

THE EXAMINER

VOL. XXVIII CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1876. NO. 4.

The Examiner
In Printed and Published every Monday Forenoon,
BY
William L. Cotton,
OFFICE
Corner Queen and King Streets.
TERMS—Per Annum, Postage prepaid, \$1.00 in advance; \$1.50 if paid within the year; \$2.00 if not paid within the year.

BUSINESS CARDS.
HASZARD BROS.,
Commission Merchants & Auctioneers,
FORWARDING MANUFACTURERS
General Agents,
61 WATER STREET,
Opposite Merchants Bank,
Charlottetown, P. E. I.
J. E. HASZARD, J. HORACE HASZARD.
REFERENCES:
Messrs. Greenhalghs, Son & Co., Montreal,
Messrs. W. & P. Brodie, Quebec,
Messrs. J. S. Farrow & Co., Boston,
Henry Lawson, Esq., Halifax, N. S.,
Hon. David Davies, Charlottetown, P. E. I.,
May 3, 1875.

WILLIAM DODD,
Commission Merchant and
AUCTIONEER
QUEEN SQUARE,
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND
MACKENZIE & STUMBLE,
Auctioneers, Commission Merchants,
AND
GENERAL AGENTS,
77 North Side Queen Square,
Charlottetown, P. E. Island,
October 18, 1875—ly

CARVELL BROS.,
AUCTIONEERS,
AND
GENERAL AGENTS,
Lower Queen St. Charlottetown, P. E. I.
COOMBS & WORTH,
JOB PRINTERS & BOOKBINDERS,
51 WATER STREET,
Charlottetown, P. E. Island,
Jan. 17/76 ly

REVERE HOUSE,
STEAMERS.
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.
Charges moderate. Good Stabling on the premises.
RICHARD GLADNEY,
Proprietor.
Alberton, Sept. 13, 1875.

MARINE
INSURANCE COMPANY
OF
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.
BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
ROBERT LONGWORTH, Esq., President,
HON. JAS. DUNCAN,
HON. L. C. OWEN,
HON. A. A. MCDONALD,
HON. J. C. POPE,
THOMAS HANDEMAN, Esq.,
GEORGE H. DEER, Esq.,
Risks taken daily at their office, corner Great George and Lower Water Streets.
E. W. HALES, Secretary.
Charlottetown, March 22, 1875—ly

IMPERIAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF LONDON,
[ESTABLISHED 1803]
Subscribed & Invested Capital,
\$8,650,000.
INSURES AT MODERATE RATES Stores, Warehouses, Buildings, Churches, Merchants, and other Property.
DETACHED DWELLINGS taken at special rates.
Losses Adjusted and Settled Promptly
FENTON T. NEWBURY,
Agent for P. E. I.
Mar. 29 1876

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, 807,091
FAIR RATES
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. E. FITZGERALD, Agent
Charlottetown, July 27, 1874—ly

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

NEW FALL GOODS!
1876.
Our Extensive importations
OF
FALL & WINTER GOODS
ARE
NOW READY FOR INSPECTION,
AND OUR
PRICES LOWER THAN EVER!
Friends, give us a call and see for yourselves.
ROBERT ORR & CO.
Oct. 9, 1876
FOR the speedy Cure of Scintal Weakness, Lost Manhood and all disorders brought on by indiscretions or excesses. Address: DAVISON & CO., Box 2296, New York. Sept. 13, 1875.

Prescription Free
FOR the speedy Cure of Scintal Weakness, Lost Manhood and all disorders brought on by indiscretions or excesses. Address: DAVISON & CO., Box 2296, New York. Sept. 13, 1875.

The Isolated Risk & Farmers
Insurance Co. of Canada.
P. RESIDENT, - - HON. ALEX. MCKENZIE.
V. PRESIDENT, - GEORGE GREGG, ESQ.
CAPITAL, \$600,000.
Deposited with Dom. Govt., - \$100,000.
This Company insures Farm Property, Dwellings and contents, Churches, schools, houses, and other isolated risks, on a "Three Years" system, at lowest current rates. Pays all losses caused by lightning, whether fire issues or not. The agents having been transferred to the subscriber, he is prepared to take risks and renew out-standing policies on most favorable terms.
FENTON T. NEWBURY,
April 24, 1876—ly Gen'l Agent for P. E. I.

