WHY GIRLS WILL WED.

She arose at the early daybreak,
With a sick and aching head,
And she said—this cross little woman—
"I wonder why girls will wed?
They wouldn't, I'm sure, if they reckoned
The things that a wife must bear,
The never-done work of a household,
The never-done mother care."

"Six dozen pieces to wash to-day,
And the children must go to school,
And every one knows on washing-days
Baby is cross as a rule.
And Bridget is not to the work yet:
(Oh, dear, how my head does ache!)
Yet I shall have the dinner to cook,
And all of the beds to make."

But as soon as the breakfast was ready,
Father came in from the yard;
He kissed the sick little mother.
"Was sure that the work was hard."
He said to the noisy boys: "Be still!
Your mother's not well to-day;"
And when he bade her good-bye,
He "would kiss the pain away."

And the coffee or kiss—which was it?
Healed like a magical charm!
The spirit of diligent gladness
Was everywhere on the farm.
The father worked hard at the plowing,
The mother forgot her pain;
Bridget did well with the washing,
There wasn't a drop of rain.

The baking and cleaning were over
When the boys came home from school,
Baby forgot it was washing-day,
And pleasantly broke his rule;
And at night the house was clean and bright—
There was not a thing amiss.
"'Tis only a wife," the father thought,
"Would do so much for a kiss."

And the wife sitting down in the firelight,
The baby asleep at her side,
Her husband chatting, and watching her
With a husband's loving pride,
Thought much of her full and pleasant home,
Of her children asleep in bed,
And said, with a sweet, contented laugh,
"*No wonder that girls will wed!*"

—*Lillie Barr.*

DARE AND DO RIGHT:

—OR THE—

ADVENTURES OF TOM, THE BOOTBLACK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ONLY AN IRISH BOY.

CHAPTER XXXV—[CONTINUED.]

'If there is no other way,' he said at length.

'My friend,' said Mr. Grey, 'I will stay with you and send the boy home.'

'I won't trust him,' said Hugh, who had learned his lesson well. 'Besides, he cannot get the money as well as you.'

'There seems to be no help for it, Gilbert,' said James Grey, turning to his nephew. 'He insists upon retaining you, but it shall not be for long. I will at once obtain the money, and come back and release you. He is armed and we are not. We cannot resist him.'

'If you think it best,' said Gilbert.

'I am afraid there is no other way. My friend, suppose I give you my promise to come back, will you excuse this young man from stopping?'

'No!' said Hugh, shortly.

'Say no more,' said Gilbert. 'I will remain.'

He jumped lightly from the chaise, and Hugh released his hold of the bridle.

'When shall you be back?' he asked.

'At three o'clock this afternoon.'

'I will be on hand with the boy.'

'Keep up your courage, Gilbert,' said Mr. Grey, as he drove away.

Out of sight, a smile of triumph overspread his face.

'I didn't think Hugh would do his part so well,' he soliloquized. 'Really he is quite an actor. So I am rid of my troublesome responsibility at last. I hope never again to set eyes upon him.

On reaching home he stated that Gilbert had suddenly received a telegram summoning him to St. Louis; that he had carried him to a landing-place for the river boats, and agreed to dispatch his luggage to the Planter's House in that city by express. To keep up appearances he did so dispose of Gilberts' carpet-bag, directing it to

'GILBERT GREY,
Planter's House,
St. Louis, Mo.'

'Pears like he left mighty suddint,' said Pompey.

'Yes; he has a friend very sick in St. Louis,' explained Mr. Grey.

'I'm sorry he's gone,' said John, who suspected nothing. 'He was a right fine lad, and he managed Bucephalus beautiful.'

Jasper said nothing, but wondered whether Gilbert had suffered violence at his father's hands.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

HUGH BETRAYS HIS PRINCIPAL.

'Follow me!' said Hugh Trimble to Gilbert.

'Where are you going to lead me?'

'Never you mind. Come along.'

Gilbert saw that resistance would be useless, and he obeyed. His companion plunged into the woods, looking back occasionally to see that he was following. He kept on for about half a mile as near as Gilbert could judge, when they came to a small clearing, in the midst of which was a dilapidated log hut. It was no longer occupied, but had been deserted by the former occupant, who had gone across the Mississippi to regions yet unexplored years before.

