

A STONE-CUTTER'S STORY.

He was whistling over his work carelessly, from long custom, of the solemn significance of the letters he was cutting in the white marble. The June sun was nearly at the end of the day's journey, sinking slowly to rest upon the bosom of the broad Atlantic, whose waves washed the shores of the little seaport town of Monkton. A stranger, handsomely dressed in gay, with large, lustrous brown eyes, came to the fence that was around the yard where the stone-cutter worked, and read the lettering, almost completed, upon the tombstone:—

HIRAM GOLDBY,
AGED 35.
LOST AT SEA, JAN. 1866.

The last six was nearly completed. A strange pallor gathered for a moment upon the stranger's face, and then he drew a long, deep breath, and said—
"Is not ten years a long time to be cutting letters on a tombstone, friend?"

"Eh, sir?"

The stone-cutter looked, shaded his eyes with his brown hand, as he turned his face to the setting sun.

"This is 1876, was the grave reply, 'And Hiram Goldby must have been ten years under the waves.'"

"Well, sir, that's the question—is he there?"

"Is he there? Your stone tells us he is and has been for ten years."

"Yes, sir, so it does—so it does. And yet she has ordered it. She came over a week or so back, with a worried look upon her sweet face that I have never seen but patient in ten long years, and she said to me—'You may cut a stone, Davy,' she says, 'and put it up in the churchyard, and I don't want to see it. I'll pay you whatever you chose to ask, Davy,' she says, 'but he's not dead and don't want a tombstone.' 'Lor, mam, says I, 'he'd a turned up all these years if he was not dead.' But she shook her pretty head, the prettiest I ever seen in, and said she—'My heart never told me he was dead, Davy, and I'll never believe it till my heart tells me so.'"

"His sweetheart?" questioned the stranger.

"His wife—his loving, faithful wife that had poverty, and loneliness, and misery, her full share, and might have bettered herself."

"Mr. Miles, sir, the richest ship owner hereabouts, he waited patiently for seven long years, trying to win her. Then he said that she was free even if Hiram came back."

"Enoch Arden," muttered the stranger.

"What did you say, sir?"

"Nothing, nothing. What answer did the widow make Mr. Miles?"

"'If Hiram's dead,' said she, 'I'm his faithful widow while I live. If Hiram's living, I'm his faithful wife. Maybe you're from the city, sir, and have not heard the story of our Pearl?'"

"What story is that?"

"Well, sir, it's been told many times, more particularly in the last year, but you're welcome to what I know of it. There, that 6 is done, and I'll leave the Scripture text till morning. If you'll come to the gateway and take a seat on some of the stones, I'll tell you, that is if you care to hear it."

"Maybe you're some kin to the Pearl of Monkton—that's the way they call Mrs. Goldby hereabouts. It's a matter of thirty-six years back, sir, that there was a wreck off Monkton rocks, that you can see from here, sir, now the tide's low. Cruel rocks they are, and many a wreck they've seen, more's the pity. You see them, sir?"

"I see them."

"Well, sir, in this one wreck, thirty-three years ago, there was nothing washed ashore but a bit of a girl-baby three or four years old, with a skin like a lily-leaf, and great black eyes. Hiram Goldby found her on the rocks. He was a boy of twelve years, strong and tall, and he carried the child in his arms to his mother. You may see the cottage, sir,—the second white one on the side of the hill."

"I see it."

"Well, Hiram took the baby there, and Mrs. Goldby was the same as a mother to her—a good woman, God bless her soul!—the widow Goldby."

"Is she dead, then?"

"Aye, sir, six years ago. The baby I was telling you of, sir, talked a foreign lingo, and was dressed beautiful in rich clothes that must have cost a power of money. But never would Hiram or the widow sell them, putting them up carefully in case the child was ever looked for. She was that pretty, sir, and that dainty, that everybody called her Pearl, though she was not like our girls, but afraid, always deadly afraid of the sea. I have seen her clinch her mite of a hand and strike at it, for she had a bit of a temper in her, though nothing to harm."

"When Hiram made his first voyage, for they were all seafaring men here-

abouts, and there was nothing for a lad to do but ship, the Pearl was just a little washed-out lily a fretting until he came home again. And it was so whenever he went, for they were sweethearts from the first time he nestled her baby face on her breast, when he picked her up from the wreck. She was sixteen when they were married, as near as we could guess; and Hiram was a man of twenty-four. She prayed him to stay at home, and he stayed home then, and he stayed for a year, but he fretted for the sea, and he went again, thinking, I suppose, that his wife would get used to it, as all wives hereabouts must do. But she never did—never. It was just pitiable to see her go about, white as a corpse, when Hiram went away, never looking at the sea without a shudder like a death chill. All through the war it was just awful, for Hiram enlisted on board a man-o'-war, and Pearl was just a shadow when he came home the last time."

