THE ANGELUS.

By Frances L. Mace.

Ring soft across the dying day,
Angelus!
Across the amber-tinted bay,
The meadow flushed with sunset ray,
Ring out, and float, and melt away,
Angelus.

The days of toil seem long ago,
Angelus;
While through the deepening Vesper glow,
Far up where holy lilies blow,
The beckoning bell-notes rise and flow,
Angelus

Through dazzling curtains of the west,
Angelus,
We see a shrine in roses dressed,
And lifted high in vision blest,
Our very heart-throb is confessed,
Angelus.

Oh! has an angel touched the bell?
Angelus!
For now upon the parting swell
All sorrows seem to sing farewell;
There falls a peace no words can tell,
Angelus!

Laura Desmond's Choice.

BY AGNES M. STEWART.

PART II.

CHAPTER XXI.—[Continued.]

"It is the child of gentle folks, and none of Martha's,' said my husband, suddenly taking the pipe from his mouth, 'she has lied, his tongue has told us the truth, she was but his nurse. What did you think of the man that brought him here.'

"He looked like a gentleman,' says I, 'but it was foggy I could'nt see much on him.' we talked about the boy for a long while, and there and then we made up our minds to bring the child up as our own, and to hide from him all we knew, because' says my husband, 'it will be of no use but to make him unhappy as he grows up. He will get to thinking maybe that he is the child of rich folks, and then he'll be discontented, but as it is if we never ask him any questions he will forget it all. If my beautiful daughter ever turns up that may alter the matter,but I fancy, Biddy, this has been a dark piece of business, and that the little fellow has been stolen for some bad purpose.'

'Of course I agreed with him; Jack is such a shrewd man, and puts this and that together ever so much better than I can do.

'Then after a bit he says:

'Now, mind, keep on the lookout, for there may still be notices up in the streets about a lost child; but if there had been you would not have seen them, for you live so retired like in this house, and see no one. However, one of these days, Martha may be pleased to set us right.'

And Mrs. Buzzle closed her book, saying:

'As the dear fellow grew up we sent him to a good school, and were careful he should have no bad companions; and here we have lived all these many years, a-thinking we were his own true father and mother, though sometimes he have said to me:

'It is only a childish fancy, for you say you have lived here *ever* since you married father: but ideas float through my mind of other faces and scenes when I could have been little more than a mere baby, and with these come the memory of a great terror. When I was a child, was I ever run away with mother dear? he would say, looking up so archly in my face that I had much ado to keep my secret; I would turn it off with:

'Silly boy, what strange fancies you do take in that clever head of yours.

'I must not forget to say that many years passed and we never heard a word of Martha; but every year came the money, sure enough; sometimes more than twenty pounds, but never less; but to my great surprise last October there came a note from my step-daughter, saying she had been married to Hazelton for many years, and that he was now dead, and that she wished to know if the boy had turned out well, and if he had taken to the sea; but my good man had taken him two voyages with him, but the lad did not like the life, but was fond of painting, so we had a master for him, for we were too fond of him to go against him any way, and now and then he have earned money by that, and by teaching, which was how he came to know Miss Ella.

'And now that is all I have to say; Father Sherbourne has been at St. Mary's many a year, and he will tell you how my dear boy has been looked to, and why we sent him to Italy; and Mr. Lester knows something of me too; you must not mind the way I speak of your son as my boy, it is natural like,' added the good soul, turning to Laura.

'Suffer me to call you my *best* of friends,' said Laura, advancing and throwing her arms round Mrs. Buzzle's neck; 'nothing I can do can ever repay you or your kind, worthy husband.'

'And now Mrs. Ainslie, what steps do you propose to take relative to your son's return?' said the doctor. 'I say telegraph to him at once to come back to Stepney.'

'And add that various letters have been intercepted,' said Father Sherbourne.

'I can guess why that addition is requisite,' said Laura, smiling through her tears. 'I will telegraph to him to-night—and yet no,' said she, with a little hesitation, 'he knows nothing of me, his mother. Suppose his *own dear foster mother* sends the telegram?'

Mrs. Buzzle's face was wreathed in smiles, as all agreed that the telegram would come best from her.

