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.

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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,

Barristers, Attorneys-at-Law, Notaries Public, &c.

Office—Cameron Block, Queen Square.

A. B. WARBURTON, B.A., B.C.L. | C. R. SMALLWOOD.

☞ 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.

Dec. 3—law wky 3 mo

L. ARTHUR & CO.,

GENERAL

Commission Merchants,

121 ATLANTIC AVENUE,

BOSTON, MASS.

Eggs and Produce a Specialty.

July 15—dly wkly

—FOR—

BOSTON,

Fall and Winter Arrangement

THE PALACE STEAMERS

OF THE

INTERNATIONAL S.S. CO.

Leave St. John for Boston, via Eastport and Portland, every Monday and Thursday, at 8.00 a. m.

Fare from Charlottetown to Boston, $6.50, 2nd class; $9.50, 1st class.

For tickets and other information apply to

G. A. SHARP, P. E. I. R'y. F. W. HALES, P. E. I. Steam Nav. Co.,

or to your nearest Ticket Agent.

Nov. 2, 1885—eod wky

CAUTION.

EACH PLUG OF THE

MYRTLE NAVY

IS MARKED

T & B.

IN BRONZE LETTERS.

None Other Genuine.

Oct. 20.

FOR SALE.

BRIGHTON TANNERY, with its Steam Engine, Boiler, Splitting Machine, Stuffing Machine and other Plant is offered for sale at private contract.

The above Tannery was formerly operated by the late Donald McKinnon, of the late firm of McKinnon & Co., of this city. It is fitted up on the most modern principle, and has hitherto paid a large percentage on the capital invested. To capitalists no better investment for their money, either by Bank or Manufactory, can be offered.

Possession given immediately.

MARY J. MACKINNON, Executrix.

Ch'town, Oct. 17, 1885.

Executors' Notice.

THE Undersigned Executrix and Executors of the last Will and Testament of the late Donald Mackinnon, of Charlottetown, tanner, deceased, carrying on business under the name and style of "MACKINNON & CO.," hereby notify all persons indebted to his estate to make immediate payment to them at his late office, in Grafton Street, in Charlottetown, and all persons having claims or demands against the said estate are hereby required to furnish the same, duly attested, within twelve months from this date.

Dated at Charlottetown, the 2nd day of OCTOBER, 1885.

MARY JANE MACKINNON, Executrix.

W. McLEAN, JAS. CURRIE, } Executors.

Oct. 2nd—law tf

NOW THEN FOR

D. A. BRUCE'S

—OFFER OF—

CLOTHING & GENTS' FURNISHINGS

—:o:—

WE have on hand one case Cloths, one case Gents' Furnishings, sent by mistake, and sold to us at a big advantage rather than return them. We are manufacturing these cloths into

SUITS AND OVERCOATS,

charging only FIVE PER CENT. OVER COST! and from $4.50 to $6 for making and trimming Overcoats; from $5 to $7 for making and trimming Suits with Good Trimmings and

GOOD WORKMANSHIP.

CLOTH, by the yard or piece, Very Cheap. We have on hand a few Suits and Overcoats, made to order, not called for

SELLING AT COST

This ought to convince you that there is money lost if you don't purchase from us, instead of buying imported clothing. ALL OUR CLOTHING IS MADE ON THE PREMISES. No $3 Overcoats.

The Custom Tailoring,

under the management of MR. JAMES McLEOD, leads all others for A1 work. Prices in this department will be found lower than ever. Our past record is sufficient guarantee to secure your future confidence.

A large portion of our Neckwear has been manufactured to our special order, from patterns that will be found the very thing you want.

D. A. BRUCE,

72 QUEEN STREET.

Ch'town, Dec. 3, 1885.—eod wky 2mos

Printing and Book-Binding.

Printing.

We are better than ever prepared to turn out every descripiton of

Book, Mercantile

—AND—

Fancy Printing,

as Specimens of our work shows, at the Provincial Exhibition and executed since, for several of the leading business men of the city, will abundantly testify.

