Farm For Sale.

The subscriber offers for sale his valuable Farm, containing about sixty acres. House is in good repair. There are six outbuildings, some are newly built. There are two orchards one containing sixty trees of different varieties of fruit. About one and a half miles from the city. Terms easy.

C. BENOIT

sept25—3m dy & wkv

DRESSED TO KILL.

You will be "Dressed to Kill" this cold weather if you will come and invest in one of our FRIEZE ULSTERS, made from your own wool. There is nothing like them. The greatest value in the city.

McKAY WOOLEN CO.

Charlottetown, Nov. 26, 1894.

LAST MONTH OF 1894.

I want to make this month the best month of the year, and in order to do so I am prepared to do work CHEAP. The many new customers who have patronized me since moving to Queen Street can tell of the CLASS OF WORK and LOW PRICES they have been getting.

Let me quote you prices on BLANK BOOKS which you will require for the first of the year.

We can supply you Bill Heads, Letter and Note Heads, Receipts, etc., lower than any other firm in the city. This is beyond doubt. My offer for Bill Heads at $2.75 per thousand will remain open during this month.

Look out for your Magazines and have them bound before they get mislaid.

GOOD WORK! LOW PRICES!

JAMES D. TAYLOR,

nov3 Queen Street.

WE SELL COAL.

Prices Right.

WHAT WE HAVE.—A well assorted stock of LUMBER.

WHAT WE WANT.—We are no grasping. We only want enough trade to keep us working. We would rather sell our stock cheap than rust for want of something to do.

If you will just give us a call and look over our stock you will be just "tickled to death" with satisfaction.

WHAT WE CAN'T GET.—As we intend making a change in our business we are going to let the Court collect those old accounts that "we can't get." We've asked for them often. But the polite invitation to "call again" is monotonous to our ears. So don't be surprised, for WE MUST HAVE MONEY.

Barrett & Champion,

CONNOLLY'S WHARF.

dec1

NOTICE.

LAND SURVEYING, &c.

The subscriber is now prepared to make Surveys of Land, run Boundary and Division Lines, furnish Plans, etc.; also, Mechanical and Architectural Drawings, Plans, Specifications and Estimates.

J. P. NICHOLSON,
Land Surveyor,
Pownal Street.

Charlottetown, Aug. 25, 1894—dy & wy

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

MERCHANTS' BANK P. E. ISLAND,
Charlottetown, Nov. 29, 1894.

Notice is hereby given that a Half Yearly Dividend, at the rate of 8 per cent per annum, on the Capital Stock of this Bank, has been declared payable at the Banking House on and after January 2, 1895.

The transfer books will be closed from the 18th December, 1894, to January 2, 1895, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.

WM. McLEAN,
nov29—2aw & wky Cashier.

TINWARE

—FOR—

Creameries and Cheese Factories.

The very best work guaranteed on all jobs for Creameries and Cheese Factories. WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF THIS KIND OF WORK.

M. STEVENSON,

MANUFACTURER OF

Tinware, Stove Pipe, &c.,

55 QUEEN STREET.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.

All orders promptly attended to.

ap9—tf

IRON.

ABOUT 65 TONS OF

English Refined

—AND—

Common Iron,

ROUND, FLAT AND SQUARE.

ALL SIZES.

For sale at reduced prices.

PEAKE BROS. & CO.

Charlottetown, Dec. 7, 1894—tf

THE LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS.

Shall I tell you of the letter
That Agnes has written to say
What she wishes dear father Santa Claus
To send her on Christmas Day?

In the chimney dark she mailed it
Last night ere she went to rest.
Done in her best handwriting
And carefully sealed and addressed.

Nor you nor I could decipher
The words of that childish screed,
For Agnes uses an alphabet
That only the fairies can read.

But Agnes is sure that her letter
Has reached the good old saint,
For behold it was gone this morning,
And she knew not how it went.

She has told me as a secret
What Santa Claus is to bring—
Play-houses and dolls and picture-books,
And candy and everything.

And with the most perfect reliance
And faith in the legend old,
She waits without doubting the presents
That Christmas shall unfold.

$478,000.

A Christmas Gift That Won a Banker's Daughter.

BY LUKE SHARP.

