

The Daily Examiner.

TERMS:—FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR.

This is true Liberty, when Free-Born Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free.—BURTON.

SINGLE COPIES TWO CENTS.

NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20 1886.

VOL. 18--NO. 76.

The Daily Examiner

is issued every evening by

The Examiner Publishing Co.

From their office, corner of Water and Great George Streets, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island.

—RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION—

Six months.....\$2.50
Three months.....1.25
One month.....50

Advertising at moderate rates.
Contracts may be made for monthly, quarterly, half-yearly, or yearly advertisements, on application.

ALMANAC FOR FEBRUARY, 1886.

MOON'S CHANGES.

New Moon 3rd day, 11h, 25m, p. m.
First Quarter 11th day, 10h, 33m, p. m.
Full Moon 18th day, 2h, 25m, p. m.
Last Quarter 25th day, 0h, 58m, p. m.

DAY OF WEEK	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	Moon sets	High water	Low water
1 Monday	7 28	4 59	5 36	9 27	9 31	3 31
2 Tuesday	7 35	5 1	6 11	10 4	34	3
3 Wednesday	7 42	5 14	6 50	11 5	37	6
4 Thursday	7 49	5 27	7 23	11 11	40	9
5 Friday	7 56	5 40	7 53	11 44	43	12
6 Saturday	8 03	5 53	8 21	12 0	46	15
7 Sunday	8 10	6 6	8 48	12 15	49	18
8 Monday	8 17	6 19	9 15	0 4	51	21
9 Tuesday	8 24	6 32	9 41	1 23	54	24
10 Wednesday	8 31	6 45	10 11	2 1	57	27
11 Thursday	8 38	6 58	10 45	2 46	10 1	30
12 Friday	8 45	7 11	11 22	3 45	4	33
13 Saturday	8 52	7 24	11 53	4 37	7	36
14 Sunday	8 59	7 37	12 22	5 33	10	39
15 Monday	9 06	7 50	1 0	6 33	13	42
16 Tuesday	9 13	8 3	1 29	7 49	16	45
17 Wednesday	9 20	8 16	2 0	8 50	19	48
18 Thursday	9 27	8 29	2 26	9 43	22	51
19 Friday	9 34	8 42	2 51	10 30	25	54
20 Saturday	9 41	8 55	3 17	11 12	28	57
21 Sunday	9 48	9 8	3 42	11 46	31	60
22 Monday	9 55	9 21	4 8	12 15	34	63
23 Tuesday	10 02	10 34	4 31	1 28	37	66
24 Wednesday	10 09	11 47	5 2	2 45	40	69
25 Thursday	10 16	12 59	5 51	3 44	43	72
26 Friday	10 23	1 11	6 19	4 32	46	75
27 Saturday	10 30	1 24	6 46	5 11	49	78
28 Sunday	10 37	1 37	7 11	5 51	51	81

WARBURTON & SMALLWOOD,

NOTICE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.

The undersigned have this day entered into partnership, under the style and firm of Warburton and Smallwood,

Barristers, Attorneys-at-Law, Notaries Public, &c.

Office—Cameron Block, Queen Square.

A. B. WARBURTON, B.A., B.C.L. | G. R. SMALLWOOD.

The firm are Agents for the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States, which does the largest business of any Life Insurance Company in the world.
Dec. 3—law wky 3 mo

L. ARTHUR & CO.,

GENERAL Commission Merchants,
121 ATLANTIC AVENUE,
BOSTON, MASS.

Eggs and Produce a Specialty.
July 15—diy wky

—FOR—

BOSTON.

SPRING ARRANGEMENT.

THE PALACE STEAMERS

OF THE

INTERNATIONAL S.S. CO.

Leave St. John for Boston, via Eastport and Portland, every Tuesday and Thursday, at 8.00 a. m.
Fare from Charlottetown to Boston, \$6.50, 2nd class, \$9.50, 1st class.
For tickets and other information apply to
G. A. SHARP, P. E. I. RY., F. W. HALES, P. E. I. Steam Nav. Co., or to your nearest Ticket Agent.
Feb. 8, 1886—cod wky

CAUTION.

