

# The Daily Examiner.

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CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1881.

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Charlottetown, P. E. Island.  
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**ALMANAC FOR OCTOBER 1881.**  
MOON'S CHANGES.  
Full Moon 7th day, 9h. 47m. a. m., N. W.  
(below horizon.)  
Last Quarter 14th day, 10h. 14m. p. m., N. E.  
(below horizon.)  
New Moon 21st day, 10h. 19m. p. m., N.  
(below horizon.)  
First Quarter, 28th day, 12h. 35m. midnight,  
(below horizon.)

DAY OF WEEK	Sun	Sun	Moon	High	Days
	ris	sets	ris	water	len h.
1 Saturday	6 45	35	2 3	3 52	11 31
2 Sunday	5 33	2 39	5 18	28	
3 Monday	7 31	3 11	6 43	21	
4 Tuesday	8 29	3 39	7 54	15	
5 Wednesday	9 27	4 7	8 48	8	
6 Thursday	10 25	4 35	9 34	2	
7 Friday	12 24	5 21	10 15	2	
8 Saturday	13 22	5 26	10 54	9	
9 Sunday	15 20	6 14	11 33	5	
10 Monday	16 18	6 58	12 12	12	
11 Tuesday	17 16	7 48	0 52	10 59	
12 Wednesday	19 14	8 43	1 39	55	
13 Thursday	20 12	9 41	2 21	52	
14 Friday	21 10	10 43	3 13	49	
15 Saturday	22 9	11 44	4 14	46	
16 Sunday	24 7	12 49	5 24	43	
17 Monday	26 5	0 45	6 30	39	
18 Tuesday	27 3	1 47	7 30	36	
19 Wednesday	28 2	2 50	8 18	33	
20 Thursday	30 0	3 52	9 39	30	
21 Friday	31 4	4 58	10 50	27	
22 Saturday	33 5	6 3	12 15	23	
23 Sunday	34 5	7 19	10 50	21	
24 Monday	35 5	8 19	11 30	18	
25 Tuesday	37 5	9 23	12 15	15	
26 Wednesday	38 5	10 23	0 10	12	
27 Thursday	40 4	11 17	0 52	8	
28 Friday	41 4	12 1	1 40	5	
29 Saturday	43 4	0 49	2 32	2	
30 Sunday	44 4	1 13	3 36	9 59	
31 Monday	46 4	2 1	4 40	9 58	

**Credit Foncier**  
**FRANCO-CANADIEN.**  
Capital, \$5,000,000  
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Aug. 24, 1881.

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**DORSEY'S OLD STAND,**  
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If you want good value please give me a call.  
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Oct. 1, '81—4w eod, wklly 4w

**New Firm, New Goods, New Prices,**  
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WE would respectfully call the attention of customers, friends and buyers to the fact that we are selling, **CHEAP FOR CASH**, everything in our line, such as  
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and everything usually found in a general store.  
**DON'T FORGET THE PLACE.**  
**BEER & CHANDLER,**  
SOUTHPORT STORE.  
Oct. 10, '81—1m eod, wklly 2m—pat

**TO LEASE.**  
**THE CITY HOTEL,**  
SITUATED on Great George Street, opposite the Roman Catholic Cathedral, the late occupant—Mr. A. A. Mackenzie—having sold it.  
This House is now in a good state of repair, is centrally situated, has recently been refurnished and otherwise repaired; lots of cellar room; has about 30 rooms. The situation is about the best in the city, being centrally situated and on high land, where the drainage runs off to the river. Rent moderate. Apply to  
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[ju 17 6m eod

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**FRED. W. HALES,**  
Charlottetown, April 25, 1881. Secretary

**Herring. Herring.**  
100 bls. Extra Fat No. 1, equal to Yarmouth Bitters,  
100 quintals Codfish,  
100 do. Hake,  
12 casks Cod Oil,  
300 Mackerel Barrels (good stock),  
1000 bushels Fishing Salt.  
On hand, a full supply of Cotton Duck, Bolt Ropes, Hemp and Manila Cordage, Lines and Twines, Paints and Oils.  
**DAVID SMALL,**  
Queen's Wharf, Sept. 10, 1881.

## HELEN HYDE'S GOOD DEED.

Yes, said the doctor, solemnly, she shows every indication of going into a decline. Rest, relaxation, change of air and scene—that's what she ought to have!

Mrs. Dardanel looked perturbed. "Dear, dear," she said, "what a pity. And she's quite a pet of mine, too, dear little thing. She is very quick with her needle, and really ingenious—and the way she puts trimmings on a dress positively reminds one of Madame Antoinette herself."

"The seaside cottage would be the place for her," suggested Dr. Midland. "You are one of the lady patronesses. I believe, and—"

"Yes, but the seaside cottage is full," said Mrs. Dardanel. "Not an inch unoccupied. I had a note from the matron yesterday."

