





LOCAL AND OTHER ITEMS

The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin... The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin... The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin...

IN MEMORIAM

LEAD DEPT'S ANNUAL EXHIBITION... A number of the leading artists... LEAD DEPT'S ANNUAL EXHIBITION...

CONTEMPORARY MATTERS

THE ASSASSINATION OF DR. FRANKLIN... THE ASSASSINATION OF DR. FRANKLIN... THE ASSASSINATION OF DR. FRANKLIN...

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GENERAL LABORATORY

WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS... WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS... WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS...

WOODRUFF'S GERMAN BAKING POWDER

WOODRUFF'S GERMAN BAKING POWDER... WOODRUFF'S GERMAN BAKING POWDER... WOODRUFF'S GERMAN BAKING POWDER...

BARON LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF BEEF

BARON LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF BEEF... BARON LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF BEEF... BARON LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF BEEF...

TAR! TAR!

TAR! TAR!... TARS FOR SALE... TARS FOR SALE...

APPLY AT

APPLY AT... GASTOWN GAS WORKS... P. E. I. RAILWAY...

SATURDAY EXCURSIONS

SATURDAY EXCURSIONS... COMMENCING on Saturday... COMMENCING on Saturday...

TELEPHONE STOCK

TELEPHONE STOCK... PRESIDENT... PRESIDENT...

HOUSE and Lot for Sale

HOUSE and Lot for Sale... HOUSE and Lot for Sale... HOUSE and Lot for Sale...

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Taylor & Gillespie... Blank Book Making & General Bookbinding... THE ONLY FIRST-CLASS BOOKBINDER IN THE PROVINCE...

McLeod & McKenzie... Star Tailoring... Establishment... We always keep on hand a large and varied assortment...

AUGUST!... J. B. Macdonald... Dominion Boot & Shoe Store... We are anxious to clear our Summer Stock...

New Midsummer Goods... PERKINS & STERNS... New Ribbons, New Hosiery, New Umbrellas, New Veilings...

Come, Everybody... Clothing Store... TO THE OLD RELIABLE... We can get the Very Best Value for your money...

PROWSE BROS... THE WONDERFUL CHEAP MEN... BOSTON STEAMERS TO BUY FOR CASH... IT PAYS TO BUY FOR CASH...

THE CHARLESTOWN HOSPITAL... URGENT... THE CHARLESTOWN HOSPITAL... URGENT...

THE CHARLESTOWN HOSPITAL... URGENT... THE CHARLESTOWN HOSPITAL... URGENT...

HEADACHE... ERGOT'S PILLS... ERGOT'S PILLS... ERGOT'S PILLS...

ing... Forks... Oil... & Retail... ROGERS, TETOWN... Twine... ROBERTS... UNDER TWINE... at Lowest Price... ROGERS.

Selling... DODS... ES... Dolmans... Shawls... Low Prices... CO... Railway... ENT... 1891... 1891, 1892... FOR THE WEST...

NEW CANADIAN SERIES OF READERS... TO THE TRADE... HASZARD & MOORE... We now offer to exchange all Royal Readers in perfect condition...

CHRYSTIE'S PRICES, AUGUST 11... Beef (quarter) per lb... Pork (ham) per lb... Butter (1 lb) per lb... Eggs (per doz) per doz...

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THE NEWBELL OF ST. JOSEPH'S

THE NEWBELL OF ST. JOSEPH'S... THE NEWBELL OF ST. JOSEPH'S... THE NEWBELL OF ST. JOSEPH'S...

PRAYER

PRAYER... O God, who art the Father of the poor...

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importance our justice. There was one in the parish...

'We're all the same,' he would say. 'Where is the difference between us? I don't know but the man who comes worst, may be better than the man who seems best; but such matters, when they don't affect us, are no part of my business, but such man's own.'

On the evening of that day, Edward Martin went to see an uncle, his wife had to go down to the village, and the two children were left at home together. When the returned, she found John Lane sitting on a chair at the open door, and little Mary on a stool at his feet. A cloud passed over the face of the mother. The intruder had dispirited the likeness of home, and was a cold and forbidding imperiousness. Her daughter came eagerly towards her, and catching her by the skirt, cried in a loud, happy, cheerful voice: 'Oh, mother, come, come! dragging her in the direction of the boy.'

For a moment the little maiden looked out of her bright, joyous blue eyes at his sombre face, and then, pointing to herself, said, 'Who is this?'

'Maye,' the mother started back and gazed in terror while at her arm, then catching her own child in her arms she shook her, and pressed her almost savagely in her arms, to the astonishment of the girl, who began to whimper at the rough treatment and ungentle looks.

'Who taught him that? What villain taught this child of darkness my child's name for a first word? Who?'

