

THE EXAMINER

VOL. XXVII

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, JULY 24, 1876.

NO. 30.

The Examiner

Published every Monday Forenoon, BY William L. Cotton, OFFICE: Corner Queen and King Streets.

CLUB RATES: THE EXAMINER will be forwarded to clubs at the following rates per year—payment strictly in advance—

RATES OF ADVERTISING

THE following are the Rates and Terms of Advertising as agreed to by the Publishers of newspapers in P. E. Island—

Table with columns for 'SHEET', 'DAY', 'WEEK', 'MONTH', 'QUARTER', 'YEAR' and rows for various advertising rates.

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

ALMANAC FOR JULY, 1876.

MOON'S CHANGES: Full Moon, 6th day, 11h. 25m., a. m., N. below horizon.

Table with columns for 'DAY WEEK', 'SUN', 'MOON', 'HIGH', 'DAY'S' and rows for days of the month.

PRICES CURRENT.

Table listing prices for various commodities like Flour, Fish, Poultry, Meats, and Miscellaneous goods.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Apples per bushel. 0.00 to 0.05. Beef, per bushel. 0.00 to 0.75. Butter per lb. by the tub. 0.10 to 0.17.

BUSINESS CARDS.

COOMBS & WORTH, JOB PRINTERS & BOOKBINDERS, 51 WATER STREET, Charlottetown, P. E. Island, Jan. 17/76 ly.

E. C. NELSON, IMPORTER & REPAIRER OF SEWING MACHINES, Address—P. O. Box 303, Charlottetown, Oct. 25, 1875—ly.

MACKENZIE & STUMBLES, Auctioneers, Commission Merchants, AND GENERAL AGENTS, 77 North Side Queen Square, Charlottetown, P. E. Island, October 18, 1875—ly.

WILLIAM DODD, Commission Merchant and AUCTIONEER, QUEEN SQUARE, CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.

CARVELL BROS., AUCTIONEERS, Commission Merchants, AND GENERAL AGENTS, Lower Queen St. Charlottetown, P. E. I.

HASZARD BROS., Commission Merchants & Auctioneers, FORWARDING, MANUFACTURERS, AND GENERAL AGENTS, 61 WATER STREET, Opposite Merchants Bank, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

REVERE HOUSE, ADJOINING THE POST OFFICE, ALBERTON, P. E. I. The subscriber has fitted up the above House in good style, and wishes to inform his friends, and the public generally that he is prepared to accommodate

Transient and Permanent Boarders. Charges moderate. Good Stabling on the premises. RICHARD GLADNEY, Proprietor, Alberton, Sept. 13, 1875.

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

THIS HOUSE, second to none on the Island for beauty of situation, comfort and convenience afforded, commands the respect of the patronage of all who may visit the Island for business or pleasure.

INSURANCE. ST. LAWRENCE Marine Insurance Co. OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS: A. KENNEDY, Esq., President. JOHN E. ROBERTSON, ARTEMAS LORD, THOMAS MORRIS, GEORGE D. LONGWORTH, P. W. HYNDMAN, W. D. STEWART.

Insurance against Fire effected upon Private Residences, Household Furniture and Farm Properties, for One, Three or more years, At Reduced Rates.

THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY, FIRE AND LIFE.

Invested Funds, 1st Jan'y., 1874, \$21,628,356. Deposited with Receiver-General of Canada, 162,800. Other Investments in Dominion of Canada, 367,091.

FAIR RATES. Prompt & Liberal Settlements. Office—Great George Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I. R. R. FITZGERALD, Agent, Charlottetown, July 27, 1874.—6m

POETRY.

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

By the hope within us springing, How the foe's blow's swift— By that sun whose light he bringeth, Chains or freedom, death or life— Oh! remember life can be No charm for him who lives not free! Like the day-star in the wave Sinks a hero to his grave, Midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears!

