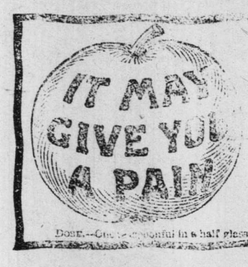


...s many good things are likely ... But you are safe in running ...e risk if you keep a bottle of ...ery Davis' PAIN KILLER ...at hand. It's a never-failing antidote for pains of all sorts. Sold by all Druggists.

DOSE.—One teaspoonful in a half glass of water or milk (warm if convenient.)

At Nazareth.

By Alice Furlong.

Jesus and his mother Mary
In a street in Nazareth.
Lo! a little bird unwary
Falleth wounded unto death
At the feet of Mother Mary
In the ways of Nazareth.

One of many children speaketh:
"See my stone hath brought it down.
How it fluttereth and seeketh
Hiding in the woman's gown,
And its blood the white hem streaketh
As it were with red stars strown!"

Mother Mary bendeth kindly,
Lifteth up the trembling thing,
With the bright eyes staring blindly
And the blood-drops on each wing;
Bright eyes dim and close resignedly,
Ceaseth all its fluttering.

"Infant Jesus, wake from slumber!
Sun hath set and eve is cool.
Hours of day have wrought their number,
Woven out their golden rule;
Shadow-lieth green and umber.
Round about the reedy pool.

"Here where grass is green and luscious,
Sit thee whilst the pail I fill
From the dark pool by the rushes:
To thy breast hold very still
This most luckless of all thrushes—
Village boys have used it ill.

Oh, His eyes are wide with wonder
At the cruelty of men!
Pale-green rushes bend asunder,
Oh, his eyes are dark with pain!
Mary's pail goes dipping under,
Oh, His tears fall down like rain—

Drop on every blood-soaked feather,
Staining dimpled baby-throat:
Sunlight and the snow together
Are not white as it, I wot,
Nor the hawthorn in May weather
Blooming in the Fairy moat.

But the brown head hangeth meekly,
And the wounded brain is numb
And the brown wing droopeth sleekly,
And the mellow throat is dumb.
Little birds are frail and weakly
Village boys are meddlesome.

Then the blessed Infant Jesus
Kissed it with ruddy mouth
Like a rose: as honeyed breezes
From the mountains of the South,
Soft His kiss, and oh, it pleases
As a red rose in the drouth!

Is death's burden very weighty?
This Child's hand can lift the load;
Lo! the bird is living straightway!
Two go down the darkening road,
Pass beneath the village gateway
Pondering on the things of God.

—Irish Monthly.

O'Rourke's Request.

(*Prince of Breffni, A. D.* 1589.)

By T. D. Sullivan.

You ask me what defence is mine? Here!
'midst your armed bands,
You only mock the prisoner who is helpless
in your hands!
What would defence avail to me, though
good it be and true,
Here, in the heart of London town, with
judges such as you?
You gravely talk about my "crime!" I
own no crime at all;
The deeds you blame I'd do again should
such a chance befall.
You say I've helped the foreign foes who
war against your Queen—
Well, challenged so I'll proudly show what
has my helping been:

On that wild day when near our coast the
stately ships of Spain
Caught in a fierce and sudden storm, for
safety sought in vain;
When, wrenched and torn, 'midst mountain
waves some foundered in the deep,
And others broke on sunken reefs and
headlands rough and steep—
I heard the cry that off my land where
breakers rise and roar
The sailors from a wrecking ship were
striving for the shore.
I hurried to the frightful scene, my generous people, too,
Men, women, even children, came, some
kindly deed to do.
We saw them clutching spars and planks
that soon were washed away,
Saw others bleeding on the rocks, low
moaning where they lay;
Some cast ashore and back again dragged
by the refluent wave
Whom one grip from a friendly hand
would have sufficed to save.
We rushed into the raging surf, watched
every chance and when
They rose and rolled within our reach we
grasped the drowning men.
We took them to our hearths and homes,
and bade them their remain
'Till they might leave with hope to reach
their native land again.
This is the "treason" you have charged!
Well, treason let it be,
One word of sorrow for such fault you'll
never hear from me.
I'll only say, although you hate my race
and creed and name,
Were your folk in that dreadful plight I
would have done the same.

