THE EXAMINER.

VOL. XXV. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1874. NO. 37.

CLOSING AND ARRIVAL OF MAILS,

AT THE

POST OFFICE, CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND,

AFTER MONDAY, 11th MAY.

MAILS.	CLOSE.	DUE.
Nova Scotia.	Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 9 p. m.	Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 6 p. m.
Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick and United States.	Mond., Wed., & Frid., 9 p.m.	Mon., Wed., and Friday, 10-30, p. m.
Great Britain via Halifax.	Every alternate Friday, commencing on Friday 15th May at 9 p. m. Supplementary mail every alternate Sunday, 2-30, p.m. commencing Sunday 17th May.	About every alternate Saturday, commmencing Saturday, 16th May, 10 p. m.
Great Britain, via Quebec.	Monday, 9 p. m.	Friday, 10-30, p. m.
Great Britain, via United States.	Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 9 p. m.	Mond., Wed., and Friday, 10-30, p. m.
Newfoundland and West Indies.	Same as Great Britain, via Halifax.	Same as Great Britain, via Halifax.
Summerside and intermediate offices.	Daily, Sunday excepted, 9 p. m.	Daily, Sunday excepted, 2 p. m.
Georgetown and intermediate offices	Daily, Sunday excepted, 9 p. m.	Daily, Sunday excepted, 2 p. m.
Western — Tignish, Alberton, &c.,	Wednesday, Saturday, 9 p. m.	Tuesday, Friday, 2 p. m.
Eastern—St. Peter's, Souris, &c.,	Monday, Thursday, 9 p. m.	Wednesday, Saturday, 7 p.m.
Southern—Murray Harbor Belfast, &c.,	Monday, Thursday, 9 p. m.	Wednesday, Saturday, 2 p.m,
Bedeque—Tryon, Crapaud, &c.,	Monday, Wednesday, Friday, 9 p. m	Monday, Wednesday, Friday, 2.30, p. m.
Brackley Point—Covehead, &c.,	Monday, Thursday, 8 a. m.	Tuesday, Friday, 9 a. m.
Pisquid—Johnston's River, &c.,	Friday, 12-30, p. m.	Friday, 10 a. m.

Letters to be Registered must be posted by 8-30, p. m., both postage and Registration fee must be prepaid.

The Postage on transient Newspapers, and on letters for City delivery must be prepaid.

Letters may be posted in the Letter Boxes on mail Steamers up to the time of their departure.

A. A. MACDONALD, Postmaster.

Post Office, Ch'town, P. E. I., 9th May, 1874.

ALMANAC FOR SEPTEMBER, 1874.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Last Quar., 3d Day, 0h. 43m., a.m., S. E.
New Moon, 10th Day, 1h. 58m., p.m., S. W.
First Quar., 18th Day, 7h. 52m., p.m., S.S.W.
Full Moon, 25th Day, 6h. 55m., p.m., E.

D. M.	DAY WEEK	SUN rise	SUN sets	MOON sets	HIGH water	DAY'S len'th
		H M	H M	H M	H M	H M
1	Tuesday	5 25	6 34	A 57	A1 52	13 8
2	Wedn'sd'y	27	32	2 20	2 44	5
3	Thursday	28	30	3 26	3 52	2
4	Friday	29	28	4 28	5 21	12 59
5	Saturday	30	26	5 12	6 53	56
6	Sunday	33	24	5 44	8 3	52
7	Monday	35	22	6 9	8 54	49
8	Tuesday	37	21	6 22	9 37	46
9	Wedn'sd'y	37	19	6 44	10 14	42
10	Thursday	38	17	6 59	10 44	40
11	Friday	39	15	7 14	11 14	37
12	Saturday	41	13	7 29	11 43	34
13	Sunday	42	11	7 47	M	30
14	Monday	43	9	8 7	0 12	27
15	Tuesday	44	7	8 30	0 42	24
16	Wedn'sd'y	46	5	9 2	1 17	21
17	Thursday	47	3	9 44	1 54	17
18	Friday	48	1	10 46	2 40	14
19	Saturday	50	5 59	11 44	3 42	11
20	Sunday	51	57	M	5 0	7
21	Monday	53	55	0 56	6 31	4
22	Tuesday	54	53	2 16	7 47	0
23	Wedn'sd'y	54	51	3 39	8 45	11 59
24	Thursday	55	49	5 2	9 31	55
25	Friday	56	48	6 25	10 13	52
26	Saturday	57	46	7 44	10 51	49
27	Sunday	59	44	9 15	11 29	45
28	Monday	6 1	42	10 20	A 9	41
29	Tuesday	1	40	11 59	0 51	39
30	Wedn'sd'y	6 2	5 38	A1 20	1 38	11 38

BUSINESS CARDS.