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Night closed around the conqueror's way, And lightning shew'd the distant hill, Where those who lost that dreadful day, Stood few and faint, but fearless still! The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal, For ever dimm'd, for ever lost— Oh who shall say what heroes fell! When all but life and honor's lost!

LITERATURE.

WENDERHOLME.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

Neither of the brothers had been at the parsonage for years, and it was about the last house in Shayton where they would willingly have presented themselves; but fits of apoplexy and broken arms are serious things under all circumstances, and especially when they happen to one's old mother; so of course there could be no hesitation about going to the parsonage now. Isaac galloped thither as fast as his black mare could carry him, and left her to graze at leisure on Mr. Prigley's lawn, whilst he thundered at the door with the end of his riding whip, for there was no knocker, and he was too excited to find the bell. Just as the door was opened Mr. Jacob came up, so the two brothers entered at the same time.

The scene in the parlour struck both of them with unspoken astonishment. There was Mrs. Ogden in an easy chair, sitting as if nothing were the matter with her; whilst Dr. Bardley was telling one of his stories, and the parson was standing with his back to the fire, and laughing much more heartily than a man utterly destitute of capital has any right to do. The parson had a professional disapproval of Dr. Bardley because he would not come to church, and especially, perhaps, because on the very rare occasions when he did present himself there, he always contrived to be called out in time to escape the sermon; but he enjoyed the Doctor's company more than he would be willing to confess, and had warmly seconded Mrs. Prigley's proposal that, since Mrs. Ogden, in consequence of her accident, was supposed to need the restoration of tea and something to it, the doctor should stay to tea also. The arrival of Isaac and Jacob gave a new turn to the matter, and promised an addition to the small tea party already organized. After the first moment of surprise at seeing their mother in life and health, with whole bones and no traces of her supposed attack of apoplexy, they told what rumours were abroad in Shayton; and as Betty was sent to buy a crab for tea, Mr. Prigley suggested that she might as well call at Susy Tattersall's and at the Red Lion and give a true account of the matter. So, what with the false rumours, and the more accurate narrative that was sent after them, Mrs. Ogden became the general subject of conversation in Shayton; and the next Sunday when she went to church all the people stared at her with uncommon interest and perseverance. Poor Mrs. Prigley was troubled throughout the service by an unpleasant consciousness that the majority of the worshippers must know by this time that there were holes in the carpets at the parsonage.

It was rather stiff and awkward just at first for Isaac and Jacob when they found themselves actually in the parson's house, and forced to stop there to tea out of filial attention to their mother; but it is wonderful how soon Mr. Prigley contrived to get them over these difficulties. He resolved to take advantage of his opportunity, and warm up an acquaintance that might be of eminent service in certain secret projects of his. Shayton Church was a dreary old building of the latest and most debased Tudor architecture. There were pillars to separate the nave from the aisles; but these pillars supported no arches, and flat beams rested upon them the whole length of the edifice. The windows were just like the others, except that a Shayton glazier had put into it some bits of yellow and blue glass that remained to him after setting up a coloured stained and passage window in a cotton spinner's new house. The pulpit stood in the middle of the church in three steps or stages—the lowest for the clerk, the second for reading the service from the Prayer Book, and the third and loftiest for the preaching of those sermons in which Mr. Prigley supposed himself especially to excel. There was but one gas lamp for the clerk, and one for the reading of the service; but there was two for the preaching—more, it may be presumed, to throw light upon the orator's face than upon his manuscript, which, having been learnt by heart, was left in the study at the parsonage, and not generally brought to exist.

Now Mr. Prigley had become inculcated with the passion for Gothic architecture; and the poor old church of Shayton, though it sheltered the inhabitants well enough in their comfortable old pews, seemed to him a base and degraded sort of edifice, unfit for the celebration of public worship. He therefore nourished schemes of reform; and when he had nothing particular to do, especially during the singing of the hymns, he could not help looking up at the flat ceiling and down along the pew-partitioned floor, and thinking what might be done with the old building—how it would look, for instance, if those octagonal pillars that supported those hateful longitudinal beams were crowded with beautiful Gothic arches supporting a lofty clerestory above; and how the organ, instead of standing just over the communion table, and preventing the possibility of a creditable east window, might be removed to the west end, to the inconvenience, it is true, of all the richest people in the township, who held pews in a gallery at that end of the church, but to the general advancement of correct and orthodox principles. Once the organ removed, a magnificent east window might gleam gorgeously over the renovated altar, and Shayton Church might become worthy of its incumbent.

