

"BLOW BUT SURE"

BY M. STODER.
Homes built in a day
Will never come again.

THE CASH BOY;

Frank Fowler's Inheritance.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.
A STORY OF THE "CASH BOY" IN THE "VILLAGE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE PROGRESS OF THE CAMPAIGN.

The address which the housekeeper had given Frank was that of a policeman's family in which she was at one time a boarder.

He did not think it prudent to go out into the streets, lest he might fall into the clutches of his pursuer, but waited until the arrival of the housekeeper, whose testimony, as corroborating his own, he felt to be of the utmost importance.

About seven o'clock Mrs. Parker made her appearance. She was very much fatigued by her journey, and glad to rest.

"I was afraid you might be prevented from coming," said Frank.

"I feared it also. I was about to start at twelve o'clock, when to my dismay one of the men came home. I was obliged to bid him come and wait."

He remained about till four o'clock, when, my relief, he went up stairs to his room. I was afraid some inquiry might be made about you, and your absence discovered, especially as the rope was still hanging out of the window, and I was unable to do anything more than cut off the lower end of it. When the sick man retired to his bed I instantly left the house, fearing that the return of some other of the band might prevent my escaping altogether."

"Probably," suggested Mrs. Bradley, "she has been detected in theft there, also."

"Mrs. Bradley," said her employer, sharply, "I advise you to be more charitable."

"I beg your pardon, sir. I suppose you miss the boy's reading. He really did read very well. My nephew would be very glad to come and read to you on the same terms."

"Thank you. If I need his services I will tell you," said Mr. Wharton, coldly.

"I am afraid poor Thomas doesn't stand any chance," said Mrs. Bradley to herself. "How he was taken up with that boy, to be sure."

"This last remark was made later to John Wade."

"My uncle is getting old and childish," said John. "I think he's breaking up, don't you?"

"Very likely, Mr. John."

"How did you escape him?"

"He did not get hold of me though he wanted to. He was just too late for the ferry boat. I think I see him now standing on the pier, and shaking his fist at me with rage, and Frank laugh at the picture he had conjured up."

"Since he knows you have escaped, he is probably on your track," she said. "I suppose so."

"It will be hardly safe for you to go to Mr. Wharton's."

"Why?"

"He will probably think you likely to go there, and be lying in wait somewhere about."

"But I must go to Mr. Wharton," said Frank. "I must tell him this story."

"It will be safer to write."

"The housekeeper, Mrs. Bradley, or John Wade will hold the letter, and suppress it. I don't want to put them on your guard."

"You are right. It is necessary to be cautious."

"Appearances are deceitful," said his nephew, shaking his head.

"I don't wonder you were deceived, sir," said the housekeeper. "He is so precious artful."

"I don't think so, Mrs. Bradley. To me he seems singularly frank and open."

"Seems it the right word, uncle," said John Wade. "I wouldn't believe in myself if proof were not so overwhelming against him."

"You may be mistaken, after all, John. Why did you not let him stay till I got back? I should like to have examined him myself."

"I was so angry with him for repaying your kindness in such a way that I instantly ordered him out of the house."

"Did he admit the theft?"

"Not by any means, sir," said Mrs. Bradley. "He brazened it out like a young villain that he is!"

"There is no occasion to call the poor boy names, Mrs. Bradley," said Mr. Wharton, gravely. "I don't like it."

"Just as you please, sir," said Mrs. Bradley, with a defiant sniff.

"I blame you, John, for your haste," said his uncle. "It was not just to the boy."

"Stupid old fool!" thought John Wade, but luckily for him his uncle could not read the thoughts which were passing through his mind.

"I acted for the best, sir," he forced himself to say in a subdued tone.

"Young people are apt to be impatient, and I excuse you, but you should have waited for my return. I will call at Gilbert & Mack's, and enquire of Frank himself what explanation he has to give."

John Wade and the housekeeper exchanged glances. They knew that Frank was no longer a cash boy in their employ, and congratulated themselves upon it, as tending to prevent an interview which might militate with their plans. Under the circumstances they could afford not to oppose Mr. Wharton's wish.

"Of course, sir, you will do what you think proper," said his nephew. "Let me remind you, however, that thieves are not very apt to admit their guilt."

"I see you are prejudiced against poor Frank," said Mr. Wharton. "Do not be so concerned, however. I am not liable to be deceived."

This ended the conversation, and Mr. Wharton, according to his declared intention, went to Gilbert & Mack's. He returned disappointed with the information that our hero was no longer in their store.

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"It will be hardly safe for you to go to Mr. Wharton's."

"I have; but will you first permit me to ask you one or two questions?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Did you not have a son who died about fourteen years since?"

