

ONS'... Stewart House... Queen Street... McKENZIE... UNSWORTH... BALSA...

NEW SERIES. The Charlottetown Herald... EVERY WEDNESDAY... Queen Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

1889. Spring Trip from Liverpool. THE CLIPPER BARKENTINE EREMA, 300 TONS REGISTER, P. LEDWELL, Commander, WILL SAIL DIRECT FROM Liverpool for Charlottetown ABOUT THE 1st APRIL.

CASTORIA for Infants and Children. Castoria is so well adapted to children that it is recommended as an aperient to any prescription.

NOTICE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP. I WISH TO NOTIFY THE PUBLIC that I have this day admitted my Brother, BENJAMIN E. PROWSE, as Partner in the Business hitherto carried on by me, the Business to be continued under the name and style of PROWSE BROS.

BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA, INCORPORATED 1822. Capital Paid up \$1,146,300 Reserve Fund 460,000. Directors: John S. McLean, President; John Doolittle, Vice-President; Daniel Crossan, Adam Burns, James Hart, Robert G. Thom, John Fyfe.

L. E. PROWSE, B. E. PROWSE, Charlottetown, January 29, 1889. As candidates for your patronage, we invite an examination of our past business record for FAIR, SQUARE DEALING. We promise for the future the best in quality, the most in quantity, and the lowest prices to all customers without distinction of age or class.

DOMINION ILLUSTRATED. The only high class Illustrated Canadian Weekly, gives its readers the best of literature, accompanied by engravings of the highest order. The Press throughout the Dominion has declared it to be worthy of Canada and deserving universal support.

REMEMBER THAT SIMSON'S LINIMENT HAS taken the lead, and is the best preparation ever offered to the people of Canada for the Relief and Cure of RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, NEURALGIA, CATARRH, CUTS, BRUISES, SWELLINGS, SCALD HEADS, COLIC, DYSPEPSIA, CONTRACTION OF THE MUSCLES, LAME BACK, DYPHTHERIA, SORE THROAT, TENDER FEET, CORNS, STIFF JOINTS, &c., &c.

BROWN BROS. & CO., Dec. 19, 1888. HEAD QUARTERS Boots! Boots! FOR THE MILLION, GREAT VARIETY, From Twenty-Five Cents Upwards, GOFF BROS. BOOT AND SHOE FACTORY.

Notes from Rome. ROME, Feb. 1.—The date of the consistory has now been definitely settled. It will be held on the 11th of February. Three days later, according to custom, there will be a second public consistory, at which the imposition of the cardinal's hats will take place. The Sovereign Pontiff has just added to the number of assistant prelates at the throne, Mgr. Henry Altmayr, of the order of friar preachers, Archbishop of Bagdad and a Delegate Apostolic in the East. This is a new proof of the great estimation the Holy Father feels for Mgr. Altmayr in those far-off missions, where, notwithstanding many obstacles, he has given a powerful impulse to Catholic missionary work.

Another Singular Conversion. In the month of December, 1888, I stopped at Tours for a few hours only; but, during that short time, I visited the chapel of the Holy Father. I had never heard it mentioned, nor had I heard of Mgr. Dupont. I had arrived from America but a few weeks before. I was a Protestant and had been brought up from my earliest years amid Protestant surroundings, and had never in my life got a Catholic Priest to explain to me the difference between the two religions. I had never heard of Mgr. Dupont. I had arrived from America but a few weeks before. I was a Protestant and had been brought up from my earliest years amid Protestant surroundings, and had never in my life got a Catholic Priest to explain to me the difference between the two religions.

Freedom for Willing Workers in the Church. The late Very Rev. I. T. Hecker, founder of the Paulist Congregation, wrote many excellent works during his lifetime, but we know of none which is likely to please Catholic readers so well as his latest production, "The Church and the Age." Glancing over this interesting book the other day, we came across the following paragraphs, which tend to show how the Church utilizes the services of the female portion of the community in every civilized country, making many of them heroes of Christianity in the high-sphere of supernatural perfection.

