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NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, THURSDAY, JUNE 9, 1887.

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ALMANAC FOR JUNE, 1887.

MOON'S CHANGES.
Full Moon 5th day, 6h., 25.3m., p. m., E.
(below horizon.)
Last Quarter 13th day, 9h., 22.3m. a. m., S.W.
New Moon 21st day, 6h., 39.3m., a. m., S.E.
First Quarter 25th day, 5h., 48.5m., a. m., N. E. (below horizon.)

DAY OF WEEK	Sun	Sun	Moon	High	Day's
M	ris	sets	ris	water	len h
1 Wednesday	4 17	7 38	2 36	6 34	15 19
2 Thursday	5 17	8 39	3 50	7 45	20 23
3 Friday	6 16	9 40	5 3	8 40	23 25
4 Saturday	7 16	10 41	7 23	10 14	26 27
5 Sunday	8 15	11 42	9 36	11 55	27 29
6 Monday	9 14	12 43	12 11	13 37	30 31
7 Tuesday	10 13	1 44	1 10	15 20	32 33
8 Wednesday	11 12	2 45	2 33	17 4	33 34
9 Thursday	12 11	3 46	3 50	19 18	34 35
10 Friday	1 10	4 47	4 54	21 32	35 36
11 Saturday	2 9	5 48	5 55	23 46	36 37
12 Sunday	3 8	6 49	6 56	26 0	37 38
13 Monday	4 7	7 50	7 57	28 14	38 39
14 Tuesday	5 6	8 51	8 58	30 28	39 40
15 Wednesday	6 5	9 52	9 59	32 42	40 41
16 Thursday	7 4	10 53	10 59	35 0	41 42
17 Friday	8 3	11 54	11 59	37 14	42 43
18 Saturday	9 2	12 55	12 59	39 28	43 44
19 Sunday	10 1	1 56	1 59	41 42	44 45
20 Monday	11 0	2 57	2 59	43 56	45 46
21 Tuesday	12 0	3 58	3 59	46 10	46 47
22 Wednesday	1 0	4 59	4 59	48 24	47 48
23 Thursday	2 0	5 59	5 59	50 38	48 49
24 Friday	3 0	6 59	6 59	52 52	49 50
25 Saturday	4 0	7 59	7 59	55 6	50 51
26 Sunday	5 0	8 59	8 59	57 20	51 52
27 Monday	6 0	9 59	9 59	59 34	52 53
28 Tuesday	7 0	10 59	10 59	61 48	53 54
29 Wednesday	8 0	11 59	11 59	64 2	54 55
30 Thursday	9 0	12 59	12 59	66 16	55 56

James L. MacMillan, V. S.,

GRADUATE OF
Ontario Veterinary College, Toronto.
Office in connection with Kennedy & Stewart's
Livery Stable Great George Street.
Ch'town, April 21, 1887—law & wky

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May 18, 1887.



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April 18, 1887—cod wky

CARD.

THE EXAMINER PUBLISHING COMPANY, having lately added to their stock of type and material for Job Printing, are better than ever prepared to execute orders for Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Handbills of all kinds, Visiting or Business Cards, &c., promptly and cheaply, in the best style of the art.

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W. L. COTTON,
Manager.

Ch'town, Nov. 16, 1886.



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Crape Cloth
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83
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I have decided to close out the whole of my stock of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, commencing December 15th, 1886, and continuing until the whole is disposed of, at LARGE DISCOUNTS FOR CASH.

A. I. BROWN.

Ch'town, Dec. 14—wky

WOOL! WOOL!

TRYON WOOLEN MILLS, - - SEASON 1887.

THE Tryon Woolen Manufacturing Co., in returning thanks to the general public, and especially to the farmers of P. E. Island for past favors, beg to announce that their Agents are now being stocked up with Tweeds and other lines manufactured from home-grown Wool, without any admixture of Cotton or Shoddy. Our Cloths are carefully made, well-finished and warranted to outwear any Canadian Goods in the market. They will be exchanged for Wool or Cash on the usual favorable terms.

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Bowness & Anderson, Kensington.
William Minto, Cardigan.
McLean Bros., North Wiltshire.

Ch'town, May 31—3 mo cod to thur sat & wky

Good Bye!

Sweet Isle, thy beauty charms the heart,
Gem of the Western Sea thou art;
As round thy banks the golden light
Of morning glory shines so bright,
The warbler sings his merry tune,
The dewdrop glistens on the trees,
But one by one they vanish all
Mid Neptune's warring ocean breeze.
Good bye! good bye!

The waves are dying on the strand,
As we wander forth to other land;
The sea birds float amid the spray,
The gathering clouds turn dark and gray;
But perch'd aloft amid the sails,
A sweet-toned songster trills and sings
With voice as soothing as a psalm
It breathes a calm o'er parting stings.
Good bye! good bye!

And yet our eyes turn still to thee,
Oh, blessed Isle of "the Western Sea,"
Though the cold winds whisper evermore
The word "farewell" to thy happy shore.
The day is growing on us fast,
As we drift to the far away;
But our heart is anchored in the waves
Which greet thee night and day.
Good bye! good bye!

