Summerside Journal.

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, COMMERCE, AGRICULTURE, TEMPERANCE AND NEWS.

Vol. 4. Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Thursday, February 11, 1869. No. 20.

THE

Summerside Journal

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Almanac for February, 1869.

MOON'S PHASES.

Last Qtr., 3rd day, 0h. 43m. evening, W.
New Moon, 11th day, 9h. 42m., morning, S.E.
First Qtr. 26th day, 0h. 54m., evening. E.
Full Moon, 26th day, 7h. 52m. morning, N.W.

D. MON.	DAY WEEK	SUN rises	SUN sets	sun slow clock	sun's dec. south	moon rises	LENG'H DAYS
		h m	h m	h m		h m	h m
1	Mon	7 29	4 59	13 52	59 55	11 3	9 30
2	Tues	28	5 1	14 1	42 35	morn	33
3	Wed	26	2	14 7	24 57	0 14	36
4	Thurs	25	3	14 13	7 2	1 21	38
5	Frid	24	4	14 17	48 51	2 24	40
6	Sat	22	6	14 21	30 23	2 26	44
7	Sun	7 21	5 8	14 25	11 40	4 22	9 47
8	Mon	19	9	14 27	52 41	5 12	50
9	Tues	18	11	14 29	33 27	5 58	53
10	Wed	16	13	14 29	13 59	6 36	57
11	Thurs	14	15	14 30	54 16	sets	10 0
12	Frid	12	17	14 29	34 19	6 40	4
13	Sat	11	18	14 27	14 10	7 36	6
14	Sun	7 10	5 19	14 25	53 47	8 36	10 11
15	Mon	9	20	14 22	33 12	9 35	15
16	Tues	7	22	14 18	12 25	10 34	17
17	Wed	6	23	14 14	51 26	11 35	20
18	Thurs	4	24	14 9	30 16	morn	23
19	Frid	3	26	14 3	8 56	0 35	26
20	Sat	1	27	13 57	47 25	1 37	30
21	Sun	5 59	5 29	13 49	25 44	2 40	10 33
22	Mon	58	31	13 42	3 54	3 40	36
23	Tues	56	32	13 33	41 54	4 37	39
24	Wed	55	33	13 24	19 46	5 29	43
25	Thurs	54	35	13 14	57 29	6 17	47
26	Frid	52	36	13 4	35 5	rises	50
27	Sat	50	37	12 53	12 33	7 29	51
28	Sun	6 48	5 38	12 42	49 54	8 43	10 52

Summerside Markets.

Feb. 11, 1869.

Beef per lb	3d a 4d
Mutton per lb	2d a 3d
Oats per bush	2s 5d a 2s 6d
Potatoes per bush	1s 3d a 1s 6d
Turnips per bush	10d a 1s
Butter per lb by Tub	13d a 14d
Lard per lb	9d a 10d
Tallow per lb.	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	10d a 1s
Hides per lb	4½d
Mackerel per doz	2s a 3s
Codfish per qt	16s a 17s
Pork per lb by carcass	4d a 6d
Flour per bbl	45s a 47s
Island Flour per cwt	19s to 20s
Oatmeal per cwt.	16s a 17s
Hay per Ton	50s a 60s
Pine Boards	10s
Spruce Boards	4s a 5s

Charlottetown Markets.

Ch. Town, Feby. 10, 1869.

Beef per lb	3½d a 8d
Mutton per lb	3½d a 6d
Pork per lb., by carcass,	4d a 6½d
Ham per lb	6d a 7d
Geese	2s a 3s
Fowels	1s a 1s 6d
Ducks each	1s 3d a 1s 6d
Flour per 100 lbs	20s a 22s
Oatmeal per 100	18s a 19s
Buckwheat Flour, per lb	2d a 2½d
Codfish per quintal	16s a 20s
Butter per lb	1s 3d a 1s 6d
Do. by the tub,	1s 3d a 1s 4d
Cheese	3d a 5d
Tallow	9d a 10d
Eggs per dozen	1s 3d a 1s 4d
Potatoes per bushel	1s 6d a 1s 9d
Barley " "	5s
Oats	2s 6d a 2s 8d
Hay per ton	70s a 80s
Hides per lb	4d
Sheepskins each	2s a 2s 6d
Spruce Boards per 100 ft.	4s a 4s 6d
Hemlock " "	3s 6d a 4s

Business Cards.

