TO MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

By Dr. A. E. McDonald.

Alone I stand. The evening dew
Is gently falling from the sky;
My soul, dear mother, yearns for you,
Affection's tears bedim the eye.
My heart is sad and seems to say,
Life's sweetest hours have passed away.
For never from your window pane
Shall flash, for me, the light again,
Which told of one whose presence there,
Made all within more bright and fair.
But still there springs within my heart,
The hope that when I shall depart,
From this sad life, there may be given
A light from out the gate of Heaven,
To tell of one whose presence there
Will make that home more sweet and fair

THE BULLY OF THE VILLAGE;

—OR—

TOM TEMPLE'S CAREER.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.,

Author of "Only an Irish Boy," Etc

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW THE NEWS AFFECTED TOM'S FRIENDS.

When Nathan Middleton reached home, at three o'clock in the afternoon, his face wore the look of mysterious importance that indicated the possession of a secret. His wife understood this at once, and asked immediately:

'What's happened, Nathan?'

'What's happened? Who said anything had happened?'

'Your looks said so.'

'Perhaps my looks will tell you what it is.'

'Nonsense, Mr. Middleton! Don't keep me in suspense.'

'It's about Tom.'

'What's he done?' asked the lady, eagerly. 'Anything bad?'

'I should say it would be bad for him—and for us, too.'

'Do tell me, Mr. Middleton, without beating about the bush all day.'

'Then this is the long and short of it—he's lost his fortune.'

'Good gracious! How?'

'Bad investments. It's a pity the money hadn't been placed in my hands.'

'Has he lost forty thousand dollars?' ejaculated the lady.

'All out a few hundred dollars.'

'Then he's got enough to pay his board a few months longer.'

'Mr. Sharp says he must leave us at once, or pay only five dollars a week.'

'Five dollars a week! Ridiculous!'

'Of course it can't be, Corinthia. So he leaves us to-morrow morning.'

'Did you get paid for this month?' asked Mrs. Middleton, anxiously.'

'Yes, I made sure of that.'

'Well,' said the lady, 'it'll be a loss to us, but I ain't sorry for the boy. It'll be a good lesson for him, with all his airs and importance. I'm glad he'll have to earn his own living.'

'As far as that goes, I'm not sorry myself,' said Nathan.

'Does he know it?'

'Not yet.'

'When are you going to tell him?'

'At supper.'

'Be sure and tell him before me. I want to see how he stands it.'

'I mean to, Corinthia. By the way, I think you needn't have any meat on at supper. He may as well begin at once to deny himself.'

'A good suggestion, Mr. Middleton.'

Just then the door was opened, and Squire Davenport was ushered in.

'I called to see you about renewing the insurance on my house, Mr Middleton,' said he.

'Glad to see you, squire.'

'Are you quite well, Mrs. Middleton? I needn't ask after your young ward. I left him at my house.'

Mr. and Mrs. Middleton looked at each other. The former coughed.

'Tom leaves us to-morrow,' said Nathan.

'Indeed! You surprise me,' said the lawyer.

'Circumstances render it necessary for him to make different arrangements.'

'Has he become tired of Plympton? James will miss him.'

'I don't know that he has become tired of it, but he has lost his fortune, and is now a poor boy.'

'You amaze me!' ejaculated Squire Davenport. 'I thought him rich.'

'Three months ago he was worth forty thousand dollars.

'How has it been lost?'

'By bad investments. I'll tell you all I know about it,' and Nathan repeated the information he had heard in the morning.

'Of course,' he concluded, 'he must now earn his own living.'

'I see,' said the lawyer. 'How does he take it?'

'He doesn't know it.'

'I'm glad he is to leave Plympton. Of course I could no longer receive him at my house as the intimate companion of my son and daughter, if he is to be a working-boy.'

'Certainly not,' said Nathan, obsequiously. 'Your children have a right to look higher.'

'Of course,' said the lawyer, pompously. 'While he was the heir to a handsome fortune, it was all very well, but social distinctions must be respected—eh, Mrs. Middleton?'

'You are quite right, I am sure, Squire Davenport,' said Mrs. Middleton. 'The boy may be a common laborer or mechanic.'

