Home of Commons

THE EXAMINER.

POSTAGE PREPAID.

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The Examiner

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BY
William L. Cotton,

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CLUB RATES.

THE EXAMINER will be forwarded to Clubs at the following rates per year—payment strictly in advance:—

5 copies, one address, - - - - - $ 6.00
10 " " " - - - - - 10.00
15 " " " - - - - - 14.00
20 " " " - - - - - 18.00

Clubs may be made up at any time, but not for a shorter period than a year.

ALMANAC FOR DEC., 1876.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Full Moon, 1st day, 6h. 51m., a. m., E., below horizon.
Last Quarter, 7th day, 10h. 10m. p. m., W.
New Moon, 15th day, 2h. 1m., p. m., W.
First Quarter, 23rd day, 7h. 29m., p. m., S. W.
Full Moon, 30th day, 5h. 46., p. m., S. E.

D. M.	DAY WEEK	SUN rise	SUN sets	MOON rises	HIGH water	DAY'S len'th
		H. M	M. H.	P. M.	A. M.	H. M.
1	Friday	7 30	4 10	4 2	10 27	8 42
2	Saturday	28	10	5 2	11 14	40
3	Sunday	31	9	6 24	11 59	38
4	Monday	32	9	7 50	A 40	37
5	Tuesday	33	9	9 15	1 21	36
6	Wedn's'dy	34	8	10 35	2 9	34
7	Thursday	35	8	11 52	3 2	33
8	Friday	36	8	M	4 5	32
9	Saturday	37	8	1 4	5 12	31
10	Sunday	38	8	2 17	6 25	30
11	Monday	39	8	3 28	7 25	29
12	Tuesday	40	8	4 40	8 23	28
13	Wedn'sd'y	41	8	5 51	9 12	27
14	Thursday	42	8	6 58	9 53	26
15	Friday	43	8	7 59	10 36	25
16	Saturday	43	8	8 50	11 16	25
17	Sunday	44	9	9 30	11 51	25
18	Monday	44	9	10 2	M	25
19	Tuesday	45	9	10 27	0 31	24
20	Wedn'sd'y	46	10	10 41	1 5	24
21	Thursday	46	10	11 4	1 31	24
22	Friday	47	11	11 17	2 17	24
23	Saturday	47	11	11 34	2 53	24
24	Sunday	47	12	11 51	3 35	25
25	Monday	48	13	A 2	4 32	25
26	Tuesday	48	13	0 28	5 54	25
27	Wedn's'dy	48	14	0 46	7 1	26
28	Thursday	49	15	1 39	8 21	26
29	Friday	49	16	2 36	9 27	27
30	Saturday	49	17	3 52	10 21	28
31	Sunday	7 49	4 17	4 19	11 8	8 28

RATES of ADVERTISING

THE following are the Rates and Terms of Advertising as agreed to by the publishers of newspapers in P. E. Island:—50 cents per inch for first insertion, and 20 cents for each continuation. Ten per cent. discount from this rate will be made on all Advertisements continued for 3 months; 20 per cent. if continued for 6 months; 30 per cent if continued for 9 months; and 40 per cent if continued for 12 month.

SPACE.	1 w	2 w	3 w	4 w	5 w	6 w	7 w	2 m	3 m	4 m	5 m	6 m	9 m	12 m
1 Inch.	0.50	0.70	0.90	1.10	1.30	1.50	1.70	1.90	2.61	3.33	4.05	4.40	17.34	6.42
2 do.	1.00	1.40	1.80	2.20	2.60	3.00	3.40	3.80	5.22	6.66	8.10	8.00	5.61	12.84
3 do.	1.50	2.10	2.70	3.30	3.90	4.50	5.10	5.70	7.83	9.99	12.15	13.20	17.01	19.26
4 do.	2.00	2.80	3.60	4.40	5.20	6.00	6.80	7.60	10.44	13.32	16.20	16.60	22.68	25.68
5 do.	2.50	3.50	4.50	5.50	6.50	7.50	8.50	9.50	13.05	16.65	20.25	22.00	28.35	32.10
6 do.	3.00	4.20	5.50	6.60	7.80	9.00	10.20	11.40	15.66	19.98	24.30	26.46	34.02	51.86
7 do.	3.50	4.90	6.30	7.70	9.10	10.50	11.90	13.30	18.27	23.31	28.35	30.80	39.69	57.78
8 do.	4.00	5.60	7.20	8.80	10.40	12.00	13.60	15.20	20.88	26.64	32.40	35.20	45.36	64.20
9 do.	4.50	6.30	8.10	9.90	11.70	13.50	15.30	17.10	23.49	29.97	36.45	39.60	51.03	70.62
10 do.	5.00	7.00	9.00	11.00	13.00	15.00	17.00	19.00	26.10	33.30	40.50	44.00	56.70	77.04
11 do.	5.50	7.70	9.90	12.10	14.30	16.50	18.70	20.90	28.71	36.63	44.55	48.40	62.37	38.52
12 do.	6.00	8.40	10.80	13.20	15.60	18.00	20.40	22.80	31.32	39.96	48.60	52.80	68.04	44.94

All advertisements exceeding 12 inches will be subject to a discount of 10 per cent. additional, if continued for one year.

