

BRANDED.

The Story of a Brother's Revenge.
(Continued.)

The young man struggled, but sailors' arms were too strong, and he was hurried on to the ship. From that time on, no one spoke to him save once, when a sailor was commanded to print in Indian ink, across his forehead, so that the world might read, "This man robs womanhood," and on either hand, that it might be for ever in his sight, the word "Grace." That was an indescribable journey. Going away from kindred, he knew not whither, but he had sent another on a longer journey. The days wore away in bitterstifling thoughts. What was their plan for him? How could he ever appear before the world, branded as he was? Would they bury him in the ocean, where no law could reach them because the world would say his penalty was just? what would life amount to if he lived? Where would it be spent? He slept and ate little. Lines were growing along his brow and about his eyes.

After weeks of anguish an Island came in sight. Thither the ship turned her course and stooped. It was a desolate place, with no sign of habitation for man or beast, Rockbound, the ocean washed up with the same sound it used to have against the cliff, where Grace and he had so often sat, and from whence she went to her death. There was a solitary clump of trees, just like the spot where they found her body. Must everything remind him of her? The lumber was taken out. Then quick hands fastened a rude shelter. Sufficient food was placed in the hut, and seed for planting. Then as the Betsy made ready for starting, the captain said, in a cold, hard way, "This is to be your home. Remember!"

"Great God! No!" gasped the young man, "kill me! Do anything rather than this death by inches. I shall go wild!"

"Another went wild for you!" and the Betsy moved out of her barren moorings, and there was only the far off sky, the limitless ocean and the desolate waste whereon he stood.

Should he kill himself? A man who robs another of life usually has not the courage to rob himself. We are creatures of necessity. We accept what we must. With faltering steps he walked around his prison. There was not one thing to love not a flower or bird, only the monotone of the sea that had no kinship with joy.

Tired, broken, an old man in a day, he flung himself down in his hut to sleep. Nature is kind even to her enemies, and he slept. He dreamed that he and Grace sat again on the headland, and she talked, in her purity and trust, of her confidence in him, her belief that he could do no wrong; of their peaceful and blessed future, and of the joy her brother would feel when he came home, for he so reproached a noble man. How pretty their home should be down where they could hear the waters as they heard them on the cliff. She was prettier even than he thought; her hand so smooth and white as he held it, her cheeks so delicately tinged with red. She trusted in him too fully; would that she doubted him a little, only that he might show her how true he was! Then the scene changed and he was away on a far off journey, longing to get to her, but an ocean rolled between. Every vessel he essayed to enter sank, and some were far away or would not come, though he hailed them ever so loudly. He cried in an agony of despair, when a voice just like that of Grace, said sweetly, "I am come to you!" and looking up an angel stood beside him, and it was Grace. Her hand touched his forehead. He reached out to clasp her in his arms and he awoke. He was alone; alone on a barren Island in the middle of the ocean, but he never forgot the touch of her hand.

The hours, the days, and the months and the years, crept by with a snail's pace. He planted the corn that burst through the ground and took on blade, and tasseled ear, with no eyes to see save God's. He read and re-read his few books, and thought; but oh, the desolateness of life! Death would have been a mercy, but death did not come. Every morning and evening was the same. Sabbath and week days were alike to him. No word was heard. He forgot the sound of his own voice. Year after year he strained his eyes for a sail, but there was never one in sight. Oh, to look upon one living thing; to see once more one human face!

Five years went by and a sail was in sight. With an intensity almost suicidal, he watched the ship draw nigh. Fears mingled with hopes. It was no doubt the Betsy, but what would that bring to him? She came alongside, dropped anchor it seemed only for a minute, when the captain gave him some books and said in the old hard

way, "Remember! the only word spoken, and the Betsy was lost in the horizon. His heart died within him, but he had seen a face once more thank God for that, if only of a bitter enemy.

His hair was grown quite white. He was older by thirty years than when he came. How much longer could it last? He hoped when he died it would be under the clump of bushes like those where they found Grace. Eternity alone must wash out those India brands on his hands and forehead. His steps grew feebler year by year. It was a terrible expiation of a terrible sin. To rob womanhood was to rob God!

At last another five years had gone by. Ten years silent commune with God and nature had wrought a great change. He could bear now whatever came, but there could not be long to bear it.

Again the old ship Betsy came in sight. Calm, unruffled as a man who knows he is going home, whether he knows the route or not, he waited for the familiar ship. The captain took in all at glance.

"Shall I go home to die?"
"Yes!"