'Go in there,' said Hugh.

Gilbert entered.

He saw nothing but bare walls, all furniture having been removed when it was deserted.

Our hero looked around him curiously, and then at his conductor inquiringly. He was not long in doubt as to his intention.

Hugh drew a strong cord from his pocket, and drew near him.

'What are you going to do?' asked Gilbert.

'Tie your hands and feet,' was the reply.

Gilbert shrunk back.

'Don't do that,' he said.

'I ain't goin' to have you run away,' growled Hugh.

'I won't run away. I shall be released this afternoon at any rate, and I can stand captivity till then.'

'How do you know you will get free this afternoon?'

'You promised to let me go when my uncle brought the money.'

'Your uncle!' repeated Hugh, exhibiting surprise, fixing his eyes keenly upon our hero.

'Yes, he is my uncle, but he does not acknowledge me yet.'

'Humph!' said Hugh, thoughtfully to himself. 'Suppose he does own you, what then?'

'It is a secret.'

'You'd better tell me. I have a reason for asking.'

'I have a claim to the property which my uncle possesses.'

'That's it. I understand it now.'

'What do you understand?'

'Suppose you was to die, what then?'

'There would be nobody to disturb my uncle in the possession of his property.'

'He wouldn't cry much if you was to die.'

'What do you mean?' asked Gilbert, unpleasantly impressed by the man's tone.

'He wants you dead—that's the long and short of it.'

'I can't believe it,' said Gilbert, shuddering. 'You can have no cause to say this. He can't be so wicked.'

'Look here, young one,' said Hugh, 'I'll tell you a secret. You take me for a robber, don't you?'

'Yes.'

'In course you do. Now I'm going to surprise you. My stopping your mouth to-day was all a put-up job'

'You don't mean that my uncle engaged you to do it?'

'Yes, I do.'

'What was his object?'

'He don't mean to come back for you. He wants me to kill you.'

'You don't mean that?' said Gilbert, horror-struck.

'Yes, I do. He's goin' to give me a thousand dollars.'

'And you agreed to do it?'

'Yes, I agreed to do it.'

'Would you stain your hands with murder for a thousand dollars?' asked Gilbert, solemnly.

'What can I do? I am a poor man. Fortune has gone agin me all my life. There ain't no other way I can get money. If I was well off I wouldn't do it.'

'Good Heavens! To think my uncle should be capable of such wickedness.'

'It's just as bad for him, ain't it? He hires me to kill you for the sake of money. What's the odds?'

'He is worse than you. He knows that I would not strip him of every thing, even if I succeed.'

'What's your chances, young one? Have you got a good case?'

'If I hadn't, he wouldn't conspire for my death.'

'That's so. Now, young chap, shall I kill you or not?'

'Of course I don't want to be killed, but you are too strong for me. I am in your power.'

'Swear, if I spare your life, will you see that I don't lose by it?'

Gilbert caught his meaning and snatched at the chance of safety.

'If you let me go, you shall have the same amount my uncle promised you, and will have no stain of murder on your hands.'

'Have you got the money?'

'Nearly all. The rest I can raise. But I will do better than that, on one condition.'

'What's that?'

'If you will let me call you as a witness, to prove that my uncle engaged you to kill me, I shall be sure to recover my property, and the day I come into possession I will pay you over two thousand dollars.'

Hugh's eyes sparkled, but he answered cautiously:

'Won't there be no risk. Can't they shut me up?'

'No; you can say that you entered into the plan in order to entrap my uncle?'

'Will you swear to do that?'

'I will.'

'Then it's a bargain. Now, what shall we do first?'

'I want you to go with me to St. Louis, but my uncle must not know that I have escaped. How can we manage that?'

'We can go up north afterwards and take the boat from there. When we pass this place on the river, we'll stay down below.'

'That is a good plan. When we get to St. Louis I will see a lawyer at once, and put the matter in hand.'

'I don't like to come before the court,' said Hugh, reluctantly, 'but I will if you say so.'

'I don't think it will be necessary. When my uncle learns that his conspiracy is likely to be made known, he will be glad to compromise without a contest.'

