COAL!

IN STORE,

BEST QUALITY,

PICTOU ROUND & NUT.

Albion Slack,

Gowrie Mines Round.

OTHER SCHOOL BOOKS.

-ON SALE AT THE-

W. E. DAWSON & CO.,

A LARGE STOCK,

CAPT. JOHN HUGHES,

### A CITY PASTORAL.

own, white Summer moon, look down out thy place of starry quiet : ners the red lights of the town through the midnight riot.

Thy soft clear radiance slants the street.
Sifts down these dark unhappy places;
Shines, through the gas-glare and the heat.
On haggard, sin-grimed faces.

Say, since thy climbing slackens, where Orion may not follow after, Say, dost thou hear strike on the air Shricks, raysled up - 14 eks, raveled up with laughter

There, on the still slope of the night,
Thy stars about thee touched with pallot
low seems it from that deep calm height,
This coil of human squalor? O Summer moon, how looks it then,

Doth it not cross thy calm that men Nay: though a woman's shrick yet shrills In stiffed echoes down this alley, Thy white flames tops the twilight hills High in a northern valley.

Sure it is peace to look upon
Thy slow light sloping down the passes
Gleams of thy going on gray stone,
With shimmer on wet grasses.

Thy presence keeps the quiet sky; Thy glimmered light goes on the meadows, Where drowsy sheep thgether lie Silent beside their shadows.

So, while the valley seems to swin Spacious beneath thy loosened aplendo There spreads a sound of evening hymn, Treble, and clear, and tender.

With children's voices; and the song Which Bethlehem's shepherds heard the thro Chant, in the sudden glory.

"Peace and good-will o'er all Along the moonlit slope is o By voices at a cotter's hearth On northern hills, uplifted. And thou art here, white Summer moon,

" Peace and good-will o'er all the earth'

Radiant above this city's riot; Thou who hast heard the children's tune Drift on that valley's quiet.

## The Innkeeper's Crime.

CHAPTER XV (CONTINUED.)

At that instant the woif sent up a prolonged howl. and the inn-keeper's wife, springing out of bed, rushed to the window and saw her prisoner rowing off over the glistening lake as uconcernedly as if she had full permission so to do. The fluttering rope flapped before her eyes, and in an and walked down by the water's edge. instant she perceived the girl's method of

laugh of scorn and derision:

'Not I,' she cried, mockingly. 'My life would pay the forfeit were I to return, and

finding she was near a heavily wooded simply nothing. shore, she looked sharply for some place of concealment for herself and her boat.

Spreading her thick cloak around her was still.

strange domicile, she opened her basket of commended herself to the care of Heaven and lay down to sleep. Morning came, and bore it to the water's edge, and with all his and brown but the Hall looked pleasant in will give up their weeds and smile again moment where she was,

and ste her breakfast. She dared not re- sand that extended into the lake,

Climbing back again, she hid herself in disposal of the body. come. The shadows of the trees told her it was noon, and she was about to go down to the boat when she heard voices.

coarse tones of the innkeeper, and presently stay impossible. ing anxiously at the man who was

with him, Jane discovered him to be the same one she had first seen from the window at the old inn on the coast, on the night posed corpse flutter feebly, and his eyes of the burning of the Fire Fly.

### CHAPTER XVI.

Doctor Evlin, for you have long ago nessed his identity, started immediately gate, and called on the barrister whom he found alone in his office.

'I am Edward Evlin, surgeon, from New York,' announced he, advancing toward

Ingersol? Did you ever have reason to sus-pect that there was foul play done; that, instead of perishing in the sea, your client, Jane Brent, was murdered at Ingersol's

The suddeness of the question startled other like it in all the world

Evlin handed the package to him. 'Here's is a suspicious document I would revived and sat up.
'I knew you would 'I kn

A profound silence reigned through the clutching her fingers spasmodically. om for a time, then Brownell laid aside

only to arrest Ingersol and his accomplices, your face,' he said, authoritatively. and convict them not only of the death of murder of Jane Brent. I myself will im- obeyed. mediately see that the papers are made out or their arrest.

