

THE DAILY EXAMINER.

TERMS:—FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR.

"This is true Liberty, when Free Born Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."—EURIPIDES.

SINGLE COPIES TWO CENTS.

NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, MONDAY, AUGUST 15, 1887.

VOL. 21.—NO. 70.

The Daily Examiner

is issued every evening by
The Examiner Publishing Co

From their office, corner of Water and
Great George Streets, Charlottetown,
Prince Edward Island.

—RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION—

Six months \$2 50
Three months 1 25
One month 50

Advertising at moderate rates.

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

ALMANAC FOR AUGUST, 1887.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Full Moon 3rd day, 4h., 27.6m., p. m., N.E.,
(below horizon).
Last Quarter 11th day, 7h., 24.0m., p. m., N.
(below horizon).
New Moon 19th day, 1h., 26.1m., a. m., N.
(below horizon).
First Quarter 25th day, 4h., 8.7m., p. m., S.E.

DAY OF WEEK Sun Sun Moon High Day's
M. DAY OF WEEK rises/sets rises water len h

| DAY OF WEEK | Sun | Sun | Moon | High | Day's |
|--------------|------------|----------|---------|-------|-------|
| M. | rises/sets | rises | water | len | h |
| 1 Monday | 4 47 | 25 5 46 | 8 57 | 14 38 | |
| 2 Tuesday | 48 | 23 6 42 | 9 43 | 35 | |
| 3 Wednesday | 49 | 22 7 21 | 10 24 | 33 | |
| 4 Thursday | 51 | 21 7 54 | 11 11 | 30 | |
| 5 Friday | 52 | 18 8 24 | 11 55 | 27 | |
| 6 Saturday | 53 | 18 8 51 | 12 9 | 25 | |
| 7 Sunday | 54 | 16 9 15 | 0 41 | 22 | |
| 8 Monday | 56 | 14 9 40 | 1 14 | 19 | |
| 9 Tuesday | 57 | 14 10 4 | 1 49 | 17 | |
| 10 Wednesday | 58 | 12 10 29 | 2 28 | 14 | |
| 11 Thursday | 59 | 10 10 59 | 3 14 | 11 | |
| 12 Friday | 5 0 | 11 33 | 4 14 | 9 | |
| 13 Saturday | 3 | 8 morn | 5 27 | 6 | |
| 14 Sunday | 3 | 6 0 | 12 6 46 | 3 | |
| 15 Monday | 4 | 4 0 | 5 59 | 7 54 | 0 |
| 16 Tuesday | 5 | 2 1 51 | 8 1 | 13 57 | |
| 17 Wednesday | 7 | 1 2 58 | 9 41 | 34 | |
| 18 Thursday | 8 | 0 4 9 | 10 25 | 32 | |
| 19 Friday | 9 | 6 58 | 5 21 | 11 7 | 49 |
| 20 Saturday | 10 | 56 | 6 41 | 11 48 | 46 |
| 21 Sunday | 12 | 54 | 7 5 | morn | 42 |
| 22 Monday | 13 | 52 | 9 15 | 0 28 | 39 |
| 23 Tuesday | 14 | 50 | 10 30 | 1 24 | 36 |
| 24 Wednesday | 16 | 49 | 11 42 | 1 55 | 33 |
| 25 Thursday | 17 | 47 | 12 52 | 2 45 | 30 |
| 26 Friday | 18 | 45 | 1 58 | 3 53 | 27 |
| 27 Saturday | 19 | 43 | 2 58 | 5 9 | 24 |
| 28 Sunday | 20 | 41 | 3 53 | 6 33 | 21 |
| 29 Monday | 22 | 0 4 42 | 7 32 | 18 | |
| 30 Tuesday | 23 | 31 | 8 42 | 15 | |
| 31 Wednesday | 5 246 | 36 5 55 | 9 24 | 12 | |

L. ARTHUR & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

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

142, 144 Commercial Street,
BOSTON, MASS.

May 18, 1887.

