

THE DAILY EXAMINER.

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NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1886.

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S. W.

Advertising at moderate rates.
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ALMANAC FOR OCTOBER, 1886.

MOON'S CHANGES.
First Quarter 4th day, 6h, 21.1m., p. m., S.
Full Moon 12th day, 11h, 11.4m., p. m., S.
Last Quarter 20th day, 10h, 28.3m., a. m.,
S. W.
New Moon 27th day, 3h, 3.0m., a. m., N. E.
(below horizon.)

DAY OF WEEK	Sun	Sun	Moon	High	Day's
M	rise	sets	rise	water	length
1 Friday	6 35	36 10	11 0	32 11	33
2 Saturday	5 34	11 16	1 14	29	
3 Sunday	6 32	15 15	1 59	26	
4 Monday	8 30	1 8	2 48	22	
5 Tuesday	9 28	1 54	3 49	19	
6 Wednesday	10 26	2 35	5 0	16	
7 Thursday	12 24	3 9	6 15	12	
8 Friday	13 22	3 41	7 21	9	
9 Saturday	14 20	4 10	8 13	6	
10 Sunday	16 18	4 37	8 55	2	
11 Monday	17 16	5 2	9 33	10 56	
12 Tuesday	18 14	5 29	10 8	56	
13 Wednesday	20 13	5 59	10 39	53	
14 Thursday	21 11	6 46	11 13	50	
15 Friday	23 9	7 31	11 48	46	
16 Saturday	24 7	7 37	12 4	43	
17 Sunday	25 5	8 20	1 2	40	
18 Monday	27 4	9 12	1 46	37	
19 Tuesday	28 2	10 10	2 37	34	
20 Wednesday	29 0	11 15	3 41	31	
21 Thursday	30 4	12 27	5 2	27	
22 Friday	31 5	0 24	6 30	24	
23 Saturday	32 3	1 36	7 45	21	
24 Sunday	34 2	2 51	8 52	18	
25 Monday	35 0	4 6	9 29	15	
26 Tuesday	36 48	5 17	10 13	12	
27 Wednesday	38 47	6 36	10 53	9	
28 Thursday	39 45	7 48	11 23	3	
29 Friday	41 44	8 57	12 0	6	
30 Saturday	43 43	10 0	0 12	0	
31 Sunday	6 45	4 42	10 58	0 52	9 57



FOR BOSTON.

—FOR—
BOSTON.
FALL 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.
Fare from Charlottetown to Boston, \$3.50, 2nd class; \$5.00, 1st class.
For tickets and other information apply to
A. SHARP, P. E. I. S. S. Co.,
P. E. I. S. S. Co., P. E. I. S. S. Nav. Co.,
or to your nearest Ticket Agent.
Oct. 9 1886—cod wky

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

Eggs and Produce a Specialty.
July 15—div wky

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, Canned Lobsters, Eggs.
June 17, '86—3mo cod

Improved Stock for Sale.
50 HIGH-GRADE SHROPSHIRE SHEEP, got by imported Prize-winning Sires; also, a few Shropshire and Oxford Down Horn Lambs. Numbers of this flock have taken prizes at our Exhibitions every year.
Also, an imported Oxford Down Ram, second prize winner last year at our Colonial Exhibition—competing against the entire classes of short and medium wool.
They will be sold at a Bargain. Apply to
JOHN NEWSON.
Ch'town, Sept. 23—pat 1 mo

FOR SALE.
THE land and property recently occupied by the undersigned, situated on the Brighton Road.
BENJAMIN HEARTZ.
April 20—2aw 1/4 pat

Grand Exhibition of New Goods.

—AT—
J. B. MACDONALD'S.

Tremendous Big Stock—Wonderful Low Prices
—Cannot be Undersold by Anyone.

WE are satisfied it will amply repay to look through our stock of Dress Goods, in all the newest fabrics, selling very cheap.

The Velvet Department is full of the newest Velvets, in Silk Velvets, Velvettas, Velveteens for trimmings and dresses (beautiful goods) selling very cheap.
The Millinery Department is brim full of everything new in that line, and in charge of one of the best Milliners in the city. The ladies will find Hats and Bonnets, ready trimmed, or will be trimmed to order in first-class style. Customers to this department cannot fail to get the best satisfaction.

Ready-made Clothing and Gents' Furnishings—This department is our Specialty, and we will, this season, show the Cheapest Overcoats, Reefers and Suits, Bear-skin Coats, Raccoon fur Coats ever offered on P. E. Island, and would advise you to look at our goods and prices before buying, and you can feel fully assured of saving money.

