

Summerside Journal.

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, COMMERCE, AGRICULTURE, AND NEWS.

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Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Thursday, October 18, 1866.

No. 2.

THE Summerside Journal

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Summerside Markets.

Summerside, Oct. 18, 1866.

Oats per bush	2s 2 3d
Hay per bush	3s 6d a 4s
Potatoes per bush	1s 3d a 1s 6d
Turnips per bush	1s 2d a 1s 6d
Butter per lb by Tub	1s 1d a 1s 2d
Lard per lb	9d a 10d
Tallow per lb	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	4d a 5d
Beef per lb	3d a 4d
Mutton per lb	3d a 4d
Pork per lb by carcass	4d a 5d
Geese each	1s 6d a 1s 9d
Flour per bush	50s a 55s
Oatmeal per cwt.	14s a 15s
Hay per Ton	50s a 60s
Straw per cwt.	1s 6d a 2s
Pine Boards	10s
Spruce Boards	4s a 5s

Business Cards.

BANK OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.
Corner of Queen & Water Sts., Charlottetown.
President—Hon. THOMAS H. HAVILAND.
Cashier—WILLIAM CUNDALL, Esquire.
Discount Days—Mondays & Thursdays.
Hours of Business—From 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.

UNION BANK.
Grafton St., Queen's Square, Charlottetown.
President—CHARLES PALMER, Esquire.
Cashier—JAMES ANDERSON, Esquire.
Discount Days—Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays.
Hours of Business—From 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.

SUMMERSIDE BANK.
Central Street, Summerside, P. E. Island.
President—Hon. JOHN R. GARDINER.
Cashier—E. L. LEVARD, Esquire.
Discount Days—Tuesdays and Fridays.
Notes for Discount must be in before 11 o'clock on Discount days.
Hours of Business—10 a. m., to 1 p. m. from 2 p. m., to 4 p. m.

JAS. WILLIAMSON, Commission Merchant, MONTREAL.
Is prepared to receive all orders for Flour, Cornmeal, Leather Tobacco, &c on Reasonable Terms.

REFERENCES: D. Rogers, Esq., Summerside, P. E. I. John P. Thurgar, Esq., St. John, N. B. Messrs. B. Douglas & Co., Amherst, N. S., July 26, 1866. tf.

James Greenough, FLOUR Commission Merchant.
No 47 Commercial Street Corner of Clinton Street—BOSTON

J. F. HILL & CO, DEALERS IN Potatoes, Apples, Onions, Foreign & Domestic Fruits, Cranberries, Beans, Green & Dried Apples, Stalls 107 and 109, and Cellar No. 19, Faneuil Hall Market SOUTH SIDE BOSTON.

WILLIAM BEARSTO, Commission Merchant, Auctioneer & General Agent,
WATER STREET, Summerside, P. E. Island. Summerside, Oct. 12, 1865.

DAVID BERTRAM, Saddle and Harness Maker,
October Street Summerside.

Business Cards.

THOMAS KELLY, Barrister - at - Law
AND NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
SUMMERSIDE, P. E. ISLAND
aug. 9, 1866 ly

GEORGE ALLEY, BARRISTER AND Attorney-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
Telegraph Buildings, Water Street, Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

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

H. J. RICHARDSON, COMMISSION MERCHANT
Auctioneer.

Dealer in Flour, Groceries, and Dry Goods.
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BANK BUILDING, QUEEN STREET, Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

THOMAS HANFORD, AUCTIONEER
AND Commission Merchant,
ST. JOHN, N. B.,
Nov 1, 1865 ly

DRS. PRICE & BLACK, Physicians & Surgeons,
OFFICE—AT THE SUMMERSIDE DRUG STORE, next door to Bank, Central Street SUMMERSIDE, P. E. ISLAND.
October 12, 1865. ly

J. H. GIBSON, Plain & Ornamental HOUSE & SIGN PAINTER,
Summerside, P. E. Island.
October 12, 1865.

Archibald McKay, MONCTON, N. B.,
Contractor and Agent for the purchase and sale of—
hip Timber, Masts, Plank, House Frames, and Lumber of all kinds.
Orders for shipment will receive prompt attention.

