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NEW SERIES

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1882.

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## THE DAILY EXAMINER

IS ISSUED EVERY EVENING.  
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AND GREAT GEORGE STREETS,  
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.

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THE above Hotel is now RE OPENED,  
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J. C. NROY.

Charlottetown, Dec. 3, 1881—6w law

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Parties from a distance can receive their  
grists at shortest notice.  
H. S. GATES,  
W. St. Royalty, Dec. 20—41 Law, waly 2m

## W. C. BISHOP, SHIPPING

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PARTICULAR ATTENTION given to the  
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Goods, and collection of Custom Drawbacks  
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Hulls, Carries, and Freight insured in  
first-class offices at most favorable rates.  
Consignments of Produce solicited, and  
prompt returns guaranteed.  
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promptly.  
Nov. 14, 1881—1yr

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THE subscriber is now making an assort-  
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Stovepipe and Thaware,

Best quality, which he is selling cheap for Cash.  
Tinware and Stovepipe, all kinds, made to  
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Orders solicited. Shop opposite Dr. Jen-  
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100 PIECES OF SPRING TWEEDS,  
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4 CASES HARD AND SOFT FELT HATS,  
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J. B. MACDONALD.

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For Scotch and English Tweeds or Worsted Suits,

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For Overcoats of all Descriptions,

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A complete line of Gents' Furnishings and Felt Hats, cheap, &c. &c.  
Remember the address, two doors above Apothecaries Hall Corner  
Charlottetown, Oct. 11, 1881.

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On Short Notice, in Good Style, at Cheap Prices,

## THE DAILY EXAMINER.

FEBRUARY 8, 1882

### OUR BOOKS.

It is much to be lamented that nine  
tenths of the men and women of to day  
do not make a wise choice in their reading  
matter. The great tendency of the read-  
ing world of the present day is to pursue  
anything, everything, in the shape of novel  
or flash paper that issues from the cor-  
rupted press of the United States, and to  
throw aside books which are really valu-  
able. The wheat is cast away, and the  
chaff is gathered up. The choice, pure,  
crystal gems of the great old English,  
Scottish and Irish writers, jewels that  
have survived the wreck of  
ages, are neglected, and their place  
is supplied by a useless and unwholy  
literature that only creates an unsatiable  
longing for something yet more exciting,  
something that shall still further debase  
the mind and hold fair reason enslaved in  
the meshes of corruption. There are hun-  
dreds and thousands to-day who could not  
name the writings of Spenser, Milton,  
Shakespeare, or Byron; but who are per-  
fectly familiar with half the flash novels  
published in America. There are hun-  
dreds of men in the United States who  
never wrote or published a page worth  
reading, but who have made independent  
fortunes in deluging the land with a litera-  
ture that is leading its youth deep into the  
mire of slang and impurity, from which  
they will reap a harvest of crime. It  
would be better for these men had they re-  
mained humble but honest—to use a harsh  
expression—for a livelihood gained by  
writing bad books surely cannot be honest,  
and the ruined lives and souls of those  
who will one day rise to confront them  
with their blood, will be a terrible retribu-  
tion. The words of Curran would suit  
them admirably. Curran was arguing a  
case before Judge Robinson, a man who  
had written a great many bad and worse  
than useless books. Curran at that time  
was very poor, and anxious to make his  
mark. He had declared, in combating  
some opinion of his adversary, that he had  
consulted all his law books, and he could  
not find a single case in which the prin-  
ciple contended for was established. "I  
suspect, sir," said the heartless blockhead  
Robinson, "I suspect that your law library  
is rather contracted." Curran eyed the  
judge a moment in the most ex-apt un-  
solicited silence: "It is very true, my lord, that I  
am poor, and that circumstance has certainly  
rather curtailed my library; my books are  
not numerous, but they are select, and I  
hope they have been perused with the  
proper dispositions. I have prepared my-  
self for this high position rather by the  
study of a few good books than by the  
composition of a great many bad ones."  
What wonder that Curran rose to be the  
ornament of the Irish bar, while Robinson  
died almost unknown to the outside world.