☞ Our Styles are Original and Tasty. Call and see our Specimens.

Color Work a Specialty.

Book-Binding.

Having lately imported a choice stock of Fine Leathers and other materials for Bookbinding purposes, we are prepared with the best facilities to execute all orders for

Binding Magazines, Music, Works of Art, Law Books, Illustrated Papers, Picturesque Canada, &c., &c.,

in the Highest Style of the Art, and at prices that will Satisfy All.

Blank Book Manufacturing, and Paper Ruling a Specialty.

Banks, Merchants and others, can get Better Work, for the same money at our Establishment, than at any other house in the Trade.

JOHN COOMBS,

18 Queen Street,

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I

Dec. 26—2aw w2m.

THE BEST YET!

No Change in Business Contemplated; but a Bona Fide Change in Prices.

UNTIL the end of JANUARY NEXT, I will give such Bargains in DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING as will make everyone who will buy from me Happy, and in addition will give you some of my Choice TEA GRATIS. To every buyer of

$2.00 worth of DRY GOODS			1lb Good Tea.
$4.00	"	"	2lb "
$6.00	"	"	3lb "
$8.00	"	"	or Clothing, 4lb Good Tea.
$10.00	"	"	" " 5lb "

Purchasers not requiring the Tea can have the equivalent value in other goods in the Store.

The Quality of my Tea is well and favorably known. This offers a rare opportunity to get Good Tea Free of Cost.

J. B. MACDONALD'S,

Queen Street.

Ch'town, Dec 10, '85.

MAGNET SOAP,

Warranted Pure.

—:o:—

THIS SOAP is made from the BEST MATERIALS, and is Superior to any similar article manufactured. For general household and family use it SURPASSES all others.

☞ **It will be to your interest to try it.**

—FOR SALE WHOLESALE BY—

FENTON T. NEWBERY.

July 22, 1885. 6m

TABERNACLE SERMON.

"The Marriage Ring."

A SERMON FOR THE LADIES—DR TALMAGE DISCOURSES ON "THE CHOICE OF A HUSBAND."

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 17.

THE REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., preached to-day in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, the second of his series of sermons on "The Marriage Ring." Having spoken last Sunday on "The Choice of a Wife," he to-day preached on "The Choice of a Husband." The organist rendered the Sonate in C minor, by Rheinberger. Congregational singing, led by Professor Ali's cornet, included that of the hymn beginning:

"Awake my soul, to joyful lays!
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise."

Selecting his text from Ruth 1, 9: "The Lord grant that ye may find rest, each of you in the house of her husband," the eloquent preacher said:

This was the prayer of pious Naomi for Ruth and Orpah, and is an appropriate prayer now in behalf of unmarried womanhood. Naomi, the good old soul, knew that the devil would take their cases in hand if God did not, so she prays: "The Lord grant you that you may find rest, each of you in the house of her husband."

In this series of sermons on "The Marriage Ring," I last Sabbath gave prayerful and Christian advice to men in regard to the selection of a wife, and to-day I give the same prayerful and Christian advice to women in regard to the selection of a husband, but in all these sermons saying much that I hope will be appropriate for all ages and all classes.

I applaud the celibacy of a multitude of women who, rather than make unfit selection, have made none at all. It has not been a lack of opportunity for material contract on their part, but their own culture and refinement and their exalted idea as to what a husband ought to be, have caused their declinature. They have seen so many women marry imbeciles, or ruffians, or incipient sots, or lifetime incapables, or magnificent nothings, or men who before marriage were angelic, and afterwards diabolic, that they have been alarmed and stood back. They saw so many boats go into the maelstrom that they steered into other waters. Better for a woman to live alone, though she lives a thousand years, than to be annexed to one of these masculine failures with which society is surfeited. The patron saint of almost every family circle is some such unmarried woman, and among all the families of cousins she moves around, and her coming to each house is the morning, and her going away is the night.

