A PLUCKY BOY.

A Pleasant Sketch to Read.

The boy marched straight up to the counter.

'Well, my little man,' said the merchant, complacently—he had just risen from such a glorious good dinner—'what will you have to-day?'

'Oh, please sir, mayn't I do some work for you?'

It might have been the pleasant blue eyes that did it, for the man was not accustomed to parley with such small gentlemen, and Tommy wasn't seven yet, and small of his age at that. There were a few wisps of hair on the merchant's temples, and looking down on the little appealing face, the merchant pulled at them, gave the ends of his cravat a slight brush, and then his hands travelling down to his vest pocket.

'Do some work for me, eh? Well, now, about what sort of work might your small machinery calculate to be able to perform? Why, you can't look over the counter.'

'Yes, by standing on your toes. Are they coppered?'

'What, sir?'

'Why, your toes. Your mother could not keep you in shoes if they weren't.'

'She can't keep me in shoes, anyway, sir,' and the voice hesitated.

The man took pains to look over the counter. It was too much for him; he couldn't see the little toes. Then he went all the way round.

'I thought I should need a microscope,' he said very gravely,' 'but I reckon if I get close enough I can see what you are like.'

'I am older than I'm big, sir,' was the neat rejoinder. 'Folks say I'm very small for my age.'

'And what might be your age, sir?' responded the man with great emphasis.

'I'm almost seven,' said Tommy, with a look calculated to impress even six feet nine. 'You see my mother hasn't anybody but me, and this morning I saw her crying because she could not find five cents in her pocket book, and she thinks that the boy who took the ashes stole it from her—and—I—haven't had any—breakfast, sir.'

The voice again hesitated and tears came in the blue eyes.

'I reckon I can help you to breakfast, my poor little fellow,' said the man, feeling in his pocket. 'There, will that quarter do?'

The boy shook his head sadly. 'Mother wouldn't let me beg, sir,' was the simple reply.

'Humph! where's your father?'

'We never heard of him since he went away. He was lost, sir, in the steamer City of Boston.'

'Ah! you don't say. That's bad—but you are a plucky little fellow, anyhow. Let me see;' and he pondered, puckering up his mouth and looking straight down into the boy's eyes, which were looking straight up into his. 'Saunder's,' he asked, addressing a clerk who was rolling up and writing on parcels, 'is cash No. 4 still sick?'

'Dead sir, died last night,' was the low reply.

'Ah, sorry to hear that. Well, here's a youngster that will take his place.'

Mr Saunders looked up slowly, then he put his pen behind his left ear, then his glance travelled curiously from Tommy to Mr. Towers.'

'Oh, I understrnd,' said the latter 'yes, he is very small, indeed, but I like his pluck. What did No. 4 get?

'Three dollars, sir,' said the still astonished clerk.

'Put this boy down four. There, youngster, give your name, and run home and tell youd mother you've got a place at four dollars a week. Come back on Monday and I'll tell you what to do. Here's a dollar in advance; I'll take it out of your first week's pay. Can you remember?

'Work, sir—work all the time?

Tommy shot out of the shop. If ever broken stairs, that had a twist through the whole flight, cracked and trembled under the weight of a small boy, or, perhaps, as might be better stated, laughed and chuckled on account of a small boy's good luck, those in the tenement house enjoyed themselves thoroughly that morning.

'I've got it mother! I'm took! I'm cash boy! Don't you know when they take the parcels, the clerk calls 'cash!' Well, I'm that! Four dollars a week, and the man said I had real pluck—courage, you know. And here's a dollar for breakfast; and don't you ever cry again, for I'm the man of the house now.'

The house was only a 10x15 room, and how those blue eyes did magnify it. At first the mother looked—well, it passes my power to tell how she did look, she caught the boys in her arms, and hugged him and kissed him, while the tears streamed down her cheeks. But they were tears of thankfulness now.

Love Without Nonsense.

About two months ago a young woman entered an office in Justice Alley and took a seat without speaking to any one, and it was only after two long hours had dragged away that his Honor inquired what he could do for her.

'I came here to get married,' was her prompt reply.

