The Examiner.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

"This is true Liberty, when Freeborn Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."---Euripides

VOL. XVIII. } CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MONDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1868. { NO. 31

THE EXAMINER

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY BY

WALTER C. GRANT,

AT HIS OFFICE, HILLSBOROUGH STREET, NEAR KING'S SQUARE.

TERMS:—Fifteen Shillings per annum, half in advance.

ALMANAC FOR NOVEMBER 1868

MOON'S PHASES.

Last Quarter, 7th day, 9h 34m, morning.
New Moon, 14th day, 6h. 43m., morning.
First Quarter, 22d day, 2h. 34m., morning.
Full Moon, 29th day, 8h. 48m., evening.

MONTH	DAY WEEK.	SUN rises h m	SUN sets h m	Sun fast clock m s	Moon rises h m	High Water h m	Day's length h m
1	Sun	6 46	4 42	16 18	6 1	10 57	9 56
2	Mon	47	40	16 19	6 42	11 41	53
3	Tues	49	37	16 19	7 36	even	48
4	Wed	50	36	16 18	8 24	1 6	45
5	Thur	52	34	16 16	9 28	1 50	42
6	Frid	54	33	16 13	10 33	2 34	40
7	Sat	55	31	16 10	11 45	3 21	36
8	Sun	56	30	16 5	morn	4 9	34
9	Mon	57	29	16 0	0 53	5 3	32
10	Tues	59	27	15 54	2 5	5 58	28
11	Wed	7 1	26	15 47	3 15	6 56	25
12	Thur	2	25	15 39	4 27	7 48	23
13	Frid	3	24	15 30	5 34	8 41	21
14	Sat	5	23	15 21	sets	9 26	18
15	Sun	7	22	15 10	5 52	10 56	15
16	Mon	8	21	14 58	6 40	11 56	13
17	Tues	9	20	14 46	7 30	morn	11
18	Wed	10	19	14 33	8 21	0 18	9
19	Thur	12	18	14 20	9 16	1 3	6
20	Frid	14	17	14 5	10 15	1 52	3
21	Sat	15	16	13 50	11 13	2 41	1
22	Sun	19	15	13 31	morn	3 38	8 59
23	Mon	18	15	13 17	0 14	3 49	57
24	Tues	20	15	12 59	1 11	4 59	55
25	Wed	23	14	12 41	2 11	5 56	51
26	Thur	24	14	12 21	3 12	7 6	50
27	Frid	25	13	12 2	4 14	8 14	48
28	Sat	26	12	11 41	5 17	9 14	46
29	Sun	26	12	11 20	rises	10 8	46
30	Mon	27	12	10 58	5 23	10 54	45

BELL'S
TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT
NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED takes this opportunity of returning thanks to the large number of his customers who have so promptly complied with his terms and paid for their work on delivery. There are, however, a considerable number who have not paid thus promptly; and he respectfully requests all such to call and pay their respective accounts without delay. He would further remind them that their respective amounts, although a trifle to each, would in the aggregate materially assist in making up some of the deficit which their indebtedness has occasioned.

Feb. 17, 1868. JOHN BELL

R. REDDIN
Attorney and Barrister-at-Law,
CONVEYANCER, &c.
Office: -- Great George Street, Charlottetown.
(Near the Catholic Cathedral.)
September 3, 1866. tf

B. WILSON HIGGS
General Commission Merchant
AND
AUCTIONEER,
Charlottetown, ... P. E Island.
May 27, 1867. 1y

ROBERT TAYLOR,
LOCK AND GUN SMITH
HILLSBOROUGH STREET,

BEGS to inform the Public that he has fitted up a NEW SHOP on the OLD STAND, and is now prepared to execute all orders with which he may be favored with promptness and dispatch.

Bell Hanging, Guns, Locks and Stoves Repaired.

Ch'town, July 2d, 1868. 6m

Boot & Shoe Factory.

THE Subscriber, thankful for past favors, wishes to inform the public that he has fitted up a

NEW SHOP,
IN
DORCHESTER SRTEET,

opposite the store of Owen Connolly, Esq., where he is prepared to execute all orders in his line, with which he may be favored, with neatness and despatch.

WILLIAM DUGGAN.

Charlottetown, Oct. 5, 1868.

NEW PAINT SHOP!

THE Subscriber would inform his friends and the public in general, that he has opened a new PAINT SHOP above the Carriage Factory of McPhail & Hunter, Kent Street, where all orders left, either in the

House, Sign, or Carriag Painting,

will be attended to with punctuality, neatness, and on reasonable terms.

FRANCIS McGRORY.
Painter.

McPhail & Hunter's Carriage Factory, Kent Street, May 4, 1868.

Grain! Grain! Grain!

THE highest price given for BARLEY and OATS, at
Coles's Brewery and Distillery,
☞ Constantly on hand, at prices cheaper than can be purchased in the market, the best of Rum, Brandy, Gin, Whiskey, and a superior article of Malt Whiskey. Also—X, XX, and XXX Ale.
Charlottetown, June 20, 1868.

