

The Daily Examiner.

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NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1883.

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ALMANAC FOR DECEMBER, 1883.

MOON'S CHANGES.

First Quarter, 7th day, 7h. 33.5m., a. m.
Full Moon, 13th day, 11h. 15.8m., p. m.
Last quarter 21st day, 3h. 55.9m., a. m.
New Moon 29th day, 3h. 47.2m., a. m.

DAY OF WEEK	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	Moon sets	High water	Days len.
1 Saturday	7 39	4 10	8 39	11 46	9 04	
2 Sunday	30	10 9	24	morn		
3 Monday	31	9 10	5 0	23		
4 Tuesday	32	9 10	4 1	0		
5 Wednesday	33	9 11	14	1 40		
6 Thursday	34	9 11	44	2 25		
7 Friday	35	8 41	14	3 15		
8 Saturday	36	8 0	45	4 52		8 54
9 Sunday	37	8 1	15	5 39		
10 Monday	38	8 1	51	7 1		
11 Tuesday	39	8 2	26	8 10		
12 Wednesday	40	8 3	13	9 6		
13 Thursday	41	8 4	14	9 57		
14 Friday	42	9 5	16	10 43		
15 Saturday	43	9 6	24	11 28		8 50
16 Sunday	43	9 7	32	12 12		
17 Monday	44	10 8	35	0 51		
18 Tuesday	45	10 9	46	1 32		
19 Wednesday	45	10 10	54	2 14		
20 Thursday	46	10 11	57	3 0		
21 Friday	46	11	morn	3 54		
22 Saturday	47	12 0	53	4 59		8 51
23 Sunday	47	13 1	52	6 8		
24 Monday	48	13 2	51	7 12		
25 Tuesday	48	14 3	50	8 7		
26 Wednesday	48	15 4	46	8 52		
27 Thursday	49	15 5	42	9 34		
28 Friday	49	16 6	38	10 14		
29 Saturday	49	17 7	22	10 51		8 52
30 Sunday	49	18 7	59	11 28		
31 Monday	7 49	4 19	8 44	morn		

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.

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Oct. 30, 1883.

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NOTARIES PUBLIC, &c.

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Money to Loan.

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Jan. 16, '83.

EDWARD T. RUSSEL & CO.,
GENERAL

Commission Merchants,
NO. 284 STATE STREET,
BOSTON.

Particular attention given to the sale of Fish and Produce of all kinds.
June 22, 1883.—6m

L. ARTHUR & CO.,
GENERAL

Commission Merchants,
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(ROSS MARKET)

BOSTON, MASS.

Eggs and Produce a Specialty.

April 26, 1883.—wky 14

INSURANCE OFFICE.

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OF ENGLAND.

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Lancashire Insurance Company
CAPITAL, FIFTEEN MILLION DOLLARS

Insurance effected on all kinds of property at current rates. Losses settled promptly and equitably.

DESBIRAY & ANGUS,
General Agents.

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Ch'town, Sept. 16, 1882.

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Great variety of Autograph Albums,
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Novelties in Tea Sets,
Handsome Cups, Saucers and Plates.

New Books for the Little Ones,
New Books for Girls,
New Books for Boys,
New Standard Books for Everyone.

THE POETS, in the newest and cheapest styles of binding.
CHRISTMAS CARDS,
in endless variety, from one cent to five dollars.

G. H. HASZARD,
Queen Square, Near Post Office.

Ch'town, Dec. 6, 1883.—eod t1 dec 25

XMAS PRESENTS.

More Useful and Durable than Xmas Cards and other
Fancy Goods of same class.

NOW ON SALE A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

Music Rack Stands, Canterbury's, Easels, etc.,

Music Stands, Work Tables, Chess Tables,
Flower Stands, Light Stands, Fire Screens,

Card Tables, Parlor Easels, Pallets,
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Comb Brackets, Wall Pockets,

Fancy Looking Glasses
Framed Chromos,
Fancy Chairs,
Children's Chairs,

Smokers' Tables,
Mantle Mirrors,
Fancy Inlaid Whatnots,
Leather Work, &c.

OUR STOCK OF ABOVE GOODS IS THE

Largest and Most Varied Ever Offered in the City.

All marked at Holiday Prices. Call and inspect. No charge for showing them.

MARK WRIGHT & CO.

Ch'town, Dec. 17, 1883.

FROM NOW

—TILL—

XMAS AND NEW YEAR.

WE WILL OFFER

BISCUITS, CRACKERS, CAKE, CONFECTIONERY, &c.,

AT LOWER PRICES THAN EVER.

Biscuits from eight cents per lb. upwards, Retail,

A great variety in CONFECTIONERY, comprising Panorama Eggs, Crystal Hats, Return Balls, Flower Pots, Beautiful Hearts, all made of PURE CONFECTIONERY. Also the finest lot of Cossagues and Cornucopias ever shown in the city.

