

## FINE TEA AND Kerosene Oil.

EVERY FARMER who intends to purchase a supply of TEA and KEROSENE OIL to put him through the Fall and Winter Months should call at BEER & GOFF'S Store and see their prices and inspect their Stock before buying elsewhere.

Their Teas have a reputation all over the Country second to none for Quality and Fine Flavor.

They buy nothing but the BEST AMERICAN WATER WHITE KEROSENE OIL, so that you can depend on getting the BEST QUALITY from them every time, and the price is now lower than ever before. YOU CAN SAVE MONEY EVERY TIME BY CALLING AT

### BEER & GOFF'S.

## On Exhibition AT THE BAZAAR STORE

UNTIL SOLD.

FOUR THOUSAND DOLLARS' WORTH OF FINE CHINA, including Tea Sets, Water Sets, Vases, Pitchers, Cheese and Butter Dishes, Toilet Sets, Chocolate Jugs, Berry and Pudding Sets, Bisque Figures, Wine and Milk Sets, Perfume and Vinegar Bottles, China and Glass Baskets and Ink Wells, and 1,001 other articles to beautify and adorn the household. All the above goods will be sold at BIG REDUCTIONS for TWO WEEKS. NEW GOODS are coming in every day, and for want of room we have to push them off at PRICES THAT TELL. Auto and Photograph Albums, Nice Plush and Leather Dressing Cases, Manicure Sets, Cuff and Collar Boxes, Glove and Handkerchief Sets, Jewel Cases. ALL MUST BE SOLD. Fifty-five Violins and Accordions at all prices to be sold at wholesale prices. Don't miss this opportunity to get a good musical instrument at your own price.

SCHOOL and COLLEGE BOOKS all in and selling at the cheapest rates. Foolscap, Manus, Pencils, Inks, etc. For good Writing Paper and Envelopes. Fancy Stationery, Linnen Pads in all sizes, Pens and Pencils, try the BAZAAR STORE. Clearance Sale of Wall Paper and Window Blinds. Everyone is suited. See our stock of Pictures and British Plate Mirrors. Framing done to order. Big stock of Mouldings to select from.

### BAZAAR STORE, Queen Street.

Charlottetown, Sept. 19, 1892—cod & wy

### 3 APPLICATIONS THOROUGHLY REMOVES DANDRUFF ANTI-DANDRUFF

D. L. CAVEN.  
Restores Fading hair to its original color.  
Stops falling of hair.  
Keeps the scalp clean.  
Makes hair soft and pliable.  
Promotes Growth.

GUARANTEED

### The Embodiment of Strength.

## JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF

IMPARTS  
Robustness, Lustiness, Vigor.

An invaluable means of developing firmness of muscle, power of endurance, and general healthfulness.

November 7, 1892

### We have a Nice Line —OF— TABLE LAMPS, —AT— \$1 00, \$1 50, \$2 00, \$2 50, \$3 00, \$3 50, \$4 00, \$4 50, \$5 00, \$5 50, \$6 00, \$6 50, and \$7 00.



### LAMP BURNERS —AND— CHIMNEYS.

## DODD & ROGERS.

Wholesale and Retail Hardware.

Charlottetown, October 27, 1892—1m ecd

### Calendar for November, 1892.

MOON'S CHANGES.			
Full Moon, 4th day	11 25 morn		
Last Quarter, 11th day	5 38 morn		
New Moon, 19th day	8 55 morn		
First Quarter, 27th day	6 4 morn		
Day of Month.	Day of Week.	High.	Water.
		Morn.	After.
		h. m.	h. m.
1	Tuesday	7 32	8 23
2	Wednesday	7 53	9 17
3	Thursday	8 39	10 1
4	Friday	10 22	10 41
5	Saturday	10 39	11 19
6	Sunday	11 39	midn
7	Monday	0 21	0 21
8	Tuesday	0 43	1 6
9	Wednesday	1 32	1 58
10	Thursday	2 25	2 53
11	Friday	3 24	3 56
12	Saturday	4 31	5 10
13	Sunday	5 44	6 18
14	Monday	6 47	7 16
15	Tuesday	7 49	8 3
16	Wednesday	8 24	8 44
17	Thursday	9 3	9 22
18	Friday	9 41	9 59
19	Saturday	10 16	10 33
20	Sunday	10 52	11 11
21	Monday	11 30	11 51
22	Tuesday	0 28	0 48
23	Wednesday	1 8	1 29
24	Thursday	1 50	2 12
25	Friday	2 35	2 59
26	Saturday	3 24	3 55
27	Sunday	4 26	5 6
28	Monday	5 46	6 26
29	Tuesday	7 6	7 42
30	Wednesday	7 6	7 42

## Never WOODVILLE'S GERMAN BAKING POWDER

### Disappoints!

## DR. T. C. ROBINS,

Surgeon Dentist.

