

NO MARGIN-AS IT WERE.

Well, Fred, old boy, 'tis settled, we were married Thursday last, and I'm as happy as the thing is done and past.

THE WRONG MAN.

BY THE HON. MRS. A. MONTGOMERY.

Author of "The Wrong Man."

CHAPTER XIII.—(CONTINUED.)

Camille's labors began from the first hour of her arrival. There was no time to lose in that terrible ocean of anguish and suffering.

Mademoiselle is tired, he said; she should leave me now; this has been a hard day's work for all.

Instantly recovering herself, she said it was nothing of consequence, and staid herself sufficiently to go and fetch him some fresh water.

Then, wishing him good night, she left the ambulance which was by time only lighted by the shaded lamps left burning through the night.

Consequently, with quiet dignity and presence of mind, she immediately went to her work with quick eye and ready hand, doing everything that came before her.

And then her ma would have us take our honeymoon abroad.

Now, I tell you, Fred, this honeymoon's the thinnest kind of fraud.

What tempted me to marry? Well, I hardly know myself.

I met her at a party, and the wretched little elf had such a wonderful amount of the softest gold on hair.

That my heart got somehow tangled in the meshes as it were.

What tempted her to have me? 'Twas the mother, bless her heart.

She thought she'd give me a chance, and she is always smart.

But she mislaid her mark completely, as, no doubt, you are aware.

And then her ma would have us take our honeymoon abroad.

Now, I tell you, Fred, this honeymoon's the thinnest kind of fraud.

What tempted me to marry? Well, I hardly know myself.

I met her at a party, and the wretched little elf had such a wonderful amount of the softest gold on hair.

That my heart got somehow tangled in the meshes as it were.

What tempted her to have me? 'Twas the mother, bless her heart.

She thought she'd give me a chance, and she is always smart.

But she mislaid her mark completely, as, no doubt, you are aware.

And then her ma would have us take our honeymoon abroad.

Now, I tell you, Fred, this honeymoon's the thinnest kind of fraud.

What tempted me to marry? Well, I hardly know myself.

I met her at a party, and the wretched little elf had such a wonderful amount of the softest gold on hair.

That my heart got somehow tangled in the meshes as it were.

What tempted her to have me? 'Twas the mother, bless her heart.

She thought she'd give me a chance, and she is always smart.

But she mislaid her mark completely, as, no doubt, you are aware.

And then her ma would have us take our honeymoon abroad.

Now, I tell you, Fred, this honeymoon's the thinnest kind of fraud.

What tempted me to marry? Well, I hardly know myself.

I met her at a party, and the wretched little elf had such a wonderful amount of the softest gold on hair.

That my heart got somehow tangled in the meshes as it were.

What tempted her to have me? 'Twas the mother, bless her heart.

She thought she'd give me a chance, and she is always smart.

But she mislaid her mark completely, as, no doubt, you are aware.

1884. JANUARY. 1884.

Annual Clearance Sale

BEFORE STOCK TAKING,

J. B. MACDONALD'S.

I AM now having my ANNUAL CLEARANCE SALE, and will clear out WOOL GOODS, in Scarfs, Cloths, Wool Squares, Heavy Winter Cloths, Winter Dress Stuffs, Ladies' Fur Caps and Muffs, Ladies' Fur Tippets, Ladies' Fur and Felt Hats, Men's Fur and Cloth Caps, Men's and Boys' Ulsters, Overcoats and Reefing Jackets.

Also, Remnants in Cloths, Remnants in Dress Stuffs, Remnants in Prints, Remnants in Flannels.

These Goods must be cleared out, and bargains extraordinary will be given at

J. B. MACDONALD'S.

Queen Street, Charlottetown, Jan. 23, 1884.

RISEN FROM ITS ASHES.

The Subscribers beg leave to notify their Customers that they have taken the Store

NORTH SIDE QUEEN SQUARE

Wellner's Jewelry Establishment,

WHERE THEY WILL

SELL THE BALANCE OF THEIR STOCK

SAVED FROM THE FIRE

At a little over Cost, to clear for Spring Importations.

FRASER & REDDIN.

Charlottetown, Feb. 27, 1884.

NEW TEA, NEW FRUIT, & C.

Try our New Tea,

IT IS EXTRA.

Half-chests, 5 and 10 lb. Caddies

(Tins with screw tops), very choice.

200 boxes Prime Raisins, 200 boxes Choice Figs, 200 barrels No. 1 Winter Apples, 2 tons Choice Confectionery, Flour, Sugar, Molasses, Kerosene Oil, &c.,

Wholesale & Retail.

