

Summerside Journal.

A AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

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Summerside Markets.
SUMMERSIDE, APRIL 18, 1867.

| | |
|------------------------|---------------|
| Oats per bush | 2s 4d a 2s 6d |
| Barley per bush | 3s a 3s 6d |
| Potatoes per bush | 1s 6d a 1s 9d |
| Turnips per bush | 1s a 1s 1d |
| Butter per lb by Tub | 1s a 1s 1d |
| Lard per lb | 9d a 10d |
| Tallow per lb | 9d a 10d |
| Eggs per doz | 4d a 6d |
| Beef per lb | 3d a 4d |
| Mutton per lb | 3d a 4d |
| Pork per lb by carcass | 3d a 4d |
| Cheese each | 1s 6d a 1s 9d |
| Flour per bbl | 50s a 60s |
| Oatmeal per cwt. | 14s a 15s |
| Hay per Ton | 50s a 60s |
| Straw per cwt. | 1s 6d |
| Line Boards | 10s |
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Jan. 17, 1867.

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AND
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aug. 9, 1866

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Attorney-at-Law
AND NOTARY PUBLIC,
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Sept. 1866. 6m

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October 12, 1865.

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Dec. 6, 1866.

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Nov 1, 1865

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DR. MCNEILL,
Physician & Surgeon,
RESIDENCE—At J. M. LYDIARD, ESQUIRE,
Stanley Bridge.
New London, - - - - P. E. I.
Jan 24, 1867.

DR. PRICE,
Physician & Surgeon,
OFFICE—At the SUMMERSIDE DRUG STORE,
next door to Bank, Central Street
SUMMERSIDE, P. E. ISLAND.
October 12, 1865.

JOHN HOMER, M.D.F.M.M.S.
MEDICAL OFFICE
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Blanks of all kinds for sale at
the "Journal" Office.

POETRY.

WHAT I LOVE.

I love in spring's bright hours, to roam
The wildwood near my cottage home,
To pluck 'mid leaves that thickly lie
The violet with its azure eye.
I love the robin and his song
Merrily gushing all day long,
The golden sunshine and the showers,
The springing grass and budding flowers.
I love the pleasant, dreamy haze
Of autumn's short and fading days—
No frigid blast the poor to chill,
No scorching moonlight on the hill,
I love each varied tint that seems
Like blushing rose 'mid emerald gleams,
And all the gorgeous rainbow dyes
That lighten up the sunset skies.
But though I choose the flowers of spring,
And prize fair autumn's offering,
Far more I love the sunny rays
Of summer's brightly-glowing days;
With music thrilling on the air,
And beauty beaming everywhere,
In bowers and trees, and leafy nest—
Oh yes, I love the summer best!

Still dearer than the dearest flowers,
Or buds that gem the fairest bowers—
Than sweetest song of warbling bird
That e'er by mortal ear was heard—
Than moonlit graves and pearly streams,
And clouds tinged by the sunset beams—
Than wealth of land or rolling sea,
Is the love of one proud heart to me.

LIDA MEDDIC.

Select Literature.

In and Out of the Brambles.

"WELL, now, Percy, I have related to you almost everything in my experience which is at all interesting, and it is no more than fair that you should give me a glimpse of your inner life—just a glimpse, you know, but if there is anything particularly private or sacred, why, skip over it, old fellow. Mention, if you please, how many times you have been in love, and how many hearts you have broken, how many times been jilted, and so on," and Clement Hungeford leaned back in his chair and puffed away upon the aromatic Havana whose smoke had already filled to suffocation every nook and corner of the bachelor den in which they were seated. I say "den," for upon my life no other word in the language seems so appropriate. The carpets and furniture of both sitting-room and bedroom was rich and elegant; but they were so completely covered with papers and letters of every description, that it would be next to impossible for a visitor to discriminate at the first view between this really aristocratic and expensive suits of apartments and the veriest hovel in Christendom. The bed was made up nicely, and the counterpane and pillows were of immaculate whiteness, showing conclusively that a woman visited the den as often as once in twenty-four hours; but over that snug coverlet were thrown old pants and new pants; stockings with toes and stockings without toes; nicely starched collars which perhaps didn't fit; three or four shirts without buttons, which had been successfully pulled out from the bureau and never found buttonless until they had been tried on. How different would have been the case had either one of these gentlemen possessed a wife. I'll venture to say they would have discovered in the very first instance whether or no the shirt had its complement of buttons; and failing to have—well, never mind; we married ladies all know, because, forsooth, we have been there; but we started to tell a story, not to moralize.

