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NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, TUESDAY, JANUARY 8, 1884.

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ALMANAC FOR JANUARY, 1884.

MOON'S CHANGES.

First Quarter, 5th day, 5h. 22.6m., p. m.
Full Moon, 12th day, 11h. 14.6m., a. m.
Last quarter 20th day, 1h. 10.8m., a. m.
New Moon 28th day, 1h. 48.7m., a. m.

DAY OF WEEK	SUN	MOON	HIGH	WATER	DAYS
M	rises	sets	rises	water	lenh.
1 Tuesday	7 38	4 29	9 18	morn	
2 Wednesday	38	39	9 50	0 42	
3 Thursday	38	31	10 19	1 20	
4 Friday	38	32	10 48	2 2	
5 Saturday	37	33	11 18	2 50	8 55
6 Sunday	37	33	11 51	3 52	
7 Monday	37	34	12 18	5 9	
8 Tuesday	37	35	1 5	6 52	
9 Wednesday	36	37	1 59	7 52	
10 Thursday	36	38	2 57	8 52	
11 Friday	35	39	4 1	9 44	
12 Saturday	35	40	5 10	10 30	9 7
13 Sunday	35	42	6 18	11 10	
14 Monday	35	43	7 26	11 50	
15 Tuesday	35	44	8 29	12 28	
16 Wednesday	34	46	9 36	1 1	
17 Thursday	34	47	10 39	1 41	
18 Friday	34	48	11 40	2 24	
19 Saturday	33	49	morn	3 6	9 17
20 Sunday	33	50	0 39	4 4	
21 Monday	32	52	1 38	5 9	
22 Tuesday	31	53	2 36	6 21	
23 Wednesday	30	54	3 32	7 25	
24 Thursday	29	55	4 26	8 35	
25 Friday	28	57	5 15	9 9	
26 Saturday	26	59	6 11	9 53	8 37
27 Sunday	24	51	6 41	10 32	
28 Monday	23	2	7 18	11 8	
29 Tuesday	22	4	7 51	11 46	
30 Wednesday	20	5	8 23	morn	
31 Thursday	19	6	8 52	0 22	

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CHARLOTTETOWN AGENCY,

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July 25, 1883.—dy wky 6m.

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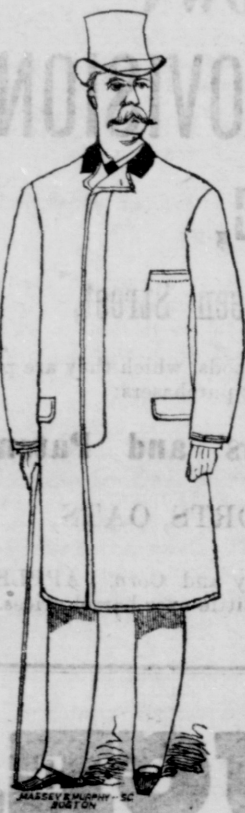
Particular attention given to the sale of Fish and Produce of all kinds.

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Boys' Clothing, in great variety and at reduced prices, during the Holidays. Men's and Boys' Warm Underclothing, very cheap. Fur and Cloth Caps, the cheapest to be had. Come one and all to the popular cheap store.

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Queen Street.

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On Short Notice, in Good Style, at Cheap Prices.

The Queen of Connaught.

HOW THE HEART OF AN IRISH PRINCESS WAS MELTED BY A LITTLE CHILD.

[From the Halifax Christmas Mail.]

Have you heard of Grace O'Malley, the ancient Connaught Queen?

In the ruddy glow of Christmas, we will keep her memory green;

A frank and fearless maiden, with a dash of savage blood,

Which deepened in its fierceness, as she passed to womanhood.

Scorning her sex's character of loving and caressing,

Her nature found completeness in ruling and possessing!

Relentless and aggressive, by warfare's shattering toil

She filled her halls with plunder, not always lawful spoil.

An Amazonian figure, arrayed in soldier's guise,

Her voice rang like a trumpet, as flashed her dark set eyes—

In rich brocade and jewels she rode before her host,

Woe from the Spanish galleys wrecked on the Irish Coast.