Boston Direct,

—BY THE—

Boston, Halifax and Prince Edward
Island Steamship Line.

The Only Direct Line Without Change.

Charlottetown to Boston

THE staunch and commodious steamships Car-

roll and Worcester have been thoroughly
refitted and put into first-class condition in
every particular.

During the season of 1887, one of these vessels
will leave Pownal Street Wharf, Charlottetown,
for Boston, at six o'clock, p. m., on THURSDAY
of each week, and

Boston for Charlottetown every SATURDAY
at noon.

Excellent Passenger Accommodation! Low
Rates!

FARES:—Cabin, \$7.50; Stateroom Berth, \$9.50.

Lowest Rates for freight, which is always care-
fully handled.

CARVELL BROTHERS,
Agents, Charlottetown.

HARRISON LONG, Managing Owner,
Levis Wharf, Boston.

July 21, 1887.

—FOR—

B-O-S-T-O-N

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT

THE PALACE STEAMERS

OF THE

INTERNATIONAL S.S. CO.

Leave St. John for Boston, via Eastport and Port-

land, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at
8 30 a. m.

also leave St. John at 7.30 every Saturday
night for

BOSTON DIRECT.

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. HALE, S.

P. E. I. Ry., P. E. I. Steam Nav. Co.
or to your nearest Ticket Agent.

April 15, 1887.—cod wky

PREPARE FOR HOT WEATHER

—AND BUY FROM—

Perkins & Sterns

New American Muslins, New Prin'ed Batists,
New French Muslins, New Printed Cottons.

A BIG DISPLAY OF LACES.

Book Muslin, Victoria Lawn, Bishop's Lawn, Check
Muslins.

Embroideries, in Allovers, Flouncings, Edgings, inser-
tions, &c.

A Big Stock of Gloves and Hosiery.

Linon Collars and Cuffs, separate or in sets.

Corsets, direct from the makers and at the lowest
price.

If you want a Seaside Dress just see our stock of
Flannels—Cheapest and Best Goods for the purpose to be
found.

Perkins & Sterns

June 7—dy & wky

Know all Men by these Presents that

THE STAR

TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT

Is the right place to get your Clothes made.
Because we give Good Value and a Fit that beats the world.
Our Establishment is new but our Cutters are the oldest at their
business in the Province.
We can give a style and finish to our garments that others cannot
attain to.

WE BLOW

Because we know we are right and care not what our competitors say.
We are bound to knock them out in Fit, Style, Finish, Price, &c.
Come and see us, even if you don't buy. We want to show you
our Fine Stock of Tweeds, Worsteds, &c.

M'LEOD & M'KENZIE,

Queen Street, opposite Watson's Drug Store.

JAMES McLEOD, late of C. Robertson & Co.
J. T. M'KENZIE, formerly Bruce & McKenzie, late of New York.
Charlottetown, July 5, 1887.—cod & wky

SUMMER BEVERAGES, & C.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Montserrat Lime Juice, in pint and quart bottles. This
Lime Juice is imported from the Island of Montserrat, and is
guaranteed to be the best and purest in the world.

West India Lime Juice, in bottles and on draught. We
import this in casks and bottle it ourselves, and it has given
first-class satisfaction

Lemon and Raspberry Syrups.—As we import these
from one of the best houses in the Dominion, we guarantee them
to be equal, if not superior, to any other Syrups in the market.

Fresh Fruit.—We are receiving Oranges, Lemons and
Apples, every Boston steamer, and will have Pears, Grapes,
Strawberries, Watermelons, &c., in their season.

Confectionery.—Having a very large stock of good, whole-
some Confectionery, we are prepared to give extra value in
this line.

Tea Committees will find it to their advantage to give us a
call before buying elsewhere.

BEER GOFF,

QUEEN SQUARE AND KING SQUARE STORES.

Ch'town, July 9, 1887.—cod wky

JIM POULDER'S MISTAKE.

