FIRST STEPS.

Hush! the baby stands alone—
Hold your breath and watch her;
Now she takes a step—just one—
Wavers, stops,—quick, catch her!
Courage! Life's first step will cost;
Now again she's trying—
One, two,—three! she walks, almost,
Trembling, stumbling, crying.

Precious baby! up once more—
Tiny feet advancing,
Little arms stretched out before,
Bright eyes upward glancing,
Where mamma, with cheering smile,
To her darling beckons,
Softly coaxing baby, while
Her first steps she reckons.

One, two, three,—Oh! she will walk
Now, before we know it;
Hear her sweet-voiced baby-talk,
Little bird, or poet!
Prattling, toddling, there she goes,
Stepping off so proudly—
Turning in her untaught toes,
Pleased,—then laughing loudly.

First exploit of self-content;
Now she's growing bolder,
Strength and courage yet unspent,
One can hardly hold her—
She so presses to advance
In her baby-learning—
Pulls so—Ah! by what mischance
Is this overturning?

There lies baby on the floor,
Sprawling, rolling, screaming!
Are life's first attempts so poor?
Baby was but dreaming
When she felt so bold and strong;
Gladly now she's clinging
To the one whose soothing song
Back her smile is bringing.

Hurts are cured by mamma's kiss—
Brave again as ever,
See, the plucky little miss
Makes her best endeavor;
Walks right off—the darling pet—
Rush now to caress her!
Come what will of first steps yet,
All good angels bless her!

—*St. Nicholas for April.*

THE WRONG MAN.

BY THE HON. MRS. A. MONTGOMERY,

Author of "Mine Own Familiar Friend."

CHAPTER XV—(CONTINUED.)

Frederick felt that the time was come when it would be right to apprise his mother of what was passing. He therefore wrote to her to the effect that it was now in his power to clear himself entirely of the imputation which had lung over him for so long, and been such a cause of anguish to them all; he added—'I will not, my own dear mother, enter into details on paper; but I beg of you to come yourself. It is not only my earnest desire but it is also the dying request of the poor fellow for whose sake I have borne these years of unutterable anguish, and whom I am now watching as he gradually passes into the next world, with sentiments of contrition and gratitude towards me, which make him more unspeakably dear to me than even all that I have suffered for him since I first consented to screen him from the consequence of his crime by allowing suspicion to fall upon myself.

'I have taken rooms for you at the Hotel Brittanique. If you can forgive me all the sorrow I have caused you, come to me at once. No one but you can so well help me to bring to a good end the work I have in hand.'

CHAPTER XVI.

By the same post which carried Frederick's letter, Madeline also wrote to Mrs. Herbert, saying:—'I have a great desire to see you. Nothing is amiss with me in any way. But I want to consult you; and if you can manage an excuse for coming without alarming my father, you wil infinitely oblige me.' She did this because she foresaw the difficulty Mrs. Herbert would have in setting off for Brussels without first informing Mr. Fairley of her intention, and yet she would probably not wish to give her son's letter as a reason. Madeline was also resolved not to name Frederick, as she felt it would only complicate Mrs. Herbert's feelings to be left wondering how it happened that Frederick and Madeline had met.

This answered perfectly. Mrs. Herbert called on Mr. Fairley, and told him she had had a letter from Madeline, who was quite well, but who, without wanting to leave Brussels, was getting a little home-sick, and sighing to see some one belonging to her, in the protracted absence of the FitzGeralds.

Mr. Fairley was quite satisfied with this explanation of Mrs. Herbert's sudden departure. Fothing seemed exaggerated or extraordinary that was done for the benefit of his little Beechnut.

Frederick was afraid of overpowering his mother too much by meeting her at the railway station, but he was at her rooms in the hotel when she arrived. They had been more than three hours together before Mrs. Herbert remembered that her ostensible reason for being at Brussels had been to see Madeline.

'Do you know, Frederick, that Miss Fairley is here?'

A peculiar expression passed over his face as he looked at his mother with something very like a blush and a sly smile.

'You don't mean to say Madeline is also in the plot?' said she.

'So much so that she will be here in another half hour,' he replied, looking at his watch.

