OUTWARD BOUND.

I sit and watch the ships go out
Across the widening sea;
How one by one, in shimmering sun,
They sail away from me.
I know not to what lands they sail,
Nor what the freight they bear;
I only know they outward go,
While all the winds are fair.

Beyond the low horizon line,
Where my short sight must fail,
Some other eyes a watch will keep
Where'er the ships may sail;
By night, by day, or near or far,
O'er narrow seas or wide,
These follow still, at love's sweet will,
Whatever may betide.

So round the world the ships will sail,
To dreary lands or fair,
So with them go, for weal or woe,
Some dear ones everywhere.
How will there speed each lagging keel
When homeward it is laid!
Or watch will keep o'er surges deep
If there a grave be made.

O human love, so tried, so true,
That knows not mete nor bound,
But follows with unwearied watch
Our daily changing round!
O Love Divine! O Love Supreme!
What matter where I sail,
So I but know, where'er I go,
Thy watch will never fail!

THE SPECTRE'S SECRET,

—OR—

THE HEIR OF INGLESIDE.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SHADOW IN THE POST OFFICE.

At Ingleside things moved on through the winter quite evenly. Lyon Hargrave drank a great deal of brandy, and had much company up from New York. Ordinarily a young man in like situation, with a million of property at command, and of convivial habits, would have squandered his money, but not so the host of Ingleside. He was an adept in the use of gaming, and among those who accepted his hospitality were many young gentlemen of means, who, under the influence of rare old wines, and of stronger liquors played recklessly, and lost heavily. A few of them suspected, at length, the true character of their host, and accepted his invitations no more; but the greater part of them thought him 'a glorious fellow,' and paid dearly for their association. Occasionally Lyon went down to New York for a week or so, showing by his looks, when he came home, that the weeks had been hard and fast.

Towards the servants of the old place Lyon was careless and kind—kind because he had no call to be unkind. He had brought up from the city a valet in the person of one Dick Bunker, who had been a marker of billiards, barkeeper in a concert-saloon, jockey on the race-course, and an accomplished dealer at faro. This fellow was gentlemanly in his appearance, small of frame, and elegantly proportioned, dressing exquisitely, and wearing diamonds. He jumped at the opportunity of the service which the master of Ingleside offered him, and be sure he was not an idle spectator of the games of hazard which were played in the great drawing-room. Dick Bunker was accomplished in more ways than one, but those who had looked deepest into his character would not have hesitated to answer that his most brilliant accomplishment lay in the way of villainy. Dick never drank to intoxication, but Lyon sometimes did; so the man was always at hand to care for the master in his helpless moods, and thus the other servants did not know the truth of the master's life.

With the beginning of the New Year Lily Merton received a letter from Horace Moore. It had been brought home by a ship which the *Speedwell* had met at sea, and had been enclosed in a package to Mr. Alfred Dwinal. The package had been wet with seawater, and the old merchant had enclosed the letter in a fresh envelope, which he subscribed and pre-paid with his own hand. But for the soil and grime of the sea, and the fresh envelope of Mr. Dwinal, with the simple New York postmark, Lily might never have got that letter.

The missive was tender and loving, and told of her hero's adventures to the date of writing. One paragraph in it puzzled her, or, at least, exercised her curiosity to a great degree. It was as follows:

'I have met with a strange friend since leaving you, and stranger things than his friendship are, I think, in store for me. At some time I may explain, but at present there is mystery in the matter. The temptation of tattle is strong, but I must restrain myself until I have made assurance doubly sure. Borrow no trouble from this, darling. I am safe and well, and, as I have told you before, my situation is very pleasant. My superiors find me equal to every requirement, and those below me have not refused me their respect and obedience.'

Over this paragraph of the very lengthy letter Lily pondered long and anxiously. What did it mean? She feared there was danger somewhere for her lover. But, in the end, she could only pray for him, and await further developments. She answered the letter, with an answer all love and devotion, and then hid the precious missive away in her bosom.

