The Examiner.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

"This is true Liberty, when Freeborn Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."---Euripides

VOL. XVIII. I CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MONDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1868. I NO. 26

THE EXAMINER

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY BY
WALTER C. GRANT,
AT HIS OFFICE, HILLSBOROUGH STREET, NEAR KING'S SQUARE.

TERMS:—Fifteen Shillings per annum, half in advance.

ALMANAC FOR NOVEMBER, 1868.

MOON'S PHASES.

Last Quarter, 7th day, 9h 34m., morning.
New Moon, 14th day, 6h. 43m., morning.
First Quarter, 22d day, 2h. 34m., morning.
Full Moon, 29th day, 8h. 48m., evening.

MONTH	DAY WEEK.	SUN rises h m	SUN sets h m	Sun fast clock m s	Moon rises h m	High Water h m	Day's length h m
1	Sun	6 46	4 42	16 18	6 1	10 57	9 56
2	Mon	47	40	16 19	6 42	11 41	53
3	Tues	49	37	16 19	7 36	even	48
4	Wed	50	36	16 18	8 24	1 6	46
5	Thur	52	34	16 16	9 28	1 50	42
6	Frid	53	33	16 13	10 33	2 34	40
7	Sat	55	31	16 10	11 45	3 21	36
8	Sun	56	30	16 5	morn	4 9	34
9	Mon	57	29	16 0	0 53	5 [illegible]	32
10	Tues	59	27	15 54	2 5	5 58	28
11	Wed	7 1	26	15 47	3 15	6 56	25
12	Thur	2	25	15 39	4 27	7 48	23
13	Frid	3	24	15 30	5 34	8 41	21
14	Sat	5	23	15 21	sets	9 26	18
15	Sun	7	22	15 10	5 52	10 56	15
16	Mon	8	21	14 58	6 40	11 56	13
17	Tues	9	20	14 46	7 30	morn	11
18	Wed	10	19	14 33	8 21	0 17	9
19	Thur	12	18	14 20	9 16	1 [illegible]	6
20	Frid	14	17	14 5	10 15	1 5[illegible]	3
21	Sat	15	16	13 50	11 13	2 4	1
22	Sun	19	15	13 34	morn	3 3[illegible]	8 59
23	Mon	18	15	13 17	0 14	3 1[illegible]	57
24	Tues	20	15	12 59	1 11	4 59	55
25	Wed	23	14	12 41	2 11	5 56	51
26	Thur	24	14	12 21	3 12	7 [illegible]	50
27	Frid	25	13	12 2	4 14	8 14	48
28	Sat	26	12	11 41	5 17	9 14	46
29	Sun	26	12	11 20	rises	10 8	46
30	Mon	27	12	10 58	5 23	10 54	45

BELL'S
TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT
NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED takes this opportunity of returning thanks to the large number of his customers who have so promptly complied with his terms and paid for their work on delivery. There are, however, a considerable number who have not paid thus promptly; and he respectfully requests all such to call and pay their respective accounts without delay. He would further remind them that their respective amounts, although a trifle to each, would in the aggregate materially assist in making up some of the deficit which their indebtedness has occasioned.

Feb 17, 1868. JOHN BELL.

R. REDDIN,
Attorney and Barrister-at-Law,
CONVEYANCER, &c.
Office:—Great George Street Charlottetown.
(*Near the Catholic Cathedral.*)
September 5, 1866 tf

B. WILSON HIGGS
General Commission Merchant
AND
AUCTIONEER,
Charlottetown, ... P. E. Island
May 27, 1867. 1y

ROBERT TAYLOR,
LOCK AND GUN SMITH,
HILLSBOROUGH STREET.

BEGS to inform the Public that he has fitted up a NEW SHOP on the OLD STAND, and is now prepared to execute all orders with which he may be favored with promptness and dispatch.

Bell Hanging, Guns, Locks and Stoves Repaired.

Ch'town, July 20, 1868. 6m

Boot & Shoe Factory.

THE Subscriber, thankful for past favors, wishes to inform the public that he has fitted up a
NEW SHOP,
IN
DORCHESTER SRTEET,
opposite the store of Owen Connolly, Esq., where he is prepared to execute all orders in his line, with which he may be favored with neatness and despatch.

WILLIAM DUGGAN.

Charlottetown, Oct. 5, 1868.

NEW PAINT SHOP!

THE Subscriber would inform his friends and the public in general, that he has opened a new PAINT SHOP above the Carriage Factory of McPhail & Hunter, Kent Street, where all orders left, either in the

House, Sign, or Carriag Painting,

will be attended to with punctuality, neatness, and on reasonable terms.

FRANCIS McGRORY, Painter.

McPhail & Hunter's Carriage Factory, Kent Street, May 4, 1868.

Grain! Grain! Grain!

THE highest price given for BARLEY and OATS, at

Coles's Brewery and Distillery,

☞ Constantly on hand, at prices cheaper than can be purchased in the market, the best of Rum, Brandy, Gin, Whiskey, and a superior article of Malt Whiskey. Also—X, XX, and XXX Ale.

Charlottetown, June 20, 1868.

Republication of the London Quarterlys Edinburgh, North British, and Westminster Reviews and Blackwood' Magazine.

By the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 140 Fulton Street, New York.

