

GREAT CAESAR!
Pain Killer

Read and used everywhere. A whole medicine chest by itself. Kills every form of neuralgia or rheumatism. Dose—A teaspoonful in half a glass of water or milk (warm if convenient).

The Message of the Angelus.

By WALTER LEBOY.

At eve, with coming gray,
Eve darkness leads the way,
I heard an old bell say:
"Angelus Domini nuntiavit Mariam."
A peasant heard the tale
Born by a passing gale,
And sang in lower scale:
"Et conceptus de Spiritu Sancto."
A shepherd on the height
Bid sleepy day "good-night,"
And prayed with all his might,
Ave Maria.
The bell then sweeter spoke,
A woman's voice broke,
And through the air it broke—
"Fiat mihi secundum verbum tuum,"
The shepherd-peasant made
A bow, and softer prayed,
Invoking Virgin's aid—
Ave Maria.
Then louder sang the bell,
As if to break a spell,
And make this poor world well—
"Et verbum caro factum est."
A monk within his cell
Dropt on his knees to tell
The message of the bell—
"Et habitavit in nobis."
When ceased the changing note,
The scribe in heaven wrote,
"From those be sin remotes"
Gloria in Excelsis Domino.

The Song of a Mappy Old Woman.

By ELISA D'ESTERRE-KEBLENO.

Spring came to me in childhood, long ago,
And said: "Pick violets; there are they few."
And I filled all my pinafore, and oh,
They smell most sweet.
Next summer came in girlhood, long ago,
And said: "Pick roses; they are every-where."
And I made garlands out of them, and oh,
They were most fair.
Then Autumn came in womanhood, you know,
And said: "The apples garner; it is late."
And I fill'd wagons with their load, and oh,
My store was great.
Last, Winter came—for Eld has brought his snow—
And says: "Sit quiet, sheltered from the storm."
And I sit in my easy chair, and oh,
The hearth how warm—
—Laisure Hour.

Erin's Crown.

By NICHOLAS DALY.

"My son" she said, then slowly bending down,
Caught from the ground a crown of moss
And lifting off its lid revealed a crown
Of peerless beauty and antique renown,
Aglow with diamonds, and with rubies rare.
"This crown thou seest," by Gaelic thoughts designed,
By Gaelic fingers wrought with choicest skill,
Has not for centuries my brow confined,
Nor shall it e'er, save by the force combined
Of these brilliant, white resplendent in the dawn,
Like bright tresses issuing diamond rays,
Not diamonds are—but sacred tears with-
drawn from eyes of martyrs, who in spotless lawn,
Now roam Elysium crowned with death-
less lays.
These living gems, that with rubeoscent waves,
In glowing radiance fiery beams out-
pour, Not rubies are, but life-drops of the brave,
Who proud to freedom's shrine those offerings gave,
Who reigned beautified o'ermore.
And these soft leaves and blossoms inter-
twined,
In fragrant scrolls around its golden frame,
Not garlands are, that waft upon the wind,
Their wafting of perfumes, but mementoes kind,
Of deeds heroic of immortal fame."
Thus saying she with careful hands en-
closed,
Beneath the ancient lid that relic rare,
While two great tears her, glorious eyes
discovered,
Her lips essayed to speak, but grief oppres-
sed,
Their drift while deeply penate stood
she there.
With blanched face I saw those eyes of
pride,
To languid tenderness resign their glow,
Her image with my memory shall abide,
My land's transition ad personified.
By that divine embodiment of woe.
With grateful bend the casket now she
laid
Upon the shamrock decked, and daisied
moor.
"Lie hid," she cried, "till death one flag
arrayed,
The erring Gael shall muster undismayed,
And holly concord through the land be
found."

SHE HAS BACKACHE
Feels sore aches
with muscular pain,
and has just put on that
Bannister of Backaches
the **MENTHOL PLASTER**
J. McLaughlin, Point au Chien, writes: "Nothing
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Rheumatism at a great rate in this vicinity."
50c each in the right tin box.

