

The Charlotte Town Herald.

NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1896.

Vol. XXV. No. 7

Calendar for Feb., 1896.

MOON'S PHASES.
Last Quarter, 5th day, 8h. 25m. p. m.
New Moon, 13th day, 0h. 0m. noon.
First Quarter, 21st day, 5h. 20m. p. m.
Full Moon, 29th day, 4h. 38.9m. p. m.

Day of Week	Sun	Moon	High Water
1 Sat	h m	afternoon	afternoon
2 Sun	7 28	5 10	9 9
3 Mon	27	11 21	9 29
4 Tues	26	3 more	9 54
5 Wed	25	4 04	10 11
6 Thur	24	5 2	11 1
7 Fri	23	6 3	11 48
8 Sat	22	7 15	12 48
9 Sun	20	8 14	1 49
10 Mon	18	9 28	2 53
11 Tues	17	10 32	3 59
12 Wed	16	11 35	5 04
13 Thur	14	12 37	6 10
14 Fri	13	1 39	7 17
15 Sat	11	2 40	8 23
16 Sun	9	3 41	9 29
17 Mon	7	4 40	10 35
18 Tues	6	5 37	11 42
19 Wed	4	6 33	12 49
20 Thur	2	7 28	1 56
21 Fri	1	8 23	3 03
22 Sat	6 59	9 18	4 10
23 Sun	5 57	10 12	5 17
24 Mon	5 56	11 05	6 24
25 Tues	5 54	12 0	7 31
26 Wed	5 52	1 3	8 38
27 Thur	5 50	2 6	9 45
28 Fri	4 48	3 11	10 52
29 Sat	4 46	3 59	12 0

The Prince Edward Island Commercial College.

College.

THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND Commercial College and Shorthand Institution is now open. Young men and women desirous of acquiring a Business Education should embrace this opportunity.

Subjects taught include Book-keeping, Commercial Arithmetic, Commercial Law, Business and Legal Forms, Business Correspondence, Penmanship, Shorthand and Typewriting.

Students admitted at any time. We guarantee attention to business.

S. F. HODGSON, Principal.

Box 242, Charlottetown.

Oct. 23, 1895-3m.

Grateful-Comforting.

Epps's Cocoa

BREAKFAST-SUPPER. ETC.

"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 deliciously 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 and healthful food and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets by Grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & Co., Ltd., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

John T. Mellish, M. A., LL. B.

Barrister & Attorney-at-Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC, etc.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND

Offices—London House Building.

Collecting, conveying, and all kinds of Legal business promptly attended to. Investments made on best security. Money to loan.

Imperial Life ASSURANCE COMPANY.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an application will be made to the Parliament of Canada at its next Session, for an Act to incorporate "The Imperial Life Assurance Company of Canada," for the purpose of doing a general Life Insurance Business.

F. H. CHEVYLER, For Applicants.

Ottawa, Dec. 11, 1895.

dec. 18, '95, 91

ENEAS A. MACDONALD,

BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Agent for Credit Foncier Franco-Canada, Lancashire Fire Insurance Co., Great-West Life Assurance Co.

Office, Great George St.,

Near Bank Nova Scotia, Charlottetown.

Nov 9, 1895-ly

D. LOW'S WORM SYRUP

DESTROYS AND REMOVES WORMS OF ALL KINDS IN CHILDREN OR ADULTS. SWEET AS SYRUP AND CANNOT HARM THE MOST DELICATE CHILDREN.

LOOK!

We are offering the balance of Winter Ulsterings, Overcoatings and suitings at very low prices to clear. Do you want anything in our line? If so don't put it off any longer—buy now.

D. A. BRUCE, Merchant Tailor.

PICTURES

PICTURE FRAMING.

A nice assortment of Mouldings now opened, including Oak, Enameled, Gilt and Shaded

Norway Pine Syrup strengthens the lungs and cures all throat troubles, coughs, colds, etc.

ALSO, A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF PICTURES.

Framing Done at Short Notice.

Good Work, Lowest Prices.

McMILLAN & HORNSBY

Booksellers and Stationers, QUEEN ST., - CHARLOTTETOWN.

ARE YOU ALIVE?

Are you up to the Times? THEN LEARN SHORTHAND.

By Poor Handwriting Improved by a Rapid and Easy Method.

Send a stamp for circulars, specimens, and full particulars.

W. H. CROSSKILL, Stenographer, Charlottetown.

North British and Mercantile FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

EDINBURGH AND LONDON. ESTABLISHED 1866.

Total Assets, 1891, \$50,002,787.

Transacts every description of Fire and Life Insurance on the most favorable terms.

This Company has been well and favorably known for its prompt payment of losses in this island during the past thirty years.

FRED. W. HINDMAN, Agent. Watson's Building, Queen Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I. Jan. 21, 1895-ly

JAMES H. REDDIN, BARRISTER-AT-LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC, etc. CAMERON BLOCK, CHARLOTTETOWN. Special attention given to Collections. MONEY TO LOAN.

Local and Special News.

THE FROSTY TIME.
When the beneficent sun is to be derived from a good medicine, is early in the year. This is the season when the tired body, weakened organs and nervous system yearn for a building-up medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla. Many wait for the opening of the season, in fact, delay giving attention to their physical condition so long that a long stage of sickness is inevitable. To rid the system of the impurities accumulated during the winter season, to purify the blood and to invigorate the whole system, there is nothing equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla. Don't get it off, but take Hood's Sarsaparilla now, it will do you good. Read the testimonials published in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla, all from reliable, grateful people. They tell the story.

Whiskers that are prematurely gray or faded should be colored to prevent the hair from falling out. Hood's Sarsaparilla will color all these in coloring brown or black.

St. John A. McDonald died on Saturday, 6th day of June, 1891.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

The increase of English speakers may be calculated at 2,000,000 annually.

Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam cures coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles.

I was cured of a bad case of Grip by MINARD'S LINIMENT. C. I. Lago.

I was cured of loss of voice by MINARD'S LINIMENT. CHAS. PLUMMER, Yarmouth.

I was cured of Sciatic Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. BERTIE, N.B.

SICK HEADACHE, Dyspepsia, biliousness, sour stomach and Constipation arise from wrong action of the stomach, liver and bowels. Burdock Blood Purifiers cure all diseases of these organs.

The body must be well nourished, not to prevent sickness. If your appetite is poor take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Minard's Liniment the best Hair Restorer.

To create an appetite, and give tone to the digestive apparatus, use Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Minard's Liniment cures La Grippe.

CONSTITUTION CURED. Gentle—I was in very poor health for over four years, the doctor said it was Consumption. Not wanting to spend too much cash, I got three bottles of Burdock Blood Purifiers and took it regularly. I can testify that I am now in the very best of health and feel very grateful to B. B.

Recent statistics show that the English language is spoken at present by 115,000,000 people.

Signs of worms are variable appetite, itching at the nose, etc. Dr. Low's Worm Syrup is the best worm expeller.

A MERCHANT TESTIMONY. Gentlemen—I write to tell you how good I have found Hagyard's Yellow Oil for sore throat. In one family alone the Yellow Oil cured several bad cases, and my customers now recognize its great value. They seem to prefer it to all others.

C. D. CORMIER, Wholesale Retail Grocer, Caspar Station, N. B.

Minard's Liniment is the best.

A COMMISSIONER IN B. B. Gentlemen—Having used Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam in our family for years I have no hesitation in saying that it beats everything else we ever tried for coughs and colds in children as well as grown up people. It relieves that tight binding sensation in the chest. We would not be without it for anything, as we have a large family.

WILLIAM ANDREW, Commissioner in B. B., Belmont, Man.

Queen Victoria was born on Sunday, 24th day of May, 1819.

"Have you any friends in this city?" asked a partying teller at the bank. "No," he replied. "I'm a baseball umpire."

A RAILWAY MANAGER SAYS: "In reply to your question do my children object to taking Scott's Emulsion, I say No! on the contrary, they are fond of it and it keeps them plump and healthy."

All sufferers from blood disorders can use Ayer's Sarsaparilla with assurance of cure.

Patron of the Catholic Press.

