What Dolly Has, and What She Hasn't.

She has a cab to ride in,
A carriage robe, a coat,
A crimson dress with long, long trail,
And lace about the throat.

She wears a broad sash ribbon,
Has shoes on her little feet,
And with sacque and shawl and parasol
Her outfit is complete.

At home she has china dishes,
Painted, gilded and small;
A kitchen stove with kettles and pans,
Pipe and oven and all.

And she has a bed and a cradle,
And a hammock for a swing;
Indeed, this very favored doll
Has almost everything.

Yes, everything that a dolly
Could need as I have said;
She lacks one little trifle though,
She hasn't any head.

—*Our Little Ones.*

THE WRONG MAN.

BY THE HON. MRS. A. MONTGOMERY

Author of "Mine Own Familiar Friend."

[As, since the serial now going on in the HERALD has been commenced, five or six hundred new subscribers have been placed on our list, and as back numbers cannot be had to supply the demand, the following brief synopsis of the story, so far as it is gone, may be found useful. Mrs. Herbert is the widow of an English Catholic gentleman, who, though staunch and true to his religion, seemed for a time to labor under the delusion that it was a little un-English to be a Catholic. Frederick Herbert is the son of Mrs. Herbert. He is in deep disgrace because of a crime he is supposed to have committed, and is a private soldier in the Prussian army. The real criminal, however, is Godfrey Huskinson, for whose sin Herbert had made himself responsible and incurred disgrace, exile, and poverty. Frederick and Godfrey were employed in the same commercial house, and the latter embezzled a large sum of money. Frederick chivalrously bore the blame, although one word of his could have cleared his character and consigned young Huskinson to a jail. The understanding was that Herbert should keep silent until Huskinson would have saved enough money to make good what was embezzled, and he in a position to reveal the true state of affairs. As will have been seen from the last chapter, he was a weak mortal, more bent on enjoying life on the Continent with his friends than making an effort to render justice or sacrifice his pleasures. Madeline Fairley was a sweet young English girl, a neighbor and well-beloved friend of Herbert's mother, also on the Continent, and thrown much in the society of Godfrey and his friends the Fitzgeralds. Father Vanderick is a learned Catholic priest after the old fashion, much attached to the Herberts, and is profoundly respected and loved by them in return. Louisa Fitz-Gerald is a new friend of Madeline's, and is in love with Godfrey Huskinson. Mademoiselle Camille Vonderblanc is a clever young French lady of rank and fortune, who has been raised in an atmosphere of infidelity, but whose noble soul is seeking the light of faith, assisted by Madeline. A strong friendship is growing up between the two girls. Mr. LeMaitre is a French gentleman of the old faith and chivalry, in love with Camille. The FitzGeralds, the Huskinsons and Madeline Fairley are travelling on the Continent, and have arrived at Cologne. Here Godfrey discovered Herbert in the uniform of a Prussian soldier, and procured an interview with him, the greater part of what transpired appearing last week. The foregoing are the chief points of the story. We leave our new subscribers to learn the rest as they go along, and as events develop themselves.]

CHAPTER VII (CONTINUED.)

Herbert held out his hand; Huskinson started up, and, instead of taking it, flung his arms round his neck, and burst into tears. There are moments when the touch of grief levels all, and the man may weep like the child.

'Herbert,' he exclaimed, in a broken voice, 'by the God above us, I promise you I will make all the reparation in my power. You are the noblest human being I ever knew or could have imagined, and I am the most miserable wretch. But do not, for the love of God, despise me as I deserve! Trust me a little longer; you shall hear from me again—soon, very soon. I have plans for the future I need not trouble you with, but which will help me to achieve all that is yet possible to me. Meanwhile, no miserable being saved from the most ignominious fate ever owed the gratitude I do to you. One day it will all come right—not for me—not for my sake; I do not deserve that God should do so much for me—but for yours, my beloved and noble deliverer!'

Huskinson had seized both his hands, and bowed down his face upon them, wetting them with his tears. At that moment the rappel came nearer and nearer on its return to the barracks, after traversing the town. Herbert could no longer delay; he released one hand, and laid it kindly on Huskinson's shoulder.

