

# The Daily Examiner.

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NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1886.

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## The Daily Examiner

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### ALMANAC FOR MARCH, 1886.

#### MOON'S CHANGES.

New Moon 5th day, 5h, 51m, p. m. W.  
First Quarter 13th day, 9h, 47 a. m. E.  
Full Moon 20th day, 12h, 14 20a, a. m. S.  
Last Quarter 27th day, 6h, 31.7m, a. m. S.

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

### WARBURTON & SMALLWOOD,

NOTICE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.

The undersigned have this day entered into partnership, under the style and firm of Warburton and Smallwood,

Barristers, Attorneys-at-Law,  
Notaries Public, &c.

Office—Cameron Block, Queen Square.

A. B. WARBURTON, B.A., B.C.L., C. R. SMALLWOOD.

The firm are Agents for the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States, which does the largest business of any Life Insurance Company in the world.

Dec. 3—law wky 3 mo

### L. ARTHUR & CO.,

GENERAL

Commission Merchants,

121 ATLANTIC AVENUE,

BOSTON, MASS.

Eggs and Produce a Specialty.

July 15—dly wky

### CAUTION.

EACH PLUG OF THE

MYRTLE NAVY

IS MARKED

T & B.

IN BRONZE LETTERS.

None Other Genuine.

Oct. 20.

—FOR—

BOSTON.

SPRING ARRANGEMENT.

THE PALACE STEAMERS

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INTERNATIONAL S.S. CO.

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Fare from Charlottetown to Boston, \$6.50, 2nd class; \$9.00, 1st class.

For tickets and other information apply to

G. A. SHARP, F. W. HALE, P. E. I. Ry., P. E. I. Steam Nav. Co., or to your nearest Ticket Agent.

Feb. 8, 1886—cod wky

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NEEL. The latest local and foreign news can always be found therein.

## J. H. MYRICK & CO.,

WHOLESALE and retail dealers in CANNED GOODS, FLOUR, TEA, GROCERIES, &c. also; FORK, LARD, HAMS and FISH of all kinds, Grafton Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

In our Fish Market we offer CODFISH—boneless, dried, pickled; HERRING, MACKEREL, SHAD—pickled; DIGBY HERRING.

In Canned Fish we offer SALMON, FINNAN HADDIES and LOBSTERS. We wish to direct special attention to our

**Fresh Salmon and Codfish,**

which we receive and have on sale every day.

Our GROCERIES will be found fresh and reliable and our stock is complete in all departments. Our prices will compare favorably with those of the best grocers

PORK, BACON, SUGAR-CURED HAMS, LARD, FRESH BEEF, CORNED BEEF and SAUSAGES. Our SAUSAGES are fresh made every morning, from the best material.

By dealing with us house-keepers can obtain everything they require in the house-keeping line without trouble or unnecessary running around.

Orders by mail or telephone will receive prompt attention.

## J. H. MYRICK & CO.,

Fish Market, Grafton Street.

Charlottetown, Feb. 9, 1886—1 mo cod

## BRITISH WAREHOUSE,

83 QUEEN STREET.

FALL AND WINTER STOCK,

NOW COMPLETE IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.

UNSURPASSED FOR VALUE!

## A. L. BROWN.

Ch'town, Nov. 19.—wky.

## NOW THEN FOR

## D. A. BRUCE'S

—OFFER OF—

## CLOTHING & GENTS' FURNISHINGS

WE have on hand one case Cloths, one case Gents' Furnishings, sent by mistake, and sold to us at a big advantage rather than return them. We are manufacturing these cloths into

## SUITS AND OVERCOATS,

charging only FIVE PER CENT. OVER COST! and from \$4.50 to \$6 for making and trimming Overcoats; from \$5 to \$7 for making and trimming Suits with Good Trimmings and

## GOOD WORKMANSHIP.

CLOTH, by the yard or piece, Very Cheap. We have on hand a few Suits and Overcoats, made to order, not called for

## SELLING AT COST.

This ought to convince you that there is money lost if you don't purchase from us, instead of buying imported clothing. ALL OUR CLOTHING IS MADE ON THE PREMISES. No \$3 Overcoats.

## The Custom Tailoring,

under the management of MR. JAMES McLEOD, leads all others for A1 work. Prices in this department will be found lower than ever. Our past record is sufficient guarantee to secure your future confidence.

A large portion of our Neckwear has been manufactured to our special order, from patterns that will be found the very thing you want.

