POETRY.

THE LOST HUNTER.

ALFRED B. STREET.

Numb'd by the piercing freezing air,
And burden'd by his game,
The hunter, struggling with despair,
Dragged on his shivering frame;
The rifle he had shoulder'd late
Was trail'd along, a weary weight;
His pouch was void of food;
The hours were speeding in their flight,
And soon the long, keen, winter night
Would wrap the solitude.

Oft did he stoop a listening ear,
Sweep round an anxious eye—
No bark nor axe-blow did he hear,
No human trace descry.
His sinuous path, by blazes, wound
Among trunks group'd in myriads round;
Through naked boughs, between
Whose tangled architecture, fraught
With many a shape grotesquely wrought,
The hemlock's spire was seen.

An antler'd dweller of the wild
Had met his eager gaze.
And far his wandering steps beguiled
Within an unknown maze;
Stream, rock, and run-way he had cross'd,
Unheeding, till the marks were lost
By which he used to roam;
And now, deep swamp and wild ravine
And rugged mountain were between
The hunter and his home.

A dusky haze, which slow had crept
On high, now darken'd there,
And a few snow-flakes fluttering swept
Athwart the thick grey air,
Faster and faster, till between
The trunks and boughs, a mottled screen
Of glimmering motes was spread,
That tick'd against each object round
With gentle and continuous sound,
Like brook o'er pebbled bed.

The laurel tufts, that drooping hung
Close roll'd around their stems,
And the sear beech leaves still that clung,
Were white with powdering gems.
But hark! afar a sullen moan
Swell'd out to louder, deeper tone,
As surging near it pass'd,
And, bursting with a roar and shock
That made the groaning forest rock,
On rush'd the winter blast.

As o'er it whistl'd, shriek'd, and hiss'd,
Caught by its sweeping wings,
The snow was whirl'd to eddying mist,
Barb'd, as it seemed, with stings;
And now t'was swept with lightning flight
Above the loftiest hemlock's height,
Like drifting smoke, and now
It hid the air with shooting clouds,
And robed the trees with circling shrouds,
Then dash'd in heaps below.

Here, plunging in a billowy wreath,
There, clinging to a limb,
The suffering hunter gasped for breath,
Brain reel'd, and eye grew dim;
As though to 'whelm him in despair,
Rapidly changed the blackening air
To murkiest gloom of night,
Till naught was seen around, below,
But falling flakes and mantled snow,
That gleam'd in ghastly white.

At every blast an icy dart
Seem'd through his nerves to fly,
The blood was freezing to his heart—
Thought whisper'd he must die.
The thundering tempest echo'd death,
He felt it in his tighten'd breath;
Spoil, rifle, droop'd, and slow
As the dread torpor crawling came
Along his staggering, stiffening frame,
He sunk upon the snow.

Reason forsook her shatter'd throne—
He deem'd that summer hours
Again around him brightly shone
In sunshine, leaves, and flowers;
Again the fresh, green forest-sod,
Rifle in hand, he lightly trod—
He heard the deer's low bleat;
Or, couch'd within the shadowy nook,
He drank the crystal of the brook
That murmur'd at his feet.

It changed—his cabin roof o'rspread,
Rafter, and wall, and chair,
Gleam'd in the crackling fire, that shed
Its warmth, and he was there;
His wife had clasp'd his hand, and now
Her gentle kiss was on his brow
His child was prattling by,
The hound crouch'd, dozing, near the blaze,
And through the pane's frost-pictured haze
He saw the white drifts fly.

That passed; before his swimming sight
Does not a figure bound,
And a soft voice with wild delight,
Proclaim the lost is found?
No, hunter, no! 'tis but the streak
Of whirling snow—the tempest's shriek—
No human aid is near!
Never again that form will meet
Thy clasp'd embrace—those accents sweet
Speak music to thine ear.

