DON'T BLAME THE WORLD.

BY FRANCIS S. SMITH.

Don't blame the world because the thorns
are found amoug the roses,
The day that breaks in storm may be all
sunshine when it closes.
We cannot hope to always meet with fortune's fond caressing,
And that which seems most hard to bear
may bring with it a blessing.

The buried seed must rot in earth ere it
produce the flower,
And the weak plant to fructify must have
both sun and shower.
So man, to gain development, must
struggle with life's crosses,
And view with calm philosophy his trials
and his losses.

A deadly, pois'nous weed may yield a salve
of surest healing,
The sweetest bloom may pois'nous be although its bane concealing.
Things are not always what they seem but
still 'twas Heaven design'd them,
And we should class them all as good and
take them as we find them.

Little we know of this brief life and
nothing of its sequel,
Then let us take in humble trust all that
may seem unequal.
God's ways are not our ways and He should
certainly be trusted,
All that is wrong, in His good time, will
surely be adjusted.

THE DETECTIVE'S CLUE;

—OR—

THE TRAGEDY OF ELM GROVE

CHAPTER X. (CONTINUED)

'Snags,' he said, earnestly, 'I want you to do a favor for me—two favors in fact It is intolerably dull in here. I want something to occupy my mind. Can't you bring me a newspaper once in a while? Bring me the papers containing accounts of the trial. I should like to read about it. I'll pay you well.'

'I don't know but I might do that,' replied Snags. 'Yes, I will.'

'Thank you. And now another thing. My cousin is a nervous young fellow, easily discouraged, and all that. Won't you take a message to him from me?'

Snags' countenance instantly assumed a forbidding look.

'Not much of a message,' continued Leonard, urgently. 'Only a few words. You may see me write them.'

Snags hesitated.

'Nothing that can do you any harm or afford a hint as to where I am.'

'What do you want to send it for, then?'

'Only to let him know that I am alive. That might do him some good.'

'Well,' said Snags, slowly and doubtfully, 'let me see what you want to write.'

Leonard drew the letters from his pocket, and, selecting one apparently at random, tore off a piece, one side of which was blank. It is needless to say that it was the portion on which he had previously written his message in German.

'This old letter is of no use,' he said, crumpling the other half in his hand and throwing it on the floor.

Snags picked it up and glanced at it idly. He saw it was in a language he did not understand.

'Dutch?' he asked.

'Yes,' replied Leonard. 'I am, or was, connected with an importing house in New York.'

'Queer writing, isn't it?'

'Yes,' replied Leonard. He was apparently absorbed in preparing his message, but he was really in the utmost trepidation lest his ruse should be detected.

But Snags had no suspicions. He threw the portion of the letter on the floor again, and waited patiently.

The following was what Leonard submitted to him:—

'I am a prisoner, but unharmed. I have learned of your situation, and pray that you may be safely delivered from it. Do not concern yourself about me. I am guarded closely, but treated well enough. I am helpless to serve you.—L. L.'

Snags read it carefully.

'I don't see anything objectionable about that,' he said. He gave a cursory glance at the other side, and saw that it was covered with German characters. 'Yes, I'll deliver it, or see that it is delivered. Perhaps I had better put it in the post office. I could do it secretly, and no one would know where it came from.'

'If you do that, direct it like this: 'To Carlos Conrad, or his attorney, Chas. H. Royalton.' Then it will be sure to reach its destination.'

'Yes.'

'And do it as soon as possible.'

'I will.'

'Thanks. And now take this.'

He extended to Snags a five-dollar gold piece, which was accepted.

'Mind,' said Snags, 'that you don't say anything of this to Roake. I know it can't hurt us any, but he's as contrary as a mule.'

'I'll be silent,' said Leonard.

'Here's some more victuals,' said Snags, producing a slice of cold meat and a loaf of bread; 'and something to cheer you up,' drawing from his pocket a bottle of wine.

