THE RIGHT MUST WIN.

Oh, it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take His part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart

He hides himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God,
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

Or He deserts us at the hour
The fight is all but lost,
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need Him most.

Ill masters good, good seems to change
To ill with greatest ease,
And, worse than all, the good with good
Is at cross purposes.

Ah! God is other than we think;
His ways are far above.
Far beyond reason's height, and reached
Only by childlike love.

Workmen of God, oh, lose not heart
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike;

Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when He
Is most invisible.

Blest, too, is he who can divine
Where real right always lies,
And dare to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eyes.

For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!

—*Faber*

DARE AND DO RIGHT;

—OR THE—

ADVENTURES OF TOM, THE BOOTBLACK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ONLY AN IRISH BOY."

CHAPTER IV.

AT THE HOSPITAL.

On a neat bed, at the Bellevue Hospital, old Jacob was stretched out. He had been in constant pain, but opiates had been administered, and he was in an uneasy slumber.

Tom presented himself at the office below as soon as he could after hearing of the accident.

'Is he much hurt? Is he in danger?' he asked, anxiously, for Jacob was nearer to him than anyone else.

'He is now sleeping and must not be disturbed. Come to-morrow, and we can tell you more,' was the reply.

'You can tell me if he was much hurt.'

'One leg is broken, but we cannot yet tell whether he has received any internal injury. All depends upon that.'

Tom presented himself the next day. This time the physician looked grave.

'We have reason to think that he is injured internally. His life is uncertain.'

'Poor Jacob!' murmured Tom, moved by pity for the old man.

'Is he your grandfather?' asked the physician.

'No; but I have lived with him for some years. Can I see him?'

'Yes.'

Tom followed the doctor into a long hall lined with beds. About midway on the left hand side, he recognized the form of his old companion.

'I'm sorry to see you here, Jacob,' said Tom, gently.

'I'm almost dead,' said the old man, peevishly. 'The man drove over me on purpose.'

'I hope not.'

'I tell you he did!'

'Well, Jacob, it can't be helped. You must try to get well.'

'I'm an old man. I'm afraid I shall never get well again,' and he looked eagerly into Tom's face.

Having heard what he did from the doctor, Tom was placed in an awkward position. He was too honest to give false hopes, and he remained silent.

'What did the doctor tell you?' demanded Jacob suspiciously.

'He said he could not tell whether you would get well or not.'

'He thought I was going to die?' said the old man, nervously.

'He didn't say that.'

'I don't want to die,' moaned the old man, terrified. 'I'm only sixty-five. My father lived to be seventy-five.'

'You may live, Jacob.'

'I—I'm not ready to die. Ask the doctor to do all he can.'

'He will be sure to do that.'

There was a pause. The old man's features were convulsed. He had not till now thought that he was in danger of dying. He was trying to realize the terrible fact. Tom stood by in silence, for he had some idea of Jacob's feelings, and he pitied him.

At length the old man turned his face again toward him, and said:

'Tom?'

'What is it, Jacob?'

'I want you to ask the doctor every day if he thinks I am going to die; and, when he says there is no hope, tell me.'

'Yes, Jacob.'

'Do you promise?'

'Yes. I promise.'

'There is something I must tell you before I die—something important. Do you hear?'

'Yes, I hear.'

'It's something you ought to know. Now you can go. I want to sleep.'

'Perhaps it is something about my father,' thought Tom, with vague curiosity.

It was a matter that he had never troubled himself much about, but now it did occur to him that he should like to know a little more about himself. He determined to keep faithfully the promise he had made the old man.

He was destined to have one more adventure before the day closed.

On leaving the hospital Tom directed his course to Broadway. It was the busiest part of the day, and the street was crowded with stages, drays, and other vehicles, making it difficult to cross. A hump-backed seamstress stood on the sidewalk, looking helplessly across, but not daring to venture on the perilous passage. There was no policeman in sight.

'I wish I could get across,' she said loud enough to be heard. 'Mother won't know what has become of me.'

Tom saw her anxious face and stepped up at once.