'To whom?'

'To the fellow who has been waiting on me.'

'Where is he?

'I don't know. He agreed to be here long ago, but I shan't wait any longer. We'll come in some time during the week.'

In about ten days she appeared with a white haired William on her arm and said they were ready to be married, but just then a fire alarm was turned in and away went the lover at the top of his pace to see the fun. As he did not return in the course of an hour the girl said she guessed they'd postpone the marriage to another day. On the fourth day after, the pair once more entered the office, but a law suit was in progress. They sat together, hands clasped and eyes full of love, while the lawyers abused each other, but after the case had hung out until dusk they got discouraged and went out, the girl saying to his Honor:

'Never mind—some other day will do as well.'

'But won't you get discoursged?

'Oh, no. We simply thought we'd get married, but there is no cause for any rush about it.'

Three days elapsed, and His Honor sat looking into the bowl of his pipe when the pair opened the door, walked in and removed their hats, and the woman said:

'If you haven't got anything to do just now you may marry us, and I'll get back to my sweeping and dusting.'

The cermony was speedily begun and concluded, and the bride turned to resume her hat and shawl with the remark:

'William, I'll pay the fee, and you can hand it to me sometime during the month,' as she took out her wallet.

'All right, Mary. I'll be over and see you the last of the week.'

'Very well—ge 'long, William.'

She paid the fee, waited for a certificate, and went out with the remark:

'Excuse the bother, sir, but we did think it best to marry, and I'm sure we're quite obliged to you in addition.'—*Detroit Free Press.*

Women's Disabilities.

The question is often asked, why cannot women be Free Masons? A Navada orator recently undertook to answer it as follows:

Women sometimes complain that they are not permitted to enter the lodge and work with the craft in their labors, and learn all that is to be learned in this institution. We will explain the reason. We learn that before the Almighty had finished His work He was in doubt about creating Eve. The creation of the living and creeping things had been accomplished, and the Almighty had made Adam, who was the first Mason, and created for him the finest lodge in the world, and called it Paradise No. 1. He then called all the beasts in the field and fowls of the air to pass before Adam, for him to name them, which was a piece of work he had to do alone that no confusion might therefore arise from Eve, who he knew would make trouble if she was allowed to participate in it, if he created her beforehand. Adam being fatigued with his first task fell asleep, and when he awoke found Eve in the lodge with him. Adam being senior warden, placed Eve as the pillar of beauty in the south, and they received their instructions from the grand master in the east, and when finished, she immediately called the craft from labor to refreshment. Instead of attending to the duties of her office as she ought, she left her station, violated her obligation, and let in an expelled Mason, who had no business there, and went around with him, leaving Adam to look after the jewels. Finding that Eve was no longer trustworthy, and that she had caused Adam to neglect his duty and had let one in whom he had expelled, the grand master closed the lodge and turned them out, setting a faithful tiler to guard the door with a flaming sword. Adam repented of his folly, went to work like a man and a good Mason, in order to get reinstated again. Not so with Eve! She got angry about it, and commenced raising Cain. Adam, on account of his reformation, was permitted to establish lodges and work in the degrees, and while Eve was allowed to join him in his works of charity on the outside, she was never again permitted to assist in the regular work of the craft. Hence the reason why a woman cannot become an inside Mason.

Something in the Bed.

Judge Pitman has a habit of slipping his watch under his pillow when he goes to bed. The other night somehow it slipped down and, as the Judge was very restless, it gradually worked its way down to the foot of the bed. After a bit, while he was lying awake, his foot touched it, and it felt very cold; he was surprised and scared, and jumping from bed he said:

'By gracious, Maria! there's a toad or a snake or something under the covers. I touched it with my foot.'

Mrs. Pitman gave a loud scream and was out on the floor in an instant.

'Now don't go to hollering and waking up the neighbors,' said the Judge. 'You go and get me a broom or something, and we'll fix the thing mighty quick.'

Mrs. Pitman got the broom and gave it to the Judge, with the remark that she felt as if snakes were creeping up and down her legs and back.

