TOBERMORY.

BY CHARLES H. A. ESLING.

I.

Like rare gem of beauty set
In the crown of glory
Forming Scotia's coronet,
Art thou, Tobermory.

II.

How shall I with unskilled hands
Paint thy scenic story
To the friends of distant lands,
Lovely Tobermory!

III.

Peering from thy fir-clad nook,
'Neath the Highlands hoary,
O'er thy blue locks waterlock,
Charming Tobermory!

IV.

Through thy mountain-riven gates
Greeting amatory,
Ocean sends thee while he waits,
Winsome Tobermory!

V.

Like gay chieftain down the steeps
Of Mull's promontory,
Silver-armored Aros leaps,
Shouting; "Tobermory!"

VI.

Breaks no more thy tranquil dreams
Clash of sea-fights gory;
Joy embalms thy braes and streams,
Peaceful Tobermory!

VII.

Sweet "Saint Mary's Holy Well,"
Like Madonnas story.
In my heart shall live thy spell,
Sacred Tobermory!

Tobermory, Isle of Mull, Scotland.
Aug. 8, 1890.

A LEGEND OF CASTLEISLAND.

[Mr. W. B. Keats, one of the most promising of the young Irish poets, contributes to the *Roots Observer*—a paper which is becoming famous for the high quality of its literature—the following beautiful legend. Could it have been told more sweetly and simply? It is current among the people of Castleisland, Co. Kerry, Ireland.]

The old priest Peter Gilligan
Was weary night and day;
For half his flock lay in their beds,
Or under green sods lay.

Once while he nodded on a chair,
At the moth-hour of eve,
Another poor man sent for him,
And he began to grieve.

"I have no rest nor joy nor peace,
For people die and die."
And after cried he, "God forgive!
My body spake, not I!"

And then, half-lying on the chair,
He knelt, prayed, fell asleep;
And the moth-hour went from the fields,
And stars began to peep.

They slowly into millions grew,
And leaves shook in the wind;
And God covered the world with shade,
And whispered to mankind.

Upon the time of sparrow chirp,
When the moths came once more,
The old priest Peter Gilligan
Stood upright on the floor.

"Ochone, ochone! the man has died,
While I slept on the chair!"
He roused his horse out of its sleep,
And rode with little care.

He rode now as he never rode,
By rocky lane and fen;
The sick man's wife opened the door:
"Father you come again?"

"And is the poor man dead?" he cried.
"He died an hour ago."
The old priest Peter Gilligan
In grief swayed to and fro.

"When you were gone he turned and died,
As merry as a bird."
The old priest Peter Gilligan,
He knelt him at that word.

"He who hath made the night of stars
For souls who tire and bleed,
Sent one of his great angels down
To help me in my need.

"He who is wrapped in purple robes,
With planets in His care,
Had pity on the least of things
Asleep upon a chair."

THE SHAN VAN VOCHT,

—A STORY OF THE—

UNITED IRISHMEN.

BY JAMES MURPHY.

CHAPTER IV.—[CONTINUED.]

'Unfortunately,' said he, 'my life has been cast amid scenes where sights of that class were far from uncommon, and I was possibly enabled to be of more assistance than I could be under other circumstances or than can happen again during my short stay.'

'But you are not going away shortly you are,' said Helen warmly, 'going to remain with us a long time. Redmond will be delighted with your presence, and,' said she, smiling, 'your visit has been so long delayed that it is only a good stay can make amends for it.'

'It was your mother's voice spoke there,' Miss Barrington,' said the Frenchman, smiling in response, 'and I shall be happy to enjoy your hospitality in what I used to call my old home—Seamore. But,' he added, as a shade of thoughtful seriousness crossed his face, 'my movements are not my own; and there is an old maxim 'that those that are bound must obey.''

'But you are not bound here, Mr. Lefebre. You have no cares of business here.'

'Duty follows one, dear Miss Barrington,' in every quarter of the world—and if one forgot it, the French nation, whom I have the honor to serve, knows how to compel it.'

'You are in the French service?'