And, producing her pencil, Laura obtained from Mrs. Buzzle a sheet of note paper, and wrote as follows:

From Mrs. Buzzle to Edward Buzzle,
64 Jubilee Street,
Mile End, London.

Via Macqueda a Rome.

'Come home, dear Edward, without delay. Ella's letters and your replies have been intercepted. We are longing with aching hearts for your return.'

CHAPTER XXII.

FROM THE GOVERNOR OF EXETER GAOL.

The feelings of Laura and her friends may be far better imagined than described; the night was not allowed to pass over, however, without a letter being sent to Ella, written by Laura, in which she was informed that the artist was her own long lost son, and the undoubted heir to the Riverdale property.

One by one the doubts and uncertainties of the bitter past of Mrs. Ainslie's life had been solved by the records so faithfully kept by honest Bride Buzzle; still she could not well understand why, after such a long term of years, Martha should have again written to her stepmother. She was yet in the dark as to a promise of marriage having been made and broken by her brother-in-law to her waiting maid. It needed but this knowledge to unravel the whole affair, and the next morning a telegram from the governor of the prison in which Martha was confined explained fully the motives from which the worthless woman had acted.

The telegram briefly stated that the prisoner, Martha Hazelton, was supposed to be dying, having been attacked by serious illness a few days after she entered the gaol, and had begged that Mrs. Ainslie should be sent for, as she had most important matters to disclose. Accompanied by Mrs. Lester, who would not allow her to travel alone, Laura started for Exeter by the mid-day express.

On arrival at the gaol she was met by the governor himself.

The perfidious woman had, however, passed away; she had been summoned before a supreme tribunal one hour before Mrs. Ainslie's arrival. Justice had been balked of its due; but as far as a human being could go Martha had played out her part to the last breath.

Supposing Mrs. Ainslie had *not* fallen on the slip of paper saved from the waste paper basket, her dying testimony, given to the governor of the gaol in the presence of witnesses, together with undestroyed papers in her box at Riverdale, would have fully established the identity of Gerald Ainslie as his mother's lost son, reared as Edward Buzzle. As it was, the fact was already known, though *not* the share her brother-in-law had in the transaction. She had carefully preserved the letters of the latter, dating from a few weeks after the death of Mrs. Ainslie's husband. By them it was made manifest that the two had agreed as to the disposal of the child; that it should be removed as soon as Mrs. Ainslie reached London, and that she had been spurred on to the iniquitous deed by a promise of marriage, although she was at that very time (living in service through his inability to support her), the wife of ne'er-do-well Thomas Hazelton, whom she had induced at length to marry her. She had been seized with congestion of the brain, and in her delirium had uttered words which were seen later to be something more than the mere phantasies of a disordered imagination.

'Had Squire Ainslie only kept his faith with me,' said the wretched woman on her death bed, 'I should have been his wife, and I might have hesitated to perform even this late act of justice; as it is I die well satisfied that with all his cunning he can not remain Squire of Riversdale. In my papers (still safely locked up I fancied, but you have told me they are now in the hands of the police), ample evidence will be found as to the truth of my statement. Let whoever will go to 64, Jubilee street, Mile End, and ask for Mrs. Buzzle, my stepmother, and she will tell Mrs. Ainslie about her long lost son, and can bring the two quickly together.'

'I then told her,' said the governor, 'that from a scrap of paper found in her own room, Mrs. Ainslie was acquainted already with her share in the guilt in the abduction of her child; that she had gone to London to institute all inquiries, and that had she lived that crime would also have been brought against her.'

'Fool that I was,' she exclaimed, 'to have left a scrap of paper to fall into *her* hands. Well, tell her this, to ponder on my words; she 'sowed the whirlwind, wherefore should she not reap the storm?' I loved him, and would have laid down my life for the man who was so foolishly fond of her, but whose love she turned into hatred. He, in his turn, has deceived me, and basely left me to my fate; but with my last breath I say that I exult in the thought that death shall free me from earthly punishment.'

