

# THE DAILY EXAMINER.

TERMS:—FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR.

"This is true Liberty, when Free Born Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."—EURIPIDES.

SINGLE COPIES TWO CENTS.

NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1886.

VOL. 19.—NO. 108.

## The Daily Examiner

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Advertising at moderate rates.  
Contracts may be made for monthly, quarterly, half-yearly, or yearly advertisements, on application.

### ALMANAC FOR SEPTEMBER, 1886.

MOON'S CHANGES.  
First Quarter 5th day, 4h., 43.1m., a. m., S. E.  
Full Moon 13th day, 6h., 37.9m., a. m., W.,  
(below horizon.)  
Last Quarter 20th day, 11h., 43.2m., p. m., E.  
New Moon 27th day, 5h., 6.1m., p. m., W.

DAY OF WEEK	Sun	Moon	High	Day's
	sets	rises	water	ten h
1 Wednesday	5 25 6 24	9 10 0 13	13 9	5
2 Thursday	27 32 10 12	0 53 3	5	2
3 Friday	28 30 11 21	1 36 2	12	50
4 Saturday	29 28 12 26	2 23 12	50	2
5 Sunday	30 25 1 29	3 18 56	37	4
6 Monday	32 24 2 23	4 28 52	32	2
7 Tuesday	33 22 3 13	5 46 49	27	2
8 Wednesday	34 20 3 56	7 0 45	22	2
9 Thursday	36 19 4 35	7 59 43	17	2
10 Friday	37 17 5 9	8 46 40	12	2
11 Saturday	38 15 5 30	9 26 37	7	2
12 Sunday	39 13 6 7	10 2 34	2	2
13 Monday	41 12 6 32	10 35 31	28	2
14 Tuesday	42 10 6 59	11 5 28	23	2
15 Wednesday	43 8 7 25	11 38 25	18	2
16 Thursday	44 6 7 52	12 10 22	13	2
17 Friday	46 4 8 23	0 43 18	8	2
18 Saturday	47 2 8 55	1 10 15	3	2
19 Sunday	48 0 9 37	2 1 12	2	2
20 Monday	50 5 58	10 24 2 53	8	2
21 Tuesday	51 5 51	11 19 4 0	5	2
22 Wednesday	52 54	12 11 5 28	2	2
23 Thursday	53 52	0 21 6 54	11 59	2
24 Friday	54 50	1 29 8 7	56	2
25 Saturday	55 47	2 48 9 2	52	2
26 Sunday	56 45	3 59 9 50	49	2
27 Monday	58 43	5 16 10 32	45	2
28 Tuesday	6 0	41 6 32 11 13	41	2
29 Wednesday	4 40	7 48 14 53	39	2
30 Thursday	6 25 33	9 10 11 36	36	2

## FLOUR.

Matchless.  
Kent Mills,  
City Mills,  
Estey (a choice Pastry Flour in barrels and half barrels) and other Good Brands selling Cheap

BEER & GOFF.  
August 30.  
Try the TEA. 25 Cents, at the LONDON HOUSE. aug 31



## FOR BOSTON.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT  
THE PALACE STEAMERS  
OF THE  
INTERNATIONAL S.S. CO.

Leave St. John for Boston, via Eastport and Portland, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 8.00 a. m.  
Leave St. John at 8 o'clock every Saturday night for

BOSTON DIRECT.  
Fare from Charlottetown to Boston, \$6.50, 2nd class; \$9.50, 1st class.  
For tickets and other information apply to  
ASHARP, F. W. HALE, P. E. I. R'y., P. E. L. Steam Nav. Co. or to your nearest Ticket Agent.  
May 7, 1886—eod wky

L. ARTHUR & CO.,  
GENERAL  
Commission Merchants,  
121 ATLANTIC AVENUE,  
BOSTON, MASS.

Eggs and Produce a Specialty.  
July 15—dly wky

## RANKIN HOUSE.

THE undersigned will lease for a term of years the above well-known Hotel, situated on corner of Water and Pownall Streets, in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. Possession given on the 1st October next.  
Any information required will be given, either by letter or personal interview.  
J. H. GRAY,  
DAVID STERLING,  
Trustees.  
Ch'town, June 12, 1886—Jan 15 2w her jour

## NEW GOODS JUST OPENED

— AT —

### J. B. MACDONALD'S.

New Dress Goods, New Cashmeres,  
New Velvets, New Corsets,  
New Ribbons, New Flannels,  
New Buttons, New Tweeds,

Selling at Cheapest Prices

— AT —

### J. B. MACDONALD'S,

QUEEN STREET,  
Ch'town, August 25—dy wky

## BRITISH WAREHOUSE,

33 QUEEN STREET.

## BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

FOR SEPTEMBER ONLY.

