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NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1886.

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ALMANAC FOR NOVEMBER, 1886.

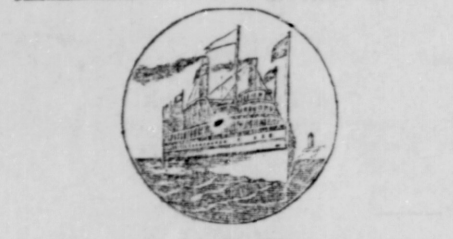
MOON'S CHANGES.  
First Quarter 3rd day, 6h. 52.7m., p. m., E.  
(below horizon.)  
Full Moon 11th day, 3h. 54.0., p. m., N. E.  
(below horizon.)

Last Quarter 18th day, 6h., 27.8m., p. m.,  
(N. below horizon.)  
New Moon 25th day, 3h., 6.0m., p. m., S. W.

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

DAY OF WEEK	h	m	h	m	morning	h	m
1 Monday	6	47	4	41	11	51	1 35 9 54
2 Tuesday	48	39	48	33	2 21	31	
3 Wednesday	59	35	1	10	3 11	48	
4 Thursday	51	36	1	43	4 13	45	
5 Friday	53	35	2	13	5 22	42	
6 Saturday	54	34	2	35	6 31	40	
7 Sunday	56	33	3	5	7 30	37	
8 Monday	57	31	3	21	8 19	34	
9 Tuesday	55	29	3	58	9 9	31	
10 Wednesday	5	0	28	4	26	9 39	28
11 Thursday	1	27	4	58	10 15	26	
12 Friday	3	26	5	34	10 52	23	
13 Saturday	4	25	6	18	11 29	21	
14 Sunday	6	24	7	7	12 8	18	
15 Monday	7	22	8	3	0 40	15	
16 Tuesday	8	21	9	8	1 34	13	
17 Wednesday	10	20	10	14	2 35	10	
18 Thursday	11	19	11	24	3 24	8	
19 Friday	13	19	12	19	4 40	6	
20 Saturday	14	18	0	33	6 3	4	
21 Sunday	16	17	1	49	7 18	1	
22 Monday	17	16	3	2	8 19	59	
23 Tuesday	18	15	4	14	9 8	57	
24 Wednesday	20	14	5	27	9 53	54	
25 Thursday	21	13	6	36	10 54	52	
26 Friday	23	13	7	43	11 13	50	
27 Saturday	24	12	8	44	11 52	48	
28 Sunday	25	11	9	33	12 47	47	
29 Monday	23	11	10	28	0 32	45	
30 Tuesday	7	26	4	9	11 8	8 43	

**JAMES H. REDDIN,**  
BARRISTER-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR  
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.  
has removed to the office adjoining that of R. R.  
Fitzgerald, Esq., Cameron Block.  
MONEY TO LOAN.  
Sept. 27, 1886—1 mo end & w y 3 mos



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Leave St. John for Boston, via Eastport and Port  
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Face from Charlottetown to Boston, \$5.50, 2nd  
class; \$3.50, 1st class.  
For tickets and other information apply to  
A. S. HARR, F. W. HALE, P. E. L. CO.,  
or to your nearest Ticket Agent.  
Oct. 9 1886—wed wky

**L. ARTHUR & CO.,**  
GENERAL  
Commission Merchants,  
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BOSTON, MASS.

Eggs and Produce a Specialty.  
July 16—th wky

**HARD COAL.**  
IN Store, a quantity of  
**BEST HARD COAL,**  
Egg and Chestnut Sizes.  
Cheap for Cash.

**CAPT. J. HUGHES,**  
Water Street.  
Ch'town, Oct. 14, 1886—1m eod

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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.  
Wholesale—Potatoes, Mackarel, Can-  
ned Lobsters, Eggs.  
June 17, '83—3mo end

## TREMENDOUS SLAUGHTER.

## CLEARING OUT SALE.

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CONTEMPLATING making extensive alterations in my  
store, early in the new year, which will necessitate my  
closing for some time, I will

## SELL OFF

MY ENTIRE STOCK OF  
New and Seasonable Goods.

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## C-L-O-T-H-I-N-G

AT A TREMENDOUS SACRIFICE.

