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The Literary Echo.

AMUSING AND INSTRUCTIVE.

VOL. I.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MAY 15, 1875.

NO. 21.

SELECT POETRY.

THE SILENT SPECTRE.

'Twas an Egyptian custom, in the ages that
are gone,
That at each festive board should sit a shroud-
ed skeleton;
And, little as we dream of it, the custom still
goes on.

For though, amid his warriors, the Tyrant sits
on high,
And quaffs, upon his purple throne, to their
last victory,
Still near him sits the skeleton—dumb-
tongued Conspiracy.

The Poet, too, who toils for all, whose heart
eschews delights,
Who lives laborious days, and gives to solemn
thought his nights,
Sees the grim skeleton—the world with scorn
his love requites.

The Beauty, in her flush of bloom, whose
bright and perfect charms
Enslaves the panting heart of youth, and e'en
the aged warriors,
Thinks on that ghastly skeleton—Old Age
and shrivel'd arms.

The Merchant, 'mid his cringing clerks, that
wait upon his eye,
Whose very heart is cased in gold, has still
that spectre nigh.
A grinning, scornful mockery—friend-freez-
ing Bankruptcy.

The Mother with her darling child, whose
budding charms begin
To show the opening of a flower fairer than
all her kin,
She trembles at the skeleton—the child may
die, or sin!

And no true living child of earth can from its
presence fly;
It enters with us at our birth, is with us when
we die;
For within us dwells the skeleton—unseen
by human eye.

Oh, Conscience! silent spectre, awful pres-
ence of the just!
Thou terror of the libertine, whose gaze makes
midnight ghost!
Thou helper with the languer, and thou rider
with the fast!

Thus the old Egyptian custom of a skeleton
a'way
Sitting 'neath at every festive board, as a
check upon the gay,
Has been from the Creation, and will last to
Judgment Day.

MY SLEEPING BOY.

Now tread softly, go on tiptoe,
Do not move the very air!
Thou'st thou! tell me, did you ever
Dream of angels had so fair?

See the fair, rosy dimples,
Grouped around those rose-lip lips!
I think 'twould be a draught to kiss them,
Fit for Hebe herself to sip.

See the ever-changing color,
On that full rounded cheek,
As though pleasant were the fancies,
In his calm and rosy sleep.

One dear arm so soft and rounded,
Is thrown above his curly head,
And there seems an angel's presence,
Breathing round his little bed.

Lids as soft and white as snow-flakes,
Shade his eyes of loveliest blue,
Which in beauty and in color
With the tiny violets hue.

Do you wonder then I love him?
Love my little darling boy!
Ah! there's only one that's dearer
To my heart so full of joy.

"Who is that?" I hear you ask me,
Oh! I should not dare to tell;
For fear the great, rough bearded fellow
Would put on airs and cut a swell.

THE SPRIG OF ACACIA.

"It flourished in historic earth—
Land long and greatly sanctified;
It had its proud and noble birth
Amongst the hills where Ham died;
It minds us of Moslem faith,
That knows no counterpart but death.

"Though torn away from native dust,
And faded from its mother-tree,
Its leaves still whisper 'sacred trust,'
And still impart love's mystery;
They blend in one all thoughts of them
"Who last were at Jerusalem?"

"How many graves these leaves embower!
How many forms they lie above!
Mingled with tears—affection's shower—
And burst in sighs, and notes of love:
But oh! the comfort they have given!
A balmy zephyr, straight from Heaven:

"Telling of that not distant day
When parted love is joined again;
Bidding the storms of sorrow stay,
Affording antidote to pain;
Suggesting that all-powerful Hand
Will raise the dead and bid him stand.

"Soon will these leaves be showered on thee
Thy mouth's no number, every one;
Soon the last solemn mystery,
Above thy coffin will be said,
Though thou in silence, wilt not heed.

"So live that when these Acacia leaves
Shall blend with thy forgotten dust,
Kind Mother Earth, who all receives,
Will yield, unmeasured, her sacred trust;
While angels lead thee to the Throne,
And God, the Master, claims his own."

THE WAVE—SWEEP CITY.

I have read of our city
Beneath the Northern Sea,
When the back of waves swept churches
(on the shores all agree)
Could be heard upon the Sabbath,
When the people bowed the knee:

Search ye papers of the old sea water,
Fishing gear through the air,
As a city of waves they are dead
When they end to praise and prayer
All the strong and the lame-hearted,
All the brave and all the fair.

There are those whose faith in legend
Leads them to the Northern Sea,
When they peer the sea's in science
Till the bearings solemnly
Then, with hands and eyes uplifted,
Humbly bend the willing knee.

And the sweet sound of the chiming,
Falling on the pilgrim's ear,
Leaves within the heart an echo
That will never disappear,
But grow dearer with the coming
And the going of each year.

And I think of other cities,
In the sea of long ago,
And of memory legends whose chiming,
Coming sweetly, soft and low,
Bear the echoes of affection
That once through our hearts did flow.

Overswept by Time's dark waters,
Yet oblivion cannot quail
Keep the memory from the spirit
Of the sea's waves from the sight,
And though leaving us to darkness,
We are conscious of the light.

CONTINUED TALE.

WHEN HE IS SEEN,

BARONET, OR BUTCHER?

A ROMANCE OF THE DAY.

Continued.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MARKS AND FACES.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world
kin."

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite."
"If you prick me do I not feel?"

One evening, the men scattered
about the billiard-room of the Valet,
tired of playing and thirsting for
some amusement, had beguiled
Derry into a long, interesting story,
and the dead silence which follow-
ed was not broken when Arthur
Thussington opened the door and
sole in.

Stole in so quietly that Lewis's
bull-dog, which had been snoring
under the table in a most hideous
manner, arose with a suspicious
snarl, and uttering a yell, flew at
his leg.

Arthur Thussington gave a hor-
rified cry, and tried to shake him
off, turning as white as ashes, for
he was more afraid of a dog than
anything, and he was by no means
a brave man.

In an instant the whole room
was in confusion, everybody, ex-
cepting Lewis, rushing at the
struggling man and dog.

The owner of the vile beast con-
tented himself with sitting up and
coolly whistling at it.

"Seize it by the neck!" cried one.
"Kick it!" another. "Give it some
snuff!" a third, and amidst the con-
fusion, Arthur Thussington was
yelling with pain, and vainly en-
deavoring to shake off the dog.

When every one had suggested
something, and no one attempted
to put into practice his or any one
else's ideas, Bartie Lennox pushed
through the group, and quietly
striking the beast on the head with
a cue, seized the next instant
by the back of the neck, and flung
it with tremendous force through
the window.

Then, almost before the others
could comprehend what had been
done, he regained his seat, and
seemed half asleep again.

Arthur Thussington sank into a
chair, and glared over at Lewis
with his lips working and his eyes
flashing a venomous hate.

Lewis rose with a shrug.
"Really, Mr Thussington, I am
very sorry, poor my honor—but it's
a singular thing that that dog has
never bitten any one before."

"Pray don't apologise for the dog,
sir," hissed rather than said the
injured man. "The blame rests
rather with the man who can keep
such a hideous beast; but birds of
a feather—"

Lewis started upright with a
flushed face.

"What do you mean?" he
snapped.

"What I said," hissed Arthur
Thussington, rising with difficulty,
and confronting him, one hand still
upon the bite, and the other clenched
at his side.

"Are you aware that you are
speaking to a gentleman, sir?" said
Lewis, hotly.

"No," sneered the other, "I was
speaking to you."

Lewis walked up to him, and
both stood looking at each other
very much as the dog outside would
have looked at a fellow cur.

"Your words require some ex-
planation, Mr. Thussington," ex-
claimed Lewis.

"Then you can supply it your-
self," retorted Thussington. "I
thought them plain enough to be
understood, even by you."

Lewis's sullen temper was lashed
into something like passion at the
scornful sneering words, and with
an oath he raised his arm to strike
the white face, but Arthur Thus-
sington lunged up his own and at
the same moment struck the in-
tended striker a heavy blow across
the face.

In a moment Lewis, much the
stronger man, had felled him to
the ground.

Clarence Foppington, and Derry
here stepped in, and caught their
arms.

"Gentlemen!" said the former,
in a tone of grave rebuke.

"Aye, gentlemen!" echoed a
voice which startled them at the
door. It was Sir Robert.

"In God's name what has hap-
pened? Arthur, are you hurt?"
Mr. Lewis, your face is swollen
and cut. What on earth have you
been doing?"

"Forgetting ourselves, my dear
sir," said Arthur Thussington.
"The matter is easily explained."
Mr. Lewis's dog seized my leg, and
I entered the room, and I was
afraid I was not only
some suspicious persons in the

guard to its owner. Mr. Lewis, who, I beg, will forget them;" and he turned with a sickly smile, but with hidden eyes to the sullen figure at his side.

Lewis flushed hotly, and turned to leave the room.

"I'll forget your words if you like, Arthur Thussington," he said, with a threatening curl of the lips, "but I'll remember the blow."

