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The Literary Echo.

AMUSING AND INSTRUCTIVE.

Vol. I.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, August 15, 1874.

No. 4.

Continued Tale.

TEMPEST AND SUNSHINE;

OR, LIFE IN KENTUCKY.

BY MRS. MARY J. HOLMES.

Continued from our last.

CHAPTER IV.

Continued.

THAT day Mr. Wilmot's eyes were not as handsome, nor his teeth as white as usual in the estimation of Julia, who often found herself wondering why he did not wear whiskers. That evening he called at Mrs. Crane's, and for the first time in her life, Julia was not much pleased to see him. He, however, rose ten per cent. in her estimation when she saw the familiar and cordial manner with which Dr. Lacey treated him. They talked as though they were old and dear friends.

After Mr. Wilmot had left, Dr. Lacey said, "Why, that Wilmot is a remarkably intelligent man and very agreeable." Then turning to Mrs. Carrington, he added, "Let me see, is he a teacher?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Carrington, "and these young ladies are his pupils, and report says he looks after the heart of one of them as well as the head."

"Well," continued he, "whichever one is favored with his preference should feel honored, for he is a capital fellow." Just then his eye fell upon an elegant piano which stood in the room, and he asked Mrs. Carrington to favor him with some music.

"Perhaps Miss Middleton will oblige you," said Mrs. Carrington, looking at Julia.

"Thank you," said Julia. "I am just taking lessons," so Mrs. Carrington sat down to the instrument, and as Julia saw how skilfully her white, jewelled fingers touched the keys, she resolved to spare no pains to become as fine a player as Mrs. Carrington, particularly as she saw that Dr. Lacey was very fond of music, and kept calling for piece after piece till the evening was somewhat advanced.

"You ought to play, golden locks," said he to Fanny, at the same time taking one of her long yellow curls in his hand.

"I am taking lessons," said Fanny, "but I make awkward work, for my fingers are all thumbs, as you might know by my dropping that four-timed pitchfork this morning!"

Dr. Lacey laughed heartily at this speech, and

called her an "original little piece," at the same time saying, "You remind me of my sister Anna."

"Where does she live?" asked Fanny.

Dr. Lacey sighed as he answered, "For three years she has lived in Heaven; three long years to us, who loved her so dearly."

Fanny observed that he seemed agitated while speaking of his sister, so she dared not ask him more about her, although she wished very much to do so. Perhaps he read her wishes in her face, for he went on to tell her more of his sister, who, he said, drooped day by day, and they took her to Cuba, but she daily grew worse, and often spoke of dying and of Heaven, and then one bright summer morning, she passed away from them, and they buried her under a group of dark orange trees. That night Fanny dreamed of sweet Anna Lacey, sleeping so quietly in her lone grave, far off beneath the orange trees of Cuba. Julia had dreams too, but of a different nature. In fancy she beheld Dr. Lacey at her feet, with his handsome person, princely fortune, and magnificent home near New Orleans, while off in the dim distance loomed up a dark coffin, in which was the cold, pale form of one whom she knew too well. Was her dream an omen of the coming future? We shall see.

Next morning just as the town clock rang out the hour of eight, a strange looking vehicle, to which was attached a remarkably poor looking horse, was seen picking its way through the upper part of Main Street, Frankfort. The driver of this establishment was a negro boy, whom we recognize as our friend Ike. He was taking it leisurely through the town, stopping before every large "smart" looking house to reconnoitre, and see if it resembled the one his master had described.

At last he was accosted by a young African, who called out, "Ho, thar, old boy! what you keepin' yer eyes peeled, and yer mouth open for? Is you catchin' flies?"

"No, sar," replied Ike. "I's tryin' to find Miss Crane's boardin' house."

"Oh yes; wail, it's up t'other way. You jist turn that ar old rackerbone of yours straight round, and tarn down that ar street, whar you see that steeples, and the fust house on the corner is Miss Crane's. But say, is you and thar ar quadruped, jist out of the ark?"

"I dun know nothin' 'bout yer ark," said Ike, whose Scripture knowledge was rather limited. "but I 'longs to Marster Josh, and I'm gon' to see Miss Fanny—and now I think of it, won't you ride?"

"Lord, no," said the negro, "I'm in a great

hurry; goin' arter the Doctor for ole Miss, who's sartin she's goin' for to die this time."

"You don't seem in much of a hurry," said Ike.

"No," returned the other, ole Miss has died a heap o' times, by spells, so I reckon she'll hang on this time till I git back, jist so she can jaw me for bein' gone so long."

So they parted, the stranger negro to go for the Doctor, and Ike to go to Mrs. Crane's with his berries, and Aunt Judy's cranberry pie. He had often wondered during his ride whether Fanny would not give him a piece of the pie. As often as the thought entered his brain, he would turn down the white napkin, and take a peep at the tempting pastry; then he would touch it with his fingers, and finally take it up and smell of it just a little!

While he was making his way into Mrs. Crane's kitchen, Julia and Fanny were in their room, the windows of which were open and looked out upon a balcony, which extended entirely round the house. There was no school that day, and Fanny was just wishing she could hear from home when a servant entered the room, and said there was a boy in the kitchen, who wished to see Miss Fanny.

"A boy want to see me," said Fanny, "who can it be?"

"Reckon he's from yer home, 'case he says how he belongs to Marster Middleton," said the negro girl.

"Oh, joy!" exclaimed Fanny, "somebody from home; how glad I am! Come, Julia, won't you go down too?"

"No, indeed," said Julia scornfully, "I am not so anxious to see a greasy nigger. I hope you will not take it into your head to ask him up here."

But Fanny did not answer, for she was already half way down the stairs. Going into the kitchen she found Ike, and seemed as delighted to see him, as though his skin had been snowy white. Ike delivered all his messages, and then presented Aunt Judy's pie.

"Dear Aunt Judy," said Fanny, "how kind she is," then seizing a knife she cut a liberal piece for Ike, who received it with many thanks.

"Now, Ike," said she, "you must wait here until I go out and get a ribbon for Aunt Judy's cap, and some tobacco for old Aunt Katy." So saying she ran up stairs to her room.

When she entered it, Julia exclaimed, "In the name of the people, what have you got now?"

"Oh, a pie, which Aunt Judy sent me," said Fanny.

"How ridiculous," answered Julia, "I don't think Mrs. Crane would thank Aunt Judy for sending pies to her house."

"Mrs. Crane need know nothing about it, and would not care if she did," said Fanny, and then she added, "Ike is down stairs, and he says father is coming after us in two or three weeks."

"Great Heavens!" said Julia, "what is he coming for? Why does he not send a servant?"

"And why cannot father come," asked Fanny.

"Because," answered Julia, "who wants that old codger here. A pretty figure he'd out. I think. I should be ashamed of him; and so would you, if you knew any thing."

"I know he is odd," said Fanny; "but he is my father, and as such I would not be ashamed of him."

"Well, I'm ashamed to own that he is my father, any way," answered Julia; "but where are you going now?" she continued, as she saw her sister putting on her bonnet.

"I am going to buy some ribbon for Aunt Judy, some tobacco for Aunt Katy, and some candy for the children," answered Fanny.

"Well, I do believe you haven't common sense," said Julia, "but where is your money to buy all these things?"

"Oh," said Fanny, "I've concluded not to go and hear Fanny Kemble to-night. I had rather spend the money for the servants; it will do them so much good."

"You certainly are a fool," said Julia. Fanny had been told that often, so she did not reply, but hastened down stairs, and was soon in the street. As she turned the corner, she could see the windows of her room, and the whole length of the balcony on that side of the building. Looking in that direction, she saw Dr. Lacey sitting out on the balcony, and so near her window that he must have heard all the conversation between herself and sister! She thought, "Well, he of course thinks me a little silly dunce; but I do like our blacks, and if I ever own any of them, I'll first teach them to read, and then send them all to Liberia." Full of this new plan, she forgot Dr. Lacey, and ere she was aware of it, had reached the store. She procured the articles she wished for, and returning to Mrs. Crane's, gave them to Ike, who was soon on his way home.

At supper that evening, the conversation turned upon Fanny Kemble and the expected entertainment. "I suppose you are all going," said Mrs. Crane to her boarders. They all answered in the affirmative except Fanny, who was about to reply, when Dr. Lacey interrupted her by saying, "Miss Fanny, will you allow me to accompany you to hear Mrs. Butler this evening?"

Fanny was amazed. Was it possible that the elegant Dr. Lacey had honored her with an invitation to accompany him to the literary treat! She was too much surprised to answer him, until he said, "Do not refuse me, Miss Fanny, for I am resolved to have you go!" She then gracefully accepted his polite invitation, and at the same time glancing toward Julia and Mrs. Carrington, she saw that the former frowned darkly, while the latter looked displeased. This damped her happiness somewhat, and as soon as supper was over, she hurried to her room.