Oh, you would bring me to your Queen,
low at her feet to kneel,
Crave mercy from her stony heart, and
urge some mean appeal!
I answer, No! my knees will bend and
prayers of mine arise
To but one Queen, the Queen of Heaven,
high throned above the skie,

And now you ask my dying wish? My last
and sole request
Is that the scaffold built for me be fronted
to the West.
Of my dear country far away one glimpse
I cannot see
Wherever, and however high, you raise
my gallows tree;
Yet would I wish my last fond look should
seek that distant shore;
So to turn my face to Ireland. Sirs, of
you I ask no more.

—Irish Catholic.

HAGYARD'S PECTORAL BALSAM cures Coughs, Colds, asthma, bronchitis, and all throat and lung troubles.

In Stevenson's Samoa.

Under the title of "In Stevenson's Samoa," Miss Marie Fraser, a Scotch lady, has lately published in London some notes on a short residence near Apia during the last year of the great novelist's life. To most readers the book will have a special interest for its vivid picture of the life led in his island home by "Tusitala (the "teller of tales"), as his Samoan friends called him. But the book has a further interest for Catholics, on account of the glimpses we get in its pages of the progress which our holy faith is making among the islanders. First, before turning over Miss Fraser's pleasant pages, we consult Father Werner's "Atlas of Catholic Missions," from which we learn that Samoa is an apostolic vicariate, under the care of the missionaries of the Society of Mary. Father Werner's statistics are not very recent, but they show that as long ago as 1884 out of a native population of about 35,000 there were some 6,500 Catholics, very few of the native Christians being Protestants. There were then twenty chapels and churches of stone in the Samoan group of islands, besides ten wooden chapels, and there were in all seventeen missionaries. There was a convent at Apia, and a seminary for the training of native catechists at Vaea. Now let our lady traveller tell us something of the results of the efforts of our missionaries. We have the first glimpse of the missions as the steamer approaches the beach at Apia.

"From among the trees on the mountain above Apia," writes Miss Fraser, "gleamed the white walls of the Catholic college, characteristically placed on one of the most beautiful spots imaginable, and commanding a magnificent view; or where are there more picturesque sites than those chosen by the fathers in days gone by for their abbeys, priories, and monasteries?" Not the least charming chapter in the book is that which tells how Christmas—or *Kisilimasi*, as the natives call it—was spent in Samoa. In the southern climate of the islands Christmas has no wintry associations. Hear what our traveller has to say of the December sunrise among the hills above Apia: "The following morning (Christmas Day) the horses were brought round, and we rode away to be present at six o'clock Mass in the Catholic cathedral on the beach. It was an exquisite morning. The white fleecy clouds which crowned the mountains gradually dissolved, and a rosy light crept up the horizon, causing the deep blue overhead to fade to turquoise, and then the sun blazed in sight. Every leaf and blade of grass was glittering with dew; the great, feathery branched palms on the mountains above gleaming like polished silver, and those nearer sparkling in the golden light as if they were powdered with diamonds; and always, as the sun rose higher and the heat increased, the brilliant hued birds and butterflies crossed our track." And the following is part of the striking description of the scene which takes place at the church. "Arriving at the gates of the cathedral, we met groups of natives, all in the gayest attire, and on entering a wonderful spectacle presented itself. The great building was a mass of brilliant coloring, and completely filled in every corner with human beings. The beautiful decorations were very unlike what is generally associated with Christmas in our nothern minds,—the walls and columns being almost entirely covered with scarlet and cream colored *hubiscus* blossom, and ropes of jessamine and moss. From the ceiling were suspended innumerable devices, executed in many colored strips of thin bark, pink and cream predominating. Then the vast mass of humanity, many clad in native *tapa*, the color of which harmonizes so pleasantly with their polished brown skins; several of the women decked in gaudy calicoes and velveteens—introduced by the traders—purple, sky blue, green and red. And then conspicuous amidst this kaleidoscopic throng where the chiefs of the surrounding villages in their pure white *lava lavas* (native robes). Thank Heaven! The Samoans have not yet adopted European dress; and the atrocious velveteens can be pardoned, on account of the quaint and picturesque cut to which they are subjected. . . . It was an impressive sight, the intense earnestness of these islanders reverently attending the Mass. There was no half heartedness; they all joined in the function with right good will. When it was over, and everyone flockod out into the blazing sunshine, the good Sisters and the Mother Superior of the convent of Savalolo were surrounded by smiling natives, and all greeting one another with happy *Kisilimasi* wishes."

