

THE DAILY EXAMINER.

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NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1888.

VOL. 24.—NO. 8.

The Daily Examiner

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Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

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One Month.....0 50

Advertising at most moderate rates.
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ALMANAC FOR NOVEMBER, 1888.

MOON'S CHANGES.
New Moon, 3rd day, 7h, 49.9m. a. m., S. E.
First Quarter, 10th day, 9h, 3.3m. p. m., E.
(below horizon.)
Full Moon, 18th day, 11h, 3.4m. a. m., N.
(below horizon.)
Last Quarter, 26th day, 1h, 8.0m. p. m., W.

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

BOSTON STEAMERS.

SINGLE FARES
—BY—
'Carroll' & 'Worcester,'
\$4.00.

EXCURSION TICKETS,
—GOOD FOR—
BALANCE OF SEASON
\$6.00.

CARVELL BROS.,
AGENTS.

L. WHEAT. J. G. BRIDGE. S. L. BURR

WHEAT, BRIDGE & BURR,
Receivers and Commission Dealers

POTATOES, EGGS,
Butter, Cheese, Poultry, Game, &c.

Consignments of EGGS and POTATOES solicited and liberal advances made.

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JAMES A. MORRISON. GEORGE MUSGRAVE

MORRISON & MUSGRAVE,
BROKERS

—AND—
Commission Merchants,
HALIFAX

Consignments of Island produce will receive prompt attention.

REFERENCES: Thomas Fyche, Esq., Cashier Bank of Nova Scotia, Halifax; George Macleod, Manager Bank of Nova Scotia, Charlottetown.

WARREN & JONES,
TEA MERCHANTS.

1 EAST CHEAP AND 9 & 14 MINCHING LANE,
LONDON, ENGLAND.

Represented in Canada by MORRISON & MUSGRAVE, Halifax
Oct-9-1887

THIS PAPER may be found on file at GEO. F. ROWELL & CO'S
Street, where all advertising contracts may be made.

Seasonable Goods

—AT—
PERKINS & STERNS'

White Blankets,
Grey Blankets,
Bed Comforts,
Colored Counterpanes,
Railway Rugs,
Horse Rugs,
Sleigh Robes,
Fur Coats,
Wool Carriage Wraps,
Fur Jackets.

Fine Display of Fancy Goods for Christmas Presents.

AN IMMENSE STOCK OF WINTER DRY GOODS
AT PRICES WHICH CANNOT BE BEATEN.

—[X]—
PERKINS & STERNS'

Charlottetown, Nov. 14, 1888—dy & wky

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND RAILWAY.

1888-9. Winter Arrangement. 1888-9.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, DECEMBER, 3rd, 1888, Trains will run as follows:—

TRAINS FOR THE WEST.			TRAINS FROM THE WEST.		
STATIONS.	No. 1.	No. 2.	STATIONS.	No. 2.	No. 1.
Charlottetown.....dp	7 15	1 50	Tignish.....dp	6 00	
Royalty Junction.....dp	7 31	2 12	Alberton.....dp	6 35	
North Wiltshire.....dp	8 17	3 05	Bloomfield.....dp	7 20	
Hunter River.....dp	8 30	3 20	O'Leary.....dp	7 54	
Bradabane.....dp	8 39	3 37	Port Hill.....dp	8 07	
Emerald Junction.....dp	8 66	4 07	Wilmington.....dp	8 49	
Freetown.....dp	9 23	4 22	Miscouche.....dp	10 15	
Kensington.....dp	9 40	4 45	Summerside.....dp	10 35	
Summerside.....dp	10 10	5 20			
	P. M.			A. M.	
	12 40			6 30	
Misgouche.....dp	1 00		Kensington.....dp	12 05	6 05
Bradabane.....dp	1 27		Freetown.....dp	12 23	7 28
O'Leary.....dp	2 08		Emerald Junction.....dp	12 36	7 43
Bloomfield.....dp	3 22		Bradabane.....dp	12 45	7 53
Alberton.....dp	3 45		Hunter River.....dp	1 15	8 30
Tignish.....dp	5 13		Royalty Junction.....dp	1 29	8 45
			North Wiltshire.....dp	2 12	9 37
			Charlottetown.....dp	2 30	10 00

TRAINS FOR THE EAST.			TRAINS FROM THE EAST.		
STATIONS.	No. 6.	No. 7.	STATIONS.	No. 6.	No. 8.
Charlottetown.....dp	7 30		Georgetown.....dp	7 15	A. M.
Royalty Junction.....dp	7 50		Carleton Place.....dp	7 38	6 26
Bedford.....dp	8 23		Mount Stewart Junc.....dp	8 59	
Mount Stewart Junc.....dp	8 55				
Cardigan.....dp	4 10				
Bear River.....dp	5 22				
Georgetown.....dp	6 40				
	P. M.			A. M.	
	4 00			7 03	
	4 43			7 44	
	5 12			8 17	
	5 57			8 57	
	6 40			9 45	

Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.
J UNSWORTH,
Superintendent.

