ORIEMUS.

(From Dr Jos Marie.)

Welcome, ye sad dirges of November,
When Indian Summer drops her brilliant crown
All withered, as in clinging mantle brown
She floats away to die beneath the leaves.
Pressed are the grapes, gathered the latest sheaves;
O, wailing winds! how can we but remember
The loved and lost? O, ceaseless monotones!
Hearing your plaints, counting your weary moans
Like voices of the dead, like broken sighs
From stricken souls who long for Paradise,
We will not slight the message that ye bear,
Nor check a pitying thought, nor grudge a prayer.
They have departed, we must still remember;
Welcome, ye sad, sad dirges of November.

—MARY H. MANNIX.

THE DETECTIVE'S CLUE;

—OR—

THE TRAGEDY OF ELM GROVE

CHAPTER XXV.

GEOFFREY HAYWOOD AT WORK—A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

On the same afternoon that Carlos had so nearly betrayed himself to Florence Darley by his wild outburst, and shortly after his departure, Geoffrey Haywood called at Elm Grove.

He was just in time to be invited to tea, and he accepted the invitation.

He observed that Florence did not appear to be entirely calm, that her mind was agitated, but on this he made no remark.

It was not until after tea, when they were seated in the drawing-room, that he entered into serious conversation with her.

'Florence,' he said, 'there are certain business affairs that must be talked over at some time, and this occasion seems to be a favorable one to open the subject.'

'Yes,' was her simple rejoinder.

'The time for the distinct settlement of some matter is near at hand, the period mentioned in the notice to creditors to put in their claims having nearly arrived. Thanks to Colonel Conrad's admirable business management, the creditors are few, and their claims are small. The amount of property, after all settlements are made, will be about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, besides Elm Grove. You are aware that, by the terms of the will, fifty thousand dollars are left to sundry charitable and educational institutions; the homestead here is left to you unconditionally, and that the balance is left to me in trust for my own use, with the exception of an annual income of three thousand dollars to be paid to you. But if you marry, one-half of the fortune is to be made over to you, intact and unconditionally, while the other half is mine. If you do not marry, the before-mentioned terms remain in force during your life.'

'Yes, I understand all that,' said Florence.

'You will continue to live here at Elm Grove?'

'I suppose so. The place is dear to me. About it are associated all the pleasant remembrances of my life. Yes, I shall remain here.'

'Pleasant memories do indeed cluster around it, Florence—pleasant to me, as well as to you. I loved my uncle, and shall always revere his memory. But that is not all. It is in this house that I have met and known one who has answered my ideal of all that is pure and lovely, who has won me often from busy care, and filled my soul with higher aspirations. Need I say that it is yourself, dear Florence, of whom I am speaking?'

'You compliment me undeservedly, Uncle Geoffrey,' said Florence, with a pained, confused look. It was her habit to call him uncle, though he was in fact not related to her. 'Yet I ought to be gratified at having won your good opinion.'

'Good opinion!' he repeated. 'It is more than that, far more. My uncle had plans which are not mentioned in his will, Florence, plans which are very near my own heart. Their fulfilment is dearer to me than all other earthly objects. The estate, you know, is divided between us, but it may be kept intact, as Colonel Conrad left it, by the carrying out of what I have alluded to. You must know what I am speaking of.'

Florence bowed her head, but made no reply.

'But do not think,' he continued, 'that it is solely on account of my uncle's wishes, or owing to any considerations concerning the property, that I press the subject, for I love you, Florence, with all the strength of my soul, and I am going to ask you to become my wife.'

'Uncle Geoffrey,' said Florence, turning to him calmly, 'I esteem you, I appreciate your friendship, and all your kindnesses. I am aware that the dearest friend I ever had, he who was a father to me, held you in high regard and implicit confidence. But I have not that feeling toward you that a wife should have—I did not wish to marry you.'

There was a simplicity and earnestness in her tone and manner that cut keenly into the schemer's soul. But he was as sedate and unruffled as ever, save a slight manifestation of fervor as befitted the occasion.

