

THE DAILY EXAMINER.

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NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, MONDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1889.

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TELEPHONE.
nov6—dy 3m eod wky pd

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OFFICE—London House Building,
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Will take a Limited Number of
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oct22—3m

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By mail to any lady sending us her post office
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—IN—
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—AND—
Sewing Machines,

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PIANOS, in price from \$250 and up-
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and upwards.
Intending purchasers will do well to call
and inspect our large stock.

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Queen Street, Charlottetown.

Agencies:—James Seaman, Summerside;
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oc t29—dy 1m eod wky 3m

New Firm.

WE have rented the premises lately occu-
pied by Mr. J. J. Seaman, Prince
Street, and will continue the same business
under the firm name of HARRIS & BLAKE.
We have purchased the good will of his
business, and having had several years' ex-
perience, are now prepared to carry on Car-
riage Building in all its branches, and feel
confident of keeping up the reputation of the
old factory.

EDWARD HARRIS,
GEORGE BLAKE.

Referring to the above, I desire to thank
the public for the liberal patronage which I
received while in business, and solicit for the
new firm a continuance of the same.

J. J. SEAMAN.

nov25—dy 1w wky 1m

Xmas is Coming!

—AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT THAT—

BEER & GOFF'S

IS THE RIGHT PLACE to buy your CHRISTMAS SUP-
PLIES, as they always try to secure the best goods and sell
at the lowest prices. It don't pay to buy second quality and
adulterated goods at any price. They have a very large and
well-assorted stock of New Goods, comprising in part:—

6,000 pounds RAISINS (very fine and large),
2,000 " CURRANTS, clean and not gritty,
300 " Candied Citron, Lemon and Orange Peel,
1,200 " NEW DATES,
Pails Dessicated Coconut,
Bags Almonds, Walnuts, Brazils and Filberts,
Choice Figs (in small boxes and by the pound),
Mixed Spices (mixed by ourselves and guaranteed pure)
Flavoring Extracts on draught and in ½ oz. and 1 oz. bottles,
Coffee, fresh roasted and ground,
Lager Raisins, from 20c. up to 40c. a pound,
Cases Oranges and Lemons, and kegs Green Grapes,
Pickles, Sauces and Relishes.

NOTICE TO RETAILERS.—We have the largest and finest
stock of XMAS CONFEGTIONERY that we ever carried, and
we think it will pay you to call and see it as early as possible
It comprises the latest novelties in 1 cent goods, Barley Sugar
Toys, Caramels, Mixtures, &c.

law & wky—dec10

ACME SKATES

RECEIVED PER STEAMER "PRINCESS BEATRICE":

Three Cases Genuine Acme Skates,
CHEAP FOR CASH.

SIMON W. CRABBE,
WALKER'S CORNER.

Charlottetown, Dec. 9, 1889—2w

STILL ON THE TOP

And We Are Going to Stay There.

THIS IS OUR BUSIEST YEAR. Since its advent we have not had a dull day.
WHY? Because we have earned a reputation for furnishing the very best Suits
at the very lowest prices. People from all sections of the country place their orders
with us, and after receiving their Suits, stay with us in spite of all competition.
We can show the largest range of Cloths on Prince Edward Island—500 different
designs and patterns to select from.

Gents' Furnishing Department.

HATS, CLOTH and FUR CAPS, SHIRTS, COLLARS, TIES, UNDER
CLOTHING, GLOVES, &c., sold at bottom prices.

Five Hundred BOYS' SUITS we are offering at first cost. Perfect-fitting Gar-
ments; strictly first-class work; lowest prices.

For FINE SUITS, neat and unique designs, elaborate and artistic trimmings,
they all go to

JOHN McLEOD & CO.,

Ch'town, Nov. 16, 1889—eod

MERCHANT TAILORS.

SKATES, SKATES.

600 PAIRS

Genuine Acme Club Skates,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, AT LOWEST PRICES.

DODD & ROGERS.

Charlottetown, Dec. 20, 1889—1m eod

CHILDREN'S SLEIGHS!