Prince Edward Island
Fall Arrangement.
On and after Monday, the 23rd inst., the Sts. 'St Lawrence' and 'Princess of Wales' will run as follows:
Nova Scotia.
Leave CHARLOTTETOWN for PICTOU every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY & SATURDAY mornings at 5 o'clock connecting there at 10 a.m. with train for Halifax. Fare to Halifax, \$4.10.
Pictou Parties of twenty and upwards can obtain Return Tickets at Charlottetown Office to Pictou and back same day, for \$1.00 each.
Returning to Charlottetown.
Leave PICTOU every TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY & SATURDAY, about 4 p.m., on arrival of morning train from Halifax.
Leave PICTOU for HAWKESBURY every MONDAY & THURSDAY, on arrival of morning train from Halifax, connecting there with W.L. Stage and Steamer "Nepenthe" to and from Sydney and Bras d'Or Lake.
Returning to PICTOU SAME NIGHTS connecting with 10 a.m. train TUESDAY & FRIDAY for Halifax.

Summerside & Shediac.
Leaves SUMMERSIDE for POINT D'UENNE every morning (Sunday excepted) about 9 a.m. or immediately on arrival of 6 a.m. train from Charlottetown, connecting at Point D'Uenue with day train for St. John.
Returning to SUMMERSIDE same day, leaving POINT D'UENNE soon after arrival of morning train from St. John. The direct trips between Shediac and Charlottetown via Charlottetown and Shediac on Sunday evenings will be discontinued, instead of which Steamers will leave Summerside for Charlottetown, and Charlottetown for Summerside, Saturday evenings for Summerside.
Agents—Messrs. Mcintosh, Halifax; Noonan & Davies, Pictou; A. Gray & Co., Hawkesbury; Harford Bros., St. John.
P. W. HALES, Secretary.
Charlottetown, P. E. I., Oct. 19, 1876.

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 (White),
LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW (Copper),
WESTMINSTER REVIEW (Litho),
BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW (Evangelical).
Containing masterly criticisms and summaries of all that is fresh and valuable in Literature, Science & Art; also,
Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine
The most powerful Monthly in the English language, famous for STORIES, ESSAYS, and SKETCHES, of the highest literary merit.
Terms, including Postage.
Payable Strictly in Advance.
For any one Review, \$4.00 per annum
For any two Reviews, 7.00 do
For any three Reviews, 10.00 do
For any four Reviews, 12.00 do
For Blackwood's Magazine, 4.00 do
For Edinburgh & London Reviews, 4.00 do
For Blackwood & Westminster, 13.00 do
For Blackwood & the Quarterly, 15.00 do

CLUBS.
A discount of 20 per cent. will be allowed to clubs of four or more persons. Thus: four copies of Blackwood and the Quarterly will be sent for \$12.80; four copies of the four Reviews and Blackwood for \$48.00, and so on.
PREMIUMS.
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 for.
Neither premium to subscribers nor discount to clubs can be allowed unless the money is remitted direct to the publishers. No discounts given to clubs.
Orderlies with further particulars may be had on application.
The Leonard Scott Publishing Co.,
14 Barclay St., New York.

POETRY.
THE MISTLETOE.
In ancient times the Druid priests,
With many a solemn vow,
Gather'd thy branches, sacred plant,
To crown the priestesses' brow.
And chanting grave, mysterious hymns,
With measured steps and slow
They march'd beneath the old oak-trees,
Bearing the Mistletoe!
How many a legend, strange and old,
Around thy branches clings,
Of superstitious fears and dread,
Of wild, barbaric rites!
What curious things on Salisbury Plain,
What grand and pompous show
Of Celts and Normans, hast thou seen,
Mysterious Mistletoe!
These cruel, superstitious years
Long since have passed away;
A false priestess' hand
Blesses thy leaves to-day.
Trooping across the snowy fields
The laughing maidens go,
To gather for their festival
The Christmas Mistletoe!
The hall is bright with Christmas cheer,
And youths and maidens fair,
With innocent and happy hearts,
Have met together there.
With purer, deeper reverence
Than Druid priests could know,
The lover kisses blushing cheeks
Under the Mistletoe.
—Harper's Bazar.

CLOUDS.
What change with happiest thrill my pulses may start,
Of all the unnumbered changes that I view
Is this brief-finger'd mood of heaven's deep heart,
That in the twinkling of an eye
The joyous pilgrims of the buoyant blue?
Is it when drowsily through lalcyon air
They float in the pillow fleeces chaste as white,
Or when against the horizon they loom fair,
In towering Alpine peak and pale plateau?
Is it when, shadowy as the vaguest dream,
Their nearly gossamer film the skies afar?
Or when like isles in quiet seas they gleam,
Purple below the tremulous evening star?
Or yet when beauteous dawn, with rosy speed,
Sunders' thine drapery where it darkly falls?
Or when from earth to sunset lands they
As stately stairways to imperial halls?
Or when, like scales on fabulous dolphins backs,
They flick with loveliest color evening gray?
Or when they move in grim tempestuous wrecks,
And through them javelins of hot lightning play?
Ah, no! whatever of joy such changes wake,
That change above all others my soul
Of when, beneath some full-orbed moon
On Sapphire calms their ghostly silhouettes.
For then, as through this dubious gloom they stray,
Spirits seem with garments flitting
Whose noiseless feet, in some miraculous way,
Walk the great awful emptiness of the night.
—Harper's Magazine.

