Summerside Journal.
AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

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Almanac for June, 1869.

MOON'S PHASES.

Last Qtr., 2d day, 3h. 9m. morning, S. E.
New Moon, 9th day, 11h. 40m., evening, N.
First Qtr. 16th day, 10h. 3m., evening, S.W.
Full Moon, 23rd day, 9h. 26m. evening, S.E.

D. of M.	DAY of WEEK	SUN rises	SUN sets	sun fast clock	sun's dec. north	moon rises	LENG'TH DAY'S
		h m	h m	m s		h m	h m
1	Tues	4 17	7 37	2 28	6 7	0 21	15 20
2	Wed	17	38	2 19	13 59	0 49	21
3	Thurs	16	39	2 9	21 27	1 15	23
4	Frid	16	40	1 59	28 31	1 40	24
5	Sat	16	41	1 49	35 13	2 3	26
6	Sun	4 15	7 42	1 38	41 30	2 30	15 27
7	Mon	14	42	1 27	47 24	3 0	28
8	Tues	14	43	1 16	52 55	3 32	29
9	Wed	14	44	1 4	57 59	4 9	30
10	Thurs	14	45	0 52	2 42	sets	31
11	Frid	14	45	0 40	6 58	9 9	32
12	Sat	13	46	0 28	10 51	10 2	33
13	Sun	4 13	7 46	0 15	14 19	10 40	15 33
14	Mon	13	47	0 3	17 23	11 27	34
15	Tues	13	47	slow	20 2	morn	34
16	Wed	13	47	0 23	22 17	0 4	34
17	Thurs	18	48	0 36	24 6	0 34	34
18	Frid	13	49	0 49	25 31	1 5	36
19	Sat	13	49	1 1	21 31	1 35	36
20	Sun	4 13	7 49	1 14	27 6	2 5	15 36
21	Mon	13	50	1 27	27 17	2 41	37
22	Tues	14	55	1 40	27 2	3 29	87
23	Wed	14	49	1 53	26 23	rises	36
24	Thurs	15	49	2 6	25 19	8 20	35
25	Frid	15	49	2 18	23 50	9 9	34
26	Sat	16	49	2 31	21 57	9 47	34
27	Sun	4 17	7 49	2 43	19 39	10 22	15 33
28	Mon	17	49	2 56	16 56	10 55	32
29	Tues	17	49	3 8	13 49	11 17	32
30	Wed	18	49	3 19	10 18	11 41	32

Summerside Markets.

June 23, 1869.

Beef per lb	5d a 6d
Mutton per lb	4d a 5d
Oats per bush	2s 6d a 2s 9d
Potatoes per bush	1s a 1s 3d
Turnips per bush	10d a 1s
Butter per lb	11d a 12d
Lard per lb	9d a 10d
Tallow per lb.	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	8d a 9d
Hides per lb	4½d
Mackerel per doz	2s a 3s
Codfish per qt	18s a 19s
Pork per lb by carcass	4d a 6d
Flour per bbl	35s a 40s
Island Flour per cwt	18s to 19s
Oatmeal per cwt.	16s a 17s
Hay per Ton	50s a 60s
Pine Boards	10s
Spruce Boards	4s a 5s

Charlottetown Markets.

Ch. Town, June 17, 1869.

Beef per lb	4½d a 8d
Mutton per lb	4d a 7d
Pork per lb., by carcass,	5d a 8d
Ham per lb	7d a 8d
Geese	none
Fowels	1s a 1s 6d
Ducks each	1s 3d a 1s 6d
Flour per 100 lbs	20s a 21s
Oatmeal per 100	18s a 19s
Buckwheat Flour, per lb	2d a 2½d
Codfish per quintal	18s a 20s
Butter per lb	18d a 19d
Do. by the tub,	1s 3d a 1s 4d
Cheese	3d a 6d
Tallow	8d a 9d
Eggs per dozen	8d a 9d
Potatoes per bushel	1s 6d a 1s 9d
Barley " "	5s
Oats	2s 9d a 2s 10d
Hay per ton	70s a 75s
Hides per lb	4d
Sheepskins each	4s a 4s 6d
Spruce Boards per 100 ft.	4s a 4s 6d
Hemlock " "	3s 6d a 4s

Business Cards.

BANK OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
Corner of Great George & King Streets, Charlottetown.