Republication of the London Quarterlys Edinburgh, North British, and West minster Reviews and Blackwood' Magazine.

By the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 140 Fulton Street, New York.

TERMS:

For any one of the Reviews	$1 00	per an
For any two of the Reviews	7 00	"
For any three of the Reviews	10 00	"
For all four of the Reviews	12 00	"
For Blackwood's Magazine	4 00	"
For Blackwood and one Review	7 00	"
For Blackwood & any two of the Reviews	10 00	"
For Blackwood and three of the Review	13 00	"

A CARD.

THE Subscriber begs to thank the public for the liberal patronage extended to him during the last year. Having enlarged and fitted up his establishment at the Old Stand, Lord's Wharf, is now prepared to execute with despatch all orders which he may be favored with in his line as SHIP and GENERAL BLACKSMITH. Fishermen will find Anchors of all sizes for Boats cheaper and better than can be found at any similar establishment in the City.

GEORGE H. FOSTER.

Lord's Wharf, Ch'town, Feb. 17, 1868. 1y

JOSEPH McKAY,
BUTCHER,
CORNER OF
Pownal and Dorchester Streets,
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

N. B.—Constantly on hand, FRESH BEEF, LAMB & MUTTON. Also PORK, Fresh & Salt.
☞ VESSELS SUPPLIED TO ORDER.

A. HERMANS,
GUN-SMITH,
Bell-Hanger and Tin-Smith,

BEGS to inform his friends, and the public generally, that he has again commenced business on DORCHESTER STREET, next door to the Reading Room Building, where he is prepared to execute all orders in his line, with neatness and despatch.

—ON HAND—

A Neat Assortment of Tinware
Kitchen Utensils, &c., &c.,

including the patent BON TON COFFEE POT which received the Gold Medal Prize at the Paris Exposition of 1867. Also BON TON LANTERNS, which will surpass everything in the Market, and suitable for either Farm use or on board Vessels.

A few WATER COOLERS on hand, which, together with a large variety of other STOCK will be sold cheap for CASH.

Mr. HERMANS is Agent for

SAWYER'S CRYSTAL BLUE,

a new, economical and superior article used in washing, whereby a saving of fifty per cent. is guaranteed, and for which he begs to solicit the patronage of Laundry Maids, &c.

Ch'town, July 1868

GOOD FIRES.

NOW selling at the Gas Works a quantity of very superior COKE at FIVE PENCE per Bushel. N B Coke will last longer and give a greater heat than Sydney Coal.

January 20, 1868. isl

JAMES F. WHITE
COOPER,
Tremain's Red Building, Queen's Wharf.

FISH, Pork, and Beef Barrels, constantly on hand.

300 PORK BARRELS will be sold if applied for immediately, Cheap for CASH or approved notes of hand.

Ch'town, P. E. I. August 3, 1868. 1y

A Fortune for Sale!

IN consequence of the death of the Proprietor, the Subscriber is instructed to offer for positive Sale, that beautifully situated well known property, the

Half Way House, Vernon River,
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

The Land consisting of about 40 acres, is in that state of cultivation that it has been for some years past, and will for years to come, yield a clear net profit, more than sufficient to pay the interest on the amount of purchase money asked for the whole establishment. As a money making investment this is an opportunity seldom equalled in these Provinces, which fact can be positively proved to any person about purchasing. The Stock of Liquors and Stock of Goods in the Store can be taken or not at the option of the purchaser.

For particulars, address,
GEORGE ADAMS,
Half-way House, Vernon River, May 18, 1868. tf

E. & N. A. RAILWAY.
1868. 1868.
Summer Arrangement.

ON and after MONDAY, 11th MAY next, until futher notice, Trains will run as follows:

DOWN TRAINS—GOING EAST:

Leave St. John for Shediac and Point du Chene at 7 a. m. and 1.45 p. m.

Leave St. John for Sussex at 5 p. m.

UP TRAINS—GOING WEST:

Leave Sussex for St. John at 6.15 a. m.

" Shediac for St. John at 7 and 11 a. m.

The 6.15 a. m. Train from Sussex, and the 11 a. m. Train from Shediac, as well as the 1.45 and 5 p. m. Trains from St. John will carry freight.

Freight from St. John for Sussex and stations West, will be sent by the 5 p m. train only and must be delivered at that Station before 4 o'clock. Freight for Stations East of Sussex must be delivered at St. John before noon, daily.

Freight to be forwarded from Sussex, must be delivered at that Station at least ONE HOUR, and from other Stations than St. John, at least HALF AN HOUR before the advertised departure of any Freight Train.

Goods for Prince Edward Island must be accompanied with invoice or outward certificate of value, to prevent detention at Point du Chene.

Goods intended for exportation at St. John, to the United States, must, in addition to the invoice, when the value shall exceed $50,000, be accompanied by a U. S. Consul's Certificate.

LEWIS CARVELL,
General Manager.

Railway Office, St. John, N. B. April 30, 1868.

NOTICE!
Postage Stamps.

FROM and after this date Postage Stamps will be sold at this office only between the hours of 10 a. m. and 4 p. m.

