

A SEASON OF CONFLAGRATION.

ANOTHER DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN PORTLAND. OVER A DOZEN BUILDINGS MOWED DOWN BY THE FLAMES. THE LOSSES OF MESSRS. PRICE AND SHAW AND OTHERS—THE FIRE SUPPOSED TO BE OF INCENDIARY ORIGIN.

Portland has again been visited by a destructive fire, in which over a dozen buildings were destroyed before the flames could be arrested. On Saturday night, a few minutes after twelve, three young men in Mr. T. B. Roberts' store, Indian town, heard the cry of fire near the Street Railway. One of the sheds was observed to be on fire, and Hiram Tapley, Samuel Vaughan, and a young man named Roberts scaled the fence and saw the flames were proceeding from a wing of the factory was prepared. The flames found plenty of food and advanced upon the paint shop, in the rear, and towards the street. The three young men endeavored to save some of the movable articles, but found this an impossibility. Vaughan got out from the rear, but when the two others attempted to leave they found the mode of escape cut off. The flames had gradually worked between them and the place where they had entered, and the smoke was becoming suffocating and the flames most intense. They shouted for some one to open the doors in front and after the lapse of what seemed to them ten minutes the door was burst in. Tapley proceeded as far as the door, thinking that Roberts was behind, but was greatly amazed, on not seeing him. He retraced his steps and after getting to the spot he had so recently left found Roberts on the floor in the act of raising. He was helped out and both had a very narrow escape from suffocation or injury otherwise by the flames. Only a short time elapsed before the second shed was on fire and the blacksmith's shop, in the back part of the yard, caught about the same time, and a covered car, the property of Mr. John H. Colwell, which were burned.

To the eastward and westward of the car building were dwellings, and as the fire, in a short time, had complete control of the two larger erections, it became evident that some of the houses had to share the same fate, as the inmates soon learned to their sorrow. Chief Engineer Marter ordered over No. 3 steamer and sent the men attached to that steamer as well as some of No. 2 company, they having been called out by a general alarm.

Below the car shed was Mr. Wm. Mullin's house, with four tenants. Hardly had the fire reached it before it began to burn like a tinder box, and Mr. John McGuire's house, at the corner of Albert and Main streets, which adjoined that of Mr. Mullin, took the flames as readily. Above the car buildings there were four buildings. The one next to where the fire started was owned by Miss Peatman, dressmaker. All that could be done was not sufficient to save it—though at Mr. James Spragg's house, above it, the fire was stayed in that direction. Behind all these buildings were barns and sheds, Mr. A. L. Slipp having a livery stable facing on Elgin street. As soon as it was seen that showers of sparks were dropping on it, the carriages and horses were taken out. Despite the efforts put forth the roof was burned out.

Three of the persons who were among the first to reach the fire, at the outset, are firm in their belief that an incendiary had been at work. In the part of the building where the flames were first seen there had been no fire during all of Saturday, and at 10.30 that evening Mr. Shaw walked through the building and saw that all was safe. He is also of the opinion that the fire was the result of incendiarism.

THE LOSERS AND OCCUPANTS OF BUILDINGS, WITH THE INSURANCE.

Mr. Quinn's house, Albert street, was tenanted by himself, as well as Messrs. Lanchan McLeod and Michael Murphy. The house, damaged in the roof, is insured for \$500 in the Citizens' Company.

At the corner of Albert and Main streets was Mr. John McGuire's house, in which he lived with Messrs. William Durlan, Wm. Day and William Wallace. On this the insurance was \$300 in the Lancashire.

On Mr. William Mullin's house the insurance was \$200. Messrs. Greer, McGinty and John Jenkins, with the owner, were living in it.

The car sheds were owned by the Street Railway Company and were uninsured. Mr. Hann lost two coaches valued at \$1,000 and had no insurance, while the same is true of Messrs. Price & Shaw, who saved but little.

Mr. Chris. Robertson had a brouche worth \$2,000 in the shed, and some other property. It was burnt, and was not, we believe, insured.

Mr. Blackhall lost a valuable coach. Messrs. Alex. Ferguson, Jer. Harrison, D. McLellan, and others, lost carriages.

Above these was the house owned by Miss Peatman, and in which Mr. Michael Burke had a store. The building was insured in the North British and Mercantile.

