

# THE DAILY EXAMINER.

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NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, MONDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1888.

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The Daily Examiner

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ALMANAC FOR OCTOBER, 1888.

MOON'S CHANGES.  
New Moon, 5th day, 10h. 21.7m. a. m., S. E.  
First Quarter 12th day, 1h. 14.6m. a. m., N. W.  
(below horizon.)  
Full Moon 19th day, 5h. 56.4m. p. m., E.  
Last Quarter, 27th day, 9h. 53.1m. p. m., N. E.  
(below horizon.)

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

J. L. WHEAT. J. G. BRIDGE. S. L. BURR

WHEAT, BRIDGE & BURR,  
Receivers and Commission Dealers

POTATOES, EGGS,

Butter, Cheese, Poultry, Game, &c.  
Consignments of EGGS and POTATOES solicited and liberal advances made.

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BOSTON, MASS.

Boston Chamber of Commerce Weekly Official Market Report sent to any firm on application. Sent 2-3 wks by law

B-O-S-T-O-N

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THE PALACE STEAMERS  
OF THE  
INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

Leave St. John for Boston, via Eastport and Portland, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7.25 a. m.

From Charlottetown to Boston, \$6.50, 3rd class; \$1.50, 1st class.  
For tickets and other information apply to  
G. A. SHARP, E. W. HALES,  
P. E. I. Ry., P. E. I. Steam Nav. Co.  
or to your nearest Ticket Agent.  
May 7, 1888—end wky

JAMES A. MORRISON. GEORGE MUSGRAVE

MORRISON & MUSGRAVE,  
BROKERS

Commission Merchants,  
HALIFAX

Consignments of Island produce will receive prompt attention.

References: Thomas Fyfe, Esq., Cashier Bank of Nova Scotia, Halifax; George Macleod, Manager Bank of Nova Scotia Charlottetown.

WARREN & JONES,  
TEA MERCHANTS.

1 EAST CHURCH AND 9 & 14 MINGING LANE,  
LONDON, ENGLAND.  
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JAMES PATON & CO'S  
POPULAR STORE.

NEW CLOTHING ROOMS.

STOCK JUST IN!  
PEOPLE MUST HAVE CLOTHING, and want the Best Value for their Money.

DON'T BUY without first seeing our Flannel and Dress Shirts, Hats, Caps, Furs, Gloves, Ties, Collars  
DON'T BUY without seeing our NEW SUITS, our NEW OVERCOATS.

A Great Bargain also in WARM UNDERCLOTHING.  
Special Qualities in Scotch Lambswool UNDERWEAR!!!

JAMES PATON & CO.,  
Ch'town, Oct. 18, 1888. MARKET SQUARE.

HARRIS New Winter Clothing,  
now open,  
Mens' Nap Reefers,  
Mens' Nap Overcoats,  
Boys' Overcoats,  
Boys' Reefers,  
Felt Hats, Caps,  
Gloves, Hosiery,  
LOW PRICES FOR CASH.

1888

Fall Announcement!

On MONDAY, September 10, we will inaugurate our Great Colossal Sale of CUSTOM MADE CLOTHING AND GENTS' FURNISHINGS. Having recently returned from taking a second course in Cutting in New York, I am in a better position than ever to turn out good-fitting garments that will please the most fastidious.

Our workpeople are of the very highest order, so with good Material and good Cutting and good Work, you cannot fail in procuring what you desire. Cash Customers will find it to their advantage to patronize

P. J. FORAN,  
CONNOLLY'S OLD STAND.

Families Wanting a Supply

FALL BOOTS!

Leave Their Orders With Us,

AND WE WILL SELECT THEM CAREFULLY, AND

GUARANTEE SATISFACTION.

We have on hand a large assortment of FELT BOOTS, LEATHER BOOTS, RUBBER BOOTS, WALKING BOOTS, OVERSHOES, RUBBERS, SLIPPERS, &c., selling at prices to suit the times.

TO SHOE MAKERS!—Just received, a Large Stock of CUSTOM SOLE LEATHER, sold by the Side at 24 cents a lb. Also, an assortment of FINDINGS.

GOFF BROS.,  
Successors to Dorsey, Goff & Co.

