POETRY.

GOD BLESS THE FARM.

God bless the farm—the dear old farm!
God bless its every rood,
Where willing hearts and sturdy arms
Can earn an honest livelihood!
Can from the coarse and fertile soil
Win back a recompense for toil.

God bless each meadow, field and nook,
Begemmed with fairest flowers,
And every leaf that's gently shook
By evening breeze or morning showers;
God bless them all! each leaf's a gem
In nature's gorgeous diadem.

The orchards that, in early spring,
Blush rich in fragrant flowers,
And with each autumn surely bring
Their wealth of fruits in golden showers;
Like pomegranates on Aaron's rod,
A miracle from Nature's God.

And may he bless the farmer's home,
Where peace and plenty reign;
No happier spot 'neath heaven's high dome
Doth this broad, beauteous earth contain,
Than where secure from care and strife
The farmer leads his peaceful life.

Unvexed by toil and tricks for gain,
He turns the fertile mould:
Then scatters on the golden grain,
And reaps reward a hundred-fold;
He dwells where grace and beauty charm,
For God hath blessed his home and farm.

LIETRATURE.

A TERRIBLE ALTERNATIVE.

'You seem to be very much struck by that picture,' said my old friend, the colonel (for I don't mean to betray family secrets, I shall speak of him as the 'colonel' only), at whose cosy nook in Buckinghamshire I had quartered myself for a few days. The picture he alluded to certainly had attracted an unusual amount of my attention, considering that, as a rule, I am strangely deficient in artistic taste.

'Well, yes,' I answered, my eye returning to rest on that particular object which had attracted it many times before; 'regarding it as a picture, I should say it is by no means the best of your collection, but, regarding it as a portrait, there is something about it that 'fetches' me. It is not that the face is either handsome or intellectual, but there is a strange, weird something about it which the artist seems to have caught fresh from the living face, and transferred to the canvas, and which all his after art had failed to paint out.'

The picture which gave rise to these observations was that of a man certainly not past middle age, dressed in the fashion of the earlier period of the reign of George III. The face and figure, as regarded mere form and feature, were commonplace enough; there was nothing sufficiently remarkable in the portrait to attract more than a passing observation; indeed, on looking at it, you felt it ought to represent a kindly, genial gentleman; but somehow it didn't. There seemed to be something behind it, working out through the painted eyes as though it or they had seen what they should not, and were haunted by some awful mystery that would not be hidden even in the grave. Turning my back upon it I shifted the conversation; and my friend seemed by no means displeased to dismiss the subject. We had a long, gossipy chat on many matters interesting to old friends who meet but seldom and with long lapses of time between. It was late before we could make up our minds to separate. At last, as I left the room, candlestick in hand, I could not help, against my will, casting a furtive glance at the portrait, and hastily shut the door behind me. I was dead tired, for I had come off a long journey; but when I got to bed it was a long time before I could compose myself to sleep, and when I did I was troubled in my dreams. The portrait had followed me up stairs, slipped into the room after me, and tried to get into the bed beside me; but, failing in that, went and leaned against the wall and came out of the frame and climbed up to the top of my bed, hid in the curtain folds, and multiplied itself by thousands, till the whole atmosphere, above and around me, was filled with one weird, strange face. In the morning my friend hoped I had slept well. I told him the sort of purgatory I had endured, adding,

'I am sure there is some grim secret connected with that picture; you may as well tell me what it is. If it is a family secret, I promise to keep it sacred.'

'Well,' he answered, after a moment's reflection, 'there is a painful story connected with it. The portrait is that of my grandfather—Doctor Mathias, let us call him. He was one of the physicians-in-ordinary to George III., which position he occupied long before he had reached middle age. He was a courteous, genial, kindly man, full of those social qualities which make a man a favorite of society. So much I have heard. In the year 1770, full of high spirits and pleasant anticipations, he went on the continent for a month's holiday, he came back at the end of it an altered man—his genial nature clouded with an eradicable gloom. He gave up all practice, all society; bought this place, and settled here; he received no visits, paid none; he lived in his library among his books, occasionally taking long solitary rambles about the country. His nature did not degenerate into harshness, but a strange melancholy possessed him; its cause was unknown, so was its cure. He turned his back upon the world, and though he was no world scorner nothing would induce him to enter it again. He was a widower—and his only son—my father—was then a boy at Harrow. You may imagine this was not a lively place for a high-spirited young fellow to come home to; they saw little of each other. In due time my father married, and I was born. Years passed, and one wintry night, when I was about eighteen years old, we received a telegram summoning us here. We came, and were shown into the room where you slept last night. The old man, with the stamp of death upon his face, was propped up on pillows where he had lain for hours, his eyes fixed on the door, watching for us. As we entered the room his filmy eyes brightened; his eager, outstretched hands trembled as we touched them. With the damp death dew on his brow, his voice quaking, and his whole soul shuddering as he lived over again one terrible moment of his life, he told us the story which I had better put together in my own words.