LITERATURE.
WENDERHOLME.
CHAPTER XXVII.—Continued.
"You horrible man!"
"Who so ungracious to me? The Sultan and the Vicar of Egypt are like me—they believe in the Koran—and they act upon their beliefs as I intend to do. Yet a Christian Queen was gracious to them. She did not tell them they were horrible men. Why should you not be gracious to me in the same way? When I have married my four wives, you will come to visit me in my palace on the Bosphorus, won't you? Coffee shall be brought to you by black slaves in a jewelled cup, and your lips shall touch the amber nuptial of a diamond chalice."
"Then your four wives will be Oriental, and I shall not be able to talk to them."
"And if you believe in the Koran," said Miss Sedham, "you ought to show it by refusing to drink wine."
"Ah, then I renounce Mahomet that I may have the pleasure of drinking with you!"
This was said with perfect grace, and in the little ceremony which followed, the young gentleman contrived to express so much respect and admiration for his fair neighbor that Mrs. Anson took note of it.
"Mr. Stanburne is in love with Alice," she thought to herself.
"Would you renounce your religion for love?" said Madge Anson in a very low tone.
Philip felt a sudden sensation, as if a doctor had just probed him. Garibaldi felt the corresponding physical pain when Nelson found the bullet.
He turned slowly and looked at Madge. There was a strange expression about her lips, and the perennial merriment had left her face.
"Are you speaking seriously, Miss Anson, I wonder?"
The talk was noisy enough all round the table to drown their talk completely. Even Miss Sedham was listening to her loud-voiced neighbor, the Lieutenant. Madge Anson looked straight at Philip and said:
"Yes I am speaking seriously."
"I believe I should not now. But nobody knows what he may do when he is in love."
"You are in love?"
This time the room whirled, and the voices sounded like the murmur of a distant sea. In an instant Philip Stanburne passed from one state of life to another. A crisis which changed the future of four persons there present occurred in him in the world of his consciousness. His imagination roared in wild day-dreams; but one picture rose before him with distinctive vividness—a picture of Alice kneeling with her head under a canopy before the high altar of St. Agatha's.

A slight pressure on his left arm recalled him to the actual world. The ladies were all leaving their seats and Madge kindly informed him where she was.
"Ah! said Madge for drinking is Shayton," observed Mr. Blunting as he poured himself a glass of pure water. "I wonder if one could do any good there?"

They are past caring, mostly, are Shayton folk," answered John Stedham. "Are they not, Mr. Ogden?"
"Here is one here that is," answered Jacob with much humility.
Mr. Blunting inquired with sympathy in his tone, whether Mr. Ogden had fallen under the temptation. When Isaac confessed his backsliding of the past week, the reverend gentleman requested permission for to see him in private. Isaac had a dislike to sherymen in general, and in religion rather shery in the particular view of his friend Dr. Bardly; but he was in a state of profound moral discouragement, and ready to be grateful to anyone who held out prospects of effectual help. So it ended by his accepting an invitation to dine at Sootythorn.

"If you take tea with Mr. Blunting," said Mr. Anson, "you must take care that he doesn't inoculate you with his own sort of intemperance, if he cures you of your own excesses. He drinks tea enough in a year to float a canal boat. It's a terribly bad habit. In my opinion it is far worse than drinking brandy. The worst of it is that it makes men like gassy as women do. Stick to your brandy bottle Mr. Ogden. Like a man, and let Mr. Blunting empty his big teapot!"
"Wait! the gentlemen were still in the dining room. Mr. Blunting saw a horse pass the window—a riderless yet harnessed horse—followed by another horse in an accustomed manner; and then came a lofty vehicle, drawn by the latter animal. I have described this equipage as it appeared to Mr. Blunting; but the experienced reader will perceive that it was a tandem, and by the association of ideas will expect to see Fyser and the Colonel.

Colonel Stanburne came into the dining room and soon made himself at home there. He had never happened to meet Joseph Anson or Mr. Stedham, but he knew the incumbent of Sootythorn slightly, and the other two were his own officers, though he had as yet seen very little of either of them. The Stanburnes of Wenderholme held a position in all that part of the country far above that to which their mercenary would have entitled them, that Joseph Anson felt it an honor that the head of that family should enter his gates. He's only calling on young Stanburne," thought Joseph Anson; "he isn't calling upon us."
"I came to thank you and Mrs. Anson," said the Colonel, "for having so kindly taken care of our young friend here. He seems to be getting on uncommonly well; and no wonder, when he's in such good quarters."
"Captain Stanburne is getting strength, I am glad to say," replied the master of the house. "He rather alarmed us when he came here, he seemed so weak; but he has come around wonderfully."
"I am very much better, certainly said the patient himself.

