AFTERWARDS.

By Frances M. Smith.

"Let us hope that, wherever we go after the last event, we lose sight of the world and their church. Otherwise there must be more hearts broken in Heaven above than in earth beneath."—*Rider Haggard.*

Oh, friend beloved who, passed beyond the portal,
Wanderest no more in this world's weary ways,
Hast thou forgotten, 'midst those shades immortal,
The links that bound us in thine earthly days?

To me it is too sad to think that never
Thy soul replies to my soul's cry for thee,
Thou who, through time and space and distance, ever
Couldst feel my wish and mutely answer me.

And if our spirits by unbounded longing
Triumphant o'er the flesh in life could meet,—
The captive free, the bird let loose, 'tis wronging
To say death severs this communion sweet.

I know that then thine eyes were dim as mine are,
My heart's dark wilderness thou couldst not see,
But Oh, I know if mine were clean as thine are,
Love could not wane for human fault in thee.

Perhaps thou grievest there for my transgression;
My sin may give the song a minor tone,
But love immortal in untired procession
Still from thy soul comes forth to seek my own.

If there is joy in Heaven o'er one repenting,
Sometimes I know that thou art glad for me,
And when the still voice speaks, some ill preventing,
I fain would think the message brought by thee.

Once didst thou tell me that each light word spoken
Would follow man, and every action, born
Fruit of a word or deed, a chain unbroken
Would gather round him on the judgment morn.

And I have watched lest thought of thine, though given
In righteous anger, or indignant pain,
Should mar the light which shines for thee in Heaven,
By waking up to life in me again.

Then carest thou less for me? In dwelling ever
By Love's eternal source can Love grow less?
No! and thou scest all my week endeavor,
While strength, like dew, falls from thy tenderness.

Therefore, though far beyond Times fluttering curtain,
Remembering yet the hope, the fear, the doubt,
Our many wandering in ways uncertain.
Thou canst not keep thy hand from reaching out.

Thou hast not lost by death, but art grown stronger,
All God's good gifts more perfect grow in thee,
And even the Atonement saveth us no longer
If God the Father frown on memory.

O friend who loved so well while yet earth's fetter,
Held thee a prisoner in a house of clay,
Thou scest—knowest—lovest me far better,
Since God's white angel rolled the stone away.

—*Irish Monthly.*

PATRICIA:

A STORY OF

A WOMAN'S CONSTANCY.

ALICE HORLOR.

CHAPTER VIII.

Hugh Stanton was the son of a gentleman, who had married late in life, and died when his son was quite a boy. By his will he left everything to his wife, to pass at her death to their child. The old man had evidently never contemplated the fact that his wife might marry again, or he would have made some separate provision for Hugh; but the person who had been appointed Hugh's trustee, paid his court to the widow, and two years after her first husband's death she married this suitor.

The money had been settled absolutely upon herself, but it was not long before she gave it into her new husband's hands "to be well invested for Hugh," as he told her. The investment was so good a one that in twelve month's time her fortune was squandered, when, having taken all he could secure, the unprincipled man absconded, leaving his wife, Hugh, and his own child, a girl, utterly destitute.

Luckily for the deserted wife and mother, she had a good, generous brother, to whom she applied in her distress. He was a bachelor; so being in easy circumstances, and very kind-hearted, he took them all to live in his own home.

Since then Mrs. Gardener had always kept house for uncle Dick. Nay, her little daughter became his pet; and Hugh, whose truthful, straightforward character won much on his uncle's heart, was educated, and fitted at his own expense for the legal profession. Mr. Page, of Earnsleigh, had been at school with Mr. Prosser, Hugh's uncle; and the old boyish friendship having been kept alive between them, at the latter's request, after Hugh's articles were expired, and he had acquired some further knowledge of law, he was taken as a junior partner by the country solicitor.

The young man on arriving at Earnsleigh, worked hard at his duties, trying his best to serve Mr. Page, whom he really liked; also to show by perseverence and usefulness, his gratitude to the uncle who had been so kind to him.

At present it was quite out of Hugh's power to marry; but he nourished a secret hope of one day being in a position which would warrant his asking Patricia Carlisle to be his wife, and share his fortunes.