Auctioneers will be allowed 10 per cent. discount when they advertise to the amount of $30 per year; 15 per cent when to the amount of $45; and 20 per cent when to the amount of $60 per annum, and not otherwise.

The sum of 12 cents per line will be charged for each insertion of all "Special Notices;" and 25 cents for notices in editorial or news columns.

The sum of 50 cents will be charged for the insertion of all Marriage and Birth notices.

PRICES CURRENT.

Ch'town, Dec. 12, 1876.

BREADSTUFFS.	
Buckwheat Flour, per lb	0.03 to 0.3½
Flour, per bbl	5.50 to 7.00
Flour, per 100 lbs	3.00 to 3.25
Oatmeal, per 100 lbs	2.75 to 3.00
FISH.	
Codfish per qtl	3.50 to 5.00
Herring per bbl	4.87 to 6.49
Mackerel per doz.	0.48 to 0.72
BOARDS.	
Hemlock, 100 feet.	0.81 to 0.94
Pine do	1.62 to 2.40
Spruce do	0.97 to 1.30
Shingles, per M.	1.50 to 1.75
POULTRY.	
Chickens, per pair	$0.3 to 30.50
Ducks, (each)	0.20 to 0.30
Fowls, (each)	0.20 to 0.30
Partridges, (each)	0.20 to 0.25
Turkeys, (each)	0.50 to 1.80
Geese (each)	0.40 to 0.55
MEAT.	
Beef, (small pieces) per lb	$0.06 to 0.12
Beef, per lb (by the quarter)	00.5 to 0.09
Ham, per lb	0.10 to 0.12
Lamb, per quarter	0.4½ to 0.09
Lamb, per lb	0.06 to 0.10
Mutton, per lb	0.05 to 0.09
Pork, (small pieces) per lb	0.08 to 0.12
Pork, per lb (by the carcass)	0.06 to 0.07
Veal, per lb	0.03 to 0.08
MISCELLANEOUS.	
Apples per bushel	0.60 to 1.00
Barley per bushel	0.60 to 0.70
Butter (fresh) per lb	0.24 to 0.28
Butter per lb by the tub	0.21 to 0.23
Calfskins, per lb	0.06 to 0.10
Cheese (new milk) per lb	0.14 to 0.16
Cheese, per lb	0.05 to 0.08
Clover seed, per lb	0.00 to 0.00
Eggs, per doz.	0.20 to 0.22
Green Peas,	0.00 to 0.00
Hay, per ton	9.00 to 10 00
Hides, per lb.	0.04 to 0.45
Honey, per lb.	0.24 to 0.24
Homespun, (men's wear) per yd.	0.65 to 1.06
Homespun, (women's do) per yd	0.35 to 0.48
Homespun Flannel, per yard	0.31 to 0.46
Lard, per lb	0.12 to 0.12
Oats, per bushel	0.38 to 0.40
Potatoes, per bushel	0.25 to 0.30
Pearl Barley, per lb	0.03 to 0.00
Sheepskins	0.45 to 0.60
Straw, per ton	2.50 to 3.00
Timothy Seed, per bush,	0.00 to 0.00
Tallow per lb	0.07 to 0.16
Turnips, per bush.	0.14 to 0.16
Wool, per lb	0.17 to 0.25

BUSINESS CARDS.

HASZARD BROS.,
Commission Merchants & Auctioneers,
FORWADING, MANUFACURERS
AND
General Agents,
61 WATER STREET.
Opposite Merchants Bank,
Charlottetown, - - - - P. E. I.
J. E. HASZARD, | HORACE HASZARD.
—:o:—
REFERENCES:
Messrs. Greenshields, Son & Co., Montreal,
Messrs. W. & R. Brodie, Quebec,
Messrs. J. S. Farlow & Co., Boston,
Henry Lawson, Esq., Halifax, N. S.
Hon. Daniel Davies, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
May 3, 1875.

WILLIAM DODD,
Commission Merchant and AUCTIONEER
QUEEN SQUARE,
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.

INSURANCE.

MacKENZIE & STUMBLES,
Auctioneers, Commission Merchants,
AND
GENERAL AGENTS,
77 North Side Queen Square,
Charlotte own. - - P. E. Island.
October 18, 1875.—1y

CARVELL BROS.,
AUCTIONEERS,
Commission Merchants,
AND
GENERAL AGENTS.
Lower Queen St. Charlottetown, P. E. I.

