FIRESIDE FANCIES.

When the frost with icy bristles
Softly fringes boughs and rails,
Shrill the wind of winter whistles,
And the year's wraith sobs and wails,
How delightful to surrender
One to comfort and repose,
And upon the parlor fender
Toast our tired and slippered toes.

To the hearthrug draw our chair up,
Poke the fire and make it blaze,
See the dancing flame tongues flare up,
Casting quivering rosy rays
Over carpet, wall and curtain,
Over every smiling face,
Making shadows, weird, uncertain,
Round the room like phantoms race.

Half asleep, we see bright dramas
Limned in every glowing coal,
And in all the panoramas
Imps and elves and pigmies droll;
There our lazy-fingered fancies
Paint the futures we desire,
And we weave such bright romances
Round our castles in the fire.

As we gossip, rippling laughter
Wakes the echoes of the room,
Merry-hearted mirth rides after
Every jokelet like a groom!
While, when falls the drowsy twilight,
Mothers sit among their pets,
Telling in the mystic shy light
Rhymes from picture alphabets.

Happy—ah! just pause a minute;
There are firesides cold and black,
Home without one comfort in it,
Hearts that love and laughter lack.
There are thousands in the city
Foodless, fireless, homeless, too;
Let our joy then waken pity,
Bidding us our duty do.

ALICE MACCARTNEY;

—OR—

How Major Muldoon Stormed Poulter's Mill.

There are places prettier than Follogue, and there are girls more beautiful than Alice Maccartney, but there were some people who thought, nevertheless, that to live in the decaying but picturesque old town, and to have pretty Alice to share existence in it would be a lot not at all to be despised. Of this persuasion was Dr. Daniel O'Regan, who, by virtue of his commission from the poor-law board in Dublin, mended the men's cut heads, attended to the toothaches and other ailments of the women, vaccinated the children, and signed most of the burial certificates of the inhabitants of Follogue. Of this opinion, too, was Major Muldoon, whose calling was of a more mixed character. There were periods of the year when the Major appeared in a character which seemed to have little connection with his warlike appellative. He was owner of a couple of snug farms, the cultivation of which he supervised like an Irish Cincinnatus, ready at any moment to desert the plough for the cannon ball. In addition he had a couple of small land agencies. As this was in the pre-Parnellite period these offices made no little addition to his income. The avocation which brought him the least profit was that on which he prided himself most, and gave him the title he cherished like the apple of his eye, or perhaps we should do better to say the blossom on his nose. Though called out but for three weeks in every year, those were a period when the Major soared into an elevation beyond that of his daily life. He loved the warlike outing. Competitive examination was not then the order of the day, and he had risen to his present proud position through various stages without passing the ordeal of an examining board. But he had studied military tactics in the pages in Lever and Maxwell, and for the time he was, as he used to describe it, on active service, his conversation was duly stuffed with epithets of war. Attached to him as follower to the field of battle whenever the fearful hour should chime, or to the exercise ground while military manœuvres were confined to such a limited sphere, was Corporal Harry Twomey; or as the country people about abbreviated it, Hurry-Tim. The faithful fellow did not desert his gallant commander in the period when it might be said the wars were over. In the piping times of peace he showed himself ready to do a hand's turn from shaving a pig to serving a process. The modification of his name must have had some relation to his habits. Beetle-browed, squinting, slightly knock-kneed and rather splay-footed, there seemed enough in his personal appearance that was worthy of remark, yet the peculiarity of all others that distinguished him in the eyes of neighbors and others was a tendency to do everything with a rush. If sent on a message to the house of his master's friend his zeal usually overshot the door; bell handles rarely survived a second of the jerks he gave. He was known when presenting a civil bill to thrust his arm three people beyond the man it was aimed at, and there was a story current in the town that he once, when going to Mass, ran himself past the chapel and into Delohery's public house. On festive occasions the Major's guests endured a good deal of trepidation lest the too-zealous waiter should dart the plates at their head, or land a boiled leg of mutton and turnips in somebody's lap. Why did the Major retain so unhandy a servant? Who shall answer? Perhaps it was his fate.

