

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.

NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 4, 1882

VOL. 10.—NO. 35.

SELLING OFF

—A T—

W. A. HUTCHESON'S.

I shall Sell off my Stock of Groceries at
COST.

Parties wishing to get their **GROCERIES** Cheap should call at once and leave their orders.

GOOD TEA, 25, 30 and 33 cents; CRACKERS, 4 to 14 cents; MOLASSES, 47 cents; RAISINS, 10 cents; CURRANTS, 8 cents. SUGAR, 8 cents.

A large lot of CONFECTIONERY from 15 to 20 cents; lot CHRISTMAS GOODS, very cheap; and sundry other articles too numerous to mention—all at cost for Cash only.

W. A. HUTCHESON,

109 UPPER QUEEN STREET

Dec. 16, 1881—3m eod, wkly

BRITISH WAREHOUSE, QUEEN SQUARE.

W. & A. BROWN & CO.

In their FANCY GOODS DEPARTMENT

Have just opened a large assortment of Novelties and Fancy Ware suitable for the Xmas season.

Dec. 9, 1881.

W. & A. BROWN & CO.

DECEMBER!

PERKINS & STERNS

Will, during this month, offer the Balance of their

Knit Wool Goods, Hats, Bonnets, Mantles, Ulsters and Furs,

AT GREAT BARGAINS IN ORDER TO CLEAR

AN IMMENSE STOCK OF

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods of Every Description, at
VERY LOW PRICES.

On Monday, December 5th, we will open 7 cases of Fancy Goods, suitable for Christmas and New Year's Presents.

PERKINS & STERNS.

Charlottetown, Dec. 3, 1881.

AT COST!

Readymade Clothing, Tweeds and Heavy Cloths,

AS I WANT TO CLOSE OUT MY STOCK IN THIS LINE.

Some Expensive Ladies' Cloth Mantles and Dolmans, and Fur Lined Cloaks, Sealettes and Colored Dress Goods.

AT A LARGE REDUCTION.

JUST OPENED AND MARKED LOW,

A Select Assortment of Flowers, Feathers, Velveteens, Ladies' Sacques, &c., &c.

R. W. TREMAINE,

83 QUEEN STREET

Nov. 1, 1881.

FIRE!

NORTHERN ASSURANCE CO.,
1 Moorgate Street, London.

Capital, £3,000,000 stg.

Every description of property insured at current rates, in town and country.

FRED. W. HYNDMAN,
Corner Queen and Water Streets,
Ch'town, Dec. 6, '81—tf

Herring. Herring.

100 bbls. Extra Fat No. 1, equal to Yarmouth Boaters.
100 quintals Codfish,
100 do. Hake,
12 casks Cod Oil,
300 Mackerel Barrels (good stock),
1000 bushels Fishing Salt.
On hand, a full supply of Cotton Duck, Bolt Rope, Hemp and Manila Cordage, Lins and Twines, Paints and Oils.
DAVID SMALL,
Queen's Wharf, Sept. 10, 1881.

SUBSCRIBE for the DAILY EXAMINER, the Cheapest and most Newsworthy Paper Published in the Provinces.

Bank of P. E. Island.

BANK OF P. E. ISLAND NOTES taken B at their face in exchange for Dry Goods, at the London House. GEO. DAVIES & CO.
Dec. 7, '81.

For Sale or to Let.

THAT Freehold Property, with a front of eighty feet on Fowling Street and eighty-four feet on Sydney Street, the House containing 15 large rooms and two Kitchens. Can be turned into one Dwelling by unlocking a door. Apply on the premises to MRS. BOSWALL.
March 12, 1881—tf

JACOBS OIL



THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM,

Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains,
Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

Preparation in Eleven Languages.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.
A. VOGELER & CO.,
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

CITIZENS' INSURANCE CO., OF CANADA.

SIR HUGH ALLAN,.....PRESIDENT.

Capital.....\$1,188,000
Deposited with Dominion Gov't.... 142,000

Fire, Life, Accident and Guarantee.

Risks taken in the above Company at moderate rates. (Farm Property and Isolated Dwellings a speciality.) Policies issued in office at Charlottetown. Losses settled promptly and liberally.

A. S. URQUHART,
General Agent for P. E. I.
Ch'town, Dec. 9, 1881—1m

W. C. BISHOP, SHIPPING

FORWARDING AGENT,
Marine Insurance Broker,

General Commission Agent,
50 BEDFORD ROW,
P. O. BOX 1 . . . HALIFAX, N. S.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION given to the Shipment of Lobsters and other Canned Goods, and collection of Custom Drawbacks thereon.

Hulls, Cargoes, and Freights insured in first-class offices at most favorable rates. Consignments of Produce solicited, and prompt returns guaranteed. Correspondence solicited and answered promptly.
Nov. 14, 1881—1yr

Queen Insurance Co'y OF ENGLAND.

CAPITAL - TWO MILLIONS STERLING.

