

A Rare Chance

Sale of Building Lots and Wharf Property, At **MONTAGUE BRIDGE** and Farms on Lots 59 and 61 in King's County.

The subscriber offers for sale the following properties situated in the thriving village of Montague.

- 1 A plot of land on the east side of High Street extending thence to the wharf and fronting on Montague Terrace will be sold "en bloc" or in lots.
- 2 A plot of land adjoining above, 116 x 66ft. also fronting on Montague Terrace.
- 3 A lot and wharf known as MacDonald's wharf.
- 4 Waterfront lot with Fairbank's scales and unfinished wharf, being all that plot of land on the Montague River to the North of Montague Terrace, and extending from Stephens' Wharf to MacDonald's wharf.
- 5 A lot at the corner of Montague Terrace and Rose Lane, with dwelling and garden.
- 6 Lots 4, 17 and 49 as laid down in the plan of the late P. Gaul's estate on the North side of Montague Bridge, and fronting on Main Street.
- 7 Ten building lots between Queen and Centre Street, and fronting on MacDonald and Patrick Streets.
- 8 Twenty acres of land adjoining the Montague Bridge, Presbyterian Church, extending to the Montague River, and fronting ten chains on the road leading through the village.
- 9 A building lot at the corner of Main and High Streets, adjoining the premises of the undersigned.
- 10 Two building lots at the corner of Lemon Street and Locust Avenue.
- 11 Town Lot No. 4 Range letter D in Georgetown, with dwelling thereon.
- 12 One acre of land at Whim Road Cross.

Also the following farms:
 13 Acres on Lot 61 with comfortable dwelling formerly occupied by the late William McDonald's 50 acres on Lot 59, about one mile from Montague Bridge, adjoining land occupied by Wm. Campbell, and fronting on the Montague River.
 14 Acres on Lot 61 on the North side of St. Mary's Road, adjoining the farm of the late James McKearney.
 15 Acres on Lot 61 on the North side of St. Mary's Road, bounded on the West by land in possession of Murdoch McDonald and on the East by the land of John Maher.
 Some of the most desirable properties in King's County are included in the above list good titles free from all encumbrances will be given in every case.

Intending purchasers can obtain full information on application to J. A. Matheson Barrister, Georgetown or to the undersigned.

Frank S. McDonald, Montague.

December 7 1901 2 a.w. 3m.

A clean clear cut proposition.
 Price advances November 1st.
 Highly profitable for

Large and Small Investors Alike.

NEW AMSTERDAM OIL CO.

recognized (and some of the gentlemen are shareholders) by the

HON. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, President of the United States;

HON. JOHN HAY, Sec'y of State;

HON. LYMAN J. GAGE, Sec'y of Treasury;

WU TING FANG, the Chinese Minister and the

HON. WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, Ex-Secretary of the Navy.

The Company owns vast land grants producing illuminating oils which are scarce, have the unlimited **World-Markets** and therefore maintain steady prices.

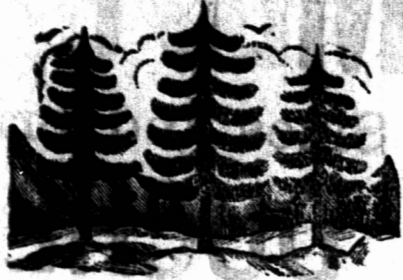
We do not care to compete with flamboyant advertising. We have one well in oil and have declared a dividend on all shares of record, Nov. 1st, 1901, of 1 per cent per month, payable on demand, and this dividend will be increased with each succeeding well. Two others under contract.

We are desirous of having every reader of this journal fully acquainted with our proposition. Full particulars and prospectus mailed on application. Investigate first; invest afterwards.

Present price of stock 50c per share. Par value \$1.00, fully paid and never assessable.

New Amsterdam Oil Co.
 309 Broadway N. Y.

DR. WOOD'S

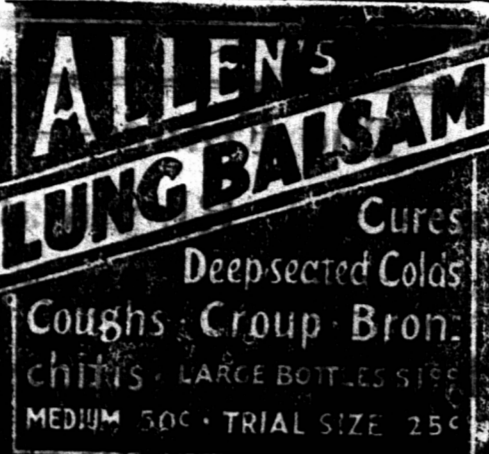


NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

A positive cure for all Throat, Lung and Bronchial diseases. Healing and Soothing in its action.

Pleasant to take, prompt and effectual in its results.

