POETRY.

A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON.

T. Hood.

Thou happy, happy elf!
(But stop—first let me kiss away that tear)—
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he is poking peas into his ear!)
Thou merry laughing sprite!
With spirits feather light,
Untouch'd by sorrow, and unsoil'd by sin—
(Good heavens! the child is swallowing a pin.

Thou little tricksy Puck!
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air—
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!]
Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why Jane, he'll set his pinafore a-fire)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents—(Drat the boy!
There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub—but of earth;
Fit playfellow for fays, by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,
(That dog will bite him, if he pulls its tail!)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny,
(Another tumble—that's his precious nose!)

Thy father's pride and hope!
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping rope!)
With pure heart newly stamped from nature's mint—
(Where did he learn that squint?)
Thou young domestic dove!
(He'll have that jug off, with another shove!)
Dear nursling of the hymenial nest!
(Are those torn clothes his best?)
Little epitome of man!
(He'll climb the table, that's his plan!)
Touch'd with the beauteous tints of dawning life—
[He's got a knife!]

Thou enviable being!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on,
My Elfin John!
Toss the light ball—bestride the stick—
[I knew so many cakes would make him sick,]
With fancies, buoyant as the thistle-down,
Prompting the face grotesque and antic brisk
With many a lamb-like frisk,
[He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown]

Thou pretty opening rose!
[Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose]
Balmy and breathing music like the South,
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as the star—
(I wish that window had an iron bar!)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as a dove—
[I'll tell you what, my love,
I cannot write unless he's sent above!]

LITERATURE.

THE FORTUNES OF JACQUES CARTIER.

Concluded from our last.

Nightfall was fast approaching, and the thunder, the wind, and the rain, caused such an uproar, that Jacques, as he walked along the shore, suddenly, and without any previous intimation, found himself in the midst of an anxious crowd.

Illumined by the flashes of lightning, which succeeded each other with fearful rapidity, Jacques descried a vessel off the entrance of the harbor. The raging storm had hindered every pilot boat from going to meet her, and the people on the shore saw with horror that she was taking a wrong direction.

The fisherman Penalto, having seized a speaking-trumpet, tried to shout aloud the needful directions, but in vain; and the vessel became each moment more hopelessly entangled amongst the fatal reefs. At length she struck, when within one hundred yards of the jetty.

At the sight of this catastrophe, a cry of horror resounded from the beach, answered by shouts of distress from the crew of the wrecked vessel. Yet it seemed impossible, and, as it were, the height of madness, to attempt carrying assistance to these perishing people.

Penalto stepped forward. 'Take away my wife and children,' he said to his comrades, 'and bring me a rope.'

But Theresa resisted the efforts of those who tried to remove her.

'Go, my husband,' she said; 'I shall have courage to watch the good deed which you are about to perform. Go in God's name! He will protect you.'

Having fastened a long rope around his waist, and attached the other end of it securely to the jetty, Penalto dashed into the waves, battling bravely against their surging tumult. He had nearly reached the wreck, when an enormous billow swept him backwards to the beach. He was dashed against a rock, and lay for a minute stunned, his body covered with bruises. As soon as he recovered, however, he tried once more the perilous venture, and the lightning glare showed his head like a dark spot, alternately appearing and disappearing amid the waves. At length the anxious watchers on the shore could discern it no longer, and from the wreck resounded a despairing cry of '*Lost! Lost!*'

The rope fastened to the jetty was washed back empty.

Then commenced a heart-rending scene. Jean Penalto, seizing the rope, was about fastening it around his own body, and try to rescue his father; but his mother clasped him tightly in her arms, and exclaimed—

'Oh, my son! let me not lose you also!'

Whilst all this was passing, Jacques Cartier had remained aloof, silent and apparently unmoved; but at the sound of Theresa's agonized voice, he started forward, and said to Jean—

'You have a mother—stay with her; I will try to save your father.'

And the next moment, the child, whose presence no one had regarded, had fastened the rope round his slender waist, and abandoned his frail body to the remorseless fury of the waves.

Oh, joy! the next flash gleamed on two dark spots—the heads of Penalto and of Jacques, as they battled their way bravely owards the ship.

At length they reached it, climbed up the shattered side, and fastened the end of the rope securely to the remaining portion of the main-mast.

A means of communication between the shore and the wreck being thus established, every one on board, by the aid and direction of the heroic man and boy, was eventually rescued.

Fancy the rapturous reception which, on landing, Jacques met with from Theresa and her children. From that moment he had assuredly no cause to complain of any lack of love from them; and the boy's closed heart warmed and expanded, as he grew towards manhood, surrounded by the blessed atmosphere of family affection.

His taste for the sea, and desire for maritime adventure, grew and strengthened as his years advanced.

It was a favorable epoch for the prosecution of distant voyages. Christopher Columbus had just discovered America: Vasco de Gama had opened the way to Asia by doubling the Cape of Good Hope; and Francis I. of France asked with some justice, "Is there any article in Adam's last will and testament to disinherit me from the New World, in favor of the kings of Spain and Portugal?"

