

The Daily Examiner.

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NEW SERIES

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1884.

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ALMANAC FOR FEBRUARY, 1884.

MOON'S CHANGES.

First Quarter, 4th day, 11:44 a.m. Full Moon, 11th day, 9:35 a.m. Last Quarter, 18th day, 11:02 a.m. New Moon, 25th day, 2:25 a.m.

DAY OF WEEK	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	11th	12th	13th	14th	15th	16th	17th	18th	19th	20th	21st	22nd	23rd	24th	25th	26th	27th	28th	29th	30th	31st	
1st	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31											

Merchants' Bank of Halifax, CHARLOTTETOWN AGENCY, Savings Bank Department, —WILL BE—

OPENED 1ST NOVEMBER, 1883, on and after which date DEPOSITS OF \$5 AND UPWARDS, will be taken and interest at the rate of

Four Per Cent. Per Annum ALLOWED THEREON.

For further particulars apply to F. H. ARNAUD, AGENT, Oct. 30, 1883.

GEORGE TWEEDY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Notary Public, &c. OFFICE—West Side of Queen Street, Charlottetown, next door to Stevenson's Tin Shop. July 25, 1883.—4y wly 6m

SULLIVAN & MACNELL, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW

Solicitors in Chancery, NOTARIES PUBLIC, &c.

OFFICES—O'Halloran's Building, Great George Street, Charlottetown.

Money to Loan. W. W. SULLIVAN, Q. C. | CHESTER B. MACNELL Jan. 16, '82.

STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

At the 57th Annual General Meeting of the Standard Life Assurance Company, held at Edinburgh on Tuesday, the 21st of April, 1883, the following results for the year ending 31st November, 1882, were reported:

3,038 new proposals for life assurance were received—8,974,084 38
2,801 proposals were accepted, amounting to 7,239,048 13
The total existing assurances in force as 15th November, 1882, amounted to 56,936,302 91 (Of which \$7,753,031.15 was reassured with other offices)

The claims by death which arose during the year amounted, including bonus additions, to 2,462,226 59

The annual revenue amounted at 15th November, 1882, to 4,267,546 00

The invested funds at same date amounted to 29,503,416 00

Being an increase during the year of 1,062,645 85

JOHN LONGWORTH, Agent for Charlottetown.

THOMAS KERR, Inspector of Agencies, Charlottetown, August 3, 1883.

THE CHARLOTTETOWN FLOUR, FEED AND PROVISION STORE,

South Side Queen Square, near Queen Street,

HAVE to announce that they have on hand the following goods, which they are prepared to sell at reasonable prices and in quantities to suit purchasers:

Flour (Superior Extra, Strong Bakers' and Patent)

OATMEAL, CORNMEAL, BRAN, SHORTS, OATS,

CRUSHED FEED, either Oats and Barley or Oats, Barley and Corn. APPLES, which will be sold by the barrel or by the pound, at rates very little over barrel prices.

Ch'town, Dec. 18, 1883.

1884. JANUARY. 1884.

Annual Clearance Sale At

J. B. MACDONALD'S.

I AM now having my Annual Clearance Sale, and will CLEAR OUT Wool Goods in

Scarfs, Cloths, Wool Squares, Heavy Winter Cloths, Winter Dress Stuffs, Ladies' Fur Caps and Muffs, Ladies' Fur Tippets, Ladies' Felt and Fur Hats, Men's Fur and Cloth Caps, Men's and Boys' Ulsters, Overcoats and Reefing Jackets, Also Remnants in Cloths, Remnants in Dress Stuffs, Remnants in Prints, and Remnants in Canton Flannels.

These goods must be cleared out and Bargains Extraordinary will be given.

J. B. MACDONALD'S,

Ch'town, Jan. 12, 1884.—2aw wly. Queen Street.

D. A. BRUCE, MERCHANT TAILOR,

IS OVER-STOCKED with the following GOODS, and offers them at a

REDUCTION OF TWENTY PER CENT.

Gents' Woollen Underwear, Flannel Shirts, Fur Caps, Kid Mitts, Sleigh Robes.

OVERCOATINGS,

WHICH YOU CAN HAVE

MADE TO YOUR MEASURE

Cheaper Than Imported Ready Made.

D. A. BRUCE,

Dec. 20, 1883.—eod wly 72 Queen Street, Charlottetown

THE EXAMINER JOB PRINTING OFFICE

HAS LATELY BEEN REPLENISHED WITH

A Large Supply of Printing Types and Material OF THE LATEST INVENTION AND BEST DESCRIPTION,

AND WE ARE NOW PREPARED,

Under the Careful and Skilful Supervision of Mr. J. W. Mitchell,

TO PRINT

BILL HEADS, LETTER HEADS, BLANK CHEQUES, RECEIPTS, NOTES OF HAND, POSTERS, HAND BILLS, Dodgers, &c., &c.