'And,' continued the governor, 'with a strong effort she raised herself up; the shadows of death were passing over her countenance, but in her last moments it was with her as with a possessed soul; it wanted but the baleful passions which still raged within her to add a new horror to the awfulness of death, for her features expressed a sense of gratified vindictiveness, as, with hands outstretched as if trying to force some one back, and her sight failing, she exclaimed:

'Law, do thy worst. Officers, I defy you all. Am I not summoned to a higher court than yours?' and with those words on her lips she fell back and died.

A shudder ran through Laura's frame as she listened to the brief account of Martha's dying moments. The words the evil woman had used: 'She sowed the whirlwind, wherefore should she not reap the storm?' sounded anew in her ears. Truly she had often said to herself, 'I have sowed the whirlwind,' and more than herself had reaped the storm; for, as Holy Writ saith: 'The sins of the parents shall be visited on the children,' and hers had been visited on her son.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AT HOME.

Beautiful May, with its bright sunshine and early blossoms; with its sweet-scented air, its pink and white sprays on the hawthorn, its soft green foliage on the trees, the pale flowers of the bush-woodbine and delicate honeysuckle has again come round.

Never was there a more lovely morning than that of the 17th of May, 1875.

A bright sunshine played cheerily across the spacious morning room at Riversdale, to which we introduced the reader in the opening chapter of this story; but the kind-hearted old man, then the master of the house, has slept in the family vault for many months.

Slender and youthful Laura Desmond of the olden time is now transformed into a lady of middle age, whose slight form has assumed larger proportions, and who wanders restlessly from room to room, clad not in flowing muslin, but in a rich silken robe, its black tint relieved by a diamond brooch and earrings, and a small cap of point lace trimmed with pale pink satin.

She has visited all the apartments in the mansion, inspecting everything with her own eyes, altering sundry minor matters with the help of a blithe-looking young waiting-maid at her side.

Two chambers had a particular share of her attention. One was destined for her son and his bride, Ella, who return from their wedding tour in Italy this day; the other is for the good old couple, his foster-parents, who have been invited from London to share in the general happiness.

The inhabitants of Riversdale have never set eyes on the young Squire, but some of the old people remember Gilbert, and all that happened many years ago; and the romance thrown around the past life of Gerald Ainslie has called back old memories, and set everyone wondering what he is like.

Then, too, romance clings around the fair young girl whom he has married, and who so nearly fell a victim to Martha's ambition. Taking one thing with another, Riversdale is on tiptoe with expectation.

From an early hour in the morning the church bells had rung a merry peal; triumphal arches spanned the principal thoroughfares; oxen had been roasted whole, and a Maypole had been erected in the park. for a rural feast had been prepared for the villagers, to be ended by a dance.

The first arrival came very early, in the persons of Bridget Buzzle and her good husband; they had taken a night train to Exeter, and stopping to breakfast at an inn, had then hurried on to Riversdale. Can I describe to you how happy they both felt; no, I will not attempt it, for I should fall very far short of the truth, so I will merely say that Laura herself felt no keener joy than these good folks, without whose presence, as she truly said, her happiness would have been incomplete.

It would have pleased you to have heard the observations of these denizens of East London, especially those of good, simple-minded Bridget, as Laura's carriage, sent expressly to Riversdale station to meet them,bowled along the high road, and then down the green lane leading to the park.

It was still early, and the pleasant sounds of country life were like music in her ear; the sun had burst forth in its full splendor, and there was yet a deep shade and a dewy moisture in the park when the brougham stopped at the lodge gates until they should be opened.

Then Captain Buzzle for such he now was, looked about and quite joined in the delight enthusiastically expressed by his wife; the morning wind went whispering through the trees laden with the scent of the sweet hawthorn; the timid fawn started away at the sound of the carriage wheels, and the soft-eyed deer stole away as they approached.

Why, Bridget, wife,' said the Captain, 'mortal eyes could'nt look on a lovelier spot than this. Lord love our dear boy, what a place he and Miss Ella will have to live in all the rest of their lives; and to think how he's been kept out of it all these many years,and he a-living in our little bit of a house on Jubilee Street; shiver my timbers but it was a hard life.'

