No other oil and no other medicine has ever been discovered which can take the place of Cod-liver Oil in all conditions of wasting. New remedies come, live their little day and die, but Cod-liver Oil remains the rock on which all hope for recovery must rest. When it is scientifically prepared, as in Scott's Emulsion, it checks the progress of the disease, the congestion and inflammation subside and the process of healing begins. There is the whole truth. Book about it free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.

HYMN AT DAWN.

(*Jam lucis orto sidere.*)

All hail the gladsome rising sun!
The night is past, the day begun;
And blessed be God, who, of his store,
Bestowed on us one day more!

May we this day His word fulfil,
And He keep us from every ill;
Our senses and our heart refrain
From idle strife and fancies vain.

No wine for us, or luxury,
But plain and spare our table be;
And God, who loves the clean of heart
Will health and innocence impart.

Each hour employing through the day,
Strive we to tread the narrow way;
And when mild evening comes once more,
May we again His name adore!

To Him who sets the sun on high,
To Him who came down from the sky
And to the Paraclete, we pray,
Hosannas be entoned this day!

Ave Maria.

"FELL DEAD."

What more Every-day Heading do you Read in this Paper than that?—They are Legion.

Don's dally with heart disorders. There is but one cure. "I had been for a number of years sorely afflicted with heart disease. At times my life was despaired of. Doctors had prescribed, and I had taken every known heart remedy made, I had supposed, and did not get any benefit. I read of the wonderful cures wrought by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. I procured a bottle and in less time almost than it takes to tell it, the distress was relieved I followed the directions closely and today I am a well woman again, and I shall do all in my power to make known to every one suffering as I did the wonderful cure it worked for me." Mrs. Wm. Burton, Dartmow, Ont. Sold by Geo. E. Hughes.

A FATAL JOURNEY.

Every one can read with interest the following letter from the pen of the late Bishop Lemmens, of Vancouver Island. The saintly prelate died of yellow fever on August 10 at Cahabon, Guatemala. The letter, here reproduced, was the Bishop's last communication to Very Rev. Father Nicolaye, of Victoria. It was as follows:

FLORES, PETEN, Guatemala,
Sunday within oct. of Corpus X,
June 20.

VERY REV. FATHER NICOLAYE,
Victoria, B. C.

VERY REV. DEAR FATHER,—Having finished most of the work to be done in the Peten, where, within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, no bishop ever set his foot, I begin tomorrow my return trip to the city of Guatemala. How long it will take me to get there I have no idea. The road by which I came, and which I was told was fairly good, I found to be abominable; the one by which I am to go back they tell me is very bad. This must mean that it is all but impassable. If I get out of this country alive I will do well. Steaming forests and putrid marshes impregnate the air you breathe with a strong flavor of the skunk plant, although that plant itself does not belong to the flora of this country. No wonder strangers suffer much from malaria. I have had the fever three times already. Once my temperature was over 104 degrees. Hence quinine forms part of my daily food. The tree from which this drug is extracted grows plentifully on the west coast of this republic. It is a tall but slender and graceful tree. Planted close together in long rows, they serve as lines of demarcation between the coffee plantations. It is from this district of Peten that the New York chewing gum manufacturers get their materia equa. They pay about $4.00 for a hundred pounds of the stuff delivered at Belize. It is the sap of a big tree which bears a sweet eatable fruit called "chico," the size of a peach. We picked up many of these plums coming through the forest. The natives get the sap by cutting slanting grooves into the bark and solidify it by boiling it in coal oil tins. I have seen piled up on the beach of a lake blocks of this stuff in quantities sufficient for a million people to chew away at for a year or more. Many trees are destroyed by careless natives slashing through the bark all around the trunk.

HIS MEETING WITH A FAMOUS ASTRONOMER.