Archbishop Alemany's Will. The will of Most Rev. Joseph S. Alemany was filed for probate in San Francisco, by the late Rev. J. L. Loughborough, the attorney for Archbishop Riordan. The will is dated Viterbo, Italy, September 15, 1883, and the prelate died in Spain, on the 12th of April, 1888. The document is brief and makes the following provisions: "First—I give and resign my soul to God and my body to the earth with an humble heart, and I have as motto, 'My duty is my God'."

Notes from Rome. bishop of St. Andrew's and Edinburgh; Charles, Archbishop of Glasgow; John, Bishop of Galloway, and Angus, Bishop of Argyll and the Isles. On February 7, the anniversary of the death of Pius IX., who died a dozen years ago on this date, Cardinal Liberatore will be celebrated. At the service the cardinal, patriarch, archbishops and bishops, and many others of eminent rank will assist. Deacon Paul Maria Baumgarten, Private of Spada e Coppa of His Holiness, has addressed the following letter to the Osservatore Romano: "DEAR SIR,—As your journal has already announced, the Missionaries of Foreign Missions, in the German Colony of East Africa, have been made prisoners by the Chief Bochari.

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**WINTER ROUND-UPS.**  
BY JOHN WILSON, M. A.

In the old event days to memory always  
Tells her from them we have wandered  
separate ways,  
How pleasant to hall was the merry close  
of the year  
In the old event days,  
Those days and their joyous are done—  
no Yule's blue  
Makes ruddy the heart's grown desolate  
and sad cheer,  
And the glow of the past through silent  
chambers strays;  
But one thing still remains after many a  
year,  
One thing, and the best of all, with us yet  
stays,  
The love that bound us then, my mother  
dear,  
In the old event days.

II  
My mother dear, across those Christmas  
eve  
And looks against the wintry air etched  
clear,  
My soul is home where my heart's love  
wills,  
My mother dear;  
Northward and homeward borne, until I  
hear  
Thine soft voice that most my spirit thrills,  
The music that is sweet to mine ear—  
Homeward and homeward as my heart's  
love wills  
Until the best-loved face grows near and  
clear  
Mine eyes now—as my soul forever—thine,  
My mother dear.

—Fisk Monthly.

**PATRICIA**  
A STORY OF  
A WOMAN'S CONSTANCY.

ALICE HOBSON.  
CHAPTER XVII.

Rose Maynard sat in the garden. The sun was going down in a splendor of purple and gold, singing everything with rosy hues.

The years that had passed had not altered her much; the white forehead still kept its smoothness, the fair cheeks its roundness, the light brown hair arranged with less stylish effect than of yore, and beneath it the hazel eyes gleamed out with mirth as of old. A step sounded upon the gravel path, and she rose to meet Lawrence Hazledale.

"At last, Lawrence, you are come home!"

"Yes, and stay," he said, as they talked and walked into the house.

"I am so glad to have you home again, but I do not think you were very kind to me as you did!"

Lawrence frowned.

"I scarcely fancy it wrong your while to take up the old grievances on our first meeting. You were displeased with me, therefore took me to task; one word led to another, and so we parted."

"I said you flirted with Fanny DeLaney, and so you did," said Rose, vehemently.

"Oh, you are always suspecting me of flirting. I suppose little Fanny is married by this time?"

"Yes."

"Very well, then you won't be jealous of her any more?"

Rose pouted.

"Lawrence, she began—but Lawrence stopped her.

"Rose, do you call this a welcome home, reproaching me as soon as I set foot across the threshold? Don't be silly; you know I have always loved you, so forget and forgive."

Rose saw she had carried the matter as far as she dared, so with rather a bad grace allowed the subject, for she was not delighted and proud to have her handsome lover again by her side. They set down on the broad window ledge, while Lawrence told her of all he had seen in his travels.

The next time I go abroad you must come with me, Rose. I have come back for my wife. When can she be ready?"

"I do not know," answered Rose, looking away and blushing hotly.

"Fix the day," he pleaded, leaning down to gaze in her face. "Shall we say next week?"

"Good gracious, no! I could not get my things ready in less than two months."

"Two months hence, then. This is May, that will make it July. What day shall we say? Come, dear, have a little play on your doctor's lover."