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

UNION BANK.
Grafton St., Queen's Square, Charlottetown
[illegible] Wednesdays & Saturdays.
Hours of Business—From 10 a.m to 1 p m., from 2 p.m to 4 p m.

SUMMERSIDE BANK.
Central Street, Summerside, P. E. Island

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

CASH FOR EGGS!

THE highest price. in Cash, will be paid for EGGS, at the EUREKA HOUSE.
C. C. GARDINER.
Summerside, April 15, 1869.

Business Cards.

REMOVAL!

DOCTOR FULLER
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACOUCHEUR
RESIDENCE AND OFFICE ON
Central Street,.....Summerside.
(Directly opposite the Summerside Bank)
Summerside, may 13. 1869.

CARD.

DR. DODD may again be consulted, at his old residence, in MARGATE, NEW LONDON.
April 15, 1869.— pro 3m.

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

DR. JARVIS

Has REMOVED his Residence to SUMMERSIDE, next door to the Rev. Mr. Frame's, on Central Street.

☞ He can be consulted at his residence or at Hunt & Co's Drug Store, at all times.
Summerside, June 3, 1869.

A. W. ANDRES,
Marble Worker,
Point Du Chene, Shediac N. B.

MONUMENTS, TOMBS, GRAVE-STONES, &c., &c.

AMERICAN AND ITALIAN MARBLE constantly on hand.
Can furnish Gravestones and Monuments at a less price than any other establishment in the Provinces, and pay a duty besides.
☞ ORDERS can be left at BERTRAM'S Book Store and at D. ENMAN'S, Esq., Summerside, or sent to
A. W. ANDRES.
Point Du Chene, June 11th, 1868.

E. F. PURDY'S
NEW
Marble and Freestone
ESTABLISHMENT,
(NEXT DOOR TO BEER AND SONS')
KING SQUARE,
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.
All orders punctually attended to.
Call and See!
Jan 7, '69 1y

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

R. & W. T. HUNT,
Commission Merchants,
GENERAL AGENTS AND
AUCTIONEERS.
SALESROOM AND OFFICE
Head Queen's Wharf, Summerside, P. E. I.
(opposite the Store of W. T. Hunt & Co.)
April 2, 1869. 1y

CARVELL BROTHERS,
AUCTIONEER,
Commission Merchants,
AND GENERAL AGENTS.
BANK BUILDING, - - QUEEN STREET,
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

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

ROBERT GORDON,
AUCTIONEER
AND
LAND BROKER,
Alberton,.....P. E. Island
REFEREES :
Hon. Judge Young—Charlottetown.
Hon. G. W. Howlan—Alberton.
Mr. Joseph Bertram—Summerside.
Alberton, May 13, 1869. 1y

REUBEN TUPLIN,
Commission Merchant,
AUCTIONEER,
And General Agent.
Margate.....P. E. Island.
REFERENCES :
Hon. D. Brennan, Ch. Town. R. T. Holman, Summerside.
April 22, 1869. pat. pro. 6m

J. H. ALLEN
Commission Merchant,
AND DEALER IN
PROVISIONS, &c.,
MARKET STREET, - ST. JOHN, N. B.
☞ Gives personal attention to the Sale and Purchase of every description of Goods.
May 9, 1868.

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

Business Cards.

FOUNTAIN HOUSE!
North side King Square, (next to Park Hotel)
ST. JOHN, N. B.
JAMES W. THOMPSON, Proprietor.

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

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

In connection with the Hotel, is GOOD STABLING, and a careful Hostler in attendance. Parties coming from Prince Edward Island with horses will find this establishment the most comfortable in the City, and a person always at the Cars on their arrival.
St. John, Sept. 10, 1868. 1y

CRAWFORD'S HOTEL.
NO. 9, KING SQUARE,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

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

ALSO, in connection, a GROCERY STORE, where every article required for house use may be had.
J. CRAWFORD & SON.
Sept. 10, 1868. 1y

Point Du Chene House!

THE Subscriber would beg to call the attention of the traveling public to this well-known and favorite Hotel, situated at the head of the Railway Wharf, at Point Du Chene, N. B.

Its advantages as a residence for parties in quest of health cannot be surpassed. The air is pure, bracing and invigorating, while there is every facility for deep sea-bathing.

The trains for St. John leave the door twice every day. The charges will be found moderate, the table good; and the subscriber hopes by strict attention to the requirements of his customers, to ensure general satisfaction.
PETER SCHURMAN, Proprietor.

