# If?

If you want to preserve apples, don't cause a break in the skin. The germs of decay thrive rapidly there. So the germs of consumption find good soil for work when the lining of the throat and lungs is bruised, made raw, or injured by colds and coughs. **Scott's Emulsion,** with hypophosphites, will heal inflamed mucus membranes. The time to take it is before serious damage has been done. A 50-cent bottle is enough for an ordinary cold.

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DON'T DESPAIR

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

WILL CURE YOU

We guarantee Dodd's Kidney Pills to cure any case of Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Lumbago, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Female Troubles, Impure Blood—or money refunded. Sold by all dealers in medicine, or by mail on receipt of price, 50c. per box, or Six boxes $2.50.
DR. L. A. SMITH & CO., Toronto.

we can sell you Dodd's Kidney Pills at the following prices, viz.:—50c. per box, six boxes for $2.50. To the trade—$4.00 per dozen, or three dozen at $3.75 per dozen. Sent by mail to any address post paid.

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may29 Charlottetown.

## —IF YOU —

Want a wife,
Want a cook,
Want a partner,
Want a situation,
Want a servant girl,
Want to sell a farm,
Want to sell a house,
Want to rent a house,
Want to exchange anything,
Want to sell plants or grain
Want to sell groceries or drugs,
Want to sell or trade anything,
Want to find customers for anything,
Want to sell or buy horses, pigs or cattle

ADVERTISE IN
THE EXAMINER

## A Happy New Year To All.

Now is the time to buy New Years' Gifts. To-night and Monday and Tuesday we will give 25 and 30 per cent. discount on all Fancy Goods, including Albums, Dressing Cases, Work Baskets, Jewel Cases, Manicure Setts, Fancy China and Toys of all descriptions, Calendars, Xmas and New Year's Cards at cost.

C LEWIS,
dec28 Grafton Street.

DIAMOND DINNER PILLS
CURE CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, SICK HEADACHE, REGULATE THE LIVER.
ONE PILL AFTER EATING INSURES GOOD DIGESTION.
PRICE 25 CTS. THE DODDS MED CO. LTD. TORONTO.

Lyman's Coffee is delicious. Ask for a free sample

## Nickle Alarm Clocks

From now until Christmas we will sell our stock of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry at a big discount—20, 30 and 45 per cent.

Now if you want to present your friends with nice presents at a low price give us a call.

Also, repairing attended to with punctuality and warranted.

G. G. JURY,
dec12 North Side Queen Square.

## Dominion Blend Tea.
### REGISTERED.

SELLING AGENTS:

Beer & Goff, Charlottetown.
Stewart & Gates, Charlottetown.
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A. J. McLeod & Co. Stanley Bridge.
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Sterns Bros., Souris.
McLean & Cameron, Crapaud.

Every householder should give DOMINION BLEND TEA a trial. It has great strength, fine flavor and is delicious in the cup.
Ch'town, June 20—w 1 yr.


# BARKER'S LUCK.

BY BRET HARTE.

Copyright, 1895.

A bird twittered. The morning sun shining through the open window was apparently more potent than the cool mountain air which had only caused the sleeper to curl a little more tightly in his blankets. Barker's eyes opened instantly upon the light, and the bird on the window ledge. Like all healthy young animals, he would have tried to sleep again, but with his momentary consciousness came the recollection that it was his turn to cook the breakfast that morning, and he regretfully rolled out of his bunk to the floor. Without stopping to dress he opened the door and stepped outside, secure in the knowledge that he was overlooked only by the Sierras, and plunged his head and shoulders in the bucket of cold water that stood by the door. Then he began to clothe himself, partly in the cabin and partly in the open air, with a lapse between the putting on of his trousers and coat, which he employed in bringing in wood. Raking together the few embers on the adobe hearth, not without a prudent regard to the rattlesnake which had once been detected in haunting the warm ashes, he began to prepare breakfast. By this time the other sleepers, his partners, Stacy and Demorest, young men of about his own age, were awake, alert and lazily critical of his progress.

