Senate News Room

THE EXAMINER.

VOL. XXVI. CHARLOTTETOWN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1875. NO. 6.

ALMANAC FOR FEBRUARY, 1875.

MOON'S CHANGES.

New Moon, 6th Day, 3h. 43m., a.m., N. E., below horizon.
First Quar., 13th Day, 1h. 8m., a.m., W.
Full Moon, 20th Day, 3h. 49m., a.m., S.W.
3rd Quar., 28th Day, 5h., 39m., a.m., S.

D. M.	DAY WEEK	SUN rise	SUN sets	MOON sets	HIGH water	DAY'S len'th
		H M	H M		A	H M
1	Monday	7 28	4 59	A 14	7 11	9 31
2	Tuesday	27	5 1	0 56	8 14	34
3	Wedn'sd'y	26	3	1 47	9 6	37
4	Thursday	24	5	2 52	9 54	41
5	Friday	23	6	4 4	10 35	43
6	Saturday	21	8	5 8	11 5	47
7	Sunday	19	9	6 38	11 50	50
8	Monday	19	10	8 5	M	51
9	Tuesday	17	11	9 13	0 26	54
10	Wedn'sd'y	16	13	10 30	1 2	57
11	Thursday	14	15	11 54	1 43	10 1
12	Friday	12	16	M	2 28	4
13	Saturday	11	18	1 14	3 26	7
14	Sunday	9	19	2 37	4 45	10
15	Monday	8	21	3 53	6 18	13
16	Tuesday	7	22	5 10	7 44	15
17	Wedn'sd'y	5	24	6 8	8 46	19
18	Thursday	3	26	6 49	9 36	23
19	Friday	1	28	7 15	10 19	27
20	Saturday	6 59	29	7 40	10 57	29
21	Sunday	58	30	7 59	11 28	32
22	Monday	56	31	8 14	11 58	35
23	Tuesday	55	33	8 29	A 29	38
24	Wedn'sd'y	52	34	8 45	0 59	42
25	Thursday	51	36	9 2	1 33	45
26	Friday	49	37	9 19	2 10	48
27	Saturday	47	38	9 41	2 54	51
28	Sunday	6 45	5 40	10 10	3 54	10 55

BUSINESS CARDS.

WILLIAM DODD,
Commission Merchant and AUCTIONEER
QUEEN SQUARE,
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.

CARVELL BROS.,
AUCTIONEERS,
Commission Merchants,
AND
GENERAL AGENTS.
Lower Queen St. Charlottetown, P. E. I.

WILLIAM JAMES HENEY,
AUCTIONEER, GENERAL BROKER, AND COMMISSION AGENT,
DEALER IN CHOICE
FAMILY GROCERIES, TOBACCO & FANCY GOODS,
PRINCE ST., COR. OF DORCHESTER,
Charlottetown, - - - P. E. Island.

JAMES BRENAN,
House, Sign, and Carriage Painter,
Paper Hanger & Glazier,
SOURIS WEST.
Orders will receive prompt attention.
July 7, 1873. 1y

F. M. CAMPBELL.
General Merchant
COMMISSION AGENT,
AUCTIONEER & BROKER
TRINITY CORNER, GEORGETOWN, P. E. I.
AGENT FOR THE
Standard Life Insurance Co.
Sept. 1, 1873. 1y

H. R. MUHLICS'
Kitchen & Galley,
Furnishing Depot.
ALSO, DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF
Ship Work,
SCUPPERS and Water Closet, Pipes, Lead, Figures, Deep-sea and Hand-Leads, Lead Cisterns made, and Water Closets fitted up at the shortest notice.
CREIGHTON STREET,
OPPOSITE UNION HOUSE,
PICTOU, N. S.
Ch'town, June 1, 1874.—1y

VULCAN FOUNDRY,
GEORGETOWN.
STOVES, wholesale and retail. WINDLASS and MACHINERY CASTINGS in general always on hand, or supplied at the shortest notice.
Cash Paid
FOR ALL KINDS of OLD & SCRAP IRON.
J. A. RUTHERFORD & Co,
June 2, 1873.—1y Georgetown

BANGOR HOUSE,
PLEASANTLY SITUATED ON
North Side King's Square,
St. John, - - - New Brunswick.
J H. RUSSEL, PROPRIETOR.

CARRIAGE FACTORY.

THE Subscribers, having taken the Factory formerly occupied by PROUD & MACCOUBRAY, are prepared to conduct the business of CARRIAGE BUILDING in all its departments.