Office—Prince Street, opposite St. Paul's Church,  
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

### WANTED.

A CHARTER for Schooner "Viola," now due at Charlottetown, to load Potatoes for Rice or New York. Capacity about 5,000 bushels. Communicate with

J. WILLARD SMITH,  
El. John, N. P.

## S. R. FOSTER & SON,

Manufacturers of Wire Nails,  
STEEL AND IRON CUT NAILS,  
And Spikes, Tacks, Brads, Shoe Nails, Hungarian Nails, &c.,  
ST. JOHN, N. B.

## QUEEN

Insurance Agency.

Office Next to Bank of Nova Scotia

### JAMES DESBRISAY, AGENT.

## ROBERT BALLOCH & CO.,

TEA MERCHANTS,  
Mincing Lane, London.

REPRESENTED IN CANADA BY  
J. A. MORISON, HALIFAX

## CHRISTMAS TREE.

THE Ladies of ST. JOSEPH'S SODALITY will hold a Christmas Tree in aid of St. Joseph's Convent,  
On Wednesday, Nov. 16th.

Contributions will be gratefully received by the Sisters of St. Joseph's Convent.

## COLONIAL HOUSE,

### Phillips Square.

## NEW GOODS!

WE ARE NOW SHOWING  
A COMPLETE STOCK  
IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.

### Fresh Goods! Latest Styles

Our Fall Catalogue is now ready and will be mailed to any address on application.

Letter orders will receive careful and prompt attention.

## HENRY MORGAN & CO., MONTRÉAL.

### GAIN ONE POUND A Day.

A GAIN OF A POUND A DAY IN THE CASE OF A MAN WHO HAS BECOME "ALL RUN DOWN," AND HAS BEGUN TO TAKE THAT REMARKABLE FLESH PRODUCER,

## SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL WITH  
HYPHOSPHITES OF LIME & SODA  
IS NOTHING UNUSUAL. THIS FEAT  
HAS BEEN PERFORMED OVER AND OVER AGAIN. PALATABLE AS MILK. EN-  
DORSED BY PHYSICIANS. SCOTT'S  
EMULSION IS PUT UP ONLY IN SALMON  
COLOR WRAPPERS. SOLD BY ALL DRUG-  
GISTS AT 50c. AND \$1.00  
SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

### For 50 Years Perry Davis' Pain Killer

Has demonstrated its  
wonderful power of  
KILLING EXTERNAL and INTERNAL PAIN.  
No wonder then that it is found on  
The Surgeon's Shelf  
The Mother's Cupboard  
The Traveler's Valise,  
The Soldier's Knapsack  
The Sailor's Chest  
The Cowboy's Saddle  
The Farmer's Stable  
The Pioneer's Cabin  
The Sportsman's Grip  
The Cyclist's Bundle

ASK FOR THE NEW  
"BIG 25c BOTTLE."

### Written for the Examiner: "From Out the Mists and Shadows of the Past."

A THANKSGIVING STORY, BY EMMA BARR HUNTLEY.

There is no Holy of Holies into which the storyteller may enter. Not only may he take his reader into the most nooks and crannies of the most secluded house, but also into the most secret thoughts, the innermost chambers of the soul. So I will ask my readers to come with me up the stone steps of an old-fashioned comfortable house, open the door and pass into the parlour, for it is a chilly November evening, there I will introduce to him the subject of this little story. She is neither young nor beautiful, aged nor homely, but a woman well past middle age—one whom we shrink from calling old. She is above the medium height; her large shapely head thickly covered with grey hair, is well set on her shoulders; her face is strong and yet gentle; her eyes of a dark brown, capable of feeling great tenderness, of intense feeling of any kind. The room in which she sits, unlike that of many, shows, in its fitting up, the tastes, inclinations and something of the history of its occupant. There is her book case in which may be found the writings of the poets, historians and story-tellers that are everywhere the companions of the thoughtful and educated. The pictures are not faded old paintings—copies of the old masters, but are for the most part, steel engravings and wood cuts of ordinary events. Here is "Coming of Age in the Olden Time," there "The Old Oaken Bucket"; in an unobtrusive place is a neatly framed sampler whose ambling letters in faded ink tell us that it was worked by Ruth Kerr in 18—; it reminds us by the old legend that "Time is short, Eternity is long." But the one picture on which your eye will dwell, is that of a man about sixty, with thoughtful looking face. You will notice, too, that the lady's eyes rest on it lovingly, and that her expression says "That is he whom my soul loveth, but he is no longer with me." Before we cease scanning the walls let us read that little tablet of card-board on which has been tastefully worked, "To the dear memory of Lucy Farnsworth, who was called away from us at the age of sixteen." There is that corner of the room in the parlor, whose well kept keys tell us that they have been touched by the weary unwilling little hand as well as by the ring-adorned hand of the betrothed maiden gladdened by the powers of brilliant execution; that its tones have accompanied the sweet voice of childhood as well as the song of an older day. The other furniture of the room need not be so carefully noticed, only that sofa seems to say—"Come and be rested," these chairs, "Sit down and talk." Now, if there be one who sees nothing of interest in my friend and her surroundings, who needs to have the adventure and doings of the great recounted before his attention is enlisted, let him find this page aside unread. For Mrs. Farnsworth, whose maiden name was Ruth Kerr, as she sits there with a letter in her hand, is just such an one as your mother, my accomplished and refined young lady, or yours, my clever young accountant or professional aspirant. Her counterpart passes you every day as you walk along the street, and the smoke of the morning and evening sacrifice rose no more daily in old Jerusalem than do her prayers for those whose life is her life.

