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W. L. COTTON, J. W. MITCHELL,
Manager. Office Sup't

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE NO. II.
Winter Arrangement.
ON AND AFTER
MONDAY, DECEMBER 30th, 1878.

Trains Going West.			
STATIONS.	No. 1. Express.	No. 3 Mixed.	
Georgetown	Dp 8.10 am		
Cardigan	" 8.35 "		
M. Stew't Jun	ar 9.55 "		
Royalty Jun.	dp 10.05 "		
Ch'town	" 11.20 "		
Royalty Jun.	dp 8.00 am	Dp 3.30 pm	
N. Wiltshire	" 8.20 "	" 3.50 "	
Hunter River	" 9.12 "	" 4.45 "	
Breadalbane	" 9.30 "	" 5.03 "	
County Line	" 10.05 "	" 5.41 "	
Kensington	" 10.18 "	" 5.51 "	
Summerside	" 11.00 "	" 6.30 "	
Wellington	ar 11.30 "	ar 7.00 "	
Port Hill	dp 2.40 pm		
O'Leary	" 3.32 "		
Alberton	" 4.16 "		
Tignish	" 5.33 "		
Alberton	ar 6.35 "		
Tignish	dp 6.40 "		
Tignish	ar 7.25 "		

Trains Going East.			
STATIONS.	No. 2. Express.	No. 4 Mixed.	
Tignish	Dp 7.00 am		
Alberton	" 7.45 "		
O'Leary	" 8.47 "		
Port Hill	" 10.05 "		
Wellington	" 10.48 "		
Summerside	ar 11.40 "		
Kensington	dp 2.30 pm	Dp 8.45 am	
County Line	" 3.00 "	" 9.15 "	
Breadalbane	" 3.40 "	" 9.57 "	
Hunter River	" 3.50 "	" 10.03 "	
N. Wiltshire	" 4.28 "	" 10.47 "	
Royalty Jun.	" 4.45 "	" 11.02 "	
Ch'town	" 5.40 "	" 11.55 "	
Royalty Jun.	ar 6.00 "	ar 12.15 pm	
Mt. Stewart	dp 2.55 "		
Cardigan	" 3.15 "		
Georgetown	dp 4.30 "		
Georgetown	dp 4.40 "		
Georgetown	ar 6.00 "		
Georgetown	ar 6.25 "		

SOURIS BRANCH.			
Going West.		Going East.	
STATIONS.	No. 5 Mixed.	STATIONS.	No. 6 Mixed.
Souris	Dp 7.00 A.M.	Mt S'tw't Jnc	Dp 4.40 P.M.
Harmony	" 7.23 "	Morell	" 5.22 "
St. Peters	" 8.42 "	St. Peters	" 5.54 "
Morell	" 9.13 "	Harmony	" 7.12 "
Mt S'tw't Jnc	ar 9.55 "	Souris	ar 7.35 "

C. J. BRYDGES, WM. McKECHNIE,
Gen. Sup. Gov. Railways Supt. P. E. I. R.
Ch'town, Dec. 27, 1878.
p ne ar h pres kca sp sj ap 6i

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A suite of Rooms convenient for a small family, together with board &c., can be had in the Broadway House.
Nov. 23, 1878—



Examiner Office!

1879.

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A few Advertisements only, receive.

J. W. MITCHELL, W. L. COTTON,
Office Sup't. Manager.

Dugald Campbell and his Dog 'Bully.'

[Written for the Examiner.]
A STORY OF NOT LONG AGO.

SOME thirty years ago, in what was then known as the "Big Woods Settlement," there lived a man by the name of Dugald Campbell.

He was a bachelor of about forty years of age and a fine specimen of the true Highlandman. High-spirited, generous and brave, he was ever ready to do a good turn for his neighbors at a sacrifice to himself. At every stumping and chopping frolic in the "Big Woods," Dugald was sure to be and the first to arrive. Indeed, it was remarked that he worked more and harder for his neighbors than he ever did for himself. He lived with his mother, a widow, who had probably seen about seventy winters. She believed herself and Dugald to be closely allied to the princely house of Argyle; and she almost daily reminded Dugald that he should never forget the stock from which he sprung. For hours she would entertain her neighbors with the genealogy of the different branches of the great MacCallum More family. True, few if any of her auditors could comprehend what the degree of relationship really was which existed between herself and the occupant of Inverary Castle. Even Dugald, who had left his native heather when a lad, could not always follow the description and titles of the great personages who figured in the genealogical tree. But the feeling that he was related to a duke in some degree, and that duke the Duke of Argyle, made him feel that he was somewhat superior to the other settlers in Big Woods—the majority of whom were only McLeods, Mackenzies, Macdonalds, Stewarts and such like.