Where is he now? He went yesterday to Marshmellow. I will get the necessary documents, and we

will cage him directly." After a little more conversation Evlin re- kissed her with passionate vehemence. turned to the hotel, and Brownell went usily hunting the minions of the law

parrister and a couple of officers, Evlin would not have been. went up to the Hall; but to their chagrin they found Ingersol had left the day previous for Wolfden Waste, and would not be

to Queensgate and send a skiff down to the occasions than one.

You may remain here," said Evlin, eyes distended. mpatiently, but I will ride down there and perhaps capture the miscreant and bring panted. him to you!' and putting spurs to his horse, he dashed madly away.

He rode rapidly, and ere noon on the he was without means of crossing it.

and stepping back and screening himself can procure a vehicle of some kind.' She danced over the floor in paroxysms of behind a tree, he looked in the direction

The horse neighed loudly as they came go, but no further." Here was the point ge.

The norse neighed loudly as they came from which the sound seemed to proceed. In sight of him. He was large and strong, where the two great waves which have been in sight of him. He was large and strong, and for a short distance would carry them into a skiff, saying, as he shoved off:

'Good-by, Ingersol.' The younger turned in Evlin's direction, after this year of lonely prison life, liberty seems doubly sweet.'

and as he came nearer he was so close that Evlin could have touched him with his seems doubly sweet.'

Mrs. Dykham ran down to the landing, and redoubled her shouts, but her efforts to rage, the surgeon suddenly confronted him. Knave! midnight assassin! what have the word of the land shout and who had asked as recall her prisoner were of no avail. The girl plied her deft oars steadily, and the you done with Jane Brent? he cried, in a pertinaciously what he had done with Jane of fertility as the great ocean is of moisture. The heat and the winds take up millions of light bark shot off from Wolfden Waste and terrible voice, swinging his heavy riding-

· I don't know who you are or where you terrace.

ing a space sufficiently large to hold her drag the body down to the lake and toss in The words had an ominous ring in them.

The fool is dead, sure enough, but he destarted leisurely up the walk. strange domicile, she opened her basket of provisions and ate heartily, after which she commended herself to the care of Heaven

And gathering the body in his arms, he that the Hall looked pleasant in

she awoke with a start, fergetting for a strength threw it in. Then turning hastily, contrast with the gloom of Wolfden. he walked away. she bathed her face and hands in the lake, shallow waters, his head resting on a bar of while life lasts, and be that life ever so

sume her journey, for this was the day on From her hiding-place Jane Brent had

the aperture and waited for the night to Dykham long ago was out of sight.

boat and continue her flight. Her close With bated breath, she distinguished the proximity to the dead man made further Gathering up her cloak and basket, she ncovered her skiff, and taking up the oars,

pushed off. Her eyes involuntarily turned As she did so she saw the lips of the sup-

Seeing that he was yet alive, she ap-

proached, unconscious that the man before her was he whom she had secretly acknow-"What is the matter with me?" he asked

'You are shot,' a voice replied. 'I think ter, bat in hand. 'I presume I Ingersol tried to kill you.'
onor of addressing Adam Brow- 'Oh, yes, I remember,' he said, sinking back on the sand, a dull-red flush over-

sprang up and grasped his spreading his face.
Pulling the boat on the end of the bar, with her assistance Evilin was soon lying in the bottom of the skiff, and, taking up the wrote you months ago, but the bottom of the skiff, and, taking up the Instead of giving credit to where are a reply. Sit down Mr. pars again, she sent it with steady sweeps due, the cash had better be paid. long talk with over the bosom of the lake.

