That you will, Molly But-

THE HEIR OF INGLESIDE

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

CHAPTER XIII. A BRAVE BATTLE. was up, and having treated herself to was, Molly Dowd went back to her lite a good bath, she donned her new garments, and fixed her hair neatly. She
answer, in a whisper. work for her-this deep thinking; but hardly recognized the reflection from her little mirror; and a momentary not be afraid to ask' flush crept up into her face as she told

and lostled her brain till she was wellnigh distracted. But, thanks to the after all. thoughts held their way uppermost in the end. She sat a long half hour withbad-looking. Aye-could the stamp nothing more. gest with her head bowed of suffering have been removed from hand—sat until the day had her face, she might have been called the city. Then she started up, as from

she drew the letter from her *Dear old Matt! ' she murmured, in firm, resolute tones, 'you shall not be alene in doing good. How wonderful it is! The same hand that opened the

way to you has opened it to me. Heaven bless the dear letter—and bless

e again, and again put it away in head, and went forth to the Foul

around through the dark archway, and 'It's me, Jo,,-Molly." her to the little parlor.

Bless me, Molly, you Aye,-even the Cerberus of tha an, with his bleared eyes, could

drank it freely.

pale and haggard.

warm and tender love-light.

the wayfarer, tott-ring.

Somerby, in Rollington.

see the new look upon the woman's 'What's up?' he had taken a seat.

if I may say so.' 'And who was the letter

Molly? Was it Sugg? ' No,-it was not from Sugg.

The was as I told you, Jo., honestly and truly. It was from the mate of a ship; and it was for me alone. If you sake me any more questions I shall the shall describe the farmer's house—a skip me any more questions I shall the shall describe the farmer's house—a ship and the shall describe the farmer's house—a skip any shall describe the farmer's house—a ship any shall describe the shall de

can help it.'
'Well, you are a rum'un! But have your own way. I won't bother you.' 'Thank you, Jo. And now I want ome stewed oysters, and a bottle

that same wine." Not a bottle?

But it's worth ten shillings. Then I'll pay ten shillings. Bring

With a prolonged whistle Jo, left the spartment, and when he had cooked the oysters, he brought them in, with the wine; and, as usual, he

'Dy'e expect company, Molly?' 'No,-unless you call yourself com

pany 'That's good,'

You may drink with me, Jo. Thank you.' And Jo. filled the

may know more good in the time to come, Jo., than we have ever known.'

Good! I like that, said Jo. And And now, old gal, ring if you want

Naw, Jo., for your toust."

more of the wine, and when she had done, she pulled the frayed bell-cord which summons Jo. quickly answered, for he had helpers in the front shop.

The girl asked for her bill. The 'Poor soul!' And she of the brown

pon the brow. as stated, and she paid it. · Have you drank all the wice

o. I am going to drink to your now, Jo., and I want enough left nother drink for me afterwards.

or another drink for me attervarus.

Jo, held the bottle up to the hanging
mp, and measured the contents with
its eye. Thus he poured some into
its own gless, and some into Molly's,
saving a good fair glass behind. 'Poor girl,' said Edith, st

's good. Jo. I'll drink to it."

I think I shall have your good wishes.' The family at the farm house con sisted of the widowed mother and four 'That'll do, Jo. I must go now hildren. Two grown-up boys, aged

Mum's the word. You may de- really at the head of the household. A end upon me.'

'Good-night Jo. I hope you may the farm at her father's death she had presper in a good way. You've been always kind to me.'

'Molly! w at in the name of—'
was in her hands to manage. And she was not only equal to the task. Good-night; and may luck go with but her brothers preferred that it

What has possessed the girl? Ah! it's the evening, Edith told her brothers of and you shall know." Lyon Hargrave! Mercy! I hope she the coming of the wayfarer, and it was isn't going to trust that man! If she cheerfully agreed that she should do

toes heaven help her!'
Molly Dowd hurried back to her In the little bedroom Molly Dowd chamber, and to bed. She had done tossed and turned in restless pain; but all her thinking, and had arranged all by and by she heard a light step at the her plans. And she slept soundly door, and in a moment she was quiet.

With the first break of the morning she Edith came in and asked her how she

'I think I shall rest,' was Molly's 'Can I do anything

herself that she was not bad-looking, by my beside." Edith went out and prepared the tea And another, looking at her, might and brought it in—a large bowl full.

