

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, FRIDAY, MAY 16, 1884.

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ALMANAC FOR MAY, 1884.

MOON'S CHANGES.

First Quarter, 2nd day, 11.55 a.m.
Full Moon, 9th day, 11.55 p.m.
Last Quarter, 16th day, 11.55 a.m.
New Moon, 24th day, 6.24 p.m.
First Quarter, 31st day, 11.55 a.m.

DAY OF WEEK	SUN rises	MOON sets	MOON rises	MOON sets	High water	Days len'g.
1 Thursday	4 51	7 30	10 37	2 43	14	12
2 Friday	49	4 11	44	3 50	13	13
3 Saturday	46	6 44	48	5 4	14	14
4 Sunday	47	7 1	51	6 17	20	15
5 Monday	45	8 2	53	7 22	22	16
6 Tuesday	44	9 3	55	8 15	22	17
7 Wednesday	42	10 4	56	9 5	27	18
8 Thursday	40	11 5	55	9 35	30	19
9 Friday	39	13 6	53	10 11	33	20
10 Saturday	38	14 7	50	10 44	36	21
11 Sunday	37	16 8	44	11 19	39	22
12 Monday	36	17 9	41	11 54	42	23
13 Tuesday	34	18 10	37	12 29	44	24
14 Wednesday	32	19 11	32	1 5	47	25
15 Thursday	31	20 12	27	1 44	49	26
16 Friday	30	21 13	22	2 28	51	27
17 Saturday	29	22 14	17	3 20	53	28
18 Sunday	28	23 15	12	4 27	55	29
19 Monday	27	24 16	7	5 42	57	30
20 Tuesday	26	25 17	2	6 57	59	31
21 Wednesday	25	26 18	23	8 15	61	1
22 Thursday	25	28 19	18	9 46	63	2
23 Friday	24	29 20	13	10 56	65	3
24 Saturday	23	30 21	8	12 10	67	4
25 Sunday	22	31 22	3	1 19	69	5
26 Monday	21	32 23	2	2 30	71	6
27 Tuesday	20	33 24	23	3 45	73	7
28 Wednesday	19	34 25	18	4 59	75	8
29 Thursday	19	35 26	13	6 15	77	9
30 Friday	18	36 27	8	7 33	79	10
31 Saturday	18	37 28	3	8 53	81	11

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

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

N. J. CAMPBELL,
(Successor to Campbell & Rayden)

Auctioneer and Commission Merchant,
SHIP BROKER,
AND INSURANCE AGENT,
COR. OF QUEEN AND WATER STS.,
Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

Importer and Jobber of Choice
Groceries and Spices
General Agent for P. E. Island of the
British Empire Mutual Life Assurance Com-
pany, of London, England.
Special attention given to Auction Sales of
Lumber, Coal, Fish, Apples and other Fruit,
Real Estate, Household Furniture, Bankrupt
and other stocks, and all kinds of Merchandise.
Correspondence and Consignments solicited.
Returns promptly made.
March 23, 1884.

McLeod, Morison & 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.

BARGAINS.

I AM selling the balance of my Furniture
saved from the fire of the 20th ult., at J.
D. McLeod's corner, Queen Street, at a
reduction of from twenty-five to fifty per
cent. below usual prices.
JOHN NEWSON.
Ch'town, March 8.



STEAMERS

"HEATHER BELLE."
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

ON and after Tuesday, May 13th, the new
steamer "Heather Belle," Hugh McLean,
master, will run as follows:—

Every Tuesday morning, at four o'clock, will
leave Charlottetown for Orwell Brush
Wharf; leaving Orwell Brush Wharf at
seven a. m., for Charlottetown, calling at
China Point and Halliday's Wharves; leaving
Charlottetown, at three p. m., for
Halliday's, China Point and Brush
Wharves, where she will remain over
night.

Wednesday, will leave Brush Wharf for Char-
lottetown at seven a. m., calling at China
Point and Halliday's Wharves; leaving
Charlottetown at three p. m., to return,
remaining at Brush Wharf overnight.

Thursday, will leave Brush Wharf for Char-
lottetown at seven a. m., calling at China
Point and Halliday's Wharves; leaving
Charlottetown at three p. m., to return;
leaving Brush Wharf about six p. m., for
Charlottetown.

Friday, will leave Charlottetown for Crapaud
at four a. m.; leaving Crapaud for Char-
lottetown at seven a. m.; leaving Char-
lottetown for Crapaud at three p. m., re-
maining over night.

Saturday, will leave Crapaud for Charlot-
tetown at seven a. m.; leaving Charlot-
tetown for Crapaud at 1.30 p. m., and
returning to Charlottetown from Crapaud
same day.

FARES:

Cabin, to and from Orwell and Wharves,
50 cents; deck, 20 cents.

Cabin, to and from Crapaud, 40 cents; deck,
30 cents.

