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The Literary Echo.

AMUSING AND INSTRUCTIVE.

VOL. I.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, JUNE 1, 1876.

NO. 22.

SELECT POETRY.

WHAT I SAW.

Am I paler than in my wont, my wife?
Let me lay your head on my breast,
There is quiet truth in your dark-brown eyes,
In the eyes that I love best,
You can twine your arms about my neck,
And believe me all your own,
While I tell the cause of my whitened cheek
To you, my wife, alone.

There is sunshine on the crowded street,
And the day is superbly fair;
There are beautiful women in jewels and gold,
Wandering grandly there.
There are blooded teams, that spurn the stones,
Tossing their heads to the wind;
Carriages covered with pomp and glare,
Cushioned and satin-lined.

There was one I marked for the silken skin
Of its proudly stepping bays,
Till she who sat in its cushioned depths
Broke full on my startling gaze.
It was Madaline—she whom I loved so well—
Draw thyself nearer to me—
When I was a boy, and she was a babe,
And I was strange to thee.

She would let me hold her smooth white hand
Till I shivered with passionate dread;
She would press her snowy hands in mine,
While I held her beautiful head,
Yes! while I held her hand to my breast,
Just where your own now lies.
Twine your arms closer about my neck
And look me full in the eyes.

She said that she loved me better than life,
But ah! no better than gold—
You have heard the story a thousand times,
It is very, very old.
She cannot wipe from her memory
One single passionate vow;
She cannot blot one burning word—
Does she think to do so now?

Does she ever think of the wonderful love
That held her above the skies?
Does her frozen heart give no response
From its tissue of living lies?
Yes! I watched her eyes as they met my own;
Her cheek was far paler than mine.
I had beautiful time, as she dashed along,
To compare her beauty with thine.

She will never forget that autumn day
When she kissed my cold, cleaved hand,
When my trembling passion was crumbled away
In a moment at her command.
I had terrible thoughts that autumn day,
As I stood by the waves of the sea;
But oh! how deeply I thank her now
For the words she spoke to me!

Lay your head close to my beating breast
Madaline married for gold.
Do you feel my heart, how warm it is?
Madaline's heart is cold.
The look I gave her that autumn day
Has frozen its very vein;
Madaline never will know what it is
To love or be loved again.

Now you may know, my own sweet wife,
The reason my cheek grew pale.
I have looked on the terrible gulf I have passed
When borne on the blast of the gale.
Madaline—she has jewels and gold,
And silk of a gorgeous hue.
I have myself, a beating heart,
And you, my wife—and you.

Fallings from us, vanishing,
Black twilight of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High respects before whose own mortal nature
Doubt tremble like a giddy thing surprised.

DROWNED!

When the mud lies black and slimy,
Where the waters swoop along,
Where the wharfmen, stout and grimy,
Heave and haul with many a song—
Heaving still
With a will
Every coming dray to fill;
Hauling, with a laugh and shout,
Bales of wondrous size about;
Straining to the ponderous weight
Of the good ship's wealthy freight.

Where the wind and swelling river
Rolls in one perpetual rhyme,
Where the gracious winds deliver
Glorious things from every clime—
Stuffs to wear,
Spices rare,
Lies in heaps or scent the air—
Where the merchant, full of gold,
Welcomes home the seamen bold,
Where each heart, its love confessed,
Clasps the loved one to the breast,

Where the soft-voiced land-breeze ever
Hums its tune by mast and shroud,
Where the rough-tongued master never
Ceases crying to the crowd—
"With a haul,
Lubbers all,
Stretch your muscles to the fall!"
Where the never-ceasing flow,
Man above, and waves below,
Night and day pours on and off,
Mingling at the city wharf.

There the vagrant boy is standing
With a ghastly, frightened air;
While each lounge is demanding
What he sees to make him stare.
Still his eyes
Grow in size
As his stammering speech he tries;
And his finger points below,
Where the waters ebb and flow.
Still his lips give forth no sound
But a hoarsely whistled "Drowned!"

THE OLD TREE.

Wave not so sadly in the wind,
Thou old and leafless Tree!
Nor sob that Summer never more
Can beauty bring to thee.
That but a desolation thou
Must stand upon the sea.

The inspirations of the Spring
Long years were at thy heart;
Thou gav'st, through many a summer-space,
Grand images to Art;
Old Tree! thou acted gloriously
Within the world thy part.

