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NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1885.

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WARBURTON & SMALLWOOD,
NOTICE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.

The undersigned have this day entered into partnership, under the style and firm of Warburton and Smallwood,

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The firm are Agents for the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States, which does the largest business of any Life Insurance Company in the world.
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P. E. I. R. Y., P. E. I. Steam Nav. Co.,
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Nov. 2, 1885—cod wky

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—WHO USE—

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Queen Hotel, Fredericton.

Barker House, Fredericton.

Porter House, Kentville.

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says: "I feel confident its use will be
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Ask your grocer for Woodill's German
Baking Powder, and take no other.
Nov. 18, '85.

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WAREHOUSE,
83 QUEEN STREET.

FALL AND WINTER STOCK,
NOW COMPLETE IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.

UNSURPASSED FOR VALUE!

A. L. BROWN.

Ch'town, Nov. 19.—wky.

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Special Features in Life & Accident Insurance.

Representing an Aggregate Capital of

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[Nov 19]

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Warranted Pure.

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It will be to your interest to try it.

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July 22, 1885.—6m

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CAPITAL \$2,000,000.

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PURE CARBOLIC ACID.
CRUDE CARBOLIC ACID.
CHLORIDE OF LIME (Double Strength).
THYMO-CREOL.
CARBOLIC SOAP.
SULPHUR
ENGLISH CREAM TARTAR.

Apothecaries' Hall,
DESBRISAY'S CORNER.

Nov. 23—d & wky tf

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—FOR—

DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION AND
ALL KINDRED DISEASES.

MORSE'S CORBOLATED NORWEGIAN
COD LIVER OIL!

—FOR—

Consumption & all Wasting Diseases.

Glycerole or Celery Compound.

(CONTAINING NO OPIUM).

For Feething Infants and Nervous Troubles.

Laird's Bloom of Youth or
Liquid Pearl,

—FOR—

Beautifying and Preserving
the Complexion.

FOR SALE AT

C. D. RANKIN'S,
QUEEN SQUARE,
Charlottetown.

Nov. 16, 1885—1y r

A MARVELOUS STORY

TOLD IN TWO LETTERS.

FROM THE SON: "33 Cedar St., New York, Oct. 29, 1882.
Gentlemen: My father resides at Glover, Vt. He has been a great sufferer from Scrofula, 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 appeared 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 pleasure and 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 73 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, Blisters, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin. It clears the blood of all impurities, 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.

NOTICE.

ALL persons willing to be employed as Nurses, in cases of smallpox, are requested to put themselves in communication with the Health Officer at once.

RICHARD JOHNSON, M. D.,
Health Officer.

Health Office at Market House, Nov. 17, '85.

NOTICE.

THE Public are hereby notified that the headquarters of the Health Officer are at the Market House, where all business connected with the Medical Department of the Board of Health will be conducted. By order,

A. H. MACPHERSON,
Clerk.
Nov. 17, 1885.

Harry had previously boarded at Mrs. Mill's, and everything appeared very natural and home-like as he entered the airy dining-room, where the family and boarders were all assembled for tea.

As he seated himself at one of the tables some one approached him. He glanced up, and to his great surprise met the quiet eyes of Helen French.

He would have risen, but she motioned him to remain seated.

'Good evening, Dr. Judson,' she said calmly, 'Will you take tea or chocolate?'

He never knew just what response he made, as he dropped back into his chair, and stared at Helen's retreating figure.

When she returned, the faintest trace of emotion, whether pleasurable or otherwise he could not tell, tinted her face and shook her hand when she set down his cup.

'How is your mother?' he asked.
'Better, thank you,' she replied briefly; suddenly discovering that her services were required in another part of the room.

Dr. Judson's appetite seemed to have deserted him, and after barely tasting the good things before him, he left the table and went upon the cool piazza in a very confused frame of mind.

Why was she here and in such a position? Either Mrs. French had deceived him, or was herself deceived. The more he tried to solve the matter, the more vexatious and puzzling it grew. All the evening he haunted the piazza and lawn and parlors, but the object of his waiting was invisible. The next morning, at breakfast, he found Helen again in the dining-room. She waited upon him coolly, but gave him no opportunity for anything more than a brief 'Good-morning.' So it continued for several days, until Dr. Judson's anxiety and suspense seemed almost unbearable. Helen certainly avoided him. The only opportunity he had of seeing her was in the dining-room, moving swiftly but quietly about her duties. It seemed that she had never possessed such a charm for him as at present, dressed in pretty cambrics, with a dainty white apron, and her abundant dark hair coiled low at her neck. The third evening, just after sunset, Harry found himself coming homeward from a long ramble. A narrow woodland path lay before him, the dense foliage making almost twilight. His mind was abstracted, filled with the one subject which perplexed him so, until straggling on, the sudden gleam of a white dress ahead arrested his attention and a closer glance sent him striding on at a faster pace.

'May I walk back with you, Miss French?'

She turned, rather surprised, but smiling.

'If you care to keep pace with my laggard steps,' she replied.

'You are tired, I know,' he said. 'It is a long walk to the post office, noticing the letters in her hand.'

'Yes, but good news always repays one for a little fatigue. I know you will be pleased to hear that my mother's health is improving rapidly.'

