

THE DAILY EXAMINER.

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NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1886.

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Advertising at moderate rates.
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ALMANAC FOR SEPTEMBER, 1886.

MOON'S CHANGES.
First Quarter 5th day, 4h., 43.1m., a. m., S. E.
Full Moon 13th day, 6h., 37.9m., a. m., W.
(below horizon.)
Last Quarter 20th day, 11h., 43.2m., p. m., E.
New Moon 27th day, 5h., 6.1m., p. m., W.

DAY OF WEEK	Sun	Moon	High	Day's
M.	sets	rises	water	len ^h
1 Wednesday	5 25 6 34	9 0 0 13	13 9	9
2 Thursday	27 32 10 12	0 53 5	2	5
3 Friday	28 30 11 21	1 36 2	2	2
4 Saturday	29 28 12 26	2 23 12	50	2
5 Sunday	30 26 1 29	3 18 56	52	2
6 Monday	32 24 2 23	4 28 49	49	2
7 Tuesday	33 22 3 13	5 46 40	40	2
8 Wednesday	34 20 3 56	7 0 46	46	2
9 Thursday	36 19 4 35	7 59 43	43	2
10 Friday	37 17 5 9	8 46 40	40	2
11 Saturday	38 15 5 39	9 26 37	37	2
12 Sunday	39 13 6 7	10 2 34	34	2
13 Monday	41 12 6 32	10 35 31	31	2
14 Tuesday	42 10 6 59	11 5 28	28	2
15 Wednesday	43 8 7 25	11 38 25	25	2
16 Thursday	44 6 7 52	12 10 22	22	2
17 Friday	46 4 8 23	0 43 18	18	2
18 Saturday	47 2 8 50	1 10 15	15	2
19 Sunday	48 0 9 37	2 1 12	12	2
20 Monday	50 5 58 10 24	2 53 8	8	2
21 Tuesday	51 5 11 19	4 0 5	5	2
22 Wednesday	52 5 4	5 28 2	2	2
23 Thursday	53 5 21	6 54 11	11	2
24 Friday	54 5 0	7 59 20	20	2
25 Saturday	55 4 7	8 9 2	2	2
26 Sunday	56 4 5	8 59 9	9	2
27 Monday	58 4 3	9 16 10	10	2
28 Tuesday	6 0	4 32 11 13	13	2
29 Wednesday	4 40	7 48 14 39	39	2
30 Thursday	6 2 5	33 9 10	10 11 36	2

THE NOVA SCOTIA SUGAR REFINERY (Limited),
HALIFAX, N. S.

SAMPLES and Prices upon application to
HORACE HASZARD,
AGENT.

MESSRS. ROBERT LAMB & CO.,
Dundee, Scotland.

STARCH BAGS, Grain Bags, Hessians, &c.
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London, England.

TEAS.
HORACE HASZARD.

The Sun Life Assurance Co., Montreal.

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HORACE HASZARD,
AGENT FOR P. E. ISLAND.

D. A. BRUCE
Wants to Have His Say---that is :

YOU cannot get a Suit of Clothes the same quality of material and workmanship in P. E. Island, Cheaper than from us.
We have a reputation for getting up FIRST-CLASS WORK, that none of our competitors can attain to. There is no other quality of Cloths manufactured than what we are showing. Stock, one of the largest you ever saw in this city.
Having three Cutters and a large staff of Workmen, we can give you prompt attention.

\$500 WORTH OF READY-MADE CLOTHING,
of our own manufacture, many suits of which were made to order and not called for, but are now SELLING AT COST. We have

An Immense Stock of Hats,
selling rapidly, because buyers can save from 12 1/2 to 20 per cent. when they purchase from us. Best Hats you ever saw for 50 cents.

GENTS' FURNISHINGS,
Collars, Cuffs, Ties, &c., Unsurpassed in Style.

D. A. BRUCE,
72 QUEEN STREET.
Ch'town, June 23, 1886—cod & wy

NEW
HAT & FUR STORE,
Newson Block.

A. NEW DEPARTURE!
HATS, of the Latest Styles, at the very LOWEST PRICES.
FURS, of all kinds. Cleaned, Dyed, altered and Repaired.
HIGHEST CASH PRICES paid for Raw Furs.
E. STUART.
Ch'town, May 4, 1886

CITY STEAM BAKERY.

