THE DAILY EXAMINER

THE LEADING DAILY NEWSPAPER OF P. E. ISLAND,

Is issued every afternoon, from the office of THE EXAMINER PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the London House Building, Queen Street.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.
(IN ADVANCE)

ONE YEAR	$4.00
SIX MONTHS	2.00
THREE MONTHS	1.00
ONE MONTH	0.35

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That THE EXAMINER is considered by our Merchants and Manufacturers to be the leading newspaper in P. E. Island, and consequently the most valuable advertising medium through which to make their announcements public, is abundantly proved by the fact that in order to accommodate our advertisers we have been compelled to enlarge the paper to its present size.

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Is issued every Friday morning from the publishers' office. It is made up of matter which has appeared in the Daily editions, and is a first-class weekly newspaper—interesting and full of the latest news.

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Read down		Read up
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7 15	Charlottetown	5 10
7 34	Royalty Junction	2 50
8 17	North Wiltshire	1 59
8 30	Hunter River	1 43
9 00	Bradalbane	1 07
9 09	Emerald Junction	12 58
9 24	Freetown	12 42
9 44	Kensington	12 20
10 20 Ar	Summerside Lv	11 45
P. M.		A. M.
12 40 Lv	Summerside Ar	9 50
1 00	Miscouche	10 29
1 27	Wellington	10 03
2 10	Port Hill	19 20
3 30	O'Leary	8 00
3 55	Bloomfield	7 31
4 35	Alberton	6 55
5 25 Ar	Tignish Lv	6 00
P. M.		A. M.
2 50 Lv	Charlottetown Ar	10 30
2 50	Royalty Junction	10 10
3 55 Ar	Mount Stewart Lv	8 50
4 10 Lv	Mount Stewart Ar	9 05
5 22	Cardigan	7 35
4 40 Ar	Georgetown Lv	7 10
P. M.		A. M.
4 05 Lv	Mount Stewart Ar	8 55
4 43	Morell	8 17
5 12	St. Peter's	7 48
6 40 Ar	Souris Lv	6 20
P. M.		A. M.
1 00 Lv	Emerald Junction Ar	8 20
1 50 Ar	Cape Traverse Lv	7 30

D. POTTINGER,
Gen. Mgr. Can. Govt. Railways.

J. ENSWORTH, Superintendent.
Charlottetown, Dec. 14, 1893.

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Charlottetown, December 11, 1893—m w f

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Everybody does, after taking a few bottles of
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Ask for our Catalogues and Circulars.

H. A. A. BRAULT,
oct26 Director.

HYMN TO ASTARTE.

What foreland fledged with myrrh,
Vocal with myriad bees,
What pine sequestered spur,
What lone declivities
Will draw thee to descend,
Creation's cradle friend?

The sun feeds at thy smiles,
The wan moon glows thereby,
The dædal ocean isles
Terraced in rosemary,
The brushwood in the bed
Of the dry torrent head,

The rolling river brink,
With plumy sedges gray,
The ford where foxes drink,
The creek where otters play,
Yearn upward, all of them,
To grasp thy raiment's hem.

—Lord de Tabley.

A SACRIFICE.

It was an evening in that fearful winter of 1854-5, memorable for the Crimean war, whose terrible stories of danger, privation and heroism the veterans delight to tell by the fireside at home.

The cold was intense, snow lay thick upon the ground and was still falling noiselessly through the gray and dusky air upon an English camp in the Crimea. A space had been cleared around the tents, and the men were seeking such warmth as was to be obtained around the campfires. It was the eve of battle, as one versed in the ways of wars could tell by the anxious looks on the men's white, unshaven faces. There was none of that reckless bravado of which romancers tells us. The men were silent or spoke only in whispers. Their thoughts were doubtless too oppressive for more loudly spoken words. It was the terrible Russian winter. Tomorrow they were to fight, and the air was heavy with prophecies of death.

Sergeant Easterbrook sat there, gazing into the glowing depths of the fire. He was a tall, broad shouldered man, of about 35, but grizzled and unkempt as he now was you would have taken him to be older. Crouching close beside him was little Charlie Hilton, a recruit—almost a boy, indeed, but there was a sort of friendship between these two, for both came from the same village at home, in the garden of England, a quiet little village perched upon a hill, at the foot of which lay the fair weald of Kent.

"Sergeant," the recruit whispered, "if anything should happen to me tomorrow"—

"Why, you talk just like the old hands!"

"Well, why not? There's as much chance of my getting potted as any one else."

"Are you afraid?"

"Afraid? No! Are you?"

"Yes," the elder man answered, with a sad, quiet smile. "I don't believe there can be a man living who does not fear death—aye, the bravest of them; it goes along with the fear of God!"

