THE WRONG MAN.

BY THE HON. MRS. A. MONTGOMERY

Author of "Mine Own Familiar Friend."

CHAPTER VII.

The martens have been chirping their loudest. Doubtless it was their vesper hymn that twittered so gaily as the great red disk of the sun sank beneath the folds of his gold and purple curtains. They have finished another bright day of their merry little lives, and, unconscious of wrong, without self-reproach, and without suspicion of others to mar their peace, or ruffle the feathers above those hot and rapidly-throbbing little hearts, they were now settling to sleep amidst the twisted folds of the benevolent old dragon, and the grotesque limbs of the sheltering monkeys.

A very different scene was passing behind the thin drapery of the white cotton curtains, and in the white glare of the common lamp that illuminated that simple chamber Frederick Herbert, with his beautiful dark eyes and warm brown hair, was standing at the table, looking down on Godfrey Huskinson, in his peasant's blouse, his face bent on his hands, and his stooping figure quivering at every sound of that rich deep voice.

'I cannot understand, Huskinson, why have you been at the trouble to find me out in my exile. You have evidently no good news to give me of yourself, and consequently you had no right to make any effort to penetrate the secrecy with which, for your sake, I surround myself. How did you know I was here?'

'Because I saw you in the Cathedral.'

'Then why did you not let me alone? You had only to go your way, and let me go mine.'

'Why, Herbert, did you not see whom I was with?'

'I saw nobody. I did not even see you.'

'And yet you were kneeling close to Miss Fairley; and if you had raised your head, you would have seen the FitzGeralds. My father and mother are at this moment at the hotel accross the river, and I was expecting them every moment to come and join me at the Cathedral.'

Frederick had turned very pale at the mention of Madeline's name, but he had recovered his composure, and seemed quite unmoved by the allusion to Mr. and Mrs. Huskinson.

'And what if they had come? They would probably not remember me any more than did Madeline Fairley since, as you tell me, she was there. If they had recollected me in the disguise of a common Prussian soldier, they would not have spoken to such a miscreant as they believe me to be, and such as, for your sake, I have let myself pass for.'

'For God's sake, Herbert, spare me.'

'I have no wish, Huskinson, to overwhelm you; but again I ask why you have sent for me?'

'To implore you not to betray me.' And as he said this, Huskinson raised his white, haggard face, and with clasped hands looked up with an expression of agony. 'I was afraid you would meet my father, if not here, somewhere on our journey. Yours is not a common face, Herbert; they would be sure to recognize you, and I dared not hope you would always be able to resist the temptation to clear yourself, and let them know it is I who deserve their blame and abhorrence.' And once more his head sank; on his hands, and his frame shook with sobs.

'Listen, Huskinson,' said Frederick, in a calm but stern voice. 'I am not going back upon my word. I promised to wait seven long years for you to make good the missing sum. At the end of that time I was to have the money in my possession, and, when it was repaid, to try and make my parents, at least, understand that I was not what they took me for.'

'Yes, it was I then who was to be the scoundrel in their eyes,' said Huskinson, bitterly.

'Remember, Godfrey, you deserve it.' And if Herbert spoke then severely, at least he called him by his name. 'I could make sure of my parents not betraying you to the world in general; and, at least, if I never could show my face in England again, I could be sure of their blessing before they left this world. It is too late to hope for that as regards my poor father,' and his voice trembled as he spoke; 'but my mother's sufferings were deeper than was even his, though she bears it more quietly. You might have shortened these seven years, and brought the money sooner, were it not for your love of pleasure and your taste fo gambling. I will never break my promise, Huskinson, or hurry on the end by a single hour; but you know as well as I do that there is not much more than eighteen months to run, and at the close of that period the promise I gave you does not prevent me from proclaiming you to all the world for what you are, and bringing you to justice for the crime whereby you have ruined me, and the memory of which must surely poison all your pleasure-seeking and your dissipation.'