Lyon Hargrave was, through the winter, an occasional visitor at the attorney's. He had conceived a passion for Lily that was almost insane; and, since he had gained Ingleside, his next desire of life, was to gain the beautiful girl for his wife. But he was not blind in his passion. He knew that his court would be useless while Horace Moore was upon the stage. He knew of the letter which Lily had received from the sea, and he did not want her to receive another. And his thoughts upon this subject he spoke aloud to himself, as he paced to and fro in his library one Sabbath evening, after he had learned of the letter. Out of respect to his servants, and to his neighbors, and to his position as a Justice of the Peace, he kept quiet on the Sabbath.

Thus he soliloquized:

'Sugg does not make quick work. But—why should I expect it? He said himself he might wait for a foreign port—perhaps Calcutta. He was only pledged that Moore should not come back again. There was nothing said about letters. Death and destruction! he will be writing continually until his breath is stopped. I must anticipate the taking-off. The game I play for now is not to be won off hand. I must play my cards carefully; but first, I must deal myself a hand that cannot be beaten. By——! I'll do it!'

His hands came together with an oath, and then he sat down and considered; and when he had considered he sent for hot water and sugar, and directed Dick to bring on the brandy.

On Monday morning Lyon Hargrave went down to the post office. The postmaster of Oxington was a storekeeper in a small way, and the office was arranged in a corner of his store. The income of the office was very slight—scarcely more than enough to pay a man for the time consumed in assorting and delivering letters and papers, to say nothing of rent. The man's name was Hardy—a man advanced in years, and not over and above smart. In fact, there had been many complaints concerning his slowness and bungling in the matter of distributing the mails.

Lyon was fortunate enough to find the postmaster in his store without a customer.

'Mr. Hardy,' he said, smilingly, as he took a seat by the old box-stove, 'I have a little matter of business which I think will work to your advantage, while, at the same time, it will yield satisfaction to me. I have a friend in New York—a worthy young man, just graduated from college—who wishes to pursue his studies a while longer by himself; and I have thought that he could do this better if he had other healthful occupation to take up a part of his time. Will you tell me what is your yearly income from the post office?'

'Just about two hundred and fifty dollars, sir. That's what it was last year.'

'Well—now see: If you will take my young friend into the office, and let him feel that he has entire charge—let him, in fact, have entire charge—for I want him to feel the responsibility—I will pay you two hundred and fifty dollars a year rent. I do this out of regard for my friend. He is a deserving youth—an orphan—in whom I have taken the deepest interest. The Department allows you to entrust the affairs of your office to a clerk?'

'I may have one clerk,' answered Hardy, 'who must be sworn, and for whose good faith I must be responsible.'

'As for the young man's good faith,' said Lyon, smiling blandly, 'I will be responsible for it to any amount. What say you to my proposition—that is, if, after you have seen the young man, you shall like him?'

'Really, Mr. Hargrave, your offer is a most liberal one—liberal to me, and liberal to your friend; and if you make it in good faith I accept it cheerfully—that is if, as you say, the young man pleases me. Our office is not large, but its duties are as sacred as though its annual income was thousands instead of hundreds.'

'Thank you, Mr Hardy. You shall see my friend within a day or two, and if you conclude to accept him, I will fix the rest of the business as you may choose to have it.'

Lyon had arisen, and turned towards the door, when he stopped and said, with one of his blandest smiles:

'By the way, Mr. Hardy, I don't care to have all my little charities known to the world. I am bothered enough as it is. If I chose to assist a worthy young man, I don't know as it is any business of the outer world. I would prefer that my name should not be mentioned in connection with your appointment of a clerk.'

'I can appreciate your feelings, Mr. Hargrave,' returned the old man, with honest sincerity, 'and I will respect them. Your name will not be mentioned.'

'Thank you, sir.' And with this Lyon Hargrave departed.

Arrived at Ingleside, Lyon summoned his valet.

'Do you think,' he asked, 'that you could find Dolph Splinter in the city?'

'Yes, sir. I can hit him sure.'

'Dick, I have use for that fellow.'

'Eh?'

'I am going to put him into the post office, as clerk and sole manager. Can you comprehend?'

'Aye.'

Dick Bunker winked knowingly as he spoke. He could understand that his master wished to gain control of the mails to and from Oxington, but he did not know—he had no clue to the knowledge—what was the chief motive.

'Will you start off at once, and bring Dolph back with you.'

'Yes, sir.'

'And tell him to keep mum on the way.'

'Yes, sir.'

