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The Examiner

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POETRY.

WHEN I MEAN TO MARRY.

BY JOHN G. SAKS.

When I mean to marry?—Well— 'Tis idle to dispute with me; If you choose to hear me tell, Pray listen while I fix the date.

When daughters haste with eager feet, A mother's daily toil to share; Can make the puddings which they eat, And mend the stockings which they wear.

When maidens look upon a man As in himself that they would marry, And not as army soldiers can A sutler or a commissary;

When gentle ladies who have got The offer of a lover's hand Consent to share his "earthly lot" And do not mean his lot of land.

When young mechanics are allowed To find and wed the farmers' girls, Who don't expect to be endowed With rubies, diamonds and pearls;

When wives, in short, shall freely give Their hearts and hands to aid their spouses And live as they were wont to live, Within their sires' one-story houses.

Then maiden—if I'm not too odd— Rejoiced to quit this lonely life, I'll brush my beard, cease to scold, And look about me for a wife!

LITERATURE.

WENDERHOLME.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

'I say, doctor, why don't you drive a tandem? You—'you ought to drive a tandem. 'For my word you ought, seriously, now.'

The doctor laughed. He didn't see the necessity or the duty of driving a tandem, and so begged to have these points explained to him.

'Well, because, don't you see, when you've only got one horse in your dogcart or gig, or whatever two-wheeled vehicle you may possess, you've no fun, don't you see? & the doctor did not see, nor did not seem to see.

'I mean,' proceeded the Colonel, anxiously, 'you haven't that degree of anxiety which is necessary to give a zest to existence. Now, when you've a leader who is almost perfectly free, and over whom you only exercise a control of—the most gentle and pressive kind, you're always slightly anxious, and sometimes you're very anxious.

For instance, last time we drove back from Sootyhorn it was pitch dark—wasn't it, Fyser?

Here Colonel Stanburne turned to his groom, who was sitting behind; and Fyser might be expected, muttered something confirmatory of his master's statement.

'It was pitch dark; and, by George! the candles in the lamps were short to last; and that confounded Fyser forgot to provide himself with fresh ones before he left Sootyhorn, and—didn't you, Fyser?'

Fyser confessed his negligence. 'And so, when the lamps were out it was pitch dark; so dark that I couldn't tell the road from the ditch—upon my word I couldn't; and I couldn't see the leader a bit, I could only feel him with the reins. So I said to Fyser, 'get over to the front seat, and then crouch down so low as you can, so as to bring the horse's head up against the sky, and tell me if you can see them.' So Fyser crouched down as I told him; and when I asked him if he saw anything, he said he did think he saw the leader's ears. 'Well, hang it, then, if you do see 'em,' I said, 'keep your eye on 'em.' 'And were you going fast?' asked the doctor.

'Why, of course we were. We were trotting at the rate of I should say, about nine miles an hour; but after a while Fyser, by hard looking, began to see rather more distinctly—so distinctly that he clearly made out the differences between the horses' heads and the hedges; and he kept calling out, 'Right, sir,' 'Left, sir,' 'All right, sir,' and so he kept me straight. If he'd been a sailor he'd have said, 'starboard' and 'port,' but Fyser isn't a sailor.'

'And did you get safe to Wenderholme?'

'Of course we did. Fyser and I always get safe to Wenderholme.'

'I shouldn't recommend you to try that experiment hofens.'

'Well, but you see the advantage of driving tandem. If you've only one horse you know where he is, however dark it is—'he's in the shafts, of course, and you know where to find him; but when you've got a leader you never exactly know where he is unless you can see him.'

The doctor didn't see the advantage. 'Well, well,' answered the Colonel, with an uncommonly sly expression, 'you've got Nanny Pickering to occupy you, and I have not. You see you're so dull in that gig of yours that you're obliged to have recourse to female society. I knew all about it. I was looking out of window at the thorn when you entered the town, and Mr. Garney was in the room, and he told me. I congratulate you, doctor; I congratulate you! They say she's got plenty of tin, and that's the main point. She ain't exactly handsome, and she don't look particularly young; but I suppose a sensible man like you is not affected by these considerations.'

Notwithstanding the loud rumble of the gigantic wheels, the Colonel was aware of an audible giggle on the back seat.

'Fyser,' he said, 'I heard you laughing. What were you laughing at?'

Fyser turned round, his face purged of risibility, and respectfully touched his hat. 'Beg your pardon, sir.'

'What were we talking about?'

'Didn't distinctly hear, sir; but I believe you was talkin' about tandem-driving.'