A Large Lot of WOOL TWEEDS,  
" " ULSTER CLOTHS,  
" " GENTS' UNDERCLOTHING,  
" " DRESS GOODS,  
" " FANCY PRINTS.

Balance of CRETONNES

LARGELY REDUCED FOR CASH.

## A. L. BROWN.

Ch'town, Sept 1—wky

## SPECIAL.

We must make room for fall goods, and to do so, will clear out at prices that must sell them, all remains of summer stock. ECONOMICAL buyers will do well to call at once, and secure the bargains we are offering, in ends of silks, dress goods and cotton goods. Our prices for cotton flannels, all-wool flannels, gingham, etc., must please you. Call and see them for yourself and save money by buying at once.

BEER BROS.  
August 17, '86.

## NEW HAT & FUR STORE,

Newsom Block.

## A. NEW DEPARTURE!

HATS, of the Latest Styles, at the very LOWEST PRICES.  
FURS, of all kinds. Cleaned, Dyed, altered and Repaired.  
HIGHEST CASH PRICES paid for Raw Furs.

E. STUART.  
Ch'town, May 4, 1886

## Boots, Boots.

Buy Your

## FALL BOOTS

— AT —

## DORSEY, GOFF & CO.

Ch'town, Sept. 2, 1886.

## OUR

## September

## Bargain!

48 Cents' Worth for 40 Cents.

One Pound of our 30-Cent Tea, one of our 18-Cent Teapots—all for 40 Cents.

ONLY DURING SEPTEMBER.

Don't Miss this Bargain.

## BEER & GOFF.

August 30.

## REGULAR TRADERS



1886 FALL TRIP, 1886.

BRIGANTINE

## "ZERELDE,"

L. KIRKHAM, COMMANDER.

WILL SAIL FROM  
Liverpool for Charlottetown,  
Direct, about the 15th SEPTEMBER, Next.

AND BARK

## "MOSELLE,"

R. RENDLE, Commander.

WILL SAIL FROM  
Liverpool for Charlottetown,  
Direct, about the 25th SEPTEMBER.

Carrying Freight at Through Rates to Pictou, Georgetown, Souris, Summerside, and Shediac.

For freight or passage apply in London to John, Pittman & Sons, 10, Great Winchester Street, in Liverpool to Pittman Brothers, 51 South John Street, or here to the owners.

## PEAKE BROS. & CO.

Ch'town, Aug. 14, 1886—eod tf

## ST. CATHARINES' HALL, AUGUSTA, ME.

## DIOCESAN SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

The REV. H. A. NEELY, D.D., President.  
The REV. W. D. MARTIN, A.M., Rector and Prin.  
19th year opens Sept. 15. Terms \$275 and \$250. Increased advantages offered. For circulars address the Principal.  
July 16—10 wks

## Real Estate Sale.

THREE valuable LOTS on Douglas Street, 50x100 feet each, or thereabouts.  
Apply at Merchants Bank of Prince Edward Island.  
June 28, 1886.

## Charlottetown Steam Laundry

HEAD OFFICE:  
Mark Wright & Co., Furniture Warehouse, King Square.

AGENCIES:  
G. H. HASZARD'S Book Store, Queen Street.  
G. T. DAVIDS, American Clothing Store, S'St.

## Gents' Goods a Specialty.

Ch'town, Sep. 6, 1886.

## 1827 - - - 1886.

## T. & E. KENNY,

Dry Goods and Shipping,  
HALIFAX, CANADA.

## T. & E. KENNY,

(F. C. HANON)  
Ship Owners and Brokers,  
General Commission Merchants,  
161 GRESHAM HOUSE,  
Bishopsgate Street,  
LONDON, E. C.,  
England.  
Scott's and Vaughans Codes  
March 29, 1886

## FOR SALE.

THE Land and Property recently occupied by the undersigned, situated on the Brighton Road.

BENJAMIN HEARTZ.  
April 20—2w tf & p

## THE WORKINGMAN'S WIFE.

"Don't fall in love with her, Junius."  
"Your caution comes too late, old man. I'm in love with her already."