"I don't care about my quail on toast being underdone for breakfast," said Stacy, with a yawn, "and you needn't serve with red wine. I'm not feeling very peckish this morning."

"And I reckon you can knock off the fried oysters after the Spanish mackerel for me," said Demorest, gravely. "The fact is that last bottle of Veuve and Clicqot we had for supper wasn't as dry as I am this morning."

Accustomed to these regular Barmecide suggestions, Barker made no direct reply. Presently, looking up from the fire, he said: "There's no more saleratus, so you mustn't blame me if the biscuit is extra heavy. I told you we had none when you went to the grocery yesterday."

"And I told you we hadn't a red cent to buy any with, said Stacy," who was also treasurer; "put these two negatives together and you make the affirmative—salgratus. Mix freely and bake in a hot oven."

Nevertheless, after a toilet as primitive as Barker's, they sat down to what he had prepared, with the keen appetite begotten of the mountain air, and the regretful fastidiousness, born of the recollection of better things. Jerked beef, frizzled with salt pork in a frying pan, boiled potatoes, biscuit and coffee composed the repast. The biscuits, however, proving remarkably heavy after the first mouthful, were used as missiles, thrown through the open door at an empty bottle which had previously served as a mark for revolver practice, and a few moments later pipes were lit to counteract the effects of the meal and take the taste out of their mouths. Suddenly they hear the sound of horses' hoofs, saw the quick passage of a rider in the open space before the cabin, and the smart impact upon the table of some small object thrown by him. It was the regular morning delivery of the country newspaper.

"He's getting to be a mighty sure shot," said Demorest, approvingly, looking at his upset can of coffee as he picked up the paper, rolled into a cylindrical wad as tightly as a cartridge, and began to straighten it out. This was no easy matter as the sheet had evidently been rolled while yet damp from the press, but Demorest eventually opened it, and ensconced himself behind it.

"Nary news? asked Stacy.

"No! There never is any! said Demorest, scornfully. "We ought to stop the paper.

"You mean the paper man ought to. We don't pay him, said Barker, gently.

"Well, that's the same thing, Smarty! No news, no pay! Hallo! he continued, his eyes suddenly riveted on the paper. Then, after the fashion of ordinary humanity, he stopped short and read the interesting item to himself. When he had finished he brought his fist and the paper together, violently down upon the table. "Now, look at this! Talk of luck will you! Just think of it. Here are we—hard working men with lots of sabe, too—grubbin' away on this hill side like niggers, glad to get enough at the end of the day to pay for our soggy biscuits and horse bean coffee, and just look what falls into the lap of some lazy, sneakin' greenhorn who never did a stroke of work in his life. Here are we—with no foolishness, no airs nor graces and yet men who would do credit to twice that amount of luck, and seem born to do it, too—and we're set aside for some long, lank pen-wiping scrub who just knows enough to sit down on his office stool and hold on to a bit of paper."

"What's up now?" asked Stacy, with the carelessness begotten of familiarity with his partner's extravagance.

"Listen," said Demorest, reading: "Another unprecedented rise has taken place in the shares of the Yellow Hammer's first extension mine since the sinking of the new shaft. It was quoted yesterday at ten thousand dollars a foot. When it is remembered that scarcely two years ago the original shares, issued at fifty dollars per share, had dropped to only fifty cents per share, it will be seen that those who were able to hold on have got a good thing."

"What mine did you say?" asked Barker, looking up meditatively from the dishes he was already washing.

"The Yellow Hammer first extension," returned Demorest, shortly.

"I used to have some shares in that, and I think I have them still," said Barker, musingly.

"Yes," said Demorest, promptly, "the paper speaks of it here. We understand," he continued, reading aloud, "that our eminent fellow-citizen, George Barker, otherwise known as 'Get Left Barker,' and 'Chucklehead' was one of the fortunate individuals."

