The Charlottetown Herald.

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The Charlottetown Herald

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—BY—

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Charlottetown, Oct. 7, 1885—1y

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Try them and you will use no other.
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The borrower is privileged to pay off his loan in whole or in part at any time.

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Jan. 2 1885.

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MONEY TO LOAN at six per cent. Apply to

PALMER & McLEOD, ATTORNEYS.

Charlottetown, Oct. 27, 1886.—6m

Valuable Farm for Sale.

THE Subscriber offers for sale a FREEHOLD FARM of One Hundred Acres, Seventy of which are cleared, the balance being covered with an excellent growth of Soft Wood, principally Cedar. The farm is pleasantly situated, having a frontage of 16 chains on the shore, where an abundance of Sea Manure can be procured. Marsh and Black Mud can be had in abundance. It is within four miles of Tignish Station, convenient to Mills, Schools and Churches. There is a good Dwelling House, two Barns, Granary, Wood House, Tool and Machinery House, all in good repair. There is on the premises an excellent well of water; also a brook running across the farm. The property is fenced in a first-class manner with Cedar. For full particulars apply to the owner.

THOMAS PHEE.

Norway, Lot 1, Feb. 18, 1887—6i

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(OVER W. R. BOREHAM'S BOOT & SHOE STORE.)

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JAMES D. TAYLOR.

February 23, 1887.—1yr

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Best Melton Overcoatings,
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Best Broad Cloths and Doeskins,
Best West of England Trowserings,
Best Scotch Trowserings,
Worsted Suitings,
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Scotch and Canadian Tweeds, &c., &c.

Gentlemen favoring us with their orders will find our Clothing up their usual high standard in Style, Fit and Finish.

Also, Gents' Furnishings, 50 dozen Linders and Drawers, 75 dozen Ties, 30 dozen Silk Handkerchiefs, 30 dozen Hats, Fur Coats, Caps, &c., all at extremely low prices to clear.

JOHN McLEOD & CO.,

MERCHANT TAILORS,

Upper Queen Street, opposite Rogers' New Brick Block.

October 27, 1886.

No need to worry about where to buy Good Tea.

OUR NEW TEA

IS BOUND TO PLEASE.

We Sell at Prices to Suit the Times.

GOOD, 24 CENTS,

CHOICE, 30 CENTS,

EXTRA FINE, 36 CENTS.

Reduction in 5 pound parcels, half-chests and other packages.

Our Five Pound, Screw Top, Airtight Tins the best yet.

☞ Bring your empty Cans to be re-filled.

BEER & GOFF.

October 27, 1886.

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All kinds of FURS Made to Order and Manufactured on the Premises.

Ladies Fur Caps,
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Ladies Fur Muffs,
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Gents' Fur Coats,
Gents' Fur Mitts.

BUFFALO ROBES, GOAT SKIN ROBES.

Choose your own Skins and have your Caps made to order, and know what you get.

The Largest Stock of Furs ever kept in Charlottetown.

CALL AND SEE OUR STOCK.

E. STUART.

Charlottetown, Sept. 29, 1886.

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THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

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For Toilet Use.

Ayer's Hair Vigor keeps the hair soft and pliant, imparts to it the lustre and freshness of youth, causes it to grow luxuriantly, eradicates Dandruff, cures all scalp diseases, and is the most cleanly of all hair preparations.

AYER'S Hair Vigor has given me perfect satisfaction. I was nearly bald for six years, during which time I used many hair preparations, but without success. Indeed, what little hair I had, was growing thinner, until I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor. I used two bottles of the Vigor, and my head is now well covered with a new growth of hair. —Judson B. Chapel, Peabody, Mass.

HAIR that has become weak, gray and faded, may have new life and color restored to it by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. "My hair was thin, faded, and dry, and fell out in large quantities. Ayer's Hair Vigor stopped the falling, and restored my hair to its original color. As a dressing for the hair, this preparation has no equal.—Mary N. Hammond, Stillwater, Minn.

