THE IMPOSSIBLE.

Man cannot draw water from an empty well,
Or trace the stories that gossips tell,
Or gather the sounds of a pealing bell.

Man never can stop the billow's roar,
Nor chain the winds till they blow no more
Nor drive true love from a maiden's door.

Man cannot o'ertake a fleeting lie,
Change his wheat to a field of rye,
Or call back years that have long gone by

Man cannot a cruel word recall,
Fetter a thought, be it great or small,
Or honey extract from a drop of gall.

Man never can bribe old Father Time,
Gain the height of a peak that he cannot climb,
Or trust the hand that hath done a crime.

Man never can backward turn the tide,
Or count the stars that are scattered wide,
Or find in a fool a trusty guide.

Man cannot reap fruit from a worthless seed,
Rely for strength on a broken reed,
Or gain a heart he hath caused to bleed.

Man never can hope true peace to win
Pleasure without and joy within,
Living a thoughtless life of sin.

DARE AND DO RIGHT;

—OR THE—

ADVENTURES OF TOM, THE BOOTBLACK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ONLY AN IRISH BOY."

CHAPTER XI.—[CONTINUED.]

There was of course a certain want of polish about our hero, the result of his early associations, which led him to doubt if Tom was not socially his inferior. On the other hand, Tom's free and easy allusions to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, for instance, tended to combat this view. He became silent, and listened to the conversation between his cousin and Tom, which was altogether too free and animated to suit his taste.

'I wonder how long he's going to stay?' he thought.

'Isn't it most supper-time, Bessie?' he asked, at length.

'Why? Are you hungry?'

'Rather,' said Maurice, looking significantly at Tom, hoping that he would take the hint and go. He was ignorant of the invitation which had been given and accepted.

'Mr. Grey will stop to supper, Maurice,' said Bessie.

'Oh! will he?' said Maurice; but his manner was far from showing pleasure.

He left the room soon after, and at six Mr. Benton came in. He was a stout pleasant-looking man, with a look of Bessie about the eyes, and he very cordially welcomed our hero.

'My daughter tells me you took good care of her on the way from Buffalo, Mr. Grey,' he said.

'I tried to,' said Tom.

'Accept my thanks for your attentions. You are not very old for a protector,' he added, with a smile, 'but, from her account, you answered the purpose.'

'There wasn't much to do,' said Tom, modestly. 'I'd like to do it again.'

Bessie blushed a little, and laughed.

'It seems the arrangement was mutually agreeable,' said the old gentleman. 'Are you going to stay long in Cincinnati, Mr. Grey?'

'Yes, sir—I expect to.'

'Then you must come and see us often.'

'I should like to.' Tom was on the point of adding, 'tip-top,' but he stopped just in time.

Here the bell rang for supper, and the party adjourned to the dining-room. There were seats for four. Bessie sat opposite her father, having on one side Maurice, on the other Tom. The latter, I am bound to say, felt a little embarrassed. He knew that the usages of the family he was visiting must be different from those to which he was accustomed, and he was afraid he might make some blunder. He resolved, therefore, to watch Maurice carefully, and do whatever he did. Eating with a fork, he thought odd, and not nearly as convenient as a knife. Still, he did it to avoid mistakes. Maurice watched him, hoping to detect him in blunders, but to no purpose. He was, perhaps slightly awkward, but committed no breaches of etiquette.

'This is Mr. Grey, Maurice,' introduced Mr. Benton, at the commencement of the meal.

'I have the honor of knowing Mr. Grey,' said Maurice stiffly.

There was a slight emphasis on the word honor, which Mr. Benton did not notice.

After supper Mr. Benton said:

'I am obliged to go out on a little business, but you young people can amuse yourself without me. Perhaps Mr. Grey would like to hear you play, Bessie.'

'Perhaps he plays himself?' suggested Maurice, with a sneer.

'Do you?' asked Bessie.

'I can play on a hand-organ,' answered Tom.

'Professionally?' inquired Maurice.

'I never was in the business, said our hero. 'Is it profitable?'