Try our Mixed Crackers in 5-lb. packages, very cheap.

Thousands and Nonpareils, for Cake decorating; Extract of Lemon, Citron and Lemon Peel, Currants, Raisins, etc.

Choice Preserves, in 1 and 6-lb. packages.

Special Prices to Wholesale Buyers.

J. QUIRK,
City Steam Bakery, Prince Street.

Ch'town, Dec. 11, 1883.—3w

FOUL PLAY.

By Charles Reade.

CHAPTER XXV.

They rowed more than a mile, so deep was the glorious bay; and then their oars struck the ground. But Hazel, with the boat-hook, propelled the boat gently over the pellucid water, that now seemed so shallow to float a canoe; and at last looked like the mere varnish of that picture, the prismatic sands below; yet still the little craft glided over it, till it gently grazed the soft sand, and was stationary. So placidly ended that terrible voyage.

Mr. Hazel and Miss Rolleston were on shore in a moment; and it was all they could do not to fall upon the land and kiss it.

Never had the sea disgorged upon the fairy isle such ghastly spectres. They looked, not like people about to die, but that had died, and had been buried, and just come out of their graves to land on that blissful shore. We should have started back with horror; but the birds of that virgin isle merely stepped out of their way, and did not fly.

They had landed in paradise. Even Welch yielded to that universal longing men have to embrace the land after perils at sea, and was putting his legs slowly over the gunwale, when Hazel came back to his assistance. He got ashore, but was contented to sit down with his eyes on the dimpled sea and the boat, waiting quietly till the tide should float his friend to his feet again.

The sea-birds walked quietly about and minded him not.

Miss Rolleston ascended a green slope slowly, for her limbs were cramped, and was lost to view.

Hazel now went up the beach and took a more minute survey of the neighborhood.

The west side of the bay was varied. Half of it presented the soft character that marked the bay in general, but a portion of it was rocky, though streaked with vegetation, and this part was intersected by narrow clefts, into which, in some rare tempests and high tides combined, tongues of the sea had entered, licking the sides of the gullies smooth; and these occasional visits were marked by the sand and broken shells and other debris the tempestuous and encroaching sea had left behind.

The true high-water mark was several feet lower than the debris, and was clearly marked. On the land above the cliffs he found a tangled jungle of tropical shrubs, into which he did not penetrate, but skirted it, and walking eastward, came out upon a delicious down or grassy slope, that faced the center of the bay. It was a gentleman's lawn of a thousand acres, with an extremely gentle slope from the center of the island to the sea.

A river flowing from some distant source ran eastward through this down, but at its verge, and almost encircled it. Hazel traversed the lawn until this river, taking a sudden turn toward the sea, intercepted him at a spot which he immediately fixed on as Helen Rolleston's future residence.

Four short, thick, umbrageous trees stood close to the stream on this side, and on the eastern side was a grove of gigantic palm-trees, at whose very ankles the river ran. Indeed, it had undermined one of these palm-trees, and that giant at this moment lay all across the stream, leaving a gap through which Hazel's eye could pierce to a great depth among those grand columns; for they stood wide apart, and there was not a vestige of brushwood, jungle, or even grass, below their enormous crowns. He christened the place St. Helen's on the spot.

He now dipped his bailler into the stream, and found it pure and tolerably cool.

He followed the bend of the stream; it evaded the slope and took him by its own milder descent to the sands; over these it flowed smooth as glass into the sea.

Hazel ran to Welch to tell him all he had discovered, and to give him his first water from the island.

He found a roan-colored pigeon, with a purplish neck, perched on the sick man's foot. The bird shone like a rainbow, and cocked a saucy eye at Hazel, and flew up into the air a few yards, but it soon appeared that fear had little to do with this movement; for, after an airy circle or two, he fanned Hazel's cheek with his fast-flapping wings, and lighted at the very edge of the bailler, and was for sipping.

"Oh, look here, Welch!" cried Hazel, in an ecstasy of delight.

"Aye, sir," said he. "Poor things, they hain't a found us out yet."

The talking puzzled the bird, if it did not alarm him, and he flew up to the nearest tree, and, perching there, inspected these noisy bipeds at his leisure.

Hazel now laid his hand on Welch's shoulder, and reminded him gently they had a sad duty to perform, which could not be postponed.

"Right your are, sir," said Welch, "and very kind of you to let me have my way with him. Poor Sam!"

"I have found a place," said Hazel, in a low voice. "We can take the boat close to it. But where is Miss Rolleston?"

"Oh, she is not far off; she was here just now, and brought me this here little cocoon, and patted me on the back, she did, then again went off on a cruise. Bless her little heart!"