Morn broke—away the clouds were chased
The sky was pure and bright,
And on its blue the branches traced
Their webs of glittering white.
Its ivory roof the hemlock stoop'd,
The pine its silvery tassel droop'd,
Down bent the burden'd wood,
And, scatter'd round, low points of green,
Peering above the snowy scene,

In a deep hollow, drifted high,
A wave-like heap was thrown,
Dazzlingly in the sunny sky
A diamond blaze it shone;
The little snow-bird, chirping sweet
Dotted it o'er with tripping feet;
Unsullied, smooth, and fair,
It seem'd, like other mounds, where trunk
And rock amid the wreaths were sunk,
But, oh, the dead was there.

Spring came with wakening breezes bland,
Soft suns and melting rains,
And touched by her Ithuriel wand,
Earth bursts its winter-chains.
In a deep nook, where moss and grass
And fern leaves wore a verdant mass,
Some scattered bones beside,
A mother, kneeling with her child
Told by her tears and wailings wild
That there the lost had died.

LITERATURE.

THE LEGEND OF THE BELL.

J. E. Carpenter.

In a very old room of one of the most antiquated buildings in one of the most ancient towns in England, sat five old men. It was in the olden time, but even then the spot of which we are writing was looked upon by the antiquaries of the time, men who have long since gone down to the graves, with inquiring eyes; and many were the old legends, landmarks of history, with which it was associated. The old room was one of those in which the solid beams which supported the upper apartments projected low down the ceiling—itself so low that a man of moderate height could touch it with the palm of his hand; its floor was of red tile, and its huge fire-place, or rather hearth—for fire-place there was none, in the modern acceptance of the term—afforded ample space for a dozen individuals to sit beside it, while the crackling log burned at their feet. The building, of which this room formed a portion, was an ancient hostlery, or inn, and, although it it was in the main thoroughfare, or street, as we should now call it, there was a wide open space in front of it, about which stood rude wooden benches, where the guests were wont to regale themselves in summer. The locality of the town we need not mention, it has since become a city, and would not now be recognized. The five old men, and they were all very old, were the bell ringers of the venerable church which stood a stone's throw from the hostelry. They were seated in the deep chimney corner, for it was in the holly-time, and were enjoying themselves in inhaling the smoke of the fragrant indian weed. For some time they smoked on apparently buried in their reflections. At length the eldest, whose thin, and silvery locks and spare visage, proclaimed him to be almost a centenarian, drew a long whiff, and squeaked out half musingly:—

'I shall live to see it yet!'

'Never Jansen!' observed the youngest of the party, a hale old man of three score and ten—'never; 'tis nineteen years last Candlemas, and she looks younger and stronger than ever. Who is she? A girl, a very chit to you or I. And do you think Jansen, that you who have already one foot in the grave, can hope to outlive her?'

'I tell you it will come to pass, Willy; the same thing has happened twice before, since I have been bell ringer in St. Margaret's, and I tell you again that it will come to pass.'

'Tell us about it Jansen,' said a third of the party; you have a wonderful memery, and belike it will become our time to tell the old stories of the bells when you are gone.'

'When I am gone! I tell thee, Mat, the Scytheman has passed my door and forgot me. Here am I to drink a health to king George the Third whom heaven grant a life as long as my own! and I tolled you bell on the death of the merry Charlie. Ay, they were rare times—big Bess was the only bell that then swung in St. Margaret's steeple, and she narrowly escaped being cast into another shape a few years before, in the civil wars. Yes! I have a rare memory.'

'And you were a ringer in King Charles' time?' echoed Mat, for they loved to get the old man to tell his odd stories about the bells, though they had heard them scores of times before.

'Yes,' replied Jansen, I was born in his reign; but I was a man when he died, and I have tolled for William and Anne, and two Georges since then.'

'Few men, as you know Jansen,' observed one of the ringers in a tone of flattery which seemed to please the garrulous old man, 'can boast of having lived in six reigns.'

'Seven, boy, seven!' continued old Jansen peevishly, 'but no English bell tolled the knell of the last King Jammie.'