Carriages and Sleighs made to order.
Repairs done with neatness and despatch.
All orders filled when promised.
YOUNKER, OFFER & CO
Oct. 19, 1874—tf

St. Lawrence Marine Insurance Co. of P. E. Island.
BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
ARCHIBALD KENNEDY, Esq., *President.*
JOHN F. ROBERTSON, Esq.
ARTEMAS LORD, Esq.
RALPH B. PEAKE, Esq.
P W. HYNDMAN, Esq.
THOMAS MORRIS, Esq.
W. D. STEWART, Esq.
Risks taken daily at theiroffice, Exchange Building.
FREDERICK W. HYNDMAN,
Ch'town, March 16, 1874.—1y *Secretary*

HERMANS & 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. **Sayer's Crystal Blue** sold cheaper than ever. [Nov. 11, 1871.]

BUSINESS CARDS.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Mr. H. Vinnicombe
WISHES to announce to the musical public of this city, that all orders in the line of his profession left at W. R. Watson's Drug Store, or at the office of J. M. Colby, 54 Broadway, will be promptly attended to.
Mr. Vinnicomb's system of tuning and refitting Pianos, Organs and Melodians, being that of Hamilton's system of even temperament, adopted by English and American Manufacturers, cannot be surpassed.
TERMS, Strictly Cash.
Jan. 18, 1875.—1m

FIRE INSURANCE!

IMPERIAL
Fire Insurance Company
OF LONDON.
Subscribed & Invested Capital, £1,965,000 Stg.

PHENIX
INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Cash Assets, - - - $2,015,383.81.

The above Offices being of UNDOUBTED STANDING, guarantee perfect security and Prompt Payment of Losses.
DETACHED DWELLINGS insured for One, Two, or Three Years on SPECIALLY ADVANTAGEOUS TERMS.
FENTON T. NEWBERY,
AGENT.
Jan. 18, 1874. 1y

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
WM. DUNLOP, Special Agent
Ch'town, July 27, 1874.—6m

THE EXAMINER
EVERY WEEK
Contains the latest Local, DOMINION & FOREIGN NEWS,
Full and Accurate
SHIPPING AND MAREKT REPORTS,
Selections from the raciest and most improving Literature of the day;
Editorial Articles on Political, Industrial and Social Topics.

—:o:—

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IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY FORENOON,
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If paid within the year "	1 62
If not paid till after the end of year,	2.00

CLUB RATES.
THE EXAMINER will be forwarded to Clubs at the following rates per year—payment always in advance:—

5 copies one address,	- - -	$ 7.00
10 " " "		10.00
15 " " "		14.00
20 " " "		17.00

Clubs may be made up at any time, but not for a shorter period than one year. Any person obtaining for the EXAMINER a Club of Five or more subscribers, will be entitled to a copy of the paper one year free of charge.
NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

—:o:—

ADVERTISEMENTS.
When people see a man advertise they know he is a business man, and his advertizing proclaims that he is not above business, but anxious to do it. Customers, like sheep, are gregarious, and flock where they see others go. If nobody else were engaged in the same business, it would be important to tradesmen and dealers to advertize in the paper, because they are tempted to buy what they read of. But others are engaged in the same business, and even if they do advertize, it becomes the more important for you to do so; if they do not advertize it becomes doubly important.—*Anon.*"

MERCHANTS
WILL FIND CUSTOMERS FOR THEIR
GOODS
By Advertising in the EXAMINER.
The usual reductions to those who
ADVERTIZE
BY THE YEAR.
ADVERTISING RATES.
Until further notice, Advertisements will be inserted at the following rates:

1 square, one insertion,	- - -	$1.00
Each Continuation,	- - - -	00.25
Special Notices, "per line,"	- -	00.12

—:o:—

BOOK & JOB PRINTING.
HAVING IMPROVED
POWER & GORDON PRESSES,
And a good variety of
THE NEWEST STYLES OF TYPE,
we are prepared to do all kinds of
BOOK AND JOB PRINTING
on the Lowest Terms, at
THE EXAMINER OFFICE

POETRY.

A FABLE VERSIFIED.

[WRITTEN FOR THE EXAMINER.]

A lark, whose nest was in a field of corn,
When it was ripe, said to her chicks one morn;
"Now, that the grain is fully fit to reap,
You every one a sharp look-out must keep;
For, as you're not yet fit to fly away,
I tremble lest the men should come some day.
While I am absent, and you still are here,
To cut the corn; so you must try and hear
That which the owner says as he goes by."
"All right, dear mother," out the young ones cry.