Excursion return tickets will be issued from
Charlottetown to Orwell every Thursday even-
ing, at one first-class fare. Also, excursion
return tickets will be issued every Saturday
to Crapaud, at one first-class fare.

JOHN RICHES,

Agent.
Ch'town, May 12, 1883.
(ex pat law 3m her pres ne)

SHIP AND HOUSE
BUILDERS,

Will find every requisite for the trade at

DUCHEMIN'S
STEAM FACTORY,
Beer's Wharf.

Always on hand, a complete stock of

Ship's Blocks,
Deadeyes,
steering Wheels,
—ALSO—

Mouldings, in great variety, Cornice, Base
Panel, Door and Window Finish, Spouting,
Conductor and Handrail, Newel Posts, Balu-
sters and every description of Turning.
Fret, Circular and Jig Sawing, Planing and
Moulding turned out neatly and with des-
patch.

Satisfaction guaranteed.
Don't forget the place, Beer's Wharf near
McMillan's Coal Depot.

Albert Duchemin.

Ch'town, Jan. 2, 1884.—wly 6l.

MONUMENTS.

PARTIES wishing neat and elegant monu-
ments for their departed friends are
invited to examine the choice assortment of
Italian, White and Colored American Marble
Monuments, Tablets and Headstones, in
subscriber's saleroom, made from the most
approved modern designs, at prices that
cannot fail to give satisfaction.

JAMES PHILLIPS,

Kent Street.
Ch'town, April 9—2aw wly 2m



April 23, 1884.

TO LET,

The large Brick Store on Queen Street, lately
occupied by Mr. W. A. Hutchison. Apply to
A. WHITE,
Or W. F. CARTER.
March 29, 1884.—tu 24

NEW SUMMER GOODS

Fifty Cases and Bales Now Open and More to Follow.

J. B. MACDONALD

HAS now open the greater portion of Spring Stock, comprising all the new-
est things in Hats, Flowers, Feathers, Ribbons, Gloves, Hosiery, Sun
Shades, Dress Material in all the newest shades and fabrics, Brocaded and
Oman Silks and Satins, Black and Colored Cashmeres and Merinoes, Lace
Curtains and Curtain Nets, Counterpanes.

CLOTHS! CLOTHS! IN WORSTEDS AND TWEEDS.

A LARGE STOCK OF

Ready-made Clothing, in Men's and Boys',

the most varied and cheapest ever shown by

J. B. MACDONALD,

Ch'town, May 9, 1884.—2aw wly.

Queen Street.

CONFEDERATION LIFE ASSOCIATION.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

The SECURITY offered to policy-holders is UNSURPASSED by any Company
doing business in the Dominion.

Its PROGRESS HAS BEEN UNEXAMPLED in the history of Insurance in
Canada.

Its Policies are INDISPENSABLE after three years and NON-FORFEITABLE
after two years.

The CASH PROFIT results paid to policy-holders have not been equalled by any
Company in Canada.

The following are examples of ACTUAL REDUCTION OF PREMIUMS by
application of profits:—

Robert Taylor, Halifax, insured for \$10,000 in 1872, premium \$317.70; in 1880, \$160.10.

John Willie, Halifax, insured for \$1,000 in 1871, premium \$31.77; in 1882, \$14.20.

John S. McLean, Halifax, insured for \$5,000 in 1872, premium \$137.76; in 1882, \$70.06.

Major Jones, St. John, insured for \$5,000 in 1871, premium \$172.20; in 1882, \$77.20.

The fullest information will be given on application.

DESBRISAY & ANGUS,

General Agents for P. E. Island.

Ch'town, May 7, 1884.

New Goods!

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S SILK UMBRELLAS,
PARASOLS, SUNSHADES, etc.

NEW LACES, newest and most popular Goods.

EMBROIDERIES, very handsome.

TRIMMINGS, Fringes, Buttons, in endless variety.

Ladies' Silk Handkerchiefs, Ties, Scarfs, India Muslins.

KID AND JERSEY GLOVES, Corsets, Hats, Feathers and
Millinery Goods.

Splendid value in Cashmeres, Dress Goods, Prints, etc.

New Goods to follow by every Steamer.

W. A. WEEKS & CO.

Ch'town, May 6, 1884.

NOTICE!

W. & A. BROWN & CO.

—HAVE—

REMOVED TO DESBRISAY'S BUILDING,

Next Door to Beer & Goff's Grocery Store.

BIG CLEARANCE SALE CONTINUED.

During the next few months we will positively clear out
the big stock saved from the fire, together with about thirty-six
cases and bales of

New and Fashionable Spring Goods,
direct from the London markets, the first shipment of which is
being opened to-day.

W. & A. BROWN & CO.

Ch'town, May 1, 1884.—dy wly

Charlottetown Boot and Shoe Factory.

