

The Daily Examiner.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1884.

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NEW SERIES.

The Daily Examiner

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ALMANAC FOR DECEMBER, 1884.

Table with columns: DAY OF WEEK, Sun (rises), Moon (sets), High (water), Days (len). Rows for days of the month from Monday to Wednesday.

CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED.

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

SULLIVAN & MACNEILL, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. Solicitors in Chancery, NOTARIES PUBLIC, &c. OFFICES—O'Halloran's Building, Great George Street, Charlottetown.

H. W. VINNICOMBE, PIANO TUNER. Pianos Tuned, Re-wired and Regulated. CHURCH ORGANS Voiced, Tuned, and Regulated with Care. CABINET ORGANS Tuned, Re-tuned and Repaired.

McLeod, Morson & McQuarrie, BARRISTERS. ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. Office in Old Bank. (UP STAIRS). Ch'town, Feb. 21, 1884.

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JOB PRINTING of every description executed with neatness and dispatch at the EXAMINER JOB PRINTING OFFICE, corner of Water and Great George Streets.

Perkins & Sterns' ADAM BEDE.

HAVING made an addition to their premises, they are now the Largest Exclusively DRY GOODS HOUSE in this Province. Giving their whole attention to this branch, they are in a position to give the very Best Value.

COMPLETE PREMISES. - LARGE STOCK. - CHEAP GOODS.

Previous to Stock-taking they will sell the balance of their Fur-lined CLOAKS at a big reduction, Ladies' ULSTERS at a big reduction, Wool Scarfs & Squares at a big reduction, MANTLES and JACKETS at a big reduction, Men's Fur CAPS at a big reduction, Knitted Wool JACKETS at a big reduction.

Always Cheap and prices Reliable, without doubt this is the place to buy your

Blankets, Comforts, Counterpanes, Flannels, Wincey, Cloths, Linens, &c., &c.

TIP-TOP VALUES IN DRESS GOODS & VELVETEENS.

Gents' GLOVES and MITTS, Silk HANDKERCHIEFS, SCARFS and TIES, COLLARS and CUFFS, Gents' UNDERCLOTHING, Ladies' GLOVES and MITTS, Fur CAPS and MUFFS, Real Lace SCARFS, HOSE and CORSETS, Newest CORSETS.

SLIPPER PATTERNS, CUSHION PATTERNS, BRACKET PATTERNS. Cotton Goods of Every Description we Guarantee to be as Cheap as any to be found.

PERKINS & STERNS. Ch'town, Dec. 17, 1884.

LAST OFFER!

AS W. & A. BROWN & CO. intend making a change in their firm about the end of February, they now offer their large and well assorted stock of Dry Goods at GREAT BARGAINS.

6,000 yards Scotch and Canadian TWEEDS at 20 per cent off, 2,400 yards Mantle and Ulster CLOTHS at greatly reduced prices, 3,500 yards Colored Silks, Satins and Plushes at 20 per cent off, 4,000 Scotch and Canadian Wool Shirts and Drawers at 20 per cent off.

Scarlet and Grey Flannels, Shirtings, Tickings, Sheetings, Pillow Cottons, Winceys, Prints, Cretonnes, Bleached and Unbleached Damasks and Table Napkins at a big discount.

Balance of their stock of Mantles, Dolmans, Ulsters, Fur-lined COATS, MILLINERY, &c., AT COST.

Carpets, Oilcloths, Mattings, Hearth Rugs, Door Mats, &c., at prices that are bound to CLEAR THEM. Fur Caps, Hats, Muffs, &c., at greatly reduced prices.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL!

This is a bona fide Sale, as all Goods must be cleared out before the change is made in February. Call early and avoid the rush.

Remember the place—Desbrisay's old stand, next door to Beer & Goff's Grocery, and directly opposite the Market House.

W. & A. BROWN & CO. Charlottetown, Dec. 8, 1884.

WE SELL Potatoes, Spilling, Bark, R. R. Ties, Lumber, Laths, Canned Lobsters, Mac-kerel, Berries, Eggs, Fish Etc. Best Prices for all Shipments. Write fully for Quotations.

HATHEWAY & CO., General Commission Merchants, 22 Central Wharf, Boston. Members of Board of Trade, Corn and Mechanics Exchange. Ch'town, Nov. 19, 1884.

UNTIL NEW YEAR'S! DRY GOODS & CLOTHING CHEAP AND TEA GRATIS.

J. B. MACDONALD will, during this month, give every buyer of— \$2.00 worth of DRY GOODS, 1lb. Good TEA, \$4.00 worth of DRY GOODS, 2lbs. Good TEA, \$6.00 worth of DRY GOODS and CLOTHING, 3lbs. Good TEA, \$8.00 worth of DRY GOODS and CLOTHING, 4lbs. Good TEA, \$10.00 worth of DRY GOODS and CLOTHING, 5lbs. Good TEA.

Purchasers not requiring Tea, and buying \$5.00 worth of Dry Goods or Clothing, will be given a handsome pair of Vases; \$10.00 worth, two pairs of Vases will be given. My Tea is well and favourably known. This offers a rare opportunity to get the Winter's Tea FREE OF COST.

J. B. MACDONALD, Queen Street. Ch'town, Dec. 4, 1884.

had fallen on her rose-colored strings: she knew that quite well.

"Come, be cheerful again. Smile at me, and tell me what is the matter. Come, tell me."

Hetty turned her head toward him, whispered, "I thought you wouldn't come," and slowly got courage to lift her eyes to him; that look was too much; he must have had eyes of Egyptian granite, not to look to lovingly in return.

"You little frightened bird! little fearful rose! silly pet! You won't cry again, now I'm with you?"