'I will take you across, miss,' he said politely.

'Will you?' she asked, her face brightening. 'I shall be very much obliged to to you. My poor mother is sick at home, waiting for some medicine I went out to get for her, and I have been standing here ten minutes not daring to cross. I don't know when Broadway has been so full.'

'Take my arm,' said Tom, 'and don't be afraid.'

She had scarcely taken our hero's arm, when a rude street-boy called out, in derision:

'Is that your girl, Tom? Ask her what she will take for her hump.'

'I'll lick you when I come back,' retorted Tom. 'Don't mind what he says, miss,'

'I don't,' said the seamstress; 'I'm used to it,' she added, with a patient sigh.

'Don't think about it,' said Tom.

'You are not afraid to be seen with a hunchback?'

'There ain't no cause.'

By this time Tom had skillfully threaded his way with his companion across the street, and landed her in safety on the other side.

'I am very much obliged to you,' she said, gratefully. 'You're a gentleman.'

With these words she nodded, and walked hastily.

'A gentleman!' repeated Tom, thoughtfully. 'Nobody ever called me that before. My clo'es don't look much like it. Maybe it ain't all in the clo'es. I'd like to be a gentleman, and,' he added impulsively, 'I mean to be one, some time. I'll have to change my business fust, though. Gentlemen don't generally black boots for a livin'.'

It was a passing thought that came to him by chance, his desire to grow up a gentleman, but he was more than half in earnest. He had not thought much about the future hitherto, but now his ambition was kindled, and he thought he should like to fill a respectable place in society.

What road should he take to the success which he coveted.

It did not seem very clear as yet, but perhaps the revelation which Jacob promised would have some bearing upon the solution of the problem.

CHAPTER V.

THE LAST INTERVIEW.

Two weeks passed away. Tom went about his business as usual, but every day he made it a point to call at the hospital to inquire how Jacob was getting on. At first the answers were moderately encouraging, but a turn came, and the doctors spoke less hopefully. Finally Tom was told that the old man could not live.

'How soon will he die?' he asked.

'He may live forty-eight hours, but it is possible that the end may come sooner.'

'Then I must see him and tell him. I promised him I would.'

'It may be well to do so. If he has anything to tell you before he dies, no time should be lost.'

When Tom approached Jacob's bedside, he saw from his changed appearance that the doctors had told him truly. He was not used to the sight of those who were very sick, but soon to an inexperienced observer the signs of approaching death were plain. Tom in the full vigor of perfect health regarded his old companion with awe and pity.

'How do you feel this morning, Jacob?' he asked.

'I am very weak, said the old man, faintly.

'Are you in much pain?'

'No; the pain has gone away. If I can get stronger, I shall soon be out again.'

He did not realize that this relief from pain was only a sign that Nature had succumbed at last, and that Death had gained the victory. Tom hated to dispel the illusion, but it must be done.

'Jacob,' he said slowly and sadly, 'I have got something to tell you.'

'What is it?' said the old man, in alarm.

'It is something that the doctor told me just now.'

'He—he didn't say I was going to die?' asked Jacob, agitated.

'Yes; he said you could not live.'

A low and feeble wail burst from the old man's lips.

'I can't die,' he said. 'I'm not ready. I'm only sixty-two. He—he may be mistaken. Don't you think I look better this morning?'

'You look very sick.'

'I don't want to die,' wailed the old man. 'It's only a little while since I was a boy. Did—did he say how long I could live?'

'He said you might live forty-eight hours.'

'Forty-eight hours—only two days—are you sure he said that?'

'Yes, Jacob. I wish I could do anything to make you live longer.'

'You're a good boy, Tom. I—I'm afraid I haven't been a good friend to you.'

'Yes, you have, Jacob. We have always been good friends.'

'But, I helped do you a great wrong. I hope you will forgive me.'

'I don't know what it is, but I will forgive you, Jacob.'

'Then perhaps Heaven will forgive me, too. I'll do all I can. I'll leave you all my money.'

Tom did not pay much regard to this promise, for he did not know that Jacob had any money beyond a few shillings, or possibly a few dollars.