On a bright August afternoon Major Muldoon rapped at the door of Mrs. Macartney's good-looking house. And, indeed, the house appeared nothing the worse for having such a visitor drawing his boots across the scraper. He was in his undress uniform, looking every inch a soldier, and he had a good many inches, too, particularly about the waist. There were some folk in the house who did not at all dislike the idea of people up and down the street seeing such a distinguished looking military man making his call. Mrs. Macartney, herself a well-to-do widow, with only one amply dowered child—dowered in good, solid cash, in an agreeable disposition, and in rosy cheeks and bright eyes—to some more tempting than all the rest—had a very warm admiration for the military. She liked their ways, which were "so genteel, you know," and she especially liked the condescension intimacy with them was apt to confer on a lady throughout her circle of acquaintance. Major Muldoon would have been a welcome acquaintance [illegible] there is no question this impression was already held by Mrs. Macartney. Young Alice herself was not without a share of her mother's disposition in this respect. It must be confessed that the Major, who appeared to her a somewhat commonplace individual for eleven months and one week of the year, for the blessed three weeks during which the regiment was out became in her imagination transformed. And the thing was growing serious. The Major was openly and avowedly paying court to her. He was enamoured of her beauty, and he was not insensible to those charms which he vaguely alluded to as her 'means'. This was his season. Now was his opportunity to make the running, and, as the Major was no fool, he did not intend to slacken his bridle hand until the race was finished.

As may be gathered from an early hint, the young lady was not to be won without competition. Dr. Dan was a competitor not to be despised. The income from his dispensary was a neat thing, and, like most neat things, was not large. Supplemented as it was by a pretty extensive private practice, the fees for which generally assumed the shape of fowls, and sometimes bonnives, it was not to be compared with the snug independence possessed by the Major. But the doctor had some advantages of his own, nevertheless. He was but 28, tall, athletic enough to give a broken head if desirable as well as to mend it, fairly clever, though not a genius, bright of disposition and very genial and good humored. Deep down in her little heart Alice Macartney liked him, and thought that he was far and away preferable to the portly Major. But feminine vanity takes many forms, and the prestige of the military was powerful enough at times to swing the pendulum of her favor very much in the direction of the commander of the Follogue Fusileers.

But we have left the Major standing at the door step too long for a person of his dignity, or rather we should say that he was, while we are writing and unduly detaining the reader, being ushered into the parlor, where he found the ladies much gratified at his visit, and Dr. O'Regan in a far less benevolent frame of mind. The Major's manners, especially when in uniform, were grand. He had a habit of addressing Mrs. Macartney as 'Madam,' and even went so far as frequently to accost her daughter as mademoiselle. His pronunciation of the French title would scarcely have passed current on the Boulevards, but it was considered very good at Follogue. Mary had a suspicion that it was a little curious to address her so, but we feel bound to admit that she did not dislike it.

'Mrs. Macartney, madam, I'm proud to have the honor of saluting you,' said the Major, first raising his hand in military fashion to his cap, which he took off with a flourish, and then having passed the article to his left hand, with which he pressed it to his breast, he stretched forth the right to give the conventional shake. 'So distinguished,' thought Mrs. Macartney. 'Mademoiselle,' continued the Major, 'to see you in your beauty fires the breast of the veteran,' and he thumped his expansive chest as a preliminary to taking the fair hand of Miss Alice. 'Oh, doethor, how dee do?' was the more curt greeting he addressed to the young man, who, up to the moment of the Major's appearance outside the hall door, had been rather confidentially chatting with Alice. Dan did not like the interruption, and was not too well pleased with the conquering-hero swagger of the Major, and he answered briefly that he was well.

'Betther than some of the patients?—eh, ha, ha, ho, ho. Never mind, don't be offended. A way we military fellows have with us, you know,' and the Major looked to the ladies, beaming with satisfaction in himself and good-humored contempt for his rival.