When the predecessor of the present illustrious Sovereign Pontiff was requested by certain Catholic journalists and writers to choose for them a patron saint, he named St. Francis de Sales for them, and his selection was an exceeding happy and appropriate one. For the learned Bishop of Geneva was not only a firm believer in the efficacy of the printed word, but he may truly be styled the founder of journalism in France. When one undertakes to seek the origin of French journalism, he discovers the first traces of it recorded in the establishment of the Gazette by Theophraste Renaudot, who began the publication of that paper in 1631, under the patronage and with the active cooperation of Cardinal Richelieu. Yet thirty-six years before that date in 1595, St. Francis de Sales, finding it impossible for him to counteract by preaching alone the evil influences of the Calvinistic "reformer," began distributing throughout his diocese fly sheets wherein he resounded, in a brief and convincing manner, the arguments against them which he elaborated at length in his public discourses. When, therefore, in response to the French journalists who petitioned him for a patron saint, Pius IX. named the sainted Bishop of Geneva, he not only made an admirable choice, but as one writer has said on the subject, St. Francis de Sales, being enrolled on the list of approved teachers of the faith when this choice was made, "nothing could more clearly show the high rank to which the Church has elevated Catholic literature. It is no longer to be regarded as a vehicle of innocent recreation, an extraneous plea to pity, a something which may be adopted or rejected at pleasure. The action of the Pope binds the whole Church to recognize the vast importance of Catholic literature. It occupies the highest place now, next to the official utterances of authority; and with a Doctor of the Church as its patron, that place is to be permanent."

Pius IX., though, was not the first Pope to recognize the utility, the excellence and the efficacy of the printed truth. At the Lateran Council Leo X. declared that printing had been "invented for the glory of God, the propagation of our holy faith and the advancement of knowledge; and though, unfortunately, the printing press has often since been put to far different uses, the words of the tenth Leo still hold good, and ought to serve as a rule to the Catholic writer and journalist. It would be a work of supererogation to detail here in the manner in which the Church has aided the press in all parts of Christendom, and none but the densely ignorant pay any heed to such stupid assertions as those which declare that a free press never received any encouragement until after the Protestant "Reformation" became an established fact. St. Francis de Sales showed his belief in journalism years and years before Germany had its first newspaper, and the Frankfurt Journal, which Hegeloph began to issue in 1615, is believed to have been the first publication of its character in any European land. It was a Catholic bishop, Monsignor Zamarrago, of Mexico City, who brought the first printing press across the Atlantic, quite a number of years before one was set up here in New England, and it was a Catholic priest who set up the first printing press in our own Northwest, Rev. Gabriel Richard, and who began the publication of educational and devotional works at Detroit as early as 1805. The Fathers of the Baltimore Council have spoken of Catholic journalism in approving terms; more than one prelate throughout the country takes an active interest in the Catholic press, and readers of the Review have no need to be enlightened regarding the attitude towards it of our venerable Archbishop, his suffragan prelates and the priests of New England. Why should the Church not show herself thus towards the Catholic press? "Teaching the young," said a writer in the Catholic World a year ago, "has been hallowed as a vocation; why not the teaching of the adult and the world? Preaching has its anointed ministers, why not the teaching by the written message? The evangel of human triviality and error have their zealous distributors; why might not the evangel of truth have consecrated agents to disseminate them with devotion and organized effort? In a word, why should so powerful, so universal, so far-reaching a means of doing good (as the printing press) be left almost wholly in indifferent and purely worldly hands."

St. Francis de Sales did not think it should, and hence he utilized it to confute the errors of the Calvinists and to make the truth of Catholicism known where his voice could not reach. Pope Leo X. was not of such a belief when he declared that the printing press should be used for the glory of God, the advancement of the true faith, and the promotion of sound knowledge. Pius the Ninth showed his sympathy with Catholic journalism by giving those engaged in it a Doctor of the Church for their patron saint. His successor, the present illustrious Head of the Church, has frequently sent words of warm approval to Catholic journalists and writers, and has shown himself a very generous patron of the Catholic press, as well as a firm believer in its excellence and utility. The American prelate have put themselves on record as being in its favor in the Council of Baltimore, and yet, with all these things in its favor, the really deserving Catholic press, the journalism that aims at carrying out the words of the tenth Leo, and which knows no other object than the promotion of God's glory, the advancement of the faith and the diffusion of true knowledge through its publications, fails to receive from Catholics the support to which it is entitled and which should be given to it! May the Great Saint who showed his own belief in the printed truth, whom Pius IX. named the patron of the Catholic press, and whose feast and third centenary falls this month, inspire all delinquent Catholics with a proper sense of their responsibilities in this important matter.—Sacred Heart Review.

Leo The Editor.

According to the rumors from Rome the Pope is now finishing a new Pontifical document addressed to the dissenting churches and claiming the supreme authority of the Holy See from the time of St. Peter. And just here it may be interesting to note how the Pope gets out his encyclicals. Leo XIII. at first studies his subject. When he finds the outlines of it in his head, he sends for one of the Cardinals or prelates who are in his confidence, explains his general plan to him and requests him to develop it. This Cardinal or prelate whom the Pope selects for his collaborator is always a most eminent theologian. He works out and amplifies the rough draught which the Pope confides to him. When this is done he brings it to His Holiness, who gives it the first revision, adding to it, correcting it or making excisions, as his judgment dictates. When the Pope is satisfied with this first study he turns the matter over to his "Secretary of the Latin Letters," whose function it is to translate the Pontifical documents into Latin. This prelate is a distinguished Latinist. When he receives the first text of the encyclical, which is always in Latin, he stretches it out in long and elegant Latin periods. This done, the document is printed in the form of it, and immediately begins to revise and correct it. Leo XIII. is hard to please in this matter. He is very particular, and often passes sleepless nights meditating over the contents of a period. It is not the perfection of style alone that he aims at; he takes the greatest care to present his thoughts in all their shades and shapes fearing to let a single word go beyond his idea and thereby leave room for false interpretations. Sometimes the Pope sends the encyclical to Cardinals and other high ecclesiastics with the request for their opinions. These learned men read carefully the Latin text and return it to the Pope with their observations. The Pope's proof, loaded with notes, additions and excisions, is finally sent to the Vatican printers, who return it to His Holiness in its final form. At last the Pope has his encyclical in proper shape; but it frequently happens that Leo XIII. keeps it locked up for months before giving it publicity. He watches the current of public opinion, and waits for a favorable chance to bring out the carefully prepared document, because an encyclical presented at an unfavorable moment creates little or no impression. That is just what happened to the first encyclical of Leo XIII. upon the Union of the Churches, addressed to "Princes and People." It came out on the very day that President Carnot was assassinated, and the newspapers were hardly able to give it more than a couple of lines. Up to the time of Leo XIII. the encyclicals were almost always addressed "To the Bishops and Faithful in Communion with the Holy See," but the coming encyclical will be "To all Christians;" and in reality it will be addressed to dissenters rather than to Catholics, because it is the former that the Pope wishes to reach with the view of converting them.—Courier des Eclésiastiques.

school the other day said: "I never mean to forget that I belong to the Holy Catholic Church. When I see the other Churches—the Anglican, the Baptist, etc.—what they are doing, how they are growing and progressing, I feel proud to again reiterate," he went on to say, "that I belong to the Holy Catholic Church. I belong to the M. E. branch of the Holy Catholic Church, which comes as near to the heart of it as any. I am as much a denominationalist as I am a Catholic, and I am a denominationalist for the sole purpose of helping the Holy Catholic Church." "Holy Catholic Church" is good. But which is the Holy Catholic Church? There is, and ever has been, but one, and we are quite sure that Bishop Vincent is mistaken and that he does not belong to it.—Baltimore Mirror.

Frank G. Carpenter in the Sunday Express quotes Dr. Talmage as saying this: "I tell you there is more religion in our kitchens than in our parlors; and you will find as much true Christianity among the Catholic servants as among the Protestant mistresses." Not only is there "more religion in our kitchens than in our parlors," but there is often more genuine refinement and culture there, too. It not infrequently happens that coarse and vulgar women get into the parlor by a chapter of accidents; and then, of course, the "beggar-on-horse-back" business is repeated with disgusting loudness. Whereas, on the contrary, many a well-born girl is compelled by circumstances to earn an honest livelihood at domestic service. But the one is a lady in the kitchen, while the other is vulgar in the parlor, though ablaze with diamonds.—Buffalo Union and Times.

"The Catholic Churches," says a Kansas City Protestant minister, "should be maintained and exempted from taxation, because they are the refuge of the poor, and the hospitable inn of the weak, the suffering and the destitute of the world." This argument is as sound as the statement is true; and its care of the poor is a mark of the Church's divine origin. Christ instructed as one of the signs of his divine mission that the poor had the Gospel preached to them; and bade his apostles bring into the Church "the poor, and the feeble, and the blind and the lame."