Then sigh not such a mournful dirge
Yet if thy voice must be
Like anthems, let the undertone
Be breathed exultingly;
For thine was not a wasted life,
Magnificent Old Tree!

Man, white-haired man: if thou hast done
Bravely in life thy part.
If true humanity has made
Its music in thy heart,
Say why shouldst thou at Death's cold wind
In grief and terror start?

O stand beside the grand Old Tree,
And gaze on its dim,
Scarred trunk, lift bravely up
Thy hat, but fearless hymn;
For thou hast nobly done thy part—
What were our cherubim!

CONTINUED TALK.

BARONET, OR BUTCHER?

A ROMANCE OF THE DAY.

Continued.

CHAPTER XXXV.

SIR HARRY STARTS FOR THE BOURNE
WHEN ON A TRAVELLER RETURNS.

"Conscience makes cowards of us all!"
Hamlet.

"There is a reaper, whose name is Death,
Lad with his sickle keen
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath
And the flowers that grow between."

One night, when the hail beat against
the darkened window of the chamber,
the master of Edgcombe rose from his chair,
where he had been sitting up, and strode
with tottering steps to the bell-pull,
retreating to the low chair again immediately,
and sitting uneasily over the fire
like a sick, death-stricken savage.

The door opened gently, and Lady
Mary entered, her pale face uneasy with
apprehension; but Sir Harry, not looking
round, and supposing it to be the old
valet who waited on him, growled in a
broken voice—
"Saunders, send Startel here," and
bent lower still over the fire.
Lady Mary stole into the room, and
laid her trembling hand on his shaking
shoulder.
"Are you worse to-night, Sir Harry?"
she murmured, in her soft, gentle voice.
He started, and turned his wrinkled
face round with a hurried gesture of
surprise—almost fear—and answered,
querulously—
"Oh! is it you—Mary? Worse—
worse? No; what should make me
worse? Cannot a man send for his
steward without being worse? I want
Startel!"

I will send him, replied Lady
Mary, sadly, stopping a moment to bend
lower over him, and whispering, exultingly,
"Cannot I do anything for you,
Sir Harry? Will you not let me stay?"
"Do anything for me?" he repeated,
drawing away from her touch with a
shudder, which she saw that he tried to
repress. "No, no, don't stop, you—
you worry, annoy me—fidget. Go, go—
my dear—and send Startel. Why
the devil doesn't he come!"

Lady Mary, with a sad sigh, left the
room, and sending for Startel, told him
that Sir Harry wanted to see him.

In a few minutes the slick-faced man
of business entered the room.
"Oh! you here, eh?" snarled Sir
Harry, turning his harassed face towards
him with a suspicious look.
"Yes, my lord, I heard that—"
"I wanted to see you," broke in Sir
Harry, pointing to a chair opposite his
own: "I do. Bring me the books."
Startel rose, and lifted three huge
books on to the table beside the low
chair, and Sir Harry immediately
tottered to his feet, and, looking at the
candles, which to his eyes suddenly grew

dim, and seemed to burn feebly, with
an impatient gesture, bent over the
written pages, and, following the figures
with a trembling finger, commenced add-
ing the columns.
"Shall I check the amount, your lord-
ship?" said the steward, watching the
tottering figure and bright, eager eyes
with a vicious look.
"No, no," answered Sir Harry eagerly.
'Don't talk, you throw me out.
I've been reckoning up this account, and
I make you fifty pounds short—short
eh, do you hear?"
"The account is right, I think your
lordship will find," retorted Startel some-
what sulkily, his face twitching for a
moment with an uneasy expression, but
assuming the same set smile the moment
afterwards.
"That's what I can't do," replied
Sir Harry, querulously.
"I—" commenced Startel.
"Hold your tongue; how can I reckon
if you jubber?" interrupted Sir Harry,
bending lower over the book. "Ten and
five are fifteen, and five are twenty, and
—eh? what's this?"
"What's what?" asked the steward,
rising slowly, knowing by the figures the
item the old man meant.
"What's what! you pig—why this—
this?" and he pointed his shaky finger to
the item for a farming account for fifty
pounds, as paid by the steward.
"That's Newell's bill for seed, Sir
Harry," said Startel glibly; "I paid it
yesterday morning, and have got the re-
ceipt among the papers on the file, I think
you will find."
"Where is it?" show it me," said Sir
Harry, facing him, with his hand doubled
up upon the open book, and his great eyes
fixed suspiciously upon the small sleek
figure and shifting orbs of the steward,
who turned to a table and commenced
examining some papers upon a file.
"Hem," he said, meditatively, and
looking up to the ceiling, "it is not here—
what did I do with it, I wonder."
"Well, have you found it?" asked Sir
Harry, in a sharp voice, not having heard
his soliloquy.
"No, I have mislaid it; I had it this
morning—"
"You lie!" shrieked the old man,
raising his fist and striking the open
book. "You lie, you thief! the account
was paid three weeks ago and charged
for!"
"No, it wasn't," commenced Startel,
turning pale, then livid, as the baronet
sprang towards him, and seizing him by
the throat, dashed him up against the
marble chimney piece.
"You gave me the lie!" he hissed,
'you villain! you thief! I say the fifty
pounds was paid, and you know it! You
have been robbing me all along.' I turned

