Senate News Room

POSTAGE PREPAID

THE EXAMINER.

VOL. XXVII. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, MARCH 6, 1876. NO. 10.

The Examiner

Is Printed and Published every Monday Forenoon, BY

William L. Cotton,

OFFICE:

Corner Queen and King Streets.

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SPACE.	1 w	2 w	3 w	4 w	5 w	6 w	7 w	2 m	3 m	4 m	5 m	6 m	12 m
1 Inch.	0.50	0.62	0 75	1.00	1.20	1.35	1.50	1.65	1.95	2.25	2.55	2.85	5.70
2 do.	1.00	1.25	1.50	1.75	2.00	2.25	2.50	2.75	3.25	3.75	4.25	4.75	9.50
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4 do.	2.00	2.50	3.00	3.50	4.00	4.50	5.00	5.50	6.50	7.50	8.50	9.50	19.00
5 do.	2.50	3.12	3.75	4.37	5.00	5.62	6.25	6.87	8.11	9.35	10.59	11.83	23.66
6 do.	3.00	3.75	4.50	5.25	6.00	6.75	7.50	8.25	9.75	11.25	12.75	14.25	28.50
7 do.	3.50	4.37	5.25	6.12	7.00	7.87	8.75	9.62	11.38	13.14	14.90	16.66	33.32
8 do.	4.00	5.00	6.00	7.00	8.00	9.00	10.00	11.00	13.00	15.00	17.00	19.00	38.00
9 do.	4.50	5.62	6.75	7.87	9.00	10.12	11.25	12.37	15.65	17.93	20.21	22.49	44.98
10 do.	5.00	6.24	7.50	8.74	10.00	11.24	12.50	13.74	16.22	18.70	21.18	23.66	47.32
11 do.	5.50	6.87	8.25	9.62	11.00	12.37	13.75	15.12	17.85	20.58	23.31	26.04	52.08
12 do.	6.00	7.50	9.00	10.50	12.00	13.50	15.00	16.50	19.50	22.50	25.50	28.50	57.00

Transient Advertisements must be paid for in advance, in all cases, in order to secure insertion.

EXCEPTIONS TO THE ABOVE.—Commission Merchants and Auctioneers are allowed a discount of 20 per cent. on advertising accounts exceeding $32 per annum.

ALMANAC FOR MARCH, 1876.

MOON'S CHANGES.

First Quarter, 3d day, 5h. 35m. a. m., N. below horizon.
Full Moon, 10th day, 2h. 0m., a. m., N., below horizon.
Last Quarter, 17th day, 9h. 12m. p. m., W., below horizon.
New Moon, 25th day, 3h. 59m., p. m., S. W.,

D. M	DAY WEEK	SUN rise H	M	SUN sets H	M	MOON rises	M	HIGH water	M	DAY'S len'th H	M
1	Wedn'sd'y	6	44	5	42	8	33	1	23	10	58
2	Thursday		42		43	9	7	2	8	11	1
3	Friday		40		44	9	53	3	0		4
4	Saturday		38		46	10	56	4	21		8
5	Sunday		36		47	A	11	6	5		11
6	Monday		34		48	1	33	7	42		14
7	Tuesday		32		50	2	57	8	57		18
8	Wedn'sd'y		30		51	4	17	9	39		21
9	Thursday		29		53	5	35	10	19		24
10	Friday		27		54	6	49	10	55		27
11	Saturday		25		56	8	2	11	30		31
12	Sunday		22		57	9	12	A	1		35
13	Monday		21		59	10	23	0	29		38
14	Tuesday		20	6	0	11	33	1	5		40
15	Wedn'sd'y		17		1	M		1	42		44
16	Thursday		15		2	0	35	2	28		47
17	Friday		14		4	1	43	3	18		50
18	Saturday		11		5	2	37	4	20		54
19	Sunday		9		6	3	23	5	30		57
20	Monday		8		8	3	58	6	55	12	0
21	Tuesday		6		9	4	26	8	1		3
22	Wedn'sd'y		4		11	4	48	8	51		7
23	Thursday		2		12	5	8	9	37		10
24	Friday	5	59		13	5	24	10	10		14
25	Saturday		58		15	5	40	10	45		17
26	Sunday		56		16	5	56	11	20		20
27	Monday		54		17	6	15	11	54		23
28	Tuesday		52		18	6	38	M			26
29	Wedn's'dy		50		19	7	8	0	30		29
30	Thursday		48		21	7	49	1	11		33
31	Friday	5	46	6	22	8	46	1	59	12	36

PRICES CURRENT.

Ch'town, Feb 29, 1876.