Still, notwithstanding his occasional airs of family superiority, Dugald was rather a popular fellow among the inhabitants of Big Woods. Indeed, but for one thing he would be the most popular bachelor in the settlement. He kept a dog. That dog was the evil genius of his life. To describe Dugald's dog is impossible. But it was the universal opinion that everything that was ugly, carrish and wicked in all the different kinds of dogs, was represented in that dog of Dugald Campbell's. He was always in some mischief, and everlastingly getting Dugald into trouble. Everywhere—to town, to church, to singing school, he jogged his master's footsteps. "Bully" was the appropriate name of this ugly canine. In church he appeared to act as an ally to the enemy of mankind. In spite of the watchfulness of deacons and elders, he would find his way into church and hide until the service was well commenced. Perhaps in the midst of an impressive prayer, or during the singing of a hymn of praise, he would make his presence known by a discordant howl. Once that howl was heard, there would be an end to all devotional feeling. The good minister would order the deacons to put that dog out. But the order was a great deal easier given than executed. There are some dogs which, after some chasing round and fumbling about ladies' dresses, can be caught by the scruff of the neck, carried to the door, and pitched out. "Bully" was not one of that kind. Putting him out was a serious piece of business that generally took half an hour of energetic and exciting work to execute. It is strange, but it's a fact, that there is something so ludicrous in the appearance of one or two grave men chasing a dog round a church during service, that nine-tenths of the congregation will go into a sort of suppressed titter. Even the minister who had charge of the Big Woods congregation—grave and pious man as he was—had been seen to smile, not at "Bully," but at the efforts of his deacons to put Bully out. But the evil "Bully" who, for the time being, would cause such amusement among the congregation, would fill the hearts of the deacons who had the disagreeable duty of turning him out to perform, full of inward cursing.

After several ineffectual remonstrances with Dugald on the impropriety of allowing his "Bully" to disturb the exercises in the church, the Session finally decided to prohibit him from entering the church until he did something with "Bully." This was not done until the minister waited on Dugald privately, and in all kindness told him there could be no stronger evidence of the total depravity of his heart than the fact that he kept such a dog. The visit had no effect. Every man has his besetting sin, and poor Dugald's was an attachment to an ugly mongrel of a dog. For years there had been an attachment somewhat akin to what the romantic call "love" existing between Effie McInnis and Dugald Campbell. Effie was the eldest of Murdoch McInnis' daughters. Her age was a matter of some dispute among the good people of Big Woods; but it was admitted by all that it was time for her to get married if she intended to take so important a step at all. Dugald and Effie's courtship was a very slow affair. The match had been several times broken off, owing to the scrapes he got into on "Bully's" account. At length matters were finally arranged and the wedding day appointed—Effie being a distinct stipulation that the evil "Bully" was to be disposed of in some way before she entered his house.

The day following the betrothal Dugald and Effie were best man and maid for Rodrick McLeod and O'Leary Smart, who got married and had a grand wedding. The marriage ceremony was performed in town, when it was remarked that Dugald and

Effie had gone through their part like old hands. On arriving at the bride's father's her health and the bridegroom's was drunk in bumpers of good whiskey while supper was being prepared. In the midst of the congratulations of friends and encomiums on the strength and flavor of the whiskey, which was brewed by a neighbor in his own still, a great commotion was noticed among the female portion of the household. This was occasioned by the fact that the roast goose that was prepared for supper could nowhere be found. Norman McKenzie, who was fond of a joke, was blamed for hiding the goose for sport; but he protested that he was innocent. Dugald, who, as groomsmen, felt a certain amount of responsibility, hunted everywhere and accused every one of playing them a trick by stealing their supper. At this juncture some one who had gone out side found Bully leisurely eating the savory bird that was cooked for the bridal party. When it became known who the real thief was a general exclamation of "O Got tam Pulley" escaped from the male portion of the party. Norman McKenzie, who had been innocently blamed for the theft, was particularly loud in cursing the dog, and even hinted that the man who kept such a dog was no better than the dog. Dugald was the maddest man in the house. The excitement, the whiskey he drank, the abuse of his dog, and above all Norman's taunt roused his Highland temper. He jumped on the floor, glared fiercely round the room and said—

