

The Daily Examiner.

TERMS:—FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR.

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NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1883.

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ALMANAC FOR DECEMBER, 1883.

MOON'S CHANGES.

First Quarter, 7th day, 7h. 33.5m., a. m.
Full Moon, 13th day, 11h. 15.5m., p. m.
Last Quarter, 21st day, 3h. 55.5m., a. m.
New Moon, 29th day, 3h. 47.2m., a. m.

DAY OF WEEK	Sun rises	Moon sets	High water	Days len. h.
1 Saturday	7 39 4	10 8 39	11 46	9 04
2 Sunday	30 10 9	24 0 24	morn	
3 Monday	31 9 10	5 0 23		
4 Tuesday	32 9 10	41 1 0		
5 Wednesday	33 9 11	14 1 40		
6 Thursday	34 9 11	44 2 25		
7 Friday	35 8 11	14 3 15		
8 Saturday	36 8 10	43 4 22	8 54	
9 Sunday	37 8 11	15 5 39		
10 Monday	38 8 11	51 7 1		
11 Tuesday	39 8 12	23 8 10		
12 Wednesday	40 8 13	9 9 6		
13 Thursday	41 8 14	14 9 57		
14 Friday	42 9 16	10 10 43		
15 Saturday	43 9 16	24 11 28	8 50	
16 Sunday	44 9 17	32 12 12		
17 Monday	44 10 18	35 0 11		
18 Tuesday	45 10 19	46 1 32		
19 Wednesday	45 10 20	54 2 14		
20 Thursday	46 10 21	57 3 0		
21 Friday	46 11 22	morn	3 54	
22 Saturday	47 12 0	33 4 59	8 51	
23 Sunday	47 13 1	52 6 8		
24 Monday	48 13 2	51 7 12		
25 Tuesday	48 14 3	50 8 7		
26 Wednesday	48 15 4	46 8 52		
27 Thursday	49 15 5	42 9 34		
28 Friday	49 16 6	33 10 14		
29 Saturday	49 17 7	22 10 51	8 52	
30 Sunday	49 18 7	59 11 28		
31 Monday	7 49 4	19 8 44	morn	

WINTER GOODS

SELLING VERY CHEAP FOR CASH, AT THE

LONDON HOUSE.



Men's Gloves, Mitts & Scarfs.
Men's Top Coats,
Men's Ulsters,
Men's Fur Overcoats,
Men's Reefing Jackets,
Men's Wool Underclothing,
Men's Flannel shirts,
Men's Cardigan Jackets,
Men's Fur Caps,
Ladies' Cloth Sacques,
Ladies' Cloth Ulsters,
Ladies' Fur-lined Circulars,
Ladies' Astracan Jackets,
Ladies' Fur Caps and Muffs.
Buffalo Robes,
Japanese Wolf Robes,
Blankets,
Horse Rugs,
Railway Wrappers, etc

GEO. DAVIES & CO.

Ch'town, Nov. 13, 1883.

Merchants' Bank of Halifax,
CHARLOTTETOWN AGENCY,
Savings Bank Department,
—WILL BE—
OPENED 1ST NOVEMBER, 1883,
on and after which date DEPOSITS OF \$5
AND UPWARDS, will be taken and
interest at the rate of
Four Per Cent. Per Annum
ALLOWED THEREON.
For further particulars apply to
F. H. ARNAUD,
AGENT.
Oct. 30, 1883.

SULLIVAN & MACNEILL,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
Solicitors in Chancery,
NOTARIES PUBLIC, &c.
OFFICES—O'Halloran's Building, Great
George Street, Charlottetown.
Money to Loan.
W. W. SULLIVAN, Q. C. | CHESTER B. MACNEILL.
Jan. 16, '83.

