(Boston Pilot Prize Poem.)

THE IVY OF IRELAND.

Oh, Land of Yesterday—and of To-morrow?
Whose blossoms breathe the air
Of Paradise,—Oh, Land of mirth and sorrow,
How sweet this wreath you wear!

Ivy of Ireland, clasp the exile's mother,
(Lo, her deep eyes are wet!)
The tears of ages surely shall not smother
Her faith in sunshine yet.

In their last look her young men see you,
clinging
To some last, lonely height,
Waving farewells, while ghostly lips are
singing
Their old world out of sight.

Then, oh, the withered women with their
wailing
There at the parting pier!
And, oh, that phantom ship, forever
sailing,
With souls beloved here!

How tenderly your roots ring round the
fingers
(And is there hope in dust?)
Of Irish chieftains and of Irish singers,
Though sword and harp may rust.

Mourner at grave and ruin! Whispering
warder
Of every place forlorn;
Night-listener at a vanished world's dumb
border,
And first to shine with morn!

Ivy of Ireland! had I words to fashion
Clear as your drops of dew—
Were I a poet, with a poet's passion,
I'd sing a song for you!

THE SPECTRE'S SECRET,

—OR—

THE HEIR OF INGLESIDE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER IX.—[CONTINUED.]

Master Adolphus Splinter, as we have before intimated, had not a bad heart. Left to his own instincts the humane part of it predominated By this time he thoroughly understood Hargrave's plot against Lily Merton; and he had suspected from the first that the announcement of the death of Horace Moore had been of Lyon's fabricating, though he was not positively sure. His heart had fairly ached at sight of Lily's misery, and when he heard of her sickness he felt that he had helped to contribute thereto. It was not for him a pleasant thought. He had come to regard the stricken maiden as something sacred—something far above the woman whom he had known elsewhere—and when he thought of such a being—so pure and so good—forced to wed with Lyon Hargrave, he shuddered to the very core.

On this very morning when Lyon carried the papers to Mr. Merton. Adolphus had in his possession a letter from over the sea—a letter bearing the Calcutta post-mark, and also the post-mark of the royal mail steamer from Bristol. He had had this letter four days. He had pledged his word to his employer that no such letter should reach Lily Merton, and he would not break that word. It did not add to his happiness thus far to keep faith with Hargrave, but he had made the leap, and he felt that he must hold his ground, however unpleasant and ungrateful it might be.

But he had pledged his word that he would deliver all letters directed to Lily Merton up to Lyon Hargrave. Of course such had been the understanding—implied as a part of the contract—but it had not been explicitly set forth as the other part had been. In short, Adolphus Splinter was willing to tamper with the principle of 'honor among thieves' in behalf of humanity. He had already lied to his employer in telling him that no letter had come, while, at the very time of the declaration, he had such a letter in his possession.

Late on the evening of that day, when Adolphus was alone, and after much travail of soul, he broke the seal of the letter from over the sea directed to Lily Merton, and he read it from beginning to end. Its burden was undying love; sorrow at not hearing from the absent darling; with hope and bright promise for the future. The writer was captain of a noble ship, and he had taught his crew to love him.

'My soul!' cried Adolphus, twisting the letter in his hands, 'what would Lily Merton give for this bit of paper? Not all the medicine of all the doctors in the world could uplift her as could this.'

A brief pause, and then he continued:

'She cannot have it. I will keep faith with Lyon thus far;—but, by heaven! he shall never see it—nor shall he see another if I can help it. He may think what he pleases of the stoppage of the letters, but he shall not have them. So far as I can prevent it he shall not be armed against the poor girl with a knowledge of the movements of her true lover.'

And Adolphus Splinter was true to his resolve.

By and by, Lyon Hargrave heard that another foreign mail had arrived in New York with letters from India. He went to the post-office to see if a letter had come for Lily Merton.

'Not a letter,' said Adolphus.

'The mail has come up from New York?'

'Yes.'

'And this makes the third mail bringing Indian letters since one came for Miss Merton?'