'God grant it may be so, my poor fellow! I shall expect to hear from you; you know the number of my regiment, and it will not be difficult to find me. But there is a prospect of war, and then none can tell what may happen. But, Huskinson, I call on you to swear, by the God above us, that you will ascertain yourself when the war comes to an end, if I have fallen, and that, in that case, you will go yourself to my mother, and tell her the truth. I ask it with regard to no other woman living; but I demand it for her. And may God reward you as you do or do not perform that one act of reparation!'

On the wall near the bed there hung a small wooden crucifix. It seemed to have been forgotten there; it was covered with dust. Herbert's eye fell on it at that moment; he slipped quickly aside, and took it from the wall. Huskinson, overcome with emotion, kissed it, as Herbert held it towards him, and murmured,—

'I swear, I swear, so help me God!'

In another moment Herbert was gone. Huskinson sank on the floor. The lamp that had long been burning badly, unremarked by the two young men, leapt up in a sudden flame, and then sank in darkness. The rappel was sounding very faintly in the distance. It had awoke the little martens, who were sleepily chirping to themselves, and ruffling their soft warm feathers. A faint ray of moonlight crept through the drawn white curtains, and fell on Huskinson's prostrate form. He had fainted. When he came to himself, there was a thin streak of blood on the floor, and his lips were wet and crimson.

He had broken a small blood-vessel, and thus, at the very moment when he had pronounced his solemn vow of reformation, came the warning, solemn and sure that the time was short. It had happened once before, and ever since his health had at times seemed precarious, and was always a subject of great anxiety to his mother. Now the token filled him with horror. Life was very dear to him. Life at any price would have been dear. It is the more noble who yearn for death. The dear sunshine, the sweet turmoil of existence, the possible scenes of pleasure, the prolonged revel, music and light, the enjoyment of the senses, wine and laughter, merriment and sport—all these had immense charms for Huskinson's sensuous nature. And life gave these, therefore life was very sweet. To die at all seemed to him horrible—to die young was maddening to think of!

And now there, once again, was that terrible warning! His thoughts flew to his mother. The river alone divided them in space. But, oh! how much it divided them in reality. If only she could have seen him now, would not her heart have broken at so sad, so ghastly a sight? He fancied her coming into that wretched room, and seeing him propping himself against the nearest chair, until he should have strength to rise. The pale light of the moon showed the thin streak of blood, like a line of ink, on the carpetless floor. Oh! if only she could be there! And yet not only was it impossible, but he dared not wish it. How could he keep his dreadful secret were she to see him now?

And so, by degrees, he raised himself, and, as it were, felt for strength, and groped to the bed. There he lay a long time, greatly exhausted, and unwilling to ring for assistance. Perhaps that red stream might re-appear, and in large quantities, and his life rapidly ebb away. Alone! in that wretched home! Should he send to Herbert? No, never!—never at least till the very end; and then the man he had wronged, and God's priest, might come together. But that was not to be till all other hope was over.

Then there flitted over his brain recollections of far other scenes. A ball-room in Paris, in which he had led the cotillion two years ago. He remembered his partner. She wore green and had pale roses in her hair. He remembered things she had said to him. It was all very trivial. He thought but little of it at the time—why should it come back to him now? She had praised his dancing. Yes, he knew he danced well. Many women had told him that. And there were other things he did well. A scene in the Highlands swam before him, and he saw the magnificent antlers of the deer he had shot. He almost seemed to smell the heather, and to feel the clear mountain air fan his cheek. His eyes fell on the extinguished lamp, and suddenly he bought of the line—

"When the lamp is shattered,
The light in the dust lies dead."

And then he wept—in sheer self-pity he wept. For was not the lamp of his life shattered, or nearly so?—and might not his light be even now dying? And then, like a tired child, he fell asleep, and slept heavily for more than an hour. He was awoke by the loud voices of some men on the quay in front of the house, who had evidently been drinking. He felt chilly and faint; and as the people were still astir below in the cafe, he rang for assistance.

The waiter was shocked to find the handsome young Englishman looking so ill, and, seeing a small stain of blood on his shirt, it suddenly crossed his mind that, though they had heard no unusual noise, there must have been a quarrel between the Englishman and the Prussian soldier, and that they had fought. The man pointed significantly to the blood-stain, and asked what it meant. Huskinson explained; and the result was that the mistress of the house was sent for, and his wants were at least supplied by kind and matronly hands.

