THE DAILY EXAMINER.

TERMS:—FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR. "This is true Liberty, when Free Born Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."—EURIPIDES. SINGLE COPIES TWO CENTS.

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Advertising at moderate rates.

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

ALMANAC FOR OCTOBER, 1886.

MOON'S CHANGES.

First Quarter 4th day, 6h. 21.1m., p. m., S.
Full Moon 12th day, 11h., 11.4m., p. m., S.
Last Quarter 20th day, 10h., 28.3m., a.m., W.
New [illegible] 27th day, 3h, 3.0m., a. m., N. E., [illegible] horizon.)

Day	Day of Week	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	High water	Day's len'h
		h m	h m	morn	h m	h m
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible] 3	5 36	10 11	[illegible] 32	11 33
[illegible]	[illegible]	5	34	11 16	1 14	29
[illegible]	[illegible]	6	32	aft 15	1 59	26
[illegible]	[illegible]	8	30	1 8	2 48	22
[illegible]	[illegible]	9	28	1 54	3 49	19
[illegible]	[illegible]	10	25	2 35	5 0	16
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	24	3 9	6 15	12
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	22	3 41	7 21	9
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	20	4 10	8 13	6
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	18	4 37	8 55	2
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible] 2	9 33	10 59
12	Tuesday	18	[illegible]	[illegible]	10 8	56
13	Wednesday	20	13	[illegible] 55	10 39	53
14	Thursday	21	11	6 46	11 13	50
15	Friday	23	9	7 3	11 48	46
16	Saturday	24	7	7 37	aft 24	43
17	Sunday	25	5	8 20	1 2	40
18	Monday	27	4	9 12	1 46	37
19	Tuesday	28	2	10 10	2 37	34
20	Wednesday	29	0	11 15	3 41	31
21	Thursday	30	4 57	morn	5 2	27
22	Friday	31	5	0 24	6 30	24
23	Saturday	32	3	1 36	7 45	21
24	Sunday	34	2	2 51	8 52	18
25	Monday	35	0	4 6	9 29	15
26	Tuesday	36	48	5 17	10 13	12
27	Wednesday	38	47	6 36	10 53	9
28	Thursday	39	45	7 48	11 23	3
29	Friday	41	44	8 57	morn	6
30	Saturday	43	43	10 0	0 12	0
31	Sunday	6 45	4 42	10 58	0 52	9 57

JAMES H. REDDIN,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR AND NOTARY PUBLIC,

has removed to the office adjoining that of R. R. Fitzgerald, Esq., Cameron Block.

☞ MONEY TO LOAN.

Sept. 27, 1886—1 mo eod & wy 3 mos

—FOR—

BOSTON.

FALL ARRANGEMENT

THE PALACE STEAMERS OF THE INTERNATIONAL S.S. CO.

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

Fare from Charlottetown to Boston, $6.50, 2nd class; [illegible] 1st class.

For tickets and other information apply to A. S. [illegible], [illegible] W. HALES, P. [illegible], P. E. I. Steam Nav. Co. [illegible] to your nearest Ticket Agent.

Oct. 9 1886—eod wky

L. [illegible]RTHUR & CO.,

GENERAL

Commission Merchants,

121 ATLANTIC AVENUE,

BOSTON, MASS.

Eggs and Produce a Specialty.

July 15—dly wkly

HARD COAL,

IN Store, a quantity of

BEST HARD COAL,

Egg and Chestnut Sizes.

☞ Cheap for Cash.

CAPT. J. HUGHES, Water Street.

Ch'town, Oct. 14, 1886—1m eod

BARCLAY & CO.,

GENERAL

Commission & Shipping Merchants,

191 Atlantic Avenue, Boston.

EIGHT years' experience in this market. Over fifty thousand bushels P. E. I. potatoes received by us last fall. Our patrons all satisfied. Vessels chartered for potato freights at short notice. Write for market reports.

☞ Specialties—Potatoes, Mackerel, Canned Lobsters, Eggs.

June 17, '86—3mo eod

EXPIRATION OF LEASE.

EXTRAORDINARY SALE

—OF—

Staple & Fancy Dry Goods

—AT—

Perkins & Sterns.

