

THE DAILY EXAMINER.

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NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, TUESDAY, JULY 13, 1886.

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Advertising at moderate rates.
Contracts may be made for monthly, quarterly, half-yearly, or yearly advertisements, on application.

ALMANAC FOR JULY, 1886.

MOON'S CHANGES.

New Moon 1st day 6h., 54.1m., p. m., W.
First Quarter 8th day, 9h., 57m., a. m., N. E. (below horizon).
Full Moon 15th day, 11h., 56.4m., p. m., S.
Last Quarter 24th day, 1h., 59m., a. m., S. E.
New Moon 31st day, 1h., 13.3m., a. m., N. (below horizon).

DAY OF WEEK	Sun	Sun	Moon	High	Day's
M.	ris	sets	ris	water	len'th
1 Thursday	4	15	7	49	4
2 Friday	19	49	5	9	11
3 Saturday	29	48	6	18	20
4 Sunday	20	48	7	31	0
5 Monday	1	48	8	45	0
6 Tuesday	22	48	9	59	1
7 Wednesday	22	47	11	11	2
8 Thursday	23	47	12	22	3
9 Friday	23	46	1	30	4
10 Saturday	24	46	2	27	5
11 Sunday	25	45	3	41	6
12 Monday	26	44	4	2	7
13 Tuesday	27	44	5	30	8
14 Wednesday	28	43	6	31	9
15 Thursday	29	43	7	17	10
16 Friday	30	42	7	54	10
17 Saturday	31	41	8	33	11
18 Sunday	32	40	9	41	11
19 Monday	33	39	9	32	12
20 Tuesday	34	38	9	59	12
21 Wednesday	35	37	10	24	13
22 Thursday	36	36	10	51	13
23 Friday	37	35	11	18	14
24 Saturday	38	34	11	48	14
25 Sunday	39	32	12	30	15
26 Monday	40	31	0	22	16
27 Tuesday	42	30	1	3	17
28 Wednesday	43	28	1	51	18
29 Thursday	44	27	2	48	19
30 Friday	45	26	3	54	19
31 Saturday	4	46	7	26	5



—FOR—

BOSTON.

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 8.00 a. m.

Leave St. John at 8 o'clock every Saturday night for

BOSTON DIRECT.

Fare from Charlottetown to Boston, \$6.50, 2nd class; \$3.50, 1st class.

For tickets and other information apply to

A. SHARP, F. W. HALE, P. E. I. S. S. Co., or to your nearest Ticket Agent.

May 7, 1886—cod wky

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.

net 10

RANKIN HOUSE.

THE undersigned will lease for a term of years the above well known Hotel, situated on corner of Water and Pownall Streets, in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. Possession given on the 1st October next.

Any information required will be given, either by letter or personal interview.

J. H. GRAY, DAVID STIRLING, Trustees.

Ch'town, June 12, 1886—jul 12 wky her jour

LONDON HOUSE.

JULY.

WE will offer, at Reduced Prices, this month, the following Goods:—

Straw Hats.
Feathers and Flowers,
Dolmans,
Light Summer Prints.

LOW PRICES TO CLEAR.

HARRIS & STEWART,

SUCCESSORS TO

GEO. DAVIES & CO.

Ch'town, July 6, 1886.

BEER BROS.

MIDSUMMER.

Now is the Time to Secure Your Midsummer Goods.

Summer Dolmans,
Summer Dress Goods,
Summer Underclothing,
Summer Millinery Goods.

Exceptional Value in Every Department.

See Our Goods,
See Our Prices,
See Our Bargains!

BEER BROS.

Ch'town, July 5, 1886.

NEW DRY GOODS,

—AT—

PERKINS & STERNS'

As usual, our stock has been personally selected in the best British and American markets, and comprises, in addition to a Full Range of Staple Dry Goods, all the novelties to be found.

London, Paris and New York Millinery, Fancy Goods, Hats, Bonnets and Shapes.

New Parasols and Umbrellas!

Large Stock of New Hosiery, Gloves, &c.

New Trimmings, New Frillings, New Laces

New DRESS GOODS with TRIMMINGS to Suit

New French Muslins, New American Muslins, New Laces to Match.

New Cloths, New Pink Cottons, New Jerseys, New Jackets.

New Carpets and Oilcloths!

PERKINS & STERNS.

Ch'town, April 29, '86.

ADAMSON'S BOTANIC COUGH BALSAM

SAFE. SURE. PROMPT. 25 Cts.

A WONDERFUL REMEDY

Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam. It is as pleasant as honey. Coughs, Colds, 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. KINSMAN & CO., DRUGGISTS, 33 47th Ave., N. Y.

Ethel De Wolfe SHADOWS AND SUNSHINE.

BY S. M. BENT.

CHAPTER VI.

THE STING OF THE SERPENT.

"Go, then—'tis vain to hover
Thus around a hope that's dead;
At length my dream is over;
'Twas sweet—'twas false—'tis fled!"—Moore.

