

THE GLOBE

POSTAGE PREPAID

VOL. XXVI.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, JULY 26, 1875.

NO. 30.

New Mail Arrangements.

MAILS.

CLOSE.

DUE.

TO	CLOSE	DUE
ONTARIO, QUEBEC, NEW BRUNSWICK AND UNITED STATES, daily.	5.00 a.m.	10.00 p.m.
Monday	4.30 a.m.	Tuesday 10.00 p.m.
NOVA SCOTIA, Tuesday	2.30 p.m.	Wednesday, 7 p.m.
Thursday	4.30 a.m.	Friday 10.00 p.m.
Friday	2.30 p.m.	Saturday 7 p.m.
GREAT BRITAIN, via United States, daily.	5.00 a.m.	Uncertain
via Halifax, Friday, 25th June and every second Friday after.	2.30 p.m.	
Supplementary, Monday, 28th June, and every second Monday after.	4.30 a.m.	
SUMMERSIDE—including all mail matter for Prince County west of Summerside—twice daily.	5.00 a.m.	10.00 a.m.
DARLINGTON, HUNTER'S RIVER, COUNTY LINE, FREETOWN and BARRITT'S CROSS—including mail matter for offices served from these places—daily.	1.00 p.m.	10.00 p.m.
MOUSE STAIRS, CARLISLE, MONTAGUE and GEORGETOWN—including all mail matter for offices served from these places—daily.	5.30 a.m.	10.00 p.m.
MORILL, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.	8.00 a.m.	12.05 p.m.
HEAD OF ST. PETER'S BAY and SOURIS EAST—including mail matter for all places in King's County east and north of St. Peter's—daily.	2.30 p.m.	
BEDOUQUE, and all offices on the route between Charlottetown and Bedouque, Monday, Wednesday and Friday.	9.00 p.m.	2.30 p.m.
VERNON RIVER, SOUTHPORT, DOWNAL and CHERRY VALLEY, daily.	7.00 a.m.	3.00 p.m.
VERNON RIVER BRIDGE, BELFAST, ORWELL, MURRAY HARBOR SOUTH, and all offices on the South-ern Route, Tuesday and Friday, returning Wednesday and Saturday.	7.00 a.m.	3.00 p.m.
BRACKLEY POINT, COVERDALE, LITTLE YORK, and all offices on that route, Monday and Thursday, returning Tuesday and Friday.	7.00 a.m.	3.00 p.m.
FORT AUGUSTUS, MONGAHAN, and all offices on that route, Thursday.	6.00 a.m.	7.00 p.m.

Mails are forwarded from Summerside to Miscouche, Alberton, Port Hill and Tignish daily; to other principal points on that line Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday; and to smaller offices, Tuesday and Friday.

Offices on the route from Darlington to Rose Valley receive and despatch mails Tuesday and Friday.

Offices on the route from Hunter's River to North Rustico, Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

Offices on the route from Hunter's River to Cavendish, &c., Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Offices on the route from County Line to New London, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Offices on the route from County Line to Somerset and Newton, Tuesday and Friday.

Mails are forwarded from Head of St. Peter's Bay and Souris East to all offices in the Eastern section of King's County, every Tuesday and Friday.

Mails are forwarded from Carleton Place to Dundas and Lot 56 every Tuesday and Friday, on arrival of the morning train from Charlottetown, returning to Carleton Place on the evening train.

Mails are forwarded from Montague Bridge to all offices on the routes to Murray Harbor North and Brooklyn, &c., every Tuesday, and Friday, returning same day.

Letters intended for Registration must be posted at least half an hour before the time of closing the Mails by which they are to be forwarded. Registration open from 8 o'clock a.m. to 8 o'clock p.m.

Letters may be posted in letter boxes on Steamers up to the time of departure.

Correspondence for Newfoundland, Bermuda and West Indies will be forwarded to Halifax by each mail.

ALMANAC FOR JULY, 1875.