R. John Armstrong stepped off the train at the Union Station in Toronto. As he walked outside, a small boy accosted him.

"Carry your valise up for you, sir?"

"No, thank you," said Mr. Armstrong.

"Carry it up for ten cents, sir."

"No."

"Take it up for five cents, sir."

"Get out of my way, will you."

The boy got out of the way, and John Armstrong carried up his own valise.

There was nearly half a million dollars in it, so Mr. Armstrong thought it best to carry it up himself.

* * * * * *

In the bay window of one of the handsomest residences in Rochester, New York, sat Miss Alma Temple, waiting for her father to come home from the bank. Mr. Horace Temple was one of the solid men of Rochester and was president of the Temple National Bank. Although still early in December, the winter promised to be one of the hardest for many years, and the snow lay crisp and hard upon the streets, but not enough for sleighing. It was too cold for snow, the weatherwise said. Suddenly Miss Alma drew back from the window with a quick flush on her face that certainly was not caused by the coming of her father. A dapper young man sprang lightly up the steps and pressed the electric button at the door. When the young man entered the room a moment later Miss Alma was sitting demurely by the open fire. He advanced quickly towards her, and took both her outstretched hands in his. Then furtively looking around the room he greeted her still more affectionately, in a manner that I, the chronicler of these incidents, am not bound to particularise. I only set down the fact that whatever resistance the young lady offered was of the faintest and most futile kind, and so it may be understood at the beginning that these two young persons had a very good understanding with each other.

"You seem surprised to see me," he began.

"Well, Walter, I understood that you left last time with some energetically expressed resolutions never to darken our doors again."

"Well, you see, my dear, I am sometimes hasty, and, in fact, the weather is so dark now-a-days, anyhow, that a little extra darkness does not amount to much, and so I thought I would take the risk of darkening them once more."

"But I also understand that my father made you promise, or that you promised voluntarily, not to see me again without his permission."

"Not voluntarily. Far from it. Under compulsion, I assure you. But I didn't come to see you at all. That's where you are mistaken. The seeing you is merely an accident; which I have done my best to avoid. Fact! The girl said, 'Won't you come into the parlor,' and naturally I did so. Never expected to find you here. I thought I saw a young lady at the window as I came up, but I got such a momentary glimpse that I might have been mistaken."

"Then I will leave you and not interrupt——"

"Not at all. Now I beg you not to leave on my account, Alma. You know I would not put you to the least trouble in the world."

"You are very kind, I am sure, Mr. Brown."

"I am indeed, Miss Temple. All my friends admit that. But now that you are here——by the way, I came to see Mr. Temple. Is he home?"

"I am expecting him every moment."

"Oh, well, I'm disappointed; but I guess I will bear up for a while—until he comes, you know."

"I thought your last interview with him was not so pleasant that you would so soon seek another."

"The fact is, Alma, we both lost our tempers a bit, and no good ever comes of that. You can't conduct business in a heat, you know."

"Oh, then the asking of his daughter's hand was business—a mere business proposition, was it?"

"Well, I confess he put it that way—very strongly, too. Of course, with me there would have been pleasure mixed with it if he had—but he didn't. See here Alma—tell me frankly—of course he talked with you about it—what objection he has to me anyhow."

"I presume you consider yourself such a desirable young man that it astonishes you greatly that any person should have any possible objection to you?"

"Oh, come now, Alma; don't hit a fellow when he's down, you know. I don't suppose I have more conceit than the average young man, but then, on the other hand, I am not such a fool, despite appearances, as you would say, not to know that I am considered by some people as quite an eligible individual. I am not a pauper exactly, and your father knows that. I don't think I have many very bad qualities. I don't get drunk; I don't—oh, I could give you quite a list of things I don't do."

"You are certainly frank enough, my eligible young man. Still you must not forget that my papa is considered quite an eligible father-in-law, if it comes to that."

"Why, of course, I admit it. How could it be otherwise when he has such a charming daughter?"

"You know I don't mean that, Walter. You were speaking of wealth and so was I. Perhaps we had better change the subject."

"By the way, that reminds me of what I came to see you about. What do——"

"To see me? I thought you came to see my father."