'I murmured Mary, between sobs. 'You! you! you! The woman seemed half frantic with superstitious terrors. 'How dare you, miss! How dare you, you had child! Oh! my fortune on the day that brought him to my house, to be under the same roof with my child. Edward Martin, if evil comes of this, how will you answer me?'

'Maye,' repeated the boy, looking up with some slight awakening of interest. These people were becoming less shadowy to him by this time.

At the repetition of the strange, thin, unfamiliar sound mocking her child's name, the woman sprang back and glared at him in an frightened agony. The little girl now cried out, and sobbed and wailed.

The crying of the little girl struck a chord in the boy's slumbering mind. It seemed somewhat analogous to his own case; the big woman was making the little woman cry; his big father had made his little mother cry. He stretched out his hands as though he would take the child.

With a shriek Mrs. Martin sprang past him, and rushing into the house, put her weeping daughter into the sleeping room, fastened the door, and stood sentinel on the outside, gasping.

'Make my own child out of my own arms! He must go to-morrow, he or I!'

PART II.—THE WHIMS OF RUFUS CHAPTER I. THE LOST MARY.

'Ah, yes! Ah, yes! It is a good while ago. Let me see; let me see. How long? Was it not the year I came to Clonmore?'

'Yes, sir, the very year. You may remember I was crossing over the bridge and found you standing here, and we had a talk about the matter, and you told me a lot of learned things about what water might do to Mary; why could they not do likewise with me?'

'Did it? In a tone indicating pleasure at the thought of finding his past learned self-confirmed by history. It was not easy to see the features of either clearly, for it was a heavy summer night. Below the bridge of Clonmore the plain lay wrapped in a dim, warm mist; overhead the stars blazed in the moist air; and from the abutments of the bridge and the shores of the river rose a thin murmur of whispering, like hushed voices of children.

'And you may remember we walked home together, and saw Lane and the Fool, and the next day we went over to you met David Lane and Tom, and I gave the dummy the paper I found on the road.'

'Right, quite right! I remember it all. Yet still something in his voice seemed to indicate that he preferred to have it recollected for him. The memory of the philosopher had begun to fail. His voice was not querulous, but just a little uneasy, as though this weakness of memory, now familiar to him, hinted at a dark problem to be solved only in one way.

'You may recollect you could make nothing out of the dummy, and less out of the fool.'

'There I fear you are in error. We cannot conceive anything less than a thing; and I'm sure that, even though my faculties were not then as matured as they are now, I could scarcely have fallen into the error of declaring one set of discoveries to be inferior to nothing.'

With memory these seemed to have been weakened the easy confidence of years ago. Trouble now underlay his voice when he spoke so certainly of that visit to Killard, and he alluded to the maturing of his faculties rather as if he were protesting or praying against some sudden denial of his words that spontaneous uttering uncontrovertible matter.

'I don't say you said those words exactly. He had a tone of triumph and great relief. 'I thought not. Nothing could induce me now to say anything so monstrously absurd, and I do think you then—how long ago did you say it?'

'It was this summer six years.'

'Well, I do think I could not have used language so loosely even then. The tone of triumph had increased, and, to judge by his voice, the old man's face must have been radiant when he uttered the emphatic now and then.

'I ask your pardon, sir, if I have done so. I had no harm in what I said. I thought that learning could do almost anything, that a simple note like an old man's talk of "see that" or "see that" would be of any use to any one.

'I know a child very like the one you speak of, both in her looks and ways.'

'Ah! sighed the old man, his interest gone. 'Maybe you wouldn't object to another drive to Killard with me. Mr. Heywood? I'm going over some day this week, and the air would do you good and cheer your heart of its sorrow. Will you come?'

'Where did you say you were going?'

'He had not been listening to Cabill's voice; the shrill murmur of the stream beneath had been harping to his fancy, and he was beguiled of the present, and listening to heart-echoes of the childish voice hushed forever.

nothing; it looks only natural that one of your good knowledge could talk of it as well. I must have forgotten your words.'

'Do not trouble yourself further about the matter, my dear Mr. Cabill, but allow me to set you right on one point; we can never forget anything, but we can forget a fact of long ago, but we cannot forget it. The fact is stored up somewhere in the mind.'

'Ah, now?'

'Yes, stored up somewhere in the mind. He passed. His voice had grown low and tender as if he were still recalling something to his recollection. When he spoke again his accents trembled, and something bright like a star sparkled on either cheek in the faint light.

'Do you think I could ever forget I once had a daughter?'

'A daughter?' cried Cabill, in astonishment, turning towards his companion. 'Why, I did not know you were ever married, Mr. Heywood.'