It was growing dark, for winter was approaching. The air was cold and frosty; a chill wind was sighing through the leafless trees, making their bearing branches to bow and dance, as they stood out in dim relief of dark gray tracery against the sombre sky. Patricia with spirits depressed by the desolate landscape, was speeding homewards, when suddenly, at a turn of the road, she came on two people who were walking arm in arm.

It was Lawrence and Rose Maynard. For one instant Patricia grew very white, and trembled from head to foot; then she rallied, and spoke to them as she shook hands. Very pretty looked Rose in her dark blue, tightly-fitting serge dress, and fur trimmed little cap. Her brown hair was wavy from the wind's buffeting; and Patricia never presented a greater foil to the other's bright beauty than at that moment. Wan, thin, hollow-eyed she was; for mental suffering which is no aid to beauty, had left its traces on Patricia's face. What greater contrast could have been presented, than the "old love and the new" as they stood side by side.

"How ill you are looking, Pat! What is the matter?" asked Lawrence, unthinkingly.

She gave him one look with her great eyes—a world a reproach. "Why must he remark on her changed appearance," she thought. "It was his own doing, and he knew it."

"There is not much the matter," she answered, quietly. She was learning to stifle down her pain now. Then, turning to the young girl on his arm, she said:

"I have not seen you, Rose, for a long time. You are looking very well."

"Yes," answered Rose, "I am very well. Are you never coming to see me again, Patricia." Then in a low tone, said: "It was not my fault, you know."

Patricia winced, for she understood

"Hush!" she replied, hastily. "I never blamed you; but I can not talk about it."

Rose looked pained.

"Patricia, dear, I am so sorry," she continued, leaving Lawrence and going over to her friend. "You are not angry with me? I am sure you need not be, for mamma is very cross about our engagement; only this morning we had quite a little scene, but still I shall not give him up though."

And here in a low voice Rose briefly related how her mother implored her to think less of Lawrence, now that he no longer had any prospect of wealth, and to receive the attentions of one who had presented himself very opportunely, and was rich.

"My dear," said Mrs. Maynard, "you are very selfish to persist in your deter mination to marry young Hazeland."

"Mother, I beg you will say no more on the subject—marry Lawrence I will."

And with a haughty frown the girl left her mother's room.

And here Rose also told how her mother implored her to marry no one but a rich man.

Patricia did not speak.

"I don't suppose anything will come of it, now that Mr. Hazeland is offended with Lawrence. Could not you do something for us? Mr. Hazeland might listen to you," Rose went on pleadingly.

"I have said all I can, Rose. I wish sincerely that his uncle would forgive Lawrence; but he is very stern when offended."

"Nasty old man! I do think it is very hard upon us. There never was such an unlucky, miserable girl as I am!"

And Rose broke into petulant tears.

Patricia answered quietly:

"Dry your eyes, Rose, and thank God your sorrows are no heavier."

"I am sure they are quite heavy enough," Rose replied. "We might just as well break off the engagement, for it is a hopeless one."

A slight smile crossed Patricia's lips.

"I don't think you will do that. Here, Lawrence, come and comfort her; I must make haste home, so good-bye to you both," said Patricia.

The dreaded meeting was over, and Patricia was walking rapidly away, with a kind of pity, half tender, half contemptuous, for foolish Rose Maynard, growing up in her heart.

She had won the prize—if Lawrence were one—from Patricia, and now was dissatisfied because troubles had arisen to cross the path of her true love. It is hard to see the gift we desire and would die to gain in another's grasp; harder to know that that other undervalues it. Very bitterly Patricia felt this at that time.

She had reached the entrance gate of her home, had passed through it, when some impulse prompted her to look up at the house.

The blinds were all drawn down. A sudden pang shot through her heart. Mr. Hazeland had gone out riding that afternoon; she felt that some fearful accident must have happened to him. She fled up the avenue like the wind, and was met at the door by the housekeeper, an elderly person who had spent many years in Mr. Hazeland's service.

"Oh! what is the matter?" gasped she girl. "Has anything happened to my poor uncle?"

The solemn look on the old woman's face told her the awful truth, before she replied:

"He was thrown from his horse, Miss Patricia. His head was struck and they don't think he lived a minute. Oh, my poor, poor master."

Here the faithful servant's voice was choked by tears.