"Oh, yes—certainly—I did come to see him, of course, but in case I saw you, I thought I would ask you what you thought of swearing off at New Years—the custom, you know."

"Swearing off! Doesn't that sound a little like slang?"

"Well, the making of good resolutions, then."

"What do I think of them? I think good resolutions are admirable any day of the year—that is, if they are kept. Why? Were you thinking of making some?"

"One. Only one. I was going to swear off—that is—I was thinking of making a good resolution to quit the bad habit of being a bachelor, next New Year's. What do you think of the scheme?"

"I fear I am not a competent adviser. You had better consult some one who knows more about the matter than I do."

"That's just why I came. I am going to consult again with your father. By the way, you did not tell me why he is so prejudiced against me. Why did he receive me in such a gruff manner when I spoke to him about it. It is not a criminal act to ask a man for his daughter. It is not, I assure you. I looked up the statutes and a young friend of mine who is a lawyer says there is no statute in the case made and provided. The law of the State of New York does not recognize my action as against the peace and prosperity of the commonwealth. Well, he received me as if I had been caught robbing the bank. Now I propose to know what the objection is. I am going to hear—"

"Hush! Here is papa now."

Miss Alma quickly left the room and met her father in the hall. Mr. Brown stood with his hands in his pockets and his back to the fire. He heard the gruff voice of Mr. Temple say, apparently in answer to some information given him by his daughter—"Is he? What does he want?"

There was a moment's pause and then the same voice said:

"Very well, I will see him in the library in a few minutes."

Somehow the courage of young Mr. Brown sank as he heard the banker's voice, and the information he had made up his mind to demand with some hauteur he thought he would ask, perhaps, in a milder manner.

Mr. Brown brightened up as the door opened, but it was not Miss Alma who came in. The servant said to him:

"Mr. Temple is in the library, sir. Will you come this way?"

He followed and found the banker seated at his library table, on which he had just placed some legal looking papers bound together with a thick rubber band. It was evident that his work did not stop when he left the bank. Mr. Brown noticed that Mr. Temple looked careworn and haggard and that his manner was very different from what it was on the occasion of the last interview.

"Good evening, Mr. Brown. I am glad you called. I was on the point of writing to you, but the subject of our talk the other night was crowded from my mind by more important matters."

Young Mr. Brown thought bitterly that there ought not to be matters more important to a father than his daughter's happiness, but he had the good sense not to say so.

"I spoke to you on that occasion with a—in a manner that was—well, hardly excusable, and I wish to say that I am sorry I did so. What I had to state might have been stated with more regard for your feelings."

"Then may I hope, Mr. Temple, that you have changed your mind with——"

"No, sir. What I said then—that is, the substance of what I said, not the manner of saying it—I still adhere to."

"Might I ask what objection you have to me?"

"Certainly. I have the same objection that I have to the majority of the society young men of the present day. If I make inquiries about you, what do I find? That you are a noted oarsman—that you have no profession—that your honors at college consisted in being captain of the football team and——"

"No, no, the baseball club."

"Same thing, I suppose."

"Quite different. I assure you, Mr. Temple."

"Well, it is the same to me at any rate. Now, in my time young men had a harder row to hoe, and they hoed it. I am what they call a self-made man, and probably I have a harsher opinion of the young men of the present day than I should have. But if I had a son I would endeavor to have him know how to do something and then I would see that he did it."

"I am obliged to you for stating your objection, Mr. Temple. I have taken my degree in Harvard Law school, but I have never practised, because, as the little boy said, I didn't have to. Perhaps if some one had spoken to me as you have done I would have pitched in and gone to work. It is not too late yet. Will you give me a chance? The position of cashier in your bank, for instance?"

The effect of these apparently innocent words on Mr. Temple was startling. He sprang to his feet and brought down his clenched fist on the table with a vehemence that made young Mr. Brown jump. "What do you mean, sir?" he cried, sternly. "What do you mean by saying such a thing?" "Why, I—I—I—mean——" stammered Brown, but he could get no further. He thought the old man had suddenly gone crazy. He glared across the library table at Brown as if the next instant he would spring at his throat. Then the haggard look came into his face again, he passed his hand across his brow and sank into his chair with a groan.

