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NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1881.

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## THE DAILY EXAMINER

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Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

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### ALMANAC FOR NOVEMBER 1881.

DAY OF WEEK	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	High water	Days len. h.
1 Tuesday	6 47	4 40	2 9	6 14	9 52
2 Wednesday	48	39	2 35	7 24	51
3 Thursday	50	37	3 2	8 23	47
4 Friday	51	36	3 34	9 11	45
5 Saturday	53	34	4 7	9 54	41
6 Sunday	54	33	4 49	10 35	39
7 Monday	55	32	5 37	11 14	37
8 Tuesday	57	31	6 30	11 54	34
9 Wednesday	59	29	7 29	12 32	30
10 Thursday	7 0	28	8 29	1 12	24
11 Friday	2 27	9 31	1 52	2 5	23
12 Saturday	3 2	10 33	2 35	3 23	23
13 Sunday	5 24	11 34	3 24	4 19	19
14 Monday	6 23	12 34	4 22	5 17	17
15 Tuesday	7 22	0 35	5 28	6 15	15
16 Wednesday	9 21	1 38	6 32	7 12	12
17 Thursday	10 20	2 40	7 31	8 10	10
18 Friday	12 19	3 46	8 23	9 7	7
19 Saturday	13 18	4 53	9 8	5	5
20 Sunday	14 17	6 1	9 52	3	3
21 Monday	16 16	7 9	10 34	0	0
22 Tuesday	17 16	8 13	11 17	S 59	59
23 Wednesday	19 15	9 10	12 0	56	56
24 Thursday	20 14	9 59	0 1	54	54
25 Friday	21 13	10 41	0 44	52	52
26 Saturday	23 13	11 15	1 30	50	50
27 Sunday	24 12	11 45	2 19	45	45
28 Monday	25 12	12 13	3 13	47	47
29 Tuesday	26 11	0 39	4 20	45	45
30 Wednesday	7 28	4 10	1 51	5 38	42

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Oct. 10, '81—1m cod, wkly 2aw—pat

## FIRE! MARINE! LIFE!

—O—

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Charlottetown, April 4, 1881—4f

## Love Conquers Pride

She was a queer conglomeration. So Frank Hartley had thought many a time, and was still thinking as he paced up and down the room, the smoke from his cigar curling gracefully around his handsome head, and his strong shapely hands folded behind his back.

He laughed softly to himself as he recalled the first night, only a few months ago, when he had met Mab Cleveland. He had thought it at first sight rather an interesting face, but too proud, and his interest was quickened only when he saw it soften and change under the influence of her music.

Strolling up to her in his usual manner, with that careless air of nonchalance, he began complimenting her in the style he generally adopted, when praising his lady friends.

"I enjoyed your performance so very much, Miss Cleveland. It really raises one quite out of the ordinary world, to listen to such execution; it fairly thrilled my soul."

The gray eyes were lifted to his with just a dash of scorn in them, and the red lips curled quite perceptibly.

"You would scarcely speak of one of Mendelssohn's songs as a performance, if you were raised out of the ordinary world as you say, neither would your soul be thrilled, as you phrase it, by simple execution. Excuse my plain speaking; but accept my advice never to converse on topics such as music, your own soul, etc., about which you know nothing," and rising she left him to his meditations, which were none of the pleasantest.

He was not in the habit of being squelched, so to speak, and he determined to know better any lady who dare attempt it. He would cultivate this Miss Cleveland, and see if she was always so peppery in her remarks. And he had found her—how? That there was much in her loveable, much that was not. The proud, untamed spirit rebelled at any authority from another weaker than itself, and Miss Mab seldom met her match, never yet her master.

How often her will and his had clashed, and how often, too, she had vanquished him in their mimic battles by her adroit use of sarcasm—his special detestation—he did not care to remember. Yet how often on the other hand he had seen her evince a sweetness of character, a depth of heart totally unlooked for. On his way home he had met Tom Brown, who had accosted him with:

"See here, old fellow, who's this Miss Cleveland you are playing the devoted to now? Is she pretty? Give us an idea of the latest innamorata, who has taken you captive. Come, out with it, old fellow, what is she like?"

