

THE EXAMINER.

VOL. 4.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1878.

NO. 474.

THE DAILY EXAMINER

Is Published every Evening.
OFFICE:
ING'S BUILDING, CORNER OF WATER
AND GREAT GEORGE STREETS,
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:
Six Months, \$2 50
Three Months, 1 25
One Month, 0 50
One Week, 0 12

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

W. L. COTTON, J. W. MITCHELL,
Manager. Office Sup't.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE NO. 10.

Fall and Winter Arrangement.

ON AND AFTER

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 4th, 1878.

Trains Going West.

STATIONS.	No. Express.	No. 3 Mixed.
Georgetown	Dp 9.10 am	
Cardigan	" 9.35 "	
M. Stew't Jun	ar 10.55 "	
Royalty Jun.	dp 11.05 "	
Ch'town	ar 12.20 pm	
Royalty Jun.	dp 9.00 am	Dp 3.30 pm
N. Wiltshire	" 9.20 "	" 3.50 "
Hunter River	" 10.12 "	" 4.45 "
Breadalbane	" 10.28 "	" 5.03 "
County Line	" 11.07 "	" 5.41 "
Kensington	" 11.18 "	" 5.51 "
Summerside	ar 12.30 pm	ar 7.00 "
Wellington	dp 2.40 "	
Port Hill	" 3.32 "	
O'Leary	" 4.16 "	
Alberton	ar 5.35 "	
Tignish	dp 6.40 "	

Trains Going East.

STATIONS.	No. 2 Express.	No. 4 Mixed.
Tignish	Dp 7.50 am	
Alberton	ar 8.35 "	
O'Leary	dp 9.58 "	
Port Hill	" 11.16 "	
Wellington	" 11.58 "	
Summerside	ar 12.30 pm	
Kensington	dp 2.30 "	Dp 9.45 am
County Line	" 3.00 "	" 10.15 "
Breadalbane	" 3.40 "	" 10.56 "
Hunter River	" 3.50 "	" 11.07 "
N. Wiltshire	" 4.28 "	" 11.46 "
Royalty Jun.	" 4.45 "	" 12.03 pm
Ch'town	" 5.40 "	" 12.55 "
Royalty Jun.	dp 6.00 "	ar 1.15 "
Mt. Stewart	dp 2.55 "	
Cardigan	ar 3.15 "	
Georgetown	ar 4.40 "	
	ar 6.00 "	
	ar 6.25 "	

SOURIS BRANCH.

Going West. Going East.

STATIONS.	No. 5 Mixed.	STATIONS.	No. 5 Mixed.
Souris	Dp 8.00	MtS tw't Jnc	Dp 8.40
Harmony	" 8.25	Morell	" 5.22
St. Peters	" 9.40	St. Peters	" 5.55
Morell	" 10.13	Harmony	" 7.12
MtS tw't Jnc	ar 10.55	Souris	ar 7.35

C. J. BRYDGES, WM. McKECHNIE,
Gen. Sup. Cot. Railways Supt. P. E. I. R.
Ch'town, Oct 30, 1878.
p no ar h pres kca sp aj 6i

JAMES HOBBS, CABINET-MAKER, UPHOLSTERER, ETC.

HAS REMOVED from McPhail's Corner to the premises just vacated by Mr. JOHN STUMBLE, Prince Street, where, with increased facilities, he is prepared to attend to the wants of his customers with punctuality and despatch, and on reasonable terms.

CARPETS out and laid.
PAINTING and Repairing neatly done.
PICTURE FRAMES and Mouldings constantly on hand, or made up to order.

All kinds of Household Furniture made to order, cheap and good.
New Pattern School Desks made at short notice. A first-class article.

Don't forget the place: PRINCE STREET (near the new Baptist Church in course of erection).

Charlottetown, Oct. 26, 1878—

NEW BOOKS, NEW TOYS

and a general assortment of Fancy Articles and Stationery, at
HASZARD'S BOOKSTORE,
West Side Queen Square.

Dec. 7—3w 2aw

No. 35 Water St.,
Charlottetown.

