LITERATURE.

"COME HOME, WILLIE!"

A STORY FROM REAL LIFE.

The night was bitterly cold. I was glad to turn up the collar of my top coat to shield myself somewhat from the wind, which seemed as if it would pierce through the warmest covering, as I took my way home from the house of a friend. Passing along by one of the private gardens which adorn our beautiful city, I heard a noise as of some one crying bitterly, and soon reached the place whence the sounds proceed. Seated on the parapet-wall of the railing was a young workingman in his garb of toil, with an infant on his knee, and by his side sat a fair young creature, evidently his wife and the mother of the babe which lay in its father's arms. Alas! that those arms should be so anworthy of the precious burthen.

'Come home, Willie!' she sobbed out as I passed, and in the moonlight I could see her sweet young face dimmed with tears as she pleaded with her husband.

'No, I won't come home! I'll sit here as long as I like; just you hold your tongue!' he replied angrily, caring nothing for the entreaties of his young wife.

'Give me the baby, Willie; oh! do give me the baby! she'll catch cold, Willie!' and the mother tried to take the babe from its father's arms.

'No you won't have the child! It's comfortable enough where it is. Don't think, Jessie, that I care for your crying. You can cry your eyes out for all I care; so you may just as well stop it. Hold off! I tell you, or I'll dash ———'

A scream from the mother interrupted his brutual words, and, unable to retain myself, I was about to step forward to the young mother's assistance, when a 'bull's eye' flashed along the street. I had stopped a short distance from the group, uncertain at first whether I should interfere,as I was afraid it might produce harm instead of good, until my anger at the young man's unfeeling conduct impelled me to interpose. The watchman, however, had unexpectedly appeared upon the scene and as he heard the sound of weeping, quickened his steps.

'Come, now, don't make any noise here but be off home!' he exclaimed in the rather gruff tone of his calling, and wife and husband rose, the babe still in it's father's arms.

'Oh, sir don't do anything to him! It wasn't him; it wasn't him; it was only me crying. Don't do anything to him, sir!' pleaded the young wife with tears in her eyes.

He would have had a hard heart, indeed, who could have been insensible to her supplications. I could see the watchman's eyes glisten as she placed her hand on his arm and looked fearfully up into his face. Ah, yes, under his official sternness he had a soft heart, that guardian of the night. Very likely he had a fond wife at home,and perhaps beloved children for whom he would have given his own life. No wonder then that the tears glistened in his eyes and that when he next spoke it was in a softer tone, in which pity for the poor wife overcame his anger at the drunken husband. Yes, there lay the secret of the whole scene. Yet the young workman—a decent, comely looking young man, was not so much under the influence of the horrid curse but that he could walk steadily along, his gentle wife walking beside him, and pleading with him to give her the 'baby;' but when they turned the corner of the silent street and were hid from my view, the child was still in the arms of its father.

They reached their home, a humble one in a lowly quarter of the town, but the neatness which reigned around betokened the presence of woman's gentle hand. He lay down to sleep of the effect of the drink which he had taken, while his loving wife after seeing him comfortably reposing, with a sad and sorrowful heart attended to her child.

One would have thought who had heard the storm of abuse which William Malcholm showered upon his wife,in language which at tmes was horrible to hear, that he was was a brutual wretch, devoid of feeling; but he would have been mistaken. When sober, he was one of the kindest of husbands, and loved his babe with an almost womanly love. But when the demon DRINK had taken possession of soul, ah! then—alas! that so many should know the horid brutality which the poison instils into the heart of its victims.

The hours sped slowly on. In the middle of the night the anxious mother was awakened by a strange noise which she had never before noticed in her child's breathing. The mother's heart was alarmed, and in her anxiety she awakened her husband.

'Willie, Willie, dear, there's something the matter with the baby!'