In the Irish exchanges is recorded the death of the Protestant Primate at Armagh. As an instance of the respect Catholics entertain for Christian worth, to whatever denomination it may belong, and of the good feeling that does exist between Catholics and Protestants of Ireland, it may be mentioned that the bell of the Catholic Cathedral of Armagh was tolled both in the forenoon and afternoon when the news of Dr. Grogg's death was announced.—Exchange

The London Tablet says—"There can be no gainsaying the deep significance of the great meeting at Manchester on behalf of the claims of the Catholic elementary schools of the country. Mr. Justice McCarthy, the leader of the Irish Nationalist Party, has declared, and has reiterated his declaration, that the Government will have the full force of the Irish members in support of any legislative measure for the relief of the voluntary schools, and now that declaration has been re-echoed from the platform of the Manchester Free Trade Hall by the lips of another of the Irish Party, no less distinguished than Mr. McCarthy himself, Mr. John Dillon, M. P., delivered what the Manchester Courier of the following day described in a leading article as a "trenchant appeal for justice to the cherished schools of the poorest class of our population." What ever be the political divisions of the Irish Party, on this question of education, Mr. Dillon declared, they are "all solid," and he further ratified the pledge already given by his chief—that if the Government will not undertake the task of doing justice to the voluntary schools the Irish Party "will vote with them to a man, and will speak for them also."

Protestants all have a longing for that word "Catholic," which they repudiated with such scorn a few centuries ago, but which apparently they would now willingly assume again if they could. Here is Bishop Vincent, of the Methodist Church, who, in addressing the students of the Boston University Theological

Royal Baking Powder

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report.

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The Catholic Journal in the Catholic Home.
Pride thrives on the strangest food. There are Catholics who pride themselves on their social estrangement from their fellow-Catholics, on their ignorance of the glories of the faith, and on their indifference to movements in the interests of Catholic intellectual progress. One has a contemptuous pity for the head-headed woman who oozes delightedly that she is often mistaken for a Protestant, especially as the blunder grows out of ignorance of the etiquette of church-going and worse ignorance. It is harder, however, to explain the defect of Catholic spirit and the want of tact in an intelligent man, who, called upon to address a national gathering convened in the interest of Catholic literature and journalism, proudly declares that he never reads a Catholic Journal, since his confessor has been considerate enough never to impose such a penance upon him. To condemn a case unheard, or a journal or a book unread, is hardly an evidence of a judicial mind, but more than one man who would be ashamed of such profanity in any other case, prides himself on it, as if it were a sign of intelligence and true liberality, where matters pertaining to his religion are concerned. It is true that the cause of Catholic journalism has been injured in many places by the dismal experiments—hopeless from the journalistic standpoint—put forth in the Catholic name; or by the so-called Catholic journals which exist largely as organs of personal malice and vindictiveness, sowers of discord and contemners of just authority. But these things do not justify the Catholic who condemns or ignores the Catholic press. There are enough of really good Catholic journals to provide every Catholic household, however limited or however great the intelligence and opportunities of its inmates, with an interesting and instructive weekly visitor. "I am ashamed to tell," wrote a truly intelligent Catholic to The Pilot once, "that we never took a Catholic journal until after a stirring mission in our parish. The missionaries, it is true, did not simply urge us to take some one from the list—not a long one—of the really representative ones, and left us to choose for ourselves. Wasn't it a pity for two, of which The Pilot was one; and we have never since ceased to deplore all that we had lost by not sooner putting ourselves in touch with the world of Catholic thought, as one can do only through the medium of the best Catholic publications." The above is but one of the many letters in like spirit which come to The Pilot, especially at the opening of the year, and which prove the place that the Catholic journal fills in the Catholic home.—The Pilot.

Cured of a Serious Disease. "I was suffering from what is known as Bright's disease for five years, and for days at a time I have been unable to straighten myself up. I was in bed for three weeks, during that time I had received applied and derived no benefit. Seeing Hood's Sarsaparilla advertised in the papers I decided to try a bottle. I found relief before I had finished taking half of a box. I got so much help from taking the first bottle that I decided to try another, and after taking the second bottle, I feel as well as ever. 'All Glory to Thee' Ours, MERRITT, Toronto, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla CURES

relief before I had finished taking half of a box. I got so much help from taking the first bottle that I decided to try another, and after taking the second bottle, I feel as well as ever. 'All Glory to Thee' Ours, MERRITT, Toronto, Ont.

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient, yet easy of action. Sold by all druggists, etc.

MINARD'S LINIMENT cures all rheumatism.

MINARD'S LINIMENT cures all rheumatism.



As Well as Ever

After Taking Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cured of a Serious Disease.

relief before I had finished taking half of a box.

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient, yet easy of action.

MINARD'S LINIMENT cures all rheumatism.

MINARD'S LINIMENT cures all rheumatism.

the world. While other nations were devoting attention to arming themselves...

In the house on the 6th, Sir C. H. Tupper introduced a bill to amend the Dominion Elections Act...

Rev. J. T. Rogers, of David City, in the diocese of Lincoln, Nebraska, is the author of a devotional work entitled "The Month of Joseph, for people in the World..."

LOCAL AND OTHER ITEMS. On Sunday last, the shoe store of W. R. Cunningham, of Antigonish, was destroyed by fire...

LOCAL AND OTHER ITEMS. Rev. J. T. Rogers, of David City, in the diocese of Lincoln, Nebraska, is the author of a devotional work entitled "The Month of Joseph, for people in the World..."

LOCAL AND OTHER ITEMS.

On Sunday last, the shoe store of W. R. Cunningham, of Antigonish, was destroyed by fire...

A MAN named Calvin Goodspeed died at Fredericton on Thursday last, at the advanced age of 91 years.

The remedial bill was introduced in the House of Commons yesterday by Hon. Mr. Dickey, Minister of Justice.

The American schooner Resolute lies wrecked at Little Lorraine. One of the crew was drowned.

PETER WHEELER, charged with the murder of Annie Kempton, at Bear River, N. B., has been committed to the Supreme Court for trial.

The London Standard of the 6th inst., publishes a poem by Alfred Austin, poet laureate, apropos of the death of Prince Henry of Battenberg...

The Stanley left Georgetown for Picton on Monday morning, and reached her destination at half-past twelve.

LATE Glasgow advices say that the combination of Scottish oil traders, established some time ago with the object of sustaining rates, has been broken and that rate cutting has begun here and there.

Mr. J. H. O. MURPHY met with a painful accident on Monday evening last when he fell on the slippery sidewalk at the corner of Great George and Sydney Sts., and broke his ankle...

On Sunday last boats crossed from Cape Tormentine, bringing over 183 bags of mail, which were brought to the city by special train, arriving here shortly after four o'clock.

The gross earnings of the C. P. R. in the past year were \$18,941,031, and the net surplus \$1,245,905.

One of the grandest banquets ever held in Halifax was tendered Sir Charles on Thursday evening last.

The London Daily News of the 6th, commenting upon the resolution adopted in the Canadian House of Commons on the previous day, expressing loyalty and devotion to the British throne, constitution, etc., says: "The judgments and sound political instincts shown by this resolution will be hardly less welcome to the recipients than the loyalty and affection it manifests throughout."

The English and French Conservatives of Montreal gave Sir Charles Tupper the most enthusiastic reception on his arrival in that city on Saturday evening last.

A combined address was presented to him by the four Conservative clubs of the city. Sir Charles made a witty address, reaffirming his position on the school question, and paying a tribute to the honesty and firmness of Sir McKenzie Bowell.

Mr. WILLIAM CATHERINE, of Canoe Cove, met with a bad accident while in the woods last week, cutting fire-wood. He is falling a tree in on him, breaking his leg below the knee.

On Monday evening January 21st, a number of the young people of the vicinity, met in Donogh school for the purpose of forming an association to be known as the "Young people's social Union."

A CORRESPONDENT informs us that the entertainment and social in Hope River hall, on Tuesday evening 4th inst., was a decided success, financially and otherwise.

The Observer, of Sterling, Scotland, which came to hand some weeks ago, contained the following:—"On Monday the grave closed over the remains of Duncan McLaren, mason, Doon, Born in the district from which he is now removed away, it can be safely said he lived his 71 years in it, and his remains rest beside his forbears in Kinrossie Churchyard."