IN STOCK:
25 Cases LEMON SYRUP,
10 do RASPBERRY do,
10 do STRAWBERRY do,
30 do ASSORTED SYRUP, VANILLA, WINTERGREEN, SARSAPARILLA, ORANGE, &c.,
5 Brs. CONVERSATION LOZENGES,
100 5-lb. Boxes do do,
3 Brs. ROYAL MIXED CANDY,
200 5-lb. Boxes do do,
100 10-lb. do SUGARSTICKS.

The Best Stock of NOVELTIES and 1-CENT GOODS in the Market. Write for Price List of Confectionery and Biscuits.

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PRINCE STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN.

August 12, 1886—law cod

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BOTANIC
COUGH
BALSAM
SAFE.
SURE.
PROMPT.
25 Cts.

A WONDERFUL REMEDY
Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam.
It is as pleasant as honey. Coughs, Colic, 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. KINGSMAN & CO., Druggists,
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STEM WIND,
VERSUS
KEY WIND.

The Stem-Winding Watch is Decidedly the Best.

AS the cases need scarcely ever be opened, they are NOT LIABLE TO GET DUST IN, like the Key-Winder.

Another advantage, the watch can be WOUND AT ANY TIME the wearer happens to think of it—no key needs to be carried in the pocket to shoveled into the watch every time it is used.

To meet the wants of those who object to Stem-Winders, our
Stem-Winding Rockford Watches
can also be WOUND WITH A KEY, should the stem-winding give out, which we have never known it to do when used right.

Key-Winding Watches at Reduced Rates.
E. W. TAYLOR,
CAMERON BLOCK.
Aug. 21—2aw

NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY
OF MUSIC Boston, Mass.

THE LARGEST AND BEST EQUIPPED IN THE WORLD—100 Instructors, 2000 Students last year. Thorough Instruction in Vocal and Instrumental Music, Piano and Organ Tuning, Elocution, Oratory, Literature, French, German and Italian Languages, English Branches, Gymnastics, etc. Tuition, \$4 to \$10; board and room with Steam Heating and Electric Light, \$8 to \$10 per term. Fall Term begins September 1st. For Illustrated Catalogue and full particulars, address, E. TOUGHER, Dir., Franklin St., BOSTON, Mass.

RICHMOND STREET
GROCERY STORE

NELSON BROS., dealers in Choice
Family Groceries, Meat, Fish, &c.

Those favoring us with their patronage will find Goods as cheap as any in the city. A call solicited.
ROBERT NELSON,
SAMUEL NELSON.
Ch'town, June 17, 1886—3mos law

Just Arrived.
100 half barrels Prime No. 1 Fat Herring,
25 barrels do do,
50 quintals Codfish,
300 bags Salt,
100 Mackerel Barrels.
For sale at
D. SMALL'S NEW STORE,
Cor. Water Street and Pownal Wharf.
jy31

1827 . . . 1886.
T. & E. KENNY,
Dry Goods and Shipping,
HALIFAX, CANADA.

T. & E. KENNY,
(E. C. MAHON)
Ship Owners and Brokers,
General Commission Merchants,
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England.

Scott's and Vaughans Codes
March 29, 1886.

REVERE HOUSE
—AND—
Valuable Building Lots
BY AUCTION,
Wednesday, Sept. 15th at 12 o'clock noon, on the premises.

THAT favorite and commodious Hotel, known as the REVERE HOUSE, conveniently situated at the head of Steam Navigation Co's Wharf, Great George Street, and near the Railway Station, Public Buildings and Market. It has a fine view of Hillsborough River and Harbor, having the benefit of refreshing breezes from the salt water.

The REVERE has always received large and constant patronage from leading tourists, commercial men and the general public.

—ALSO—
These large and very valuable Building Lots, adjoining the Revere House, as described by plan on hand-bills.

Terms easy and made known at Sale.
A. McNEILL,
Ch'town, Aug. 10, '86—law & vy Auctioneer.

MR. W. H. BAKER'S RING.

MR. BAKER himself told us this story. He said it was true; not is this unlikely. I have known Mr. William Henry Baker personally for a number of years, and I am inclined to think he has hitherto never in all his life told the truth. Now, it is so manifestly improbable that the most consistent man should protract a long and useful career of story-telling to such extraordinary limits, without at some period telling the truth by sheer misadventure, that it is quite likely Mr. Baker may have committed himself in this instance. At least the time has arrived for human nature to assert itself, according to the doctrine of averages.

"Only once, gentlemen," said Mr. B., "have I been deceived. William Henry keeps his eyes open in a general way; William Henry also takes the liberty of seeing out of them. He uses them, as a rule, for purposes of observation, gentlemen. Still, I admit I was, once, taken in by as dead a swindle as could be. I am not ashamed to own, I made money by it after all; but I was swindled.