'It is simply killing me, Herbert.' And there was such a sound of agony in his voice that for a moment Frederick remained silent.

'Shall you, Huskinson, be able to keep your word, and make up the sum, at least, at the close of the seven years?'

'God only knows—I hope so—in short, I must do it. I have some of it.'

'But have you placed it in good security, for you knew you have not sent it to me;' and Herbert spoke as if he a little doubted its existence.

'Upon my honor I have!' exclaimed Huskinson, forgetting what good reasons Herbert had for disbelieving him on his honor.

'I do not insist upon your telling me how much you have got towards it, Huskinson; but I think it right to tell you that I heard of you last year at Baden-Baden, and that I am only too painfully aware my interests suffered by your stay there. Good God! Huskinson, will you never show any moral courage? Have you no principles? Have you no fear even of losing your soul? Here you go on, year after year, carrying about with you this hideous secret which must destroy all your own self-respect. And then, surely, the thought of the utter wreck you have made of me, or rather that I have allowed you to make of me, in order to leave you time to repent—surely, I say, that *must* haunt you. Why do you not act like a man and a Christian—deny yourself everything until the money is made up, and release me from the secrecy I promised you, at least as regards my mother, before she—poor darling—has gone to her grave, believing her only son to be a thief and a scoundrel.'

As Herbert spoke, the miserable man had sunk deeper and deeper, till he had fairly slipped off his chair, and lay in a heap at Herbert's feet. He wept, he promised, he adjured and implored Herbert to spare him—to believe him, and to trust him a little longer. The money should be there, before the seven years was over; and if not, Herbert, of course, at the end of that period, was to be absolved from all promises, not only as regarded his mother, but all the world; and he, Huskinson, would be ready to stand in the felon's dock, and to meet the punishment of his crime.

It was not the first occasion that Herbert had listened to these protestations. From time to time the wretched man, who to the world in general, appeared so gay, so unconcerned, and so charming, would seem to be driven by the agony of remorse to seek out the man whom he had injured, and would cringe, and weep, and implore, owning all the time that the money was not made up, and seeming to be compelled to acknowledge and confess, almost against his will, how so much had been wasted in extravagance, and so much had been lost at play, or on the turf. Each time Herbert remonstrated with him on account of his idle vagabond life. Why did he not get some employment, and so make money? The answer always was that his health did not admit of it, and the same reason was given as an excuse for his restless wanderings. The only real and valid reason was the levity of his character and the stings of remorse. Herbert knew this, and listened with pain and vexation, tempered by the compassion of a noble mind, to all the miserable excuses of the poor wretch before him.

'And now that you have explained your reasons, such as they are, for wishing to see me, will you tell me why I find you in this disguise, and in this wretched cafe?'

Huskinson explained that he was afraid even to appear outside the door in his ordinary dress, because all his friends were driving and walking about the town, a party of eager sight-seers; and he told Herbert how he had not dared to leave his room so long as it was light, even to rush down the street to the ready-made clothes shop. He was not sure that his friends would leave the next morning; but he hoped, after dusk, to go down in his disguise to the hotel and find out if they were gone. Meanwhile he could not bear being shut up all day in that wratched room with his wretched thoughts; and he believed, even if they were not gone, they would not readily recognize him in that dress, were they to catch sight of him at the end of the street.

"They believe me to be gone on to Vevey, to get all ready for them, and it would never do for them to find me wandering about Cologne—they would think me mad.'

Herbert looked at him without speaking, and almost as if he thought him so too. To Herbert, a man of Huskinson's nature and character was a mystery and an enigma, which no study or experience ever seemed to make more explicable. Such a strange mixture of natural amiability, and such a total absence of firmness of purpose. So vain, and yet so weak, and yet so obstinate; suffering such tortures of remorse, yet unable to resist the temptations of every hour. Not depraved, and yet dishonest; open to all kindly and good influence, yet led away by the first incitement of evil. Possessing a certain brilliancy of manner and conversation; no fool as to intellect, but a fool, and worse, in moral questions.