'How should I know?' said Maurice, angrily.

They adjourned to a pleasant sitting-room, where there was a piano, and Bessie took her place at it.

'I am not much of a player,' she said, 'but will do my best.'

After a while she began to sing. Her voice was pleasant, but not remarkable.

"I don't like singing alone,' she said at last.

'Mr. Grey will sing with you,' said Maurice, maliciously.

'Will you?' pleaded Bessie, turning to our hero.

'If you'll play that,' said Tom, pointing to one of the popular songs of the day, which he had caught in the street.

'Of course I will,"

I don't claim that Tom was a remarkable singer; but his voice was of good quality, and harmonized well with Bessie's. He sang correctly, also, and she was much pleased.

'How well you sing, Gilbert,' she said. Can't you sing something else?'

They sang two other popular songs, to the great dissatisfaction of Maurice, who saw himself quite eclipsed by the new arrival.

'Isn't he splendid, Maurice?' asked Bessie, after Tom had taken leave.

'He's a low fellow!' said Maurice.

'I wish you were half as handsome and agreeable,' said Bessie, warmly.

Maurice went to bed in a very unhappy state of mind. Tom, on the other hand, felt, as he returned to his unfashionable lodgings, that he had never before had so pleasant an evening.

CHAPTER XII.

TOM GAINS A LITTLE INFORMATION.

Though Tom was occupied considerably with thoughts of Bessie Benton, he did not lose sight of the two principal objects he had in visiting Cincinnati. One was, to ascertain the whereabouts of his uncle, the other to obtain something to do. His cash was low, and he must find some employment.

He consulted a copy of the city directory which he found in the office of the hotel, but though he found plenty of Greys, he found but one bearing the name of James Grey. This one was a carpenter, and of course could not be his uncle.

'He must have left the city,' thought Tom. 'I wonder where his place of business was. I might find out something there.'

'Have you any old directories?' he asked, at the office.

'How far back?'

'Five or six years.'

'We have one of six years back.'

'Will you let me look at that?'

The volume was found after some difficulty and put in Tom's hands. He turned at once to the G's, and, to his great joy, found the name of James Grey, merchant. His place of business was also given.

'That's something,' thought Tom. 'I'll go there at once.'

There was no difficulty in finding the street and number, but there was a new name on the sign:

WILLIAM FERGUSON.

Tom entered, and asked the first clerk he met if he could see Mr. Ferguson.

'What's your business?' inquired the subordinate.

'With Mr. Ferguson,' answered Tom, promptly.

'Wouldn't I do as well?'

'How long have you been here?'

'What do you want to know that for?'

'If you've been here five years, I'll tell you.'

'I haven't.'

'Then I want to see Mr Ferguson.'

'It strikes me you are a young man of some importance.'

'I am glad you have found it out,' said our hero, coolly. 'If you're not too much pressed by important business,' the clerk was leaning back, picking his teeth, 'perhaps you wouldn't mind asking Mr. Ferguson if he will see a merchant from New York.'

The clerk laughed.

'You're a hard nut to crack, young man,' he said.

'Don't try to crack me, then.'

The clerk went to the counting-room, and returning quickly, told Tom he might go in.

Entering, Tom found himself in the presence of a man of about forty.

'Do you wish to see me?' he asked.

'Yes, sir, I should like to ask if you know anything of Mr. Grey, who used to be in business in this place.'

'I know a good deal of them—there were two.'

'I know that, sir, but one died.'

'Yes, it was John Grey.'

'My father.'

'Your father!' exclaimed the merchant in astonishment.

'Yes, sir.'

'But I thought John Grey's son died?'

'No, sir, that was a mistake. Can you tell me where my Uncle James lives? I don't find his name in the directory.'

'No, he moved away after selling out the business to me. I was head salesman in the establishment under the brothers Grey. Now the business is mine.'

'And you don't know where my uncle went?'

'He went to Minnesota, I think, but where I cannot tell. I don't think it was to St. Paul, or to any large place.'