"I should like to see the grave of Grace and our baby once more."

The incoming voyage was much shorter than the outgoing, but not short enough for the weary men to reach the desired haven. They were nearing the port.

"I have asked and receive forgiveness," said the dying man "I want yours also. It is Grace's hand; I feel it just as in my dream. She has come for me. I have but one wish, to lie beside her!"

"It shall be as you wish." And the captain's hand pressed warmly the cold hand of death.

The Betsy came in with flags at halfmast. The villagers did not see the brand which repentance had washed out for heaven, but not for earth. And they buried him by the side of Grace.

MORTGAGE SALE.

To be sold by PUBLIC AUCTION, at the Court House in Summerside, Prince County, Prince Edward Island, on Tuesday, the Eleventh day of February next, at the hour of one o'clock in the afternoon, under a Power of Sale in an Indenture of Mortgage, dated the 23rd day of December, 1875, and made between John Young, of Summerside, in Prince County, Prince Edward Island, blockmaker, of the one part, and Daniel Hodgson, of Charlottetown, in Queen's County, said Island, Esquire, of the other part—

ALL that piece or parcel of land situate aforesaid, and described as follows, viz.: Commencing at a stake fixed in the northeast angle of James Brazil's lot; thence running eastwardly one hundred and eighty feet (180 feet), or to land lately held by Henry Tuplin; thence northwardly on said Henry Tuplin's western boundary five (5) chains or to land lately held by Angus McMillan; thence westwardly along the said Angus McMillan's south boundary, one hundred and eighty feet (180 feet); thence southwardly five (5) chains, to the point of commencement, containing, by estimation, one acre, one rood and nineteen poles, a little more or less, and is part of a plot of land purchased by Thomas Crabbe from Patrick Brown.

Also, all that tract, piece or parcel of land situate in the northern part of the Town of Summerside, and bounded as follows, viz.: Commencing at a stake fixed at the north edge of St. James Street, in the south angle of Town Lot Number Twenty (20), running thence northwardly ninety and one quarter (90 1/4) feet; thence eastwardly ninety feet (90 feet) to the west line of Town Lot Number Twenty eight; thence southwardly to the street aforesaid ninety and one quarter feet (90 1/4 feet); thence along said street westwardly ninety feet (90 feet), to the place of commencement, and known as Town Lot Number Twenty-four (24), sold by Very Rev. James Mc Donald by Auction, on the first day of May one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three.

Also, all that tract, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in Lots of Township Number Seventeen, in Prince County, Prince Edward Island, and is bounded as follows, that is to say: Commencing at a stake fixed on the south side of St. James Street, running westwardly ninety feet (90 feet); thence southwardly ninety feet three inches (90 feet 3 inches); thence eastwardly ninety feet (90 feet); thence northwardly ninety feet three inches (90 feet 3 inches), to the place of commencement, making and including Lot Number Twenty-three in the Town Plot of Summerside, as planned and surveyed on land formerly owned by Jonathan Weatherbie, and said lot being marked on the said plan number twenty-three, as therein laid out and described, containing, by estimation, eight thousand one hundred and twenty-two square feet, be the same a little more or less, together with all buildings and improvements thereon and appurtenances to the same belonging.

For further particulars apply at the office of Messrs. HODGSON & McLEOD, Solicitors, Charlottetown.

Dated this Ninth day of January, A. D. 1879.

DANIEL HODGSON, Mortgagor.

Jan. 9—law t sale
EMPLOYMENT.—In every village and township of P. E. Island not yet occupied, one active, intelligent Lady or Gentleman can obtain a most respectable and very profitable engagement. Address, with full particulars, D. DOWNIE & CO., Box 1964, Montreal.

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ONE HALF PRICE.
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MAIL NOTICE.

MAILS will be closed daily at this Office, (Sundays excepted) at 8 o'clock, p. m., and forwarded via Cape Traverse, to all places abroad.

The British Mail for Canadian Packet sailing from Halifax on Saturdays, will close here at 8 o'clock, p. m., every Wednesday; and for the fortnightly packet sailing from Halifax on the first and third Tuesday in February, it will close here on the previous Friday evening at 8 o'clock p. m.

Mails for all places West of Charlottetown and Summerside receiving Mails by Railway train or Postal Car, will close here at 7 o'clock a. m., daily.

Mails for Georgetown and Souris East and all places on the route to those points, will close daily at 2.25 p. m.

Post Office closes at 8 o'clock, p. m.
A. A. MACDONALD,
Postmaster.