MOON'S CHANGES.	SUN	MOON	HIGH	DAY'S	
D. DAY WEEK	rise	sets	water	length	
1 Thursday	4 11 49	4 51	9 30	15 31	
2 Friday	19 48	9 10	23 30	15 29	
3 Saturday	19 48	9 10	23 30	15 29	
4 Sunday	20 48	9 52	11 56	29	
5 Monday	21 48	11 49	3 29	49	
6 Tuesday	22 47	10 45	0 36	27	
7 Wednesday	22 47	11 2	1 16	26	
8 Thursday	23 47	11 17	2 5	23	
9 Friday	23 46	11 22	2 35	23	
10 Saturday	24 46	11 49	3 29	49	
11 Sunday	25 45	11 4	4 16	20	
12 Monday	26 45	0 6	5 19	18	
13 Tuesday	27 44	0 24	6 26	16	
14 Wednesday	28 43	1 13	7 37	15	
15 Thursday	29 43	2 0	8 26	14	
16 Friday	30 42	1 58	9 13	12	
17 Saturday	31 40	1 58	9 58	9	
18 Sunday	32 39	2 47	10 27	7	
19 Monday	33 39	3 44	11 12	6	
20 Tuesday	34 38	4 44	11 54	4	
21 Wednesday	35 37	5 48	12 28	2	
22 Thursday	36 36	6 51	1 1	0	
23 Friday	37 35	8 0	1 41	14	
24 Saturday	38 34	9 08	2 11	56	
25 Sunday	39 32	10 16	3 22	54	
26 Monday	40 31	11 27	4 19	52	
27 Tuesday	41 30	12 40	5 44	49	
28 Wednesday	42 28	1 49	7 13	47	
29 Thursday	43 27	2 58	8 26	44	
30 Friday	44 26	4 06	9 26	42	
31 Saturday	4 46	5 26	7 46	10 15	40

INSURANCE.

MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
ROBERT LONGWORTH, Esq., President,
HOB. JAS. DUNCAN,
HOB. L. C. OWEN,
HOB. A. A. McDONALD,
HOB. J. C. POPE,
THOMAS HENDRICKS, Esq.,
GEORGE R. BARR, Esq.,
RISKS taken daily at their office, corner Great George and Lower Water Streets.

F. W. HALES, Secretary,
Charlottetown, March 22, 1875—ly

ST. LAWRENCE Marine Insurance Co.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

Authorized Capital, - - \$300,000.
Subscribed Capital, - - 143,950.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
ARCHIBALD KENNEDY, President,
JOHN F. ROBERTSON,
ARTEMAS LORD,
P. W. HYNEMAN,
RALPH B. BAKER,
THOMAS MORRIS,
GEORGE D. LONGWORTH.

Risks taken daily at their office, Exchange Building.

FREDERICK W. HYNEMAN,
Charlottetown, March 22, 1875.—ly Secretary.

FIRE INSURANCE!

IMPERIAL Fire Insurance Company OF LONDON.

Subscribed & Invested Capital, £1,965,000 Sig.

PHENIX INSURANCE COMPANY, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Cash Assets, - - - \$2,015,363.84.

The above Offices being of UNDOUBTED STANDING, guarantee perfect security and Prompt Payment.

DETACHED DWELLINGS insured for One, Two, or Three Years on SPECIALLY ADVANTAGEOUS TERMS.

FENTON T. NEWBURY, AGENT.

Jan. 18, 1874 ly

THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY

FIRE AND LIFE.

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

FAIR RATES.
Prompt & Liberal Settlements.

Insurance against Fire effected upon Private Residences, Household Furniture and Farm Properties, for

One, Three or more years,
At Reduced Rates.

Office—Great George Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

R. R. FITZGERALD, Agent
Charlottetown, July 27, 1874.—6m

COAL. COAL.

A quantity of Picot & Sydney Large Coal, on hand, and for sale at KOUGHAN'S SCALES.

April 19, 1874.

"At Egmont Bay."

THE Subscriber is prepared to take contracts for any quantity, or act as agent for parties in want of the following: CEDAR OR JUNIPER FENCE, POSTS, PAILINGS, SILLS, ASH AND SOFTWOOD, STAVES, HOOPS, &c., &c., &c.

Now is the time, U. C. TRUDELLE
Egmont Bay, Dec. 21, 1874.

Manhood Restored.