'Yes; I merely mentioned the matter in order that it might not be forgotten. The two countries being at war does not render it the more pleasant to dwell in Ireland at present, Miss Barrington; and whilst I should not like to be a visitor here without being perfectly frank in saying this much, it would make the time pass pleasanter that, being known, it were forgotten or left unmentioned.'

'It shall not be mentioned outside this house, you may depend, Mr. Lefebre,' said Helen, this little tribute of confidence having the effect of putting her more at ease with him.

'I should not have come in uniform—I just landed from a skiff on the coast outside—did I not know I came among friends, and, perhaps, there was also the vanity lurking in my breast to let the dear old friends I thought I should meet here see what manner of man the little boy they once welcomed had grown into. It was,' he said with some embarassment, 'a natural feeling, and one not to be, perhaps, ashamed of.'

Helen was silent; and as she looked upon him was inclined to think that if the motive was one not to be ashamed of, neither most certainly was the speaker; for, as he stood before her, he seemed to her the very embodiment of whatever was brave, handsome and chivalrous. She was already beginning to look upon him in the light of an old friend rather than a stranger, wholly unknown until last night.

'And as I have said so much, Miss Barrington, perhaps I may also say a little more. Whether my stay be long or short—long with your delightful invitation, or short at the call of those to whom my services are due—I would ask you to take me on trust for what I am. If anything seem to you in me or my movements strange or unusual, or—perhaps I may use the word—distrustful, always remember that what I was, when a little boy I played under yonder trees in the orchard, that I am in all respects to-day—in all essentials. The world is full of mysteries, dear Miss Barrington, whether men make them for themselves or they are made for them.'

Helen listened to this statement but imperfectly conceiving its meaning. What it meant or foreboded she could not and did not try to guess, but as if by some curious incidence there flashed upon her mind the warning words:

'An' now, honey, be led and said by me, an' take no notice of him more than ov an old friend that comes on a visit for a few days. Luck nor grace don't come of Holly Eve games an' on that account have nothing to say to him. A girl's heart is aisily changed, an' it would be the sore day if you let it turn from Trevor Mortimer, who loves the ground you walk upon."

It took some time on the previous night for Cauth ty say this much, but it flashed through Helen's mind whilst the young Frenchman was saying his concluding words. Conscious that she had been inhospitably silent, and that some reply was expected from her, she said at last:

'We shall be delighted if you can prolong your stay with us, Mr. Lefebre, and shall look upon your visit as doubly pleasant because of those to whom you were once dear and welcome.'

'Thanks, Miss Barrington. And now, as I have probably detained you from other matters, I shall, with your permission, pay a visit to your brother.'

'I was about going there myself,' said Helen; 'but, as you will be a more welcome bearer of the good news, I shall resign the mission in your favor.'

With which genial leave-taking she left the apartment, and proceeded to see the housekeeper. But she had scarcely parted from him than an indefinable feeling of dread and insecurity and evil forebodements sprang up in her breast, which she could no account for, and which caused a quicker pulsing at her heart.

Eugene Lefebre, when she had left, walked over to the window looking out on the orchard, and thereover on the distant seas. There was a white haze over the latter, and the horizon in consequence was limited. If he wished or expected to see anything thereon, there was nothing visible—and so, after a few minutes observation, he left the room and proceeded to that of Redmond, who was still sound asleep.

CHAPTER V.

THE LISTENER.

The days passed delightfully at Seamore. The injured man grew rapidly convalescent. The wound rapidly healed; for though there was no mistaking the intention with which the blow was given, his thick overcoat prevented its force proving fatal.

Many were the conjectures and surmises as to who could have made the attack and the reasons therefor. But as no reason could be alleged, the guesses had no base, and resolved themselves into mere fancies. The only one thing that stood out clearly was that someone must have been close at hand when Eugene clomb the orchard wall, had seen him drop the dagger, and had waited until Trevor Mortimer came upon the scene and had stealthily struck him therewith from behind. Happily, however, the striker failed in his aim, as we have seen, and Trevor was now with great rapidity getting well.

