POSTPONED

GRAND CARNIVAL

AT VICTORIA.

THE GRAND FANCY DRESS CARNIVAL which was to have been held in the RINK AT VICTORIA, on Thursday, 15th inst., has been postponed until WEDNESDAY, 21st inst.

The Directors are determined to make this Carnival the best ever held in Victoria.

Admission 25 cents. Skaters in costume free.

☞The Artillery Band will be in attendance.

T. N. STORY, Sec'y.

Feb. 7, eod & w.

Cough Mixtures

—AT—

Davies' Drug Store.

Campbell's Cough Emulsion,
Wilson's Cherry Balsam,
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,
Syrup Red Spruce Gum,
Nun's Syrup White Spruce,
Davies' Cough Cure,
Hawker's Tolu & Wild Cherry

Fresh Stock, at usual prices,

St. George Pharmacy.

FOR SALE.

A Valuable Farm on Lot 33.

THE Executors of Isaac Seller, late of Union Road, Lot 33, deceased offer for Sale that valuable Farm situate on the East Side of the Union Road, containing 121 acres, and known as the "Bearney Farm."

This desirable property situate about 7 miles from Charlottetown is most conveniently located as regards Churches, Schools, Blacksmith's Shops, &c., &c.

They also offer a tract of land containing 28 acres situate on the North Side of the Mill Road opposite Hardy's Mill property and adjoining the above 121 acres

If not previously disposed of, the above land will be sold, either together or separately by PUBLIC AUCTION on WEDNESDAY the 21st day of MARCH next, 1894 on the premises.

For terms and particulars apply at the law office of James H. Good, Barrister &c., Cameron Block, Charlottetown or to the undersigned.

MARY SELLER,
Executrix
JAMES A. McMILLAN,
WILLIAM SELLER Jr.
Executors.

Ch'town, Feb. 14, 1894.
Feb. 16 d li w tf

PRIVATE SCHOOL,

With System of [illegible]

Private School for boys (where one subject at a time is mastered) is conducted by Theophilus MacLeod in the Eldon House from 9 a. m. till 2 p. m. with an intermission of one hour. All the branches of the Public Schools are taught in these classes.

From 2 p. m., till 10 p. m. instruction is given to Students preparing to enter P. W. C.

Vocal and Instrumental Music also taught.

THEOPHILUS MacLEOD,
Teacher

Feb. 14, 1894.

No Need to Blow Our Whistle All the Time.

OUR BUSINESS

Does It For Us.

This Month all Emulsions and Cough Medicines at a Discount.

REDDIN BROS.

Feb 14—dy 1m

TENDERS FOR

Provincial Debentures

Provincial Treasury,
Jan. 29th, 1894

TENDERS will be received at the Provincial Treasury up to noon of the 14th day of February 1894 for the purchase of the whole or any part of the $26 600 P. E. Island Debentures, being balance of the $185 000 authorized by Provincial Statute of 1891(55 Vic Cap 1)

These Debentures which are issued in denominations of $1000. $500, and $100 bear 4 per cent interest payable half yearly from 1st. December 1893 and are redeemable in the year 1916

ANGUS McMILLAN,
Provincial Treasurer

All Sorts

and conditions of men smoke the famous cigars El Padre and La Cadena.

Davis & Sons.

A VISION OF HEAVEN

Dr. Talmage Describes a Dream of Paradise.

"If You Want to Amount to Anything in Heaven and to Move in Its Best Society You Must be Perfected Through Suffering"

Now it came to pass as I was among the captives by the River of Chebar that the heavens were opened and I saw visions of God.—Ezekiel 1: 1.

Expatriated and in far exile on the banks of the River Chebar, an affluent of the Euphrates, sat Ezekiel. It was there he had an immortal dream, and it is given to us in the Holy Scriptures. He dreamed of Tyre and Egypt. He dreamed of Christ and the coming heaven. This exile seated by that River Chebar had a more wonderful dream than you or I ever have had, or ever will have, seated on the banks of the Hudson, or Alabama, or Oregon, or Thames, or Tiber or Danube.

But we all have had memorable dreams, some of them when we were half asleep and half awake, so that we did not know whether they were born of shadow or sunlight; whether they were thoughts let loose and disarranged as in slumber, or the imagination of faculties awake.