Evarly in the morning Edith came on Washington Street, and then made in, cheerful and smiling; but she her way to the Jersey side, where she stopped, fear stricken, when she saw That set me in the better way, and I found the stage-coach she was to take, the hollow cheeks, the staring eyes. and secured her.s at. Her first day's and the pain-marked face before her. ride brought her to Goshen, and upon Molly observed, and quickly sat up in inquiring of the landlord at the inn bed, and stretched forth her hands. She where she was to stop, she found that had resolved to do a brave thing.

That evening Molly felt nervous and my side—not too near—and let me tell shall keep my feet." uncomfortable, and she slept but little you the truth. You may spurn me through the night. In the morning a from you when you have heard—you pot of strong coffee made her feel better, and later she took the stage for but you shall know."

'Dear child,' said Edith, with moistening eyes, 'I feel sure you will stand.
Do not doubt your own strength. If you look constantly to God, you cannot in the prices of ter, and later she took the stage for but you shall know.'
the post-village next adjoining Rol'Tell me,' said Ed 'Tell me,' said Edith, sitting down

lington, which she reached at noon. At the lan in this place she called for dining, shaking hands. ner, but ate very little. She asked for 'Dear angel,' responded the sufferer

coffee, and when that was served she for years I have almost lived upon that fire which consumes both body ner she asked the host if and sonl. This is Saturday morning? he knew a family of the name of

He did. He knew two families of drank a drop of spirit. On that night miles distant, and gave her such tell you when I am stronger-when I shall have something else to tell you. Late in the afternoon Molly set forth Can you still be kind to me?'

the door, and plied the knocker, There was no need that Molly Dowd for you as I would for my own dear hould plead sickness to enlist sym- sister.' athy. She had used the last of her

strength in reaching the house, and as most earnest desire. Help, oh, help, she stood upon the broad stone step and you shall not regret it.' her frame shook, and her face was Edith put her arm around the neck A young woman came to the door- upon her bo woman of thirty, or thereabouts-

no more upon the subject of the past 'In mercy's name, good woman, can

'Of course we can,' was the hearty 'Molly, if you please. response. And the brown-eyed won

took the sufferer by the arm, and led fortable sitting-room, where sat an elderly lady who seemed to be just scovering from sickness, and a girl at hand, and he is a good kind man Lily Merton.

'It is no sickness that you need fear, said the new-comer, as she observed look of concern upon the face of the younger girl. 'I am only worn and faint and broken. It you will let me or you may. I would rather you did

rest here I will pay you. 'Husb, poor child! God's mercy is not strained beneath this roof. Rest,

and be at peace.'

brough her tears.
'What is your name?' she asked.

her, 'will you go and lie down? You long.'

'In mercy's name, what did you do And Edith spoke words of cheer and even now in her bosom? Who shall

set her glass down, bottom upward.

'Jo.,' ahe said, with solems seriousness, 'it is my last drop for a time. I don't know what may come in the future. I may be driven down lower than ever; but I'm going to try and stand. I think I shall have some good wishes.'

No—she could not est; but she would like a cup of strong tea.

And Edith went away, and made the tea, and brought it in; and Molly drank two cup fulls of it, after which she lay down and was left to rest.

You won't speak of this; because if I twenty-two and twenty-six, respectfail and fall, I don't want to be laughed ively, and two daughters, aged twenty and thirty-one. Of these Edith was

after she had gone, 'if here ain't a go.

have told her that she was far from And the wayfarer said she could do

her face, she might have been called twinging pain, but the agony of entire A small travelling bag contained all clamoring for the old fire of the hygone dream, and was surprised to find it that she had to carry, and having pack- times. Molly knew too well what it meant, but she did not faint. She do good instead of doing evil; and he be was hired to put Horace Moore out dark. She lighted a candle, and after ed this, and put on her bonnet and standing a while in its struggling light, shawl, she was ready to set forth. She would conquer or die—that is, if she wrote to me how grand it was to be learned that Sugg had shipped and that Sugg had had no need to see her landlord. She could have the help of kindness. It able to stand up in the broad light and

under no obligations. She got her night. breakfast at a small eating-house, over

'Miss Somerby-Edith,' she said, toostand And, O how great and grand she was still thirty miles from her desbe not slarmed. Sit down here by is the change. I think-I hope-I

'Yes.' Since Wednesday night I have not

that name. One lived in the village, I turned my glass upside down, and to say to you. I have been waiting and kept a store, and the other lived said if I could find help I would drink until I got strong, and until you no a farm.

