest; try to amuse yourselves more quietly. Play at some game, or guess riddles, or tell stories.'

Agueda, who was obedient, told the little army under her to be quiet. Although this girl was not the beauty she seemed to her father, she was very pleasing, as most young girls are. She was a brunette of very clear complexion with a short face, sharp, prominent chin, and very low forehead, which made her wear her hair very much turned back from her temples. She had the most becoming smile, which showed her beautiful teeth and formed two dimples in her cheeks. She was tall, graceful and winning, rather than fascinating or attractive.

Agueda proposed the following riddle to her companions: 'A crooked old woman, with a creeping son, some very pretty daughters, and a self-asserting grandson?' None of them guessed it so Agueda continued: 'It is the vine, of course, with her tendrils and grapes; and the wine that gets into her head is her grandson.'

'Do you hear the cuckoo?' cried one of the girls.

The grandmother, who heard the shrill voice, answered: 'The cuckoo is the most disreputable of birds. It goes to the nests of other birds and eats their eggs, leaving its own in their place. As soon as the cuckoos are hatched the greedy birds eat their foster mother out of their nests.'

'Father says,' remarked Agueda, 'that there is another very clever, cunning bird, the bittern. Foxes are very fond of eating them, and one day the bittern said to the fox that he would find it tasted much better, if before eating it he would say, 'I ate a bittern.' The fox did so when he caught the bittern shortly afterwards, so when he opened his mouth to say, 'I ate a bittern,' it flew away, saying, 'not me!'

'Look,' said one of the girls, 'here is a white butterfly on this rose to bear our messages to Mary, and a fly to carry them to the devil.'

They all watched the fly, saying, Fly, tell the devil to stay with the Moors in Africa; tell him to find me in St. Michael's Church; tell him I wear a cross round my neck to keep him away.'

'Butterfly,' said Agueda, 'say to Our Lady, as we say in the Litany, 'Ora pro nobis.'

As if the butterfly had understood this simple prayer, he rose on his white wings and was lost, like a sweet scent or a soft sound, in the air. The girls all had supper, and went away as the moon was shining.

'Heaven be praised!' said Simon, dismounting from the easy-going Papalina, who went at her accustomed pace to her stable when Simon had unsaddled her.

'Your blessing, mother,' added he, approaching the old woman.

'God bless you, my son. Have you sold the oranges?'

'All, and could have sold more If I had had them. But I don't bring back a cuarto, mother.'

'Why? What have you done with the money?'

'I lent it to the guard of the land adjoining mine. I met him on the road in great tribulation, because this Judas of an Alcalde was going to sell him up for the taxes. How could the poor creature pay taxes when he has not bread to eat?'

'But, don't you know that we owe money to the baker?'

'ever mind that, mother. He knows he is sure of his money'

'Juan Martin, the guard, is full of treacheries, and you will never see that money again.'

'I know that, mother, but what could I do? He will guard my crops well for me if he is under an obligation to me. A real that saves a hundred is a good real.'

'I have no patience with that hard-hearted Alcalde,' said the old woman. 'Juan Martin is the cousin of his dead wife.'

'The Alcalde,' replied Simon, 'has become dreadfully avaricious. I heard him with my own ears say the other day of his son Julian, 'This boy has no love for money, and what can be worse?'

'The richer he becomes the harder and more avaricious he gets,' said the old woman; 'this vice hardens the heart more than any. My father had a story that a man of large property married his four daughters, giving to each of them a considerable sum of money. In a year's time he went to see them 'How are you?' he asked the eldest. 'Father,' said she, 'since my husband had the money he has taken to gambling, neglects me, and gambles it all away.' Don't worry yourself; when the money is gone he will have to work and leave off playing, and you will be happy,' said her father. He then went to the second of his daughters, who replied with tears to his enquiry, that her husband was very inconstant, and wasted his money upon other women. 'Never mind said,' her father, 'when he has spent the money he will have to work and end his wanderings, and you will be happy.' The third complained that her husband drank too much, and passed his time in taverns. 'Don't trouble yourself about it,' said the father. 'the money will come to an end, and then he will have to work instead of drinking wine in taverns, and you will be happy.' The fourth replied to her father's enquiry by complaining bitterly of her husband's avarice, that he did not give her a cuarto, and starved her. 'My poor child, my darling girl,' said her father, embracing her, 'I see no end to your misfortune!' This proves,' continued the old woman, 'that avarice is the vice of the heart. So you did well, my son, to help that poor man. What you lose here you will find elsewhere, and it is better to lay up treasure for eternity than for these few days of temporal life.'