Franklin Bartley looked solemnly at Dr. Junius Dale; shook his head as if to say, "Tis true, 'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true."

"My dear fellow," said Bartley, the aged mentor of the pair, "you cannot more afford such a wife than you can afford a steam yacht or an ivory-mounted billiard table."

"There's no occasion to tell me that," mournfully replied Dr. Dale. "I'm quite aware of it already. If I was rich I'd marry Miss Clarke to-morrow—always providing that she thought me worthy of acceptance; but as I am only a struggling young doctor, I'll do my best to keep away from her fascinations in the future."

"A sensible decision," observed Bartley. "But she is so pretty," yearningly remarked Dr. Dale.

"Granted."

"And she sings like a nightingale."

"She ought to, with all the cultivation that her voice has received."

"And she has such a winning way with her."

"What difference does that make to you?" said Bartley. "Haven't you resolved that hereafter she is to be nothing to you?"

"Y-y-y; but—"

"Stick to your colors then, man," cried Bartley. "Clissy Clarke is nothing on earth but a society belle. What you want is a helpful, willing, working bee of a wife—one who can aid you with heart and hand to climb life's hill. You saw Miss Clarke at the Winfield masquerade last night, in white satin and pearls?"

"And very beautiful she looked," cried the young physician, firing suddenly up at the recollection of Miss Clarke's auburn hair, all twisted with ropes of seed-pearl, and violet blue eyes, sparkling with girlish animation.

"Did she look like a poor man's wife?"

"Not a bit of it."

"Then be warned," said Bartley shortly. "Remember the old story of the moth scorching its wings in the candle flame."

Dr. Dale was silent. He had promised himself the pleasure of a call on Clarissa Clarke that very afternoon.

"There was something about the girl that attracted him with almost magnetic force. The tender light of her eyes, the sweet intonation of her voice, the rosy flushes of color that overspread her cheeks when he talked to her were all separate attractions; and yet he knew that he, like the hero of French romance was 'a poor young man.'"

He recollected, now, that he had even said something to Clissy about going to the Clarke cottage that day.

"It won't do," he said to himself. "I had better keep away."

And so, instead of following the dearest inclination of his heart, he betook himself with Spartan resolve, to the public library.

"I'll read up that case on the investigation of cholera microbes," he thought. "If a man expects to make any mark in his profession, he must keep posted up in these modern discoveries of science."

So he disappeared into one of the alcoves of the library, with his medical quarto and his memorandum book, and set to work in good earnest.

But he had not fairly entered into the merits of the microbe question when the twitter of sweet girl voices from the adjoining alcove struck upon his ear.

"Oh, Clissy Clarke!" said one. "I called for her, and she wouldn't come. It was baking day, and there was Clissy up to her elbows in flour and spices."

"Well, I never!" said the other, with a giggle.

"Oh, she does all the housework," said the first speaker, scornfully. "like any hired servant. Even the fine washing—for they keep only one little bound-girl—and Mr. Clarke won't wear a shirt unless Clissy has ironed it."

"How does she find time for her music and oil painting?" asked the second.

"Oh, she rises at dawn. She says the best time of the working day is before breakfast. She finishes the housework, sews for the family—"

"Makes all her own dresses, don't she?"

"Yes, and her mother's, too. That satin dress she wore at the party last night was her grandmother's bridal gown made over, and the pearls were borrowed from Miss Layton. It don't cost her anything to dress. She'll take the horrid old affair and remodel it with a scrap of ribbon or a panel of velvet until you'd think it was made by a French dress-maker. I declare, I wish I had her knack. Papa is always grumbling about my bills. But that ain't all. Do you know, she gives Bessie Layton music lessons, and earns quite a nice little income for herself? And she writes book reviews and things for the newspapers, and keeps Mr. Clark in books that way."

"Dear me!" said the other, with a yawn. "who at the party last night would think it?"

"Humph!" remarked the other. "She'll live and die an old maid, see if she don't. Such girls always do. Come, here are our novels at last. Let's go."

The perfumed silken bouces rustled out of the library; the sound of chattering voices died away, and still Dr. Dale sat, with his pencil in his hand, staring down at his memorandum book. It seemed that the gloomy veil which dropped between him and his future life were lifted. In his heart he could have blessed the agile tongues of these idle, gossiping girls.

Clissy, then, was no mere butterfly, but a true, noble-hearted working girl.

He carried back the ponderous medical tome to the assistant librarian.

