

THE DAILY EXAMINER.

TERMS:—FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR.

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NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1888.

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The Daily Examiner

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ALMANAC FOR SEPTEMBER, 1888.

MOON'S CHANGES.
New Moon 6th day, 0h, 43.6m. a. m., N.,
(below horizon.)
First Quarter 12th day, 5h., 47.4m., p. m., S.
Full Moon 20th day, 11.5m., a. m., S.
Last Quarter, 28th day, 4h., 17.7m., a. m., SE.

DAY OF WEEK	SUN	MOON	High Day	Low Day
1 Saturday	5 25 6 31	0 15 7 9 13	5	3
2 Sunday	9 32 1 10	8 12 3	9	2
3 Monday	28 30 2 12	9 2	22	2
4 Tuesday	29 28 3 13	9 48 12 50	2	2
5 Wednesday	30 26 4 26	10 29 56	56	56
6 Thursday	32 24 5 44	11 7 52	52	52
7 Friday	33 22 6 59	11 44 49	49	49
8 Saturday	34 20 8 14	12 32 46	46	46
9 Sunday	35 19 9 29	0 32 43	43	43
10 Monday	37 17 10 43	1 2 40	40	40
11 Tuesday	38 15 11 59	1 47 37	37	37
12 Wednesday	39 13 1 03	2 38 34	34	34
13 Thursday	41 12 2 16	3 43 31	31	31
14 Friday	42 10 3 11	5 9 28	28	28
15 Saturday	43 8 3 56	6 57 25	25	25
16 Sunday	44 6 4 40	7 52 22	22	22
17 Monday	46 4 5 14	8 49 18	18	18
18 Tuesday	47 2 5 44	9 31 15	15	15
19 Wednesday	48 0 6 10 10	10 12 12	12	12
20 Thursday	50 5 6 34 10 43	8	8	8
21 Friday	51 5 6 57 11 16	5	5	5
22 Saturday	52 5 7 20 11 47	2	2	2
23 Sunday	53 5 7 46 12 19	11 50	50	50
24 Monday	54 5 8 13 0 51	56	56	56
25 Tuesday	55 4 8 45 1 28	52	52	52
26 Wednesday	56 4 9 22 2 7	49	49	49
27 Thursday	58 4 10 5 2 54	45	45	45
28 Friday	6 0 4 10 55 3 54	41	41	41
29 Saturday	4 40 11 54 5 7	39	39	39
30 Sunday	2 5 39 6 30 11 36	36	36	36

D. A. MACKINNON, L.L.B.,

Attorney, Solicitor, Notary Public, &c.,

—HAS OPENED HIS—

Law Office in Georgetown,
King's County,

where he will attend to professional work,
and loan money on Real Estate.
nov25—wky

L. ARTHUR & CO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

RECEIVERS OF
Mackerel, Butter, Cheese EGGS
Poultry, Potatoes, Fruit &
Vegetables.

142, 144 Commercial Street,
BOSTON, MASS.

—FOR—

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SUMMER ARRANGEMENT

THE PALACE STEAMERS

OF THE

INTERNATIONAL S.S. CO.

Leave St. John for Boston, via Eastport and Portland, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7.35 a. m.

Fare from Charlottetown to Boston, \$6.50, 2nd class; \$9.50, 1st class.

For tickets and other information apply to
G. A. SHARP, F. W. HALLES,
P. E. I. S. S. Co., P. O. Box 1, St. John, N. S.,
or to your nearest Ticket Agent.

May 7, 1888—wed wky

JAMES A. MORRISON. GEORGE MUSGRAVE

MORRISON & MUSGRAVE,

BROKERS

—AND—

Commission Merchants,
HALIFAX

Consignments of Island produce will receive prompt attention.

REFERENCES: Thomas Fyche, Esq., Cashier Bank of Nova Scotia, Halifax; George Macleod, Manager Bank of Nova Scotia, Charlottetown.

