WORKING.

Life, sweet beautiful life, so swiftly
passing away;
Let us pause for a moment to ponder and
think
We are nearer the end every day.

For our only time is the present, the future no
man can tell,
We only know we are here for a time,
Let us think! shall the end be well?

Oh, what! though the load seem heavy,
Never fear, though the hills loom high,
Courage and strength will conquer death
And heaven will then be nigh.

How shall we dare to murmur,
When earth looks dark and drear,
For love and trust in Him always
Should cast from us all fear.

Remember, aye, His promise,
There's a paradise for thee,
Oh, never wish to claim it here,
Let it be in eternity.

How oft God's pitying angels
Must o'er us sorrowing bend,
While they hear us daily murmur
At the trials His wisdom sends.

For if we will not follow
In the steps our Saviour led,
We cannot think to wear the crown
With those who loved and bled.

For the mercy that is infinite
Has taught us well the way,
And if we still refuse to come,
Oh, think of judgment day.

When every soul must answer,
What hast thou done for me?
Who gave thee life and sent thee forth,
To work thy way back to me;
I gave thee my own promise,
To seek and ye should find,
And though all world strive to tempt thee,
I would still be at thy side.

And I watched thee weak and suffering,
And I saw thee bowed with care,
And your lonely heart seemed breaking,
As if it could hardly bear;
But my promise was ever before thee,
That all would receive their share
Of strength to resist temptation,
When 'twas more than flesh could bear.

And now, thy pilgrimage ended,
With joy to thee I tell,
Who bore the cross shall wear the crown,
My servant thou hast done well.

And another I saw in pride and strength
Go forth, who thought to win
All the pleasures of earth, its joys and
mirth,
With never a care for the sin.

But deeper and ever deeper plunging
boldly in,
Seeking for peace where peace is not,
Oh, blood that was shed for him.

For true peace I did not promise,
Would be *easily* found on earth,
Where forever the voice of sorrow,
Sounds *louder* than all its mirth.

Oh, ye men will ye stop and listen,
In the midst of your pride and toil,
To the voice of your inner conscience,
And think is it worth the spoil
Of the fond hopes rudely broken,
Its daily trials and fears,
And if after all the striving,
In vain we spend our years.

Oh rise, with courage onward
Through blessed toil force on,
Well hearken to the inner voice
That will not lead thee wrong.
For oh, the hope that liveth;
Yes, even though hell yawn wide,
Let us ask, we'll be forgiven
In the name of Him who died.

Then come one and all, let us follow
In the footsteps of his pain,
Bearing our cross with fatith and hope,
Verily, heaven we'll gain.

SR. M. B.

THE EVIL MAY DAY;

—OR—

A FOOL AND HIS FOLLY.

A Tale of the Time of Henry VIII.

CHAPTER XIV.—[CONTINUED.]

Giles took the moment for stepping forward and putting Abenali's work into the master's hand. The Condottierre was in raptures. He pronounced it as perfect a weapon as Gonzala de Cordova himself could possess; showed off its temper and his own dexterity by piercing and cutting up an old cuirass, and invited the by standers to let him put it to further proof by letting him slice through an apple placed on the open palm of the hand.

Giles' friendship could not carry him so far as to make the venture; Kit Smallbones observed that he had a wife and children, and could not afford to risk his good right hand on a wandering soldier's bravado; Edmund was heard saying: 'Nay, nay, Steve, don't be such a fool,' but Stephen was declaring he would not have the fellow say that English lads hung back from what rogues of France and Italy would dare.

'No danger for him who wincelh not,' said the knight.

Master Headley, a very peaceful citizen in his composition in spite of his trade, was much inclined to forbid Stephen from the experiment, but he refrained, ashamed and unwilling to daunt a high spirit; and half the household, eager for the excitement, rushed to the kitchen in quest of apples, and brought out all the women to behold, and add a clamor of remonstrance. Sir John, however, insisted that they should all be ordered back again. 'Not that the noise and clamor of women folks makes any odds to me,' said the grim old warrior, 'I've seen too many towns taken for that; but it might make the lad uneasy, and cost him a thumb or so.'

