

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, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1884.

VOL. 15.—NO. 99.

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.

ALMANAC FOR SEPTEMBER, 1884.

| DAY OF WEEK | SUN | MOON | High | Days |
|-------------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| | ris | sets | rises | water |
| Monday | 5 25 | 6 34 | 4 15 | 7 33 |
| Tuesday | 6 27 | 7 32 | 4 52 | 8 27 |
| Wednesday | 7 28 | 8 26 | 5 26 | 9 12 |
| Thursday | 8 29 | 9 16 | 6 58 | 9 54 |
| Friday | 9 30 | 10 0 | 8 30 | 10 31 |
| Saturday | 10 31 | 10 49 | 10 0 | 11 13 |
| Sunday | 11 32 | 11 31 | 11 45 | 11 59 |
| Monday | 12 33 | 12 18 | 1 23 | 12 46 |
| Tuesday | 1 34 | 1 0 | 2 55 | 1 33 |
| Wednesday | 2 35 | 1 51 | 4 27 | 2 20 |
| Thursday | 3 36 | 2 42 | 6 00 | 3 07 |
| Friday | 4 37 | 3 33 | 7 32 | 3 54 |
| Saturday | 5 38 | 4 24 | 9 04 | 4 41 |
| Sunday | 6 39 | 5 15 | 10 36 | 5 28 |
| Monday | 7 40 | 6 06 | 12 08 | 6 15 |
| Tuesday | 8 41 | 6 57 | 1 40 | 7 02 |
| Wednesday | 9 42 | 7 48 | 3 12 | 7 49 |
| Thursday | 10 43 | 8 39 | 4 44 | 8 36 |
| Friday | 11 44 | 9 30 | 6 16 | 9 23 |
| Saturday | 12 45 | 10 21 | 7 48 | 10 10 |
| Sunday | 1 46 | 11 12 | 9 20 | 10 57 |
| Monday | 2 47 | 12 03 | 10 52 | 11 44 |
| Tuesday | 3 48 | 12 54 | 12 24 | 12 31 |
| Wednesday | 4 49 | 1 45 | 1 56 | 1 18 |
| Thursday | 5 50 | 2 36 | 3 28 | 2 05 |
| Friday | 6 51 | 3 27 | 5 00 | 2 52 |
| Saturday | 7 52 | 4 18 | 6 32 | 3 39 |
| Sunday | 8 53 | 5 09 | 8 04 | 4 26 |
| Monday | 9 54 | 6 00 | 9 36 | 5 13 |
| Tuesday | 10 55 | 6 51 | 11 08 | 6 00 |
| Wednesday | 11 56 | 7 42 | 12 40 | 6 47 |
| Thursday | 12 57 | 8 33 | 1 12 | 7 34 |
| Friday | 1 58 | 9 24 | 2 44 | 8 21 |
| Saturday | 2 59 | 10 15 | 4 16 | 9 08 |
| Sunday | 3 60 | 11 06 | 5 48 | 9 55 |

CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED.

R. O'DWYER,
Commission and General Merchant
FOR SALE OF P. E. I. PRODUCE.
289 WATER STREET,
St. John's Newfoundland.

In connection with the above is Captain English, who is well known in P. E. Island, who will take special charge of all consignments, and will also attend to the chartering of vessels for the carrying trade of P. E. I. The firm is one of the oldest and most reliable in Newfoundland. Returns guaranteed to be prompt and satisfactory. Parties wishing to procure Labrador Herring should send their orders in time.
Sept. 6, 1884.—till 31st Dec. '84.

McLeod, Morson & McQuarrie,
BARRISTERS

—AND—
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
Office in Old Bank,
(UP STAIRS).
Ch'town, Feb. 21, 1884.

SULLIVAN & MACNEILL,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
Solicitors in Chancery,
NOTARIES PUBLIC, &c.
OFFICES—O'Halloran's Building, Great
George Street, Charlottetown.
Money to Loan.
W. W. SULLIVAN, Q. C. | CHESTER B. MACNEILL.
Jan. 16, '83.

W. WHEATLEY,
(OF WHEATLEY & SONS, CHARLOTTETOWN,
P. E. ISLAND)

Commission Merchant,
263 BARRINGTON STREET,
HALIFAX, N. S.
Special attention given to the sale of
P. E. Island produce.
April 24, 1884.