Persons wishing to post Letters before or after these hours, can procure stamps at the Stores of

D. Laird,	H. A. Harvie,
E. Reilly,	Mrs. Bremner,
Mrs. Stamper,	G. Hubbard,
J. D. McLeod,	Theoph. DesBrisay,
Jas. DesBrisay,	H. Haszard,
G. & S. Davies,	T. O'Connell.

THOS. OWEN, P. M. G.

General Post Office, Charlottetown, Dec 7, 1867. 4g

NEW
PROVISION, GROCERY,
AND
Liquor Store.

THE SUBSCRIBER takes this opportunity of informing his friends, and the public at large, that he has opened a

Wholesale & Retail
PROVISION AND LIQUOR STORE!

In that well-known stand, lately occupied by W. H. WILSON, one door below Mrs Stamper's Book Store, QUEEN STREET, and from which he is prepared to supply those who may favor him with their patronage, the following articles in his line, all of which can be warranted as genuine, and at exceedingly Low Prices, viz:—

Good Family Flour, Cornmeal, Tea, Tobacco, Havana Cigars, Good Bright Sugar, Crushed Sugar, Bright Retailing Molasses, Tea, (warranted) Coffee, Chocolate, Cocoa, Rice, Soap, Candles, Clear Burning Kerosene, Spices of all descriptions, Pickles, Malt and White Wine Vinegar, Preserved Mackerel, Salmon, and Lobster, Soda, Wine and Butter Crackers, Cheese, Ship Bread, Raisins, Figs, Currants, Tubs, Buckets Brooms, Matches, Boxes Pipes, No 1 Sole Leather, Bags Butter & Table Salt, Lamps, Glasses, China, Crockeryware of every description, a few handsome Mantle Ornaments.

ALSO:

A few cases of Lemon, Raspberry, Orange, Vanilla, Pine Apple and Strawberry Syrups.

Having personally selected and purchased the above Stock, in the Cheapest Cash Markets, the Subscriber feels confident that he can give first-class Goods at as low a rate as can be had in the City.

Daily expected, 200 Bbls of No. 1 LABRADOR HERRING.

P FOLEY

Oct. 5, 1868. 3m

JOHN F. BRINE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
May be consulted at the Office of John T. Jenkins, Surgeon.

RESIDENCE:
Mrs. BOVYER's, Great George Street,
Nov. 16, 1868. tf

POGIES.

100 BLS POGIES.
For sale by
CARVELL BRO'S.

May 18, 1868.

SOLE LEATHER.

100 Sides No. 1 New York SOLE LEATHER.
For sale by
CARVELL BRO'S.

May 8, 1868.

MOLASSES & SUGAR.

50 Hhds. MOLASSES, 20 Hhds. SUGAR,
For sale by
CARVELL BRO'S.

May 18, 1868.

DOMINION VINEGAR

25 BBLS. Dominion VINEGAR, (choice article).
For sale by
CARVELL BRO'S

May 18, 1868.

TOBACCO.

40 BOXES CAVENDISH TOBACCO,
for sale by
CARVELL BRO'S.

May 18, 1868.

BROOMS & PAILS.

40 DOZEN BROOMS, 40 dozen PAILS,
For sale by
CARVELL BRO'S.

May 18, 1868.

Fish Barrels!

500 FISH BARRELS,
For Sale by
CARVELL BROS.

June 1.

SALT IN STORE

3,000 Bushels Liverpool Salt, 1,000 bags do do
For sale by
CARVELL BRO'S

May 18, 1868.

WOOL. WOOL.

CASH PAID for WOOL, on delivery at the Store of H. J. CALLBECK

Charlottetown July 13th, 1868. tf

TO LET!

THE HOUSE and SHOP in KENT STREET, lately occupied by Mr. JOHN HUDSON, with large STABLE, COACH HOUSE and WAREHOUSE attached. Apply to

W. E. DAWSON,
WILLIAM DODD,
Assignees of
JOHN HUDSON.

Ch'town, Sept. 7, 1868.

Co-partnership Notice.

THE SUBSCRIBERS have this day entered into CO-PARTNERSHIP as BARRISTERS and ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, under the name, style and firm of

ALLEY & DAVIES.

OFFICE - - - - O'HALLORAN'S BUILDING. GREAT GEORGE STREET.

GEORGE ALLEY,
LOUIS H. DAVIES.

BRONZONETTE!

THE application of this most elegant preparation is extremely simple, while its effect upon the articles enumerated below is almost magical, imparting to them a glazed bronzed surface of Great beauty:—

Iron Fenders, Stoves, Gas Fittings, Ornaments, Lamp Stands, Copper Coins, &c., STRAW HATS, BONNETS, PLASTER BUSTS & ORNAMENTS, LEAVES, (real), Ivy, Laurel, Holly, &c.—"Effect most charming,"

—Leather leaves may be Bronzed ILLUMINATORY and WRITING. Useful and ornamental. Glass may also be Illuminated

W. R. WATSON.

City Drug Store, Victoria Building, August 17, 1868.

MAKE YOUR OWN YEAST.