Such a dream I had this morning. It was about half-past five, and the day was breaking. It was a dream of God; a dream of heaven. Ezekiel had his dream on the banks of the Chebar; I had my dream not far from the banks of the Hudson. The most of the stories of heaven were written many centuries ago and they tell us how the place looked then, or how it will look centuries ahead. Would you not like to know how it looks now? That is what I am going to tell you I was there this morning. I have just got back. How I got into that city of the sun I know not. Which of the twelve gates I entered is to me uncertain. But my first remembrance of the scene is that I stood on one of the main avenues, looking this way and that, lost in raptures, and the air so full of music and redolence and laughter, and light, and I knew not which street to take, when an angel of God accosted me and offered to show me the objects of greatest interest, and to conduct me from street to street, and from mansion to mansion, and from temple to temple, and from wall to wall. I said to the angel, "How long hast thou been in heaven?" and the answer came, "Thirty-two years according to the earthly calendar." There as a secret about this angel's name that was not given me, but from the tenderness, and sweetness, and affection, and interest taken in my walk through heaven, and more than all in the fact of thirty-two years' residence the number of years since she ascended, I think it was my mother. Old age, and decrepitude, and the tired look were all gone, but I think it was she. You see I was only on a visit to the city, and had not yet taken up residence, and I could know only in part.

I looked in for a few moments at the great temple. Our brilliant and lovely Scotch essayist, Mr. Drummond, says there is no church in heaven, but he did not look for it on the right street Saint John was right when in his Patmosic vision, recorded in the third chapter of Revelation, he speaks of "The Temple of my God." I saw it this morning; the largest church I ever saw; as big as all the churches and cathedrals of the earth put together, and it was thronged. Oh, what a multitude! I had never seen so many people together. All the audiences of all the churches of all the earth put together would make a poor attendance compared with that assemblage. There was a fashion in attire and head dress that immediately took my attention. The fashion was white. All in white, save One. And the head dress was a garland of rose, and lily, and mignonette, mingled with green leaves culled from the Royal Gardens, and bound together with bands of gold.

And I saw some young men with a ring on the finger of the right hand, and said to my accompanying angel; "Why those rings on the fingers of the right hands?" and I was told that those who wore them were prodigal sons, and once fed swine in the wilderness, and lived on husks, but they came home. and the rejoicing Father said, "Put a ring on his hand."

But I said there was one exception to this fashion of white pervading all the auditorium and clear up through all the galleries. It was the attire of the One who presided in that immense temple. The chiefest, the mightiest, the loveliest person in all the place His cheeks seemed to be flushed with infinite beauty, and His forehead was a morning sky, and His lips were eloquence omnipotent. But His attire was of deep colors. They suggested the carnage through which He had passed, and I said to my attending angel, "What is that crimson robe that He wears?" and I was told "They are dyed garments from Bozrah," and "He trod the wine press alone."

Soon after I entered this temple they began to chant the celestial litany. It was unlike anything I had ever heard for sweetness of power, and I have heard the most of the great organs, and the most of the great oratorios. I said to my accompanying angel, "Who is that standing yonder with the harp?" and the answer was "David!" And I said "Who is that sounding that trumpet?" and the answer was "Gabriel!" And I said, "Who is that at the organ?" and the answer was "Handel!" And the music rolled on till it came to a doxology extolling Christ himself, when all the worshippers, lower down and higher up, a thousand galleries of them suddenly dropped on their knees and chanted, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." Under the very overpowering harmony I fell back I said "Let us go This is too much for mortal ears I cannot bear the overwhelming symphony."

But I noticed as I was about to turn away that on the steps of the altar was something like the lachrymal, or tear-bottle, as I had seen it in the earthly museums, the lachrymals, or tear-bottles into which the Orientals used to weep their griefs and set them away as sacred. But the lachrymal, or tear-bottle, instead of earthenware as those the Orientals used, was lustrous and fiery with many splendors, and it was towering and of great capacity. And I said to my attending angel, "What is that great lachrymal- or tear-bottle standing on the step of the altar?" and the angel said, "Why, do you not know? That is the bottle to which David the Psalmist referred in his fifty-sixth Psalm, when he said, 'Put thou my tears into Thy bottle.' It is full of tears from heaven; tears of repentance; tears of bereavement; tears of joy; tears of many centuries." And then I saw how sacred to the sympathetic God are earthly sorrows.