Of course this renewed the dismay and excitement, and both Tibble and his master entreated Stephen to give up the undertaking if he felt the least misgiving as to his own steadiness, arguing that they would not think him any more a craven than they did Kit Smallbones or Edmund Burgess. But Stephen's mind was made up, his spirit was high, and he was resolved to go through with it.

He held out his open hand, a rosy-cheeked apple was carefully laid on it. The sword flashed through the air—divided in half the apple which remained on Stephen's palm. There was a sharp shriek from a window, drowned in the acclamations of the whole court, while the Captain patted Stephen on the shoulder, exclaiming: 'Well done, my lad. There's the making of a tall fellow in thee! If ever thou art weary of making weapons and would see them instead, seek out John Fulford of the Badger Troop, and thou shalt have a welcome. Our name is the Badger, because there's no troop like us for digging out mines beneath the walls.'

A few months ago such an invitation would have been bliss to Stephen. Now he was bound in as honest duty to his master, and could only thank the knight of the Badger, and cast a regretful eye at him as he drank a cup of wine, and flung a bag of gold and silver, supplemented by a heavy chain, to Master Headley, who profusely declined anything for Free Companions, whose wages were paid beforehand; and, at the knight's request, took charge of a sufficient amount to pay his way again to the Continent. Then mounting a tall, lean, bony horse, the knight said he should call for his armor on his retirning from Somerset, and rode off while Stephen found himself exalted as a hero in the eyes of his companions for an act common enough at feats of modern archery, but quite new to the London flat-caps. The only sufferer was little Bennet, who had burst into an agony of crying at the sight, sobbed that Stephen should spread out both hands before her and show her the divided apple before she would believe that his thumb was in his right place, and at night screamed out in her sleep that the ill-favored man was cutting off Stephen's hands.

The sword was left behind by Sir John in order that it might be fitted with a scabbard and belt worthy of it; and on examination, Master Headley and Tibble both confessed that they could produce nothing equal to it in workmanship, though Kit looked with contempt at the slight weapon of deep blue steel, with lines meandering on it like a watered silk, and the upper part inlaid with gold wire in exquisite arabesque patterns. He called it a mere toy, and muttered something about sorcery, and men who had been in foreign parts not thinking honest weight of English steel good enough for them.

Master Headley would not trust one of the boys with the good silver coins that had been paid as the price of the sword—French crowns and Milanese ducats, with a few Venetian gold bezants—but he bade them go as guards to Tibble, for it was always a perilous thing to carry a sum of money through the London streets. Tibble was not an unwilling messenger. He knew Master Michael to be somewhat of his own way of thinking, and he was a naturally large-minded man who could appreciate still higher than his own without jealousy. Indeed, he and his master held a private consultation on the mode of establishing a connection with Michael and profiting by his ability.

To have lodged him at the Dragon court and made him part of the establishment might have seemed the most obvious way, but the dogged English hatred and contempt of foreigners would have rendered this impossible, even if Abenali himself would have consented to give up his comparative seclusion and live in a crowd and turmoil.

But he was thankful to receive and execute orders from Master Headley, since so certain a connection would secure Aldonza from privation such as the child had sometimes to endure in the winter, when, though the abstemious eastern nature needed little food, there was great suffering from cold and lack of fuel. And Tibble, moreover, asked questions and begged for instructions in some of the secrets of the art. It was an effort to such a prime artificer as Steelman to ask instruction from any man, especially a foreigner, but Tibble had a nature of no common order, and set perfection far above class prejudice; and moreover he felt Abenali to be one of those men who had their inner eyes devoutedly fixed on the truth, though little knowing where the quest would lead them.

On his side Abenali underwent a struggle. 'Woe is me!' he said. 'Wottest thou, my son, that the secrets of the sword of light and swiftness are the heritage that Abdallah Ben Ali brought from Damascus in the hundred and fifty-third year of the flight of him whom once I termed the prophet; nor have they departed from our house, but have been handed on from father to son. Young man, if I bestow this knowledge on thee, wilt thou swear to be as a father to my daughter, and to care for her as thine own?'