'Never mind, Jack, it might have been a much worse life if he had gone to bad folks, but we loved the boy and always did our best for him; but see you the house must be the one we're going to, and there's two footmen standing on the steps. Why Jack, they be very fine, I feel a bit nervous; and I hope that we'll do all that's right.

'Don't be foolish now, doesn't the place belong to our dear boy; and doesn't his mother call us her best friends. Don't go to be frightened of his servants.'

As the Captain said these words the carriage was driven up to the broad flight of marble steps which gave ingress to the hall, on the top of which Laura was awaiting them, her whole countenance so radiant with happiness that she resembled somewhat the Laura of old days.

And with the warmest of welcomes she received them both, then leaving the Captain in the morning room, she herself escorted his wife to the chamber allotted for their use during the week of their visit at Riversdale.

Poor Mrs. Buzzle's eyes were fairly dazzled by the evidence of wealth which met her at every step, and when she entered the bedchamber with its handsome appointments, she could not help informing Laura that a very inferior room would do for them, who had never been used to such fine things.

But Laura silenced the good dame by informing her that she did not intend that those to whom she and her son owed so much, should not have the best the house afforded.

And having removed her cloak Laura gratified her simple curiosity by showing her a few of the apartments, amongst them the drawing room. From a deep bay window you looked out upon a well-kept flower garden. The curtains of this room were composed of rich blue satin damask looped and fringed with silver; the cushions of the couches and chairs were of the same material and their frame work was of curiously inlaid ivory.

The walls of this room were paneled, each panel being adorned with a cabinet painting. Vases of exquisite china filled with choice exotics, were disposed about. And two Japanese cabinets were filled with rare and expensive articles, whilst the beautiful carpet on the floor, wrought with silken flowers, yielded beneath the pressure of the foot. Was it to be wondered at that Bussle and his wife thought they were in fairyland, the former especially, as he, a sailor for many years, whose avocation had taken him to foreign climes, had been used to see much that was rare and costly? And all that the drawing-room contained was the wedding gift of Laura to her daughter-in-law, the young bride who when a child had, in one of Laura's periods of hallucination, prophesied in baby language that she would be her son's wife.

The next arrival proved to be the doctor and Mrs. Lester.

But a little after mid-day the sound of music struck upon the ears, the leader of a brass band had brought his men from Exeter to the entertainment of the rustics, in the latter part of the day, but their services were put into requisition earlier, and with drums beating and colors flying, the Lost Heir, has returned to claim his inheritance.

A party of rustics had assembled at the village station, and unyoking the horses from the carriages in waiting, they drag the bride and bridegroom with willing hands to Riversdale Hall.

It was one of those happy days which rarely fall to the lot of mortals.

Perhaps Gerald Ainslie, for we will now call him by his real name,enjoyed his high position all the more for his previous life of hardship. anyway he brings to his inheritance fair signs that he will be a faithful steward of the wealth the Almighty has given him, and having known what the hardships of poverty really are in his own person, he will be ever ready to give out of his superfluity.

Hardly need we add that no guests were more welcome to himself and Ella than his own long reputed parents who had taken him to their heart as a stray waif, and had watched with so much wisdom over his youth and early manhood. Ah, they were richly repaid, and they sat at his table as his most honored friends, and ever and again the tender name of 'mother' popped out unawares from him, and 'my dear boy' from the lips of Mrs. Buzzle, eliciting a laugh at which poor Bridget would grow very red, till it was finally settled that the old terms were to exist still, and we think it was a just admission.

As to those poor Lesters, one might alone feel for them, because they really had done their best to break off the match with Ella when they believed Squire Ainslie was only the poor artist son of a worthy couple. As for the doctor's son, he had really taken so to heart his remembrance of his satirical ill-natured conduct, that he for some time positively refused to show himself at his rich brother-in-law's home, a determination which was afterwards overcome by the Squire and his sister.

As a palliation, however, to his annoyance, the doctor dwelt very much on the accusation of his having opened a loophole for a future marriage, in that he had made a sort of promise to Gerald that if he prospered in his art he might hope to win Ella later, if her affections remained disengaged.