"But if anything should happen to me," Charlie persisted.

"Oh, you'll be all right, youngster."

"It is not because I am a youngster that I am any safer. Those confounded Russians don't pick out whom they'll hit. I want you to promise me, sergeant, that when all is done tomorrow, if you should find my—if you should find me among the dead—you will take this letter that is inside my jacket. The other fellows might laugh if they knew, and she would not like it. But you know her. We are to be married if I come safe out of this. If I don't, I think she would like to know that I fell with my face to the enemy!"

This time the young fellow fairly broke down.

"You say I know her. May I ask who she is?"

"Yes, I don't mind telling you. It is Mary Ashford."

"Mary! The daughter of Farmer Ashford?"

"Yes."

Then there was a dead silence between them, during which, as the flickering firelight danced upon his features, any one who had been watching him would have read a world of unspoken thoughts upon the sergeant's face—a short but pathetic history of human woe. Such an observer would have read his secret, would have understood that Noel Easterbrook loved Mary Ashford too. That he had imagined and hoped that his love might some day be requited, until these words came to dispel his dream—words spoken in all innocence, but which pierced his heart as fatally as could have done a Cossack's lance thrust.

It was Hilton who first broke silence.

"You have not answered me, sergeant," he said. "Won't you promise me what I asked you?"

"Yes," Easterbrook replied in a quiet, subdued tone, which betrayed no emotion, "I will do you this little service if you should require it, and if I am in a position to perform it."

"Thank you so much. And you will take the letter back to her?"

"Yes," with some hesitation. "I will take it back to her if I live."

At this moment an officer came among them, and the soldiers rose and saluted.

"We want some men," said he, "to go forward and reconnoiter the enemy's outposts. The duty may be a dangerous one."

"I'll go, if you please, captain," Sergeant Easterbrook said, stepping forward.

"Very well. Take three men with you."

"I'll come with you," said young Hilton.

"No, not you, youngster," the sergeant exclaimed hastily in a strange tone.

"Let him go, since he has volunteered," rejoined the captain, who was a strict disciplinarian. "Let the lad learn his duty. It is just this sort of daring pluck which upholds the honor of the union jack!"

Easterbrook was silenced, since he must needs yield to his superior officer, and a few minutes later the sergeant, Hilton and two other soldiers were passing over the snow-clad plain, with their muskets upon their shoulders, flitting like four shadows in the twilight out of the British camp.

Not a word was spoken. Everything depended upon silence and discretion. The snow was falling faster now and obliterated the men's footsteps as they walked on. The country was bleak and open. There were only a few trees here and there, which tossed their great bare branches in the wintry wind like giants writhing to be free from some spell.

After they had marched for nearly an hour they approached a frozen stream, and on a hillock upon the opposite bank could dimly descry the fires of the Russian camp, half hidden by their outworks. They crossed the river, and then halting Sergeant Easterbrook spoke for the first time.

"My men," he said, "in case anything should happen to one or other of us we must all keep our eyes open and watch what we can see, so as to report at headquarters tonight."

Then he turned, and again they went on silently. Easterbrook, with his quiet reserve and firm but kindly manners, was very popular with his squad and never found the slightest difficulty in enforcing implicit obedience.

Soon they were creeping stealthily along right under the very fortifications of the first of truthfully made. While not as rapid as ast as rapid as the pen, mastered almost at a ywhere. ened in 5 minutes. ost portable. oom. et out of

enemy, and each weakness, serve them last they turned selves suddenly in a long cloak and the top of the redoubt thrown out in bold the campfire not made Our friends were very their movements, but one gleam of his bayonet probably himself to the Russian sentinel down into the gloom, for the latter soone works in his own tongue, challenging them to declare themselves.

"Confound it!" muttered Sergeant Easterbrook half aloud, "we have ventured too far—right into the lion's den—we must turn tail, boys, and run for our very lives till we are out of gunshot. That is the best sort of courage that we can show now."

They accordingly all four turned and ran at full speed, for since their object was to obtain information there was no real bravery in staying to face the foe. But they had already gone too far in their eagerness to determine the position of the enemy's lines, and no sooner had they turned to flee than the sharp report of a musket was heard behind them. The sentinel had aroused his comrades, and a moment later a volley of balls was whistling through the night air past the little English squad.

"Oh, this is terrible!" young Hilton said breathlessly as he ran, "if we should fall like this, sergeant—to be shot from behind—I had rather go back and face them."

The young fellow doubtless fondly imagined that the eyes of all Europe were upon him individually, and had not yet come to learn that so many men must go down like corn before the reaper's scythe, only to be regarded at headquarters as so many casualties. He still thought that to peril life and limb in other men's quarrels was glory.

