Summerside Journal.

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

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Not called for
Returned
Several times
before

THE
Summerside Journal
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JOSEPH BERTRAM,
AT HIS OFFICE, CENTRAL STREET.

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Almanac for March, 1868.

MOON'S PHASES.

First Quarter, 2nd day, 12h.36m., morn., N.
Full Moon, 8th day, 4h.9m., A'noon, below h.
Last Qtr. 15th day. 11h.14m., A'noon, below h.
New Moon, 24th day, 2h.46m., mor., below h.
First Qtr., 31st day. 8h.13m., more., below h.

D M	DAY WEEK	SUN rises	SUN sets	sun slow clock	sun's dec. south	moon sets	day's length
		h m	h m	m s		h m	
1	Sun	6 43	5 43	12 28	7 21	0 8	10 59
2	Mo	41	45	12 15	6 58	1 15	11 2
3	Tue	39	46	12 2	6 35	2 19	5
4	Wed	37	48	11 49	6 12	3 18	9
5	Thu	36	49	11 35	5 49	4 9	12
6	Frid	34	50	11 21	5 26	4 59	15
7	Sat	32	51	11 6	5 2	5 43	18
8	Sun	6 31	5 52	10 51	4 39	rises	11 21
9	Mo	30	53	10 36	4 15	7 11	23
10	Tue	28	54	10 20	3 52	8 20	26
11	Wed	26	55	10 4	3 28	9 20	29
12	Thu	23	57	9 47	3 5	10 33	34
13	Fri	19	58	9 30	2 41	11 36	39
14	Sat	17	59	9 14	2 18	morn	11 42
15	Sun	6 15	6 1	8 56	1 54	0 30	46
16	Mo	14	2	8 39	1 30	1 24	48
17	Tue	13	3	8 22	1 6	2 17	50
18	Wed	11	4	8 4	0 43	2 59	53
19	Thu	9	5	7 46	0 19	3 42	56
20	Fri	7	6	7 28	nth.	4 17	59
21	Sat	5	7	7 10	0 27	4 50	12 2
22	Sun	6 3	6 8	6 52	0 51	5 20	12 5
23	Mo	6 1	9	6 33	1 15	5 49	8
24	Tue	5 59	11	6 15	1 38	sets.	11
25	Wed	58	12	5 57	2 2	7 55	14
26	Thu	56	13	5 38	2 25	9 2	17
27	Fri	54	15	5 20	2 49	10 0	21
28	Sat	52	16	5 2	3 12	11 9	24
29	Sun	5 50	6 17	4 43	3 36	morn	12 27
30	Mo	48	19	4 25	3 59	0 9	31
31	Tue	45	21	4 7	4 22	1 9	35

Summerside Markets.

March 12, 1868.

Oats per bush	2s 9d
Barley per bush	3s 6d a 4s
Potatoes per bush	1s 9d a 2s
Turnips per bush	10d a 1s
Butter per lb by Tub	10d a 1s
Lard per lb	9d a 10d
Tallow per lb.	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	10d a 1s
Beef per lb	3d a 4d
Mutton per lb	2d a 3d
Pork per lb by carcass	3½d a 5d
Geese each	1s 6d a 2s
Flour per bbl	60s a 65s
Oatmeal per cwt.	18s a 20s
Hay per Ton	70s a 80s
Straw per cwt.	1s 9d
Pine Boards	10s
Spruce Boards	4s a 5s

Charlottetown Markets.

March 12, 1868.

Beef (small)	4d a 6d
Do. by quarter	3d a 4d
Mutton	4d a 6d
Lamb per lb.	3½d a 5d
Butter	13d a 15d
Do. by tub	1s a 13d
Cheese	4d a 7d
Tallow	9d a 10d
Lard	8d a 9d
Flour lb.	3d a 3½d
Oatmeal 100 lb.	20s a 22s
Eggs	15d a 16d
Potatoes	2s a 2s 3d
Turnips	13d
Barley	3s a 9s
Oats	2s 9d
Boards (Hemlock)	4s
Spruce	4s a 5s
Pine	7s a 9s
Shingles	12s a 15s
Wool	1s a 1s 6d
Hay	70s a 80s
Straw cwt.	1s 6d a 2s
Homespun	5s 6d a 6s
Sheepskins	2s a 3s
Calfskin lb.	5d a 9d
Hides lb.	4½d

Business Cards.