Then he told her all, making Mrs. Herbert feel terribly guilty when she remembered the equivocal reasons given to Mr. Fairley for coming to Brussels. Nothing, however, could very seriously cloud the happiness of the trio, when a little later they were sitting together, talking it all over; nothing, unless it might be the remembrance of the one who had gone to his grave believing his son guilty.

'He knows it now, mother; he knew it, doubtless, as soon as his eyes opened on immortality. There can be no misunderstandings for those who have passed from the darkness of this world to the light of Eternity. I always feel that our regrets that our friends have left us before they had known this or that which, living, would have given them pleasure, are misplaced. Doubtless they know it all where they are, and are far better able to judge of it than ourselves.'

'That is a consoling thought, Frederick.'

'It is one I have much to dwell on, mother. But for that conviction I think my heart would have broken when I reflect on my poor father's death. It is impossible to believe that any doubts or misunderstandings can survive the death of those who die in God's grace. It is all cleared up on the other side of the grave.'

In a very few days Mrs. Huskinson arrived, and went to the house where her son was lodging, while Frederick joined his mother at the hotel. The meeting between the two mothers was extremely touching, and brought out the virtue of forgiveness of injury in the one, and the still harder task of accepting the most humiliating position for a mother who had adored her son more than could be imagined, in the other. But they did not either of them flinch, and both together they ministered to the dying man, and consoled and assisted him in his last hours. Nothing could be more deep than his repentance—nothing more ardent than his gratitude towards Frederick, whose goodness and noble sacrifice had, he said, obtained for him the otherwise impossible grace of a penitent and hopeful death. Even the intense love of life died out of his emotional nature before he had actually to resign the treasure. He was glad to die, and, as he himself expressed it, to cover a disgraceful life, not with his own virtues, but with those of his friends!

Madeline, of course, never saw him again. She had from the first requested Frederick not to mention the fact that she was in Brussels; and Frederick, in listening to Godfrey's many confessions, was not long in discovering why she had made such a point of it. When speaking to her of it afterwards, he said,

'I had forgiven him much, but if I had had to forgive his winning your affections, I'm afraid I should never have succeeded. I am glad it was not pushed so far as that.

'You should have done that, too, Frederick, if it had been necessary.'

'I can't bear to hear you say it, Madeline. I tell you I could not.'

'Very well; I will be content with the virtues you possess, without attributing to you others. But there was no danger; I never, under any possible circumstance, should have cared for poor Godfrey Huskinson.'

At length the end came, and Godfrey breathed his last in the presence of the Abbe Sire, his mother, Frederick, and Mrs Herbert. He died with his hand in Frederick's, and his last words were 'God reward you!' He was buried at Brussels, according to his own desire, insisting upon it that it could be neither a consolation nor an honor to his friends to have his grave near them.

Madeline took the task of informing Louisa FitzGerald briefly, but kindly, of what had occurred.

Louisa shed tears as she read the letter. But her first impulse was to carry it to her friend Eliot Sherburn, and that little fact gave him courage to attempt consoling her in a way which was intended to suggest that their friendship should pass into something more tender, and give him for ever after the right to weep with her, or to soothe all her sorrows. Louisa was not long in realizing to herself what a much deeper sentiment she had learnt to feel for the sterling worth of Eliot Sherburn than for the ephemeral charm attached to Godfrey; and Louisa's marriage formed one of the three with which our narrative terminates.

Meanwhile the fate of France had ended in the surrender of Paris, and in the hard terms of peace exacted by the conquerors, with which our readers are acquainted. Henri Le Maitre had rushed off to Brussels as soon as he ceased to be a prisoner of war. And Cataille found her life gliding on in a series of calm, bright days, which she had never supposed possible. Her engagement to him was now generally known, and any possible objections on the mother's part were necessarily overruled by the written blessing on their proposed union left by Camille's father, without which it was evident she would have attempted some opposition. The portrait of Madeline by Camille was finished, and now it was Henri Le Maitre's turn to sit for his.

She made it of the same size and in the same style, because she said the two represented to her the strongest affection and the most interesting incidents of her life.

'And now,' she said, 'if I could only some day get the Abbe Sire to let me do another of him, I should have link within link of all that has saved my faith from ruin, and crowned my life with happiness.'

