

The Daily Examiner.

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NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1886.

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ALMANAC FOR MARCH, 1886.

MOON'S CHANGES.
New Moon 5th day, 5h, 51.8m. p. m. W.
First Quarter 13th day, 9h, 4.7 a. m. E.
Full Moon 20th day, 12h, 14.2m. a. m. S.
Last Quarter 27th day, 6h, 31.7m. a. m. S.

D	DAY OF WEEK	Sun	Sun	Moon	High	Days
M		rises	sets	rises	water	len'th.
1	Monday	6 43	5 41	4 10	8 15	10 58
2	Tuesday	42	43	4 49	8 59	11 1
3	Wednesday	40	44	5 24	9 37	11 4
4	Thursday	38	42	5 56	10 14	11 8
5	Friday	36	40	6 25	10 46	11 11
6	Saturday	34	38	6 52	11 18	11 14
7	Sunday	32	36	7 19	11 50	11 18
8	Monday	30	34	7 46	12 21	11 21
9	Tuesday	29	33	8 15	12 52	11 24
10	Wednesday	27	31	8 45	1 25	11 27
11	Thursday	25	29	9 22	1 38	11 31
12	Friday	22	27	10 4	2 24	11 35
13	Saturday	21	26	10 51	3 20	11 38
14	Sunday	19	24	11 47	4 37	11 41
15	Monday	17	22	12 51	5 58	11 44
16	Tuesday	15	20	1 59	7 43	11 47
17	Wednesday	13	18	3 13	9 35	11 50
18	Thursday	11	16	4 28	11 25	11 54
19	Friday	9	14	5 43	13 12	11 57
20	Saturday	7	12	6 58	15 02	12 0
21	Sunday	5	10	8 11	16 52	12 3
22	Monday	3	9	9 20	18 40	12 7
23	Tuesday	6	10	10 28	19 48	12 10
24	Wednesday	58	12	11 30	20 14	12 14
25	Thursday	56	13	12 30	21 17	12 17
26	Friday	54	14	1 28	22 6	12 20
27	Saturday	52	15	2 20	23 4	12 23
28	Sunday	50	16	3 7	24 25	12 26
29	Monday	49	18	3 28	25 33	12 29
30	Tuesday	48	21	3 45	26 38	12 33
31	Wednesday	6 46	22	3 57	27 12	12 36

L. ARTHUR & CO.,
GENERAL
Commission Merchants,
121 ATLANTIC AVENUE,
BOSTON, MASS.

Eggs and Produce a Specialty.
July 15—dly wky

CAUTION.
EACH PLUG OF THE
MYRTLE NAVY
IS MARKED
T & B.
IN BRONZE LETTERS.
None Other Genuine.
Oct. 20.

—FOR—
BOSTON.
SPRING ARRANGEMENT.
THE PALACE STEAMERS
OF THE
INTERNATIONAL S.S. CO.

Leave St. John for Boston, via Eastport and Portland, every Tuesday and Thursday, at 8.00 a. m.
Leave from Charlottetown to Boston, 86.50, 2nd class; 49.50, 1st class.
For tickets and other information apply to
G. A. SHARP, F. W. HALES,
P. E. I. R. Y., P. E. L. Steam Nav. Co.
or to your nearest Ticket Agent.
Feb 8, 1886—eod wky

REMOVAL.
MACMILLAN'S COAL OFFICE has been
removed to foot of PRINCE STREET.
A Large Assortment of
HARD AND SOFT
COAL
Kept Constantly on Hand.
R. McMILLAN.
Dec. 24—3m eod & wky

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE WEEKLY EXAMINER.
The latest local and foreign news
can always be found therein.

BRITISH WAREHOUSE, 83 QUEEN STREET.

EXTRA value for MARCH and APRIL in Table Damasks,
Napkins, Sheeting, Pillow Cottons, White and Gray Cottons,
Towelings, Tickings, White and Colored Knitting Cottons.

CARPETS AND OILCLOTHS.
1 CASE EMBROIDERY,
direct from Switzerland, just opened.

A. L. BROWN.

Ch'town, March 15—wky.

CHEAP CASH SALE.