VIGOR, youth, and beauty, in the appearance of the hair, may be preserved for an indefinite period by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. "A disease of the scalp caused my hair to become harsh and dry, and to fall out freely. Nothing I tried seemed to do any good until I commenced using Ayer's Hair Vigor. Three bottles of this preparation restored my hair to a healthy condition, and it is now soft and pliant. My scalp is cured, and it is also free from dandruff.—Mrs. E. R. Foss, Milwaukee, Wis.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

PERFECT SAFETY, prompt action, and wonderful curative properties, easily place Ayer's Pills at the head of the list of popular remedies for Sick and Nervous Headaches, Constipation, and all ailments originating in a disordered Liver.

I have been a great sufferer from Headache, and Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the only medicine that has ever given me relief. One dose of these Pills will quickly move my bowels, and free my head from pain.—William L. Page, Richmond, Va.

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

W. R. Watson, Charlottetown, Wholesale Agent.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York City.

DR. E. C. WEST'S FOR THE LIVER BLOOD STOMACH AND KIDNEYS DANDELION

Infallible Blood Purifier, Tonic, Diuretic Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Billiousness, Jaundice, Liver Complaint, Rheumatism, all Kidney Diseases, Scrofula, Diseases peculiar to Females, Salt Rheum, Eczema and all Skin Diseases, Headache, Palpitation of the Heart, Sour Stomach and Heart Burn. Purely Vegetable.

JOHN C. WEST & Co., Toronto Ont.

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL CURES RHEUMATISM

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS.

Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and *effectual destroyer of worms* in Children or Adults.

THE CHARLOTTETOWN HERALD is acknowledged to be the **Best Paper** published in the Province.

Monsignor Preston.

