

THE DAILY EXAMINER.

TERMS—FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR.

"This is true Liberty, when Free Born Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."—EMERSON.

SINGLE COPIES TWO CENTS.

NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1886.

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ALMANAC FOR DECEMBER, 1886.

MOON'S CHANGES.

First Quarter 3rd day, 10h. 12.5m., a. m., N. E. (below horizon).
Full Moon 10th day, 5h. 17.7m., a. m., W. Last Quarter 18th day, 2h. 26.6m., a. m., S. E. New Moon 25th day, 5h. 42.1m., a. m., N. E. (below horizon).

DAY OF WEEK	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	Moon sets	High water	Day's length
1 Wednesday	7 28.4	8 11.4	11 44.1	5 11.8	4 41	8 41
2 Thursday	30	9 46.1	2 34	39		
3 Friday	31	9 43.3	3 24	38		
4 Saturday	32	9 1 9.4	4 23	37		
5 Sunday	33	9 1 34.1	5 29	36		
6 Monday	34	8 1 59.6	6 33	34		
7 Tuesday	35	8 2 26.7	7 35	33		
8 Wednesday	36	8 3 31.9	8 23	32		
9 Thursday	37	8 4 11.9	9 10	31		
10 Friday	38	8 4 11.9	9 52	30		
11 Saturday	39	8 4 58.10	10 33	29		
12 Sunday	40	8 5 54.11	11 28	28		
13 Monday	41	8 6 50.11	12 27	27		
14 Tuesday	42	8 8 4.12	1 26	26		
15 Wednesday	43	9 8 10.1	2 23	25		
16 Thursday	44	9 10 27.2	3 23	25		
17 Friday	44	9 11 39.3	4 25	25		
18 Saturday	45	10 10.4	5 13	25		
19 Sunday	46	10 0 51.3	6 24	24		
20 Monday	46	10 2 02.6	7 50	24		
21 Tuesday	47	11 3 12.7	8 55	23		
22 Wednesday	47	12 4 22.8	9 48	23		
23 Thursday	48	13 5 28.9	10 34	23		
24 Friday	48	13 6 31.10	11 25	23		
25 Saturday	48	14 7 29.11	12 20	23		
26 Sunday	49	15 8 29.11	1 34	23		
27 Monday	49	15 9 5.12	2 36	23		
28 Tuesday	49	16 7 47.13	3 27	22		
29 Wednesday	49	17 10 16.14	4 27	22		
30 Thursday	49	17 10 50.15	5 21	22		
31 Friday	7 49	17 11 12.16	6 0	22		

CARD.

MRS. E. RUTH wishes to announce to the ladies of Charlottetown that she is prepared to do MANTLE AND DRESSMAKING in the newest fashions, having had many years practical experience in the United States, patrons can feel assured of getting every satisfaction. Residence, Richmond Street, near Hillsborough Square.
Nov. 29—3mo eod & wky

CARD.

THE EXAMINER PUBLISHING COMPANY, having lately added to their stock of type and material for Job Printing, are better than ever prepared to execute orders for Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Handbills of all kinds, Visiting or Business Cards, etc., promptly and cheaply, in the best style of the art. Some of first-class workmen are employed in their office, and as they import their printing papers direct from the manufacturers, they are able to fill all orders on the most favorable terms. The continued patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.
W. L. COTTON, Manager.
Ch'town, Nov. 16, 1886.

FOR BOSTON.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT

THE PALACE STEAMERS

OF THE INTERNATIONAL S.S. CO.