As I was coming out of the temple I saw all along the pictured walls there were shelves, and golden vials were being set up on all those shelves. And I said, "Why the setting up of those vials at this time? They seem just now to have been filled," and the attending angel said, "The Week of Prayer all around the earth has just closed, and more supplications have been made than have been made for a long while, and these new vials, newly set up, are what the Bible speaks of as "golden vials full of odors, which are the prayers of saints." And I said to the accompanying angel, "Can it be possible that the prayers of earth are worthy of being kept in such heavenly shape?" "Why," said the angel, "there is nothing that so moves heaven as the prayers of earth, and they are set up in sight of these infinite multitudes, and, more than all, in the sight of Christ, and He cannot forget them, and they are before Him world without end."

Then I pointed to one of the most collonnaded and grandly domed residences in all the city, and said, "Who lives there?" and the answer was, 'The widow who gave two mites." "And who lives there?" and the answer was, "The penitent thief to whom Christ said, 'This day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise'" "And who lives there?" I said, and the answer was, "The blind beggar who prayed, 'Lord, that my eyes may be opened.'" Some of those professors of religion who were famous on earth I asked about, but no one could tell me anything concerning them. Their names were not even in the city directory of the New Jerusalem. The fact is that I suspected some of them had not got there at all. Many who had ten talents were living on the back streets of Heaven, while many with one talent had residences fronting on the King's Park, and a back lawn sloping to the river clear as crystal, and the highest nobility of Heaven were guests at their table, and often the white horse of Him who "hath the moon under His feet," champed its bit at their doorway. Infinite capsize of earthly conditions! All social life in Heaven graded according to earthly struggle and usefulness as proportioned to talents given!

As I walked through those streets I appreciated for the first time what Paul said to Timothy: "If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him." "It surprised me beyond description that all the great of Heaven were great sufferers." "Not all?" Yes, all, Moses, him of the Red Sea a great sufferer. David, him of Absalom's unfilial behavior and Ahithophel's betrayal, and a nation's dethronement, a great sufferer. Ezekiel, him of the captivity, who had the dream on the banks of the Chebar, a great sufferer. Paul, him of the diseased eyes, and the Mediterranean shipwreck, and the Mars Hill derision, and the Mamertine endungeonment and the whipped back and the headman's axe on the road to Ostia, a great sufferer. Yea, all the apostles after lives of suffering died by violence, beaten to death with fuller's club, or dragged to death by mobs, or from the thrust of sword, or by exposure on barren island, or by decapitation. All the high up in Heaven great sufferers and women more than men, Felicitas, and St. Cecelia, and Agnes, and St. Agatha, St. Lucia, and women never heard of outside of their own neighborhood, queens of the needle, and the broom, and the scrubbing brush, and the wash-tub, and the dairy, rewarded according to how well they did their work whether to set a tea-table or govern a nation, whether empress or milk maid. I could not get over it as in my dream I saw all this, and that some of the most unknown of earth were the most famous in Heaven, and that many who seemed the greatest failures of earth were the greatest successes of Heaven. And as we passed along one of the grandest boulevards of Heaven, there approached us a group of persons so radiant in countenance and apparel I had to shade my eyes with both hands because I could not endure the lustre and I said: "Angel! do tell me who they are?" and the answer was: "These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb!"

Reflection the first: The superiority of our heaven to all other heavens. The Scandinavian heaven: The departed are in everlasting battle, except as restored after being cut to pieces, they drink wine out of the skulls of their enemies. The Moslem heaven as described by the Koran: "There shall be houris with large black eyes like pearls hidden in their shells.' The Slav's heaven: After death the soul hovers six weeks about the body, and then climbs a steep mountain, on the top of which is Paradise. The Tasmanian's heaven: A spear is placed by the dead, that they may have something to fight with, and after a while they go into a long chase for game of all sorts. The Tahitian's heaven: The departed are eaten up of the gods. The native African heaven: A land of shadows, and in speaking of the departed they say, all is done forever. The American aborigine's heaven: Happy hunting grounds to which the soul goes on a bridge of snake. The philosopher's heaven: Made out of a thick fog, or an infinite don't know. But harken! and behold our heaven, which though mostly described by figures of speech in the Bible and by parable of a dream in this discourse, has for its chief characteristics, separation from all that is vile; absence from all that can granulate. No mountains to climb; no chasms to bridge; no night to illumine; no tears to wipe. Scandinavian heaven, African heaven, aborigine's heaven, scattered into tameness, and disgust by a glimpse of St. John's heaven, of Paul's heaven, of Christ's heaven, of your heaven, of my heaven.