OUR MAKE OF

BOOTS AND SHOES ARE MADE OF SOLID LEATHER,

And give great satisfaction throughout the Island.

The Best merchants sell them, and when buying be sure and ask for
our make.

DORSEY, GOFF & CO.

Ch'town, April 13, 1884.—wed wly

A SECLUDED HEIRESS.

By Winthrop Gilman.

(Continued.)

We relapsed into another silence, in the
midst of which our worthy landlord, evi-
dently thinking us the worst of company,
stole out of the room, walking for some un-
known reason upon the tips of his toes, as
if he were afraid of waking us.

Left to ourselves, we became even more
meditative than before. Bob strolled rest-
lessly up and down in front of the door; I
whistled and continued to stare out of the
window. We were both lost in our own
thoughts.

"Fancy a girl who has never even seen a
male fellow-creature!" ejaculated Bob at
last.

"Who is unfettered by the convention-
alities of civilization?" said I.

"How artless she must be, and how
simple!" remarked my companion, twisting
his moustache.

"What a depth of pent-up affection there
must be in that heart!" I exclaimed, with
my corsair-like look of slumberous passion.

"How charmingly childlike and romantic!"
said Bob, smoothing his hair in the glass.

"How easy for a dashing young fellow to
win!" I returned, smiling at my own reflec-
tion over Bob's shoulder.

It is a curious fact that for the remainder
of the day, though nothing in the shape of
a distraction turned up, neither of us com-
plained of the ennui of a residence in Glen-
mahowly. We both seemed suddenly
reconciled to a contemplative existence,
and even became tolerant of Pendleton,
whose contentment under existing circum-
stances had struck us hitherto as nothing
less than an insult.

He came in about
supper-time with his sketch-book and his
mud-spattered boots, apparently as happy
as if he were among the most artistic
scenery in the world. If it were not for
his shyness and reserve he would be rather
a pleasant fellow—that is, in gentlemen's
society, for his diffidence would ruin him
among women. He is tall, slim, and fair-
haired, rather a good-looking young man—
decidedly more so than Bob.

I did not sleep very well that night;
neither did my companion. He showed his
troubled head round the corner of my door
somewhere about two o'clock in the morn-
ing.

"Hello, Jack," he said, "are you asleep?"

"No."

"What was the figure, again?"

"Twenty-five," I growled.

"I thought it was twenty. Thanks!"

"Good night!" and the head disappeared
like the apparition in 'Macbeth.' It was
evident that our thoughts were running in
very much the same groove. As for me,
my plans were matured, and I could afford
to smile at Bob's cogitations. While he
hankered aimlessly for the prize I should
scoop down and carry it off. I chuckled
to myself while I dropped to sleep as I
thought of the march which I should steal
upon him on the morrow.

The day broke without a cloud on the
sky. Both Elliott and Pendleton were
somewhat silent at breakfast, and as I was
engaged in planning the details of the en-
terprise to which I had determined to com-
mit myself, I did not attempt to enter into
conversation with them. After the meal
Pendleton remarked that he would take a
short stroll in search of effects, and Bob
almost immediately after sallied out for a
mouthful of fresh air. This was a most
unexpected piece of luck. I had ransacked
my brain for some excuse which would en-
able me to get rid of my companion, and
here he had solved the problem of his own
accord. Giving him half an hour's grace
to take him well out of the way, I slipped
out through the back door of the Shamrock
Arms and made my way rapidly down the
Morrison road in the direction of the
Clairmont estate.

My sole doubt and anxiety was as to how
I was to succeed in obtaining an interview
with the young lady. Should fortune be-
friend me in that matter the rest appeared
simple enough. I pictured to myself her
mental condition, the sense of desolation
which must oppress her young soul. Cooped
up from the world, her heart must yearn
for some manly bosom upon which to rest
her head, some strong arm to break her
fetters. Besides, I was a man with excep-
tional personal advantages. Without being
conceited, I had a just appreciation of my
own merits. To eyes accustomed to nothing
but an occasional glance of Dennis, the
lodge-keeper, I should appear an Adonis.

By the way, how about Dennis? Might he
not resent my intrusion? Pooh, he was an
old man. I remember the landlord saying
so. What would I not risk for the girl
whom I was prepared to adore? Perhaps
he would have a gun, though. These Irish-
men are hot-headed and blood-thirsty. I
grew thoughtful and slackened my pace.

By this time I had come to the place
where a high brick wall, with a conical
coping bristling with spikes and pieces of
broken bottles, ran along by the side of the
road. This I recognized, from O'Keefe's
description, as being the boundary line of
the Clairmont estate. At the other side of
the wall there was, as far as I could see,
a thick forest. Should I do it or should I
not? I thought of the five and twenty
thousand pounds. Besides, what would a
gate-keeper be doing with a gun? What
a sell for Bob Elliott—and for Pendleton,
the shy Pendleton! Would they not curse
their woe of energy when they saw the
prize which had slipped through their
fingers? "By jove!" I cried, as I approached
the wall in a paroxysm of recklessness, "I'll
do it if I have to skin my knee!"