'The third—yes.'

And Lyon Hargrave went away with a look of malignant triumph upon his dark face. He entered the library at Ingleside, and sat down with a bottle of brandy at his elbow, and a glass in his hand; and as he drank he muttered to himself:

'Sugg Witkill must have done his work. Farewell to you, Mr. Horace Moore!'

CHAPTER X.

LILY'S PROMISE.

The cool and grateful days of September had come. The ripening grain was bowing its sunny heads to the sweeping breeze, and the opening banks were revealing the golden corn. The banks of the beautiful Hudson were teeming with rich return to the thrifty husbandman, and the passers upon the river could see the blushing fruit in masses thick and rare, looking out from amid the foliage.

And with the coming of the genial season, the health and strength of Lily Merton had returned. She was yet pale, and marks of melancholy were upon her face; but her eyes had regained their wanton lustre, and her cheeks were no hollow as they had been.

One evening as she sat alone in her work-room, her father came in and sat by her side. There was a cloud upon his brow, and his movements were nervous and uneasy.

'My child,' he said, with his hands clutched upon his knees, 'I have come to talk seriously with you. The time for trifling is past.'

The ice thus broken, he paused and took breath, and then went on more freely:

'Whatever may once have been your feelings towards Horace Moore, it cannot matter now. He is long since passed from the stage of existance, and you have had ample time for proper reflection. Had he lived, I doubt if he could have been anything to you; but dead, you should forget him. And now, Lily, you must give me your respectful attention. You know that I am about to speak of Lyon Hargrave. Do not turn away but listen to me. You cannot say that Lyon has intruded himself upon you. Loving you as he does, has he not rather been wonderfully forbearing? He offers you his hand, and will make you the proud and honored mistress of Ingleside. His heart you have possessed since first he knew you. Can you not be reasonable, my child, and turn your heart to him?'

'Turn my heart to Lyon Hargrave!' pronounced Lily, with a shudder that prevaded her whole frame. 'Could you turn your heart to that which you utterly loathed and despised?'

'Lily, I cannot hear you speak thus. You have no cause for such loathing. Lyon has been towards you all that is honorable and loving.'

'Honorable he can never be,' retorted the girl quickly; 'and his love is more dangerous than his hate. If you love me, father, let this subject drop. Oh, if you care for me one bit, mention not his name in my hearing again!'

Asher Merton was slightly discomfited by this outburst, but he quickly regained himself, and the cloud upon his brow deepened and darkend.

'Lily,' he said, very slowly, and with the tremulousness of strong emotion, 'if you will not listen to reason, perhaps you will listen to the call of stern necessity. What will you do if I am taken from you?'

'Taken from me? You?'

'Aye—if I am taken from you?'

'Surely, my father,' with a bewildered look, 'I do not understand you.'

'And yet, my child, the thing may happen if you do not put forth your hand to save me.'

'My father,' cried Lily, seizing his arm, 'what do you mean? What new horror is this?'

'It need not be a horror at all, Lily. You have it in your power to make it a blessing.'

'In mercy's name what is it?'

'Listen, my child, and you shall know. I had hoped that I might not be reduced to this extremity, but you have forced me to the revelation. You are aware that upon the death of Walter Hargrave I was indebted to him to a large amount—over six thousand dollars—for money borrowed. Those notes Lyon, of course, holds. But under that claim he could only seize upon my visible property; and you know that were I to-day stripped of every penny I own it could not satisfy that claim, nor the half of it. But there is another more serious. Not many weeks since Lyon placed certain accounts in my hands for collection. I collected thereon two thousand dollars, and that money—'

'That money, father—what?'

'Oh, my child, I meant no wrong. I thought so surely that your heart would turn in time to Lyon,—that—'

'You used the money?'

'Yes, I used the money. I was hard pressed, very, very hard, and I thought—Oh, I thought—'

'That my hand would cancel the bond?' cried Lily, starting to her feet, and standing before her father with pale cheek and burning eyes. 'You would sacrifice your child to the base use of trade! You would put the life of your own—'

Asher Merton put forth his hands so beseechingly that Lily stopped.