All the stock of Fancy Dress Goods and Dress Cloths at 33 1/2  
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All the Cloths and Tweeds at a discount of 33 1/2 per cent.  
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The entire stock must be cleared before the first of the  
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All Goods Sold for CASH only.  
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QUEEN STREET.  
Ch'town, Oct. 19, 86—dy wky

## BRITISH WAREHOUSE,

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BARGAINS! BARGAINS!  
FOR SEPTEMBER ONLY.

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" " ULSTER CLOTHS,  
" " GENTS' UNDERCLOTHING,  
" " DRESS GOODS,  
" " FANCY PRINTS.  
Balance of CRETONNES

LARGELY REDUCED FOR CASH.  
**A. L. BROWN.**  
Ch'town, Sept 1—wky

## Boots, Boots.

Buy Your  
FALL BOOTS  
—AT—  
**DORSEY, GOFF & CO.**  
Ch'town, Sept. 2, 1886.

## HOW STEVE TENNEY CAME TO CHANGE HIS MIND.

The school directors of District, No. 19,  
Perry Township, were holding a meeting.  
Nobody would have thought it.  
The chairman was leaning against his front  
gate with his checked shirt sleeves turned  
back and an axe in his hand, surveying the  
other two members of the board, who stood  
outside the fence.

It was a meeting, nevertheless; and its  
object was nothing less important than the  
selection of a teacher for the fall term.

"Lymon Doty spoke to me about having  
the school," said the chairman dubiously.

"Lymon Doty!" exclaimed Steve Tenney,  
a stalwart young fellow, with thick brown  
hair, white teeth and a square chin, to  
make up for his lack of downright good looks.

"Why Lymon Doty couldn't teach a baby,  
He quit school long before I did, long  
enough, and he hasn't studied anything  
but potatoes and winter wheat since, that I  
know of. Better stick to his farm—eh,  
Larkin?"

"Guess you're right," responded the  
third member of the board, a little man  
with a cheerful face and a tuft of hair sticking  
straight out from his chin.

And the chairman nodded his agreement.  
"Well," continued little Mr. Larkin, with  
an air of importance, "I've had an applica-  
tion that I guess will suit. It's a sort of  
relative of my wife's, and just as nice a girl  
as ever was. Smart, too. She's got a cer-  
tificate for two years, last examination.  
She'd make a splendid teacher, Molly San-  
born would."

"Sanborn!" said Steve Tenney shortly.  
"Any connection with the Sanborns over  
the river?"

"That's where she's from," said Mr. Lar-  
kin. "She's old John Sanborn's girl—him  
that died last winter."

Steve frowned.

"You won't put her into that school,  
then, with my consent!" he said deter-  
minedly.

"What!" said Mr. Larkin, with a gasp,  
while the chairman stared.

"What would you think," the young man  
responded, "if a man sold you fifty head of  
sheep, at a good price, and half of them  
died off in the next week, of a disease he  
must have known beforehand? That was  
the trick John Sanborn served me. And  
he laughed in my face when I wanted my  
money back. No, sir! I can't conscientiously  
consent to putting any of the Sanborns  
in that school. Bad lot, in my  
opinion!"

Mr. Larkin's small, bright eyes snapped.  
"Old Sanborn wasn't too straight, and  
everybody knows it," he admitted. "But  
what that's got to do with Molly is more  
than I can see. She's as fine a girl as you  
ever set eyes on; not a bit of her father  
about her."

"Well, well, fight it out between you,"  
said the chairman, good naturedly, and re-  
turned to his wood chopping.

The tall young man and the little old  
man walked up the street together, talking  
briskly.

Mr. Larkin was hot and indignant; Steve  
was cool and immovable.

"There don't seem to be any mercy in  
you," said the former, almost tearfully, as  
Steve was preparing to turn in at his gate.

"If they'd been left well off, it would be  
different; but they're as poor as poverty,  
and Molly needs the place the worst way."

"You hadn't mentioned that," said the  
young man, turning back. "If that's the  
case—"

Mr. Larkin walked away triumphant,  
five minutes later.

But Steve Tenney had surrendered with  
bad grace.

"I couldn't hold out after that, you see,"  
he said to his mother, relating the story  
over their tea; "but I don't approve of it.  
There's not much good in the Sanborns, or  
I lose my guess!"