BREADSTUFFS.	
Buckwheat Flour, per lb	0.03 to 0.34
Flour, per bbl	5.50 to 7.00
Flour, per 100 lbs	3.00 to 3.25
Oatmeal, per 100 lbs	2.70 to 3.00
FISH.	
Codfish per qtl	3.50 to 5.00
Herring per bbl	4.87 to 6.49
Mackerel per doz.	0.48 to 0.72
BOARDS.	
Hemlock, 100 feet,	0.81 to 0.94
Pine do	1.62 to 2.40
Spruce do	0.97 to 1.30
Shingles, per M.	2.11 to 2.48
POULTRY.	
Chickens, per pair	$0.50 to 0.70
Ducks, (each)	0.24 to 0.35
Fowls, (each)	0.25 to 0.40
Partridges, (each)	0.25 to 0.30
Turkeys, (each)	0 80 to 1.75
Geese (each)	0.50 to 0.75
MEAT.	
Beef, (small pieces) per lb	$0.08 to 0.14
Beef, per lb (by the quarter)	0.06 to 0.10
Ham, per lb	0.10 to 0.12
Lamb, per quarter	0.00 to 0.00
Lamb, per lb	0.06 to 0.09
Mutton, per lb	0.07 to 0.12
Pork, (small pieces) per lb	0.08 to 0.12
Pork, per lb (by the carcass)	0.05½ to 0.07½
Veal, per lb	0.04 to 0.08
MISCELLANEOUS.	
Apples per bushel	0.80 to 1.00
Barley per bushel	0.00 to 0.75
Butter (fresh) per lb	0.20 to 0.25
Butter per lb by the tub	0.16 to 0.19
Calfskins, per lb	0.06 to 0.12
Cheese (new milk) per lb	0.14 to 0.16
Cheese, per lb	0.05 to 0.08
Clover seed, per lb	0.00 to 0.00
Eggs, per doz.	0.25 to 0.32
Green Peas,	0.00 to 0.00
Hay, per ton	8.00 to 10 00
Hides, per lb.	0.04 to 0.4½
Honey, per lb.	0.25 to 0.32
Homespun, (men's wear) per yd.	0.65 to 1.00
Homespun, (women's do) per yd	0.35 to 0.48
Homespun Flannel, per yard	0.31 to 0.46
Lard, per lb	0.12 to 0.16
Oats, per bushel	0.36 to 0.40
Potatoes, per bushel	0.25 to 0.32
Pearl Barley, per lb	0.03 to 0.04
Sheepskins	0.50 to 1.00
Straw, per ton	4.50 to 2.50
Tallow per lb	0.07 to 0.10
Turnips, per bush.	0.00 to 0.16
Wool, per lb	0.17 to 0.25

CARTER'S RAILWAY HOTEL!

SITUATE about thirty yards from Tignish Station—having ample accommodation for permanent and transient boarders at

Reasonable Rates,

the Proprietor solicits the patronage of the travelling public.

JOHN CARTER.

Tignish Station, Dec. 6, 1875.—3m

REVERE HOUSE,

ADJOINING THE POST OFFICE,

ALBERTON, - - - - P. E. I.

The subscriber has fitted up the above House in good style, and wishes to inform his friends, and the public generally that he is prepared to accommodate

Transient and Permanent Boarders.

Charges moderate. Good Stabling on the premises.

RICHARD GLADNEY, Proprietor.

Alberton, Sept. 13, 1875.

BUSINESS CARDS.

COOMBS & WORTH,

JOB PRINTERS & BOOKBINDERS

51 WATER STREET.

Charlottetown, - - - P. E. Island.

Jan.17'76 1y

E. C. NELSON,

IMPORTER & REPAIRER OF

SEWING MACHINES.

ADDRESS:—P. O. Box 303, Charlottetown.
Oct. 25, 1875.—1y

MacKENZIE & STUMBLES,

Auctioneers, Commission Merchants,

AND

GENERAL AGENTS,

77 North Side Queen Square,

Charlottetown, - - P. E. Island.
October 18, 1875.—1y

WILLIAM DODD,

Commission Merchant and AUCTIONEER

QUEEN SQUARE,
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND

CARVELL BROS.,

AUCTIONEERS,

Commission Merchants,

AND

GENERAL AGENTS.

Lower Queen St. Charlottetown, P. E. I.

F. M. CAMPBELL,

General Merchant

COMMISSION AGENT,

AUCTIONEER & BROKER

TRINITY CORNER, GEORGETOWN, P. E. I.

AGENT FOR THE

Standard Life Insurance Co.

Sept. 1, 1873. 1y

HASZARD BROS.,

Commission Merchants & Auctioneers,

FORWARDING, MANUFACTURERS,

AND

General Agents,

61 WATER STREET.

Opposite Merchants Bank,

Charlottetown, - - - - P. E. I.

J. E. HASZARD, | HORACE HASZARD.

REFERENCES:

Messrs. Greenshields, Son & Co., Montreal,
Messrs. W. & R. Brodie, Quebec,
Messrs. J. S. Farlow & Co., Boston,
Henry Lawson, Esq., Halifax, N. S.
Hon. Daniel Davies, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
May 3, 1875.

INSURANCE.

MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

ROBERT LONGWORTH, Esq., President,
HON. JAS. DUNCAN,
HON. L. C. OWEN,
HON. A. A. MCDONALD,
HON. J. C. POPE,
THOMAS HANDRAHAN, Esq.,
GEORGE R. BEER, Esq.

Risks taken daily at their office, corner Great George and Lower Water Streets.

