THE DANCE OF DEATH.

[Plymouth, January 12, 1887.]

Gaily the ballroom glows to-night,
The fiddles twang and the trumpets blow;
Diamonds and pearls are sparkling bright
In golden hair and on bosom white;
Eyeses beaming and hearts are light—
(Though Iddesleigh died some hours ago.)

Proudly the Primrose dames go by,
Swinging to music fast and slow;
For thirsty throats the wines are nigh;
The tide of joy runs strong and high;
"On with the dance," is the heartfelt cry—
(He dropped stone-dead some hours ago.)

Gayest of all, Sir Edward Clarke
Hops on "the light fantastic toe,"
His rugged brow is no longer dark,
His small black eyes have a joyful spark,
Though well he knows who lies cold and stark—
(By treachery slain some hours ago.)

The news is whispered about the room,
But never a shadow seems to throw;
No heart is touched with a sense of gloom,
No fair cheek loses its rosy bloom,
For the old chief struck by his awful doom,
(At Salisbury's feet, some hours ago.)

"By Jove, how strange!" drawled a Tory swell,
"But he was no further use, you know;
They'll make a row in that low Pall Mell,
The better their Radical trash to sell—
Isn't Emily looking remarkably well?"
(Lord Iddesleigh died some hours ago)

The revel went on till the night was spent
And dawn in the east began to glow,
They'd danced and drank to their hearts content,
Then rollicking off to their homes they went,
Cheering for Goschen and "shent per shent,"
(Though Iddesleigh died some hours ago.)

—*T. D. Sullivan.*

THE DOCTOR'S WARD;

OR,

PLOTTING FOR A FORTUNE.

By George W. Warner.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WOE TO THE VANQUISHED.

'The fact is, Mr. Vassilis, said Lanning, that the man from whom you received the certificate was a wretched inebriate. After you had searched in vain through Boxar for a record that wasn't there, you went to him, and employed him to manufacture the required document, for which service you were to pay him one hundred silver dollars. He did his work so skillfully that you were completely satisfied.'

The ghastly yellow of Sorranzo's countenance was something terrible to look at, and the face of Felix Vassilis seemed to have broken out in red and white blotches. But the latter who knew something of hearsay evidence was resolved to deny everything, and to turn Lanning's strange statement into ridicule.

'This is a little too absurd,' he said. 'Do you suppose that anybody here will believe such ridiculous nonsense?'

'I don't want anybody to believe it except you, and I don't want to prove it to any but you, and that one thing I intend to do. Salcedar not only did his work well in manufacturing the certificate, but he procured a false entry from the old alcalde and a false affidavit.'

'How is it that you know so much about the matter?'

'I know it because I, myself, was Juan Salcedar. I followed you from California to Texas, and overheard your plan and the instructions you gave that woman. I stopped at Indianola, so that I might reach San Antonio before you could possibly get there, and might be ready to play my part. You must admit that I played it well.'

'I had not supposed that a crazy man was to be brought into this investigation,' said Felix, still resolute and audacious. 'What proof can you present to convince us of this most wild and improbable story?'

'Proof enough to satisfy you. You will remember that Salcedar, when your business with him was finished, and you were about to leave him, took a fancy for a ring you wore. He begged you for it, and at last you gave it to him. Here is the ring. Do you recognize it?'

Felix did recognize it, and his face fell, and he had nothing more to say. His impudence could carry him no further. He knew that he had been dogged, led on to his destruction, foiled, trapped and thoroughly beaten, and the only question was whether he could extricate himself from his difficulties.

'I must suggest to you, for your own good,' continued Lanning, 'that when you again wish to interefere with the plans of anybody in this world, you had better not pick out Cutter & Co. as your victim. Cutter is as gentle as a lamb, in a general way, but he is sure to get even with any man who off-nds him as you did. And now, Mr. Vassilis, if you have not had proof enough, you shall have some more.'

Mr. Netley had entered the room when Lanning began to question Felix Vassilis, and had taken her station behind Helen's chair. Captain Durfee at the same time, had left the room.

The latter now entered the parlor by a side door.