And here, finally, is a word picture of the hardworking community of nuns at Savalolo. At last the time drew near when we must part from our friends in Samoa, and to none did we feel it sadder to say good bye than to the Mother Superior and the good Sisters at the Visitation Convent at Savalolo. During our residence in the island we had many opportunities of witnessing the salutary effects of their unselfish devotion to the work of education among the native girls. On the morning of our departure, as we passed through the gateway into the convent grounds, groups of little ones were playing in the shade of palms and bread fruit trees. In the school rooms the different classes were being taught; and in the pretty little chapel one of the Sisters, who had a special talent for music, was teaching the choir the anthem for the following Sunday; and the sound of their sweet, tuneful young voices came to us as we sat talking with the Mother Superior. In an out building a few of the elder girls, almost grown women were being trained in laundry work; while in the kitchen lessons in simple cookery were being given. Sewing was carefully taught to all; and the young Samoans seemed to take kindly to the needlework, and were proud to show us the garments made by themselves. All seemed cheerful and happy; and it was a pleasure to observe the great amount of confidence and love that so evidently existed between the children and the Mother Superior—a gracious, kindly French lady,—and the Sisters, who had willingly exiled themselves from their homes in France, England and Germany, to carry their civilizing and refining influence among those young islanders." Such is the work the Church is doing in those far off islands of the Pacific. To judge by what Miss Fraser says of them, the Samoans are excellent material for missionary effort. She warns her readers that the people are not to be judged by the accounts of travellers who have only landed for a few hours from the steamer, and, as specimens of the native, have only seen the hangers on of the white settlement "on the beach."—*Ave Maria.*

Missionaries for Uganda.

The four Fathers of the Society of St. Joseph for Foreign Missions, on their way to Uganda, left Zanzibar for Mombasa on Saturday, June 8th, by British steamer packet Patria. They were accompanied by Captain Stwel, of the Manchester Regiment, and Mr. Malek, late of the Egyptian Army, both also taking up posts at Uganda. The whole of the effects and stores for the journey were got off without accident, and the donkeys were put aboard in good condition. The Bishop experienced great difficulty in the purchase of the five donkeys required, but was eventually congratulated by the First Minister of the Sultan on his good fortune in acquiring five good animals at the moderate price of 200 rupees each, it being rare to get a good donkey now under 500 rupees. The Bishop, Mr. Wilson, the editor of The Zanzibar Gazette, the White Fathers of Uganda, and some friends from the residents of Zanzibar, went aboard the Patria to say the last good-bye to the Fathers, who have met with much friendliness during their short stay in the city. Close by the ship lay the Tuba, on board of which the troops of the Zanzibar Government were being embarked in haste on their way to quell a rising north of Bombasa, headed by a turbulent Arab. As General Sir Lloyd Matthews, Commander-in-Chief of the Forces, and Captain Raikes, were rowed aboard, accompanied by their staff of native officers, the Sultan's band played "Auld Lang Syne," giving a home touch to the scene not lost to the Fathers. The two ships steamed out of the harbor closely following one another, amidst the cheering of the crews of the various men-of-war lying at anchor. The time was nearly sunset Mombasa would be reached the next morning. In the first fading light of the day the ships were soon lost to sight, and friends returned to shore just as the cannon in front of the Sultan's Palace boomed the close of the Mohammedan day, and the clear notes of the Angelus bell rang out from the tower of the French Catholic Church of St Joseph. The Bishop the same evening was entertained at a grand banquet given at the English Club in honor of Mr. Berkeley, the imperial Commissioner for Uganda, and going up the country with him. Mr. Hardinge, her Majesty's Agent and Consul General, proposed in felicitous terms the health of Bishop Hanlon, which was drunk with marked enthusiasm by the large company present. The Bishop replied in a telling speech, relating that he and the Fathers left England in full belief that farewell dinners were indeed a thing of the past for them, and that nothing was to be expected in Zanzibar but Arab dhows, slaves, diplomatic agents and cloves; but that much to their surprise they had found a little colony of their own country, men who irrespective of religious tenets, had one and all given them a warm welcome, and sent them up country with a feeling that every help was behind them in the difficult work they had undertaken. His Highness the Sultan had received in audience the Bishop and Fathers before their leaving together with many of the English residents, who were presented to His Highness by Mr. Hardinge. The scene was one of unusual brilliancy. Everything is now almost ready for the departure of Mr. Berkeley, the Imperial Commissioner, who, with the Bishop, will proceed to Mombasa by H. M. Ship Racoon;" this fast cruiser, always in the perfection of order, standing by ready at short notice. On reaching Mombasa an immediate start for the interior will be made. Father Plunkett, during this few days stay at Mombasa awaiting the arrival of the Bishop, had been strongly advised to put to good use his well-known powers with the rifle for providing food for the expedition on its way up the country, great scarcity prevailing.—London Tablet.

