

THE DAILY EXAMINER.

NEWSPAPERS. HARRINGTON TOWN, P. E. ISLAND, MONDAY, JULY 29, 1890. VOL. 26.—NO. 51

Manchester Fire Assurance Com'y,

F. M. G. STEPHENSON, MGR. MD.

CAPITAL, £1,000,000 STG.

Every Description of Property Insured at Lowest Rates.

HEAD OFFICE OF THE COMPANY, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.
CHIEF OFFICE FOR CANADA, TORONTO, ONT.
HORACE HAZARD & E. H. BEER,
JOINT AGENTS FOR P. E. ISLAND.

BOSTON STEAMERS.

JULY 2

From this date the steamers "CARROLL" and "WORCESTER" will run regularly for remainder of season, leaving CHARLOTTETOWN for BOSTON every Thursday at 6 o'clock p. m.,

—AND—

Leaving BOSTON every Wednesday at noon.

CARVELL BROS., Agents.

B. S. DAVIES & CO.

Merchant Tailors.

ARE SHOWING the Largest and Finest Line of Men's Neckwear in the city. Large assortment of Men's Stiff Hats; large assortment of Men's Soft Hats (American); large assortment of Men's American Straw Hats; large assortment of Men's Fine White Shirts; large assortment of Men's Fancy Flannel Shirts; large assortment of Men's Underwear, Braces, &c.; Light Coats for summer wear; Lap Robes, in Mummie Cloth, the correct thing; large range of Woolens, in Suitings; Spring and Summer Overcoatings and Trousers, in Scotch and West of England goods.

Mr. McDonald, late of Boston, has charge of our Tailoring Department, and you can rely on getting a good-fitting garment.

Lot of MEN'S and BOYS' READYMADE CLOTHING, at greatly reduced prices to clear.

B. S. DAVIES & CO.,
CAMERON BLOCK.

BANKRUPT FURNITURE

Lower than Auction Prices.

An Immense Lot of Bankrupt Furniture for sale at Dazzling Discounts. Must be sold at once. I defy competition.

JOHN NEWSON,

CAMPBELL'S SKREI BRAND OF
Cod Liver Oil.

THIS IS THE FINEST COD LIVER OIL EVER BROUGHT OUT. Cod Liver Oil usually has such a disagreeable taste, and is to many so difficult of digestion, that its excellent nutritive and medicinal qualities are not experienced. The Skrei Oil is free from these objections, being beautifully clear, pale and bright, and is readily assimilated by children and the most delicate invalids. Sold by

W. R. WATSON, Dispensing Chemist,
QUEEN STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN.

WEEKS & BEER,

QUEEN ST. T.
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.

Importers of British and German Dry Goods, Millinery, Small-Wares, &c.

Also Full Lines of Teas, Groceries and Warehouse Goods, WHOLESALE ONLY.

Additional to our General Stock are being daily received from the different sources of production, and will be offered, Wholesale only, at a small advance on cost.

Ch'town, May 22, 1890. J. W. B.

WAREHOUSE TO LET.

Offer for lease the Brick Warehouse, on Pownall Street, owned by the trustees of the late Owen Connolly's Estate. Warehouse will be vacant after the 24th July next.

Dated 21st June, 1890.

FRED PETERS,
Solicitor for Trustees.

Lime Juice!

PURE MONTERRAT LIME FRUIT JUICE in pint and quart bottles. Also, W. I. Lime Juice on draught. Just received, and for sale at low prices, at

ARTHUR S. JOHNSON'S DRUG STORE,
Corner Kent and Prince Streets.

BEST ROUTE TO BOSTON

CANADA ATLANTIC LINE.

ONLY ONE NIGHT AT SEA.

Quickest and Most Direct Route. Low Fares.

The Magnificent Clyde-built Steel S. S. "HALIFAX,"

is the largest, safest, fastest and best furnished and most comfortable passenger steamship ever placed on the route between Canada and United States.

Sails from Noble's Wharf, Halifax, every Wednesday, at 8 o'clock, and from Lewis Wharf, Boston, every Saturday at 12 o'clock.

Passengers by Tuesday evening trains can go on board on arrival without extra charge. Baggage checked through. Through Tickets on sale by P. E. Island Nav. Co., and

R. T. NEWBERRY,
Agent Ch'town.

Halifax and P. E. Island STEAMSHIP CO.

(LIMITED.)

STEAMER "PRINCESS BEATRICE,"
CAPT. A. H. KELLY.

WILL sail from Charlottetown every Thursday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, for Halifax, calling at Port Hastings, Mulgrave, and Hawksbury, Arichat, Canso, Isaac Harbor and Sheet Harbor.

Returning will sail from Halifax every Monday night, at 10 o'clock, making same calls, and Souris.