The Observer, of Sterling, Scotland, which came to hand some weeks ago, contained the following:—"On Monday the grave closed over the remains of Duncan McLaren, mason, Doon, Born in the district from which he is now removed away, it can be safely said he lived his 71 years in it, and his remains rest beside his forbears in Kinrossie Churchyard."

The Observer, of Sterling, Scotland, which came to hand some weeks ago, contained the following:—"On Monday the grave closed over the remains of Duncan McLaren, mason, Doon, Born in the district from which he is now removed away, it can be safely said he lived his 71 years in it, and his remains rest beside his forbears in Kinrossie Churchyard."

Horticulture in P. E. Island.

(From the Examiner.) A large and highly intelligent audience of ladies and gentlemen assembled in Philharmonic Hall on Tuesday afternoon, the 4th inst.

Honour the Lieut.-Governor occupied the chair. An interesting paper prepared by Mr. McRae, of the firm of Jones & McRae, Pownal, was read. Professor Craig, on beginning his discourse, expressed himself as highly pleased with the reception accorded him since his arrival on the Island, especially at the kindly attitude taken by His Honor the Lieut.-Governor and the city and agricultural press.

At the same time, he cautioned his hearers that no one should take up fruit-growing with the idea that planting the trees, nature, the favorable soil and salubrious climate of this latitude would do the rest. In many respects the Island possesses unusual advantages for the successful culture of fruits. The natural drainage of the soil by reason of the substratum of porous gravel in many parts of the Island furnishes unequalled facilities for the culture of such crops as water, thus doing away in a large measure with the necessity of artificial drainage. He cautioned his hearers, however, against holding too strongly the idea that with these many natural advantages, therefore, would come a comparatively less care. In these days of keen competition, only the most intelligent, persevering and careful cultivators secure the highest results.

By the use of charts the relative amount of these elements drawn from the soil was illustrated. As a nitrogen collecting crop the use of clover, peas and beans was strongly recommended. When these were ploughed under, the farmer was able to secure a large amount of valuable fertilizing material practically at the cost of the seed of the clover, or of the crop used. In the preparation of the orchard ground he recommended having it deeply ploughed and cultivated with a hoed crop previous to planting the fruit trees. With regard to the site and aspect he had observed in the western portion of the Island, that on southern slopes some trees had been injured by sun-scalding on the south and west sides of the trunk. This injury in the early period of the season, freezing caused expansion of the liquid sap and its attendant injury to the bark and young growing tissues. When such injury was possible he advised the planting of cordons especially of early varieties, upon northern slopes instead of southern, where the temperature would be more equable than on the southern slope.

He emphasized the necessity of careful planting, gave instructions for the pruning and cultivation of the orchard after it was planted, and then entered upon a discourse of the injurious pests which the farmer and fruit-grower has to deal with. He had observed that many of the orchards on Prince Edward Island were badly infested with bark lice and black knot. These two pests were representatives of two widely separated but very injurious classes. The oyster-shell bark louse represented one of the most injurious insects belonging to the sub-class of insect pests. The treatment for this class of insects was the use of city shavings thrown over the trees. The case of the black knot which represented a more virulent disease belonging to the vegetable kingdom, and more particularly to the kingdom of fungi, parasites, the only remedy was a preventive one, and consisted in cutting out and destroying by fire all the diseased portions of the tree. He was particularly anxious to draw attention to the extermination of this disease by passing a law making it compulsory for fruit-growers to destroy it whenever it appears. Among other insects discussed which injured the foliage by eating it, and for which Paris Green was recommended, the codling moth, the bud moth, the canker worm and gooseberry worm, were mentioned, their life history sketched, and the best methods of treatment outlined. By the aid of charts the lecturer gave point to his remarks on the subject mentioned. Referring to small fruit culture, he presented in graphic form a plan for a farmers small fruit garden, covering an area a quarter of an acre in extent, and conveniently arranged to include to the best advantage, a sufficient quantity of

these healthful products to supply the farmer and his family the year around. In discussing the different classes of these fruits useful hints were given for the cultivation and management of each. The liberal use of manure was advocated; thorough cultivation was essential. In the case of raspberries, blackberries, gooseberries and currants annual pruning was necessary in order to remove the old wood and to give renewed vigor to the young canes. With regard to strawberries, he believed that the climate and soil here were admirably fitted for the production of large and luscious berries. He advised planting them in rows three and a half feet apart, being careful to select varieties which would flourish each other in order to secure a long season. Gooseberries could certainly be grown with great success and much profit. In summing up the lecturer advised the cultivation of the earlier winter apples instead of the later kinds, as the amount of summer heat might be insufficient to bring the latest varieties to perfection. He recommended Duchesne, Wealthy, Ribston Peppin, Blenheim Pippin, King and McIntosh Red, saying that such late kinds as Ben Davis and Scott's Winter would hardly reach maturity. He recommended the old grafting of many of the old and at present unproductive apple trees on the Island, and in order to encourage the commencement of this work, gave an object lesson illustrating the case with which it might be done, showing that no great skill was necessary and that each variety of a little practice might be able to aid production by introducing new varieties on the tops of these old trees at present practically useless. The speaker closed his address by urging upon farmers to take up this work intelligently and thus and other profitable source of income to the farm and develop a mine of wealth as yet practically undiscovers. As an encouraging thought along this line he pointed out that in the near future the markets of Great Britain would, without doubt, be open, and conveniently open to the fruit producer of P. E. Island as well as of the other Maritime Provinces. The comprehensive project now in contemplation by the Government for the placing on the British markets by means of cold storage warehouses on this side and fast steamers supplied with cold storage compartments for beef, mutton and dairy products, will be used also for carrying the perishable fruit of the Maritime Provinces, as well as P. E. Island, more particularly, plums and pears. When these facilities are secured, P. E. Island farmers should be in a position to take advantage of them. Their geographic situation brought their small fruits to maturity at a time when, if placed upon the markets of the United Kingdom, they would be considered as luxuries, and being able to grow these fruits with such ease no time should be lost in preparing to meet the changed condition of the future. The lecturer expressed himself as willing and glad at all times to give what service to intending fruit growers on the Island by means of information and advice and the more that they would take advantage of his experience in this work the better would be pleased and the more fully would be serving the people of the Dominion, by whom he was employed.



Almost a Hopeless Case.

A Terrible Cough. No Rest Night nor Day. Given up by Doctors.

A LIFE SAVED BY TAKING AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

Several years ago, I caught a severe cold, attended with a terrible cough that allowed me no rest, either day or night. The doctors, after working over me to the best of their ability, pronounced my case hopeless, and said they could do no more for me. A friend, learning of my trouble, sent me a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which I began to take, and very soon I was greatly relieved. By the time I had used the whole bottle, I was completely cured. I have never had much of a cough since that time, and I fully believe that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved my life. W. H. Waino, a Quimby Ave., Lowell, Mass.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral HIGHEST AWARDS AT WORLD'S FAIR.

The Imperial Parliament opened yesterday.

The Ontario Legislature opened yesterday.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER, Bart., was introduced in the House of Commons yesterday, by Hon. Mr. Foster and Mr. McDonald, amid thunders of applause.

At a reception on Friday, Feb. 7th, Morgan Hinchey, aged 78 years, a native of Newfoundland, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

DIED. At a reception on Friday, Feb. 7th, Morgan Hinchey, aged 78 years, a native of Newfoundland, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.



Almost a Hopeless Case.

A Terrible Cough. No Rest Night nor Day. Given up by Doctors.

A LIFE SAVED BY TAKING AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

Several years ago, I caught a severe cold, attended with a terrible cough that allowed me no rest, either day or night. The doctors, after working over me to the best of their ability, pronounced my case hopeless, and said they could do no more for me. A friend, learning of my trouble, sent me a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which I began to take, and very soon I was greatly relieved. By the time I had used the whole bottle, I was completely cured. I have never had much of a cough since that time, and I fully believe that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved my life. W. H. Waino, a Quimby Ave., Lowell, Mass.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral HIGHEST AWARDS AT WORLD'S FAIR.

The Imperial Parliament opened yesterday.

The Ontario Legislature opened yesterday.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER, Bart., was introduced in the House of Commons yesterday, by Hon. Mr. Foster and Mr. McDonald, amid thunders of applause.