"Well, if you will, you will," said Guy. "Mind the path, it's steep, and the light's almost gone. For God's sake be careful!" he exclaimed, so earnestly that Cuthbert looked at him in amazement.

"You look astonished at my anxiety!" cried Guy, going up to him and laying his hand on his shoulder, his eyes fixed on Cuthbert's, with a cold light in them that Cuthbert had never seen before. "Do you know I wouldn't have you fall and break your neck down the ravine there for a thousand pounds!"

Cuthbert took up the cup; "You are in a strange humor to-night," he said, "I cannot make you out," and then walked away for the water.

Guy watched him as he strode away towards the lake, and as he did so his face darkened and worked, as if his soul were being wrung with some fierce emotion. His dark eyes flashed with a glance of hatred, and his teeth clenched with suppressed passion. "There he goes!" he muttered, folding his arms and leaning against the door-post, his hairless brows lowered menacingly. "There he goes, Roderick Edgecombe, heir to Edgecombe Hull and Edgecombe money. A fool with sixty thousand a year, wandering about an Australian cattle-run. And here am I—his elder brother—by right, by God's natural right, the heir to all, dogging his footsteps, an outcast, a thief, a felon, a—bah! what matters it? I shrink at the word—turn quailing at the name, but do I turn quailing and milk-sop at the deed? No, my mother's—my wronged, injured mother's—my story is ringing in my ears; and when I remember how she loved and was betrayed, lived and was starved, and died, I feel my heart turned to stone, and my arm nerved to do anything, so that it brings harm to the son of the woman who took her place—to the man who stands between me and mine!"

As he muttered the last savage words beneath his breath, his face grew white, and his eyes lit up ferociously.

For a moment he was silent, then his head dropped on his bosom with a shudder, as he continued, "Murder, most foul and unnatural! Bah! I am turning a woman, but my God, how the words ring in my ears! Murder—no! Justice! They rob me of my right, because the world and its unjust laws are stronger; I seize the moment when the world's laws are powerless to reach me, and snatch from them that which is, by Nature's law, already mine! But—but!—why didn't I let him die with the old trapper? Curse him I let him live to tempt me!"

Then he fell to pacing up and down before the door, still with his arms folded, and his eyes bent upon the ground. "So like! so like! It's fate who does the wrong, if there be wrong, by giving us the likeness, and throwing him across my path. Fate! But there is no such thing as chance. What is to be will be, and what has been was to be! Yet, O God! how can I bring it about? If he would but give me cause to strike him down! If I could but get into the devilish rage I have never felt since—here he paused and shook his head, as if he would throw the agonizing thought of the past—of a time when a woman's love moved him, and a woman's voice turned him—from his brain. Then the sound of Cuthbert's footsteps was heard coming slowly up the glen, and, composing his face, the illegitimate son of Sir Harry Edgecombe stepped into the hut, and bent over the fire.

"Have I been long?" said Cuthbert. "If so, put it down to the water, for it looked so tempting that I must needs bathe my face. Here is some from the very top of the rill, and now for supper," and he threw himself down beside the fire.

"Aye! aye! now for supper," repeated Guy. "Here's some mutton, and here's some bread, and here's some brandy—royal fare, eh?"

"Too royal for such vagabonds as us," said Cuthbert, with a half smile.

"Not so," replied Guy, looking up at him; "who shall say mutton and brandy are too good meat and drink for my Lord of Edgecombe?"

Cuthbert started, and looked up curiously. He had never heard Guy speak like this before.

