

New Mail Arrangements.

Table with columns: MAILS, CLOSE, DUE. Lists routes to Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, Great Britain, and various local destinations.

Mails are forwarded from Summerside to Miscouche, Alberton, Port Hill and Tignish daily; to other principal points on that line Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday; and to smaller offices, Tuesday and Friday.

ALMANAC FOR JULY, 1875.

MOON'S CHANGES. New Moon, 2nd Day, 11. 12m. a.m., N. below horizon. First Quarter, 10th Day, 6h. 24m. a.m., N. below horizon.

Table with columns: DAY, WEEK, SUN, MOON, HIGH, DAY'S. Lists moon phases and tide times for the week of July 19, 1875.

BUSINESS CARDS.

WILLIAM DODD, Commission Merchant and Auctioneer. CARVELL BROS., AUCTIONEERS. F. M. CAMPBELL, General Merchant.

NOTICE TO SHIPBUILDERS.

JUST RECEIVED, by the Subscribers, a large lot of Manila Rope, all sizes, which will be sold at a small advance on cost.

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.

Manhood Restored.

A victim of youthful imprudence, causing premature decay, nervous debility, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has found a simple self-cure which will restore him to his former vigor.

INSURANCE.

MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

ROBERT LONGWORTH, Esq., President. HOB. JAS. DUNCAN, Hon. J. C. OWEN, Hon. A. McDONALD, P. W. HYNDMAN, Esq., THOMAS HANDEMAN, Esq., GEORGE R. BEER, Esq.

ST. LAWRENCE Marine Insurance Co.

Authorized Capital, \$300,000. Subscribed Capital, \$143,950. BOARD OF DIRECTORS: ARCHIBALD KENNEDY, President.

FIRE INSURANCE!

IMPERIAL Fire Insurance Company of London.

Subscribed & Invested Capital, £1,965,000 Stg. PHENIX INSURANCE COMPANY, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY.

FIRE AND LIFE. Deposited Funds, 1st Jan'y, 1874, \$21,629,356. Invested with Receiver General of Canada, 162,800. Other Investments in Dominion of Canada, 367,601.

FAIR RATES.

Prompt & Liberal Settlements.

COAL. COAL.

Pietou & Sydney Large Coal.

"At Egmont Bay."

THE SUBSCRIBER IS PREPARED TO TAKE CONTRACTS FOR ANY QUANTITY, OR ACT AS CEDAR OR JUNIPER FENCE POSTS, PAILINGS, SHIP'S ASHLAND SOFTWOOD, STAVES, SHIP'S, &c., &c., &c.

Now is the time.

U. C. TRUDELL.

Egmont Bay, Dec. 21, 1874.

POETRY.

THE SONG OF STEAM.

The following fine poem, which Blackwood's Magazine has pronounced to be the best lyric of the century, is by George W. Cutter, of Covington, Ky.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hon. Mr. Mackenzie, having paid a flying visit to Paris and other places on the European Continent, has returned to Scotland.

The American Rifle Team was banqueted at Belfast, Ireland, before leaving for Glasgow.

SMUGGLING A PROFESSION.

The speed of trains in Germany is given by a recent report as follows:—Greatest speed per hour including stops for express and fast trains, 34 miles; for ordinary passenger trains, 25.

FATAL CURIOSITY.

A CHARMED LIFE.—A German, engaged in collecting and shipping bones, while in pursuit of his occupation the other afternoon, a few miles from Buffalo, on the Kansas Pacific, was attacked by a small party of Indians.

CAN INSECTS BE DISINSECTED?

WASHINGTON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

WASHINGTON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

WASHINGTON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

WASHINGTON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

WASHINGTON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

WASHINGTON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

WASHINGTON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

WASHINGTON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

WASHINGTON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

WASHINGTON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

WASHINGTON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

WASHINGTON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

WASHINGTON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

WASHINGTON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

WASHINGTON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

WASHINGTON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

WASHINGTON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

WASHINGTON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

WASHINGTON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

WASHINGTON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

WASHINGTON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

WASHINGTON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

WASHINGTON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

WASHINGTON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

WASHINGTON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

WASHINGTON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

WASHINGTON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

WASHINGTON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

WASHINGTON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

WASHINGTON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

WASHINGTON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

WASHINGTON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

WASHINGTON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

WASHINGTON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

WASHINGTON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

WASHINGTON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

WASHINGTON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

WASHINGTON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

WASHINGTON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

WASHINGTON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

WASHINGTON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

WASHINGTON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

WASHINGTON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

POETRY.