REFERENCES: THOMAS ALLEY, Esquire, Charlottetown. SILAS BARNARD, Esquire, do. May 17, 1866. 1st.

E. D. STAIR, Cabinet-Maker, AND Undertaker.
FURNITURE OF ALL KINDS MADE TO ORDER.
Kent Street, Charlottetown. Sept. 1866. 6m.

A CARD.
THE subscriber having purchased the STOCK IN TRADE OF JAMES L. HOLMAN at St. Eleanor's, the business in future will be conducted by him. As it is his intention to keep constantly on hand a variety of goods adapted for the country trade, he respectfully solicits a share of public patronage.
ALBERT L. ANDERSON.
St. Eleanor's, April 10, 1866.

H. J. MACGOWAN, IMPORTER & MANUFACTURER OF American and Italian Marble, Monuments, Grave Stones, Counter Tops, Table Tops, &c.
Cheaper than any other establishment in the country. Having a superior workman, parties wishing any of the above will find it decidedly to their interest to call at our Establishment, Mechanic Street, DORCHESTER, N. B. or to Mr. EDWARD CRESWELL, Summerside, Prince Edward Island.
February 1, 1866. tf

JOHN ANDREW MACDONALD, Importer of Dry Goods, Hardware, Crockeryware, Groceries, stoves, Furniture, &c. &c.
Summerside, P. E. Island

A. W. ANDRE'S Marble Works, Point Du Cheue, Shediac,
Monuments, Tombs, Grave-stones, &c.
American & Italian Marble constantly on hand.
Sold at a less price than at any other establishment in the Province.
Point Du cheue, N. B., Oct. 18, 1865.

EXCHANGE!
EXCHANGE ON BOSTON, and GREENBACKS, Bought and Sold by J. W. HILL.
Charlottetown, July 27, 1866.

POETRY.

LINES WRITTEN ON SEING THE BODY OF A LITTLE GIRL, A FEW HOURS AFTER HER DEATH.

So calm, so cold, so beautiful,
So purely fair art thou,
No trace of suffering 's on thy cheek,
Or on thy placid brow.

The quiet of that heavenly face,
Illumined by a smile,
Speaks not of earthly grief or pain,
Of sorrow or of guilt.

But seems a sign of that sweet rest,
The ransomed spirit knows,
When cleansed from earthly taint its joys,
In undisturbed repose.

And though the grave now calls for thee,
With an imperious voice,
And though to dust this form must turn,
Should not our hearts rejoice?

Rejoice to know thy spirit, freed
From sorrow's wasting chain,
Has winged its flight to that bliss'd land,
No more to suffer pain.

Select Literature.

WORDS FITLY SPOKEN.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.
(Concluded.)

Edward sat down, his face growing more serious. "Dear mother!" he began, showing considerable emotion. "If I spoke with impatience to-day, it was from a state of irritability almost impossible to repress. But what you said did not fall upon deaf ears. I remembered the precept you gave me about the pleasure that flows from resisting in temptation being always greater than what is gained in yielding. I have passed through a strong temptation; and I have had strength to overcome. It was you that helped me. His voice choked, and he was silent. Mrs. Wilmot laid her hand on his forehead. "May God throw around you, my son, His protecting arms," she said, calmly, though her heart was leaping in great pulses of joy.

"I believe he has done so," Edward replied, as soon as he could trust himself to speak. "I did not see clearly what you meant, but now I understand it fully. I have already felt the satisfaction that comes from resisting evil. I seem to have stepped upon higher ground, and to have a better view of things. What looked to me, a few hours ago, as almost venal, now presents a moral turpitude at which my soul revolts. You have seen Mr. Freeman a few times."

"Yes!" "In profession, my very warm friend. In heart, one of my worst enemies. Externally kind and alluring; internally a vampire. He would have used me for his own advantage, while professing to have only my welfare in view. He has to be the sportsman, and I the hawk to lay the quarry at his feet. The father of your excellent friend, Miss Bowles, is in pecuniary trouble."