APPLES, APPLES, APPLES.
CHARLES DONALD & CO.,
79 Queen St., London, E. C.
Will be glad to correspond with Apple Growers,
Merchants and Shippers, with a
view to Autumn and Spring
business.
They will also give the usual facilities to
customers requiring advances. aug1

CAIRNS' MARBLE WORKS.
MR. CHARLES CAIRNS, in returning
thanks to the public for the liberal
patronage extended to him, begs leave to in-
form his old customers and the public generally,
that he has taken into partnership Mr.
Malcolm McLean, and that hereafter the
business will be carried on under the title of
CAIRNS & CO.,
Marble & Stone Cutters.

They have on hand a fine stock of Monu-
ments, Tablets and Headstones, in Italian and
American Marble. They are of the latest de-
signs, and at prices to suit all.

C. CAIRNS,
M. McLEAN.
Ch'town, June 30, 1884—pres n e pat s j w p

Prince Edward Island Hospital.
MEDICAL BOARD:
Dr. Hobkirk, Consulting Physician.
Dr. Johnson, Dr. Taylor,
Dr. Beer, Dr. Dawson,
Dr. Warburton, Dr. MacKay.

Matron—Mrs. Hannah Robinson.
Applications for admission may be made to
the Visiting Physician or Matron, at the
Hospital, daily (Sundays excepted), between
ten and eleven, a. m., or by correspondence
with any member of the medical Board, or the
Matron.
The friends of patients will be admitted
from two to four, p. m. every day (except
Sunday).
The general visiting day for persons wish-
ing to see the institution is Thursday of
each week, from two to four o'clock, p. m.

D. B. MACLENNAN,
Secretary of Trustees.
April 24—est wky

NEW SEASIDES,
—AT—
BREMNER BROS.
July 23, 1884.

NEW FALL GOODS!

FIRST INSTALMENTS

NOW OPENING,
—AT—

J. B. MACDONALD'S,

QUEEN STREET.
Ch'town, Sept. 1, 1884.—2aw wky.

AUGUST!

L. E. PROWSE

IS SELLING THE FOLLOWING LINES OF
GOODS, VERY CHEAP:

Table Linen, Towelling,
Towels, Sheetings,
Grey and White Cottons,
Tickings, Dress Goods,
Black Cashmeres,
Hats, Readymade Clothing,
Teas, etc.

All those who want the best value for their money should call.
L. E. PROWSE,
Sign of the Big Hat, 74 Queen Street.
Ch'town, Aug. 6, 1884.—and wky

TEA. TEA.

Extra, Prime, Cheap, Strong, Nice, Al, Splendid
Beer & Goff's for Extra Tea,
WHOLESALE.

BEER & GOFF'S FOR PRIME TEA,
RETAIL.

BEER & GOFF'S FOR CHEAP TEA,
WARRANTED.

BEER & GOFF'S FOR NICE TEA,
5 POUND TINS.

BEER & GOFF'S FOR A1 TEA,
HALF-CHESTS.

BEER & GOFF'S FOR SPLENDID TEA,
ANY QUANTITY.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL.
Ch'town, July 9, 1884—2aw

Attention Ye Who Are In Doubt.

Let Experience be Judge,—Comparison and Purse the Jury.

MARK WRIGHT & CO.,

Because of the excellent facilities they possess, have been able
to reduce the price of all goods manufactured by them, and by
buying their raw material in the best markets, for cash, are
prepared to give the purchasing public

THE BEST VALUE IN THE PROVINCE.
They are selling from thirty to fifty per cent. below prices
asked some time ago in the same establishment.

Factory, Office and Showroom—King Square, Kent Street.
Charlottetown, May 27, 1884 2 - wky

VIOLET'S SECRET

'I don't believe a word of it!' said Aunt Rebecca.
The wine-like glow of sunset yet illumined the great bay-window; but the rest of the apartment was already enshrouded in the gray shadows of twilight, in whose misty indistinctness the huge chairs of carved oak looked like gigantic monsters from some foreign shore.

From the walls frowned down dark old family portraits, and the crimson hangings above the arched doors waved restlessly back and forth in the draughts of wind that swept through the vast corridor.

'I don't believe a word of it!' repeated Aunt Rebecca, with more emphasis than before. 'A ghost story, indeed!'

'Tell me about it, Violet,' said young Hazelwood, to whom the deep bay-window, with its far-off prospect of snowy hills, veiled in gathering twilight, to say nothing of pretty Violet Orme's close vicinage, were infinitely more attractive than the more modern regions of Alwick Place.

