Senate News Room

POSTAGE PREPAID.

THE EXAMINER.

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The Examiner

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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	9 m	12 m
1 Inch.	0.50	0.70	0.90	1.10	1.30	1.50	1.70	1.90	2.61	3.33	4.05	4.40	17.34	6.42
2 do.	1.00	1.40	1.80	2.20	2.60	3.00	3.40	3.80	5.22	6.66	8.10	8.00	5.61	12.84
3 do.	1.50	2.10	2.70	3.30	3.90	4.50	5.10	5.70	7.83	9.99	12.15	13.20	17.01	19.26
4 do.	2.00	2.80	3.60	4.40	5.20	6.00	6.80	7.60	10.44	13.32	16.20	16.60	22.68	25.68
5 do.	2.50	3.50	4.50	5.50	6.50	7.50	8.50	9.50	13.05	16.65	20.25	22.00	28.35	32.10
6 do.	3.00	4.20	5.50	6.60	7.80	9.00	10.20	11.40	15.66	19.98	24.30	26.40	34.02	51.36
7 do.	3.50	4.90	6.30	7.70	9.10	10.50	11.90	13.30	18.27	23.31	28.35	30.80	39.69	57.78
8 do.	4.00	5.60	7.20	8.80	10.40	12.00	13.60	15.20	20.88	26.64	32.40	35.20	45.36	64.20
9 do.	4.50	6.30	8.10	9.90	11.70	13.50	15.30	17.10	23.49	29.97	36.45	39.60	51.03	70.62
10 do.	5.00	7.00	9.00	11.00	13.00	15.00	17.00	19.00	26.10	33.30	40.50	44.00	56.70	77.04
11 do.	5.50	7.70	9.90	12.10	14.30	16.50	18.70	20.90	28.71	36.63	44.55	48.40	62.37	38.52
12 do.	6.00	8.40	10.80	13.20	15.60	18.00	20.40	22.80	31.32	39.96	48.60	52.80	68.04	44.94

All advertisements exceeding 12 inches will be subject to a discount of 10 per cent. additional, if continued for one year.

Auctioneers will be allowed 10 per cent. discount when they advertise to the amount of $30 per year; 15 per cent when to the amount of $45; and 20 per cent when to the amount of $60 per annum, and not otherwise.

The sum of 12 cents per line will be charged for each insertion of all "Special Notices;" and 25 cents for notices in editorial or news columns.

The sum of 50 cents will be charged for the insertion of all Marriage and Birth notices.

ALMANAC FOR SEPT., 1876.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Full Moon, 3d day, 5h. 1m., p. m., E., below horison.
Last Quarter, 11th day, 12h. 8m. a. m., E.
New Moon, 17 day, 5h. 42m., p. m., W.
First Quarter, 25th day, 7h. 51m., a.m., N. below horizon.

D. M.	DAY WEEK	SUN rise		SUN sets		MOON rises		HIGH water		DAY'S len'th	
		H	M	H	M	A		M		H.	M.
1	Friday	5	25	6	34	5	55	9	4	13	9
2	Saturday		27		32	6	9	9	46		5
3	Sunday		28		30	6	29	10	20		2
4	Monday		29		28	6	44	10	57	12	59
5	Tuesday		30		26	6	59	11	24		56
6	Wedn'sd'y		32		24	7	16	11	58		52
7	Thursday		33		22	7	35	A	28		49
8	Friday		35		21	8	0	1	4		46
9	Saturday		37		19	8	34	1	43		42
10	Sunday		37		17	9	24	2	33		40
11	Monday		38		15	10	17	3	48		37
12	Tuesday		39		13	11	35	5	15		34
13	Wedn's'dy		41		11	M		7	1		30
14	Thursday		42		9	1	10	8	21		27
15	Friday		43		7	2	35	9	18		24
16	Saturday		44		5	4	8	9	59		21
17	Sunday		46		3	5	17	10	36		17
18	Monday		47		1	6	33	11	11		14
19	Tuesday		48	5	59	7	49	11	39		11
20	Wean'sd'y		50		57	8	54	M			7
21	Thursday		51		55	10	17	0	13		4
22	Friday		53		53	11	29	0	52		0
23	Saturday		54		51	A	36	1	29	11	57
24	Sunday		54		49	1	24	2	15		55
25	Monday		56		48	2	23	3	6		52
26	Tuesday		57		46	3	4	4	7		49
27	Wedn'sd'y		59		44	3	34	5	14		45
28	Thursday	6	0		42	3	59	6	34		42
29	Friday		1		40	4	19	7	38		39
30	Saturday		2	5	38	4	34	8	28	11	36

PRICES CURRENT.

