

# THE DAILY EXAMINER.

TERMS:—FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR.

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

SINGLE COPIES TWO CENTS.

NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, MONDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1886.

VOL. 19.—NO. 169.

## The Daily Examiner

is issued every evening by  
The Examiner Publishing Co.

From their office, corner of Water and  
Great George Streets, Charlottetown,  
Prince Edward Island.

—RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION—

Six months.....\$2.50  
Three months.....1.25  
One month.....50

Advertising at moderate rates.

Contracts may be made for monthly, quarterly, half-yearly, or yearly advertisements, on application.

### 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.)

D. DAY OF WEEK Sun Sun Moon High Day's rises/sets rises/water len/h

D. DAY OF WEEK	Sun	Sun	Moon	High	Day's
	rises/sets	rises/water	len/h		
1 Wednesday	7 28.4	8 11.44	1 51	8 41	
2 Thursday	30	9 16	2 34	39	
3 Friday	31	9 0 43	3 24	38	
4 Saturday	32	9 1 9	4 23	37	
5 Sunday	33	9 1 34	5 29	36	
6 Monday	34	8 1 59	6 33	34	
7 Tuesday	35	8 2 26	7 35	33	
8 Wednesday	36	8 2 57	8 25	32	
9 Thursday	37	8 3 31	9 10	31	
10 Friday	38	8 4 11	9 52	30	
11 Saturday	39	8 4 58	10 33	29	
12 Sunday	40	8 5 54	11 14	28	
13 Monday	41	8 6 56	11 57	27	
14 Tuesday	42	8 8 4	12 39	26	
15 Wednesday	43	9 9 10	1 23	26	
16 Thursday	44	9 10 27	2 2	25	
17 Friday	44	9 11 39	3 5	25	
18 Saturday	45	10 12 4	4 13	25	
19 Sunday	45	10 13 51	5 31	24	
20 Monday	46	10 2 04	6 50	24	
21 Tuesday	47	11 3 12	7 55	25	
22 Wednesday	47	12 4 22	8 48	25	
23 Thursday	48	13 5 28	9 34	25	
24 Friday	48	13 6 31	10 16	25	
25 Saturday	48	14 7 29	10 55	26	
26 Sunday	49	15 8 20	11 34	26	
27 Monday	49	15 9 5	12 10	26	
28 Tuesday	49	16 7 47	0 10	27	
29 Wednesday	49	16 10 16	0 45	27	
30 Thursday	49	17 10 50	1 21	28	
31 Friday	7 49	17 11 12	2 0	28	

### Notice to Creditors.

NOTICE is hereby given that HENRY JAMES N. FOLLEND, of Northam, Lot Thirteen, Prince County, has this day assigned all his stock in trade, goods, wares and merchandise to me as Trustee for his creditors. The deed of assignment can be seen at the office of Messrs. McLean, Martin & McDonald, Solicitors, until the first day of January, next, 1887.

THOS. H. POPE,  
Northam, Lot 13, P. E. I., Nov. 25, 1886.—41 2aw

### NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the Subscriber are hereby notified that all Accounts unpaid after the 15th day of DECEMBER next, will be handed into his attorney for immediate collection.

J. B. MACDONALD,  
Ch'town, Nov. 25, 1886.—dy & wky



—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. SHARP, 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—4ly 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, Mackerel, Canadian Lobsters, Eggs.  
June 17, '86—3mo eod

## BRITISH WAREHOUSE

83  
QUEEN STREET.

### EXTENSIVE CASH SALE!

I have decided to close out the whole of my stock of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, commencing December 15th, 1886, and continuing until the whole is disposed of, at LARGE DISCOUNTS FOR CASH.

## A. L. BROWN.

Ch'town, Dec. 14—wky

## G. H. HASZARD,

BROWN'S BLOCK, QUEEN SQUARE.

English and American Fancy Goods,  
English and American Stationery,  
English and American Novelties.

## STATIONERY,

of which I have, this season, imported a very choice and extensive line. I would also call attention to my large and varied assortment of FANCY GOODS for Christmas Presents.

Stationery Novelties for Ladies—The Primrose Note, The Forget-Me-Not, The Royal Irish Lover Note, The Old English Note.