THE Lease of our premises expires in a few months, and not being able to renew the same on reasonable terms, or procure other premises in time for spring trade, we will dispose of our whole stock of NEW AND FASHIONABLE DRY GOODS at an

IMMENSE SACRIFICE.

Carpets, Oilcloths, Rugs and Mats at 33 per cent discount; Black and Colored Dress Goods at 33 per cent discount; Mantle and other Cloths, Tweeds, &c., at 33 per cent discount; Blankets, Counterpanes, Comforts and Lace Curtains at 33 per cent discount; Silks, Satins and Velvets at 33 per cent discount; Black and Colored Plushes at 33 per cent discount; Gloves and Hosiery at 33 per cent discount; Linen Goods of all kinds at 25 per cent discount; Prints and White Cottons at 25 per cent discount.

A Lot of Goods at HALF PRICE, such as Millinery, Hats, Bonnets, Feathers, Flowers, Real Lace, Edgings, Collars and Cuffs, Frillings, a large variety Wool Goods, &c.

All of the Above New and in Good Order, and will be Sacrificed in order to Clear Out Quick.

☞ SEE OUR CIRCULARS FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS.

Perkins & Sterns.

Ch'town, Oct. 14, 1886.

BRITISH WAREHOUSE,

83 QUEEN STREET.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

FOR SEPTEMBER ONLY.

A Large Lot of WOOL TWEEDS,
" " ULSTER CLOTHS,
" " GENTS' UNDERCLOTHING,
" " DRESS GOODS,
" " FANCY PRINTS.

Balance of CRETONNES

LARGELY REDUCED FOR CASH.

A. L. BROWN.

Ch'town, Sept 1—wky

NEW

HAT & FUR STORE,

Newson Block.

A NEW DEPARTURE!

HATS, of the Latest Styles, at the very LOWEST PRICES.

FURS, of all kinds, Cleaned, Dyed, altered and Repaired.

HIGHEST CASH PRICES paid for Raw Furs.

E. STUART.

Ch'town, May 4, 1886.

ADAMSON'S BOTANIC COUGH BALSAM

SAFE. SURE. PROMPT. 25 Cts.

A WONDERFUL REMEDY

Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam.

It is as pleasant as honey. Coughs, Colds, and Asthma, which lead to Consumption, have been speedily cured by the use of ADAMSON'S BALSAM after all other medicines have failed. Sufferers from either recent or chronic coughs or bronchial affections, can resort to this great remedy, confident of obtaining speedy relief. Do not delay, get it at once.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Bottled at St. Stevens, N. B., by the proprietors, F. W. KINSMAN & CO., Druggists, 343 4TH AVE., N. Y.

Try the TEA, 25 Cents, at the LONDON HOUSE. aug31

1827 - - - 1886.

T. & E. KENNY,

Dry Goods and Shipping,

HALIFAX, CANADA.

T & E. KENNY,

(F. C. MAHON)

Ship Owners and Brokers,

General Commission Merchants,

161 GRESHAM HOUSE,

Bishopsgate Street,

LONDON, E. C., England.

Scott's and Vaughan's Codes

March 29, 1886.

Building Castles on the Sand.

When the golden [illegible] glistens
On the level was[illegible]hite,
And the heart of [illegible]tens
While the waves [illegible]
O the the dimpled arms deep delving
And the mimic structures planned!
'Tis a pleasure long to treasure—
Building castles on the sand.

Wall and turret still uprearing,
How the busy hands will toil!
But the rolling waves are nearing,
All our labor to despoil!
For the tide is landward sweeping,
And behold!—what we have planned,
Some sea rover topples over
Sacks our castles on the sand!

Patiently the walls repairing,
Work the busy hands once more—
For the laboring still uncaring,
Till the summer day is o'er,
O the earnestness of childhood!
O the simple faith so grand!
Ever dreaming—fondly schemeing—
Building castles on the sand.

On the shores of life forever
Thus we build from day to day,
With a patient, firm endeavor,
Castles that are swept away;
May the faith, the trusts of childhood,
Ever guide our willing hand
In life's doing and pursuing—
Building castles on the sand!

Aunt Dinah's Search

INCIDENT OF THE CHARLESTON EARTHQUAKE.

