Senate & News Room

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THE EXAMINER.

VOL. XXVI. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1875. NO. 43.

The Examiner

Is Printed and Published every Monday Forenoon,

BY

William L. Cotton,

OFFICE:

Corner Queen and King Streets.

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CLUB RATES.

THE EXAMINER will be forwarded to Clubs at the following rates per year—payment strictly in advance:—

5 copies, one address, - - - - -	$ 6.00
10 " " " - - - - -	10.00
15 " " " - - - - -	14.00
20 " " " - - - - -	18.00

Clubs may be made up at any time, but not for a shorter period than a year.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE.	1 w	2 w	3 w	4 w	5 w	6 w	7 w	2 m	3 m	4 m	5 m	6 m	12 m
1 Inch.	0.50	0.62	0.75	1.00	1.20	1.35	1.50	1.65	1.95	2.25	2.55	2.85	5.70
2 do.	1.00	1.25	1.50	1.75	2.00	2.25	2.50	2.75	3.25	3.75	4.25	4.75	9.50
3 do.	1.50	1.87	2.25	2.62	3.00	3.37	4.00	4.46	5.87	6.62	7.37	8.12	16.24
4 do.	2.00	2.50	3.00	3.50	4.00	4.50	5.00	5.50	6.50	7.50	8.50	9.50	19.00
5 do.	2.50	3.12	3.75	4.37	5.00	5.62	6.25	6.87	8.11	9.35	10.59	11.83	23.66
6 do.	3.00	3.75	4.50	5.25	6.00	6.75	7.50	8.25	9.75	11.25	12.75	14.25	28.50
7 do.	3.50	4.37	5.25	6.12	7.00	7.87	8.75	9.62	11.38	13.14	14.90	16.66	33.32
8 do.	4.00	5.00	6.00	7.00	8.00	9.00	10.00	11.00	13.00	15.00	17.00	19.00	38.00
9 do.	4.50	5.62	6.75	7.87	9.00	10.12	11.25	12.37	15.65	17.92	20.41	22.49	44.98
10 do.	5.00	6.24	7.50	8.74	10.00	11.24	12.50	13.74	16.22	18.70	21.18	23.66	47.32
11 do.	5.50	6.87	8.25	9.62	11.00	12.37	13.75	15.12	17.85	20.58	23.31	26.04	52.08
12 do.	6.00	7.50	9.00	10.50	12.00	13.50	15.00	16.50	19.50	22.50	25.50	28.50	57.00

Transient Advertisements must be paid for in advance, in all cases, in order to secure insertion.

EXCEPTIONS TO THE ABOVE.—Commission Merchants and Auctioneers are allowed a discount of 20 per cent. on advertising accounts exceeding $32 per annum.

ALMANAC FOR OCT. 1875.

MOON'S CHANGES.

First Quarter, 7th day, 0h. 54m. p. m., S. E., below horizon.
Full Moon, 14th day, 7h. 2m., p. m., S. E.
Third Quarter, 21st day, 10h. 1m. a. m., S. W
New Moon, 29th day, 1h. 0m., a. m., North, below horizon.

D. M.	DAY WEEK	SUN rise	SUN sets	MOON sets	HIGH water	DAY'S len'th
		H M	H M	A	A	H M
1	Friday	6 3	5 36	6 35	11 44	11 33
2	Saturday	5	34	6 53	M	29
3	Sunday	6	32	7 17	0 18	26
4	Monday	8	30	7 47	0 51	22
5	Tuesday	9	28	8 28	1 30	19
6	Wedn'sd'y	0	26	9 11	2 14	16
7	Thursday	2	24	10 6	3 7	12
8	Friday	3	22	11 10	4 15	9
9	Saturday	4	20	M	5 34	6
10	Sunday	6	18	0 20	6 59	2
11	Monday	7	16	1 22	7 54	10 59
12	Tuesday	9	14	2 48	8 43	56
13	Wedn'sd'y	20	13	4 3	9 24	53
14	Thursday	21	11	5 23	10 3	50
15	Friday	23	9	6 35	10 41	46
16	Saturday	24	7	8 10	11 21	46
17	Sunday	25	5	9 40	A 3	40
18	Monday	27	4	11 8	0 49	37
19	Tuesday	28	2	A 29	1 40	34
20	Wedn'sd'y	29	0	1 36	2 39	31
21	Thursday	31	58	2 24	3 52	27
22	Friday	32	56	2 57	5 15	24
23	Saturday	34	55	3 21	6 34	21
24	Sunday	35	53	3 39	7 38	18
25	Monday	36	51	3 55	8 26	15
26	Tuesday	38	50	4 10	9 5	12
27	Wedn'sd'y	39	48	4 25	9 40	9
28	Thursday	41	47	4 40	10 13	6
29	Friday	42	45	5 0	10 45	3
30	Saturday	44	44	5 22	11 19	0
31	Sunday	6 46	5 42	5 47	11 54	9 57

