THE DAILY EXAMINER.

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ALMANAC FOR FEBRUARY, 1888.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Last Quarter 4th day, 3h., 13.3m., a. m., N. (below horizon.)
New Moon 11th day, 7h, 40.0m., p. m., W., (below horizon.)
First Quarter 19th day, 9h., 46.7., p. m., S.W.
Full Moon 27th day, 7h., 45.1m., a. m., W. (be ow horizon.)

D M	DAY OF WEEK	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	High water	Day's len'h
		m	h m	h m aftr'n	aftr'n h m	h m
1	Wednesday	7 28	4 59	9 38	1 4	9 31
2	Thursday	27	5 1	10 57	1 42	34
3	Friday	26	3	morn	2 33	37
4	Saturday	24	4	0 9	3 30	40
5	Sunday	22	6	1 23	4 46	43
6	Monday	20	7	2 35	6 12	46
7	Tuesday	19	8	3 40	7 31	49
8	Wednesday	16	9	4 41	8 33	51
9	Thursday	14	11	5 35	9 23	54
10	Friday	12	12	6 22	10 8	57
11	Saturday	11	13	7 0	10 46	10 1
12	Sunday	10	15	7 34	11 22	4
13	Monday	9	16	8 4	11 57	7
14	Tuesday	8	18	8 29	morn	10
15	Wednesday	7	19	8 57	0 28	13
16	Thursday	6	21	9 17	1 2	16
17	Friday	5	22	9 41	1 35	19
18	Saturday	3	24	10 9	2 13	22
19	Sunday	1	26	10 36	2 57	25
20	Monday	6 59	27	11 9	3 49	28
21	Tuesday	58	28	11 48	4 58	31
22	Wednesday	57	30	aft 34	6 15	34
23	Thursday	56	31	1 28	7 28	37
24	Friday	55	33	2 30	8 28	40
25	Saturday	52	34	3 40	9 19	43
26	Sunday	51	36	4 48	10 4	46
27	Monday	49	37	6 9	10 45	49
28	Tuesday	47	38	7 25	11 25	52
29	Wednesday	6 45	5 40	8 42	aft 5	1055

$55,000

TO LOAN on First Mortgage securities of Freehold Farms.
Low rates of interest.
Payable by instalments if required.
WARBURTON & SMALLWOOD,
Solicitors.
Ch'town, Dec. 29, 1887.—1i wky 3i

—FOR—

B-O-S-T-O-N

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
G. A. SHARP, P. E. I. R'y., F. W. HALES, P. E. I. Steam Nav. Co.
or to your nearest Ticket Agent.
Nov. 12, 1887—eod wky

L. ARTHUR & CO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

RECEIVERS OF

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

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MORRISON & MUSGRAVE,

BROKERS

—AND—

Commission Merchants,

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Consignments of Island produce will receive prompt attention.

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TEA MERCHANTS,

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Represented in Canada by MORRISON & MUSGRAVE, Halifax.
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FUR GOODS

—o—

Ladies' Astracan Jackets
Dolmanetts,
Muffs, in Seal,
Beaver,
Persian Lamb,
Astracan,
Nutria, &c.,
Fur Collars, and
Fur Cuffs
Ladies Caps,
Finest Quality,
Lowest Prices.

Men's Driving Collars,
Fur Gloves,
Fur Caps,
and a lot of
Gray and Black
Sleigh Robes,
Very Cheap.

STANLEY BROTHERS,
BROWN'S BLOCK.
Ch'town, Nov. 30, 1887.—eod & wky

DRIVE DULL CARE AWAY,

And make yourself HAPPY by purchasing your

CLOTHING, ETC.

—AT—

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—o—

A FULL RANGE OF

Suitings, Overcoatings and Pant Patterns,

AT PRICES AWAY BELOW THE VALUE.

At the same time we guarantee satisfaction in FIT, TRIMMING and FINISH of all Garments.