Herbert was silently studying him, and feeling that were the poor crouching wretch a child, or even a woman, there might be hope; but a man to be so weak, so purposeless! It was heart-breaking! And as he looked at him, and turned it all over in his thoughts, they grew up in that large manly heart such a feeling of unutterable compassion, for the poor craven creature, as no words could utter. The remembrance of all he had suffered unwound itself before him; the years of agony, the wasted youth—or, rather, as in his own thoughts he corrected the term, the youth sacrificed—and sacrifice is never waste; the anguish slowly growing, and silently endured; all the bright time of his life passed under a dark cloud; a brand on his name, and ruin in his home. And why?—that the man who had injured him might not have to bear the doom of a felon—that another only son (for was he not the only son of his mother, and she was a widow)? might still be the beloved one, and the object of all their hopes and expectations, with those who gave him birth.

There is no love so deep or so sorrowful as the love born of the pardon of a great injury, and of the suffering endured for the sake of the one who inflicted it. It has a pathos, an intensity, unequalled by any other sentiment. If you would know the last limits of a possible human affection, human still, yet touching on the divine, seek out the one being, if such there be, who has been your ruin and your bane, who has caused you to shed tears of blood, and to watch for the dawn through long dreary nights of sleepless anguish—see that being in trouble, no matter from what cause, and pardon and pity him. Then will be born in your heart a love known even to the angels—a love no man can measure and no time can limit. Let it grow; let it have its way; feed it, cherish it, though, like live coals, it burn your bosom as you bear it. The anguish will be sweeter than the songs of heaven, for it is the only love that is like that of the White Christ, looking down on the dark earth that lies before His immense compassion, and that so needs it.

There are few characters capable of a generosity so great, so enduring, and so complete as that sentiment with which Frederick contemplated the man who had ruined him, and who, alas! was so unable, in the very nature of things, to understand half that Herbert had done or suffered to protect him from the results of his dishonesty. His very crime, and the weak nature which had produced it, prevented his duly estimating the consequences it had entailed on his victim. The one strong emotion in his soul was terror lest he should be found out, and lest suffering should come near him. Sunshine, prosperity, and pleasure seemed more necessary to him than common air seems to those who have some powers of endurance and some moral courage.

As Herbert slowly read the character of Huskinson, and with the quick intentions of a generous heart, measured and weighed the powers and capacities of the man for whom he had done so much, he summed up all in his own mind with the inward conviction that he himself was by far the least unhappy of the two, and, moreover, that if ever that poor soul were to be saved, that pleasure-soiled, weak, and yet not maliciously wicked being were to be brought out of the slough of despond, and to come to a good and Christian end, it was to be at no less a sacrifice than that he was making; and that he was not only right in making it, but that he could not, consistently with his own views of what was right, even hesitate about it. It seemed to him impossible to do less, because less would fall short of effecting the salvation of that soul.

Herbert had made a few turns up and down the room, brooding over these thoughts; while Huskinson, having somewhat recovered his self-control, sat moodily watching him. His eye followed the tall soldierly figure of Herbert, the broad shoulders, and well knit lithe limbs, and the face of a student or a poet. Deep thoughtful eyes, the sweet, flexible, well-formed mouth, and the thick, golden-tinted dark hair. This noble young man, this darling hope of his family, had passed beneath the shade of Huskinson's frivolous existence, and it has been like the shadow of the upas tree to him. Huskinson was not himself unconscious of these facts; and they troubled him as much as anything could, which was, nevertheless, a necessity for his own security. His was eminently a selfish nature. His personal safety was dearer to him than any other consideration. He was not physically a coward, but morally he had not the slightest courage.

