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NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 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 AUGUST, 1886.

MOON'S CHANGES.
First Quarter 9th day, 4h., 43.8m., p. m., S.
Full Moon 14th day, 2h., 11.7m., p. m., N.
(below horizon).
Last Quarter 22nd day, 3h., 29.3m., p. m.,
(below horizon).
New Moon 29th day, 8h., 41.9m., a. m., E.

D. DAY OF WEEK	Sun	Sun	Moon	High	Day's	
	(sets)	(rises)	(water)	low	length	
1 Sunday	4 47	25 3	21 11	51 14	38	
2 Monday	48 23	7 30	morn	35		
3 Tuesday	49 22	8 54	0 33	33		
4 Wednesday	51 21	10 8	1 14	30		
5 Thursday	52 19	11 19	2 0	27		
6 Friday	53 18	12 27	2 48	25		
7 Saturday	54 16	1 34	3 49	22		
8 Sunday	56 15	2 36	5 3	19		
9 Monday	57 14	3 34	6 22	17		
10 Tuesday	58 12	4 27	7 30	14		
11 Wednesday	59 10	5 15	8 27	11		
12 Thursday	5 0	5 57	9 12	9		
13 Friday	6 0	6 34	9 52	6		
14 Saturday	3 6	7 10	10 28	3		
15 Sunday	4 4	7 36	11 0	0		
16 Monday	5 2	8 31	11 34	57		
17 Tuesday	7 1	8 29	12 5	54		
18 Wednesday	8 0	8 55	0 35	52		
19 Thursday	9 6	9 31	1 9	49		
20 Friday	10 56	9 50	1 45	46		
21 Saturday	12 54	10 22	2 28	42		
22 Sunday	13 52	10 58	3 19	39		
23 Monday	14 50	11 41	4 29	36		
24 Tuesday	16 49	morn	5 5	33		
25 Wednesday	17 47	0 31	7 15	30		
26 Thursday	18 45	1 32	8 25	27		
27 Friday	19 43	2 40	9 19	24		
28 Saturday	20 41	3 54	10 8	21		
29 Sunday	22 40	5 10	10 52	18		
30 Monday	23 38	6 28	11 34	15		
31 Tuesday	5 24	6 36	7 46	morn	13	12

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



BOSTON.

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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

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Fare from Charlottetown to Boston, \$6.50, 2nd class; \$9.50, 1st class.
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May 7, 1886—cod wky

L. ARTHUR & CO.,

GENERAL
Commission Merchants,
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Eggs and Produce a Specialty.
July 15—dly wky

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EACH FLAG OF THE
MYRTLE NAVY
IS MARKED
T & B.
IN BRONZE LETTERS
None Other Genuine.
Oct 10

CITY STEAM BAKERY.

—O—
IN STOCK:
25 Cases LEMON SYRUP,
10 do RASPBERRY do,
10 do STRAWBERRY do,
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100 5-lb. Boxes do do,
3 Brix. ROYAL MIXED CANDY,
200 5-lb. Boxes do do,
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TEAS.
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The Western Fire Insurance Co., Toronto
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Ch'town, August 21, 1886—2w cod

NEW HAT & FUR STORE, Newson Block.

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FURS, of all kinds. Cleaned, Dyed, altered and Repaired.
HIGHEST CASH PRICES paid for Raw Furs.
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Ch'town, May 4, 1886

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TERMS—Moderate.
The Proprietors will spare no pains to make this the finest summer resort in the Provinces.
JOHN NEWSON & CO.
Ch'town, June 15, 1886.

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—O—
NOTICE.
THE CHARLOTTETOWN STEAM LAUNDRY is now in operation. Goods will be called for and delivered free of charge.
Call at the office and leave orders for work. Price Lists and all information freely given by MR. SHAW, Manager, at the Laundry, Kent Street, King Square.
TERMS—Cash on delivery.
[CONNECTED BY TELEPHONE.]
Ch'town, July 25, 1886.

A STRANGE GUARDIANSHIP.

I was 18. I was the only girl, and strangest of all, I was an authoress. The circumstances which led to this last-named fact were not ordinary ones.

My mother had died while I was but a baby, and my father had always marked out for me a future of fame, which he imagined could be best gained by my pen. My elder brother and his pretty young wife were of the same opinion, and as my aunt, who took care of me, thought always as my father did, it seemed that, no less volens, I should be an authoress. Fortunately for the general peace, perhaps, I was not adverse to their desire, and, after consideration, I determined to venture upon a story, and on its completion to present it as a surprise to the assembled family. But here I found an unexpected difficulty; what could I, Helen Dare, find to say to a critical and exacting public? At last fortune favored me with a simple solution of the problem. I would tell a little story which had always touched me; a simple tradition of my quiet, country birthplace. My heart was in the work, and it was soon finished. Strange to say it met with much favor, but as I had written under the name of George Percy, it was universally attributed to my elder brother, who tacitly consented to the deception, and at this I was rather glad.