Meantime, and awaiting his recovery, the time passed very pleasantly. Eugene doffed the uniform, much to the regret of the girls, who thought it handsome and becoming, and attired herself in civilian costume. Redmond kept a yacht, and whenever the stranger had no occasion to go into town—which latter not infrequently happened—he rigged it out, and in the November days ran out to sea or swept down the Wicklow coast. It was a very joyous company—Eugene, himself and the two girls; and as the first-mentioned was seldom without some entertaining narrative of his adventures abroad, and found ready listeners in the others, it would be difficult to describe the sense of enjoyment with which the time sped.

Many a laugh there was at the fright which Helen sustained at the first appearance of the handsome Frenchman, in which Helen herself, blushing deeply, joined; but the incident of the glove, whether forgotten or not, was never referred to—never mentioned.

At other times Redmond saddled his horses, and the four cantered along through the beautiful scenery and the exquisite country—then wholly unbuilt upon—that lay between Seamore and the mountains; and not infrequently the city lights were glimmering before they descended the hills for their ride homewards.

'It would be delightful if this were to last always,' said Helen in a burst of enthusiasm, as one evening, glowing with health and exercise, she handed over her horse to the hands of the attendants and turned with Eugene to enter the house.

'Yes, it has been a very pleasant time to me—the pleasantest ever I spent, or—' said the latter gravely, 'the happiest I possibly shall ever again spend.'

'You speak as if it were about terminating,' said Helen quickly, whilst a sudden gravity supplanted her enthusiasm. 'I hope you have no intention of leaving us?'

'If I have, you may rely on it, dear Miss Barrington, it is an intention begotten of no wish of mine, and comes of causes I cannot control.'

'But there is not, is there?' said she, in undisguised anxiety, 'any present prospect of your leaving. I had quite made up my mind that you would remain for the winter with us.

'It would not be of my own motion I should fail to do so; you may certainly believe me in that,' said he somewhat evasively.

'But is there any doubt of your doing so? Redmond would be so grieved to hear of it.'

'And would there be no one else sorry, Miss Barrington?' asked he softly.

'Yes, all. Everyone would be sorry. Why not? What could be more delightful than the present time?'

'I am scarcely gratified by that reason,' said Eugene disappointedly and not without a touch of sadness in his manner.

'But there could be no better reason,' said Helen, not failing to comprehend his remark, but desirous of evading it. 'It is always sad to part with friends, and always sorrowful to see a time of enjoyment ended. Don't you think so?'

I quite agree with you, Miss Barrington; everyone feels it more or less. But there are occasions when one is more touched by it, and for deeper reasons than because it puts an end to enjoyment. I should like to be regretted for something more than that when I am gone.'

'But you are *not* going,' broke in Helen earnestly. 'Say that you are not. You have quite thrown a gloom over me by even mentioning it.'

'You must remember, dear Miss Barrington, that, as I told you before, I am not the controller of my actions. Fortunately it is so, as otherwise I should never succeed in tearing myself away from here. You cannot know how inexpressibly dear to me Seamore—and—and those in it—have become to me, short as has been my stay here.'

There was a touch of tenderness in his words which kept Helen silent, and they walked together slowly and thoughtfully for a little while.

'I too should be sorry—very, very sorry. But I hope—indeed I do most truly—that you will be enabled to spend the winter with us. Think how short you have been here. Surely you have got no commands to go?'

'I fear even without them, it would be better for me that I should. For many reasons, which I need not enter upon at present, I think it would be better for my future happiness that I should leave soon.'

'For many reasons?' said Helen, wonderingly.

'For many reasons, Miss Barrington.'

'You puzzle me,' said she after another slight pause. 'I cannot comprehend why your stay here should interfere with your future happiness. You are dearly welcome to us for many sakes, and—I—I hope you are as happy as we thought you were, and as we would wish you to be.'

'It is because I am so very happy that I dread the regret that will come to me when I am gone. Did it ever strike you, Miss Barrington—or Helen, if you permit me to call you so——'

He paused, as he stood by a laurel tree under the window.