J. B. MACDONALD,
QUEEN STREET.
Ch'town, Sept. 30, 86—dy wy

SPECIAL.

We must make room for fall goods, and to do so, will clear out at prices that must sell them, all remains of summer stock. ECONOMICAL buyers will do well to call at once, and secure the bargains we are offering, in ends of silks, dress goods and cotton goods. Our prices for cotton flannels, all-wool flannels, gingham, etc., must please you. Call and see them for yourself and save money by buying at once.

BEER BROS.
August 17, '86.

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE

FIRE & LIFE
Insurance Company.
ESTABLISHED, 1809.

TOTAL ASSETS \$29,484,019.

Every description of property insured at current rates.
Policies issued by the undersigned.

FRED. W. HYNDMAN,
AGENT FOR P. E. ISLAND,
Corner Queen and Water Streets.
Ch'town, Sept. 11, 1886—1m cod

Boots, Boots.

Buy Your
FALL BOOTS

—AT—
DORSEY, GOFF & CO.
Ch'town, Sept. 2, 1886.

THE DEACON'S REWARD.

Deacon Holcomb stamped the snow off his boots and sat down by the kitchen fire looking around at the family with unusual seriousness.

His wife and his pretty daughter, Kate, were chopping meat and paring apples for mince pies; and his tall son Gene was mending a wash-tub.

Mrs. Holcomb looked at the Deacon sharply, and suspended her chopping knife.

"Anything the matter?" she said anxiously.

"Nothing very bad," the Deacon responded, looking across the stove at her affectionately.

"You won't think so, anyhow." I says to Seth and William, "I know what she'll say"—meaning you.

"The Deacon drew a letter from his pocket.

"From the Colonel's lawyer," he announced.

The Colonel was the Deacon's half-brother, an elderly, eccentric person, who had died a month ago in the village where he had lived.

"Hasn't turned out to be worth a pile of money, and left it to us, has he?" said Gene gaily.

"Hain't left us no money," said the Deacon. "Hadn't none to leave, I reckon. I'm rather astonished. The Colonel was worth considerable along one spell. No; but he's left us something else."

"What?" said Kate eagerly.

"It's from his lawyer, as I says," the Deacon rejoined, unfolding the letter.

"And Seth's and William's got copies of it. We was all at the postoffice when the mail come and took 'em together."

"It says"—he went on slowly—"and Seth's and William's says the very same thing—that it was the Colonel's last wish that his daughter Melvina should have a home out here, with Seth or William or me. He said that whoever took her would be doing an act of charity, and would be sartin to get rewarded in heaven."

"Well," said Gene, going on with the wash-tub calmly, "of course Uncle Seth is going to take her? He's the best able to do."

"I rather expected myself," said the Deacon hesitatingly, "that Seth would step forward in this crisis; but he hain't. He said he didn't hardly see how he could do it. He said Melvina must be somewhere nigh 50 by this time; and being an old maid she might be cantankerous, and Julia Ann mightn't be able to get along with her. He said William and me would have to settle it between us."

"Well, I never!" said Mrs. Holcomb indignantly—"him with all his money and that big house!"

"What did Uncle William say?" said Kate.

"Now, see here, Pa Holcomb!"—as the deacon's kind eyes fell before her gaze—"you don't mean to say that he's going to leave it to you to do—you, the poorest of them all!"

The deacon moved uneasily.

"I don't want to blame William," he said, mildly. "I can see it's just, as he says."

"What did he say?" said Kate, her black eyes flashing.

"He said he didn't know how he could take her, nohow," the deacon replied. "He's building his new barn, and he don't feel like having any more expense just now. And he said he couldn't think of boarding people without nothing more substantial than a reward in heaven to look forward to."

"He's a brute," said Gene, warmly—"he and Uncle Seth both! But you're not going to let them impose upon you, father. Why, neither of them would feel it? You—good gracious!"

Gene looked around the bare little kitchen meaningly.

"I always thought a sight of the colonel," said the deacon, looking up at the cracked ceiling, "though he wasn't nothing but a half brother; and I can't just bring myself to refuse the shelter of my house, if it ain't much, to any of his kin. There's where it is."

"You dear old silly Pa," cried Kate, and she slammed her apple pan on the table, rushed around to the deacon's chair and kissed him violently.

"Your pa is right, children," said Mrs. Holcomb, resuming her chopping knife, quietly. "It's our duty plain as day, to take the poor creature."

"There," said the deacon, triumphantly. "I knew where you'd stand! I told Seth and William so."

"Well," said Gene, rising from the wash-tub with a good natured despairing gesture, "we are to have our cousin Melvina, Kate; but we are to give up all hopes of a college course and we are to be married to Mark Hill in the dress we have on—we shall not be able to scrape up money for a new one by next spring, with cousin Melvina on our hands."