There were none in Patricia's eyes. She felt stunned, bewildered with the affliction that had befallen her. In losing him she had been bereft of the only one who had really loved her. She put up her hands to her throbbing forehead in a dazed kind of a way.

"Let me go to him, Mrs. Andrews," was all she said.

The housekeeper went before her to the room in which they had laid him. Calm, quite calm, looked the face of the dead; grander in death even than in life. But on the temple there was the mark of a cruel blow, and then Patricia realized the loss she had sustained. With a bitter cry she flung herself on her knees beside him, and pressed her lips to the cold face before her, sobbing as only a young heart can in its desolation.

All through her life, sorrow upon sorrow had been heavily piled upon her; first, her mother's loss, then her lover's faithlessness, last of all this sudden death of her benefactor, almost father.

It seemed to her that the future was a blank, and that she could never go on living. So has it seemed to many a mourner, who standing by the grave of his strongest passionate love, thinks life for him will be intolerable anguish. But the tomb is closed, the grass waves above it, and the mourner lives on. In time also the grave in his heart is closed, while the grass of forgetfulness grows green over it; yet, not forgetfulness in its full sense, for we learn to smile and go about our daily duties without that one who made a part of our being; but let some sight or sound be presented to us; it may be an old song we hear, a book, the sight of a once well-known road, some berry or blossom, a violet, an ivy spray; something however light and trivial in itself, yet which is bound up in our heart's history: and the fountain of memory is stirred, the old wound throbs again, and we know too well our loved dead are not forgotten, though life's cares or sorrows have blunted the sharp edge of our grief.

CHAPTER IX.

The funeral was over. Mr. Hazeland was laid in the vault beside many of his ancestors, who were resting in their last slumber. Lawrence, being the nearest relative, had followed the coffin as chief mourner. Patricia too had gone. Very bitter were the tears she had shed behind her thick crape veil, as the last words of the burial service were read impressively by the old priest. Now, indeed, she was alone in the world. Very black and gloomy looked the old house, as they came back to it. Patricia was glad to escape to her own room for a few minutes solitude before she was summoned to hear the reading of the will.

They were all assembled in the large drawing room when she entered. Mr. Page, Hugh Stanton, and Dr. Dickson, the medical attendant, were friends of the deceased Mr. Hazeland, so they naturally looked grave and sad; but on Lawrence's face an excited, eager expression was noticeable, mingling with the look of sincere grief it also wore. Patricia's small white face gleaming out from the heavy black drapery which enveloped her slight figure, was so wan and woe-begone that it almost moved one to tears.

Mr. Page sat down, and opened the will. There was a dead silence in the room. Lawrence, trying to look unconcerned, failed signally; Patricia clasped and unclasped her nervous hands in her lap, hoping devoutly that Mr. Hazeland might have remembered his nephew substantially after all.

The lawyer read out a few small bequests, principally left to old servants of the house, then raising his voice, he went on: "To Patricia Carlisle, my adopted daughter, I devise the whole of my landed property, including the Abbey, etc., etc., and the whole of my income, consisting of £14,000 invested in three per cent. consols, excepting the former legacies mentioned."

All eyes were turned upon Patricia, who felt as though she were going to faint.

Lawrence sprang up with a fierce oath. He glared at her, then controlling himself by a strong effort, was silent. Mr. Page came up to the girl and congratulated her. She smiled faintly as she said:

"You little think what a heavy burden this lays upon my weak shoulders. Oh, Mr. Page, if you only knew how I regret he should have left his whole fortune to me!"

The evident sincerity of her manner made him understand she spoke her true sentiments. He pressed her hand in silent sympathy, and with a bow to Lawrence, who was sitting still moodily regarding the ground, withdrew. The others had all left, so when the door closed behind the lawyer Lawrence and Patricia were alone.

He rose and walked to where she still sat; his brow frowning, his eyes dark with anger.

"You have played your cards well, Miss Carlisle. I congratulate you on your success!" he exclaimed with bitter emphasis.

She lifted her white face wearily, as she responded:

"I do not deserve that taunt from you, and you know it!"

"I know that you are the mistress of this fine old place, though no relation of the Hazeland family, while I, his nephew, am a beggar!" he cried.

"It was not my doing," she faltered.

