Summerside Journal.

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

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Almanac for September, 1869.

MOON'S PHASES.

New Moon, 6th day, 1h. 54m, morning, N. E.
First Quarter, 11th day, 5h. 11m. even, South.
Full Moon, 20th day, 4h. 29m. evening, E.
Last Quarter, 28th day, 4h. 57m. evening, N.

D. MON	DAY WEEK	SUN rises	SUN sets	sun fast clock	sun's dec. north	moon rises	LENG DAY'S
		h m	h m	m s		h m	h m
1	Wed	5 22	6 35	0 13	11 15	morn	13 13
2	Thurs	26	34	0 32	49 21	0 50	8
3	Frid	28	31	0 51	27 19	2 0	3
4	Sat	30	16	1 10	5 11	10	0
5	Sun	5 31	6 28	1 30	42 55	4 20	12 57
6	Mon	32	26	1 50	20 33	sets	54
7	Tues	33	24	2 10	58 4	7 37	51
8	Wed	34	22	2 30	35 29	8 9	48
9	Thurs	35	20	2 51	12 49	8 43	45
10	Frid	37	19	3 11	50 3	9 20	42
11	Sat	39	17	3 32	27 13	0 0	37
12	Sun	5 30	6 15	3 53	4 18	0 43	12 36
13	Mon	40	13	4 14	41 18	11 29	33
14	Tues	41	11	4 35	18 15	morn	30
15	Wed	42	9	4 56	55 8	0 25	27
16	Thurs	43	7	5 17	31 58	1 23	24
17	Frid	44	5	5 30	8 45	2 22	21
18	Sat	45	4	6 0	45 30	3 22	19
19	Sun	5 46	6 3	6 21	22 12	4 20	12 17
20	Mon	47	1	6 42	58 52	rises	14
21	Tues	48	5 59	7 3	35 31	6 42	11
22	Wed	50	57	7 24	12 8	7 7	7
23	Thurs	51	54	7 45	south	7 30	3
24	Frid	52	51	8 6	34 40	8 0	11 59
25	Sat	53	48	8 26	58 4	8 30	55
26	Sun	5 54	5 46	8 47	21 29	9 31	52
27	Mon	55	44	9 7	44 53	9 58	49
28	Tues	56	43	9 27	8 17	10 43	47
29	Wed	57	41	9 47	31 04	11 42	44
30	Thurs	58	39	10 6	55 1	morn	41

Summerside Markets.

Sept. 9, 1869.

Beef per lb	4d a 5d
Mutton per lb	3d a 4d
Oats per bush	3s
Potatoes per bush	10d a 1s
Turnips per bush	10d a 1s
Butter per lb	11d a 12d
Lard per lb	9d a 10d
Tallow per lb.	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	8d a 9d
Hides per lb	4½d
Mackerel per doz	2s a 3s
Codfish per qt	17s a 18s
Pork per lb by carcass	4d a 6d
Flour per bbl	37s a 40s
Island Flour per cwt	16s to 18s
Oatmeal per cwt.	16s a 17s
Hay per Ton	40s a 50s
Pine Boards	10s
Spruce Boards	4s a 5s

Charlottetown Markets.

Ch. Town, Sept. 9, 1869.

Beef per lb	4½d a 7d
Mutton per lb	6d a 7d
Pork per lb., by carcass,	5d a 8d
Ham per lb	7d a 8d
Geese	none
Fowls	1s a 1s 6d
Ducks each	1s 3d a 1s 6d
Flour per 100 lbs	17s a 18s
Oatmeal per 100	18s a 19s
Buckwheat Flour, per lb	2d a 2½d
Codfish per quintal	18s a 20s
Butter per lb	1s a 1s 2d
Do. by the tub,	1s 1d a 1s 2d
Cheese	3d a 6d
Tallow	8d a 9d
Eggs per dozen	10d a 11d
Potatoes per bushel	1s 6d a 1s 9d
Barley " "	4s
Oats	3s a 3s 6d
Hay per ton	50s a 60s
Hides per lb	4d
Sheepskins each	2s a 2s 5d
Spruce Boards per 100 ft.	4s a 4s 6d
Hemlock " "	3s 6d a 4s

Business Cards.

