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NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1888.

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ALMANAC FOR NOVEMBER, 1888.

MOON'S CHANGES.
New Moon, 3rd day, 7h, 49m. a. m., S. E.
First Quarter, 10th day, 0h, 3.3m., p. m., E.
(below horizon.)
Full Moon, 18th day, 11h, 3.4m., a. m., N.
(below horizon.)
Last Quarter, 26th day, 1h, 8.0m., p. m., W.

DAY OF WEEK	Sun	Moon	High	Day's
	rises	sets	water	len ^h
1 Thursday	6 47	4 41	3 22	8 55
2 Friday	48	39	4 29	9 41
3 Saturday	50	38	5 58	10 25
4 Sunday	51	36	7 17	11 7
5 Monday	53	35	8 37	11 51
6 Tuesday	54	34	9 52	morn. 40
7 Wednesday	56	33	10 59	0 35
8 Thursday	57	31	11 56	1 23
9 Friday	58	29	12 43	2 16
10 Saturday	7 0	28	1 23	3 14
11 Sunday	1	27	1 53	4 25
12 Monday	3	26	2 20	5 43
13 Tuesday	4	25	2 44	6 53
14 Wednesday	6	24	3 7	7 50
15 Thursday	7	22	3 29	8 34
16 Friday	8	21	3 52	9 13
17 Saturday	10	20	4 18	9 49
18 Sunday	11	19	4 46	10 23
19 Monday	13	19	5 18	10 55
20 Tuesday	14	18	5 56	11 29
21 Wednesday	16	17	6 43	12 1
22 Thursday	17	16	7 32	0 41
23 Friday	18	15	8 31	1 20
24 Saturday	20	14	9 33	2 2
25 Sunday	21	13	10 39	2 51
26 Monday	23	12	11 48	3 49
27 Tuesday	24	12	morn.	5 0
28 Wednesday	25	11	0 58	6 19
29 Thursday	26	11	2 11	7 28
30 Friday	7 28	4 10	3 27	8 27

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OF THE

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

For tickets and other information apply to G. A. SHARP, F. W. HALE, P. E. I. Ry., P. E. I. Steam Nav. Co. or to your nearest Ticket Agent.

May 7, 1888—wky

JAMES A. MORRISON. GEORGE MUSGRAVE

MORRISON & MUSGRAVE,

BROKERS

—AND—

Commission Merchants,

HALIFAX

Consignments of Island produce will receive prompt attention.

REFERENCERS: Thomas Fyche, Esq., Cashier Bank of Nova Scotia, Halifax; George Macleod, Manager Bank of Nova Scotia Charlottetown.

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1 EAST CHEAP AND 9 & 14 MINING LANE,
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Oct 24, 1887—

THIS PAPER may be found on file at GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 110 Spruce Street, where contracts may be made for it.

NEW YORK.

HARRIS New Winter Clothing.

now open,

Mens' Nap Reefers,

Mens' Nap Overcoats,

Boys' Overcoats,

Boys' Reefers,

Felt Hats, Caps,

Gloves, Hosiery,

LOW PRICES FOR CASH.

Charlottetown, October 15, 1888.

JAMES PATON & CO'S

POPULAR STORE.

NEW CLOTHING ROOMS.

STOCK JUST IN!

PEOPLE MUST HAVE CLOTHING, and want the Best Value for their Money.

DON'T BUY without first seeing our Flannel and Dress Shirts, Hats, Caps, Furs, Gloves, Ties, Collars.

DON'T BUY without seeing our New OVERCOATS.

A Great Bargain also in WARM UNDERCLOTHING. Special Qualities in Scotch Lambswool UNDERWEAR!!!

JAMES PATON & CO.,
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Ch'town, Oct. 18, 1888.

A Large Stock of German Flannels,

IN PLAIDS AND STRIPES,

Just Opened at Stanley Bros'.

CHILDRENS' UNDERCLOTHING, CHEAP,

At Stanley Brothers'.

LADIES' UNDERCLOTHING,

A Large Stock at Stanley Bros', Brown's Block.

ULSTER CLOTHS, DRESS GOODS, TRIMMINGS & PLUSHES,

Now Opening at Stanley Bros'.