BANK OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Corner of Great George & King Streets, Charlottetown.

President—HON. DANIEL BRENAN.
Cashier—WILLIAM CUNDALL, Esquire.
Discount Days—Mondays & Thursdays.
Hours of Business—From 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. from 2 p.m to 4 p.m.

UNION BANK.

Grafton St., Queen's Square, Charlottetown

President—CHARLES PALMER, Esquire.
Cashier—JAMES ANDERSON, Esquire,
Discount Days—Wednesdays & Saturdays.
Hours of Business—From 10 a.m to 1 p m., from 2 p.m to 4 p m.

SUMMERSIDE BANK.

Central Street, Summerside, P. E. Island

President—JAMES L. HOLMAN, Esq
Cashier—E. L. LYDIARD, Esquire
Discount Days—Tuesdays and Fridays.
Notes for Discount must be in before 11 o'clock on Discount days.
Hours of Business—10 a. m., to 1 p. m, from 2 p. m., to 4 p. m.

DR. J. N. FULLER,

Graduate of Bellevue Hospital, Medical College, N. Y.

Office in the residence of Rev. Mr. DesBrisay, on Water Street—directly opposite the Establishment of J. L. Holman, Esq.,

*** All calls promptly attended to.

Summerside, October 15, 1868.

Business Cards.

E. F. PURDY'S
NEW
MARBLE AND FREESTONE ESTABLISHMENT,
(NEXT DOOR TO BEER AND SONS')
King Square,
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.

All orders punctually attended to.

Call and See!

Jan 7, '69 1y

WILLIAM BEARSTO,
Commission Merchant,
Auctioneer & General Agent,
WATER STREET,
Summerside, ---------- *P. E. Island*

WILLIAM DODD,
Commission Merchant, And Auctioneer,
QUEEN SQUARE,
CHARLOTTETOWN - - - *P. E. ISLAND*

R. & W. T. HUNT,
Commission Merchants,
GENERAL AGENTS AND
AUCTIONEERS.
SALESROOM AND OFFICE
Head of Queen's Wharf.
(opposite the Store of Wm. T. Hunt & Co.)
Summerside, P. E. Island.
April 2, 1868. 1y

CARVELL BROTHERS,
AUCTIONEERS,
Commission Merchants,
And General Agents,
BANK BUILDING, QUEEN STREET.
Charlottetown, - - - - - *P. E. Island*

JOHN McKAY,
Commission Merchant And Auctioneer,
COMMERCIAL HOTEL,
SUMMERSIDE ..... P. E. ISLAND.

REFERENCES:

J. BERTRAM, Printer, Summerside, P. E. I.
J. D. McLEOD, Merchant, Char'town, "
J. H. ALLEN, St. John, N. B.
Nov 19, '68

J. H. ALLEN,
Commission Merchant,
And Dealer in Provisions, &c.
MARKET STREET,
St. John, N. B.

☞ Gives personal attention to the Sale and Purchase of every description of Goods.
May 9, 1868.

HANFORD BROTHERS,
Successors to Thomas Hanford,
Commission Merchants,
And General Agents.
11 NORTH MARKET WHARF,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
Chas. U. Hanford & Fred. S. Hanford

James Greenough,
FLOUR
No 47 Commercial Street
Corner of Clinton Street --------BOSTON
Jany. 1, 1869. 1y

FOUNTAIN HOUSE.
North side King Square,
(next to Park Hotel)
ST. JOHN, N. B.

JAMES W. THOMPSON, - - - - PROPRIETOR.

