MILLIONAIRE AND BAREFOOT.

'Tis evening, and the round, red sun sinks slowly in the west,
The flowers fold their petals up, the birds fly to the nest,
The crickets chirrup in the grass, the bats flit to and fro,
And tinkle-tankle up the lane the lowing cattle go;
And the rich man from his carriage looks out on them as they come—
On them and on the Barefoot Boy that drives the cattle home.

"I wish," the boy says to himself—"I wish that I were he.
And yet, upon maturer thought, I do not—no sirree!
Not for all the gold his coffers hold would I be that duffer there,
With a liver pad and a gouty toe and scarce a single hair;
To have a wife with a Roman nose and fear lest a panic come—
Far better to be the Barefoot Boy that drives the cattle home."

And the rich man murmurs to himself: "Would I give all my pelf
To change my lot with yonder boy? Not if I know myself.
Over the grass that's full of ants and chill with dew to go,
With a stone-bruise upon either heel and a splinter in my toe;
Oh, I'd rather sail my yacht a year across the ocean's foam
Than be one day the Barefoot Boy that drives the cattle home."

—Harper's Monthly.

THE WRONG MAN.

BY THE HON. MRS. A. MONTGOMERY.

Author of "Mine Own Familiar Friend."

CHAPTER XIV—(CONTINUED.)

Then they came back to the question of Frederick's innocence, and of why he had concealed the circumstances from his parents. Madeline had some difficulty in persuading him to confide in her. He seemed to have a conscientious doubt as to whether he should be right in doing so. But when Madeline, whose manner had now entirely changed, begged him to trust her, and promised that even to his mother she would not repeat the particulars until he gave her permission, he seemed too much touched to refuse. He reminded her that he had gone to London to the bank of which his father's first cousin was the manager. The cousins had been brought up together, and a more than brotherly affection existed between them. This affection Mr. Herbert's cousin, Mr. Radcliffe, continued to his son; and as Frederick had shown very early in life a most remarkable talent for figures, and uncommonly steady business habits, he had taken him very young into the bank, and after a very unusually short period, Frederick had been made cashier. In the same bank Godfrey Huskinson was clerk. He was somewhat younger than Frederick, who conceived an extraordinary affection for the younger man, whose gaiety of manner and absence of all care contrasted with his own sober ways, and made it easy for Frederick to relax from his naturally tight-strung habits of thought, as evening after evening the two young men amused themselves.

'I cannot express to you,' he said, 'my feelings about Godfrey Huskinson. I never had a brother, and I was unusually old for my years. The charm of that fair-haired boy's high spirits, his constant flow of humor or broader fun, his utter recklessness, and his exquisite musical powers, with a voice like an angel's, entirely captivated me. He was very fond of me, and for a long time he was amenable to my influence. He was always getting into scrapes, and I was always coming to the rescue. Of course a boy like that was sure to be his mother's idol, and privately she used to write to me from time to time, and say how entirely she looked to me to keep him straight, and to protect him from the consequences of his wild spirits. I got to think myself specially appointed to protect Godfrey Huskinson. But by degrees my anxiety about him became more serious. I was not always sure of where he went, what houses he frequented, or what he did. He would keep away from me for days together, and then, when we did meet, would disarm my displeasure and evade my inquires by his irresistible manner, and his charming appearance of frankness and affection. I had grave misgivings. I feared he gambled—I feared worse things than that, and I was miserable when he was out of my sight, only to reproach myself for being such a brute as to doubt him and accuse him when next we met. He had a way of confessing to me his lesser peccadillos, and asking my advice and aid, which threw dust into my eyes, while all the time wickedness and immorality to which he never alluded, were sinking him deeper and deeper in an abyss of ruin.

'For some weeks I had noticed that Godfrey had grown gloomy and taciturn. When he was in spirits I suspected it was more the result of over-indulgence in wine than from being either well or happy, for at that time his health began visibly to decline.