'Can you tell me anything of the man dark looks that covered his face, was about to apply the wine to his mouth. The jug slipped from her hand, and with eager, wistiful eyes she devoured the coun-words a "deserted farm." tenance before her. The face was white, deserted home, of sundered loving ties, of and rigid as marble, but there was none deserted aged parents left to mourn in lone

tightly, the happy tears streaming over her to children, and to be borne sadly from the cheeks, 'Dr. Evlin, awake!' heeks. 'Dr. Evlin, awake!'
Evlin opened his eyes again and she churchyard, where in time the stone or the

have waited a long time, she panted, the gate posts, and the gate sags and leans The tones of her voice were familiar to the garden is a tangled growth of vine and the terrible evidence, and putting his hand him. They reminded him of one whom he weed; the old familiar rose nods its welon the surgeon's shoulder, said in a stern known across the ocean. He looked at her come to the unaccustomed visitor or travel

strangely, Who are you that you should expect be deserted, and who grieves as he views and there has been foul play. We have me? Push back your hat that I may see the fallen shutters, the broken windows, the moss-covered well, and the "old oaken The color surged over her face, making bucket,"-all falling apart by decay under Captain Blane and the mate, but also of the her alternately white and crimson as she

> A faint cry escaped him 'It is, it must-it cannot be.'

He could not articulate the words. · I am Jane Brent,' smiled she. Then despite his wound, this wonderful There are no fields any more. The old surgeon, this crusty, bachelor, this hater of road past the orchard is grown up with women, seized her lovingly in his arms and shrubbery, among which the red fruit hangs

'I have found you after all.' Why did you let me leave Rockhill? gled sprouts, and as one creeps among The next morning, accompanied by the Or if you had come with me all our troubles them the old fence, rotted down, is found

'I did come with you. I saw you every remain as the only relic of the former culday on board the ship. I watched you, tivation. It is a sad, dreary, meianchol theory drownell, knowing that access to the took care of you, and when the storm came Brownell, knowing that access to the gloomy-towered Waste was impossible without boats, proposed that they should remain at Marshmellow until he should return, or that they should retrace their steps turn, or that they should retrace their steps turn.

> Then you are the—the—fat man? she West. To better their condition and their Evlin nodded.

I was Rodger Doddworth, merchant, gret the ties which bind them to their new from New York, bound for Liverpool.'

was as Brownell had told him. There what raight have been. We must make all rolled the broad, fair expanse of water, but back again to Marshmellow Hall. was as browned. Fair expanse of water, but haste back again to Marshmellow Hall, said Evlin, 'Adam Brownell and the there is nothing beyond. The limit has Dismounting from his horse he hitched officers are there waiting to arrest Ingersol. been reached. It was a wonderful thing to the faithful beast in the shadow of a thicket, and walked down by the water's edge.

Let us go the landing yonder where my horse is hitched, and we will ride double A gay laugh came ringing over the waves, until we reach the nearest house, where I

> rode in the direction of a house Evlin had seen on the hillside as he came down.

CHAPTER XVII. RETRIBUTION.

Knave! midnight assassin! what have whom he had shot, and who had asked so of fertility as the great ocean is of moisture

'Two other gentlemen.' drag the body down to the lake and toss in in. He put his hand upon the heart. It was still.

Ingersol could hardly repress a shudder as he listened; but shaking off the feeling he upon which the old system could be prac-

'This is mine-all mine,' he mused, Evilin fell with a dull splash into the glancing over the scene. 'Mine to enjoy short, I will manage to spend every farthing.

As he turned to ascend the stone steps, a which Dykham was to return, and she feared she would meet him.

As no curred to ascend the stone steps, a heavy hand was laid firmly on his shoulder, that is one hundred years old. People who distinguish the words and witnessed the and a man in the uniform of a policemen, think that cows cannot attain that age have 100,000 do Spruce do., with the badge of his office glittering on his Georgia hotel. breast, said, in a deep and solemn voice: 'Eustace Ingersol, I arrest you on the

charge of murder.' Ingersol stepped back. 'It's a lie, an infamous lie!' he shouted I defy you, and take me if you dare!'