COOMBS & WORTH,
JOB PRINTERS & BOOKBINDERS
51 WATER STREET.
Charlottetown. - - P. E. Island.
Jan.17'76 1y

REVERE HOUSE,
ADJOINING THE POST OFFICE,
ALBERTON, - - - - P. E. I.

The subscriber has fitted up the above House in good style, and wishes to inform his friends, and the public generally that he is prepared to accommodate

Transient and Permanent Boarders.

Charges moderate. Good Stabling on the premises.
RICHARD GLADNEY, Proprietor.
Alberton, Sept. 13, 1875.

MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF
PRINCE EDWARD SLAND.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
ROBERT LONGWORTH, Esq., President,
HON. JAS. DUNCAN,
HON. L. C. OWEN,
HON. A. A. MCDONALD,
HON. J. C. POPE,
THOMAS HANDRAHAN, Esq.,
GEORGE R. BEER, Esq.
Risks taken daily at their office, corner Great George and Lower Water Streets.
F. W. HALES, Secretay.
Ch'town, March 22, 1875—1y

ST. LAWRENCE
Marine Insurance Co.
OF
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
A. KENNEDY, Esq., *President.*
JOHN F. ROBERTSON,
ARTEMAS LORD,
THOMAS MORRIS,
GEORGE D. LONGWORTH.
P. W. HYNDMAN,
W. D. STEWART.
Risks taken daily at their office, Exchange Building.
FRED. W. HYNDMAN,
Ch'town, April 24, 1876.—1y *Secretary*

IMPERIAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
Of London,
[ESTABLISHED 1803]

Subscribed & Invested Capital,
$8,650,000.

INSURES at MODERATE RATES Stores, Warehouses, Dwellings, Churches, Merchandize of all kinds, Produce, Vessels on the Stocks, and other Property.
DETACHED DWELLINGS taken for ONE, TWO, and THREE YEARS at special rates.
Losses Adjusted and Settled Promptly
FENTON T. NEWBERY,
Mar. 20, 1876 Agent for P. E. I

The Isolated Risk & Farmers Insurance Co. of Canada.

PRESIDENT, - - HON. ALEX. MCKENZIE.
VICE-PRESIDENT, - GEORGE GREIG, ESQ.

CAPITAL, $600,000.

Deposited with Dom. Govt., - $100,904.

THIS Company insures Farm Property, Dwellings and contents, Churches, Schoolhouses, and other isolated risks, on the Three Years System, at lowest current rates. Pays all losses caused by lightning, whether fire ensues or not. The agency having been transferred to the subscriber, he is prepared to take risks and renew outstanding policies on most favorable terms.
FENTON T. NEWBERY.
April 24, 1876.—1y Gen'l Agent for P.E.I.

PLAIN JOB AND BOOK PRINTING done at the EXAMINER OFFICE.

NEW FALL GOODS!
1876.
Our Extensive importations
OF
FALL & WINTER GOODS
ARE
NOW READY FOR INSPECTION.
AND OUR
PRICES LOWER THAN EVER!
Friends, give us a call and see for yourselves.
ROBERT ORR & CO.
Oct. 9, 1876

THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON AND GLOBE
INSURANCE COMPANY
FIRE AND LIFE.

Invested Funds, 1st Jan'y., 1874, $21,628,356
Deposited with Receiver General of Canada, 162,800
Other Investments in Dominion of Canada, 367,091

FAIR RATES
Prompt & Liberal Settlements.

Insurance against Fire effected upon Private Residences, Household Furniture and Farm Properties, for
One, Three or more years,
At Reduced Rates.
Office—Great George Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
R. R. FITZGERALD, Agent
Ch'town, July 27, 1874.—6m

Prince Edward Island
STEAMERS.
Fall Arrangement.

On and after Monday, the 23rd inst., the Strs. 'St Lawrence' and 'Princess of Wales' will run as follows:

Nova Scotia.

Leave CHARLOTTETOWN for PICTOU every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY & SATURDAY mornings at 5 o'clock connecting there at 10 a. m. with train for Halifax. Fare to Halifax, $4.10.

Picnic Parties of twenty and upwards can obtain Return Tickets at Charlottetown Office to Pictou and back same day, for $1.00 each.

Returning to Charlottetown,
Leave PICTOU every TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY & SATURDAY, about 1 p. m., on arrival of morning train from Halifax.

Cape Breton.
Leave PICTOU for HAWKESBURY every MONDAY & THURSDAY, on arrival of morning train from Halifax, connecting both ways with Stage and Steamer "Neptune" to and from Sydney and Bras d'Or Lake.
Returning to PICTOU SAME NIGHTS connecting with 10 a. m. train TUESDAY & FRIDAY for Halifax.