TERMS:

For any one of the Reviews	$4 00	per an
For any two of the Reviews	7 00	"
For any three of the Reviews	10 00	"
For all four of the Reviews	12 00	"
For Blackwood's Magazine	4 00	"
For Blackwood and one Review	[illegible] 00	"
For Blackwood & any two of the Reviews	10 00	
For Blackwood and three of the Review	1[illegible] 00	

A CARD.

THE Subscriber begs to thank the public for the liberal patronage extended to him during the last year. Having enlarged and fitted up his establishment at the Old Stand, LORD'S WHARF, is now prepared to execute with despatch all orders which he may be favored with in his line as SHIP and GENERAL BLACKSMITH. Fishermen will find Anchors of all sizes for Boats cheaper and better than can be found at any similar establishment in the City.

GEORGE H. FOSTER.

Lord's Wharf, Ch'town, Feb. 17, 1868. 1y

JOSEPH McKAY,
BUTCHER,
CORNER OF
Pownal and Dorchester Streets, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

N. B.—Constantly on hand, FRESH BEEF, LAMB & MUTTON. Also, PORK, Fresh & Salt.

A. HERMANS,
GUN-SMITH,
Bell-Hanger and Tin-Smith,

BEGS to inform his friends, and the public generally, that he has again commenced business on DORCHESTER STREET, next door to the Reading Room Building, where he is prepared to execute all orders in his line, with neatness and despatch.

—ON HAND—

A Neat Assortment of Tinware Kitchen Utensils, &c., &c.,

including the patent BON TON COFFEE POT which received the Gold Medal Prize at the Paris Exposition of 1867. Also BON TON LANTERNS, which will surpass everything in the Market, and suitable for either Farm use or on board Vessels.

A few WATER COOLERS on hand which, together with a large variety of other STOCK will be sold cheap for CASH.

Mr. HERMANS is Agent for

SAWYER'S CRYSTAL BLUE,

a new, economical and superior article used in washing, whereby a saving of fifty per cent. is guaranteed, and for which he begs to solicit the patronage of Laundry Maids, &c.

Ch'town, July 1868

GOOD FIRES.

NOW selling at the Gas Works a quantity of very superior COKE at FIVE PENCE per Bushel. N. B. Coke will last longer and give a greater heat than Sydney Coal.

January 20, 1868. isl

JAMES F. WHITE
COOPER,
Tremain's Red Building, Queen's Wharf.

FISH, Pork, and Beef Barrels, constantly on hand.

300 PORK BARRELS will be sold if applied for immediately, Cheap for CASH or approved notes of hand.

Ch'town, P. E. I. August 3, 1868. 1y

A Fortune for Sale!

IN consequence of the death of the Proprietor, the Subscriber is instructed to offer for positive Sale, that beautifully situated well known property, the

Half Way House, Vernon River, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

The, Land consisting of about 40 acres, is in that state of cultivation that it has been for some years past, and will for years to come, yield a clear net profit, more than sufficient to pay the interest on the amount of purchase money asked for the whole establishment. As a money making investment this is an opportunity seldom equalled in these Provinces, which fact can be positively proved to any person about purchasing. The Stock of Liquors and Stock of Goods in the Store can be taken or not at the option of the purchaser.

For particulars, address,
GEORGE ADAMS,
Half-way House, Vernon River. May 18, 1868 tf

E. & N. A. RAILWAY.
1868. 1868.
Summer Arrangement,

ON and after MONDAY, 11th MAY next, until futher notice, Trains will run as follows:

DOWN TRAINS—GOING EAST:
Leave St. John for Shediac and Point du Chene a 7 a. m. and 1.45 p. m.
Leave St. John for Sussex at 5 p. m.
UP TRAINS—GOING WEST:
Leave Sussex for St. John at 6.15 a. m.
" Shediac for St. John at 7 and 11 a. m.

The 6.15 a. m. Train from Sussex, and the 11 a. m. Train from Shediac, as well as the 1.45 and 5 p. m. Trains from St. John will carry freight.

Freight from St. John for Sussex and stations WEST, will be sent by the 5 p. m. train only and must be delivered at that Station before 4 o'clock. Freight for Stations EAST of Sussex must be delivered at St. John before noon, daily.

Freight to be forwarded from Sussex, must be delivered at that Station at least ONE HOUR, and from other Stations than St. John, at least HALF AN HOUR before the advertised departure of any Freight Train.

Goods for Prince Edward Island must be accompanied with invoice or outward certificate of value, to prevent detention at Point du Chene.

Goods intended for exportation at St. John, to the United States, must, in addition to the invoice, when the value shall exceed $50,000, be accompanied by a U. S. Consul's Certificate.

LEWIS CARVELL,
General Manager.

Railway Office, St. John, N. B. April 30, 1868.

NOTICE!
Postage Stamps.

FROM and after this date Postage Stamps will be sold at this office only between the hours of 10 a. m. and 4 p. m.

Persons wishing to post Letters before or after these hours, can procure stamps at the Stores of

D. Laird,	H. A. Harvie,
E. Reilly,	Mrs. Bremner,
Mrs. Stamper,	G. Hubbard,
J. D McLeod,	Theoph DesBrisay,
Jas. DesBrisay,	T. Haszard,
G. & S. Davies,	T. O'Connell.

