

NEW SERIES.

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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., J.C., 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—dly wky

—FOR—

BOSTON,

Fall and Winter Arrangement

THE PALACE STEAMERS

OF THE

INTERNATIONAL S.S. CO.

Leave St. John for Boston, via Eastport and Portland, every Monday and Thursday, at 8.00 a. m.

Fare from Charlottetown to Boston, \$6.50, 2nd class; \$2.50, 1st class.

For tickets and other information apply to

G. A. SHARP, F. W. HALES,

P. E. I. R. Y., P. E. I. Steam Nav. Co.,

or to your nearest Ticket Agent.

Nov. 2, 1885—cod wky

Always Gives Satisfaction

WHEREVER USED.

WOODVILLE'S

GERMAN

BAKING

POWDER

KENTVILLE, N. S., Dec. 2, 1885.

Please forward another case of Woodville's German Baking Powder.

Never before had such Pastry.

JAMES MCINTOSH,

W. M. D. PEARMAN, Trustee, Halifax, N. S.

Dec. 16, '85.

CAUTION.

EACH PLUG OF THE

MYRTLE NAVY

IS MARKED

T & B.

IN BRONZE LETTERS.

None Other Genuine.

Oct. 20.

CUT THIS OUT and return it to us

with 10c, or 4 2c stamps, and

you'll get by return mail a

Golden Box of Goods that will

bring you in more money in one year than

anything else in America. Your fortune if

you take quick—CITY NOVELTY CO.,

Yarmouth, N. S.

may 1

NOW THEN FOR D. A. BRUCE'S

—OFFER OF—
CLOTHING & GENTS' FURNISHINGS

WE have on hand one case Cloths, one case Gents' Furnishings, sent by mistake, and sold to us at a big advantage rather than return them. We are manufacturing these cloths into

SUITS AND OVERCOATS,

charging only FIVE PER CENT OVER COST! and from \$4.50 to \$6 for making and trimming Overcoats; from \$5 to \$7 for making and trimming Suits with Good Trimmings and

GOOD WORKMANSHIP.

CLOTH, by the yard or piece, Very Cheap. We have on hand a few Suits and Overcoats, made to order, not called for

SELLING AT COST.

This ought to convince you that there is money lost if you don't purchase from us, instead of buying imported clothing. ALL OUR CLOTHING IS MADE ON THE PREMISES. No \$3 Overcoats.

The Custom Tailoring,

under the management of MR. JAMES McLEOD, leads all others for A1 work. Prices in this department will be found lower than ever. Our past record is sufficient guarantee to secure your future confidence.

A large portion of our Neckwear has been manufactured to our special order, from patterns that will be found the very thing you want.

D. A. BRUCE,

72 QUEEN STREET.

Ch'town, Dec. 3, 1885.—cod wky 2 mos

Shoddy Boots Played Out.

Get a Pair of Our Own Make of Solid

Leather Boots—Cheapest and Best.

DORSEY, GOFF & CO.

Ch'town, Dec. 16, 1885.

BRITISH

WAREHOUSE,

83 QUEEN STREET.

FALL AND WINTER STOCK,

NOW COMPLETE IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.

UNSURPASSED FOR VALUE!

A. L. BROWN.

Ch'town, Nov. 19.—wky.

NEW STORE

—AT—

North River Bridge.

L. E. PROWSE has opened, in Mr. George Dockendorff's Store, at North River, with a

First-Class Stock of Dry Goods, Clothing and Groceries,

which he will sell at LOW PRICES.

The people need have no fear of Small Pox in the Goods, as I import direct from the English markets, and ever since the outbreak of the disease in the city the goods have been thoroughly fumigated, so there can be no possible chance of infection in the Goods.

The people at North River will find this a great convenience, as it will save them the trip to town, and they can buy just as cheap at home.

The Store in the city will be continued as usual. I need not say anything about the Low Prices, as all know I sell Cheap.

L. E. PROWSE,

Sign of BIG HAT, 74 Queen Street.

Ch'town, Nov. 24th, 1885.

Think of Me.

My love, when breaks the morning mist
About the tender eastern sky,
When dew-drops blossom in the wood
Are filled with shy expectancy,
And all the happy tinsul birds
Burst into songs of wildest glee,
As your sweet eyes enclosed, beloved,
Oh, think of me!