'O Lord, it is good for me to be humbled,' saith the inspired penman; but I am sorry to say I doubt if one of the trio took those words to heart, even the soft, gentle Mrs. Lester, as she sat next to Laura, remembered a certain day when she watched her daughter and the artist with such lynx-like eyes, lest they should interchange vows of fidelity (they did so when she was opportunely called away), and yet, had the veil of the future been lifted, what a bright lot for the girl whom their misplaced pride was condemning to misery.

When all had assembled at dinner, who had been invited, the plain Mrs. Buzzle whispered to the Captain—Buzzle had lately been made Captain as already stated, and to-day sat beside his wife—that she was all of a 'swet,' which condition was doubtless induced among other causes by her extreme anxiety to appear as spruce as it was possible for her to do among such an assemblage of notabilities. 'What ever *shall* I do, Jack; it's a killin' of me?' she added, secretly poking in the side her better half, while the sound of pleasant conversation rose from each side of the long dinner table.

'Well, I dunna, Bride, exactly,' was the captain's response, delivered somewhat embarrassingly. 'Take that ere towel and the water.' Buzzle threw his eye towards the napkin on the table and *carafe* of water placed before his wife, both of which were still untouched.

Thereupon Mrs. Buzzle, who always had unbounded faith in her husband's knowledge of the etiquette of the dinner-table, took boldly the neatly folded damask napkin with one hand, and poured a copious draught of water from the water-*craft* with the other, and commenced in quite a mechanical way, and nothing abashed, a most refreshing ablution of her face and neck, soon thereafter transferring the process with apparently considerable satisfaction to the glowing features of her husband. Whether their fellow-guests observed this new departure from the conventional etiquette of the dinner-table, it is hardly necessary here to note; let it be charitably supposed that they did not, although the balance of probability is against the Buzzle family. Rather let it be recorded, for the benefit of future ages, that the well-meaning Mrs. Buzzle felt grievously piqued when one of the waiters, in the performance of his duties at the table, helping her to wine, promptly refused to leave a glass with her on her invitation, and that her indignation thereat was quite equal to the anxiety she felt to leave the festive scene with as little delay as possible.

'When I think o' that child Gerald, Bride,' observed Buzzle when man and wife were again seated together in the stillness of the evening, undisturbed by the sounds of revelry and mirth without—'and to see him now! Good gracious me, I can hardly believe it even yet.'

'Yes, Jack, you allays said he was no son of Martha's.'

'Why the circumstances all pointed the other way. I tell thee what, Bride, whenever there is secrecy, I mane too great secrecy, there's allays summit to suspect. Now when our Martha was a courtin' of that fellow Hazelton, I could never get to know who he was, not even his name. But she would have him, because, as she said, he was a gintleme n.'

'Well, he's dead now, Jack, you know, and—'

'These girls,' continued Buzzle, unheeding the interruption of his wife, 'whenever they meet a fellow with a good coat and a watch and chain, is so taken up by them that they lose their heads completely; they forget that their first duty is to consult their father and mother; they forget that a fringe coat or a ragged coat—aye, or even no coat at all—often covers a more honest heart than the garment of the prince or prime minister, or the star-spangled banner of—of—of—of—'.

The sublimity of the idea sought to be conveyed by the speaker fairly stifled his further utterance. His closed and upraised fist was about to descend on the table before which the couple sat, when Mrs. Buzzle covered the undignified position by another interruption.

'He paid a heavy penalty for what he did, Jack, and he was a gentleman from all accounts.'

'A gen-tle-man!' responded Buzzle with a contemptuous emphasis on each syllable of that much-abused term. 'I don't forget how he treated that poor little girl of mine, Martha. Did I ever tell you who that same Hazelton was? No, I did not, because it was a disagreeable subject to you, wife, and you never liked her ways. I knew he was a bad fellow, a thoroughly bad fellow, a scoundrel in short, but far be it from me to say so,' added the Captain in the same breath.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans.
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Will cure or relieve
Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Jaundice, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Heartburn, Headache, Dizziness, Dropsy, Fluttering of the Heart, Acidity of the Stomach, Dryness of the Skin,
And every species of disease arising from disordered Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, Bowels or Blood.
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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 HEAD ACHE
Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.
Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents: five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.
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ABOUT THE 1st APRIL,
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For Freight, apply to London to John Pizzatti & Son, Mincing Chambers, 7 Union Court, Old Broad Street; in Liverpool to William Sullen, 11 South John Street, or here to the Owners.
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IMPERIAL CREAM TARTAR BAKING POWDER
PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.
CONTAINS NO ALUM, AMMONIA, LIME, PHOSPHATES, or any injurious materials.
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HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL CURES RHEUMATISM

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS.
Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and effectual destroyer of worms in Children or Adults.