What was she like, he had queried, as after ridding himself of Brown, he sauntered along. Unlike any one he had ever known before without a doubt; with her face which changed so with each motion passing over it, that he hardly knew whether she was pretty or not. To be sure the features were only fair, save the mouth with its fine curves, and the delicate dimpled chin, made the lower part of the face lovely. But the eyes were what attracted him—sometimes big and solemn, and opened to their widest extent, now shining with laughter, now dewy with tears, but showing, always, that behind them dwelt an earnest spirit, not easily subdued nor turned aside from its course. Frank Hartley remembered, too, when he had seen these eyes flash with anger and scorn—had seen them glitter hard and cold, when their owner was hearing of an act of falsehood or injustice, for her sense of honor, of right and wrong, was very keen.

Would love tame her? That was what he was trying to decide. If with her whole earnest heart she loved him, would that love conquer sarcasm, pride, and all that was alien to itself?

"If only I knew whether her love would bless or curse my life," he thought aloud, as he drew out his watch. "I'd ask her this very night to make me the happiest or most miserable man on earth. Why not be governed by her mood to-night, and either win, or lose her, either love or leave her, as fate and she will it?"

With him to will was to do, and as he was to escort her to an assembly, he knew he would have an opportunity. If none offered itself, he would make one; for obstacles always made him the more determined to succeed. Hence, he could understand how hard it would be for Mab to yield, and that nothing but a strong, mighty love would ever make her.

"Come in, Mr. Hartley," said Mab's pretty cousin, Amy. "I don't think you will have long to wait, though Mab has been out on one of her quixotic errands to-day, and was late about dressing."

"And if I may inquire, what had so interested your cousin to-day, as to make her forget that extremely interesting time for all you ladies—the dressing hour? What was it—shopping, calling, or what?"

"Oh, nothing so wise as that I assure

you. She has actually been down to that horrid place, Jay Lane, hunting up one of her Sunday school boys. She found the little fellow sick, and so glad to see her, that as usual, she forgot everything, to stay with him, and of course came home tired out and late. No one knows what horrible disease she may catch in that place. I'm sure I'd never go one step," and the pretty face showed supreme contempt for Jay Lane, little boys, and poverty generally.

How like Mab it was, Frank thought. Her warm, loving heart took the little sick boy right in. There was no pride or sarcasm there; all the sweetness of her nature, so hidden from sight, had risen responsive to the call of pity, as it always did. If only the two other traits could be buried forever, he thought.

She came down presently, and it seemed to him, looking sweeter than ever before. Her cheeks were slightly flushed; was it with welcome for him? Her eyes were bright with something; was it love for him? Her mouth was sweet and tender as a child's. How long would it last, he wondered. Did she know what was in his mind, and was leading him captive? Would he ever forget that evening, he thought, long afterward; how sweet and alluring she was, how piquant her witty remarks how gay her spirits, until he had asked her not to dance with Major Bower, who was not a suitable partner for her, he had said.

"And why not Mr. Hartley?" drawing herself up proudly. "I know of no reason why I should refuse to keep my word with him, and most certainly shall."

"I cannot tell you why Miss Mab; but is not my request of enough importance to you to comply with it? I ask you again not to dance with him," and his voice had almost a command in it which nettled her.

"And I must refuse, a second time, to comply," and her cheeks flushed hotly.

"Do you not know why I am so particular about you? Do you not know it is because I love you so madly, so foolishly, that I will not see you in that man's arm?"

"Will not, Mr. Hartley? Take care; that is hardly a lover's way to speak to me, certainly not the way to forward your suit."

"Forgive me Mab; but will not your love for me, if you have any, be strong enough to make you yield to me in this little matter? My darling, be true to yourself, to your nobler womanhood, and let love conquer pride for my sake," and he drew her gently toward him.

But she sprang back, love and anger both struggling for mastery. Should she yield to this man at last, after so long a resistance? Should she become meek and submissive as other girls did? If she gave it now she knew she must acknowledge herself conquered, but knowing that to be conquered by love would be sweeter far than all the victories her pride would gain. She could not do it, and, closing her eyes to all the results which would follow, she stepped forward to meet Major Bower, who had come to the conservatory to seek her, and, taking his arm, deliberately trampled her love under foot, and pride gained the victory.

"Fool that I was to think she ever would love me as I had imagined—my wife must love me," Frank Hartley muttered under his heavy moustache. "It is the last time she shall ever play with me in this fashion, for I'll never look on her face again."

And the next day Mab's cousin informed her that Frank Hartley had started for Europe in the greatest hurry, no one knew how, but that it was very strange he had not come to bid them good-by—didn't she think so, with a curious look at the white, proud face.

