THE DREAM OF THE AIMLESS.

BY GEORGE MURRAY.

I dreamt a dream in the morning,
When the shadows were dim and grey,
And oh, such a prospect golden
Orr my shining path-way lay.
The earth was filled with gladness,
The air was filled with song,
And I thought that but love and beauty
Could inspire me all day long.

I dreamt a dream at the noontide,
When half of the day was past;
The first half I knew was barren,
But glorious I'd make the last;
But the world lay part in the shadow,
The songs were not half so sweet,
And love and beauty were fleeting
Like shadows beneath my feet.

I dreamt a dream at the even,
When the day its course had run,
And my heart grew cold within me
To think how little I'd done.
But I said: "I shall work to-morrow,
And make my name be known.
Till the nations of earth shall wonder,
As my mighty power they own."

But alas! and alas! time passes,
The sun rises, shines and sets—
Each morning so full of promise,
Each evening so full of regrets.
And day follows day more fleetly,
While ambition and glory rave
Till, at last, outworn and aimless,
I shall sink in a nameless grave.

THE CASH BOY;

—OR—

Frank Fowler's Inheritance.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "ONLY AN IRISH BOY," "TOM THE BOOTBLACK," "THE BULLY OF THE VILLAGE," ETC.

CHAPTER XV. [CONTINUED.]

'Well, Aunt,' said he, 'when they were once more in the housekeeper's room, 'do you think the old gentleman will do anything for me?'

'I hope so; but I am not sure, Thomas, whether you were not too familiar.'

'Why shouldn't I be? Ain't I as good as he is, barring the money?'

'You spoke of money too quick.'

'It's my way to come to business. Of course a woman can't understand it; she wants to palaver half an hour first. But Mr. Wharton used to be a man of business, and he will understand me.'

'I wish you were his reader instead of that boy.'

'Well, I don't. I wouldn't want to be mewed up in that room with the old man every night. I should get tired to death of it.'

'You would have a chance to get him interested in you. That boy is artful; he is doing all he can to win Mr. Wharton's favor. He is the one you have most reason to dread.'

'Do you think so, Aunt?'

'Yes; I am sure of it.'

'Do you think he will do me any harm?'

'I think he will injure your chances.'

'Egad! if I thought that I'd wring the young rascal's neck.'

'There's a better way, Thomas.'

'What is that?'

'Can't you get him dismissed from Gilbert & Mack's?'

'How?'

'I don't know; you can tell better than I.'

'I haven't enough influence with the firm.'

'Suppose they thought him dishonest?'

'They'd give him the sack, of course.'

'Can't you make them think so, Thomas?'

'I don't know.'

'Then make it your business to find out.'

'I suppose you know what good it's going to do, aunt, but I don't. He's got his place here, with the old man.'

'If Mr. Wharton hears that he is disgraced, and has lost his situation, he will probably discharge him too.'

'That's so; I didn't think of that.'

'And then you'll have a clear field.'

'Perhaps so; I suppose you know best.'

'Do as I tell you, and I will manage the rest.'

'All right. I need your help enough. To-night, for instance, I'm regularly cleaned out. Haven't got but twenty-five cents to my name.'

'It seems to me, Thomas,' said his aunt, with a troubled look, 'you are always out of money.'

'How can I help it, Aunt, with my miserable salary? A fellow can't live respectably on twelve dollars a week.'

'I'll give you five dollars, Thomas, but you must remember that I am not made of money. My wages are small.'

'You ought to have a good nest-egg laid aside, aunt.'

'I've got something, Thomas, and when I die it'll be yours.'

'I hope I shan't have to wait too long,' thought Thomas, but he did not give utterance to the thought.

'How have you got your money invested, aunt?' he asked.

'It's in two savings banks.'

'You can't get much interest there. I can invest it for you, so you'll make eight per cent.'

'What do you know about investments, Thomas?' asked the housekeeper, shrewdly. 'You haven't got any money invested, have you?'

'Not much, but I'm in with a young broker in Wall street, and he puts me up to a good thing occasionally.'

'The savings banks are good enough for me,' said Mrs. Bradley.' 'Come again soon, Thomas, and don't forget what I have said.'

CHAPTER XVI.

JOHN WADE.

A tall man, with a sallow complexion and heavily bearded face, stood on the deck of a Cunard steamer, only a few miles distant from New York harbor.

