

THE DAILY EXAMINER.

JULY 18, 1888.

The "Patriot" on Shipbuilding.

The Patriot of last evening says (editorially): "The proof that something is wrong can be seen at our wharves." In the same issue, it is announced (reportorially) that "the captains of the P. E. Island boats report the traffic at Pictou this season as being the heaviest that has ever been handled on the route!"

Then it notes the fact that on a certain Saturday there were twelve Norwegian barques loading at Halifax, and only one British vessel; and remarks:—

"Running their (Norwegian) ships, as they do, with low expenses, they are apparently able to handicap the shipowners of this protected Dominion on their own ground."

And the shipowners of Free Trade Great Britain also—it might have added!

But, instead of making this candid admission, the Patriot declares that

"The Dominion tariff on shipbuilding materials makes building in North America almost prohibitory; and the Nova Scotians, and ourselves as well, must be content to see foreign vessels competing successfully for freights between North America and England."

Now, what duties are levied upon the materials of a new ship? Here is a list of them—let the people judge whether or not they are "prohibitory":—

Anchors, free; wire rigging, free; composition, bars and bolts, free; varnish (for ship-builders' use), free; oakum, free; chains, 5 per cent.; cordage, 1 1/2 ct. and 10 per cent.; canvas, 5 per cent.; sail twine, 5 per cent.; spikes (wrought iron), 1 1/2 ct. per lb., but not less than 35 per cent.

Apart from lumber, these are all the leading materials which enter into a ship.

Anyone can see that these duties are not "prohibitory"; and would not stop shipbuilding if the shipping trade of the world justified the construction of sailing vessels. In point of fact, the duties, if levied, would amount to about seventy cents a ton.

It would be hard to find an excuse for the many incoherent and inaccurate statements contained in a single issue of the Patriot, if it were not now midsummer. Our contemporary may (at this time) be pardoned for laboring under the hallucinations which result from an over-heated imagination.

Editorial Notes.

—We learn that the work of erecting telephone lines to Souris, Georgetown, Cardigan, Montague Bridge, Murray Harbor and Belfast was begun yesterday, and that it will probably be completed about the first of October next.

—The London Standard has an editorial most complimentary to Canada. In view of the late banquet, it says, all Englishmen will echo Lord Lansdowne and Knutsford's congratulations to Canada. It comments on the enormous resources of the Dominion and adds: "Canada's greatest advantage is her position. She sits astride the civilized world, with territories lying on the very track of one of the greatest lines of commerce of the future."

—Many farmers in Ontario are beginning to be seriously alarmed at the threatened spread of Canadian thistles, which in many parts of the country are already causing serious loss. The law providing for the cutting of the thistles seems to be a dead letter, the officials appointed in many cases never pretend to enforce its provisions, and the consequence is the thistles are allowed to flourish and spread wherever the wind carries them. The result of this neglect in Ontario should be a warning to farmers in this Province. Thistles should have no quarter.

—Of Toplady's hymn "Rock of Ages" the Empire says: "Its holy influence has been felt alike by the quiet death bed and in the crowded congregation, at mission services among the heathen, and in the grand old cathedral. No one denomination can claim a monopoly of it and many of those who fully appreciate it could not say whence it comes. Like some other favorite hymns it is the property in common of all Christians who, while differing in other respects, are moved with the same feeling of devotion as the well-known sounds fall gratefully on their ears. The great hymns are a bond of union among Christians, springing from one body but welcomed by all."

—Speculation as to the successor of Major Cropley in the office of Paymaster of the force in this Province and Keeper of the Militia Stores, has already begun. We learn that our militia-men are unanimously, or almost unanimously, in favor of the appointment of Major George Doherty. Major Doherty was for many years one of the most enthusiastic and attentive militia-men in the Province; there is no question as to his ability to perform the duties of the office; and, therefore, there is no good reason why the desires of his companions in arms should not be complied with. Should he make application for the office, we trust that his good record, his fitness, and the wishes of his comrades will induce the Government to appoint him.

If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself alone. A man should keep his friendship in constant repair.—Hartford Religious Herald.

The way to wealth is as plain as the way to market. It depends on two roads—industry and frugality; that is, waste neither time nor money, but make the best use of both.—Franklin.