F. W. HALES, Secretay.

Ch'town, March 22, 1875—1y

ST. LAWRENCE

Marine Insurance Co.

OF

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

Authorized Capital, - - $300,000.
Subscribed Capital, - - 143,950.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

ARCHIBALD KENNEDY, *President.*
JOHN F. ROBERTSON,
ARTEMAS LORD,
P. W. HYNDMAN,
RALPH B. PEAKE,
THOMAS MORRIS,
GEORGE D. LONGWORTH.

Risks taken daily at their office, Exchange Building.

FREDERICK W. HYNDMAN,
Ch'town, March 22, 1875.—1y *Secretary.*

IMPERIAL

Fire Insurance Company

OF LONDON.

Subscribed & Invested Capital,

£1,965,000 Stg.

The above Office being of UNDOUBTED STANDING, guarantees perfect security and Prompt Payment of Losses.

DETACHED DWELLINGS insured for One, Two, or Three Years on SPECIALLY ADVANTAGEOUS TERMS.

FENTON T. NEWBERY,
AGENT.

Jan. 18, 1874. 1y

THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON AND GLOBE

INSURANCE COMPANY

FIRE AND LIFE.

Invested Funds, 1st Jan'y., 1874, $21,628,356
Deposited with Receiver General of Canada, 162,800
Other Investments in Dominion of Canada, 367,091

FAIR RATES.

Prompt & Liberal Settlements.

Insurance against Fire effected upon Private Residences, Household Furniture and Farm Properties, for

One, Three or more years,

At Reduced Rates.

Office—Great George Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

R. K. FITZGERALD, Agent

Ch'town, July 27, 1874.—6m

POETRY.

AUGUSTUS BROOM.

A COMIC SONG, BY THE LATE DR. ROBERT CHAMBERS.

In a parlor gay, one summer day,
By sleep and heat oppressed,
Augustus Broom, a young bridegroom,
Lay down to take a rest,
When Agnes sweet, his darling bride,
Came in and sat down by his side,
And said, 'my dear, your Nancy's here!'
He with a snore replied.

'What! asleep!' says she, 'and as yet but three
Weeks since we were wed!
I thought of a walk, or at least some talk:
Is all your fondness fled?
Do give me some attention, pray,
And let not Agnes have to say,
That when she has dressed and done her best,
Her pains were thrown away.

Well, since you will lie snoring still,
I know what I will do;
Those whiskers rare, beyond compare,
I'll clip a curl or two.
I know you love them passing well,
And would not for a kingdom sell.
'Twill serve you right for the shameful slight,
And be a joke to tell.'

The deed was done, and she thought it fun,
For hair can grow again;
But when Broom did feel the cold hard steel
He started up amain;
And cried 'my dear!' with a frantic roar,
And quickly off both whiskers tore—
'It is too bad, you drive me mad;
They cost me two pounds four!'

LITERATURE.

MARCUS WARLAND;

OR, THE LONG MOSS SPRING.

CHAPTER XV.

Marcus looked upon her steadfastly one moment. In that moment her image, as he had seen it at different periods of their intercourse, passed rapidly before him, like the phantasma of a dream. The childlike, bewitching fairy of the fountain, the incarnate Lightning that gilded the hall of the university, the playful, gentle, fascinating mistress of that lordly mansion, the inspired sibyl of the library, the loving, impassionate compassion of the moonlight hour, —and last of all, the tender, humble artless nurse. What a beautiful picture gallery it made! And there she stood, so changed, so near, and yet appearing so far off. She seemed to have altered the very style of her dress, so as to destroy the identity of the Florence of other days. Her hair, instead of falling in wild, luxurant wreaths around her person, was gathered up behind, and fastened with a silver comb, at the sides of which the ringlets dropped, as if ready to fall from their own abundance. The features had a marble rigidity of outline, in lieu of their former bewitching softness. The lovely, radiant Creole was transformed to the cold Grecian statue. It was a Galatea before Pygmalion had warmed her with the divine breath of love.

Marcus felt his heart swell almost to bursting. He had been under the spell of an enchantress, who could sport at will with the passions of man. With a mighty effort he would break this spell, and free himself from her power. He approached the door, and placed his foot upon the threshold.

'I came,' said he, 'from the grave of my father, who bade me bear to you his parting blessing—a blessing hallowed by the solemnities of death and the prospect of eternity. I go now from the grave of my buried love, bearing with me a lesson more awful than his dying accents taught me. *They* breathed of hope and immortality. There is more of death around me now than I saw in his shrouded form.'

He turned and passed hastily through the hall, who Letty, flying out through a side door, arrested his steps.

'Stop Master Marcus; you mustn't go,' cried the negro girl making vehement gestures. 'You don't know what I knows. It'll all be 'clared up. Jist wait a minit. Master Patterson himself is here. The Lord sent you, sure enough, this very night,'

'Let me pass,' cried Marcus in a more haughty tone than he had ever addressed to a negro before. 'I cannot will not be detained.'

