WOMAN'S TEARS.

The fountain of a woman's tears
Lies closer to her heart than man's.
She lives by moments, he by years;
She pities where he looks askance.

First she to act the christian part,
Keener to feel for grief and pain;
Perchance it is because her heart
Is less a stranger to her brain.

Howbeit—'tis womanly to weep,
And her sweet, sudden tears oft shame
Our better selves from torpid sleep
To win a purer, nobler name.

Dear, tender, tear-dimmed, woman eyes!
How oft your tender, pitying tears
Have lifted from us, garment-wise,
The pent-up bitterness of years!

How oft your tears in some dark day,
Down dropping, sweet as scented thyme,
On our rough hearts, have kissed away
The stain of some intended crime!

—*Robert Ogden Fowler, in Brooklyn Magazine.*

HARNING ONE'S CAPITAL

A Story for Young Men.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

Deacon David Speers was taking his after-dinner smoke. Perhaps the long clay pipe looked a little incongruous with the handsomely furnished room and the massive silver plate on the mahogany side-board. But for that matter, the deacon himself was an incongruity—a little, common-looking man, not very well dressed, with a Rob Roy bonnet on his head, and knitted, gray, worsted stockings on his slippered feet.

Certainly a very wide contrast to the handsome, stylish-looking young fellow who interrupted his reverie by a very frank and noisy—

'Good evening, uncle. Can I talk a while with you?'

'That depends, Robin, on wha you're gaun to talk about. I'm no in a mood for clish-ma-claver's.'

'I want to talk about business uncle.'

'Humph!'

'You know, uncle, that Aleck Lang and I have been long friends.'

'I have heard so; I don't *know* it.'

'Well, we have. To-day Aleck cam to tell me that he is going into the carpet weaving business in Kilmarnock. He intends to buy Thomas Blackie out.'

'Rech! He'll need some bawbees for that.'

'His father will help, and he asked me to join him. What do you think about it?'

'How long have you been wi' Hastie?'

'Five years.'

'And how much have you saved?'

'Well, to tell the truth, uncle, nothing at all. What with Jessie marrying last year and Rosa this, and the presents I had to give, and other expenses, my savings all went away.'

'Humph!'

'I thought perhaps that as the business was such an old, sure one, and as both the Langs would be interested in it, you would lend me two thousand pounds, for such a wonderfully good chance!'

The old man removed his pipe, and looking Robin in the face, he said:

'*I have made it a rule never to lend money to young men.*'

'A very unkind rule, when it touches me, uncle. You were never unkind to me before.'

'I am no unkind to you now either, Robin.'

'Only two thousand, uncle! And such a chance!'

'Guid heavens, hear the lad! 'Only twa thousand!' Did ye ever earn twa thousand pounds? Did ye ever save twa thousand pounds? When ye have, Robin, come to me an' I'll talk wi' ye aboot lending ye the sum.'

'But, uncle, the thing is not a new venture; it is sure to pay.'

'It is gaun to hae new masters; an' men at sixty arna see sure aboot things 'payin'' as lads of five-an'-twenty are.'

So the young man went away much disappointed and not a little angry; but other friends looked more favorably on the plan. The two thousand pounds were borrowed, and Robert Rae and Aleck Lang bought out the old-established carpet-weaving house of Thomas Blackie.

The first year the concern, in spite of falling prices, did very well. Robert's share of the profits not only gave him a good living, but paid his interest, and allowed him to lay by nearly £100 towards clearing off his borrowed capital; and the next year things were still brighter.

In the fourth year of the enterprise, Robert Rae called again on his uncle. He was sitting smoking in just the same dress and attitude.

'Good evening, Uncle David.'

'Good evening, Robin. How's business?'

'First rate. I don't come to-night about business.'

'Hech! What for, then?'

'I am going to be married. I wanted to tell you about it.'

'That's a mair kittle risk than Blackie's business, Robin.'

'I think not, uncle.'

'Wha's the lassie?'

'Jessie Lorimer.'

'The minister's daughter?'

'Yes.'

'What tocher has she?'