"My dear sir," said Brown, approaching him, "what is the matter? Is there anything I can——"

"Sit down, sir," answered the banker, melancholy. "You may excuse me. I am very much troubled. I did not intend to speak of it, but some explanation is due to you. A month from now, if you are the kind of man that most of your fellows are, you will not wish to marry my daughter. There is every chance that at that time the doors of my bank will be closed."

"You astonish me sir. I thought——"

"Yes, and so everyone thinks. I have seldom in my life trusted the wrong man, but this time I have done so, and the one mistake seems likely to obliterate all that I have succeeded in doing in a life of hard work."

"If I can be of any financial assistance I will be glad to help you."

"How much?"

"Well, I don't know—$50,000 perhaps, or——"

"I must have $250,000 before the end of the month."

"Two hundred and fifty thousand!"

"Yes, sir. William L. Staples, the cashier of our bank, is now in Canada with half a million of the bank funds. No one knows it but myself and one or two of the directors. It is generally supposed that he has gone to Washington on a vacation."

"But can't you put detectives on his track?"

"Certainly. Then the thing would be public at once. The papers would be full of it. There would be a run on the bank. We would have to close down the next day. Besides that, he is quite safe, and he knows it. Thanks to an idiotic international arrangement, he is as safe there as you are here."

"But I think there is a law against bringing stolen goods into Canada."

"Perhaps there is. It would not help us at the present moment. We must compromise with him if we can find him in time. Of course, even if the bank closed, we would pay everything when there was time to realise. But that is not the point. It would mean trouble and disaster, and would probably result in other failures, all through one man's rascality."

"Then it all resolves itself to this. Staples must be quietly found and negotiated with. Mr. Temple let me undertake the finding of him and the negotiating, also, if you will trust me."

"Do you know him?"

"Never saw him that I know of."

"Here is his portrait. He is easily recognised from that. You couldn't mistake him. He is probably living at Montreal under an assumed name. He may have sailed for Europe. You will say nothing of this to anybody?"

"Certainly not. I will leave on to-night's train for Montreal, or on the first tram that goes."

Young Mr. Brown slipped the photograph into his pocket and shook hands with the banker. Somehow his confident, alert bearing inspired the old man with more hope than he would have liked to admit, for as a general thing he despised the average young man.

"How long can you hold out if this does not become public?"

"Until January 1st."

"Well don't expect to hear from me too soon. I shall not risk writing. If there is anything to communicate I will come myself."

"It is very good of you to take my trouble on your shoulders like this. I am very much obliged to you."

"I am not a philanthropist, Mr. Temple," replied young Mr. Brown.

* * * * * *

When young Mr. Brown stepped off the train at the Union station in Toronto and walked outside, a small boy accosted him.

"Carry your valise up for you, sir?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Brown, handing it to him.

"How much do I owe you?" he asked at the lobby of the hotel.

"Twenty-five cents," said the boy, and he got it.

Mr. Brown registered as John A. Walker, of Montreal.

* * * * *

Mr. Walter Brown, of Rochester, was never more discouraged in his life than at the moment he wrote on the register the words, "John A. Walker, Montreal." He had searched Montreal from one end to the other, but had found no trace of the man he was looking for. Yet, strange to say, when he raised his eyes from writing they met the face of William L. Staples, ex-cashier. It was lucky for Brown that Staples was looking at the words he had written and not at himself or he would have noticed Brown's involuntary start of surprise and flush of pleasure. It was also curious that Mr. Brown had had a dozen schemes in his mind for getting acquainted with Staples when he met him, and yet that the first advance should be made by Staples himself.

"You are from Montreal," said Mr. Staples.

"That's my town," said Mr. Brown.

"What sort of a place is it in winter? Pretty lively?"

"Oh, yes. Good deal of a winter city, Montreal is. How do you mean, business or sport?"

"Well, both. Generally where there's lots of business there's lots of fun."

"Yes, that's so," assented Brown. He did not wish to prolong the conversation. He had some plans to make, so he followed his valise up to his room. It was evident to him that he would have to act quickly. Staples was getting tired of Toronto.

Two days after Brown had his plans completed. He met Staples one evening in the smoking room of the hotel.

"Think of going to Montreal?" asked Brown.

"I did think of it. I don't know, though. Are you in business there?"