'I beg that you will not answer in that way, Florence,' he said. 'If you cannot say yes to-night, take time to consider the matter. If your heart does not warm toward me now, at least give me time to prove my love and earnestness. I have long had an interest in you. My regard has scarcely been second to that of Colonel Conrad. Your welfare has been my desire, all my plans seem inseparably bound up in your happiness and interest.'

'Oh, I hope not, Uncle Geoffrey. We are not suited to each other. I have no love for you of the kind you mention.'

'Again I say,' he exclaimed, 'do not be hasty. Let me cherish the hope that I may yet win you, for I have centered much on your companionship through life. As I said before, it is my chosen purpose. Besides, all considerations of fortune or interest are in favor of it, and there is no doubt but that it was a wish of Colonel Conrad's.'

'It might have been,' said Florence, meditatively, 'but I do not believe he would have had me marry against my will, I am sure he would not. Would you?'

'No, Florence, but I would so guide your will that it might incline to me, and not leave me desolate. I would, by gentle persuasions, show the depth and strength of my love, and win yours in return. But I will not urge you to-night. I simply wish you to remember how I feel, and to think of me as kindly as possible.'

'I always think kindly of you,' she said, smiling.

'Yes, but no more of this to-night. I see you would prefer not to pursue the subject. I have been thinking about some plans for altering the house—that would make it more pleasant for you.'

'Altering the house?' said Florence, in surprise.

'Yes. The south parlor is small, and if the partition between it and the room on the west were taken away, it would make a fine large apartment.'

'The room on the west? Why, that was the study of Colonel Conrad!'

'Certainly—the room where he was killed. The associations connected with it are so awful that the change would, I should think, be acceptable to you.'

He spoke slowly, and scrutinized her face as if to mark her reception of the suggestion.

'No,' she said, shaking her head, 'not change in that room would be acceptable to me. I shall let it remain just as dear Colonel Conrad left it.'

'The value of the house would be greatly enhanced,' argued Haywood.

'That is no inducement,' answered Florence. 'It is not my wish to have a thing disturbed. There is that wonderful clock, and that curious little set of bookshelves fastened to the wall. They are both his handiwork, and both would have to be torn away.'

'And so you cherish his memory by such trifles, do you? Well, I will not comment on your taste, neither will I press the matter. But I hope you will think it over.'

'I do not understand why you should be so urgent about it, Uncle Geoffrey. If there is any particular reason——'

'No,' he interrupted, quickly, 'there is no particular reason, I am not urgent about it. I only suggested it out of regard for your own interests.'

'Thank you,' she replied quietly.

'Now that we are talking about the room,' said Haywood, 'I am reminded that I have a little writing that ought to be done this evening. Perhaps you would not object to my doing it in there.'

'Certainly not,' she exclaimed. 'Occupy it as long as you wish for that purpose. You will find pen, ink, and stationery in the drawer of the table.'

'You will not mind my shutting myself up, away from you?'

'Oh, no, Mabel Cummings is to spend the night with me. She will be here soon.'

'I will excuse myself then.'

'Very well.

Geoffrey Haywood went into the study of the late Colonel Conrad, and after lighting a student's lamp that set on the table, closed the door and locked it.

He took some paper from the drawer, dated and addressed a letter, and wrote a few lines.

Then he paused in his work, meditated for a few moments, and looked cautiously around him. Stepping to the window he drew the curtain a little closer, and then he hung his handkerchief on the knob of the door, so that it covered the keyhole.

Having taken these precautions, he proceeded to the case of book-shelves on the east wall of the room, a few feet from the old clock. He removed the books one by one, making no noise in the operation, and then examined the shelves minutely.

The fixture consisted of a thick, hardwood board, sunk in the plaster and secured to the wall in some manner which he could not determine, for neither nail nor screw head was visible. Near the outer edges were upright, projecting pieces, to which the shelves were fastened. The whole was perhaps four feet square, and the shelves and their supports were six or eight inches wide. All was strong and solidly built, and firmly fixed in place. He pushed it, and pressed it, on all sides and from many directions, but it was immovable.

He finally paused, and contemplated the shelves with more vexation on his face than anyone had ever seen exhibited there. But he was alone, and there was no necessity for concealing his feelings.

