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, P. E. ISLAND, FRIDAY, AUGUST 1, 1890. VOL. 26.—NO. 55

Manchester Fire Assurance Com'y,

OF MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

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CAPITAL, - - - £1,000,000 STG.

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Every Description of Property Insured at Lowest Rates.

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HEAD OFFICE OF THE COMPANY, - - - - MANCHESTER, ENG.
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HORACE HASZARD & E. H. BEER,
JOINT AGENTS FOR P. E. ISLAND.

june20

KOOL KLOTHING!

—[o]—

The Tea Party and Picnic Season will soon be here, and with the temperature at its present height things will be hot. We have now on hand an unsurpassed stock of

Lightweight Suitings,

—BOTH IN—

SCOTCH AND CANADIAN TWEEDS.

One Hundred Pieces NEW TROUSERINGS, New Styles and Popular Prices. Fit and Finish guaranteed. Inspection solicited.

D. A. BRUCE.

Charlottetown, July 4, 1890.

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—[x]—

Barb Wire Fencing, Bar Iron, Cut Nails, Roofing Material, Builders' and Painters' Supplies, Carriage Goods, Wholesale and Retail.

—o—

NORTON & FENNELL.

Charlottetown, May 20, 1890—dy 2aw wky

Account Books!

—(x)—

TAYLOR & GILLESPIE.

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OUR STOCK OF BLANK BOOK PAPERS IS NOW COMPLETE. Come in and see them, and get prices for Ledgers, Day Books, Cash Books, Journals Letter Copying Books, Invoice Books, Wallets, Pocket Books, etc., etc.

We Challenge Competition!

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TAYLOR & GILLESPIE,
NORTH SIDE QUEEN SQUARE.

Ch'town, May 6, 1890.

THE PLACE TO GET CLOTHES.

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OUR SPRING IMPORTATIONS ARE NOW COMPLETE, and we are showing the Largest and Best Assorted Stock of Cloths in the City, consisting of SUITINGS in

Tweed, Serge and Worsted Trouserings, in Newest Designs and Great Variety.

The Nobbiest Goods in SUMMER OVERCOATINGS. Good Fits and Workmanship in every case guaranteed.
A full line of GENTS' FURNISHINGS always in stock.

JOHN McLEOD & CO.

Charlottetown, June 6, 1890—fri sat, then eod

WEEKS & BEER,

QUEEN STREET,

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND,

Importers of British and German Dry Goods, Millinery, Smallwares, &c.

ALSO—Full Lines of Teas, Groceries and Warehouse Goods, WHOLESALE ONLY.

☞ Additions to our General Stock are being daily received from the different sources of production, and will be offered, Wholesale only, at a small advance on cost.

Ch'town, May 22, 1890—dy 2m

WAREHOUSE TO LET.

WE offer for lease the Brick Warehouse, on Pownal Street, owned by the trustees of the late Owen Connolly's Estate. Warehouse will be vacant after the 23d July next.

Dated 21st June, 1890.

FRED. PETERS,
Solicitor for Trustees.

june21—tf

BEST ROUTE to BOSTON

CANADA ATLANTIC LINE.

ONLY ONE NIGHT AT SEA.

Quickest and Most Direct Route. Low Fares.

The Magnificient Clyde-built Steel

S. S. "HALIFAX,"

Is the largest, safest, fastest and best furnished and most comfortable passenger steamship ever placed on the route between Canada and United States.

Sails from Noble's Wharf, Halifax, every Wednesday, at 8 o'clock, and Lewis Wharf, Boston, every Saturday at 12 o'clock.

Passengers by Tuesday evening trains can go on board on arrival without extra charge. Baggage checked through. Through Tickets on sale by P. E. Island Nav. Co., and

F. T. NEWBERY,
ap30—eod wky pat Agent Ch'town.

Halifax and P. E. Island STEAMSHIP CO.

(LIMITED.)

STEAMER "PRINCESS BEATRICE,"

CAPT. A. H. KELLY.

WILL sail from Charlottetown every Thursday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, for Halifax, calling at Port Hastings, Mulgrave, and Hawkesbury, Arichat, Canso, Isaac Harbor and Sheet Harbor.

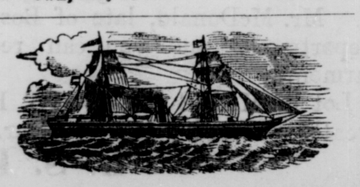
Returning will sail from Halifax every Monday night, at 10 o'clock, making same calls, and Souris.

The above steamer will make the round trip every week, making same calls until the close of navigation.

Freight and passengers solicited at lowest rates, and through Bills of Lading granted to any port on the continent or United Kingdom. Apply to

W. W. CLARKE,
Agent

Ch'town, May 3, 1890



Furness Line of Steamers

HALIFAX TO LONDON.