'Just her beauty and her noble nature; she is of good family, too, and has had the best of education. Why, uncle, she can do most anything—paints, draws, plays the harp, sings like an angel, and—'

'I'm feared sh'll be a kind o' matrimonial luxury, Robin. But she's a bonnie bit lassie; I has seen her; yet I doubt if she's fit for a puir man's wife.'

'You'll come to the wedding, uncle?'

'Sure, sure.'

It was a very grand wedding, and Uncle Speers made quite a sensation by giving the bride a check for £500. Indeed, Jessie seemed to have quite captivated the old bachelor, and he soon began to spend a great many of his evenings in her pretty home.

Three years passed happily away in Robert's home there had been some pleasant changes; and Uncle Speers fondled a pretty Jessie-baby, occasionally, on his knee, or looked admiringly and wonderingly at his own wee namesake in his cradle. Down at the mill things were apparently equally prosperous—all the looms were at work and the very welfare of Kilmarnock as a community was sensibly connected with the business of "Lang & Rae's Carpet Mill."

But a great deal of this success was only apparent, for it hung upon chances entirely beyond the control of the young partners in it. They had been compelled to borrow largely, and had big interest accounts to meet, and a great deal of their paper being from houses unknown to local bankers, had to be cashed at very heavy discounts.

All these things were much against them, yet so great was their industry and energy that they might have turned them all into "happy circumstances," and won in spite of the odds against them, if yarns had not suddenly taken a tremendous, and quite unlooked-for fall. This of course was followed by a number of failures, in most of which they suffered. Not all their efforts could now gather together their numerous lines of enterprise, and they found it equally impossible to carry all them, and so, after a few months of desperate, anxious struggle, the firm of 'Lang & Rae, Carpet Weavers,' appeared in the list of 'Sequestrations.'

Old David Speers, with that subtle instinct indigenous to capitalists, had long foreseen, and resolutely refused to meddle in the matter. A coolness had, therefore, gradually grown up between uncle and nephew, and when the end came David was not among those who offered Robert and Aleck advice and sympathy. The young men behaved well; they surrendered everything, even to their home plenishing; but Scotch creditors are a pitilessly just class, and they did not fail to stigmatize as dishonorable and unbusiness-like the speculative and risky nature of the trade done by the broken firm.

Aleck at once sailed for Sydney where he had a brother, and Robert took his wife and children to the manse, while he endeavored to find a situation. But week after week passed another winter was approaching, and nothing had been done. Once again David Speers was smoking his after-dinner pipe and was interrupted. This time it was his pretty niece Jessie. His face softened wonderfully when he met her large, tearful eyes, and laying down his pipe hurriedly, he went to meet her. The courtesy was a very great one, and it gave Jessie hope and courage.

'Oh Uncle,' she said, 'we have sore need of you!'

'My puir little woman! Sit down' and tell Davie what he can do for you.

Jessie's tale was soon told—her tears told it best—Robert's heart had quite failed him; they were quite penniless, and they had worn their welcome out at the manse.'

'Then you'll come here, my dawtie you and Robert, and Jessie, and wee Davie; an' we'll see what your man is fit for. If he canna find his feet wi' a wife like you, Im no sorry for him.'

So the next day the family moved, with their small belongings, to David's grand house, very much to the annoyance of Mistress Janet, David's housekeeper. This lady indeed soon made things so unpleasant that it was evident to all parties there could be no delay in a decision, and Robert, almost in desperation, resolved on trying his fortune in the New World.

David, pressed by his housekeeper's grumbling, and by his affection for his nephew, knew only of one other way—he could advance Robert money for a new effort; 'but it would be the ruin o' the lad,' he said thoughtfully: 'I'm doubting if he's learnt his lesson yet; he must o'en go to school again.' So he praised Robert's suggestion and offered to pay the passage of the whole family, and give him £100 to start life with.

Rather grumblingly the offer was accepted, and in a few days they were on the ocean, not one of them aware of the real interest and affection which followed them—'but they'll write to me,' said David to himself, 'they'll write, for they ken I hae plenty o' siller.'