Insurance effected on all kinds of Buildings, Merchandise and Produce. Also, on Vessels on the stocks.

Special rates for isolated residences. All Losses settled promptly.

GEORGE MACLEOD (Union Bank),
Agent for Prince Edward Island.
Jan 7]

TO LET.

THE BRICK HOUSE adjoining the residence of Mr. ARCHD. KENNEDY, Water Street; also the premises adjoining, lately occupied by the "Examiner Printing Co." Apply to the owner.

JOHN INGS.
Ch'town, Sept. 7, 1881.

LOOK YOU HERE.

STOVEPIPE. STOVEPIPE.

THE subscriber is now making an assortment of

Stovepipe and Tiaware.

Best quality, which he is selling cheap for Cash. Tinware and Stovepipe, all kinds, made to order. Special prices to wholesale dealers.

Orders for fitting up Stoves promptly and carefully attended to.

Orders solicited. Shop opposite Dr. Jenkin's residence, Queen Street.

R. RODD,
Practical Tinsmith.
Charlottetown, Sept. 30, '81 -3m

Old Times.

There's a beautiful song on the slumbersome air
That drifts through the valley of dreams;
It comes from a clime where the roses were,
And a tuneful heart, and bright brown hair,
That waves in the morning beams.

Soft eyes of azure, and eyes of brown,
And now white forelocks are there;
A glimmering cross and a glittering crown,
A thorny bed and a couch of down,
Lost hopes and leadlets of prayer.

A rosy leaf and a dimpled hand,
A ring and a plighted vow;
Three golden rings on a broken hand,
A tiny trace of the snow white sand,
A tear and a sinless brow.

There's a tincture of grief in the beautiful
song
That sobbs on the summer air;
And loneliness felt in the festive throng,
Sinks down in the soul as it trembles along
From a clime where the roses are.

We heard it first at the dawn of day,
And it mingled with matin chimes;
But years have distanced the beautiful lay,
And its memory floweth so swiftly away,
And we call it now "Old Times."

THE WAR-TRAIL!

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

After giving way to a pang of disappointment, I began to think of the position in which I had placed myself. It is true I was now relieved from the feeling of awe that, but a moment before, had oppressed me; but my situation was far from being a pleasant one. I was at least thirty miles from the rancheria, and I could not tell in what direction it lay. The sun was setting, and therefore I had the points of the compass; but I had not the slightest idea whether we had ridden eastward or westward, after leaving the settlements. I might ride back on my own trail; perhaps I might; it was a doubtful point. Neither through the timber, nor on the open prairie, had the chase gone in a direct line. Moreover, I noticed in many places, as we glided swiftly along, that the turf was cut up by numerous hoof-tracks; droves of mustangs had passed over the ground. It would be no easy matter for me to retrace the windings of that long gallop.

One thing was evident; it would be useless for me to make the attempt before morning. There was not half an hour of sun left, and at night the trail could not be followed. I had no alternative but to remain where I was until another day broke.

But how remain? I was hungry; still worse, I was choking with thirst. Not a drop of water was near; I had seen none for twenty miles. The long hot ride had made me thirst to an unusual degree, and my poor horse was in a similar condition. The knowledge that no water was near, added, as it always does, to the agony, and rendered the physical want more difficult to be endured.

I scanned the bottom of the barranca, and I tracked it with my eye as far as I could see; it was waterless as the plain itself. The rocks rested upon dry sand and gravel; not a drop of the wished-for element appeared within its bed, although it was evident that at some time a torrent must have swept along its channel.

After some reflection, it occurred to me that by following the barranca downward, I might find water; at least, this was the most likely direction in which to search for it. I rode forward, therefore, directing my horse along the edge of the chasm. The fissure deepened as I advanced, until, at the distance of a mile from where I first struck it, the gulf yawned fully fifty feet into the plain, the sides still preserving their vertical steepness!

The sun had now gone down, the twilight promised to be a short one. I dared not traverse the plain in the darkness; I might ride over the precipitous edge of the barranca. Besides, it was not the only one; I saw there were others—smaller ones—the beds of tributary streams in times of rain. These branched off diagonally or at right angles, and were more or less deep and steep.

Night was fast closing over the prairie; I dared not ride further amid these perilous abysses. I must soon come to a halt, without finding water. I should have to spend the long hours without relief. The thought of such a night was fearful.

I was still riding slowly onward, mechanically conducting my horse, when a bright object fell under my eyes, causing me to start in my saddle with an exclamation of joy. It was the gleam of water. I saw it in a westerly direction, the direction in which I was going. It was a small lake, or—in the phraseology of the country—a pond. It was not in the bottom of the ravine, where I had hitherto been looking for water, but upon the high prairie. There was no timber around it, no sedge; its shores were without vegetation of any kind, and its surface appeared to correspond with the level of the plain itself.

I rode forward with joyful anticipations, yet not without some anxiety. Was it a mirage? It might be—often had I been deceived by such appearances.