A. D. SHIRREFF,
Auctioneer, Commission Merchant,
BROKER
AND GENERAL AGENT,
CHATHAM, - NEW BRUNSWICK.

CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED.
Aug. 3, 1874.—4m

MR. C. BYRNE.
F. V. M. A., &c.
Veterinary Surgeon,
OF
LONDON, GREAT BRITAIN.

BEGS to inform the inhabitants of P. E. I. that he intends to practice in this country, and trusts that by prompt attention and moderate charges to give satisfaction to those who may entrust him with the treatment of their sick animals.
Charlottetown, June 22, 1874.—3mo

CARVELL BROTHERS,
AUCTIONEERS,
Commission Merchants,
AND
GENERAL AGENTS.
BANK BUILDING, QUEEN STREET,
Charlottetown, P. E. Island

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

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.
F. W. HYNDMAN, Esq.
THOMAS MORRIS, Esq.
W. D. STEWART, Esq.
Risks taken daily at their office, Exchange Building.
FREDERICK W. HYNDMAN,
Ch'town, March 16, 1874.—1y *Secretary*

BUSINESS CARDS.

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.

ARCHIBALD LADNER,
Commission Merchant,
AUCTIONEER,
Insurance and General Agent,
37 Queen Street.
Charlottetown. - - - P. E. Island.

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

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

JOSEPH CREAMER,
Physician & Surgeon,
CITY HOTEL,
CHARLOTTETOWN.

Patients attended to at all hours; and consultations given to poor gratuitously on MONDAYS, from 1 to 4, p. m.
April 20, 1874.—tf.

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

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.]

IMPORTANT TO THE PUBLIC.

ROBERT ORR & CO.
Beg to inform the Citizens of Charlottetown, and the inhabitants of Prince Edward Island that they have rented the Building on
QUEEN STREET,
(Next door to Messrs. OWEN CONNOLLY & Co's), for the purpose of carrying on a
WHOLESALE & RETAIL
DRY GOODS BUSINESS
And trust by purchasing their Goods in the best markets and selling them very low, to merit a share of the public patronage.
N. B. Wholesale Buyers, Farmers, and others will learn something worth knowing by examining
ORR & CO'S
STOCK, before purchasing elsewhere.
Charlottetown, May 18 1874. 1y

POETRY.

THE KNIGHT AND THE LADYE FAIR.

The good knight and the ladye fair,
Beside the drawbridge stay,
The good knight kisses the ladye fair,
And then he rides away.
But he sings, as a tress of golden hair
He twines in his helm above—
"Oh, I will fight for my ladye fair,
For my king and my own true love."

The knight rode on, the fight was fought,
The loyal hearts won the day;
The good knight fought, as good knights ought,
E'er foremost in the fray.
He rode back with the golden hair
Still twined in his helm above;
He fought for his king and his ladye fair,
For his king and his own true love.

The knight rode back to his ladye fair
Covered with many a stain,
The good knight kissed the ladye fair
When he came back again.
And still he sang, as the golden hair
He took from his helm above
"I'll fight for my king and my ladye fair,
For my king and my own true love."

LITERATURE.

KATHARINE.

A TALE OF WOMAN'S TRIALS.

CHAPTER IV. *Continued.*

The man's hard soul was touched. Better thoughts—early days—came back to him; and he turned away, murmuring, perhaps unconsciously, "If I could trust her!"——

'You may—you may!" cried Kate, who had overheard the exclamation, and peaks ing rapidly through the choking tears' 'I never took an oath in my life; but there is none you can propose to me but I will repeat willingly, if you will leave me here. Oh, sir, do not take me from her; she is the only friend I have on earth! When she is gone, there is no one left to care for me; do not part us now!"

'It's a bad job, but, you see my life's in your power, and if you were to split——'

'But I will not, as I hope and trust in God, I will not! I tell you I will swear——'

'Ay, ay, that's all very fine—but oaths are broken every day,'

'Do you believe I love my cousin?' cried Katherine, almost sternly, 'and that she loves hers?—because, if you do, you have a safe pledge for my silence. She is dying now because she would not betray him; and for her sake I would die, rather than that her death should be in vain. You say your life is in my power. I know it is; but Henry Jollis' is in yours—and to save him, for her sake,' and Kate rested her hand solemnly upon Mary's head, 'I will promise never, so long as he is safe, to betray you!"