Ch'town, Sept. 12, 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	3.50 to 4.00
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.	1.50 to 1.75
POULTRY.	
Chickens, per pair	$0.40 to 0.60
Ducks, (each)	0.25 to 0.30
Fowls, (each)	0.25 to 0.35
Partridges, (each)	0.00 to 0.00
Turkeys, (each)	0 80 to 1.75
Geese (each)	0.00 to 0.00
MEAT.	
Beef, (small pieces) per lb	$0.08 to 0.16
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 0.10
Mutton, per lb	0.06 to 0.11
Pork, (small pieces) per lb	0.08 to 0.12
Pork, per lb (by the carcass)	0.00 to 0.00
Veal, per lb	0.03 to 0.08
MISCELLANEOUS.	
Apples per bushel	0.00 to 0.00
Barley per bushel	0.00 to 0.75
Butter (fresh) per lb	0.20 to 0.24
Butter per lb by the tub	0.16 to 0.18
Calfskins, per lb	0.06 to 0.10
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.	0.12 to 0.16
Green Peas,	0.08 to 0.12
Hay, per ton	7.00 to 9 50
Hides, per lb.	0.04 to 0.41
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 bushe.	0.50 to 0.60
Potatoes, per bushel	0.25 to 0.30
Pearl Barley, per lb	0.03 to 0.04
Sheepskins	0.30 to 0.40
Straw, per ton	2.50 to 3.00
Timothy Seed, per bush,	0.00 to 0.00
Tallow per lb	0.07 to 0.10
Turnips, per bush.	0.00 to 0.00
Wool, per lb	0.17 to 0.25

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.

HASZARD BROS.,
Commission Merchants & Auctioneers,
FORWARDING, MANUFACURERS,
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.

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.

INTERNATIONAL!
CENTRAL STREET,
Summerside, P.E. Island,
JOHN McKAY, PROPRIETOR.

THIS HOUSE, second to none on the Island for beauty of situation, comfort and convenience afforded, commends itself to the patronage of all who may visit the Island for business or pleasure.
Choice Sample Rooms to let.
Conveyances from Cars and Boats.
Ladies and Gentlemen will find it to their advantage to patronize this Hotel.
Feb. 21, 1876.—tf

INSURANCE.

ST. LAWRENCE
Marine Insurance Co.
OF
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.
BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
A. Kennedy, Esq., *President.*
John F. Robertson,
Artemas Lord,
Thomas Morris,
George D. Longworth.
P. W. Hyndman,
W. D. Stewart.
Risks taken daily at their office, Exchange Building.
FRED. W. HYNDMAN,
Ch'town, April 24, 1876.—1y *Secretary*

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

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. R. FITZGERALD, Agent
Ch'town, July 27, 1874.—6m

LITERATURE.

WENDERHOLME.

CHAPTER X.—*Continued.*

'My wife is always very good about letting me sit here, and smoke and talk as long as I like with my friends after she's gone to bed,' said Colonel Stanburne. 'You smile because I seem to value a sort of goodness that seems only natural, but that is on account of your old bachelorish ignorance of womankind. There are married men who no more dare sit an hour with a cigar when their wives are gone to bed than play billiards on Sunday. Now, for instance I was staying this autumn with a friend of mine in another county, and about ten o'clock his wife went to bed. He and I wanted to talk over a great many things. We had been schoolfellows and travelled together when we were bachelors, and we knew lots of men that his wife knew nothing about, and each of us wanted to hear all the news that the other had to tell; so he just ventured the first night I was there, to ask me into the private study and offer me a cigar. Well, we had scarcely had time to light when his wife's maid knocks at the door and says: 'Please sir, missis wants to see you,' so he promised to go, and began to look uncomfortable, and in five minutes the girl came back again, and she came three times in a quarter of an hour. After that came the lady herself, quite angry, and ordered her husband to bed, just as if he had been a little boy; and although he seemed cool, and didn't stir from his chair, it was evident that he was afraid of her, and he solemnly promised to go in five minutes. I consider the woman was rude to me, by George!—for you know it wasn't exactly polite of the woman to do that without a word of apology to me—but she was far too angry to do that; and indeed I expected that she would order me to bed too—I did. At the expiration of five minutes in she burst again (she had been waiting in the passage—perhaps she may have been listening at the door) and held out her watch without one word. The husband got up like a sheep and said 'Good night, John;' and she led him away just like that; and I sat and smoked by myself, thinking what a pitiable spectacle it was. Now my wife aint like that; she will have her own way about the blankets, but she is reasonable in other respects. She is fast asleep by this time; she's a topper to sleep, she is—she'll sleep the clock round; and when I go to bed she just asks what time it is, so I always say, 'Eleven o'clock, dear,' and it's all right. She believes I go to bed regularly at eleven.'