Every event in this world is a syllable breaking from the lips of God. Every epoch in affairs is a completed sentence of his thoughts; and the great stream of human history is God's endless revelation of himself.—Rev. F. E. Cobb.

THREE OF A KIND.

THREE SUSPICIOUS-LOOKING CHARACTERS UNDER ARREST FOR THE ROBBERY OF D. MCKAY'S SAFE—DRILLS, POWDER-FUNNEL AND A REVOLVER IN THEIR POSSESSION—CONTRADICTORY STATEMENTS.

—On Wednesday night last the store of Donald McKay, Esq., at Oyster Bed Bridge, was entered by burglars. The doors of the safe were blown open by powder and completely destroyed. About \$50 in cash and a number of valuable papers were taken therefrom. Mr. McKay's suspicions were directed against two strangers who had been seen moving about in the neighborhood on the day of the robbery, and one of whom—a man with a deformed foot—had been in the store at seven o'clock that evening and purchased some tobacco. He at once drove to town and had a warrant issued for the arrest of the men. This warrant was given to the policemen to execute, but they could not find their men. They had not come to town; neither could any person be found who had seen them moving about in the neighborhood of the robbery. They had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared.

Yesterday morning, however, while Mr. McKay was on his way to town he was informed that three suspicious-looking characters—two of whom were the men he was in search of—had been seen going in the direction of Hunter River earlier in the day. On his arrival in town he communicated this information to the Stipendiary Magistrate while the court was in session, and that gentleman at once detailed Acting-Sergeant Bradley to accompany Mr. McKay to Hunter River and arrest the men.

Before leaving the city, Mr. McKay telephoned to Hunter River that he had heard the suspected men were going there, and requested that on arrival they be detained till he reached the scene with the necessary officers and documents for their arrest. Later on a message was received from Hunter River to the effect that the men were detained there and requesting Mr. McKay to hurry up.

About half-past eleven Mr. McKay and the officer left the city. When a short distance this side of Hunter River they met Station Agent McKinnon who told them that he had passed the men they were looking for sitting at Brown's gate, some time previously. They then, accompanied by Mr. McKinnon, drove on to Brown's gate, but the men were not there. They continued on to Hunter River, and seeing a crowd of people standing outside the door of McGrath's store, a short distance up the road from the station, at once drove there. On arriving at the store the officer was informed that his men were inside—that they had gone in to rest themselves, one of their number complaining of being unwell.

The officer, Mr. McKay and Mr. McKinnon at once entered the store and found the three—two men and a boy—quietly sitting there. In a few seconds the bracelets were slipped upon the wrists of the two men and they were told to stand up. "What is the trouble?" asked the deformed man of the officer, as he rose up. "I arrest you," said Bradley, "for breaking into the store of Donald McKay, at Oyster Bed Bridge, and blowing up his safe with powder."

"Friend, I know not what you mean," was the only reply vouchsafed.

Bradley then searched the three. Upon the deformed man, who gave his name as Hill, he found a large 32-calibre self-acting revolver, every chamber of which was loaded, and a brass-tipped horn powder funnel some five or six inches in length. None of Mr. McKay's papers were found in his possession.

"What were you doing with this?" asked the officer, pointing to the revolver which he had just confiscated.

"That," replied Hill, "I picked up on the road; don't you see it's a little rusty?" "Indeed!" said the officer; "and what is this for?" holding up the powder funnel. "Oh, that I keep for shoving corks out of bottles," was the reply.

"I'm sure it comes in handy for that," was the response of the officer, as he left Hill and started to search his companion, who said his name was Francis Fleming. Upon Fleming and the lad accompanying him nothing of any consequence was found. The lad gave his name as John Fleming, and said that the older man was his father. By this time the train was almost due, and Sergeant Bradley and Mr. McKay removed their prisoners to the railway station. They had not been there long when one of Mr. McGrath's clerks, a young man named McGuigan, arrived with a powder fuse and three drills, which he said Hill had thrown into the water closet a short time before the arrival of the officers.

Sergeant Bradley, while waiting for the arrival of the train, took the young fellow to one side, and interrogated him with a view to finding out the whereabouts of the missing papers.

"There's no charge against you," said the officer, confidentially, "and if you tell where the stolen papers are you will stand a chance of getting clear."

"Really, friend," responded the youth with a drawl, "I know not what you talk about; you are accusing me in the wrong altogether."

