

THE PROTECTOR AND CHRISTIAN WITNESS.

"RIGHTEOUSNESS EXALTETH A NATION: BUT SIN IS A REPROACH TO ANY PEOPLE."—PROV. XIV 34.

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The Protector and Christian Witness.

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THE KING'S MESSENGER.

Jeffrey Hayes was a person of considerable importance in his little neighbourhood, for not only was he the champion of every malcontent who braved a quarrel, and resolved to fight it out with the offender, but he had the first and surer news in days when armed horsemen did the work now performed by rail and telegraph, and when gossip bustling with impatience rushed to the blacksmith's forge to hear from his lips the last report left behind by some galloping rider who had been detained while his horse was shod.

Jeffrey did not fail to make the most of such opportunities; and at a time when insurrection had disturbed a portion of the King's dominions, he was in the height of his popularity, dispensing news and leading politics, and enjoying the well-earned distinction of being known as the best craftsman of his kind, and the most loyal, to be found on the great London road.

One dark evening, as usual the bright fire from the smithy of Jeffrey Hayes shone brightly across the highway, the sounds of labour had ceased, and several idle villagers were lounging round their oracle until he should think proper to put out his fire, and adjourn with them to the nearest public-house, where, with broad shoulders and muscular arm, was flourishing his great hammer to the eager narrative of an angry youth, who was telling of an insult he wished to avenge, and was calling the pugacious sympathies of his athletic friend, who praised his courage, and promised all honourable assistance on the occasion.

"Ay, I was sure you would stand by me and see justice done," said the obliged challenger.

"That will I," said Jeffrey warily, and with various cautions. "Fix time and place, and I'll be there to the minute, if the high-sheriff himself, on his Majesty's errand, brought his horse to be shod as one of Jeffrey Hayes can do it. I'm not the man, as you all know, to desert a friend in need, nor keep out of the way when blows are going. But hark! here comes a horseman, and I hear by the foot-fall there's work to be done yet. Stand by, my lads, and let the gentleman ride straight in."

In a few seconds more a horseman rode up, and asked if a lost shoe could be replaced at once.

"Just in time, sir," said Jeffrey, stepping forward, and lifting the hoof, the rider dismounted, and leaning against the door-post, surveyed by straight the several persons in the shed.

"You've ridden hard and far, sir," remarked the smith, as he proceeded to work.

"Yes; and must further still before I rest," replied the stranger.

"Important business on hand, I suppose, sir," said Jeffrey.

"Very. I am a King's messenger, and must not loiter on my way."

"If hammer could speak, that of Jeffrey Hayes would have borne witness to the right loyal grasp of his master's powerful hand, as he swung it with increased vehemence and precision on hearing this intelligence.

"Good news at court, I hope, sir," said he pompously.

"The very best. A free pardon for all the rebels."

"A free pardon!" exclaimed all at once. "What, are all they that have done?"

"Free, unconditional," repeated the traveller, "except it be considered a condition that they accept it."

"They can't, surely be that," exclaimed Jeffrey; "the very thought of such leniency ought to make them lay down their arms, and be true subjects for the rest of their lives."

"Yet, strange to say, that the fact, though quite certain, does not do it."

"Why, are you going on in rebellion in the face of pardon, and with no hope, either, of success to their cause at last?"

"Even so, excepting here and there one who sees things in a better light."

"But, they deserve execution; and why should not justice take its course?" said the blacksmith fiercely.

"My opinion is that it's possible to be too lenient; and loyal men look to governments to do their duty without fear or favour."

"You would have me believe that you are not a rebel yourself, friend," said the stranger in a low voice to the smith.

"Yes, I would like to see the man who dares call me a rebel," said Jeffrey Hayes with the voice of a Stentor, and mingling his speech with many terrible oaths; "he should knock something of this arm."

And down came the hammer upon the anvil with a blow that made the roof ring again.

"Then that dare I," said the traveller, boldly; "and your own lips have condemned you."

"You had better mount and be gone," whispered a villager, at the sight of Jeffrey's face like a thunderbolt.

But he slowly lifted himself from bending over the horse's hoof, and fixed a flashing eye on the stranger's face, who nevertheless stood unmoved and undismayed, adding deliberately:

"I should think you would not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain." So runs the holy law, and I call you all to witness that no loyal man trifies with or profanes the name of the prince he loves and serves.

