KYRIE ELEISON.

ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

In joy and pain and sorrow,
Father, Thy hand we see;
But some among Thy children,
Deny their faith and Thee,
They will not ask Thy mercy,
But we kneel for them in prayer;
Are they not still Thy children?
Pity, O God! and spare.
Thy peace, O Lord! has never
On their desolate pathway shone
Darkness is all around them
Kyrie Eleison!

For them the starry heavens
No hymn of worship raise;
For them earth's innocent flowers
Breathe not Thy silent praise;
In heaven they know no Saviour,
No father and no friend,
And life is all they hope for
And death they call the end;
Their eyes, O Lord! are blinded
To the glories of the sun
To the shining of the sea-star
Kyrie Eleison!

By the love Thy Saints have shown Thee
And the sorrows they have borne
Leave not these erring creatures
To wander thus forlorn;
By Thy tender name of Saviour—
The name they have denied;
By Thy bitter death and passion,
And the cross which they deride;
By the anguish Thou hast suffered,
And the glory Thou hast won;
By Thy glory and Thy pity—
Christe Eleison.

Pray for them glorious seraphs,
And ye bright angel band,
Who chant His praises ever
And in His presence stand;
And thou, O gentle Mother!
Queen of the starry sky;
Ye saints, whose toils are over,
Join your voices to our cry,—
In Thy terror and Thy mercy,
Call them ere life is done;
For His sake who died to save them
Kyrie Eleison.

DARE AND DO RIGHT;

—OR THE—

ADVENTURES OF TOM, THE BOOTBLACK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ONLY AN IRISH BOY."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ANOTHER PLOT.

'So he mastered Bucephalus,' said James Grey, when alone with his son. 'He must be a splendid rider.'

'I had no idea he was so used to horses,' said Jasper. 'He sat like a rock, and did not seem in the least frightened.'

'I begin to think he is more dangerous than I at first supposed. Did he appear to suspect anything when the horse began to behave badly?'

'I don't think he did.'

'He may be surprised that we should give him that horse when we don't ride it ourselves.'

'He doesn't know that. He asked me if I ever rode Bucephalus, and I told him yes, but not often, as I preferred my own horse.'

'That will do if John doesn't undeceive him.'

'John is a meddlesome fellow,' said Jasper, in a tone of vexation. 'He tried to persuade him not to ride Bucephalus.'

'John makes a fool of himself. I am afraid he will arouse Gilbert's suspicions. If he does, we must do what we can to allay them.'

'What shall you do now, father?' inquired Jasper.

'I have not decided. When I have I may not tell you.'

'Why not?' asked Jasper, suspiciously.

'Not from any feeling of distrust, for we are both in the same boat, and equally interested in fustrating your cousin's designs. But it may be necessary to resort to strong—perhaps forcible measures—and it may be well that you should be kept in entire ignorance of them. It is a serious peril for both of us, this claim of Gilbert's, but more so to you. I have already enjoyed the estate for a long time. In the course of nature I have thirty years less of life to look forward to than you. Therefore your interest is greater than mine.'

'All right, father. Whatever you think best I am ready to agree to; but if you need any help that I can give just let me know.'

'That shall be understood. Now, you had better go out and look for your cousin. It is not best that John and he should be left to themselves too long.'

Jasper went out into the stable-yard, but found that Gilbert had already gone into the house.

'That's a mighty foine lad, that Gilbert,' said John.

'Yes, he's a clever fellow,' responded Jasper, not very enthusiastically.

'He's as smart as a steel trap,' said John, earnestly.

'I didn't know steel-traps were very smart,' said Jasper, sarcastically.

He felt instinctively that John considered Gilbert smarter than himself, and his self-conceit was so great that this troubled him.

'Wait until you get into one,' said John, laughing. 'If you'd get your little finger into one of them things, you'd find it was too smart for ye.'

'What did Gilbert have to say to you?'

But John was too smart to be pumped.

'Nothing much,' he answered. 'He says the ugly brute won't give no more trouble.'

'Do you think so yourself.'

'He won't trouble Mr. Gilbert.'