'This Alcalde is not worthy of his son,' said Simon; 'Julian is one of the best and most sensible young men of the town.'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A COOK BOOK FREE

By mail to any lady sending us her post office address. Wells, Richardson & Co., Montreal.

Handbills printed at the shortest notice, at the Herald Office.

A

Pure dry Soap in fine Powder.

WONDER-

ful cleansing properties.

Price 5c.

To Our Subscribers

The SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT which appeared in our columns some time since, announcing a special arrangement with Dr. B. J. KENDALL Co., of Enosburgh Falls, Vt., publishers of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases," whereby our subscribers were enabled to obtain a copy of that valuable work FREE by mailing their address (and enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing same) is renewed for a limited period. We trust all will avail themselves of the opportunity of obtaining this valuable work. To every lover of the Horse it is indispensable, as it treats in a simple manner all the diseases which afflict this noble animal. Its phenomenal sale throughout the United States and Canada, make it standard authority. *Mention this paper when you send for "Treatise."*

November 6, 1 89.—12i

THE CHARLOTTETOWN HERALD is acknowledged to be the Best Paper published in the Province.

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.

The Merchants' Protective

—AND—

COLLECTING ASSOCIATION.

HEAD OFFICE, - HAMILTON.

Having for its objects: To collect from all that can be collected from, and stop the credit of all that cannot or will not pay.

Accounts collected in Canada or United States. Membership fee $10, upon receipt of which Delinquent Book, full supply of Notices, with complete instructions for using, will be sent.

MILLS & DYER, Managers.

Warning to Debtors.

All persons that have received Notices from Members, Agent or Head Office, to pay, had better do so at once, if they wish to save costs and exposure.

MILLS & DYER, Managers.

July 17, 1889—1y

50 CENTS **$25.00 Watch for $4.95**

This watch has fine expansion balance, quick train (18,000 beats per hour), accurately regulated and adjusted, full upper plate dust proof, full jewelled Waltham style movement, warranted a accurate time keeper. The one is a genuine Coin Silver Hunter Silver case, warranted by the maker to last a lifetime. In order to get you Agents in each locality I introduce our watches at jewelry w makes the offer, good 60 days. Cut this advertisement out and send to us with 50 cts. in postage stamps, as a guarantee of good faith and we will send you the watch by express C.O.D. subject to examination. You can examine at the watch and if found perfectly satisfactory and exactly represented you can pay the express agent the balance, $4.45 and take the watch—otherwise you do not pay one cent. If you send the money by mail, cash is full price no money order FREIGHT.—Order immediately, sending $4.95 in full with order and if voters is the first order from that town we will give you the exclusive agency of your county and send you Free in addition to the watch a valuable sample outfit of jewelry consisting of rings, chains, pins, charms, etc., etc. CANADIAN WATCH DISTRIBUTING CO., 55 & 57 Adelaide St. E., Toronto, Ont.

Freehold Farm for Sale.

FOR sale at a bargain, the Freehold Farm of 50 acres of land with the Farm Buildings formerly owned by Vincent McCormack, of St. Margaret's, Lot 43, fronting on the Gulf Shore, and conveniently situated.

A good title will be given the purchaser.

For further particulars apply to

SULLIVAN & MACNEILL,

Feb. 13, 1889—tf Charlottetown.

Freehold Farm for Sale.

FOR SALE, at a Bargain, the Freehold Farm of 113½ acres of Land, situate at Hope River, Lot 23, with Farm Buildings, formerly owned by Patrick Mahoney. The whole of the above Farm will be sold, or a portion of it, to suit purchasers. Possession given immediately. Terms easy.

For further particulars apply to

SULLIVAN & MACNEILL.

Charlottetown, June 5, 1889—tf

SHE

(The Sensible Housewife)

Sent the Largest Number of Wrappers of

WOODILL'S

German Baking Powder,

AND WRITES:

WESTVILLE, Pictou Co., Sept. 5, 1889.