'Oh, it's only a slight cold she's got. She'll be better in the mornin',' he muttered, half awake and rather angrily at being disturbed, and then turned to sleep. Sleep visited not the mother's eyes; anxiety for the child was above all other thoughts. She lay awake listening to the hoarse noise, and half afraid again to disturb her husband. Even she thought it was only a cold which the child had got, an ailment to which it was rather prone. In the stillness of the night, and with all her feeling strung to hear the slightest note of alarm she fancied the childs breathing was getting hoarser. Yes, there was no doubt of it; her babe was getting worse.

'Willie, dear Willie, do waken dear! Baby's very ill."

'What? Who says baby's ill?' he exclaimed, starting up.

'Hush, Willie,do you hear that strange noise?'

The father was now thoroughly awake and in his right mind. Yes, he heard the noise—a hoarse, croaking noise which accompanied the child's every breath. He was alarmed now, and love for the babe was the uppermost feeling in his heart.

'Hadn't you better go for the doctor, Willie?' asked his wife gently.

'Oh, yes, Jessie! I'll go at once, and the father hurridely prepared to depart.

'Don't be long, Willie dear.'

'Never fear, Jessie, I'll be as fast as I can.'

Out into the night; the wind blew right in his teeth, as if it would shiver his very frame. But what cared he for the wind? Was not his child ill—perhaps dangerously ill? The thought sent a thrill of agony through his heart, and he rushed on faster than before. The nearest doctor must be sought. He reached the house and rang the bell.

'Is the doctor in?' he asked with quivering lip.

'No, sir, he was called out some time ago;' and the servant maid, none the more civil because she had been awakened from her sleep, closed the door.

He must go for his own doctor then. 'Oh that he would be in!' he rushed through the street, the watchman, as he walked his weary round looking suspiciously at him as he passed. He rang the bell. Minutes seemed to pass, and still no one answered. At last the door opened.

'Is Dr. Smith in?' He was almost afraid to look the servant in the face, lest he might read the dreadful answer in her eyes.

'Yes,'

Strange that that simple word should have such power to lift such a load from his mind.

Wiliam Malcolm was ushered into a room and the doctor presently came in. The father hurriedly described the symptoms of his child's illness—the croaking noise which accompanied its breathing. That was enough. *Croup*. The doctor knew the symptoms too well.

'I shall be along immediately. Put the feet in warm water as soon as you get home.'

With a lighter heart than he had left it the father returned to his home. Alas! that he should be fated to have his heart weighed down by a still heavier load of agony. His babe was worse; unwilling as he was to believe it, there was no getting away from the dreadful thought

The child lay in its cot, its face livid, breathing with so much difficulty that sometimes the poor mother thought it would be suffocated. The father told her what the doctor had advised, and she immediately proceeded to do what she could. But the fire was out, and it was some time before she could get it lighted, and longer still before she could get warm water. While she was thus engaged a rap came to the door; it was opened, and the doctor entered. He went at once to where the babe lay with closed eyes, unconscious of the sad hearts that stood around.

'Poor thing!' the doctor muttered, in too low a tone, however, for the parents to hear him. Various remedies were tried; all that a skillful physician could do was done, but of no avail. The child was past all human help, and reluctantly and soothingly the kind doctor told the agonised parents. The mother sat tearfully down to watch her dying babe the father stood as if stunned—he could not at first take in the full extent of his sorrow. As the bitter thought became fully realized in his mind he caught the doctor by the arm, and with wildness in his tone cried out—

Oh! doctor! save baby; save her—save her! She must not die, doctor! If she dies doctor, I've killed her. Oh, save her! save baby! Oh, doctor can't you save baby?'

The doctor quietly placed him on a chair. 'William, your child is past all human aid—no power on earth can save her. Do not forget this: 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord?' Be a man, William, and don't give way thus.'

Oh! it is difficult to comfort the heart when the object of its dearest affection is convulsively breathing the last breath, and nothing can save—not all the gold on earth, not all the love in the most loying of human hearts.

The doctor spoke comfortingly to the sorrowing father, who hung over his dying child, watching every motion of its little frame with intense earnestness. A sudden paryoxsm, a short struggle, and the firstborn lay asleep in its mother's arms. Asleep in Jesus, at last! No more should the feeble breath be painfully drawn, nor the little limbs racked with convulsive pain; no more should the bright blue eyes look lovingly into the mother's face nor the sweet voice lisp a childish welcome to the welcomed father.