Railway Office, Charlottetown, Nov. 27th, 1888—6i all prs 6i

GREAT BOOM!

Away Ahead!

IT IS A FIRST-RATE PLACE TO BE, and as we undoubtedly possess the ability to keep ahead, we can afford to lend a helping hand to our numerous struggling competitors. As we have attained to the proud position we now enjoy as leaders in our art, through years of toil and hard work, we would say to our competitors, DON'T BE DISCOURAGED. Step by step, if you persevere, perchance may find you approaching our present standard. BUT REMEMBER! you will not find us there. Perfect n is our Standard, and nothing short of that will satisfy our ambition to present a faultless garment upon a faultless gentleman.

To supplement our own natural skill, we employ artists who acknowledge no superiors in the Dominion of Canada. Thus equipped with superior heads and unequalled hands, and Goods of the finest quality, we feel safe in saying that we are prepared to fill the bill every time.

McLEOD & MCKENZIE,

Star Merchant Tailors.
Charlottetown, October 2, 1888.

Ask For Ayer's

Sarsaparilla, and be sure you get it, when you want the best blood-purifier. With its forty years of unexampled success in the cure of Blood Diseases, you can make no mistake in preferring Ayer's

Sarsaparilla to any other. The fore-runner of modern blood-purifiers, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is still the most popular, being in greater demand than all others combined.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla is selling faster than ever before. I never hesitate to recommend it."—George W. Whitman, Druggist, Albany, Ind.

"I am safe in saying that my sales of Ayer's Sarsaparilla far exceed those of any other, and it gives thorough satisfaction."—L. R. Bush, Des Moines, Iowa.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla and Ayer's Pills are the best selling medicines in my store. I can recommend them conscientiously."—C. Bickhaus, Pharmacist, Roseland, Ill.

"We have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla here for over thirty years and always recommended it when asked to name the best blood-purifier."—W. T. McLean, Druggist, Augusta, Ohio.

"I have sold your medicines for the last seventeen years, and always kept them in stock, as they are staples. There is nothing so good for the youthful blood as Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—R. L. Parker, Fox Lake, Wis.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla gives the best satisfaction of any medicine I have in stock. I recommend it, or, as the Doctors say, 'I prescribe it over the counter.' It never fails to meet the cases for which I recommend it, even where the doctors' prescriptions have been of no avail."—C. F. Cahoon, Monmouth, Kansas.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

Furniture! Furniture!

I HAVE now on hand a large assortment of PARLOR AND BEDROOM SETS, in Walnut, Mahogany, Ash and Oak, Walnut Sideboards, Hair and Flock Mattresses, etc.

Intending purchasers would do well to inspect this Furniture before going elsewhere.

G. M. HARRIS,
Auctioneer.

THE PRICE OF GAS.

At a meeting of the Directors of the Charlottetown Gas Light Co., held at their office this morning, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, That the net price of Gas to consumers be reduced to Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per Thousand Feet, on and after the first day of December next, and that no discount be allowed thereafter on the payment of Gas accounts.

DANIEL DAVIES,
President.

Ch'town, Nov. 17, 1888—pat her guar

RELIABLE

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nov20

EXHAUSTED VITALITY.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, the great Medical Work of the Age on Manhood, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline, Errors of Youth, and the untold miseries consequent thereon, 300 pages, 8 vo., 125 pre-criptions for all diseases. Cloth, full gilt, only \$1.00, by mail, sealed. Illustrative sample free to all young and middle-aged men. Send now. The Gold and Jewelled Medal awarded to the author by the National Medical Association. Address P. O. Box 1895, Boston, Mass., or DR. W. H. PARKER, graduate of Harvard Medical College, 25 years' practice in Boston, who may be consulted confidentially. Specialty, Diseases of Man. Office, No. 4 Bulfinch Street.

Jul23-Tyr eat & wky

THE FAIR GOD.

BOOK TWO.

CHAPTER III.
(Continued.)

Acatlan thumped her pretty mouth with her fingers, and thought awhile.

"Yes, I have heard some stories about the 'tzin'—"

"Indeed!" said Tecalco, opening her eyes.

"He, too, has changed, as you may have observed," continued Acatlan. "He used to be gay and talkative, fond of company and dance; latterly, he stays at home, and when abroad, mopes and is silent; while we all know that no great private or public misfortune has happened to him. The king appears to have noticed it. And, my dear sister,—the queen lowered her voice to a confidential whisper—"they say the 'tzin' aspires to the throne."