"My Lord of Edgecombe!" continued Guy, snatching up the flask, and raising it above his head; "what a grand old title, what a royal-sounding name! and to think that I am sitting opposite such a mighty personage! My lord, I drink to you," and bowing with a sardonic smile, he lifted the flask to his lips and drank deeply.

Cuthbert's face darkened. "You seem to forget," he said, gravely, "that I begged you to help me to forget that fact."

"But I can't!" said Guy, bending forward, and speaking in a whisper, "I can't! I think of it every moment of the day. I—"

"What is the matter with you!" exclaimed Cuthbert, rising, with a look of astonishment.

"Nothing!" replied Guy, in a different and calmer tone, "nothing, say I've been at this too much!" and he touched the flask lightly; "say—oh, say anything you like, but cat—you don't cat!"

Cuthbert pushed the meat away from him, and took up a piece of wheaten cake.

Guy watched him for a moment, eating fast and voraciously himself, and at every mouthful raising the brandy to his lips. It seemed as if he were trying to nerve himself for some deed. Suddenly he said—

"You don't seem to get any fonder of this life?"

Cuthbert shook his head.

"I'm afraid I'm but a miserable companion," he said; "for, though I don't whine much, yet I don't bark, and it's poor society a dumb man is."

"Moody, taciturn, morose—should I be far wrong in saying you are unhappy?"

"On the contrary, you would be quite right. I do not complain, I have nothing to complain of, least of all to you, who have been a friend indeed, because a friend in need; but—Tush! Why should I analyze my feelings on purpose to bore you. You watch me too closely, are too regardful of my feelings, my friend. Let me indulge my silent whim and gloomy bearing to the top of my bent. It is too late to change it. Now for to-morrow; which way do you think the cattle have taken?"

"Tired of this life, eh? So am I," said Guy, taking no notice of the question, and leaning his chin on his hand, so that his eyes were on a level with the face of the other.

"Look ye here; suppose we leave it?"

"With all my heart," assented Cuthbert, wearily. "I tell you, as I told you before, that my future is yours, or any man's who likes to take it. Go where you will. Do what you like."

"It is easily done," said Guy, thoughtfully, still eyeing the moody face with cat-like attention. "We can't be many days now from one of the towns, or, at least, the diggings. Why not? We have horses."

Cuthbert looked up.

"Yes, Van Oester's, our employer's," he said.

"Well," retorted Guy, "what matters it whose they are, so that we have them? Horra stealing—"

Cuthbert rose to his feet, a scarlet flush upon his cheek.

"You have been drinking," he exclaimed, significantly pointing to the flask.

"As sober as yourself," retorted Guy, not moving an inch. "Where's the offence? At the idea of taking a couple of the old Dutchman's bays? Why, man, a dozen horses shouldn't stick in your throat; a hundred wouldn't stick in mine!"

Cuthbert eyed him indignantly, but his voice was calm and cold.

"You ask me to steal my master's horse!" he said. "Well, you have kept the mask on well. Now I know you for what you are. You have saved my life more than once, and have been my companion for many months. I owe you much; but—Ah, well! how should you understand?" he broke off to mutter.

"I understand as well as you!" hissed Guy, leaping to his feet, and striding up to the upright figure of Cuthbert. "I understand as well as you!" he repeated. "You! Lord of Edgecombe, and I—Guy, the nameless outcast! There is a difference, eh? A difference, Roderick Edgecombe, believe me, and that makes it no strange thing for me to steal a horse and you to refuse to do so! You think that I—I, Guy—the thief and felon, can't understand these fine shades of feeling! You—curse you!" he hissed, his face close to the still, fixed one opposite him; "you look at me! You look! look! look! I tell you. Do you see much difference in the two faces? In our eyes—in our mouths—in our hearts! You want me! I tell you, Roderick Edgecombe, that your father was a greater scoundrel, a more damnable villain than I am!"

Cuthbert flushed a hot crimson, and sprang at him.

"Silence!" he cried sternly. "I owe you much, but I cannot, will not hear you blacken my father without telling you you lie!"

Guy's eager hands were round his throat in a second, and clasped in a mad embrace, the two men, after swaying for a moment like a huge tree bent by the wind, fell to the ground, with Guy's white face gleaming above the startled one of the heir to Edgecombe.

"You—-are mad," gasped, Cuthbert, struggling to rise.