It appears that during that momentous visit to the continent he went to Naples. He was received by the best society, and most hospitably entertained in the most distinguished social and political circles, where he passed many pleasant hours discoursing and discussing intellectual and scientific subjects—chemistry, surgery, and once, among these things, the use and misuse of poisons cropped up in the course of conversation; and some one present—a gentleman of some note and importance—asked what was the quickest and easiest death to die. The subject was freely debated.

One evening he returned from one of those pleasant gatherings, and in a reflective mood of mind, sat for an hour looking over the moonlit city and the beautiful, world-famous bay. It was near midnight, when two strangers were shown into him, who requested his immediate attendance in a case of great urgency. He represented that he was there on a visit of pleasure, and not for professional purposes. They were perfectly aware of that fact, they said, still, they urged him so strongly that they at last overcame his scruples, and he consented to go with them. A carriage was at the door; he got in first, they followed him, pulled down the blinds, and the carriage rattled away. He did not like his position, and began to suspect that all was not right. They kept utter silence.

They seemed to drive a great distance, turning and turning many times. Once he inquired, 'Had they far to go?' and received the brief answer, 'No.' At last they drove into the courtyard of a great house. The door opened as if by magic. There were no lights, he might as well have been blindfolded; there would have been a total darkness but for the moonbeams which struggled through the stained-glass window, and fell in fantastic shadows at their feet as they ascended the wide stone staircase. On reaching the first landing they threw open a door, and for a second he was almost blinded by the blaze of light that streamed out upon him. The door closed behind him as he stepped into the room. He took in the whole aspect of the room at a glance; it was gorgeously furnished, and brilliantly illuminated with wax candles; at a table near the heavily curtained window a man of stern, commanding appearance sat writing. He raised his head as they entered, and, pointing to the far end of the room, exclaimed:

'Your patient lies there, sir.'

My grandfather's eyes followed the direction of his finger, and observed a woman stretched upon a couch. Where had he seen that face before? Slowly it dawned upon his memory. A few days back he had been to the theatre, and, glancing round, was struck by a beautiful, fair face, which for the time fascinated him; he thought it the loveliest there. He looked on it again now; but how changed! The hands were clasped upon the breast, as though in prayer, a dumb, white terror was written on the face; and in the great uplifted eyes there was a hopeless, despairing agony sickening to behold.

He inquired what was the matter—how she had been attacked, and seeing that she was gagged, he begged them to release her mouth, that she might answer his questions, adding—

'I must know something of the symptoms before I can attempt a cure.'

'Your business here is to kill, not to cure, doctor,' said one in a strangely sad tone, which accorded ill with his stern, fearful phrase. 'Your patient has spoken her last word in this world. She is doomed to die by a secret though strictly just tribunal, but we would temper justice with mercy and spare her the shame and public disgrace. You can cause her to die easily and secretly; therefore we have brought you here.'

'If this lady has committed any crime so great as to deserve death,' he answered, full of compassion for the unfortunate, 'she must meet her punishment from the hands of the public executioner, not by mine.'

'By yours, and yours only,' said one of his conductors gravely. 'There is no time to waste in mere words. She knows she has deserved death, and she knows that she must die.'

'God forbid!' exclaimed the physician, a frozen horror stealing over him. The ominous stillness, the grim aspects of the terrible men, struck a chill to his heart. He realized all the horror of his position.

'A doctor never travels without his tools,' resumed the stranger; and as he spoke he turned the lace back from the tender throat, and, pointing to it, added significantly: 'Open the jugular vein; it is the easiest and quickest way to die.'

My grandfather started back amazed and horror-struck. These were the very words he had uttered during one of those pleasant gatherings at the house of a celebrated Neapolitan a few days back.

'How dare you propose to me such a crime?' he exclaimed. 'I am an Englishman, and will not commit murder.'

'Pshaw! your nation produces as many honorable criminals as any other. To your work, sir, and quickly. If you have conscientious scruples, remember an enforced sin lies lightly on my conscience; lay that comfort to your soul. No more words,' he added peremptorily—'not one; this is the time for action.'

'I refuse to obey your cruel command. Let me go.'

The man who had been writing, and until now had taken no part whatever in the scene that was passing round him, then rose up and joined the group. Laying his hand lightly on my grandfather's shoulder, he said;

'There is no escape for you, doctor; every moment you hesitate you prolong that woman's pain. She must die; and you can dispatch her with painless speed.'

'What if I refuse? You cannot force me to commit so foul a murder.'

He pointed to two swarthy figures (either soldiers or liveried servants of some noble family—my grandfather could not tell which) who had been standing motionless by the couch and answered:

'Then those faithful fellows will dispatch you, and afterwards dispatch her; they are not professional, and their work will be clumsily done. If the operation be not performed upon your patient before the clock strikes you know your fate; if you are obdurate, remember you throw away your own life without saving hers. She is doomed; no power on earth can save her.'

