MY GRAVE.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

Shall they bury me in the deep,
Where wind-forgetting waters sleep?
Shall they dig a grave for me,
Under the green-wood tree?
Or on the wild heath,
Where the wilder breath
Of the storm doth blow?
Oh, no! oh, no!

Shall they bury me in the palace tombs,
Or under the shade of the cathedral domes?
Sweet 'twere to lie on Italy's shore;
Yet not there—nor in Greece, though I love it more.
In the wolf or the vulture my grave shall I find?
Shall my ashes career on the world-seeing wind?
Shall they fling my corpse on the battle mound,
Where coffinless thousands lie under the ground?
Just as they fall they are buried so—
Oh, no! oh, no!

No! on an Irish green hill-side,
On an opening lawn—but not too wide;
For I love the drip of the wetted trees—
I love not the gales, but a gentle breeze,
To freshen the turf—put no tombstone there,
But green sods decked with daisies fair;
Nor sods too deep, but so that the dew,
The matted grass roots may trickle through.
Be my epitaph writ on my country's mind,
"He served his country, and loved his kind."

Oh! 'twere merry into the grave to go,
If one were sure to be buried so.

DARE AND DO RIGHT:

—OR THE—

ADVENTURES OF TOM, THE BOOTBLACK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ONLY AN IRISH BOY."

CHAPTER XXII.—[CONTINUED.]

'I have lost the key to my trunk,' said Maurice.

'I can make you another,' said the locksmith.

'I want to open it now. Haven't you got some already made?'

'Plenty. But how will you know the size?'

'Give me half a dozen to try, and I will bring back those that don't suit.'

'All right. Is your lock a large one?'

'Not very. About medium,' said Maurice, hazarding a guess.

The locksmith picked out eight keys, of various sizes, and handed them to Maurice.

'I will bring them back safe,' said he.

'All right. I don't think you'll run off with them.'

'Now for it,' said Maurice. 'I think one of these keys must fit.'

He took the cars to a point only two squares distant from Gilbert's boarding-house, and walked toward it. But, in order to change his appearance, he applied to his upper lip a false black mustache, which he had bought for the purpose, and, a little discomposed by his dishonest intentions, walked up the steps and rang the bell. It was opened directly by a servant.

'I'm a friend of Mr. Grey's,' said Maurice, putting on a bold face. 'He told me I might get his opera-glass.'

This he said in an easy, confident manner, which imposed upon the girl.

'Do you know his room?'

'Yes, I know it,' said Maurice. "Never mind about going up.'

The servant went back to her work, and Maurice, his heart beating fast, went up stairs on his dishonest errand. He had no difficulty in getting into the room, for the door was not locked. The trunks were kept in the bed-chamber, and he therefore went thither at once. One of the trunks was a handsome one, made of sole-leather. This belonged to Mordaunt. The other was plainer and smaller, and no doubt belonged to Gilbert.

Maurice got down on his knees and began to try his keys. The first did not fit, neither did the second, nor the third. Indeed, it was only the last that proved to be the right one. Maurice had feared the failure of his plans, when success came.

'So far, so good,' he said, and began eagerly to explore the contents.

First in order came a pile of shirts and underclothing. These he hastily removed, and peered about for papers. In one corner was a book of deposits on a city savings-bank. Led by curiosity, Maurice opened it. He saw a long line of deposits, covering several pages for Gilbert had been in the habit of making a weekly deposit, even the first year, for, though his income was small, he had nothing to pay for board, and this was, of course, a great help.

'How much has the fellow got?' thought Maurice.

He made a hurried calculation, and, to his astonishment and envy, learned that our hero had seven hundred and sixty dollars deposited to his credit.

'Almost eight hundred dollars, and I haven't a cent,' he muttered, discontentedly. Then there came the thought that if he found the paper, he might count upon a hundred dollars, and his good spirits returned. Underneath the bank-book were two letters, written to him by Mordaunt while absent on a pleasure trip not long before, and under these was a sheet of quarto paper, which appeared to be written upon.