Long-Standing

Blood Diseases are cured by the persevering use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

This medicine is an Alterative, and causes a radical change in the system. The process, in some cases, may not be quite so rapid as in others; but, with persistence, the result is certain. Read these testimonials:—

"For two years I suffered from a severe pain in my right side, and had other troubles caused by a torpid liver and dyspepsia. After giving several medicines a fair trial without a cure, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was greatly benefited by the first bottle, and after taking five bottles I was completely cured."—John W. Benson, 70 Lawrence st., Lowell, Mass.

Last May a large carbuncle broke out on my arm. The usual remedies had no effect and I was confined to my bed for eight weeks. A friend induced me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Less than three bottles healed the sore. In all my experience with medicine, I never saw more

Wonderful Results.

Another marked effect of the use of this medicine was the strengthening of my sight."—Mrs. Carrie Adams, Holly Springs, Texas.

"I had a dry scaly humor for years, and suffered terribly; and, as my brother and sister were similarly afflicted, I presume the malady is hereditary. Last winter, Dr. Tyron, (of Fernandina, Fla.) recommended me to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and continue it for a year. For five months I took it daily. I have not had a blemish upon my body for the last three months."—T. E. Wiley, 146 Chambers st., New York City.

"Last fall and winter I was troubled with a dull, heavy pain in my side. I did not notice it much at first, but it gradually grew worse until it became almost unbearable. During the latter part of this time, disorders of the stomach and liver increased my troubles. I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, after faithfully continuing the use of this medicine for some months, the pain disappeared and I was completely cured."—Mrs. Augusta A. Furbush, Haverhill, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,  
PREPARED BY  
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Price 25¢; six bottles, \$1.50. Worth \$5 a bottle.

Halifax and West India Steamship Line.

THE STEAMER "ALPHA"  
Will Leave Halifax  
ABOUT OCTOBER 15th,  
FOR—  
Bermuda, Turk's Island and Kingston,  
Making regular monthly trips.

THE STEAMER "BETA"  
—WILL LEAVE—  
Halifax for Havana and Matanzas, Cuba.

NOVEMBER NEXT.

Through Bills of Lading will be granted from Charlottetown or any Station on the P. E. Island Railroad at low rates.  
Intending shippers of Oats, Potatoes, Fish, etc., will do well to engage space.  
For further particulars apply to  
W. W. CLARKE, Agent,  
Charlottetown, P. E. I.  
Or PICKFORD & BLACK, Halifax,  
Ch'town, Oct. 9, 1888—1f

THE NEW RACE COURSE  
Is a Good Idea,

THE OLD RACE COURSE

HARRIS' TINSTORE

Supplies Coal Pots, Bake Pans, Elbows, etc., must be convinced.

Just Above Apothecaries' Hall Corner.

FITTING UP STOVES A SPECIALTY.  
L. W. HARRIS.  
oct16—dy & wky 1f

THE BLEW RAPPER

The Cheapest,  
The Purest  
Baking Powder

SOLD ABOVE GROUND.

TRY IT and be CONVINCED.

THE FAIR GOD.

BOOK ONE.

CHAPTER I.

OUR MOTHER HAS A FORTUNE WAITING US TONDER.

The Spanish calendar is simpler than the Aztec. In fact, Christian methods of whatever nature, are better than heathen.

So, then, by the Spanish Calendar, March, 1519, had about half itself in the valley of Anahuac, which was yet untrodden by gold-seeker, with cross-billed sword at his side, and on his lips a Catholic oath. Near noon of one of its fairest days, a traveller came descending the western slope of the Sierra de Ahalco. Since the dawn his path had been amongst hills and crags; at times traversing bald rocks that towered to where the winds blew chill, then dipping into warm valleys, where were grass, flowers and streamlets, and sometimes forests of cedar and fir—labyrinths in which there reigned a perpetual twilight.

Toilsome as was the way, the traveller, young and strong, marched lightly. His dress, of the kind prevalent in his country, was provincial, and with few signs of rank. He had sandals of buffalo-hide, fitted for climbing rocks and threading pathless woods; a sort of white tunic, covering his body from the neck to the knees, leaving bare the arms from the shoulder; *mazatl* and *tlamati*—sash and mantle—of cotton, blue tinted, and of ornament; a wrist on his left arm he wore a substantial gold bracelet, and in both ears jeweled pendants; while an ebony band, encircling his head, kept his straggling black locks in place, and permitted a snow-white bird's-wing for decoration. There was a shield on his left arm, framed of wood, and covered with padded cloth, and in the left hand a javelin barbed with flint, at his back swung a *machete*, and a quiver filled with arrows; an unstung arrow in his right hand completed his equipments, and served him in lieu of staff. An ocelot, trudging stealthily behind him was his sole companion.