THOS. OWEN, P. M. G.
General Post Office, Charlottetown. Dec 7, 1867. 3g

NEW
PROVISION, GROCERY,
AND
Liquor Store,

THE SUBSCRIBER takes this opportunity of informing his friends, and the public at large, that he has opened a

Wholesale & Retail
PROVISION AND LIQUOR STORE!

In that well-known stand, lately occupied by W. H. WILSON, one door below Mrs. Stamper's Book Store, QUEEN STREET, and from which he is prepared to supply those who may favor him with their patronage, the following articles in his line, all of which can be warranted as genuine, and at exceedingly Low Prices, viz:—

Good Family Flour, Cornmeal, Tea, Tobacco, Havana Cigars, Good Bright Sugar, Crushed Sugar, Bright Retailing Molasses, Tea, (warranted) Coffee, Chocolate, Cocoa, Rice, Soap, Candles, Clear Burning Kerosene, Spices of all descriptions, Pickles, Malt and White Wine Vinegar, Preserved Mackerel, Salmon, and Lobster, Soda, Wine and Butter Crackers. Cheese, Ship Bread, Raisins, Figs, Currants, Tubs, Buckets, Brooms, Matches, Boxes Pipes. No 1 Sole Leather, Bags Butter & Table Salt, Lamps, Glasses, China, Crockeryware of every description, a few handsome Mantle Ornaments.

ALSO:

A few cases of Lemon, Raspberry, Orange, Vanilla, Pine Apple and Strawberry Syrups.

Having personally selected and purchased the above Stock, in the Cheapest Cash Markets, the Subscriber feels confident that he can give first-class Goods at as low a rate as can be had in the City.

Daily expected, 200 Bbls of No. 1 LABRADOR HERRING.

P. FOLEY.
Oct. 5, 1868. 3m

LIGHT! LIGHT! !!
Kerosene Oil,
at
WM. E. DAWSON'S.
March 23, 1868.

English Malt Vinegar
AT
W. E. DAWSON'S.

POGIES.
100 Bbls. POGIES
For sale by
CARVELL BRO'S.
May 18, 1868.

SOLE LEATHER.
100 Sides No. 1 New York SOLE LEATHER.
For sale by
CARVELL BRO'S.
May 18, 1868.

MOLASSES & SUGAR.
50 Hhds. MOLASSES, 20 Hhds. SUGAR,
For sale by
CARVELL BRO'S.
May 18, 1868.

DOMINION VINEGAR
25 BBLS. Dominion VINEGAR, choice article).
For sale by
CARVELL BRO'S.
May 18, 1868.

TOBACCO.
40 BOXES CAVENDISH TOBACCO,
for sale by
CARVELL BRO'S.
May 18, 1868.

BROOMS & PAILS.
40 DOZEN BROOMS, 40 dozen PAILS,
For sale by
CARVELL BRO'S.
May 18, 1868.

Fish Barrels!
500 FISH BARRELS,
For Sale by
CARVELL BROS.
June 1.

SALT IN STORE
3,000 Bushels Liverpool Salt, 1,000 bags do do
For sale by
CARVELL BRO'S.
May 18, 1868.

WOOL. WOOL.

CASH PAID for WOOL, on delivery at the Store of H. J. CALLBECK
Charlottetown July 13th, 1868. tf

TO LET!

THE HOUSE and SHOP in KENT STREET, lately occupied by Mr. JOHN HUDSON, with large STABLE, COACH HOUSE and WAREHOUSE attached. Apply to

W. E. DAWSON,
WILLIAM DODD,
Assignees of
JOHN HUDSON.

Ch'town, Sept. 7, 1868.

Co-partnership Notice.

THE SUBSCRIBERS have this day entered into CO-PARTNERSHIP as BARRISTERS and ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, under the name, style and firm of

ALLEY & DAVIES.

OFFICE - - - O'HALLORAN'S BUILDING
GREAT GEORGE STREET
GEORGE ALLEY,
LOUIS H. DAVIES.

BRONZONETTE!

THE application of this most elegant preparation is extremely simple, while its effect upon the articles enumerated below is almost magical, imparting to them a glazed bronzed surface of Great beauty:—

Iron Fenders, Stoves, Gas Fittings, Ornaments, Lamp Stands, Copper Coins, &c. STRAW HATS, BONNETS, PLASTER BUSTS & ORNAMENTS, LEAVES, (real), Ivy, Laurel, Holly, &c.—"Effect most charming."

—Leather leaves may be Bronzed ILLUMINATORY and WRITING. Useful and ornamental. Glass may also be Illuminated

W. R. WATSON.

City Drug Store, Victoria Building, August 17, 1868.

MAKE YOUR OWN YEAST.

CHOICE NEW HOPS for family use, in QUARTER, HALF and POUND PAPERS. For Sale by

W. R. WATSON

City Drug Store, Victoria Building, Ch'town September 18, 1868

ERSKIN'S
BRAHEE SUGAR POWDERS
A Tonic and Unfailing Remedy for
Rheumatism of all kinds, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica,
As also for FACE-ACHE, TOOTH-ACHE, EAR-ACHE, COUGHS, and all affections from Colds.
☞ See Lancet, under MEDICAL PATRONAGE
WM. R. WATSON.
City Drug Store, Victoria Building, Queen Street, Sept. 16, 1867.