There was a cloud over Henri Le Maitre's contentment, in the sorrow and misfortune of his beloved country; but Camille was always at hand to console him, by representing to him that this should prove to them both a fresh incentive to a noble life.

'We will do away with a great deal of our modern luxury,' she would say, 'and retaining the intellect and refinement of our own times, we will imitate in a measure the simplicity and activity of former generations.'

Camille was a woman to act up to her word, and Henry was well calculated to second her; and there is no doubt that at this hour they are leading a patriarchal life with their books and paintings, their poor, and their devotions, in their old Chateau in Brittany.

There were many formalities to go through before Frederick could be proved of English birth, and relieved from his service in the Prussian army. But when all this was completed he went to London, accompanied by his mother, Madeline and Camille, who, in consequence of Le Maitre having had to go to some of his own property, to look after and remedy the dilapidations and devastations occasioned by the war, had been left alone for a time.

Mrs. Herbert had wanted to accompany Frederick to Mr. Radcliffe's bank, when he should present himself there. But this he would not hear of; neither would he announce his arrival before going there. He went with Godfrey Huskinson's confession in his hand, and the two thousand pounds in his pocket, and rang at the private door. The servant who admitted him turned as white as if he had seen a ghost, and showing him upstairs to the manager's room, waited outside, under the full conviction that his master would very soon be calling for the police.

Mr. Radcliffe was a kind-hearted as well as an honorable man. The interview lasted some time, and when next the servant was rung for, and hurried up, astonished and alarmed at the length of time Mr. Radcliffe had shut himself up with a felon without calling for the aid and protection of the police, he was overwhelmed with surprise at receiving an order for sherry and biscuits instead of a constable, and in noticing on his master's kindly and jocund countenance something very like a trace of tears, hastily brushed away.

That conference led to several others, and meanwhile Frederick was detained in town. The end of it all was that he was received in the bank, at the request and desire of the manager, and with the entire sanction of the directors. Nothing short of that could have thoroughly reinstated him in public opinion, after all that had occurred. Nothing less than that would have induced Mr. Fairley to give him his daughter in marriage. Even as it was, he withheld his consent for the celebration of the marriage, though he sanctioned the engagement, until, as he said, there had been time for everybody to learn that Frederick Herbert was in Radcliffe and Co.'s bank again, and certain soon to be a partner; an event which was accomplished with very little delay.

Frederick found himself in easy circumstances, his means being increased by the generous conduct of his mother. Mr. Herbert, after his son's disgrace, had left everything to his wife absolutely, with, however, a provisionary clause to the effect that if in her lifetime his son's innocence were ever made clear to the entire satisfaction of his former employers, she was then to give up the larger portion to him, and retain only the dower which had originally been secured to her.

Mrs. Herbert, whose conviction of her son's innocence had never wavered, had confined herself all those years to the last-named sum, and had put aside every farthing of what she persisted in considering as belonging to her son. He found therefore a large amount of ready money at his disposal, with which to purchase and furnish a house in London, for Madeline's reception.

We have said that our narrative would conclude with three marriages—we must not omit a fourth, of, however, very little interest to the reader. Camille's did not of course take place till a twelvemonth after her father's death. She was married at Brussels, by the Abbe Sire, who always enjoyed his little joke, that it was the first time he had ever been requested to marry a young lady to a dead man. After the ceremony, they went to their chateau in Brittany; and two days later she received the first letter from her mother since her own wedding. It was signed Eugenie Laviotoski, and was the first intimation that her mother had taken the same step the next day after her daughter. In the letter she intimated the fact that on leaving the church she had gone into her own house.

Madeline and Frederick were married at Penton, about three months later, by the overjoyed Father Vondereck, who had grown ten years younger since he had got his "boy" back again. The banker's wedding holiday was a brief one, but they found time to go to the Chateau LeMaitre, where the two friends could amicably dispute over the several merits of Prussians or French, and the possiblity of happiness in marrying a soldier left for dead, or an outlaw who had proved himself to be the 'Wrong Man.'

THE END.

Random Notes.

A shopkeeper in Walton, having had a stormy discussion with his better half, put the shutters up and affixed the following notice:—'Closed during altercations.'

An Irish colonel of volunteer corps, who had long been a confirmed bachelor, excited much pleasantry by haranguing his men; 'Gentlemen, we are all assembled this day to defend our wives and our children."

