Germs, Germs.

We hear a great deal about them these days, and rightly too; for they are the direct cause of whooping-cough, diphtheria, scarlet fever and other diseases of childhood. When any of these are in the neighborhood, you should use Vapo-Cresolene. Every evening purify their sleeping rooms with this perfectly safe remedy. It is so easy to prevent the disease in this way. For whooping cough and croup, the doctors say it is a perfect specific. 13

Vapo-Cresolene is sold by druggists everywhere. A Vapo-Cresolene outfit, including the Vaporizer and Lamp, which should last a life-time, and a bottle of Cresolene, complete, $1.50; extra supplies of Cresolene 25 cents and 50 cents. Illustrated booklet containing physicians' testimonials free upon request. VAPO-CRESOLENE Co., 180 Fulton St., New York, U.S.A.

Consignments Solicited Prompt Returns

John Dais Co.

107 Fulton Market, New York.

Wholesale Commission Fish Dealers.

FISH!

Smelts and Eels a specialty

All correspondence promptly answered Stencils sent on application.

S. B. WILEY & SONS,

Boston, Mass., Transfer Agents.

Reference Dunn's or Bradstreet's Agency and Fulton Market National Bank.

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The Tortoise

Direct Draft Surface Burner for Hard or Soft Coal.

A "slow but sure" combustion direct draft surface, burner for hard or soft coal. Straight cylinder, no grate to shake or turn out, lined on the bottom and sides with best quality, heavy, fine brick lining, top and bottom heavy cast iron, body heavy rolled sheet steel.

A very beautiful heater and coal saver.

Call and get our prices.

Dodd & Rogers.

Fire Life Accident or Plate Glass Insurance

we will be pleased to quote you rates.

We represent the following first-class companies.

Canada Life Assurance Co. Toronto Ont.

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New York Plate Glass Insurance Co.

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Great George St. Charl ottownn.

Cheap Light For the Long Evenings

Call and get some a Mayflower brand of Kerosene Oil, the best oi imported to Charlottetown, which I will sell in four gallon lots at 21 cents a gallon.

Canned Lobsters, one lb flats new pack, 25 cents.

Libby McNeil's Sliced Bacon, 25 cents,

Heaton's Chow-Chow, 22c; air tight top.

Half doz bars Surprise Soap, 27 cents.

No Tea can beat Haszard's Brahmin. We sell the genuine article,

Those are cash prices.

Goods delivered free in City.

Phone 208.

R. J. Wood

Cor. Euston and Hillsboro Sts.

Sep. eod&w.

OBLIVION ATTACKED

With God's Strength Dr. Talmage Routs It.

FAMILIES DISAPPEAR.

How the Dominion of Forgetfulness May be Swallowed Up.

In this discourse Dr. Talmage shows how any one can be widely and forever recollected and cheers despondent Christian workers; Texts, Job xxiv, 20, "He shall be no more remembered," and Psalms cxii 6, "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

Of oblivion and its defeats I speak to day. There is an old monster that swallows down everything. It crunches individuals, females, communities, states, nations, continents, hemispheres, worlds. Its diet is made up of years, of centuries, of ages of cycles, of millenniums, of eons. That monster is called by Noah Webster, and all the other dictionaries "Oblivion." It is a steep down which everything rolls. It is a conflagation in which everything is consumed. It is a dirge which all orchestras play and a period at which everything stops. It is the cemetery of the human race. It is the domain of forgetfulness. Oblivion! At times it throws a shadow over all of us, and I would not pronounce it to day if I did not come armed in the strength of the eternal God on your behalf to attack it, to rout it to demolish it.