'It is not much of a story,' said Violet, flushing up to her very eyelashes at the sound of her own soft voice; 'only years ago, long before my great-grandpapa built this house, the site was all one unbroken wood, and there was a tradition that a beautiful girl was murdered by her lover.'

'Her grave, they said, was beneath the foundations of the house; but I scarcely credit this part of the legend.'

'Of course not,' interrupted Miss Rebecca, with a toss of her false curls. 'I have no patience with the relics of old superstition.'

'What are you looking for, aunt?' 'Have you dropped anything? Shall I call for Harris to bring a candle?' asked Violet, a moment afterwards coming to her aunt's side.

'Nothing, nothing,' said Miss Rebecca, with a little embarrassment in her voice. 'Come—don't stay here any longer in the biting cold, unless you both want a week's medicine and doctor's visits.'

'It is not cold, Aunt Rebecca,' pleaded Violet, 'the starlight is so beautiful on the stone pavement. Just let us wait until that fiery planet mounts a little higher.'

But a peremptory summons from Colonel Orme himself, who had just waked from a comfortable nap beside the glowing fire in the library, to a sort of vague wonder as to 'where Rebecca and the young people could possibly be,' speedily settled the matter.

'Never mind, Violet,' whispered Charles Hazelwood; 'by-and-by, when your father has gone to his room, and aunt Rebecca is busy with her curl papers in her own special dormitory, we can have a straight stroll through the ghost's territory!'

Violet gave him an arch glance, as she tripped after Aunt Rebecca into the hall which led to Colonel Orme's brilliantly-lighted library.

'I wish Captain Hazelwood would remain out there,' said Aunt Rebecca, anxiously. 'He will catch his death of cold; and, besides—'

'Besides what, Aunt Rebecca?' 'Violet,' said the maiden lady, 'I wish you would go down and see if the house-keeper has prepared that posset for my sore throat; that's a good girl. I think I shall go to bed.'

Violet went to execute her aunt's behests.
How peacefully the distant hills and valleys slept in their snowy mantles that glorious December night!

It reminded one of a lovely painting executed with brushes dipped in liquid pearl, and shaded with pencils of glimmering silver!

At least, so they seemed to Charles Hazelwood, as he stood in the deep recess of the gigantic bay-window, nearly hidden by the curtains, the faded splendor of whose tarnished embroidery carried the mind unconsciously a century backward on the stream of Time.

But then Charles Hazelwood was in love. The tall, old-fashioned clock in the hall was striking twelve, and the colony of crickets under the warm hearthstone, were falling into a dreamy, sleepy, sort of chirp, as if their small lungs were fairly wearied out, when Aunt Rebecca emerged from her door, treading on tiptoe, and carrying a dim light in her hand.

Now, Aunt Rebecca, in nodding false curls, lace coiffure, an eighteen-year-old style of dress was a very different sort of personage from Aunt Rebecca, with her head tied up in a silk handkerchief, her false curls laid aside, and a long white dressing robe enveloping her lank figure; and the latter was by no means the more prepossessing of the two.

Probably some such consciousness swept across the good spinster's brain, for she shuffled with accelerated rapidity past the solemn eyes of the grave old family portraits on the wall.

'I am sure I dropped them somewhere here,' she murmured, pausing in front of the bay-window.

'How provoking! There goes my candle out!'

'But I believe I can find them, however, the starlight is so bright.'

'Mercy upon us! What is that? The ghost—the ghost!'

And Aunt Rebecca fled shrieking down the corridor, her hands clasped over her eyes, before which was imprinted the appalling vision of a tall figure sweeping past, all in white, with a crimson stain at its pallid throat!

The house was aroused into instantaneous commotion, lights flashed into brightness at the various doors, and an eager circle of inquirers surrounded Aunt Rebecca, who evinced strong symptoms of an intention to go into hysterics.

'It glided past me like a gust of wind!' she shrieked, replying at hazard to the questions rained down upon her—'all in white, with that dreadful mark of blood upon its throat!'

'But I don't understand what you were doing out in the Ghost's Corridor at this time of the night, interrupted Colonel Orme, staring at his sister as if not quite certain whether this were an actual occurrence in real life or merely a fragmentary part of his last dream.'