'You know best. If you'll come round with me to my hut, I'll tell the old woman what's up, and then we'll strike for the river.'

'All right.'

'You wont go back on me?'

'No—that isn't my way; besides, your testimony is too valuable for me. I'll stand by you if you'll stand by me. Give me your hand.'

Hugh placed his rough hand in the softer hand of our hero, and the touch dispelled his lingering suspicions.

'I'll trust you, young one,' he said.

Before the sun set they were passengers on a river steamer, bound for St. Louis.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A FINAL SURRENDER.

James Grey waited at home in anxious suspense to hear from Hugh Trimble. He felt that it would not be prudent to seek him out, lest suspicion attached to himself, in case his nephew had been murdered. From time to time he realized the risk he had run, and wished he had never entered into a conspiracy against Gilbert's life.

Twenty-five hours passed, and still Hugh Trimble did not appear to claim the thousand dollars promised him for the crime he had consented to perpetrate. James Grey began to grow nervous. His nervousness increased when another day passed and still no tidings.

On the third day he was about to set out for the woods, in defiance of prudence, bent on terminating his suspense, when he received a letter postmarked St. Louis. It was addressed in a strange hand. He opened it curiously, but, as he read it, he turned pale, and, when he had mastered its contents, he sank into a chair overcome.

This was the letter:

ST. LOUIS, October—, 188—.

'MR. JAMES GREY: I write you as the attorney of Gilbert Grey, claiming to be the son of your deceased elder brother, and as such entitled to the large property of which you took possession at your brother's death, and which you still hold, to his prejudice. He is prepared to prove his identity by the written death-bed confession of the clerk whom you employed to abduct him, the genuineness of which document he is also in a condition to prove. It will not be necessary to go into further particulars, since he tells me that he has already conferred with you on the subject, and put you in possession of all that he is able to prove.

'He is also prepared to show that you so far recognized the strength of his claim, that in Cincinnati you endeavored to destroy the written confession alluded to, and that on a later occasion you entered into a conspiracy with one Hugh Trimble to murder him, promising the said Trimble one thousand dollars for so doing. To this Hugh Trimble is prepared to swear, having repented his wicked compact and enlisted himself on the side of my client. Though we feel that exposure and punishment for this wicked plot should justly be visited upon you, we agree to keep it secret provided you interpose no obstacle to the immediate surrender to my client of the property at present unjustly withheld from him. It is desirable that you come to St. Louis at once, and settle this matter.

'Yours respectfully,
'ANTHONY BATES.'

When James Grey reached the conclusion of this letter he realized that he had failed. His tool had turned against him, and he was in the power of his nephew. There was but one answer to make to this proposition. *He dared not refuse.*

He started immediately for St. Louis, and wended his way to the lawyer's office. He feared he should find his nephew there, but was relieved to find himself alone with Mr. Bates.

'To what decision have you come, Mr. Grey?' asked the lawyer.

'What terms do you offer?'

'Silence, provided you surrender the estate at once.'

'It will render me penniless.'

'At what do you estimate the value of the estate?'

'One hundred and fifty thousand dollars.'

'This is about the figure at which my client estimated it. I am authorized by him to offer you ten thousand dollars in hand, and an annual income of two thousand dollars upon the acknowledgment without delay of the rightfulness of his claim.'

It was more than Mr. Grey hoped for. He judged his nephew by himself, and doubted, especially after his attempt upon his life, whether he would not leave him to the bitterness of utter poverty.

'I accept the terms,' he said, briefly.

'Then the proper papers shall be made out at once.'

Now that Mr. Grey offered no further opposition, there was no further cause of delay. An hour later, Gilbert had in his possession the legal document which restored him to his rights, and made him a rich man.

His uncle received in exchange a paper, assuring to him the provision which Gilbert had generously made. Armed with this, he went home without seeing his nephew.

He was ashamed to face the lad whom he had so basely sought to slay.

When Jasper, to whom he had said nothing of the motive of his journey, met him, he at once detected the trouble in his father's manner.

'What is the matter, father?' he inquired.

'All is lost, Jasper,' said his father.

'What do you mean?'

'Gilbert has triumphed, and I am a comparative beggar.'

'Then what is to become of me?' demanded Jasper, thunder-struck.