The house of Mr. James E. Sprague, just above, was insured for \$600 in the Stadacona, and was occupied by Miss Miller and Miss Scott dressmakers. They saved a large portion of their property.

Mr. D. H. Nase occupied the livery stable owned by Mr. Slipp, who is insured.

There were over half a dozen outbuildings also destroyed.

LIFE IN THE BLACK HILLS.

"Many saloons there? Saloons all over the place, and whiskey four bits a drink. They put two barrels up on end, nail a board across for a bar, and deal it out. A miner who wants to treat pours some gold dust on the barrel-head, and says, 'Set 'em up.' They never weigh the dust. Sometimes a man won't put down enough dust, but they never say a word, or if he's a little tight and pours out ten or fifteen dollars' worth, they never mention it. They have three faro banks running all the while. They don't use checks for the boys; when they won't pile of checks they throw 'em all over the place, and some were too drunk to handle 'em. So the checks got played out. Now a man puts a little gold dust in a dollar greenback, and it goes for two dollars. Ten dollars worth of dust in a ten-dollar greenback goes for twenty dollars, and so on.

They don't weigh dust at all, but guess the amount." "Have you a daily paper?" "Yes, sometimes it's a daily, and then when the compositors get drunk it don't come out for several days. If a man wants gun wadding he goes and pays four bits for a paper. Whenever they start a new city government they print a lot of ordinances; then there's a grand rush for the paper. Sometimes it comes out twice a week, and sometimes twice a day." "Much shooting?" "Oh, yes; the boys are all on the shoot. Every man carries about fourteen pound of firearms hitched to his belt, and they never pass any words. The fellow that gets his gun out first is the best man, and they lug off the other fellow's body. Our graveyard is a big institution, and a growing one. Sometimes, however, the place is right quiet. I've known times when a man wasn't killed for twenty-four hours. Then again, perhaps, they'd lay out five or six a day. When a man gets too handy with his shootin' irons, and kills five or six, they think he isn't safe, and pop him over to rid the place of him. They don't kill him for what he has done, but for what he's liable to. I suppose that the average deaths amount to about 100 a month; but the Indians kill some."—Virginia Enterprise.

Facts and Scraps.

A mother had her mind made up for two or three days that her boy needed some castor oil, but she knew that she must approach him gently. She placed the bottle where he could see it, and when he turned up his nose, she said:—

"It's just like honey, my darling."

He seemed to doubt her word, and she continued:—

"If you'll take some, I'll let you go to the Theatre Comique."

"How much?" he cautiously inquired.

"Oh, only a spoonful—just one spoonful," and she smiled as she uncorked the bottle.

"And you'll give me some sugar besides?" he asked.

"Of course I will—a big lump."

He waited until she began pouring from the bottle, and then asked:—

"And you'll give me ten cents, too?"

"Yes, of course."

"And you'll buy me a kite?" he went on, seeing his advantage.

"No."

"No kite, no ile," he said, as he drew back.

"Well, I'll buy you a kite," she replied, filling the spoon clear up.

"And a velocipede?"

"I'll think of it."

"You can't think no castor ile down me!" he exclaimed, looking around for his hat.

"Here—I will, or I'll tease father to, and I know he will. Come, now, swallow it down."

"And you'll buy me a goat?"

"Yes."

"And two hundred marbles?"

"Yes! Now take it right down."

"And a coach-dog?"

"I can't promise that."

"All right; no dog, no ile."

"Well, I will."

"And you'll buy me a pony?"

"Oh, I could't do that. Now, be a good boy, and swallow it down."

Oh, yes, I'll swallow that stuff, I will, he said, as he clapped on his hat. "You may fool some other boy with a Comique ticket and a lump of brown sugar, but it'll take a pony to trot that castor ile down my throat!"

And he went out to see if the neighbor's cat had been caught in the trap he had set for her.

A tall man, with a nose like a muffin, went into a Main Street boarding-house one day last week, and asked for a dinner.

"Owing to the general depression of business, and consequent scarcity of the rhino," said the proprietor, looking the tall man over, "a dinner will cost you thirty-five cents, in advance."

"I have nothing with me but a check on a Boston bank," observed the tall man.

"Checks on Boston banks ain't worth a copper," remarked the landlord; "I guess you'll have to dine more sumptuously elsewhere."