had left home in anger, and had written but seldom, and the time was long since. He had been engaged to a refined and beautiful girl, by name Mary Daleigh, and was to have been married very soon. But "whispering tongues can poison truth," and when one day he found that even his own mother and promised wife doubted his innocence of faithlessness, he left his home to seek his fortune elsewhere. His wife, while Mary Daleigh had too much faith to believe it possible for one to blight the life of another, yet the sweetest notes were wanting in the music of her life, and she began to value lightly God's beautiful gift of time, and to wish it were not so long. She loved John Farnsworth, and often came to talk to his mother of him, and their common grief over his haughty pride united them as nothing else might have done.

We now come to the four children—Lucy—whose memorial card we read upon the parlor wall. Her heart was as loving and gentle as her mind was bright and active, but the tenement in which the dear spirit lived was but frail, and so "she was not—for God took her."

Frank, the fifth and youngest child, had always shown a great love of the sea. His father allowed him to take an ocean voyage thinking that the hardships of life before the mast would make him lose his zest for it; but such was not the result. He loved his calling and had been in all parts of the world. He wrote regularly to his mother, and always spoke of the time when he would come back rich, and end his days in the home which was often pictured in his mind in day-dreams, as well as in visions of the night.

Such was the story of Mrs. Farnsworth's children, and despite the fact that they were all useful people, were law-abiding citizens, yet as one by one their faces, as children passed before her, and she thought of her present separation from them she felt overcome with a great loneliness. Her memory carried her back to the time when she was indispensable to their happiness and well-being;—when the first words as each entered the house were "Where is mother?" and when the last sleepy accents told who was the daystar of their little lives. Then she thought of their first setting out for school, of their successes and failures there; of the betrothal and marriages of her daughters and the tears-taking; she remembered when her husband left her side forever and when she indeed felt that her children's love was the one great tie to earth. Now these could do without her. She lived alone with Catherine Grey, an old servant, who had known and worked for her many years. The links in the chain of old and tried friendship were gradually falling away, and the formal calls of recently-made acquaintances began to take the place of the old-time friendly visit which used to leave the heart lighter and the mind clearer for the round of everyday duty. Then she thought of the desire of the human heart for long life. Had not God said to the faithful "With long life will I satisfy thee?" Had not a great writer said "The last life is that for which the first was planned?" She began to reason thus, and concluded that there must be something selfishly wrong with her, and that she was not doing her duty. The evening of life was cloudy and not golden. She was conscientious woman, but she tried to live her creed, and for that reason knew that she must bring more than sorrow or regret "from out the mists and shadows of the past;" so she fought against herself, and opening her piano began to sing. She loved music and song with a great love. A little child's singing, the music of the despaired street organ gave her a pleasure; but when in majestic poetry was being sung, her soul was filled with delight unbounded. This was a love which was a constant joy to her, and which had helped her over many a weary day. It served her well now. She sang not the old love songs, nor of "the days that are no more with all regret," but that sublime hymn which breathes a child-like prayer for "Divine guidance." The last stanza came with cadence which told that the singer heard and obeyed the words of the world's great Comforter, where he said "Let not your hearts be troubled."

"So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still  
Will lead me on,  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till  
The night is gone.  
And with the moon those angel faces smile  
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile."