'How long ago was that, sir?'

'About five years since. But I always supposed John Grey's son was lost. You have a strong family look, however.'

'Do I?' asked Tom. 'I don't remember my father.'

'Where have you been all these years?'

'I will tell you, sir,' said Tom, 'if you have time to hear the story. I didn't know who I was myself till a little while ago.

'Proceed. I am busy, but I have time to listen. Take a seat.'

Tom told the story with which we are already familiar. Mr. Ferguson listened with strong intent. When it was finished, he said:

'Young man, have you the confession of this Jacob with you?'

Tom drew it from his inner pocket and submitted it to inspection. He awaited the merchant's verdict.

'I recognize Jacob's handwriting,' he said at length. 'He was a fellow-clerk of mine. I remember, also, that he disappeared at the same time with you. The story is a strange one, but I am inclined to think it is true. What do you intend to do?'

'I want to find my uncle.'

'I am afraid you will find that difficult. He has left no clue in this city where he once lived. He sold out all his property, and has no interests here'.

'You think he went to Minnesota?'

'Yes, but I cannot tell you where.'

'I will go to Minnesota then,' said Tom. 'Is it far off?'

'It is several hundred miles away, and a large place when you get there. It costs money to travel. Are you well supplied?'

'I've got about fifteen dollars.'

'Fifteen dollars!' repeated the merchant; 'and you expect to undertake such a task on that sum?'

'I'd like to have more money, but what's the use of waiting? I aint gettin' richer.'

'Have you any situation? Are you earning any money?'

'No, sir.'

'Then I advise you to find something to do in the city and postpone your plans of finding your uncle. You are just as likely to hear from him here, while at work, as if you were travelling in search of him,' said Mr. Ferguson.

'I'd just as well go to work,' said Tom, 'if I could find anything to do.'

Mr. Ferguson reflected a moment. Then he turned to our hero, and said:

'I will think about your case. Come round to-morrow morning about this time.'

'All right, sir.'

Tom left the counting-room and was rather surprised to meet Maurice Walton on the main floor of the store.

'What brings you here?' asked Maurice.

'Business,' said Tom.

'Important?' sneered Maurice.

'Very important,' answeren Tom, coolly.

'I wish I knew more about him,' thought Maurice. 'There's some mystery about him. He's impudent enough for half-a-dozen.'

Some might have thought the impudence on the other side, but Maurice did not see it in that light.

It occurred to Tom that he would call and see the man who advertised for a person 'with a small capital to enter a light, genteel business.' He found the place after a while—a small back room, scantily furnished, with a few packages lying on a solitary counter. There was a man of about thirty-five in attendance, who seemed to have nothing particular to do.

'Are you the one that advertised for a man with a small capital?' asked Tom.

'To enter a light, genteel business,' continued the other, briskly. 'Yes, I am the one.'

'Well, I've got a small capital, and that's just the kind of business I want.'

'You're rather young. Have you ever been in business?'

'I should think I had. I've been in business for six or seven years.'

'You must have begun young. What kind of business?'

'The boot and shoe business, mostly,' answered Tom; 'but I was in the periodical business for a while.'

'Well, if you've got experience you can succeed in our business. How much capital have you?'

'Tell me about the business first.'

'Well, it's the perfumery business. We've got up a new and superior kind of perfumery which we sell by agents. I want to find some one to take charge of the office while I travel and solicit orders. You can take care of the office, can't you?'

'What's the wages?'

'Twenty dollars a week.'

'That'll about suit me,' said Tom.

'You will receive the money from the agents and take care of it.'

'That suits me again.'

'But of course we expect you to deposit money with us as security.'

'How much do you want?'

'Five hundred dollars.'

Tom whistled.

'That's ahead of my pile,' he said.

'How much have you got?'

'Fifteen dollars, but I owe part of it for board.'

'Then get out of this office! Do you think I can afford to waste my time in talking to you?' said the young man, angrily.

'You'd rather waste my money. You'll have to hook in some other chap, mister. I've been round.'

