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NEW SERIES.

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Calendar for September, 1889.

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THE TWO GLASSES. There are two glasses, filled to the brim. On a rich man's table, this to him. One is empty and the other is full. And one is clear as the crystal ball. Let the glass of wine to the pale brother. Let us tell the tale of the path to each other. I can tell of banquet and revel and mirth. And the president and grandeur such on earth. Well under my touch as though struck by lightning. Where I was king, for I ruled in might. From the heads of kings I have torn the crown. From the heights of fame I have heaped men down. I have blessed many as honored names; I have taken virtue and given shame; I have tempted the youth with a sip of wine. That has made his future a barren waste. Far greater than a king am I. Or than any army beneath the sky. And sent the train from the iron rail; I have made good ships go down at sea. And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me. For they said, 'Behold, how great you are! Fame, wealth, strength, genius, before you fall. For your might and power are ever all. He! he! pale brother,' laughed the wine. 'Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?' Said the water glass, 'I cannot boast. Of a king dethroned or a murdered host. But I can tell of a heart, once sick, by my crystal drops made light and glad; Of thirst I've quenched, of brow I've cooled, Of hands I have cooled and souls I have saved. I have heaped through the valley, dashed down the mountain, Flowed in the river and played in the fountain; And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eyes. I have cooled the hot forehead of fever and pain; I have made the parched meadows grow fertile with grain; I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill That ground out flour and turned at my will; I can tell of manhood, debased by you, That I lifted up and crowned anew. I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid; I gladden the heart and cheer the soul; I set the wine-bibber captive free, And all are wise for knowing me. These are the tales they told each other— The glass of wine and the pale brother— As they sat together, filled to the brim. On the rich man's table, rim to rim.

OF A DIFFERENT MIND. BY BRUCE MONTGOMERY. CHAPTER X.—(CONTINUED) THERE was a slight noise at the entrance of the hut to which the dying woman listened anxiously. 'He is there! Great God; mercy, mercy!' The unhappy woman turned her dying eyes in that direction. 'He wants the child—my child; he must not have him! Save him, good father!' And the trembling hands laid the winsome little creature in the arms of the terrified young priest. 'I give you the child; he shall be brought up and entirely to you. You will bring him up better than his father. On the brink of the grave I beg your word for this. Promise me that under no circumstances will you ever give up the child to his father, she continued, with the energy of despair, while the last agony of death overcame her strength of will, convulsed the features soon to be at rest. 'But the father will make good his claim,' stammered the terrified young priest. 'He will not dare. Should he do so, reveal the fearful secret. He will never dare to claim the boy.' With incredible strength she suddenly roused herself up, and fixing her dying eyes on the priest, she said vehemently: 'I make you answerable for the soul of my child. You hear the words of a dying mother. With death before me, I give you full power over him; but I shall require his soul at your hands.' As if her whole strength was exhausted, the poor young wife fell back upon her bed. 'That is all. Have pity that I may die in peace!' 'Countess Marinelli, I promise you, solemnly, that I will never give up the child into the hands of those who would injure him, replied the priest in a tremulous yet firm voice. 'Swear that you will protect the boy till his death.' 'I assure you on my priestly word.' 'May God reward you; may God bless you!' murmured the young countess. He had sought the hand of her child who was sleeping in the arms of the priest. Her lips murmured a few unintelligible words, and then, again opening her eyes, she said, anxiously: 'Because of him; he will do you harm!' 'I am in God's hands,' replied the priest calmly; and then he gave the absolution. The Countess Marinelli soon slept with her hand on the head of her child and with quiet confidence in the priest. By the flickering light of the little lantern, the priest thought he saw some one kneeling at the entrance of the hut and looking anxiously into it: 'Martin, Martin, is that you?' 'You were here during the confusion and have heard the shock.' 'The lad had been his head in an absent manner.' 'You dare not ever betray what you have heard, you understand that?' 'The lad was and came near. The lad again nodded, but the expression of terror did not leave his young countenance. 'Will you hold this child for a moment?' A movement of the hand answered the question. It was a singular light that took place in the circle of the night; the body of the young mother. The holy water which the priest carried about with him, and which he poured upon the small dark head, seemed down upon the margin of the dead countess. 'Robert Felix,' said the priest, deep-