'Behind the bookshelves,' he muttered, 'is the place, but how to remove them is the mystery. Yet it must be done. Every risk must be avoided. The secret may be discovered by accident—the house may change hands and undergo repairs—a thousand things may happen. Oh, for the few words that lie between safety and possible ruin! I have read the paper over and over, and cannot form the slightest conception of its conclusion. But I will triumph! Yes, guard the secret as closely as you will, Carlos Conrad, I will accomplish my end in spite of you!'

He again gave himself up to a profound reverie, and then, as if having decided on a plan of action, quickly replaced the books, and unlocked the door. Having done this he pulled a bell knob.

Barker answered the summons.

'Bring me a glass of water, if you please, Barker,' said Haywood, looking up from his writing which he had resumed before Barker entered.

The errand was performed, and having set the glass of water on the table, Barker was about to withdraw.

'Wait a moment,' said Haywood. 'Close the door—turn the key—that's it. I want to talk with you.'

Barker held himself in readiness to hear.

'You earned two hundred dollars once, Barker, very easily. And, by the way, I suppose you have kept perfectly silent regarding the event that I requested you not to mention.'

'Perfectly, sir.'

'That is well. Now I want you to serve me again, and I will pay you satisfactorily.'

'Is it a similiar service, sir?'

'No; quite a different one. But it must be kept secret—in fact, more secret than the other.'

'That couldn't be, sir.'

'All right. I think I can trust you. For reasons of my own, which you will not care to have explained, I wish to remove these bookshelves from the wall.'

'Does Miss Forence——'

'Miss Florence must know nothing of it. The shelves must be removed and replaced in such a manner as to leave no trace of their having been disturbed.'

'That might be a difficult job, sir.'

'There is no doubt of it. But that does not lessen the necessity for doing it. You can see that they are very strong and firmly put up, and it will require considerable ingenuity and labor to take them down. I want you to help me.'

'Now, sir.'

'No—to-morrow night. I will bring the requisite tools.'

'How can we work so as to be unobserved?'

'I will come at midnight—for my presence in the house must not be known—and you must let me in at the window here.'

'I don't exactly like the job, sir.'

'Nor I. But it must be done. I will pay you another two hundred dollars for your help, and if we succeed, and the result is what I hope for, you shall have five hundred more.'

'All right, sir, you can count on me. You're a sharp one, Mr. Haywood.'

'Never mind that. But, Barker, if you ever find life dull here, and wish for a change, let me know, and I will give you a berth where you can make plenty of money and enjoy yourself hugely.'

'I'm your man, sir.'

'At present I want you to help me here. In the future I'll do something handsome for you. But remember the importance of the most profound secrecy.'

Barker placed his hand expressively over his mouth.

'To-morrow night, recollect, unless you get word from me that the job will have to be postponed.'

'Yes, sir.'

Barker withdrew, and Haywood soon after took his departure. Passing through the hall he bowed to Florence Darley and Mabel Cummings, who were chatting in the drawing-room, and bade them good-night.

Then he left the house, and, walking toward Dalton in the darkness of the night, he thought, exultingly:

'In twenty-four hours from to-morrow morning all the documents will be destroyed—the letters from Anthony to William Conrad, the evidence against me, the will—all that can in any way interfere with my plans! And Florence—yes, she shall marry me; I'll have her by some means, whether fair or foul.'

The next day he was about his business as usual, with nothing in his manner to indicate the anxiety with which he anticipated the coming night's work.

Toward evening a note was handed him, the bearer departing as soon as he had delivered it. Haywood was in his store, and he immediately went into his private office and read the note. Its contents disturbed him strangely. He knit his brow, hesitated for a moment, and then wrote these words on a slip of paper:

'*Not to-night.*'

In closing the slip in an envelope, he despatched a messenger to Elm Grove, with instructions to hand it to Barker.

Something had interrupted his plans.

The remaining few hours of the day he passed mostly in his private office, being evidently in too agitated a frame of mind to appear before his fellow-beings.

Late in the evening he was in the street, bent on some urgent errand. It was cold, rainy, and pitch-dark, and most people had sought the shelter of their homes. But Haywood regarded not the weather. He plunged into the gloom and the damp-dreariness, indifferent as to the discomfort and exposure.