They sat very happily for two hours, talking about the resignment that was to be. Suddenly, about midnight, a large watch-dog that inhabited a kennel on that side of the house began to bark furiously, and there was a cry, as of some woman or child in distress. The Colonel jumped out of his chair and threw the window open. The two men listened attentively, but it was too dark to see anything. At length Colonel Stanburne said, 'Let us go out and look about a little—that was a human cry wasn't it? So he lighted a lantern and they went.

There was a thick wood behind the house of Wenderholme, and this wood filled a narrow ravine, in the bottom of which was a little stream, and by the stream a pathway that led to the open moor. This moor continued without interruption over a range of lofty hills, or, to speak more strictly, over a sort of plateau or table land, till it terminated at the enclosed pasture lands near Shayton. John Stanburne and the doctor walked first along this pathway. The watch-dog's kennel was close to the path, at a little green wooden gate, where it entered the garden.

The dog hearing his master's step, came out of his kennel, much excited with the hope of a temporary release from the irksomness of his captivity; but his master only caressed and spoke to him and passed on. Then he began to talk to the doctor. The sound of his voice reached the ears of the third person, who came out of the wood and began to follow him on the path.

The doctor became aware that they were followed, and they stopped. The Colonel turned his lantern, and the light of it fell full upon the intruder.

'Why, it's a mere child,' said the Colonel. 'But what on earth's the matter with the doctor?'

Certainly that eccentric doctor did behave in a most remarkable manner. He snatched the lantern from the Colonel without one word of apology, and having cast its beams on the child's face, threw it down on the ground, and seized the vagrant in his arms. 'The doctor's mad,' thought the Colonel, as he picked up the lantern.

'Why, it's little Jacob?' cried Dr. Bardly.

But this conveyed nothing to the mind of the colonel. What did he know about little Jacob?

Meanwhile the lad was telling his tale to his friend. Father had beaten him so, and he'd run away. 'Please, doctor, don't send me back again. The child's feet were bare, and icy cold, and covered with blood. His clothes were wet up to the waist. His little dog was with him.

'It's a little boy that's a most particular friend of mine,' said the doctor; 'and he's been very ill-used. We must take care of him. I must beg a night's lodging for him in the house.'

They took him into the Colonel's study before the glowing fire. 'Now, what's to be done, said the Colonel, 'It's lucky you're a doctor.'

'Let us undress him and warm him first. We can do everything ourselves. There is a most urgent reason why no domestic should be informed of his being here. His existence here must be kept secret.

The Colonel went to his dressing room and brought towels. Then he set some water on the fire in a kettle. The doctor took the wet things off and examined the poor little lacerated feet. He rubbed little Jacob all over with the towels most energetically. The Colonel, whose activity was admirable to witness, fetched a tub from somewhere, and they made arrangements for a warm bath.

'One person must be told about this,' said doctor Bardly, 'and that's Lady Helena. Go and tell her now. Ask her to get up and come here and warn her not to rouse any of the servants.'

Her Ladyship made her appearance a few minutes after in a dressing gown. 'Lady Helena,' said the doctor, 'we have work for you as a nurse. This child requires great care for the next twenty-four hours, and you must do everything for him with your own hands. Is there a place in the house where he can be lodged out of the way of the servants?'

Lady Helena had no boys of her own. She had had one little girl at the beginning of her married life, who had lived, and was now at Wenderholme, comfortably sleeping in the prettiest of little beds, in a large and healthy nursery in the left wing of the building. She had had two little boys since, but they were both sleeping in Wenderholme churchyard. When she saw little Jacob in the tub the tears came into her eyes, and she was ready to be his nurse as long as ever he had a need of her.

'I'll tell you all about him when we've put him to bed, Lady Helena.'