'To be sure. Well, Mr. Middleton, I thank you for your information. It is well he is not a few years older, or his evident admiration for Imogene might have led to unfortunate complications.'

'No doubt,' said Nathan, though remembering the far from flattering terms in which Tom had often spoken of the young lady, he very much doubted whether there was any ground for such an apprehension.

An hour later Squire Davenport bent his steps homewards.

On the way he met Tom, just returning from his own house. Usually he had been very polite and gracious to our hero, but now he walked stiffly by, very slightly inclining his head, to Tom's decided amusement.

'What's up?' thought our hero. 'He's as cold as an iceberg. What have I been doing, I wonder?'

Tom thought, but in vain. He had been unusually quiet for a week past, and could not imagine how he had offended the village magnate.

'I suppose I'll find out sometime,' he thought. 'Meanwhile, I won't trouble myself about it.'

A new surprise awaited our hero. Generally Mr. and Mrs. Middleton were quite deferential to him. Remembering the twenty dollars a week, they thought it politic to treat him as well as possible.

Now when he opened the door, and was about to go up stairs, Mrs. Middleton called out sharply.

'Wipe your feet, will you? Do you think I shall allow a peck of dust to be tracked up stairs?'

Tom stared at her in amazement.

'What do you stand gaping at?' demanded Corinthia, in the same tone. 'Didn't you hear what I said?'

'You spoke loud enough for me to hear,' said Tom, coolly. 'Is anything the matter with you?'

'What do you mean?'

'I thought you might have eaten something that didn't agree with you,' said Tom.

'Well, I declare!' ejaculated Mrs. Middleton, 'you beat all for impudence.'

'I generally treat people well if they treat me well, said Tom, composedly, 'but if they are impudent to me, I shall answer accordingly.'

This was too much for Mrs. Middleton. Had Tom still been rich, he would have had a right to assume such a tone, but in a poor boy it was intolerable.

'I'll tell Mr. Middleton how you treat me,' she said, angrily.

'Do,' said Tom, 'if you want to.'

'Nathan,' called his wife, opening the door of the apartment in which her liege lord was reading.

'What is the matter, my dear?'

'Thomas has been impudent to me,'

'Thomas, this is a serious charge,' said Nathan, severely.

Here was another surprise for Tom.

'It strikes me you are both crazy,' he said, looking from one to the other. 'Settle it between you. I am going up stairs.'

'Nathan, will you suffer him to insult me?' screamed Corinthia, showing signs of hysterics.

Tom did not hear the reply, as he was already entering his room.

'Something's up,' he said to himself. 'I wonder what it is.'

Tom's curiosity was soon to be satisfied.

CHAPTER XIV.

TOM LEARNS WHAT IS UP.

When Tom came down stairs to supper he was struck by the naked appearance of the table. The Middletons had returned to their old economical fare. Mr. Middleton looked sober, and his wife had a forbidding aspect.

'Very jolly this,' thought our hero, as he sat down in his usual place.

'A little more milk, if you please,' said Tom as Mrs. Middleton passed his tea diluted with a spoonful of milk.

'I have given you as much as I take myself,' said Corinthia, sourly.

Tom reached over without a word, and taking the milk-pitcher, used what he wanted.

Mrs. Middleton's sallow face flushed.

'Did you see that, Mr. Middleton?' she demanded.

'I did, my dear.'

'What do you think of it?'

'I think it very ill-bred.'

Tom looked from one to the other attentively. He didn't know what to make of the change in their demeanor.

'Has the milk risen in price?' he asked.

'No,' said Mr. Middleton, embarrassed.

'Then why am I to be stinted? Don't I pay enough board to entitle me to a decent supply?'

This was a difficult question to answer. Whatever the future had in store for him, Tom was certainly at this moment paying twenty dollars a week for his board.

'You make a great fuss about your victuals,' said Corinthia, not very elegantly.

'I don't care about being starved in order that you may make a little more money,' retorted Tom.

'Do you hear that, Mr. Middleton?' ejaculated the lady, angrily.

'Young man,' said Mr. Middleton, solemnly, 'you should not speak lightly of starving. The time may come when you will want for food.'

'The time has come already, it seems to me,' said Tom, with spirit. 'I should like some meat.'

'There is no meat on the table.