The kind doctor had departed, his last words directing the sorrowful hearts to that future where they might meet their beloved one, and the parents were left alone in the presence of the dead. The poor mother looked a last fond look on her dead babe; the father buried his head in his hands and wept—strong tears such as only a man can weep.

The sun rose in all the sparkling brilliancy of a winter morning, and the warm sunlight streamed into the desolate dwelling, making it still more desolate. Why did the sun shine on sorrow like theirs? Ah mourner! does it not lead the weary soul from this sin-clouded world, to where thy babe rests lovingly, in the sunlight of its Father's smiles.

And still the sorrow-stricken father sat there, his head buried in his hands as if to shut out all recollection of his loss. The tears were bitter tears that trickled thro' the claspen hands, but they were sweet in the relief they brought to a repentant heart. And when his wife went and knelt beside him and gently whispered 'Willie,' the husband raised his head, and saw the sweet face looking lovingly through its tears into his.

'Oh, Jessie!'

The strong arms were thrown round her neck, and the bereaved ones in their deep sorrow clung to each other with a stronger love—a love knit by the bonds of death.

By the side of their dead babe, in the presence of Him who can heal all sorrows the husband and wife knelt loving together and prayed—a deep and earnest prayer that God helping them, another drop of the *accursed drink* should NEVER AGAIN TOUCH THEIR LIPS. And although the bright blue eyes were closed, a sweet smile hovered over the dead child's face, an angel's testimony that the prayer had been heard in its Father's house.

One night a trombone player wished to be absent from the orchestra in a New York theatre, and, as there was another trombone, instead of asking leave of the leader he resorted to the expedient of getting a friend to go in and take his seat. Watch the other trombone,' said he to his friend, 'puff out your cheeks well, keep your fingers active, look alive, and you will pass muster.' All went right until a passage for two thrombones was reached. Not a sound from the instruments was heard. It turned out that both thrombone-players has resorted to the same ruse.

M. Alexander Dumas invariably begins the business af the day by warming himself a plate of soup which has been left out for him the night before. He can thus get up at whatsoever hour he pleases, independent of servants' whims, refresh himself, and set to work till noon. Napoleon III, took coffee and milk for breakfast, and the Pope takes black coffee. Buffon's breakfast consisted of a crust of bread and two glasses of wine. But the most remarkable of all breakfasts was the customory meal of the Emperor Charles V, in the small hours. A servant would awake His Majesty, and forwith set before him a chicken stewed in milk. The Emperor ate it drumsticks and all, and went to sleep again.

A charming anecdote is told concerning the late Felician David. A little time before his death he applied to be admitted to the Academy of fine arts, and beforehand every member formally promised to support his election. When the day arrived no one voted for him. One of the vow-breakers called upon him immediately afterwards. 'Perhaps you have been astonished,' he said to David, 'at what has taken place.' 'Certainly,' replied the artist.' 'Well, the fact is,' said the Academician, 'that we had a prize of 20,000 francs to bestow. We could not give it to one of our own members, and as we thought it might be of more use to you than a nominal honor, we did not elect you.' The following day David received the money, which was very welcome to him, as he was very far from being a rich man.

THE MOST POPULAR and most valuable medical work ever given to the press are those written by the Consulting Physician of the "Peabod, Medical Institute," Boston who has devoted his life to the study of the subjects of which he treats in their pages. These books are published by the Institute, whose advertisement may be found in our columns, and should be perused carefully by the young of both sexes. "The Science of Life, or Self-Preservation," is a practical treatise upon matters deeply concerning the health and vigor of both old and young, and has already had a career of usefulness and popularity gratifying to the author. Equally admirable is the work entitled "Sexual Physiology of Women and Her Diseases,' by the same able author, who has recently written and published still another entitled "Diseases of the Nerves and Nervous Maladies," a timely production. A Gold Medal has recently been presented to the author of these works by the National Medical Association. See advertisement.