By this time the train had arrived and all three were put on board and brought to town. Mr. McKay tried to find out the whereabouts of the missing papers but without success. The prisoners were stripped of all their clothing and a thorough search was made of their garments, but nothing worthy of note was found upon them.

James Fleming, the oldest of the three, is in the neighborhood of thirty-five years of age. He is about the average height, stoutly built, and his complexion is very dark. He has a black moustache but no whiskers. He told the officers he belonged to Montreal.

William Hill the man with the deformed foot, upon whom the funnel and revolver were found, is apparently some twenty-seven years of age. He is not so big a man as Fleming, and his complexion is somewhat fairer. He wears a dark brown moustache.

John Fleming, the third and youngest member of the party, is some sixteen years of age with fair complexion. He first said that he was the son of the older Fleming, but later on said he was not—admitting, however, that their surnames were similar. He said that Fleming, whom he first met in Pictou some three weeks ago, made him tell that he was his son when they asked for food. He came here to see a brother, but had learned at Mount Stewart that he had gone away. He met Hill in town on Saturday last. He says further, that all

three were on their way to Summerside, and that they were in Mount Stewart on the night of the robbery, as can be proved by an Indian with a wooden leg.

The three men were fairly well dressed. Mr. McKay recognized the vest which the elder Fleming wore as his property, and is of opinion that the shirts upon all three were stolen from his store. The little fellows' was certainly made for him when he was in good health—at all events it is several sizes too large and the sleeves are tucked up considerably.

The trio will be arraigned before the Stipendiary Magistrate to-morrow forenoon.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Things Said and Done on the Streets and Elsewhere.

Our people are always grumbling. They never appear to be satisfied. A few months ago they were loud in their denunciation of the Postmaster-General for the manner in which he treated them in the matter of a special train from Cape Traverse. When after waiting days and sometimes weeks for suitable "crossing" weather, a mail was finally landed at this side just five or ten minutes late for the regular train from the West and was taken to Summerside where it remained till noon of the following day, they sent up memorials to Ottawa asking for an improvement. Now that the postal authorities in the city have seen fit to dispense with the services of the stamp vendor and order that the registration clerk do the work formerly done by that official, they are again complaining. True, one cannot get stamps at the office after six p. m., and those whose duties will not admit of their making letters during the day are put to a good deal of inconvenience. But that does not make any material difference to those in authority. Let the people complain till they are tired; then they will stop. The public should understand once and for all that the post office is not an institution in which they have a controlling interest, and that the officials will not accept any assistance in the management thereof. They have been long enough in the service to know how to run the machine, and will not submit to any outside advice, no matter how good the intention of those who offer it may be. If people want stamps they must lay aside all other duties and excuses and come and get them during the hours which the officials, in their wisdom, say they shall be sold. To be sure, they may be put to a little inconvenience, but what difference does that make to the officials. They are not paid a salary for waiting upon the people. 'Tis the people who must wait upon them.

Then again, people never stop to think of the fact, patent to everyone conversant of the workings of the office, that the clerks are a hard worked lot. There are only some ten or twelve of them, and their hours of labor are very long. Some of them actually begin work before seven in the morning, and with the exception of several hours much needed rest in the interim continue on duty till the afternoon, when they are relieved by others who remain till after the "sortation" of the mail in the evening. During work hours, they are very attentive to business. One never has to blister his knuckles rapping upon the wicket, while the clerks are gathered in a knot inside discussing some very important piece of news, as he has to do in some other institutions. Oh, no, the clerk is always at his post, ready and willing. Then, again, just think of all the different sorts of addresses the clerks have to decipher, all the different mails they have to receive and despatch, all the postal cards they have to read, and all the information they have to impart to people about the arrival and departure of mails. Just think of all these things, and if the overburdened official does not receive your heartfelt sympathy I am greatly mistaken. He certainly has mine.

How, I ask, can you, in the face of what I have written, say unkind things about the clerks or the management if your every want is not attended to. How can you, how can any reasonable person, expect one of the officials to sit in the coop in the corridor until late in the evening dispensing stamps; how can you expect to have a bulletin containing the time of arrival and departure of mails posted up in the corridor each day; how can you always expect to receive a civil answer from the clerk at the wicket when you ask some silly question about the mails; how can you complain if your letters or papers are put in some other person's box by mistake; how can you get vexed if the clerks are unusually slow in assorting the mails when you are expecting an important letter; how can you say that if there were fewer clerks in the office the work would be more quickly and better done; how can you say that there are so many clerks that one is in the other's way; how can you—but I forbear. I used to say some unkind things myself about the Post Office, and the manner in which it is managed, but now that I have looked at the other side of the matter, I cannot see why the public should expect so much from the officials.

