

The Daily Examiner.

TERMS:—FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR.

"This is true Liberty, when Free-born Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."—EPICURUS.

SINGLE COPIES TWO CENTS.

NEW SERIES

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1884.

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

REMARKS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1884.

MOON'S CHANGES.
Full Moon, 5.1 day, 6.1 43.3 n. a. m.
Last Quarter 12th day, 4.4 4.0 a. m.
New Moon 19th day, 5.1 24.0 a. m.
First Quarter 27th day, 6.4 8.4 a. m.

DAY OF WEEK	SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN	MOON	High	Days
M	rise	sets	rise	sets	rise	sets	rise	sets	sets	water	h. m.
1 Monday	5 25	6 31	4 15	7 33	13 9	8					
2 Tuesday	7 27	7 21	4 51	8 27	12 8	2					
3 Wednesday	9 29	8 29	5 29	9 12	2 8	2					
4 Thursday	11 31	9 28	6 35	9 54	12 59	2					
5 Friday	1 33	10 26	7 41	10 31	11 56	2					
6 Saturday	3 35	11 24	8 47	11 17	10 52	2					
7 Sunday	5 37	12 21	9 53	11 49	9 49	2					
8 Monday	7 39	1 19	10 59	12 21	8 46	2					
9 Tuesday	9 41	2 17	11 5	1 3	7 43	2					
10 Wednesday	11 43	3 15	11 51	1 3	6 40	2					
11 Thursday	1 45	4 13	12 57	1 3	5 37	2					
12 Friday	3 47	5 11	1 3	2 43	4 34	2					
13 Saturday	5 49	6 9	2 9	3 49	3 31	2					
14 Sunday	7 51	7 7	3 15	4 55	2 28	2					
15 Monday	9 53	8 3	4 21	6 1	1 25	2					
16 Tuesday	11 55	9 1	5 27	7 7	1 22	2					
17 Wednesday	1 57	9 59	6 33	8 13	1 19	2					
18 Thursday	3 59	10 47	7 39	9 19	1 16	2					
19 Friday	5 61	11 35	8 45	10 25	1 13	2					
20 Saturday	7 63	12 23	9 51	11 31	1 10	2					
21 Sunday	9 65	1 11	10 57	12 37	1 7	2					
22 Monday	11 67	2 9	11 63	1 43	1 4	2					
23 Tuesday	1 69	3 7	12 69	2 49	1 1	2					
24 Wednesday	3 71	4 5	1 15	3 55	1 58	2					
25 Thursday	5 73	5 53	2 21	5 1	1 55	2					
26 Friday	7 75	6 51	3 27	6 7	1 52	2					
27 Saturday	9 77	7 49	4 33	7 13	1 49	2					
28 Sunday	11 79	8 47	5 39	8 19	1 46	2					
29 Monday	1 81	9 45	6 45	9 25	1 43	2					
30 Tuesday	3 83	10 43	7 51	10 31	1 40	2					

THE RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

Charlottetown Time			
GOING WEST	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Charl. River	6 47	9 12	4 27
Hunter House	7 47	10 12	5 27
Kensington	8 42	11 12	6 22
Summerside	9 37	12 7	7 17
Port Hill	10 32	1 2	8 12
Alberton	11 27	2 17	9 7
Tignish	12 22	3 12	10 2
FROM WEST			
FROM EAST	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Charlottetown	4 17	7 42	8 17
Mont Stewart	5 12	8 37	9 12
St. Peter's	6 7	9 32	10 7
Souris	7 2	10 27	11 2
Georgetown	8 17	11 22	12 17
Cardigan	9 12	12 17	1 12
Charlottetown	10 7	1 12	2 7
Georgetown	11 2	2 7	3 2
Cardigan	12 17	3 2	4 17
Charlottetown	1 12	4 17	5 12

L. ARTHUR & CO.,

Commission Merchants,
121 ATLANTIC AVENUE,
(ROSS MARKET)
BOSTON, MASS.
Eggs and Produce a Specialty.
May 15, 1884 weekly if

N. J. CAMPBELL,

(Successor to Campbell & Rayden)
Auctioneer and Commission Merchant,
SHIP BROKER,
AND INSURANCE AGENT,
COR. OF QUEEN AND WATER STS.,
Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

Importer and Jobber of Choice

General Agent for P. E. Island of the
British Empire Mutual Life Assurance Company,
of London, England.
Special Attention given to Auction Sales of
Lumber, Coal, Fish, Spices and other Foreign
Real Estate, Household Furniture, Bankrupt
and other stocks, and all kinds of Merchandise.
Correspondence and Consignments solicited.
Returns promptly made.
March 28, 1885.