Mrs. Carrington was a gay, fashionable woman, and was just as willing to receive attention from unmarried gentlemen now as she had been in her girlish days. Her husband was an officer in the United States army, and was absent a great part of the time, but she had never cared much for him, so she managed to pass the time of his absence very happily in flirting with every handsome, wealthy young gentleman who came in her way. When Dr. Lacey appeared, she immediately appropriated him to herself. 'Tis true, she somewhat feared Julia might become a rival, but of the modest, unassuming little Fanny, she had never once thought, and was greatly surprised when Dr. Lacey offered to escort her to the Reading. She had resolved on having his company herself, and when she saw the frown on Julia's face, she flattered herself that she could yet prevent Fanny's going.

Accordingly after supper, she asked Julia to go with her for a moment to her room. Julia had become perfectly charmed with the fascinating manners of Mrs. Carrington, so she cheerfully assented, and the two proceeded together to her richly furnished apartments. When there, Mrs. Carrington said, "Miss Middleton, do you not think your sister too young to accept the attentions of any gentleman, or at least of a stranger?"

Julia well knew that the fact of Dr. Lacey's being a stranger was of no consequence in Mrs. Carrington's estimation, but she quickly answered, "Yes, I do; but what can be done now?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Carrington, "your sister is very gentle, and if we go to her and state the case as it is, I am confident she will yield."

So they went to Fanny's room, where they found her sitting by the window, thinking how much pleasure she should enjoy that night.

Julia commenced operations by saying, "Fanny, what made you promise Dr. Lacey that you would go with him to-night?"

"Why," said Fanny, "was there any thing wrong in it?"

Here Mrs. Carrington's soft voice chimed in, "Nothing very wrong, dear Fanny; but it is hardly proper for a young school girl to appear in public, attended by a gentleman who is not her brother or cousin."

Poor Fanny! Her heart sank, for she was afraid she would have to give up going after all; but a thought struck her, and she said, "Well then, it is not proper for Julia to go with Mr. Wilmot, and she promised to do so."

"That is very different," said Mrs. Carrington, "Julia is engaged to Mr. Wilmot, and unless you are engaged to Dr. Lacey," continued she, sarcastically, "it will not be proper at all for you to go with him."

"But I promised I would," said Fanny.

"That you can easily remedy," answered Mrs. Carrington. "Just write him a note, and I will send it to him."

Thus beset, poor Fanny sat down and wrote as Mrs. Carrington dictated, the following note:—

DR. LACEY:

"Sir—Upon further reflection, I think it proper to decline your polite invitation for to-night.

Yours very respectfully,

FANNY MIDDLETON."

"That will do," said Mrs. Carrington; and ringing the bell, she dispatched a servant with the note to Dr. Lacey.

"You are a good girl to submit so readily," said Mrs. Carrington, laying her white hand on Fanny's head. But Fanny's eyes were full of tears, and she did not answer, and Mrs. Carrington, sure of Dr. Lacey's attendance that evening, left the room exulting in the result of her plan. In a short time she descended to the parlor, where she found Mr. Wilmot and Julia, but no Dr. Lacey, neither did he make his appearance at all, and after waiting impatiently for a time, she was at last obliged to accept the arm of the poor pedagogue, which was rather unwillingly offered, for Mr. Wilmot greatly preferred having Julia sit to himself. She had become as dear to him as his own life, and in his opinion, her character was like her face—perfect. "Deluded man! 'Twas well that he died before he came to a knowledge of her sinfulness."

But to return to Fanny. After she was left alone by her sister, she threw herself upon the sofa, and burst into tears; but at length wiping them away, she arose and went down to the parlor, determined to have a nice time practising her music lesson. It was rather hard, and with untiring patience she played it over and over, until she was suddenly startled by a voice behind her, saying, "Really, Miss Fanny, you are persevering." Looking up, she saw Dr. Lacey, who had entered unperceived.

"Why, Dr. Lacey," said she, "how you frightened me! Why are you not at the Reading?"

"Because," answered he, "when my lady breaks her engagement, I think I too can remain at home. But why did you change your mind, Miss Fanny? I thought you were anxious to go."

Fanny blushed painfully, and the tears came to her eyes, but she replied, "I was anxious to go, but they thought I had better not."

"And who is 'they,'" asked the Doctor; "and why did they think you had better not go?"

Fanny answered, "Mrs. Carrington and Julia said I was too young to go with —"

"With such a bad man as I am," said Dr. Lacey, laughing.

"Oh no," said Fanny, "they do not think you bad; they said with any gentleman."

"Too young, are you?" said Dr. Lacey. "How old are you, Fanny?"

"I was sixteen last May," she replied.

"Sixteen; just as old as Anna was when she died, and just as old as my mother was when she was married; so it seems you are not too young to die, or to be married either, if you are too young to go out with me," said Dr. Lacey.

Fanny did not reply; and he continued, "Whom would you have gone with, if you had not spent your money this morning for those old Aunts?"

Fanny started; and giving him a searching look, was about to reply, when he anticipated her by saying, "Yes, Fanny, I overheard your conversation this morning, and I cannot sufficiently admire your generous self-denial. I have heard Fanny Kemble two or three times, so I did not care to hear her again; but I decided to go, for the pleasure of having you hear her; but as you did not choose to go, I have remained here with you, and wish to have you tell me something about your parents and your home, and also wish you to ask me to go there some time."

Fanny answered hesitatingly, "I am afraid you would not like to go there, Dr. Lacey."

"Why not?" said he. "Do you not like your home?"

"Oh yes, very much," she replied; "but father is a little odd, and you might feel inclined to laugh at him; but he is very kind, and if you could forget his roughness, you would like him."

"I know I shall like him, just because he is your father," said Dr. Lacey.

He then turned the conversation upon other subjects, and Fanny found him so agreeable, that she never thought of the hour, until Mr. Wilmot, Mrs. Carrington and Julia, suddenly entered the parlor.

"Upon my word," said Mrs. Carrington, "you have both stolen a march upon us. No wonder neither of you wished to go out."

"I hope you have been agreeably entertained. Dr. Lacey," said Julia, in an ironical tone.

"I assure you I have," said he warmly. "I do not remember having passed so pleasant an evening for a long, long time."

"I dare say not; Fanny is usually very interesting," was Julia's contemptuous reply, and as Mr. Wilmot just then took his leave, she very haughtily left the room, and went up stairs, muttering to herself, "Foiled for the first time in my life."

From this time nothing of particular importance occurred for two or three weeks, except that Dr. Lacey seemed each day to grow fonder of Fanny, which greatly annoyed Mrs. Carrington and Julia, both of whom spared no pains to make Fanny appear in as bad a light as possible. But Dr. Lacey understood these manoeuvres, and whenever they were present, seemed to take delight in being very attentive to Fanny. He ardently desired to see the father of the two girls, and ere long his wish was gratified. But of this we will speak in another chapter.

CHAPTER V.

THE FALSE-HEARTED, AND THE BROKEN-HEARTED.

JULIA and Fanny had been gone from home about four weeks, when Mr. Middleton suddenly determined "to go and see his gals" and bring them home. Accordingly he "fixed up right smart," as he thought, which meant that he took off his beard and put on "a bran new suit of jeans." He preferred driving his own carriage, so he set off all alone for Frankfort.

It was Friday morning, and as his daughters were in school, he stalked into Mrs. Crane's parlor to wait for them. Spying the piano, he sat down to it, and commenced producing a series of unearthly sounds, not altogether unlike the fashionable music of the present day. Mrs. Carrington chanced to be crossing the hall, and hearing the noise from the parlor, looked in. As her eye fell upon the strange looking, giant form of Mr. Middleton, she uttered a very delicate scream, and as she just then saw Dr. Lacey entering the house, she staggered back a few paces, and tried to faint very gracefully! But the Doctor caught her in his arms just in time to restore her to consciousness!

Mr. Middleton now came towards them, exclaiming "Lightning guns! what's to pay now? Skeeered at me, are you, Madam or Miss, whichever you be? I won't hurt a hair of your soft skull!"

"Ugh-u-n," said Mrs. Carrington, shrinking from him in disgust, as he advanced towards her, and laid his large hand on her head, "just to see," as he said, "if she were made of any thing besides jewellery, curls and paint."

At this allusion to her brilliant color, Mrs. Carrington relieved Dr. Lacey from the delightful duty of supporting her, and disappeared up the stairs, saying in no very gentle tones "What an old brute!"