THE Proprietor of the above HOTEL takes this opportunity to return thanks for the liberal patronage hitherto received, and most respectfully solicits a continuance of the same.

This HOTEL is very pleasantly situated, and commands a view of King Square, and other parts of the City.

In connection with the Hotel, is GOOD STABLING, and a careful Hostler in attendance. Parties coming from Prince Edward Island with horses will find this establishment the most comfortable in the City, and a person always at the Cars on their arrival.

St. John, Sept. 10, 1868. 1y

DR. J. H. JAMIESON,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR

OFFICE at the residence of the Rev. W. W. Colpitts, Margate.
December 3, 1868.

DR. J. PRICE,
Physician & Surgeon,
OFFICE—At the SUMMERSIDE DRUG STORE, next door to Bank, Central Street
SUMMERSIDE, ... *P. E. ISLAND.*
October 12, 1868.

DR. JARVIS
Has Removed His Residence to the House
(lately occupied by Mr McKinlay)
next to Thomas Hunt's, Esq., St Eleanor's.
He may be consulted every forenoon at the Drug Store of W. T. HUNT & Co., Summerside.
St. Eleanor's, May 18, 1868.

THOMAS KELLY,
Barrister - at - Law
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
SUMMERSIDE, - - - - P. E. ISLAND.

The Journal is the best advertising medium on the Island.

Invitation to Shipbuilders

3000 BLOCKS,
NOW READY FOR SALE
AT COSTIN'S BLOCK SHOP, SUMMERSIDE!

THE subscriber begs leave to direct the attention of SHIP BUILDERS and SHIP OWNERS, to his BLOCK SHOP, where he has now, and will constantly keep on hand, a large lot of BLOCKS, of all sizes, which will be sold at the lowest Island prices, and 25 PER CENT. off for CASH.

Remember those are not the Blocks you read about which have no Bushing in the Sheaves, and 2 Rivets where 3 is required. Parties purchasing Blocks should always drive out the pins and examine the inside, as many vessels have been lost in consequence of bad Blocks

The fastest vessels that ever sailed from this Island were furnished with Blocks from the subscribers Factory, (the *New Dominion, Undine, Zuleika, Kewadin,* and others)

ALSO—Ships Wheels, finished with neatness and made substantial. Deck Plugs, Pumps, &c., &c.

Reference can be made to Hon. J. C. Pope, John Yeo, Esq., and Capt. Richards.

JOHN COSTIN.

Feb. 27, 1868. 1y

ROCKLIN HOUSE,
Kent Street, Charlottetown,
SIMON D. FRASER, PROPRIETOR.

Permanent and Transient Boarders will find the above House to give satisfaction.
Ch'town, June 13, 1868.

CRAWFORD'S HOTEL.
No. 9, King Square,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

THE subscriber having thoroughly refitted and enlarged his HOTEL and STORE, is now prepared to accommodate Permanent and Transient Boarders on the most reasonable terms.

ALSO, in connection, a GROCERY STORE, where every article required for house use may be had.

J. CRAWFORD & SON.

Sept. 10, 1868. 1y

Established 1845.
NEW YORK
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Assets, January 1st, 1868,
Over Ten Million Dollars!

PRESIDENT:
MORRIS FRANKLIN, ESQ.,
Vice President and Actuary:
WILLIAM H. BEERS, JR.
HEAD OFFICE 112 & 114 *Broadway, N.Y.*
General Agent for the Dominion of Canada:
WALTER BURKE, Esq.,
Herald Buildings, Montreal.

The New York Life Insurance Company

IS ONE OF THE
OLDEST INSTITUTIONS

Of the kind in America, having been chartered in the year 1841, and commenced business in May, 1845.

During the twenty-three years of its existence it has issued policies upon the lives of more than

Fifty Thousand Persons.

and has paid in losses $5,000,000 to the families and representatives of those who have deceased while members of the Company.

Annual Income
EXCEEDS
Four Million Dollars

A SAFE INVESTMENT.