Xmas Presents for Gentlemen—Handsome Writing Cases, Pocket Books, Gents Photo Albums, Stylograph Pens, Shaving Sets, Inkstands, Gold Pens, Memorandum Books (in cases), Daily Memorandum Calendars, Stationery Cabinets, Gentlemen's Address Sets.

Xmas Presents for Ladies—Beautiful Photograph Albums, Autograph Albums, Writing Desks, Scrap Albums, Photo Frames, Ladies' Hand Bags, Ladies' Pocket-Book Sets, New Style Purses and Wallets, Ladies' Writing Cases, Screen Albums, Sealing Cabinets, Card Cases, &c.

Xmas Presents for Boys—New Books, Writing Desks, Pocket Knives, School Sets, The Boys' Own Annual, Drawing Sets, Paint Boxes, Pocket Books, Purses, &c.

You will find in our goods something for every one. If you want to be up to the times, go to

G. H. HASZARD,  
Dec. 8, 1886. BROWN'S BLOCK.

## ALWAYS TO THE FRONT

—WITH THE—

## Best Goods and Lowest Prices.

FROM this Fall's Importations we are showing some of the VERY BEST CLOTHS manufactured, in Meltons, Beavers, Worsted, Vicuna and Tweed

## OVERCOATINGS,

SUITINGS & TROUSERINGS in all the leading patterns.

We are making NAP CLOTH REFERS FOR \$7.00.

## READY-MADE OVERCOATS

(OUR OWN MAKE) FROM \$6.00, UP.

We sell Imported Clothing with BAGGING for coat canvases.

A very large stock of Fur Coats, Fur Caps, Sleigh Robes, Driving Gloves, in Persian Lamb and other kinds, at prices lower than we ever before offered.

Don't buy till you see our stock. We are determined to give our customers the Best Value for their money.

## D. A. BRUCE.

Ch'town, Nov. 29, 1886.

## DIAMOND BOOKSTORE.

WE would inform the citizens of Charlottetown and Prince Edward Island generally, that our MR. SANTA CLAUS will be at the

on and after Monday, 6th December, inst., having in his possession the largest, choicest and best value GIFTS and PRESENTS ever placed at his disposal.

Come and see him early.

The closing levee on Christmas Eve will remain open until midnight.

Respectfully,  
CHRISTMAS, NEWYEAR & CO.  
Dec. 6, 1886.

Referring to the foregoing I would urge the necessity of an early visit to Mr. Claus, as the terrific crush, usual on Christmas Eve, prevents him paying his proverbial courtesy to visitors.

The Christmas Cards, Fancy Goods, Toys, &c., of the present visit being so very numerous, we cannot particularize. It is absolutely imperative that you come and view the immense stock.

THEO. L. CHAPPELLE,  
Diamond Bookstore.

Ch'town, Dec. 6, 1886.

## Christmas Trade.



### CHOICE FRUIT!

Grapes, Oranges, Lemons, Apples, &c.

200 Boxes Choice RAISINS,

600 do Fine FIGS,

200 pounds Keeler's Celebrated CANDIED PEELS.

10 Brls. 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.

### IT PAYS

TO SELECT ONES

## Xmas Presents

AS EARLY AS POSSIBLE.

### SILVER GOODS

—AND—

### JEWELRY

of all descriptions, is

LARGE,

WELL ASSORTED &

CHEAPER.

Quality considered, than ever before.

Ladies', Youths' and Gents'

### WATCHES

that will Keep Time, from \$6.00 to upwards of \$100.00.

Cheapest Watches Not Kept in Stock.

Anyone, by paying a small deposit on any article they may select, can have it laid aside for them till required.

## E. W. TAYLOR,

CAMERON BLOCK.  
Dec. 4-2aw

## Dorothy's Enterprise.

"No," said Dorothy Mallard, "I won't run the farm with any man on shares! I've seen enough of that in father's time. It was always the man that got rich, and father that lost."

"You won't, eh?" said Silas Green, reddening angrily.

"No," said Dorothy, "I won't!"

"Then I guess you and the children will starve," growled Silas. "Anyhow, I guess nobody'll be sorry for you."

"It's very well to talk about sympathy and help and all that sort of thing," said Dorothy Mallard. "But when it comes to business, I've observed that every man's hand is for himself."

"But no woman ever yet made a farm pay," said Silas Green, sullenly biting the end of a burnt match.