At a reception on Friday, Feb. 7th, Morgan Hinchey, aged 78 years, a native of Newfoundland, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

On the 7th inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, West River, Donald McDonald, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased was born at Fairfield, La. 47, and was the son of the late Angus McDonald of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Angus McDonald, R. I. P.

Here's Your Chance.

It means money saved for you.

STRAKAN JACKETS AT A LARGE DISCOUNT.

Owing to the mildness of the winter we have still a nice variety left and offer them at astonishingly low prices. Never before have we offered such low prices on furs.

BEER BROS.

It means money saved for you.

CAPES AND ULSTERS AT CLEARANCE PRICES.

We doubt if you can buy even the cloth at the price we offer the Ready-made Garments. Such bargains don't go begging. Call quickly if you want to share in them.

BEER BROS.

OUR GREAT ANNUAL WHITE SALE IS NOW GOING ON.

BEER BROS.

WEEKS' Sale. Sale. Sale.

Every Ladies' Jacket And all Fur Goods

One Hundred Cents

We all know makes a dollar, and you will find one dollar will go further at Weeks & Co's than any other store. We are here to do a big business and keep all hands busy. We buy direct from the manufacturers at best prices. Big Bargains now on Gents Winter Lined Gloves, very suitable for Xmas Presents. Also, one thousand handsome Silk Handkerchiefs to choose from. Everything the very best.

Nearly every person on P. E. Island knows where W. A. Weeks & Co's store is. If you don't know, it is on Queen Street, next Beer & Goff's Grocery Store, and that is the spot for Honest Goods at Honest Prices.

WEEKS', THE PEOPLES' STORE. Wholesale and Retail.

You Ought To Keep Warm,

And we can help you do it if you leave your orders with us for a good, warm Overcoat or Ulster; and if you want the

ONE THING CERTAIN KILLS PAIN

PAIN-KILLER

THE GREAT Family Medicine of the Age.

Taken Internally, it Cures Diarrhoea, Cramp, and Pain in the Stomach, Stomach Throat, Acute Colic, Coughs, etc., etc.

Used Externally, it Cures Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Sprains, Toothache, Pain in the Face, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Frosted Feet.

It is the most reliable and most successful remedy ever discovered for the relief of all the above ailments.

It is sold everywhere in large quantities.

SAGAS OF THE SEA.

Oh beside the misty ocean As I muse at close of day, Watching shiver the white-capped billows Sport like Tritons in their play— Then from out the mighty waters Siren voices sing to me— 'Tis the waves forever chanting The lone Sagas of the Sea.

In the night I've lain and listened To the waves, whose sullen roar, Still advancing, still receding, Beating on the sandy shore,— With their songs of ages vanished, And the ages yet to be— These the same wild waves repeating The lone Sagas of the Sea.

I have heard the billows murmur Of a legend old they keep— How the Phœnix Ship for ever Hurtles the wild and treacherous deep— From whose fatal sight the scaman As from sure destruction flee; This the waves never over sing— This the lone Sage of the Sea.

Lo! I from out the trackless ocean— I have heard the rattling waves Chanting of the secret treasures In their mermaid-haunted caves— Telling how their boundless waters Are to distant lands the key; Wandrons are the tales they tell— The lone Sagas of the Sea.

Hark! the ocean-voices echo From those times remote and dim, In the stillness of the evening, Sounds the Viking battle-hymn, As they sailed on warlike galleys With their pennons floating free, And of those the waves are singing— The lone Sagas of the Sea.

Like the roar of surges breaking On some wild and rocky shore, And the wild voice of the drowning As they sink to the sea no more— And the sea-gulls scream forever— With a sound of mocking gloom— These the wild waves still are singing— Lone Sagas of the Sea.

J. A. SADDLER, In Montreal True Witness.

DIMITRIOS AND IRENE

OR—
The Conquest of Constantinople

A HISTORICAL ROMANCE

(Copyrighted)

—BY—
CHARLES WARREN CURRIER.

Published in the Herald with the Author's permission.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

Dimitrios covered his face with his hands to hide the tears that were forcing themselves to his eyes. Morosini, noticing his emotion, continued: "Be not downcast, my friend; your country may fall, but Phœnix-like, the Grecian people may still arise from its ashes. Let us at least have the satisfaction of doing our duty. Come! I proceed."

Morosini and Dimitrios now directed their steps towards the palace. The guards at the entrance, recognizing the Italian, allowed him to pass. Walking towards a door which he seemed familiar, Morosini whispered to an attendant who admitted him into a spacious apartment. The floor consisted of mosaics, while the marble walls and gilded ceiling gave evidence of the splendor which once belonged to the palace of the Byzantine Emperors. In this room they waited for a short time when the door opened, and a richly-clad servant entered and bowed, inviting them to follow him. Ascending a flight of stairs and passing through a long corridor, they reached an arched door which admitted them into a magnificent hall. Its decorations greatly resembled those of the former apartment, but at one end of the room there stood a gilded throne upon an elevated platform, over which a rich canopy of red and gold hung suspended. It was the first time that Dimitrios had entered with the monarch himself. The guards drew up in two lines, facing each other, while the Emperor walked between them towards the visitors, who both knelt before him. Bidding them arise, the Emperor took each by the hand as he spoke: "In the common misfortunes that befall my country, we suspend the rules of etiquette. Morosini, who is this young man?"

"One of your Majesty's most faithful subjects," replied the Italian, "one who is determined to stand or fall with Constantinople."

The Emperor's eyes twinkled. Grasping the young man by the hand, he asked: "Have you ever borne arms, my son?"

"Never, Your Majesty," he replied.

"You will soon be proficient, I see in your manly bearing. I appoint you a member of my guard, henceforth you will be attached to my own person. But of this later. Morosini have you a communication to make?"

"I have, Sire, but for your ear alone it is intended." Hereupon the Emperor withdrew the Italian to a distance and listened as he spoke.

"Sire, Nicolaus Lecapenus, whose arrest you have ordered, has gone over to the Turkish camp. He left the city secretly by water, and before taking his departure, he communicated his design to a friend, through whose indiscretion the matter has leaked out."

"Traitor!" exclaimed the Emperor, "on whom shall we rely? But tell me, have I been too hasty in appointing this young man? May we depend upon him?"

"Your Majesty, I can vouch for him. I have been acquainted with him for some time, though he knew it not, though he had never seen me until last night. I have watched him carefully; unseen by him, I have overheard his conversations. I am convinced of his patriotism. Nicolaus Lecapenus, while pretending to be his friend, is his mortal enemy."

"Enough," said the Emperor, "he has my confidence. I shall give you the information conveyed to me. Should Lecapenus again enter the city, his life shall pay for his desertion. I rely on you to report to me anything of importance that may occur."

Morosini bowed and the Emperor turned towards Dimitrios, saying in a loud voice: "Introduce the young man to the chief of the guards, to whom I myself will transmit special orders concerning him. But, what is his name?"

"Dimitrios Phocas," replied Morosini.

"Well, Dimitrios," said the Emperor, "show yourself a true son of Byzantium."

The Emperor smiled upon the two men, and turning, withdrew in the midst of his soldiers.

In a few moments, Morosini and Dimitrios were in the streets where they parted, promising to meet in the afternoon, to proceed together to the quarters of the imperial guard.

CHAPTER IV.

The day was nearly spent, the rays of the sun descended obliquely towards the earth, felling clouds soared high in the heavens, while huge masses of vapor gathered above the horizon toward the east where the Black Sea washed the shores of what was once the Byzantine Empire, which had now, almost entirely, succumbed to the Turkish power. Far to the west, the eyes discerned the towers of Adrianople, over which the sun still lingered as though loth to part with another day, which he soon to lose forever. At that moment another sun was setting, the sun of Byzantium's life. Internal dissensions, treachery and vice had done their work and the empire was approaching its end. A solitary horseman was seen pursuing his way in the direction of the city. He rode a fiery Arab steed, causing the earth to tremble beneath its hoofs, while here and there a flock of birds fled from the neighboring bush, frightened from their retreat by the unwonted sound. The country seemed deserted, no other human being was in sight and the fertile acres appeared to have been for long time neglected. Above the walls of the city, floated the triumphant standard of Mahomet. The solitary rider, spurring his horse, muttered to himself: "I must reach it before the gates are closed." His horse, foaming at the mouth, dashed onward scarcely touching the earth and seeming rather to fly than to run. The city grew more distinct, its fortifications and walls standing out in strong relief against the sky. The sun sank lower, the day was fast declining, the gates would soon be closed. Onward rushed the rider, heedless of all save the goal of his journey. Persons were seen to move within the city's eastern gate which was now a stone's throw away. A Turk, with drawn scimitar, advanced. Approaching within speaking distance, he exclaimed in the Turkish language: "Halt!"