"Yes. If you go, I could give you some letters of introduction to a lot of fellows that would show you some sport, that is if you care for snow-shoeing, tobogganing and the like of that."

"I never went in much for athletics," said Staples.

"I don't care much for exertion myself," answered Brown. "I come up here every winter for some ice yachting. That's my idea of sport. I own one of the fastest iceboats on the bay. Ever been out?"

"No, I haven't. I've seen them at it a good deal. Pretty cold work such weather as we've been having, isn't it?"

"I don't think so. Better come out with me to-morrow?"

"Well, I don't care if I do."

The next day and the next they spun around the bay on the iceboat. Even Staples, who seemed to be tired of almost everything, liked the swiftness and exhilaration of the iceboat.

A couple of days before Christmas, Brown walked into the bar of the hotel where he found Staples standing.

"See here, Armstrong," he cried, slapping that gentleman on the shoulder. "Are you in for a bit of sport? It's a nice moonlight night and I'm going to take a spin down to Hamilton to meet some chaps, and we can come back on the iceboat, or if you think it too late you can stay over and come back on the train."

"Hamilton? That's up the lake, isn't it?"

"Yes, just a nice run from here. Come along. I counted on you."

An hour later they were skimming along the frozen surface of the lake.

"Make yourself comfortable," said Brown. "That's what the buffalo robes are for. I have to steer, so I have to keep in the open. If I were you I'd wrap up in those robes and go to sleep. I'll wake you up when we're there."

"All right," answered Staples. "That's not a bad idea."

"General George Washington!" said young Mr. Brown to himself. "This is too soft a snap altogether. I'm going to run him across the lake like a lamb. The only thing now to avoid are the air holes and ice hills, and I'm all right."

He had been over the course before and knew pretty well what was ahead of him. The wind was blowing stiffly straight up the lake and the boat silently and swifter than the fastest express was lessening the distance to the American shore.

"How are you getting along, Walker," cried Staples, rousing himself up. "First rate," answered Brown. "We'll soon be there, Staples."

That unfortunate slip of the tongue almost cost young Mr. Brown his life. He had been thinking of the man under his own name and the name had come out unconsciously. He did not even notice it himself in time to prepare, and the next instant the thief flung himself upon him and jammed his head against the iron rod that came from the rudder with such force that the rudder stayed in its place and the boat flew along the ice without a swerve.

"You scoundrel!" roared the bank robber. "That's your game, is it? By the Gods I'll teach you a lesson in the detective business!"

Athlete as young Brown was, the suddenness of the attack, and the fact that Staples clutched both hands round his neck and had his knee on his breast, left him as powerless as a child. Even then he did not realize what had caused the robber to guess his position.

"For God's sake, let me up!" gasped Brown. "We'll go into an air-hole and drowned in a moment."

"I'll risk it, you dog! till I've choked the breath out of your body." Brown wriggled his head away from the rudder iron, hoping that the boat would slew around, but it kept its course. He realized that his mind and life were giving way. He seemed to feel his tongue swell in his parched mouth. His strength was gone and his throat was in an iron vise. He struck out wildly with his feet and one fortunate kick sent round the rudder almost at right angles.

Instantly the boat flashed around into the wind. Even if a man is prepared for such a thing it takes all his nerve and strength to keep him on an iceboat. Staples was not prepared. He launched head first into space and slid for a long distance on the rough ice. Brown was also flung on the ice and lay for a moment gasping for breath. Then he gathered himself together, and slipping his hand under his coat, pulled out his revolver. He thought at first that Staples was shamming, but a closer examination of him showed that the fall on the ice had knocked him senseless.

There was only one thing that young Mr. Brown was very anxious to know. He wanted to know where the money was. He had played the part of private detective well in Toronto, after the very best French style, and had searched the room of Staples in his absence, but he knew the money was not there nor in his valise. He knew equally well that the funds were in some safe deposit establishment in the city, but where he could not find out. He had intended to work on Staples' fears of imprisonment when once he had him safe on the other side of the line. But now that the man was insensible, he argued that it was a good time to find whether or not he had a record of the place of deposit in his pocketbook. He found no such book in his pockets. In searching, however, he heard the rustling of paper apparently in the lining of his coat. Then he noticed how thickly it was padded. The next moment he had it ripped open and a glance showed him that it was lined with bonds. Both coat and vest were padded in this way—the vest being filled with bills. The trousers, he satisfied himself, were only provided with the usual lining. The overcoat he had not time to examine. He flung the thief over on his face, after having unbuttoned coats and vest, doubled back his arms and pulled off these garments. His own, Mr. Brown next discarded, and with some difficulty got them on the fallen man and then put on the clothes of mammon.