The above steamer will make the round trip every week, making same calls until the close of navigation.

Freight and passengers solicited at lowest rates, and through Bills of Lading granted to any port on the continent or United Kingdom. Apply to

W. W. CLARKE,
Agent.

Furness Line of Steamers

HALIFAX TO LONDON.

Date of Sailings for Above Line.

S. S. ULUNDA will sail from Halifax for London on or about	May 25
S. S. DAMARA " " " "	June 10
S. S. ULUNDA " " " "	July 7
S. S. DAMARA " " " "	July 25
S. S. ULUNDA " " " "	Aug. 20
S. S. DAMARA " " " "	Sept. 8

In addition to the above, we will have sailings once every month via Boston.

Through Bills of Lading granted from Charlottetown and all points and to any port required.

Conned Lobsters carried at low rates. Insurance low.

S. S. ULUNDA and DAMARA have superior accommodation for passengers.

Saloon and Staterooms large and airy.

Saloon Fares \$45.00 and \$50.00, according to location of Stateroom. Ten per cent reduction on return tickets.

For any further information required apply to

W. W. CLARKE,

Wanted

A skilful Matron and Housekeeper for his institution, to take charge about the first of October next. A person of some experience, well recommended, will be preferred. Applications to be addressed to

BENJ. BALDERSTON,
Secretary.

TEN POUNDS IN TWO WEEKS THINK OF IT!

As a Flesh Producer there can be no question but that

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda is without a rival. Many have gained a pound a day by the use of it. It cures

CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS AND COLDS, AND ALL FORMS OF WASTING DISEASES. AS PALATABLE AS MILK.

Genuine made by Scott & Bowne, Belleville, Salmo. Wrapper: at all Druggists, 50c and \$1.00.

AUCTION.

Farm and Growing Crop.

We will sell by Auction, on the Premises, ON MONDAY, JULY 28th, At 3 o'clock in the Afternoon,

THE STETSON FARM,

On the St. Peter's Road, about 8 Miles from Charlottetown.

Containing about 84 Acres of Land, now under crop and in a high state of cultivation. This is one of the handiest Farms on the Island, and completely fenced with spruce hedge rows at sides and cross rows, all carefully trimmed this season.

—ALSO—

THE STANDING CROP, consisting of several fields of Hay and Oats. One field is sown with 4 bushels of Tartarian Oats, imported by the Local Government this season. Terms easy. Sale positive.

July 21

E. H. NORTON & CO.,
Auctioneers.

POLITICAL MEETINGS.

The undersigned will meet the Electors of the Second District of Queen's County for the Legislative Council at the following times and places:—

Brackley Point Road, Harrington, in the School House, on Wednesday, 9th July, at 7 o'clock, p. m.

At Stanhope School House, on Thursday, 10th, at 7 p. m.

At Mount Stewart Hall, on Friday, 11th, at 7 p. m.

At Ten Mile House, St. Peter's Road, on Saturday, 12th, at 6 p. m.

At Belle Creek School House, on Monday, 14th, at 7 p. m.

At Wood Islands, on Tuesday, 15th, at 7 p. m.

At Caledonia School House, on Wednesday, 16th, at 7 p. m.

At Murray Harbor Road School House, on Thursday, 17th, at 7 p. m.

At Eldon Hall, on Friday, 18th, at 7 p. m.

At Avondale School House, on Saturday, 19th, at 4 p. m.

At Vernon River Hall, on Monday, 21st, at 4 p. m.

At Pownall Hall, on Tuesday, 22nd, at 4 p. m.

At Monaghan Road Schoolhouse on Thursday, 24th, at 7 p. m.

At Donagh School House, on Friday, 25th, at 7 p. m.

At Mount Herbert Hall, on Saturday, 26th, at 4 p. m.

At York Hall, on Monday, 28th, at 7 p. m.

At Blooming Point School, on Tuesday, 29th, at 5 p. m.

JAMES NICHOLSON,
JAMES ROSS.

BOOTS! BOOTS!

Horse Boots & Track Harness.

ON HAND, direct from the makers, a full supply of the noted FEN'ELL HORSE ROOTS, comprising almost every Boot worn in the United States.

—ALSO—

A fine lot of TRACK HARNESS, second to none in Canada, made on the premises by the best workmen to be had.

Come and inspect, as I am determined to lead the trade.

ROBERT TOMBS,
Great George Street, near Kent.

June 28—July 1st and 2nd

P. E. Island Hospital.

WANTED. A skilful Matron and Housekeeper for his institution, to take charge about the first of October next. A person of some experience, well recommended, will be preferred. Applications to be addressed to

BENJ. BALDERSTON,
Secretary.

PROF. ROBERTSON'S WORK.