"Ah, love!
Perjured, false, treacherous Love.
Enemy
Of all that mankind may not rue!
Most untrue
To him who keeps most faith with thee.
Woe is me!" —Spanish Student.

On the eve of the battle of Fredericksburg Captain Chandley received a New York paper, in which the following marked paragraph caught his eye:—

"The nuptials of Lionel Warner and Ethel De Wolfe, only child of Lemuel De Wolfe, of this city, will take place at an early date—within three weeks, it is said. The wedding, it is rumored, will be very quiet."

"This, then," soliloquized Paul, "is why no letters have reached me for months past. This is why the one I adored, and believed truth itself, has forgotten my existence; this is why she has thrown aside my love like a crushed rose when its freshness is gone. Oh! the perfidy of woman. The most devoted heart is spurned by her when the alluring halo of wealth glitters before her. Love, honor, chivalry, cannot turn the balance in which binding vows are weighed in the hour of temptation; and the most sacred pledges, when tried in the crucible of woman's faith, crumble to dust and ashes and the blackness of falsehood. But that she, whose image is engraven on my heart, she whom I believed the embodiment of truth, honor and love, she whom I adored as a queen among her sex, as one worthy the homage of every noble man, that she, of all women, should thus forget the hours we spent together, the promises she made, and ruthlessly tear asunder the silken cords that made us one in spirit, goes beyond my comprehension. All the long months I have been on the battle field in defence of her home, she has been silent. Not a line has she written to say that she was still true, not a word to prepare me for this bitter blow. No! she was ashamed to confess that she had fallen into a gilded snare, that she had given her hand to a poltroon and coward, that she had sold herself for a few paltry dollars more than she thought the mere soldier possessed. Bah! let her go; the bars of her jewelled cage will but mock her imprisoned wings, the soul of her song will be broken when she resigns herself into the keeping of Lionel Warner, and her spirit will chafe with vain repinings and uncontrollable regrets when he shuts the cage door upon her, and she will find that a golden key will lock her in as securely as one of iron. Let her go! she is not worthy of tears. Henceforth the face of woman is nothing to me, and fame, in arms and in art, shall be my mistress, and fickle though she oft is, she is not Ethel De Wolfe, whose name is falsehood."

The men under Paul's command wondered that night at his feverish and unceasing activity, at his impatient haste and longing for the rush and roar of battle. He voluntarily went on sentry duty, and as he paced up and down his beat on the outskirts of the city the army had that day entered, his thoughts were sad and bitter. Silence settled over town, river, plain and hill, over the hostile armies waiting but the dawn of morning to begin anew their deadly work, silence broken only by the occasional neighing of horses, or challenge of sentry, or sounds that come, strange and mysterious and unaccountable, from out the bosom of darkness, from off the ripples of the flowing river at midnight's mystic hour.

"'Tis now the dead of night, and half the world is with a lonely, solemn darkness hung;
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fixed sentinels almost receive,
The secret whispers of each others watch."

Through all the long, lonely, solemn hours of night, till far past the dark, weird moment that heralds the birth of another day, Paul kept watch, and when finally relieved, threw himself upon his pallet, and fell into a fitful slumber from which he was soon aroused by the sharp reveille.

CHAPTER VII.
FREDERICKSBURG.

"The order came, the die was cast,
McLellan was removed at last—
While far and near, o'er hill and dell,
In thrilling notes the accents fell—
'Come back to us, McLellan!'" —Jonas A. Bigelow.

"O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts!
Possess them not with fear—'take from them now
The sense of reckoning of the opposed numbers!
Puck not their hearts from them to-day, O Lord,
O not to-day!" —King Henry V.

The victories of Williamsburg, West Point, Hanover Court House, and Fair Oaks, half redeemed General McLellan's name from the imputations cast upon it by those who had expected him, with the magnificent army under his command, to throw aside his timorous tactics, and to inaugurate, early in the campaign of 1862, vigorous action against the insurgents. The grandest army the Union had spent a whole season in sanguinary conflicts and great attempts which profited the nation little. From the 25th of June to the 1st of July was fought an almost unintermitted battle before the rebel works at Richmond, with a total loss in killed, wounded and missing of nearly sixteen thousand; the army had shown bravery, endurance, devotion and eagerness to fight, unsurpassed by any body of Union troops in the field, and yet,

neglecting to follow up the advantages gained, McLellan allowed himself to be driven from his position before Richmond to the James River; and early in August he evacuated the Peninsula altogether, and retreated towards the Potomac, with "brilliant failure" written on his banners, and leaving every mile of the march marked by the unlettered graves of the fallen heroes of the army of the Potomac.

Then followed, in September, the bloody battle of Antietam, which, though not a decisive engagement, drove the rebels out of Maryland, and McLellan's name was once more carried on the wings of fame all over the Union. But again he failed to follow up a hard-won advantage, and the old tactics of delay and extreme caution, for which he had been noted all through the campaign, lest his star fading and descending, and doomed the country to fresh disappointment. The same over-cautious hesitation that had resulted in the failure of the Peninsula and Maryland campaign, continued till General McLellan was superseded in command of the Army of the Potomac by General Burnside, who immediately inaugurated a more vigorous plan of action.