A victim of youthful imprudence, causing premature decay, nervous debility, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has found a simple self-cure which will free him from his sufferings. Address J. H. REEVES, 18 Nassau street, New York, P. O. Box 5153.

April 19, 1875.

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April 19, 1875.

POETRY.

THE MILKMAID'S SONG.

From Tennyson's just published Drama "Queen Mary."

Shame upon you Robin,
Shame upon you now!
Kiss me would you? with my hands
Milking the cow?
Daisies grow again,
King-cups blow again,
And you come and kiss'd me milking the cow.

Robin come behind me,
Kiss'd me well I vow;
Cull him could I? with my hands
Milking the cow?
Swallows fly again,
Cuckoos cry again,
And you came and kiss'd me milking the cow.

Come Robbia, Robbia,
Come and kiss me now;
Help I can I? with my hands
Milking the cow?
Rings loves cool again,
All things woe again,
Come behind and kiss me milking the cow.

LITERATURE.

MARCUS WARLAND.

OR, THE LONG MOSS SPRING.

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

Marcus did not like to be called a "fine boy" by the rich man whom he was about to accommodate. It sounded too patronising. He did not mean that he should bear the offer. He wanted his father to have the credit of it, if there was any credit in it, of which he was not at all convinced. He knew what was due to the stranger within one's gate, as well as the children of the wealthy; and there was something about the lady so sweet and winning, her slightest request seemed clothed with the absolute of a command. He led the way to the cabin, holding his lantern low, so as to illumine the ground where the lady stepped. When they entered, there was certainly nothing very inviting in the aspect of those unadorned, unplastered walls and poorly furnished room, to the eye of the delicate and weary traveller; but it was a place of safety, and it was certainly preferable to the danger of bad roads, fiery horses and a night of inky darkness. The only chairs that were visible were wooden frames with untanned leather bottoms, and a low bedstead covered with a blue and white woolen counterpane, looked hard and repulsive. Still there was an air of neatness, and even of comfort. There were curtains to the lower parts of the windows which though made of white domestics, were perfectly neat, and the pillowcases, and all of the sheets that were visible, were of snowy purity. Mrs. Bellamy sat down on the side of the bed, while the black girl brought in her blankets, and kneeling down, spread one beneath her feet on the uncarpeted floor. Marcus thought the lady's feet must be very dainty things since they were not allowed to press anything harder than wool; and he thought too, how many there were who would be thankful to have those soft nice blankets to cover them, and shield their bodies from the cold. He threw some pine knots on the dying embers of the hearth, which soon kindled a flood of radiance went rolling all over the dark walls, converting them for the time into an illuminated dome. The beams overhead being unroofed, the eye could travel upward to the apex of the roof, so that there was an illusion of loftiness given to the building, low and confined as it was. Mr. Bellamy, who had been with Mr. Warland to arrange in some way for the accommodation of his horses, and drawing a chair towards the fire, appeared to gladden in the influence of the cheering blaze. He was a fine, benevolent-looking man, with a kindness and heartiness of manner which even Mr. Warland could not resist. He seemed so well satisfied with the accommodations offered so sorry for the trouble they were giving, it was impossible to grudge a hospitality so gratefully received and so urgently required.

The blazing fire in the chimney threw everything out in strong relief, and even suffused with a glow the fair pale face of the weary lady, who, half reclining on the bed, supported by her elbow, suffered her eye to wander over the group around the fireplace, though it rested with increasing interest on the remarkable looking boy, who stood beside her husband with the air of a young aristocrat, in spite of his common apparel. She looked from him to his father, on whose brow the unmistakable seal of intemperance was stamped—that mark of sin and shame, which grows broader and deeper, till the image of God is utterly defaced. He might once have been a handsome man! for his forehead was lofty, and his features symmetrical; but his eyes had a pale watery lustre, and his face was bloated and discolored. He was now, however, perfectly sober—thanks to the bold interference of his daughter before they left the cabin—and as he sat conversing with Mr. Bellamy, the latter was astonished at the ease and refinement of his language. By certain classic allusions, he soon discovered that he had had a collegiate education, and was a good scholar; and he also learned that he had known some of the most distinguished men of the day; and yet he was located on the banks of that wild stream in an obscure log cabin, lonely and poor, a common ferryman, and he was bringing up his noble boy for the same inglorious occupation. These things troubled the benevolent Mr. Bellamy, and he longed to fathom their mystery.