Life on the Alaska Mission.

By REV. FRANCIS BARNUM S. J.
(Continued.)

The Alaska Commercial Company's steamer, with the mail, arrives at St. Michael's in July. There is a general gathering then from all the various missions. All go to obtain their mail and supplies, and camp around the agency during their stay. From our place to St. Michael is a sea journey of 400 miles. Often we are far out of sight of land, so it is really a most dangerous journey for amateur navigators, with a very ill-equipped boat. It requires at least one month to make the round trip, as there are so many delays on account of storms and we have to double two very formidable capes on the way. During these delays, when the boat is stormbound, the Father visits any village near to instruct and baptize. The real hardship, to which a missionary is exposed here, is travelling. In summer or winter the case is the same; in every journey he finds himself beset by dangers.

TRAVELLING IN ALASKA.

In winter, the only means of conveyance is by dog-sleds, and in summer, skin boats or kayaks are employed. In order to give you a description of winter travel, imagine yourself about to start with one of us on a trip through a part of our "coast district." Weather permitting, we are to leave the Mission early in tomorrow morning, and our first stage will be a little village on the mainland, called Kalalegamut, which we hope to reach at nightfall. First we bring the sled inside to load it. It is about nine feet long, and only eighteen inches wide. It rests upon four runners, and has a cross-bar at the end by which it is guided. The frame-work is laced together with little thongs of seal-skin; no nails or screws are used in its construction, hence it is very elastic, and able to withstand the frequent upsets and the many rude shocks which it will receive on the way. Before loading up, we will extend this large canvas sheet over the sled and push it well down inside, and let the edges hang over. You will see what it is for in a few moments. Now we are ready for the baggage, and we can carry only what is absolutely necessary. The tea-kettle, frying-pan, a few dishes and the axe, these will do to start with; all the lighter articles are placed in the front part. Next, comes a bag of tea, and then a sack of flour; these two things form our main supply on the way. We will bring bread enough for a day or two. The next bag holds a little sugar and a few other provisions. Now comes a very important item, a bag of leaf-tobacco, which will place in such a manner as to get at it easily. This is not for ourselves. It is simply for the natives, and is intended for trading with the natives. If we should run out of provisions, we shall have to buy fish for ourselves and the dogs; besides we shall have to hire guides from time to time, so you see the need of the tobacco-bag. Next come our knives and the axes, and the portable altar; these are heavy, so we place them along the bottom of the sled, towards the rear, and put our rolls of blankets on top of them, which will form a good seat, when we have a chance to use it. This fills the sled, so we fold over the edges of the sheet, tuck it well in and lace a small rope all along the top. This sheet keeps the snow out and holds everything together, so that when upsets occur, nothing can tumble out. The next morning we say Mass very early. Then we dress for the journey. Everything being ready, we push the sled, and now while harnessing, let us examine the team. The thoroughbred Arctic or Eskimo dog is a strong and handsome animal. They are entirely different from our dogs in disposition, and are more like a race of semi-domesticated wolves. They are about the size of a setter, but much heavier. They are cowardly and seldom bite human beings. Generally they keep off by themselves and show but little attention or affection to their owner. They do not bark, but the whole pack will howl in chorus for hours. Whenever they observe the preparations for a trip, they set up this melancholy howl, just as the camels of the Orient will all the time they are being loaded. Their most prominent, as well as most disagreeable characteristic, is their proneness to fight. By and by they are continually engaged in warfare; it is rare to meet one that is not covered with scars. The feeding hour is the favorite time for fights, as the stronger drive off the others and steal their portion; accordingly some one has to preside at their repast, armed with a bludgeon. The custom is to feed them once a day, in the evening. Their diet consists solely of fish, either fresh, dried or frozen. A fish consists usually of seven or nine dogs. For a very long journey and a heavy load, even eleven dogs are employed. They are harnessed in pairs, and the old one, which is always the most intelligent and reliable member of the team, is put in front as leader, the native word for which is *chanista*. The harness is of the most primitive design and consists simply of a tow-ropes, which for a seven-dog team extend about twenty feet long. Along this main rope short lines extend in pairs about five feet apart. Each of these short lines terminates in a peculiar figure-eight loop, part of which is slipped over the dog's head, and his front paws are brought through the other. While this mode of harnessing is certainly most expeditious nevertheless, it affords every facility for the dogs to cross and twist, and mix up together in the most confused and annoying fashion. One of our natives books the end of the tow-line to the sled, and then stretches it to its full extent on the snow. The *chan*