PRICES CURRENT.

Ch'town, Oct. 19, 1875.

FISH.	
Codfish per qtl	2.60 to 3.25
Herring per bbl	4.87 to 6.49
Mackerel per doz.	0.48 to 0.72
BREADSTUFFS.	
Buckwheat Flour, per lb	0.03 to 0.3¼
Flour, per bbl	5.50 to 7.00
Flour, per 100 lbs	2.90 to 3.00
Oatmeal, per 100 lbs	3.00 to 3.50
BOARDS.	
Hemlock, 100 feet.	0.81 to 0.94
Pine do	1.62 to 2.40
Spruce do	0.97 to 1.30
Shingles, per M.	2.11 to 2.48
POULTRY.	
Chickens, per pair	$0.32 to 0.50
Ducks, (each)	0.24 to 0.35
Fowls, (each)	0.25 to 0.40
Partridges, (each)	0.20 to 0.25
Turkeys, (each)	1 00 to 1.50
Geese (each)	0. 45 to 0.60
MEAT	
Beef, (small pieces) per lb	$0.08 to 0.16
Beef, per lb (by the quarter)	0.05 to 0.09
Ham, per lb	0.12 to 0.16
Lamb, per quarter	0.00 to 0.00
Lamb, per lb	0.05 to 0.09
Mutton, per lb	0.5 to 0.09
Pork, (small pieces) per lb	0.08 to 0.08½
Pork, per lb (by the carcass)	0.08 to 0.09
Veal, per lb	0.04 to 0.08
MISCELLANEOUS.	
Apples per bushel	0.80 to 1.00
Barley per bushel	0.00 to 0.75
Butter (fresh) per lb	0.17 to 0.20
Butter per lb by the tub	0.17 to 0.19
Calfskins, per lb	0.06 to 0.12
Cheese (new milk) per lb	0.15 to 0.17
Cheese, per lb	0.05 to 0.08
Clover seed, per lb	0.00 to 0.00
Eggs, per doz.	0.16 to 0.18
Green Peas,	0.00 to 0.00
Hay, per ton	10.00 to 11 60
Hides, per lb.	0.6 to 0.07
Honey, per lb.	0.25 to 0.32
Homespun, (men's wear) per yd.	0.65 to 1.00
Homespun, (women's do) per yd	0.35 to 0.48
Homespun Flannel, per yard	0.31 to 0.46
Lard, per lb	0.12 to 0.16
Oats, per bushe.	0.43 to 0.45
Potatoes, per bushel	0.28 to 0.30
Pearl Barley, per lb	0.03 to 0.04
Sheepskins	0.32 to 0.40
Straw, per ton	4.50 to 2.50
Tallow per lb	9.08 to 0.12
Turnips, per bush.	0.20 to 0.25
Wool, per lb	0.17 to 0.25

NOW OPEN!

"International Hotel,"

Central Street,

Summerside, P. E. Island.

I wish to inform the public that I have now opened one of the best as well as one of the most commodious Hotels on this Island. I am prepared to accommodate the travelling public with a first-class table, sleeping apartments, and good stabling, sheds, &c., where their horses will be thoroughly attended to.

Also, in connection with the House, are Liquors of the very best quality,—all at moderate prices to suit the times.

A call from the public will be thankfully received.

W. J. S. GLOVER, Proprietor.

May 24, 1875.

PLAIN JOB AND BOOK PRINTING done at the EXAMINER OFFICE.

BUSINESS CARDS.