Prince Edward Island Branch —OF THE— NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Subscribed Capital, \$9,733,332.00
Paid up Capital, 1,216,666.00

CHIEF OFFICES—Edinburgh, 64 Princess Street; London, 61 Threadneedle Street. Nine-Tenths of the Profits of the Life Assurance Business are divided every Five Years. The Tables of Rates are moderate. Fire Insurances effected on nearly every description of Property, at the LOWEST RATES of Premium, corresponding to the nature of the risk. Losses settled with promptitude and liberality.

G. W. DEBLOIS,
General Agent.

Dec. 14.

ROBERT HARRIS, ARTIST,

FULL'S BRICK BUILDING, QUEEN STREET.

PORTRAITS Painted from Life, &c., during the next six months.
Nov. 30, 1878—

QUEEN INSURANCE CO'Y. OF ENGLAND.

CAPITAL, . . . TWO MILLIONS STERLING
INSURANCE effected on all kinds of Buildings, Merchandise and Produce. Also, on Vessels on the stocks. Special rates for isolated residences. Losses settled promptly.
GEORGE MACLEOD (Union Bank),
Agent for Prince Edward Island
June, 1877—

BROADWAY HOUSE, BY MACKENZIE.

THE former "City Hotel," now the Broadway House, Great George Street, opposite the Catholic Cathedral, is now open for Permanent and Transient Boarders.

The rooms have been thoroughly renovated and newly furnished. The tables will be supplied with the best the market affords, and fares reasonable. A Suite of Rooms convenient for a small family, together with board &c., can be had in the Broadway House.
Nov. 23, 1878—t

FRANK COX, M.D. C.M., Physician, Surgeon & Accoucheur.

OFFICE APOTHECARIES' HALL.
Residence: Capt. Mutch's, Water Street, next door to St. Lawrence Hotel.
N. B.—Particular attention paid to diseases of the chest and stomach.
Ch'town, Nov. 18, 1878—3m

E. G. HUNTER, Italian and American Marble, Monuments, Tablets, Headstones,

CENTRE TABLE TOPS, BUREAU AND COMMODE TOPS, WASH BOWL SLABS, &c., &c.

Prices to suit, and satisfaction guaranteed.
Designs furnished on application. 5a

Corner Hillsborough and Kent Streets, Charlottetown.
November 6, 1878.

DR. CREAMER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Kent Street, Charlottetown,
(Three doors from Dr. Johnson's).
ENTRANCE BY SIDE DOOR. 5a
Oct. 15—3m

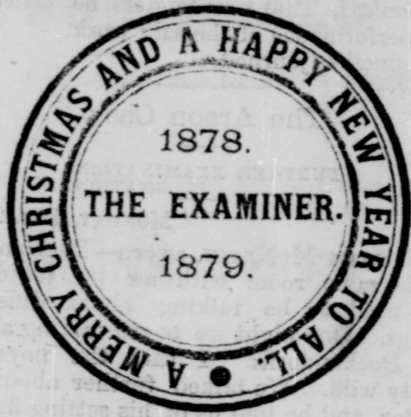
RANKIN HOUSE, CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

J. J. DAVIES . . . Proprietor
(Formerly of St. Lawrence Hotel, Pictou).

THIS well-known Hotel is now open under the present management; and, having been newly furnished throughout, it offers every comfort to the travelling public. Suitable Sample Rooms for commercial gentlemen.
Oct. 15, 1878—3m

TO LET,

THE HOUSE and SHOP at corner of Ken and Hillsborough Streets, near King Square, being an excellent business stand, occupied by Mr. Cartmill; also his Residence fronting on Hillsborough Street, adjoining the residence of Mr. Bridges. Possession given 1st January next. Apply to
JOHN BALL
Ch'town, Dec. 10, 1878—2aw till 1st jan pat



Mother and Child.

A TALE OF CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY C. F. YATES.

It was Christmas Eve, and the chilling blast Of the wintry wind came whistling past, And dark grey masses of cloud hung low With that leaden tint that betokens snow. Yet ever anon through space afar Came the wee faint light of some glistening star, And through rifted clouds the moon looked down

On the streets of a quaint old English town. Through a cloudish night, and chill the air, 'Twas a busy scene enacted there. A surging, moving, restless throng, Hustling, jostling, rushing along; This way and that way, to and fro, In and out of the shops they go. From the many windows streams of light Add a weirdish look to the wild gay sight; Windows filled with the rarest toys, Presents for girls and presents for boys, Presents for sweetheart, husband, wife, From the costliest gem to the cheap pen-knife. On the husband's arm the young wife clings, As they go to purchase "the children's things."