'Thank you Kate; I know you will keep your word. God bless you!' said Mary, faintly,

'I think you will, too. Maybe I'm a fool to trust to you, but I will; and if you ever deceive me, the reckoning will be dreadful! If you trap me, there's plenty that will pay off my debt; and you'll never be safe from their vengeance, as long as there is a bullet in England!'

'I have no fear; my love to my cousin is your safety.'

'Well, you're a brave girl,' said the man, in admiration; 'almost too good for a lady. And I'll trust you, come what may of it.'

He went to the door, passed through, then hesitated, paused a moment, and turned round. A misgiving had come over his mind; companion of the reckless, lying, and guilty, he could not recognise the voice of truth even when he heard it. He turned back. Kate thought he had left; she had not even looked after him; and as if his very existence had passed from her thoughts, she was devoting all her care and energy to Mary. Their voices, faint and firm, reached his ear, as Mary murmured.—

'Henry, Henry! he is lost, lost!'

'Not for to-night, dearest; believe me I will never, by word, or look, or sign, betray what had happened to-night: and while I keep faith with that man, he will keep faith with Henry. Do not fear; you know how I love you, and trust me as I would trust you!'

'But the sin! Oh, Kate! I who have taught you so differently!—I to ensnare you! All it will all be of no use; you will learn to see the sin and free yourself!" and with a wonderful effort the sufferer raised herself upon her arm, and gazed fearfully into her cousin's face. M'Evoy held his breath, listening for the answer. Kate's freedom hung upon a thread.

Her voice was clear and firm as she replied,—

'Never, Mary! Remember that I would not promise you never to have, or keep a secret, even when you so entreated me; and if I could not see the sin then, it is not likely I shall now, when so much depends upon my faith. *I will keep the secret!* And God, who sees the motive, will, if it is wrong, forgive it'

A sound behind her, caused the speaker to turn her head, and to her astonishment she saw M'Evoy.

'Don't be frightened!" said he, 'you've no cause. I've heard what you've been saying, and it's set my mind at ease. I see that you're to be trusted. I only returned to tell you that in ten minutes I shall be safe off the premises, and then you may call for help to your cousin. I've been lodging in the back parlour for ten days, but I kept my face tied up with toothache, so the landlady doesn't know me. I came here on another affair, but that broke in, and I should have been gone to-night, if I hadn't heard the old boy give you the shiners. However, it's all for the best, and I wish you both a good night. You're a regular heroine, and I'm glad to have seen you, though I hoped at first you'd take some of the doctor's sleeping stuff. By-the-by, here's his note; you didn't hurt yourself when you fell over my shoe in the pocket-book you had, or else I shouldn't have given you the fall;' and with a cunning laugh the robber went out of the door, closed it after him, and bolted it.

The sound seemed lost upon Mary, who now lay to all appearences lifeless upon the ground. For a few brief minutes Kate tried every means to restore her, but in vain; and then, without wasting a thought upon the robber's escape, she ran to her aunt's room.

Loudly and impatiently she knocked at the door, and no answer being given, she hastly opened it and went in.

The bed was unoccupied; but without pausing a moment to speculate or wonder, she passed through to Jane's inner room; that was vacant also, and she understood at once that they had not retured from the theatre. A flush, half indignation, half tenderness, glowed upon her face—Mary was dying, perhaps dead, and her parents and sister were at a play!

Dreaming, however, was no part of Kate's nature; the instant the truth flashed upon her, instead of weeping at her helplessness, she acted, and seizing the bell-rope rang it violently.

The summons, however, remained unanswered, and after trying it once more, Kate determined to go down stairs herself, and see if any one was to be found. The stairs were dark, for the lamp had burned low, almost out, and as Kate reached the pasage, a thought of the robber's words and stipultaed "ten minutes' start" chilled her. She did not know whether the time had elapsed, and what, if it were not, might be the penalty he would exact? She went on, however, bravely passed the back parlour-door, and guided by a glimmering light, felt her way down the steep, crooked staircase to the kitchen. All was still as death. No graveyard could have been quieter, nor have struck a damp and deadly chill The young girl shivered as she felt it. Exactly opposite to her was a large door, at her right hand an other, and beside her a narrow stone passage, from the upper end of which came a cold, fetid wind. The little yard and cellar lay there.