'O, my dear, dear child' he said, with his hands extended and clasped together, 'I did not think thus—as God is my judge, I did not! I fully believed, when the first pang of your grief had passed, that you would willingly become mistress of Ingleside. —Sit down, Lily,—Don't stand there.'

Lily resumed her seat, and her father proceeded:

'Lyon has confided all his love—all his hopes—all his fond and glowing aspirations to me, and I have sympathized with him deeply. I could not help it. You may say that my wish has been father to my thought. I shall not deny it; but I can assert that the wish was born of a most devout and earnest desire for the good of my child. Had Horace lived I might have withheld my aspiring hopes, but when I know you had no other near heart-tie of earth, I dared to hope that you would, in time, answer the love of Lyon Hargrave.'

Lily, by a great effort, had somewhat calmed herself, and when she next spoke her voice was low and steady, though yet bearing the note of pain.

'Do you mean,' she said, 'that you have laid yourself liable to arrest and imprisonment?'

'It is true, my child. O, do not blame me too severely. I thought no harm when I did it, and I meant no wrong. Lyon and I had talked so much of his love, and of his hopes of wedding you, that I had already come to regard him as a son-in-law; and when I had that money in my possession—money which I knew he did not need for use,—and when I was pressed well nigh to distraction, I used it. Under the statute it may be made a crime, and if I cannot repay it, I must—must—go—'

'Hush! Answer me another question: Will Lyon Hargrave do this thing?'

'If all hope of winning your hand is denied him, he will surely do it.'

'And thus he would show his love for me!'

'Ah, my child, you do not know all the secrets of the human heart. You must not set the instincts of your own heart up as a test. Lyon can love most deeply, but he is not a saint. You should know that warmest love, under strong and aggravating provocation, may be turned to deadliest hate,—that is, with some natures. After this long and anxious waiting Lyon may be driven to desperation, if he finds himself finally and coldly cast off. He has the blood of his Italian mother in his veins; and though I believe he could be most kind in love. I know he can be most vengeful in anger and hate.'

Lily arose, and paced several times across the narrow apartment. At length she stopped before her father.

'In one word, my father,' she said, in a hushed, frightened tone,—'If I will not give my hand to Lyon Hargrave, he will cast you into prison?'

'I fear he will.'

'He has the power?'

'Yes, my child,—he has the power, and no effort I can make can avert the blow.'

'Then let me think. Say no more at this time. I am not fit to talk now. To-morrow evening come to me again. Hush! No more now.'

Asher Merton left his daughter's presence bowed and stricken. He loved the dear girl as deeply as he was capable of loving anything, and at that moment he sorrowed and moaned because he had not money enough to pay off Lyon Hargrave's claim, and let him go. The last thing to touch his heart had been his daughter's anguish, and he held in that mood until another influence came.

An hour later Lyon Hargrave appeared in the attorney's study. He was respectful and polite, and still appeared anxious. Had Mr. Merton held the promised interview with his daughter?

Yes. And Merton related what had transpired. He did not repeat Lily's speech wherein she gave her estimate of the suitor's character, but he gave all that was necessary.

'She may relent, after all,' said Lyon, hopefully; 'and if she does, not only shall she be proud, honored and happy, but you, my dear sir, shall know no more of financial trouble.'

And now the sympathies of Asher Merton were tilting over upon the side of Lyon Hargrave, and the direction of his unspoken prayer was changed. Instead of wishing that he had money enough to pay Lyon's claim, and let him go, he wished that his daughter might come to her senses, and become mistress of Ingleside.

When her father had gone, Lily Merton went into her chamber, and sat down before a painted picture of her mother. It was a sweet, mild face that looked out from the canvas—a face that told whence the child had derived her beauty.

'O! my sainted mother!' she cried, with folded hands upraised, 'if you can look down upon me now, let your sweet influence guide me! O! I need help very much.'