RETURNING PROSPERITY IN IRELAND.

No one who now revisits Ireland after an absence of some years can have any doubt that she has made a considerable advance in material prosperity says the London *Spectator*. Evidence of the fact is borne in upon him in a multiplicity of ways. The prosperity is not such as this country enjoys, but of its kind it is real and considerable. It has been attained through terrible sufferings that reflect discredit on our statesmanship and our intelligence, but now that the suffering is past it is some consolation that it has not been undergone altogether in vain. The great emigration which followed the famine has diminished by competition for the land, has brought the population within the limits the wages and can support, and in short has made the general condition tolerable.

If that were all, the prosperity would be unsubstantial indeed. In the middle of last century there was a famine as grievious as that of '47, and yet the beginning of the present century saw the population outgrowing the means of subsistence. If there were at present, then, no more than a reduction of numbers, we might well fear a repetition of the difficulties and suffering of the period before the potato failure. But fortunately there is much more than a reduction of numbers, or rather, the reductions of numbers only makes room for the action of the favourable causes. Inefficient and defective as in many respects the national schools are, they still have been at work for forty years, not without producing good fruits.

Yet more powerful has been the influence of emigration. Thousands of people pass to and fro annually between Ireland,England, the United States and Australia. They bring to the knowledge of the stay-at-homes a new world, new states of society, new conditions altogether. All these things have dispelled the mists of insular prejudices and insular ignorance that hung over the land, and have swept with a fresh breeze the nooks and crannies of helpless apathy. Moreover, the vast multitude that are settled beyond the Atlantic and in the South Pacific have made America and Australia sound like home to the Irishmen. He is no longer resigned, therefore, to injustice or poverty. He knows that the world is wide. He stands upon his independence and resolves to better himself if he thinks he is not treated well. Employers and landlords understand the the feeling, and they do not presume as of old. Lastly, the Land Act has improved immeasurably the position of the farmer.

A SINGULAR PRESENTIMENT.

On the first of the last months a gentleman well known in Boston, and a dealer in tea there, came to this place to see a cousin he had never before the pleasure of meeting, and was prevailed upon to stay over night. After all had retired the family heard the stranger walking the floor above them, but supposing that he would call them if he was unwell or needed any assistance, they soon fell asleep. In the morning he told his friend that he had a very singular dream, not only once, but several times over. He dreamed that he had cut a man's throat from ear to ear, and so vivid was the picture he could not sleep. After laughing over the matter a little he took breakfast and proceeded to the depot, assuring the wife of his friend that upon arriving in New York he would telegraph to her upon what day she might look for a small chest of fine tea that he had promised her. The telegram came as agreed, saying it would be at the express office the next day. On taking up the New York *Herald* of September 5 the following notice appeared, and was read by two or three in in the factory where the young man works, and who were knowing the facts above stated:

"A person by the name of Dixon was found last evening in this city with his throat cut from ear to ear."

Not thinking it was his friend, he duly called at the express office for the tea, but as it did not arrive he supposed his friend had forgotten it. A day or two ago he received a letter from Dixon, Bellevue Hospital, saying that on the evening he left Danbury he called on a friend of his, with whom he stayed till about eleven o'clock, and had hardly reached the sidewalk when some unknown person knocked him down, and the next he knew he was at the hospital with his throat cut six inches across. The wound has been attended to and he was getting along finely, and as soon as he could get out he would send the chest of tea.—*Danbury Cor. New Haven Register.*

RANDOM READINGS.

What piece of carpentry becomes a gem as soon as it is finished?—A gate.

Good headquarters for young men—On the shoulders of their sweethearts.

When does a ship of war become a ship of peace?—When she drops her rancor.

Here is the verdict of a Kansas jury: 'Died of a kick in the stomach from his wife, and he never knew what hurt him.'

Match factories are the best places to look for amateur pugilists. The employes are constantly engaged in boxing matches.

'Oats wanted, enquire within,' was inscribed on a placard hung to the ribs of a scrawny nag that some wag had thrown adrift in the streets of Summerside the other day.

