

THE DAILY EXAMINER.

TERMS:—FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR.

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NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 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 NOVEMBER, 1886.

MOON'S CHANGES.
First Quarter 3rd day, 6h. 52.7m., p. m., E.
(below horizon.)
Full Moon 11th day, 3h., 54.0., p. m., N. E.
(below horizon.)
Last Quarter 18th day, 6h., 27.8m., p. m.,
(N. below horizon.)
New Moon 25th day, 3h., 6.0m., p. m., S. W.

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

JAMES H. REDDIN,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR
AND NOTARY PUBLIC,
has removed to the office adjoining that of R. R.
Fitzgerald, Esq., Cameron Block.
FOR MONEY TO LOAN.
Sept. 27, 1886—1 mo end & w/3 5ms



—FOR—
BOSTON.
WINTER ARRANGEMENT
THE PALACE STEAMERS
OF THE
INTERNATIONAL S.S. CO.

Leave St. John for Boston, via Eastport and Portland,
every Monday, and Thursday at 5.00 a. m.
From Boston to Charlottetown, 36.50, 2nd
class; \$1.50, 1st class.
For tickets and other information apply to
A. SHARP, P. E. I. S. S. NAV. CO.
P. E. I. S. S. NAV. CO.
or to your nearest Ticket Agent.
Nov. 15, 1886—end wky

L. ARTHUR & CO.,
GENERAL
Commission Merchants,
121 ATLANTIC AVENUE,
BOSTON, MASS.

Eggs and Produce a Specialty.
July 15—div wky

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and
indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early
decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a receipt
that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great
remedy was discovered by a missionary in South
America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the
Rev. Joseph T. S. Smith, Station D, New York City.

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, Can-
ned Lobsters, Eggs.
June 17, '86—3ms end

BEER BROS.

LADIES' MEN'S
Fur-lined Cloaks,
Astrachan Sacks,
Redingotes,
Ulsters, Jerseys, Hosiery,
Gloves, Dress Goods,
Trimmings, &c.
Fur Coats,
Fur Caps,
Fur Gloves,
Felt Hats,
Underclothing,
Gloves, Shirts, &c., &c.

MILLINERY:

HATS and BONNETS, in Felt and Straw—all the Leading
Styles, and a magnificent line of TRIMMINGS.

All orders receive Miss Saunders' personal attention.

CARPETS! CARPETS!

BEER BROS.
Ch'town, Nov. 11, 1886.

BRITISH WAREHOUSE

83

QUEEN STREET.

Our Stock of
FALL AND WINTER DRY GOODS
— is now —

Complete in Every Department,
Comprising all the Latest
NOVELTIES OF THE SEASON
and
of as Good Value as is to be had in
the City.

A. L. BROWN.

Ch'town, Nov. 12—wky

FIFTY PER CENT LESS THAN COLONIALS. FIFTY PER CENT LESS.

BOOKS! BOOKS!! BOOKS!!!
LAWYERS, DOCTORS, CLERGYMEN, MERCHANTS,
SCHOOLS and COLLEGES Supplied.

BOOKBINDING, STATIONERY.
The undersigned, who attend Lectures
and Picture Sales, and are Purchas-
ers of Valuable Private Libraries in Eng-
land and the Continent, can supply Books
at about 50 per cent. less than usual Cost
Price. Pictures, Books, and MSS. bought
on order. All new and second-hand Books
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Libraries furnished throughout. Whole-
sale Bookbinding and Stationery at exceed-
ingly low rates. Remit by Bank or Postal
Draft with order.

J. MOSCRIPT PYE & CO.,
Export Booksellers, Stationers and Publishers,
151 WEST REGENT ST., GLASGOW,
SCOTLAND.
Nov. 13th, 1886—3 mos end

Boots, Boots.

Buy Your
FALL BOOTS

—AT—
DORSEY, GOFF & CO.

Ch'town, Sept. 2, 1886.

Alice Young's Trial.

BY AGNES POTTER M'GEE.

Fair and fragile as a wild flower looks
Alice Young, standing with her garden hat
in her hand, and the leaf shadow shading
each other over her golden hair, watching
her husband drive away with their beau-
tiful guest, Olive Duane. A bend in the
road hides them from view, and the tears
that she has bravely held back well into her
eyes.

Olive's visit is drawing to a close, and the
months that she has spent with her school
girl friend has caused a strange unhappi-
ness to grow in the young wife's bosom.

Robert, her husband, has been an idolized
hero in Alice's eyes the four years she has
been his wife. She has filled his life seem-
ingly as completely as he has filled her own,
and no doubts of his faith or constancy has
ever marred her happiness, until this
stately, imperious woman came into their
home. Since then, all unconfessed, even
to herself, a weary pain has been growing
in her heart.