During the temporary absence in Bermuda of Archbishop Corrigan, the ecclesiastical care and direction of Catholic affairs in New York is devolving on the chancellor, Monsignor Thomas S. Preston, whom the New York *Sun*, from which this sketch is taken, calls "a wise and practical ecclesiastic." The *Sun* says: "The interest he has always displayed in the concerns of the Catholic church in this community, and the responsible tasks he had to perform as well as the notable attributes of the man himself, call attention to this pastor. His executive ability is of such a character as to account in large measure for his influence and authority in church matters. In the space of what is, according to Catholic canons, a very few years, Father Preston has advanced to a position of the utmost prominence and responsibility. He was born in Hartford, Ct., on July 15, 1824, and was educated at Trinity College, near Hartford, and graduated from there in 1843. Imbued with the ideas which dominate religious teaching in the Nutmeg State, and sufficiently equipped in scholastic learning, he was readily admitted into the General Theological Seminary in this city, and was duly ordained a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church in 1846. In 1849 the Rev. Dr. Preston withdrew from the Protestant Episcopal Church, and, under circumstances which he has described, became a Catholic. In the following year he repaired to the diocesan seminary at Fordham, and on Nov. 30, 1850, was formally ordained a Catholic priest by the Rev. John McCloskey, then Bishop of Albany, and afterwards Archbishop of New York and first Cardinal of the Catholic church of the United States. Father Preston's earliest entrance into service as a Catholic priest was most auspicious, for after being the assistant for a time of a church in Younkers he was in 1853 transferred to St. Patrick's in Mulberry street, then the Cathedral church, and he added to the pastoral duties here the important duties of secretary to Bishop Hughes, one of the most striking figures in Catholic church history in modern times. At that time the Catholic church in New York city had increased largely in numbers, influence and churches. The Know-nothing excitement, at its height in 1844, had entirely subsided, and while the emigration from Ireland had continued unabated, the stream of new citizens had been swollen by thousands of Germans, most of whom came from Austria and South Germany, where the difficulties incident to the revolution of 1848 had made many fugitives and not a few willing aliens from the land where military service and arbitrary government imposed weighty burdens. The trustee system which had prevailed in most Catholic parishes here had left their financial affairs in a much muddled condition. Very many of the parish priests possessed more zeal than they did ability, and at such a juncture the services of a practical, well-equipped and sagacious man, of strong executive ability, were needed to bring order out of the chaos of complication, and to apply to the management of the financial affairs of the diocese a system which would endure after being established, and might be followed by his successors to the advantage of church interests. The Catholic church has been proverbially fortunate in the selection of its administrators, and the propriety of the choice of Father Preston in 1855 by Bishop Hughes for the office of chancellor of the diocese was abundantly justified before long. Applying all his energy and common sense to the difficult task of getting the fiscal affairs of the diocese in a good condition, he soon put matters on a good basis, and he has proved his administrative ability repeatedly since. The diocese of New York has been noted among Catholics for the agreeable absence in its history the consecration of Bishop Hughes) during many years (since, in fact, of scandals and controversies of a commercial and fiscal character such as have beset the bishops elsewhere. Thanks in no small measure to the ability of Monsignor Preston, the enormous money interests of the diocese, which include the ownership of real estate to the value of $7,500,000 and the orderly and accurate disbursement of $1,000,000 annually, have proceeded without friction, without disputation, and without loss. In 1861 Father Preston was appointed pastor of the Church of St. Anne, in Eighth street, where Poole's Theatre now stands Some ten years later the church, which had become the centre of one of the most flourishing parishes in the city, was removed to East Twelfth street, between third and fourth avenues, where it now is. In the performance of his duties as pastor of St. Anne's, Father Preston has neglected nothing which fell to his charge. Although the church cost, with its improvements, $175,000, the bulk of this has been paid, and money has been raised sufficient to build, equip and maintain one of the best parochial schools to be found anywhere in New York. It is situated on East Eleventh street, directly behind the church, and almost adjoining the department of public charities and correction. Monsignor Preston's direction of the affairs of this parish, judged by the results achieved, is a marvel of good management and a tribute to abilities of the practical kind. In 1878 there was established within the boundaries of St. Anne's, and under the special direction of Father Preston, the Society for Befriending Children, an institution designed for the rescue and instruction of homeless young girls. It has flourished greatly, and now occupies two houses on the east side of Second avenue, near Eighth street, and opposite the Ottendorfer Home. In the year 1874 Father Preston was made vicar-general, which added another important link to the long chain of his trusts. Besides the direction of the chancellor's office, the duties of which he has successfully discharged for thirty-two years, his services as pastor of St. Anne's, his labors as vicar-general, and the assistance he has rendered the present archbishop as one of his advisory council, Father Preston, whose industry never flags, has found time to write half a dozen well-known and much esteemed dogmatic works, and to deliver at his own church and elsewhere a series of very interesting sermons and discourses. It was in consequence of these multifarious duties that the honorary title of Monsignor was given to Father Preston some years ago. Monsignor Preston's ability as a controversialist is very generally conceded, and his work, "Reason and Revelation," is a standard authority of the best fruits of orthodox teaching. It is to him, during the late mayoralty canvass, that application was made respecting the position of the Catholic church on the land and labor question, and his well-remembered response was as follows: "My Dear Mr. O'Donohue,—In reference to your letter just received, I can state with confidence that the great majority of the Catholic clergy in this city are opposed to the candidacy of Mr. George. They think his principles unsound and unsafe, and contrary to the teachings of the church. I have not met one among the priests of this archdiocese who would not deeply regret the election of Mr. George to any position of influence. His principles logically carried out, would prove the ruin of the workingmen he professes to befriend. Whatever may be said, I think there is no question as to the position of the Catholic clergy. And although we never directly interfere in elections, we would not wish to be misunderstood at a time when the best interests of society may be in danger." Though enunciating these views, which Archbishop Corrigan, in his pastoral letter, afterward gave the force of an episcopal utterance, Monsignor Preston has sedulously refrained from taking any hand in politics, and his closest friends are without knowledge of any leaning he may have, if he have any, toward either of the great political parties. Monsignor Preston bears the outward aspect of a prosperous business man, save as regards his dignified clerical attire. He has large eyes, hair heavily streaked with gray, a short, stubby beard, now nearly white, about his throat, a prominent Roman nose, and features indicative of great decision of character. He is a fluent speaker, a terse, clear logician, and he writes a hand as clear cut as copperplate, though very characteristic. Father Preston enjoys the full confidence of the archbishop, whose representative he now is in conducting the affairs of this diocese, which numbers 725,000 Catholics.