It was a good while since Tibble had been called a young man, and as he listened to the flowing Eastern periods in their foreign enunciation, he was for a moment afraid that the price of the secret was that he should become the old Moor's son-in-law! His shaved and scarred youth had precluded marriage, and he entertained the low opinion of women frequent in men of superior intellect among the uneducated. He gave the promise, and became a pupil of Abenali, visiting Warwick Inner Yard with his master's consent whenever he could be spared, while the workmanship at the Dragon began to profit thereby.

The jealousy of the Eagle was proportionately increased. Alderman Itillyco, the head of the Eagle, was friendly enough to Mr. Headley, but it was undeniable that they were the rival armoyers of London, dividing the favors of the Court equally between them, and the bitterness of the emulation increased the lower it went in the establishment. The prentices especially could hardly meet without gibes and sneers, if nothing worse, and Stephen's exploit had a peculiar flavor because it was averred, that no one at the Eagle would have done the like.

But it was not till Sunday that Ambrose chanced to hear of the feat, at which he turned quite pale, but he was prouder of it than any one else, and, although he rejoiced that he had not seen it performed, he did not fail to boast of it at home, though Perronel began by declaring that she did not care for the mad pranks of roistering prentices; but presently she paused, as she stirred her grandfather's evening posset, and said: 'What saidst thou was the strange soldier's name?'

'Fulford—Sir John Fulford,' said Ambrose. 'What! I thought not of it, I did tell Gaffer's name!'

'Fulford, yea! Mayhap—' and Perronel sat down and gave an odd sort of laugh of agitation. 'Ah, I understand now whose face I saw at the window! Mayhap 'tis mine own father."

'Shouldst then know him, good aunt?' cried Ambrose, much excited.

'Yea,' she said, though I was not seven years old when he went to the wars—if he so lived through the battle and he recked little of me, being but a maid. I feared him greatly and so did my mother. 'Twas happier with only Gaffer. Where saidst thou he was gone?'

Ambrose could not tell, but he undertook to bring Stephen to answer all queries on the subject. His replies that the Captain was gone in quest of his family to Somersetshire settled the matter, since there had been old Martin Fulford's abode, and there John Fulford had parted with his wife and children. They did not, however, tell the old man of the possibility of his son's being at home; he had little memory, and was easily thrown into a state of agitation; besides, it was a doubtful matter how the Condottierre would feel as to the present fortunes of the family. Stephen was to look out for his return in quest of his suit of armor, inform him of his father's being alive, and show him the way to the little house by the Temple Gardens; but Perronel gave the strictest injunctions that her husband's profession should not be examined. It would be quite enough to say that he was of my Lord Cardinal's household.

Stephen watched, but the armor was finished and Christmas passed by before anything was seen of the Captain. At last, however, he did descend on the Dragon Court, looking so dilapidated that Mr. Headley rejoiced in the having received payment beforehand. He was louder and fuller of strange oaths than ever, and in the utmost haste for he had heard tidings that there was to be a lusty game between the Emperor and the Italians, and he must have his share.'

Stephen made his way up to speak to him, and was received with 'Ha, my gallant lad! Art weary of hammer and anvil? Wouldst be a brave Badger, rip thine indentures, and bear helmet and lance ring in good earnest?'

'Not so, sir,' said Stephen, 'but I have been bidden to ask if thou hast seen thy father?'

'What's that to thee, stripling? When thou hast cut thy wisdom teeth, thou'lt know old fathers be not so easy rund. 'Twas a wild goose chase, and I wot not what moved me to run after it.'

I met jolly comrades enough, bumpkins that could drink with an honest soldier when they saw him, but not one that ever heard the name of Fulford.'

'Sir,' said Stephen, 'I know an old man named Fulford. His granddaughter is my uncle's wife, and they dwell in the Temple.'

The intelligence seemed more startling and less gratifying than Stephen had expected. Sir John demanded whether they were poor, and declared that he had better have heard of them when his purse was fuller. He had supposed that his wife had given him up and found a fresh mate, and when he heard of her death, he made an exclamation which might be of pity, but had in it something of relief. He showed more interest about his old father; but as to his daughter, if she had been a lad now, a' might have been a stout comrade by this time, ready to do the Badger credit; Yea, his poor Kate was a good lass, but she was only a Flemish woman, and hadn't the sense to rear aught but a whining little wench, who was of no good except to turn fool's heads, and she was wedded and past all that by this time.