'Truth! but you have a rare memory!'

'Oh, rare! ejaculated the others; 'but tell us about the bells—the wedding bells'

'The first wedding peals that was rung on those bells was for the marriage of old Simon Plumtree, the vintner; a sour, miserly beggar, as ever palmed off the thin wines of the Cape for the true Malmsey. Well, he refused the ringers their fees—but I followed him home and again demanded them. He turned me out of the house as he would turn out a strange dog. So I told him I would ring a knell he would little like to hear. In three months after that his wife died—but he paid the dues he begrudged at his wedding—ha! ha!"

'Probably he gained more by the burial than by the bridal,' suggested old Matthew.'

'Yes,' answered Jansen, 'his wife brought him three thousand pounds; but his avarice led him to embark that, as well as his own gains, in the South-Sea scheme, and he was buried as a pauper at last.'

'The curse of the bell-ringer was on him,' interposed the old ringer who had been addressed as Willy.

'No,' said Jansen, 'though people had heard the story and chose to say so—it was only his own avarice working out its end—so with the death of his wife, a doctor might have saved her, but old Plumtree saved his guinea and lost his helpmate.'

'And the second one——'

'Was Luke Bradshaw, the mason—his wife lived six years after her marriage—he was sexton of the parish, and refused to fee the ringers, because, he said, he was free of the church—being the servant of it, like ourselvse.'

'A paltry subterfuge, that couldn't save his wife!' chimed in Matthew; 'but your prophecy will hardly come true again. It's twenty years come Candlemas since Peter Shaw married the miller's daughter.'

'Ay! twenty years—the time is almost up. Peter made a compact with me—we shall see how well he keeps it.'

'And the compact was——'

'This: Peter was a poorer man then, though he had a fair share of trade, and the little money that the miller could give him was to enable him to increase it; he was the last man who ever refused to pay the ringers—for the fate of the two brides became a sort of village gossip, and grew into a superstition. To prove the folly of these old wives' stories, as Peter called them, he also refused to pay the ringers on his wedding day; but he said, when I paid the customary visit, 'Come to me this day twenty years, and if I do not repent of my bargain I will pay you with interest.'

'And the twenty years will be up next Candlemas.'

'I shall live to do it yet,' was the only remark that the old man made; nor could all the persuasion of his fellows induce him to discourse further of the stories of the bells.

From the above conversation the reader will gather nearly all we have to communicate respecting the singular compact. It was not through parsimony that Peter had refused the customary fees to the ringers on his wedding day, but to prove that he was above the vulgar prejudices of the time. Matters had thrived with him since he married; the old miller had died and left him a considerable sum, and in his own trade he had been equally successful. He had not forgotten his compact with Jansen, and had frequently wondered at the prolonged life of the bell-ringer, never imagining from his age, that he would ever live to remind him of it, if, indeed, he had any recollection of the circumstance; which, although Peter doubted, he was determined not to take advantage of. In spite of a strong and well constituted mind, the Pewterer could not help feeling some anxiety as the termination of the twenty years approached, and it was with great delight that on the eventful Candlemas-day he found his wife in her usual health. 'At least,' he said, 'the old churl shall see that I have not repented of my bargain,' and going into his counting-house, he was about to send for Jansen when the old man came hobbling up to the door.

'Well, Jansen, I am glad to see you. I was about to send for you, to prove to you that I have not repented my choice, and to express a hope that you, who have been spared so long, will not go down into the grave without feeling, that with the great Disposer of Events, rests the fiat of life and death. Here are the ringers' fees, and with such interest as even your scruples will be satisfied,' and he placed in the hands of Jansen five little packets, each of which contained ten golden guineas.

The old ringer mumbled out his thanks, and sought his companions at the inn.

'The charm is broken,' they said, 'Jansen will never toll the bell for another funeral!'

'For one more—for one more!' said Jansen, feebly; even the event of the day could not root out the superstition from his mind.

'I dreamt, last night, that I was tolling Big Bess for the last time—and that I was a ghost tolling a bell for my own funeral.