Olive and Alice were room-mates in a
fashionable seminary, and through the
years of girlhood a strong friendship had
grown up between them. Leaving school
Olive went abroad to finish her musical
education, while Alice's first season in
society brought Robert Young to her feet.

Early an orphan, and brought up by distant
relatives, she had known little of love or
appreciation. It was no wonder that her
heart went out to this grave, handsome
man, even at their first meeting, and when
he told her "ye olden story" a few months
later, and she had promised to be his wife,
the world contained no happier maiden.

After a brief engagement they were mar-
ried. He had brought his wife to this
ideal home directly from the wedding jour-
ney, and here the peaceful joy-crowned
years sped away—blessed by one great
grief.

Two years before our story opens, their
little one, "grown weary of life's journey
scarce begun," closed its wondering eyes,
and with lilies clasped within its waxen
palms, was laid to sleep where no wailing
lullaby would ever again, soothe its slum-
bers.

This blow nearly killed the fair young
mother, but a year of travel restored her
shattered health. Society was given up,
and she seemed to live entirely in her hus-
band's love.

Their home, situated but a few miles
from the city, was a perfect dream of sum-
mer rest. It had been the center of a joy-
ous throng of guests before baby died, but
since then they had lived alone.

Olive was the first guest they had en-
tertained for any length of time; and now,
after a stay of nearly two months, she was
to leave the next day but one.

When she came, Alice was surprised to
find her pretty school friend developed into
a grand, imperious woman, whose beauty
almost awed her, and she did not fail to
note—with a strange pain at her heart—
her husband's look of admiration when he
was introduced to their guest.

Robert Young was a musical enthusiast,
and this passion was the only thing that
ever stirred him out of his usual cultured
calm.

His admiration of Olive's wonderful voice
pleased Alice at first, but when Olive sat
night after night at the piano with Robert
by her side, turning music, or joining his
rich baritone voice with hers, while his
wife was neglected and alone, that same
strange pain would creep into her heart;
and as day after day passed away, and she
saw her husband more and more absorbed
in their guest, it finally settled there, and
all the joy and sunlight seemed to go out
of her life.

Through it all no single rule of hospital-
ity was broken, no complaint was made,
but silently Alice bore her sufferings and
growing suspicions.

She fancied that Robert was growing cold
towards her, and all unconsciously her
manner grew distant towards him—
which caused him no little wonder.

Thus matters went on from day to day
until this last drive was planned. Alice
thought her husband did not desire her
with them, so pleaded a headache as an
excuse for remaining at home.

The brawling brook that goes tumbling
through the ground, wanders on a few miles
further, widening as it travels, to finally
plunge down a rocky precipice, sending a
cloud of foam high into the air, forming a
spectacle famed far and near for its wild
beauty. This has been reversed as the
crowning treat of Olive's visit, leaving Alice
alone to weep out the wretchedness that
has come into her life.

She brushes the tears from her lashes and
enters the house. She goes to the parlor,
re-arranges a misplaced ornament and
gathers up the petals that have fallen from
a rose adorning Olive's luxuriant hair. She
remembers how handsome Robert looked
as he handed it to her, and recalls (with a
 pang) the playful remark with which Olive
accepted it. Sighing heavily she leaves the
room and ascends the stairs, thinking of a
chest of drawers in which he folded dainty,
fairy-like garments and some broken toys.
These have been her solace in many a lone-
ly hour of late, and she will look at them
now, bating them anew with her tears.

On the stairway her skirts brush a bit of
paper, and mechanically she stoops and
picks it up. In her own room she starts to
throw the scrap into a waste basket, when
something strangely familiar in the writing
caught her eye, and this is what she reads:
"And are you jealous of my duty? As
well compare a gorgeous hot house rose to a
drooping wayside daisy! I am longing for
the time to come when I can call you mine,
and in Italy, 'the land of sun and song,' we
can be happy together."
"Yours devotedly,
"ROBERT."

The words swim before her eyes, and
stunned and blinded she gropes her way to
the bed and falls upon it.
"Oh, God!" she cries, "I had not ex-

pected this; oh, Robert, Robert! how
could you do this wrong?"

Great tearless sobs shake her convulsively,
as she buries her face in the pillows.

At length she arises, and with a set,
white face, in which stern, resolute lines
have already appeared, adding years to the
girlish features, and with a hand that does
not tremble, she pens a few lines, and en-
closing them with the fatal scrap in an en-
velope, addresses it to Robert; and places it
where he must discover it upon entering the
room. This done, she replaces her writing
gown with a sober traveling dress, takes her
baby's picture and a sunny curl of its hair
from the drawer, and with silent tears wet-
ting her cheeks, places them in a satchel
with some other things, ties the ribbons of
her plainest bonnet beneath her chin, and
turns to leave the room.