Once on a new track, all Robert's energy returned. He sought information from all he met, and when they arrived in New York, he had a very clear idea of the direction he ought to take. Provided with a letter which a fellow-passenger had given him to the proprietors of the Mattstock Carpet Mills, he found his way there and readily obtained work. A part of his £100 was used in furnishing a little cottage, and Robert enjoyed a degree of peace and comfort to which he had long been a stranger.

The next Spring a lucky event gave him a special prominence. A large mill in the neighborhood imported some machinery for weaving a peculiar kind of rug, and no one could be found in the locality able to make it run smoothly. Robert heard of the dilemma and offered his help. The loom was familiar to him; his success easy. He had found his place, and he knew it; day by day he made his skill and energy felt. He rose to be overseer—business-manager—partner.

Still he varied little the quiet simplicity of his home. Jessie and he had found out how little they really needed for happiness and so, year by year, whatever they saved was invested in real estate. The land grew in value they slept and worked at other things, and ten years after Robert's first investment he found himself by the simple growth of the village, a very rich man.

Just about this time Uncle David sent them a very urgent request to come and see him, and as he offered to pay all expenses it was accepted. The old man was now nearing eighty, yet he was wonderfully hale and bright, and met them at the steamer, apparently little older for the ten years that had elapsed since he bid them 'good-by' on the very same spot. He liked Robert's way at the first glance: 'he has the look o' a man wi' siller, an' he bears himself well. I'se wager he's a full purse in his pouch.'

Another thing made a still more favorable impression on David; Robert was not anxious to speak on business. Indeed, David had at last to ask blantly:

'Weel, Robin, what kind o' kintra is you?'

'It is a great country, uncle!'

'You'll hae done weel, I suppose?'

'Very well.'

A long pause.

'You'll no be needing ony help now? I have money lying idle.'

'Thank you, Uncle David; I have fifty thousand dollars lying idle myself. I thought of investing some of it here, if I can find just the machinery I want.'

'You're gaun to manufacturing again?'

'Yes; I know all the ins and outs of the trade—there is a good opening in our town. Yes, I am thinking about it.'

'You'll no be wanting a partner, eh?'

'If I can get the right kind.'

'Would I do?'

'You! Uncle?'

'Well, yes, laddie; an' you needna seem at me. I'll put a hundred thousand to your fifty thousand, an' we'll ca' the firm 'Rae & Speers.'

'You could not leave Scotland, uncle.'

'Was I thinking o' sic a daft thing? I'll trust my interests i' your hands. I'll nae my full rights, mind; an' you shall hae a fair allowance for doing my wark as well as your sin. We'll put everything on paper, an' I'se hold you strictly to the bargain.'

The proposal, made half in banter, finally assumed a very real shape, and it was agreed that when Robert returned to America he should start a new manufacturing firm under very different auspices to his first venture.

But the past was only once alluded to, and then David introduced the subject.

'You'll be thinking, Robin, very likely, o' the day when I wouldna lend you the twa thousand pounds.'

'You were quite right, uncle; no man ought to borrow money until he knows the difficulty of making it—and of saving it; young men can't know these things; they belong to experience.'

'You had the lesson to learn then Robin, an' I thought ye might as weel learn it o' ither folk as o' me. Ony fool's whiles teaches anither fool, an' both grow wise thegither. Sandy McCure lent ye that twa thousand, and he was nane the waur o' the lesson ye gave him. There would be fewer young fools if there were mair wise elders.'

So Robert's visit was a great success, and the old man shed the last tears he ever shed on earth when he bid the children good-by.

'You'll tak' care o' we Davie for my sake, Robin,' he said, tenderly, holding the lad proudly by the hand, 'for when I'm no longer to the fore, you'll let my name stand i' the firm, till he's ready to tak' my place; so then the hundred thousand will aye be in David Speers' name.'

And to-day the house grows and prospers, and is known far and wide as the wide as the firm of 'Robert Rae & David Speers,' though old David has long been gathered to his fathers in Kilmarnock Kirkyard. Robert's early failure has brought a late and splendid success, and better than this, his kind-heartedness has almost become a local proverb.

'I make it a rule never to lend money to young men, but if you want to go West or South I'll buy you a ticket, and give you fifty dollars. If the right stuff is in you, that is enough—if not, it is plenty to make ducks and drakes of.'