The day following, an event occurred that long after afforded a theme for the gossips of the town. It was the Sabbath, and Peter and his wife attended service in their usual seats. During the sermon, Mrs. Shaw was seized with apoplexy, and carried out of the church a corpse.

On the day of the funeral, Jansen, who, since he had become feeble, had usually taken his grandson, a man bordering on fifty, to assist him in ringing the mighty bell, persisted in going to the belfry alone. As the funeral *cortege* approached the churchyard the bell suddenly ceased—people thought at the time that this was done purposely, because the deceased had, by one day only, falsified Jansen's prediction. Several hours after, the companions of the latter sought him in the belfry. He was dead on the floor—the rope which he had twisted round his arm, had carried him off his legs, and, no longer having strength to subdue the huge mass of metal, he had been dashed to the ground and killed.

The story is still current in the neighborhood, where they even say that, on the day of his interment, the bell tolled of its own accord, and even declares that it was his own ghost that tolled it; and add that for many years after, at Candlemas, the bell has been heard to toll, but with a strange unearthly sound like distant music, and then only by those who believe in ghosts and witchcraft. Be that as it may, there are many still living who believe devoutly in the Legend of the Bell.

A HORRIBLE OUTRAGE.

One day recently a respectably dressed man carried a well-grown child, muffled up, and apparently sick, into a French's hotel. He placed the child on the stairs and began to speak to it in a rough unkind way. The attention of the guests was attracted, and they gathered round.

'You are able to walk up the stairs by yourself said the man,' 'and I won't carry you.'

The poor child began to sob worse than before, and the brutal man gave it a severe thump on the side of the head. The child began moaning piteously. The indignation of the by-standers was excited and one of them said to the man:

'Is that your child?'

'He is my father,' the child sobbed, 'and he—killed—my mother—just—as—he—is—going—to—kill—me.'

The man doubled his fist and made as if he was about giving a savage blow. One of the be-standers interfered and said:

'Stay! if you don't stop this, I'll call a policeman. I never saw such a brutal father in all my life.'

The man began to fumble in his pocket and the child cried out:

'Take care, he's got a knife. He is going to stick you.'

Sure enough he produced a knife and opened it. The crowd slipped away one by one except two.

'If I am to be arrested,' the man said 'it will be for something,' thereupon he plunged the knife into the body of the child. The child shrieked 'I am murdered,' and a crowd rushed to the spot. The man quietly raised the child in his arms, and removing his hat said:

'Gentlemen, don't be alarmed. This is a wooden child. I am only a ventriloquest.' The crowd went away with astonishment. *New York Sun.*

THE DARK SIDE OF NATURE.

There is an instance of meanness recorded in the *Spectator*, which has always seemed to us to reach the culminating point. It is there narrated how a European, having landed on the coast of this country, lost his way in the woods, and would infallibly have been killed but for the protection afforded him by an Indian girl, who concealed and maintained him, and ultimately enabled him to reach a settlement of white men, and how he proved his gratitude by selling her as a slave and getting a higher price on account of her being on the eve of giving birth to a child of which he himself was the father. A recent trial in London proves that human nature is the same in all ages, and that man-devils are abroad in the year 1874.

John Rayle, thirty-seven, pleaded guilty to feloniously setting fire to his dwelling house, three persons being therein at the time. The prisoner had insured for £200 the house he occupied, where he carried on the business of hair-dresser, and his uncle lived with him. When the fire was discovered, it was ascertained that the place had been saturated with parrafin oil, and had been set on fire in six different places; the old man was in a top room asleep, which room was full of smoke, and there was this peculiar aggravation in the prisoner's conduct, that when the police and fire brigade arrived, he gave no information relative to the poor old man being in the house, and they only discovered the fact by accident. It also appeared that the prisoner had induced his uncle to make a will by which he would come into possession of all his little property, and he would also have received about £17 from two benefit societies upon his death. Mr. Justice Lush said it was one of the worst cases that had ever come before him, and he sentenced the prisoner to penal servitude for life.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Kerosene oil is good for removing rust from cutlery.