But no; it had not the filmy, gauze-like halo that hangs over the mirage. Its outlines were sharply defined by the prairie turf, and the last lingering rays of the sun glistened upon its surface. It was water!

Fully assured of this, I rode forward at a more rapid rate.

I had got within two hundred paces of the spot, keeping my eyes fixed upon the glistening water, when all at once my horse started, and drew back! I looked ahead to discover the cause. The twilight had nearly passed, but in the obscurity I could still distinguish the surface of the prairie. The barranca again frowned before, running transversely across my path. To my chagrin, I perceived that the chasm had made a sudden turn, and that the pond was on its opposite side.

TO BE CONTINUED.
Interesting to R. T. Holman.

A San Francisco paper reports:—"The petition of William Irvine for special letters of administration on the estate of Emeline L. Haslam was filed yesterday. The petition sets out that she died in this city November 27th, 1881, and had no known relatives in this State; that the Public Administrator found among her papers two documents purporting to be her last will and testament; that petitioner was attorney for deceased, and is the principal creditor; that litigation to which deceased was a party in reference to a part of her property in San Francisco is pending; that one of the executors named in the will of the latest date is dead and the other resides near Mokelumme Hill; that the executor named in the will of older date is said to reside in Prince Edward Island.

The older will is dated San Francisco, November 16th, 1868, and signed Emeline L. Mathewson; it is witnessed by Howell Powell and Joel S. Blatchy. The latest will is dated May 26th, 1879, and is signed by Emeline L. Haslam. The former is written on ordinary legal cap paper, and the latter on a printed form. The will of oldest date nominates testator's nephew, George King Peterson of Mokelumme Hill, California, and, also, Major Joseph Daniels of San Francisco. This will directs that testatrix's body shall be inclosed in an iron coffin, and that an iron railing, to cost \$800, be placed around the grave.

This will consist of divers bequests of personal property, mostly in trust for legatees, relatives of testatrix. Among these are James Laidley Holman and a brother, Robert Troison Holman, of St. Leonors, Prince Edward Island; Amanda Holman and John Andrews, of Montreal, Canada, and others. The remainder of the estate is to be sold and proceeds divided, share and share alike, between Adeline Stout, Emma Mason, Merritt, Mrs. Mary Mason, Mrs. Julia Mason Norton, Ellis Mason, Amelia Mason, Mrs. Lucy Chase, Sarah Peterson, and Emeline Peterson Stocking.

The will of latest date bequeaths to testatrix's husband, James Haslam, all real and personal estate, and he is nominated as executor. In the event of his death, all the estate, with certain exceptions, is devised to Robert Tinson Holman, nephew of testatrix. The exceptions are—\$1000 to be equally divided between the daughters of Mary Knox Hammond, a sister of testatrix; \$1000 between the daughters of another sister, Elizabeth Peterson, and \$1000 between the daughters of Lydia Mason, deceased, another sister, and \$300 to a niece, Adeline Stout. This will nominates and appoints Robert Tinson Holman, as executor, and is witnessed by T. G. Jacques and Joseph O'Hare.

Personal.

THE Duke of Argyll has taken his bride on a yacht trip. She is his second mate, so the gossips say.

POOR men give away money as if they were rich. Rich men hang on to a nickel as if they might be poor.

"I know where the dark goes when morning comes," said little Claire. "It goes down cellar; it's dark there all day."

HALF a dozen young scapgraces are going about in Minnesota vaccinating the inhabitants of that enlightened State with maulage.

GEN. SICKLES has the best of the New York Gas Company. That is, he proved that all their metres registered four feet where only one was burned.

RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT, in a recent speech said:—"I do not hesitate to say that our Civil Services and our navy are the finest Civil Services and navy in the world." He referred to the English Civil Service, the Indian Civil Service, and the English navy.

MI-UNDERSTOOD: Miss Argent (anxious to discover the opinion of the new curate on her favorite costume)—"I hope you don't disapprove of jerseys, Mr. Bullock?" Rev. Mr. Bullock (on his hobby)—"Well, no, not exactly, although my experience leads me to prefer shorttrousers."—Lon. Punch.

THE Marquis of Lorne will, on the 4th of January, accompany the Princess Louise to the south of France, where her Royal Highness intends remaining for some time for the benefit of her health. After seeing the Princess settled there, his Excellency will return to England, and will sail on January 10th for Canada.

MR. BLAKE is truly a great man—as a senator. He professes to desire a still closer connection than that now existing between Canada and the empire; but shows his insincerity by sneering at the titles bestowed by the Queen upon prominent Canadians as marks of distinction and of favor. Mr. Blake is seldom consistent.

WHEN a Texas schoolmaster entered his temple of learning a few mornings ago he read on the blackboard the touching legend: "Our teacher is a donkey." The pupils expected there would be a combined cyclone and earthquake, but the philosophic pedagogue contented himself with adding the word "driver" to the legend, and opened the school with prayer, as usual.