Of course it was only a trap to fleece the unsuspecting out of their money. Tom was posted, and only went in to have a little fun. He meant to wait and hear what Mr. Ferguson had to propose before forming any decisive plans for the future.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN ADVENTURE.

The next morning, at the time appointed, Tom called at the establishment of Mr. Ferguson. The first he met was Maurice Walton. Maurice, in fact, was the youngest clerk, having received the appointment six weeks before, through the influence of his uncle.

'Did you come to see me? I'm busy,' said Maurice.

'Haven't you swept out yet?' asked Tom, mischievously.

'Do you think I would demean myself by sweeping out?' returned Maurice, disgusted.

'I thought that might be your business.'

'That would be good business for you. Perhaps Mr. Ferguson will engage you.'

'All right; I'll accept, if he'll pay me enough. Is he in?'

'Who?'

'Your boss.'

'I don't understand such low terms,' said Maurice, loftily.

'Then it's time you did. Is Mr. Ferguson in?—if you can understand that better.'

'Yes, he is, but he won't see you.'

'Why not?'

'Because his time is too valuable.'

'Then I wonder why he asked me to come round this morning?'

'Did he?'

'Of course he did; and if you have got through sweeping out, you'd better let him know I'm on hand.'

'Go yourself.'

'Thank you for your polite invitation. They didn't examine you in good manners when they took you in here, did they?'

'You're an impertinent fellow.'

'Thank you. You ought to be a good judge of impudence. I'll see you again soon—hope you won't miss me much.'

Our hero, who, it must be confessed, was not troubled by bashfulness, made a low bow to his opponent, and, advancing to the counting-room, opened the door. Mr. Ferguson looked up from his letters.

'Take a seat, Grey,' he said, 'and I'll speak to you in a minute.'

'Thank you,' said Tom, who knew how to be polite when it was proper to be so.

At the end of fifteen minutes Mr. Ferguson looked up.

'Well,' said he, 'have you formed any plans, Gilbert?—I think that is your name.

'No, sir, except that I'm going to try to get a place.'

'Have you tried yet?'

'I called to see a man who offered a light, genteel employment to a young man with a small capital. I thought mine was small enough, so I applied.'

'Well, what came of it?'

'The man wasn't willin' to sell out for fifteen dollars, so I left.'

'You seem to be a smart boy. Suppose I'd take you into my employment?'

'I'd try to do my duty.'

'I don't really need an extra clerk; but you are the son of my old employer, and to him I feel under considerable obligations. I'll take you on trial.'

'Thank you, sir When shall I come?'

'Next Monday.'

'All right, sir; I'll be on hand.'

'Where are you boarding?'

'At the Ohio Hotel.'

'How much board do you pay?'

'Ten dollars a week.'

'That is too much. You ought to get board in a private house for four. Between now and Monday, I advise you to look up some decent house that will answer your purpose. You can't expect to live luxuriously at first.'

'I ain't used to first-class accommodations,' said Tom.

'I see you are a sensible boy. Cut your coat according to your cloth. That is a good maxim. When you get older, you can live better. Now, about your salary. I can't give much at first, or my other clerks might complain. I will give you five dollars, the same that I pay to my youngest clerk.'

'Maurice Walton?'

'Do you know him?' questioned Mr. Ferguson, in surprise.

'Yes, sir. I took supper at his uncle's Wednesday evening.'

'Indeed! I did not know you were acquainted with Mr. Benton.'

'Bessie Benton came on from Buffalo in my charge.

'Really, Gilbert, you seem to be getting on fast. You seem quite able to push your own way.'

'I've always done it, sir.'

'You are not bashful.'

'New York street-boys ain't troubled that way.'

'That's well, if not carried too far. Now tell me how much you know.'

'If it's about learning, I can do that in five minutes.

'Your education, I take it, has been neglected.

'I don't know much—I didn't have a chance to learn.'

'Can you read?'

'When the words ain't too long.'

'And write?'

'Not much.'

'Then I advise you to take what leisure time you have to remedy the defects in your education.'

