Summerside Journal.

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

Vol. 4. Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Thursday, October 29, 1868. No. 4.

THE
Summerside Journal,
IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY
THURSDAY EVENING,
BY
JOSEPH BERTRAM,
AT HIS OFFICE, CENTRAL STREET.

TERMS:

1 copy for one year, in advance, 6s. 3d.
" " half advance, 7s. 6d.
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Almanac for October, 1868.

MOON'S PHASES.

Full Moon, 1st day, 3h. 46m. evening, N. E.
Last Quarter, 9th day, 2h. 1m., morning, N.W
New Moon, 15th day, 6h. 49m., evening, W
First Qtr. 23rd day, 5h. 30m., morning. S.
Full Moon, 31st day, 6h. 53m. morning, W.

D. MON	DAY WEEK	SUN rise	SUN sets	sun fast clock	sun's dec. south	moon rises	days leng
		h m	h m	h m		h m	h m
1	Thurs	6 1	5 35	10 29	3 24	5 35	11 36
2	Frid	2	33	10 48	3 47	6 24	31
3	Sat	4	31	11 6	4 10	6 53	17
4	Sun	6	29	11 25	4 33	7 24	27
5	Mon	8	27	11 42	4 56	8 2	23
6	Tues	6 9	5 25	12 0	5 19	8 45	19
7	Wed	10	24	12 17	5 42	9 38	18
8	Thurs	12	23	12 34	6 5	10 33	11 14
9	Frid	13	20	12 50	6 28	11 35	11
10	Sat	14	18	13 5	6 51	morn	7
11	Sun	16	17	13 20	7 14	0 43	4
12	Mon	17	15	13 35	7 36	1 57	1
13	Tues	6 18	5 12	13 49	7 59	3 9	10 58
14	Wed	19	11	14 3	8 21	4 22	54
15	Thurs	20	10	14 16	8 53	sets	52
16	Frid	21	8	14 28	9 5	6 6	50
17	Sat	22	6	14 40	9 27	6 43	47
18	Sun	24	4	14 51	9 49	7 20	40
19	Mon	26	3	15 2	10 11	8 2	39
20	Tues	6 28	5 1	15 12	10 33	8 51	33
21	Wed	29	4 59	15 21	10 54	9 40	30
22	Thurs	30	57	15 30	11 15	10 33	10 27
23	Frid	31	55	15 38	11 36	11 28	24
24	Sat	32	53	15 46	11 57	morn	21
25	Sun	34	52	15 52	12 18	0 23	18
26	Mon	36	50	15 58	12 38	1 24	14
27	Tues	6 37	4 49	16 4	12 59	2 24	12
28	Wed	39	48	16 8	13 19	3 24	9
29	Thurs	41	46	16 12	13 39	4 26	5
30	Frid	42	44	16 15	13 58	rises	2
31	Sat	43	43	16 17	14 18	5 30	0

Summerside Markets.

Oct. 29, 1868.

Oats per bush	2s 6d a 2s 7d
Potatoes per bush	1s 2d a 1s 3d
Turnips per bush	10d a 1s
Butter per lb by Tub	13d a 14d
Lard per lb	10d a 11d
Tallow per lb.	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	9d a 10d
Beef per lb	3d a 4d
Mutton per lb	2d a 3d
Hides per lb	4d
Mackerel per doz	2s a 3s
Codfish per qt	16 a 17
Pork per lb by carcass	3d a 4d
Flour per bbl	45s a 50s
Oatmeal per cwt.	16s a 18s
Hay per Ton	50s a 60s
Pine Boards	10s
Spruce Boards	4s a 5s

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—Fom 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—Hon. JOHN R. GARDINER.
Cashier—E. L. LYDIARD, 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.

DR. J. N. FULLER,
Graduate of Bellevue Hospital, Medical College, N. Y.
Office in the residence of Rev. Mr. DesBrisay, on Water Street—directly opposite the Establishment of J. L. Holman, Esq.,
*** All calls promptly attended to.
Summerside, October 15, 1868.