But somehow very few young men that Robert Rae helps do make 'ducks and drakes' of his fifty dollars. In many and many a case it has been an ample foundation for a good life and a good fortune.

Young men, earn your own Capital!

The Lime Kiln Club.

'Am Pardon Johnson in de hall this eavenin'," asked the President, as he turned his gaze toward the stove, behind which Pardon is sure to be seated, if the thermometer marks less than eighty degrees above.

'Yes, sah.'

'Den please step dis way until I spoke a few words wid you. Pardon, I understand dat you am studyin' to be a doctah.'

'Yes, sah.'

'Dats good news, an Ize personally glad on't. Dey am sartin things about the doctah bizness which you should allus keep in view. In de fust place, look dignified an' act wise. Many a man who doan' know 'nuff to come in when it rains has kept de fack from de public by lookin' as if he knew all dat had happened in dis world ever since de fust sun rose an' sot.'

'Yes, sah.'

'If you am called in a case, an' you doan' know wheder de pusson has got small pox or de measles, doan' gin yerself away too quickly. Gin de case a few days to develop, an' it will turn out to be one or de oder. Arter it turns you want to remark dat you war' suah of it fum the fust.'

'I understands.'

'Neber gin up a case. De doctah who admits dat he can't do a pashient any good loses prestige; de doctah who hangs by till the patient goes under ground kin say dat nobody could hev saved him.'

'I was intendin' to say dat, sah.'

'Keep your prescriptions an awful secret, Pardon. If you should tell a sick man dat you had given him a Dover's powder or some peruvian bark he would neber get well. Your only safety am in deceivin' your pashients. If de medicine works all right dey will get well and praise your skill; if it works the oder way de undertaker an' sexton will hide de fack under ground.'

'Dats what I'm calkerlatin' on.'

'In case some oder doctah should so forgit himself, Pardon, as to order morphine in place of quinine, an' de pashient didn't happen to detect de difference, an' death resulted, doan' go back on the perfeshun. If you cant help him lay it on de druggist, you may spread de ideah dat some one of the family changed the powders to profit by his death, or you can boldly aw'se dat morphine am quinine. If the right kind of a coroner has the job his jury will bring the doctah out wid flyin' colors.'

'Dat am my programmy, sah.'

'An', lastly, Pardon, enter into partnership wid some druggist as soon as you make your start. People who am foolish 'nuff to fall sick must expect to pay well for deir medicines. De hundred per cent. profit which de druggist calkerlates on kin jist as well be made a hundred an' forty, an' de extra goes to you. An' some more lastly, doan' hev nuffin to do wid patent medicines. If a patient of yours has a bruise doan' permit him to buy his salve or liniment of the shelf. You kin git two dollars fur writin' him out a prescripshun fur de worry asme thing.'

'I learned dat de werry first week, sah.'

'Exactly. Iz glad to see you hev tumbled to all de little rickets, an' on behalf of dis club I bid you good speed an' promise dat arter six months and you kin go forth into de wide world an' help to slay an' kill in de utmoss' confidence.'

REFUSED TO INDORSE

Col Cornwallis Smith at once secured the floor to introduce the following resolution:

'*Resolved*, Dat dis club look wid alarm upon de encroachment of de wooden tooth-pick, and dat it am an solemn 'pinyun dat its continued usemus' lead to de sirly decay of dis nashun; an'

'*Resolved*, Dat dis club makes the queshun of 'Wooden vs. Goose quill Tooth-picks its keynote doorin' de nex Presidential campaign.'

'Brudder Smith, did you write dat resolushun?' asked the President.

'I did, sah.'

'Hev you armed yourself wid reasons why de wooden tooth-pick am an enemy to dis kentry?'

'Only in gineral, sah, but Ize lookin' up statistiks.'

'Den de matter will be laid over till you git your figgers. Dis club must not rush hastily into any akshun which may affect the walfar' of 60 000 000 people. As fur outlinin' our platform fur 1888 it am to sirly in the day.'