'This may be the paper,' thought Maurice, and he took it in his hands with eager anticipations. Turning to the end he read the signature, 'Jacob Morton.' A slight examination of the contents satisfied him that it was the paper he wanted.

'Success! Success!' he ejaculated, exultingly. 'My hundred dollars are safe. Now, Gilbert Grey, your hopes are dashed to the earth, and you won't know who has done it for you.'

There was no need of waiting longer. He put back the contents of the trunk hastily, with the exception of the paper, which he folded, and put carefully in his breast-pocket. Then locking the trunk, he went down stairs, and let himself out by the front door, without meeting anyone.

'I didn't think I'd succeed so easily,' he thought. 'Now I'll go round to the Burnet House and get my hundred dollars. It pays to have a headache, sometimes.'

Arrived at the Burnet House he found that Mr. Grey was out, and decided to wait for him. He remained in the reading room, reading the papers, impatient for the return of his employer. As he sat there, Mr. Grey, who had been told at the desk that someone was waiting to see him, entered.

'Ah! my young friend,' he said, affably, 'well, have you any news for me?'

'Yes,' said Maurice.

'What is it?'

'Hadn't we better go up stairs?'

'It may be better. But, in one word, is it success or failure?'

'Success,' said Maurice.

'Good!' exclaimed James Grey, his eyes lighting up with joy. 'Come up.'

Again they found themselves in the same room in which Gilbert and his uncle had formerly had their interview.

'The paper,' said Mr. Grey, impatiently.

'You'll pay me the money?' said Maurice, cautiously.

'If the paper is correct, you may be sure of that.'

Upon this assurance Maurice withdrew the paper from his pocket, and passed it over to his companion. The latter opened it, and glanced over it triumphantly.

'Is it right?'

'Yes, it is right. It is the forged paper. We have put a spoke in the wheel of that impudent young impostor. He can do nothing now. But you want your money, and you shall have it.'

Mr. Grey took out his pocket-book and counted out five twenty dollar bills, which he put in the hands of his agent.

'Now confess,' he said, 'you never earned money more easily.'

'No,' said Maurice; 'but I wouldn't like to go though it again. Suppose Grey had come in while I was at his trunk?'

'Tell me how you managed it—I am curious to know.'

So Maurice told the story, which amused his auditor not a little, especially when he tried on the mustache in his presence.

'You are a regular conspirator,' he said, smiling. 'You absolutely have a genius for intrigue.'

Maurice felt complimented by this remark, and the fact that he was the possessor of over a hundred dollars, put him in very good spirits.

'When do you think Gilbert will find out his loss?' he asked.

'Very likely not till he calls on me. He will wonder how he met with the loss.'

'I must be going, Mr. Grey,' said Maurice. 'It is about time for lunch.'

'I would invite you to lunch with me, but it might lead to suspicions.'

'Thank you all the same.'

'Now the boy may do his worst,' said James Grey, exultingly. 'He has lost his proof, and has nothing but his own assertions to fall back upon. *I am out of danger.*

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE TABLES TURNED.

As Maurice Walton left the Burnet House he fell in with the one whom he most wished to avoid. Gilbert was returning to the store, after his usual midday lunch. He was surprised to see Maurice, supposing him at home, suffering from the headache.

'How do you happen to be here, Maurice?' he asked. 'I thought you were at home.'

'My head felt so bad that I thought I would come out into the fresh air,' answered Maurice, a little confused.

'Do you feel better?'

'A little. I think I'll go home, and go to bed.'

'I hope you'll be all right to-morrow.'

'I guess so.'

So they separated, Gilbert, who was not inclined to be suspicious, not doubting his fellow-clerk's statements.

That evening, when he returned to his boarding house, the servant said: 'Did your friend find the opera-glass?'

'What?' said Gilbert.

'Shure, a friend of yours called, and said you had sent him to borrow your opera-glass.'

'I sent nobody. Who was it? What did he look like?'

'He was about your size, shure, and had a black mustash.'

'I don't know who it can be. Did he go up into my room?'

'Yes, he did. He said he knew the way.'

