THE ROUND OF LIFE.

Two children down on the dusky strand,
With eyes as blue as the summer sea,
While the sinking sun sits all the land
With the glory of a golden mystery;
Listening aloud to the sea-mystery,
Gazing with joy on its snowy breast,
Till the first star looks from the evening sky,
And the amber bars stretch over the west.

A soft green dell by the breezy shore,
A sailor lad and a maiden fair;
Hand clasped in hand, while the tale of yore
Is borne again on the listening air;
For love is young, though love be old,
And love alone the heart can fill;
And the dear old tale that has been told
In the days gone by is spoken still.

A trim-built home on a sheltering bay,
A wife looking out on the glistening sea;
A prayer for the fond one far away,
And prattling imps 'neath the old roof tree;
A lifted latch and a radiant face,
By the opening door in the falling night;
A welcome home and a warm embrace
From the love of his youth and his children bright.

An aged man in the old arm-chair;
A golden light from the western sky;
His wife by his side with her silvered hair,
And the open Book of God close by;
Set on the bay the gleaming lilts,
And bright is the glow of the evening star,
But dearer to them are the jasper walls
And the golden street of the land afar.

An old churchyard on a green hill side;
Two lying still in their peaceful rest;
The fisherman's boat going out with the tide
In the fiery glow of the amber west;
Children's laughter and old men's sighs,
The night that follows the morning clear;
A rainbow bridging our darkened skies;
Are the round of our lives from year to year!

THE DETECTIVE'S CLUE;

—OR—

THE TRAGEDY OF ELM GROVE

CHAPTER XXI.

FLORENCE DARLEY.

Elm Grove was a beautiful spot, though a desolate one since the murder of the master. At least so thought Florence Darley, who had bestowed on Colonel Conrad the love of a daughter, and who had received from him a parent's care. She was a beautiful girl—this Florence Darley, beautiful in the possession of a pair of glorious dark eyes. No other portion of her face was particularly striking—not that any of her features were what would be called plain—but in her eyes, with their capacity for expression, lay her chief attractiveness so far as mere appearance went. To say that she was amiable in disposition, high-spirited and fascinating in manner is but simply to state the unvarnished truth. There was a charm about her presence and bearing that had, as has been stated early in this narrative, made a deep impression on Carlos Conrad. And if in recounting his experience after the tragedy, no mention has been made of Florence Darley, it must not be inferred that his thoughts had not often dwelt upon her.

A month passed, and the excitement in Dalton over the murder subsided in a great measure. All efforts to trace Carlos had failed, and the thoughts of the townspeople wandered to him only when some incidental circumstance called the subject up.

One afternoon in October, Florence Darley sat on the piazza of the mansion at Elm Grove, with her friend Mabel Cummings, a young lady of about her own age, her trusted confidante.

'Florence, you ought not to allow your sorrow to keep you housed up,' said Mabel. 'You are growing pale and thin, and you will injure your health.'

'I am well,' replied Florence, 'and I have no disposition to seek recreation. Colonel Conrad was all that a father could be to me, and you can never know how I miss him.'

'Yes, he was a good man, though people did call him eccentric. How strange that he should have bothered his head so over machinery. I have heard that his workshop was a perfect curiosity.'

'He had a genius for mechanics,' said Florence, with a half smile, 'and I have often sat near him by the hour as he toiled with his files, and lathes, and wheels. I used to ask him questions to make him laugh when he would get tired and out of patience with his work.'

'What did he ever make? Did he invent anything?'

'I don't know whether he invented anything new or not. He made a very curious rat trap, that caught six rats alive, and left them facing each other in a little circle of wire stalls. And then he got up a model of a mowing-machine and gave it to some farmer, who, I believe, had one made on a larger scale and got it patented. But the most wonderful thing was the large clock in his study. He worked for months on it, and put it up, frame and all, himself. It is fastened to the wall and cannot be moved. He put the winding of it in my charge, and I still attend to it every Saturday morning.'