no a farm.

no a farm that the wayfarer bain that was to come And yet I do time has come. I don't know where to not regret—I do not falter. If you ask me what led to this last step, I shall I must speak. But dear Edith, I be-

tidy, substantial dwelling, with thrifty outcast-very, very low-what theu?'

to be better and happier, and I will care sion upon her face. 'Edith-blessed one! it is my sonl's

of the petitioner, and drew her head I have a reason for my request. I 'Poor child You shall be saved if

whose face was pleasant and kind, my help can accomplish it. I under told the story of Horace Moore; and and whose brown eyes were full of stand all that is necessary, so let us say then she told of Lyon. She told of the until you are stronger. Let us be incoming of his nephew to Ingleside you give me rest and shelter?' asked cheerful if we can. The best of us and of the outgoing of Horace. She need help sometimes. And now, told what she knew. only shadowing

'Well, Molly,' said Edith, with her into the house-led her into a com- smile, resuming her seat, 'the first thing for us to do is to send for the doctor Our family physician is near

' If you think he can help me-

'I am sure be can. 'I must pay him.' 'As you please about that 'I shall tell him the whole trutl

it, Miss Somerby. Edith, if you please 'Good, blessed Edith.'

large, clear brown eyes of the speaker, at the end of an hour the man of medi-and her own eyes filled until the tears cine was at hand. He was, fortunately ran down her hollow cheeks in a man of practical common sense, and stream, and she bowed her head upon when he had heard from Edith just what the case was, he know how to when he had sat by her side a

and tested her courage: 'I shall not force nature to suc easy sleep in an hour, but it would no 'Edith Somerby.'

Adim seemed to come over the eyes to the old pain. Will you, with my of the stranger, and she reeled like one daned and diszv.'

Yes, sir—I will fight it.'

'Yes, sir-I will fight it.' 'Then your sufferings shall not

Yes, Mrss Somerby. If you will were surprised at the speedy conquest, and at the rapid improvement after the speed in the rapid improvement after the enemy had been put under foot. In enemy had been put under foot. In think—Lyon Hargrave came to me in one week from the day of the doctor's New York. He thought I was wholly money I would do. It must tell you bees undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Indian Supplies," will be received up to near feeling that I cannot now remember how far I promised Lyon Hargrave to be scored than she had been before for years. She looked into the mirror now, and a secret joy shone in her eyes as the folmounder, and I was never called Mary, that I can remember. Call me Molly, if you pleases and in the Molly, if you pleases and in the Molly that gets better under the roof. Heaven blem and she had been before heaven. I think I do but my pleases and the the Molly that gets better under the roof. Heaven blem and she had been she for heaven. I think I do but my pleases and the the Molly that gets better under the roof. Heaven blem and she had been before heaven. I think I do but my pleases and the the Molly that gets better under the roof. Heaven blem colleged and should do for money I would do. It must tell you have for indeed and my learned to be an adaptive that the thought of the mirror now, and a secret joy shone in her eyes as the folar since, and I believe that the thing which I now do is right and just must through the Queen't Printer will foreit payment for the same.

1 You have the would do for money I would do. It must tell you have for it had a way in the received up to near them. The was the supprise and at the undermentance articles, or an of them. I have a feel and in the feeling and a transfer we have the past of every least and confounded, and my mind was not clear. But it has been a to get a feel and function of the man of the supprise of the undermentance articles, or an of them. I have the pay to experit a way in the undermentance articles, or an of them. I have the pay to a secret I have a feel and the pay the feel and the supprise and at the undermentance articles, or an of them. I have the undermentance articles, or an of them. I have the undermentance articles, or an of them. I have the undermentance articles, or an of them. I have the undermentance articles, or an of them. I hav

omfort.

Would Molly have anything to sat?

No—she could not est; but she would been her constant and untiring attendible a cup of strong tea.

ant—had been in short, the sister as give to—EDTRI SOMERRY!

she had promised.
One day, when she had be strong and well, Molly was unusu thoughtful, and during the afternoon E-lith asked her what occupied her

length she said:

roof almost three weeks. Have I gain-

upon the cheek, and then answered:
You have won our confidence ar Bless you, Edith, This evening of what I have been thinking to-day It is of that something else which I hinted at when I told you the truth of should be so. They were a happy lit is of that something else which I loving, and contented family.