The light which had attracted Kate gleamed through the half-open door opposite, and at once she knocked, first timidly, then loudly. There was no reply, and at last she entered.

It was the kitchen—dark, filthy, and untidy; the fire was out, and upon a rickety table flared a candle, which was blown hither and tither by the many draughts. In one corner stood a turned-up bed—that most horrible form of dirt and discomfort, and readiest hiding-place of rubbish—and sitting upon it, her head resting against a battered meat-screen, slept the one wretched servant, the maid-of-all-work.

The bell which Kate had rung, hung still quivering over the girl,s head.

In that small place it must have sounded in the quiet night like an alarum; but it had not been heard, nor would twenty such. The girl slept on, not dreaming, but slumbering heavily—stupidly—as if every nerve and power had been withdrawn, and the whole frame was flung into the stupor, not the repose of sleep.

"Ann, Ann!" cried Kate, loudly, "awake, do awake!"

But she might as well have called to the dead; no block of wood or marble could have been more senseless. And at last, finding her cries unavailing, Kate pushed and shook her gently, and then a wordless murmur, such as animals sometimes utter in their sleep, answered her,—

'Oh, Ann, Ann! do awake—pray awake! my cousin is so ill, and I can find no one to come to her!'

'What, what?' muttered the girl without looking up; 'what'd'ye want?'

'You, Ann! Wake up—do wake up!'

The loud earnest tone in which these words were spoken found their way to the sleeper's ears; and with a wide, noisy yawn, she stretched her figure backwards, rubbed the backs of her hands across her eyes, and stood up. At this moment a rattling peal of the front-door bell thoroughly completed the awakening process, and, lazily taking up the candle, the girl exclaimed,—

'That's master, I know; he allays comes with a row like that, as if people were all dead!'

'Your master! I thought everybody but my uncle and aunt were in bed? How fortunate? Make haste Ann—do make haste! Perhaps he will bring the doctor'

Another impatient ring, and Kate rushing past the drowsy maid, sprang forward, ran up-stairs, and snatching down the chain, opened the door quickly.

Upon the step instead of the master of the house, stood the party from the theatre. The first hurried glance showed Katherine the state in which her uncle was. He had accompanied his wife and daughter to a friend's house after the play, and the supper beverages had been more than usually potent. He was laughing—that silly, brutish laugh which drunkards utter: and, with his hands in his pockets, leaned against the area rails, jeering at his wife's angry remonstrance.

For the first time in her life—for he had been very kind to her—Katherine felt angry disgust for her Uncle, and could almost have joined in her aunt's wrath, when, reeling into the hall, he cried,—

'Well Kitty, how've you been enjoying yourself, my girl? Your aunt and me have been enjoying ourselves!'

'Oh uncle, uncle!' cried Kate, throwing off his hand indignantly; 'where have you been all this time, and Mary dying?'

'Dying!' repeated the wretched, staring stupidly at his neice.

'Yes she has been frighted to death. Our room has been robbed, and no one here to protect her. Oh, uncle, uncle, why did you leave us this last night?'

'What do you mean, Kate,—what are you talking of?' screamed Mrs. Grove. The house robbed and Mary dying?'

'Yes, yes! but make haste and come to her. Uncle, go for Mr. Wilson,—quickly, quickly, or it will be too late!'

A wondering, bewildered stare, as if words conveyed no meaning, and then a wailing, drunken burst of tears answered her. The man was utterly helpless.

'What shall I do? what shall I do?' cried Kate, wringing her hands in agony. 'Mary will die while we are wasting our time here! 'Jane, will you go? You know where Mr. Wilson lives,—will you go?'

'It is so late; cannot you go, Kate?' You know so much better than I do what to say.'

'I never was there; I do not know the way.'

'But I do—I'll go,' cried Ann. 'Do you mind the door, and I'll be back directly; it's not above three streets off.'

And, unshawled and bonnetless, the poor, over-tired, willing girl of all work ran off.

An hour later, there was a mournful group in the large dingy bed-room of that house.

Propped up in her bed, her hair banded back, her lips white and thin, her large eyes half glazed, the nerveless fingers almost blue, and the convulsive twinges of of pain playing round her mouth, lay Mary Grove. Beside her, with swollen and sunken eyes, clasped hands and suppressed breathing knelt Katharine. In the large chair, exhaustad by her bitter weeping, sobbed the mother; while Jane, awed and conscience-stricken for her unsisterly neglect, leaned silently against the bed.