As she does so, Robert's pictured face
smiles down at her from its frame. She
pauses irresolutely before it an instant,
and, with all her soul, looks up into the
eyes, that seem so full of loyalty and truth.

Thus gazing, a softer expression comes
into her pain-drawn features, to be quickly
replaced by a sterner one, and hastily couv-
ring her veil, as if in fear her courage will
desert her, goes out into the hall, down the
softly-carpeted stairs, and out of the house
in which she has been so happy.

At the railway station she is just in time
to catch a train going citywards, and a few
minutes later stands amid the babble and
confusion of a great depot.

She hurries out into the street, not car-
ing where she goes, only to get away—
away from some horror that seems to be
pursuing her. She does not heed the
warning gesture of the policeman at the
crossing, and yet he does not reach her side
until cruel hofs have struck her down, and
she is lying bruised and unconscious, with
pitying faces bending above her.

Willing hands raise and carry the limp
burden to the sidewalk. The patrol wagon
is summoned; she is tenderly lifted therein,
and slowly driven to a hospital.

Upon their return, not finding Alice in
the grounds or lower part of the house,
Robert went immediately to her room,
while Olive went to the parlor.

The first thing his eyes fell upon was
Alice's farewell message. Hurriedly tear-
ing the envelope open, he was amazed to
read its contents. In the utmost bewilder-
ment he read the scrap over and over
again, suspiciously like his own writing,
yet words that he had never penned.
What could it mean? And Alice, his dear
little wife, had thought him guilty of such
baselessness, and had fled from him as from
a leper.

His face burned and he shook as one in
an ague. As he stood there stunned and
unable to fully comprehend the situation,
Olive's full, rich voice floated up to him:

"Oh, my love! I loved her so.
My love I loved long years ago."

Soft, yet clear and distinct, each word
came to him, burdened with an anguish
none but a woman, mistress of her art, could
express.

As he listened, the picture of his wife's
pathetic face rose up before him, and her
strange coldness was explained. Fool that
he had been not to see the jealousy she had
so skillfully tried to conceal, and with the
thought his heart ached at the remem-
brance of many trivial things (to him) that
must have caused her pain, done all unwill-
ingly on his part.

He started as one aroused from a sleep,
and hurried to the parlor. Handing Olive
the letter he exclaimed:
"Miss Duane, what does this mean?
Alice is gone and I have found this in her
room."

She read the scrap first (crimsoning the
while,) and in much confusion replied:

"This is a bit of a letter from the gentle-
man to whom I am engaged. He is now
with an invalid cousin, and this is part of
the reply to one of my letters, in which I
teased him in regard to his devotion to her.
In opening the envelope I tore the letter
and must have dropped this piece. I did
not tell Alice my secret, intending to sur-
prise her with an invitation to my wedding,
but this has betrayed me."

She ended with a merry little laugh that
quickly died upon her lips when she
noticed Robert's grave, pale face.
"Unfortunately it has done worse," she
sadly answered. "Your Robert's writing
bears a close resemblance to my own; read
Alice's note and see how cruelly the poor
child has misjudged us."

She did so, and sprang to her feet, white
and trembling. "How could she think such
a thing of me!" she angrily ex-
claimed.

A groan was the only answer, and seeing
the distress on Robert's face her anger dis-
appeared, and anxiety for her friend took
its place.

"She cannot have gone far, and perhaps
some of the servants can tell which way
she went."

She quickly summoned them, but none
had seen their mistress leave the grounds.
Robert and Olive hurried to the station,
and there better success awaited them. They
soon learned that she had boarded a train
going to the city.

The next train bore them in the same
direction; but arriving there, all trace of
her was lost; none of the depot officials re-
membered seeing any one answering the
description.

After hours of maddening suspense they
found her lying white and still at the hospi-
tal. Robert's heart sank within him when
he looked down upon her sweet face as
right and set as in death. Scarcely a
breath fluttered over her wax lips, and the
golden hair was dabbled with blood above
the bandage that concealed the cruel gash
in her temple.

"Would she live!" agonizingly he asked
the question of the grave physician in at-
tendance, and broke down utterly when he
received no response. Olive tried to reach
him as best she could, but the sight of her
friend's face, so like unto death, completely
unmanned her, and she was led almost faint-
ing from the room.
All through that night Alice lay in that

death-like trance; only the feebly fluttering
heart betraying that life still lingered.

All through the weary hours the physi-
cians remained by her bedside, and Robert
paced silently to and fro.