Before discussing upon what we should  
read, I must earnestly entreat the youth of  
this country not to degrade their minds and  
worse than waste their time in  
reading the accursed trash which has  
flooded the land, the wretched dime novels  
and flash papers which are arranged in a  
tempting manner on the counters and in  
the windows of almost every Bookseller.  
'Tis like the trail of a serpent through a  
bed of flowers, the slimy track remains; the  
sting has done its work, the poison has  
entered the stem, and innocence droops  
and dies. Let us shun this trash, as we  
would shun the fangs of the serpent, for  
both end in death. Let us not contaminate  
ourselves by venturing to read one sen-  
sational novel, lest we take a viper to our  
bosom. If we could to-day see before us  
all the harm, the crime, the ruined lives, if  
we could hear the wail of despair from  
hundreds who have been enticed by this  
literature from their comfortable country  
homes to the cess pools of the large cities,  
we would never suffer it to soil our fingers.  
Idleness, Rationalism, Atheism, Crime,  
follow the frequent perusal of such litera-  
ture, as surely as sunset follows sunrise. I  
have seen enough of such results to know  
that this is no fancy, but a stern reality.

My object in this essay is to draw the  
attention of the youth of our land—as far  
as I may be able—to what is really good in  
our literature, to what is truly ennobling,  
to the grand old works that can never  
perish, and to the lighter works, with which  
heavy reading must be relieved, that we  
may not run the risk of becoming too prosy,  
that, in avoiding Scylla, we may not strike  
upon Charybdis. The hours we spend  
among our books should be to us a time of  
pleasure, profit, and instruction, and when  
we lay them aside, we should do so feeling  
more refined and ennobled, better fitted to  
philosophically endure the trials and crosses  
of our daily life. We should think well  
upon the words we read, close our book,  
shut our eyes, repeat them to ourselves,  
digest them thoroughly, and let them sink  
deeply into our intellectual souls. This  
article is written in the humble hope that  
it may be a help in teaching others so to  
read, that it may assist in winning our  
young men and women from the pernicious  
literary taste which is subtly destroying  
their talents, and in directing their attention  
to a better order of books, and that it may  
awaken parents to the necessity of looking  
more closely to the reading matter of their  
children, to see that, when their sons leave  
college, and their daughters leave boarding  
school or seminary, they do not cast aside  
solid literature, and plunge into the vortex  
of novel reading; for it is a well-established  
fact that the constant reading of novels, the  
craving perusal of the impossible but in-  
genious plots which lend them their chief  
fascination, utterly destroy all taste for  
historical, scientific, or poetical works.

Let parents look to their own reading  
matter, and see that they do not themselves  
sow the seeds from which in after years  
they may gather a harvest of sorrow.  
Would that this might strike as a trumpet  
note from one ocean to the other, that it  
might go as a devouring flame, and sweep

from every shelf the relics of the worthless  
chaff they bear.

What did our fathers read? On a little  
shelf near the fireplace lay the Bible, hymn  
book, prayer book, a few religious and  
scientific or biographical works, with per-  
haps a poet or two—and who will say they  
were not better than we? As the world  
grows older it grows worse, and when in  
the olden time one youth forsook the path  
of rectitude, we now see scores following  
him, until the roads of sin are well beaten.  
Why so many defaulting cashiers, so many  
failing firms, so many lunatics, so many  
murderers, so many losing themselves in  
the sloughs of the city? Cannot much of  
it be directly traced to the sensational mat-  
ter parents permit their children to read?  
Yellow-backed novels form the staple read-  
ing matter of some happy home. The son  
becomes enamoured of them, and seeks in  
city life the pleasures thus conjured up in  
his mind. Step by step he falls. They  
fascinate the daughter; she sees the phan-  
tom, Fame, beckoning her before the foot-  
lights; and in imagination bows her thanks  
to the applauding multitude. She, too,  
seeks the city, and finds her pleasant dream  
was but a chimera. Disappointed and  
dejected, the fall from virtue is easy.  
There were none of these dark pictures in  
the "good old days gone by," when flash  
literature had not been called into exist-  
ence.

What shall we read? There is such vast  
range of standard works in every depart-  
ment of literature, that it is not  
difficult to make a selection of choice  
books, and he who has a few volumes  
of each, with some first-class periodi-  
cals, possesses a library of which he  
may well feel proud, and by adding to it  
year by year, he need never turn for plea-  
sure or amusement to questionable litera-  
ture.

We should peruse attentively standard  
biographies, and learn from them some-  
thing of the good and noble who have left  
behind them

"Footprints on the sands of time."  
It is there we may find models after which  
to mould our own characters, examples we  
may well imitate, and thus become better  
men, and when we, too, "shuffle off this  
mortal coil," leave a name that will not be  
forgotten.