MacKENZIE & STUMBLES, Auctioneers, Commission Merchants, AND GENERAL AGENTS, 77 North Side Queen Square, Charlottetown, - - P. E. Island. October 18, 1875.—1y

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

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

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

HASZARD BROS. Commission Merchants & Auctioneers, FORWARDING, MANUFACTURERS, AND General Agents, 61 WATER STREET. Opposite Merchants Bank, Charlottetown, - - - - P. E. I.

J. E. HASZARD, | HORACE HASZARD.

REFERENCES:

Messrs. Greenshields, Son & Co., Montreal,
Messrs. W. & R. Brodie, Quebec,
Messrs. J. S. Farlow & Co., Boston,
Henry Lawson, Esq., Halifax, N. S.
Hon. Daniel Davies, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
May 3, 1875.

INSURANCE.

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 HANDRAHAN, Esq.,
GEORGE R. BEER, Esq.

Risks taken daily at their office, corner Great George and Lower Water Streets.

F. W. HALES, Secretay.

Ch'town, March 22, 1875—1y

ST. LAWRENCE Marine Insurance Co. OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

Authorized apital, - - $300,000.
Subscribed Capital, - - 143,950.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

ARCHIBALD KENNEDY, President.
JOHN F. ROBERTSON,
ARTEMAS LORD,
P. W. HYNDMAN,
RALPH B. PEAKE,
THOMAS MORRIS,
GEORGE D. LONGWORTH.

Risks taken daily at their office, Exehange Building.

FREDERICK W. HYNDMAN, Secretary.

Ch'town, March 22, 1875.—1y

FIRE INSURANCE.

IMPERIAL Fire Insurance Company OF LONDON.

Subscribed & Invested Capital, £1,965,000 Stg.

PHENIX INSURANCE COMPANY, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y

Cash Assets, - - - $2,015,383.84.

The above Offices being of UNDOUBTED STANDING, guarantee perfect security and Prompt Payment of Losses.

DETACHED DWELLINGS insured for One, Two, or Three Years on SPECIALLY ADVANTAGEOUS TERMS.

FENTON T. NEWBERY, AGENT.

Jan. 18, 1874. 1y

THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY

FIRE AND LIFE.

Invested Funds, 1st Jan'y., 1874, $21,628,356
Deposited with Receiver General of Canada, 162,800
Other Investments in Dominion of Canada, 867,091

FAIR RATES.

Prompt & Liberal Settlements.

Insurance against Fire effected upon Private Residences, Household Furniture and Farm Properties, for

One, Three or more years, At Reduced Rates.

Office—Great George Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

R. R. FITZGERALD, Agent

Ch'town, July 27, 1874.—6m

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.

Charges moderate. Good Stabling on the premises.

RICHARD GLADNEY, Proprietor.

Alberton, Sept. 13, 1875.

RALIROAD TIME!

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES & CLOCKS!

GOLD CHAINS!

STUDS!

TOOTH PICKS!

EAR-RINGS, BROOCHES.

LARGE ASSORTMENT OF PLATED SETTS!

Cruet Stands!

BUTTER COOLERS!

SUGAR BOWLS!

Butter Knives, Pickle Forks, &c.

LARGE ASSORTMENT JET GOODS!

ROBERT SNEESTON, No. 91 North Side Queen Square.

Ch'town, June 21. 1875.—6m

Prince Edward Island Railway.

THROUGH TICKETS! TO Moncton, St. John, Pictou, Halifax, Montreal, Portland and Boston,

may now be had at the Ticket Office of the P. E. I. Railway, Charlottetown.

W. McKECHNIE, Sup't.

Railway Office, Ch'town, Aug. 27, 1875.

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 d. spatch.

A lot of First-class WATER COOLERS on hand. Sayer's Crystal Blue sold cheaper than ever. [Nov. 11, 1871.]

From MONTREAL TO CASCUMPEC.

THE Subscriber offers for sale on arrival—

500 bbls FLOUR,
100 bbls BREAD,
30 bus. Tim thy SEED,
100 bus. Seed WHEAT, (a good article.)
10 doz. BUCKETS,
10 doz. BROOMS,
600 lbs. CLOVER SEED,
50 boxes assorted CRACKERS,
100 kegs NAILS, all sizes,
2 tons Rope, from 8th to 4 inch
6 cases HATS and CAPS,
10 do PAINTS,
20 do HAY RAKES,
20 doz. Haying TOOLS,
20 doz. SHOVELS, HOES, &c.,
10 casks Paint OIL,
5 tons PAINT,
25 cases BOOTS and SHOES.