Mgr. de Pietro, Vicar Apostolic of British Honduras, who lives in Belize, is a Jesuit, and so are all his priests, hardly a dozen in number. In Punta Gorda, a small place along the coast, I found the famous astronomer, Father Charropin, S. J. When I saw two enormous telescopes and other astronomical instruments in his house and learned that his name was Charropin, I asked him was he the same man who was appointed a member of the United States commission of scientists to observe an eclipse of the sun in California in 1889, and performed what looked very much like a miracle for the edification of his Protestant associates? He looked at me and said: "Why, the whole world seems to know about that little incident!" "Is it all true?" I inquired. "Oh, yes," he said, "it is founded on fact." I must say that I got a little uneasy, thinking that I had said too much, but happily my confidence in the Blessed Virgin was fully justified by the event. So I got him to relate the story and it was substantially identical with the version given in the Messenger of the Sacred Heart at the time. If you don't know the facts, they are worth telling here. They are substantially as follows: When the day of the eclipse came the whole sky was overcast with dark clouds, so that all the astronomers of the expedition were very downhearted, despairing of getting a glimpse at the sun except Father Charropin, who kept cheerful and confident. The others asked him what in the world could give him the least ray of hope. He answered that he had recommended this business to the Blessed Virgin Mary, who had never refused him any favor, and to make the thing absolutely sure he had engaged the prayers of a lot of little orphans, whose prayers were better than his, to obtain for Father Charropin, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, a quarter of an hour of clear sky at the right moment. "Well," they said, "if your words come true we will believe in the intercession of the Virgin." As the hour of the eclipse drew near Father Charropin got his instruments in readiness and got his associates to do the same, although they could not see of what earthly use they could be with such a sky. But, as if the whole performance had been regulated by clock work, just before the eclipse began the sky opened around the sun, and after it was over, closed again. Doctor (I forget his name), the leader of the expedition, came up to Father Charropin, shook his head and said: "Well, Father, I do believe in the power of the Blessed Virgin."

ON THE ATLANTIC IN A CANOE.

I reached Belize in a old schooner, whose captain was a Carib, assisted by one sailor, a half negro. Part of the way I made in a canoe manned also by Caribs. I never expected to be sailing on the Atlantic in a canoe, but it was from necessity. Certain quarantine regulations would not permit the mail steamer to take passengers between way ports after the 1st of May. So I had to take other means of transport in order to avoid the danger of infecting the city of New Orleans with the yellow fever. However, this way of travelling, though tedious, was a pleasure cruise compared with my trip across the country to Flores. It was the end of the dry season, yet the whole country seemed to be one big swamp. I never before experienced such a longing desire to see a mountain or hill or a piece of rising ground, but there seems to be no such thing in the whole width of British Honduras where I crossed it. The first day we passed through an open desert, with little stumpy trees here and there, the ground being soft and mossy, with large pools of water at short intervals over the roads. The second day we reached the forest. At first I was glad, thinking we would get into the shade and have a harder road. Well, we got the shade and plenty of it; in fact, shade enough to tear your clothes, knock your hat off or slit your ear if you don't look sharp. As to the harder road, instead of the soft, sandy bottom, we had now soft mud, deep and sticky, and in places so much of it that after we had passed two or three hollows in the road and I had seen the difficulty with which our animals (one horse and three mules) waded through them, I got fairly uneasy whenever I saw one of those hollows ahead of us, and, as by instinct, began to pray that we might not get stuck fast.

STUCK IN THE MUD.