But by far the saddest of all was Mr. Grove. Thoroughly sobered by the sad spectacle he was so suddenly called upon to witness, his countenance wore the most distressing appearance. Remorse, shame and grief seemed to contend for the mastery, and in his bleared and bloodshot eyes was a look of the most abject wretchedness. He sat, his trembling hands locked together, while heavy, burning tears fell bitterly large and slow upon them. From time to time his glance wandered to the surgeon, who had now arrived, but there was no hope in *his* face, and the miscrable, self-reproving man shrank once more into himself.

It was evident that the minutes of Mary's life were drawing fast to their close. At times to those near her, she appeared to have lost all consciousness, until the sudden twitches of pain about her mouth gave sad proof that she was sensitive and suffering. She had not spoken since first lifted into bed; and although a quivering, fleeting smile once or twice hovered over her countenence, Kate feared that she would never speak to her again. After a long pause, however, she said, in a weak tremulous whisper—

'Father!'

Every one started at the sound; it almost seemed as if the dead had called—she was so still and unlifelike, and the voice sounded so strangely. In a moment he whom she called was on his knees beside her, the tears subdued, and every sense strained eagerly to listen.

'Kate has made me a promise—a solemn promise—involving life. I entreat you, by your love to me, never, under any circumstances, to allow her to be tempted or frighted to break it. It is my last dying prayer, and you will grant it for my sake, father, will you not?'

'I will—I will; but is there nothing else—no other wish I can do for you, Mary? asked the heart-broken man imploringlyly.

'Nothing. I am happy now.' And the glazed eyes from which the intensity of her emotion seemed to have cleared away the film, now darkened and closed again. The last frightful gurgling came on, and she struggled for breath. Kate sprang to her feet. For the last time her eyes opened—but they had lost the power of vision; she could see no one, although the instinct of love told her whose were the cold trembling hands which supported her, and she made an effort to turn.

'Kate—your promise — remember — remember——'

'I will; as long as I live, I will! Do you hear me, Mary? I repeat the promise now, of my own free will, and with my whole heart! Do not fear me.' There was no reply; but by the faint shadow which passed over the dying girl's face, Kate knew that she heard and understood.

A moment more, and every sense was closed. The surgeon came quickly forward, and gently passing Katharine, took the body from her arms, and laid it down.

As it had been during Mary's life, so it was after her death. All the active duties which follow such afflictions devolved upon Katharine; for, like most selfish, undisciplined people, Mr. and Mrs. Grove were wholly unable to exert themselves Upon the latter the blow fell with double force. She had never expected it, nor believed in its possibility, and now it came with a terrible shock. She did nothing but weep and upbraid Katharine, the surgeon, the medicine, and London allday long; while her husband, crushed by self-reproach and sorrow, sat like one utterly subdued and helpless. On Katharine then, it devolved to make all the necessary arrangements—to gather what sense she could out of the contradictory directions she received—to write to Mrs. Jollis—and as far as her power went, to superintend everything.

This was a heavy task for one so young, and one too, who had lost more by Mary's death than any of those who wept so selfishly; nor could she have performed half of the duties imposed upon her, but for the help of the kind-hearted doctor, who for her sake undertook all the bargaining upon which Mrs. Grove insisted.

There was a strange difference in the grief of the parents. Mrs. Grove felt quite as much anger and disappointment as sorrow. Mary had been so long absent, that upon her return her mother had felt as little affection for her as for a stranger, and during the long illness, which she persisted in believing exaggerated both by the sufferer and the doctors, she saw less of her than almost any one in the house. She disliked sickness; and being unable either to understand or sympathize with her daughters character, there was little to attract her in the sick-chamber. She respected Mary as the probable heiress of her aunt's fortune, and therefore a useful and valuable member of the family, and she resented her death as an injury.

To be continued.

A WARNING TO FARMERS AND OTHERS.

[From the Monetary Times.]