I have received through Mr. Balfour, Postmaster, the prize ($5) offered for the largest number of Wrappers of Woodill's German Baking Powder, and thank you. was not influenced by offer to use any extra quantity. Have used it for years, and can recommend it as a first-class Baking Powder.

(signed) E. HALE.

$10, $5, $3, offered until Dec. 31 to the three families in P. E. Island sending Wrappers representing the most value. Address,

W. M. D. PEARMAN,

Halifax, N. S.

No names published without permission. Oct. 16, 1889.

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

Liebig Company's EXTRACT OF MEAT.

Finest and Cheapest Meat Flavoring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes and Sauces. As Beef Tea, "an invaluable tonic." Annual Sale, 800,000 jars.

J. v. Liebig

Genuine only with fac-simile of Justus von Liebig's signature in blue across label.

Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers and Druggists.

LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT CO., Limited, London.

February 13, 1889—yly

FURNITURE.

THE CHEAPEST YET.

Call and Inspect, and get Bargains at Auction Prices for Cash.

THE CHEAPEST PLACE ON P. E. ISLAND.

DRAWING ROOM PARLOR SUITES, best value.
BEDROOM SUITES at low prices,
All kinds of UPHOLSTERED GOODS at Bargains,
PICTURE FRAMING, 125 varieties, very cheap and nobby
LOOKING GLASSES,
The latest in WINDOW BLINDS, and all kinds of WINDOW FURNITURE and Fixings at cost.
No trouble to show goods. Can suit all tastes at NEWSON'S FURNITURE WAREROOMS, opposite the Post Office.

JOHN NEWSON.

Charlottetown, Feb. 20, 1889.

Prince Edward Island Railway.

1889-90. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1889-90.

On and after Monday, December 2nd, 1889, Trains will run as follows:—

TRAINS FOR THE WEST.

STATIONS.	No 1.	No 3.
	A. M.	P. M.
Charlottetown	7 15	1 50
Royalty Junction	7 34	2 12
North Wiltshire	8 17	3 05
Hunter River	8 30	3 20
Bradalbane	9 00	3 57
Emerald Junction	9 09	4 07
Freetown	9 23	4 22
Kensington	9 40	4 43
Summerside ar.	10 10	5 20
Summerside dp.	P. M. 12 40	
Miscouche	1 00	
Wellington	1 27	
Port Hill	2 08	
O'Leary	3 22	
Bloomfield	3 45	
Alberton	4 20	
Tignish ar.	5 15	

TRAINS FROM THE WEST.

STATIONS.	No 2.	No 4.
	A. M.	
Tignish dp	6 00	
Alberton	6 55	
Bloomfield	7 20	
O'Leary	7 54	
Port Hill	8 07	
Wellington	8 49	
Miscouche	10 15	
Summerside ar.	10 55	
Summerside dp.	P. M. 1 30	A. M. 6 30
Kensington	12 05	7 05
Freetown	12 22	7 22
Emerald Junction	12 30	7 43
Bradalbane	12 45	7 53
Hunter River	1 15	8 20
North Wiltshire	1 20	8 45
Royalty Junction	2 12	9 27
Charlottetown	2 30	10 00

STATIONS.	No 9.
	P. M.
Emerald Junction dp.	4 10
Cape Traverse ar.	5 00

STATIONS.	No. 10.
	A. M.
Cape Traverse dp.	6 20
Emerald Junc. ar.	7 20

TRAINS FOR THE EAST.

STATIONS.	No 5.	No 7.
	P. M.	
Charlottetown dp	2 30	
Royalty Junct'n	2 50	
Bedford	3 20	
Mt. Stewart Junc. ar	3 55	
Mt. Stewart Junc. dp	4 10	
Cardigan	5 22	
Georgetown ar	5 45	
		P. M.
Mt. Stewart Junc. dp.		4 05
Morell		4 45
St. Peters		5 13
Bear River		5 37
Mourie ar.		6 40

TRAINS FROM THE EAST.

