Why not try

WYETH'S MALT EXTRACT?

Doctors highly recommend it in these

Who are run down;
Who have lost appetite;
Who have difficulty after eating;
Who suffer from nervous exhaustion;
And to Nursing Mothers,

as it increases quantity and improves quality of milk.

PRICE, 40 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

Midnight Mass in the Penal Days.

The candles are lit in the lonely glen;
The priest is vested, the clerk is there;
A stone for an altar, and women and men
Are gathering round in the mid-air;
Gathering up from the spreading vale,
Gathering down from the mountain pass;
'Tis Christmas eve, and none must fail
To tell their beads at the midnight mass.

Silently falls the virgin snow,
Falls as the feet of angels' light;
Still through the thickning gloom they go—
Go like spectres across the night—
Stealthily, watchfully over the moor,
Wary of tarn and deep morass,
Till they stand by the soggarth's side secure
In the glen of the gorse at midnight mass.

Grouped together the young and old,
Maiden, matron, sire and son;
Grouped together, the brave and bold—
Banned in the valleys their fathers won,
Kneel they there on the muffled sod,
Sighful and fearful, alas! alas!
Bending low in their prayer to God
For succor and help at the midnight mass.

Slowly, solemnly tinkles the bell,
Raises the priest the Host on high;
Rises upward with surging swell
A sorrowful people's prayerful cry:
"Save us, O God, from the bloodhounds' mouths!
The bigot's wrath, and the scaffold's doom!
Keep us, O God! in the paths of truth,
In our woeful journey toward the tomb.

"Ruined altar and rifled fane,
Scattered homestead and blighted hearth,
Brethern banished and kindred slain,
These are our trials, Lord, on earth!
Oh, let our wail in Thy sight ascend.
Poor and forlorn we turn to Thee;
Turn to Thee as the sufferer's Friend,
For pity, Lord, in our misery!"

The rite is over, the mass is said;
The blessing is given, the chant is sung,
The litany told for the living and dead,
And scattered again the old and the young.
Timid and sad on their homeward way,
Down by the vale and up by the pass,
Praying to God for a better day
For themselves and their faith at the midnight mass!

Ceases the white snow's silent fall
The sickly moon through a pile of cloud
Shines in the glen, where a fleecy pall
Clasps the cold earth in a frozen shroud.
Hark! was that a cry that came from the wold?
And that the glint of a steel cuirass?
O God! the wolf is again in the fold,
And the lamb is slain at the midnight mass!

Down in the glen of the golden gorse,
His altar-stone for a rigid bier,
A saintly soggarth lies a corpse,
His bosom pierced with a trooper's spear,
But the angel who bears his soul away
And sculls heart's blood droop on the grass,
Will witness bear at the judgment day
For the priest and his flock at the midnight mass.

A LAST RESORT.

A dark night, and the sky hidden by a mass of hurrying clouds. A raw, chilly wind, the ground all mud, the tall grass and trees dripping with heavy rains. Just emerging into a dark cornfield from still darker woods, a young man, his clothing drenched and mud-stained, his face haggard and desperate, and his whole attitude as he leaned heavily against the rail fence telling of utter exhaustion. He was worn out. For more than two hours he had been flying for life over a country imperfectly known to him, though familiar to his pursuers.

More than once he had been compelled to retrace his steps when every moment was precious and every step brought the yielding mud required an effort. Worse yet, there was no possibility of throwing the followers off the trail. Every step left its plain impression, to be followed as fast as horse could trot, and capture meant sure and swift death—no wonder he was desperate.

Turn which way he would, Gilbert Hazelton could see nothing before him but speedy and disgraceful death. Never to see the sun again, nay, not even a friendly face! Was this the end of the bright hopes with which he had kissed his mother good-by only two short months before? It seemed like a far-away dream now. He had lived ages of fear and agony since then, gone through unspeakable humiliation and dread.

He had been accused of murder, tried for his life, found guilty and sentenced to death. His letter to his friends must have miscarried, for they had not come to his relief. Poor and alone among strangers, who persisted in believing him identical with the tramp who had murdered poor David Westford, Gilbert had yet fought bravely for his life. Some few had been convinced of his innocence, and his lawyer had succeeded in obtaining a new trial, in which new witnesses might at least prove an alibi.