P. E. ISLAND
Steam Navigation Company's
Steamer's "Princess of Wales" and "Heather Belle."

The Steamer "Princess of Wales"

WILL leave Charlottetown for Pictou every TUESDAY and THURSDAY morning at [illegible] a. m., in time for the morning train for Halifax.

Leaves Pictou for Charlottetown every TUESDAY and FRIDAY evening, after arrival of Train from Halifax.

Leaves Pictou for Port Hood every THURSDAY morning at noon, immediately after arrival of Train from Halifax, returning to Pictou the following morning.

Leaves Charlottetown every TUESDAY and FRIDAY night for Summerside and Shediac, at 7½ p. m. Will connect with Wednesday and Saturday morning's Trains.

Leaves Shediac for Summerside and Charlottetown every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY afternoons, immediately after arrival of Train from St. John.

The Steamer "Heather Belle"

Leaves Charlottetown at 3 a. m., every SATURDAY morning for Pictou.

Leaves Pictou at 9 a. m., same day for Murray Harbor, Georgetown and Souris, remaining at either Souris or Georgetown over Sunday.

Leaves Pictou every MONDAY for Charlottetown after arrival of Train from Halifax.

FARE:

Charlottetown to Pictou, or back,			£0 12 0
Pictou to Georgetown,	"		0 9 0
" Port Hood,	"		0 12 0
Ch'town to Summerside,	"		0 9 0
" Shediac,	"		0 18 0
" St John,	"	$4 50	1 8 1½
" Eastport,	"	6 00	1 17 6
" Portland,	"	8 00	2 10 0
" Boston,	"	9 00	2 16 3
" Halifax,	"	4 00	1 4 0
" Port Hood,	"		1 4 0
" Georgetown,	"		0 9 0
" Souris,	"		0 12 0

F. W. HALES, Secretary.
May 18, 1868.

For Sale.

A NEW SINGLE-SEATED WAGGON, cheap for Cash, or will be exchanged for a young Horse.

JOSEPH McKAY, Butcher, Pownal St.
Ch'town, Oct 5, 1868

Cheapest School Books
AT
HARVIE'S BOOKSTORE,

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

One fine evening not long since, a number of old shipmasters chanced to meet at a social supper, and after the cloth was removed we went in for yarn spinning. Among our number was Captain Richard Nutton, a finer and better sailor never trod a deck. At length it came to his turn to tell a story, or what we preferred — and what the rest of us had done—relate some incident or experience in his own life.

'Well,' said he, refusing the wine which was at that moment passed to him for the first time, 'I will give you a bit of the early part of my ocean life, and it is a very important bit, too, for upon it I have built my subsequent manhood

We prepared to listen to Captain Nutton with the most profound attention, for he was not only an old seaman, but one of the most successful commanders in our mercantile marine. We listened, and his story was as follows:—

I was very young when I entered on shipboard and at the age of fourteen I considered myself a sailor. When eighteen I shipped on board an East Indiaman for a long voyage. There were six of us on board all about the one age, and we had about the same duties to perform. The ship — the old Lady Dunlop—was a large one, and our crew was large in proportion, there being fifty-two all told. —We 'boys,' as we were called, messed together, and in all respects were separated from the rest of the crew, just as much as the officers were. The captain was a noble-hearted honorable man, and kind and generous, but very strict. Of course, we youngsters found plenty of occasion to find fault with him, and very often were his decisions arraigned before our mess, and decidedly condemned. In fact we should have reversed many of his judgments if we had had the power, but as he was the commander, and we only foremast hands—and boys at that—he had his own way, and the luminous decisions were consequently of no avail, and lost to the world.

Now we boys had learned in our travels to drink our grog as well as any sailors. We could toss a glass of rum and water with as much grace as any one, and we claimed the right to do, not only as a privilege, but as an honor, to which a life upon the ocean entitled us. I said 'we,' but there was one of our number who could not be induced to touch a drop of anything intoxicating. His name was Jack Small, and he belonged to one of the back towns of New Jersey.

Now Jack Small had not only himself refrained from drinking, but he used sometimes to ask us to let the stuff alone. He gave up the job, however, for we made such sport of him that he was too glad to let us alone. But our captain had sharp eyes and was not long before he began to show Jack favors which he did not show to us. He would often take Jack on shore to spend the night and such things as that, while we were kept on board ship. Of course this created a sort of envy on our part, and it ended in a decided ill-will against poor Jack

Now, in truth, Jack was one of the best fellows in the ship. He was obliging, honest, always willing to lend a helping hand in case of a distress, and as true a friend as ever lived — only he wouldn't drink with us that was all. No — that wasn't all. The truth of the matter was, we loved the idea of being 'old Salts,' more than anything else, and we spent more time in watching for opportunities to have a spree than we did in learning to perfect ourselves in the profession we had chosen.

It even got so at length that Jack Small was called sometimes to take the deck when the officers were busy, and he used to work out the reckonings at noon as easily as did the captain. Yet Jack was in our mess, and he was a constant eye-sore. We were envious of his good fortune, as we called it, and used to seize every opportunity to run him down. But he never got angry in return. He sometimes would laugh at us, and at others would so feelingly chide us that we would remain quiet for a while.