The Tignish Meeting

NOTWITHSTANDING the other distracting influences, the meeting called for Tignish, on Thursday was a fairly successful one in point of numbers, and a deeply interesting one as regards the matter discussed and the manner in which it was treated. Prof. Robertson is just such a man as his position requires. Plain, thorough, painstaking and entertaining, his talk to the farmers will be even more productive of good results than was that of Prof. Saunders, who opened up this course of agricultural instruction last year. Each locality has its particular needs, and Prof. Robertson seems to have made it a big point in his work to recognize and help to satisfy these needs. He is not confined to a written or memorized lecture, and therefore can keep himself at all times in perfect touch with his auditors. At Tignish he gave a short history of the Government Farms, and explained how every farmer could use them. Then he spoke of stockraising as the most profitable occupation of the farmer; told the best stock to keep, and how to select and keep them, hitting off in a happy manner so-called farmers who keep their hogs and other animals on the road. And as stock cannot be raised without fodder, the best and most profitable means of employing the soil was clearly and strikingly set before his hearers. A short time was then given to the explanation and encouragement of the butter and cheese industry, and in this connection the Professor signified his intention of taking with him three Islanders to learn cheese making, and have them return to open up the business here. A hundred and one subjects of interest to farmers were touched upon, and the strict and almost breathless attention of the people was a sufficient indication of the good such visits do. The Rev. Father Burke, of Alberton, presided. There were present also, besides farmers, the Revs. D. M. and J. J. McDonald, John McGrath, Ecclesiastic, E. Hackett, Esq., Dr. Dorion, Station Agent P. C. Murphy, and others. At the close, Road Supervisor McCarthy offered a hearty vote of thanks, which was unanimously carried, duly tendered and acknowledged. The Professor then moved a vote of thanks to Father Burke, whose deep interest in the welfare of Western farmers he bore ample testimony to, and to whose kindness he was indebted, he said, for seeing a beautiful section of a most beautiful Province. In fitting terms the rev. chairman acknowledged the vote, and the meeting dispersed at 10 p. m.

A Scrap from Holland Cove.

"I say, Fritz, was it the 14th day of July you said that the ghost of old Holland's mistress appeared every year?" "Yes, and this is the very day; and it will be a dark night, why not test one of these stories of old McKinnon's?"

The speakers were young men who were encamped on the site of Holland House, Lot 65, Prince Edward Island, and had, hitherto, been entertained by some old folk stories about Captain Holland, the first white settler on that spot, a man well known to students of early Canadian history.

As they were speaking, a bright boy about 14, called "Sam," for short, asked "What stories, uncle?" "Well, boy," answered his uncle, "stories of love and crime, the novelists' stock-in-trade, only this time handed down through the mouths of the old men of the neighborhood, and not the instantaneous creation of an imaginative brain;" and turning to his older companion he continued, "what a magnificent woman she must have been, as they picture her, tall, straight as an arrow, with lovely womanly grace of figure and motion, yet endowed with as great strength as most men, her dark skin, scarcely so dark as to betray the Indian blood in her veins, her hair wound in dark coils round a perfectly poised head, and a face grandly beautiful—a French woman with the added statue of the Micmac race. Why! fancy her right on this spot where we now stand! for here she lived, and right out yonder she was drowned," said the speaker, pointing to the blue waters at his feet.

"Yes, uncle," interrupted the boy, "but what was the story about her?" "Sit down here, boy, and I'll tell you one of the many, and remember that just where you sit she must often have sat one century and a quarter ago." And then, they being seated, facing the beautiful little cove known formerly as Caucean Cove, he began: "Of the manner of her death I will not speak of now, it still remains in part as great a mystery as what became of the 6,000 of her French compatriots reported living in this Province in 1760 and with the exception of 60 families reported gone in 1764; suffice it to say that it is believed that she, attempting to cross the ice from here to the opposite cliff in the spring of 1765, hoping to meet Captain Holland on his return from a survey of Crapaud, fell through the ice and was drowned. Her body was never recovered, and Holland, it is said, never believed in her death. The 14th day of July was her birth day, and it was also the day she first met and poured out the full tide of her woman's love on her future master."

"July 14, 1766, was as beautiful a day as this was; at 12 o'clock midnight a high tide almost swept into the cellar of the little house which Holland had built at a cost of £60-stg., just to your left there! but longer than you see it now, as many succeeding tides have washed it partly away. Holland was away. His trusted Lieutenant slept under a canvass sail below us on the beach, and the coxswain of his boat and two hired men slept in the house; now comes the story."