But when this word went abroad, the townspeople were furious. They had seen more than one undoubted criminal escape through some technicality. Were they now to see the murderer of poor David Westford escape through the easily bought perjury of some worthless companions in crime? They vowed it should not be. That night at dusk groups of stern-looking men stood before the jail talking grimly together, and a whisper in the air warned the Sheriff what was coming.

The jail was old and rickety. He could not defend it, and his resolve was quickly taken. In the early dusk his prisoner was sent out by a side door, under charge of the Sheriff's boy, while the Sheriff himself remained to make sure mob violence did not make a mistake and seize some innocent victim. But treachery carried the word to the mob, and they were upon the hot pursuit of the fugitive. With exasperating ease the boy, who was supposed ignorant of the prisoner's release, allowed him, pretending that he was going to join him at a place appointed, and himself named as the place the corner of the cornfield. Gilbert duly followed the boy, but in the darkness he missed his way, and the bloodhounds in the rear caught his trail.

Now for two hours, which seemed two eternities, he had been running for life, and the unknown country and horrible mud had completely exhausted the little strength that two months of confinement and terrible anxiety had left him. Nothing but utter desperation could have driven him another rod. But when a shout came faintly from the rear he pushed forward with a great effort across the strip of cornfield, through the fence, and out on a well-travelled road.

To one less utterly worn out this would have given a glimmer of hope, for here at least the mud had become liquid ooze, which retained no footprint. The pursuers would not know which way to turn, and must watch both roadsides to see that he did not turn aside. But he was too tired to see the advantage, and when, after running a few rods, he slipped and fell, he lay there a full minute, too utterly exhausted to rise. What was the use, when his utmost endeavors could only put off death for a few moments? Why not take one moment for rest and thought before the end came?

A farmhouse stood a quarter of a mile farther on, and as he lay there panting, exhausted, waiting only for death to overtake him, his hopeless glances fell upon its light. How placid and peaceful looked the lamp, shining serenely through the parted curtains? Doubtless a happy family were sitting around it, father and mother, sturdy sons and pretty daughters, laughing and talking, and never dreaming of the dark tragedy enacting so near. Would they care if they did know? Would they come to his aid if some instinct should tell them? And then he suddenly scrambled to his feet, resolving to make one last effort for his life. He would struggle on to the farmhouse, and appeal to the quiet family circle. They might give him concealment. It was but death if he failed, and it would be no less if he did not try.

It took all the strength this last faint hope gave him to carry him to the gate and up the cinder walk, whose hard, dark surface would betray no footstep. Yet his heart failed as he reached the door, and leaned, utterly exhausted, against the door-post.

'If I only knew there were women inside! A woman would be merciful. But it may be some stern old farmer, who will only order me off and set the dogs on me.'

The window was but a step away. He crept to it, and looked between the curtains. A plain, neat farmhouse kitchen, and two women, evidently mother and daughter, sitting by the table before the fire, the mother sewing, the daughter reading aloud. No one else in sight, yet Gilbert gave a smothered gasp and fell back in despair.

'David Westford's mother and sister! That settles it!'

He had seen both faces at the trial—the elder, sad and patient under its silvery hair; the younger, pure, pale, and clearcut, thrown into strong relief by the dark eyes, long jet lashes and heavy black braids.

He stood there still, hopeless and helpless, when there came a sudden break in the clear voice within. The girl had ceased reading. He looked in, and saw her pick up a pitcher and come toward the door. A moment more and she had come out, all unconscious of the man so near, gone straight to the pump, on which the lamplight shone, and was filling her pitcher. Nerved by desperation, Gilbert stepped toward her.

'I will appeal to her. Why shouldn't I? I did not kill her brother. She may pity me. She is a woman, and they are half Quakers I have heard,' he muttered—and aloud, 'Miss Westford, help for God's sake.'

The clanking of the pump ceased. The girl looked around with a startled air. 'Who spoke?' she demanded.

'A fugitive, utterly exhausted with flight from a bloodthirsty mob. They are close at my heels. I can't go farther, and I am doomed unless you have pity and give me help or concealment.'

'Who are you?' she inquired, and with a dreadful sinking at his heart he gave his name, 'Gilbert Hazelton.'

She uttered a sharp cry and looked away where the distant lanterns were gleaming through the cornfield—the pursuers on his track.