One day, however, my father handed me a letter addressed to him, and bearing a foreign postmark. I took it with some curiosity, which deepened to profound astonishment as I read it. It ran thus, and was characteristic of the writer:

BOULEVARD DES INVALIDES,
Paris, Aug. 11, 1880.

DEAR SIR.—You will be glad to know that your son's reputation as a writer has crossed the Atlantic, and that I consider "Brakesdale" a wonderful book. You probably have heard who I am, being a distant connection of yours on your mother's side. I am an old man, and I have a favor to ask you. I want you to use your influence with the author of my favorite book to make him accept the post of guardian to my son, for I consider the advice and friendship of the man who could write such a book as valuable. I do not expect to live very long, and I want to leave my son in good hands when I die. His financial arrangements will be managed for him by an old friend until he is of age, and I am willing and able to make it worth while for you to gain his acceptance of the proposal. Let me know your decision by return of mail.
Your obedient servant,
JOSEPH L. LANGTON.

If the skies had fallen I could not have been more thunderstruck. "Gracious!" was the unguarded and feminine exclamation of the author of "Brakesdale."

My father looked reproachfully at me and said: "My dear, there is no cause for surprise. Of course you'll accept this flattering proposal; and, in fact, I should think it a good idea for us to go to Europe and see this gentleman. I remember my mother's speaking of him as a queer, eccentric old fellow, but withal kind-hearted and loyal."

"But you can't mean it?" I gasped.
"Certainly I do."
"But he doesn't mean me; he says 'your son' expressly. He means John."
"I beg to differ from you. On the contrary, he mentioned several times the author of 'Brakesdale,' and he says it is the advice, the invaluable advice, that he wants, and as you wrote the book you are the only one who can give it. Just think, my dear, of the poor man dying alone with one little boy to dispose of! You know you always had a good success with children, and if you don't take him, who will? What may become of him?"

All this had its effect. The picture, to say the least, was rather touching, and I love children; so I compromised, and gave my father the result of my cogitations.
"I'll tell you what we can do," I said.
"We will accept conditionally. If he will have me without change of sex, I'll come."
"You can't change your sex, of course," said the methodical father, who usually crushed my small attempts in this way.
"So we will consider it settled, and your aunt and yourself can get ready to start for France next week. And unleaving my protestations against such short notice, he went away well pleased with his success.

In due time the trunks were packed, a good supply of toys for my young ward not being forgotten; all was arranged and settled and then we started. The voyage was a moderately good one, and we found ourselves in ten days' time before the mansion of Joseph Langton. Here an unexpected event occurred. Its owner had died suddenly from an attack of heart trouble, but, having taken my consent for granted, had formally appointed in his will the author of "Brakesdale" as guardian to his heir. After a little rest at his house, I asked the imperturbable domestic who attended me where my ward was. She said he had been away, but had returned the preceding evening.

I suppose he made too much noise for the parent, was my mental comment, and then I said, taking up as I spoke a toy cow as a passport to my ward's favor, "Please show me the nursery." In my preoccupation I had spoken English, and the French servant only stared. "Montrez moi—à la—chambre de lui," I added desperately, mixing up in my dire confusion the words of the beautiful language in my efforts to be understood. She silently led the way, and I followed, till she knocked and left me. The door was thrown open, and instead of a smiling nurse holding by the hand of a childish ward, I beheld a young man about 19 or 20 years of age, who looked inquiringly at me. I felt perfectly helpless, and clutched the unoffending cow so firmly that it turned its head and gave a despairing "moo." Then I said, with an effort: "I think I have made a mistake in the room. Can you tell me where Mr. Langton's son stays?"
"I am his son," he answered, looking at me much as if I had been an escaped lunatic. Yes; my worst anticipations had

proved only too true; and the whole situation lay open before me. How stupid of me never to have imagined such a development of the case! How could I ever be the guardian of such a young man as this? No; Gerald Langton must look elsewhere for "invaluable advice."

"I could have laughed and cried when I thought of this sudden termination of my many plans, and then my ward's voice broke in upon my reflections, and at the sound I mentally resolved not to betray myself, and listened with the calmness of despair. He was saying, 'Is this my guardian's sister? I heard that you came yesterday.'"

"Yes," I answered in the same idiotic manner, and then he asked me to come in and tell him about my brother. Oh, that conversation! After the first few seconds all my timidity, or rather stupidity, vanished, and I talked, talked, talked.
"What I said I cannot even remember, but there was a certain humor in the situation, as when my ward gravely told me that he especially admired the opinion of a crusty old uncle in my unfortunate book, who thought it very unwomanly to depart from the beaten track, as he considered it, in females attempting to write books. I groaned inwardly and changed the subject by saying with animation, 'I had no idea.' Mr. Langton, 'that you were so dreadfully old.' He laughed and glanced at the toy I still held.

"Then that accounts for your astonishment, and perhaps for the cow also. But my age is more my misfortune than my fault, so I hope you will not deprive me of the pleasure of playing with it or anything else of the kind you may have brought for my amusement."