"Indeed! I am sorry for this. He is a kind and generous man, always ready to help in good works," said Mrs. Wilmot. "In the confidence of a friend, Mr. Freeman resumed Edward, "he let Freeman into the secret of embarrassment, and revealed the weak point in his position. Immediately, an attack on this point was planned, and I was selected to lead the assault, while he remained in concealment. I did not let into the whole truth at once. I did not understand his plans when first developed, as compassing an iniquity like this. He used a different figure of speech. There was to be wrecked fortune beyond all precedent, and I was merely to come in for salvage. But, in opening his plan of operations, I saw deeper than this. There was hope for the vessel, if we did not lure or drive her upon the breakers. I shudder when I reflect how near I was to being led, blindfold, into this evil work."

The countenance of Mrs. Wilmot had become pale. There was a look of fear in her eyes. "My son!" she exclaimed. And Edward saw her shiver. "It is all past, mother," he said. "I have resisted and overcome."

"In this allurement, yes; and I thank God who gave you strength," replied Mrs. Wilmot. "But you must look on life from some higher standpoint than any you have hitherto occupied, if you would know the way that is free from danger. You have always been too eager to get richly at results—to find royal roads to fortune.—Five years of manhood have been wasted; and where do you stand? Not one step in advance, and with wrecked schemes lying all around you. I wonder not that you have often been in danger; that you have just escaped, in more than one instance, yielding to the counsels of desperation. There is peril in this way, my son. It is full of snares and pitfalls. The slow, but sure gains of honorable employment, every dollar of which represents some use to society, are the only gains that come with certain blessing. If, at twenty, you had accepted what you unwisely called the drudgery of the office, or counting room—had commenced fitting yourself for a merchant, or professional man—your feet would have been on vantage ground to-day. It is so with several of our young friends, who are already beginning to make a mark."

"You are right about that," the young man sighed heavily. "I have been greatly in error. Five or six wasted years; how shall their loss ever be repaired?" "There is only one way, Edward." "Point it out to me, mother," was the earnest reply.

"The way of useful work." "It is too late to study a profession; and besides, I have no taste for either law or medicine."

"If you could get a place in some good mercantile house," said Mrs. Wilmot. "If there stands the impediments.—Ward a situation open, there are hundreds of better qualified young men ready to fill it."

"Would you take such a place if it were offered?" "Yes, and be glad of the opportunity, for I am sick of this life. It has brought me nothing but disappointment and peril."

"Where there is a will there is a way, Edward," Mrs. Wilmot spoke cheerfully. "It so happens that I am to call on Mr. Bowles to-morrow. If you see nothing to object, I will speak to him about you. He may know of something that will just suit."

"I have nothing to object," replied Edward, "for I feel too much in earnest. If Mr. Bowles can give me a helping hand it may place me where I may be of service to him."

The application to Mr. Bowles was more favorable than either Edward or his mother had anticipated. A clerk had just left him, and the place must be filled at once. He was glad to serve Mrs. Wilmot, and willing to help Edward into a better way of life than he had been leading. The duties of the young man's position brought him into close personal contact with Mr. Bowles, who found better qualities in him than he expected—better qualities, both personal and in reference to business.

One day, two weeks after Edward had been in his new position, he observed a man in close conference with Mr. Bowles, and recognized him as one of Freeman's intimate associates. After the man went away, he noticed that Mr. Bowles was very much absorbed in thought, and wore an air of perplexity and indecision. The man came again on the following morning, as if by appointment, and after conversing aside for quite a long time, they went out together. It was more than two hours before Mr. Bowles returned. There was a change in him. The depressed air which Edward had observed from the first was gone. His manner was cheerful; almost exhilarated.

In returning home on the evening of that day, Edward saw Freeman and the person who had called on Mr. Bowles riding together. Their eyes met. The only sign of recognition on the part of Freeman was a slight knitting of the brows, and a look of warning.

On the following day, Mr. Bowles set Edward to making a list of various stock certificates. The larger portion of them was in the mining company to which Freeman had referred. On handing him the completed list, Mr. Bowles put it in his pocket. Soon afterwards, the visitor of the previous day called, and they went out again. Edward was beginning to feel very anxious. It was plain that Freeman had not abandoned his scheme of plunder, but was working through a more pliant instrument. What was to be done? How could he save Mr. Bowles from impending ruin?