The instances are many within the experience of every Life Insurance Company, in which the proceeds of a Policy has saved from poverty the survivors of those who have thus made provision for their wants in times of prosperity and health. A wife may insure the life of her husband for her own benefit, and should she survive him, the amount of the insurance will be payable to her free from any claims against his estate; and in case of the death of the wife before that of the husband, the amount of the insurance may be made payable to her children.

THE COMPANY DECLARES
ANNUAL CASH DIVIDENDS,
which are available in payment of each Annual Premium. All the insured in this Company receive dividends which can be used in part of the second and each subsequent Annual Premium thereafter; or the dividend may be allowed to accumulate, and subsequently used in whole or in part in the payment of Premiums. The business of the Company being *PURELY MUTUAL*, each member pays only the average cost of insurance, all surplus being annually returned to the Policy holders. (Companies having a Stock Capital usually retain a large portion for the Stockholders.) The Dividends paid to Policy holders exceed

$3,000,000.

Endowment Assurance Policies.

These Policies are coming into general request As a sure and profitable investment for one's declining years, they deserve the attention of all. The sum secured by an ordinary life policy becomes available upon the death of the assured; on the Endowment plan the amount is received by the assured himself upon his attaining a specified age, while full provision is made for death occurring prior thereto.

THE NON-FORFEITURE PLAN.

This company originated and introduced the valuable feature known as the Non-Forfeiture Plan which is rapidly superseding the old system of life long payments, and has revolutionized the system of Life Insurance in the United States, and which has been adopted (generally in a less favorable form) by all Life Companies. A party, by this table, after the second year, *cannot forfeit any part of what has been paid in.*

☞ Tables of Rates, Circulars, Examples of Dividends, Forms, &c., can be had by applying to the Agent, at Charlottetown.

MEDICAL EXAMIMERS:
DR. MACKIESON, DR. R. JOHNSON.
Agent for P. E. Island:
HENRY A. HARVIE.
Ch'town Nov 19, 1868.

POETRY.

Scandal Lane.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

It is not on the signboard, sir,
Go search far and wide;
Or in the town directory,
The map or railway guide;
And if you pump your neighbors, sir,
You pump, alas! in vain,
For no one e'er acknowledged yet
He lived in Scandal Lane!

It is a fearful neighborhood,
So secret and so sly;
Although the tenants oftentimes
Include the rich and high;
I'm told they're even cannibals,
And when they dine or sup,
By way of change they'll turn about
And eat each other up!

They much prefer the youthful, sir,
The beautiful and rare;
They grind up character and all.
And call it wholesome fare!
And should the helpless victim wince,
They heed not cries of pain;
These very bloody cannibals,
That live in Scandal Lane!

If you should chance to dine with them,
Pray never be deceived,
When they seemed most like bosom friends,
They're least to be believed,
Their claws are sheathed in velvet, sir,
Their teeth are hid by smiles,
And woe betide the innocent
Who falls beneath their wiles!

When they have singled out their prey,
They make a cat-like spring;
Or hug them like a serpent, ere,
They plant the fatal sting!
And then they wash their guilty hands,
But don't efface the stain,
These very greedy cannibals,
That live in Scandal Lane!

Select Literature.

Neil Owen's Two Chances.

The Romance of a Life.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

IV.

It was in this way, and I have now to tell of the second opportunity of fortune which I embraced.

I wanted to be something else in the world than a mere hewer of wood and drawer of water, and my poor mother, gifted in mind and highly educated herself, had encouraged my aspirations, and had taught me as much as her limited strength would allow. What she taught me gave me an insatiable thirst for knowledge. I wanted to learn more, to learn all that there was to be learned, and to get the pass-key to power and influence which I began to understand is in the hands of those who have knowledge. With these ideas in my head, I obtained a situation as assistant to the janitor of an academy in the city. It was little more than a slave's life that I led, after all; I was employed in building fires, carrying water and cutting wood from daylight till dark, and there were odd chores enough to do at irregular times. But I had access to books, and occasionally the assistance of some kind-hearted student or tutor; and while others were asleep, I studied and worked for an education as most men work for nothing else than life.