THE SONG OF STEAM.

The following fine poem, which Blackwood's Magazine has pronounced to be the best lyric of the century, is by George W. Cutter, of Covington, Ky.

LITERATURE.

MARCUS WARLAND; OR, THE LONG MOSS SPRING.

CHAPTER I.

"There beautiful and bright he stood— As born to rule the storm.

A creature of heroic blood, A proud, though childlike form."

HEMAS.

"Hark!" exclaimed Mr. Warland, rising from his chair, and walking with an unsteady step to the door, which he opened with a shaking hand.

"That's the reason I want to go with you sir. It is not the first time I have been out with you when it is dark as this now."

"True, true," said the father, rubbing his forehead with his hands; but if Katy wakes she will be frightened at finding herself alone."

"She never wakes, father; and if she does Aunt Milly will hear her from the kitchen, and come to her directly."

"Poor thing!" cried the father in a softer tone, looking down upon a pale checked, dark haired little girl of about eight years old, fast asleep in a low cot-bed in the back part of the room.

"Father, they are shouting again louder than ever," said the boy. "Hark! they better start!"

"Yes—wait one moment." He opened the door of a small cupboard in the darkest corner of the apartment, and taking out a black bottle began to pour a light colored fluid in a glass.

"No, father, you must not drink that now. You cannot ferry the boat steadily if you do, and the wind is so strong."

"Let me alone boy. What right have I to prevent me? Let me alone, I say."

"Please, father. It's wrong. You don't know what you are doing. You just now said she was cursed—you know you did—and yet you are going—Nay father, you shall not drink that before you start!"

The resolute boy snatched the glass from his father's hand and dashed the contents into the fire. A sudden illuminating blaze flashed through the room, as suddenly producing a pale blue flame, curving slenderly upward. Then, darting through the door, he waved his lantern in the air, and gave the peculiar halloo of the boatman to indicate to the waiting traveller that the ferry man was about to cross the river.

Mr. Warland, who would have wrestled with a man who endeavored by mild means to deprive him of the burning beverage, by which he sought to stimulate his dulled and exhausted spirits, yielded to the bold will of a boy ten without daring to resist and followed him muttering, not proudly, but deeply, out of the cabin. Marcus hoisted the lantern on a slight post that was elevated at the end of the boat

but so as not to interfere with the entrance of carriages, and seizing one pole, gave the other without speaking into his father's hand, so that they were obliged to go up the stream some distance before they could make to cross it.

The lantern threw a red wake on the dark water, over which the boat glided heavily and sullenly, though now Mr. Warland emulated the vigorous strokes of the pole which was avayed by the youthful arm of his son. He did not speak, for he was angry and ashamed, yet in his anger and shame an exulting pride in his son was mingled. He was proud of the boy who dared to control his brutal appetite, and save him momentarily from a yet deeper degradation.

As he looked upon his slight figure thrown back, standing out in the glare of the lantern, while he pressed the pole with all his strength against the rushing water and thought what he might have made of him, and what his probable destiny now was, he could not suppress a groan of remorse.

"You are tired, father," said Marcus. "But never mind," he added, in an encouraging tone, "we shall soon be over, and we don't have to tug as hard coming back."

One would have supposed that he was the elder and stronger of the two, to hear his inspiring tone.

"This is a sorry life we lead," said the father, speaking for the first time since the rebellious act of Marcus. "Obliged to be called out like a dog, in the darkest night and the roughest winds, for anybody and everybody. I don't mind it in the daytime; but when the heavens scowl as black as they do now, and the water looks like ink beneath us, I feel as if I was on the gloomy Styx."

"I like it better in the night, father; it is so much more exciting. I don't care how dark it is; we can turn the boat into a cork, and send us on a long breeze to the wind, and stronger behind us. As for the wind, the stronger the better. I love to hear the river roar after us. It sounds like music to me. Hurray, father, here we are, and here is a carriage waiting for us ere now."

The rough grinding sound of the boat upon the gravelly bank, and a sudden jerk which threw Mr. Warland from his feet, but which Marcus stood without a vibration, gave notice to the occupant's of the carriage that the ferry was ready for them to cross.

The horses came slowly, and tightly reined down the steep bank, and stepped with thundering hoofs on the wet planks of the boat, which pushed off the moment the wheels rolled from the sand.