'Master Marcus mustn't go till he hear something,' said Letty, jumping into the doorway, and putting her arms across as a barrier. 'He be sorry all his life-long if he no mind what this nigger say. Miss Florence been 'ceived, that she has. She been most raving 'stracted 'bout it. Come along back, Master Marcus!'

The eloquence of Letty had attracted the attention of Delaval, who was passing from the dining-room to the parlour, in company with Patterson. Seeing a gentleman in black, whose egress Letty seemed resolutely resisting, he came forward, wondering what it could mean. The eyes of these two estranged young men met in the twilight rays of the shaded lamp that hung above the staircase. They burned upon each other with mutual scorn and ire.

'I came,' said Marcus, placing his back against the door-post, and folding his arms across his breast, 'to demand an explanation of the reiterated insults I have received. I am commanded to leave the presence of the sister, lest the brother should wreck his vengeance upon me; and I call upon the Almighty God that made me, to bear witness that I have never injured you or her, in thought, word or action. Who talks of injury? Mine is the injury, deep as life itself. In friendship, as in love, I have only too blindly trusted, been fatally deceived.'

Marcus raised his voice with energy of passion. Delaval was about to reply, when Letty, stepping between them, cried out: 'Master George, oh! Master George, please come into the parlour, and you too, Master Marcus, where Miss Florence and Master Patterson is, and I'll clare it all up, just like moonshine. I got Master Patterson here o' purpose, 'cause I know white folks don't believe all a nigger say. Master Marcus haint done nothing wrong nos how. I never think he did.'

'There may be something in this,' said Delaval, who had been excessively struck by the tones and looks of Marcus, so expressive of outraged innocence. 'Warland, will you come? Vindicate yourself from this aspersion, if you can, and relieve me af a burden that has well-nigh crushed me to the earth.'

Marcus bowed his head, and walked in silent dignity, side by side with Delaval, into the room from which he had just been banished. Delaval motioned to a chair, but Marcus refused the offered courtesy.

'I never again sit down under your roof,' said he in a calm voice, 'till I am requested to do it *as* a friend, and *by* a friend.'

Florence was seated on a sofa, in a state of passive agony, between her uncle and Mr. Patterson. The latter rose and greeted Marcus with great cordiality. Letty had followed the young gentlemen into the parlour, with a face of utterable meaning.

'And now,' said Delaval, in a commanding tone to the negro, tell me what you know, and all you know!'

'Before I begins,' said Letty, folding her hands with serene importance. 'I must ask Miss Florence to please be so kind as to 'xibit the letter she drop out of the book, on dis here floor.'

'Letty,' cried Florence, starting to her feet, 'have I not forbidden you ——'

'Sister, said Delaval 'I entreat you to let her have her way. Permit the letter to be exhibited, as Letty says, that Mr. Warland may not assert we gave him no opportunity of vindication.'

While Florence with evident reluctance left the room, Mr. Alston rose, and waving his hand with his accustomed dignity, exclaimed: 'This seems to me a very extraordinary proceeding, for a young lady of Miss Delaval's station to obey the bidding of a slave, and to be called upon to display her private papers in this promiscuous company. I must say I disapprove of this transaction, and protest against the interference of this very officious negro.'

'Uncle, I beg of you to let things have their course. They have gone too far to recede. I have invited this young gentleman to return, and by the shade of Cicero he shall have a hearing.'

Florence entered at this moment, and advancing to Patterson, with haughty grace gave the letter into his hands.

'This is your property, sir, I believe,' she said. 'It was left by accident in the leaves of a pamphlet you had the politness to send me. Can it be a matter of surprise to you that the writer of that letter should find himself here an unwelcome and unhonoured guest?'

'Why, this is a letter from Mr. Warland!' said Patterson, looking at it with surprise. 'I know not how it came in that pamphlet; but surely he never wrote anything to me which could give offence to you, or any human being?'

'Just please look inside of the 'velope,' said Letty, 'and see if that be the right one. Heap of fine coats put on over ole rags and tatters.'

Marcus stood in dignified silence, with that proud curl of the lip which gave inexpressible beauty to the passion of scorn. He saw Patterson glance his eye carelessly over the contents of the letter.

'Yes, I recollect this very well,' cried the latter; 'a business letter, which can interest no one but the parties concerned. But what is this? A postscript! twice the length of the letter, too! I never saw this before. Strange—unaccountable!'

He read on, and as he read, perplexity and indignation were visible in his knitting brows and in his kindling eyes.

'This is foul, iniquitous,' he exclaimed. 'Warland never wrote a line of this post script, never! How it came here the power of darkness only knows.'

'That me,' cried Letty. 'I knows how it came there, I 'spec.'

'Allow me to see what they have done me the honor to attribute to me,' cried Marcus, advancing and taking the letter from the hand of Patterson.

'Oh, Marcus!' exclaimed Florence, springing forward and endeavouring to snatch the paper with her trembling fingers 'read not, I pray you, those shameful words You never, never will forgive me for having believed, for one moment that you could have been the author. Marcus—in pity for my shame, in pity for my penitence my deep humiliation, refrain from the perusal of those disgraceful lines.'