'I suppose there is some in the house,' said Tom, quietly.

'You can do without it,' said Corinthia, spitefully.

'Will you tell me if anything has happened?' asked Tom, laying down his knife and fork. 'Probably there is some cause for your change of treatment.'

'Something *has* happened,' said Mrs. Middleton, with a look of spiteful exultation.

'I should like to hear what it is.'

'You have lost your fortune.'

'That accounts for it,' said Tom, significantly. 'I am no longer surprised. As I am rather interested, will you be kind enough to let me know all about it?'

'Tell him, Nathan,' said Corinthia.

'Ahem!' said Mr. Middleton. 'I regret to communicate bad tidings, but I was at Centreville this morning, and learned from Mr. Sharp, that through the bad way in which your money was invested when it came into his hands, the whole has melted away, and you are a beggar.'

'Not quite,' said Tom, proudly. 'I may be poor, but no one will ever see me beg.'

'You'll have to earn your own living,' said Mrs. Middleton, spitefully.

'You won't find it for your interest to turn up your nose at your victuals.'

'I am more likely to turn up my nose at the want of them—as to-night,' answered Tom.

'You'll be lucky if you always fare as well.'

'Perhaps so. Will you tell me, Mr. Middleton, if my whole fortune is gone? Is nothing left?'

'A few hundred dollars remain, I believe.'

'That is better than nothing. So I must now make my own way.'

'I am glad you see it,' sneered Corinthia.

'It seems to me rather a sudden collapse,' said Tom, thoughtfully. 'I must ask Mr. Sharp about it.'

'Mr. Sharp wishes you to come to Centreville to-morrow. You will find that my statement is perfectly correct.'

'I don't doubt it,' said Tom. 'If you and Mrs. Middleton were not quite convinced that my fortune was gone, you wouldn't have treated me as you have this afternoon.'

'Good gracious, Corinthia! Do you hear that?' ejaculated Nathan.

'I hear it, Mr. Middleton, and I am not surprised,' said the lady, venomously. 'This is our reward for toiling day and night, for this ungrateful boy. This is our reward for permitting him to upset all our plans, and run riot through the house. And this is gratitude! Oh, heavens!'

'No, it isn't,' said Tom. 'I don't see any cause for gratitude, and I don't pretend to feel any. You've had twenty dollars a week for my board, when I could get as good anywhere else for one-third the price, or some less. I think it's you that ought to be grateful.'

'Do you hear that, Nathan? It's an outrage.'

'I hear it, Corinthia, and I agree,' said her husband, solemnly.

'May I ask if I am paying at the rate of twenty dollars a week for this supper?' inquired Tom.

Mr. Middleton was in a quandry. The bill had been paid up to that day, but for the extra portion of a day he meant to deduct payment out of the three dollars which had been given for Tom's travelling expenses. He could not do this with any fairness unless decent meals were supplied.

'Corinthia,' he said, 'you had better send for some meat.'

'Why should I? I don't think it necessary,' said the lady, reluctantly.

'I have my reasons, which you will acknowledge to be good. I will explain to you afterward,'

Mrs. Middleton complied with her husband's request, but with no great show of willingness.'

'As this is your last supper under my roof,' he said to Tom, while his wife had gone for the meat, 'I wish you to be satisfied.'

'Then I am not to return to Plympton?' said Tom.

'No; it will probably be necessary for you to work for your living at once. You may, perhaps, go into a shoe shop or learn the carpenter trade.'

'Did Mr. Sharp say that?'

'No; I only suggested it.'

'Thank you. Perhaps you would take me into your office, to learn the insurance business.'

'Not with *my* consent,' said Mrs. Middleton, who reappeared in time to hear Tom's question.

'I don't think it would be advisable,' said Nathan.

'Then perhaps I shall have to go into a shoe shop, as you suggest. If there should be an opening in Plympton, perhaps you would give me your trade for the sake of old times.'

'Perhaps so,' said Nathan, dubiously.

Tom helped himself to the meat, and in spite of the bad news he had heard, displayed his usual good appetite.

'I really believe,' Corinthia remarked afterward to her husband, 'that boy would eat if the house were on fire.'

'Very likely,' said Nathan, 'he's a strange boy.'

At length Tom rose from the table.