'I'd like to, sir. I was ashamed of knowing so little when I was at Mr. Benton's.

'A good feeling, my boy. The more you know the better chance you stand to get on in the world. I am giving you a low place in my employment. If you want to be promoted you must qualify yourself for it.

'I'll do it, sir,' said our hero, manfully. 'That's good advice, and I'll follor it.'

'Success to you, my boy. You can now go, and come back Monday morning.'

'Thank you, sir.'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DAIRY.

Cream should never be above 60 degrees, nor should it be allowed to freeze.

Sour cream makes the best butter but it may be too sour, and then the flavor is affected,

The Ohio Board of Agriculture having refused to offer equal premiums for Jerseys and Shorthorns, owners of the former have refused to exhibit until the injustice is remedied.

A cattle breeder and feeder says he feeds cornmeal for flesh, and oil cake for milk, according to an exchange. Well, he can get the milk, but he can't get the flesh, unless he calls fat flesh.

Streaky butter is caused by not getting the buttermilk out and the salt in evenly. The buttermilk should be out, but an improper working in of the salt gives the butter a marbled appearance.

If you keep the milk in the cellar keep nothing else there, especially vegetables of any kind. Never use tobacco, smoking in particular, or allow anyone who does to come in close proximity to the milk, as they will leave an offensive odor that the milk will take up and impart to the cream, and the result will be an inferior butter.

Mr. James Long, an eminent English dairy authority, made this statement in a recent address to the Irish Dairy Fair in Dubiin: 'I know a county in England where in 15 years, by the introduction of the Channel Islands breed, Jerseys, the quantity of butter has been doubled, while by careful breeding the loss of flesh has been prevented.'

Secretary Tinkham, of the Vermont Dairyman's Association, has lately been in Boston visiting the leading commission houses to ascertain their views respecting the effect of ensilage on butter, and the almost unanimous verdict was against it to any large extent at least. Of course these butter dealers think the ensilage injures the flavor, and perhaps the grain, of the butter.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* says: 'I have one cow, and when I get cream enough I churn. I set it over the stove, high enough to keep it from scalding, but heat it well for four or five hours the evening before I churn. When I go to bed I set it off, and leave in the same room, where the fire does not go out. In the morning it is put back again on the stove until thoroughly warmed. Then I put hot water into the churn, and get that warm. Last week it took me two minutes to churn, and three the previous week, the butter being sweet and nice. I never churn cream skimmed the same day, as it will not come for want of time to cure. The warm water is thrown out of the churn before the cream is put in.'

Sheriff's Sale.

BY virtue of a Writ of Statute Execution, to me directed, issued out of Her Majesty's Supreme Court of Judicature, at the suit of Philip Cahill, Administrator *De Bonis non*, of all and singular the goods, chattels, rights and credits, which were of James Cahill, deceased, intestate, against Brien O'Brien:

I have taken and seized as the property of the said Brien O'Brien all the right, title and interest of the said Brien O'Brien, in and to all that tract, piece and parcel of land, situate, lying and being on Lot or Township number Thirty, in Queen's County, Prince Edward Island, bounded and described as follows: Commencing on the north side of the Green Road at the south-west angle of a farm of land now or lately in possession of James Conway, thence north along said James Conway's western boundary, until it meets land the property of Edward McQuaid, thence west along said McQuaid's southern boundary until it meets the eastern boundary of a farm in possession of Neil McLeod, thence south along said Neil McLeod's eastern boundary to the road aforesaid, and thence along the same eastwardly to the place of commencement, containing one hundred acres of land, a little more or less in Queen's County, and I do hereby give Public Notice that I will, on the Twenty-ninth day of January next, A. D. 1885, at twelve o'clock, noon, at the Court House, in Charlottetown, in the said County, set up and sell at Public Auction, the said Property, or as much thereof as will satisfy the Levy marked on the said writ, being one hundred and sixty-two dollars and twenty-five cents ($162.25), and interest on forty-two dollars and sixty-one cents, from date, till paid, at ten per centum per annum, besides Sheriff's fees and incidental expenses

HENRY LONGWORTH, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Queen's County, July 9, 1884.