Hyposulphite of soda is better than common washing soda for laundry purposes.

Two cords of hardwood are about equal in heat giving qualities to one ton of bituminous coal.

Custard Apple.—Pare and core 12 sour apples; stir a custard and pour it on them and bake.

Ink stains may be removed from books by wetting the spot with a solution of oxolic acid 1 oz., water half a pint.

Linen can be glazed by adding a tablespoonful of salt and one of finely scraped white soap to a pound of starch.

To each bowl of starch, before boiling, add a tablespoonful of Epsom salts. Articles prepared with this will be stiffer and in a measure fireproof.

When an iron poker becomes soft with long usage, it can be hardened by heating to a redness and plunging several times in a pail of cold water.

If the sink spout freezes, insert a piece of lead pipe, into which pour boiling water through a funnel. Keep the pipe constantly pressed against the ice.

To take ink spots out of mahogany, touch with a feather dipped in a teaspoonful of water to which a few drops of spirits of nitre have been added, and rub quickly with a wet cloth.

Saturate sponges with water and stand them on plates around and among the window plants. The object is to supply moisture to neutralize the effect of any furnace or grate heat.

It is said that lining the walls, ceiling and windows of a cellar with four or five thicknesses of old newspapers, pasted on with strong size, will prevent roots and other articles stored therein from freezing.

Two parts gum camphor, with one part crystallized carbolic acid, the whole rubbed together with whitening, is an excellent disenfectant and preservative of furs. The odor of the acid is mostly dissipated by the camphor.

In hanging paper, first pumistone the wall and wash with size made of one ounce of glue to a gallon of water. See that the paste has no lumps, and that the back of the paper is covered with it for fully ten minutes before hanging.

To clean gilt jewelry, to half a pint of boiling water add one ounce of cyanide of potassium. When the liquid is cold, mix in half an ounce of ammonia liquor, and one ounce of rectified alcohol. Objects will be rendered bright by rubbing with this compound.

Suet Pudding.—Half a pound of flour, one half pound beef suet chopped very small, one teaspoonful of salt, mix these with just sufficient milk, or water, to keep them together. Boil it two hours and a half in a basin or cloth. Half a pound stoned raisins may be added.

Sweet Sauce.—Half a pint of nice brown sugar, a piece of butter the size of a small egg, beat with a spoon until it becomes froth, stir boiling water into it until it becomes the right consistency, then add half a glass of wine, and a little grated nutmeg. Keep it near the fire.

If possible, buy an oil cloth which has been made for several years, as the longer it has been unwashed the better it will bear, the paint being harder. Never scrub. Sweep with a soft hair brush, and wash with a soft cloth dipped in milk and water. Don't use soap. Rub dry with a handful of rags.

The best bed bug poison is a globule of mercury about the size of a silver five cent piece, thoroughly mingled with the white of an egg, the last previously beaten to a froth. Stop all cracks with putty, both of the bed and of the surbase and floor joints of the room, and apply the above mixture with a feather. There is no necessity of washing the bedstead.

Mirth at Meal Time.—Everybody should plan to have pleasant conversation at the table, just as they have good food. A little reading, it may be of humorous things, anecdotes, etc, will often stimulate the joyous elements of the mind and cause it to act vigorously. Try and avoid going to the table all tired out. Let all troublesome topics be avoided. Don't scold domestics. Don't discipline children. Think and say something pleasant. Cultivate mirth, and laugh whenever anything witty is said. If possible, never eat alone. Invite a friend of whom you are fond, and try and have a good time. Friendship and friendly intercourse at the table whets the appetite and promotes the flow of animal spirits.