The commanding officer hoped that he would be fit for duty again at an early date, but for reasons which the reader may easily divine, the young gentleman did not intend to be fit for duty quite so soon. The duties of a militia officer may be very delightful, but they are less delightful than the society of the one particular young lady whom we most ardently admire. So Captain Stanburne declared that he did not feel strong enough yet to be equal to the march and the drill; that he was subject to frequent sensations of giddiness, which would make him most uncomfortable, and that in a word, he was best for the present where he was. This declaration was accompanied by due expression of regret for the way in which he abused the kind hospitality of the Ansons—expressions, which of course, drew forth from the good host a cordial renewal of his lease. They had become rather more intimate now, and Joseph said, as long as you like, Captain—top as long as you like; for you eat no more than a mouse, and you drink same as a tentit."
"Ah, what have you done with the Irishman who nearly killed him?" asked Mr. Anson of the Colonel. "I've heard nothing about him. If you'd had him shot, we should have heard of it."
"Was a perplexing case. If you consider that man a soldier, the punishment is most severe—in fact it is death, even if he did not mean to kill. But we hardly could consider him a soldier—he had had no military experience—a raw Irish laborer who had literally not worn a uniform more than twenty-four hours. I have been unwilling to bring the man before a court martial. He is in prison still."
"Has he been punished enough," said Philip. "Pray consider him simply as having been drunk. Irishmen are always com bative when they are drunk. It was not a deliberate attack upon me as his officer. The man was temporarily out of his senses and struck blindly about him."
It having been settled that the Irishman was to be pardoned on the intercession of Captain Stanburne, the Colonel begged to be presented to Mrs. Anson. "He had not much time," he said, looking at his watch; "he had to be back to Sootythorn in time for mess, and he was anxious to pay his respects to the lady of the house."
So they all went into the drawing room. After the introductory bows, the Colonel perceived our friend, little Jacob (who had retreated with the ladies); but as he had not quite finished his little speech to Mrs. Anson about her successful nursing, he did not as yet take any direct notice of him. When the duties of politeness had been fully performed, the Colonel beckoned for little Jacob, and when he came to him, laid both hands on his shoulders.
"Ah! so you're here, too, are you, young man? I thought you were at Shayton with your grandmammas."
Lieutenant Ogden came up at this instant to excuse himself. My mother only came to Whittlecup yesterday, Colonel, and she brought my little boy with her." Mrs. Ogden approached the group.
"I'm little Jacob's grandmother," she said, "and I'm mother to this great lad here and it is as much as ever I do to take care of him. What did you send him by himself to Whittlecup for? You should have known better nor that; sending a drunkard like him to stop by himself in a public house. If he's a backslider now, it's long 'o' them as turned him into temptation, same as a cow into a clever fish. I wish he'd never come into the malicious malitia—I do so."

The Colonel was little accustomed to be spoken to with that unrestrained frankness which characterizes the inhabitants of Shayton, and felt a temporary embarrassment under Mrs. Ogden's onslaught. "Well, Mrs. Ogden, let us hope that Mr. Isaac will be safe now under your protection."
"Safe? Ay, he is safe now, I reckon, when he's getting his mother to take care of him; and there's more on ye as want your mother to take care on ye as will account to sherymen in general, and in religion rather shery in the particular view of his friend Dr. Bardly; but he was in a state of profound moral discouragement, and ready to be grateful to anyone who held out prospects of effectual help. So it ended by his accepting an invitation to dine at Sootythorn.

"If you take tea with Mr. Blunting," said Mr. Anson, "you must take care that he doesn't inoculate you with his own sort of intemperance, if he cures you of your own excesses. He drinks tea enough in a year to float a canal boat. It's a terribly bad habit. In my opinion it is far worse than drinking brandy. The worst of it is that it makes men like gassy as women do. Stick to your brandy bottle Mr. Ogden. Like a man, and let Mr. Blunting empty his big teapot!"
"Wait! the gentlemen were still in the dining room. Mr. Blunting saw a horse pass the window—a riderless yet harnessed horse—followed by another horse in an accustomed manner; and then came a lofty vehicle, drawn by the latter animal. I have described this equipage as it appeared to Mr. Blunting; but the experienced reader will perceive that it was a tandem, and by the association of ideas will expect to see Fyser and the Colonel.