Date of Sailings for Above Line.

S. S. ULUNDA will sail from Halifax for London on or about.....May 25
S. S. DAMARA " .....June 10
S. S. ULUNDA " .....July 7
S. S. DAMARA " .....July 25
S. S. ULUNDA " .....Aug. 20
S. S. DAMARA " .....Sept. 8

In addition to the above, we will have sailings once every month via Boston.

Through Bills of Lading granted from Charlottetown and all points and to any port required.

Canned Lobsters carried at low rates. Insurance low.

S. S. ULUNDA and DAMARA have superior accommodation for passengers.

Saloon amidship. Staterooms large and airy.

Saloon Fares $45.00 and $50.00, according to location of Stateroom. Ten per cent. reduction on return tickets.

For any further information required apply to

W. W. CLARKE,

may13—pat tf

P. E. Island Hospital.

WANTED.—A skilful Matron and Housekeeper for this institution, to take charge about the first of October next. A person of some experience, well recommended, will be preferred. Applications to be addressed to

BENJ. BALDERSTON,
Secretary.

Ch'town, P. E. I., July 19, 1890—eod tf

TEN POUNDS IN TWO WEEKS THINK OF IT!

As a Flesh Producer there can be no question but that

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites Of Lime and Soda

is without a rival. Many have gained a pound a day by the use of it. It cures

CONSUMPTION,

SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS AND COLDS, AND ALL FORMS OF WASTING DISEASES. *AS PALATABLE AS MILK.*

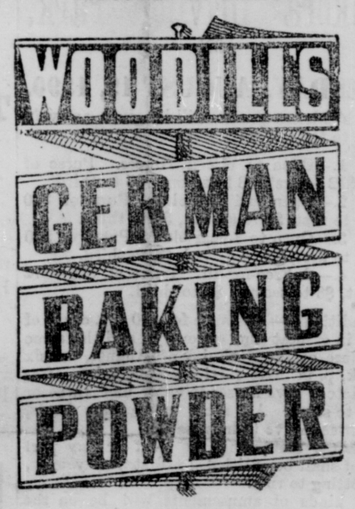
Genuine made by Scott & Bowne, Belleville. Salmon Wrapper; at all Druggists, 50c. and $1.00.

PURITY

—AND—

WHOLESOMENESS

—SECURED IN USING—



IS THE REPORT OF THE

Dominion Government Analyst.

july16

WEST INDIA STEAMSHIP LINES.

Halifax, Bermuda, Turk's Island and Jamaica.

THE S. S. "ALPHA." S. Osborn Crowell, Commander, is appointed to sail from Halifax on the

15th DAY OF EACH MONTH

or the above ports. Returning, will leave Kingston, Jamaica, on the 27th of each month.

—ALSO—

The S. S. "BETA," Angus N. Smith, Commander, is appointed to sail from Halifax for Havana, Cuba, on the

1st DAY OF EACH MONTH,

leaving Havana for Halifax about 10 days later either direct or via port or ports on north side of Cuba.

Excellent passenger accommodation amidships. Through Bills of Lading granted from Charlottetown by S. S. "Princess Beatrice."

Further information will be given on application to

W. W. CLARKE,
Agent.

Charlottetown, July 26, 1890—tf

BOOTS! BOOTS!

Horse Boots & Track Harness.

ON HAND, direct from the makers, a full supply of the noted FENNELL HORSE BOOTS, comprising almost every Boot worn in the United States.

—ALSO—

A fine lot of TRACK HARNESS, second to none in Canada, made on the premises by the best workmen to be had.

Come and inspect, as I am determined to lead the trade.

ROBERT TOOMBS,
Great George Street, near Kent.

june28—dy 1m eod

DOMINION OF CANADA,

Province of Prince Edward Island,

CITY OF CHARLOTTETOWN.

IN THE CITY COURT, before Rowan Robert Fitzgerald, Esq., the Stipendiary Magistrate for the City of Charlottetown.

Take notice that His Honor the Stipendiary Magistrate for the said City of Charlottetown has, by virtue of the power and authority in him invested by the statute of the General Assembly of the said Island, intituled "An Act to consolidate and amend the several Acts Incorporating the City of Charlottetown," ordered and appointed that MONDAY, the 4th day of August next, be the day set down for hearing all appeals made to him from the last preceding valuations, assessments, or rates imposed or authorized by the City Council of the said City, and that on such day and daily thereafter until all such appeals have been heard, at the hour of eleven o'clock, forenoon, in the said City Court, in Charlottetown aforesaid, all such appeals will be heard and finally determined by him.

Dated this 22nd day of July, A. D. 1890.

By order,
ROBERT VANIDERSTINE,
Collector for said City.

july22—tu sat mon wed her

A Scrap from Holland Cove.

PART II.