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

DR. JARVIS
Has Removed His Residence to the House
(lately occupied by Mr McKinlay)
next to Thomas Hunt's, Esq., St Eleanor's. He may be consulted every forenoon at the Drug Store of W. T. HUNT & Co., Summerside.
St. Eleanor's, May 18, 1868.

THOMAS KELLY,
Barrister - at - Law
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
SUMMERSIDE, - - - - P. E. ISLAND.

Business Cards.

WILLIAM BEAIRSTO,
Commission Merchant,
Auctioneer & General Agent,
WATER STREET,
Summerside, ---------- *P. E. Island*
Jan. 21, 1868.

JABEZ HUDSON,
Authorized Auctioneer,
GENERAL AGENT, &c.,
TRYON, - - - - - - *P. E. I.*
June 27, 1867.

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 of Queen's Wharf.
(opposite the Store of Wm. T. Hunt & Co.)
Summerside, P. E. Island.
April 2 1868. 1y

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.

CARVELL BROTHERS,
AUCTIONEERS,
Commission Merchants,
And General Agents,
BANK BUILDING, QUEEN STREET.
Charlottetown, - - - - - P. E. Island

HANFORD BROTHERS,
Successors to Thomas Hanford,
Commission Merchants,
And General Agents.
11 NORTH MARKET WHARF,
ST. JOHN, N. B.,
Chas. U. Hanford..... Fred. S. Hanford

C. L. RICHARDS,
Importer and Wholesale Dealer in
British & Foreign Groceries.
1, Head North Wharf,
ST. JOHN, - - - NEW BRUNSWICK.
Dec. 6, 1867. 1y

North British and Mercantile
INSURANCE COMPANY.
FIRE AND LIFE.
Established 1809.
CAPITAL: TWO MILLIONS, Sterling.
HEAD OFFICES:
EDINBURGH & LONDON.
G. W. DEBLOIS,
Agent at Charlottetown.
Charlottetown, June 20, 1868.—1y

A. W. ANDRES,
Marble Worker,
Point Du Chene, Shediac N. B.
MONUMENTS, TOMBS, GRAVE-STONES, &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.

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, 186. 1y

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, 1868.

CRAWFORD'S HOTEL,
No. 9, King Square,
ST. 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.

Invitation to Shipbuilders!
3000 BLOCKS,
NOW READY FOR SALE
AT COSTIN'S BLOCK SHOP,
SUMMERSIDE!
THE subscriber begs leave to direct the attention of SHIP BUILDERS and SHIP OWNERS, to his BLOCK SHOP, where he has now, and will constantly keep on hand, a large lot of BLOCKS. of all sizes, which will be sold at the lowest Island prices, and 25 PER CENT. off for CASH.
Remember those are not the Blocks you read about which have no Bushing in the Sheaves, and 2 Rivets where 3 is required. Parties purchasing Blocks should always drive out the pins and examine the inside, as many vessels have been lost in consequence of bad Blocks.
The fastest vessels that ever sailed from this Island were furnished with Blocks from the subscribers Factory, (the *New Dominion, Undine, Zuleika, Kewadin,* and others.)
ALSO—Ships Wheels, finished with neatness and made substantial. Deck Plugs, Pumps, &c., &c.
Reference can be made to Hon. J. C. Pope, John Yeo, Esq., and Capt. Richards.
JOHN COSTIN.
Feb. 27, 1868. 1y

HALL'S
Threshing Machines,
AND OTHER
Farming Implements.
FARMERS wanting the very best THRESHING MACHINES, such as will enable them, to get their grain threshed early for market, made of the best material, having the latest improvement, and much superior to the old style, will find them at the Establishment of the Subscriber.
FARMERS having Mowing Machines out of order and wanting them refitted and thoroughly repaired, can have it done at Halls Establishment.
FARMERS wanting a good set of FANNERS that will "raise the wind, can purchase them cheap at Halls Establishment. In fact Farmers can obtain at Hall's Establishment every Farming Implement required on a farm—even a
Mowing Machine
itself, as one is now being manufactured, and can be inspected at Halls Establishment.
Carts, Trucks, &c. on hand, and repairs at shortest notice.
IRON TURNING, such as axles, mill work, and every other description, done to order.
THOMAS HALL.
Summerside, July 2, 1868.