CHESTER B. MCNEILL, Plaintiff's Att'y. 4w

SULLIVAN & McNEILL,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

Solicitors in Chancery,

NOTARIES PUBLIC, &c.

OFFICES—O'Halloran's Building, Great George Street, Charlottetown.

☞ Money to Loan.

W. W. SULLIVAN, Q.C. | CHES. B. MACNEILL.

jan17 1884

For Sale,

at P. Monaghan's Tea and Grocery House,

50 BARRELS OF FRESH GROUND OATMEAL.

Charlottetown, July 2, 1884—tf

Gun for Sale.

A FIRST CLASS FOWLING PIECE, 12 bore breech-loader, rebounding lock, semi-hammerless, single barrel, pistol grip. Very handsome. Nearly new, for $35. Cheap at $50.

Apply either personally or by letter to this office.

July 16, 1884—tf

STEAMER

"HEATHER BELLE."

Summer Arrangement.

ON and after Tuesday, May 13th, the new steamer *Heather Belle*, Hugh McLean, master, will run as follows:—

Every Tuesday morning, at 4 o'clock, will leave Charlottetown for Orwell Brush Wharf; leaving Orwell Brush Wharf at seven a. m., for Charlottetown, calling at China Point and Halliday's Wharves; leaving Charlottetown at three p. m., for Halliday's, China Point and Brush Wharves, where she will remain over night.

Wednesday, will leave Brush Wharf for Charlottetown at seven a. m., calling at China Point and Halliday's Wharves, leaving Charlottetown at three p. m. to return, remaining at Brush Wharf over night.

Thursday, will leave Brush Wharf for Charlottetown at seven a. m., calling at China Point and Halliday's Wharves; leaving Charlottetown at three p. m. to return; leaving Brush Wharf about 6 p. m. for Charlottetown.

Friday, will leave Charlottetown for Crapaud at four a.m.; leaving Crapaud for Charlottetown at seven a. m.; leaving Charlottetown for Crapaud at three p. m., remaining over night.

Saturday, will leave Crapaud for Charlottetown at seven a m.; leaving Charlottetown for Crapaud at 1 30 p. m.; and returning to Charlottetown from Crapaud same day.

FARES:

Cabin, to and from Orwell and Wharves, 30 cents; deck, 20 cents.

Cabin, to and from Crapaud, 40 cents; deck, 30 cents.

Excursion return tickets will be issued from Charlottetown to Orwell every Thursday evening, at one first-class fare. Also, excursion return tickets will be issued every Saturday to Crapaud, at one first-class fare.

JOHN HUGHES, Agent,

Ch'town, May 14, 1883.—3m

THE KENSINGTON

DRUG STORE

OFFERS A FULL LINE OF

Pure Drugs,

Chemicals, and

Medicinal Preparations

Family Medicines,

Spices, Essences,

Perfumery, Soaps, Sponges,

Chest Protectors, &c.

Diamond, Handy Package & Star Dyes, Horse and Cattle Medicines, Thorley's Improved H. and C. Food, all the leading Patent Medicines.

Stationery & Choice Tobacco.

☞ Prescriptions accurately prepared.

D. DARRACH.

Kensington, Feb. 20, 1884—1yr

M. HENNESSY,

Furniture Dealer,

No 35 Great George St., Charlottetown.

All kinds of Furniture made to order at the lowest rates.

☞ Undertaking attended to in all its branches, either in town or country, cheaper than ever. Caskets and Coffins, latest styles, always on hand.

Charlottetown, March 19, 1884—1y

A PRIZE! Send six cents for postage and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. ap19 1y

Now Opening

—AT THE—

LONDON HOUSE

PART OF OUR

SPRING STOCK,

Selected by our Mr. Harris in the British Markets, arriving by the Steamers

WETHERBY,
BOSTON CITY,
WALDENSIAN,
HIBERNIAN,
CIRCASSIAN,
CASTLE CITY,
TEXAS,
POLYNESIAN,

And Sailing Ships from Liverpool and London.