I need not particularize; my life passed on in this way until I was twenty-five; and then I found that I had the world all before me. I yearned to escape from my bounds and fetters of toil, and to soar into a higher atmosphere; and I thought long and anxiously about my future, wondering what I could do for myself more than I was doing. I had no friends, no influence; and I shrank from the ordeal of soliciting employment of strangers. I had much of my mother's fine sensitiveness of organization, and I dreaded the rough usuage of the world.

Finally an idea came to me, which I resolved to put into practice. There was a little village, called Redmond, out on the eastern railway, about forty miles from the city. A kind old lady, Betsey Carpenter by name, lived there, who had known my mother in better days, and who had more than once written to her. Poverty alone prevented our going; and it now occured to me that perhaps I might open a small school in Redmond, and through the kind old widow's influence get patronage enough to support myself. Full of faith in the idea, I gave up my place with the janitor, and was in Redmond the same day. The old lady received me kindly and gave me much encouragement in my plan.

"If you won't be particular who comes to your school, Mr. Neil," she said. "I am sure we can get you twelve or fifteen to begin with. Here's my Josie and Jack; you shall have them; and I'll go right on to neighbour Ryall and the Tompkinses, and talk to them about it. Cheer up, my lad; we'll make your mother's handsome eyes shine bright in your head yet."

The kind old woman did not cease her efforts until she had secured me scholars enough for a beginning, and I accordingly opened my school on the following Monday, in an old building just over the hill from the village. It was a humble occupation, teaching the ignorant children of the poorer class of villagers how to read, write and cipher, getting for it small pay enough; but it was an agreeable change of condition, and my spirits rose with an elastic bound. Then, too, I had a pleasant home with clever, chatty old Betty Carperter, and the love and respect of my little troop of children; and for some months my life went on in this way, and it began to seem as if that life had found its level, and that I was to live it out here in this quiet little neighborhood, where no excitement or commotion could reach it. But no; far otherwise. I am no theologian; I know nothing of predestination, and do not care to enquire whether anything but chance sent me to Redmond; but I can now clearly see how my going thither was a link in the chain of events which has lifted me to a higher sphere of existence, and has surrounded me with happiness. The why and the wherefore of our earthly happenings are enigmas to us, excepting that we know they are of God, and therefore must be for our good.

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them as we will."

I had been teaching at Redmond three months, and it was near the end of my first vacation, when I remembered that my scholars were in need of some books which must be obtained from the city; and to the city I went after them. It was approaching Christmas-time, and the store fronts were gay with the exhibition of beautiful and costly goods intended for presents. I spent the day in wandering about the streets, watching the passing crowds; and just at night I entered a bookstore to make my purchases. I was occupied in this way for half an hour, and after my books were done up, and when I was about to leave the store, I paused, attracted by the sight of a face. It was the face of a lovely girl who had entered the store unobserved by me, accompanied by a dark looking man about double her years. The lady I judged to be not quite twenty; and though she was very beautiful, I do not think it was her beauty that attracted me so much as a familiar look which I fancied I saw in her face. I smiled at the fancy the next instant; for how or where could I have met a person in her station of life? Still, I found myself irresistibly held to that spot, looking at her. She had bent her head over a book which she was examining, and at first did not notice me; but her companion, sauntering restlessly near her, soon observed me, and scowled ferociously at me. I had never seen the man before, to my knowledge; but it required only one glance to assure me that he was an unmitigated villian. He was fashionably dressed, with diamond seals and studs, and I concluded from his appearance that he was the pet of the society in which he moved; but if society was deceived in him, I, an entire stranger, was not. His face was a wicked face—drawn all over with lines of avarice, selfishness, cunning and heartless passion. Hardly had I come to this conclusion, when he abruptly addressed me.

"Take your eyes off that lady, fellow," he said, with an overbearing insolence of tone and gesture, which cannot be conveyed with the pen

My temper rose in an instant; never, in all my poverty and in all my servile labor, had I been insulted. I do not know what I might have said or done; but at that instant the lady herself came towards us.