So much for the Post Office and the manner in which it is managed—or as some people say—mismanaged. Now, a few words about what is going on in the square in the immediate neighborhood of the building. The hour is seven in the evening. The sun is just sinking to rest in the western horizon and the flowers in the beautiful beds so tastefully made up by Mr. Newbery, are drooping preparatory to closing for the night. Sitting upon the siding on either side of the steps leading up to the main entrance to the office are two young men. What are they doing there? Let us see. Up the walk, tripping gayly along, comes a young girl. She is dressed in the latest style, escent to the leg-of-mutton sleeves. The young men have seen her, and have begun to t-y nervously with their moustaches, eyeing each other all the while. As she approaches, both lift their hats, and the girl, in acknowledging the courtesy, smiles sweetly upon each. She goes by into the office, and after obtaining what she was after again passes the young men. The hat-lifting business is again gone through with, and each of the young men make a move as if to join the girl in her walk. But neither go. The girl meets another young man who joins her. Both young men blush and look guilty. They had seen her and got left. After watching the bicyclists cut up the

walks for a time, they also take their departure. But their paths diverge.

Many instances are recorded of people not carrying out the doctor's orders in the matter of taking medicine, and of their faring very badly in consequence. In some cases the mistake has resulted in permanent injury—even in death. But the case of an Italian named Michael Spazienti, residing at Patterson, N. J., is out of the usual run, and therefore worthy of special mention. Michael, it appears, was troubled with corns, and interviewed a physician with the view of obtaining a remedy. The doctor gave him a mixture of chloral, camphor and morphine. The bottle was appropriately labeled with a skull and cross bones and other indications that the contents were not healthy for internal application. But Spazienti did not seem to mind this, and on reaching home took a tablespoonful of the mixture. Before the stuff had time to reach his corns he sent for a physician, who summoned an assistant, and the two worked for three hours with a stomach pump and other machinery before they were satisfied that the Italian stood a fair chance of being again able to travel a hurdy-gurdy. It is thought that the next time Michael takes corn medicine he will not endeavor to make it pass through the entire length of his body, but will make a more direct application.

In Charlottetown they sell a temperance drink called "Hop Beer." It looks like ale, smells like ale, and some of those who have sampled it say it tastes like ale but is not so strong—that "it did not intoxicate them." In Gloucester Mass, they sell ambrosia. It is said that it looks like beer, smells like beer, and tastes like beer. But it's only ambrosia. And they have not got the Scott Act in Gloucester either.

The astronomers are always springing something new upon us. They are now giving currency to the statement that there is a very serious inundation in the planet Mars, which is, they further tell us, a thickly populated region. I would not be at all surprised to learn that some philanthropic souls were about opening a subscription list for the sufferers. There's money in it—for, those entrusted with the handling of the funds.

PERCY.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

THE undersigned Executrix and Executors of the last will and testament of the late William Haslam, Esq., of Springfield, Lot 67, in Queen's County, deceased, hereby notify all persons indebted to the said Estate, to make immediate payment to Bertram Haslam, Executor, and all persons having legal demands against the said Estate are required to render their accounts duly attested to the said Bertram Haslam within twelve months from date hereof.

ELIZABETH HASLAM, Executrix.

BERTRAM HASLAM, Executor.

ROBERT HASLAM, Executor.

Springfield, Lot 67, July 13, 1888.

By 20—wky 1w

DESIRABLE DWELLING HOUSE,

BY AUCTION.

I am instructed by JOHN HIGGINS, ESQ., to sell by Auction on the Premises,

On Thursday, 26th Instant,

AT 12 O'CLOCK, NOON.

His Valuable Dwelling House on Prince Street.

This is a very desirable property, situated as it is in one of the most pleasant parts of the city.

G. M. HARRIS, Auctioneer.

By 13

L. O. O. F.

Funeral Notice.