'What a wonderful man he was! And good, too, I am sure, though I never could succeed in approaching him to any degree of intimacy. By the way, how generous Mr. Haywood is toward the poor young man who—did the awful deed. I saw him once, and could not help feeling sympathy for him, he was so young and kind-looking. And now that he has escaped, Mr. Haywood seems so charitable toward him.'

'How? Mr. Haywood never speaks to me of him.'

'Does he not? I heard only the other day that he did not join in the clamor for his capture, but said let him go—he might go to some strange land and lead a better life.'

'Mabel,' said Florence, earnestly, 'do you know that I never believed Carlos Conrad to be guilty?'

'You did not?'

'No; I saw him twice only, after he came to Dalton—once when he called here and the other time at the examination before Justice Bean. And I felt as you did—that there was something in his face to call up sympathy. And more than that, he did not look like a villain; he had a frank, kind expression, and seemed every inch a gentleman.'

'Florence, you surprise me!'

'And shock you?'

'Oh, no.'

'I am glad of that. I have often thought what a terrible experience it was for Carlos Conrad and his cousin. They came here so unexpectedly, and had that interview with their uncle (no one knows what was said or done on that occasion.) Then came the awful tragedy, and their flight to parts unknown. I wonder what became of them? Are they in a strange land without friends? Are they wandering about in disguise? Did they die from exposure or exposure during their flight? I have passed sleepless nights asking these questions to myself, and thinking.'

'Oh, Florence, you must take your mind from these things. No good can come of your thinking of them. It is not doing justice to yourself. You are young, and have life before you.'

'True; but only seven weeks have passed yet. You must know how fresh everything is in my mind.'

'Yes, and it will always be so unless you have some diversion. Come, take a ride with me now,' exclaimed Mabel, springing up impulsively. 'My phaeton is out here by the gate, and it is a lovely day.'

'Oh, Mabel, I have not rode out since—since I put on black. I cannot.'

'But you must. I will not see you bury yourself in this way. Come.'

Florence hesitated.

'Go and get ready,' commanded Mabel.

Florence hesitated, but soon yielded, and five minutes afterward was in the phaeton with her friend.

They started toward Dalton.

'Not through the busy streets,' exclaimed Florence.

'Yes,' persisted Mabel, 'right through the streets of Dalton. Why, you will forget how the place looks; and you are not benefiting yourself nor any one else by shutting yourself up. Come, I mean to bring the roses back to those cheeks.'

Mabel handled the reins herself, and managed her spirited pony in good style.

They were shortly passing through the main business street of Dalton. Florence found her thoughts diverted, and looked about her with interest.

Suddenly her gaze became fixed and her face whitened.

'Who is that?' she exclaimed, clutching her companion's arm.

'Where?' asked Mabel, in surprise at Florence's tone, and flinching at the grasp on her arm.

'There—walking down the street just ahead of us. In the back he looks like—that is, he brings to my mind—Carlos Conrad.'

She spoke the name in a whisper. She was affected visibly, and trembled with agitation.

'Don't you know who that is? But of course you don't, having been shut up so long. It is our new music teacher, Karl Zikoff. He came to town about a week ago. There is a resemblance, looking at him from behind, but I never noticed it before. We are passing him now. Look at his face. Isn't he funny?'

Florence stared at the face of the musician attentively. He had stubby side-whiskers and moustache, and wore spectacles. A long, loose frock-coat fluttered in the breeze as he walked, and a broad-brimmed, low-crowned black hat was set back on his head. His whole countenance was exposed, and even at that distance a scar over his right eye was visible. His eyes were bright and rolled about quickly, his movements were nervous, and he flourished his cane in an awkward manner.

'He is peculiar,' said Florence, smiling. 'There is no resemblance, come to get a good view of him. You must pardon me; I was frightened.'

'Even if it were the one you thought it was, I should think there was no occasion for any one being frightened out himself. You may depend upon it Carlos Conrad will not be seen in Dalton unless he is brought here.'

'Do you know,' said Florence, thoughtfully, 'that I have hoped all along that he would——' here she checked herself and was silent.

'Hoped what, Florence?'

'Never mind; it was only a passing fancy, not worth uttering. Has this Mr. Zikoff many pupils?'