The fervid imagination of young Cartier had long brooded over projects of extended discovery. Newfoundland had already been reached by navigators from St. Malo and Dieppe, and Jacques Cartier, unknown and unbefriended as he was, presented himself at the Court of France, and having obtained an interview with the King, offered to head an expedition and establish a colony in that part of North America which the Florentine, Verazzini, had just touched at. Eagerly desirous as he was to possess a share of the American territory, Francis the I. entertained the young sailor's projects most favorably. He granted him as many vessels and men as he required, furnished him with instructions, and Cartier, with a hopeful dauntless spirit, prepared to traverse with his little fleet the stormy seas of the North.

After a passage considerably retarded by the ice and severe temperature, Jacques at length set his foot on the continent which had long formed the subject of his day dreams. It was Canada, thus named from the word Kaunada, in the langaage of the natives, signifying a group of cabins, a village.

He took possession of the country in the name of the King of France, and did not return to St. Malo until he had explored the coasts in every direction, examined the harbors, and sounded their anchorage.

Francis, delighted with the report brought him by the now celebrated navigator, gave him fresh instructions, and furnished him with three well-manned vessels, victualled for fifteen months, in order to perfect the exploration of the new region. This armanant was ready and put to sea in the month of May, 1555.

The bold adventurer, this time sorely harrassed by storms, at length reached the mouth of a river, which he named the St. Lawrence. He then explored its inland course, giving names at his pleasure to different places on its banks, and finally received a visit from the chief of the country, with whom he entered into an amicable treaty.

Penetrating still further, he landed at Hochelagen, which afterwards received the name of Montreal.

Although several kind friends had obtained from the King of France letters patent conferring on Cartier the title of Viceroy of Canada, he did not cease to prosecute his adventurous researches. At length, however, wishing for some repose, he settled in America, married there, and ended his days in the full enjoyment of peace and prosperity.

He had made for himself an honorable and enduring reputation, and bequeathed to his country the possession of a territory doubling in extent the continent of Europe.

THE TINKLEBERRYS' CHRISTMAS.

It was the morning before Christmas. The Tinkleberrys had risen with smiling faces and bounding hearts full of blissful anticipations of coming good things and festivities.

But alas for human hope and expectation. When Mrs. Tinkleberrys, beaming with pleasure and glowing all over with beneficence, went down before breakfast to consult with the cook, that functionery was not to be seen. She ran up stairs to the room of that tardy domestic, rapped at the door but received no answer, then tried it. It was fastened.

She then knocked so loudly that all the family came running up the stairs to see what the matter was. Then each one clamored deafeningly against the door with no better effect. Then they became alarmed. Mrs. Tinkleberrry was somewhat pale and Mr. Tinkleberry was very much perplexed. Charles Joseph advocated forcing in the door. Samantha Ann suggested first, murder, and then suicide, the young twins were regarding the affair as something which would bring upon them high distinction and were walking importantly about, ready to run and give the alarm at the least intimation of necessity, while the disregarded infant below was practicing with his lungs in a manner to make a town crier hide his diminished head and weep for his deficiency.

It was finally resolved to act upon Charles Joseph's suggestion, and force the door.

A feeling of awe, dread and nervousness fell upon the little group and all drew away from the door except the daring Mr. Tinkleberry and the adventurous Charles Joseph. These two leaned upon the door, and pushed at it and fell against it until it unexpectedly gave way and precipated them confusedly into the apartment with more expedition than they would have otherwise used. Mrs Tinkleberry cast a shrinking glance into the room; Mr. Tinkleberry and Charles Joseph picked themselves up and looked round. Instead of a corpse, an unused bed, a bureau, a table, and two chairs, met their view.

Every one looked first blank, and then sheepish. Mrs. Tinkleberry was the wisest of the party. She flew to the silver and linen closets—the mystery was solved. As much silver and linen as could be conveniently carried was gone, evidently in the care of the recreant domestic.

A council was held. Mr. Tinkleberry said he thought they had better not try to keep Christmas this year, but this proposition met with groans. 'We must; it would be dreadful not to do it,' said Mrs. Tinkleberry.

'We ought not to miss a jolly time when it only comes once a year,' said Charles Joseph.

'We'll have to, after I've asked Helen Pink to come over for the day,' said Samantha Ann.

'We want good things to eat Christmas, day, always,' shrieked the twins in a roar, while the babe, as if he knew something untoward had happened, added his voice to the conversation in yells.'

Even old Solon gave a feeble hoot to show that he joined in the general perturbation. This was so unusual that the attention was for a moment directed to him. Solon was a venerable owl which many years ago had been presented, old even then, to Mr. Tinkleberry by a friend who was leaving the city.

Time was beginning to be too much for old Solon. He was still able to fly about, but it was apparent that he should do so but little longer.

'Solon's about done for,' said Charles Joseph looking at him.

Mrs. Tinkleberry disliked the ide of the old bird's dying, for he was much attached to him.

'He's good for a month yet,' he said.

'I'll bet a V, he don't stand two days longee,' said Charles Joseph.

'Done,' cried Mr. Tinkleberry.

At this the original topic of conversation was resumed.

'There'll be enough linen and silver to get along with. The pastry is already cooked, and if a new servant be secured to-day we can do very well,' said Mrs. Tinkleberry.

It is therefore decided to celebrate the day in spite of disaster. Mr. and Mrs. Tinkleberry went immediately out in search of a servant, and after calling on numerous advertisers for the position, at length found a specimen of the Green Isle whom they concluded to take, notwithstanding some dubious scruples, in the mind of that particular house. wife, Mrs. Tinkleberry.