All nature seems to gladly speak
With sweet significance of thee;
The sighing breeze, the singing birds,
The dreamy murmuring of the sea,
Fall in rhythm of sweetest sounds,
And softly on my listening ear,
They whisper thoughts that seem to bring
My darling near.

Dear heart, my love overshadows thee
Invisible as angel's wings,
About the path to thee unknown,
With tender, fond protection clings.
Each throb of my true heart is thine,
Each hope is twined with dreams of thee,
Ah, darling! wilt thou sometimes give
One thought to me?

As yonder little bird that cleaves
The air, and wings his flight on high,
Could sing his happy heart away
Amid the misty, azure sky—
So I, dear heart, could I but know
Your pure, true love were given to me,
Could sing my joyous heart away
In ecstasy!

[WRITTEN FOR THE EXAMINER.]

THE MICMAC BRIDE.

MANY years ago, when our beautiful Island was nearly all clothed with the "forest primeval," there were but few houses on the Darnley shore, and but few inhabitants there to be sung to sleep by the mournful dirge of the waves, as they came rolling in from the Gulf, and broke with their endless monotone upon the white sandhills of Malpeque.

One bright afternoon late in September, as the sun cast its rays far eastward, and gave the changing leaves a softer tint, and bathed sea, island and headland in a hazy flood of refulgent glory, Pierre LeBlanc, one of the few settlers who had found his way there from the Acadia villages of Nova Scotia, was sitting on his upturned canoe, preparing his hooks and lines for the next days fishing. Glancing up from his work, he saw the dusky form of an Indian standing before him, leaning wearily upon an old musket.

"How do, brother?" said the visitor, "give Indian cup tea and bite of bread? Hungry, hunt all day, no game, very tired."

"No! I've nothing for you; begone! don't come begging he. Sacre! do you hear? begone, dog! I tell you," continued Pierre, as the Indian still lingered.

The savage drew himself up with all the native dignity of his race, and moved slowly away, muttering some angry words in the Micmac dialect. If there were any compunctions of conscience in Pierre's heart at that moment, his face did not betray him, as he went on with his work. Pierre was in bad humor that afternoon. The fishing had been poor all summer, and with a mother and sister to provide for through the coming winter, he hardly knew what to do. That day, however, it was said that the fish had struck in near the shore, and he was now working might and main to put his canoe and fishing tackle in the best possible repair for a few days more of harvesting from the watery garden.

The poor Indian had gone but a few hundred feet along the beach, when he sank down from exhaustion. Pretty Marie, Pierre's sister, who from the door of their log cabin had seen and overheard all that had passed, took some humble refreshments and was soon at the Indian's side.

"Will my brother have something to eat?" asked she, as like a ministering angel, she knelt beside him, and gave him a drink of cold water. "Don't mind Pierre," added she, as the Indian sat up and accepted the offered bread and meat as reverently and wonderingly as he would from the hands of some spirit worshipped by him in the depths of the lonely forest; "don't mind Pierre; he is tired and cross to-day, or he would not have talked bad to Indian brother. Will brother forgive him?"

"Humph! pretty pale face squaw good. Me not forget her bright eyes. Me forgive him."

He finished his repast, and then removing his cap from his long dark locks, he took from it three brightly dyed eagle's feathers, and with the grace of a prince presenting a costly gift to a queen, he handed them to Marie, saying:

"When white brother go hunting, bid him wear these; no Indian hurt him, and Great Spirit smile on him."

Timidly taking Marie's hand, he lifted it to his lips, then turned up the bank and was soon lost to view amid the forest trees.

A month passed by, and the forest was gloriously dyed in the brilliant hues spread by Nature with October's brush on the autumn leaves. The myriad fishes, warned by the fast cooling waters, as they languidly stirred beneath the gentle breeze, or dashed madly upon the sand dunes when the winds rose high, were, like the summer birds, migrating to

more congenial haunts. The humble fisher craft were hauled up on shore to await the warmer hours of May. It was a bright morning near the last of the month that Pierre and his fellow fishers set out on a grand hunting expedition. As they were about starting, Marie called Pierre aside, and taking his cap fastened in it the three feathers given her by the Indian, saying, in her own liquid language:

"Wear these to-day, Pierre."

