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The dates of issue for the above are as follows: Oct. 19th, 21st, 23rd, 25th, 27th, and 28th, return limit 15 days.	
Side to Ottawa and return	\$13.70
" " Kingston and return	14.15
" " Toronto and return	19.50
" " Hamilton and return	20.90
" " Sarnia and return	21.30
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" " Niagara Falls and return	22.10
Ch'town to Ottawa and return	14.45
" " Kingston and return	16.60
" " Toronto and return	22.00
" " Hamilton and return	23.40
" " Sarnia and return	23.80
" " Windsor and return	24.20
" " Niagara Falls and return	24.60

Tickets issued to above points, October 24th 27th and 28th—time limit 21 days from date of issue. No stop covers.  
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G. A. SHARP,  
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Railway Office, Ch'town, Oct. 15, '98—243  
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**CARD.**

The undersigned wishes to intimate to the young ladies and gentlemen of Charlottetown, that it is her intention to continue the dancing classes so successfully conducted by her mother, for the past 50 years at TERPSICHOPE HALL, Great George Street. Classes will be opened for the season, on Tuesday, Oct. 4th, at 4 and 8 p. m.

Private lessons given as usual.  
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BY MRS. MARY E. HOLMES.

Author of "A Woman's Love," "The Wife's Secret," "A Heartless Woman," "Her Fatal Sin," "A Wife's Peril," "A Desperate Woman."

(Continued.)

Lady Darrell patted the soft coils of hair that crowned the girl's head. It was glorious hair, of a warm, ruddy brown shade, that matched her eyes almost in color.

The skin was exquisitely fair, tinted with a delicate warmth of rose on the cheeks, and rivaling the fairest marble by its purity.

"You flatter me, Valerie; but now to breakfast. I hope, during the day, to have some fine from Roy, and I hope also that by this time they have settled their little quarrel. Do you know, Valerie, this is the first time that I can ever recollect a coldness between Roy and Eustace, their friendship has been beautiful in its strength and warmth."

Valerie rose from her knees abruptly; her back was towards her hostess.

"Does Captain Rivers ever stay with his mother?" she asked, speaking in a hard, dry tone.

Lady Darrell did not seem to notice it; she laughed slightly.

"Well, no, dear; I cannot say that he does see much of her. Roy will have him here. Eustace, of course, has to leave us frequently to join his regiment at the different towns in which it is garrisoned, but beyond that, this is his home."

Valerie drew a sharp breath. "I often laugh at Roy, and tell him one of these days Eustace will marry him, and then they seem to be separated; but Roy does not seem to think Eustace will ever take a wife, nor do I for the matter of that."

"Why?" asked Miss Rose quietly, taking her place at the table.

"Well, because he is too selfish. Understand me, my dear. I am fond of Eustace Rivers. His father was my cousin and friend, and I cherish the son for his sake, apart from his own. But a man to marry must give up so much, and Eustace will give up nothing."

She was opening her letters as she spoke, and did not see the look of pain that crept over her guest's beautiful face.

"Ah, here is a letter from Lord William; he is coming down to-day. I must telegraph to Roy at once. How tiresome! What induced them to go to Nestley? I cannot understand it at all."

"Lord Roy said something about new harness for your ponies," observed Miss Rose, pouring some chocolate into a priceless china cup.

"Ah," smiled Lady Darrell, "then I

see what it is. Roy has made that an excuse for cementing the friendship afresh. He thinks no one knows anything about horses but Eustace."

"Are you not jealous of this great affection?" asked Valerie suddenly.

Lady Darrell's face grew grave. "Roy is so precious to me, you know, Valerie. I might be jealous, dear, if I did not love him so much; to see to know he is happy is to me the height of all earthly bliss."

"Oh, that I had had you for my mother!" cried the girl; involuntarily her pale, beautiful head was bent.

Lady Darrell rose softly and kissed the young face.

"Look on me as such, dear Valerie," she whispered; "who knows, perhaps—"

Her sentence was not finished, for the door was opened, and the butler advanced into the room.

"My lady, there's a park-keeper in the servant's hall begging to see you. We've told him it is impossible; but he will not go."

Lady Darrell seated herself at the table again.

"A park-keeper, Chelmick?" she repeated. "What can he want?"

"I don't know, your ladyship; but he'll tell none of us anything—only asks to see you, my lady."

Miss Ross looked at her hostess, who smiled.

"Some begging petition, I suppose. Well, Chelmick, I will break through my rules for once, and see the man. Perhaps," continued Lady Darrell as the butler withdrew, "poor fellow, he has got into trouble of some sort."

"He evidently knows where to apply for consolation," remarked Miss Ross.

In a few seconds the butler returned, and ushered in a man dressed in the ordinary fustian worn by keepers, a look of trouble on his honest, comely face.

"Ah, Miles, so you want to see me? Well, speak out, I am quite ready."

The man hesitated.

"I beg pardon, my lady, but if I can speak to you alone—"

Valerie rose.

"I will go into the next room," she said, and swept away.

"Now, Miles," said Lady Darrell quietly, though a vague sense of coming ill seemed to have fallen on her.

"My lady, I have bad news to tell you. I came straight to you, for I thought it best."

"Go on," said the lady quickly, as he hesitated.

"My lady, this morning on my way through the woods, I found—I found Captain Rivers lying on the ground; at first I thought him asleep, but on moving his body I found him dead!"

A broken sob came from the next room, it fell unheeded on Lady Darrell's ears; she had risen and was grasping her chair with her slender white hands for support.

"Dead," she repeated blankly; "Eustace Rivers dead?"

"There had evidently been a scuffle; it was out of the ordinary path, on the way to Madman's Drift. Poor Captain Rivers must have been stabbed, for there is blood about; but though I searched everywhere, I found no weapon—only a basket containing broken eggs, which must have been dropped by some market man or woman in their fright, and—this up."

Lady Darrell looked up. Her eyes, distraught with anguish, fell on a silver cigarette with delicate initials and crest engraved on it.

"That!" she murmured hoarsely.

"I brought it straight to you, my lady," the parkkeeper said gently, laying it down. "I know it as belonging to—his lordship; it must have fallen from Captain Rivers' pocket as he sank down to the ground."

There was a moment's silence.

"What have you—you done?" whispered Lady Darrell, still standing motionless.

"I have carried the body to my hut—you know I live quite alone my lady—and I came to you to know what I had better do next."

"Saddle a horse and ride to Nestley. You must fetch the police. We must find the murderer."

The words dropped like agony from the white lips.

"Shall I summon Lord Roy?" said Miles eagerly, seeing the agitation on the worn face opposite. "I would not go to him first, for I know how much he loved Captain Rivers, and knew the blow would fall so heavily. Forgive me, my lady; you are always so brave! I forgot you were a woman. I ought to have gone to his lordship."

"The blow has fallen heavily indeed," whispered the white lips; then rousing herself with an effort, Lady Darrell passed her handkerchief over her face.

"You are right, Miles, to come to me, and I thank you with all my heart. I—I will tell Lord Roy."

She put out one of her slender hands, and the keeper took it with his own brown, hard ones with reverence and awe.

"We must act now, not think," went on Lady Darrell hurriedly. "Yes, the police must come, nothing can be done

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