Clinging to his arm with impassioned and appealing look, in which joy, ecstacy, and self-reproach were struggling for mastery. Florence sought to gain possesion of the vile forgery, that had caused her so much misery. Delaval had hold of his other hand squeezing it with the old *tourniquet* gripe.

'Warland,' said he in a husky voice, 'I wish you would take a pistol and shoot me through the head. I am sure I deserve it, and ten times more, for being the dupe of such villany. Forgive me, Warland, if you can. God knows you have not suffered alone.'

'I *must* know my alleged crime,' aswered Marcus, returning the warm grasp of Delaval's hand, and gently releasing the letter from the agitated fingers of Florence. 'Let there be no more concealments, no more mystery. For your sake as well as mine, oppose me not, I pray you. Your vindication, I doubt not, is contained in this letter.

The letter is unnecessary to transcribe, for, as Patterson remarked, 'the contents were interesting only to the parties concerned;' but the postscript, so mysteriously added, in handwriting so exactly resembling that of Marcus it could not be told from the original, we will insert, that Florence and Delaval may be vindicated in the hearts of others for their injustice to Marcus. I was this:

'What I am now about to say is in perfect confidence. I know you will never betray the trust of a friend, especially when another is concerned, in whom I know you have a deep interest. That you are a lover of the heiress of Wood Lawn, is no secret to the world. That I have been so fortunate as to be honoured with her favour, is a fact perhaps more notorious. My motive in introducing the subject to you is disinterested, and I think you will appreciate it. I fear *you* have been rejected for my sake. As in these days young men mostly marry for money, I presume the worldly advantages of the match have not been overlooked by you. I add this to say to you in the unreserve of perfect friendship, that I am willing to withdraw all claims to a priority in her regard. Perhaps there is not an other young man in the world who would be affected as I have been by the proof she has lately given of her devotion to me. *You* know, everybody must know by this time, that she followed me, disguised as a mulatto, and stayed with me during that sickness occasioned by the wound inflicted by the rascal Pellam. I ought to feel grateful and exceedingly flattered by such an unheard-of act of affection; but I acknowledge that I am so fastidious, it has filled me with the deepest disgust. It has anihilated every particle of the love I once felt. Indeed, so great is my present repugnance, that even the prospect of possesing her splendid fortune cannot reconcile me to the thought of a union. Now, if it is the fortune you desire rather than the girl, all this will make no difference with you. Should you be disposed to resume your addresses, you may release me from a very disagreeable scrape. That fiery brother of hers may get me into difficulty. I do not wish to fight him, as I really like him. This is all *sub rosa.* Let me know your intention soon.'

It would be difficult to discribe the feelings of Marcus while perusing this shameful forgery. That Florence should have been deceived by the handwriting he could not wonder, for it was the exact counterpart of his own; that, being deceived, she should feel insulted, wounded, and outraged, as never woman was before, he could not wonder. His greatest wonder was that Delaval had not shot or stabbed him, in the first storm of his anger. Crushing the vile paper in his hands, he looked at Florence, who was no longer the cold, rigid statue, but the Galatea, warmed by the divine breath of love. Their hearts rushed to each other in that lightning glance, and their hands involuntarily extended, sealed by their pressure the reconciliation that glance expressed. The words that came to their lips were too sacred to be uttered in the presence of others. They did not, could not speak. Neither did Delaval, who again grasped the hand of Marcus and throwing his arm over his shoulder, drew him closely to his side.

In the burst of emotion that followed the perusal of the letter, Letty's agency and promised explanation were momentarily overlooked. She waited impatiently for the subsiding of their full and passionate feelings, twirling her fingers and coughing elaborately, she recalled their attention to herself.

'Do you really know, my clever darkie,' asked Patterson, 'who wrote that abominable thing? If you *can* enlighten us on this subject, you shall have more money in your purse than you can spend between now and Christmas. Speak and tell us all about it.'

'Well, master, you must let me have my own way,' answered Letty, speaking with consequential deliberation, 'and I'll tell you what I knows, and clarify the whole subject. I seen a long time how everything wrong. Ever since Miss Florence drop that 'ere letter and pick it up, she no had no peace, no satisfaction of her life. She told never mention Master Marcus' name, longs as I live, and I knowed that wa'n't nateral. So I thinks and thinks, and does nothing but think, how to bring matters right, when I heern of the camp-meeting and sot off. Then I made bold to go to Master Patterson's I got 'quainted with Creasy, one of his house-women, at the camp-ground. She got religious there, and she so happy; she love everybody, and me too. She invited me go home with her, and that was jist what I wanted I made myself agreeable o' purpose. Well, when I gets to Master Patterson's, and I feels sorter at home, and talks kinder familiar like, I asked who visited her master, and if she 'membered who was there when he sent the bundle of papeas to my young mistress. Says Creasy, says she, 'Nobody here that time, 'less Master Pellam. Yes, Master Pellam was here, one, two, three days then.'

'Pellam!' repeated her auditors, looking at each other. Florence turned a remorseful look towards her uncle. She had been suspecting—she could not help it—*his* immaculate *irreproachability.*

'Another wound in the back!' said Marcus, involuntarily, another coward thrust!