"What is the matter, Mr. Corson?" she asked, in a sweet, sad voice, and now that her full face was turned to me, I saw its unutterable sadness, so like the sadness that had clouded that of my poor mother life-long.

"It's some insolent puppy who was staring at you," he said more, but he stopped as he saw that her eyes were now fixed upon my face. We recognized each other at once, strange as it was, after thirteen years had passed since our brief accidental meeting of a few minutes, and without another up to this time. I saw before me Amy Northcote. Often and often again the sweet face of the little child Amy had come back to me, and the remembrance of its expression as she stood that day on the sidewalk, and pleaded with her father to take me home, as he had proposed was one of the very pleasant memories that I was able to glean out of my life. And here she was again, to haunt me now forever with her pale, sweet passive face, still kind and full of tenderness, though it bore the shadow of some grief of her own.

I know she would have come straight to me and offered me her hand; I had taken a step forward to meet her—when her companion suddenly stepped to her side, drew her arm within his own, and hurried her to the shop-door.

Stung with anger at this fresh insult, and maddened to that point, that I longed for a chance to strike him, I hastily followed them, not knowing or caring what a collision between us might lead to. I stopped at the shop door; Miss Northcote had entered a carriage in front of it, and the man stood with his hand on the open door, and his foot on the step, as it about to follow her; but a female form was by his side, and the woman had laid her hand on his arm.

"Just a minute, John," she pleaded, in a quick eager way. "Just a minute, dear John, and—"

"hush—hush!" he said, sternly, with a frightened look at the carriage, and closed his nails into the poor creature's arm till she sobbed with pain. "Don't breathe that name here; and clear out, anyway; I can't talk with you now."

"I wont clear out, then," she replied, with a kind of desperate determination. "I'm bound to see you to-night, and find out all about these stories they are telling about you. You wouldn't be false to me, John,—"

"Hush, you miserable object; stop your d——d noise or I'll tear your tongue out. I'll step aside with you here just one minute, it that will do you any good. Amy," and here he elevated his voice, "I'll join you in a moment; let Samuel drive on slowly up the street."

The carriage started, and Corson, as Miss Northcote had called him, turned fiercely upon the poor object who almost cowered at his feet. I stood some distance from them, but I could distinctly see them, and hear every word they spoke.

"Now what is it?" he demanded.

"I know it's not true, John; I know it can't be true, but they told me you were going to be married to somebody, and—"

"It *is* true; I'm to be married to Miss Northcote; and what of it?"

"O John, John—"

She began to raise a despairing wail; but Corson cut her short by clapping his hand, brute-like over her mouth.

"Shut up, you idiot! Here's money if that's what you want;" and he thrust a note under her clenched fingers; "and I'll give you more—but never dare to accost me publicly again. If you do I'll murder you; do you hear? And if you dare to think of interfering between me and the lady—"

The balance I did not hear; it was whispered in her ear, and when Corson had finished he sprang away and disappeared on a run after the carriage. Shocked and almost confounded at the scene I had witnessed, I hastened out to accost the woman. I was just in time; I think she would have fallen to the pavement had I not caught her and held my arm firmly around her. She gasped twice for breath; and then her eyes opened, and she looked wildly at me.

"Jack, Jack," she began, her thoughts still running on the brute who had just left her; but I interrupted her.

"Do you know of anything to prevent the marriage of that man whom you call John, or Jack, to Miss Northcote?" I asked. The question was abruptly put, and suddenly, and could not fail of an answer.

"Do I know why he shouldn't be married to her! My God, I should think I did! I can stop him any minute, if I want to and—"

"Tell me how—tell me!" I cried. She stopped and looked fixedly at me.

"Will it harm John if I do? Can they hurt him for it?" The question took me unprepared, and I had not the presence of mind to give her a ready negative. I was stammering a reply, when she put an end to our colloquy.