Do we wish to know more of foreign  
lands? Then we can take up the travels  
and adventures of brave men who have  
penetrated to the very heart of those coun-  
tries, and whose works have a charm that  
we cannot resist; that carries us through  
strange scenes, and under strange skies,  
with a delight that goes straight to the soul,  
and almost unconsciously we become fam-  
iliar with the wonders and beauties of nature  
and art.

Do we prefer history? There is not the  
least difficulty in providing ourselves with  
truthful mirrors of the past, with works  
that lead us, step by step, from the dark  
shades of the night of barbarism, through  
the morning light of chivalry, into the  
bright and glorious day of civilization.  
Through this faithful lens we see the cur-  
tains of the past unroll, and gaze upon the  
men and deeds of bygone ages, and make  
them our own.

Do we delight in the mysteries of Science?  
How many a disputed authority are there  
to introduce us to this region of wonders,  
to show us a world in every atom, a nation  
in every leaf and blossom, to throw open to  
us the limitless majesty, and glory, and  
splendor of that vast firmament of worlds  
that glitter above us, till we are lost in  
admiration at the infinity of His creative  
power who holds the mighty waters in the  
palm of his hand.

Are we fond of poetry and the drama?  
We have such an ex-cessful mine of litera-  
ary jewels, so many gems, so many pearls  
of the first water, that we are almost be-  
wildered when we attempt to choose the  
best. All the passions of the human heart,  
all the phases of life, all the alternations  
of love, and hope, and fear; and despair, all  
the joys that brighten our souls, or sorrows  
and trials and disappointments that tear  
them asunder, all the grand and sublime  
thoughts of which man's mind can con-  
ceive, all the glowing imaginations and  
fancies in which one can dream away the  
golden hours, all the vicissitudes we pass  
through from the cradle to the grave, are  
set forth, in language sweet and pure, by  
those who, inspired by the chastening fires  
of experience, are fitted to awaken the  
various passions that lie dormant in human  
nature. Spenser, Milton, Shakespeare,  
Southey, Wordsworth, Byron, Moore,  
Tennyson, and hundreds of other true  
poets, have all appealed to some chord of  
the heart. What more sublime than  
"Paradise Lost"? What more chivalric  
than the strains of the "Trenadours"?  
What grander than the pages of the immor-  
tal Shakespeare—"Sweet Will of Avon,"—  
whose dramas shall survive the lapse of  
countless centuries? What more delightful  
than "Queen Mab"? What songs have  
gone deeper into a nation's soul than the  
melodies of Moore? What more dear to  
the hearts of Scots than Burns' gems, and  
what contains a more wonderful wealth of  
wit and of human nature than his "Tam  
O'Shanter"? What more fascinating than  
Byron's Eastern romances or Moore's  
"Lalla Rookh"? What purer than  
"Evangeline"? From the "Fairy Queen"  
to the "Idylls of the King," through all  
the wide ocean of poetry, whose tide has  
been sweeping on from from the days of  
Spenser to those of Tennyson, how much  
there is that has survived the wreck of  
ages, that will live to the end of time, and  
that should be familiar to us as "household  
words." While history and science are  
the bone and sinew of a nation's literature,  
poetry forms the arteries and veins, by  
which we read every pulsation of its being;  
for as its poetry, so will its advancement  
be. There is no one who needs tire of  
to try; for no matter what are his predom-  
inating passions and inclinations, some-  
one of Nature's singers have sent forth the  
very words that must awaken an echo in  
his inmost soul. There is no literature so  
ennobling, so purifying, so pleasing, so  
imaginative, so full of bright memories or

glad anticipations, so heart-searching, and  
so laden with all the varying moods of life,  
as the poetry that is too often neglected.  
If our readers would only turn oftener to  
those golden pages, instead of seeking less  
profitable recreation, they would find the  
hours flying too quickly.

Is fiction our favorite? There are more  
standard and instructive works in this  
branch than any of us can possibly expect to  
master. With such a brilliant array as Sir  
Walter Scott, Goldsmith, Dickens, Carleton,  
Washington Irving, Hawthorne— "the  
sweet and fascinating"—Lytton, Brooke,  
and a host of others, we need never dream  
of reading the questionable literature pro-  
duced by obscure writers, and which is  
more suitable for the gamins of New York  
than for the intelligent young men and  
women of this new nation. If the wild  
and miraculous is sought, the rich oriental  
imagery of the "Arabian Nights," and  
the marvels of "Din Quixote" can supply  
the want; but that is the limit to which  
one should trust his self in works of fiction,  
if he does not wish his literary tastes to be-  
come vitiated.