'Any news from the wars, Major?' coolly asked the doctor.

'When the wars begin, sir, I tell you the Follogue Fusileers will be ready to take their place,' exclaimed the Major, firing up and pluming himself out like a ruffled cock.

'What?' laughingly asked O'Regan, 'before or behind?'

'Come, sir, there are things that are a joke, and there are things that are no joke—and—'

'Oh, the valor of the Follogue Fusileers is no joke, of course.'

'Doctor,' said Mrs. Macartney, indignantly, 'I'm astonished at you. I'm sure the Fusileers are a most elegant regiment, and I know I hope the Major will keep them from going back to the wars as long as possible, and, I'm sure,' she added innocently, 'the Major has no idea whatever of doing anything so ridiculous as going to war.' Alice looked annoyed at his observations, and the doctor felt he had not done himself any good by his sally. The Major was a little confused by the manner in which Mrs. Macartney had come to his rescue, and he put on a air as if an immediate rush to some sanguinary battlefield were the object he had his heart set upon.

'Madam,' said he, 'we military men don't swear before ladies, but though I am of a calm temper it would be rather a relief to me to rap out an oath or two. I'm a man, madam, of an agreeable disposition and not easily roused, but there is one thing I cannot stand, that is an imputation on the courage of my regiment.'

'Good gracious,' jerked the doctor 'I did not impeach their gallantry in the least.'

'Madame,' continued the Major, loftily, 'when the Follogue Fencibles were at the Curragh they got into a row with the Stonehenge artillery. They had little more than their fists, their cross belts and a few noggins they stashed up in the canteen; and if they were allowed to go on they would have pounded them into a jelly, and if they had their officers with them they'd never have stopped till they flung them into Dublin bay.'

'Major, won't you stop and take a cup of tea?' interposed Alice, who was [illegible] to soothe the Major's ruffled spirit.

'Mademoiselle, an old campaigner is ready for anything from bohea to bowlong; and a cup from your fair fingers will be more prized by Muldoon than the plate at Punchestown.'

'Oh, Major, how can you?' was the natural response, and poor Dr. O'Regan felt himself very much outside. He took his cup of tea in a dissatisfied mood. He would not have hesitated to encounter the Major either with tongue or otherwise, but he felt that by so doing he would be rather offending his fair friends. And the talk was nearly all military, led, it need not be said, by the vivacious Major. He enlarged upon the attractions and drawbacks of a soldier's life, and though it was well known he had never gone with his regiment outside his native county, he evidently had half persuaded himself that he was present at numerous severe actions, and, what is more, he induced something of the same belief in his lady auditors.

'How dreadful your feelings must be in a battle,' said pretty Alice, with a sigh.

'Pshaw!' said the Major, tightening the strap of his white belt—'excuse me, madamoiselle, of course, I did not mean to be rude—how could I? But really you, ladies—who—of course—cannot be expected to regard those things in the same way as we men—the excitement, you know, and all that, carries us on.'

'And, oh, when a wounded man falls by your side, oh,' and Alice gave the prettiest little shudder imaginable.

'Wounded—oh, of course, you get used to it in time,' observed the Major, with the air of one who had been himself riddled, and seen all his comrades *hors du combat*.

'After all, I think I'd like to see a battle,' said Alice with the most charming little shrinking away. 'Ever so far away, you know,' she continued, out of the way of bullets and cannon balls.'

'Perhaps that's the way the Major would like to see it, too,' interjected the Doctor who was growing impatient at being shut out from the conversation.

Alice frowned. 'These insinuations,' said the Major, grandly—'Pooh!' and he cracked his fingers into the air as if to say 'That for them.' 'I'll tell you what, Madamoiselle, I can't unfortunately show you a real battle; I wish I could,' and here his chest heaved with martial ardor. 'But I'd like to do something. Our force here is small, but maybe it could manage a little sham battle.'

'Oh!' cried both the ladies in chorus, 'that would be delightful.'