"No—not mad—save with joy!" hissed Guy, pressing his hand heavier across his throat. "Roderick Edgecombe, I have waited months and months for this. I hate you! I have vowed to—"

"What!" gasped the fallen man.

"To kill you!" hissed the white lips, and the cry seemed to be taken up by the waving trees and to be echoed throughout the wild solitude, as if a million throats had screamed it instead of one.

"Kill me!" repeated Cuthbert, with a mighty effort regaining his feet, and determined to sell his life dearly.

"Aye, kill you!" screamed Guy, waving his long, shining blade in the air.

Cuthbert's eyes flashed fire, and his body swung together for one effort. He must overpower this madman, he thought, at one blow.

Catching up his rifle, which lay beside him, he hurled it with all his force at the distorted face, but Guy seemed possessed of the quickness of a demon, for he stooped and avoided the missile, and the next instant a yell broke out upon the silence, and Roderick Edgecombe felt the steel penetrate his flesh.

* * * * *

An hour afterwards the rays of the Australian moon poured through the open door of the solitary hut, and upon two figures, one lying stark and motionless upon the ground, with a pool of blood at its side, and a red stream issuing from

a slit in its shirt, the other bending over it with a razor in its hand.

The dead man's face is livid and set, and has no eyebrows.

The face of the figure bending over it is white and stern, hairless even to the lip, and likewise browless. The two faces are exactly alike, it would be difficult for the woman who bore Roderick Edgecombe, were she standing in the doorway, to choose from the two her son.

Still shining softly and peacefully, the moon pours down her light upon the living figure as it emerges from the hut—still with hardened face and set lips—and mounts the horse tied on the other side of the hut.

The clothes the figure wears, and the horse it mounts, are those of Roderick Edgecombe, but their owner lies stiff and bleeding within the hut.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"NURSE GRACE."

"With footfalls light as angel's,
And Zephyr-breathing touch,
From death she snatched her loved one."

So many were the nights on which Bertie Lennox lay unconscious, that the roses faded from the cheek of the beautiful girl who had constituted herself—by her own appointment—chief and only nurse, and the eyes that never looked upon the flushed face and tossing form upon the bed without growing lovingly wistful, grew anxious.

Tom, who regarded his master as the first gentleman of England and the greatest hero that ever lived, began to doubt Miss Grace's humanity, and was gradually instilling into himself the belief that the beautiful woman who scarcely ever left his master's side was an angel in soft, noiseless merino.

Mrs. Wilson came often—sometimes accompanied by the squire—but they were both puzzled and over-awed by Grace's calm self-possession; and beyond gentle daily remonstrances for the first week, said nothing against their daughter turning sick nurse to a dragoon captain. I doubt, indeed, if things would have been altered very much if they had.

At last the ceaseless watching was rewarded, for, one evening, as Tom was sitting at the table pouring out some milk-and-watery compound, Grace, who was standing at the bedside, with her eyes fixed, as usual, wistfully upon the sick man's face, noticed a sudden change come over the wrinkled brow. The puzzled, pained expression took sudden flight, and left the face calm and peaceful.

For a moment, although the doctor had warned her of the change, she thought he was worse, and her heart seemed to stand still; but, recovering herself, she whispered, "Tom," and bent down closer over the captain.

Tom stole up—of course with a creak of the boots, the manner of men in a sick-room—and looked at his master.

"Is—is he worse, Tom?" asked Grace, tremblingly, a fearful anxiety upon her face.

Tom shook his head, a gesture he had got pretty well perfect by constant practice.

"I dunno, miss. An' sure an' I'll go for the doctor?" and he started off to the surgeon's.

Dr. Rawbourne hurried back with him, and smiled reassuringly when he saw the alteration in the face of his patient.

"It's the crisis, my dear young lady," he said, cheerfully. "He is asleep at last; when he awakes he will be conscious, and already on the road to recovery. And I'm quite sure that the first thing he does when he is in his right senses, will be to pour out his gratitude to the lady who has—yes, madam—saved his life!" and, astonished at his sudden eloquence, the worthy young *Mars-Medico* flushed doc-

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AUCTION SALES!

The Subscriber has large and commodious Salesrooms, and is prepared to receive all kinds of Goods, Furniture &c., which he will dispose of at best terms, and make prompt returns for. Sales of Furniture, Land Sales, &c., solicited.

Merchants wishing to work off unseasonable goods, we will assist you. Send them along to the Auction Rooms and we will convert them into cash.