A man, in a sleeping car, went through a terrible accident, in which the carriage rolled down an embankment, without waking. It was noticed, however, that as the car struck the bottom, he murmured: 'Don't, Ann, don't; I'll get up and start the fire.'

'What's that?' inquired a bystander of an Irish grave digger, who was fixing up a lot in the cemetery for a friend. 'What's what, sir?' asked the astonished Celt, as he leaned on his spade. 'Why that place you're working in.' 'Oh, this, sir, is another Fenian plot, to be sure,' replied Pat, resuming his occupation.

One of the 'parvenue' ladies of a certain village, who would be wonderfully aristocratic in all her domestic concerns, was visiting a few days since at Major G's, when, after tea, the following conversation occurred between the Major's old-fashioned lady and the 'top-knot,' in consequence of the hired girl occupying a seat at the table: 'Why, Mrs. G—, you do not allow your hired girl to eat at the table with you; it's horrible.' 'Most certainly I do. You know this has ever been my custom. It was so when you worked for me, don't you recollect?' This was a cooler to silk and satin greatness, or, as the boys call it, 'codfish aristocracy.'

'My son,' said a fond father to his studious offspring, 'this picture represents the spot where the Roman captives were torn to pieces by infuriated wild beasts; it is the Roman Forum. I imagine, my boy, the horrors of a scene where, huddled together in the affright, the trembling captives awaited their—their destruction; where the savage beasts, maddened by hunger, bounded into the Forum and—and"—'went for 'um," chimed in the practical student. The lecture closed.

Little Nell—'Mamma, what language is this on the bill of fare?'

Mamma—'It is French, my dear.'

Little Nell—'Can you read it?'

Mamma—'I can understand a little of it, but not much.'

Little Nell—'Why does the hotel man put the names in French?'

Mamma—'Because most people can't pronounce the names without making themselves ridiculous, and they, therefore, order just as little as possible.'

AGRICULTURAL.

Changing flocks from one pasture to another is conducive to the health of the flock.

Dried brewers' grains are worth more for feeding cows than bran, and if mixed with fine middlings are worth nearly as much as cornmeal.

Calves do not require salt while they are fed on milk, but when eating hay or grass they should have a regular allowance; a teaspoonful daily is a safe quantity.

If the question were put to every experienced poultry breeder: 'To what cause are nine-tenths of the diseases of chickens to be attributed?' the reply would probably be: 'Vermin and dampness.'

An estimate of the world's wheat production places it a little over two thousand millions of bushels, of which Europe furnishes about one-half, the United States and Canada one-quarter, and India one-eighth.

Contraction of the back sinews in colts, which causes the knees to bend forward, should be treated by blistering and supporting the legs by leather laced bandages or boots. It is a rare disease in a colt, and indicates a weak constitution.

There is just as much difference between the eggs of fowls allowed to roam and forage for themselves, and those which are fed regularly on good, nutritious food, as there is between a leg of Southdown mutton and that of a common, half-starved sheep.

The practice of running hay through a hay cutter and reducing it to as short pieces as possible, and then mixing with corn and sending it to an ordinary grist mill to be ground into provender for poultry, has been followed for several years by certain breeders with good results.

Red water in a cow is caused by disorder of the liver. The treatment is to give one quart of linseed oil, and when this has operated give have an ounce of assafoetida, powdered with one dram of chlorate of potash daily in a bran mash, or in molasses, put on the back of the tongue. Give plenty of boiled linseed tea to drink. It is probably caused by weeds in the hay.

The points of a good cow: A fine head; clear, bright eye; thin, long neck; fine bone; straight, broad back; soft skin and fine hair; deep flank and belly; thin, long tail; thin thighs; a large, squarely-formed udder; teats set wide apart and of good size, and a large milk vein running from the udder up on the belly. Color is of no account, but yellow ears and skin under the hair are indispensable.

Analysis shows that cabbage is richer in oil and nitrogenous matter than most other kinds of green food, and for this reason it is an excellent vegetable for feeding stock. Maturing late in the fall it may be preserved as green fodder until January, and for milch cows no better diet can be supplied than a mixture of cabbage and hay. Another thing in its favor is that the same area of ground will grow more tons of cabbage than of almost any other green crop.

