

# THE DAILY EXAMINER.

TERMS:—FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR.

"This is true Liberty, when Free Born Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."—EURIPIDES.

SINGLE COPIES TWO CENTS.

NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1886.

VOL. 19.—NO. 101.

## The Daily Examiner

is issued every evening by  
The Examiner Publishing Co.

From their office, corner of Water and  
Great George Streets, Charlottetown,  
Prince Edward Island.

—RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION—  
Six months.....\$2.50  
Three months..... 1.25  
One month..... 50

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

ALMANAC FOR SEPTEMBER, 1886.

MOON'S CHANGES.  
First Quarter 5th day, 4h., 43.1m., a. m., S. E.  
Full Moon 13th day, 6h., 37.9m., a. m., W.,  
(below horizon.)  
Last Quarter 27th day, 11h., 43.2m., p. m., E.  
New Moon 29th day, 5i., 6.1m., p. m., W.

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

## PARKER HOUSE Baking Powder.

Highly Recommended.  
40 CTS. PER POUND IN BULK  
BEER & GOFF  
Aug. 6, '86.



—FOR—  
**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 8.30 a. m.  
Leave St. John at 8 o'clock every Saturday night for  
**BOSTON DIRECT.**  
Fare from Charlottetown to Boston, \$5.50, 2nd class; \$2.50, 1st class.  
For tickets and other information apply to  
A. SHARP, F. W. HALE, P. E. I. Ry., P. E. I. Steam Nav. Co. or to your nearest Ticket Agent.  
May 7, 1886—eod wky

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

**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—Jun 15 2aw her jour

## NEW GOODS JUST OPENED

— AT —  
**J. B. MACDONALD'S.**

New Dress Goods, New Cashmeres, New Velvets, New Corsets, New Ribbons, New Flannels, New Buttons, New Tweeds.

Selling at Cheapest Prices

— AT —  
**J. B. MACDONALD'S,**  
QUEEN STREET.  
Ch'town, August 25—dly wky

## Boots, Boots. FLOUR.

Buy Your  
**FALL BOOTS**  
— AT —  
**DORSEY, GOFF & CO.**  
Ch'town, Sept. 2, 1886.

## NEW HAT & FUR STORE,

Newson Block.

A NEW DEPARTURE IN  
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

**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, ginghams, etc., must please you. Call and see them for yourself and save money by buying at once.  
BEER BROS.  
August 17, '86.

**Steam Laundry.**  
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 28, 1886.

## ADAMSON'S BOTANIC COUGH BALSAM

SAFE. SURE. PROMPT. 25c.

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 25, WILKES, N. B. by the proprietor,  
F. W. KENNEDY & CO., Druggists,  
341 5TH AVE., N. Y.

Matchless.  
Kent Mills.  
City Mills.  
Estey (a choice Pastry Flour in barrels and half barrels) and other Good Brands selling Cheap  
— AT —  
**BEER & GOFF.**  
August 30.

**STEM WIND.**  
VERSUS  
**KEY WIND.**  
The Stem-Winding Watch is Decidedly the Best.  
AS the cases need scarcely ever be opened, they are NOT LIABLE TO GET DUST IN, like the Key-Winder.  
Another advantage, the watch can be WOUND AT ANY TIME the wearer happens to think of it—no key needs to be in the pocket to shovel dust into the watch every time it is used.  
To meet the wants of those who object to Stem-Winders, our  
Stem-Winding Rockford Watches can also be WOUND WITH A KEY, should the stem-winding give out, which we have never known it to do when used right.  
Key-Winding Watches at Reduced Rates.  
**E. W. TAYLOR,**  
CAMERON BLOCK.  
Aug. 21—2aw

**SHIRTINGS.**  
SPECIAL NOTICE  
AS it has been brought to our notice that other makes of Shirtings are being sold to the Retail and Country Trade, under various Fancy Brands, as being of our Manufacture.  
We beg to inform all purchasers of this article that we will not guarantee as ours any Shirtings which have not our label  
**Parks' Fine Shirtings**  
upon them.  
These with this label will be found to be FULL WEIGHT.  
FULL WIDTH of 28 inches, FAST COLORS.  
and woven the SAME ON BOTH SIDES, so as to be reversible.  
They are for sale by all the leading Wholesale Houses, from whom the Retail Trade can always get them, if they insist upon being supplied with our Shirtings, instead of inferior goods.  
**WM. PARKS & SON,**  
(LIMITED),  
ST. JOHN, N. B.  
July 27, 1886.

**T & E. KENNY,**  
(F. C. MARON)  
Shio Owners and Brokers.  
General Commission Merchants,  
161 GRESHAM HOUSE,  
Bishopsgate Street,  
LONDON, E. C.,  
England.  
Scott's and Vaughans Codes  
March 29, 1886.