PRESUMPTIOUS.—A mutual fire insurance company with its head office in St. Catherines, Ont., which can boast of only small assets—and those mostly in the shape of premium notes—has appointed agencies and is transacting business in the Maritime Provinces. This action of the Clinton Company is open to two objections:—1st. It is equivalent to gambling; 2nd, it is illegal. Small mutual offices such as this do very well about home, where every one who insures has some knowledge of its financial responsibility, and where the Directors have the risk under their control. To go abroad, as this company is doing, and enter the field as a competitor with offices having large capitals and means, is venturing to far from shore for so small a craft and must result in shipwreck sooner or later. Such is the teaching of our observation and experience. But, be this as it may, it is simply audacious for a Company to set the law at defiance as this Company is doing. It has no right to issue a policy in the Maritime Provinces without having made the required deposit with the Minister of Finance. We hope that some one, out of respect for the law and for the Companys good, will take the necesary steps to check the reckless career of this Clinton adventurer.

The civil guards of Bazaine, who were arrested at St. Marguerite on a charge of conniving at his escape, have been released.

The sale of ten Bonapartist journals, all published in French Provinces, is prohibited by the Minister of the of the Interior.

It appears that from official statistical tables that the value of imports into the British Isles from the United States has increased nearly twenty-five per cent., during the five years ending with 1872, and that the exports to the United states have almost doubled during the same period.

The fastest railway train in America is the one carrying newspapers from New York to Philadelphia. It starts from Jersey City at 4.10 a.m., and arrives at West Philadelphia at 6.57. The section between New Brunswick and Trenton is run at the rate of a mile a minute. The train has been running a year now, with but one accident, and one passenger coach has lately been added so it.

CANADIAN INDIANS.

THE loyalty of the Indians of Canada to their rulers, is in pleasing contrast to the disloyalty of the Indians of the United States, to their rulers. Occasionally, it is true, the former have a brush with the hunters or the half breeds; but war with the Government is never thought of. The Earl of Dufferin, while on his tour westward, met thousands of Indians, assembled to show him how they loved and respected British Government. At a grand pow-wow in the village of Osweaken, his Excellency was addressed by the Chief General of the "Six Nation" Indians, in the following strain:—

The Six Nations had confidence in all the treaties they had with the English Government, none of which had ever been violated. They welcomed Lord Dufferin as the only nobleman who had ever visited their reserve, and they also welcomed the Countess of Dufferin. They hoped that His Excellency would continue for many years to represent her Majesty in their native country, Canada, and that the Almighty would bless their Excellencies and their family. The speaker informed the Governor-General that there was a great change for the better in the condition of the Six Nations, that they lived like their white fellow subjects, by tilling the ground and by other industry, and not by hunting and fishing, as some, he regretted to say, had asserted of them. In education great progress had been made. The Government had been pleased to appoint a gentleman to the charge of the Six Nation Indians, and that gentleman was ready to promote their interests and to protect and defend them. They were quite contented with the government under which they lived. The Indian Timber and other property had lately been much better protected than formerly.

The noble Earl exhibited his usual good tact in replying to this address. He said his visit was a sign of the genuine interest taken by the Great Mother in the Indians, and also of the care which the Canadian Government took for them. He expressed his knowledge of the claims which the Indians had upon the British Government for their loyal adherence to England in the early wars:—

I am well aware that in ancient times when there was war between the early French colonizers of Canada and the early English colonists of the lower States, you were always a friendly people to the English Crown, and that in later days, when differences arose between the ancestors of the present inhabitants of the United States—differences which I am glad to say have long since been buried in oblivion by both parties—it was on the bravery of the arms and on the faithful courage of your ancestors that the Crown of England then relied. The memory of these transactions I can assure you shall never be allowed to pass away, and although you have ceased to be the warlike allies of Great Britain, we are still proud to hail you as its pacific and contented subjects. You could not have a greater proof that the memories of the ancient ties which bound the Six Nations and the English people have not been forgotten than in the first place the fact that one of the principal towns in Ontario has been called after that glorious Chieftain Tyendinaga, of whom you are so justly proud, and in the next place the manner in which those treaties and reservations which, in consideration of their services, were made in your favour, have been observed and maintained. There is no part of your address which has given me greater pleasure than that in which you acknowledge that the British Crown has kept faith with its Indian subjects, and that you and all the members of the Six Nations have confidence in the word of the British Government

The circumstance of the general wearing of the Indian dress in all its gaudy barbarity, was thus referred to by His Excellency:—

I am very pleased to see amongst those who have assembled to welcome me many members of your families arrayed in the ancient dress of the Indian nationality, for I certainly am of opinion that it is wise of you to take a just and patriotic pride in those characteristics of your past history, which, being innocent of themselves, will serve to remind you of your forefathers, and of the antecedents of your various tribes, and will add colour and interest to your existence as a distinct nationality, so happily incorporated with the British Empire. We see that those of French, English, Irish and Scotch origin who have settled in Canada, however closely united they may be in their present interest, and in a common patriotism to the land of their adoption, still rejoice in those innocent celebrations which recall the memories of the various sources from which their parentage is derived, and I trust that the Indian subjects of Her Majesty will always take a similar pride in preserving intact, from generation to generation, the distinctive attributes of their national circumstances.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

[From the Toronto Mail.]

