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ALMANAC FOR DEC. 1876. MOON'S CHANGES. Full Moon, 1st day, 6h. 51m. a. m., E. below horizon. Last Quarter, 7th day, 10h. 10m. p. m., W. New Moon, 15th day, 2h. 1m. p. m., W. First Quarter, 23rd day, 7h. 29m. p. m., S. W. Full Moon, 30th day, 6a. 46. p. m., S. E.

RATES OF ADVERTISING. THE following are the Rates and Terms of Advertising as agreed to by the publishers of newspapers in P. E. Island—50 cents per line for first insertion, and 20 cents for each continuation. Ten per cent. discount from this rate will be made on all advertisements continued for 3 months; 20 per cent. if continued for 6 months; 30 per cent. if continued for 9 months; and 40 per cent. if continued for 12 months.

PRICES CURRENT. CH'WOWN, NOV. 28, 1876. BREADSTUFFS. Flour, per lb 0.05 to 0.06. Sugar, per lb 0.10 to 0.12. FISH. Codfish, per qt 3.50 to 5.00. BOARDS. Hemlock, 100 feet, 1.60 to 1.75. POULTRY. Chickens, per pair 40.00 to 50.00. MEAT. Beef, (small pieces) per lb 10.00 to 12.00. MISCELLANEOUS. Apples, per bushel 0.60 to 1.00.

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REVERE HOUSE, ADJOINING THE POST OFFICE, ALBERTON, P. E. I. The subscriber has fitted up the above House in good style, and wishes to inform his friends, and the public generally, that he is prepared to accommodate Transient and Permanent Boarders.

MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND. BOARD OF DIRECTORS: ROBERT LONGWORTH, Esq., President, Hon. Jas. DIXON, Hon. L. C. OWEN, Hon. A. McDONALD, Hon. J. C. POPE, THOMAS HANDRAHAN, Esq., GEORGE R. BAZZ, Esq., Risks taken daily at their office, corner Great George and Lower Water Streets. F. W. HALES, Secretary, Ch'wown, March 22, 1875-ly

New England Felt Roofing Co.'s PITCH AND FELT! The only Reliable Roofing. 500 ROLLS Beehive Brand FELT, 100 ROLLS PITCH, 100 ROLLS TARRED PAPER, 50 ROLLS DRY PAPER. We are selling these Goods Very Cheap. W. MCKECHNIE, Proprietor, Ch'wown, July 17, 1876.

P. E. Island Railway. SPECIAL RUNNING ARRANGEMENT. ON and after MONDAY, NOVEMBER 6, a Special Steamboat Mail Train will run as follows: GOING WEST. GOING EAST. Charlottetown, Nov. 6, 1876. Island pap. [3ms]

ST. LAWRENCE Marine Insurance Co. OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND. BOARD OF DIRECTORS: A. KENNEDY, Esq., President, JOHN F. ROBERTSON, ARTHUR MORSE, GEORGE D. LONGWORTH, P. W. HYNDMAN, W. D. STEWART. Risks taken daily at their office, Exchange Building. FRED. W. HYNDMAN, Ch'wown, April 24, 1876-ly Secretary

The Isolated Risk & Farmers Insurance Co. of Canada. PRESIDENT, - HON. ALEX. MCKENZIE, VICE-PRESIDENT, - GEORGE GREIG, Esq. CAPITAL, \$600,000. Deposited with Dom. Govt., \$100,000. THIS Company insures Farm Property, Dwellings and contents, Churches, Schoolhouses, and other isolated risks, at the Three Years System, at lowest current rates. Pays all losses caused by lightning, whether fire ensues or not. The agency having been transferred to the subscriber, he is prepared to take risks and renew outstanding policies on most favorable terms. FENTON T. NEWBURY, April 24, 1876-ly Gen'l Agent for P. E. I.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF London, [ESTABLISHED 1803] Subscribed & Invested Capital, \$8,650,000. INSURES AT MODERATE RATES Stores, Warehouses, Dwellings, Churches, Merchants of all kinds, Produce, Vessels on the Stocks, and other Property. DETACHED DWELLINGS taken for ONE, TWO, and THREE YEARS at special rates. Losses Adjusted and Settled Promptly. FENTON T. NEWBURY, Mar. 20, 1876 Agent for P. E. I.

THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY FIRE AND LIFE. Invested Funds, 1st Jan'y, 1874, \$21,028,356 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. T. FITZGERALD, Agent Ch'wown, July 27, 1874-6m

THE COTTON WARP made by us for the past fifteen years having proved so very satisfactory to consumers, we feel justified in recommending it to all who use the article as the best in quality and actually the cheapest in the market. We warrant every bundle to be full length and weight and to be numbered correctly. No name and address is on the label. For sale by all Dealers. W. M. PARKS & SON, New Brunswick Cotton Mills, John N. B. August 14, 1876-3m

CHOICE PERIODICALS FOR 1876. THE Leonard Scott Publishing Co., 41 Barclay Street, New York. Continue their authorized reprints of the Four Leading Quarterly Reviews: EDINBURGH REVIEW (Whig), LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW (Conservative), WESTMINSTER REVIEW (Liberal), BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW (Evangelical). Containing masterly criticisms and summaries of all that is fresh and valuable in Literature, Science & Art; also, Terms, Including Postage. Payable Strictly in Advance.

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THE Leonard Scott Publishing Co., 41 Barclay St., New York. New subscribers applying early for the year 1876 may have, without charge, the numbers for the last quarter of 1875 of such periodicals as they may subscribe to, on condition that clubs can be allowed unless the money is remitted direct to the publishers. No premiums given to subscribers. Circulars with further particulars may be had on application.

POETRY. WEAR A SMILE. Ha! for the faces that smile all day, In the month November or shining May, They bring a summer to every place, For there is no light like a lighted face, And the smile that gladdens a weary heart Is an angel doing a healer's part. I know that often there must be tears, In the eyes made dim by the spilling years; Grief draws a curtain across the light, And the day grows dark as a gloomy night; But hope, and courage, and smiles shall win And shadows vanish, and day begin. There is a lesson that life must teach, However cynical may coldly preach; God is a Father, his name is love, He braces his children from Heaven above, And there is reason for smiles of joy, And songs of praise should the lips employ. Then wear a smile in the darkest days, And sing for joy of the flowery ways; Be quiet always, though storms may rage, And look for a heavenly heritage. This world of sorrow, and sin, and guile, Has need of many a cheery smile.

LITERATURE. WENDERHOLME. CHAPTER XXII.—Continued. She was a strong, healthy woman, matronly handsome, and so full of good temper, good sense and kindness, that no one could help liking and esteeming her. She was not an intellectual person, but she had one of those rich well-balanced natures which the truly intellectual may occasionally envy but can never despise. Her father had begun life as a linen-draper in Soothym, and afterwards became a banker there. His family were too numerous for every member of it to receive a very considerable inheritance after his death; but his daughters were all fine girls, and had connected themselves with a class which, in the trancant subdivisions of an English country town in those days, was considered greatly superior to that to which he originally belonged. So it came to pass that, without any affectation of ladyhood, or any ambition to rise out of her natural sphere, Mrs. Anison had as good manners as any lady in Soothym. Her husband was less refined. She had been the eldest daughter, and had married before her father had reached his ultimate position, so that in point of gentility her had been the best match in the family; but her good sense easily passed over Joseph Anison's shortcomings, such as they were, and her criticisms of him were limited to gentle sarcasms about his Lancashire idioms. 'You really must teach me the Lancashire dialect, love,' she would sometimes say; 'I miss so many of your good things. When you are witty you always speak Lancashire, and then I cannot understand you—which is very provoking. Couldn't you be witty in pure English, Joseph?' As soon as thus attacked, Joseph revenged himself by saying what a shame it was for a Soothym woman not to know her own native tongue; and spoke more Lancashire than ever. Yet he was capable of speaking English when he liked—not aristocratic English, certainly, but a correct and masculine language perfectly intelligible to everyone.