Post Office, Ch'town,
21st Jan'y. 1879. 1m

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1879. 1879.

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Dec. 28, 1878.

NOTICE. NOTICE.

WE have to request the prompt payment of all accounts now due. All accounts unpaid after the

1st Day of February Next, will be sued for without further notice.
DODD & ROGERS,
Charlottetown, Jan. 13, 1879—pat h ne till feb

SEE THE LIST OF FARMS FOR SALE IN THE WEEKLY MAIL.

Parties Wishing to Sell Advertise there.

Parties Wishing to Buy, Read there.

Advertisements of Farms for sale are inserted in the Weekly Mail, 20 words for 50c. each insertion; each additional word 2c.

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October 31, 1878.
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TO BE SOLD, by private contract, that valuable FARM of 50 acres of excellent Land, situate at Graham's Road, Township No. 20, now in possession of Aeneas Brennan. This well-known Farm is eligibly situated in the immediate vicinity of Churches, Schools and Mills, and is in a good state of cultivation.

For terms and particulars apply at the office of Longworth & Shaw, Solicitors, Ch'town.
F. S. LONGWORTH.
Ch'town, Dec. 23, 1878—

AUCTION!

To be sold by PUBLIC AUCTION, on TUESDAY, the Twenty-fourth day of DECEMBER NEXT, at the hour of Twelve o'clock, noon, at the Court House, Charlottetown, under and by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage, bearing date the Third day of February, A. D. 1873, and made between John Henesy, of the one part, and Francis Kelly, of the other part—

ALL that tract of land and premises situate lying and being as follows, that is to say: Commencing on the north side of the Fort Augustus Road, at the south-east angle of a farm of land in the possession of Thomas Ceerley; from thence north fifty chains, or to the northern boundary of the said John Henesy's land; thence east five chains; thence south to the said road, and from thence west to place of commencement, containing by estimation Twenty-five acres, a little more or less, and being part of Lot or Township Number Thirty-six, in Queen's County, together with all rights, members and appurtenances there-to belonging.

For further particulars apply to Messrs. HODGSON & McLEOD, Solicitors, Charlottetown.

Dated this Twenty-seventh day of November, A. D. 1878.

FRANCIS KELLY, Mortgagor.

Dec. 2, 1878—law t sale
THE above Sale is hereby postponed till TUESDAY, the Twenty-fifth day of February 1879, then to take place at the hour and place above mentioned

FRANCIS KELLY, Mortgagor.

Prince Edward Island.

IN CHANCERY.
SILAS BARNARD,
Executor of the last Will and Testament of James Coles, deceased, Complainant.

—AND—
THOMAS REILLY, CATHERINE REILLY and MARY G. REILLY, by her Guardian, Hannah Reilly, Defendants.

In pursuance of a decree made in this suit by His Honor the Vice Chancellor, bearing date the nineteenth day of November, instant, A. D. 1878, there will be sold by PUBLIC AUCTION, on Monday, the twenty-fourth day of February next, A. D. 1879, at twelve o'clock, noon, at the Supreme Court House in Charlottetown, in Queen's County—

ALL that Tract, Piece or Parcel of Land being part of Town Lot Number Eighty, situate the third hundred of Town Lots in Charlottetown, commencing at the northeast angle of said Town Lot, on the southeast edge of Kent Street; thence, following the course of the same, westwardly for the distance of eighty-six feet and eight inches; thence, by a right-angle line with said Kent Street, south-eastwardly for the distance of forty-eight feet and six inches; thence, by a line parallel with said Kent Street, eastwardly for the distance of thirty feet; thence, by a right angle therewith, north-westwardly for the distance of six feet; thence by a line running north-eastwardly to the southwest angle of the dwelling house; thence, by a line at right angles with the course of Prince Street, eastwardly thirty-one feet to the westward edge of said Prince Street; thence, following the course of the same, north-westwardly thirty-one feet to the place of commencement; together with the buildings and improvements thereon and the appurtenances thereunto belonging.

Dated this Twentieth day of November, A. D. 1878.

T. HEATH HAVILAND, Master in Chancery.

NEIL McLEOD, Solicitor for Complainant. { nov 22 law t s

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FOR SALE,

THE HOUSE and Premises occupied by the Subscriber, at the head of Queen Street. For further particulars apply to the owner on the Premises, or to ALEXANDER BROWN, Esq.

DONALD MCKENZIE, Ch'town, Feb. 3, 1879—2a