One after another, then, did sweet child faces come before her, did soft, childish voices sing to her; then did she see the face of the dear companion of her life, with its wrapt expression of admiration and tenderness. How she loved them all as again she lived over the happy hours spent in that very room, and how great seemed the mistake to yield herself to melancholy when memory revealed so much that was joyful and true! Then she thought of Jane's cold worldliness and John's estrangement; would not the God to whom she had commended them cause that one day be changed, and that good would come out of evil? They were but young, and were there not transitional stages to a high and noble life? They might one day say with Phoebe Cary:

"My past is mine, and I take it all  
Its weakness, its folly, if you please  
Nay, even my sins, if you come to that,  
May have been my helps, not hindrances."  
Then Faith told her that the shining steps of the golden stair were the best for the feet of her darling Lucy, and the rest of Heaven for the tired brain of the husband of her youth. For the others it was hers now to share their joys and sorrows as she did when they were with her, though without the cheer of their presence. Was not the mother's life, anyway, one of constant self-repression? and had not God Himself shown that life to be the highest which is one of conscious voluntary self-sacrifice? So she really felt that she had exchanged eal him her son. But at twenty-three he



### MARCUS LITTLEFIELD, Rheumatism of the Joints AND INHERITED HUMOR OF BLOOD

Banished by Skoda's,  
AFTER PHYSICIANS HAD PRONOUNCED  
THEM INCURABLE!

MARCUS LITTLEFIELD LIVES AT WEST WINTERPORT, ME. A FARMER BY OCCUPATION, HE ENJOYS THE RESPECT OF ALL WHO KNOW HIM. IN CONVERSATION WITH A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE SKODA DISCOVERY CO., NOT LONG SINCE, HE RELATED THE FOLLOWING STORY:

"Ever since I was born, I have been troubled at times, more or less, with a PAINFUL rheumatism of the joints, and for fifteen years it has been on the increase. I have been gradually failing in health, and for three years past it has been and burned so badly, that all the way I could get any rest at night, was to bathe in strong carbolic acid, and this only relieved me for a few hours. In addition to this, eight months ago, rheumatism in my neck and shoulders BETTER so out of place. I did not have my clothes off. Physically, I was not getting well. I was unable to do any work, and was a great sufferer. I doctored with several physicians, including specialists in Boston, and took nearly all the advertised sanariparins and blood purifiers, but received no benefit whatever. I had given up all hope, and my friends thought I could live but a few months. I used the SKODA'S DISCOVERY and TABLETS, according to directions, and also used SKODA'S OINTMENT externally. After using them but one week, there was a change in appearance. My skin that was literally covered with pimples and blotches, began to clear up. My appetite became good, less pain in my shoulders, and I gained rapidly. I have now used less than two courses of these REMEDIES, and my Rheumatism has entirely disappeared. SHOULDERS THAT WERE DRAWN OUT OF PLACE AND WHICH THE DOCTORS SAID COULD NEVER BE GOT BACK INTO PLACE ARE AS GOOD AS WORKING IN PERFECT POSITION. My skin is free from blotches and pimples. I have gained twenty pounds in flesh, can go into the woods at sunrise, and chop cord wood all day, and not get tired, a thing I could never do before in all my life, and am able to work all the time. My friends are astonished at the results, and not more so than myself. They consider it almost miraculous."

SKODA DISCOVERY CO., Wolfville, N.S.

## P. E. ISLAND RAILWAY NOTICE.

COMMENCING ON WEDNESDAY, November 24th inst., and closing of navigation at Summerside, a Special Passenger Train will leave Charlottetown at 6 a.m. daily (Sundays excepted) for St. John's, connecting there with steamer for Point du Char. Returning, will leave Summerside on arrival of Steamer from Point du Char. This train will run through to Tignish, and return on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

J. UNSWORTH,  
Superintendent.

Railway Office, Charlottetown, 11 Nov 5/92

## GILLETT'S PURE POWDERED LYE

100%  
PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.

Ready for use in any quantity. For making lye, add to water, 1 pint of water, and a hundred cubic feet of gas, 20 pounds of lye.

Sold by All Grocers and Druggists.  
E. W. GILLETTE, Toronto.

## YOU will find the NEW DRINKS —OF THE— WILMOT SPA

most delicious. They are called FRUIT SQUASH (a delicate drink for ladies), LIME FRUIT CHAMPAGNE (a delicious non-alcoholic beverage), and CINCHONA BITTERS (a palatable and effective tonic). They will be found an agreeable variety from the Ginger Ale and Lemonade.

All leading Grocers, Druggists, Hotels and Wine Merchants.

Wilmot Spa Spring Co. (Ltd.)  
1892