"Fire away thar," called out Mr. Middleton. "I am an old brute, I s'pose."

"But your right name is Mr. Middleton, I conclude," said Dr. Lacey.

Mr. Middleton started and answered, "How

d'ye know that? Just as you'd know his Satanic Majesty, if he should appear to you?"

"Something upon that principle," said Dr. Lacey, laughing, "but," he continued, "I am glad to see you, Mr. Middleton. I suppose you have come to visit your daughters."

"Yes, and to take them home and let their mother and the rest of the blacks see them," answered Mr. Middleton; then after a pause he added, "They'll be right glad to see me, I reckon, or at least Sunshine will."

"Who is Sunshine?" asked Dr. Lacey.

"Well now," said Mr. Middleton, "here you've lived with 'em four weeks, and don't know that I call one Tempest and t'other Sunshine, and if you've any wit, you'll know which is Sunshine."

Just then a voice was heard to exclaim, "There, I told you father was here. I hear him now talking about Sunshine," and Fanny rushed in, and throwing her arms around her father's neck, kissed again and again his rough cheek, while he suddenly felt the need of his red and yellow handkerchief, and muttered something about the 'roads' being so infernal dusty that they made a fellow's eyes smart! Then turning to Julia, who still stood in the door, he said, "Come, Tempest, none of your pranks! Come here and shake your old pap's paw. You needn't be afeared of this young spark, for he knows I'm your pap, and he hain't laughed at me, neither." So Julia advanced, and shook her father's hand with a tolerable good grace.

"I'm come for you to go home and see the folks," said Mr. Middleton; "so you pick up some of your duds,—and mind not to take a cussed band-box,—and after dinner we'll start for home."

"It wants an hour or dinner time," said Julia, "and as we are not hungry, we can start in a few moments, if you like."

"Fury-ation," said Mr. Middleton, "I wonder if we can. Well, start on then afoot, if you're in such a hurry. I shan't budge an inch till I've had my dinner; besides, I want to see Mr. Wilmot."

Julia saw that she must submit to the mortification of seeing her father at Mrs. Crane's dinner-table, and with a beating heart she heard the bell summon them to the dining-room. Mrs. Carrington did not appear;—her nerves had received too great a shock,—and for that Julia was thankful. Dr. Lacey sat by her father, and paid him every possible attention.

"Will you take soup, Mr. Middleton?" asked Mrs. Crane.

"What kind of soup? Beef soup, or mud-turkle?"

"It is vermicelli," said Mrs. Crane, hardly able to keep her face straight.

"Vermifuge—vermifuge," repeated Mr. Middleton; "That's almighty queer stuff to make soup on. No, I'm 'bleeged to you, I ain't in need of that ar medicine just now."

Julia reddened, while Fanny burst into a laugh and said, "Father isn't much used to French soups, I think."

"Use your napkin, Fatho," softly whispered Julia.

"What shall I use that for?" said he. "My trousers are all tobaker spit now, and grease won't hurt 'em any how. Hallo! here waiter,

bring me a decent fork, for Lord knows I can't eat with this 'ere shovel, and if I take my fingers, Tempest 'll raise a row de dow."

The servant looked at his mistress, who said, "Samuel, bring Mr. Middleton a steel fork."

When the dessert was brought in, Mr. Middleton again exclaimed, as he took his plate of pudding, "Now what can this be?"

"It is tapioca pudding," said Mrs. Crane.

"Tap-an-oak-ky," returned Mr. Middleton. "Well, if you don't have the queerest things to eat! You ought to come to my house. We don't have any of your chicken fixins nor little three-cornered handkerchers laid out at each plate."

At last, to Julia's great relief, dinner was over, and she got her father started for home. Suddenly Mr. Middleton exclaimed, "That ar Doctor is a mighty fine chap. Why don't you set your cap for him, Sunshine?"

"It would be of no use, father," answered Fanny.

"Wall, if I'm not mistaken, he's laid his snare for a bird, and I don't care how soon you fall into it, darling," said Mr. Middleton.

"How ridiculous!" exclaimed Julia.

"Ho now, jealous, are you, Tempest?" said her father. "What in thunder do you think he'll want of you, who are engaged to Mr. Wilmot?"

This was a truth which had troubled Julia, and she greatly regretted her engagement, for she well knew Dr. Lacey never would think of her, as long as he thought she belonged to another. She had watched with jealous eye the growing intimacy between him and Fanny, and resolved to leave no means untried to prevent a union between them, and to secure the doctor for herself. To do this she knew she must break her engagement with Mr. Wilmot, and also give Dr. Lacey a bad opinion of her sister. She felt sure of success, for when did she undertake any thing and fail. Sinful girl! She was freed from her engagement in a way she little dreamed of.

Four weeks from the time of her first visit home, word came to her one morning, just as she was starting for school, that Mr. Wilmot was sick and would not be able to teach that day. He had been unwell for several days, and next morning it was announced that he had the typhoid fever. Fanny's first impulse was to go and see him, but Julia prevented her by saying that he would send for her when he wanted her.

That evening Mr. Lacey told Julia that Mr. Wilmot had expressed a wish to see her. She went rather unwillingly, and something in her manner must have betrayed it, for he seemed troubled, and regarded her with an anxious look. She however manifested no affection, and but very little interest for him, and inwardly resolved that when she came again, her sister should accompany her. That night he grew worse, and there was of course no school, Julia hired some one to take herself and sister home. Earnestly did Fanny entreat her to remain and watch over Mr. Wilmot.

"I shall do no such thing," said Julia. "It would not be proper, and I should be talked about."

"Well then," said Fanny, "I shall stay till mother sends for me. I do not care if I am talked about."

This pleased Julia, who said, "Well, you can stay if you like. I dare say you care more for him than I do, and you can tell him so, if you please."

"Oh, Julia," said Fanny, "what has changed you so towards Mr. Wilmot?"

"Nothing in particular," replied Julia. "I never liked him very much."

So Julia started for home, while Fanny took her station by the bedside of her beloved teacher.

When Julia reached home, she found that her father had left the day before for Missouri. He owned land there, and as he had gone to make some improvements on it, he would probably be absent two months. Julia carelessly told her mother of Mr. Wilmot's illness, and that Fanny had staid to watch him. When Mrs. Middleton heard this, her maternal fears were roused lest her daughter should take the fever, and in a few days she went herself to Frankfort to bring Fanny home. She found Mr. Wilmot very ill, but not as yet dangerously so, and after staying a day, she announced her intention of taking Fanny home.

"Why not leave her?" said Dr. Lacey. "She seems peculiarly adapted to a sick room, and will do him more good than a dozen physicians."

"Yes, let her stay," said Mr. Wilmot; and drawing Mrs. Middleton closely to him, he whispered, "Tell Julia to come to me, will you?"

Mrs. Middleton promised that she would, but persisted in taking Fanny. When Mr. Wilmot's message was given to Julia, she said, "No indeed, I'll not go. I could do him no good."

She was sent to Frankfort every day to inquire after Mr. Wilmot, and see if any thing was wanted, and each night Fanny waited anxiously for his return. As soon as she saw him enter the wood, she would run to him, and inquire for Mr. Wilmot. Julia, however, manifested no anxiety whatever. She would not have acknowledged that she hoped he would die, and yet each time that she heard he was better, her spirits sank, for fear he would yet live. At last he brought to Fanny the joyful intelligence that the crisis was passed, and Mr. Wilmot was out of danger.

That night in the solitude of her chamber, Julia communed with herself as follows: "And so he'll live after all. Well, I may as well let him know at once that I will not marry him." So saying, she opened her portfolio, and wrote the following note:

"MR. WILMOT,

"SIR:—When I became engaged to you I was very young, and am still so; consequently, you will hardly be surprised, when you learn that I have changed my mind, and wish to have our engagement dissolved.

"Yours truly, as a friend,

JULIA MIDDLETON."

To be Continued.

There is more pleasure in seeing others happy than in seeking to be happy ourselves. There is more pleasure in acquiring knowledge to be useful, than in merely seeking knowledge for our own happiness. If young and old persons would spend the money in making others happy, which they spend in dress and useless luxury, how much more real pleasure it would give them.

The Literary Echo.

Charlottetown, P. E. Island, August 15, 1874.

HUMBUGS.—During the summer months, this community, as well as other portions of the Island, are pestered with a class of persons travelling with shows, circuses, concerts and other humbugs, who are either too lazy to earn an honest living at home, or too incompetent to give a proper entertainment for the money demanded, where they are known. It is evident that all the spare cash that can be dragged out of our people is taken from the country, and nothing left as an equivalent, making us so much the poorer by the exchange. Those persons go away and laugh at the gullibility of the P. E. Islanders, and another gang arrives, who are as great humbugs as their predecessors, and so it goes on year after year. If the editors of the different city papers would discountenance all such performances, they would confer a benefit upon the people at large, as well as upon the individuals who are too often lured into thus throwing their money away upon that which profiteth not.