Cutters, Pointers, Clippers, Rock-
ing Horses, Shovels, &c., &c.,

—CHEAP AT—

MARK WRIGHT & CO'S.

Charlottetown, Dec. 9, 1889—dy 2aw wky

In the Rush of Christmas Morn.

In the rush of early morning,
When the red burns through the grey,
And the wintry world lies waiting
For the glory of the day,
Then we hear a faint rustling
Just without upon the stair:
See two small white phantoms coming,
Catch the gleam of sunny hair.

Are they Christmas fairies stealing,
Rows of little socks to fill?
Are they angels floating hither
With their message of good will?
What great spells are these elves weaving,
As like larks they chirp and sing?
Are these palms of peace from heaven
That the lovely spirits bring?

Rosy feet upon the threshold,
Eager faces peeping through,
With the first red rays of sunshine,
Chanting choruses come in view;
Mistletoe and gleaming holly—
Symbols of a blessed day—
In their chubby hands they carry,
Streaming all along the way.

Well we know them, never weary
Of the innocent surprise:
Waiting, watching, listening always
With full hearts and tender eyes,
While our little household angels,
White and golden in the sun,
Greet us with the sweet old welcome—
"Merry Christmas, everyone!"

Lower Montague, Dec. 21, 1889.

DOLLY DEERING'S CHRISTMAS.

A SIMPLE STORY.

BY HUNTER DUVAR.

It was the first day of November and a
very uncomfortable first of November it
was. People's noses were red. Cold raw
fog hung on whiskers and beards as dew-
drops hang on a spider's web. The trees,
all but leafless, loomed through the fog like
smeared. Cars that ran out to bark at you
carried their tails slantingly, the fog hav-
ing soaked out their usual insolent curl, for
it is a curious fact in dogology that the
meaner the cur, biped or quadruped, the
tighter does he curl his tail. Hens with
their feathers all ruffled the wrong way
moped under fences, like played-out politi-
cians dragged by party storms. Ducks
were making a great to do in puddles, and
like other quacks, were getting along swim-
mily. Some of the more devout school
boys, on the foundation of that truly
Christian King Henry VIII. for ten poor
scholars, surreptitiously read in their
prayer books the supplication for fine
weather, for their bonfire on Guy Fawkes,
his day, the 5th, "the glorious fifth Nov-
ember which let us all remember."

Nobody blessed the weather, or they
blessed it the wrong way, as Giles Deering
stamped along from the sale by auction of
the estate of Puddleford Granges on which
he and half a dozen others were small ten-
ant farmers. It was a pretty estate of five
or six hundred acres, just large enough to
have enabled the late proprietor to expend
six times his income in keeping up the pre-
tences that modern civilization demands.
The estate was now on the market, with
the quondam owner in that debtor's prison
unfavorably known to Little Dorrit's father
as the Marshalsea.

Giles Deering was one of a race that is
now as extinct as the Pelagii. He wore
top boots. That fact alone is sufficient to
relegate him into a period of somewhat re-
mote antiquity. In person, portly, face
rubicund, shoulders round, limbs herculean.
His breeches (pardon the expression), plen-
teous in width and of a stiff ridge and
furrow fabric, called corduroy, stopped
short where they met his boots. In a side
pocket of this integument, known as the
fob, he carried a stout silver watch, three
inches in diameter by two inches thick in
the centre, that had belonged to his grand-
father, and to which was appended a steel
chain on which were hung a crooked six-
pence and a cornelian seal. When he wanted
to know what o'clock it was, he hauled
on the chain with both hands and the time-
piece came out with a pop like a cork out
of a bottle. Stand-up linen collars of great
height and cruelty nearly cut his ears off.
A waistcoat with two huge flaps like modern
gripsacks covered his expansive chest and
reached to his thighs. Over all was a royal
blue broadcloth coat cut square in the tails,
with six bright brass buttons in front, the
size of half dollars, and two on the small of
his back, so that the view of his gable end
was quite picturesque, especially when sur-
mounted by his billycock hat—the term
"billycock," I infer, being derived from a
mixture of sweet william and a cock of hay.
Such was the person of the father of dear
Dolly Deering. Mrs. Giles Deering was so
plump and comfortable in person that she
might be called a personage. And then as
to her daughter—O dear! Words fail me
to describe sweet Dolly. When she flitted
about in the orchard the young men could
hardly make up their minds whether it
would be nicer to bite a red-cheeked apple
or Dolly's red cheeks. I know which I
would have preferred. She was indeed a
duck and a darling and a delightful and a
Dolly, and that is all that need be said.