"Not 'your doing!' Don't tell me that. You might have brought him to see things in a different light had you wished; but it is a fine fortune for a penniless girl to come into, and he was an old man easily cajoled."

Patricia started indignantly.

"Mr. Hazeland," she exclaimed, "I make all allowance for your disappointment; but you must not forget that you ought to be a gentleman. I repeat it, I do not deserve such words from you. I did my best to induce him to forgive you, and leave you his heir, but now I learn it was all in vain."

Lawrence smiled sarcastically.

"It was a mean revenge to take, because I loved another woman better than yourself," he said.

Patricia's very lips turned white.

"What have I ever done to you that you should insult me so cruelly? Lawrence, you might at least behave like a man!" she cried.

The shaft struck home; he felt how ungenerous had been his taunt, and with quick contrition, replied:

"Forgive me; I had no right to speak so. But the loss of this property is a heavy blow, for it renders my marriage impossible; and now Mrs. Maynard will do her best to make Rose break off with me.

"If Rose loves you she will not give you up, Lawrence," and she laid her hand on his arm. "I will gladly restore to you all that your uncle has left me. Will you take it?"

"No, Pat, I am not such a scoundrel as that. I do not consider it a just thing to give it all to you, although, of course, in his affection it was but natural that he should provide for your future life. Still, since it is yours, keep it. And I will try not to be envious. You will marry some grand fellow now, I suppose, a baronet perhaps."

She looked at him reproachfully, but she answered simply:

"I shall never marry."

"You do not know what may happen Patricia, good-bye. I shall remain in Earnsleigh for awhile until I decide what to do."

"Good-bye, Lawrence. Let me help you—lend you money or something, since you will not take it as a gift," she said.

He shook his head.

"No, thank you. I wish it was mine, and think it ought to be, I tell you frankly; but I will not borrow of you."

So he left her, and she remained in that great desolate house alone with her sorrow. Very much she missed Mr. Hazeland's presence as the days went and came. He was the only being who had loved her, certainly the only one she had had to love. She wandered about like an uniquiet spirit through the long corridors or many rooms; up and down she went, with so pale a face that she looked like a ghost in the moonlight, and the servants started if they met her.

When the will was proved, and Patricia had entered into her possessions, a note came from her to Hugh Stanton asking him to call on business.

It was not long before he arrived. He was shown into the room where Patricia sat. She held out her hand to him, with a gentle smile, and said, after a quiet greeting:

"The burden has fallen on me as I feared, Mr. Stanton."

"Yes," he replied, "I tried to alter Mr. Hazeland's determination, but he silenced me quickly by saying, "if I did not feel inclined to make his will as he desired it to be done, he should call in some other solicitor."

"I can not tell you how bitterly I regret that he left me his fortune. It weighs me down, for I feel as though I was taking what did not rightly belong to me," said Patricia.

"But, Miss Carlisle, that is not the case; after all, a man has a right to leave his possessions to whom he pleases. And you were very dear to him, while his nephew had given great offense—though I do not know in what way," and he glanced keenly at Patricia.

She blushed, and I think the clever young lawyer was aware that she had something to do with it. Had he known exactly how it was, I strongly suspect that Lawrence Hazeland would have heard some rather strong expressions on the subect from him.

"I asked you to come here, Mr. Stanton," said Patricia, "because I am anxious to make my will, I wish to leave all I have absolutely to Lawrence Hazeland. I do not understand anything about law, so please put into a legal form what I intend, and I will sign it."

"Is there no other person you wish to remember?" asked Hugh.

"No, I wish to give it all—houses, land and income—to him."

"I will prepare the will according to your instructions, Miss Carlisle, and wait upon you the day after to-morrow."

With these few words, and a pressure of the hand a little warmer perhaps than necessary, Hugh departed. Pat was rich now, and utterly beyond him in station. He felt it was madness to think of her as attainable. When he saw her thus alone, looking so sad and desolate, it had been a hard matter to keep from telling his love, and asking for the right to console her; but his conscience told it would not be fair to the girl, for probably later on she would go into society when her grief grew calmer, and amongst those in her own position find a husband more suitable than himself, so let him bear his pain in silence as best he could.

The will was made in due course and executed. Patricia signed it, and said with a sigh of relief:

"Now, Mr. Stanton, if I were to die to-morrow, all that Mr. Hazeland left me would come into his nephew's hands?"