"What! Do you believe it? Does the king?" cried Tecalco, more in anger than surprise.

"I believe nothing yet, though there are some grounds for his accusers to go upon. They say he entertains at his palace near Iztapalapan none but men of the army, and that while in Tenochtitlan, he studies the favor of the people, and uses his wealth to win popularity with all classes. Indeed, Tecalco, somehow the king learned that, on the day of the celebration of Quetzal, the 'tzin' was engaged in a direct conspiracy against him."

"It is false, Acatlan, it is false! The king has not a more faithful subject, I know the 'tzin. He is worth a thousand of the Tezucan, who is himself the traitor." And the vexed queen beat the floor with her sandalled feet.

"As to that, Tecalco, I know nothing. But what more from the king?"

"He told me that Tula should never marry the 'tzin; he would use all his power against it; he would banish him from the city first. And his rage increased until, finally, he swore by the gods he would order a banquet, and, in presence of all the lords of the Empire, publicly betroth Tula and the Tezucan. He said he would do anything the safety of the throne and the gods required of him. He never was so angry. And that, O Acatlan, my sister, that is my trouble. How can I save my child from such a horrid betrothal?"

Acatlan shook her head gloomily. "The king brooks defeat better than opposition. We would not be safe to do anything openly. I acknowledge myself afraid, and unable to advise you."

Tecalco burst into tears and wrung her hands, overcome by fear and rage. "I then left his game and came to her. He was not handsome, being too large for his years, and ungraceful; this tendency to homeliness was increased by the smallness of his face and head; the features were actually hideous."

"Say no more, mother," he said, tears standing in his eyes, as if to prove his sympathy and kindness. "You know it would be better to play with the tigers than stir the king to anger."

"Ah, lo, what shall I do? I always heard you speak well of the 'tzin. You loved him once."

"And I love him yet."

Tecalco was less pacified than ever.

"What would I not give to know who set the king so against him. Upon the traitor be the harm there is in a mother's curse! If my child must be sacrificed, let it be by a priest, and as a victim to the gods."

Do not speak so. Be wise, Tecalco. Recollect such sorrows belong to our rank."

"Our rank, Acatlan! I can forget it sooner than that I am a mother! O, you do not know how long I have nursed the idea of wedding Tula to the 'tzin! Since their childhood I have prayed, plotted and hoped for it. With what pride I have seen them grow up—so brave, generous and princely; she so staid and beautiful! I have never allowed her to think of other destiny; the gods made them for each other."

"Mother," said lo thoughtfully, "I have heard you say that Guatemala was wise. Why not send him word of what has happened, and put our trust in him?"

The poor queen caught at the suggestion eagerly; for with a promise of aid, at the same time it relieved her of responsibility, of all burthens the most dreadful to a woman. And Acatlan, really desirous of helping her friend, but at a loss for a plan, and terrified by the idea of the monarch's wrath incurred, wondered they had not thought of the proposal sooner, and urged the 'tzin's right to be informed of the occurrence.

"There must be secrecy, Tecalco. The king must never know us as traitors: that would be our ruin."

"There shall be no danger; I can go myself," said lo. "It is long since I was at Iztapalapan, and they say the 'tzin has such beautiful gardens. I want to see the three kings who hold torches in his hall; I want to try a bow with him."

After some entreaty, Tecalco assented. She required him, however, to put on a costume less likely to attract attention, and take some other boat, he passed out of a garden gate, and, by a circuitous route, hurried to the canal in which lay the vessels of the Iztapalapan. He found one, and was bargaining with its owner, when a young man walked briskly up, and stepped into a canoe close by. Something in the gay dress of the stranger made lo look at him a second time, and he was hardly less pleased than surprised at being addressed:

"Ho, friend! I am going to your city. Save your cocoa, and go with me."

lo was confounded.

"Come on," the stranger persisted, with a pleasant smile. "Come on! I want company. You were never so welcome."

The smile deepened the boy. He set one foot in the vessel, but instantly retreated—an ocelot, crouched in the bottom, raised its round head, and stared fixedly at him. The stranger laughed, and reassured him, after which he walked boldly forward. Then the canoe swung from its mooring, and in a few minutes, under the impulsion of three strong slaves, went flying down the canal. Under bridges, through incoming flotillas, and past the great houses on either hand they darted, until the city was left behind, and the lake, colored with the borrowed blue of the sky, spread out rich and billowy before them. The eyes of the stranger brightened at the prospect.

"I like this. By our Mother, I like it!" he said earnestly. "We have lakes in Tlhuacan on which I have spent days riding waves and spearing fish; but they were dull to this. See the stretch of the water! Look

yonder at the villages, and here at the city and Chapultepec! Ah, that you were born in Tenochtitlan be proud. There is no grander birthplace this side of the sun!"