"It was about a diamond ring. I knew the fellow who had it for many years in the way of business. He was a commercial traveler, and used always to flash this ring about whenever he came round on his journeys. A jeweller friend of mine, who happened to be in my office once when Mr. B. called, asked, I remember, to be allowed to examine it; and had pronounced the stones to be diamonds of the purest water, telling me afterwards the ring was worth about seventy pounds. Mr. B. took his initials were engraved inside the hoop of the ring; 'R. B.', and besides that, it was a ring of peculiar and rather old-fashioned make. Indeed, having once seen the ring, no one would be likely to mistake it for another. Well, Mr. B. got into difficulties, and went so entirely to the bad that I never saw or heard anything more of him. But about two years afterwards, whilst walking down a back street, my eye was taken by a ring exhibited in a pawnbroker's window.

"Mr. B. took the ring!" I exclaimed directly. "I'll swear to it."
It was in a tray with a number of very seedy-looking rings, and was as discolored and dirty as they were. I went into the shop and asked to look at it. The pawnbroker, an old Jew, said:

"Yes, I might see his rings; but he did not know mosh about rings himself. They wash unredeemed pledges, thash what they wash, and they mosh all marked at the monish advanced upon them, with a very small overplus for interesh—thash all he knew.

There was no mistake about it; it was Mr. B. took the ring, and had his initials inside. But how did the Jew get it? He would soon tell me. Referring to his book he found it had been pawned two years ago in the name of Smith.

"Thash all he knew. Would I buy? It wash dirt cheap—three poundsh twelve—and cost him all the monish!"
"Three pounds twelve?" I repeated, thinking he had made a mistake, for the ring was worth twenty times that amount.

"Well, if it wash too dear, he had some sheaper ones—beautiful rings, he dare shay—but he knew sho little about rings, you shay, except that he always advanced too mosh monies on them. He couldn't undastand everything in his bishness, you shay, from flat-ironsh to diamondsh.

I bought the ring, after beating the Jew down half-a-crown, partly to prevent his suspecting its value, and partly—well knowing the disposition of the peculiar people—to oblige him.

I wore my new purchase about, with no little inward satisfaction at having bettered a Jew at a bargain. In my own mind, I accounted for its coming into his possession somewhat in this way: Mr. B. took must have sold the ring, when in difficulties, to some one else. I was quite certain Mr. B. took had not pawned it at the Jew's, or the Jew would have known its value. The ring must, then, have either been lost by, or stolen from, a subsequent possessor; and the finder, or thief (which ever it happened to be), being ignorant of its value, had taken it to the Jew, who knew no better.

There is a certain commercial club in our town, which I occasionally visit. The members are of an easy and somewhat lively disposition; generally given to indulge in that playful style of banter popularly known as "chaff." My diamond ring came in for a good share of it. I can stand chaff as well as most men; but I put it to you, if, when you know your brilliants are real, it isn't a little annoying for the chaff of a whole body of people to assume the character of persistent disbelief in the value of your jewelry? For instance, the waiter answers the bell.

"Did any gentleman ring?"
"O yes," one of the members would retort; "it was the gentleman with the paste diamonds."

Again, there are kinds of sham brilliants known as Irish Diamonds, and Isle of Wight Diamonds. The club (not one or two members, but the whole body) refused to recognize such distinctions, and insisted on designating the whole class of shams as "Baker's Diamonds," "Baker's Paste," my gems were also denominated. They actually sent me by post a circular of some-body's Baking Powder, adding to it at the end, where it says the public is respectfully cautioned against spurious imitations, "but more particularly against a spurious preparation to deceive the unwary, known as Baker's Paste." Now, after two or three weeks, this became tiresome. Still I took no notice, and affected not to think the remarks intended for me.

I hardly know what made me go and call on my friend the jeweller. It was not that I had any doubts of the genuineness of the diamonds, especially as he was the very man who had before valued Mr. B. took's ring at seventy pounds. But it had been so dimmed into my head that they were false, that I wanted just a formal confir-

mation of the estimate he had previously formed of their worth.

"O yes," said my friend the jeweller; "I recognize the ring again directly.— Want to know what it's worth?" (He put it in the scales.) "Well—h'm—about seven—and—twenty shillings for old gold."