In our MENS' FURNISHING DEPARTMENT we carry the best lines in HATS and CAPS, SHIRTS, COLLARS and CUFFS, and NECK-WEAR. Everything marked away below the value.

CALL AND SEE FOR YOURSELF.

Charlottetown, Jan. 24, 1888.

HORACE HASZARD,

Manufacturers' and General Agent,

—REPRESENTING—

J. LEWENZ & HAUSER BROS., London, England,

TEAS.

ROBERT LAMB & CO., Dundee, Scotland,

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The NOVA SCOTIA SUGAR REFINERY, HalifaX, N. S.

J. F. CARTER, Beverly, Mass.

Oil Clothing, &c.

THOS. CONNOR & SONS, Portland, N. B.

Rope, Marline, Twine, &c.

WESTERN FIRE ASSURANCE COMPANY.
SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Exporter of Canned Lobsters, Salmon, Mackerel, &c.

February 6, 1888—1m eod

THE PIRATE.

By Sir Walter Scott.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

(*Continued*)

"Brenda?" repeated Norna "who talks of Brenda?—it is of Minna that I spoke to you."

"But it was of Brenda that I thought," replied Mordaunt, "of her that I now think, and of her alone that I will ever think."

"Impossible, my son!" replied Norna. "You cannot be so dull of heart, so poor of spirit, as to prefer the idle mirth and housewife simplicity of the younger sister, to the deep feeling and high mind of the noble-spirited Minna? Who would stoop to gather the lowly violet, that might have the rose for stretching out his hand?"

"Some think the lowliest flowers are the sweetest," replied Mordaunt, "and in that faith will I live and die."

"You dare not tell me so!" answered Norna, fiercely; then, instantly changing her tone, and taking his hand in the most affectionate manner, she proceeded:—"You must not—you will not tell me so, my dear son—you will not break a mother's heart in the very first hour in which she has embraced her child! Nay, do not answer, but hear me. You must wed Minna—I have bound around her neck a fatal amulet, on which the happiness of both depends. The labors of my life have for years had this direction. Thus it must be, and not otherwise—Minna must be the bride of my son!"

"But is not Brenda equally near, equally dear to you?" replied Mordaunt.

"As near in blood," said Norna, "but not so dear, no, not half so dear, in affection. Minna's mild, yet high and contemplative spirit, renders her a companion meet for one, whose ways, like mine, are beyond the ordinary paths of this world. Brenda is a thing of common and ordinary life, an idle laugher and scoffer, who would level art with ignorance, and reduce power to weakness, by disbelieving and turning into ridicule whatever is beyond the grasp of her shallow intelfect."

"She is, indeed," answered Mordaunt, "neither superstitious nor enthusiastic, and I love her the better for it. Remember also, my mother, that she returns my affection, and that Minna, if she loves anyone, loves the stranger Cleveland."

"She does not—she dares not," answered Norna, "nor dares he pursue her farther. I told him, when first he came to Burgh-Westra, that I destined her for you."

"And to that rash annunciation," said Mordaunt, "I owe this man's persevering enmity—my wound, and well-nigh the loss of my life. See, my mother, to what point your intrigues have already conducted us, and, in Heaven's name, prosecute them no farther!"

It seemed as if this reproach struck Norna with the force, at once, and vivacity of lightning; for she struck her forehead with her hand, and seemed about to drop from her seat. Mordaunt, greatly shocked, hastened to catch her in his arms. and, though scarce knowing what to say, attempted to utter some incoherent expressions.

"Spare me, Heaven, spare me!" were the first words which she muttered; "do not let my crime be avenged by his means!—Yes, young man," she said, after a pause, "you have dared to tell what I dared not tell myself. You have pressed that upon me, which, if it be truth, I cannot believe, and yet contine to live!"

Mordaunt in vain endeavored to interrupt her with protestations of his ignorance how he had offended or grieved her, and of his extreme regret that he had unintentionally done either. She proceeded, while her voice trembled wildly, with vehemence.

