

ON READING THE VESPER BELLS IN ITALY. Mark it in the Vesper bell...

Laura Desmond's Choice.

BY ANNE M. STUART. PART II. CHAPTER XX—(Continued.)

Laura felt her breath come and go at those regular intervals, she turned back and cold by turns; but the eye of the priest met her own, and they fastened her to place a restraint upon her feeling and leave him to conduct the ceremonial part of the business.

Mr. Desmond, arrived at No. 64, Jubilee Street, this day. Mrs. Buzzele was ready to receive her visitors. She had refreshed herself with her usual four o'clock tea. She wore her black silk dress, and a white lace cap trimmed with velvet ribbon...

'Oh my God! bless her with Thy best blessings for her love to my poor boy.' In less than three minutes they were alone. Mrs. Buzzele stepped on the stairs; she entered the room bearing in her hand a small parcel. She took no heed of her other visitors but went to Laura, opened the parcel, and she said, as she laid it on the lap of the latter: 'Now, my dear lady, can you carry your memory back twenty-three long years, for these are the clothes I took off my dear boy the night he came to me. I could not have kept him clothed in such fine garments, though he always went like a little gentleman after all; but I folded these things up as soon as I had made others for him, and looked them up in a drawer, and about a year I have unfolded them and looked at them, and wondered if ever I should know who his real mother was.'

'Dear little children, they do take on badly when in grief, but I think they soon forget their sorrow if only work would be patient. Here I am with never a child of my own, and yet I do love little children so very much. I am sure I should have been a fond mother if the Lord had sent me any. For many days I have had nothing to put in my diary. December 11th and 12th: Nothing to write except that the little boy is not well and keeping up our mamma's all day long. He gave me a turn when there was a knock at the door, for he looked up and listened saying, 'Is that mamma come for Derald?' Yes, Derald, that's what it sounds like, but it is an odd name. 'December 24. How busy I have been lately, making up a change of clothing, for the child has taken up all my time. Dear heart, how fond I have grown of him, he has such pretty ways, yet now that Jack is coming home I feel uneasy, like as to whether he will like what I have done, and yet how could I help myself, and that wicked Martha has been writing one word since the child came here. 'It is strange the little fellow should be ill too. I think he is pining unless he has some child's complaint coming on. 'I must leave off writing, for it is past six, and Jack will soon be home. How glad I shall be to see him back again. 'Being Day. The child is bed and Jack with it. 'What a time I had of it on Christmas Eve. I was glad Jack did not get home till seven, for the dear little fellow was in bed and asleep. It was a bonny thing to have my husband back for Christmas. Poor soul, he looked so happy when he was seeing his own kitchen fire. 'Biddy dear, said he, 'there's nothing to come up to me, but a cheerful heart and a good tempered wife when a man is off the sea after many months away from old England; and then the silly man took to graining! my looks after he had prided my temper; but I soon stopped that, saying that whatever little I had that was good, I never was noted for my good looks, but handsome is my dear old mother used to say. 'And when I saw him quite comfortable then I up and told him about my little boy. 'I've something to tell you, Jack, said I, 'and I am not alone in the house. 'My heart was all in a flutter about the poor little creature. 'This done on night, I said to my husband, 'I hope there be no one living in it beyond you and I, and passy, you know, Biddy, we have enough and to spare, we need have no lodgers. 'Our lodger is a very small one, Jack, dear. I'll not beat about the bush any longer; six weeks ago who should I hear from, but your daughter, Martha. 'A confounded jade! he muttered to himself, 'how dared she set her foot under my roof? I've not heard from her since she ran away with my friend Biddy, disagreeing with my friend Biddy. Tell me all that she had to say for herself. 'And after I told him she had not been at the house but written to me and spoke what he jumped up and said to his fingers through his hair, a height of his when he is out of temper, and said: 'Why surely, Biddget, you have not any child of my infamous daughter here; say at once, and awful cross he did look. 'If you have done so, you must start the child off this very night. 'My Jack, said I, 'and the child is here, and you're thinking of I don't even know where Martha be living, but she sent me where I said I, and I pulled out the two bank notes. 'Depend upon it, says I, 'she don't mean nothing but what's honest. 'That's not the thing, woman; what burs one is to think I have a child of hers under my roof? I did not like her calling me woman, in that shabby way, so says I, 'I'm sure I didn't think you would take it so to heart, even if it be Martha's child, which I very much doubt; and if I have done an inhuman thing we must just put up with it for a bit; the poor little dear is so good as gold in the house. 'Her good company to me, and won't leave me any, though at times he do take on badly about his mother. 'And a pretty wretch of a mother he's got, says Jack; 'but where is he, Biddy; if I had been in the house he wouldn't have found a home here I guess. 'Now my Jack is one of the best fellows that ever lived, but then words he set me on thinking about the

me and the deep waters for weeks past.' He came back at one o'clock bringing with him the steward of the 'Freddy Pegg'. We dined in the kitchen to save trouble, and I told him all about the child, and he agreed with us that he could not be our Martha's boy. 'Then after dinner we went up to the parlor, and I mixed the punch and they spun their yarn; and at six o'clock, Jack went with his friend to Boston Station. 'At seven I put my dear boy to bed, and my husband came home, and we sat over a cheery fire talking of old times when his first wife was alive, he a man before the mast, and I at service in a rope-makers family at Wapping, and we thanked God that we might look for rest in our old days; and then for ourselves, we got to talk about the dear child above stairs, how we wished to know whose child he was. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS. WILL CURE OR RELIEVE BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, HEADACHE, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, &c.

CARTER'S LIVER PILLS. CURE SICK HEADACHE.

CANADIAN SILVERWARE. THE greater part of our Silver-Plated Ware is made by First-class American Houses...

E. W. TAYLOR, CAMERON BLOCK. February 2, 1887-ly

IMPERIAL CREAM TARTAR BAKING POWDER. PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST, CONTAINS NO ALUM, AMMONIA, LIME, PHOSPHATES, or any injurious materials.

HAYWARD'S YELLOW OIL. CURES RHEUMATISM. FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS.

Smoking and Chewing Tobacco. OF THE FINEST QUALITY, Manufactured from Pure Virginia Leaf, at Riley's Tobacco Factory, Water Street, Charlottetown.

D. A. MACKINNON, LL.B., ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, Notary Public, &c. Has Opened his Law Office, Georgetown, King's County.

STANLEY BROS. Brown's Block, Charlottetown, Nov. 30, 1887.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT. FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE. THE MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY EVER KNOWN. REDDIN'S DRUG STORE. Always to the Front With the Freshest and Most Reliable Stock of Goods IN THE MARKET.

A LETTER FROM QUEBEC. (Translated from the French.) GENTLEMEN,— I have deferred writing the better to testify to the benefits derived from the use of your Liniment. It has done wonders among all the people who have used it about here.

FUR GOODS! Jackets, Dolmanetts, Muffs, Tip-pets, Boas, Collars, Cuffs, Caps and Robes. A VERY LARGE ASSORTMENT. Blankets and Quilts, Very Cheap. Grey, White and Red Flannels, Genuine Bargains.

Facts that are Facts. The Largest, Best and Cheapest STOCK OF READYMADE CLOTHING ON P. B. ISLAND, Now on Exhibition. BE SURE YOU SUIT AT L. E. PROWSE'S STORE, Sign of the Great Big-Hat, Next to Stamper's Corner, Charlottetown, Nov. 30, 1887.

NEW S... The Herald... EVERY... FROM T... Corner of... CHALLOTTE... Advertisement... Calendar... D. O. M. REDDIN, Jr. Charlottetown, Oct. 19, 1887.