She had not long been gone, when by he passed;
Upon the grain his eye he careful cast;
And then they heard him calling to his son:
"'Tis time we had to cut this corn begun.
'Tis ripe; so early in the morning go,
To tell our friends and neighbors this is so;
Ask them to come and help to get it reaped."
All this the young larks heard as out they peeped.
Their mother soon returned; "O dear!" cried they,
"We've heard such tidings since you went away."
"What is it?" asked the lark, in anxious dread.
Then they repeated what the man had said.
"O!" said the mother, "then, if that be all,
We're quite secure as yet; you need'nt bawl;
There's not the slightest danger.—he depends
Upon his neighbors and upon his friends;
So I am sure it won't be reaped to-morrow,
Therefore, my darlings, don't give way to sorrow.

Next day, she went again and left command,
Just as before, that they should understand,
If possible, all that the owner meant.
He came; he waited; those for whom he'd sent,
Did not arrive; the sun grew broiling hot;
He grew impatient; cursed the lazy lot;
Then said to John, his son, "its very plain,
They are not coming, so we won't remain;
These friends can't be depended on, I see.
Tell, then, my dearest relatives, for me,
That I'll be much obliged if they will come
To-morrow morning, with the rising sun,
And help to cut the grain." The young larks heard,
And told their mother, when she came, each word.
Well, well, said she, "don't be in such a fright,
Of these good people we'll not have a sight
Tomorrow. So, my children, never fear,
But be attentive to the next you hear.'
Next morn, the owner and his son both came,
But no one else. "Drat it; well, what a shame.
John," said the father, "on the morrow bring
Two sickles to the field, it's plain the thing
We'll have to do ourselves." This the chick's heard;
Again they told their mother every word,
"Now, then,' said she, "'tis time that we should go.
For this about the men right well I know:
When one intends himself his work to do,
It's much more likely to be carried through."
So, then, at once, her young ones she removed,
And the event her wise foreseeing proved,—
The owner and his son, the following morn,
Came with their sickles, and cut down the corn.

LITERATURE.

KATHARINE.

A TALE OF WOMAN'S TRIALS.

CHAPTER XI.—*Continued*

It was a pleasant Christmas that year at Wallasay. All that wealth and taste, and society could do to make people happy and satisfied with each other, was done; but while all was comfort and enjoyment there, sad scenes were taking place elsewhere, and the misery the hard weather brought increased and deepened as the winter progressed.

The nipping frost so pleasant to those who gazed upon it from well-carpeted and thoroughly-warmed rooms, or full of health and life walked briskly through it, furred and wrapped from head to foot, was terrible to the half-starved, half-clothed, ill-housed poor. And when it was succeeded by a long period of almost incessant rain and steaming fog, the cry of want and woe which arose from the crowded courts and alleys of our great towns was fearful. Within a stone's throw of houses where every luxury and elegance prevailed, human beings, overcome by cold and hunger, were starving to death. It was a season of great commercial depression, and every man who lived by his labor suffered bitterly.

It was upon the afternoon of one of the coldest and wettest of those dismal January days that two children sat in the wretched squallid attic of a shattered house in a court leading out of one of the most fashionable streets in London.

The room was bare of every comfort. Occupying full one half was a broken tent-bedstead without curtains or bedding of any description, except a ragged straw mattrass, covered with a torn thin blanket There was no table; an old box turned upside down—the lid had been taken to burn—did duty for it; one battered chair, a broken stool, a piece of iron hoop, the tire probably from an old wheel' round the grate, in lieu of a fender, some broken crockery, and a bundle of rags, formed all the furniture of the chamber.

Hunted up into one corner of the grate were some dead black cinders, which the eldest child had scraped from among the ashes below, but which had died out, leaving the wind to pour down the chimney in damp, fierce gusts. Against the window splashed the driving rain, and in many places, on the floor beneath, the water which had washed in through the broken panes formed itself into little pools and streams. Upon the stool, cowering close to the fireless grate, as if seeking to gain warmth from its bars, the eldest occupant of the room, a girl about ten years old, nursing her brother, an infant who was apparently scarcely four. He was evidently very ill, and the little hand which nestled lovingly round his sister's neck was frightfully emaciated. Both children were scarcely half clad, but the girl had taken off her poor thin frock to wrap round her brother's feet, and clasping him closely to her, strove to impart some warmth to his shivering frame; while he, so cold, so ill, and so patient, looked up every now and then from her shoulder with a smile, and held his face for a kiss. There was not a morsel of food in the room; and upon the hob was an empty mug, which had contained a little weak and sngarless tea, even that was gone now. Once or twice the child pointed to it, and his sister holding it to his thin blue lips, he tried to drain from it another drop, but in vain.

'I so hungry!' he whispered at last, and so cold, when mother come?'