From England

Putty, Paint, Glass, Olive Oil, Iron, Steel,

12 cases shelf HARDWARE,
6000 bus. SALT,

From United States.

BUCKETS, BROOMS, FISHING GEAR, OIL CLOTHING, HOOKS, LINES & TWINES,—

Which, when received, will complete one of the best stock of Goods in Alberton, and will be sold

Cheap for Cash, or approved credit.

G. W. HOWLAN.

May 10, 1875.—tf

GET YOUR HANDBILLS AND Posters printed at the Examiner office.

POETRY.

GOD'S LOVE.

There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in his justice
Which is more than liberty.

There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

There is grace enough for thousands
Of new worlds great as this;
There is room for fresh creations
In that upper world of bliss.

For the love of God its broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

But we make this love too narrow
By limits of our own;
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own

If our love were but more simple
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine.
In the sweetness of our Lord.

LITERATURE.

MARCUS WARLAND;

OR, THE LONG MOSS SPRING.

CHAPTER VI.—*Continued.*

Marcus sat with his old friend, talking of past times, till the gleam of sunset died on the fountain, and its cold, gray surface gave back the sober tints of twilight.

'Is the man who keeps the ferry at home?' asked Marcus.'

'I don't know, young master, but his wife be.'

'I must ask her for a night's lodging. There are echoes in those walls to me, Uncle Simon, that will talk with me till midnight is gone by.'

'Yes, young master, I does think it be haunted—'deed I does. I seed a sperrit myself go one night right round the house, with a white hankerchief on, just like Milly. I 'fraid Milly going to die.'

The woman coming out to dip a bucket of water from the spring, Marcus asked if she would give him a night's lodging. Though common-looking and coarsely dressed, she seemed to have a native sense of politeness and an innate love of the beautiful, for she looked at Marcus with evident admiration, and accorded him the boon he asked.

'You will have but a bad time of it, I can tell you,' said she. 'It is a poor place for the like of you to sleep in.'

Marcus smiled and followed her into the cabin, where he had so often slept the sound sleep of childhood. As he entered and looked round the dark unplastered walls, and contrasted them with the elegant rooms of Bellamy-place, he wondered if he ever could have breathed the air of contentment within those rough unhewn logs. He had forgotten that it contained but one room, and apologised to the woman for his intrusion.

'Only lend me a blanket and pillow,' said he, 'and I can sleep gloriously on the side of the fountain. The moon shines tonight, and the day has been very warm and sultry.'

In vain the really hospitable woman insisted upon giving him her bed, and sleeping in the kitchen. Marcus would not have exchanged the bed he had chosen for a royal canopy. After a supper of bacon, fish, and corn hoe-cake, such as he had often partaken of with a much better relish, he begged her to deposit a blanket and pillow under the magnolia boughs, and calling to Simon, went to the ferry-boat, and jumping in, grasped one of the poles, and gave the other to him.

'Let us have a push over the river for the sake of auld lang syne, uncle Simon. See, the moon is rising, rolling up, like a great silver wheel, out of the river. I long to see if I can do what I did nine years ago.'

While they were unfastening the chain that confined it to the shore, the woman came running from the cabin, quite breathless.

'What are you going to do with that boat, sir?'

'I forgot, said Marcus, laughing. 'I forgot to ask permission. I only wanted to push it once across the river and back again.'

'I expect husband every instant, and I don't know what he would say if he found the boat t'other side, and he not in it.'

'I leave my horse as a security that I will not run away with the boat,' said Marcus, 'and my hat and gloves too,' added he, giving them a light toss into her hand.

'Oh! you had better keep on your gloves, I tell you, sir. Your hands look too white and delicate like to handle them dirty poles.'

Marcus cast a disdainful glance at his fair hands. He wished he could harden and embrown them, but it was not the life of a student that would do it.

'Perhaps you would jump in and go with us,' said Marcus, observing that she looked doubtfully and wistfully on the river, 'then you will not be anxious about the boat?'