'I am indeed heartily glad. I saw her last when on the eve of her departure. She told me that you had started on a visit to some fashionable friends.'

Helen returned his half inquiring look steadily.

They had now reach the house, and, no one being in the parlor, continued their conversation there.

'I suppose I ought to give you an explanation of that error,' she said, 'or you will imagine that either mamma or I have deceived you. I am the deceitful one, Dr. Judson, and yet I don't like to tell you how,' she continued, flushing.

'But please consider it a professional secret. That day you told me how necessary to mamma's recovery a few weeks at the sea-shore would be, I decided that she should have it, although I did not know just then how, but suddenly I thought of this place where our families used to pass so many happy summers, and wrote to Mrs. Mills, frankly explaining our circumstances, and asking if she could give me employment which would pay the expenses of my mother's trip. In reply she kindly offered me my present position, which I gladly accepted. I knew mamma would never consent to the plan, so have kept her ignorant of it. She believes I am spending a happy summer with friends, and—so I am,' she added, smiling bravely through the tears which stood in her eyes.

She met answering drops in the other eyes looking down into her own.

Miss French—Helen, you are one of God's noble women! Harry exclaimed warmly, I cannot express my reverence and admiration for you.'

'I do not deserve such praise,' she answered simply. This is only the beginning of the struggle.'

'It shall be the end, Helen,' he interrupted, 'if you will trust yourself and you mother to my care. I love you so dearly—how dearly it shall be the aim of my life to show you. Won't you let me try, Helen?'

And for an answer she went straight into the strong arms held out so appealingly to her.

'And how is it that you are not a Benedict yet, Hal? You certainly are not a bad match as the world goes, either personally or professionally,' said Arthur Dane, with a lazy glance of approval at his friend. 'But perhaps you are the fastidious one—eh?'

Harry Judson and Arthur Dane were old friends and college chums. The latter, after spending several successful years abroad, had returned to find the slim, thoughtful student changed into a stalwart man, with an M. D. attached to his name, and a good practice growing up about him.

'In that respect,' replied Dr. Judson, in answer to his friend's remark, 'you will find me the same as when we parted ten years ago. Of course, I have had my fancies, but they have never developed into facts. The truth is, it is difficult to find a true woman, such as our wives should be.'

'Whew!' exclaimed Arthur; 'what would the fair daughters of Ridgway say to such a sweeping denunciation as that?'

'It may be my obtuseness, but as far as my observation goes, there are two chief classes of women in this town, the wealthy, who make a display of their money and accomplishments, whether real or pretended, who have no idea of any higher or other life than a useless one; and the second class, who try to appear as well off as the others, starve themselves for the sake of appearances, and are covered with confusion if caught in a calico dress, or doing any of the household duties which a woman should understand, and be proud of her knowledge. I am beginning to think, though, that there is one exception,' he added, after a pause.

'Ah, I thought so,' murmured Arthur under his breath. 'And she is?' he asked aloud.

'You doubtless remember Helen French?'

'Surely you cannot mean that gay girl of whose brilliancy and conquests I have heard so much?'

'The same. The recent death of her father has left herself and her mother nearly penniless, and the latter an invalid; but since their affliction Helen is displaying traits of character which I never dreamed she possessed. Her devotion to her mother is beautiful.'

'Glad to hear it,' said Arthur heartily. 'And hope you will never have any reason to change your opinion of her.'

The same day Dr. Judson called upon Mrs. French professionally.

As he was leaving Helen met him in the hall with an anxious face.

'You find her no better, doctor? Tell me truly what you think. Is there nothing that will help her?'

Harry looked down sympathetically into the appealing dark eyes.

'Yes, Miss French,' he said slowly, 'there is one course which would probably restore her completely.'

'And that?' she asked eagerly.

'Your mother needs something more than medicine. Perfect rest of mind and body and change of air—say a few weeks at some quiet seashore town—would benefit her wonderfully.'

'You are quite certain of this?'

'I am positive. It might be the means of saving her life.'

'Then she shall go,' she said quietly.

The next time Dr. Judson called he found Mrs. French on the point of departing upon her journey, one of her former servants bustling about her.

'You see I have a new nurse,' she said smilingly.

'Where is Miss French?' he inquired.

'Oh, she went away yesterday to visit some friends.'

'Gone away! Harry repeated blankly. 'Yes; it would be altogether too quiet for her the place where I am going, and the poor child must have some recreation. I dare say Nancy will take good care of me.' Mrs. French replied, with a little regretful sigh.

Feeling too surprised and vexed to pursue the subject, Dr. Judson, after a few parting directions, took his leave, he would scarcely acknowledge even to himself the disappointment and pain which he felt at Miss French's strange course.

'But I might have expected it,' he thought bitterly. 'Her affection of concern for her mother certainly seemed genuine, for this desertion at such a time shows how utterly heartless she is.'

And very regretfully he viewed the ruins of the air castles which he had already begun almost unconsciously to rear.

The long, sultry days of August came, and Dr. Judson, from too close application to his profession, found himself in a condition which demanded rest, so one day he packed his valise, and started off for a two weeks vacation.

Towards sunset he reached his destination, not a fashionable resort, but a quiet place among the hills, a large hospitable looking house, whose boarders came there every summer to recruit their health and energies.