BANK OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
Corner of Queen & Water Sts., 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—Hon. JOHN R. GARDINER.
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.

DAVID BERTRAM,
Saddle and Harness Maker,
Water Street . . . . . Summerside.
October 12, 1865.

Business Cards.

THOMAS KELLY,
Barrister - at - Law
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
SUMMERSIDE, - - - - P. E. ISLAND.
aug. 9, 1866

FRANCIS LONGWORTH,
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
☞ Office—PAVILION HOTEL.
(next door to the Hon. Joseph Hensley's.)
CHARLOTTETOWN - - - P. E. Island.
Jan. 17, 1867. 1y

WILLIAM M. HOWE,
Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public.
ST. ELEANOR'S.....P. E. ISLAND

Co-Partnership Notice.
THE Subscribers have this day entered into CO-PARTNERSHIP as BARRISTERS and ATTORNIES-AT-LAW, under the name, style and firm of
ALLEY & DAVIES
OFFICE,—O'HALLORAN'S BUILDING,
GREAT GEORGE STREET.
GEORGE ALLEY,
LOUIS H. DAVIES.
Charlottetown, Oct. 18, 1867. oct 24.

KITSON CASEY, M D.,
Physician, Surgeon & Accoucheur
formerly Assistant Surgeon in the U. S. Navy, offers his professional services to the people of Summerside and vicinity. He can consulted at his office, over the Store of Green & Schurman, in Summerside.
June 13, 1867. tf

DR. PRICE,
Physician & Surgeon,
OFFICE—At the SUMMERSIDE DRUG STORE, next door to Bank, Central Street
SUMMERSIDE, ... P. E. ISLAND.
October 12, 1865.

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

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

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, 1867.

James Greenough,
FLOUR
Commission Merchant.
No 47 Commercial Street
Corner of Clinton Street - - - - BOSTON.

HANFORD BROTHERS,
Successors to Thomas Hanford,
Commission Merchants
And General Agents,
11 NORTH MARKET WHARF,
ST. JOHN, N. B.,
Chas. U. Hanford ..... Fred.S.Hanford.
Jan. 21, 1868.

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

THOMAS FRIZZEL,
Boot and Shoe Maker,
WATER STREET,
opposite Green & Schurman's Store.
Boots and Shoes of a superior quality constantly on hand, and for sale cheap.
Summerside, June 6, 1867 1y

JABEZ HUDSON,
Authorized Auctioneer,
GENERAL AGENT, &c.,
TRYON, - - - - - - P. E. I.
June 27, 1867.

C. L. RICHARDS,
Importer and Wholesale Dealer in
British & Foreign Groceries.
1, Head North Wharf,
ST. JOHN, - - - NEW BRUNSWICK.
Dec. 6, 1866. 1y

Important to Shipbuilders
Blocks! Blocks! Blocks!
IF YOU WANT TO RAISE THE
Price of Vessels
in England, order a set of those SPLENDID BLOCKS, which everybody is praising, from
YOUNG'S.
Terms Liberal.
Water-st., Summerside, Sept. 26, 1867.

Business Cards.

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, 1867.

Fountain House Hotel.
King Square, (North Side,)
ST. JOHN, N. B.
The Subscriber having leased the above Hotel, and refitted the same, is now prepared to accommodate Transient and Permanent Boarders, and trusts by attention to meet a share of public patronage.
Having also leased the commodious Stable attached, and secured the services of a careful Hostler, who will be in attendance at all hours, travellers will be sure to get satisfaction at lowest rates.
JAMES W. THOMSON,
Proprietor.
St. John, N. B., July 4, 1867.—1y

CRAWFORD'S HOTEL,
No. 9. King Square, St. John, N.B.
Permanent and transient Boarders accommodated on reasonable terms.