'It happened one day that one of our clients brought a sum of two thousand pounds to be placed in our hands to his account. It was handed to me, and would have to appear on my books when I made up the accounts that evening. I placed it with other sums in my desk at which I was writing, till at the close of the day I should consign it to the iron safe. Godfrey was at his desk near me, and saw me put the money into mine. Soon after he left the bank, which at the moment I did not notice, and in a quarter of an hour's time he returned, looking white and terrified, with an open telegram in his hand, to the effect that his father, who was at Boulogne, was seized with an attack of apoplexy, and that he must come over at once. I did not take the telegram in my hand; Godfrey only read it to me. Excessively pained and shocked for my friend, I advised him to go at once to my cousin, the manager, and ask for leave of absence. Godfrey threw himself on a chair, declaring that he was too much overcome to go himself, and beggedme to go for him. Of course I went, full of my friend's grief, and thinking as I do, that, after all, there could not be much harm in a fellow with so much feeling and such strong family affections. Equally, of course, I neglected to lock my desk before I left my compartment for the manager's private room. Mr. Radcliffe made no difficulty in granting the request. When I returned to tell Godfrey I found he had gone to wait for me in the street outside the bank. I reminded him that the tidal train did not leave till late in the evening, and added that he had better come to my rooms, which were nearer than his own, and dine with me before setting off. He answered me in a wild, incoherent way, which I put down to his extreme grief about his father, told me he had some business to settle before leaving, and promising to write to me, jumped into a hansom. I did not hear the address he gave the cabman; I concluded he had gone to his own lodgings, and, resolving I would follow him there as soon as the bank closed, I returned to my post at my desk. I had been writing for about an hour when four o'clock struck, and I saw the clerks were all moving to the door, having completed their business for the day. I then remembered the two thousand pounds. I was a little startled at finding my desk unlocked—not, of course, from any suspicion of anybody, but simply because it was an omission on my part. When I opened my desk, the first thing that caught my eye was Godfrey's seal ring. He had a very handsome one, of which he was very proud, and when sitting, talking, or singing, he had a habit of taking it off the little finger, on which he always wore it, and hanging it on the first joint of the first finger, which, of course, it did not fit. I had often told him that some day he would forget it and it would slip off; but it was a trick he had acquired, and he could not break himself of it. So there in my desk lay Godfrey's seal ring, glittering most ominously in my sight, while the two thousand pounds were nowhere to be found.

'How long I sat stupefied with horror I cannot tell. I loved him, and, in spite of all, I felt I should love him still; and in the midst of my indignation, my heart yearned towards the lad whom I had loved better than a brother, and I found myself, in the midst of my anger at the crime, pitying him for the dreadful but unknown straits that must driven him to commit it. Of course, as soon as I could rouse myself for action the first thought was what I could do to save Godfrey, and to get back the money; and I really at the time think I was even more impressed by the first necessity than by the last.'

'That was hardly just to your employers,' interposed Madeline, with her stern common sense.

'I think, perhaps, you are right,' replied Frederick, with a smile; 'our sense of justice is often blinded or hoodwinked by our affections.'

'Perhaps,' said Madeline, in a softer tone, 'it may be so sometimes, because we know how much mercy we shall need ourselves at the last great assizes, when all of us shall be called up for trial.'

'I knew,' continued Frederick, 'that my cousin did not take in the whole account and contents of the safe until the end of the week, and this happened on a Thursday; I had, therefore, rather more than a day and two nights before me. My first step was to drive to Godfrey's lodgings. He was not there. I asked his landlady when he had been there. She told me he had left the house as usual to go to the bank, but had done so twenty minutes earlier than his wont, and had taken with him his portmanteau and his dressing case, and that he would write when he was coming back. She supposed if, as I stated, he had gone to the bank, he must have taken his luggage to the railway station from which he was intending to start. I then recollected that Godfrey had appeared that day at the bank a quarter of an hour later than usual. My next course was to the luggage-office, at Charing Cross Station, of the Folkestone line. I asked for permission to see whether a friend with whom I was going by that night's tidal train had brought his luggage. A weak-administered shilling let me in. Godfrey's luggage was not there. I asked myself with horror whether he could have altogether deceived me—that he was not going to Boulogne, and that even the telegram was a forgery. For the moment I was more horrified at this evidence of premeditation, and at this deceit played upon myself and my affection for him, than at the theft itself. I immediately made the same application at the Chatham and Dover Railway at London Bridge, under the impression that possibly he might be going by the night-mail to Calais. I entered the luggage office with a beating heart, and there lay Godfrey's portmanteau and his dressing-case. I shall never forget the sensation of sickness which seized me as my eye fell on those objects, covered over by Godfrey's cloak, so familiar to my eyes; and I thought how foolishly he had done it all, if his intention was to protect himself from being pursued by the police, or else how boldly and entirely he had dared to trust to my stupid affection not to betray him. The mail train starts at nine. I glanced at the clock, and saw that it only wanted ten minutes to the time. In a few seconds Godfrey would be on the platform. It would be too late to stop him, and any attempt to do so would make him desperate; or if I were resolved to do it at any cost, oblige me to denounce him to the police.