'Several, I believe. They say he is a magnificent player.'

'You have not heard him, then?'

'No, but he is to give a *soiree* tomorrow night at Delmar's music rooms, to introduce himself. I have been favored with an invitation, and shall be in attendance.'

'You can give me a report of the affair.'

'Yes; I have an idea, Florence. It is that you take lessons of Mr. Zikoff.'

'If?'

'Yes; it would be an excellent way for you to occupy your time. It would keep you from brooding your life away. You are so interested in music, too, and used to enjoy its study so much.'

'Yes, I know it.'

'And that would not be like going out into the world. He would come to you twice a week, and give you something to keep your hands and mind busy several hours every day.'

'I will think of it,' said Florence, musingly. Her mind seemed to be possessed by some new train of thought, for she spoke slowly, and there was an absent look on her face. She added, as if speaking to herself, 'I think I should like to know Mr. Zikoff.'

'I'll warrant that he's jolly,' rattled Mabel, 'and it must be no end of fun to listen to his jabber.'

'Jabber!'

'Yes, all Germans talk so Dutchy!'

'You would make fun of him if he should give you lessons, Mabel,' said Florence, smiling.

'I am afraid I would. Now seriously, Florence, I want you to think of this thing I have proposed. You really need something to take up your attention. I suppose the marriage will not take place for some time.'

'What marriage?' asked Florence, quickly.

'That of yourself and Mr. Haywood. Isn't it generally understood that you are engaged to him?'

'I hope not, for it is not true. But I believe Colonel Conrad had some such thought. He held Mr. Haywood in great esteem.'

'I understand that it was your father's wish.'

'Perhaps he was,' replied Florence, gravely. 'But I do not approve of such affairs being arranged for young people before they have had time to know their own minds.'

'Nor I; but I suppose this arrangement was satisfactory. There is not a marriageable maiden in Dalton but would be glad to have him engaging myself.'

'Indeed,' said Florence, quietly.

'Is it to be broken off?' exclaimed Mabel.

'There is nothing yet to break off. I am not engaged to him as I said before.'

'Oh, well, but——'

'And I would prefer that you should not aid in spreading the impression about. Do not couple my name with any intended marriage at present, Mabel. I have no such thought in connection with Mr. Haywood or any one else.'

'I will obey your injunction. And now will you stop or ride farther?'

Their drive had taken them through several streets and by a circuitous route back to Elm Grove.

'I will get out,' replied Florence, 'and accept my thanks, Mabel. I enjoyed the ride very much.'

'I am glad! I will come again for you to-morrow.'

Florence alighted, and was proceeding up the broad path to the house. As Mabel was gathering up the reins preparatory to starting homeward, Florence turned and said:

'I was going to say, when we were down town, Mabel, that I had hoped all along that Carlos Conrad would escape.'

Having delivered this remark in a low tone, she went swiftly on up the path, and her friend, having no opportunity to reply, drove off.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE NEW MUSIC TEACHER.

Karl Zikoff, teacher of music. This was the guise in which Carlos Conrad made his reappearance in Dalton.

In New York he had left Mr. Werner's protection and taken up his abode at No. — 12th street. Here, under the direction of Mr. Stark's associates, he had perfected his disguise and rehearsed his part until he was well prepared to stimulate the character in which we find him.

Immediately on entering Dalton he had engaged lodgings at the hotel, and hired a teaching-room in a fashionable quarter of the village. The teaching-room was in the second story of a building adjoining Mr. Haywood's store, and in the front window was suspended a modest sign, on which were inscribed his new name and occupation.

In New York he had purchased an old Erard piano, a small library of German books, a unique set of shelves, and a well-worn sword. These he arranged in his room in effective array, to complete the illusion of his nationality and character.

The side-whiskers which he had allowed to grow were trimmed so as to look rough and frowzy, his eyebrows had been singed off, and he nightly wore a bandage which left an impression on his forehead resembling a scar. This, he gave out, was caused by a wound received in a duel with a fellow-student in Germany.