In connection with the above the subscribers have opened a
First Class Grocery Store
where they will keep constantly on hand, Flour, Corn Meal, Provisions, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, and all articles usually kept in a Grocery Store.
J. CRAWFORD & SON.
May 30, 1867.—1y

Commercial Hotel,
NEW ARRANGEMENT!
COACH FARE PAID!
IN FUTURE the COACH FARE of all travellers from the Railway Station and Steamboat Landings in this City to the COMMERCIAL HOTEL, King Street, who make their stay one day or upward, WILL BE PAID by the Proprietor.
FARE AT THE HOTEL:
TRANSIENT.
One Day, - - - - - - - - - $1 00
One Week, - - - - - - - - 5 00
PERMANENT.
Per Week, - - - - - - $3 25 to $4 50
The HOTEL is situated on the best business street in the city, and nearly opposite the WAVERLY. It is handsomely fitted up and calculated to accommodate some fifty persons very comfortably.
D. P. HOWE, Proprietor.
St. John, N. B., Nov. 7, 1867 1y

SAWS,
SAWS! SAWS!!
SAWS of the best quality, and at the following Cash prices, always on hand at the manufacture of the subscribers:—
CIRCULARS.

DIAMETER.	DIAMETER.
36 in. $20 each	34 in. $18 each
32 in. $16 each	30 in. $15 each
28 in. $12.50 each	26 in. $11 each
24 in. $9 each	22 in. $8 each
20 in. $7 each	18 in. $5.75 each
16 in. $5 each	14 in. $4 each
12 in. $3 each.	

Mill Saws 5½ feet, $5 each; Buck Saws 28 $7 per dozen, set and sharped.
A. RICHARDSON & Co.
St. John, N. B. April 11, 1867.y

BRING ALONG YOUR HORSES!
SMITHS FORGE.
THE subscriber having engaged the services of a good HORSE SHOER, and CARRIAGE and SLEIGH MOUNTER, he is now prepared to execute all such work, as well as all other work in his line of business, at his Forge (Sutherland's old stand) on Water Street, opposite the store of Colin McLennan, Esq.
NEWTON LEE.
Summerside, Nov 21, 1867. 3m

North British and Mercantile
INSURANCE COMPANY.
FIRE AND LIFE.
Established 1809.
CAPITAL: TWO MILLIONS, Sterling.
HEAD OFFICES:
EDINBURGH & LONDON.
G. W. DeBLOIS,
Agent at Charlottetown.
Forms of Application can be had by applying to Mr. J. BERTRAM, *Journal* Office, Summerside.
Charlottetown, June 20, 1867.—1y

Cash. Cash. Cash.
R. T. HOLMAN still pays the HIGHEST PRICE in Cash for OATS.
Summerside, Dec 12, 1867—3m

Wholesale Customers
Will find it to their advantage to call and see samples of
The Assorted Crates of
CROCKERYWARE
still remaining for sale, at a small advance on cost.
ALSO:
CONFECTIONARY,
KEROSENE OIL,
PITCH, TAR, OAKUM,
ANCHORS, IRON,
TOBACCO, PIPES,
CHAINS, NAILS,
SULPHUR, ROPE,
SALTS, SALTPETRE,
DYE-STUFFS,
STARCH,
COPPERAS, MATCHES, CANDLES, BAKING SODA,
WASHING SODA,
PLOUGH MOUNTING,
SHEET IRON,
HOUSE COAL.
R. T. HOLMAN.
Summerside, Dec 12, 1867—3m

POETRY.

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

"Where's the coward who would not dare
To fight for such a land?"—*Marmion.*

BY FELECIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

THE stately Homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land.
The deer across their greensward bound,
Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry Homes of England!
Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light!
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told,
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed Homes of England!
How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breaks from Sabbath hours!
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime
Floats through their woods at morn;
All other sounds, in that still time,
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage Homes of England!
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves,
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair Homes of England!
Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared
To guard each hallowed wall!
And green forever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God!

Select Literature.

Kate Livingston, or the Estranged.

A LESSON FOR WIVES.

WHILE the wintry blast swept in wild gusts along, penetrating the crevices of miserable hovels, and striking the chill of death to the heart of many a poor creature, there were homes of luxury and splendor, where the smallest bijou would have been wealth to many a starving one beneath its shade.