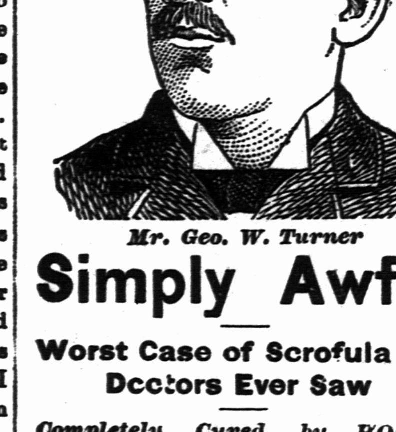
Reflection the second: You had better take patiently and cheerfully all pangs, affronts, hardships, persecutions and trials of earth since if rightly born, they insure heavenly payments of ecstacy. Every twinge of physical distress, every lie told about you, every earthly subtraction if meekly borne, will be heavenly addition. If you want to rmount to anything in heaven, and to move in its best society you must be "perfect through suffering." The only earthly currency worth anything at the gate of heaven is the silver of tears. At the top of all heaven sits the greatest sufferer, Christ of the Bethlehem caravansary, of the Pilate's Oyer and Termier, and of the Calvarean assassination.

What He endured, so, who can tell?
To save our souls from death and hell.

Oh, ye of the broken heart, and the disappointed ambition, and the shattered fortune and the blighted life, take comfort from what I saw in my Sabbath morning dream

Reflection the third and last: How desirable that we all get there! Start this moment with prayer and penitence and faith in Christ, who came from heaven to earth to take us from earth to heaven. Last Summer, a year ago, I preached one Sabbath afternoon in Hyde Park, London, to a great multitude that no man could number. But I heard nothing from it until a few weeks ago, when Reverend Mr. Cook, who for twenty-two years has presided over that Hyde Park out-door meeting, told me that last Winter going through a hospital in London he saw a dying man whose face brightened as he told him that his heart was changed that afternoon under my sermon in Hyde Park, and all was bright now at his departure from earth to heaven. Why may not the Lord bless this as well as that? Heaven as I dreamed about it, and as I read about it, is so benign a realm you cannot any of you afford to miss it. Oh, will it not be transcendently glorious after the struggle of this life is over to stand in that eternal safety. Samuel Rutherford, though they viciously burned his books and unjustly arrested him for treason, wrote of that celestial spectacle:

The King there in His beauty
Without a veil is seen;
It were a well spent journey,
Though seven deaths lay between.
The Lamb with His fair army
Doth on Mount Zion stand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land"



Mr. Geo. W. Turner

Simply Awful

Worst Case of Scrofula the Doctors Ever Saw

Completely Cured by HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.

"When I was 4 or 5 years old I had a scrofulous sore on the middle finger of my left hand, which got so bad that the doctors cut the finger off, and later took off more than half my hand. Then the sore broke out on my arm, came out on my neck and face on both sides, nearly destroying the sight of one eye, also on my right arm. Doctors said it was the

Worst Case of Scrofula

they ever saw. It was simply awful! Five years ago I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Gradually I found that the sores were beginning to heal. I kept on till I had taken ten bottles, ten dollars! Just think of what a return I got for that investment! A thousand per cent? Yes, many thousand. For the past 4 years I have had no sores. I

Work all the Time.

Before, I could do no work. I know not what to say strong enough to express my gratitude to Hood's Sarsaparilla for my perfect cure." GEORGE W. TURNER, Farmer, Galway, Saratoga county, N. Y.

HOOD'S PILLS do not weaken, but aid digestion and tone the stomach. Try them. 25c.

Carters' Bookstore

IS HEADQUARTERS FOR

School Books,
College Books,
Blank Books,
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Text Books,
Office Stationery in great variety.