After a time she sat down, with her head bowed upon her hand, and tried to think. Should she sacrifice herself to save her father? Had her father won the right to demand such sacrifice? Had Heaven made it her duty to grant the sacrifice, whether merited or not?

And to what would the sacrifice lead her? To a life-long union with Lyon Hargrave!

She looked again upon the picture of her mother, and the thought came to her that she had not only a mother in the better world, but that another was there whom she might meet and love while eternity could last. And then came a wild, surging thought under the weight of which she broke entirely down. She dared think no more in the night. So she sought her pillow, and tried to sleep.

On the following day Lily walked away across the fields into the deep woods back of Oxington. All day long she was in motion, and not until the shadows of evening had fallen did she sit down to rest. When the candles were lighted she had become calm and quiet, but with a calmness and quietness that was cold and stern.

When her father came to her she asked him if he still wished that she should become the wife of Lyon Hargrave.

'For your own good, my child, I wish it,' he answered.

'Oh!' she cried, indignantly, 'put not my good into that scale. Answer me directly and honestly. On your own account do you wish me to marry with Lyon Hargrave?'

The attorney hesitated, but finally answered:

'Yes, Lily, if you will have it so; for my sake I would have you become his wife. But, my child, did I not truly believe—'

'Hush! Say no more. I have your wish, and I know its source; and now take my answer. In one year from the day on which Horace left me, if both you and Lyon Hargrave shall then demand it, I will become Lyon Hargrave's wife.'

'Lily!'

'That is my answer.'

'Do you remember the day you mention?'

'Yes. It was the twenty-third day of December.'

'Then he must wait more than three months?'

'And is that long? You will remember that his proposal is now for the first time received by me.'

'But, my child—'

Lily put out her hand, and arose to her feet. She looked queenly as she stood there, and her father quailed beneath the intense light of her steady eyes.'

'My father,' she said, 'I told you I would give you my answer this evening. I have spent a night and a day in prayerful thought, and the answer is given. I have some rights left to me, and I will not surrender them. You may choose the manner of sacrifice, but I will choose the time. Go and tell Lyon Hargrave what I have said; and if, after that, he sends you to prison, I will either go with you, or I will go begging upon my knees to those who have the power of mercy and pardon. Go. I have said all.'

And from that time Lily Merton moved about like one in a dream, cold and heart-broken, with no care for life, looking only to the shadowy land beyond the vale for rest.

As for Mr. Merton, he did not meet with the rebuff he had feared. When he had told to Lyon his daughter's ultimatum, that young gentleman seemed perfectly satisfied.

'It is just the thing,' he said, tapping the attorney familiarly upon the shoulder. 'It will bring our wedding at Christmas time. We could not name it better. Let us hope that Lily thought of this when she named that day.'

And Asher Merton tried to smile, and tried to think—or tried to make it appear that he thought—that Lily had had her mind thus directed. But he made poor work of it. And yet, in the end, he felt more at ease than he had felt for a long time. He told himself that his child would be happy, in time, as mistress of Ingleside, and this he had cherished in his mind so long that he had really come to believe it Regarding Lyon Hargrave as the master of a million of money he had forgotten the shortcomings of youth, and had failed to detect the dark spots in the present. Very few, if any, are entirely free from bias of some kind; and when we consider Asher Merton's weakness, and his pecuniary situation, we shall not much wonder that he was anxious to marry his daughter to a millionaire.

When Lyon Hargrave reached Ingleside he found Adolphus Splinter in the billiard-room. When the game then in process had been concluded, he called him down into the library. He felt fresh anxiety now concerning Horace Moore.

'Has there been any letter, of late, for Lily Merton?' he asked.

'Not a letter,' said Adolphus, unblushingly.

'There have been foreign mails within a week?'

'Yes,—two of them.'

'She shall not have a letter which does not pass through my hands?'

'I swear it!' And Adolphus swore honestly.