'Thank you, Snags; you're very kind. You will lose nothing by it.'

Snags opened the door to leave, but before withdrawing he turned his head and said, in a low tone:

'See here, Mr. Lester, the Colonel is the first man I ever stuck, and I'm blamed if I ain't kept awake nights thinking about it.'

In another instant he was gone.

CHAPTER XI.

THE EXAMINATION.

Geoffery Haywood, as has been seen, had been quick to seize upon circumstances, and to take advantage of them by judiciously dropping remarks that directed the excitement against Carlos Conrad. Perhaps the circumstances themselves would have been sufficient to do this, but his well-timed though brief comments had given aid in that direction.

The examination was set down for Friday morning at ten o'clock, and long before the appointed time the street in front of Justice Bean's office was crowded with people eager to be witnesses of the proceedings.

About half-past nine, Mr. Royalton visited Carlos in his cell.

As soon as they were left alone, the lawyer said:

'I have a letter for you.'

'A letter!'

'Yes. As it was directed to Carlos Conrad, or his attorney, I opened it.'

Carlos regarded the speaker intently. It was evident from his manner that he had something to communicate.

'The letter is from your cousin. It is very brief.'

He handed it to Carlos, who read it eagerly.

'He is a prisoner, but unharmed. He is safe, but cannot help me. Oh, where can he be?'

'This is more than I can even conjecture. There is some mystery about it. I cannot help thinking it is connected in some way with the murder.'

'How can he have found out about the murder and my arrest? He cannot be very far away.'

'It is all a riddle.'

Carlos read the few lines again. He turned the paper over.

'It is written on the back of one of his old German letters. BUT HOLD! Here is something more!'

'More!'

'Yes—see! the signature is erased, and Leonard has written something in German!'

Mr. Royalton gave close attention.

Carlos translated the words in English as fast as he read them. Their sojourn in Europe had made the German language as familiar to the cousins as their own tongue.

'This is what Leonard says: 'I have hit on a stratagem, which you will at once perceive, to give you a warning. Do not show the paper you took from Colonel Conrad's hand. It will give the murder information which he desires above all things to possess. Do not let the paper appear in the testimony.''

'Well, well! This is a startling phase of affairs,' said Mr. Royalton. 'It confirms my idea though, that the murderer of your uncle has a hand in the non-appearance of Leonard.'

'Yes,' replied Carlos, 'but it makes the mystery more incomprehensible than ever. How dark everything looks.'

'One thing is settled,' said Mr. Royalton. 'The existence of the paper must be kept secret. It is difficult to determine whether its exhibition would work for or against you at the examination. But this note makes our course plain. It shall not be shown unless future developments seem to make it desirable. It is now locked up in my private safe.'

The hour of ten had by this time nearly arrived, and the prisoner and his lawyer made preparations to attend the examination.

Two officers soon entered. One of them handcuffed his left wrist to Carlos' right, and led him from his cell into the main hall. The other walked behind with Mr. Royalton, and in this order they marched to a carriage which was waiting outside the jail door.

A restless, noisy crowd hustled around the little procession as soon as it reached the open air. The policemen behind warned the people off, but not before a small slip of paper was thrust into Carlos' hand by some unknown person. Carlos grasped it instinctively, and looked quickly up in surprise. No one had seen the action. He himself was ignorant of who had done it. He looked at the paper furtively. It contained only these words:

'Look for help. It will come.'

'Another message from Leonard?' he thought. And he marvelled greatly.

By this time they had reached the carriage, and all stepped in.

As they were driven rapidly to the Justice's office, a noisy throng of old and young followed, some running, and many talking busily.

Having reached their destination, they proceeded up a flight of stairs to the office of Justice Bean. It was a room capable of containing not more than fifty persons, and was filled in a moment.

Watching his chance, Carlos secretly slipped the message he had received into Mr. Royalton's hand.

