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BIGHT & CO
1885.

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second to none.

CHAIRS of various designs,
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TABLES, WASHSTANDS,
ATTRASSES, PICTURE
SETS, BEDROOM SETS,
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Dec. 17, 1884.

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IDE BOLT WORK,
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e Iron Linings,
Solid Angle Corners.

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over produced.

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es have been made.

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MORRIS & IRELAND,
Boston, Mass.

The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1885.

VOL XIV—NO. 45

CALENDAR FOR SEPTEMBER.

MOON'S CHANCES.

Last Quarter 3rd day, 10th; 2m., a. m., S. E.
New Moon 10th day, 10th; 2m., a. m., S. E.
First Quarter 17th day, 10th; 2m., p. m., S. E.
Full Moon 25th day, 11th; 10m., p. m., S. W.

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Week. rises sets rises sets

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THE CHARLOTTETOWN HERALD

LOCAL AND OTHER ITEMS.

King's County Exhibition, 1885,

WILL BE HELD

AT GEORGETOWN,

—OR—

Tuesday, September 29.

The North Atlantic Steamship Co.

AT GEORGETOWN,

—OR—

Tuesday, September 29.

ARTICLES for the Exhibition will be received at the Drill Shed from 9 o'clock p. m. on MONDAY, 28th September, and until 10 o'clock a. m.

LIVE STOCK must be on the Castle Show Grounds at 10 o'clock a. m.

TUESDAY, 29th SEPTEMBER.

LIVE STOCK must be on the Castle Show Grounds at 10 o'clock a. m.

Judges of Live Stock are to meet at the Drill Shed at 11 o'clock a. m. A. J. Hunt is the oldest son of Richard Hunt, Esq., of Summerside.

Mr. Hunt is the eldest son of Richard Hunt, Esq., of Summerside.

The Provincial authority for the statement that Judge Weatherly of Halifax has commenced an action against the Dominion Government for recovery of all the land on which the railway buildings at Summerside are erected, and for railway wharf, etc. Papers have been served upon the Station Agent, and on the Superintendent, and also on the Minister of Railways.

A YOUNG man named Henry Stockman, son of Mr. Richard Stockman, was drowned in the North River last week.

The poor fellow, whose mind was astray, had waded across the river and started to go back again, when, getting out of his depth, he was swept away in the current, and lost his life.

He was a boy of 16 years, and was swimming with his father and friends who were powerless to save him. His body was recovered some hours after the event.

The steamer *Carroll* arrived from Boston yesterday evening at 7.30 p. m., with freight and passengers.

Dr. Strickland, James Pidgeon, Mr. Chenuary, E. H. Newby, James Farney, Mrs. Chesney, Mrs. M. A. Henderson, Misses Mary M. Hall, L. A. Anderson, Maggie Vickerson, Harriet McKinney, Anna Douglass, Sarah Traiman, Mary McGrath, Mary Headen, Mrs. McMurphy, Mary McCormack, and Esther Music.

We have to acknowledge the receipt, through the Post Office, of an excellent picture of the editorial staff of the Daily Union, assisted by the Devil, attempting to pull down the Catholic Church. It is but fair to His Satanic Majesty to state that, judging from the ill-fortune which has attended his efforts in the same direction during the last eighteen hundred years, he holds out little encouragement to the staff as to the success of their scheme.

At the recent solemn distribution of prizes and conferring of degrees in the great College of Propaganda, Rome, we find the name of Mr. James Morrison, of P. E. Island, among the successful students. He obtained the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy, being a first year student in that noble science. Mr. Morrison is a native of St. Andrews' parish, and left the Island for Rome less than one year ago. We congratulate our young friend on his success, and trust that he may, during the year he has yet to remain in the Eternal City, win still greater laurels.

SEVERAL of our Island contemporaries have been re-producing the following item clipped from the Moncton Transcript of last inst.: "Senator Montgomery, wife and daughter, of P. E. Island, were in town last night, returning from a tour in Quebec, during which they visited a sister of the Senator in Gaspé, who is now 95 years of age. The Senator himself is 85 years of age, hale, hearty and vigorous." Entertaining serious doubts as to the accuracy of the Transcript's information, we refer to the Parliamentarian Companion, whence we learned that Senator Montgomery was born on the 1st of January, 1808, which leaves him in his 78th year.