'O nonsense, Maria! Now you turn down the covers slowly, while I hold the broom and bang it. Put a bucket of water alongside the bed, too so's we can shove it in and drown it.'

Mrs Pitman fixed the bucket and gently removed the covers. The Judge held the broom uplifted, and as soon as the black ribbon of the watch was revealed he cracked away three or four time with his broom. Then he pushed the thing off into the bucket. Then they took the bucket to the light to investigate the matter. When the Judge saw what it was, he said.

'I might have known that. Just like you women, to go screeching and fussing about nothing. Who's going to pay me for that watch? It's utterly ruined.'

'It war you that made the fuss—not me,' said Mrs. P. 'You needn't try to put the blame off on me.'

'O, hush up, and go to bed. I'm tired of hearing your blathering. Blame me if I ain't going to get a divorce and emigrate.'

And the judge turned in and growled at Maria until he fell asleep.—*Max Adeler.*

A Fatherless Country.

A man recently received a woodcut picture of George Washington, and pinned it to the wall near his office door. One day while at work his little girl came into his room, and espying the picture, started the following dialogue:—

'Who is that picture of, papa?'

'Washington.'

'Who was Washington?'

'Father of this country.'

'Why was he called father of this country, papa?'

'Because he fought for his independence, and was a great, good man.'

'Is he alive now, papa?'

'No.'

'When did he die?'

'December 14, 1799.'

'Who is the father of this country now, papa?'

'No one; it's fatherless.'

The little one was silent for a few moments, and then inquired:

'Was he the little boy who could not tell a lie?'

'The same.'

'Well this country will never have another father, will it, papa?'

And the conversation was concluded with the emphatic remark:

'Never! not even a stepfather!'

A branch of the Credit Foncier Franco-Canadien is being opened in Toronto

Mr. J. J. Daley, Immigration Agent at Montreal reports that a party of French Canadians numbering 275 will shortly leave Worcester, Mass., for Manitoba.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Maps of several military districts in the Dominion are being prepared at Ottawa.

Joseph Hatton and Archibald Forbes, the London Correspondents, are both going to publish books on America shortly.

An editor of a Montreal evening paper of what is called Irish National opinions expresses his willingness in a foot note to a letter to give his correspondent the satisfaction due from one gentleman to another.

In presenting the Land Bill, which he did in a three hours speech, Mr. Gladstone concluded as follows:—"Justice is to be the principle to guide England in regard to Ireland." The bill was then read a first time.

The lying in State of an Emperor or Empress of Russia is a remarkable spectacle. The body is placed on a bed with guards round it, and then the public are allowed to walk through the room, each one kissing the corpse as he passes. The body of the mother of the late Emperor was so badly embalmed that several of the officers who were detailed off to watch it actually died.

A few days ago, Dr. Van Zandt, proprietor of the knitting factory located in the new *Mail* building, was frightfully burned by the explosion of a small alcholic lamp. At the time of the accident he was repairing the machinery. His right arm, hand and part of his face were burned and his whiskers were singed to the roots. His clothing was ignited, but the flames were promptly extinguished by some of the workmen with a covering of bags.

The French people appear to be taking unusual interest in Canada just now. They have established a great money lending institution in the Dominion. They are supporting several beet root sugar enterprises in Quebec. They have formed a wealthy Syndicate to establish fortnightly steamship communication between France and Canada; and they are maturing a scheme for colonizing a hundred square leagues of territory in the North West.

Commercially the situation in England appears to have considerably improved, but agriculturally it is as bad, if not worse, than ever. Complaints are heard in all directions that farming has entirely ceased to pay, and when a tenant moves out it is found almost impossible to replace him, except at a ruinous reduction in rent. Farmers who own the land they till are anxious to sell, but can find no purchasers. As a result of this state of things many farms are reported tenantless, and much valuable land is lying waste.

The new New Testament will be published on May 20th. The changes are so numerous that scarcely a verse as it stood in the former edition remains unaltered. The revision will no doubt lead to a great controversy on disputed points. Even on the Revision Committee there were great differences of opinion in relation to the changes made. Says Rev. Dr. P. Schaff, who was one of the American Committee:—"We have worked between two fires—the Radicals wanting far more sweeping changes than we would sanction, and the other party rolling their eyes in horror when a comma was transposed or a small letter replaced by a capital."