As his former stay in Dalton had been so short, it was not probable that any one had become sufficiently familiar with his personal appearance to penetrate his disguise. So in calm confidence he awaited the course of events, although he was always prepared to fly on an instant's warning in case of necessity.

A few pupils came to him almost immediately, and he attended to them faithfully, giving good satisfaction.

One morning, about two weeks after his advent into Dalton, he was seated in his room, when a knock came at the door. He opened it, and Geoffrey Haywood entered.

It is not strange that Karl's heart rose on meeting this gentleman face to face, and that he felt considerable agitation. Distressing possibilities at once rose in his mind, and he scanned the visitor's face.

Mr. Haywood was stately and serene as usual, and said, in his smooth-toned voice:

'Mr. Zikoff, I believe?'

'Yes, sir. Vill you have one seat?'

'Thank you; I think not. I came on a short matter of business in behalf of a young lady. Miss Florence Darley, of Elm Grove, wishes you to do her the favor of calling with reference to giving her music lessons.

These few words restored Karl's composure, and he replied, with a profuse show of politeness:

'Ah! Mees Tarley does me great honor. I shall be please to call on her. At vat hour vill de *fraulein* be convenient?'

'Any time during the afternoon will suit her. She is always at home.'

'At Elsum Grofe, you say? Vere is dat?'

Mr. Haywood gave the requisite information regarding Florence's residence, and Karl Zikoff said:

'I vill present myself at tree o'clock.'

Mr. Haywood did not linger after his business had been transacted. It was plain, from his tone and his prompt departure, that he had no suspicion of Karl Zikoff's identity.

The latter felt immeasurably relieved after he had departed, and moreover felt a thrill of pleasure at being called on to meet Florence Darley—she who had made such an impression on him on his call at Elm Grove two months ago. This impression had not been removed. He had carried it with him, and cherished it, and wondered if they were ever to meet again. And now come the opportunity, yet with it a pang for he was to appear before her in a false character, and never could reveal himself unless the blight which rested upon his name were removed.

At the hour named he presented himself at Elm Grove.

'Miss Vlorence Tarley, I believe. Herr Zikoff, at your service.'

'You are welcome, Mr. Zikoff, and I thank you for responding to my request so promptly.'

Florence was dressed in deep black, which set off to advantage the pallor of her face and the brightness of her eyes. Her sorrow had left on her countenance a grave, thoughtful look, which enhanced rather than detracted from its fascination.

Karl Zikoff averted his eyes, which he felt might express too much of the admiration that was stirred within him, and proceeded, with an effort to play his part.

'The honor is mine,' he said, with an obsequious bow. 'And about dese music lessons—you will study de piano-forte?'

'Yes,' answered Florence.

'You have study him before. You already blay some?'

'Oh, yes; but I am sadly deficient, I am afraid, and have much to learn.'

'Ya, dat is very possible,' replied Mr. Zikoff, elevating that portion of his anatomy where his eyebrows should have been. 'Dese American teachers are very thin—shallow, do you call it?'

'I understand what you mean,' said Florence smiling. 'You will please teach me whatever I ought to know, and I will try to be a faithful pupil.'

'You are not afraid to practice, like dese many American girls?'

'No; I have nothing else to occupy my attention. I do not go into society.'

'Oh, I see!' Mr. Zikoff glanced significantly at her black dress; and then he added in a prolonged tone, as if the thought had suddenly dawned upon him: 'O-h-h, yes! You are *die fraulein* who has had much affliction. Ya, ya! I have heard somethings. Pardon my bad English. De language is sehr schwer——very difficult.'

A shadow came over Florence's face as the tragedy was thus recalled, but she answered pleasantly, and soon afterward the music lesson began.

Herr Zikoff had plenty of fault to find, and commented oddly on the deficiencies of his pupil. She was amused, and awakened to a new interest; and he, in spite of the emotions that thrilled him, enacted his role to perfection, as his thorough knowledge of music enabled him to do.

When he had departed, and was in his room again, he locked the door and buried himself in reflection.