A bevy of girls go tripping along, Their hearts as light as a gay young song; And they carry those furs "for dear Mamma." And the meerschaum pipe "for old Papa." Three "jolly old dogs" come reeling down From the lighted steps of the "Royal Crown"; And at a glance it is plain to see They'd been tasting a little old "Eau de vie." But a watchman knew there was something wrong.

So he gruffly shouted, "Move along," When they turned to him, eyes all askew, "Hullo, old Bobby! why, 'ow d'ye do?" Then strike up a song of the good old time, Tell "Bobby" off to a warmer clime. And down the street through the busy crowd Comes the newsboy's voice so shrill and loud, Glancing about him, fearful to lose A chance of selling his "Evening News"; And he shouts, with a sort of joyous boast, "Haw horful wreck on the Irish coast."

Is there a soul in that throng to-night That looks with a tear-dimmed eye on the sight?

Question it not—for standing there Beneath the gas lamps fitful glare See meagre form—see yon paleface, Whose features yet bear beauty's trace, Dishevelled hair and glances wild, See fallen woman, and hapless child Held to her breast in close embrace, She presses a kiss on her baby's face As she throws the end of a tattered shawl Round her baby boy, her "all in all." Through the busy streets of the busy town Listless she wanders up and down? And she watches the passers go and come, Loaded with presents for each at home; Watching the mothers buying toys For their little girls and their cherub boys, She—never a place to lay her head, Not even the smallest crust of bread. Oh, God! look down on the pitiful sight— A starving woman and child to-night.

Houseless and homeless they wander on, A starving woman and baby son— The hour grows late, now stealing down From the leaden clouds white snow flakes come.

And the mother shelters her baby child In the tattered shawl, as the storm grows wild, And she gazes heavenward up afar, And wonders, perchance, what the snow flakes are.

Are they pearly tears from an angels eye? The emblems of angels purity— Angels weeping for those below On this sinful world, and turned to snow Are their falling tear-drops, as they near This heartless world, so cold and drear? And by the light of the burning gas, As they hurriedly, shivering, onward pass, They glisten and sparkle, droop and fall, Throw over the earth a funeral pall Of purest white—oh, tears from an angels eye. On earth's cold surface as you lie, Pity the woman whose footsteps tread Over your cold, your new made bed. Pity her tear-drops, give her cheer, None in the world to pity her, Onward still; now her weary feet Are wending their way through a quiet street Where dwell "the elite" in wealth and ease, And through a chink in the curtain sees A mother filling the little socks Preparing the children's "Christmas Box"; All on the bed are the stockings hung Waiting for Santa Clause to come, All sizes there on the bedstead put, From the "ten year old" to the baby's foot, Oh, mother, could you but see the sight— That starving woman and child to-night, You would cling to your baby girl and kiss, In dread she should ever come to this. With tear-dimmed eyes the woman gazed As she thought of her innocent childhood days, And as if to keep her memory bright, Her eyes caught glimpses of another sight; Recalled a scene where she played her part; And a sudden chill struck to her heart, And she almost feels as she sees it now The lovers kiss "neath the mistletoe bough."

Back through the pages of misty past, Back through the time which has fled so fast,

Back through the days of heart breaking pain, Back; and she is a girl again. Back to the dear old long ago, And again she stands 'neath the "mistletoe." Sobbing, she lays her young face pale, On the frost white post of the iron rail.

Two years ago, on a Christmas Eve— Yet it seems so long she can scarce believe That she, the father's petted child, As a maiden free, the hours beguiled; Lived by all, by all admired, Every wish that her heart desired, A mother's joy and a rich man's pride, Never a want of her heart denied. With every joy wealth can bestow, She stands again 'neath the mistletoe, And she sees him again as he stood by her side, As she thought of him then in her maiden pride. Ere she knew that the villain lurked the while In the chiseled heart 'neath the well-timed smile.

