

THE DAILY EXAMINER.

TERMS—FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR.

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NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1886.

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

ALMANAC FOR JULY, 1886.

MOON'S CHANGES.
New Moon 1st day 6h, 54m., p. m., W.
First Quarter 8th day, 9h., 57m., a. m.,
N. E. (below horizon).
Full Moon 15th day, 11h., 56m., p. m., S.
Last Quarter 24th day, 3h., 50m., a. m., S. E.
New Moon 31st day, 1h., 13m., a. m., N.
(below horizon).

D	DAY OF WEEK	Sun	Sun	Moon	High	Day's
M		rises	sets	rises	water	length
1	Thursday	4 18	7 49	4 8	10 36	15 31
2	Friday	19	49	5 9	11 22	30
3	Saturday	19	48	6 18	morn	29
4	Sunday	20	48	7 31	0 6	28
5	Monday	21	48	8 45	0 48	27
6	Tuesday	22	48	9 59	1 33	26
7	Wednesday	22	47	11 11	2 21	25
8	Thursday	23	47	12 22	3 16	24
9	Friday	23	46	1 30	4 23	23
10	Saturday	24	46	2 27	5 42	22
11	Sunday	25	45	3 4	6 56	20
12	Monday	26	44	4 2	7 59	18
13	Tuesday	27	44	5 39	8 49	16
14	Wednesday	28	43	6 31	9 33	15
15	Thursday	29	43	7 17	10 13	14
16	Friday	30	42	7 54	10 48	12
17	Saturday	31	41	8 33	11 24	10
18	Sunday	32	40	9 41	11 58	8
19	Monday	33	39	9 32	12 30	6
20	Tuesday	34	38	9 29	0 58	4
21	Wednesday	35	37	10 24	1 38	2
22	Thursday	36	36	10 51	2 17	0
23	Friday	37	35	11 18	3 0 14	58
24	Saturday	38	34	11 48	3 59	56
25	Sunday	39	32	morn	5 9	53
26	Monday	40	31	0 22	6 29	51
27	Tuesday	42	30	1 3	7 43	48
28	Wednesday	43	28	1 51	8 43	45
29	Thursday	44	27	2 48	9 35	43
30	Friday	45	25	3 54	10 24	41
31	Saturday	4 40	26	5 11	7 14	40



BOSTON.

SUMMER 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.
Leave St. John at 8 o'clock every Saturday night for
BOSTON DIRECT.
Fare from Charlottetown to Boston, \$6.50, 2nd class; \$9.50, 1st class.
For tickets and other information apply to
G. A. SHARP, P. E. I. S. S. Co.
P. E. I. S. S. Co., P. E. I. Steam Nav. Co.
or to your nearest Ticket Agent.
May 7, 1886—cod wky

L. ARTHUR & CO.,
GENERAL
Commission Merchants,
121 ATLANTIC AVENUE,
BOSTON, MASS.
Eggs and Produce a Specialty.
July 15—bdw wky

CAUTION.
EACH PLUG OF THE
MYRTLE NAVY
IS MARKED
T & B.

IN BRONZE LETTERS
None Other Genuine.
Fishwick Express Line.
Str. "M. A. STARR"
OFFERS Special Rates and Through Bills of Lading to shippers of canned lobsters to New York, Liverpool, London, Havre, Hamburg and Rotterdam, via Halifax.
Storage free to shippers from Charlottetown.
W. W. CLARKE,
Agent, Queen's Wharf.
Ch'town, June 5, 1886—lmo

We ask your consideration when buying Dry Goods
JAS. PATON & CO., Market Square.

You will be served by Courteous, Reliable and Obliging Clerks.
JAS. PATON & CO., Market Square.

FOR THE MONTHS OF JUNE AND JULY

OUR aim will be to Clear Off the whole of our Magnificent Stock, at astonishing prices. Every department is loaded with Exceptional Bargains, and those who really consider the spending of their money to the best advantage, should avail themselves at once in securing cheap goods.
JAS. PATON & CO., Successors to W. A. WEEKS & CO.

WE are offering a lot of Excellent Values in Prints, Dress Goods, Parasols, Gingham and Shirtings; also a big stock of Ladies' Dolmans and Jackets.
JAS. PATON & CO., Market Square.

IN Millinery, we are now at the top of the tree. The work done in this department is under the management of Miss Hobbs, who has had large experience in the United States
JAS. PATON & CO., Successors to W. A. WEEKS & CO., MARKET SQUARE.
Ch'town, June 9, 1886.