Obedient to the command, the rider drew the reins of his horse.

"Who art thou?" asked the Turk.

"A friend. I come from Constantinople. I am the bearer of important news."

These words were spoken in the same language.

"A Greek," exclaimed the follower of the prophet in a low voice, "a Greek who speaks the Turkish tongue probably sent to sue for peace. But no! an ambassador would hardly come alone."

"Advance, stranger," the rider, gently touching his horse, proceeded towards the Turk over whose face a sign of recognition suddenly displayed a ferocious grin, intended for a smile.

"Ah! Nicolaus Lecapenus, hast thou come at last? The Sultan has threatened to strike off thy head, if thou shouldst have delayed twenty-four hours longer."

"I am delighted at having escaped the danger, but the danger, I should say, may also thank his stars, for he would have lost one of his best and most useful subjects."

"We want no impertinence, Christian dog, take heed to thy words, and with this the Mahomedan brandished his sword.

"Why call me a Christian; have I not embraced the religion of the Prophet?"

"Yes, hypocrite, to serve thy own base purposes, but—here he spoke in lower tones—thy dot be here as much in the Prophet as I do, who was born a Christian in the far North, but whose circumstances have turned into a Turk."

"Take thou heed to thy own words, Selim, or I will have thy headless trunk thrown to the ravens ere to-morrow's sun glids the minarets of yonder mosque."

"I mock thy words, Nicolaus, it is in my power to have thy head exposed to the scorn of all the faithful from the summit of this very gate. Dost thou remember Leila, the maiden, half Greek and half Italian, who lives in Constantinople? I know what thou didst say to her. Didst thou not assert that were it to thy advantage, and were Prince Orkhan to revolt to-morrow against the Sultan,

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

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

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

DR. WOOD'S Norway Pine Syrup.

Rich in the lung-healing virtues of the Pine combined with the soothing and expectorant power of other medicinal herbs and bark.

A PERFECT CURE FOR
CROUPS AND COLDS
Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Croup and all THROAT, BRONCHIAL and LUNGS AFFECTIONS. Cures coughs which resist other remedies and promptly relieves the most distressing cases.

PRICE 50c. AND 10c. PER BOTTLE.

for thee that I know her. Thou hast made her thy tool, but that tool may some day cut thee. Thou hast used her to injure young Dimitrios Phocas, thou didst even endeavor to employ her to ingratiate herself with the Byzantine Court, and thou wouldst have been willing to betray the chief of the guards, the man to whom I myself will transmit special orders concerning him. But, what is his name?"

"Dimitrios Phocas," replied Morosini.

"Well, Selim," he began, "is everything favorable?"

"You should know that better than I."

"So be it then. When do you think that I can see the Sultan?"

"This very night. I will inform him immediately of thy arrival."

Hereupon Selim withdrew, leaving Nicolaus to his reflections. A long time passed, which seemed an eternity to the Greek, the minutes appearing to have grown into hours. Finally, the door opened and Selim appeared. Beckoning to Nicolaus, he said:

"Follow me, the Sultan desires thy presence."

Arising he proceeded to untie his horse, but he was prevented by Selim, who said:

"I will take care of the animal, go thou hence with these two soldiers who will direct thee."

The men indicated, preceded Nicolaus in silence until they reached the front of a large palace. Entering the arched doorway they whispered to a servant and Nicolaus was conducted by them to an anteroom, where he was left to himself. The apartment was almost devoid of furniture, there being in it neither chair nor table, though magnificent rugs were everywhere spread upon the floor. After waiting a few moments, he was summoned to appear before the Sultan. Suddenly a large folding door opened as if by magic, and he found himself at the entrance of an immense hall, which was literally flooded with the light of innumerable torches. On both sides of the hall, Turkish guards stood in line with drawn scimitars which flashed in the glare of the artificial light. At various distances from one another were seated on carpets dignitaries of the court with their legs crossed. At the opposite extremity of the hall, and seated in the full vigor of youth, his countenance beaming with the most arrogant pride, his nose was aquiline, his lips sensual, and his eyes cruel. He was clad in Turkish style, with wide trousers drawn together at the feet, while his hands were in gold. In the front of his turban sparkled a precious stone of enormous size, inlaid in the same metal.

As his eyes fell upon the Greek, they twinkled with an expression of cunning, mingled with pleasure. The newcomer being led into the presence of the Turkish Majesty, fell prostrate upon the ground. At the bidding of the Sultan he arose.

"Thou hast at last arrived," spoke the Monarch, "but leave thy excuses for another time, make haste and relate what thou hast learned."

"In Constantinople," replied Nicolaus, "the greatest discontent prevails with the Emperor and the patriarch. I myself have helped to foster it. The population is in a state of apathy, nearly all have turned a deaf ear to the appeal of the Sovereign, and only two thousand Greek volunteers have consented to join the defenders of the city, the number of whom is known to you. The time is now ripe, strike one blow and Constantinople shall fall."

"That blow shall soon be struck," replied the Sultan. "The Emperor has appealed to my clergy in behalf of his remnant of an Empire, but appeals are now useless. The Cross must yield to the Koran, Mahomet shall rule in Constantinople. First, however, thou hast a mission to fulfill. To-morrow thou must return to that city."

The countenance of Nicolaus fell. Trembling, he exclaimed: "Return to that city, I will never leave it alive, the Emperor has ordered my arrest."

"Thou shalt go in disguise."

"So be it," answered Nicolaus, "and what shall my mission be?"

"Thy mission shall be to foster the spirit of discontent among the people. Thou shalt remain in Constantinople until the Turkish army has entered. If through successful, the Greek beauty on whom thou hast set thy heart, then bore her into the house. At that moment Basil entered the room and whispered to his father: "Father, there is an aged pilgrim in the atrium, who says that he desires to wait upon thee."

"It was night when he reached the house of Selim, who awaited him, "Well, Greek," said the Mahomedan, "how didst thou fare?"

"Badly enough," was the reply, "I return to thee a man of venerable mien, whose white locks descended to his shoulders, while a full beard of immaculate whiteness, reached his chest. He was clad in the garb of a pilgrim, a broad hat hung upon his back, and he leaned upon a staff, as though worn out by his travels. As his eye fell upon the master of the house, he bowed profoundly.

"Holy man," spoke the former, "I bid thee welcome to my hospitable dwelling. No doubt, thou hast come from a distance, and needest

rest and refreshment; thou shalt find both under my roof."

"A thousand thanks; may the Virgin Mother of Christ protect thee!" replied the aged man, in a feeble voice. "I have been refreshed, and the pangs of hunger have been stilled, but I will gladly accept thy hospitality, and may it be in my power to reward thee."

"Hast thou been to the Holy Places, venerable pilgrim?"

"I have just returned from Jerusalem, and I am now proceeding to my own country, Burgundy."

"You are a Frank? But you speak our language perfectly."

"I am a Frank, but I hope our difference of creed will not cause me to be less acceptable in your sight. I love the Greeks. I have traveled much in the Levant, and there I learned to speak your beautiful language."

"May I inquire into the nature of your profession, holy father?"

"I am a physician; I learned the art in the Monastic Schools of Italy."

"A physician; thank God! You are thrice welcome. You must know, I have a daughter; a beautiful girl; an angel. For some time she has sickened and wasted away. The least fatigue or emotion causes her to faint. Only this morning I found her in a swoon. The man versed in the science of medicine, whom I have consulted, have been unable to console me. The disease seems to be the result of a disconcerting fever."

"It may be in my power to afford some relief, and I will be infinitely happy thus to repay your hospitality. May I see the lady?"

"Undoubtedly. Follow me."

Diogenes led the way, accompanied by the pilgrim. Entering the room of his daughter, he spoke: "I have brought you a friend; a physician, a holy man, who has just returned from a visit to Palestine. He will cure you."

The stranger approached. Irene smiled faintly, but as her eyes fell upon the face of the pilgrim, she experienced an indescribable feeling of antipathy. The holy man took her hand and felt her pulse; it beating weak, but rapid. His gazed at her countenance, looked into her eyes and smiled.

"She will recover," he said to her father. "If you follow the directions I will give. Monthly, she must be kept quiet, and no one must be allowed to see her."