'Let me see, let me see,' muttered the Major, stroking his moustache and looking over the heads of the company as if he were regarding an enemy 'debouching from a distant wood.' Before, however, his thoughts had taken shape, an interruption occurred. A ring at the door was followed by the head of the servant maid, who, with a scarcely concealed giggle, announced 'a sodger for the Major.'

'Ha, my good girl. My orderly, I suppose?'

'Law, sir, I dunno.' And then she tittered. 'It's Hurry-Tim—I mane the—the corporal.'

'Oh, aye, that's he; send him in, send him in. I beg your pardon, Mrs. Maccartney and madamoiselle,' he added; with your permission of course.'

The permission was graciously, nay anxiously, given. Meanwhile the maid had disappeared leaving the parlor door wide open. There was a scurrying noise heard in the hall, and a uniformed figure shot past the door, but checked itself by catching in the opening for the hinges. The owner having brought himself to and got himself into an attitude of sufficient stability, he made a solemn military salute. Then he drew from his belt a large official-looking envelope, which he presented to his commander and master. The latter remarked, 'From the War Office—as usual; one never gets done with these official people,' just slid open the envelope, and without appearing to read anything inside, only remarked further, 'I thought so, perfect bore,' and then thrust it into his pocket. To the orderly he turned with the remark 'dismiss,' as if he were breaking up a party on drill. The soldier scrambled away almost as awkwardly as he came in.

These proceedings were not without their intended effect on the feminine minds. The Major was the hero of the hour. He had the ball of conversation completely at his foot. The idea of displaying even in mimic fashion the prowess of his followers delighted him, not only because he honestly liked to show himself in martial guise, but because he felt that through it he was certain to ingratiate himself yet more firmly with the fair object of his vows. And at last he had arranged in his own mind a little affair by which, without consulting the authorities of the war office, he hoped to exhibit himself in the capacity of a leader of men and a master of military strategy.

He told Alice that in a day or two he would be able to show her something in the shape of a sham fight. Its proportions would be far below those he would wish for himself, but he trusted it would give her some idea of what war was like. With such a promise, with a good deal of bustling at his belt, with a flourish first of his regulation cap and then of his hand, he took his leave.

The Doctor had with more or less patience out-waited his rival, but it did not seem to have done him much good. Miss Macartney was cooler to him than usual; Mrs. Macartney absolutely frigid. Both talked with somewhat ostentatious interest respecting the promised treat. 'Such a thorough military man as the Major is,' remarked Mrs. Macartney. She would have thought it ignoring his commission if she had called him a thorough soldier. 'How interesting the mimic warfare will be,' almost sighed her daughter.

'Well, good by, ladies,' said the Doctor rising, as he had the sense to see that in their present humor there was not much chance of recovering the ground he had lost from the time of the Majesty's arrival. 'I suppose you'll have no objection to my taking a look at the sham when it comes off.'

'Oh, I'm sure, we have nothing to do with it, but to go as we are asked,' remarked coldly Miss Alice.

'The Major, I dare say, would receive you readily—so polite,' remarked Mrs. Macartney.

'What's this?' observed O'Regan, as he was passing out. 'Is this yours, Mrs. Macartney?'

'Oh, it must have fallen out of the Major's envelope from the war office,' cried Mrs. Macartney, in a flutter. 'Perhaps it is an important dispatch.'

The Doctor held it between his finger and thumb, glancing at the contents.

'Three gallons best malt—groceries game,' he muttered. 'Oh, it is part of the commissariat, perhaps.'

Miss Alice rather fired up. 'How can you read a gentleman's—?'

'Dispatches? Miss Macartney,' interrupted the Doctor slily.

'Well, whatever they are—'

'Miss Macartney, Miss Alice, you know me well enough, I hope, to believe I would not do anything dishonorable, but if a man comes here swaggering with a publican's bill and making believe it's from the war office, I don't think one need stand on very nice etiquette towards him.'