When she believed that he spoke but true, As he whispered the triplet, "I love you." Again she felt the tingling glow Of love's first kiss 'neath the mistletoe, And the base-born villain knew the power He gained o'er her maiden heart that hour. She gave up her home, her soul, her all, To drink of happiness—found but gall— For all too well had he laid his plans— Forsaken, dishonored, alone she stands. Her mother's head lies sleeping low 'Neath the frozen ground, 'neath the pearly snow; And a gray-haired father followed soon His faithful wife to her lonely tomb. Now both lie sleeping 'neath the sod, Heart-broken souls at rest with God.

Late grows the hour. In the quiet streets— Carefully a human being she meets; Even the snow has ceased to fall, And a peaceful quiet reigns o'er all. The moon goes sailing in cloudless sky, And the stars are shining out brilliantly. Weary and worn she wanders on, And sinks at length on a frosted stone; And she rocked her baby to and fro, And wept as she thought on the long ago, When she, a girl in her girlish pride, Stood by a doting father's side On the Christmas morn, and said to him The sweet-toned lines of her Christmas hymn. Oh God, to her heart there struck a pain— She would never see his face again. Out from an ivy covered wall Softly the bright light seems to fall; In a brilliant flood it steadily pours Through the tinted panes, through the arched doors, Spreading in gorgeous rays around, Painting in colors the snow-clad ground; Linger under the old church eaves, Playing anon through the ivy leaves, Twined round the garlands of evergreen, Which decked the church in its Christmas scene.

While the deep-toned organ's swelling notes From the chancel rail, through the arched aisle floats, And is ushering in the happy morn— Rejoice, "A Saviour Christ is born." And on the midnight air there swells The merry chimes of the Christmas bells. The watchman's voice sounds cheerily and bright, "Twelve o'clock, and a clear, cold night!" Open thrown are the vestry doors, And from out a long procession pours; Clad in the surplice of linen white, Their banners gleam in the pale moonlight. The church's doors are open thronged, And the organ peals in a joyful tone; Rings the air with the Christmas hymn, "Christ is born in Bethlehem."

"Peace on earth and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled. Hark! the herald angels sing, Glory to the new-born King." The woman's strength is failing fast; Soon will the troubles of life be past. She hears the voices of choiristers yet, With an upward look are her dark eyes set; And she breathes a fervent prayer to heaven, That a woman's sin may be forgiven:

Father of mercies, look down, I pray; Turn, oh turn not a sinner away. Father, there's none to love me now, To thee alone would I humbly bow. Father, forgive me; hear my prayer: Take me and my babe just "Over There." Oh, God, do I sin if I ask that Thou Take us away from this cold world now; And oh, my God, with my dying breath, Ere I pass away in the arms of death, One other request I would ask of Thee— Pardon the man who has wronged me. Let me feel, oh Father, that Thou will, For I loved him once, and I love him still; Look from Thy Throne in mercy mild And pardon the father of my child, And now, oh God, in Thy goodness take Me and my babe—for Jesus' sake.

Two white winged angels bore afar, Through midnight gloom, past glist'ning star, The pearly portals of highest heaven Ope for two souls whose sin—forgiven. The Jasper Gates are backward rolled And they stand in the streets of shining gold. While the mother and child were waited there The choristers' hymn rang through the air; "Peace on earth and mercy mild, God and sinner reconciled."

Bingen—"Bingen on the Rhine"—a small but famous city, is in Hesse-Darmstadt. It is situated in one of the most beautiful spots of the Rhein-gan, where the River Nahe flows into the Rhine. Near it, a whirl-pool, well known to travellers, called the Bingenlock, is caused by the intervention of high and narrow rocks. In the same neighborhood are Bishop Hatto's "Mouse Tower" and the ruins of the ancient castle of Ehrenfels. Worms, which played an important part in the history of the Reformation, is also in Hesse-Darmstadt. Mentz, or Mayence, which we have already mentioned, was a place of importance even in the early days of the Roman Empire, the Roman General Drusus, having chosen it for the site of a fortress. The remains of an aqueduct and several other Roman antiquities are still in the vicinity.

Correspondence.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the statements or opinions of our correspondents

Literary and Musical Entertainments.