'What is to come of all this?' he thought. 'Do I love Florence Darley? Has her loveliness so soon made me a slave? I fear that it is so, for thoughts of her crowd everything else from my mind, and her picture is before me every instant. Oh, Florence, I do love you! But it must be a secret, unwhispered, unhinted at. For to play the suitor under this false name and character would be dishonorable. But if my innocence is proven, if Carlos Conrad ever stands before the world again with character unblemished, then will the homage and deep devotion of a loving heart be laid before you.'

The days went on. The music-lessons were given regularly, and all the while Karl Zikoff's passionate adoration of his pupil grew in strength. Oftentimes, sitting by her side, he would find himself gazing into her face, so absorbed with the feelings that stirred him as to be entirely unconscious of whether the lessons were well or ill played. Then he would suddenly recollect himself, and with a pang at the thought of the great barrier between them, offer a sharp criticism at random, and shortly afterward take his leave with an abrupt and formal 'good-day.'

In the meantime he prospered well, receiving in his new vocation a large and profitable patronage. Society opened its arms to him, and he received the homage due to true refinement and real talent. In the eyes of the world there was nothing lacking to fill him with contentment. But there were two secrets gnawing at his heart—his unconfessed love, and his identity—that made life far from a round of pleasure, and imposed on him a burden that was at times hard to bear.

Bleak November came, and afterward the snow of December. The Christmas holidays passed, and, still his life went on in the same dull monotony. He had observed closely the habits of Geoffrey Haywood, and had made two visits to Rocky Beach. But he had failed to make any discoveries. Mr. Haywood's secret was well guarded, and there was no clue or suspicious circumstances to seize upon.

Many of Herr Zikoff's lessons were given in his music room on Main street, and it was here, one day, early in January, that he received another visit that filled him with foreboding.

A lesson was nearly finished when heavy, shambling footsteps were heard slowly ascending the stairs. The door was opened a few inches, and a rough-looking face peered in. It was quickly closed again, however, and the visitor waited outside until the lesson was finished and the pupil had departed.

Then a man of large stature and rude appearance entered, and stood for a moment in awkward silence.

Karl Zikoff instantly recognized him as Jake Heath, the man at whose house he had stopped on the night of the murder. A thrill of wonder and apprehension shot through him, but he had his outward demeanor well under control, and welcomed the visitor in courteous broken English.

'You're the music teacher, I 'spose,' said Mr. Heath.

'Yes, sir.'

'My name's Heath, and I've a darter that's taken it into her head that she wants to come to school to ye.'

'She vill study the *Mavier*—the piano-forte?'

'Yes, that's it. Bein' that we live four miles out of the village, she thought she could come in twice a week. I think it's all blamed nonsense myself, but her mind is so set on it that I've rented an instrument for the winter. What's yer price?'

Karl made known his terms, his mind being in a state of perplexity at this new phase of affairs, and being filled with a presentiment that it was the forerunner of some new evil. There was nothing in Jake Heath's actions to warrant this, for as soon as the arrangements were completed he took his departure; but for a girl of Kate [illegible]

Consequently it was with considerable curiosity and anxiety that he awaited her first call on him. On the following day she came.

Herr Zikoff was surprised at her appearance. She was well dressed, and there was no uncouthness in her manner. She had a strange, wild sort of beauty, and the face at which he had only glanced casually on that terrible stormy night now revealed a spirit of no ordinary cast.

She looked at him steadfastly and earnestly for a moment, and as she did so a slight flush and a peculiar, undefinable expression passed across her features. Karl observed this with a feeling of uneasiness, but with the nervous, bristling manner which it was his task to assume, proceeded at once to business.

'You already know some things of music?' he questioned.

'Yes,' she replied. 'When in New York I studied it some.'

'Ah! you have lived in New York?' he exclaimed, in genuine surprise, and forgetting for the moment to color his speech with faulty pronunciation.

She gave him a quick glance and replied:

'I sang for a year in one of the theatres, and then my father and I came here to live on a farm.'

'De farm must be *langweilig*—very tull—after life in de city.'

'It is, but I am used to it now, after four years trial. Not but that I get lonely very often, for there is nothing whatever going on, and I miss the excitement and variety of the city.'