September 15, 1888—wky

CHARTER OAK STOVES

WE guarantee the "CHARTER OAK" STOVES and RANGES, with the wonderful WIRE GAUZE OVEN DOOR, to be the most perfect Cooking Apparatus made. In 10 lbs. of Meat roasted in a "Charter Oak" Oven there is a loss of 1 lb., and in the ordinary tight Oven the loss is from 3 to 4 lbs., caused by evaporation of juices.

Made in 18 Sizes and Styles for Soft Coal and Wood.

We will be pleased to show samples, and can refer customers to many families in City and Country who are using "CHARTER OAK" Stoves, and are delighted with their working.

DODD & ROGERS.

CHARLOTTETOWN.

aug30—2aw & wky

The Favorite

Medicine for Throat and Lung Difficulties has long been, and still is, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It cures Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, and Asthma; soothes irritation of the Larynx and Fauces; strengthens the Vocal Organs; allays soreness of the Lungs; prevents Consumption, and, even in advanced stages of that disease, relieves Coughing and induces Sleep. There is no other preparation for diseases of the throat and lungs to be compared with this remedy.

"My wife had a distressing cough, with pains in the side and breast. We tried various medicines, but none did her any good until I got a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which has cured her. A neighbor, Mrs. Glenn, had the measles, and the cough was relieved by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have no hesitation in recommending this to every one afflicted."—Robert Horton, Foreman Healdlight, Morrilton, Ark.

"I have been afflicted with asthma for forty years. Last spring I was taken with a violent cough, which threatened to terminate my days. Every one pronounced me in consumption. I determined to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Its effects were magical. I was immediately relieved and continued to improve until entirely recovered."—Joel Bullard, Guilford, Conn.

"Six months ago I had a severe hemorrhage of the lungs, brought on by an incessant cough which deprived me of sleep and rest. I tried various remedies, but obtained no relief until I began to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. A few bottles of this medicine cured me."—Mrs. E. Coburn, 19 Second st., Lowell, Mass.

"For children afflicted with colds, coughs, sore throat, or croup, I do not know of any remedy which will give more speedy relief than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have found it, also, invaluable in cases of Whooping Cough."—Ann Lovejoy, 1207 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

Cough Medicine

to every one afflicted."—Robert Horton, Foreman Healdlight, Morrilton, Ark.

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Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

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Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

NEW MUSIC,

By Rev. Fred E. J. Lloyd.

Twelve Tunes for Familiar Hymns,

PRICE, THE SET, 25 CENTS.

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OUR JOHN STAINER, Mus. Doc., late of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, writes:—"Your tunes are melodious and well written."

T. Lewis, Esq., Mus. Doc., President of the Guild of Organists, London, England, writes:—"Thank you for your excellent tunes; they are worthy of being sung by our best Cathedral Choirs."

They have also been favorably reviewed by the Montreal Gazette, Quebec Chronicle, Canadian Church Magazine, and by the Church Times of London, and they are used in a large number both of Canadian and English Churches.

CLASSWARE.

RECEIVED PER STEAMER "WORCES- TER," from Boston, an assortment of Table and other LAMPS, which, together with DINER, TEA, DESSERT and other GLASSWARE, are offered for sale at the lowest possible prices. LAMP CHIMNIES of many kinds constantly on hand.

J. B. POLLARD,
No. 291 Kent Street.

THE NEW RACE COURSE

Is a Good Idea,

—BUT—

THE OLD RACE COURSE

—TO—

HARRIS' TINSTORE

—FOR—

Stovepipe, Coal Hods, Bake Pans, Elbows, etc., must be continued.

Just Above Apothecaries' Hall Corner.

FITTING UP STOVES A SPECIALTY.

L. W. HARRIS.

oct16—ly & wky if

THE BLEW RAPPER

—IS—

The Cheapest,

The Purest

Baking Powder

SOLD ABOVE GROUND.

TRY IT and be CONVINCED.

sey27

Oh, to be Something.

BY REV. S. W. CLARKE.

"But covet earnestly the best gifts."—1 Cor. 12:31.

Oh, to be something, something!
Something, dear Lord, would I be.
Vessel of clay, or golden,
So be it fashioned by Thee.
Set into firmness unyielding,
As through the furnace I pass,
Dross in the fire consuming,
Thine image reflect like glass.