Hazel and Welch then got into the boat, and pushed off without much difficulty, and pointed across the bay to one of those clefts we have indicated. It was now nearly high water, and they moored the boat close under the cleft Hazel had selected.

Then they both got out and went up to the extremity of the cleft, and there, with the axe and with pieces of wood, they scraped out a resting-place for Cooper.

This was light work; for it was all stones, shells, fragments of coral, and dried sea-

weed, lying loosely together. But now came a hard task, in which Welch could not assist. Hazel unshipped a thwart, and laid the body on it; then, by a great effort, staggered with the burden up to the grave, and deposited it. He was exhausted by the exertion, and had to sit down panting for some time. As soon as he was recovered, he told Welch to stand at the head of the grave, and he stood at the foot, bare-headed, and then, from memory, he repeated the service of our church, hardly missing or displacing a word.

This was no tame recital; the scene, the circumstances, the very absence of the book, made it tender and solemn. And then Welch repeated those beautiful words after Hazel, and Hazel let him. And how did he repeat them? In such a hearty, loving tone as became one who was about to follow, and all this but a short leave-taking. So uttered, for the living as well as the dead, those immortal words had a strange significance and beauty.

And presently a tender, silvery voice came down to mingle with the deep and solemn tones of the male mourners. It was Helen Rolleston. She had watched most of their movements unseen herself, and now, standing at the edge of the ravine, and looking down on them, uttered a soft but thrilling amen to every prayer. When it was over, and the men prepared to fill in the grave, she spoke to Welch in an undertone, and begged leave to pay her tribute first; and, with this, she detached her apron, and held it out to them. Hazel easily climbed up to her, and found her apron was full of sweet-smelling bark and aromatic leaves, whose fragrance filled the air.

"I want you to strew these over his poor remains," she said. "Oh, not common earth? He saved our lives. And his last words were, 'I love you, Tom.' Oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear!" And with that she gave him the apron, and turned her head away to hide her tears.

Hazel blessed her, for the thought, which indeed, none but a lady would have had; and Welch and he, with the tears in their eyes, strewed the spicy leaves first; and soon a ridge of shingle, neatly bound with sea-weed, marked the sailor's grave.

(To be continued.)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The Presbyterian Church or place of worship at St. Peter's Bay having become dilapidated, a new building has become a necessity; but an unfortunate dispute has arisen over the question as to where should be the site of it. Some, a large majority probably, contend that it should be erected at the very Head of the Bay, and near the centre of the congregation, while others contend that it should be built on the site of the present place of worship. The contention being conducted with considerable acrimony and feeling, the Presbytery was applied to by some of them and enable them if possible to reach a harmonious conclusion, and parties were sent as a deputation supposed as they might be, being strangers to the locality neither to be prepossessed in favor of one party, nor prejudiced against another. After a candid and impartial investigation on the part of the deputation, it was agreed at a meeting, with their advice and concurrence, to erect two churches, one at the Head of the Bay and the other at Morrell. The conclusion, however, is not acquiesced in by the congregation as a whole. A large party, it is said, insist still upon the church being erected on the old site.

We have no wish to interfere, but there is one part of the scheme proposed inadmissible. Before erecting a Church at Morrell, the sanction of a neighboring congregation must be obtained according to ecclesiastical constitutional law. Morrell forms the dividing line and the adherents of Mount Stewart congregation who have given their consideration feel that their interests would be materially injured by it. A church at Morrell if built, must be the conjoint property of the two congregations, or its erection must be defined till it can be the seat of an independent congregation. This part of the scheme being set aside, it seems to us who take a very deep interest in the welfare of St. Peter's Bay congregation, that the dispute may be easily, and to the satisfaction of all, adjusted. On the supposition that two churches must be erected, one near Morrell, what objection can there be to the adoption of the old church site as the site for one of them since it is along to with such tenacity by so many. It is not more than four miles from Morrell, and not much less from the Head of the Bay. It is plain that the vital interests of the congregation—of the denomination of Presbyterians—if christianity demand that the Head of the Bay where a village is growing up, should be the seat of a church, why should not all concur in that, and take immediate measures for its erection, and that being done, then proceed to put up another and a smaller one on the site of the old church out of its materials with hearty unanimous consent. Then there would be three churches within the bounds which would allow of Divine Service being maintained every Sabbath on one part of the day in the central one, and on every alternate Sabbath in each of the other churches on the other part of the day.

Mount Stewart, Dec. 20, 1883.

J. R.

(Patriot please copy.)

Any housekeeper can prove the honesty of her grocer, or his butter, by melting it. Pure butter melted produces a pure, limpid, golden oil and it retains the butter flavour. Melt oleomargarine, and the oil smells like tallow, and a scum rises to the surface. Butterine is a mixture of dairy butter and fats. Melt that and the butter oil will rise to the top. Pour this off, and you will find the fats at the bottom, whitish in color, and giving off a disagreeable smell.

