

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, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1885.

VOL. 17.—NO. 38.

The Daily Examiner

is issued every evening, by
The Examiner Publishing Co.

From their office, corner of Water and
Great George Streets, Charlottetown,
Prince Edward Island.

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

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

ALMANAC FOR JULY, 1885.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Last Quarter 5th day, 8h. 12m., a. m.
New Moon 12th day, 1h. 3m., a. m.
First Quarter, 18th day, 8h. 7m., p. m.
Full Moon, 25th day, 10h. 10m., p. m.

DAY OF WEEK	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
1 Wednesday	18	7	49	10	2	0	52
2 Thursday	19	48	10	58	2	8	29
3 Friday	20	48	11	26	2	5	28
4 Saturday	21	48	11	57	3	49	97
5 Sunday	22	47	10	58	4	59	26
6 Monday	23	47	9	28	6	50	25
7 Tuesday	24	47	1	6	7	35	94
8 Wednesday	25	46	1	52	8	38	23
9 Thursday	26	46	2	46	9	28	22
10 Friday	27	45	3	30	10	22	20
11 Saturday	28	44	5	11	7	18	18
12 Sunday	29	43	6	16	11	53	16
13 Monday	30	43	7	32	10	51	15
14 Tuesday	31	43	8	46	0	34	14
15 Wednesday	1	42	9	57	1	16	12
16 Thursday	2	41	11	5	2	0	10
17 Friday	3	40	11	2	4	6	8
18 Saturday	4	39	11	14	3	43	6
19 Sunday	5	38	2	15	4	50	4
20 Monday	6	37	3	13	6	7	2
21 Tuesday	7	36	4	7	7	15	0
22 Wednesday	8	35	4	58	8	11	14
23 Thursday	9	34	5	44	8	57	56
24 Friday	10	33	6	30	9	38	53
25 Saturday	11	32	7	19	10	17	51
26 Sunday	12	31	7	7	11	25	48
27 Monday	13	30	7	37	10	45	45
28 Tuesday	14	29	8	28	11	21	43
29 Wednesday	15	28	8	34	11	57	43
30 Thursday	16	27	9	3	12	15	41
31 Friday	17	26	9	30	1	3	40

NOTES.

Dog days begin on the 3rd of this month.
Independence Day, U. S. A., on the 4th.
The poet Robert Burns died (1796) on July 21st.

There is no real night till after the 20th of this month.
In this month the mornings decrease 35 minutes, and the afternoons 50 minutes.

THE RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

For the convenience of the travelling public, we have carefully arranged the following table of arrival and departure of trains on the P. E. Island Railway, according to local time:—

Going West.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Charlottetown	5 47	9 12	4 02
Royalton Junction	7 02	9 47	4 29
North Wiltshire	7 37	10 39	5 09
Hunter River	7 47	10 55	5 22
Bradabane	8 12	11 32	5 57
County Line	8 19	11 43	6 07
Freestown	8 29	11 59	6 22

Kennington <th>arrive<th>8 42<th>12 22<th>6 42</th></th></th></th>	arrive <th>8 42<th>12 22<th>6 42</th></th></th>	8 42 <th>12 22<th>6 42</th></th>	12 22 <th>6 42</th>	6 42
Summerside	arrive <th>9 07<th>12 57<th>7 12</th></th></th>	9 07 <th>12 57<th>7 12</th></th>	12 57 <th>7 12</th>	7 12

Summerside <th>depart<th>9 27<th>2 37<th></th></th></th></th>	depart <th>9 27<th>2 37<th></th></th></th>	9 27 <th>2 37<th></th></th>	2 37 <th></th>	
Misouche	9 42	3 00		
Wellington	10 01	3 29		
Port Hill	10 29	4 20		
O'Leary	11 22	5 42		
Alberton	12 05	6 57		
Tignish	12 42	7 47		

From West.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Tignish	9 27	2 37	
Alberton	10 24	3 42	
O'Leary	11 29	4 57	
Port Hill	12 20	6 02	
Wellington	1 19	7 16	
Misouche	2 07	8 14	

Kennington <th>depart<th>8 42<th>12 22<th>6 42</th></th></th></th>	depart <th>8 42<th>12 22<th>6 42</th></th></th>	8 42 <th>12 22<th>6 42</th></th>	12 22 <th>6 42</th>	6 42
Freestown	depart <th>9 07<th>12 57<th>7 12</th></th></th>	9 07 <th>12 57<th>7 12</th></th>	12 57 <th>7 12</th>	7 12
County Line	6 32	2 27	8 03	
Bradabane	6 38	2 37	8 12	
Hunter River	7 02	3 15	8 47	
North Wiltshire	7 12	3 32	9 01	
Royalton Junction	7 47	4 32	9 47	
Charlottetown	8 02	4 52	10 07	