"Eh?" said I, as pale as a turnip. "Why, didn't you tell me it was worth seventy pounds?"
"Yes," he answered; "when it had diamonds in it—not when it has paste."

Talking the matter over, the jeweller suggested, that on Mr. B. took getting into difficulties, the first thing he did was to sell the diamonds out of the ring, and get their places supplied with paste; whilst, finally, he had pawned it himself with the gem, as a paste ring.

"W. I. William Henry," said I to myself, "the Jew has jeweled you, and the club has chaffed you, and you may consider yourself trod upon, after the manner of speaking."
"But the worm will turn."

"Did the jeweller let out diamonds on hire?" I asked.
"He did."

"Would he have a certain alteration, which I suggested, made in my ring in a fortnight's time?"
"He would."

"And keep it a secret."
"Certainly—business was business."

"For the whole of that fortnight I never reason why my appearance at the club dinner was not greeted with such lively sallies about Baker's Paste. One would be wag recommended me, whilst helping a tart, 'to keep my fingers out of the pastry.' Believing him to intend some obscure allusion to the gems on my little finger, I thought it time to open fire.

Gentlemen," said I "for some weeks I have listened to casual observations in which the name of Baker has been unworthily associated with paste and pastry, but have refrained from making any remark, having been firmly persuaded they could only apply to industrious tradesmen employed in the manufacture of home-baked bread." (Oh, Ho!) "It now occurs to me that such remarks were intended as allusion to the ring I wear—a ring, which I take this opportunity of informing you—which unlike the wags who have amused themselves at its expense—is indebted for its brilliancy to nature." They hooted me; they heaped opprobrious epithets on the name of Baker, they laughed and talked mosh.

"I'll bet him five poundsh it's paste," said one.
"So will I," said another, "And I." "And I."

"So said eleven of them."
"Really, gentlemen," said I, "I am sorry you should take this matter so much in earnest. All I can tell you is, I believe my ring to be a diamond ring, and, notwithstanding I will firmly admit I only paid a very small sum for it."

"They laughed and hooted me still more at this admission. They said that settled the question, and that it was paste."
"I told them I did not think it was."
"Well, would I bet?"
"I would rather not."
"More hooting."

"At length, very reluctantly, I overcame my scruples. The name of Baker is a name too closely allied to the wags who crust, four loaves, ppp—sejant, quartered—(arms the doe, heard) to allow it to be wantonly sullied, I bet.

We adjourned to the jeweller's. "Without question, they were diamonds, the jeweller decided, and some of the finest he had ever seen." He ought to know, as they were his property—hired by me for the occasion.

"Eleven fives is fifty-five, gentlemen."
"Having established the value of my ring, and freed the name of Baker from suspicion, I paid for the hire of the real gems, and had the paste stones re-set in their places, believing, after all, the reputation for diamonds to be as good as the possession of them, and free from the anxiety.

"It was talked about, and noised abroad; it even reached the little back street where the pawnbroker lived. You should have seen him."
"Real sthones! Oh, my heart! Seventy-five poundsh—dead robbery—clean gone. Oh, my bootsh and bones! not to know that folksh do sometimes come and pawn real diamondsh for phaste, sho as to have less interest to pay for taking care of their ringsh. Oh, my blessed heart, only to think of it!"

"He came to me. He grovelled, and wriggled, and twisted himself before me. He preyed me to sell him his ring again. 'Oh, my tere Mr. Baker, you must sell it to me, or I shall be a ruined old mansh. The time wash not out, and Mr. Smit has come to redeem it, and he shays that it was a legacy, and if he does not get it by Saturday next he will ruin me—sh-help him, he will. Oh, Mishter Baker, think of it; twenty poundsh—all in gold—shold money. Now, my tere, what do you shay? Thersh a good mansh!"

"What did I say? Could I turn a deaf ear to the distress of the old man? There are people who might do it, gentlemen, but not people of the name of Baker—not W. H. Baker. I certainly did ask him for more money. We comprised it at last at twenty-two, ten, which he paid, part in sixpences and coppers, and owes me four-pence-halfpenny to this day."

"Twenty-two, nine and seven pence-halfpenny, and fifty-five pounds, is seventy-seven, nine, seven and a half. It just paid for the real diamonds; for I bought the ones I had previously hired of the jeweller, and had them set in a ring the false-facimile of Mr. B. took's, except that the initials inside are W. H. B."

"That was the only time I was ever swindled, gentlemen," Mr. Baker concluded.—Chambers' Journal.
The harvests of New South Wales are very promising, and the best yield since 1870 is expected.