ly moved, while a tear flowed down his cheek. 'You now bear my name and may it be health to you.' 'This he carefully wrapped the little one in the folds of his wide cloak, and bore him in his arms. His feet moved slowly from the poor death bed, where his eyes had looked their last upon the cold limbs of her who rested there. He took up the little lantern which burned dimly, opened the door, and stepped out into the rainy night. Dark clouds chased each other across the sky, and a cold wind blew against him. He turned back to give the lantern to the shepherd lad, but the young man was close behind him. 'Take the light and remain near the dead lady. I will send some people to you.' 'The lad shook his head in silence. 'You are not afraid of the dead, Martin?' 'Again the lad shook his head. 'Why will you not remain here?' The lad made some inarticulate sound, the sense of which was unintelligible. His face expressed great pain, and his eyes were turned to the priest as if seeking help. 'Will you not answer me, Martin?' There was a singular movement in the lad's face. He opened his lips, showed his tongue, and pointed to it with his finger. A sad idea occurred to the priest; the lad was dumb. The fearful shock of the Countess Marinelli's history had deprived him of speech. Martin could no longer betray secrets. The priest shuddered. 'Poor, poor Martin!' he murmured as he beckoned to him, and as he followed him, turned down the path from the hills. He had not proceeded many steps when the way was obstructed by a tall figure. 'Give me that child,' cried a harsh voice, while an iron grasp sought to close upon his arm. The priest had involuntarily stepped back and pressed his living burden close to his breast. 'Who are you?' he asked in a firm voice. 'Silence! Make no noise or—' And a shining weapon glanced before the eyes of the retreating priest. 'Give me the child, and keep silence about the affair of this night, and then no harm will happen to you,' said the unknown in a harsh whisper. 'Leave the way free, unhappy man. You shall not have the child.' A low cry followed these words. The knife of the murderer had pierced the protecting arm. The unknown uttered a fearful curse and then tried to get possession of the babe by force. His dagger again struck the priest, but he carefully avoided the little burden he carried in his arms. The priest had fallen on his knees. With superhuman strength he held the babe pressed to his breast. A fearful conflict began—a struggle for life or death, in which there could be little doubt who would be the victor. 'Send thy angel, oh, God, to protect this child!' prayed the priest aloud. He had sunk bleeding to the ground, but his arm still held fast the child, which was now covered by his body. A harsh cry now arose. Martin had thrown down the murderer. He arose with a loud curse and looked around; then he sprang towards the shepherd lad, but as Martin had felt his dagger, he had stepped aside and concealed himself among some bushes, where he repeated the loud cry which sounded so mysteriously through the forest. This time a curse followed in Italian. The man rushed upon the protecting bushes like a wild beast. Martin continued to repeat his cries, while the murderer strove to force his way through the thicket. This chase continued for some minutes, and when Martin knew the place and the nature of the ground, and this was in his favor, the stranger would soon have reached him, for the distance between them was evidently diminishing, when a loud cry arose very near and made him stop. The lad's cry for help had been heard, and some of the neighboring shepherds, who had retired to the huts for the night, were approaching. The stranger returned as quickly as he could to the place where he had left the priest, but either he had missed the spot or his prey had fled; he was not there. And hark! what was that? The sound of a human voice crying for help. Was it a fancy of his overstrained nerves? He raised his tired head, and heard the sound of lamentation very near. As he approached the spot, he saw a man lying on the ground, whose surrounding circumstances showed must have been laid there by his own deed. As he knelt down by the wounded man Felix received a shock for which he was little prepared. The man who lay there with a mortal wound in his breast was Countess Marinelli. The gentle and experienced hand of the doctor probed the wound and extracted the little bullet which had lodged very near the heart. Major Northfleet had hitherto been invisible, but now he opened his eyes. 'Holden!' he murmured in a weak voice, but with apparent vitality. 'Always Holden! I hate you irrepressibly. Go away, go away!' he said. No change passed over the earnest features of the doctor. He remained after these reproaches unmoved as before. Even the hands, which were hiding in the flowing life, trembled not for a moment in their work. 'Do not move, I entreat you; keep quiet still,' he said, as he saw that Northfleet was about to raise himself up. These were the first words he had spoken for many hours; his lips formed them, but they sounded toneless. Northfleet strove against his weakness—he closed his eyes and struggled against his tendency to faint. Holden knelt beside the form of the dead woman and made of it a bandage for the bones of the young officer. He had completed this when the patient opened his eyes. 'Do you hear, Holden, I cannot bear the sight of you!' Low groans accompanied these words. A tremor shook his limbs. Power was coming in.