Mr. Prigley was far too wise a man to talk openly of these daring schemes to the Shayton people, who had no more idea, as they were sitting comfortably in the corners of their baize-lined, high-backed pews, that what was going on in their parson's head than had the poor doomed old edifice itself. To announce such plans in all their revolutionary magnitude would have been the most effectual way to hinder them from ever being realised. Mr. Prigley determined to emulate the wisdom of the serpent, and proceed with crafty and deep-laid policy. For at least twelve months he had been anxiously watching his opportunity, and now that opportunity had come. It could be proved, on the authority of a local carpenter and a local slater—who, it is to be feared, were scarcely more disinterested than the clergyman himself,—that there were rotten beams in the old oak roof of the church, and that the slating was generally in such a bad condition that the rain came freely through it. Large patches of damp could be pointed to on the ceiling; and indeed more than one member of the congregation had amused himself during sermon time in remarking in these patches a curious resemblance to the map of Europe. There was the great mass of continental country, there were the Scandinavian and Iberian peninsula, there was the Italian boot, there were even some neighbouring patches which, by a stretch of imagination, might be supposed to stand for the British Islands. From this interesting map, to the great delight of Mr. Prigley, distilled in wet weather large drops of water, that fell with a blooming sound audible over the whole church. All that Mr. Prigley regretted was that these drops chose to fall on the free seats of the poor rather than into those cosy square partitions where sat the wealthy cotton spinners and their wives. One old pauper, for instance, sat habitually in a place where the largest drop always habitually fell. The first time that it descended on his poor bald pate he had been much startled, and some little boys in a neighbouring pew had set up an audible titter; but the old man simply took out his pocket-handkerchief—a dark-brown cotton one with white spots—and laid it, all nicely folded as it was, on the summit of his occiput, where, with remarkable steadiness, he ever afterwards maintained it. If that large persistent drop but have fallen on Mrs. Ogden's gorgeous bonnet, it would have been worth twenty pounds to Mr. Prigley's meditated subscription.

Now the bare fact, divested of the mercantile exaggerations of the carpenter and slater, and of Mr. Prigley's politic ones, was simply this: The oak timber of the roof was for the most part perfectly sound; and as to those beams which were not quite sound, they were still more than equal to the service required of them, having been made originally about four times as thick as they needed to have been. Supposing however, that it were necessary—which it was not—to take out the partially-decayed beams and replace them, that was not a very serious matter; and as for the slating, the slates themselves were good, and by simply removing them and putting them on again with new laths, a perfect repair might be effected. Mr. Prigley felt that he had a very difficult part to play; he might work upon the fears of the ladies by representing the roof as positively dangerous, and had indeed already so much alarmed two old maids, the Miss Hewicks, that they sat in church in trembling expectation that the roof would fall in upon them; yet dared not absent themselves, from a dread of public opinion. In this state the Miss Hewicks might be considered ripe for subscribing, and were in fact ready to give any amount within their pecuniary means. But it was not so easy to alarm a set of hard-headed cotton spinners, who were only too well acquainted with the repairing of roofs, having whole acres of roofs of their own; and here in lay Mr. Prigley's great difficulty. If he had simply desired to put Shayton Church into a state of thorough repair, nothing in the world would have been easier—he would have got together the necessary subscriptions in the course of a morning, at any time, by simply calling at five or six counting-houses; but his project, as we know, were much more ambitious, and the difficulty was so to arrange matters that out of his Shayton Church was a dreary old building of the latest and most debased Tudor architecture. There were pillars to separate the nave from the aisles; but these pillars supported no arches, and flat beams rested upon them the whole length of the edifice. The windows were just like the others, except that a Shayton glazier had put into it some bits of yellow and blue glass that remained to him after setting up a coloured stained and passage window in a cotton spinner's new house. The pulpit stood in the middle of the church in three steps or stages—the lowest for the clerk, the second for reading the service from the Prayer Book, and the third and loftiest for the preaching of those sermons in which Mr. Prigley supposed himself especially to excel. There was but one gas lamp for the clerk, and one for the reading of the service; but there was two for the preaching—more, it may be presumed, to throw light upon the orator's face than upon his manuscript, which, having been learnt by heart, was left in the study at the parsonage, and not generally brought to exist.