Sir Robert looked distressed and startled—it was more like a school-boy's quarrel than a man's—least of all a gentleman's.

"You had better get to your room at once," he said. "I will send Mrs. Hartup, the housekeeper to you."

Then turning to Lennox, who was lying on the sofa, smoking his cigarette as tranquilly as if nothing had happened, he said—

"Why did not some of you interfere?—you, Lennox?"

The exquisite raised his head, and shook it gently.

"No, Sir Robert; I have no objection to parting dog and man, but I draw the line at dog and dog, or man and man."

And he dropped back again into his comfortable attitude with the same countenance, serene in its grand contempt for both of the disputants.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ORDERED TO HEAD QUARTERS.

"Can I forget? yes, that can I,
And that can all men; so will you,
Afore, or later, when you die.
Ah! but the love you plead was true,
Was mine not too?"—*FELICE.*

The morning following the fracas in the billiard-room, Bertie found amongst his letters a business looking document, which dated from the War Office, and commanded him to return to head quarters at once, so, throwing it across to Derry, who in exchange threw him a similar document, which he had received on his own account, said—

"Country in danger, War Office demands my presence. I fly to succour the nation," and two hours afterwards was scudding up to town and the detestable head quarters in the up express, with Derry by his side, and a cigar of the thickness of a schoolmaster's ferule in his mouth.

"Well, I'm not sorry, after all, to get a change. The Vale is a delightful place, but even heaven would get monotonous," said Derry, placing his huge legs on the opposite seat, and lighting up in self defence.

"Just so," said Bertie, with a yawn. "I was very comfortable, and should not have retreated for a day or two, though. I wonder what on earth they want us for. I expect it will turn out a mare's nest, and we shall be asked some absurd questions as to the number of men and their average height and fighting liquor, and then told that we may take ourselves off again, or else private Brown has been going it too strong in the barrack casks, and we are wanted to see him and him and try and induce him to take the pledge."

Derry laughed.
"I say, Bertie, there are some

strange characters at the Vale. What do you think of the row in the billiard-room last night? Did you see Thussington's face?"

"I did, and I never felt more inclined to strike a man across the mouth in my life."

"It was perfectly demoniacal, wasn't it, do you know I don't feel altogether prepossessed by that gentleman, soft spoken, quiet-looking individual as he is; 'pon my soul, I'm half inclined to believe he's up to some infernal game down there!"

"There I differ with you," said Bertie, languidly. "I'm not half inclined to think, but I'm wholly sure that Mr. Arthur Thussington has some little scheme in hand that he's carrying through."

"What can it be, I wonder?" said Derry. "Is it the daughter, Ida Valor; a beautiful girl eh, Bert?—or is it some plot against Rod—poor dear old Rod! He's next in succession, you, know, and 'pon my soul, Bert, somebody ought to be on the watch."

"I agree with you my dear impetuous Derry, that somebody ought to play checkmate to ingenious Arthur, but you haven't proved that somebody is either you or me, consequently I am unmoved."

Derry was silent for a moment, then he said—

"I tell you what it is, Bert: it's an infernal shame that Rod Edgecombe should be shipped off to the end of the earth in this way, and that fellow left here to throw sheep's eyes at the poor fellow's love, and bite his nails at his inheritance. By jove, I'll go and talk to old Edgecombe like a father. I know old Rod, and it's my duty—I'll—"

"All right," said Bertie, "go and do it. But if it will save you any trouble I may as well tell you that you had better leave this particular duty alone—as you have left a good many others. My good impetuous, virtuously indignant friend—it is no use."

"What? have you tried it?" said Derry, looking round with surprise.

"I have," said Bertie, quietly. "And didn't move the old curmudgeon?"

"Not an inch. You could as soon put this train in your pocket and walk down Picadilly without spoiling the set of your coat, as make any impression on Sir Harry Edgecombe. I think that exhausts the subject, Derry. Having an easy conscience, I can sleep."

And he closed his eyes.

Bertie himself was glad to get back to town for a time, for where the treasure is, there the heart is also, and Bertie Lennox's pale-faced treasure was running through the gaities of town, it will be remembered. So he leant back and wondered whether he should meet her by chance in drawing-room or concert-hall, the tre or ball-room; and wondered furthermore whether she would receive him with the same kind indifferent smile, or overlook him altogether; he wondered, in fact, he wondered at all men, with a

disease do wonder, and wondered all the way up to town; and when he found himself seated in his favorite corner at his favorite club, he still discovered that the pale face with the large, thoughtful eyes that it lit up and melted, glistened and smiled, as the soul that shone through them was moved by pity and sorrow, or mirth and joy, was haunting him still, and tried in vain to smother it, blind it, horrify it out of his mind's eye, by surrounding himself with a cloud of fragrant tobacco-smoke, and reading the full particulars of the last murder in that day's *Times*.

And at that moment the pale face and pensive eyes were attracting admiring attention at Lady Mary Wethers' great "hop," and Grace Wilson was thinking sadly, and against her will, of the golden-headed exquisite who had saved her from a broken heart, and kept from her side, because he thought the sight of his face was painful to her.

And as she leant upon the arm of a tiny shallow-brained gentleman, who whirled round with her in anything but maddening waltz, she felt within her heart that she would give a kingdom, had she so troublesome a possession, for a sight of the calm, indolent face, and soft, careless-looking eyes.

"The Irish beauty is rather *triste* to-night," drawled some one as they passed her; and hearing it accidentally, the "beauty," having, alas! no tobacco or absorbing newspaper, took to dancing perforce, and had to waltz, quadrille, and redowa the handsome golden-crowned face from her thoughts.

There are a great many games of chance which the sons of men play at, but there is none so disastrous and so unprofitable as the game of cross purposes.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A FLIGHT IN THE NIGHT.

"If you loved me ever so little,
I could bear the bonds that gall,
I could dream the bonds were brittle,
You do not love me at all."
"My heart swims blind in a sea,
That stuns me; swims to and fro
And gathers to windward and lea,
Lamentation, and mourning, and woe."

The glare from the camp-fire of dried wood and leaves fell flickeringly upon the three men as they sat, lay, and lounged around it.

High above their heads the stars twinkled down upon them as if the long distance made their eyes blink, and all round above them, breaking the solemn silence, came the shriek of the night-bird and the whiz of some huge bat, attracted, puzzled, and frightened by the gleam of the blazing fire.

Roderick was lying full length upon the rug beside the blaze, with his eyes fixed upon the pale, curious face of the stranger, who sat opposite him, one hand thrust in his coat, the other raking the embers together with his long knife.

Nat was leaning against a tree, being a piece of wood into pegs his snares.

"You ask me whence I came—of my life," said the man, fixing his eyes for the

instant from his monotonous occupation to fix them on the dark, handsome face of his questioner, and speaking in deep, full, grave tones. "I come from England. My name is Guy—simply Guy. I have no other—I need none other. If you ask me why I left England, I tell you that I was compelled to leave it. Yes, I see by your faces that, like every one else, you have decided that I am guilty of every possible crime. You are wrong. If I committed crime, it was for once only, and then to—get—bread. Enough! This scarcely can interest you. I left England and came to Melbourne."

"You," glancing up suddenly at Nat, and dropping his head to resume his raking the next moment, "you know what that means. I starved for three weeks, was driven from pillar to post like a hound, flung oaths, too, when I was dying for bread, and at last managed to beg money to join a gang bound for the diggings."

"We started at daybreak, making for some district west of this. We found gold after a few weeks' journey: found it in such quantities that before the month had closed we men—some of whom had been starving at the commencement—were nabobs."

"Waiting until we had exhausted the run, we determined to start for the return, to spend the gold for which we had so hardly toiled."

"The night we packed up our traps a band of bushrangers gold thieves, or whatever else you like to call them, came upon us like phantoms."

"We fought in the dark as devils would fight in wrath—look here."

And rising to his feet he slipped his rough shirt off his shoulders, and displayed in the flickering glare a breast scored and cut like the bark of an old oak, with innumerable wounds, then dropped down again noiselessly, and resumed his raking as before.

"There were four to one; we reduced it to two to one, and all excepting myself were shot down and hacked to pieces in the reduction."

"I crawled away bleeding and stupid, with only my saturated shirt, leather trousers, and old revolver remaining of the thousands I held but a short half-hour before."

"Do you want a history of the sufferings, privations, pains, and narrow escapes I endured from that cursed night to this? No. It would weary you and rile me. I am here—and if you will give me the chance, I'll keep the word I pledged you this morning. If not—"

And here he rose, and dropping the raking-stick, shook himself together with the air of a huge mastiff.

"And if not, say so at once, and I'll go. A man feels more stiff and ready after a good meal, and I'm not the man to take a half-welcome or show my shadow where it isn't wanted."

There was a moment's silence after the almost defiant speech, and the firelight, as it flickered upon

the strange face, showed it moved with some unknown emotion, whether of hesitation, anger, or what else, who could say?

Nat remained against the tree cutting his pegs with the same monotonous clicking of the knife, and did not even look up in answer to the stern appeal, and so it was left for Cuthbert Hawk to decide whether this stranger should be taken at his word and dismissed, or be received with the welcome he demanded.