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DIARRHOEA,
DYSENTERY,
CHOLERA MORBUS,
CHOLERA INFANTUM

and all Summer Complaints and Fluxes of the Bowels. It is safe and reliable for Children or Adults.

For Sale by all Dealers.

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and all Summer Complaints and Fluxes of the Bowels. It is safe and reliable for Children or Adults.

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one day over a district which, only the day before, it was almost impossible to cross. We have yet a long and dreary way before us to Kalalegamut, where we hope to spend the night. Puffs of sharp, cold wind, increasing in strength, warn us only too clearly of an approaching storm. Snow we see it, lashing a great cloud of snow along the tundra as it comes; just as I have seen the Simon whirl the red sands of the Nubian desert, in an instant we are blinded by the flying particles and dazed by the roar and increased cold. Fortunately it is not in our face or we would have to stop, huddle up on the sled, and simply endure it as best we can. The large hood of the parki shelters the face; still our eyebrows and lashes, and beards become coated with ice like a mask, and the breath congeals in flakes which cling around the edge of the hood and literally cement it to the face. The runner has now to keep close to the chalanista, as it is impossible to see two yards ahead. Suddenly the team becomes lively—a sign that the village is near. They are always the first to discover this and are anxious for their meal. The prospect of shelter cheers us all, and we make a general spurt; the dogs refresh themselves by lapping up the occasional mouth of snow as they run. Soon we can discern in the gloom, the familiar sight of the elevated caches and snow-covered mounds, which characterize all the dreary little settlements of the Arctic. A few minutes later the dogs are behind us, and we are at the sled. The sled is put in some secure place, after which we crawl into the casino, and "our day's journey with the Alaskan dog-team" is happily ended.

OUR MINISTRY.

Our most important ministry, at present, is the baptism of infants. A year the Fathers make long excursions in their respective districts visiting all the villages and seeing out all the little settlements they can hear of on the way. The natives are now accustomed to these visits, and generally present their children for baptism. The Fathers are working on a census, but owing to many difficulties, it is not completed. The number of native amounts to about two thousand, but there are many places yet to be visited. The people living around the Mission attend regularly at church. They assemble every evening to recite the night prayers and a short catechism. Our number of native converts has been decided; all come, even the so-called Russians, and all are taught the prayers and Christian doctrine. Our mode of announcing Sundays and holidays to the faithful is as follows: When a white pennant displaying a red cross in the village square, or, if absent, they know that on the morrow they must come to Mass; when the Stars and Stripes float from the Mission flag-staff, then they know that it is some American holiday. They watch the flag pole very closely. Once when the Brother incautiously struck up a racy ditty, he was the readiest means of placing them in safety, the vigilant observer constructed the new signal as an invitation to dine with us, and promptly responded. The children are very bright and learn rapidly. They have been taught the *Te Deum* and the *Agnus Dei* in Latin hymns. They sing the *Kyrie*, *Gloria*, *Credo*, and all the responses of the Mass, with such precision that, were it not for one thing only, want of pocket-handkerchiefs, you might imagine yourself at St. Francis Xavier's or even in theistine Chapel. We have one young boy in the choir, half-breed cherub with a voice like a bird. Among our Eskimo there are no names placed to each sea, neither are the names permanently retained. They usually signify common objects or natural facts, such as Big knife—Long pole—Some eyes—Lax bones (Shank's) etc., and hence afford no clue to relationship or baptism. We always give the parents a card with their child's name on it, and they generally preserve it carefully. Sometimes a woman will come to the Mission and hold up a bundle of fur with the query, "What is my baby's name?" whereupon the baptismal record has to be searched in order to refresh the maternal memory.