LITTLE WANDERERS.—We are happy to inform our friends, that the Rev. R. G. Toles, Superintendent of the Baldwin Place Home for Little Wanderers, will visit this city with a number of the children under his care. Miss Kate Davis, who accompanied him on his former visit will be of the party. The Rev. gentleman will speak on Sunday morning, the 23rd inst., in the Kirk, at 11 o'clock, a.m., and in Zion Church, at 3 p.m.

On Monday evening the Children will appear again before the public, when Miss Kate Davis will give some Select Readings. We copy the following notice from the *Daily Scratogian*.

"A most delightful entertainment was given last evening by Mr. Toles and his Choir. Several pieces were sung in good taste, the remarkable voice of Miss Kate Davis shone to excellent advantage in solos and choruses. We have never heard such a voice; such depth, compass, power and sweetness, it is simply marvellous. No less remarkable than her singing were her Readings. We heard but two pieces, Trowbridge's "Charcoal Man," and "The Gridiron," the latter being a humorous dialogue. In the first piece the young reader displayed the wonderful power of her voice, more like the tones of a rich bell than anything else we can think of. In the latter she discovered very remarkable histrionic powers."

The whole proceedings will be of the most interesting character, consisting of incidents relating to the Home and choice pieces of music will be sung. The public are cordially invited. A collection will be taken up in aid of the Home.

WITH this issue we number One thousand two hundred and three in all. We have Six hundred and seventy-four in the city alone. Persons requiring to announce any fact to the citizens of Charlottetown, cannot at the present time, find a more direct means of communication with them, than through the columns of the LITERARY ECHO.

We have in our possession, a head of timothy hay, measuring ten inches in length, grown upon Mr. John Praught's farm, Pownal, Lot 49.

BACK Nos., of the LITERARY ECHO, will be furnished to new subscribers if desired, with the commencement of that very interesting tale, "Tempest and Sunshine." In every number of the paper, there is a finished story, and a variety of other miscellaneous reading. Remember we pay all postage on the LITERARY ECHO, within the Dominion.

In our last issue, some of the lines in the advertisement of the "Commercial College" were displaced, but are all right in this number.

ANY one sending us ten new subscribers, for the LITERARY ECHO, with the cash, will receive an extra copy free, postage prepaid by us.

It is our intention to give a running Pen and Ink Sketch of the various portions of the Island, where our canvassing Agent may visit.

General Items.

Lake Superior is the largest body of fresh water in the world. Its greatest length is 355 miles, its greatest breadth 160 miles, and its area is 32,000 square miles. Its average depth is from 688 to 1,000 feet. It is 600 feet above the level of the sea, 22 feet higher than Lake Michigan, and 50 feet higher than Erie.

Lake Michigan is 320 miles long, 108 miles in the widest part, and in mean depth 900 feet. In its greatest length it is 390 miles. It has an area of 23,000 square miles.

The greatest length of Lake Huron is 200 miles, the greatest width 100 miles, the mean depth 600 feet, and the area 20,000 square miles.

Lake Erie's greatest length is 250 miles, its greatest width 50 miles, the mean depth 84 feet, and it has a superficial area of about 9,000 square miles.

The greatest length of Lake Ontario is 180 miles, the greatest breadth 65 miles, the mean depth 260 feet, and the area 9,000 square miles.

The assessed valuation of property in Colorado is \$24,000,000. It has a population of 75,000, no public debt, levied no territorial tax for the year 1872, and has a balance of over \$50,000 in the treasury. The following table is taken from the report of the auditor for 1872. Horses, 15,000; sheep, 1,000,000; mules, 3,000; cattle, 150,000; swine, 8,000; goats, 5,000. [Buffalo, antelope, deer, bear, and "sich like," though of considerable value, are not counted, because not subject to control. Colorado gave us the first narrow-gauge railway, and, by means of its extension all through her great, grand, rich mountains, her mineral wealth will be brought out.]

It is said that at fifty years of age, a man has slept 6,000 days, worked 6,500 days, walked 800 days, amused himself 4,000 days, was eating 1,500 days, and was sick 500 days. In this time he has eaten 79,000 lbs. of bread, 16,000 lbs. of meat, 4,000 lbs. of vegetables, eggs, and fish; and drunk 7,000 gallons of liquid—namely, water, coffee, tea, bear, wine, etc.—altogether. This would make a respectable lake of 300 feet surface and three feet deep, on which a small steamboat could float comfortably. Few men of fifty, probably, have looked upon themselves in this light before.

finished Story.

OVER THE DAM.

"Now, Lou, be good, and tell us honestly how it came about that you, once Louise Crofton, the belle of Ivyside, became Mrs. Darwin, instead of the handsome, elegant, refined Charles Montain, the semimillionaire, to whom Madam Rumor and all the rest of us had you more than nine-tenths engaged."

That is the question that I, as speaker pro tem. for a party of petticoated pests, put to Mrs. Louise Darwin, the petted wife of an honest, upright, very plain, not over-educated, independent farmer, to whom she had been eighteen months married, and whom she loved with her whole heart; while Denton Darwin worshiped her as the devout Persian does his sun-deity.

"Don't you know, we went over the dam together?" was the laconic question-answer I received in behalf of myself and inquisitive clients; which answer made us only the more clamorous for details, and so we besieged the somewhat reticent Louise *en masse*, threatening her with suffocation by hugging—all of us—right round her neck, unless she surrendered at discretion, and afforded us the information demanded.

"O yes; most of us remember your going over the dam in company with your husband that is now. But then that was two and a half years ago, and we have never quite determined how that simple circumstance could have so entirely revolutionized Louise Crofton's matrimonial ideas."

"I am well aware how widely you all guessed of the truth in discussing the incident and its result. But as I always argued, it was really the business of no one except myself and the man who is now my husband, I knew of no reason you should not be permitted to guess on to your heart's content, without my volunteering an explanation."

"Now, Lou, you're a tyrant, and a barbarian, to snub us in this manner. We only wanted to—"

"Ah yes, girls—I understand. You only wanted to add a few more meshes to your mancatching nets. Well, you shall be gratified; not that I approve of dimity man-traps; but that one or two of you are in need of an illustrated argument, and perhaps all of you may deem it advisable to go over the dam some day before dropping your family identity at the altar forever; and so I'll tell you the story."

"Ah! there's a darling. Now you are really good, Lou!" And we all got closer around Louise Darwin, flinging ourselves down on the velvet sward under the old elm out there on the lawn, in a listening attitude. Lou told us the story very prettily and briefly. I will endeavor to be as brief; though I cannot hope to be as entertaining with a pen, as Mrs. Darwin was in her real communication.

"Several of you girls were eye-witnesses of the incident; but as some of you were not, I will relate the circumstances in brief, as they occurred.

"A party of some thirty persons, quite one half of whom were young ladies of about my own age, had crossed in boats the larger branch of the river, to a narrow, wooded island about a mile above the Fairfield Dam, for the purpose of fishing, wandering in the woods, and social enjoyment generally.

"Three days previously Denton Darwin had solicited my hand in marriage, and I had rejected him—not rudely and heartlessly, for as a friend I regarded him very highly: but as I neither loved him nor any man, I had no idea of giving myself away until my heart had a word to say in regard to the transfer. This I frankly told Darwin, and though he regretted his failure, he was in no wise offended, and it was agreed that our relations of friendly intimacy should continue uninterrupted.

"Charles Montain was my escort upon the occasion, and availing himself of an opportunity that occurred during a ramble through the wood, he declared his love for me in a manner something impetuous, and besought me to accept his heart, hand and fortune.

"Mr. Montain's attention to myself had for several months been so particular, that local gossip had declared an engagement, which assertion I never took the pains to contradict. Indeed, I was rather proud of such a possibility; for Charles Montain was rich, refined, of a good family, unexceptionable in character, and I knew of no earthly reason why any girl, having her affections enlisted in the right direction, should not accept him on presentation. It was only that my own affections were not so enlisted, that I did not accept him unconditionally. As it was, I declined the proffered alliance, but in a manner that gave him a wide margin for future pursuit, of which he assured me he should certainly avail himself.

"Mr. Darwin was of our party, and although unaccompanied by any lady, he was very entertaining, attentive and serviceable to all; and before the day was half over every one of us of the feminine persuasion voted Denton Darwin an absolute necessity in all future picnic, boating or woodland excursions.