P. S.—Being himself a P. E. Islander, the subscriber would hereby respectfully request a share of the Island patronage.
Pt. Du Chene, May 13, '69. 3m

ROCKLIN HOUSE,
KENT STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN,
SIMON D. FRASER, PROPRIETOR.

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

Mr. W. H. POPE

BEGS to inform the public that he has resumed the practice of the Law.
OFFICE—A few doors below the Bank of Prince Edward Island.
Charlottetown, March 18, 1869.

THOMAS KELLY,
BARRISTER - AT - LAW
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
SUMMERSIDE, - - - - P. E. ISLAND

JAMES GREENOUGH,
FLOUR
Commission Merchant,
No 47 Commercial Street
Corner of Clinton Street --------BOSTON
Jany. 1, 1869. 1y

KERSHAW & EDWARD'S
IMPROVED PATENT
Non-conducting and Vaporising
Fire and Burgler Proof
SAFES.
MANUFACTURERS OF
BANK VAULTS, BURGLAR PROOF VAULT DOORS, IRON VAULT DOORS, PATENT COMBINATION BANK LOCKS, DEED BOXES, PATENT JAIL LOCKS & CELL DOORS, &c. &c.

THOS. FULLER, Travelling Agent. | DAVID STARR & Sons, Agents, Halifax.
Montreal. Dec 15, '68 y

BOOT & SHOE ESTABLISHMENT.

THE subscriber begs leave to acquaint the inhabitants of SUMMERSIDE and the country generally, that he has commenced his business of **Boot & Shoe Making,** in the Shop next door to O. O'Neill's, near the Wesleyan Church. He trusts that by strict attention to business and good work to give general satisfaction and merit a share of public patronage.
WILLIAM CLARK.
Summerside, April 22, 1869.

THE GENUINE
COMMON SENSE
Family Sewing Machine!
FOR
£3 5s. 0d.,
AT
HARVIE'S BOOKSTORE,
Charlottetown, and PRINCE COUNTY
[illegible] Summerside
June 1, 1869.

THOMAS HALL

IS NOW PREPARED, with the assistance of the STEAM POWER, to furnish any number of
THRESHING MACHINES,
of the most improved kind.
Iron Turning, Wood do., Carts, Trucks, &c., &c.,
manufactured, together with
Allother Work in his branch of trade
Every Machine warranted to do good work.
THOMAS HALL.
Summerside, May 20, 1869.—tf.

Job Printing done neatly and with despatch, at the Journal Office.

POETRY.

WHERE'S MY BABY!

Where's my baby? where's my baby?
But a little while ago
In my arms I held one foundly,
And a robe of lengthened flow,
Covered little knees so dimpled,
And each pink and chubby toe.

Where's my baby? I remember
Now about the shoes so red.
Peeping from his shortened dresses,
And the bright curls on his head,
Or the little teeth so pearly,
And the first sweet words he said!

Where's my baby? In the door yard
Is a boy with shingled hair,
Whittling as he tries to whistle,
With a big boy's manly air,
With his pants within his boot tops,
But my baby is not there.

Where's my baby? Ask that urchin;
Let me hear what he will say?
"Where's your baby, ma?" he questioned,
With a rougish look and way;
"Guess he's grown to be a boy, now,
Big enough to work and play.

Where's my baby? where's my baby?
Ah! the years fly on apace!
Yesterday I held and kissed it,
In it's loveliness and grace;
But to-morrow, sturdy manhood
Takes the little baby's place.

KATE WOODLAND.

Select Literature.

[FROM CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.]

Drawn from the Life.

[CONCLUSION.]

The heavy shuffling steps of some man upon the rounds of the ladder could now be heard—the fall of the knee as well as that of the foot, because the ladder was boarded—and then a hand was placed upon the fragile fastening of the casement.

Then, for the first time, the dog gave audible token of his presence: a hoarse and terrible menace broke from his now open jaws. It was not a growl, and still less like a bark. The man without evidently heard it, for the noise at the window ceased, but he did not seem to recognise it as the thing it was.

"He is sure to have pistols, and will shoot the dog," whispered Ellen Bates through chattering teeth. She was a lady who always "speculated for the Fall."

