The Daily Examiner.

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NEW SERIES. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1886. VOL. 18—NO. 82.

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, 33 7m, p. m.
Full Moon 18th day, 2h, 2 5m, p. m.
Last Quarter 25th day, 0h, 58 8m, p. m.

D M	DAY OF WEEK	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	High water	Days len'h
		h m	h m	morn	aft'n h m	h m
1	Monday	7 28	4 59	5 36	9 25	9 31
2	Tuesday	27	5 1	6 11	10 4	34
3	Wednesday	26	3	6 50	10 5	37
4	Thursday	24	4	7 23	11 11	40
5	Friday	23	6	7 58	11 44	43
6	Saturday	21	7	8 21	morn	46
7	Sunday	19	8	8 48	0 15	49
8	Monday	18	9	9 15	0 48	51
9	Tuesday	17	11	9 46	1 23	54
10	Wednesday	16	13	10 11	2 1	57
11	Thursday	14	18	10 45	2 46	10 1
12	Friday	12	16	11 22	3 45	4
13	Saturday	11	18	aft 7	5 3	7
14	Sunday	9	19	0 59	6 33	10
15	Monday	8	21	2 0	7 49	13
16	Tuesday	7	22	3 9	8 56	16
17	Wednesday	5	24	4 23	9 43	19
18	Thursday	3	26	5 40	10 30	23
19	Friday	1	27	6 57	11 12	26
20	Saturday	6 59	28	8 12	11 46	29
21	Sunday	58	30	9 24	aft 33	32
22	Monday	56	31	10 29	1 13	35
23	Tuesday	55	33	11 41	1 56	38
24	Wednesday	52	34	morn	2 43	42
25	Thursday	51	36	0 44	3 44	45
26	Friday	49	37	1 43	4 52	48
27	Saturday	47	38	2 37	6 11	51
28	Sunday	6 45	5 40	3 26	7 19	10 55

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. | 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.,

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Commission Merchants,

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July 15—dly wkly

CAUTION.

EACH PLUG OF THE

MYRTLE NAVY

IS MARKED

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IN BRONZE LETTERS.

None Other Genuine.

Oct. 20.

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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.

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G. A. SHARP, P. E. I. R'y, F. W. HALES, P. E. I. Steam Nav. Co., or to your nearest Ticket Agent.

Feb. 8, 1886—eod wky

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NOW THEN FOR

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—OFFER OF—

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—:o:—

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

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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

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—o—

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

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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.

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

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Ch'town, Dec. 3, 1885.—eod wky 2mos

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UNSURPASSED FOR VALUE!

A. L. BROWN.

Ch'town, Nov. 19.—wkly.

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—AND—

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☞ Our Styles are Original and Tasty. Call and see our Specimens.

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Having lately imported a choice stock of Fine Leathers and other materials for Book-binding purposes, we are prepared with the best facilities to execute all orders for

Binding Magazines, Music, Works of Art, Law Books, Illustrated Papers, Picturesque Canada, &c., &c.,

in the Highest Style of the Art, and at prices that will Satisfy All.

Blank Book Manufacturing, and Paper Ruling a Specialty.

Banks, Merchants and others, can get Better Work, for the same money at our Establishment, than at any other house in the Trade.

JOHN COOMBS,

18 Queen Street,

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I

Dec. 26—2aw w2m.

ROYAL CANADIAN INSURANCE CO.

—o—

FIRE.

—:o:—

CAPITAL - - - - - - - - $2,000,000.

—o—

Head Office—MONTREAL.
Halifax Branch—J. SCOTT MITCHELL, Agent.

—o—

RISKS TAKEN ON MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.

Agent for Prince Edward Island:—

F. H. ARNAUD,

MERCHANTS BANK OF HALIFAX.

Ch town, Jan. 1886.

TABERNACLE SERMON.

"The Marriage Ring."

"DUTIES OF WIVES TO HUSBANDS."

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D. preached on Sunday last in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, the seventh of his series of sermons on "The Marriage Ring," the subject being "Duties of Wives to Husbands." Before the sermon, he read and expounded the last chapter of Proverbs, descriptive of a prudent and sensible wife. Professor Browne rendered on the organ a soccato in D minor by Bach. The congregation united in singing the hymn:

"Blow, ye, the trumpet! Blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations hear
To earth's remotest bound."