EACH PLUG OF THE

MYRTLE NAVY

IS MARKED

T & B.

IN BRONZE LETTERS

None Other Genuine.

Oct. 20.

BRITISH WAREHOUSE,

33 QUEEN STREET.

FALL AND WINTER STOCK,

NOW COMPLETE IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.

UNSURPASSED FOR VALUE!

A. L. BROWN.

Ch'town, Nov. 19.—wky.

Special Sale.

Closing-out of the Entire Stock of GENERAL DRY

GOODS at the

LONDON HOUSE!

GEO. DAVIES & CO., intending to make a change in

their present business, offer the whole of their MAGNIFICENT STOCK OF MERCHANDISE at prices that cannot fail to make a clearance.

This is a BONA FIDE SALE, as the stock must be disposed of during the next few months, and will present a Grand Opportunity to all buyers for Cash.

Our Wholesale Customers will be supplied on the usual Terms.

GEO. DAVIES & CO.

Ch'town, Dec. 9, 1885.

Facts Facts

PERKINS & STERNS'

WELL-KNOWN LOW PRICES ARE BEING FURTHER REDUCED TO CLEAR BALANCE OF THIS SEASON'S STOCK.

Immense Discounts to clear balance of Fur-lined Cloaks

Immense Discounts to clear balance of Winter Jackets.

Immense Discounts to clear balance of Millinery.

Dress Goods, Shawls and Hosiery Cut Away Down Very Low.

Just See the Prices we are Selling Blankets at.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

The Largest Stock, Newest Goods to be found—Useful and Ornamental. Prices to Please Everyone.

Our NEW, LARGE AND WELL-ASSORTED STOCK is now offered to the public at LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

Let All Remember that we will not be Undersold by any House in the Trade.

SEE OUR PRICES BEFORE BUYING ELSEWHERE

PERKINS & STERNS.

Ch'town, Dec. 11, '85.

TABERNACLE SERMON.

"The Marriage Ring."

"COSTUME AND MORALS."

BROOKLYN, N. Y., February 14.—Rev. T. De Witt Tabernacle, D. D., preached today in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, the sixth of his series of sermons on "The Marriage Ring," the subject being "Costume and Morals." The opening doxology was sung with an effect that cannot be imagined except by those who have heard it in this church, led on by organ and cornet preceptor. Dr. Talmage expounded a chapter in Isaiah, descriptive of the social and commercial splendor of the city of Tyre. The hymn sung was:

"Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy."

The text was from Isaiah 3, 16, 18—23: "Moreover the Lord said: Because the daughters of Zion are haughty and walk with stretched-forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet, in that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their curls, and their round tires like the moon, the chains, and the bracelets, and the ornaments of the legs, and the headbands, and the tablets, and the carriages, and the rings, and the necklaces, and the armlets, and the pendants, and the bracelets, and the fine linen, and the hoods, and the veils." Following is the sermon in full:

This is a Tyrian fashion plate. It puts us 2,500 years back and sets us down in an ancient city. The procession of men and women is moving up and down the gray streets. It is the height of the fashionable season. The sensible men and women move with so much modesty that they do not attract our attention. But here comes the haughty daughters of Jerusalem. They lean forward; they lean very much forward; so far forward as to be unnatural—lecturing, wobbling, wriggling, flirting or, as my text describes it, they "walk with stretched-forth necks, walking and mincing as they go." They have in most astounding style arranged their bonnets and their veils and their entire apparel, and now go through the streets, taking more of the pavement than they are entitled to, sweeping along with skirts that the text describes as "round tires like the moon." See! That is a princess! Look! That is a Damascus sword-maker. Look! That is a Syrian merchant! The jangling of the chains and the lashing of the headbands, and the exhibitions of universal swagger, attract the attention of the prophet Isaiah, and he brings his camera to bear upon the scene, and takes a picture for all the ages. But where is that scene? Vanished. Where are those gay streets? Vanished. Where are those gay girls through them? Where are the hands and the necks and the foreheads and the shoulders and the feet that sported all that magnificence? Ashes! Ashes!