Miss Alice got red and turned away, and the Doctor took his leave, remarking to himself, with that candor in which we sometimes outdo the damned, good-natured friend, 'What an ass I was to set her defending that militia donkey.' It perhaps turned out that he was not so foolish as he seemed.

Two days after the military event, to which the ladies were asked to look forward, came off. The detachment under the control of the Major was small, the bulk of the regiment being away at headquarters in a distant city. The drawback had its compensation. The Major had sole command, and the troops were entirely at his disposal. He resolved to give his fair friends an idea of what a storming party was like, and he called up all he had read in Charles O'Malley of the capture of 'Badajjloz,' as he pronounced it. Of course the thing should be on a limited scale, and it was a drawback that the regulations would not allow him to expend any of the government powder. But still he thought the affair could be made impressive. The men had their firelocks, and they were remarkable for their capacity for swearing and shouting, and their love for fighting was such that it was the chief difficulty lest they should turn the sham into real.

Follogue, like many other towns before the advent of Free Trade, possessed a great many large corn stores. They had now become ruins. Their walls for the most part exhibited a looped and windowed raggedness. One of these was selected by the Major to show off the exploits of his force. A small contingent was to hold it as a fortification against the assault of a larger body entering from below. He had taken particular precautions to prevent anything like a serious scrimmage between the parties.

'Moriarty,' he said to the sergeant who led the twelve comprising the garrison, 'you are to defend this—this bastion, and resist to the death—morrah, mind. If I find you as much as give a black eye to one of the escalading force—this was the way he described the party who were to charge up the steps—I'll have you reduced to the ranks and the license taken away from your public house.' Corresponding instructions were given to the assailants, who were under the charge of Ensign Giggles. That was not, by the way, his real name. He was so called in compliment to his beaming countenance. A folorn hope was formed consisting of four. At the head of this ardent band was placed Corporal Henry Twomey, who as the Fifth Harry's warriors, stood like greyhounds in the slips, and straining quite as much at the start.

The operations were ordered to be kept secret, for there was a doubt in the mind of Major Muldoon whether such carryings on, as he would be inclined to call the business, were permitted by the regulations, and it was just possible that if the sham fight were known, though he might leave the field without a scratch, he would in the end have at least a rap over the knuckles. His intention, therefore, was to confine the knowledge of the affair, outside the indispensable military element, to Mrs. Maccartney and her fair daughter. But his trusty orderly had blundered into the kitchen before delivering his despatch in the parlor, had in his haste accidentally kissed Biddy, and while he was rubbing his ear after the sounding smack she had planted on it, let out that there was to be great wars entirely to-morrow morning at Boulter's mill, and that nobody was to know it but the old Misses and the young Missis.

Biddy had with true feminine discretion confined the secret to half a dozen of the most trustworthy of her acquaintances with the result that might have been anticipated. It reached the Doctor at his dispensary, has it did the rough at his public house and the boy in the street at his marbles. It was not very surprising, therefore, though contrary to the wishes of the Major, that long before the appointed hour of battle the sward in front of the old mill held a goodly crowd. As his force wheeled round a dilapidated wall, and he beheld the assembled spectators, prominent amongst them—easily discernible by his tall, athletic figure—his rival, Dr. O'Regan, he muttered some ejaculations which, for the sake of decorum, we will not indicate even by blanks or asterisks. He was not the only one displeased. Mrs. Maccartney, indeed, rather considered that the presence of a mob of onlookers enhanced the compliment paid her and her daughter, 'makes the event so remarkable you know. But Miss Maccartney did not view matters in the same light. That despatch from the War Office about best malt and groceries, though she affected indignation towards the discoverer, left her mind open to the suspicion that the Major might be a bit of a humbug, and being not devoid of consciousness that her association with the intended show might be interpreted as indicating very close relations with the publicity in which she was to share. But if she were displeased at the presence of the uninvited, the displeasure was not reciprocal, for there were many admiring glances cast at the bright-looking, neatly attired girl towards whom the Major abandoning for the moment his trusted followers and their serried ranks, advanced with grand salutes and pompous greetings. The Major, however, had not it all to himself, for though recollecting keenly his late rebuff, the doctor, much abashed, yet came forward also to meet the ladies. To his very great satisfaction, while Mrs. Maccartney was very cool, his reception by her daughter seemed to indicate that the affair of the despatch was forgiven.