These golden brodered velvets of rare Castilian dress,

She wore, a sister sovereign at the Court of good Queen Bess;

There the stately dames and gallants drew back and looked askance

At the tall barbaric stranger who had daggers in her glance.

Right royally Elizabeth received her haughty guest,

With dance and feast and tournament, the gayest and the best;

Soon the fierce Irish chieftain of such soft dalliance tired

No harpichord or madrigal her Celtic spirit fired.

With royal presents laden, fit dowry for the brave,

To England's Queen and courtiers, a curt farewell she gave.

Once on her own soil landed, free as her native air,

She proudly rode to Castle Howth and claimed admittance there.

The stout Earl sat at dinner, the gates of hall and bower

Not even for Grace O'Malley could open at that hour!

Like a fury stormed the lady, "Had I my soldiers here,

I would slay him at his table, his hearth should be his bier!"

Out on the surly craven, who grudges bite and sup,

May his feasts be full of hunger, and thirst be in his cup.

As her curses fell like hail stones, in his heart was yours,

The baby heir of Castle Howth—Tristram his father's pride!

She caught him from the woman, to her ship she hurried fast

Spread sails and loosened canvas, and ran before the blast.

Not till the Earl had feasted could the tale of loss be told,

That his noble boy was captured by Connaught's rovers bold.

So while he ate and lingered, nor turned the warden's key,

The child and Irish princess were far across the sea!

The little lord was winsome, his years were only two,

A brave and lovely baby with sweet soft eyes of blue;

Surrounded by strange faces as on the rough barque swept,

He watched his home receding, and passionately wept.

No offered toy or plaything, no sweetmeat, childhood's joy,

No crooning song of slumber could soothe the gentle boy;

The stern hard lady softened, she took him in her arms

Love's frozen fountain melted before his baby charms!

With soft voice like caressing she soothed the noble child.

Some kindred feeling stirred him and through his sorrow smiled!

Clasping her large brown hand, his tears upon it fell,

The holy drops were gifted with miracle or spell!

Like pure baptismal water, they seemed a cleansing flood,

The darkened hand to whiten so often stained with blood!

She grew so soft and tender, the little baby Lord

Clung to the stern dark woman and in his turn adored.

Till Grace, who in her freedom had never envied aught,

No monarch's crown or treasure, as gift or ransom brought,

Longed with a love so covetous, so passionately wild,

And envied Howth's proud chieftain his beautiful brave child!

The stout earl came with ransom, Grace spurned his proffered gold,

Making her terms of treaty within her fortress old!

That never more Howth's master to either friends or foes,

The strong gates of his castle at dinner time should close,

And here, in brief parenthesis, this sequence we relate

That till this day that castle has always open gate.

The earl gave willing promise; then to his arms once more

She gave the little Tristram, and weeping closed her door

The blessing which he brought her, a tender softened heart.

Still in her household brooded as love's diviner part.

She grew more kind and merciful, no longer swept the sea

But gave her golden treasure in alms and charity,

And every year in splendor a pilgrimage of joy,

She made to castle Howth again to see its princely boy.

With gifts of grace and beauty the tender hands to fill,

Of the fair child of promise, whose warm heart loved her still.

The year he entered manhood, a cruel sickness came,

Leaving the lonely woman a prostrate, shattered frame.

No more to sail or travel—a galley went instead,

With gifts and treasures laden, sent from her dying bed;

And faithful Tristram hastened, o'er wave and rugged sea,

In answer to her pleading, once more his face to see.

The night was bleak and stormy, the dreariest in December;

In the old castle chimney glowed many a ruddy ember,

But in the dark dim corners where shadows ghastly chill

Wrapped the stone walls in dampness, the gloom was denser still,

In the wide halls her servants, warriors and sailors stand

Watch their dying mistress pass to the silent land.

She on her rude couch lying, piled up with skins of deer,

Curtained by crimsoned drapery held by Elk antlers near.

An aged priest with Crucifix was kneeling by her side,

In humble prayer beseeching—help from the Crucified.

But pain and prayer were silenced, as through the open door,

She saw her darling enter, and clasped his form once more.

From his face she wiped the rain-drops, wrung out his soft brown hair—

"God comfort thee, Mavourneen, my pearl to bright and fair!