CHOICE NEW HOPS for family use, in QUARTER, HALF and POUND PAPERS. For Sale by

W. R. WATSON.

City Drug Store, Victoria Building, Ch'town September 18, 1868.

ERSKIN'S
BRAHEE SUGAR POWDERS
A Tonic and Unfailing Remedy for
Rheumatism of all kinds, Neuralgia,
Lumbago, Sciatica,

As also for FACE-ACHE. TOOTH-ACHE, EAR-ACHE, COUGHS, and all affections from Colds.

☞ See Lancet, under MEDICAL PATRONAGE.

WM. R. WATSON.

City Drug Store, Victoria Building, Queen Street, Sept. 16, 1867.

For Sale.

A NEW SINGLE-SEATED WAGGON, cheap for Cash, or will be exchanged for a young Horse.

JOSEPH McKAY, Butcher, Pownal St.

Ch'town, Oct 5 1868.

Cheapest School Books
AT
HARVIE'S BOOKSTORE,
Queen Street.

Sept. 7, 1868.

SUGAR & MOLASSES.

Italian Warehouse. Queen Street.

IN STORE, and to arrive, and offered to the trade at lowest rates,

100 Hhds. SUGAR,
100 Puns. MOLASSES.

MACEACHERN & CO.

Oct. 26, 1858. 1m

OCTOBER, 1868.
Old Hyson, Oolong, Souchong and Congou.
Per "Amphion," from London.

A Large Supply of our celebrated
Half Dollar Tea.
Fine Old Hyson and Oolong Teas. Wholesale and Retail.

ITALIAN WAREHOUSE.
MACEACHERN & CO.

Oct. 26, 1868. 1m

COPPER PAINT!

THE SUBSCRIBER keeps constantly on hand a supply of

Tarr & Wonson's Copper Paint,

an article which has given the greatest satisfaction to all who have used it. It possesses superior qualities for effectually preventing the accumulation of all foul matter, such as Worms, Barnacles, Grass, &c., on the bottoms of Vessels or Boats, when properly applied.

I. C. HALL.

Charlottetown, Sept. 21, 1868.

NEW
WINTER CLOTHS!
JUST OPENED!

Fine Black and Blue Broad Cloths!
Fancy and Mixed Coatings,
Beaver, Whitney, and Pilot Petersham!
OVERCOATING CLOTHS!
Black and Fancy Doeskins!
Fancy Tweeds and Vestings!
Mantle Cloths, &c., &c.,
7 Cases of the above,
☞ New and Very Cheap!

DAVIES & WEEKS.

Nov. 2, 1868.

OBSERVE THE PRICES
AT
ROBERT YOUNG'S.
The Centre of Attraction.

ROBERT YOUNG, has this SEASON Received the Largest and Best Assorted Stock of

Staple and Fancy
DRY GOODS!

that he has ever had the pleasure of offering to the Public of Charlottetown, and which, as regards price and quality, he feels confident cannot be surpassed on the Island.

The following articles deserve the special attention of intending purchasers;—

Fancy Dress Goods from 10½d per yard,
Winseys from 11d per yard,
French Merinos from 5s. per yard,
Crimean Shirting from 1s 6d per yard,
Scarlet and Blue Twilled Flannels all wool, from 2s 3d per yard,
Ladies' Clouds from 2s 11d,
Grey Cottons from 4½d per yard,
White Cottons from 5d per yard,
Men's Under Shirts and Pants from 4s 3d,
Hoop Skirts from 1s 9d,
Fast Colored Prints from 7d per yard,
Gents' Paper Collars from 4½d per box,
Beautiful Stays from 1s 9d,
All Wool Tweeds for Gents' Wear, from 3s 11d per yard. (Cheaper than Homespun.)
Together with a Large and Well Selected Stock of Shawls, Mantles, Mantle Cloths, Ribbons, Flowers, Feathers, Sontags, Hoods, Pelerines, Furs, Hats, Bonnets, &c., &c., &c.

Terms Cash, and no Second Price.

Queen Square, Ch'town, Oct 26th, 1868.

KENT STREET
CLOTHING STORE!
P. REILLY, Tailor,

HAS just received and offers for Sale, on reasonable terms, a nice lot of CLOTHS, in

Tweeds,
Doeskins,
Whitney,
Beave,
and
Pilot Cloths!

Persons in want of Good Clothing would find it to their advantage to give him a call.

Oct. 19, 1868. 1m

NOTICE.
ALTERATION OF TIMETABLE
On and after the 9th inst.,
THE
P. E. ISLAND
Steam Navigation Company's
STEAMERS

WILL LEAVE CHARLOTTETOWN for PICTOU every MONDAY and THURSDAY mornings at six o'clock, returning same days, on arrival of train from Halifax.

ALSO,

Will leave Charlottetown for SUMMERSIDE and SHEDIAC, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY mornings at five o'clock, returning Wednesday and Saturday.

