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CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, MONDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1888.

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- (2)—The Seller will get a good Profit.
- (3)—There will be no bad Stock left.
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NO RETAILER SHOULD BE WITHOUT THESE GOODS.

THE HATTERS ALL SAY that they have NO TRUBLE TO SELL OUR GOODS.

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July 20—3m 2aw

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Having purchased from hard-up manufacturers, at our own prices, the entire material for about

**200 Walnut Parlor Suites,**

We are going to share our good luck with our patrons until all are sold.

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Upholstered in Hair Cloth, for \$30.00.

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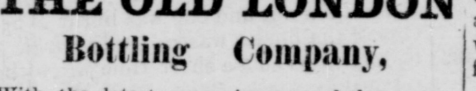
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**Fishwick Express Line.**

THE ONLY DIRECT LINE BETWEEN  
**HALIFAX AND LONDON.**

No Diversion via United States Ports.  
IT IS INTENDED TO DESPATCH THE  
**S.S. ULUNDA,**  
From Halifax for London,  
About the 15th September.

Special attention given to the shipment of Lobsters by these Lines. Through Bills of Lading issued to London and Continental Ports from Charlottetown and points on the P. E. Island Railway at lowest through rates.  
Rate of Insurance low. Goods handled with care. No trans-shipment charges at Halifax.  
For Rates of Freight and other particulars apply to  
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Halifax, N. S.  
July 10—2m eod

**FISHWICK'S EXPRESS LINE,**  
—BETWEEN—  
Charlottetown and Halifax.

**THE STEAMER M A. STARR,**  
CAPTAIN FERGUSON,  
Leaves Charlottetown every Thursday Afternoon for Halifax.

Calling at Bayfield, Ports Hawkesbury, Hastings and Mulgrave, Arichat, Cape Canso and Sheet Harbor.  
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Special Rates and Through Bills of Lading granted on Canned Lobsters to London and Continental Ports, from Charlottetown and points on the P. E. Island Railway, at lowest rates. Insurance low.  
W. W. CLARKE,  
Agent.

Ch'town, July 10, 1888—eod tf

—1888—  
**BOSTON DIRECT,**  
—BY THE—  
Boston, Halifax and Prince Edward Island Steamship Line.

**THE ONLY DIRECT LINE WITHOUT CHANGE.**  
Charlottetown to Boston.

THE staunch and commodious Steamships CARROLL and WORCESTER, having been thoroughly refurnished and put into first-class condition in every particular, will, during the season of 1888, run as follows, commencing with  
Excelsior Passenger Accommodation! Low Rates!  
FARES—First-class Passage Berth in well-furnished Cabin, \$5.00; Steerage Berth, \$3.50.  
Lowest rates for Freight, which is always carefully landed.  
CARVELL BROTHERS,  
Agents, Charlottetown.

HARRISON LORING, Treasurer.  
R. H. GARDNER, Manager,  
24 Atlantic Avenue,  
Lewis' Wharf, Boston.  
Ch'town, May 9, 1888—2m eod

## My Boy.

Not power or greatness, wealth or fame,  
I covet for my boy;  
Only a sound, untarnished name,  
A heart without alloy,  
A strength to govern, to deny,  
To rule his own soul well,  
A pride to keep him safe and high  
Above temptation's spell.

Only a calm and thoughtful life,  
God's peace within his heart,  
I choose for him amid earth's strife,—  
What greater, better part?  
And if these lines traced by my hand  
Some day my son shall see,  
Perchance a stronger, nobler man  
He'll be for love of me!

—Alma Pendexter Hayden.

## THE MOCKING-BIRD.

John Waller carefully timed his murderous visit to Daniel Jaggard's bungalow. Jaggard's nigger, Quash, was out of the way, picking oranges for the market from the grove by the river-side. There was no living creature within half a mile of them, when he stepped into the room where Jaggard was sitting writing. A mocking-bird of course did not count. The bird was in a large cage in one corner of the room, while Jaggard's table was by the window fronting the pine forest.

"You, John!" exclaimed Jaggard, laying down his pen. "Well, I'm glad to see you. Sit down."