'And so you will study music to make de time go more swiftly?'

'Yes, for that and—other reasons.'

Again the color rose to her face, and again came the same curious expression.

It was not lost upon Karl, who, with an increasing feeling of disquietude, took out his watch, and remarking that his time was limited, proceeded rather hurriedly with the lesson.

Kate Heath received the instruction he offered in a strangely docile, almost apathetic manner, and fairly puzzled her teacher.

After that she was always prompt at the hour assigned her, though she never learned her tasks well. And the fault-findings and scoldings that were administered in consequence were received with a humility that would have contradicted any surmise a physiognomist would have formed from studying the dark, passionate face.

Whatever apprehension Karl at first felt concerning her suspicion of his identity was soon dispelled by her subdued, amiable demeanor and softly modulated tone in conversation, although these characteristics were a constant study to him, inasmuch as they evinced no contrition for poorly learned lessons, and were followed by no substantial improvement.

'I don't know what to make of her,' the musician often thought, after a formal 'good-day' on his part, and a tremulous 'good-by,' with a strange, half-scared look on hers.

Poor Kate Heath! She had her secrets, and it was destined in time to work changes and precipitate a chain of events that were to create the wildest commotion, where outwardly all was quiet and serene.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

What is this Disease that is Coming Upon Us?

Like a thief at night it steals upon us unawares. Many persons have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back. They feel dull and sleepy; the mouth has a bad taste, especially in the morning. A sort of sticky slime collects about the teeth. The appetite is poor. There is a feeling like a heavy load on the stomach; sometimes a faint all-gone sensation at the pit of the stomach which food does not satisfy. The eyes are sunken, the hands and feet become cold and feel clammy, after a while a cough sets in at first dry, but after a few months it is attended with a greenish colored expectoration. The afflicted one feels tired all the while, and sleep does not seem to afford any rest, after a time he becomes nervous, irritable and gloomy, and has evil forebodings. There is a giddiness, a sort of whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly. The bowels become costive; the skin is dry, and hot at times; the blood becomes thick and stagnant; the whites of the eyes become tinged with yellow, the urine is scanty and high-colored, depositing a sediment after standing. There is frequently a spitting up of the food, sometimes with a sour taste, and sometimes with a sweetish taste; this is frequently attended with palpitation of the heart; the vision becomes impaired with specks before the eyes; there is a feeling of great prostration and weakness. All of these symptoms are in turn present. It is thought that nearly one-third of our population has this disease in some of its varied forms. It has been found that medical men have mistaken the nature of this disease. Some have treated it for a liver complaint, others for kidney disease, etc., etc., but none of the various kinds of treatment have been attended with success, because the remedy should be such as to act harmoniously upon each one of these organs, and upon the stomach as well; for in Dyspepsia (for this is really what the disease is) all of these organs partake of this disease and require a remedy that will act upon all at the same time. Scott's Curative Syrup acts like a charm in this class of complaints, giving almost immediate relief. The following letters from chemists, of standing in the community where they live show in what estimation the article is held.

John Archer, Harthill, near Sheffield:—I can confidently recommend it to all who may be suffering from liver or stomach complaints, having the testimony of my customers, who have derived great benefit from the Syrup and Pills. The sale is increasing wonderfully.

Geo. A. Webb, 141 York Street, Belfast:—I have sold a large quantity, and the parties have testified to its being what you represent it.

J. R. Metcalfe, 55 Highgate, Kendal:—I have always great pleasure in recommending the Curative Syrup, for I have never known a case in which it has not relieved or cured, and I have sold many grosses.

Robt. G. Gould, 27 High Street, Andover:—I have always taken great interest in your medicines and I have recommended them, as I have found numerous cases of cure from their use.

Thomas Chapman, West Auckland:—I find that the trade steadily increases. I sell more of your medicines than any other kind.

N. Darroll, Clun, Salop:—All who buy it are pleased, and recommend it.

Jos. Balkwill, A.M.S., Kingsbridge:—The public seem to appreciate their great value.