On her own showing, however, the candidate was a very paragon and *beau ideal* of cooks, and was as such duly installed in the Tinkleberry kitchen. All necessary articles for cooking were provided, and the Tinkleberrys retired that night with releaved hearts.

The next morning opened finely for Christmas day, Mrs. Tinkleberry went down to see if all was well in the kitchen, where she found Solon who, having flitted down in the night, was perched on the edge of the market basket, in which lay a fat turkey almost covered with a royal stock of fruit and vegetables.

Mrs. Tinkleberry was in a hurry to dress for church, so she did not move Solon, as he was not likely to do harm and also because he was flapping his wings, preparatory, as she thought, to flying away of his own accord.

Therefore Mrs. Tinkleberry went up stairs, and gave directions about everything to Biddy the paragon, who, as the Tinkleberry's kept one servant, had been attending to duties all morning up stairs. There are times in the lives of men (and women) when, if they only could be cognizant of bear events fraught with concern to themselves, and just one iota beyond their glance they could save themselves for mishaps afterwards irretrievable.

If Mrs. Tinkleberry had but looked at Solon an instant longer, or hadn't thought he was going to fly, and had taken him away, what dreadful things might have been prevented.

Solon had not flown away. He had given two or three flaps to his wings, had then and there died of old age, and had toppled flat over into the basket.

The Tinkleberry's went to church. When they returned dinner was already prepared. They sat down to the table, and nothing was very good. The paragon of cooks was evidently a delusion and a snare. She did not know how to make soup. But hopes were indulged in about the turkey which was to follow. It was borne in, and every face fell at the appearance. Every one, not excepting Helen Pink, the guest of Samantha Ann, murmured at its smallness.

They ate some of it. No leather could be tougher. Mrs. Tinkleberry, almost in tears, asked Biddy how it same to look so well in the kitchen and so bad in the dining room, whereupon the paragon said she'd have cooked both "burds" if she'd have the orders. "Both birds," cried Mrs. Tinkleberry, "there was only one!" But Biddy reiterated that having cooked one, she had found still another in the basket, when she went to take out the vegetables. All rushed from the table to see. They beheld another turkey and were returning in much wonder when Charles Joseph asked where Solon was. No one had seen him since Mrs. Tinkleberry had left him standing on the edge. But when she explained about it, Charles Joseph turned pale. He gave another critical look at the bird on the platter and then said as well as general ghastliness would permit, "Father you owe me just five dollars!"

'How?' exclaimed Mr. Tinkleberry.

Charles Joseph pointed to the bird, all examined it closely and further explanation was unnecessary. The awful conviction forced itself upon all. The 'burrd' could be no other than the owl, which the greenest specimen of the greenest of isles had taken for the turkey.

There is little room to tell of the Tinkleberry family. Even at this date it is unsafe to mention owls within hearing.

Charles Joseph, as he pocketed his five dollars, came out of it the best.

The Tinkleberrys have never since been enthusiastic about Christmas day.

HOW TO CURE A COLD.

The first time I began to sneeze, a friend told me to go and bathe my feet in hot water and go to bed. I did so. Shortly after, another friend told me to get up and take a cold shower bath. I did that also. Within the hour another friend assured me that it was policy to feed a cold and starve a fever. I had both. So I thought it best to fill myself up for the cold, and let the fever starve awhile. In a case of this kind I seldom do things by halves. I ate pretty heartily. I conferred my custom upon a stranger, who had just opened his restaurant in Cortlandt street, near the hotel, that morning, paying so much for a full meal. He waited near me in respectful silence until I had finished feeding my cold, when he inquired if the people about New York were much afflicted with colds. I told him I thought they were. He then went out and took in his sign.

I started up toward the office, and on the way encountered another bosom friend, who told me that a quart of warm salt water would come as near curing a cold as anything in the world. I hardly though I had room for it, but I tried it any how. The result was surprising. Now, as I give my experience only for the benefit of those of your friends who are troublod with this distemper, I feel that they will see the propriety of my cautioning tham against following such portions of it as proved inefficient with me, and acting upon this conviction I warn them against warm salt water. It may be a good enough remedy, but I think it is rather too severe. If I had another cold in the head, and there was no course left me but to take either an earthquake or a quart of warm salt water, I would take my chances on the earthquake. After this everybody in the hotel became interested, and I took all sorts of remedies—hot lemonade, cold lemonade, pepper tea, boneset, stewed quaker, horehound syrup, onions and loaf sugar, lemons and brown sugar, vinegar and laudanum, five bottles fir balsam, eight bottles cherry pectoral, and ten bottles Uncle Sam's remedy, but all without effect. One of the prescriptions, given by an old lady, was—well, it was dreadful. She mixed a decoction composed of molasses, catnip, peppermint, aquafortis, turpentine, kerosene, and various other drugs, and instructed me to take a wineglassful every fifteen minutes. I never took but one dose; that was enough. I had to take to my bed, and remained there for two entire days. When I felt a little better, more things were recommended. I was desperate, and willing to take anything. Plain gin was recommended, then gin and molasses, then gin and onions, I took all three. I detected no particular result, however, except that I had acquired a breath like a turkey buzzard, and had to change my boarding place. At this new place they suggested a different remedy to any yet tried. A sheet bath was recommended. I had never refused a remedy yet, and it seemed poor policy to cemmeuce then; therefore I determined to take a sheet bath, though I had no idea what sort of arrangement it was, It was administered at midnight, and the weather was very frosty. My back and breast were stripped, and a sheet (there appeared to be a thousand yards of it) soaked in ice water, was wound around me until I resembled a swab for a columbiad. It is a cruel expedient. When the chilly rag touches one's warm flesh, it makes him start with sudden violence and gasp for breath, just as men do in the death agony. It froze the marrow in my bones and stopped the beating of my heart. I thought my time had come. When I recovered from this, a friend recommended the application of a mustard plaster to my breast. I believe that would have cured me effectually if it had not been for young Clemens. When I went to bed I put the mustard plaster where I could reach it when I should be ready for it. But young Clemens got hungry in the night, and ate it up. I never saw any child have such an appetite. I am confident that he would have eaten me if I had been healthy.—*Mark Twain*