'Thank you, Jacob,' he said, 'but I can earn enough to pay my expenses very well. Don't trouble yourself about me.'

'There's no one else to leave it to,' said the old man. 'It isn't much, but you shall have it.'

Here he drew out with trembling fingers the key suspended to a piece of twine which, through all his sickness, he had carried around his neck. He held it in his hand a moment, and a spasm convulsed his pale features. To give it up seemed like parting with life itself. It was a final parting with his treasure to which, small though it was, his heart clung even in this solemn moment. He held it, reluctant to give it up, though he knew now that he must.

'Take this key, Tom,' he said. 'It is the key to my box of gold.'

'I didn't know you had a box of gold,' said Tom, rather surprised.

'It is not much—a hundred dollars. If I had lived longer I might have got more.'

'A hundred dollars, Jacob. I did not think you were so rich.'

'It will never do me any good,' said the old man bitterly. 'I was a fool to go out in the street that day. I might have lived to be as old as my father. He was seventy-five when he died.'

Tom would like to have comforted him, but he would give him no hope of life, and that was what the old man longed for.

'Where is the box of money?' he asked, seeking to divert Jacob's mind, as well as to gain a necessary piece of information.

'It is under the floor of the room. You lift up a board just before you get to the pantry and you will see a tin box underneath. You will find something else in it, Tom. It is a paper in which I wrote down all I know about you. You said you would forgive me for wronging you.'

'Yes, Jacob.'

'Perhaps you can get back your rights, but I am afraid not.'

'My rights!' repeated Tom bewildered.

'Yes; I can't tell you about it. I am too weak. The paper will tell you.'

The old man began to show signs of exhaustion. The excitement of learning his hopeless condition, and the conversation which he had already held with Tom, had overtasked his feeble strength, and he showed it by his appearance.

'I am afraid I have staid too long Jacob,' said Tom, considerately. 'I will go now, but I will come back to-morrow morning.'

'You won't look for the box till I am gone, Tom?' said the old man anxiously. 'I—the doctors might be wrong, and if I get well, I would want it back again.'

'No, Jacob, I will not look for it while you are alive.'

'Promise me,' said Jacob, suspicious to the last where money was concerned.

'I promise, Jacob. Don't be troubled. I would rather have you live than take all the money.'

'Good boy!' said Jacob, faintly, as his head sank back on the pillow.

Tom left the hospital ward with one last glance of compassion at the miserable old man, who clung to life, which had so little that is ordinarily counted agreeable, with despairing hope. It was the last time he was to see Jacob alive. The next day when he called to inquire after the old man, he was told that he was dead. He sank steadily after his last interview with our hero, and having parted with the key to his treasure, it seemed as if there was nothing left to live for.

CHAPTER VI.

THE REVELATION.

Tom had already made up his mind upon one point. He would accept the bequest of his old companion, since in so doing he was robbing no one better entitled to it. So far as he knew, the old man had no relatives or friends, except himself. But he was determined that since Jacob had money he should not be buried at the public expense. He would take so much of the hundred dollars as might be necessary, and place it in the hands of the doctor at Bellevue Hospital to defray the expenses of Jacob's funeral. He would say nothing about it, however, till he had actually found the money. It might be a hallucination of Jacob's, and have no real existence.

'When will he be buried?' he inquired at the hospital.

'Day after to-morrow.'

'How much will it cost?'

'Do not trouble yourself about that,' said the physician, who judged that Tom was poor. 'That will be done at the expense of the city.'

'But,' said Tom, conscientiously, 'he left a little money. At least he told me so. If I find it, I will pay out of it whatever it costs.'

'It is not necessary.'

'I would rather do it; that is, if I find the money. It didn't do him any good while he was alive, and he lost his life in getting a part of it.'

'Then, if you find this money, you may pay the expense of the coffin.'

'How much will that be?'

'From ten to fifteen dollars.'

'I will bring you fifteen dollars to-morrow,' said Tom.