'It's three years since I've seen America,' he said to himself, thoughtfully. 'I suppose I ought to feel a patriotic fervor about setting foot once more on my native shore, but I don't believe in nonsense. I would be content to live in Europe all my life, if my uncle's fortune were once in my possession. I am his sole heir, but he persists in holding on to his money-bags, and limits me to a paltry three thousand a year. I must see if I can't induce him to give me a good, round sum on account—fifty thousand at the least—and then I can wait a little more patiently till he drops off.'

He pulled out a cigar as he formed this resolution, and began to pace the deck thoughtfully.

'When shall we reach port, captain?' he asked, as he passed that officer in the course of his promenade.

'In four hours, I think, Mr. Wade.'

'Do you think I can land to-night?'

'We shall get in too late for the Custom House's examination to take place this evening, but that won't prevent your landing.'

'I shan't give the Custom House people much trouble. If I can land this evening I shall. I am tired of being rocked in the cradle of the deep.'

'I suppose you will enjoy a good bed on shore better.'

Here the conversation closed. The captain's duties called him to another part of the vessel, and the passenger with whom he had spoken resumed his walk.

'So this is my birthday,' he said to himself. 'Thirty-five years old to-day. Half my life'time gone, and I am still a dependent on my uncle's bounty. Suppose he should throw me off—leave me out in the cold—where should I be? With expensive tastes, with no profession, I shudder to think what would become of me. It is lucky there is no one to step between me and the inheritance. If he should find the boy—but no! there's no chance of that. I have taken good care of that. By the way, I must look him up soon—cautiously, of course—and see what has become of him. He will grow up a laborer or mechanic, and die without a knowledge of his birth, while I fill his place and enjoy his inheritance. That is as it should be. Never having been used to luxury, he will never know what he has lost. I wonder how the old man is now. He must be close on seventy. He can't last much longer. Patience, patience! By the time I am forty I should possess his estate, and then I can take my proper place in the world.'

At six o'clock the vessel reached the quarantine. Most of the passengers decided to remain on board one night more, but John Wade was impatient, and, leaving his trunks, obtained a small boat and soon touched the shore.

'Shall I go to the Astor House for the night, or go up at once to my uncle's house?' he said to himself.

It did not take long to decide. He was eager to see his uncle, not from any affectionate interest in his welfare, out that he might survey him with the eyes of sordid calculation, and estimate the probable number of years which separated him from his expected inheritance.

There had been some delay in leaving the steamer, as there always is. It was nearly eight when John Wade landed in the city. It was half-past eight when he stood on the steps of his uncle's residence and rang the bell.

That residence is well known to us. It was the house where Frank was at the very moment engaged in reading to Mr. Wharton, for Mr. Wharton was John Wade's uncle.

'Is my uncle—is Mr. Wharton—at home?' he asked of the servant who answered the bell.

'Yes, sir.'

'I am his nephew, just arrived from England. Let him know that I am here, and would like to see him.'

The servant, who had never before seen him, having only been six months in the house, regarded him with some curiosity, and then went to do his bidding.

'My nephew arrived?' exclaimed Mr. Wharton, in surprise. 'Why, he never let me know he was coming.'

'Will you see him, sir?'

'To be sure! Bring him in at once.'

'My *dear* uncle!' exclaimed John Wade, in effusion, for he was a politic man, and could act when it suited his interest to do so, 'I am *so glad* to see you. How is your health?'

'I am getting older every day, John.'

'You don't look a day older, sir,' said John, who did not believe what he said, for he could plainly see that his uncle had grown older since he last saw him.

'You think so, John, but I feel it. I can feel the approaches of age, and its infirmities. But your coming is a surprise. You did not write that you intended sailing.'

'I formed the determination very suddenly, sir.'

'Were you tired of Europe?'

'No; but I wanted to see you, sir. Remember we had not met for three years, and that is a long time, considering how near we are to each other.'

'And you really took so long a journey for my sake, John?' asked the old gentleman, with a smile of pleasure.

'Yes, sir.'

'Thank you, John,' said his uncle, pressing his nephew's hand. 'I am glad you think so much of me. As you say, we are near to each other, and we ought to feel drawn together. Did you have a pleasant voyage?'

'Rather rough, sir.'

'You have had no supper, of course. If you will ring the bell, the housekeeper will see that some is got ready for you.'

'Is Mrs. Bradley still in your employ, uncle?'

'Yes, John. I am so used to her that I shouldn't know how to get along without her. She has been twenty years in my house.