Why, just look at the way the families of the earth disappear. For awhile they are together, inseparable and to each other indespensible, and then they part some by marriages going to establish their homes, and some leave this life, and a century is long enough to plant a family develop it, prosper it and obliterate it. So the generations vanish. Walter Scott's Old Mortality may go round with his chisel to recut the faded epitaphs on tombstones, but Old Oblivion has a quicker chisel with which he can cut out a thousand epitaphs while Old Mortality is cutting one epitaph. Whole libraries of biographies devoured of book worms or unread of the rising generations. All the signs of the stores and warehouses of great firms have changed, unless the grandsons think that it is an advantage to keep the old sign up because the home of the ancestor was more commendatory than the name of the decendant. The city of Rome stands today, but dig down deep enough, and you come to another Rome, buried, and go down still further, and you will find a third Rome. Jerusalem stands today, but dig down deep enough, and you will find a Jerusulem underneath and go on and deeper down a third Jerusalem. Alexandria, Egypt, on the top of an Alexandria and the second on the top of a third. Many of the ancient cities are buried thirty feet deep or fifty feet deep or 1,000 feet deep. What was the matter? Any special Calamity? No. The winds and waves and sands and flying dust are all undertakers and gravediggers, and if the world stands long enough the present Washington and New York and London, and only after digging and boring and blasting will the archaeologists of far distant centuries come down as far as the highest spires and domes and turrets of our present American and European cities.

In some old family record a descendant studying up the ancestral line may spell out our name and from the faded ink with great effort find that some person by our name was born somewhere in the nineteenth century, but they will know no more about us than we know about the color of a child's eyes born last night in a village in Patagonia. Tell me something about your great-grandfather. What were his features? What did he do? What year was he born? What year did he die? And your great-grandmother? Will you describe the style of the hat she wore, and how did she and your great-grandfather get on in each other's companionship? Was it March weather or June? Oblivion! That mountain surge rolls over everything. Even the pyramids are dying. Not a day passes but there is chiseled off a piece of that granite.

Oblivion does not remove or swallow everything that had better not be removed or swallowed. The old monster is welcome to his meal. This world would long ago have been overcrowded if not for the merciful removal of nations and generations. What if all the books had lived that were ever written and printed and published? The libraries would by their immensity have obstructed intelligence and made all research impossible. The fatal epidemic of books was a merciful epidemic. Many of the state and national libraries to-day are only morgues, in which dead books are waiting for some one to come and recognize them. What if all the people that had been born were still alive? We would have been elbowed by our ancesters of ten centuries ago, and people who ought to have said their last word 3,000 years ago would snarl at us, saying, "What are you doing here?" There would have been no room to turn around. Some of the past generations of mankind were not worth remembering. The first useful thing that many people did was to die, their cradle a misfortune and their grave a boon. This world was hardly a comfortable place to live in before the middle of the eighteenth century, So many things have come into the world that were not fit to stay in and we ought to be glad they were put out. The waters of Lethe the fountain of forgetrulness are a healthful draft. The history we have of the world in ages past is always one sided and cannot be depended on. History is fiction illustrated by a few straggling facts

We may build this "everlasting remembrance" as my text styles it, into the supernal existence of those to whom we do kindness in this world. You must remember that this infirm and treacherous faculty which we now call memory is in the future state to be complete and perfect. "Everlasting remembrance" Nothing will slip the stout grip of that celestial faculty. Did you help a widow pay her rent? Did you find for that man released from prison a place to get honest work? Did you pick up a child fallen on the surbstone and by a stick of candy put in his hand stop the hurt on his scratched knee? Did you assure a business man swamped by the stringency of the money market that times would after awhile be better? Did you lead a Magdalen of the street into a midnight mission where the Lord said to her "Neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more?" Did you tell a man clear discouraged in his waywardness and hopeless and plotting suicide that for him was near by a laver in which he might wash and a cornet of eternal blessedness he might wear? What are epitaphs in graveyards? what are eulogiums in presence of those whose breath is in their nostrils, what are unread biographies in the alcoves of a city library, compared with the imperishable records you have made in the illumined memories of those to whom you did such kindnesses? Forget them? They cannot forget them. Notwithstanding all their might and splendor there are some things the glorified of heaven cannot do, and this is one of them. They cannot forget an earthly kindness done. The kindnesses you do to others will stand as long in the appreciation of others as the gates of heaven will stand, as the "house of many mansions" will stand, as long as the throne of God will stand.