'Well, as soon as she tell me this,' resumed Letty, animated by the impression she had made, 'I question and question her, all in a roundabout way, just like a Christian for all; and this what I finds out. One morning, when Master Patterson gone to the plantation, she see Master Pellam in the next room. Upper part of the door all of glass, so she see him good as could be. He never 'spected Creasy close by. She mighty quiet body, you know; keep still as a mouse, think a heap tho'. Well, she 'member seeing him take up a letter off the secretary, pull it out of the 'velope and sorter ponder over it.; then set down and write away on the same paper a long time. She 'member too how he keep looking over one shoulder and then t'other as tho' somebody right there. S'pose he thought ole Satan 'hind him. So he be, sure enough. Then he put it in the kiver, and stick it in a little book, and clap some newspapers on top on't, and made up a sorter of a bundle. She never thought of no harm, Creasy didn't, but she mighty observing person, and got a powerful strong memory. 'Sides, Creasy she say she 'members seeing Master Pellam giving the bundle to her master, and ask him to send it to Miss Florence, 'cause she like to read the news.'

'This is true,' said Patterson. 'I remember his staying at home that morning, on the plea of having letters to write, and I unlocked my secretary for his use, I had read him Warland's letter the night before —at least a portion of it.'

'The packet came in your name,' said Florence. 'Had Pellam's been mentioned, I might have suspected something treacherous. Yet, even then, blind and wilful girl that I am, I feared I would have been guilty of the injustice and wrong which through life I shall vainly rue.'

Marcus bent down, and said something to her in a low voice, that brought a rich glow to her cheeks and a smile to her lips, but no one else heard the words he uttered.

'I told the servant that it was sent by Pellam; but I suppose he forgot or neglected the message,' said Patterson. 'I was not aware that he possessed his wonderful talent of imitation. But what motive could have prompted an act of such cold-blooded malice? Have you ever injured or thwarted him, Warland?'

'I have been so unfortunate as to cross his path,' answered Marcus, looking unconsciously towards Florence, 'and I cannot wonder that he does not look upon me as a friend. He has sought to injure me more than once, and the weapons have been turned against his own breast. One never forgives the man whom they have wronged. This is the secret of Pellam's deadly malice. He has more mind than I have given him credit for, and, like yourself, I was ignorant of his peculiar talent for forgery.'

'I was aware that he excelled in penmanship,' said Mr. Alston, who had been watching for a favourable opening for a speech. 'He was distinguished for this when a boy, and amused himself by imitating the handwriting of others. Had my nephew and niece confided to me the very unpleasant circumstances which have come to my knowledge this evening, I think I could have explained them in a very satisfactory manner. I regret that I ever encouraged the visits of this exceedingly unworthy young gentleman. I considered him quite irreproachable, but the wisest may may err in their judgment of men. I regret too that I allowed him to prejudice me against a very estimable young man. Mr. Warland,' added he, walking majestically forward, and extending his aristocratic hand with an air of dignified self-aprobation, 'I make you welcome at this time and hereafter to Wood Lawn, and I trust all unpleasant rememberances will be buried in oblivion.'

A HUSBAND EUCHERED—A WIFE OF TWO MEN A STAKE AT CARDS.

On Sunday afternoon and evening one of the most singular incidents in the history of the matrimonial lottery took place at No. 154, Johnson avenue, Williamsburgh, it being the playing of a game of cards for the possession of a wife, by her two living husbands.

The causes of this phenomenal incident, briefly told, are as follows:—In the fall of 1871, Louis Lange, a barber, married Annie Hortsmann, of Hudson City, N. J., after a courtship of two weeks. They lived together a very quarrelsome life for a few months, and then in a fit of passion he deserted her and went to Chicago. She being left without means went home to her parents, but having obtained a situation went back to Williamsburgh. Here she met the groomsman, Claus Doscher, who officiated at her wedding. After waiting two years without hearing from Lange, Mrs Lange married Doscher in 1874. Last week Lange came to Brooklyn, and, intent upon being made happy in the future, sought his wife to make amends for his previous ill treatment, and give promises for better treatment in the future. He was horrified to find her the wife of his groomsman, but after considerable self-communion, he decided to arrange the affair amicably. So, with a mutual friend, who was acquainted with all the parties, he called on her, in the rear of 154 Johnson avenue. He was made cordially welcome, and after a conversation of some half hours duration the men adjourned to the saloon in the front building to settle the matter by a game of euchre. The room was a dingy one, the light of the one or two kerosene lamps casting only a faint glimmer on the interesting game which was heralded, accompanied and followed by copious draughts of lager. In the earliar part of the game fortune seemed to be in favor of Doscher and he speedily scored nine of ten points necessary to win, but there he stopped and Lange slowly and by 'one,' scored up to the same figure. The woman as the game progressed left her seat and took a place by the side of her second husband. All those in the room gathered around the table, and as Lange took a trick an audible sigh came from the woman, but as Doscher laid out trump after trump she seemed relieved, and when he had made the winning point she saluted him with a hearty kiss. Lange for a moment seemed angry, but said 'well, Doscher, old boy, she ain't worth fighting over; here's joy to you with her,' and he quaffed a foaming tankard of beer.