Our NEWS COUNTER is kept well supplied with the latest Magazines, Periodicals and Newspapers from England, Canada and the United States

Careful attention paid to the ordering of Books and Magazines not in stock

REMEMBER! We sell as cheap as the cheapest.

GEO. CARTER & CO.

CENTS'

Patent : Leather

SHOES

Just Received.

R. K. JOST

Stamper Corner.

Anxious to Sell for Cash

A lot of Boots Felt and Kid. Reduced from 20 per cent to half price.

GOFF BROS.

Try a Barrel of Excelsior Flour!

THE demand for *Excelsior* FLOUR is steadily increasing, as nearly everyone who once tries it, will have no other.

Having a large proportion of the best Manitoba Hard Wheat in it, it requires a great deal more water than other Flours, and turns out several more loaves of bread to the barrel.

It also keeps moist longer, and does not dry in a day or so after being baked. For sale at

BEER & GOFF'S.

DON'T BUY LOW GRADE

Canadian Kerosene Oil

when you can get the best American Water White almost as cheap at S. B. ENMAN & Co's. Common Oil burns much faster than good Oil, and besides it smokes your chimnies and creates an unhealthy and disagreeable odor in the house.

We keep ONLY THE BEST, so you can't make any mistake in ordering Oil from us

S. B. ENMAN & Co.

Winter Overcoats Made to Order

AT THE FOLLOWING PRICES:

$10, $12, $14, $16, $18, $20, $22 and $24

Fits and Workmanship Guaranteed in all the Qualities

JOHN McLEOD & CO.

Five Large Cases

Steel Enamelled Ware, ordered direct from the Manufacturers in Germany, that should have arrived in October last, only arrived this week. In order to reduce the stock we will sell for a few days at a discount of *twenty per cent* These Goods are of the best quality, bought low and marked low, but we must clear out a lot of it. Now is the time to buy. Discount for cash only.

R. B. NORTON & Co

City Hardware Store.

THEY WANT MONEY.

That's why the BAZAAR CO. are asking for prompt payment of accounts.

PERHAPS

that don't mean you.

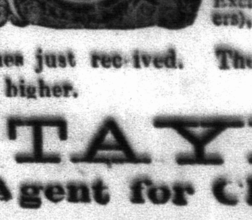
READ ON

They are bound to have money. That's why they are selling at such Tremendous bargains.

You may hear more about it, but to see them drop into the

BAZAAR STORE

ROCKFORD WATCHES



are *unequalled* in exacting service. Used by the Chief Mechanician of the U. S. Coast Survey; by the Admiral Commanding in the U. S. Naval Observatory, for Astronomical work; and by Locomotive Engineers, Conductors and Railway men. They are recognized as THE BEST for all uses in which close time and durability are requisites. Sold in principal cities and towns by the COMPANY'S Exclusive Agents (leading jewelers), who give a FULL warranty.

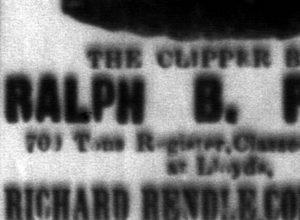
Another lot of the above watches just received. Their timekeeping qualities are superior to many costing much higher.

E. W. TAYLOR,
Agent for Charlottetown

Cameron Block.

1894

Spring Trip From Liverpool



THE CLIPPER BARK

RALPH B. PEAKE,

[illegible]

RICHARD RENDLE, COMMANDER

[illegible]

For Ch'town, Direct,

ABOUT 1st OF APRIL NEXT,

[illegible]

PEAKE BROS. & Co.

Ch'town, Jan17 94,—eod 8w.

FEED. FEED.

BRAN,
SHORTS,
CRACKED FEED,
(Barley, Oats and Peas,)
CORNMEAL.
Fresh from the Mills.

SELLING LOW

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PICTURE FRAMES

A beautiful lot of all kinds of Picture Moulding [illegible]

JOHN NEWSON.

ALBERTON ADVERTISEMENTS

Put a Watch on Him.

[illegible]

W. J. CROCKETT, of Alberton

NOTICE.

I HEREBY give notice to all my customers that I have closed my store at Alberton [illegible] W. J. Crockett [illegible]

F. S. MITCHELL

[illegible]

SALT, SALT.

IN STORE.

3,500 Bags Liverpool Salt,
[illegible]