Nov. 9, 1868. F. W. HALES Sec'y

BOOK & JOB PRINTING
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
—AND—
BOOK-BINDING
IN EVERY STYLE,
—AT—
W. H. BREMNER'S.
Kent Street, Nov. 9, 1868. 3m

Ex "Helen Malcolm."
DRUGS, MEDICINES, AND CHEMICALS,
WARRANTED PURE

Nov. 2, 1868. W. R. WATSON.

40 DOZ. NEW PERFUMES, in Elegantly Cut Glass Bottles, at greatly Reduced Prices.

Nov. 2, 1868. W. R. WATSON.

30 DOZ. POMADES, COSMETIQUES, FIXATURES, and HAIR DYES.

Nov. 2, 1868. W. R. WATSON.

50 DOZEN HAIR, TOOTH, NAIL, CLOTHES and SHAVING BRUSHES, from the well known House of John Gosnell, & Co., London.

Nov. 2, 1868. W. R. WATSON.

48 DOZ. BRIAR ROOT, RUSTIC, CHAR COAL and MEERCHAUM PIPES, STEMS and CASES, all of which will be Sold very cheap for CASH.

Nov. 2. 1868. W. R. WATSON

24 Doz. ROBINSON'S CORN SOLVENT.

Nov. 2, 1868. W. R. WATSON.

24 DOZ. BRONZONETTE.

Nov. 2, 1868. W. R. WATSON.

Labrador Herring!!
150 Bbls Labrador Herring,

just landed from Schooner Gazelle, direct from the Labrador coast and for sale by

I. C. HALL.

THE INTELLECTUAL WIFE.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

'Alec! Alec, dear! could you attend to me one minute, if you please?'

Such a soft, pleading little voice as it was—*such* a pretty, half timid looking woman as owned it, sitting there in her crimson *merino dress*, with a great work-basket overshadowing it, like the type of some huge Juggernaut. There was not a wrinkle in her linen collar, not a speck on her white *brillant* apron, while every golden thread in her hair lay smooth and shining as if it were *glistening* satin instead of human tresses.

Mr. Verdon laid down his book with ostentatious despair.

'What do you want *now*, Catherine? It is a little singular that a man can't get five consecutive minutes of reading in this house, isn't it? No sooner do these noisy children get off to bed than a dozen of other disturbances start up to distract one's brain!'

'I am sorry to disturb you, Alec,' said the much enduring wife; 'but I only want to know whether you would prefer your new *shirts* made with buttons or studs?'

'Studs and buttons!' groaned Mr. Verdon, rather melo-dramatically. 'Upon my word, Catherine, it seems as if your mind revolved on nothing more important than a round of the pettiest household concerns. As if *I* cared how you make my shirts!'

'But you were very much displeased, dear, when I made the collars to your last set after an old-fashioned pattern.'

'Of course I was! A man don't want to go about looking like Methusaleh!'

'No dear, but——'

'*But*, my dear Catherine, I am decidedly annoyed to see you sinking into a mere domestic drudge.'

'I *don't understand* you, Alec. Surely a wife and mother should make it her first aim to study the comfort of her husband and family.'

'To a certain extent, Mrs. Verdon—to a certain extent, this may be quite true. *But* when Mr. Peterson asked your opinion of ——'s last work, the other evening, you astonished everybody by confessing that you *had not read it*. I was ashamed, Catherine—confounded—indignant.'

'But, Alec, what time do I get to read?'

'*Time! time!* you must *make* time, child! Let domestic cares be secondary to the cultivation of your intellectual nature. Why, I cannot describe to you, my dear, how deeply mortified I was at Mrs. Leeson's conversazione, when every one was discussing the *new literary constellations*, by your confused silence. While Mrs. Oglivie—why, she was positively sparkling in her ready argument *and charming critical taste*.'

'Yes,' retorted Catherine Verdon, stung at last into something like retaliation, 'and Mr. Oglivie was there with a ragged shirt-bosom, and the lower button gone from his dress coat.'

'As I remarked before, my dear, buttons and shirts are not a primary consideration.'

'And,' went on Catherine, 'the dress-maker says that Mrs. Oglivie has no more idea of housekeeping than a kitten. *Such* coffee, she says——'

'All dressmaker's tattle!' interrupted Mr. Verdon, *with a lofty flourish* of his left arm. '*I* shouldn't care what sort of coffee I drank, if I had a wife like Laura Oglivie!'

Catherine *flushed to her very forehead*, but she bit her lip in resolute self-control.

'I want very much to please you, Alec,' *said she, meekly*. 'Will you tell me how to be intellectual?'

Mr. Alexander Verdon pulled his moustache *in rather a puzzled manner*.

'Why—why, my dear, you must read all the new works, to begin with—and keep up the *general newspaper current*—and take a critical survey of paintings and statues, and—and all that sort of thing, you know.'

'Yes, but, Alec ——'

'Now, Cathie, I really wish you would let me read a little in peace. I get *so* little time *to cultivate my mind!*'

Mrs. Verdon sighed softly to herself as she cut the fairy button-holes down the front of Mr. Alexander's new shirts.

'I say, Cathie!'

Mr. Verdon rushed tumultously into the room where Cathie was sitting, in the midst of a pile of books, deep *in some* late publication, with his matutinal toilet but half completed, and a pair of suspenders floating wildly in the air, like the reins of a runaway horse.