'I don't think,' says old Mrs. Prawn, 'that book-keeping is a very sedate employment. They must get,' she added thoughtfully, 'so much excercise running up the columns.'

They said to the father of one of the prize-winners at the Conservatory; 'So your son has earned his spurs.' 'Yes,' replied the practical old man, 'and now he has got to earn his boots.'

Our Military Manœuvres!—Irish drill Sergeant (to squad of Militiamen)—Pr's'nt 'Arms!' (Astonishing result)—Hiv'ns! what a prisint!' Just stip out here now, and look at yersilves!'—*Punch.*

'Does our constant chatter disturb you?' asked one of the three talkative ladies of a sober-looking fellow passenger. 'No, ma'am I've been married nigh on to thirty years,' was the reply.

Only one hundred and seventy new newspapers were established in America last month, as long as the number doesn't go over 6,000 per year, each paper can be certain of fifteen or twenty subscribers.

'Wherever you find many men, you find many minds,' exclaimed a public speaker. ''Taint so, by jingo!' responded one of the auditors. 'If you'd only ask this whole crowd out to take a drink, you'd find 'em all of one mind.'

A soldier on trial for habitual drunkeness was addressed by the president of the court-martial: 'Prisoner, you have heard the prosecution for habitual drunkeness; what have you to say in your defence?' 'Nothing please your honor, but habitual thirst!'

Exclusive.—Doctor: 'I'm pleased to say, Mrs. Fitzbrown, that I shall be able to vaccinate your baby from a very healthy child of your neighbour Mrs. Jones's.' Mrs. Fitzbrowne: 'Oh, dear doctor, I could not permit that! We do not care to be mixed up with the Jones's in any way.'—*Punch.*

The following, which is suggestive to coffee dealers, is from a tombstone in Connecticut:—

> Here lies, cut down like unripe fruit,
> The wife of Deacon Amos Shute:
> She died of drinking too much coffee,
> Anno Dominy eighteen forty.

This note from a Chicago girl to her lover was made public through a lawsuit: 'Dear Samie, Pap's watermelons is ripe. Come and bring some poetry like you brought afore. My love for you will ever flow like water running down a tater row. Bring a piece as long as your arm, and have a heap more about them raving ringlets and other sweet things. Come next Sunday and don't fule me.'

SUBMISSION.—There comes a terrible moment to many souls when the great movements of the world, the larger destines of kind, which have lain aloof in newspapers and other neglected reading, enter like an earthquake into their own lives; when the slow urgency of growing generetions turns into the thread of an invading army or the dire,clash of civil war, and grey fathers know nothing to seek for but the corpses of their blooming sons, and girls forget all vanity,to make lint and bandages which may serve for the shattered limbs of their betrothed husbands. Thon it is as if the Invisible Power that has been the object of lip-worship and lip-resignation became visible according to the imagery of the Hebrew poet, making the flames his chariot and riding on the wings of the wind, till the mountains smoke and the plains shudder under the rolling, fiery visitation. Often the good cause seems to lie prostrated under the thunder of unrelenting forces; the martyrs live reviled, they die, and no angel is seen holding forth the crown and the palm branch. Then it is that the submission of the soul to the Highest is tested, and even in the eyes of frivolity life looks from the scene of human struggle with the awful face of duty, and a religion shows itself which is something else than a private consolation.—From George Eliot's "Daniel Deroda," in *Harper's Magazine for October.*

A gentleman caught a negro carrying off some of his fancy poultry the other night. 'What are you doing with my chickens?' he yelled. 'I wuz gwine fer ter fetch 'em back, boss. Dere's a nigger 'roun' here what's bin 'sputin' longer me 'bout dem chickens. I said dey wuz Coachin' Chynız, an' he said de was Alabamer pullets, an' I wuz jes takin' 'em roun' fer ter stablish my nolledge. Dey don't lay no aigs, does dey boss? Ef dey does, I'm mighty 'shamed er hustlin' uv 'em 'roun'. Aigs is scase.'