Summerside & Shediac.
Leaves SUMMERSIDE for POINT DUCHENE every morning (Sunday excepted) about 9 a. m. or immediately on arrival of 6 a. m. train from Charlottetown, connecting at Point DuChene with day train for St. John.
Returning to SUMMERSIDE same days, leaving POINT DUCHENE soon after arrival of morning train from St. John.
The direct trips between Shediac and Charlottetown, and Charlottetown and Shediac on Sunday evening, will be discontinued, instead of which Steamesr will leave Summerside for Charlottetown, and Charlottetown for Summerside, Saturday evenings.
AGENTS:—Almon & McIntosh, Halifax; Noonan & Davies, Pictou; A. Grant & Co., Hawkesbury; Hanford Bros., St. John.
F. W. HALES, Secretary.
Ch'town, P. E. I., Oct. 19, 1876.

CHOICE PERIODICALS FOR 1876.
THE
Leonard Scott Publishing Co.,
41 Barclay Street, New York,
Continue their authorized reprints of the
Four Leading Quarterly Reviews:
EDINBURGH REVIEW (Whig),
LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW (Conservative),
WESTMINSTER REVIEW (Liberal),
BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW (Evangelical),
Containing masterly criticisms and summaries of all that is fresh and valuable in Literature, Science & Art; also,

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine
The most powerful Monthly in the English language, famous for STORIES, ESSAYS, and SKETCHES, of the highest literary merit.

Terms, Including Postage.
Payable Strictly in Advance.
For any one Review,............$4.00 per annum
For any two Reviews,............ 7.00 do
For any three Reviews,.......... 10.00 do
For all four Reviews,............ 12.00 do
For Blackwood's Magazine........ 4.00 do
For Blackwood and one Review 7.00 do
For Blackwood & two Reviews, 10.00 do
For Blackwood & 3 Reviews.... 13.00 do
For Blackwood & the 4 Reviews 15.00 do

CLUBS.
A discount of 20 per cent. will be allowed to clubs of four or more persons. Thus: four copies of Blackwood or of one Review will be sent to *one address* for $12.80; four copies of the four Reviews and Blackwood for $48.00, and so on.

PREMIUMS.
New subscribers—applying early—for the year 1876 may have, without charge, the numbers for the last quarter of 1875 of such periodicals as they may subscribe for.
Neither premiums to subscribers nor discount to clubs can be allowed unless the money is remitted direct to the publishers. No premiums given to clubs.
Circulars with further particulars may be had on application.
The Leonard Scott Publishing Co.,
41 Barclay St., New York.

POETRY.

WHAT IS SUCCESS?

What is success, that glittering prize
For which we rush with eager eyes,
And beating hearts? I ask of thee,
Brave soldier; can'st thou answer me?
I mark the ribbon on thy breast,
Thy jeweled stars and honored crest;
The people of thy glories sing.
And nations with thy praises ring.
Is thine success, O son of fame ?
He answered, yes, an empty name.

Then turned I to a miser old,
And questioned him; is all this gold
I see thee kiss with greedy tears,
The sweet reward of many years
Of misery and silent pain,
A living sacrifice to gain—
Will all these heavy money bags
Repay such loneliness and rags?
He muttered, gazing at the ground,
'Tis my success, an empty sound.

Beyond the city's mad'ning roar,
I sought an aged hermit's door.
What is success! O, hermit, tell,
I cried, and I will mark the well.
Within this quiet lone retreat,
Beyond the bold intruder's feet.
Hath solitude thy study blest,
And made thee wiser than the rest?
Fair youth, he cried this wilderness
And empty cot is my success.

Go back into the world again,
And mingle with its joys and pain;
Let not ambition mock thy soul
With any distant earthly goal.
Seek not succes; if thou be true
To God and self. 'twill come to you,
Unmasked, unseen, and silently
As yonder river meets the sea.

Thy lot may be a lowly one,
Thy name unhonored and unknown
Among thy race, yet murmer not,
Earth's title will be soon forgot,
When standing 'fore the judgment seat,
The king and humblest peasant meet,
Then only man's success shall be
The approval of Divinity.

LITERATURE.

WENDERHOLME.

CHAPTER XXV.

Philip Stanburne's first afternoon with the four young ladies was rather embarrassing both for him and for them. It is not easy to keep up conversation with a set of girls that are always letting it drop. When men let conversation drop we feel no embarrassment. We read our newspaper or puff our tobacco in silence, and leave our taciturn companions to ruminate in peace. We are not responsible for their pleasures and we are not in any way obligated to keep them amused. But a man finds himself in a very different position when surrounded by non-conversational young women. Every time that they look dull he feels that it is his fault, that it is a proof of his incompetence—of his unfitness for feminine society—of his ignorance of the art of being agreeable. Philip Stanburne had an uneasy sense that he was a failure; but we have seen men of far more brilliant conversational powers than Philip Stanburne's utterly paralysed before an audience of girls. It is not every man that can converse to young ladies as the French professors do at Sorbonne; and if he could, that is not the kind of talk that would suit in a drawing room.