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Indeed it was a very pleasant looking teatable slather. Mrs. Prigley who was a Miss Stanburne of Byfield, a branch of the Stanburnes of Wenderholme, possessed a little ancestral plate, a remnant, after much subdivision, of the magnificence of her ancestors. She had a teapot and a coffee pot, and a very quaint and curious cream jug; she also possessed a pair of silver candlesticks, of a later date, representing Corinthian columns, and the candles stood in their round holes in their graceful acanthus-leaved capitals. Many clergymen can display articles of contemporary manufacture bearing the most flattering inscriptions, but Mr. Prigley had never received any testimonials, and so long as he was in Shayton, was not in the least likely to enrich his table with silver of that kind. Mrs. Prigley, while apparently listening with respectful attention to Mrs. Ogden's account of a sick cow of hers (in which Mrs. Ogden seemed to consider that she herself and not the suffering animal was the proper object for sympathy), had in fact been debating in her own mind whether she ought to display her plate on a mere chance occasion like the present; but the common metal teapot was bulged and shabby, and the tinsle in electro-plate, which had once decorated its lid, had long since been lost by one of the children who had fancied it for a plaything. The two brass candlesticks were scarcely more presentable; indeed one of them would no longer stand upright, and Mrs. Prigley had neglected to get it repaired, as one candle sufficed on ordinary occasions; and when her husband wrote it he used a tin bed-candlestick resembling a frying-pan, with a tin column, not of the Corinthian order, sticking out in the middle of it, and awkwardly preventing those culinary services to which the utensil seemed naturally destined. As these things were not presentable before company Mrs. Prigley decided to bring forth her silver, but in justice to her it is necessary to say that she would have preferred something between the two as more fitted to the occasion. For similar reasons was displayed a set of old china, of whose value the owner herself was ignorant; and so indeed would have been the present work if, as he had not recognized Mrs. Prigley's old cups and saucers in Jacquemart's 'Historie de la porcelaine.'

The splendor of Mrs. Prigley's tea table struck Mrs. Ogden with a degree of surprise which she had not art enough to conceal, for the manners and customs of Shayton had never inculcated any kind of good breeding as essential to the idea of good breeding. The guests had scarcely taken their places round this brilliant and festive table when Mrs. Ogden said: 'You've got some very handsome silver Mr. Prigley. I'd no idea you'd got such handsome silver. Those candlesticks are taller than any we've got at Milford.'

istence she firmly believed. The human race at the parsonage was divided into sheep and goats, and Dr. Bardley was amongst the goats. Was he not evidently a goat? Had not nature herself stamped his badness on his visage? His very way of laughing had something suspicious in it; he always seemed to be thinking more than he chose to express. What was he thinking? There seemed to be something doubtful and wrong even about his very whiskers, but Mrs. Prigley could not define it, neither can we. On the contrary, they were respectable and very common-place grey whiskers, shaped like nutmeg chops, and no doubt they would have assumed only natural to Mrs. Prigley if they had been seen more frequently in Shayton Church.