In the centre of the sitting-room stood a marble-topped table covered with all sorts of traps. Shakespeare's tragedies and comedies, elegantly bound; a complete volume of Byron; Tennyson's poems; several of Dickens's novels; one or two of Charles Reade's works; but amid all this distinguished array of literature were scattered stumps of cigars, merschaums, suspenders, strings, tooth-picks, and dust without stint.

On one side of the table sat Percy Fenwick, our hero; a tall, well-formed, fine-looking man; in age, somewhere from twenty-five to thirty. There were lines of care about the fine dark eyes, and an inexpressible tenderness written all over his face. He would pass in the street unnoticed, perhaps; for there was nothing of the fop about him. He never swung a cane or cared a fig for the thousand and one little fixings which go so far to make up a gentleman's fashionable toilet; in these progressive days. I shouldn't be at all surprised if he were occasionally seen hurrying down to business with his hands thrust in his pockets, and yet his personal appearance was neat and elegant. He religiously believed that cleanliness is next to godliness, and acting upon that principle, preserved not only a superficial purity of body, but a corresponding freedom from moral impurity. His friend and room-mate was Clement Hungeford, a junior member of the princely firm of Hungeford & Co., merchants. He was as different in mental and personal attractions from his companions as it is possible to conceive; probably this very difference was the cause of the congeniality and sympathy which existed between them. I have often observed that with men, as well as with men and women, that to reach a truly harmonious standard, one must possess just the opposite of the other's distinguishing qualities. It is this which gives zest to all intimacies, a piquancy and raciness of conversation, and in the event of marriage an unfulfilling heritage of intellectual strength and vigor to the offspring. Clement was witty, indolent, fond of a flirtation, and fully three years younger than his friend. He was slight and graceful; never seen out with ungloved hands; kind-hearted and loving; a little inclined to sarcasm, but never bitter. So there they sat this cloudy February evening, Percy having listened attentively to Clement's history from boyhood to the present moment.

"I know, Clem, it would be decidedly ungrateful in me to refuse to tell you something of myself, when you have been so kind and entertaining; but I have always shrank from the mention of my own peculiar trials and experiences. My whole life has been very unlike yours; you were born to wealth and comfort; I inherited only a good name, with plenty of poverty. My father died when I was very young, and my mother struggled on with four of us, doing her duty nobly. Oh, Clem, the name of woman has been almost as sacred to me as the name of God, ever since my mother died; and yet I never seek female society, and probably shall live and die without ever realizing the inestimable blessing of wife or children."

"It strikes me pretty forcibly, old boy, that you have been disappointed," exclaimed Clem; "for I could take my affidavit that there is nothing in your nature the least bit misanthropical. So own up."

"Yes, Clem, disappointment is the word; but if you really desire me to tell you all there is to tell, don't interrupt me again."

"All right; blaze away!" and Clem lit another cigar, and puffed away vigorously.

I attended public school from the time I was five years old to thirteen; then I entered a straw-goods house, to make myself "generally useful," and studied evenings. This state of affairs continued until I was seventeen, when a maiden aunt, on my mother's side, died, leaving me the huge sum of one thousand dollars to be devoted to my education. I had always shined as a genius. To go to college had been a fondly-cherished dream of my boyhood, not expecting, however, to realize it; but here was a chance. I was taken from the store; placed at Dartleton's preparatory academy, when I remained a year, then entered college. The limited state of my funds made it necessary I should teach a portion of the time, and so my course at college was longer than I could have wished. It was no pastime, I can tell you, to teach a district school part of the year, studying between times, so as to progress in my education as fast as possible; and it was not until I had graduated that I knew what it was to take a moment's real pleasure. As you well know, I chose the law for my profession, and in order to facilitate matters accepted a situation as private tutor in a gentleman's family up-town. There were two of them; one precocious little fellow about fourteen years of age, and the other, a young lady of seventeen; and then came to me, Clem, the only real happiness and the only misery I ever experienced, save the death of my mother. I was recommended to them by Smith, the one I proposed reading law with, and I expected to have some difficulty in getting the situation, for the small amount of labor to be performed and the large salary made it a perfect sinecure. To my utter surprise, after making my business known to Mr. Banks, the father of this interesting family, he asked for no references, made no inquiries as to my past life, but told me he had no doubt but I should suit his purpose admirably, gave me a fine room and the use of his library. After the preliminaries had been arranged, Mr. Banks sent for his son and daughter, and delivered himself after this wise:

"This gentleman, Miss Lizzie and Master Arthur, is Mr. Percival Fenwick, your future tutor. It is to be hoped you will improve, and do both him and yourself credit. You can all go to the school-room now, arrange your plans and studies; after which Lizzie will show you your room, Mr. Fenwick; and if you would like the horses at any time, consider them at your disposal. I should be pleased, too, if whenever the children desire to ride or need an escort, you will accompany them, if agreeable to yourself."

He spoke so fast and dismissed us all so suddenly, that we had no time to do anything toward a future acquaintance then, so we bowed stiffly, and made for the school-room. It was fitted a *carte blanche*—to do whatever I saw fit—and the very first thing I did was to fall in love.

"Yes, the first time and the last; and the memory of that love will cling to me as long as life lasts; and if, on the other side, heart speaks to heart, and soul to soul, then I well knew that our spirits will meet and harmonize."

"Humph!" said Clem, contemptuously; "and you can satisfy yourself with that sort of nonsense, can you? I desire to take some comfort in this world, and what's more, I intend to. Why didn't you marry the girl?"

"For a very good reason, Clem; the girl wouldn't let me; and if you will curb your impatience a while longer, I will relate you some of the circumstances. And Percy continued his story:

Mr. Banks took no interest in his children; never visiting the school-room, and never asked a question about their progress or capacity. We met sometimes at table, occasionally in the library, but he was always reserved, though scrupulously polite. He never spoke of himself, and seldom of anything else. That man was a mystery to me! His wife had been dead two years, and here he was surrounded with wealth and luxury, blessed with two beautiful children, yet taking no more notice of them than if they were strangers. His conduct was so unnatural, that sometimes then I thought he was insane. Lizzie was in half-mourning for her mother, and was just the sweetest, shyest little darling that ever breathed. It was very hard for her to take on the duties which her forlorn position made necessary; but they had a housekeeper only in name, for about all she did was to carry the keys, eat and sleep, and the two last she could do to perfection. It was an immense establishment, and managed with a reckless prodigality which to me seemed incomprehensible.

Each morning, from ten to dinner-time, I devoted to my pupils, commencing with Arthur's recitations, which scarcely lasted an hour, for he was a restless little fellow, and hated the restraint of a school-room. Lizzie was a thorough scholar; there was nothing superficial or trashy about her. I had made myself pretty familiar with German, and felt quite competent to teach, but in six months she excelled me both in pronunciation and rendition. She never seemed to study hard, and learned everything else with the same facility. She had one

of the best music-teachers in New York, and her instrumental execution was truly wonderful. She sang but little; her voice was sweet and low, and she could never be induced to attempt anything but a few ballads. She was a little thing, Clem, shy and reserved to strangers, yet possessing a true womanly dignity, which made her charming. Each afternoon I devoted to myself and studies exclusively. Evenings were spent in reading, singing and conversation, sometimes attending the opera, of which Lizzie was extremely fond.

One evening, after having spent an unusually pleasant season, we were just going down to dinner, when Lizzie laid her little white hand on my arm, and said:

"Mr. Fenwick, you remember I spoke yesterday about attending the opera this evening; but before we go I wish to tell you something," and the shy, brown eyes were turned away, and a vivid blush overspread her face. "You have always been very kind and very forgetful of yourself ever since you have been with us, and I begin to be almost afraid that I have exercised an unlawful and unkind monopoly. Since mother died I have cared very little for fashionable society, and would a thousand times rather remain at home than accept an undesirable escort, and you know papa never thinks of the possibility of attending me anywhere; so I desire to say to you that just because you happen to be our tutor you need not feel compelled to your tastes and feelings. I would not bore you for the world."