The gentleman and lady were in the carriage, and the lady leaned on the shoulder of the gentleman, as if feeble and weary. She was wrapped up daintily in rich shawls, and blankets were placed in the bottom of the carriage to cover her feet. There was a young black girl too on the front seat, but her dark outline was scarcely distinguishable amid the dark shadows of night.

When the boat was about half-way over the river, the horses began to be restless and step backward and forward, much to the alarm of the lady. Lifting her languid head from her husband's shoulder, she insisted upon getting out of the carriage.

"There is no danger Isabel," said her husband. "Keep quiet and do not expose yourself to taking cold by this needless alarm! But even while he was speaking the horses went back still further, though the driver stood at their head, with a controlling arm. Forgetting her fatigue and debility, the lady jumped out, while her husband, finding it in vain to reason with her, followed, and taking one of the blankets threw it on the bottom of the boat for her to stand on, and gather her shawls round her, which the strong winds were filling like the sails of a ship."

"Look at husband," she whispered, "look at that boy—what a beautiful face and figure he has!" Marcus was standing with his right hand grasping the long pole, by which he was propelling the boat, while with his left he pushed back the locks that were blowing over his temples. The blaze of the lantern fell full upon him, and lighted him up with a pale glow, while the thick shadows all settled behind him, in a kind of risk, Rembrandt background. Though he had been recklessly, fearlessly exposed to the sun and wind, regardless of his brazen influence, his cheek and brow were as fair as a girl's; and his fair hair too, long and curling, floated back from his forehead, with a wild glare and glossiness, as if it were born to sport with the river breeze that so often wanted with its profusion. His eyes were of a clear, deep, cerulean blue, with very dark lashes, and his finely formed eyebrows were also of a much darker hue than his hair. His mouth, beautiful as the Apollo Belvedere's, had also the slightly scornful expression that curls the parted lip of the young divinity. He certainly was a very remarkable-looking boy for a ferryman's son, and the lady forgot her alarm while gazing upon him, and the gentleman his fears for the lady. He was struck with the mind, the spirit that breathed from that boyish face—she with the striking beauty of its lineaments—both with the contrast he presented to the rude occupation in which he was engaged. The boy caught their earnest gaze, and turning with a quick, deep blush, he again bent over the pole, which began to dip in a deeper, stronger current. When they reached the opposite bank, the lady and gentleman held a low conversation, and then the gentleman, turning courteously to Mr. Warland, asked him if he knew of any house of entertainment near, where they could pass the night, as Mrs. Bellamy was very far from the darkness.

"There is no house of entertainment at all," answered Mr. Warland, "within several miles here, and no house within a mile. The roads are very bad, and there is a very steep hill to go up before you reach it."

"What shall I do?" exclaimed the lady, looking anxiously at the long cabin before them. "I cannot travel farther to-night. Cannot this good man give us a bed?"

"I am very sorry, madam," replied Mr. Warland, "with much more politeness of manner than they expected from a ferryman, 'I cannot offer you any suitable accommodations. My cabin is too rough and ill-furnished to ask you to sit down in, much less to sleep in.'"

"I don't care for accommodations," she cried, earnestly. "No matter how rough the bed, how coarse the fare, I will not complain; but I cannot ride with these wild horses any farther this dark night."

"The horses are not wild, Isabel," said her husband, with a smile. "They are very

safe and manageable; but I know you are timid, and cannot help it. If this gentleman is willing to take us in for the night, I shall certainly be under obligations to him, for your sake."

"If I had a bed," stammered Mr. Warland, ashamed and vexed at his poverty, well knowing that it was the curse he had drawn upon himself, and that he too once had the bread of affliction.

"Let us give them our bed, father," said Marcus, in a low voice, approaching close to his father; "we can sleep upon the floor."

"I am sorry to put you to inconvenience, my fine boy," cried Mr. Bellamy; but I thank you very much for your obliging offer. I know Mrs. Bellamy will not refuse it."

To be continued.

BRUTAL MURDER ON BOARD SHIP.

A DRUNKEN ROW AND FATAL CONSEQUENCES.

(From the St. John Globe, July 3.)