AN OPINION WANTED

The Secretary announced the following communication from Birmingham Ala:

'I do not remember that Brother Gardiner has yet expressed himself on the question of the tariff. Is he for free trade or protection? Before we make application for a branch lodge at this place this question must be settled. Let him give us his candid opinion.'

'In reply to dat,' said the old man as he carressed his right ear in reflective way, 'I neber had but one policy. If I had a mule to sell I toted him around till I got all he was wuth and a leetle mo.' If I wanted to buy a mule, I waited till mule-meat was cheap, and got one a leetle less than he was wuth. I want free trade so dat I kin git my whitewash brushes cheap, an' I want purteckshun so dat nobody can undersell me on ax an' hoe-handles. I reckon dar's a spot somewhar' in dis queshun whar' de bo'd will balance, an' neither end will be up or down all de time.'

PROBABLY NOT

The Rev. Penstock, to whom was referred the question: 'Has the emancipation of the blacks resulted in a marked increase of colored Christians?' begged leave to report that he had investigated to the best of his ability, and was compelled to conclude that it had not. There was a larger attendance at church, but no apparent enthusiasm. The present generation went to church to go home with the girls, and one missed the numerous and hearty 'amens!' and 'bress de Lords!' which wire once heard on every hand. He was afraid that the young colored man was growing up without fear of the hereafter, and that pride and vanity were the ruling spirits even among the middle-aged church-goers. However, the same state of affairs was observable in the white churches, and if one was criticised the other should be.

VOTED DOWN

Elder Toots awoke at this juncture and moved that it was the duty of all colored people to join the Baptist Church without delay.

Elder Merriweather Spooner moved to amend by inserting the name Methodist for Baptist.

A dozen members at once arose and began to gesticulate and exclaim, and during the momentary confusion some fiend in human form hurled a sweet potato at Waydown Bebee. The missle struck him on the ear, and for the next seven minutes he couldn't have told an eight day clock from a bag of corn-cure. The President used his gavel to bring silence, and when it had been obtained he said:

'Everybody sot down wid de utmoss' hardness! Article 4268 of our constitushun forbids de discussun of religun or polytics in our mostin's, an' Elder Toots am heahby fined fo' thousand dollars fur bustin' de sacred dockyment. Bein' dat de said dockyment has bin busted, I may say right heah an' now dat de great trouble wid de churches of to-day am too many church members an too little religun. Dar' aint 'nuff of de true spoerit in de aiverage few to insure one any sort of show to git to hpaben. We will drap de queshun right heah. If any of you want to jine de Baptist, Methodist or any oder church, go ahead. If you feel like keepin' outer de churches an' skin' your chances dats your own lookout.'

PETITION GRANTED

About a month ago Whalebone Hawker, who is a young man of 23, was fined $1 700 for bringing a pair of brass knuckles into the meeting in his pocket. A petition signed by eighty members of the club, praying for his release from the fine, was now presented. It was figured that it would take him 1,700 years to pay the fine and interest, and the prospect had so appalled him that he was sick abed. It had been ascertained beyond a doubt that he had found the weapon on the street and supposed it to be an Alderman's official badge.

'Under sich circumstances I will remit de fine,' said the President, 'but doan' let it happen agin. Let us now dependents.'

Sleep Habits of Children.

(*Phrenological Journal.*)

Many habits and customs, the deleterious effects of which are recognized, would become things of the past if a practical and simple remedy could be devised. I have never met with any plainly written advisory articles on the training of children on proper sleep habits, except as to time. A recent experience has led me to "study up" on the subject in the most practical way, by asking questions of mothers and nurses. My little patient, whose habits and conditions led to this investigation, is ten years old. A serious and chronic affection of the kidneys has resulted from excessive use of sweets, and consequently lack of appetite for, and assimilation of nutritious food. She persistently sleeps prone on the back with the arms flexed above her head; watching results in seeing her turn on one side from eight to ten times every night, but, of course, a farther result is diminished sleep, altho' it is not more restless than usual. Whether the habit can be permanently broken up is difficult to say. From her birth she exhibited a preference for that position, and had been indulged in it, with the inevitable results of catarrhal affections, dry throat, enervating, restless sleep; and aggravation of the kidney difficulty, as the spine was unduly heated by constant contact with the bed.