At length the idea entered our heads that Jack would drink with us We talked the matter over in our mess when Jack was absent, and we mutually pledged each other that we would make Jack drunk at the first opportunity. We were on our homeward passage, by way of Brazil, and our ship stopped at Rio Janerio, where we remained a week or so. One pleasant morning we six youngsters received permission to go on shore and spend the whole day; and accordingly rigged up in our best togs were carried to the landing.

Now was our chance, and we put our heads together to see how it could be done. Jack's very first desire after he got ashore was to get up and examine the various things of interest in the city. He wanted to visit the churches and such like places, and to please him we agreed to go with him if he would go and take dinner with us. He agreed at once and we thought we had him sure. We planned that after dinner had been eaten, we would have some light sweet wine brought in, and should contrive to get enough of rum into what he drank to upset him. ter nothing on earth could please us more than to get Jack Small drunk, and carry him on board in that manner, for we fancied that the captain's favoritism would be at an end, and that he would no longer look upon our rival with a preference over ourselves. We had the matter all arranged and in the meantime we paid Jack all the attention in our power—so much so that he had at last signified his willingness to please us, provided we should not go into any bad place.

'Ah, what have you got here?' asked Jack betraying some uneasiness at the appearance of the glasses and bottles.

'Only a little new wine,' I replied, as carelessly as I could, 'mere juice of the grape.'

'But it is wine, nevertheless,' pursued he.

'It isn't wine,' cried Sam Pratt, who was the hardest nut Neptune ever cracked.

'No,' chimed in Tim Black, another of about the same stamp. 'It's only a little simple juice, come boys, fill up.'

The glasses were accordingly filled, Sam Pratt performed that duty, and he took care that Jack's glass had a good quantity of sweetened rum into it.

'No,' said Jack as the glasses moved towards him, 'if you are going to commence I will keep your company with water while you remain orderly; but I will not touch wine.'

This was spoken very mildly, and with a kind smile, but yet spoke firmly, and we could see that our plan was about being knocked on the head. We urged him to drink with us, only one glass if no more. We told him how innocent he was, and how happy his social glass would make us, but we could not move him.

'Mean?' cried we at a breath.

'No, no, messmates, not mean,' said Jack. 'I will pay for the whole of the dinner—for every article you and I have had in this house save the wine.'

As he spoke he rang the bell. He asked the waiter who entered what was the Bill for the company, without the wine; and after the amount had been stated he took out his purse to pay it, when Sam Pratt, who was our acknowledged leader, took his arm.

'No—not so' said Sam. 'You shall not pay it, for we will not eat at the expense of any one who will sneak out of a scrape in this way. We want nothing to do with you unless you take a glass of wine with us.'

'Very well,' said Jack, and as he spoke I could see that his lip quivered, and that he could say no more.

He turned towards the door then, but before he reached it Tim Black ran and caught him, at the same time exclaiming,

'May I be blessed if you get off so, any way. You've commenced, and now you've got to stick it out.'

This was the signal for us to commence again, and once more we tried to urge Jack to drink the wine; and when we found that urging would not do we commenced to abuse and scoff. We accused him of trying to step over us on board ship, and of all other bad things of which we could think. For a while the poor fellow seemed inclined to let his anger get the upper hand, but at length he calmed himself, and, stepping back to his chair he said:

'Shipmates, will you listen to me for a moment?'

Silence gave consent, and in a moment he resumed—

'Since matters have come to this pass, I have resolved to tell you what I meant to keep locked in my bosom.'

We had always thought from Jack's manner that there was something peculiar with his life, and were all attention in a moment.

'My story is but a short one,' he continued, 'and I can tell you in a very few words. From the time of my earliest childhood I never knew what it was to have a happy home. My father was a drunkard! Once he had been a good husband, but rum ruined all his manhood and made a brute of him.

'When I grew older I had to go out and beg for bread. All cold and shivering I waded through snow, with my freezing feet almost bare. I saw other children dressed warm and comfortable, and knew they were happy, for they laughed and sang as they bounded along towards school.

'These boys had sober fathers. I knew that their fathers were no better than mine had been once, for my mother had often told me how noble my father could be if the accursed demon rum had not been in his way.

'Time passed on, and I was about eight years old. And those years had been years of such sorrow and suffering as I pray God I may never see another experience. At length one cold morning in the depth of winter, my father was not at home. He had not been at home that night. My mother sent me to the tavern to see if I could find him. I had gone half the way when I saw something in the snow by the side of the road. I stopped, and a shudder ran through me, for it looked like a human form. I went up to it and turned the head over, and brushed the snow from the face. It was my father and he was stiff and cold; I laid my hand on his pale brow, and it was like solid marble. He was dead.'

Jack stopped and wiped his eyes. Not one of us spoke, for we had been too deeply moved. But he soon went on.

I went to the tavern and told the people what I had found, and the landlord sent two of his men to carry my father's frozen body home. Oh! shipmates, I cannot tell you how my mother cried and groaned. She sank down upon her knees and clasped the icy corpse to her bosom, as though she would have given it life from the warmth in her own breast. She loved her husband through all his errors, and her love was all powerful now. The two men went off and left the body still on the floor. My mother wished me to come and kneel by her side; I did so. 'My child,' she said to me—and the big tears rolled down her cheeks—'you know what has caused this. Your father was once as noble and happy and true as man could be, but oh! see how he has been stricken down. Promise me, child, oh promise, here before your dead father, and broken hearted mother, that you will never never touch a drop of that fatal poison which has wrought for us all this misery.'