Well, in the afternoon we met with an accident which caused us much delay and anxiety. We came to one of those mud holes which appeared to me worse than those we had already passed. As I was riding in front I stopped till the guide came up and asked him which point he thought the safest for crossing the hole. He first pointed to the left, but before I could move he changed his mind and said, "No, there to the right; it is not so deep." I spurred on my horse and he plunged bravely in, but feeling no hard bottom he groaned, and before reaching the other side he got stuck, and after making frantic efforts to pull up his legs he gave in. And there he was half lying, half standing in the mud, with myself on top. I extricated my feet from the stirrups and leaning on the saddle managed to jump on to what was comparatively solid ground. I took him by the bridle and succeeded in pulling him out, lightened as he was of his load. My servant, who was riding a mule and leading by a rope the mule that was carrying our baggage, instead of learning by my experience and trying the cross at some other point, blindly followed in the same track. The mule with the heavy pack sank in and, after a lively spurt, fell on one side, upsetting the other mule, and there they lay both like dead in the mud without making a move. The boy managed to escape being choked to death and crawled out of the porridge by the time the guide had safely crossed to the left, which he had first indicated to me. It seemed impossible to get these mules out, but when they saw us pulling and tugging away at them they took courage, they pulled themselves upright with great difficulty, and then by a succession of staccato movements fore and aft alternately, they at last reached terra firma; but as the pack mule shook himself, I saw the whole load canter over on one side, the strap broke and all our kitchen fixings, velises and things rolled in a heap into the mud. Our guide was evidently a man who in ver swears, for when he saw the ruin and desolation, all he said was, "him!" After he had fished out the "inbocdel" and placed things on dry ground and examined the odds and ends that were still sticking to the mule, he imparted the information: "The straps are broke, sir." This almost made me laugh in spite of the misery of the situation. Happily I had some strong twine in my saddle bags, and after finding out where each piece belonged, we tied them strongly together, fastened the various pieces of baggage with ropes and proceeded on our way, doubtful whether we would reach the next station before dark; but we did. We had to swim our animals across a river about two hundred yards wide. No bridge of any kind in three day's journey on a road like this.

A TRICKY MULE.

The day we reached El Cayo (near the limit between British Honduras and the Peten) where a Father Molino, S. J., was staying for a few days, we had another trouble. It seems that that struggle in the mud had given the pack mule a sore back. I noticed next morning when we put things on his back there was a big raw sore near the shoulder. He looked sour and wanted to kick when the straps were being tightened, but he had to submit to the torture, poor brute. He trotted on bravely all forenoon, but as we had a long way to go and did not stop anywhere for lunch as on previous days he tried to leave the road wherever there was a house or an open space of ground. Towards three o'clock when we had still fifteen miles to go he stopped, as if saying, "It is about time to take a rest." We all stopped to see what was the matter. As everything seemed to be all right except that the mule didn't move, the guide hit him a sharp blow, but the mule stood still. After receiving a few more blows he threw himself deliberately on the ground, with pack and all, his whole manner conveying the meaning as plainly as words can express it: "Darned if I make another step." Guide and all understood it that way. The question was: What now? We could not put the pack on another mule, but one would have to go on foot, for the pack mule would no more take the saddle than the pack. We resolved to put all the baggage in the bush, and it could be fetched next day with another mule, as we were to remain a day or two at El Cayo anyway. As the mule lay still, the packages were taken one by one from his back. When totally unburdened he got up with a malicious wink in his eye, as if to say: "I see you took the hint all right." He had no objection to follow as he was, and after another three hours ride we reached El Cayo about dusk. Father Molino knew for some time we were coming soon, and had made proper preparations for our comfort. The feature I enjoyed most was that of a good bed—I had not slept in one since I left Belize. One morning I found one side of the head of my horse all bloody. On inquiring I was told that a vampire must have fastened on him during the night. He had a big wound at the back of his ear. At a place called Yashgha we met some mule drivers, who told us that one of their mules had been bitten by a viper. Next day we saw the mule lying dead and swollen by the roadside. We did not see nor wished to see any viper. It being 12 p.m. I bid you good night.

† J. N. LEMMENS,
Bishop of Vancouver Island.

Angels of the Battlefield.

The following beautiful tribute to the angels of the battlefield is from a speech delivered not long ago by Captain Crawford the poet scout:

"On all of God's green and beautiful earth there are no purer, no nobler, no more kind-hearted and self-sacrificing women than those who wear the sombre garb of Catholic Sisters. During the war I had many opportunities for observing their noble and heroic work not only in the camp and the hospital, but in the death-swept field of battle. Right in the fiery front of dreadful war, where the bullets hissed in maddening glee and shot and shell flew wildly by with demoniac shrieks, where pale and mangled forms lay with pale, blood-flecked faces, yet wearing the scowl of battle, I have seen the black-robed Sisters moving over the field, their solicitous faces wet with the tears of sympathy, administering to the wants of the wounded and whispering words of comfort into the ears soon to be deafened by the cold implacable hand of death.