Little Jacob sat in the tub looking at the kind, strange lady, and feeling himself in a state of unrealizable bliss. 'You must be very tired and hungry, my dear,' she said. Little Jacob said he was very hungry, but he didn't feel tired now. He had felt tired in the wood but he did not feel tired now in the tub. He looked very nice and very funny in that primitive position; and when it had been agreed that he had been sufficiently tubbed, and he stood on the hearth-rug like cupid out of a picture, Lady Helena tnought she had never seen anything so beautiful.

Her ladyship was as busy and as kind as she could be. She ordered the Colonel about, and told him where to find the materials for a supper. 'But what on earth are we to do for clothes?' said the colonel; and he looked exceedingly perplexed. He went and opened some old wardrobes, and fished out the oddest old-fashioned little suit imaginable—a suit he had worn himself twenty-five years before—all of light blue cloth, resplendent with many buttons; and they aired this before the fire, and invested little Jacob therewith, who began to feel quite proud of himself, and to count the buttons with great interest. By the time he had counted them all his supper was ready; and considering that his appetite, which on ordinary occasions was by no means a feeble one, had been sharpened by six hours' wandering on the moor, it will readily be imagined that he did justice to that supper. In fact, the doctor had to stop him; for after eating two immense platefuls of cold beef, he actually asked a third time for pie. Feorach, his dog, also distinguished herself as a beef-eater.

There was a sanctum of the Colonel's in a very out of the way part of the house, whither it was his custom to retreat occasionally into the utmost possible privacy. There was a theory that when John Stanburne locked himself up in this room he was occupied in matters of business and was not to be disturbed; but, if the truth must be told, he retreated here to indulge in a habit he had acquired in Spain, that of sleeping in the middle of the day. He did not sleep long—half an hour was all he wanted; but that half hour he must have, and if he did not get it he was good for nothing during the remainder of the day. He was also peculiarly sensitive to noises of all kinds, and had therefore chosen this retreat as far as possible from habitation. It was the last series of apartments that are hardly ever used, and which had been arranged for a former dowager. The present dowager, John Stanburne's mother, had preferred a separate house; and a nice little house had been built for her, about a mile or a mile and a quarter from the Hall, on a site which had been chosen for its great natural beauty.

In the said sanctum there was a very comfortable couch or divan, on which the Colonel took his daily siesta. He had acquired another taste on the Continent—he liked wood fires; and as he had a forest of his own close to the house, he could indulge this taste to the utmost. The smell of coal, not perceptible to those who burn it in their houses, is exceedingly perceptible, and often very offensive, to persons who have accustomed themselves to the more fragrant odour of wood; and there are certain other charms about a wood fire especially its cheerfulness when flaming, and its capacity, when treated by anyone who understands it, of keeping alive for many hours without attention. The Colonel prided himself on his skill, and managed the fire in his sanctum himself, and he managed it so well that it never went out, even during his absence at Sootythorne and elsewhere.

'The right place to put the boy to bed in,' said the Colonel, 'is my sanctum, of course. Nobody goes there, and the room is perfectly aired; there is always a fire.'

The little party went up stairs to this mysterious retreat, but when they arrived there the doctor exclaimed, 'You said there was a fire doctor, and there ain't even a grate—nothing but a heap of white ashes. But the room ain't cold, though.'

The Colonel knelt down and began to take the ashes from the heap. 'I covered this fire when I went to Sootyhorn this morning, and I am sure its alive yet. The doctor gazed with much astonishment. He believed that oxygen was necessary to keep fire lit, yet this unscientific Colonel shut all the oxygen out, and behold! when he removed the ashes, there were embers which immediately began to glow. The fire-maker added a couple of fresh logs, and in a minute there was a bright, merry flame.

'You are a clever fellow, Colonel,' said the doctor.

'Possibly, my dear doctor, but not clever enough to invent that dodge. The first inventor of that was some poor woman, centuries ago, who was too lazy to light her fire every morning, and had neither servant nor wood to keep it alive during her absence in the daytime. So she found out the use of ashes, which don't extinguish, but prevent wasteful combustion. It was not a rich person who found that out rely upon it.'

Her ladyship fetched blankets and sheets, and the gentlemen went downstairs again.

'What is your name, my child?' said Lady Helena.

'Little Jacob.'

'But your other name?'

'Ogden.'

His name, therefore, was Jacob Ogden—not aristocratic, decidedly.

'Where do you live?'

'Twistle Farm.'

'And where is Twistle Farm?'

'Near Shayton.

Her ladyship pushed her interrogations no further for the present, because little Jacob had popped suddenly down by the side of the bed to say his prayers, which both pleased Lady Helena and for the present silenced her.