"No," said Barker, with a slight flush of innocent pleasure, "it can't say that. How could it know?"

Stacy laughed, but Demorest coolly continued. "You didn't hear all, Listen! 'We say was one of them, but having already sold his apparently useless certificates to our popular druggist, Jones, for corn plasters at a reduced rate, he is unable to realize'"

"You may laugh, boys," said Barker, with simple seriousness, "but I really believe I have got 'em yet. Just wait. I'll see!" He rose and began to drag out a well-worn valise from under his bunk. "You see," he continued, "they were given to me by an old chap in return for—"

"For saving his life by delaying the Stockton boat that afterwards blew up," returned Demorest briefly. "We know it all. His hair was white and his hand trembled slightly as he laid these shares in yours, saying, and you never forget the words: 'Take 'em, young man, and'"—

"For lending him two thousand dollars now," continued Barker with a simple ignoring of the interruption as he quietly brought out the valise.

"Two thousand dollars!" repeated Stacy. "When did you have two thousand dollars?"

"When I first left Sacramento—three year ago," said Barker, unstrapping the valise.

"How long did you have it," said Demorest, incredulously.

"At least two days, I think," returned Barker, quietly. "Then I met that man. He was hard up, and I lent him my pile and took those shares. He died afterwards."

"Of course he did," said Demorest, severely. "They always do. Nothing kills a man more quickly than an action of that kind." Nevertheless the two partners regarded Barker rummaging among some loose clothes and papers with a kind of paternal toleration. "If you can't find them bring out your Govern-

ANOTHER UNPRECEDENTED RISE HAS TAKEN PLACE IN THE SHARES OF THE YELLOW.

ment bonds," suggested Stacy. But the next moment, flushed and triumphant, Barker rose from his knees and came towards them carrying some papers in his hands. Demorest seized them from him, opened them, spread them on the table, examined hurriedly the date, signatures and transfers, glanced again quickly at the newspaper paragraph, looked wildly at Stacy, and then at Barker, and gasped:

"By the living hickey!—it is so!"

'B'gosh! he has got 'em!'" echoed Stacy.

"Twenty shares," continued Demorest, breathlessly, "at two thousand dollars a share—even if it's only a part—is two hundred thousand dollars! Jerusalem!"

"Tell me, fair sir," said Stacy, with sparkling eyes, "hast still left in yonder casket any rare jewels, rubies, sarcenet or links of fine gold? Peradventure a pearl or two may have been overlooked!"

"No—that's all," returned Barker, simply.

"You hear him! Rothschild says 'that's all.' Prince Esterhazy says he hasn't another red cent—only two hundred thousand dollars."

"What ought I to do, boys?" asked Barker, timidly glancing from one to the other. Yet he remembered with delight all that day and for many a year afterwards that he only saw in their faces unselfish joy and affection at that supreme moment.

"Do?" said Demorest, promptly. "Stand on your head and yell! No, stop! Come here!" He seized both Barker and Stacy by the hand, and ran out into the open air. Here they danced violently with clasped hands around a small buckeye, in perfect silence, and then returned to the cabin, grave but perspiring.

"Of course," said Barker, wiping his forehead, "we'll just get some money on these certificates and buy up that next claim which belongs to old Carter, where you know we thought we saw the indication."

"We'll do nothing of the kind," said Demorest, decidedly. "We ain't in it. That money is yours, old chap—every cent of it—property acquired before marriage, you know, and the only thing we'll do is to be d—d before we'll see you drop a dime of it in this God-forsaken hole. No!"

"But we're partners," gasped Barker.

"Not in this! The utmost we can do for you, Opulent Sir—though it ill becomes us horny-handed sons of toil to rub shoulders with Dives—is perchance to dine with you—to take a pasty and a glass of Malvoisie—at some restaurant in Sacramento—when you've got things fixed, in honor of your return to affluence. But more would ill become us!"

"But what are you going to do?" said Barker, with a half-hysterical, half frightened smile.