It was in vain to expostulate with those fiends in human form. He felt they were as stern and inexorable as fate. It was as cruel as horrible and cowardly. Five men assembled to witness the professional murder of a young and beautiful woman! What had she done? whom had she offended? Some secret machinery was at work; these men were mere instruments in the hands of a higher power—they had owned as much; they had no personal interest in the matter. They were there to carry out justice, they said—secretly, it was true; but the woman had been lawfully condemned, and the sentence of the law must be privately executed.

The woman's eyes were fixed upon them during the whole of the conversation, and travelled from one face to the other in hopeless agony; not a word passed her ears, and only the one despairing, changeless expression sat like a seal upon her face. She knew there was no escape for her—none. There was only the one question to be solved: Was she to die by the unwilling hand of a pitying stranger, or be killed cruelly by professional murderers? What a world of terror must have been compassed in those few moments of her life as she lay watching and waiting there.

The clock began to chime the quarters; it was about to strike. At a given signal the statute-like figures stepped forward and rapidly uncoiled a rope with a noose already made; they were about to slip it over his head and hang him to a beam which ran along the center of the ceiling. The horror of facing a sudden and violent end siezed him—his death would avail her nothing for whom he died. His senses were in a whirl; he threw up his hands and sprang forward, 'I'll do it!' he exclaimed, and fell on his knees before her. 'They will have your life; I cannot save you child; but I can shield you from their rough, cruel hands, and put you painlessly to rest. Forgive me, forgive me, for it is in mercy that I do this cruel deed.'

The white hand went out to him and closed over his in a soft, forgiving clasp; the agony died out of the sweet eyes as they rested one moment in his face; then with a very low sigh she closed them and turned away her head. In another moment her young life was slowly ebbing away. He remained by her side, holding her hand in his and watching till all was over. He would not for a second leave her with those stern men, lest a wounding word or touch might disturb her on her way from this world to the next. He was conducted from the place in the same way as he had entered it, and when his conductors took leave of him they suggested that it would be well if he would leave Naples with as little delay as possible. This forced murder—for such it really was—lay upon his conscience to the end of his life, and filled it with one long remorse—a living nightmare—for that scene was always present to his mind. The change that had so long puzzled us puzzled us no more. He could not carry his secret to the grave with him, so he gave it into our keeping.

'It's a terrible story!' I exclaimed.

'And unlike most terrible stories, it is true,' he answered. 'Come out for a breath of fresh air and sunshine, to blow his gloomy subject from our senses.'

PULLING DOWN THE WINDOWS.

This is the season of the year when a man may expect to be suddenly called at any moment of the night to get up and put down the windows. On the advent of a thunder storm it is rarely that a man wakes first. If he should, he keeps quiet so as not to disturb his wife and avail himself of the first lull to sleep again. How differently a woman acts—oh! so differently. Just as soon as she wakes up and hears that it is raining, she seems to lose all judgment at once. She plants both of her feet into her husband's back, at the same time catching him by the hair and shaking his head, and hysterically screams—'Get up, get up, quick! its pouring down in torrents, and the windows are all up!' He cannot wake up under such circumstance with an immediately clear conception of the case; in fact, it frequently happens that he is away out on the floor before his eyes are fairly open, having but one idea really at work, and that as to what he is doing out of bed. The first thing to do is to strike a light, and while he is moving around for matches, and swearing that some one has broken into the house and moved them from where he had laid them on going to bed (which is always plausible enough) she hurls after him the following tonics: Do hurry! Mercy, how that rain is coming right into those windows! We won't have a carpet left if you don't move faster. What on earth are you doing all this time? Can't you find the matches? Mercy sake, you ain't going to stumble round here looking for matches, are you, when the water is drowning us out? Go without a light. What a man you are. I might have better got up in the first place. Well! (desparingly) let the things go to ruin if you are a mind to. I've said all I'm going to, an' I don't care if the whole house goes to smash. You always would have your own way, an' I suppose you always will, an' now you can do as you please; but don't you dare to open your mouth to me about it when the rain is done. I've talked an' talked till I'm tired to death, and I shan't talk any more. We never could keep anything decent, and we never can; and so that's the end of it. (A very brief pause.) John Henry, are you or are you not going to shut down those windows? Just then he finds the matches, and breaks the discourse by striking a light. He was bound to have that help before he moved out of the room. He has got the lamp lighted now. No sooner does its glare fill the room than he immediately blows it out again for obvious reasons. He had forgotten the that the windows were open and the brevity of his night shirt. It almost causes him to shiver when he thinks of his narrow escape. He moves out into the other room with celerity now. He knows pretty well the direction to go. When a flash of lightning comes it shows him on the verge of climbing over a stool or centre table. If there is a rocking-chair in the house he will strike it. A rocking-chair is much surer in its aim than a streak of lightning. It never misses, and it never hits but in one spot and that is just at the base of the shin. We have fallen against more than eight hundred rockers of all patterns and prices and always received the blow in the same place. We have been with dying people and have heard them affirm in the solemn stillness of that last hour, that a rocking chair always hits a man on the shin first. And when a man gets up in the dead of night to shut down windows, he never misses the rocking chair. It is the rear end of one of the rockers that catches him. It is a dreadful agony. But he rarely cries out, He knows his audience too well. A woman never falls over a rocking chair, and she will never understand why a man does. But she can tell whether he has, by the way he puts down the windows when he finally reaches them. A rocking chair window (if we may be allowed the term) can be heard three times as far as any other.—*Danbury News.*