How say you, friend, is it no rebellion, against God wilfully and continually to break and despise his law?"

There was no answer, and Jeffrey was busy with the shoe again.

"But," continued the stranger, "I told you that I am the King's messenger, bearing unconditional free pardon to all who will accept it. All have sinned, all are rebels; but God, who is rich in mercy, 'so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. It is not enough to silence the blasphemous tongue, and make him reverence the God who loves like this! Will you accept free pardon, and act out your own views of his consequences, my honest friend?"

"Why ask only men there be others here who need it fully as much," said the smith, in a surly tone.

"I do say it to all. Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely. I have no reserve on my list, but according to my royal Master's will I repeat his own proclamation to every sinner—He that believeth on Him that sent me hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation."

"I thought you were on an errand from the real court, and not making up a tale to preach to me," said Hayes, with some remaining displeasure.

"It is no made up tale, it is solemn truth, as you will one day prove; and as God the King of Kings is real, as heaven and hell are real, as you, an immortal being, are real, I beseech you, as though God himself besought you, to receive his offers of pardon and grace, and be reconciled to him. No man who is reconciled to God talks as you talk. Of deeds and ways I know nothing, but the place, begin his extensive comment with, 'and speak and act like a follower of the gentle, loving Saviour.'"

"Your horse is shod, sir."

"I thank you heartily for good speed and good work."

And the stranger, placing the charge in the hand of the smith, and I pray that by the operation of the grace of God, upon your feet, your feet may soon be shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace. You carry on

more than your mere trade in this workshop, friend; see to it that the record be written by Him who keeps a book of remembrance of the past, that fast the Lord and think upon his name. What a messenger you might be of love and mercy from the Prince of peace to those who come to talk with you here!"

"They would not come for a sermon, I reckon," said Jeffrey, attempting to laugh as he looked round.

"Try it; and the next piece of iron you would by yonder fire, like it in your mind to a hard human heart, cast under the softening influence of Divine love, and reshaped by the omnipotent Creator for holy and happy uses. Good night, friends all, and the Lord be with you."

"Stop, sir," said the smith, stepping after the traveller, and laying his hand on the bride rein. "Who are you that talk to Jeffrey Hayes in this uncouth way?"

"One who had a message from God unto you, and has delivered it," replied the stranger, as he rode quickly away, leaving the smith gazing after him into the darkness, until the sound of his steps had died away on the soft night air.

About half an hour afterwards, as Mary Hayes sat knitting by her cottage fire, she was surprised by the arrival of her husband full two hours before his usual time; and being a person of good sense she uttered no comment, but set his chair, and while he washed away the marks of his daily toil, prepared supper, and brought in a small jug of ale, as naturally as if it were his custom to drink it quietly in her company at home.

Hayes did not seem to have much appetite, but passed a very communicative, but after looking at the fire for some time, he suddenly spoke.

"Mary," said he, "have you got a Bible?"

"A Bible! Oh, yes! don't you remember the big book that mistress gave me when we were married?"

"Ah, to be sure! Get it, will you! I want to find something in it."

But leaf after leaf was turned over in vain; the Bible to Jeffrey Hayes was like a foreign land to one ignorant of geography.

"I can't find it," said he; "can you, Mary? Something about feet shod with the gospel of peace."

"Alas! Mary was not much better informed than her husband, until she remembered that there was a passage about armour in one of the Epistles, whereupon, with her knitting-needle to guide before her eyes down the pages verse by verse, she finally settled it triumphantly upon the 15th verse of the last chapter in the Epistle to the Ephesians.

"That's it!" said her husband, gratified at the discovery; and having read the verse, he read the chapter, and afterwards the Epistle too.

"Mary," said he again, after another review, "there is to be a light between Young Moss of the Devil and Will Crofts of our village."

"A fight!" exclaimed Mary, for such an announcement was the furthest from her busy thoughts at that moment;

"I want to see if we can't have fair play, and a little fighting," said Hayes thoughtfully, "and I shall search here for a way till I find one."

"Then what have you to do with the Bible and the gospel of peace?" asked Mary, quickly.

"I want to see if we can't have fair play, and a little fighting," said Hayes thoughtfully, "and I shall search here for a way till I find one."