Stephen had to explain, somewhat to the disappointment of the Captain, who had, as it appeared, in the company of three or four more adventurous spirits like himself, taken a passage in a vessel lying off Gravesend, and had only turned aside to take up his armor and his deposit of passage money. He demurred a little, he had little time to spare, and though, of course, he could take boat at the Temple stairs, and drop down the river, he observed that it would have been a very different thing to go home to the old man when he first came back with a pouch full of ransoms and plunder, whereas now he had barely enough to carry him to his place of meeting with his Badgers. And there was the wench too—he had fairly forgotten her name. Women were like she wolves for greed when they had a brood of whelps.

Stephen satisfied him that there was no danger on that score, and heard him muttering that it was no harm to secure a safe harbor in case a man had not the luck to be knocked on the head ere he grew too old to trail a pike, and he would fain see the old man.

So permission was asked for Stephen to show the way to Master Randall's, and granted somewhat reluctantly, Master Headley saying: 'I'll have thee back within an hour, Stephen Birkenholt, and look thou dost not let thy brain be set afire with this windy talk of battles and sieges, and deeds only fit for pagans and wolves.'

'Aye!' said Tibble, perhaps with a memory of the old fable, 'Better the trusty mastiff than the wolf.'

And like the wolf twitting the mastiff with his chain, the soldier was no sooner outside the door of the Dragon court before he began to express his wonder how a lad of mettle could put up with a flat cap, a blue coun, and the being at the beck and call of a greasy burgher, when a bold, handsome young knave like him might have the world before him and his stout pike.

Stephen was flattered, but scarcely tempted. The hard selfishness and want of affection of the Condottiere shocked him, while he looked about, hoping some of his acquaintances would see him with this tall figure clanking in shining armor, and with a knightly helmet and gilt spurs. The armor, new and brilliant, concealed the worn and shabby leathern dress beneath it, and gave the tall, spare figure a greater breadth, diminishing the look of a hungry wolf which Sir John Fulford's aspect suggested. However, as he passed some of the workshop stalls, where the apprentices, seeing the martial figure, shouted: 'What d'ye lack, sir knight?' and offered silk and velvet robes and mantles, gay sword knots, or even rich chains, under all the clamor, Stephen heard him swearing by St. George what a place this would be for a rack, if his Badgers were behind him.

'If that poor craven of a Warbeck had had a spark of valor in him,' quoth he, as he passed a stall gay with bright tankards and flagons, 'we would have rattled some of that shining gear about the lazy citizens' ears! He jolly King Edward's son! I'll never give faith to it! To turn his back when there was such a booty to be had for the plundering.'

'He might not have found it so easy. Our train bands are sturdy enough,' said Stephen, whose *esprit de corps* was this time on the Londoners' side, but the knight of the Badger snapped his fingers, and said: 'So much for your burgher train bands! All they be good for with their show of fight is to give honest landsknechts a good reason to fall on to the plunder, if so be one is hampered by a squeamish prince. But grammercy to St. George, there be not many of that sort after they be once fleshed!'

Perhaps a year ago, when fresh from the Forest, Stephen might have been more captivated by the notion of adventure and conquest. Now that he had his place in the community and looked on a civic position with wholesome ambition, Fulford's longings for havoc in these peaceful streets made his blood run cold. He was glad when they reached their destination, and he saw Peronnel with bare arms, taking in some linen cuffs and bands from a line across the opposite wall. He could only call out: "Good aunt, here he be!'

Perronel turned around, the color rising in her cheeks, with an obeisance, but trembling a good deal. 'How now wench? Thou art grown a buxom dame. Thou makest an old man of me,' said the soldier with a laugh. 'Where's my father? I have not the turning of a cup to stay, for I'm come home poor as a cat in a plundered town, and am off to the wars again; but hearing that the old man was nigh at hand, I came this way to see him, and let thee know thou art a knight's daughter. Thou art indifferent comely girl—what's thy name?—but not the peer of thy mother, when I wooed her as one of the bonny lasses of Bruges.'