"Why should I wear such flummery?" asked Pierre, in the same tongue, "throw them away, Marie, I don't want to have the birds laughing at my toggery."

"Pierre, I ask of you as a great favor to wear these; they may protect you from many dangers of which you do not think. Pierre, will you wear them for my sake?"

"Well, well, Marie, since you ask so earnestly, I'll even wear them for your sake," said he, replacing them in his hunting cap.

"And, Pierre, promise me you'll not remove them before you return."

"I promise," said he, wondering at her persistency in so trifling a matter. He turned to join his companions, and Marie, knowing he would keep his promise, was satisfied.

The hunting party, six or eight in number, made their way southward through the forest towards the charming spot now known as Indian River, keeping within halloo of each other. An hour or two after starting, the sky became overcast, and Pierre, who was to the right of his companions, became confused, and wandered beyond the reach of their voices. During the day, he heard the occasional shots fired by his comrades, whom he tried to reach, but he only got more and more bewildered in bush and swamp, and finally realized that he was lost. Late in the afternoon, as he was wearily dragging one leg after another, he came to a small stream, and following its course for a mile or so, came at last in sight of the beautiful island studded bay that helps to form the peninsula of Malpeque, and near the shore he beheld, as the setting sun gleamed out from the lifting clouds, the welcome smoke of an Indian's wigwam.

To this he hastened, and rising the blanket door, entered with the customary salutations, explaining to the occupants that he was lost, and begging a night's shelter and food. He was received with a hearty Mic-mac hospitality, given with a native dignity by the Indian, his squaw, and their only daughter.

When morning came, and Pierre, after expressing his gratitude in the warmest language he could command, prepared to start, he begged the Indian to accompany him a short distance to show him the way.

"One moon ago," said the Micmac, as he placed himself before his guest, and quietly folded his arms, "I begged food and drink of you, and you called me dog, and drove me fainting from your door. But the Great Spirit put it into the heart of the pale face's sister to help Wanetah, and his heart is dark no more. The Great Spirit tells the Indian to forget the cross words of the pale face, and he obeys, and sends his child, Laughing Eyes, to show the pale face the way to his camp fire. He shakes hands, and forgets the blackness that was in his heart."

He extended his hand to the astonished Pierre, who stood dumb with shame, confusion and astonishment, then, without another word he turned on his heel and strode away as his daughter, Laughing Eyes, emerged from the tent, and made a sign to Pierre to follow her.

Silently he followed his dusky guide through the forest. The morning sun shone brightly among the tinted beeches and birches and maples, and the few birds that had not yet flown south, laughingly sang, "Pierre, Pierre, Oh! Pierre!" As Pierre gazed on the lithe and faultless form of his guide, her square shoulders gracefully draped with a gay shawl, her slender fingers, her coal black locks, her darkly beautiful face, and rich lips, and ever and anon caught a glimpse of her more than beautiful, her glorious eyes, now emotions stirred in his heart, while he kept step with the petite feet enclosed in beaded moccasins, which hardly crushed, so light did they fall, the feras and maiden hair. The only love he had yet known was that of mother and sister, and now, as a new passion, hitherto a sealed book to him, was called into being in his soul, he loved with all the ardor of youth's impulsive nature, with all the intensity of "love at first sight." There have been stranger matings than this, and brides less lovely than the dark-eyed child of the forest. Nature interpreted to him the songs of the birds, as they mockingly twittered, "Pierre, Pierre, oh! Pierre!" and he felt sad when at last they heard the waves breaking upon the shore, and stepped out upon a small promontory, from which they could see the wide blue Gulf glistening in the sunlight, and the smoke curling upwards from the cabins of the fishers on the next headland.

"Yonder," said Laughing Eyes, as she

pointed to the humble houses, and for the first time spoke to her lover in the soft, low Micmac accent, "is the home of the pale face: has Laughing Eyes led him right?"

"Yes, Laughing Eyes; but when I go to my home, my spirit will be lonely; the bird's have taught me to love you, and you will carry my heart with you back to your wigwam. Oh! Laughing Eyes won't you be my mate? I have no squaw, will you be mine?" pleaded poor Pierre, in his humbly eloquent way, taking her hand in his.