Meanwhile, Herbert had gone back to his barrack and his barrack life; but though compelled to dwell in close companionship with men so much his inferiors, he had never sunk one inch beneath the bearing and the tone of a true gentleman. Moreover, as every Prussian is a soldier, actual or possible, there were many who, like himself, were men of education; but amongst all equally Herbert was beloved and respected. He had great power over the men and by the weight and charm of his single influence had imported a higher tone to the whole regiment than is often found among soldiers.

It was late that night before Fritz Erbert, as he was universally called, was asleep with the rest. He sat pondering over the the scene he had just gone through, and schooling his heart to bear yet longer the horrible incubus that lay on his name and reputation. It is hard to live under an unjust accusation for an hour, and to do so for years, and those years the ardent and hopeful ones of youth, requires the spirit of mortification of a voluntary martyr. It was hard to turn to it again. The sight of Huskinson—the reflection that a quarter of an hour ago he had him in his power, and that once more he had let him escape, and sent him, forsooth, armed with his pardon so freely given, back to his easy life of ill-merited enjoyment, while he, the honest and the really honorable man, went back to the shades of a ruined reputation—this, to human nature, in its hour of weakness, was almost maddening. Why had he done it? Why was he to pretend to such an absurd elevation of heroic virtue? Was he not doing far more than any man could expect of him, and even more, perhaps, than the inexorable perfection of his Father in heaven demanded? Was he not simply making a fool of himself? Would he not be a laughing-stock to all men, and even to himself the object of a pitying contempt? What was the good of such Quixotic virtue, and why should he, of all men, be the only one to attempt it? There stood at his elbow a mocking fiend, who put these thoughts into the most caustic words, and pointed them with poisonous bitterness.

But Herbert was not the man to let the devil have it all his own way, and before long he had strangled the serpent in his bosom, and had returned to the calmer, clearer regions of pure aspiration and holy resolve. When he was once more master of himself, he sat long reflecting on the complex nature of the man who had been his ruin. It was, however, only at first that it appeared complex; it shifted as to hue and color, but it was much the same substance throughout, and consisted of litte more than a ductile heart, and an immense love of enjoyment; sensuous and facile, affectionate, but weak, not unamiable in daily life, but utterly unreliable in hard times or important occasions. After all, Herbert's reflections ended rather in compassion than in contempt. As we have said before, he could not help feeling a noble sort of love for the creature for whom he had suffered so much. Many another man would have been a hundred times more inexcusable than Huskinson in committing the crime which had involved his friend.

There is often, in this incongruous world of ours a minimum of guilt with a maximum of crime. It is rarely that men are able to penetrate below external circumstances; and it is often as well that they cannot do so, for the laws of justice must take their course in order to secure the safety of society. It is fortunate that justice is blind, in more senses than one. The next world is the nearest period we can look forward to for rectifying the necessary and indispensable mistakes of this. From time to time, in particular instances, a man like Herbert is able to plunge his glance beneath the surface, and to judge of another soul beyond the guage of man's judgment. It is a rare privilege, and is a great gift to the individual. But the common law is made for the common multitude, and too many such superior beings might entangle the home-spun web of necessary daily life. There is a harmony in mediocrity which no doubt suits our present condition, and which would be injuriously disturbed if the air were as full of of eagles as it is now of sparrows.

It were not well to multiply exceptions, and perhaps even too many saints, or too large a body of heroes, would derange the balance of events, and make life impossible for the multitude, by raising all the standards too high and too suddenly. The Creator works by laws and not by exceptions; and probably all that appear to us to be exceptions are rather the cropping up of some future development, which in remoter times will become the rule.

Herbert meditated far into the night upon the harmony of eternal truth, amid the discords of man's own making, until he was soothed and his heart strengthened; and then, in the noble rectitude of his soul, he fell into a deep and calm sleep, to renew the next day his life of toil, and take up his burden again.

CHAPTER VIII.

The morning which saw the whole party of his friends hastening on their way to way to Vevey, left Godfrey a prisoner in his room. He was in no immediate anxiety about giving his mother information respecting himself, because he knew their intention was to travel very leisurely, and see everything fully on their route. Meanwhile, he was too shattered in mind and body to do more than to keep to his bed nearly the whole day, and feel miserable.