'I must ask mother,' she said, and snatching up her pitcher swept past him into the house.

He heard her quick voice, and Mrs. Westford's startled outcry, and in very desperation followed her in.

The old mother met him, white-haired and venerable. 'So thee can seek shelter here, of David Westford's bereaved mother?' she said, bitterly, wonderingly.

'Why not? I never injured you or him,' he urged, desperately. 'As true as there is a heaven above us, I am innocent of what is laid to my charge. It will be proved when my friends come. But that will be too late unless you help me.'

'But I do not know it,' the girl faltered wavered. 'They say so, but do not all criminals the same? A trial was given thee and thy innocence was not proved. Why should I save the murderer of my boy?'

Gilbert fell into a chair, too exhausted to stand. 'You will know when it is too late if you refuse the aid. Madam, will you risk it?—risk feeling that you might have saved an innocent man, but turned yet him over to his death?'

'It shakes,' cried the old mother, piteously, 'what ought we to do?

How can we risk a life-long remorse, or how can we risk letting David's murderer go free to break other hearts as ours are broken? What does thee say?'

The girl stood in the open door, her glances alternating between the pleading face of the fugitive and the lanterns coming along the roadside.

'We must decide quickly, mother,' and her clear voice quivered with feeling. 'He may be innocent. It hardly seems as though a guilty man would come here—to David's home—for shelter. And if we are accessory to his death—mother, it is murder for them to take the law in their own unauthorized hands. Our choice lies between one man, who may or may not be a murderer, and a score who will surely be if we do not hinder.'

'Then thee says save him?' Mrs. Westford asked doubtfully.

'I dare not refuse it mother. Do you?'

The old lady hesitated, then opening a corner cupboard, took out a pair of handcuffs—relics of the days when David had been duputy sheriff and earned the enmity of tramps and evildoers—and led them toward Gilbert.

'If thee will put these on, that we may have no fear from thy violence when the mob are gone, we will conceal thee safely and when the search is over send thee back to thy lawful guardian. This is all. I cannot place myself and my daughter at the mercy of one who may have none. Will thee consent?'

She was only prudent. Gilbert bowed silently and extended his hands. It was his only chance for life, and it would be the height of folly to object. Yet a faint color came into his face as the cold steel snapped on his wrists, rendering him helpless—yet scarcely more so than fatigue had already made him.

The hesitation of both was over now. Ernestine bade him remove his muddy shoes while she swiftly closed the door and drew down the blinds, and the mother hurried into another room. Thither Ernestine bade him follow, pausing only to thrust the shoes out of sight.

At the door she turned. 'It is David's room,' looking keenly into his face. 'Come in!'

Did she think he would draw back? Guilt itself would hardly have done that now, with the pursuers so near.

'If David can see, I know he is willing,' Gilbert answered quietly.

It was a small plainly furnished room. Mrs. Westford had drawn the bed from the wall and thrown back the last breadth of carpet, revealing a tiny trap-door. At his entrance she opened it, and motioned him down.

'It is only four feet. You can drop that far,' said Ernestine encouragingly. 'There is no outer door. You will be quite safe.'

Her mother smiled sadly. 'How many frightened fugitives have slept there in safety! But that was years ago—before the war. Thee need not fear. Now—but stay, thee must be faint. I will bring thee food and drink.'

She hurried away, and he swung himself down. It was not very easy, with his manacled hands, and Ernestine helped him. His heart thrilled at touch of her cold, trembling fingers.

'She shrinks from my touch. She thinks my hand stained with her brother's blood,' he thought bitterly.

But another glance at the pure, pale face relieved him. She was listening anxiously, and said with hurried kindness. 'There is an old bed down there. Look, while I hold the light down. There! Even half an hour's rest will help you. But you must eat and rest in the dark, for this cellar extends under the kitchen, which is carpetless, and has cracks in the floor. Here comes mother.'

Very hurriedly Mrs. Westford passed the well-filled dish and pitcher to him, reporting the mob almost before the house.

'Cover up, quickly, Ernestine. I am going to wake Harry.'

That was her youngest son, still sleeping soundly upstairs.

She hurried away, and Ernestine quickly lowered the trap-door and pushed back the bed.