"Seated as if on the knee of some one sitting in the Captain's easy chair, with the water dripping from garments not discolored, or old, but as fresh and clean as a

morning toilet, there appeared to sit 'Racine,' for so she was called, making the dumb show of fondling with her hands the face of the person upon whose knee she apparently sat, talking and laughing low to herself. Hearing the sound, the coxswain came out of his crib in the corner of the house, for the men slept in births partitioned off from the one large room, used as sitting room and kitchen,—and peering into the half lit room, saw the face and form of the long lost one. He listened half bewildered for some minutes, 'Darling are you back? Oh! the long cold winter nights, I dreamed I saw you frozen with that long measuring pale as your hand, off! off! away from last. Oh! don't leave me so long again,' and other like words came to his ears, and the drip, drip, drip of the water falling from the shadowy form, apparently kept time with the rising and falling cadence of the voice.

Mastering himself, he stepped into the room, half wondering if it were not really 'Racine,' and that the Captain must be there with him, holding as he did, his wife for a moment in his arms. 'You are after French words, as he laughs, you say. The living form, or what seems such—whatever you choose to call it—rose at the coxswain's approach, and looking at him as if in reach of his unwelcome intrusion into her and his master's presence, pointed to the door of his crib, and then herself passed before him into the master's berth, leaving the wet trail of her raiment behind her, clear marked along the white floor; and the vision vanished from his sight.

Out of the house and down to the tent sped the coxswain, and the half-slumbering lieutenant was awakened by the weight of a hand on his shoulder, and a voice in his ear: 'The mistress has returned.'

The coxswain's tale was soon told, and both men mounted the slight incline to the house, not forty yards distant. As they neared the entrance, a low moaning wail struck both their ears, and halting on the threshold there came to them the words: 'Oh, why does he not come? He must be coming now: I'll go to meet him! O Mary, Mother, guide me!'

Hardly were these words uttered, when issuing from her room, came the figure and form of 'Racine,' and crossing the room, she approached the door.

Instinctively, the men drew back to let her pass, and swiftly before them she passed out, so close, indeed, that their senses perceived the cold, damp moisture of her clothing. Straight to the water's edge, and then—as if trying the ice, she halted a moment; then—as if satisfied, they saw her walk the waters dry shod. Hurriedly they followed to the edge, and as they reached it a piercing shriek rent the air, and looking out they saw the phantom figure, with both hands outstretched, quickly sink beneath the waves;—and all was still.

"God help us, mate, what does this mean?" half said and half muttered the lieutenant; "I'll swear to her. Look, man! do you see nothing in the water?"

"Nothing, sir," answered the man; "she is not of the kind which floats."

"She came from the sea and back she has gone to it. Did you not smell the damp as she passed us? Come, see her footprints in the house."

Half reluctantly both men returned to the house, the lieutenant constantly turning to look back at the spot where the spirit form had disappeared. He could not shake off his fear that a living creature was drowning.

Upon entering the house the coxswain, lighting his candle, set it on the table, close to the captain's chair, and then the eyes of both men, after a swift survey of the floor, instinctively met; for a great pool of water lay right to the front of the chair and a wet line from it to the captain's berth. Neither of the men spoke, but both went to the door and looked again at the spot where the fair form had disappeared in the cold waters,—not a ripple now marked the place, and to the gazers a peculiarly solemn silence seemed to pervade all nature.

The lieutenant was the first to speak.

"We had better, mate, say nothing of it. Would to God I had seized that form as it passed me out the door, and tested it as Thomas did of old. Had it aught of flesh and blood? My whole being craves for an answer, and it is too late, too late now. Give me your cross, man, and I'll swear, now, while my mind is clear, I'll swear—No—horrid doubt!—something passed me; I saw her face, her form, I heard her voice—aye, that I swear to, most solemnly—I heard the words."

"Heaven help us, sir," broke in the boatman, "I hope it bodes us no ill, but it is an uncanny thing to see a spirit. I'll sleep with you to-night, sir, if you will. I could not rest with that pool of water ever in my sight."

"And, boy," continued the speaker, both men spoke not of that night for years, the lieutenant only shortly before his untimely loss at sea, and then only to a friend in confidence, as he had a foreboding that a like death awaited him. Now, Sam, what do you say to that ghost story?"

"I say I'll sit up to-night," answered the boy.

(END OF PART FIRST.)

EXPENSIVE LOBSTERS.

—Thos. F. Hogan, a well-known dory fisherman in Massachusetts, was fined \$625 in Salem recently for having short lobsters in his possession—\$5 a lobster.

A Wonderful Flesh Producer.

This is the title given to Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil by many thousands who have taken it. It not only gives flesh and strength by virtue of its own nutritious properties, but creates an appetite for food. Use it and try your weight. Scott's Emulsion is perfectly palatable. Sold by all druggists at 50c and \$1.

K. D. C. Cures Dyspepsia.