It was not Captain Durfee as Felix Vassilis had been introduced to him; it was Major Warfield as George North knew him; it was, also, some one else, to judge by the terrified cry that burst from the white lips of Jesquin Sorranzo.

'*Robert Field himself!*' exclaimed the Californian, with a horrible oath.

On Robert Field's arm was a woman who stretched out her hands to Helen, and the girl started from her seat, and ran, laughing and crying, into the arms of her mother.

A scene of great confusion ensued, in which only two persons appeared to retain possession of their senses, and those two were Mrs Netley and Mr. Lanning.

The prosecution, as Judge Merrick had insisted on calling Vassilis and his party, showed a disposition to retire, but the housekeeper had locked the door, putting the key in her pocket, and stood with her back against it, threatening them with her long arm and bony fists; while Lanning soothed them with gentle words that would have been quite angelic, if they had not been unpleasantly ironical.

'Have the kindness to be quiet, my friends,' said Mr. Field, addressing those clear and sonorous tones that George North had learned to admire. 'I beg that you will not leave us, Mr. Vassilis, for you, Senor Sorranzo. We have yet some little explanations to make, which had better be made quietly, among ourselves, without any unpleasant publicity. It might be better for all of you to remain until we can settle everything that is between us.'

Quiet was at last restored. The 'prosecution' resumed their seats, looking downcast, sullen and dogged. Helen sat on a sofa with her mother, caring for nothing else, although George was in the room. Mr. Field seated himself at the table, and addressed his remarks to Felix Vassilis.

'You must now perceive, Mr. Vassilis, that you would have gained nothing if you had proved that my daughter was the child of an unlawful marriage, as her mother would then have stepped forward to prevent the robbery of her branch of the family. I am very sorry for you—sorry that you have, at such an early age, shown such an inclination toward crime and such a capacity for it. I do not intend to punish you for what you have done, as I am of the opinion that your punishment will come to you naturally and inevitably; but I must tell you that all your wrong-doing has been found out. Dender, your hired tool has made a full confession of all your plottings and doings on the plains; your forgery of the postscript to Helen's letter was quickly discovered; and you were so unfortunate as to offend Mr. Cutter, my partner in Sacramento, who put on your trail a man, who could twist you around his finger. In spite of all this, your evil designs might have succeeded if Providence had not been clearly and decidedly against you. As it is, you go from here baffled and disgraced, and I can wish you no harm that is not sure to happen to you.'

'If you think that such talk troubles me in the least, you are greatly mistaken,' replied Felix. 'If you can do anything, go on and do it. Is there anything more that you wish to say to me?'

'A few words more to you in connection with your father, Andrew Vassilis. You well know that you, as the trustee of the estate of Joshua Tarleton, have not complied with the provisions of his will. You have not conveyed to Dr. Dohrer, as guardian of my daughter, the full amount of the principal of that property, and you have not paid over one cent of the interest and other accumulations.'

'We have Dr. Dohrer's receipt in full,' eagerly suggested Vassilis, senior.

'You are well aware that that would not be binding on Mrs. Field, if binding at all. I shall require of you a full and correct account of all business connected with that estate, and will exact the uttermost farthing that is proved to be her due.'

It was hard for Andrew Vassilis, but he managed to say, though he stammered at it badly, that the matter should be attended to, and that everything should be made satisfactory.

'For fear that you might forget or neglect it,' continued Mr Field, 'I have directed my lawyer in New York to commence proceedings to secure the claim, and I advise you to settle with him as soon as possible, to save cost and expense.'

Andrew Vassilis did not reply, but shambled out of the room, his son following him. They parted at the gate without a word, and went different ways.

Sorranzo was about to follow them, and had reached the door, when Mr. Field, in a voice of thunder, ordered him to come back.

He hesitated a moment, and then slunk back to his seat.

CHAPTER XXIX.

LETTLING UP.

Mr. Field leaned his head on his hand, and was silent for a few moments, while Sorranzo fidgeted uneasily on his chair.

At last Mr. Field looked his former partner in the face, and said:

'Do you know this young gentleman?'

Mr. Field indicated George North by a motion of his hand, and the Californian frowned as he answered:

'I know him. He was my clerk for a while, and I now suppose that he was a spy sent by you.'