And on the very next day he delivered to Lyon two letters for Lily Merton, one bearing the Albany post-mark, and the other from New Haven. Lyon loosened the seals with steam, and having found who the writers were, he resealed them, and gave them back; and that evening Lily received friendly letters from two of her old school-mates.

Adolphus had sworn that Lily Merton should receive no letters which did not pass through Lyon's hands; but within the week another letter had come from over the sea. This letter he did not read. He simply opened it, and saw that it was from Horace Moore, and then hid it away. He had begun to chafe under his yoke. The position, even to him, was humiliating. And yet he would not entirely betray the man who had given him confidence, nor would he entirely serve him. As he had said before, so he said again:

'If Lily cannot read the letters of her true love, by heavens Lyon Hargrave shall not read them!'

For two weeks Lyon did not visit the house of the attorney, but on the Sabbath evening following he ventured to call. He found Mr. Merton alone, and after a time he asked for Lily. The host said he would go and speak with her.

In a little while he returned with a troubled took.

'My daughter does not feel well, Mr. Hargrave, and she begs to be excused.'

'Does not feel well enough to see me?' said Lyon, biting his lip.

'Indeed, my dear boy, we must trust to time. There is no use in my trifling with you. You know the girl. She will come around by and by.'

'Never mind,' returned Lyon. 'So she keeps her promise I care not for the rest. Only—she should know that she cannot commence to smooth the way of her married life too soon. It might be well if you made her understand this.'

Mr. Merton said he would seek to impress this self-evident fact upon his daughter's mind.

A few days after this—it was in the beginning of October—Adolphus came up to Ingleside, bringing another letter addressed to Lily Merton. It bore the post-mark of Rollington.

'Where is Rollington?' asked Lyon, after he made out the mark.

'It is some forty or fifty miles to the west of us, near the Delaware River,' answered Adolphus, who had become quite thoroughly posted in the geography of the State.

Lyon broke the seal, and ran his eyes hastily over the opening sentence of the letter, and then glanced at the bottom and read the name of the writer. An oath burst from his lips as the hand which held the letter dropped upon his knee. But he recovered himself quickly, and said to Adolphus, with a light laugh:

'It is from an old flame. I think I shall hand it to the lady myself. What say you to a game of billiards?'

Adolphus was willing, and having drank some brandy, they adjourned to the billiard room, But Lyon played badly, and soon gave his cue to Dick Bunker.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SHADOWS THICKEN!

Once more alone in his library, Lyon Hargrave closed and locked the door, drank more brandy, and then took from his pocket the letter which Adolphus had brought to him, and sat down with it by the shaded lamp. In the previous hasty perusal he had gained a knowledge of its drift. The handwriting was bold and strong, though neat and proper, and it might have passed for the work of man or woman. Having opened the missive a second time the master of Ingleside read carefully as follows:

ROLLINGTON, Oct. 3, 1841.

MY DEAR MISS MERTON,—On this calm Sabbath evening, with my heart bare before my Maker, and after much anxious thought, I sit down to write to you, freely and truthfully, just as I would write to a dear sister. If I shall appear to take an unwarranted liberty, I am sure you will pardon me.

'Lily Merton, word has reached me in this far-away place—it came by an old servant at Ingleside who paid me a visit—that you had promised your hand to Lyon Hargrave, and were to be married on Christmas Day. At first I doubted, but the proof at length came so strong that I was forced to believe. And, my dear girl, I can imagine the influence which has been brought to to bear upon you, knowing, as I do, the hold which Lyon has upon your father in a pecuniary way. Oh! how foul is the wrong thus done. The last words which Walter Hargrave spoke in life were spoken to Horace Moore and myself. To Horace he said that the debt of Lily's father should be forgiven. He said that Lily was a blessed girl. He had sent for me to be present while he gave further important business directions, but he died without giving them. Yet, from the above, you can judge whom he regarded as his heir and executor. I know that Lyon Hargrave is not justly the heir of Ingleside.

