

BOYS' CLOTHING.



Our new stock of Children's Suits are now ready. We have marked them very close in order to sell them fast. The largest assortment in the city. The best goods made at prices to sell fast.

PROWSE BROTHERS.

THE WONDERFUL CHEAP MEN.



Our New Stock of Men's Suits

Suits are now ready and will interest any one who wants Clothing. If you care to dress well see our New Suits for Spring.



The Great Unwashed

A thing of the past.

While there is Life, there is Soap.

REMARKABLE

Disappearance of all dirt from everything by using

ROYAL OAK SOAP.

REWARD!

Purity, Health and Perfect satisfaction. Cleans, Scours, Scrubs, Brightens everything. It is a friend that will wear itself out in your service.

Take no substitutes. Sold everywhere.

Jas. D. Laphorn & Co.

Charlottetown Soap works.



REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Proverbs i, 20: "Wisdom crieth with out. She uttereth her voice in the streets."

We are all ready to listen to the voices of nature—the voices of the mountains, the voices of the sea, the voices of the storm, the voices of the stars. As in some of the cathedrals in Europe there is an organ at either end of the building, and the one instrument responds musically to the other, so in the great cathedral of nature day responds to day, and night to night, and flower to flower, and star to star in the great harmonies of the universe. The springtime is an evangelist in blossoms preaching of God's love, and the winter is a prophet—white bearded—denouncing woe against our sins. We are all ready to listen to the voices of nature. But how few of us learn anything from the voices of the noisy and dusty street.

In the first place the street impresses me with the fact that life is a scene of toil and struggles. By 10 o'clock every day the city is jarring with wheels and shuffling with feet and numbing with voices and covered with the breath of smokestacks and a-rush with traffickers. Once in a while you find a man going along with folded arms and with leisurely step, as though he had nothing to do, but, for the most part, as you find men going down these streets on the way to business, there is anxiety in their faces, as though they had some errand which must be executed at the first possible moment. You are jostled by those who have bargains to make and notes to sell.

Up this ladder win a hod of bricks, out of this bank with a roll of bills, on this dray with a load of goods, digging a cellar, or shingling a roof, or shoeing a horse, or building a wall, or mending a watch, or binding a book. Industry, with her thousand arms and thousand eyes and thousand feet, goes on singing her song of work, work, work, while the mills drum it and the steam whistles file it. All this is not because men love toil. Some one remarked, "Every man is as lazy as he can afford to be." But it is because necessity with stern brow and with uplifted whip stands over you ready whenever you relax your toil to make your shoulders sting with the lash.

Going down to your place of business and coming home again I charge you to look about—see the signs of poverty, of wretchedness, of hunger, of sin, of breavement—and as you go through the streets, gather up in the arms of your prayer all the sorrow, all the losses, all the sufferings, all the bereavements of those whom you pass and present them in prayer before an all sympathetic God. In the great day of eternity there will be thousands of persons with whom you in this world never exchanged one word who will rise up and

call you blessed, and there will be a thousand fingers pointed at you in heaven, saying, "That is the man, that is the woman, who helped me when I was hungry and sick and wandering and lost and heartbroken. That is the man, that is the woman." And the blessing will come down upon you as Christ shall say: "I was hungry, and ye visited me. Inasmuch as ye did it to these poor wails of the streets, ye did it to me."

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that all classes and conditions of society must commingle. We sometimes culture a wicked exclusiveness. Intellect despises ignorance. Refinement will have nothing to do with boorishness. Gloves hate the sunburned hand, and the high forehead despises the flat head, and the trim hedgerow will have nothing to do with the wild coveywood, and Athens hates Nazareth. This ought not so to be. The astronomer must come down from his stary revelry and help us in our navigation. The surgeon must come away from his study of the human organism and set our broken bones. The chemist must come away from his laboratory, where he has been studying analysis and synthesis, and help us to understand the nature of the souls. I bless God that all classes of people are compelled to meet on the streets. The glittering coach wheel clashes against the scavenger's cart. Fine robes run against the peddler's pack. Robust health meets woe and sickness. Honesty confronts fraud. Every class of people meets every other class. Impudence and modesty, pride and humility, purity and beastliness, frankness and hypocrisy, meeting on the same block. In the same street, in the same city. Oh, that is what Solomon meant when he said: "The rich and the poor met together. The Lord is the Maker of them all."