Mr. Fyser, who had lost nothing of the allusion to Nanny Pickering, now listened still more attentively, and missed nothing of what followed.

'You'll perhaps believe me,' said the doctor, 'when I say that I've no intention of marrying Nanny Pickering, if I tell you that she hasn't a penny in the world, and that her name's down on Lady Helena Stanburne's blanket list for this Christmas.'

'Then I do believe, doctor; but people say she's a rich woman. You know better, of course, you're the best possible authority, you know the lady so very intimately. The reader will have gathered from this specimen of Colonel Stanburne's conversation that he was a pleasant and lively companion; but if he was rather hasty in forming his opinion of people on a first acquaintance, he may also infer that the Colonel was a man of somewhat frivolous character and very moderate intellectual powers. He certainly was not a genius, but he conveyed the impression of being less intelligent and less capable of serious thought than nature had made him. His predominant characteristic was simple good nature, and he possessed also, notwithstanding a sort of swagger in his manner, an unusual share of genuine intellectual humility, that made him contented to pass for a less able and less informed man than he really was. The doctor's preception of character was too acute to allow him to judge Colonel Stanburne on the strength of a superficial acquaintance, and he clearly perceived that his friend was in the habit of wearing, as it were, his higher nature outside. Some ponderous Philistines in Sootyhorn, who had been brought into occasional contact with the Colonel, and who confounded gravity of manner with mental capacity, had settled it amongst themselves that he had no brains; but the most intelligent of quadrupeds is at the same time the most lively, the most playful, the most good-natured, and the most affectionate—so amongst human beings it does not always follow that a man is empty because he is lively and amusing, and seems merry and careless, and says he does some foolish things.

'But I should advise you to get mawid,' continued the Colonel; 'when a fellah's mawid he finds out how expensive it is. Now there's my wife, a nice quiet body, that hardly eats anything but a small slice o' bread and butter, and yet I don't hesitate to say that (so far as mere cost, you know, is concerned) I'd rather undertake to keep ten fellahs like Fyser here, who can eat a leg o' mutton—I would indeed.'

The doctor replied that he knew some single ladies who lived very handsomely on wonderfully small incomes, and that he did not think, on the whole, women were so expensive in their habits as men.

'Of course they ain't so long as they are single. If my wife had been an old maid, she'd have lived on three hundred a year, and I dare say kept a cawidge and a pair in it, and subscribed to charities, and off a most respectable figure; but when they get mawid it's quite a different thing. Their ideas enlarge, doctor—their ideas enlarge. A mawid lady don't seem to spend more upon herself than a single one does—and I must say that in all that relates to her personal expenditure my wife is moderate, very moderate; but what I mean is, doctor, that when a man's mawid, the general expenditure of his house seems to mount up. When I was a bachelor I used to dine on mutton chop and a bottle of stout, and perhaps a bit of cheese and a potato—and so I dare say my wife would if she were a single woman; but when we are together as man and wife, there's a sort of respect due from me to her ladyship, and from her ladyship to her husband, and so we sit down to a real dinner every day, whether we've an appetite or not. We haven't got a mawid cook; but we got two wonderfully heavy woman-cooks, and they look so strong and so red and so very determined that, by George! my wife funks them—she does indeed. She's a good deal more afraid of those two blessed females than I ever was of my schoolmasters; and they cook and they cook, and they do whatever they please always. And it's not only these women but the number of other women that are about the house that cost money. It is quite astonishing, doctor, how they increase and multiply. I believe they breed, and have a special faculty for coming into maturity, like mushrooms. I'm always meeting some new faces on the stairs, and sometimes pretty faces too, let me tell you, for my wife ain't in the least jealous, and she likes to have good-looking people in the house. And then I say, 'Helena, my love, have you been discharging some of the women?'

'And she looks quite surprised and says she has discharged nobody, and she asks why I ask and then I say, 'because I say we've got a new servant; and then she demonstrates to me in a manner altogether inappreciable that an additional hand was absolutely necessary in some department or other. How many servants do you keep, doctor?'

'I keep an old woman, and a boy for the stable.'

'Well, that's just a nice little establishment. Have you got a copper coal-scuttle in your house?'

The doctor was a little surprised at this question; but, as it happened, he did possess a copper coal-scuttle, and answered in the affirmative.