"Lizzie," said I, "come here a moment," and I led her to the sofa. "The last few months have been the happiest of my life; and for the first time I have known what it is to be really content. I esteem myself the most fortunate of men in having been thrown into such happy and congenial society; and no service I have ever rendered you will be considered a bore. So dismiss all such thoughts, and call upon me as you would an elder brother."

She thanked me cordially, but it seemed to me that at the mention of *brother*, she looked rather disconcerted; but I dismissed the idea as fanciful and tried to think no more about it. You see, Clem, I felt that it would be a great betrayal of confidence to speak to her of love, and that I had no business to take advantage of the circumstances, adventitious as they were. Well, evening came, and as I waited in the library for Lizzie to come down, I tried to assure myself that, after all, the only honorable course was to declare my love, and then, if not returned, to take myself as far away as possible, for every day riveted the links still closer. I heard her little light step along the hall, and just for playfulness hid myself in a deep recess by the window. She came in, walked through into the drawing room, back again, calling:

"Mr. Fenwick! Mr. Fenwick! I wonder where he can be? Perhaps he is in his own room."

All this to herself. Finally she rang the bell and dispatched a servant to my apartment. In a moment more she returned with:

"He is not there, miss."

Up and down the room she walked, still talking to herself in low tones:

"Percy Fenwick! Percy, where are you? How much sweeter to be able to say that than the formal Mr. Fenwick. Oh, dear! when the millennium comes, then, perhaps, we shall be able to speak the language which suits us best."

I didn't wait any more, but walking straight toward her, took her hand, and tried to look in her eyes.

"Oh, Mr. Fenwick, how could you do so? It was really very unkind; I didn't expect such treatment from you," and the little maiden burst into tears.

"Lizzie, I heard you coming, and the fancy took me to make you look for me, and if you want to call me 'Percy,' do so; after this I shall not answer to Mr. Fenwick. I have been sitting here some time, trying to decide which is the proper course for me to pursue, and you have decided me. Lizzie, I love you; and if you will only echo back those three little words I shall be the happiest man in the State."

I tried to draw her toward me, but she shrank back, whispering:

"Don't Percy; you'll disarrange my hat," and I hadn't the heart to do that.

The jaunty little white hat, and opera-cloak—rich black silk—and little white hands, with here and there a diamond sparkling, made her perfectly irresistible, so I contented myself with looking.

"Well, answer me," said I.

She drew off her glove from her right hand, and throwing off in an instant all reserve and shyness, placed it in mine, saying:

"Yes, Percy Fenwick, I love you; and have from the very first day you entered our house. Here is my hand; yours forever, unless death or something equally terrible separates us."

"That was the way we pledged our troth; and you had better believe, Clem, I was a proud and happy man that night, when I tucked the carriage robes around my property."

"But you had not spoken to the old man," said the irreverent Clem.

"No, not then; but I told Lizzie I should the next day, and she replied: 'Yes, of course you must, dear Percy; but there is no doubt of his reply, for upon my word, I don't think he cares for anything in life sufficiently to raise an objection, so we are sure of him!'"

There were always plenty of opera-glasses leveled at Lizzie, and before that evening it had vexed me considerably; but the more they looked that night, the better I was suited. I had always been polite, but never before tender; and if the truth was told, Clem, I strongly suspect I made something of a fool of myself. I felt that it was quite important that every man and woman in that vast Academy should know that Lizzie and I were engaged. There was a quiet, roguish smile lurking round my companion's mouth all the evening, for I have no doubt I amused her exceedingly. On our way home, she says:

"How much of the music have you heard, Percy?"

"I was just thinking," I replied, "what opera it was, 'Trovatore' or 'Norma' which was it, Lizzie?"

She laughed her low, silvery ripple.

"Neither," said she. "And to pay you

for being so inattentive, I will not tell you what it was."

"That night, after having had a short sleep, I awoke, my teeth chattering, my head aching and burning, and a queer sensation of dizziness. I had never been ill in my life, and I was at a loss what to make of it. Oh, heavens, what a night that was! I heard the servants go down in the morning, and after what seemed to me an excruciating long time, the breakfast-bell rung. Then I heard Lizzie pass down, and after a few moments came a knock at my door.

"Mr. Fenwick, are you sick? Miss Lizzie wishes to know," said John, the butler, poking his head in.