McLeod, Morison & McQuarrie, BARRISTERS —AND— ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

Office in Old Bank,
(UP STAIRS).
Charlottetown, Feb. 21, 1884.

SULLIVAN & MITCHELL, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW

Solicitors in Chancery,
NOTARIES PUBLIC, &c.
OFFICES—O'Halloran's Building, Great
George Street, Charlottetown.

Money to Loan.
W. W. SULLIVAN, Q. C. (CHRISTIE B. MACMILLAN)
Jan. 16, 1884.

W. WHEATLEY, (OF WHEATLEY & SONS, CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND)

Commission Merchant,
269 BARRINGTON STREET,
HALIFAX, N. S.
Special attention given to the sale of
P. E. Island produce.
April 24, 1884.

WEST & RENDELL, Commission Merchants,

St. John's, Newfound'd d.
Consignments solicited. Liberal advances
made.
July 25, 1884.—2aw 4 n

APPLES, APPLES, APPLES.

CHARLES DONALD & CO.,
79 Queen St., London, E. C.
Will be glad to correspond with Apple Growers,
Merchants and Shippers, with a
view to an annual and Spring
business.
They will also give the usual facilities to
customers requiring advances.

C. IRNS' MARBLE WORKS.

MR. CHARLES CAIRNS, in returning
thanks to the public for the liberal
patronage extended to him, begs leave to
inform his old customers and the public generally,
that he has taken into partnership Mr.
Malcolm McLean, and that hereafter the
business will be carried on under the title of

CAIRNS & CO.,

Marble & Stone Cutters.

They have on hand a fine stock of Monumental
and Headstones, in Italian and
American Marble. They are of the latest
designs, and as prices to suit all.

MONCTON

Sash and Door Factory.

MR. P. LEA, in returning thanks to the
public for the liberal patronage extended
to him while in business in Charlottetown,
begs leave to inform his old customers and
the public generally, that he, in company
with Mr. William Rogers, has appointed

Messrs. B. Williams & Co.,

Lumber and Coal Dealers, Pownall Wharf,
Charlottetown, our agents, who will keep
constantly on hand a full supply of Mouldings,
Window Sashes, Doors, etc., at

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

All orders entrusted to them will receive
prompt attention.

LEA & ROGERS,

Moncton, N. B.

Piano Tuning & Repairing

MR. VINNOCOMBE begs to inform the
musical public that he is now prepared
to take in Pianos for repair. Pianos repaired
with newness, defective sound boards re-
novated, keys tightened, a fine regulated, in
fact the whole construction renovated. Cabinet
organs repaired. Church Organs voiced
and tuned. Having received a large stock of
Piano Tuning Wire, etc., from the celebrated
Piano Manufacturers, with nearly
twenty years experience in that business, and
under the patronage of the Government House,
the Convents, and the leading musical families
on the Island, feels sure of giving universal
satisfaction.
Terms—cash when work is done.
Office—G. P. Fletcher's New Music Store.
Charlottetown, May 21—1884

NEW FALL GOODS!

FIRST INSTALMENTS

NOW OPENING,
—AT—

J. B. MACDONALD'S,

QUEEN STREET.
Charlottetown, Sept. 1, 1884.—2aw wkly.

TEA. TEA.

Extra, Prime, Cheap, Strong, Nice, All, Splendid
Beer & Coff's for Extra Tea,
WHOLESALE.

BEER & GOFF'S FOR PRIME TEA.

RETAIL.

BEER & GOFF'S FOR CHEAP TEA,

WARRANTED.

BEER & GOFF'S FOR NICE TEA,

5 POUND TINS.

BEER & GOFF'S FOR ALL TEA,

HALF-CHESTS.

BEER & GOFF'S FOR SPLENDID TEA,

ANY QUANTITY.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

Charlottetown, July 9, 1884—2aw

ROYAL CANADIAN INSURANCE CO.

FIRE.

CAPITAL, \$2,000,000

HEAD OFFICE—Montreal.
HALIFAX BRANCH—J. Scott Mitchell, Agent.

Risks Taken on Most Favorable Terms.

AGENT FOR PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND:
F. H. ARNAUD,
Charlottetown, Feb. 27, 1884.
Merchants Bank of Halifax

Attention Ye Who Are In Doubt.

Let Experience be Judge,—Comparison and Purse the Jury.
Because of the excellent facilities they possess, have been able
to reduce the price of all goods manufactured by them, and by
buying their raw material in the best markets, for cash, are
prepared to give the purchasing public
THE BEST VALUE IN THE PROVINCE.
They are selling from thirty to fifty per cent. below prices
asked some time ago in the same establishment.
Factory, Office and Showroom—King Square, Kent Street.
Charlottetown, May 27, 1884—2aw wkly

After Touch of Wedded Bands.