SUMMERSIDE
LIVERY STABLES,
(HOLMAN'S WHARF.)
HORSES & CARRIAGE (open and covered), furnished at the shortest notice, and at moderate prices.
Horses boarded on reasonable terms.
A competent person will be in attendance, day and night, on arrival of the steamer, to convey Passengers and Baggage to and from the Hotels.
Residence nearly opposite James L. Holman's Wholesale Warehouse.
JAMES MANN,
Summerside, Aug. 17, 1868. *Manager.*

BARBER SHOP!
THE subscriber respectfully announces to the people of Summerside, and the public in general, that he has opened a
Barber Shop,
on Water Street, in the room adjoining the Post Office, where he is prepared to do all work appertaining to his profession. Best assortment of
Hair Oils, Hair Restorers, Tooth Powders, Dyes, &c.,
always on hand on the most reasonable terms
Boxes CRYSTAL BLUE also for sale.
☞ RAZORS carefully put in order ☜
CHAS. OTTO WINKLER.
Summerside, Jan 30, 1868.

P. E. ISLAND
Steam Navigation Co's.
STEAMERS,
"St. Lawrence,"
"PRINCESS OF WALES" AND "HEATHER BELLE."

The Steamer "Princess of Wales"
WILL leave CHARLOTTETOWN for PICTOU every TUESDAY and THURSDAY morning at 5 a.m., in time for the morning train for Halifax.
Leaves PICTOU for CHARLOTTETOWN every TUESDAY and FRIDAY evening, after arrival of Train from Halifax.
Leaves PICTOU for PORT HOOD every THURSDAY morning at noon, immediately after arrival of Train from Halifax, returning to Pictou the following morning.
Leaves CHARLOTTETOWN every TUESDAY and FRIDAY night for SUMMERSIDE and SHEDIAC, at 7½ p. m. Will connect with Wednesday and Saturday morning's Train's.
Leaves SHEDIAC for SUMMERSIDE and CHARLOTTETOWN every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY afternoons, immediately after arrival of Train from St. John.

The Steamer "Heather Belle"
Leaves CHARLOTTETOWN at 3 a.m., every Saturday morning for PICTOU.
Leaves PICTOU at 9 a. m., same day, for MURRAY HARBOR, GEORGETOWN and SOURIS, remaining at either Souris or Georgetown over Sunday.
Leaves PICTOU every MONDAY for CHARLOTTETOWN, after arrival of Train from Halifax.

FARES:

Charlottetown to Pictou, or back,	£0	12	0
Pictou to Georgetown, "	0	9	0
" Port Hood, "	0	12	0
Ch'town to Summerside, "	0	9	0
" Shediac, "	0	18	0
" St. John, " $4.50 or	1	8	1½
" Eastport, " 6.00	1	17	6
" Portland, " 8.00	2	10	0
" Boston, " 9.00	2	16	3
" Halifax, " 4.00	1	4	0
" Port Hood, "	1	4	0
" Georgetown, "	0	9	0
" Souris, "	0	12	0

F. W. HALES, Sec'y.
May 21, 1868.

Select Literature.

The Interest of a Shilling.

CHAPTER I.

CATCHING THE OMNIBUS.

"In five mintes I must be off, Grace, dear," said Mr. Hargrave.

"What! without kissing baby? O fie, Ned! cruel Ned!" said his pretty young wife, darting up stairs for the unconscious cherub.