"Does the pale face speak true, or is there a sting in his words, and a lie in his heart?"

"I speak truly, before the Great Spirit," said Pierre, stretching out his hand to the sky, "will Laughing Eyes be my mate?"

"Laughing Eyes will be the squaw of the pale face," answered she softly.

And there, standing on the long reach of sand hills, between the ever-sounding sea and murmuring woods, the compact between the young hunter and the beautiful dark-eyed child of the forest was sealed, as she shyly submitted to the first timid kiss of love Pierre had ever pressed on female lips.

Pierre's comrades soon began to wonder why he now developed such a passion for hunting alone, and why he was always so happy on returning home, with or without game, but the mystery was solved, when, on the eve of the last Sabbath of that bright October month, Pierre and his cousin Jacques, with his sister Marie, and with Laughing Eyes, rowed down the quiet waters to Rustico, where a Priest occasionally held a station, and where Laughing Eyes was baptized, the banns published on Sunday, and the happy pair united in matrimony the next morning. After a life of felicity, they sleep peacefully side by side in the beautiful cemetery of Rustico.

A Bonanza for Bargain-Hunters.

A Genuine Mark-Down Sale!—Appalling Reductions!—Unheard-Of Prices!—Overcoats, Suits, Tweeds and Gents' Furnishings—

SLAUGHTERED! SLAUGHTERED! SLAUGHTERED!

TIME for Stock taking is near. Dull trade is alarming. Our stock of Tweeds must go. Our mammoth stock of Clothing must go. Our big stock of Gents' Furnishings must go. Our large and superb stock of Ladies' Furnishings must go. The price is not so much of an object. The goods must turn into new dollars.

This price list is only an index—
Men's Black Overcoats with Fur Collars, only \$10, worth \$14.
Men's Black Worsteds Suits, only \$6.50, worth \$10.
Men's Winter Pants, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2 and up.
\$16 will buy a first-class Suit, made to measure, worth \$22.50.
\$4 will purchase a first-class pair of Scotch Tweed Pants, worth \$5.50.
\$6 will buy a Heavy Winter Ulster, worth just \$7.50.
Tryon Tweed Suits, made to measure by first-class workmen, \$11, \$12, and up.
Child's Winter Suits, with good trimmings and braided, \$1.75, and up; \$3 will purchase a nobby Scotch Tweed Suit, worth \$12.
Our Black Worsteds Overcoats, worth \$12, now \$8; will buy a Suit of Undersuiting in pure Cashmere Wool.
We hold the championship for honest, low-priced Tweeds, and challenge all-comers to duplicate our \$5-cent Merino Wool Tweed, worth \$1.40.

REID BROS., CAMERON BLOCK.

Ch'town, Dec. 31, 1885.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. Advertising Bureau (21 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

WELLAND CANAL ENLARGEMENT.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for the Welland Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails on MONDAY, the 24th day of JANUARY next (1886), for raising the walls of the locks, weirs, &c., and increasing the height of the banks of that part of the Welland Canal between Fort Dalhousie and Thorold, and for deepening the Summit Level between Thorold and Itamey's Bend, near Humberston.

The works throughout will be let in Sections. Maps of the several localities, together with plans and descriptive specifications, can be seen at this office on and after MONDAY, the 11th day of JANUARY next (1886), where printed forms of tender can be obtained. A like class of information relative to the works north of Allanburg will be furnished at the Resident Engineer's Office, Thorold; and for works south of Allanburg, plans, specifications, &c., may be seen at his Resident Engineer's Office, Welland.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made and, in the case of firms, except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and place of residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted bank cheque for the sum of Two Thousand Dollars or more—according to the extent of the work on the section—must accompany the respective tenders, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works, at the rates stated in the offer submitted. The amount required in each case will be stated on the form of tender.

The cheque or money thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties, whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY, Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 9th December, 1885. 14617 61 law

50 Lovely New Style of Chromo Cards, with name and price for 10c. 12 packs, 12 names, for \$1. A sample pack and agent's outfit with illustrated catalogue of Tricks and Novelties, for 3c. stamp and this slip.

A. W. KINNEY, N.Y. Apply to W. J. Kinney, 27-28w pr.