'Here are fifty dollars. You can help Dolph if he needs it. Be sure he comes looking well. He is to play the college graduate here.'

'He can do it, sir, never fear.'

'All right. And now be off.'

On the evening of the third day from that, Dick Bunker returned, and with him came Adolphus Splinter, a young man of four and twenty, exceedingly trim and good looking, and accounted one of the best billiard players in New York. He was of that large class to be found in every great city—children of circumstance. His brain was clear and ample, and his heart was not bad; but as an orphan in early boyhood he had been left to pick his way to manhood as best as he could, and his way, without any free choice on his part, had lain through quagmires and quicksands. The labor of his life had sharpened his wits, and at the same time blunted his conscience. His perceptive faculties were largely developed, but they had never been exercised in a moral direction.

After supper Lyon Hargrave called Adolphus into the Library, and freely unfolded to him his plan. In conclusion he said:

'If you accept the place, Dolph, you can find board at the hotel in the village, or in some retired place, if you will, and you may come up here and spend an evening when you please. What say you?'

Adolphus accepted the offer without hesitation, and promised to keep the faith. He would be true to the interests of his friend and patron in the office, and he would appear to be as studious as possible.

On the following morning Lyon took his *protege* down to the village, and introduced him to Mr. Hardy.

Never had the old gentleman beheld a youth who impressed him more favorably. Such meekness and intelligence combined were rare. And then the young man spoke so sweetly and so correctly. Surely nothing coarse, vulgar, or profane, could inhabit so fair a temple. At the end of half an hour's conversation Mr. Hardy had engaged Adolphus Splinter as his clerk to take charge of the post-office, and Lyon Hargrave, Esquire, had administered to him the prescribed oath. Touching the other matter, having seen the young man, and being so well pleased with him, the old gentleman was entirely willing to accept Lyon's word for the payment of the stipulated sum as rent.

Mr. Hardy kept the secret he had promised to Lyon, so the outsiders did not know of the young 'Squire's hand in the matter. They only knew the new hand in the post-office as a college student, seeking partial employment of business while he pursued his studies. And the people of Oxington who had occasion to visit the post-office were greatly pleased with the change. The mail-matter was delivered with a promptness before unknown, and the young clerk was courteous and polite as he was expert. The young ladies especially were pleased, and in time it came to pass that more than one fair damsel lingered longer at the office than there was absolute need of. But who can wonder? Not many young men had appeared in Oxington like this young man. And a scholar, too!

The winter wore away, and not another letter came to Lily from over the sea. She became anxious and alarmed. Surely, some evil had befallen her lover.

The ice was gone from the river, and the snow had melted from the hills, and still no letter.

The grass grew green: the trees budded and blossomed, and the letter came not yet.

And then Lily felt in her heart that evil had fallen. She felt its chilling touch. She had applied at the post-office every day, but only to receive the same blank answer.

We will do Adolphus Splinter the justice to say that more than once his heart smote him sore, and he almost wished that he had not accepted his present situation. One evening he went up to Ingleside, and delivered to Lyon a letter which should have gone to Lily Merton, and as he did so, he said:

'Lyon, old boy, this is rather tough for me. I can't stand it always. When that girl came to the office, this afternoon, so anxious and so suffering, I'm blessed if I hadn't half a mind to throw up my commission, and give her the letter.'

'Don't be foolish, Dolph. I mean the girl only well. This lover of her's is a nobody—a mere adventurer upon the sea,—and it will be a mercy to her to break off the match. Look ye, my boy—when that girl is my wife I will make you a present of a thousand dollars over and above what I have already promised you.'

'Oho!—the wind sets in that quarter, does it?'

'Yes.'

'Well, Lyon, I'll keep the faith now that I am in for it, but I wish you could contrive some way to stop Miss Merton's coming to the office. Her face haunts me.'

'My dear boy, don't you borrow further trouble. I was thinking of that very thing as you came in. It is time that the letters were stopped—or at all events, that she should stop going for them. She shall not trouble you much more. You will find Dick in the billiard-room, I think. Tell him to get you a bottle of wine.'