"Shentlemen, Pully is pe Tugall Cammal's tog, and ta mans tat pe say a word against Pulley will pe say it to Tugall Cammal."

This bold defence was answered by Angus McInnis, a brother of Effie's, who said that "Indeed Tugall was no shentleman to bring his tam Pulley to ta wedding."

"Inteed, I'll pe wonder where ta McInnis il pe find out what a shentleman ought to do," retorted Dugald.

This insult to the McInnis resulted in a row between them and the Campbells, which put an end to all harmony for the evening; and indeed the feud was kept up for a long time afterwards. Of course Dugald and Effie's engagement was broken off, and Bully's evil influence was felt in almost every home in the settlement.

About this time Sir Donald Campbell was appointed Governor of the Island, and every true Campbell on the Island could tell you the degree of relationship that existed between himself and the baronet. For months after he arrived, a continual levee was held in Government House, to accommodate Campbells who came to visit their distinguished relative.

Dugald and his mother had proved to their own satisfaction that they were the nearest relatives His Excellency had on the Island, and more than usual preparations had to be made to fit Dugald out in such a way as became a near relative of the Governor's. Dugald's mother was anxious that he should be so well instructed in the history and names of his ancestors as that he could prove to the Governor they were relations. To herself the matter was clear. She could trace the family back for several generations, but she found considerable difficulty in imparting her knowledge to Dugald. After a great deal of hard study, he understood, or thought he understood, how it was that a certain Domhuil Na Fieachle (Donald of the teeth) was his great-great grand uncle. It was well known that this memorable Domhuil Na Fieachle was closely allied to the head of the house of Argyle. Now, if the Governor could tell what the exact degree of consanguinity existed between him and Domhuil Na Fieachle, it would only be a matter of calculation to find out how nearly related Dugald was to the Governor.

At last everything was ready, and Dugald started on his memorable visit to Government House. Being unacquainted with the hours for receiving visitors, he arrived somewhat early, and proceeded at once to the door and knocked. The knock not being attended to, he was getting impatient, and gave a succession of loud raps. At length Paddy Doolan, the Governor's servant, ran to the door to see who wanted admittance so early in the morning. On opening the door and seeing a countryman standing there, he exclaimed—

"Bad seran to ye, ye spalpeen of the devil! What are yis disturbin' his Honor for wid yer rioting?"

Dugald told him he had better mind who he was talking to—that he was a Campbell and a relative of the Governor's, and he demanded admittance.

"Och, thin ye are a Campbell are ye. Well, the devil a hate Paddy Doolan cares if ye was a Dromedary. And ye are a relation to boot! Och, thin, by the soul of me mother but it is his Honor that got the lot of thin in this Island. Shure, thin, its meself that's after wearin' the shoes off me feet with the divarshion of lettin' them same gentry in an' out; an', be your lave, its his Honor that is tired intirely of seeing thin comin'. Faith, thin, if they don't quit comin' soon, its his Honor will have to get some one else in the place of Paddy Doolan, for he's after wearin' the patience out of his soul an' the shoes off his feet attendin' on thin, an' the devil as much money he's seen among thin as would buy a glass of the crathur."

Dugald was boiling with rage during Paddy's discourse. But he had sufficient prudence to avoid laying violent hands on the Governor's servant. Doolan went into the house, and after some time returned and told Dugald that the Governor was

waiting to receive him, and immediately ushered Dugald into the library, where Sir Donald was standing. Now, Dugald and his mother had composed a Gaelic speech, which he committed to memory, and by which he was to introduce himself to the Governor. When he entered the room and bowed to His Excellency, he assumed the proper attitude and repeated his Gaelic speech. Great was his surprise when Sir Donald told him that his knowledge of the ancient language was so limited that he did not understand one word of what Dugald said.