Excessive Novel Reading.

A New York paper briefly chronicles the fate of a young wife and mother of that city who has recently become insane through "excessive novel reading." The doctors think her case a hopeless one, and her home has been broken up, her two little children sent to her parents. This is, of course, an exceptional case, for very seldom does the evil of "excessive novel reading" make itself known in ways not to be mistaken. The novel reader is not always conscious of it, far less the outside world, but the evil lurks in many a home. Temperance in this style of reading should be as carefully observed as in the use of liquor. The mind is a wonderful and delicate mechanism intrusted to our care It may easily and insensibly become weakened and injured unless well guarded and faithfully exercised. Novel reading is delightfully easy. It requires no thought, no effort to understand. The thinking is all done, the decisions are all made, the conclusions are all reached without help from the reader. There is nothing left for that reader to do, and the mind grows, first, indolent, and then incapable. To pin the attention to any one subject which is food for thought—to meditate, in fact—becomes at last so difficult that it is more and more rarely attempted. The grand lessons of the day, the holy truths life teaches, are passed unnoticed or with indifference because they call for some mental effort, because they must be pondered over and decided upon, tested and proved. Because, in short, novel reading has destroyed both taste and ability to enjoy real mental food. There are many, many among us in as sad a state as this poor young creature judged "hopelessly insane," but their vagaries are less easily pronounced upon. While she imagines herself the friend, associate and admiration of dukes, princes, kings, and other heroes of the cheap novels in which she has reveled, their merit and crippled mental powers lie hidden in discreet silence, or are veiled by extravagant projects and fickle undertakings. Beyond all doubt, giant intellects have been entangled to utter helplessness and splendid powers palsied by this "*excessive* novel reading." "Not the *use*, but the *abuse*," here as elsewhere, causes the home coming of a curse. The excessive novel reader brings about his or her own desolation—slowly but *surely*.—Exchange.

Going to Mass in Season.

A writer in an exchange gives the following good advice regarding getting to church in season for the services. In most instances there is absolutely no excuse for coming late to church. People are not hurried or pressed by other affairs on Sunday. If they reach church five or ten minutes after the services have begun, it is wholly because of an unreasonable fear of spending too much time in the house of God. Else, why the studious care which people take of leaving the house only with sufficient margin of time to reach the church? Why do they display so much precaution lest they be too early? They are not gingerly about coming some minutes "before the play begins" at places of amusement. They waste ten times the time thus "lost" otherwise during the day. But is the time that a Christian spends in church just before the service begins really lost? The answer is, By no means. A sterling Catholic has expressed the opinion that five minutes reflection and communion before the priest comes to the altar is productive of the best spiritual results. The practice of reaching the church five minutes before the services have begun and spending the time in strictly religious reflection—powerfully assisted by the associations of the place—has always prepared an excellent disposition for assisting at the sacred ceremony that ensues. The Catholic feels that it is a difficult thing to come off the crowded street, sometimes hurried, and often occupied with worldly thoughts, and then to kneel down with the proper disposition before the Sacrifice of the Mass. The five minutes of preparation before "church begins," has, he thinks, doubled the spiritual advantages to him of the half hour or hour that ensues.