It may appear to some critics that in narrating the arrival of Isaac and Jacob at the parsonage we passed too rapidly to that digression about the Church roof, and, perhaps, even that we had forgotten to describe the moving scene which must have taken place when two affectionate sons, who had heard the most terrible accounts of their mother's condition, found her in health and safety. But the fact is there was hardly anything to tell. Isaac said, 'Why mother!' and Jacob muttered, 'Her arm is not broken,' and there was no further display of sentiment of any kind. The writer regrets this, but it is not his fault. If Isaac and Jacob had been Frenchmen, and their mother leur mere, then there would have been a scene worth dwelling upon. There would have been kisses and tears, huggings and interjections. But Isaac and Jacob had not kissed their mother since they left school, and how were they to begin now, in the presence of the doctor and Mrs. and Mrs. Prigley?

The young woman who did the marvellous work of the house 'as a great writer called it (and indeed it was marvellous work of a pair of red, rough hands could ever get through it all), had rather exceeded her commission about the crab. She was told to get the crab if she could, and 'mind it was a good one; so as there did not happen to be one of those gigantic monsters in Shayton that day which Betty had wonderfully admired at the fish market at Manchester, and which had ever since been to her a crab ideal, she purchased three of somewhat inferior bulk, which contained, nevertheless, large quantities of nutriment in their broad bodies and great, terrible nippers. Company at the parsonage was a very rare event, for Mr. Prigley saw little, in a social way, of the neighboring manufacturers; and though the Miss Hewicks came to tea from time to time, they were both ladies, and ladies too of small appetites, so that Betty had no data for the capacity of large gentlemen like the Ogdens and the doctor, and therefore exaggerated it in her too active imagination. Mrs. Prigley timed her guests a little before tea-time to superintend the arrangements for the feast, and to forward them by her exertions; and when she saw the three great crabs she scolded Betty, and yet felt a secret satisfaction in being able to display such a plentiful supply of provision without having to account for it to her own conscience.

Indeed it was a very pleasant looking teatable slather. Mrs. Prigley who was a Miss Stanburne of Byfield, a branch of the Stanburnes of Wenderholme, possessed a little ancestral plate, a remnant, after much subdivision, of the magnificence of her ancestors. She had a teapot and a coffee pot, and a very quaint and curious cream jug; she also possessed a pair of silver candlesticks, of a later date, representing Corinthian columns, and the candles stood in their round holes in their graceful acanthus-leaved capitals. Many clergymen can display articles of contemporary manufacture bearing the most flattering inscriptions, but Mr. Prigley had never received any testimonials, and so long as he was in Shayton, was not in the least likely to enrich his table with silver of that kind. Mrs. Prigley, while apparently listening with respectful attention to Mrs. Ogden's account of a sick cow of hers (in which Mrs. Ogden seemed to consider that she herself and not the suffering animal was the proper object for sympathy), had in fact been debating in her own mind whether she ought to display her plate on a mere chance occasion like the present; but the common metal teapot was bulged and shabby, and the tinsle in electro-plate, which had once decorated its lid, had long since been lost by one of the children who had fancied it for a plaything. The two brass candlesticks were scarcely more presentable; indeed one of them would no longer stand upright, and Mrs. Prigley had neglected to get it repaired, as one candle sufficed on ordinary occasions; and when her husband wrote it he used a tin bed-candlestick resembling a frying-pan, with a tin column, not of the Corinthian order, sticking out in the middle of it, and awkwardly preventing those culinary services to which the utensil seemed naturally destined. As these things were not presentable before company Mrs. Prigley decided to bring forth her silver, but in justice to her it is necessary to say that she would have preferred something between the two as more fitted to the occasion. For similar reasons was displayed a set of old china, of whose value the owner herself was ignorant; and so indeed would have been the present work if, as he had not recognized Mrs. Prigley's old cups and saucers in Jacquemart's 'Historie de la porcelaine.'

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A slight shade of annoyance passed across the countenance of the hostess as she answered, 'It came from Wenderholme; there's not much of it except what is on the table; there were six of us to divide it amongst.'