"Mary marvelled greatly, as her husband regularly came home to see if he could find any more of the same kind, which how much fewer were the profane or angry expressions which now mingled with his conversation.

The day fixed for the fight at last arrived, and Jeffrey Hayes, standing before the waiting combatants, and surrounded by an eager ring of village squires, looked hand of each. "Well," said he, looking from one to the other, "which of you is the most like Cain?"

It is prepared to show himself a murderer."

The young men, surprised and silent, sought to withdraw their hands from the blacksmith's grasp.

"Look you, my friends," said he, "I promised to come here to see fair play, and as I helped on the quarrel in the beginning, it is fit I should see the end of it. I tell you both that fair play is to forgive one another, and the bravest of you is he who dares to forgive first. Come down, now, and talk it over with me at the forge, and I'll prove to you that this is the right way of thinking. Good-morrow, friends, there will be no fighting here to-day, I promise you."

"You are making fools of us, Smith," said one of the youths angrily.

"No, no, you did that for yourselves when you quarrelled about nothing, and I want to see you wise men again."

"What a queer end to a fight!" exclaimed the disappointed villagers, as Jeffrey Hayes marched triumphantly off the ground, with about sleep-losing yawns on either side. "Only to think of great Jeffrey Hayes turning peace-maker; it's as good as a fight to see it, so we haven't altogether lost our time."

Some four or five years afterwards, a passing visitor at the Hall, walked through that village with the squires. The evening was drawing on, and the blacksmith's forge was becoming conspicuous in the deepening twilight.

"You must just look in here for a moment before we return," said the equity, "for I am proud of our village smith—be he a lamed lion, once the most fiery, quarrelsome fellow in the county, and a violent politician, too, with a frame strong enough to enforce any argument and carry any bad majority; but now the quietest, soberest, and most Christian man I know of."

Here they reached the forge, and were respectfully greeted by Jeffrey Hayes.

"My friend," said the visitor, after looking at him for a few moments, as if endeavouring to recall some recollections of the past, "if I mistake not, you once shod my horse on a dark winter evening, and I—"

"Sir, if I mistake not," exclaimed Jeffrey, with a glow of pleasure on his face, after an equally searching look at the stranger's countenance, and an attentive ear to his voice, "if I mistake not, you are the King's messenger who bore the pardon for guilty rebels on that night. It was a word in season, sir, and I have proved how good it was. It led me to turn from darkness to light, and changed the village firebrand into a meeker, happier man. And now, by God's mercy, the rebel blacksmith seeks to be a King's messenger himself."—*Tract Magazine.*

A TRIO OF SCOTCHMEN.

Dr. Chalmers, perhaps, at first sight might scarcely look equal to his fame, for in repose his countenance was certainly heavy and his eye dull; but the moment he opened his lips to give even the most ordinary greeting, or ask the most commonplace question, a flash of genial light revealed the man; and if you found out his classroom at the temporary college in George-street, and spent an hour of the short winter afternoon on these dimly lighted and densely covered benches, you would, in all likelihood, learn the true secret of his power, and be amply rewarded for the trouble. At first, indeed, the reading of the lecture would go on quietly enough, with nothing particular to remark except a certain glow of unblended fervour in the tone; but by and by, on coming to some point in the manuscript which suggested further expansion, or struck him as calling for special application, the lecturer would pause in the reading, raise his head from desk, and keeping his forefinger on the line to mark the place, begin his extempore comment with, "Here, gentlemen, I would just say"—speaking at first only in an animated conversational tone. Gradually, however, you perceived a change, and sibilants came with greater force and frequency, the vowels were broadened, the strong consonants strengthened, the emphatic syllables rendered more emphatic still, until at length kindling with the subject, as new views of its im-