'Will he trouble anybody else?'

'May be not. He's had a good lesson.'

'I wonder whether Gilbert told him what I said,' thought Jasper. He didn't like to ask, for, in so doing, he would betray himself. After a little pause he walked back to the house; but he did not see Gilbert for some time, for the latter was still in his chamber.

When they met at supper, Mr. Grey said:

'I ought to apologise to you, Gilbert, for, trusting you to such a horse; but he has never cut up such pranks before, and I did not realize the danger to which I was exposing you. From what Jasper says, you must have been in peril.'

'I suppose I should have been, sir, if I had not been so accustomed to horses but I have ridden a great deal, though I don't think I ever had such a sharp contest before.'

'You had better ride Sidney to-morrow—I don't want you to take any more risk.'

'Thank you, sir; but I am not afraid. Bucephalus has had a lesson, and won't try to master me again. With your permission, I will try him again, and I hope to have him wholly subdued before I go.'

'I shall be glad to have him subjugated, I confess, as it will greatly enhance his value; but I don't want you to run any further risk.'

'The danger is quite over, Mr. Grey.'

This conversation, and the regret frankly expressed by his uncle, did considerable to put to rest the suspicion that had been excited in Gilbert's mind. It did look strange, to be sure, that Jasper should have made a false claim to have ridden Bucephalus, when he hadn't done so; but possibly this was because he did not like to have it supposed that he was inferior in courage or in horsemanship. At any rate though not quite satisfied, he felt that there might be an explanation.

The next morning the boys went out to ride once more. Bucephalus justified Gilbert's prediction, and behaved as well as could be expected. Once he made a start, but a sudden twitch of the reins recalled to his mind the defeat of the day before, and he quickly relapsed into obedience.

Meanwhile Mr. Grey paced the floor of his library, and thought deeply. To what means should he resort to avert the danger which menaced his estate? He knew enough now of Gilbert to understand that he was resolute and determined. He might be conciliated, but could not be intimidated while he felt that he was battling for his inherited rights. Would it be worth while to conciliate him? Mr. Grey feared that he would require the surrender of the major portion of the estate, and to this he was not willing to accede. While he was thus perplexed, Pompey made his appearance, and said:

'There's a man wants to see you, Mr. Grey.'

'A man, or a gentleman?'

'A man. It's Hugh Trimble.'

'Bring him up.'

Some idea must have been started in Mr. Grey's mind, for his eyes lighted up with a gleam of exultation, and he muttered:

'The very thinng. Why didn't I think of it before?'

Hugh Trimble shuffled into the room—a tall, shambling figure of a man, with a generally disreputable look. He was roughly dressed, and appeared like a social outlaw. He was a tenant of Mr. Grey's, living on a clearing just on the edge of a forest. He had a wife, but no children. She led a hard life, being subjected to ill-usage from her husband when, as was frequently the case, he was under the influence of liquor.

Such was the man who entered the library, and evidently ill at ease on finding himself in a room so unfitted to his habits, made a clumsy salutation.

'Well, Trimble,' said Mr. Grey, with unusual cordiality, 'how are you getting on?'

'Bad enough,' returned Trimble. 'I haven't got no money for you.'

'Have you been unlucky?'

'I'm always unlucky,' growled Trimble, frowning. 'I was born to bad luck, I was.'

'Perhaps your bad luck will leave you, after a time.'

'I don't see no signs of that.'

'Sit down,' said Mr. Grey, with continued cordiality. 'There's a chair next to you.'

Hugh Trimble seated himself cautiously on the edge of a chair, a little surprised at the unexpected attention he was receiving.'

'I want to speak to you on an important subject.'

'All right, sir,' responded the backwoodsman, not without curiosity.

'You say you have always been unlucky?'

'Yes, sir.'

'And you don't expect your luck to change, I think you said?'

'Not unless it becomes worse,' grumbled Trimble.

'Would you consider it good luck if some one should pay you over a thousand dollars?'

'Would I? I'd think myself a rich man,' exclaimed Trimble. 'But who's a goin' to do it?' he added, in a more subdued voice.

'I will, on certain conditions.'