'Soon. Teddy darling—very soon now. Come closer to me, and I'll get you warm. How's the pain now?'

'Very bad. I wish I had some tea.'

'Wait a bit, darling; if mother gets work you shall have nice tea and fire, like a king.'

'I'll wait,' answered the child patiently, laying his little head back upon her shoulder, while she who was used to want and misery, and accustomed to struggle against them with a brave woman's endurance ever since she could remember—who never repined for herself, let what would befall—tried to choke down the frantic tears and sobs, which, but for his sake, she could have poured out over him.

People sitting by warm firesides reading this of a child of ten years old, may cry out against it as exaggeration, and so, judging from their own children, it may seem. But the young Indian savage, who strikes down his food as soon as he can run, and the young English heir who, at the same age, has never washed his own hands, are not more different in thought, and power, and helpfulness, than the carefully instructed, well-nurtured child of independent parent, and the poor infant whose whole life from the cradle, is one keen struggle for existence, and whose faculties, unnaturally forced and excited, deprive it of all the diffidence and modesty of childhood. Let those who have never seen or known such children, be silent, or seek them out and with food cleanliness and clothing reclaim them to humanity; blushing for shame, that while they have so long 'eaten and had enough,' children within their own streets and lanes, have sickened and died for want.

At last, soothed—who shall dare to doubt it?—by the invisible presence of bright ministsring spirits, the child fell asleep; and thanked beyond words for this blessed suspension of his suffering his sister never moved from her painful and cramped position, but sat on, and pressed him closer to her.

By and by a heavy, lingering step—the step of one who brought ill tidings—came up the stairs, and in another minute the mother entered. She was very wet, the rain dropped from her poor, worn garments as she walked, and her face had a wasted, gaunt look, which was horrible to see. The noise of her entrance awoke the child, who cried out gladly—

'Mother come; now we have tea and fire!'

The girl looked eagerly at her mother, who, covering her face with her hands, sunk upon the chair, and sobbed.

'Don't mother!' cried her daughter; 'p'raps we shall get work to-morrow!'

'To-morrow!' shrieked the woman, springing up and pacing the room wildly; 'and what is to become of him, my darling, by then? I shall see him die before my eyes—starved to death, frozen—while hundreds and thousands in this very town, not half so good as he is, are rolling in luxury. But he shan't, he shan't die so; he shall have fire and food at any risk to me!'

'Mother,' whispered the boy, 'let me come to you—take me.'

'I can't, I mustn't, Teddy, my blessing,' cried the mother, rushing to him, and throwing herself upon her knees at his side; 'I'm dripping wet—I should kill you.'

'Do, do,' he persevered; I shan't be hungry if you take me!'

In a moment she snatched off her upper garments, and tearing the blanket from the bed, lifted him into it upon her knees, while she wrapped her bare arms tightly round him. For a time he seemed content—love had overcome pain for a time; and while they remained thus, the girl said—

'What have you done mother? Have you got nothing for Teddy, to buy a bit for him?'

'Nothing—not a farthing. I have been up and down, trying to work, begging for it almost on my knees; I have called at the doors of great houses, where the very bits the servants fling away would keep us alive for days, and I have been thrust back as if I was a thief; I have implored charity since I could get no work, of ladies, the price of whose handkerchief would have made us rich, and have got no answer. I have done everything but rob, and I will do that before many hours are over. Don't stare at me so, child! Let those who make the laws help us to keep them, not drive us starving from their doors. First deny us work, or take it from us for the pleasure of a whim, and then when we dare to complain, call us insolent and dissatisfied, and spurn us away as if we were of different flesh and blood. I've borne and worked as long as I could get it to do, and now, when I've lost it for no fault of mine, and I see my blessed child dying of want before my face! I'll get him food at any risk.'

The woman's eyes as she spoke, seemed glaring with the fury of madness; and the little child upon her trembling knee shrank from her in terror, but the next moment, overcome with exhaustion, he fainted. A scream, so wild and vivid that it pierced the startled ears of passers-by, broke from the frantic mother, as she saw the senseless body lie upon the bare floor before her; while, weeping bitterly, his broken-hearted sister fell beside him, and tried to kiss him back to life. Vain was the eager famished look that wretched woman sent round the room in search of something to revive her child. There was nothing. If a crumb of bread, a drop of liquid could have saved his life, it was not there to give. The resolution of despair came at once into her countenance, and, bending one fearful look upon the child, she was about to leave the room upon some desperate errand, when an exclamation from the girl arrested her steps, and caused her to return and kneel beside her. While both were thus, a faint tap sounded upon the door; and being repeated again and disregarded it was gently opened, and a lady entered, closely followed by her son, a youth apparently about sixteen.