"Yes! you have touched on that dark suspicion which poisons the consciousness of my power,—the sole boon which was given me in exchange for innocence and for peace of mind! Your voice joins that of the demon which, even while the elements confess me their mistress, whispers to me, 'Norna, this is but delusion—your power rests but in the idle belief of the ignorant, supported by a thousand petty artifices of your own.' This is what Brenda says—this is what you would say; and false, scandalously false, as it is, there are rebellious thoughts in this wild brain of mine," (touching her forehead with her finger as she spoke,) "that, like an insurrection in an invaded country, arise to take part against their distressed sovereign. Spare me, my son!" she continued, in a voice of supplication, "spare me!—the sovereignty of which your words would deprive me, is no enviable exaltation. Few would covet to rule over gibbering ghosts, and howling winds, and raging currents. My throne is a cloud, my sceptre is a meteor, my realm is only peopled with fantasies; but I must either cease to be, or continue to be the mightiest as well as the most miserable of beings."

"Do not speak thus mournfully, my dear and unhappy benefactress," said Mordaunt, much affected; "I will think of your power whatever your would have me believe. But, for your own sake, view the matter otherwise. Turn your thoughts from such agitating and mystical studies—from such wild subjects of contemplation, into another and a better channel. Life will again have charms, and religion will have comforts for you."

She listened to him with some composure, as if she weighed his counsel, and desired to be guided by it; but as she ended, she shook her head and exclaimed—

"It cannot be. I must remain the dreaded—the mystical—the Reimkennar the controller of the elements, or I must be no more! I have no alternative, no middle station. My post must be high on yon lofty headland, where never stood human foot save mine—or I must sleep at the bottom of the unfathomable ocean, its white billows blooming over my senseless corpse. The parricide shall never also be denounced as the imposter!"

"The parricide!" echoed Mordaunt, stepping back in horror.

"Yes, my son!" answered Norna, with a stern composure, even more frightful than her former impetuosity, "within these fatal walls my father met his death by my means. In yonder chamber was he found a livid and lifeless corpse. Beware of filial disobedience, for such are its fruits!"

(*To be continued.*)

WE have the largest stock of clothes in the city, all new, which we are selling at bottom prices for cash.—John McLeod & Co.

Sir John at Earnscliffe.

THE HOME AND SURROUNDINGS OF THE CANADIAN PREMIER.

(*From The London World's Series of Celebrities at Home.*)

Where the cliffs rise up abruptly and overhang the river, nestling in a grove of stunted pine, hangs Earnscliffe, such a "house on a hill" as honest Robert Burton would have deemed suitable for a "nobleman" of his own day. Truly a favored spot, perhaps the most favored of the many lovely halting-places around the capital, to one at least who loves the rugged beauty of the Canadian forest, whose dark-green fringe spreads beyond the silver sweep of the water at the foot of the cliff, and is swallowed up in the purple haze that ever hangs like a veil over the Hull mountains beyond, till it dissolves at evening into the melting pink and yellow and purple of that Canadian sunset glory whose tender brilliance no pen can describe. The house itself is of grey stone, its outlines broken and varied by poetic gable and hospitable arch. The quiet peacefulness which surrounds it seems to harmonise better with Sir John Macdonald's book-loving tastes than the fashionable bustle of "Sandy Hill," the Mayfair of Ottawa, where stands the home presented to him by his admirers and friends. Perhaps it was for this very reason that the noise of the city was exchanged for these quite solitudes, a goodly tramp—for Canadians are by no means enthusiastic walkers—from the surrounding dwellings in the neighborhood.

With but a brief delay, we are shown into the well-furnished library where the Prime Minister of Canada spends his leisure time.

AMONGST HIS WELL-LOVED BOOKS.

