

The Examiner

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Table with columns for Month, Day, and various astronomical data like Sunrise, Sunset, Moonrise, Moonset.

ALMANAC FOR MARCH, 1876.

Table with columns for Day, Week, Sunrise, Sunset, Moonrise, Moonset, and other astronomical data.

PRICES CURRENT.

Table listing various commodities and their prices, such as Flour, Fish, Meats, and other goods.

The Greatest Medical Discovery OF THE AGE! After lengthened experiments, Dr. Samuel LaMert, of 15 Gower Street, Bedford Square, London, has discovered an infallible remedy in all cases of Nervous and Physical Debility.

POETRY. HOPES LIGHT IS SHINING YET.

'Tis true that time may swiftly pass, And years as quickly fly; And every hope that springs to birth May wither, fade and die.

LITERATURE. THE IRON WILL.

Logan sat thoughtful a moment, and then said, as he rose to his feet. 'Agreed. It'll be the best thing for us as well as for our families.'

'That is impossible. He has disowned me—has ceased to love me or care for me. I cannot go to him again; for I could not bear, as I am now, another harsh repulse.'

LOCAL LEGISLATURE. HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.

Mr. HOLLAND—I second the motion. Mr. L. H. DAVIES—I don't think it would be right, Mr. Speaker, to permit the motion to pass without some few expressions of opinion upon the merits of the Speech which His Honor was pleased to open in his lecture.

A STATESMAN SPEAKS.

WORKMAN'S RESOLUTION ON PROTECTION showed the difference between the statesman and the mere politician. Sir John did not agree altogether with Mr. Workman's resolution, and later on, in the debate moved the resolution which has been debated in the House for two evenings, and probably was concluded last night.

RANDOM READINGS.

A waste of life—putting it in depot. Leap year leverage for young ladies. Man alone is born crying, lives complaining, and dies disappointed.

UNLIMITED REMEDIAL RESOURCES.

People sometimes suppose that Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines represent the entire extent of his resources for curing disease. This is an error. Experience proves that while the Golden Medical Discovery, Favourite Prescription, Pleasant Purgative Pills, Compound Extract of Smartweed, and Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, would, if faithfully used, cure a large variety of chronic complaints, there would be here and there a case which, from its severity, or from its complication with other disorders at their onset, required a thorough examination into their symptoms, to ascertain the exact nature and extent of the disease or diseases under which the patient was laboring, and the use of special remedies to meet and overcome the same.

THE PHYSIOLOGY 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, page 25 cents.

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Mr. Crawford glanced down at the child the Quaker held by the hand. As he did so, the child lifted to him a gentle face, with mild, gentle, loving eyes.

'He is a sweet little fellow,' said Mr. Crawford, reaching his hand to the child. He spoke with such feeling, for there was a look about the boy that went to his heart.

'He is, indeed, a sweet child—and an image of his poor, sick, almost heartbroken mother, for whom I am trying to awaken an interest. She has two children, and this one is the eldest. Her husband is dead, or what may be as bad, perhaps worse as far as she is concerned, dead to her; and she does not seem to have a relative in the world; at least, none who thinks about or cares for her. In trying to provide for her children, she has overtasked her delicate frame, and made herself sick. Unless something is done for her, a worse thing must follow. She must go to the almshouse, and be separated from her children. Look into the sweet innocent face of this dear child, and let your heart say whether he ought to be taken from his mother. If she have a woman's feelings, must she not love this child tenderly; and can any one supply to him his mother's place?'

'I will do something for her, certainly,' said Mr. Crawford.

'I wish there would go with me to see her.'

'There is no use in that. My seeing her can do no good. Get all you can for her and then come to me. I will help in the good work cheerfully,' replied Mr. Crawford.

'That is thy dwelling, I believe?' said the Quaker, looking round at a house adjoining the one before which they stood.

'Yes, that is my house,' returned Mr. Crawford.

'Will these take this little boy in with thee and keep him for a few minutes, while I go to see a friend some squares off?'

'Oh, certainly. Come with me, dear? And Mr. Crawford held out his hand to the child, who took it without hesitation.

'I will see the little while,' said the Quaker as he turned away.

The boy, who was plainly, but very neatly dressed, was about four years old. He had a more than usually attractive face; and an earnest look out of his mild eyes, that made everyone who saw him his friend.

'What is your name, my dear?' asked Mr. Crawford, as he sat down in his parlour and took the little fellow upon his knee.

'Henry,' replied the child. He spoke with distinctness; and, as he spoke, there was a sweet expression of the lips and eyes, that was particularly winning.

'It is Henry, is it?'

'Yes, sir.'

'What else besides Henry?'