"By the merest accident, about an hour previous to the time fixed for our return home, five of us—Charles Montain, Denton Darwin, Philip Fallonsby, Mary Watson and myself, met near where our little fleet lay moored to the river bank; and at some one's suggestion, it was resolved that in one of the boats we should make an excursion around the foot of the island, and pulling up in the eddy on the opposite shore, join the remainder of our party, who had improvised an extempore bush concert near the bank on that side.

"Entering a light skiff, the smallest of the fleet, we set out on our miniature voyage, and with Fallonsby, who was an expert waterman, at the oars, we went gliding down the swift current as gracefully and fleet as the startled swan.

"We were in mid-channel, and almost down to the foot of the island, when our oarsman, by a sudden overstrain of his left-hand oar in bringing the bow of the boat round toward the island, snapped the treacherous blade short off in the row-lock. The mishap sent Fallonsby sprawling backwards into the bottom of the boat, and in his tumble he lost overboard the remaining oar, which in a moment drifted beyond our reach, and there we were, helpless, drifting at the mercy of the current—each moment becoming more powerful—right down towards the Fairfield Dam, over which the river dashed in a foaming cataract, and where escape from destruction would be a miracle.

"For the space of—it might have been thirty seconds, all remained quiet and breathless with

astonishment and terror. The silence was as profound as that of the tomb, and the frail skiff was whirled with fearful velocity towards the yelling dam. Then a bolstersome exclamation of joy broke from Montain:

"Fallonsby, there is a chance for us. Down yonder where you see that rock just above water, the depth is not more than four feet all the way across the river. By stripping off coats and vests, and holding firmly to each other, we can gain the shore by wading."

"And would you abandon these helpless girls to destruction without an effort to save them?" indignantly asked Darwin.

"Self-preservation is the first law of nature," replied Montain, dashing his coat, hat and vest into the bottom of the skiff.

"We can only save ourselves," cried Fallonsby. And down went his coat and Panama, along with Montain's.

"Go, then, cowardly wretches that you are!" exclaimed Darwin, contemptuously. "It is some relief to know that our last breath will not be drawn from an atmosphere tainted by the presence of such poltroons."

The boat reached the upper edge of the belt of shallow water, and without reply to Darwin's taunt, Montain and Fallonsby simultaneously leaped overboard and grasping each other firmly, began fighting their way laboriously towards the shore. But an escape by fording was a far more difficult feat to accomplish than they had imagined; and by the time they had reached the rock alluded to by Montain, and which lay at about one third the distance from where they leaped from the boat to the shore, they were both so entirely exhausted that it was with considerable difficulty they managed to drag themselves out of the water upon the flat surface, affording scarcely sufficient sitting room for two persons, and in no place a foot above the water.

"In the mean time Darwin had not effortlessly resigned himself and us to impending fate. You would think that under the circumstances there was nothing that human agency could achieve to avert our doom. It was thus that Mary and I argued at the time; but Darwin thought our lives worth a desperate effort, and he made it.

"A moment after Montain and Fallonsby left us, he was overboard also, striving like a very Hercules for our salvation. First he endeavored to sustain the boat against the current by setting his shoulder against the downstream side, and seeking to force it gradually endwise towards the rock, against the upper side of which, if he could but gain it, he quietly informed us he could securely lodge the skiff until some of the other boats should come to our rescue. Finding himself baffled in this attempt by the force of the current, he dexterously whirled the bow of the skiff up stream, and planting his feet firmly against the projections of the ledgy bottom, he sought first to force the boat diagonally across the stream towards the shore. In this he for a little time made some progress; but the strength of the current was too powerful for human endurance, and our brave champion was fast becoming exhausted. While we—poor helpless things—all we could do was to sit there and pray God to spare so generous and brave a hero, even were we ourselves doomed to perish.

"Darwin glanced towards the two men cowering there on the rock, and exclaimed in a tone eloquent in its very bitterness:

"O, if those wretches had but remained and coupled their strength with mine, how easily we might have sustained the boat and saved you?"

"Then finding that he could no longer force the skiff another atom against the surging current, he resolutely set himself against the lower gunwale, and said very quietly:

"Louise and Mary, I will battle against our fate while my strength lasts. Perhaps relief may reach us before I am quite conquered."

"At that moment a clear, ringing shout reached our ears from the water a little distance above us, and looking in the direction whence the shout came, we discovered a man fighting his way towards us with superhuman efforts, in part supported by a branch of some light wood. As he drew near, we recognized Charley Cheever, who, as we subsequently learned, had been quietly rambling alone about the foot of the island, and observing the accident of the boat breaking at the moment it occurred, had instantly cast aside his boots, coat and hat, and plunged into the stream, hoping to overtake us before we reached the dam, and aid us as he might by his superior knowledge of water craft.

"On reaching us, Charley was quite as much exhausted as Darwin himself, and his first word was a declaration that it was sheer folly for them to attempt to sustain the boat there until they became utterly helpless, and finally be forced over the dam like an old sawlog.

"Give me a hand here—both of you girls. Now—a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together." And by the united efforts of Mary, myself and Charley, that young gentleman was in the skiff directly, and not many seconds later he had Darwin in also, and the boat was drifting swiftly onward again towards the dam.

"Charley Cheever was a discarded suitor of Mary's, while Fallonsby, who had so basely abandoned her in the moments of extreme peril, rumor said was her accepted lover.

"Queer arrangement, wasn't it, girls? There we were, two foolish girls, drifting to destruction with our rejected suitors, while our accepted ones were perched on a rock away up there in the middle of the river, like sea-gulls, only there was very little of any sort of *lien* about them.

"Now then, Denton, *mon brave*," said Charley, gaily but earnestly, "let us to work and wrock this craft a trifle more, that we may have something to save her with. Wrench out that thwart on which you are sitting, while I help myself to this one. So—we are supplied with tolerable paddles—now you take the bow, and I'll go aft; keep one eye on my motions and assist my navigation with all the might that is in you. I've been three times over that dam, with more water rolling over than there is this evening. Help me all you can, Denton; and you girls keep quiet, and if I don't pilot you down that channel without ruffling a feather, I'll agree to swim up stream over the dam."

"I can never describe to you that fearful plunge, for every sense was merged in that of concentrated vision, and that fixed upon the stern, resolute features of the two heroes who were so generously perilling their lives for our salvation

"We passed the seething vortex unscathed, and then I think I fainted, for I have no recollection of anything further until awakened by the congratulations of our whole party save two, who had hastened across the river, and down the bank to the point where Darwin and Charley had landed us in safety.

"When the base conduct of Mountain and Fal-lonsby was proclaimed, it was voted unanimously that a night's reflection on the rock here by themselves might be of service to them. On the following morning, however, they were brought off, but they never were very well received in Fairfield society afterwards.

"A year later, Charley and Mary, Denton Darwin and myself, all went over the matrimonial dam together."

PEN AND INK SKETCHES.

BY OUR CANVASSING AGENT.

LEAVING the dust and bustle of Charlottetown streets, a few days ago, we took the ferry boat which crosses the Hillsborough River, for a short trip into the country, and on landing on the opposite side, we entered the village of

SOUTHPORT,

which is situated on the south side of the river. It contains several places of entertainment, besides a number of stores and mechanics' shops. There is a post-office here, and in the vicinity there is an Episcopal church and school house.

The traffic of the whole southern section of the Island, eastwardly, passes through this place on its way to the metropolis. A very large quantity of produce is exported from this point every autumn, consisting of oats, potatoes, turnips, &c. Bricks are extensively manufactured in the neighborhood and sent to various parts of the Colony.

On taking the main post road to Georgetown we passed some good farms. After a short drive we came in sight of what is known as the

CROSS ROADS CHAPEL,

at the junction of the Georgetown and Lot 48 roads, and is owned by the Baptist denomination. On the high ground above the Chapel, a splendid view of the East River and all the adjacent country, as well as of Charlottetown, can be obtained. Farming receives considerable attention in this neighborhood, and the people are in very comfortable circumstances.

Proceeding along the telegraph line, we at last halted in admiration on the top of the far-famed

TEA HILL,

at the grandeur of the scene which burst upon our vision. A magnificent sheet of water lay before us, as far as the eye can reach to the westward. On the east, the dense clumps of evergreens interspersed with well cultivated farms spread out in the distance, and the glistening of the bright water, in the noon-day sun, called forth exclamations of "Oh, how beautiful!" while in the foreground are seen Governors' Island and the long neck of land running into the Gulf, upon the extreme end of which stands Point Prim light-house.