"That il be pity," remarked Dugald; "herself would make great deal petter Governor if she has plenty Gaelic."

His Excellency, on whom Dugald's introduction of himself was lost, wondered who it was that he had the pleasure of addressing.

"O, ile pe Dugal Cammel—a close relation of herself," replied Dugald.

Sir Donald asked him what branch of the Great Campbell family he belonged to.

"O, you will pe know Domhuil Na Fieachle, am sure," says Dugald.

Sir Donald intimated that he had not the pleasure of being acquainted with any gentleman by that name.

Whether Dugald understood Sir Donald's answer or not, is a question; but he said "Domhuil Na Fieachle was third cousin to my father's uncle on the mother's side of the grandfather."

Poor Dugald thought in one language, and for the time had to give expression to his thoughts in another; and it is no wonder that his words appear somewhat mixed up.

Just at the time that Sir Donald was trying to solve the enigma propounded by Dugald his attention was arrested by the appearance of Bully in the room. That mischievous canine had for a long time been kept out of the house by the vigilant Paddy. But he eluded him somehow and walked into the room. Once in the room peace was at an end. He went sneaking towards a beautiful hound, a favorite of Sir Donald's, that was lying asleep on the floor. The hound stood on the defensive, and in a moment there was a genuine dog fight in the Governor's library. The poor hound stood no chance of victory against the vicious brute; and Sir Donald called on Dugald to take his dog away. In the meantime the fight went on. Chairs and tables were upset. One small table, covered with some valuable vases and curiosities, was turned over and the articles broken. Dugald was loudly vociferating an apology for the bad manners of Bully, who, he said, was brought up in the country and didn't know how to behave himself in town. Sir Donald was in no humor to listen to apologies and sternly told Dugald to clear out, both himself and his ugly dog. In his desperation Dugald seized the butt end of a fishing rod that was standing in a corner, and made some fearful wipes at "Bully." In his first attempt to hit the dog he struck a bust of the great MacCallum More that ornamented the mantelpiece, and knocked its nose off. His next effort was still more dire in its results; for the blow intended for "Bully" came into contact with his kinsman's head. Sir Donald was now enraged beyond endurance; and, believing that he had a madman to deal with, he seized Dugald by the throat and called for help.

Paddy Doolan now appeared on the scene, and seeing his master and the stranger clenched, shouted, "Murder!" "Treason!" and struck Dugald a violent blow on the ear which knocked him senseless. By this time a large number of people had gathered at Government House, and seeing Paddy dancing like a mad Dervish round poor Dugald, the broken furniture and the bleeding Governor, they were for hanging Dugald at once without Judge or jury. But the Governor, believing Dugald's crimes to be unintentional, interceded for him and got him clear, on the condition that "Bully" was to be immediately shot. To this arrangement Dugald somewhat reluctantly consented, and "Bully" died the death of the wicked.

The relationship between Dugald and the Governor was never satisfactorily proven, owing to the fact that the Governor could not prove that he was a descendant of Domhuil Na Fieachle. For some time after Dugald went home he was silent about his visit to the Governor; and when the neighbors asked him about it he told them to "mind their own pissness." But his mother told a croney that Sir Donald could not be a real Campbell, as he could not speak a word of Gaelic, and that she could not see what good he or any other man was without they had plenty of Gaelic.

Dugald, once clear of Bully and the idea that he was related to a Governor, became a prosperous and happy man. Shortly after his adventure in town he paid a visit to his old sweetheart Effie, and proposed to renew the old contract. This proposal was at once accepted by Effie, now that Bully was out of the way. In a short time they were married, and to-day there is not a happier, more hospitable or respected household in the settlement, once known as Big Woods, than that of Dugald and Effie Campbell's.

If See See Jones had put in the nine wells that have failed in the city (as per report by City Marshal), they would be all right now, the same as Owen Connolly's, Thos. Casely's, Paul Lea's, McKinnon & McLean's, and 200 more that he has put in. The best is the cheapest in the end. Address C. C. JONES, Bx 163, Charlottetown.—sm 2w

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