'I can't think who it was.'

Gilbert went up stairs, and to increase the mystery there was his opera-glass on the bureau, where he usually kept it. It was directly in sight, so that the visitor must have seen it.

'I can't understand it,' he said, perplexed. 'Mordaunt, do you know of any friend of mine who has a black mustache?'

'Frank Oswald.'

'He is considerably larger than I am. The servant said it was some one of my size.'

'I can't think of anybody else.'

'I don't see why he didn't take the opera-glass, if he wanted it, though it would have been rather bold, as I didn't authorize anybody to take it.'

As there seemed no clue to the mystery, and as, moreover, Gilbert had no suspicion that the visitor was on an unlawful errand, he dismissed it from his mind.

Two days afterward, Gilbert met his uncle in the street. As the week was not up, he was about to pass him with a bow, when Mr. Grey paused, and appeared inclined to speak.

'Young man,' he said, 'can you call on me this evening?'

'Yes, sir.'

'I shall leave the city to-morrow, and though it is of no consequence to me, I suppose you would like to know my decision in regard to the matter you broached the other day.'

'I will call,' said Gilbert, bowing.

'He looks as if he were going to defy me,' thought our hero. 'Well, I am ready for him.'

In the evening he called and was shown up to his uncle's room.

'Good evening, Mr. Grey,' he said, politely.

'Good evening, young sir,' said the other. 'You did me the honor, the other day, of claiming relationship with me.'

'I did.'

Knowing that your claim had no foundation, but was only an impudent fabrication, instigated by cupidity——'

'I beg your pardon, sir,' said Gilbert, quietly, 'but that statement I deny most positively. I have not the slightest doubt that that relationship exists, neither has Mr. Ferguson.'

'You have succeeded in duping Mr. Ferguson. You will find it a harder task to dupe me. If you knew me better you would have besitated before you attempted to humbug me in that barefaced way.'

'If you knew me better, Uncle James——'

'I am not your Uncle James.'

'Mr. Grey, then. If you knew me better, Mr. Grey, you would know that I am not capable of making a false claim.'

'Oh, no doubt you are very honest—the soul of integrity,' sneered James Grey, 'but every one has his price, and as the success of your imposture would make you rich for life, you concluded to leave honesty out of the question.

James Grey might at once have referred to his possession of the paper, but he could not forbear playing with Gilbert, as a cat with a mouse, enjoying meanwhile the power which he possessed of crushing his claims by a single statement.

'Your charge is entirely unjust,' said Gilbert, quietly. 'I shall appreciate the money to which I am rightfully entitled, to be sure, but I want to settle my claim also to my father's name, of which I was so long ignorant.'

'If you choose to call yourself Grey, or Green, or Brown, there is no law to prevent you I suppose,' said Mr. Grey, sarcastically, 'but when you, a street bootblack, try to force your way into a respectable family, there is considerable to be said.'

'I am not ashamed of having been a bootblack,' said our hero, calmly. 'I was earning an honest living, though an humble one, and I was not living upon what belonged to another.'

'Do you mean me?' interrupted his uncle, angrily.

'You must decide whether you are meant, Mr. Grey.'

'Suppose now I decline to consider seriously this very impudent claim of yours, what are you going to do about it?'

'I shall take legal advice.'

'How do you expect to pay a lawyer?'

'I shall try to manage it.'

'No lawyer will undertake such a discreditable case.'

'I happen to be acquainted with one lawyer that will. In fact, I have mentioned the matter to him, and I am acting by his advice now?'

'Does he tell you that you have a good case?'

'He does.'

'What does he say is the strongest part of it?'

'The statement of Jacob Morton.'

'Do you happen to have it with you?'

'No, sir. After the experience of my last call, I prefer not to bring it.'

'You can't produce it,' said James Grey, triumphantly.

'Why not?'

'Because you have no such document.'

'You are mistaken there.'

'I have the strongest reason for saying that this forged document, on which you so much rely, is no longer in your possession.'

'I should like to know your reason,' said Gilbert, struck by his uncle's significant manner.