Herbert, meanwhile, in the broodings of his mind, was losing sight of the poor wretch before him, and was debating with himself whether it would be possible for him to ask for some intelligence of those he loved. Could he question Huskinson? Could he bear to hear those names from his lips, and to listen to that man talking of his mother or of Madeline? And yet his heart was so thirsty to hear something of them. And Madeline was so near! She had been the day-star of his thoughts through these years of bitter exile. It was true she was very young when he came away. But he had always looked upon her as his ideal of fair, fresh, innocent girlhood.

He had somehow taken it for granted that living near, and being constant companions in their earlier days, they were always to belong to each other. And now that was over, for, though of course his mother would believe him, when he should consider himself at liberty to repose his dreadful secret in her bosom, yet it would be forever impossible to ask an innocent woman to link her fate with his blighted fame. Why then ask about her? And why torture himself by allowing Huskinson to name her? He debated and hesitated long in his silent thoughts as to whether he would bear the ignorance and silence, or, as a choice of evils, permit his evil genius to profane those dear names by uttering them. While he still pondered Huskinson said, with the absence of tact and delicacy only possible to a man of his peculiar character:

'You don't ask, Herbert, anything about Miss Fairley. It is true I never heard her name you. She is a charming girl.'

Herbert turned hot and cold. He bit his lip, and dug his nails into his clenched hand. He had not brought it on himself. He had not so far sacrificed the dignity of the position as to question Huskinson about Madeline. But for a moment he had doubted whether he should not be pleased if, by accident, Huskinson let fall some word about her.

But already he had more than enough of such an experiment. It needed all his self-control, and the marvellous discipline he had so long and so nobly exercised over himself, not to spring on Huskinson and do him some violence, in revenge for his audacity in having dared to allude to those he was not worthy to name, much less to associate with. There was a smouldering fire in the eyes he turned on Huskinson; his face was dark, and even his voice was changed. For a second he could not command himself sufficiently to speak, and at that moment the rappel came sounding along the quay. Herbert caught up his spiked helmet, and said coldily:

'No, Huskinson, I ask you no questions about those of whose society I am for your sake debarred. It would be more than I could well bear to hear you speak of them. I have but one thing to ask of you, and that is to implore you, by all you hold sacred, to show more moral courage, and to repay me better than you have yet done for the intolerable anguish I am enduring for you. For God's sake, and in pity for yourself, if not for me, give up your idle, pleasure-seeking ways, repair the past as much as is still in your power, and end your days honorably, if possible, in atonement for the great crime of your youth. No man ever suffered as much for another as I am doing for you without holding him dear. You owe me a reward, and a rich one; let it be your repentance and your reformation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AGRICULTURAL.

A Connecticut ox, ready to die from the effects of a stolen visit to the meal box, was saved by a dose of four to six quarts of bread yeast, administered from a bottle.

Prof. Kedric, of the Michigan Agricultural College, who is making experiments with growing plants in a close room, thinks the notion that it is unhealthy to sleep in a room containing plants is sheer nonsense.

The sugar maple is a very desirable tree for planting on the highways, says Major Ben Perley Poore, and a flourishing tree will produce 100 gallons of sap, from which at least 25 gallons of sugar can be manufactured.

On very cold, damp nights the fowls should be given a good feed of whole corn before they go to roost, as it is more promotive of heat than any other kind of food that is usually fed. It is also advisable to change to wheat occasionally, for the sake of variety.

It is extremely important in feeding pigs that their meals should be given at regular times. The pigs will soon learn to look for their food at the appointed period, and lie still during the intervals. If fed irregularly, too, much of the time will be passed standing by the trough and waiting for something to be given them.

Random Notes.

A newspaper speaks of a man being "gored by an angry bull" as if a good-natured bull would do such a thing.

An Emeralder, on admiring a beautiful cemetery, observed that he considered it a healthy place to be buried in.

A cockney, on seeing the bust of Wallet the clown, exclaimed, 'Well! I declare! he's often made me fit to burst; and now he's busted himself!'