Leo, Lumen de Coelo.

Thursday, February 24, was the tenth anniversary of the coronation of the Pope, and the occasion was grandly celebrated at St. Peter's, Rome. The Pope celebrated Mass in the Sistine Chapel, this being the only occasion in the year when he appears with the tiara, and is borne on the sedia gestatoria. The garb of lent was thrown aside for the time being, and the grand altars were decorated in magnificent style. The hour of the great pontifical Mass was set for 11.30, but long before that time the chapel was crowded. The Swiss Guards appeared in their handsome uniforms, and the ambassadors and the church dignitaries occupied the front pews. The scene when the procession entered the great sanctuary was magnificent. Preceded by censors and cross-bearers, came the long line of prelates. Every eye in the vast audience gazed expectantly towards the sacristy as the processsion passed through the sanctuary; toward the last of the brilliant retinue appeared the white-robed figure of the Pope borne on the sedia. As he entered the sanctuary His Holiness bowed his head and slowly raising his hand, made the sign of the cross. This moment afforded an excellent opportunity to study him who is now the head of the Catholic Church. The pictures seen of him in America do not do him justice. They portray him bowed and feeble with old age, but do not show the keen intellectuality of expression and the brilliant dark eyes, which light up his countenance, and which have lost none of their youghtful brightness. His features are strongly marked, but there is a holy, paternal expression about his countenance which evokes confidence and admiration. He looks every inch a father of the church. The great white robe he wore completely enveloped the frame. When he descended from the sedia and walked toward the altar his feebleness became apparent. His strength is sustained by his will power. His mind is strong, but his body is weak with the infirmity of age. The Pope sweetly intoned the Gloria in a voice of suprising firmness. His movements in celebrating the Mass were slow and majestic. The entire service was the quintessence of splendor in Catholic ceremonial. The music was of a high order. The The Pope pronounced the benediction on the kneeling throng of prelates, priests, ambassadors and laymen. Cardinals Gibbons and Taschereau were not present, but their secretaries were. Rev. W. A. Farron, of Richmond, Va., and Garthe, of Baltimore, were the only Americans present besides the secretary of Cardinal Gibbons.

The Story of Hundreds.

In a recent letter received from Mrs. Sara A. Mills, of Wheatley, Ont., she says, "I was a sufferer for six years with dyspepsia and liver complaint. My food did not digest, and I grew weaker every day. I lost appetite and had little hope of recovery. I tried many remedies, but all in vain, till I took Burdock Blood Bitters. The first bottle gave relief; after taking seven bottles, I am thankful that I now enjoy good health."

Catholic Germany.

The recent political events in Germany are deserving of attention for several reasons. Catholics must have felt an especial interest because of the many reports, whether true or false, which the cable has given us of the diplomacy of the Holy See. But aside from the political phase of the late excitement, there is a matter which deserves more consideration than it has perhaps received from the Catholic side. That is the relation of the Germanic race to Catholicity.

For five or six years after the Franco-Prussian war the organs of certain societies of American opinions were very fond of telling us that that war had been decided as it was, and so suddenly, merely because the Protestant intellect of the German people was superior to the ignorant *elan* of the Catholic French. The German army was almost represented as having been a sort of moving convention of spectacled savants rather than a mere mass of splendidly organized and disciplined conscripts. But beyond and above all there was constantly the assumption that the German people are a non-Catholic people.