BANK OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
Corner of Great George & King Streets, Charlottetown.
President—HON. DANIEL BRENAN.
Cashier—WILLIAM CUNDALL, Esquire.
Discount Days—Mondays & Thursdays.
Hours of Business—From 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. from 2 p.m to 4 p.m.

UNION BANK.
Grafton St., Queen's Square, Charlottetown
President—CHARLES PALMER, Esquire.
Cashier—JAMES ANDERSON, Esquire.
Discount Days—Wednesdays & Saturdays.
Hours of Business—From 10 a.m to 1 p m., from 2 p.m to 4 p m.

SUMMERSIDE BANK.
Central Street, Summerside, P. E. Island
President—JAMES L. HOLMAN, Esq
Cashier—ROBT. McC. STAVERT, Esquire.
Discount Days—Tuesdays and Fridays.
Notes for Discount must be in before 11 o'clock on Discount days.
Hours of Business—10 a. m., to 1 p. m. from 2 p. m., to 4 p.m.

E. CAMERON, M. D.,
Physician, Surgeon,
And Accoucheur,
Office and Residence at N. WOODSIDE'S, Esq.,
Alberton, P. E. I.
August 4th, 1869. 3m*

Business Cards.

ROCKLIN HOUSE,
KENT STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN,
SIMON D. FRASER, PROPRIETOR.
Permanent and Transient Boarders will find the above House to give satisfaction.
Ch'town, June 13, 1869.

GEORGE D. WRIGHT,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
Choice Family Groceries!
Dunn's Block.
Charlottetown, - - P. E. Island.
July 1, 1869. tf

ROBERT GORDON,
AUCTIONEER
AND
LAND BROKER,
Alberton,.....P. E. Island
REFEREES:
Hon. Judge Young—Charlottetown.
Hon. G. W. Howlan—Alberton.
Mr. Joseph Bertram—Summerside.
Alberton, May 13. 1869. 1y

REUBEN TUPLIN,
Commission Merchant,
AUCTIONEER,
And General Agent.
Margate.....P. E. Island.
REFERENCES:
Hon. D. Brennan, Ch. Town. R. T. Holman, Summerside.
April 22, 1869. pat. pro. 6m

J. H. ALLEN,
Commission Merchant,
AND DEALER IN
PROVISIONS, &c.,
MARKET STREET, - ST. JOHN, N. B.
☞ Gives personal attention to the Sale and Purchase of every description of Goods.
May 9, 1868.

THOMAS HALL
IS NOW PREPARED, with the assistance of the STEAM POWER, to furnish any number of
THRESHING MACHINES,
of the most improved kind.
Iron Turning, Wood do., Carts, Trucks, &c., &c.,
manufactured, together with
All other Work in his branch of trade
Every Machine warranted to do good work.
THOMAS HALL.
Summerside, May 20, 1869.—tf.

THE GENUINE
COMMON SENSE
Family Sewing Machine!
FOR
£3 5S. Od.,
AT
HARVIE'S BOOKSTORE,
Charlottetown, and PRINCE COUNTY BOOKSTORE, Summerside.
June 4, 1869.

BOOT & SHOE
ESTABLISHMENT.
THE subscriber begs leave to acquaint the inhabitants of SUMMERSIDE and the country generally, that he has commenced his business of **Boot & shoe Making,** in the Shop next door to O. O' Neill's, near the Wesleyan Church. He trusts that by strict attention to business and good work to give general satisfaction and merit a share of public patronage.
WILLIAM CLARK.
Summerside, April 22, 1869.