The boy did not reply, for he had fixed his eyes upon a picture that hung over the mantel-piece, and was looking at it intently.

The eyes of Mr. Crawford followed those of the child, that rested, he found, on the portrait of his daughter.

'What else besides Henry? he repeated, for a moment into the face of Mr. Crawford, and then turning to gaze at the picture on the wall. Every nerve quivered in the frame of that man of iron will. The falling of a bolt from a sunny sky could not have startled and surprised him more. He saw in the face of the child, the moment he looked at him, something strangely familiar and attractive. What it was, he did not, until this instant comprehend. But it was no longer a mystery.

'Do you know who I am?' he asked, in a subdued voice, after he had recovered, to some extent, his feelings.

The child looked again into his face, but longer and more earnestly. Then, without answering, he turned and looked at the portrait on the wall.

'Do you know who I am, dear?' repeated Mr. Crawford.

'No, sir,' replied the child; and then again turned to gaze upon the picture.

'Who is that?' and Mr. Crawford pointed to the object that so fixed the little boy's attention.

'My mother.' And as he said these words, he laid his head down on the bosom of his unknown relative, and shrank close to him, as if half afraid because of the mystery that in his infinite mind, hung around the picture on the wall.

Moved by an impulse that he could not restrain, Mr. Crawford drew his arms around the child and hugged him to his bosom. Pride gave away; the iron will was bent; the sternly-uttered word was forgotten. There is power for good in the presence of a little child. Its sphere of influence subdues and renders impotent the evil spirits that rule in the hearts of selfish men. It was so in this case. Mr. Crawford might have withstood the moving appeal of his daughter's presence, changed by grief, labour, and suffering as she was. But his anger, upon which he had suffered the sun to go down, fled before her artless, candid, innocent child. He thought not of Fanny as the willful woman, acting from the dictate of her own passions or feelings; but as a little child, lying upon his bosom—as a little child, singing and dancing around him—as a little child, with, to him, the face of a cherub, and the sainted mother of that innocent one by her side.

When the friend came for the little boy, Mr. Crawford said to him in a low voice—'I will keep the child.'

'From his mother?'

'No. Bring the mother and the other child. I will keep them all.'

A sunny smile passed over the benevolent countenance of the friend, as he lastly left the room.

Mr. Logan, worn down by exhausting labour, had at last been forced to give up. When he did give up, very long strained nerve of mind and body instantly relaxed, and she became almost as weak and helpless as an infant. While in this state, she was accidentally discovered by the kind-hearted friend who, without her being aware of what he was going to do, made his successful attack upon her father's feelings. He trusted to nature and a good cause, and did not trust in vain.

'Come, Mr. Logan,' said the kind woman with whom Fanny was still boarding, an hour or so after Little Harry had been dressed up to take a walk—where the mother did not know or think—the good friend who was here this morning, says you must ride out. He has brought a carriage for you. It will do you good, I know. He is very kind. Come, get yourself ready.'

Mr. Logan was lying upon his bed.

'I do not feel able to get up,' she replied. 'I do not wish to ride out.'

'Oh, yes, you must go. The pure fresh air and the change will do you more good than medicine. Come, Mrs. Logan. I will dress little Julia for you. She needs the change as much as you do.'

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Mr. Logan was lying upon his bed.

'I do not feel able to get up,' she replied. 'I do not wish to ride out.'

There, the hon. gentleman is altogether wrong. This is the passage—'The only case in which, on mere principles of political economy, protecting duties can be defensible, is when they are imposed temporarily, especially in a young and rising nation, in the hope of utilizing the foreign industry that is perfectly suitable to the circumstances of the country. The superiority of one country over another in a branch of production arises from having begun it sooner. There may be no inherent advantage on one part, or disadvantage on the other, but only a present superiority of acquired skill and experience. A country, which has the skill and experience yet to acquire, may in other respects be better adapted to the production than those which were earlier in the field, and besides, it is a just remark of Mr. Rae that nothing has a greater tendency to promote in any branch of production than its trial under a new set of conditions.'

But it cannot be expected that the individuals should at their own risk, or rather to their certain loss, introduce a new manufacture and bear the burden of carrying it on until the producers have been educated up to the level of those with whom the producers are traditional. A protecting duty continuing for a reasonable time will stimulate the least incentive to industry in which the nation can tax itself for the support of such an experiment. But the protection should be confined to cases in which there is a good ground of assurance that the industry which it fosters will, after a time, be able to dispense with it. Nor should the domestic producer ever be allowed to expect that it will be continued to them beyond the time necessary for a fair trial of what they are capable of accomplishing.'