'As I'm going to-morrow,' he said, 'I will make my farewell calls, and them come home and pack my trunk.'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Lime-Kiln Club.

There was great general satisfaction among the large number present as Brother Gardner took his accustomed seat at the opening of the meeting. Since the accident mentioned at the last meeting several wild rumors had been flying around. One was to the effect that he had made his will and resigned in favor of Sir Isaac Walpole; another that the doctors had held a council and found that his liver had been pressed two feet out of plumb; a third that the heavy weight resting upon him so long had given him such a crook to his legs that a wheelbarrow could be run between them with plenty of room to spare.

'Gem'len,' began the old man as he smiled benignly down upon the shining pates of the first row, 'de Presumdenshul 'lecksun am a thing ob de past. It am gone foreber. It am gathered into de archives ob de forgotten, dar' to be kivered wid de cobwebs ob decay. It am well. Dar' am some things we doan' want too much ob.

'Let us now turn ober a new leaf. If political patry has for de pas' three months prevented us from borryin' coffee ob a Democratic naybur, it need not stan' in de way. If de bias ob our feelings has made us hesitate to lend our flat-irons to a Republican, we mus' now offer him our wheelbarrow as well. It has been a long, dark night. We hev called each other liars, horse thieves, cheats, swindlers, robbers, nabobs, tyrants an' corrupshunists. We has got each odder's houses on fish, an' burned each odder's hay stacks. We has pizened each odder's dogs, an' shot each odder's cats. We has stood an' glared at each odder wid murder in our hearts, an' we has skulked along de alleys wid clubs an' brick-bats in our hands.

'De long night am ober, an' daylight has broken. Let us forgive and forget. De kentry am all heah yit, an' sich of us as hev survived de struggle mus' purge our hearts ob rancor an' bank up de house agin cold weather.'

Judge Cadaver took the floor with both feet and explained a warm friend of his at Ashland, Ia., was in the poet business and had a few sample verses to be read in open meeting. The object was not money, but to prove to the world at large that the colored race are advancing. Permission being granted the Judge coughed seven times in the most reckless manner, and then proceeded to read as follows:

THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

VERSE I.

The beautiful summer has gone,
And cold weather very soon will come;
Then, the snow-like snow, so charming and grand,
Will make its appearance, with a smile,
So bland-like bland.

VERSE LIX.

Oh! celestial snow, why did'st thou not come,
Two days ago; when the burning hot sun
Made us his ourselves to the ice cream parlor,
And the men befill themselves with ice-cold lager,

N. B.—The last line was suggested by a lady.

VERSE CCXXX.

But alas! we suffered and sighed for them in vain,
Though we knew that some cooler day thou would'st come again,
And now we feel that that cooler day is nigher,
As for chestnuts we go and climb the tree higher.

Trustee Pullback, who had been moving about in an uneasy manner, hopped up as soon as the reading was finished and declared the verse a dead steal from Lord Byron. Pickles Smith was inclined to believe he had read the same thing in Shakespeare, and the Hon. Cadiff arose and declared upon his sacred honor that he invented the poetry himself about ten years ago, but lost the manuscript while fording a river. The discussion bid fair to be excited and prolonged, when the president cut it short by observing:

'Judge Cadaver shouldn't hev read de poetry until it had been submitted to a Committe on Sentiment and Art. While sentence am suspended in his case, let dis be a solemn warnin' to ye all.'

An announcement was made that Brother Kyann Johnson would set out on a tour of the West and South to look after the welfare of the various branch lodges, and as the meeting closed Brother Gardner said to him:

'In gwine out among de world, put on no false pretenses. Doan' claim dat your hat am too small, an' your boots too large. Act as if you war' used to payin' your fare on de street kyars, but doan' try to make anybody believe you am libin' on de interest ob your money. Be corteous, but you am not required to return thanks for a kick; be affable, but a continual grin on a face spile's a man's looks. Be upright, but take all dat am due you. Be honest, but beat a railroad company outer your fare whenever possible. We will now put de unfinished bizness on ice an' reproach ourselves homeward.