Yet he was not the only one out that night.

Doctor Davison had waited at the depot for his brother, and the two had proceeded to the hotel together, where lay Carlos Conrad on his sick bed.

'He is a pretty sick man, said Doctor Davison, as they ascended the stairs that led to the invalid's room. 'Step softly now, for if he is sleeping he must not be awakened.'

Treading on tip-toe, and opening the door silently, they entered the apartment where the patient had been left a few hours before under the influence of an opiate.

But as they approached the bed the physician and his brother halted in amazement. They looked at one another in mute, helpless surprise, for the bed was empty!

Carlos Conrad was gone!

CHAPTER XXVI.

[A DARK NIGHT'S WORK.]

Carlos Conrad had lain on his bed all the afternoon in a state of agitation which the opiates of Dr. Davison had not allayed. Kate Heath's declaration and semi-threat, Dr. Davison's recognition of him, and the subsequent disaster which seemed impending, had served to render his mind active, alert, and unsusceptible to the influence of any ordinary administration of medicine.

Evening approached, and the doctor, running in for a brief call, found him pallid and uncommunicative. There was a contraction of his brows, and an odd look in his dull eyes, that was well calculated to excite apprehension.

And it was with increasing concern that Dr. Davison left him, not to call again until the arrival of his brother, who was to act the part of nurse, and who was expected on the night train.

At nine o'clock in the evening Carlos rose from his bed. On assuming a standing posture, he at first staggered with dizziness, but quickly recovered.

He was in a condition between sanity and delusion. He could not control his movements—he felt himself led on by some irresistible force, and yet he knew what he was doing, and was conscious that he was acting rashly and imprudently. He kept muttering to himself:

'Yes, it must be done to-night—to-night is the time. No miserable delays—no more unbearable suspense. To-night I will go—to-night shall the secret of Rocky Beach be penetrated. Am I in my right mind, I wonder? I think not, and yet the way seems clear. Yes, the time for action has come, and I'll go forth to meet the enemy.'

His madness lent him strength and cunning. He was soon dressed, and he stepped softly from his room into the passage. Through this he walked rapidly, and thence down the stairs into the lower hall.

No one was in sight. He paused and made sure of this, for he had the sense to know that he was ill, and that if any of the attendants of the hotel should observe him they might prevent his going farther, or follow him. He hastened to the outside door, and walked into the cold air. The rain and the damp chilliness made no impression on him. In fact they were grateful to his heated brow, and, with refreshed, stimulated feeling, he bent his footsteps rapidly from the hotel.

Notwithstanding his half delirious condition, he had a fixed, definite purpose, as was evinced by the promptness with which he proceeded in a certain direction.

His route took him away from the business streets to the outskirts of the village, and finally on a lonely country road.

The ground was a mass of mud, the rain fell steadily, the wind sighed with a sluggish, disconsolate murmur, and the air was penetrating in its dull chilliness.

Through the darkness, and the rain, and the gloom he walked steadily, stumbling now and then, but recovering himself and hastening on.

For nearly two hours he continued his lonely tramp, and then on reaching a certain point, he moved with sudden caution.

He was at Rocky Beach.

It was nearly eleven o'clock, and in the inky darkness nothing was visible more than a few steps ahead, save the ocean which stretched away in gloomy expanse. The steady falling rain, the rolling of the waves, and the low murmur of the wind were the only sounds heard.

Listening and peering intently, and neither hearing nor seeing anything that denoted the proximity of any living being, he groped his way forward.

Suddenly a light appeared, seeming to come out of the solid, rocky bluff. Carlos was nearer to the entrance of the cave than he had supposed. He saw that the light was carried by a man, who was instantly followed by another man, bearing another light. The two ascended an eminence, and there remained motionless for a long time, holding their lanterns.

Carlos drew a little nearer, and concealed himself behind a huge rock. Here he watched and waited. If his journey was the result of a freak of delirium, surely there was method in his madness, for he was cautious, silent and observant. He was wet to the skin, and his garments were dripping. Perhaps there was some virtue in the 'water-cure' treatment he was receiving.