G. DAVIES & CO.

TEAS!

On Hand and to Arrive,

425 Half-Chests

CHOICE RETALING TEAS,

IN PACKAGES OF

5, 10, 15 and 20 lbs.

Also, at Wholesale Prices.

GEO. DAVIES & CO.

HATS, HATS, HATS.

A Splendid Assortment of

Christys' Hats,

IN SILK, FELT, &c.,

Via the Northern Light, just opened at the

LONDON HOUSE,

AND PRICED VERY LOW.

Charlottetown, May 7, 1884.

WOOL, WOOL.

THE Subscriber will pay highest cash price for a limited quantity of well washed wool, clear of mats and hip locks, at his office on Grafton Street, in the Glasgow House, kept by M. Whitty, nearly opposite J. D. McLeod's grocery store.

CHARLES HIGGINS.

Charlottetown, July 2, 1884—5i pd

CARROLL & McALEER,

Carriage Builders!

FORMERLY occupying the premises of Messrs. J. & R. Scott, lately destroyed by fire, beg leave to inform their patrons that they have engaged the premises of Mr. P. H. Trainor,

OPPOSITE THE ROCKLIN HOUSE,

KENT STREET,

where they are prepared to attend to all work in their line.

Repairing and Painting done with Neatness and Despatch.

Charlottetown, March 5, 1884—tf

COAL!—COAL!

THE undersigned, having entered into Partnership to carry on the COAL BUSINESS in this city, are prepared to supply the public with all kinds of COAL cheap for cash.

Office, Lord's Wharf.

LANDRIGAN & STRONG.

Ch'town, June 4, 1884—3m.

ATTENTION!

PICNIC AND TEA PARTY COMMITTEES,

YOU can get the best Goods at the lowest prices, at the "City Steam Bakery."

You can return all Goods not used, if in good condition.

We give satisfaction to our customers, and give as references the Committees of the following Teas and Picnics, supplied last year:

Uigg Tea,
Lot 48 Tea,
Clyde River Tea,
Eldon Hall Tea,
DeSable Tea,
Lot 65 Tea,
Springfield Tea,
South Wiltshire Tea,
St. Peter's Tea,
Railway Picnic,
B. I. Society Picnic.

J. QUIRK.

Prince Street, Charlottetown, July 2, '84.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 Pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them for the cure of LIVER and KIDNEY diseases. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25c. in stamps. Circulars free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

DIPHTHERIA

Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT (*for Internal and External Use*) will instantaneously relieve these terrible diseases, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT CURES Influenza, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hoarseness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Chronic Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Kidney Troubles, and Diseases of the Spine. Sold everywhere. Circulars free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

MAKE HENS LAY

It is a well-known fact that most of the Horse and Cattle Powder sold in this country is worthless; that Sheridan's Condition Powder is absolutely pure and very valuable. Nothing on Earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powder. Dose, one teaspoonful to each pint of food. It will also positively prevent and cure

CHICKEN CHOLERA,

Hog Cholera, &c. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25c. in stamps. Furnished in large cans, price $1.00; by mail, $1.20. Circulars free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

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Watches,
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WALTHAM WATCHES, made specially for us at the Factory, received last week.

Silver Necklets received to-day.

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The largest Stock to select from. The lowest prices guaranteed. Don't buy anywhere before seeing goods and prices at

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Dwelling House and Farm Property insured on special terms.

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Deposit with the Dominion Government, $50,000.

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A man 39 years of age would have an average annual cost of $11.00 per thousand, after paying the admission fee, and $10.00 to the Reserve or Safety Fund.

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Good Canvassers wanted, to whom liberal wages will be given. Apply at once by letter or otherwise to the above.

March 26, 1884—1y

Eggs. Eggs.

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April 16, 1884.

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Acadia Mine, Round and Nut,
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Ch'town, May 21, 1884—3m.