Little Jacob being fairly put to bed, female curiosity could not wait any longer, and she sought out the doctor, who was yet with the Colonel in the study, 'I beg to be excused gentlemen,' she said, 'for intruding in this room in the most unauthorized manner, but I want to know all about that little boy.'

The doctor told his history very minutely and the history of his father. Then he added, 'I believe the only possible chance of saving his father from killing himself with drink is to leave him for some time under the impression that the boy, having been driven away by his cruelty, has died from exposure on the moor. This may give him a horror of drinking, and may effect a permanent cure. There is another thing to be considered—the child's own safety. If we send him back to his father, I will not answer for his life. The father is already in a state of irritability bordering on insanity—in fact, he is partially insane, and if the child is put under his power, before there has been time to work a thorough cure, it is likely that he will beat him frequently and severely—he may even kill him in some paroxysm of rage. If Isaac Ogden knew that the child were her, and claimed him to-morrow, I believe it would be your duty not to give him up, and I should urge his uncle to institute legal proceedings to deprive the father of the guardianship. A man in Isaac Ogden's state is not fit to have a child in his power. He has beaten him very terribly already—his body is all bruises; and now if we send him back he will beat him again for having run away.'

These reasons certainly had great weight, but the Colonel and Lady Helena foresaw great difficulty in keeping the child at Wenderholme without his presence becoming immediately known. His disappearance would make a noise, not only at Shayton but at Sootyhorn, and everywhere in the neighborhood. The relations of the child were in easy circumstances, and a heavy reward would probably be offered, which the servants at Wenderholme would scarcebe expected to resist, still less the villagers in the neighboring hamlet. It would be necessary to find some very solitary person, living in great obscurity, to whose care little Jacob might be safely confided—at any rate for a few days. Lady Helena suggested two old women who lived together in a sort of almshouse on her estate, but the Colonel said they were too fond of gossip and received too many visitors to be trusted. At last the doctor's countenance suddenly brightened, and he said he knew where to hide little Jacob, but where that was he positively refused to tell. All he asked for was that the child would be kept a close prisoner in the Colonel's sanctum for the next twenty-four hours, and that the Colonel would lend him a horse and gig—not a tandem.

CHAPTER XI.

The doctor had decided to hide Jacob at Nanny Pickering's cottage; and so the next night, about half-past twelve, he and the Colonel harnessed a fast trotting mare, and little Jacob and his dog were put under the apron. They reached Nanny Pickering's at four o'clock in the morning. She was under the impression that the long-looked for robbers had at length arrived to take away her hidden treasure, and she refused to unbar the door. At length the familiar voice of Dr. Bardly became audible to her and she let him in. The cottage consisted of two rooms, and little Jacob was lodged in the farthest end from the entrance. Here he did not get the luxuries of Wenderholme, and was perhaps at first somewhat unpleasantly impressed by the evident poverty of the place—for children become critical in these things at an exeeedingly early age. However, here he remained for the present, and the doctor reminded him that if his presence here became known his father would certainly fetch him. Nanny's cottage and peace were better than Twistle and the long whip, so our hero reconciled himself to his lot. That was rendered much easier in a day or two, for the doctor brought him many consolations—books and playthings, and tarts and a pot of preserved ginger. Old Nanny was very kind to him, too; and as the doctor had promised handsome pecuniary compensation, she kept Master Jacob in a manner far exceeding the simplicity of her ordinary fare. The continual presence of the faithful little dog was a relief from the situation, and Feorach profited by her confinement, as so many other prisoners have done, in an intellectual, or at least an educational, sense; for little Jacob made it his business to teach her so many tricks that if their imprisonment had lasted for many months Feorach would have become the most accomplished dog in Lancashire.

Now Mr. Isaac Ogden, whose wretchedness the reader pitied as much as the Dr. did, continued his researches in a hopeless, discouraged, and desultory way, and one day came so near to a discovery of his son's hiding-place as actually to call at Nanny Pickering's cottage. Nanny was at home, and received Mr. Ogden, for whose visit she was very well prepared, with expressions of apparently heartfelt sympathy for his loss; whilst little Jacob, who quite plainly heard his father's voice through the thin wooden partition, sat in fear and trembling, but in perfect silence, for which he had been educated by many less serious games of hide-and-seek. Feorach, though her powers of loving were very considerable, had fortunately concentrated them all on her young master; and though she was perfectly aware of Mr. Ogden's presence in the house, it was not difficult to keep her quiet. Indeed it was not in Mr. Ogden's nature to encourage the demonstration of little dogs; and Feorach had learned, by the experience of many unpleasant kicks and hard words, that her attentions were not appreciated by him.