"It will not do," he said, as he dwelt on the difficult position in which he found himself. "I must give a note of warning; and I do not see how this can be followed by anything less than a full revelation of the plot to ruin him."

Edward was still in perplexed thought when Mr. Bowles returned. He was alone. The young man read his countenance by stealthy glances. It no longer wore the look of trouble that he had settled upon when he was at ease after a hard and doubtful struggle. Edward felt oppressed with anxiety. Had the snare set for his feet been already sprung? Was it too late for intervention?

At the end of half an hour, Mr. Bowles drew out his watch, looked at the dial, and then turned his eyes towards the door as if expecting some one. In less than five minutes he consulted his watch again, and again glanced towards the door.—A shade of uneasiness flitted across his face; in a moment after it lighted up, and Edward, turning in the direction that Mr. Bowles was looking, saw the emissary of Freeman coming into the store.

"I wish to be alone for a little while," said Mr. Bowles. Edward left his desk to retire, and then resumed his seat. "I wish to be alone, Mr. Wilmot." There was some impatience in the voice. By this time the man had entered the counting-room. In his previous visits, Edward had avoided his observation, and was not aware that he had noticed him. Now, acting upon a hurried suggestion, he turned to him and, uttering his name familiarly, gave him his hand. The man's surprised, half-blank expression of countenance did not escape Mr. Bowles, upon whom Edward turned a quick, intelligent glance, as full of warning as he could make it. The visitor was evidently disconcerted, and scarcely touched the proffered hand.

"How is our friend Freeman?" asked Edward. "Very well." The man scowled as he answered. "As much faith in the — Mining Company as ever?" inquired Edward with cool self-possession. "I know nothing of his affairs," was replied with considerable impatience. "Oh, I thought he had explained that scheme to you, as you are very intimate. He thinks the stock will go to par within six months, and is trying to get as much as possible of it into his hands."

"Is this young man a clerk of yours?" asked the visitor, trying to suppress his anger and chagrin. He had turned from Edward to Mr. Bowles. "He is." The merchant, as much surprised as his visitor, gave a simple affirmative. "Excuse me, sir," the young man said, looking earnestly at Mr. Bowles. "We sometimes forget ourselves on meeting an old acquaintance unexpectedly. He was old retreating, when he stopped, as if a sudden thought had crossed his mind, and said— "Oh, I would like to see that list I made out for you this morning."

The merchant, over whose mind doubts were passing, took out his pocket book, and walking to the door of the counting-room, stood with his back to the visitor while he unfolded the paper referred to. As Edward bent in pretended examination, he said, in a low, emphatic whisper, "if you give that man any control of these, you are ruined!" Then, speaking aloud, he dropped the words, "It is all right, I see," and withdrew. His relief of mind was great, when, only a few moments afterwards, he saw Freeman's particular friend coming out of the counting-room. "You will repent of this," was hissed in the young man's ears, as he passed near him.

"I am not afraid," was the calm retort. When Edward returned to the counting room, he found Mr. Bowles greatly agitated. "What is the meaning of this?" he asked. "It means that you have made a very narrow escape, sir," replied Edward. "Mr. Freeman you have looked upon as a friend."

"I have so regarded him." "In a moment of confidence he led you to speak of business, and drew out the admission that you were considerably embarrassed."

"Why, Mr. Wilmot?" "And that your only hope lay in your ability to carry that mining stock. Learning this, he determined to produce if possible, a crisis in your affairs, and compel a sacrifice of the stock which was to fall into his hands."

"How do you know all this?" demanded Mr. Bowles, still more agitated. "I had it from his own lips. I was first selected as his instrument for the work, but I rejected both him and his iniquity. He has found in this — a reader tool."

The pale face of Mr. Bowles writhed with pain and indignation. "All this is incredible!" he exclaimed. "It is like a dream."

"There are very bad men in the world," said Edward, "and Freeman is among the worst. He is not evil from impulse, but from purpose. He is one of your cool, plotting villains—without pity or conscience. Kind and fair in exterior, he attracts men in order to use or plunder them. I did not know him just as he is, until he unfolded his scheme for driving you to destruction."