BEER & GOFF.

Charlottetown, Nov. 21, 1883.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 15 weeks, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible.

DIPHTHERIA

It is a well known fact that most of the Diphtheria cases in this country are caused by the use of the

MAKE HENS LAY

Chickens, do not lay well unless they are supplied with the best of food.

The North British & Mercantile

FIRE & LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Of Edinburgh & London—Established in 1809.

Subscribed Capital.....\$9,733,332 Paid up Capital.....1,216,666

TRANSACTS EVERY DESCRIPTION OF FIRE, LIFE & ANNUITY BUSINESS

on the most favorable terms. Losses settled with promptitude and liberality.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Reserved Funds (irrespective of paid up Capital) over \$5,000,000.00

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Accumulated Funds (irrespective of paid up Capital) over \$12,000,000.

Nine-tenths of the whole profits of the Life Branch belong to the Assured.

Profits of previous quinquennium divided among Policy Holders, \$1,558,500.00.

New and Reduced Premiums for the Dominion of Canada.

Copies of the Annual Report, Prospectus, and every information, may be obtained at the Prince Edward Island Branch, No. 85 Water Street, Charlottetown.

GEO. W. DeBLOIS, General Agent.

January 3, 1883—yr

Consignments Solicited

R. O'DWYER,

Commission & General Merchant

FOR SALE OF P. E. ISLAND PRODUCE,

289 WATER STREET.

St. John's, Newfoundland.

In connection with the above is Captain Engle, who is a Indian Supplier, and will receive up to noon of Tuesday, the 1st day of April next, for the following articles, or any of them, to be delivered to the Indian Department at St. John's, Nfld., in such quantities and at such times as may be required by him—Flour, Tea, Sugar, Cotton, Print, Muslin, 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 the Interior, Ottawa, February 9th, 1884.

LUMBER!

PEAKE'S NO. 3 WHARF,

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

100,000 feet Seasoned Pine, 1, 1 1/2 and 2 inch, etc., etc.

100,000 do Hemlock Boards,

100,000 do Spruce do,

100,000 do Shingles, 2x3, 2x5, 2x6, etc.,

300,000 Cedar Shingles, No. 1,

300,000 Spruce do,

20,000 Brick,

10,000 Clapboards, No. 1 and 2.

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

All the above to be sold cheap for cash.

When recognized her voice, he opened the door ajar, and asked whether anyone was dying.

'Oh! no, I hope not. Come and see. It is Henri Le Maire. I went to look for him. A French soldier told me he lay dead near here. I found him and dragged him home, and, oh! father! father! he is not dead; make haste! make haste!'

The good Abbe made all the haste he could in getting on some of his clothes and his suitcase, not with any idea of finding Monsieur Le Maire either alive or dead, but persuaded that Camille had been overworked, and that her mind had suddenly given away.

When the Abbe, fully dressed, then opened his door, looking very grave and anxious, Camille stopped him, saying: 'But, my dear father, he must be carried at once into the ambulance and the surgeon sent for. How is it to be done?—for, after all,' she said, with a half-smile and a smile lighting up her tear-stained face, 'it is rather shocking that he should be found in my hut.'

The Abbe looked at her as if he could hardly believe his senses, but seeing her so

flexible. The mattress she had placed alongside of the body. Then she began the terrible task of removing the inert form of her lover from the ground to the mattress. It was slow and agonizing work. She had no strength to lift the body; she could only push and roll it, the tears streaming down her face at what she felt was like desecration of her beloved dead; and when she had got the body in the centre of the mattress, with the white face turned up towards the flickering moonlight, she took the two ends of the shawl, and drawing the mattress together, tied it securely, thus binding up the corpse in the soft material. Then, with her firm, nervous hands, she tied the rope round the feet, enclosing the end of the mattress, and slinging the rope over her head and across her bosom, took her lover and proceeded to drag home her burden. As she did so, she turned her eyes in the direction of the far-off group of men with the burning torches. They were leaving their steps from the plain below to the higher ground where she stood. The grave was dug—they were coming to fetch the dead. The sight gave her fresh courage and new strength. She sprang forward like a young horse impatient to test his strength, and straining against his harness to prove to himself the lightness of the burden as compared with his courageous spirit.

In spite, however, of Camille's courage, she was rough and weary. At times she had to stoop to take breath, and then there was the danger that her grief would break her down. She was almost tempted to give it up, feeling as if she would gladly lie down by his side and die there, to share with him one common grave.