'Oh, Teddy, Teddy' the girl was moaning, as she tried to warm the cold hands in her bosom, 'don't die, don't go and leave us—come back again—come back!'

'He never will,' said the woman, in the cold, hard bitterness of despair; 'he's dead, starved to death with cold and famine.' And she lifted up the long, thin arms, and laughed.

Appalled, and doubtful what to do, the lady and her son stood gazing sorrowfully upon the scene; but as a movement of the kneeling girl allowed them to see the face and figure lying there so still and pale the pinched features surrounded by masses of dark, straight hair, the lady became strangely moved. Something in the countenance—the wan, patient, suffering face—brought back strange memories; and with a short, broken sigh, she went forward a step into the room. The sound attracted the mother, who started to her feet and stared angrily at her visitor.

CHAPTER XII.

'What brings you here?' exclaimed the woman to Katharine as she entered. 'What right have you, and such as you, to gloat over our misery, wearing on your black fine things to mock us, when half the price of one of them would save us alive—taking our life-blood for work; and when we come crawling like slaves, craving for a bit to keep the life in our children, as if our breath soiled the very air of your grand rooms? How dare you come here, forcing yourselves upon us as if, because we are starving, we haven't a right to be alone with our misery? Out, out with you!

But the lady's eyes were still fixed upon the boy; and she neither heard nor heeded the dismissal. The ragged blanket had fallen off; and the small, bony attenuated figure lay before her. The tale of his life told itself—the child was starved.

'Ah!' cried the miserable woman, 'you may well look. Once he was as strong and beautiful as that boy beside you—the pride of my eyes, and the glory of my heart. And now, he is dead of famine.'

'Mother,' entreated the youth, 'come away; leave me to give help and food, but go——'

'No, no,' she answered, in a mournful whisper, keeping her eyes fixed upon the infant. 'I have seen that face somewhere. I can't leave him yet. Go you and send in food, and tell the people below to get fire and coals.'

The boy obeyed; and his mother, creeping softly across the room, went and knelt by the child. The touch of the child bony fingers sent a strange trill through her, and she felt fearfully for the pulse—there was none. She laid her hand softly upon the heart—it was still; her own seemed to stop, and then throwing off her bnnnet, she bent her pale cheek against the icy mouth, and held her breath to listen. There was no movement; marble could not have been more rigid. At last, faint, slow and fluttering, something—it might have been the echo of a breath—stole over her face, a second more, and it came stronger and deeper, and then the tears poured down the lady's face as she cried—

'Thank God, thank God, he is not dead!'

The girl, who till this moment had scarcely noticed the stranger, now rose from her knees and gazed wonderingly upon her, until she saw her lay the infant down again, taking of her rich fur cloak, and reverently lifting him from the floor, wrapping him in it. Then she stole to the lady's side, and kneeling down, kissed her gown.

'My child,' said the lady, weeping, you must not do that. You must not do that. You must try and nelp me to restore your brother.'

'What shall I do?' answered the little one, mournfully. 'He is dying for want—he has had nothing all day—and he has been so ill, besides the hunger.'

'Never mind now,' replied the stranger, speaking as cheerfully as she could through her tears. 'He shall never be hungry any more, you shall nurse him, and make him well. But I want some fire; will you go down stairs, and tell the people to bring some up; I will pay for it, and pay them well, if they are quick.'

Fire and wine, and food soon came to the call of wealth. Misery, want, starvation, might have cried loudly and long, and received no answer; but a becon from riches, and they came.

Before the glowing heat of the fire, the child lay upon his costly bed. People were chafing his feet and legs; and the lady knelt at his head, giving drop by drop, the nourishment he needed. More than once he had opened his eyes languidly, and gazed upon his sister, but he soon closed them again, for he was weak and weary.

The look of those soft, truthful eyes thrilled through the lady's frame—it seemed like meeting the gaze of the dead—and she trembled. What could it mean? Who was this child? Whose features, whose eyes had he? Why was his countenance, the expression of his face, so familiar to her?

She laoked eagerly at the girl—it was a handsome, honest face, but strange; nothing in her features, voice or manner, recalled or awakened memory. while the boy—.

Good Heavens! can it be? Is she mad—has this sad sight turned her brain? She knows the face now, and, starting up, rushes to the woman, upon whom she had scarcely looked before, and who now leans against the window, her face covered with her hands, and snatching them down exclaims—

'Jane, Jane!'

'Yes,' answered the woman, sullenly; 'I knew you, I knew you when you pulled your bonnet off.'