"No," said Waller. "Reckon it's not pleasure I'm here for; it's downright business. Once for all, will you leave Sybil Macdonald to me? It's an old tale by this time, and I'm not going through it again. Before you came, she cottoned to me, and no other man. I'm mad on her. But it's different since."

"My good man"—  
"None of that.—Yes or no?"  
"Well, certainly 'No' in that case."  
"Then, by thunder, your last minute has come."

They were both strong men at the strongest, but Jaggard was taken unawares. Waller's bowie was in him to the hilt before he could stand up. With a sob of pain he slid heavily to the ground in a widening pool of blood. The stab was mortal. He groaned, writhed, tried to lift himself on his elbows, gasped forth the words, "John did it," and was then seized by the death agony, and died. Waller, who had narrowly watched the whole scene, shrugged his shoulders, wiped the knife upon his victim's clothes, and left the house.

During the progress of this tragedy the mocking-bird had stood to attention, with its head on one side. Only by an occasional quick nervous movement of its long tail did it show sign of life. But when Waller had left the room and stealthily glided into the pinewoods adjacent to the house, then, with erect head and grand air, the bird mimicked the gruesome spectacle from beginning to end. It gave the various intonations of the two men in their brief interchange of speech; and finished with a wondrous mockery of the dying efforts of its master. This done, the bird stalked to a piece of meat at one end of its cage, and dined to its contentment.

Now, when this sad occurrence came to be discussed, it seemed clear to everyone that Quash, the nigger, had murdered his master. What more obvious? Quash was a peculiar man, even for a darkey. His emotion over Jaggard's body was pronounced exaggerated. It was, indeed, the sublime of black cunning. They carried him off to the prison-house of Waterville, and put his very tears and wailing about the goodness of the man who was dead in the balance against him. There was talk about lynching him. But that the City Marshal took pains to guard against. The City Marshal had a long white beard and a broad brow. He was the Nestor of Herndon county, and he said that it was possible Quash was not the culprit. This oracular ruing saved the nigger.

Among all the orange growers round Waterville, none were more interested in the murder than Mrs. Macdonald and her daughter Sybil. They had emigrated from England in 1884. Mrs. Macdonald was a masterful woman. Sybil was nineteen, with purple eyes beautiful to look upon, notwithstanding the swart complexion she owed to the Florida sun. It was these purple eyes that had fascinated Waller. By-and-by, when Jaggard arrived and took up land in the neighborhood, he also sacrificed to them. Sybil respected Waller as a shrewd steady worker, sure of competence in a few years. Jaggard she grew to love, though he was poor. But to Mrs. Macdonald there was no crime like poverty, and so Sybil had kept her love in her own heart. However, Jaggard had learned to read in her eyes, and he understood her. Therefore, when the murder was bruited, the shock to the Macdonalds was great, and to Sybil, stunning. "Mother," she said, quietly, when they had brought over the news, "I believe I could kill that wicked brute if he were here—kill him with my own hands."

It was decided to hold the inquiry in Jaggard's own room. In the interval the house had been put in charge of a poor Seminole who had wandered up into Herndon county. He knew little English, but that little was more than enough, as he had no one to talk to except the mocking-bird, whom with the craft of a child of nature, he coaxed into the utterance of a multitude of execrations and noises. The room was filled, and a block of people stood outside also, between the open window and the pine forest. All Jaggard's intimate acquaintances had been subpoenaed. Thus the Macdonalds and John Waller himself were there—Sybil and Waller looking somewhat uncomfortable; but Mrs. Macdonald with merely a

tight mouth, as if she resented such an unprofitable waste of time. Quash, with bracelets on and shedding tears as fast as he could, was present of course. Never did an nigger offer so pitiable a spectacle as he. But no one compassionated him. The only pity at his service was what he might receive from the cold barrels of seven or eight six-shooters.

This lively gathering in the room which it had been wont to consider sacred to itself and its master (whom it loved in bird-fashion), at first frightened the mocking-bird. It tried to obliterate itself in the darkest corner of its cage. By-and-by, however, it appeared to take an interest in the proceedings. It trotted forward, inch by inch, until it was as near to the assembly as its cage permitted. Someone gave it a lump of sugar, but it neglected the sugar when the City Marshal began to speak. Quash interrupted the Marshal with a passionate repudiation of something the Marshal said. At this the bird cocked its head, and redoubled its attention.