CARPETS, COTTONS, &c.

J. B. MACDONALD

Will clear out his stock of Carpets at Tremendous Reductions:

- Brussels Carpets.**
Price \$1.60, reduced to \$1.15.
Price \$1.50, reduced to \$1.05.
Price \$1.25, reduced to 85cts.
- Scotch Carpets.**
Price \$1.25, reduced to 85cts.
Price \$1.10, reduced to 75cts.
Price 90cts, reduced to 65cts.
- Tapstry Carpets.**
Price 90cts, reduced to 65c's.
Price 65cts, reduced to 45cts.
Price 55cts, reduced to 35cts.
- Hemp Carpets.**
10, 12, and 14 Cents.
- Floor Oilcloths, Lace Curtains, &c., at liberal discounts.**

COTTONS! COTTONS!

30,000 yards Grey Cotton at cost; 20,000 yards White Cotton at cost; 20,000 yards Print Cotton at cost.
If you require Carpets, now is the time to buy. A great part of this stock of Carpet was imported last year.

J. B. MACDONALD,
QUEEN STREET.
Ch'town, March 1, 1886.

FLOUR! FLOUR!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

HAVING a Large and Well-assorted Stock on hand, we are
selling CHOICE FLOUR very cheap to suit the times.

We keep all the Choice Brands on hand, such as—
Matchless, Kent,
Victory, Forest City,
Queen, Our Favorite,
City Mills, brls. and half-brls, &c.

— ALSO —
CHOICE PASTRY, in half-barrels.

Every Barrel Warranted.
Give us a call before buying elsewhere.

BEER & GOFF,
OPPOSITE MARKET HOUSE.
Feb. 25, 1886—2aw & wky

JOHN MACLEOD & CO.,
MERCHANT TAILOR.

WE are offering the balance of our winter goods at lower
prices than have ever been offered the public.
A lot of Men's and Youth's Overcoats from \$5 to \$8, worth
from \$8 to \$14
Overcoats made to order, from \$12 to \$18, worth from \$18,
to \$24.
Men's Heavy Shirts, Underwear, Fur Caps, Gloves, &c at
the same rates.
Worsted and Tweed Suits at very low prices.
Island Tweed Suits from \$10 to \$12.

JOHN MACLEOD & CO.
Ch'town, Feb. 9, 1886—1f eod wky

TABERNACLE SERMON

"The Marriage Ring."

"HEREDITY."

FAYETTE, Mo, March 21.

At the invitation of the chief citizens of this place the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., stopped here to preach on his way to Kansas City and other places. He arrived yesterday (Saturday) afternoon, and will leave on Monday. His audience here was no exception to the rule that no church for the last twenty years has been large enough to hold the audience when Dr. Talmage is announced to preach. The preacher's subject was "Heredity," and his text 1 Samuel xvii, 58: "Whose son art thou, thou young man?" Following is the sermon in full, which is the eleventh in the series on "The Marriage Ring."

Never was there a more unequal fight than that between David and Goliath. David five feet high; Goliath ten. David a shepherd boy, brought up amid rural scenes; Goliath a warrior by profession. Goliath a mountain of bragadocio; David a marvel of humility. Goliath armed with an iron spear, David armed with a sling and smooth stones from the brook. But you are not to despise these latter weapons. There was a regiment of slingers in the Assyrian army and a regiment of slingers in the Egyptian army, and they made terrible execution, and they could cast a stone with as much precision and force as now can be hurled shot or shell. The Greeks in their army had slingers who would throw leaden phumets inscribed with the irritating words, "Take this!" So it was a mighty weapon David employed in that famous combat.

A Jewish rabbi says that the probability is that Goliath was in such contempt for David, that in a paroxysm of laughter he threw his head back, and his helmet fell off, and David saw the uncovered forehead, and that his opportunity had come, and taking this sling and swinging it around his head two or three times, and aiming at that uncovered forehead, he crushed it in like an egg-shell.

The battle over beheld a tableau: King Saul sitting, little David standing, his fingers clutched into the hair of decapitated Goliath. As Saul sees David standing there holding in his hand the ghastly, reeking, staring trophy, evidence of the complete victory over God's enemies, the king wonders what parentage was honored by such heroism, and in his text he asks David his pedigree: "Whose son art thou, thou young man?"