RESPECTABLE POCKET-PICKING.—A Frenchman, while at Naples, was introduced at an assembly of one of the first ladies by a Neapoliton nobleman. While he was there his gold snuff box was stolen from him. Soon after, being at another house, he saw a person taking snuff out of his box. He turned to his friend:

'There,' said he, 'that man in blue, with embroidery, is taking snuff out of my box. Do you know him? Is he not a professional sharper?'

'Take care,' said the other, 'that man is of the first quality.'

'I don't care for his quality,' replied the Frenchman, 'I must have my box again. I'll go and ask him for it.'

'Pray be quiet,' said his friend, 'and let me get it back for you.'

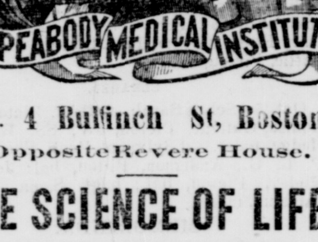
Upon this assurance the Frenchman went away, after inviting his friend to dine with him next day. He came next day, and as he entered exclaimed:

'There, I've brought your snuff-box.'

'Well, how did you obtain it?'

'Why,' said the Neapolitan nobleman, 'I did not wish to make a noise about it, so I picked his pocket.'

EPOCHS.—Extensions, we know, is a very imperfect measure of things; and the length of the sun's journeying can no more tell us how far life has advanced than the acreage of a field can tell us what growth may be active within it. A man may go south, and stumbling over a bone, may meditate upon it till he has found a new starting-point for anatomy; or eastward, and discover a new key to language telling a new story of races; or he may head an expedition that opens up new continental pathways, get himself maimed in body, and go through a whole heroic poem af resolve and endurance and at the end of a few months he may come back to find his neighbours grumbling at the same parish grievance as before, or to see the same elderly gentleman treading the pavement in discourse with himself, shaking his head after the same percussive butcher's boy, and pausing at the same shop window to look at the same prints. If the swiftest thinking has about the pace of a greyhound, the slowest must be supposed to move, like the limpet, by an apparent sticking, which after a good while is discerned to be a slight progression. Such differences are manifest in a variable intensity which we call human experience, from the revolutionery rush of change which makes a new inner and outer life, to that quiet recurrence of the familiar which has not other epochs than those of hunger and the heavens.—From George Eliot's "Daniel Deronda," in *Harper's Magazine for October.*



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HAZEN B. BIGNEY & Co.,
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Sept. 18, 1876.

EXCURSIONS

TO

PICTOU AND RETURN

FOR ONE DOLLAR!

Fine Chance for Picnics.

THE Steam Navigation Co. will during the summer months issue Tickets to Parties of TWENTY and upwards, for Excursions to Pictou and return same day—available every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.

The stay at Pictou will be from three to four hours, and trains run so that persons might spend over two hours at the Coal mines.

Special arrangements can be made for Meals and Staterooms at reduced rates.

By Order,

F. W. HALES, Secretary.

Ch'town, July 24, 1876.

Old Sydney Mines!

At Work Again.

COAL ORDERS on the above mentioned Mines; also on the Lingan, Cape Breton and Albion, (Pictou) mines, are given by the subscriber, at his office, No. 35 Water Street. Terms as usual.

G. W. DEBLOIS, Agent.

Ch'town, August 14, 1876.—2m

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),
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Containing masterly criticisms and summaries of all that is fresh and valuable in Literature, Science & Art; also,

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

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For Blackwood and one Review	7.00	do
For Blackwood & two Reviews	10.00	do
For Blackwood & 3 Reviews	13.00	do
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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 b had on application.

The Leonard Scott Publishing Co.,

Nov 175 41 Barclay St., New York.

Boston Steamers!

CARROLL & WORCESTER.

WEEKLY LINE.

ONE of the above Steamers leave Boston every SATURDAY at noon, for Charlottetown; and returning, leaves here every THURSDAY, at 5 o'clock, p. m.

PASSENGERS will find those steamers to have Superior accommodation.

EXCURSION TICKETS, for round trips to and from Boston, $15.

For freight or passage, apply to

CARVELL BROS, Agents.