THE "Wanderers" of Halifax, some 15 strong, arrived here last Saturday evening, and on Monday played a match with the Park Cricket Club of this city, which resulted in a victory for the former by 90 runs and one innings to spare. Yesterday they played another Charlottetown Eleven whom they whipped by 48 runs and an innings to spare. Would it not be better for our boys to learn the game before they attempt to play outsiders? On Monday evening the "Wanderers" gave a Variety Concert in the Academy of Music which was largely attended.

At the 10 o'clock Mass on Sunday last His Lordship Bishop McIntyre spoke of the promising condition of St. Dunstan's College and the Convent schools, and exhorted parents to be particular above all things in making the children attend them. His Lordship, also, commended to the charity of the Catholics of Charlottetown the bazaar to be held in October in aid of St. Joseph's Convent. Father Burke preached the sermon on the Gospel of the day, in the course of which he denounced the Roller Rink, and condemned Catholic young girls against attending it, as its tendency could not be other than demoralizing. In the words of the rev. preacher, "the young ladies were going to hell on roller skates."

A CARRIAGE MAKER & MECHANIC has been formed in Prince County, and at a meeting recently held in Summerside, a Constitution and By-Laws were adopted and the following officers elected: President, Wm. Pound, Margate; Vice pres., Edwin Proctor, Kensington; Secretary, L. U. Fowler, Bedeque; Treasurer, John Cunningham, Summerside; Directors: E. Ramay, Tyne Valley; John Dawson, Castorville; Daniel McNeill, County Line; John Marks, Margate; A. Monaghan, South-West; Isaac McKinney, Tyne Valley. The next meeting is to be held in Summerside on Tuesday, 26th November, at 2 p. m., when an essay on wheel-making will be read.

TRUE TIME, enabled to understand the rating of its Chronometers, and parties having business in this line need not send the Island as heretofore.

Mr. TAYLOR, Satisfaction guaranteed.

CHARLOTTETOWN, September 9, 1885.—*Sa*

TENDERS.

ENDERS will be received by the undersigned, until the 15th inst., for a TRANSIT INSTRUMENT for a purpose of ascertaining

TRUE TIME,

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for a

THE OLD HOME.

"Return, sir," the voice called.
"I am here to stay no longer;
Only on the river side.
The tender lights and shadows play;
And all the banks are gay with flowers,
And willows decked with blossoms;
To you bright sunrises come
In you bright sunsets come!"

For me, I thought, the olive grew,
The sun lies warm upon the vine;
And yet I will arise and go
To that distant country where white pines;
Our old home, our quiet home, I leave.
Untouched by years of change and pain
Old faults, that I counted dead,
Shall rise and live again.

And still "return, return," they rang.
"With us abides eternal life;
In the bosom of your home you were young;
We call the heartsease and the balm;—
For us the flocks and herds increase,
And children play around one's feet;
At eve the sun goes down in peace."

Then I arose, and crossed the sea.
And sought that home of younger days;
No love of old was left to me
(For love has wings and seldom stays);
But there were grander uses still,
And more important tasks on the sea.
And low winds breathing: "Peace, be still;
Last things are found in God."

THE DETECTIVE'S CLUE.

—OR—

THE TRAGEDY OF ELM GROVE.

CHAPTER VIII. (CONTINUED.)

I have been thinking of one thing, he at length said, and that is what the murderer could have wanted of the slip of paper I took from my uncle's hand. It contained only the words, "seven o'clock," which certainly have no meaning in themselves."

"Have you it here now?"

"Yes, it is." The lawyer took it and examined it. "It is a torn fragment," he said.

"Yes," replied Carols, "and I judge from the envelope lying on the table that my uncle must have been writing. He was, perhaps, holding an unfinished letter in his hand and looking it over. The murderer jerked it hastily, and tore it, leaving this piece in his victim's grasp. Now whether it contains the finishing word of some information conveyed on the larger part, is more than I know. But that is the only theory by which I can account for the villain's anxiety to obtain it."