The king saw what you and I see, that this question of heredity is a mighty question. The longer I live the more I believe in blood—good blood, bad blood, proud blood, humble blood, honest blood, thieving blood, heroic blood, cowardly blood. The tendency may skip a generation or two, but it is sure to come out, as in a little child you sometimes see a similarity to a great-grandfather whose picture hangs on the wall. That the physical and mental and moral qualities are inheritable is patent to anyone who keeps his eyes open. The similarity is so striking sometimes as to be amusing. Great families, legal or literary, are apt to have the characteristics all down through the generations, and what is more perceptible in such families may be seen on a smaller scale in all families. A thousand years have no power to obliterate the difference.

The large lip of the House of Austria is seen in all the generations, and is called the Hapsburg lip. The House of Stuart always means in all generations cruelty and bigotry and sensuality. Witness Queen of Scots. Witness Charles I. and Charles II. Witness James I. and James II., and all the other scoundrels of that imperial line. Scottish blood means persistence, English blood means reverence for the ancient, Welsh blood means religiosity, Danish blood means fondness for the sea, Indian blood means roaming disposition, Celtic blood means ferocity, Roman blood means conquest.

The Jewish faculty for accumulation you may trace clear back to Abraham, of whom the Bible says "he was rich in silver and gold and cattle," and to Isaac and Jacob, who had the same characteristics. Some families are characterized by longevity, and they have a tenacity of life positively Methuselah. Others are characterized by Goliathian stature, and you can see it for one generation, two generations, five generations, in all the generations. Vigorous theology runs on in the line of the Alexanders. Tragedy runs on in the families of the Kembles. Literature runs on in the line of the Trollopes. Philanthropy runs on in the line of the Wilberforeses. Statesmanship runs on in the line of the Adamases. Henry and Catherine of Navarre religious, all their families religious. The celebrated family of the Casini, all mathematicians. The celebrated family of the Medici—grandfather, son and Catherine—all remarkable for keen intellect. The celebrated family of Gustavus Adolphus all warriors.

This law of heredity asserts itself without reference to social or political condition, for you sometimes find the ignoble in high places and the honorable in obscure places. A descendant of Edward I, a toll gatherer. A descendant of Edward III, a doorkeeper. A descendant of the Duke of Northumberland a trunk maker. Some of the mightiest families of England are extinct, while some of those most honored in the peerage go back to an ancestry of hard knuckles and rough exterior. This law of heredity is a tireless independent of social or political condition. Then you find avarice and jealousy and sensuality and fraud having full swing in some families. The violent temper of Frederick William is the inheritance of Frederick the Great. It is not a theory to be set forth by worldly philologists only, but by divine authority. Do you not remember how the Bible speaks of "a chosen generation," of "the generation of the righteous," of "the generation of vipers," of "an untoward generation," of "a stubborn generation," of "the infamy

of the past visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation?" So that the text comes to-day with the force of a projectile hurled from mightiest catapult: "Whose son art thou, thou young man?" "Well," says some one, "that theory discharges me from all responsibility. Born of sanctified parents we are bound to be good and we cannot help ourselves. Born of unrighteous parents we are bound to be evil and we cannot help ourselves."

As much as if you should say, "the centripetal force in nature has a tendency to bring everything to the centre, and therefore all things come to the centre. The centrifugal force in nature has a tendency to throw out everything to the periphery, and therefore everything will go out to the periphery." You know as well as I know that you can make the centripetal overcome the centrifugal, and you can make the centrifugal overcome the centripetal. As when there is a mighty tide of good in a family, that may be overcome by determination to evil, as in the case of Aaron Barr, the libertine, who had for father President Burr, the consecrated; as in the case of Pierrepoint Edwards, the scourge of New York society seventy years ago, who had a Christian ancestry; while, on the other hand some of the best men and women of this day are those who have come of an ancestry of which it would not be courteous to speak in their presence.