I like this democratic principle of the gospel of Jesus Christ which recognises the fact that we stand before God on one

and the same platform. Do not take on any airs, whatever position you have gained in society; you are nothing but man, born of the same parent, regenerated by the same Spirit, cleansed in the same blood, to lie down in the same dust, to get up in the same resurrection. It is high time that we all acknowledge not only the Fatherhood of God, but the brotherhood of man.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that it is a very hard thing for a man to keep his heart right and get to heaven. Infinite temptations spring upon us from these places of public concourse. Amid so much affluence, how much temptation to covetousness and to be discontented with our humble lot! Amid so much display, what temptation to vanity! And so many saloons of strong drink, what allurements to dissipation! In the maelstroms and hell gates of the streets, how many make quick and eternal shipwreck!

Oh how many have gone down under the pressure, leaving not so much as the piece of canvas to tell where they perished! They never had any peace. Their dishonesties kept tolling in their ears. If I had an ax and could split open the beams of that fine house, perhaps I would find in every heart of it a skeleton. In his very best wine there is a smack of poor man's sweat. Oh, it is strange that when a man has devoured windows' houses he is disturbed with indigestion? All the forces of nature are against him. The floods are ready to drown him and the earthquake to swallow him and the fires to consume him and the lightnings to smite him. But the children of God are on every street, and in the day when the crowds of heaven are distributed some of the brightest of them will be given to those men who were faithful to God and faithful to the souls of others amid the marts of business, proving themselves the heroes of the street.

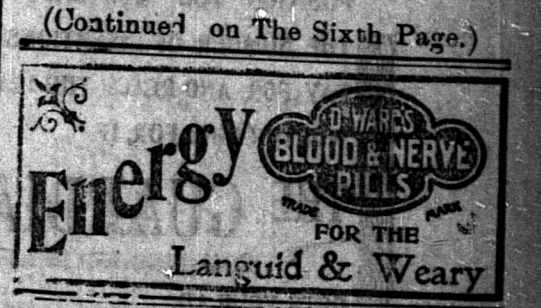
Again the street impresses me with the fact that life is full of pretension and sham. What subterfuge, what double dealing, what two facedness! Do all people who wish you good morning really hope for you a happy day? Do all the people who shake hands love each other? Is there not many a wretched stock of goods with a brilliant show window? Passing up and down the streets to your business and your work, are you not impressed with the fact that society is hollow and that there are subterfuges and pretensions? Oh, how many there are who swagger and strut and how few people who are natural and walk! While fops sipper and fools chuckle and simptoms giggle how few people are natural and laugh! The courtesan and the libertine go down the street in beautiful apparel, while within the heart there are volcanoes of passion consuming their life away. I say these things not to create in you incredulity or misanthropy, nor do I forget there are thousands of people a great deal better than they seem, but I do not think any man is prepared for the conflict of this life until he knows this particular peril.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that it is a great field for Christian charity. There are hunger and suffering and want and wretchedness in the country, but these evils chiefly congregated in our great cities. On every street crime prowls and drunkenness staggers and shame winks and pauperism thrusts out its hand asking for alms. Here want is most squalid and hunger is most lean. A Christian man going along a street in New York saw a poor lad, and he stopped and said, "My boy, do you know how to read and