Another defeat of oblivion will be found in the character of those whom we rescue, uplift or save. Character is eternal. Suppose by a right influence we aid in transforming a bad man into a good man, a dolorous man into a happy man, a disheartened man into a courageous man, every stroke of work done will be immortalized. There may never be so much as one line in a newspaper regarding it or no mortal tongue may ever whisper it into human ear, but wherever that soul shall go your work upon it shall go, wherever that soul rises your work on it will rise, and so long as that soul will last your work on it will last. Do you suppose there will ever come such an idiodic lapse in the history of that soul in heaven that it shall forget that you invited him to Christ; that you, by prayer or gospel word, turned him round from the wrong way to the right way? No such insanity will ever smite a heavenly citizen. It is not half as well on earth known that Christopher Wren planned and built St. Paul's it will be known in all heaven that you were the instrumentality of building a temple for the sky. We teach a Sabbath class or put a Christain tract in the hand of a passerby or testify for Christ in a prayer meeting or preach a sermon and go home discouraged as though nothing had been accomplished, we had been character building with a material that no frost or earthquake or rolling of the centuries can damage or bring down.

There is no sublimer art on earth than architecture. With pencil and rule and compass the architect sits down alone and in silence and evolves from his own brain a cathedral or a national capitol or a massive home before he leaves that table and then he goes out and unrolls his plans and calls carpenters and masons and artisans of all sorts to execute his design, and when it is finished he walks around the vast structure and sees the completion of the work with high satisfaction, and on a a stone at some corner of the building the architect's name may be chiseled. But the storms do their work, and time, that takes down every thing, will yet take down that structure until there shall not be one stone left upon another. But there is a soul in heaven. Though your instrumentality it was put there. Under God's grace you are the architect of its eternal happiness. Your name is written, not on one corner of its nature, but inwrought into its every fiber and energy. Will the storms of winter wash out the story of what you have wrought upon that spiritual structure? No. There are no storms in that land, and there is no water. Will time wear out the inscription which shows your fidelity? No Time is past, and it is an everlasting now. Build into the foundation of that imperishable structure, building into its pillars built into its capstone in your name, either the name you have on earth or the name by which celestials shall call you. I know the bible says in one place that God is a zealous God, but that referrs to the work of those who worship some other god.

A true father is not jealous of his child. With what glee you show the picture your child penciled or a toy ship your child hewed out or recite the noble deed your child accomplished, and God never was jealous of a Joshua, never was jealous of a Paul, never was jealous of a Frances Hevergal, never was jealous of a man or woman who tried to heal wounds and wipe away tears and lift burdens and save souls, and while all is of grace and your self abnegati g utterance will be. "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name, O Lord give glory!" you shall always feel a heavenly satisfaction in every good thing you did on earth, and if iconoclasm, born from beneath, should break through the gates of heaven and efface one record of your earthly fidelity methinks Christ would take one of the nails off his own cross and write somewhere on the crystal or the amethyst or the chrysoprasus your name and just under it the inscription of my text, "The righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance."

There is another and a more complete defeat for oblivion, and that is in the heart of God himself. You have seen a sailor roll up his sleeve and show his arm tattered with the figure of a favorite ship, perhaps the first one in which he ever sailed. You have seen a soldier roll up his sleeve and show you his arm tattooed with the figure of a fortress where he was garrisoned or the face of a dead general under whom he fought. You have seen many a hand tattooed with the face of a loved one before or after marriage. This custom of tattooing is almost as old as the world. It is some colored liquid, punctured into the flesh so indelibly that nothing can wash it out, It may have been there fifty years, but when the man goes into his coffin that picture will go with him on hand or arm. Now God says that he has tattooed us upon his hands There can be no other meaning of Isaiah, where God says, "Behold I have graven thee on the palms of my hands!" It was as much as to say: I cannot open my hand to help, but I think of you. I cannot spread abroad my hands to bless, But I think of you. Wherever I go up and down, the heavens I take two pictures of you with me. They are so inwrought into my being that I cannot lose them. As long as my hands last the memory of you will last. Not on the back of ym hands, as though to announce you to others, but on the palms of my hands for myself to look at and study and love. Though I hold the winds in my fist, no cyclone shall uproot the inscription of your name and your face, and though I hold the ocean in the hollow of my hand its billows shall not wash out the record of my remembrance 'Behold I have graven thee on the palms of my hands!'"