Leo Taxil, the one-time author of the Scarlet Pamphlets and the man whose conversion created such a noise some years ago, attributes the recent entry into the Church of Miss Diana Vaughan, the celebrated Masonic disciple of Paris, to the intercession of Joan of Arc. The days of Continental Masonry seem to be numbered. Some of the leading spirits of the order—male and female—have renounced the errors of their ways braved the threats of their companions in wickedness, and accepted the truths that flashed, by supernatural grace, upon them.

The Catholic party in Rome scored a notable victory in the contest for municipal honors which took place toward the end of last month. All of their candidates, including 32 for the Communal Council and for the Provincial Council, were returned by majorities far exceeding those of the successful candidates of the Liberal party.

A chapel has been erected, in accordance with the wishes of the late Cardinal Lavigerie, amid the ruins of the amphitheatre of Carthage, which was the scene of the martyrdom of so many Christians in the ages of persecutions.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

CURES DYSPEPSIA, BAD BLOOD, CONSTIPATION, KIDNEY TROUBLES, HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS.

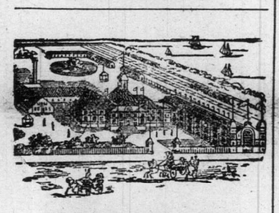
B.B.B. unlocks all the secretions and removes all impurities from the system from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore.

BURDOCK PILLS act gently yet thoroughly on the Stomach, Liver and Bowels

DR. FOWLER'S EXT. OF WILD STRAWBERRY

CURES COLIC, CRAMPS, CHOLERA, 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.



CANADA'S International Exhibition, 1895.

SEPT. 24th to OCT. 4th.

The Exhibition Association of the City and County of

St. JOHN, N. B.,

will open their Fair on their largely extended

FAIR GROUNDS,

South of Sheffield Street, on

September 24th, '95

NEW BUILDINGS are in course of construction for the accommodation of Live Stock and the Exhibition of

FARM & DAIRY PRODUCTS,

Our Exhibition will include:—

Live Stock,
Agricultural and Horticultural Products,
Machinery and Manufactures,
Fine Arts, etc., etc.

Cash prizes are offered in the Live Stock, Agricultural and Horticultural Departments.

Special Fares will be arranged with Railways and Steamers for Freight and Passengers.

Intending Exhibitors should apply at once for Terms of Entry.

Applications or letters of inquiry should be addressed to—

CHAS. A. EVERETT,
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June 19th, 1895—tf

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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.

THE GREAT TEA PARTY FOR 1895.

A Grand Tea Party will be held at

TIGNISH

—ON—

Thursday, the 15th day of August

in connection with the celebration of the Acadian National Festival, to which people of all creeds and nationalities are cordially invited to attend.

Fares for Tea Party, not including Tea Tickets:

Ch't wn to Hunter River, incl.	$1.25
Clyde to Freetown	1.15
Blueshank to Summerside	95
St. Eleanor's	95
Miscouche to Richmond	85
Northam to Portage	75
West Devon to Howlan	60
Bloomfield to Elmsdale	45
Alberton	35
Alma	25
St. Louis	20
DeBlois	15
Harper's	05

July 31, 1895—2i

THE PERFECT TEA

MONSOON TEA

THE FINEST TEA IN THE WORLD

FROM THE TEA PLANT TO THE TEA CUP IN ITS NATIVE PURITY.

"Monsoon" Tea is packed under the supervision of the Tea growers, and is advertised and sold by them as a sample of the best qualities of Indian and Ceylon Teas. For that reason they see that none but the very fresh leaves go into Monsoon packages.

That is why "Monsoon," the perfect Tea, can be sold at the same price as inferior tea.