"Can't I do something for my dinner?" asked the tall man, as a hungry pang gripped him.

"You can pay," said the proprietor, impressively.

"You give me my dinner," said the tall man; "I'll agree to clean your house of every rat in it. I have performed the feat in many hotels throughout the country, with most satisfactory result."

The proprietor accepted the bargain as a most advantageous one to himself, and the tall man seated himself at the table, where he did fearful execution among the victuals. He finished his dinner in half an hour, called for a cigar, and proceeded to enjoy it.

"Now, then," said the proprietor, when the tall man had finished his smoke, "let us get to business. Go for the rats."

"Ah, yes," returned the tall man, "with pleasure. Procure me a light iron bar, about four feet in length, and I will proceed to business."

The iron bar was procured, and the loafers gathered around to witness the interesting proceedings.

"Now begin," said the proprietor. "Where will you commence first?"

"Right here replied the tall man, as he carefully rolled back his cuffs, and grasped the iron bar firmly, while the proprietor stood by with great anxiety depicted on his countenance.

"Now," said the tall man, impressively, as he slowly elevated the bar, "a e you all ready?"

"All ready," returned the proprietor, excitedly.

"Then," said the tall man, "bring on your rats."

For the space of five minutes the excitement of an entire presidential election filled the room. When it subsided the tall man was nowhere to be seen, and the proprietor was standing before a glass tying an oyster over his left eye. The rats still revel in their native freedom.—Rockland Courier.

MISSPENT EVENINGS.—The boy who spends an hour of each evening lounging idly on the street corners, wastes in the course of a year three hundred and sixty five precious hours, which, if applied to study, would familiarize him with the rudiments of almost any of the familiar sciences.

In addition to the cents for a cigar which is usually the case, the amount thus

worse than wasted would pay for ten of the leading periodicals of the country. Boys, think of these things. Think of how much time and money you are wasting and for what? The gratification afforded by the lounge on the corner or the cigar is not only temporary, but positively hurtful. You cannot indulge in them without seriously injuring yourself. You acquire idle and wasteful habits, which will cling to you with each succeeding year. You may, in after life, shake them off, but the probabilities are that the habits thus formed in early life will remain with you to your dying day. Be warned then in time, and resolve that, as the hour spent in idleness is gone forever, you will improve each passing one, and thereby fit yourself for usefulness and happiness.—Rural New Yorker.

HOW THE HINDOOS REGARD WOMEN.

The famous passage of the *Padma Parana*, translated by Abbe Dubois, has been part of the domestic code of the Hindoos for thousands of years. According to the Hindoo lawgiver, a woman has no god on earth but her husband, and no religion except to gratify, obey and serve him. Let her husband be crooked, old, infirm, offensive; let him be irascible, irregular, a drunkard, a gambler, a debauchee; let him be reckless of his domestic affairs, as if possessed by a devil; though he live in the world without honor; though he be deaf or blind, and wholly weighed down by crime and infirmity—still shall his wife regard him as her god. With all her might shall she serve him, in all things obey him, see no defects in his character, and give him no cause of uneasiness. Nay, more, in every stage of her existence woman lives but to obey—at first her parents, next her husband and his parents, and in her old age she must be ruled by her children. Never during her whole life can she be under her own control.

These are the general principles upon which the life of women in India is to be conducted. The Hindoo writer was considered enough to add a few particulars: "If her husband laughs, she ought to laugh; if he weeps, she ought to weep; if he is disposed to speak, she ought to join in the conversation. This is the goodness of her nature displayed. What woman would eat till her husband has his fill? If he abstains, she will surely fast also; if he is sad, will she not be sorrowful? and, if he is gay, will she not leap for joy? In the absence of her husband her praiseworthy duty to man by all the half-developed races from time immemorial, and such to this day are the tacit demands and expectations of the brutalized males of the more advanced races.

Family Hints.

To remove stains from silverware which has been long unused, place the article in soapy water, into which a tablespoonful of spirits of ammonia has been added, and there leave it for three or four hours. Then cover it thickly with a paste made of whiting wet with vinegar, and rub it off the sun or by a fire, after which dry it in the whiting, and sift dry, warm bran over the silver, when the stains will disappear, and the silver will be extremely bright.