Dolly had many admirers, what pretty
girl has not? It is quite right for a pretty
girl to have hosts of admirers, but it is best
to have only one true lover. I mean only
one at a time. Where there are two or
more they are apt to clash.
Dolly had had a lover.
Alack! William Shakespeare, how dis-
mally correct you were when you said that
the course of true love never did run
smooth. Samuel Freeman was Dolly's only
one. But Samuel Freeman was poor. Why
is it, O great ruler of Love's Universe! why
is it that almost all true lovers are poor?
This does not seem in accordance with the
fitness of things. Yet such was the case
with Freeman. It almost makes me a
manichean to see how things go wrong.
He was a well-built youth, and could have
spun a good deal of spinn without wip-

ing, but he had none to spend. He was
schoolmaster and catechist for Henry VIII's
ten poor scholars, and had no resources
but his annual dole, which amounted, all
told, in modern sterling, to seven pound
ten, equal to \$37.50 per annum, which in
Tudor days had been paid in bonnet pieces.
The most sanguine temperament could
scarcely expect that sum to provide luxu-
ries for the household of children Dolly would
be sure to bring him. Lovers' quarrels
ensued. Dolly, poor thing, did nothing
but cry. It would have mollified the heart
of a whinstone to see the pearly tears run-
ning down her damask cheek and dropping
off the point of her pretty little nose into
the buttermilk as she mournfully churned
the day's cream. Mrs. Deering, like the
sensible mother she was, put her foot down
(she wore number nines) and vowed stoutly
that no young man should have a daughter
of hers unless he could show a clear incom-
ing of not less than fifty dollars a year.

What would you have? Fate is cruel.
It is a very true sentiment, beautifully ex-
pressed by Mr. Swinburne, of London,
that

A little sorrow, a little pleasure,
Fate meets us from the dusty measure
That holds the date of all of us:
We are born with travail and strong cry-
ing.

And from the birthday to the dying,
The likeness of our life is thus.

The end of it was that Sam Freeman dis-
appeared one night, and not till a week
afterwards did he send word, by the carrier,
that he had enlisted in the service of the
Honorable East India Company.

There ensued a weary and a settled mel-
ancholy after the first burst of grief. The
sweet voice of Giles's daughter was no more
heard lilting "linkum come leddy" and
"my love he is a comely lad," and the like,
as she drove her cow, Mooley, to the pas-
ture, giving it a gentle cut now and then
with a little hazel switch across its well-
fed flank, more in kindness than in an-
ger. The hum of her spinning wheel
reeled off no longer a joyous "burr-whirr
and round-a," but fell into a monotonous
refrain of "east-indy-companie, east-indy-
companie." She came to the conclusion
that all young men are hateful, especially
those that wanted to take her to the fair
and buy candies for her. She told her
mother she would never marry, a remark at
which that astute woman quietly smiled.
I think at this time Dolly grew prettier
every day. The too ruddy rose of her cheek
toned down, and there seemed a deeper
depth in the darkness of her eyes. But her
dreams were troubled. She seemed in her
slumbers to see her Samuel in the uniform
of a Bheel daycote (whatever that may be)
with a tremendous sword in his hand, cut-
ting down whole companies of British troops
of the line. At other times she would
dream of him as in the magnificent dress of
a rajah, and near him, seated lovingly on a
divan, a lady surpassingly beautiful, with
Kohinoors in her hair and emeralds all
over her scarlet jacket, and with volumi-
nous sky-blue silk trousers, but, shocking
to relate, no stockings, and tiny slippers of
dead gold turned up at the toes. Then
Dolly would wake with a shudder, and con-
sole herself with the reflection that dreams
always come true by contraries.