"Ah, indeed?" said the doctor, fumbling with his watch seals. "Unfortunately—"

"But," cried Mrs. Dardanel, an idea suddenly occurring to her much befuddled and befuddled head, "there is Mrs. Daggett's farm, a few miles further down the shore. She takes boarders for five dollars a week, and I believe it is a very nice place. If you think it advisable I will take a month's board for the girl there. I really feel as if the dear little thing belonged to me."

"An excellent plan, madam, an excellent plan," said the doctor, oracularly. "I have no doubt but that a month of sea air would make quite a different person of her."

Helen Hyde could scarcely believe her own ears when Mrs. Dardanel beamingly announced her intentions.

"The seashore?" she cried, her pale face flushing all over, "the real sea! Oh, Mrs. Dardanel, I have dreamed of it all my life. And for a whole bright, long summer month! Oh, how shall I ever thank you?"

"By getting well and strong as fast as ever you can," said Mrs. Dardanel, really touched by the girl's enthusiasm. "And here is a ten dollar bill for you, she added with a smile. 'You may need some little trifle of dress, or there may be a drive or picnic or excursion going on, in which you will want to participate. The poor girl's first impulse was to return the money.'

"No, you shall not give it back—it is a present from me, and I choose that you shall keep it."

Helen Hyde's heart beat high with delight when first she saw the Daggett farm-house, a long, low, red building, with an immense stack of chimneys, a cluster of umbrageous maple trees garrulous about with shade, and a dooryard full of sweet, old-fashioned flowers, while in full sight of the windows the Atlantic flung its curling crests of foam along the shingly shore. Mrs. Daggett welcomed her warmly; she had been Mrs. Dardanel's housekeeper once, and knew the value of that lady's patronage.

"I've just one room left, my dear," said she. "Under the eaves of the house. It's rather small, but it's furnished comfortably, and there's a fine view of the ocean. I could have given you better accommodation if I had received Mrs. Dardanel's letter a day earlier. But four young ladies, teachers in the Ixwood institute, came yesterday, and I'm sleeping on a sofa myself in the parlor. But we'll make you as snug as possible, and the very first good sized room that is vacated, you shall have."

And Helen was very happy in her little nook, from whose casement she could see the sparkling plain of the sea, all dotted with white sails.

Mrs. Daggett was a driving, energetic business woman. Farmer Daggett was a vacant, honest-faced man, who invariably fell asleep of an evening, with his chair tipped back against the wall—and every available inch of the house was filled with summer boarders, mostly ladies. There were only three masculine appendages to the house besides its master—a superannuated clergyman, whose parishioners clubbed together every summer to treat him to six weeks' vacation—a literary man of large aspirations and small income, who had come thither for rest and opportunity to study up the "skeleton" for his next novel, and old Mr. Miffin.

It was some time before Helen Hyde fairly comprehended who old Mr. Miffin was. A bowed, bent-over little man, with silver hair curling over the collar of his coat, a ruffled shirt like the pictures of our revolutionary forefathers, and blue eyes which glistened from behind a pair of silver spectacles, he shuffled in and out to his meals after an apologetic fashion, and sat all the bright afternoon under the maples, staring at the sea.

"Who is that old gentleman?" she at last ventured to ask Mrs. Daggett. That lady frowned impatiently.

"It's old Daddy Miffin," said she. "And I wish it was anybody else!"

"Is he a boarder?" asked Helen.

"Well, he is and he isn't," rather obscurely answered Mrs. Daggett, who was

picking over currants for a pudding, while Helen sat by and watched her. "But he won't be here long. You see, my dear, he hasn't any friends. When Daggett came down from Vermont and bought this place, we got it cheap because of old Mr. Miffin. We was to give him the northeast chamber, and they were to allow us so much a month for his keeping. It ain't everybody, you see, as would be willing to have an old man like that around the place. But he's harmless and innocent enough, and I won't deny that the two dollars a week helped along. But now prices have gone up, and Breezy Point has got to be a fashionable locality in summer time, and things are altered. And what's worse, his friends have left off sending the money."

"I wonder why?" said Helen, with her large dreamy eyes fixed playfully on the old man, who sat in his usual place under the maples wistfully watching the sea.

"They're dead, perhaps," said Mrs. Daggett. "Or p'raps they got tired of him. Anyhow it is three months since we have heard a word, and me and Daggett have made up our minds that we can't stand it any longer. So we're going to put him on the town. Lawyer Boxall says it's legal and right, and they can't expect nothing else of us. Squire Rodus is to send his covered carryall next Saturday, and old Daddy Miffin'll suppose he's going for a ride. And so things'll go off smooth and pleasant."

"Smooth and pleasant!" Helen Hyde looked across the grass lawn to the little old man with his mild, abstracted face, his ruffled shirt front, the silver hair that glistened in the sunshine, and the white claw-like fingers that slowly turned themselves backward and forward as he sat there.

"He owned the place once," said Mrs. Daggett, "but his sons turned out bad and he indorsed for Squire Rodus' cousin and lost everything. And here he is in his old age without a penny! What is it Becky. The oven ready for the pies! Yes, I'm coming."