All were quickly arranged in their proper positions. Pending the actual commencement of proceedings, Mr. Royalton occupied himself apparently with some memoranda. But Carlos saw him read the message he had received from the unknown hand, and watched to see what effect its perusal would have upon him. It had this effect: Mr. Royalton scowled, and he tore the paper into minute fragments, letting them fall on the floor.

The Justice rapped on his table. Order and attention were at once secured. After going through the usual preliminaries, the examination of the witnesses began.

Barker, the servant at Elm Grove, was first called, and testified as follows:

'My name is Miles Barker. I am a servant employed at Elm Grove, the residence of the late Col. Conrad. Yesterday morning I got up about five o'clock, to build the kitchen fire, and do some other chores. I went into the garden for something, and noticed that the blinds and window of my master's study were open. Wondering what he could be doing so early in the morning I took a turn around that way. I looked in the window and saw him sitting in his chair with his head leaning over on the table. I thought, perhaps, he had fallen asleep there, while writing the evening before, and went close to the window. I saw some blood on the floor, and jumped in. I then found that he was dead. I roused the rest of the house, and then ran down street to find Mr. Haywood. I found him in front of his store, and told him about it. He went up to the house, and I went to find some officers, and the two young men—the prisoner, here, and his cousin. Did not find the young men, but found the officers, and went back to the house with them.

Cross-Examined by the Prosecution.

'I first saw the prisoner on Tuesday last. He called with another young gentleman to see Colonel Conrad.'

'Did Colonel Conrad see them?'

'Yes; they went to his study. The door was shut.'

'Did you hear anything that was said?'

'No, not any words. Once, when I passed through the hall, I heard some loud talking.'

'Did it sound like a quarrel?'

'There might have been some disagreement. I should judge there was. Could not say for certain.'

'How long did the young men stay?'

'I did not take particular notice of the time. Perhaps an hour; perhaps more.'

'Did they call again?'

'Yes, next day; but the Colonel was busy, and refused to see them.'

'That is sufficient.'

Cross-Examination by the Defence.

'Why did the fact that the windows and blinds were open yesterday morning excite your curiosity?'

'Because Colonel Conrad is always particular to have everything closed securely before going to bed.'

'Did you see him the night before?'

'Yes; I took a glass of water to him in his study about nine o'clock.'

'What was he doing?'

'Writing.'

'Did you see him after that?'

'No; I went to bed soon after.'

'Were you disturbed by any noise during the night?'

'No; I sleep in a room up stairs on the other side of the house.'

'After the interview with Colonel Conrad on Tuesday, did the prisoner and his cousin show any signs of excitement?'

'Not that I could see.'

'Was there anything in their actions, or in those of Colonel Conrad afterward, to lead you to think they had quarrelled?'

'No, I can't say that there was.'

'Did any one else call on Tuesday?'

'Yes; Mr. Haywood called, but the Colonel did not see him. He was very busy, and—not to speak ill of the dead—quite snappish.'

'Then he refused to see Mr. Haywood?'

'Yes; but the next day Mr. Haywood called again, and this time the Colonel saw him. It was when the two young men were there. They were in the parlor talking with Miss Florence. This was on Wednesday.'

'You know nothing that passed between Colonel Conrad and Mr. Haywood?'

'No; they were in the study, and I went out of doors, in the garden.'

'Do you know anything about the box of gold that Colonel Conrad received on Wednesday?'

'No. He had it taken into his study, and afterward went in himself and locked the door. That is the way he always does.'

'Where does Colonel Conrad keep his gold?'

'I don't know. Perhaps in his desk. It is always locked. Sometimes he goes to the bank. Maybe he deposits it there.'

'How do you know he keeps the desk locked?'

'I have been in the study often, and have never seen it open except when he was sitting at it. Before leaving, he always shuts it and turns the key.'

Numerous other questions elicited nothing further of importance, and Barker was dismissed.