Shut down in the darkness, Gilbert groped his way to the old bed, and sank down on it in utter exhaustion. He could do no more, be it life or death. He heard the girl's quick steps, the closing door, the louder steps directly overhead, and a slender spur of lamplight came down through a crack. She was back in the kitchen—and there were stern voices indistinctly to be heard without. Ernestine heard them more plainly, and stood with clasped hands and pale face, praying silently, but oh, so earnestly, that the innocent, if he were innocent, might be saved, when her young brother came rushing downstairs just as there came a thundering knock at the door.

Mrs. Westford had told him no more than that a crowd of men with lanterns were approaching, and it was in perfect good faith that he flung open the door and angrily demanded their business. They soon satisfied him.

'The tramp that murdered your brother is at large, and we are hunting for him. We have looked all up and down the road, for we know he came this way, and it looks mightily as if he had slipped into your premises and hidden somewhere. Your folks will have no objection to our searching, I reckon?'

'Not a bit. I don't think he would stop here, but if he did I have grit enough to catch him and bring him to the nearest tree,' the boy answered fiercely.

The fugitive, plainly hearing every word, shuddered, but he had no idea how many times that old house had been searched in vain for hunted souls, or he would not have dested. Harry knew the secret of the long unused cellar, but never dreamed that his mother and sister could know anything of the hunted tramp-murderer, and so had no idea that he could be in the house. So the outbuildings and premises were thoroughly searched, while Ernestine and her mother looked on with pale quiet faces and wildly beating hearts, and the fugitive lay and listened in the darkness. Then the men rode on, grumbling and cursing the Sheriff for letting the prisoner escape. Harry fretted a little, never guessing that his every word reached the ear of the man whom he would willingly have surrendered to his murderers, and then went back to bed.

Silence settled on the old farmhouse, and Gilbert actually fell into a light doze, from which Mrs. Westford's soft call aroused him. Half asleep, he made his way to the trap-door, and was helped up. Ernestine, in cloak and hat, stood waiting.

'Mother thinks it best that you should be back in safety before daybreak,' she said simply. 'I can drive you over very soon.'

'I hate to let thee go, dear,' her mother said anxiously.

'It is only for an hour, mother,' reassured the girl; 'and we can hardly trust Harry. He is only a boy, and so impetuous and bitter.'

Mrs. Westford sighed. 'It seems to be a duty—and surely our Father will not let thee suffer for doing thy duty. Well, go. My prayers shall go with thee. But be careful, child.'

The light wagon and hay pony stood at the door. The prisoner was helped into the back seat and Ernestine sprang in before. The big watch dog followed at her call and curled up under her seat, and Gilbert felt that however kindly these women might feel they were not disposed to run any useless risks.

'Good-by, mother. Don't fret,' was Ernestine's parting word, and Mrs. Westford's earnest 'May God protect thee,' showed her uneasiness. Yet she added a kindly word to the prisoner, 'And may He bring out the truth! I hope we shall see thee free, before all the world right speedily.'

Then they drove away in the darkness. Ernestine spoke little; her heart beat too fast. She half apologized for taking the dog.

'The roads would be so lonely, coming back,' an apology which he readily accepted. Could he resent her prudence when she had given him his life? But he could not help being intensely thankful that the dog had been asleep in the barn when he approached.

Their trip was about half down when lanterns gleamed ahead, and wheels and voices were heard approaching. 'The mob!' was his first thought, and Ernestine whispered hurriedly. 'Down under your seat till they pass!' then with a sudden joyful change in tone and manner, 'Oh, it is the Sheriff! Thank heavens!'

The Sheriff it was, looking anxiously for his charge, but with little hope of ever seeing him again alive. Ernestine turned quickly.

'Your wrists, please,' and the manacles fell off. 'There! You need not tell that part unless you wish. It was only—but you understand. Mother had a right to be cautious, you know.'

And then the Sheriff was hailing them, and as much surprised as delighted to find his prisoner in such hands. The transfer was soon made, and with a kindly word of farewell Ernestine hastened back to her anxious mother.

At the new trial Gilbert Hazelton had no difficulty in proving his own identify, and was triumphantly acquitted. Of all the warm handclasps and congratulations he received, none gave him more pleasure than those of Mrs. Westford and her daughter.

'You must come and see us,' Ernestine said blushing. 'I know we were not over-polite to you, mother and I; but come again, and you will find that we can be civil.'

And he did come—not once, but many times—and at last carried sweet Ernestine away as his bride.—Ada E. Ferris, in The Overland Monthly.