It will not care where he is buried, if I am with him,' she murmured to herself, in the pathetic half-delirium of her despair. But the sight of the black group of men moving towards her, lighted up by the fire of the torches, always caused her to strain once more against that galling rope, and she put a longer distance between her treasure and those who were coming to search for it.

At length she had passed within the enclosure occupied by the tenements composing the ambulance. She pushed open the door of her hut. The lamp was still burning, and the sudden light, breaking upon her after the gloom of the night, seemed for a moment to strike her blind, at the same time rousing her to a strange new view of her situation. It seemed to her as if she had been in a long trance—as if, like a somnambulist, she had achieved things impossible to her in her normal condition, which had seemed natural then, but which now were inconceivable. She stripped off the cord, and kneeling on the ground, undid the knots of the shawl. The sides of the mattress fell apart, and there lay Henri Le Maire, with the full light of the lamp on his pallid face.

How beautiful he looked! She gazed on him intently, with fears as of a doer from hell, sprang into her heart, and lighted up her eyes with a wild fire. To anyone who could have seen them then, they would have appeared burning like two orb of orange-colored flame, preternatural and strange. She bent her ear to Henri's lips, and forgetting her former reserve, remembered suffering the crew beside his vest, and laid her hand on his heart. The body was not cold. Could it be possible he was still living?

Presently, as she hung over him, her cheek nearly touching his, she heard a slight sigh.

'My God! my God! can it be?' she exclaimed, gasping, as, starting up, she perceived a flash of spirit, with which she began to moisten his lips.

They parted, some drops of the liquid entered, and were slowly imbibed. After a short interval Henri Le Maire opened his eyes and whispered:

'Camille!'

'The joy was too great; she bent down and kissed him, resting her head on his face. The light showed her, from the state of blood, that he was wounded by a ball in the left side. The blood had ceased to flow as he lay on the cold ground; but the rough warmth had caused the wound to bleed afresh. Camille was alarmed. Had she brought him here only that he should die before her eyes?

She stanchied the blood as well as she could, made him drink some more of the cordial, placed a pillow under his head, and murmuring to him all the time tender words of encouragement and affection, with assurances to herself that God would have vengeance on the man who had intended to spare his life, she bade him keep quiet, and she left him for a while; then rapidly deciding her course of action, she snatched up her lantern and hurried to the hut occupied by the Abbe. As she went along, the strangeness of her position flashed across her mind, but without occasioning her any anxiety.

The Abbe's wife would come to her aid, and would keep her secret. She knocked long and loud at his door before she could get any response.

When he recognized her voice, he opened the door ajar, and asked whether anyone was dying.

'Oh! no, I hope not. Come and see. It is Henri Le Maire. I went to look for him. A French soldier told me he lay dead near here. I found him and dragged him home, and, oh! father! father! he is not dead; make haste! make haste!'

The good Abbe made all the haste he could in getting on some of his clothes and his suitcase, not with any idea of finding Monsieur Le Maire either alive or dead, but persuaded that Camille had been overworked, and that her mind had suddenly given away.

When the Abbe, fully dressed, then opened his door, looking very grave and anxious, Camille stopped him, saying: 'But, my dear father, he must be carried at once into the ambulance and the surgeon sent for. How is it to be done?—for, after all,' she said, with a half-smile and a smile lighting up her tear-stained face, 'it is rather shocking that he should be found in my hut.'

The Abbe looked at her as if he could hardly believe his senses, but seeing her so

flexible. The mattress she had placed alongside of the body. Then she began the terrible task of removing the inert form of her lover from the ground to the mattress. It was slow and agonizing work. She had no strength to lift the body; she could only push and roll it, the tears streaming down her face at what she felt was like desecration of her beloved dead; and when she had got the body in the centre of the mattress, with the white face turned up towards the flickering moonlight, she took the two ends of the shawl, and drawing the mattress together, tied it securely, thus binding up the corpse in the soft material. Then, with her firm, nervous hands, she tied the rope round the feet, enclosing the end of the mattress, and slinging the rope over her head and across her bosom, took her lover and proceeded to drag home her burden. As she did so, she turned her eyes in the direction of the far-off group of men with the burning torches. They were leaving their steps from the plain below to the higher ground where she stood. The grave was dug—they were coming to fetch the dead. The sight gave her fresh courage and new strength. She sprang forward like a young horse impatient to test his strength, and straining against his harness to prove to himself the lightness of the burden as compared with his courageous spirit.