"After the war?"

"Yes, sir; but he made no money of any account, and he went again, after staying home a long spell. Well, he never came back. 'Twan't no matter of use a telling Pearl he was lost; she'd just shake her pretty head and say—'He'll come back.' Not a mite of mourning would she wear, even after his own mother gave him up and put on black; for, sir, it stands to reason he's dead years ago."

"It looks so."

"Of course it does; nobody else doubts it but Mrs. Goldby. Old Mrs. Goldby's last words were—'I am going to meet Hiram,' and they say the dying know. But even that didn't make Pearl think so. She wore mourning for her who had been the only mother she knewed of, but not weeds. Weeds was for widows, she said, and she wasn't a widow."

"But the stone?"

"Well, sir, I'm coming to that. A year ago, sir, a fine gentleman from France came here hunting for a child lost on this coast. He'd heard of Pearl by happen-chances, if there is such, and came here. When he saw the clothes, he just fainted like a woman."

"She was related then?"

The stranger's voice was husky, but the sea air was growing chill.

"Her father, sir?"

"He took her away."

"He tried to. He told her of a splendid home he had in New York, for he'd followed his wife and child, sir, to the city they had never reached. He was rich and lonely. He begged his child to go, but she would not. 'Hiram will come here for me,' she said, 'and he must find me where he left me.'"

"On what has she lived?"

"Sewing, sir, mostly. The cottage was old Mrs. Goldby's, and bless you, Pearl did not eat much more than a bird, there is no denying she was very poor—very, and yet the grand home and big fortune never tempted her. So her father died, sir, and left our Pearl all his fortune and the grand house in New York. But she'll not go, sir; she'll die here waiting for Hiram, who'll never come."

The stranger lifted his face, that had been half hidden in his hands, and said—

"There was a shipwreck in the Pacific Ocean, Davy, years and years ago, and one man only was saved—saved Davy, by savages, who made him a slave, the worst of slaves! But one day the sailor saved the life of the chief's daughter, who was in the foils of a huge snake, and the chief released him. More than that he gave him choice spices and woods, and sent him on board the first passing ship. So the sailor landed in a great city, sold his presents and put the gold in safe keeping. Then he travelled until he reached the seaport town in which he was born, and coming there at sunset heard the story of his life from the lips of a man cutting his tombstone."

Not a word spoke Davy. Standing erect, he seized an immense sledge-hammer, and with powerful blows from strong uplifted arms, dashed the marble into fragments. Then, panting with exertion, he held out his brawny hand to the stranger—a stranger no longer.

"I've done no better work in my life, than I've done in the last five minutes, Hiram. Go home, man, and make Pearl's heart glad. She needs it. You asked me about the stone. The neighbors drove her to ordering it, twitting her that now she was rich she grudged the stone to her husband's memory. So she told me to cut it, but says, 'Don't put dead upon it, Davy—put lost at sea; for Hiram's lost, but he'll be found and come back to me.' She never looked at it, Hiram, never. And there's not an hour, nor hasn't been for ten years, that she hasn't been looking for you to come back. Go to her, man, and the Lord's blessing be upon both of you."

So, grasping the hard, brown hand, Hiram Goldby took the path to the little white cottage in which he had been born forty-five years before. The sun had set and the darkness was gathering, but a little gleam of light streamed from the window of the cottage. He drew softly up, and standing on the seat of the porch,

looked over the half curtain into the neat poor sitting room.

It was not the grand house, Pearl's heritage in New York, but Pearl herself was there. A slender woman, with a pale, sweet face, and black hair smoothly banded and gathered into rich braids at the back of her shapely head. Her dress was a plain dark one, with white ruffles, cuffs and apron.

She had been sewing, but her work was put aside, and presently she came to the open window and drew aside the curtain. She did not see the tall figure drawn closely against the wall in the narrow porch, but her dark eyes looked mournfully toward the sea, glimmering in the half light.

"My darling!" she whispered, "are you dead, and has your spirit come to take mine where we shall part no more?"

Only the wash of the waves below answered her. Sighing softly she said:—"Is my darling coming? I feel him so near to me, I could almost grasp him."

She stretched out her arms over the low window sill, and a low voice answered her, "Pearl! Pearl!"

The arms that had so long grasped only empty air, were filled then, as Hiram stood under the low window.

"Do not move, love," she whispered, pressing her soft lips to his; "I always wake when you move."

"But now," he said, "you are already awake. It is myself, your fond true husband, little one, who will never leave you again."