He put an arm about his sister's waist in mock sympathy, and whirled laughingly away.

The deacon looked across at his wife rather soberly.

"I'm afraid it's true enough," he said. "No such thing!" said Mrs. Holcomb, briskly; "and 'sposing it was, Mark Hill would marry her quick enough in her old duds, I reckon."

"But Gene," said the deacon, anxiously, "Mebbe Melvina will make a difference about that. And he's set his heart on getting an education."

"You didn't have any to speak of!" said Mrs. Holcomb stoutly, looking a little troubled nevertheless.

"There good children," said the deacon. "They won't make no trouble about it—I know that. But I should hate to have 'em disappointed."

"We'll trust in Providence," said Mrs. Holcomb, simply. "We know we're doing what's right, taking Melvina; and I don't believe but what it'll be for the best."

"You're always just the same—always real good," said the deacon with a following, as

he picked up his hat and started for the barn.

And Mrs. Holcomb reflected that she could hardly be better than the deacon.

"She couldn't have had a better day for it now," said the deacon delightedly.

It was a week later. He stood at the sitting room window, looking out at the snowy, sunny world, and rubbing his work-roughened hands with quiet satisfaction.

From the kitchen there came the odors of roasting pork, of simmering apple-sauce, of boiling turnips, and of hot mince pies.

From the sofa came the sound of low toned conversation, proceeding from the corner where Kate and Mark Hill were sitting rather close together—Mark being a prospective member of the family, dropped into dinner occasionally.

Up the road there came the jingle of sleigh bells.

The deacon watched the little old-fashioned cutter eagerly as it came nearer. For the deacon's resolution had been faithfully carried out. He had written a cordial invitation to poor Melvina, amid the mild sneers of his brothers, Seth and William, to be sure, and the astonished disapproval of such of his neighbors as were in possession of the facts, but with the laughing consent of his children, and with the warm abetting of his wife.

There had come a prompt response to his letter—a brief note stating Miss Melvina Holcomb's acceptance of her uncle's hospitality; and stating further that she would start directly, and would arrive a few days later.

The driver of the little cutter, turning up at the hitching post with a flourish was Gene; and the small bundle of green veil and water-proof cloak which he lifted down in the snow was his cousin Melvina.

The deacon hurried to the door; Mrs. Holcomb stopped in the act of mashing the turnips and rushed out into the porch; and Kate followed hastily, with Mark close behind her.

The bundle had made its way up the snowy path. The green veil had become disarranged, and there looked out from under it a sharp little face, with bright dark eyes, and two rows of faded cork-screw curls.

"We're glad to see you, Melvina," said the deacon; while Mrs. Holcomb pulled her indoors kindly, and helped to undo the voluminous water-proof cloak.

It was a queer little woman that stood warming her small hands at the kitchen stove and looking sharply from one to another when the last wrap had been removed.

She was certainly past 50—so Kate mentally decided. She also decided that long ear-rings and a juvenile necklace, and tight curls, besprinkled with gray, were hardly becoming to her faded face; and that her checked silk dress was not in the best of taste.

But she felt a warm impulse towards her cousin Melvina. There was a kindly sparkle in her eyes as she looked around the modest table—Mrs. Holcomb had taken up the dinner with hospitable haste—at the deacon, carving with a beaming face; at Kate and Mark, side by side, of course, and engaged at the moment in an affectionate altercation; at Mrs. Holcomb dishing the apple-sauce, and at Gene, who had come in, cold and snowy, from the barn.

She did not appear to be much of a talker. She answered their inquiries in chippy monosyllables, turning her gaze meditatively around the small bare room and through the door to the calico covered sofa and the well-worn rag carpet of the sitting room.

But she wore a look of quiet satisfaction and enjoyment, and by the time the mince pies had disappeared, and the dishes been washed briskly by Kate's nimble hands, and they were gathered around the sitting room fire, it had deepened into a positive warmth, which softened her sharp eyes and gave a pink tinge to her faded cheeks.

"I should judge, Uncle Holcomb," said Melvina, turning upon the deacon, "I should judge, now, that you ain't so well off as you might be?"

It was an embarrassing inquiry. Mark Hill looked at his boots and pretended not to have heard it; and Kate and Gene exchanged indignant glances.

Surely any other remark would have come better from their cousin Melvina under the circumstances.

"Well, no," said the deacon meekly.

"And I suppose," Melvina continued calmly, "I suppose Uncle Seth and Uncle William are better off now, ain't they?"

"Well, yes," said the deacon; "they be."