A careful compilation computes that in the American iron and steel industries, within the past four weeks, twenty-five iron establishments have started giving employment to 12,175 men; in four establishments the force has been increased by 1,250 men; in sixteen the time has been reduced to an average of eight hours; in thirty-nine wages have been reduced on an average twelve and a-half per cent, affecting 20,000 men; and twenty-seven establishments have closed down entirely, throwing out 12,275 men.

Ask those who have used Philoderma and they will tell you that it is far superior to Glycerine, Camphor Ice or Cold Cream for Chapped Hands, Sore Lips, or any roughness of the skin.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

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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Aug 20, 1884.

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Pure Drugs,
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Family Medicines,
Spices, Essences,
Perfumery, Soaps, Sponges,
Chest Protectors, &c.

Diamond, Handy Package & Star Dyes, Horse and Cattle Medicines, Thorley's Improved H. and C. Food, all the leading Patent Medicines.

Stationery & Choice Tobacco.

☞ Prescriptions accurately prepared.

D. DARRACH.

Kensington, Feb. 20, 1884—1yr

Final Notice to Debtors.

THIS is to notify all persons indebted to the late Firm of HORNE, PIERCE & CO., for Book Account, Notes of Hand, Judgment or otherwise, that I have appointed BERNARD KIGGINS, of Lot 30, as Agent to collect for said Firm, and grant receipts for the same; therefore immediate payment is requested.

ALEXANDER HORNE.

Charlottetown, Nov. 26, 1884—4w

What is this Disease that is Coming Upon Us?

Like a thief at night it steals in upon us unawares. Many persons have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back. They feel dull and sleepy; the mouth has a bad taste, especially in the morning. A sort of sticky slime collects about the teeth. The appetite is poor. There is a feeling like a heavy load on the stomach; sometimes a faint all-gone sensation at the pit of the stomach which food does not satisfy. The eyes are sunken, the hands and feet become cold and feel clammy. After a while a cough sets in at first dry, but after a few months it is attended with a greenish colored expectoration. The afflicted one feels tired all the while, and sleep does not seem to afford any rest. After a time he becomes nervous, irritable and gloomy, and has evil forebodings. There is a giddiness, a sort of whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly. The bowels become costive; the skin is dry and hot at times; the blood becomes thick and stagnant; the whites of the eyes become tinged with yellow, the urine is scanty and high-colored, depositing a sediment after standing. There is frequently a spitting up of the food, sometimes with a sour taste, and sometimes with a sweetish taste. This is frequently attended with palpitation of the heart; the vision becomes impaired with spots before the eyes; there is a feeling of great prostration and weakness. All of these symptoms are in turn present. It is thought that nearly one-third of our population has this disease in some of its varied forms. It has been found that medical men have mistaken the nature of this disease. Some have treated it for a liver complaint, others for kidney disease, etc., etc., but none of the various kinds of treatment have been attended with success, because the remedy should be such as to act harmoniously upon each one of these organs, and upon the stomach as well; for in Dyspepsia (for this is really what the disease is) all of these organs partake of this disease and require a remedy that will act upon all at the same time. Seigel's Curative Syrup acts like a charm in this class of complaints, giving almost immediate relief. The following letters from chemists of standing in the community where they live show in what estimation the article is held.

John Archer, Harthill, near Sheffield:—I can confidently recommend it to all who may be suffering from liver or stomach complaints, having the testimony of my customers, who have derived great benefit from the Syrup and Pills. The sale is increasing wonderfully.

Geo. A. Webb, 141 York Street, Belfast:—I have sold a large quantity, and the parties have testified to its being what you represent it.

J. S. Metcalfe, 55 Highgate, Kendal:—I have always great pleasure in recommending the Curative Syrup, for I have never known a case in which it has not relieved or cured, and I have sold many grosses.

Robt. G. Gould, 27 High Street, Andover:—I have always taken great interest in your medicines and I have recommended them, as I have found numerous cases of cure from their use.

Thomas Chapman, West Auckland:—I find that the trade steadily increases. I sell more of your medicines than any other kind.

N. Darroll, Clun, Salop:—All who buy it are pleased, and recommend it.

Jos Balkwill, A. M., Kingsbridge:—The public seem to appreciate their great value.

A. Armstead, Market Street, Dalton-in-Furness:—It is needless for me any to tell your valuable medicines have great sale in this district—greater than any other that I know of, giving great satisfaction.