Thomas Mullen was called, and testified as follows:

'I am employed as stable-keeper at Elm Grove. I went to bed as usual Wednesday night in my room in the barn. About one o'clock in the morning I awoke, and thought I heard a noise in the yard. I thought nothing of it, as the dog made no fuss. He is a good watch-dog, and doesn't allow any one to prowl around. Soon after I heard another noise, and got up and looked out of the window. I saw two men run across the yard and into the road. I thought they were some chaps stealing melons, or something of that sort, and, as they had a good start, I did not give chase. I thought it strange that the dog made no alarm, but concluded he must have wandered into the orchard, the other side of the house. Then I heard the rattling of a buggy down the road. I did not get up, and knew nothing of the murder until Barker awoke me in the morning. He told me about it, just as he has told you. We found the dog lying dead on the ground. He had been poisoned.'

George Johnson, policeman, was sworn, and testified that on the morning the murder was discovered he made an examination of the premises. He found nothing out of the way, and made but one discovery of importance. That was a strap, tied to the hitching post on the roadside. The strap had been cut and was dangling on the post.

The livery-keeper testified that the cousins had hired horses of him Wednesday, and that one of the horses was found, without a driver, standing by the stable-door the next morning. It was the one hired by the companion of the prisoner. The horses that Carlos had borrowed, and with which he had returned Thursday morning, showed signs of having had a hard drive. The hitching-strap was cut, and hanging to the bit.

The portion that the policeman found tied to the post, and that which remained attached to the horse, were produced, and were found to match exactly.

This portion of the evidence told strongly against Carlos. A buzz went through the room, and there were whispers that this settled the fact of his guilt. The Justice rapped for order. Witnesses were next examined regarding the unaccountable absence of Leonard, but no light was thrown on the subject. His note, stating that he was a prisoner, was exhibited, and after a copy of it was made it was returned to Carlos. It only served to mystify matters more, and was rather damaging than otherwise to the prisoner's case. Nothing could be learned as to who put it in the post-office.

Myers, the other policeman, testified that he, in company with Mr. Haywood and Florence Darley, had made a thorough examination of Col. Conrad's study, as well as of the whole house, and that no money could be found. In the Colonel's private desk were nothing but papers and documents of no particular value.

Florence Darley confirmed this; and also testified that during the night she had heard the sound of a buggy in the road, but had thought nothing of it.

Mr. Haywood also confirmed Myers' statement; and testified also that, during his interviews with Colonel Conrad on Wednesday, the colonel had alluded to the two young men, expressing the opinion that they were impostors, and that he feared their errand boded no good to him.

This testimony was the subject of close cross-questioning by both the prosecuting and defending attorneys, but Mr. Haywood could say nothing more definite, nor could he be drawn into making any inconsistent replies. Having thus perjured himself, he took his seat with an air of relief.

The cashier of the bank swore that Colonel Conrad had made no deposit for more than a month past.

After all the witnesses were examined, Carlos was invited to make his statement, which he did briefly, relating everything in detail as it had occurred except the matter of the paper containing the words 'seven o'clock.' This he omitted, for reasons already known.

The summing up by the attorneys was short. The counsel for the prosecution analyzed Carlos' statement, characterizing it as absurd, and reviewed the evidence carefully, making out a strong case against the prisoner. His eloquent portrayal of the terrible crime of murdering in cold blood a well-known and respected citizen, need not be reproduced.

Mr. Royalton simply said that he would omit reviewing the evidence at present. He had no hope, and scarcely any desire, to have the prisoner discharged. He expected that his client would be held to await trial at the next general term, and he believed that at that time evidence would be produced that would honorably acquit him. That evidence could not be submitted in a complete form now; more time was required to make desired investigations. His client declined to be examined, and was ready to submit to the decision of the court. But he warned the people against allowing their prejudices to get the better of their judgment—not to render a verdict, even in their secret thoughts, until a fair, full, and complete trial could be had.