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Dominion Boot and Shoe Store.
$8,500 WORTH BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS still on hand, which must be cleared out to make room for Spring Stock.
Special lot of 100 pairs MEN'S LONG BOOTS, will be sacrificed, and all kinds of Boots, Shoes and Slippers at Bankrupt Prices, at the Dominion Boot and Shoe Store.
J. B. MACDONALD, Proprietor.
Charlottetown, January 21, 1888—7f

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OF THE FINEST QUALITY,
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Has Opened his Law Office,
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Where he will attend to professional work, and loan money on Real Estate.
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FIRE AND LIFE
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EDINBURGH AND LONDON.
ESTABLISHED 1809.
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TRANSACTS every description of Fire and Life Business on the most favorable terms.
This Company has been well and favorably known for its prompt payment of losses in this Island during the past twenty-two years.
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Clocks, Watches, Jewelry,
SILVERWARE,
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VASES, &c., &c.,
All New and Latest Styles, and will be sold during Xmas and New Year's at prices that will please everybody.
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Worth Reading
IS one with something in it which may be of benefit to you. Please read the list of attractions we are now offering, and call and share in the bargains.
In order to make room for a large stock of Summer Goods we are clearing out all lines of Cloths at very low prices. In Fancy Goods our stock is still well assorted, and we are giving large discounts to clear, so NOW is your time to buy. Our last list of bargains brought hundreds of extra customers, and we expect our Dress Goods Bargains to cause a genuine rush. Think of it, New and Fashionable Goods, and the very Latest Styles of Trimmings, at prices that must positively sell them. Housekeepers will find this a rare chance to replenish their stock of cottons and linens; and if Carpets are required, we can give you THE BEST VALUE IN THE CITY.
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It pays to buy your Dry Goods and Millinery at
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STOCK OF
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ON P. E. ISLAND,
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BE SURE YOU SUIT AT
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Charlottetown, Nov. 30, 1887.

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DRUG STORE.
OPP. POST OFFICE
Always to the Front
With the Freshest and Most Reliable Stock of Goods
IN THE MARKET.
FRESH DYES, PATENT MEDICINES, CONDITION POWDERS
FELLOWS' SYRUP, BURDOCK BITTERS, MILK FOODS.
Prescriptions Carefully Dispensed.
HAVANA CIGARS WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
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Charlottetown, Oct. 19, 1887.

A LETTER FROM QUEBEC,

(Translated from the French.)

Gentlemen,—

I have deferred writing the better to testify to the benefits derived from the use of your Liniment. It has done wonders among all the people who have used it about here.

I can certify that in every case where I have used it upon myself, I have been very well satisfied.

Mr. N. Mooney, of St. Sylvester, had a bad leg which was said to be incurable. I told him to use Simson's Liniment, and it has effected a complete cure in a very short time. His neighbor, Mr. John Devlin, having received a very serious cut in his leg, Mr. Mooney took him the Liniment, and having used it, found himself completely cured.

I have been assured of the cures of these people, and the remedy having become known, it has created quite a demand, people coming as far as 35 miles to procure it for themselves.

Mr. Wm. Bennett, of St. Ferdinand, has had it some time for himself, and he has since bought it for his friends, who suffer from Rheumatism, and they have all been well satisfied.

I have never known any medicine to have had such good results about here as Simson's Liniment.

Hoping that it will prove as satisfactory elsewhere.

I am, yours truly,

DAMASE PAGEAT,
St. Sylvester, Quebec, 27th Dec., 1888. Merchant.
Messrs. Brown Bros. & Co.