But time did not permit of long interchanges of conversation between the Major and his fair guests. Already small boys in the crowd were trying the patience of the army, one little ruffian having stuck a pin into the calf of a rear rank man, while from behind a neighboring wall the tiniest morsels of earth, that might grow into sods, were seen to be flying. Besides, punctuality is a military virtue, and with a flourish of his cocked hat, and the apology 'jooty calls,' the Major went to let loose the dogs of war. 'Tention!' he called, in a stentorian voice. There was the usual rearing up of military forms, and then there issued from the round stomach of the Major a series of bellows, in which 'sections,' 'fours,' 'deploy,' 'forward,' 'wheel,' and other such phrases were dimly discernible to the uninstructed ear. While they were going on, it must be confessed Alice was beginning to forget the despatch and the groceries, and to be once more affected by the glamour. But the moment had come. The defenders marched off and into the old mill. As their hob-nailed boots were heard clattering up the stone steps there was an increase of interest. These approached pretty near a huge opening where once was the door of a loft, and through it the men could be seen making their way to the upper story. When they reached the roofless top, and their red-clad forms were seen above the wall there was a shrill huzza from the boys. Then came the turn of the assaulting party. Before uttering the signal the Major walked up and down the files with the restrained dignity of a great commander. At last the signal was given. Himself advancing to within a few feet of the entrance, he waved the troops past him, then stood within a couple of yards of the wall, erect, tranquil, we might almost say triumphant. The onset was tremendous. There was a wild cheer. Corporal Twomey, as leader of the forlorn hope, naturally appearing in the front, while cries of 'Hurry Tim,' rose encouragingly around. All the energy of the Corporal's nature was flung into the business. With a bound he outstripped all the rest. The first flight he took in three steps, then turning without bate of speed he dashed up to where the ope for the vanished gate yawned before him. Unluckily his speed sent him with an impetus on which he did not calculate right through the ope and right down upon the ample chest of his commander standing below. Outside the building the effect was completely astounding. Hurry Tim was seen flying wildly through the air, and alighting, as it seemed, on the very cocked hat of his officer.

No human strength could stand the shock, and down went the Major thus hit by a twelve-stoner. He and his overpowering follower rolled upon one another, so that for a few moments it was impossible to distinguish the soldier from the officer. A rush was made to separate them as if they had been two dogs, and, indeed, the Major was already using his fists on the face of his companion in a fashion that would have done credit to a prize ring, though to a certain extent he was hitting unconsciously. When the separation had been effected the disasters proved to be serious indeed. The Major's stomach had been nearly driven in, though, of course, that was not evident. But the end of his cocked-hat appeared to have been doubled into his mouth, and to have carried a couple of front teeth down along with it. His face was all a mass of cuts and bruises. The drawn sword which he had worn as the emblem of authority might have proved a source of serious danger to one or other of the unintentional combatants, but fortunately its ravages were confined to one skirt of the Major's uniform coat. The piece was carried off by a sly urchin and converted into a pirate flag.

When the Major was helped to his feet the spectacle presented was pitiable. Unfortunately for him it was not calculated to excite that sort of pity which is akin to love. His attempts to speak were only sputterings, and though he would have sworn vehemently he could not bring out the necessary syllables. 'So shocking!' was all Mrs. Macartney could say in the way of condolence. Alice—the little hypocrite—contrived to get out a sentence of commiseration, but it was with her handkerchief to her mouth, and in terrible fear lest she might burst out in a manner quite inconsistent with her words. It was, of course, the Doctor's hour, and it must be confessed that for once the Major was glad to see his rival. The honest young fellow did what he could on the spot to allay the suffering which contusions on body and limbs, abrasions on the face and agony in the gums were causing to his military competitor. The latter, quite chap-fallen and fully occupied with his own disasters, saw his fair one depart with her mother without much emotion. He had to groan too severely for himself to be able to sigh for her. He departed to his abode to get patched up as well as he could before which process was completed, the Follogue Fencibles were disbanded for the year. And before their time came the following year Dr. O'Regan was quite easy as to the effect of a scarlet coat on the mind of his dear Alice. As Mrs. O'Regan, the wife of a rising young physician, we need not say there was no more room in her heart for levities.