The widow did not speak, and perhaps could not. She fancied she could hear the very breathing of the man without. After a short pause, the window was slowly lifted to its full height, and a man, whose features were concealed by a piece of black crape, pushed his head and shoulders into the room. The next moment, he uttered a shrill cry of terror, as the huge mastiff sprang at his throat, before he could put up his hands to save it, and bore him headlong to the floor. To see him battling with so terrible a foe, at such a disadvantage, his body half without and half within the room, would, under any other circumstances, have aroused the good women's compassion, but horror and alarm so wholly possessed them that they had no room for pity. They fled from the room, and out of the house, passing close beside the ladder, on the top of which so frightful a combat was proceeding, and dashed across the moor towards the blacksmith's house. The horrid growlings of the dog and the shrieks of the man which filled their ears before they could undo the fastenings of the door, seemed to pursue them across the Waste.

Bareheaded and uncloaked as they were they heeded not the bitter wind, nor were they conscious of fatigue, nor did they spend their precious breath in speech, but pushed on at their utmost speed. To their great joy, as they drew near the cottage, they beheld a light at the upper window, and congratulated themselves that they would be let in at once, and find shelter and protection from that friendly household. They beat frantically at the door; and presently a quavering voice, through the keyhole, demanded who they were, and what was wanted. They hardly recognised the voice of the blacksmith's wife, and she, on her part, had never heard the accents of her friends so shrill and piteous. The fact was that her good man was out, and she was almost as frightened at such an unseasonable visit as they were themselves. Then the widow and her sister remembered for the first time how honest Jacob had told them in the afternoon that he should have business in Wellborough that evening; but neither they nor Mrs Wright had any idea that it would delay him so late, and the fact now seemed deplorable enough to all of them. "They've beguiled him to drink at the public-house," cried Mrs Wright, in injured tones, "until he thought he might just as well stay where he was till morning; and it ain't the first time, nor yet the second, Mrs Alison. And I am right glad of this—that what has happened to-night (for the fugitives had told their tale) will be a lesson to him not to leave me lonesome here again as long as he lives." To this sanguine view of man's reformation, it is propable that, under less thrilling circumstances, the experienced widow might have taken except[illegible] nothing now save that which she had so lately "gone through," and the horrible scene that was perhaps even still being enacted at the tollhouse.

"Nay, but if the dog be anything of a [illegible] Wright, whose father had chanced to be connected with canine "fancy," and who therefore was an authority in the matter, "he has either killed the man by this time, or the man has killed him, and made off with the toll-money. Unless he shot him, bless you, or could have got at him to cut his throat, you may depend on't he's a dead man."

"Dearey me, I wonder how it has turned out!" ejaculated Ellen Bates.

"I wonder-too!" echoed the widow. "If, as you say, there can now be no danger, Mrs Wright"——"Lords a' mercy! you ain't you ain't thinking of going back again?" interrupted Ellen.

"I will go, if Mrs Wright will go," answered the widow resolutely; "that is, when the daylight comes."

And rather than be left alone, Ellen Bates agreed to accompany the other two.

Accordingly, at the first gray streaks of dawn, the three women, though with beating hearts, crossed the moor to the toll-house, against the upper window of which the ladder was still reared. With fearful steps, they ventured into the kitchen, where all things seemed undisturbed, and were about to go up-stairs, concluding that both dog and man had fled, when Ellen Bates pointed to the ceiling, on the white surface of which appeared a huge red stain, which had evidently soaked through from the floor above. At the same moment, a noise from the same direction seemed to freeze their blood. It was the sound of some heavy body being dragged over the boards, accompanied by a low and savage growling.

"The dog has killed the wretched man, and is worrying the body," said Mrs Wright in a hoarse whisper: "it is just what they do with vermin."

"This is too horrible!" ejaculated the widow, with her foot on the stairs. "The mastiff will not hurt me, and, at all events, I will do my best to stop it.

It was in vain that the others tried to disuade her. She overcame her terrors sufficiently to enable her to reach the open chamber-door, where a frightful spectacle presented itself. The burglar, a large and powerfully built man, was on the floor, quite dead; while the mastiff, with his teeth still fast in the throat of his foe, and growling savagely, was dragging the mangled corpse hither and thither over the floor. The body of the dog was interposed between his victim, so that his face, from which the black crape had been torn, was at the first invisible, but the next movement of the animal revealed it. As it did so, a terrible shriek burst from the lips of Mrs Wright, who had followed close upon the widow's footsteps, and she fell heavily upon the floor in a swoon; for the would-be thief that lay dead before her was no other than her own husband, the blacksmith!