At that moment the strange feeling that had possessed him, when his hand was clasped by the one he was now gazing thoughtfully at, came over him again, and something seemed repeating to him that it would be better to send the man away.

Some dread doubt, some undefined fear, filled his soul, and he shuddered with a horror he could neither understand nor repress, as he jumped to his feet, trying by the very action to dispel the mysterious feeling, and said—

"We do not give half-welcomes, my friend. What I said this morning I stand to now. If you keep your side of the bond, we will keep ours. The past seems to trouble you: forget it, and be assured that neither Nat nor I will remind you of it. We have pasts of our own, and though yours has been a smirched one, we do not think any the worse of you for it. There is my hand on the bargain."

Listening with upturned face and half-covered eyes until Cuthbert Hawk had finished, Guy, for so they already called him, once more grasped the hand, fixing his black eyes on the face of the speaker with a curious expression, which, without understanding, Cuthbert Hawk shuddered at, and felt uncomfortable again, and uttering no word, dropped down before the fire.

Not a word was spoken for half an hour, the three men smoking in silence; then Nat looked up quietly, and opening his mouth with a yawn that threatened to swallow the other two, guessed it was time to turn in.

"Right!" said Cuthbert. "I am ready, and you must be too, I should think," he added to Guy.

"I shall sleep," he replied with a grim smile.

"Which'll ye turn in with?" said Nat.

"I have the biggest tent, better share with me," said Cuthbert.

"Thanks," said Guy, knocking his pipe out. "I'd as leave sleep here by the fire; but I'll come."

So they parted for the night; and Nat, as he walked towards his tent, turned to look after them, with a puzzled and rather troubled look upon his raven-hewn face, starting slightly, as he muttered—

"Darn me if they ain't both the same height, both the same color, and both the same. Curse me, what a fool I am! It air all straight enough, it air; and if it ain't, I guess that young un's sharp enough to take care of himself."

And then, waiting in silence until the two forms had passed into

the tent, he likewise lifted the canvas and entered.

Cuthbert fastened up the tent and looked to his wearisome usual declining his new companion's offer of help, and then rolled himself up in his blanket with a "Good night," but his salutation was not answered, and seeing the dark eyes closed and the strong arms folded across under the folds of the blanket, he muttered—

"Asleep already! He must have an easy conscience, any way."

He closed his own eyes; but not to sleep.

Wearied as he was, he could not rest still a moment. He slept for five minutes to dream that a dark face was leering menacingly into his, and that a woman's shriek—a shriek that he fancied came from the scornful lips he loved—rang in his ears, and woke in a cold sweat to find the form of the stranger lying rolled up, still, motionless, and asleep.

After a little while he sat up and wiped the perspiration off his white face.

"What is it that troubles me to-night?" he murmured, with his short laugh. "I'm like a child who has seen a ghost. I feel—" he continued, muttering hoarsely—trying with every word to shake the horrible depression and fear off—"as if some one were walking over my grave, or some danger hung over her head!"

"Oh God!" he cried, starting to his feet with a suddenness that shook the tent pole, but did not waken his companion, "can something be happening to her at this moment and I being warned of it? They tell strange tales—strange, supernatural tales of this—this sort of thing. Can—oh, Ida! Ida!" and he leant against the thick pole and clasped his hands.

For a moment he was silent, then he shuddered and drew himself upright with a gesture of determination.

"I must be ill—this will never do. I will play the man and shake it off." Then he walked to the opening and stepped quietly out into the still, cold air, smiling a little as he did so, for he thought, "If I make a noise Nat will shoot at me, and hit me, without doubt."

Then he walked down to the stream and dipped his head into the cold, refreshing water.

As he raised his head and shook the water from his hair, he fancied he saw the dark shadow of a form along the rock; he stood still for a moment; but seeing nothing move, although he waited with straining eyes for several minutes, he shook his head, muttering—"I'm going stark, raving mad!" and made his way back to the tent.

He seemed choking with the strange, indescribable sensation of coming ill, and he got back to the tent with one wet hand grasping his throat, and the other thrust through his coat.

Guy was still curled up in the rug, apparently fast asleep.

Cuthbert Hawk looked at him for a moment with folded arms and troubled brow, then took to padding up and down the tent.

He really thought himself upon the brink of some illness. All the past came up, unravelling away before his eyes. He saw his old friends, the old places, his old love, as distinctly as if he were there and with them at that moment.

He could hear the soft, sub-pointed words the beautiful girl breathed upon his breast: he could hear her scornful voice bidding him leave her for ever, he—he could bear it no longer. He must cry out, speak, or write. Ah, write! why should he not write!

Snatching at the lantern, he trimmed it with trembling fingers, hung it up again, tore out a small leathern writing-desk from his trunk, and sitting down, commenced writing an epistle as quivering with mad, tortured love and agonized despair, as was ever penned by mortal man.

The sweat rolled off his white face in large drops, and every now and then as he wrote her name, he moaned like a man in physical pain.

He had written on for nearly an hour when a sudden slight noise startled him, and looking round hastily, he saw a hand softly pushing aside the curtain of the tent.

A thrill of horror ran through him, and he cast a glance at the corner where the strange man called Guy lay.

To his astonishment he found him leaning upon his elbow, with his dark eyes fixed with a strange, snake-like expression upon him.

A shudder ran through his frame as much at the face and eyes in the corner as at the hand upon the tent, and he lifted his own and pointed tremblingly.

Guy raised himself with a sudden spring, and grasped his revolver.

Cuthbert, brought to himself by the sudden movement, threw down the letter and caught at his, and the two stood side by side, waiting for the next move.

It came. The hand was withdrawn, and a head appeared, pushing through at the bottom of the tent.

Cuthbert's heart beat fast, and he pointed his revolver at the horrible head, but before he could fire, the head was followed by a pair of huge ragged shoulders, and a face, grimed and lined with poverty, and lit up by two blood-shot savage-looking eyes, lifted itself to them.

Guy fired, and the head dropped with a wild groan.

The next instant a dozen yells broke out upon the night, and a band of bushmen burst into the tent, brandishing knives and revolvers.

Their yell was answered by a deep savage roar from the throat of Guy, who, gathering himself together for a spring, shouted—

"Follow me, beat through for your life," and slashing out with his long knife, actually, by sheer force, beat through the throng, and reached the open air.

Cuthbert raised his knife and tried to do the same, but a brawny ruffian with a ferocious face flung his arm around him and nearly

hurled him to the ground, while the others thronged round.

"Stand off!" cried Cuthbert, hoarsely, his late mood changed to a delirium of wrath, and feeling possessed of the strength of ten men. "Stand off, or I fire!" and with difficulty, he raised the revolver to the head of his captor.

A yell was the only reply, and a couple of men sprang at him to knock the revolver down, but he was too quick, and pulling the trigger, sent the deadly bullet through the man's face, who fell back with a shriek, and let him fire on the others. They levelled their revolvers at him, but he sprang at them and was grazed on the shoulder only.

Raising his knife, he slashed right and left with it, and caused them to fall back a little, but still could not get away. In another moment he would have been shot, but the crack of a rifle sounded at his ear, and one of the ruffians fell on his face, dead. The rest, surprised at the sudden reinforcement, started in amazement, and in that moment Cuthbert gained the opening and the air.

But he had only escaped one danger to fall into another, for a couple of dark forms who had been left as scouts sprang at him.

He uttered a despairing cry, and dodged the levelled blow of one of them, and then turned with his knife uplifted in one hand, and his revolver pointed in the other.

Covering the man, he fired, and saw him stagger and fall, the other with an oath darted under and received the long knife in his side instead of the heart, and Cuthbert dashed away at the moment the remainder of the gang poured out in a roaring, struggling, fighting mass, in vain trying to bring Nat and Guy to the ground.

Cuthbert stopped short in his flight, and filled with a blood-thirsty rage, turned to swell the minority to three. Three against nine!

It was long odds! Nat heard him shout as he came up, and cried out—

"Get away, Hawk; we'll manage these, get away."

Cuthbert laughed a short laugh, and snatching up the long gun, which the trapper had dropped, swung it round his head with the fury of a maniac.

He felt the hard, heavy butt end crash against a human head, and laughed aloud.

His blood was on fire.

The shouts and yells, the curses and the shrieks of the ruffians as he dealt them blows and they staggered under the bullets and the knives of the other two men, filled him with a fierce pleasure and he dashed more closely in, and paid for his recklessness by a deep slash in the arm from a bowie knife.

The pain made him madder than ever, and turning to a huge ruffian, who was rapidly beating Nat down, he raised his gun, and aiming with all his force, levelled the robber, to the ground.

"Thank ye! thank ye," answered Nat hoarsely, staggering back a little and poisoning his knife for the next—but the next did

not seem to care for it, and hesitated a moment.

That moment was his last, for Guy, who had fought with the silent fury of an animal, clenched his teeth, stabbed him to the heart, and turned with an oath to the remaining four, who stood facing the three desperate men, afraid to attack and reluctant to fly.