He gave a kind of embrace, while she gave a kind of gasp of 'Welcome, sir,' and glanced somewhat reproachfully at Stephen for not having given her more warning. The cause of her dismay was plain as the captain, giving her no time to precede him, strode into the little chamber, where Hal Randall, without his false beard or hair, and in his parti-colored hose, was seated by the cupboard-like bed, assisting old Martin Fulford to take his midday meal.

'Be this thine husband, girl? Ha! ha!' exclaimed the visitor, laughing loudly, but heeding little either Hal's appearance or his reply, as he caught the old man's bewildered eyes, and heard his efforts to utter his name.

For eighteen years had altered John Fulford less than either his father or his daughter, and old Martin recognized him instantly, and held out the only arm he could use, while the knight softened, touched, and really feeling more natural affection than Stephen had given him credit for, dropped on his knee, breaking into indistinct mutterings with rough but hearty greetings, regretting that he had not found his father sooner, when his pouch was full, lamenting the change in him, declaring that he must hurry away now, but promising to come back with sacks of Italian ducats to provide for the old man.

Those who could interpret the imperfect utterance, now further choked by tears and agitation, knew that there was a medley of broken rejoicings, blessings, and weepings, in the midst of which the soldier, glad perhaps to end a scene where he became increasingly awkward and embarrassed, started up, hastily kissed the old man on each of his withered cheeks, gave another kiss to his daughter, threw her two Venetian ducats, bidding her spend them for the old man, and he would bring a pouchful once next time, and striding to the door, bade Stephen call a boat to take him down to Gravesend. Randall, who had in the meantime donned his sober black gown in the inner chamber, together with a dark hood, accompanied his newly found father-in-law down the river, and Stephen would fain have gone too, but for the injunction to return within the hour.

Peronnel had hurried back to her grandfather's side to endeavor to compose him after the shock of gladness. But it had been too much for his enfeebled powers. Another stroke came on before the day was over, and in two or three days more old Martin Fulford was laid to rest, and his son's ducats were expended on Masses for his soul's welfare.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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Should have Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It saves thousands of lives annually, and is peculiarly efficacious in Croup, Whooping Cough, and Sore Throat.

"After an extensive practice of nearly one-third of a century, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is my sure for recent colds and coughs. I prescribe it, and believe it to be the best expectorant now offered to the people."—Dr. John C. Levis, Druggist, West Bridgewater, Pa.

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Charlottetown, July 18, 1888—3m

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BREAD made of this Yeast will Rise in half the time, and will remain sweet longer than any other bread. Any person can make good light bread with this Yeast. Every family should use it. It makes Biscuit, Buns, Rolls, Cakes and Pastry, Tea and Buckwheat pancakes. Every grocer in every town in Canada is selling it. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Administration Notice.

THE undersigned, Administratrix of the Estate of James Smith, late of Fort Augustus, Lot Thirty-six, in Queen's County, in the Province of Prince Edward Island, Trader, deceased, intestate, hereby notifies all persons indebted to the said Estate to make immediate payment to her; and all persons having claims or demands against the said Estate are hereby required to exhibit such claims and demands, duly attested, to her for payment within Six Months from the date of the publication of this notice

Dated this 18th day of Sept., 1888

CATHERINE SMITH,
Administratrix.

Fort Augustus, Sept. 26, 1888—3m

10000 PRESENTS

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We will send by mail an appropriate gift to each mother, wife, mother or cook—one to a family—who will try the BREADMAKER'S BAKING POWDER. Cut the red circle from the label and send it in a letter stating honest opinion after fair trial. Either a 5, 10 or 25 cent size will secure the gift. Any grocer or storekeeper knows where to get it if asked for by you.—*Address*—

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Dr. Jenkins & Dr. S. R. Jenkins,

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Opposite St. Dunstan's Cathedral.

Charlottetown, Feb. 29, 1887—tf

Mortgage Sale!