LIFE.—A lady, in a morning walk in New York, resolved to question every beggar she should meet on a certain cold morning, and ascertain, if possible, the causes leading to poverty and destitution. She accosted, first, a little girl on the steps of the "Central National," who was engaged in begging.

"Well, my dear! what do you want?" she kindly asked of the little one, whose eyes shone out bright as stars on a frosty night, from the mass of curly, unkept hair which surrounded a face made prematurely old by the conflict with sin and poverty.

"Don't *dear* me!" said the child, almost fiercely—"I got enough of *that* at the mission. *Dear* child! *Good* child! Trust in the Lord, child!—with a bundle of tracts—*and no dinner!*" she continued, ironically.

"Where do you live, my child?" the lady asked—this time careful of her adjectives.

"I ain't *your* child—nor *nobody's* child—nor *God's* child! And I had'nt anything to do with being made, no more than that horse had! And nobody needn't tell *me* that there is a good Father who loves his children. 'Taint no such thing! Do you suppose, if I was the Lord, I'd starve poor folks to death that I made myself?" And the eager eyes looked into the face bending over her—the desire to reconcile apparent incongruities being stronger for the moment than the desire for food. Here was a poser! How could one talk, to that suffering child, of *faith?* how tell her that "God loveth whom he chasteneth," and the more she endured the greater was God's care and affection for her?

This is no mythical incident, but an account of a real occurrence. Comment is unnecessary. We think an exhibition of human love, pity and consideration, displayed toward this little atheist, would do more to convince her of the existence of a kind and loving Father than all the tracts ever printed. Probably the most efficient tracts ever cast abroad by Christ took the form of loaves and fishes, distributed to a hungry multitude.—*California Mercury.*

STOPPED HIS PAPER.—The following anecdote of Mr. Swain, from the Philadelphia *Press*, is not without its moral in other latitudes than Pennsylvania:

Many years ago, Mr. Swain, then editor of the *Public Ledger*, was hailed at the corner of Eighteenth and Chestnut streets by a very excited individual, who informed him in the most emphatic terms, "I have stopped your paper, sir," and proceeded to explain the why and wherefore, all the time gesticulating wildly.—"My gracious, sir, you don't say so. Come with me to the office, and let us see if we can not remedy the matter. It grieves me that any one should stop my paper." Down Chestnut street to Third the two proceeded. Arriving at the office, Mr. Swain said: "Why, my dear sir, everything seems to be going on here as usual; I thought you had stopped my paper." Then and there the excited gentleman, whom the long walk, by the way, had partly cooled, said that he had stopped taking his one copy of the *Ledger* Mr. Swain was profuse in his apologies for having misunderstood the meaning of his late subscriber's words and regretted that he had given him the tramp from Eighteenth street to Third, down Chestnut.—The gentleman went on his way home, a wiser if not a better man, marvelling at the stupidity of editors in general, and of Mr. Swain in particular. Before he left, however, he ordered that the *Ledger* be still sent to his address.

KEEPING ONE'S WORD.—*Sir Wm. Napier* [illegible] taking a long walk near Freshford, where he met a little girl, about five years old, sobbing over a broken bowl. She had dropped and broken it in bringing it back from the field to which she had taken her father's dinner in it, and she said she would be beaten at home for having broken it; then with a sudden gleam of hope she innocently looked up in his face, and said: "But you can mend it, can't ye?" Sir William explained that he could not mend the bowl, but he could by the gift of a sixpence, buy another. However, on opening his purse, it was empty of silver, and he had to make amends by promising to meet his little friend in the same spot, at the same hour next day, and to bring the sixpence with him, bidding her, meanwhile tell her mother she had seen a gentleman who would bring her the money for the bowl the next day. The child, entirely trusting him, went on her way comforted. On his return home, he found an invitation awaiting him to dine in Bath the following evening, to meet with some one whom he especially desired to see. He hesitated for some little time, trying to calculate the possibility of giving the meeting to his little friend of the broken bowl and of still being in time for the dinner party in Bath; but finding this could not be, he wrote to decline accepting the invitation, on the plea of a pre-eminent saying: "I cannot disappoint her, she trusted me so implicitly."