'There are no second-class tickets issued for the nigh mail, which I was vexed at, for I knew well that Godfrey, with his usual lavish habits, would be sure to travel first-class, and I wanted to avoid him. I drew the collar of my coat as close around me as I could, and wound a scarf round my neck, and then made for the carriage nearest the engine, persuaded that Godfrey would not arrive till the last moment, and would jump into the first carriage. I watched every person who came on the platform. Presently my heart gave a great thump. There was Godfrey, well muffled up, luggage in hand. He leapt into a carriage, the doors were slammed and locked, and we were off. I was alone in my compartment. I hid my face in my hands and wept like a woman.

CHAPTER XV.

'I had nothing to encumber me but a small leather bag, and, arrived at Dover, I leapt from the carriage, and never paused till I got on board, where I immediately went aft, and concealed myself as best I could behind some rigging. Godfrey was not likely to come to that part of the boat; and as there fell a fine rain, I made sure he would go below. Long before the captain's cry of 'Stop 'er!' I had posted myself ready to dart across the ladder as soon as we should arrive; and I was the first passenger who set foot on shore, my object being to stand by, see Godfrey land, and watch whither he went.

'Presently I saw him pushing his way impatiently through the crowd. He had his portmanteau in one hand, and his dressing-case in the other; and somehow he got caught in the press, and for a half a minute was held in a dead lock. He got very angry, and I heard him swear at the people who were unintentionally blocking his way. He was evidently very much excited, and I had never heard him use such language before. It seemed to reveal to me the demoralization into which the unfortunate youth had sunk; and had I not known the accents so well, I should never have believed I was listening to Godfrey's voice.

'I have often reflected since on the anguish of first seeing one whom you have loved dearly under the dominion of evil which your affection had believed could never touch him, and of which you had fancied him absolutely ignorant. That illusion, once lost, can never be woven again. He was too much out of temper to look upon him when he landed. I followed him, at a little distance, to the Hotel Dessein, where, to my astonishment, he entered. I did the same. He had taken a room. I took another, wondering to myself whether I was in a dream, or was he out of his mind. I waited impatiently, until I thought all was quiet, and then, having marked the number of his door, I knocked. I had to give my name before he would open the door. When he did so, it was with a face of ghastly terror. He held it for a moment ajar. I pushed it open, turned the key in the lock, and put it in my pocket. The wretched boy sank in a chair and burst into tears.'

Frederick paused when he had got so far in his narrative. He seemed almost overcome, for he was still very weak, and evidently the emotion of opening his heart and relating his great secret for the first time was too much for him.

Madeline, who was listening with intense interest, entirely oblivious of the flight of time, proposed that he should tell her no more that day, and that she should come again the next. But Frederick replied that, having once begun his confession he thought it would be better to get it all over at once—'unless,' he added, 'I weary you with my long story.'

The tears stood in her eyes as she replied:

'You interest me more than I can say.'

'There is not much more to tell, Miss Fairley.'

'You may call me Madeline again,' said she, in a sweet voice, and with a slight blush.

'Thank you, Madeline. That shows me you have not unalterably withdrawn from me all your esteem. I cannot tell you all the details of the avowal I extracted from my unhappy young friend. They would not be fit for you to listen to. But he acknowledged that for a long time past (and the date he gave me took me back to the days when I had thought him as light-hearted and innocent as a young girl) he had been living with a woman of lost reputation, who had obtained from him, probably in a fit of intoxication, a written promise of marriage within a year. The year was fast drawing to a close, and he was threatened with a trial for breach of promise, which, had it come on, would have revealed to his family, his employers, and the whole public, the immoral and dissolute habits of his life.