All hands sauntered up to the tents ruminating over Racine and her fate; Sam wondering what he would have done if he had seen the ghost? how it looked? and what a queer feeling a fellow would have if he could only touch one! and would he see one if he sat up to-night? the elder men thinking how little we know where to draw the line between the real and the spiritual, Fritz's thoughts wandering into a speculation, whether there ever would come a time in man's future development when a clearer vision would be vouchsafed to him of things unseen, and a glimmer of the great mystery of the future life be seen, though 'in a glass darkly.' Did Swedenborg live in a different environment from John Stuart Mill? Why did one see nothing of a spiritual life, and the other know of nothing else? living a life almost apart from his fellow-man, communing with the mystical, and like St. John at Patmos seeing visions of the realms above?

Did God make two orders of mankind, yet both to be judged alike? These men lived conscientious lives,—of a higher order, and more sternly resolute than the vast majority of mankind,—but how unlike! Would the same heaven be a place of happiness to two such different beings? Or was Swedenborg right when he pictured the future life as but a continuation of the present one in the immediate presence of the mighty God, each soul being allotted the place in the everlasting life to which it had prepared itself in this earthly tabernacle?

Sam's voice, however, broke in on such reveries "Will you sit up to-night, Uncle?" "Come up and let us talk it over in the camp, boy, and we will see what the general voice will decide," answered the man, rather relieved, perhaps, from a further continuation of his own thoughts.

They were met by most of their party half way up the hill.

"Have you seen a ghost?" broke out Sam's younger brother, a boy whose pertinacity in asking questions would sooner or later make him a great storehouse of knowledge—of various kinds, if he remembered but half the answers given him, "you look so awful solemn."

"No," answered his brother, "but we are going to see one to-night, maybe," and the boy put on a solemn knowable look that almost silenced the questioner.

"Ah-h-h," half stammered 'Dartmouth,' another nickname for a boy whose enormous appetite necessitated his aunt putting lock and key upon the pantry—an inverted packing case—to save the camp from starvation, "whose been stuffing you, Sam, why you look as important as a Bantam rooster; you're a-a-a green one, you-u-u are."

"Whist, kids," thundered out "Stanley," (a name given to a son of Anak in the camp on a visit) "its near grub time for you Dartmouth, so cheer up. I would not trust you with Sam's ghost before tea for I believe you'd eat it."

"Poor food," chimed in the doctor of the party, who with a fair appetite himself always encouraged a good table stayer, "unless it were one of Ingoldsby's ghosts, they were always substantial."

Chatting and chaffing one another the "camp" moved up towards the tea table, or rather tables, for it required two to afford seating room for all. At tea Uncle was persuaded to repeat his story for the general benefit. The older man of the party sat at Uncle Fritz's table. He rarely spoke at meal times, indeed, rarely at any time, but his thoughts were worth the proverbial penny or his face belied him. Stanley turning to him said, "What do you say D. C?"

"What do the ladies say?" answered the man from whom an opinion was at all times a pretty difficult thing to get.

"Bosh, I say," said a young lady just throwing over her shoulders a long red toboggan coat handed to her by a fresh arrival whose manner in handling the garment betokened a right to take care of its owner.

"I'd sooner sit round the campfire and have some good, hot lemonade, than stay in that cellar all night. We had enough of the damp of Racine's ghost in our tent last night. I was soaked through. I had shivers enough without seeing your ghost."

"I hung out all my children to dry only a few hours ago," broke in Madam. "The palace is a failure in a rainstorm."

"I should say so," added the young lady lady who first spoke. "The waterproof sheet over me had more of the drip, drip, drip, from it than ever came from Racine's ghost."

"Cease babbling," thundered forth Stanley. "I'll sit up with D. C. He is as silent as a ghost, and a splendid watcher—for the left bower. We'll see any ghosts there are from our tent door between deals."

"Drinks,' you mean," added the newcomer just loud enough to be heard by Uncle Fritz, who shook his head with that reproving look he always put on before taking a glass of—water himself.

"Mose," the oldest lad of the party, sitting to his left said, "humph." But "humph" with Moses meant nothing serious, as he always said "humph" on the smallest provocation.

"Well," said mother—the materfamilias of the party, "I think it would be rather good fun. I'll be one of the watchers."

Tea over, the party broke up, each following the bent of his or her inclination—one or two interested parties to watch for the coming of a small sail boat with a visitor for our camp, the men to their pipes, and the ladies to their books.

The evening sped rapidly by, and about 11 all again were gathered round the campfire, built on the edge of the cliff, the dry spruce bushes making a grand blaze, lighting up the faces of the group. The subject of the ghost was apparently avoided by all, though an occasional peep at a watch betokened an anxiety not so well concealed as to prevent a smile running round the the circle. After a short "social" the party quietly dissolved, and the candle lights in the tents showed that some, at least, were preparing to retire for the night. It was as dark as pitch; not a breath of air, and the high tide had just touched its highest flow.