It is put up in sealed caddies of ½ lb., 1 lb. and 5 lbs., and sold in three flavours at 40c., 50c. and 60c.

If your grocer does not keep it, tell him to write to STEEL, HAYTER & CO., 11 and 13 Front St. East, Toronto.

DR. FOWLER'S EXT. OF WILD STRAWBERRY CURES COLIC CHOLERA CHOLERA-MORBUS DIARRHOEA DYSENTERY AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS OF CHILDREN OR ADULTS PRICE 35 CTS BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

Dr. Fowler's

Extract of Wild Strawberry is a reliable remedy that can always be depended on to cure Cholera, cholera infantum, colic, cramp diarrhoea, dysentery and all looseness of the bowels. It never fails.

LATEST Button Machine Fastener.

Buy your Boots at

GOFF BROTHERS

And have the Buttons put on Free.

"LIKE PRODUCES LIKE."

The Reason Why Carter's Hazzard's Improved Turnip Seed is the Best:

Our supply of Hazzard's Improved Turnip Seed is grown exclusively for our own trade by Messrs. James Carter & Co., the Queen's Seedsmen, London England. This is the leading seed growing establishment of Great Britain. We supply to this firm yearly a few pounds of the true genuine stock of Hazzard's Improved Turnip Seed, contracting for the growth from this stock of a certain specified quantity, and when harvested we take the whole of it. No other firm in Canada can buy a pound of this seed except from us.

OUR HAZZARD'S IMPROVED COSTS US MORE THAN ORDINARY STOCKS. A firm of world-wide reputation, such as James Carter & Co., of London, does not need to contract at low prices; their prices are high but they are experts in seed growing, and we can depend on having the best that can be produced.

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

HOME GROWN HAZZARD'S IMPROVED.—We have had grown for the past two years near Charlottetown some choice seed of the true Hazzard's Improved, and we believe it is better than even our English stock. We call it 'Carter's Home-Grown Hazzard'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, ¼ lb, ½ 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.

GEO. CARTER & CO.,
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If You Can Read And Write

Then write us at once for quotations on all kinds of

Furniture!

We can furnish you from garret to cellar for Less Money than any other firm in the trade on P. E. Island.

JOHN NEWSON

June 12, 1895—6m

Young and Old

Can be properly suited at our establishment. We never had a greater variety of superior cloths than we are showing to-day. The man who can't find exactly what he wants must be very hard to please. By the way, do you know why the clothing made by us looks so well and wears so well? It is because we employ none but the best skilled workmen, who have orders to slight nothing. An inferior workman, or one found putting inferior work on a garment, does not stay long at work for us.

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Never Mind

What other people say, We say that the

CITY HARDWARE STORE

is on the top for Good Goods at right prices.

Jewel Stoves,
General Hardware,
Lobster Packers Supplies

Carriage Builders, Painters, House Builders, Farmers and others, will find us right here every time.

R. B. NORTON & CO.

A GREAT CLOTHING SALE.

Clearing Out Our Clothing Sale At a Great Bargain.

WHEN WE SAY WE SELL CHEAP WE MEAN IT.

500 Suits Men's Clothing, $2 and $2.50 less than regular prices.
250 Suits, $2.00 and $2.25 less than regular price.
500 Boys Suits, $1 and up.
500 Boys Suits, 85c. and up.
1000 yds. Island and Moncton Mills Tweed, which we will exchange for wool.

Wool we Want, Wool we Want!

If you want bargains come to the Great Clothing Centre, we are head quarters, sure. No mistake if you trade with the Farmers Boys.

PROWSE BROS.

The Wonderful Cheap Men.

Articles.

That maintain their high standard of excellence, never deviating except for the better, are bound to be in the end appreciated.

That's why E. B. EDDY sells so many.

"TELEGRAPH" Matches.

July 17, 1895—1y

MACHINE REPAIRS,

Sections, Knives, Rivets, etc.

Also, New Model Buckeye Mowers, Easy-dump Ethica Rake, Potato Scufflers, Hay Carriers, etc.

D. W. FINLAYSON,

H. T. LEPAGE'S OLD STAND,

Charlottetown, P. E. I., July 17, 1895.