"Now kneeling on the blood-bespatted sod to moisten with water the bloodless lips on which the icy kiss of the death angel left its pale imprint; now breathing words of hope of an immortality beyond the grave into the ear of some mangled hero whose last shots in our glorious cause had been sent but a moment before; now holding the crucifix to receive the last kiss from somebody's darling boy from whose breast the life blood was splashing, and who had offered his life as a willing sacrifice on the altar of his country; now with tender touch and tear dimmed eyes binding gaping wounds from which most men would have shrunk in horror; now scraping together a pillow of forest leaves upon which some pain racked head might rest until the spirit took its flight to other realms—brave, fearless of danger, trusting implicitly in the Master whose overshadowing eye was noting their every movement; standing as shielding, prayerful horrors of death—their only recompense the sweet, soul-soothing consciousness that they were doing their duty; their only hope of reward that peace and eternal happiness which awaited them beyond the star, emblazoned battlements above. Ah my friends it was a noble work.

"How many a veteran of the war who wore the blue or gray can yet recall the soothing touch of a Sister's hand as he lay upon the pain-tossed couch of a hospital! Can we ever forget their sympathetic eyes, their low, soft spoken words of encouragement when the result of the struggle between life and death yet hung in the balance? Oh! how often have I followed the form of that good Sister Valencia with my sunken eyes as she moved away from my cot to the cot of another sufferer, and have breathed from the most sacred depths of my faintly beating heart the fervent prayer, 'God bless her, God bless her!' My friends I am not a Catholic, but I stand ready at any and at all times to defend those noble women, even with my life, for I owe that life to them."

Starving Children

Thousands of well-fed children are starving, simply because their food is not of the right kind. They are thin, pale, and delicate. Scott's Emulsion will change all this. It gives vim and vigor, flesh and force.

Left in Library Books.

"It is astonishing how careless women are—it is generally the women—about what they leave between the leaves of the books they return to us," said the manager of a very popular library. "I have found the tenderest love epistles and not a few recipes for hair dyes, and so on, and I have frequently returned such things to their blushing owners These things have, of course, been used as book-markers or have simply been popped in a book to be out of the way. Not very long since I found a false fringe, and County Court summonses have frequently popped up. I found the draft letter of acceptance of a proposal of marriage only last week, and as I know the young fellow to whom it was addressed you may imagine that I smiled. Women often come in with some agitation of manner and ask if we will look in such and such a book to see if some given article has 'got between the leaves,' and when they find that the book has gone out to some other reader you should see their faces. But we usually examine all books that come in, and only lately we found and restored a $5 note."

LAXA-LIVER PILLS

CURE

BILIOUSNESS
CONSTIPATION
SICK HEADACHE
AND ALL LIVER TROUBLES

As a laxative, one pill acts perfectly, and if a stronger action is desired a cathartic effect is produced by two pills. In obstinate cases, where a purgative is necessary, three pills will be found sufficient. These pills leave no unpleasant after effect.

One pill taken each night during thirty days will cure constipation.

PRICE 25C. ON 6 FOR $1.00

DR. FOWLER'S EXT. OF WILD STRAWBERRY

BABY WAS CURED.

DEAR SIRS,—I can highly recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It cured my baby of diarrhoea after all other means failed, so I give it great praise. It is excellent for all bowel complaints.

MRS. CHAS. BOTT, Harlow, Ont.

THE HEAD MASTER

GENTLEMEN,—I have found great satisfaction in the use of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and consider it invaluable in all cases of diarrhoea and summer complaint. It is a pleasure to me to recommend it to the public.

R. B. MASTERTON, Principal,
High School, River Charlo, N.B.

S S S

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
CURE
BACKACHE
LAME BACK
RHEUMATISM
DIABETES
BRIGHT'S DISEASE
DIZZINESS AND ALL
KIDNEY & URINARY
DISEASES
ARE CURED BY
DOAN'S KIDNEY
PILLS

Miscellaneous Locals

AWAY DOWN EAST.