Of a truth, a home without a girl is only half blessed, it is an orchard without blossom and a spring without song. A house full of sons is like Lebanon with its cedars, but daughters by the fireside are like roses in Sharon.

A lawyer was in a country town on a flying trip. He was accosted in the hotel by a 'drummer,' who thought him one of the fraternity, and inquired; 'For what house are you travelling?' 'For my own.' 'You are. May I ask your name?' 'You may.' Pause—enjoyable to the lawyer, embarassing to the other. 'Well (desperately) what is your name.' 'Jones.' 'What line are you in?' 'I don't understand you, sir.' 'What are you selling?' (impatiently). 'Brains.' (cooly) The mercantile traveller saw his opportunity and looking at the other from head to foot, he said slowly, 'Well, you appear to carry a deuced small lot of samples.'

RELICS OF AN ANCIENT RACE.

He digged better than he knew, did Mr. G. Tonski, a Swedish emigrant, who, having 'located' a farm in Brown county, Kansas, concluded, about a fortaight ago, to have a well. Forty-two feet down, he came to a sort of floor or cedar poles, five inches thick. These with great difficulty he removed, and found a similar floor a foot lower. Removing this, he was rewarded by discovering, not water, but four human skulls, one stone ax, two stone spear heads, one stone pipe bowl, and two earthen kettles. The skulls may not have been pre-Adamite, but it is evident that they belonged formerly to a gentleman who smoked, and boiled their victuals, and were particular in their undertaking. Mr. Tonski may have preferred water to this miscellany of bones, pipes, and hardware. At any rate, he went on digging, says tho New York *Tribune*, and soon his perseverance was rewarded by a plenteous flow of the sparkling element. He then took a drink, and after ruminating some time over the skulls and utensils, he thought of his dear fatherland, and concluded to box up the whole assortment and send it to the savants at Gottenberg. There it will be duly pondered, smoked, and lectured over, to the great increase of theories and of illustrated folios. Let the reader take courage! Let him, as he scratches his head thoughtfully, reflect that four or forty thousand years hence that head, *minus* hair, cuticle, and brains, may be exhibited in a lecture room, manipulated by a learned Doctor, and finally placed (with a label) in an elegant glass case in a museum! It is not, perhaps, much of a head now, but then the scientific may travel hundreds of miles to see it, and by its aid may scatter as chaff opinions ages old, and notions which have been affectionately cherished for centuries.

A young blood dining at a hotel was requested by a neighbor to pass some article of food which was near him. 'Do you mistake me for a waiter?' said the exquisite. 'No sir; I mistook you for a gentleman,' was the prompt reply.

About One's Self.—The object of brushing the teeth is to remove the destructive particles of food which by their decomposition generate decay. To neutralize the acid resulting from this chemical change is the object of dentifirice. A stiff brush should be used after every meal, and a thread of silk floss or india rubber passed through between the teeth to remove particles of food. Rinsing the mouth in lime water neutralizes the acid.

Living and sleeping in a room in which the sun never enters is a slow form of suicide. A sun bath is the most refreshing and life-giving bath that can possibly be taken.

Always keep the feet warm, and thus avoid colds. To this end, never sit in damp shoes or wear foot coverings fitting and pressing closely.

The best time to eat fruit is half an hour before breakfast.

A full bath should not be taken less than three hours after a meal. Never drink cold water before bathing. Do not take a cold bath when tired.

Keep a box of powdered starch on the washstand; and after washing, rub a pinch over the hands. It will prevent chapping.

If feeling cold before going to bed, exercise; do not roast over a fire.

The Happy Man.—I noticed a mechanic among a number of others at work in a house erected but a little way from my office, who always appeared to be in a merry humor, who always had a kind word and a cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy, or sunless, a happy smile danced as a sunbeam upon his countenance. Meeting him one morning, I asked him to tell me the secret of his constant happy flow of spirits. 'No secret, Doctor,' he replied. 'I have one of the best of wives, and when I go to work she has a word of encouragement for me; when I go home she always meets me with a teader kiss; and she is sure to be ready with my meals; and she has done so many things through the day to please me, that I cannot find it in my heart to speak unkindly to any one.' What influence, then, hath woman over the heart of man, to soften it, and make it the fountain of cheerful and pure emotions? Speak gently, then; a happy smile and a kind word of greeting after the toils of the day are over, cost nothing, and go far toward making a home happy and peaceful.

The recent case of death by strychnine poisoning from taking Syrup of Hyphosphites, noticed in the Montreal *Daily Witness*, of August 1st, renders great caution necessary, not to confound Dr. Wheeler's Compound Elixer and Calisaya with Compound Syrup of Hysphosites. Observe well the difference in ortohgraphy, and bear in mind that medicinally there is no similiarity in action or effect.