I did skin my knee; in fact, I skinned
them both. I also removed portions of
integument from my scalp, shoulder, elbow,
hand, and ankle, besides splitting my coat
and losing my hat. I was recompensed for
all this, however, as I sat astride on the
top of the wall and looked down into the
forbidden land beyond. I could have

laughed at the thought of the march I was
stealing on my companions. I would have
done so had it not been for a spike that was
running into the calf of my leg.

The drop on the other side did not look
very deep. I held on to the largest pro-
jection I could see, and lowered myself
until my feet were not more than a yard or
so from the ground. Then I let go, but
only to find that I hung suspended by a
hook that had passed through my waist-
band. This impediment, however, gave
way, and I fell with a crash for about nine
feet into a sort of trench, which had been
dug apparently all around the inner side of
the wall, and was so artistically covered
with grass and sticks that it was impossible
to detect it from the top. All this I dis-
covered after I crawled out of it; for, dur-
ing the few minutes that I lay at the
bottom, every idea was shaken out of my
head beyond a general impression that I
had been struck by lightning.

The trees grew so thickly together that it
was impossible to see for any distance into
the wood, and the brushwood was so dense
that it was no easy matter to move in any
direction. After emerging from the ditch
I hesitated for a moment as to my next
step, and then was about to keep to what
appeared to be some sort of a path on the
left, when my eye was attracted by a small
placard attached to the trunk of a tree. I
made my way toward it eagerly, pushing
aside the intervening briars and brambles.
It might contain some directions which
would enable me to find my way, or—romantic
thought!—it might be that the lonely
Beatrice I was in search of had in-
scribed her pinings and longings where
they might meet the eye of an ad-
venturous stranger. As I stood before the
inscription and read it I felt a kind of
cold flush, if the expression be permissible,
pass along my spine and up to the roots of
my hair, while my knees, or what was left
of them, knocked together like castanets.

Scrawled upon the paper in a rough, bold
hand were the three words, 'Blood-hounds
—spring guns—man traps; unpleasant
words at any time, but most particularly so
amid the gloom of a forest with a ten-foot
wall in one's rear. The announcement was
a concise one, and yet I felt, as I re-perused
it, that it contained more food for reflection
than any volume which I had ever read.

Was I to abandon my enterprise, now that
the first difficulty had been successfully
overcome? Possibly the notice was a mere
empty threat. Surely no one would allow
such things to remain in their shrubberies.
The combination of ideas was so dreadful.
Suppose that I was caught in a man-trap,
whatever that might be, and was then
attacked by a blood-hound. The mere
supposition made me shudder. Let then if
these frightful dogs were really roaming
about over the forest, how was it that none
of them were shot by the spring guns, or
caught in the traps? This consideration
revived my drooping spirits, and I pushed
on through the thick underwood.

As I advanced it opened up somewhat, so
that I made better progress. A few half-
overgrown paths meandered here and
there, but I avoided these and kept under
the concealment of the trees. Never shall
I forget that dreadful walk. Every time a
twig snapped I sprang into the air, under
the impression that I was shot. No hero
of romance ever underwent such an ordeal
for his lady; and indeed no lady was ever
worth it. Five and twenty thousand
pounds, however, are enough to steel the
heart of the most timorous, but even they
would hardly recompense me for the frights
that were in store for me.

I had got to one of the deepest and one
of the most secluded parts of the wood,
when I stopped suddenly, and crouched
down, trembling in every limb. Was it the
sound of footsteps which had been wafted
toward me on the breeze? I listened in-
tently, and then with a long sigh of relief
was about to rise, convinced that I had
been mistaken, when the same sound came
to my ears, but much louder than before.
There could be no question that it was ap-
proaching me. I lay down upon my face
among the prickly brambles, hoping to
escape observation. The footsteps contin-
ued to come nearer and nearer. They
were those of a man—but put down stub-
bly and softly, as if he were also shunning
observation. Could it be that some ruffian
had observed me and was hunting me down
as one stalks a deer. He came nearer and
nearer. I could hear the rustle of the
leaves as he brushed past them. It seemed
to me that I could even distinguish the
sound of his breathing. Nearer he came
and nearer still—he was close to me, and
the next moment the brambles in front of
me darted and a man stepped out almost
upon the top of me, and staggered back
with a shout, as I sprang to my feet. The
voice seemed familiar—so did the figure.
Could it be! Yes; there was no mistaking
the identity of Mr. Robert Elliott.

"Sed quantum mutatus ab illo!" The stylish
coat was torn and covered with mud. The
aristocratic face was stained with dust and