portance crowded thickly upon him—especially if it had practical bearing, and touched at all upon the future bestowment of the Church—his whole manner underwent a rapid change; abandon the manuscript altogether; he would suddenly rise from his chair, the professor's gown fluttering about him as he rose, and reaching over the desk with outstretched arm, flashing eye, and dilated nostrils, into a strain of impassioned eloquence of solemn warning, exhortation or entreaty, that thrilled through the hearer as he sat, making him feel for the moment that he was verily listening to the message of an inspired prophet, though, from the strangeness of the sound and manner he might well believe, one who had been summoned to the work, like the prophets of old, from following the sheep amidst the mountains, or driving the oxen afield, with the herdsmen of Tekoa. Professor Wilson was in body as in mind the very perfection of manly health and strength, of a king of men, very rich in a king. Nothing could possibly disguise him, not even the sad-coloured garments, the square Puritanic collar, and low broad brimmed hat that of late years it was his delight to wear. If you saw him on his way to college amidst the crowd in Prince-street, or met him floating the blast on the North Bridge, his long tawny locks blowing from his coat collar before the wind, you would at once recognize in the erect and lofty frame, magnificent chest firm elastic step, and stout and rugged of the Professor, the Christopher North of the *Notes and the Recollections*. Nor was Sir William Hamilton's appearance at all less characteristic. Though not so tall as Professor Wilson, he was above the middle height, and the sinewy vigour was compacted form, the strength and penetration of his look, the perfect self-reliance and finished courtesy of his manner, would at once have impressed you anywhere; while on the opportunity of a nearer view in his classroom, it was impossible to see the massive head, decisive yet finely cut features, dark, calm, piercing eye of the lecturer, and listen to his deep, firm, truthful voice, expounding the sentences or annihilating some obvious theory of his science, in problems strong and brilliant as polished steel, without feeling that here at last was a master, one who had learnt the lesson given by the oracle to the wisest of men, who had fearlessly confronted the cruel Sphinx of self-consciousness and read the riddle, who, holding the keys of an inviolable world, could unlock the hidden mysteries of thought; and having found such a one, you might be pardoned if, in the enthusiasm of the moment, you were almost ready to exclaim, with Socrates in the *Phaedo*, "that you would follow him as a god."—*Edinburgh Essays.*

Extract from Hugh Miller's "Testimony of the Rocks."

As a conclusion to the Sixth Lecture we have the following powerful sketch of an epic poem which might be written on the Temptation and Fall—

"There has been war among the intelligences of God's spirit, and the spirit of the morning, has fallen like a half-extinguished lamp, and our present earth, existing as a half-extinguished lamp, has received him and his angels. Dead matter exists, and in the unembodied spiritual exists, but not yet in all the universes of God has the vitality been breathed to the matter animal life, to even the profound apprehension of the fallen angel, is an inconceivable idea. Meanwhile, as the scarce reckoned centuries roll by, we see, and all like the cherubs have watched the course of the Divine Worker, the miserable prisoners of our planet become aware that there is a slow change taking place in the condition of their prison-house. Where a low dark archway, surrounded by an eager ring of village squires, looked hand of each. 'Well,' said he, looking from one to the other, 'which of you is the most like Cain?' It is prepared to show himself a murderer."

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creative hand seemed to pause in its working, and the finished creation to demand its lord! Even at this late period how strange may not the doubts and uncertainties have been that remained to darken the mind of the lost spirit! It was according to his experience—stretched backwards to the first beginnings of organic vitality, and co-extensive, at a still earlier period, with God's spiritual universe—that all animals should die—that all moral agents should live. How, in this new creature—this prodigy of creation, who was to unite what never before had been united—the nature of the animals that die with the standing and responsibility of the moral agents that live—how in this partaker of the double nature, was the discrepancy to be reconciled? How, in this matter, were the opposite claims of life and death to be adjusted, or the absolute immortality, which cannot admit of degrees, to be made mesh with an existence that is mortal, which, let us extend the term of previous vitality as we may, must for ever involve the antagonistic idea of final annihilation and the ceasing to be?