'Go away,' he repeated. 'Am I always to find you in my way. Can I not even die alone?' 'Keep quiet, Major Northfleet, I beg you. You must not die—Margaret's sake you must not.' 'Margaret loves you, not me,' broke from Northfleet's lips. 'What care I do you that you should rob me of her love?' Holden leaned towards Northfleet, and his voice was heard as he said: 'Understand me rightly, major. I do not love Margaret; I have never declared myself. She might easily be won back.' The eyes of the wounded man shone with feverish light. 'Holden, Holden!' he stammered incoherently. 'There must have been a singular expression in the dark eyes which rested on the major's face, for with a look of joy he exclaimed: 'Why did I not know that? Wretched man that I am, I have raised my own hand against my life.' Quiet was again enforced by Holden. 'No one need know of that. Only follow my directions, and God willing, you will lead a happy life and find compensation for the joyous youth that—' Holden prepared for you.' 'Thanka, cowid thanks, Holden. My injustice—and consciousness was lost. Major Northfleet lay in deep sleep only to fall into a high fever. Holden knew the cause of this kind of fever, and looked up to heaven. The most careful attendance could also save his life by combating the power of the fever. Every moment was of importance. Holden had hitherto been rivals before dashing beauty. The wounded man had hated him till this hour, and had made no secret of this. But Holden vacated the field, as if a tender father now endeavored to save his life that he might be able to lead a new and happy one by the side of his beloved. In fact, the hour for the other mind had passed. In the roomed Dr. Holden, the favorite of the priest, the Christian soul of Uncle Robert prevailed over the worldly, revengeful spirit of Count Marinelli. In heaven the spirit of the deceased Louise rejoiced, for the time approached when her last promise to Holden would be kept, and his soul would be changed to a different mind. Holden's steps became unsteady. At last he approached the border of the wood, and he saw in the distance some tiled roof. But at that moment there was a loud noise in his ears, the earth seemed to tremble and slide from under his feet, he felt a sharp pain in his breast, blood streamed from his lips, and he fell fainting. 'But a savage was hastening that way; the horse's hoofs seemed hardly to touch the ground. Men bent over the two senseless forms, and lifted them gently up. 'To the castle! What will the general say?' whispered the terrified men to each other. A cry rent the air which roused Felix from his stupor. 'It is Dr. Holden, father, Dr. Holden!' exclaimed Margaret, beside herself with terror. Two soft hands were placed under his head; with superhuman strength he raised himself, and looking at the girl said gently, but in a tone of earnest entreaty: 'Uncle Robert, fetch Uncle Robert, and though Martin knew the place and the nature of the ground, and this was in his favor, the stranger would soon have reached him, for the distance between them was evidently diminishing, when a loud cry arose very near and made him stop. The lad's cry for help had been heard, and some of the neighboring shepherds, who had retired to the huts for the night, were approaching. The stranger returned as quickly as he could to the place where he had left the priest, but either he had missed the spot or his prey had fled; he was not there. And hark! what was that? The sound of a human voice crying for help. Was it a fancy of his overstrained nerves? He raised his tired head, and heard the sound of lamentation very near. 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REASONS Why Ayer's Sarsaparilla is preferable to any other for the cure of Blood Diseases. No poisons or deleterious ingredients enter into the composition of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is prepared with extreme care, skill, and cleanliness. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is prescribed by leading physicians. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is for sale everywhere, and recommended by all first-class druggists. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a medicine, and not a beverage in disguise. Ayer's Sarsaparilla never fails to afford a cure, when persistently used, according to directions. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a highly concentrated extract, and therefore the most economical Blood Medicine in the market. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has had a successful career of nearly half a century, and was never so popular as at present. Thousands of testimonials are on file from those benefited by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Sold by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price 25 cents per bottle. Beware of cheap imitations.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure. This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kind, and it makes the best bread, cakes, pies, and all kinds of pastries. Sold at Wholesale by Mr. Fenton T. Newbery. M. STEVENSON, 127 Queen St. April 17, 1889—6m

Hardware, Hardware. CARRIAGE HARDWARE, in Iron and Steel Shoeing, Tire Steel, Spokes, Rims, Hubs, Axles and Varnishes. CARPENTERS' HARDWARE A SPECIALTY. NAILS, GLASS, PAINTS, LOCKS, and everything they require in our line. For Blacksmiths we have an immense stock of Horse Nails, Horse Shoe Iron, Steel, Files, Rasps, &c. FARMERS GET EVERYTHING THEY REQUIRE. Splendid Steel MUD SHOVELS, English and American. STOCK NOW COMPLETE. SELLING AT VERY LOW PRICES. DODD & ROGERS. QUEEN SQUARE. Charlottetown, Dec. 24, 1888.