"I will be the first of the month?"

"No, the thirty-first," answered Rose, demurely.

"Say the twenty-eighth or twenty-ninth instead," he replied.

Lawrence's face was very grave. Rose looked up quickly.

"Why, Lawrence?"

"Have you forgotten what happened at the Old Mills on the thirty-first of July?"

"Oh, Patricia you mean! The very day, the twenty-ninth. But I tell you what it is if I had heard to death instead of her, I believe you would have forgotten all about me by this time?"

Having said this small arrow to the mark, Rose turned away.

"You are trying to tease me. It is strange that I repeat that poor girl's memory too much to wish to be married on the day she died with her cruel death? Do more goodness, Rose; you have said that but for her large heart and noble spirit of forgiveness, we should not now be in a position to marry?"

"I can't think why you breathe of it, when it was such a woe to you."

"Because I fell in love with Rose Maynard," answered Lawrence.

After this the lady's pretences disappeared as if by magic, and good humor reigned supreme. The lovers conversed until they were interrupted by Mrs. Maynard's entrance. She was of course delighted to see her intended suitor, and returned to her husband as the wedding day was fixed.

"I think, Rose, we had better go to London for your trousseau. On the 27th of the month, I should like

to be well attired, and you know there is nothing fit for you to wear but what is in the wardrobe," said Mrs. Maynard.

"Yes, indeed, do you remember the things they made for Lucy Mayne when she was married? You know she thought it her duty, as the mother's daughter, to patronize the Barnleigh milliners and dressmakers, and study they rewarded her, answered Rose.

"I remember that she looked a perfect fright in her wedding bonnet."

"You just fancy me in that ridiculous dress," cried Rose, laughing at the idea.

"But she had not such a face as yours, my dear," said the mother, fondly. "Even in that bonnet you would look well."

Rose blushed prettily at this speech, though she quite coincided with her mother's opinion.

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"Well, I suppose, Stanton, when the old fellow dies you will have the business, so it is to your advantage to work your best now."

"I do not know whether I shall succeed Mr. Page. He may intend to sell the practice; but he has been very kind to me, and I like to help him as much as possible. I quite agree with the old sage, 'it is ill waiting for dead man's shoes,' therefore, I never speculate on what may happen after my partner's death. To change the subject, have you heard the small pox is very bad in Westwood?"

"The surgeon, Lawrence, with a steady look. 'Who told you? Are you sure?'"

"Quite sure. There have been ten cases I hear already. There is a strong fear of its coming here, for Westwood is only three miles from Barnleigh, you know."

"I have a great dread of small pox; it is the one disease I am afraid of. Westwood—let me see—is it not bordered by Beach Combe, Stanton?"

"Certainly," answered Hugh, surprised by the other's pallor; "Beach Combe just hides the village from sight."

"Then I rode through there only yesterday."

"I should not think there would be any danger; you may escape the infection. I would not think about it," said Hugh, trying to cheer him.

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"That will pass off, I have no doubt," said Hugh, reassuringly. "But would you like to see Dr. Dison? If so, I will call in the day Dr. Dison called in."

"Oh, no, thank you; I am not such a coward as to have a doctor for a headache. It is bad, though, so I will give you good morning, Stanton, and go and lie down a bit. I shall be all right to-morrow; then you can tell me all about that grass land you were talking of."

He moved off in the direction of the house. Hugh gazed after him apprehensively.

"He does not look at all well," he said to himself. "I trust the disease is not already upon him. What will to-morrow bring, I wonder?"

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"It is the first case I have had in Barnleigh. I had hoped the disease would have stopped at Westwood," said Dr. Dison.

"It seems that Mr. Hazledale passed Beach Combe two days ago," replied Hugh.

"Oh, indeed, then that accounts for it," mused the doctor; "then, meditatively, 'Is not Mr. Hazledale engaged to Miss Maynard?'"

"Yes."

"I think you had better telegraph to her at once."

"To come down?" asked Hugh. "Let us see how when she can arrive, and he laid his hand upon a time table."

"Dr. Dison looked at him.

"I never thought of her coming down," he said.