'And the child?' asked Kate.

'I'd rather he'd died, than your food and your money should be spent upon him.'

'Mother!' murmured the child, disturbed by the voice, 'mother!'

But she stirred not. Sullen, immovable as a rock, she stood gazing in defiance at her cousin; and, in her rage, seeming not to hear that dear cry, which one might have thought would pierce even the ears of death.

'Mother, mother!'

But she did hear, for Kate saw a sudden tremor pass over her hard face, and seizing it as an indication of a softened mood, she said humbly—

'Let us be friends, Jane; after so many years, let there be peace between us.'

'Never!' cried the passionate woman, striking down the hand extending to her. 'I dislike you more than ever, coming here with your pride and your money to lord it over me, though, for all I am so poor now, I was your mistress once; and that you'll never be able to forget, be you as rich as you will—and that you were glad of the bit of charity-bread we gave you. I've never been lower than you were.'

'The more reason we should be friends, Jane. What your parents did for me at my need, let me now do for you. Nay,' she added, quickly, seeing Jane about to speak, 'do not be unforgiving. If I offended or injured you, forgive me now; and for the sake of these dear little children, who have suffered so much already, let there be peace between us.'

As Katharine spoke, her son, followed by a servant laden with substantial comforts, entered the room; but the sight, instead of softening, exasperated Jane. The rich livery, betokening the rank in which her cousin lived, so far above herself—the handsome, well-dressed youth, contrasting so strongly with her own starved and meagre children, enraged her; and striding furiously up to the poor sick infant, she snatched him from the floor opposite the fire, tore off the warm fur cloak in which Kate had wrapped him, and flinging it to her, bade her begone.

To be continued.

THE LONDON "TELEGRAPH" ON THE COLONIES.

In its summary of the events of the year the London *Daily Telegraph* has the following in regard to the colonies:—

'The Colonies—those healthy children of the Imperial Mother—have been happy during 1874 in having little of no history; but a dusky daughter has been added to their number by adoption, and Fiji has become an integral portion of the British Empire. This wise anexation, some credit for which must always attach to Lord Carnarvon, was taken upon the 16th October, and while it adds to Her Majesty's dominions a group of 225 islands, with an uncounted swarm of Papuan subjects, it has replaced anarchy by civilization rendering the suppression of the infamous "blackbirding" easier, and given the Pacific Ocean over to Australian colonists, if they only know how to grow great. To Lord Carnarvon must also be awarded much merit for the reconciliation between Canada and British Columbia, which has most happily crowned the year. That patriotic and United Dominion—more extensive than all Europe, excluding Russia—has now no visible barrier to her growth as an elder sister in the grand family of British Colonies. To the spirit and tact shown in these two notable measures, the Colonial Minister is understood to have added a deed of high justice, in the official despatch which has resulted from the mission of Bishop Colenso to these shores. Less popular, perhaps, than the annexation of Fiji or the settlement of the Canadian difficulty, the release of the Kaffir Chief Langalibalele will yet furnish, we think, the noblest characteristic of our Colonial Government during 1874, for it will prove at Natal and throughout the world that the motto of her Majesty's Empire is, "Be just, and fear not." From the great Australian dependencies and New Zealand almost all this year's tidings have been good.

A POOR RECEPTION.—One stormy night last winter a poor weather-beaten traveler, who had stood the pelting of the pitiless storm through the course of a severe winter day arrived at a small town in the North Highlands, and, being benumbed with cold, and almost frozen to the saddle, he made for the only house where he could see a light, and called for assistance. Not finding himself attended to, he roared out at the top of his voice. 'Will no good Christain come and help me off my horse?' Awakened by the noise, a sturdy old Celt opened the door, and asked if it was 'Chisholm he wanted.' 'No,' said the impatient traveler; 'I want some good Christain to help me off my horse.' 'Ah, sir,' said Donald, 'we don't know them peoples—we'er a' Camerons here.'

AGRICULTURAL.

CARE OF HORSES.—Do not neglect thorough brushing, combing and rubbing down all horses, and such cattle as are stabled constantly. Labor thus invested will pay a handsome return in time. Salt should be placed in large lumps, where animals can lick it at their pleasure; nowithstanding all the theories against its use, practice has proved it to be of inestimable value to live stock.—*Agriculturist.*

CARE OF COLTS.—We import stallions at many thousands of dollars apiece, for the improvement of our stock, which is money almost spent in vain, and will continue to be so spent until we, as a class, winter our colts better. Colts should be housed through the cold, rainy days of the fall, and when it is pleasant they should run out. In the winter they should have a few oats, and a liberal allowance of hay. Oats are better than corn, for they make bone.