Now twilight gathers o'er the day,
The moon asserts her nightly sway,
Anon the stars shine bright above,
As sentinels of the God of Love.
We are rocked to sleep on oceans wave,
There's perfect peace, and perfect rest;
Our dreams take up the parted thread
Binding it again. God knows best.
Good bye! good bye!

Abegweit, thy charms enthrall us,
A queen on waters' edge before us;
Summerside in rising splendour,
Speaks of nobler day of grandeur;
From north to south, from east to west,
Thy beauty thrills on every hand,
Like Georgia's willows, and Vernon's smiles,
Or Souris, brightest in the land!
Good bye! good bye!

Home is away o'er the mighty deep;
Some loved ones live, and memories sleep
In fond enchantment, as in dreams
Of flowery meads, and rippling streams.
Swiftly we sail to that other shore,
Swiftly 'mid storms and calms, my dear,
Perhaps you know'st - o'er the waters, where
There are no tempest blasts to fear.
Good bye! good bye!

Shall we see thy shores again sweet Isle,
And meet thy sunlit, heaven-touched smile
'Mid streamlets bright, and breeze, and clear;
'Mid landscape beauties? Oh, how dear!
Some other morn' we may dwell,
Upon thy shores, loved second home;
Just as He bids, who ruleth all—
Darling, till then—ne'er good to roam.
Good bye! good bye!
LANCASTER.

Out in the Cold.

EXCITING SCENES AT IRISH EVICTIONS—A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION.

(Special to the Montreal Star.)

BODYKE, Ireland, Thursday night, June 2nd.—Nobody at Tompney, where we are most ly staying, with Fathers Murphy and Hanen, had thoughts of time for breakfast this morning, for at an early hour a mounted messenger came galloping up with news that the police had been scouting on the hills all night. The red coats were already on the march, with a sheriff from Fontane, so as soon as the horses could be harnessed to the outside car we started for Bodyke, beyond which stands the cabin at which the approaching forces were plainly aiming. From the hill-top the sight was an extraordinary one. Black lines of people on foot and horses were travelling, so far as one could distinguish them, a mile off, along the road. The compact black mass we knew to be the stalwart ranks of the Royal Irish Constabulary. Moving steadily forward in front of them was a taller body of Welsh Fusiliers, most of the latter being thrown out as skirmishers dotted the fields for several hundred yards on each side of the road. Fine work they had of it, getting across the dykes and over the green banks. The men kept up by shouting to each other the pass word for the day, which appeared to be the syllable "Ro." The chapel bell had not ceased its mournful "ding, ding, ding," since early morning, when the bugle called in the skirmishers. The police and soldiers debouched upon the road, showing forth emergency men skulking along in the middle, their crowbars stowed away in a cart behind them. One unanimous yell of hatred and fury rose from the crowd, which fell back before the police, until the road was cleared. Then the Fusiliers were divided into two companies, placed on either side of the cabin. The constabulary formed up, shoulder to shoulder, in a ring, and completely encircled it. The place was barricaded, so the door was left undisturbed. The sheriff, a man known familiarly to the crowd, for some reason or other, as "Crocker of Ballynagarde," dressed in a sporting suit of tweed, with a shooting helmet and leggings, stopped. A moment's colloquy took place between him and Captain Miller. An instant later half a dozen crowbars went into the mud-plastered wall. Almost simultaneously a storm of excretion broke from the crowd, which made every other sound inaudible. So long as

THE PROCESS OF THE EVICTION

lasted, the curses of the sheriff at the agent were most ingenious and bloodthirsty. Insults to the crowbar men, cheers for the "Plan of campaign," for Davitt and for the priests filled the air. Anybody who never heard an Irish yell may be interested to know that it is absolutely identical in key and cadence with the Indian war whoop. Meanwhile the emergency men worked with a will. Stones and great fragments of plaster rattled down from the wall. In five minutes a gap opened big enough to admit a man. In went the bailiffs and out came John Liddy, the tenant, the din redoubting at his appearance. The eviction begun by handing out a few bits of small furniture, a can of milk and a bundle of flowers. These last characteristics seized were kept by Mr. Davitt as a touching memento of the occasion. Then a cry was raised for sledge hammers. The sounds which immediately ensued indicated that the centre of interest had been transferred to the inside of the cottage. So I climbed through the hole, dodging pieces of broken furniture which came flying out. Inside, the air was stifling with dust and heat, for the windows and doors had been blocked since early morning. Out of the semi-darkness, Crocker of Ballynagarde, advanced to meet me. "I

don't wish to be discourteous," he said; "but

YOU HAD NO BUSINESS HERE. I shall be obliged if you will get out of this at once." I had previously sought and obtained permission of Mr. Crocker's superior, the resident magistrate officer in command, so he promptly subsided. The sight was ghastly. One bedstead, interesting old cupboards, seven or eight feet high, and other things were being smashed up by blows from sledges, which were whirling about over one's head. Considerable pieces of them were passed out of windows two feet square. Little enough there was, however, flung out. Soon the crowbar men had roughly piled up a wall of stones into the gap, which had made. John Liddy handed to the sheriff a bill rapidly written for him by Father Hanen. The crowbars were piled into a cart, the police closed slowly around the emergency men and escorted them away. The command "By fours, march!" sent the red coats along the road. The visitors closed in behind them and a screaming crowd followed. Not all, however. One man and one little group remained. The man was John Fiddy, who stood gazing blankly at the piled up heap of his demolished furniture. The group consisted of his wife, with streaming eyes, grasping a pretty, fair-haired child of about four years. Michael Davitt, with tears in his eyes, was comforting them and dividing his flowers with them. The crowd had gone with