In my large circle of kindred, perhaps twenty families in all, it was an Aunt Phoebe. Paul gave a letter of introduction to one whom he calls "Phoebe our sister," as she went up from Cenchrea to Rome, commending her for her kindness and Christian service, and imploring for her all courtesies. I think Aunt Phoebe was named after her. Was there a sickness in any of the households, she was there ready to sit up and count out the drops of medicine. Was there a marriage, she helped to deck the bride for the altar. Was there a new soul incarnated, she was there to rejoice at the nativity. Was there a sore bereavement, she was there to console. The children rushed out at her first appearance, crying, "here comes Aunt Phoebe," and but for parental interference, they would have pulled her down with their caresses, for she was not very strong, and many severe illness had given her enough glimpses at the next world to make her Heavenly-minded. Her table was loaded up with Baxter's "Saints' Rest," Doddridge's "Rise and Progress," and Jay's "Morning and Evening Exercises," and John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and like books, which have fitted out whole generations for the heaven which they have already entered.

"DeWitt," she said to me one day, "twice in my life I have been so overwhelmed with the love of God that I fainted away and could not be resuscitated. Don't tell me there is no heaven. I have seen it twice." If you would know how her presence would soothe an anxiety or lift a burden, or cheer a sorrow, or leave a blessing on every room in the house, ask any of the Talmages. She had tarried at her early home, taking care of an invalid father, until the bloom of life had somewhat faded, but she could interest the young folks with some three or four tender passages in her own history, so that we all knew that it was not through lack of opportunity that she was not the queen of one household, instead of being a benediction on a whole circle of households. At about seventy years of age she made her last visit to my house, and when she sat in my Philadelphia church, I was more embarrassed at her presence than by all the audience, because I felt that in religion I had got no further than the A B C, while she had learned the whole alphabet, and for many years had finished Y and Z. When she went out of this life into the next, what a shout there must have been in heaven, from the front door clear up to the back seat in the highest gallery! I saw the other day, in the village cemetery of Somerville, New Jersey, her resting place, the tombstone having on it the words which thirty years ago she told me she would like to have inscribed there, namely, "The Morning Cometh."

Had she a mission in this world? Certainly. As much as Caroline Herschel first emanuensis for her illustrous brother, and then his assistant in astronomical calculations, and then discovering worlds for herself, dying at ninety-nine years of age, still busy with the stars till she sped beyond them; as much had Florence Nightingale, the nurse of the Crimea; or Grace Darling, the carswoman of the Long Stone Lighthouse; or Mary Lyon, the teacher of Mount Holyoke Female Seminary; or Hannah More, the Christian authoress of England; or Dorothea Dix, the angel of mercy for the insane; or Anna Etheridge, among the wounded of Blackburn's Fort; or Margaret Breckenridge, at Vicksburg; or Mary Shelton, distributing roses, and grapes, and cologne, in Western hospital; or thousands of other glorious women like them, who never took the marriage sacrament. Appreciate all this this, my sister, and it will make you deliberate before you rush out of the single state into another, unless you are sure of betterment.

Deliberate and pray. Pray and deliberate. As I showed you in my former sermon, a man ought to supplicate Divine guidance in such crisis; how much more important that you solicit it? It is easier for a man to find an appropriate wife than for a woman to find a good husband. This is a matter of arithmetic, as I showed in former discourse. Statistics show that in Massachusetts and New York States, women have a majority of hundreds of thousands. Why this is, we leave others to surmise. It would seem that a woman is a favorite with the Lord, and that therefore he has made more of that kind. From the order of the creation in Paradise, it is evident that women is an improved edition of man. But whatever be the reason for it, the fact is certain, that she who selects a husband has a smaller number of people to select from than he who selects a wife. Therefore a woman ought to be especially careful in her choice of lifetime companionship. She cannot afford to make a mistake. If a man err in his selection he can spend his evenings at the club, and dull his sensibilities by tobacco smoke, but woman has no club room for refuge, and would find it difficult to habituate herself to cigars. If a woman make a bad job of marital selection, the probability is that nothing but a federal can relieve it. Divorce cases in court may interest the public, but the love letters of a married couple are poor reading except for those who write them. Pray God that you be delivered from irrevocable mistake!