Very different were the experiences of the others. Madeline had no anxieties about anyone. She never supposed Godfrey Huskinson had any other motive than the one he assigned for leaving them. Mr. and Mrs. Huskinson seemed reconciled to his conduct; or if Mr. Huskinson had any vague apprehension that Godfrey's defection might mean a visit to Baden and a few risks at the gambling table, he kept his thoughts to himself. The only member of the party over whose spirits there was a shade of gloom, was Louisa.

She had a nervous fear that Godfrey's having absented himself might be in some way connected with herself. She was conscious of having grown to care a great deal for his presence. His society was full of charm to her; and that wanting, more than half her enjoyment in Swiss scenery was gone.

Then came a thought at once delightful and terrible. Had Godfrey begun so much to appreciate being with her that he had sought safety in flight? She knew she was almost entirly dependent on her uncle and aunt, and hitherto that fact had occasioned her no anxiety; but now it appeared to her dreadful to have no independent fortune, and no certain prospects.

She longed to open her heart to Madeline. She had a sense of security in Madeline—that she meant all she said, and that she was observant and penetrating. Nevertheless she did not feel she could broach the subject so soon; she would watch her opportunity—perhaps Madeline would leave her an opening to make some observation which would enable her to unbosom herself. Like all somewhat superstitious characters, she no sooner perceived in herself an emotion or an impression, than she wanted to impart it to someone. Sympathy she must have; the best, of course, and the most intelligent, if it could be got, and, if not, then some of a lower quality. She would seek it from an inferior, if she could not get it from an equal.

They did not hurry on their road, and it was a full week after they left Cologne before they reached the Hotel des Trois Couronnes, which overlooks the lake at Vevey. Mrs. Huskinson had being growing increasingly anxious to see Godfrey again, the nearer she approached their destination. She seemed to have a presentiment that something was wrong; and as she alighted from the carriage and entered the spacious hall of the hotel, she asked if her son was there. The waiter shook his head—he did not know the name; would Madame speak to the gentleman sitting at an open window with a writing desk before him? The person referred to looked ot the list of names of all the visitors at the hotel. No Huskinson was among them, but there was a letter for Madame. She tore it open; it bore no date inside. She looked at the cover, the post-mark was Baden-Baden. She changed color, knowing how suspicious her husband would be as soon as he saw this.

The fact was, Godfrey, afraid to inform his family that he was still at Cologne, had contrived, through the guard at the railway, to get a letter posted at Baden. In it he said what had happened to him, making, however, very light of it; but adding that he should rest sometime at Baden, so as to recover his strength, and begging that a letter might be addressed to him there, *post restante*. In point of fact, he only reached Baden the day his friends arrived at Vevey.

A painful conversation then took place between the husband and wife. Mr. Huskinson was deeply attached to his only son, but he was more alive to his faults than was his mother, and he knew that a tendency to gambling was one of them. He had paid debts of honor for Godfrey before now, and he had been known to say he never would pay another, though probably both his wife and son were the last to believe him. But the converastion was not at all calculated to allay Mrs. Huskinson's fears. Godfrey had assured them in his letter that he would soon rejoin them, and laid great stress on his not wanting anyone to go to him, as he probably should only pass them on the road.

Mr. Huskinson's fears were uncalled for. A change was beginning to work in Godfrey. The terror caused by the renewed accident of breaking a blood-vessel, just after his solemn vow to Herbert, had awoke in him a sense of his position, and made an impression which was to prove lasting.

Godfrey grew very familiar with the martens. They are not easily-tamed birds—they are wonderfully independent in their views; and generally despise the most crumb-laden hand that humanity may stretch out to them. The crumbs they will take, but not till the hand is withdrawn. They will not hop about and linger on the window-sill, but catching up a crumb they will swoop away, not staying to express gratitude, and not returning so long as the benefactor is by. They probably consider themselves too much and too directly the favorite of heaven to bestow any consideration, much less any thanks, on mere second causes. Godfrey would sit and watch them skimming through the air, and whirling round, almost at an acute angle, like a bat, and he got to love their independent ways, and their varied expressions of absolute contentment. They grew into his mind inextricably. There were certain phases of thought that he never again fell into without almost hearing the twitter of the martens. They were thoughts of regret and remorse, but also of hope and of firm penitential resolve.