'What sort of people are buried here?' asked the casual stranger of an attendant at Westminster Abbey. 'Well, the building was intended for great men. But, to fill up they've sometimes had to put in poets.'

'Speaking of Charley,' said Frank, 'there is one thing about him I like; when he says a thing, you can always depend upon him.' 'I thought,' ventured Thomas, 'that Charley was not particularly noted for truthfulness.' 'That's just it,' replied Frank, 'when he says a thing you know he's lying, and, therefore, know just what to depend upon.'

They err who tell us politeness has fled, as witness the following postscript to a letter recently received by the Duke of X—— from the steward of one of his estates:—'I beg that your Grace will excuse me for having taken the liberty of writing this letter in my shirt sleeves, but the excessive heat has compelled me to be guilty of this apparent disrespect.'

GROCERY

—AND—

Tea House,

MONAGHAN'S BRICK BUILDING,

West Side Queen Street.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform the public that he is prepared to supply them with

FLOUR,
MEAL,
TEA,
COFFEE,
SUGAR,
MOLASSES,

and all other articles to be found in a first-class Grocery Store, at lowest possible prices.

Also, 10,000 CIGARS, choice brands, which will be sold cheap.

P. MONAGHAN.

Charlottetown, June 6, 1883.

STEAM

Printing & Bookbinding

18 Queen Street.

HAVING this fall placed a considerable quantity of New Styles of Type, and a Nickle-plated "Universal" Printing Press in the above well equipped Printing Establishment, we can therefore offer inducements as to quality of work and time of execution not hitherto received.

Special attention given to the printing of Ball Programmes, Wedding and Visiting Cards, Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Memos., Bills of Fare, &c.

For Lobster, Mackerel, Beef and Mutton Labels, and all Printing in Colors, we have as good facilities as in the United States or the Dominion of Canada.

In stock, a first-class line of Linen, Vellum and other Papers, Envelopes, Letter Books, Carter's and Stephens' Combined Writing and Copying Inks, Mucilage, Pens, Pencils, &c., at the lowest paying prices.

We have also in the Binding department a new Miller & Richard Steam Cutting Machine, and can cuit parties requiring the cutting of Millboard, &c.

JOHN COOMBS.

Charlottetown, Nov. 7, 1883—2m

Mortgage Sale.

Lands on Townships Nos. 28 and 29.

TO be sold by Public Auction, on FRIDAY, the eighteenth day of January, A. D. 1884, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, at the new Law Courts Building, in Charlottetown, in Queen's County, Under by Virture of a Power of Sale, contained in an Indenture of Mortgage, bearing date the fourth day of December, A. D. 1879, and made between Samuel Newsom (now deceased,) and Jane Newsom, his wife, of the one part; and Ralph Brecken, of the other part; All that tract, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being on Lot or Township number twenty-nine (29,) in Queen's County, in the Province of Prince Edward Island, bounded as follows, that is to say: Commencing on the west side of the Westmoreland River, and on the north side of the road leading to Tryon; thence along the road to the County line; thence north along the County to the Alma road; thence eastwardly along the Alma road to the River; thence along the west side of the river to the place of commencement; containing seventy-five (75) acres of land a little more or less; being thus bounded and described in an Identure of Lease, made the first day of November in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine, between the Honorable Lady Cecilia Jane Georgina Fane, of the one part and George Newsom, of the other part. Also all that other tract, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the Parish of Saint David, Township number twenty-eight (28,) in Prince County, in the said Province of Prince Edward Island; and is bounded and admeasuring as follows, that is to say: Commencing at a squared post fixed at the north side of the Tryon new road; and running from thence due north along the former division line between Lots numbers twenty-eight (28) and twenty-nine (29,) to the old Tryon road; thence easterly along the road, until it strikes the new division line, between said Lots numbers twenty-eight (28) and twenty-nine (29,) that is to say the present County line; thence southerly along the said last mentioned County line until it comes to the line that divides the farm formerly occupied by James Callbeck, of which this piece or parcel of land is a part from that formerly occupied by David Lowther, but now occupied by William Dawson; and thence northwesterly along the said new road to the place of starting, including and comprising all and singular; whatsoever land is contained within the said boundaries as before mentioned, containing, by estimation, fifty (50) acres of land, a little more or less.