'Well, Alexander?'

'Where are my new shirts! I've torn the last respectable one of the old set, half way across the back.'

'*They aren't finished, dear!*'

'Not finished, Mrs. Verdon'

'No. I wish you wouldn't interrupt me, Alec. What's *the use of* a woman's trying to be intellectual, when you are running in and out, with perpetual questions about shaving soap, and stockings and shirts! Madame de Stael never had her mind disturbed about shirts, I am sure'

'*But* what's a *fellow* to do, with his shirt split across the back.'

'Ah—what indeed?' mused Cathie in a voice *so plainly indicative* that her mind was far away in some metaphysical region, that Alexander gathers up his suspenders and retreated in dumb despair.

'Holes in my stockings big enough to jump through, and the cologne-bottle not replenished. '*What work!*' groaned Mr. Verdon. 'And I've cut my nose shaving, and no Cathie here to put on sticking plaster. But *then I really do think it would be a nice* thing to have my wife appear like Laura Ogilvie. I wonder what Ogilvie does when *he* cuts his nose!'

Mr. Verdon finished his toilet and went *down town, with this* subject of marvel yet undecided in his mind.

The city bells were clanging One, on the *same day when Mr. Verdon* ran hurriedly up his doorsteps, and entered his own domicile by the subtle aid of a convenient little night-key.

'Catherine! Wife! Cathie!'

But no white aproned household fairy met *him on the stairs*, with gold-brown curls tucked neatly back of her ears, and bright eyes sparkling welcome.

'She must be down in the kitchen,' was his thought, as he ran down three steps at a time, and presented himself before the small damsel of twelve who was the only domestic that economical Catherine Verdon kept.

'Where's your mistress, Polly?'

'Sure, sir, she's gone to see a picturgallery, she tould me, down town!'

'And when *is she coming back?*' demanded Mr. Verdon, biting his lips with inward vexation.

'She said she mightn't be back before night.'

'Where are the children?'

'Gone to their grandmamma's in Brooklyn, sir.'

'And what am I to do for dinner?'

'*Sure, sir, I don't know.*'

'Here's a pretty fix!' grumbled Mr. Verdon to himself, *as he stamped despairingly* about the kitchen. 'And I've asked Howard and Talboys to dine here at three. What demon has entered into Cathie? Why couldn't I have held my tongue the other night? I should really like to know what I'm to do.'

He tore his hair, in dire perplexity.

'Polly!'

'Sir.'

'What is there *in the house for dinner?*'

'There's a tongue, sir—and a codfish—and and a cabbage, I believe!'

'Bring em on, Polly, and I'll cook em myself. You boil a tongue, don't you?'

'I don't know, sir.'

'I wish I had a cook-book,' groaned Mr. Verdon, in great tribulation. 'Anyhow, you fry fish—and a cabbage is very good boiled, with butter. Fetch on the frying-pan, Polly, and *bring lots of kindling*. I'm afraid this codfish is a little tough and dry—confound the creature, how it sticks to the pan! Polly, *you set the table while I strip* all the nice, big cabbage leaves—these little sprouts aren't any use, down in the middle. I'll send to the baker's for an apple pie, I guess I wouldn't have Howard and Talboys suppose we didn't keep a professed cook, for any money. *If Cathie were only* at home!'

Mr. Verdon dropped the cabbage leaves one by one, meditatively into the pot as he spoke.

'Sure, sir!' interposed the staring handmaiden, 'missis always washes them first.'

'Washes em?' ejaculated Mr. Verdon.

'What's the use of that, when the pot is half full of water? But women always go to work by the hardest. Give us that tongue, Polly, and a sharp knife—I suppose the plaguy thing has got to be skinned. *Hal*-loo!'

Mr. Verdon uttered an agonized howl as the knife slipped, inflicting a disagreeable gash on his hand. He tied it up with his pocket handkerchief, and went *on* with his rather difficult job.

'There!' he exclaimed, triumphantly jamming, the tongue down among the cabbage leaves, '*that's* done. But I'm afraid my fish is quite old—it doesn't fry at all favourably. Perhaps I ought to grease the pan!'

He took the fish out by the tail, and anointed the hissing pan liberally with butter, then set the establishment on the fire once more.

But just as he was bending over the fire, his sleeves turned back, and his countenance dripping with prespiration, *there* was a sudden sibilation and an upward blaze—the butter had taken fire — so had Mr. Verdon's hair and shirt sleeves.

Luckily he had presence of mind enough to dip his face and arms instantaneosuly in the pail of water that stood in the sink; and at the moment that he stood there scorched and dripping, with singed hair and no coat, over *the highly flavored ruins of the luckless* codfish, Polly threw the kitchen door wide open and announced:

"Please sir, *two gintlemen!*'

And Messrs. Howard and Talboys entered, considerably surprised at the state of things before them.

'Halloo!' exclaimed Mr. Talboys.