Mr. Chas. Johnson, Bear River, N.S., writes: "I was troubled with hoarseness and sore throat, which the doctor pronounced Bronchitis and recommended me to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I did so, and after using three bottles I was entirely cured."
 Price 25c. and 50c. a bottle. All medicine dealers.



If you are not using **PARK'S PERFECT EMULSION**

for that cough, you are making a great mistake. **PARK'S PERFECT EMULSION** is the best thing for it that you can get. "That's a fact," as Sam Slick would have said.

For Sale by all Drug-gists at 50 cents a Bottle.

MANUFACTURED BY

HATTIE & MYLIUS, Limited HALIFAX - N. S.



For Lung Troubles, Severe Coughs, Colds, Emaciation, &c., &c.

Few systems can assimilate pure Oil, but this combined with the D. & L. is pleasant and effective. Will build you up; will add solid pounds of flesh; will bring you back to health.

50c. and \$1.00 bottles. DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Limited.

The Perfect Preserves and Marmalades at last **CANADIAN TOO** The PURE GOLD kind Prove it by a fair trial.

If you can't get them it will pay you to write us. Pure Gold Co. Toronto.

MY POOR XMAS PHILOSOPHER

By Seaton Lord.

(Copyright, 1901, by G. L. Kilmer.)



ULKILY deploring the poverty which compelled me to come to work on Christmas day, I entered the office of The Daily Dozer and went to my desk.

"Christmas enjoyment is only for the wealthy," mused I.

"Jenkins," said the city editor, "here's five dollars a lady sent us to give a poor old chap up on Tenth street. You see, she wants to know if he registers and doesn't want to register a letter, for he must not know who sends it. So run up with it and get a receipt for it that we may send her."

I was soon on Tenth street. The number sought was a tumble down old rookery, and the children snowballing each other in the street stopped long enough to tell me that old Mr. Jones lived on the top floor.

"Come in!" piped a cheery, shrill voice as I knocked on his door. I did. Seated by the window, lightcap on head and spectacles on nose, sat a bright eyed, gray haired, much wrinkled old fellow, clean shaven and very tall and stooped. "Merry Christmas," he piped as soon as he saw me and grinned affably, displaying a few large teeth that were still white.

I stammered forth the conventional answer. I could do no more than stammer it, for such a salutation in such a place quite staggered me. The rickety bed, the unlighted stove, the broken loaf of bread on the bare little table, the absence of carpet, the two chairs, told the story of deepest poverty at a glance. I hastily gave him the money and took his receipt.

"Sit down on that other chair and gladden my Christmas," said he. "This gift of money is nothing to your company. I deserve it," he added a little pettishly. "I have gladdened others' Christmas today."

"You have?" I was impolite enough to say in my bewilderment.

"The birds," said he, pointing out the window to where a few sparrows on the fire escape were pecking at a piece of his loaf.

"It is this that has made you happy today in spite of?"

"It is one of the things. That was my Christmas giving. It was all I could give until you came, but now I am under the necessity of seeking human objects for my bounty. The alms share of this is too big for the birds."

"Can you find any poorer than yourself?" I inquired.

"Yes, even in the palaces," he said solemnly. Rising and leaning on the long stick which he had kept beside him, he thus went on:

"I began my celebration of Christmas yesterday afternoon by going to the free library and reading Dickens' 'Christmas Carol.' For years I have read it on Christmas eve—that is, to fill myself with the true Christmas spirit of charity, love, peace and good will. It always succeeds. Has any millionaire in this great city begun more wisely?"

"Having finished my reading, I walked through the crisp, frosty air to the boulevard to enjoy the sleighing. It was very fine. Time was when I used to sit in one of those vehicles and go skimming over the snow. I lost half the sport. I could not see the cutters skim by, the rosy cheeks of the riders, and I ran risk of a spill. I could hear no bells but those on my own team, but, ah, standing on the roadside—how different!

"The skating on the lake next interested me, and I enjoyed it greatly. Home to tea next, with a keen appetite. Had I a full larder and that appetite I would eat enough to be sluggish, and then I should not go out again. But a slice of bread, an onion and a cup of black tea—no glutony in that, yet enough.

"I went out to do my Christmas shopping. Oh, I saw everything—all the riches of the earth displayed in windows. Remember that the great delight in most of them is in looking at them, and that if they are personal ornaments you cannot very well see them after you put them on. I feasted my eyes fully from the outside of the windows. It was the best Christmas shopping I ever did, and I have done much shopping in my time, I can tell you.

"Midnight mass—grand, celestial! No, sir; not a Catholic, but I do not let that fact stand between me and epicurean enjoyment.

"I slept the sleep of the contented man, sir, dreaming of the beautiful, bright skies and green fields and pleasant waters of summer that are all mine, sir, as much as a king's.