'I thought it was as long as that. I can remember her from a boy.'

'How old are you now, John?'

'Thirty-five, uncle. I, too, am growing old.'

'I didn't think you were so old, John. Not that it seems old to me. When you are seventy, you will look upon that as young.'

Hitherto John Wade had been so occupied with his uncle that he had not observed Frank. But at this moment our hero coughed involuntarily, and John Wade looked at him. He seemed to be singularly affected. He started perceptibly, and his sallow face blanched, as his eager eyes were fixed upon the boy's face.

'Good Heavens!' he muttered to himself. '*Who is that boy? How comes he here?*'

Frank noticed his intense gaze, and wondered at it, but Mr. Wharton's eyesight was defective, and he did not perceive his nephew's excitement.

'I see you have a young visitor, uncle,' said John Wade, burning with anxious curiosity, and determined at once to satisfy it.

'Oh, yes,' said Mr. Wharton with a kindly smile. 'He is a very constant visitor, eh, Frank?'

'Yes, sir,' said our hero, smiling in turn.

'He spends all his evenings with me,' said Mr. Wharton.

'What do you mean, sir?' demanded John Wade, with sudden suspicion and fear. 'He seems very young company for——

'For a man of my years,' said Mr. Wharton, finishing the sentence. 'You are right, John. But, you see, my eyes are weak, and I cannot use them for reading in the evening, so it occurred to me to engage a reader. Otherwise the time would have hung heavily on my hands.'

'Very true,' said his nephew, who had by this time recovered his self-possession. He was not sure whether his temporary excitement had been noticed by his uncle, and though he wished to enquire the name of the boy whose appearance had so powerfully impressed him, he determined not to do it at present. What information he sought he preferred to obtain from the housekeeper, whom he should see in a few moments. He turned away from Frank, therefore with ostentatious indifference, and began to speak with his uncle on other topics.

Meanwhile Frank's attention had been drawn to the visitor. It was natural, since, as he gathered, he was a nephew of his employer. But the interest was deepened when he saw how John Wade was affected by the sight of him.

'He seemed surprised, as if he had seen me somewhere before, and recognized me,' thought Frank, 'but I don't remember him. If I had seen his face before I think I should remember it.'

Not that the face pleased him. There are some persons whom we instinctively dislike or fear, though we cannot explain why. So it was in the present case. Though John Wade was the nephew of the man whom he had every reason to like, Frank could not disguise from himself that he did not like him. Nay more, he felt a vague and inexplicable dislike, and an undefined presentiment that this man whom he now saw, as he thought, for the first time, would some time work him harm.

CHAPTER XVII.

TWO CONSPIRATORS.

'Don't come out, uncle,' said John Wade, when summoned to tea by the housekeeper. 'Mrs. Bradley and I are going to have a chat by ourselves, and I will soon return.'

'Very well, John. Then I will hear a little more reading while you are at tea.'

'By all means, uncle. I place myself in your charge, Mrs. Bradley.'

John Wade's object in dispensing with his uncle's presence will readily be understood. He wished to ask questions which could not have been asked before Mr. Wharton.

'You are looking thin, Mr. John,' said Mrs. Bradley.

'Am I thinner than usual? I was never very corpulent, you know. How is my uncle's health? He says he is well.'

'He is pretty well, but he isn't as young as he was.'

'Do you see any evidences of declining strength?' asked the nephew, with interest.

'What do you think yourself, Mr. John? You have not seen him for three years.'

'I think he looks older,' he said, slowly.

'Yes, I can see it myself.'

'But that is not surprising—at his age. He is seventy, isn't he?'

'Not quite. He is sixty-nine.'

'His father died at seventy-one.'

'Yes.'

'But that is no reason why my uncle should not live till eighty. I hope he will.'

'We all hope so,' said the housekeeper; but she knew, while she spoke, that if, as she supposed, Mr. Wharton's will contained a generous legacy for her, his death would not afflict her much. She suspected also that John Wade was waiting impatiently for his uncle's death, that he might enter upon his inheritance. Still their little social fictions must be kept up, and so both expressed a desire for his continued life, though neither was deceived as to the other's real feeling on the subject.

'By the way, Mrs. Bradley,' said John Wade, leading the way to the subject in which he was interested, 'how came my uncle to engage that boy to read to him? It's rather an odd freak, isn't it?'

'He was led into it, sir,' said the housekeeper, with emphasis.

'How do you mean? Who led him?'