When Adolphus had gone Lyon Hargrave locked the door, and then sat down by the lamp and opened the letter which had come so wickedly and so cruelly out of its course to him. It was dated at Calcutta. The writer was well and prosperous, and he would be happy but for one thing. I have as yet received but one letter from you. Three ships have come in, with mail-bags from the States, but not a letter for me. O, darling, if you knew how anxiously and how painfully I am waiting.' Then further on he wrote: 'I should not wonder, darling, if I came home captain of our ship. There is another large ship here, the captain and first mate of which have died of fever—a ship belonging to the same owners as the *Speedwell*,—and Percy may take command of her. If he does, I shall have this grand vessel. And Oh! how doubly glad should I be in my new position if I had a letter from you to keep my commission company.'

With an oath Lyon Hargrave started to his feet, and crushed the letter in his hand.

'Where is Sugg Witkill?' he cried. 'Moore has not mentioned his name once in any of his letters. Is the man false, or has he failed? Sugg is not a coward. Good heavens! he must have had an opportunity ere this.'

Lyon went to the sideboard and swallowed half a tumbler of brandy, and then paced up and down with the crushed letter in his hand. At length he stopped.

'Don't give up yet!' he said, smiting himself upon the breast. 'Sugg said he must wait until they reached a foreign port. Let us wait.'

Then he drank more brandy, and then sat down to the table, and drew writing materials towards him. And he wrote an article upon a slip of note-paper. And this article he copied upon two other slips, after which he sat down and awaited the coming of his valet.

'Dick,' said he, when that individual made his appearance, 'here are three items, or three copies of the same item which I want published in New York to-morrow. You will take the early boat and run down. You are acquainted with the sub-editors and reporters. Will you attend to it?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Not a word of whence they came.'

'I'm not quite a fool, Lyon.'

'All right. You have money enough?'

'Plenty.'

'Then be off in the first down boat.'

'It shall be done, sir.'

'Good-night.'

'Good-night.'

And with this Lyon Hargrave drank another glass of brandy, and then went to bed.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SHADOW UPON LILY MERTON.

It was on Saturday evening—now in the month of August—when the clerk of Mr. Merton brough the mail-budget to the house. Lily had not been to the post-office for several days. She had not the heart. Yet on this Saturday evening she awaited the coming of the mail anxiously. There might something come. Little dreamed she what!

There was no letter for her. She stifled a sob, and sat down. Presently she recovered herself, and taking a New York paper she looked for the news. Lately she had been in the habit of reading the shipping intelligence, as she often found word therein of American vessels in foreign ports. As she read, a paragraph fixed her attention, as by a spell, even before she had distinguished a word. She read it. It was as follows:

'The painful intelligence comes to us, by way of the overland route, *via* the Mediterranean, of the death of Horace Moore, first mate of the ship *Speedwell*, of New York. He died in Calcutta, of malignant fever. Also the captain and first-mate of the American ship *Xerxes* died of the same fatal disease. These three were officers of surprising excellence, and their untimely loss will be deeply felt.'

Lily read, and swooned away, and later her father found her prone upon the floor, with the newspaper clutched in her cold grasp. He summoned the assistance of the female help, and then sent for the doctor.

The blow did not kill. Under careful nursing Lily came back to life, and came back to a full realization of the calamity which had befallen her. Fever set in, with delirium, and the wretched girl sank very low. She cared not to get well, though she had no thought of self-destruction.

'Mary,' she said, one day, to her attendant, 'I would rather die than not. I care not to live since Horace is dead. I shall meet him in a better world.'

Mary Carter was a girl of six-and-twenty, or thereabouts, who had been in the family since the death of Mrs. Merton, now six years. She had proved herself faithful and capable, and was a good housekeeper—or, a good hand to work, with Lily to manage. She really loved her young mistress, and sympathized with her in her misfortune and grief, but she could not enter into the deeper feeling. Her heart had never been moved with such love as Lily had felt, and she knew nothing of its glory or its power. She did not like to see her lady so cast down—she did not think there was any need for it. She thought she would be acting the part of a friend to lift her mind from its melancholy brooding.

'Indeed, Miss Lily,' she said, with honest sincerity, 'there are friends in this world for whom you should live. There are many left who love you dearly. It is is not good that you should be cast down of your own free will.'

'Mary!'

'Pardon me, Miss Lily—but you are harming yourself. You know for whom you ought to live. Did you not promise your mother when she was dying that you would take her place, as far as you could, in the household? O! my dear lady, remember how much you owe to others. Let the dark past go, and think of what good you may gain in the future.'