General McLellan was a skilled engineer, organizer and instructor, a man of great theoretical knowledge of the art of war; a quiet, cheerful and unostentatious commander, and beloved by his soldiers, but his unaccountable delinquency, when the moment came for dashing movements and grand efforts, rendered him unsuitable to lead to permanent victory the magnificent army he had built up, and the government at last became dissatisfied with his vacillation and tardiness.

The 13th of December, the day following the occupation of the city of Fredericksburg by the army of the Potomac, dawned dreary and gloomy. As soon as the fog lifted, the army moved out on the plains which lie between the swiftly flowing Rappahannock and the terraced heights a mile and a half to the south of the river. The enemy, in greater force than was anticipated by the Union generals, were strongly posted in these natural battlements, and the brisk and skillful attack made upon them by the Northern troops was not successful in driving them out. The attacking division led by Generals Meade and Gibbons was badly used by the rebels under Jackson. Howe and Brooks held the bridges on the Union right, suffering severely from the Confederates' left, led by General Stuart, who made desperate efforts to drive them from the position to which they so heroically clung. Gen. Hill charged in force on the Union lines, but was repulsed with considerable loss. The terrible battle then grew general along the front of both armies, and all day long the plain presented a grand and magnificent panorama of great bodies of troops, marching and countermarching, charging and retreating, as the deadly storm of bullets surged this way or that, while over the blood-stained reeking field, rose the steady roar of artillery, the shrieking and bursting of bombs, the fierce rush of grape and canister through the sulphurous air, the rolling volleys of musketry, the rallying cries of the leaders, the screams of the wounded and dying, the neighing of maddened steeds, and above the dense clouds of smoke from which broke flash upon flash floated the tattered and bullet-riddled banners of the combatants.

Near sunset, Franklin's left, with fearful loss, had gained a mile of ground, but vain was his every attempt to dislodge the determined Confederates from the high hills, the deep gullies and sheltering woods which gave them so strong a position in the rear of the city.

Early in the day General French, supported by General Howard, had attempted to drive the enemy from these hills and woods, but was met by one of their detachments at a long stone wall in front of the ridge, and was compelled to retreat before a murderous fire. A second and third time was the attempt made in the face of the leaden tempest, and as often were the brave regiments driven back. That line of action was then abandoned, until just as night began to settle upon the bloody corpse-strewn plain, a final attempt was made by the same division, under the cover of a ceaseless and blinding artillery fire, but at the critical moment, when victory trembled in the balance, it was outflanked by a body of rebel reserves that suddenly rose out of a deep ravine on the extreme left, and forced to retreat in disorder, and the battle was over.

Gallant Captain Chandley—who, in all the hard fought contests in which the army had taken part, had ever borne himself as a soldier should in the thick of the fight, amid the screaming missiles of destruction—and three of his brother officers, who had clambered up the stone wall to lead their followers over, were left prisoners in the Confederate lines.

(To be continued.)

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.
AS AN APPETIZER.
Dr. Morris Gibbs, Howard City, Mich., says: "I am greatly pleased with it as a tonic; it is an agreeable and good appetizer."

MAUD and her George were in the parlor, and Maud's father was laying down his political tenets to Maud's George. "I tell you," he exclaimed, "we don't want any third party here." "That is precisely, papa," replied Maud, "a third party is a nuisance anywhere." Maud's father withdrew from the field.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain; and the little shrub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other cause. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind. feb 4 cod wky

Our July Bargain.

A COFFEE POT

—AND—

A POUND OF FRESH ROASTED AND GROUND COFFEE

—FOR—

36 CENTS. FOR JULY ONLY

WE WILL SELL

A NICE COFFEE POT,

worth 36 cents, and

A Pound of 24-Cent Coffee,

with a Printed Receipt for making

nice Coffee.

ALL FOR 36 CENTS

60 Cents' Worth for 36 Cents.

FOR JULY ONLY

Don't Miss this Bargain

BEER & GOFF.

Ch'town, July 6, 1886.—law & wky

1827 . . . 1886.

T. & E. KENNY,

Dry Goods and Shipping,

HALIFAX, CANADA.

T. & E. KENNY,

(F. C. MAHON)

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General Commission Merchants,

161 GRESHAM HOUSE,
Bishopsgate Street,

LONDON, E. C.,

England.

Scott's and Vaughan's Codes.
March 29, 1886.

HARD COAL.

JUST arrived ex Schr. "E. Crosby," from New York—

371 Tons Anthracite Coal (Egg and Chestnut Sizes.)
Will be sold low while landing.
This is the same quality Coal that has given such good satisfaction for the last four years.
CAPT. JOHN HUGHES,
Water Street,
Ch'town, July 2, 1886—law cod