'He was never a spy; but I admit that I employed him, for the purpose of righting a great wrong, to examine the books of Field & Sorranzo, as I had an undoubted right to do. There should have been due me from the firm some forty or fifty thousand dollars; but, according to your showing, after my supposed death, I was indebted to the firm. Mr. North made an examination of the books, and discovered that you, by false entries, alterations, and erasures, had swindled me to the extent of at least thirty-five thousand dollars. He made copies of portions of the books, sufficient to prove this fact, which are now in my possession, and he is ready to swear to them in a court of law. You know that I can compel the production of the originals, and I have no doubt that an investigation would show a much heavier balance in my favor. I am willing, however, to compromise the the matter for thirty-five thousand, rather than be compelled to expose you and have the trouble of a lawsuit.'

'Sorranzo thought that Mr. Field was beginning to 'weaken,' and became more courageous.

'Suppose this to be true,' he said: 'supposse I had done what you charge me with, I would still owe you nothing, as I hold your bond for the sum of forty thousand dollars.'

'Sorranzo, I am afraid that you are incorrigible—that it is impossible for you to be an honest man. Can no amount of leniency induce you to be half-way fair? You know that I never gave you a bond for any such sum.'

'I know that I have such a bond, and I have it here in my pocket.'

'Will you show it to Judge Merrick?'

Sorranzo handed a folded paper to Judge Merrick, who read and examined it carefully.

'This seems to be correct and regular,' he said. 'My old eyes can see no flaw in it.'

Mr. Field touched a hand bell, and a pale-faced young man entered the room.

'What is your name and occupation?' inquired Field.

'My name is Joseph Barbour, and I call myself a critic of handwriting. In the courts I am called an expert.'

'Please examine that document, and inform us whether you discover any peculiarity in it.'

The expert took the bond to the light, and examined it with the aid of a powerful microscope.

'There is a peculiarity in it,' he said, when he returned to the table; 'but it is not very remarkable, as it is a trick that is often attempted. This bond was originally for four thousand dollars. The 'four' has been carefully and skillfully erased, the paper has been carefully re-sized, and 'forty' has been substituted. The microscope not only shows the juncture of the new sizing with the old, but shows the form of the original 'four,' which is still buried in the paper. I may add that in no place has the 'forty,' although in the same handwriting, been written at the same time, or with the same pen and the same ink, as the rest of the document. If people knew how easily such forgeries can be detected, they would not attempt them as often as they do.'

'You perceive, Sorranzo,' said Mr. Field, 'that this swindle cannot be made successful. I am almost inclined to be angry with you for having persisted in it; but my offer of compromise is still open, if you are willing to accept it.'

The Californian was now thoroughly frightened and submissive. He saw nothing but ruin before him, and could only throw himself on the mercy of the man he had wronged.

'I can pay no such sum,' he said, in whining and piteous tones. 'It would ruin me utterly, and then leave me in your debt. I am not worth thirty-five thousand dollars, nor even twenty-five thousand.'

'You need pay nothing, then, and may keep what little you have to commence a new career as an honest man; but I give you warning, that if you again attempt a dishonest career, you will surely make a failure of it, and you will not be likely to find another man who will be as lenient to you as I have been. I have gained from you, through my house of Cutter & Co., more than enough to settle my account, and can afford to let you off. Besides, you did me such a service, when you attempted my life, that I ought to be grateful to you. We will excuse you now, if you wish to leave us and I have no fear that we will ever see you again.'

Joaquin Sorranzo, crushed by his defeat, but gladdened by this last touch of mercy, rose to leave, and Madame Mora started to follow him.

'You needn't think that you can shake *me* off,' she said. 'You brought me here, and you must get me away.'

Sorranzo, perplexed and irresolute, looked at her without speaking, then suffered her to take his arm, and they walked down the road together.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Dodds on Tobogganing.