WARREN & JONES,

TEA MERCHANTS,

1 EAST CHEAP AND 9 & 14 MISING LANE,
LONDON, ENGLAND.

Represented in Canada by MORRISON & MUSGRAVE, Halifax.

Oct. 24, 1887—

B. S. DAVIES & CO.,

CUSTOM TAILORS,

—AND—

Dealers in Mens' Furnishing Goods.

Large Stock and Very Best Value for your Money.

Large Lot of Summer Underwear, very cheap,

"Straw Hats,"

"Helmets,"

Coats for the Hot Weather.

All the Novelties in Gents' Neckwear and Furnishings,

ALL AT THE VERY LOWEST PRICES FOR CASH.

B. S. DAVIES & CO.,

CAMERON BLOCK, OPP. POST OFFICE.

June 22, 1888.

WALK RIGHT IN,

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

—TO—

JOHN NEWSON'S FURNITURE ESTABLISHMENT,

AND GET BARAINS.

—(o)—

Largest, Oldest and Best Place in the City.

—(o)—

NEVER IN A DILEMMA!

—(o)—

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.

—(o)—

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.

—(o)—

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.

P. J. FORAN

Is doing an Immense Trade, and is bound to increase it by giving his Customers

PERFECT-FITTING CLOTHES

Made up by Skilled Workmen, at prices that will bring the population of P. E. Island to the

Dry Goods Store of the late Owen Connolly,

To choose for themselves from a nice assortment of

CANADIAN & FOREIGN GOODS.

Ladies' Tailoring done in the Latest American Styles.

—(o)—

P. J. FORAN,

QUEEN STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN.

May 1—eod tf

Our Youthful Days.

BY PROF. W. K. BURR, M. A., PH. D.

Onward, boys! be up and doing,
Every time we know twill pay;
Catch the moments as they're flying,
Youthful days soon pass away.

Never stop like drones and idlers,
In your youth be now in haste,
Age will come and bring its sorrows,
Then beware the time you waste.

In your early life what pleasures
Cheer you onward day by day;
Just the time to lay up treasures—
Youthful days soon fly away.

Look around and see lives wasted,
Here and there on every hand;
From their fate learn golden lessons;
Take a bold and noble stand.

Do not be an idle dreamer—
Let your hearts with courage thrill;
On to distant heights advancing,
Up life's long and rugged hill.

Write your names on scrolls of virtue,
Let your deeds be just and true;
Never pause in all your journey,
Be careful what you do.

Doers reach the highest summit
With bright laurels on their brow;
They were those who fought to conquer,
Seizing first the golden "now."

Let me urge as one that loves you,
Be in earnest while you may;
Time so precious now is passing,
Youthful days soon pass away.

—(o)—

One cause why so many failures
Lurk around in various ways,
Lack of care and cautious training
In their early youthful days.

O, how many wishes daily,
They their lives might live again;
If you'd not be of their number,
Work like heroes, ne'er complain.

Idlers, beggars through the city,
Poor outcasts, and wretches too;
From whose presence turn in pity,
Learn a lesson, dare and do.

Every step climb towards the summit,
Shun the many paths of sin;
Now's the time in youthful beauty,
In the narrow way begin.

Tread the way of wisdom gently,
And your work just do it well;
Then the good you will accomplish,
Other days and years will tell.

Let it ring down through the ages,
That you did not live in vain;
For you worked like heroes nobly,
For the victor's crown to gain.

To this end, DEAR BOYS, I tell you,
PRINCIPLE will make the man;
Gold and silver they will perish—
Get them justly if you can.

Wisdom, goodness, wealth and power,
Fill life's cup of joy each day;
But remember now in boyhood,
Youthful days soon pass away.

A Telegrapher's Adventure.

A SHOCKING EXPERIENCE.

John Warner sat by his telegraphic table, a trifle pale perhaps, but seemingly cool and in no way disturbed by the extraordinary situation. The stranger, who wore a wide-brimmed hat and was dressed in the rough costume of a frontiersman, leaned over the counter, his right elbow resting on it, which enabled him to hold the heavy six-shooter without a tremble. The six-shooter "covered" Warner. The following was the conversation that ensued:

"What time does the night express pass?"