Judge and Jury.

Some good stories are going the round concerning Sir Matthew Begbie, chief justice of British Columbia, who died the other day. Here is one of them: in 1883 a man was charged in Victoria with having killed another man with a sand-bag, and in the face of the judge's summing-up the jury brought in a verdict of "not guilty." This annoyed the chief justice, who at once said:

"Gentlemen of the jury, mind, that is your verdict, not mine. On your conscience will rest the stigma of returning such a disgraceful verdict. Many repetitions of such conduct as yours will make trial by jury a horrible farce, and the city of Victoria a pest of immorality and crime. Go, I have nothing more to say to you."

And then, turning to the prisoner, the chief justice added: "You are discharged. Go and sand-bag some of those jurymen; they deserve it!"—Westminster Gazette.

Making It All Right.

Detroit Free Press.

The man had a stub of whiskers on his chin which waggled when he talked, and kicked up their heels when he brought his jaws together.

'As I was sayin', he remarked, 'when I was out West I seen em hang a man to a telegraph pole for stealin' a hoss.'

'Who's horse?' asked the person sitting on the molasses barrel.

'Nobuddy knowed.'

'How'd they know he stole it?'

'They hatched him ridin' it.'

'Mebbe it was his'n.'

'P'raps.'

'Did the owner ever claim the hoss?'

'Not that ever I heard.'

'Then it must a been his'n.'

'P'raps.'

'Wuat become of it?'

'They sold it three months for the owner to claim it, and then they sold it for $87.'

'What become of the money?'

'Well, they spent it for a monument to the man they hung. They thought mebbe they might a made a mistake, and they wanted to do the fair thing by the deceased.'

A Patriotic Reformer.

Detroit Free Press.

A red headed man with blue eyes and a white skin stood on a ferryboat looking over toward Windsor yesterday afternoon.

'How far is it across there?' he said to a man near him as he nodded across the river.

'A mile or such a matter,' responded the party carelessly.

'Ain't it Canady over there?'

'Yes.'

'It's a foreign shore, ain't it?'

'Yes.'

'They don't keer a hooster about this glorious republic of ours, do they?'

'No.'

'Stars and stripes don't amount to chucks to 'em, does it?'

'No.'

'They wouldn't keer whether the American eagle screamed or not, would they?'

'Of course not.'

'And this is the glorious fourth of July, ain't it?'

'That's what?'

'And they ain't celebratin' over there no more'n any other day?'

'Hardly.'

'And they don't give a dern?'

'No.'

He said no more for a time, but looked toward the other shore intently. Then he turned to the other man.

'Well, you jest wait a bit,' he said with a glitter in his eye; 'I'll go up to town and git 24 beers and 12 whiskies inside of me, and I'll go over there, and you bet they'll think the declaration of independence has struck the place and busted into a million pieces.' And he went up town, but he never came back any more.

The President of the United States, members of his Cabinet, justices of the Supreme Court, members of Congress, and the diplomatic corps were present at a Requiem High Mass offered up in St. Matthew's Church, Washington, D. C., for the repose of the soul of the late President Carnot. In this official and religious manner the United States government showed its sympathy with the French Republic in the loss of its worthy Chief Magistrate.

Local and Special News.

Hinard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

K. D. O. restores the stomach to healthy action.

Hinard's Liniment, Lumberman's Friend

For the complexion use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It brings blooming health to wan cheeks.

Some people laugh to show their pretty teeth. The use of Ivory White Tooth Powder makes people laugh more than ever. It's so nice. Price 25c. Sold by druggists.

Equally safe for young or old, Ayer's Sarsaparilla cleanses the blood from all impurities.

Dear Sirs.—I have used Yellow Oil for two or three years, and think it has no equal for croup.

Mrs. J. B. O'Brien,
Huntsville, Ont.

Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is, unquestionably, the best preservative of the hair. It is also curative of dandruff tetter, and all scalp affections.

Dear Sirs.—I was suffering very much from diarrhœa, and could get nothing to cure me. A friend told me of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and few doses completely cured me.

Thos. L. Graham,
Melita, Man.

I was cured of Bronchitis and Asthma by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Mrs. A. Livingstone
Lot 5, P. E. I.

I was cured of a severe attack of rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

John Mader.
Mahone Bay.