"I am an Aztec," said lo, moved by the words.

The other smiled and added, "Why not go further, and say 'and son of a king'?"

lo was startled.

"Surprised! Good prince, I am a hunter. From habit, I observe everything; a track, a tree, a place, once seen is never forgotten; and since I came to the city, the night before the combat of Quetzal, the habit has not left me. That day you were seated under the red canopy, with the princess Tula and Nezetzin. So I came to know the king's son."

"Then you saw the combat?"

"And how brave it was! There never was its match—never such archery as the 'tzin's. Then the blow with which he killed the Othmi! I only regretted that the Tezucan escaped. I do not like him! he is envious and spiteful; it would have been better had he fallen instead of the Otopan. You know Iztli?"

"Not to love him," said lo.

"Is he like the 'tzin?"

"Not at all."

"So I have heard," said the hunter, shrugging his shoulders. "But—down, fellow!" he cried, to the ocelot, whose approaches discomposed the prince. "I was going to say," he resumed, with a look which, as an invitation to confidence, was irresistible, "that there is no reason why you and I should not be friends. We are both going to see the 'tzin."

lo was again much confounded.

"I only heard you say so to the waterman at the landing. If your visit, good prince, was intended as a secret, you are a careless messenger. But have no fear. I intend entering the 'tzin's service; that is, if he will take me."

"Is the 'tzin enlisting men?" asked lo.

"No. I am merely weary of hunting. My father is a good merchant whose trading life is too tame for me. I love excitement. Even hunt! I will not try war, and there is but one whom I care to follow. Together we will see and talk to him."

"You speak as if you were used to arms."

"My skill may be counted nothing. I seek the service more from what I imagine it to be. The march, the camp, the battle, the taking captives, the perilling life, when it is but a secondary object, as it must be with every warrior of true ambition, all have charms for my fancy. Besides, I am discontented with my condition. I want honor, rank and command—wealth I have. Hence, for me, the army is the surest road. Beset with trials, and needing a good heart and arm yet it travels upward, upward, and that is all I seek to know."

(To be continued.)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A Road Supervisor Speaks.

SIR,—In a recent issue of the *Weekly Patriot* there appeared an article entitled, "Have we a Road Supervisor?" written over the anonymous signature of "An Old Conservative." The writer of this elegant epistle not content with finding fault with the present Government in the person of one of their servants, has vainly tried to blacken my character as a private individual. I say vainly because such foolish attempts only meet with the scorn which they justly merit. After eulogizing the late Supervisor which, by the way, was the only sensible part of the article, he goes on to say that "although there were many worthy and strong supporters of the present Government recommended for the Supervisorship a doubtful supporter of the party was appointed whose only qualification was a misappropriation of the sum of \$85 when he acted as Supervisor some years ago." Now, Sir, are you aware that to say the least, the above is a glaring misrepresentation of facts? Does not his own common sense tell him that his own words give the lie to this statement. He (Conservative) says that there were several worthy and strong supporters recommended for the vacant office and yet, strange to say, it was given to the dishonest (?) servant. Let me ask "Conservative" if it is at all likely that the Government would pass by so many able and honest men, to bestow the office on a dishonest and incompetent person? Decidedly not. I do not claim for the present Government an infallibility, but I do say, without fear of contradiction, that there are fewer errors to be laid to their charge, than of any Government that ever ruled this Province. He goes on to say, in the course of his ravings, that the North Lake bridge is unsafe for travelling; that the stumps in the new road at M-Innis hill are protruding the surface of the road. Munn's road and its bridge is unsafe by reason of "devils being driven instead of bolts." The West Black Pond Bridge and Kingsborough also come in for a share of his attention, reminding me strongly of the man who went to bed after reading Milton's Paradise Lost and had the nightmare in which he thought he was in Pandemonium and his mind was a phantasmagoria of wild and startling events. Of course, Mr. Editor, the such statements as the above are as silly as they are inconsistent with reason, and I shall not trespass on your valuable space to notice them, other than to tell you and the country at large that they are false in every particular. I need only add that the contractor at Munn's bridge made one very sad mistake, viz: he should have put nothing but "devils" in the construction of the bridge and have put them well under at that so innocent people would not be tormented by them in future. The *Patriot's* correspondent has signed himself "Old Conservative," and admitting his statement to be true, viz: that I am a "doubtful Conservative," we bear a certain affinity to each other in as much as he is a disappointed one. In conclusion I will give Conservative a piece of advice, and that is to vote for his party when required, mind his own business and hold his tongue as I do, and perhaps at some future time he may not be left out in the cold.

I remain, yours very truly,
JAMES STEWART.

South Lake, Nov. 27, 1888.</