Robert Laine, Meksham:—I can well recommend the Curative Syrup from having proved its efficacy for indigestion myself.

Friockheim, Arbroath, Fortarshire, September 23, 1882.

Dear Sir,—Last year I sent you a letter recommending Mother Seigel's Syrup. I have very much pleasure in still bearing testimony to the very satisfactory results of the famed Syrup and Pills. Most patent medicines die out with me, but Mother Seigel has had a steady sale ever since I commenced, and is still in as great demand as when I first began to sell the medicine. The cures which have come under my notice are chiefly those of liver complaint and general debility.

A certain minister in my neighborhood says it is the only thing which has benefited him and restored him to his normal condition of health after being unable to preach for a considerable length of time. I could mention also a great many other cases, but space would not allow. A near friend of mine, who is very much addicted to costiveness, or constipation, finds that Mother Seigel's Pills are the only pills which suit his complaint. All other pills cause a reaction which is very annoying. Mother Seigel's Pills do not leave a bad after-effect. I have much pleasure in commencing again to suffering humanity Mother Seigel's medicines, which are no sham. If this letter is of any service you can publish it.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) William S. Glass, Chemist.

A. J. White, Esq. 18th August, 1883.

Dear Sir,—I write to tell you that Mr. Henry Hillier, of Yatesbury, Wilts, informs me that he suffered from a severe form of indigestion for upwards of four years, and took no end of doctor's medicine without the slightest benefit, and declares Mother Seigel's Syrup, which he got from me, has saved his life.

Yours truly,
(Signed) N. Webb,
Chemist, Calne.

Mr. White.
Oct. 1, 1884—tf

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The borrower is privileged to pay off his loan in whole or in part at any time.

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W. W. SULLIVAN,
Agent for the Company.

July 30th, 1884.

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THOMAS HICKEY.

May 21, 1884—1 yr

TIRED.

HOW often we hear people say "I'm tired," even when they have done nothing to tire them. They have no appetite, and feel dull and languid. To such we would recommend a bottle or two of

Estey's Iron & Quinine TONIC.

It is the most Powerful, Invigorating, and Health Giving Tonic Known, and never fails to perform all that is claimed for it.

PERSONS OF WEAK CONSTITUTIONS may take it without the least difficulty, as it contains nothing injurious, but is a pure Chemical Compound based on scientific principles. Prepared only by

E. M. ESTEY, Pharmacist,
Moncton, N. B.

FARM FOR SALE.

AT ARGYLE SHORE, a farm containing ninety-six acres of land, fifty acres clear and in a high state of cultivation, the balance being covered with a good growth of hard and soft wood, convenient to churches, grist and saw mills and school, also within a short distance of mussel mud, a good dwelling house and outbuildings on the premises. Terms made known on application to the subscriber.

ROBERT MATHESON.

Argyle Shore, Nov. 10, 1884—6i

AT A BARGAIN.

The Subscriber offers for sale

AT A BARGAIN,

THAT valuable Farm of *One Hundred and Five* acres, situate in *Brookvale, on the Old Tryon Road*, formerly owned by Francis Hagan, and now occupied by Bernard Kiggins.

There are a good Dwelling House and two large Barns on the premises.

Seventy-five acres of the land are clear and fit for cultivation, the remainder is covered with excellent wood. Possession may be had whenever required. Good title given and easy terms for payment. Apply to

GEORGE ALLEY.

Nov. 26, 1884.

REMOVAL.

THE undersigned begs leave to thank his numerous customers for their patronage, and to inform that he has removed to a more commodious Store on Sydney Street, opposite H. J. Callbeck's Tryon Woolen Mill Agency, where he is better than ever prepared to make up clothing in the latest styles. Perfect fit and promptness in the execution of all orders guaranteed.

D. NICHOLSON,
Tailor.

Oct. 15, 1884—3m

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August 6, 1884—9m

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Solicitors in Chancery,

NOTARIES PUBLIC, &c.

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jan17 1884

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Charlottetown, March 19, 1884—1y

McLEOD, MORSON & McQUARRIE,

BARRISTERS AND ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

Office in Old Bank,

[UP STAIRS.]

Charlottetown, February 27, 1884.