FOUNTAIN HOUSE!
North side King Square, (next to Park Hotel)
ST. JOHN, N. B.
JAMES W. THOMPSON, Proprietor.
THE Proprietor of the above HOTEL takes this opportunity to return thanks for the liberal patronage hitherto received, and most respectfully solicits a continuance of the same.
This HOTEL is very pleasantly situated, and commands a view of King Square, and other parts of the City.
In connection with the Hotel, is GOOD STABLING, and a careful Hostler in attendance. Parties coming from Prince Edward Island with horses will find this establishment the most comfortable in the City, and a person always at the Cars on their arrival.
St. John, Sept. 10, 1868. 1y

Weaving, Weaving!
New England elf-Acting
HAND LOOM!
THE Subscriber having procured one of the above LOOMS, is now prepared to do Custom WEAVING of all kinds. Any style of goods can be done on this Loom. A dozen different quills can be woven upon the same warp. Can weave a web six feet ten inches wide, Cloth double width, and Seamless Bags The best of work guaranteed. No delay. Call and see the Loom and specimens of work.
Reduced prices for Weaving.
DANIEL D. CREW,
Near the Drill Shed.
Summerside, July 15, 1869.

CRAWFORD'S HOTEL.
NO. 9, KING SQUARE,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
THE subscriber having thoroughly refitted and enlarged his HOTEL and STORE, is now prepared to accommodate Permanent and Transient Boarders on the most reasonable terms.
ALSO, in connection, a GROCERY STORE, where every article required for house use may be had.
J. CRAWFORD & SON.
Sept. 10, 1868. 1y

Business Cards.

CARVELL BROTHERS,
AUCTIONEERS,
Commission Merchants,
AND GENERAL AGENTS.
BANK BUILDING, - - QUEEN STREET,
Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

Mr. W. H. POPE
BEGS to inform the public that he has resumed the practice of the Law.
OFFICE—A few doors below the Bank of Prince Edward Island.
Charlottetown, March 18, 1869.

THOMAS KELLY,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
SUMMERSIDE, - - - - P. E. ISLAND

CARD.
DR. DODD may again be consulted, at his old residence, in MARGATE, NEW LONDON.
April 15, 1869.— pro 3m.

DR. J. PRICE,
Physician & Surgeon,
OFFICE—At the SUMMERSIDE DRUG STORE, next door to Bank, Central Street
SUMMERSIDE, ... P. E. ISLAND.
October 12, 1868.

DR. JARVIS
Has REMOVED his Residence to SUMMERSIDE, next door to the Rev. Mr. Frame's, on Central Street.
☞ He can be consulted at his residence or at Hunt & Co's Drug Store, at all times.
Summerside, June 3, 1869.

DOCTOR FULLER
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACOUCHEUR
RESIDENCE AND OFFICE ON
Central Street,.....Summerside
(Directly opposite the Summerside Bank)
Summerside, may 13. 1869.

KERSHAW & EDWARD'S
IMPROVED PATENT
Non-conducting and Vaporising
Fire and Burgler Proof
SAFES.
MANUFACTURERS OF
BANK VAULTS, BURGLAR PROOF VAULT DOORS, IRON VAULT DOORS, PATENT COMBINATION BANK LOCKS, DEED BOXES, PATENT JAIL LOCKS & CELL DOORS, &c. &c.
THOS. FULLER, Travelling Agent. | DAVID STARR & Sons, Agents, Halifax.
Montreal. Dec 15, '68 y

E. F. PURDY'S
New Marble & Freestone
ESTABLISHMENT,
(NEXT DOOR TO BEER AND SONS')
KING SQUARE,
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.
All orders punctually attended to.
Call and See!
Jan 7, '69 1y

A. W. ANDRES,
Marble Worker,
Point Du Chene, Shediac N. B.
MONUMENTS, TOMBS, GRAVESTONES, &c., &c.
AMERICAN AND ITALIAN MARBLE constantly on hand.
Can furnish Gravestones and Monuments at a less price than any other establishment in the Provinces, and pay a duty besides.
☞ ORDERS can be left at BERTRAM'S Book Store and at D. ENMAN'S, Esq., Summerside, or sent to
A. W. ANDRES.
Point Du Chene, June 11th, 1868.

