

THE DAILY EXAMINER

TERMS Four Dollars per Year.

"This is True Liberty, when Free Born Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."—EURIPIDES.

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CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, MONDAY, MAY 17, 1897.

NO 115

If You are Going
BOSTON

Or any part of the United States,
the cheapest and best route is via the

Plant Line,
THE POPULAR SUMMER ROUTE
DIRECT - SERVICE FROM CH'TOWN.

Commencing May 14th, the favorite S. S. "Halifax" will leave Ch'town for Boston every Friday at 1 p. m.
Returning leaving Boston every Tuesday at noon. Steamer call: at HAWKS-BURY and Halifax both ways

Via Pictou & Halifax
Passengers leaving Charlottetown Tues and Saturday mornings via Pictou make close connection at Halifax with steamers "Olivette" and "Halifax" for Boston direct Wednesdays at 7 a. m. and Saturdays 11 p. m.
Tickets for sale at stations P.E.I. Railway, Ch'town Nav Co, and Clarke's ticket office.
H. L. CHIPMAN, Can. Agent, Halifax, N. S. d&w

VALUABLE PROPERTY FOR SALE

The subscriber wishes to dispose of his beautifully situated residence, fronting 84 feet on West Street, and running to the shore 209 ft, with shore privileges to the channel, now for sale by private contract. This fine residence, "Edenhurst," is situated between the residences of the Hon. L. H. Davies on one side, and Benjamin Hertz, Esq., on the other side. The house is heated with hot water. There is vacant space on the south side sufficient for the erection of a coach house and stables.
"Edenhurst" commands a fine view of the harbor and surrounding country, and one of the best situated residences in the city.
If not sold by private sale before the 2nd day of June, next, it will on that day be sold by auction at 12 o'clock noon.
For full particulars apply to the owner on the premises.
SIMON DAVIES,
Or to A. McNeill Auctioneer, Ch'town, 114-15, 13, 21, 26, 29-31.

Property for Sale at Geo'town

Any person desirous of obtaining a first rate residence in Georgetown will have an excellent opportunity on Wednesday next, the 19th inst., when the real and personal property of the late Charles Moore will be sold at public auction on the premises.
114-21 15th and 18th.

FOR SALE

- (1) THAT farm of SIXTY ACRES at PISQUID, LOT 37, lately occupied by Jas. A. Campbell. The greater part cleared and in good condition. Remainder with a fine growth of hard wood.
- (2) ALSO, a comfortable and well situated dwelling house and premises AT CLYDE RIVER, LOT 31, with a half acre of ground.
- (3) A fine, dry building lot on Edward St., Charlottetown, (near Grafton St. R. R. Crossing), 42 feet front, by 120 feet back. Terms easy.
- (4) ALSO, all that fine farm of 110 ACRES AT DROMORE, LOT 37, lately owned by John Logan.

TO LET.

(5) THAT convenient cottage with garden, yard and stable on Poplar Terrace, East Kent St., now occupied by A. Bannerman Warburton, M.L.A. Possession 1st October next.
F. W. L. MOORE,
London House Corner Solicitor
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Over store of Prowse Bros. Office Hours:—8 a. m. to 8 p. m.

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all admit that we are selling Men's and Boy's Clothing at the lowest prices they have ever seen on the same quality of Good Bankrupt stock.

- 250 pairs Men's Pants from 65c to 75c.
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Worth today and everyday in the week double that price elsewhere. Why throw your money away when you can help it. Come to us and you will save enough on your purchase of a suit to buy Boots for the family.

Speaking of Boots & Shoes We Have Them.

A big stock and a lot of Bankrupt Stock we are selling off at a great sacrifice. You can save from 40 to 50 per cent. on buying this stock.
A new lot of the latest spring styles just opened. At very low prices.
Come to us and be convinced of low prices.