In spite, however, of Camille's courage, she was rough and weary. At times she had to stoop to take breath, and then there was the danger that her grief would break her down. She was almost tempted to give it up, feeling as if she would gladly lie down by his side and die there, to share with him one common grave.

It will not care where he is buried, if I am with him,' she murmured to herself, in the pathetic half-delirium of her despair. But the sight of the black group of men moving towards her, lighted up by the fire of the torches, always caused her to strain once more against that galling rope, and she put a longer distance between her treasure and those who were coming to search for it.

At length she had passed within the enclosure occupied by the tenements composing the ambulance. She pushed open the door of her hut. The lamp was still burning, and the sudden light, breaking upon her after the gloom of the night, seemed for a moment to strike her blind, at the same time rousing her to a strange new view of her situation. It seemed to her as if she had been in a long trance—as if, like a somnambulist, she had achieved things impossible to her in her normal condition, which had seemed natural then, but which now were inconceivable. She stripped off the cord, and kneeling on the ground, undid the knots of the shawl. The sides of the mattress fell apart, and there lay Henri Le Maire, with the full light of the lamp on his pallid face.

How beautiful he looked! She gazed on him intently, with fears as of a doer from hell, sprang into her heart, and lighted up her eyes with a wild fire. To anyone who could have seen them then, they would have appeared burning like two orb of orange-colored flame, preternatural and strange. She bent her ear to Henri's lips, and forgetting her former reserve, remembered suffering the crew beside his vest, and laid her hand on his heart. The body was not cold. Could it be possible he was still living?

Presently, as she hung over him, her cheek nearly touching his, she heard a slight sigh.

'My God! my God! can it be?' she exclaimed, gasping, as, starting up, she perceived a flash of spirit, with which she began to moisten his lips.

They parted, some drops of the liquid entered, and were slowly imbibed. After a short interval Henri Le Maire opened his eyes and whispered:

'Camille!'

'The joy was too great; she bent down and kissed him, resting her head on his face. The light showed her, from the state of blood, that he was wounded by a ball in the left side. The blood had ceased to flow as he lay on the cold ground; but the rough warmth had caused the wound to bleed afresh. Camille was alarmed. Had she brought him here only that he should die before her eyes?

She stanchied the blood as well as she could, made him drink some more of the cordial, placed a pillow under his head, and murmuring to him all the time tender words of encouragement and affection, with assurances to herself that God would have vengeance on the man who had intended to spare his life, she bade him keep quiet, and she left him for a while; then rapidly deciding her course of action, she snatched up her lantern and hurried to the hut occupied by the Abbe. As she went along, the strangeness of her position flashed across her mind, but without occasioning her any anxiety.

The Abbe's wife would come to her aid, and would keep her secret. She knocked long and loud at his door before she could get any response.

When he recognized her voice, he opened the door ajar, and asked whether anyone was dying.

'Oh! no, I hope not. Come and see. It is Henri Le Maire. I went to look for him. A French soldier told me he lay dead near here. I found him and dragged him home, and, oh! father! father! he is not dead; make haste! make haste!'

The good Abbe made all the haste he could in getting on some of his clothes and his suitcase, not with any idea of finding Monsieur Le Maire either alive or dead, but persuaded that Camille had been overworked, and that her mind had suddenly given away.

When the Abbe, fully dressed, then opened his door, looking very grave and anxious, Camille stopped him, saying: 'But, my dear father, he must be carried at once into the ambulance and the surgeon sent for. How is it to be done?—for, after all,' she said, with a half-smile and a smile lighting up her tear-stained face, 'it is rather shocking that he should be found in my hut.'

The Abbe looked at her as if he could hardly believe his senses, but seeing her so

flexible. The mattress she had placed alongside of the body. Then she began the terrible task of removing the inert form of her lover from the ground to the mattress. It was slow and agonizing work. She had no strength to lift the body; she could only push and roll it, the tears streaming down her face at what she felt was like desecration of her beloved dead; and when she had got the body in the centre of the mattress, with the white face turned up towards the flickering moonlight, she took the two ends of the shawl, and drawing the mattress together, tied it securely, thus binding up the corpse in the soft material. Then, with her firm, nervous hands, she tied the rope round the feet, enclosing the end of the mattress, and slinging the rope over her head and across her bosom, took her lover and proceeded to drag home her burden. As she did so, she turned her eyes in the direction of the far-off group of men with the burning torches. They were leaving their steps from the plain below to the higher ground where she stood. The grave was dug—they were coming to fetch the dead. The sight gave her fresh courage and new strength. She sprang forward like a young horse impatient to test his strength, and straining against his harness to prove to himself the lightness of the burden as compared with his courageous spirit.