"Come on!" roared Nat, moving towards them. "Come on, you damned skunking villains! I reckon we kin give you pretty good measure," and he raised his knife with a threatening gesture.

The three robbers quailed before his blazing eyes and bloodstained knife, and seeing Cuthbert and Guy advancing likewise turned suddenly and fled.

The three men, with a wild, triumphant yell, dashed after them, but had not run many yards before a shout to the left brought them to a standstill, and turning where the noise came, they saw to their dismay a fresh band of men, leaping from rock to rock.

Cuthbert, who was next to Guy, saw him turn white in the misty gray dawn, and fancied that he started as a huge man, pointing his finger at him, shouted something, but before he could say anything, Guy seized his arm, and cried hoarsely—

"Fly, fly, for your life—I have seen the gang before—they are too many for us," and, crying out to Nat, he turned, and darted off. Cuthbert and Nat followed, and the three dashed past the tent where the slain men lay weltering in their blood, and gained the little wood of undergrowth.

Here they were brought to a stop, by Guy, who, holding up his hand, said, in a hoarse, breathless whisper—

"We are safe here; they can't track us through the undergrowth. Wait here for me a moment; I'll see which way they took," and started from their side.

He ran back towards the tent. For a moment he looked anxiously round, as if searching for something; then darted at some sheets of paper that lay upon the ground, where Cuthbert had let them fall, and, thrusting them into his bosom, sped back to where the two awaited him.

CHAPTER XXX.

A MINISTERING ANGEL.

"Whatever a man of the sons of men Shall say to his heart of the lords above, They have shown man rarely, once and again, Marvellous mercies, and infinite love"

Now it chanced that on the morning after his arrival in town, Bertie Lennox, whilst walking through the park, had pulled a little girl from beneath a runaway horse's hoofs, and in so doing, had managed to get his arm broken, and his head so knocked about that, with loss of blood, and a considerable quantity of cigars and brandy, the honorable captain took as his sine, brain fever was the result, lay on his bed in Albany chambering to and fro like a ship in a

man did not know what to do, no relatives living, saving aunts, and they were in

Captain Derry was the nearest of the scores of friends Bertie possessed. But then, Tom felt that the sick-room, was scarcely Captain Derry's forte, and besides, Tom wanted a female nurse.

He could have got an ordinary nurse in ten minutes, but Tom had such a horror of the sisterhood, that he would as soon have thought of calling in the tigers of the Zoo, as stand the sight of a regular sick-bed vampire in his master's rooms.

Poor Tom was in a quandary, and his brows wrinkled up with the puzzled look an Irishman always wears under such circumstances, as he listened to the absurd nonsense Bertie was liping out in one continual strain.

Suddenly there was a pause; and Tom, bending over with all his eyes watching, and his ears listening, saw a frown followed by a smile flit across the hot brow, and heard the sick man mutter—

"Grace!" "Grace, now by the prophets, who's Grace?" muttered Tom, pondering.

Again the sick man muttered, more loudly this time, as if he were calling her—

"Grace!" A light broke in upon him. "Share now, bedad, what a fou you are thin, Tom! it's Miss Wilson, bless her heart"

And remembering that the Wilsons were in town, he carefully removed everything breakable from his master's delicious reach; and forgetting to put on his hat, started off in the cold, club evening, for Hyde Park corner

"God bless me!" exclaimed the squire, as Tom, who was perspiring as much as the cab-horse outside, poured out in broad Irish dialect the story of his master's deplorable state, omitting by a sort of instinctive tact all mention of Grace's name, and giving, as his reason for coming to them, that he had just remembered they were in town

"God bless me! And you left him then all alone, Tom! Here, drink that wine, and I'll send the housekeeper back with you. Indeed I'll go with you myself. Poor Lennox. Poor Lennox"

And he laid his hand upon the bell. "Stop father," said Grace, who had listened to Tom's recital with pale face and quivering lips, but in silence.

"Do not send Mrs. Gardiner. I will go"

"You will, Grace?" exclaimed Mrs. Wilson, with faint remonstrance. Grace nodded

"Yes, mamma, I will. There will be no harm, will there?"

And she crimsoned for a second.

"No impropriety in the slightest, my dear," said Mrs. Wilson, "but—"

"But nothing, mamma, if that be so," said Grace, with the certain something in her voice before which both her father and her mother always gave way.

"Captain Lennox is an old friend of ours, and—"

"Aye, we owe much to Lennox and Lennox's friends."

"Grace, you are right," broke in the squire, his eyes filling. "Go, lass, and wipe a little of the debt off."

Without another word, the beautiful girl glided from the room, and before Tom had time to shut his wondering mouth, she returned, declaring quietly that she was ready.

The hansom tore back as only a hansom can, and in a few minutes Grace was standing beside the bed in the character of nurse to the man who loved her better than his life.

CHAPTER XXXI.

TRADING ON MISFORTUNE.

"There is a method in man's wickedness It grows up by degrees"

BEAUFORT and FLETCHER

One night there was a grand ball at the Vale, and Arthur Thussington, excited by a waltz with Ida, and the champagne, of which he had partaken rather freely, followed her into one of the conservatories and declared his love. The moment he had spoken he wished himself dumb, for the beautiful girl with a perceptible shudder, fled from him

A woman scorned is a fearful thing according to the opinion of some one, but an artful schemer balked is a more awful Arthur Thussington, as he stole out of the conservatory, felt within himself that he had been balked—his progress in the great game he was playing stayed—and his brain seemed in a mad whirl as he thought of the scared, horrified look of the girl to whom he had declared his love.

After all, the way of transgressors is hard, for, strange to say, a bad man has just the same capability of loving and hating as your good, church-going, highly moral man; nay, his passionate, teatful more intense and vivid than the well-disciplined, highly-principled man's, and he has the agony—for agony it is—of always knowing that he can never be worthy of the being he is ill-fated enough to love. There lies his punishment. Between love and love there should be no half-confidences—no dangerous secrets; the very fact of a concealment rubs the down off Cupid's wings, and blunts the arrow which gives such exquisite pleasure and pain. Your cunning schemer, or ingenious rogue, falls in love with, and wins in return the love of, some pure-hearted, simple-minded, innocent girl; he feels his whole heart passionate and true to her, mind you, whatever else it may be to the rest of the world. She is as glass to his loving, yet, wistful, far-seeing eye; all her little every-day affairs are revealed to him with the ingenuous candour of a child; she conceals nothing, however trivial, however commonplace from the man who, loving her with all his heart, does not, for his very love's sake, show her one-half of his tricky, wickedly scheming mind. She thinks, and shows him in a thousand different ways that she thinks, him everything that is noble, everything that is good; and he has the agony of knowing that he is as base as she thinks him noble—as wicked as she thinks him good; and in that perpetual thought there lies a hell a million times worse than the conventional one of brimstone and fire.

All this Arthur Thussington felt, and felt more fiercely that he had been refused—for he could read her horror in no other way—by the girl he loved.

The ball-room seemed spinning round faster than the whirling dancers and, after trying to collect his confused senses for five minutes, he made his way through the laughing groups, and stole noiselessly up the grand staircase to his room.

What was the next move? he asked himself, as, with wrinkled brow and unquiet eye, he stroked his cat-like whiskers

It was no use stopping a day longer at the Vale. That move on the board he had lost; he had been too premature; and, as he acknowledged this, the schemer ground his teeth and cursed everything—the ball, the visitors, the champagne and himself. No, all hope for the present, as regard the beautiful Ida, must be laid aside.

Ho must wait, wait! Well the prize was worth the waiting for; and as he started with shifting eyes at his pale face in the heavy mirror, he swore that he would gain his purpose if he waited until doomsday

If there was nothing to be got at the Vale, he decided not to stay a day longer. His game lay now in the direction of London, and he smiled a demoniacal smile as he assured himself that there he could not fail

"No, no," he muttered; "let this be my lesson. No more haste—no more fool's precipitancy. I will be cool, calm, and leisurely! Ah, Sir Robert, my Lady Ida, and all, I meet you now at good advantage. Here I am your match; here I must win, and you lose! I can afford to wait!" And he drew from his pocket the power of attorney which gave him authorization to do as he pleased.

His eyes glittered like a snake's as they fastened on the scrap of parchment, and his fingers stroked the smooth surface as if they were caressing the inky lines which played so freely into his hands.

Hastily packing his portmanteau, he wrote a little note in his small, regular, business-like hand, to Sir Robert, saying that urgent business demanded his presence in town, and expressing his great sorrow that he was obliged to start too early in the morning to allow of his breakfasting with them.

"There," he exclaimed, ringing the bell, "that saves everything. I could not stand and lie to the old fool to-night, I should chafe with impatience. I cannot, I will not, go down amongst those grinning idiots again! Curse them! I can hear their laughter here. Well may the devil pipe to his own! And Ida—oh! if I could but hate her, how much easier the game would be! There should be no more scruples—no more paltry remorse and hesitations," he muttered, striding noiselessly to and fro the room like a sleek puther. "No, no, I love her; and I must, I will have her!"