STATIONS.	No 6.	No 8.
	A. M.	
Georgetown dp	7 10	
Cardigan	7 32	
Mt. Stewart Junc. ar.	8 10	
Mt. Stewart Junc. dp.	9 00	
Bedford	9 32	
Royalty Junct'n	9 55	
Charlottetown ar	10 25	
		A. M.
Mourie dp		6 20
Bear River		7 00
St. Peter's		7 40
Morell		8 17
Mt. Stewart Junc. ar		8 55

Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

J. UNSWORTH, Superintendent.

Railway Office, Charlottetown, Nov. 27, 1889.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

Established 1810.

—UNLIKE ANY OTHER.—

Positively Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Colds, Tonsilitis, Hoarseness, Coughs, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Influenza, Chilblains, Corns, Diarrhœa, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Toothache, Nervous Headache, Sciatica, Lame back, Soreness in Body or Limbs, Contracted Sinews.

AS MUCH FOR INTERNAL AS FOR EXTERNAL USE.

It is marvellous how many different complaints it will cure. Its strong point lies in the fact that it acts quickly. Healing all Cuts, Burns and Bruises like Magic. Relieving all manner of Pains and Chills.

ORIGINATED BY AN OLD FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

All who buy direct from us, and require it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not satisfied. Retail price by mail 25 cts.; 6 bottles, $1.00. Express and duty prepaid in any part of United States or Canada. ☞ Valuable pamphlet sent free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

GENERATION AFTER GENERATION HAVE USED AND BLESSED IT.

Time, Place & Value.

FEBRUARY AND MARCH are good Months in which to get your Furniture repaired, upholstered and brightened, and ours is the place where you get good value in this line. No charge for storage.

During April and May nearly every householder wants some NEW FURNITURE. We are now manufacturing 150 Bedroom Suits and 75 Parlor Suits expressly for our Spring Trade (all new styles.) With these goods and the low value placed on them, we expect to delight our patrons and paralyze our competitors. These goods are just 100 per cent. better than the low grade of goods found in the Auction Rooms throughout the Dominion.

All the year round you will find at our place the Largest, Cheapest and Newest Assortment of Furniture, Bedding, &c.

We invite comparison and the fullest investigation of prices aud values offered.

MARK WRIGHT & CO.

Charlottetown, February 20, 1889.

PIANOS, ORGANS

—AND—

SEWING MACHINES,

—AT—

MILLER BROTHERS.

The LARGEST STOCK on P. E. I. to Select From.

PIANOS from no less than four different manufactories. Organs from five different manufactories. Sewing Machines from twelve do.—*The Best and Cheapest.*

Easy terms for payment. Intending purchasers will consult their own interest in calling upon us. Having been a long while established in business, and handling only first-class Goods, bought on a cash basis, we are in a position to give goods at the lowest price possible.

MILLER BROTHERS.

Queen Street, Charlottetown.

AGENCIES.—W. E. Scott, Alberton. James Seaman, Summerside

November 13, 1889.

Hardware, Hardware

CARRIAGE HARDWARE in Iron and Steel Shoeing, Tire Steel, Spokes, Rims, Hubs, Axles and Varnishes.

CARPENTERS' HARDWARE A SPECIALTY.

NAILS, GLASS PAINTS, LOCKS, and everything they require in our line.

For Blacksmiths we have an immense stock of Horse Nails, Horse Shoe Iron, Steel, Files, Rasps, &c.

FARMERS GET EVERYTHING THEY REQUIRE.

Spledid Steel MUD SHOVELS, English and American.

STOCK NOW COMPLETE.

SELLING AT VERY LOW PRICES.

DODD & ROGERS.

Charlottetown, Dec. 24, 1888. QUEEN SQUARE

Here We Are Again!

—OF—

McLEOD & McKENZIE,

Merchant Tailors. **Merchant Tailors.**

For years it has been well known to the people of this city and Province that we are

THE PEERLESS ARTISTS OF OUR DAY.

We have, therefore, no hesitation in saying that we are prepared to guarantee the highest satisfaction to all who favor us with their custom.

Our Cloths are the best in the market; our styles are the very latest; our Mechanics are unsurpassed, and our Cutters are unequalled in this Province, consequently we are in a position to furnish a suit of Clothes superior in material, style and workmanship to any other Clothing House in the Island. In order to be convinced of this fact you have only to call and leave your measure with us.

Hats and Gents' Furnishings in the very latest styles.

McLEOD & McKENZIE,

Ch'town, May 8, 1889. FASHIONABLE MERCHANT TAILORS