Mr. Hargrave, cashier in the well-known bank of Messrs. Brettles, Crevasse & Glashier, Fenchurch street, put on his hat, and took up his neat gloves and trim umbrella, and opened the front door of his little cottage in the Elm Tree Road, Holloway, and by so doing let into the narrow hall an irresistible flood of sunshine, that instantly covered the smart new oil cloth with a sheet of leaf-gold that eclipsed all its garish colors.

There were few happier men in Holloway that pleasant June morning than the young husband, standing on his snowy-white door step waiting, to kiss his child before he started to business and the care and fret of a long day in the city. The custard-colored and great purple roses blooming over the doorway were waving gently and proudly in the sunshine; the canary sang hilariously in the parlor; baby crowed from the bed-room; Betty, the fat little maid-of-all work, sang a country ditty in the kitchen. Far down the road there sounds that pleasant suburban cry—so musical, so well cadenced, so full of summer reminiscences—"Any ornamets for your fire-stoves?" A glimpse of the vender's banners of colored paper could be caught around the corner by the baker's. The other way towards Highgate came a large open truck, full of flowering geraniums, propelled by a hearty cheery, young costermonger, who was offering a laughing servant girl at a lilac-shadowed garden gate, "Any one you like for an old hat, my dear." The gracious warmth and gayety of summer pervaded the air. The distant roll of the Highgate omnibuses, sweeping down towards London, came upon the ear with a pleasant sense of animation. The great city was awaking to its toil; the upper-crust workmen were hurrying gaily to their work.

"Now, then, Grace—now then, quick's the word, said Mr. Hargrave, reproachfully; not another moment." Stern despot, and not two years married.

"Here's pet, you cruel, impatient tyrant," said the smiling young wife, as she placed the baby in her husband's arms.

As Mr. Hargrave stooped to kiss it, a great purple rose let fall a shower of leaves upon his hat, and one of them, fluttered down upon the rosy face of the baby. The blue eyes, so like those of the mother laughed, and the tiny hands stretched out to seize the leaf.

"Dear little pet!" said the mother, showering kisses on it, as she took it back into her arms. "Do you know, Ned," she said," "it is very foolish, but I never see you come home of an evening but I fancy you'll run and surprise me by telling me all at once that you have been made a partner."

"Very likely, Grace, you little goose, you."

"Well, there have been more unlikely things, Ned. They all like you very much. I do hope that's not true what the paper said yesterday about a panic coming. Oh, how dreadful that would be! Suppose anything happened to Messrs. Brettles, Crevasse & Glashier."

"Don't let foolish people's talk get into your head. There's no panic coming. With honesty and prudence, there'll be no run on any one—a little alarm, perhaps, but soon over. Your own little silly head runs alternately on parterships and panics. Old Mrs. Grandsham again, I suppose—chattering spiteful old woman; why do you listen to her?"

"Well, Ned, don't be angry. I don't listen to her; but how can I help being alarmed when she tells me every one is afraid there will be a panic?"

"Stuff and nonsense about a panic. Our house is firm at St. Paul's. I never saw our partners look so cheerful as yesterday, when the silly rumour was about. But there's that rotten concern of Shatterton & Gilberts; they're rather ricketty, but then they have been so for five years. Goodbye, dear—I shall be late. Goodbye. Don't you trouble yourself now mind, with city matters."

"There is no fear," said his wife to herself, as the garden-gate slammed after him. "Ned is all truth. No; there is not a shadow on his face. Then all that Mrs. Grandsham told me was nonsense—perhaps said to vex me." And she tossed her baby in the air, till it shook down a bunch of roses, and crowed with delight.

CHAPTER II.

THE SHABBY-GENTEEL MAN.

Hargrave had walked about a mile along the road, when the Highgate omnibus came racing behind him—harness rattling, whip cracking gaily, driver hailing cheering every one he passed: "Islington, City Road, Bank, Fenchurch street." He was a jovial driver, and as for the conductor, he was a wit.