J. B. Macdonald's Old Stand, Opposite west end Market.

Victorias Diamond Jubilee

Will be held this year, and those who visit Ch'town this year will not do themselves justice if they fail to get their Lunches at Victoria Cafe, and drink the health of Her Majesty the Queen in a glass of Joy's famous Buttermilk

JOHN P. JOY
VICTORIA CAFE
Gt George St....

THE WITCHING SEA.

Ho, for the sea at night,
Shining in ghostly light!
Ho for the sea!
Billowed and foamed bedight,
Moonlit, all black and white,
Wanton is she—
Heaving her bosom bright,
Wicked and full of might,
Calling for me.

I am no longer free,
Hark how she shouts in glee!
Sirens sang so.
Now in a sandy lee
Passionate lovers we,
Reckless I grow.
And for the hour I'll be
Hers, with my soul in fee,
While her winds blow.

Tiger love hers, I know—
Fair friend and subtle foe.
Hid out of sight,
Deep in her caverns low,
Lurks her reward of woe.
Come love, come spite,
Into her waves I go,
Dare her undertow!
Ho, for the fight! —Lark.

ROBERT THE DEVIL.

Of course the general's will was at the bottom of the affair, but the Eve behind these fig leaves was his second wife.

They could not call her a stepmother, for the general's children were all older than she was. The general was well along in years when she married him, but that was her affair.

There hangs his portrait, painted by Copley. Look at it.

You do not believe he was 60 when it was painted?

But they say he was.

He was more handsome and fascinating at 60 than his sons were at 30. The second wife was rich—very rich. She brought the greatest quantity of gold and silver plate into the family, all marked with an Arabic cipher, to which she added the Chevalier crest—a terrapin—and the motto, "Not to be swift."

No one knew certainly who her people were. She said they were Spanish, and her own appearance supported her assertion.

There is her portrait, painted at the time of her marriage. Look at it. The general went to Paris, a long journey in those days, to buy those diamonds she wears, and the corbelle.

Sometimes, even when there was no one to dine at home but the family, Mistress Chevalier would sail into the drawing room, that peafowl's tail of green embroidered velvet spread behind her, her beautiful black hair turned back—like that—in a tour, her arms as naked as Venus', her point lace falling from her milk white shoulders, and flashing from hair and ears and fingers and flaming in a fire circle about her delicate neck, the diamonds—magnificent stones, worth scores of negroes.

Lord! how the daughters would stare at their plates and how the sons would sneer at each other as the general would meet her midway the room, lead her to her seat at table and kiss the dimple on her shoulder before he left her.

They say she loved him passionately—that often, when she thought they were alone and he would pass her chair, she would turn her head upon her lazy cushions and hold out a beautiful hand. And he?

Would kneel beside her and kiss her pomegranate lips and lovely throat until you would have sworn him 25, and maybe not married at all.

They say, too, 'twas a pretty sight to see her with her little son. A maid going to help her dress one morning heard so much laughter and such baby shrieks that she first peeped in at the door.

And, behold, the mistress on her hands and knees, and baby, just from his bath, on her neck!

She was crawling over the velvet carpet in her linen shift, looking over her shoulder at the little shouting rascal, who tugged at her hair with one hand while he beat her with the branch of jasmine in the other. The black "da" sat and shook like a fuscous mold of berry jam, while the young mistress crawled about, crushing the yellow flowers under her soft hands and knees.

The door of the inner room sprang open, and in walked the general, his dressing gown with the Persian border wrapped around him.

There was shrieking then, I warrant you.

Those years were the general's holiday time. He had earned it, for his first wife was a Guelph, and everybody in Carolina knows what that means.

She never got down on her knees except to pray in her life, and she never prayed for anything except money.

She put on mourning the second year of her marriage and never took it off again. They say she slept in her crape veil.

Her children were all born black in the face and crying, and they cried the greater part of their childhood.

The boys got ashamed of it after

awhile, for their English blood was strong, but the girls never did, and ought to have lived in a land of droughts. Their tears would have fertilized a desert.