"So the colonel said. I always call him the colonel," said Melvina.

And there was silence, broken sharply by the violent jingling of Melvina's long earrings, as she sat straight up in her chair suddenly.

"I shan't wait another minute," she said decidedly, "the colonel advised me not to be hasty, look into things a little first. But I couldn't know you any better if I waited a year, you dear good man!"

Her listeners stared at each other in silent alarm, and Kate edged a little nearer Mark.

"Was Melvina going out of her senses?" "I've been imposing on you shamefully," Melvina went on energetically, "shamefully."

The deacon looked at her apprehensively and Mrs. Holcomb turned a shade paler.

And there was silence, broken clearly, something was wrong with Melvina's plan, "that small"

"it was the colonel's plan," "you person continued apologetically; "you know he was always peevish, and he took this way of showing it."

"Of doing what?" said the deacon, finding his voice with an effort.

"Disposing of his property," said Melvina composedly. "I suppose from any to dispose of? Well, if you recollect, it didn't say he hadn't. The colonel dictated every word of that letter just the day before he died!"

Melvina's voice trembled a little.

"What he wanted to find out was which

of his brothers was the best and kindest and thought enough of him to be willing to put up with the poor lonesome old woman he left alone; and that would be the one for his money, he said. And he said all along—he seemed to feel certain of it—that it would be you, Uncle Holcomb, though you're the poorest of them!"

The deacon looked at her blankly.

"You see the colonel was pretty successful of late years," said Melvina, "and there's enough for us both. My income would take care of a dozen forlorn old women like me, and your share—well you'll find it enough to build you the best house in town, and live better than my uncles Seth and William ever dreamed of doing—not that that a Christian spirit."

Mrs. Holcomb folded her apron in her fingers tremblingly, and the deacon struggled vainly to speak.

"It's a sort of surprise, ain't it?" said Melvina, smoothing down the checked silk smilingly. "And now that I've let it out, I suppose you will be glad to let me go home, I'm nothing but a bothersome old woman."

Perhaps it is needless to say that the bothersome old woman did not go home, neither then or at any time; that Kate's wedding dress was the prettiest the town had ever seen, and that Gene's college course was promptly begun; nor that the deacon's surprise has not ceased to be a subject of wondering discussion among his neighbors, not excluding his brothers Seth and William.



KEEP THE BOYS WARM!

JUST OPENED and selling at phenomenal prices during the dull season's harvest:—
Men's Black Suits, \$5.50, up.
Men's Fine Black Worsted, \$8.50, up.
Men's Tweed Suits, \$4, up.
Men's Fall All-wool Suits, \$3.75, up.
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Men's All-wool heavy Pants, \$1.75, up.
Children's Suits at a sacrifice.
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Heavy Horse Blankets, \$1.50, up.
Stylish Carriage Blankets, \$3, up.
White and Colored Bed Blankets, low prices.
Large Stock of Ladies' Corsets, 4cts a pair, up.
Another stock of Dent's Kid Gloves, 8cts, a pair.
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A very large stock of Fall Tweeds, 4cts, up.
Tailoring done this month at extraordinary prices. Now is the time to get your fall clothes, cheap.
Large Trunks, 5cts, up.
Large Valises, 9cts, up.
The finest stock of Umbrellas ever exhibited in this market, 65cts, up.
New Fall Umbrellas and Druggists, 25cts, up.
Men's Rubber Coats, \$2, up.
Shirting Flannels, 10cts, up.
Yarns—all shades and makes, Hats, &c.
Ladies' Gossamers, \$1, up.

Come and Save Money.

REID BROS.,
CAMERON BLOCK.
Ch'town, Sept. 27, 1886—3mos

TO LET, ON WATER STREET.

TO LET—For one or more years, as may be agreed upon, the
House and Premises,
on Water Street (late the residence of Henry Beer, Esq.) now occupied by the undersigned. These premises are in a desirable, well situated and are a desirable residence.
For particulars, see, apply on the premises to
AMELIA BEER.
Sept. 22—2 ex & pat

JAMES H. REDDIN,
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AND NOTARY PUBLIC,
has removed to the office adjoining that of R. E. Fitzgerald, Esq., Cameron Block.
25 MONEY TO LOAN.
Sept. 27, 1886—1 mo cod & wy 3 mos

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DIOCESAN SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.
The Rev. H. A. NEELY, D.D., President.
The Rev. W. D. MARTIN, A.M., Rector, and
Prin. 18th year opens Sept. 1st. Terms \$75 and
\$50. Increased advantages offered. For circulars address the Principal.
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Scott's and Vaughans Codes
March 29, 1886.