It requires a statesman to build up; any blockhead can pull down. That British Columbia has been driven to sore straits by the crooked, perverse and stupid policy of the Mackenzie Aministration, there is no denying. The Province did not insist upon anything unreasonable. As the Victoria *British Standard* of Aug. 12, says:

"The Local Government have never manifested any disposition to act unreasonably or to make demands upon the Dominion impossible of fulfilment. On the contrary, had the Dominion Government shown anything like a disposition to act fairly by British Columbia, no complaint would ever have been heard from the people of this country, nor would the necessity have arisen for Mr. Walkem to visit England to make known our wrongs to the Imperial Government, and ask for justice from the highest authority in the realm. As British Columbia relies entirely upon the justice of her cause, she has nothing to fear from 'Canada's side of the story.' The agreement—or Terms of Union—is in black and white, and so plain that it can neither be misconstrued nor misunderstood. The Imperial Government was a party in that agreement, and hence is legally and morally bound to see that it is carried out both in the letter and in the spirit, to the utmost extent of the ability of the Dominion Government to do so. For that Government, now British Columbia has entered the Dominion, to turn round and say, 'We have made an agreement that we cannot carry out, and therefore we do not intend to try, and expect the Imperial Government to acquiesce in such an act of barefaced repudiation, is to assume that England has forgotten what is due to her own honour and dignity, and that British statesmen have suddenly fallen to the same level in the scale of political morality that Mr. Mackenzie at present occupies."

The Dominion Government was bound to do all that lay within its power to satisfy the reasonable expectations of British Columbia—expectations raised by a solemn pact which has never been revoked. Mr. Mackenzie knows as well as we know that neither Mr. Walkem nor any other British Columbian desired more than that reasonable evidence of good faith should be shown them. In the place of good faith we find a ruthless violation of a compact, missions ordinary and extraordinary, key-hole prying, twisting, and twinings—anything any everything to evade an honest straightforward act, however small, which would bring assurance to the deceived community on the Pacific slope. Whether Mr. Walkem's mission will serve the cause he has at heart remains to be seen, but in any case the condemnation of our tricky, shuffling and evasive Government must remain the same.

AGRICULTURAL.

Road dust should be gathered before the season closes. This is often the most convenient absorbent the farmer can command, and a few barrels of it will save a large amount of ammonia in the hennery, the privy and the stable. Hens should have a large open box full of it under cover, where they may dust themselves at their pleasure. It is an excellent thing to have in the stable, and when saturated with urine makes a valuable fertilizer. The fineness of the dust, continually ground by the iron tires and horse-shoes, is one cause of its favorable action upon crops. That gathered from a clay soil is best — indeed sand, whether from the road or elsewhere, is of but little use as a deodorizer or absorbent.

A VALUABLE LINIMENT.—The following receipt was recently given to us by a gentleman who "handles" horses, and who is well versed in the ills to which the horse flesh is an heir: Procure one ounce each of wormwood (the herb) and arnica flowers, and one ounce of salt petre, and put them in a wide mouthed bottle, adding to them one pint of rum. Keep the bottle corked and use it in case of cuts, bruises, of any injury whatever to the flesh of horses. It allays pain and inflamation and heals the surface. It is a most valuable liniment for use in the stable and should always be kept on hand by those having horses.—*Maine Farmer.*

TO SALT DOWN CUCUMBERS.—Gather the cucumber every other day; wash in pure water, and put into a cask or firkin, in layers, covering them thickly with coarse salt between each layer. Keep a heavy, flat stone over them, so as to make the brine, (which quickly forms) cover them. You need add no water, as there is plenty in the cucumbers. Fill up the firkin and put in the cellar. When you wish to pickel them soak in warm water, changing it every morning and evening. Soak until the salt is sufficiently removed, which you can tell by tasting of one. Then put them into a porcelain kettle, with a little bit of alum, and cover with vinegar. Let them just boil up. Now turn into a jar a cover closely. If you desire the vinegar spiced proceed as in a receipt given above.