"She's due in about half an hour, but she is over an hour late."

"An hour late, eh?"

"Yes, besides she doesn't stop here. You'll have to go to Bloomville if you want to take the express."

"But if you telegraphed to Bloomville for her to stop here she'd stop here wouldn't she?"

"No, she wouldn't."

"Hasn't she ever stopped here?"

"Once or twice."

"What made her?"

"Orders from the train despatcher."

"Where does he live?"

"Centre City."

"Well, then, the messages from Centre City to Bloomville must pass through this office, mustn't they?"

"Of course."

"All right. Then you could send a message from here that the Bloomville folks wouldn't know but what it came from Centre City, couldn't you?"

"I could, but I wouldn't."

"Oh, wouldn't you? Not if I asked you? Well, young man, I'll be plain with you. If you don't send just what I tell you to, I'll send a couple of bullets through you. We've torn up the track, just round the bend, so the train'll stop anyhow, and there will be an eternal smash. Now we don't want to bother anybody. We just want a certain package that's in the express car. We know it's on this train. We expect to have to kill the expressmen, for there will likely be an extra man to guard that package. It's valuable, it is. If you don't stop that train you perhaps kill fifty people and get shot yourself. If you do, the folks in the sleeping car will never know anything out of the way, and we will have the cash without any bother, Saver?"

"I understand. Let me think a moment."

"Well, hurry up. There's no time to lose."

"Is the track torn up now or are you going to do it if I don't stop the train?"

"The track's torn up now."

"All right. I'll stop the express."

"Now, look here, young fellow. I want you to understand this. If you try any fooling you won't catch us and you'll get shot yourself. Nobody can come here, for

my friends are around this shanty and won't let anybody near here."

"Nobody comes here, anyhow, at night. Or in the daytime, either, for that matter."

"All right. I want you to clearly understand just the fix you're in. We all have fast horses, and even if you brought a regiment on that train they couldn't catch us and you would have a few bullets in you before I got on my horse."

"I understand."

"All right again. Then go ahead."

The operator put his hand on the key, but sat there thinking and did not press it.

"Now, see here; you hurry up there. I don't want any monkey business."

The operator turned so sharply round on him that the other instinctively raised his revolver a little.

"Will you oblige me by keeping your cursed mouth shut? I'll start when I get ready, and don't you forget it. I'm running this machine and don't you forget that. If you don't like it shoot and be hanged to you, and then do your own telegraphing."

"That's the way to talk," cried the desperado with admiration. "That's business. Darned if ever I heard a man talk like that with a gun pulled on him. You go right ahead and if you do this thing square we'll whack on the swag. It's rather tiresome standing here, so I'll just take this chair inside. I won't interfere."

"All right," said the operator, "make yourself at home."

Then he turned to the table and began telegraphing.

"Kick-a-lick, kick-a-lick, kick-a-lick, kick-a-lick," went the instrument rapidly.

"What's that?" said the desperado, forgetting his vow of non-interference of a moment before. "It seems to be all the same thing."

"It is. I am calling the office at Bloomville."

"Kick-a-lick, kick-a-lick—chuck."

"There, I've got 'em. Now, don't interrupt me. I'll tell you what is said when I'm through."

The outlaw leaned forward with a puzzled expression, and doubtless wished he knew as much about telegraphing as he did about shooting.

"Is Stevens there?" asked the instrument at Bloomville. "Tell him Warner wants him."

There was a pause, and then the instrument at the lonely way station answered.

Warner rapidly rattled out the following message:

"This shanty is in the possession of a villain who has a pistol pointed at me while I work. I expect it is the Zama County gang that is round the place. They are going to rob the express. I'm supposed to be telegraphing orders for it to stop here. Now, can't you make up a special there and get the sheriff and a strong posse to come down and gather in the gang?"

"I'll do it. There's a freight engine here now, and I'll put the boys in some box cars."