Yes, if the truth must be told, I began even to enjoy the position, although such thoughts as "unwomanly conduct, unseemly deception, and my father's outraged dignity," would haunt me at times. My father did not appear that day, and every time I talked with my ward I liked him better and better. He was handsome and intelligent, if showing at times strong prejudices, as in his over-strained opinion of female authoresses. I could tell, also, that he did not understand my brother's delay in coming, and felt rather hurt by it. That night I had a long argument with my father, which resulted in his promising not to betray me, at least without giving me warning, although he remarked several times that he could not see the sense of putting off what had to be done, or indeed in my minding the position at all. Still girls were queer about some things, and he would not interfere, since I seemed so determined on concealment. This was all that I wanted, for I knew my aunt would second my father's views, and when a month of pleasant companionship with my ward had ensued, I began to fancy that these halcyon days were to continue indefinitely.

Alas for the fallibility of human foresight! Just as I had assured myself that my trouble was ended, at least for some time, I received a letter from my brother which completely destroyed my peace of mind. In it he said he thought it time to resign the doubtful honor which he held in being generally known as the author of "Brakesdale," and if I had been bothered with all the letters about that old book that he had, so he wrote, I would think so too. His greatest grievance seemed to be the communications received from the old women, who would persist in seeing close resemblances to their dear departed sons, nieces, grand-children or something, in the characters of my poor little story. Then those were applicants who wanted to know what the author of "Brakesdale" would have made his hero do in case he had been disinherited by some rich relation whose money they expected, etc., etc. In short, my elder brother most inopportunistly handed me over all the fame and all the trouble, and said he had seen that I, and not he, held the enviable position of originator of "Brakesdale," and that he had nothing whatever to do with it. He concluded by asking how my ward was getting on, and said he expected to join us during the following month.

"Oh 'Brakesdale'! 'Brakesdale'!" I inwardly exclaimed, when I had finished reading this letter; "what an old nuisance you have been, and what an incomparable bore you are going to be!" But annihilating my devoted story would not help me out of the scrape any, so at last I decided on confession.
"But here I was met half way by another unavoidable complication that, like a ghost, arose before me, and showed itself the keynote of all my misery. I found that I had already reached the stage when I could no longer bear to face the disgust I felt sure would come upon me when I told my ward that not only was I an authoress, and, as such, unwomanly, but, worse than all, that I had been acting all along under false pretences, and if not indulging in actual falsehoods, had taken chief part in this long course of deception. But it would be better to tell all, and, indeed, I was forced to do so.

I went down stairs and found Gerald standing before the fireplace in the cozy drawing-room. He came quickly towards me and said: "I am so glad you have come, for I have something to tell you which I cannot bear to keep any longer to myself. I grasped that it would at least put off the hour of disclosure, and I eagerly asked what it was. Then he took both my hands in his and looked earnestly into my face. "Can you not tell me what it is?" he said. "Then for the first time I noticed his agitation and manner, and I felt the hot blood rush up and crimson my tell-tale face. I could almost hear my heart beat. Was it fear, or joy, or sorrow? I could only look at him, and then he said: 'I see that you understand. Eh, Helen, Helen, will you not take my love? I know well that I am not worthy of you, but I would try to be so. Oh, my darling, answer me.'"

Then I, the culprit, in my great happiness forgot all, and could only whisper,

"Yes." The bliss of the minutes that followed! Gerald was softly quoting those dear, familiar lines:

"And the stars shall fall, and the angels be weeping,
Ere I cease to love thee, my queen, my queen,"

when I remembered my unfortunate book, and I said: "Would you think just as much of me, or would you consider me very unwomanly, if, by some strange chance, I, and not my brother, had written 'Brakesdale'?"

"No," he answered readily, "Brakesdale is an exceptional book, and I should only be very, very proud of you had you written it. But you did not, did you?"
"Yes," I answered, "I did."
Then what praise from him, who was dearest to me than all the world beside! But I had not yet told the worst. Would Gerald take so kindly to the rest of my confession? I feared not. Then his voice broke in upon my musings.

"What do you think my guardian will say to this proceeding?" said Gerald, "will he consent?"
"I fancy so," I answered, half laughing, "for, if you must be undecieved at last, I am your guardian."

And so my story is ended, turning out well and wisely, as all good stories should, for it is Gerald, now my husband, that is leaning over me while I write, and I can never forget that it is to "Brakesdale," and to his dear self, that I owe all the happiness of my life and being.

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ROBERT NELSON,
SAMUEL NELSON.
Ch'town, June 17, 1886—3mos law

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, Pictou, Nova Scotia Large.
CAPE BRETON
Old Sydney, large;
Lingan Mines, large and slack;
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The Slack Coals from Lingan and Victoria Mines are clean and bright, and can be used in place of several sorts of Pictou Small.
G. W. DEBLOIS.
June 15, 1886—cod tf

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.