'Hush, Mary. Say no more now.'

That evening, Lyon Hargrave called at Mr. Merton's, and he gave to Mary Carter a neatly folded parcel.

'It is a present for you, Mary,' he said, 'and I give it to you for your kindness to Lily. Oh, if I could only teach her to love me.'

Mary honestly sympathized with the man. She thought him all he professed to be. He had been very kind and very respectful to her, and she could not believe that evil was in his heart.

'Indeed, sir,' she said, 'if I could influence her that way I know I should be influencing her for her good.'

'I think you would, Mary. But we must not be too abrupt. Help my love if you can, and your goodness shall not be forgotten. Win Lily back to health and strength as speedily as possible.'

Lyon then went into Mr. Merton's study, where he found the old attorney reading. Their conversation at that time was not important, save a question and an answer at its close. Mr. Merton was fully as anxious that his daughter should become the wife of Lyon Hargrave, as that gentleman was to make her such.

'Look ye, my friend,' said Lyon, after he had put on his gloves, 'considering that it would be best for all concerned that your daughter should become mistress of Ingleside, would you be willing to second an innocent ruse to that end—that is, supposing that other means fail?'

'Anything, Lyon, within the bounds of human reason, to make Lily your wife.'

'It shall not be a difficult task, Mr. Merton. We will perfect our plans in the future, if we find need.'

And Lyon Hargrave went up to Ingleside, where some boon companions were awaiting his coming for a game of cards.

A few days after this Lily observed particularly the beautiful boquet of fragrant flowers upon the stand between the windows of her chamber. When she came to think of it she knew they must be of hot-house culture, for the season of such flowers of native growth had passed.

'Mary,' she said, 'you are kind to me. And others must be kind. Does my father bring those flowers?'

'No Miss Lily. They do not come from your father.'

'Who sends them?'

'Can you not guess?'

'Is it—'

'Who?'

The sick girl started up to a sitting posture, and a bright red flush was upon her cheek.

'Is it—Lyon Hargrave?'

'Yes, Miss Lily. O, you don't know how that poor man sorrows for you—how he mopes and moans.'

Mary Carter, was trying, perhaps, to pay for the bright new silk dress she had found in the package which Lyon had given her.

'Mr. Hargrave has been here almost every day, and—'

Lily interrupted her by a gesture.

'Let me take the bouquet, Mary.'

Still sitting up in her bed the sick girl took the fragrant flowers from the hand of her attendant, and, with true precision, hurled them out at the open window.

'No more! no more!' she gasped; and then sank back exhausted.

Mary was frightened; but the paroxysm did not prove a serious one. On the contrary, it acted as a healthful stimulant to the invalid's dormant energies. She had found something to excite her combativeness, and to start afresh the current of her life.

'Be not alarmed,' she said, when she had regained her breath. 'I am not faint; but I shall faint—I shall go mad—if you suffer another flower from that man's hands to enter my chamber. O, Mary, you don't know how I loath, how I dread Lyon Hargrave—Hush! you don't know him yet. So no more now; and, if you love me, speak not his name to me again.'

What could Mary Carter do? She could not yet believe evil of Lyon Hargrave, nor could she willingly wound and pain the mistress whom she truly loved; so she held her peace, trusting that returning strength would bring with it to the invalid a clearer perception of her own interests. To the blunt and homely understanding of the housemaid only a woman bereft of sense would wantonly cast away such a prize as was offered in the mistress-ship of Ingleside.

For some days after that Mary received the flowers which Lyon Hargrave brought, or sent, and held her peace. She dared not carry them to Lily's room, and she had not the heart to tell to the donor the fate of his floral offerings. But the confession could not be long delayed. One day Lyon asked her if Lily had yet spoken of the flowers; and then, with a gulp, and with great effort, Mary told the truth. She did not know how to lie.

Lyon Hargrave stamped his foot with rage, and an oath came near slipping from his lips, but he caught the expression of Mary Carter's face in season, and held back the profane words.

'Pardon me, Mary,' he said. 'It was a sore blow.'

'Of course it was, sir,' cried the maid, sympathisingly; 'and I would have helped it if I could. But the young lady is not herself. Wait, sir. Her heart is yet sore. Time may work wonders.'