The lawyer considered for a moment. Finally he said:

"I will think about it. This point may be worthy of special attention. But say nothing about this, or any other feature of the case, to any living person. Keep your mouth resolutely closed against all ears but mine."

Carols promised to observe this caution.

"And now," said Mr. Royalton, "listen, first, for fear that my words may discourage you, let me declare my belief in your innocence, and assure you that not an effort shall be left unmade in your behalf. But the case has a bad look. Colonel Conrad received thirty thousand dollars in gold, yesterday, and that cannot be found. Leonard Lester is missing and people have jumped at the conclusion that he is your accomplice, that his fishing excursion was a ruse, and that he has made off with the gold to some point where you intend to join him."

"Good Heaven!" ejaculated Carols. "Do you not believe this?"

"Certainly not. But you see again the importance of your cousin's being here."

"Yes. I am at a loss to think what can delay him from his return."

"We will hope that he will appear in due time. And now you must go yourself entirely in my hands. You see what a coloring circumstantial evidence can give an affair. Your own consciousness of innocence will go for naught against it. Everything depends on shrewd management and careful working. I must now leave you and study over my plans. As for myself, be ready at the examination to follow whatever course I may indicate. I will say now to you, confidentially, that I believe this murder was committed with some other object than that of robbery—that there is some dark unknown purpose at the bottom of it. If you ask me why, I must decline to tell. Perhaps I could not reply in terms sufficiently definite to be satisfactory and convincing to you."

"I leave everything to you," said Carols.

"That is right. Good-day."

"Good-day."

After the lawyer was gone, and the stimulus of mental occupation no longer remained, Carols began to feel ill again. A languor seized him, followed by a chill, which was in turn succeeded by a paroxysm of fever. Dr. Davison was again summoned, and on the strength of his report of the prisoner's condition, the examination was postponed to the following day.

CHAPTER IX.

GEOFFREY HAYWOOD'S MOVEMENTS. On this circumstance occurred on the morning of the murder that might have appeared strange had the excitement that prevailed permitted any one's attention to be directed to it.

It was the presence of Mr. Geoffrey Haywood in the street at an unexpected hour. About five o'clock he might have been seen standing on the sidewalk in front of his store, looking up and down the street. He was not in his usual composed self. He appeared expectant and anxious. He turned to and fro impatiently, and occasionally peered the sidewalk in evident agitation. What was he waiting for?

His manifestations of anxiety were instantly suppressed as he saw a man approaching him quickly.

The man was walking rapidly, and was evidently in extreme agitation. He came from the direction of Elm Grove. It was Barker, the servant of Colonel Conrad.

Mr. Haywood gave no sign of recognition. But a spark of apprehension passed over his face, followed instantaneously by a look of resolution. He continued his pacing to and fro.

Barker hurried up to him.

"Oh, Mr. Haywood—" he began.

"Ah, good morning, Barker. I felt well during the night, and thought a morning walk might do me good.

What brings you down town at such an early hour?"

"Oh, something terrible has happened at Elm Grove!"

"You astonish me. What is it?" Is somebody ill?"

"Much worse than that. Colonel Conrad has been murdered."

"What?"

Mr. Haywood's astonishment was genuine. His face blanched with horror.

"We found him dead in his study, with an awful cut in the neck."

"Barker, you terrify me. Tell me all about it. How did it happen?"

"No one knows how it happened. It was done in the dead of night. Miss Florence is fairily wild, and the two women-servants are nearly frightened to death. I called in Tom to stay with them, while I ran down town. It's lucky, sir, that I happened to you."

"Well, well, it is awful. I am nearly overcome. Find some officers, quick, and I will go up to the house."

"Yes, sir. I think you'd better go there as quick as you can. I'll find the officers, and will go to the hotel and rouse the two young men—his nephews—that came to see him yesterday."

"No, no, no—but I don't know—yes, you may call them. And do not lose any time."

Barker and Haywood separated, each walking as fast as his footsteps could carry him.

Haywood found the household at Elm Grove plunged in woe. Florence Darley was hovering about the fatal room, alternately halting and recoiling again. When she beheld Haywood she pointed to where the body of Colonel Conrad reclined, and then sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands giving way to violent weeping.