I entered this wood an hour ago, yet I
stand here still. My brain seems reeling.
An awful sorrow has crushed me.
Sixty minutes ago I was a young, happy
girl—a bride of two months' standing.
With a light step I came gayly down this
woodland path, and saw—my husband with
another woman in his embrace! Her white
arms were round him; her fair hair was
pressed to his. Oh! shall I ever forget the
sight or the agony it brought to my soul to
know that he, my heart's darling, whom I
had deemed a king amongst men, was false
to me!
They did not see me. I listened for no
words. With the sound of those passionate
kisses filling my ears—with that shameful
scene burning like fire within my brain—I
flew away into the deepest gloom I could
find, like a wounded animal vainly rushing
from the dart which is fixed in its own
breast. How am I to go home? How
shall I bear to look again upon his traitorous
face?

"Don't touch me!" I cry.
My husband and I are standing face to
face; he has dared to offer me a caress.
Bertram gravely looks at me with surprise
in his eyes.
"Lentore, have I offended you in any way?"
he asks.
"You have only killed every feeling of
affection I ever had for you. That is all!"
I cry fiercely.
"Do not misunderstand."
"Do you not, Bertram, I have just come
from Oakwood?"
He starts, but there comes no look of
guilt on the calm, dark face I am keenly
watching. As he says that he can thus
dearly hide his sin!

You saw me there? he questions.
"Yes, and I hate you!" I exclaim, snatch-
ing my hand from his grasp. "You are the
vilest man I have ever known. I would
not remain under your roof for a kingdom!"
Yesterday I left my husband—only
twenty-four hours ago; yet it seems as
though a century of time had passed since
then, and I ask myself how I shall live
without him, the long, blank years which
stretch out before me.

I am travelling by express train to a
little place among the Welsh mountains,
where I can hide my misery in peace. I
am alone in the carriage, and leaning my
head back wearily against the cushions, I
ponder whether she—his new love—will
now take my place within that lost home.
The train enters a long tunnel; then,
as it emerges into daylight, there comes a
piercing scream from the engine's whistle,
the roar of an approaching train, and a
deafening, blinding crash, which seems to
swallow me up.

I recover consciousness to find I am only
bruised. The collision has taken place
near a few farmhouses, and the injured
passengers are being carried to these
dwellings. A dreadful scene meets my
eye as I alight; the front portion of both
trains is completely wrecked. Amidst the
debris lie mangled human bodies, some
struggling to extricate themselves, others
white, still, wrapped in the last dread
slumber. A female figure is borne past
men's shoulders. Every part of her body
looks crushed out of shape; even the pale
face and long fair hair are made ghastly by
crimson stains of blood.

Where have I seen such hair as this
before? Like a flash of light the scene in
Oakwood rises before my sight. Yester-
day those golden tresses were flung across
Bertram's breast!
I start forward, a wild hatred for this
woman, who had ruined my peace, takes
possession of my mind, driving out all
pity.
I heed not those around us. It seems to
me as though she and I have all the world
to ourselves.

"Do you know what you have done,
with your shameful wiles?" I cry. "How
dare you stand away my husband's heart?"
She has, I see, no power to move aught
except her eyes. These, with a frightened
pleading expression turn to my face.
Her lips move feebly; she utters but one
word "Forgive!" and my rival falls back
dead.
Twelve months have rolled slowly away,
but the flight of time has brought no peace
to me. I am heart-hungry—starving for
the love that was once my deadly food.
Though I turn with loathing from the
thought of my husband, an intense yearning
grows up in my soul to be near him—
to look once more upon his countenance.
The strong desire of my heart conquers
me; I grow languid and weak. At last
yielding to an irresistible impulse, I leave
the dwelling I have for a year called home,
and return to the neighborhood of that
other house where dwells the husband
whom, in spite of all, I still love.
I resolve to remain here unknown, so
that some day I may, unseen, behold him
again.
It is not long before, one night, I steal
forth in the darkness to stand, an hour
later, in front of my lost home.
There is no light in the drawing-room.
He does not, then, occupy the apartment
we have so often shared.
I turn to his study window. That is also
dark. Where is he?
I lift my eyes to his chamber. Here a
light burns steadily, while shifting shadows,
as of persons moving quietly within, fall
across the blind.
My heart grows sick with a dreadful fear.
He is ill! He may be dying; and I, his
wife, stand here, a stranger, with no power
to cross the threshold.
I tremble with intense anxiety. Oh, if
some servant would but open the door, I
might inquire what is the matter! In the
dark they would not recognize me.
A quick step echoes up the gravel path.
I turn hastily. It is the doctor.