'And now let me tell you of one more thing of which I am fully assured. If you have really promised your hand to Lyon Hargrave, I must believe you have done so under the conviction that Horace Moore is dead. *But I am sure he is not dead.* I saw the article in the newspaper announcing his death, and also two officers of the ship *Xerxes*. But in two weeks after reading that article, I received a letter from Horace Moore, dated at Calcutta, in which he informed me that he had been appointed to the command of his ship That letter must have been written after the published date of his death In truth, Lily, there is not only mystery in this matter, but I believe there are great wickedness. I can see in it the hand of Lyon Hargrave. If you are mourning the death of your true love, do not yet despair. what may have happened since he has wrote to me I cannot tell; but I know that the announcement of his death, as published in the papers, was false.

'I have been very sick with fever, or I should have seen you ere this. My mother is now sick, and I must nurse her; but she is improving, and as soon as I can leave her, I shall come to you. Oh! Lily Merton, I know that Horace loves you with all his heart and soul, and I know that his very life is bound up in you. And I cannot believe that you have ceased to love him. As God lives, I believe that Horace Moore lives. Wait until you see me. I will be with you in two weeks, or in three, at the furthest; and if there is wrong and wickedness which I can sift out, I will not rest until it is done. Take heart, Lily, and believe me your true and devoted friend.

'EDITH SOMERBY.'

Lyon Hargrave read this letter through twice, and then rolled it up, and clutched it in his hand as he might have clutched a viper which he must strangle. He remembered Edith Somerby—he knew her very well—knew her for a shrewd, clear-headed, thoughtful woman, bold and fearless in the way of duty. And he knew that she knew him—that she had known him for years—that she had been his uncle's confidant and often counsellor, and that she could be firm and persevering when she chose.

With a fierce oath he started to his feet, still strangling the letter in his hand.

'I should have looked to that woman before,' he muttered, as he strode across the apartment, and then stopped. 'I should have been mindful of the danger. Of all who were present when my uncle's will was searched for she alone maintained a firm defiance of the result.'—Another oath, and then,—'She must be looked to. She must never see Lily Merton. I am not safe with that woman living!'

[TO BE CONTINUED].

GEORGE M. HARRIS,
Auctioneer,
—AND—
COMMISSION MERCHANT.
Office and Salesroom nextdoor to J. D. McLeod's Store, Queen Street.
Charlottetown, Sept. 23, 1885—tf

JAMES H. REDDIN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
OFFICE:
Formerly occupied by Peters & Peters,
Y. M. C. A. BUILDING, CHARLOTTETOWN.
Money to loan on good security at lowest rate of interest.
Nov. 18, 1885—6m

JOHN S. MACDONALD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
OFFICE:
Newson's Building, Opposite New Post Office.
Charlottetown, Oct. 7, 1885—1y

GO TO W. N RIGGS
(Next to the Daily Union Office),
TO GET YOUR CLOTHES CLEANED AND RENOVATED.
All Grease Spots thoroughly removed.
Charlottetown, Aug. 19, 1885.

To Lobster Packers,
FOR SALE.
400 boxes TIN PLATES, suitable for Lobster Cans.
22 pigs of LEAD.
22 ingots TIN.
1 bar of COPPER.
Apply to
PEAKE BROS. & CO.
Charlottetown Feb. 17, 1886—tf

E. G. HUNTER,
WORKER AND DEALER IN
Italian and American Marble.
MONUMENTS, TABLETS, HEADSTONES, &c.,
IN GREAT VARIETY,
From New and Beautiful Designs,
ORNAMENTAL OR PLAIN.
Prices Low. - Workmanship Unexcelled.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
ydney Street, Charlottetown, P. E. Island.
October 21, 1885.—1yr

BARCLAY & CO.,
GENERAL
Commission & Shipping Merchants,
191, Atlantic Avenue, Boston.
EIGHT YEARS' EXPERIENCE in this market. Over fifty thousand bushels of P. E. Island Potatoes received by us last fall. Our patrons all satisfied. Vessels chartered for Potato freights at short notice. Write for market reports.
☞ Specialties—Potatoes, Mackerel, Canned Lobsters, Eggs.
March 17, 1886—3m.