At length creation received its departed monarch. For revealed by God's own finger, and in God's own likeness, man enters upon the scene, an exquisite creature, rich in native faculty, pregnant with the yet undeveloped seeds of all wisdom and knowledge, tender of heart and pure of spirit, fitted to hold high communion with his Creator, and to breathe abroad his soul in sympathy over all that the Creator had made. And yet, left to the freedom of his own will, there is a weakness in the flesh that betrays his earthly lineage. It is into the dust of the ground that the living soul has been breathed. The soil, like the inferior animals, his subjects, sleeps and wakes, and can feel thirst and hunger, and the weariness of toil, and the sweets of rest, and who comes under the general law 'increase and multiply,' and who, like the inferior animals, is subject to the impermanent spiritus stercoris; and yet even they rebelled against heaven, and fell. There awakes a grim hope in the sullen fold of the first revolt. Ages beyond tale or reckoning has this temple of creation been in building. Long ages its walls are growing in the creeping things, in bird and in beast, food of coming man, its object and end. And now there needeth but one blow, and the whole edifice is destroyed. God's purpose annulled and frustrated, and his favouring hand withdrawn, and the temple of creation, which he had created, and brought, like the old extinct races, under the eternal law of death. Armed with the experience in evil of unannounced age, the Tempter plots his work: nor is it to low or ignoble expedients that he resorts. It is the formed creature's thirst for knowledge; it is his love stronger than death. The wiles of the Old Serpent prevail; man falls prostrate before him; creation trembles; and then from amid the trees of the garden of Eden, a voice is heard, a voice that is a voice of doom, and a voice of dispersion of prophesy begins. Victious dark; satans smokes; the tabernacle arises amid the white tents of the desert; and temple ascends all glorious on the heights of Mount Zion; and after the prophet declares his message. At length, in the fulness of time, the Messiah comes; and in satisfying the law and in fulfilling all righteousness, and in bringing life and immortality to light, abundant shows forth that the Temple of creation, which he had created, and brought, like the old extinct races, under the eternal law of death. Armed with the experience in evil of unannounced age, the Tempter plots his work: nor is it to low or ignoble expedients that he resorts. It is the formed creature's thirst for knowledge; it is his love stronger than death. The wiles of the Old Serpent prevail; man falls prostrate before him; creation trembles; and then from amid the trees of the garden of Eden, a voice is heard, a voice that is a voice of doom, and a voice of dispersion of prophesy begins. 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quires. The Church services have been regularly con-

The House of Industry is going on satisfactorily, and there is a marked improvement in the conduct of several of its inmates.

Behold the Jew, standing forsaken and alone in the midst of a mighty city, his nearest relations pass him without a look of recognition; nay, the very person who once loved him as the apple of his eye, splits on at the sight of him.

Glancing briefly at the mission field in England, we notice that here, as in all other lands, much to encourage us—much "reasoning amongst themselves," controversy on vital points; inquiring after truth; discussion upon the Scriptures; dissatisfaction with a dead formalism in worship, and a craving after more vitality in religion.

The Protector & Christian Witness

WEDNESDAY, MAY 20, 1857.

A SIMPLE QUESTION. Popery, Protestantism, Education, the duties of Rulers, and the duties of Electors,—on all these topics we have spoken a simple and an earnest word to our readers.

Let me clear the ground, then, before inviting you to a seat. You grant me that God never does anything without a purpose. When he made that great, bright, blazing sun, you know it was with an end to be served.

There, Reader, get that imprinted upon your mind. "I am here in this busy world, with physical, mental and moral powers, to serve a purpose."

Such is the question. Reader, let us hear now the answer given! Verbal answers we put down at their true value—worthless on this point; it being more than probable that we flatter and deceive ourselves.

Phishing men, doubtless, they are, in haste to be rich. But we ask these men to sit down calmly and seriously and ask themselves, was this the end for which God sent them into the world, with these physical powers, these immense intellectual and moral resources—to gather together so much money as when collected into a mass, would constitute a few thousand pounds?

It was a well-founded inference, that the preparation, used in larger or smaller doses, would prove a valuable general medicine, which experience has demonstrated.

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Respectfully, A. A. HAYES, M. D.

and deadliest snare to men's souls,—deadliest, because most deceitful and insidious. These the Roman Harlot, with her flaunting purple, never qualified in the havoc made on human spirits.

Look at another's actions. "Pleasure," they say, "our master is seeking pleasure, find it where he best may, 'tis no matter where or how,—in social company, in the song, the dance, the chat, over the glass, when every thing else more innocent falls business at the proper hour, and altogether a secondary consideration.

Consider. Was that reason given you that it might be told to stand aside till you indulged in your levities? Did God put that conscience with its small but powerful whisper there, that you might command it into silence which you revelled? Would God have given you such powers for such a purpose? Beware, friend, of the seductions of pleasant society, and pleasurable amusements—those Sirens that sing many an unwary soul into their snare.