'Oh! shipmates, I did promise then and there, and that all my mother asked, and God knows that to this moment that promise has never been broken. My father was buried, and some kind neighbors helped us through the winter. When the next spring came I could work and earn something for my mother. Not for the wealth of the world would I break the pledge I gave my mother and my God, on that dark, cold morning. And even had I made no such pledge, I would not touch the foal cup, for I know that I have a fond doting mother who would be made miserable by my dishonor, and I would rather die than bring sorrow upon her head. Perhaps, too, you have mothers; and if you have, they do not look to you for support, for I know you too well to believe that you would bring a loving mother's grey hairs in sorrow to the grave. That is all, shipmates Let me go now, and you may enjoy yourselves alone, for I do not believe that you will again urge me to drink.'

As Jack spoke, he turned towards the door but Tim Black stopped him.

'Hold on, Jack,' cried Tim, wiping his eyes and starting from his chair, 'I have got a mother, and I love her as well as you love yours, and your mother shall not be happier than mine; for the love I bear her, I here swear that she shall never have a drunken son. I will drink no more.'

'Give us your hand, Tim,' cried Sam Pratt, 'I will go with you.'

I waited no longer, but quickly starting from my chair, I joined the other two, and ere long the whole five of us joined Jack Small in his noble life-plan. We called for pen, ink and paper, and made Jack draw out the pledge. He signed it first, and we followed him, and when the deed was done I knew we were far happier than we had been for many years The wine was on the table untouched, and the liquor we had drank during the forenoon was now all gone in effect.

Toward's evening we returned to the ship. There was a frown over the captain's brow as we came over the side and reported ourselves to him, but his countenance changed He could hardly believe the evidence of his own senses.

'Look here boys,' he said after he had examined us thoroughly, 'what does this mean?'

'Show him the paper,' I whispered

Jacob had our pledge, and without speaking he handed it to the captain. He took it and his face changed its expression several times. At length I saw a tear start to his eye.

'Boys,' said he as he folded up the paper, 'let me keep this, and if you stick to your noble resolution you shall never want a friend while I live.'

We let the captain keep the paper, and when he had put it into his pocket, he came and took each of us by the hand. He was deeply affected, and I knew the circumstance made him happy. From that day our prospects brightened. Jack Small no longer had our envy, for he took hold and taught us navigation, and we were proud of him. On the next voyage we were rated as able seamen, and received full wages, and we left not that noble hearted captain until we were to become officers on board of other ships.

Jack Small is now one of the best masters in the world and I believe the rest of our party are still living honorable and respectable men. Three years ago we all met—the whole six of us—at the Astor House, in New York, and not one of us had broken the pledge which we had made in the hotel at Rio Janeiro. Four of us were then commanders of good ships, one was a merchant of New York, the other was just going out as American Consul to one of the Italian cities in the Mediterranean.

THE CRAYON SKETCH.

One evening in the year 1520, a female, completely enveloped in a long black mantle, was walking towards the bridge of the Rialto, in Venice. Her steps were weak and uneven, and at intervals she looked around with a hurried, frightened glance.

She paused on the centre of the bridge, and looked down with a shudder on the clear blue waters of the Adriatic; then closing her epes, and murmuring faintly, 'Antonio, my Antonio, adieu!' she prepared to throw herself over the parapat.

Just as she was folling, a man rushed forward, seized her with a powerful grasp, and drawing her back said, "Girl, destroy not the life which God has given you, If you are unhappy, enter yon church, kneel on its hallowed pavement, pour out your sorrow, and thank your maker that you have been preserved faom rushing uncalled into his presence!'

The girl impatiently tried to shake off the strong kind hand that held her, and said, 'Let me go! I must die.'

In another moment she tottered and fell on the ground, where she lay without sense or motion. Her preserver raised her head, and in order to give her air, drew back the veil which concealed her features. They were very lovely, and the man gazed on her with wonder and admiration, as she was gradually restored.

By degrees she told him who she was, and where she lived. Her history might be summed up in a few words, an avaricous father—a poor lover—a mutual but unhappy love.

Vainly had Maria pleaded with her father, a rich innkeeper of Venice, the cause of her lover, Antonio Barbarigo, the handsomest gondolier plying beneath the Bridge of Sighs. At length this evening, her father, Gianetti, forgot himself so far as to strike his daughter with some violence, and she, with a far more culpable neglect of duty, ran wildly from home, and, as we have seen, was arrested on the verge of suicide.

The person who had saved her led her gently to her home, and, having given her up to her father, seated himself in an obscure corner of the hostelry. Gianettini received his child with rude reproaches; and bidding her retire to her own apartment, and betake herself to her spinning, he cast a suspicious glance at the person who had brought her home, whose stout, manly figure and firm countenance, however, deterred the innkeeper from addressing him in a hostile manner.

As Maria turned to depart, a young gondolier appeared at the door, and furtively approaching her said, 'Dearest! Dearest!'

Gianettini rushed forward, shouting, 'Out of this! out of my house, beggar!'

The young man did not stir.