Colonel Stanburne came into the dining room and soon made himself at home there. He had never happened to meet Joseph Anson or Mr. Stedham, but he knew the incumbent of Sootythorn slightly, and the other two were his own officers, though he had as yet seen very little of either of them. The Stanburnes of Wenderholme held a position in all that part of the country far above that to which their mercenary would have entitled them, that Joseph Anson felt it an honor that the head of that family should enter his gates. He's only calling on young Stanburne," thought Joseph Anson; "he isn't calling upon us."
"I came to thank you and Mrs. Anson," said the Colonel, "for having so kindly taken care of our young friend here. He seems to be getting on uncommonly well; and no wonder, when he's in such good quarters."
"Captain Stanburne is getting strength, I am glad to say," replied the master of the house. "He rather alarmed us when he came here, he seemed so weak; but he has come around wonderfully."
"I am very much better, certainly said the patient himself.

The commanding officer hoped that he would be fit for duty again at an early date, but for reasons which the reader may easily divine, the young gentleman did not intend to be fit for duty quite so soon. The duties of a militia officer may be very delightful, but they are less delightful than the society of the one particular young lady whom we most ardently admire. So Captain Stanburne declared that he did not feel strong enough yet to be equal to the march and the drill; that he was subject to frequent sensations of giddiness, which would make him most uncomfortable, and that in a word, he was best for the present where he was. This declaration was accompanied by due expression of regret for the way in which he abused the kind hospitality of the Ansons—expressions, which of course, drew forth from the good host a cordial renewal of his lease. They had become rather more intimate now, and Joseph said, as long as you like, Captain—top as long as you like; for you eat no more than a mouse, and you drink same as a tentit."
"Ah, what have you done with the Irishman who nearly killed him?" asked Mr. Anson of the Colonel. "I've heard nothing about him. If you'd had him shot, we should have heard of it."
"Was a perplexing case. If you consider that man a soldier, the punishment is most severe—in fact it is death, even if he did not mean to kill. But we hardly could consider him a soldier—he had had no military experience—a raw Irish laborer who had literally not worn a uniform more than twenty-four hours. I have been unwilling to bring the man before a court martial. He is in prison still."
"Has he been punished enough," said Philip. "Pray consider him simply as having been drunk. Irishmen are always com bative when they are drunk. It was not a deliberate attack upon me as his officer. The man was temporarily out of his senses and struck blindly about him."
It having been settled that the Irishman was to be pardoned on the intercession of Captain Stanburne, the Colonel begged to be presented to Mrs. Anson. "He had not much time," he said, looking at his watch; "he had to be back to Sootythorn in time for mess, and he was anxious to pay his respects to the lady of the house."
So they all went into the drawing room. After the introductory bows, the Colonel perceived our friend, little Jacob (who had retreated with the ladies); but as he had not quite finished his little speech to Mrs. Anson about her successful nursing, he did not as yet take any direct notice of him. When the duties of politeness had been fully performed, the Colonel beckoned for little Jacob, and when he came to him, laid both hands on his shoulders.

"Ah! so you're here, too, are you, young man? I thought you were at Shayton with your grandmammas."
Lieutenant Ogden came up at this instant to excuse himself. My mother only came to Whittlecup yesterday, Colonel, and she brought my little boy with her." Mrs. Ogden approached the group.
"I'm little Jacob's grandmother," she said, "and I'm mother to this great lad here and it is as much as ever I do to take care of him. What did you send him by himself to Whittlecup for? You should have known better nor that; sending a drunkard like him to stop by himself in a public house. If he's a backslider now, it's long 'o' them as turned him into temptation, same as a cow into a clever fish. I wish he'd never come into the malicious malitia—I do so."

The Colonel was little accustomed to be spoken to with that unrestrained frankness which characterizes the inhabitants of Shayton, and felt a temporary embarrassment under Mrs. Ogden's onslaught. "Well, Mrs. Ogden, let us hope that Mr. Isaac will be safe now under your protection."
"Safe? Ay, he is safe now, I reckon, when he's getting his mother to take care of him; and there's more on ye as want your mother to take care on ye as will account to sherymen in general, and in religion rather shery in the particular view of his friend Dr. Bardly; but he was in a state of profound moral discouragement, and ready to be grateful to anyone who held out prospects of effectual help. So it ended by his accepting an invitation to dine at Sootythorn.