The Secret of Health.—First, keep warm. Second, eat regularly and slowly. Third, maintain regular bodily habits. Fourth, take early and very light suppers, or, better still, none at all. Fifth, keep a clean skin. Sixth, get plenty of sleep at night. Seventh, keep cheerful and respectable company. Eigth, keep out of debt. Ninth, don't set your mind on things you don't need. Tenth, mind your own business. Eleventh, don't set up to be a sharp of any kind. Twelfth, subdue curiosity.

To Keep Cellars from Freezing.—A friend of ours who has tried says he prevents frost in the cellar by pasting the walls and ceiling over with four or five thickness of newspaper, a curtain of the same material being also over the small low windows at the top of the cellar. The papers were pasted to the bare joists overhead, leaving an air space between them and the floor. He reports that the papers carried the roots through last winter, though the cellar was left unbanked, and he is confident that they have made his cellar frost-proof. Whatever paper will be employed, it will be necessary to sweep the walls thoroughly, and to use a very strong size to hold the paper to the stones. It is not necessary to press the depressions of the wall; every air space beneath it is an additional defence against the frost.

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THAT Valuable Freehold Property consisting of Two whole WATER LOTS, beautifully situated near the Western end of Water Street, in Georgetown. There are on the premises, a commodious Two-storey Dwelling House, a Warehouse, 80x26, a Granary 40x30, and other Out-buildings. Also, a Wharf, extending out to fourteen feet of water.

This Property is such as rarely comes into the market, being one of the most desirable and convenient stands in King's County, for any branch of trade, while, as a site for a good Hotel, it cannot be surpassed. It is situated at the head of the Railway and Ferry wharves, and commands a magnificant view of the Harbor and surroundings, so that it would make a very desirable Private Residence.

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PINE APPLES, Peaches, Pears, Green Peas, String Beens, Tomatoes, Jams, Jellies, Marmalade, Dessert Raisins, Figs, Currants, &c., &c., at all lowest prices at

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30 puns. choice Barbadoes MOLASSES, for Sale at Summerside.

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COMPRISE
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LATEST STYLES IN
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SHAWLS MANTLES,
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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,—

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Ch'town, Sept. 21, 1874.—till sale

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Losses by the Boston Fire..........	398,088
Total claims paid,..............	$868,381

The Subscriber having been appointed General Agent of the above Company for Prince Edward Island, is prepared to receive applications for Insurance against Fire on Property of all kinds.

FENTON T. NEWBERY.

Ch'town, Dec. 14, 1874. tf

Department of Public Works.
CANADA

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, at Charlottetown, and endorsed "Tender for Souris Hospital," will be received until WEDNESDAY, 13th January next, for building a

Marine Hospital at Souris, P. E. I.

according to a plan and specification to be seen at the office of Dr. McIntyre, M. P., Souris, and at the Government Engineers's office, P. O. Building, Charlottetown.

Persons tendering are notified that, in case of firms, the actual signature, occupation and place of residence of each member of the same must be attached.

To each Tender must be affixed the actual signature, with P. O. address, of two solvent and responsible parties, resident in the Dominion, willing to become sureties for the due performance of the work, in the conditions of contract.

The department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

J. E. BOYD, Engineer in charge.

Dec. 21, 1874.—till 13 jan

1874.

NEW GOODS
AT THE
BRITISH WAREHOUSE,
Queen Square.

The Subscribers have received per Steamer *Prince Edward*,

A NEW SUPPLY OF
British & Foreign
MERCHANDIZE!

Suitable for the Present Season which are now open for Inspection and Sale, at the

Lowest Cash Prices.

PLEASE CALL AND EXAMINE.

Supplies continually received.

W. & A. BROWN.

October 5, 1874.

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, origina' with THE ALDINE is an important feature, and its magnificent plates be are of a size more appropriate to the satisfactory treatment 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.

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

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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.

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Feb. 2nd, 1374. 1y

Engl sh Congo Tea.

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N. RANKIN.

Nov. 7, 1874.

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

GEORGE W. HOWLAN.

Alberton, Dec. 14, 1874. sj era

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OF THE
BRITISH PERIODICALS.

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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 iate 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