## A TEST OF LOVE

It had blown a perfect hurricane all day, and early in the afternoon the snow had commenced to fall, increasing in violence until six o'clock, when Lottie started home. Tottenham court-road and the by-streets were full of drifts, the air was a blinding haze, and the wind fiercer than ever.  
"Oh, how pleasant home will look," she said to herself, pulling her collar up about her ears, and tucking her music roll securely under her arm. "How happy I ought to be that I have it to go to, even if it is only a little room all by myself. What do poor girls do who have none, no work, no home—and no Robert?"  
Then she laughed shyly to herself and blushed—a happy rosy blush down inside the collar, and walked faster than ever. Home was quite a distance; but her fleet steps carried her quickly there, and the hall door had flown open in response to her latch-key, when, from somewhere in the darkness near, a voice came—a tremulous, pleading voice:  
"Pity, oh, for the love of God pity me!"  
"Who are you? Where are you?" asked Lottie, startled and stopping right where the hall light shone in her face and dazzled her eyes.  
"Here." And from the shadow beside the door a woman's figure—a woman that the next moment also stood in the light, showing a wrinkled, aged face and snow-white hair, covered with a tattered bit of shawl.  
"I'm freezing, starving, and maybe dying. If you have any pity, give me some food, and some kind of shelter!" she said, with a desperate sort of famished eagerness.  
"I will—oh, I will—come in," cried Lottie, her voice quivering, and her eyes shining with the generous pity that flooded her young heart. I have no place I can take you but my room on the top floor. Can you climb the stairs?"  
"For warmth and food? Yes, you lead the way," cried the woman, eagerly looking at the girl with a trembling delight burning in her hollow eyes. "I can follow anywhere."  
But she was aged and weak, and the four long flights of stairs were slowly accomplished, Lottie assisting her companion as well as the narrow staircase would allow, and going very slowly.  
"This is my room," she exclaimed at last, throwing open a door and leading the panting woman in. "Sit down here and in two minutes my fire will be lighted. Are you very tired?"  
The weary woman could only nod as she sank into the chair Lottie gave, while her young hostess flew about the room. Everything was most exquisitely neat, and the little grate, brushed and polished, was already laid for the fire, and, at a touch from Lottie's match, blazed and crackled with amazing brightness. "Is not that lovely?" she cried, turning to her strange visitor. "Now, you will soon be warm, and in a few minutes I will give you a cup of tea. Move nearer, won't you?"  
Apparently speechless with grateful amazement and delight, the woman did as bid, throwing off her wet, tattered shawl, and holding her wrinkled hands over the blaze, while her eager eyes still followed every move Lottie made.  
"I am my own housekeeper, you see," continued the girl, easily, as if wishing to make her visitor less timid and more at home. "Here is my little kitchen," and with a merry laugh she threw open the door of a large closet showing within neatly papered shelves of dishes and tins. "I am just as happy and independent as can be. How do you like it?"  
"Like it?" echoed the woman. "Does it not look like heaven to me? But are you all alone?"  
"Yes, all alone. I have not a relative in the world that I know of," said Lottie taking off and hanging up her things, now that she had all things started. "I would be very lonesome if I had the time, but I haven't."  
"Then you work—you are poor?" cried the woman, as though the surroundings were to her, suggestive of wealth and ease.  
"Oh, yes, I am poor, and yet I am rich for I have health and strength and good work," said Lottie, with a world of thankfulness thrilling her blithe voice. "In the morning I am up early, and arrange my room and fire, and I have my little breakfast; then I am away all day as nursery governess and a music teacher in a great house near South Park. I never have time to be lonesome, and I am very happy."  
The woman turned her eyes to the fire again and as she steadily and silently watched the dancing flames Lottie seized the opportunity of looking at her closely, when the woman turned, almost sharply. "You were studying me. What do you think?"  
"Oh—why—I—I was wondering—if you had always been so poor, stammered Lottie, honest but embarrassed.  
The woman laughed, and not unmusically.  
"No," she said, "I was not. But you are young and I am old, therefore let us talk of you and not of me. Tell me, do you always intend to live alone—don't you want to marry?"  
A wave of color, like the warm tint of a sea-shell, covered Lottie's sweet face.  
"I am going to marry very soon," she said, after a moment.  
"Are you? And do you mind telling me about it—and him?" questioned the woman.  
"He is teaching French and Spanish to the children I am nursery governess to and we meet there very often. I know he is good and noble, because—because I do. He shows it in every look and act."  
"And yet love him?"  
"Ah, yes! Yes indeed!"  
Something in the sweet purity and trust expression of the girl's face made the woman turn suddenly away and wipe her eyes. And then nothing more was said by either until the dainty supper of tea, toast and eggs was cooked by Lottie and placed