NEW HAT & FUR STORE,

Newson Block.

A. NEW DEPARTMENT
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

NEW DRY GOODS,

PERKINS & STERNS'

AS usual, our stock has been personally selected in the best British and American markets, and comprises, in addition to a Full Range of Staple Dry Goods, all the novelties to be found.

London, Paris and New York Millinery, Fancy Goods, Hats, Bonnets and Shapes.

New Parasols and Umbrellas!

Large Stock of New Hosiery, Gloves, &c.

New Trimmings, New Frillings, New Laces

New DRESS GOODS with TRIMMINGS to Suit.

New French Muslins, New American Muslins, New Laces to Match.

New Cloths, New Pink Cottons, New Jerseys, New Jackets.

New Carpets and Oilcloths!

PERKINS & STERNS.

Ch'town, April 29, '86.

BRITISH WAREHOUSE,

83 QUEEN STREET.

EXTRA value for MARCH and APRIL in Table Damasks, Napkins, Sheeting, Pillow Cottons, White and Gray Cottons, Towelings, Tickings, White and Colored Knitting Cottons.

CARPETS AND OILCLOTHS.

1 CASE EMBROIDERY
direct from Switzerland, just opened.

A. L. BROWN.

Ch'town, March 15.—wky.

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. Stevans, N. B., by the proprietors,
F. W. KINSMAN & CO., Druggists,
343 4TH AVE., N. Y.

COAL! COAL!

ORDERS can be obtained, as usual, at the office of the subscriber, No. 35 Water Street, for cargoes of the following Coals, viz: Albion Mines, Picton, Nova Scotia.
CAPE BRETON
Old Sydney, large.
Lingan Mines, large and black.
Victoria Mines, large and black.
The Slack Coals from Lingan and Victoria Mines are clean and loyal, and can be used in place of several sorts of Picton Small.
G. W. DEBLOIS.
June 15, 1886—cod tf

FOR SALE.

THE Land and Property recently occupied by the undersigned, situated on the Brighton Road.
BENJAMIN HEARTZ.
April 20—2aw tf & pat

ABSOLUTE PURITY.

THE following analyses (made by the Dominion Analyst) of three BAKING POWDERS sold in this market should put a stop to the unjust efforts of the loyal to mislead the public as to its being the only pure powder. These impartial tests show that other Powders are as pure and wholesome:
W. SAUNDERS, Dom. Analyst, St. John, N. B., reports:
Royal—Contains Alkaline Carbonates—a mixture consisting mainly of Bicarbonate of Soda and Cream of Tartar—adulterated with about 20 per cent. of Starch.
W. F. BEST, Dom. Analyst, St. John, N. B., reports:
Pure Gold—Contains Cream of Tartar, Carbonate of Soda—fresh and pure.
Name as usual.
Nov. 19, 1885—Not adulterated; same as usual.
WOODILL'S
June 4, 1881—Fresh and pure; same composition as usual.
MAYNARD BOWMAN, Dom. Analyst, Halifax, N. S., reports:
WOODILL'S
June 4, 1881—Of good quality; contains nothing injurious.
WOODILL'S German Baking Powder has held a reputation for purity and wholesomeness now nearly 30 years.
May 21, 1885.

ESTABLISHED 1873. MEMBERS CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

WE BUY

Potatoes, Spiling, R. & Ties, Lumber, Laths, Canned Fish, Hay, Eggs, Produce.

And sell on commission. Write us fully for quotations. Ship to
HATHEWAY & CO.,
22 Central Wharf, Boston, General Commission Merchants.

Consign your vessels to our house. Will receive personal attention. Charter's, Freight and Vessels for the United States, Newfoundland, West Indies, South America Ports, Lumber, Stone and Oil Freight.
April 12, '86—3mos

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.

RANKIN HOUSE.

THE undersigned will lease for a term of years the above well known Hotel, situated on corner of Water and Pownall Streets, in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. Possession given on the 1st October next.
Any information required will be given, either by letter or personal interview.
J. H. GRAY,
DAVID STIRLING,
Trustees.
Ch'town, June 12, 1886—June 15 2aw her Jour

Ethel DeWolfe

SHADOWS AND SUNSHINE.
BY S. M. BENT.
CHAPTER I.
LOVE AND ROSES.

"The joyous time, when pleasure pours
Profusely round, and, in their shower,
Hearts open, like the season's rose,—
The flow'ret of a hundred leaves,
Expanding, while the dew fall flows,
And every leaf its balm receives."—Lalla Rookh.