That we should all be clad in proved by the opening of the first wardrobe in Paradise, with its apparel of dark green. That we should all, as far as our means allow us, be beautifully and gracefully apparelled, is proved by the fact that God never made a wave but He gilded it with golden sunbeams, or a tree but He garlanded it with blossoms, or a sky but He studded it with stars, or allowed even the smoke of a furnace to ascend but He columned and turreted and doted and scrolled it into outlines of indescribable gracefulness. When I see the apple-orchards of the spring and the pagantry of the autumnal forests, I come to the conclusion that if Nature ever does join the church, while she may be a Quaker in the silence of her worship, she never will be a Quaker in the style of her dress. Why the notches of a fern leaf or the stamen of a water lily? Why, when the day departs, does it let the folding doors of Heaven stay open so long, when it might go in so quickly? One summer morning I saw an army of a million spears, each one adorned with a diamond of the first water—I mean the grass with the dew on it. When the prodigal came home, his father not only put a coat on his back but jewelry on his hand. Christ wore a beard. Paul, the bachelor Apostle, not afflicted with any sentimentalities admired the arrangement of a woman's hair when he said in his epistle: "If a woman have long hair it is a glory unto her." There will be fashion in Heaven as on earth, but it will be a different kind of fashion. It will decide the color of the dress, and the population of that country, by a beautiful law, will wear white.

I say these things as a background to my sermon to show you that I have no prin, prais, prish or cast-iron theories on the subject of human apparel; but the goddess of fashion has set up her throne in this country, and at the sound of the timbrels we are all expected to fall down and worship. Her altars smoke with the sacrifices of the bodies and souls of ten thousand victims. In her temple four people stand in the organ loft, and from them comes down a cold drizzle of music, freezing on the ears of her worshippers. This goddess of fashion has become a rival of the Lord of heaven and earth, and it is high time we unlimbered our batteries against this idolatry. When I come to count the victims of fashion I find as many masculine as feminine. Men make an easy tirade against woman as though she were the chief worshipper at this idolatrous shrine, and no doubt some men in the more conspicuous part of the pew have already cast glances at the more retired part of the pew, their look a prophecy of a generous distribution. My sermon shall be as appropriate for one end of the pew as for the other.

Men are as much the idolators of fashion as women, but they sacrifice on a different part of the altar. With men the fashion goes to cigars and club-room and yacht parties and wine suppers. In the United States the men chew up and smoke one hundred millions of dollars' worth of

tobacco every year. That is their fashion. In London not long ago a man died who started in life with \$750,000. But he ate it all up in gluttonies, sending his agents to all parts of the earth for some rare delicacy for the palate, sometimes one plate of food costing him three or four hundred dollars. He ate up his whole fortune and had only one guinea left. With that he bought a woodcock and had it dressed in the very best style, ate it, gave two hours for digestion, then walked out on Westminster Bridge and threw himself into the Thames and died, doing on a large scale what you and I have often seen done on a small scale.

But men do not abstain from millinery and elaborations of skirt through any superiority of simplicity. It is only because such appendages would be a blockade to business. What would ashes and trains three and a half yards long do to a stock market? And yet men are the disciples of custom just as much as women. Some of them wear boots so tight that they can hardly walk in the paths of righteousness, and there are men who buy expensive suits of clothes and never pay for them, and who go through the streets in great stripes of color like animated checkboards. I say these things because I want to show you that I am impartial in my discourse, and that both sexes in the language of the Surrogate's office "share and share alike."