WILLIAM BEAIRSTO,
Commission Merchant,
Auctioneer & General Agent,
WATER STREET,
Summerside,.....P. E. Island

WILLIAM DODD,
Commission Merchant,
And Auctioneer,
QUEEN SQUARE,
CHARLOTTETOWN --- P. E. ISLAND

R. & W. T. HUNT,
Commission Merchants,
GENERAL AGENTS AND
AUCTIONEERS.
SALESROOM AND OFFICE
Head Queen's Wharf, Summerside, P. E. I.
(opposite the Store of W. T. Hunt & Co.)
April 2, 1869. 1y

HANFORD BROTHERS,
Successors to Thomas Hanford,
Commission Merchants,
And General Agents,
11 NORTH MARKET WHARF,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
CHAS. U. HANFORD. FRED. S. HANFORD

JAMES GREENOUGH,
FLOUR
Commission Merchant,
No 47 Commercial Street
Corner of Clinton Street ---------BOSTON
Jany. 1, 1869. 1y

POETRY.

(*For the Summerside Journal.*)

WHO ARE THE MEN?

Who are the men who meanly stand,
And would annex our favored land
To Jonathan's domain?
Are they the subjects of our Queen?
Are they, or have they ever been
Resigned to Britain's reign?

Who are the men who would attempt
To cause eternal banishment
Of all our cherished rights?
Do they desire to do us good?
Can they suppose their actions would
Place us on better heights?

Who are the men who strive to sell
The land which we esteem so well,
And evermore shall prize?
Are they well-wishers? Can they say
We would enjoy a brighter day,
Making the sacrifice?

Those sentiments they cannot speak—
Proud scorn must come upon our cheek,
Against their traitorous aim;
No good could possibly accrue
From such a work; we could but view
Upon a blasted name.

The men who thus unjustly stand
Were born on honest British land,
Beneath the Union Jack!
But, losing their integrity,
They strive to make our Colony
On England, turn its back.

They also seek with faces bold,
To fill their coffers up with gold,
And rob the honest poor;
Naught else but this have they in view,
All in their power they strive to do,
And think it we'll endure.

Oh! Britons rise! How can ye see
This bold disloyal infamy
Throughout our land pervade?
Now, strike the vile usurper low,
And prove his final overthrow,
And cause his name to fade!

On British ground we e'er shall stand,
We know none other happier land
Within the universe;
Our Queen and country we'll defend,
And press with vigor to the end,
And every ill disperse.

Now, Britons, now! show forth your zeal,
Now cause the world to know and feel
That ye are firm and true;
Foul tyranny must perished lie
Beneath your feet! The traitors' cry
Must soon be heard by you!

Young men, it doth with you depend,
The working of this glorious end,
Our colors are unfurled;
Show to the world your loyalty,
And Britain evermore shall be
The MISTRESS OF THE WORLD.

THEO. LEONARD CHAPPELL.
Summerside, Sept. 3, 1869.

Select Literature.

Edwards Randall's Suit.

A LIFE LESSON.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"Edward, you ask me for a plain answer; and I will give it to you. But I must beg, in the outset, that you will never cease to regard me as one of your most faithful friends, and one who—"

"Annie!" cried the young man, his face pale, and his whole frame quivering, "you reject me!"

"Yes, Edward. I am forced to decline the honour you would confer. And I am glad that you have thus early afforded me an opportunity of placing the matter beyond question; for now we can meet as friends, knowing that all doubts touching our future relations are at an end."

Annie Lawrence had found considerable difficulty in speaking the last few words; and it was very evident that her closing sentence was not given in the words she had in mind. She was calm; but it was a calmness of pain; and the serenity of her face was like unto that serenity which comes of freezing.