"Without doubt," was Hugh's reply.

"I am so glad," she cried, "I shall feel easier now."

And the man who loved her with an intense, though unspoken affection, looking down on the flushed, satisfied face before him, said impetuously:

"Oh, Miss Carlisle, what a generous unselfish nature is yours!"

But the girl answered quietly:

"I am but doing what is right and just."

CHAPTER X.

There stood on a common a little distance from Earnsleigh an old house known by the name of Cutler's Mills. Whether it was built by a man named Cutler, or whether persons of that trade had once used it to sharpen their implements, I do not know, for in the day I remembered the place it was uninhabited, and only a picturesque, ruined dwelling standing in the midst of pleasant fields.

Nothing remained of the outside gear of the mills, if it had ever been one, though a small stream ran below the dwelling which, perhaps, once had served the wheel. Some dispute about a will had caused this house to be thrown into Chancery. The disputants grew old and died; the building rotted and was slowly falling to pieces, while the case still languished, and remained undecided.

After years had passed this old mill was reputed "haunted," and so, as strange noises were often heard in it, which, of course, gave color to the assertion, it was much shunned by the villagers; while only a venturesome inhabitant of Earnsleigh cared to pass by there after nightfall. This fact becoming known to a band of coiners, they established themselves in the house, and remained unmolested for some years.

A belated wayfarer had declared that in passing Cutler's Mills he had seen lights dancing about the house, and heard strange, clanking sounds which, being the orthodox ghostly noises usually attributed to visitors from another world had been considered quite the thing. No investigation had taken place, and the only result was that the informer obtained a warmer seat in the alehouse, because he, unlike the "Knife-grinder," had always "a story to tell."

One day Patricia chanced to meet Rose and Lawrence outside the village.

"We are going to Cutler's Mills. Patricia, do come with us," said Rose Maynard.

Pat hesitated.

"Now don't say no," Rose went on. "I really wish you would accompany us, for I never see you now."

"You should call on me at the Abbey," answered Patricia, turning and walking on with them.

"Are you going to live in that large house all alone?" asked Rose.

"Oh! I don't know," sighed Patricia, wearily. "I have no relations, and I do not much care for a paid companion."

"But you must have some one—a chaperon to take you out to balls and such like. I suppose you will go to London for the season, and be very gay!"

And vain, pretty Rose sighed also, as though she envied the gaiety she was imagining for her friend.

"Not" I, Patricia returned, "I don't like such things. I shall take care and not diminish the property much by my extravagance. Lawrence, I have made my will, and left everything to you."

He started. He had been moodily looking into the distance.

"It is very good of you, Patricia," he said, humbly. "But you are young, quite strong, and will most likely outlive me. I am ten years older than you."

"I don't know," said Patricia gravely, "how soon I am going to die. If I should, Lawrence, remember the will is locked up in my desk. Mr. Stanion has a copy at his office."

"Don't talk nonsense," exclaimed Rose, "you are not going to die just yet, Pat."

"I hope not; but only God knows when my death is to be."

A kind of solemn silence fell upon them after these words, while they walked on very quietly; but soon Rose Maynard's light spirits re-asserted themselves, as she chattered and laughed gaily, keeping up a constant fire of repartee with her lover. Patricia remembered in her old relations with Lawrence how sober and quiet their conversations had been. When two people love one another, there is often more said by a pressure of the hand or a tender glance than by actual spoken words. She wondered if this war of words was more to his taste; he did not look happy, certainly, but then there were many things to annoy him.

They were now in front of Cutler's Mill.

"It is a quaint looking place," said Rose. "I have never been here before."

"Have'nt you? I often used to walk this way; the fields with this pretty little brook running through them are so pretty."

"I think the house looks haunted—is there a ghost story about it?" asked Rose.

Patricia laughed.

"Well, yes, I believe there is. An old miser lived and died here some years ago. He was the last tenant, and very wealthy, and it is said his money was obtained by some nefarious means, and the country people declare that he is sometimes to be seen here. The garret you see at the top is called 'old Dan's room,' so I suppose that is where the ghost walks. Tramps and beggars used to lodge here occasionally. I don't know how they got in; the door seems securely fastened."