The evidence was purely circumstantial. Quash, when called upon to defend himself, could say nothing but common-places. He loved Mister Jaggard too much to think of killing him—would rather put the knife into his own black bosom, and so forth. He shed additional tears, too. All which was no defence at all. And so when he was silenced, it was apparent that he would be judged "guilty."

But the City Marshal was not satisfied. He had never seen a nigger weep like Quash, he said. "I want to know something about Jaggard's personal habits," he observed. "Was he likely to commit suicide, for instance?—Mr. John Waller, you, I think, knew him pretty well."

"Yes, I know him well," replied Waller, standing up, and feeling very sick.

You should have seen the excitement of the mocking-bird when it heard Waller's voice.

"Now, what do you think about this business, Mr. Waller?" asked the Marshal.

"John did it! John did it!" screamed the bird, which then, with a splutter of effort, reproduced the sounds emitted by Jaggard when he died. The noise of its wings against its cage-bars drove every eye towards it; and holding fast to the side of the cage, it once more stammered forth in low, clear tones, but agonized, as if exhausted: "John did it." But what electrified the audience was the unmistakable imitation of a death-rattle and choke with which it favored them. After the performance, it leaped lightly back to its centre bar, and with the toes of one leg demurely scratched its head-feathers. There was no misconstruing this mock-drama.

The City Marshal was the first to give Waller a look of scrutiny. Sybil and her mother were hardly less alert. As for Quash, his black face lit up with a sudden glory. And the assembled townspeople, having briefly wondered, were led by the tendency of the eyes of the Marshal, the ladies, and Quash, to look where they looked. What did they see?

Waller, when he heard the bird speak, was not immensely moved; but the terrible iteration of the death-agony put a seal of veracity upon the words, and instantly he realized that his doom was upon him. An acute pain took him at the heart; he went ghastly pale; his eyes dimmed, so that he saw the eyes of his neighbors and acquaintance centered upon him as it were through a mist; and he reeled forwards, doubled upon the chair in front of him. When they tried to lift him they found that he was dead.

"I rather guess," observed the City Marshal, "there's a kind of a link between the inquest we're holding to-day and the one we'll hold to-morrow which it'll be awkward to lay hands on."

**Miss Baker and Sir John.**  
THE FAMOUS KINGSTON INCIDENT FULLY EXPLAINED BY ITS HEROINE.

Miss Hulda Baker, the elocutionist, arrived home from Thousand Island Park a few days ago. Miss Baker is the fair Syracusan who made herself famous at Kingston, Ont., by accosting Sir John Macdonald, Premier of Canada, and assuring him that in case he came to the United States he would be heartily received. Miss Baker gives this account of an incident which is international in character: "I am much mortified at being heralded over the country, and had no thought of anything only saying in as private a way as I could what I did, after having my patriotism aroused by the Premier and his suite (especially the Premier) saying such hard things of the United States. I had a position on the grand stand where I could hear all that was said. When they had finished speaking and were about to leave, the Premier happened to turn and pass me, and, quick as thought, I extended my hand and bowing and smiling said to him: 'Excuse me, sir, but I am a loyal American, and we open our doors wide to you and you shall come in and dwell peacefully with us if you will.' Amid great applause he laughingly replied, as he shook my hand: 'Of course you would let such a good looking old-fellow as I in?' To which I replied: 'Certainly, and I will stand in the door.' There more laughter and applause, Sir John immediately offered me himself as my escort and introduced me all round, and, in the company of the Premier and his suite, I was escorted through the buildings and into outside attractions. When it was time for me to take the boat for Thousand Island Park he very gallantly placed me in a carriage and I was gone, not expecting anything from it but a little pleasantry. But as I learn the press has made much of it, and the reporters did not always get it as it was, I gladly tell you the whole proceedings just as it occurred."

Dinner Sets, Tea Sets, Chamber Sets are sold cheap at the Cheset Crockery Store. Come one, come all, and get a bargain, for we are going to sell. W. P. Colwill, Sept 12 d w 4w