Oh where is oblivion now? From the dark and overshadowing word that it seemed when I began it has become something which no man or woman or child who loves the Lord need ever fear. Oblivion defeated. Oblivion dead. Oblivion sepulchered. But I must not be so hard on that devouring monster, for into its grave go all our sins when the Lord for Christ's sake has forgiven them. Just blow a ressurrection trumpet over them when once oblivion has snapped them down. Not one of them rises. Blow again. Not a stir amid all the pardoned iniquities of a lifetime. Blow again. Not one of them moves in the deep grave trenches. But to this powerless ressurrection trumpet a voice responds, half human, half divine, and it must be part man and part God, saying. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." Thank God for this blessed oblivion. So you see I did not invite you down into the graveyard to which all materialism is destined, but into a garden all a bloom with everlasting remembrances. The frown of my first text has become the kiss of the second text. Annihilation has become coronation. The wringing hands of a great agony have become the clapping hands of great joy. The requiem with which we began has become the grand march with which we close. The tear of sadness that rolled down our cheek has struck the lip on which sits the laughter of eternal triumph.

Bent Nearly Double With Bright's Disease.

A Severe and Torturing Case of Bright's Disease—A Justice of the Peace Certifies to the Cure by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Mr. James Dellihunt, a much respected resident of Consecon, Ont., states:—"I was a sufferer from Bright's Disease for several years, and at times the tortures of mind and body were almost beyond endurance. The pains were in my head, between the shoulders and down the whole spine, concentrating across the kidneys, where I was never entirely free from pain. When I got up in the morning I went about bent over nearly double. It gave me great pain to urinate, and at times the water was very scanty. Medicines seemed to have little or no effect in my case, until I began the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. The first dose relieved me, and five boxes entirely cured me. I have no pains in my kidneys, and can do as good a day's work as I ever could."

Mr. J. J. Ward, J.P., of Consecon, certifies that he knows Mr. Dellihunt's statement of his cure to be correct and true and without exaggeration. It seems foolish to trifle with new-fangled medicines when you can get the tested and proven kind. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Agents wanted for Dr. Chase's last and complete Receipt Book.

Stylish Winter Overcoats

What is a man's appearance when wearing an out-of-style overcoat, well not very nice to say th least. How can I help it; many men exclaim when asked why they wear a coat that's out of style, a new one will cost me $18 and I can't afford it.

NOT A BIT OF IT

If you come here we will guarantee you a stylish, good overcoat for $10 or $12, that cannot be told from any $18 coats you buy at your tailors.

And these coats are made and tailored in the best tailor shops in the world to-day

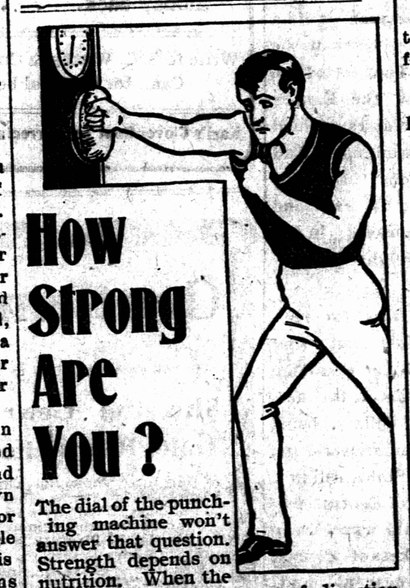
The most stylish men in Ch'town to-day are wearing our tailor-made overcoats and you do not know the differance nor do they except in the price.

You must either believe this or come in and prove that we're wrong. We want to see you anyway.

Prowse Bros.,

The Wonderful Cheap Men.

How Strong Are You?



The dial of the punching machine won't answer that question. Strength depends on nutrition. When the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition are diseased, the body fails to receive its full supply of nourishment and hence grows weak. That is why no man is stronger than his stomach.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and the allied organs of digestion and nutrition. The food eaten is then perfectly digested and assimilated and the body is made strong in the only possible way—by nutrition.