Have you finished?' he said in a good humored tone. 'Wherefore these hard words? Have you never loved, Signor Gianettini? Have you totally forgotten the feelings of your youth? Know you not that since I was ten years old, and Maria five, we have loved each other fondly. Will you not then allow us to hallow your old age with our grateful blessings; or must we water your path our tears?'

'I don't want to have a parcel of beggars for my grandchildren,' said Gianettini, roughly.

'Certainly, you are rich,' replied the young man, 'but what hinders that I should not become so too? A stout arm, a brave heart, an honest soul, will with the help of heaven, do much.'

'A fool's dream!'

'Nay,' said Antonio, 'it is sober sense. Prince Lorenzo de Medici was a merchant; Duke Giacome Sforza a cowherd.'

The man in the corner had hearkened attentively to his dialogue. He rose, and touching Barbarigo's shoulder, said, 'Well spoken, gondolier! Courage brings success, and struggling conquest. Maria shall be thy wife!'

'Never!' cried Gianettini.

'Master Jew,' said the unknown, turning disdainfully towards him, 'if this youth could lay down six hundred pistoles, would you object to the marriage?'

'Be that as it may, you must remember that he is now little better than a pauper.'

'Pshaw!' said the unknown; 'babblers are more tiresome than thieves. Before to-morrow you shall handle that sum.'

So saying, he drew from his pocket a piece of parchment and a crayon, and turning towards a table, began rapidly to sketch a man's hand. It was represented open, impatient, with hollowed palm, as if expecting a shower of gold pieces. It had, so to speak, a sensual, avaricious expression; and one of the fingers was encircled with a massive ring.

'This is my hand!' cried Gianettini.

'And your history,' said the artist.

Giving the sketch to Antonio, its author desired him to carry it to Pietro Benvolo, librarian at the Palace of St. Mark, and demand in exchange for it six hundred pistoles.

'Six hundred fools' heads!' cried the innkeeper. 'I would not give a zecchin for it!'

Without speaking, the artist turned haughtily away.

The gondolier took the parchment, and looked with astonishment at its guise. He then turned doubtfully towards Maria; but a glance from her soft dark eyes re-assured him, and he set on his mission.

With folded arms and a moody brow, the artist commenced pacing up and down the large room in the hostelry, casting at intervals a scrutinizing glance on the young girl, who, now penitent for her intended crime, was silently praying in a corner. As for Gianettini, he seemed unable to shake off the strange ascendency gained over him by his unknown visitor, and his habitual offrontery failed him; and, for the first time in his life, he dared not break silence.

An hour passed. Then hasty, joyous steps were heard, and Antonio appeared bearing in his hand a bag containing six hundred pistoles, and the letter was addressed to the artist, and praying him to honor the librarian with a visit.

'Take these coins, and weigh them,' said the unknown, as he threw the bag towards Gianettini.

Antonio Barbarigo stood before his benefactor, pale, and trembling with joy.

'One favor more, he said. 'Who are you?'

'What does it matter?'

'What does it matter! say you?' cried the gondolier.

'Much, much to me! Tell me your name, signor, that I may love and honor it to the last moment of my life.'

'Men call me Michael Angelo.'

'Michael Angelo!' repeated Antonio, falling on his knees, like a true Italian, to adore to the soverignity of genius.

The artist raised him, and took his hand.

'It is my turn now,' he said, 'to ask you a favor. It is to permit me to perpetuate on canvass the lovely features of Maria.'

The girl approached; she could not speak; but she clasped the painter's hand, and raised it to her lips. A tear fell on it; and Michael Angelo, as he drew it back, turned away to conceal his own emotion.

Twenty years passed on, and found Antonio Barbarigo, the once humble gondilier, the happy husband of Maria, and general of the Venetian Republic. But his brilliant position never rendered him unmindful of his early life, and his heartfelt gratitude as well as that of his wife, accompanied Michael Angelo Buonarotti to the end of his days.

As to the crayon sketch of the miser's hand, it was taken from Italy by a soldier in Napoleon's army, and placed in the Louvre. During the invasion of 1840, it was unfortunately lost, and, so far as can be ascertained, has never since been discovered. The story of its production however, still lingers amongst the traditions of Venice.

ENCOUNTER WITH A TIGER.

The following exciting description of an encounter with a black tiger is from an article upon Lake Nicaragua, in an English magazine:

One night after I had been six months on the Island, I was seated by the fire, waiting for the plantains that were boiling in the pot. Joachin was not in the hut, and I was expecting him home to supper.

Suddenly I heard his shout outside, and the next instant he dashed into the hut, banged the door to, and threw the heavy bar across it. Just as he fixed it, and panting, leaned his shoulder against the stout wood as an additional support, a shock, so heavy that the whole hut quivered, made the door bend. Another followed—then all was still.

I sprung up at the first sight of Joachin, but the scene passed so quickly that no word had been spoken as yet. But when, after the second blow on the door, the attempt seemed to be abandoned on that side, I took the native by the shoulder and shook him, for he seemed wild with fear.

"Hullo, man!" I said, "what is this?"

His appearance was ghastly. The old Guatamala jacket he wore, his leather breeches, even his boots of alligator hide, were ripped and cut by the thorns of the acacias. His face streamed with blood from many deep scratches, and perspiration drenched his long, ragged hair.