In the meantime another figure was added to the group, and a very important one in the ferryman's cabin. It was Aunt Milly, the only negro that remained of Mr. Warland's fallen fortunes, which she endeavored to retrieve in the dignity of her single person. She had a great deal of family pride, and notwithstanding the low condition to which her master was reduced, she remembered her former station in society, and in presence of strangers treated him with marked deference and respect, as if, by clothing him in her imagination with the light of other days, she could cause others to forget his present altered and degraded situation. She had been the nurse of his children, and for two or three years had watched over their desolate and orphan childhood, with the tenderness and devotion of a mother. When Mrs. Warland was on her deathbed, there a broken heart had laid her, she found her husband, then awakened to a remorseful consciousness of the fatal consequences of his degeneracy, by a solemn promise, never to part with this faithful and attached creature.

All the rest are gone," said the dying mother—"all sold, scattered and broken up—Milly alone remains; she loves my poor children, and will be a mother to them when I am gone. Promise me, as you hope for comfort and pardon in your last moments, never to give up this their last friend, their only stay."

Mr. Warland, in an agony of remorse, promised all she required, and the faithful slave declared they should spill every drop of her heart's blood, sooner than separate her from the children she loved better than her own life. From that moment she devoted herself to their interests with a fidelity that never wavered, and an affection that never abated. There was no sacrifice too great for their comfort, or too mighty for her love. Let us not be accused of drawing an exaggerated picture of the sable race. "We speak what we do know—we testify that which we have seen."

Aunt Milly stood with her hands folded over her clean white apron, on a comfortable little shelf, courtesying to the strange lady with respectful lowliness. A handkerchief of mingled orange and red was twisted round her retreating forehead, and another of the same blending hues was folded round her elbow neck. She had evidently prepared herself for the occasion, and looked as if she were conscious of bearing on her shoulders the tottering honors of the house of Warland. It must be acknowledged that Aunt Milly had one fault, that grew into a kind of monomania. In her desire to conceal the poverty to which her master was reduced, she indulged in a spirit of exaggeration, which increased upon her unconsciously. She actually began to believe herself in the existence of those resources which her imagination supplied, she had so often had recourse to them in her day of trouble.

Mrs. Bellamy felt nearly as much surprised to see this very respectable and stately-looking negro member of the family, as the fair-haired boy she admired so much, and acknowledged her lowly greeting with a gentle courtesy, that took captive at once Aunt Milly's susceptible heart. The black girl, who was sitting on the soft blankets at her mistress's feet, looked up, with a bright exhibition of smiling ivory, on this noble manifestation of one of her own color.

"What would mistress like for her supper?" asked Aunt Milly, rolling up her large eye-balls, as if endeavoring to recollect the many luxuries with which she could supply her. "The chickens would be too tough killed off in a sudden, or I could have some fried in batter, and there would be time for the muffins and egg-cake to rise; but 'emmost anything else in the world that mistress would like, she shall have for the wanting. I haven't been here head-cook in master's house these twelve years for nothing."

An arch smile fluttered over the rosy lips of Marcus at Aunt Milly's grandiloquent exhibition of hospitality, knowing what a poor supper she really would be obliged to prepare for the travellers.

"Thank you," replied Mrs. Bellamy. "I will not trouble you for anything but a cup of tea, we all have eaten quite lately in the carriage, and are not hungry in the least. You know travellers always carry their luncheons with them."

"Yes, mistress; bless your soul, yes," answered Aunt Milly inexpressibly relieved, "when my poor dear mistress used to go a-journeing, I all stuffed the carriage-pockets full of all sort of nice goodies, to say nothing about the wine and cordials, and their kinder fixings. A bit of cold turkey and a slice of neat's tongue tastes mighty good when one's travelling. I know all about it. Well I'll go and draw a cup of gunpowder tea, and serve it up to you, mistress, with loaf sugar and cream."