"But of course she will come when she is aware how ill he is," quickly exclaimed Hugh.

"Certainly," but you must remember your patient is ill of small pox, and Miss Maynard has a pretty face."

"Surely you don't suppose she will consider her face before her present husband? The wedding day is fixed."

"Is it? I am afraid no wedding day will do for him, poor fellow—he has the worst form of the disease. As to Miss Maynard, if she is what I take her to be, and like most young ladies, she will not come. Even if she does, I do not suppose she will be of much use in a sick room," said Dr. Dison, grimly.

"Well, that is very likely. But as to her not coming, I only believe her quite honest. At any rate I will telegraph at once, and we shall see," Hugh replied.

"Thank you. I must call in again shortly at the Abbey to see if there is any change."

CHAPTER XVII.

Mrs. Maynard and Rose went to London for their trousseau. On the 27th of the month, I should like

to be well attired, and you know there is nothing fit for you to wear but what is in the wardrobe," said Mrs. Maynard.

"Yes, indeed, do you remember the things they made for Lucy Mayne when she was married? You know she thought it her duty, as the mother's daughter, to patronize the Barnleigh milliners and dressmakers, and study they rewarded her, answered Rose.

"I remember that she looked a perfect fright in her wedding bonnet."

"You just fancy me in that ridiculous dress," cried Rose, laughing at the idea.

"But she had not such a face as yours, my dear," said the mother, fondly. "Even in that bonnet you would look well."

Rose blushed prettily at this speech, though she quite coincided with her mother's opinion.

"Mr. Hazledale was much pleased with the style of the management of his estate in his absence. He told him so, to which Hugh replied:

"I am not at all sorry, sir, that you have returned. Our practice is increasing, and Mr. Page wants all my time at the office."

"I am pleased to hear it, though I should not have thought Barnleigh people would need much legal advice," replied Lawrence Hazledale.

"There are many families round about Barnleigh; and even the poor inhabitants are very fond of going to law. Mr. Page is growing old. He naturally expects me, as the junior partner, to do most of the work."

"Well, I suppose, Stanton, when the old fellow dies you will have the business, so it is to your advantage to work your best now."

"I do not know whether I shall succeed Mr. Page. He may intend to sell the practice; but he has been very kind to me, and I like to help him as much as possible. I quite agree with the old sage, 'it is ill waiting for dead man's shoes,' therefore, I never speculate on what may happen after my partner's death. To change the subject, have you heard the small pox is very bad in Westwood?"

"The surgeon, Lawrence, with a steady look. 'Who told you? Are you sure?'"

"Quite sure. There have been ten cases I hear already. There is a strong fear of its coming here, for Westwood is only three miles from Barnleigh, you know."

"I have a great dread of small pox; it is the one disease I am afraid of. Westwood—let me see—is it not bordered by Beach Combe, Stanton?"

"Certainly," answered Hugh, surprised by the other's pallor; "Beach Combe just hides the village from sight."

"Then I rode through there only yesterday."

"I should not think there would be any danger; you may escape the infection. I would not think about it," said Hugh, trying to cheer him.

"But if I am in for it, it can not be helped; I have a bad headache now, and am not feeling well."

"That will pass off, I have no doubt," said Hugh, reassuringly. "But would you like to see Dr. Dison? If so, I will call in the day Dr. Dison called in."

"Oh, no, thank you; I am not such a coward as to have a doctor for a headache. It is bad, though, so I will give you good morning, Stanton, and go and lie down a bit. I shall be all right to-morrow; then you can tell me all about that grass land you were talking of."

He moved off in the direction of the house. Hugh gazed after him apprehensively.

"He does not look at all well," he said to himself. "I trust the disease is not already upon him. What will to-morrow bring, I wonder?"

The narrow bridge to Hugh the intelligence that Lawrence was stricken down by that fell and horrible disease, small pox. He went up to the Abbey at once, but found Lawrence was delirious. Later on in the day Dr. Dison called in.

"How is your patient?" asked Hugh, anxiously.

"Very ill—dangerously so," was the doctor's answer.

"I am very sorry. I was afraid yesterday that he had taken the infection."