Avoid affiance with a despiser of the Christian religion, whatever else he may have or may not have. I do not say he must need be a religious man, for Paul says the unbelieving husband is sanctified by the wife; but marriage with a man who hates the Christian religion will insure you a life of wretchedness. He will caricature your habit of kneeling in prayer. He will speak depreciatingly of Christ. He will wound all the most sacred feelings of your soul. He will put your home under the anathema of the Lord God Almighty. In addition to the anguish with which he will fill your life, there is great danger that he will despoil your hope of Heaven, and make your marriage relation an infinite and eternal disaster. If you have made such engagement, your first duty is to break it? My word may came just in time to save your soul.

Further: do not unite in marriage with a man of bad habits, in the idea of reforming him. If now, under the restraint of your present acquaintance, he will not give up his bad habits, after he has won the prize you cannot expect him to do so. You might as well plant a violet in the face of a northeast storm, with the idea of appeasing it. You might as well run a schooner alongside of a burning ship, with the idea of saving the ship. The consequence will be, schooner and ship will be destroyed together. The almshouse could tell the story of a hundred women who married men to reform them. If by twenty-five years of age a man has been grappled by intoxicants, he is under such headway that your attempt to stop him would be very much like running up the track with a wheelbarrow to stop a Hudson River express train. What you call an inebriate now-a-days is not a victim to wine or whiskey, but to logwood and strychnine and nux vomica. All these poisons have kindled their fires in his tongue and brain, and all the tears of a wife weeping cannot extinguish the flames. Instead of marrying a man to reform him, let him reform first and then give him time to see whether the reform is to be permanent. Let him understand that if he cannot do without his bad habits for two years, he must do without you forever.

Avoid union with one supremely selfish, or so wound up in his occupation that he has no room for another. He is not the one blade of a scissors incomplete without the other blade, but he is a chisel made to cut his way through life alone, or a file full of roughness, made to be drawn across society without any affinity for other files. His disposition is a life-long protest against marriage. Others are so married to their occupation or profession that the taking of any other bride is a case of bigamy. There are men as severely tied to their literary work, as was Chatterton, whose essay was not printed because of the Lord Mayor. Chatterton made out the following account: "Lost by the Lord Mayor's death in this essay, one pound, eleven shillings and sixpence. Gained in elegies and essays, five pounds, five shillings." Then he put what he had gained by the Lord Mayor's death opposite to what he had lost, and wrote under it: "And glad he is dead by three pounds, thirteen shillings and sixpence." When a man is as hopelessly literary as that, he ought to be a perpetual celibate; his library, his laboratory, his books are all the companionship needed. Indeed some of the mightiest men this world ever saw have not patronized matrimony. Cowper, Pope, Newton, Swift, Locke, Walpole, Gibbon, Hume, Arbuthnot were single. Some of these marriages would have helped. The right kind of a wife would have cured Cowper's gloom, and given to Newton more practicability, and been a relief to Locke's overtasked brain. A Christian wife might have converted Hume and Gibbon to a belief in Christianity. But Dean Swift did not deserve a wife, from the way in which he broke the heart of Jane Waring first, and Esther Johnson afterwards, and last of all "Vanessa." The great wit of his day, he was outwitted by his own cruelties.

Amid so many possibilities of a fatal mistake, am I not right in urging you to seek the unerring wisdom of God, and before you are infatuated? Because most marriages are fit to be made convinces us that they are Divinely arranged. Almost every cradle has an affinity towards some other cradle. They may be on the opposite sides of the earth, but one child gets out of this cradle and another child gets out of that cradle, and with their first steps they start for each other. They may diverge from the straight path, going towards the North, or South, or East or West. They may fall down, but the two rise facing each other. They are approaching all through infancy. The one all through the years of boyhood is going to meet the one who is coming through all the years of girlhood, to meet him. The decision of parents as to what is best concerning them and the changes of fortune, may for a time seem to arrest the two journeys; but on they go. They may never have seen each other. They may never have heard of each other. But the two pilgrims who started at the two cradles, are nearing. After eighteen, twenty or thirty years, the two come within sight. At the first glance they may feel a dislike, and they may slacken their step: yet something that the world calls fate, and that religion calls Providence, urges them on and on They must meet. They come near enough to join hands in social acquaintance, after a while to join hands in friendship, after a while to join hearts. The delegate from the one cradle comes up the east side of the church with her father. The delegate from the other cradle comes up the west aisle of the church. The two long journeys end at the snowdrift of the bridal veil. The two chains made out of many years are forged together by the golden link which the groom puts upon the third finger of the left hand. One on earth, may they be one in heaven!