Going East.	A. M.	P. M.
Charlottetown	7 07	4 17
York	7 43	4 44
Bedford	8 04	5 27
Mount Stewart	8 37	5 57
Morell	8 57	6 17
St. Peter's	10 15	6 17
Bear River	11 07	6 52
Souris	11 57	7 22
Mount Stewart	9 02	5 32
Cardigan	10 15	6 25
Georgetown	10 37	6 42

From East.	A. M.	P. M.
Souris	6 47	2 12
Bear River	7 17	3 02
St. Peter's	7 52	3 54
Morell	8 14	4 27
Mount Stewart	8 42	4 57
Bedford	9 12	5 37
York	9 26	6 35
Charlottetown	9 52	7 12
Georgetown	7 32	3 37
Cardigan	7 49	4 00
Mount Stewart	8 42	5 12

WARBURTON & CONROY,
BARRISTERS & ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Notaries Public, &c.

Office in Cameron's Block, up stairs; entrance
next door to Taylor's Jewelry Store.
March 23, 1885—wky3m

BEAUTIFUL SUMMER RESORT OPEN JULY 1st

THE SEASIDE HOTEL, - - - RUSTICO BEACH.

THIS BEAUTIFUL WATERING PLACE will be open for the accommodation of
Visitors and Guests from July 1st till September 5th
The Proprietors will spare no pains! More attractive than ever! Every department
is being improved so as to even surpass its former reputation.

TERMS:—\$1.75 to \$2.50 per day; \$10.50 per week; \$8.50 per week per month.
Coaches leave Charlottetown every Wednesday and Saturday, calling for guests; Return-
ing every Thursday and Monday morning, about 9 a. m.

Trains leave Charlottetown for Hunter River at 6 a. m., 8 55 a. m., and 3 15 p. m.
" " Hunter River for Charlottetown at 8 15 a. m., 2 28 and 6 15 p. m.
" " Summerside for Charlottetown at 6 10 a. m., 12 35 p. m., and 4 55 p. m.
" " Hunter River for Summerside at 7 a. m., 10 08 a. m., and 4 35 p. m.
Ch'town, June 15, 1885.

GLASGOW AND LONDON Insurance Company OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Capital - - Five Million Dollars

The above Company insures every class of business at
current rates and on Farm Property and Stock, insures against
damage by Lightning, whether fire ensues or not.

FRED. W. HYNDMAN,
GENERAL AGENT FOR P. E. ISLAND.

June 20—2m eod

OUR GRAND DISPLAY

SPRING CLOTHING AND FURNISHINGS

IS VERY TEMPTING.

The Custom Tailoring Department is full of Neat, Nobby
and Reliable Goods.

The Men's Department is loaded with an immense display of New Spring Suits.
The Hat Department—well, everybody understands that our Hat Department has
advantages over the smaller establishments that place it at the head, and secures for it
the bulk of the trade. We are displaying the largest variety of Spring Styles of Hats
ever shown, and include all the popular shapes.
The Boys' Department is unquestionably the best and most attractive in the city.
The Furnishing Goods Department is not only well stocked with all that is solid
and staple, but contains much that is choice and novel.

No doubt about it. Ours is the largest and best selected stock ever seen in this
city,—not only largest in quantity, but largest in variety of shapes,—largest in variety
of materials,—largest in variety of styles,—largest in every way. What more could we
say, unless it be that OUR PRICES ARE RIGHT,—RELIABLE, HONEST.

ROBERTSON'S ONE-PRICE CLOTHING STORE,
No. 50 Queen Street.

Charlottetown, May 21, 1885.

USE DIAMOND POTASH.

ROYAL CANADIAN INSURANCE CO.

FIRE.

CAPITAL, - - - - - \$2,000,000

HEAD OFFICE—Montreal.
HALIFAX BRANCH—J. Scott Mitchell, Agent.

Risks Taken on Most Favorable Terms.

AGENT FOR PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND:
F. H. ARNAUD.
MERCHANTS BANK OF HALIFAX
Ch'town, Jan. 1885.

G. H. HASZARD'S

FOR ALL KINDS OF

Blank Books,

Ledgers,
Day Books,
Journals, &c.,

SELLING VERY CHEAP.

100,000 100,000

ENVELOPES,
of all the leading sizes, by the 100, 1/2 or
1/3 thousand boxes.

FOOLSCAP,
LETTER &
NOTE PAPER,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Stafford's Jet Black Writing Inks,
Stafford's Copying Inks,

(In all size bottles.)
This is now acknowledged to be the best
Ink for office and private use.

ALSO IN STORE:

Carter's, Stephens & Toiary's
Writing & Copying Inks,
To be Sold at Great Discounts.