Ethel DeWolfe lingered amid the blossoming roses, on an ambrosial June evening, as twilight linked the last dying glories of a matchless sunset with the darker loveliness of a perfect night. The glittering crescent that shone far away in the southern sky among the golden glittering points that we call stars, was as yet hardly powerful enough to throw faint shadows through the magnificent wilderness of shrubbery and flowers which almost hid the green-shuttered villa that nestled within its embowering arms. Roses, roses all around, gave a delicious perfume to the zephyr that scarcely fluttered their fragrant leaves. The hush of the hour, broken only by the trembling aspens and the distant trill of the nightingale, the half mystic light that softened and subdued the tints of the dew-kissed flowers, breathed of love, and happiness and purity, and whispered in the unwritten language of nature to the soul, revealing a foretaste of elysium. So speak all the evening hours of glorified June, summer's fairest child, nature's perfection.

Always a queen among women, Ethel DeWolfe, giving way to the pensive intoxication of the moment, and revelling in sweet waking visions, seemed more divinely fair than ever, as, like a rich jewel awaiting but the sunlight to call its latent beauty into life, she waited for the footsteps, and listened for the voice, of one whose image was enshrined deep in her heart, and longed for the loving glance that had power to waken the half-hidden loveliness of her dreamy eyes.

"The blush of conscious innocence and unselfish love tinged her fair cheek as Paul Chandley joined her, and she shyly lifted her silken lashes to let them fall again beneath the fond gaze of her lover.

"How did you know where to find me, Paul?" asked Ethel, as he took her hand.
"The magnetism of your presence drew me unerringly to your bowers."

"Fie! you silly flatterer!" said Ethel, as she pinned a twin rose bud on his coat, and gazed around a moment in silence; "how beautiful Ingleswood is to-night; how softly the moon sheds her 'silver mantle' over the scene; how bright the Hudson is, like a pathway of gems, made for fairy messengers to traverse as they come and go between the real and the unreal worlds. We only need the presence of elves or sprites to fancy ourselves not what we are, but beings of some new sphere."

"I have never beheld so perfect a scene: it is like a glimpse of Paradise, the more real to me, as it contains the one angel whose being shapes my destiny, whose eyes shed light into my soul, whose smile makes my heaven."

"The one you are pleased to call angel falls far below such an exalted state: clip your poetic wings, and imagine her rather another Eve in the garden of Eden."

"Listening to the beguilements of the tempter."
"I had no intention of making so unromantic a comparison, though your flattery deserves it."
"I know that Eve could not have been fairer to the eyes of Adam, nor Eden more enchanting, than are Ingleswood and its queen to me."

"Your flights of fancy are extravagant to-night, Paul; but then Ingleswood is so beautiful in this fading light that they are not all misapprehension."
"Oh! that I could reproduce on canvass such a scene as this, that I could paint the trembling moonbeams, and enchain forever the mysticism of the hour! I would people the river—that you have named the pathway of elves—with the happiest of fairies, bearing gifts of pearls and roses to you, their queen, sitting royally enthroned amid the maze of flowers."

"You are a true artist," said Ethel, fondly placing her hand upon his arm, "but let us walk on the piazza, where we will be sheltered from the falling dew."

"Pardon my thoughtlessness; I was so rapt in the beauty of this retreat and its presiding spirit that I was lost to all things sublunary. Surrounded by heaven's choicest floral gifts, and with you, my Ethel, at his side, one forgets that he is but mortal."

"Your imagination has run riot with your head, Paul."
The lovers promenaded the piazza for some time, interchanging thoughts on themes that fill the hearts of those to whom life presents its brightest hues and most unclouded dreams, and as the fair new moon lingeringly sank behind the western hills, they bade each a fond good-night.

Truly does the poet tell us that there is nothing in life so sweet as "love's young dream." From the subtle philosophy of Plato, from the grand symphonies and vivid imaginations of Milton, to the rude lines scrawled by the unlettered swain, as he roams by the brookside, or that the ploughboy indites to the milk-maid as he rests his team in the shadow of the trees, where the birds sing the same glad song, all have experienced and realized its truth, as they thought of the day when their waking dreams should be transformed to blissful realities. From the sighing trees and the blushing flowers, from the whispering winds and the murmuring streams, from the rich sunlight, the milder moon-

beams, and the evanescent tints of the rainbow, from the low plaintive tones of the warblers, and from the wandering, unattainable, incomprehensible longings of the soul, are evolved, in every heart, the same intense emotions that have vivified every other human heart since the day when God said, "It is not good for man to be alone," as he placed Eve by Adam's side.