To a man who had never gone farther in athletics than swinging a pair of clock-weights, encased in flannel to prevent chill, an invitation to tobogganing—given in the office—and within earshot of my chief, Mr. McCrump, who sat in his inner room, sounded almost like profanity. As it was Saturday afternoon and my week's work was about done, after a word to Mr McGrump and a little display of feeble reluctance, Parks took my arm in his and marched off with me. His ample breast was radiant with as many club-badges as the medals a hero of Crimea or Tel-el-Keber might disport. He told me that he was a member of every toboggan club in town, but that his pet precipice was the Montreal Club's declivity, and thither he meant to take me. With faltering breath, partly due to Parks' rapid pace and partly due to dread, we reach all too soon the Montreal hill. As we walked up the steps, Parks carrying his toboggan, instead of dragging it as most of the other fellows did, I looked askance at the trios and quartettes who were sliding down at a speed that would have left a lightning express train behind. My expression on that memorable day, apart from some twitches of nervousness, was, I trust, one of glassy indifference. As we waited our turn among a group of silky chatterers, who didn't seem to know that they might be in eternity in half a minute, I consoled myself as best I could. I thought that if after all I was going to be slaughtered on that horrid hill, I would leave sixty shares Merchants Bank stock, a savings bank deposit and the chattels at my lodgings for the support of my aged aunt, Miss Rebecca Dodds. Good soul! Would she never again regale me on her unapproachable codfish-balls!

When our turn came, as it did in a very few seconds, and Parks had his toboggan all ready, he asked me for the benefit of the standers-by—"will you steer?"

"No," said I with mock mirth, "I'm no storage passenger."

So in the prow of the toboggan he seated me, and away we went, slowly at first, then faster and faster, until for an instant I saw just ahead of us the edge of what seemed sheer perpendicularity—Aunt Rebecca—sixty shares Merchants—a few friends at a quiet funeral—down we leaped! As if we had dropped to earth from a baloon—with as little jar or concussion of any kind.

My breath had left me, and as we slowed up in the field beyond Sherbrooke Street, I found that I had scored my hands gripping the toboggan rope for dear life. Parks rolled me over in the soft snow and laughed—the inhuman beast. "Will you try it again?" he cried. "Yes," I said. "I haven't found it fatal, I will try it again." As I kept climbing up the steps and sliding down hill the remainder of the afternoon, my dread quickly changed to enjoyment, and it was Parks who first suggested that we had had enough. So home we went. I was a little stiff in the joints next day, and lay abed until it was too late for church, but in the afternoon I was punctual for my Sunday-school class at St. Tobias's.

Ever since that memorable Saturday I have been a devoted adherent of tobogganing. What if I am not muscular nor spry, I can make just as good time down hill as if my parlor door had to have a Yale lock to secure treasures in the shape of cups and medals won on race-tracks. The toboggan is your true leveller; nor age, nor wealth, nor good clothes, nor extreme respectability will save the man who doesn't know how to steer or how to load his sinuous vehicle. Bumps will find the unprotected places in his upholstery; snow will envelop him; jagged ice will graze him, just as impartially as if he were an office boy at three dollars a week.

Tobogganing broke up my old habits of constant indoor life. For three summers past I have taken an oar at Valois and Lachine. Good long tramps and Indian clubs are building me up. Headache and dyspepsia have fled forever. I do my work at the office so well that Mr. McGrump has increased my salary every year since 1883; and has increased it cheerfully too. My Aunt Rebecca is not now the sole object of my affections; last winter I met the very best little woman in the world at the Montreal hill, and next May, if spared, as soon as our cottage on Dorchester street is ready for us, we are to be made man and wife at St. Tobias's.

ELIJAH H. DODDS.

Longue Pointe.

Bill Nye's Talk.

There is no place in the United States, so far as I know, where the cow is so versatile or ambidextrous, if I may be allowed the use of a term that is far above my station in life, than here in the mountains of North Carolina, where the obese 'possum and the anonymous distiller have their homes.

Not only is the Tar-heel cow the author of a pale but athletic style of butter, but in her leisure hours she aids in tilling the perpendicular farm on the hillside, or draws the products to market. In this way she contrives to put in her time to the best advantage, and when she dies it casts a gloom over the community in which she has resided.

The life of a North Carolina cow is indeed fraught with various changes and saturated with a zeal which is priseworthy in the extreme. From the sunny days when she gambols through the beautiful valleys, inserting her black, retrousse and perspiration dotted nose into the blue grass from ear to ear, until at life's close, when every part and portion of her overworked system is turned into food, raiment or overcoat buttons, the life of the Tarheel cow is one of intense activity.