G. H. HASZARD,
BROWN'S BLOCK,
Queen Square.

Ch'town, May 18, '85.—wky

A MARVELOUS STORY

TOLD IN TWO LETTERS.

FROM THE SON: "28 Cedar St., New
York, Oct. 28, 1882.
"Gentlemen: My father resides at Glover,
Vt. He has been a great sufferer from scrofu-
la, and the enclosed letter will tell you what
a marvelous effect

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

has had in his case. I think his blood must
have contained the humor for at least ten
years; but it did not show, except in the form
of a scrofulous sore on the wrist, until about
five years ago. From a few spots which ap-
peared at that time, it gradually spread so as
to cover his entire body. I assure you he was
terribly afflicted, and an object of pity, when
he began using your medicine. Now, there are
few men of his age who enjoy as good health
as he has. I could easily name fifty persons
who would testify to the facts in his case.
Yours truly,
W. M. PHILLIPS."

FROM THE FATHER: "It is both a
duty for me to state to you the benefit I
have derived from the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Six months ago I was completely covered with
a terrible humor and scrofulous sores. The
humor caused an incessant and intolerable
itching, and the skin cracked so as to cause
the blood to flow in many places whenever
I moved. My sufferings were great, and my
life a burden. I commenced the use of the
SARSAPARILLA in April last, and have used
it regularly since that time. My condition
began to improve at once. The sores have
all healed, and I feel perfectly well in every
respect—being now able to do a good day's
work, although 75 years of age. Many inquire
what has wrought such a cure in my case, and
I tell them, as I have here tried to tell you,
AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. Glover, Vt., Oct.
21, 1882.
Yours gratefully,
HIRAM PHILLIPS."

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA cures Scrofula
and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas,
Eczema, Ringworm, Itch, Blotches,
Sores, Holes, Tumors, and Eruptions of the
Skin. It clears the blood of all impuri-
ties, aids digestion, stimulates the action of
the bowels, and thus restores vitality and
strengthens the whole system.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists; \$1, six bottles for \$5.

50 Lovely New Style all Chromo Cards
with name and a prize for 10c. 12
packs, 12 names, for \$1. A sample
pack and agent's outfit with illus-
trated catalogue of Tricks and Novelties, for
a 3c. stamp and this slip.
A. W. KINNEY, Portsmouth, N. S.—mar

Summer.

BY JENNIE MAXWELL PAINE.

A drift of sweet, a flash of roses,
Sung drop down from birds that float over
Moonlight over it all discloses
Summer the sweet is here.
Summer the fair, with golden hair,
With lilies broken upon the air,
Summer the queen of the year.

A mossy sweep, with clover growing,
And languid sounds of waters flowing,
Summer the sweet is here.
Summer that holdeth tenderness best,
And care for young birds in the nest,
Summer the queen of the year.

There comes a hum from the dreamy clover,
Sung drop down from birds that float over
Summer the sweet is here
She taketh all motherless things in her arms,
And foldeth them out from chill alarms,
Summer the queen of the year.

Send down thy measure of sweetness
Upon us, in its fullest completeness,
Summer the queen of the year!
Let us chant to the voice of the sea,
With song down dropping and hum of bee,
Summer the sweet is here!

BETWEEN TWO STOOLS.

In the broad, back porch of a pleasant
farm-house sat two young girls engaged in
some light needle-work. The porch was
shaded by the branches of an elm, beneath
which, at a round table, sat a tall, good-
looking young man partaking of an eleven
o'clock lunch. He was evidently just from
the field, for he was in his shirt sleeves,
and a sunburnt straw hat lay on the grass,
while he partook, with a healthy, hearty
appetite, of the light biscuits and fresh
milk and butter set before him.

As he ate he looked at the two young
girls on the porch, particularly the prettier
of the two, whose light, yellow hair the
breeze had "buffed" most becomingly about
her fair face.

She had something of a coquettish look
and air, while her companion was quiet,
with thoughtful, gray eyes, and an almost
diffident expression.

"Mother!" called the young man, pre-
sently, looking toward the open kitchen
window, "some more milk, if you please."

"Mrs. Wheeler came to the door, with her
sleeves rolled up, and a small pitcher in her
hand. Both girls rose to take it from her;
but she placed it, as if instinctively, in the
hands of the light-haired girl, saying:

"Tom seems thirsty to-day; but meadow
mowing in July, is hard work."
"And hungry work, too," remarked Tom,
laughing. "Thank you, Lottie; but won't
you stay and talk to me here, while I eat?"

"No, indeed; I've too much to do to be
able to waste my time here, chattering."

"Why, that's something new! Don't you
always sit and talk to me at lunch times?"

"Not always, by any means. And be-
cause I've done it occasionally, is no reason
why I should keep on doing so, all my
life."