The storming of Boulter's mill is still remembered in Follogue. When, however, the hero of its chief incident, Corporal Twomey, whose head is now gray and whose impetuosity is considerably sobered, appears, the urchins of the street hail him with the old title slightly altered to 'Don't Harry, Tim.'

An Alarming Disease Afflicting a Numerous Class.

The disease commences with a slight derangement of the stomach, but, if neglected, it in time involves the whole frame, embracing the kidneys, liver, pancreas, and, in fact, the entire glandular system, and the afflicted drags out a miserable existence until death gives relief from suffering. The disease is often mistaken for other complaints; but if the reader will ask himself the following questions, he will be able to determine whether he himself is one of the afflicted:—Have I distress, pain or difficulty in breathing after eating? Is there a dull, heavy feeling attended by drowsiness? Have the eyes a yellow tinge? Does a thick, sticky mucous gather about the gums and teeth in the mornings, accompanied by a disagreeable taste? Is the tongue coated? Is there pains in the side and back? Is there a fullness about the right side as if the liver were enlarging? Is there costiveness? Is there vertigo or dizziness when rising suddenly from a horizontal position? Are the secretions from the kidneys scanty and highly colored, with a deposit after standing? Does food ferment soon after eating, accompanied by flatulence or a belching of gas from the stomach? Is there frequent palpitation of the heart? These various symptoms may not be present at one time, but they torment the sufferer in turn as the dreadful disease progresses. If the case be one of long standing, there will be a dry, hacking cough, attended after a time by expectoration. In very advanced stages the skin assumes a dirty brownish appearance, and the hands and feet are covered by a cold sticky perspiration. As the liver and kidneys become more and more diseased, rheumatic pains appear, and the usual treatment proves entirely unavailing against this latter agonising disorder. The origin of this malady is indigestion or dyspepsia, and a small quantity of the proper medicine will remove the disease if taken in its incipiency. It is most important that the disease should be promptly and properly treated in its first stages, when a little medicine will effect a cure, and even when it has obtained a strong hold the correct remedy should be preserved in until every vestige of the disease is eradicated, until the appetite has returned, and the digestive organs restored to a healthy condition. The surest and most effectual remedy for this distressing complaint is "Seigel's Curative Syrup," a vegetable preparation sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors throughout the world, and by the the proprietors, A. J. White, Limited, 17, Farringdon Road, London, E. C. This Syrup strikes at the very foundation of the disease, and drives it, root and branch, out of the system.

Market Place, Rocktington, York,
October 2nd, 1882.

Sir,—Being a sufferer for years with dyspepsia in all its worst forms, and after spending pounds in medicines, I was at last persuaded to try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and am thankful to say have derived more benefit from it than any other medicine I ever took, and would advise any one suffering from the same complaint to give it a trial, the results they would soon find out for themselves. If you like to make use of this testimonial you are quite at liberty to do so.

Yours respectfully
(Signed) R. Turner.

Seigel's Operating Pills are the best family physic that has ever been discovered. They cleanse the bowels from all irritating substances, and leave them in a healthy condition. They cure costiveness.

St. Mary Street, Peterborough,
November 29th, 1881.

Sir,—It gives me great pleasure to inform you of the benefit I have received from Seigel's Syrup. I have been troubled for years with dyspepsia; but after a few doses of the Syrup, I found relief, and after taking two bottles of it I feel quite cured.