At last Philip gave up the task as impossible, and pretended to look at his prints. But if the girls had little to say, they were pleasant objects of contemplation, and Philip did not study his prints so assiduously as the living nature before him. There was Margaret Anison, the eldest—a tall woman of twenty, with a merry, open countenance and bright eye—an eye that quailed before nobody, and had won her the reputation among the severer old maids of Whittlecup of being a 'bold girl.' She was as straight as a grenadier, and almost as strong too, and being blessed with very good health and an undisturbed nervous system, behaved with a degree of self possession that was not thought quite becoming in a virgin. She never blushed, but her dark complexion—inherited from her mother—showed the rich blood in the cheeks permanently. As to whether she was beautiful or not might be a question. She would have looked well in a picture, but a good statute could scarcely have been made from her. She was tolerably, though not perfectly, good-natured, and that is perhaps as much as can be said for her heart; she was perfectly clear headed, and that all is which may safely be predicted of her intellect.

The second sister, two years younger, had more of the sanguine temperament of her father. His hair, which was red, was inherited by his daughter Sarah in the modified hue of auburn. She had his blue eyes, too, and much of his energy and decision. The youngest was a girl of fifteen, more decidedly pretty than either of the others. In her the two temperaments had been almost equally balanced; the hair was brown, the eyes were grey, and the general physical development, if it did not promise the fine stature of Margaret, or the fulness of the other, gave hopes of a more perfect form.

Alice Stedman was utterly different from her friends.

Her face was generally pale, and her complexion exquisitely clear and transparent, so that when she blushed the color showed itself at once, from the faintest imaginable rose-tint. 'I wish I were a negro woman,' thought poor Alice many a time, 'for then nobody could tell when I was blushing—it would be all hidden under my black skin. I wish I had a black skin.' Other people would have thought this an improvement, and even the blushes which made her so miserable added greatly to the delicate charm she had. As Philip Stanburne watched her now, by that great mighty Margaret Anison, he thought her the most feminine creature in the room—the most ideal maiden. She had a way of looking up from her work when she was spoken to, and pausing, and then suddenly looking down again, which for some unaccountable reason seemed to Philip the prettiest possible expression of attention. 'I should like to make her look up at me in that way,' he thought.

'Miss Stedman,' he said, with an alarming abruptness.

She looked up at once, but it was not the look he wanted—not the quiet listening look, as if the eyes and not the ears were listening. It was a glance of surprise and almost alarm. Philip felt as if he had put his hand on some sleek animal to caress it, and frightened it away from him. It was necessary, however, to go on as quickly as possible now.

'I beg your pardon; pray excuse my curiosity. May I ask if your father, Mr. Stedman, is not a botanist?'

'Oh yes,' said Alice relieved, 'papa is very fond of botany.'

'Then no doubt he is the same Mr. Stedham I had the pleasure of spending an evening with about a week ago in an inn at Whittlecup, the night before my accident. He said he had been in my neighborhood seeking for plants.'

Miss Stedham laid her work on her lap, and looked up at Philip with a rather puzzled expression. 'In your neighborhood,' she said. 'Is that far from here.'

'About thirty miles off: Stanithburn Peel, in Yorkshire.'

It was plain from Alice's face that she never heard of the place before.

'I—I don't know. He may have been there when I was at school.'

And the work was resumed at once. 'Another failure,' thought Philip. Then he began to notice Alice Stedham's hands. 'What uncommonly pretty hands they are,' he thought. 'I never saw such before in my life!' They were rather plump, and of a warm white, with taper fingers slightly curved backwards; and as she turned her work there were rapid, supple movements, clearly indicative of a neat and quick dexterity as far as possible removed from awkwardness. The arms, meanwhile, were perfectly quiescent, and the face pallid, the eyelids hiding the eyes, as Alice looked down upon her work.

'I wish I knew something about botany,' thought Philip. 'Very likely she's a botanist herself, as her father is one. Putting this thought into question he ventured to say,—

'Probably, Miss Stedham, as Mr. Stedham is a botanist, you are one.'

'Oh, no,' she answered quickly.

'Don't believe her, Mr. Stanburne,' said Margate Anison, 'she tells fibs. She has drawn every plant that grows within ten miles of Sootythorn. Her drawings are very much esteemed by botanists. I heard a gentleman say that be would give a great deal of money for them if they were for sale.'

'Ah! it is very well, Miss Stedham, to hear other evidence about you than your own.'

'Alice began to be afraid that she was 'going red,' and the fear made her blush very perceptibly. Her voices was slightly indignant when she spoke, and she had a surprised look which became her very well.

'Indeed, I don't tell fibs, Madge Anison. I am not a botanist at all. I draw the plants for papa, but I cannot remember their Latin names—a botanist knows them all.'