"Much obliged," he remarked succinctly. "Got through with it pretty quick, haven't you?" said the assistant librarian.

"Yes, I've had very good luck this morning," said the doctor, cheerfully.

He went straightway to the cottage on the outskirts of the village, where Clissy

lived. An apple-cheeked little brother came to the door to answer to the knock.

"Yes, Clissy's at home," said he. "But she's fixing a chicken for papa's dinner. And then she's got my trousers to mend. Clissy can't come up stairs."

But Dr. Dale laughingly pushed his way across the threshold.

"I'll come in and wait," said he.

"And in five minutes Clissy came in, looking even prettier, if it were a possible thing, in her calico morning dress than she had done in the white satin and pearls on the evening before."

How he managed to speak out the dearest wish of his heart, Dr. Dale never quite knew. He had prepared a form of words on the way, but they vanished utterly out of his mind when the eventful moment came. He could only remember that she stood before him in all her fresh, young beauty, like a human apple-blossom, and that he loved her.

But after he had her hand in his, one arm caressingly thrown around her waist, he told her of the morning occurrence.

"Until then, dearest," he said, "I looked upon you as a sort of unattainable luxury—a star to be worshipped afar off only. I knew that I was nothing more than a village doctor, with more ambition than practice—for the present, at least. But now I feel that I may venture to hope. Will you run the risk of sharing my scanty fortunes, Clissy?"

"Willingly, Junius," she answered, looking up into his face with her frank blue eyes. "And to tell you the truth," she added, smiling a little shyly, "I'm almost glad that you are not a rich man. Because, dear, I shall be so glad, so proud, to help you a little in my humble way."

So they were married. A few weeks subsequent to their bridal Franklin Bartley married an heiress.

"It's like Bartley," said Doctor Dale. "He always looks out for the main chance."

At the end of five years, however, Franklin Bartley came back to his native village a moody and disappointed man. His money had all been dissipated in unwise speculations, his wife had returned to her friends, minus her fortune.

"A young man married is a young man married," he quoted, gloomily. "Except, perhaps, in Dale's case. He seems to have grown rich, by degrees. And he is happy, too, even in the obscurity of a country physician's life."

"Thanks to my helpful little wife," said Dale, with a glance of pride and tenderness towards Clissy, who sat on the doorstep with two chubby children playing about her knees. "We have worked together, Clissy and I, and our reward has not been withheld from us."

## Mistaken for a Burglar.

A shocking shooting affair occurred on the Whittemore ranch, near Golden, Col., at an early hour on the morning of the 22nd. H. B. Whittemore, while in bed, shot his wife twice, thinking she was a burglar. One ball entered the left side of her neck and the other the right shoulder. The story of the shooting, as told by Whittemore, is as follows: "When we retired I had \$400, with which I intended to pay a debt. This I hid just before I went to sleep. About 1 o'clock in the morning, I was suddenly awakened by a noise in the room, and saw a dark form between me and the window. I immediately thought of my money, and was certain that burglars were in the house. I raised myself in bed and fired. The figure came straight toward me and I fired again. We then clinched, and I discovered that it was my wife, who had got up to change her flannels and whom I had mistaken for a thief." Mrs. Whittemore, in whose presence this story was told, corroborated her husband's story. She is in the throes of death and can only live a few hours. No arrests will be made.

## Suicide for Spite.

In Paris, a few mornings ago, a strong smell of burning was noticed by the lodgers in a house in the Rue Leibnitz. Breaking open the door of the room from which the smell proceeded they found their landlord, a sexagenarian named Moisel, stretched out dead with a pan of lighted charcoal beside him. On a table was a letter explaining his suicide. "For a long time past," it said, "my tenants have not paid their rent. I screwed a little money out of them by removing their doors and windows, but since this abnormally hot weather began even this proved useless. I am ruined and have resolved to asphyxiate myself. My death will be on my tenants' heads."

## Consumption Can be Cured.

Not by any secret remedy, but by proper healthful exercise, and the judicious use of Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites, containing the healing and strength-giving virtues of these two valuable specifics in their fullest form. Prescribed universally by physicians. Take no other.

A genius with a taste of statistics, has figured out that the average newspaper writer makes 4,000,000 strokes with his pen each year, or a line 300 miles long. A each year, or a line 300 miles long. A rapid penman draws his pen through 64 feet every minute. In forty minutes his pen travels a furlong.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It soothes the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain; and the little shrub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.