"Ah! he doesn't know in the least what he is saying. This is not what he meant to say. His arm is stealing round the waist again, it is tightening its grasp; he is bending his face nearer and nearer to the round cheek, his lips are meeting those pouting child-lips, and, for a long moment he has vanished. He may be a shepherd to Arcadia for aught he knows, he may be the first youth kissing the first maiden, he may be Eros himself, sipping the lips of Psyche—it is all one.

There was no speaking for minutes after. They walked along with beating hearts till they came within sight of the gate at the end of the wood. Then they looked at each other, not quite as they had looked before, for in their eyes there was the memory of a kiss.

But already something bitter had begun to mingle itself with the fountain of sweets; already Arthur was uncomfortable. He took his arm from Hetty's waist, and said:

"Here we are almost at the end of the Grove. I wonder how late it is," he added, pulling out his watch. "Twenty minutes past eight—but my watch is too fast. However, I'd better not go any farther now. Trot along quickly with your little feet, and get home safely. Good-bye."

He took her hand, and looked at her half sadly, half with a constrained smile. Hetty's eyes seemed to beseech him not to go away yet; but he patted her cheek and said "Good-bye" again. She was obliged to turn away from him and go on.

As for Arthur, he rushed back through the wood as if he wanted to put a wide space between himself and Hetty. He would not go to the Hermitage again; he remembered how he had debated with himself there before dinner, and it had all come to nothing—worse than nothing. He walked right on into the Chase, glad to get out of the Grove, which surely was haunted by his evil genius. Those benches and smooth limes—there was something enervating in the very sight of them; but the strong knotted old oaks had no bending languor in them—the sight of them would give a man some energy. Arthur lost himself among the narrow openings in the fern, winding about without seeking any issue, till the twilight deepened almost to night under the great boughs, and the hare looked back as it darted across his path.

He was feeling much more strongly than he had done in the morning; it was as if his horse had wheeled round from a leap, and dared to dispute his mastery. He was dissatisfied with himself, irritated, mortified. He no sooner fixed his mind on the probable consequences of giving way to the emotions which had stolen over him to-day—of continuing to notice Hetty, of allowing himself any opportunity for such slight caresses as he had been betrayed into already—than he refused to believe such a future possible for himself.

To flirt with Hetty was a very different affair from flirting with a pretty girl of his own station—that was understood to be an amusement of both sides; or, if it became serious, there was no obstacle to marriage. But this little thing would be spoken of directly, if she happened to be seen walking with him; and then those excellent people, the P-yees, to whom a good name was as precious as if they had the best blood in the land in every vein—he should hate himself if he should make a scandal of that sort, on the estate that was to be his own some day, and among tenants by whom he liked, above all, to be respected. He could no more believe that he should so fall in his own esteem than that he should break both his legs and go on crutches all the rest of his life. He couldn't imagine himself in that position—even if it was no odious, no unlike him.

And, even if no one knew anything about it, they might get too fond of each other, and then there could be nothing but the misery of parting, after all. No gentleman, out of a ballad, could marry a farmer's niece. There must be an end to the whole thing at once. It was too foolish.

And yet he had been so determined this morning before he went to Gawaine's, and while he was there something had taken hold of him and made him gallop back. It seemed he couldn't quite depend on his own resolution, as he had thought he could; he almost wished his arm would get painful again, and then he should think of nothing but the comfort it would be to get rid of the pain. There was no knowing what impulse might seize him to-morrow, in this confounded place, where there was nothing to occupy him imperiously through the livelong day. What could he do to secure himself from any more of this folly?

There was but one resource. He would go and tell Irwine—tell him everything. That mere act of telling it would make it seem trivial, the temptation would vanish, as the charm of fond words vanishes when one repeats them to the indifferent. In every way it would help him, to tell Irwine. He would ride to Exton Rectory the first thing after breakfast to-morrow.

Arthur had no sooner come to this determination than he began to think which of the paths would lead him home, and made as short a walk thither as he could. He felt sure he should sleep now; he had had enough to tire him, and there was no more need for him to think.

(To be continued.)

GREAT BARGAINS in Boots and Shoes during the Holidays at Macdonald's Boot Store. 8220

CHAPTER XIII. EVENING IN THE WOOD. It happened that Mrs. Pomfret had a slight quarrel with Mrs. Best, the house-keeper, on this Thursday morning—a fact which had two consequences highly convenient to Hetty. It caused Mrs. Pomfret to have tea sent up to her own room, and it inspired that exemplary lady's maid with so lively a recollection of former passages in Mrs. Best's conduct, and of dialogues in which Mrs. Best had decidedly the inferiority as an interlocutor with Mrs. Pomfret, that Hetty required no more presence of mind than was demanded for using her needle and throwing in an occasional "yes" or "no." She would have wanted to put on her hat earlier than usual; only she had told Captain Donnithorne that she usually set out about eight o'clock, and if he should go to the Grove again expecting to see her, and she should be gone! Would he come? Her little butterfly soul fluttered incessantly between memory and dubious expectation. At last the minute hand of the old-fashioned brazen faced time piece was on the last quarter to eight, and there was every reason for its being time to get ready for departure. Even Mrs. Pomfret's preoccupied mind did not prevent her from noticing what looked like a new flush of beauty in the little thing as she tied her hat before the looking-glass.

"That child gets prettier and prettier every day, I do believe," was her inward comment. "The more's the pity. She'll get neither a place nor a husband any sooner for it. Sober well-to-do men don't like pretty wivs. When I was a girl, I was more admired than if I'd been so very pretty. However, she's reason to be grateful to me for teaching her something to get her bread with, better than farm-house work. They always told me I was good-natured—and that's the truth, and to my hurt too, else there's them in this house that wouldn't be here now to lord it over me in the housekeeper's room."