But there are so many exceptions to the general rule of natural affinity, that only those are safe who pray for a heavenly hand to lead them. Because they depended on themselves and not on God there are thousands of women going to the slaughter. In India women leap on the funeral pyre of a dead husband. We have a worse spectacle than that in America—women innumerable leaping on the funeral pyre of a living husband.

Avoid all proposed alliance through newspaper advertisements. Many women, just for fun, have answered such advertisements, and have been led on from step to step to catastrophe infinite. All the men who write such advertisements are villains and lepers—all, without a single exception. All! All!! Do you answer them just for fun? I will tell you a safer and healthier fun Thrust your hand through the cage at a menagerie, and stroke the back of a cobra from the East Indies. Put your head in the mouth of a Numidian lion to see if he will bite. Take a glassful of Paris green mixed with some delightful henbane. These are safer and healthier fun than answering newspaper advertisements for a wife.

My advice is: Marry a man who is a fortune in himself. Houses, lands and large inheritance are well enough, but the wheel of fortune turns so rapidly, that through some investment all these in a few days may be gone. There are some things, however, that are a perpetual fortune—good manners, geniality of soul, kindness, intelligence, sympathy, courage, perseverance, industry and whole-heartedness. Marry such a one and you have married a fortune, whether he have an income now of fifty thousand dollars a year or an income now of five hundred dollars. A bank is secure according to its capital stock, and not to be judged by the deposits for a day or a week. A man is rich according to his sterling qualities, and not according to the vacillation of circumstances which may leave with him a large amount of resources to-day and withdraw them to-morrow. If a man is worth nothing but money, he is poor indeed. If a man have upright character, he is rich. Property may come and go, he is independent of the markets. Nothing can buy him out, nothing can sell him out. He may have more money one year than another, but his better fortunes never vacillate.

Yet, do not expect to find a perfect man. If you find one without any faults, incapable of mistakes, never having guessed wrongly, his patience never been perturbed, immaculate in speech, in temper, in habits, do not marry him. Why? Because you would enact a swindle. What would you do with a perfect man, who are not perfect yourself? And how dare you hitch your imperfection fast on such supernatural excellence? What a companion you would make for an angel! In other words there are no perfect men. There never was but one perfect pair, and they slipped down the banks of Paradise together. We occasionally find a man who says he never sins. We know he lies when he says it. We have had financial dealings with two or three perfect men, and they cheated us woefuly. Do not, therefore, look for an immaculate husband, for you will not find him.

But do not become cynical on this subject. Society has a great multitude of grand men, who know how to make home happy. When they come to be husbands they evince a nobility of nature and a self-sacrificing spirit that surprise even the wife. These are the men who sit in dark and dirty business offices, ten feet by twelve, in summer time hard at work, while the wives and daughters are off at Saratoga, Mount Desert or the White Sulphur. These are the men who, never having had much education themselves, have their sons at Vale and Harvard and Virginia University. These are the men who work themselves to death by fifty years of age, and go out to Greenwood, leaving large estates and generous life insurance provision for their families. There are husbands and fathers here by the hundreds who would die for their households. If outlawry should ever become dominant in our cities, they would stand in their doorway, and with their one arm would cleave down, one by one, fifty invaders, face to face, foot to foot, and every stroke a demolition. This is what makes an army in defence of a country fight more desperately than an army of conquest. It is not so much the abstract