'Thankee, I don't care if I do,' answered she with alacrity; and stepping in, she snatched the pole from the tremulous hand of Simon, and told Marcus she would help him to push it. She was young and active, and seemed to enjoy the sport keenly of seeing such a handsome young man, dressed so finely, pushing away lustily as a boatman. It was really a novel trio. Old Simon stood at the head of the boat, holding by the lantern-post, in his battered regimentals, looking like a militia ghost in the moonshine; the stout sunburnt, but now bright-faced woman, brandishing her pole, and laughing merrily at the fair young man, whose hands gleamed so white on the black rod he was wielding, and whose magnificent hair glistened and waved like molten gold. Marcus, whose experience of the previous day had been heavily, cold on his heart felt at this moment a wild gaiety as foreign to his nature as the depression that had been sinking him. Old habits resume their power. The water seemed his native element, and dashed his pole into the strong current till he threw a shower of wet diamonds on old Simon's snowy wool and the dishevelled locks of the ferryman's wife, he leaned back with all his strength, mirroring the moonbeams on his polished brow. When they reached the bank, Marcus beheld with astonishment a gentleman seated in an open buggy, waiting to cross. He had come down the hill while the boat was going over, but they were too much excited to notice him. Marcus could not help laughing at the singular appearance he must present to the eye of the stranger, but he had no alternative but to push back even as he had come, and finish the evening's frolic. The gentleman descended from his buggy as soon as he had driven into the boat, and looked at Marcus with evident curiosity and surprise. He was a young man, well-dressed, and carrying his head very loftily.

'Young master,' said Uncle Simon, seeing Marcus take one hand from the pole and exposing its palm to the night air, as if its coolness were refreshing, 'you blistering your hands, you know you be. They tenderer now than they was when you little boy, and push, push most all the time. Lord bless me, to think you ever did do sich a thing afore, looking so like a good spirit as you do.'

Marcus felt his blood rush hotly to his face as he encountered the insolent stare of the young man at this reminiscence of Uncle Simon. It was Mr. Bellamy's wish, when he went to college, that he should never allude to his father's past history; that he should be considered as his adopted son; and Marcus had scrupulously obeyed him. As this period of his life was associated with his father's degradatoin, he could not wish to allude to it before a stranger. Simon, who, with the garrulity of age, and its imbecility too, dreamed not he was saying anything his 'blessed young master' would wish unsaid, continued his remarks, regardless of the presence of the haughty stranger.

'Young master, how do ole master like his new profession? How do he like the business of overseeing the black, coloured population? Do he have much trouble? He in very 'sponsible office. I hope he have wisdom from the Great Overseer of the black and white, way up yonder, young master; wisdom, such as the lord gave Saul when he built him the big edifice, all out of solid gold.'

Again the insolent eyes of the young man measured the figure of Marcus from head to foot, while a supercilious smile covered his lips. Marcus's spirit was roused. The unfortunate allusions of old Simon were particularly galling at this moment. Indeed they would have been at any moment. For where is the youth of the age of Marcus, fresh from communion with the aristocracy of the land, honoured himself among the most honourable as the adopted son of a wealthy planter, who would not shrink from being addressed as the son of a ferryman and overseer? Years hence he might look upon the warring passions of this hour with a superior smile; but now his brow contracted, his fingers quivered, his blue eyes darkened and burned as they gave back the haughty stare of the stranger, and never did a prouder smile curl the lips of the Delphic god, when seen by the divinities in his pastoral attire, then rested on Marcus's disdainful mouth. There was something in his countenance that made the stranger think it best to withdraw his inspection, and the boat went over the waves as if propelled by a giant's hand. The moment they landed, Marcus caught up his hat and gloves, and without looking at the stranger, walked towards the spring, forgetting in his excitement that he had given no answer to old Simon's well-meant but ill-timed questions.

'You no 'fended with ole Simon, young master?' said the old negro, hobbling after him, seeing that something was wrong, and having sense to connect himself with it.

'No, Uncle Simon. I did not answer, because that ill-bred stranger was annoying me so with his rudeness. He is gone, and I am glad of it. I hear his wheels lumbering over the gravel. You asked after my father. He is well and happy—happier than he has been for long years. If he were the brother of Mr. Bellamy, he could not be more honoured.'

'The Lord be praised,' said uncle Simon, devoutly.