The text was 1 Samuel xxv., 3: "The name of his wife, Abigail; and she was a woman of good understanding, and of a beautiful countenance." Following is the sermon:—

The ground in Carmel is white, not with fallen snow, but the wool from the backs of three thousand sheep, for they are being sheared. And I hear the grinding of the iron blades together, and the bleating of the flocks, held between the knees of the shearers while the clipping goes on, and the rustic laughter of the workmen. Nabal and his wife Abigail preside over this homestead. David, the warrior, sends a delegation to apply for aid at this prosperous time of sheep-shearing, and Nabal peremptorily declines his request. Revenge is the cry. Yonder over the rocks come David and four hundred angry men with one stroke to demolish Nabal and his sheepfolds and vineyards. The regiment march in double quick, and the stones of the mountain loosen and roll down, as the soldiers strike them with their swift feet, and the cry of the commander is "Forward! Forward!"

Abigail, to save her husband and his property, hastens to the foot of the hill. She is armed, not with sword or spear, but with her own beauty and self sacrifice, and when David sees her kneeling at the base of the crag, he cries: "Hold! Hold!" Abigail is the conqueress! One woman in the right mightier than four hundred men in the wrong! A hurricane stopped at the sight of a water-lilly! A dew-drop dashed back Niagara! By her prowess and tact she has saved her husband, and saved her home, and put before all ages an illustrious specimen of what a wife can do if she be godly and prudent and self-sacrificing and vigilant and devoted to the interests of her husband, and attractive.

As Sabbath before last, I took the responsibility of telling husbands how they ought to treat their wives—and, though I noticed that some of them squirmed a little in their pews, they endured it well—I now take the responsibility of telling how wives ought to treat their husbands. I hope your domestic alliance was so happily formed that while married life may have revealed in him some frailties that you did not suspect, it has also diaplayed excellencies that more than overbalanced them. I suppose that if I could look into the heart of a hundred wives here present and ask them where is the kindest and best man they know of, and they dared speak out, ninety-nine out of a hundred of them would say: "At the other end of this pew." Though sometimes you may have snapped each other up a little quick, I think the most of you are as well paired as any couple of whom I have read. The wife said to her husband: "I have made up my mind to be submissive notwithstanding all the misfortunes that have come upon us." They had lost their children, he had lost his health, and hence, the income of his prosession, and the wife had temporarily lost her eyesight. "Yes," said the husband, "we ought to be submissive. Let me see what we have to submit to. First, we have a home; we can submit to that. Then we have each other; we can submit to that. Then we have food and raiment; we can submit to that. Then we have a great many friends; we can submit to that. We have a Heavenly Father to provide for us—" "Stop! Stop!" said the wife, "I will talk no more about submission."

I hope, my sister, you have married a man as Christian and as well-balanced as that. But even if you were worsted in conjugal bargain, you cannot be worse off than this Abigail in my text. Her husband was coarse and ungrateful, an inebriate, for on the very evening after her heroic achievement at the foot of the hill, where she captured a whole regiment with her genial and strategic behavior, she returned home and found her husband so drunk that she could not tell him the story but had to postpone it until the next day. So, my sister, I do not want you to keep saying within yourself as I proceed: "That is the way to treat a perfect husband;" for you are to remember that no wife was ever worse swindled than this Abigail of my text. At the other end of her table sat a mean, selfish, snarling, contemptible sot, and if she could do so well for a dastard, how ought you to do with that princely and splendid man with whom you are to walk the path of life?

First, I counsel the wife to remember in what a severe and terrible battle of life her husband is engaged. Whether in professional or commercial or artistic or mechanical life, your husband from morning to night, is in a Soliferino if not a Sedan. It is a wonder that your husband has any nerves of patience or suavity left. To get a living in this next to the last decade of the nineteenth century is a struggle. If he come home and sit down preoccupied, you ought to excuse him. If he do not feel like going out that night for a walk or entertainment, remember he has been out all day. You say he ought to leave at his place of business his annoyances and come home cheery. But if a man has been betrayed by a business partner, or a customer has jockeyed him out of a large bill of goods, or a protested note has been flung on his desk, or somebody has called him a liar and everything has gone wrong from morning to night, he must have great genius and forgetfulness if he do not bring some of the perplexity home with him. When you tell him he ought to leave it all at the store or bank or shop, you might as well tell a storm on the Atlantic to stay out there and not touch the coast or ripple the harbor. Remember he is not overworking so much for himself as he is overworking for you and the children. It is the effect of his success or defeat on the homestead that causes him the agitation. The most of men after forty-five years of age live not for themselves but for their families. They begin to ask themselves anxiously the question: "Now if I should give out, what would become of the folks at home? Would my children ever get their education? Would my wife have to go out in the world to earn bread for herself and the little ones? My eye-sight troubles me, how if my eyes should fail? My head gets dizzy, how if I should drop under apoplexy? The high pressure of business life and mechanical life and agricultural life is home pressure.