To the Editor of the Examiner:

DEAR SIR,—In looking over your issue of the 18th inst. I was rather amused to observe an anonymous communication, purporting to be written by an "Old Stager." This scribbler, in a wretched piece of composition, endeavors to enlighten the benighted people of this city in regard to literary and musical entertainments, which, in this sapient and important personage's "humble opinion," are, to use his own elegant expression, "played out" in Charlottetown. Let me, through the medium of your journal, Mr. Editor, ask Mr. "Old Stager" the reason why entertainments such as he has mentioned are "played out" here? If he does not care about answering this question, I will, in a few words, do so. The fact is, gentlemen (?) of "Old Stager's" calibre have in reality "worned audiences" "with their miserable attempts." Well do I remember "Old Stager's" first appearance on the public platform as a "would-be" vocalist, in the old Athenaeum Hall, a few years ago. Position—a dying duck in a fit. Voice—between the croak of a bullfrog and the bray of a jackass. Enough said on this point to convince "Stager" that the mask with which he trusted to hide his ugly face from the public gaze has been torn off and his spite and venom exposed.

In the latter part of "Old Stager's" letter allusion was made to "a gentleman of vast experience and of great ability as an actor," and he also mentioned as a leader of a little band of "would-be" actors and actresses.

Not knowing the person against whom the above was directed, I made several enquiries amongst my friends for information, but have not, as yet, obtained anything at all reliable. Several gentlemen who are fond of the Drama and possess marked ability as actors, have been named as the targets against which "Old Stager's" feeble darts have been thrown. However, suffice it to say that these gentlemen are as far superior to "Old Stager" in every respect as human beings are to apes.

In conclusion, I would warn "Old Stager" that if he again appears in print, his friends will never again take up a collection to pay his debts. One night in "Harvie's Brig" is a night to many. Has not such been your experience, "Old Stager?" Farewell, for the present, "Old Stager," and let me give you this parting advice, viz.: "Always remember that foreigners must not try to play upon poor benighted Islanders too much."

I am, Mr. Editor, truly yours,
YOUNG STAGER.

Ch'town, Dec. 23, 1878.

Our Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 17, 1878.

The most prominent topic of conversation in political circles is still Blaine's speech of last Wednesday. Old residents here say the Senate Chamber was never so packed before. All classes and conditions of men, women and children were present. The speech was well worth waiting to hear. Nobody denies Mr. Blaine's eloquence, however much they may oppose him politically. Mr. Thurman, in his reply to Mr. Blaine, illustrated this when he said: "I said nothing when the galleries cheered the gentleman from Maine, for I love an eloquent thing as well as anyone can, and have sometimes cheered it when I did not agree with it at all." Although the discussion was a very earnest one, several witty things were said, which served to amuse the audience if they had no other effect. Thurman asked Blaine "Does the Senator influence a good many people in Maine to vote as he thinks?" "Yes, sir," answered Blaine, "and in Ohio, too;" and when Laimar told the story from the Arabian Nights of the released dragon that turned upon and destroyed his deliverer, Edmunds declared the dragon was already loose, and called for the regular order.

Secretary Sherman assures his interviewers that every day makes him more certain of his ability to maintain specie payments, and that the first of January will see in his hands abundant means for the purpose. He says he thinks a better commercial feeling is abroad throughout the country, and a firmer basis for trade is indicated than has been known for several years.

Much interest is felt in Senator Conkling's actions. Although this gentleman is extremely reticent and unapproachable, not to say haughty and repellent, his every movement is so closely watched that nothing he does escapes notice and criticism, and no doubt his motives for action are often credited to the wrong source. Since other prominent politicians, who have been somewhat estranged from the President and his Administration, have called at the White House and become on good terms with the incumbent, it has been anticipated that Senator Conkling would soon be "cheek by jowl" with the Executive; but he still holds aloof. Personal friends say that he will not move in the matter of the Custom House nominations until after the Senatorial election in New York, in January.

In the village of Lancaster, County of Glengary, diocese of Kingston and Bernice, of Ontario, resides Rev. Father John McDonald, generally known as "Father John," who is now in the ninety-seventh year of his age and in the seventy-third of his priesthood.

DIPHTHERIA is making frightful ravages at Bridgewater, N. S. In one family last week ten (10) were stricken down.