The electric light is an undoubted success, and the day cannot be far distant when gas will be a thing of the past, and people will wonder how we ever got along with the sickly, dim, flickering yellow light which now graces, or disgraces our streets. In New York on a number of streets in the principal hotels, and in several places of public entertainment, the light has been tried with the greatest success, being soft and yet brilliant, making the streets as bright as day, and giving the gas lamps by comparison a very insignificant appearance. In London, too, the cable informs us Brush and Siemens have each been making experiments in illuminating some of the principal thoroughfares in the city, and have completely succeeded in turning night into day.

The *Industrial World* has an article on the Halifax Sugar Refinery. It says: "This important and long contemplated establishment is to begin operations during the present week. An act of the Legislature exempts it from County rates and local taxation for twenty-one years, and the city has granted it free water from each for the space of ten years. It has been nine months since the work of levelling the foundation, which is of solid rock, commenced. The capital stock of the company is $500,000, divided into 5,000 shares of $100 each. It is expected that the refinery will hereafter afford constant employment for 150 men. The buildings cost $120,000 and the machinery $200,000. Machinery to the value of $50,000 was made in Halifax and Dartmouth. The refinery is expected to be capable of turning out 500 barrels of sugar per day."

The Moncton *Times* is informed by "a reliable gentleman who came from the States on Monday, that a party of sixty men were returning that day from the States to Truro. All were poor and two of them were obliged to beg a passage from Halifax to Truro, having exhausted their resources in steamboat fare from Boston to Halifax. These men left home some weeks ago, hoping to get away from the evils of Protection and find the good times in another protected country which their family papers (the *Chronicle*, the *Guardian* and the like) had so often described; and now as they return disappointed, footsore and weary, bringing doleful accounts of hundreds of Provincialists in the cities of the States, is it too much to hope that the unpatriotic press which deceived and ruined them will be fittingly denounced and made to bear the odium which to it justly belongs? These men say that there are not less than five hundred Nova Scotians in Boston unable to get employment, and unable of course to return to their homes." All of these exiles might have done fairly well at home, but they hoped to do better abroad. They read in the Grit organs that this country had been ruined, and they went to one which they were told was far more prosperous.—*Halifax Herald.*

The examinations of probationers and candidates for the Methodist ministry in the N. B. and P. E. I. Conference, are to be held at Fredericton, April 27th and 28th, and at Moncton and Charlottetown on May 3rd and 4th.

When H. R. H. Prince Leopold was in Canada he was entertained in Montreal by Mr. and Mrs. George Stephen. The Queen has not been unmindful of the generous hospitality shown to her son, and recently Mr. and Mrs. Stephen had the honor of being presented to Her Majesty at Windsor Castle.

Correspondence.

☞ We do not hold ourselves responsible for the statements or opinions of our correspondents.

Another Letter from Mr. Shaw.

To the Editor of the Examiner.

For your generous acknowledgement and your prompt insertion of my previous letter, accept my thanks. You are pleased to attribute to me a propensity for sarcasm. Now, this is rather unfair. You have entirely overlooked the difference between sarcasm and satire—hence your mistake. Between them there is a wide distinction. The former suggests the bludgeon; the latter, the Damascus blade. The one is intended for the cultivated scholar, the other for the ignorant boors. The distinction, however, is not a fine one, and the application is always easy. Let the members of the Government draw the lines, and settle the boundaries.

You have not thought proper to dispute the correctness of my statements or the accuracy of my figures. Your prudence is highly commendable. The matter, however, is interesting to the tax-payers, though beneath the notice of a Government, who have, through the medium of a Governor's speech, promised to make an alteration in the assessment law, and have still failed to carry their pledges into effect. They have never erased a vowel or added a consonant.

A few words about the Fishery Award. This question has been referred to a sub-committee of the Privy Council. Their report was adopted by the Government. It was never submitted to Parliament on its own basis. It was mixed up with the claims of the other Maritime Provinces, which are universally admitted to rest on different grounds, excepting always, and with deferential respect, the report of the Sub Committee. It was plainly the duty of our Local Government to have submitted our claim to the Dominion Government on its own merits, and failing to receive justice, to apply to the Supreme Court.