She went up and shook it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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HARRIS & STEWART, London House, for Men's Shirts and Drawers, Reefing Jackets, Top Coats, Suits, Hats and Caps, Knit Wool Gloves.

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HARRIS & STEWART,

London House.

STAR QUEEN

Clothing Store. Street, CH'TOWN, FEBRUARY 6, 1889.

We beg to inform the public that we have

REMOVED

To our New and Commodious Premises in the

London House,

Where we will be most happy to have our customers and the puplic come and examine our large and varied stock.

McLEOD & McKENZIE.

October 3, 1888.

Prince Edward Island Railway.

1888-9. WINTER ARRANEMENT. 1888-9.

On and after Monday, December 3rd, 1888, Trains will run as follows:—

TRAINS FOR THE WEST.

STATIONS.	No. 1.	No. 3.
	A. M.	P. M.
Charlottetown.....dp.	7 15	1 50
Royalty Junction.....	7 34	2 12
North Wiltshire.....	8 17	3 05
Hunter River.....	8 30	3 20
Bradalbane.....	9 00	3 57
Emerald Junction.....	9 10	4 07
Freetown.....	9 23	4 22
Kensington.....	9 40	4 45
Summerside ar.	10 10	5 20
Summerside dp.	P. M. 12 40	
Miscouche	1 00	
Wellington.....	1 27	
Port Hill	2 05	
O'Leary.....	3 20	
Bloomfield.....	3 45	
Alberton.....	4 20	
Tignish .....ar.	5 15	
		No. 5.
Emerald Junc.....dp.		4 10 p.m.
Cape Traverse.....ar.		5.00 "

TRAINS FROM THE WEST.

STATIONS.	No. 2.	No. 4.
	A. M	
Tignish .....dp	6 00	
Alberton.....	6 55	
Bloomfield.....	7 20	
O'Leary.....	7 54	
Port Hill.....	9 07	
Wellington.....	9 42	
Miscouche	10 15	
Summerside ar.	10 35	A. M.
Summerside dp.	11 35	6 20
	P. M.	
Kensington.....	12 05	7 05
Freetown	12 22	7 22
Emerald Junction.....	12 35	7 43
Bradalbane.....	12 45	7 53
Hunter River.....	1 15	8 20
North Wiltshire.....	1 29	8 45
Royalty Junction.....	2 12	9 27
Charlottetown.....ar	2 30	10 00
		No. 12.
Cape Traverse.....dp.		9 30 a.m.
Emerald Junc.....ar.		7 20 "

TRAINS FOR THE EAST.

STATIONS.	No. 5.	No. 7.
Charlottetown.....dp	2 30	
Royalty Junct'n.....	2 50	
Bedford.....	3 23	
Mt. Stewart Junc.. ar	3 55	
Mt. Stewart Junc.. dp	4 10	
Cardigan	5 22	
Georgetown .....ar	5 45	
		P. M.
Mt. Stewart Junc.....dp		4 05
Morell		4 43
St. Peter's.....		5 12
Bear River		5 37
Souris .....ar		6 40

TRAINS FROM THE EAST.

STATIONS.	No. 6.	No. 8.
	A. M.	
Georgetown .....dp	7 15	
Cardigan	7 39	
Mt. Stewart Junc.. ar	8 30	
Mt. Stewart Junc.. dp	9 00	
Bedford.....	9 32	
Royalty Junct'n.....	10 05	
Charlottetown .....ar	10 35	
		A. M.
Souris .....dp		6 20
Bear River		7 03
St. Peter's.....		7 43
Morell		8 17
Mt. Stewart Junc.....ar		8 55

Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

Railway Office, Charlottetown, Nov. 27, 1888.

J. UNSWORTH, Superintendent.

JOHN S. MACDONALD,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

OFFICE:

Newson's Building, Opposite New Post Office.

Charlottetown, Oct. 7, 1886—1y

SEWING MACHINES REPAIRED

At my office, above the Boot and Shoe Store of R. E. Jost, North Side Queen Square.

Oil, Needles, &c., always on hand.

Nov. 21, 1888—1m JOHN HIGGINS.

NEW SERIES.

The Charlottetown Herald

—IS ISSUED—

EVERY WEDNESDAY

—BY—

The Herald Printing Company

FROM THEIR OFFICE:

Queen Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Subscription: *One Year, in Advance,* $1

ADVERTISING AT MODERATE RATES.