I was cured of a severely sprained leg by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Joshua Wyncott,
Bridgewater

The scrofulous taint which may have been in your blood for years, may be thoroughly expelled by giving Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial.

THEIR NAME IS LEGION.

Reader, there are many blood purifying medicines.

There is but one Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Do not allow high-sounding advertisements or other devices to turn you from your purpose to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, because in this purpose you are right and will not be disappointed in the result.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is an honest medicine, honestly advertised, effects honest cures, and gives every patron a fair equivalent for his money. What more can you reasonably ask?

A fair trial guarantees a complete cure.

Hood's Pill are hand made, and perfect in proportion and appearance.

FATAL RESULT OF DELAY.

Sickness generally follows in the path of neglect. Don't be reckless! but prudently take a few doses of Scott's Emulsion immediately following exposure to cold. It will save you many painful and sleepless nights.

Constipation, Headache, Biliousness, and bad blood are promptly cured by Burdock Blood Bitters, which acts upon the stomach, liver, bowels, and blood, curing all their diseases.

Having suffered over two years with constipation, and the doctors not having helped me, I concluded to try Burdock Blood Bitters, and before I used one bottle I was cured. I can also recommend it for sick headache.

Ethel D. Hakes,
Lakeview, Ont.

I was attacked severely last winter Diarrhœa, Cramps, and Colic and thought I was going to die, but fortunately I tried Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and now I can thank this excellent remedy for saving my life.

Mrs. G. Kellett,
Middle Ont.

HOME AND ABROAD.

It is the duty of everyone, whether at home or travelling for pleasure or business to supply himself with the remedy which will keep up health and prevent illness, and cure such ills as are liable to come upon all in every day life. Hood's Sarsaparilla keeps the blood pure and less liable to absorb the germs of disease.

THEY WANT NAMES

Frank S. Tannant & Co., 83 King Street West, Toronto, Ontario, desire the names and addresses of a few people in every town who are interested in works of art, and in return them they offer to send FREE, "Gould Golden the Rose," a superbly enameled water color picture, size 10 x 15 inches, suitable for framing, and sixteen other pictures about same size, in colors, to any one sending them 25 cents the name and address of ten persons (members of fine pictures) together, with their name and address in full, with cents of mailing, etc. The regular price of these pictures is $1.00, but they can all be secured free by any person forwarding the names and cents as above.

NOTE—The whole of the upper hole already contains eight of above pictures and contains three really "Gems of Art."—June 20 4i

LARGE SALE

Of fine slippers, 68 and 78 cents. About half price at

GOFF BROTHERS,

If you must draw the line at ~~lard~~

and have, like thousands of other people, to avoid all food prepared with it, this is to remind you that there is a clean, delicate and healthful vegetable shortening, which can be used in its place. If you will

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COTTOLENE

instead of lard, you can eat pie, pastry and the other "good things" which other folks enjoy, without fear of dyspeptic consequences. Deliverance from lard has come.

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AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS OF CHILDREN or ADULTS

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BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided for our breakfast and supper a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

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Oct. 4, 1893.—3m

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ALL WOOL

and no shoddy mixture unless durable materials. All wool suits are cheaper at $12 than shoddy is at a quarter that price. We are not asking $12 for our wool suits although they're well worth the money, but are offering them at from $5 to $10. These are bargains, because the price is really low and the quality (all wool) is really high. When you get high quality at a low price you get a bargain. That makes it a stroke of business to examine our all wool suits, which we're showing in the latest styles for the season of 1894. Try us.

The cheapest clothing in Charlottetown at our new quarters, Market Square, opposite west end Market House. Wool taken in exchange for Clothing and Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes

J. B. Macdonald & Co.

WOOL. WOOL.

HAVING rented the store lately occupied by the Woolen Co., North Side of Queen Square, (Walker's Corner), we are going into the Cloth and Wool business. Our idea is to give you

Cloth, Flannels, Blankets,

Etc., Etc.,

the best possible makes, and to take Wool for them in exchange in the usual way; also, the highest Cash price paid for Wool. It will be our aim to please you as we have done in the past. For the fourteen years we have been in the above Company's employ, we tried to give our Customers every satisfaction, and to-day we are just as anxious to do the same. We will be pleased if you will give us a call when in want of anything in our line, or have wool to sell for Cash.

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