The practical and useful object of this sermon is to show to you that if you have come of a Christian ancestry, then you are solemnly bound to preserve and develop the glorious inheritance; or, if you have come of a depraved ancestry, then it is your duty to brace yourself against the evil tendency by all prayer and Christian determination, and you are to find out what are the family frailties, and in arming the castle put the strongest guard at the weakest gate. With these smooth stones from the brook I hope to strike you, not where David struck Goliath, in the head, but where Nathan struck David, in the heart. "Whose son art thou, thou young man?"

Sometimes, in the winter holiday, when we are accustomed to gather our families together, old times have come back again, and our thoughts have been set to the tune of Auld Lang Syne. The old folks were so busy at such times in making us happy, and perhaps on less resources made their sons and daughters happier than you on larger resources are able to make your sons and daughters happy. The snow lay two feet above their graves, but they shook off the white blankets and mingled in the holiday festivities—the same wrinkles, the same stoop of shoulder under the weight of age, the same old style of dress or coat, the same smile, the same tones of voice. I hope you remember them before they went away. If not, I hope there are those who have recited to you what they were, and that there may be in your house some article of dress or furniture with which you associate their memories. I want to arouse the most sacred memories of your heart while I make the impassioned interrogatory in regard to your pedigree: "Whose son art thou, thou young man?"

First, I accost all those who are descended of a Christian ancestry. I do not ask if your parents were perfect. Perhaps there was sometimes too much blood in their eye when they chastised you. But from what I know of you, you got no more than you deserved, and perhaps a little more chastisement would have been salutary. But you are willing to acknowledge, I think, that you wanted to do right. From what you overheard in conversations and from what you saw at the family altar and at neighborhood obsequies, you know that he had invited God into their heart and life. There was something that sustained those old people supernaturally. You have no doubt about their destiny. You expect if you ever get to heaven to meet them as certainly as you expect to meet the Lord Jesus Christ.

That early association has been a charm for you. There was a time when you got right up from a house of iniquity and walked out into the fresh air because you thought your mother was looking at you. You have never been very happy in sin because of a sweet old face that would present itself. Tremulous voices from the past accosted you until they were seemingly audible, and you looked around to see who spoke. There was estate not mentioned in the last will and testament, a vast estate of prayer and holy example and Christian entreaty and glorious memory. The survivors of the family gathered to hear the will read, and this was to be kept, and that was to be sold, and it was shared and shared alike. But there was an unwritten will that read something like this: "In the name of God Amen, I being of sound mind, bequeath to my children all my prayers for their salvation: I bequeath to them the Christian religion which has been so much comfort to me, and I hope may be solace for them. I bequeath to them a hope of reunion when the partings of life are over; share and share alike may they have in eternal riches. I bequeath to them the wish that they may avoid my errors and copy anything that may have been worthy. In the name of the God who made me, and the Christ who redeemed me, and the Holy Ghost who sanctifies me, I make this my last will and testament. Witness, all ye hosts of heaven. Witness, time, witness, eternity. Signed, sealed, and delivered in this, our dying hour, Father and Mother."

You did not get that will proved at the Surrogate's office; but I take it out to-day and I read it to you; I take it out of the alcoves of your heart; I shake the dust off it, I ask you will you accept the inheritance, or will you break the will? O ye of Christian ancestry, you have a responsibility vast beyond all measurement! God will not let you off with just being as good as ordinary people when you had such extraordinary advantages. Ought not a flower planted in a hot house be more thrifty than a flower planted outside in the storm? Ought not a factory turned by the Housatonic do more work than a factory turned by a thin and shallow mountain stream?

Ought not you of great early opportunity be better than those who had a cradle unblest?

A father sets his son up in business. He keeps an account of all the expenditures. So much for store fixtures, so much for rent, so much for this, so much for that, and all the items aggregated, and the father expects the son to give an account. Your Heavenly Father charges against you all the advantages of a pious ancestry—so many prayers, so much Christian example, so many kind entreaties—all these gracious influences one tremendous aggregate, and he asks you for an account of it. Ought not you to be better than those who had no such advantages? Better have been a foundling picked up off the city commons than with such magnificent inheritance of consecration to turn out indifferently.