"Take that to Sir Robert's room," he said to the man who answered the bell, "and have the dog-cart ready to catch the first train to-morrow, if you will please."

"Very good, sir," answered the man, with respectful elasticity, for he saw the sovereign glistering on the envelope.

Then the schemer threw himself in the arm-chair beside the fire, and fixing his gray eyes on the red coals, sat motionless until the dawn stole, like a type of himself, gray and quiet, into the still room, and startled him into a few hours' quiet sleep.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A FIGHT AND A FLIGHT.

"He who fights and runs away, Will live to fight another day" "After bravery comes strategy."

We left the three gold-diggers waiting breathlessly in the wood, expecting every moment to be attacked on one quarter or the other, and uncertain whether to fly or make a sullen stand.

Each of them was cut and bruised, and their faces, smirched with blood, had a grimly stern expression in the gray dawn.

"I wish they'd come on," said Nat, curtly, ramming down his charge with a savage force. "I don't mind the tussle, but I'm darned, if this waitin' don't go against the grain."

"If we only knew which side to fly," said Cuthbert, between his teeth.

"But, you see, we don't," retorted Nat.

"They are sure to have ambushes all round," said Guy, hoarsely. "Better

to be who we are for a while than run into fresh hot water. I—Curse them, here they are!" And, as he spoke, a dozen men dashed into their midst with a ferocious yell, the foremost one pointing a pistol at Guy's head, and shouting, "You great scoundrel! you traitor! you turn coat—"

Cuthbert started, even in the midst of the terrible situation, with a look of astonishment, and waited with strained ear to catch the next words; while he planted himself against a tree, and levelled his reloaded revolver at the ruffians, he cast a glance at Guy, saw that his face had turned livid with passion, and heard him mutter an oath as he sprang at the speaker with his uplifted knife, and, knocking up the pistol, ran the shining blade through his breast: then, with a fiendish laugh, he turned upon the rest, and, backed by the other two, drove them a few yards; and, while the bullets whistled round them, they dashed away in the uncertain light, plunging into the undergrowth for dear life, followed by the bushmen, who alternately shouted and fired.

"Quick! quick!" roared Guy, bending almost to the ground and dashing through the long grass, with Nat and Cuthbert after him. "We shall dodge them in a few minutes in this long grass. Quick! Quick!"

"All right," replied Nat, hoarsely, but he suddenly stopped, and, throwing up his arm, with a groan, dropped full length in the grass. A bullet had struck him.

Cuthbert stopped instantly, and bent down on his knees beside the silent figure, and Guy, looking round at hearing the rustling stopped, called out sharply "What are you stopping for? For the Lord's sake push on!"

"Nat is shot," replied Cuthbert, hoarsely, bending down over the trapper, and placing his hand on the blood-stained breast.

"Shot!" said Guy, stopping and turning his white face round, while the fierce shouts behind them nearly blotted out his words. "Shot! why do you stay, then? You can do no good. For God's sake, man, come on!"

Cuthbert shook his head with a groan "You can go," he said, hoarsely. "Go to the devil, if you like, but I stay here," and he pointed to the still form with a gesture of determination.

For a moment Guy glared at him, then ran back, Cuthbert still bending down to Nat's side.

"It's all over, then," he said, with a shrug of his shoulder. "All that's left is to die game; and we can do that."

In another moment they were surrounded.

As a couple of the bloodthirsty, infuriated savages clutched Cuthbert's wounded arm, he felt sick and faint, and, staggering up against a tree, grew unconscious of the scene, yet having enough life to hear, above the yells and oaths, the voice of the man Guy, who seemed expostulating with three men who held him in their grasp, and appeared, by their words, to recognize him. He was also just conscious of the still, stern figure of the trapper being held up and dropped again with an emphatic oath; then, with a great effort, he collected himself to spring forward, and got near enough to the limp figure to hear the man say it was dead. The next instant he fell against the tree, with a groan, lifeless.

How long he remained so, he did not know, but when he came to his painful senses, he found himself lying inside an old shed, through the rotted roof of which the sunlight streamed in vivid lines, with the pale face, streaked bloodily, of Guy by his side.

He raised himself on his arm, and asked where he was.

"Safe," replied Guy, laconically. "Safe, thanks to luck and the love of money."

"Ah, I remember," said Cuthbert, rising wearily, and finding his arm stiff, numb, and painful.

"Safe, did you say? how did you get away? There seemed no chance: and Nat—where is Nat?" and his face clouded heavily.

"Sit down," said Guy, "and keep quiet; you've had a nasty blow or two, and are not in anything like bush-trim yet. How far do you remember?"

"Let me think," mused Cuthbert, sitting down again, and clasping his forehead with his hand.

"I remember crawling through the grass, Nat following, then a rush of men, and—"

"Nat is dead," said Guy, piling up some pieces of wood, and kindling them into a fire.

"Dead!" repeated Cuthbert Hawk, sinking his face in his hands. "Brave old fellow, he deserved a better fate than that. Dead! this cursed country!"

"Most of us deserve a better fate, or a worse one, than we get," said Guy, stolidly. "As for the country, it's good enough it's the vermin who infest it that make it the place it is. Curse them!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

HUNGER, FATIGUE, AND ANOTHER CHANGE OF TRADE.

"Old memories,
How they torture me!"—ANON

Both were silent for a few moments, and Cuthbert Hawk then said quickly—"How did we get away? You have not told me. You must have carried me!" he added, gratefully.

"When the rush came, you were bending over the dead Yankee, and I gave up at once: it was no use fighting over a gone chance. It was six to one, and the minority not worth half a one either. They were mad at the resistance we made, and the trouble we'd given them, besides feeling hurt at the way in which I polished off their thick-headed captain, and there was a great cry out for bulleting us at once, and I thought there would have been three dead men instead of one, but I happened to hit upon a happy idea, which saved us. Of course you know they were after the gold?"

Cuthbert raised his head. "I thought so at first," he said, "but I heard them call you 'traitor,' and I fancied they seemed to know you—"

Guy turned round with a start, but after scanning Hawk's face with a minute scrutiny, knelt down by the fire again, and spitting a small bird over the blaze, replied—

"Bah! a trick the rogues have. Every man who shows fight for the gold they want to steal is a turncoat and a traitor."

The explanation did not entirely satisfy Cuthbert, and he said, quietly—"But they seemed to know you!"

"They might, possibly," replied Guy, bending over the fire, so that his face was hidden from the questioning eyes of the other. "I have had many a tussle with them, and left my mark, too, pretty often."

"You had never seen them before, then?" asked Cuthbert, rising as he spoke, and walking towards the fire.

Guy turned his pale face up to the anxious one above him, with a fierce light in his black eyes.

"How can I tell?" he said, sharply adding, the next moment, with a shrill laugh, "they are more likely to know than I am: perhaps they're right."

Cuthbert nodded, with a half-satisfied "Yes," and said, "Go on."

"Well, they wanted to make short work of it, but it struck me that there was a loop-hole, so I dropped my revolver and cried out that if they wanted our lives, they'd better take them without a row fuss, but if they wanted the gold, they'd find it buried under the middle tent. I hadn't got the words out of my mouth, hardly, before they started off. The word 'gold' had touched them to the heart, and each man started neck and heel to be first at the tent, forgetting that I might be lying—as I was, unless you happened to bury the gold there, and I spoke truth by accident."

Cuthbert Hawk touched his belt, but without a smile.

"No, we carried it about us," he said; "poor Nat and I."

"All the better luck," said Guy. "Directly they had started off, I dragged you into the grass, and making a circle, got clear away into the forest, where I could hear them shouting, but knew they couldn't find us in there, even if it was worth their while to waste time in hunting us up. After lying still for a quarter of an hour or so, just for a rest's sake, I took you on my back, and half dragging, half carrying you, got you to this— but the stream washed your wounded, and—the bird's doing nicely."

"You have saved my life," said Cuthbert Hawk, holding out his hand with emotion.

At the words, the strange man sprang to his feet, his eyes ablaze, and his lips livid and quivering.

"I—saved—your—life?" he repeated, hoarsely, clutching Hawk's arm with a nervous grasp. "I—Oh, ah, yes, of course," he said, suddenly regaining his composure and breaking into a harsh, discordant laugh, as he knelt by the fire again. "Yes, of course, and you'd have done the same by me. I suppose, so don't say any more about it."

"We must rest here," he continued, in a voice of determination. "You are not fit to go another hundred yards; and, for the matter of that, I don't quite see the good of going them, if you were."

Cuthbert sat up, and gazed moodily at the dim horizon.

"We shall die here like dogs, then; and that is the end!" he said, with a short laugh. "Well, what does it matter? I should have preferred Christian burial. The vault at Edgecombe."

He stopped suddenly at the slip of the tongue, and Guy, who shot a sharp glance at him from his dark eyes, turned his face away as he said, "I can't say I feel the want of Christian burial myself much: perhaps it's because I have no family vault in waiting for me. Still, I don't care to die like a dog, as you suggest, and will make another struggle for it."