'But if you know the form or color of the plants as you must know them when you have drawn them carefully, surely you must be a botanist in a certain sense—in a far higher sense, than the man who knows the Latin names without remembering the plants themselves as you must remember them.

'There, Missy Lissy, what have you got to say to that, I wonder?'

Alice Stedman was so utterly unaccustomed to flattery, however delicate, that it embarrassed her more that a woman of the world could easily believe. She had an uncomfortable feeling that she had somehow got herself into a sort of scrape, and only wished to be well out of it.

'Real botanists would not call me one,' replied Alice.

'Well, now, that's positively impertinent and ungrateful too, Miss Alice Stedman,' went on Madge pitilessly. 'Mr. Stanburn kindly pays you a little compliment, and you return it by telling him that he is no botanist. How do you know that he is not a botanist? You never saw him before today, did you?

'No—yes—no, certainly not—except—'

'Upon my word, Mr. Stanburne, this young lady does tell fibs—she does indeed. I ask her if she's seen you before, and she say she has and hasn't in the same breath. Lissy, you surprise me!'

'I wish you wouldn't tease Lissy so, Madge,' said Miss Sarah; 'you are most provoking—you are indeed. If I were Lissy I would hate you, I would.'

'You have seen Mr. Stanburne before then, haven't you? Avow it.'

This time poor Alice did 'go red' under Margaret's steady gaze. The two other young women suspended their occupations to look at her. Philip Stanburne thought it necessary to interpose.

'I believe—indeed I think I may say that I am quite sure—that I had the pleasure of seeing Miss Stedman in a bookseller's shop in Sootythorne a few days ago.'

'You have an uncommonly good memory Captain Stanburne,' said Margaret, to remember every young lady you meet in shops.'

'I am far from laying claim to so good a memory as that. On the contrary, I forget faces very easily, but I do not forget Miss Stedman's.'

'Do you hear that, Missy Lissy? Captain Stanburne declares that he can never forget your face. Upon my word you have made an impression.'

'Really, Madge,' said Alice, 'I wish you would let me alene—you are too bad. I cannot tell what's the matter with you today.'

Margaret jumped from her chair and gave Alice Stedman a kiss on each cheek, then sat down to the piano and thundered a complicated harmony. Gradually this subsided and gave way to a waltz, whose voluptuous movement she accented artistically. She stopped abruptly, and sighed loudly enough to be heard by her sister Sarah.

'Well, Margaret, what on earth are you signing about like that?'

'It's enough to make anybody sigh to play waltzes and never dance them. We haven't been to a dance for an age. There were only two last winter in all Sootythorn and there wasn't one in Whittlecup. We live like nuns in convents. Arkwright Lodge is a convent and Alice Stedham is the model nun. She never thinks about dances, but it is because she can't dance—isn't it Lissy? You'd be giddy if you'd try to waltz, would'nt you?'

'There are two sorts of giddiness,' said Alice, demurely.

'Do you hear that Captain Stanburne? She insinuates that I am morally giddy, whereas she, the model nun, is only so physically. That's just the way with her! She looks so gentle and soft and nice that she takes people in. Don't let her take you in, Captain Stanburne. She says the severest things sometimes.'

Here the waltz was resumed, at first rather too vigorously to be a just interpretation of its sentiment; but as this excess subsided, the movement was more delicately marked. When it was finished, Margaret Anison closed the piano and said: 'I wonder when we shall have a waltz in a ball-room?'

'Not for a long time,' answered Miss Sarah; 'it is not the time of the year. You will have to wait until Christmas.'

'Not the time of the year! This comes of living in the country. They dance continually in London during May and June, and why shouldn't we in the country? We are as strong as they are and we need amusement a great deal more. They can go to the opera and to theatres and concerts. We have no concert at all, and only one miserable choral society's concert once a year, when the fiddlers all play out of tune. The only thing we can do is to dance, and our rustic usages forbid us that.'

A bright idea occurred to Philip Stanburne, and he politely asked whether, in case he could induce the militia officers to give a ball, the young ladies would do him the honor to accept his invitation. His proposition was warmly received by all except by Alice Stedham—she remained quite silent.

'And you, Miss Stedham,' said Philip, would you go to the ball?'

'I am afraid I couldn't.'

'Ha, ha, Captain Stanburne, you don't know what an obstinate young Puritan you have to deal with. You'll never get Alice to go to a ball. Why, she has only been to three dances in all her life, and they were quite private little affairs. Her papa won't let her dance anything but quadrilles, and positively forbids her both public balls and theatres.'

'I don't know that he quite forbids me, Margaret, but I know papa would rather I would not go, and so I never ask leave to go.'

'He would refuse if you did.'

'I am not sure that he would refuse—indeed I feel certain that he would give his consent, but it would be rather against his wish, and so I would never ask for it.'