L. ARTHUR & CO.,
GENERAL
Commission Merchants,
121 ATLANTIC AVENUE,
(ROSS MARKET)
BOSTON, MASS.
Eggs and Produce a Specialty.
April 26, 1883.—wly tf

GEORGE TWEEDY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Notary Public, &c.
OFFICE—West Side of Queen Street, Char-
lottetown, next door to Stevenson's Tin Shop.
July 25, 1883.—dy wly 6m

INSURANCE OFFICE.
Queen Insurance Company,
OF ENGLAND.
CAPITAL, TEN MILLION DOLLARS.
Lancashire Insurance Company
CAPITAL, FIFTEEN MILLION DOLLARS
Insurance effected on all kinds of property
at current rates. Losses settled promptly
and equitably.
DESBIRASAY & ANGUS,
General Agents.
Office—South Side Queen Square.
Ch'town, Sept. 15, 1882.

FROM NOW
—TILL—
XMAS AND NEW YEAR.

BISCUITS, CRACKERS, CAKE, CONFECTIONERY, &c.,
AT LOWER PRICES THAN EVER.

Biscuits from eight cents per lb. upwards, Retail.
A great variety in CONFECTIONERY, comprising Panorama Eggs, Crystal
Hats, Return Balls, Flower Pots, Beautiful Hearts, all made of PURE
CONFECTIONERY. Also the finest lot of Cossagues and
Cornucopias ever shown in the city.
Try our Mixed Crackers in 5-lb. packages, very cheap.
Thousands and Nonpareils, for Cake decorating; Extract of Lemon, Citron
and Lemon Peel, Currants, Raisins, etc.
Choice Preserves, in 1 and 6-lb. packages.

Special Prices to Wholesale Buyers.
J. QUIRK,
(City Steam Bakery, Prince Street.
Ch'town, Dec. 11, 1883.—3w

Our Store Closes Every Evening at Six p. m. (Saturday Excepted).
Carpet Department:

In this Department we are doing a very large trade, in Axminster, Velvet
Pile, Brussels, Tapestry, Scotch Hemp and Twine Carpets, Hearth Rugs and
Mats. The reason is we buy from the very best British markets, keep the
newest designs and styles, and sell at a small advance on cost.

Grand Assortment of
Silk Plushes, Velvets and Velvetines, 100 boxes to choose from, at prices
lower than ever before offered.

Mantle Department:
These goods are selling rapidly. They are the best and newest makes and
grand value.

Cloth Department:
The 200 pieces Job, Jacket and Ulster Cloths have been selling wonderfully
fast. The prices are very low for the quality.

A large lot Seal Cloth from \$3.50 to \$8.25 per yard. Daily expected, 30
pieces Oilcloths (English), from 1/2-yard to 3/4-yard.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL.
W. & A. BROWN & CO.
Ch'town, Nov. 23, 1883.—dy wly

FOUL PLAY.

By Charles Reade.

CHAPTER XXV.

(Continued.)

Then Hazel produced a fine beam which he had found struggling in a rock-pool, the tide having turned, and three sea crayfish, bigger than any lobster. He chopped their heads off outside, and threw their tails into the pots; he stuck a piece of pointed wood through the beam, and gave it to Welch to toast; but Welch waved it aside.

"I see no cabbage," said he, grimly. "Oh, I forgot; but that is soon found," said Hazel. "Here give me the fish, and you take the saw, and examine the head of this palm-tree, which lies at Miss Rolleston's door. Saw away the succulent part of last year's growth, and bring it here."

Welch got up slowly. "I'll go with you, Mr. Welch," said Miss Rolleston. "There will not be alone with me for a moment, if she can help it," thought Hazel, and sat moody by the fire. But he shook off his sadness, and forced on a cheerful look the moment they came back. They brought with them a vegetable very like the heart of a cabbage, only longer and whiter.

"There," said Welch, "what d'ye call that?" "The last year's growth of the palm," said Hazel, calmly.

This vegetable was cut in two, and put into the pots. "There, take the toasting fork again," said Hazel to Welch, and drew out from his net three huge scallop-shells. "Soup-plates," said he, and washed them in the running stream; then put them before the fire to dry.

While the fish and vegetable were cooking, he went and cut off some of the leafy, pinnated branches of the palm-tree, and fastened them horizontally above the strips of canvas. Each palm-branch traversed a whole side of the lower. This closed the northern and western sides.