A pleasant, balmy day in May. The
windows of the railway car were open. There
was a breeze stirring; and through a cloud of
dust was blown in it was also blown out, with
the exception of a tired portion which stopped
to rest on the clothes of the passengers or
burrowed for its own safety in their ears and
nostrils. There were only two vacant seats in
the car and at Pankap station two persons
came and to fill them. One of them was an old
man—the second look he was probably not
over fifty—with iron-grey hair, partly cover-
ed by a slouched hat and clad in a new suit
of gray stuff that seemed to have been made
for some one else. With him was a young
and very pretty girl, whose dress was of
ordinary stuff, but well fitting, and who was
well gloved and well shod. The observer
would have set down the two for a well-to-do
farmer and his daughter who were travelling
for business or pleasure. The man looked
around. The two vacant seats were on oppo-
site sides of the car. In one of them sat a
young, well-dressed and apparently satisfied
gentleman, and the space by his side was
occupied by a handbag of crocodile leather
and a Spring overcoat. In the other was
another young man not quite so extravagantly
dressed, though neatly clad, and not so hand-
some as the first, though he had an open and
intelligent countenance. The farmer looked
around, and motioning his daughter to the
vacant seat, said: "There's a place for you,
Lucy." Then, turning to the young man
with the satchel, he asked: "Seat engaged?"
The young man looked up, curled his lips
superciliously, and said: "Man to fill it'll be
here presently, I dare say."

"Ah," said the farmer, coolly removing the
grip and overcoat and placing them on the
young man's lap; "then I'll occupy it
until he comes." And he seated himself ac-
cordingly, while the young man glared at
him.

The one on the other side looked amused;
and then, frowning, said: "You had better ex-
change seats with me, sir, and then the young
lady and yourself will be together."

"Thank you," was the farmer's reply; and
the exchange was quickly effected.

The two young men were evidently
acquainted, for the courteous one said to the
other in a low voice: "Jim Poulder, you
made a mistake there."

"I never make mistakes, Frank Bolling,"
replied the other. "I dare say you'll make
your fortune some of these days by being
polite to the granger population; but my
fortune is already made."

The first speaker said nothing more, but,
drawing a newspaper from his pocket, opened
it, and ran his eye over its columns.

Poulder yawned a little, and at last said:
"This is too dull for yours faithfully, James
Poulder. I'll go into the smoking-car and
take a whiff. Have a snifter?" he inquired,
producing a pocket flask.

"No, thank you," replied Bolling. "That
stuff is rather too fiery for me."

"Here goes alone, then. That's as fine
brandy as ever crossed the ocean. Day-day!
Keep an eye on my traps, will you? and don't
give up my seat to every country yokel who
asks it."

The elegant young gentleman shook himself,
and made his way forward to the car especially
provided for fumigation.

When he had gone the old man leaned over
the arm of his seat and addressed Bolling.

"Excuse me, sir, but didn't your friend who
has left say that his name was James Poul-
der?"

"That's his name, sir," replied the young
man; but he is not exactly a friend of mine,
though we live in the same place, and I know
him very well.

"May I enquire where he is from?"

"Yes, sir; Charlottetown."

"Son of Peter B. Poulder, the great pork
packer there is he?"

"Yes, sir."

"His father should deal with him. It would
be quite in his line."

"Oh, papa!" said a sweet, reproachful voice
as those near heard the colloquy tittered.

"It is a fact, Lucy," rejoined the farmer.

The old man, who was evidently intelligent,
entered into a general conversation with the
younger, and soon showed that he was quite
well informed. Bolling was glad of a confer-
ence so entertaining, especially when, as his
eyes were bent in that direction, he saw the
young lady was interested, and he hoped a
pleased listener. There was something very
sweet in the expression of her countenance, an
inexpressible impress of modesty and inno-
cence on her features. They chatted away,
and the elder, so dexterously that the younger
never perceived it, drew out of the other his
position, prospects and intentions.