'You will give me a thousand dollars?' exclaimed the backwoodsman, opening wide his eyes in astonishment.

'On conditions.'

'Name 'em.'

'First, you must promise that what I tell you shall be kept secret.'

Hugh Trimble made the promise.

Mr. Grey now rose and closed the door, which was partially open, and drawing his chair near that of his visitor, conferred with him in a low voice for some twenty minutes. At the end of that time he dismissed him with a parting injunction.

'Remember what I have told you, and above all things be secret.'

When the visitor had departed, he stood with his back to the fire, and smiled unpleasantly, as he repeated:

'I think it'll work! I think it'll work!'

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A RIDE THROUGH THE WOODS.

The next morning when the three were seated at the breakfast table, Mr. Grey said:

'Jasper, I think I shall leave you to amuse yourself this morning. I propose to invite Gilbert to accompany me on a drive.'

'All right, father. Where do you intend, driving?'

'I scarcely know yet. There are many pleasant places in the neighborhood which it is worth while to visit.'

'I wonder what the old man's up to,' thought Jasper. 'No good to Gilbert, I'll be bound. Well, I've had my turn, and it's more than right that he should take his. I won't ask any inconvenient questions.'

'Will that arrangement be agreeable to you?' asked James Grey, turning to his young visitor.

'I shall be happy to accompany you, Mr. Grey,' answered our hero, politely.

'Then it is settled. I will order the chaise round to the door at ten o'clock.'

'I will be ready, sir.'

Jasper looked at his father curiously, as Gilbert left the room. His look was returned by one equally significant.

'Ask no questions,' it said, and Jasper sauntered out of the room in mute obedience.

Ten o'clock found the chaise before the door. Gilbert was on hand, and so was his uncle.

'Jump in, Gilbert,' said Mr. Grey.

Our hero did so, and James Grey followed.

Jasper stood near, and looked on.

'He isn't coming back,' he said to himself. 'I saw it in my father's eyes. He won't dare to kill him, I wonder?'

The question, which should have produced a feeling of horror, only caused a feeling of curiosity, and he walked away, in the confidence that the dangerous foe to his prospects was to be disposed of somehow.

'It is a pleasant morning for driving,' said Mr. Grey, by way of opening the conversation.

'Yes, sir, very pleasant.'

'Did you have any more trouble with Bucephalus yesterday?'

'No, sir. He has given up the contest.'

'I am glad to hear it.'

'How large is your estate, Mr. Grey?'

This was a simple question, but James Grey understood it as implying curiosity on the part of our hero to learn how large a property he could claim.

'There are about two hundred acres,' he answered. 'By the way, we have not yet spoken of your claim.'

'No, sir.'

'I have been meaning to go to Alton to consult my lawyer. I have delayed it, longer perhaps than I should. To-morrow I will attend to it, and report to you the result.'

'Thank you, sir. I don't like to hurry you, but a decision is so important to my plans in life, that I should like the matter decided as soon as possible.'

'Of course, your feeling is only natural. Indeed I have reason to feel in the same way, for if your claim is sustained it will reduce me to comparative poverty, and my poor boy also.'

James Grey spoke with affected feeling, and Gilbert responded quickly: 'Don't think so meanly of me, Mr. Grey, as to suppose that I should be willing to reduce you and Jasper to poverty. I cannot give up my rights, but I will take care that you are saved from any pecuniary want.'

'Will you, indeed?' said Mr. Grey to himself with a sneer. 'Thank you for nothing, young man. I intend to provide against that contingency myself.'

What he said aloud was something very different.

'I feel sure that in any event I can rely on your forbearance,' he said. 'But the decision may be in my favor, and in that case I will not be behind you in generosity. I will do what I can to further your interests, though I do not promise to do as much for you as my own son.'

'Of course not, sir. I thank you for your offer.'