yours with the pencil, so he pays no further attention to you. If he is a very intelligent fellow, he will say "Thou hast been rowing." Splendid! down it goes in the note-book. You notice that there is no similarity between the two words; well, after all, there is none in English either. Next you point to one who is rowing near you, and "cha." The answer comes, and it is in the dual, but down it goes as your "third singular." Now you brace for a mighty effort, the hardest of all, to obtain the first person singular. "How do you say, I row?" is what you express as clearly as you can. "Thou rowest" is the invariable reply. Or he may suppose you wish a friendly criticism on your stroke, and with native simplicity says, "Thou rowest very poorly." For the 1st plural you designate yourself and others, and the reply is, "Ye row." When you get to the 3rd plural and point to a rowing, you promptly get the word, "We are tired of rowing." They wish to rest and to have something to eat. When you have made out your paradigm at the mission, it will run, in English, somewhat as follows: Oar—I would like some tobacco. 1st person Singular, Thou rowest very poorly. 2d person Singular, What do you want? 3rd person Singular, You both are rowing. 1st person Plural, Ye row. 2d person Plural, Thou hast been rowing. 3d person Plural, We are tired of rowing. After this comes the verification, which is far more difficult and slow. You soon find out by continual research and comparison, that there is evidently something wrong about that word for oar. Instead of *chuyageekoo*, you discover that it should be *chavutet*. Then you notice that on using the first person singular of your verb, that the person addressed appears neither interested nor flattered, so it must be wrong too, and the correct tense is laboriously reconstructed.



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CHOLERA
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DIARRHOEA
DYSENTERY

AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS OF CHILDREN OR ADULTS

PRICE 35 CENTS

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

The prospect for the international acceptance of the Washington rules to prevent collisions at sea is reported briefly by Navigation Commissioner Chamberlain, who has just returned from an informal consultation with Ambassador Bayard and the British authorities upon the subject. After the assent of nearly all maritime nations to the rules had been secured last year by the United States, Great Britain in February, joined by other powers, asked delay until the rules could be referred to a Parliamentary committee. This committee, which was about to render a generally favorable report, came to an end with the abrupt dissolution of Parliament upon the defeat of the late ministry. A new committee must be appointed, and the desire of the United States that the committee appointed at the present session of Parliament has been clearly indicated to the British Government. Delay in appointing the committee until February might impede action by Congress, should any be necessary, and it is expected that Parliament will show the same courtesy to the United States which Congress at the last session showed to Great Britain.

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CURES
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DYSENTERY

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We cannot risk our business reputation by handling doubtful seed, however cheap; and no farmer can afford to risk his valuable acres by sowing inferior seed, however cheap. Buy Hazard's Improved Turnip Seed in our sealed packets, and you have the best in Canada. The price is 45 cents per lb.

HOME GROWN HAZARD'S IMPROVED.—We have had grown for us two years near Charlottetown some choice seed of the true Hazard's Improved, and we believe it is better than even our English stock. We call it "Carter's Home-Grown Hazard's Improved." It is sold only in sealed packages at 50 cents per lb.

The above named strains of Turnip Seed, and also Carter's Prize Winner Swede (40 c per lb.), are put up only in sealed cardboard packages, 1 lb., 1 lb., and 1 lb. sizes, and each package bears our name and address.

For sale by our authorized Agents in all the leading trade centres of P. E. Island, and at our Seed Store, or will be sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of Price.

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500 Boys Suits, 85c. and up.
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