"Well, anyway I mean to have a try at it," said calm Dorothy.

"She was not quite twenty, this positive young female—a tall, well-made woman, with bright, gray-blue eyes, a healthy red-and-white complexion and very dark brown hair, brushed straight away from her smooth forehead.

She was no city damsel whose ideas of life are limited to six-button kid gloves, opera matinees, and walks on the sunny side of upper Broadway, but a straightforward business girl, who knew every detail of farm life, and could tell just when rye ought to go in and carrots come out.

Her father had been "complaining," as the country folk phrased it, for years; and now that he was dead, Dorothy felt a new avalanche of care descending on her. For there were four wistful-eyed little girls and one delicate boy to be provided for.

Silas Green and Dorothy Mallard had never been regularly engaged, but it was an understood thing in the little community that they belonged to each other.

They had "kept company" ever since Dorothy put up her hair behind with a comb. And Silas had perhaps learned to domineer a little in a good-natured way. Consequently he did not approve of this new outcropping of Dorothy's independence.

"I'd marry her in a minute if she'd hear of my way of doing things," said he. "Of course the little girls are old enough to be bound out. I know plenty of good, sensible women who would give them their board for the work they would do. And as for the little boy, we would not quarrel about him. There's lots of old chores a boy like that would be useful for."

But Dorothy's eyes had flashed indignation when Silas had hinted some such arrangement.

"Do!" she said bitterly. "Send little Abel to the workhouse. That's the way to manage. And as for the girls, it's a pity we don't live in Singapore or Bombay, or some of those places where they fling all the girl babies into the river before they are old enough to be in the way. I wonder, Silas Green, what you take me for."

So Dorothy gave up all hope of married life, and set herself to work to earn a livelihood out of the old farm.

"It's no use my thinking of wheat and rye, and potatoes, and that sort of thing," said she. "It would require too much capital and too many hands. Beside, father used to say that the market was overstocked. I'll put the five corn lots into tobacco. That's a crop that a lady can handle. Old Jubal will help me about the curing for a mere trifle; and I'll put some grape vines up them rocky terraces by the south woods, and the big strawberry field is coming into fine bearing this year. I'm glad I set out the young plants last June, and watered 'em all through the drought. And then there's the young chickens. We never did have such a fine lot before. And Polly, and Chatty, and Bess, and Belle are old enough to plant a deal; and I know that little Abel can at least weed strawberries and help pick worms off the tobacco leaves, child though he is. He'll like to think he's helping, too. There is a deal of ambition in that lad."

Old Jubal was a rheumatic old colored man who travelled around the country, mending tinware and re caning chairs. His laziness was a proverb through the whole neighborhood; but, nevertheless, Dorothy Mallard contrived to get some good heavy work out of him.

"If dar's anything dis chile un'erstands, it's de car' ob tobacco," said old Jubal. "Doan you fret, Miss Dawthy; I'll guarantee de crop turns out fust best."

And so Jubal took up his residence in the barn chamber, where he smoked himself into semi-stupefaction of an evening, and told ghost stories that made little Abel's flaxen hair stand on end, between the pipe-lightings.

"An old man of seventy and a child of seven!" jeered Silas Green. "We'll see what sort of farming that is!"

Dorothy turned short around upon him. "I believe," said she, with glittering eyes, "that you would be pleased, Silas—yes, actually pleased—if I was to fail in this enterprise of mine."

"Well, I calculate it would teach you a pretty good lesson," said he, disagreeably.

But as time went on, the chickens grew as fat as if they had been in Dorothy's confidence, and were secretly preparing themselves for the grid-iron and the spit; the ripening strawberries crimsoned all the green tendrils sunward, and the tobacco waved its monster leaves, as though it fancied itself in old Virginia, instead of growing on a rocky Rhode Island farm.

Miss Dorothy Mallard worked late and early. She herself took her crops into town with a borrowed wagon and the old blind pony, which, having being turned out into the world to die by a heartless clam-vendor, had been led home and fed on juice grass by Abel and Chatty, and who had developed into a sort of Indian summer of usefulness under the unwanted stimulus of plenty of food and bedding and kind treatment.

And the tobacco plant won such renown throughout the neighborhood that a gentle-

man from Providence—a famous cigar manufacturer—drove up one afternoon to look at it.