And she bustled away, leaving Helen alone. A sort of inspiration had entered into the girl's heart as he sat there with the briny smell of the ocean filling her senses, the rustle of the maple leaves murmuring softly overhead. She took Mrs. Dardanel's ten dollar bill from her pocket and looked long and earnestly at it. She thought of the little one-horse carryall, which she and the girls from Ixwood institute were to have hired together to drive over the hills and glens, all those sweet, misty summer afternoons; of the excursion to Twin Rock by steamer, upon which she had counted; of the new black bunting dress, which she decided to buy. She must abandon all these little darling extravagances, if she indulged this other fancy.

"As if there could be any choice, she said to herself. And then she got up and went softly across the grass and clover blossoms to where 'Daddy Miffin' sat.

"Do you like this place?" she asked softly.

"It's home, my dear," he answered, seeming to rouse himself out of a reverie; "it's home. I've lived here for eighty odd years. I could not live anywhere else."

"But there are other places pleasanter!"

"It may be, my dear, it may be," he said, looking at her with troubled eyes through the convex lenses of his glasses. "But they wouldn't seem the same to me."

Helen went to Mrs. Daggett, who was baking pies and rolls and strawberry shortcake all at once.

"Mrs. Daggett," said she, here are ten dollars which Mrs. Dardanel gave to me to do as I pleased with, and I please to give it to you to keep old Mr. Miffin here five weeks longer."

"Mercy sakes alive!" said Mrs. Daggett, "he ain't no kin to you, is he?"

"No," said Helen, "but he is so old and feeble and friendless, and—and—please Mrs. Daggett take the money. And perhaps by the time that it gone I shall be able to send a little more. My employers are going to pay me generously in the city, and I feel myself growing better able to work every day."

So Helen Hyde adopted the cause of one even poorer and more friendless than herself, and for a year she paid two dollars a week steadily, and Mr. Miffin never knew what a danger had menaced him!

At the end of that time the old gentleman's grandson came from some wide, wild region across the sea, a tall, dark-eyed young man, with the mien of a prince in disguise.

"My father has been deaf for a year," he said. "And his papers have only just been thoroughly investigated, so that I have just learned, for the first time, that there is an arrears due on my grandfather's allowance. I hope he has not been allowed to suffer."

"Oh, he's all right," said Mrs. Daggett. "We've took excellent good care of him."

"You are a noble-hearted woman," said the young man, fervently clasping her hand,

"and I will see that you are no loser by your generosity."

"It ain't me," said Mrs. Daggett, turning red and white, for Helen Hyde, now spending her second summer at the farm-house, sat by quietly sewing in the window recess. "I'm free to allow that me and Daggett got out of patience and was going to put him on the town, but Miss Hyde here, one of my boarders, she's paid for him ever since."

"I beg pardon if I have interfered," said Helen, blushing scarlet as the large black eyes fell scrutinizingly on her face, "but he seemed so old and so helpless, that—"

"God bless you for your noble deed!" said Ambrose Miffin, earnestly.

But there was something in Helen's manner which prevented him from offering any pecuniary recompense to her.

"My grandfather will need your care no further," said he. "We have been fortunate in our Australian investments, and I am prepared to buy the old farm back again and settle here permanently."

And when Mrs. Dardanel began to think about getting her winter ball dresses made up, she received a note from Miss Hyde, which ran as follows:—

"Dear Mrs. Dardanel,—I am sorry to disappoint you, but I cannot undertake any more orders, for I am to be married next month to Mr. Ambrose Miffin, and we are to live at the Daggett farm. And, oh! how proud I should be if you would come here and visit me next summer, when the roses are in bloom and the strawberries ripen. Ambrose is all that is nice, and I shall have the dearest old grand-father-in-law in the world."

Affectionately,  
HELEN HYDE.

And all this life romance had grown out of Helen's mouth at the seaside.

**FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.**  
Best Companies and Lowest Possible Rates.  
E. PALMER, JR.  
Ch'town, Oct. 7, '81—1m eod

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SHIPPING AND  
Commission Merchants,  
—AND—  
EXPORTERS OF PRODUCE,  
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FRED. W. HYNDMAN,  
Sub-Agent.  
Sept. 13, '81—3m 2w, pat 3m

**CARPETS, Lace Curtains, &c**  
A CHOICE ASSORTMENT just opened, and will be sold at very low prices at  
**R. W. TREMAINE'S,**  
83 Queen Street.  
June 1, '81.

**Removed.**  
MRS. W. W. IRVING begs to notify her friends and the public generally that she has opened her Fall and Winter Classes for Painting and Drawing in all their different branches.  
For terms, etc., apply at her Studio—Residence of Mr. Peebles, South Side of King Square. [au 29 tf

**For Sale or to Let.**  
THAT Freehold Property, with a front of eighty feet on Pownall Street and eighty-four feet on Sydney Street, the House containing 16 large rooms and two Kitchens. Can be turned into one Dwelling by unlocking a door. Apply on the premises to  
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Queen Street  
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