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

What You do, do Well.—This is a lesson which cannot be too earnestly impressed upon the young. Even the oldest may profit by heeding it. No person of experience but knows the ill policy of poorly done work, and yet the world is full of botching. It is labor going to its tasks slip-shod, caring not for permanent accomplishment, but only to provide for the moment's emergency. Half the world's work has to be mended almost as soon as done, the half-doing and mending (producing at best only wretched, slovenly results) costing more than would with greater care and patience have done everything well.

Green Peas.—Have the hands and the dishes clean in shelling, so that the peas need not be washed before cooking. If the pods are very nice and sweet, they may be cooked in the water before the peas are put in; but usually this does not pay. Have the peas a little more than even full of water, and cook them twenty minutes after they begin to boil. As the season advances, cook them longer. Be sure to have them tender, but do not cook them after they are tender. If done too soon, let them stand hot without cooking. Serve warm full of juice, and if you wish for the full benefit of the sweet pea flavor, serve without seasoning.

Much of the happiness of life depends upon our outward demeanor. We have all experienced the charm of gentle and courteous conduct; we have all been drawn irresistibly to those who are obliging, affable, and sympathetic in their demeanor. The friendly grasp, the warm welcome, the cherry tone, the encouraging word, and respectful manner, bear no small share in creating the joy of life; while the austere tone, the stern rebuke, the sharp and acrid remark, the cold and indifferent manner, the curt and disrespectful air, the supercilious and scornful hearing, are responsible for more of human distress, despair and woe, than their transient nature might seem to warrant.

Recipe for Preserving Meat.—As warm weather has come at last, the following by a writer in the New York Times will prove both seasonable and serviceable. There is no good reason why farmers and their families should eat so much salt pork, leaving all the fresh meat to the inhabitants of cities and villages, when the following method will keep it fresh for weeks even in the warmest weather. I have tried it for several years. As soon as the animal heat is out of the meat, slice it up ready for cooking. Prepare a large jar by scalding it well with hot salt and water. Mix salt and pulverized saltpetre. Cover the bottom of the jar with a sprinkle of salt and pepper. Put down a layer of meat, sprinkle with salt and pepper, the same as if it was going to the table, and continue in this manner until the jar is full. Fold a cloth or towel and wet it in strong salt and water, in which a little of the saltpetre is dissolved. Press the cloth closely over the meat and set it in a cool place. Be sure and press the cloth in tightly as each layer is removed, and your meat will keep for months. Then drain off all the blood that oozes from it. It will be necessary to change the cloth occasionally, or take it off and wash it first in cold water, then scald in salt and water as at first. In this way farmers can have fresh meat all the year round. I have kept beef that was killed the 12th of February till the 21st of June. Then I packed a large jar of veal in the same way during the dog days, and kept it six weeks.

RANDOM READINGS.

It is the one, almost only, struggle of religious life to believe. In spite of all the seeming cruelties in this life, in spite of all the clouded mystery in which God has shrouded himself, in spite of pain, and the stern aspect of human life, and the gathering of thicker darkness and more solemn silence round the soul as life goes on, simply to believe that God is love, and to hold fast to that as a man holds on to a rock with a desperate grip when the salt surf and the driving waves sweep over him and take the breath away, we say that is the one fight of Christian life, compared with which all else is easy. When we believe that, human afflictions are easy. It is easy to be generous and tolerant and benevolent, when we are sure of the heart of God, and when the little love of this life, and its coldnesses, and its unreturned affections, are more than made up to us by the certainty that our Father's love is ours. But, when we lose sight of that, though but for a moment, the hearth sours and men seem no longer worth the loving; and wrongs are magnified, and injuries cannot be forgiven, and life drags on, a mere death in life. A man may doubt anything and everything, and still be blessed, provided only he holds fast to that conviction. Let all drift like seaweed on life's ocean, so long as he reposes on the assurance of the eternal charity, his spirit at least cannot drift.