Bless thee, my own heart's jewel, who feared no lowering skies,

But came through storm and tempest to bless my dying eyes!"

Then the a-rong spirit wandered, he seemed a child once more

As erst he played in beauty beside his father's door.

She drew his bowed head closer, and smoothed the shining hair.

And sang the olden lullaby that soothed the baby fair—

Her silver tresses shrouded his tear-wet tender face,

But strong the arms that held him in love's intense embrace.

It was a strange, weird picture, the fierce retainers round—

The dying Irish princess—the hall with trophies crowned,

Of many a hunt and battle—the gallant stripping pressed,

With more than woman's tenderness, close to her straining breast.

The full, strong voice is falling, the falcon eye grow dim,

The fierce, brave heart can only breathe out a prayer for him,

And cold against his forehead he feels her pallid face,

And knows the proud old chieftainess has died in his embrace.

Oh! self-crowned Grace O'Malley, a woman's heart was yours,

A love that conquers nature, but softens and endures.

Here in the Christmas season, when song and story strive

To gather up the legends and keep the past alive!

We—as we fill the stockings that hang beside the bed

Of many a soft-eyed darling, with brown or golden head

Know in its perfect fulness, how you, untrained and wild—

To heaven itself were lifted—led by a little child.

M. J. K. L.

Victoria Road, Halifax, Christmas, 1883.

FOUL PLAY.

By Charles Reade.

CHAPTER XXVII.

(Continued.)

He assured her, on the contrary, that she might be of great assistance to him, and now, with doubled elasticity he ran out the little vessel and leaped into the prow as she danced over the waves. He taught her how to bring the boat's head around with the help of an oar, and when all was snug, left her at the helm. On reaching the mouth of the bay, if it could so be called, he made her remark that it was closed by reefs, except to the north and to the west. The wind being southerly, he had decided to pass to the west, and so they opened about half a mile from the shore.

For about three miles they perceived it consisted of a line of long bluffs, cleft at intervals by small narrow bays, the precipitous sides of which were lined with dense foliage. Into these fissures the sea entered with a mournful sound, that died away as it crept up the yellow sands with which these nooks were carpeted. An exclamation from Helen attracted his attention to the horizon on the northwest, where a long line of breakers glittered in the sun. A reef or low sandy bay appeared to exist in that direction, about fifteen miles away, and something more than a mile in length. As they proceeded, he marked roughly on the side of his tin bales, with the point of a pin borrowed from Helen, the form of the coast-line.

An hour and a half brought them to the northwestern extremity of the island. As they cleared the shelter of the land, the southerly breeze, coming with force across the sea, caught the cutter, and she lay over in a way to inspire Helen with alarm; she was about to let go the tiller, when Hazel seized it, accidentally enclosing her hand under the grasp of his own, as he pressed the tiller hard to port.

"Steady, please; don't relinquish your hold, it is all right—no fear," he cried, as he kept his eye on their sail.

He held this course for a mile or more, and then, judging with a long tack he could weather the southerly side of the island, he put the boat about. He took occasion to explain to Helen how this operation was necessary, and she learned the alphabet of navigation. The western end of their little land now lay before them; it was about three miles in breadth. For two miles the bluff coast-line continued unbroken; then a deep bay, a mile in width, and two miles in depth, was made by a long tongue of sand projecting west-ward; on its extremity grew the gigantic palm, well recognized as Helen's landmark. Hazel stood up in the boat to reconnoitre the coast. He perceived the sandy shore

was dotted with multitudes of dark objects. Ere long these objects were seen to be in motion, and pointing them out to Helen, with a smile, he said:

"Beware, Miss Rolleston, yonder are your bugbears—and in some force, too. Those dark masses moving upon those hillocks of sand, or rolling on the surf, are sea-lions—the *phoca leonina*, or lion seal."

Helen strained her eyes to distinguish the forms, but only descried the dingy objects. While thus engaged she allowed the cutter to fall off a little, and ere Hazel had resumed his hold upon the tiller, they were fairly in the bay; the great palm-tree on their starboard bow.

You seem determined to make the acquaintance of your nightmares," he remarked; "you perceive that we are embayed."

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