A BEAUTIFUL PASSAGE.—The following is from the reveries of a bachelor, by Ik Marvel:

"A poor man without some sort of religion is at best but a poor reprobate, the football of destiny, with no tie linking him to infinity and the wondrous eternity that is even worse—a flame without heat, a rainbow without a color, a flower without perfume. A man may, in some sort, tie his hope and his honor to this shifting ground takcle, to his business or the world, but a woman without that anchor, called faith, is a drift and a wreck! A man may in some sort of moral responsibility out of relation to mankind, but a woman, in her comparatively isolated sphere, where affection and not purpose is the controlling motive, can find no basis in any other system or right action but that of faith. A man may craze his thoughts to trustfulness, in such poor harborage as fame and reputation may stretch before him, but a woman—where can she put her hopes in storms, it not Heaven? And that sweet truthfulness—that abiding love—that enduring hope mellowing every page and scene in life—lighting them with radiance, when the world's storms break like an army with cannon. Who can bestow its all but holy soul, tied to what is stronger than an army with cannon? Who has enjoyed the love of a Christian mother, but will echo the thought with energy, and hallow it with tears?

REMEDIES FOR POISONS.—Cases of poisoning often occur in which life might be saved, and hours of agony averted, if we only knew what to do in season. If a poison burns the throat and acts violently upon the stomach, swallow half a pint of sweet oil, or melted butter or lard, and within five minutes, take half a pint of warm water in which has been stirred a teaspoonful of ground mustard and salt. The oil arrests the action of the poison, and the mustard and salt causes vomiting. If the poison swallowed does not burn the throat and act with instant violence, but causes sickness, stupor or faintness, swallow the white of three eggs; also a quantity of the strongest coffee it is possible to make, and in a few minutes take the warm water and mustard and salt, as before mentioned. An eminent physician says that with the prompt use of oil, and white of eggs and strong coffee, and the emetic as above directed, the fatal result of any poison likely to fall in the way of man or child may be averted. These remedies are, in themselves, harmless, and might all be taken into the stomach at once, in any quantity without damage to the system; and they are things that we always have on hand. But while using these things don't fail to send for a physician. And above all, and first of all, don't have any poison around.

SOME PLAIN TALK.

A late number of the *Army and Navy Gazette* speaks out as follows, with all the weight of its professional position:—

The relations between the United States and Great Britain are very much effected by the Irish element in the former, and by the condition of Ireland itself in the latter country. But it is obvious that, as regards the military question to be decided in the event of war, there is but little weight to be attached to either. True, a certain number of Irishmen would enter the American Army, and would probably take a forward party in any conflict between the troops of each nation, fighting with energy against their own countrymen in the service of the Queen. Equally true is it that Ireland itself would be an object point in the campaign, and that the Americans, by their agents would seek to excite insurrection there, and might even be rash enough to send, or attempt to send, an expedition to foment or sustain a rebellion. But, after all, what would be the result of such a policy? The loyal population of Ireland, aided by the regular Army, and by the Militia regiments of Great Britain, which would be called out in the event of hostilities, would find no great difficulty in disposing of armed opposition on the part of the rebellion peasantry; and the Americans, who are unable to keep a line of Atlantic steamers afloat, would discover that the equipment of an expeditionary force to cross 3,000 miles of sea is one of the most onerous operations—next to the successful landing of it the most onerous—of modern warfare. The idea of their "covering the seas with privateers" is quite absurd. Where would they get them? In America? If our fleets are not able to keep a pretty close watch on the great outfitting ports we much underrate their power, but admit that some privateers may escape. If they are sailing ships they can do little damage, for our cotton trade will be suspended, and the lines will be turned to other work. If they are steamers, and are minded to have a cruise far away, they may find it rather uneasy to get their coal; and certainly they will not meet with much aid or sympathy from the great European Powers, except, perhaps, from their Russian allies. But is it not a game Britain can play, at least as well as her enemy? Our ocean-going steamers are to theirs in proportion of, at least, eight to one. Our iron-clads, of course, are still more numerous; and, with all their brag and swagger, the Americans know that they cannot make large coiled plates such as are needed for the best class of armoured vessels, and their big guns are inferior in every way to British rifled ordinance in any way but weight and size. If the enemy seeks to equip privateers in foreign ports, our Consuls will neglect their duty every egregiously if the Government is not informed of the progress made on