Eggs and Financial Wisdom.—She said she'd take a dozen of Eggs, but while the grocer was counting them out she asked the price. He told her, and she shrieked—'Seventeen cents?' 'Yes, ma'am.' 'Why, that's outrageous!' 'Well, its hard times and everything is up.' She sat down on a sugar barrel, sighed several times, and asked if eggs were likely to be lower or higher. 'I don't claim to be a prophet,' he replied, as he twisted a sheet of paper into the shape of a tunnel, 'but I dare say they'll be down to sixteen and one-half cents in less than a week, and perhaps go lower. Trade, which is naturally depressed during July and August, is looking up a little. Our exports of gold are now equalled by our imports. The calling in of bonds puts more ready money afloat, and capitalists are much more hopeful this week than last. The crops are about ready to move, navigation prospects are brighter, and public confidence in financial measures is rapidly returning. One thing moves around another you see, and though, as I said before, I am not a financier, and my predictions are not entitled to any great weight, it seems clear to me that eggs have got to come down. A great current of eggs is setting toward this point from a dozen different directions, and even if the calling in of bonds and the sale of surplus gold don't produce lower prices, I cannot see why figures should go up.' She reached into the pickle barrel, nipped a cucumber, and went away wondering why her husband never knew anything.

IMPORTATIONS.

THE SUBSCRIBERS beg to call the attention of the Trade to the following list of

Superior Importations

which they are prepared to supply, on moderate terms, in bond or duty paid:—

Qr. Casks Whiskey,
Cases do.,
Hhds. Brandy, [Hennessey's]
Qr. Casks do., [Pinnette Castillion]
Casks do., [Hennessey]
do. do., [Jules Robins]
Hhds. Gin, [Holland]
Qr. Casks Gin do.,
Cases Old Tom Gin,
do. Green Cases do.,
Qr. Casks Sherry Wine,
do. Port do.,
Bbls. Bass & Co.'s Ale, in pts. and qts.
do. Guinness's Extra Stout,
do. Champagne Cider,
Cases Champagne,
do. Orange Syrup,
do. Lemon do.,
do. Lime Juice,
do. Raspberry Syrup,
do. Ginger Wine,
Bbls. Crosse & Blackwell's Pickles,
do. Barne's do.
Chests Congou Tea, warranted,
Half chests do. do.
Boxes do. do.
Coleman's Starch,
Cases Pepper,
Nixey's Black Lead,
Gross Blacking,
Cans Mustard,
Bags Rice,
Kegs Bi. carb. Soda,
Barrels Soda Crystal,
Boxes Pipes,
Boxes Soap,
Half-boxes Soap,
Bags Barcelona Nuts,
Bales Corks,
Bales Wrapping Paper,
Cases Assorted Toilet Soap,
Bbls. Currants,
Boxes Valentia Raisins,
Kegs Nails,
Kegs Black Paint,
do. White do.
Brooms,
Coils Manilla,
Tons Iron—refined,
do. common,
Bbls. Flour.

MACDONALD & OWEN.
No. 49 Water Street.

N. B.—To arrive and in Stock, 1000 barrels Canada Flour.
June 7, 1875.

SEA-SIDE HOTEL.

Formerly "Ocean House."

Rustico Beach, P. E. I.,

Having been bought and thoroughly refitted and refurnished

In First-class Style!

BY THE SUBSCRIBERS, WILL BE

RE-OPENED FOR THE SEASON,

FROM

1ST JUNE TILL 1ST OF OCTOBER NEXT.

Every Attention Given to Guests!

TERMS MODERATE.

As a summer resort the "Sea-side," is unrivalled.

A Salubrious and Bracing Atmosphere.

Excellent Surf Bathing!

A Magnificent View of the Bay and Ocean.

Best Fishing Grounds on North Shore, with boats for fishing and pleasure constantly on hand.

Coaches connect with every Train to and from Charlottetown and Summerside, at the Hunter River Station, as below:

PRESENT TIME TABLE.—Trains leave Charlottetown at 6 30 a. m., and 2 p. m Returning leave Hunter River at 7.55 a. m., and 8.25 p. m. Leaves Summerside at 6 a. m., and 6 and 6.30 p. m Returning leave Hunter River at 7.55 a. m., and 3.40 p. m.

Any change in Time will be duly advertised.

JOHN NEWSON,
W. A. HUTCHESON,

May 17, 1875.

$5 TO $20 PER DAY.—Agents Wanted! All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments, or all the time, than anything else. Particulars free. Post cards to States cost but two cents. Address G. STINSON & CO., Portland Maine.

PLAIN JOB AND BOOK PRINTING done at the EXAMINER OFFICE.

1875.

NEW GOODS
AT THE
BRITISH WAREHOUSE,
Queen Square.

The Subscribers have received per Steamer *Prince Edward*,

A NEW SUPPLY OF
British & Foreign
MERCHANDIZE!

Suitable for the Present Season, which are now open for Inspection and Sale, at the

Lowest Cash Prices.

PLEASE CALL AND EXAMINE.

Supplies continually received.