This is the principle laid down by Mill, the leader of the modern school of political economy in England, a free trader in the best sense of the word. I say this to correct a mistake which has been made in the circumstances of Canada. We are a young country, just emerging from the first struggles with the forest. We have but little realized capital as yet. The manufactures of the country, with a few small exceptions, have scarcely taken root; they are lying alongside a country which has had the advantage—pointed out by Mr. Hill—of having commenced first. The manufactures of the United States have been going on for a long period of time, and large amounts of capital have been realized. All these things we have to fight, in addition to the fact of our industries being in their infancy, and other disturbing influences not alluded to by Mr. Mills which add to reasons why our manufactures have the same right to be encouraged that the child has to look to the parent for guidance until able to walk alone. Mr. Mill, the free trader, goes much further than many gentlemen in this house, who will vote against the resolution. He does not speak of a revenue tariff—which would afford incidental protection to our manufactures—as being justifiable; but he lays down the broad principle—to encourage native industry; that they are fitted for the circumstances of the climate, soil and people of a country, protection ought to be given and is justified in the true principle of political economy. But we hear hon. gentlemen say that it is not for the interest of the manufacturers themselves to have protection; it would create monopolies, and monopolies bring on apathy and lethargy.

A waste of life—putting it in depot. Leap year leverage for young ladies. Man alone is born crying, lives complaining, and dies disappointed.

'Don't let's have any words about it,' as the man said when he dodged the dictionary his wife threw at him.

The following dialogue was overheard the other day.—'He—Arminia, je t'aime.—She—Surtout, vous m'aimez.'

Borrowers have often deprived a man of everything he has laid up for a rainy day, whether money or umbrella.

There are a good many people who are beginning to believe that the man who said, 'There is no such a word as fail,' lied.

She asked him if her new dress wasn't as sweet as a spring rose, and the brute said to her, 'It is as sweet as a spring rose, but it will fade, and you will have a little use on it.'

Generosity during life is very different from generosity at the hour of death, the one proceeds from liberality and benevolence, and the other from pride or fear.

Why should the bee-hive be taken as a symbol of industry? Not a bee is to be seen all winter long, while the cockroach is up at five o'clock in the morning, and never goes to bed till midnight. L'âne change this thing.

Miss Anthony was rudely treated lately by the Iowa Legislature. She had an appointment to address the two houses in favor of woman suffrage, but at the hour fixed she found so few members present that she indignantly left the Legislative Chamber.

The time for a man to stand firm by Job's example is when he washes his face with home made soap, and begins to paw around over the chairs with his eyes shut, enquiring for a towel, quick, and to tell that the towel is in the drawer, but the keys are lost.

A Syrian convert to Christianity was urged by his employer to work on Sunday; but he declined. 'But,' said the master, 'do not forget, my son, that the Sabbath is a day of rest, and that the law of God is written on your hearts. He may put him out of the door, but he cannot put him out of the door of his conscience.'

People sometimes suppose that Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines represent the entire extent of his resources for curing disease. This is an error. Experience proves that while the Golden Medical Discovery, Favourite Prescription, Pleasant Purgative Pills, Compound Extract of Smartweed, and Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, would, if faithfully used, cure a large variety of chronic complaints, there would be here and there a case which, from its severity, or from its complication with other disorders at their onset, required a thorough examination into their symptoms, to ascertain the exact nature and extent of the disease or diseases under which the patient was laboring, and the use of special remedies to meet and overcome the same. This led to the establishment of the World's Dispensary, at Buffalo, N. Y., with its faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, each of whom is skilled in the treatment of chronic disorders in general and those belonging to his own special department in particular. To one is assigned diseases of the throat and lungs; to another, diseases of the kidneys and urinary system; to another, diseases of the digestive system; and to another, diseases of the eyes and ear. Thus the highest degree of perfection in medicine and surgery is maintained, and the patient is enabled to receive the most judicious and successful treatment. The establishment of the World's Dispensary, at Buffalo, N. Y., is a long felt want in the treatment of chronic ailments. By a careful consideration of the symptoms as given in a writing, he successfully treats the most distressing cases. The other visit the Dispensary in person. The amplest resources for the treatment of lingering ailments are thus placed at the disposal of every patient, and those on whom the proprietary medicines are put, receive an effect can procure a more thorough and efficient course by a personal application to the proprietor of the World's Dispensary.

Mr. Young—Two years ago, when the question was up with regard to beet root sugar, I quoted that very statement of Mr. Mill's. My Right Hon. friend declared that on second thoughts, and on the advice of his friend, Mr. Mill had withdrawn that passage from his book.

Sir John A. Macdonald—The hon. gentleman must be mistaken. If he turns the last edition of his book, he will find it

LOCAL LEGISLATURE. HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.

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