Phosphates are absolutely neeessary to sustain life, being an element of every solid and fluid of the body, and they are incapable of injurious results at any period from infancy to old age, or under any possible condition of the system, and no more harm can result from taking more than the prescribed dose than from eating too hearty a dinner.

Promiscuous.—Mrs. Alice Robinson, of Williamston, in the county of Annapolis, and Province of Nova Scotia, deposeth and saith that in the year 1840, she was fearfully and distressingly afflicted with a combination of of complaints, which altogether rendered her almost entirely helpless, during which time she was treated by one of the ablest physicians residing in the County, and part of the time by two physicians for about a year, and still was not sensible of any material benefit or relief. And after a time she was recommended to a medicine at that time prepared by Mrs Gates, of Wilmot, which in an incredibly short time acted like a charm upon her whole system, and she was entirely cured of all her various difficulties and complainst, and remained, as she considered, a sound and healthy woman for about twenty-five years.

Mrs. Robinson further states, that in the autumn of 1869, she was taken ill, and was under the doctor's hands all winter, and in the spring ensuing she was taken with a most obstinant and distressiug cough, which the doctor was unable to cure. She was also afflicted with piles and othertroublesome complaints. at length she resolved to apply to Dr. Caleb Gates for assistance and help, and soon found them all yielding to the power and influence of his justly celebrated medicines, and says she is now completely cured of all those various difficulties, through the kindness of Dr. Gates, and the efficacy of his most excellent medicine.

Mrs. Alice Robinson.

Sworn to at Williamston, this 9th day of February, A. D. 1872, before me,

Jas. Wheelock. J. P.

SALE OF FREEHOLD PROPERTY.

We will Sell by Auction,
AT THE COLONIAL BUILDING,
CHARLOTTETOWN,
ON
THURSDAY,
THE 15th OCTOBER NEXT,

at the hour of Twelve o'clock, noon, a very desirable Farm of Land, lately occupied by Charles Alleyne, Esq., of Hillsboro' Castle, situate near the flourishing village of Mount Stewart, bounded and described as follows: Commencing at the south-west angle of a tract of 50 acres of land, the property of the heirs of the late George Douglas; thence running, according to the magnetic meridian of the year 1764, south seventy-seven (77) degrees, east seventy-six (76) chains, thence south twelve chains and fifty links [12.50] thence north seventy-seven [77] degrees, west seventy-six [76] chains, and thence north twelve chains and fifty links [12.50] to the place of commencement,—

NINETY-THREE (93) ACRES OF LAND, a little more or less, and is situate in Township number 38, in King's County.

For further particulars apply to E. J. Hodgson, Esquire, Charlottetown, or to

J. S. CARVELL,
W. H. AITKEN.

Ch'town, Sept. 21, 1874.—till sale

The above sale is postponed until Monday, the 15th day of February, 1875.

ALBERTON!

Building Lots.

THE Subscriber offers for sale several BUILDING LOTS near the Railway Station. Terms Liberal.

GEORGE W. HOWLAN.

Alberton, Dec. 14, 1874. sj era

THE EXAMINER

EVERY WEEK

Contains the latest Local,

DOMINION & FOREIGN NEWS,

Full and Accurate

SHIPPING AND MARKT REPORTS,

Selections from the raciest and most improving Literature of the day;

Editorial Articles on Political, Industrial and Social Topics.

—:o:—

THE EXAMINER

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY FORENOON,

BY THE

Examiner Printing & Publishing Co.

OFFICE,

Corner Queen and King Streets.

TERMS.

If paid in advance, 1 copy, 1 year,	$1.40
If paid within the year "	1.62
If not paid till after the end of year,	2.00

CLUB RATES.

The Examiner will be forwarded to Clubs at the following rates per year—payment always in advance:—

5 copies one address, - - -	$ 7.00
10 " " "	10.00
15 " " "	14.00
20 " " "	17.00

Clubs may be made up at any time, but not for a shorter period than one year. Any person obtaining for the Examiner a Club of Five or more subscribers, will be entitled to a copy of the paper one year free of charge.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

—:o:—

ADVERTISEMENTS.

When people see a man advertise they know he is a business man, and his advertizing proclaims that he is not above business, but anxious to do it. Customers, like sheep, are gregarious, and flock where they see others go. If nobody else were engaged in the same business, it would be important to tradesmen and dealers to advertize in the paper, because they are tempted to buy what they read of. But others are engaged in the same business, and even if they do advertize, it becomes the more important for you to do so; if they do not advertize it becomes doubly important.—*Anon.*"

MERCHATS

WILL FIND CUSTOMERS FOR THEIR

FALL GOODS

By Advertising in the EXAMINER.

The usual reductions to those who ADVERTIZE

BY THE YEAR.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Until further notice, Advertisements will be inserted at the following rates:

1 square, one insertion, - - -	$1.00
Each Continuation, - - - - -	00.25
Special Notices, " per line," - -	00.12

—:o:—

BOOK & JOB PRINTING.

HAVING IMPROVED

POWER & GORDON PRESSES,

And a good variety of

THE NEWEST STYLES OF TYPE,

we are prepared to do all kinds of

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING

on the Lowest Terms, at

THE EXAMINER OFFICE,

BY STEAM.