'Why, what's the matter Verdon?' queried Mr. Howard. '*Not a case of spontaneous combustion, eh?*'

While Alexander, scarlet and confused, fumbled vainly for *the linen cuffs*, garnished with gold sleeve buttons, that had blazed into light cinders long ago!

'I—I,' he stammered. 'Very stupid of the girl to bring you down here — I just came down for a glass of water — let me escort you *up stairs!*'

He preceded his guests up the narrow stairway, blissfully unaware of the ash-besprinkled nether garments and sooty countenance that gave his friends such a task to keep their countenances.

'Excuse me one minute, gentlemen, he said, *growing hot all over*, as he caught a glimpse of himself in the parlor mirror, and dodged out to renovate his toilet, muttering to himself; '*What has become of Cathie?* I'd give a hundred-dollar note if she were here!'

As he issued once more from his room, a soft, familiar voice sounded on his ear, and his heart gave a great bound of delight. *Cathie had returned!* Yes, she had returned in very truth, and was in the parlor at that instant, talking to his friends.

'Cathie?' he whispered, holding the door, half ajar; '*Cathie!*'

But she was too busy descanting on the merits of some Pre-Raphaelite artist to pay any attention to her husband's husky summons.

'It's burning, Cathie?' he whispered, coming into the room, and gently twitching her sleeve. 'I smell the cabbage quite plainly!'

But Cathie never stirred, nor broke off in her pretty, enthusiastic chatter.

'I think I ought to have greased the inside of *that* pot,' *thought* Mr. Verdon. 'Nothing but tongue and cabbage for dinner. And Howard boards at the Cosmopolitan, and Talboys keeps a French cook. What *will* they think! Cathie, I say—it's almost three o'clock!'

'Dinner's ready,' ejaculated Miss Polly, ostentatiously throwing open the door.

Dinner *was* ready, as Mr. Verdon found to his cost, as he and Talboys followed Mrs. Verdon and Mr. Howard into the dining room, where, upon a greasy table-cloth, reposed the skinned tongue, *with one side nearly calcined*, and a handful of burned cabbage-leaves, forming a green island in the centre of a mammoth platter. *There was a half loaf of* bread, and a sooty pot of butter, and a tall tin coffee-pot wherein Polly had brewed a muddy and *villainous mixture that she fondly* fancied to be coffee.

Alexander Verdon looked with eyes of piteous appeal *to his wife*.

'Cathie, perhaps these gentlemen wouldn't object to waiting until—ahem—our cook could prepare a more eatable repast?'

'It's very nice I'm sure,' said Catherine, looking dreamily straight before her.

'Very good indeed,' said Mr. Talboys.

'Oh, excellent!' chimed in Howard.

'And after all,' resumed Cathie, 'it's of very little *consequence what we eat or drink*, as long as the higher cravings of the intellectual nature are satisfied!'

Mr. Verdon coughed dubiously, and began to carve the tongue, vowing never again to invite company when Cathie was occupied in cultivating her mind.

The gentlemen played with their teaspoons, and dallied with their forks, but neither of *them essayed a second mouthful* of tongue, cabbage or coffee. Mr. Verdon noticed this fact with deep mortification.

'You don't eat any*thing*, Howard!'

'Oh, I have dined very heartily, I assure you,' politely responded Mr. Howard.

'Have a little more of the tongue, Talboys.'

'No more, thank you,' returned Talboys, spasmodically holding on to his plate. 'Howard, I think we have an engagement at four?'

'If our charming and intellectual hostess will excuse us?' said Howard, bowing courteously.

'Won't you stay for a little of the ice cream and—and—calves foot jelly?' questions Mr. Verdon, drawing on his imagination for a hypothetical dessert.

'Thank you—we could't possibly?' said Mr. Talboys. And Mr. Verdon could not avoid a dim perception that his guests were glad to depart.

When he returned from seeing them off Cathie was sitting in the parlor, cutting the leaves of a new volume.

'Oh, Catherine!' he said, half sadly, half angrily, '*why didn't you go down and see* about the dinner?'

'Dinner?' repeated Cathie, with wide open blue eyes. 'Why, Alec, I thought you wished me to become intellectual. I'm sure you said yourself that domestic cares ought to be secondary to the cultivation of my intellectual nature!'

Alexander Verdon banged the door, and strode off down stairs in a genuine rage.

'I wonder,' he thought' 'if this state of things is inevitable. I'll go and see Ogilvie—hanged if I don't!'

And he clapped on his hat, and straightway went.

It was nearly twilight of a cold December day, when he entered Mr. Oglivie's parlor. The furniture was shabby and thatched with dust—the torn curtains hung drearily from their hooks, and an ashy fire was smouldering in the grate, *while Ogilvie himself*, in a faded dressing-gown, sat in an easy chair smoking a cheap cigar.

'Ogilvie,' said Mr. Verdon, *after the preliminary salutations* had been exchanged, 'I want to ask you a question!'

'Well;'

'Your wife is a cultivated woman!'

'Yes—she's that, and she's nothing else,' groaned poor Ogilvie.'

'My wife is not—that is, intellect isn't her *forte*. She's a dear, sweet, domestic little thing, with no *particular taste for the metaphysics or transcendental theories*. Now would you advise me to make an intellectual woman of her—a woman, *for instance*, like your wife?'