Neither taste or elegance could have suggested an improvement in the decorations of the apartment where Pierce Livingston and his lovely young wife were cosily chatting away the long winter's evening on the night of which I speak. There was happiness there, over which the dark cloud of domestic infelicity was first rising on the horizon, but it was not seen by the happy husband or loving wife.

* * * * * * *

In the gay "saloons" Mrs. Livingston was the bright "particular star." Her bonmots were pronounced sparkling, her toilette exquisite, her manner pleasing in the extreme, and what Mrs. Pierce Livingston wore and what she said, were household words in every fashionable establishment. With the most child-like simplicity of manner Kate had been the presiding deity of her husband's house. Hitherto she had centered her affections in the narrow circle of that home, and lavished all the love of her young heart upon its treasure, as she was wont to call her husband. But now she had stepped across the wonted threshold to go forth into the wide world, leaving its quiet shadows, where her smile had dispensed sunbeams on all around, for the gay and gilded halls where mirth and revelry reigned triumphant. She could not look beyond that brilliant pagentry, and feel that all its glittering display was but the superficial barrier that divided her from the loftier aims and purposes of life; and though the stream of splendor was fair to look on, she knew not then on its deceitful tide she was gliding on to an abyss of wretchedness. In vain had Pierce expostulated and reasoned with her. In vain had he implored her to cease the dissipation which like a whirlpool was drawing her into its narrowing circle, where their peace must be engulfed forever. As night after night was spent in the same ceaseless round of revelry, he renewed his efforts to resume the subject or to lecture her again. From that hour a dark gulf rolled between her and her husband's heart, for Pierce had closed it against her, and estrangement was written above its portal.

Oh! thou wind of midnight; upon thy invisible wings thou bearest a fearful burthen. The widow's wail over the cold clay form of her protector—the deep sigh that bursts from the bosom of remorse—the orphan's cry—the maniac's wildering scream—the last breath that heaves the bosom of expiring humanity as the lamp of life is darkening beneath the shadowy pinions of death. On such a night we behold Kate dressed for a brilliant masquerade. The costume she had selected was one well designed to display her queenly form and heighten charms so radiant as hers. The wealth of her night-black hair folded in a massive coil around her small head, was fastened by a glittering serpent in whose ruby eyes the concentrated light flashed like a fitful flame. As she stood waiting, she contrasted the past with the hollow mockery of the present, when her carriage was announced. She hastily flung her cloak around her, pausing but a moment as she passed the library, as though intently listening, while an old tenderness passed across her face; she uttered a deep sigh that sent a shudder to her heart, but she went on thinking if he but said one word, how gladly could she go to him, with open heart, fling herself at his feet and in the forgiveness of the past build the joyous hopes of a new and brighter future.

He turned to her with a look of scorn, and said, "I would like to be alone, nor should I desire to detain you from the festive scene where your smiles diffuse so much radiance."

Gathering up the folds of her mantle around her, and bending upon him a look of defiance and reproach, Kate Livingston swept from the room, murmuring, "'Tis well—'tis very well."

The parlors of Mrs. Stevens were illuminated and hung with festoons of rare flowers; in the enclosure of a window that overlooked the garden, stood Kate Livingston. The pale moonbeams, straying through the foliage of the lawn, fell upon her face and revealed the same expression that it wore an hour before when she had crossed her husband's threshold. Her reverie was broken at length by a tap on her shoulder, when turning quickly, her eyes met those of Rashleigh Grant.

"Are you standing for a statue of Niobe, Mrs. Livingston, or are you striving to eclipse yonder bright constellations by the lustre of your eyes."

"Neither one or the other, as you awakened me I was dreaming of a paradise where no flatterers were allowed to enter."

"By the way, where is your gallant husband this evening?"

Her voice was slightly tremulous as she answered, "Mr. Livingston is at home."

Could she have gazed upon that husband as he sat in the dim library, where she had left him in his loneliness, and beheld the proud man with his head drooping on his breast, and his whole frame convulsed with agony, while the little pale-faced child crept to his knee, and twining her tiny fingers in his hair, sobbed, "Don't cry—mamma will come back again." Could she have looked on that picture she would have fled from the yawning gulf of misery that rolled its turbid waters at her feet, and have been spared the trial of its tearful depths.