Yours truly,
ROBERT SHAW.

To the Editor of the Examiner.

SIR,—Mr. Murdoch's report on the water works is moving the citizens of Charlottetown, and causing them to see what is about to follow. It is said that our city water is poisonous and not fit for the use of man or beast. This I deny. But they bring it before the people to try to make them believe in the necessity of water works. I would just ask those parties how many animals they have known to die from the use of our so called bad water? Can you find one? If not, this point in their argument falls to the ground.

We will now take the second part:—that it is poisonous for the use of man. Well, how many men have you known to die from the use of our city water? If you know them please name them. Many say that they do not die directly from its use, but it breeds diphtheria and fevers. Well, let us try the case. We will take diphtheria first. Have we more of this disease in the city than they have in the country? How was it last season? Why, the reverse was the case. It was more fatal and more plentiful in the country than in the city. This speaks badly on their argument. But they say it breeds fevers. Let us look at the fever argument. It is very well known that our worst water is in the heart of the city; and a reasonable question arises, does fever rage more in those localities than on the borders of the city? Observation has taught us that it has not. The part fever generally visits is the low swampy places, such as from Mr. E. Tombs' shop west along the low, wet land. I have heard some of our best medical men say that fevers always began in such places. If this be true their next argument fails. But they say we want it in case of fire. Well, you have had fires at different times and places, and you have always got along as well as any of those cities that have plenty of water. It would be as well to lose a house or two as to ruin the whole city. Then you say we want good water to drink. You will pardon me if I tell you that you will never get it any better than you have it now. If you bring it from any of those places mentioned in THE EXAMINER it will be a worse sample than you have now, for it will be full of toad and frog spawn and other filth.

We must take other cities, for example, say Halifax, where they have to filter or strain their water before it can be used. It would cost something for ice before it would be fit to drink. Our water is good enough with perhaps a few exceptions. Those who advocate it must have an axe to grind, and they would sooner ruin the city financially than let their axe go unground. What is the reason they lose sight of the new well sunk in the east end of the city that has an abundant supply of water—enough for the whole city, and out of the way of any filth, which cannot be said of the central parts of the city. I suppose it is too near to them. It would not cost so much, and would not be valued on that account, and won't suit those parties who have their axe to grind.

Thanking you for your space,
I remain, yours, etc.,
A TAX PAYER.

April 16, '81.

The Almon Amendment.

To the Editor of the Examiner.

SIR,—The *Patriot* doubts the propriety of the Local Legislature "interfering in Dominion affairs," and says if it is constitutional for the House of Assembly to protest against "the adoption of the Almon amendment to the Scott Act," it would be equally right to protest against the National Policy, which, in the opinion of the *Patriot*, is a greater evil than that of the Rum Traffic. It is perfectly absurd to suppose for one moment that even the most violent Grit living, will believe such nonsense. What! a policy which fosters and protects every branch of industry, which gives employment in manufacturing towns and villages to thousands of our laborers and mechanics, and which its bitterest opponents have been unable to show, has in any way increased the burden of taxation, to be compared in its evil consequences to the miseries of intemperance; is an insult to every intelligent man, woman and child in the whole Dominion. As to the justice and propriety of the course pursued by our Local Legislature, in passing unanimously a resolution protesting against Senator Almon's amendment to the Scott Act, we may remark that the Local Legislatures of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick did the same, in most emphatic terms, as will be seen by the action of the Legislature of Nova Scotia in relation to that matter:—

Mr. Gayton, pursuant to notice given on a previous day, moved that the House do come to the following resolution:—

Whereas two Counties of this Province have adopted, by overwhelming majorities, the Canada Temperance Act in its entirety, and seven or eight counties have petitioned for the said Act.