QUEEN SQUARE

FURNITURE WAREROOMS!

Our premises have been greatly enlarged and are now the

The largest and best arranged in the City!

and equal to any in the Lower Provinces.

ALL WORK WARRANTED TO GIVE PERFECT SATISFACTION.

I have 200,000 feet Seasoned Lumber under cover, for manufacturing purposes.

I have 20,000 feet Gilt and Walnut Picture Frame Moulding, 80 different patterns Cheap.

Oval, Gothic and Square Picture Frames, in Gilt and Walnut.

All the latest Styles of Rustic Frames Heavy Gilt, for Oil Pictures, Cheap.

English, German, and American Looking Glasses and Mirror Plates.

A few Large Mantle Mirrors and Pier Glasses, Cheap.

Window Furniture, &c.

Poles, Rings and Cornices, Rollers, Shades Blinds, Tassels, Cords, &c.

Upholstery Goods, Hair Seating, Bedding, &c.

New patterns, in Damask, Repps, Terry, Plushes, Poplins, Brocatells, Fringes, Gimps, Buttons, Tufts, &c., cheap.

Bedding—Feather, Hair and Flock Beds, Pillows and Bolsters, constantly on hand, cheap.

IRON BEDSTEADS AND CRIBS,

a Great Variety, Cheap.

A few of the celebrated Iron Bed CHAIRS,—it makes a Bed, an Easy Chair, and invalid Chair, and a Lounge in a few seconds, very durable. No house should be without one.

Our Stock is the Largest in the City, and the very Cheapst

Strongest CHAIRS and BEDSTEADS.

Most beautiful and durable Drawing Room, Dining Room and Chamber Furniture, in suits.

It is a pleasure to have customers come and examine.

George Woods & co's.

CELEBRATED

CABINET ORGANS

FOR SALE—CHEAP.

JOHN NEWSON.

Queen Square, March 10, 1873.

A REPRESENTATIVE AND CHAMPION OF AMERICAN ART TASTE!

Prospectus for 1875, Eighth Year.

THE ALDINE,

THE ART JOURNAL OF AMERICA,

Issued Monthly.

"A Magnificent Conception, wonderfully carried out."

The necessity of a popular medium for the representation of the productions of our great artist, has always been recognized, and many attempts have been made to meet the want. The successive failures which so invariably followed each attempt in this country to establish an art journal, did not prove the indifference of the people of America to the claims of high art. So soon as a proper appreciation of the want and an ability to meet it were shown, the public at once rallied with enthusiasm to its support, and the result was a great artist and commercial triumph—THE ALDINE.

THE ALDINE, while issued with all regularity, has none of the temporary or *timely* interest characteristic of ordinary periodicals. It is an elegant miscellany of pure, light, and graceful literature; and a collection of pictures, the rarest specimens of artistic skill, in black and white. Although each succeeding number affords a fresh pleasure to its friends, and the real value and beauty of the ALDINE will be most appreciated after it is bound up at the close of the year. While other publications may claim superior cheapness, as compared with rivals of a similar class, THE ALDINE is a unique and original conception—alone and unapproached—absolutely without competition in price or character. The prossessor of a complete volume can not duplicate the quantity of fine paper and engravings in any other shape or number of volumes *for ten times its cost; and then, there is the chromo besides!*

The national features of THE ALDIYE must be taken in no narrow sense. True are its cosmopolitan. While THE ALDINE is a strictly American institution, it does not confine itself entirely to the reproduction of native art. Its mission is to cultivate a broad and appreciative art taste, one that will discriminate only on grounds of intrinsic merit. Thus, while placing before the patrons of THE ALDINE, as a leading characteristic, the productions of the most noted American artists, attention will always be given to specimens from foreign masters giving subscribers all the pleasure and instruction obtainable from home or foreign sources.

The artistic illusration of American scenery, original with THE ALDINE is an important feature, and its magnificent plates be are of a size more appropriate to the satisfactory treatmemt of details than can afforded by any inferior page. The judicious interspersion of landscape, marine, figure, and animal subjects, sustain an unabated interest, impossible where the scope of the work confines the artist too closly to a single style of subject. The literature of THE ALDINE is a light and graceful accompaniement, worthy of the artistic features, with only such technical dispositions as do not interfere with the popular interest of the work.

PREMIUM FOR 1875.

Every subscriber for 1875 will receive a beautiful portrait, in oil colors, of the same noble dog whose picture in a former issue attracted so much attention.

"MAN'S UNSELFISH FRIEND"

will be welcome in every home. Everybody loves such a dog, and the portrait is executed so true to the life, that it seems the veritable presence of the animal itself. The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage tells that his own Newfoundland dog (the finest in Brooklyn) barks at it! Although so natural, no one who sees this chromo will have the slightest fear of been bitten.

Besides the chromo, every advance subscriber to THE ALDINE for 1875 is constituted a member, and entituled to all the priveleges of

THE ALDINE ART UNION.

The Union owns the originals of THE ALDINE pictures, which, with other paintings and engravings, are to be distributed among the members. To every series of 5,000 subscribers, 100 different pieces, valued at over $2,500 are distributed as soon as the series is full, and the awards of each series as made, are to be published in each succeeding issue of THE ALDINE. This feature only applies to subscribers who pay for *one year in advance*. Full particulars in circular sent on application enclosing a stamp.

TERMS.