Upon descending the south side of the "Hill," which forms a part of a range of hills running from

east to west throughout the Island, we entered upon a flat, level country for several miles. Along the whole route, excellent farms were seen on every land with neat and comfortable dwellings. At a short distance beyond the base of the "Hill," we approached the settlement of

ALEXANDRA,

which was formerly known by the name "Squaw Bay." Here there is a snug, little Chapel, by the road side, belonging to the Baptist body, and a comfortable school-house. The majority of the inhabitants are descendants of the "refugges."

The land along this road lay facing the south, and runs with a gentle declivity to the shores of Pownal and Squaw Bays, while on the north, are seen the hills towering far over the habitations of the people. As we proceeded eastward through

POWNAL

settlement, we passed fine laid-off farms, and neat, comfortable homes on every side, showing the thrift and industry of the residents. Agriculture receives special attention in all this section, and to such perfection have the cultivators of the soil attained in their profession that nearly all that the earth is capable of producing is brought out.

After proceeding a short distance, we entered

POWNAL VILLAGE.

which is a rapidly growing inland town, where various kinds of handicraft are being vigorously carried on, and where several stores are located. There is a fine Church here, owned by the Wesleyan Methodists, and also a very commodious town Hall. There is a post-office in the village, and at a short distance a very good school house. The Methodist clergyman resides in this place, as also does the Medical attendant of the district. Several very handsome dwellings are to be seen, and excellent farms surround the village. A very good vegetable garden and nursery of various kinds of trees, are in active operation here, and in all the departments of business, activity is to be seen on every side.

To be Continued.

DEBILITATED FACULTIES.

It is doubtful whether faculties which have been injured by a long course of dissipation will ever become thoroughly re-invigorated. Men injure their memory by the use of tobacco, and appear to recover its normal use by abandoning the filthy weed. Men who have injured themselves by the use of alcoholic stimulants, or by strong coffee or tea, when they give up those things, seem to come back pretty nearly to their old standard. But we have our serious doubts whether the body or the brain which has suffered any serious illness ever thoroughly becomes as strong as before. A ship that has been strained and racked by storms may be overhauled and pass muster, but we doubt whether the loosened joints, though filled with oakum and tar, are quite as good as they were to start with. "Lead us not into temptation," is a part of the prayer which we think is better than "Deliver us from evil;" but the latter is indispensable after the former has failed. It is better to be whole, though we have scars, than to perish

Miscellany.

MCGEE AND HIS MONKEY.

I dinna think that in a' nature there's a mair curiouser cratur than a monkey. Folk may talk as they like about monkoys, and cry them down for being stupid and mischievous—I for ane will no gang that length. Whatever they may be on the score of mischief, there can be nae doubt that, sae far as gumption is concerned, they are just uncommon; and for wit and fun they could beat ony man black and blue. In fact, I dinna think that monkeys are beasts ava. I hae a half a notion that they are just wee hairy men that canna, or rather that winna speak, in case they may be made to work like ither folk, instead of leading a life of idleness.

But to the point: I ance had a monkey, ane of the drollest-looking chaps ye ever saw. He was gayan big for a monkey, and was hairy a' ower, except his face and his bit hurdies, which had a degree of bareness about them, and were nearly as saft as a lady's loof. Weel, what think ye that I did wi' the beastie? Odds, man, I dressed him up like a Highlandman, and put a kilt upon him, and a lang-tailed red coat, and a blue bannet, which, for security's sake I tied, woman-like, below his chin wi' twa bits of yellow ribbon. I not only did this, but I learnt him to walk upon his twa hinder legs, and to carry a stick in his right hand when he gaed out, the better to support him in his peregrinations.

Ae afternoon towards the gloamin' I was obligated to tak a stap down to the cross, wi' a web under my arm, which I had finished for Mr. West, the muslin manufacturer. By way of frolic, a gayan foolish ane I allow, I brocht Nosey slang wi' me. He had on, as for ordinar', his Heeland dress, and walkit behint me, wi' the bit stick in his hand, his tail sticking out frae below his kilt, as if he had been my flunky. It was, after a', a queer sight; and, as may be supposed, I drew a haill crowd of bairns after me, bawling out, "Here's Willie McGee's monkey," and gi'ing him nuts and gingerbread, and making as muckle of the cratur as could be—for Nosey was a favorite in the town, and everybody likit him for his droll tricks, and the way he used to grin, and dance, and tumble ower his head, to amuse them.

On entering Mr. West's shop, I found it empty; there wasna a leeving soul within. I supposed he had gane out for a licht; and being gayan familiar wi' him, I took a stap ben to the back shop, leaving Nosey in the fore ane. I sat for twa or three minutes, but naebody made his appearance. At last the front door, which I had ta'en care to shut after me, opened, and I look't to see wha it could be, thinking that, nae doubt, it was Mr. West, or his apprentice. It was neither the ane nor the ither, but a strong middle-aged, red-faced Heelandman, wi' specks on, and wi' a kilt and a bannet, by a the world like my monkey's. Now, what think ye Nosey was about a' this time? He was sittin' behind the counter, upon the lang three-legged stool that stood forment Mr. West's desk, and was turning ower his lodger wi' a look which, for auld-fashioned ragaciousness, was wonderfu' to behold. I was sae tickled at the sight that I paid nae sort o' attention to the Heelandman, but con-

tinued looking frae the back shop at Nosey, lauching a' the time in my sleeve—for I jealousyed that some queer scene would tak' place between the twa. And I wasna far wrang, for the stranger, takin' out a pound frae his spleuchan, banded it over to the monkey, and speered at him, in his droll norlan deacelect, if he could change a note. When I heard this I thoct I would hae lauched outright; and naething but sheer curiosity to see how the tning would end made me keep my gravity. It was plain that Donald had ta'en Nosey for ane o' his ain countrymen—and the thing, after a', wasna greatly to be wondered at, and that for three reasons:—Firstly, the shop was rather darkish. Secondly, the Heelandman had on specks, as I hae just said; and it was likely on this account that he was rather short-sighted; and Thirdly, Nosey, wi' kilt, and bannet, and red coat, was, to a' intents and purposes, as like a human cratur as a monkey could weel be.

Nae sooner, then, had he got the note than he opened it out, and lookit at it wi' his wee, glowrin, restless een, as if to see that it wasna a forgery. He then shook his head as a doctor, when he's no very sure what's wrang wi' a person, but wants to mak' it appear that he kens a' about it—and continued in this style till the Highlandman's patience began to be exhausted.

"Can ye no change the note, old shentleman?" quo Donald. Nosey gi'ed his head anither shake, and lookit uncommon wise.

"Is the note no goot, sir?" spak the Heelandman, a second time; but the cratur, instead of answering him, only gi'ed anither of his wise shakes, as much as to say, "I'm no very sure about it." At this Donald lost temper. "If the note doesna please ye, sir," quoth he, "I'll thank you to gie me it back again, and I'll gang to some ither place;" and he stretcht out his hand to tak' haud o't, when my frien' wi' the tail, lifting up his stick, lent him sic a whack ower the fingers as made him pu' back in the twinkling of an e'e.

"Ye zuld scounrel," said the man, "do ye mean to tak' my money frae me?" And he lifted up a rung big enuch to fell a stot, and let flee at the monkey; but Nosey was ower quick for him, and jumping aside, he lichted on a shelf before ane could say Jock Robinson. Here he rowed up the note like a baw in his hand, and put it into his coat pouch like ony rational cratur. Not only this, but he mockit the Heelandman by a' manner of means—shooting out his tengue at him, spitting at him, and grining at him wi' his queer outlandish physiognomy. Then he would tak' haud of his tail in his twa hands and wag it at Donald, and steeking his neive, he would seem to threaten him wi' a leatherin'. A'thegither he was desperate, and impudent enuch to try the patience of a saunt, no to speak o' a het-bluided Heelandman. It was guid for sair een to see how Donald behavit on this occasion. He raged like ane demented, misca'ing the monkey beyond measure, and swearing as money Gaelic aiths as might ha'e sair'd an ordinar' man for a twalmonth. During this time, I never steer'd a foot, but keepit keeking frae the back shop upon a' that was gangin' on. I was highly delighted; and jealousying that Nosey was ower supple to be easily caught, I had nae apprehension for the evnt, and remained saug in my berth to see the upshot.

In a short time in comes Mr. West, wi' a piece of lowing paper in his hand, that he had got frae the next door to licht the shop; and nae sooner did Donald see him than he ax'd him for his note.

"What note, honest man?" said Mr. West.

"The note, the auld scounrel, your grandfather, stole frae me," quo' Donald.

"My grandfather!" answered the ither wi' amazement, "I am thinking, honest man, ye hae had a glass owre muckie. My grandfather has been dead for sixteen years, and I ne'er heard tell till now that he was a sief."