Mr. Grey spoke so frankly and fairly—he was one of those who could assume a virtue, though he had it not—that Gilbert was partially deceived—so far, at least, as to question the correctness of his former impressions of his uncle. Nevertheless he could not help calling to mind that this man, fairly as he now spoke, had in all probability conspired against him, dooming him to privation and penury for nearly ten years, while he and his son had been living luxuriously. On the whole his uncle was a puzzle to him. He exhibited such a contrariety of character and disposition, that he knew not what decision it would be right to come to respecting it.

'I am going to avoid the village, Gilbert,' said his uncle, 'and drive you along a very charming road, or rather car-path threading the woods. The trees are now looking very beautiful with their changing foliage, and I think you will like it better than the ordinary road.'

'You are right, sir, I should,' answered Gilbert.

'It will give you an idea of our Western forests. I suppose you are only familiar with those in the East.'

'I am not familiar with any. I have always lived in the city—first in New York, and afterwards in Cincinnati.'

Gilbert would have mentioned his residence in Australia, but he thought that the reference to it might be construed by his uncle into a tacit reproach, and therefore forbore.

They turned from the main road into one not much frequented, and speedily entered the forest. Not a suspicion of his uncle's bad faith, or of any conspiracy against himself, entered the mind of our hero. He had not yet fathomed the depth of his uncle's wickedness.

'Jasper never cares to ride in this direction,' said Mr. Grey. 'He has no love for Nature.'

'He has told me that he would rather live in the city.'

'Yes, he would, but I am attached to the country. I suppose when he grows older that he will insist upon leaving me. That will leave me indeed solitary.'

They kept on till they were in the heart of the woods. As Mr. Grey had said, the road was now but a car-path, bordered on either side by tall straight trees. Suddenly from a covert of underbrush, a ruffian sprang out, and seized the horse by the bridle.

CHAPTER XXXV.

HOW GILBERT IS DISPOSED OF.

'What do you want, fellow?' demanded James Grey? sternly, in order to keep up appearances, for he recognized his confederate. 'Let go that bridle.'

'I want money,' said Hugh Trimble, for, of course, it was he.

'Is this the fashion in which you ask it?' said Mr. Grey. 'Let go my bridle, and come round to my house. Then I will listen to your application, and if I find you deserving, I will grant your request.'

'That don't go down,' said Hugh, roughly. 'You rich men take good care of your money. I shouldn't stand no chance at your house.'

'As much there as here.'

'Maybe not,' said the man, significantly. 'There you'd be master. Here I am master.'

'What do you mean by that?'

'I mean that I want five hundred dollars, and I mean to have it.'

'Do you dare to threaten me?'

'Yes, I do. You are a rich man, I am poor. You can spare five hundred dollars without feeling it.'

'I don't intend to be forced into giving you money. Let go that bridle or I will run over you.'

'I will stand by you, Mr. Grey,' said Gilbert, speaking for the first time. 'Don't submit to that man's demands.'

'Young man,' said Hugh, 'you'd better not interfere. You can't help your father.'

'He is not my father.'

'No matter what he is, you'd better keep out of the affair. That's the advice I give you.'

'I shall stand by him,' said Gilbert, spiritedly. 'You've got two against you.'

'And you've got two against you,' said Hugh, drawing a pistol from a side pocket. 'What do you say to that?'

'My friend, what is that you demand?' asked Mr. Grey.

'So I'm your friend now, am I?' retorted Hugh, with a mocking laugh.

'It's the pistol that's done it, I reckon.'

'I repeat it, what do you want?'

'Five hundred dollars.'

'I left my pocketbook at home. I will go back and get the money.'

'Do you take me for a fool? You would come back with an officer of the law.'

'I promise you that I will lay no trap for you.'

Here Hugh seemed to hesitate.

'I'll tell you what I'll do,' he said finally. 'Leave the boy with me as a pledge, and I'll let you go.'

'Suppose I don't?'

'I'll shoot you on the spot.'

James Grey turned to Gilbert.

'You hear what he says. Are you willing to remain with him while I go back and get the money?'

Gilbert did not fancy the plan, and hesitated.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

The Cook's Dilemma.