"It is true! You have come!" she cried at last, bursting into happy tears. "I knew you were not dead. You could not be dead, and my heart not to tell me." It was long before they could think of anything but the happiness of reunion after the many years of separation, but at last drawing Pearl closer Hiram whispered:—"I walked from J—, love, and am enormously hungry."

And Pearl's merry laugh chased the last shadows from her happy face, and she bustled about the room preparing supper.

"Supper for two!" she cried gleefully. The grand house in New York is tenanted by its owners. Hiram goes to sea no more. But in the summer two happy people, come for a quiet month to the little white cottage at Monkton, and have always to listen to Davy's tale of the evening when he was cutting Hiram Goldby's tombstone, and ended by smashing it into atoms.

"For," in the invariable ending of the tale, "Pearl was right, and we were wrong all of us; for Hiram Goldby was lost at sea, sure enough. But he was not dead, and he came to her faithful as she had always said he would."

FREEHOLD FARM FOR SALE.

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 Eneas Brenan. 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—

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-nine the third hundred of Town Lots in Charlottetown, commencing at the northeast angle of said Town Lot, on the southeast edge of Kent Street; and 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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Executors' Notice.

THE undersigned Executors of the Estate of Ralph Brecken Peake, late of Charlottetown, in the Province of Prince Edward Island, merchant, deceased, hereby notify all persons indebted to the said Estate to make immediate payment to them; and all persons having any claims against the said Estate are hereby required to render the same to the undersigned, duly attested, within one year from date.

Dated this twenty-first day of January, A. D. 1879.
EDWARD J. HODGSON,
GEORGE W. DEBLOIS,
THOS. HANDRAHAN,
Executors.

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SEEN WHAT?
BOREHAM'S
New Boot & Shoe Store,

OPPOSITE THE MARKET HOUSE.
JUST OPENED,
MEN'S,
WOMEN'S,
BOYS',
MISSES' and
CHILDREN'S
BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS!

IN GREAT VARIETY.
COME and have your feet PROTECTED.
COME and have your feet kept WARM.
COME and have your feet kept DRY.

W. R. BOREHAM,
SOUTH SIDE QUEEN SQUARE,
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.
Nov. 26—3m wed & sat

There never has been a time when the healing of so many different diseases has been caused by outward application as the present. It is an undisputed fact that over half of the entire population of the globe resort to the use of ordinary plasters.

DR. MELVIN'S CAPSICUM POROUS PLASTERS are acknowledged by all who have used them, to act quicker than any other plaster they ever before tried, and that one of these plasters will do more real service than a hundred of the ordinary kind. All other plasters are slow of action, and require to be worn continuously to effect a cure; but with these it is entirely different: the instant one is applied the patient will feel its effect.

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W. R. WATSON, Agent.
December 7 1877

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Parties Wishing to Sell Advertise there.

Parties Wishing to Buy, Read there.

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Advertisements of Farms for sale are inserted in the Daily Mail, 20 words for 25c. each insertion; each additional word 1½c.

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October 31, 1878.

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THE undersigned will drive parties en route for CAPE TRAVERSE, on suitable terms, regularly, from this Station.
J. W. HUGHES.
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County Line Station, Feb. 14, 1879—2m
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Losses settled with promptitude and liberality.

G. W. DEBLOIS,
General Agent.
Dec. 14.

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—TO THE—
FLOUR & TEA STORE!

And it cannot be stopped while they are selling
SUCH EXCELLENT TEA

For 36c., 40c., and 44c. per lb.
GOOD SUGAR
For 7½c., 8c., 8½c., and 9c. per lb.

CHOICE FLOUR
From \$5.50 to \$6.00 per bbl., and
OTHER GROCERIES
RIGHT CHEAP.

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BEER & GOFF'S.

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TERMS MODERATE.
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A. J. McKAY.
Ch'town, Dec. 30, 1878—

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Constitutional Catarrh Remedy
CURES CATARRH.

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I was afflicted in my head for years before I suspected it to be Catarrh. In reading in your Circular I saw my case described in many particulars. The inward "drop" from the head had become very disagreeable, and a choking sensation often preventing me from lying long. I would feel like smothering and be compelled to sit up in the bed. My health and spirits were seriously affected. When your agent came to Walkertown in August, 1876, I secured three bottles. Before I had used a quarter of the contents of one bottle I found decided relief, and when I had used two bottles and a third, I quit taking it, feeling quite cured of that ailment, and have not used any since until of late I have taken some for a cold in my head.

A sense of duty to sufferers from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, prompts me to send you this Certificate, unsolicited, with leave to make what use of it you may see proper. Yours truly,
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Port Elgin, Ont., Aug. 24, 1878.

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