Of course Tom might easily have saved this money, and applied it to his own use, but his feeling was one that did him credit. As he had for years supported Jacob, he had of course spent for him much more than the hundred dollars, and so might have considered himself justly entitled to all the money, but this thought never occurred to him.

After leaving the hospital, Tom went home at once. It was his duty now to ascertain whether Jacob had labored under a delusion, or whether he really possessed the money he had spoken of.

Entering the room he locked the door from motives of prudence. Then following the directions of the old man, he went to the part of the room indicated, and getting down on his knees soon found the board beneath which the treasure lay. Carefully removing it, he lifted from beneath the box already described. By means of the key he opened it, and there lay before him, bright and glittering, the scanty treasure which had been so dear to the old man's heart. But to Tom it did not seem scanty. Brought up as he had been in the hard school of poverty, it seemed like quite a fortune, and he was filled with surprise at Jacob's having accumulated so much. But the old man had taken advantage of Tom's absence during the day to go out on frequent begging expeditions. Whenever he had obtained enough to amount to a gold piece, he was in the habit of carrying it to a broker's and effecting an exchange. So, little by little he had obtained a hundred dollars, ninety of which were in gold, the remainder in silver.

Tom deliberated what he should do with his treasure. He determined until his plans were formed to leave it in the box, taking out only fifteen dollars to be carried to the hospital to defray the burial expenses. But there was something else beside the money to seek. Jacob had mentioned a paper, in which he had written out something of Tom's previous history, including an account of the manner in which he had wronged him. This paper was also easily found. It was a folded one, and lay flat on the bottom of the box. It was somewhat discolored, but on opening it Tom found the writing quite legible. It may be a matter of surprise that Tom was able to read the manuscript, as many in his position would have been unable to do. But he had, of his own accord, for several winters attended the city evening schools, and so was not only able to read and write, but also had some knowledge of arithmetic and geography. I do not claim that Tom was a good scholar, but he was not wholly ignorant. He took the paper from the box, and then, locking it, replaced it in its former place of concealment. He then sat down on a chair, and began to read the manuscript:

'Ten years since,' it began, 'I was a clerk in the employ of John and James Grey in Cincinnati. They were merchants in prosperous business, but John was much the richer of the two. James was, in fact, a poor relation who had been taken in, first as a clerk, afterward as a partner with a small interest, but his profits and share of the business were small compared with those of the senior partner. John was a thorough gentleman, and a liberal and excellent man. I always got on well with him, and I shall never forgive myself for wickedly consenting to do harm to him and his. I would not have done it, if it had not been in a manner forced upon me, but I know that this is not a full excuse.

'James Grey I never liked. He was a more pompous man than his cousin, and he was often mistaken for the senior partner, because of the airs he put on. But John Grey only smiled at this, and often said, jokingly:

'You ought to have been in my place James. I'm afraid I don't keep up the dignity of the establishment. I am too quiet.'

'To me, who was only a clerk, though an old and trusted one, James was always supercilious and overbearing. He seemed to look down upon me, though, having only a small interest in the business, I didn't look upon him as very much my superior.

'John Grey was far different. He always treated me with kindness and politeness, and I felt it a pleasure to serve such a man. It was a great grief to me when he died. I knew well enough that I should feel the change, but I did not dream of what actually followed.

'John Grey's death took everyone by surprise. He was a stout, robust man, and he seemed the picture of health; but it was in this habit of body that his danger lay. He was found one day on the floor of his chamber dead, his death resulting, as the doctors said, from apoplexy. He left considerable property, besides his share in the business. All this was left to his son, then a boy of five years of age. The boy's name was Gilbert. You, Tom, are that boy! Let me tell you how it happened that you, the son of a wealthy father, and the heir to great wealth, are now a poor boot black in the streets of New York, with no prospects before you but a life of labor.

'According to your father's will, the whole property was left to his cousin, James Grey, in trust for you. But, in case of your death, your guardian was to inherit the whole of the property. If John Grey had known more of the selfish and worthless character of his cousin, he would never have made such a will. But he had perfect confidence in him, and judged him by himself. He did not see that he had exposed him to a very strong temptation, a temptation which, as it proved, he was unable to resist.