On Short Notice, in Good Style, at Cheap Prices.

FOUL PLAY.

By Charles Reade.

CHAPTER XLV.

Both were greatly moved, and after one swift glance Helen stole at him, neither looked at the other. They spoke in hurried whispers.

"Can they see the island?"

"I don't know; it depends on how far the boat is to windward of her smoke."

"How shall we know?"

"If she sees the island, she will make for it that moment."

"Why! do ships never pass an unknown island?"

"Yes. But that steamer will not pass us."

"But why?"

At this question Hazel hung his head, and his lip quivered. He answered her at last. "Because she is looking for you."

Helen was struck dumb at this.

He gave his reasons. "Steamers never visit these waters. Love has brought that steamer out to sea that will not go on, rewarded. Arthur Wardlaw is on board that ship."

"Have they seen us yet?"

Hazel forced on a kind of dogged fortitude. He said: "When the smoke ceases to elongate, you will know they have changed their course, and they will change their course the moment the man at the mast-head sees us."

"Oh! but how do you know they have a man at the mast-head?"

"I know by myself. I should have a man at the mast-head night and day."

And now the situation was beyond words. They both watched and watched, to see the line of smoke cease.

It continued to increase and spread eastward; and that proved the steamer was continuing her course.

The sun drew close to the horizon.

"They don't see us," said Helen, faintly.

"No," said Hazel; "not yet."

"And the sun is just setting. It is all over." She put her handkerchief to her eyes a moment, and then, after a sob or two she said, almost cheerfully: "Well, dear friend, we were happy till that smoke came to disturb us; but let us try and be as happy now it is gone. Don't smile like that, it makes me shudder."

"Did I smile? It must have been at your simplicity in thinking we have seen the last of that steamer."

"And so we have."

"Not so. In three hours she will be at anchor in that bay."

"Why, what will bring her?"

"I shall bring her."

"You! How?"

"By lighting my bonfire."

CHAPTER XLVI.

HELEN had forgotten all about the bonfire. She now asked whether he was sure those on board the steamer could see the bonfire. Then Hazel told her that it was now of prodigious size and height. Some six months before he was crippled he had added and added to it.

"The bonfire," said he, "will throw a ruddy glare over the heavens, that they can't help seeing on board the steamer. Then, as they are not on a course, but on a search, they will certainly run a few miles southward to see what it is. They will say it is either a beacon or a ship on fire, and, in either case, they will turn the boat's head this way. Well, before they have run southward half a dozen miles, their lookout will see the bonfire, and the island in its light. Let us get to the boat, my lucifers are there."

She lent him her arm to the boat, and stood by while he made his preparations. They were very simple. He took a pine torch and smeared it over with pitch; then put his lucifer-box in his bosom and took his crutch. His face was drawn pitifully, but his closed lips betrayed unshaken and unshakable resolution. He shouldered his crutch and hopped up as far as the cavern. Here Helen interposed.

"Don't you go toiling up the hill," said she. "Give me the lucifer and the torch, and let me light the beacon. I shall be there in half the time you will."

"Thank you! thank you!" said Hazel, eagerly, not to say violently.

He wanted it done; and it killed him to do it. He than gave her his instructions.

"It is as big as a haystack," said he, "and as dry as a chip; and there are eight bundles of straw placed expressly. Light the bundles to windward first, then the others; it will soon be all in a blaze."

"Meanwhile," said Helen, "you prepare our supper. I feel quite faint—for want of it."

Hazel assented.

"It is the last we shall—" he was going to say it was the last they would eat together; but his voice failed him, and he hobbled into the cavern, and tried to smother his emotion in work. He lighted the fire, and blew it into a flame with a palm-leaf, and then he sat down awhile, very sick at heart; then he got up and did the cooking, sighing all the time; and, just when he was beginning to wonder why Helen was so long lighting eight bundles of straw, she came in, looking pale.

"Is it all right," said he.

"Go and look," said she. "No, let us have our supper first."

Neither had any appetite, they sat and kept casting strange looks at one another. To divert this anyhow, Hazel looked up at the roof, and said faintly, "If I had known, I would have made more haste, and set pearls there as well."

"What does that matter," said Helen, looking down.

"Not much, indeed," replied he, sadly. "I am a fool to utter such childish regrets; and more than that, I am a mean, selfish cur to have a regret. Come, come, we can't get; let us go around the Point and see the

waves reddened by the beacon that gives you back to the world you were born to embellish."

Helen said she would go directly. And her languid reply contrasted strongly with his excitement. She played with her supper, and wasted time in a very unusual way, until he told her plump she was not really eating, and he could wait no longer, he must go and see how the beacon was burning.