School began two weeks later, when the  
first cool wave was depopulating front  
porches and increasing the attraction near  
kitchen stoves.

Steve Tenney held to his opinion con-  
cerning the new teacher and acted accord-  
ingly.

He did not call at the school the first  
day, as was his custom, to leave the regis-  
ter and see if anything was wanted—the  
chairman having turned these duties over  
to his younger colleague.

He sent the register by a boy and was  
utterly indifferent as to whether anything  
was wanted. He turned the subject when  
the new teacher was mentioned; and he  
avoided Mr. Larkin's comfortable home,  
where the teacher boarded.

The little man made him call, however,  
a month or so after school began.

"Guess you'll have to own up to being in  
the wrong, Steve," he began. "We hadn't  
had a teacher for years that's given the sat-  
isfaction that Molly does. The children  
rave about her—all of 'em."

But Steve was unimpressed.

"My opinion has yet to be altered," he  
said, rather stiffly.

And Mr. Larkin looked discouraged.

"She spoke about needing a new broom  
and water pail," he said as he rose. "I  
told her she'd better come to you about it."

"That schoolhouse had a new broom last  
term, and water pail term before last!"  
said the young director emphatically.

And Mr. Larkin took a discomfited  
leave.

The next Sunday evening the young man,  
sitting in the pew of a small wooden church  
with his mother, and allowing his eyes to  
rove about during the rather long sermon,  
suddenly discovered a new face, and was  
studying it for the remainder of the even-  
ing.

It was that of a young girl, but fair  
and fresh and innocent, with a bright intelli-  
gence in her eyes and a sweetness in her  
fall lip.

"Who is she?" was his first question,  
after the services were concluded, addressed  
as it happened to little Mr. Larkin, who  
had come in late.

"That" the latter repeated in astonish-  
ment, "why, that's the teacher—Miss  
Molly just

Sanborn. That's my wife she's with, don't  
you see? I am waiting to take 'em home."

Steve Tenney found himself wishing  
quite frequently after that that the new  
teacher would come to him about the broom  
and water pail.

Not that he should furnish them if he  
found they were not needed, but he felt  
that he should not object to an interview  
with the school teacher.

He even mentioned the subject to Mr.  
Larkin carelessly, when he met him one  
day.

"Well, you see," was the response, "she  
sort of hates to come to you. The way you  
felt about her having the school has got all  
around town, and I s'pose she's heard of it.  
She can't help what her father was, Molly  
can't, and she's real sensitive."

The young man looked disturbed.

That afternoon he left his work at an  
early hour—not however, admitting to him-  
self his purpose in doing so—and strolled  
down the street, turning off—but he per-  
suaded himself that it was not intentional  
—in the direction of the schoolhouse.

"I might as well go in and see about that  
broom and water pail," he said to himself,  
when he stood opposite the little bare-  
looking building.

And he went accordingly.

The little teacher looked considerably  
startled when she opened the door to him.  
She dropped the spelling book she held, and  
her voice was hardly steady as she expressed  
her gratification at seeing him.

Evidently Steve reflected, some idiot had  
pointed him out to her at church the other  
evening. He sat down in a front seat  
feeling unpleasantly greasy.

She was hearing the last spelling class.  
How pretty she looked, standing there in  
her dark blue calico dress and white apron.  
What a sweet voice she had, though putting  
out "hen, men, pen," to a long line  
of fidgeting youngsters could hardly show  
it to the best advantage.

When the class was dismissed, and the  
last small student had rushed, whooping  
down the street, the teacher and the young  
director stood looking at each other with  
some awkwardness.

"I thought I'd come in," said Steve at  
last apologetically, "and see if anything  
was needed."

He did not mention the fact of his being  
some weeks late in the performance of this  
duty.

"I—don't think so," she murmured.

"What a brute she must think me!"  
Steve reflected, with some self-disgust.

He turned carelessly to the corner where  
the broom stood.

"Isn't this pretty far gone?" he said,  
with a conscience-stricken glance at its  
stubby end.

And the little teacher nodded.

"Your water pail seems to leak," the  
director went on, indicating the empty  
bucket and the wet floor.