"Weel, weel, then," quo' the Heelandman, "I don't care nathing about it. If he's no your grandfather, he'll be your faither, or brither, or your consin."

"My faither, or my brither, or my consin!" repeated Mr. West. "I maun tell ye plainly, frien', that I hae neither faither, nor brither, nor consin of any description, on this side of the grave. I dinna understand ye, honest man, but I reckon that ye hae sat ower lang at the whiskey, and my advice to ye is to stap hame and sleep it aff."

At this speech the Heelandman lost a' patience, and lookit sae awfully fierce, that ance or twice I was on the nick of coming forrit and explaining how matters really stood; but curiosity keepit me chained to the back shop, and I just thoct I would bide a wee, and see how the affair was like to end.

"Pray, wha are you, sir?" said Donald, putting his hands in his sides, and looking through his specks upon Mr. West, like a mad man. "Wha are you, sir, that daur to speak to me in this manner?"

"Wha am I?" said the ither, drapping the remnant of the paper, which was burnin' close to his fingers. "I am Saunders West, manufacturer in Hamilton—that's what I am."

"And I am Donald Campbell, piper's sister's son to his Grace the great, grand Duke of Argyle," thundered out the Heelandman, wi' a voice that was fearsome to hear.

"And what about that?" quo' Mr. West, rather snappishly, as I thoct; "if ye were the great, grand Duke of Argyle himsel, as ye ca' him, I'll no permit you to kick up a dust in my shop."

"Ye scounrel," said Donald, seizing Mr. West by the throat, and shaking him till he tottered like an aspen leaf, "div ye mean to speak ill of his Grace the Duke of Argyle?" And he gied him anither shake—then, laying baud of his nose, he swore that he would pu't as lang as a cow's tail, if he didna that instant restore him his lost property. At this sicht I began to grew a' ower, and now saw the needcessity of stapping ben, and saving my employer frae farther damage, bodily and ithervise. Nae sooner had I made my appearance than Donald let go his grip of Mr. West's nose, and the latter, in a great passion, cried out, "William M'Gee I tak ye to witness what I hae sufferit frae this bluid-thirsty Heelandman! It's not to be endured in a Christian country: I'll hae the law of him, that I will. I'll be whuppit but I'll hae amends, although it costs me twenty pounds!"

"What's the matter?" quo' I, pretending ignorance of the hail concern. "What, in the name of Nebuchadnezzar, has set ye thegither by the lugs?" Then Mr. West began his tale, how he

had been collared and weel nigh thrappled in his ain shop. Then the ither tauld how, in the first place, Mr. West's grandfather, as he ca'd Nosey, had stolen his note: and how, in the second place, Mr. West himsel had insulted the great, grand Duke of Argyle. In a word, there was a desperate kick-up between them, the ane throeping that he would tak the law of the ither immediately. Na, in this respect Donald gaed the greatest lengths; for he swore that, rather than be defeated, he wad carry his cause to the House of Lords, although it cost him thertty pounds sterling. I now saw it was time to put in a word.

"Houts-touts, gentlemen," quo' I, "what's the use of a' this clish-ma-claver? Ye've baith gottin the wrang sow by the lng, or my name's no William M'Gee. I'll wager ye a penny-piece, that my monkey Nosey is at the bottom of the business."

Nae sooner had I spoken the word, than the twa, looking round the shop, spied the beastie sitting upon the shelf, grining at them, and putting out his tongue, and wiggle-wagging his walking-stick ower his left elbow, as if he had been playing upon the fiddle. Mr. West at this apparition set up a loud lauch; his passion left him in a moment, when he saw the ridiculous mistake that the Heelandman had fa'en into, and I thoct he would hae bursted his sides with even-down merriment. At first Donald lookit desperate angry; and, judging frae the way he was twisting about his mouth and rowed his een, I opined that he intended some deadly skaith to the monkey. But his gude sense, of which Heelandmen are no a'thegither destitute, got the better of his anger, and he roared and lauched like the very mischief. Nor was this a'; for nae sooner had he began to lauch, than the monkey did the same thing, and held its sides in proceesely the same manner, imitating his actions, in the maist amusin' way imaginable. This only set Donald alauching mair than ower, and when he lifted up his neive, and shook it at Nosey in a gude humored way, what think ye that cratur did? Odds, man! he took the note from his pouch, where it lay rowed up like a baw, and, papping it at Donald, hit him as fairly upon the nose, as if it had been shot out of a weel-aimed musket. There was nae resisting this. Tho hail three, or rather the hail four, for Nosey joined us, set up a loud lauch; and the Heelandman's was the loudest of a', showing that he was really a man of sense, and could tak' a joko as well as his neighbors.

When the lauchin' had a wee subsided, Mr. Campbell, in order to show that he had nae ill wull to Mr. West, ax'd his pardon for the rough way he had treated him, but the worthy manufacturer wadna hear o't. "Houts, man," quo' he, "dinna say a word about it. It's a mistak' a'thegither, and Solomon himsel, ye ken, whiles gae'd wrang." Whereupon the Heelandman bought a Kilmarnock nicht-cap, price eleven-pieco ha'penny, frae Mr. West, and paid him wi' part of the very note that brocht on the ferly I hae just been relating. But his gude wull didna end here, for he insisted on taking us a'—Nosey among the lave—to the nearest public, where he gied us a frien'ly glass, and we keepit tawking about monkeys, and what not, in a manner at anco edifying and amusin' to hear.

So ends the story of the monkey.

Select Poetry.

THE OLD, OLD HOME.

When I long for sainted memories,
Like angel troops they come,
If I fold my arms to ponder
On the old, old home.

The heart has many passages
Through which the feelings roam,
But its middle aisle is sacred
To the old, old home.

When infancy was sheltered
Like rose-buds from the blast,
Where girlhood's brief elysium
In joyousness was passed;
To that sweet spot forever,
As to some hallowed dome,
Life's pilgrim bends her vision—
'Tis her old, old home.

A father sat, how proudly,
By that hearthstone's rays,
And told his children stories
Of his early manhood's days;
And one soft eye was beaming,
From child to child 'twould roam;
Thus a mother counts her treasures,
In the old, old home.

The birthday gifts and festivals,
The blended vesper hymn
(Some dear one who was swelling it
Is with the Seraphim)
The fond "good nights" at bed-time,
How quiet sleep would come,
And fold us all together
In the old, old home.

Like a wreath of scented flowers
Close intertwine each heart;
But time and change in concert
Have blown the wreath apart.
But dear and sainted memories
Like angels ever come,
If I fold my arms and ponder
On the old, old home.

THE CHURCH SPIDER.

Two spiders, so the story goes,
Upon a living bent,
Entered the meeting-house one day,
And hopefully were heard to say,
"Here we shall have at least fair play,
With nothing to prevent."

Each chose his place and went to work;
The light webs grew apace;
One on the altar spun his thread,
But shortly came the sexton dread,
And swept him off, and so half dead,
He sought another place.

"I'll try the pulpit next," said he,
"There surely is a prize;
The dark appears so neat and clean,
I'm sure no spider there has been;
Besides, how often have I seen
The pastor brushing flies."

He tried the pulpit, but alas!
His hopes proved visionary;
With dusting brush the sexton came,
And spoilt his geometric game,
Nor gave him time nor space to claim
The right of sanctuary.

At length, half starved, and weak and lean,

He sought his former neighbor;
Who now had grown so sleek and round,
He weighed the fraction of a pound;
And looked as if the art he'd found
Of living without labor.

"How is it, friend," he asked, that I
Endure such thumps and knocks,
While you have grown so very gross?"
"Tis plain," he answered, "not a loss
I've met since first I spun across
The contribution box."

Family Receipts.

Apple Potatoe Pudding.

Six large potatoes boiled and mashed fine; add a little salt, and piece of butter size of an egg. Roll this out with a little flour, enough to make a good pastry crust. This is for the outside of the dumpling, instead of the ordinary pastry. Into this crust put peeled and chopped apples. Roll up like any apple dumpling and steam one hour. Eat hot with liquid sauce.

Potted Shad.

Take the backbone out of the shad, cut it in small pieces, then put one layer of shad, one small piece butter, some salt, pepper, and a very small piece of mace, clove, and allspice whole; cover with vinegar. Bake in an earthen pot, well sealed, eight hours. Six whole cloves and the same of allspice is enough for three shad; seal the cover with dough, so as to keep the air out.

Stale Bread Griddle Cakes.

Take stale bread, soak it in water till soft, strain off the water through a cullender; beat the bread crumbs lightly with a fork; to one quart of these soaked crumbs add one quart milk, one quart flour and four eggs. Bake on a griddle.

Corn Cakes.