Agents Wanted
FOR fast-selling Goods never before introduced. (Catholic Agents preferred.) Valuable sample cases and advertising matter furnished free to the right men. Resident Agents wanted in Charlottetown, Summerside, Georgetown and Souris.
Address
W. H. BUCHANAN,
15 Foundry St., Moncton, N. B.
March 17, 1886.

TOBACCO. TOBACCO.
Riley's Tobacco Factory,
Water Street, Charlottetown.
Good Smoking & Chewing Tobacco
MANUFACTURED FROM
PURE VIRGINIA & KENTUCKY LEAF,
Wholesale at the Lowest Possible Prices.
Purchasers in want of Tobacco will find it to their advantage to call and inspect before going elsewhere.
T. B. RILEY.
August 19, 1885—tf

Consignments Solicited
R. O'DWYER,
Commission and General Merchant
FOR SALE OF P. E. ISLAND PRODUCE,
289 Water Street,
St. John's, Newfoundland.
In connection with the above is Captain English, who is well known in P. E. Island, who will take special charge of all consignments, and will also attend to the chartering of vessels for the carrying trade of Prince Edward Island.
Mr. O'Dwyer calls attention to the fact that he is possessed of superior wharf and warehouse accommodation, and is prepared to guarantee every satisfaction.
January 16, 1884.

Executors' Notice.

THE undersigned Executors of the last Will and Testament of the late William Ryan, of Tignish, Cooper, deceased, hereby notify all persons indebted to him to make immediate payments to them at their office in Silvain T. Perry's store, at Tignish, Prince County, Prince Edward Island, and all persons having claims or demands against the said William Ryan, are hereby required to furnish the same duly attested, within twelve months from this date.

Dated at Tignish, Prince County, Prince Edward Island, the 22nd day of February, 1886.

PETER DOYLE
SILVAIN T. PERRY,
Executors.
Tignish, February 22, 1886.—3m

DR. S. R. JENKINS,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office at Residence of Dr. Jenkins,
PRINCE STREET.
Charlottetown, Jan. 28, 1885—1y

REMOVAL
Carroll & McAleer,
CARRIAGE BUILDERS,
BEG leave to announce to their numerous Patrons, and the Public generally, that owing to the increase in their business, they have removed to the large and commodious building formerly occupied by Mr. HENRY COOMBS, corner Great George and Euston Streets, where they will be able to give every satisfaction in their line of business, at their usual moderate rates. All orders will receive prompt attention.
REPAIRING AND PAINTING done at shortest notice.
CARROLL & McALEER,
Upper Great George St., Charlottetown,
March 17, 1886—3m

SEEDS
Carter's Seeds are the Best,

Being of the finest strains, carefully tested, and suited to this climate. The most experienced FARMERS and GARDENERS use and recommend them. Our SEED CATALOGUE is the FINEST published in the Maritime Provinces, fully illustrated. Sent FREE to any Farmer or Gardener. Write for it. Name and address on postal card will do.
GEO. CARTER & CO.,
SEEDSMEN.
Charlottetown, P. E. I., March 13, 1886.

FOR SALE OR TO LET.
I WILL either sell, or lease for a term of years, the well-known Business Stand on Richmond Street, known as the RAILWAY HOUSE. For further particulars apply to the owner.
THOMAS CAMPBELL.
March 24, 1886.—6m

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS
MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD
And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 Pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them for the cure of LIVER and KIDNEY diseases. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25c. in stamps. Circulars free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

DIPHTHERIA
Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism. JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT (*for Internal and External Use*) will instantaneously relieve these terrible diseases, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure.
JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT CURES Influenza, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hoarseness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Chronic Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Kidney Troubles, and Diseases of the Spine. Sold everywhere. Circulars free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