"Yes," the girl assented.

"I'll see that you have new ones," Steve  
concluded.

And he was rewarded by a grateful  
glance from the teacher's soft eyes as she  
took her hat from its nail.

He took her lunch basket from her hand  
as they started away together; and having  
taken it, could hardly surrender it short of  
Mr. Larkin's gate.

He was a little reluctant to release it even  
then. For their first awkwardness had  
quite worn off; their talk had been far  
from unpleasant, and they were feeling  
very well acquainted.

He did not pause to consider that it was  
old John Sanborn's daughter of whom he  
was thinking; he was only conscious that  
she was a bright young girl, whom it was  
charming to look at and to listen to.

His pleasant mood was rudely interrup-  
ted by little Mr. Larkin, who dropped in  
that evening.

"Lymon Doty couldn't have the school,"  
he observed, with a chuckle, "but it looks  
as though he was going to have the  
teacher!"

"What!" said Steve, with a sudden un-  
explainable sinking of the heart.

"He's hanging around considerable, any-  
how," said Mr. Larkin. "Went to visit  
the school last week, and he was asking me  
to-day whether Molly's got any way of get-  
ting home Friday night. He said he'd just  
as lief take her in his buggy as not. Molly  
generally walks; but I guess she'll be glad  
of a lift."

"You don't mean to tell me," said Steve,  
warmly, "that she'd have anything to do  
with him?"

Mr. Larkin stared. What could Steve  
care with whom old John Sanborn's daugh-  
ter had to do?

But he only said, deprecatingly:  
"Well, Lymon's a good steady fellow."

"Humph!" was the scornful rejoinder.  
The young man mused long and seriously  
when his visitor was gone, and went to bed  
with a lighter heart, having come to a firm  
conclusion.

When the new teacher closed school the  
next Friday night, she was feeling rather  
worn out, as she was apt to feel at the end  
of the week; nor did the prospect of her  
four miles' walk home serve to cheer her.

She locked the door and started down  
the path with a sigh.

A neat little buggy was coming briskly  
up the road. Molly gave a start as the  
driver pulled up the horse and sprang to  
the ground.

It was the young director and he was  
coming toward her.

"I won't make any excuses, Miss San-  
born," he said, with a humorous solemnity.  
"I won't say I'm going over the river on  
business, and happened to think you might  
like to ride. The truth is that it's a care-  
fully laid plot. Will you be an aider and  
abetter?"

The little teacher laughed appreciatively  
as he helped her into the buggy.

"I must stop at Mr. Larkin's and leave  
my dinner pail," she said demurely.

Mr. Larkin was standing at the front  
gate. He stood staring at the young direc-  
tor, as the latter assisted the teacher to the  
ground, and sat down on the horse block to  
wait for her.

now," he said gaspingly. "I sent him  
down to the schoolhouse."

"We met him," said Steve. "You see,"  
he added, making a bold attempt at care-  
lessness, but speaking nevertheless in a  
shamed-faced way, and avoiding the little  
man's eye,—"you see, I feel as though it's  
my bounden duty to keep Lymon Doty away  
from her. Pure impudence, his hanging  
around her that way."

The little teacher came tripping back,  
and the young director's buggy whirled  
away in a cloud of dust.

"Steve Tenney's taking Molly home in  
his buggy," said Mr. Larkin, joining his  
wife in the kitchen, and sinking dazedly  
into a chair. "I guess the world's coming  
to an end!"

"Steve Tenney ain't a fool," his wife  
responded practically. "I knew he'd get  
over that ridiculous notion of his—and es-  
pecially after he'd seen Molly."

"Says he's doing it from a sense of  
duty," said Larkin, chuckling slowly as the  
humor of the situation dawned upon him.  
"Wonder how far his sense of duty will  
take him?"

"I shouldn't be surprised at anything!"  
said Mrs. Larkin mysteriously.

The Larkins—and perhaps Lymon Doty  
—were the only people who were not sur-  
prised when the new teacher gave up the  
school at the end of the term, and was  
quietly married to the young director.

The chairman of the school board is won-  
dering over it yet.

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**C. P. FLETCHER,**  
Sign of the BIG FIDDLE, Queen St.  
Ch'town, Oct. 14, 1886.