One Subscription, entitling to THE ALDINE one year, the Chromo and the Art Union,

$6,00 *per annum, in advance*

(No charge for postage.)

Specimen copies of THE ALDINE, 50 Cents.

THE ALDINE will, hereafter, be obtainable only by subscription. There will be no reduced or club rates; cash for subscriptions must be sent to the publisher direct, or handed to the local canvasser, *without responsibility to the publisher*, except in cases where the certificate is given, bearing the fac-simile signature of James Sutton, President

CANVASSERS WANTED.

Any person wishing to act permanently as a local canvasser will receive full and prompt information by applying to

THE ALDINE COMPANY
58 Maiden Lane, New York.

HEALTH STRENGTH & VIGOR.

Just Published, Price One Shilling Stg.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE; or SELF-PRESERVATION. A practical Guide to Health, Strength, and Vigorous Old Age. Address to the Nervous, the Sedentary, the Dyspeptic, and all those whose constitutions have become debilitated or relaxed from irregularities of life, climate, age or disease, or from over-taxed or abused energies, whether of body or mind; with the Instructions for the Treatment of all Disorders resulting from the Loss of Nervous or Physical Force. By S. LA'MERT, M. D., L. S. A., &c., 37 BEDFORD SQUARE, London.

"An excellent manual for all who may learn how to use life and not abuse it.—*Church and State Gazette.*

"On the subjects of diet and the regulation of the functions the advice throughout is admirable."—*Mirror.*

Dr. La'mert is the only regularly-qualified Practicioner, who, for thirty years, has devoted his entire attention to the cure of these disorders.

Patients residing in the Colonies can be successsfully treated by correspondence, and remedies will be forwarded in secreey and safety to any address.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE may be had, price one shilling stg., in Halifax, Nova Scotia, J. H. Woodrich, Drug Store; Yarmouth, H. A. Parr; Pictou, Henry Elliott; St. John, N. B., H. Chubb & Co., and in Charlottetown, P. E. I., of Messrs. Bremner Brothers, 44 Queen Street.

Important Caution.—The public are earnestly warned against a piracy of the above work emanating from a so-called "Peabody Institute." Boston, which unblushingly appropriates the titles of two works, published by Dr. La'Mert for thirty years.

March 30th 1874. 1y.

PARK'S COTTON WARP!

GREEN, BLUE, RED, ORANGE AND WHITE,

No's 5's to 10's.

WARRANTED to be FULL LENGTH and weight, STRONGER AND BETTER in every respect than any other English or American warp.

Beware of Imitations. None is genuine without our name on the labels. For sale by all dealers.

WM. PARKS & SON,

New Brunswick Cotton Mills, St John N. B.

Feb. 2nd, 1374. 1y

100 AGENTS WANTED—Male and Female, for the "Transmission of Life," and the "Physical Life of Woman," both by Dr. Napheys. Agent's profits, $150 to $250 a month. Testimonials from mos eminent Divines, Physicians and Editors in America. Immense sales everywhere.

Send for Terms and Circulars to C. W. MITCHELL, St. John, N. B.

Jan. 12, 1873.

English Congo Tea.

60 CHESTS more of that highly approved Congo Tea, for Sale at lowest figure.

N. RANKIN.

Nov. 7, 1874.

Manhood Restored.

A victim of youthful imprudence, causing premature decay, nervous debility, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has found a simple self-cure which he will send free to his fellow sufferers. Address J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassu street, New York.

oct5 6m

REPRINTS

OF THE

BRITISH PERIODICALS.

The political ferment among the European nations, the strife between Church and State, the discussion of Science in its relation to Theology, and the constant publication of new works on these and kindred topics, will give unusual interest to the leading foreign Reviews during 1875. Nowhere else can the inquiring reader find, in a condensed form, the facts and arguments necessary to guide him to a correct conclusion.

The Leonard Scott Publishing Co'.

41 BARCLAY ST., NEW YORK.

continue the reprint of the four leading Reviews; viz:

EDINBURGH REVIEW—Whig.
LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW—Conservative.
WESTMINSTER REVIEW—Liberal.
BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.—Evangelical.

AND

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE

TERMS.

Payable strictly in advance.

For any one Review	$4 00 per annum.
For any two Reviews	7 00 "
For any three Reviews	10 00 "
For all four Reviews	12 00 "
For Blackwood's Magazine	4 00 "
For Blackwood and 1 Review	7 00 "
For Blackwood and 2 Reviews	10 00 "
For Blackwood and 3 Reviews	13 00 "
For Blackwood and 4 Reviews	15 00 "

The POSTAGE will be prepaid by the publishers without charge to the subscriber, only on the express condition that subscriptions are paid *invariably in advance* at the commencement of each year.

CLUBS.

A discount of twenty per cent will be allowed to clubs of four or more persons. Thus: four copies of Blackwood or of one Review will be sent to *one address* for $12.80; four copies of the four Reviews and Blackwood for $48, and so on.

PREMIUMS.

Few subscribers, applying early, for the year 1875, may have, without charge, the numbers of the last quarter of 1874 of such periodicals as they may subscribe for.

Or instead, new subscribers to any two, three or four of the above periodicals, may have one of the 'Four Reviews,' for 1874; subscribers to all five may have two of the 'Four Reviews,' or one set of Blackwood's Magazine for 1874.