The sunflower is the best egg-producing food known for poultry, keeping them in a thriving condition, and largely increasing the production of eggs. Every poultry raiser who tries it will find that this is the best food known for glossing the plumage of fowls, and is almost indispensible to those who want to fit their birds for exhibition to the best advantage. The Russian sunflower is easily raised, requires very little care, and can be grown in fence corners and other places difficult to cultivate. Its production of seed is immense, yielding often at the rate of one hundred bushels to the acre. It should be planted in hills four feet apart, any time from the 10th of May to the 1st of July. Three quarts of seed will plant an acre.

ALWAYS RELIABLE!

W. R. WATSON'S

City Drug Store.

THE LARGEST STOCK IN P. E. ISLAND OF

Purest Drugs,
Druggists' Sundries,
Fine Groceries,
Perfumes, Soaps,

Sponges, Brushes, Toilet Powders, and all Toilet Articles and Preparations.

Pipes, Tobacco, Cigars, and Smokers' Requisites.

Razors, and all Shaving Materials.

Dyes of all Kinds a Specialty

English Pickles, Sauces, Olives, Ess. Coffee.

Purest Wines and Liquors for Medicinal and Sacramental use.

☞ Scrupulous care given to dispensing prescriptions.

Charlottetown, March 5, 1884—1yr

BURKE & EDMONDS,

HOUSE, SIGN AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTERS,

Paper Hangers, &c.

A few doors north of W. E. Dawson's Hardware Store,

GREAT GEORGE ST., CHARLOTTETOWN.

Tinting, Whitewashing, Graining, Gilding, Glazing, &c.,

done with neatness and dispatch, and at moderate rates.

Charlottetown, Feb. 27, 1884—3m

Consignments Solicited

R. O'DWYER,

Commission & General Merchant

FOR SALE OF P. E. ISLAND PRODUCE,

289 WATER STREET,

St. John's, Newfoundland.

In connection with the above is Captain English, who is well known in P. E. Island, who will take special charge of all consignments, and will also attend to the chartering of vessels for the carrying trade of Prince Edward Island.

Mr. O'Dwyer calls attention to the fact that he is possessed of superior wharf and warehouse accommodation, and is prepared to guarantee every satisfaction.

January 16, 1884.

Farm for Sale!

THE Subscribers offer for sale, on easy terms, a

Farm containing 50 Acres,

SITUATE ON THE

Launching Road, about ½ miles from Cardigan Wharf,

with good Dwelling House and Barn. Possession given immediately. Price five hundred dollars.

A. A. MACDONALD & BROS.

Georgetown, Feb. 27, 1884—3m

Rev. Father Wilds'

EXPERIENCE.

The Rev. Z. P. Wilds, well-known city missionary in New York, and brother of the late eminent Judge Wilds, of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, writes as follows:

"78 *E. 54th St., New York, May 16, 1882.*

MESSRS. J. C. AYER & CO., Gentlemen

Last winter I was troubled with a most uncomfortable itching humor affecting more especially my limbs, which itched so intolerably at night, and burned so intensely, that I could scarcely bear any clothing over them. I was also a sufferer from a severe catarrh and catarrhal cough; my appetite was poor, and my system a good deal run down. Knowing the value of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by observation of many other cases, and from personal use in former years, I began taking it for the above-named disorders. My appetite improved almost from the first dose. After a short time the fever and itching were allayed, and all signs of irritation of the skin disappeared. My catarrh and cough were also cured by the same means, and my general health greatly improved, until it is now excellent. I feel a hundred per cent stronger, and I attribute these results to the use of the SARSAPARILLA, which I recommend with all confidence as the best blood medicine ever devised. I took it in small doses three times a day, and used, in all, less than two bottles. I place these facts at your service, hoping their publication may do good.

Yours respectfully, Z. P. WILDS."

The above instance is but one of the many constantly coming to our notice, which prove the perfect adaptability of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to the cure of all diseases arising from impure or impoverished blood, and a weakened vitality.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

cleanses, enriches, and strengthens the blood, stimulates the action of the stomach and bowels, and thereby enables the system to resist and overcome the attacks of all *Scrofulous Diseases, Eruptions of the Skin, Rheumatism, Catarrh, General Debility*, and all disorders resulting from poor or corrupted blood and a low state of the system.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; price $1, six bottles for $5.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS.