All this, except the dreams and the deter-
mination never to marry, was past and gone
four years before the evening when her
father, Giles Deering, came home from at-
tending the sale of the estate on which he
was a tenant. That worthy man arriving
at his an fireside, pulled off his blue coat,
and took a handful of tobacco out of one of
the flaps of his waistcoat, filled and lighted
his churchwarden pipe, a yard long, and
sitting down in his shirt sleeves, smoked
gravely.

"Tell us about it, father," cried Mrs. D.,
"was the estate sold?"
"Aye, worse luck," replied Giles, "we
have gotten a new master now. Lawyer
Scratch put up an offer of eight thousand
pound—eight thousand pound—seems a
deal o' money, don't it? Squire Briggs bid
five hundred more, a thousand more, a
hundred more to that, and then Billy
Oppen, Lee's hired man, who had six
quarts o' beer or thereabouts inside of
him, roars out, 'and fivepence ha' penny
more!' whereupon the Squire gie him a cut
with his hunting whip and the auctioneer
heaved an ink bottle at Billy and told him
to get out o' that. 'Ninety-six hundred says
a dandified kind of a chap that nobody seems
to know, that was smoking one o' your
newfangled cigars. 'Ninety-six hundred,'
says he. 'And fifty,' says Lawyer Scratch.
'And fifty more' says the dandified chap.
Lawyer looked bitter glum and bid no more.
'At ninety-seven, seven, seven, seven,' says
the auctioneer, 'seven, seven, at ninety
and seven, no more bids? at seven? seven?
going, no advance on seven? go—ing at
seven, last offer, seven? Gone! It had
gone to the dandified chap, who handed a
paper to the auctioneer, and walked away
smoking. Then it came out that the
stranger was a lawyer man from London. I
asked the buyer's name, and he told me
'On Commission.' That's what he said it
was."

"On Commission?" said Dolly, wonder-
ingly. "It can't be a man's name. What
does it mean?"

"Dang'd if I know," said Giles Deering.
Three weeks, four weeks, five weeks
passed, and no sign of the new Squire.
The public mind had already settled that
Mr. O. Commission—for this they supposed
was his name—was one of "your fly-away
chaps" who would live in London, and
never come near Puddleford Granges. At
length a cheery rumor circulated that a
brewer's dray, laden with beer from a near-
town, had been seen to drive through
Grangehouse gate. Mrs. Bundles, the
housekeeper, who was sold with the furni-
ture, confirmed the rumor, and added that
the new squire was coming down to give
a Christmas feast in which all the neigh-
bours were to share. Everybody rejoiced
and thought it was very kind of Squire
Commission. Then what an outburst of
clean starching and putting of hair in pa-
pers, and trying over half-forgotten steps
of heels and contra dances, and making up

of caps and bonnets, and ironing of rib-
bons, and hunting up of gloves, and letting
out of tucks, and turning up of skirts,
and consideration of breadths. I am not
so learned in ladies' toilet as I once
was, but I know a good deal was done with
cotton wool and whalebone, and stay
laces, and sheet lead, and powder of pearls,
and rouge c'es roses, and savon dental, and
racine de violette, and cold cream, and lav-
ender water, and glycerine, and fixatine,
and other mysteries of beauty's armory
that it would be profane even to guess at.
All was, at length, ready, and the invita-
tions had been gloated over, and the dresses
tried on, and the running about with
mouths full of pins was over by the time it
was Christmas eve, and the shining air of
the lady-moon, in her last quarter, smiled
down through a serene sky betokening a
clear and frosty kindly Christmas morning.

Now it happened on that Christmas eve
our darling Dolly felt disinclined to rest.
She was thinking of her absent Samuel in
the East India Company's service, and the
more she thought of him the more did the
remembrance of the beautiful foreign lady
in the sky-blue silk trousers, that she as-
sociated with him in her dreams, become
hateful to her. She drew on a hood and
went out to indulge her sorrows in the
snow-crustured garden.