TOOLS. Farmers and gardeners should not overlook, at this season of the year, the condition of the tools with which they are to operate another season. See that all are bright, clean, in the best condition, and in complete repair. Wooden parts much exposed to the weather, should be soaked with crude petroleum, the cheapest and best of all preservatives, and much superior to common paint. Where wood joins iron, as in the sockets of spades, hoes, rakes, &c., give the wood a thorough soaking. Hot-bed frames, oiled well outside, and coated with hot gas far inside, will last as well as the best cedar.

CARE OF STOCK.—Every animal on the farm which is now thin in flesh will have a hard time of it this winter, unless it receives extraordinary care and attention. Somehow, nature has provided that all healthy animals should be fat in the fall, as a condition for passing the rigors of winter comfortably or even safely, and coming out healthy, sound and vigorous in the spring. there is no compromise in Nature's laws, and if they are violated or dvviated from the penalty must be paid 'without declaration or discount." The breeder who would thrive by his occupation must conform his practce to these simple laws. It is not pretended, of course, that a lean animal, which is so, not because it is really unhealthy, may not be fattened or brought into good condition during the winter months, but that it costs too much to do it that it is bad economy, and that the necessity for it ought to be avoided, and will be avoided by every good farmer in all cases. There is no better evidence possible that a farmer is running down hill and will sooner or later reach the bottom, than to see his stock, whether horses cattle, sheep, hogs or chickens, poor and weak.

THE FARMER TO-DAY.—This is what is said of him (it sounds like Joseph Harris) in the *Agriculturist*: "Altogether, the farmer has his hands full. He needs an active brain in an active body. If he has good health the work should not discourage him. He will pull through. He should not get excited; he should not worry. He should keep cool; and the best way to do this, in more senses than one, is to keep steadily at work. Work will clear the mind and cool the body. But it should be energetic, spirited work, not slow prodding drudgery. Every stroke should be directed by the mind and be given with a will. It is such work that tells. Few of us realize how much the character of farm work has changed. It is better to run a mowing machine than to swing a scythe all day, but there are men who are not happy unless they are engaged in some hard, steady work. They have not patience enough to manage the machine. They are mental sluggards. They want a machine to put itself together, to tighten its own bolts, to be self-sharpening and self-oiling. Such men are born hewers of wood and drawers of water. They will not make successful modern farmers. The farmer who has his mower, thedder, unloading fork, self-raking and self-binding reaper; who cuts feed, turns the grindstone, and pumps water by wind or horse-power; who plants his corn with a drill hoes it with a harrow, cultivates within an inch of the rows, cuts up the crop, and husks it with a machine, is a very different man from Hodge, the farmer, who exists in the mind of the novelist or poet.

MISCELLANEOUS.

At a recent dinner of physicians in France they were very jolly and toasted—disease!

Captain Nares, hitherto in command of the Challenger on her scientific voyage, will command the new Polar Expedition.

It is proposed in England to soothe the kicking disposition of the British husband by the cat-o'-nine-tails, which was found so effective against garroters.

An English newspaper called the *International Gazette* has been started in Berlin. As Paris has three papers printed in the English language the German capital may well have one.

The new German North Pole Expedition, if the necessary funds can be procured, is to leave in June for the eastern shores of Greenland and to follow the route explored by the last German expedition under Captain Keldewy.

Nearly 15,000,000 pounds of rice from the surplus stores collected by the British authorities in India, for the relief of the sufferers by the famine, were recently sold at Bombay at a loss to the Government at over fifty per cent.

The Chancellor of Germany has submitted to the Federal Council an ordinance prohibiting the importation into Germany of American potatoes, as a measure of precaution against the introduction of the Colorado beetle and the spread of the potatoe disease.

CANADA VS. UNITED STATES.—Persons accustomed to regard Canada as quite 'out in the cold may be surprised at the following note from Lyndonville, Vermont: The mercury has been down to thirty below zero for the last four mornings; this morning it was thirty-eight below. But we don't brag until it goes down into the fifties.

In the Bank of France they have got a brick for which they paid a 1,000 francs in specie. It was taken from the ruins of a burned house, and the image and figures of a note for 1,000 francs are burned on the surface, transferred by the heat from a real note. This brick the bank redeemed on presentation as if it were the note itself.

France annually consumes 24,000,000 pounds of tobacco. All this tobacco is bought by the Government from the growers, manufactured and sold in the Government interest for the tobacco traffic is in France as much a Government concern as the Post Office is in other countries. In 1874 the gross receipts from sales were 287,000 000f., or $57,400,000. In 1815 it was only $5,000,000.