'Those are the Stanburne arms on the teapot,' said the doctor, 'I've often noticed them at Wendum.' All they have then all up and down. Young Stanburne's very fond of his coat of arms, but he's a right to be proud of it, for it's a very old one. He's quite a near relation of yours, Mrs. Prigley? 'My father and his grandfather were

brothers, but there was a coolness between them on account of a small estate in Yorkshire, which each thought held a right to, and they had a lawsuit. My father lost it, and never went to Wenderholme again; and they never came from Wenderholme to Byfield. When my uncle Reginald died, my father was not even asked to the funeral, but they sent him gloves and a handkerchief. 'Have you ever been at Wenderholme, Mrs. Prigley?' said Isaac.

'Never, I've often thought I should like to see it, just once; it's said to be a beautiful place, and I should like to see the house my father was born in.'

'Why, it's quite close to Shayton, a great deal nearer than anybody would think. It isn't much more than twenty or fourteen miles off, and my house at Twistle is within nine miles off Wenderholme, if you go across the moor. There is not a single building of any kind between. But it's thirty miles to Wenderholme by the turnpike. You have to go through Scothlyon.'

'It's a very nice estate,' said uncle Jacob; and, to do him justice, he was an excellent judge of estates, and possessed a great fund of information concerning all the desirable properties in the neighbourhood, for he made it his business to acquire that sort of knowledge before hand, in case such properties should fall into the market, so that when uncle Jacob said an estate was very nice, you may be sure it was so.

'There are about two thousand acres of good land at Wendum,' he continued, 'all in a ring fence, and a very large moor behind the house, with the best shooting anywhere in the whole country. Our moors were just up to Mr. Stanburne, and if the whole were put together it would be a grand shooting.'

'That is,' said Mr. Prigley, rather maliciously, 'if Mr. Stanburne were to buy your moor, I suppose. Perhaps he might feel inclined to do so if you wished to sell.'

Mrs. Ogden could not endure to hear of selling property, even in the most remote and hypocritical manner. Her back was generally as straight as a stone wall, but it became, if possible, straighter and stiffer, as, with a slight toss of the head, she spoke as follows: 'We don't use selling property, Mr. Prigley, we are not sellers, we are buyers.'

These words were uttered slowly, deliberately and with the utmost distinctness, so that it was not possible for any one present to misunderstand the lady's intention. She evidently considered buying the nobler function of the two, as implying increase; and selling to be a comparatively degrading operation—a confession of poverty and embarrassment. This feeling was very strong, not only in Shayton but for many miles around it, and instances frequently occurred of owners who clung to certain properties against their pecuniary interest, from the dread of its being said of them that they had sold land. There are countries where this prejudice has no existence, and where a rich man sells land without hesitation when he sees a more desirable investment for his money; but in Shayton a man was married to his estate or estates, (for in this matter polygamy was allowed), and though the law, after a certain tedious and expensive process, technically called conveyancing, permitted divorce, public opinion did not permit it.