A new idea, which may be suggestive to those who are so happy as to live where there is enough permanency to recompense one for cultivating ivy, is this: That instead of promoting dampness, covering a wall with a vine, insures it from too great moisture, the pendant leaves catching all the rain, and keeping it from penetrating the building. If there are windows, however, these should be left uncovered by vines, admitting freely all the sunshine. When the slow growth of English ivy is considered, it seems a pity that, if it does not induce dampness, so many luxurious growths should have been recently sacrificed under a wrong impression.

Ladies who have navy-blue linens—which by the way, are almost invariably half cotton—may have them washed without injury by using milk-warm water, and adding to every pailful, two tablespoonfuls of powdered saltpetre. Such dresses should be dried entirely in the shade, and may be hung in an unoccupied room, or wherever the air may reach them.

Salmon-Trout Baked—Soak for two hours in slightly salted water, and dry with a cloth, taking care not to bruise the fish. Rub inside and out with a seasoning of Cayenne pepper, powdered mace, nutmeg, a little salt, and put in a deep baking-dish, dotting the back with bits of butter. Bake, basting frequently with the liquor that will soon form. To test its condition, plunge a sharp, thin knife down the backbone, if the flesh separates easily from the bone, the fish is done. Serve with white sauce, in which minced lobster coral is mixed.

Those who have read any thing about Charles Kingsley's life at home, cannot fail to have been impressed with the pains he took to make things pleasant for his children. His building an out-door nursery for the little folks, where they might feel that they had a separate establishment, reminds one of the peculiar trait which is common to so many children, viz. that of building, or at least setting up by themselves apart, a play-house, ralying spot, or something equivalent. Where is there a grown-up that does not remember some spot or nook, peopled with make-believes, furnished with inapposite things converted by imagination into familiar household articles, and dedicated to play-time, sport, and Saturday "larks"? The out-door nursery made for the Kingsley children was nothing but a hut, placed at the edge of a piece of woods; but toys, books, and above all, tea-party dishes, were among the furniture first supplied as a matter of importance. A whole book could be written concerning the influence of such parental sympathies upon children, and scarcely less than a book would suffice.

Bracelets are once more coming to fashion, but the chief requirement is that rarely and oddity shall be represented in place of beauty of workmanship or design. Costly enamels represent flees, serpents, etc., and a watch greatly admired by young lady fashionables, shows a great beetle which obliquely parts his body, disclosing the face of the time-piece. Suspended from a chain, such an ornament resembles an enormous "horn-bug"—just such an insect as twenty-out of twenty-two young ladies would consider sufficient provocation for a fit of hysterics, if it should go bumping and buzzing against the bed-room wall on a hot July night.



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WAREHOUSES,

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WISHES to intimate that he has now on hand a large assortment of Furniture, of which he is prepared to offer, of the very best styles, and at prices below anything that can be procured (of the same quality) elsewhere in the Lower Provinces.

Parlour Sets,

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Patent Wire Woven Mattress, Patent Spring Bottoms, Side Boards, Cheffoniers, Escritoires and Book Cases, Sofas, Lounges, Cots, Cradles and Cribbs, Chairs of every description very cheap, both American and home made. Brass Cornices of every quality and size. Cords, Tassels, Putman Patent Rollers and the American Spring Rollers, Bath Closets, Refrigerators, Children's Carriages, Spring Mangles and Washing Machines, Walnut Office Desks and Canterbury's Extending Dining Tables, and every article required for general house furnishing. Looking Glasses of all sizes.

MACHINE WORK.

Such as Turning, Planing, Straight and Jig Sawing, Fancy Turning, and every class of Screw Cutting, in wood and metal. Fret-work of every class.

Please call and see before going elsewhere for your Spring Supplies.

Terms:—Cash for short credit on good paper.

Ch'town, May 30, 1877.—1mo

PUBLIC LANDS.

COMMISSIONER OF CROWN AND PUBLIC LANDS OFFICE, May 18, 1877.

NOTICE is hereby given to all purchasers of Crown and Public Lands indebted to the Government, that in all cases where such purchasers have made NO PAYMENT FOR FIVE (5) YEARS PRECEDING THIS DATE, that on the 15th Day of NOVEMBER next, Precepts will issue against the said Lands, unless satisfactory arrangements are made with me before that date.