"OH, oh, oh!" gasped little Mabel Emory, as she opened her eyes, and found her rosewood half canopy bed bounding across the room. "What's the matter?" And she began to cry.

"It's the end of th' worl', honey. The good Lord's done come for th' judgment day," said Aunt Dinah, the old black mammy; and hastily catching the child up, she wrapped her in a shawl and rushed out into the hall.

There they found the family gathered in terror. Mr. Emory supporting his invalid wife, while the solid walls of the house rocked from side to side.

"Papa, take Mabel—Mabel's so 'fraid;" said the child, holding out her arms to her father.

"Papa has mamma, darling. Won't you let mammy take care of you?"

"Yes, I will," said she, clasping her arms around the black neck; "but kiss Mabel once."

"God grant we may come safely out of this," said the father, as he kissed the dear little upturned face.

"Dod'll take care of us, papa; you tole me so your own self."

"Bress de chile!" said Aunt Dinah, holding her close as they groped their way through the darkness.

It was the never-to-be-forgotten night of August 31st, in Charleston, the beautiful city by the sea. The confusion in the street was terrible; the shrieks of the horror-stricken people, the rumble of the upheaving earth, the thud of falling buildings, made a din that cannot be described.

"To the park, to the park!" cried a loud voice, and thither the terrified people fled.

"Aunt Dinah, come and help me a moment," said Mr. Emory, as his fainting wife slipped from his grasp.

Aunt Dinah hastily set Mabel on the ground, while she sprinkled her mistress' face from a bottle of cologne which she had in her pocket.

"Now," said Mr. Emory, "follow me as closely as you can to the park." And with a hasty glance behind he hurried on.

Aunt Dinah turned for her charge, but, to her dismay, no Mabel was to be seen. She rushed from one side to the other, calling:

"Mabel, my lam'! honey, chile? whar is yer? Come back to you ole black mammy."

But the dull crash of the falling buildings was her only answer; and the people around, thinking she was affrighted at the scene, and not understanding her words, bade her be quiet.

Suddenly a thought struck her. Might not the child have become confused and wandered back into the house they had just left? She hurried to the entrance, and was about darting in when a man caught her arm.

"Don't you see, aunty, the house just is going to fall."

"My chile, my chile! I's feared she's in thar, marster," she said, wringing her hands, and trying to break away from him.

"No," he said, kindly, "there's no one in there, I've just been through."

"Move back, move back!" cried the crowd.

And with a roar and a groan the wall fell outward. A great piece of plaster came down on Aunt Dinah's head. Her bandanna turban kept it from doing fatal harm, but it stunned the old woman, and turned her sick and giddy, and that, with the fright, dazed her completely. She lost her wits, and wandered aimlessly about the streets, calling:

"My lam', my little white dove! whar is yer? Come back to yer ole black mammy."

Hundreds of people heard the plaintive cry and shuddered, clasping their own darlings closer as the mournful wail sounded near and then receded in the distance.

At last her wandering steps brought her to the park, where Mr. Emory was devoured with anxiety for his child; and yet he dared not leave his wife alone. But at the first sound of the familiar voice he started up from the iron settee and rushed towards her crying:

"Where is Mabel, Aunt Dinah?"

Then he caught sight of the distraught face, and saw that her arms, although pressed close to her breast, were empty, he seized her by the shoulder and cried:

"What is the matter? Where's my baby? What have you done with her?"

"I los' her, marster; I'll fine her," and she broke away and wandered on.

"Shall we ever find her," cried the poor mother.

"God grant it!" was the answer; but "we must wait for the morning."

And Mabel! where was she?

When the old woman sat the child on the ground to attend to her fainting mistress, a [illegible] tremble of the ground, faint compared to the first, but plainly [illegible] felt, swept over the [illegible] causing an [illegible]cession of terror and a [illegible] rush of multitude out to the parks and [illegible] Battery.

The frightened little one, left [illegible] the first time in her life, shrank back [illegible] terror at the confusion, and in a second [illegible] crowd surged around her, and she was [illegible]ried on in their midst; and when [illegible] Dinah looked for her charge she was [illegible] way down the block, a helpless [illegible] in that cruel, crushing crowd.

But if her cries fell unheeded upon the ears of those about her, there was One who heard and noted the pitiful wail from those baby lips.