HOW TO MAKE INDIAN PICKLE.—This consists of all kinds or pickles mixed, and put into one large jar—gherkins, cucumbers sliced, button onions, cauliflowers broken in pieces, radish pods, small string beans. Lay them on platters, and cover with salt for three days; then scald them in vinigar for a few minutes; skim out into the jar. Cut a large white cabbage into quarters and chop it fine, salt thoroughly over night, and then add to the pickles. To one gallon of strong vinegar put four ounces of ginger, bruised, two of whole pepper corns, two of allspice, four ounces of termeric, one pound of the best mustard. The vinigar and other ingredients, excepting the mustard, must boil together for twenty-five minutes. Then strain it into a pan, put the the mustard into a bowl, and wet it up with cold vinegar, mixing it until entirely free from lumps adding the vinegar in small quantities. Then mix it with the spiced vinegar, and turn all the pickles into the pan, mixing them well together. Put them all into the jar and cover tightly. Ready for use in a week or ten days.—*N. Y. Times.*

KEEPING FIRKIN BUTTER.—The dairy product of butter, outside of the districts of country around our cities and large towns available for daily marketing, must necessarily be put up, or packed in tubs made of white oak, holding 25, 50, or 100 pounds weight. The packages are known in the markets as tubs and firkins. The value of this butter depends upon the care taken to free it from the buttermilk, and the knowledge and taste required to flavor it, by the proper use of salt, and the neatness with which the whole process of making is characterized.

The consumers of butter are obliged to pay from twenty to forty cents per pound more for butter brought to their cities and large towns weekly than the average market price of our country-made and packed butter—this, too, when its intrinsic value is no more.

This is owing entirely to a want of proper knowledge of the mode of preservation after it comes into possession of the family by whom it is used. The country-made and packed butter is kept in the dairy cellar or spring house from the date of making until sent to the market, retaining all the qualities as when first made.

This is done by excluding the air by the simple process of keeping the package covered with brine made of pure salt, strong enough to float an egg. When sold and as soon as it is to be delivered, the brine is to be drained off entirely by reversing the package and leaving it bottom up for twelve or twenty four hours. It is then headed up, and goes to market without brine. The consumer is interested in getting possession of his supply as soon after it leaves the dairy cellar as possible.

He should first take out the head, driving the hoops back to their place, and then make a brine with pure water and Ashton salt, and cover the butter with it, and keep it covered until the last pound is used. The butter kept just covered is easily cut out of the size required for use, and if then held under the hydrant or pitcher, and water poured over it freely, it will be fit for the table, and the last pound will prove as good as the first.

No fear will be entertained that the brine will impart its taste to the butter. The office it performs is to prevent the air from contact with the butter. The writer knows that firkin butter has been kept a year by this simple and inexpensive process as sweet and with all the flavor it possessed the day it was made and packed.—*V. E. Piollet in Country Gentleman.*

It is stated that nearly ninety railway companies in the United States have suspended payment of interest on their bonds, and the total amount of bonds thus dishonored amount to nearly three hundred and fifty million of dollars; a direct consequence of the panic

The pretty rice paper that looks so pure and delicate is made in China from the pith of a great tree—not at all as we make paper from poplar wood, but by simply cutting it into very thin slices. And thousands of years before Moses was born the Egyptians made paper from the great papurus, or paper reed, by carefully peeling out the thin layer between the bark and the fleshy stem, and pressing and drying the piece into sheets. Many a story of ancient times has been found written on this paper, and stored away among the linen wrapping of the Egyptian mummies, just as well preserved and as legible as if it had been written last year.

SEVENTY YEARS AGO.—Under this head we find in the *Pall Mall Gazette* an account of a recently reprinted *fac simile*, of the London *Times*, which contained the first account of the battle of Trafalgar, from the despatches of Collingwood. The historical part of the paper is not more interesting than the newspaper sheet itself is curious. Comparing it with the *Times* of to-day, the appearance is something remarkable. In 1805 London was an immense city, and yet its chief journal—for the *Times* was even then the chief journal of the Metropolis—was not more than about half the size of the smallest daily newspaper published in the little towns of Canada, nor would the poorest of these last compare otherwise than favorably in any point of good journalism—the Trafalgar despatches excepted—with this powerful sheet of the British Empire, only seventy years ago. Still one cannot