ON THE MARCH. We are on the Move, and Intend to Keep So. NO STAND STILL, For we are bound to pass our competitors and still keep going on— Because we have the Knowledge; Because we have the Experience; Because we have the Stock; Because we have the Workmen; Because we have the Lasts; Because we are the only House on the Island who keep nothing but First-class Hand-made BOOTS AND SHOES, which is the only class of work fit for this country and climate. Because factory work is all alike wherever made. They all use shoddy, more or less, and this is not the country for shoddy Boots and Shoes, that will go out of shape and fall to pieces. Then go to J. H. BELL'S and get a pair of his Reliable Hand-made Boots and Shoes. Every pair warranted and made in our own establishment; none others kept or sold. ORDERED WORK A SPECIALTY. REPAIRING of all kinds done reasonably and promptly. Closed-uppers and all kinds of Shoe Finishing, Lasts, etc., for the Shoe Trade kept constantly on hand. Don't forget the place: J. H. BELL, Knight's Old Stand, Upper Great George St. Charlottetown, March 20, 1889—6m

FURNITURE. THE CHEAPEST YET. Call and Inspect, and get Bargains at Auction Prices for Cash. THE CHEAPEST PLACE ON P. E. ISLAND. DRAWING ROOM PARLOR SUITES, best value. BEDROOM SUITES at low prices. All kinds of UPHOLSTERED GOODS at Bargains, PICTURE FRAMING, 125 varieties, very cheap and nobby, LOOKING GLASSES, The latest in WINDOW-BLINDS, and all kinds of WINDOW FURNITURE and Fixings at cost. No trouble to show goods. Can suit all tastes at NEWSON'S FURNITURE WAREHOUSES, opposite the Post Office. JOHN NEWSON. Charlottetown, Feb. 20, 1889.

DISCOUNT SALE! During the next Thirty Days I will allow a Discount of 20 per cent. —ON THE— Balance of my Stock of CLOTHS —AND— GENTS' FURNISHINGS. P. J. FORAN, Next Door to J. D. McLeod's. Charlottetown, July 17, 1889.

Freehold Farm for Sale. FOR sale at a bargain, the Freehold Farm of 50 acres of land with the Farm Buildings formerly owned by Vincent McCormack, of St. Margarets, Lot 43, fronting on the Gulf Shore, and conveniently situated. A good title will be given the purchaser. For further particulars apply to SULLIVAN & MACNEILL, Feb. 13, 1889—4f Charlottetown.

Tinware, Stovepipe, Elbows, WATERWORKS. THE undersigned has on hand all kinds of Tinware, Stovepipe, Elbows, &c. Wholesale and Retail. Also prepared to fit up WATER PIPES in Houses, with Fittings for use in the kitchen or other rooms, at shortest notice. Orders left at my shop will be promptly attended to. Terms moderate. M. STEVENSON, 127 Queen St. April 17, 1889—6m

Parsons' Pills. Make New Rich Blood! Watches. Watches. SOLID GOLD Ladies' and Gents' Open or Hunting Case, Gold filled do., do., warranted to stand and wear better than a cheap gold case. Silver and Silveroid, in key or stem-wind, with works thoroughly tested and warranted, from \$5.00 up to \$40.00. Cheaper can be supplied, but not warranted as reliable time-keepers. The watches we keep in stock have received the highest award for general excellence and time-keeping qualities. Good value in every department. G. H. TAYLOR. Aug. 21, 1889. North Side Queen Square.

London House. FIRST INSTALMENT OF SPRING GOODS NOW OPENING. NEW PRINTS, NEW GINGHAMS, NEW SHIRTING, NEW TICKINGS. MEN'S SUITS. BOYS' SUITS. GLOVES, HOSIERY, LACE, EMBROIDERIES, CARPETS, OILCLOTHS, LACE CURTAINS, &c. &c. HARRIS & STEWART, London House. Charlottetown, March 27, 1889.

Bargains! Bargains! BARGAINS. REUBEN TUPLIN & CO'S Annual Clearance Sale. During the next 20 days the balance of our Winter Goods MUST GO. Bargains for Everybody, Bargains in Everything for CASH. DON'T MISS THIS CHANCE. REUBEN TUPLIN & CO., London House. Kensington, Feb. 27, 1889.

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Prince Edward Island Railway. 1889. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1889. On and after Monday, June 3rd, 1889, Trains will run as follows:—

Table with columns: STATIONS, Express, Accom., Accom. TRAINS FROM THE WEST. STATIONS, Express, Accom., Accom. TRAINS FROM THE EAST.

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