A more welcome visitor was Mrs. Ogden, who had been admitted into the secret by the doctor, and who had hitherto approved of his policy of concealment. It pained her to see her son Isaac in the misery of a bereavement which he supposed to be eternal; but the bright hope, which his present conduct quite fully justified, that this temporary sorrow and suffering might save him from a doom which had else been inevitable encouraged Mrs. Ogden to persevere in the course which the doctor still urgently recommended. 'We aren't sure of having saved him yet,' said Dr. Bardly; 'we must persevere till his constitution has got past the point of craving for strong drink altogether.'

To be Continued.

TERRIBLE DEATH.

A MAN LITERALLY BROKEN TO PIECES.

From the Ottawa Times.

One of the most dreadful accidents it has been our lot to chronicle, occurred yesterday morning at about eight o'clock, in one of the saw mills of Mr. Booth, at the Chaudiere.

At eight o'clock a young man of the name of Joseph Cusick, ascended from the lower flat to the stone mill for the purpose of planing a piece of wood. There was only another man present at the entrance of Cusick, one Francis Jollette, who is in charge of that particular department. Jollette was in the act of essaying to fix the belt of the stone which had slipped off on to the pulley of the shaft, and as he found some difficulty in accomplishing his purpose, Cussick at once went to his assistance. Both of the men used sticks, as the shafting on which they required to replace the belt was high above their heads. They succeeded for a moment in getting the belt fixed, but it slipped off again, and as Cusick was throwing off his guard, slipped and became entangled in the belt, how is not exactly known as the eyes of his companion were fixed on the shafting, which was revolving at the rate of two hundred and fifty revolutions per minute at the time. With inconceivable velocity the unfortunate Cusick was taken upwards by the cruel belt and struck with terrible force against the ceiling, where he was literally broken into pieces, and the fragments of his body flung to different parts of the building. In a moment the floor and ceiling were covered with blood and pieces of flesh, which presented a most sickening sight. Jolliette shouted and the works in the mill were stopped as soon as possible, but alas, they might as well have gone on. Dr. Corbett held a coroner's inquest at twelve o'clock on the remains, but until, late yesterday evening pieces of flesh, bones and framents of cloth were found here and there in corners and in the intersecs between the polls and scantling. To give an idea of the force with which the body must have been torn and mingled asunder, it is only necessary to mention that his boots were extracted from his feet and one of his legs was flung to a distance of twenty feet from where his jaw bone was found, while the shirt hung from the rafters glued on by a piece of flesh.

A GAEL IN THE WITNESS BOX.

Much amusement was caused at Inverness lately at a trial of a publican charged with selling liquor to drunken persons. John Shaw, one of the persons to whom liquor was supplied, was a witness for the prosecution. He could speak very little English, and his examination proceeded as follows:—

I was in Inveresk on Thursday of last week.

Were you drunk?—Oh, well, I was too far away with the whiskey.

Too far gone, you mean? Oh yes.

Were you drunk? I should be drunk whatever. (Roars of laughter.)

Did you go into a public house? I don't know; but when she went into a house she went in very quiat.

What did she ask for? Oh well, she don't know, she was looking for a whiskey whatever.—Renewed laughter.

Did you get a whiskey? Well, I'm not sure, she was so drunk.—laughter.

Did you lock the door after you? Oh well, I don't know.

Were you fit to make a row? Och, well, I dinna mind.

Did the police take you to the police-office? Och, well, she's na sure.

You were very drunk? Oh yes. she was a good far with the drunk.—Laughter.

How far on was she? She don't know.—Renewed laughter.

Could you stand? Oh, yes, she stand.—Laughter.

Could she walk? Oh yes, she walk a little.

Could she walk at all? Oh, I don't know, steady, steady.—Roars of laughter.

Could she sit down on a chair? Oh yes; but she is no sure whatever.

Tell, then, all she could do.—Oh, yes, that's near about all she could do.—Great laughter.

But she could speak? Hech, yes.

Did you order whiskey? I don't know.

Did you get whiskey? I don't know.

Did you pay for it? Well, I don't know either.—Laughter.

Is your memory bad? Mem?—Renewed laughter.

Is your memory bad?—Och, she don't know.

Did she drink any whiskey there? Drink whiskey there; well I don't know.