Then they sat silent until the fire had died away, and the stars stole out one by one, twinkling through the clear blue upon the two white faces of the wanderers: Guy, sitting with his back against the rock, watching, with glittering eyes, the thin, weary figure of Cuthbert, who lay full length, with his face turned to the sky, as if he could trace amongst their faint byways the high outlines of Edgecombe Hall and the sweet face of Ida Valor.

So they dropped to sleep, to start at intervals with the cold night air, and to dream uneasy dreams of costly banquets and happy homes.

Cuthbert, was the first to wake in the morning, and, limping down to the stream, plunged into its cold brightness. Guy, a few minutes after, followed his example; then, silently, and

fasting, they grasped two stout sticks, which they had cut the preceding day, and tramped on. They had gone for about three miles, in regular limping vagabond style, with their eyes upon the ground, when suddenly Guy raised his drooping head, and gave a shout.

Cuthbert started with surprise, but merely asked the question with his eyes.

"We are saved!" cried Guy, excitedly grasping Cuthbert's shoulder, and pointing with eager finger to a slight mark on the ground.

"You see that? Well, that mark is more precious than gold to us just now. That's a sheep-track."

"A sheep-track!" repeated Cuthbert, sudden hope springing up within his breast, and a flush spreading over his face. "Then we are near some human being—some house—some food, once more!"

"That's it!" said Guy, kneeling down upon the ground, and examining the indentations. "Fancy! food and a human face! Thank God! This is better than gold, eh?"

"Far better!" echoed Cuthbert, thankfully; "but what are you looking at?"

Without looking up, Guy answered, "These are not much use unless they tell us where to go. See here, these footprints were made last night; they are about a day old, and they point to the west. We must follow them. Do you keep your eyes fixed upon the ground, and if you see any other marks different from these, tell me."

Cuthbert nodded, and the two animated by the hope of succour and relief, walked on with renewed vigour.

For two miles the track would round and about, with the two men following it fast and carefully.

"They got clearer," said Guy. "And there are more of them," said Cuthbert.

"Yes, we can't be far off the settlement now, and I don't care how soon we reach it: I am knocked up nearly, and you are quite fit. It beats me how you have managed to stick to it so well."

Cuthbert smiled sadly.

"My family prides itself rather on its capability of bearing: and, although I am young, I have had my share. This has been rough, hard work; but hanging to a piece of wreck for half a day was harder."

"Wrecked?" exclaimed Guy, with a sharp, curious glance.

"Yes, wrecked," repeated Cuthbert, sadly. "I have had many narrow escapes of this wretched life of mine; I suppose I shall run it too a close some day."

"You promised to tell me the story of your adventures in this cursed country," said Guy, with careless interest, bending down to examine the track, so that his eager face and keen eyes were hidden. "Now's a good opportunity; the story won't make either of us feel less hungry, but it will make this wretched track appear shorter."

Cuthbert remained silent for a moment, while a struggle was going on in his mind. Should he tell this strange being the history of his life since leaving England? He had promised—and why not? So, commencing abruptly, he narrated every incident that had occurred to him on the road to Melbourne, and each day since his arrival, varying at the recital of the many escapes and dangers of the way, and forgetting his reluctance to place the history in the hands of the listener before he had scarce reached the middle of the story.

Guy listened intently, missing no single adventure or mishap, trifling as it might seem, and keeping his eyes

and face from the sight of the eager narrator, by walking a little behind, or stooping occasionally to examine the track.

He interrupted him once or twice to have the name of the ship which was wrecked repeated, together with the names of the crew, as far as Cuthbert could remember, asking his questions in a half light, half interested way, and mentally making note of the name of every individual and place, and it was not until Cuthbert had finished, by saying, "Now you have the whole story until the day poor Nat and I found you sitting on the rock," that he made any comment, and then only said, with a short laugh—

"It would make a capital novel! Why not continue your diary—didn't you say you had kept one in England?—and publish the story intact?"

Cuthbert smiled sadly. "Truth is stranger than fiction; I seem to be living, walking, and starving in a dream, when I remember the past. The past!" he repeated sadly; "it is so different from this, that I could almost fancy that I had changed my individuality with my name."

Then he broke off short, remembering that he had concealed his real name throughout the recital; but Guy did not seem to have noticed the slip of the tongue, for there was no look of inquiry or astonishment on his face, as he replied in a low tone, almost inaudible—

"It would be well for some of us—especially for you, my friend—if we could!"

Then aloud—

"Never look back on the past. If it be a pleasant one, it makes the present blacker by the contrast; and if it be a miserable one, the memory of it is only a trouble. The present is what we have to do with. See, these marks become thicker at every step. We shall—we must be near. Ah!" he cried, suddenly, pointing to a thin streak of smoke rising through the trees a few yards before them. "What is that?"

"Smoke!" said Cuthbert; "and where there is smoke there must be fire. Thank God; we shall meet with mankind once more! Let us hurry on."

"Stop!" said Guy, coming to a halt, and laying his hand upon his shoulder; "not so fast: the men who kindled that fire may be friends—or foes!"

"Foes?" repeated Cuthbert.

"We must reconnoitre," said Guy. "Stay you here, while I creep on noiselessly, and get a view of the camp—if camp it be—and, if all is safe, I will hold up my hand for you to come on; if not, I will come back."

Cuthbert nodded; and Guy stealthily crept towards the direction from whence the smoke seemed to proceed.

He had not gone many yards before a dozen dogs sprang from the little wood, and filled the air with their warning bark. All further caution was useless, so Cuthbert limped on, and came up to Guy at the moment a man issued from behind the trees. He was a short, thick-set, stout looking figure, dressed in a suit of gray linen, with a round felt hat stuck on the exact middle of his round conical-looking head; a long, bent pipe, with a fine Dutch porcelain bowl at the end, held tightly in one large, fat hand, and the other thrust into the capacious pocket of his loose coat. He came forward with a sunny rattle waddle, and, shouting to the host of dogs in a rich, oily voice, strongly impregnated with a Dutch accent, approached near enough to make the following inquiry heard above the infernal din—

"Hallo! Who the devil are you? Hi! hi! Get down you tam tog! Hi! hi! Carlo, Fraulein, Pass, get down." And, waving his long pipe with stolid earnestness, he at last succeeded in abating the din and driving the noisy herd back towards the house, which the two travellers could see peeping through the trees.

"Well, why don't you answer? Who the devil are you? Where do you come from?"

Cuthbert opened his mouth, but Guy interrupted him.

"We are farmers, myulcer, and we come from the other side," waving his hand towards the black line of hills. "A cursed lot of bushrangers have burnt us out, stick and stone, and we have only just escaped them to reach death's door through starvation."

"Hi, ti!" replied the Dutchman, opening his mouth and eyes until his large round head looked like a capital O enclosing three small o's in a child's picture book, and suspending his pipe half-way to his mouth with a fixed attitude of astonishment, which gradually changed to one of comic commiseration, as he ran his round eyes over the thin figures, and the ragged garments that half covered them, of the two travellers, and exclaimed—

"My yi! teer! teer! teer me! bushrangers, fire, escape, lost your vays, noting in your stummacks. Mi yi, follow me." And turning round with the gesture like the grotesque face in a child's india-rubber football, he waddled towards the house, Guy plucking Cuthbert's sleeve and whispering as they followed—

"He is a sheep-farmer; they hate and abhor gold-diggers. I know something of herding, and can carry it through, if you will back up my story. We must turn cattle-runners."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CHANGES AT THE VALE AND THE HALL.

"And cruel sorrow breaks across my soul
Like stormy war on against the shore,
Beating one sad, one long refrain
For ever and for ever more."—ANON.

Yes, Ida was getting thin and pale. She had fought well and bravely; all through the long winter her laugh had rung out free and clear, her smile shone calm and sweetly as of old, though her heart was gradually breaking, and the memory of the past, with its one face enshrined in her heart, eclipsing all others, was driving her mad.

Now she was beginning to give way. The struggle was wearing her out, and she gave up the ghost of a smile and the bitter mockery of the laugh; for once and for all refused to hide her feelings; she fasted for life any longer, and spent her time either wandering through the grounds in the chill spring air, or sitting at her window, gazing at the horizon, as if, with eyes of love and despair, she could pierce the blue veil, and find beyond the form whose image was enshrined in her heart.

Sir Robert, who loved his daughter, had noticed the terrible change that was coming over her; but beyond speaking to her once, and Lady Edith twice or thrice, about her listless air, he did nothing, for a new anxiety had beset him.

Arthur Thussington had written for more money. He had speculated not only with the money Sir Robert had placed at his disposal, but also with his own, and the shares he had purchased had for the time—so he had written—gone down. Fully believing in them, he pointed out how good an opportunity it was to buy more, and Sir Robert, trusting to him entirely,

had procured a large sum of money and placed it at his disposal.

So the share and stock list, the money market, and all the other speculative news and announcements, absorbed Sir Robert's time and interest; and before he had become aware of it, he was bitten with the gambler's disease, and lived for one thing only, the rise and fall of the great Wheel Baug mining shares.