Ought not you, my brother, to be better, having had Christian nurture, than that man who can truly say this morning: "The first word I remember my father speaking to me was an oath; the first time I remember my father taking hold of me was in wrath; I never saw a Bible till I was ten years of age, and then I was told it was a pack of lies. The first twenty years of my life I was associated with the vicious. I seemed to be walled in by sin and death." Now, my brother, ought you not—I leave it as a matter of fairness with you—ought you not to be far better than those who had no early Christian influence? Standing, as you do, between the generation that is past and the generation that is to come, are you going to pass the blessing on, or are you going to have your life the gulf in which that tide of blessing shall drop out of sight forever? You are the trustee of going in that ancestral line, and are you going to augment or squander that solemn trust fund? Are you going to disinherit your sons and daughters of the heir-loom which your parents left you? Ah! that cannot be possible; it cannot be possible that you are going to take such a position as that. You are very careful about the life insurances, and careful about the deeds, and careful about the mortgages, and careful about the title of your property, because when you step off the stage you want your children to get it all. Are you making no provision that they shall get grandfather and grandmother's religion? Oh, what a last will and testament you are making, my brother! "In the name of God, Amen. I, being of sound mind, make this my last will and testament. I bequeath to my children all the money I ever made, and all the houses I own; but a disinheritor, I rob them of the ancestral grace and the Christian influence that I inherited. I have squandered that on my own worldliness. Share and share alike must they in the misfortune and the everlasting outrage. Signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of God and man, and angels and devils, and all the generations of earth and heaven and hell, March, 1886."

O ye highly favored ancestry, wake up this morning to a sense of your opportunity and your responsibility. I think there must be an old cradle, or a fragment of a cradle somewhere that could tell a story of midnight supplication in your behalf. Where is the old rocking chair in which you were sung to sleep with the holy nursery rhyme? Where is the old clock that ticked away the moments of that sickness on that awful night when there were but three of you awake—you and God and mother? Is there not an old staff in some closet? Is there not an old family Bible on some shelf that seems to address you, saying: "My son, my daughter, how can you reject that God who so kindly dealt with us all our lives and to whom we commended you in our prayers living and dying? By the memory of the old homestead, by the family altar, by our bodies pillow, by the graves in which our bodies sleep while our spirits hover, we beg you to turn over a new leaf and that now." Oh, the power of ancestral piety, well illustrated by a young man of New York who attended a prayer-meeting one night and asked for prayer, and went home and wrote these words:

"Twenty-five years ago to-night my mother went to Heaven, my beautiful, blessed mother, and I have been alone, tossed up and down the billows of life's tempestuous ocean. Shall I ever go to Heaven? She told me I must meet her in Heaven. When she took her boy's hand in hers and turned her gentle, loving eyes on me and gazed earnestly and long into my face, and then lifted them to Heaven in that last prayer, she prayed that I might meet her in Heaven. I wonder if I ever shall!

"My mother's prayer! Oh, my sweet, blessed mother's prayer! Did ever a boy have such a mother as I had? For 25 years I have not heard her pray until to-night. I have heard all her prayers over again. They have had, in fact, a terrible resurrection. Oh, how she was wont to pray? She prayed as they prayed to-night, so earnest, so importunate, so believing. Shall I ever be a Christian? She was a Christian. Oh, how bright and pure and happy was her life! She was a cheerful and happy Christian. There is my mother's Bible. I have not opened it for years. Did she believe I could ever neglect her precious Bible? She surely thought I would read it much and often. How often has she read it to me!

"Blessed mother, did you pray in vain for your boy? It shall not be in vain. Ah! no, no, it shall not be in vain. I will pray for myself. Who has sinned against so many precious prayers put up to heaven for me by one of the most lovely, tender, pious, confiding, trusting of mothers in her Heavenly Father's care and grace. She never doubted. She believed. She always prayed as if she did. My Bible, my mother's Bible and my conscience teach me what I am and what I have made myself. Oh, the bitter pang of an accusing conscience! I need a Saviour mighty to save. I must seek Him. I will. I am on the sea of existence, and I can never get off from it. I am afloat. No