Leave St. John for Boston, via Eastport and Portland, every Monday, and Thursday at 8.00 a. m. Fare from Charlottetown to Boston, \$6.50, 2nd class; \$9.50, 1st class.
For tickets and other information apply to
A. S. HARP, F. W. HALES,
P. E. I. Ry., P. E. I. Steam Nav. Co.
or to your nearest Ticket Agent.
Nov. 1, 1886—eod wky

L. ARTHUR & CO.,

GENERAL Commission Merchants,

121 ATLANTIC AVENUE, BOSTON, MASS.

Eggs and Produce a Specialty.
July 15—dly wky

BARCLAY & CO.,


GENERAL Commission & Shipping Merchants,

191 Atlantic Avenue, Boston.
EIGHT years' experience in this market. Over fifty thousand bushels P. E. I. potatoes received by us last fall. Our patrons all satisfied. Vessels chartered for potato freights at short notice. Write for market reports.
Specialties—Potatoes, Mack-rel, Canned Lobsters, Eggs.
June 17, '86—3mo eod

ADAMSON'S BOTANIC COUGH BALSAM

SAFE, SURE, PROMPT.

25 Cts.



A WONDERFUL REMEDY

Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam. It is as pleasant as honey. Croup, Colds, and Asthma, which lead to Consumption, have been speedily cured by the use of ADAMSON'S BALSAM after all other medicines have failed. Sufferers from either recent or chronic coughs or bronchial affections, can resort to this great remedy, confident of obtaining speedy relief. Do not delay, get it at once.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Bottled at St. Stevens, N. B., by the proprietors, F. W. KINSMAN & CO., Druggists, 247 1/2 AVE., N. Y.

CHOICE FRUIT!

Grapes, Oranges, Lemons, Apples, &c.

200 Boxes Choice RAISINS,

600 do Fine FIGS,

200 pounds Keeler's Celebrated CANDIED PEELS.

10 Bls. CURRANTS.

Choice Table and Cooking PRUNES.

CONFECTIONERY.

Pure and Wholesome.

2 Cwt. Fine English CONFECTIONERY: French Chocolate Drops, Caramels, Creams,

Gum Drops, Barley Sugar Toys, Christmas Mixtures, &c., &c.

Also: Fancy Biscuits, Nuts, Jams, Jellies, &c., &c.

BEER & COFF.

Dec. 8, 1886.

Flour, Cornmeal, &c.

WE have just laid in Store the following Stock, and will sell Cheap for Cash:

125 bbls. FLOUR, "Stockwell Patent,"

125 " " "Beaver,"

125 " " "Kent,"

100 " K. D. CORNMEAL,

100 bags SALT.

Also—A Full line of General Groceries. A. HORNE & CO., Upper Queen Street. Ch'town, Dec. 16, 1886—dy 4 wky

"Nothing Injurious."

WOODRILL'S GERMAN BAKING POWDER

Contains Nothing Injurious. MAYNARD BOWMAN, DOMINION ANALYST, Halifax, N. S.

Dec. 2, 1886.

Painting and Repairing

A SPECIALTY.

THE undersigned, wishing to thank his many friends for their patronage during the past twenty-five years, begs leave to intimate that he is now prepared to execute all work entrusted to him with neatness and despatch. Painting and Repairing done at bottom prices and all work warranted first-class. New and second-hand American Buggies, Carriages, &c., always on hand. Shop opposite the Law Court, North Side Queen Square.

W. J. FRASER, late of the firm of McKinnon, Fraser & Co. Nov. 29, 1886—6wks zav

LORD TENNYSON'S LATEST

Given to Canadian Readers

For the First Time.

LOCKSLEY HALL SIXTY YEARS AFTER

Old Age Recounts Youth's Errors and is Eloquent with Good Advice.

(Cable to the New York Independent.)

Late in my grandson, half the morning have I paced these sandy tracks.

Watched again the hollow ridges roaring into cañarats.

Wandered back to living boyhood while I heard the curlews call:

I myself so close on death, and death itself in Locksley Hall.

So your happy suit was blasted—she the faultless the divine—

And you like a boyish bubble—this boy love of yours with mine!

I myself, have often babbled, doubtless of a foolish sort.

Babble, bubble! Our old England may go down in bubble at last.

Curse him, curse your fellow victim, call him a dard in your rage:

Eyes that lured a dotting boyhood well might find a dotard's eyes.