Ida, who was not so devoured by her own substantial grievances as not to be cognizant of what was going on around her, saw her father's changed manner, and instantly connected his agitated, wrinkled brow and embarrassed speech, his many hours of seclusion after the post had come in, with the long, business-like letters that came daily, directed in Arthur Thussington's handwriting, and thinking thus, felt a nameless apprehension and fear cast its glamour over her. She never saw the outsides of the envelopes, empty or full, but she shuddered.

So things were going on at the Vale; at the Hall a greater, heavier gloom and cloud was falling.

The place was getting like a vast, huge tomb.

Naught broke the grim, dead silence, for the very dogs had been killed or sent away, for fear they should give tongue too loudly, and so disturb the silence of the master.

The servants stole about the floor with the stealthy steps of midnight thieves, and the sweet, pale face of Lady Mary had a scared look as it shone softly along the dim corridor or dismal gallery, for the soul of Sir Harry Edgecombe had grown terrible to himself and others, and the slightest sound moved him beyond expression.

The doors and windows of his room were made double to shut out the sound. Heavy curtains were hung around to shut out the light, and save his devoted wife and the steward, Sir Harry saw no one.

What concatenation of causes had brought about this terrible state of mind, no one could clearly discover, but all said that the disappearance and loss of his son, though bad enough, was not sufficient to have wrought so awful a change.

There was something behind, they whispered, and the steward, as he told of the white, hard face, that was so different to the once florid and healthy one, shook his head to and fro with a significant drawing in of the lips that filled his hearers with a sudden, mysterious awe.

Yet, with all the change, the baronet was sharp enough on business matters. The steward, with a darkened face, confessed, and was as grasping as ever; indeed, his avarice, which grew more intense day by day, was the only thing Mr. Startel, the steward, said, that kept him alive. However that might be, the fact that Sir Harry had become more niggardly and grasping than ever was true, and he spent all those fearful latter days of his poring over his books, as if he meant to drive the past from his memory and heart by long rows of figures and high, glittering piles of gold.

All said the end must soon come. Yet, though he got weaker day by day, he would see no doctor; indeed, a proposal to that effect, though it was made in Lady Mary's gentle tones, brought on such a violent fit of passion, that those who were around dreaded that each ground-out oath would be his last.

He would see no doctor, he said, for he was not ill; at least, he should be no better, and he or she who plagued him to do so, would do it at their peril.

So the winter wore away, day and night being alike to the master of Edge-

combe, shut up in his darkened room, and changing ever with each hour, in a way both awful and incredible.

Sir Robert, Lady Edith, and Ida had called frequently, but he had refused to see any of them, even Ida, who was always a great favorite. Arthur Thussington had travelled from London, hearing of his uncle's ill health, and had one afternoon walked silently into the hall, and requested to see him. Lady Mary was out at the time, and the steward with whom Arthur was no great favorite, the two being slaves, and therefore distrustful of each other, happening to cross the hall, took his card.

"Arthur Thussington!" cried Sir Harry, in a voice choking with suppressed passion. "That sleek wolfhound wants to see me! Did I send for him? Tell him to wait until I do; and, harkee, Startel, tell him, if he does not leave the Hall in five minutes, I myself will come and trust him out. I am Sir Harry Edgecombe still, and will have no jackals prowling round me while I'm alive, though they may do it when I'm dead. Let them wait till then!"

This the steward repeated word for word, lending an additional sting to the bitter message by a coarse, malignant leer of his; one that set the long hands of the listener twitching to catch at his lean throat.

So Arthur Thussington stole quietly back to town, first paying a flying visit on business to Sir Robert alone, and spent half-an-hour meditating before the fire at his chambers, which resulted in his sending for a sleek-faced clerk, who was like himself in a smaller way, and despatching him to Edgecombe in the character of a young man out for a holiday, instructed him to keep watch over the Hall and communicate everything, however great and apparently trivial, that he could learn to him. Then he settled down to his plans, feeling more secure, and went on weaving the web that was to secure him a fortune, and others ruin, as fast as before.

To be Continued.

THE VATICAN.—The word "Vatican" is often used, but there are many who do not understand its import. The term refers to a collection of buildings on one of the seven hills of Rome, which covered a space of twelve hundred feet in length and one thousand in breadth. It is built on the spot once occupied by the garden of the cruel Nero. It owes its origin to the Bishop of Rome, who, in the early part of the sixth century, erected an humble residence on the site. About the year 1150, Pope Eugenius rebuilt it on a magnificent scale. Innocent II., a few years afterwards, gave it up as a lodging to Peter II., King of Arragon. In 1305, Clement V., at the instigation of the King of France, removed the Papal See from Rome to Avignon, when the Vatican remained in a condition of obscurity and neglect for more than seventy years. But soon after the return of the pontifical court at Rome, an event which had been so earnestly prayed for by the poor Petrarch, and which finally took place in 1376, the Vatican was put into a state of repair, again enlarged, and it was thenceforward considered as the regular palace and residence of the Popes, who, one after the other, added fresh buildings to it, and gradually enriched it with antiquities, statues, pictures and books, until it became the richest depository in the world. The library of the Vatican originated fourteen hundred years ago. It contains 40,000 manuscripts.

The Literary Echo.

CHARLOTTETOWN, MAY 15, 1875.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

Prince Edward Island TIMES.

On the first of July next, the undersigned purpose to commence the publication of a large, 36-column Newspaper, to be called THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND TIMES. It will be the largest Newspaper printed on our Island, and indeed we know of none larger published in the Maritime Provinces.

THE TIMES will be printed on a good article of paper, in legible type, and will contain in each issue—

An interesting continued Tale; a short Story; Humorous Selections; Domestic Receipts; Current Events of the day; News, Foreign and Domestic; Local Matters; Marine and Fishing Intelligence; Agricultural Items; Educational Notes; Religious Intelligence, &c., &c.

It is designed to make THE TIMES a valuable Family Journal, in the columns of which all members of the family circle may find something to interest, amuse, and instruct.

Neither Political squabbles or Religious bickerings shall find a place in THE TIMES. Our wish is to furnish a Newspaper that may be taken in any family without its members finding anything offensive to cherished principles. Yet we shall reserve the right to support any public measure which shall plainly be for the public interest, and also the right to denounce men or measures having a tendency to militate against the general welfare.

On all moral questions THE TIMES will be outspoken when necessary. We believe the Press of any country has a great mission; and where it fails to uphold what is pure and good, or fails to suggest progress and improvement in private as well as public affairs, it is recreant to its trust.

THE TIMES, however, does not enter the field as a reformer. We are not enthusiasts. Humanity, Christian forbearance, toleration and respect for the opinions of others increase every day. Our efforts, in a small way, shall be to assist this great current of good-will and friendship. And believing the old saw that "man is a laughing animal," we shall give all the Fun we can pick up at home and abroad; and present Facts and Fancy to our readers, leaving the animosities of Politics, Personalities, and Religion to those who wish to indulge in them.

THE TIMES will be published at Two Dollars per annum, payable in advance, or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if payment is delayed.

For the present our office is in the old *Islander* premises—entrance, nearly

opposite the Revere House. Orders for Advertisements or Job Work may be left at the Bookstore of H. A. Harvie, Esq.

As our first edition shall be Two Thousand copies (we shall guarantee a regular issue of 1500 copies) THE TIMES present a favorable opportunity for intending Advertisers, as our paper will circulate amongst people of all classes and creeds. Our terms for advertising are quite reasonable.

JOHN ROSS & CO.

THE LITERARY ECHO will be issued for the future from the old *Islander* office, entrance off Great George Street, where we may be found during business hours.

By advertisement elsewhere it will be seen that Mr. S. D. Fraser, is prepared to convey passengers arriving by Steam and Rail to their destination at reasonable rates.

NEWS ITEMS.

The lake of Geneva, in Switzerland, is 1000 feet deep, and Loch Ness, in Inverness shire, Scotland, 800 feet deep.

Rubens was born at Cologne, on the Rhine. He was a very great painter, and to all the requisites of art he joined extensive knowledge. He understood seven languages, and wrote in Latin on the rules of painting.

There exists altogether only sixty-seven species of pouch bearing animals; and of those, forty three are peculiar to Australia, and the rest—with two or three exceptions in America—are confined to New Guinea and the islands lying to the northward of New Holland.

The Chinese think that the inventor of ink was one of the greatest men that ever lived; that he enjoys a blessed immortality, and is charged with keeping an account of the manner in which all ink is used here below, and for every abuse of it he records a black mark against the offender.

Masons were first brought into England by a monk, the preceptor of the venerable Bede, about the middle of the seventeenth century, together with the arts of painting and glazing. About this time, the monastery of Ely was founded, and the abbeys of Abingdon, Chertsey, and Barking were built. The monastery of Gloucester was also established.