From east to west people have heart trouble. This causes violent headaches, neuralgia, nerve trouble and prostration. Says Mrs. Somers, of Moncton, N. B.; "I tried many remedies but never found anything to give me such prompt relief as Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have done. I suffered from the above symptoms, but now gladly testify to the cure these wonderful pills have made in my case, and I hope all sufferers will try them."

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

PROMPT, PLEASANT, PERFECT.

Norway Pine Syrup is a prompt, pleasant and perfect cure for coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness, sore throat, pain in the chest, croup, whooping cough, quinsy, influenza, and all throat and lung troubles. 25c. and 50c. at all drug stores.

Norway Pine Syrup heals the lungs.

SEVERE HEADACHE CURED.

DEAR SIRS,—Being troubled with a severe headache I was advised by a friend to try Laxa Liver Pills. I only used half a bottle, and have not since suffered from the complaint. They seem to be a perfect cure."

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

PROVIDENCE THANKED.

It is with pleasure, that I recommend B.B.B. for the cure of indigestion and impure blood. I had tried many medicines but received no benefit until, I thank Providence, I was advised to use B.B.B., and it was with perfect success.

MRS. W. LOCKE,
Oshawa, Ont.

STANSTEAD JUNCTION, P.Q., 12th Aug. 1893.

MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

GENTLEMEN,—I fell from the bridge leading from a platform to a loaded car while assisting my men in unloading a load of grain. The bridge went down as well as the load on my back, and I struck on the ends of the sleepers, causing a serious injury to my leg. Only for its being very fleshy would have broken it. In an hour could not walk a step. Commenced using MINARD'S LINIMENT, and the third day went to Montreal on business and got about well by the use of a cane. In ten days was nearly well. I can sincerely recommend it as the best Liniment that I know of in use.

Yours truly,
C. H. GORDON

Norway Pine Syrup cures Coughs,

PAIN IN THE BACK.

Mr. M. P. Halpin, Brockville, Ont., makes a statement as follows: "For two years I suffered from kidney trouble, causing severe pain across my back, dizziness, headache, sleeplessness, etc. I had often to lean on the counter when serving a customer, so intense was the pain in my back. On taking Doan's Kidney Pills I improved from the very first, and now after using three boxes am all right; all my pains, aches and dizziness have disappeared, thanks to Doan's Pills.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

UNDOUBTEDLY THE BEST.

GENTLEMEN,—I wish to say that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has proved a wonderful remedy in my family. We would not be without for twice its price. I say it is THE best, (not merely one of the best—but the *best*) medicine ever brought before the public for summer complaint or diarhoea, either in children or adults. JOHN UNDERHILL,
License Commissioner, Strathclair, Ont.

Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup removes worms of all kinds from children or adults.

THEY DO GOOD WORK.

The following letter tells what people think about Laxa Liver Pills:

DEAR SIRS,—I gladly testify to the virtues of Laxa Liver Pills. I used to be troubled with severe headaches and constipation for a long time, and took these pills hoping for a cure, and my hopes were rapidly fulfilled. I have found them a never failing remedy and heartily recommend them.

(Sgd.) MISS S. LAWSON,
Moncton, N.B.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diptheria.

Burdock Pills, small, safe and sure, regulate the liver and cure Constipation.

DR. MORRIS,
Physician & Surgeon,
Mt. Stewart.

First-Class Honor Graduate and Scholarship Winner, University of Pennsylvania,

Formerly Resident Physician and Surgeon in the Howard Hospital and Infirmary of Philadelphia, afterwards resident Physician and Surgeon in the Philadelphia Hospital.

Arrangements made that in a few days Telephone or Telegraph calls from Morell, Peake's Fort Augustus and surrounding districts, also Bedford and other Stations, will be forwarded to office free of charge and promptly attended to.

May 5, '97

KLONDYKE.

Having arranged for mining interests in this celebrated region, we are prepared to give our customers a grand chance to make money without costing them anything. We want you to share with us in this great gold field of which the half was never told. Call and see us for explanations. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose.

GOFF BROTHERS.