Ch'town, July 10, 1876.—3m

Notice to the Public.

THE subscriber has opened a BOARDING HOUSE in Prince Street, opposite the English Church, where a number of Boarders can be accommodated. Good stabling for the horses of transient visitors.

TERMS MODERATE.

PHILIP BEERS.

Aug. 21, 1876.—3m

Prince Edward Island

STEAMERS.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

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.

New Brunswick, Canada, and United States.

Leaves SUMMERSIDE every day (Sunday excepted) on arrival of morning train from Charlottetown,connecting at Shediac with trains from each of above named places, and at St. John with Steamers of the International Co. for Portland and Boston. Also, leave Charlottetown for Shediac direct, about midnight every Sunday.

Returning, leave Shediac every morning (Sundays excepted) on arrival of night trains from St. John, Halifax and Canada, for Summerside; connects there, without delay, with trains for all parts of the Island. Also, leave Shediac, every Saturday evening about six o'clock for Charlottetown direct. Passengers by these direct Steamers travel by day train to St. John.

AGENTS:—Almond & McIntosh, Halifax; Noonan & Davies, Pictou; A. Grant & Co., Hawkesbury; Hanford Bros., St. John.

F. W. HALES.

Ch'town, P. E. I., 17th July, 1876.

THE PEOPLE'S PAPER.

It will be our aim to make

The Examiner

EMPHATICALLY

THE PEOPLE'S PAPER,

to make it represent

The People's Wants and the People's Opinions;

to make it a free, liberal, independent, outspoken, and powerful champion of the

PEOPLE'S RIGHTS!

In order to do this, it is necessary that we receive the

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TO SUPPLY THEIR WANTS

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At Moderate Prices

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REASONABLE EXPEDITION.

William L. Cotton.

PURSE FOUND.

FOUND, a purse containing a sum of money. The owner can have it on proving property and paying for this advertisement. Apply at the

EXAMINER OFFICE.

Ch'town, July 10, 1876.

Prince Edward Island Railway!

CHANGE OF TIME.

ON and after MONDAY, June 5th, trains will run as follows:—

TRAINS GOING WEST.

STATIONS.		Express.	Mixed.
Georgetown	Dep.	7.00 a.m.	
Cardigan		7.26	
Mount Stewart	Arr.	8.50	
	Dep.	9.00	
Royalty Junction		10.20	
Charlottetown	Arr.	10.40	
	Dep.	10.00	
Royalty Junction		10.20	Dep. 3.30 p.m.
North Wiltshire		11.03	3.50
Hunter River		11.16	4.37
Kensington		12.30 p.m.	4.52
			6.1
Summerside	Arr.	1.00	Arr. 6.45
	Dep.	2.00	
Wellington		2.50	
Port Hill		3.32	
O'Leary		4.54	
Alberton	Arr.	6.00	
	Dep.	6.30	
Tignish	Arr.	7.30	

TRAINS GOING EAST.

STATIONS.		Express.	Mixed.
Tignish	Dep.	6.15 a.m.	
Alberton		7.15	
O'Leary		8.19	
Port Hill		9.40	
Wellington		10.25	
Summerside	Arr.	11.15	
	Dep.	12.00 m	
Kensington		12.30 p.m.	Dep. 7.30 a.m.
Hunter River		1.44	8.02
North Wiltshire		1.57	9.20
			9.33
Royalty Jun'n		2.40	Ar. 10.20
			Dp. 10.30
Charlottetown	Arr.	3.00	Ar. 10.50
	Dep.	2.20	
Royalty Junction		2.40	
Mount Stewart	Arr.	3.50	
	Dep.	4.00	
Cardigan		5.18	
Georgetown	Arr.	5.45	

Souris Branch.