Some time ago a large London firm decided that if any of their clerks married on a salary less than £150, that is $750 a year, he should be discharged, the supposition being that the temptation might be too great for misappropriation. The large majority of families in America live by utmost dint of economy, and to be honest and yet meet one's family expenses is the appalling question that turns the life of tens of thousands of men into martyrdom. Let the wife of the overborne and exhausted husband remember this, and do not nag him about that, and say you might as well have no husband, when the fact is that he is dying by inches that the home may be kept up.

I charge also the wife to keep herself as attractive after marriage as she was before marriage. The reason that so often a man ceases to love his wife is because the wife ceases to be loveable. In many cases what elaboration of toilet before marriage and what recklessness of appearance after. The most disgusting thing on earth is a slatternly woman. I mean a woman who never combs her hair until she goes out, or looks like a fright until somebody calls. That a man married to one of the creatures stays at home as little as possible is no wonder. It is a wonder that such a man does not go on a whaling voyage of three year, and in a leaky ship. Costly wardrobes are not required; but, O woman, if you are not willing, by all that ingenuity of refinement can effect, to make yourself attractive to your husband, you ought not to complain if he seek in other society those pleasant surroundings which you deny him.

Again, I charge you, never talk to others about the frailties of your husband. Some people have a way, in banter, of elaborately describing to others the shortcomings or unhappy eccentricities of a husband or wife. Ah, the world will find out soon enough all the defects of your companion. No need of your advertising them. Better imitate those women who, having made mistake in affiance, always have a veil to hide imperfections and alleviations of conduct to mention. We must admit that there are rare cases where a wife cannot live longer with her husband, and his cruelties and outrages are the precursor of divorcement or separation. But until that day comes, keep the awful secret to yourself. Keep it from every being in the universe, except the God to whom you do well to tell your trouble. Trouble only a few years at most and then you can go up on the other side of the grave and say: "O Lord, I kept the marital secret. Thou knowest how well I kept it, and I thank thee that the release has come at last. Give me some place where I can sit down and rest awhile from the horrors of an embruted earthly alliance, before I begin the full raptures of Heaven." And orders will be sent out to the usher angels saying: "Take this Abigail right up to the softest seat in the best room of the palace, and let twenty of the brightest angels wait on her for the next thousand years."

Further, I charge you let there be no outside interference with the conjugal relation. Neither neighbor nor confidential friend, nor brother nor sister, nor father or mother, have a right to come in here. The married gossip will come around, and by the hour tell you how she manages her husband. You tell her plainly that if she will attend to the affairs of her household you will attend to yours. What damage some people do with their tongues! Nature indicates that the tongue is a dangerous thing, by the fact that it is shut in; first by a barricade of teeth, and then by the door of the lips. One insidious talker can keep a whole neighborhood badly stirred up. The Apostle Peter excoriated these busybodies in other people's matters, and St. Paul, in his letter to the Thessalonians and to Timothy, gives them a sharp dig, and the good housewife will be on the lookout for them and never return their calls, and treat them with coldest frigidity. For this reason better keep house as soon as possible. Some people are opposed to them, but I thank God for what are called flats in these cities. They put a separate home within the means of nearly all the population. In your married relations you do not need any advice. If you and your husband have not skill enough to get along well alone, with all the advice you can import you will get along worse. What you want for your craft on this voyage is plenty of sea room.

I charge you also, make yourself the intelligent companion of your husband. What with these floods of newspapers and books there is no excuse for the wife's ignorance either about the present or the past. If you have no more than a half hour every day to yourself you may fill your mind with entertaining and useful knowledge. Let the merchant's wife read up on all mercantile questions and mechanic's wife on all that pertains to his style of work, and the professional man's wife on all the legal or medical or theological or political discussions of the day. It is very stupid for a man, after having been amid active minds all day, to find his wife without information or opinions on anything. If the wife knows nothing about what is going on in the world, after the tea hour has passed, and the husband has read the newspaper, he will have an engagement, and must go and see a man. In nine cases out of ten when a man does not stay at home in the evening, unless positive duty calls him away, it is because there is nothing to stay for. He would rather talk with his wife than any one else if she could talk as well.