He had gone then; well, what more could she expect? She had spoiled his life and her own, too, she cried, while bitter tears rose to her eyes. Where now was the glory of her victory? Did it make her heartache less bitter—would it bring him back to her? No; he was too proud to ever come back to her after her heartless, unwomanly treatment of him, she well knew. And what a blank seemed the future to her without him!

Yes, she loved him with all the intensity of her strong nature—loved him more than father or mother, or the whole world beside. And yet she had refused his love, had driven him away, and all for self-will.

"From this day I will begin to conquer myself," as with white, drawn face she thought of the dreary, dreary days to come. "I can at least learn that lesson from this great sorrow, and I will learn it well."

Ah, Mab, there was true gold in you after all; it only needed the refining of trial to bring it out. Three years passed away, and still Frank Hartley reappeared through European scenes, striving to crush the one great passion of his life. He had tried to forget the one face that would haunt him continually. He had sought amid the gay circles of Paris, the awful grandeur

of Mont Blanc, the sunny brightness of fair Florence, to blot out the face of Mab Cleveland from his mind; but his thoughts would return to her, and he would often find himself wondering if she had changed in all these long months, whether she had yet learned the lessons of love he would have taught her.

Strolling through the Champs Elysees on a lovely spring day, watching the little groups of children and nurses who were always to be found there in abundance, his eye was suddenly caught by a graceful figure, strangely familiar, leading a little fair-haired boy by the hand. Could it be Mab? Impossible! And yet he could not be mistaken. He would know that stately carriage of the head anywhere.

But how came she here, and with that child? Was she married—and a keen pang shot through his heart at the thought. She was approaching him, and as he hesitated, dreading yet longing to meet her, she raised her eyes and saw him. The quick blood rushed to her cheeks, then receded, leaving it paler than before, and, bending her head gracefully, she said: "Mr. Hartley, is it really you, after all these years? You have changed very little."

"And you, Miss Cleveland—I beg your pardon, Mrs.——" And he paused for an answer.

"Miss Cleveland, still." How the load was lifted from his heart. "And at present holding the highly honorable office of nursery governess to Mrs. Talbot's children. You remember her, do you not—a sort of cousin of mine?"

"Remember her—of course"—his mind in a whirl; "but may I ask why you are here with her in that capacity?"

"Have you not heard of our troubles? But I suppose not. Just after you left home—how her face tingled at the thought of the past—father's business trouble began, which ended a year ago in a total failure. You know how proud he always was, and can understand how he sank under the shock, and died two months later."

How he longed to have been there to have comforted her, poor little girl. "Mrs. Talbot kindly offered me a home, but not liking to live on charity," and the figure was drawn proudly up—"I became governess to the children, and came abroad with them. That is all," and the proud mouth quivered, as he had seen it so often do in the past.

"And quite enough, I should think, for you to bear," he said, thinking what a cross it must have been for her to descend from her proud estate. "May I walk back to the hotel with you, and hear about home and the dear friends still left there?"

It did not take many walks through charming Paris for him to discover that here at last was his ideal of her personified; that in the trials through which she had passed she had risen far above the girl of three years ago, in nobleness of character in all that makes woman the guiding star of man's life, its chief joy and blessing.

He told her so one moonlight night, as they were returning from a long drive from the environs of Paris, and manfully, yet humbly, asked her to be his wife. What different love-making from that other scene. There was no will against will, no proud struggle to keep up her pride; it was simply a confession of love each for the other, a perfect reliance of one of the truth and faith of the other, a true betrothal for time and eternity.

So love gained the battle after all, and in the long years of after-blessedness which followed them, they realized how wise was the Providence which had made them capable of knowing in what true happiness consisted before giving it to them in all its fulness.

## Removed.

MRS. W. W. IRVING begs to notify her friends and the public generally that she has opened her Fall and Winter Classes for Painting and Drawing in all their different branches.

For terms, etc., apply at her Studio—residence of Mr. Peebles, South Side of King Square. [au 29 if

## CHANGE OF TIME.

PICTOU AND HALIFAX.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, the 17th inst., the STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S STEAMERS

Will Leave Charlottetown for Pictou Landing at Six o'clock in the Morning,

instead of at Half-past seven as during the summer months.

By order, FRED. W. HALES,  
Secretary Steam Navigation Company.  
Oct. 13, 1881—10f

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Pans,  
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At Greatly Reduced Prices for Cash.

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