"Oh, very well," said she; and they went down to the beach.

She took his crutch and gave it to him. This little thing cut him to the heart. It was the first time she had accompanied him so far as that without offering to be his crutch. He sighed deeply, as he put the crutch under his arm; but he was too proud to complain, only he laid it all on the approaching steam boat.

The subtle creature by his side heard the sigh, and smiled sadly at being misunderstood—but what man could understand her? They hardly spoke till they reached the Point. The waves glittered in the moonlight; there was no red light on the water.

"Why, what is this?" said Hazel. "You can't have lighted the bonfire in eight places, as I told you."

She folded her arms and stood before him in an attitude of defiance; all but her melting eye.

"I have not lighted it at all," said she. Hazel stood aghast. "What have I done?" he cried. "Duty, manhood, everything demanded that I should light the beacon, and I trusted it to you."

Helen's attitude of defiance melted away; she began to cower, and hid her blushing face in her hands. Then she looked up imploringly. Then she uttered a wide and eloquent cry, and fled from him like the wind.

(To be continued.)

Mill View Creamery.

Pursuant to public notice a meeting of those interested in, and the patrons of the Mill View Cheese Factory, was held in the upper storey of the creamery building on Wednesday, the 23rd inst., to discuss matters of importance relative to the factory.

In the front seats were the Hon. Donald Ferguson, M. P. P., J. G. Hamilton Brown, Secretary of the Creamery Co., George Forbes, Vernon River Bridge, John McEachern, Mount Mellick, Charles McMillan, Alberry Plains, while the large room was well filled with gentlemen from Mill View, Seal River, Vernon River and Cherry Valley.

George O'Neill, Esq., of the Half Way House, Vernon River, was appointed Chairman and the undersigned Secretary. The Chairman in a ringing speech opened the meeting, dwelling at some length on the importance of the Cheese Factory; said that as a patron he considered it the best way of utilizing the milk, and thought if the Company would raise the price of milk, they would get more of that article to manufacture.

Peter M. Bourke, Esq., manager of the factory, next addressed the meeting. He explained that the outlay by the company in erecting the creamery was very great, and that it depended on the farmers to make it a success; if they did not give the supply of milk they subscribed the factory of course would go down. He gave a short account of the work of the past year, and furnished statistics showing how many had subscribed, and other details.

William Grant, sr., was satisfied with the factory and its management, and intended to support it.

Mr. George Gay would always encourage such industries as he had done in the past. He thought it paid him well to give his milk to the creamery.

Edward Grant, Esq., said he had always taken a lively interest in the factory; felt certain that it paid him, and considered it highly censurable in those parties who had failed in carrying out their agreement with the Company, the factory was something new, consequently it would take some time before the people would judge it on its merits. Thought if the Company could see fit to make a slight advance on the price of milk, so as to equalize the cost of hand labor, it would be attended with beneficial results, was well satisfied with the management of the Creamery; would give all the milk he subscribed, and as much more as he could spare.

John McGillivray, Esq., was well pleased with the factory. He had subscribed to its support, and would do more than he promised the coming year. Considered the rise of butter in our local market last summer a hindrance to the factory; thought a little rise in the price of milk would have a tendency to induce people to contribute a larger supply. It paid him to give his milk to the factory.

Mr. Walter Grant would endorse the sentiments of the other speakers; thought it paid well to sell his milk to the factory.

Mr. Thomas Delhaunty said it was his opinion that the price paid for the milk was too small, and gave some good practical reasons for his assertion.

Messrs. William Jenkins, Seal River; R. McDonald, C. E., and John MacEachern spoke in high terms of the factory.

The chairman then called on the Hon. Donald Ferguson, who, in responding to the invitation, said he wished it distinctly understood that his presence here to-day was not connected with any political reasons, for he had consented to come out at the urgent request of Messrs. Bourke and Brown, who wished him to give a short address on dairy-farming—a branch of industry that had always received his closest attention, as he believed the Island would never gain a reputation for butter and cheese, unless it were through the factory system. He spoke of the importance of the factory to the farmers, and urged on them the necessity of rallying round the Creamery, furnishing it with a large volume of milk, as without a good supply of milk it would not be successful. He firmly believed the factory system was

destined to prevail in P. E. Island, as it had done in Ontario, which a few years ago was an importer of butter and cheese; but now through the means of factories exported them largely. Taking it that one pound of butter would be produced from thirty pounds of milk and one pound of cheese from ten pounds of the same, it could easily be seen that it was profitable for farmers to sell their milk to the creamery. He made reference to the objections raised by Mr. Delhaunty and suggested remedies for the said objections. The conclusion of Mr. Ferguson's address was devoted to the growth of corn fodder. It would take too much space to enumerate in detail the whole of his excellent speech.