The evening passed so pleasantly for Philip Stanburne that he forgot his weakness as he sat in his arm chair. In fact he began to realize the uncommon advantages of his position. Nobody expected anything from him. He was not to talk unless he liked; and the three young ladies of whom, in his ordinary health, he might have felt considerably afraid, were merely the prettiest figures in a pretty domestic picture, which made no claim upon his exertion, but which he could amuse himself by studying at his leisure. One of the few questions that Mrs. Anison had asked her patient was in respect to music. 'They were a musical family,' she said, 'and were accustomed to have music in the evening; but if Mr. Stanburne found that it tired him he must say so.' 'It's lucky cousin Charley isn't here with his cornet-piston,' said Miss Margaret. 'Mudge is just as dreadful with her piano,' Mr. Anison observed. 'Mother, what if you were to play some quiet music on your harmonium?' Mrs. Anison quietly laid down her work and went to her instrument. 'Perhaps it is rather rash in me to attempt music that I have not done before,' she said, and then sat down and played one of Mozart's masses, with little abridgement from beginning to end. They were, as Mrs. Anison observed, a musical family, and their faculties of attention were not easily fatigued, if only the music and performance of it were good of their kind. 'So wonderful is the power of music in awakening the imagination, and in sustaining it when awakened, that the whole scene became transfigured before Philip Stanburne as he listened to the seventh mass. There was a chimney-piece in the room of pure white marble, and on it there were vases of flowers, and rather an exceptional luxury of candles. As Philip gazed on these, his eyes fastened finally on a large white rose, and then gradually the whole room darkened around him, and the cluster of candles glittered like golden constellations in the darkness, and out of the darkness came rich rolling music, and then, behold a vision of architecture: a labyrinth of dark grey columns, a height of echoing harmony in the far above reverberating vaults! And central in the vision stood the illuminated altar, behind which, arch behind arch, receded haunts of tenebrous mystery. And before the blaze of the golden altar, with its stately multitudinous flames, bowed the vested priest, ministering.

A cloud of incense ascended, and poised itself at the height of the triforium. Then the light grew dim, and the music faint and remote, and round the cloud, or out of it, silver-winged angels became visible, and in the centre of it there was a white rose. And the priests sang: 'Rosa mystica, ora pro nobis!' CHAPTER XXIII. They dined at two at Arkwright Lodge and breakfasted at nine. Mr. Anison never breakfasted at home, except on Sunday and extraordinary occasions. As he had a room

at the works where that meal was served to him. He got up every morning at five and was at the works before the hands arrived. A little after nine Philip Stanburne heard a gentle tap at his door, and when he said, 'come in,' Mrs. Anison entered with a small tray. 'As I am your nurse,' she said, 'I venture to come into your room.' The tray looked very bright and attractive; there was a tiny silver teapot for one person, and everything belonging to the teapot. In the way of food there was a brilliant little trout. 'Perhaps you may have a man-servant at home that you would like to have here with you, Mr. Stanburne; but till he comes you will find coo-han, Daniel, a very quiet and gentle sort of a man, and he has little to do so I ordered him to answer your bell.' Philip had been very sufficiently attended to at the inn, and had not felt it necessary to ask for anybody from Stanburne Peel. In fact he had no man-servant. He had two or three men in his woods, but not a servant able to attend him. As for Mrs. Suttle, his housekeeper, she was necessary in the house; and if the truth must be told, her master felt rather happy to escape from her than otherwise. All this he explained to Mrs. Anison. 'Well, when you feel inclined to get up Daniel will act as your valet. What a pity it is that the doctor won't let you read! He'll come here at ten o'clock, I believe, and we must try and get him to remove that restriction. We expect a guest here to-day, a young lady, who is thought pretty, and is certainly very agreeable. She is going to stay a week or a fortnight. 'I am in a very odd position,' thought the captain. 'I am surrounded by nothing but girls. There are three in the house already, and there's another coming—that makes four. It's positively alarming! There isn't a male creature to speak to except the worthy calico printer himself, and there isn't very much in common between us; and besides, if there were, he says he is only at home about an hour for dinner, and in the evenings, fancy spending all the day with these girls!' Some young men in the Captain's position would have enjoyed the prospect of a week or two spent in society of this kind, but to him it appeared alarming.