GOLD WEIGHED BY MACHINERY—One of the most interesting and astonishing departments within the whole compass of the Bank of England, is the weighing department, in which, with the rapidity of thought, and a precision approaching the hundredth part of a grain, the weight of gold coin is determined. There are six weighing machines, and three weighers to attend them. Large rolls of sovereigns, or half sovereigns, are placed in groves, and are shaken one at a time, by the motion of the machine, into the scale. If they are of the standard weight, they are thrown by the same mechanical intelligence into a box at the right hand side of the person who watches the operation; if they have lost the hundredth part of a grain, they are cast into a box on the left. Those which stand the test are put into bags of 1000 each, and those below par are cut by a machine, and sent back to the mint.

SELECTIONS.

Nitrous oxide, vulgarly termed laughing gas, is always prepared from the nitrate of ammonia. Great attention must be paid to the purity of this salt (nitrate of ammonia). To obtain nitrous oxide, a quantity of this salt, which should never be less than six or eight ounces, is introduced into a retort, or globular flask, called a bolt-head, and heated by a charcoal choffer, the diffused heat of which is more suitable than the heat of a lamp. Paper may be pasted over the cork of the bolt-head to keep it air-tight. At a temperature not under 340 degrees, the salt boils, and begins to undergo decomposition, being resolved into nitrous oxide and water. As heat is evolved in this decomposition, which is a kind of combustion or deflagration, the choffer must be withdrawn to such a distance from the flask, as to sustain only a moderate ebullition. If the temperature is allowed to rise too high, the ebullition becomes tumultuous, and the flask is filled with white fumes, which have an irritating odor, and the gas which then comes off is little more than nitrogen. Nitrous oxide should be collected in a gasometer or in a gas-holder, filled with water, of a temperature of about 30 degrees, as cold water absorbs much of this gas. The whole salt undergoes the same decomposition, and nothing whatever is left in the retort. The gas formed from an ounce and a-half to two ounces of nitrate of ammonia is sufficient for a dose, and it should be inhaled from a bag, of the size of a large ox bladder, and provided with a wooden tube of an inch internal diameter. Great care must be exercised in the respiration of this gas, as an animal entirely confined to it soon dies from the prolonged effects of the intoxication. It was first discovered by Dr. Priestley, but Sir Humphrey Davy was the first to observe its stimulating power when taken into the lungs.

Eloquence is not only the art of addressing men in public: it is the gift of a strong feeling, accurate thought, extensive knowledge, splendor of imagination, force of expression, and the power of communicating, in written or spoken language, to other men, the idea, the feeling, the conviction of truth, the admiration for the beautiful, the disposition to uprightness, the enthusiasm for virtue, the devotion to duty, the heroic love of country, and the faith in immortality, which make men honorable—the feeling heart, the clear head, the sound judgment, the popular knowledge, the artistic imagination, the ardent patriotism, the manly courage, the attachment to liberty, the pious philosophy, and lastly, the religion consonant with the most exalted idea of the divinity, which render the individual good, the people great, and the human race sacred. It supposes in us the possession and exercise of all the intellectual and moral faculties that are involved in speech—the power of the human word.

LIVING TOO FAST.—The deadliest foe to a man's longevity is an unnatural and unreasonable excitement. Every man is born with a certain stock of vitality, which cannot be increased, but which may be husbanded or expended rapidly as he deems best. Within certain limits he has his choice, to live fast or slow, to live abstemiously or intensely, to draw his little amount of life over a large space, or condense it into a narrow one; but when his stock is exhausted he has no more. He who lives abstemiously, who avoids all stimulants, takes light exercise, never overtasks himself, indulges no exhausting passions, feeds his mind and heart on no exciting material, has no debilitating pleasure, lets nothing ruffle his temper, keeps his "accounts with God and man duly squared up, is sure, barring accidents, to spin out his life to the longest limit which it is possible to attain; while he who lives intensely, who feeds on high-seasoned food, whether material or mental, fatigues his body or brain by hard labor, exposes himself to inflammatory diseases, seeks continual excitement, gives loose rein to his passions, frets at every trouble, and enjoys little repose, is burning the candle at both ends, and is sure to shorten his days.

The erroneous supposition that only two or three farthings were struck in Queen Anne's reign is founded on the fact that there were some pattern or proof coins, which got into circulation, in addition to the coin which was really in use. Several hundreds of Queen Anne's farthings were struck. The common farthing of Queen Anne is worth, to collectors, from seven to twelve shillings, while the pattern coins fetch from one to five pounds.

March is the third month of the year, according to our reckoning; but with the Romans it was the first, and called Martius, from Mars, the god of war, because he was the father of their first prince. This month was under the protection of Minerva.

An Illinois paper says that a flash of lightning lately entered a school-room in that State, and tore a pair of boots from a boy's feet, and hurled them at the head of the master, to the great delight of the unterrified juveniles.

It is said that a girl in P— was struck dumb by the firing of a cannon. Since then, a number of married men have invited the artillery to come and discharge their pieces on their premises.

Women are called the softer sex, because they are so easily humbugged. Out of one hundred girls, ninety-five would prefer ostentation to happiness—a dandy husband to a mechanic.

A young man generally gives a lock of hair to his sweetheart before he marries her. After marriage, she can help herself—and use no scissors.

COMMERCIAL COLLEGE!!!

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EATON, FRAZEE & REAGH, Proprietors.

Designed to Educate Young Men for Business.

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HOURS—9½ a. m., to 12, noon; and from 2 to 4; and 7½ to 9½, p. m.

Circulars containing full particulars will be sent free to any address, on application to

T. B. REAGH, PRINCIPAL.

Charlottetown, May 15, 1875.

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.—tf



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,

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Permanent and Transient Boarders accommodated at reasonable rates.
Ch'town, May 15, 1875.

FREEHOLD FARM,

ON LOT 44.

W. D. STEWART,

The subscriber offers for Sale all the right title and interest in the Farm lately owned by John Kuckham, 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.

W. D. STEWART,

Ch'town, May 15, 1875. —tf

SPARKS OF WIT.

A Bad Debt.—The owing of a grudge.

They who pine in their youth can never look spruce in old age.

When is a toper's nose not a nose? When it is a little reddish.

A kiss, says a French lady, costs less and gratifies more than anything else in existence.

We have seen ladies not only too weak to bear food, but even too weak to bear contradiction.

"Look well before you leap," is very good advice in its way; but how can sickly looking people follow it?

Why is a printer one of the most unfortunate of men?—Because he is condemned to the galleys for life.

A New Jersey paper boasts of a new subscriber one hundred and three years old. We shouldn't call him very new.

A Kansas paper sneering at the stupidity of a contemporary, says, "The best thing he has got off this week is a dirty shirt."

"Why do women expend so much time and money on dress?" asked a gentleman of a Belgravian belle. "To worry other women," was the diabolic but truthful reply.

An old maid, who hates the male sex most venomously, cut a female acquaintance recently, who complimented her upon the buoyancy of her spirits.

A Yankee Editor thus silences the tongue of scandal:—"There are rumors going about to the effect that one of our highly-respectable citizens has lately left town in company with a young lady twenty-two years of age. It is said that they went to Boston. There has been quite a considerable amount of gossip about the affair, which we deem entirely out of place, as we learn from an authentic source that the gentleman was an undertaker, and the young lady was dead."

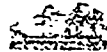
UNION BANK OF P. E. ISLAND. SALE of NEW STOCK.

By order of the Directors of the Union Bank of P. E. Island, the subscriber will sell at PUBLIC AUCTION, at his Store-rooms, Queen Square, on Wednesday, 16th day of June next, at 11 o'clock, a.m., Five Hundred Shares of Ten Pounds each, into currency of this Island, being new or increased Stock of the Union Bank of P. E. Island—to be offered in lots of Five Shares each, as provided by the Act of Incorporation. The premium or advance over par value of said shares, along with half the principal to be paid in cash on day of sale, and the balance on or before the 16th day of November next, at the office of the said Bank in Charlottetown.

Dated at Charlottetown, 6th Mar., 1875
WM DODD,
Auctioneer.

May 15, 1875. till day of sale.

MONTREAL & ACADIAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY.



S.S. Venezia, 813 tons, Com. McMasters
S.S. Valetta, 813 tons, Com. Anderson,
S.S. Roma, 813 tons, Com. Desjardines.

The above Steamships will form a

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Montreal, Shediac, Charlottetown and Picton.

Leave Montreal on the 1st, 8th, 15th, 22nd, 29th of each week.

For full particulars apply to

HYNDMAN BROS.,

Charlottetown

DAVID SHAW, Esq.,

Montreal.

May 15, 1875. till 1st Nov.

AUCTION SALES!

THE Subscriber has been authorized to sell at Public Auction, on the 16th day of June next, at 11 o'clock, a.m., all the stock of Furniture, Land Sales, &c., belonging to the late firm of Messrs. Hyndman Bros., of Charlottetown. 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.

DEAR S. S. Prince Edward, from Glasgow,

Finest Old Scotch WHISKIES,

Finest Old Jamaica RUM,

Warranted the best extant.

MACEACHERN & Co.
May 15, 1875.—1m.