Turning to Irene, he said: "Young lady, I will see thee again."

He bowed and left the room, followed by her father. When they were alone, the pilgrim spoke: "You know that the Turks are approaching nearer to this city. A long siege will ensue, and I assure you that, besides the danger to which your daughter will be exposed, if the city falls, the excitement of a long siege will be fatal to her in the present weak condition. Have you a villa removed some distance from Constantinople?"

"I have a splendid villa in the country, some miles from the city. You have? The climate of Attica is delightful—a perpetual spring reigns there; rain is rare, and a cloudy day is seldom seen. There is no better place for your daughter than Attica. Remove her at once if you value her life."

"But the whole country is in the hands of the Turks; such a journey could not be undertaken without danger."

"Not the least exist, I am a friend of the Pasha who commands the Turkish fort on the Bosphorus; I have rendered him great services, and he is in my debt. I will obtain a guard to accompany you and your daughter."

Diogenes regarded the pilgrim with a look of diffidence.

"You need not be alarmed," spoke the latter. "I see no other way of saving your daughter's life. It will be certain death for her to remain in Constantinople. I will follow you after a few days."

"I would like to reflect," said Irene's father.

"Daisy is dangerous. After this siege begins, it will be impossible to depart. You must go now or sacrifice your daughter."

"Well, so be it. I will give orders immediately to prepare for the journey, but how shall we travel?"

"A vessel sails to-morrow morning for Athens; embark upon it. I will give directions to the Captain; he will land not far from the Turkish fort; the guard will come on board; the vessel carrying you will hoist a signal flag, understood by the Pasha, and you will pass without risk through the fleet of the enemy. After landing at Piræus, your daughter can finish the rest of the journey in a litter."

"But," will the captain of the vessel consent to undertake this expedition?"

(To be continued.)

CHAPTER V.

"Father, father! Come quickly!" exclaimed a voice from the courtyard of the house of John Diogenes.

"What is the matter?" cried the latter, who was seated in the inner portion of the building, and, at the same time, Diogenes stepped out into the court where, beside a fountain, knelt a young girl, who, with her hands clasped in prayer, looked up at him with a most cordial welcome. Here we leave him, to follow the events transpiring in Constantinople.

rest and refreshment; thou shalt find both under my roof."

"A thousand thanks; may the Virgin Mother of Christ protect thee!" replied the aged man, in a feeble voice. "I have been refreshed, and the pangs of hunger have been stilled, but I will gladly accept thy hospitality, and may it be in my power to reward thee."

"Hast thou been to the Holy Places, venerable pilgrim?"

"I have just returned from Jerusalem, and I am now proceeding to my own country, Burgundy."

"You are a Frank? But you speak our language perfectly."

"I am a Frank, but I hope our difference of creed will not cause me to be less acceptable in your sight. I love the Greeks. I have traveled much in the Levant, and there I learned to speak your beautiful language."

"May I inquire into the nature of your profession, holy father?"

"I am a physician; I learned the art in the Monastic Schools of Italy."

"A physician; thank God! You are thrice welcome. You must know, I have a daughter; a beautiful girl; an angel. For some time she has sickened and wasted away. The least fatigue or emotion causes her to faint. Only this morning I found her in a swoon. The man versed in the science of medicine, whom I have consulted, have been unable to console me. The disease seems to be the result of a disconcerting fever."

"It may be in my power to afford some relief, and I will be infinitely happy thus to repay your hospitality. May I see the lady?"

"Undoubtedly. Follow me."

Diogenes led the way, accompanied by the pilgrim. Entering the room of his daughter, he spoke: "I have brought you a friend; a physician, a holy man, who has just returned from a visit to Palestine. He will cure you."

The stranger approached. Irene smiled faintly, but as her eyes fell upon the face of the pilgrim, she experienced an indescribable feeling of antipathy. The holy man took her hand and felt her pulse; it beating weak, but rapid. His gazed at her countenance, looked into her eyes and smiled.

"She will recover," he said to her father. "If you follow the directions I will give. Monthly, she must be kept quiet, and no one must be allowed to see her."

Turning to Irene, he said: "Young lady, I will see thee again."

He bowed and left the room, followed by her father. When they were alone, the pilgrim spoke: "You know that the Turks are approaching nearer to this city. A long siege will ensue, and I assure you that, besides the danger to which your daughter will be exposed, if the city falls, the excitement of a long siege will be fatal to her in the present weak condition. Have you a villa removed some distance from Constantinople?"

"I have a splendid villa in the country, some miles from the city. You have? The climate of Attica is delightful—a perpetual spring reigns there; rain is rare, and a cloudy day is seldom seen. There is no better place for your daughter than Attica. Remove her at once if you value her life."

"But the whole country is in the hands of the Turks; such a journey could not be undertaken without danger."

"Not the least exist, I am a friend of the Pasha who commands the Turkish fort on the Bosphorus; I have rendered him great services, and he is in my debt. I will obtain a guard to accompany you and your daughter."

Diogenes regarded the pilgrim with a look of diffidence.

"You need not be alarmed," spoke the latter. "I see no other way of saving your daughter's life. It will be certain death for her to remain in Constantinople. I will follow you after a few days."

"I would like to reflect," said Irene's father.

"Daisy is dangerous. After this siege begins, it will be impossible to depart. You must go now or sacrifice your daughter."

"Well, so be it. I will give orders immediately to prepare for the journey, but how shall we travel?"

"A vessel sails to-morrow morning for Athens; embark upon it. I will give directions to the Captain; he will land not far from the Turkish fort; the guard will come on board; the vessel carrying you will hoist a signal flag, understood by the Pasha, and you will pass without risk through the fleet of the enemy. After landing at Piræus, your daughter can finish the rest of the journey in a litter."

"But," will the captain of the vessel consent to undertake this expedition?"

(To be continued.)

PYNY-PECTORAL

Positively Cures
COUGHS AND COLDS

In a surprisingly short time. It is a scientific certainty, tried and true, soothing and healing in its effects.

W. C. McCORMACK & SON,
BOSTON, MASS.

Agents for the Province:
Messrs. J. H. HURRY, Chemists,
45 Water Street, Toronto, Ont.
Messrs. J. H. HURRY, Chemists,
45 Water Street, Toronto, Ont.
Messrs. J. H. HURRY, Chemists,
45 Water Street, Toronto, Ont.

BURDOCK PILLS

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

ARE YOU Shivering in your Boots?

IF SO BUY A PAIR OF
Goff Bros. Felt Boots,
AND SHIVER NO LONGER.

GOFF BROTHERS.

New Goods

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.

GEO. CARTER & CO.,
—DEALERS IN—
Books, Stationery, Fancy Goods,
China-ware,
TOYS AND WALL PAPERS.

LEADERSHIP MEANS SUPERIORITY

E. S. EDDY'S MATCHES

IN THE LEAD SINCE 1851.

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

REMEMBER THE OLD RELIABLE SHOE STORE

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

A. E. McEACHEN,
THE SHOE MAN,
Queen Street.

D'FOWLER'S EXT. OF WILD STRAWBERRY CURE

COLIC, CHOLERA, CHOLERA-MORBUS, DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY

AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS OF CHILDREN AND ADULTS

Price 35c. 5c. BOTTLES
Beware of Imitations

Wholesale!

Zinc, Glass, Bar Iron, Cut Nails, Horse Nails, Clinch Nails, Horse Shoes, Sleigh Shoe Steel, Disston's Circular Saws, Disston's Cross Cut Saws.

Agents for the Celebrated American Highland Ranges.

FENNELL & CHANDLER.
Charlottetown, Jan. 8, 1896.

They Must be Sold!

Boots & Shoes

ALL our Coats,
All Reefers,
All Suits,
All Ulsters,
All Fur Capes,
All Fur Robes,
All Fur Goods.

This is a good opportunity to buy Goods, for when we say all Goods must be sold we mean it, and go they must.

Tell your friends and come yourselves.

Fur Robes worth \$5.75 for \$4.25. Fur Robes worth \$7.75 for \$6.00, and Fur Coats worth \$16.00 for \$12.00. Ulsters worth \$7.50 for \$5.00, and many such bargains will be found in our tremendous Stock.

PROWSE BROS.
The Wonderful Cheap Men.

John T. Mellish,
Barrister & Attorney
NOTARY PUBLIC
CHARLOTTETOWN,
Office—London House

Collecting, conveying and all other legal business promptly and accurately done. Investments made on behalf of clients.