And Whereas, The Senate of the Dominion has, by a vote of 29 to 26, voted to permit the sale of wines, ales and lager beer in the Counties where the Canada Temperance Act shall be in force, rendering nugatory some of the best features of said Act, and placing the Counties adopting the same in a more unfavorable position than they occupied under the local License Law,

Therefore Resolved, That this House do urgently remonstrate against such Legislation, and request the House of Commons not to concur therein, but to protect the Law in its entirety;

And Further, Resolved, That the Hon. the Provincial Secretary be authorized to telegraph the above immediately to the Parliament of Canada.

Which resolution being seconded and put, was unanimously agreed to by the House.

Yours, &c.,
FAIRPLAY.

The London "Court Journal" says that Lady Bourdett-Coutts has not the slightest intention of visiting the United States.

VEGETINE

Is Recommended by All Physicians.

VALLEY STREAM, QUEENS Co., LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

MR. H R. STEVENS:—

Dear Sir,—I take the pleasure of writing you a small certificate concerning Vegetine prepared by you. I have been a sufferer with the *Dyspepsia* for over forty years, and have had the *Chronic Diarrhœa* for over six months, and have tried most everything; was given up to die, and did not expect to live from day to day, and no physician could touch my case. I saw your Vegetine recommended to cure *Dyspepsia*. I commenced using it, and I continued doing so, and am now a well woman and restored to perfect health. All who are afflicted with this terrible disease, I would kindly racommend to try it for the benefit of their health, and it is excellent as a blood purifier.

By Dr. T. B. FORBES, M. D., for
MRS. WM. H. FORBES.

VEGETINE.—When the blood becomes lifeless and stagnant, either from change of weather or of climate, want of exercise, irregular diet, or from any other cause, the VEGETINE will renew the blood, carry off the putrid humors, cleanse the stomach, regulate the bowels, and impart a tone of vigor to the whole body.

VEGETINE.

FOR CANCERS
AND CANCEROUS HUMORS.
THE DOCTOR'S CERTIFICATE.
READ IT.

ASHLEY, Washington Co., Ill., Jan. 14, 1878.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir—This is to certify that I had been suffering from a Rose Cancer on my right breast, which grew very rapidly, and all my friends had given me up to die, when I heard of your medicine, Vegetine, recommended for Cancer and Cancerous Humors. I commenced to take it, and soon found myself beginning to feel better; my health and spirits both felt the benign influence which it exerted, and in a few months from the time I commenced the use of the Vegetine, the Cancer came out almost bodily.

CARRIE DEFORREST.

I certify that I am personally acquainted with Mrs. DeForrest, and consider her one of our very best women. DR S. H. FLOWERS.

DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

ST. JOHN, N.B., April 8, 1880.

MR. H. R. STEVENS, Boston:

Dear Sir—I find the demand for your Vegetine is steadily increasing, and persons who have used it speak highly of its virtues.

Yours truly,
CLEMENT P. CLARE,
Trinity Block, 107 King Street.

VEGETINE.

I REGARD IT AS A VALUABLE
FAMILY MEDICINE!

MR H. R. STEVENS: Jan. 1, 1878.

Dear Sir—I take pleasure in saying that I have used the Vegetine in my family with good results, and I have known of several cases of remarkable cure effected by it. I regard it as a valuable family medicine.

Yours truly,
REV. WM. McDONALD.

The Rev. Wm. McDonald is well known through the United States as a minister in the M. E. Church.

VEGETINE.

Blood Purifier & General Tonic.

ST. JOHN, N.B., April 8, 1880.

H. R. STEVENS, Esq:

Dear Sir—I find Vegetine to be as good a selling patent medicine as any yet introduced, with demand constantly increasing. My customers speak highly of it as a blood purifier and general tonic.

Yours, &c., S. McDIARMID,
No. 148 Charlotte Street.

VEGETINE.

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GOOD SITUATION. Near STEAMBOAT WHARF, Mussel-mud Beds, Seaweed &c. House, Barn and Outbuildings new and in good order. Excellent stand for general mercantile business. Parties desirous of purchasing a Valuable Property would do well to apply to me early.

HUGH FINDLEY, Orwell.
April 8, 1881.—3i

MORTGAGE SALE.