He looked up rather inquiringly.
"What's the matter, Lottie? Anything
happened to vex you?"

"No, indeed! How unreasonable you
are, Tom! If I am not always laughing
and chatting, you think I am out of tem-
per."

The girl on the porch, looked up gravely
from one to the other, but said nothing.
Tom sipped his milk slowly. His
appetite seemed suddenly to have deserted
him.

The girl stood at a distance, partly turn-
ed from him, and sewing on the ruffle on
her hand.

After a while, setting down his empty
cup, he said, in a lower tone:
"Lottie, wouldn't you like to drive to the
picnic to-morrow in my new tuggy?"

"I don't know that I am going," she
answered, without raising her head.
"Not going! Why, for what reason?"

"It will be so hot and the road so dusty,"
she answered, hesitatingly.
"Well, I don't wish to take you against
your will," he answered, a little coldly—"I
wonder if Alice will go."

"I dare say she will. She expected to go
in the carryall with the Burtons, but of
course she will enjoy a buggy ride—won't
you, Alice?"

So Tom Wheeler, who had intended
merely to pique Lottie into accepting his
offer, found himself quite unexpectedly
drawn into an engagement to take Alice
Brown to the next day's picnic.
And what was very puzzling to him—
it was entirely Lottie's doing. What
could she mean by it? he wondered—for
until now she had never refused his escort
anywhere.

Lottie was distantly related to the Wheel-
ers, and was in the habit of paying frequent
little visits to the farm-house. Mrs.
Wheeler liked to have young people about
her; and she was, moreover, particularly
anxious that her only son, Tom, should
marry and "settle down" with his wife on
the farm.

She had seen enough of late to convince
her that Lottie was her son's choice, and
she was well enough satisfied, though the
girl was a little 'flighty,' and not quite so
sensible and sterling as she could wish.
But that would wear off after marriage;
and Lottie certainly was a fine girl, and
Tom loved her; so the mother was quite
content to let Tom have his own way. Only
now and then she would catch herself won-
dering whether Alice Brown, the niece of a
neighbor and old school friend of hers,
would not make Tom a more suitable wife,
and herself a more desirable daughter-in-
law.

That evening Tom Wheeler, coming up
from the meadow, caught a distant view of
Lottie and Alice in a lane leading to a pri-
vate road which ran as a boundary line
between his farm and that of Judge Red-
mond.

Alice was gathering flowers in the hedge,
while Lottie swung on the gate with a care-
less grace peculiar to her, in conversation

with a nice looking young man, whose
whole appearance bespoke him from the
city. A momentary pang shot through
Tom's heart. He remembered that in the
last week or two Judge Redmond's nephew,
Mr. Archie Redmond, had several times
called to see Lottie, and last Sunday had
walked home with her across the meadow.
Now walking slowly, he watched the two,
until the gentleman, lifting his hat, turned
away, and Alice and Lottie came up the
lane toward the house. Then Tom hastened
his pace and overtook them.

"Where have you been?" he inquired.
"To Judge Redmond's to see Marion
Redmond," answered Lottie, who was look-
ing bright and smiling.

"I thought you did not like Miss Marion
Redmond," he returned, a little coldly.
"Neither do I. She's so absurdly dignified
and self important. But that's no reason
why we should not visit, being near neigh-
bors and old schoolmates."

"I thought you paid the last visit, a few
days ago," said Tom.
"Yes, she answered, coloring, "but this
was quite an informal call. I wanted an
embroidery pattern."

"And Mr. Archie walked home with
you?"
"As far as the gate. As he had to go to
the post-office, we would not let him come
any farther."

"Then she added, looking down and care-
fully imprinting each footprint in the moist
sand:
"I shall see enough of him, to-morrow, I
suppose at the picnic."

"So you are going to the picnic after all,"
said Tom, quickly.
She looked up into his face with a charm-
ing little smile.

"Now, Tom, you have no right to scold.
If Mr. Redmond had offered to take me
through the hot sun and dusty road in a
buggy, I would have refused. He knew I
had refused your escort under those circum-
stances, so he proposed that we should walk
Matsden woods. They say it's a lovely
walk, and being a direct path, not too
long."

Tom made no answer. Lottie affected
not to perceive his moodiness, till near the
house he turned off to the stables to see
that the men were properly attending to
the stock.

He did not stay long there. He felt tired
and depressed, and entering the house, laid
himself down upon the comfortable sofa in
the parlor.

"The windows were open, and a cool
breeze, laden with the perfume of the multi-
farious roses on the porch, came softly and
soothingly in."
Presently he heard the girls coming
lightly down stairs, and then Lottie's voice
on the porch.

"Where's Tom? Not come in yet, I
suppose. Well, we will sit here till supper's
ready."