And this—and it is a startling truth—that out of Christ your souls are destined for misery. Think of our things and then say what are the questions for a man to ask what his life-work? Are they not, How am I prepared for judgment, for eternity? Should not his life-work be to find Christ, to have his heart changed, his sins wiped out? A few years more, and where will be the wealth, the pleasure, the gaudy day-dream? Vanished; and his soul appears before its God, with the declaration, "I wrought for gold in the world, or for pleasure or honor; I gained my end, enjoyed my reward, and now must take my doom. I lived for certain things in the world, and got them; I made no preparation for this, and so cannot expect to enjoy anything in it."

Am I making the prime object of my life, that which will continue with me, and benefit me in the next world as well as in this?"

FAIRBANKS' SCALES.—The Messrs. Fairbanks, of Vermont, the original inventors of Scales, have given their entire attention for thirty years or more, to improving and perfecting them, and adapting them to all the various uses for which scales are wanted, till they have come to be very generally regarded as the standard, not only in this country but all foreign countries to which American enterprise has carried our commerce.

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PORT OF CHARLOTTETOWN.

May 14, Schrs. Sovereign, Parly; Pagmaster: Linnetout; Oriander, Land, Pictou; mail.

May 15, Schrs. Maria, Marie, Sydney; bay. 14th, Mrs. Land, Pictou; bal: Elizabeth Campbell, Miramichi; do: Eglantine, Edouard, Salem, U.S.; prodage.

On the 12th inst., by the Rev. T. Duncan, Mr. John Affleck, of New Glasgow, to Miss Elizabeth McLeod, of Charlottetown.

On the 15th of March, near Sillwater, Minnesota, Barbara, the beloved wife of Mr. Kenneth McLeod, formerly of New London, P. E. Island, in the 30th year of her age, leaving four children and an affectionate husband to mourn their loss.

At the Southwest River, New London, on the 4th inst., Jessie, the beloved wife of Mr. George Sutherland, in the 39th year of her age. The deceased was a loving wife and an affectionate mother, and was esteemed by rich and poor.

Charlottetown Markets, May 16. Beef, (small) lb. 5d a 2d. Mowls, 1s 3d a 1d. Pork, 4d a 7d. Turkeys each, 4s 7d. Eggs dozen, 7d a 8d.

ACADIA GROCERY, Queen Square. THE SUBSCRIBER, THANKFULLY informs the public that he is now opening a large and carefully-selected stock of PRIME GROCERIES—both from the English and Foreign.

WANTED TO PURCHASE, A FAST SAILING SCHOONER, 200 to 300 tons, with a Schooner about 80 or 100 tons tonnage. Enquire at the office of the Protector.

COAL AND HAY SCALES. NOTICE OF REMOVAL. FRANCIS STANLEY HAVING rented from Mr. Treman, the Shop and Weigh Scales at the head of Queen's Wharf, will be prepared to carry on his business of BOOT and SHOE MAKING.

A CARD. THE SUBSCRIBER BEGS TO return his thanks to the public for the liberal patronage bestowed on him during his sojourn on this island, and trusts still to merit a continuance of their support.

BREADSTUFFS, &c. THE CARD OF THE SCHOONER REWARD, just arrived from Montreal, consisting of FLOUR, CORNMEAL, SHIP BREAD, CRACKERS, FANCY BISCUIT, &c., is now ready for sale.

DAILY EXPECTED FROM BOSTON, FLOUR, MEAL, LEATHER, &c. THE SUBSCRIBER WILL OFFER at AUCTION, immediately on arrival, the CARGO of Schooner LEAD from BOSTON, consisting, in part, of—Sides SOLE LEATHER, BUCKETS, BROOMS, &c.

FAIRBANKS' CELEBRATED SCALES. of every variety, 34 Kilby Street, BOSTON, GREENLEAF & BROWN, Agents.

1857. FIRST ARRIVAL! DUNCAN, MASON & CO. HAVE RECEIVED their usual importation, per Ship "Isabel," from Liverpool.

BOOTS AND SHOES. AT THE KING SQUARE HOUSE, 600 pairs of which are JUST RECEIVED, and the remainder hourly expected per Ship "Majestic."