"Two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar and one of soda to a quart of flour" was formerly the standing direction in every kitchen for making light biscuit, cake, etc. It has been found of late that the old rule won't work, double this quantity of cream of tartar being frequently required to produce the former result, and even then, owing to the great variation in strength of the best cream of tartar that can be purchased at the stores, uniform results can no longer be depended upon in its use

The cause of this inferiority of modern cream of tartar is explained by the Massachusetts State Board of Health, and also by the New York State Board of Health, which, in a recent examination of 27 samples of cream of tartar, claimed by dealers to be of the best quality, found them adulterated with alum, terra alba, phosphate of calcium, etc., from 3 to 93 per cent. Five samples were adulterated with terra alba to such an extent that they were really terra alba with a little cream of tartar added. In the soda examined, from 17 per cent. of carbonate of lime to 25 per cent. of ground gypsum were found. Of course it is impossible to produce light or wholesome bread with such stuff as this for a leavening material, and the best cooks, if relying upon its use, must frequently fail in their work. The old formula, therefore, no longer to be relied upon, must give way to new methods.

Science, fortunately, comes to the aid of the cook in this dilemma with the ever-ready baking powder; but here again the greatest care is necessary in selecting a baking powder, to avoid one that may not only spoil the work of the cook, but will make the cookery produced an instrument of danger to the health. Most of the baking powder and bread preparations of the market are made either from the very cream of tartar above described, from alum, which is poison, or from phosphates derived by disgusting processes, from the solution of old bones in sulphuric acid, and hence their use is attended with the same inconvenience and dangerous results that follow the use of adulterated cream of tartar. The only way to overcome these difficulties would seem to be in the selection of a baking powder of a thoroughly well established reputation, whose absolute purity, wholesomeness and effective power as a leavening agent have been confirmed beyond contravention. The Royal Baking Powder meets this want more nearly than any other, and has been recommended by the Government chemist as the most acceptable and perfect substitute for the old-fashioned cream of tartar and soda. It is undoubtedly pure, and its merits have given it a sale probably equaling that of all other baking powders combined. Its manufacturers have an advantage over all others in possessing facilities for obtaining pure materials. They refine their cream of tartar direct from the imported crude grape acid by means of patented processes, exclusively their own, by which the cream of tartar is rendered absolutely pure and uniform in strength. In addition to this, they employ a number of expert chemists, who thoroughly test every pound of ingredient used, and admit no material into the Royal Baking Powder compound until they have demonstrated it chemically pure. As a consequence, the action of this powder is always uniform, as well as of the highest degree of power, and never fails to produce light, sweet, wholesome and palatable bread, biscuit or cake. With its universal market, and the great magnitude of its sales, this company finds it to its interests to adopt these extraordinary methods, which no baking powder maker whose market is limited to a single State or locality can afford.

Dalhousie Law School.

A copy of the Inaugural Addresses, etc., delivered at the opening of the Law School, is on our table. The founders of this School have placed the legal profession of the Dominion and Newfoundland under great obligations, by the praiseworthy efforts they have made to provide at a cost never attempted legal education and training equal to that obtained at the Inns of Court, or the famous law schools of the United States. There are in Canada several law schools, but none of them except that of Dalhousie have regularly endowed chairs. The lack of suitable endowments always creates a feeling of insecurity, and students know well the difference between a professor or lecturer paid to do his work, and one who has no reward but the fees. The yearly revenue of this school is quite equal to the interest of $100,000, and if to this amount we add the other endowments of Dalhousie, and the $10,000 given away yearly in bursaries and scholarships to assist poor but worthy young men, it will be seen that Dalhousie is far ahead of any institution of learning in Canada. But the endowments of the law school are not the respect in which it is the most famous, except in so far as it enables the faculty to provide legal education at a cost hitherto unapproached in Canada. Board, books, fees, and lodgings can be provided at the cost of $150 per year. Attendance at any American law school would cost twice or three times this amount. To most men seeking a legal education, expense is always the great question. From the examination papers of the school, it is easy to perceive that the training is of the most accurate and rigorous description; indeed few lawyers at the bar could pass the examination. With a library of some 5,000 volumes, and rapidly increasing; with a faculty of eight professors and lecturers, some of them as well known as Judge Thompson of the Supreme Court, and Dr. Weldon, the school holds out every inducement to young men seeking legal education and training. The school year begins on the 20th of October, and ends on the 10th of April. In New Brunswick and Nova Scotia the degree of a law school admits to the bar in three years, while a course with a barrister takes four.