As he rises to greet us we are struck with the resemblance to the late Lord Beaconsfield which has struck so many before. A remarkable man truly, and for nothing more, perhaps, than for that wonderful gift of accommodating himself to his company or his position, which he seems to have caught, with his features, from our own great statesman. Full of work as he always is—for with him, at least, no office could be a sinecure—he is nevertheless always ready for a few minutes' gossip upon comparatively unimportant topics. He receives us with old-fashioned courtesy, and talks with a freedom which is rare amongst men in his position, of all manner of things, from Imperial Federation to the price of wheat. Of books, too, if we wish, for, as was said, Sir John Macdonald unites in his person an unusual combination of qualities. He is at once a student and a man of the world. Possessed of a remarkably retentive memory, he is a ravenous devourer of books. Of books of all kinds, it is said, for we are told that a common practice of our host, after an unusually severe spell of Parliamentary work, is to relieve his overworked brain by a systematic course of real yellow-backs, tales of the most blood-curdling horrors, of the

MOST APPROVED BLOOD-AND-THUNDER TYPE.

Be this as it may, he certainly finds time, amidst his numerous Parliamentary and social duties, to keep au courant with all the literature of the day, and of such he talks with all the appreciation, though none of the pedantry of a scholar. From this his genial tastes and warm sympathy with his kind, naturally preserve him, backed, perhaps, by his keen relish for social enjoyment. If presently we pass into the drawing-room, we shall find Lady Macdonald presiding at the tea table, and surrounded—for all the distance—by Ottawa society at its best. There is, perhaps, the stately Madame Audry—but, alas! now no more Madame Lemoine; Lady Tilley, who aspires to "art;" Mr. Perley's charming American wife, who has made such an impression upon the city of her adoption; Judge Lafontaine's beautiful daughters; the Tennysonesque Miss Louise Patrick; and we may even exchange a few words with the still lovely Mrs. Hannington, once the belle of Ottawa. Sir John's partiality for young men, too—another point in which he resembles Lord Beaconsfield—is sure to have drawn one or two to the house to help with the tea and claret-cup—Mr. Mackintosh and Mr. Griffin, who enjoy the enviable reputation, the one of saying, the other of writing, invariably "the right thing," with half a dozen others, proteges of the kindly Premier and the cheerful, blithe and active hostess who keeps them as busy as she is herself.

"There is much to be made of a Scotchman," said Dr. Johnson, "if caught young," and Sir John is

PRE-EMINENTLY A "SELF-MADE MAN."

in the best sense of the word. He had, it is true, the advantages of good family and a good though early finished education, but his career is of his own making. Nevertheless, nothing was more certain than that he would succeed. From the day when, as a young lawyer, he defended the American sympathiser, General Von Schultz, who was hanged in spite of him in 1839, he was a marked man in his profession, and a Montreal paper of that date predicted for him a career which he has more than fulfilled since. Elected for Kingston in 1844, he has identified himself ever since with the political growth of the country he has done so much to raise from a group of insignificent Colonies to her present position among nations, and for twenty-nine years has led the Conservative party, and, with but a brief interval, the Canadian House of Commons itself. Although a Conservative, the three measures by which posterity will judge his administration are measures of progress, and, in a sense, of reform, embodying as they do the three great principles of religious liberty, land reform and the unity of the Empire. The secularisation of the clergy reserves involved the dis-establishment of a Church which had no excuse for existence as a State Church, and at the same time put an end to countless complications as to the intention of the grants, which the liberal principle of commutation of existing rights might have proved a valuable precedent in the case of the Irish Church, and may yet help to a solution of our own Establishment difficulties. The abolition of the seignorial tenure relieved Canada of an incubus worse than any Ireland has ever borne, while the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway is an achievement of which any statesman might be proud, most of all one with

SIR JOHN'S OWN VIEWS UPON IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

These he gives us as he talks. He believes that the future of the whole Empire will be a great Federation of the Colonies with the Mother Country, and a speech of his in 1861 will give his views more clearly than the mere recollection of passing fragments of conversation. "I hope that for ages, for ever, Canada may be united to the Mother Country. . . . There will thus be formed an immense confederation of freemen, the greatest confederation of civilised and intelligent men that has ever had an existence on the face of the globe."