"See my Yule log!" He pointed to a piece of cannel coal beside the stove. "I will light that by and by. I will roast a little joint of meat over it and make me a little wassail—bowl of cider with a roast apple in it—and when my pipe is lit and the street lamp shines on the ceiling I will recite for myself some of the old miracle plays of Christmas or sing an olden carol!"

"Pardon me," said I, starting up. I must go. You tempt me to share your feast and lose my position. I must go. I wish I knew how to be as happy as you."

"Be content," said the strange old man.

GRANDMA'S CHRISTMAS



(Copyright, 1901, by Willis B. Hawkins.)

Her Christmas is not like the rest, Which last a single day Or possibly a week at best And then are put away To be forgotten for a year, Until good will toward men Comes round, as fashions reappear, And is in style again.



All time is grandma's Christmas time, All seasons hers to hear The echo of a Yuletide chime Of voices ever dear, Of voices hushed to all but her As through a mist of tears She sees child faces as they were In long departed years.



Now, dreaming o'er her needle's flight, She croons a song of joy And weaves a thread of heaven's light Into some Christmas toy. Now softly up the attic stair Alone she creeps away And o'er the Christmas treasures there Lives in another day.



Yet, though mid shadows of the past Fond memories may grope, She stands in the effulgence cast By never dimming hope. And, peering through the gathering night, She views the narrow way That brightens over to the bright Eternal Christmas day.



All time is grandma's Christmas time, All seasons hers to hear The thrilling of a chord sublime Of voices coming near, As in her simple faith she waits The coming of the morn When past the open pearly gates She'll greet the Lowly Born.



No Longer a Bottle Baby. Santa Claus (thrusting his head through the door) — Sorry for you, kid, but it's the only present I have left.

Mack's Double Starch

It has been proved beyond dispute that this Starch the finest Laundry Starch in the world. It was invented by R. Mack, and is manufactured by him at Ulm, Germany.

Dearborn & Co.,

Sole Agents for Canada: St. John, N. B.

OVERCOATS

AND

ICICLES

The first are with us, and the others are sure to come.

\$9.00

Buy a superior Black or Blue Beaver Cloth Overcoat, ready to wear. You will see the same quality marked \$11.50 by other clothiers. We marked ours at \$9.00 this gives a very small profit. You should not fail to see these coats. We have others at \$4.50, \$6.00, \$7.00 and \$8.00. No icicles on our coats, they are too warm. We are prepared to give you the best value you ever got in Reefers and Ulsters.

D. A. BRUCE, Morris Block

List of Ratepayers for the City of Charlottetown in Default

For assessment due on Real Property for the year ending 31st December, 1901, containing names of all such defaulters and the amount due from them respectively, with a statement with the number of the Town, Water Lot and Common Lot, upon which or any part thereof such a assessment is in default.

Name of Ratepayer in Default	Statement or Description of Property upon which Ass't is made	Am't of Assesment Due and Unpaid
Butler, Catharine	House and Land on Town Lot No. 40, 5th hwy	\$2.92
Coyle, Stephen	House and Land on Town Lot, No. 3 2nd hwy	15.33
McCabe, Sarah	House and Land on Common Lot No. 31	2.03
Egan, Patrick	House and Land on Town Lot, No. 39, 5th hwy	5.83
Hughes, Peter	House and Land on Common Lot, No. 22	7.00
Jow, John	House and Land on Town Lot, No. 13, 1st hwy	14.00
Menzie, Alex	House and Land on Town Lot, No. 52, 1st hwy	9.33
Merrill, Wm. G.	House and Land on Common Lot, No. 22	4.08
McMahon, James	House and Land on Common Lot, No. 26	2.23
Peebles, George	House and Land on Town Lot, No. 83 2nd hwy	3.50
Kberts, Ezekiel	Vacant Land on Town Lot, No. 82 5th hwy	2.33
Trinity, James	House and Land on Common Lot, No. 17	9.00
Williams, John	House and Land on Common Lot, No. 24	11.67

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to the provisions of the Statute 51 Victoria, Chapter 12, Section 91, after 30 days publication of the above list, being a list of the Ratepayers of City of Charlottetown who have failed to pay within the time prescribed by the assessment a verily levied upon their Real Property in said City, I will make an application to His Honor the Stipendiary Magistrate of said City for judgement against each and all of the lands above described, for the respective amounts so levied against them, and then unpaid, and that upon such judgement being duly entered, I will further apply for a warrant for the sale of such lands.

ROBERT VAN DERSTINE, City Collector.
 Dated this 18th day of December, A. D., 1901, 19—1 mo.

REMOVED

To Proceed Block two doors east of A. W. Reddin's.
D. R. H. SHAW
 Store occupied by
STANLEY, SHAW & PEARDON.