A. Armstead, Market Street, Dalton-in-Furness:—It is needless for me to say that your valuable medicines have great sale in this district—greater than any other that I know of, giving great satisfaction.

Robert Laine, Hexham:—I can well recommend the Curative Syrup from having proved its efficacy for indigestion myself.

Frixokheim, Arbroath, Forfarshire, September 23, 1882.

Dear Sir,—Last year I sent you a letter recommending Mother Seigel's Syrup. I have very much pleasure in still bearing testimony to the very satisfactory results of the famed Syrup and Pills. Most patent medicines die out with me, but o ther Seigel has had a steady sale ever since I commenced, and is still in as great demand as when I first began to sell the medicine. The cures which have come under my notice are chiefly those of liver complaint and general debility.

A certain minister in my neighborhood says it is the only thing which has benefited him and restored him to his normal condition of health after being unable to preach for a considerable length of time. I could mention also a great many other cases, but space would not allow. A near friend of mine, who is very much addicted to costiveness, or constipation, finds that Mother Seigel's Pills are the only pills which suit his complaint. All other pills cause a reaction which is very annoying. Mother Seigel's Pills do not leave a bad after-effect. I have much pleasure in commending again to suffering humanity Mother Seigel's medicines, which are no sham. If this letter is of any service you can publish it.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) William S. Glass, Chemist.

A. J. White, Esq. 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,
Dr White. Chemist, Calne
Oct. 1, 1884—tf

For sale by the Apothecaries Hall Co. Druggists, Charlottetown; and by A. J. White, Ld., Branch Office 67 St. James Street, Montreal, P. Q.

VALUABLE FARM
FOR SALE AT
Mount Stewart.

THE undersigned offers, by Private Sale, about 84 acres of Land on Lot 38, about 2½ miles from Mount Stewart. About 50 acres are clear, and the remainder covered with excellent Hard and Softwood.

There is an excellent Dwelling House, good Barn, and other Outhouses, with a well of water at the door.

If not disposed of by Private Sale, it will be sold by Auction on THURSDAY, 1st OCTOBER next, at 12 o'clock.

A large portion of the purchase money may remain on interest.

For particulars apply to John McLean, on the Farm, or at the office of

JOHN BALL,
Land Surveyor, Charlottetown.
September 9, 1885.

The above sale is postponed until Thursday, 22nd October, at 12 o'clock, noon.

'HEATHER BELLE'

Summer Arrangement.

ON and after Tuesday, May 5th, the new steamer *Heather Belle*, Hugh McLean, Master, will run as follows:—

Every Tuesday morning, at 4 o'clock, will leave Charlottetown for Orwell Brush Wharf, leaving Orwell Brush Wharf at 7 a. m. for Charlottetown, calling at China Point and Halliday's Wharves; leaving Charlottetown at 3 p m. for Halliday's, China Point and Brush Wharves, where she will remain over night.

Wednesday will leave Brush Wharf for Charlottetown at 7 a. m., calling at China Point and Halliday's Wharves; leaving Charlottetown at 3 p m. to return, remaining at Brush Wharf over night.

Thursday will leave Brush Wharf for Charlottetown at 7 a. m., calling at China Point and Halliday's Wharves; leaving Charlottetown at 3 p. m. to return; leaving Brush Wharf about 6 p. m. for Charlottetown.

Friday, will leave Charlottetown for Crapaud at 4 a. m.; leaving Crapaud at 7 a. m. for Charlottetown, leaving Charlottetown at 3 p. m. for Crapaud, remaining over night.

Saturday, will leave Crapaud at 7 a. m. for Charlottetown; leaving Charlottetown at 1.30 p. m. for Crapaud, and returning to Charlottetown from Crapaud same day.

FARES.

Cabin, to and from Orwell and Wharves, 30 cents; deck, 20 cents.

Cabin, to and from Crapaud, 40 cents; deck, 30 cents.

Excursion Return Tickets will be issued from Charlottetown to Orwell every Thursday evening at one first-class fare. Also, Excursion Return Tickets will be issued every Saturday to Crapaud at one first-class fare.