Haywood spoke some words of sympathy in a low tone, and hastily entered the study of the late master of Elm Grove. The corpse still sat in the chair, leaning over the table. No one had disturbed it. Haywood took careful note of its position and surroundings, and then called in Tom, the stable-keeper whom Barker had mentioned, bidding him also observe closely the situation of things. The two together then lifted the body and placed it on a couch, and, obtaining a sheet, covered it. They were careful not to change the position of any article of furniture.

They then left the room, closing the door after them, and went into the hall where Florence still remained.

Haywood was composed and cool, and had assumed his usual unruffled manner. There was silent, though his breath came short and restlessly, and his rough face exhibited grief. He stood ready to render any service that might be required.

Miss Florence," said Haywood, "this is really terrible. But we must be moving on. I have enough on my hands this morning. His companion (they claimed to be cousins) is also missing, and a horse and buggy that he hired yesterday were found before daylight this morning standing in front of the livery stable."

"Ba!" exclaimed one. "It would be well to watch for these young men, and make them give an account of their movements."

This sentiment found instant echo in the crowd, and was immediately taken up as the burden of their discussion.

Geoffrey Haywood's solemn expression of countenance gave way, for a mere instant, to a look of satisfaction.

But he said, with a sigh:

"Well, gentlemen, I must be moving on. I have enough on my hands this morning. The affair must be probed to the bottom."

As he drove away, one of the listeners said:

"It's lucky that the Conrads have such a man as Haywood for their friend. He'll sift the thing."

Mr. Haywood's prowess, and his ability to carry through whatever he undertook, were themes of remark and admiration by numbers of his fellow-citizens.

After leaving the crowd he turned from the main thoroughfare to a street on the left, then to the left again, and finally to the right. He was now on the same street through which Carlos had taken his mad ride in the storm. Looking cautiously around, he hurried to the other end of the piazza.

In a few moments Barker arrived, accompanied by two officers and a constable. The constable was Dr. Davison, the physician who, later in the day, had paid the professional visit to Carlos.

Haywood rose to meet them.

"Your arrival is welcome, gentlemen," he said, "though on such sad business. Where are the two young men?"

"They couldn't be found, sir. They left town yesterday, and have not returned."

"Did you go to the hotel?"

"Yes—they have not been seen here."

Haywood mused, but kept his thoughts to himself.

"What sort of young men were they?" asked one of the officers.

"They were strangers to us," replied Haywood. "I believe they claim to be nephews of Colonel Conrad."

"Well, it looks mighty queer. A horse and carriage that one of them hired yesterday was found standing by the door of the livery stable this morning."

The conversation between her father and Haywood was therefore carried on in whispers. It lasted some ten minutes.

Finally Haywood said, in a loud voice, with the evident intention that it should be heard by Kate.

"Well, get the sheep all washed as soon as you can, for we want to shear and get the wool in market before the price drops."

He then drove off at a furious speed.

"Did you tell him about the stranger that stopped with us during the night?" asked Kate.

"Oh, never mind. I don't wish to bring any accusation against them, but a thought happened to pass through my mind."

He looked at the officer significantly, and then turned away suddenly, as if dismissing the matter.

The shadow of a hint was not without its effect. The officer nodded his head knowingly.

"All's not lost," said Haywood.

He was the stable-keeper, and Mr. Haywood, as soon as the conveyance was ready, drove in the direction of the village.

On arriving in the business-street he met the express-driver, with his horse and wagon, on the way to the depot to catch the early train. Others were also moving about; for the news had spread rapidly. Through the hotel and various residences, servants up and about their morning duties, had heard

the intelligence, and communicated it to the inmates. Consequently, there were perhaps fifty people up and on the alert, all in a state of excitement, and inquiring eagerly for the particulars of the tragedy.

The express driver stopped and accosted Haywood, who also reined in his horse. A knot of men instantly gathered around them.

"What?"

Mr. Haywood's astonishment was genuine. His face blanched with horror.

"We found him dead in his study, with an awful cut in the neck."

"Barker, you terrify me. Tell me all about it. How did it happen?"

"You astonish me. What is it?" Is somebody ill?"

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