"We have not yet looked through our luggage," said Demorest, with invincible gravity, "and there's a secret recess—a double fond—to my portmanteau, known only to a trusty page which has not been disturbed since I left my ancestral home in Faginia. There may be a few first debentures of Erie, or what not, still there."

"I felt some strange disc-like protuberances in my dress suit the other day but belike, they are but poker chips," said Stacy, thoughtfully.

An uneasy feeling crept over Barker. The color which had left his fresh cheek returned to it quickly, and he turned his eyes away. Yet he had seen nothing in his companions' eyes but affection—with even a certain kind of tender commiseration that deepened his uneasiness. "I suppose," he said, desperately, after a pause, "I ought to go over to Bloomville and make some inquiries."

"At the bank! old chap! at the bank," said Demorest, emphatically. "Take my advice and don't go anywhere else. Don't breathe a word of your luck to anybody. And don't, whatever you do, be tempted to sell just now; you don't know how high that stock's going to jump yet."

"I thought," stammered Barker, that you boys might like to go over with me."

"We can't afford to take another holiday on grub wages, and we're only two to work to-day, said Demorest, with a slight increase of color and the faintest tremor in his voice. "And it won't do, old chap, for us to be seen bumming round with you on the heels of your good fortune. For everybody knows we're poor, and sooner or later everybody'll know you were rich even when you first came to us."

"Nonsense!" said Barker, indignantly.

"Gospel, my boy!" said Demorest, shortly.

"The frozen truth, old man!" said Stacy.

Barker took up his hat with some stiffness and moved towards the door. Here he stopped irresolutely—an irresolution that seemed to communicate itself to his partners. There was a moment's awkward silence. Then Demorest suddenly seized him by the shoulders with a grip that was half a caress and walked him rapidly to the door. "And now, don't stand foolin' with us, Barker boy, but just trot off like a little man and get your grip on that fortune; and when you've got your hooks in it, hang on like grim death. You'll"—he hesitated for an instant only, possibly to find the laugh that should have accompanied his speech—"you're sure to find us here when you get back."

(To be Continued.


## Fire Insurance.

"The Royal Ins. Co. of Liverpool,"
"The Phœnix Co. of Brooklyn,"
"The Sun Fire of London."

The above Companies are possessed of immense resources, and have a world-wide reputation for strict integrity and liberality in the settlement of claims.

JOHN McEACHERN,
o t21—3 Agent.


HAY FOR ENGLAND.—Black & Page, Amherst, have lately made two large shipments of hay from St. John to Liverpool. They have also contracted a quantity for each fortnight during the next four months. This firm has already made several shipments from Halifax this season.

It is reported from the British Embassy in Constantinople that about fifty thousand pounds will be required to save the Armenians of Anatolia from starvation until spring.

### A Plea for Teakettles.

I have always had a warm regard for a teakettle. Not that I am especially fond of tea, but because around the teakettle cluster all the dear associations of childhood, youth, and home. People may sentimentalise as they like about the beauties of the word "hearthstone"; hearths have not been made of stone for a long time, and in these days plenty of homes are made without any real hearth at all. But what is a hearthstone without a teakettle? There may be, and are, homes without a hearth; but it would be hard to find a home without a teakettle. I never saw but one case of such destitution among supposedly civilized beings, and I made haste to supply the crying want at the very next Christmas-time.

No family can be reared properly without a teakettle. If I never had occasion to use a drop of hot water I would still have a teakettle, because of its homelike physiognomy and its consoling song, and because it expresses all manner of domestic comfort, coziness, cheerfulness and peace; for the same reason that I would have the "Farmers' Almanac" hanging under the end of the mantelpiece in the kitchen, and a smooth, plump, well-fed and self-satisfied cat lying in the sunshine on the broad window-sill. True, the cat digs up my window-plants, scratches the sofa into rags whenever he gets into the sitting-room, comes out of his warm nest in the shed and howls at the back door in the night and is fully determined to sleep anywhere else but on the window-sill; but when he does happen to be bribed or coaxed into lying there five minutes. I am ready to forgive him everything for the sake of the peaceful, prosperous, comfortable air which he gives to my humble establishment. But even he could not make it seem like home without the presence of a teakettle.