I charge you, my sister, in every way to make your home attractive. I have not enough of practical knowledge about house adornment to know just what makes the difference, but here is an opulent house, containing all wealth of bric-a-brac, and of musical instrument, and of painting, and of upholstery, and yet there is in it a chill like Nova Zembla. Another home, with one-twentieth part of the outlay, and a small supply of art, and cheapest piano purchasable, and yet, as you enter it, there comes upon body, mind and soul a glow of welcome and satisfied and happy domesticity. The holy art of making the most comfort and brightness out of the means afforded, every wife should study.

At the siege of Argos, Pyrrhus was killed by the tile of a roof thrown by a woman, and Abimelech was slain by a stone that a woman threw from the tower of Thebes, and Earl Montfort was destroyed by a rock discharged at him by a woman from the walls of Toulouse. But without any weapon save that of her cold, cheerless household arrangement, any wife may slay all the attractions of a home circle. A wife and mother in prospered circumstances and greatly admired, was giving her chief time to social life. The husband spent his evenings away. The son, fifteen years of age, got the same habit, and there was a prospect that the other children as they got old enough would take the same turn. One day the wife aroused to the consideration that she had better save her husband and her boy. Interesting and stirring games were introduced into the house. The mother studied up interesting things to tell her children. One morning the son said: "Father, you ought to have been home last night. We had a grand time. Such jolly games and such interesting stories." This went on from night to night, and after a while the husband stayed in to see what was going on, and he finally got attracted and added something of his own to the evening entertainment; and the result was that the wife and mother saved her husband and saved her boy and saved herself. Was not that an enterprise worth the attention of the greatest woman that ever lived since Abigail at the foot of the rock arrested the four hundred armed warriors.

Do not, my sister, be dizzied and disturbed by the talk of those who think the home circle too insignificant for a woman's career, and who want to get you out on platforms and in conspicuous enterprises. There are women who have a special outside mission, and do not dare to interpret me as derisive of their important mission. But my opinion is that the woman who can reinforce her husband in the work of life, and rear her children for positions of usefulness, is doing more for God and the race and her own happiness, than if she spoke on every great platform and headed a hundred great enterprises. My mother never made a missionary speech in her life, and at a missionary meeting I doubt whether she could have got enough courage to vote aye or nay, but she raised her son John, who has been preaching the Gospel and translating religious literature in Amoy, China, for about forty years. Was not that a better thing to do?

Compare such an one with one of these die-away, attitudinizing, frivolous, married coquettes of the modern drawing-room, her Heaven an opera box on the night of Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable," the ten commandments an inconvenience, taking arsenic to improve the complexion, and her appearance a confused result of belladonna, bleached hair, antimony and mineral acids, until one is compelled to discuss her character and wonder whether the line between a decent and indecent life is, like the equator, an imaginary line.

What the world wants now is about fifty old-fashioned mothers, women who shall realize that the highest, grandest, mightiest institution on earth is the home. It is not necessary that they should have the same old-time manners of the country farmhouse, or wear the old fashioned cap and spectacles and apron that her glorified ancestry wore; but I mean the old spirit which began with the Hannahs and the Mother Lois and the Abigails of Scripture days, and was demonstrated at the homestead where some of us were reared, though the old house long ago was pulled down and its occupants scattered never to meet until in the higher home that awaits the families of the righteous. While there are more good and faithful wives and mothers now than there ever were, society has got a wrong twist on this subject, and there are influences abroad that would make women believe that their chief sphere is outside instead of inside the home.

Hence in many households children instead of a blessing are a nuisance. It is card case versus child's primer, carriage versus cradle, social popularity versus domestic felicity. Hence infanticide and ante-natal murder so common that all the physicians, allopathic, hydropathic, homeopathic and eclectic, are crying out in horror, and it is time that the pulpits joined with the medical profession in echoing and re-echoing the thunder of Mount Sinai, which says: "Thou shalt not kill," and the Book of Revelation which says: "All murderers shall have their place in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." And the man or the woman who takes life a minute old will as certainly go straight to hell as the man or woman who destroys life forty years old. And the wildest, loudest shriek of Judgment Day will be given at the overthrow of those who moved in the high and respected circles of earthly society, yet decreed by their own act as far as they could privately effect it, the extermination of the advanc-