But Lyon saw more clearly. He did not think he could win Lily's or her confidence. This made him angry, and he swore that the fair, stubborn girl should be his wife if she lived. In his rage and chagrin he was capable of doing anything. He went home, sat down at the table in the library, and when Dick Bunker came in his only remark was:

'Bring me some hot water and some sugar, and then leave me.'

The hot water and the sugar were brought, and then Lyon was left alone. He mixed a hot brandy toddy, and drank it, and then mixed and drank another. Then he arose and paced to and fro.

'I think,' he finally said, stopping in his walk, and pressing his fingers upon his brow, 'that Mr. Merton is in want of money. He plainly intimated to me, not many days ago, that he must raise a thousand dollars this month. I think I can throw the money in his way.'

He went to the old cabinet, or secretary, and from one of the inner drawers he took a package of neatly folded papers, from which he selected half a dozen, or so, and put them into his pocket-book. The others he restored to the drawer, and then, having drank more brandy, he went up into the billiard room.

On the following morning Lyon soaked his head in cold water, and then drank brandy and soda, and flattered himself, when the brandy had reached his brain, that he was as good as new. Poor fool he, and poor fools all, for thinking so! Go, my fast-living youth, and ask the man who has been through the mill how he likes the result. See him, at middle-age, when the real comforts of life ought to be opening to him the way of peace and joy, broken and pain-stricken,—his stomach a mere wreck and a seat of endless pains, and the very light of nature turned blue and sulphurous. Ah! it is a heavy penalty you must pay for these early drafts upon nature's powers, and be sure the bill will be presented—and be presented, too, by the agent who has the full, full power to enforce payment. Go on, if you will; only know that the day of reckoning must come.

Aye—Lyon Hargrave, when the soda had stirred the stomach, and the alcohol had mounted to the brain, felt as good as new, and when he had eaten his breakfast he walked down to Oxington, and called at the office of Asher Merton, Esq., whom he found alone. For a time, the visitor led the conversation in ordinary channels, chatting pleasantly and smiling. At length he took from his pocket-book a package of folded papers, saying, as he did so:

'Mr. Merton, here are notes and accounts left by my uncle which should be settled. Will you look them over, and tell me if you think you can collect any of them. Of course I am not particularly in need of the money, but I do not like that such matters should stand too long unsettled.'

The attorney took the papers, seven in number, and when he had examined them he selected four as good.

'These,' said he, 'I think I can collect; but the other three, I fear, are bad eggs.'

'What is the amount of those you consider good?'

Merton figured awhile upon a piece of paper, and finally announced:

'The amount, principal and interest, is two thousand and ten dollars.'

'And you think you can collect that?'

'I do.'

'Then you may go at it soon as you please.'

If Lyon had taken his hat and arisen as if to depart, when he stopped, and with a smiling nod, remarked:

'It is a delicate subject, Mr. Merton, but I may say to you that any assistance I can render to one who is to become to me as a father, I shall not withhold. I think you understand me.'

If the attorney understood, he made the wish father to the thought, and understood as his own necessities dictated.

'I think I understand,' he said.

'All right,' responded Lyon, very heartily. 'So you will make it for your own interest to collect as much of that money as possible.'

And with this he took his leave.

And while he wends his way back to Ingleside, let us look for a moment in at the post office.

[TO BE CONTINUED].

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EIGHT YEARS' EXPERIENCE in this market. Over fifty thousand bushels of P. E. Island Potatoes received by us last fall. Our patrons all satisfied. Vessels chartered for Potato freights at short notice. Write for market reports.

☞ Specialties—Potatoes, Mackerel, Canned Lobsters, Eggs.

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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.

Executors' Notice.

THE undersigned Executors of the last Will and Testament of the late William Ryan, of Tignish, Cooper, deceased, hereby notify all persons indebted to him to make immediate payments to them at their office in Silvain T. Perry's store, at Tignish, Prince County, Prince Edward Island, and all persons having claims or demands against the said William Ryan, are hereby required to furnish the same duly attested, within twelve months from this date.

Dated at Tignish, Prince County, Prince Edward Island, the 22nd day of February, 1886.

PETER DOYLE
SILVAIN T. PERRY,
Executors.