An empty teakettle, or a cold one, should never be allowed in any well-regulated family. Nothing is more vexatious than when, in some sharp need of hot water, one seeks the teakettle and finds it cold or empty. It is like seeking a human soul for help and sympathy, and finding it entitled to the same adjectives.

But no matter whether a teakettle be made of tin, iron or copper, the only really bad teakettle is the cold and empty one; so if the housekeeper would avoid inconvenience, fretfulness, delay, impatience and all uncharitableness, let her see to it that her teakettle, whether black as Erebus, or scoured until she can see her face in it, is always full and always hot.

### One Way to Get Rich.

If you want to get rich and famous at a single stroke, write a popular song.

"I'm devoting my talent now to writing a topical song," said a young musical enthusiast the other day. "That's the easiest way to get before the public and get a pile of money besides.

"I may happen to hit the popular fancy, and then I'll be fixed for life. Take this little song, "You Can't Play in My Back Yard." That made a big roll for the fellow who wrote it. He was a Chicago fellow and was as poor as Job's turkey. He lived in a little house on Taylor street—410, I believe—that didn't even have a back yard. One night the theme was suggested to him by a song that an actor friend of his had written on pretty much the same lines, and he sat down and wrote this silly little effusion, 'You Can't Play in My Back Yard.'

"That effort cinched things for him. Life was smooth sailing after that. He's now rolling in plenty.

"How Charles K. Harris made a fortune out of "After the Ball" is an old story. Raymon Moore got on Easy street just because he was the first to sing 'Sweet Marie.'

"There's a fortune in it if you touch a popular vein, and that's what I'm aiming at."

### A Beaconsfield Anecdote.

One day when the late Lord Beaconsfield was walking in his grounds at Hughenden Manor, he was accosted by a well-known parishioner noted for his ready wit. It being winter-time, and the weather unusually severe, the villager, after paying his respects to his lordship, commenced to make an appeal for a little help.

"How often have I told you to be careful and prepare for a rainy day?"

"Ah! that's right enough; so I did, my lord," said the ready-witted villager; "but then who ever thought of seeing all this snow and frost?"

This ready retort had the desired effect.

### Our Own Insufficiency.

Continual sunshine and gentle zephyrs in the outward world would not produce a healthy atmosphere for animal or vegetable life. It is just so in a spiritual sense. Continual abounding in heavenly enjoyment would tend to make us relax our efforts to abide in our own safe state—that of watchfulness and prayer under a humiliating sense of our own insufficiency for any good word or work.

### Monroe Doctrine in Congress,

WASHINGTON, Jan. 16.—It was expected the senate committee on foreign relations would have reported the Monroe doctrine resolution to the senate yesterday, but action was deferred until Friday. The resolution, when it is reported to the senate, will be found to be of pronounced and positive tone. It is thought the committee will take the ground that congressional action is superior to personal utterances, and it is understood the committee will close the opening left in Mr. Cleveland's Venezuelan message through which many profess to believe Great Britain may pass to a settlement between herself and Venezuela. The text of the resolution will be broad and general. It will be made to apply to the Venezuela case, as well as any developments that may arise in the future. It will declare acquisition of any territory by any foreign power by conquest, cession, purchase or otherwise to be an unfriendly act to the United States, etc., and will be intended as a warning to Great Britain not to attempt to purchase disputed territory. It is expected the resolution will be reported favorably at Friday's meeting, and the senate will be asked to take prompt action in the matter.

The Westminster Gazette repeats the assertion that there has been an understanding arrived at between Great Britain and France, and points to the settlement of the Mekong dispute as being the first fruit of this entente.