Dolly wept with her handkerchief to her
eyes as she paced slowly up and down the
little walk, among the gaunt walkingstick-
like stems of dead sunflowers and holly-
hocks. Gently a hand was laid upon her
shoulder, and a well-remembered voice
whispered "Dolly, dear!" With a
smothered scream she started and found
her own true lover bending over her with
love in his eyes. "Sa-sa-muel!" she stam-
mered out, and the dream-lady in the sky-
blue trousers vanished forever.

This simple story may be an idyl, but it
is not a romance. There is no mystery in
it. There is no mystery in anything. I
dare say the Eleusinian mysteries, if we
only knew, were more cipher-celler business,
and the mysterious mummings of Memnon
no more than an anticipation of Edison's
telephone. When Sam Freeman left his
native village he sought out his deceased
father's brother, his only relative, and
found him with a canvas apron on, behind
a counter in an obscure lane in London
where he carried on a small cheesemongery
business. His respectable uncle gave him
half a sovereign and told him to go to the
devil. Sam at first thought he would go,
but, being no fool, he made enquiry in the
lane and found that the stingy uncle worth
twenty thousand pounds if worth a penny.
Our hero, therefore, made a respectable
solicitor acquainted with the circumstances,
and left with him a probable address:
"Full Private Samuel Freeman, Bengal In-
fantry, India, or elsewhere." Then he
went and enlisted.

It gives me pleasure to relate that the
cheesemonger died within three years and
Sam inherited as heir. It was for him the
estate of Puddleford Granges had been
bought "on commission." Dolly did not
know this, but here was Samuel, her own
true lover, standing with her by the garden
gate.

Long time the lovers talked, talked in
fact till the hoarse old clock on Henry
VIII's foundation reluctantly counted out
twelve time-beats and made it Christmas
morning. It was time to part. Professors
of ethics have not yet decided whether it is
better to trust one's sweetheart all in all,
or not at all. It mainly depends on who
the sweetheart is. The new squire of the
Grange took a middle course and told her
that he lived at Grange house and was the
butler. Dolly, although wondering at the
great rise in life from a schoolmaster to a
butler, said nothing but rejoiced in his suc-
cess. Then, with many caresses, they part-
ed, he assuring her that she should have a
good place at the feast.

Christmas morning broke clear, crisp and
bracing, as it ought to do, and in due
time called all good Christians to the wor-
ship so well beseeching that most august of
days. Everybody had on their very best.
The village church glowed like a pattering
of the most pronounced flowers, peonies,
sunflowers, tiger lilies and marigolds, with
intervening expanses of white waistcoat,
while overhead rippled a surf of artificial
sprays and nodding plumes of dried grasses
and birds. The rector, Rev. Athanasius
Stole, read the beautiful service, not for-
getting to take up the off-story, which, if
I remember aright, was on that occasion,
for that most successful of all missions, the
conversion of the Jews; and then the con-
gregation dismissing, streamed in a gay and
straggling procession towards the Grange
mansion.

When Dolly and her parents were re-
ceived by the servants and shown into the
room where all the company were already
seated at a long table, the dear child did
not know (vulgarily speaking) whether she
stood on her head or her heels. For, places
being found lower down for her parents,
she was escorted and placed directly under
the mistletoe—next to two vacant chairs at
the head of the table, facing the whole com-
pany. She could do nothing but blush, and
secretly look round for the butler.

At length a door opened and the rector,
actually the rector! advanced, leading by
the hand—O hapless Dolly!—Samuel, and
pronounced in a pulpit tone: "My Chris-
tian friends, let me present to you the new
Squire of the manor, Mr. Samuel Free-
man." The shock was so great that every
one preserved a profound silence, except one
man who sneezed, but afterwards apologi-
sed. Dolly was so frightened that she
thought she would have fainted and fallen
under the table. The general astonish-
ment suddenly broke into a hubbub of
congratulation, while the new squire and
the rector slid into the two vacant seats
and the latter said grace. The dinner was
proceeded with, but so upset was dear
Dolly that she does not remember to this
day what she ate, except an odious-looking
bulb like a black potato that the new squire
told her was snufflers, or trufflers, or some
word to that effect.

A vast quantity of solids having been
(Continued on fourth page.)