Lent will begin this year on the 10th of February, much earlier than it has done since 1268. This will bring the highest festival of Easter this year on the 28th of March, which is within six days of the earliest period upon which it can ever possibly occur. On some years Easter falls as late as the 25th of April. Some years there are as many as nine Sundays between Epiphany and Ash Wednesday, but this year there will be only five Sundays intervening between the jubilee of Epiphany and the solemn feast of Lent.

Efforts are being made by the Maine State legislature to re-introduce salmon into the rivers in Maine. The work was begun in 1871. The reports from the young salmon turned into the streams in 1873 are encouraging. One river visited is reported to have been alive with them. They were then about six inches long. At the mouths of all the brooks they were seen in swarms. As regards the breeding establishments we are told that at one of them on the Penobscot, established in 1861 there were at first collected only 72 300 salmon eggs at a cost of $2.00 per thousand. There is reason to believe that satisfactory accounts will be heard from these young fry in 1875.

A company with Sir Hugh Allan at its head is spoken of in Montreal to build a new bridge over the St. Lawrence via St. Helen's Island. The plan most favourably received is to build an immense abutment or tower on the Montreal side of the river, directly opposite Isle Ronde, where the channel is narrowest, of sufficient height so that a suspension bridge hung between it and a similar tower on the Isle will clear the masts of the shipping. From the summit of St. Helen's Island it can easily be continued to the south shore, the river being exceedingly shallow all the way across. Cars, waggons, and passengers will be lifted up to and let down from the city end of the bridge by means of powerful hydraulic machinery. The bridge is to be large enough to afford accomodation for the traffic of all the new railways centering in Montreal, and likewise having carrings and foot ways.

HALIFAX.—Few people have any adequate conception of the strength of the defences of Halifax. Besides the Citadel and George's Island, mounting batteries of great power, there are two forts along the Eastern Shore, protected by eighteen ton guns. The fortification erected on Macnab's Island is even stronger and mounts much heavier guns than those even on the Citadel. Then there are several smaller, but powerful and commanding forts, along the Point Pleasant Shore, and down as far as York Redoubt. The heaviest guns as yet mounted are of eighteen tons, but it is intended to supplement them with 25 tonners, protected with iron shields as in Portsmouth Harbour. There are in existence also the elements of an effective torpedo service, so that Halifax is practically impregnable against the combined fleets of the two strongest naval powers in the world, unless caught napping and taken by surprise.—*Hx. Herald.*

On December 24, a large black marble tombstone was laid over the grave of the late Dr. Livingstone, in Westminster Abbey. The stone bore a lengthy inscription in gold letters as follows:—

Brought by faithful hands
Over land and sea,
Here lies
DAVID LIVINGSTONE,
Missionary, Traveller, Philanthropist,
Born March 19, 1813,
At Blantyre, Lanarkshire,
Died May 1, 1873.
At Chittambo's Valley, Ulalia.
For thirty years his life was spent in an unwearied effort to evangelize the native races, to explore the undiscovered secrets and abolish the desolating Slave Trade,
Of Central Africa
Where with his last words he wrote,
"All I can say in my solitude is, may Heaven's rich blessings come down on every one—American, English, Turk—who will help to heal this open score of the world."

On the right hand edge of the stone were the following words:

Tantus amor veri—Nihil est quod noscere malim,
Quam Fluvii causas per soecula tanta latentes.

And on the left hand edge the following text

Other sheep I have which are not of this fold,
They also I must bring and they shall hear my voice.

Rev. John H. Newman, the eminent Catholic divine, has written a pamphlet of ten chapters, addressed to the Duke of Norfolk, in reply to Mr. Gladstone's famous expostulation on Vatican decrees and civil allegiance. He declares Mr. Gladstone's aspersions of English Catholics undeserved, his tone uncharitable, and his conclusions untrustworthy. The Schola Theologica alone is competent to determine Papal and Synodal utterances. It must be confessed, he continues, 'That some among us in past years have stretched truths until they were near snapping, and have done their best to set the house on fire, leaving others to extinguish the flames. I see no inconsistency in being a good Catholic and a good Englishman." He then draws a distinction between spiritual and secular allegiance. If, he says "Parliament should pass an Act compelling Catholics to attend Protestant services once a week, and the Pope should forbid them, I would obey the Pope, not the law. If I were a soldier or sailor, and the Pope bade all Catholics leave the army and navy, I would disobey him in time of war." The reverend father, in conclusion, says:—"Infallibility is declared a matter of faith in thought merely, not in action. There is only one oracle of God, the Holy Church, with the Pope as head.'