WM. D. STEWART,

Auctioneer.

Queen Street, May 15, 1875.—1m

ITALIAN WAREHOUSE!

QUEEN STREET.

DEB. S. S. Prince Edward, from
Glasgow,

Finest Old Scotch WHISKIES,

Finest Old Jamaica RUN,

Warranted the best extant.

MACEACHERN & Co.

May 15, 1875.—1m.

A PROCLAMATION!!

BROADWAY.

BROADWAY.



BROADWAY.

BROADWAY.

GENTLEMEN:—Be it known to the Inhabitants of PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, that the

NEW YORK CLOTHING EMPORIUM, BROADWAY,

Still exists, and is this Season prepared to furnish

All Kinds of Clothing Cheap.

GENTLEMEN, this is the TENTH TIME that I have addressed you, respecting the advantage you all receive by patronizing my

CLOTHING EMPORIUM,

And would inform you, that I am better prepared this Season, to give you the

FINEST AND BEST GOODS,

AND THE MOST FASHIONABLE GARMENTS,

And the Handsomest FITTING Clothing on the Island. My Stock of

FURNISHING GOODS

Are all of the Latest and Most Improved Styles.

MY HATS, CAPS, COLLARS, NECKTIES, GLOVES, BRACES,

FANCY SHIRTS, WHITE SHIRTS & UNDERCLOTHING, &c,

Are the Latest and Best in CHARLOTTETOWN. Just have a LOOK at them, and You will buy. My

Overcoats are of all colors, shades and textures, made up Fashionable. My Jackets are really beautiful.

My Pants are Cut in Magnificent Style, Suitable for the Season,

And Cheap. They were all very good before, but they Eclipse everything now. My Stock of

Cloths, Beavers, Doeskins, Buckskins,

Devions, Bedford Cords, Tweed Trowserings,

Diagonals, Checks, Diamond Worsteds, &c., &c.

Surpass in Neatness and Durability any STOCK ever brought into Charlottetown. Give us a Call before purchasing elsewhere. I can suit you.

D. H. MACKINNON,

No. 21 Broadway, Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

May 15, 1875.—1m



Passengers taken from the Steamboats or Railway Station to any part of the City, for 25 cents, each.

ROCKLIN HOUSE,

53 KENT STREET.

SIMON D. FRASER,

Proprietor.

Permanent and Transient Boarders accommodated at reasonable rates.

Ch'town, May 15, 1875.

FRESHOLD FARM,

ON LOT 44.

FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for Sale all the right title and interest in the Farm lately owned by John Klokham, situate on Township No. Forty-four, at the head of Souris River, consisting of Fifty acres. The said farm is conveniently situate to School House, Grist and Saw Mills, and is worthy the attention of those who require a nice Farm. Title good and terms easy.

WM. D. STEWART.

Ch'town, May 15, 1875. 1m

FOR LADIES!!

BEST KID GLOVES KNOWN

ROULLONS

First Choice Seamless Josephine

KID GLOVES,

SINGLE BUTTON, \$1.00.

DOUBLE BUTTON, \$1.10.

FRENCH PERRON, Kid Gloves.

ROBERT ORR & CO.

Ch'town, Oct. 15, 1874. 1m

MACEACHERN & CO.

HAVE just received from London, Liverpool, Glasgow, and elsewhere, their usual Spring supplies of first-class

Wines, Liquors and Groceries,

which they offer at the lowest prices.

Italian Warehouse.

June 1, 1875.

1m

New Goods,

JUST RECEIVED.

100 chests TEA, very choice,
20 bags RICE,
25 cases STARCH,
20 do. PICKLES,
10 bls. do.
25 cases TABLE SALT, in bottles,
10 do. PEPPER,
10 kegs WHITING,
20 kegs P. SODA,
5 cases GINGER,
5 do. CREAM TARTAR,
10 bags NUTS,
2 kegs PUTTY,
10 bbls. CURRBANTS,
50 doz. BROOMS,
100 doz. BUCKETS,
2 cases BLACK LEAD,
2 do. MUSTARD,
100 boxes SOAP in 2, 3, and 8 Crowns,
25 cases fancy ditto,
10 puns best Cienfuegos MOLASSES,
500 bags Liverpool SALT,
Sugar, Raisins, &c. 1 barrel with
Usual Terms.

W. D. STEWART,

Ch'town, June 1, 1875. 1m