As God may help me I am going to set forth the evil effects of improper dress of an excessive discipleship of costume. It is a simple truth that you all know, although the pulpit has not yet uttered it, that much of the womanly costume of our time is the cause of the temporal and eternal damnation of a multitude of men. There is a shamelessness among many in what is called high life that calls for vehement protest. The strife with many seems to be how near they can come to the verge of indecency without falling over. The tids of masculine profligacy will never turn back until there is a full sympathy with the officer of the law who at a levee in Philadelphia last winter, went up to a so-called lady and because of her sparse and incompetent apparel ordered her either to leave the house or habitate herself immediately. It is high time that our good and sensible women make vehement protest against fashionable indecency and, if the women of the household do not realize the deplorable extremes of much of the female costume, that husbands implore their wives on this subject, and that fathers prohibit their daughters. The evil is terrific and overshadowing.

I suppose that the American stage is responsible for much of this. I do not go to theatres, so I must take the evidences of the actors and managers of theatres, such as Mr. John Gilbert, Mr. A. M. Palmer, and Mr. Daniel E. Bandman. They have recently told us that the crime of undress is blasting the theatre, which by many is considered a school of morals, and indeed superior to the church, and a forerunner of the millennium. Mr. Palmer says: "The bulk of the performances on the stage are degrading and pernicious. The managers strive to come just as near the line as possible without flagrantly breaking the law. There never have been costumes worn on a stage of this city, either in a theatre, hall or 'dive,' so improper as those that clothe some of the chorus in recent comic opera productions." He says in regard to the female performers: "It is not a question whether they can sing but just how little they will consent to wear." Mr. Bandman, who has been 29 years on the stage, and before almost all nationalities, says: "I unhesitatingly state that the taste of the present theatre-going people of America as a body is of a coarse and vulgar nature. The Hindoo would turn with disgust at such exhibitions, which are sought after and applauded on the stage of this country. Our shop windows are full of, and the walls covered with, show cards and posters which should be a disgrace to an enlightened country, and an insult to the eye of a cultured community." Mr. Gilbert says: "Such exhibition is a disastrous one to the morals of the community. Are these proper pictures to put out for the public to look at, to say nothing of the propriety of females appearing in public dressed like that? It is shameful!"

I must take the testimony of the friends of the theatre and the confirmation which I see on the board fence and in the show windows containing the pictures of the show actresses dressed in the most tasteless and indecent of play-house costumes are true; for if they are not true then those highly moral and religious theatres are swindling the public by inducing the people to the theatre by promises of spectacular nudity which they do not fulfil. Now all this familiarizes the public with such improprieties of costume and depresses the public conscience as to what is allowable and right.

The parlor and drawing room are now running a race with the theatre and opera bouffes. They are now nearly neck and neck in the race, the latter a little ahead, but the parlor and drawing room are gaining on the others and the probability is they will soon be even and pass the stand so nearly at the same time that one half of pandemonium will clap its hands because opera bouffes has beaten and the other half because the drawing-room has beaten. Let printing press and platform and pulpit hurl red-hot anathemas at the boldness of much of womanly attire. I charge Christian women neither by style of dress nor adjustment of apparel to become administrative of evil. Show me the fashion plates of any age between this and the time of Louis XVI, of France, and Henry VIII, of England, and I will tell you the type of morals or immorals of that age or that year. No exception to it. Modest apparel means a righteous people. Immodest apparel always means a contaminated and depraved society.

It is not only such boldness that is to be reprehended, but extravagance of costume. This latter is the cause of fraud unlimited and ghastly. Do you know that Arnold of

the revolution proposed to sell his country in order to get money to support his home wardrobe? I declare here before God and this people that the effort to keep up extensive establishments in this country is sending more business men to temporal perdition than all other causes combined. It was this that sent prominent business men to the watering of stocks, and life insurance presidents to perjured statements about their assets and some of them to the penitentiary, and has completely upset our American finances. But why should I go to these famous defaulting to show what men will do in order to keep up great home style and expensive wardrobes, when you and I know scores of men who are put to their wife's end and are lashed from January to December in the attempt? Our Washington politicians may theorize until the expiration of their terms of office as to the best way of improving our monetary condition in this country. It will be of no use and things will be no better until we learn to put on our heads and backs and feet and hands no more than we can pay for.