## D. A. BRUCE,

72 QUEEN STREET.

Ch'town, Dec. 3, 1885.—cod wky 2mo

## BOOK-BINDING, PAPER-RULING

—AND—

## BLANK-BOOK MAKING,

## OVER BOREHAN'S BOOT & SHOE STORE

ALL kinds of BOOK BINDING executed at Lowest Prices and with Quick Despatch. Ruling, Numbering and Perforating for the Trade promptly attended to. BLANK BOOKS A SPECIALTY.

A Share of Patronage Solicited.

## JAMES D. TAYLOR,

QUEEN SQUARE.

Ch'town, Feb. 23, '86.

### TABERNACLE SERMON

#### "The Marriage Ring."

"HOTEL AND BOARDING HOUSE LIFE VERSUS HOME LIFE."

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, preached last Sunday in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, the eighth of his series of sermons on "The Marriage Ring," the subject being "Hotel and Boarding House Life versus Home Life." Professor Henry Eyre Browne played "O Sanctissima," by Lux. The whole congregation joined in singing the hymn:

"Glory to God on high!  
Let heaven and earth reply:  
Praise ye his name!"

Dr. Talmage expounded a chapter from the second book of Samuel about the ark deposited in the house of Obed-edom, about which Josephus says that the man was poor when the ark was left at his house and rich before it left. The preacher remarked that every house is rich which has in it the sacred chest of the Divine presence.

The text was Luke x, 34 and 35: "And brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him, and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee." Following is the sermon in full.

This is the good Samaritan paying the hotel bill of a man who had been robbed and almost killed by bandits. The good Samaritan had found the unfortunate on a lonely, rocky road, where to this very day depredations are sometimes committed upon travellers, and had put the injured man into the saddle, while the merciful and well-to-do man had walked, till they got to the hotel and the wounded man was put to bed and cared for. It must have been a very superior hotel in its accommodations, for, though in the country, the landlord was paid at the rate of what in our penny would be four or five dollars a day, a country being then a day's wages and the two pennies paid in this about two day's wages. Moreover, it was one of those kind-hearted landlords who are wrapped up in the happiness of their guests, because the good Samaritan leaves the poor wounded fellow to his entire care, promising that when he came that way again he would pay all the bills until the invalid got well.

Hotels and boarding houses are necessities. In very ancient times they were unknown, because the world had comparatively few inhabitants, who were not much given to travel, and private hospitality met all the wants of sojourners; as when Abraham rushed out at Mamre to invite the three men to sit down to a dinner of veal; as when Lydia urged the Apostles to accept of her home; as when the people were positively commanded to be given to hospitality; as in many of the places in the East these ancient customs are practiced to-day. But we have now hotels presided over by good landlords, and boarding houses presided over by excellent host or hostesses, in all neighborhoods, villages and cities, and it is our congratulation that those of our land surpass all other lands. They rightly become the permanent residences of many people, such as those who are without families, such as those whose business keeps them migratory, such as those who ought not, for various reasons of health or peculiarity of circumstances, to take upon themselves the cares of housekeeping.

Many a man falling sick in one of these boarding houses or hotels has been kindly watched and nursed; and by the memory of her own sufferings and losses the lady at the head of such a house has done all that a mother could do for a sick child, and the slumberless eye of God sees and appreciates her sacrifices in behalf of the stranger. Among the most marvellous cases of patience and Christian fidelity are many of those who keep boarding houses, enduring without resentment the unreasonable demands of their guests for expensive food and attentions for which they are not willing to pay an equivalent—a lot of cranky men and women who are not worthy to tie the shoe of their quiescent caterer. The outrageous way in which boarders sometimes act to their landlords and landladies show that these critical guests had had early rearing, and that in the making up of their natures all that constitutes the gentleman and lady were left out. Some of the most princely men and some of the most elegant women that I know of to-day keep hotels and boarding houses.

But one of the great evils of this day is found in the fact that a large population of our towns and cities are giving up and have given up their homes and taken apartments, that they may have more freedom from domestic duties and more time for social life, and because they like the whirl of publicity better than the quiet and privacy of a residence they call their own. The lawful use of these hotels and boarding houses is for most people while they are in transit, but as a terminus they are in many cases a demoralization, utter and complete. That is the point at which families innumerable have begun to disintegrate. There never has been a time when so many families, healthy and abundantly able to support and direct homes of their own, have struck tent and taken permanent abode in these public establishments. It is an evil wide as Christendom, and by voice and through the newspaper press, I utter warning and burning protest, and ask Almighty God to bless the word, whether in the hearing or reading.