TO BE SOLD AT AUCTION, ON THE premises, on MONDAY, 2d MAY next, at 3 o'clock, p. m., under a Mortgage dated 22d February, 1877, between James Rogerson, of Lot 29, Queen's County, in Prince Edward Island, farmer, of the one part, and Stephen Wright of Bedeque, in said Island, of the other part, all those two tracts of Land contained in the said Mortgage, and particularly described in the schedules thereunto annexed, marked A and B, containing respectively 50 acres and 28 acres, situate on said Township, and lately in possession of David MacVittie, with the buildings thereon.

For particulars apply to H. Wadman, Victoria, Crapaud.

RICHARD LEA,
Assignee of Mortgagee

April 1, 1881.—4i

J. E. CUTLER,

Commission Merchant
AGENTS FOR
Quebec & Gulf Ports Steamship Co.,
No. 173 State Street,
BOSTON ly

FARM FOR SALE

AT BAY FORTUNE BRIDGE.

THAT WELL KNOWN FARM AND SHIPYARD lately occupied by Alexander McInnis, shipbuilder. This is one of the best farms in King's County, and contains about 150 NINETY-FIVE ACRES. There is on the premises a well finished new House, containing eight rooms and large kitchen, with frost-proof cellar, stone wall. Also, snug Cottage, for use of hired help, with splendid Barn and Stables, Root House, &c. A never failing stream of fresh water runs through the property—of inestimable value for use of stock and other purposes.

This Farm has peculiar advantages, being situated at Fortune Bridge—a well known shipping place,—also the advantage of raising mussel mud on the spot.

For full particulars and terms of sale apply to Messrs. McKINNON & McLEAN, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Feb. 8, 1881.

A GREAT CAUSE OF HUMAN MISERY

IS THE LOSS OF

MANHOOD.

We have recently published a new edition of **Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay** on the *radical and permanent cure* (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., resulting from excesses.

☞ Price in a sealed envelope, only 6 cents, or two postage stamps.

The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates from thirty years' successful practice, that alarming consequences may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicines or the use of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

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GREAT BARGAINS IN
Grey and White Cottons, Sheetings, Linens,
PILLOW COTTON, TOWELS, TABLE LINENS,
Tickings, Damasks, Towellings, &c., &c.

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Cash Buyers can depend on getting Bargains.

☞ ROBERT ORR'S OLD STAND. ☜

Charlottetown, March 1, 1881.—3m oaw-wkly

C. ROBERTSON

50 QUEEN STREET,

FOR

FALL AND WINTER
UNDERCLOTHING,
SCOTCH and CANADIAN,
CHEAPER THAN EVER.

Oct. 12, 1880.

NOTICE.

WE HAVE NOW TO OFFER
To Agriculturists and Others,
The Largest and Best Stock of
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IN THE COLONY,

Embracing almost every variety usually kept in a Seed Store, and worthy of cultivation, which will be disposed of at

LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES,

Consistent with supplying a

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Orders by mail, accompanied by remittances or satisfactory reference, promptly attended to. Catalogue on application.

F. LEPAGE & CO.,
53 QUEEN STREET.

April 12, 1881—dy & wky.

WHEAT. WHEAT.

20 BAGS (2 bushels each) of the
CELEBRATED
Canadian Golden Drop Wheat.
For sale (don't miss getting some) at
BEER & GOFF'S.

TEA. TEA.

EXCELLENT QUALITY.

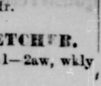
FOR SALE CHEAPER THAN EVER, in 5 and 10-pound parcels. Half chests very cheap.

QUALITY WARRANTED.

BEER & GOFF.

March 22, '81—eod wkly

HARRY BAKER.