In the course of his journey he came to a crag that sank bluffly down several hundred feet, commanding a fine prospect. Though the air was cold, he halted. Away to the north-west stretched the beautiful valley of Anahuac, dotted with hamlet and farm houses, and marked with the silver tracery of streams. Far across the plain he caught a view of the fresh waters of Lake Chalco, and beyond that, blue in the distance and faintly relieved against the sky, the royal hill of Chapultepec, with its palaces and cypress forests. In all the New World there was no scene comparable with that he looked upon—none its rival for beauty, none where the heavens seemed so perfectly melted into earth. There were the most renowned cities of the Empire; from that plain went the armies whose marches were all triumphs; in that air hovered the gods awaiting sacrifices; into that sky rose the smoke of the inextinguishable fires; here along the brightest suns and lingered the longest summers; the yonder dwelt that king—in youth a priest, then a warrior, now the terror of all nations—whose signet on the hand of a slave could fill the land with rustling of banners.

No traveller, I ween, could look unmoved on the picture; ours sat down, and gazed with brimful eyes and a beating heart. For the first time he was beholding the matchless vale so overhung with love-liness and full of the monuments of a strange civilization. So rapt was he that he did not observe the ocelot come and lay its head on his lap, like a dog seeking caresses. "Come, boy!" he said, at last rousing himself; "let us on. Our Mother (the goddess Coatlicatl, called 'Our Lady and Mother') has a fortune waiting us yonder."

And they resumed the journey. Half an hour's brisk walk brought them to the foot of the mountain. Suddenly they came upon company.

It was on the bank of a considerable stream, which, pouring in noisy torrent over a rocky bed, appeared to rush with a song forward into the valley. A clump of giant oaks shaded a level sward. Under them a crowd of *tamames* (Carrier slaves or porters) tawny, half-clothed, broad-shouldered men, devoured loaves of cold maize bread. Near the roots of the trees their masters reclined comfortably on *patates* or mats, without which an Aztec trader's outfit was incomplete. Our traveller understood at a glance the character of the strangers; so that, as his road led directly to them, he went on without hesitation. As he came near, some of them sat up to observe him.

"A warrior going to the city," said one. "Or rather a king's courier," suggested another.

"Is that not an ocelot at his heels?" asked a third.

"That it is. Bring me my javelin!"

"And mine!" And mine I cried several of them at once, all springing to their feet.

By the time the young man came up, the whole party stood ready to give him an aimed welcome.

"I am very sorry to have disturbed you," he said quietly, finding himself obliged to stop.

"You seem friendly enough," answered one of the older men; "but your comrade there—what of him?"

The traveller smiled. "See, he is muzzled."

The party laughed at their own fears. The old merchant, however, stepped forward to the young stranger.

"I confess you have greatly relieved me. I feared the brute might set on and wound somebody. Come up and sit down with us."

The traveller was now disinclined, being tempted by the prospect of cheer from the provision baskets lying around.

"Bring a mat for your warrior," said the friendly trader. "Now give him bread and meat."

From an abundance of bread, fowl and fruit the wayfarer helped himself. A running conversation was meantime maintained.

"My ocelot? The story is simple; for your sakes, good friends, I wish it were better. I killed his mother, and took him when a whelp. Now he does me good service hunting. You should see him in pursuit of an antelope!"

"Then you are not a warrior!"

"To be a warrior," replied the hunter modestly, "is to have been in many battles, and taken many captives. I have practised long, and, at times, boasted of skill—foolishly, perhaps; yet, I confess, I never matched any under the banner of the great King."

"But the King, the King, the King," said the

understand you. You have served some frog-trading company like our own."

"You are shrewd. My father is a merchant. At times he has travelled with strong trains, and even attacked cities that have refused him admission to their market."

"Indeed! He must be of renown. In what province does he live, my son?"

"In Tihuano."