'She wasn't exactly my own daughter, but the orphan of my only sister. When my sister died I took the child to live with me; that is, a long time ago—in my better days.'

He sighed, and leaned against the parapet of the bridge.

'Cabill drew near. 'The long dead?'

'Yes, a long, long while; years before I left Limerick. She was a most sweet and intelligent child. When first she came to stay with me I found she knew not a word of any language but her own—I mean English; and I assure you in less than a year she had acquired a very respectable stock of Latin, German, Italian, French, together with the rudiments of natural philosophy, and she was about to enter on theology and metaphysics, when—when I lost her.'

He waited to steady his voice, which had become most unphilosophically shaken.

'I taught her no Greek, because, as it is with all children, she needed correction now and then, and when she did anything displeasing to me I always chid her in Greek. That put my conscience at rest, and never disturbed her pious or saintly interest. And how did she die?'

'There was a touch of human sympathy in Cabill's voice. 'The doctors killed her. She fell ill of a disease which is unnecessary to particularize to you, as you have not read physic. I had made that particular disease a favorite study. In the pages of my "Galen" you might have seen a thousand references respecting his complaint. Well, so soon were the doctors in the house that they would not listen to my suggestion of treatment. I made a philter—with my own hands I made it—and brought it to the room, but they forbade me to administer it. Well, so soon were the doctors in the house that they would not allow me to re-enter. In a week my child was dead.'

'Oh, the villains!'

'Yes, the lay slain with their new-fangled ways and upstart theories. When they came and told me she was dead, I struck at them with all my might—I raised his thin, weak arm and shook it feebly over the whispering river—but they, towards as they were, never offered to strike me back, but held me as if I were sent for, and these men remained with me night and day until—until we buried her, my child!'

His voice had completely deserted him, and the tears slipped quickly down his face, his dimly visible cheek. Suddenly he waved his hand over the river, crying out in a choked voice:

'Why didn't they strike me back like men? They murdered my little Mary; why could they not do likewise with me?'

'And was her name Mary, Mr. Heywood?'

The dead child's name on the lips of another, acted like a charm, and his anger melted away. 'Yes, her name was Mary. I do not often speak of her, it disturbs my mind, and the mind of a philosopher should always be calm. She died when she was just twelve; she had chestnut-colored hair and bright blue eyes, and a forehead like a lily, and white teeth between red lips. I often look at children when I meet them, hoping to find some one like her, but not one of all I have seen resembles her in the least. She was sturdy and light of heart, mark you, and often given grief with her witfulness, so much that for a while I used to feel sorry that she did not know Greek.'

'Poor child! I feel for you. You never saw any little girl like her, and if you did you'd only be a bit gone away to live with some other relation.'

'I do not think it would be just to my reason to allow myself to indulge in such a delusion, but there could be no harm in my looking at the child and believing I saw a portrait, an animated likeness.'

'I know a child very like the one you speak of, both in her looks and ways.'

'Ah! sighed the old man, his interest gone. 'Maybe you wouldn't object to another drive to Killard with me. Mr. Heywood? I'm going over some day this week, and the air would do you good and cheer your heart of its sorrow. Will you come?'

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'He had not been listening to Cabill's voice; the shrill murmur of the stream beneath had been harping to his fancy, and he was beguiled of the present, and listening to heart-echoes of the childish voice hushed forever.

'To Killard,' answered Cabill, 'on the sea?'

'Yes.'

'I have been there, have I not?'

'Oh, yes; many times; and once with me, you remember, six years ago. Of course I do, it was frequent. I was in summer—a hot day in summer. Ah, so it was. I am so deeply plunged in speculation, sometimes, that matters of present or personal interest get close to me, while I must then have very little to do with the past, for once more the tears were slowly rolling down his cheek.

'But Mr. Heywood, won't you consent with me to Killard some day this week?'

'Yes.'

The old philosopher turned away, and dropping his chin upon his chest, walked slowly towards the town.

If he only takes an interest in her, it may be upon yours and compass it. But on the sea no one is king. No routine prevails. No social distinction is visible when men curse or pray as they lash themselves to the mast and spar. No neighbor disputes a claim of trespass, no challenge, 'Who goes there?' steer what way you will. To be a sailor is to be a cosmopolitan. That slender web of humanity binding the remotest harbors of the world together is the best kind of all human webs. It is composed of men from every nation, creed, and moral code; all are bound in a universal brotherhood, inhabitants of one gigantic continent, the countries of which are oceans rather than any spaces of land. Sailors are the people of an old world sunken beneath the waters, and they float over their submerged country, now and then visiting places of risen land where a race distinct from them dwells. Many sink down the blind, green abyss, to their ancient homes, to lie at the rest among the bones of others of their race.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER II. THE HEREDITARY TAINT.