For throat and lung difficulties, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, when seasonably taken, is a certain specific.

CURRENT NOTES.

The Times characterizes Parnell's speech at the Dublin banquet as "the most uncompromising defiance ever flung in the face of the English nation."

On Sunday last a letter was read in the Basilica, Quebec, from the Archbishop, inviting all to support the efforts of the Vigilance Association in the war on the liquor traffic.

Mere bashfulness without merit is awkward; and merit without modesty, insolent. But modest merit has a double claim to acceptance, and generally meets with many patrons as beholders.—Hughes.

In San Francisco, where there are many wealthy Chinese merchants, the credit of no class stands higher. Bankers solicit their custom because they are so scrupulously honorable, and their word is, in nine cases out of ten, better worth having than that of the majority of white traders.

In a trial in a Chicago court the other day the prosecuting witness was a Chinaman, the defendant Irish, her lawyer a colored man, the policeman who arrested her a German, and the prosecuting attorney an American. Things do get badly mixed sometimes where law and order are supposed to prevail.

John Morley, M. P., late editor of the Fall Mall Gazette, speaking at the Newcastle workmen's club, advised them, as one who had probably written more leading articles than most men to avoid reading them. His advice was: "Read news, get information from your own judgments, independent of the cut and dried leaders."

Mr. Childers, Chancellor of the Exchequer, speaking the other day of the proposed reduction of the national debt, said that this reduction was necessary in view of the competition of the kingdom with other nations which were rapidly paying off their debt. It will be seen that the "Foxy" Government in Canada and a Liberal Government in England may have points of resemblance.

Taylor, the wizard, got a \$90 house in Paso del Norte, and then, saying that he would show the assemblage a trick that would open their eyes, told "The Mystic Man, or the Disappearance," he brought out a large box and said: "I will now shut myself up in this box; the trick is to find me." Five minutes later everybody knew that he had escaped from the rear with the receipts of the evening, and a coat belonging to an employe of the theatre.

The question of insanity as a product of sunstroke came up in a New York police trial on Wednesday last when the prisoner's counsel produced the record of the first case of sunstroke. He opened the court bible and from the second book of Kings read the death of the Shunamite's son, recorded in chapter 4, as follows: "And when the child was grown, it fell on a day, that he went out of his father's house to the reapers, and said unto his father, My head, my head! And he said to a lad, Carry him to his mother. And when he had taken him and brought him to his mother, he sat on her knees till noon, and then died."

The Toronto Globe's special correspondent in the fruit region of Ontario, writing from Grimsby, describes the peach orchards of Grimsby township, of one of which he says:—"Just below us lies perhaps the largest unbroken acre of peach orchard to be seen at one glance anywhere on this continent or in the whole world. For a mile and a half it extends along the mountain's base reaching up its lower slopes, and it stretches half way out to the lake side, and sends here and there broad bands of purplish-brown the whole way to the water. In one mass, unbroken save by the beautiful residences thickly scattered along the main road, there are about eight hundred acres, or two hundred thousand trees."

When that consistent apostle of total abstinence, Mr. G. W. Ross, by grace of Mr. Oliver Mowat Minister of Education for Ontario, stamped South Oxford against Mr. Joseph Gilson, a prominent temperance man, the Globe and the Grit harpies that are now at the heels of Sir Leonard Tilley did not attack him and demand his expulsion from temperance organizations. Not a bit of it. They applauded Mr. Ross and encouraged him in his crusade. We verily believe that if the most depraved drunkard in the province were up for election on the Grit side, and if his opponent were a Grand Worthy Patriarch, or something of that sort, Mr. G. W. Ross would vote against his temperance friend.

At St. Patrick's bazaar held last winter in this city there was voting for the most popular freeman, the most popular truckman and the most popular newspaper. The contests were warm enough, but there was no fighting and no acrimony. In Kingston they do things differently. At a church bazaar in that city a vote was taken to decide the relative popularity of two politicians. It resulted in a riot in which tables were overturned and general confusion brought about. A lady fell fainting to the floor, while the clergyman in charge stood horrified and helpless. When the smoke cleared away and the poll closed the result was disputed. One of the ladies who took money declares that her man is elected, while the other lady is equally certain that the other man got the most votes. The winner was to have a chair, and the trophy was given by the umpire to one of the candidates. The other has called in the strong arm of the law and through his council demands that the chair be given to him.—Halifax Herald.

On which the Montreal Witness remarks:—"Church bazaars that are made the scenes of vulgar political contests, of barefaced gambling and of unmanly forwardness, may raise money but they cannot raise the standard of Christian life in a congregation or in the community generally. These are the things by which outsiders judge a Christian church and what a picture they make of it!"