'And I have no doubt your coal-scuttle is bright and clean. But when my wife purchased a copper coal-scuttle, about twelve months ago, there wasn't a single creature in the whole house that could clean it. The two fat cooks said they would not cook it, and cooking was their business. The scullery maids said it wasn't a pan. The butler said it wasn't silver; and so didn't come under his department; and the groom said as it did not belong to horses it was no concern of theirs. The thing was not cleaned at all and began to look so beastly that, by George! an idea struck me, and I had it electro-plated, and sent it into the plate closet to get cleaned; but the butler would not touch it, and so he left the house, or as he expressed it, 'sent in his resignation.' So I had the coal-scuttle wrapped up in silver paper, and put it into the plate closet, where the new butler found it and accepted it as proper. But he only lets it have it on state occasions.'

By this time they reached Eigon, a little dull village, quite out of the manufacturing district, and where it was the Colonel's custom to bait. The remainder of the drive was in summer really beautiful; but as it passed through a rich agricultural country, whose beauty depended chiefly on the luxuriant vegetation, the present time of the year was not very favorable to it. All this region had a great reputation for beauty amongst the inhabitants of the manufacturing towns, and no doubt fully deserved it; but it is probable that their faculties of appreciation were greatly sharpened by the stimulus of contrast. To get fairly clear of factory smoke, to be in the peaceful, quiet country, and see no buildings but picturesque farms, was a definite happiness to many of the inhabitants of Sootyhorn. There were fine bits of scenery in the manufacturing districts itself—picturesque gulleys and gorges deep ravines and hidden rivulets, and stretches of purple moorland; but all this scenery lacked one quality—amenity. Now the scenery from Rington to Wenderholme had this quality in a very high degree indeed, and it was instantly felt by every one who came from the manufacturing districts, though not so perceptible by travellers from the south of England. The Sootyhorn people felt a

nothing influence to their nervous system when they drove through this beautiful land; their minds relaxed and were relieved of pressing cares, and they here fell in a state very rare indeed with them—a state of semi-poetical reverie.

The reader is already aware that Wenderholme is situated on the opposite side of the hills which separates Shayton from this favored region and close to the foot of them. Great alterations have been made in the house since the date at which our story begins, and therefore we will not describe it as it exists at present, but as it existed when the Colonel drove up the avenue with the doctor at his side, and the faithful Fyser jumped up behind after opening the modest green gate. A large rambling house, begun in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, but grievously modernized under that of King George the III., it formed three sides of a quadrangle, and, as usual in that arrangement of a mansion, had a great hall in the middle, and the principal reception rooms on each side of hall on the ground floor. The house was three storeys high, and there were great numbers of bedrooms. An arched porch in the centre, preceded by a flight of steps, gave entrance at once to the hall; and over the porch was a projection of the same breadth, continued up to the roof and terminated in a narrow gable. This had been originally the centre of enrichment, and there had been some good sculpture and curious windows that went all around the projection, and carried it entirely upon their mullions; but the modernizer had been at work and inserted simple sash-windows which produced deplorable effect. The same owner, John Stanburne's grandfather, had ruthlessly carried out that piece of vandalism over the whole front of the mansion, and, except what architects call a string-course, which was still in cable here and there, had effected every venture that gave expression to the original design of the Elizabethan builder.