'The boy himself. He's an artful and designing fellow, you may rely upon it.'

'She doesn't like him, good!' secretly commented John Wade.

'What's his name?' he asked.

'Frank Fowler.'

'Fowler!' repeated her companion, suddenly setting down the cup which he was lifting to his lips. 'Is his name Fowler?' he repeated with a startled expression.

'Yes, sir,' answered the housekeeper, rather surprised at his manner. 'You don't know anything about him, do you?'

'Oh, no,' said John Wade, recovering his composure. 'He is a perfect stranger to me; but I once knew a man of that name, and a precious rascal he was. When you mentioned the name I thought he might be a son of this man.'

'Very likely,' said Mrs. Bradley, quite ready to believe anything ill of Frank's father.

'Does he say his father is alive?'

'No, he is dead, and his mother too, so the boy says.'

'You haven't told me how my uncle fell in with him.'

'It was an accident. Your uncle fell in getting out of a Broadway stage, and this boy happened to be near, and seeing that Mr. Wharton was a rich gentleman, he helped him home, and was invited in. Then he told him some story about his poverty, and so worked upon your uncle's feelings that he hired him to read to him at five dollars a week.'

'How long ago was this?'

'Only a few weeks'

'Is this all the boy does?'

'No; he is cash-boy in a large store on Broadway. He is employed there all day, and he is here only in the evening.'

'Does my uncle seem attached to him?' asked John thoughtfully.

'He's getting fond of him. I should say., The other day he asked me if I didn't think it would be a good thing to take him into the house and give him a room. I suppose the boy put it into his head.'

'No doubt. What did you say?'

'I opposed it. I said the boy needed to be at the store early, and we didn't have breakfast early enough. Besides I told him that a boy would be a great deal of trouble in the family.

'You did right, Mrs. Bradley. What did my uncle say?'

'He hinted about taking him from the store and letting him go to school. The next thing would be his adopting him. The fact is, Mr. John, the boy is so artful that he knows just how to manage your uncle. No doubt he put the idea into Mr. Wharton's head, and he may do it yet.'

'Does my uncle give any reason for the fancy he has taken to the boy?' demanded John, desirous of satisfying himself on one subject which gave him anxiety.

'Yes,' said the housekeeper. 'He has taken it into his head that the boy resembles your cousin George, who died abroad. You were with him, I believe?'

'Yes, I was with him. My uncle thinks the boy looks like George?' said John Wade, looking very much disturbed.

'Yes, and the worst of it is, *there is* a resemblance. When I first saw the boy I was reminded of some one. I could not tell whom, but when your uncle mentioned it I could see who he looked like.'

'Is the resemblance strong? I took very little notice of him.'

'You can look for yourself when you go back.'

'What else did my uncle say? Tell me all.'

'He said: 'What would I give, Mrs. Bradley, if I had such a grandson? If George's boy had lived he would have been about Frank's age.' And then he sighed and grew thoughtful. Mr. John,' continued the housekeeper, leaning over the table and lowering her voice. 'I might as well speak plainly. You're my master's heir, or ought to be, but if this artful boy stays here long there's no knowing what your uncle may be influenced to do. If he gets into his dotage he may come to adopt him and leave the property away from you. You won't be offended with me for my plain speaking?'

'Offended, my good friend?' said John Wade. 'On the contrary I thank you heartily. I believe you are quite right. The danger exists, and we must guard against it. I see you don't like the boy.'

'No, I don't. He's separated your uncle and me. Before he came I used to spend my evenings in the library and read to your uncle. Now that boy is engaged, and I see very little of him. I am asked into the library, but I don't feel at home there, now that I have nothing to do.'

'I see; you have reason to complain.'

'Besides, when I found your uncle wanted a reader, I asked him to take my nephew, who is a salesman in the very same store where that boy is a cash boy, but although I've been twenty years in this house, I could not get him to grant me the favor, which he granted to that boy, whom he never met till a few weeks ago.'

Mrs. Bradley spoke rapidly and bitterly, perceiving that her listener sympathized with her. She wanted to enlist John on her side, knowing that his position already gave him large influence with Mr. Wharton, and that he was likely to be a man of wealth when the uncle died.

'I sympathize with you, Mrs. Bradley,' said her companion. 'This boy is evidently working against us both. You have been twenty years in my uncle's service. He ought to remember you handsomely in his will.'

'He ought, Mr. John. I have worn out the best part of my life in his service.'