'For then,' he concluded, 'revelations may be made that will surprise all of us. Instead of wrath there may be sympathy, and the prisoner before you instead of receiving your condemnation, may be proved innocent, and not only innocent, but the victim of a foul conspiracy.'

Mr. Royalton's effort was evidently a disappointment to many. A powerful appeal in behalf of the prisoner had been looked for—a speech abounding in eloquence and flights of oratory. Numerous precedents had led to this expectation. It was evident, however, to a close observer, that Mr. Royalton's course was not inspired by discouragement, or a consciousness of weakness; yet his face was absolutely unreadable, save that there was an expression in it that told of determination, stern purpose, and a cool confidence in his resources.

The verdict of the court was that Carlos be committed to appear before the grand jury.

It was now after seven o'clock in the evening, and Carlos was to be taken to Hillsdale on the night-train. It must be mentioned that Dalton was not the country-seat, and that the stone jail at Hillsdale was a much more secure receptacle for prisoners than the small 'lock-up' at Dalton. So, in accordance with the law, he was to be immediately placed in the county jail at Hillsdale.

His own feelings had undergone no particular change. He was cast down, more by a sense of disgrace than anything else. He felt no particular terror; the blind confidence of innocence led him to believe that he would eventually be acquitted.

When he was conducted from the justice's office to the jail again, a noisy, disorderly crowd followed; and when, two hours later, he proceeded to the railroad depot, handcuffed to the officer, another throng was in attendance. At the depot it was larger than ever, so that the officer and his prisoner had some difficulty in making their way to the waiting-room.

Here another strange and unlooked for circumstance occurred. An unseen hand was thrust quickly into the side pocket of Carlos' coat, and instantly withdrawn. Carlos felt by the weight that something had been left in the pocket.

This time he was on his guard. He manifested no surprise, but looked deliberately and searchingly around. His scrutiny failed to discover the perpetrator of the act.

And now the brief message promising aid came to his mind with startling suggestiveness. Was a plot in progress to effect his escape? With outward coolness and with inward burning impatience, he waited and watched.

CHAPTER XII.

THE NEW YORK DETECTIVE.

The ten or fifteen minutes that elapsed before the train passed the station at Dalton, were occupied by the assemblage at the depot in talking about the murder and the prisoner.

Carlos felt himself the object of scrutiny and remark. He bore the ordeal as best he could, averting his eyes from the staring, chattering crowd.

There was one stranger present—a man rather below the medium size, with a black moustache, and wearing a light-colored business suit. In appearance he was gentlemanly and unobtrusive. Yet notwithstanding his rather retiring manner, he managed to get into a conversation with the officer who had Carlos in charge. After some introductory remarks, he said:

'I am a little in your line myself.'

'Is that so? How?' asked the officer.

'I am connected with the New York detective service,' and he lifted the lapel of his vest, thus disclosing a glistening police-shield underneath.

'Ah! Are you working up a case here?'

'Oh, no! I wouldn't let my occupation be known if I was. I am off duty, and thought I would run up and take the country air for a few days.'

'Yes! Well, you'll find Dalton a very pleasant stopping-place.'

'So I should judge. You people here have managed this case very well.'

'The murder of Colonel Conrad, you mean?'

'Yes. There is not a doubt that the prisoner is guilty. Excuse me, my dear fellow'—to Carlos—'for speaking so plainly, but I can see it in your eye. Can't you?'—to the officer.

'Yes, indeed! I said so all along.'

Officer George Johnson was flattered at the idea of holding converse with one so high up in the business as to have reached the station of a New York detective. He began to swell with gratified vanity.

'It seems to me I've seen the prisoner before. You know we detectives get to be pretty familiar with the faces of most of the rascals in the country.'

'Yes, I suppose so,' replied Mr. Johnson.

'I beg your pardon,' said Carlos. 'You can not be very familiar with my face. I have been in this country only a short time——'

'You keep your mouth still!' commanded the officer.