A brutal murder occurred yesterday afternoon on board the ship 'King Ceolric,' Captain Berry, which had sailed in the morning for Liverpool. The affair occurred when the vessel was near Briar Island, and it was necessary to return to port. The ship came to an anchor early this morning off Patridge Island, and between 8 and 9 o'clock Captain Berry came down to inform the authorities. The Chief of Police gathered seven men—Sergeants Owens, Watson and Hipwell, and Policemen Alexander, Briggs, Johnston, and McDonald, and with Coroner Rigby, a Globe reporter, and others, proceeded in the tug 'Dirigo' to the ship, which was at anchor about three miles outside the Island. The particulars of the crime are about as follows: A 9 o'clock yesterday forenoon, the pilot (Cline) and crew got on board the ship. The men went to work clearing decks. The

SAILORS WERE DRUNK, but as they were all crews leaving port, they were able to move around all right. They must have had liquor with them, for as time passed they became more intoxicated. The ship had eighteen men, besides the officers and steward, and of these sixteen were under the influence of liquor. About half-past 2 o'clock the crew began to fight among themselves, and a fearful disturbance took place. The chief mate, Mr. Robert Robertson, says that in all his time at sea he never saw such fighting. Knives were drawn, handspikes were up-lifted, and blocks were thrown about deck in a very dangerous way. One fellow, named McNutt attempted to cut a comrade, and was only prevented by the mate kicking him at the moment. He made another attempt, and was struck and knocked aside. He finally struck the man on the hip with the knife, but as he used the back of the blade no harm was done. McNutt next jumped on the forecastle, and threatened to 'clear the deck.' The mate went after him with a handspike, and he in turn was attacked by another of the crew. So the fighting went on. The officers were doing all in their power, at the risk of their lives, to quell the disturbance, but it was not until the tragic occurrence took place that peace was restored. John Yealch, the man who was killed, was an Austrian, and was better known as John Jeffrey. It appears that he had lost a portion of his clothes, and that he had accused some of the men of being the thieves. This caused the others to be down on him. In the middle of the general fight he was attacked on all sides. One threw a block at him others vindictively handled knives and handspikes. He suffered considerably at their hands, and at last he was obliged to take refuge in the forecastle. There about ten men followed him, and the fight was continued in the forecastle. The mate and boatswain went in and endeavored to stop the row. They took away several of the knives and handspikes, and were enabled to partially restore order. Yealch was in the house at this time, and was apparently all right. About three o'clock the disturbance seemed to be ended. The mate was then informed by the boatswain that a man had been stabbed in the forecastle, and on going forward the officer found the statement too true—Yealch lay in his bunk.

DEATH OF HIS LAST.

A sickening sight met his gaze. The murderer had left his knife sticking in the last wound he had made, under the left eye. The blade was sunk three inches into the cheek, and the mate had to use considerable force to pull it out. As the knife was drawn out, Yealch trembled slightly, gasped and died.

THE CREW NOW REFUSED TO DO DUTY, and demanded that the vessel be put back, and this was done accordingly.

BESIDES THE WOUND

under the eye, Yealch also was badly cut in the right breast—two wounds long and deep being made there. It is very likely that Yealch received these two stabs during the row in the forecastle, and that having crawled into his bunk he was again approached and stabbed in the face.

WHO COMMITTED THE DEED?

is a question which has been answered by the Coroner's Jury in the following words: "We, the Jury, sworn to enquire into the cause of the death of one John Yealch, an Austrian seaman, who was killed on board the British ship 'King Ceolric,' which sailed from the port of St. John, in the Dominion of Canada, on the morning of Friday, July 24, 1875, for the port of Liverpool, G. B., do say that George McNutt, Peter Connolly and John Gallagher, on board the ship 'King Ceolric,' did feloniously, wilfully, and of their malice aforethought, kill and murder the said John Yealch, against the peace of our Lady the Queen, her Crown and dignity."

Several stories of wonderful resuscitation are afloat, which, if inventions, are certainly rather a glumly amusement. Among the rest is a case at Brest. A seaman died in the naval hospital there. The usual escort was ordered to attend his funeral, and did not attend. Three hours after the interment to the astonishment of the officer who attended the escort, whom they could meet on the street but the very man, alive and well, whose funeral he had a few hours before attended! It seems the seaman had fallen into a lethargy; taken to bed, he had been carried to the dissecting room, where he lay on a dissecting table for twenty-four hours, when he came to his senses, found where he was, and considered the peril in which he had been placed. His first cure was to fly the place. When the coffin came, the first handy corpse was tossed into it, and he was buried as being the aforesaid seaman.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Argus.

Sir.—During the construction of the railway many people on the Island gave themselves a great deal of trouble about matters which they did not understand, and over which they necessarily had no control. Since the opening of the line for traffic, they seem to be so overwhelmed with gratitude to the Dominion Government for allowing them to use their own property on any terms, that they are quite apathetic respecting some matters in which they have a deep interest.