As a speaker, Sir John Macdonald is extremely effective, although, or perhaps because, his oratory is quite unstudied. But if the rolling periods and declamatory phrases are conspicuous by their absence, it is because the matter of his speech is to him all-important. He sees clearly, and expresses what he sees in plain, straightforward language, the clearer, perhaps, because of its occasional absence of rhetorical finish. But, even so, upon great subjects, when the future destinies of the Province, the future glories of the Empire warm his blood, the Canadian Premier rises to something which, if not absolute eloquence, is as convincing, and perhaps more effective. At such times his influence over an audience is

UNEQUALLED CERTAINLY IN HIS OWN COUNTRY,

and hardly surpassed by the great speakers of ours. In fact, the secret of the immense hold which he possesses over the affections of the people, as well as the fasination which his society has for even the casual visitor, lies not only in the intense personality which is one of his charms, but in the conviction, which is borne out by a study of his career, that he is in earnest in all he does, and that this earnestness is directed, not towards individual aggrandisement, but to further the best interests of his country. Twenty years ago a Parliamentary writer spoke of the union and advancement of the Province being due to "what may read like paradox, his enlightened principles of Conservative progress," and the development of these principles has gone on steadily ever since,

When we rise to go, Sir John accompanies us across the lawn and points out the quiet charms of the situation. "You see, below us here the stream is quite clear. A little further up those wretched mill owners have choked it with logs and chips and driftwood, but we get the full flow of the river, and all such things are carried away before they can collect. How quiet it is! Hark!" And from below comes the musical dip of oars beating time to the chant of the voyageurs as they guide the great pine logs down towards the lumber markets of the St. Lawrence. And Sir John goes on to tell us how he and Lady Macdonald paid a visit once to these same primitive watermen, and with what hospitality they met, and how they enjoyed the rude fare so heartily offered, the boiled pork and sauerkraut, and the delicious bread baked on the raft, for which the voyageur cooks are so famous. To which Lady Macdonald, who has just come up, adds, "Yes, dear, all but the saurkraut."

WHEAT.

The Charlottetown Milling Company

WILL PAY

CASH FOR WHEAT

at their Mills on and after

MONDAY, JANUARY 16th.

GEORGE E. FULL.
Jan 4, 1888—dy, 2aw 6i, wy 6 w, Pat, Guardian.

CARSLAKE'S

GRAND DERBY SWEEP.

$25,000.00.

		Total
1st horse (in duplicate)	$3,000 each prize	$6,000
2nd "	$2,000 " "	$4,000
3rd "	$1,000 " "	$2,000
Other starters (divided equally)	$2,000 in duplicate	$4,000
Non-starters (divided equally)	$4,500 in duplicate	$9,000

5,000 Tickets at $5 each.
Drawing May 28th. Race May 30th, 1888.
Ten per cent. deducted from all prizes.
Address,
GEORGE CARSLAKE, Prop.,
Mansion House, Montreal.
Jan. 21, 1888—eod m w s tl May 19

CASH will buy clothing at way down price. John McLeod & Co.

NOTICE.

THE ANNUAL BAZAAR for the P. E. ISLAND HOSPITAL will be held on THURSDAY, April 5th. Contributions gratefully received by

MRS. CHAS. PALMER,
President.
L. P. BEER, Secretary.
feb7

FOR SALE.

AT A. McNEILL'S AUCTION ROOM.

100 Barrels Winter Keeping APPLES (choice)
150 do. No. 1 Labrador HERRING.
35 Half Chests TEA.
Boxes Onions, Oranges, Lemons, &c.

Selling at AUCTION PRICES to close out consignments. tf—feb2