'Always yourself!' repeated his father, bitterly. 'You have no feeling for me. All your anxiety is for yourself.'

'I never pretended to be an affectionate son,' said Jasper cooly. 'It's my belief that you've mismanaged this affair somewhat. You'd better have left it in my hands.'

'I did the best I could, but Gilbert is sharp and no baby. You might know that from the way in which he tamed Bucephalus.'

'I wish the brute had broken his neck.'

'I don't know,' said James Grey, slowly. 'I believe Heaven is on his side, and we can't fight against Heaven.'

'Perhaps you are content to be a beggar. I am not.'

'We are not beggars. Your cousin leaves us ten thousand dollars, and assures us an annual income of two thousand dollars.'

'That is not bad,' said Jasper, with a sigh of relief. 'I hope you don't mean to stay in this dull hole.'

'No, it would be disagreeable. When money matters are fairly settled, I propose that we shall leave the country, and settle in Europe.'

Jasper's eyes sparkled.

'The most sensible thing you could decide upon, father. It isn't so bad after all. We can live comfortably on our income abroad.'

'Not as we have done.'

'I don't care. I shall get out of this hole, and this life.'

A month later, Jasper and his father sailed for Europe. They are still living there—not happily, for Jasper is not a model son, and his ingratitude and want of ordinary feeling, affect his father the more that he is thrown upon his society chiefly for companionship.

When Gilbert had settled his affairs he removed to Cincinnati. He was received with a warm welcome by Mr. Ferguson, who heartily rejoiced in his success. Maurice was filled with envy and disappointment. His rival had been lifted so far above him that there could be no longer rivalry. Gilbert was a young man of fortune, while he was a poor clerk on a small salary. The worst of it was, that there was no hope now of winning Bessie Benton. But, had Maurice been wiser, he might have seen long ago that he had no hope there. Bessie knew him too well, and though she felt a friendly interest in his welfare there was no chance of any warmer feeling. She had a partiality for Gilbert, while he was still poor. As years passed it became further developed, and I am sure my readers will not be surprised to learn that she now writes her name Bessie Grey.

But I have not yet done with my hero. As may be supposed he resigned his clerkship in Mr. Ferguson's establishment, generously asking that Maurice be appointed his successor, and privately agreeing that if Mr. Ferguson would pay him the same salary he had himself received, he would make up any part that he might not earn. But I am glad to say that Maurice turned over a new leaf, and stimulated by the double pay now received, became so much more efficient that Gilbert was not called upon to make good any deficiency. As for Gilbert himself, at the suggestion of Mordaunt, his roommate, he decided to study law, entering the office of the latter, now in successful practice. In due time he was admitted to the bar. He spent a year in Cincinnati, but was led to remove to Wisconsin, Bessie Benton accompanying him as his wife. Here he soon began to win reputation, and at this moment he holds a position of high official trust, in his adopted State. It is rumored that he will this year be elected to a seat in Congress. Should this be the case, he will not be the only member who has risen to a high position through his own efforts.

Here we will take leave of "Tom, the Bootblack," trusting that the record of his struggles and final success may inspire every reader to emulate him in bold and manly effort, and help them to always

"DARE AND DO RIGHT."

THE END.

The Irish Situation.

The Irish situation is as perplexing and provoking as ever to the English. Limerick city stands out stoutly against the Castle, refusing to pay a penny of the expenditure charged on it for extra police; and the Castle shows its conception of the awkwardness of the affair by offering to accept a reduced sum than that which the corporation of Limerick rejects. The test case will be watched with the deepest interest all over Ireland. The Catholic Bishops of Ireland in conference passed a resolution committing a settlement of the Irish education question to the Parnellites, a form of recognition by hierarchy which is deeply significant of the increasing strength of nationalism. Then, too, Hon. Rowland Werin, an aged uncle and heir of Lord Headley, has just evicted 52 families from wretched huts on the bleak Glen Beigh coast for inability to pay accumulated rents, three times greater than the valuation of the land, and under circumstances of peculiar brutality. Some of the children of those turned out on the mountain side are said to have died. Radical English papers have taken the thing up and protest vigorously against officially bolstering such abuses. It is a fact also that the *Wasp* was on an evicting mission when she was wrecked, and Radical papers sternly ask why a man-of-war should be employed to drive sixteen miserable families off an ocean rock because the crops were not big enough to pay exorbitant rents. All signs point to more English interest in Ireland's wrongs than has been exhibited heretofore, and Parnell's hand will be an immensely strong one in the next parliament if the dynamiters do not block his game, as they have twice blocked it before by outrages.