"If you take tea with Mr. Blunting," said Mr. Anson, "you must take care that he doesn't inoculate you with his own sort of intemperance, if he cures you of your own excesses. He drinks tea enough in a year to float a canal boat. It's a terribly bad habit. In my opinion it is far worse than drinking brandy. The worst of it is that it makes men like gassy as women do. Stick to your brandy bottle Mr. Ogden. Like a man, and let Mr. Blunting empty his big teapot!"
"Wait! the gentlemen were still in the dining room. Mr. Blunting saw a horse pass the window—a riderless yet harnessed horse—followed by another horse in an accustomed manner; and then came a lofty vehicle, drawn by the latter animal. I have described this equipage as it appeared to Mr. Blunting; but the experienced reader will perceive that it was a tandem, and by the association of ideas will expect to see Fyser and the Colonel.

Colonel Stanburne came into the dining room and soon made himself at home there. He had never happened to meet Joseph Anson or Mr. Stedham, but he knew the incumbent of Sootythorn slightly, and the other two were his own officers, though he had as yet seen very little of either of them. The Stanburnes of Wenderholme held a position in all that part of the country far above that to which their mercenary would have entitled them, that Joseph Anson felt it an honor that the head of that family should enter his gates. He's only calling on young Stanburne," thought Joseph Anson; "he isn't calling upon us."
"I came to thank you and Mrs. Anson," said the Colonel, "for having so kindly taken care of our young friend here. He seems to be getting on uncommonly well; and no wonder, when he's in such good quarters."
"Captain Stanburne is getting strength, I am glad to say," replied the master of the house. "He rather alarmed us when he came here, he seemed so weak; but he has come around wonderfully."
"I am very much better, certainly said the patient himself.

The romantic reader may justly find fault with Philip Stanburne for giving himself, under these circumstances, a little time for reflection; but he cannot in fairness blame the author for having so represented him. As a matter of fact, when the young gentleman of the present generation fall in love, or proceed to an open avowal of their attachments or place themselves in a position which is likely to make such an avowal inevitable at a more or less distant period, they withdraw into the inner chamber of their consciousness, and hold council with many considerations. Such is their admirable prudence that they will not listen to the allurements of Passion before Reason has given her opinion upon the point. The only danger is that reason may be secretly allied with passion, and propounded passion's arguments in her own color but more cogent language.

If any rational and worthy minded adviser had said to Philip Stanburne a month before, "why don't you look out for some well-to-do cotton spinner's daughter in Sootythorn? You might pick up a good fortune that would mend the Stanburne property, and you would find a nice well-educated girl, who would do you quite as much credit as if she belonged to one of the old families"—if any counsel of this kind had been offered to Philip Stanburne then, before he saw Alice Stedham, he would have rejected it at once as being altogether inadmissible. He, the representative of the house of Stanburne, cannot himself with a family of cotton spinners! He, the dutiful son of the Church, shy himself with a member of one of those heretical sects who insult her in her affliction! Our general views of things may be very decided and admit, never heless, of exceptions in favour of persons who are known to us. To hate Protestants in general—to despise the commercial classes as a body—is one thing; but to hate and despise a gentle maiden, whose voice sounds sweetly in our ears is another thing.

She's as perfect a lady as any I ever saw, thought Philip, as she walked before him. A closer actual critic might have answered that although Alice Stedham was a very admirable and good young woman, absolutely free from the least taint of vulgarity, she lacked the style and go of a young lady of the world. Her deficiency in this respect may, however, have gone to produce the charms which attracted Philip. Alice had not the 'aplomb' of a fine lady, nor the brilliancy of a clever woman; but nature had given her a stamp of genuineness which is sometimes effected by the attraction of society.

Continued on Fourth Page.
BEECHER ON ST. JOHN.
I can say to night, what I could not say on Saturday night, that I am delighted with what I have seen and experienced in St. John. No man can go through the streets of this city without seeing that only industry and perseverance could have built such a city on so unproductive a soil. To have cut through the huge rocks which covered its site must have been no easy task, but to make a soil where none existed was harder still. This is the Centennial year of the United States, and I am reminded by that circumstance that it is not far from the Centennial year of St. John; for it was about this period, that the people came here, we are celebrating, that the people came who gave strength and magnitude to the new beautiful city. I am a descendant of the Pilgrim fathers and I revere and honor their history and respect their memory for facing the perils of the sea and the perils of the land, the danger from savages, for the sake of conscience. And I respect just as much that other band of pilgrims who gave us wealth and comfort and their health, and worldly goods, and the soil on which they were born, and came to found for themselves other homes in this northern land for the sake of conscience and honor. [Applause.] Because they, too, were faithful to their consciences, and would not abate one whit of their true loyalty to their King. For conscience is a man's best estate; it is the foundation of all true character, and although it may sometimes mislead a man—although it may direct his feet into dangerous and uncertain paths—I respect its possessors, and give the honor to the Pilgrims of New England and of New Brunswick, who stood true to their consciences, and who stamped a character on their national life which is shown in the prosperity of the one and the other. We are so far removed from the disturbers of a century ago, that we can look back upon those who took different sides in the quarrel with honor. And may the time come never when those hard feelings shall be renewed or when those kindred people shall misunderstand each other. When I see the confederation of Provinces to the north of us expanding into a Great Dominion, I experience nothing but feelings of pleasure. I consider it a fortunate thing that there is growing up such a power; like us in language; like us in laws; like us in literature; like us in its aspirations for freedom; like us mainly in religion. I feel that we are stronger for your strength, and I trust and pray that the time may speedily come when the hostile tariffs which stand like needless walls between these people shall be thrown down and when there shall be as free a circulation of commerce between them as there is now of ideas and good fellowship. [Great applause.]