"You must not go back," the sergeant answered, with a strange mixture of gentleness and authority. "I could not allow you to do that. Every man's life that is out here belongs to his country, and no one has a right to risk it rashly. They are only firing wild—don't be afraid."

"I'm not afraid—I—my God! I believe I'm hit!"

The sergeant, notwithstanding his experience, had indeed been mistaken. He knew that the Russian soldiers could not have taken accurate aim in the dark, but he did not allow for the fatalities of chance—those terrible chances which govern the world's history. Hilton said he had been struck, and Noel Easterbrook could also feel that a bullet had entered his body, but still they both kept on bravely as long as they could. Here in the cold, silent night the lust of battle was not upon them, there was only the mute desire of wounded beasts which would fain be at rest away from their pursuers.

They had now crossed the frozen stream and were safe from further danger. By this time the weather had changed. The wind had driven the snow clouds away, and from a steely, blue sky the moon was shedding her silvery light upon the four Englishmen struggling over the white Crimean plain. They were still a long way from their own camp—probably three long, weary miles and more—but they were now in safety. Sergeant Easterbrook called out, "Halt!" and the others acted with alarm the faint voice in which he spoke the word. His fictitious energy had given way at last, and with a stifled groan he sank down at the foot of a great, black, gnarled tree. Young Hilton's wound was also overmastering his strength, and the next moment his form, too, was lying in an inert mass upon the snowy ground.

"What is the matter, sergeant?" one of the other soldiers asked feelingly. "I did not know you had been hit."

"Hit—yes, Dawes—here in the left side—it was foolhardy of me to have ventured so far into their lines—and there is the poor lad. Oh, Dawes, I am done for!"

"No, no; do not say that, sergeant. We will carry you back to camp all right between us, won't we, Ryan? You will be out of tomorrow's fun, that is all."

"Tomorrow! Yes; there will be no tomorrow for me."

"Nonsense! You will be sent to the rear, that is all. The old sawbones will put you straight in no time. See, we will carry you as gently as a nurse. Come on; give us your hand, Ryan."

"No," Easterbrook answered in a feeble but decisive tone. "Leave me."

"Leave you? We'll see you hanged first!" Ryan said with rough good nature.

"Look at the youngster—he is wounded too. You surely don't think of leaving him behind."

"Well, we are not going to leave you anyway. We can come back for him."

"And find him dead!"

"We must take our chances of that. These are not times to pick and choose what we do. Come on, Ryan."

"No, I say. Take young Hilton back to camp and leave me."

"No!"

But Sergeant Easterbrook, with a supreme effort, now rose to his feet, and supporting himself by the trunk of the tree said in a stern tone of authority:

"Are you commanding this squad or am I? I say I will be obeyed! Take up the lad and carry him back to camp!"

They yielded to the force of discipline, which is so strong as to become nearly an instinct, and raised the half conscious form of Charlie Hilton. The latter understood only dimly what was going on, or he himself would have been the first to protest against his friend's heroic sacrifice.

"Goodby, Charlie," the sergeant said. "I shan't be able to keep my promise to you, but when you get back to England tell Mary Ashford that I, Noel Easterbrook, did my poor little best to send you safe home to her!"

And as the two soldiers, with their burden, walked silently and sadly away over the white desert plain, Noel Easterbrook sank again heavily upon the ground and rolled over once—sank this time never to rise or speak again.

* * * * * * *

Charles Hilton returned safe home to be united to Mary Ashford, and there is a tender place in both hearts for that silent hero, whose bones are whitening in the Russian Chersonese—the man who met his death to save her pain, for it was, indeed, to send her lover back to her that the brave sergeant had thus courted his doom. —Exchange.

Roscoe Conkling's Opinion of Jay Gould.

Jay Gould, as soon as Roscoe Conkling was out of the senate, and although Mr. Conkling had bitterly denounced him, offered Mr. Conkling the first retainer which he had after he opened his law office in New York. The amount was large and was most acceptable to Mr. Conkling, and it was in the acquaintance thus begun that Mr Conkling was led to the opinion that Jay Gould would have been the ablest politician and the finest diplomat this country has produced had he chosen to enter those fields of activity rather than that of business.—Philadelphia Press.

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4. That Feld in the Royalty, with Red Barn, adjoining Mr. Maurice Blake's, containing three acres.

5. Farm of 75 acres on Township No. 38, in King's County, adjoining the railroad and next the farm of the late Donald McEachern.

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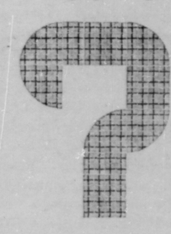

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