W. & A. BROWN.
May 24, 1875.

From
MONTREAL TO CASCUMPEC.

THE Subscriber offers for sale on arrival—

500 bbls FLOUR,
100 bbls BREAD,
30 bus. Timothy SEED,
100 bus. Seed WHEAT, (a good article.)
10 doz. BUCKETS,
10 doz. BROOMS,
600 lbs. CLOVER SEED,
50 boxes assorted CRACKERS,
100 kegs NAILS, all sizes,
2 tons Rope, from 8th to 4 inch
6 cases HATS and CAPS,
10 do PAINTS,
20 do HAY RAKES,
20 doz. Haying TOOLS,
20 doz. SHOVELS, HOES, &c.,
10 casks Paint OIL,
5 tons PAINT,
25 cases BOOTS and SHOES.

From England

Putty, Paint, Glass, Olive Oil, Iron, Steel,

12 cases shelf HARDWARE,
6000 bus. SALT,

From United States.

BUCKETS, BROOMS, FISHING GEAR, OIL CLOTHING, HOOKS, LINES & TWINES,—

Which, when received, will complete one of the best stock of Goods in Alberton, and will be sold

Cheap for Cash,

or approved credit.

G. W. HOWLAN.

May 10, 1875.—tf

MONTREAL & ACADIAN

STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

S. S. Venezia, 813 tons, Commander McMasters.
S. S. Valetta, 813 tons, Commander Anderson.
S. S. Roma, 813 tons, Commander Desjardines.

The above Steamships will form a

Weekly Line

BETWEEN

Montreal, Shediac, Charlottetown and Pictou,

leaving Montreal Thursday in each week.

For Freight or passage apply to

HYNDMAN BROS., Charlottetown.
DAVID SHAW, Esq., Montreal.

May 17, 1875.—till 1st nov

Steamer 'Heather Belle.'

Summer Arrangement, 1875.

THE above Steamer will, after the opening of the navigation, run for the Summer as follows:—

Leave Orwell Brush Wharf for Charlottetown, touching at China Point and Hallday's Wharves, every Tuesday and Thursday morning at 7 o'clock, returning the same evenings. Leave Mount Stewart, East River for Charlottetown, touching at Cranberry and Hickey's wharves, every Wednesday and Friday mornings at 7 o'clock, returning same evenings. Leave Charlottetown for Crapaud, weather permitting, every Saturday, and on every alternate Saturday will make a return trip, commencing Saturday, May 15th.

JOHN HUGHES.

May 3, 1875.—3m

P. E. ISLAND

STEAMERS,

Until Further Notice,

LEAVE CHARLOTTETOWN for SUMMERSIDE and SHEDIAC every Monday and Thursday morning at 3 o'clock.

LEAVE SUMMERSIDE for SHEDIAC every day, on arrival of morning train from Charlottetown.

LEAVE SHEDIAC for SUMMERSIDE every day, on arrival of morning train from St. John.

LEAVE SUMMERSIDE for CHARLOTTETOWN every Wednesday and Saturday evening, at 6 o'clock.

LEAVE CHARLOTTETOWN for PICTOU and HAWKESBURY every Monday and Thursday morning at 5 o'clock.

LEAVE PICTOU for CHARLOTTETOWN every Wednesday and Saturday, on arrival of morning train from Halifax.

LEAVE PICTOU for HAWKESBURY every Monday and Thursday, on arrival of morning train from Halifax.

LEAVE PICTOU for GEORGETOWN every Tuesday and Friday, on arrival of morning train from Halifax.

Leave GEORGETOWN for PICTOU and CHARLOTTETOWN every Wednesday and Saturday morning, at 5 o'clock.

Leave HAWKESBURY for PICTOU every Monday and Thursday, during night.

Connect at Shediac with train for St. John, and there with Railways and International Steamers for all places in United States and Canada; at Pictou with trains for Halifax and all places in Nova Scotia; at Hawkesbury with Coaches and Steamers for all places in Cape Breton; at Summerside and Georgetown with trains for Charlottetown and all places in the Island.

AGENTS.—Thomas Bolton, Halifax; Hanford Bros., St. John; Noonan & Davis, Pictou; A. H. Sutherland, Hawkesbury.

F. W. HALES, Sec'y.

Ch'town, May 15, 1875.

Tenders.

SEALED TENDERS will be received by the Secretary of the Board of Works, till Saturday, the 31st July inst., noon, from parties willing to contract with the Government to build a Block to Southport Wharf. Specification can be seen with the undersigned. Two securities will be required to accompany each tender. Board will not be bound to accept lowest tender.

RICHARD WEEKS,
S. P. Works.

July 19, 1875

$10. WONDERFUL.! $10.

A FIRST CLASS FULL-SIZED

SEWING MACHINE!

WITH

TABLE AMD TREADLE,

ONLY TEN DOLLARS.

The most Simple and Compact! The most Durable and Economical!