"You are sad to-night," said Rashleigh. "Will you not confide your sorrows to me, Kate? Surely you are not afraid to trust me?"

"Can you wonder I am sad when I contrast the past with the present; now I can only call a smile upon my lip, while the heart writhes beneath the torture of the effort that it costs."

"Listen to me, Kate. I love you. Leave the husband who cannot realize your worth, who casts you from him like a toy of which he has grown weary."

Slowly Kate rose to her feet and cast such a glance of withering scorn on her companion that made his bold eyes seek the ground, unable to meet the proud light of virtue that gleamed in hers.

"You are very kind, Rashleigh Grant, in thus counselling me to give my husband's name to dishonor—to blast, with the lightning breath of a mother's shame, a lovely child. It is generous—it is noble in you, and deserves from me an answer. Know, sir, that though I may be cast from that husband's heart, it is still to me like some sacred shrine, and the thought that I have one been its worshipped idol, shall keep the temple unprofaned, and the light of love that once shone on me from its pure depths will beam in mine until my pulse ceases to throb. Infamy and his noble soul will be strangers, while it remains with me to keep it untarnished. Farewell, sir!"

"I will win you yet!" he hissed after her, as she turned and left him.

The next morning, Mrs. Livingston as the early sunlight was stealing in through the half closed blinds, lay on a lounge with her heavy black hair thrown from off her face, the traces of tears were moist upon her cheeks, when the husband entered. A shudder passed over him as he gazed upon her. Ere she could realize her situation, he demanded her to reveal to him all that had transpired between herself and Rasheleigh Grant on the preceding evening.

Before night a challenge had been sent, and a meeting arranged for the ensuing morning. Thrice had Kate sent word to Rashleigh to avoid the meeting, but although he was unprincipled, he was not a coward, and he heeded not her prayers.

Pierce rose early in the morn, and bade all in the house farewell. He took the child in his arms and tenderly caressed her, then loosed her from him, and as the dear memories of the happier days came thick and first upon him, he traced these lines to his wife:

"KATE, *My Own Dear Wife*: A few short moments and I shall depart on a journey from which I may never return, for mine is an errand of life or death! Should I fall you will in those few lines read my full forgiveness of the past. I know you will mourn for me, and let the first bright unclouded moments of our wedded life alone linger about your heart, and the memory of that happiness will banish the bitter reflections of later years. And now once more, farewell.

PIERCE."

He arrived at the place of meeting soon after. The ground was then measured, and the seconds took their places. Rashleigh Grant extended his hand to Pierce and said:

"Pierce Livingston, your wife is innocent, and should I fall, remember that you have listened to a dying man who tells you that she has rebuked his insolence as he deserved."

"I believe you, Rash," he replied, "but it is too late to recede."

The report of pistols echoed through the valley, and ere it died away, Pierce Livingston fell with his life-blood gushing from his heart, dyeing the green sward at his feet. That morning his child awakened worse than orphaned, and his wife to a fearful widowhood.

Alone,—it is a little word, but very sad, because we can ponder on it until we shut out the space that widens, till we grow afraid to look.

The fearful lesson saddened many years in the life of Kate Livingston—years in which by prayer and meditation, she learned to follow her Saviour, on whose bosom she found peace. And when at last she was wooed again by one who loved her, she did not accept the offer to become his wife until she had told him of the past. He listened with emotion to her confession, at the conclusion of which he renewed his offer and Kate again became a wife.

A few weeks since I made her a visit. Her home is the abode of content, and her life is flowing calmly, interspersed with good deeds. Whenever she thinks it advisable for the good of any of her acquaintances, whom she thinks are in danger of making the same fearful mistake which clouded her young life, she relates her story, and its effects have been for good to many who have listened to the narrative.