He stayed in his own room as long as he decently could. The doctor's visit was a pretext under the doctor's departure. After that his patient idled away an hour or two with that sublime indifference to the value of time which is the privilege of invalids. He suffered very little now except from weakness, and even his weakness, being on the way of improvement, was rather luxury. In fact there are two degrees of weakness—that which agitates and that which calms; and his was of the latter. He was in a state of dreary indifference about most things. The view from his room was wide and beautiful, the sunshine full and bright, the easy chair as comfortable as possible. The doctor had said that though he might not read yet there could be no objection to his amusing himself by looking at prints; and all the little collection of such things at Arkwright Lodge had been placed at his service. They were not always excellent artistically, but they amused him. The invalid presented himself at dinner with a head-dress somewhat more becoming than his bandages of the preceding evening. The doctor had dressed the wound so as to allow of it being entirely hidden by the cap, and Philip possessed a pretty purple velvet smoking cap, with gold embroidery and a tassel, which on being assumed rather improved his appearance than otherwise. 'It is odd,' said Mrs. Anison, when they were all seated at the dinner table, 'that Missy has not come this morning. We expected her to dinner.' 'Just as she spoke there was a rumbling of wheels of a carriage past the window. It's a Soothym fly,' said Miss Margaret. 'It must be Lissy.' Philip Stanburne did not feel particularly interested in Lissy—it would have been a relief to him if Lissy had postponed her departure. The general idea of a girl unknown was attractive to him. The three young ladies left the room to welcome their friend. There was a confusion of girl-voices in the hall, and Philip Stanburne listened for that of the new comer. It conveyed nothing to him beyond the fact that she was young, and could laugh and talk like other young women. The fly reappeared the window on its way to the stables, where the horse was to have a feed. Philip suddenly felt interested in the fly, and watched for it. When it passed it proved to be a yellow fly; but seeing that it was now empty, little could be gathered from it concerning its recent occupant. There was rather a long pause of expectation whilst the young ladies were upstairs. 'I rather expected that her father would have come with her,' said Mr. Anison. 'He must be very busy, or else at Manchester, as she has come by herself. You should have sent the carriage to fetch her, my dear.' 'Just then the girl-voices descended the staircase, and came towards the dining-room door. It opened; and Philip Stanburne felt a shock of surprise, for the guest was Alice Stedman. They were formally introduced, and both were a little embarrassed. They could not say that they had spoken to each other, and neither felt inclined to avow a recollection of so brief and accidental an interview as that at the bookseller's shop. There was a perceptible blush on both their faces, which Mrs. Anison noticed, but attributed to mere shyness. Alice Stedman had seen very little of the world, but she felt at home at the Lodge, where the Anisons treated her as one of the family. In a strange house, she would have taken refuge in perfect isolation; but here although on the present occasion the officer in the odd-looking smoking cap intimidated her a little, she answered Mr. Anison's question with more than yes and no. Alice Stedman was one of a large class of English girls, found chiefly in pious provincial families of middle rank, who stand midway between the extreme simplicity and ignorance of the French *jeune fille* and the rather too knowing self-reliance of the London Girl of the period. They are quiet in manner and in dress, they have never been inside a theatre, they have read nothing that cannot be read aloud, and they know little about the ways and opinions of men; but yet they are not absolutely ignorant of the great facts of life, as the French girls. So on the other hand, though their minds have been to some extent cultivated, they have not received that education

in worldliness which, whilst it makes some young ladies so perfectly capable of taking care of themselves and of attending to their own interest, is acquired at the expense of a freshness which, if once lost, can never be initiated or replaced. Here let me pause to confess to the reader a glaring deficiency in the aspiring to be a teller of tales. A lady novelist can always tell you what all her persons wear. She is as accurate in that respect as the Court newsman himself. But what is a male writer to do? How can you tell what his character wore when he does not know himself? You would not have him tell his consciously, would you? When Alice Stedman came into the room just now, all that I noticed about her dress was that she wore something pinkish, and looked in a general way very nice. It must have been muslin, for it seemed to me very light and airy; but what the pattern of it was and what it cost a yard, I no more know than if I had never seen it. Mr. Anison's manner towards the young lady was a happy mixture of the polite and the paternal. She had come to their house—the dear, dingy, little old house in Whitcleup—when she was a child, and ever since then the intercourse between the families had been constant. Since her mother's death, Alice Stedman had found in the Anison's something more than mere friends—they were almost relations; they were as accessible as relations and less critical. Her real relations were working people at Shayton; and as Miss Stedman was at the same time a rather highly educated young lady and a very good Christian, there had been a long conflict in her mind about intercourse with them. Christian humanity said she ought to love and visit them; but ladyhood, which was not the less genuine that she was the first lady of her race, had objections to intercourse of this kind. In this case, as in thousands of others when people avoid poor relations, the severance was due rather to feelings of embarrassment than pride. Alice Stedman really did not know what to say to the loud-voiced factory lasses who were her cousins; she had not that dramatic faculty which is capable of easy intercourse with every variety of the human. But she breathed freely at the Lodge, in an atmosphere of gentle kindness and not too elaborate refinement. Unfitted for low life by her tastes and education, she was equally unfitted for the great world by her simplicity and unworlship. By her experience of life, by her differential instincts, and lack of critical acumen and assurance. In a room of great ladies she would have been dumb—in a room with factory lasses she would have been equally embarrassed; but she was merry and intelligent at the Lodge. 'Why, Missy Lissy,' said Mr. Anison (an old rhyming termination that had been used when a child) 'how does it happen that you don't bring your father with you? What is he doing? Is he gone botanizing?' 'Papa came with me as far as Whitcleup, but he said he would call at the inn and leave his name for Mr. Ogden, the officer there.' 'Well, this is intelligible; but he might have left his name and come on with you. Mr. Ogden cannot be in Whitcleup now; he must be drilling his men with the rest of the regiment at Soothym.' 'Papa came to the fly and said I must come here by myself, as Mr. Ogden was unwell, and he meant to stay with him an hour or two. Mr. Ogden had not left Whitcleup to-day.' 'He must be seriously ill,' observed Philip Stanburne, 'to have missed both parades. Even if he were in Soothym now he would be late for afternoon parade.' 'Whitcleup appears to be an unquiescent place for militia officers,' said Mrs. Anison. Philip was inexperienced in the art of playing compliments, but he tried his hand at one now, stimulated by the presence of a certain young lady. 'It seemed to be a place,' he said, 'where my mishaps that might befall them met with very simple compensation.'