The well known TROTTING STALLION, "HARRY BAKER," will make the Season of 1881 at CHARLOTTETOWN. Stable in J. W. PICKARD'S MACHINE YARD, North Side Queen Square. HARRY BAKER is a coal-black, stands 16 hands, weighs 12 0 lbs., and was sired by Reciprocity; he by old General Knox; he by Vermont Hero; General Knox, dam by Young Hambletonian, grand-dam Harris Hambletonian. General Knox has a record of 2.31½, and is the sire of Lady Maud, 2.18¼, Camors, 2.19¾, and a great number of other good ones. HARRY BAKER'S first dam was by the thoroughbred horse Norfolk, imported from England, and is believed to be the finest horse ever brought to Nova Scotia; grand-dam by imported Stag. This horse has never had a proper day's handling for speed in his life, but has repeatedly shown trial in 2.35 and 2.34, and has a public record of 2.42 over a half-mile track, and it is believed by competent judges that with one year's training he would trot down in the twenties. As a stock-getter he has no superior. His colts in Cumberland County are all large, well-finished, with splendid action.

Farmers and others wishing to breed valuable colts, should call and see this horse. He will be here as soon as navigation opens.

For extended pedigree, terms and further particulars, see posters.

Proprietor—DR. S. BAKER.
Groom—WM. EVANS.

April 15, 1881

Nearly 400 Sold on P. E. I.

By the subscriber, and all giving perfect satisfaction.

THE "BELL" ORGAN

Stands ahead of all others, and can only be had of the undersigned, General Agent for P. E. Island, or his Travelling Agent, Mr. CHAS. YEO.

C. P. FLETCHER.
Queen St., Ch'town, Jan. 17, '81—2aw, wkly

DENTISTRY.

NEAT FILLINGS, IN GOLD, Silver, Oxychloride of Zinc, Rubber, &c. Sensitive Teeth carefully treated.

HUGH FINDLEY.
Orwell, April 8, 1881.—3i

Bible Colporteur.

WANTED by the P. E. Island Auxiliary Bible Society, a good, active COLPORTEUR, having a horse and wagon, to travel selling Bibles, for four months of next summer. Application in writing, stating salary, and enclosing testimonials, can be made at the Bible Depository, Charlottetown, on or before noon of the 20th April next, or directly to the undersigned.

D. McNEILL, Sec.

March 28, 1881—4in, wkly 3i.

FOR SALE.

TWO LOTS, No. 3 and No. 14, in the first range E, in Georgetown, not far from the Railroad Station. Good title guaranteed from John Aldous, late Commissioner of Crown Lands, dated October the eighteenth, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine, and registered in the proper office in Charlottetown. For further particulars apply to

P. DUNPHY,
Vernon River, Lot 50.

March 25, 1881—1m

TAKE NOTICE

PARTIES indebted to me for subscription to ARGUS, either by Book Account or Note of Hand, will please settle the same with Mr. C. P. Fletcher, Queen Street Music Store. Those who owe, and are unable to pay at once, had better call and make arrangement so as to avoid any legal expenses.

J. H. FLETCHER.

Ch'town, March 18, 1881.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS!

HOLLOWAY'S
Pills and Ointment!

Purity of Blood Essential to Health, Strength, and Long Life.

THE PILLS

surpass all other Medicines for Purifying the Blood; they are available for all as a domestic and household remedy for all disorders of the STOMACH, LIVER, KIDNEYS and BOWELS. In Congestion and Obstruction of every kind they quickly remove the cause, and in constipation and disordered condition of the Bowels, they act as a cleansing aperient.

For Debilitated Constitutions and all Female Complaints these Pills are unsurpassed—they correct all Irregularities and Weaknesses from whatever cause arising.

THE OINTMENT

stands unrivalled for the facility it displays in relieving, healing, and thoroughly curing the most inveterate Sores and Ulcers and in cases of BAD LEGS, BAD BREASTS OLD WOUNDS, Gout, Rheumatism, and Skin Diseases, it acts as a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, and sold at 1s. 1½., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box and Pot, and in Canada at 35 cents, 90 cents, and $1 50 cents, and the larger sizes in proportion.

☞ *Caution.—I have no Agent in the United States, nor are my Medicines sold there. Purchasers should therefore look on the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

The Trade Marks of my said Medicines are registered in Ottawa, and also at Washington.

Signed THOMAS HOLLOWAY.
533, Oxford Street, London.
Sept. 1, 1880.

BILLS OF LADING

—FOR SALE—

AT THE EXAMINER OFFICE.