## CHRONIC HEADACHE.

**The change in my Mother's condition marvellous.**

**Scott's Sarsaparilla is a Boon.**

MONTREAL, August 29th, 1895.

GENTLEMEN:—There is such a change in my mother's health that I cannot restrain myself from writing you. She suffered for years past with a chronic headache, accompanied with a disordered stomach. She was weak and irritable, and we thought she was going into a decline. For three weeks she has been taking a course of Scott's Sarsaparilla, which was recommended to her by Mr. McGale, Druggist, Montreal. Her headache is now but a memory, her appetite is good, and she has gained five pounds in weight in twelve days. She is a different woman, and I feel that you, in God's hands, have been the means of restoring her to health. I shall always recommend Scott's Sarsaparilla to sufferers from head or digestive troubles. Thanking you again, I close.

Yours sincerely,
Hortense Gavilliere.

Scott's Sarsaparilla is a concentrated extract, pleasant to the taste, and is taken in small doses. It is the finest remedy for disorders of the stomach and liver, palpitation, scrofulous sores, eczema and skin diseases arising from impurities of the blood. It builds up the weak, the strong it maintains in health. $1 of all druggists.


### A Forty-Year-Old Grievance Removed

In Bath, Ont., Chase's Kidney Liver Pills are a standard remedy. Joseph Gardner, of this town, suffered for 40 years with indigestion and its ever present accompaniments—constipation and headache. K. & L. Pills are the only remedy that gave him relief. 25c. a box, of all druggists. One pill a dose.


## Timely Warning.

The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of Walter Baker & Co. (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocoas and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures.

Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited,
DORCHESTER, MASS.

## What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
DR. G. C. OSGOOD,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."
DR. J. F. KINCHELOE,
Conway, Ar.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,
Boston, Mass.
ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.,

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

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Edited by ALBERT SHAW.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS as its name implies, gives in readable form the best that appears in the other great magazines all over the world, generally on the same date that they are published. With the recent extraordinary increase of worthy periodicals, these careful reviews, summaries, and quotations, giving the gist of periodical literature, are alone worth the subscription price.

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In Stamped Linen Squares for Doilies and Center Pieces, with directions how to work them and colors to be used.

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### Demans Warm Footwear.

We have the goods that is sure to please the family Full range of Felts, Rubbers, Overshoes, Gaiters, Leggings Moccasins, etc. We are in a position to offer the best value in these lines in the market, cheap, cheap, cheap.

A nice assortment of Gents', Ladies' and Misses' SLIPPERS, suitable for Presents for the Holiday season.

WEEKS & WARREN,
North Side Market Square.
Charlottetown, December 20, 1895—135 & wy


## List of Ratepayers for the City of Charlottetown

in default for Assessment due on Real Property for the year ending 31st December 1895, containing names of all such defaulters, and the amount due from them respectively, with a statement of the Number of the Town Lot, Water Lot and Common Lot upon which or any part thereof such assessment is in default.