Edward Randall had been on terms of intimacy with Annie Lawrence, and with the family, for a long time; but only quite recently had he realized how deeply he loved the beautiful girl, and how necessary she was to his future happiness. When this knowledge of his own state of feeling had come to him, his next move had been, to discover the state of Annie's feelings; and he had fancied, after careful observation, that his love was reciprocated. Having reached this point, he next considered whether his position in life would warrant his proposing for the maiden's hand. He thought the matter over, and in the end he could see no reason why he should not propose. Annie was the daughter of a wealthy father, and, perhaps, heiress to a moderate fortune; but he was not poor. His father had been dead only three years, and had left him not only a fair fortune in available funds, but also a most excellent business. In short, his prospects were as good as the best, and far better than those of many who had wooed and won wealthier maidens than was Annie Lawrence. So Edward had proposed, and on this evening he had come to receive an answer.

For a few moments after Annie had ceased speaking the young man sat like one in a dream—and a dream by no means plesant, if one might judge from the pallor of his handsome face, and from the nervous manner in which he clutched his hands. At length he spoke—slowly and bitterly:

"Annie, I have been deceived. It may be that I have deceived myself,—but I think I had good reason for believing that I was not entirely unloved. However, I am not in the mode now for finding fault. The pain I feel is not more in the discovery of your indifference than in the fact that I should—"

"Edward! O, Edward! do not think that!" cried the suffering girl, no longer able to bear up as she had determined. "If you could know what it has cost me of suffering to bring myself to this determination, you would pity me instead of condeming!"

"Annie, what is this? Do you love me, and yet refuse to be my wife?"

The maiden bowed her head, and pressed her hand hard upon her brow; and in a little while she looked up and said:

"Edward, I hoped that I might have come out from this interview without giving the reasons that have influenced me; but I see that it cannot be. I see it now, and I should have seen it before. And now I will speak. You ask me to be your wife—to give myself up to your keeping for all the coming time,—to so cast my lot that my joy must be ever in the light of your smiles, while in your frown I must find sorrow and suffering."

Edward Randall gazed upon the beautiful speaker in speechless wonder, and when he came to a pause he did not interrupt her, but waited for her to throw light upon the strange enigma she had presented,—for she had surely confessed that she loved him;—and if she loved him, what in the whole wide world could she bring against him? He had never done a wicked deed,—he never used unseemly language; and as for his disposition, he believed that if he had a fault in that direction, it was of being too generous—too liberal—and too ready to forgive a fault in his friends. Then, what, in the name of all that was wondrous, could—He had reached this point of reflection when Annie, having gained control over her emotions, continued:

"O, Edward, I know you will think me foolish; and you may blame, and even hate me; but I have my future now in my hands, and I will not cast it upon a rock. I know your generous, free, and noble disposition; I know how loving and how kind you are, and how your sympathies lead you. I know, too, how warm and ardent is your temperament, and how impulsive you are when your emotions are stirred. Knowing all this, I tremble when I remember that you love the wine-cup!"

"Annie! is it possible you have allowed yourself to think—to even dream—that I could ever, ever, make too free a use of wine?"

Trembling at every joint as she met the eager, passionate look of her lover, Annie answered:

"I only know that you drink it, and that you love it."

"Love it, Annie?"

"Yes, Edward. I marked you last evening, at Madame Vascall's; and I heard you praising the wine-cup. Oh! when I saw you standing there, at the side board, surrounded by your mates, with the brimming glass in your hand, and heard you sing the praises of the 'ruby wine,'—and when I saw you drink it, and fill the cup anew,—then,—then, I said,—'I dare not trust my life with the man who, in the morning of his years, loves wine so well!'"

"Annie Lawrence," said the young man, drawing himself proudly up, "look at me. Think of the position I occupy—think of the business of my hands—think of the ties that bind me to honor and self-respect—and—and—look at my mother—the mother who has no other hope of joy on earth but me,—look at all this, and then tell me if you think I could become a—a—Pooh! I won't speak the word! The bare idea is ridiculous!"