His eyes grew terrible in their express his face became swollen and livid and great knots corrugated his brow. Ingersol endeavored to release himself, but

'Curse you, let me go. If you do not lines of their farms. The dispute is now this instant take your hand from my settled, and so are the lawyers—on their shoulder, I will send a bullet through that farms. villainous heart of yours. Let go, I say.'

But the man of law only held him tighter, and signaling to his aid, the handcuffs were slipped on Ingersol's wrists and he was

In spite of his cursing, he was afterwards placed into a close carriage, and guarded by officers, conveyed to the city, where he was confined in the strongest cell of the prison. licu, Bautine, seeking to amuse him, inquired of one of the strangers present, 'Monsieur, [CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

talk with over the bosom of the lake.

He was lying on his side, his face particular and as to like the cash had better be paid.

A dandy, strutting about a tavern, took up a pair of green spectacles which lay on did not reply, and bending over him, she cash that he was in a dead faist.

She rowed for the further shore, and turned and Jane into a small cove. Then getting out her wine-jug, she knelt, and pushing back the

COAL There is something sadly touching in th ther like it in all the world.

It is he! she cried, clasping her fingers
the last kind offices which naturally belong old homestead to the grave in the old placed the wine to his lips. He sipped it, monument decays and falls down a wreck, like the old homestead, which gradually I knew you would come some day, but I falls into ruin. The frosts of winter heave over all awry; the road is all grass grown; er, curious to know why this home should

> the tottering shelter which once protected it. The barn is leaning all awry, and the sweeps through the yard, and the rusty Wster Stree Charlottetown, Aug. 15, 1883—3m hinges make their sad complaint as they grean painfully with every movemen ROYAL READERS AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS and awhile drops dead upon the rank ground. The trees are hidden by the tan

where the old hills of the last corn crop stil S. T. NELMES. Charlottetown, August 29, 1883-2m .E. Dawson & Co.

OFFER FOR SALE Jane stood before him, her lips apart, her new scenes of labor? Gone West. This the ready reply every where. All gone 400 kegs Cut Nails (assorted) 00 boxes Glass.
6 tons White Leads, fortune. Have they done it? Some may 30 casks Linseed Oils, 300 rolls Tar Paper and Felt, 30 barrels Pitch, and a full stock of have, but many have not. Thousands re homes. Thousands would return if the He rode rapidly, and ere noon on the succeeding day he reached the lake. It There is no time to be lost in regrets at restleaness which afflicted them in their Lowest Prices for Cash.

could. Perhaps the never-ending incurable they met on the track. "Thus far thou shalt corner Great George and Kent Streets, and so but no further." Here was the point "Sign of the Padlock," Queen Street. October 3, 1883.—tf But the fugitive replied by a clear ringing talking, the elder of whom presently got easily. Mounting quickly they turned and Western pilgrimage has reached its culm nating point and the tidal wave will begin to flow backward, and soon these dead, de serted farms will rise and smile again. The

AT LOWEST PRICES. Ingersol made his way home, moodily. soil will be as prolific as before. It is the fashion to say the land is worn out. Land MACHINE, SWEET and OLIVE OILS. light bark shot off from Wolfden Waste and the murderous keeper.

In a short time the tall towers and sombre walls were lost in the distance, and like a solitary speck her boat rode over the quiet waters, alone.

Brent? What had he done with her? Why, 'It cannot be that an inkling of the real tons of water from the ocean and this is THE CHEAPEST IN THE CITY, and upwards. before.'

Brownell was pacing up and down the ter as interest on the loan. In like manner 'Sign of the Pathesial's producing an uncountable quantum of the soil is producing a 'Sign of the Padlock," Queen Street came from, nor do I know anything of Jane
Brent; I only know that you are a vile and there, but not a suspicion of the object of Finally, she discovered a small cove, over-shadowed by large trees whose great limbs reached far out over the waters, and resuming her oars, Jane shot the boat into it ming her oars, Jane shot the surgeon's heavy whip came smartly over the willian's eyes, and, maddened with a province of this mind.