On the southern side, the prostrate palm tree, on striking the ground, had so crushed its boughs and leaves together as to make a thick wall of foliage.

Then he took to making forks; and primitive ones they were. He selected a bough the size of a thick walking stick; sawed it off the tree; sawed a piece six inches long off it, peeled that, split it in four, and, with his knife gave each piece three points, by merely tapering off and serrating one end; and so he made a fork a minute. Then he brought all the rugs and things from the boat, and the ground being now thoroughly dried by the fire, placed them for seats; gave each person a large leaf for a plate, besides a scallop-shell, and served out supper. It was eaten with rare appetite; the palm-tree vegetable in particular was delicious, tasting between a cabbage and a cocconut.

When they had supped, Hazel removed the plates and went to the boat. He returned, dragging the foremast and foresail, which were small, and called Welch out. They agreed to rig the mainsail tarpaulin-wise and sleep in the boat. Accordingly they made themselves very busy screening the east side of Miss Rolleston's new abode with the foresail, and fastened a loop and drove a nail into the tree, and looped the sail to it, then suddenly bade her good-night in cheerful tones, and were gone in a moment, leaving her to her repose, as they imagined. Hazel in particular, having used all his ingenuity to secure her personal comfort, was now too bent on showing her the most delicate respect and forbearance to think of anything else. But, justly counting on the delicacy, he had forgotten the timidity of her sex, and her first night on the island was a terribly trying one.

Thrice she opened her mouth to call Welch and Hazel back, but could not. Yet, when their footsteps were out of hearing, she would have given the world to have them between her and the perils with which she felt herself surrounded.

Tigers; snakes; scorpions; savages! what would become of her during the long night? She sat and covered before the hot embers. She listened to what seemed the angry roar of the sea. What with the stillness of the night and her sharpened senses she heard it all round the island. She seemed environed with peril, and yet surrounded by desolation. No one at hand to save her in time from a wild beast. No one anywhere near except a sick sailor and one she would almost rather die than call singly to her aid, for he had once told her he loved her.

"Oh, papa! oh, Arthur! she cried, 'are you praying for your poor Helen?' Then she wept and prayed; and half-nerved herself to bear the worst. Finally, her vague fears completely mastered her. Then she had recourse to a stratagem that belongs to her sex—she hid herself from the danger, and the danger from her; she covered herself face and all, and so lay trembling, longing for the day.

At the first streak of dawn she fled from her place of torture, and after plunging her face and hands in the river, which did her a world of good, she went off, and entered the jungle, and searched it closely, so far as she could penetrate it. Soon she heard "Miss Rolleston" called in anxious tones. But she tossed her little head, and revenged herself for her night of agony by not replying.

However, Nature took her in hand; imperious hunger drew her back to her late place of torture; and there she found a fire, and Hazel cooking crayfish. She ate a crayfish heartily, and drank cocconut milk out of half a cocconut, which the ingenious Hazel had already sawn, polished, and mounted for her.

After that, Hazel's whole day was occupied in stripping a tree that stood on the high western promontory of the bay, and building the materials of a bonfire a few yards from it, that, if any

whaler should stray that way, they might not be at a loss to attract her attention.

Welch was very ill all day, and Miss Rolleston nursed him. He got about toward evening, and Miss Rolleston asked him, rather timidly, if he could put her up a bell-rope.

"Why yes, miss," said Welch, "that is easy enough; but I don't see no bell."

"Oh, she did not want a bell—she only wanted a bell-rope."

Hazel came up, during this conversation, and she then gave her reason.

"Because, then, if Mr. Welch is ill in the night, and wants me, I can come to him. Or—' finding herself getting nearer the real reason, she stopped short.

"Or what?" inquired Hazel, eagerly. She replied to Welch: "When tigers and things come to me, I can let you know, Mr. Welch, if you have any curiosity about the result of their visit."

"Tigers," said Hazel, in answer to this side slap; "there are no tigers here; no large animals of prey in the Pacific."

"What makes you think that?" "It is notorious; naturalists are agreed."