'Yes, Helen, certainly,' she said. 'We are too old friends to stand on ceremony.'

'Well, Helen,' said he, with a brighter tone in his words, 'did it never strike you that one might remain in a place until feelings grew up in his heart he could not control; until chains of attachment and affection wound around his heart that he could not rend; until a power he could not break enthralled him, and until disappointment might poison his whole existence? It has arisen before with many; it might—nay would—with me.'

'Not here.'

The words were so simply spoken that he thought at once she failed to comprehend his meaning.

'Yes, Helen, here. My own heart tells me that it is dangerous for me to remain.'

'Why? Because of what—of whom?'

'Because of you.'

'Of me?'

'Of you, Helen. Ever since that first night I saw you I cannot describe the feelings that possess me. Your face is before me at all times. Your eyes break in on my dreams at night; I cannot——'

'Oh! for God's sake, Eugene,' said the young girl in affright, 'don't speak thus. You dont know what you are speaking of. You don't know that——'

There was a rustle at the window overhead that startled her, and Redmond's cheery voice was heard saying:

'What! you here, Trevor! I am delighted to see you able to move so far. Why, you will be able to come out with us in a day or two.'

'I thought I should like to leave my room and get a little fresh air at the window,' said the invalid, who had been sitting there silently all the time, in reply.

'Oh, my God!' thought Helen, 'he has heard it all!' and with a most uncomfortable feeling flew into the house.

Eugene entered more slowly, and walked into the apartment where the two young men were. The lamps had not yet been kindled, and, save the dim light that came from the dusky evening outside, there was none other in the room.

He was, therefore, unable to see the pallor that overspread the face of the invalid, or the stormy light of anger and jealousy that shone in his eyes. There was no trace of any feeling but one of good-humor, however, when, in a few seconds afterwards, the latter said:

'Well, gentlemen, I hope you have had an agreeable ride.'

'A most agreeable one,' said Redmond cheerfully, 'and only wanted your own presence, my dear Mortimer, to make it perfectly enjoyable.'

'Many thanks. I find myself much stronger this evening.'

'I am delighted to hear it. The fact is, I have been just considering since I came in whether I have not been acting a little selfishly in leaving you so much alone. But the necessity of showing Eugene old scenes which he may possibly never see again must be my excuse.'

'Don't mention it,' said the invalid. 'I have been the unfortunate cause of trouble enough without bringing the house into additional gloom. If not with you in person I am in spirit in all your excursions.'

'Whenever Mr. Mortimer comes to France,' said Eugene, with frank good humor, 'we shall make good to him his present deprivation.'

'Your French wine shall give him back some of the strength your French dagger robbed him of,' said Redmond laughingly, as he lit the lamps and handed round a box of choice cigars. 'By the way, Eugene, someone has been here looking for you during our absence.'

'For me?'

'Yes so they tell me. I hope he brings you no abrubt news.'

'Did he leave no message?' inquired the other with quick concern.

'A letter. It is on the drawing room chimney-piece yonder.'

Eugene went for the letter, looked at curiously, opened and read it, and after some time returned to his place. The lamp was lighting and the table was spread for dinner.

'Well, Eugene, no unpleasant news, I hope. You are looking rather serious.'

'Am I?' said Eugene brightly. 'Then I shouldn't. There is nothing unpleasant in it. Merely an invitation to town to-morrow evening. But where are the ladies?'

'Unfortunately,' said the old housekeeper, 'Helen has a bad headache, and Miss Howard remains to keep her company. So you will be deprived of the pleasure of their presence.'

'It is very unfortunate,' said Redmond pettishly—"particularly as it is the first occasion you, Sir Trevor, have been able to dine with us.'

'Helen is rarely subject to headache,' said Sir Trevor, 'and for that reason it is all the more afflicting when it comes.'

'The ride was too much for her strength to-day,' said Eugene. 'I am afraid I am to blame for her absence.'