MAKE HENS LAY
It is a well-known fact that most of the Horse and Cattle Powder sold in this country is worthless; that Sheridan's Condition Powder is absolutely pure and very valuable. Nothing on Earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powder. Dose, one teaspoonful to each pint of feed. It will also positively prevent and cure
CHICKEN CHOLERA,
Hog Cholera, &c. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25c. in stamps. Furnished in large cans, price $1.00; by mail, $1.25. Circulars free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

REID BROS.
CHAMPION PRICE LIST
FOR MARCH.
SHIRTING GINGHAMS, marked price 11c., now 8c. All-wool Shirting Flannel, marked 32c., now 25c. Half-wool Drugget, marked price 32c., now 22c. Ladies' Winter Jackets, marked $1.65, $4.25 and $5, now half price. Men's Reefers, marked $4, now half price. Ladies' Corsets, marked $1.10, now $75c. Ladies' Rubber Circulars, marked $1.40, now $1. Men's Black Worsted Suits, marked $7.50, now $5.85. Men's Tweed Pants, marked $1.60, now $1.10. Ladies' Four-button Kid Gloves, marked 75c, now 55c. Ladies' Four-clasp Kid Gloves, worth $1.40, now 75c. Men's Underclothing at 20 per cent. discount. Men's Overcoats, reduced to clear, at half price. Genuine All-wool Heavy Tweed, marked 60c., now 45c. Cotton Flannels, in white and colored, marked 12c., now 10c. A genuine discount of 25 per cent. on Men's Furnishings. Men's White and Regatta Shirts, marked $1.40, now $1. $20 Fine Tweed Suits, to measure, now only $14. $30 Fine Worsted Suits, to measure, now only $20. $14 Tryon Tweed Suits, to measure, now only $12 $6 Scotch Tweed Pants, to measure, now only $4. Child's Tweed Suits, marked $2, now only $1.25. Youth's Black Worsted Suits, marked $9.50, now only $6.85. Fine Scotch Tweeds, marked $1.25, now only 90c. Heavy Island Tweeds, All-wool, 45c., 55c. and 85c. Yard-wide Gray Cottons, 4 and 5 cents.
☞ We have now on board the *Northern Light* a large stock of spring Clothing, which will be sold cheap till trade revives.
REID BROS.
Charlottetown, March 3, 1886. CAMERON BLOCK.

THE MUTUAL
Life Insurance Co. of New York.
ASSETS—CASH,
$108,908,967.51.
INCOME FOR 1885,
$20,214,954.28.
THE STRONGEST FINANCIAL INSTITUTION IN THE WORLD.
Purely mutual, having no Stock-holders to claim any of the profits, the assets and surplus belong to the assurer.
Its ratio of expenses to receipts is less than that of any other Company.
Its dividends to Policy-holders are greater than those of any other Company, and the cost to the insurer is therefore less than in any other Company.
JOHN MACEACHERN,
March. 3, 1886—tf Agent for P. E. Island.

FLOUR. FLOUR.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
HAVING a large and well-assorted stock on hand, we are selling **CHOICE FLOUR** very cheap, to suit the times. We keep all the choice brands on hand, such as
Matchless (celebrated brand); **Victory,** **Our Favorite,** **Kent** (highest grade). **Forest City Queen,** **City** (bbls. & half bbls).
Also, CHOICE PASTRY, in half barrels. Every barrel warranted. Give us a call before buying elsewhere.
BEER & GOFF,
March 3, 1886. Opposite Market House.

MARK WRIGHT & CO
1885 —ARE— 1885.
Better prepared than ever before to give the BEST VALUE in every description of
FURNITURE,
All manufactured on their premises by first-class workmen, and warranted second to none.
They have in stock **3,000 CHAIRS** of various designs, and will sell them at prices to suit the hard times.
LOUNGES, BEDSTEADS, TABLES, WASHSTANDS, LOOKING-GLASSES, MATTRASSES, PICTURE MOULDING, PARLOR SETS, BEDROOM SETS
and a thousand other articles too numerous to mention.
☞ Remember we cannot be undersold.
Undertaking Department a Specialty.
MARK WRIGHT & Co.
Kent Street Charlottetown, Dec. 17, 1884.