In spite, however, of Camille's courage, she was rough and weary. At times she had to stoop to take breath, and then there was the danger that her grief would break her down. She was almost tempted to give it up, feeling as if she would gladly lie down by his side and die there, to share with him one common grave.

It will not care where he is buried, if I am with him,' she murmured to herself, in the pathetic half-delirium of her despair. But the sight of the black group of men moving towards her, lighted up by the fire of the torches, always caused her to strain once more against that galling rope, and she put a longer distance between her treasure and those who were coming to search for it.

At length she had passed within the enclosure occupied by the tenements composing the ambulance. She pushed open the door of her hut. The lamp was still burning, and the sudden light, breaking upon her after the gloom of the night, seemed for a moment to strike her blind, at the same time rousing her to a strange new view of her situation. It seemed to her as if she had been in a long trance—as if, like a somnambulist, she had achieved things impossible to her in her normal condition, which had seemed natural then, but which now were inconceivable. She stripped off the cord, and kneeling on the ground, undid the knots of the shawl. The sides of the mattress fell apart, and there lay Henri Le Maire, with the full light of the lamp on his pallid face.

How beautiful he looked! She gazed on him intently, with fears as of a doer from hell, sprang into her heart, and lighted up her eyes with a wild fire. To anyone who could have seen them then, they would have appeared burning like two orb of orange-colored flame, preternatural and strange. She bent her ear to Henri's lips, and forgetting her former reserve, remembered suffering the crew beside his vest, and laid her hand on his heart. The body was not cold. Could it be possible he was still living?

Presently, as she hung over him, her cheek nearly touching his, she heard a slight sigh.

'My God! my God! can it be?' she exclaimed, gasping, as, starting up, she perceived a flash of spirit, with which she began to moisten his lips.

They parted, some drops of the liquid entered, and were slowly imbibed. After a short interval Henri Le Maire opened his eyes and whispered:

'Camille!'

'The joy was too great; she bent down and kissed him, resting her head on his face. The light showed her, from the state of blood, that he was wounded by a ball in the left side. The blood had ceased to flow as he lay on the cold ground; but the rough warmth had caused the wound to bleed afresh. Camille was alarmed. Had she brought him here only that he should die before her eyes?

She stanchied the blood as well as she could, made him drink some more of the cordial, placed a pillow under his head, and murmuring to him all the time tender words of encouragement and affection, with assurances to herself that God would have vengeance on the man who had intended to spare his life, she bade him keep quiet, and she left him for a while; then rapidly deciding her course of action, she snatched up her lantern and hurried to the hut occupied by the Abbe. As she went along, the strangeness of her position flashed across her mind, but without occasioning her any anxiety.

The Abbe's wife would come to her aid, and would keep her secret. She knocked long and loud at his door before she could get any response.

When he recognized her voice, he opened the door ajar, and asked whether anyone was dying.

'Oh! no, I hope not. Come and see. It is Henri Le Maire. I went to look for him. A French soldier told me he lay dead near here. I found him and dragged him home, and, oh! father! father! he is not dead; make haste! make haste!'

The good Abbe made all the haste he could in getting on some of his clothes and his suitcase, not with any idea of finding Monsieur Le Maire either alive or dead, but persuaded that Camille had been overworked, and that her mind had suddenly given away.

When the Abbe, fully dressed, then opened his door, looking very grave and anxious, Camille stopped him, saying: 'But, my dear father, he must be carried at once into the ambulance and the surgeon sent for. How is it to be done?—for, after all,' she said, with a half-smile and a smile lighting up her tear-stained face, 'it is rather shocking that he should be found in my hut.'

The Abbe looked at her as if he could hardly believe his senses, but seeing her so

flexible. The mattress she had placed alongside of the body. Then she began the terrible task of removing the inert form of her lover from the ground to the mattress. It was slow and agonizing work. She had no strength to lift the body; she could only push and roll it, the tears streaming down her face at what she felt was like desecration of her beloved dead; and when she had got the body in the centre of the mattress, with the white face turned up towards the flickering moonlight, she took the two ends of the shawl, and drawing the mattress together, tied it securely, thus binding up the corpse in the soft material. Then, with her firm, nervous hands, she tied the rope round the feet, enclosing the end of the mattress, and slinging the rope over her head and across her bosom, took her lover and proceeded to drag home her burden. As she did so, she turned her eyes in the direction of the far-off group of men with the burning torches. They were leaving their steps from the plain below to the higher ground where she stood