The party then commenced drinking and kept it up till midnight, when they separated the best of friends.—*N. Y. Herald.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Disastrous floods have occurred in Upper Austria and Moravia.

A sub-marine cable between Australia and New Zealand has been successfully laid.

The Corporation of London will give a grand fete to the Prince of Wales on his return from India.

A young man, claiming to be the son of the Earl of Devon, is in jail at Buffalo, N.Y., for a month's hotel bill, amounting to $325

The liberal leaders in the English Commons, including Lord Hartington, Earl Granville and Mr. Gladstone, have agreed on a severe attack upon the government for the Suez Canal purchase.

A QUERY.—The Truro *Sun* says that the morning train from that ambitious town for Halifax, should be called a 'milk train,' as it brings 166 cans, each containing about six gallons. Can the *Sun* swear that it is all milk? But perhaps that is the cream of the 'Sun's' little joke.

We find the following contents in *The Edinburgh Review* for January, lately republished by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., 41 Barclay Street, New York:

I. Scottish Statesmen of the Revolution—The Dalrymples.
II. Army Recruitment.
III. The Two Amperes.
IV. Gardiners Reign of James I.
V. Wagner and the Modern Theory of Music.
VI Post Office Telegraphs.
VII. Pattison's Life of Casaubon.
VIII. Iceland and its Explorers.
XI. The Suez Canal.

LONGEVITY!—There is a family belonging to Horton, N.S., consisting at present of seven living members, whose united ages amount to 494 years, being an average of seventy years, six months, and twenty-six days each. They are all enjoying good health at present and some of them have the prospect of many years of life to come. Two members of the family have died, one at the age of twenty-two years and the other at thirty-three years. By adding their ages to those living you have an aggregate of 599, or equal to sixty-six years, six months and twenty days each.—Their father was eighty, and their mother seventy five years at the time of their deaths, which would make an aggregate for the whole family of 754 years, or an average of sixty-eight years, six months and sixteen days each member.—*Com. to Berwick Star.*

THE TIMIDITY OF ORATORS.—A writer of the "Fortnightly Review" asks whether artists, and especially orators, are peculiarly liable to the sensation of pain and to fear. He thinks that they are, and attributes it to an unusually sensitive organization. Peel is believed to have owed his death to being unable to bear an operation which a less sensitive man might have borne. An eminent operator described Bishop Wilberforce as a 'bundle of nerves,' and as the most sensitive patient he had ever known. Orators, as a rule, show a painful anxiety about their own speeches, and toilsome uneasiness seems a condition of their success. A junior counsel once congratulated Sir William Follet on his perfect composure in prospect of a great case. Sir William merely asked his friend to feel his hand, which was wet with anxiety. The late Lord Derby said that his principal speeches cost him two sleepless nights—one in which he was thinking what to say the other in which he was lamenting what he might have said better. Cicero, according to Plutarch, 'not only wanted courage in arms but in his speaking also; he began timidly, and in many cases, he scarcely left off shaking and trembling even when he got thoroughly into the current and substance of his speech.'

SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF OUR REPRESENTATIVES.

During the debate on the shipping interests of the Dominion, Mr. Davies said:

Mr. Speaker, as a member coming from a ship-building Province, allow me to say a few words on this question—the establishment of Dominion Lloyds under Government control—which is looked upon with great disfavour in my Province. It is well known that the English and French Lloyds are associations of merchants, not, however, under government control, but purely private in their character, and there would be no objection to the establishment of similar associations in the Dominion; and as the hon. member who has just sat down has said, I dare say that in a few years their inspections would be found to be equal to the English or French examinations. The British Lloyds is an old-established institution, and its report carries great weight with underwriters, &c. The *Bureau Veritas* is of more modern origin, but it now stands very high.

With reference to Mr. Plimsoll's legislation, I suppose, Sir, it will be generally admitted that some such action was necessary to protect the lives of seamen from the greed of ship-owners, who sometimes overload their vessels, and from designing persons who send unseaworthy ships to sea with the intention of losing them. This legislation took place beyond question under a good deal of excitement, but I suppose most people will admit that some such enactment will apply to our ships as well as to vessels built in England.

The late Minister of Marine alluded to the examination of masters and mates, and spoke of the measure as having given great satisfaction. I certainly know, Sir, that it has not been so in the Province from which I come, for this reason. We build a great many new ships to sell, and it has limited the number from which ship-owners can select their masters. Some who were old and skilled, were very ignorant, and were consequently unable to obtain certificates.

Hon. Mr. Smith—They should have shown certificates of service.

Mr. Davies—But still, many of them could not get these certificates, so this narrowed the selection of the masters and mates who were otherwise situated. I am quite aware, Sir, that this defect will cure itself in a few years; but I simply speak of it as rather hard so shipsowners at present, particularly as we have not had a Board for the examination of masters and mates in our Province. I hope that the Minister of Marine and Fisher will see fit to establish such a Board immediately.