"Yes, I think I must be," said I; "for I can't rise to save my life; and I wish you would tell the housekeeper to come to me as soon as she can," for I thought the old woman would know what to do for me, if she didn't know anything else.

She came bustling in, looked at me as if I had been a bear and was meditating a spring.

"Truly"—she always prefaced her remarks with "truly"—"your face is the color of mahogany and I really think you have a fever. Hope it isn't catching. I'll go fetch Lizzie."

CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.

THE MILITARY ARMAMENT OF EUROPE.

We find the following in the *Moniteur du Soir*. It will be seen from it that the great increase in the armies of Europe is for the purpose of mutual respect and keeping the peace!

The military question is the order of the day in almost every country in Europe. It is not only so in the case of great powers like France, England, and Austria, but of small states like Denmark and Holland, which are replacing their system of armament and reorganizing their armies. The general principle adopted is that of obligatory service for all citizens, and a division of the army into an active force and a reserve force. The moment the great powers adopted this system it became necessary for the other states to follow the example. In the project for the confederation of North Germany obligatory service is required. Austria has adopted the same principle in all the provinces of the empire. The four states of South Germany have agreed to enforce the same system. Sweden and Denmark have proposed to their Chambers that every Swede and Dane should be enrolled. Holland is desirous of increasing her active army from 55,000 to 70,000, and of forming a national guard of 100,000 men. Finally, in the south of Europe, Spain and Italy are endeavoring to augment their effective force and a commission, appointed by Victor Emmanuel, is engaged on a project which, by declaring every Italian liable to service, would raise the Italian army to 500,000, of whom 300,000 would be in active service, and 100,000 reserve.

A TELEGRAPHIC ANECDOTE.

Some years ago two operators worked in an up town office in Buffalo, and both of them chewed tobacco; this latter statement is necessary to the elucidation of the sequel.

One of them who, for brevity's sake, we will call A, worked East, on what was then known as the New York Albany and Buffalo lines; the other, who we will distinguish as B, worked West, as far as Cleveland, Ohio, on the Western Union Company's lines. These two, who were great chums, were in the habit of constantly using each other's tobacco, so much that one fumbling in another's pocket would facetiously inquire, "Where do you keep your tobacco now?" while each considered his tobacco box as common property.

The desks of these operators were removed from each other about thirty feet, standing at opposite corners of the room, Now,

Once upon a summer morning, (Memory keeps the record well.) Mr. A's box being empty, he was, as usual, upon the point of going over to get a "cud" from B's supply, when, feeling languid and cozy, it being outrageously hot, a happy thought struck him, and for the sake of saving himself twenty steps, he acted upon its suggestions. Saying "nothing to nobody," he quietly signaled—or as the telegraph phrase is called up Cleveland, O.; and sent the following message:

BUFFALO OFFICE, (western side.)
To B—, Buffalo Office, (east'n side.)
Send me over a chew of tobacco, quick.
[Signed]
A.

At the same time telling the Cleveland operator the joke, and requesting him to "shove it through and oblige."

Now, by a continuous telegraph circuit, it is possible to reach the East by going West, and this is the route the message took;—From Buffalo to Cleveland, O.; from Cleveland to Pittsburgh, Pa.; from Pittsburgh to Philadelphia; from Philadelphia to New York city; and from New York back to Buffalo, where it was received by the identical B who worked that wire himself! And within a very few minutes after A started his message West, B came over to him from the other side of the room with the message in one hand and his tobacco box in the other, the dispatch having travelled considerably over eleven hundred miles, and having been also sent and received ten different times. Each operator sending the message, expressed the joke to the receiver, and thus "rushed it through" in this marvellously fast time.—*Buffalo Advertiser*.

THE TWO HOMES.—One thing which constitutes intemperance such a preeminent curse is its desolating power over the family. It is the great and sublime office of the family constitution to nurture all the generous emotions, all the gentle emotions and lofty purposes of which our nature is capable. And when all is moving harmoniously in the family circle, there is an educating, forming process over in progress. The calm manliness of the father, the tender love of the mother playing in her countenance and beaming in her eye, the affectionate kindness of brother and sisters, and the graceful gentleness of sisterly love—all send forth an influence which operates upon the hearts of all like dew