A considerable time elapsed, during which he remained quiet and watchful, while the men with the lights waited patiently.

All at once the sound of some craft cutting through the water was heard, and Carlos quickly turned his eyes in the direction from which it came.

Two boats, each with a small, dim head-light, were approaching the shore. They were moving slowly, with sails hoisted, and soon reached the shore.

Out of each sprang two men, carrying coils of ropes, which they made fast to large, heavy stones lying a few feet back from the water.

The two who had remained stationed with the lanterns ran forward to meet them, a few hurried words were exchanged, and forthwith ensued a scene of busy occupation.

Packages, and boxes, and bales were taken from the boats, and carried into the cavern. Three of the men occupied themselves in this way, while the fourth promenaded the beach with his lantern, evidently keeping a look-out for intruders. The other two had disappeared within the cave, probably to receive and stow away the articles that were brought to them.

The men worked rapidly and industriously, speaking but few words, and those in low, indistinct tones.

All this Carlos watched from his place of concealment, withdrawing his gaze only when he was obliged to crouch more closely under the shadow of the rocks when the sentinel passed him at intervals.

The work went on for two hours or more, when suddenly there was a newcomer on the scene. A tall man came from the cavern and stood looking idly on.

The heart of Carlos bounded as he beheld him, for the form and carriage were those of Geoffrey Haywood. The distance and the darkness rendered his face indistinct, and it might be added also that he wore a mask, although Carlos could not discern it. But he was certain that it was Geoffrey Haywood, and his eyes remained riveted upon him.

At length the goods that had been brought in by the boats seemed to be all disposed of. The men looked around, wiping their brows. Then the man whom Carlos believed to be Geoffrey Haywood stepped forward and said a few words.

Carlos crept forward to gain better view of him. In his eagerness he altogether abandoned the shelter of the rock under whose friendly shelter he had remained in concealment, and, before he was fairly aware of it, he was within a rod of the knot of men.

The all turned to go into the cavern, when a startling and terrifying circumstance occurred.

TO BE CONTINUED.

An Alarming Disease Afflicting a Numerous Class.

The disease commences with a slight derangement of the stomach, but, if neglected, it in time involves the whole frame, embracing the kidneys, liver, pancreas, and, in fact, the entire glandular system, and the afflicted drags on a miserable existence until death gives relief from suffering. The disease is often mistaken for other complaints; but if the reader will ask himself the following questions, he will be able to determine whether he himself is one of the afflicted:—Have I distress, pain or difficulty in breathing after eating? Is there a dull, heavy feeling attended by drowsiness? Have the eyes a yellow tinge? Does a thick, sticky mucous gather about the gums and teeth in the mornings, accompanied by a disagreeable taste? Is the tongue coated? Is there pains in the side and back? Is there a fullness about the right side as if the liver were enlarging? Is there costiveness? Is there vertigo or dizziness when rising suddenly from a horizontal position? Are the secretions from the kidneys scanty and highly colored, with a deposit after standing? Does food ferment soon after eating, accompanied by flatulence or a belching of gas from the stomach? Is there frequent palpitation of the heart? These various symptoms may not be present at one time, but they torment the sufferer in turn as the dreadful disease progresses. If the case be one of long standing, there will be a dry, hacking cough, attended after a time by expectoration. In very advanced stages the skin assumes a dirty brownish appearance, and the hands and feet are covered by a cold sticky perspiration. As the liver and kidneys become more and more diseased, rheumatic pains appear, and the usual treatment proves entirely unavailing against this latter agonising disorder. The origin of this malady is indigestion or dyspepsia, and a small quantity of the proper medicine will remove the disease if taken in its inception. It is most important that the disease should be promptly and properly treated in its first stages, when a little medicine will effect a cure, and even when it has obtained a strong hold the correct remedy should be preserved in until every vestige of the disease is eradicated, until the appetite has returned, and the digestive organs restored to a healty condition. The surest and most effectual remedy for this distressing complaint is "Seigel's Curative Syrup," a vegetable preparation sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors throughout the world, and by the the proprietors, A. J. White, Limited, 17, Farringdon Road, London, E. C. This Syrup strikes at the very foundation of the disease, and drives it, root and branch, out of the system.