It was not long before Aunt Milly reappeared with a waiter, from which the jargon had partially disappeared, a cup of common white crockery, and a little blue bowl with brown sugar, instead of the white crystal which she had promised to serve. Going up to Mrs. Bellamy with as much ceremony as if she were in a fashionable drawing room, she apologized for every deficiency with a grace and readiness that left no room for doubt.

"I am mighty sorry mistress, and ashamed too, to offer you this sort of sugar; but we just this minute got out of the white. If you'd mortify—any other day but this—it's really mortifying—and this common crockery ain't fit for quality folks to use. But you know mistress, when folks move, china and porcelain breaks up so, it all turns to rack and ruin. We sold it all out; and the glass and silver too; and this is such a sorter out-of-the-way place, and one sees so little fine company, we don't mind about the 'fineries.'"

"Milly has mounted her lobby-horse, I see," said Mr. Warland, observing Mr. Bellamy and wife exchange a benevolent smile while his head-cock was expatiating over her cup of tea and brown sugar; "I must, however, do her justice to say, that whatever may be her present position, she once was familiar with the luxuries of the house-boats."

"La! please master," said Milly, casting a cunning look out of the corner of her eye, "I never boasts of myself, but I allow was proud of belonging to quality folks, and not to the no-account sort of people."

"Well take away the water, don't you see that the lady has put back the cup?"

Mrs. Bellamy tried to sip the beverage, so kindly prepared; but her utmost efforts only enabled her to get down a little. Aunt Milly was distressed because the cat had stolen the nice cream, that would have made it so good; and she was equally distressed that the beautiful Meoselles was in the wash, and that the lady would have to sleep under that rough covering.

Mrs. Bellamy assured her on that point that it was of no consequence, as she only wished to recline on the outside of the bed, wrapped in her shawls and be ready for an early ride in the morning.

"But who is that little creature in the other bed?" said she, starting, for she had not observed that it had an occupant. Now the firelight played lamently on little Katy's round, but careless cheek and dark hair, which lay loose upon the pillow.

"La! bless your heart mistress, that's little Katy; it's my own blessed child that I weaned and took out of its mother's arms. And so I did young master, dear; and since their mother died, my poor dear mistress, I haint lived for anything else in the world but them children, and I shall live for them till the lord please to take me away to my blessed husband who is now in heaven."

Mrs. Bellamy was so much interested in the sleeping child that she walked across

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Kentucky farmer wanted a sharp yankee to invent a negro-proof smoke-house.

Dr. Thornton, of Kern county, California, expects to thresh 15,000 bushels of grain and cut 1,500 tons of hay from his farm.

The manuscript of Dickens' "Christmas Carol," entirely in his autograph has just been sold at Auction, in London, for £55.

In Europe it is anticipated that this will be a great year for winged game. The dry weather has given the birds a good start.

Major Murett, a Japanese, ignorant of the English language, is the best marksman at Wimbledon. He makes astonishing long range shots.

A treaty has been signed for the suppression of the slave trade on the coast of Africa was completed by the Sultan of Zanzibar during his recent visit to England.

The public debt of France now stands at \$4,500,000,000 and the interest is over \$165,000,000, being considerably the largest which is paid on any debt in the world.

Three Irishmen who live together at Orange, Conn., are respectively six feet two inches, six feet three inches, and six feet four inches in height and the latter supported a number 15 brogan.

Lister, one of the wealthiest manufacturers of England, spent many years and over a million of money in search of a way to utilize silk rags, but finally succeeded, and is now making a lot of money, employing 4,000 workmen in a factory that cost nearly \$5,000,000.

It never rains but it comes.

When fortune smites our foe,
The better bird will push ahead
And strike the braver blow.
And luck is work
And those who skirk
Should not lament their doom,
But yield the play,
And clear the way,
That better men have room.

An Ottawa special to the Montreal Gazette says:—"It is understood here among men who are closely watching political movements that the government are disheartened at the result of the local elections in Quebec, that they fear to risk any constituencies in Ontario for the Dominion Parliament where the parties are known to be in any way equally divided. The consequence is Mr. Biell's appointment to a judgeship will be cancelled, as it never was gazetted, and Mr. Hagar will not receive any appointment at present. They feel that there is no certain hold on either Brockville or Prescott."