For further particulars apply at the office of Messrs Breeken & Fitzgerald, Solicitors, Charlottetown

Dated this 12th day of December, A. D. 1883.

RALPH BRECKEN,
Mortgagee

till sale

NEW LUMBER YARD.

THE undersigned has opened a Lumber Yard on Queen's Wharf, Charlottetown, where a full supply of all classes of Lumber, suitable for building purposes will be kept constantly on hand. He respectfully solicits a share of the patronage of the citizens, and of country residents in general.

PATRICK HOGAN.

Charlottetown, May 2, 1883—3m

SCHOOL BOOKS.

G. H. HASZARD,

South Side Queen Square,

HAS IN STOCK

All Books authorized by the Board of Education of this Province.

ALSO, A FULL SUPPLY OF

SCHOOL STATIONERY

VERY CHEAP.

November 7, 1883—3m

AYER'S

Hair Vigor

restores, with the gloss and freshness of youth, faded or gray hair to a natural, rich brown color, or deep black, as may be desired. By its use light or red hair may be darkened, thin hair thickened, and baldness often, though not always, cured.

It checks falling of the hair, and stimulates a weak and sickly growth to vigor. It prevents and cures scurf and dandruff, and heals nearly every disease peculiar to the scalp. As a Ladies' Hair Dressing, the VIGOR is unequalled; it contains neither oil nor dye, renders the hair soft, glossy, and silken in appearance, and imparts a delicate, agreeable, and lasting perfume.

MR. C. P. BRECHER writes from *Kirby, O., July 3, 1882*: "Last fall my hair commenced falling out, and in a short time I became nearly bald. I used part of a bottle of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, which stopped the falling of the hair, and started a new growth. I have now a full head of hair growing vigorously, and am convinced that but for the use of your preparation I should have been entirely bald."

J. W. BOWEN, proprietor of the *McArthur (Ohio) Enquirer*, says: "AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is a most excellent preparation for the hair. I speak of it from my own experience. Its use promotes the growth of new hair, and makes it glossy and soft. The VIGOR is also a sure cure for dandruff. Not within my knowledge has the preparation ever failed to give entire satisfaction."

MR. ANGUS FAIRBAIRN, leader of the celebrated "Fairbairn Family" of Scottish Vocalists, writes from *Boston, Mass., Feb. 6, 1883*: "Ever since my hair began to give silvery evidence of the change which fleeting time procureth, I have used AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, and so have been able to maintain an appearance of youthfulness—a matter of considerable consequence to ministers, orators, actors, and in fact every one who lives in the eyes of the public."

MRS. O. A. PRESCOTT, writing from 18 *Elm St., Charlestown, Mass., April 14, 1882*, says: "Two years ago about two-thirds of my hair came off. It thinned very rapidly, and I was fast growing bald. On using AYER'S HAIR VIGOR the falling stopped and a new growth commenced, and in about a month my head was completely covered with short hair. It has continued to grow, and is now as good as before it fell. I regularly used but one bottle of the VIGOR, but now use it occasionally as a dressing."

We have hundreds of similar testimonials to the efficacy of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR. It needs but a trial to convince the most skeptical of its value.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

O. P. FLETCHER

HAS just received a tremendous stock of ORGANS, PIANOS, and general MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, at Fletcher's Music Store,

SIGN OF THE BIG FIDDLE.

Charlottetown, Nov. 14, 1883.