Bolling was frank by nature, and the ques-
tions of his interlocutor, who was as ingenu-
ous as the other was ingenious, were crailly
put. The sharp granger soon learned that
Frank Bolling had been engaged in the study
of the law; but that his father having met
with reverses, and having two younger
daughters to educate, the young man deter-
mined to make his burden less, and had set
out to support himself, abandoning his law
studies, and taking a situation as salesman at
a country store at Griffon, a thriving town
of about five miles from the main line.

"I get but begrudging pay, of course," said
Frank gayly. "I can only draw a hand; but
I have promised that, when I am better
qualified, my wages will be increased."

"You are rather a singular person," said the
farmer bluffly. "Most young men would have
talked of his salary."

"I rather prefer the old style of English,
said Bolling. "I am to be a hireling, and
the compensation of a hireling is called wages.
But wages or salary—the terms are indiffer-
ent to me."

"My place is within a mile of Griffon,"
said the old man. "I have a notion that I
know your father once. Wasn't he in Har-
vard in his time?"

"Yes, sir, and so was I. We are alumni of
the same school."

"I wonder if he remembers his old chum
there—one George Carter—George St. Leger
Carter, as they have it on the hills."

"Yes, sir; I've heard him speak of him
often, though the two have drifted apart
since then. Judge Carter, you mean. He
lives at Griffon. Do you know him?"

"Um! yes! After a fashion."

"Papa!" whispered the young girl, but Bol-
linger's quick ear caught her words, "I know
the judge better than you do."

"Be quiet, Puss, will you?" replied her
father, in the same tone.

"I am told," resumed the young man,
"that he left the bench, and though quite
wealthy, has gone back to the bar. I have a

letter for him which my father, recalling their
youthful friendship, insisted on giving me; but
I shall not present it.

"Why not? He might be of service to
you."

"Scarcely, sir. You see, sir, if I am to be a
salesman in a country store, I had better ac-
commodate myself to my position. The judge,
even if he remembered old college friendships,
wouldn't be likely to consider me a welcome
addition to his family circle as a visitor. He
is rich and then he is said to have a very
handsome and accomplished daughter, who
would, no doubt, look down on me. I have
my bread and butter to earn, and had better
confine myself to it."

"Possibly you are right. But how came
your father to lose his money? I thought he
inherited a fine fortune."

"Yes, sir; but he was drawn into incurring
responsibility for a relative. He is not ruin-
ed, by any means, but he is merely hampered,
and thinks he will pull through in time with
a little economy and prudence; and I have no
doubt he will. But I am only in his way, or I
would have remained."

"Have you ever thought of trying farm-
ing?"

"No, sir. I have no capital, and know
nothing of it."

"Do you know more of selling groceries
and dry goods?"

"Not a bit more; you see, I am paid some-
thing there while I learn."

"Your friend, or your acquaintance, as you
call him, to Griffon, too—does he?"

"Yes, sir; but he goes there in a different
capacity. I believe he represents his father
in some transaction about property with the
judge, and is to remain there some days as a
guest, until the affair is closed. Possibly as
his father wants him to marry, he may be on a
tour of observation, and take in the judge's
daughter. Though that is very impertinent
of me, for he has said nothing on the subject."

"Do you think he is so irresistible as to be
able to pick and choose at his pleasure?" in-
quired the girl, looking quizzically over her
father's shoulder.

"He can be very fascinating when he
chooses, I am told," replied Bolling, "and as
he is handsome, an only son, and his father
worth millions, he is at least what elderly
ladies call a 'good catch.'"

"He puts up his fascination along with his
courtesy, I suppose, and leaves both at home
when he travels," said the girl.

"Lucy! Lucy!" cried her father, "some
thoughts had better be left unspoken."

The conversation turned into other chan-
nels. But the old farmer still pursued his
queries in the most artful way. There is a
strong thirst for information in the rural
mind, but in this instance it seemed to be
personal.

At last the elegant Jim Poulder came back
from the smoking-car, with a strong nicotine
aroma shedding itself from his person. His
voice had that thickness which told of the
draining of his pocket-flask. He was jolly
and confidential.