From the hour of birth a babe should be laid down to sleep with great care, never should it be permitted to lie on the back while sleeping; after it begins to play, the restless limbs are very beneficially exercised while lying so, but as soon as sleep comes the little one should be gently lifted and placed on the side, with the head raised only sufficiently to insure the spine from any curvature, seeing that there are no folds in the clothing to torture the tender flesh, special care being taken to lay the ear smoothly back. Alternate the sides, or there will be an unnecessary unevenness of contour when the child is grown; do not permit the knees to be so fixed as to crowd the viscera. Lying on the stomach occasionally is not injurious if the arms lie at the side and the face is free to the air. Frequently that proves to be a very restful position to a play-weary child. It is not a difficult matter to teach a child to sleep with the mouth closed and without snoring or "gritting the teeth." A lady of thirty-five who had habitually gritted her teeth from their first possession was cured of the habit in a fortnight by persistent waking at the first indication of the sound; the habit has not been resumed during the five years since passed. If mothers could realize how many people suffer from bad sleep habits contracted in childhood they would pay a little more attention to their children at night-time beyond the "thustling off to bed, out of the way," the "keeping covered" which is a sort of "dim religious duty" kept sight of, out of fear of the doctor's bill rather than any other consideration.

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I was a great sufferer from Dyspepsia and Constipation. I had no appetite, became greatly debilitated, and was constantly afflicted with Headache and Dizziness. I consulted our family doctor, who prescribed for me, at various times, without affording more than temporary relief. I finally commenced taking Ayer's Pills. In a short time my digestion and appetite

IMPROVED

my bowels were regulated, and, by the time I finished two boxes of these Pills my tendency to headaches had disappeared, and I became strong and well.—Darius M. Logan, Wilmington, Del.

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Ayer's Pills are the best medicine known to me for regulating the bowels, and for all diseases caused by a disordered Stomach and Liver. I suffered for over three years with Headache, Indigestion, and Constipation. I had no appetite, and was weak and nervous most of the time.

BY USING

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Ayer's Pills have benefited me wonderfully. For months I suffered from Indigestion and Headache, was restless at night, and had a bad taste in my mouth every morning. After taking one box of Ayer's Pills, all these troubles disappeared, my food digested well, and my sleep was refreshing.—Henry C. Hemmenway, Rockport, Mass.

I was cured of the Piles by the use of Ayer's Pills. They not only relieved me of that painful disorder, but gave me increased vigor, and restored my health.—John Lazarus, St. John, N. B.

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SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

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STEAMER

"HEATHER BELLE."

FALL ARRANGEMENT, 1886.

ON and after Tuesday, October 12th, 1886, the Steamer *Heather Belle* will run as follows:—

Will leave Orwell Brush Wharf for Charlottetown every Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday mornings at seven o'clock, calling at China Point and Halliday's Wharves.

Leaving Charlottetown for Halliday's China Point and Orwell Brush Wharf same evenings at two o'clock; remaining at Brush Wharf every Tuesday and Wednesday night, and Thursday night, returning to Charlottetown, arriving about eight o'clock.

During the month of October the steamer will run to Crapaud as follows: Every Friday morning, at seven o'clock, leave Charlottetown for Crapaud; leaving Crapaud for Charlottetown at eleven o'clock, remaining at Charlottetown same night.

Saturday, leave Charlottetown for Crapaud at nine o'clock, a.m., leaving Crapaud for Charlottetown about one o'clock, p.m.

JOHN HUGHES, Agent.

Charlottetown, Oct. 20, 1886.—1m

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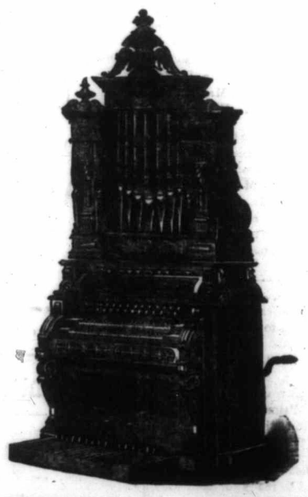

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