Best Purgative Medicine

cure Constipation, Indigestion, Headache, and all Bilious Disorders.

Sold everywhere. Always reliable.

NEW LUMBER YARD.

THE undersigned has opened a Lumber Yard on Queen's Wharf, Charlottetown, where a full supply of all classes of Lumber, suitable for builning purposes will be kept constantly on hand. He respectfully solicits a share of the patronage of the citizens, and of country residents in general.

PATRICK HOGAN.

Charlottetown, May 2, 1883—1yr

C. P. FLETCHER

HAS just received a tremendous stock of ORGANS, PIANOS, and general MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, at Fletcher's Music Store.

SIGN OF THE BIG FIDDLE.

Charlottetown, Nov. 14, 1883.

Hemlock Timber.

WANTED!

SOME long round Hemlock Timber for piles. Also, a lot Flatted Logs.

Apply to

F. W. HALES,

June 6, 1883—tf Steam Nav. Co

SELLING OFF

—AT THE—

Imperial Grocery Store,

RICHMOND STREET.

GROCERIES

CROCKERY,

GLASS WARE,

CODFISH,

HERRING, &c.

Must be cleared off before the 1st of May,

P. N. PATE.

February 20, 1884. 4 may 1

LUMBER!

—ON—

PEAKE'S NO. 3 WHARF,

(M. P. Hogan's Old Stand).

100,000 feet Seasoned Pine, 1, 1¼, 1½ and 2 inch, &c., &c.,
100,000 do Hemlock Boards,
100,000 do Spruce do.,
100,000 do Studding, 2x3, 3x3, 2x5, 2x6, &c.,
300,000 Cedar Shingles, No. 1,
300,000 Spruce do.,
20,000 Brick,
10,000 Clapboards, Nos. 1 and 2.

Dressed Flooring, Scantling, Fencing, Cedar Posts, Refuse Deal, &c., and all other kinds of Lumber suitable for Building purposes.

All the above to be sold cheap for cash.

POOLE & LEWIS.

Office—Peake's Wharf, No. 3. apr4—1y

CHEAP SALE OF

NEW SPRING GOODS

—AT—

JOHN MACPHEE & CO'S.

350 PIECES PRINTED COTTONS,

bought before the advance of 7½ per cent. in duty.

20 BALES GREY COTTONS,

20 Bales White and Colored Warp,

NEW TWEEDS, WORSTEDS, HARD AND SOFT FUR AND FELT HATS, &c.

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS VERY CHEAP.

It will pay Cash Customers to call and examine our Goods and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

JOHN MACPHEE & CO.,

March 19, 1884—yr ROBERT ORR'S OLD STAND.

SPRING GOODS.

PERKINS & STERNS

Ask special attention to their stock of the following Goods, which are, beyond question, as good value as can be found.

550 PIECES GREY COTTONS,

280 Pieces White Cottons,

300 PIECES PRINT COTTONS.

English, Canadian and American

Knitting Cotton,

A GOOD STOCK OF CANADIAN & AMERICAN CORSETS

Black French, Merinoes, Nun's Black Veiling, Black Cashmeres, Black Persian Cord.

A FULL LINE OF MOURNING GOODS

Table Linens, Towels, Sheetings, Pillow Cottons, Room Paper, Rugs, Mats, Carpets, Oil Cloths, etc., all standard Goods, and prices low.

PERKINS & STERNS.

Charlottetown, March 12, 1884.

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, Hoarseness, 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.

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 **CHICKEN CHOLERA.**

MAKE HENS LAY

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.

The North British & Mercantile

FIRE & LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Of Edinburgh & London—Established in 1809.

Subscribed Capital.....$9,733,332
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TRANSACTS EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

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Reserved Funds (irrespective of paid up Capital) over $5,000,000.00
Insurances effected at the lowest current rates.

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Accumulated Funds (irrespective of paid up Capital) over $12,000,000.

Nine-tenths of the whole profits of the Life Branch belong to the Assured.

Profits of previous quinquennium divided among Policy Holders, $1,558,500.00.

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GEO. W. DeBLOIS,

January 3, 1883—yr General Agent.