The omnibus stooped for Hargrave.

"Sorry Muster Hargrave, we couldn't keep your seat this morning nohow," said the driver, touching his hat; "Sporting friend of mine going up."

Hargrave said it was no matter at all, in a pleasant hearty way, and got inside. He was one of those good-natured, agreeable men that nothing ruffles. He was happy, and determined to be pleased. The sunshine did not scorch him; it was just warm enough the air was pleasant. The loss of the box-seat—that was indifferent. The smallest things amused him; boys going to school and skirmishing with their bags and books; servant girls coquetting with the tradesmen's emissaries; old gentlemen driving into business; haymakers resting at roadside public houses; children dancing round a laughing organ man—passed like snatches of a pleasant panorama before his eyes. There was no anxiety, no feverish greediness about him. He was not a slave of mammon at all; his idols were Independence and Domestic Love. He was a happy, honest man, who tried to do his duty in life, and earn a competence in a reasonable time. The usual average of people got in and out; a fat, anxious, hot-faced woman, with a bundle tied up in a handbasket; a sailor boy, farmer, two city clerks an old maid with wiry ringlets, and a roll of music, a ruefully poor woman, a drawing-master, and a baby.

A quarter of a mile before the Angel, a tall thin old gentlemen, shabby genteel in dress, and remarkable for a queer brown spencer (an impoverished sort of old-fashioned garment at the best of times), beneath which depended two lank, rusty, black-coat tails, hailed the omnibus by raising silently in the air a large faded umbrella, and got in.

The conductor winked, as he approached, to Hargrave, who sat near the door.

"Here comes one of your reg'lar old begging-letter imposters," he said. "They always try to do the clerical dodge. I know 'em. Here, come along," he shouted; "we can't wait about all day. Look alive, old gentleman. My eyes, wouldn't he do to let out as a scarecrow? His wittles don't cost him much. He'd do for the apothecary without starving—he would."

The other passengers laughed. Jokes against poverty and leanness are always telling. The fat man enjoyed it; the old maid, who had just been paid for a quarter, smiled, after her manner; the farmer, rejoicing in many beeves, chuckled selfishly. Harvard alone looked at the new arrival with pity rather than ridicule.

Old age is bad enough; but sickly and impoverished, it is only worthy of all tenderness. Youth is the time when we can best bear the rain and the storm—the loss of those we love—the cruel grave, opening for its victim, and closing up on it while we pray in vain—the disappointment of friendship, and the gathering of bitter experiences; the time to reap the thorns we sowed, and drink the gall we have brewed for ourselves. Age should bask calmly in the after-glow of twilight; and, solaced, cherished, indulged, forgiven, sit with folded hands, waiting for the inevitable but silent blow. A disconsolate childless, sordid old age, racked with sickness, tormented with poverty, and uncheered by love, is surely one of the saddest thoughts in this earth of ours.

So thought Hargrave—by no means an unreflective man—as the new-comer arranged a treaty of knees with him and sat down by the door facing him deprecatingly, with his long poddy black gloves on the top of the yellow ivory knob of his seedy umbrella. His tight, threadbare trousers were greasy at the knees and scarcely contrived to reach to the inched drab gaiters that partly covered the old wrinkled boots. His hat was of a bygone fashion, and half covered with coarse dusty crape. The very ribqon of his watch was grimmy, and betrayed poverty. The old gentleman in the Spencer had a long pale, but not unpleasant face; a long, thin, prominent nose, small lips, a long chin, and scant grey whiskers; yet the expression was good, and the eyes had a depth in them that could not be overlooked. The old gentleman in the spencer might be poor, but he was certainly no beggar; he might be a low-bill discounter, but he was no man to be insulted or patronized.