Oh, to be something, something;
Vessel of honor, if so,
Filled with Thy fullness, ever
My life may be made to overflow.
Full to the utmost limit,
Cheering the thirsty around,
Sparkling like living waters,
Flowing through barrenest ground.

Oh, to be something, something;
Something, dear Lord, would I be.
Herald, to run at Thy bidding,
Or standing, most patiently;
Learning the needful lesson
For those that would serve at Thy gate,
That often the highest service,
Is only to stand and wait.

Oh, to be something, something;
Lord, choose Thou what it shall be,
Vessel of clay or golden,
So it be fashioned by thee.
Self on Thine altar laying,
Waiting Thy promise of fire,
Gracious, refining Spirit,
Grant now my longing desire.

Oh, to be something, something;
Something, dear Master, for Thee.
Gifts, rich and rare, are promised,
I covet them earnestly.
My faith it shall never waver,
My heart I will open wide;
Oh, fill me with all of Thy fullness,
And keep Thou me close to Thy side.

GOLDEN RULE.

THE FAIR GOD.

By Lew Wallace.

CHAPTER VI.
(Continued.)

The paba turned, and knelt and kissed the pavement.

"Oh, king, pardon your slave! He was dreaming of his country."

"No slave of mine, but Quetzal's. Up, Mualox!" said Montezuma, throwing back the hood that covered his head. "Holy should be the dust that mingles in your beard!"

And the light from the tower shone full on the face of him—the priest of lore profound, and monarch wise of thought, for whom Heaven was preparing a destiny most memorable among the melancholy episodes of history.

A slight moustache shaded his upper lip, and thin, dark beard covered his chin and throat; his nose was straight, his brows curved archly; his forehead was broad and full, while he seemed possessed of strength. His neck was round, muscular, and encircled by a collar of golden wires. His manner was winsome, and he spoke to the kneeling man in a voice clear, distinct, and sufficiently emphatic for the king he was.

Mualox arose, and stood with downcast eyes, and hands crossed over his breast.

"Many a coming of stars it has been," he said, "since the old shrine has known the favor of gift from Montezuma. Gloom of clouds in a vale of firs is not darker than the mood of Quetzal; but to the poor paba, your voice, O king, is welcome as the song of the river in the ear of the thirsty."

The king looked up at the fire on the tower.

"Why should the mood of Quetzal be dark? A new *teocalli* holds his image. His priests are proud; and they say he is happy, and that when he comes from the golden land, his canoe will be full of blessings."

Mualox sighed, and when he ventured to raise his eyes to the king's, they were wet with tears.

"Oh, king, you have forgotten that chapter of the *teomocilli*, (the Divine Book, or Bible), in which is written how the Cu was built, and its first fires lighted, by Quetzal himself? The new pyramid may be grand; its towers may be numberless and its fires far reaching as the sun itself; but hope not that will satisfy the god while his own house is desolate. In the name of Quetzal, I, his true servant, tell you, never again look for smile from Tlapallan."

The paba's speech was bold, and the king frowned; but in the eyes of the venerable man there was the unaccountable fascination mentioned by Itz'il.

"I remember the Mualox of my father's day; surely he was not as you are!" Then, laying his hand on the 'tzin's arm, the monarch added, "Did you not say the holy man had something to tell me?"

Mualox answered, "Even so, O king! Few are the friends left the paba, now that his religion and god are mocked; but the 'tzin is faithful. At my bidding he went to the palace. Will Montezuma go with his servant?"

"Where?"

"Only into the Cu."

The monarch faltered.

"Dread be from you!" said Mualox. "Think you it is as hard to be faithful to a king as to a god whom even he has abandoned?"

Montezuma was touched. "Let us go," he said to the 'tzin.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PROPHECY ON THE WALL.

Mualox led them into the tower. The light of purple lamps filled the sacred place, and dappled softly around the idol, before they bowed. Then he took a light from the altar, and conducted them to the *acoteas*, and down into the courtyard, from whence they entered a hall leading on into the Cu.

The way was labyrinthine, and both the king and the 'tzin became bewildered; they only knew that they descended several stairways, and walked a considerable distance; nevertheless, they submitted themselves entirely to their guide, who went forward without hesitation. At last he stopped; and, by the light which he held up for the purpose, they saw in a wall an aperture roughly excavated, and large enough to admit them singly.