'Mr. James Grey, who was boarding with his wife and son, a boy of about your own age, immediately moved to your father's beautiful house, and installed himself there taking you under his charge. For several months matters went on quietly, and I began to think that I had mi-judged my new employers. But I did not know the trouble that was in store for me. First my whole property, a few thousand dollars which I had saved, had been intrusted to a gentleman in whom I had confidence, and by him invested for me. He failed, dishonestly, as I suspect, and so all my savings were lost. Troubles never come singly, so they say, and so I found out. While I was almost crushed under this blow, another fell upon me. One morning some valuable securities, belonging to the firm, were missing. Of course they were sought for, and, as a matter of form—so Mr. Grey said—the desks of all in the establishment were searched. What was my horror when the missing securities were found in my desk! Of course this was ruin. My reputation, my future were in the hands of James Grey. I could not account for the discovery, knowing my innocence; but I now feel sure that my employer put the papers in my desk himself.

'Instead of arresting me, he told me to come up to his house that evening. I came. I protested my innocence.

'He asked me pointedly if I could prove it. I told him no. Then he said that he had a plan in view. If I could aid him, he would forgive my offence, and would not have me arrested. Cautiously he unfolded his plan, and it was this: In consideration of five thousand dollars in gold, I was to carry you off by night, and sail with you to Australia, changing your name to Tom, and must agree nevermore to bring you back to America, or let you know who you were. Of course I knew that this was only a plot to get possession of the property, and I told him so. He freely admitted it to me, but coolly threatened me with the severest punishment of the law for my supposed crime if I disclosed it, or refused to aid him.

'Well, the result of it was that I agreed to his terms. It was arranged as had been agreed upon, and I left Cincinnati, secretly, with you under my charge. Arriving in New York, I sailed for Australia under an assumed name. But when I arrived I didn't like the country. After a year, I took passage in a vessel bound for New York. We were wrecked, and all my money was lost. We were saved by a vessel bound for the same port, and at length, reached it penniless. How we have lived since, you know as well as I do. It has been a wretched life; but I never dared write to Mr. Grey, lest he should have me arrested for embezzling the securities. But I have often hoped that retribution would come upon him, and that you might be restored to your rights. I have heard that he closed up the business, and removed further West, having proved, by a witness whom he bribed, that you had been drowned in the Ohio River. The body of a poor boy was exhibited as yours.

'If ever you meet James Grey, you will recognize him by this description. He is a large man, with a square face, gray eyes, and a scar on his right cheek, an inch long. I don't know where he got the scar, but it is always red, especially when he is excited.'

Tom dropped the paper in his amazement.

'Why,' he soliloquized, 'it must be the man whose boots I blacked one morning before the Astor House. He must have knowed me, or he wouldn't have asked so many questions.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Economy.

There is nothing which goes so far towards placing young people beyond the reach of poverty as economy in the management of their domestic affairs. It matters not whether a man furnishes little or much for his family, if there is a continual leakage in his kitchen or in his parlor, it runs away he knows not how, and that demon Waste cries 'More!' like the horse-leech's daughter, until he that provides has no more to give. It is the husband's duty to bring into the house, and it is the wife's to see that none goes wrongfully out of it. A man gets a wife to look after his affairs, and to assist him in journeying through life, to educate and prepare his children for a proper station in life, and not to dissipate his property. The husband's interest should be the wife's care, and her greatest ambition should carry her no further than his welfare or happiness together with that of her children. This should be her sole aim, and the theatre of her exploits in the bosom of her family, where she may do as much toward making a fortune as he can in the counting-room or in the work-shop. It is not the money earned that makes a man wealthy—it is what he saves from his earnings. Self-gratification in dress or indulgence in appetite, or more company than his purse can well entertain, are equally pernicious. The first adds vanity to extravagance, the second fastens a doctor's bill to a long butcher's account, and the latter brings intemperance, the worst of all evils, in its train.