"Tepaja! old Tepaja, of Tihuano! Are you son of his?" The good man grasped the young one's hand enthusiastically. "I knew him well; many years ago we were as brothers together; we travelled and traded as brothers many provinces. That was the day of the elder Montezuma, when the Empire was not as large as now; when, in fact, most gates were closed against us, because our king was an Aztec, and we had to storm a town, then turn its square into a market for our wares. Sometimes we marched an army, each of us carrying a thousand slaves; and yet our tasks were not always easy. I remember once, down on the bank of the Great River, we were beaten back from a walled town, and succeeded only after a four day's fight. Ah, but we made it win! We led three thousand slaves back to Tenochtitlan, besides five hundred captives—a present for the gods."

"No the more that talked until his hunger of his new acquaintance was appeased; then he offered a pipe, which was declined."

"I am fond of a pipe after a good meal, and this one has been worthy a king. But now I have no leisure for the luxury; the city to which I am bound is too far ahead of me."

"If it is your first visit you are right. Fail not to be there before the market closes. Such a sight never laddered your dreams!"

"So I have heard my father say."

"O, it never was as it will be to-night. The roads for days have been thronged with visitors going up in processions."

"What is the occasion?"

"Why, to-morrow is the celebration of Quetzil! Certainly, my son, you have heard the prophecies concerning that god."

"In rumors only. I believe he was to return to Anahuac."

"Well, the story is long, and you are in a hurry. We also are going to the city, but will halt our slaves at Izapatapan for the night, and cross the causeway before the sun to-morrow. If you care to keep us company, we will start at once; on the way I will tell you a few things that may not be unacceptable."

"I see," said the hunter, pleasantly; "I have reason to be proud of my father's good report. Certainly I will go a distance with you at least, and thank you for information. To speak frankly, I am seeking my fortune."

The merchant spoke to his companions, and raising a huge conch-shell to his mouth, blew a blast that started every slave to his feet. For a few moments all was commotion. The mats were rolled up, and, with the provision-baskets, slung upon broad shoulders, *tamame* resumed his load of wares, and took his place; those armed put themselves with their masters at the head, and at another peal from the shell all set forward. The column, if such it may be called, was long; and not without a certain picturesqueness, as it crossed the stream, and entered a tract covered with tall trees, amongst which the palm was strangely intermingled with the oak and the cypress. The whole valley, from the lake to the mountains, was irrigated, and under cultivation. Full of wonder, the hunter marched beside the merchant.

(To be continued.)

Principal Grant's Views.

A representative of the *Register*, of Adelaide, Australia, called on Dr. Grant while he was there and had a lengthy interview with him. He was found to be a strong believer in the benefits that would flow from closer commercial relations between Australasia and Canada. He pointed out that there is a large opening for wool, wine and some other products, while Canada could send us fish in various forms, lumber and even some descriptions of agricultural implements. He is also a warm advocate of the cable between Vancouver's Island and Australia. He speaks disapprovingly of everything in the shape of prohibitory legislation in regard to the sale of liquor, and declares that such legislation, where it has been introduced, has seriously damaged the temperance cause in provoking opposition. At the same time he bears testimony to the fact that the Canadians are very sober people. He cordially favors the maintenance of the Imperial convention, and is of opinion that Canada has no disposition to break away from the union to amalgamate with the United States. At the same time he supports the idea recently broached of authorizing Canada and other groups of the colonies to enter into special trade arrangements with particular countries.

FATALLY BURNED.—At Argyll Sound, on the 13th inst., Margaret L., aged 8 years, daughter of Robert and Melinda Nickerson, put some wood in the fire in the cooking stove, and while reaching over the blaze for the cover her clothes caught fire. Her mother being absent, her little brother, younger than herself, ran for aid to the nearest neighbor, who, on arriving, found her clothing entirely consumed. She lived about five hours in great agony, when death came to her relief.—*Yarmouth Herald*.

It was once supposed that scrofula could not be eradicated from the system; but the marvelous results produced by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla disproves this theory. The reason is, this medicine is the most powerful blood purifier ever discovered.

The Berlin correspondent of the *News* learns, on good authority, that Germany and England are negotiating for joint action in East Africa.

The consciousness of having a remedy at hand for croup, pneumonia, sore throat and sudden colds is very consoling to a parent. With a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, one feels in such cases, a sense of security nothing else can give.

The Canadian Pacific has reduced its grain rates from Winnipeg.

Use Hall's Vegetable Sulfur Hair Renewer, and your thin gray locks will thicken up and be restored to their youthful color, vigor and beauty.