CURIOSITIES OF THE HARD TIMES.—The Spectator, in an article upon the prevailing 'hard times' in England, mentions the curious fact that no retail business suffers from a period of depression so quickly or severely as that of the hatter. One would imagine that a hatter was as safe as a tailor, that he would sell his hats at all times, though he might, in a time like this, have to wait a little for his money, but we are assured it is not so. The hatter's is essentially a ready-money trade, and it is dependent not so much upon the consumption of hats as upon people's ideas as to the shabbiness of their hats, which ideas vary as spare cash is plentiful or scarce. Nobody wears a hat out as he wears a shoe out, and nobody waits as long as he might to buy a new hat. The consequence is, that most well-to-do people could do very well with half the hats they buy, and whenever they are retrenching they abstain from that particular purchase, till a hatter may find himself left for six months without any custom at all. Tailors suffer also, but it is rather from postponed payment than want of orders, while shoemakers only feel the pressure if their prices are so high that the customers can resort without trouble to a cheaper shop, to return disgusted when the pressure has passed away. After the hatters come, we believe, the distributing booksellers, whose business is often cut to pieces by a season of pressure upon the classes who usually have money to spare. It is a curious fact when the cultivation of the age is remembered, that the English are not a book-buying people. They are supposed to read, but they do not buy books. Outside a small class, it is very rare to find a family with five hundred books in the house, while men making thousands a year would think it gross extravagance to spend a guinea a week on books. It is possible experienced librarians tell us, to keep a library abreast of English literature for £300 a year, but the number of individuals who attempt it is inconceivably small. Book-buying is considered a luxury; it is one of the luxuries first retrenched, and a year of depression means to all but first-class firms a year without profit. There are, of course, numerous other trades—for instance, watchmakers, sellers of fancy goods, and furniture of the expensive kind, who also suffer severely in times of depression.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF AFTER-MARRIAGE.—'You love me no longer,' said a bride of a few months to her better half in his gown and slippers. 'Why do you say that? Puss? he asked, quietly removing a cigar from his lips. 'You do not care me, nor call me pet names! You no longer seek so anxiously for my company, and was the fearful answer. 'My dear,' continued the aggravating wretch, 'did you ever notice a man running after a cat? how he does run—over stones through mud, regardless of anything till he reaches the cat, and he seizes hold and swings on. Then he quietly seats himself down and reads his paper.' 'And what does that mean?' 'An illustration my dear. The cat is as important to the man after he gets in as when he is chasing it, but the manifestation is no longer called for. I would have shot anyone who put himself in my way when in pursuit of you as I would now shoot anyone who would come between us, but as a proof my love you insist on my running after the cat.—Echange.

It was a little boy in New Jersey who said—'Yes, soda water's good; it's like your foot's asleep.'

A POTATOE WRINKLE.—I have found out one thing about potatoes that you perhaps don't know; that is, that if you dig them up to ensure a good, early marketable crop. At the second hoeing you pull out all the tops except from one to four, taking the small and weakly ones, and you will see the benefit of it.

Three young Germans, brothers, desperate characters, while being taken to the lockup, Newark, N. J., yesterday, shot two officers, killing one instantly and fatally wounding the other. They then ran to a laundry where they had formerly worked and killed one man and wounded several others. The workmen turned out, chased the desperadoes into the river, and there stoned them to death.

A RAILWAY OFFICIAL MISSING—SUSPECTED EMBEZZLEMENT.—Alfred Bruce, cashier in the Intercolonial Railway office at Moncton, has been missing since Sunday night. It is believed that he is in default of money, and has absconded. As his books have been regularly examined it is evident that if he has appropriated the funds of the road he must have falsified his accounts to cover up his theft. Until his case is cleared and his accounts carefully investigated the extent of the fraud cannot be ascertained. He left Moncton on Sunday night's train for St. John and probably went to the States.

Flower stealing has become a far too common petty crime in this city. And that form of it which consists in despoiling graves in particular is black. The love of flowers is a strong passion; and women will go to great lengths of ingenuity in order to get a rare plant or slip. We do fear that women are the sinners in this respect. It is a very expiating thing to spend weeks and months in carefully tending at divers times some choice plants, only to have it stolen some night from the window. And it is more than exasperating to deck one's grave with flowers, only to find the odd disturbed, the spot despoiled and the flowers gone. A stern sentence should be dealt out to the first convicted offender.

A correspondent takes exception to the custom of calling the Convention School the 'Convent Free School.' Black, believe, do not regard the word free as offensive, but on the contrary, are proud of the fact—for a fact it is—that the schools are free—free to every child in the community. In a general and the schools are free to every child, and even from our corresponding thing to respect. It is a very expiating thing to spend weeks and months in carefully tending at divers times some choice plants, only to have it stolen some night from the window. And it is more than exasperating to deck one's grave with flowers, only to find the odd disturbed, the spot despoiled and the flowers gone. A stern sentence should be dealt out to the first convicted offender.

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