'Would I advise you to take strychnine, or jump off the pier at high tide! Man, if you've got a wife like that, don't, for pity's sake try to alter her instincts! Take her as she is, and be thankful *from the bottom* of your heart! Surely you don't want to live like *this*?'

He looked with a scornful shrug of the shoulders, around *the faded, desolate room*, and added.:

'My wife shines in society—*this* is our home!'

And Alexander Verdon took his leave, fully cured of the ambition to have his little Cathie like Mrs. Ogilvie.

'Catherine,' he said, somewhat sleepishly, as he once more came to the little table where she was *drowsily cutting* the selfsame leaves, 'you have consulted my wishes in one thing—will you consult them in another?'

'Yes, Alec.'

'Leave off trying to become a Madame de Stael, and be my own little Cathie once more.'

The bright color flashed to her temples.

'But I thought you wanted an intellectual wife, Alec.'

'My dear, I fancied that I did; but I am entirely convinced *now* that I have been an egregious fool!'

Which was so very unprecedented a declaration for Mr. Alexander Verdon to make, that we think his wife was entirely justified in acceding to his new proposition. And so the little household fairy came back to his hearthstone once more, and the shirts and dinners are nearer perfection than ever. But Catherine has learned *one lesson*: *she* has become a companion to her husband in the highest sense of the word, and can read and talk *almost* as well as she keeps house.

MR. GLADSTONE'S COMPARISON OF CANADA AND IRELAND.

In a speech recently delivered at Liverpool Mr. Gladstone said:—

Now, go with me across the Cadadian border and look for a few minutes to the state of the Irishman in Canada; and here, instead of referring to lengthened and various documents, I will quote the words but of a single witness. Possibly the name may be known to you I am going to mention; *it is the name* of Mr. D'Arcy McGee, a gentleman who, I believe, was well known in Ireland during so much of his life as he passed there, *as one of* the most vehement of Irish patriots, and as one of those who either exposed himself on that account to the penalties of the law, or else was within an ace of so exposing himself. That was the character of Mr. D'Arcy McGee. He went to Canada. Canada *is under* the sway of the same beloved Queen. In what does Canada differ from the United Kingdom? Canada has free Parliament, and so have we; but Canada has not got unjust laws regulating the tenure of the land on which the people depend for subsistence; and Canada has not got installed and enthroned in exclusive privileges the Church of a small minority. (Cheers.) It was said of old that men who crossed the sea changed the climate but not the mind; but mark the change which passed upon the mind of Mr. D'Arcy McGee. *Let me read you his* testimony, for they are words more significant and more weighty than I can give you; words that cannot be carried *home too forcibly* to the minds and hearts of the people. Only a few months ago Mr. D'Arcy McGee spoke as follows at a public festival *given to himself* and his colleague at Montreal. Speaking of Fenianism and of the spirit with which he was prepared *to resist it, he says*: "I wish the enemies of her internal peace, I wish the enemies of the Dominion to consider for a moment that fact, and to ask *themselves* whether a state of society which enables all to meet as we do in this manner, with the fullest feeling of equal rights *and the strongest* sense of equal duties to our common country, is not a state of society, a condition of things, a system of laws, and a form of self-government worthy even of the sacrifice of men's lives to perpetuate and preserve?" (Hear, hear.) Such is *the metamorphosis* effected on the mind of a disaffected Irishman by passing from a country of unjust laws to to a country of just laws; but *has he changed* his mind with respect to Ireland? He thinks and speaks of Ireland as he thought and spoke of it before. He says:—"Speaking from this place, the Capital of British America, to the statesmen of Great Britain, settle for our sakes and your own, *for the sake of* international peace, settle promptly and generously the social and ecclesiastical condition of Ireland *on terms to satisfy* the majority of the people to be governed. Every one sees and feels that while England lifts her white cliffs above the waves she never can suffer a rival government, a hostile government, to be set up on the other side of her. Whatever the aspiration of the Irish for autonomy, the union *is an inexorable* political necessity—as inexorable for England as for Ireland. But there is one miraculous agency which has yet to be fully and fairly carried out in Ireland. Brute force has failed, proslelytism has failed. Try, if only as a novelty, try patiently and *thorougly*, statesmen of the empire, the miraculous agency of equal and exact justice for one or two generations" (Cheers.) Gentlemen, *I wish* to impress on the minds of the people of England this advice of Mr. D'Arcy McGee. Since these words were uttered the man from whose mouth they proceeded has been removed from this lower world, and his death—due, as some think, to *Fenian licentiousness*—has added a melancholy dignity and a greater augmentation of weight and force to the impressive sentiments which he has uttered. (Cheers.) It is in pursuance of these opinions that we have proposed to Parliament the policy on which you have to pass your judgment. (Cheers).

A case of chronic rheumatism of unusual severity, cured by "Johnson's Anodyne Liniment," is noticed by one of our exchanges. A ... bunch came out upon the breast of the ... and appeared like part of the breast. L. C. OWEN ..., 1868.