The entrance hall was a fine room fifty feet long, and as high as two of the ordinary storeys in the mansion. It had, no doubt, been a splendid specimen of the Elizabethan hall; but the modernizer had been hard at work here also, and had put himself to heavy expense in order to give it the aspect of a thoroughly modern interior. The wainscot which had once adorned the walls, and which had been remarkable for its rich and fanciful carving, the vast and imaginative tapestries, and heraldic blazons in the flaming oriel, the gallery for the musicians on twisted pillars of sculptured chestnut—all these glories had been ruthlessly swept away. The tapestries had been used as carpets, and worn out; the wainscot had been made into kitchen cupboards and painted lead colour; and the magnificent windows had been thrown down upon the floor of a garret, where they had been trodden under foot and crushed into a thousand fragments; and in place of these things, which the narrow taste of the eighteenth century had condemned as barbarous, and destroyed without either hesitation or regret, it had substituted—what?—absolute emptiness and negation; for the heraldic oriel, sash windows of the commonest glass; for the tapestry and carving, a bare wall of yellowish plaster; for the carved beams of the roof, a blank area of whitewash. The only attempt at decoration was a creonic in plaster of Paris, with meager little festoons sticking on the wall; and a design in the middle of the ceiling, in which the little indescribable things that the fastoons were made of were formed into four loops, with four straight ends between them, pointing to the corners of the room. The author of all this savage had had his portrait taken at full length and hung in the hall of his ancestors. He was in hunting costume, and looked down upon his handiwork with an air of perfect satisfaction. He had lived and died in the firm belief that he was spending his money usefully and earning the gratitude of his descendants. Yet, if the house had been left to rats and spiders, and bats, and owls for the space of a hundred years, they would have injured it less than this human being injured it—this respected proprietor and gentleman. It is not wonderful that men should prefer the beautiful to the picturesque; that they should prefer the art of the days of Pericles to the art of the days of Elizabeth; but the marvel is that carved oak and tapestry should have been so offensive that they were willing to pay the money to be rid of them, and considered mere plaster and whitewash an improvement in art and an advance in civilization. This condition of mind, so prevalent at the close of the eighteenth century and the beginning of this, is by us almost conceivable and the only explanation of it which seems in any degree satisfactory or sufficient is perhaps this: Such men as Colonel Stanburne's grandfather may have regarded the decorations of the 10th century as we regard its costume, that is to say, as being curious and picturesque, but not suitable for their own use; and when they destroyed or removed them it may have been, in their feeling, not so much an artistic improvement as an act in obedience to the dictates of simple common sense. Her Majesty's state carriage is very elaborate and magnificent, but one would not care to drive in the streets of London in such a carriage as that; and Wenderholme in its ancient splendor may have seemed to Mr. Reginald Stanburne a house no more fitted for modern habitation than a gilded coach seems to us fitted for modern use. In a word, to preserve these splendors of the past was, it may be presumed, a violation of the fitness of things. And we must admit that if his taste had been either elegant or artistic, it had not been either elegant or artistic, it had been at least consistent. He had made his home as much as possible a thing of his own time, and suitable for his own habitation. When he walked through his hall after his alterations, there was no incongruity between the house and the man, between the figure and the background, between such costume as this and such architecture as that. Whereas it is to be feared in our present love of Elizabethan interiors and Gothic exterior, or at least in our perfect willingness to inhabit them, there is something inconsistent with our personal appearance, if not with our habits of life.

The bedroom assigned to the doctor was as comfortable and as commonplace as his own bedroom at Shayton; and if it had been in his nature to be afraid of spiritual visitants there was nothing here to excite his imagination. There had been a half-dozen magnificent old carved beds at Wenderholme, but Mr. Reginald Stanburne had consigned them all to a lumber room, where

they all lay in a confused heap, and now all the rooms had comfortable mahogany four-posters, with curtains of curious colors. Mr. Reginald had attempted to follow the well-known system, very convenient in smaller houses, of distinguishing the bedrooms by a chromatic nomenclature. There was the blue room, the crimson, the yellow room, and so on; but there were so many bedrooms at Wenderholme that it had been impossible, amongst the primary and secondary colors, to find a separate name for each of them, and Mr. Reginald had been compelled to seek supplementary designations. The room that the doctor occupied was called Mr. Pigott's room—and tradition lingered in the household that Mr. Pigott had been a 'London gentleman' and a friend of Mr. Reginald, but that was all that was known about him, and perhaps it would not be easy for the most persevering and acute inquirer to ascertain anything further concerning him. In like manner several other chambers were called after friends of the family who had in former times inhabited them.

To be Continued.

WORKINGMEN AND THE SUFFRAGE.

The following statement is made by Mr. J. D. Conway in one of his recent letters:

'John Stuart Mill and Louis Blanc once had a long consultation on the matter of the suffrage. Mr. Mill held that there ought to be some gradation of electoral power by which every man should have a vote, but a more learned man should have two votes, a professor three, a statesman four, and so on. Louis Blanc said to him that if he (Mr. Mill) should go into a popular meeting of six hundred comparatively ignorant men, and should explain to them the issues of their vote, and convince them how they ought to vote, he (Mr. Mill) would thereby have, and would cast, six hundred votes. Mr. Blanc contended that nature had determined all the gradations of political sense and power, and Mr. Mill was afterwards inclined to regard his views of 'degrees' with less confidence. In the last elections it was abundantly proved that the workingmen of Paris were resolved to have great men as their representatives. The electors of the eminent left-wing Republicans came to the conclusion that it might be a political advantage to have a labouring man in the Assembly, and an overture named Quinet having appeared as a candidate, the electors with difficulty refused to vote for their own comrade Quinet, and elected in his place one of the most eminent scholarly radicals who had withdrawn.'