Market Place, Rocklington, York,
October 2nd, 1882.

Sir,—Being a sufferer for years with dyspepsia in all its worst forms, and after spending pounds in medicines, I was at last persuaded to try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and am thankful to say have derived more benefit from it than any other medicine I ever took, and would advise any one suffering from the same complaint to give it a trial, the results they would soon find out for themselves. If you like to make use of this testimonial you are quite at liberty to do so.

Yours respectfully
(Signed) R. Turner.

Seigel's Operating Pills are the best family physic that has ever been discovered. They cleanse the bowels from all irritating substances, and leave them in a healthy condition. They cure costiveness.

St. Mary Street, Peterborough,
November 29th, 1881.

Sir,—It gives me great pleasure to inform you of the benefit I have received from Seigel's Syrup. I have been troubled for years with dyspepsia; but after a few doses of the Syrup, I found relief, and after taking two bottles of it I feel quite cured.

I am, Sir, yours truly,

Mr. A. J. White. William Brent.

Hensingham, Whitehaven, Oct. 16th, 1882.

Mr. A. J. White.—Dear Sir,—I was for some time afflicted with piles, and was advised to give Mother Seigel's Syrup a trial which I did. I am now happy to state that it has restored me to complete health.—remain, yours respectfully,

(Signed) John H. Lightfoot.

15th August, 1883.

Dear Sir,—I write to tell you that Mr. Henry Hillier, of Yatesbury, Wilts, informs me that he suffered from a severe form of indigestion for upwards of four years, and took no end of doctor's medicine without the slightest benefit, and declares Mother Seigel's Syrup which he got from me has saved his life. Yours truly,

(Signed) N. Webb,
Mr. White. Chemist, Calne

September 8th, 1883.

Dear Sir,—I find the sale of Seigel's Syrup steady increasing. All who have tried it speak very highly of its medicinal virtues; one customer describes it as a "Godsend to dyspeptic people." I always recommend it with confidence.

Faithfully yours,
(Signed) Vincent A. Wills,
Chemist-Dentist,
To Mr. A. J. White. Merthyr Tydvil,
Preston, Sept. 21st, 1883.

My Dear Sir,—Your Syrup and Pills are still very popular with my customers, many saying they are the best family medicines possible.

The other day a customer came for two bottles of Syrup and said "Mother Seigel" had saved the life of his wife, and he added, "one of these bottles I am sending fifteen miles away to a friend who is very ill. I have much faith in it."

The sale keeps up wonderfully, in fact, one would fancy almost that the people were beginning to breakfast, dine, the demand is so constant and the satisfaction so great.—I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

(Signed) W. Bowker.
To A. J. White, Esq.

For sale by the Apothecaries Hall Co. Druggists, Charlottetown; and by A. J. White, Ld., Branch Office 87 St. James Street, Montreal, P. Q.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral.

No other complaints are so insidious in their attack as those affecting the throat and lungs: none so trifled with by the majority of sufferers. The ordinary cough or cold, resulting perhaps from a trifling or unconscious exposure, is often but the beginning of a fatal sickness. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has well proven its efficacy in a forty years' fight with throat and lung diseases, and should be taken in all cases without delay.

A Terrible Cough Cured.

"In 1867 I took a severe cold, which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded me the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the PECTORAL a permanent cure was effected. I am now 61 years old, hale and hearty, and am satisfied your CHERRY PECTORAL saved me.

HORACE FAIRBROTHER."
Rockingham, Vt., July 15, 1882.

Croup.—A Mother's Tribute.

"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with croup; it seemed as if he would die from strangulation. One of the family suggested the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, a bottle of which was always kept in the house. This was tried in small and frequent doses, and to our delight in less than half an hour the little patient was breathing easily. The doctor said that the CHERRY PECTORAL had saved my darling's life. Can you wonder at our gratitude? Sincerely yours,

MRS. EMMA GEDNEY."
159 West 126th St., New York, May 16, 1882.

"I have used AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL in my family for several years, and do not hesitate to pronounce it the most effectual remedy for coughs and colds we have ever tried. A. J. CRANE."
Lake Crystal, Minn., March 13, 1882.