What Is Cheapness

Cheapness is not peculiar to prices. Goods are often cheaper than the prices; particularly is this true when the purchaser feels that the goods are bought with a certain amount of uncertainty and unreliability. We have no cheap goods, although no one disputes the cheapness of our prices.

Your friends would appreciate a nice Fancy Rocker or Table, selected from our stock. Goods selling now will be stored until required.

JOHN NEWSON,
The Bargain Giver.

DR. CLIFT

treats Chronic Diseases by the Salisbury method of persistent self-help in overcoming past errors and removing causes from the blood. Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Shortness of Breath, Pleurisy, Tuberculosis, Consumption of Lungs or Bowels, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Gastritis, Ulcers, Cancer, Dropsy, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Constipation, Piles, Fissures, Fistula, Diseases of Heart—Valvular, Fatty Enlargement, Palpitation. Of Liver—Jaundice, Diabetes, Cirrhosis, etc. Of Kidneys—Albuminuria, Bright's Disease, etc. Of Spleen and Bladder—Cystitis. Of the Blood—Anæmia, Chlorosis, Scrofula, Malaria, Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Scurvy Purpura. Of Female Organs—Inflammations and Displacements of Womb, Ovaries, Bladder or Bowels. Menstrual irregularities of Sexual Organs. Of Nerves and Spine,—Nervous Prostration, Sleeplessness, Decline, Hysteria, Tremors, St Vitus Dance, Chorea, Epilepsy, Convulsions, Paralysis, Locomotor Ataxia, Paralysis—Agitans, Softening of Brain. Some forms of Insanity—Dementia, Mania, Hypochondria, Melancholia, Failure of Vision and Voice, Deafness. Of Skin—Eczema, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Syphilis, Tumors Glandular Fatty, Fibroid, Uterine, Ovarian and Cancer, Goitre, Cretinism, Obesity Corpulency. Drug and Liquor Habits—Opium, Morphine, Chloral, Cocaine, Tobacco, Stimulants. Of Bones and Joints—Deformities, Curvatures, and Pott's Disease of Spine, Paralysis, Hip Disease, Knock-knee, Bow Legs, Club and Flat Foot, Wry Neck, Rickets, Scrofula, Sore Legs, Varicose Ulcers, etc. Continuous intelligent treatment insures Minimum of suffering and Maximum of Cure, possible in each case. Avoid attempts unaided or under blind leaders.

DR. CLIFT,

Graduate of N. Y. University and the N. Y. Hospital. 21 years practice in N. Y. City. Diploma registered in U. S. and Canada.

Address,—Charlottetown, P. E. I.
Office, Victoria Row. Telephone Call.

Accommodations reserved for patients. References on application.

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OLD
RELIABLE
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when you want a pair of Shoes. Our Prices are the lowest in town.

A. E. McEACHEN,
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CHARLOTTETOWN.
Special attention given to Collections
MONEY TO LOAN.

BURDOCK PILLS

A SURE CURE
FOR BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS, SICK HEADACHE, AND DISEASES OF THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS. THEY ARE MILD, THOROUGH AND PROMPT IN ACTION, AND FORM A VALUABLE AID TO BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS IN THE TREATMENT AND CURE OF CHRONIC AND OBSTINATE DISEASES.

That hacking cough can be quickly cured by Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, Price 25c.

OUR
BIG EXHIBIT
—OF—
NEW CLOTHS

We are opening our different lines for the new season, with much the same feeling of confidence which a fellow experiences when he has a good thing. So many good cloths grouped together that it is impossible to tell you all about them. Come and see the

BEAUTIFUL LINES OF
OVERCOATINGS,

The finest ever brought to the city; and Trouserings, the finest you ever laid eyes on; and for Suitings, they are beautiful in the extreme. Those goods will be shown with much pleasure, and will be on exhibit this afternoon and to-morrow.

John MacLeod & Co.,
Merchant Tailors.

We have been too busy attending to customers to attend to our Newspaper Advertisements. We are firm believers in the saying that a satisfied customer is the best advertisement, and we have hundreds of them. Are you one? If not why not. Come in and see us.