Going West.			Going East.		
STATIONS.		Mixed.	STATIONS.		Mixed.
		A. M.			P. M.
Souris	Dep.	6.00	Ch'town	Dep	2.26
Harmony		6.23	Royalty Junc.		2.40
St. Peter's		7 37	M. Stewart	Ar	3.50
M.Stewart	Arr.	850		Dp	4.00
	Dep.	9.00	St. Peter's		5.13
Roylt'y J'c't		10.20	Harmony		6.25
Ch'town	Arr.	10.40	Souris	Ar.	6.45

C. J. BRYDGES,
Gen'l Supt. Gov. Railways.
W. McKECHNIE,
Supt. P. I. R.

Charlottetown, June 12, 1876.—6ins

The Greatest Medical Discovery OF THE AGE!

After lengthened experiments,

Dr. Samuel La'Mert,

of 15 Gower Street, Bedford Square, London, has discovered an infallible remedy in all cases of Nervous and Physical Debility, Spermatorrhœa, and Impotence, the results of Solitary Habits, excess or infection. The treatment is based on experience acquired during more than twenty-five years successful practice, and has rarely been found to fail. Patients residing in the Colonies, can be treated by correspondence, and the appropriate remedies can be forwarded, with safety and secresy, by post. Dr. La'Mert's work on

The Phisiology of Marriage,

with a review of the causes that lead to domestic infelicity, and prevent the attainment of the legitimate objects of the married state may be had, price 25 cents, of J. H. Woolrich, Druggist, Halifax, N. S., of H. A. Parr, Druggist, Yarmouth, N. S., of Henry Elliott, Pictou,N.S., and of Bremner Brothers, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Aug. 3, 1875.

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FEDERAL Officers, Soldiers and Sailors of the late war, or their heirs, are in many cases entitled to money from the Government which has been found to be due since final payment. Write full history of service, and state amount of pay and bounty received.

Certificates of Adjutant General U. S. A., showing service and honorable discharge therefrom, in place of discharges lost, procured for a small fee.

Enclose stamp to Gilmore and Co., and full reply, with blanks will be sent free.

Pensions. Pensions.

ALL Federal Officers, Soldiers and Sailors, wounded, ruptured or injured, in the line of duty in the late war, and disabled thereby, can obtain a pension.

Widows, and minor children of Officers, Soldiers and Sailors, who have died since discharge of disease contracted or wounds and injuries received in the service and in line of duty, can procure pensions by addressing Gilmore & Co.

Increased rates for pensioners obtained. Bounty Land Warrants procured for service in wars prior to March 3, 1855. There are no Warrants granted for service in the late rebellion.

Send stamp to Gilmore & Co., Washington, D. C., for full instructions.

May 29, 1876.

Prescription Free

FOR the speedy Cure of Seminal Weakness, Lost Manhood and all disorders brought on by indiscretions or excess. Any Druggist has the ingredients.

Address DAVIDSON & Co., Box 2296, New York. Sept. 13, 1875.

Another Supply of Wheeler's Compound Elixr OF Phosphates and Calisaya

Fellows' Syrup of Hypophosphites,
The Great Shoshonee's Remedy,
Kennedy's Medical Discovery,
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Dr. Baxter's Chalybeate, an iron Tonic,
Dr. Larookah's Pulmonic Syrup,
Peruvian Syrup and Iron Combined,
Whitwell & Clark's Quinine Wine,
Largeson's Calculifuge, for Dropsy, &c.,
Radway's Renovating Sarsaparillian,
Grant's Wild Cherry or Indian Bitters,
Dr. Flint's Quaker Bitters.
Dr. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters,
Constitutional Catarrh Remedy.

JUST RECEIVED BY
WM. R. WATSON.

City Drug Store, Victoria Building, March 6, 1876.

Consumption Cured.

AN old physician retired from active practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India Missionary the formula of a simple Vegetable Remedy, for the speedy and permanent Cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a Positive and Radical Cure tor Nervous Debility, and all Nervous Complaints, after having thoroughly tested its curative powers in thousands of cases, feels it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a conscientious desire to relieve human suffering he will send (*free of charge*) to all who desire it, this recipe with full directions for preparing and successful using.. Sent by return mail by addressing with stamp naming this paper.

DR. W. C. STEVENS.

Munroe Block, Syrause, N. Y. jan 17 '76

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