"Pretty nice 'backer, sar," chuckled old Jubal, who, in his ragged working suit, was working in the little plantation, with an occasional pull at a clay pipe.

"A fine crop," said Mr. Mayhew. "You're raising, my man?"

"Me an' Miss Dawthy," said old Jubal. "Ef dar's anything we understand it is tobacco."

"What will you take for it," said Mr. Mayhew, "as it stands?"

"Muss ask Miss Dawthy," slowly shaking his head. "Miss Dawthy's de boss. Old Jubal dunno nuffin'."

"Where is this Miss Dawthy of yours?"

"She done took a load ob eggs an' poultry into town," said Jubal. "Massa mus' wait."

"Who owns this farm?" Mr. Mayhew asked.

"Miss Dawthy," said Jubal.

"Who works it?"

"Miss Dawthy."

"She must be a smart woman," observed Mr. Mayhew, carelessly.

"Dat she jes' is!" said old Jubal. "As smart as de best steel-trap in Providence."

Mr. Mayhew naturally prepared himself to behold a raw-boned elderly female with a hide-and-leather complexion, and elbows as sharp as the angle of a Virginia fence. His surprise at the appearance of pretty Dorothy Mallard can easily be imagined.

At the end of the season Dorothy balanced her accounts.

"Well," said Silas Green, who had strolled up in the frosty daylight, with the inevitable burnt match in his mouth, "how much have you lost?"

"I don't know that it's any of your business," she said with some spirit.

"I only asked as a friend," remarked Silas, somewhat discomfited.

"Oh, is that it? I thought it sounded exactly as if you were asking as an enemy," dryly observed Dorothy. "Well, of course if that is the case, I don't object to answering. I haven't lost anything."

"Just made matters meet, eh?"

"Plus one hundred dollars!" triumphantly responded Dorothy.

"Great Scott!" shouted Silas. "There ain't many farmers in Glengowve hev made more money than that this year. I suppose it's the tobacco crop?"

"That and other things," said Dorothy. "The strawberries have done splendidly, and I could have sold twice as many spring and fresh eggs if I had had them. But I don't deny that the tobacco crop has been very fortunate—very fortunate, indeed!" she added with a far-away glitter in her dark blue eyes.

"I swan to goodness, I'm glad of it!" said Silas Greer, with an effort. "You've done almost a much if you'd been a man, Dorothy. And I don't mind tellin' you I've made up my mind to let by-gones be by-gones, and marry you after all."

"Marry me?" said Dorothy.

Silas Green nodded his head benevolently.

"Oh, no, I don't think you will," said she.

"I've decided to let you take care of the children just as you please," said Silas. "Though I still think it would be better to bind 'em out to trades. For there's no denying that you're a smart girl, Dorothy, and I somehow can't get you out of my head. I—"

"Don't go on, please," faltered Dorothy. "I mustn't listen to it, Silas. I am ever so much obliged to you, but I am engaged to another man."

"Hal-lo!" said Silas.

He took up his hat and went precipitately home.

"I wonder who it can be," said he to himself. "There hain't a man in Glengowve half good enough for Dorothy Mallard."

But the next Sunday, with all the roads covered with the first pearl-white snow of the season, a cutter dashed by him as he plodded along toward the old stone church.

"It's Dorothy!" said he, stopping to stare after it. "And that's Mr. Mayhew, the cigar manufacturer from Providence, that bought in her tobacco crop. I see it all now! I see—it—all!"

As for old Jubal, he rejoiced greatly. "De righteous is always cared for," said he. "It's to sweep out the warehouses and feed de engine fires. I's always hankered arter a warm place. And I's to have all de waste chewing shog I wants. Ef dar's any better place den dat, I wishes dey'd jes' let me know."

### What True Merit Will Do.

The unprecedented sale of *Bosche's German Syrup* within a few years has astonished the world. It is without doubt the safest and best remedy ever discovered for the speedy and effectual cure of Coughs, Colds and the severest Lung troubles. It acts on an entirely different principle from the usual prescriptions given by physicians, as it does not dry up a Cough and leave the disease still in the system, but on the contrary removes the cause of the trouble, heals the parts affected, and leaves them in a purely healthy condition. A leaves them in the house for use when these diseases make their appearance, will