Jilted for a wealthier, wealthier; yet, perhaps, she was not wise.

I remember how you kissed the miniature with those sweet eyes.

In the Hall there hangs a painting. Amy's arm's about my neck.

Happy children in a sunbeam sitting on the ribs of wreck.

In my life there was a picture—she that clasped my neck had flown:

I was left within the shadow, sitting on the wreck alone.

Yours has been a slighter ailment: will you sicken for her sake?

You! not you! your modern amonist is of easier, earthier make.

Amly loved me. Amly failed me. Amly was a timid child.

But your Judith, but your worshipping, she had never driv'n me wild.

She that holds the diamond necklace dearer than the golden ring.

She that finds a winter sunset fairer than a morn of spring.

She that in her heart is brooding on his brierless shade of life.

While she vows "till death shall part us," she the would-be widow—wife.

She the worshipping born of worldlings—father, mother, be content.

Ev'n the homely farm can teach as there is something in descent.

Yonder in that Chapel, slowly sinking now into the ground.

Lies the Warrior, my forefather, with his feet upon the ground.

Crossed for once, he sailed the sea, to crush the monster in his place.

Dead the warrior, dead his glory, dead the cause in which he died.

Yet how often I and Amy in the mouldering aisle have stood.

Gazing for one pensive moment on the founder of our blood.

There again I stood to-day, and where of old we knelt in prayer.

Close beneath the basement crimson, with the shield of Locksley there.

All in white Italian marble, looking still as if she smiled.

Lies my Amy, dead in childbirth, dead the mother, dead the child.

Dead, and sixty years ago; and dead her aged husband now.

I, this old white-headed dreamer, stooped and bowed, kissed her forehead.

Gone the fires of youth, the follies, furies, curses, passionate tears.

Gone like fires, floods and earthquakes of the planet's dawning years.

Fires that shook me once; but now to silent ashes fallen away.

Cold upon the dead volcano sleeps the gleam of dying day.

Gone the yearning of my youth and mute below the chance stones.

All his "virtues," I forgive, them black in white above his bones.

Gone, the comrades of my bivouac, some in flight against the foe.

Some through age and slow diseases gone, as all on earth will go.

Gone, with whom for forty years my life in golden sequence ran.

She, with all the charm of woman, she with all the breadth of man.

Strong in will and rich in wisdom, Edith loyal, lowly sweet.

Feminine to her inmost heart, and feminine to her tender feet.

Very woman of very woman, nurse of ailing body and mind.

She that linked again the broken chain that bound me to my kind.

Here to-day was Amy with me while I wandered down the coast.

Near us Edith's holy shadow smiling at the slighter ghost.

Gone our sailor son, thy father Leonard, early lost at sea.

Thou alone, my boy, of Amy's kin and mine art left to me.

Gone thy tender-natured mother, weeping to be left alone.

Pining for the stronger heart that once had beat beside her own.

Truth—for Truth is Truth—he worshipt, being true as he was brave:

Good—for Good is Good—he followed, yet he looked beyond the grave.

Wiser than thou that, that crowning barren Death as lord of all.

Deem this ever tragic drama's closing curtain is the tomb?

Beautiful was death in him who saw the death but kept the deck.

Saving women and their babes and sinking with the sinking wreck.

Gone forever—ever! No! for since our dying race began.

Ever, Ever and Forever was the leading light of man.

Those that in barbarian burials killed the slave and slew the wife.

Felt within themselves the sacred passion of the second life.

Indian warriors dream of ampler hunting grounds beyond the night!

Even the black Australian dying hopes he shall return a white.

Truth for truth and good for good? Be good! Take the charm forever from them, and they crumble into dust.

Gone the cry of Forward, Forward, lost within a growing gloom.

Lost or only heard in silence from the silence of a tomb?

Half the marvels of my morning triumphs over time and space.

Staled by frequency, shrunk by usage into commonest commonplace.