SUCCESS.—The successful man is not necessarily the man to be envied—not always the happiest man. Human nature cannot have its own will long, without becoming deteriorated by it. We are appointed to struggle, and in struggling our highest life is developed. The time will come when the laws of our present condition will cease, and when we shall be able to bask in the sunshine of success without danger to our virility, or enervation of our virtues. Till then, it is our wisdom to accept our lot, and make the best of it—to seek for our enjoyment in our work rather than what the work produces—to till the soil, and dismiss all needless anxiety about the harvest—to be more concerned that we should be right than that we should succeed; in a word, to bear ourselves like well-disciplined soldiers, with whom strict obedience is the most sacred of obligations, and who are thereby absolved from responsibility as to results. Then, so far as success is vouchsafed us it will be grateful; so far as it is denied, it will not disconcert us. Thus living our life will be its own success.

THE DIGNITY OF THE BRITISH NATION.—The New York *Sun* says: "England, though a cross between a bully and a pedler, covers the heads of her subjects with the national shield, whether on sea or land, and in whatever part of the world they may be found. No man wears her livery or invokes the protection of her flag in vain. She searched American ships for British-born sailors, in the face of protests and war. She demanded the return of Mason and Sidell, two American traitors, to the deck of the British steamer from whence they had been taken, and Mr. Seward went on his knees. King Theodore refused to surrender half a dozen of her subjects, and she prepares to ravage Abyssinia with fire and sword."

TIME.—It is an undoubted truth that the less one has to do, the less time we find to it. One yawns, one procrastinates, one can do it when one will, and therefore one seldom does it at all; whereas, those who have a great deal of business must (to use a vulgar expression) buckle to it, and then they always find time to do it in.

THE FISHERIES AND OUR FUTURE.

From the Canadian for February, 1868.

Having in previous articles spoken of the vast extent and unequalled productiveness of the fisheries of the Dominion of Canada, and the propriety of duly considering their importance in any treaty of reciprocity between Great Britain and the United States, we would proceed to call attention to the influence they must necessarily wield upon the future destiny of the Dominion.

To such a country as the Dominion of Canada—so wide in extent, so varied in productions, and so rich in resources—a large increase to the population is of the greatest possible importance. Men are what are most needed—honest and industrious, with minds to plan and hands to labor. If "population is wealth," it therefore follows that not only individual efforts but sound legislation should be directed toward giving an impetus to those branches of business which promise the best and safest returns. Every effort should be made to attract to Canadian shores the tens of thousands of emigrants who annually seek homes upon this continent. But, unfortunately, instead of this, thousands of our countrymen—the young men, the bone and sinew, the life-blood of the population—leave their homes every year to seek their fortunes in the United States. This is to be deeply regretted, and ought, if possible, to be prevented. But how can this be done most effectually? By convincing them that they can obtain remunerative employment at home; that their chances of success are as good in their native land as elsewhere; and that honest, patient, persevering effort is, in general, sure to be rewarded.

In no department is success more certain than in that of the fisheries. No where in this wide world can this business be so favorably prosecuted as in the maritime provinces; and as long as fish inhabit the sea and mankind the land, the trade can never fail. The natural advantages of the people of these provinces are very great. The fish are on their coasts—in their bays and rivers—at their very doors. Much of their time may be devoted to other avocations; and when wind, weather, and fish invite, they can go forth upon short voyages, and dry and pack their catch upon their own land. And yet, strange to say, with all these inducements to labor, the liberal provisions of a beneficent Province are unappreciated and neglected. We remember seeing within a distance of some ten miles on the western coast of Prince Edward Island, about two hundred sail of American fishermen prosecuting a profitable business, while the people upon shore were complaining of poverty, and many of them leaving the country. If strangers, with distance and other disadvantages to contend against, can thus find remunerative employment in our waters, what is there to prevent our own people doing the same? Annexationists would tell us that we have not the native energy, tact, and perseverance of the New-Englanders; but the stalwart sons of Old England will hardly believe the assertion. Nations, like individuals, are sometimes unconscious of the ability that is slumbering within them, and need to be aroused to a realization of their powers and priveleges. We are determined to awaken interest in this matter—we shall agitate it continually. The public men of the dominion must make themselves thoroughly acquainted with it; the people must be taught the folly of abandoning home, friends, and the glorious heritage of Britons, for what may be obtained at their own doors. The Canadian government must build up and protect the fisheries, and encourage every man who engages therein in every proper possible way. Let this be done, and not only will the native-born population be glad to remain, but others will find it to be to their interest to make their homes in the Dominion.