'Oh, let him talk,' said the detective, pleasantly. 'It's amusing to hear the stories these fellows will make up. But you know we take them for what they are worth.'

'Certainly,' assented Mr. Johnson, with a wise look.

'Let's go and take something before the train comes along,' said the detective. 'Just one glass, you know, for good-fellowship.'

'I'm not particular,' said the officer.

'Will you join us, gentlemen,' said the detective, turning to four or five of the bystanders.

They were willing enough, and all entered a room adjoining the depot, and stepped up to a bar.

Glasses and bottles were set on the counter.

The detective filled a glass, looked at the liquor critically, and said, suddenly:

'Isn't this whiskey?'

'Yes, sir,' replied the barkeeper.

'I ordered gin. Perhaps you will take this, Mr. Johnston, if you wish whiskey?'

'Yes, my drink is whiskey, always. Certainly, I'll take it,' replied the officer.

He seemed to think it an honor to oblige the detective, who pushed the glass toward him and filled another for himself.

'By the way,' said the detective, before Mr. Johnston had emptied his glass, 'if your prisoner is the man I think he is, he had a scar, left by a pistol-shot, on his left wrist. Would you mind my examining it, just for curiosity?'

'Certainly not,' replied Mr. Johnston. 'Go ahead.'

While officer Johnston was finishing his whiskey the detective approached close to Carlos, and, taking hold of his hand, rolled up the sleeve of his coat. While thus engaged, he whispered to him, quickly and softly:

'As soon as you are seated in the car pretend to be tired out, and make believe to go to sleep.'

Then he said, aloud, to Carlos' custodian:

'I may be mistaken—I don't seem to find the scar. No, this can't be the man, but there is certainly a wonderful resemblance.'

Carlos was simply paralyzed with astonishment. Was this New York detective a friend in disguise? A flood of wondering mental questions were cut short by the whistle of the approaching train.

Hurry and bustle quickly ensued. Officer Johnston and the detective shook hands, and bid each other good-by, and then, the cars having come to a halt, Carlos was conducted on board. It was an express train, and scarcely were he and the officers seated, still handcuffed together, before it was again in motion.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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 1857 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 64 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."
180 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."
Byhalia, Miss., April 5, 1883.

"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.
Sold by all Druggists.

THE CHARLOTTETOWN HERALD is acknowledged to be the **Best Paper** published in the Province, and having the **Largest Circulation**, is therefore, the **Best Advertising Medium.**

What is this Disease that is Coming Upon Us?

Like a thief at night it steals in 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 spots 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. Seigel'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. S. 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, 77 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, Hoksham:—I can well recommend the Curative Syrup from having proved its efficacy for indigestion myself.

Frockheim, 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 Mother 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.

WHY

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YOU CAN BE CURED.

It is the safest and best remedy ever introduced, and we have yet to record the first case when it has failed. Hundreds can and do testify to its virtue. It acts directly on the Blood, driving away all impurities.

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Three Building Lots on road to Owen's Wharf. As Cardigan Bridge is surrounded with thriving settlements, the above will be an excellent opportunity to secure good business stands. Terms liberal.

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Cardigan, P. E. I., July 15, 1885—3m

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The Oldest and Most Reliable,

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If you require any article in the Drug line you will find it to your advantage to purchase at the old stand.

The Apothecaries Hall,

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Charlottetown, Feb. 11, 1885—1yr

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TO GET YOUR CLOTHES CLEANED AND RENOVATED.

All Grease Spots thoroughly removed.
Charlottetown, Aug. 19, 1885.

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MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD

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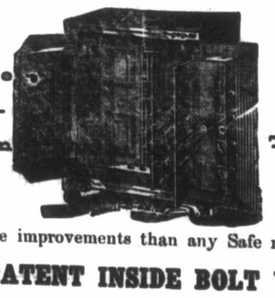

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Nov. 5, 1884—1y