One pint sour milk, two cups Indian meal, one cup flour, one egg, two tablespoons molasses, one teaspoon salt, one teaspoon soda; mix thoroughly and bake twenty-five minutes in two shallow pans.

Floating Islands.

Scald any tart apples before they are fully ripe, pulp them through a sieve, beat the whites of two eggs with sugar, mix it by degrees with the pulp and beat all together; serve it on raspberry cream, or color it with currant jelly, and set it on a white cream, having given it the flavor of lemon, sugar and wine, or it can be put on a custard.

Quince and Apple Jelly.

Cut small and core an equal weight of tart apples and quinces. Put the quinces in a preserving kettle, with water to cover them, and boil till soft; add the apples, still keeping water to cover them, and boil till the whole is nearly a pulp. Put the whole into a jelly-bag, and strain without pressing. To each quart of juice allow two pounds of lump-sugar. Boil together half an hour.

Graham Cakes.

To one quart of Graham flour add one teaspoonful salt, five tablespoons of molasses, two table-spoons of yeast, or a small yeast cake; stir as thick as pound cake. Let it stand over night, if wanted for breakfast. When ready to bake, add a well beaten egg and a teaspoon of soda. Bake in cups half an hour. They are excellent.

Sour Milk Griddle Cakes.

To one quart of thick, sour milk, stir in wheat flour until it is quite stiff; add a little salt. When the griddle is hot dissolve one teaspoonful of saleratus in a little water, stir it in quickly, and bake.

Drop Cakes.

One pint of cream, three eggs, and salt; thicken with fine rye till a spoon will stand upright in it, and drop on a well-beaten iron pan, which must be hot in the oven. They are made thinner, and baked in buttered cups.

Indian Cake.

Scald one cup Indian meal with one pint of milk, two eggs, one tablespoon sugar, butter size of a walnut, half teaspoonful of soda. Bake half an hour.

Muffins.

One teacup of yeast, three eggs, teacup of flour, pint of sweet milk, teaspoon of salt; let it rise until it is light and then bake in muffin rings.

Golden Sands.

Right principles will by no means suit wrong practices.

He who reigns within himself and rules his passions, desires, and fears, is more than a king.

The poorest education that teaches one self-control is better than the best that neglects it.

Harmony exists in difference no less than in likeness, if only the same key-note govern both parts.

People who are really honest and courageous have very little to say about either courage or honesty.

Have order, system, regularity, liberality, and promptness among the principles you would guide your course by.

Go straight on, and don't mind enemies. If they get in your way calmly walk round them, regardless of their spite.

The labor of the body relieves us from the fatigues of the mind; and this it is which forms the happiness of the poor.

Heroism is active genius; genius contemplative heroism. Heroism is the self-devotion of genius manifesting itself in action.

It is the mind that makes this body rich; and as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds, so honor gleams in the meanest habits.

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion—it is easy in solitude to live after your own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the world, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

Most people drift. To do this is easy. It costs neither thought nor effort. On the other hand, to resist the tide one must have principle and resolution. He must watch continually. And yet no thoughtful person, who cares for his own soul, will dare to drift.

There is no outward sign of politeness which has not a deep, moral reason. True education teaches both the sign and the reason. Behaviour is a mirror in which every one shows his own image. There is a politeness of the heart akin to love, from which springs the easiest politeness of outward behaviour.

Man is physically, as well as metaphysically, a thing of shreds and patches, borrowed unequally from good and bad ancestors, and a misfit from the start.

Artificial wants are more numerous and lead to more expense than natural wants; from this cause the rich are oftener in greater want of money than those who have but a bare competency.

Sparks of Wit.

A witty housewife of our acquaintance says there is no venison in the market now, but plenty of dear meat.

The height of politeness is passing around upon the opposite side of a lady, when walking with her, in order not to step upon her shadow.

The latest feminine fashion of wearing the front hair is known as the Skye terrier style. Of course the angels derive their fashions from the Skyes.

"When I lost my wife," says a French writer, "every family in town offered me another, but when I lost my horse, no one offered to make him good."

"What comes after T?" asked a teacher of a small pupil, who was learning the alphabet. He received the following bewildering reply: "You do—to see 'Liza'."

A Florida alderman sold his vote for an oriole chain and a circus ticket, and his friends are naturally ashamed and indignant. They know he might have obtained a jack-knife in addition by simply asking for it.

"Men are what women make them," is the singular title of a new book. It may be true, but we have seen some very poor specimens of the manufactured article, which fact reflects badly either on the material or the maker.

The temperance cause has been somewhat set aback by the announcement that one of the few water drinkers in Kentucky has just discovered at the bottom of his well the body of a neighbour who disappeared three years ago; and the majority of the people have resolved to stick to whiskey and let wells alone.

Persons complain that they cannot find words for their thoughts, when the real trouble is they cannot find thoughts for their words.

An artless youth seeing in a church-yard the inscription, "I am not dead, but sleeping," thinking this a piece of mere imposition, exclaimed, "Well, if I was dead, by thunder, I'd own it."

A little girl was one day reading the history of England with her governess, and coming to the statement that Henry I. never laughed after the death of his son, she looked up and said: "What did he do when he was tickled?"

A sign in East Broadway, New York, reads: "New Rooted and Second Hand Boots Made and Repaired." Without stopping to ask how second-hand boots can be intended for the feet, we would be glad to know how any shoemaker can make second-hand boots.

A Buffalo girl, pretty and eighteen, has sold over five hundred sewing machines in the last two years. She travels with a horse and wagon, smiling when she leaves a machine and shedding tears if anybody afterwards refuses to keep it. This does the business.

A gentleman saw a Highlander standing looking at the head of a black man on a tobacconist's sign-board, which kept constant moving on springs. He drew near, and began to look with still greater astonishment; on which the Highlander said, "Pray, coot shentleman, can you be telling her if yonter head poting to ano of Cot's chreatures?"

A poor man, when a boy, had been a play-fellow of the Duke of Argyle; his Grace, taking a ride one day, observed his *quodam* chum attending a couple of horses which were feeding on the roadside, and asked him how he was fending (*i. e.* fared) in the world. The man gave him to understand it was but so and so, as both himself and horses indicated. His Grace putting his hand in his pocket, gave him a crown. The poor fellow, at a loss to express his gratitude, exclaimed, "God bless your Grace's glory, you're owre big a man to be ca'd the duck, you should be ca'd the goose now!"

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The LITERARY ECHO, is now published semi-monthly, on or about the 1st and 15th of every month, at One Dollar, (\$1.00,) per annum, invariably in advance. Address, (post-paid) the ROSS SISTERS, P. O. Box 299, Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

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|-----------------------------|----------------|
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| W. E. Douse, | do. |
| Jacob Deboo, | do. |
| Patrick Foley, | do. |
| William Groom, | do. |
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| Angus Finlayson, Whim Road, | |

Miss Sarah Battye, Wallace, N. S.
George Chisholm, Truro, N. S.
To be continued in our next.

BIRTHS.

At Mount Edgecombe, the wife of James Welsh, Esq., of a son.

MARRIAGES.

At Alberton, by Rev. A. F. Carr, A.M., Mr. Charles McNeill, to Miss Jemima Evans, both of Alberton.

At North Bedeque, by the Rev. R. S. Patterson, Mr. James Campbell, of Lot 9, to Miss Mary Martin, of Lot 8.

At North Bedeque, by the Rev. R. S. Patterson, Mr. Harry C. Sharp, of Summerside, to Miss Ellen E. Sharp, of Lot 17.

At the B. C. Parsonage, by the Rev. J. H. Collins, Mr. Charles Muttart, of Fifteen Point, to Miss Margaret Silliphant, of Summerside.

At the residence of Mr. Rodd, by Rev. J. H. Collins, Mr. James V. Peck, to Miss Olivia Margaret McDoull, both of Summerside.

At St Dunstan's Cathedral, by the Rev. M. McMillan, Mr. Andrew Doyle, to Miss Mary Mitchell, both of this city.

At the parsonage, West River; Meadow Brook, by the Rev. M. Ross, father of the bride, William E. Hyde, Esq., of Halifax, N. S., to Isabella J. Ross, of West River, P. E. Island.

DEATHS.

At Charlottetown, May 31st, of dyptheria, William Hamilton, eldest son of Artemas Lord, Esq., aged 3 years. Also, August 8th, of the same disease, John Pennefather, youngest son, aged 21 months.

At Flat River, on the 31st ult., Mr. John Nicholson, aged 54 years.

At Strathalbyn, Mr. Donald Nicholson, aged 58 years.

In Charlottetown, of consumption, Robert C. McLeod, aged 22½ years.

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