With the first gray gleams of coming day,
a faint color struggled into her wax face,
and the doctors exchanged more hopeful
glances. Robert saw this and, quick to in-
terpret their meaning, sent up a glad thank-
sgiving from his grateful heart.

Days passed, in which hope and despair
struggled in turn for mastery, and at last
Alice awoke to consciousness, to find Robert
and Olive pale and haggard with watching
by her bedside. She looked around her in
amazement, and she eyes resting for one
moment on their careworn faces, she turned
from them, her eyes begrimed with tears,
and her lips trembling pathetically. Robert
clasped her to his heart, and in almost in-
coherent words, poured out an explana-
tion.

Alice beckoned Olive to her and feebly
craved her pardon, and Olive generously
silenced the contrite words with kisses.

It was months ere Alice recovered suf-
ficiently to attend Olive's wedding, looking
very pale and childlike, she reached up to
kiss the bride—looking so gloriously beau-
tiful in her bridal robes—after the ceremony.

Robert Young has not allowed anything
to come between himself and wife—not
even his beloved music—since he came so
near losing her.



ADAMSON'S BOTANIC COUGH BALSAM

SAFE. SURE. PROMPT. 25c.
AWONDERFUL REMEDY
Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam.
It is pleasant as honey. Coughs, Colds, and
Asthma, which lead to Consumption, have been
successfully 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
rely to this great remedy, consistent of obtaining
relief. Do not doubt, get it at once.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
Bottled at 25, 50 cents, N. E. by the proprietor,
F. W. KINSMAN & CO., BOSTON.
212 BOSTON AVE., N. Y.

HORSE AND CATTLE FEED.

DAVISON & CO. have for Sale Horses and
Cattle Feed of all kinds, in Cracked Oats,
Barley, Mixed Barley and Oats, Whole Oats and
Barley, Bran, Linseed Meal, Corn Meal, Ground
Oat Cake, Sec. Charcoal and Middlings expected daily
and will be sold cheap.
Corner Great George and Kent Street, Ch'town.
Nov. 17—31 west 1 mo

CARD.

MRS. McNEILL is still in the occupation of the
McNeill House, and will continue to occupy it
for some years—reports to the contrary, her old
standing. She will be glad to see all her new
customers and as many more as will come.
Nov. 16, 1886.

WE HAVE OPENED UP A

Retail Grocery Business

—ON—
GREAT GEORGE STREET,
alongside of John Stumblers' Harness Shop, where
we are bound to sell everything in our
line at Bottom Prices.

TEA, (different qualities.)
SUGAR, " " "
RASINS, " " "
CURRANTS, MOLASSES,
NEWFOUNDLAND FISH,
and everything you want in the Grocery line.

STABLING ACCOMMODATION

We are determined to give those who favor us
with their patronage entire satisfaction, and the
best value for their money and produce.
Come one, come all and inspect our Goods.
Remember the place is on Great George Street,
next John Stumblers' Harness Establishment.

Eggs Wanted.

JOHN EVANS & CO.,
GREAT GEORGE STREET.
Oct. 4, 1886—3mo end

FARM, STOCK & CROP FOR SALE.

THERE will be offered, immediately after the
Sale of Real Estate previously advertised at
Anson, on the premises, at the late residence of
Donald McMillan, Esq., West River, Lot 63.

ON WEDNESDAY, 24th Inst.,

the following Stock, Crop, Agricultural Imple-
ments, and other articles to be found on a well-
stocked Farm—all in good order.

STOCK—5 Horses, 2 Cows (1 year old) 5 Milk
Cows, 1 two-year-old Heifer, 1 set Fenner, 1
2 1/2 Hides good breed, 15 Sheep and 10 Pigs.

CROP—About 500 bushels Oats, 500 bushels
Potatoes, 500 bushels Potatoes, 100 bushels Buck-
wheat, also a quantity of Hay and Straw.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS—1 Thrash-
ing Machine with Shaker, 1 set Fenner, 1
Sawyer, 1 Hay Cutter, 1 Roller, 1 Wheel Hare,
1 Spring-tooth Harrow, 1 Spring-tooth Cultiva-
tor, 1 set Harrow, 2 Ploughs, 3 Wood Sleighs,
Cart, 1 Driving Wagon, 1 Truck-body, 1 Truck
Wagon, 2 sets Cart Harness, 1 set Driving Har-
ness, Back bands, Single Trees and Traces, a
lot of Sausage and other articles too numerous
to mention.

TERMS—All under \$5, cash; all over that
amount eleven months' credit, on approved notes.
Ch'town, Nov. 2nd, 1886.
—Nov 5 wky 8 & div 17 till sale