"It is the first case I have had in Barnleigh. I had hoped the disease would have stopped at Westwood," said Dr. Dison.

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**ROYAL JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT**  
FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

Most Wonderful Family Remedy Ever Known.

**Harris & Stewart LONDON HOUSE,**  
For Useful Christmas Presents.

SILK HANDKERCHIEFS (Plain and Hem-stitched), FANCY BORDER HANDKERCHIEFS, WHITE SILK HANDKERCHIEFS.

HARRIS & STEWART, London House, for Wool Clouds, Fascinators, Hoods, Jerseys, Cardigan Jackets, Astrakan Mitts and Gloves, Kid Mitts.

HARRIS & STEWART, London House, are showing a fine assortment of Dress Goods, Ulster and Mantle Cloths, Silk Seattles, Wool Seattles, Nap Cloths and Tweeds.

HARRIS & STEWART, London House, for Astrakan Jackets, Muffs, Fur Caps, Sleigh Robes, Men's Fur Coats.

HARRIS & STEWART, London House, for Men's Shirts and Drawers, Reefing Jackets, Top Coats, Suits, Hats and Caps, Knit Wool Gloves.

HARRIS & STEWART, London House, have a nice stock of Fancy Goods for Christmas—Work Boxes, Jewel Cases, Ladies Satchels, Purses, &c., &c.

**HARRIS & STEWART, London House,**  
Diamond Dyes excel all others in Strength, Purity and Fastness. None other are just as good. Because they are made of superior and inferior materials, and are poor, weak, croaky colors, to be sure of success, use only the DIAMOND DYES for coloring Dresses, Stockings, Yarns, Feathers, Ribbons, &c. We warrant them to give you goods, package for package, with any other dye ever used, and to give more brilliant and longer lasting colors. Ask for the Diamond Dyes and take no other.

**CH'TOWN, FEBRUARY 27, 1889.**

**REMOVED**  
To our New and Commodious Premises in the  
**London House,**  
Where we will be most happy to have our customers and the public come and examine our large and varied stock.

**McLEOD & MCKENZIE.**  
October 3, 1888.

**Prince Edward Island Railway.**  
1888-9. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1888-9.  
On and after Monday, December 3rd, 1888, Trains will run as follows:—

| TRAINS FOR THE WEST. |        |        | TRAINS FROM THE WEST. |        |        |
|----------------------|--------|--------|-----------------------|--------|--------|
| STATIONS.            | No. 1. | No. 2. | STATIONS.             | No. 2. | No. 1. |
| Charlottetown        | 8:15   | 8:30   | Charlottetown         | 8:15   | 8:30   |
| St. John's           | 9:00   | 9:15   | St. John's            | 9:00   | 9:15   |
| St. Lawrence         | 9:45   | 10:00  | St. Lawrence          | 9:45   | 10:00  |
| St. George's         | 10:30  | 10:45  | St. George's          | 10:30  | 10:45  |
| St. Patrick's        | 11:15  | 11:30  | St. Patrick's         | 11:15  | 11:30  |
| St. James's          | 12:00  | 12:15  | St. James's           | 12:00  | 12:15  |
| St. Michael's        | 12:45  | 1:00   | St. Michael's         | 12:45  | 1:00   |
| St. Nicholas         | 1:30   | 1:45   | St. Nicholas          | 1:30   | 1:45   |
| St. Andrew's         | 2:15   | 2:30   | St. Andrew's          | 2:15   | 2:30   |
| St. David's          | 3:00   | 3:15   | St. David's           | 3:00   | 3:15   |
| St. Elizabeth's      | 3:45   | 4:00   | St. Elizabeth's       | 3:45   | 4:00   |
| St. John's           | 4:30   | 4:45   | St. John's            | 4:30   | 4:45   |
| St. Lawrence         | 5:15   | 5:30   | St. Lawrence          | 5:15   | 5:30   |
| St. George's         | 6:00   | 6:15   | St. George's          | 6:00   | 6:15   |
| St. Patrick's        | 6:45   | 7:00   | St. Patrick's         | 6:45   | 7:00   |
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