A model of combined Simplicity, Strength and Beauty!

NEW AND NUMEROUS PATENTED ATTACHMENTS.

No complicated machinery to be constantly getting out of order.

So easy to learn that a child can run it, will do all kinds of sewing, from the finest to the coarsest, will Hem, Fell, Tuck, Braid, Cord, Gather, Embroider, etc., uses self-adjusting straight needle, uses all description of Cotton, Silk and Thread. *Makes the strongest stitch known, the cloth will tear before the seam will rip, uses the thread direct from the Spool.* The machine is beautifully finished and highly ornamental, and,

Warranted for Five Years!

SAMPLE MACHINES WITH TABLE AND TREADLE forwarded to any part of the world on receipt of *TEN DOLLARS!*

Special terms and extra inducements to male and female agents, store keepers, etc. County rights given to smart agents free Samples of sewing, descriptive circulars containing terms, testimonials, engravings, etc. sent free. All money sent in Post Office Money Orders, Drafts, or by express, are perfectly secure. Safe delivery of our goods guaranteed.

All orders, communications, etc., must be addressed to

HOPE MANUFACTURING CO.
NEW YORK.

Nov. 30, 1874.—1y

RAILROAD TIME!

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

GOLD AND SILVER

WATCHES & CLOCKS!

GOLD CHAINS!

STUDS!

TOOTHPICKS!

EAR-RINGS, BROOCHES.

LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

PLATED SETTS!

Cruet Stands!

BUTTER COOLERS!

SUGAR BOWLS!

Butter Knives, Pickle Forks, &c.

LARGE ASSORTMENT JET GOODS!

ROBERT SNEESTON,

No. 91 North Side Queen Square.

Ch'town, June 21. 1874.—6m

AT REDUCED PRICES.

PAINTS

AND

PAINT OIL!

W. E. DAWSON.

May 3, 1875.

Albion, Sydney & Lingan
MINES.

COAL ORDERS given, on the above named Mines, at the office of the Subscriber, No. 35, Water Street, Charlottetown—

Prices:

ALBION LUMP,	$2.50	per Ton
" NUT,	2.00	"
" SLACK,	1.50	"
SYDNEY LUMP,	2.50	"
LINGAN,	2.00	"

TERMS as usual.

G. W. DEBLOIS, Agent.

March 29, 1875. 2m

MACEACHERN & Co.

HAVE just received from London, Liverpool, Glasgow, and elsewhere, their usual Spring supplies of first-class

Wines, Liquors and Groceries,

which they will offer at the lowest prices.

Italian Warehouse

Ch'town, June 7, 1875.—1m

NOTICE.

The Prince Edward Island Railway Express Department

will be prepared to carry goods and money parcels to all stations on the line, on and after Thursday, the first day of July, proximo.

Goods will be despatched on every passenger train. Connection will be made with other Express Companies to all parts of the world.

Chief office at the Railway Depot, Charlottetown.

WM. McKECHNIE,
Superintendent.

JNO. MURRAY, Express Manager.

June 21, 1875.—12 in

FOR SALE.

A BEAUTIFUL Suburban Residence, within five minutes walk from the Post Office. Apply to

G. C. CARMAN,
Real Estate Broker

June 7th, 1875.

ALBERTON!

Building Lots.

THE Subscriber offers for sale several BUILDING LOTS near the Railway Station. Terms Liberal.

GEORGE W. HOWLAN.

Alberton, Dec. 14, 1874. s eraj

FREEHOLD FARM

ON LOT 44

FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers for sale all the right title, and interests in the Farm lately owned by John Kickham, situate on Township No. Forty-four, at the head of Souris River, consisting of fifty acres. The said farm is conveniently situate to School House, Grist and Saw Mills, and is worthy the attention of those who require a nice farm. Title good, and terms easy.

WM. D. STEWART.

Ch'town, Aug. 3, 1874

HERMAN & SON,

Bell-Hangers, Gun and Tin-smiths,

QUEEN STREET,

OPPOSITE WATSON'S DRUG STORE,

BEG to return their thanks to the general public for the liberal patronage extended to them since their commencement in business, and ask for a continuance of the same. They keep constantly on hand:—

A NEAT ASSORTMENT OF

TINWARE, KITCHEN UTENSILS,
&c. &c. &c.

All orders in the above business will be punctually attended to.

Having lately made large purchases in the Cheapest Markets, intended for House Builders, such as

Gas Fitting, Water Closets, Bell Fitting, &c., &c.,

We are prepared to sell them at Rates as Low as can be had in the city, and will fit them up in a good workmanlike style.

To a generous public we would say, that all orders in this branch of our business will be attended to with despatch.

A lot of First-class WATER COOLERS on hand. **Mayer's Crystal Blue** sold cheaper than ever. [Nov. 11, 1871.]

JOYFUL NEWS

FOR THE AFFLICTED!