Was she very quait? Hech, yes: she was as quait as a lamb; yes, yes, she is always quait—never open her mouth.

Cross examined.—Do you mind if the door was locked? No.

Were you sitting in a room there? She believed she was.

On a sofa? She could not say soh fah.—Laughter.

Were you sitting quietly? Oh, well, yes; but indeed I don't know I am sure.

You went into the room quietly?—Oh, yes, as quait as she could.

And after you were sitting in the room were you quiat? Hoch, yes, she is always quiat; never say a word in all her life.—Roars of laughter.

Mr. Dallas.—Whether you drank whiskey there or not, or whether you ordered it or not, was the drunk '*mhor, mhor*' on you?—Laughter—Hech, yes, she was drunk enough.—More laughter.

How many glasses had you? I don't na I'm sure.

Had you ten? She couldn't tell the truth.—roars of laughter.

Do you mean that you don't remember? Och yes, she forgot all about it, and she was very quiat.

John was then allowed to leave the box.

The Bailie found the charge proved, and sentenced the publican to pay a fine of $1 5s., with $2 8s. 6d. of expense.—*Scotch Paper.*

How to Address Him.—Under what style and title should a sovereign address the chief magistrate of a republic? In writing to the President of the United States Her Majesty makes use of the dreadfully patronizing formula of 'My good friend.' The Duke of Rutland employed some similar phrases when he issued a proclamation to the farm laborers on his estates. Kasier William, in congratulating General Grant on the American centenary, writes: 'Great and good friend,' which strikes one as at least better than the British formula. The Emperor Francis Joseph begins his letter with 'Honorable and dear friend,' while the Czar simply says, 'M. le President.' The Czar perhaps shows the best taste of all, for the other monarchs, by using an out-of-the-way form of address, seem to show that they thought of beginning with 'My brother,' but on reflection decided that they could not quite, and so hit on a compromise. The question is a serious one and might worthily engage the great mind of Lord Baconsfield.—*Vanity Fair.*

The death of the famous athlete, Dr. Geo. B. Winship, at the age of forty-two years, will go far to shake the belief that violent muscular exercise is necessary or strongly conducive to health and long life. The enormous strain to which he subjected his physical nature is believed to have shortened his life.

A diamond of 150 carats weight has been found in the South Africa Diamond Fields.

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

The following is an extract from the speech of Sir John A. Macdonald at Belleville. It gives a pretty fair idea of the composition of the present Government:

He (Mr. Mackenzie) did not mention M. Cauchon throughout his whole speech. He (Sir John) did not wish to say a word against M. Cauchon, in fact, it was not necessary for him to do so, as the *Globe* had done so already. The Montreal *Herald* had also given its opinion, and condemned Cauchon. M. Cauchon was an Ultramontane, and he sat at the head of the Council Board. Sitting with him was Mr. Lucius Seth Huntington, who, at the Argenteuil election, called upon every Protestant to rally against Mr. Thos. White and ultramontanism. Then there was Mr. Cartwright, an ultra-loyalist, who was also sitting with Mr. Huntington, an annexationist, the man who wrote a pamphlet and delivered a lecture for the purpose of setting forth the advantages which he thought would accrue from the severance of a connection between us and the Mother Country. He (Sir John) had no doubt his hearers had heard of the showman in the streets of London who exhibited what he called

THE "HAPPY FAMILY."

It consisted of a rat, a cat, a hare and a fox, a hawk and a pigeon, a snake and a toad; and by some means or other they lived happy together and did not hurt each other. Well Mr. Mackenzie was like the showman of the happy family—(loud laughter)—and the Coalition was not of that honest character of which he had spoken at the commencement of his address, composed of men who could say they had laid aside all differences of opinion and who were in harmony as to the future. It reminded him of the tale of the Frenchman who was so much amused at the drink called punch. He said there was rum to make it strong; water to make it weak; sugar to make it sweet, and lemon to make it sour. The Government was "punch." (Loud laughter.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

A New London lady has taught her large Newfoundland dog to hold up her train when she is crossing muddy or dusty streets.

The population of Ireland is sat down at 5,412,397, showing a falling off of nearly 3,000,000 in less than twenty-five years. The Roman Catholics have slightly decreased in numbers, and the Episcopalians and Presbyterians slightly increased since 1861.

A minister while tying the hymenial knot for a couple of rustic lovers was quite puzzled with the bridegroom's reply to the usual question if he was willing to take the maiden for his wedded wife. The would-be Benedict ran his hand through his hair and paused for the answer which came:—'Aye, I'm willin'; but I'd rather have her sister.'