When the family had assembled for my own sad life. Wait until evening use. This was written almost three

CHAPTER XIV.

A BREAK IN THE SHADOWS. Night had settled down upon valley nd and hillside, and all in the farmlouse, save Edith and Molly, were in bed The two women sat in the little work-room, where a fire of well season-ed hickory wood burned in an old fashioned open fire-place. There had been a long silence, Edith was knitting composedly, while her companion had been for some time restless and uneasy.

At length the latter spoke:

Edith laid aside her work and looked O! it was agony-not the agony of in my life? I received a letter once twinging pain, but the agony of entire unrest. Every nerve was in arms, and been a bad man, but something had started me, and he had been trying to board the Speedwell, and I know that had paid her rent in advance, and was a long and dreary and wretched not, be afraid—I shall show you the letter sometime, Edith. That letter suspected at once the mischief, and he turned me. I was on the turning-point said to an old associate, when I turned my glass bottom-side up, that I didn't

> fail. Your trust and confide Infinite Father of all mercies will Teas, Coffees, Sugars strengthen you, and inspire you with

know what might come in the future.

had ever been, but I was going to try

trust and confidence in the better pa ot yourself.

not forget. which was, as before, broken by Molly: 'Edith, I told you I had something mother got strong; but, now that the lieve it will not make you unhappy.'

' Go on,' said Edith, with sudden in terest. 'Let me know in your ow best way. Commence where you will. to be summoning strength. Finally

· Edith, have you any objection to 40 cent Tea reduced to 35 cents telling me the story of Horace Moore 35 cent Tea reduced to 30 cents and Lyon Hargrave?

the mistress of the farm-house evidently startled. 'Ask me no questions vet Edition

know Lyon Hargrave. After a pause, Edith commenced and GLASS. death of Walter Hargrave, and of the

But her listener was quick to estch the ' And is there not a lady in the case Molly asked.

'Yes' And Edith told the story of COOKING RAISINS. 'And I understand,' she added, ' the in the firm belief that Horace is dead, and pressed thereto by her father, ov whom Lyon Hargrave holds the spspended weight of a heavy debt, she has onsented to become Hargrave's wife. should have gone to her ere this, bu

ickness has prevented. I shall go soon, now, however, leaving you in my place, Molly, while I am gone.' and be at peace. So Edith went out and sent one of the dead? Molly asked in a dreamy way,

as though her thoughts were all turne 'I know not what to think now. A first I did not believe it. I did not be lieve the truth of the annous

the newspapers, for I received a lette from Horace in which he spoke of th eath of the officers of the ship Xerzes 'What was the date of that letter? ' Is the day set for Lilly Merte arriage with Lyon Hargrave?

Molly breathed more freely. Whe

the spoke again her voice was low and remulous, and at the beginning ber rame quivered perceptibly. 'Edith,' she said, 'I will tell you no Asten to me: three weeks ago, or

'Molly !-what?' cried Edith, catch

"O, my soul!" you were never in danger from me, though at first I did not think to betray Lyon Hargeave. I took from him houghts. the money for my expenses, which was Molly looked up with a start. At to be mine whether the work was done ountry; and I had a curiosity to se you. If there was wrong in what I d your confidence?' thought good has come of it. Had I Edith went over and kissed the girl refused Lyon point-blank, he would ave attacked you some other way, After he had left me-it was on the next day-I received a letter from great way off; and when I had hear that letter read I not only determined to save and serve you, but I determined

> weeks later. You may read it.' And Molly drew the letter from he osom, and gave it to her friend. Withideap emotion—with many sta ing ejsculations-and with now and

'Molly,' she cried, when she had fit shed it, 'Horace Moore lives!' 'Aye,' answered Molly, 'and I be well on his way home ere this.' 'Edith pressed her hand to her brow while she collected her thoughts. She had need to think clearly now.

'Molly, what of this man Sagg? Who is he? Dear Edith, let me tell you so that up with a pleasant nod of recognition.

Do you know. Edith, that I am and that together I have go; at the Office and Salesroom nextdoor to J. D. happier than I have ever been before truth. I knew both Sugg and Matt; and I knew Lyon Hargrave; and when Lyon Hargrave had hired him. Matt had been a friend to him. So he, to shipped on board the Speedwell, and conquered. But we shall know a

> [TO BE CONTINUED] GREAT

> > IN THE PRICES OF

when he gers home."

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