Strange to say, at ten minutes to 12 every tent was alight, even the children's tent. I warrant, had you asked, you would have found that the occupants of each would have had a ready excuse to offer for being so late awake, and the warmness of the evening was—perhaps—the reason why the doors were all a trifle open on the side facing the old cellar. Only Sam had the courage to admit that he was on the watch. He stood out boldly in front of the men's tent, with one hand on a tent rope not forty feet from the cellar.

It is always so—there are "Mills" and "Swedenborgs" in every camp, though you cannot always pick them out. A cry from Sam broke the almost painful silence; and when quickly Uncle Fritz reached the tent door he saw the boy, with blanched face, pointing to the edge of the cliff

"There! There! Oh, Uncle, I saw it! I saw it!!" cried out the boy, as he crept close to his uncle as if for shelter.

Almost at the same moment a smothered cry came from one of the tents higher up—a ladies' tent. Its door was quickly closed. Evidently some one in it was as much disturbed as Sam. A call for the doctor soon followed. He returned in a few moments, but no amount of coaxing could draw from him anything further than that one of the ladies had a slight hysterical attack. To all questions as to who? or why? he remained as dumb as an oyster.

The men, however, had a patent of their own in "Sam," and as soon as he had partly recovered he was plied with questions. The boy's answers, the men might believe or not as they liked; but the expression of his eyes was so peculiar that all were struck with them—a far-away, painful, strained look, more as if looking inward than outward. He described what he had seen as a woman's form, tall and clad in sombre garb, stealing away from the mouth of the cellar towards the edge of the cliff, and that he lost it just as it disappeared over the brink, and then he cried out and could not look further. There was no volubility in his tale; on him the apparition had left an indelible impression. Real or unreal, the outward or mental vision of the boy had photographed on it what he described. Perhaps those who know better than I do can explain it all. I leave it to them.

You can readily fancy the conversation which followed. The sceptic laughed, but yet looked at Sam curiously at times. The doctor vouchsafed no opinion but gave Sam a soothing draught, wrapped him warmly in his bag, and bade him sleep "and not think any more of the ghost."

Dartmouth laughed and said: "Poor Sam has overfed himself, and has had a standing nightmare."

"Where's Mose?" exclaimed Uncle Fritz, when, on looking round, he missed his familiar face.

Mose entered just as the speaker turned to take a second look for him.

"Hello, Mose, where have you been prowling to-night?" asked Stanley.

"Humph!" was the only reply. Perhaps there was more meaning in that "Humph" than usually accompanied it, for the boy's face had a grin on it full of meaning; but Mose, having exhausted his vocabulary, said no more.

It was curious, that next morning Uncle Fritz should have been an accidental eyewitness of a sound shaking administered to Mose by the lady of the red coat, at the same time overhearing some strong threats used by her, to wit: "You dare to tell!" followed by "You horrid boy! you might have been the death of me,"—and more of the same kind.

Shortly after, all the party being seated at breakfast at their respective tables, great was the curiosity shown, and many the questions put to Sam by the younger members of the party. He was the hero of the hour. He was, perhaps, a trifle more full in his description than he was in his first recital; but now he was himself again, and his tongue was loosed, and well he told how with his own eyes he had actually seen the "Ghost of Holland Cove."

Possibly the grown youth at the other table rejoicing in the name of "Mose," had seen the ghost, too! Uncle Fritz caught a glimpse of his face once or twice. It was evident he had a difficulty in preserving the same solemn expression as the others, and his ever-ready "humph" was peculiar, to say the least of it.

His tongue, however, otherwise was silenced. He evidently had a vivid remembrance of the dire threats used to him shortly before.

One gentleman of the party hazarded a question as to the cause of the commotion in the ladies' tent. He still regrets it. An ominous silence was all he got for his pains; and the look he got from one pair of bright eyes would have annihilated any man of fewer inches.

The old cellar is there, and probably will be there, at least in part, on the 14th of July next year. We do not wish to thrust our ghost story on an unbelieving world without giving the most sceptical an opportunity of testing its truthfulness.

The genial proprietor of the farm, we are certain, will willingly allow any searchers after truth to visit it there, and if they do not see the Ghost of Holland Cove, why—it't only because they have not Sam's second sight and his ghostly perceptions. Alas, to how few are these things given!

[END OF PART SECOND.]

A Wonderful Flesh Producer.

This is the title given to Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil by many thousands who have taken it. It not only gives flesh and strength by virtue of its own nutritious properties, but creates an appetite for food. Use it and try your weight. Scott's Emulsion is perfectly palatable. Sold by all druggists at 50c and $1.

K. D. C. is Guaranteed.