"Sorry, old fellow," he said, "to have left
you so long. Been bored to death for want of
company, haven't you?"

"Oh, no! I have enjoyed a very pleasant
conversation with our genial neighbor over
the way."

"Genial! Well, of all the queer chats for
picking up low acquaintance, you beat 'em
and give 'em six in the game."

"Sh! they'll hear you."

"Let 'em, who cares? Going to stop at the
Junction?"

"No; there is a one-horse sort of connecting
train, I learn, and I shall push on to Griffon
at once."

"I shan't. I'll lay over a day. I'm sort of
worn out, and I'll come over to-morrow as
fresh as a daisy. Hope you will have a good
time among the cheese and candles. I intend
to look in on you before I leave and see how
doth the little busy bee improve shining
hour."

"Thank you; you're very kind."

The brakeman craned his neck in the door
and uttered some sounds, apparently "Grif-
ton Junction," which the experienced ear un-
derstood to be Griffon Junction, and the
travellers for that point left the cars. Poulder
made his way, with his luggage, to the little
hotel there, while the farmer and daughter,
followed by Bolling, made their way to the
single car, with a little superannuated engine
attached, which stood waiting. There were
no other passengers, and the three had the
car to themselves.

"Come over here," Mr. Bolling, said the
old man, after the car had been in motion a
while, "I want to talk with you a bit. Turn
down that seat. That will do. You said
you had a letter for Judge Carter and didn't
intend to deliver it."

"Yes, sir."

"Did it never occur to you, young man,
that it was your duty to obey a father's
orders?"

"I trust, sir, I'm usually obedient. It was
not a positive order. I shall write to him
and explain."

"I tell you that you should deliver that
letter to its proper owner. You are only a
trustee in the case. I am Judge Carter, and
this is my daughter Lucy. Hand over the
paper to the court."

"I beg pardon, sir; but I—"

"You want identification. Here, conduc-
tor! Tell this young gentleman who I am."

"Judge Carter," responded the functionary,
a little curious to know what it was all about.

"Thank you, Phillips. That will do.
Now, sir."

Bolling, not a little astonished, took the
letter from pocketbook.

"If you'll permit me," said the judge, as he
opened the letter and glanced over the con-
tents. "He gives you a good character, and
wants me to look after you a little. Ah, how
time flies! Lucy, this young fellow's father
and I had such good times in the old days.
How long did you read law, Bolling?"

"A little over two years, sir."

"Like it?"

"Very much indeed, sir."

"Whom did you read with?"

"Spencer & Sullivan."

"Good men. Sullivan put you through the
office business, I fancy. That's his way. Now,
I have been putting you through an exhaus-
tive examination, which is my way, and I
think you will do. Let old Bragg find an-
other salesman. He's not dying for you, and
I can get him a substitute. I have two stu-
dents in my office. What they are there for
is their own business, but they'll never make
a great success at the bar unless they change
their ways. I want a clerk to manage my
office and to boss around while I am off on
circuit. I'll give you a living salary, not too
much, and you can read law meanwhile. You
ought to be able to pass in a year. If you
turn out as I hope you will, why, when you

get your sheepskin, we'll see what can be done.
What do you say to this?"

"Say to it, sir! What can I say but yes, and
thank you for your offer?"

"Very well, that's settled. Here we are,
and there is our carriage. Jump in, I'll
drive."

The next day James Poulder, Esq., made
his appearance at the Carter's in a state of
elegance only matched by that of Capt.
Cattle's famous watch—rarely equalled and
never excelled. He was ushered into the
drawing-room and received by a young lady
whose style suited even his fastidious taste,
and whose features had a dim familiarity.
When the judge came in the young man's re-
cognition of the farmer in the car was com-
plete. He stammered out an apology, but the
old man relieved him.

"It could hardly have been expected that
you should have known us," said the judge.
"Let all that pass. You are quite welcome.
As we have two hours before dinner, we'll
go to the office and look over the papers
together. Miss Carter will excuse you, mean-
while."

In the office