With the kindly feeling with which old age looks back and sees in bright, vigorous youth its own past, the shabby-genteel man eyed Hargrave from time to time. There were, indeed, worse faces than that calm, bright one before him, crowned with luxuriance of wavy brown hair. The large brown eyes were so manful, and so frank and unsuspicious in their expression; the mouth so firm without sternness; the whole bearing of the man so self-reliant, without being contemptuos or insolent. There was no guile possible in such a man. Yet the feeling in seeing him was that he was not a man to be trifled with either. Presently they began to talk. The old gentleman in the spencer asked Mr. Hargrave if he was a business man—had partly guessed he was. Was there any chance of the long-dreaded panic coming? Was it not pretty nearly sure that some of the old houses were tottering? Was there any fear of (say) Brettles, Crevasse and Glashiers? Of course it was all up with Shatterton and Gilberts.

The old man did not speak like an alarmist; but still he evidently had fears. He did not look like one who felt much interest in the question. Alas! those rubbed elbows and those worn knees were not the signs of a man who had much to lose. His pale eyes grew a little more firm, and the pupils a little darker and larger, as he leaned on that old companion, the umbrella, and waited, with one thin hand scooped up towards his left ear (the omnibus rumbled so,) for Hargrave's answers.

Hargrave replied with careless buoyancy (for he hardly relished being catechised by a rather doubtful stranger); but the quiet, unobtrusive manner of the old man rather won upon him, and condescended to answer categorically. He derided all idea of a panic—rumors spread abroad by interested persons. He knew of no old house that was tottering. It mattered little to any but Gilberts and Shatterton what became of Shatterton and Gilberts. From his own experience (here he looked rather angry, and his brow contracted)—being, he was proud to say, cashier of Messrs. Brettles, Crevasse and Glashier—he could affirm that never had that firmly established house been more triumphant! prosperous, more certain to ride through the worst storm that could blow up for mischief. He would scarcely be believed if he mentioned the amount to which the securities then in their safes had reached.

The old gentleman looked down, and pinched a tube of straw under the bulging ferule of his umbrella; and when he looked up, a rueful smile just raised the corner of his lips.

"You are sanguine," he said; "young men should be. I suppose I was once. May you be right. God trust you are so; but I doubt. I never saw swallows fly low unless rain was near. The bears are about and growling."

"But it is so. It is my business, sir, to know that it is so."

"You are young and happy; you see things as you wish to see them. I know the signs of bad weather too well. Glass bottles are brittle as they used to be, and brittle things will break."

The old gentleman laid a certain emphasis on the word brittle the first time, and infused a certain acidity into the second, that rather nettled the young man.

"If you mean a bad pun on the name of one of the partners of our house," he said, effervescing, "I say it was an impertinent thing, and—"

"Your fares, gentlemen, if you please," said a rough voice at the door. The omnibus had stopped at the entrance to a stable yard in Fenchurch street; it had reached its destination.

The old gentleman was first and nearest the door, and he pulled off a long podded black glove with his teeth, and proceeded to get his purse from his right hand trousers-pocket; it was not there; in his left—it was not there either; in his spencer breast-pocket—no; in his waistcoat—no; in his tail-pocket—right—no. A slight pink flush came in his cheek bones—his lips grew dry with ill-concealed nervousness. He looked uneasily round, and then on toe cushion behind where he sat.

"It's very odd," he said—"very careless of me—dear me how very careless—but I'm really afraid I've left my purse at home."

"Now, then, sir; don't keep the gents all day," said the conductor, clashing his pocketful of pence spitefully.

"I really don't know what to do. Suppose I leave it till to-morrow, conductor?"

"Oh, that's your little game, is it you old duffer?" said the conductor, with insolent violence. "O no; you don't get the pull over me in that way. You pay or I'll have you up right off. Come, where's your money? Pay up."

The old gentleman buttoned his spencer together and looked round. A crowd began to collect; some street boys began to shout and practice bird calls and thieve's whistles.

"Jack, here's a row—here's an old gent cheeking fighting Jo. Wire in."

One good natured old woman called for the police, and, of course, the more she called the more the police did not come.