'And now good-night, Uncle Simon. I am going to sleep just where I am; and I am going to start very early in the morning. I came far out of my way to see you and the old place, and I am glad I find you alive and well. I wish you could come and live with us. If I ever have a home of my own, and you are alive, you shall have a nice, comfortable cabin by it. Katy says too you must live with her when she is married. So there is some danger of you being divided. Here, Uncle Simon, take this to remember us both, 'added Marcus filling his wrinkled hand with silver. 'I shall be this way again some time. Good-bye. I am glad you linger near this spring. You must always guard it for my sake.'

Simon wept again at the token of his young master's kindness, and at the thought of bidding him farewell.

'Me never see you no more,' said the aged negro; 'but me hope to meet you in heaven above, where we both be one colour, one people, white as snow, inside and out. Tell Milly I'spect to meet her there, and Miss Katy too, bless her little heart. Ole Simon 'member 'em all, every one, in his prayers to heavenly master'

Marcus looked after the old Christian soldier with melancholy interest, for in all human probability he would never see him again in this world; then spreading the blanket on the hard rock, he stretched himself by the fountain whose sweet, soothing, minor tone stole lovingly in his ears, and calmed his exasperated spirit. Everything round breathed of such heavenly tranquility, it could not but be diffused into his own soul. The shadow of the magnolia leaves played upon his face, the moonbeams played upon the waters, and the long blue-green moss played in the clear, silvered depths of the fountain. Vainly did Marcus try to shut one bright, deluding image from his mind. Vainly did he sigh for the fabled stream of Lethe to wash out its remembrance. L'Eclair sparkled in the moonlight waters—L'Eclair whispered in the murmuring rill—L'Eclair bent over him in the fragrant tree. At last he slept, and L'Eclair floated into his dreams, and converted them into a bewildering maze. The angel, who stept into the pool of Bethesda, imparting a healing influence to the troubled waters, could hardly have looked more like a celestial messenger, than Marcus, slumbering calmly in the silver moonbeams that imparted their pale glory to his youthful features. The ferryman's wife came down at a late hour, to dip her bucket in the spring; but so charmed, so awe-struck was she, by the beauty of his repose, she would not disturb it by the plunge of her wooden vessel, and turned away, with stilly footsteps.

The sweet twittering of the birds in his leafy canopy awakened him at the dawning day. He knew not where he was. Passing his fingers through his dewy hair, he tried to recollect and define his present position. Was the shrill warble just then swelling above him, the peal of the college bell? Was the murmuring sound in his ears the hum of the student's voices, as they went hurrying to the morning prayer? No; it all flashed upon him at once—he was in the vestibule of the great temple of day, from whose unpillared dome the twilight shadows were faintly, slowly rolling away, before the coming of the god that was soon to ascend his burning throne. Kneeling on the rock, late his couch, and now his altar, he mingled his morning orison with the balmy incense that was rising from the bosom of the earth.

Not for three years had Marcus felt so fully and deeply the influence of devotion. The hurry and confusion attending morning prayers at college, the irreverent rush, and half-made toilet, the lingering yawn, and scarce-wakened attention, convert these hasty exercises into a cold, unmeaning ritual. He rose and bathed his face and hands in the spring, perceiving that his hostess had laid a nice napkin on the rock for his use. Remembering Katy's parting injunction to bring her the moss and magnolia leaves, he gathered some of both, then rightly-believing the ferryman's wife would come at an early hour to see if her blanket were safe, he deposited some money in its folds, and was soon mounted and on his way through the woods. The next evening he arrived at Bellamy place, after an absence of two years. Aunt Milly, who did not look a day older than when he saw her last, had arrayed herself in her best attire to welcome home her darling young master. She was never satisfied with gazing upon him. She walked round and round him, believing with Simon that he was a born angel. She received Simon's message with reverental emotions, mingled with tears

'Poor ole sole!' said she, 'and did he tell you to say so to Milly? Yes! he ripe for the kingdom come. He good ole Christian, if ever was one.'

To be continued.

THE ICELANDERS IN NOVA SCOTIA.

(From the Halifax Chronicle.)