A PROTECTIVE TARIFF IN INDIA.—A correspondent of the Toronto Mail points out that "not only are all civilized countries learning that manufacture, not agriculture, is the source of wealth and strength, but India itself—India, the reliance of free traders—the one country where demand for British goods was never to fall—has in spite of indignant merchantile deputations to the Home Secretary, placed a tariff of twenty to thirty per cent on cotton goods and yarns, and has nearly forty steam cotton mills in active operation. When we remember that Britain used to draw thence £17,000,000 sterling yearly for cotton piece goods, and that the reason why India houses in London are failing,"

HARPER'S MAGAZINE FOR AUGUST, 1875.—Harper's Magazine for August is a brilliant number. The last contribution in the number—Mr. Longfellow's poem—is by no means the least important. This poem, occupying five columns, is a beautiful and tenderly feeling is not surpassed by anything he has ever written. Simply as an example of publishing enterprise, the issue of this poem immediately after its reading is a masterpiece.

AN INVENTION IN PAINTING.—A remarkable invention has been made by the "Victory" Printing Machine Company. It is a machine which can turn out of hand, ready for the readers use, no less than 4,000 copies per hour of a work containing from one to twenty-four pages of printed matter, pasted and bound together, without the aid of manipulative art of folding, stitching and binding. The machine in question has been made for an American, and has not its progress arrested from London, where it is now being fed by the inventor's own hands. The operation of feeding is entirely dispensed with. The machine, which measures but twenty-seven feet in length, regulates its own supply, and in something less than a second a sheet of clean paper is fed into the press, and comes out at the other, the pages firmly connected together in rotation, ready for the reader. The specimen before us consists of twenty-four pages, nearly as large as the *Globe*, and is a beautiful party of music and partly of letters.

Prince Louis Napoleon has shown himself a plucky youth. A correspondent to the London *Globe* gives this account of an act of his:—"A few days ago Dr. Russell Reynolds was being driven in a four-wheeled cab from Charing Cross to the Strand. Heath. The horse became restive, ran away, and the position of affairs was critical for not far off there was a precipitous unprotected bank. Over this the animal would have plunged had not his progress been stopped by the young Prince Louis Napoleon, who, happening to be close by, sprang forward, seized the horse by the head and pulled him up. The prince who was dragged along the muddy road for a considerable distance, was not recognized by the gentleman whose life he had thus gallantly saved as the risk of losing his own and when asked for his name, replied 'without, however, giving it—that he was very glad to have been of some service, and that they would doubtless meet again.'"

Mr. Phipps—in letters on the commercial question published in the *Mail*—uses strong and plain language, but not stronger, we believe, than the necessities of the case demand. If he is correct, his views are well may say that they fully accord with those of the best commercial authority in the country, the *Monetary Times*—it is high time that the party allegiance was cast to the wind and that the Government compelled to alter their policy in matters of trade. It is more than doubtful whether Mr. Cartwright is fit for the position he occupies. No sensible person of course would hold him responsible for all the depression that at present exists in the country, but it is utterly beyond the question that he has seriously injured certain special industries—the tea trade and sugar refining, for instance—and as one industry is dependent upon another, the depression that has been the indirect effects of his mistaken policy have penetrated.—*Magford Monitor*.

TERRIBLE WORK OF A RELIGIOUS MANIC.—Richard Fryer, a Toqueville Utah, man, who has recently been under the hallucination that he was a second Jesus Christ, found Thomas Batty, a friend of his, in his house a few evenings ago, lighting a fire in the grate. Believing that Batty was an emissary of the devil, who was trying to burn his premises, the fanatic rushed for his pistol and shot him through the head. Mrs. Fryer, paralyzed with fear, crouched in a corner, and was shot through the heart by her demoniac husband. Then he went to a cradle where his infant was sleeping and deliberately blew its brains out. This was the crowning act of the most ungodly and deliriously mad man of the age. Fryer then walked forth into the village, armed with a revolver and gun, proclaiming himself the Lord, and said that he had slain the devil and several of his imps. He then went to a neighbor's house, and after firing at still other lives might be sacrificed, killed him with a shot from a navy revolver. All the victims of the tragedy were buried on the same day, from the same house.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS.