"Come, come, sir, pay the man," said the other impatient people, trying to jostle out of that long cave of an omnibus, the entrance to which was impeded by that troublesome old cheat (as some one called him.)

"Pay like a man!" shouted the boys. "Can any one oblige me with sixpence?" said the old man (now palpably a mere Joseph Addy), turning round nervously with calm entreaty. "I've left my purse in another coat, and I do not wish to incur any more of this vulgar fellow's insolence. Most careless of me; a most unpleasant thing; but I have no remedy. I won't trust my watch with such a low fellow as this. It would only encourage him in such conduct. Will no one oblige me?"

The other passengers looked cross, or blank, or insolently amused, but no one produced the solicited sixpence.

"Call the perlice!" shouted the conductor. "I'll have it out of him. Strike me silly, if I don't have it out of him in half an hour, if there's any justice at the Mansionus. Old scoundrel!"

A feeling of pity came over Hargrave as he stood watching the scene. Half ashamed of himself at being, perhaps, the mere victim of an old trick, he handed the old man a shilling, and begged to relieve him from the accidental annoyance. One or two of the passengers laughed, and winked at the crowd.

The old man in the spencer, cheat as he might be, behaved with all the conventionalism of a gentleman; he lifted his well-worn hat, and bowed to Hargrave as he took the shilling; then he handed it to the conductor, who had thrust his tongue into his cheek, and was shouting to the driver.

"My last drive with you, my man," he said.

"Don't want to see you again, for you are not our sort at all," retorted Fighting Jo, giving him the change,

"I have to thank you, sir," said the old man, as he walked for a moment at Hargrave's side, "for showing some confidence in poor human nature. Sir, I thank you extremely It was the first act of a gentleman, and a good heart prompted it. I will not insult you by asking you where I shall return the shilling. Good morning, sir; and may your hopes about business affairs prove all my fears to be fallacious. I wish you a very good morning, sir, and once more thank you."

"What a tongue the old chap has, and perhaps does the same thing every day. Well, I suppose it is a wicked city, this London," thought Hargrave to himself, as the old gentleman in the spencer walked rapidly back northward.

(To be Continued.)

THE NEW STEAMER.

The P. E Island Steam Navigation Company have placed another fine steamer on their route. She is named the "St Lawrence." She has already made one or two trips on the route, and will continue to run regularly until the close of the season. Her dimensions are, length 201 feet, breadth of hull 30 feet, guards 11 feet, breadth in all 52 feet, depth of hold 9 feet 9 inches. Capacity about 800 tons. Steaming force 250 horse power. The "St. Lawrence" was originally a blockade runner, and she has been fitted up and adapted for a freight and passenger boat in St John, New Brunswick. Her arrangements are much similar to those of the Princess of Wales. The dining and sitting saloons, and staterooms are on the upper deck. Ladies cabin, offices, and store rooms on the main deck Gentlemen's sleeping cabin, with ventilators in the after part of the hold, the steam machinery and boiler in the centre, and steerage room forward. She is furnished with splendid engines of 250 horse power, and can attain a speed of from 12 to 15 knots an hour. She is at present temporarily fitted up with passenger accommodations, but next spring she will be furnished in elegant style and with all the comforts and acquirements of a first-class passenger boat. The St Lawrence takes the place of the Princess of Wales, which in its turn takes the place of the Heather Bell, She is commanded by Capt Evans, who has been on the route between the Island, Pictou, and Shediac about fourteen years, during which time he has navigated the Straits of Northumberland with such punctuality and acceptance to the public service as to secure universal confidence. The Prince Edward Island Steam Navigation Company are certainly indebted to no small credit for the energy and efficiency with which hey have prosecuted the enterprise of connecting the ports on the Straits of Northumberland by steamer, and affording rapid and regular communication for passengers and freight between these ports. From small beginnings the trade is year assuming larger dimensions and the area of the Company's operations is continually being extended, by the addition of the St Lawrence to their