Contracts made for Months, Quarterly, Half-yearly, or Yearly Advertisements, on application.

Remittances may be made by Draft, P. O. Order, or Registered Letter.

All Correspondence should be addressed to the HERALD Printing Company, or to

JAMES McISAAC, Manager.

Charlottetown.

Calendar for February, 1889

MOON'S CHANGES.

First Quarter, 7th day, 4h. 45.5m. p. m.
Full Moon, 15th day, 6h. 4 0m. p. m. N. S.
Third Quarter, 22nd day, 7h. 42.7m. p m.

D. M.	Day of Week.	Sun Rises	Sun Sets.	The Moon. Rises	The Moon. Sets.	High Wa Ch'tn
		h.m.	h. m.			aft
1	Fri	7 26	4 59	8 19	6 56	11
2	Sat	27	5 1	8 59	7 48	m
3	Sun	28	3	9 37	8 57	0
4	Mon	26	4	9 41	10 3	1
5	Tues	22	6	10 5	11 7	1
6	Wed	21	7	10 28	morn	2
7	Thur	19	8	10 53	0 11	3
8	Fri	18	9	11 21	1 12	4
9	Sat	17	11	11 53	2 14	5
10	Sun	15	12	aft 30	3 15	6
11	Mon	12	13	1 15	4 12	7
12	Tues	11	15	2 6	5 6	8
13	Wed	8	16	3 5	5 56	9
14	Thur	6	18	4 9	6 38	9
15	Fri	6	19	5 16	7 16	10
16	Sat	5	21	6 26	7 48	11
17	Sun	3	22	7 36	8 16	11
18	Mon	2	24	8 47	8 43	aft.
19	Tues	1	26	9 59	9 9	0
20	Wed	6 59	27	11 12	9 35	1
21	Thur	57	29	morn	10 3	2
22	Fri	56	30	0 26	10 36	3
23	Sat	54	31	1 45	11 23	4
24	Sun	52	32	3 02	11 59	6
25	Mon	51	34	3 53	aft 53	7
26	Tues	49	35	4 49	1 56	8
27	Wed	47	37	5 38	3 4	9
28	Thur	6 44	5 38	6 15	4 15	10

North British and Mercantile

FIRE AND LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY

—OF—

EDINBURGH AND LONDON

ESTABLISHED 1809.

Total Assets, 1886, - - $29,371,9

TRANSACTS every description of Fire and Life Business on the most favorable terms.

The Company has been well favorably known for its prompt settlement of losses in this Island during the past twenty-two years.

FRED. W. HYNDMAN, Agent

Corner Queen and Water Streets, Charlottetown, Jan. 19, 1888.

Free Trade with the States

JUST OPENED

A Large Assortment of

Clocks, Watches and Jewellery

All of the latest patterns, and will be sold cheap, suitable for

Xmas and New Year's Presents

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired punctually attended to.

A large assortment of Xmas and New Year's Cards, all of the very latest, and cheaper than can be bought in the Island.

G. G. JURY

North Side Queen Square, opposite Charlottetown, Nov. 28, 1888—3m

MAGAZINES

Music and Periodicals

OF ALL KINDS,

BOUND IN THE BEST STYLE

AT PRICES TO SUIT THE HARD TIMES.

Everybody is satisfied with the work done by

JAMES D. TAYLOR

North side Queen Square, over Jost's Boot and Shoe Store.

March 21, 1888—1y

FRUIT & CONFECTIONERY

B. BALDERSTON has a full stock of the purest and best

CONFECTIONERY

Manufactured on the premises every day. Customers can rely on Candies being fresh and pure.

We want every country dealer to call on us and see if he cannot save money by getting his Confectionery from us.

Choice Fruits in their Season.

Best GROCERIES at Low Prices.

Colgate's Soaps & Perfumes.

B. BALDERSTON

Charlottetown, July 27, 1887.

Credit Foncier Franco Canadien

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 his loan in whole or in part at any time.

Circulars giving detailed information can be obtained on application at the office of Messrs. Sullivan & Peters, Solicitors Charlottetown.

W. W. SULLIVAN, Agent for the Company.

Jan. 2 1889.