Madame Conneau, the foster sister and lifelong friend of Napoleon III., has deposited in the archives of the National Library at Paris a package of documents that may throw light into the subterranean passages of European history. In her will it was provided that his letters to her, beginning when he was only ten years old and ending with one written two months before his death should be placed in the library, and that the seals of the packet containing them should remain unbroken for ten years.

A fine lot of Canadian-bred horses were recently sold to a great advantage in England where they are reckoned better suited to the market than those of Kentucky. They were shipped on the Guion Line, in a patent apparatus which economizes room on shipboard, and ensures the safety of the animals. The cost was $50 a head. The animals were all warranted to drive or ride. The average price in Canada was $125, and the average selling price $275.

A tramp stole into a kitchen in Burlington, Iowa, and was just tip-toeing out with a huge loaf of bread and a pie, when the woman of the house came in. She shrieked for help, and struck him over the face with a saucer she held in her hand, breaking the vessel and cutting his nose, when he dropped his booty and fled, merely pausing to call his hostess an 'unmitigated old sauceress,' which, considering his limited time and scant opportunities wasn't so bad.

Ruskin on Short Dresses.—Mr. Ruskins, in a recent number of *Fors Clavigera*, gives his young lady readers some sensible advice respecting dresses. Among other suggestions he says: 'Your walking dress must never touch the ground at all. I have lost much of the faith I once had in the common sense and even in the personal delicacy of the present race of average Englishwomen, by seeing how they will allow their dresses to sweep the streets, as it is the fashion to be scavengers.'

A brave man was the cashier of the Bank at Northfield, Minnesota, Mr. J. L. Haywood, and well deserving of having his name among those of the heroes whom the world will not willingly let die. Eight armed men, in broad daylight, undertook to rob the bank. They presented a pistol at the cashier's face, and drew the bowie knife upon him. 'Open the safe,' thundered one of the rascals, 'or you shall die.' 'Never,' said Mr. Haywood, and he was shot down. The Boston *Advertizer* truly says, in him fidelity and courage of the noblest quality were illustrated again.

As the crew of a Footdee fising boat were hauling their nets on board at the fishing ground, about thirty miles off Aberdeen, in Scotland, the other day a very large whale—a regular 'finner,' made a rush at a heavily stocked net, and swallowed part of it, along with an immense quantity of herrings which were sticking in the meshes. The somewhat indigestible mouthful seemed to make the whale rather uncomfortable, the monster looking as if he was about to choke, but the fishermen managed to tear off a bit of the net, and the whale disappeared with the rest.

Two young women met yesterday. They had not seen each other for two months. The following conversation ensued: 'Been to Long Branch. Where were you?' 'To Saratoga. Any offers?' 'Yes, nine; two of them counts. You have any?' 'Thirteen. One was an earl.' And that girl who had been to Long Branch went home and shed bitter tears of vexation, though the fact of the matter was that they had neither of them had any offers at all, and both knew it. She has taken a solemn oath that another time she will let the other girl speak first, and raise her out of her boots if she has to invent a Russian Prince to do it.—*Chicago Tribune.*

An American Princess is about to be married at Stuggart to an English gentleman named Heneage. She is no less a person than Miss Agnes Leclerq, formerly of Baltimore, who in 1862 married Prince Felix Salm-Salm, then a Brigadier in the Union Army, and afterwards an aide-de-camp of the unfortunate Maximilian of Mexico. The romantic adventures of the Princess in Mexico, where she saved the life of her husband after the fall of the Empire, having been chronicled by herself in an entertaining little book. Prince Felix, restored through her efforts to his position in the Prussian army, fell gallantly fighting at Gravelotte. His widow has since resided in Germany.

The Hamilton *Spectator*, speaking of the Premier's visit to Watford, says:—'Major Walker was Vice-President of the Pacific Scandal Railway Company, which Mr. Mackenzie so roundly abused at Watford. Major Walker was subsequently convicted of spending thousand of dollars in corrupting the electors of London, a course of conduct which the Premier also vigorously denounced in the Watford speech, yet the Major appeared on the same platform with his denouncer, and the latter became his guest on his return to London. By thus intimately associating with criminals while denouncing crime, Mr. Mackenzie leaves himself open to an unanswerable charge of hypocricy and insincerity, and at once destroys whatever force his public utterances on these points might otherwise possess.'