'Then I will tell you. It is not in your possession, because—*it's in mine.*'

'What do you mean, sir,' asked Gilbert, somewhat startled.

'Just what I say. I have obtained possession of the paper which you so artfully concocted, and pretended to be the dying statement of Jocob Morton.'

'What, did Mr. Ferguson give it to you?' asked Gilbert, amazed.

'Mr. Ferguson! What had he to do with it?'

'It is in his safe. I deposited there, the morning after my interview with you.'

'That is a lie!' exclaimed Mr. Grey, in excitement. 'You placed it in your trunk.'

'Oh,' said Gilbert, as light dawned upon him, 'I understand you now. Before carrying it to Mr. Ferguson, I made a copy for reference, thinking also that you might want to look at it again. That copy I left in my trunk, but the original is in Mr. Ferguson's safe.'

'I don't believe you,' said James Grey, furiously.

'It is perfectly true. I suppose that the young man, who I hear called at my room one day in my absence, was your agent, and that he stole the paper.'

'Out of my room, you scoundrel!' roared James Grey, whose disappointment was in proportion to his former exultation. 'I defy you!'

Gilbert saw that it would be of no use to prolong the discussion. He bowed quietly, and left the room.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A SUDDEN DEPARTURE.

After James Grey's triumphant feeling that he had spiked the guns of his young adversary, the revulsion and disappointment of defeat were all the more disheartening. He would like to have believed his tale a false one, but that was not easy. On a closer inspection of the paper which Maurice Walton had brought to him, he discovered a water-mark in the paper showing that it had only been manufactured the year previous. As Gilbert had been in Cincinnati three years, this, of course, was sufficient to show that the document could not be genuine.

'Who would have imagined the fellow so shrewd?' ejaculated his uncle, pacing the room with hurried steps. 'He lost no time in looking up the paper. I'm afraid he's going to be a dangerous enemy.'

Then, contemptously:

'What a fool I am—a full-grown man, with fifty years' experience of the world, to be afraid of what a boy can do! No, he shall not gain his point. Possession is nine points of the law, and possession is mine. If he undertakes to oust me, he must be careful, for I have not lived in luxury, and grown accustomed to it for years, to resign it quietly now. If it is going to be a fight, it shall be a desperate one.'

One of the smaller mortifications which Mr. Grey experienced was that of paying Maurice Walton a hundred and ten dollars, without receiving any benefit from the outlay.

'I'd get the money back, if I could,' he thought, but reflection convinced him that this would be impossible. Besides, the best way to secure Maurice's continued silence, was to leave him in undisturbed possession of the money.

'After all there's one good thing about him,' considered Mr. Grey, 'he hates my rascally nephew. For that alone I make him welcome to the money, though he has done me no good.'

How should he carry on the campaign? That was the first thing to be considered. Evidently his policy was to be passive. He must remain on the defensive, leaving the aggressive part of the conflict to his nephew. First in the programme, he determined to leave Cincinnati at once, so that no legal process might be served upon him.

'Fortunately, the boy does not know where I live, nor can his employer give him any clew, as he, too, is ignorant of it. If he takes the trouble to call upon me again, he will find the bird flown.'

James Grey was a man of quick action. He no sooner came to this determination than he proceeded to carry it out. Proceeding to the clerk's desk, he announced his immediate departure. Then, taking care not to order a hotel carriage, lest this should afford a clew to his destination, he left the hotel with his carpet-bag in his hand, and took a cab from the next street. He was driven direct to the depot, and, in a few minutes, was on his way westward.

'How lucky it was that I took the paper from my trunk,' thought Gilbert, as he left the hotel. 'Probably it would, by this time, have been destroyed, had it come into my uncle's possession. I think I'm a little ahead of him, this time.'

Gilbert was not intimidated, nor were his resolutions shaken by the defiant tone in which his uncle had spoken to him. He was a spirited boy, and he meant to stick to his rights, as he understood them. He was not one to be browbeaten or cheated, and he resolved to fight out the battle.