Newspaper readers are aware that during the past year or two there has been a considerable stream of emigration from Iceland to America, partly on account of the Icelanders' dissatisfaction with their condition under Danish rule, and partly owing to the volcanic eruptions which destroyed a large part of their country, and our papers have announced, from time to time the arrival of small parties of these people, in Nova Scotia; but probably there are few who know what has been the extent of Icelandic emigration to our province and what has been done for the new settlers. The first Icelanders, a party of eight, came here late last fall, under the direction of Mr. Anderson, a very intelligent native of Iceland who had previously accompanied parties of his countrymen to other sections of the continent. A winter's stay here gave the new comers a very favorable impression of our country, and they sent good reports of Nova Scotia to their friends in Ontario and at home. Last spring Mr. Anderson returned to Iceland, travelled over the greater part of the Island, and gave to intending immigrants all the information they desired about Nova Scotia. He also translated a Nova Scotia immigration pamphlet into the Icelandic language, and had it printed and circulated. On his return to Nova Scotia he brought a small party of immigrants with him. Meanwhile a number of Icelanders who had gone to Ontario became dissatisfied with their condition there and came to join their countrymen in this province. Our Icelandic population now numbers about 150. The majority are called the 'Icelandic colony,' at Musquobodit, where they are building up a settlement of their own in what has hitherto been a wilderness. The Local Government has had a tract of land laid off in hundred acre blocks, including one cleared acre in each block, and has had twenty seven log cabins erected. Each family of the settlers receives a block of land and a log cabin with which to begin life in Nova Scotia. During the present season the men have been employed in the work of constructing a good road from the settlement to the main road at Musquodoboit, a distance of about seventeen miles. Next season they will devote their energies to the cultivation of the land, which is very good. There are also a number of Icelanders at Lockeport and Jordon River, Shelburne County. The Government rented a building on a convenient island to shelter this body of the settlers, but few of them need it. They found employment in the service of residents of the locality, and went to work with a will. Mr. Anderson intends going back to Iceland in the spring, and expects to bring out about 500 immigrants next summer. He has travelled extensively through the Dominion and United States, and is satisfied that his people will do better in Nova Scotia than in any other part of the continent. Born and nurtured by the sea and accustomed to spend part of their time in fishing, they do not find a congenial clime in Ontario or the United States. They are a hardy, industrious and thrifty race, and the most valuable class of immigrants that could be introduced into our province.

'A FRAUD.'—For several weeks there has been a young man named William Hamilton alias John Smith, boarding at the house of Mr. James Reid, Albion Mines, and on Tuesday, the 5th inst., decamped very suddenly, being indebted to Mr. Reid $15 for board, and picked the pockets of one Alexander McDonald's clothes, while hanging in his room, to the amount of $15, also taking some valuable papers. He also stole a pair of new boots from Mr. Reid's brother in-law. He came from St. John to Albion mines, and last winter lived at Tatamagouche, at which place it is reported he stole a horse. He is supposed to be in P. E. Island at present, as previous to leaving Albion Mines he talked of going there, and at the time he left Mr. Reid's house he would just be in time to catch the noon train for Pictou to take the boat for the Island. He is about 5 feet 6 inches high, fair complexion, about 21 years of age, with no beard. Mr. Reid will be thankful to any one who will inform him of his whereabouts. The public will be on the lookout for him.—*Eastern Chronicle.*

Mr. Theirs has received a graceful compliment from the municipality of Paris. The rough stone pavement in front of his house has been removed, and smooth cement put in its place, so that the venerable statesman may think, and work, and sleep tranquilly.

ON THE ROAD.

Not "on the wing;" but "on the road." Not flying away to distant lands, "In mind to mount up to the purer sky;" but tramping along the red roads of Prince Edward Island, "weighed down by the thought of earthly things." To see the country and its people, and to do a stroke of business—candidly, this is our aim. If we can learn some of the country's wants and the people's sentiments, and represent them to "the powers that be," so much the better. With carpet bag in hand we wait the coming of the boat at

GEORGETOWN FERRY.

We have ample time to examine the unused, misplaced slips (which cost about $10,000); and to meditate on the beauties of party power guided by blind jealousy, and directed by personal—not public—opinion. Instead of being placed so that the ferry would be short and convenient, the slips are at an unnecessary distance from each other, and so situated that they are surrounded by ice, and uncome-at-able, sometimes, nearly a month before Georgetown harbor is closed. But as they are never used, it does not, perhaps, much matter. The ferry boat is stout, strong, and well managed. The young man who sails her is active and obliging. Here she is; and aboard we jump. As she crosses we cannot but admire the beautiful scenery all around. The Montague and Brudenell bordered on either side by highly cultivated fields, clumps of trees the leaves of which are gorgeous with the varied and brilliant tints peculiar to the early days of October; and better still, homesteads where plenty has found a residence, around which innocent, happy children play and in which hard-handed, honest, hospitable, people live. Georgetown looks pretty in the distance; and the fleet of trimly rigged fishing schooners anchored in the harbor, make up a pleasing and interesting scene. The natural surroundings of Georgetown are certainly very attractive; and if it contained, in addition to the Hon. D. Gordon, Hon. A. J. McDonald, Mr. Westaway, and a few others, enterprising men of capital to improve it,—to build a first class hotel, and put steamers on its ferries, it might in the course of a years or two become a lively place and a well patronized summer resort.