Worth—the great Parisian mill-miller—is in trouble again—with a spirited Parisian Duchess this time. He had, after a full fortnight's consultation and an infinite deal of assistance on the lady's part, designed a toilet of toilets, magnificent and unique. Not long after the Duchess, while at her milliner's, was rather surprised than displeased to discover displayed the exact duplicate of her costume, the same shades, the same trimmings, the same everything. The milliner, furious, sent word to M. Worth that she did not want the dress; he returned that it had been ordered and executed according to order, and must be accepted and paid for. Thereupon the Duchess took a fearful revenge. She wrote to Worth: "I shall take and pay for the dress, but not wear it. I send you by my cook; you will be as good as to alter the costume so as to fit her." And now that cook on her day out appears in one of Worth's most exquisite creations, and the cream of the joke is that his blow has been terribly effective and Worth thinks himself disgraced.

Worth—the great Parisian mill-miller—is in trouble again—with a spirited Parisian Duchess this time. He had, after a full fortnight's consultation and an infinite deal of assistance on the lady's part, designed a toilet of toilets, magnificent and unique. Not long after the Duchess, while at her milliner's, was rather surprised than displeased to discover displayed the exact duplicate of her costume, the same shades, the same trimmings, the same everything. The milliner, furious, sent word to M. Worth that she did not want the dress; he returned that it had been ordered and executed according to order, and must be accepted and paid for. Thereupon the Duchess took a fearful revenge. She wrote to Worth: "I shall take and pay for the dress, but not wear it. I send you by my cook; you will be as good as to alter the costume so as to fit her." And now that cook on her day out appears in one of Worth's most exquisite creations, and the cream of the joke is that his blow has been terribly effective and Worth thinks himself disgraced.

Worth—the great Parisian mill-miller—is in trouble again—with a spirited Parisian Duchess this time. He had, after a full fortnight's consultation and an infinite deal of assistance on the lady's part, designed a toilet of toilets, magnificent and unique. Not long after the Duchess, while at her milliner's, was rather surprised than displeased to discover displayed the exact duplicate of her costume, the same shades, the same trimmings, the same everything. The milliner, furious, sent word to M. Worth that she did not want the dress; he returned that it had been ordered and executed according to order, and must be accepted and paid for. Thereupon the Duchess took a fearful revenge. She wrote to Worth: "I shall take and pay for the dress, but not wear it. I send you by my cook; you will be as good as to alter the costume so as to fit her." And now that cook on her day out appears in one of Worth's most exquisite creations, and the cream of the joke is that his blow has been terribly effective and Worth thinks himself disgraced.

Worth—the great Parisian mill-miller—is in trouble again—with a spirited Parisian Duchess this time. He had, after a full fortnight's consultation and an infinite deal of assistance on the lady's part, designed a toilet of toilets, magnificent and unique. Not long after the Duchess, while at her milliner's, was rather surprised than displeased to discover displayed the exact duplicate of her costume, the same shades, the same trimmings, the same everything. The milliner, furious, sent word to M. Worth that she did not want the dress; he returned that it had been ordered and executed according to order, and must be accepted and paid for. Thereupon the Duchess took a fearful revenge. She wrote to Worth: "I shall take and pay for the dress, but not wear it. I send you by my cook; you will be as good as to alter the costume so as to fit her." And now that cook on her day out appears in one of Worth's most exquisite creations, and the cream of the joke is that his blow has been terribly effective and Worth thinks himself disgraced.

Worth—the great Parisian mill-miller—is in trouble again—with a spirited Parisian Duchess this time. He had, after a full fortnight's consultation and an infinite deal of assistance on the lady's part, designed a toilet of toilets, magnificent and unique. Not long after the Duchess, while at her milliner's, was rather surprised than displeased to discover displayed the exact duplicate of her costume, the same shades, the same trimmings, the same everything. The milliner, furious, sent word to M. Worth that she did not want the dress; he returned that it had been ordered and executed according to order, and must be accepted and paid for. Thereupon the Duchess took a fearful revenge. She wrote to Worth: "I shall take and pay for the dress, but not wear it. I send you by my cook; you will be as good as to alter the costume so as to fit her." And now that cook on her day out appears in one of Worth's most exquisite creations, and the cream of the joke is that his blow has been terribly effective and Worth thinks himself disgraced.