GATES
LIFE of MAN BITTERS
—AND—
COMBINED MEDICINES.

From the Roots & Plants of Nova Scotia,

COMPRISING TEN DIFFERENT PREPARATIONS,

HAVE been thoroughly tested throughout Nova Scotia for the last 25 years in some of the most severe and apparently hopeless cases, and we have yet to hear of a case it has not benefited; while on the contrary numerous certificates taken before Justices of the Peace, and shown in our pamphlets which can be obtained from our agents, or will be sent free to any address.

Price of Bitters and Syrup per pint Bottle—$0.50,

Wholesale Agent at Charlottetown,
Wm. R. WATSON.

Exported by

CALEB GATES & Co.

Middleton, Annapolis Co., Nova Scotia.

Dec. 28, 1874.

NOTICE.

AS the present regulations respecting the management of the Legislative Library are about to be materially altered, the committee request that every book already issued, or otherwise withdrawn from it, be returned with the least possible delay.

At the expiration of three months from the date hereof, a list of the books then detained, as well as those missing or lost, will be made out, and published in the *Royal Gazette.*

By order,

L. C. JENKINS, Libarian,

Ch'town, May 6, 1875. } nepasj [may 10]

REAL ESTATE AGENCY!

WANTED:

Building Lots in Charlottetown and Royalty.

Persons wishing to buy or sell Real Estate, can get information by calling upon me,

G. C. CARMAN,
Real Estate Broker.

11 Exchange Building, Queen St., Ch'town, May 17, 1874 a p 3m

POSTAGE FREE.

The Gazette,

MONTREAL.

ON the 1st MAY, '75, very great improvements were effected in the Daily *Gazette.* It is now without question the most valuable paper for merchants and others having business transactions with Montreal that is published.

The Shipping News, the Daily Financial Review, the Reports of the Markets of all kinds, are made up with great care and are in every respect reliable.

No Banker, Merchant, or other business man can afford to be without *The Gazette.*

The Weekly Gazette.

It is proposed, in connection with the new dress, in which the *Weekly Gazette* now appears, to greatly increase its interest and value. The paper will be placed under the direction of a special editor, and largely made up of matter expressly set up for it, and having particular interest for the readers of the Weekly Edition. Arrangements have been made for the publication of good serial stories; selections of interesting family reading; market reports made up expressly for this edition, and of special value to farmers; carefully prepared summaries of home and foreign news; and an original agricultural department.

Daily, per annum, - - $6.00.
Weekly, " " - - - 1.50.

Free of postage after 1st July.

For special club terms [which will be found very attractive] specimen copies, &c., address

T. & R. WHITE,
The Gazette,
Montreal.

July 12, 1865.—3i

NOTICE.

ALL parties indebted to the Estate of John Knight, deceased, late of Souris, in this Island, are hereby notified to make immediate payment to any one of the undersigned Executors, and all parties having claims against the said Estate are hereby notified to furnish their accounts, duly attested, to any one of the undersigned Executors for payment.

E. J. HODGSON.
JAS. McFARLANE,
VERNON H. KNIGHT,
AMELIA KNIGHT.

Ch'town, May 24, 1875.—3m

PUBLIC AUCTION!

TO BE sold by public Auction on Saturday the twenty-first (21st) day of August A. D., 1875, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, at the Provincial Building, Charlottetown, under and by virtue of a power of sale, contained in an indenture of mortgage, bearing date the 5th day of November, A. D., 1851, and made between Thomas DesBrisay of Charlottetown, in Prince Edward Island, Chemist and Druggist, and Helen his wife of the one part, and Ralph Brecken of Charlottetown, aforesaid, Esquire, of the other part: All those several tracts, pieces or parcels of land, situate lying and being in Charlottetown, aforesaid, being town lots numbered seventy-one (71), seventy-two [72], twenty-six [26] and twenty-seven [27], in the fifth hundred of lots in the said town, which said several pieces of land are more particularly delineated and laid down on a certain map or plan of the said town, kept in the office of the Surveyor General of the said Island: and also all that other tract piece or parcel of land, situate lying and being in the common of Charlottetown, aforesaid, being part of Common lot number twenty five [25], bounded as follows: On the North by Common lot number twenty-six, on the south by the north street of Charlottetown having a front thereon of six chains and twenty-five links, on the west by Common lot number twenty-four, on the east by the western boundary of the eastern third of the said Common lot number twenty-five, being a parallel line to the eastern line of Common lot number twenty-four, and being north nine degrees west of the south boundary of Common lot number twenty-six, containing eight acres, a little more or less.

For further particulars and terms of sale apply to Messrs. Hodgson & McLeod, Solicitors, Charlottetown.

Dated this 7th day of May, 1875.

RALPH BRECKEN, Mortgagee.

May 17, 1875.—till sale

SUBSCRIBE for THE EXAMINER. One Dollar and Forty Cents a year.