There are clerks in stores and banks on limited salaries who in the vain attempt to keep the wardrobe of their family as showy as other folks' wardrobe are dying of muffs and diamonds and camel's hair shawls and high hats, and they have nothing lofty except what they give to cigars and wine suppers, and they die before their time, and they will expect us ministers to preach about them as though they were the victims of early piety; and after a high-class funeral with silver handles at the side of their coffin of extraordinary brightness, it will be found out that the undertaker is cheated out of his legitimate expenses! Do not send me to preach the funeral sermon of a man who dies like that. I blurt out the whole truth and tell that he was strangled to death by his wife's ribbons! The country is dressed to death. You are not surprised to find that the putting up of one public building in New York cost millions of dollars more than it ought to have cost, when you find that the man who gave out the contracts paid more than five thousand dollars for his daughter's wedding dress. Cashiers of a thousand dollars each are not rare on Broadway. It is estimated that there are eight thousand women in these two cities who have expended on their personal array two thousand dollars a year.

What are the men to do in order to keep up such home wardrobes? Steal—that is the only respectable thing they can do! During the last fifteen years there have been innumerable fine business men shipwrecked on the wardrobe. The temptation comes in this way: a man thinks more of his family than all the world outside, and if they spend the evening in describing to him the superior wardrobe of the family across the street that they cannot bear the sight of, the man is thrown on his gallantry and his pride of family, and without translating his feelings into plain language he goes into extortion and issuing of false stock and skillful penmanship in writing somebody else's name at the foot of a promissory note; and they all go down together—the husband to the prison, the wife to the sewing-machine, the children to be taken care of by those who were called poor relations. Oh, for some new Shakespeare to arise and write the tragedy of human clothes!

Act the first of the tragedy:—A plain but beautiful home. Enter the newly married pair. Enter simplicity of manner and behavior. Enter as much happiness as is ever found in one home.

Act the second:—Discontent with the humble home. Enter envy. Enter jealousy. Enter desire of display.

Act the third:—Enlargement of expenses. Enter all the queenly dressmakers. Enter the French milliners.

Act the fourth:—The tip-top of society. Enter prices and prices of New York life. Enter magnificent plate and equipage. Enter everything splendid.

Act the fifth and last, winding up the scene:—Enter the assignee. Enter the sheriff. Enter the creditors. Enter humiliation. Enter the wrath of God. Enter the contempt of society. Enter Death. Now let the silk curtain drop on the stage.

The farce is ended and the lights are out. Will you forgive me if I say in the tastest shape possible, that some of the men in this country have to forge and to perjure and to swindle to pay for their wives' dresses? I will say it whether you forgive me or not.

Again: extravagant costume is the foe of all Christian alms-giving. Men and women put so much in personal display that they often have nothing for God and the cause of suffering humanity. A Christian man cracking his Palais Royal gloves across the back by shutting up his hand to hide the one cent he puts into the poor box! A Christian woman at the story of the Hotentots crying copious tears into a twenty-five dollar handkerchief and then giving a two-cent piece to the collection, thrusting it down under the bills so people will not know but it was a ten dollar gold piece. One hundred dollars for incense to fashion—two cents for God! God gives us ninety cents out of every dollar. The other ten cents, by command of his Bible, belong to him. Is not God liberal according to this titling system laid down in the Old Testament—is not God liberal in giving us ninety cents out of a dollar when he takes but ten? We do not like that. We want to have ninety-nine cents for ourselves and one for God.

Now I would a great deal rather steal ten cents from you than God. I think one reason why a great many people do not get along in worldly accumulation faster is because they do not observe this Divine rule. God says: "Well, if that man is not satisfied with ninety cents out of a dollar, then I will take the whole dollar and I will give it to the man or woman who is honest with me." The greatest obstacle to charity in the Christian church today is the fact that men expend so much on their table and women so much on their