FURNITURE! WINDOW SASHES! SHINGLES! THE SUBSCRIBER HAS THE largest and best assortment of FURNITURE in the City for sale, cheap for cash.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Directors of the Charlottetown Gas Company are prepared to receive Tenders on or before the 21st instant, as follows, viz:—

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Dividend declared May 5, at the Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders in the Charlottetown Gas Light Company, will be paid at the Gas Office on and after Monday the 11th instant, between the hours of 10 and 2 o'clock.

COAL! COAL! COAL!!! COOD SLACK COAL at the Gas Works for 24s. per ton. April 6. WILLIAM MURPHY, Manager.

LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

THE BEST FAMILY PAPER in the World, is "LIFE ILLUSTRATED," a First-class Weekly Fictional Newspaper, devoted to News, Literature, Science, and the Arts; to Entertainment, Improvement, and Progress.

Published every Saturday in the City of New York, by Fowler & Wells, at 82 1/2 street; postage to the line 26 cents.

ACARD. THOMAS & DAWSON request immediate settlement of all unsettled Accounts, furnished up to December, 1856.

REDUCTION

Will be the Order of the Day AT QUEEN SQUARE HOUSE, FOR ANOTHER MONTH!

THE SUBSCRIBER WILL DISPOSE OF, BY PRIVATE SALE, his present STOCK OF GOODS

CHINA, EARTHEN AND GLASSWARE. ON CONSIGNMENT. THE SUBSCRIBER HAS RECEIVED instructions to sell, on arrival of the "Majestic" from Liverpool—

TO LET. A BUILDING WHICH HAS BEEN occupied by RICHARD TAYLOR, Esq. as STORE-HOUSE, for some time back, with counters and shelves, all in good order, at MARGATE, Lot 19.

PERSONS WANTING LIME STORE, Fowling street. May 6, 1857. 2m

PIANO FORTES & MELODEONS. FOR SALE, TWO OF CHICKERING & SON'S renowned PIANO FORTES. These instruments have never been used, and the makers are prepared by judges, to be the best.

NOTICE! THE SUBSCRIBER INTENDING to change his present Business on the First day of JUNE next, hereby gives notice to all parties indebted to him, whose Accounts have been repeatedly furnished, that unless the same are paid on or before the above date, they will be handed to an Attorney for collection, without distinction.

The National Loan Fund Life Assurance Society of London. CAPITAL £500,000 STERLING. Empowered by Act of Parliament, 24 Victoria.—A Saving Bank for the Widow and the Orphan.

G. P. TANTON'S DAGUERROTYPE ESTABLISHMENT, GREAT GEORGE STREET, OPPOSITE THOMAS & DAWSON'S, CHARLOTTETOWN.

ALLIANCE LIFE AND FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, LONDON. ESTABLISHED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT Capital £2,000,000 Sterling. CHARLES YOUNG, Agent for P. E. Island.

TO LET, A FINE PASTURE FIELD OF an excellent PASTURE, also a field on the Malpas Road about three and a half acres. J. H. PETERS.

TO Captains of Ships, Truckmen and others! NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Directors of the Charlottetown Gas Company are prepared to receive Tenders on or before the 21st instant, as follows, viz:—

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AUCTIONS.

House in Charlottetown. TO BE SOLD AT AUCTION on TUESDAY, the 20th MAY, at 12 o'clock, on the Premises, the TWO-STORY HOUSE, and quarter LOT LAND on the East end of King-street, near the residence of Mr. John Oley. For particulars, enquire of the owner—JOSEPH WRIGHT.

AUCTION! TO BE SOLD BY PUBLIC AUCTION, at SUMMERSIDE, by Mr. George Anderson, on the 24 day of JUNE next, that commodious DWELLING HOUSE AND LOT, occupied by Mr. Andrews. The House is 25 x 36 feet, and completely finished. Also, a FRAME, partly boarded, 18 x 26 feet. There is also a good Well of Water on the Lot.

Extensive Sale of Real Estate, &c. POSITIVE AND UNLIMITED. TO BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION, on the Premises, in Summerside Village, Bedouque, Prince Edward Island, by WILLIAM DODD, on WEDNESDAY, the 17th day of JUNE next, the whole of the Subscriber's REAL ESTATE, HOUSES, &c. &c.

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