'If I inherit the property, as is my right, your services shall be remembered,' said John Wade, emphatically.

'Thank you, Mr. John, said the gratified housekeeper. It was a great deal, she thought, to be in with the future heir.

'That secures her help,' thought John in his turn. 'She will now work hard for me. When the time comes I can do as much or as little for her as I please.'

'Of course, we must work together against this interloper, who appears to have gained a dangerous influence over my uncle.'

'You can depend upon me, Mr. John,' said Mrs. Bradley.

'I am sure of it. Now, is there any way that has occurred to you by which that influence can be lessened?'

'I thought—you know my nephew works in the same store with him—if he could manage to make Gilbert & Mack think him dishonest, that would lose him his situation, and your uncle would be turned against him.'

'It won't do, Mrs. Bradley,' said John Wade, shaking his head. 'My uncle would take his part. Leave it to me. I will think it over and tell you my plan. But my uncle will wonder at my appetite. I must go back to the library. We will speak of this subject again.'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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Charlottetown, April 15, 1885—3m

A Skilful Surgical Operation.

The American Ambassador at Vienna, Mr. Kasson, has lately forwarded to his Government an interesting account of a remarkable surgical operation lately performed by Professor Billroth, of Vienna, which wonderful to tell, consisted in the removal of a portion of the human stomach, involving nearly one-third of the organ—and, strange to say, the patient recovered—the only successful operation of the kind ever performed. The disease for which this operation was performed was cancer of the stomach, attended with the following symptoms:—The appetite is quite poor. There is a peculiar indescribable distress in the stomach, a feeling that has been done (but as a faint "call gone" sensation); a sticky slime collects about the teeth, especially in the morning, accompanied by an unpleasant taste. Food fails to satisfy this peculiar faint sensation; but on the contrary it appears to aggravate the feeling. The eyes are sunken, tinged with yellow; the hands and feet become cold and sticky—a cold perspiration. The sufferers feel tired all the time, and sleep does not seem to give rest. After a time the patient becomes nervous and irritable, gloomy, his mind filled with evil forebodings When rising suddenly from a recumbent position there is a dizziness, a whistling sensation, and he is obliged to grasp something firm to keep from falling. The bowels costive, the skin dry and hot at times; the blood becoming thick and stagnant, and does not circulate properly. After a time the patient spits up food soon after eating, sometimes in a sour and fermented condition, sometimes sweetish to the taste Oftentimes there is a palpitation of the heart, and the patient fears he may have heart disease. Towards the last the patient is unable to retain any food whatever, as the opening in the intestines becomes close, or nearly so. Although this disease is indeed alarming, sufferers with the above-named symptoms should not feel nervous, for nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand have no cancer, but simply dyspepsia a disease easily removed if treated in a proper manner. The safest and best remedy for the disease is Seigel's Curative Syrup, a vegetable preparation sold by all chemists and medicine vendors throughout the world, and by the proprietors, A. J. White (Limited), 17, Farringdon road, London, E. C. This Syrup striked at the very foundation of the disease, and drives it, root and branch, out of the system.

St. Mary Street, Peterborough,
November, 29, 1881.

Sir,—It gives me great pleasure to inform you of the benefit I have received from Seigel's Syrup. I have been troubled for years with dyspepsia; but after a few doses of the Syrup, I found relief, and after taking two bottles of it I feel quite cured.

I am, Sir yours truly,
Mr. A. J. White. William Brent.

September 8th, 1883.

Dear Sir,—I find the sale of Seigels Syrup steadily increasing. All who have tried it speak very highly of its medicinal virtues; one customer describes it as a "Godsend to dyspeptic people." I always recommend it with confidence.

Faithfully yours.
(Signed) Vincent A. Wills,
Chemist-Dentist, Merthyr Tyvdil.

To Mr. A. J. White

Seigel's Operating Pills are the best family physic that has ever been discovered. They cleanse the bowels from all irritating substances, and leave them in a healthy condition. They cure costiveness.

Preston, Sept. 21st, 1883.

My Dear Sir—Your Syrup and Pills are still very popular with my customers, many saying they are the best family medicines possible.

The other day a customer came for two bottles of Syrup and said "Mother Seigell" had saved the life of his wife, and he added "one of these bottles I am sending fifteen miles away to a friend who is very ill. I have much faith in it."

The sale keeps up wonderfully, in fact, one would fancy almost that the people were beginning to breakfast, dine, and sup on Mother Seigel's Syrup, the demand is so constant and the satisfaction so great.