One of the hardest lessons in life for young people to learn is to practice economy. It is a harder duty for a young man to accumulate and save his first $1,000 than his next $10,000. A man can be economical without being mean, and it is one of the most solemn duties to lay up sufficient in his days of strength and prosperity to provide for himself and those who are or may be dependent upon him in days of sickness or misfortune. Extravagance is one of the greatest evils of the present age. It is undermining and overturning the loftiest and best principles that should be retained and held sacred in society. It is annually sending thousands of young men and young women to ruin and misfortune.

Cultivate, then, sober and industrious habits; acquire the art of putting a little aside every day and for your future necessities; avoid all unnecessary and foolish expenditures. Spend your time only in such a manner as shall bring you profit and enjoyment, and your money for such things as you actually need for your comfort and happiness, and you will prosper in your lives, your business, and will win and retain the respect and honor of all worthy and substantial people.

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AYER'S Cherry Pectoral.

So other complaints are so insidious in their attack as those affecting the throat and lungs: none so trifled with by the majority of sufferers. The ordinary cough or cold, resulting perhaps from a trifling or unconscious exposure, is often but the beginning of a fatal sickness. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has well proven its efficacy in a forty years' fight with throat and lung diseases, and should be taken in all cases without delay.

A Terrible Cough Cured.

"In 1857 I took a severe cold, which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded me the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the PECTORAL a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years old, hale and hearty, and am satisfied your CHERRY PECTORAL saved me.

HORACE FAIRBROTHER."

Rockingham, Vt., July 15, 1882.

Croup.—A Mother's Tribute.

"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with croup; it seemed as if he would die from strangulation. One of the family suggested the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, a bottle of which was always kept in the house. This was tried in small and frequent doses, and to our delight in less than half an hour the little patient was breathing easily. The doctor said that the CHERRY PECTORAL had saved my darling's life. Can you wonder at our gratitude? Sincerely yours,

MRS. EMMA GERNEY."

159 West 128th St., New York, May 16, 1882.

"I have used AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL in my family for several years, and do not hesitate to pronounce it the most effectual remedy for coughs and colds we have ever tried. A. J. CRANE."

Lake Crystal, Minn., March 13, 1882.

"I suffered for eight years from Bronchitis, and after trying many remedies with no success, I was cured by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. JOSEPH WALDEN."

Bylalia, Miss., April 5, 1882.

"I cannot say enough in praise of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, believing as I do that but for its use I should long since have died from lung troubles. F. BRANDON."

Palestine, Texas, April 22, 1882.

No case of an affection of the throat or lungs exists which cannot be greatly relieved by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL and it will *always cure* when the disease is not already beyond the control of medicine.

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Repairing and Painting done with Neatness and Despatch.

Charlottetown, March 5, 1884—tf

[COPY.]

YARMOUTH, N. S., April 12th, 1884.

DR. BENNET.

DEAR SIR. Words cannot express the deep gratitude I feel for all you have been the means in God's hands of doing for me. I have not been as well as I am at present for nearly seven years. During that time I have been carried to Boston twice, in order to receive medical treatment, and whilst there employed three of the best doctors I could get. I would rally for a short time and then find myself as bad as ever again. After my return from Boston the last time, I should have given up in despair and said it was no use. I shall never get well, had it not been for my faith in God. But I felt that it was in accordance with our Heavenly Father's will that I should yet walk. I felt also that something more was required in order to restore me to health, than had already been done. So I prayed that God would bring about the right means for my restoration to health. As it was in the days when our Saviour was on earth, so it is now, according to our faith it shall be done unto us. God heard and answered my prayers by sending you to me, and with His blessing resting upon the medicine used by you, I am now able to do light work, walk a mile, and feel I am gaining my strength all the time. The weakness that held me down and prevented me either sitting up or walking for nearly five years, you have entirely cured, which no other doctor I have ever employed could do. It gives me great pleasure to be able, conscientiously, to give this testimonial, feeling that under God I owe my health to you. May your life long be spared for the sake of poor suffering humanity.

Yours respectfully,

MRS. LOIS B. KILLAM.

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And they will tell you unhesitatingly "*Some form of Hops!!!!*"

CHAPTER I.

Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians:

"What is the best and only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs; such as Bright's disease, diabetes, retention, or inability to retain urine, and all the diseases and ailments peculiar to Women?"

"And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically "*Buchu!!!*"

Ask the same physicians

"What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia, constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malaria, fever, ague, &c.;" and they will tell you:

Mandrake! or Dandelion!!!!!"

Hence when these remedies are combined with others equally valuable,

And compounded into Hop Bitters, such a wonderful and mysterious curative power is developed, which is so varied in its operations that no disease or ill health can possibly exist or resist its power, and yet it is

Harmless for the most frail woman, weakest invalid or smallest child to use.

CHAPTER II.

"Patients

"Almost dead or nearly dying"

For years, and given up by physicians, of Bright's and other kidney diseases, liver complaints, severe coughs, called consumption, have been cured.

Women gone nearly crazy!!!!!

From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, wakefulness, and various diseases peculiar to women.

People drawn out of shape from excruciating pangs of rheumatism, inflammatory and chronic, or suffering from scrofula.

Erysipelas!

"Salt rheum, blood poisoning, dyspepsia, indigestion, and, in fact, almost all diseases frail"

Nature is heir to

Have been cured by Hop Bitters, proof of which can be found in every neighborhood in the known world.

☞ None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

MOLASSES & SUGAR.

NOW LANDING,

Ex *F. A. Claimonte*, from Barbadoes,

221 puns. 28 tierces 25 brls. } choice Barbadoes Molasses

20 hhds. 20 tierces. } Superior Grocery Sugar.

For sale low from Wharf.

PENTON T. NEWBERRY.

Ch'town, June 25, 1884—3i

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD

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, Soreness, 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 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.

CHICKEN CHOLERA,

TAYLOR'S,

QUEEN STREET,

THE PLACE FOR

Watches,
Jewelry,
Clocks,
Spectacles.

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

Silver Necklets received to-day.

E. W. TAYLOR,

Charlottetown, June 18, 1884. Watchmaker, &c.

CLOTHING,

CLOTHING,

FOR MEN & BOYS.

J. B. MACDONALD'S

IS THE PLACE TO BUY A

GOOD-FITTING,

Well-made Suit of Clothes.

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

J. B. MACDONALD'S,

QUEEN STREET.

Charlottetown, June 11, 1884.

Insurance.

FIRE AND LIFE!

THE LIVERPOOL, LONDON AND GLOBE

INSURANCE COMPANY!

Invested Fund.....$29,000,000
Investments in Canada.....$900,000

Dwelling House and Farm Pproperty insured on special terms.

LEONARD MORRIS, } Agent for Summerside, } Prince County.

THE DOMINION SAFTY FUND LIFE ASSOCIATION

Deposit with the Dominion Government, $50,000.

Life Insurance at its Actual Cost.

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.

LEONARD MORRIS,

General Agent for P. E. I.

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

March 26, 1884—1y

COAL, COAL.

THE Subscriber is now prepared to receive orders for the following Coal, which will be sold at the lowest cash price, viz:—

Acadia Mine.	Round and Nut,	
Intercolonial,	do.	do.,
Vale,	do.	do.,
Albion,	do.	Slack.
Gowrie,	do.	do.,
Sydney,	do.	do.,

—AND—

ANTHRACITE,

(Egg and Chestnut Sizes).

CAPT. JOHN HUGHES,

WATER STREET.

Ch'town, May 21, 1884—3m.

Farm for Sale.

THE undersigned will sell a valuable FARM of 73 acres, about 25 acres of which are under cultivation, the remainder being covered with hardwood and fencing. This Farm is situated in Marie, Lot 40, King's County. It is convenient to Grist Mills, Starch Factory and Mussel Mud.

Further particulars on application on the premises to

RICHARD WALSH.

April 23, 1884—3m

Eggs. Eggs.

PARTIES having EGGS for sale will obtain full value during the season by taking them to

JOHN KELLY,

American House, Dorchester Street, Charlottetown.

April 16, 1884.