At length he felt well enough to travel, and, as we have said, he reached Baden the same day that his parents were at Vevey, reading his letter, and imagining to themselves that he might already have lost several hundreds on the fatal green tables of that lovely little town. Godfrey had no thought of gambling— he was simply doing all he could to husband his strength; and looking anxiously in the glass every morning, to judge how soon it would be possible to present that haggard face and sunken eyes to his poor mother.

The travellers had taken rooms on the third story, thereby obtaining a magnificent view of the lake. Madeline and Louisa were never tired of watching the scene.

Madeline lost no time in seeking out Camille's friend, Mother Frances Xavier. But as the canton was not Catholic, she found the servants of the hotel unable to give her much information on the subject. On further inquiries, she was directed to a large Chalet, surrounded by vineyards, that stood on the rising ground behind the town. It was within an easy walk, and she was perfectly safe in going backwards and forwards by herself.

Mother Frances was a tall and exceedingly slight woman, with a pale face and large, pale, dove-like eyes. She had no beauty beyond those strangely pathetic eyes, and an expression of deep repose and sadness, tempered by sweetness. There was a peculiar charm in her manner, which was devoid of any kind of affectation, and was singularly natural and simple, enlivened by a great deal of ready wit and much quickness of observation. She had left her convent, in the immediate vicinity of Paris, on account of her health; and as the order had lately founded a new house at Vevey, and opened an asylumn for orphans, she had been sent there to try if the mountain air might not impart a little vigor to her delicate frame.

Madeline had found a chord of sympathy in the nun's great affection for Camille, and her admiration of her character. As Madeline had received full permission to tell her everything she knew in connection with her friend, she did not hesitate to represent how matters stood with respect to Monsieur LeMaitre and Baron Le Ferrier. Mother Frances did not feel the least apprehension lest Camille should marry the latter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Random Notes.

A French author says, 'When I lost my wife every family in town offered me another; but when I lost my horse, no one offered to make him good.'

A certain lawyer was compelled to apologize to the court. With stately dignity he rose in his place and said: 'Your lordship is right and I am wrong, as your lordship generally is.'

'Here is a man who wants $20,000 for the loss of an arm, which was taken off by a locomotive. 'Very reasonable,' says an exchange, 'for we have known a young lady who considered her hand alone worth twice that sum.'

At one of the customary school examinations an urchin was asked, 'What is the chief use of bread? to which he replied, with an archness that implied what a simpleton you must be to ask such a question, 'To spread butter upon.'

A man named Stone exclaimed in a tavern, 'I'll bet a sovereign I have the hardest name in the company.' 'Done,' says one. 'What's your name?' 'Stone,' cried the first. 'Hand me the money,' said the other, 'my name is Harder.'

When a baby is born in Norway a placard is nailed upon the door, informing the community of the fact. They must have a sickly lot of babies in Norway. In this country when a baby is born the community doesn't have to be notified of the fact by a placard.

A shopkeeper who had stuck up a notice in glaring capitals, 'Selling off. Must close on Saturday,' was asked by a friend, 'What are you selling off?' 'Yes, all the shopkeepers are selling off, ain't they?' 'But you say, must close on Saturday.' 'To be sure—would you have me keep open on Sunday?'

Spinks went home the other night afflicted with double vision. He sat for some time with his sleepy gaze riveted on Mrs. S. and then complacently remarked, 'Well, I declare, if you two gals don't look 'nough alike to be twins!'

An Irish officer had the misfortune to be dreadfully wounded in battle. As he lay on the ground an unfortunate soldier, who was near him and was also severely wounded, made a terrible howling, when the officer exclaimed, 'Confound you! what do you make such a noise for? Do you think there is nobody killed but yourself?'