Her girlhood is short, and almost before we have deemed her emancipation from calfhood herself we find her in the capacity of a mother. With the cares of maternity other demands are quickly made upon her. She is obliged to ostracize herself from society, and enter into the prosaic details of producting small, pallid globules of butter, the very pallor of which so thoroughly belies its lusty strength.

The butter she turns out rapidly until it begins to be worth something, when she suddenly suspends publication and begins to haul wood to market. In this great work she is assisted by the pearl grey or ecru colored jackass of the tepid South. This animal has been referred to in the newspapers throughout the country, and yet he never ceases to be an object of the greatest interest.

Day and Night

During an acute attack of Bronchitis, a ceaseless tickling in the throat, and an exhausting, dry, hacking cough, afflict the sufferer. Sleep is banished, and great prostration follows. This disease is also attended with Hoarseness, and sometimes Loss of Voice. It is liable to become chronic, involve the lungs, and terminate fatally. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral affords speedy relief and cure in cases of Bronchitis. It controls the disposition to cough, and induces refreshing sleep.

I have been a practicing physician for twenty-four years, and, for the past twelve, have suffered from annual attacks of Bronchitis. After exhausting all the usual remedies

Without Relief,

I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It helped me immediately, and effected a speedy cure.—G. Stovall, M. D., Carrollton, Miss.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is decidedly the best remedy, within my knowledge, for chronic Bronchitis, and all lung diseases.—M. A. Rust, M. D., South Paris, Me.

I was attacked, last winter, with a severe Cold, which, from exposure, grew worse and finally settled on my Lungs. By night sweats I was reduced almost to a skeleton. My Cough was incessant, and I frequently spit blood. My physician told me to give up business, or I would not live a month. After taking various remedies without relief, I was finally

Cured By Using

two bottles of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I am now in perfect health, and able to resume business, after having been pronounced incurible with Consumption.—S. P. Henderson, Saulsburgh, Penn.

For years I was in a decline. I had weak lungs, and suffered from Bronchitis and Catarrh. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral restored me to health, and I have been for a long time comparatively vigorous. In case of a sudden cold I always resort to the Pectoral, and find speedy relief.—Edward E. Curtis, Rutland, Vt.

Two years ago I suffered from a severe Bronchitis. The physician attending me became fearful that the disease would terminate in Pneumonia. After trying various medicines, without benefit, he finally prescribed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved me at once. I continued to take this medicine a short time, and was cured.—Ernest Colton, Logansport, Ind.

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MONEY TO LOAN.

October 13, 1886—6m

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Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Pleurisy, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Sleeplessness, Inflammation, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Colds, Chilblains, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhœa, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Diseases. We will send free, postpaid, to all who send their names, an Illustrated Pamphlet containing information of very great value. Everybody should have this book, and those who send for it will give other thank-ful lucky stars. All who buy or order direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not abundantly satisfied. Retail price, 25 cts.; 6 bottles, $1.50. Express prepaid to any part of the United States or Canada. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., P. O. Box 3110, Boston, Mass.

THE MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY EVER KNOWN.

1887. 1887.

REDDIN'S DRUG STORE.

CAMERON BLOCK. CAMERON BLOCK.

WHILE wishing a bright and prosperous New Year to all, would remind the general public that we have everything usually found in a FIRST-CLASS DRUG STORE AT LOWEST PRICES.

10 gross Diamond Dyes,
Howard's Cream Tartar,
" Baking Soda,
Nestle's, Ridge's and Mellin's Food.

Fellows' Syrup,
Patent Medicines,
Holloway's Pills,
Eno's Fruit Salt.

All the latest improvements for Dispensing.

Personal attention. Pure Chemicals.

Havana Cigars and Fine Tobaccos a Specialty

D. O'M. REDDIN, Jr.

Charlottetown, Jan. 19, 1887.

MARK WRIGHT & CO

1887. —ARE— 1887.

Better prepared than ever before to give the BEST VALUE in every description of

FURNITURE,

All manufactured on their premises by first-class workmen, and warranted second to none.

They have in stock 3,000 CHAIRS of various designs, and will sell them at prices to suit the hard times.