'What a good girl you are Alice!' said Miss Sarah, 'I wish we were as good.'

'Nonsense,' interposed Margaret. 'She is not really good; she only gives up pleasure that she is quite indifferent about. She would rather knit stockings for her papa than dance.'

'You say nothing but unkind things about Alice to-day, Margaret; couldn't you be rather more charitable, and give her credit for a little self-denial?'

'Quite willingly, though not about dancing. She really doesn't care about dancing; but she cares about dress—she is the most dress-loving woman in Sootythorn.'

'Margaret!'

'Nay, wait a minute, Missy Lissy. You are the dress-loving woman in Sootythorn, and you dress like—like Alice Stedman, because you give half your allowance to poor factory girls when the're ill. I'm ordered to acknowledge your self-denial, and I acknowledge it.'

This observation led Philip Stanburne to compare the two young ladies more consciously than he had hitherto done. Miss Anison was splendid in silk and jewelry, and Miss Stedman, though on a visit to her friends, was as simply dressed as she well could be. But the simplicity became her; splendour became Margaret Anison; and perhaps it may have been due quite as much to a delicate feminine instinct as to economy.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Mrs. Ogden and her grandson reached Sootythorne rather late that evening—namely, about eight o'clock; and as it happened that she knew an old maid there—one Miss Mellor—whose feelings would have been wounded if Mrs. Ogden had passed through Sootythorn without calling upon her, she took the opportunity of doing so whilst the horse was baited at the inn. The driver took the fly straight to the Thorne; and when Mr. Garley saw a lady and a little boy emerge therefrom, he concluded that they intended to stay at his house, and came with his apologies for want of room. 'But we can let you 'ave a nice parlour, mum, to take your tea, and I can find you good bedrooms in the town.'

Mrs. Ogden declined these obliging propositions, in the hope that Mrs. Mellor would offer her a night's lodging. It was not that she loved Miss Mellor so much as to desire to stay longer under her soof than was necessary to keep her in good temper, but she had made sundry reflections on the road. 'If I stop at the Thorn they'll charge me 'appen 'alf-a-crown for my bedroom, and Jane Mellor 'ad a nice spare bedroom formerly. It really is no use throwing money away on innkeepers. And then there's our tea; they'll make me pay eighteen pence or two shillings for it at Garley's, and very likely as much for little Jacob. It's quite enough to have to pay seven shillings for the horse and fly.' And in any case there would be time to get on to Whittlecup after the horse had had his feed.

But Miss Mellor, who had not been to Shayton or heard direct news of Shayton for several years, was so delighted to see Mrs. Ogden that she would not hear of her going forward that night. She won them by the offer of mental and corporeal pleasure—a small collection of toys and picture books supplying the first, whilst the latter were given through the infallible medium of goody. Little Jacob was not yet old enough to be above these bribes, and he bestowed his affection in exchange for them.

As Mrs. Ogden breakfasted with her friend in the morning she did not reach Whittlecup till eleven o'clock. The lieutenant had left for Sootythorn in the morning, and his brief indisposition was over. But his mother was resolved that a recurrance of it should be averted; and to that end she sought private lodgings in Whittlecup, as far as possible from the temptations of the Blue Bell. Whittlecup was not a place where lodgings were much in demand. No human being would entertain the notion of going there for pleasure or for study: but there were two or three resident bachelors who lived in lodgings, an articled clerk or two, and an old gentleman who had property in the place. The said old gentleman lived over a shoemaker's shop; and as he had gone to Buxton for the summer, he had given permission to his landlady to re-let his apartments during his absence. Here, then, did Mrs. Ogden establish herself; and she got another bedroom in the same house for the lieutenant, who was exercising his men in Sootythorn in ignorance of these changes.

'The devil take the people,' said Isaac Ogden when he got back to the Blue Inn, and had gone as usual to his bedroom,—'the devil take the people, they've hidden all my things.'

Just then came a gentle rap at the door and the servant-maid entered. 'Please sir, your mother's come, and she says you are not to sleep here any more, sir; and she's fetched your things over to Mr. Wood's, the shoemaker.'

It is at all times vexatious and humiliating to the independent spirit of man to be disposed off by female authority, but it is more especially so when the authority is one's mamma. A grown up man will submit to his mother on most points if he is worth anything, but the best of sons does not like to see his submission absolutely taken for granted. In this case there was an aggravation in the look of the servant girl. Notwithstanding the respectful modesty of her tone, there was just a twinkle of satire in her eye. It was plain that she was inwardly laughing at the lieutenant. 'Damn it,' he said, 'this house is good enough for me; I don't want to leave it.' Yet he did leave, nevertheless.

Continued on Fourth Page.

COMPLIMENTARY NOTICE.