Under the title of "Interesting Correspondence," the Toronto *Globe* of Friday last published the following:—

May 12, 1875.

Sir,—I am requested by the President and officers of the Commercial Travellers Association of Canada to address you on the subject of the license tax on your municipality have deemed fit to impose upon Commercial Travellers, visiting your city with the samples of merchandise to solicit orders by, and believing this tax to have an undue and restrictive principle in prohibiting that free intercourse and desirable among commercial communities that have any desire for success and prosperity, in causing such representatives of the commercial wealth and bulwarks of our Dominion to refrain from visiting those cities where this impost is levied, causing a loss, not only to the merchants, hotel keepers, and railway companies, but also to several other branches of business who are necessarily interested in a large pecuniary manner in meeting the requirements of so large and influential a body of men. We believe in the first phases of this License Law, was not intended to effect the class of men whom I have the honor to represent, but to be enforced against peddlers and the like, who carry all their stock on their back. I feel sure that if you, Sir, and your honorable Council of aldermen were to look at this matter in the light of a more liberal and investigative policy, the commercial interests of your municipality would be very materially benefited thereby, and thus add to the general prosperity of all.

In conclusion, I beg to forward for your perusal a copy of a *Travellers' Review*, which strongly merits your careful perusal of two articles bearing on this question, and shall be glad if you will place this matter before your Council of Aldermen at your earliest opportunity, and your favorable consideration of the application will be highly esteemed.

I have the honor to remain,
Dear Sir,
Yours very respectfully,
CHAS. RILEY,
Secretary.

To the Worshipful the Mayor of St. John, N. B.

MAYOR'S OFFICE,
St. John, N. B., June 22, 1875.

Chas. R. Riley, Esq., Secretary,
St. John, N. B.

Sir,—Your several favors are at hand. I can only say that the "law" relating to business licenses" has my entire approval, and I sincerely wish it was much more stringent in its provisions.

I am satisfied that it would be to the interest of the Maritime Provinces if it could be passed preventing them from visiting us on business.

Yours very truly,
A. CHURMAN SMITH,
Mayor.

Guinea fowls are said to destroy the cabbage worm, also the larva of the potato beetle, which few other birds will eat. Farmers and gardeners may learn to like the guinea fowl, though its coarse flesh and rambling habits are not attractive.

THE GARDENERS' LASS.—Two gardeners had their crops of peas killed by frost. One of them was very impatient about the loss and fretted about it very much. The other went patiently to work at once to plant a new crop. After a while the impatient farmer man went to his neighbor and said, "To his surprise he found another crop of peas growing finely. He wondered how this could be. 'These were what I sowed while you were fretting,' said his neighbour. 'But don't you ever fret?' he asked. 'Yes, I do; but I put it off till I have repaired the mischief that has been done.' 'Why, then you have no need to fret at all.' 'True,' said his friend, and that's the reason I put it off."

THE REMOVAL OF A COAT'S TAIL.—A hound's tail, put some in a phial, take a feather from a goose or hen's wing, put the feather end into the phial, then take hold of the lash of the eye with the thumb and finger, raise a little, and with the other hand give a slight brush to the eye, and the eye, giving two applications a day for the first day or two; if the eye is much inflamed then use once a day till the eye is well. I have tried it on horses, on cattle, on sheep, for over forty years, and never knew it to fail. I wish that all who deal in horses would apply this simple remedy; if they would there would be fewer blind horses. I wish all who see this notice would try it on any dumb beast if the eyes run water.—*Globe, in Rural New Yorker*.

KILLING WEEDS.—It is a great mistake to cut off the tops of thistles, quack and other weeds whose roots are tenacious of life. Frequently this is done in order to plough the whole under more effectually than if they were cut off. The roots of the very severe winter, these weeds had lived uningured in the ground, and were ready to grow with the opening of spring, having started in fall after all the garden vegetables had been gathered. I do not recommend the cutting of weeds, but the ploughing. Possibly a little rye sown on garden or corn and potato ground would answer every purpose, and be objectionable in many respects.—*Rural New Yorker*.