"Mabel's so tired! Mabel wants papa. Where's my mammy?"

It almost seemed as if an invisible shield surrounded the little one, for, except for her terror, she was untouched by harm, and when at the crossing of the Boulevard, the crowd parted to the right and left, and she was left alone on the curb. Tired though the little feet were, there seemed no place for them to rest; the shrieks, the crashes, the glare terrified her more and more, and she wandered on. But the One who had kept her unhurt in the terrible crush of the crowd, guided her footsteps now, and on down to the Battery, where the cool breeze from the sea blew in to moderate the heat of the city, she went.

"O marster! she's gone," sobbed the poor creature. "My chile, my little lam'! whar is yer? Come to yer ole mammy."

That was all he could gather from her. "She has lost her mind, and no wonder," he groaned. "But where is my baby, lost in this terrible city?"

"Henry," said his wife, in an agony of tears, "leave me, and go and look for her."

"Will you stay, Aunt Dinah, and take care of Mrs. Emory while I go and search for Mabel?" said he.

The silken shawl had long fallen off, and the tiny figure clad in her little white embroidered night-gown, with yellow curls streaming down her shoulders and pattering bare feet, seemed strangely unsuited to that gloomy midnight hour in the terror-stricken city.

"Oh, look! Dick, here's an angel coming," said a rough stevedore standing on the wharf, as the blue-eyed baby came towards him. She looked into the kindly face, and, holding out her arms said:

"Take Mabel, Mabel's so tired."

Tenderly, as her own father could have done, he lifted her in his arms; and, with a little sigh, she nestled her head on his shoulder, and closed her eyes.

"Here, Bill," said the other, his voice choked and his eyes shining, "we can make her a bed on this lumber."

With their flannel shirts they made a couch, and there the little one slept. Who had doubt He had given His angels charge over her?

As the first beam of the morning sun shone on the water, Aunt Dinah wandered down the Battery, still crying. "My lammie, my little lammie! whar is yer?"

That dear voice which was the first sound that Mabel had ever learned to know penetrated the child's sleep, and, opening her eyes wide, she called: "Here's Mabel, mammy; here's Mabel."

Quick as a flash the old woman swooped down upon her nursling, clasping her in her arms as if to make amends for having ever let her go, and sobbing and crying, "Bress de Lord, Bress de Lord."

"Good-by, men," said Mabel, putting up her little mouth to kiss them as she was borne away in Aunt Dina's arms. "I tanks 'oo fur takin' care of Mabel."

"Here she is, marster. Didn's I tell yer ole Dinah los' her, ole Dinah'd find her?" said the delighted nurse as she put the child in the father's arms.

Mr. Emory held his darling closely, and covered her with kisses, while she whispers. "God did take care o' me—didn't he, papa?"

"I thank Him, I thank Him!" was all the father could say. What to him were the losses of house and money when his dearest treasures were safe.—*Sarah Lee, in S. S. Times.*

A PRINTER'S ERROR.—Sweet are the uses of adversity, the printer's copy said, but he set it up, sweet are the uses of advertising. Sweet, indeed, to those who in sickness and suffering have seen the advertisement of some sovereign remedy; which upon trial has brought them from death's door. "The best thing I ever saw in my paper was the advertisement of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery," is again and again the testimony of those who have been healed by it of lung disease, bronchial affections, tumors, ulcers, liver complaints and the ills to which the flesh is heir. s a w

Summerside Exports.

SUMMERSIDE, Oct. 2[illegible].

Shipped per steamer St. Lawrence, Cameron master, for Point du Chene:

3 brls potatoes	$ 3 00
2 brls turnips	1 00
10 cases eggs	50 00
13 horses	1405 00
225 brls [illegible]	338 00
46 lbs butter	8 00
2 brl [illegible]	24 00
600 lbs [illegible]	15 00
	$18[illegible] 00

By same str. on the 21st:—

1 calf	$ 6 00
64 cases eggs	295 00
61 bags potatoes	41 00
284 lbs butter	38 00
399 sheep	7[illegible] 00
45 bush oats	14 00
220 lbs cloth	1[illegible]6 00
1 cow	25 00
	$[illegible] 00