"But I am not. I heard noises all night. And little I expected that anything of me would be left this morning, except, perhaps, part of my back hair. Mr. Welch, you are clever at rigging things—that is what you call it—and so please rig me a bell-rope; then I shall not be eaten alive without creating some little disturbance."

"I'll do it, miss," said Welch, "this very night." (To be continued.)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A Master Mariner Speaks Out.

SIR,—I own some property in both Charlottetown and Royalty, and believing that I was overtaxed, I was foolish enough to appeal, and desire through your columns to give my experience to the taxpayers. I am sure it will prove more interesting than the advertisements with which you and your contemporary, the Patriot, fill up too large a space of your papers.

I will begin first with city taxes. My property was over-valued 25 per cent., basing the value on the rental. Unfortunately there is no market price for property in the city. As everybody knows, property is unseizable unless at a great sacrifice, and therefore it is difficult to say what the value is. Now the Act of Incorporation says that the taxes shall be levied on property according to a valuation to be put upon it by the appraisers appointed by the City Council, and that taxpayers have a right of appeal. To whom have taxpayers a right of appeal? To Mr. Fitzgerald! who may be said to represent the City Council. An appeal from Caesar unto Caesar! The City Council are desperately poor and must raise the wind somehow. My time is worth something to me, as it must be to every citizen who is not an idler. I must lose a day if I appeal—appellants are "bluffed off" in this way—about half a dozen cases are settled in the forenoon of the day appointed, and the Court is adjourned for a fortnight, and so the appellant gives it up, can't afford to waste another day with the moral certainty that the assessment put upon him by the appraisers will be confirmed. This was my case, you don't catch me appealing again. No use! I said to the City Councillor who represents my Ward, and whom I supported, that I was over-taxed according to the rental I received, and that the Act said that we were only to be taxed according to value. Oh, well, he said, we have to raise a certain amount of money "to run the city," and if the assessors put a low value upon property, we would have to raise the percentage of taxation. I replied that it is all very fine, but it won't "hold water" if you can manage to get your property assessed at its value, of course you are satisfied, but if mine is overtaxed no use to appeal. I am willing to pay taxes on the value based on rental, but there is no use appealing. There is also another consideration for appellants, "the charges." The unfortunate appellant not only loses his time, but he has to pay expenses. I keep a horse and carriage. A bill was sent to me for two horses and three carriages. I sent it back for correction. It was corrected and sent back to me. I expected that before taking proceedings against me one of the policemen would have been sent down to demand payment, and if I refused to pay them the Mayor's Court would have been justified in taking proceedings. No such thing was done; and the first thing I knew was a policeman come into my house with an attachment against my horse and wagon and I had to pay one dollar and fifty cents expenses. The reason is not far to seek—the expenses go into the pockets of the officials. This odious horse and wagon tax ought to be abolished. It may do very well in rich communities, but it is hard to tax a man who can just afford to keep a horse and wagon to run his business and take his family out for a drive. I don't mind paying reasonable taxes on my horse and property, as common sense would dictate that we cannot run a city without taxes, but I do hate to pay taxes on my horse and wagon.

I would suggest to the "City Fathers" that the tax should be taken off horses and carriages, and put upon guns, yachts, and other things that may be considered luxuries. I have two or five guns and revolvers in my house to remind me of the days when I was a sportsman. I would sooner pay a tax upon the guns, or give them away, than on the horse and carriage, which is almost a necessity to me, when my "old timers" are rheumatic, and I can't walk about as I used to do.

Charlottetown may be considered "a finished town." I remember about forty years ago being in Picton with my vessel and fell in with the Captain of a Yankee brig, and we took a walk round the town.