Certainly this assumption scarcely holds good in the face of the great influence which the mere expression of the Pope's wishes is said to have produced in Germany. Many theories have been erected on the supposed fact that the greater part of the German people are by some freak or other of their nature so constituted as to be instinctively opposed to Catholicity. We have been told over and over again that the German by his very nature is a lover of personal liberty, a stickler for personal freedom of thought and personal responsibility, and therefore congenitally unfitted for a form of religion which is founded on an infallible teaching authority exterior to the individual conscience.

The recent German news ought to send these theorists in search of the real facts. The real fact that is most important in connection with this question of the relation of the German nature to Catholicity is that the immense majority of the true Germans are Catholics, as they always have been since their first civilization. From the North Sea to the Adriatic the mass of the race, whether High Germans or Low Germans, are Catholics, and even the Protestant communities that spot the true German area are of that conservative variety which most nearly approaches Catholicity in strength of faith and warmth of devotion. There are exceptions here and there, but as a rule the infidel and ultra-Protestant sections of the German empire are those of the Northeast, where the people, though speaking the German language, are no more true members of the German race than are the natives of Ireland. They belong to those non-Germanic tribes with which the Germans of old were almost constantly at war—East Prussians, and other Slavonians.

The Catholic Church is the Church of all nations, but it is worth while for the theorists who believe that each race has its own religion, to remember that the Germanic race, whether speaking German or not, is one of the most Catholic races in the world. The descendants in Spain of Goths, Vandals and Sueves, in Italy of Goths and Lombards, in France of Burgundians and Franks, in Belgium of Franks and Flemings, are as true Germans as Tyrolese, Bavarians, Wurtemburgers, Rhinelanders and Westphalians, and all true and loyal children of the Church which civilized their ancestors. These are the true Germans, of the liberty-loving Teutonic race. Whether speaking German or not, it is distinctive of their race to love their home, to cherish their local traditions, to hate centralization. It is well for anti-Catholic theorists to remember that for three hundred years this liberty-loving, home-loving Catholic German sentiment has had in Germany to contend against the Protestant, brutal, centralizing, overbearing, non-German Prussian forces, the descendants of the ancient enemies of the German race.—*Catholic Review.*

Old Executions.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries our method of executions was most brutal. There was the long ride of the criminal in an open cart, with his coffin by his side, either to Tyburn or to the spot where he committed the murder, the cart was stopped under the gallows, the rope was fastened round the criminal's neck, the cartman gave the horse a lash, and the poor wretch was left there swaying to and fro, kicking, and beating his breast, a shocking sight, if he had friends, they would try to shorten his agony. But hanging then was a holiday spectacle, in that we find the lower class took great interest and evinced much sympathy with the deceased. For instance, Claude du Val, the celebrated highwayman, lay in state at the "Tangier" Tavern, in St. Giles, in a room hung with black cloth, the bier covered with scutcheons, and with eight wax candles burning around. He was buried by torchlight, and was followed to Covent Garden Church by a numerous train of mourners, mostly women. Misson, a French writer, who visited England in the reign of William III., says: "He that is hang'd or otherwise executed, first takes care to get himself shav'd and handsomely drest, either in mourning, or in the dress of a bride-groom. This done, he sets his friends to work to get him leave to be bury'd, and to carry his coffin with him, which is easily obtain'd. When his suit of clothes, or night-gown, his gloves, hat, perriwig, nosegay, coffin, flannel dress for his corpse, and all those things are brought and prepar'd, the main point is taken care of—his mind is at peace, and then he thinks of his conscience. Generally, he studies a speech, which he pronounces under the gallows and gives in writing to the sheriff or the minister that attends him in his last moments, desiring that it may be printed. Sometimes the girls dress in white with great silk scarfs, and carry baskets full of flowers and oranges, scattering these favors all the way they go. But to represent things as they really are, I must own, if many of these people dress gayly and go to it with such an air of indifference, there are many others that go slovenly enough, and with very dismal phizzes. I remember, one day, I saw in the park a handsome girl, well drest, that was then in mourning for her father, who had been hang'd a month before at Tyburn for a false coinage. So many countries, so many fashions."—*John Ashton, in the Gentleman's Magazine.*

The First Thanksgiving for the New World.