CORRESPONDEACE.

MR. EDITOR:—As one of the "Fourth Estate," your principal employment is to instruct and enlighten your fellow beings, especially those of them who have arrived at the years of maturity. Your humble servant is more immediately engaged in training and instructing the juvenile portion of society. In this humble, yet noble work, you will not scruple to lend a helping hand. The favor asked is, to put 'into print' the names of a few aspiring youth. This may *now* be only a work of faith and labor of love, but the 'bread thus cast upon the water may return after many days' fraught with high interest. In short, you are respectively solicited by a few of the pupils of the Georgetown Grammar School to publish the following Report. Acquiesce in this, and you will cause some bright young eyes to sparkle with delight, and some young hearts throb with joy.

Yours respectively,
DISCIPULUS.

Georgetown, Feb. 25, 1876.

1st Spelling—1st Alfred Bourk and Ezra Henry, 2nd Sarah Murphy and Chas. Macdonald.

2nd Spelling—Mary Griffin and Mary Henry, 2nd Emma Bourke and Isabel Griffin.

5th Reading Book—1st Mary Henry, 2nd Eneas Macdonald and Clara Bourke.

6th Reading Book—1st Ezra Henry and Wm. A. Munro, 2nd George Munro and Sarah Murphy.

Advanced Reader—1st Chas. Macdonald, 2nd Laura R. Logan and F. Lavers.

British History—Alfd. E. Bourke and Chas. Macdonald, 2nd Sarah Fairchild and Ella McPhail.

1st Arithmetic—1st Alfred Bourke and Wm. Grant: 2nd John F. Macdonald, Ezra Henry and Charles N. Macdonald.

2nd Arithmetic—1st Laura R. Logan; 2nd John Andrew McCormack, Ethel Knight and Maggie Walker.

3rd Arithmetic—1st Emma Bourke; 2nd John Diggin, Hugh Logan and Ralph Macdonald.

4th Arithmetic—1st Mary McConnell and Æneas Macdonald 2nd Percy Jenkins and Sidney Knight.

1st Geography—1st Alfd. Bourke and Chas. Macdonald; 2nd Ella J. McPhail and Laura Logan and Mary Cantello.

2nd Geography—1st Sarah Murphy and John Andrew McCormack; 2nd James McConnell and Ezra Henry.

1st English Grammar—1st Adolphus Griffin and Wm. Grant, 2nd Sarah Fairchild and Laura Logan.

2nd English Grammar—1st Ezra Henry and Chas. Macdonald, 2nd Geo. Munro and Maggie Walker.

1st Penmanship 1st Alfred Bourke and Adolphus Griffin, 2nd Mary S. O'Brien and Mary E. Entello.

2nd do.—1st Chas. Æneas McDonald and Hugh Logan, 2nd Geo. Munro and Fade Lavers.

3rd do.—1st Mary J. McConnell and Jas. McConnell, 2nd Katie McDonald, Æneas McDonald and Michael Bourke.

1st Dictation—1st John F. McDonald and Sarah Fairchild and Mary S. O'Brien, equal; 2nd Adolphus Griffin and William Grant.

2nd do. 1st Isabel Griffin, Kate McDonald and Mary Henry equal; 2nd Laura Croucher, Henry Hughes, and Wm Munro.

3rd do.—1st Clara Bourke and Ralph McDonald; 2nd Matilda Flynn and Mary Griffin.

English Composition—1st Alfred Bourke and Sarah Fairchild; 2nd Fanny Gordon, Ella McPhail & Ethel Knight equal.

Book-keeping—Eaton & Frazee's 1st A. Bourke, Adolphus Griffin and Ella McPhail; 2nd, Laura Logan, Sarah Fairchild and J. Croucher, equal.

General information—Natural Science—1st Alfred Bourke, Wm. Grant and Charles McDonald; 2nd John McDonald, Fannie Gordon and Ella McPhail, equal.

GENERAL GOOD CONDUCT.

Boys—Æneas McDonald, John Hanson, Wm. Munro, Philip LeBrocq, George Munro, John Diggin, Frank Lavers, John Andrew McCormack, James McConnell, Ralph McDonald and Edward Shea.

Girls—Margt. O'Brien, Emma Bourke, Ella Lockerby, Mary Griffin, Ella McPhail, Clara Bourke, Katie Macdonald.

Aim at perfection in everything, though in most things it is unattained; however, they they that aim at it, and persevere, will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable.

A CHEERFUL FACE.—There is no greater everyday virtue than cheerfullness. This quality in man among men is like sunshine to the day, or gentle, renewing moisture to parched herbs. The light of a cheerful face diffuses itself and communicates the happy spirit that inspires it. The sourest temper must sweeten in the atmosphere of continuous good humor. As well might fog, and cloud, and vapor hope to cling to the sun-illumed landscape, as the blues and moroseness to combat jovial speech and exhilarating laughter. Be cheerful, always. There is no path but will be easier travelled, no load but will be lighter, no shadow on heart or brain but will lift sooner in presence of a determined cheerfulness.