Like many able men, Mr. John Stuart Mill had his impracticable hobbies, and this of 'degrees' in voting was one of them. It started from a false principle. It sought to grade the common sense of the country, such as men grade cattle or determine the position of children at competitive examinations. Mr. Mill, in the above extract, is made to 'grade' men merely according to their outward social position, and to take it for granted that a teacher of Greek should know well the merits of a political question, so well as to entitle him to two or three votes, but not so well as another who has got himself passed and labelled as a man of letters, and who would be found in the well-to-do classes properly so-called, to whom Mr. Mill would have given such a preponderance of suffrage. Very much the reverse. Take the general run of the prosperous men, and they will not be found, as a rule, either so well read or so intelligent as many in material circumstances very much their inferiors. They may know about trade and may be familiar with stocks, but what would be beneficial to the country, or who would best attend to its interests, is entirely beyond the range of their visions. Why then should such have a preponderating say in the government of the land?

We have not one word to urge in disparagement of education as that is generally understood, yet we would deprecate the educational test. Exercising such a right is itself the best means of educating. As a matter of fact, while the opinions of individuals may be and are often erroneous, yet eventually the conclusion arrived at by the great majority is found to not far from the correct one. The sneer of Mr. R. Lowe on the passing of one of the English Reform Bills, that it would therefore be necessary for the better classes to set about teaching their masters the alphabet, was a very poor one. Experience has falsified the prophecy it was intended to convey. As a matter of fact, the representatives of England are to-day not one whit inferior to what they were when rotten burghs abounded, or when ten pounders were the lowest order that voted, and were driven like sheep to the electoral shambles. The working-man has no such admiration for ignorance and no such enthusiasm for any of his fellow-workers as to fix upon them as his representatives. He has no such horror of wealth when combined with intelligence and culture as to turn away from it and fix his enthusiasm upon more ignorant and ignorant pretence because it is exhibited by one who is his equal. We are often told the 'lower classes,' so called, are jealous of those above them; that they have no reverence for their betters, and no respect for refinement. For mere wealth divorced from worth they have no respect, and is a great mercy that they have not. Vulgar, solitary wealth craves the respect that was in former days given to wealth combined with worth. It does not get it. It never can. It never ought. But where the true man is recognized, and where veritable worth is indisputable, there is as great readiness to-day as ever there was to give it loving and loyal respect. The workmen of Paris referred to by Mr. Conway are not exceptional cases. There are plenty of instances of the same kind in many other lands, and the more so the basis of political power and suffrage is broadened so will illustrations of the same kind be multiplied and become still more remarkable.

SAD YACHTING DISASTERS.

THREE LIVES LOST IN HALIFAX HARBOR.

(From the Halifax Herald.)

On Saturday last the yachts of the Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron assembled at 1.30 p.m., to sail for the Mayor's prize—a silver silver and coffee set. The day was not fine. The rain was coming down briskly, and the sky gave indications of wind. Some of the yachtsmen, it is understood, were not willing to go, and two—the *Albatross* and *Nymphia*—did not start; but whether on account of the storm or not the writer does not know. At shortly after two o'clock, six yachts—the *Petrol*, *Psyché*, *Kate*, *Cree*, *Mystery* and *Cygné*—started. The sad particulars below recorded refer principally to the yacht 'CYGNE.'

The *Cygné* was a yacht of about 11 tons, sloop rigged and about 20 years old. She carried a very large mainsail. When she started on Saturday she had on board Mr. Fay, who according to the rules of the race, had to steer his own yacht; Mr. Samuel Tupper of the Inland Revenue Department, and a young gentleman named Sadler. These were members of the Squadron. They were assisted by Benjamin Smith and John Mann, both men of some experience in yachting, and whose services are always obtained by one or other of the yachts on race days. The start was well effected, and the flag-boat off the Island was reached without any mishap, but here the first disaster occurred. When rounding the boat, the galesail boom of the yacht caught between the masts and shrouds and broke in two. Mr. Fay ordered the broken boom to be thrown overboard, and the steered. This was done. The yacht then started for the boat off four Mile House and rounded it; then stood north for flagboat in Bedford Narrows; rounded it; and then stood south-west on the home stretch. The wind necessitated numerous tacks. On one of these tacks—after narrowly escaping colliding with the *Mystery*, in consequence of Mr. Fay keeping the *Cygné* up instead of away—a disaster occurred. The *Cygné* had stood over for the Dartmouth shore from off the railway wharf at Richmond, and was making for the western shore again from about off Turtle Grove, when Mr. Fay ordered the 'gaff' to be set, and the yacht, until then had held the main sheet, hauling on it or slackening as occasion required, handed it to Mann, and went forward to set the gaff. Finding the yacht would not bear the gaff, he told Mr. Fay to haul down, and would set the jib. He did so, but found that was too much, and reefed it almost immediately. Mr. Fay ordered him to coil up some ropes that were hanging loose, that they might make a neat appearance going in, and not knowing that the main sheet—that it was no use holding the main sheet—to make it fast and haul out, the water then being up to the deck in the water. Mann obeyed the order to make fast, and had turned to Smith to ask for the bucket to haul out, when a squall from the south-east struck them. At this time the rain was coming down fiercely, and the condition of the sea was such that the approach of the squall could not be noticed. Smith, not knowing that the main-sheet had been made fast, called out to let go, and turning round he saw Fay, Tupper and Mann endeavoring to cast off the main-sheet, Sadler standing amid-ship. Smith called out to them to cut it, but no answer was given, and at that moment another squall struck the yacht. Mann cried 'look out,' and jumped, and Smith immediately followed. The yacht went over and down, leaving Fay, Tupper, and Sadler afloat in the water. Mr. Fay was seen only for a moment, when he sank with a despairing cry. Mr. Tupper swam for a short distance, but he, too, sank, and no one heard him speak.