WINTER GOODS

Selling Very Cheap for Cash

—AT THE—

LONDON HOUSE

Men's Ulsters,
Men's Overcoats,
Men's Reefing Jackets,
Men's Wool Underclothing,
Men's Cardigan Jackets,
Men's Fur Caps,
Men's Gloves, Mitts & Scarfs,
Buffalo Robes,
Japanese Wolf Robes,
Blankets, Railway Wraps,
Horse Rugs,
Ladies' Cloth Sacques,
Ladies' Cloth Ulsters,
Ladies' Fur-lined Circulars,
Ladies' Astracan Jackets,
Fur Caps and Muffs.

GEO. DAVIES & CO.

Charlottetown, Nov. 14, 1883

Prince Edward Island Railway.

1883-4. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1883-4.

On and after Monday, 10th December, 1883, trains will run daily as follows, Sundays excepted:

Trains Depart—For the West.

STATIONS.	No. 1.	No. 3.
Charlottetown dp	7.40 a. m.	2.40 p. m.
Royalty Junction	8.00 "	3.00 "
North Wiltshire	8.52 "	3.48 "
Hunter River	9.07 "	4.03 "
Bradalbane	9.14 "	4.38 "
County Line	9.53 "	4.47 "
Freetown	10.08 "	5.01 "
Kensington	10.30 "	5.27 "
Summerside ar	11.05 "	5.55 "
Summerside dp	1.00 p. m.	
Miscouche	1.22 "	
Wellington	1.36 "	
Port Hill	2.32 "	
O'Leary	3.30 "	
Bloomfield	4.15 "	
Alberton	4.54 "	
Tignish ar	5.50 "	

Trains Arrive—From the West.

STATIONS.	No. 2.	No. 4.
Charlottetown ar	3.20 p. m.	10.30 a. m.
Royalty Junct'n dp	3.00 "	10.08 "
Royalty Junct'n ar	2.55 "	
North Wiltshire	2.04 "	9.22 "
Hunter River	1.48 "	9.07 "
Bradalbane	1.11 "	8.32 "
County Line	1.01 "	8.23 "
Freetown	12.46 "	8.09 "
Kensington	12.25 "	7.49 "
Summerside dp	11.50 a. m.	7.15 "
Summerside ar	11.10 "	
Miscouche	10.46 "	
Wellington	10.20 "	
Port Hill	9.36 "	
O'Leary	8.30 "	
Bloomfield	7.55 "	
Alberton	7.17 "	
Tignish dp	6.20 "	

Trains Depart—For the East.

STATIONS.	No. 5.	No. 7.
Charlottetown dp	2.30 p. m.	
Royalty Junction ar	2.50 "	
Royalty Junction dp	2.55 "	
York	3.12 "	
Bedford	3.31 "	
Mount Stewart ar	4.05 "	
Mount Stewart dp	4.15 "	
Cardigan	5.35 "	
Georgetown ar	6.00 "	
Mount Stewart dp		4.10 p. m.
Morell		4.50 "
St. Peter's		5.18 "
Bear River		6.06 "
Souris ar		6.50 "

Trains Arrive—From the East.

STATIONS.	No. 6.	No. 8.
Charlottetown ar	10.45 a. m.	
Royalty Junction	10.22 "	
York	10.05 "	
Bedford	9.45 "	
Mount Stewart dp	9.10 "	
Mount Stewart ar	9.00 "	
Cardigan	7.40 "	
Georgetown dp	7.15 "	
Mount Stewart ar		9.05 a. m.
Morell		8.25 "
St. Peter's		7.56 "
Bear River		7.09 "
Souris dp		6.25 "

☞ Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

JAMES COLEMAN,
Superintendent.

Railway Office, Charlottetown, Dec. 7, 1883.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS (MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD)

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 sound 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 disease. 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 nine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure.

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GEO. W. DeBLOIS,
General Agent.

January 3, 1883—yr