In these public caravansaries, the demon of gossip is apt to get full sway. All the boarders run daily the gauntlet of general inspection—how they look when they come down in the morning and when they get in at night, and what they do for a living, and who they receive as guests in their rooms, and what they wear and what they do not wear, and how they eat and what they eat, and how much they eat and how little they

eat. If a man proposes in such a place to be isolated and reticent and alone, they will begin to guess about him: Who is he? Where did he come from? How long is he going to stay? Has he paid his board? How much does he pay? Perhaps he has committed some crime and does not want to be known; there must be something wrong about him or he would speak. The whole house goes into the detective business. They must find out about him. They must find out about him right away. If he leaves his door unlocked by accident he will find that his rooms have been inspected, his trunk explored, his letters folded differently from the way they were folded when he put them away. Who is he? is the question, asked with intense interest until the subject has become a monomania. The simple fact is, that he is nobody in particular, but minds his own business. The best landlords and landladies cannot sometimes hinder their places from becoming a pandemonium of whisperers, and reputations are torn to tatters, and evil suspicions are aroused, and scandals started, and the parliament of the house is blown to atoms by some Guy Fawkes, who was not caught in time, as was his English predecessor of gunpowder reputation.

The reason is that while in private homes families have so much to keep them busy, in these promiscuous and multitudinous residences there are so many who have nothing to do, and that always makes mischief. They gather in each other's rooms and spend hours in consultation about others. If they had to walk a half mile before they got to the willing ear of some listener to detraction, they would get out of breath before reaching there, and not feel in full glow of animosity or slander, or might, because of the distance, not go at all. But rooms, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25, are on the same corridor, and when one carries on some "Caw! Caw!" all the other crows hear it and flock together over the same carcass. "Oh, I have heard something rich! Sit down and let me tell you all about it." And the first guffaw increases the gathering, and it has to be told all over again, and as they separate each carries a spark from the altar of gab to some other circle, until from the coal heaver in the cellar to the maid in the top room of the garret, all are aware of the defamation, and that evening all who leave the house will bear it to other houses, until autumnal fires sweeping across Illinois prairies are less raging and swift than that flame of consuming reputation blazing across the village or city. Those of us who were brought up in the country know that the old-fashioned hatching of eggs in the hay now required four or five weeks of brooding, but there are now modes of hatching by machinery, which takes less time and do the work in wholesale. So, while the private home may brood into life an occasional falsity and take a long time to do it, many of the boarding houses and family hotels afford a swifter and more multitudinous style of moral incubation, and one old gossip will get off the nest after one hour's brooding clucking a flock of thirty lies after her, each one picking up its little worm of juicy regalement. It is no advantage to hear too much about your neighbors, for your time will be so much occupied in taking care of their faults that you will have no time to look after your own. And while you are pulling the chickweed out of their garden yours will get all overgrown with horse-sorrel and mullen stalks. One of the worst damages that comes from the herding of so many people into boarding houses and family hotels, is inflicted upon children. It is only another way of bringing them up on the commons. While you have your own private house you can for the most part control their companionship and their whereabouts, but by twelve years of age in these public resorts, they will have picked up all the bad things that can be furnished by the prurient minds of dozens of people. They will overhear blasphemies, and see quarrels, and get precocious in sin, and what the bartender does not tell them the porter or hostler or bell-boy will. Besides that, the children will go out into this world without the restraining, anchoring, steady and all controlling memory of a home. From that none of us who have been blessed of such memory have escaped. It grips a man for eighty years, if he lives so long. It pulls him back from doors into which he otherwise would enter. It smites him with contrition in the very midst of his dissipations. As the fish already surrounded by the long wide net swim out to sea thinking they can go as far as they please, and with gay toss of silvery scales they defy the sportsman on the beach, and after a while the fishermen begin to draw in the net, hand over hand and hand over hand, and it is a long while before the captured fins begin to feel the net, and then they dart this way and that hoping to get out, but find themselves approaching the shore and are brought up to the very feet of the captors, so the memory of an early home sometimes seems to relax and let men out further and further from God and further and further from above—five years, ten years, thirty years; but some day they find an irresistible mesh drawing them back, and they are compelled to retreat from their prodigality and wandering, and though they make desperate effort to escape the impression, and try to dive deeper down in sin, after a while are brought clear back and held upon the Rock of Ages.