Mr. Peter M. Bourke then stated that the Company would raise the price of milk to, namely, seventy cents, (the same as last year) for the first to months, and seventy-five and eighty cents, respectively, for the last two.

A vote of thanks was then tendered to Mr. Peter M. Bourke, and the Company, for their able and efficient management of the factory. One to the Hon. D. Ferguson, for his instructive address, and another to the Chairman for presiding over the meeting, to which these gentlemen replied in suitable terms. The Chairman then declared the meeting adjourned.

J. W. Younge,

Secretary.

Mill View, Jan. 28, 1884.

Against the Harbor Grace Orangemen.

A despatch of the 29th ult., from Harbor Grace, says:—Mary Purcell, Ellen Gardner, and John Glavin, witnesses against the Orange prisoners charged with being implicated in the recent affray at Harbor Grace, were examined to-day. Mary Purcell identified the Orange prisoners Courage and Charles French as men who carried guns beside the Orange procession. Ellen Gardner saw ten or twelve men carrying guns and walking with the procession. A few minutes later she saw them retreat. She heard one say: "Why, we ran like sheep and shot one another."

James Glavin, one of the Riverhead assailants, deposed: "If the Orangemen had turned down the Pipe Track road we would not have interfered with them. We had no guns when we left our homes. We were standing on our own ground when the procession came up to us, with Doyle at its head. Two of our men, Pierre Wade and James Quirk, went to Doyle and said: 'Turn them down the Pipe Track road for peace sake.' Doyle said, addressing the procession: 'No! Come on, boys. Now is the time.' A second after he struck his right hand on his right thigh three times, and said: 'Fire! Fire! Fire!' Then Doyle fired a pistol. He was close to us, but moved back two paces before he fired. Doyle was in full view of me when he fired. After that guns went off faster than a man could count. I will not swear that they all came from the Orange side. God only knows where they all came from."

The Reminiscences of a War Correspondent.

I have seen Napoleon III. at the pinnacle of his hollow splendor. From the German picture line on the 2nd August, 1870, I heard the distant cheering on the Spicberenberg that greeted him and the lad whom he had brought from Metz to receive that day his "baptism of fire." Again I saw him on the morning after Sedan, as the broken man—broken in power, in prestige, in health, in spirits—sat with Bismarck on the grass plot in front of the weaver's cottage on the Donchery Road. Next morning witnessed his departure into his Wilhelmshöhe captivity. I have seen him dodging about Brighton and strolling under the beech trees that encircle Chislehurst Common. And for the last time of all I saw that stolid careworn face, as it lay on the raised pillow of the bier in the broad corridor of Camden Place; and when the face was no more visible, I witnessed the coffin-lid down in the little chapel among the Chislehurst elm trees. I knew the boy of the Empire when the shackles of the Empire had fallen from his limbs, and he was no longer a luckless creature, but a lively, natural lad. My acquaintance endured into his manhood. When the twilight was falling on the rolling veldt of Zululand, and his day's work in the staff tent was done, he liked, as it seemed to me, to gossip with one who knew the other side of the picture, about early days of the French-German war—a war that had wrought at once his ruin and his emancipation. And finally, poor gallant lad! I saw dimly through tears the very last of him, as he lay there dead on the blood-stained sword by the Ityotysi River, with a calm, proud smile on his face, and his body pierced by countless assegai stabs. Men have called his death ignoble. Petty as was the quarrel, wretched as was the desertion that wrought his fate, I call him, rather, happy in the opportunity of his death. Had he lived, what of artificiality, what of hollow unreality, might there not have been in store for him! As it was, he had moved in the world a live ghost. Better that this surely, to be a dead hero—to end the Napoleonic serf-cremery with his young face gallantly to his assailants and his life-blood drawn by the cold steel!—Archibald Forbes, in the English Illustrated Magazine.

"MASHERS" IN TROUBLE.—The penalty of \$50 and \$2 costs, with an alternative of three weeks in jail at hard labor, which the magistrate yesterday morning imposed on young Kealy, for speaking to a young woman in the streets whom he did not know, should be a lesson to the mashers who parade Sparks street. Some time ago a similar penalty was imposed upon a young man for a like offence. His worship thought he had made up his mind that, so far as lay in his power, he would see that no female could walk the streets of Ottawa without molestation. Mashers will note from the Kealy case that His Worship means what he says.—Ottawa Citizen, 5th.

How to save twenty-five dollars.—Carry your old sewing machine to Brown's and have it made as good as new, instead of changing it for a new one. Shop on corner of Prince and Grafton Streets, Ch'town. [Jan. 29]