'The time was drawing near when Godfrey would have to keep his promise. But by then he had got to know the real nature of the woman, and in spite of some remaining fascination, his eyes were opened to the utter ruin of such a connection. She saw the advantage she had over him with his youth and inexperience, and she pushed her point more energetically than overusing every means to get him into her clutches, not excepting that of encouraging him in drinking. Finally, she extracted another signature from him, to the effect that if he failed to keep his first promise, he was to pay her down a sum of two thousand pounds before a given day; after which he was to be free. This paper she had actually taken to the office to get it stamped, and so give it all the legal value of which it was capable.

'The payment was due on the following Saturday, and never shall I forget the terms of agony in which Godfrey depicted to me the horror that seized him as day after day elapsed, and he saw no way of realizing the sum of money which alone could set him free. He told me that before he actually committed the theft he had brought himself to contemplate the commission of any crime which might release him. He had even gone to the length of binding himself by a vow to do the first thing which should present to his imagination, as a means of getting money. When I asked him what had induced him to make such an unheard-of oath, he replied that it was to give himself strength against the pleadings of his conscience, by substituting a false obligation for a true one. He had made no plan beforehand, but when he saw the two thousand pounds put into my desk, and noticed that I did not relock it, the whole thing seemed as clear as day to him—this was his chance of escape, this was his salvation!

'The rest was the inspiration of the moment. He happened to have in his pocket, amongst his letters, the yellow cover of a telegram of no importance, which he had received that morning, addressed to him at the bank. He left the bank for a few minutes to write a false telegram himself, in a counterfeit hand, and then had to trust to my not examining it closely, which, of course, it never struck me for an instant to do, while I saw he had the yellow envelope in one hand, and held the supposed telegram in the other.'

'But,' interrupted Madeline, 'how could he for a moment imagine he would not be immediately detected by you, and denounced to the manager, and the police sent after him?'

'You may well ask, and in that I come to the most extraordinary part of all. To that question, which I of course put to him, he replied that he felt sure I should suspect anyone and everyone before him. I answered him by the abrupt question, 'Godfrey, where is your signet ring?' He looked down bewildered at his left hand. It was, as you know, not there; and as he glanced up at my face in astonishment, I took it out of my waistcoat pocket. 'Then,' said he, 'that is how you knew it was I—that cursed trick you had so often told me to break off?' But I found that he had made up his mind that, even if I did suspect him, I would never denounce him. I asked him how he dared to suppose I would ever connive at such a fraud practiced on my employers. It is difficult to describe to you all that followed. He had reckoned, in a half-childish, irrational way, on my consenting to intercede for him—on my even denying he had done it, and asserting that I, as a relative of Mr. Radcliffe's, had ventured on borrowing the money for a pressing need of my own, and would restore it. It is impossible to represent to you the half-foolish, half-fraudulent state of mind to which agony, suspense, and guilt had reduced the unhappy youth. I represented to him that the only wise thing to have done, as also the only practical one, would have been to have taken me into his confidence at the commencement of his difficulties. I reminded him that, sad as it might be, he was by many thousands not the only young man who had fallen into the snares of a designing woman, and that, had he not kept it all secret from me, he might have been released on easier terms. He acknowledged that he saw it all now, when it was too late. When I blamed and upbraided him, his only reply was to cling to me, as a child might to a father or an elder brother, now tearing his hair, now sobbing aloud. His emotional nature brought out all there was of touchingness and melting tenderness in his wayward, facile, and boyish character. He argued that I might do anything with Mr. Radcliffe, because I was a near relative, and respected by all the firm, but that he had no chance, never having been really liked by the heads of the house, though always a favorite with the young clerks. His father was unknown to Mr. Radcliffe, whereas mine was all powerful. But I will not weary you with all his arguments, any more than with the tears and prayers that followed.

'Meanwhile, I was in an agony lest I should bring myself to no conclusive decision before I had to return. I had hardly even made up my mind, when I started in the train with him, and I would do more than verify to myself that the telegram and his father's illness had been only a means to an end invented by himself. And now the moments were flying past, and I had to return by the boat which leaves Calais at twenty past one, bringing me into London at seven, a. m., so as not to be a defaulter at the bank the following morning.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Random Notes.