"This is what I call rolling in wealth," said Mr. Brown to himself. He admitted that he felt decidedly better after the change of clothing, cold as it was."

Buttoning up the boodler he put a flask of liquor to his lips and speedily revived him. Staples sat on the ice in a dazed manner and passed his hand across his brow. In the cold gleam of the moonlight he saw the shining barrel of Brown's revolver "covering" him.

"It's all up, Mr. Staples. Get on board the iceboat."

"Where are you going to take me to?"

"I'll let you go when we come to the coast if you tell me where the money is."

"You know you are guilty of the crime of kidnapping," said Mr. Staples, apparently for the object of gaining time. "So you are in some danger yourself of the law."

"That is a question. You came voluntarily. Where's the money?"

"It is on deposit in the Bank of Commerce."

"Well, here paper and a stylographic pen, if the ink isn't frozen—no, it's all right—write a check quickly for the amount, payable to bearer. Hurry up, or the ink will freeze."

There was a smile of satisfaction on the boodler's face as he wrote the check.

"There," he said, with a counterfeited sigh. "That is the amount."

The amount was for $480,000.

When they came under the shadow of the American coast, Brown ordered his passenger off.

"You can easily reach land from here, and the walk will do you good. I'm going further up the lake."

When Staples was almost at the land he shouted back through the clear night air—"Don't spend the money recklessly when you get it, Walker."

"I'll take care of it, Staples," shouted back young Mr. Brown.

* * * * *

Young Mr. Brown sprang lightly up the steps of the Temple mansion in Rochester and pressed the electric button.

"Has Mr. Temple gone to the bank yet?" he asked the servant.

"No, sir, he is in the library."

"Thank you. Don't trouble. I know the way."

Mr. Temple looked around as the young man entered, and, seeing who it was, sprang to his feet with a look of painful expectancy on his face.

"There's a little Christmas present for you," said Mr. Brown, placing a package on the table. "Four seventy-eight thousand; bills and bonds." The old man grasped his hand, strove to speak, but said nothing.

* * * * *

People wondered why the young couple went to Toronto on their wedding tour in the depth of winter. It was so very unusual, don't you know.

A Big Surprise.

SATURDAY will be the day that the buying public shall receive a surprise at Prowse Bros'. Great Store,

We want everyone to come and see what it is. No one shall be disappointed and many shall be made happy. It's to your interest to come.

PROWSE BROS.,

The Wonderful Cheap Men.

Charlottetown, Dec. 19, 1894—tf t s

The Problem

of the hour is what to buy for Xmas and where to buy it.

Solved

by a visit

G. H. TAYLOR'S

Jewelry Store,

NORTH SIDE OF QUEEN SQUARE.

dec14

OUR MOTTO!

The Golden Rule.

We have tested the above rule with most satisfactory results, and our customers, as far as we know, can vouch for it as well; and, contrary to ordinary rules, the more you use it the brighter it gets; so we use it in dealing out fair, honest goods in good, honest values in Overcoats, Suits, etc., to the great satisfaction of our many patrons. Every order, however small, is entitled to a Golden Rule. We extend to you a cordial invitation to give us an early call.

JOHN T. McKENZIE,

STAR TAILOR,

LONDON HOUSE.

dec5

Very Becoming

is the invariable comment passed upon our Spectacles. The glasses look well, and their possessors look and see not only well but much better than they could without them. It is prudent to look well to your eyes, and correct at once any defect or peculiarity of vision by the use of properly fitted glasses that relieve the sight from being overstrained and impaired. The eye often needs the rest that glasses afford, and delay in the matter may entail serious consequences. It pays to save money, but it pays far better to save your sight. Besides Glasses, we also have some very handsome Opera Glasses that would make a nice present for Xmas.