before the woman on a little tray, covered with a worn but snowy napkin. Then suddenly came the question, "What are you going to do with me to-night—turn me out?"  
"Oh, no, indeed. You shall sleep on my bed, and I can make a pallet here by the fire. My bed is out of sight now," she added with a laugh, as the woman looked about inquiringly. "I like to have my room a sitting room; so if any one comes to see me I fold up my bed into a lounge and put all my toilet things back of that pretty curtain, and that leaves me a little parlor, you see. Isn't it pleasant?"  
The old woman's face was a mystery as she looked and listened. The thin lips continually twitched, and the eyes, with all their sharpness gone, filled with tears. But she asked no more questions.  
Lottie ate her own supper, then went into her closet, took down the tiny dish-pan, poured out her water that had been heating while they ate, then quickly cleaned up all signs of supper, working quietly, as she supposed the weary woman was dozing, when on the contrary, she was intently watching every act of the young housekeeper. Work done, apron was removed, clean cuffs were put on, the soft curls brushed, and tastefully tied; then Lottie came to the fire, and seeing her visitor awake, said, with a smile and a pretty blush: "My Robert is coming this evening, and you will see if he is not good and noble-looking."  
"He is coming here—this evening?" exclaimed the woman, starting up. "Then I must go at once!"  
"Indeed, no! Where would you go? You will stay here," said Lottie, with decision, and at that very instant steps sounded on the stairs, and through the hall: and she added with a quick smile, "Here he is now."  
Trembling, and evidently at her wit's end, the woman sank back into her seat; and while Lottie went to the door and greeted her lover in a few low-spoken words, she sat staring into the fire, a smile gradually breaking over her face, as though consternation had given way to amusement.  
Laying his hat and coat over a chair, Robert Claxton came around to the fire and looked down at the old woman, as she looked up at him; and there was a moment's silence.  
"Grandmother," he exclaimed at last, in a voice of stupefied amazement—Grandmother, am I dreaming?"  
"Well—no—I think not. You don't appear to be," answered she, as though, for all, it was a great joke.  
"But—what—I—"  
"Didn't I say I was going to?" asked she, shortly.  
"No, you didn't say what; and I never thought—"  
"No, I suppose not; but I do. See here, Lottie."  
Like one doubting her senses, Lottie had stood listening to the strange dialogue, and even at this peremptory order she had not the power to move.  
"This is my grandmother, Lottie," began Robert, as if at a loss how to tell his story.  
But she interrupted him briskly.  
"I'll tell you about it myself, Lottie," said she. "I am his grandmother, and I am not poor; and no more is he, as he has made you believe. On the contrary, he is to have all my money; and I had set my heart on his marrying Maude Dabber—yes, the very young lady where you teach—and he set his heart on finding out for himself what she was like. So I humored him, and he left off his last name, Bennett, and went to the family with a glowing letter of recommendation from me. He was engaged; he saw my pretty Maude in her home, and I need not tell you how he found her to be a shrewd spoiled beauty. He also saw you, and I could never repeat all his love rhapsodies. I was chagrined that my choice had been found at fault, and determined to discover flaws in his, and—well, I've tried, and—failed!"  
She paused there and rising suddenly went to amaze and bewildered Lottie, and took her hand.  
"Robert, the girl you love is worthy of all you have said and believed of her. She is a pure, true, noble girl, with a heart that you or any man must strive hard to be worthy of. Take her, with the warmest blessing your crusty doubting grandmother can ask or give."  
Tenderly Robert clasped the hands placed in his, and drew her to his breast.  
"Lottie, my darling, you forgive us both?"  
But from mingled astonishment and joy, Lottie was sobbing and speechless.  
"I played the hungry old woman pretty well, I think," said old Mrs. Bennett, complacently, as she sat down by the fire again. "I am old and rather pale, and, of course, the child never guessed I was swathed in thick flannels under all these rags. But, oh, Robert, my boy, you have found a little treasure—you have, indeed. Be worthy of her."  
"I will try, grandma," he said, tenderly, kissing Lottie's blushing, happy face, "every hour of my life."  
Being entirely vegetable, no particular care is required while using Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. They operate without disturbance to the constitution, diet, or occupation. For sick headache, constipation, indigestion, dizziness, sour eructations from the stomach, bad taste in mouth, bilious attacks, pain in region of kidneys, internal fever, bloated feeling about stomach, rush of blood to head, take Dr. Pierce's Pellets. By druggists.  
As Monroe Goodyear, of Scranta, Ia., was feeding his horses, one switched his tail, and to keep it from striking his face Monroe seized it. Just at that moment lightning struck the barn, killed this horse and another, knocked down two others, threw Mr. Goodyear some distance, and set fire to the barn. Goodyear regained consciousness in time to extinguish the fire.  
A few barrels damaged Flour, at \$3.50 per barrel—first-class feed.—A. H. B. Macgowan, Auctioneer. e o d l w—sept 8