FENNELL & CHANDLER

P. E. Island Railway

Saturday Excursions.

DURING the months of June, July, August and September, 1897, return tickets will be issued at one first-class fare from all Booking Stations to all stations on this Railway every Saturday, good for return on following Monday. These tickets will not be good for return on date of issue.

A. McDONALD, Superintendent.
D POTTINGER, Gen. Mgr. Gov't R'ys, Moncton.

Railway Office.
Ch'town, May 29, 1897—jn 2, 6i

WITH INVALIDS.

Yes! with invalids the appetite is capricious and needs coaxing, that is just the reason they improve so rapidly under Scott's Emulsion, which is as palatable as cream.

New Goods!
New Goods!

New Goods just opened and more to arrive.

New Gold and Silver Watches and Chains, New Waist Sets and Cuff Buttons and Links, nice New Ladies' Belts and Buckles, Broaches, Stick Pins, Lockets, Chains, Thimbles, Silverware, Clocks, etc.

Repairing punctually attended to Clocks, Watches and Jewelry.

G. G. JURY,
North Side Queen Square, opposite the Market.

NEW SERIES.

Big Sma

The Whole St

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Ordered

At less than Bankru

Morris' Block, O

COM

500 lbs. fine English made

All Wool Dress Goods, 20c.
All Wool Winter Cloakings less than
Ladies' Jackets from 50c up,
Jersey Waists 50c,
Gloves 10c, and Mitts, 5c per pair,
200 yds. Reels, 25c per dozen,
Table Linens, 17c per yard,
Skirts, Hamburgs, 3c.
Dress Silks, Satins, Velvets, Velvete
Ladies' Underclothing, Gossamers, H

The whole Stock mu
will find

STORE OPEN EVENINGS TILL 9 O'CLOCK.

Calendar for Oct., 1897.

MOON'S CHANGES.

First Quarter, 3rd day, 1h. 19 0m. a. m.
Full Moon, 10th day, 0h. 29.4m., noon.
Last Quarter, 18th day, 4h. 56.3m. p. m.
New Moon, 25th, 7h. 15.8m., p. m.

D M	Day of Week	Sun rises h	Sun rises m	Sun Sets h	Sun Sets m	Moon Rises	Moon Sets	High Water C'town
						h m	aft'r'n	morn
1	Fri	6	25	35		0 42	8 20	2 21
2	Sat		4	33		1 40	9 38	3 29
3	Sun		6	31		2 33	10 51	4 50
4	Mon		7	29		3 28	morn	6 17
5	Tues		8	27		3 31	0 6	7 27
6	Wed		10	25		3 44	1 11	8 20
7	Thur		12	23		4 4	2 30	9 3
8	Fri		13	21		4 23	3 40	9 39
9	Sat		15	19		4 41	4 45	10 13
10	Sun		16	18		5 1	5 53	10 45
11	Mon		17	16		5 25	6 59	11 18
12	Tues		19	14		5 52	8 4	11 52
13	Wed		20	12		6 23	9 10	aft 28
14	Thur		21	10		7 6	10 15	1 5
15	Fri		23	8		7 55	11 12	1 47
16	Sat		24	7		8 52	aft 3	2 34
17	Sun		26	5		9 54	0 48	3 29
18	Mon		27	3		11 1	1 24	4 27
19	Tues		28	1		morn	1 55	5 52
20	Wed		30	0		0 11	2 19	7 2
21	Thur		31	4	58	1 22	2 40	8 0
22	Fri		33	56		2 33	3 3	8 48
23	Sat		34	54		3 48	3 24	9 32
24	Sun		36	53		5 7	3 45	10 16
25	Mon		37	51		6 22	4 7	10 59
26	Tues		38	50		7 50	4 40	11 44
27	Wed		40	48		9 19	5 27	morn
28	Thur		41	46		10 28	6 20	0 31
29	Fri		43	44	[illegible]	32	7 26	1 22
30	Sat		44	[illegible]		20	8 39	2 15
31	Sun	6	46	4	41	0 57	9 56	3 14

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