MONTAGUE.

The settlement extending from the farm of Hon. J. Wightman, at St. Andrew's Point, to Montague Bridge is one of the finest in King's County. We have often heard persons contrast, (to our prejudice), the appearance of our homesteads, with that of the homesteads of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick; but, if all our people would pay as much attention to he appearance of things as the people of Montague, the comparison would not be odious as far as we are concerned. Their houses and outbuilding are generally white and particularly clean and trim looking. Ornamental trees, flowers and evergreens grow around. With a beautiful winding river in the rear, and these artificial attractions in front, the homesteads of Montague have a peculiarly pleasing effect upon a stranger. But the effect is not all. The character of men and women is generally, clearly marked on their surroundings. Broken down fences, bare and shattered buildings, dirty approaches and stinking dwellings, are never the resort of a thrifty, honest, educated people. The character of the people of Montague is evident to every one that visits the settlement.

MONTAGUE BRIDGE.

The village at Montague Bridge—six miles from Georgetown—thrives in spite of "hard times." Two handsome churches—the tall spires of which first catch the eye of the visitor—have recently been erected; and two others are in the course of construction. The first belongs to the Catholics and Presbyterians, respectively; the latter to the Baptists. *Nor are the signs of progress confined to matters ecclesiastical.* Ten or twelve years ago but little business was done at Montague Bridge. But since Messrs. McDonald Bros. established themselves there, its career of prosperity has been unchecked. The streets are now lively with business. And here we may remark that its wharf accommodation is manifestly insufficient. In the fall, as many as thirty vessels load at the same time; but there is room at the wharfs for only eight or ten. Pierce Gaul, Esq., has, we understand, offered part of his property, fronting on the river, to the Local Government, with the view of having the wharf, or quay, on the north side of the river extended. If his offer be a reasonable one, it should, we think, be accepted; and the accommodation, so much needed, provided. The river, at certain, points, also requires dredging; and this should be attended to. Since our visit last spring, we note that Mr. Stanley has established a tin shop at Montague Bridge, Mr. Stanley is a good workman. We trust he may succeed.

(to be continued.)

SINGULAR CAUSE OF DEATH.—The St. John *Telegraph* reports that about a fortnight ago a lady residing in one of the villages on the river St. John, in Queen's County, assisted to prepare the body of a neighbor for burial. While so engaged some of the virus from the dead body was absorbed into a slight cut on the lady's finger, and a few hours later she was seized with intense pain in her hand, attended by a rapid swelling. The pain continued to increase, and a day or two later the lady's husband took her to St. John for treatment. By that time the swelling had increased and the pain had proceeded to the arm. It was too late to stay the progress of the poison, and after days of severe suffering, rendered still more painful by other circumstances regarding her condition, the unfortunate woman died on Saturday.

CANADA'S MERCHANT SHIPPING.—The Toronto 'Monetary Times' has an appreciative article on 'the merchant shipping of Canada.' It thinks that Canada ought to feel proud of its mercantile marine. High as is Canada's position now in this respect the *Times* concludes that in the near future it will be considerably higher, occupying the third place on the mercantile marine list of the world. The *Times* has indulged in no sectional feeling on this subject. It shows how comparitively low is the status of Ontario in Canada's shipping list, owning as it had but 113,008 tons out of 1,158,363 tons belonging to Canada at the close of 1874. It recognizes the fact that the preeminence among their Sister Provinces must in the matter of Shipping wealth continue to belong to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. It shows that Nova Scotia is the banner shipping Provinae of the Dominion and St. John the banner City. It concludes that an average ton of Canadian shipping is worth $35, and that therefore, the entire tonnage of Canada may be valued at $40,542,705—a very hansome amount indeed.