"I suffered for eight years from Bronchitis, and after trying many remedies with no success, I was cured by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. JOSEPH WALDEN."
Rybalia, Miss., April 5, 1882.

"I cannot say enough in praise of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, believing as I do that but for its use I should long since have died from lung troubles E. BRAGDON."
Palestine, Texas, April 22, 1882.

No case of an affection of the throat or lungs exists which cannot be greatly relieved by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and it will *always cure* when the disease is not already beyond the control of medicine.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
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Potatoes, Spiling, Bark,
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ALL OTHER GOODS
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As an accommodation to our Customers, we are selling
SUGARS
AT ACTUAL COST.
July 22, 1885.

Cairns & McLean,
Marble & Stone Cutters,
are now shewing an unrivalled stock of
MONUMENTS, TABLETS AND HEADSTONES,
—IN—
Italian and American Marble,
in the newest and most artistic designs.
Orders executed promptly and in a manner that cannot be surpassed, at prices defying competition, and at Short Notice.
☞ Mr. Charles Cairns having just returned from an extended foreign trip, we are better than ever prepared to please our patrons.
CAIRNS & McLEAN.
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Custom Tailor & Cutter.
A NEW STOCK OF COATINGS, TWEEDS AND TRIMMINGS received this week, and will be made up in first-class styles to suit customers.
Cloth brought in will be made up, and Trimmings found on reasonable terms.
A GOOD STOCK OF
READY-MADE CLOTHING
ON HAND, AT MODERATE PRICES.
☞ Remember, next door to Mrs. Watson's, Queen Street.
Charlottetown, Sept. 23, 1885—3m

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Riley's Tobacco Factory,
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Good Smoking & Chewing Tobacco
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PURE VIRGINIA & KENTUCKY LEAF,
Wholesale at the Lowest Possible Prices.
Purchasers in want of Tobacco will find it to their advantage to call and inspect before going elsewhere.
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August 19, 1885—tf

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LOANS on Mortgage for periods not exceeding 10 years without sinking fund, and from 10 to 50 years with sinking fund.
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W. W. SULLIVAN,
Agent for the Company.
Jan. 21, 1885.

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MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD
Thirty years study and experiment have been given to perfecting the formula for Parsons' Pills, and the universal judgment of the highest medical authorities, scientists, and men of learning, is that our formula is the best yet devised by the brain of man, and should rank with the wonderful discoveries of the world. No family should be without them, for there is no other remedy in the world capable of conferring so much benefit, excepting, possibly Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. The information contained in the wrapper around each box is worth ten times the cost of a box of pills; it shows how to avoid and how to cure all manner of diseases, and how to correctly interpret the symptoms thereof. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. A valuable illustrated medical book sent free to all who send their address. DR. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston.

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Bought before the rise, and will be found extra good and cheap.
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WATSON'S DRUG STORE.
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PRICES FROM 25 CENTS TO $2.50.
Cleaver & Rimmel's Perfume, 25 cts. per bottle.
OUR PERFUME, sold by the ounce, is the strongest and finest French Perfume imported.
In spite of the increased duty on TOBACCO, our prices are unchanged, and our CIGARS are still the best value for the price. A new Havana-filled Cigar, 5 for 25 cents. Selling very fast.
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DISINFECTING FLUID AND POWDER, CHLORIDE OF LIME, in package LIME JUICE, COLOGNE, LAVENDER, VIOLET AND LOTUS WATER, SUNBURN LOTION, MOSQUITO OIL, INSECT POWDER, FLY PAPER.
SAUCES, JELLIES, FLAVORING AND COLORING EXTRACTS, ESS. COFFEE, OLIVES, EXTRACT OF BEEF, CANDIED PEELS, BON-BONS.
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City Drug Store, Queen Street.
Charlottetown, August 19, 1885.

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LOUNGES, BEDSTEADS, TABLES, WASHSTANDS, LOOKING GLASSES, MATTRASSES, PICTURE MOULDING, PARLOR SETS, BEDROOM SETS, and a thousand other articles too numerous to mention.
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