| Name of Ratepayer in Default. | Statement or Description of Property upon which such Assessment is made. | Amount of Assessment due & unpaid |
|---|---|---|
| Birns, John | Vacant land on Town Lot No 58, 3rd hun | 2 06 |
| Currie, Mary Ann | House & land on Town Lot No 29, 2nd hun | 6 75 |
| Coyle, Philip P (now Thomas) | Houses & land on Town Lots Nos 45 and 82, 2nd hun | 12 37 |
| Campbell, Thomas | Two houses & land, Town Lot No 42, 1st hun | 39 37 |
| do | Vacant land on Town Lots Nos 79&80, 2d hun | 8 87 |
| do | House & land on Town Lot No 53, 2nd hun | 22 50 |
| do | House & land on Common Lot No 24 | 6 75 |
| Connolly, Est Pat'k C | House & land on Town Lot No 37, 3rd hun | 28 12 |
| Cameron, Edmund | House & land on Town Lot No 32, 4th hun | 27 00 |
| do | Vacant land on Town Lots Nos 72&73, 2d hun | 6 75 |
| Davies, Simon | House & land on Common Lot No 18 | 48 37 |
| McEachern, Est Cath | Vacant land on Town Lot No 100, 1st hun | 3 37 |
| Fraser, William J | Forge & land on Town Lot No 37, 3rd hun | 11 25 |
| Fitzgerald, Rowan R | Houses & land on Common Lot No 27 | 3 37 |
| Griffin, Margaret | House & land on Town Lot No 74, 1st hun | 6 75 |
| Godkin, Flora | House & land, Town Lots Nos 50,52,53, 4 hun | 16 87 |
| Huestis, Sarah A | House & land, Town Lots Nos 63&64, 5th hun | 14 62 |
| do | House & land on Common Lot No 27 | 10 69 |
| Hughes, Peter | House & land on Common Lot No 22 | 6 75 |
| Horne, Henry | House & land on Common Lot No 22 | 6 07 |
| Irving, William H | House & land on Town Lot No 8, 3rd hun | 6 75 |
| Joy, John | House & land on Town Lot No 29, 1st hun | 5 62 |
| McKinnon, John | House & land on Common Lot No 23 | 2 25 |
| Larter, John | House & land on Common Lot No 23 | 6 75 |
| do | House & land on Common Lot No 22 | 7 87 |
| McLeod, James | Vacant land on Common Lot No 20 | 2 06 |
| Maloney, Eliza | House & land on Town Lot No 82, 2nd hun | 3 75 |
| Monaghar, Patrick | House & land on Common Lot No 23 | 37 12 |
| do | House & land on Common Lot No 23 | 10 13 |
| Mugford, William G | House & land on Common Lot No 22 | 5 06 |
| O'Reilly, Ellen | House & land on Common Lot No 21 | 7 31 |
| Power, Michael | Vacant land on Town Lot No 100, 2nd hun | 3 09 |
| Purdie, Jane (W A O Morson and Leslie S McNutt Trustees of) | House & land, Town Lots Nos 97&98, 1st hun | 33 75 |
| McQuaid, John | House & land on Common Lot No 22 | 4 50 |
| Rackham, Henry | House & land on Common Lot No 22 | 19 12 |
| Sweeney, Thomas | House & land on Town Lot No 18, 2nd hun | 15 75 |
| do | Vacant land on Common Lots Nos 33, 34, 35 | 3 94 |
| Steele, Robert | House & land on Town Lot No 20, 3rd hun | 11 25 |
| Stewart, Allan | Vacant land on Town Lot No 55, 3rd hun | 2 25 |
| Smith, Henry B | Houses & land on Town Lot No 18, 5th hun | 11 25 |
| Trainor, Patrick | House & land on Town Lot No 62, 1st hun | 7 75 |
| Thorne, Est Richard | House & land on Common Lot No 23 | 2 25 |
| do | House & land on Common Lot No 23 | 31 50 |
| do | House & land on Common Lot No 23 | 4 50 |
| Trainor, Annie | House & land on Town Lot No 29, 5th hun | 5 62 |
| Walsh, Michael | House & land on Town Lot No 92, 4th hun | 10 12 |
| Wright, Joseph | House & land on Town Lot No 73, 5th hun | 7 87 |
| Williams, John | House & land on Common Lot No 24 | 11 25 |
| do | Vacant land on Common Lot No 27 | 4 00 |

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

Dated this 16th day of December, A. D. 1895.

ROBERT VANIDERSTINE, City Collector

December 16, 1895—1m


# WHOLESALE.

**Zinc, Glass, Bar Iron, Cut Nails, Horse Nails, Clinch Nails, Horse Shoes, Sleigh Shoe Steel, Disston's Cross Cut Saws, Disston's Circular Saws.**

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Charlottetown, January 3, 1896—135

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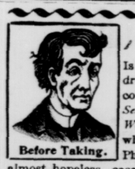

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