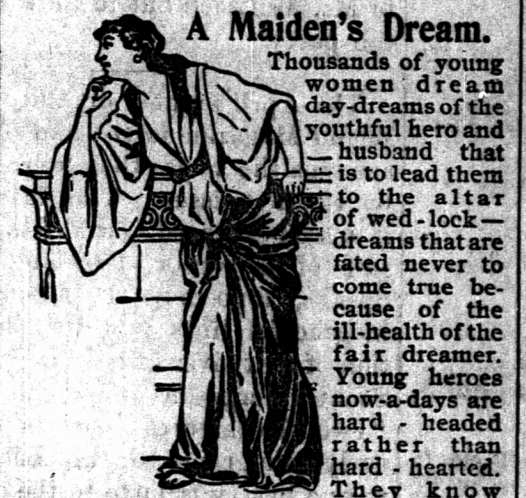
write?" The boy made no answer. The man asked the question twice and thrice. "Can you read and write?" and then the boy answered with a tear splashing on the back of his hand. He said in defiance: "No sir; I can't read nor write neither. God sir, don't want me to read and write. Didn't he take away my father so long ago I never remember to have seen him, and haven't I had to go along the streets to get something to fetch home to eat for the folks, and didn't I as soon as I could carry a basket, have to go out and pick up cinders and never have no schooling, sir? God don't want me to read, sir, I can't read nor write neither." Oh, these poor wanderers! They have no chance. Born in degradation, as they get up from their beds and knees to walk, they take their first step on the road to despair. Let us go forth in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ to rescue them. Beware lest the thousands of the destitute of your city, in the last great day, rise up and curse your stupidity and your neglect. Down to work! Lift them up!

Lastly, the street impresses me with the fact that all the people are looking forward. I see expectancy written on almost every face I meet. Where you find a thousand people walking straight on, you only find one man

stopping and looking back. The fact is, God made us all to look ahead, because we are immortal. In this tramp of the



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These goods cannot be beaten
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A Maiden's Dream.
Thousands of young women dream day-dreams of the youthful hero and husband that is to lead them to the altar of wed-lock—dreams that are fated never to come true because of the ill-health of the fair dreamer. Young heroes now-a-days are hard-headed rather than hard-hearted. They know from reading and hearsay that a young woman who suffers from weakness and disease in a womanly way cannot well prove a happy, helpful, amiable wife and mother. Physicians tell young men that weakness and disease of the feminine child-bearing organism make women sickly, nervous and despondent in spite of the best of natural dispositions. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes these organs strong, healthy, vigorous and elastic. It fits for wifehood and motherhood. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration and soothes pain. It tones and steadies the nerves. It does away with the qualms of the period of expectancy and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. It frees maternity of peril. It insures the new-comer's health. Dr. Pierce is an eminent and skillful physician, who, during his thirty years' experience as chief consulting physician to the great Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y., has treated thousands of women. He will answer letters from women free.

WANTED.

An Engineer and Captain, holding certificates; also Fireman, to hold positions in steamer Elfin on route between Charlottetown and Rocky Point Applications, stating wages per month will be received by the undersigned up till Saturday, the 8th day of April, at noon.

JAMES R. WISNER,
At Full's Mills,
Prince Street,
Ch'town, Mch 28, 99td

FOR SALE OR TO-LET

A comfortable dwelling house, situated on Bayfield street. Possession given immediately.
Apply to
THOMAS W. DODD,
Charlottetown
Mch 15td.

FOR SALE OR TO LET.

Brick House on P. W. C. Square, with large grounds and roomy out-buildings.
House has hot water furnace and heaters.
Apply to
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Execs., F. W. Moore Estate.
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(PERRY DAVIS')

A Sure and Safe Remedy in every case and every kind of Bowel Complaint is

Pain-Killer

This is a true statement and it can't be made too strong or too emphatic.

It is a simple, safe and quick cure for

Cramps, Cough, Rheumatism,
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Diarrhoea, Croup, Toothache.

Two sizes, 25c. and 50c.

Keep it by you. Beware of imitations. Buy only the Genuine—Perry Davis'.
Sold Everywhere.

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Pleasant home work for men or women; day or evening. No canvassing or experience needed; plain instructions and work mailed on application for position. Address: Memoria Co., London, Ont.

TO LET.—The large room now occupied by Miss Longworth as a decorative art room. Possession given May 1st. Apply to Miss McRae at W. C. T. U. Rooms. 7tdw

WANTED.—General Agent for P. E. Island for Accident Insurance, including BICYCLE and DISASTERS; clause and other benefits. Premiums low. Large commission. Company's reliability undoubted. Apply to International Realty Co., care of J. Hunter White, St. John, N. B. 4dw, 1w

WANTED.—A milliner for a Country Store. Apply by letter to M. N. O., Guardian Office 2731

FOR SALE.—Mrs. John Traylor King St. offers for sale a three-story dwelling house situated on Pownall St., containing 13 rooms and shop. Good stabling. Dwelling suitable for double tenement. 15d&wt

TO LET.—The southern half of the Late Chief Justice Palmer's House on Queen Street. Heated with hot water. Electric lights etc. Rent moderate. Apply to Mrs. E. Palmer Queen St. or H. James Palmer, Ch. Town Nov. 11.