'I will call on my uncle to-morrow evening,' he resolved. 'He will then have had twenty-four hours to think over the situation, and, if he is a man of sense, he will see that he can't get over my proofs.'

When Mr. Ferguson, therefore, asked him how the business progressed, he answered that nothing definite had been settled upon, but that he was to have another interview with his uncle in the evening.

'It will take some time to bring him round, I think,' said his employer. 'A man doesn't resign a fine estate without some opposition. If you should need any advice, at any time, you may apply to me freely.'

'Thank you, Mr. Ferguson, I certainly will. Perhaps I may need to do it to morrow.'

In the evening our hero walked into the hotel, and, stepping up to the desk, inquired if Mr. Grey was in.

'He has gone away,' was the answer.

'Gone!' exclaimed Gilbert, in manifest dismay, for that possibly had never occurred to him.

'Yes—he went away yesterday afternoon.'

'Do you know where he went? From what depot?

'I cannot tell you. He didn't take a carriage, but walked. Probably he went home.'

'Will you let me see his name in the register?'

The book was placed before him, and Gilbert, finding the entry of his uncle's name, saw opposite it, 'St. Louis, Mo.'

'So he lives in St. Louis,' thought our hero. 'It won't be hard to find him, then. His name is probably in the directory. I must go at once to St. Louis. This business ought to be attended to at once.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Enforcing the Rule.

Pat was a fresh arrival and had obtained a situation in a hotel as a sort of man of all work.

'Now, Pat,' said the landlord, 'you see that sign, 'Gentlemen must use the spittoons.' If you notice any of the guests violating that rule I want you to report the matter to me.'

'Oi wull, sor.'

Pat kept a sharp eye out, and, after watching a gentleman for half an hour, he went to him, and said:

'D'ye moind the sign forninst the wall, sor?'

'Yes.'

'Phy don't ye observe it, thin?'

'I am not spitting on the carpet,' said the gentleman, rather astonished.

'Oi knaw yer not, an' yer not usin' the spettune naythur. Spet, ye thafe, or Oi'll report yez.

Mistaken Identity.

'Aw, excuse me; did I leave my rattan heah,' asked an exquisite of a young lady in a dry goods store, where he had made a purchase.

'No, Sir,' exclaimed the young lady promptly.

He left regretfully, only half satisfied, and as he went out the young lady said to the cashier:

'I haven't seen any dog, have you? That fellow was looking for his rat-and-tan. Say, there's a fancy cane here if anybody calls for one;' and she hummed 'Sweet Violets' with a five finger accompaniment on the show-case.

Directions for Intelligent Lying.

1. Never tell an unnecessary lie.

2. Never tell a lie at all unless required by honor, or the exigencies of society.

3. When you tell one, remember it and stick to it.

4. Tell it with perfect politeness and an air of conviction.

5. If your statement is questioned, say, as to those parts of it which are true, that you may be mistaken (you can prove them); pledge your word to the rest if it is a question of honor.

PREPARE FOR THE ENEMY.

CHOLERA

—IS—

COMING!

The countries where Cholera prevails, as in India, China and Africa, Pain-Killer is considered the surest and safest of all known remedies, and the natives place the most perfect reliance in it.

Read the following extract from the letter of a missionary in China:

DEAR SIRS,—I ought to have acknowledge long ago the box of Pain-Killer you had the goodness to send me last year. Its coming was most providential. I believe hundreds of lives were saved, under God, by it. The Cholera appeared here soon after we received it. We resorted at once to the PAIN-KILLER, using as directed for Cholera. A list was kept of all to whom the Pain-Killer was given, and our native assistants assured us that eight out of every ten to whom it was prescribed, recovered.

Believe me, dear Sirs, gratefully and faithfully yours,

J. M. JOHNSTONE,
Missionary to Swaton, China

Beware of Counterfeits and Imitations. Ask for the genuine Perry Davis' Pain-Killer and take no other.
July 30, 1884.—8wks

Advertising Cheats!