That was a memorable thanksgiving when, in the early Spring of 1493, Columbus returned from his first voyage of discovery to Palos, and hastened to meet the Spanish sovereigns at Barceloná. Columbus was a man of faith. "God made me the messenger of the new heavens and the new earth," he said in his old age, "and told me where to find them." It was this patriarchal faith that inspired him to weigh the earth and to travel the unknown seas.

Palos throbbed with excitement as the banner of the cross and the crowns of Columbus rose above the wave, and streamed into the harbor. The bells rang. On landing, the admiral and his crew went to the principal church, accompanied by the whole population, and offered up solemn thanksgivings for the success of the expedition.

Columbus hastened to Barcelona to meet the court. His journey was a triumphal march. It was the middle of April, the month of nightingales and flowers. Columbus entered the city amid music, bells, and shouts of triumph. Ferdinand and Isabella, seated under a superb canopy, received him as a viceroy rather than an admiral, and requested him to relate to them the history of his voyage. He did so, surrounded by the indians whom he had brought with him, and offerings of tropical birds and fruits.

As he ended his wonderful narrative, there arose a burst of music, that bore away to heaven the thoughts of the sovereigns and nobles and people, already thrilled and melted by the most marvellous tale ever told of human achievement. It was the chapel choir of Isabella.

"We praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord; all the earth doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting."

The majestic *Te Deum* swept on until it reached the sublime words: "Holy, holy, holy Lord God of hosts, heaven and earth are full of the majesty, of Thy glory!"

The great audience was filled with ecstatic devotion. It was perhaps the happiest moments of Columbus' life—the first thanksgiving for the New World.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Happy Home.

In a happy home there will be no fault finding, overbearing spirit; there will be no peevishness or fretfulness. Unkindness will not dwell in the heart or be found on the tongue. Oh, the tears, the sighs, the wasting of life and health and strength, and of all that is most to be desired in a happy home, occasioned merely by unkind words. A celebrated writer remarks to this effect, namely, that fretting and scolding seem like tearing the flesh from the bones, and that we have no more right to be guilty of this sin than we have to curse and swear and steal. In a happy home all selfishness will be removed. Its members will not seek first to please themselves, but will seek to please each other. Cheerfulness is another ingredient in a happy home. How much does a sweet smile, emanating from a heart fraught with love and kindness, contribute to make home happy. At evening how soothing is the sweet cheerfulness that is borne on the countenance of a wife and mother. How do parent and child, the brother and sister, the mistress and servant, dwell with delight upon these cheerful looks, these confiding smiles that beam from the eye and burst from the inmost soul of those who are dear and near. How it hastens the return of the father, lightens the cares of the mother, renders it more easy for youth to resist temptation, and drawn by the cords of affection, how it induces them with lowly hearts to return to the parental roof. Seek, then, to make home happy.

Engaging Manners.

There are a thousand pretty, engaging little ways, which every person may put on, without running the risk of being deemed affected or foppish, the sweet smile, the quiet, cordial bow, the earnest movement in addressing a friend, or more especially a stranger whom one may recommend to our good regards, the enquiring glance, the graceful attention which is so captivating when united with self-possession—these will ensure us the good regards of even a churl. Above all, there is a certain softness of manner which should be cultivated, and which, in either man or woman, adds a charm that almost entirely compensates for lack of beauty. The voice can be modulated so to intonate that it will speak directly to the heart, and from that elicit an answer; and politeness may be made essential to our nature. Neither is time thrown away in attending to such things, insignificant as they may seem to those who engage in weightier matters.

Ladies suffering with sick headache will find a certain cure in West's Liver Pills. Sugar coated. 30 pills 25c. All druggists.