Neither premiums to subscribers nor discount to clubs can be allowed unless the money be remitted direct to the publishers. No premiums given to clubs.

Circulars with further particulars may be had on application.

THE LEONARD SCOTT PUBLISHING CO.,
41 BARCLAY ST., NEW YORK.

"*A Repository of Fashion, Pelasure, and Instruction.*"

HARPER'S BAZAR.

ILLUSTRATED.

Notices of the Press.

The *Bazar* is edited with a contribution of tact and talent that we seldom find in any journal; and the journal itself is the organ of the great world of fashion.—*Boston Traveller.*

The *Bazar* commends itself to every member of the household—to the children, by droll and pretty pictures, to the young ladies by its fashion plates in endless variety, to the provident matron by its patterns for the children's clothes, to *paterfamilias* by its tasteful designs for embroidered slippers and luxurious dressing-gowns. But the reading-matter of the *Bazar* is uniformly of great excellence. The paper has acquired a wide popularity for the fireside enjoyment it affords.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Terms:

POSTAGE FREE TO ALL SUBSCRIBERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Harper's Bazar, one year $4. 00

$4 00 includes prepayment of U. S. postage by the publishers.

Subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*, and *Bazar* to one address, for one year, $10. 00: or, two of Harper's Periodicals, to one address for 1 year, $7. 00: postage free.

An extra copy of either the *Magazine, Weekly* or *Bazar* will be supplied gratis for every Club of five subscribers at $4.00 each, in one remittance; or six copies for $20. 00, without extra copy: postage free.

Back numbers can be supplied at any time.

The seven volumes of *Harper's Bazar* for the years 1868, '69, '70, '71, '72, '73, '74, elegantly bound in green morocco cloth, will be sent by express, freight prepaid, for $7. 00 each.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

"*Unquestionably the best sustained work of the kind in the world.*"

Harper's Magazine.

ILLUSTRATED.

Notices of the Press.

The ever increasing circulation of this excellent monthly proves its adaptation to popular desires and needs. Indeed, when we think into how many homes it penetrates every month, we must consider it as one of the educators as well as entertainers of the public mind, for its vast popularity has been won by no appeal to stupid prejudices or depraved tastes.—*Boston Globe.*

The character which this *Magazine* possesses for variety, enterprise, artistic wealth, and literary culture that has kept pace with, if it has not led the times, should cause its conductors to regard it with justifiable complacency. It also entitles them to a great claim upon the public gratitude. The *Magazine* has done good and not evil all the days of its life.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Terms:

POSTAGE FREE TO ALL SUBSCRIBERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Harper's Magazine, one year $4.00

$4.00 includes prepayment of U. S. postage by the publishers.

Subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine Weekly* and *Bazar*, to one address for one year, $10.00; or, two of Harper's Periodicals, to one address for one year, $7.00; postage free.

An extra copy of either the *Magazine, Weekly* or *Bazar* will be supplied gratis for every Club of Five subscribers at $4.00 each, in one remittance; or, six copies for $20.00 without extra copy; postage free.

Back numbers can be supplied at any time.

A Complete Set of *Harper's Magazine*, now comprising 49 Volumes, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by express, freight at expense of publisher, for 2.25 per volume. Single volumes, by mail, postpaid, 3.00. Cloth cases, for binding, 58 cents, by mail, postpaid.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York

SALE of FREEHOLD PROPERTY

Situate at Mount Stewart Bridge.

TO be sold by Public Auction, on the Twenty-first day of January next, (A. D. 1875,) at the hour of Twelve o'clock, noon, at the Colonial Building, in Charlottetown, under and by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the Eleventh day of June, A. D. 1872, and made between Charles Worrell Alleyne, of Mount Stewart, in Queen's County, in Prince Edward Island, Merchant, and Janet Alleyne, his wife, of the one part, and John Aldous, of Montague, in said Island, Esq., of the other part, all that tract, piece and parcel of Land, situated lying, and being on Lot or Township number Thirty-eight, bounded as follows, that is to say, commencing at the South-west angle of a tract of Fifty, (50) acres of land, the property of the heirs of the late George Douglas, thence according to the magnetic north of the year 1764, South, seventy-seven degrees, East, seventy-six (76) chains, thence South twelve (12) chains and fifty links, thence North seventy-seven degrees, West seventy-six (76) chains, thence North twelve (12) chains and fifty (50) links to the place of commencement, containing Ninety Three acres of land, a little more or less, exclusive of the Settlement road running through the same.

A well finished Dwelling House and farm buildings are upon the premises. For further particulars as to terms of sale &c., apply at the office of the undersigned.

Dated this Fifteenth Day of October, A D. 1874.

R. R. FITZGERALD,
Assignee of Mortgagee.

Oct. 19, 1874.—till sale

Union Hall Meetings.

LORD'S DAY, 11, a. m., Worship and "Breaking of Bread."

Lord's Days, 6½, p. m., Gospel Preaching.

Thursday, 8, p. m., Bible Readings.

Sept. 14, 1874. tf

FREEHOLD FARM

ON LOT 44

FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers for sale all the right title, and interests in the Farm lately owned by John Kickham, situate on Township No. Forty-four, at the head o Souris River, consisting of fifty acres. The said farm is conveniently situate to School House, Grist and Saw Mills, and is worthy the attention of those who require a nice farm. Title good, and terms easy.

WM. D. STEWART.

Ch'town, Aug. 3, 1874