'We must husband our resources,' as the man said when he pocketed the half crown his wife wife had earned for a day's washing.

A young poet of the realistic school writes:—'Time marches on with the slow measured tread of a man working by the day.'

Curran said of a man with a very solemn face, 'Whenever I see smiles on that man's face they remind me of the tin clasps on an oaken coffin.'

The very last curiosity spoken of in the papers is a wheel that came off a dog's tail when it was awaggin'. The man who discovered it has retired from public life.

The French actor, Arnal, wished to gain the ear of his manager by a visit, but was told by the porter that he had just died. 'No matter I have only one word to say to him.'

Someone asked a Marseillaise tenor why he sang only in concerts. 'It's very simple,' he replied. 'One day I fell down stairs and broke my voice, and that is why I sing in pieces.'

A journal some time ago offered a school prize for the best essay on 'Honesty.' Of the twenty-three responses received a large proportion proved to have been stolen; and one, a poem, was stolen entire.

The editor of a French newspaper, speaking of the dedication of a new cemetery near Lyons, said that 'M. Gascoigne had the pleasure of being the first individual who was buried in this delightful retreat.'

'Father, is the English a dead language?' 'Why, no, my son. English is the most living of all languages.' 'Well, father, I'm mighty glad to know that. I've heard so often about English having been murdered.'

'Pa, what is poetic licence?' 'Well, my boy, as nearly as I can learn, poetic license is something which enables a man to say things in verse which would incarcerate him in a lunatic asylum if worked off at a political meeting.'

A lady once borrowed a dictionary of an acquaintance; on returning the book she was asked how she liked it? 'Oh,' replied the fair one, 'the words are beautiful, but I don't think much of the story, it changes its subject so often."

An attorney about to furnish a bill of costs, was requested by his client, a baker, to 'make it as light as he could.' 'Ah,' replied the attorney, 'that's what you say to your foreman, But its not the way I make my bread.'

A gentleman whose crest was a boot and a spur, and who had it painted on his carriage, one day saw two boys carefully examining the adornment. One boy said: 'I wonder why they have painted that upon the carriage.' 'I daresay because he's a shoemaker.'

An Irish farmer who has settled in one of the Western States, having come to New York to join in the celebration of St. Patrick's Day, was partaking of refreshments in one of the principal hotels when the procession began to file past. In the enthusiasm of the moment he rushed to the door, and shouted: 'Three cheers for ould Ireland.' A young swell, standing at the same place, but apparently not sharing his feelings, turning towards him with a look of contempt, exclaimed: 'Three cheers for hell!' 'Right,' retorted the Irishman, cheerfully. 'Every man for his own country.'

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Purest Drugs,
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Tinting, Whitewashing, Graining, Gilding, Glazing, &c.,

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Charlottetown, Feb. 27, 1884—3m

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Farm containing 50 Acres,

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and all scrofulous diseases, **Sores, Erysipelas, Eczema, Blotches, Ringworm, Tumors, Carbuncles, Boils,** and **Eruptions of the Skin,** are the direct result of an impure state of the blood.

To cure these diseases the blood must be purified, and restored to a healthy and natural condition. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has for over forty years been recognized by eminent medical authorities as the most powerful blood purifier in existence. It frees the system from all foul humors, enriches and strengthens the blood, removes all traces of mercurial treatment, and proves itself a complete master of all scrofulous diseases.

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"Some months ago I was troubled with scrofulous sores ulcerous on my legs. The limbs were badly swollen and inflamed, and the sores discharged large quantities of offensive matter. Every remedy I tried failed, until I used AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, of which I have now taken three bottles, with the result that the sores are healed, and my general health greatly improved. I feel very grateful for the good you, medicine has done me.

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

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Charlottetown, June 6, 1883.

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Feb. 6, 1884—2m

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Mr. O'Dwyer calls attention to the fact that he is possessed of superior wharf and warehouse accommodation, and is prepared to guarantee every satisfaction.

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Nine Mile Creek, Dec. 26, 1883—3m

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—1yr

C. P. FLETCHER

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

SIGN OF THE BIG FIDDLE.

Charlottetown, Nov. 14, 1883.

Hemlock Timber.

WANTED!

SOME long round Hemlock Timber for piles. Also, a lot Flatted Logs.