"You have read the Holy Book, wise kings," said Mualox. "Can you not read it?"

[To Be Continued.]

saying that, before the founding of the Tenochtitlan, a Cu was begun, with chambers to lie under the bed of the lake? Especially, do you not remember the declaration that, in some of those chambers, besides a store of wealth so vast as to be beyond the calculation of men, there were prophecies to be read, written on the walls by a god?

"I remember it," said the king.

"Give me faith, then, and I will show you all you there read."

Thereupon the paba stepped into the aperture, saying:

"Mark! I am now standing under the eastern wall of the old Cu."

He passed through, and they followed him, and were amazed.

"Look around, O king! You are in one of the chambers mentioned in the Holy Book."

The light penetrated a short distance, so that Montezuma could form no idea of the extent of the department. He would have thought it a great natural cavern but for the floor smoothly paved with alternate red and grey flags, and some massive stone blocks rudely piled up in places to support the roof.

As they proceeded, Mualox said, "On every side of us there are rooms through which we might go till, in stormy weather, the waves of the lake can be heard breaking overhead."

In a short time they again stopped.

"We are nearly there. Son of a king, is your heart strong?" said Mualox solemnly.

Montezuma made no answer.

"Many a time," continued the paba, "your glance has rested on the tower of the old Cu, then flashed to where, in prouder state, your pyramids rise. You never thought the grey pile you smiled at was the humblest of all Quetzal's works. Can a man, though a king, outdo a god?"

"I never thought so; I never thought so." But the mystic did not notice the deprecation.

"See," he said, speaking louder, "the pride of man says, I will build upward that the sun may show my power; but the gods are too great for pride; so the sun shines not on their especial glories, which as frequently lie in the earth and sea as in the air and heaven. O, mighty king! You crush the worm under your sandal, never thinking that its humble life is more wonderful than all your temples and state. It was the same folly that laughed at the simple tower of Quetzal, which has mysteries—"

"Mysteries!" said the king.

"I will show you wealth enough to restock the mines and visited valleys with all their plundered gold and jewels."

"You are dreaming, paba."

"Come, then; let us see!"

They moved past some columns, and came before a great, arched doorway, through which streamed a brilliance like day.

"Now, let you souls be strong!"

They entered the door, and for a while were blinded by the glare, and could see only the floor covered with grains of gold large as wheat. Moving on, they came to a great stone table, and stopped.

"You wonder; and so did I, until I was reminded that a god had been here. Look up, and see the handiwork of Quetzal!"

The chamber was broad and square. The obstruction of many pillars, forming the stay of the roof, was compensated by their lightness and wonderful carving. Lamps, lit by Mualox, in anticipation of the royal coming, blazed in all quarters. The ceiling was covered with lattice-work of shining white and yellow metals, the preciousness of which was palpable to eyes accustomed like the monarch's, where the bars crossed each other, there were fanciful representations of flowers, wrought in gold, some of them large as shields and garnished with jewels that burned with star-like fire. Between the columns, up and down ran rows of brazen tables, bearing urns and vases of the royal metals, higher than tall men, and carved all over with gods in bas-relief, not as hideous caricatures, but beautiful as love and Grecian skill could make them. Between the vases and urns there were heaps of rubies and pearls and brilliants, amongst which looked out softly the familiar pale-green lustre of the *chalchicuitl*, or priceless Aztec diamond, a kind of emerald, used altogether by the nobility. And here and there like guardians of the buried beauty and treasure, statues looked down from tall pedestals, crowned and armed, as became the kings and demigods of a great and martial people. The monarch was speechless. Again and again he surveyed the golden chamber. As if seeking an explanation, but too overwhelmed for words, he turned to Mualox.

"And now does Montezuma believe his servant dreaming?" said the paba. "Quetzal directed the discovery of the chamber. I knew of it, O king, before you were born. And here is the wealth of which I spoke. If it so confounds you, how much more will the other mystery! I have dug up a prophecy; from darkness plucked a treasure richer than all these. O king, I will give you to read a message from the gods."

The monarch's face became bloodless, and it had now not