Hebron, Yarmouth, N. S.,
November 19th, 1884.

Dr. J. G. Bennet:

Dear Sir,—Words fail to express my gratitude to you for the benefit I have received from your treatment. For sixteen months I never walked, or even stepped to the floor, and also suffered from paralysis, which prevented me using either my hand or arm. Now I can walk without any assistance, and my hand and arm are improving rapidly. I was treated by other physicians, but received no benefit whatever, and I am certain but for your treatment I should have been a helpless invalid.

Most gratefully yours,
Bella Pattyn.

SEWING MACHINES

—AT—

MILLER BROTHERS

QUEEN STREET,

CHARLOTTETOWN,

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST.

August 13, 1884—tf

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

The Best Medicine for Family Use Ever Known.

Heals all other Remedies for External Use.

CURES—Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Headache, Toothache, Ear Ache, Sore Throat, Bleeding at the Lungs, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Sprains, Bites of Insects, Frostbites, Chilblains, Chapped Hands, Chapped Lips, Chilblains, Frost Blisters, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Diseases, Chronic Sore Throat, Whooping Cough.

I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

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MAKE NEW, RICH BLOOD.

Positively cure SICK-HEADACHE, Biliousness, and all LIVER and BOWEL Complaints, MALARIA, BLOOD POISON, and Skin Diseases (ONE PILL A DOSE). For Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. "I find them a valuable Cathartic and Liver Pill.—Dr. T. M. Palmer, Monticello, Fla. "In my practice I use no other.—J. Dennison, M.D., Brewster, Fla." Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. Valuable information 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 pay like Sheridan's Condition Powder. Dose, one teaspoonful to each pint of food. 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; 6, mail, $1.25. Circulars free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

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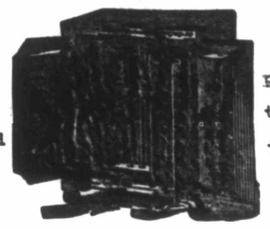
NEW IMPROVED

Eight Flange Fire-proof Safes!

The only Eight Flange Safe in the World.

Over Eighty Thousand in use.



Always preserve their contents in Fires.

Contains more improvements than any Safe made, such as

THE PATENT INSIDE BOLT WORK,

More secure from Burglars than any other Fire-proof Safe, and no expense in repairing Bolts and Locks.

Patent Hinged Cap,
Four-Wheel Locks,
Inside Iron Linings,
Solid Angle Corners.

These Safes are now being sold in these Provinces in large numbers, and give the greatest satisfaction, being the most highly finished, best made, and cheapest first-class Safe ever produced.

These celebrated Safes had the champion record in the great Boston Fire, and since that time great and important improvements have been made.

Before giving your order to any other concern, send for prices and descriptive Catalogue.

JOSEPH JACOBS, General Agent. MORRIS & IRELAND, Boston, Mass.

Nov. 5, 1884—1y

DRY GOODS!

—AT—

PERKINS & STERNS.

OUR STOCK OF

FALL AND WINTER GOODS

Is now complete, and all in want of

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS,

AT THE LOWEST PRICES,

Will find, at our Establishment, a splendid variety to select from. Do not fail to see our Goods before making your purchases.

PERKINS & STERNS.

Charlottetown, Nov. 5, 1884.

FALL STOCK, 1884.

Received, and shortly to Arrive,

1,200 Barrels of CHOICE FLOUR.
400 Barrels WINTER APPLES.
300 Boxes and Half boxes RAISINS.

TEA. { Half-chests and Five Pound Air-tight Tins; splendid article. } TEA.

AND A LARGE STOCK OF

General Groceries,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, CHEAP.

BEER & GOFF.

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More Room. More Goods. Lower Prices.

As my Store has been greatly enlarged, my Importations have been greatly increased, thus enabling me to show a very much better assortment of Goods than usual. Every Department is well filled with

CHOICE NEW GOODS;

Imported Direct from the English Markets.

And as I am bound to sustain my past reputation for selling CHEAP, those who patronize me will find

PRICES LOW, QUALITY GOOD, ASSORTMENT LARGE.

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L. E. PROWSE,

Sign of the Big Hat, 74 Queen Street.

Charlottetown, Oct. 1, 1884.