Apply to

F. W. HALES,
Steam Nav. Co

June 6, 1883—tf

SELLING OFF

—AT THE—

Imperial Grocery Store,

RICHMOND STREET,

GROCERIES
CROCKERY,
GLASS WARE,
CODFISH,
HERRING, &c.

Must be cleared off before the 1st of May,

P. N. PATÉ.

February 20, 1884. tl may 1

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the envelope "Tender for Indian Supplies," will be received up to noon of Tuesday, the first day of April next, for the following articles, or any of them, to be delivered to the Indian Superintendent on Lennox Island, in such quantities and at such times as may be required by him:—Flour, Tea, Sugar, Cotton, Print, Moccassins, Lumber, Shingles, Nails.

Samples of groceries and dry goods must accompany the Tenders.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Any newspaper inserting this advertisement without authority from this Department, through the Queen's Printer, will forfeit payment for the same.

L. VANKOUGHNET,
Deputy of the Superintendent General of Indian Affairs.

Department of Indian Affairs, Ottawa, February 9th, 1884. } tl apl

LUMBER!

—ON—

PEAKE'S NO. 3 WHARF,

(M. P. Hogan's Old Stand).

100,000 feet Seasoned Pine, 1, 1¼, 1½ and 2 inch, &c., &c.,
100,000 do Hemlock Boards,
100,000 do Spruce do.,
100,000 do Studding, 2x3, 3x3, 2x5, 2x6, &c.,
300,000 Cedar Shingles, No. 1,
300,000 Spruce do.,
20,000 Brick,
10,000 Clapboards, Nos. 1 and 2.

Dressed Flooring, Scantling, Fencing, Cedar Posts, Refuse Deal, &c., and all other kinds of Lumber suitable for Building purposes.

All the above to be sold cheap for cash.

POOLE & LEWIS.

Office—Peake's Wharf, No. 3. apr1—1y

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Address all letters and corr
HERALD Office, Queen Street,

RICHARD WALS

CALENDAR FOR AP

MOON'S CHANG

First Quarter 2nd day, 5h. 4.5m
Full Moon 10th day, 7h. 31.6m.
Last Quarter 17th day, 11h. 42.2
New Moon 25th day, 10h. 45.1m

Mo	Day of Week	Sun Rises	Sun Sets	Mo Rise
		h. m.	h. m.	m.
1	Tuesday	5 45	5 22	9
2	Wed.	42	24	10
3	Thur.	40	26	11
4	Friday	38	27	aft
5	Satur.	37	29	1
6	Sunday	35	31	2
7	Monday	32	31	3
8	Tuesday	31	33	5
9	Wed.	29	34	6
10	Thur.	27	35	7
11	Friday	24	36	8
12	Satur.	23	38	9
13	Sunday	22	39	9
14	Monday	20	40	10
15	Tuesday	18	42	11
16	Wed.	16	43	mo
17	Thur.	14	44	0
18	Friday	12	45	1
19	Satur.	11	47	1
20	Sunday	9	48	2
21	Mon.	8	50	2
22	Tuesday	5	51	3
23	Wed.	3	53	3
24	Thur.	2	54	4
25	Friday	0	55	4
26	Saturday	4 59	57	5
27	Sunday	56	58	6
28	Monday	56	59	7
29	Tuesday	54	0	8
30	Wed.	53	7 2	9

McLEOD, M
& McQUA
BARRISTERS & ATTORN
Office in Old
UP STAIR
Charlottetown, February

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Solicitors in Ch
NOTARIES PU
OFFICES—O'Halloran'
George Street, Charlotte
Money to Loan.
W. W. SULLIVAN, Q. C. | CHA
jan17

DR. P. CO
PHYSICIAN & S
GREAT GEORGE
CHARLOTTE
Feb. 13, 1884—1y

JAMES PH
Marble
KENT STR
Charlottetown, P.

I HAVE on hand a C
MONUMENTS,
HEADSTO
TA
—OF—
Italian & A
MARB
From New and Bea
which are superior to
previously had to offe
I will guarantee to give
who favor me with their
JAMES
June 6, 1883—1y

HICKEY & S
MANUFACTUR
Chewing and
TOBA
No. 1 Queen St.,
P. E. ISL
Nov. 8, 1882.