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JAMES A. FRASER.

Summerside, Sept. 3, 1884.

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THE Preliminary, or Lower Grade examination, will commence on Tuesday, the 11th November next, and the Qualifying or Higher Grade, on Wednesday the 12th. Candidates for the Higher need not pass the Lower Grade examination.

The examinations will be held at the places at which they were held in May last.

Applications for admission must be made to the undersigned not later than the 15th October.

P. LeSUEUR,
Commissioner and Secretary to Board.

Ottawa, 15th Sept. 1884—ed2i

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Sept. 24, 1884—6m

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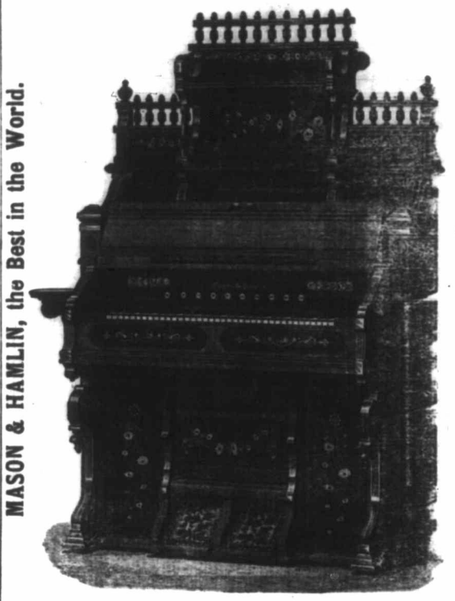

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GOOD CANADIAN ORGANS, Cheapest and Best in the Dominion.

You can save $20 by buying from me. Try it.

LEONARD MORRIS.

Summerside, Sept. 3, 1884.

PERKINS & STERNS

New Goods, Cheap Goods,

RELIABLE GOODS!

We are continually adding to our stock, cheap lots of Staple and Fancy Goods. Have opened during the past week,

New Corsets, New Hoop Skirts,

NEW BUSTLES, NEW RUBBER CIRCULARS, &c.

—VERY BEST VALUE IN—

Grey Cottons, White Cottons, Printed Cottons, Sheetings, White and Colored Cotton Warps,

CHEAP, AND EVERY BUNDLE WARRANTED.

Table Linen, Napkins, Towels, Towellings, Window Hollands, Counterpanes, &c.

Carpets & Oil Cloths.

ALL OF THE ABOVE GOODS VERY CHEAP.

PERKINS & STERNS.

Charlottetown, August 20, 1884.

BEER & GOFF'S

FOR TEA.

BEER & GOFF'S

FOR TEA.

Charlottetown, July 2, 1884.

McLEOD, MORSON & McQUARRIE,

BARRISTERS AND ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

Office in Old Bank,

[UP STAIRS.]

Charlottetown, February 27, 1884.

Oakland House

Formerly Queen's Hotel,

KING STREET, WEST.

HAVING engaged the premises formerly known as the "Queen's Hotel," on King Street, the Subscriber has had the same thoroughly renovated and painted, and is now prepared to accommodate permanent and transient Boarders at reasonable rates.

Good Stabling in connection.

A. CLARK.

July 30, 1884—3m

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE undersigned is prepared to attend to LAND SURVEYING, either in town or country. Having had over thirty years' experience, he can guarantee satisfaction.

Residence—Sydney Street, next to the residence of W. H. Findley, Esq., Charlottetown.

THOMAS HICKEY.

May 21, 1884—1 yr

BARRELS

BARRELS.

THE undersigned having engaged the premises on Euston Street, directly opposite Mr. H. F. Coombs' store, is prepared to make

Mackerel and Pork Barrels

TO ORDER.

Shipments of fish promptly attended to.

D. R. OLDIS, Cooper.

Charlottetown, July 2, 1884—6m