E. W. TAYLOR,

CAMERON BLOCK.

dec14

Direct Steam Commnication

WITH PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, &c.

We beg to call attention that, early in the Spring of 1895, regular steam communication will be resumed between

LIVERPOOL AND CANADA.

Thanking all our shippers for their past support, and ing a continuance of same in the future,

We remain, yours faithfully,

PITCAIRN BROS.,
51 South John Street, Liverpool.

For particulars apply to
PEAKE BROS. & CO., Charlottetown. 4or29

Coal, Salt, Sheet Iron and Cement.

COAL! COAL! COAL!

Now Landing and to arrive, two Cargoes of

SUPERIOR RUN OF MINE COAL,

From Dominion Coal Co's. Mine.

We have sold some thousands of tons of this coal this season, which has given great satisfaction.

We sell our customers just the kind of Coal they require, which includes **Sydney** and **all the other Mines belonging to the Dominion Coal Co., Ltd., in C. B.**

Since we accepted the Agency for the above Company the public have got their Coal much cheaper than heretofore, and we wish to inform the public that we are not misleading, nor do we handle "Joggins," Kelly Cove or New Campbellton Mines Coal.

The Coal we sell is GENUINE. We have also on hand a quantity of Pennsylvania ANTHRACITE COAL.

SALT! SALT! SALT!

Per Schooners "Hydra" and "Marceline," 1200 Bags Liverpool Salt.

CEMENT. CEMENT.

English Portland Cement just landed.

SHEET IRON.

45 Bundles of Sheet Iron on consignment.

All of the above will be sold at very lowest prices.

PEAKE BROTHERS & CO.

Charlottetown, November 26, 1894—2m dy & wky

COAL. COAL.

We are landing to-day Five Cargoes, Schooners are

Sea Breeze,	Laura E. Douglass,
Ellen May	Rustic and James Semple.

The Steamer COILA will load at the OLD SYDNEY MINES, and will be due here about 26th inst.

These Schooners will also arrive in a few days with Round, Run of Mine and Slack, from Sydney and Pictou:

Samuel Drake,	Gasper Embree,
Tarquin,	Confederate,
Quickstep,	Rustic,
	Etoile Du Matin,

all of which will be sold at the LOWEST MARKET RATES

We have no WINTER STOCK in our Sheds as yet all the Coal we imported during the season sold on arrival.

Our business has increased by some thousands of tons this year, and we expect to still handle a large quantity before close of navigation.

C. LYONS & CO.,

QUEEN'S WHARF.

P. S.—Purchasers of OLD SYDNEY MINES COAL should ask to see certificate which accompnies each cargo, as a GUARANTEE of GENUIGENESS, and protect themselves against deceptive dealers. pat guar her wat—nov21

Coal! Coal! Coal!

IN SHEDS, LANDING, AND TO ARRIVE FROM

Dominion Coal Co's. Mines in C. B.

We have now our Sheds full of SCREENED RUN OF MINE, and a full supply of SLACK COAL, for our Winter trade.

—ALSO—

The following Schooners discharging and to arrive namely:—

Lady Speedwell,	Lady Franklin,
Springbird,	Kate McKinnon,
Hilda,	Hope,
Maggie Blanche,	Advance,
George P. Trigg,	Telephone.
Tartar.	Lizzie C.

We have sold a large quantity of Coal from the above Company's Mines this season, which has given entire satisfaction, and are now prepared to sell at very lowest prices.

PEAKE BROS. & CO.,

Selling Agents for Dominion Coal Co., Ltd.

Charlottetown, November 7, 1894—tf

The Leadng Readymade Clothing House in the City.

Why are we the Leading Clothing House? Because our goods are matchless for durability. We give the best value in the market, and no man can undersell us. We are now offering the largest stock of

Ulsters, Reefers and Overcoats, both Imported and Homemade,

EVER SHOWN IN CHARLOTTETOWN.

We received to-day a Case of CHILDREN'S CLOTHING, which completes our stock, and it is the Cheapest Stock in the Island. Come and see the Bargains we are able to offer. It pays to do it, because we buy for cash and sell quick on a close margin.

McKAY WOOLEN COMPANY.

Corner of Queen and Grafton Streets, Charlottetown.