If it be possible, O father and mother! let your sons and daughters go out into the world under the semi-omnipotent memory of a good, pure home. About your two or three rooms in a boarding house or a family hotel, you can cast no such glorious sanctity. They will think of these public caravansaries as an early stopping place, malodorous with old victuals, coffee perpetually steaming and meats in everlasting stew or broil, the air surcharged with carbonic acid, and corridors along which drunken boarders come staggering at one o'clock in the morning, rapping at the door till the affrighted wife lets them in. Do not be guilty of the sacrilege or blasphemy of calling such place a home. A home is

four walls enclosing one family with identity of interest, and a privacy from outside inspection so complete that it is a world in itself, no one entering except by permission; bolted and barred and chained against all outside inquisitiveness. The phrase so often used in law books and legal circles is mightily suggestive—every man's house is his castle. As much so as though it had drawbridge, portcullis, redoubt, bastion and armed turret. Even the officer of the law may not enter to serve a writ except the door be voluntarily opened unto him; burglary, or the invasion of it, a crime so offensive that the law clashes its iron jaws on any one who attempts it. Unless it be necessary to stay for longer or shorter time in family hotel or boarding house—and there are thousands of instances in which it is necessary, as I showed you at the beginning—unless in this exceptional case, let neither wife nor husband consent to such permanent residence.

The probability is that the wife will have to divide her husband's time with public smoking or reading room, or with some coquetish spider in search of unwary flies, and if you do not entirely lose your husband it will be because he is Divinely protected from the disasters that have overwhelmed thousands of husbands with good intentions as yours. Neither should the husband, without imperative reason, consent to such a life unless he is sure his wife can withstand the temptation of social dissipation which sweeps across such places with the force of the Atlantic Ocean when driven by a September equinox. Many wives give up their homes for these public residences so that they may give their entire time to opera, theatres, balls, receptions and levees, and they are in a perpetual whirl like a whip top spinning round and round, very prettily until it loses its equipoise and shoots off into a tangent. But the difference is, in one case it is a top and in the other a soul.

Beside this there is an assiduous accumulation of little things around the private home which in the aggregate make a great attraction, while the denizen of one of these public residences is apt to say: "What is the use? I have no place to keep them if I should take them." Mementoes, bric-a-brac, curiosities, quaint chair or cosy lounge, upholsteries, pictures and a thousand things that accrete in a home are discarded or neglected because there is no homestead in which to arrange them. And yet they are the case in which the pearl of domestic happiness is set. You can never become as attached to the appointments of a boarding house or family hotel as to those things that you can call your own and are associated with the different members of your household, or with scenes of thrilling import in your domestic history. Blessed is that home in which for a whole life time they have been gathered, until every fibre in the carpet, and every panel of the door, and every casement of the window has a chronicle of its own, speaking out something about father or mother or son or daughter, or friend that was with us a while. What a sacred place it becomes when one can say: "In that room such a one was born; in that bed such a one died; in that chair I sat on the night I heard such a one had received a great public honor; by that stool my child knelt for her last evening prayer; here I sat to greet my son as he came back from sea voyage; that was father's cane; that was mother's rocking chair. What a joyful and pathetic congress of reminiscences!

The public residence of hotel and boarding house abolishes the grace of hospitality. Your guest does not want to come to such a table. No one wants to run such a gauntlet of acute and merciless hyper-criticism. Unless you have a home of your own you will not be able to exercise the best rewarded of all the graces. For exercise of this grace what blessing came to the Shunammite in the restoration of her son to life because she entertained Elisha, and to the widow of Zarephath in the perpetual oil well of the miraculous cruse because she fed a hungry prophet, and to Rahab in the preservation of her life at the demolition of Jericho because she entertained the spies, and to Laban in the formation of an interesting family relation because of his entertainment of Jacob, and to Lot in his rescue from the destroyed city because of his entertainment of the angels, and to Mary and Martha and Zacheus in spiritual blessing because they entertained Christ, and to Publius in the island of Melita in the healing of his father because of the entertainment of Paul, drenched from the shipwreck, and of innumerable homes throughout Christendom upon which have come blessings from generation to generation because their doors swung easily open in the enlarging, ennobling, irradiating and divine grace of hospitality. I do not know what your experience has been, but I have had men and women visiting at my house who left a benediction on every room—in the blessing they asked at the table, in the prayer they offered at the family altar, in the good advice they gave the children, in the gentleness that looked out from every liniment of their countenances; and their departure was the sword of bereavement.

The Queen of Norway, Sweden and Denmark had a royal cup of ten curves or lips, each one having on it the name of the distinguished person who had drank from it. And that cup which we offer to others in Christian hospitality, though it be of the plainest earthenware, is a royal cup, and God can read on all its sides the names of those who have taken from it refreshment. But all this is impossible unless you have a home of your own. It is the delusion as to what is necessary for a home that hinders so many from establishing one. Thirty rooms are not necessary, nor twenty, nor fifteen, nor ten, nor five, nor three. In the right way plant a table, and couch, and knife and fork, and a cup and a chair, and you can raise a young paradise. Just start a home, on however small a scale, and it will grow. When King Cyrus was invited to dine with an humble friend the king made the one condition of his coming