Wanted to Purchase,

A SCHOONER of about twenty (20) or thirty (30) tons burthen.
Apply to
JOHN COUGHLIN,
Campbellton, Lot 4, P. E. Island.
January 2, 1884—3i

WANTED

A SECOND or THIRD-CLASS TEACHER is wanted for Marsh Road School, Morell. Good Supplement given.
Apply to
JAMES AYLWARD,
Jan. 2, 1884. Sec'y Trustees.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE undersigned will sell by private sale his valuable farm of 100 acres of land at Nine Mile Creek, West River. It is a shore farm, convenient to mussel mud, starch factory, lobster factory, shipping places, etc. For further particulars apply in Charlottetown, to James Bradley, or on the premises to
JOHN BRADLEY.
Nine Mile Creek, Dec. 26, 1883—3m

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 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. Brecken & Fitzgerald, Solicitors, Charlottetown.

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

RALPH BRECKEN,
till sale Mortgagee

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

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 Cherry Pectoral.

No other complaints are so insidious in their attack as those affecting the throat and lungs: none so trifled with by the majority of sufferers. The ordinary cough or cold, resulting perhaps from a trifling or unconscious exposure, is often but the beginning of a fatal sickness. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has well proven its efficacy in a forty years' fight with throat and lung diseases, and should be taken in all cases without delay.

A Terrible Cough Cured.

"In 1857 I took a severe cold, which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded me the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the PECTORAL a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years old, hale and hearty, and am satisfied your CHERRY PECTORAL saved me.
HORACE FAIRBROTHER."
Rockingham, Vt., July 15, 1882.

Croup.—A Mother's Tribute.

"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with croup; it seemed as if he would die from strangulation. One of the family suggested the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, a bottle of which was always kept in the house. This was tried in small and frequent doses, and to our delight in less than half an hour the little patient was breathing easily. The doctor said that the CHERRY PECTORAL had saved my darling's life. Can you wonder at our gratitude? Sincerely yours,
MRS. EMMA GEDNEY."
159 West 128th St., New York, May 16, 1882.

"I have used AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL in my family for several years, and do not hesitate to pronounce it the most effectual remedy for coughs and colds we have ever tried. A. J. CRANE."
Lake Crystal, Minn., March 13, 1882.

"I suffered for eight years from Bronchitis, and after trying many remedies with no success, I was cured by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. JOSEPH WALDEN."
Byhalia, Miss., April 5, 1882.

"I cannot say enough in praise of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, believing as I do that but for its use I should long since have died from lung troubles E. BRAGDON."
Palestine, Texas, April 22, 1882.

No case of an affection of the throat or lungs exists which cannot be greatly relieved by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and it will *always cure* when the disease is not already beyond the control of medicine.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

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.

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.

D. A. BRUCE

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Is OVERSTOCKED with the following

Goods!

and offers them at

REDUCTION OF 20 PER CENT.

GENTS' UNDERWEAR,
Flannel Shirts,
Fur Caps,
Kid Mitts,
SILK HANDKERCHIEFS,
OVERCOATINGS,

Which you can have made to your measure cheaper than imported, Ready-made.

D. A. BRUCE,
December 21, 1883. 72 Queen Street, Charlottetown.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD

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First Quarter 5th day, 5h. 22
Full Moon 12th day, 1h. 14.6
Last Quarter 20th day, 1h. 1
New Moon 28th day, 1h. 48.7

N M D W	DAY OF WEEK	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	
		h. m.	h. m.	
1	Tuesday	7 40	4 18	
2	Wed.	40	19	
3	Thur.	40	20	
4	Friday	40	21	
5	Satur.	40	22	
6	Sunday	40	23	
7	Monday	40	24	a
8	Tuesday	40	25	
9	Wed.	47	27	
10	Thur.	47	29	
11	Friday	46	30	
12	Satur.	46	31	
13	Sunday	45	32	
14	Monday	45	34	
15	Tuesday	44	35	
16	Wed.	43	36	
17	Thur.	42	38	
18	Friday	41	39	
19	Satur.	41	41	
20	Sunday	40	42	
21	Monday	40	44	
22	Tuesday	39	45	
23	Wed.	38	46	
24	Thur.	37	48	
25	Friday	36	49	
26	Satur.	35	51	
27	Sunday	34	52	
28	Mon.	32	54	
29	Tuesday	31	55	
30	Wed.	30	56	
31	Thur.	7 29	4 58	

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300,000 Spruce do.,
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