JOHN HUGHES,
Agent.
Charlottetown, May 6, 1885—6m

TOBACCO. TOBACCO.

Riley's Tobacco Factory,

Water Street, Charlottetown.

Good Smoking & Chewing Tobacco

MANUFACTURED FROM

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.

T. B. RILEY.

August 19, 1885—tf

KING'S EVIL

Was the name formerly given to Scrofula because of a superstition that it could be cured by a king's touch. The world is wiser now, and knows that

SCROFULA

can only be cured by a thorough purification of the blood. If this is neglected, the disease perpetuates its taint through generation after generation. Among its earlier symptomatic developments are Eczema, Cutaneous Eruptions, Tumors, Boils, Carbuncles, Erysipelas, Purulent Ulcers, Nervous and Physical Collapse, etc. If allowed to continue, Rheumatism, Scrofulous Catarrh, Kidney and Liver Diseases, Tubercular Consumption, and various other dangerous or fatal maladies, are produced by it.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is the only powerful and always reliable blood-purifying medicine. It is so effectual an alterative that it eradicates from the system Hereditary Scrofula, and the kindred poisons of contagious diseases and mercury. At the same time it enriches and vitalizes the blood, restoring healthful action to the vital organs and rejuvenating the entire system. This great

Regenerative Medicine

Is composed of the genuine *Honduras Sarsaparilla*, with *Yellow Dock, Stillingia, the Iodides of Potassium* and *Iron*, and other ingredients of great potency, carefully and scientifically compounded. Its formula is generally known to the medical profession, and the best physicians constantly prescribe AYER'S SARSAPARILLA as an

Absolute Cure

For all diseases caused by the vitiation of the blood. It is concentrated to the highest practicable degree, far beyond any other preparation for which like effects are claimed, and is therefore the cheapest, as well as the best blood purifying medicine, in the world.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

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

[Analytical Chemists.]

Sold by all Druggists: Price $1; Six bottles for $5.

GO TO W. N. RIGGS,

(*Next to the Daily Union Office*),

TO GET YOUR CLOTHES CLEANED AND RENOVATED.

Grease Spots thoroughly removed.

Charlottetown, Aug. 19, 1885.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD

Thirty years study and experience have been given in perfecting the formula for Parsons' Pills, and the universal judgment of the highest medical authorities, scientists, and men of letters, is that our formula is the best yet devised by any chemist for the benefit of man, and should rank with the wonderful discoveries of the world. No family should be without them, for there is no other remedy 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. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston.

New Tea. New Tea.

EXTRA VALUE.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Bought before the rise, and will be found cheap and extra and cheap.

BEER & [illegible]

Charlottetown, May 6, 1885.

SPECIALTIES

—AT—

WATSON'S DRUG STORE

Besides a full line of **PERFUMES** from all standard Manufacturers, we have in store a lately imported stock from

THEO. RICKSECKER, the greatest American Perfumer.

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.

Our **PIPES** are acknowledged Cheapest in Charlottetown. We keep a complete line of FITTINGS.

WINSOR & NEWTON'S OIL PAINTS,

For Artists and Painters. These Paints are cheaper and better than Rowney's or Reeves'. Single tubes at wholesale Catalogue Prices.

Handsome Plush and Leather Toilet Cases, Glove and Handkerchief Boxes, Whisk Holders, and other FANCY GOODS, suitable for Presents.

FOR SUMMER MONTHS

DISINFECTING FLUID AND POWDER, CHLORIDE OF LIME, in packages, 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.

FLIES AND FISHING GEAR.

WINES, FOR MEDICINAL AND SACRAMENTAL USE.

City Drug Store, Queen Street

Charlottetown, August 19, 1885.

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.

HOPE FOR THE DEAF

Our Improved Artificial Ear Drums cure Deafness in all stages. Recommended by scientific men of Europe and America. Write for illustrated descriptive circular and testimonials from doctors, judges, ministers, and prominent men and women who have been cured, and who take pleasure in recommending them. They are unseen, comfortable to wear, and make a permanent cure. Address, A. H. DIX, 117 Murray St., New York. Mention this paper.