"Well," he said, "this is the first town I have ever been to that was finished. I was down here ten years ago, and there is no change since." I am afraid that the Pictonians may now point to Charlottetown as "the finished town," a sort of summer resort for excursionists, if we could only get up a first-class hotel, and pay proper attention to the drainage and cleanliness of the town. Our shipbuilding has passed away. Confusion and the Railway have decentralized the trade from the city, and spread it over the country, and now about one-fourth of the houses in town are vacant and generally the wharves destitute of shipping. But no use despairing, we have got a grand agricultural country at our back and as it is "an axiom" that it is the country that makes the town. We need not despair, things will come round again slowly but all right. Now the point I want to make in my gossipping letter is this: "that practically" citizens have no right of appeal from the taxes levied upon them to an impartial tribunal. The present "so-called" right of appeal is a delusion and a snare, and it ought to be abolished so that taxpayers may know what they have to expect. I shall in my next have something to say about school districts and taxation.

Yours truly,
MASTER MARINER.

CURRENT NOTES.

A right mind and generous affection has more beauty and charms than all other symmetries in the world besides, and a grain of honesty and native worth is of more value than all the adventitious ornaments, estates, or preferments; for the sake of which some of the better sort so oft turn knives.—Shafsbury.

Seth Green has performed an operation on a speckled trout that is without a parallel in history in fish-culture in this country. In one of Rochester's restaurants is an aquarium filled with large brook trout. For some time it was noted that they did not dwell together harmoniously, and investigation proved that one of them was of a pugnacious and brutal disposition, and was constantly attacking the others, biting them severely and causing wounds that did not heal. Seth Green was called in, and procuring a pair of pincers he took the big trout from the water and deliberately extracted its teeth. The offending fish, apparently none the worse for the dental operation, has ceased to attack his associates. Mr. Green states that trout's teeth are not used for the mastication of food, but to maintain its hold of prey.

"Sarah Barnum," a satirical biography on Sarah Bernhardt, written by a former friend, Marie Colombe, has been the cause of a duel between the friends of the woman and of a scandalous quarrel between the actress and author. Sarah was incensed because she was described as a "she Barnum." She asked the police to seize the book. The police replied that she must seek redress at a civil tribunal. Sarah, with her son, appeared on Tuesday at Marie Colombe's residence and struck the author of the book in the face with a riding whip with full force. Marie fled, pursued by Sarah, who smashed everything in the way. Meanwhile the friends of the woman indulged in a free fight in another part of the house. It is stated that the affair will lead to a number of duels.

The strike of engineers on the Canadian Pacific Railway is condemned by the press of Winnipeg as wholly unjustifiable. The Free Press, which is generally hostile to the Company, says on the subject:—"In this case, it is only necessary to notice the earnings of the disaffecteds, and to compare them with those of persons in other occupations, especially in the present state of business, to be convinced that the proposed reduction was by no means unreasonable. Every man has a right to bear a share of the deprivations incident to dull times. Not only do the C. P. R. engineers object to doing this, but they make a demand for an actual improvement in their position, backed up by the equivalent of the threat of a strike as the penalty of noncompliance. The proposed reduction of six dollars per month, every person is aware, is fully compensated for by the difference, in case of family men, in the item of rent alone, and in that of those unmarried in the price of board, now and even six months ago."

The unwritten history of Lord Coleridge's recent tour in this country would probably be far more interesting than the daily chronicles which were furnished by the press. The following is told in confidence and with bated breath by the inhabitants of a flourishing city in Western New York: The Chief Justice was entertained at dinner one evening by a local magnate. A caterer well known in that part of the State furnished the refreshments and the china on which they were served, which, by the way, was a new and beautiful hand-painted set. During the course of the dinner it is related that Lord Coleridge said to the charming hostess, "You will excuse the comment, but I really must compliment you on the exquisite beauty of your china." My lady calmly appropriated the compliment, and gracefully replied, "Thank you, my Lord. It is used for the first time in my Lordship's honor." Then the dinner moved on to a successful close. Judge of His Lordship's surprise when, at a breakfast given next morning by a legal luminary, he was confronted with the same beautiful set of china. But his surprise was augmented when, the following day, the banquet in his honor, given in a rival city ninety miles away, was graced with the handsome china used for the first time in his Lordship's honor.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate
VERY SATISFACTORY IN PROSTRATION.
Dr. P. P. Gilmartin, Detroit, Mich., says:
"I have found it very satisfactory in its effects, notably in the prostration attendant upon alcoholism."