When the trains first began to run in the spring, under the superintendence of Mr. Springard, that gentleman, probably, in order to give color to his ridiculous slanders respecting the condition of the road, made the running time so slow, that it was impossible to keep the trains within an hour of the time where descending gradient prevailed.

Mr. McKechnie changed the absurdity of this arrangement, seeing the time, but unfortunately he has gone to the opposite extreme.

The running time of the steamboat express from Summerside to Charlottetown, a distance of 49 miles in two hours and fifteen minutes, or at the rate of nearly 22 miles an hour. But there are 19 passenger and 3 watering stations between these points, and the time lost by stoppages, does not average less than 4 minutes, which reduces the running time to 1 hour and thirty minutes, and increases the speed between stations to more than 32 miles an hour. This rate of speed may be perfectly safe as long as the track is kept in good order, but it is greater than the business of country requires, and may lead to a serious accident, should the track or rolling stock not be perfectly maintained.

The track-masters, I believe, are both first rate men, but on a new line many of the section men are necessarily inexperienced. The consequences of any defect in the track, or of a broken wheel or axle, would be most disastrous to a train running between 30 and 40 miles an hour.

The character of the road on which it was said the speed of six miles an hour would be unattainable, is not being sufficiently indicated, and it is to be hoped the speed will be reduced before any accident happens.

A matter which is giving very just cause for complaint is that there are no second class tickets issued. Second class cars were provided with a view of accommodating those whose names will not allow them to travel at first class rates, and they should be used for that purpose. By the prevailing system, not only is a great deal of traffic driven from the railway, but many people who have a right to the accommodation are deprived of its benefits. In the neighboring Provinces, a system of commutation tickets is established by which those who use the railway constantly are enabled to travel at reduced rates. Here no such tickets are issued.

The people of Prince Edward Island having built the railway with their own money, for their own accommodation, have a right to these privileges, and they should demand them.

By giving the above a place in your next issue you will much oblige.

Your obedient servant,

JAMES C. POPE.

Ravenwood, July 10, 1875.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mr. John Stuart Mill's correspondence shortly to be published, will, it is stated, contain many expressions of Mill's personal feelings with respect to books and men, and especially religion.

The American book trade was remarkably prosperous last year. The total export from the United States is valued at \$54,490, \$95,888 worth of American books were exported to England, \$25,515 to Germany; \$7,515 to France; \$7,089 to Columbia; \$22,221 to Brazil; \$22,321 to the Argentine Republic; \$25,779 to Cuba; \$16,937 to Mexico; \$14,268 to Australia; \$7,750 to China; \$4,627 to the Sandwich Islands; 32,664, to Japan, and 138,189 to Canada. Other countries, European and Asiatic purchased books in quantities varying from \$3,000 to \$100. It will be seen that Canada was by far the largest buyer.

CLAUDE CASE OF POISONING.—A strange case of poisoning is reported from Stettin. A gentleman had bought a hat in a shop there, and after having worn it one or two days, was troubled with unbearable headaches at the temples, the eyes were formed upon his forehead, his eyes were inflamed, and the whole of the upper part of his head was much swollen. It was evident that these symptoms were caused by the hat, and upon examination by a chemist, it was found that the brown leather in the inside of the hat was coloured with a poisonous aniline dye. It appears that inflammation is unavoidable when this dye is in contact with any part of the skin.

AT A season when the skin and clothing of the sportsman is especially exercised upon the finny tribe, it may be useful to circulate a bit of information contained in a recent lecture before the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture. She the fish are various modes of killing fish are practiced. The Dutch destroy fish by making a slight longitudinal incision under the tail with a sharp instrument. On the Rhine they kill salmon by thrusting a steel needle into their heads. The fish are easily killed by striking them a quick, sharp blow with a small stick on the back of the head, just behind the eyes. And the lecturer remarked that fish which have been instantly killed by being taken from the water, are usually superior in taste and solidity to those which are allowed to die, a fact which Agassiz used to impress upon his pupils. Attention to the above hints would prevent much needless cruelty.

A NEW RACE OF THE LOON.—A most interesting episode in the history of the loon occurred at the residence of a Fifth Avenue merchant, at Oakland, a few afternoon ago, whereby a fascinating and pretty gaudy lad, a luxurious and a natural gambler, had the good fortune to be discovered in the act of striking a blow at the head of a young girl, who was the daughter of a well-to-do family. The girl was a beautiful specimen of her race, and she was the daughter of a well-to-do family. The girl was a beautiful specimen of her race, and she was the daughter of a well-to-do family.