YELLS AND CHEERS

and were already far off. Curiosity and excitement passed into the next attack. Only a weeping wife and dazed husband and baby were left. This was the first eviction. The whole force of soldiers, police and bailiffs only accomplished two as their day's work. The second was far more dramatic and exciting. It was at the house of the widow McNamara. The process of surrounding it was precisely similar, of an elaborate, solid blockade of the door and windows. A short council was held, then this house, too, was attacked. The crowd had greatly increased in volume and excitement. A hole was soon made about three feet by two, at the height of a man's waist from the ground. The sheriff stood hard by the leader of the crowbar men and encouraged them with such cries as "heave away; my men," "pitch the stones in on them; heave them in." Then, when the last big blocks fell inward, amid a blinding cloud of dust, he shouted, "Get in, my men, get in; but saying and doing are different things. The hole was filled by the faces of the family—three sturdy young fellows, two fine looking young women, a pleasant old face of eighty years, an old widow, surrounded with its white frilled cap, in the background. There they all stood, shoulder to shoulder. It was evident, from their

SET TEETH AND FLASHING EYES,

that they had not the slightest idea of giving way. "Get in, my men; get in, will you," yelled the leader. But not a man stirred. Crocker, of Ballynagarde, swore under his breath, and called upon the district inspector to order his constables to clear the way. There was a second pause. Then the constables grasped their rifles, sprang forward and instantly all was babel. Several Englishmen present, carried away by their feelings, interposed between the tenants and the police, yelling at the top of their voices to make themselves heard above the clamor. They told the officer that he must not do so. The first person to enter must be by law a bailiff, and not a policeman. But it seems too late. Jennings, in charge of the constabulary, called to his men to get in. The Royal Irish are not men to hesitate. Three of them leapt at the gap. The men and women inside fought like tigers. They pushed them back, and for the moment all was a confused scuffle, and the excitement was at its intensest. I expected every instant to see the flash of firearms from the inside. When the constables were in, the crowbar men entered in their wake. A formal protest was then made against the illegal entrance. The commanding officer and the divisional magistrate were referred to consult. They were understood to

ADMIT THE ILLEGALITY,

but this, most of course, he decided elsewhere. Crocker, of Ballynagarde, came forward, exclaiming, "My people were beaten with sticks," a statement which Father Glynn, a jolly young priest, met with the retort, "you are a liar," and appealed to all present to confirm him, which they did. Then the women inside got hold of the crowbars and flung them out. I entered the house now and found the struggle beginning between the tenants and the sheriff. "I want you to move out," said the latter persuasively. "We won't move," shouted the former. "Let them put you out; don't stir," yelled half a dozen voices through the opening. Mr. Lavitt's voice was audible above them all, exhorting the old lady in Irish, so as not to be understood, to lie down on bed and force them to carry her out. The men seized her, and her breast, and who attempted to strike me when I stepped between them. Here Col. Turner showed the only signs of strong feeling during the day, by sharply informing me, "If you obstruct my men, sir, I'll have you put out of this house directly." I apologized and explained. At last the end came. The tenants were hustled to the opening. Crocker put his broad shoulders behind, then the crowbar men piled themselves against him. Out they all went with a rush. There was a dramatic incident. No sooner was plucky Kate Macnamara in the open air than she sprang upon the ruins of her home, and beckoning for silence with her hand, shouted slowly at the top of her voice, "Three cheers for the plan of campaign." I have never heard such cheers in my life.

NORMAN.

The following appeal from Michael Davitt has been cabled to John Fitzgerald, President of the Irish National League in America, Patrick Ford and John Boyle O'Reilly:

SCARIFF, County Clare, June 7.

Work of exterminating the race is going on daily. The people are contesting every inch of ground with spirit; the resistance is admirable, but the odds terribly against them. The Tory policy of eviction and forced emigration we must resist as one man. Working men in America in their own interest should protest against pauper labor being forced upon their market. I would suggest that a deputation of friends of our cause and Knights

of Labor wait upon the President of the United States, and invite his attention to England's policy in driving thousands of our people every week from Ireland to the States. Humanity and enlightened self-interest unite in urging America to action in the matter. We want means to succor the evicted, and to make some small recompense to the imprisoned who sacrifice liberty in resistance to injustice. Bodyke is fighting the battle of Ireland.

(Signed) MICHAEL DAVITT.



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A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a card that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

NOTICE.

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