'It may have been something that tended to excite her nerves,' remarked the baronet, with a keen glance at the young Frenchman; but the latter did not seem to notice the remark.

The dinner passed over and many anecdotes, in which much of the then condition of things in France and Ireland was discussed, and it was late when the gentlemen retired.

When Eugene was in his room he took the letter from his pocket, looked with fresh curiosity at it, remarking to himself, 'this letter has been certainly opened and re-sealed. It is singular if the sender should have done such a thing in a confidential communication.'

'I had expected this,' he muttered as he re-opened the letter and read alound:—

'Come in to-morrow evening. Important news from France. It is more than likely you will have to go back hurriedly. Come prepared for it.—O. B.

'Bond might have taken more care with so important a communication,' he soliloquized. 'Go back hurriedly.' I half expected as much from the absence of communications for the past month. There is some blunder going on, I'll be sworn. Heaven grant it may not be a serious one. And so here ends my happiness for the present. Better, perhaps, it is so. I should be really in love if I were to remain much longer. In love! I fear I am that already.'

A smile passed over his face as a beautiful form and a pair of bright blue eyes grew up before his imagination.

But the feeling was quickly replaced by more serious considerations. These papers!' he continued—'they told me I should find them in that oaken cabinet in the drawing-room. And I have completely omitted to secure them. Shall I tell Helen? No, better not. I shall leave them there for the present. If it be necessary I should leave, they can await my return. They concern no one but myself.'

With which soliloquy he retired to rest, first kneeling down—a very unusual thing with Frenchmen of the day—to say his prayers; and taking out a gold crucifix from his breast, ornamented with *fleur de lies*, curiously engraved in filigree work, kissed it, murmuring 'Poor father—dear mother.'

In a few moments he was asleep. Bright dreams and fair faces haunted ed his slumbers; and he awoke when the sun was high in the skies, with Helen Barrington's blue eyes, as he thought, beaming on him—but it was only the stray sunbeams coming in through the half-closed shutters and falling on his face.

'Redmond,' said Sir Trevor to his friend, when Eugene had left, and before they proceeded to their respective rooms. 'I find I shall have to go into town to-morrow.'

'Into town? Why you are not nearly strong enough for that. It would be dangerous to attempt it.'

'I am strong enough, and even if it were dangerous to my health I must run the risk, for I have pressing business; but I am quite strong enough to return, and I dislike the idea of remaining all night in town in my present condition. Could you meet me there and we can return together?'

'I shall accompany you in,' said Redmond heartily.

'No, no. I should not care to take you from your friends for the day. It would simply suit me quite as well, if you were to meet me there, say about ten or eleven o'clock at night—I shall not be ready to come sooner—and we can then return together.'

'I am heartily at your service. Fix the hour and the place.'

'Say eleven o'clock, and at the Eagle in Eustace street.'

'All right, I shall be there. I shall bring the carriage with me.'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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March 12, 1890.—tf.

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"One of my children had croup. The case was attended by our physician, and was supposed to be well under control. One night I was startled by the child's hard breathing, and on going to it found it

Strangling.

It had nearly ceased to breathe. Realizing that the child's alarming condition had become possible in spite of the medicine it had taken, I reasoned that such remedies would be of no avail. Having a part of a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, I gave the child three doses, at short intervals, and anxiously waited results. From the moment the Pectoral was given, the child's breathing grew easier, and in a short time it was sleeping quietly and breathing naturally. The child is alive and well to-day, and I do not hesitate to say that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved its life."—C. J. Wooldridge, Wortham, Texas.

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Aug. 13, 1890.—3m

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Charlottetown, June 5, 1889—tf

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CURE

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SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cure

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

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TRAINS FOR THE WEST.