LOUNGES, BEDSTEADS, TABLES, WASHSTANDS, LOOKING-GLASSES, MATTRASSES, PICTURES, MOULDING, PARLOR SETS, BEDROOM SETS,

and a thousand other articles too numerous to mention.

Remember we cannot be undersold.

Undertaking Department a Specialty.

MARK WRIGHT & CO.

Kent Street, Charlottetown, Jan. 4, 1886.

STOCK - TAKING.

In order to reduce very low our whole Stock previous to Stock-taking, we are offering Special Inducements to Cash Purchasers in every Department.

BALANCE OF FUR GOODS, very cheap.
FUR-LINED DOLMANS, largely reduced.
WINTER DRESS GOODS, at prices to clear.
BALANCE OF LADIES' FELT HATS, at cost.
SACK AND ULSTER CLOTH, at very low prices.
SACKS, REDINGOTES AND ULSTERS, cheap.

BARGAINS IN HOUSE FURNISHINGS OF EVERY KIND.

CARPETS *at Low Prices. Low Prices. Low Prices.*

BEER BROS.

Charlottetown, Jan. 5, 1887.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND RAILWAY.

1886-7. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1886-7.

On and after Wednesday, December 1st, 1886, Trains will run as follows (Sundays excepted):—

Trains Depart—For the West.

STATIONS.	No. 1.	No. 3.
	A. M.	P. M.
Charlottetown	7.15	1.50
Royalty Junct'n	7.34	2.12
North Wiltshire	8.17	3.05
Hunter River	8.30	3.20
Bradalbane	9.00	3.57
O'Leary	9.09	4.07
Freetown	9.23	4.23
Kensington	9.46	4.50
Summerside ar	10.10	5.20
Summerside dp	P. M. 12.40	P. M.
Miscouche	1.00	
Wellington	1.27	
Port Hill	2.04	
O'Leary	3.32	
Bloomfield	3.45	
Alberton	4.30	
Tignish ar	6.15	

Trains Arrive—From the West.

STATIONS.	No. 2.	No. 4.
	A. M.	A. M.
Tignish dp	6.00	10.00
Alberton	7.45	1.37
Bloomfield	8.30	2.22
O'Leary	8.45	2.35
Port Hill	9.32	3.23
Wellington	10.09	4.00
Miscouche	10.35	4.27
Summerside ar	11.20	A. M.
Summerside dp	A. M. 10.55	
Kensington	11.18	
Freetown	11.36	7.05
Bradalbane	11.49	7.18
O'Leary	12.20	7.49
Hunter River	12.39	8.08
North Wiltshire	12.52	8.21
Royalty Junct.	1.35	9.04
Charlottetown	2.10	9.40

Trains Depart—For the East.

STATIONS.	No. 5.	No. 7.
	P. M.	
Mt. Stewart Junc. ar	2.00	
Mt. Stewart Junc. dp	2.20	
Georgetown ar	3.45	
Georgetown dp	5.15	
	P. M.	P. M.
Mt. Stewart		4.05
Morell		4.43
St. Peter's		5.12
Bear River		5.57
Souris ar		6.40
		P. M.

Trains Arrive—From the East.

STATIONS.	No. 6.	No. 8.
	A. M.	
Souris dp	10.25	
Bear River	11.08	
St. Peter's	11.53	
Morell	12.26	
Mount Stewart ar	1.00	
Mount Stewart dp	1.05	
Georgetown ar	2.30	
Georgetown dp	7.15	A. M.
	A. M.	
Charlottetown	10.25	
Royalty Junct'n	10.55	
Bedford	11.03	
Kensington	11.25	
Summerside	12.05	
Port Hill	12.47	
O'Leary	1.34	
Alberton	2.19	
Tignish	3.00	

Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

Trains on Cape Traverse Branch leave County Line Junction at 4.10 p.m. on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, arriving at Cape Traverse at 5 p.m., and leave Cape Traverse at 6.45 a.m. on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, arriving at County Line Junction at 7.35 a.m. All other Trains run daily (Sundays excepted).

JAMES COLEMAN,
Superintendent.

Railway Office, Charlottetown, November 2, 1886.