Ladies' Gents, COME AND

If you can't see a pair of

SPECTACLES or

And you will see assortment

Watches, Clocks,

E. W. T. CAMERON

NEW SERIES

Calendar for

Last Quarter, 5th of New Moon, 13th of First Quarter, 21st of Full Moon, 28th day

Day of Week	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
1							
2							
3							
4							
5							
6							
7							
8							
9							
10							
11							
12							
13							
14							
15							
16							
17							
18							
19							
20							
21							
22							
23							
24							
25							
26							
27							
28							
29							

"One of your Majesty's most faithful subjects," replied the Italian, "one who is determined to stand or fall with Constantinople."

The Emperor's eyes twinkled. Grasping the young man by the hand, he asked: "Have you ever borne arms, my son?"

"Never, Your Majesty," he replied.

"I mock thy words, Nicolaus, it is in my power to have thy head exposed to the scorn of all the faithful from the summit of this very gate. Dost thou remember Leila, the maiden, half Greek and half Italian, who lives in Constantinople? I know what thou didst say to her. Didst thou not assert that were it to thy advantage, and were Prince Orkhan to revolt to-morrow against the Sultan,

rest and refreshment; thou shalt find both under my roof."

"A thousand thanks; may the Virgin Mother of Christ protect thee!" replied the aged man, in a feeble voice. "I have been refreshed, and the pangs of hunger have been stilled, but I will gladly accept thy hospitality, and may it be in my power to reward thee."

"Hast thou been to the Holy Places, venerable pilgrim?"

"I have just returned from Jerusalem, and I am now proceeding to my own country, Burgundy."

"You are a Frank? But you speak our language perfectly."

"I am a Frank, but I hope our difference of creed will not cause me to be less acceptable in your sight. I love the Greeks. I have traveled much in the Levant, and there I learned to speak your beautiful language."

"May I inquire into the nature of your profession, holy father?"

"I am a physician; I learned the art in the Monastic Schools of Italy."

"A physician; thank God! You are thrice welcome. You must know, I have a daughter; a beautiful girl; an angel. For some time she has sickened and wasted away. The least fatigue or emotion causes her to faint. Only this morning I found her in a swoon. The man versed in the science of medicine, whom I have consulted, have been unable to console me. The disease seems to be the result of a disconcerting fever."

"It may be in my power to afford some relief, and I will be infinitely happy thus to repay your hospitality. May I see the lady?"

"Undoubtedly. Follow me."

Diogenes led the way, accompanied by the pilgrim. Entering the room of his daughter, he spoke: "I have brought you a friend; a physician, a holy man, who has just returned from a visit to Palestine. He will cure you."

The stranger approached. Irene smiled faintly, but as her eyes fell upon the face of the pilgrim, she experienced an indescribable feeling of antipathy. The holy man took her hand and felt her pulse; it beating weak, but rapid. His gazed at her countenance, looked into her eyes and smiled.

"She will recover," he said to her father. "If you follow the directions I will give. Monthly, she must be kept quiet, and no one must be allowed to see her."

Turning to Irene, he said: "Young lady, I will see thee again."

He bowed and left the room, followed by her father. When they were alone, the pilgrim spoke: "You know that the Turks are approaching nearer to this city. A long siege will ensue, and I assure you that, besides the danger to which your daughter will be exposed, if the city falls, the excitement of a long siege will be fatal to her in the present weak condition. Have you a villa removed some distance from Constantinople?"

"I have a splendid villa in the country, some miles from the city. You have? The climate of Attica is delightful—a perpetual spring reigns there; rain is rare, and a cloudy day is seldom seen. There is no better place for your daughter than Attica. Remove her at once if you value her life."

"But the whole country is in the hands of the Turks; such a journey could not be undertaken without danger."

"Not the least exist, I am a friend of the Pasha who commands the Turkish fort on the Bosphorus; I have rendered him great services, and he is in my debt. I will obtain a guard to accompany you and your daughter."

Diogenes regarded the pilgrim with a look of diffidence.

"You need not be alarmed," spoke the latter. "I see no other way of saving your daughter's life. It will be certain death for her to remain in Constantinople. I will follow you after a few days."

"I would like to reflect," said Irene's father.

"Daisy is dangerous. After this siege begins, it will be impossible to depart. You must go now or sacrifice your daughter."

"Well, so be it. I will give orders immediately to prepare for the journey, but how shall we travel?"

"A vessel sails to-morrow morning for Athens; embark upon it. I will give directions to the Captain; he will land not far from the Turkish fort; the guard will come on board; the vessel carrying you will hoist a signal flag, understood by the Pasha, and you will pass without risk through the fleet of the enemy. After landing at Piræus, your daughter can finish the rest of the journey in a litter."

"But," will the captain of the vessel consent to undertake this expedition?"

(To be continued.)

rest and refreshment; thou shalt find both under my roof."

"A thousand thanks; may the Virgin Mother of Christ protect thee!" replied the aged man, in a feeble voice. "I have been refreshed, and the pangs of hunger have been stilled, but I will gladly accept thy hospitality, and may it be in my power to reward thee."

"Hast thou been to the Holy Places, venerable pilgrim?"

"I have just returned from Jerusalem, and I am now proceeding to my own country, Burgundy."

"You are a Frank? But you speak our language perfectly."

"I am a Frank, but I hope our difference of creed will not cause me to be less acceptable in your sight. I love the Greeks. I have traveled much in the Levant, and there I learned to speak your beautiful language."

"May I inquire into the nature of your profession, holy father?"

"I am a physician; I learned the art in the Monastic Schools of Italy."

"A physician; thank God! You are thrice welcome. You must know, I have a daughter; a beautiful girl; an angel. For some time she has sickened and wasted away. The least fatigue or emotion causes her to faint. Only this morning I found her in a swoon. The man versed in the science of medicine, whom I have consulted, have been unable to console me. The disease seems to be the result of a disconcerting fever."

"It may be in my power to afford some relief, and I will be infinitely happy thus to repay your hospitality. May I see the lady?"

"Undoubtedly. Follow me."

Diogenes led the way, accompanied by the pilgrim. Entering the room of his daughter, he spoke: "I have brought you a friend; a physician, a holy man, who has just returned from a visit to Palestine. He will cure you."

The stranger approached. Irene smiled faintly, but as her eyes fell upon the face of the pilgrim, she experienced an indescribable feeling of antipathy. The holy man took her hand and felt her pulse; it beating weak, but rapid. His gazed at her countenance, looked into her eyes and smiled.

"She will recover," he said to her father. "If you follow the directions I will give. Monthly, she must be kept quiet, and no one must be allowed to see her."

Turning to Irene, he said: "Young lady, I will see thee again."

He bowed and left the room, followed by her father. When they were alone, the pilgrim spoke: "You know that the Turks are approaching nearer to this city. A long siege will ensue, and I assure you that, besides the danger to which your daughter will be exposed, if the city falls, the excitement of a long siege will be fatal to her in the present weak condition. Have you a villa removed some distance from Constantinople?"

"I have a splendid villa in the country, some miles from the city. You have? The climate of Attica is delightful—a perpetual spring reigns there; rain is rare, and a cloudy day is seldom seen. There is no better place for your daughter than Attica. Remove her at once if you value her life."

"But the whole country is in the hands of the Turks; such a journey could not be undertaken without danger."

"Not the least exist, I am a friend of the Pasha who commands the Turkish fort on the Bosphorus; I have rendered him great services, and he is in my debt. I will obtain a guard to accompany you and your daughter."

Diogenes regarded the pilgrim with a look of diffidence.

"You need not be alarmed," spoke the latter. "I see no other way of saving your daughter's life. It will be certain death for her to remain in Constantinople. I will follow you after a few days."

"I would like to reflect," said Irene's father.

"Daisy is dangerous. After this siege begins, it will be impossible to depart. You must go now or sacrifice your daughter."

"Well, so be it. I will give orders immediately to prepare for the journey, but how shall we travel?"

"A vessel sails to-morrow morning for Athens; embark upon it. I will give directions to the Captain; he will land not far from the Turkish fort; the guard will come on board; the vessel carrying you will hoist a signal flag, understood by the Pasha, and you will pass without risk through the fleet of the enemy. After landing at Piræus, your daughter can finish the rest of the journey in a litter."

"But," will the captain of the vessel consent to undertake this expedition?"

(To be continued.)

rest and refreshment;