Worth—the great Parisian mill-miller—is in trouble again—with a spirited Parisian Duchess this time. He had, after a full fortnight's consultation and an infinite deal of assistance on the lady's part, designed a toilet of toilets, magnificent and unique. Not long after the Duchess, while at her milliner's, was rather surprised than displeased to discover displayed the exact duplicate of her costume, the same shades, the same trimmings, the same everything. The milliner, furious, sent word to M. Worth that she did not want the dress; he returned that it had been ordered and executed according to order, and must be accepted and paid for. Thereupon the Duchess took a fearful revenge. She wrote to Worth: "I shall take and pay for the dress, but not wear it. I send you by my cook; you will be as good as to alter the costume so as to fit her." And now that cook on her day out appears in one of Worth's most exquisite creations, and the cream of the joke is that his blow has been terribly effective and Worth thinks himself disgraced.

Worth—the great Parisian mill-miller—is in trouble again—with a spirited Parisian Duchess this time. He had, after a full fortnight's consultation and an infinite deal of assistance on the lady's part, designed a toilet of toilets, magnificent and unique. Not long after the Duchess, while at her milliner's, was rather surprised than displeased to discover displayed the exact duplicate of her costume, the same shades, the same trimmings, the same everything. The milliner, furious, sent word to M. Worth that she did not want the dress; he returned that it had been ordered and executed according to order, and must be accepted and paid for. Thereupon the Duchess took a fearful revenge. She wrote to Worth: "I shall take and pay for the dress, but not wear it. I send you by my cook; you will be as good as to alter the costume so as to fit her." And now that cook on her day out appears in one of Worth's most exquisite creations, and the cream of the joke is that his blow has been terribly effective and Worth thinks himself disgraced.

Worth—the great Parisian mill-miller—is in trouble again—with a spirited Parisian Duchess this time. He had, after a full fortnight's consultation and an infinite deal of assistance on the lady's part, designed a toilet of toilets, magnificent and unique. Not long after the Duchess, while at her milliner's, was rather surprised than displeased to discover displayed the exact duplicate of her costume, the same shades, the same trimmings, the same everything. The milliner, furious, sent word to M. Worth that she did not want the dress; he returned that it had been ordered and executed according to order, and must be accepted and paid for. Thereupon the Duchess took a fearful revenge. She wrote to Worth: "I shall take and pay for the dress, but not wear it. I send you by my cook; you will be as good as to alter the costume so as to fit her." And now that cook on her day out appears in one of Worth's most exquisite creations, and the cream of the joke is that his blow has been terribly effective and Worth thinks himself disgraced.

Worth—the great Parisian mill-miller—is in trouble again—with a spirited Parisian Duchess this time. He had, after a full fortnight's consultation and an infinite deal of assistance on the lady's part, designed a toilet of toilets, magnificent and unique. Not long after the Duchess, while at her milliner's, was rather surprised than displeased to discover displayed the exact duplicate of her costume, the same shades, the same trimmings, the same everything. The milliner, furious, sent word to M. Worth that she did not want the dress; he returned that it had been ordered and executed according to order, and must be accepted and paid for. Thereupon the Duchess took a fearful revenge. She wrote to Worth: "I shall take and pay for the dress, but not wear it. I send you by my cook; you will be as good as to alter the costume so as to fit her." And now that cook on her day out appears in one of Worth's most exquisite creations, and the cream of the joke is that his blow has been terribly effective and Worth thinks himself disgraced.

Worth—the great Parisian mill-miller—is in trouble again—with a spirited Parisian Duchess this time. He had, after a full fortnight's consultation and an infinite deal of assistance on the lady's part, designed a toilet of toilets, magnificent and unique. Not long after the Duchess, while at her milliner's, was rather surprised than displeased to discover displayed the exact duplicate of her costume, the same shades, the same trimmings, the same everything. The milliner, furious, sent word to M. Worth that she did not want the dress; he returned that it had been ordered and executed according to order, and must be accepted and paid for. Thereupon the Duchess took a fearful revenge. She wrote to Worth: "I shall take and pay for the dress, but not wear it. I send you by my cook; you will be as good as to alter the costume so as to fit her." And now that cook on her day out appears in one of Worth's most exquisite creations, and the cream of the joke is that his blow has been terribly effective and Worth thinks himself disgraced.

Worth—the great Parisian mill-miller—is in trouble again—with