"Yes, sir—my son George."

"He left a son—an infant."

"He did; but the infant survived him but a short time."

"Did you see the child die?"

"Why do you ask this?" asked Mr. Wharton, in surprise.

"Are you sure the child died?" asked the lawyer significantly.

"How can there be any doubt of it? I can point out his grave in Greenwood."

"But you did not see him die?" persisted the lawyer.

"No, then, do you know he is dead?"

"My nephew saw him die, and attended to the funeral while I was out of the country."

"Your nephew, John Wade?"

"Yes, sir."

"Another question. If you will permit me, through the child's death was not your nephew left your sole heir?"

"What do you mean to suggest?" asked Mr. Wharton, in agitation.

"You would not have me think my nephew capable of—"

"Of putting your grandson out of the way," said the lawyer, finishing the sentence. "By death, no. But I believe he has imposed upon you a false report of the child's death."

"How can that be?" questioned the old man in bewilderment. "I have seen the grave with my own eyes."

"I do not dispute it, Mr. Wharton; but I am prepared to prove that the boy who lies in that grave is not your grandson, but a stranger. Your grandson still lives."

Mr. Wharton sank into his chair in uncontrollable agitation.

"If this be true," he said, "don't keep me in suspense. Tell me all without delay."

"I will, sir. This is the communication I desire to make."

"The story of John Wade's treachery was told, and the means by which he had imposed upon his uncle, but the lawyer carefully abstained from identifying the lost grandson with Frank Fowler."

When the story was concluded Mr. Wharton said:

"When I was a grandson—my poor George's boy? Find him for me and name your own reward."

"I will show him to you at once, sir, Frank!"

At the word, Frank who was in an inner office, entered. Mr. Wharton started in amazement.

"Frank!" he exclaimed. "My dear boy, is it you who are my grandson?"

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The disease commences with a slight depression of the stomach, but if neglected, it in time involves the whole frame, and is attended by the following symptoms:—The patient feels a general weakness, and a small death gives relief from suffering. The patient feels a general weakness, and a small death gives relief from suffering.

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FRASER'S Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil

is now looked upon by the leading Physicians of Prince County as The Standard Remedy

IN THE TREATMENT OF

CROUPS, COLDS, CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, SYPHILITIC AFFECTIONS, Wasting Diseases of Children, &c.

It contains 65 per cent. of Pure Cod Liver Oil, the taste and smell of which are so thoroughly disguised, that the youngest children not only take it readily, but look eagerly for more.

Cheaper than any other Emulsion made, only 80 cents per pint.

JAMES A. FRASER, (Opposite Sinclair, Minto & Stewart's.) Summerside, Jan. 7, 1885.

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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, and will take special charge of all consignments, and will 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.

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The oldest and most Reliable, Acknowledged by the public to be the best place to buy PURE DRUGS & MEDICINES.

The stock is complete, and comprises all articles usually found in a first-class Drug Store. The Chemist used in dispensing have been imported direct from Messrs. P. & W. Squire, the Queen's Chemist, London, England. The Drugs and Druggists' Sundries are all purchased in the best market, and are guaranteed first quality.

The large increase in the business done of late years at this establishment has enabled the proprietor to import the most modern apparatus in use for the compounding of Prescriptions and the preparation of Medicines. He is constantly in attendance, and all Prescriptions are prepared by him.

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

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THE undersigned is prepared to execute orders for the above.

Best American Bee Hive Paper, Pitch and Gravel used.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

Orders left with Simon W. Crabb, or at my residence, will receive prompt attention.

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Percheron Horses.

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Is beautifully situated at the head of Gosse Lake, in the Detroit River, ten miles below the city, and is accessible by railway and steamboat. Visitors not familiar with the location may call at city office, 52 Campden Building, and an escort will accompany them to the farm. Send for catalogue, free by mail. Address SAVAGE & FARNEM, Detroit, Mich.

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which he will dispose of for Cash or approved credit. Farmers in need of anything in this line would consult their interests by giving him a call before purchasing elsewhere. Also has a number of

Carts and Cart Wheels,

which he is prepared to sell on as reasonable terms as can be had at any other factory on the Island.

JOHN McLEAN, Montague, May 6, 1885-5m.

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An infallible remedy by which the most distressing and fatal disease can be discovered, diagnosed, prepared and sent from by

DR. J. C. BARNETT, of Halifax, on a stock of FIFTY CENTS, in packages of ten, by mail, supplied. Very low for the quality of the medicine.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Barnett, 21, St. John's Street, Halifax, N.S.

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AT the lowest rates of interest.

The principal can be paid back by instalments if required to suit borrowers.

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