"No, don't do that. Make up a train of passengers. Put a Pullman on behind if you have it and make it look as like an express train as you can. Then send her down on the time of the express and hold the No. 9 there till they get back."

"Good idea. Now what are you going to do? They'll shoot you."

"Can you make a connection with the town car light and get them to put their full current on? I'll connect it in some way with the fellow here and he'll never know what struck him."

"We haven't time for that. We would have to go down to the dynamo office and get them to turn off all the city lights and then make connections. It would take too long and it would burn out every switch board on the circuit. But I can give you all the cell currents we have here, and that will paralyze any rough from Zama and perhaps kill him. Anyhow, you can get his gun before he recovered. When you're ready just call the office. Ground your current and I'll send it along on the big wire."

"Seems to take a lot of telegraphing to stop a train," said the desperado, uneasily.

"It does. You see the train is behind time, and they don't want to stop her. I told them there was a special that would pass her here. They want to know all the particulars. Now I'll have to move about a bit. I must cut off the wire to Centre City. If I don't, they may telegraph to the despatcher's office about that special, and then it would be all up with us."

"That's right; go ahead."

"Well, don't let that revolver go off."

"It never goes off till I tell it to, and then it's sure death. As long as you act square it won't go off."

The telegrapher went to a drawer and took out a piece of wire and to one end attached a pair of scissors. The other end he connected with the big wire from Bloomville. He fussed around the switch-board, and then took a pail of water and said: "Look out for your feet. I must damp down the floor, so that there will be no dust to interfere with the instruments."

"Water won't hurt anything outside of me," said the man; "I'd hate to try it inside, though."

Having wet the floor the operator sat down to his table again. "Kick-a-lick" went the instrument. Next instant there was a blinding flash of greenish light in the room. The man started to his feet.

"Thunder," he cried, "what's that?"

"You struck it the first time. Thunder somewhere."

"I'm afraid it will interfere with us. But I can fix it. Hand me that screw-driver, quick."

The screw-driver was handed, but all the time the pistol covered him. The visitor was not a man to be taken off his guard. Warner worked with the screw-driver a moment and then said, sharply: "Gimme them scissors. Hurry up."

The outlaw reached for the scissors and the next instant with a yell he sprang

toward the ceiling and fell in a heap on the floor.

"Throw up your hands, you villain," cried Warner, pointing his own pistol at him.

The whole gang were induced to return to Bloomville with the sheriff shortly after.

Temperance at Alexandria. Lot 49.

On Monday evening, 27th inst., the writer had the pleasure of attending a temperance concert at Alexandria, in Rev. Mr. Baker's church, under the auspices of the Sabbath-School in connection with said church. The pastor occupied the chair. The church was filled to overflowing, many persons not being able to gain admittance.

The temperance sentiment in this beautiful farming district is grand, as was shown on the part of the minister, the superintendent of the Sabbath-School, the teachers and the whole body of the people. The writer came to the conclusion that, with such a warm temperance sentiment on the part of the people, the traffic in intoxicating liquor in this neighborhood must cease.

The temperance sentiment in this place is moving onward and upward to final prohibition, under the Scott Act as a good educator, and with the other communities over this Province with the same sentiment and end in view the final triumph must come.

If every pastor and superintendent in our churches and Sabbath-Schools throughout the island would do as Mr. Baker and Mr. Judson have done in Alexandria, with the assistance of our Superintendent of Education in enforcing the use of the Text Book on temperance in the day schools, the end of the saloon business would soon come.

The following programme was successfully carried out, with Mr. J. W. Judson as leader of the choir and Mr. G. H. Moore, of Pownal, organist:—

PROGRAMME.

Opening piece by choir, "A Welcome to All."

Responsive reading, Prov. 4th chap.
Prayer by Rev. Mr. Baker.

Music by choir, "Sound the Battle Cry."
Recitation, "Intemperance," by Miss H. Judson.

Music by choir, "Though the time is short."
Recitation, "The curse of Alcohol," J. Dockendorff.

Music by choir, "The Siren Cup."
Recitation, "It is nothing to you