JOSEPH POPE,

Commissioner of Crown and Public Lands. May 22, 1877.—3w

DAY FOR HOUSE, SOURIS EAST.

THE SUBSCRIBER, having leased the new building in Souris East, known as the "New Hotel," and having fitted it up in good style, is now prepared to give first class accommodation for permanent and transient boarders.

The Hotel commands a fine view of Souris Harbor and the beautiful scenery surrounding it. It is close to lakes, rivers and forests, which afford unrivalled facilities for fishing and shooting.

SEA BATHING may be obtained within a few hundred yards of the Hotel. First-class Sample Rooms provided for the use of Commercial Travellers. Carriages always in waiting at the Railway Depot to convey passengers to and from trains free of charge.

JAMES McDONALD. Souris, June 1, 1877.

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WE have been appointed Agents for the Sale of T. RANKINE & SON'S

Favorite Biscuits,

And are now landing an assortment comprising:

PILOT, GRAHAM, WINE, SODA, BUTTER, ABERNETHY.

For which we solicit orders from the Trade. F. T. NEWBERY & CO. June 3, ar pat.—1w.

Choice Family Flour

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AUCTION SALES, of all descriptions, attended to in city and country at moderate charges.
May 21, 1877.

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SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

Nova Scotia.

Leave Charlottetown for Pictou every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, & SATURDAY MORNINGS, at 5 o'clock, connecting there at 10 a. m. with train for Halifax. Fare to Halifax, \$4.10. Picnic Parties of Twenty and upwards can obtain Return Tickets at Charlottetown Office to Pictou and back same day for \$1.00 each.

Returning to Charlottetown.

Leave Pictou every TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY, about 2.30 p.m. on arrival of evening train from Halifax.

CAPE BRETON.

Leave Pictou for Hawkesbury every MONDAY and THURSDAY, on arrival of morning train from Halifax, connecting both ways with stage and Steamer "Neptune," to and from Sydney and Bras d'Or Lake.

Returning to Pictou same nights, connecting with 10 a. m. Train TUESDAY and FRIDAY for Halifax.

New Brunswick, Canada and United States.

Leaves SUMMERSIDE every day (Sunday excepted) on arrival of morning train from Charlottetown, connecting at SEDIA with trains for each of above named places, and at St. John with Steamers of INTERNATIONAL CO. for PORTLAND and BOSTON. Also, leave Charlottetown for Summerside every Monday morning, about 3 o'clock.

Returning, leaves SEDIA every day (Sundays excepted) on arrival of day train from ST. JOHN, for Summerside; connect there, without delay, with train for Charlottetown. Also, leaves Summerside for Charlottetown every Saturday evening, about 6 o'clock.

Agents: ALMON & MACINTOSH, Halifax; NOONAN & DAVIES, Pictou; A. GRANT & CO, Hawkesbury; HANFRED BROS., St. John.

F. W. HALES, Charlottetown, May 25, 1877.

Fits Epilepsy,

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FALLING SICKNESS!

PERMANENTLY Cured—no humbug—by one month's usage of Dr. Goulard's Celebrated Fit Powders. To convince sufferers that these powders will do all we claim for them, we will send by mail, post-paid, a free Trial Box. As Dr. Goulard is the only physician that as ever made this disease a special study, and has to our knowledge thousands have been permanently cured by the use of those Powders, we will guarantee a permanent cure in every case, or refund you all money expended. All sufferers should give these Powders an early trial, and be convinced of their curative powers.

Price, for large box, \$3.00, or 4 boxes for \$10.00, sent by mail to any part of United States or Canada on receipt of price, or by express, C. O. D. D. Address,

ASH & ROBBINS, 360 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. May 23.

Consumption Positively Cured.

ALL sufferers from this disease that are anxious to be cured, should try Dr. KISSNER'S CELEBRATED CONSUMPTIVE POWDERS. These Powders are the only preparation known that will cure Consumption and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs—indeed, so strong is our faith in them, and also to convince you that they are no humbug, we will forward to every sufferer, a free trial box.

We don't want your money until you are perfectly satisfied of their curative powers. If your life is worth saving, don't delay in giving these Powders a trial, as they will surely cure you.

Price, for large box, \$3.00, sent to any part of the United States or Canada by mail on receipt of price.

ASH & ROBBINS, 360 Fulton Street, N. Y. May 23, 1877

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