STATIONS.	Express.	Accom.	Acc'm
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Charlottetown..dp	6 10	8 45	3 30
Royalty Junction.	6 40	9 17	3 40
North Wiltshire...	6 48	10 03	4 25
Hunter River.....	6 56	10 15	4 40
Bradalbane.....	7 23	10 48	5 26
Emerald Junction.	7 30	10 55	5 40
Freetown.....	7 40	11 10	6 00
Kensington.....	7 53	11 32	6 17
		P. M.	
Summerside. ar.	8 15	12 00	6 50
Summerside. dp.	8 30	1 05	
Miscouche.....	8 45	1 20	
Wellington.....	9 05	1 52	
Port Hill.....	9 25	2 23	
O'Leary.....	10 20	4 05	
Bloomfield.....	10 37	4 22	
Alberton.....	11 14	5 12	
Tignish.....ar.	11 55	6 05	
Emerald Junc...dp			P. M. 5 45
Cape Traverse..ar.			6 35

TRAINS FROM THE WEST.

STATIONS.	Express.	Accom.	Acc'm
	P. M.	A. M.	
Tignish.....dp	1 10	6 00	
Alberton.....	1 50	7 05	
Bloomfield.....	2 15	7 41	
O'Leary.....	2 33	8 20	
Port Hill.....	3 23	9 32	
Wellington.....	3 53	10 11	
Miscouche.....	4 11	10 44	
Summerside. ar.	4 25	11 05	
Summerside. dp.	4 55	12 00	A. M. 6 15
Kensington.....	5 17	12 31	6 46
Freetown.....	5 30	12 50	7 10
Emerald Junction.	5 40	1 04	7 30
Bradalbane.....	5 47	1 12	7 36
Hunter River.....	6 12	1 42	8 14
North Wiltshire...	6 22	1 57	8 30
Royalty Junction..	6 56	2 41	9 17
Charlottetown..ar	7 10	3 00	9 35
Cape Traverse..dp			A. M. 6 25
Emerald Junc..ar.			7 15

TRAINS FOR THE EAST.

STATIONS.	Express.	Accom.
	P. M.	A. M.
Charlottetown.....dp	2 15	6 35
Royalty Junct'n.....	2 30	6 55
Bedford.....	2 36	7 20
St. Peters.....	4 20	8 05
Mt. Stewart Junc..ar	4 30	8 20
dp	4 35	8 45
Morell.....	4 50	9 16
St. Peters.....	5 20	9 51
Bear River.....	5 55	10 16
Souris.....ar.	6 25	10 45
	P. M.	A. M.
Mt. Stewart Junc....dp.	4 35	8 25
Cardigan.....	5 25	9 32
Georgetown.....ar	5 45	10 00

TRAINS FROM THE EAST.

STATIONS.	Express.	Accom.
	A. M.	P. M.
Georgetown.....dp	7 00	1 40
Cardigan.....	7 17	2 00
Mt. Stewart Junc...ar	8 10	3 10
	A. M.	P. M.
Souris.....dp	6 15	12 40
Bear River.....	6 45	1 15
St. Peters.....	7 20	1 50
Morell.....	7 42	2 20
Mt. Stewart Junc..ar.	8 10	3 00
dp.	8 15	3 20
Bedford.....	8 40	3 55
Royalty Junct'n.....	9 05	4 20
Charlottetown.....ar	9 20	4 45

Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

J. UNSWORTH,
Superintendent.

Railway Office, Charlottetown, May 28, 1890.—6y

GREAT SALE OF BOYS' CLOTHING!

500 Suits at Away Down Prices.

TO MAKE ROOM FOR FALL IMPORTATIONS, we offer the whole of our stock at following prices:

100	SUITS,	former	price	$2.25	and	$2.50,	now $1.75
100	SUITS,	"	"	2.50	and	2.60,	now 2.00
100	SUITS,	"	"	3.00	and	3.25,	now 2.25
60	SUITS,	"	"	3.50	and	3.75,	now 2.50
60	SUITS,	"	"	4.00	and	4.25,	now 3.00
50	SUITS,	"	"	4.50	and	4.75,	now 3.50

A Job Lot selling for 50 cents and $1.00

This is, beyond doubt, the Biggest Bargain in BOYS' CLOTHING in the City.

HARRIS & STEWART
LONDON HOUSE.

Charlottetown, August 20, 1890,

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