'Well, if you must know,' said Miss Rebecca, with a little hysterical sob. 'I dropped my false teeth there, just at dusk, and I didn't like to look for them then, with Violet and Captain Hazelwood standing by; and so—and so—'

'Oho! that's it, eh?' said Colonel Orme, laughing. 'Upon my word, Sister Becky, you are rather over-particular for a woman fifty years old.'

'Only forty-nine, James!' interrupted Miss Rebecca, with a shrill accent of indignation.

'But the ghost?' inquired young Hazelwood, who had just arrived on the scene of action, with rather a flushed brow and embarrassed air.

'Upon which Aunt Rebecca gave way to the combined influence of her brother's unkind remark and the fright of ghost-seeing, and fairly fainted, without further notice.'

According to the usual custom of women-kind on such occasions, Colonel Orme and all the other gentlemen were hustled out into the hall, while the victim of the female officials was deluged with Eau de Cologne, stifled with burnt feathers, and vigorously treated with hot flannel.

'She's coming to, poor dear creature!' was the final verdict hurled at Colonel Orme through a crack in the door.

'Well, I'm glad of it, I'm sure!' said the Colonel, dolorously, rubbing his hands; 'for it's cold out here in the hall. Why, hilloo! is this you, my little Violet? What's the matter? You haven't seen a ghost, I hope?'

'No, papa,' faltered Violet; 'but—'

'Suppose we three adjourn into the library, Colonel Orme, and I will undertake the task of explanation,' interposed Charles Hazelwood, while Violet's cheeks grew like flame.

'Well, may I venture to inquire what all this means?' interrupted the bewildered Colonel when the library door was safely closed.

'It means, sir,' said Charles, laughing, 'yet a little puzzled how to proceed, that Violet, your daughter, and I were just looking out at the stars in the embrasure of the great hall window, when we saw someone approaching with a light.'

'Violet went to see what the apparition meant, when Miss Rebecca, (whom it proved to be) dropped her candle, and ran shrieking away.'

'So Violet was the ghost, eh?' said the Colonel, repressing a very strong inclination to laugh.

'You see, papa,' interrupted that young lady, 'I wore my long cashmere mantle, for I was afraid of taking cold, and it was tied at the throat with red ribbons, and—'

'And Aunt Rebecca took it for granted that you were the murdered heroine of our family ghost story,' said the Colonel, archly.

'But allow me to ask, young people, what you were so much interested in?'

'Well, sir,' said Hazelwood, 'I had just asked her if she wouldn't marry me—don't run away, Violet—and she said, "Yes,"—that is if I could win her father's consent.'

'Well?' 'And I would like to know what her father says to the proposition?' asked the young officer, laughing, detaining Violet, who was struggling to escape.

'He says,' answered Colonel Orme, 'that your intrepidity in facing the ghost deserves some reward, and he likewise supposes that his daughter must be allowed to have her own way.'

'Take her, Charley, and don't spoil her! No thanks now; but let me go and see after your aunt Rebecca.'

'Papa!' whispered Violet, as he rose, with his hand on the door.

'Well, my dear?'

'Don't tell Aunt Becky that—that—'

'That you were the ghost? Just as you please.'

And he went, chuckling, to inquire after his sister's health.

There is no evidence that he ever did betray Violet's secret.

Two things may be regarded as settled facts in the record of Alwick Place—one is that Aunt Rebecca strenuously denies the existence of ghosts, and abhors the very sight of her niece's white mantle cherry trimmings; the other is, that she is particularly careful never to pass through the solemn old haunted hall alone after sunset!

Some of the cleverest detectives in New York are women. They are of different types of beauty and mind, calculated to gain this or that man's confidence and learn his secrets. One is coquettish, another has a deeply religious exterior, yet another is a delightful musician, sings well, or sketches cleverly. They may be sent to follow up their prey in Europe, and may even learn to love him, so dangerous is propinquity—but then there is the Nemesis, the fateful report to be made to "the inspector" when they return.

At an interview between Mr. Gladstone and the Prince of Wales, at Balmoral Castle, Wednesday, the Prince expressed a wish to make a tour to Ireland, accompanied by the Princess. The question will be referred to the cabinet.

It is said that the man who eloped with Miss M. is of no account, but a common Jehu. He was in the habit of washing his underclothing in a horse trough and hanging them on a fence to dry.

The election of Hon. F. Langelier, as P. for Megantic, has been contested. The defence will be conducted by the Hon. W. Laurier.