CHAPTER II.
LEMUEL DEWOLFE AND PAUL CHANDLEY.
"Ay, my good lord; I know the gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed."
—Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Ethel DeWolfe was the only child of Lemuel DeWolfe, a successful broker of Wall Street. Lemuel DeWolfe was a man of about fifty-five, of medium height, with a closely-shaven face, and keen grey eyes. Dignified and elegant, he was affable and devoid of affectation. Though not a stock king, he was considered a shrewd, far-seeing, clear-headed and safe-going broker, sufficiently wealthy to gratify his every ambition without resorting to the questionable methods of money making that promise immense returns, provided proportional risk is assumed. Having crowned a studious and industrious college course by a good examination, his literary and scientific tastes did not desert him when he found himself in the wild race for wealth and power that distinguished the financial vortex known as Wall Street. His home bore every evidence of refinement and love of art. Music, rare and valuable statuary, the finest periodicals, the best books, the most elegant paintings and decorations, adorned the interior of a home whose surroundings were simply perfection, while their exquisite arrangement bespoke the guiding hand of a woman of cultured tastes.

To the south could be seen the roofs and spires of New York, from which the villa was just far enough distant to escape the dust and roar, and to combine city and suburban life within easy reach of each other, while the view up and down the Hudson was a magnificent panorama of a noble river, bold bluffs, sloping beaches and shaded banks, of undulating fields and green hillsides, and of villas embowered, like Ingleswood, in a maze of flowers and shrubbery. To this delightful spot the stock broker retired at the close of each day, strolling along the shell-straw walks, perusing his papers and books, entertaining his friends, loitering among the curious and beautiful bric-a-brac which had laid the world under contribution, and above all, revelling in the soft music and song with which the beloved Ethel whistled away the cares of the day, and chased the frowns from his brow.

Paul Chandley, Ethel's accepted lover, was an artist of undoubted and recognized ability. His works were distinguished by vivid conception, depth and strength of expression, truthfulness to nature, luxuriance of idealism, and softness of touch, that gained more admirers than critics, and found ready purchasers among those who know the merits of a picture and love it for its own perfection. Having a moderate income, clear of his earnings in the studio, he had not adopted his profession merely as the means of procuring a livelihood. He was an enthusiast in art. Nature had chosen him to interpret her loveliness, and in obedience to her dictates, he lovingly lingered over his pictures till he had satisfied her, and given them the life-like and realistic finish that never fails to win the approbation of connoisseurs and true lovers of art. He faithfully followed the beckonings and suggestions of his indulgent mistress, and wrought out her biddings in the fairest blending and harmony of form and color. And the picture he placed on the market commanded long prices, the reward of honest toil and earnest endeavor.

Paul was a sensible young man. His head was not turned by success and flattery. Always gentlemanly and well dressed, he did not affect any of the frivolous vanities of the "intense" class, who outshine the prevailing fashions, creatures who have absolutely no more brains than might be placed on the point of a penknife, who spend more hours in adjusting their personal adornments than they give to employments of any benefit to their fellow-men, who misuse the days God has mercifully given them to pray for standing, by lounging in club rooms, or strolling on street corners, casting their ineffable smiles on ladies who are as far superior to them in everything pure, and noble, and joy-giving, as heaven is above the earth. Not tinctured with any vain traits, Paul despised everything mean, idle and foppish in man, and held in the utmost scorn and contempt those who, wasting wealth they have never earned, are a drag upon their parents, a reproach to society, and a libel on mankind. He chose rather to employ his talents in elevating the artistic tendencies of those with whom he mingled, and directing by finely wrought conceptions, their minds towards a higher and purer standard of life, and deepening the refinements that ennoble all who yield to its sway.

He had the *etree* to the best artistic, literary and social circles, where he was lionized without being spoiled. Tall and finely proportioned, strong and erect, with curling brown hair, honest blue eyes, high, broad forehead, cheeks suffused with the sign of health, and firm yet gentle lips, shaded by an auburn moustache of silken softness, he was an Apollo among men, and was a lover with whom Ethel DeWolfe was not ashamed to have her name coupled, one to whose keeping her loving father did not hesitate to entrust her future.

(To be continued.)
Horsford's Acid Phosphate.
AS AN ANTIBILIOUS
Dr. Morris Gibbs, Howard City, Mich., says: "I am greatly pleased with it as a tonic; it is an agreeable and good appetizer."