During the six years John Lane had grown into tall, long limbed, awkward lad. He had learned to speak both Irish and English, but there was a peculiar rugged depth in his voice which sounded startling to the ears of his listeners. He would speak forcibly from a lower position of the throat than ordinary, and often when he was excited they would rush in such a rapid torrent as to confuse one another. He had also a way of writing words in unfamiliar contexts, so that often the simple fishermen were at a loss for his meaning. In action he was abrupt and decisive, rarely condescending to argue, and still more seldom altering his opinions.

The priest had taken a particular and lively interest in him, and when the boy could be spared from his duties in the boats Father Murtagh instructed him in the elements of education, teaching him to read and write and use figures. He found young Lane eager to learn, extraordinarily apt, and with a grasp of mind and power far beyond his years.

The priest had often said to Edward Martin: 'John Lane is a man in thought. When the inflection was removed from his race there seems to have rushed in a wonderful mental force, governed by enormous activity of intellect. My only fear is that the boy may not be guided by justice under religion.' To which Martin would reply, quietly: 'We must only hope for the best and do our best for him, and this smote the priest like a reproach for want of faith in Providence.'

Among the fishermen John was retiring and unobscure. He rarely spoke beyond the requirements of business. None of the other lads of the village could call him companion; he gave confidence to no one. The people looked on him with fear, not unmingled with respect. They never took any familiarities with him, and he had never been known to laugh.

In fair or foul weather he was always the silent, attentive listener to the work in hand and full of expedients and resources in emergencies. He seemed to regard the ocean as a thing with so many means of destruction; in storms he was as cool and collected as in summer. He had been often out in great gales when life hung in the balance, yet no man had ever seen him quail where others were unnerved by fear. This was not so much the result of active courage as indifference. He would have been quite unappalled by the knowledge of approaching death, for he was somewhat of a fatalist, but inside his fatalism lay a principle that was equally designed he should offer his own life for the good of others. It was in a great measure owing to his self-possession and readiness that the fishermen looked on him with respect.

In the house he was different in many particulars. Speaking still very little, except when addressed, his manner was absent and distracted. Often, for hours, he seemed quite unconscious of his surroundings; and when roused he took some time to realize the nature of any demand made upon him.

Mrs. Martin's original repulsion had passed away, to be succeeded by a vague feeling of pity, mingled with a sense of indifference. He would have been quite unappalled by the knowledge of approaching death, for he was somewhat of a fatalist, but inside his fatalism lay a principle that was equally designed he should offer his own life for the good of others. It was in a great measure owing to his self-possession and readiness that the fishermen looked on him with respect.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

ALBANY, LOT 27.

THE undersigned offers for sale by public auction at Albany, Lot 27, consisting of six acres of land. There on the premises a New Dwelling House, all finished, Stable, Coach House, Well House, Wood House, Granary Shed, &c. All the buildings are new and in thorough repair. The property is very near to a Railway Station and with a short distance of Cape Traverse for potatoes, &c. apply to John Kooch, or E. Haviland, Charlottetown, or Elizabeth DAVIS.

Aug. 5-41

JAMES H. REDDIN, BARRISTER-AT-LAW

Solicitor, Notary Public, &c., Office, Cameron Block, (Head of Stairway), Charlottetown, - P. E. Island.

Money to loan at lowest rate of interest. Aug. 13, 1890.-1y.

J. MACEACHERN, Agent for P. E. I.

July 2 1890.-4t

TELEPHONE COMPANY OF P. E. ISLAND.

TOLL LINE STATIONS.

WESTERN STATIONS. Eastern Stations.

April 15, 1891.-1y

ROB ANGUS, Manager.

Geo. H. Cook, Photographer.

HAVING obtained the services of MR. CLOUD HILL, for many years Chief Operator with Hills & Saunders, and Gabes Hughes of Byde, Photographer to the Queen and Royal Family, persons wishing high class Photos taken would do well to call and see specimen.

Mackerel Barrels for Sale.

THE undersigned has for sale a quantity of Mackerel Barrels of the best quality and workmanship, which will be sold cheap for cash.

P. MURNIAN, DORCHESTER - St. East. Ch'town, July 22, 1891.-4t

DR. FOWLER'S 'EXT. OF' 'WILD' STRAWBERRY CURES CHOLERA, DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS. IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

CARTER'S LIVER PILLS.

WHEN THE HAIR SHOWS SIGNS OF FALLING, begin at once the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. This preparation strengthens the scalp, promotes the growth of the hair, and restores the natural color of the hair, and renders it soft, pliant, and glossy.

A Rich Brown

CURE SICK HEADACHE

ACHE

Ayer's Hair Vigor

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