"I answer to you, Edward Randall," returned Annie, in tones deep and solemn, her eyes fixed steadily upon him,—"Look at the record borne upon the pages of history, in all times, and in all ages—the record of the past, and the record of the present. Never stood a youth like you, in health and wealth, who did not feel confident that the evil was not for him; and yet, see the result. They are falling every day—falling all around us—falling by the score—aye, by hundreds,—men poor and wretched now, but who, in the morning of life, stood as proud and defiant as you now stand. Edward—let me speak to you as a friend—as a sister—to warn you against the dreaful evil. I know your temperament better than you know it yourself. I have had experience of my—"

She stopped—struggled a moment—and then burst into tears.

Ah—Edward remembered. He remembered a bright-faced, buoyant hearted youth whose presence once made glad the home of the girl he loved. He was a cousin of Annie's, and affianced to an elder sister. Edward remembered that that cousin had gone away to Europe—on business, some said; while others said 'twas to escape the temptations that beset him at home. He returned to his home, and died—and Edward could now understand that he had fallen a victim to the wine-cup. But he was not the only victim. Another fell with him—Annie's sister. The one fell beneath the flood of the tempter—the other, with a broken heart!

Edward remembered it; but what was that to him? Could he ever fall like that? No. He knew he could not. So he arose, and said to his beloved:

"Annie, I will cause you no more sorrow. If you cannot take me as I am, trusting to my manhood for love and protection, I must bid you farewell. I will not urge my suit."

Annie brushed away her tears, and made reply:

"I will be your friend, Edward, always. How I might choose to trust your manhood for love and protection, could you offer the boon in its God-given power and integrity, I may not say; but since you can only offer it with the purpose at heart to bask the while in the treacherous sparkle of the wine-cup, I must answer as you have heard."

Annie had become calm now; and Edward allowed a spice of irony to affect his speech.

"But if I would sign the pledge, and join the Temperance Society, I suppose you would have me?"

In a moment Annie Lawrence was strong in the consciousness of Right. She remembered that cousin—her sister's lover—so handsome, so good, and so noble in every sentiment of his natural heart,—and she remembered her sister, too; and she was sure that Edward had recognized the cause of her grief when she had tried to speak of her own experience,—and for him now to cast ridicule upon her scruples, it was very painful and cutting.

"Edward Randall," she answered, "you asked me if I would be your wife. I gave you my answer. Then you sought the reason for my decision, and I gave it; and, as a friend, I gave you a word of caution. I only ask that you will receive my sisterly counsel in kindness, and believe that your lasting good is the object of my soul's most earnest desire."

The young man felt ashamed, and yet he felt angry. In short, he was disappointed and chagrined, and he could not hide it.

"It is all right," he said. "I have no fault to find." He took a step toward the door, and then stopped, and added:

"You can, perhaps, picture to yourself Edward Randall at a party of his friends and old companions; and they say unto him,—"Come, Ned, here's a health to our hostess!" and Ned replies that he cannot drink it. Of course all are eager to know what has happened; and he tells them that Annie Lawrence said she would not have him if he drank wine! Ha, ha,—you can imagine the—"

"I can imagine," broke in Amy, sternly, "what a base falsehood would be upon his lips if he said so!"

"Annie!"

"Annie Lawrence did not tell him she would not have him if he drank wine. The lady in question very kindly, but firmly, declined his suit; and he afterwards obtained from her the cause of her decision."

"I thank you for the correction," said Edward, with bitter irony; "but you need not fear that Edward Randall will ever be called upon to give a reason for declining to drink a glass of wine under the circumstance supposed. I wish you joy, Miss Lawrence,—and I bid you good-evening."

He went away, and Annie went to her chamber, there to spend a night of sorrow and distress. She loved Edward Randall—loved him with her whole heart—and loved him alone: but when she held in her hands the miniature of her dead sister, she believed she had done right; and she prayed to God for guidance and support.