The *Athenaeum*, published by the pupils of Acadia College, has the following complimentary notice of Mr. Fletcher's lecture, "Six Weeks on Wheels":—

"The second lecture of the season, 'Six Weeks on Wheels,' by Mr. Fletcher, of the *Island Argus*, was one which made us all feel that it was good to be there. We always feel in a good humor when we think of it; a little ripple from the great wave of merriment that swept over us comes purling back till it breaks in a satisfied smile over our thoughtful visage. As soon as the lecturer commenced to speak, we felt that we could lean back and enjoy ourselves. And we were not mistaken. From the time when we stepped with him out of the editorial sanctum in P. E. I., till he brought us to the busy marts of San Francisco in the Golden State, we knew what it was to be in jovial company, and in profitable company withal. Wit, good-humor, practical philosophy, picturesque descriptions, those were the wheels on which he hurried us across the continent, and a very pleasant ride we had. His pictures of prairie and mountain scenery were striking and interesting; his sketches of California and its customs and manners, were instructive; but his story of the rise and progress of a western town was simply overwhelming, and carried the audience away beyond all the bounds of sobriety on a great flood of joviality. We think we have never before, in Wolfville, seen an audience so thoroughly abandoned to incontrollable laughter. We believe we gained a pound of flesh over some of the jokes which the genial editor perpetrated. It were idle to add that we went back to ous studies that night refreshed and rejuvenated. And now when the blues steal quietly over us, as they are so apt to do during this dreary weather, we remember our last lecture, and it is pleasant, though not mournful to our soul.'

PUBLIC OPINION.

What are the real results of the two last last elections which we have been just considering? In the first, the Government has lost the support of Mr. Laird, a member of the administration, and secured, instead of him, an active and energetic opponent. In the latest election, they have just succeeded in maintaining a supporter by a narrow squeeze, in a constituency formerly considered safe. In both instances, the Government has suffered a serious diminution of public support, and that too in constituencies chosen by itself. In other words, the meaning of these two elections is, that day by dayand hour by hour there is furnished the most conclusive evidence to prove that the Government is going down hill so steadily and perceptibly that its early fall is a moral certainty.—*Pictou Standard.*

Men who are accustomed to look at things from the stand point of common sense and reason, cannot bring themselves to take so hopeful or favorable a view of affairs. To them it seems that the election of Mr. Pope instead of Mr. Laird, means the loss of Prince Edward Island to the Government, for it is generally admitted that this constituency was the undoubted stronghold of the Government on that Island.—*Standard.*

The last speculation of Mackenzie Bros., is in road scrapers. By the time the sleeping partner awakes to the necessity of resigning his position, won't they have scraped together something nice? Grantism on a small scale?—*Port Rowan Spirit of the Age.*

The able defenders of Messrs. Mackenze and Blake have taken to their heels and fled before the charge made in this journal a few weeks ago in connection with the $25,000 job at the Godrich harbour. Well, perhaps that is the better plan after all. They cannot defend it and so they do wisely in throwing up their briefs and clearing out of court. It is a scandalous thing that a charge of this magnitude could be allowed to hang over the two most prominent members of the Government without a word of denial, but the era of 'Reform' has introduced us to some very queer things, and this is one of them.—*West Durham News.*

AN EFFECTIVE SPEECH.

A young gentleman of more than ordinary intelligence, but who by the way is an exceedingly bashful young fellow, concluded to pay a visit to a public school. He was particularly partial to the intermediate department of the institution, over which an accomplished and bewitching young lady presided. After the usual exercises, the prepossessing preceptress asked her pupils if they would not like to hear a few remarks from Mr. ——, and the unanimity with which the little folks answered 'Yes!' made it equally embarassing for our hero to decline as to attempt a speech, and he arose and opened with the following exordium:—

'I love to note such an advancement as you are making. And I know you love your teacher—do you? I do! And—that is, I mean I loved my teacher when I was a little boy.'

After this declaration laughter prevailed among the students, while the speaker was nervously handling an an ink bottle on the desk by which he was standing. After cheering subsided he again proceeded, still fumbling with the ink bottle:

'I have often seen boys and girls act the fool, but—'

At this juncture he tipped the ink over, which went streaming down the desk, and he immediately hauled out his snow-white handkerchief, wiped it up, and then placed it back in the pocket from which he took it. In the meantime the scholars were giggling, while the schoolma'am shook her head at them—as much as to say that she would settle with them in the morning for their bad demeanour. He then continued:

'As I was about to remark, when I was young I—I—well—'

He became confused. The prespiration began running down his burning cheeks, and while he was endeavoring to think of something more to say, he drew the handkerchief with which he had rid the desk of the spilt ink, gave it a wipe across his brow and then down each cheek. Happening to discover what he had done, and coming to a realizing sense of his situation, he grabbed his hat and went out of the schoolroom like the shot out of a gun without even bidding the charming young schoolmistress a fond farewell.