The accident had been seen from the shore, as well as from some of the yachts, and assistance was at hand within a very short time. The yachts *Mystery* and *Psyché*, the nearest to scene of the disaster, put about, and a life-buoy thrown from the *Mystery* was seized by Sadler. Another went near to Mr. Tupper, but that near enough, and he disappeared before he could be thrown. In the meantime a boat had put out from Turtle Grove Brewery, manned by George and Conrad Oland, and Mr. Beckwith, and the three men, Smith, Mann and Sadler, were promptly rowed ashore and were made comfortable at the Brewery. The *Cygné* was not sufficiently supplied with life buoys, or perhaps the fatal consequences of the disaster might have been averted. The only life buoy on board was in the hold, and was covered by a square sail which had been stowed away. Mr. Fay was unable to swim, and the fact had been the subject of conversation before starting in the race. Smith told a friend that he guessed they'd have a swim for it before they got back, and his 'guess' proved but too true. The victims of this sad disaster were gentlemen both well known in the community. Mr. Fay was the eldest son of John B. Fay, formerly of Halifax, now of Antwerp. His place of business was at Hamilton's wharf, where he had been located for some time. He leaves a widow and two young children. Mr. Tupper was an efficient and obliging officer in the Inland Revenue Department, and was much respected in his official and private life. He leaves a widow, with Mrs. Fay, has the heartfelt sympathies of the entire community.

THE YACHT "KATE."

There is also a fatality to record in connection with the yacht "Kate," rounded the boats off the Island and five miles House respectively, and by a series of tacks had reached the eastern shore, when Mr. W. H. Brookfield, the owner, ordered the gaff to be lowered. Besides Mr. Brookfield there were on board Messrs. A. C. Cunningham, C. C. Morton, and Robert Noble. The gaff was found to be caught, and would not come down. Mr. Noble went up to loose it, but had no knife with him. Mr. Brookfield pulled on the line, but a squall struck them and he fell. The sail jibed with the squall, and striking him he fell on the deck. But for the sail he would have gone overboard. In his fall, Mr. Morton sprained his left ankle, and was badly hurt in the body. About the time of the disaster to the *Cygné* the *Kate* had got near Turtle Grove, and Mr. Brookfield, not knowing what had happened to the *Cygné*, took in sail and dropped anchor, to avoid any mishap. But the yacht rapidly drifted towards the rocks, and was in momentary danger of being dashed to pieces. It was deemed advisable to have a line taken ashore, that she might be safely dragged to the cove. Mr. Noble, being the best swimmer, ready to vest himself of his clothes, and taking the line in his mouth, boldly plunged in. He swam bravely through the buffeting waves until within a few yards of the shore, when he was seen to sink. Those on board the yacht had pulled on the line, but they found that he had let go. As afterwards appeared when the body was recovered, he had taken with cramps, and was drowned, when he had all but accomplished the hazardous task he had so bravely undertaken. The yacht was pulled on the line, but they found that he had let go. As afterwards appeared when the body was recovered, he had taken with cramps, and was drowned, when he had all but accomplished the hazardous task he had so bravely undertaken. The yacht was pulled on the line, but they found that he had let go. As afterwards appeared when the body was recovered, he had taken with cramps, and was drowned, when he had all but accomplished the hazardous task he had so bravely undertaken.