"I've nothing more to tell you, find out what you want to know by somebody else; as for me I'll not harm a hair of his head." And releasing herself from my eager grasp she fled away and disappeared around the next corner.

I followed her some distance, and even called to her to come back; but she had departed as she came, in silence and mystery, and with her vanished a hope to which I had been clinging for the last few moments, that through her Amy Northcote might be saved from the clutches of this monster, who had unaccountably got possession of her, whose peace and happiness in life for all future time were thus threatened by an alliance, which, if I had rightly guessed the meaning of the grief in her face, was repulsive to her.

(To be concluded next week)

[*From the Boston Journal, Jan. 25.*]

WHY IS FOOD SO DEAR—WHY DO WE PAY SUCH PRICES for GAS & FUEL?

These questions were discussed a few evenings since at the Social Science meeting, and some interesting facts were elicited in the debate.

One gentleman described his visit to a starch mill in the country, which was supplied with pot toes at the time-honored price of New England—twenty five cents a bushel. He told the proprietor that he had several little starch mills around his table in Boston, and asked why he could not have a supply at the same price, and was told that the railway charges were too high for profit; while another gentleman gave the prices in the British Provinces, and showed the operation of the war duties and a debased currency in raising the prices.

Is it not time that steps were taken to restore peace prices for such essential articles of food, and to lower the cost for gas and fuel? Our legislators do not seem to realize that the war is over.

Let us trace the potato to its origin in the Provinces. There, on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, is the fertile Island of Prince Edward, fifty per cent. larger than Long Island, with a fertile soil, without a stone on its surface, and a climate cooler and moister than our own, admirably adapted to grass, oats and potatoes. While the cold and rocky soil around Boston, in a drier climate, yields on the average less than one hundred bushels of potatoes to the acre, here is an island, every acre of which can be cultivated, so intersected by inlets and rivers that every farm is within an average distance of three miles from navigable waters, and is easily accessible. The average yield of an acre of this cheap land, worth from five to ten dollars an acre, is three fold the yield of our dear land near our own towns, for two hundred and fifty bushels to the acre is but an ordinary crop.

The farmer of the Island can grow rich by selling at twenty five cents the bushel, and contract for their delivery and sale for three-eighths of a dollar at the pier in Boston; but here he encounters his first difficulty. Here he is met by a polite officer of the customs who invites him to pay a duty of twenty-five cents a bushel in gold, or one hundred per cent. on prime cost, which thus carries up the cost to five-eighths of a dollar in gold, or to nearly seven-eights of a dollar in currency, and a cent or two more for wharfage carries the price to eighty-five cents the bushel. The retailer, as he comes to the vessel, says he can buy at this rate from the cars coming from the West, and he must have thirty per cent. to cover cartage, delivery, loss by frost and decay, and danger of the fall in price of gold, before he sells at one dollar and fifteen cents to one dollar and twenty cents to his customers. With such results and the risk of navigation before him, the Islander prefers to fatten his swine with the mealy potato we should prefer to the Western product, and we lose both ways—first a cheap and necessary article of subsistence, and then our commissions on the sale of provisions, while the Western farmer who may send us the potatoes resigns most of his advance to the railway, and the railway pays it over in the shape of taxes to the Government, or in wages enhanced by costly food and a depreciated currency.

The Acadian shores of Nova Scotia produce choice potatoes—the famous blue noses in abundance—and the Island of Prince Edward alone could easily supply the whole Atlantic coast with this edible at forty cents per bushel, and would take its pay in our productions, and the grocers' profit of thirty per cent. would carry the retail price to but fifty-three cents in gold.

The only impediments in the way are the duty and the currency. The Government can spare the duty for two reasons: first, it yields no revenue. Second, we have a surplus of revenue to the extent, as Mr. Wells says, of at least seventy-five million dollars. The duty is merely prohibitory. It merely raises the freight of the railway and gives no encouragement to our farmers, and the railway tax should itself be repealed.

The railway tax of five per cent on net receipts, and two and one-half on gross