I am dear sir, yours faithfully,
(Signed) W. Bowker.

To A. J. White, Esq.

Spanish Town, Jamaica, West Indies, Oct. 24, 1882.

Dear Sir,—I write to inform you that I have derived great benefit from "Seigel's Syrup." For some years I have suffered from liver complaint, with its many and varied concomitant evils, so that my life was a perpetual misery. Twelve months ago I was induced to try Seigel's Syrup, and although rather sceptical, having tried so many reputed infallible remedies, I determined to give it at least a fair trial. In two or three days I felt considerably better, and now at the end of twelve months (having continued taking it) I am glad to say that I am a different being altogether. It is said of certain pens that they "come as a boon and a blessing to men" and I have no reason to doubt the truthfulness of the statement. I can truly say, however, that Seigels Syrup has come as a "boon and a blessing" to me. I have recommended it to several fellow-sufferers from this distressing complaint, and their testimony is quite in accordance with my own. Gratitude for the benefit I have derived from the excellent preparation, prompts me to furnish you with this unsolicited testimonial.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours ever gratefully.
(Signed) Carey B. Berry.

A. J. White, Esq. Baptist Missionary.

Hensingham, Whitehaven, Oct. 16, 1882.

Mr. A. J. White.—Dear Sir,—I was for some time afflicted with piles, and was advised to give Mother Seigel's Syrup a trial, which I did. I am now happy to state that it has restored me to complete health.—I remain, yours respectfully,
(Signed) John H. Lightfoot.

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FOR SALE.

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I AM instructed to offer by Private Sale 55 acres of land, at North Wiltshire, within three miles of the Station and about nine miles from Charlottetown by the Road. There are about 15 acres clear and in a good state of cultivation and 10 acres very easily cleared, and the remaining 30 acres are covered with a superior growth of Hard and Soft Wood, fit for Scantling, Lengers, &c., which would almost bring the amount of what is wanted for the purchase of the land:—

Terms easy and time given for the greater part of the purchase money.

Apply to Donald MacKenzie, West Royalty, near Mayflower Mills, or to the undersigned, either by letter or at his office.

JOHN BALL,
Land Surveyor.

Charlottetown, April 21st, 1885—1m

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April 29, 1885—3m

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DOSE.—To move the bowels gently, 2 to 4 Pills, thoroughly, 4 to 6 Pills. Experience will decide the proper dose in each case.

For Constipation, or Costiveness, no remedy is so effective as AYER'S PILLS. They insure regular daily action, and restore the bowels to a healthy condition.

For Indigestion, or Dyspepsia, AYER'S PILLS are invaluable, and a sure cure.

Heart-burn, Loss of Appetite, Foul Stomach, Flatulency, Dizziness, Headache, Numbness, Nausea, are all relieved and cured by AYER'S PILLS.

In Liver Complaint, Bilious Disorders, and Jaundice, AYER'S PILLS should be given in doses large enough to excite the liver and bowels, and remove constipation. As a cleansing medicine in the Spring, these PILLS are unequalled.

Worms, caused by a morbid condition of the bowels, are expelled by these PILLS.

Eruptions, Skin Diseases, and Piles, the result of Indigestion or Constipation, are cured by the use of AYER'S PILLS.

For Colds, take AYER'S PILLS to open the pores, remove inflammatory secretions, and allay the fever.

For Diarrhœa and Dysentery, caused by sudden colds, indigestible food, etc., AYER'S PILLS are the true remedy.

Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, and Sciatica, often result from digestive derangement, or colds, and disappear on removing the cause by the use of AYER'S PILLS.

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Charlottetown April 15, 1885—tf

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June 4—1y

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Charlottetown, Feb. 11, 1885—1yr

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THOMAS HICKEY.

May 21, 1884—1 yr

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CURES—Cramps, Chills, Fever and Ague, Malaria, Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Intermittent Fever, Bilious Fever, Scarlet Fever, Typhoid Fever.

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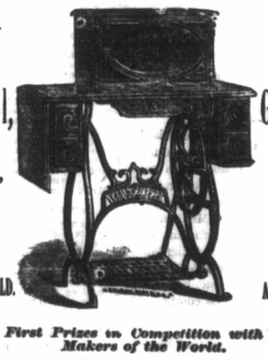

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Jan. 21, 1885.

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Charlottetown, April 22, 1885—1m

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