"Tell me what is amiss!" I gasp. "He is
not seriously ill?"
Doctor Ormerod looks down gravely into
my agitated face as he answers:
"Ill unto death; there is only a gleam of
hope."
I shed no tears; they seem frozen. The
words ring again and again through my
brain—"Ill unto death!"
"I must see him," is all I say.
"You must let me go to Bertram!" I cry.
"Oh, have some pity and keep me not from
my dying husband! I will not agitate him,
I assure you!"
"The very sight of your face would do
that. Mrs. Tremaine, do you know, your name
was on his lips day and night!"
"Yet you are cruel enough to keep us
apart!" is my passionate response.
A moment's silence, while I see his stern
face soften, then he says:
"You shall be admitted on one condition.
It is that you remain behind the lead. He
will not perceive your presence, and you
must promise to speak no word; the flame
of life is so weak that any agitation may
extinguish it at once."
"I promise," is my quick response.
(Concluded in our next)

Ben Butler and the Farmers.

In his address to the farmers at Pitts-
burgh, Ben Butler said: First of all I thank
you for the invitation that has brought me
here into the Cumberland Valley. I hardly
know how to address the audience. I am
told that it is non-political in a certain
sense, but if I talk about anything that has
to do with the future of the country and
the condition of the people, I must talk
politics. [Applause] I know that great
word "politics" has been debased, and we
hear men say that it is a good thing; it is
politic, because it is cunning. Now, I
despise all that. The good is always politic.
The politic is always right in the higher
sense of the word, and therefore, in what
I shall say to you, while I deal not with
men or anything personal to any man, yet I
propose to deal as I may see fit with laws,
systems and principles. Usually, a speech
to the farmers commences in

(TELLING THEM HOW HAPPY THEY ARE,
and how much their lot is to be desired to
all others, and how excellent a thing it is
to plough the ground, and drive the cows,
and milk them, and to make butter, and to
have other people eat it. I am not going to
begin my speech that way. A farmer boy
—brought up in my early youth on a farm,
not like those, but so rocky that when they
sent me after the cows I could jump a mile
from stone to stone, and never touch the
ground—I know something of farm life.
It is a hard life, if well followed. In the
olden time it was a hard life for the women
of the farm, but not so onerous
now, because the creamery and the cheese
factory, the spinning-jenny and the loom,
have relieved them from making butter
and cheese and clothing, as they used to do
in my time. Whether it is better or not is
a question that I am not quite prepared to
discuss. It has made it easier. This

FARM LIFE IS A STERN LIFE,
but it always gives results, not the highest
in one sense. The farmer, as a rule, does
not get rich, but he always has a comfort-
able subsistence, and if he is industrious
and frugal he lays up a competence for his
children, if he has taught them to work
with him, and does not get the foolish
idea that the highest vocation a man can
have is to measure off calico with a yard-
stick behind a counter. Stay at home,
boys, on the farm. Let me tell
you one of two things, and this is
politics, only you don't know it. Ninety-
nine out of every hundred men that go
into the city and go into business, ninety-
nine out of every hundred do not succeed
in a high degree, and more than ninety out
of every hundred fail utterly. The suc-
cesses you hear of, but the failures sink
away into obscurity, and your sons who
have gone into the city find their places at
last in the poor house, where history does
not deal with them to any considerable ex-
tent. That won't happen if the boys stays
on the farm. And it is as

MUCH WORSE FOR THE GIRL
as you think. You marry one of these men
that go off to the city. You have a little
odor of the farm about you, and when he
gets somewhere else and smells another
odor, he deserts you and picks up somebody
else. That is the fate of the girls in too
many instances. I speak like an old man
to young men and women, and mothers and
fathers. Find a good honest farmer or
mechanic in your neighborhood, and marry
the girl to him and let them be the happy
parents of fine children, again to marry with
that class upon which the very foundation
of our government rests. Then you will
have children that will love you and child-
ren that, while you must love, whatever
may come, you can in all cases respect.

A Gentle Hint.

Little drops of printer's ink,
A little type "displayed,"
Make our merchant bosses
And all their big parade.
Little bits of stinkiness,
Discarding printer's ink,
Busts the man of business,
And lets his credit sink.
The general facts are well established:
(1) That it pays to raise pigs on home
produce to sell fat at 7 cts. a lb.
(2) That pig breeding is profitable.
(3) That the market demands an almost
unlimited supply of good, cured, pig meat.
During the present season 215 lbs. of
barberries were shipped to Boston from
Carleton, Victoria and Aroostook Counties,
N. B. Over half of this quantity was
exported in a raw state, the balance being
boiled.