TO be sold by Public Auction, on Friday, the fifth day of October, A. D. 1888, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, in front of the Court House in Charlottetown, in Prince Edward Island:

All that tract, piece or parcel of land, situate lying and being at Little Harbor, Lot or Township Number Forty-six, in King's County, in Prince Edward Island, bounded and described as follows, that is to say: Commencing at a stake at the western side of land owned by and in possession of Michael McKinnon, running thence south along said land a distance of sixty chains to the Straits of Northumberland, thence west along said Straits a distance of ten chains to land in possession of Angus Johnston, thence north a distance of sixty chains to the shore of Little Harbor Pond, thence east to the place of commencement, containing fifty-five acres of land, a little more or less.

The above sale is made under and by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage, bearing date the sixth day of April, A. D. 1887, and made between Charles McInnis, of the one part, and Artemas Lord, of Charlottetown, in Queens County, in the said Island, Esquire, Trustee, under deed dated the thirtieth day of August, A. D. 1878, and made between David Stirling, of Charlottetown, aforesaid, architect of the one part, and the said Artemas Lord, of the other part.

For further particulars apply at the office of Messrs. Sullivan & McNeill, Solicitors, Charlottetown.

Dated this twenty-second day of August, A. D. 1888.

ARTEMAS LORD,
Trustee.

Sept. 5, 1888—5t

The above sale has been postponed by consent of the undersigned until Thursday, the first day of November next, A. D. 1888, when it will be held at the place above mentioned, at Twelve o'clock, noon.

Dated this 5th day of October, A. D. 1888.

ARTEMAS LORD,
Trustee.
CHARLES McINNIS.

Oct. 10, 1888—4i

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GENERAL

Commission Merchants,

4 Long Street, Boston,

Receivers of Potatoes, Eggs, Fish, Canned Goods, &c.

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CURES CHOLERA Cholera Morbus COLIC AND CRAMPS DIARRHŒA DYSENTERY

AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS. IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

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THE CARROLL, ON SATURDAY, 5th MAY.

One of these vessels will leave Boston for Charlottetown every SATURDAY, at noon; and Charlottetown for Boston every THURSDAY, at 6 o'clock, p. m.

Excellent Passenger Accomodation! Low Rates!

FARES—First-class Passage Berth in well-furnished cabin, $6.50; Stateroom Berth, $8.50.

Lowest rates for Freight, which is always carefully handled.

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LACTATED FOOD

IS THE BEST

For Young Infants it is a perfect substitute for mother's milk, often saving life; for the invalid or Dyspeptic it is of the greatest value. It is

THE FINEST BABY FOOD,
THE BEST INVALID FOOD,
THE MOST PALATABLE FOOD,
THE MOST NUTRITIOUS FOOD,
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180 Meals for an Infant for $1.00.

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THE undersigned offers for sale his farm of Fifty Acres, fronting on St. Mary's Road and Commercial Cross, a good Farm, and as a business stand, it cannot be surpassed in King's County. It will be sold with or without the crop to suit purchaser. If not sold by private sale, it will be set up at auction, the time of which due notice will be given. For particulars apply to the owner,

JAMES GORMLEY, Postmaster.

St. Mary's Road, Aug. 8th, 1888.—tf

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CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

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 stop 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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Cures Dysentery, Pains, Sores, Colic, Neuralgia, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Chilblains, Inflammations, Sprains, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Diseases. We will send this, postpaid, to all containing information of very great value. Everybody should have this book, and those who send for it will never after thank their lucky stars. All who buy or order direct from us and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not abundantly satisfied. Retail price, 25 cts.; 6 bottles, $1.50. Express prepaid to any part of the United States or Canada. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., P. O. Box 2116, Boston, Mass.

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BOOTS AND SHOES.

We warrant every pair of our Solid Leather's make of Boots, and we kindly ask you to purchase your own and family's Boots from us for the Fall wear.

SOLE LEATHER BY THE SIDE OR ROLL, VERY CHEAP.

GOFF BROTHERS,

Successors to Dorsey, Goff & Co.

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New Dry Goods in Great variety; best value in the Province.

Millinery.—New Hats and Bonnets, fashionable and select, Trimmings new and beautiful. Work tastefully done at short notice.

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Please remember that in each line we have a larger stock than many who keep only single lines. We are bound to be foremost.

BUTTER, EGGS, WOOL, &c., always bought, and highest cash price paid.

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VERY MUCH CHEAPER

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