I am, Sir, yours truly,
Mr. A. J. White. William Brent.

Hensingham, Whitehaven, Oct. 16th, 1882.

Mr. A. J. White.—Dear Sir,—I was for some time afflicted with piles, and was advised to give Mother Seigel's Syrup a trial, which I did. I am now happy to state that it has restored me to complete health.—remain, yours respectfully,
(Signed) John H. Lightfoot.

18th August, 1883.

Dear Sir,—I write to tell you that Mr. Henry Miller, of Amherst, Nova Scotia, 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,
Mr. White. Chemist, Caine

September 8th, 1883.

Dear Sir,—I find the sale of Seigel's Syrup steady increasing. All who have tried it speak very highly of its medicinal virtues; one customer describes it as a "Godsend to dyspeptic people." I always recommend it with confidence.

Faithfully yours,
(Signed) Vincent A. Wills,
Chemist-Dentist,
To Mr. A. J. White. Merthyr Tydvil,

Pontypo, Sept. 21st, 1883.

My Dear Sir,—Your Syrup and Pills are still very popular with my customers, many saying they are the best family medicines possible.

The other day a customer came for two bottles of Syrup and said "Mother Seigel" had saved the life of his wife, and he added, "one of these bottles I am sending fifteen miles away to a friend who is very ill. I have much faith in it."

The sale keeps up wonderfully, in fact, one would fancy almost that the people were beginning to breakfast, dine, the demand is so constant and the satisfaction so great.—I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,
(Signed) W. Bowker.
To A. J. White, Esq.

For sale by the Apothecaries Hall Co. Druggists, Charlottetown; and by A. J. White, Ld., Branch Office 67 St. James Street, Montreal, P. Q.

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A DISCOUNT
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TEN PER CENT.
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Tablets, Headstones,
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Ordered from this date to the FIRST MARCH NEXT, IN MARBLE OR FREESTONE.

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LOANS on Mortgage for periods not exceeding 10 years without sinking fund, and from 10 to 50 years with sinking fund.

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.

Jan. 21, 1885.

Consignments Solicited.

R. O'DWYER,
Commission and General Merchant
FOR SALE OF P. E. ISLAND PRODUCE,
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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.

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January 16, 1886.

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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 normal 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.

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Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism. JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT (*for Internal and External Use*) will instantaneously relieve these terrible diseases, and will positively cure time saved 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 Inflamed, Bleeding at the Lungs, Soreness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera, Mortus, Kidney Troubles, and Diseases of the Spine. Sold everywhere. Circulars free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

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It is a well-known fact that most of the Horse and Cattle Powder sold in this country is worthless; but Sheridan's Condition Powder is absolutely pure and very valuable. Neither gas nor Epsom salts will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powder. Doz. one teaspoonful to each pint of food. It will also positively prevent and cure Hog Cholera, &c. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25c. in stamps. Packages in large cans, price $1.00; by mail, $1.25. Circulars free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

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15 GROSS DIAMOND DYES, wholesale and retail.
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Emulsions of Cod Liver Oil.

REDDIN'S EMULSION COD LIVER OIL,

Approved of by the medical profession. Eighty cents a pint.

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D. O'M. REDDIN, Jr.

Charlottetown, Jan. 6, 1886.

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The Largest Stock, Newest Goods to be found—Useful and Ornamental. Prices to Please Everyone.

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☞ LET ALL REMEMBER THAT WE WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD BY ANY HOUSE IN THE TRADE.

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Charlottetown, December 16, 1885.

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BE SURE YOU SEE

L. E. Prowse's Stock,

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His stock of Overcoats is very large, but his prices are very small.

Fur Caps all the way from $1.10 up to $12.00. Cases of good, warm Underclothing very cheap. Big bargains in Black and Colored Dress Goods. Sleigh Robes, Blankets, Comfortables, &c., at rock bottom prices.

☞ Every line of Goods will be found as cheap as can be had in the city.

L. E. PROWSE,
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Kent Street Charlottetown, Dec. 17, 1884.