STORY.

up—Milly alone remains; she loves my poor children, and will be a mother to them when I am gone. Promise me, as you hope for comfort and pardon in your last moments, never to give up this their last friend, their only stay."

Mr. Warland, in an agony of remorse, promised all she required, and the faithful slave declared they should spill every drop of her heart's blood, sooner than separate her from the children she loved better than her own life. From that moment she devoted herself to their interests with a fidelity that never wavered, and an affection that never abated. There was no sacrifice too great for their comfort, or too mighty for her love. Let us not be accused of drawing an exaggerated picture of the sable race. "We speak what we do know—we testify that which we have seen."

Aunt Milly stood with her hands folded over her clean white apron, on a comfortable little shelf, courtesying to the strange lady with respectful lowliness. A handkerchief of mingled orange and red was twisted round her retreating forehead, and another of the same blending hues was folded round her elbow neck. She had evidently prepared herself for the occasion, and looked as if she were conscious of bearing on her shoulders the tottering honors of the house of Warland. It must be acknowledged that Aunt Milly had one fault, that grew into a kind of monomania. In her desire to conceal the poverty to which her master was reduced, she indulged in a spirit of exaggeration, which increased upon her unconsciously. She actually began to believe herself in the existence of those resources which her imagination supplied, she had so often had recourse to them in her day of trouble.

Mrs. Bellamy felt nearly as much surprised to see this very respectable and stately-looking negro member of the family, as the fair-haired boy she admired so much, and acknowledged her lowly greeting with a gentle courtesy, that took captive at once Aunt Milly's susceptible heart. The black girl, who was sitting on the soft blankets at her mistress's feet, looked up, with a bright exhibition of smiling ivory, on this noble manifestation of one of her own color.

"What would mistress like for her supper?" asked Aunt Milly, rolling up her large eye-balls, as if endeavoring to recollect the many luxuries with which she could supply her. "The chickens would be too tough killed off in a sudden, or I could have some fried in batter, and there would be time for the muffins and egg-cake to rise; but 'emmost anything else in the world that mistress would like, she shall have for the wanting. I haven't been here head-cook in master's house these twelve years for nothing."

An arch smile fluttered over the rosy lips of Marcus at Aunt Milly's grandiloquent exhibition of hospitality, knowing what a poor supper she really would be obliged to prepare for the travellers.

"Thank you," replied Mrs. Bellamy. "I will not trouble you for anything but a cup of tea, we all have eaten quite lately in the carriage, and are not hungry in the least. You know travellers always carry their luncheons with them."

"Yes, mistress; bless your soul, yes," answered Aunt Milly inexpressibly relieved, "when my poor dear mistress used to go a-journeing, I all stuffed the carriage-pockets full of all sort of nice goodies, to say nothing about the wine and cordials, and their kinder fixings. A bit of cold turkey and a slice of neat's tongue tastes mighty good when one's travelling. I know all about it. Well I'll go and draw a cup of gunpowder tea, and serve it up to you, mistress, with loaf sugar and cream."

It was not long before Aunt Milly reappeared with a waiter, from which the jargon had partially disappeared, a cup of common white crockery, and a little blue bowl with brown sugar, instead of the white crystal which she had promised to serve. Going up to Mrs. Bellamy with as much ceremony as if she were in a fashionable drawing room, she apologized for every deficiency with a grace and readiness that left no room for doubt.

"I am mighty sorry mistress, and ashamed too, to offer you this sort of sugar; but we just this minute got out of the white. If you'd mortify—any other day but this—it's really mortifying—and this common crockery ain't fit for quality folks to use. But you know mistress, when folks move, china and porcelain breaks up so, it all turns to rack and ruin. We sold it all out; and the glass and silver too; and this is such a sorter out-of-the-way place, and one sees so little fine company, we don't mind about the 'fineries.'"

"Milly has mounted her lobby-horse, I see," said Mr. Warland, observing Mr. Bellamy and wife exchange a benevolent smile while his head-cock was expatiating over her cup of tea and brown sugar; "I must, however, do her justice to say, that whatever may be her present position, she once was familiar with the luxuries of the house-boats."

"La! please master," said Milly, casting a cunning look out of the corner of her eye,