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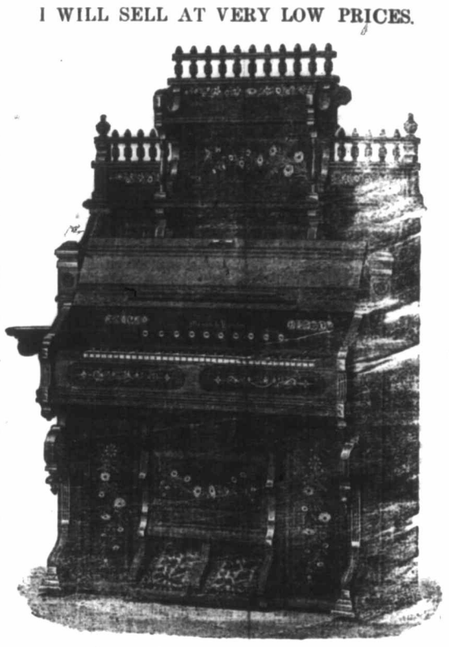
Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism. JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT (for Internal and External Use) will instantaneously relieve these terrible diseases, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure.
JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT CURES Influenza, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hoarseness, Bleeding Lungs, 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 Hog Cholera, &c. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for five 25c. stamps. Furnished in large cans, price $1.00; by mail, $1.25. Circulars free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.
CHICKEN CHOLERA,

CABINET ORGANS
I WILL SELL AT VERY LOW PRICES.



MASON & HAMLIN, the Best in the World.
GOOD CANADIAN ORGANS, Cheapest and Best in the Dominion.
You can save $20 by buying from me. Try it.
LEONARD MORRIS.
Summerside, Sept. 3, 1884.

PERKINS & STERNS
New Goods, Cheap Goods,
RELIABLE GOODS!
We are continually adding to our stock, cheap lots of Staple and Fancy Goods. Have opened during the past week,
New Corsets, New Hoop Skirts,
NEW BUSTLES, NEW RUBBER CIRCULARS, &c.
—VERY BEST VALUE IN—
Grey Cottons, White Cottons, Printed Cottons, Sheetings, White and Colored Cotton Warps,
CHEAP, AND EVERY BUNDLE WARRANTED.
Table Linen, Napkins, Towels, Towellings, Window Hollands, Counterpanes, &c.
Carpets & Oil Cloths.
ALL OF THE ABOVE GOODS VERY CHEAP.
PERKINS & STERNS.
Charlottetown, August 20, 1884.

BEER & GOFF'S
FOR TEA.
BEER & GOFF'S
FOR TEA.
Charlottetown, July 2, 1884.

McLEOD, MORSON & McQUARRIE,
BARRISTERS AND ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Office in Old Bank,
[UP STAIRS.]
Charlottetown, February 27, 1884.

Oakland House
Formerly Queen's Hotel,
KING STREET, WEST.
HAVING engaged the premises formerly known as the "Queen's Hotel," on King Street, the Subscriber has had the same thoroughly renovated and painted, and is now prepared to accommodate permanent and transient Boarders at reasonable rates.
Good Stabling in connection.
A. CLARK.
July 30, 1884—3m

TO THE PUBLIC.
THE undersigned is prepared to attend to LAND SURVEYING, either in town or country. Having had over thirty years' experience, he can guarantee satisfaction.
Residence—Sydney Street, next to the residence of W. H. Findley, Esq., Charlottetown.
THOMAS HICKEY.
May 21, 1884—1 yr

BARRELS
BARRELS.
THE undersigned having engaged the premises on Euston Street, directly opposite Mr. H. F. Coombs' store, is prepared to make
Mackerel and Pork Barrels
TO ORDER.
Shipments of fish promptly attended to.
D. R. OLDIS, Cooper,
Charlottetown, July 2, 1884—3m