CHAPTER XXIV. The history of Lieutenant Ogden's illness may be very briefly narrated. The Blue Bell was an inn, and it had the smell and associations of an inn. The dominant odor was the mixture of spirituous evaporations with the fragrance of tobacco. You could not treat the sanded flags of his entrance without meeting this rich composite perfume. In the nostril of Isaac Ogden it was sweeter than a bank of violets; and assuredly no bank of violets ever held forth a temptation so insidious and so continual. It was clear that after the labors of the day—labors of a severity to which the repose of Twistle Farm was unaccustomed—refreshments was an absolute necessity. The Lancashire mind, and especially that concentration of it which is to be found in Shayton, does not believe that human energy can be sustained under its labors without the help of alcohol. Horses, it is true, drink water, and a good deal is expected from him, especially in the way of carting; but men are so differently constituted; do horses eat meat? Certainly not; therefore, it is useless to argue in favor of teetotalism from their example and capabilities. The carnivora, it is true, are large meat-eaters, and they are water-drinkers at the same time, whilst remarkable for muscular energy; but man has wants of his own. The received theory at Shayton on this subject was that the human organism positively needed continual stimulation—that it could not get on without it—that if the said stimulation were imprudently interrupted, lamentable consequences must ensue. And the truth of this theory was maintained by the experience of every man in Shayton. For if a Shaytonite ever by accident committed the imprudence of passing an hour without the aid of alcoholic stimulation, did he not experience during that hour great inconvenience and a feeling of general unfitness for the duties, as well as an indisposition to join in the pleasures, which absorb the life of a man? In a word—could he act in a manly and efficient way—in a way satisfactory to himself and likely to inspire respect in the minds of others? He knew by experience that he could not; that alcohol in some form or other was necessary to him; and he did not enquire very minutely whether nature intended it as a necessity or habit had made it one. A Shaytonite without his glass was subject to a good deal of reticent friction in the intellectual regions; and nothing had been yet discovered that diminished this friction as well as spirituous liquors.

Continued on Fourth Page

MR. POPE AND HIS CRITICS. The Ministerial papers are alarmed about Mr. Pope. They walked around Mr. Pope, as it were, with mingled fear and curiosity. They view him, half trembling from different points of view. They make ingenious calculations about him. They steal around him quietly and take notes. You see, Mr. Pope can't support the Opposition because he's a Free Trader!—Mr. Pope can't support Mr. Mackenzie because a Prince Edward Islander has no seat in the Cabinet. So Mr. Pope can't support any party at all, except the Pope party—that is the line of argument taken with infinite gusto by the Reform journals. But why this difficulty about Mr. Pope? The Reformers ought to be able to see a way out for Mr. Pope! Look at Mr. Cauchon. Isn't he a trifling intellect? Look at Mr. Vall, a 'bitter' old Tory, who is considered to be quite at home in the 'Eberd' camp! Look at Mr. Albert J. Smith, gentleman who spent some active political years voting and working against Mr. Mackenzie, but who is now considered to be quite at home in Mr. Mackenzie's Cabinet! Look at Mr. Cartwright, who was accused by the *Globe*, of 'blundering incompetencies'; but who is now lauded as a 'Heaven born' financier! Hasn't Mr. Blake abandoned his Aurora platform? Hasn't Mr. Mill been advised to give up his 'eccentricities', that is—his most cherished principles? Why should Mr. Pope find any difficulty in his way when such honorable gentlemen as Messrs. Cauchon, Huntington, Vall, Smith, Blake and Mills found none, in like circumstances? Mr. Pope is a free trader—well the Opposition don't propose to force protection on farmers if the majority of farmers don't like it, and so the farmers of P. E. I. need not be alarmed; but if Mr. Pope wanted to vote with his party in favor of protection, surely the Reform organs could, and no doubt would, justify him, on the example of their own leaders, whom we have mentioned? If Mr. Pope were to desire a Cabinet office, no doubt Mr. Mackenzie would ship Mr. Vall at once and offer the vacant seat to Mr. Pope with the most humble appeal to him to accept it. But our contemporaries need not fear Mr. Pope's platform is well defined, and the opinions of his constituents well known; the opposition have another able champion: The Government has another active foe.—*He Herald.*