"And then you separated yourself from him," said the merchant. "Then and forever." "Did you part as friends, or in anger?" "He warned me that if I revealed his plot, I would make a bitter enemy. But I am not afraid. The hatred of such men is better than their friendship. They know that one who is brave enough to defy them, will be on the alert to defend himself. I shall stand on guard."

"Count me among your friends, Mr. Wilmot." The merchant said this with much feeling. "You have done me a great service—how great may never be known to any but myself. We will talk of this again."

From the solid ground from which Mr. Bowles had fondly imagined his feet were fixing themselves, he was thrown into the seething current, against whose downward sweeping water he had been long struggling, and until strength was well nigh gone. For a time he felt like giving up the contest. But there was too much at stake. One evening spent at home with nervous and despondent, he looked at his wife and children, "I will not give way. Help must come."

But from what quarter? He had exhausted effort. He had caught at this expedient and that. Had strained his credit until it could bear little more without breaking. If he could only get a few months' time, until the securities in which so large an amount of his capital was locked up would reach their true value on the market all would be well. But how was that time to be gained? In vain he thought for new expedients. He seemed to have come to a high wall that barred all advance.

A stranger asked to see him. He was a man past the prime of life. "Are you at leisure this evening?" he inquired, on meeting Mr. Bowles. "Entirely so."

"Then I will state my business in a few words. I have a sister, a widow, with an only son, who has caused her a great deal of anxiety. The young man has a good mind, excellent qualities, and a good freedom in his youth. He had been put early to some business or profession and thoroughly trained, but the failure to do this came near ruining him. Very recently he has of his own will, changed his course of life, and put himself down to business as a clerk. For his mother's sake, I wish to anchor him more securely. His name is Edward Wilmot."

"Oh, my clerk," said Mr. Bowles, in no feigned surprise. "Yes, my sister, Mrs. Wilmot, informed me that he was with you."

"If I can serve the young man in anything I shall be most happy. What do you propose?" asked Mr. Bowles. "I would like to see him well established in some good business. Not a new business, nor one over the action of which he had any great control. In a word, I am willing to buy for him an interest in some well established house, like yours, for instance."

"How large an interest do you desire?" "As large as twenty thousand dollars I will purchase," replied the visitor. "I have need of more capital," said Mr. Bowles, frankly, "and if on such an extent of my business as you would have a right to ask you were satisfied to have your nephew come in, I think the matter might be satisfactorily arranged."

On the next day a further conference was held. Mr. Bowles did not conceal the weak point in his affairs, but made it very clear that with twenty thousand dollars in cash that weak point would be strengthened and safe. Both parties being finally agreed, Edward was next consulted.

"Are you really in earnest?" he asked, in great surprise. "I am not experienced enough to come into this business as a partner."

"You have intelligence and mental activity enough," said his uncle. "My principal fear is in regard to your stability. Your training has not been good."

"Say that it has been bad, and I will not demur," replied the young man. "And your associates have not been of the right class. We had better look at all this now," said the uncle. "As I have had painful proof," returned Edward. "They will seek to gain a new influence over you the moment they find you in a position that may be of service to them. They will crowd upon you and try to make you as of old, one of themselves."

"Promises and good resolutions are easily made," Edward's voice was depressed in tone. "I might give worthy assurance of no-

purposes and a new life; but all this is of little avail. If you take me at all it must be on trust. As for yourself, make your own safe-guards. I shall not complain if they are stringent. If I fail to meet your expectations, let it be my loss, not yours. But I should be a base ingrate indeed, uncle, if, after this unexpected proof of your good will, I were to prove recreant. Let me thank you," he added, "with unrestrained emotion, as he grasped his uncle's hand, 'for this generous kindness to me and my mother. It has touched me deeply. If there is any strength in right purposes; any power in a resolute rejection of what is clearly seen to be wrong, then I have ground of hope. I have seen enough of the men with whom I have associated—to know them to be evil. I have shaken them off—have freed myself from their trammels, and mean not to be drawn within their influence again. Can I say more?"