Tignish, February 22, 1886.—3m

REMOVAL

JAMES D. TAYLOR

HAS REMOVED HIS

BOOK BINDERY

To the Rooms above the Boot and Shoe Store of W. R. BOREHAM, North Side Market Square.

☞ Entrance between the stores of W. R. Boreham and G. H. Taylor, Jeweler, Grafton Street.

Feb. 24, 1886—4i

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 *Cures 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, Chronic 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, $1.25. Circulars free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

CHICKEN CHOLERA.

REID BROS.

CHAMPION PRICE LIST

FOR MARCH.

SHIRTING GINGHAMS, marked price 11c., now 8c. All-wool Shirting Flannel, marked 32c., now 25c. Half-wool Drugget, marked price 32c., now 22c. Ladies' Winter Jackets, marked $1.65, $4.25 and $5, now half price. Men's Reefers, marked $4, now half price. Ladies' Corsets, marked $1.10, now $75c. Ladies' Rubber Circulars, marked $1.40, now $1. Men's Black Worsted Suits, marked $7.50, now $5.85. Men's Tweed Pants, marked $1.60, now $1.10. Ladies' Four-button Kid Gloves, marked 75c, now 55c. Ladies' Four-clasp Kid Gloves, worth $1.40, now 75c. Men's Underclothing at 20 per cent. discount. Men's Overcoats, reduced to clear, at half price. Genuine All-wool Heavy Tweed, marked 60c., now 45c. Cotton Flannels, in white and colored, marked 12c., now 10c. A genuine discount of 25 per cent. on Men's Furnishings. Men's White and Regatta Shirts, marked $1.40, now $1. $20 Fine Tweed Suits, to measure, now only $14. $30 Fine Worsted Suits, to measure, now only $20. $14 Tryon Tweed Suits, to measure, now only $12 $6 Scotch Tweed Pants, to measure, now only $4. Child's Tweed Suits, marked $2, now only $1.25. Youth's Black Worsted Suits, marked $9.50, now only $6.85. Fine Scotch Tweeds, marked $1.25, now only 90c. Heavy Island Tweeds, All-wool, 45c., 55c. and 85c. Yard-wide Gray Cottons, 4 and 5 cents.

☞ We have now on board the *Northern Light* a large stock of spring Clothing, which will be sold cheap till trade revives.

REID BROS.

Charlottetown, March 3, 1886. CAMERON BLOCK.

THE MUTUAL

Life Insurance Co. of New York.

ASSETS—CASH,

$108,908,967.51.

INCOME FOR 1885,

$20,214,954.28.

THE STRONGEST FINANCIAL INSTITUTION IN THE WORLD.

Purely mutual, having no Stock-holders to claim any of the profits, the assets and surplus belong to the assurer.

Its ratio of expenses to receipts is less than that of any other Company.

Its dividends to Policy-holders are greater than those of any other Company, and the cost to the insurer is therefore less than in any other Company.

JOHN MACEACHERN,

March. 3, 1886—tf Agent for P. E. Island.

FLOUR. FLOUR.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

HAVING a large and well-assorted stock on hand, we are selling **CHOICE FLOUR** very cheap, to suit the times. We keep all the choice brands on hand, such as

Matchless (celebrated brand); **Victory, Our Favorite,** **Kent** (highest grade). **Forest City Queen, City** (bbls. & half bbls).

Also, CHOICE PASTRY, in half barrels. Every barrel warranted. Give us a call before buying elsewhere.

BEER & GOFF,

March 3, 1886. Opposite Market House.

MARK WRIGHT & CO

1885. —ARE— 1885.

Better prepared than ever before to give the BEST VALUE in every description of

FURNITURE,

All manufactured on their premises by first-class workmen, and warranted second to none.

They have in stock **3,000 CHAIRS** of various designs, and will sell them at prices to suit the hard times.

LOUNGES, BEDSTEADS, TABLES, WASHSTANDS, LOOKING-GLASSES, MATTRASSES, PICTURE MOULDING, PARLOR SETS, BEDROOM SETS,

and a thousand other articles too numerous to mention.

☞ Remember we cannot be undersold.

Undertaking Department a Specialty.

MARK WRIGHT & Co.

Kent Street Charlottetown, Dec. 17, 1884.