The barrister did not perceive Ingersol's approach. He had entered his mind.

The barrister did not perceive Ingersol's approach in thither again, so every particle of this matter taken from the soil is matter taken and stepped out on the shore.

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Random Notes.

excuse me, but how did they value asses in

of your weight and size,' was the retort, 'at

and stepped out on the shore.

Pulling the skiff up as well as she could, she covered it with boughs and dead leaves, and then searched for a secure hiding place for herself.

She found it in the form of two immense

With livid lips, Ingersol sat down to re
She found it in the form of two immense

With livid lips, Ingersol sat down to re
With livid lips, Ingersol sat down to re
With livid lips, Ingersol sat down to re
She found it in the form of two immense

W. E. Dawson & Co. it, and the exhaustive methods of our cul-

### LUMBER we must cultivate the soil with more care

under the wooing of another race of hus-

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

A Georgia man claims to have a cow 100,000 feet Seasoned Pine, 1, 11, 12 and

300,000 Cedar Shingles, No. 1, 300,000 Spruce do., 20,000 Brick, 10,000 Clapboards, Nos. 1 and 2. The woman who put her tongue to a hot iron to see if it was hot, now sits calmly and

sees her husband pull off his boots on the parlor carpet without a word of dissent.

Dressed Flooring, Scantling, Fencing Cedar Posts, Refuse Deal, &c., and all othe kinds of Lumber suitable for Building pur parlor carpet without a word of dissent. There was a reward offered the other day All the above to be sold cheap for cash. for the recovery of 'a large leather lady's

POOLE & LEWIS. travelling bag.' Whether the 'large leather Office-Peake's Wharf, No. 3. lady,' has got it back has not been stated. It is the Same Old Story.-Two Illinois farmers had a dispute about the boundary

Boston Steamers Scene Scotch board-school. Small boy to officiating teacher: 'A want to jine the booking class.' Officiating teacher: 'The junior class, I suppose—not the advanced?' STEAMERS:

Carroll. 879 tons, Capt. Brown, Small boy: 'A think a'll jine the advanced. Ma mither has a lodger an' a keep his book.' Worcester. 865 tons. Capt. Blankenship One day at the table of Cardinal Riche

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would not have been.
With something of his old petulence, he new growth of forest trees covers the fields.
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among which are 300 of the well-known Frost & Wood No. 8. which cannot be surpassed as a general purpose Plough, 100 of the No. 5 Plough, which is largely used in the Eastern part of the Island, and quite a number of Stubble Ploughs.

We are also Agent for the McKenzie Potato Digger, with either wood or iron beaters. Farmers should call and see those Implements before purchasing elsewhere. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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Charlottetown, Aug. 22, 1883-1 yr

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GEO. W. DeBLOIS. January 3, 1883-yr

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Sole Agent for B. Laurance's Spectacles, for Prince Edward Island, Diamond Bookstore, 89 Queen Street, Charlottetown.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, 1st June 1883.
R SIR.—The eye-glasses and spectacles puritive motion you in December last have given majort and astisaction, and I never experimy strain upon my eyes after using them.

Street, Charlottetown.

General Agent.

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CALENDAL New Moon 1st d First Quarter 9t Pull Moon 16th ( Last Quarter 22: New Moon 30th ( DAY OF 8

Monday Tapaday Wed. Thur. Priday Fatur. Sunday Wed. Thur. Priday Sunday Monday Tuesday Wed. Thur. Sunday Monday Tuesday Wed. Thur. Sunday Wed. Sunday Sunday Wed. Sunday Sunday Wed. Sunday Sunday Wed. Sunday Sunday Sunday Sunday Wed. Sunday McLeo BARRISTERS

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