THE Members of the City Lodges are requested to meet at Oddfellows' Hall, To-morrow (WEDNESDAY) Evening, at 8 o'clock, in order to make arrangements for the reception of the remains of their late Brother, J. T. OWEN, P. G. of Gateway City Lodge, Emerson, Manitoba.

J. S. NELSON, N. G., St. Lawrence Lodge.

R. D. COFFIN, N. G., Widley Lodge.

By 17

Moonlight Excursion.

STEAMER "SOUTHPORT"

Will leave the FERRY WHARF

ON THURSDAY, JULY 19,

AT FOUR O'CLOCK, P. M.

for Hillsborough River, returning at 6.30, and will leave again at 7 p. m., returning at 9. Refreshments and Tea may be obtained on board.

Strawberries, Aunt Sallie, and other attractions. St. Peter's Brass Band will be in attendance. Fare 20 cents. Children under 12, half price on the afternoon trip. By 11 dte—jy14

P. E. Island Steam Navigation Company.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Stockholders of the above Company will be held in their Office, corner Great George and Lower Water Streets, on THURSDAY, the 19th July, at seven o'clock in the Evening, for the election of Directors and other business.

By order.

F. W. HALES, Secretary.

Ch'town, July 5, 1888.

School for Children.

MRS. J. D. MARTIN has still a few vacancies in her Morning Class. Should a sufficient number of Pupils come forward, an Afternoon Class will be formed. These Classes will continue during the Summer. For terms, etc., apply at residence, FITZROY STREET, month 11—jy18

CALEDONIAN CLUB.

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to noon of MONDAY, the Twenty-third of July, instant, from persons willing to contract for the erection of a Grand Stand, Booths, &c., as required for the Annual Gathering of the Club, to be held on the 16th of August. Specification may be seen and all necessary information received on application to the undersigned.

Also—Tenders for the sole privilege of the Catering on the Grounds the day of Gathering.

ROBT. J. CAMPBELL.

Ch'town, July 13, 1888—eod 11 22rd

TRYON WOOLEN MILLS DEPOT, Cameron Block, Charlottetown Agency.

MR. J. D. REID having given up the above Agency, and sold out his Stock-in-Trade to us, we give notice that we shall continue the business as a SALES DEPOT for CLOTHS, TWEEDS, BLANKETS and YARNS of our own manufacture. MR. R. D. COFFIN will remain in charge.

Wool that has been left with our Agent (J. D. Reid) will be settled for on demand as well as any other liabilities that he has incurred in connection with said business. We also collect all debts due to him. All imported goods, excepting Cloth and Tailors' Trimmings, will be closed out regardless of cost during the next thirty days.

A large stock of our own manufactures will be kept constantly in stock to exchange for Wool at Mill prices. CASH FOR WOOL.

TRYON WOOLEN MFG CO.

TRYON WOOLEN MILLS DEPOT, Cameron Block, July 18, 1888—dy & wky

Attractive Bargains for Men

JAMES PATON & CO'S.

Black Worsteds, at Bottom Prices, Blue Worsteds, Very Cheap, Scotch and Canadian Tweeds, nice patterns for Suits, Felt and Straw Hats, Braces, Scarfs, Umbrellas, &c., &c., Ready-made Clothing, Cheap for Ready Cash.

JAS. PATON & CO., MARKET SQUARE.

Ch'town, June 13, 1888—eod & wky

WALK RIGHT IN,

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

JOHN NEWSON'S FURNITURE ESTABLISHMENT, AND GET BARGAINS.

Largest, Oldest and Best Place in the City.

NEVER IN A DILEMMA!

Can supply you all, and give you the best value. Sales daily increasing. No slop work. Furniture as represented. He does not advertise much, but gives his customers the benefit of this saving.

Don't forget the place—OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.

JOHN NEWSON.

Charlottetown, July 7, 1888.

600 White and Colored Shirts.

WE ARE OPENING TO-DAY

2 CASES WHITE AND COLORED SHIRTS,

Which were shipped to us in error, will be sold at Cost and Charges to Clear.

Choice Patterns Direct from Manufacturers.

WE ARE SELLING

THOUSANDS OF HATS

Far better value than is given by those that blow so much.

You will be Convinced if you examine our Stock and compare Prices.

D. A. BRUCE, CUSTOM TAILOR.

Ch'town, June 14, 1888.