As it was, there was rain a-plenty and to spare, and the general kept out of their way, gave them umbrellas and handkerchiefs for birthday gifts, and rejoiced greatly when they cried over him at their weddings for the last time, as he thought. But some of them drowned their husbands in tears and came home again damper than ever, and no one but the second wife could have stood them.

She laughed, ordered more fires, brighter lights, opened the windows, and filled the house with flowers and gay company.

She called the eldest Niobe to her face and spoke of them collectively as the weeping willows, for they were tall and liked to be thought willowy.

They cried so much over their little half brother that the boy fairly detested them and ran away from the sight of them.

He grew up strong like his father and beautiful like his mother, a veritable enfant de l'amour, but when he was 10 and the general was 70 the fine, handsome old gentleman died suddenly.

The mistress was but 30, just the age of the youngest stepdaughter, and she sat in the drawing room when the will was read with such a look on her face that nobody but a Guelph would have dared to cry. The boy sat by her, the very print and copy of his father, with his little aquiline nose, his bright blue eyes, and his father's own trick of holding up his chin and stiffening his spine when he desired to see clearly.

Now, the general had been good to his children. He had given generously to his sons and had helped them in business. He always gave marriage portions to his daughters.

They all came to hear the reading of his will—the women shrouded in crape, with red eyes and noses. The mistress sat in the gown the general had loved her the most in, and everybody stared at it and at her beautiful grief stricken face.

The will stated that she should hold the old Chevalier place for her son. If she survived him, it should be hers absolutely, to leave as she pleased.

There should be no division of property until the last son was of age. Then came bequests to relatives and servants, and that was all.

The stepchildren were furiously angry. One would have thought them on the verge of starvation. "Wait 11 years!" they cried. "Wait until that precious brat is of age? And his mother, with everything in her hands and responsible to no one? It is not to be endured."

And so on, worse and worse.

The mistress looked from one to another.

"I will not tell you to leave my house," she said in a voice both sweet and frozen, "or remind you of the home you have always had here. You now have homes of your own and must live in them, as I shall live in mine. As long as you are in my house you must conduct yourselves as your father's children should. Your quarrels and cruel speeches insult his memory."

They took flight like so many blackbirds, but the mistress was so good natured they flew back at intervals, and every now and then the boy was permitted to visit them. He went with pockets full of gold and returned a total bankrupt. He gave, and they took, with both hands.

About a year after the general's death the boy came home from a visit to his eldest brother, Robert, who lived in the city. He had been at home for a day, perhaps, when he was taken ill.

His illness puzzled the country physician, and a city colleague was sent for.

But the boy died.

His mother, looking at his dead body, spoke out her thought: "He has been poisoned. His brother has poisoned him."

And she called the eldest son Cain and Robert the Devil to his dying day.

The speech went abroad like a blot of ink in a tumbler of water. Robert never forgave her. There was no proof that the child had been foully dealt with, but the suspicion embittered his life and followed him to the grave, and so they hated each other fiercely.

The Chevalier place was very valuable. Add to that the mistress' money and plate and jewels, and one can see why every bachelor and many a man who could not marry looked longingly into her beautiful face.

But one could tell by the manner of her walking, the inflections of her voice and the immobility of her attitude when she sat that for her there was neither light nor sweetness, nor hope, nor desire, left in life.

And yet she went about as usual, even after her son's death, steadily refusing the shroud of crape and having

(Concluded on eighth page)

Our Departments:

Ready-to-Wear Clothing...

THE STAR DEPARTMENT

OF THE

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Youths' Suits, 31 to 35 chest measurement—\$3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.

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CLOTHS

You can imagine a lot, but your imagination will not stretch large enough to conceive of what is in this department—but your eyes can see.

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A new edition, but a choice one. We ask inspection of this department; goods all new; prices away down for a starter.

The Bargain Corner, McKay Woolen Company