STEEL RAILS. Iron and steel have been falling in price, until now the Steel Rails for which Mr. Mackenzie paid fifty-four dollars and some cents per ton, can be bought for thirty-three dollars—over three-fifths the price that was taken for Canada's strong box to gratify the whims of an incapable Minister of Public Works. Most of the fifty thousand tons for the Canada Pacific were bought about two years before they were needed; they are now lying unused and rusting in various parts of the Dominion. The loss to the people, therefore, by this single transaction has been in price, \$1,050,000, and in interest about \$320,000, or a total of nearly \$1,400,000 dollars. Say one million four hundred thousand dollars! This is something every elector can readily comprehend. It is something that is easily remembered. Moreover, it is a feature of a transaction which such good Mr. P.'s as Messrs. Appleyard, Pickard, Gillmor, Perrix, Burpee and the rest of them justify and defend. And it is a transaction for which Messrs. Burpee and Smith, our Ministers, are responsible, as well as Mr. Mackenzie. It is, in brief, a pretty expensive illustration of Grit ideas of economy and good management, and a notable instance of their predecessors. It has cost us \$1,700,000 to discover that Mr. Mackenzie is a bad speculator when he operates for the Dominion; but let us console ourselves with the thought that what was the Dominion's loss was the great gain of the firm in which the Premier's brother was a partner.—*Waldman.*

THE POPE. Notwithstanding all the arrangements which are being made for the death of the present Pope and the election of his successor, persons who have recently seen 250,000, declare that he is looking more healthy and hearty than ever. He will be eighty-five in May, yet it appears to have all his faculties—mental and physical—fully about him. Among his recent visitors has been Dr. Wm. Maxzerie Brady, formerly one of the best known clergymen of the Irish Protestant Church, whose help Mr. Gladstone found invaluable when disestablishing that Church. After the passing of the Irish Church Act, Dr. Brady went to Rome for his health, and while engaged in examining the archives relating to the ecclesiastical affairs of the Irish Church he in 1875 joined the Roman communion, and his wife took the same step somewhat later. THE TRUE LINE TO FIGHT ON. In referring to the election of Hon. Mr. Pope, the *Protestant Witness* says:—'He who fought bitterly against him as a local politician gave him their cordial support as a candidate for the House of Commons. It would be better, probably, if in all the provinces the local and general politics could be kept apart. In Nova Scotia they have succeeded in carrying out this sensible policy. In P. E. Island they are evidently drifting towards the same line of action. In Nova Scotia there are as good reasons for separation as any where else. The truth is that the same questions rarely emerge in local and general politics. The principle of the total separation of Dominion and Local politics is commendable itself more and more. We have now in Nova Scotia papers supporting both Local and Dominion Governments; papers opposing both; papers supporting the Dominion and opposing the Local, and papers opposing the Dominion and supporting (moderately) the Local.'

STEEL RAILS AGAIN.—In another place we state that steel rails in England have fallen to \$23 per ton. We know, however, of their having been offered as low as \$24 per ton, or half the price which Mr. Mackenzie paid for them! The difference between \$27 and \$54 per ton for 50,000 tons (the quantity purchased by our business-like Premier Minister of Public Works) would amount to \$1,350,000. The loss of interest is about \$320,000 more. So, hurrah for Reform Government and Reform economy!—*Waldman.* Henry Welsh, Centennial Commissioner for Tasmania, is in Ottawa, with a view to promote trade between Canada and that Colony.