"A black tiger," he whispered; "it has chased me across the Savannah, for my horse was tired out. It is after me. Oh, listen!"

Then, in the silence while we held our breath, and Joachin strained my hand backwards and forwards, I heard the tiger snoring just outside the door. No doubt of it! The beast singled Joachin out, and let the horse go free.

While we listened, the direction of the sound moved about, now up and now down, accompanied by taps against the door, as if the animal was resting his paws at it, as he seated himself on his hind legs.

At length we heard the sound of scratching and I drew my machete. In a few seconds a black paw, armed with terrible crooked claws, was seen working on our side of the door. I gave a downright cut which nearly severed it and the animal roaring savagely, threw himself against the wood, again and again, in rage.

Then another pause followed. Very soon a noise upon the roof showed, as we had expected, that the enemy was directing his attack in that direction, and I got my old gun ready. As soon as I saw the animal's fur I fired, and wounded him, no doubt, for he rolled from the roof, and we heard him fall heavily. Again and again he returned to the attempt, and every time I caught a glimpse of his back and shining skin I fired.

His roaring was terrible to hear, and Joachin, who never had courage to spare, sat on the floor in the corner, striving to close his ears to the sound.

All night the struggle lasted at intervals, and every crack of the hut was tried by this untiring foe. He dashed upon the door, he bounded upon the roof, scratching the thatch away, but ever disturbed by my fire; he tried the walls and the door again and again. It was an awful night, that's the fact; and I, for my part, did not recover from the nervous strain for months.

With the dawn, the tiger's efforts became fainter, and at length ceased. When the sun rose I took my gun and sallied out to meet the creature in fair fight. I followed his trail for a mile or more, easily guided by the clouds of blood which stained the grass and rocks. He was wounded to death I plainly saw. And at last I found him dead beside the body of Joachin's horse, which he must have destroyed in the very last effort of his rage, dying in the act.

THE PERILS OF THE GOLD FIELDS.

HOW TO ESCAPE THEM.

If all who leave the coast for the Gold Fields could understand what they must encounter in the way of exposure, privation, and the diseases growing out of these causes, the first eager inquiry of each would be, "What are the best medicines to take to the mines?" To this question but one response would be made by veteran miners. They would recommend every "green hand" to supply himself with an ample store of Holloway's Pills and Ointment. The squatter, the shepherd, the citizen, and in fact all classes of colonists, are familiar with the beneficent operation of these two great remedies, and from Swan River to Sydney, from Melbourne to the northernmost outpost of the settlements, the gold-seeker regards them as the sole reliable specifics for all internal and external maladies. It would be difficult to find a shepherd's hut in the most remote pastoral tracts of Australia, to which the fame of Professor Holloway and his invaluable discoveries had not found their way, or a tent or shanty within the golden circle of the diggings where they were not ranked among the necessaries of life. It would seem that the complaints most prevalent in New South Wales are dysentery and influenza, which yield readily to Holloway's Pills, and to nothing else. The too free use of cold water in hot weather, injudicious indulgence in fruits and salt food, exposure to the sun, and intemperate habits are the prolific causes of dysentery, and hundreds of newly-arrived emigrants are swept off by this terrible complaint; but old residents who are acquainted with the alterative and restorative properties of the Pills regard it without fear, well knowing that it never results fatally in any case in which they are administered to the sufferer. Influenza, of the most distressing type, is a common complaint throughout the colonies, and in the rainy months, *par excellence*, from April to September, it generally takes the shape of an epidemic. The itinerant traders who visit the diggings find, during the winter, a more than usually profitable market for Holloway's medicines. The Pills, aided in their operation by warm drinks, speedily remove every vestige of the disorder, and when it is attended with a sore throat and oppression of the chest, great benefit is derived from the brisk application of the Ointment immediately over the seat of inflammation. In the clay digging of Ballarat, and along the auriferous borders of the Turon River, both dysentery and influenza are remarkably prevalent, and we learn that the success of Holloway's remedies in these regions has been most triumphant. But it is the same everywhere. Throughout Australia, in Van Dieman's Land, and in New Zealand we know that they are considered the great salvors of health and life, and testimony to the same effect from all parts is continually reaching us.—*The Miner.*

Smith said to Jones, a short time back "Are you 'good' for a glass to-day?" "'*Good*' for a glass?" replied Jones always *better* for one!'

Charlottetown, P. E. I.
N. B.—Constantly on hand, FRESH BEEF, LAMB & MUTTON. Also, PORK, Fresh & Salt.

☞ VESSELS SUPPLIED TO O[illegible]

RESIDENCE:
Mrs. BOYYER's, Great George Street,
Nov. 16, 1868. tf

Grass, &c., on the bottoms of Vessels or Boats, when properly applied.
I. C. HALL.
Charlottetown, Sept. 21, 1868.

just landed from Schooner *Gazelle*, direct from the Labrador coast and for sale by
I. C. HALL.

should really like to know what I'm to do.'
He tore his hair, in dire perplexity.
'Polly!'

'Dinner?' repeated Carrie, with wide open blue eyes. 'Why, Alec, I thought you wished me to become intellectual. I'm sure you

is noticed by one of our exchanges. A [illegible] bunch came out upon the breast of the [illegible] and appeared like part of the breast L. C. OWEN
[illegible]y, 1868.