TO LET.—A Dwelling on Upper Tuston Street apply to CHARLES MCGREGOR

TO-LET! TO-LET!

A comfortable dwelling house situated on the corner of Pownall and Grafton Streets at present occupied by W. F. Tidmarsh, Esq. Possession given the first day of April next.
Apply to
THOMAS W. DODD,
Pownall Street
Mch 15td

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Use NERVOL. One application cures if not, your money back. Equally good for Neuralgia and Headache. 25c. at all Druggists.

THE Prince Edward Island Magazine

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CONTENTS OF APRIL NUMBER:

Hon. G. W. Howlan, Frontispiece.
Our Entertainments, Our Entertainers
Dunk Speaks, A Poem, by Professor Caven
Two Departures, by Hon. Senator Ferguson
De Roberval by W. L. Cotton,
(Illustrated with Portrait of the Author of De Roberval.)
A Dream Face, A Poem, by May Carroll
Insula Felix, II, by M. L. W. F. (Illustrated)
The Bastille of Charlottetown, by A. Irwin-Side
Talk with "Sports," by "Jimso"
The Skerry Vore Lighthouse
Illustrated with Portraits of the Islanders wrecked on the Labrador
The Autobiography of an Umbrella
Notes and Queries, Correspondence, etc.

The P. E. Island Magazine,
P. O. BOX 698,
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

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Georgetown—Hon. D. Gordon's.
Summerside—Small & Bearisto's and D. K. Currie's.
Souris—D. Sutherland's.
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WANTED.—A shrewd, careful young man of good character, in each town of Canada. Good wages; Business experience; a essential. BRADLEY GARRETTSON Co., Limited Toronto.

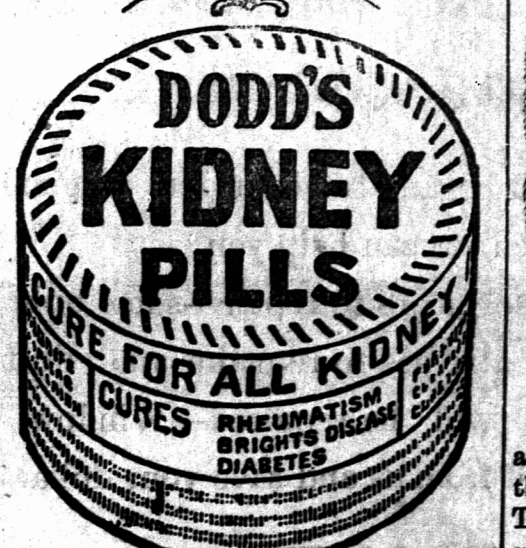
April Showers.

Wash away the filth and waste that have accumulated during winter. In like manner Hood's Sarsaparilla expels from the blood impurities that have been disposed during the season when there has been but little perspiration and perhaps constant confinement in impure and vitiated air. It is a boon to tired mothers, housekeepers, teachers and others who spend their time indoors.

It gives the blood richness and vitality, fitting it to nourish and strengthen the nerves, muscles and all the great organs of the body. It cures all spring humors and banishes that tired feeling.

It is the best medicine money can buy for all skin diseases caused by impure or impoverished blood. You should begin taking it to-day.

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If you want a horse worth five, you'd be silly to pay five for his photo only. If you want DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS you'd be silly to buy an imitation.

DODD'S ARE SOLD IN BOXES LIKE THIS. TAKE ONLY

D-O-D-D'S



The reputation of the P. C. Corsets are so well and widely known to-day, that they require no further comment. The first 75c. or \$1.00 Corset you require try a P. C. and you will wear no other make.
They are made by the Parisian Corset Co. of Quebec, who manufacture the finest corsets in the Dominion.
P. S.—Try a pair of our Natural Form, Belfast Corset, sold at \$2.00 per pair, it has NO EQUAL. apl. 6d3m