"It has become so common to begin an article, in an elegant, interesting style.
"Then run it into some advertisement that we avoid all such,
"And simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms as possible,
"To induce people
"To give them *one trial*, which so proves their value that they will never use anything else.

"THE REMEDY is so favorably noticed in all the papers.
Religious and secular, is
"Having a large sale, and is supplanting all other medicines.
"There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of Hop Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability . . . . .
"In compounding a medicine whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation.

DID SHE DIE?

"No!
"She lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years,"
"The doctors doing her no good;"
"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."
"Indeed! Indeed!"
"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A DAUGHTER'S MISERY.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery,
"From a complication of Kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and Nervous debility,
"Under the care of the best physicians,
"Who gave her disease various names,
"But no relief,
"And now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before using it."—THE PARENTS.

FATHER IS GETTING WELL.

"My daughters say:
"How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters."
"He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable."
"And we are so glad that he used your Bitters."—A LADY of Utica, N. Y.

☞ 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.

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YOU can get the best Goods at the lowest prices, at the "City Steam Bakery."

You can return all Goods not used, if in good condition.

We give satisfaction to our customers, and give as references the Committees of the following Teas and Picnics, supplied last year:

Uigg Tea,
Lot 48 Tea,
Clyde River Tea,
Eldon Hall Tea,
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J. QUIRK.
Prince Street, Charlottetown, July 2, '84.

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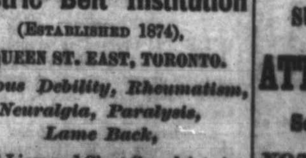
SIZE OF LOT 124x40 feet, Warehouse 28x40 feet, two storeys high, with lifting gear; also 1 set 3 ton truck Fairbank Scales, in good order. The above are the premises lately occupied by A. Bowness as a general store. The shop was burned down last April; the Warehouse was saved in good condition. There is a good cellar on the Building Lot. Cars can be loaded from the premises without truckage.

This is one of the most valuable business stands on P. E. Island.

For terms and particulars apply to Messrs. Sullivan & McNeill, Solicitors, Charlottetown, or to

G. B. SIMS, Kensington.
Kensington, July 5th, 1884.—tf

Norman's



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April 2, 1883—1y

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WORCESTER—CAPT. BLANKENSHIP.

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Leave Boston on Saturdays, at 12, noon.

Passenger accommodation excellent.
Freight carried at lowest rates.
Egg cases handled with the greatest care.

CARVELL BROS.
Charlottetown, July 2, 1884—3m

CARROLL & McALEER,

Carriage Builders!

FORMERLY occupying the premises of Messrs. J. & R. Scott, lately destroyed by fire, beg leave to inform their patrons that they have engaged the premises of Mr. P. H. Trainor,

OPPOSITE THE ROCKLIN HOUSE,

KENT STREET,

where they are prepared to attend to all work in their line.

Repairing and Painting done with Neatness and Despatch.

Charlottetown, March 5, 1884—tf

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Family Medicines,
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Diamond, Handy Package & Star Dyes, Horse and Cattle Medicines, Thorley's Improved H. and C. Food, all the leading Patent Medicines.

Stationery & Choice Tobacco.

☞ Prescriptions accurately prepared.

D. DARRACH.
Kensington, Feb. 20, 1884—1yr

[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 means 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.

The following is correspondence to the "Lunenburg Progress."

MR. EDITOR,—I desire, through the columns of your valuable paper, to express my gratitude to Dr. J.G. Bennett, of Halifax, who, under God, has been the means of restoring me from a bed-ridden invalid to comparative health. I was confined to my bed for upwards of two years, being completely prostrated with general debility. In February last Dr. Bennett took me under his treatment, and in May I was sufficiently recovered to go to work, and have been at work ever since. Feeling that Dr. Bennett is worthy of my everlasting gratitude, I would ask you to publish this testimonial.

Yours, etc.,
LORENZO PARKS.
Park's Creek

Advice free by letter. Address DR. BENNET, Halifax, N. S.
D. O'M. REDDIN, JR., Agent, Charlottetown.
June 18, 1884—1yr

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