"I was troubled with indigestion for about two years," writes Wm. Bowker, Esq., of Juliaetta, Latah Co., Idaho. "I tried different doctors and remedies but to no avail, until I wrote to you and you told me what to do. I suffered with a pain in my stomach and left side and thought that it would kill me. Now I am glad to write this and let you know that I am all right. I can do my work now without pain and I don't have that tired feeling that I used to have. Five bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and two vials of his 'Pleasant Pellets' cured me."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets stimulate the liver.

THAT GREAT CROP.

The shipment thus far this season of 10,300,000 bushels of wheat from Manitoba, or 2,000,000 more than in the big year, 1889, is further evidence of the size of the wheat crop.—Brantford Expositor.

WANTED.—A case of Headache that KUMFORT Powders will not cure in from ten to twenty minutes.

CARNEGIE MAKES ANOTHER PRESENTATION.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie has given ten thousand pounds to the town of Hawick for a public library.

To cure a headache in ten minutes use KUMFORT Headache Powders.

IT HASN'T CHANGED.

Society is now one polished horde,
Formed of two mighty tribes—the bores and bor'd. —Byron

Bicyclists and all athletes depend on BENTLEY'S Liniment to keep their joints limber and muscles in trim.

THE GREED FOR GAIN.

Boston Herald: Mr. Rockefeller's latest preachment on the vanity and emptiness of great richess is another illustration of the fact that few men are content with their lot in the world. It was the same way with Lazarus.

Diphtheria and scarlet fever cannot spread where Vapo-Cresolene is used. All Druggists.

LADY'S DELIGHT.

A bargain-counter rush at Charleston, S. C., resulted in severe injuries to a number of women participating in the race for marked down commodities. This indicates that feminine pastimes have the same element of danger that partains to masculine sports.—Baltimore Herald.

Stops the Cough and Works off the Cold

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure. No pay. Price 25c. 10-7-m w f aw zm then Wed & Sat a cow May 3

A WOMAN BARBER FOR SPOKANE.

Mary Claggett, daughter of the late Judge Claggett, has opened a barber shop at Spokane, the only woman shop in Washington. By the laws of the international Barbers' Union she is barred from entering the union. She has recently applied and been turned down.

Every Lady in Charlottetown will do well to attend to Paton's Market Day proclamation. They offer some of the fine feathers, breasts and wings that Mr. Paton personally purchased at clearing prices, See their window for samples. Other specials for market day is Jackets, Hats, Caps, white embroidery, dress goods and velvet cordoroy. 15 t f

Warrented furs. No chanee for you to lose money in furs here. We buy more furs than any other store on P. E. I. We sell more and do it cheaper, its up to you now.—Prowse Bros. 15 3i

Quebec Furs.

Are the best made.

Furs made in Quebec are universally acknowledged the best.

All our fine Furs are from Quebec.

Fur Jackets from $27 50 to $350.00. All Fur Jackets guaranteed.

Special Fur Jackets sold on a small commission. Made to measure. Leave your measure.

JAS. PATON & CO.

13 tf.

Why wear clothes that fit as though they were made by your mother-in-law when you can improve your appearance at so little cost at Gordon & McLellan's Merchant Tailors. 10-2 tf.

Mankind Clohing.

Special—Men's Fancy All-worsted suits $10.50 to $14.00.

Men's Black Clay All-worsted suits, sacks, $14.00.

Men's Suits from $2 75 to $13.50, in Cheviots, Vicunas, and Fancy Worsteds, single and double breasted, also "stouts" and "longs."

Overcoats—Men's Boys' and Children's, in Kerseys Vicunas and Coverts. $6.00 to $16.00.

Boys' Suits, in Cheviots and Worsteds, 14 to 19, $3.75 and upward. Also Boy's three-piece short pant suits, 6 to 17, $3.75 to $7.00. regulars and stouts.

Children's Suits—Vestee suits, 4 to 8 and double breasted suits, 8 to 17, in great variety, from $2.00, $2 50 and upward. —Jas, Paton & Co. 6 eod & w