"Enough, Edward, I will trust you," replied his uncle, with a frank cordiality that made his nephew's eyes grow dim. "And if you will trust me, and lean upon me, even as if I were your father," said Mr. Bowles. "I will be strength to you in days of weakness, and help you even as you have helped me. I have explained to your uncle without any reservation, the service you have rendered—or, it were better said, the peril from which you rescued me. Let these things bind us together for mutual help, and mutual defence. You have brought upon yourself, for my sake, the hatred of bad men who will seek revenge. If you were alone they might do you serious harm; but in union there is safety as well as strength. Standing together we will defy them."

When Edward related all this to his mother there was a light, and strength, and beauty in his manly face which she had never seen there before. "I have not been so happy in my whole life!" he said. "It seems as if I were another man. I am like one who has passed from a dungeon into daylight—or from a prison into a palace."

"The satisfaction of mind gained by resisting and overcoming is always greater than what is gained by yielding in temptation," answered Mrs. Wilmot.

"Oh, mother! I shall never cease to thank you for just those words," replied the young man. "I saw scarcely anything of their meaning when first spoken, but I remembered them, and in the hour of temptation, grasped the truth they expressed, and found in it just the power that enabled me to resist. Oh, have I not proved the value of your precept in a most signal manner. Look at the result of temptation resisted in any one of its pleasant aspects, and at the result it had yielded in the hour of darkness, when I was morally weak and galled."

"It is always so, my son," answered Mrs. Wilmot. "Always so, because the laws of God's Providence are as unfailling as the laws that guide the stars in their courses. Evil ways never bring happiness; wrong always curses the wrong-doer—because Evil and wrong are in antagonism to God's moral laws, and must work disaster. There can be, in the very nature of things, no other results. Conversely, the right and the good lead to peace and sweet tranquility—to deeper interior joys of which the selfish wrong-doer has no conception. You have tasted the first pure pleasure of the new way into which your feet have turned. Oh, my son! walk steadily onward! For this way, if you will pursue it carefully, and step higher and higher, as nobler views of life and duty present themselves, will lead you to Him in whose presence is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore."

FEARFUL DISASTER IF TRUE.—A late St. John, N. B., paper has the following:— "A report has reached here by telegraph to the effect that a French war vessel had been wrecked off the coast of Cape Breton or Newfoundland, and that the dead bodies of one hundred and fifty of her crew have been washed ashore at French St. Peters, Mr. Robinson, of the St. John Telegraph Office, has been in communication with Mr. Bourinot, the French Consul at Sydney, who alleges that the report exists there and promises to forward particulars as soon as received.

CABLE DESPATCH EXTRAORDINARY.—We beg to inform Cyrus Field, or whoever keeps the Atlantic Cable, that we positively refuse to pay \$630 toll for the following, as it evidently was not intended for us. Judging by internal evidence, we should say that it ought to have gone to the Chronicle office. It looks like 'private advice of a very cheering nature.' The person who wrote it was clearly short of funds, and supposed that the Atlantic Telegraph Company charged toll according to the number of words:—

London, Oct 2. "Senaromny antipheas. GelborAf-lans to rleanimbow, onlydndreelastomim-6 linesasinthast. Ilovenndreelastomim-6 linesasinthast. Pamlytized, anjasaufjulla. Priteranzizyay. Confuntheprinter. Conjaj, letshaxumny. Nemnemtheprinter. Jay-ourther, senalongsunumny. Telobndhe-otheger, ther doowerywell, Captnjinfel-finejello. G'impenymoralina—Perlineand, anjasyrusfealdiz pounarcurdferth, whichjo nornesogothulogic. Will Yemmand.

"P. S.—Suremenormunyanantipheas. "315 letters" col \$630.—Halifax Colonist

The Morning Chronicle says that on Tuesday, the 20th ult., two bars of gold, weighing 515 ozs, 10 dwts., were brought to the city from the Wellington Company's Claims at Sherbrook. This is the product of 20 men's labor for five weeks. The value of the gold at \$19.65 per ounce is \$10,181.134. The expense of mining, crushing, &c., \$2,070.23, giving to the Company a profit of \$8,110.904. Eight thousand one hundred and ten dollars clear gain out of five weeks work. This result shows the value of the gold mines of Nova Scotia.

THAT AND THAT.—"You do make that child look like a fool, wife with all that toggery on him," said Mr. Eg. "Dear me," says Mrs. Parlington, meeting them at the door, "what a doll of a baby, and