Do we incline to humour? Ward, Twain  
and scores of their calibre, are witty  
enough to enliven a whole nation with  
wholesome laughter.

Do we aim higher than all this, and seek  
in the Classics the grandest thoughts of  
man, the sublimity of human language?  
The arena is broad, and no one is forbidden  
to enter the lists. Around the groups of  
Greeks and Romans, whose mighty genius  
has illumined the world of letters, still  
shines, with a clear and mellow light—  
scarce dimmed through the long roll of  
ages—the halo of fame, the glory of their  
literary achievements, and it is ours to  
share in the beams of their radiance. But  
the greater number of our young men,  
when their college years are over, put aside  
their classics, instead of frequently perus-  
ing them in after life. Farmers' sons, at  
least those who intend to follow the ex-  
ample left them by their fathers, and till  
the soil, too seldom receive a classical edu-  
cation, it being regarded as unnecessary.  
In one sense of the word it is; but if they  
have the opportunity of acquiring it, they  
act unwisely in letting it pass unimproved,  
for the more highly a man is educated, the  
better farmer or mechanic he makes, as the  
consciousness of a superior education im-  
pels him to seek a place in the front rank  
of his calling, whatever it may be.

This leads me to address a few words  
particularly to farmers' sons. Don't throw  
aside your books as soon as you leave  
school. You will find plenty of leisure  
time, especially during the long winter  
evenings for improving your minds. En-  
deavour to know all about the soil, crops  
and stock, and to do this you must procure  
some of the Elementary Science, Chemistry,  
Botany, &c. Read Practical Mechanics.  
Read all the agricultural literature you  
can. Supply yourselves with good news-  
papers, and keep posted in the events, and  
discoveries, and improvements of the day.  
Open debating societies in every district,  
improve yourselves in every possible way,  
and in a few years it will be said that the  
farmers of P. E. I., in point of intelligence,  
as well as of independence, lead the world.  
It is yours to make the future bright, and  
one great means of doing so is by a careful  
selection of reading matter, and by prac-  
tising what it teaches.

If parents would look more closely to  
this really important matter, they could  
make their homes much happier. Let  
them provide their sons and daughters  
with good books, papers, magazines and  
music, and they will find it easier to keep  
them at home; they will not be so eager  
to seek in the city, pleasures found under  
the paternal roof; they will not rush off so  
quickly to Colorado or the Northwest if  
home is made cheerful and attractive by  
the means I have suggested. Home and  
home life, thus refined, would have an in-  
fluence that cannot easily cast off. Pro-  
vide less of costly farm machinery, and  
more of the works of art. For then you will  
have more willing hands and intelligent  
heads to assist you. There are very few  
farmers on P. E. I. who cannot afford  
to make their homes more bright and cheer-  
ful; for a comparatively small outlay in the  
direction above advocated, will yield a  
bountiful return; it will prevent your  
children from rushing, as soon as they are  
out of their teens, to help build up the  
Republic across the border. Make a be-  
ginning, and you will be surprised to find  
how easy it is to continue what is once well  
begun, and still more surprised at the  
lasting results. S. M. B.

Indian River, P. E. I.

The Baptist pastors of Chicago have de-  
clared themselves against professional  
rivalists of the usual kind, and for the  
following reasons: "They cultivate a dis-  
tinct, one-sided religious life. They give  
undue prominence to noisy and public  
efforts for saving souls. They produce the  
impression that religion is largely a matter  
of feeling. They savor too much of the  
burlesque and of buffoonery. They lower  
the dignity of the most solemn subj-  
ct which can engage men's attention. They  
put a premium upon ignorant and crude  
presentations of Gospel truth. They insult  
the intelligence of the age by making the  
unlearned and the unwise its religious  
teachers.

A new coal drift has been opened at  
Edmonton on the south bank of the Sas-  
katchewan river. The seam is identical  
with one worked last winter, and about  
thirty-three inches thick. It is in the face  
of the bank of the river, eighty or one hun-  
dred feet below the surface. The seam  
underlies the more thickly settled part of  
the town, so that the residents can be cer-  
tain of having fuel for at least the next one  
thousand years.

Nothing makes the earth seem so spacious  
as to have friends at a distance; they make  
the latitudes and longitudes.

Pelleville, Ontario, is to have an Indus-  
trial School for girls.