Edward Randall went away feeling very proud and independant; and as he walked away he even laughed at the pictures he drew of himself as a total-abstainer. He had struck into Broadway, and was thinking what a fool Annie Lawrence had made of herself, when he met three men—members of a club he had recently joined—a club the admission fee to which had been one thousand dollars!

"Hi, Ned, my boy! Well met, by all that's lovely! Sir John and the Prince are at the club to-night, and we give them an entertainment."

"Good!" cried Ned. "Count me in."

"Then come along."

(Concluded next week)

The New Dominion—Prince Arthur.

(*From the New York Herald.*)

The New Dominion has got a fresh sensation to stir the upper crust of society. Prince Arthur, third son of Queen Victoria, and a young man of whom fame, in spite of her proverbial malignity, has the courage to say a good word, set foot yesterday, for the first time, on our American shores. The regular and volunteer forces and the various civic societies in Halifax are preparing to give him a right loyal welcome, and, to-day's festivities will close with fireworks and a general illumination throughout the city. A ball and picnic in honour of His Royal Highness will crown the week's jubilee, and all outside at least will go "merry as a marriage bell," whatever cause or dissatisfaction may lurk within. As son of the reigning Sovereign—a lady to whose virtues all pay honor—he will pass from city to city of the New Dominion, admired and feted and welcomed wherever he goes, but amid all his journeyings and pleasure excursions keeping aloof, says our telegraphic despatch, from the United States.

Now why is this? Are our habits, feelings, mode of thanking and expressing ourselves, too republican for this scion of royalty, at the raw age of nineteen, to be placed with safety within reach of their influence? Or does he himself, or do his advisers, imagine that we should not welcome him as warmly as we did his brother in 1860? Far from it. Our quarrel, such as it is, is not with the British crown, but with the British aristocracy, who leagued themselves against us during our civil war. At that time—and we remember it to their credit—his royal mother and Prince Albert were almost the only friends we could count upon in the British government, and were it only for their sake we should give him an enthusiastic welcome. But perhaps the object of his visit to the New Dominion is, in reality, to spy out the land and judge for himself whether the inhabitants, not withstanding their republican neighborhood, desire a king to reign over them. In this case, though we are too good republicans to wish him success, yet if nothing but this bauble of a crown will satisfy our New Dominion friends, we know of no more *worthy* to wear it than this young man, whose connections and antecedents are in every way so honorable.

DOES IT PAY TO ADVERTISE.—We give the *Germantown Chronicle* credit for the following sensible article:—

"To business men of every class this is a question of no little importance, as total failure or complete success is often the issue. A young man, just emancipated from parental control, is about to embark in business on his own account. He has a good stock of merchandise on hand for sale, but being only a beginner, he has but little patronage. What should he do? Why, advertise. It nobody knows him let him make himself known. A newspaper advertisement, judiciously drawn up, and, if necessary, neatly illustrated, and given to the proper medium, will often suffice to make success almost certain. A good advertisement will ring louder than any bell, and is the staff of life in trade, just as bread is the staff of human life. Advertising enables a business man to place his goods before the eyes of thousands who otherwise would never know of their existence, or that of the owner. It is well known among our most successful merchants that liberal advertising not only pays, but is indispensable to the economical and successful working of their establishments. There are innumerable living instances among us where colossal fortunes have been realized by timely and judicious appeals for patronage through the newspaper and periodical press, whilst it would be difficult to find an instance in which it failed to pay."

The New York *Evangelist* of the 12th August, tells of the *extreme poverty* of the people of Minnesota, and gives instances. At "Big Woods" a Sunday School was started by a colporteur, a grant of a library was made, but the settlement could not raise *Twenty-Five-Cents* to pay freight! Men, women and sometimes children, walk 25 miles to get food to keep them from starving. A German woman 70 years old carried 70 pounds of flour 30 miles to deliver her family from death, others—little children especially—suffer intensely for want of clothing.