Forward rang the voices then, and of the many mine was one:

New and second-hand American Buggies, Carriages, &c., always on hand.

Let us hush this cry of Forward till ten thousand years have gone.

Far across the vanished races old Assyrian kings would fly.

Captives whom they caught in battle, iron-hearted victors they.

Ages after while in Asia, he that led the wild Mogul.

Timur, with his ghastly tower of eighty thousand humbugs.

Then, and here in Edward's time, an age of noblest English names.

Christian conquered, and flung the conquered Christian into flames.

Love your enemy, bless your haters, said the Greatest of the great;

Christian love among the churches locked the twin of heathen hate.

From the golden alms of blessing man which coined him a curlews' mate.

Rome of Cæsar, Rome of Peter—had which was crueler, which was worse?

France had shown a light to all men, preached a gospel all men's good:

Celtic Demons rose a demon, shrieked and slaved the light with blood.

Hope was ever on her mountain watching till the day began.

Crowded with sunlight over darkness from the still untraced sun.

Have we grown at last beyond the passions of the primal clan—

Kill your enemy, for you hate him! Still your enemy was a man.

Have we sunk below them? Peasants maim the helpless horse, and drive innocent cattle under thatch and burn the kinder brutes alive.

Brutes! the brutes are not your wrongers, burnt Twisted hard in mortal agony, with their offspring born unborn.

Clinging to the silent mother. Are we devils? And we are!

Sweet St. Francis of Assisi—would that he were here again.

He that in his catholic wholeness used to call the very flowers

Sisters, brothers, and the beasts whose pains are hardly less than ours.

Chaos, cosmos! Cosmos, chaos! Who can tell how all will end?

Read the wide world's annals, you, and take their wisdom for your friend.

Hope the best, but hold the Present fatal daughter of the Past;

Shape your heart to the front the hour, but dream not that the hour will last.

Aye, grammarian and revolver leave your courage to be wise.

When was age so crammed with menace, madness, swiftness, spoken lies?

Envy wears the mask of love; and, laughing sober face to scorn.

Cries to breakfast as to strongest, "Ye are equals, equal born!"

O yes, if yonder hill be level with Charm us, orator, till the lion look no larger than the cat;

Till the cat, through that mirage of overheated language, loom

Larger than the lion, Demos end in working its Russias bursts our Indian barrier. Shall we fight here? Shall we yield?

Pause before you sound the trumpet! Hear the voices from the field!

Those three hundred millions under one imperial sceptre now.

Shall we hold them? Shall we lose them? Take the suffrage of the plough!

Nay, but these would feel and follow truth, if only you'd yield.

Which of us ruin ruin party when you speak—were wholly true.

Ploughmen, shepherds have I found, and more than one and still could find.

Sons of God and kings of men, utter nobleness of mind.

Trustful, truthful, looking upward to the practised hustings liar:

So the higher weilds the lower, while the lower is the higher.

Here and there a cotter's babe is royal born by right divine.

Here and there my lord is lower than his oxen or his swine.

Chaos, cosmos! Cosmos, chaos! Once again the sickening game.

Freedom free to slay himself, and dying while they shout her name.

Step by step we gained a freedom known to Europe, known to all;

Step by step we rose to greatness; through the kisses of our mothers we may fall.

You that would the voices tell them old Experience is a fool.

Teach your flattered kings that only those who cannot read can rule.

Pluck the mighty from their seat, but set no neck over in their place.

Pillory wisdom in your markets, pelt your offal at her face.

Tumble nature heels o'er head, and yelling with the yelling street.

Set the feet above the brain, and swear the brain is in the feet.

Bring the old dark ages back without the faith without the hope.

Bring the old dark Church, the Throne, and roll their ruins down the slope.

Author, atheist, essayist, novelist, rhymer, stave, play your part;

Paint the mortal shame of Nature with the living hues of art:

Rip your brother's vices open, strip your own foul passions bare;