

The Examiner.

VOL. 1.

W. L. COTTON,
Manager & Editor

THURSDAY MORNING,

JUNE 14, 1877.

NO. 25

Groceries, etc.,

TEA.
TEA.
TEA.
—AT THE—
New York & Toronto Flour
DEPOT.

The subscriber has received, by recent arrivals from London, and which will be sold either Wholesale or Retail—

50 CHESTS JAPAN TEA,
(CHOICE.)
50 Chests Chison Souchong Flavor.
Quality guaranteed, and the money will be returned to purchasers if the article does not give satisfaction.

Also, always on hand, a supply of
Fresh Ground Flour,
Imported weekly from Toronto.
WILLIAM MCGILL.
City, May 30, 1877.—2w eod

RANKINE'S BISCUITS.
We have been appointed Agents for the Sale of T. RANKINE & SON'S
Favorite Biscuits,
And are now landing an assortment comprising:
PILOT, GRAHAM,
WINE, SODA,
BUTTER,
ABERNETHY
For which we solicit orders from the trade
F. NEWBERY & CO.

ITALIAN WAREHOUSE,
QUEEN STREET.

Just arrived from Europe and elsewhere our SPRING SUPPLIES of
CHOICE WINES, LIQUORS AND GROCERIES,
which we offer at lowest possible prices
MACEACHERN & CO.
May 21, 1877.—2m

DYSPEPTICS ATTENTION!

GRAHAM BREAD,
RYE BREAD,
GRAHAM CRACKERS

AT
J. QUIRK'S
STEAM BAKERY!

HOUSEHOLD BREAD,
—COMPRISING—

NO. 1 WHITE,
MILK BREAD,
NEW YORK ROLLS,
GERMAN TWISTS,
AT
J. QUIRK'S Steam Bakery.

BISCUITS.
50 bbls. No. 1 PILOT BISCUIT,
200 bbls. No. 2 PILOT BISCUIT,
150 bbls. NAVY BISCUIT,
MILK BISCUIT, &c.,
AT
J. QUIRK'S Steam Bakery.

CRACKERS.
SODA CRACKERS,
BUTTER CRACKERS,
WINE CRACKERS,
SUGAR CRACKERS,
SEED CRACKERS,
ABERNETHY CRACKERS,
FANCY CRACKERS,
OYSTER CRACKERS,
JUMBLES and SNAPS
AT
J. QUIRK'S Steam Bakery.

All orders from town and country promptly attended to.
Goods delivered at Station or on Steamboats, or in town, free of charge.

JOHN QUIRK.
Charlottetown, June 7, 1877—6i

Dry Goods, etc.,

W. A. WEEKS & CO
—INVITE—
CASH BUYERS

FROM EVERY QUARTER
TO GIVE THEM A CALL

When Buying.

—THEIR STOCK OF—
NEW GOODS

FOR

SPRING & SUMMER.

Cannot be Beaten.

—A FULL STOCK OF—

MOURNING GOODS,
CRAPES, &c.,

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

W. A. WEEKS & CO.

QUEEN STREET
May 22, 1877.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

An Attractive Sale of
GENERAL DRY GOODS

—AT—
Messrs. Dorsey & Jost's Old Stand,
QUEEN SQUARE.

SPECIAL BARGAINS

IN WHITE & GREY COTTONS,
DRESS GOODS, SHAWLS, JACKETS,
PRINTS, LIGHT CAMBRICS,
STAYS, ANTIMACASSERS,
RIBBONS, GLOVES, & other
FANCY GOODS.

Sweeds, Clothings and,

READY-MADE CLOTHING!!

TERMS CASH. NO SECOND PRICE.

Charlottetown, June 12, 1877.

Parks' Cotton Yarns.

AWARDED the only Medal, given for
COTTON YARNS of Canadian Manu-
facture, at the

CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

Nos. 5's to 10's.

White, Blue, Red, Orange, and Green.

Warranted full length and weight.

Stronger and better than any other Yarn in the market.

Cotton Carpet Warp.

No. 12's 4 PLY IN ALL COLORS.

Warranted fast.

WM. PARKS' & SON,

New Brunswick Cotton Mills } May 25, 77
St. John, N. B.

DAILY EXAMINER

—SOLD ON—

Streets and in Trains,

AT

2 CENTS PER COPY.

WHOLESALE at the rate of one do-
lar and fifty cents per hundred.

June 13, 1877.—4i

THE MONTENEGRIN WARRIORS.

The Montenegrin army is described by a correspondent of the London Times as a mass of tatterdemalions. In the ranks a majority are more or less ragged, and the battalions in their ranks do not trouble themselves much with being in exact line or keeping any particular position, although no army drill could secure more absolute obedience to any order. Life at the headquarters of the Prince of Montenegro is an homeric study. When in the morning the Prince appears, a line is formed instantly and all uncover, while he takes his walk up and down the terrace.

As he walks along the line, no yard then a man runs forward, catches the hand of the Prince, and kisses it, dropping back into his place, and then another and another, the ruler accepting the homage with a manner which has a great fascination for the simple minded folks, with a smile, a word of interest, in some cases a question as to their affairs; for he knows it is said every head of a family in his dominions personally and by name, and occasionally breaks his promenade to enter into conversation more seriously, or even to provoke a general discussion, when a circle rapidly forms around him to listen and take part. There is nothing servile in their manner even to him, but the most unbounded reverence and devotion. It is a favorite amusement of him to wake up the emulation of his men, by talking to some of them of some heroic deed he has done, and provoking comparisons when a contest of pretensions to equal or greater merits began, every man considering himself entitled to push his claims, which he does in no vainglorious way, but by recounting what he has done. As they are surrounded by witnesses of the deeds, no man dares to exaggerate his exploits, and the crowd confirms. These are the warriors who are now renewing, in Western Turkey, the battle which they have waged with the Turks for four centuries.

DON COSSACK IN THE FIELD.

The most picturesque figure in the Russian army is the Don Cossack, with his long black lance and his devil-may-care face. A correspondent of the London News describes him as a practical philosopher of a manly, self-reliant, and half-cynical type. The Cossacks ride through Bucharest—fellows who never saw a town in their lives before—as if it were their afternoon custom to make a promenade on its asphalt; they are always civil although punctilious in the performance of their duty, and they keep sober when billeted in a public house, with money in their pockets and a score of civilians around them eager to stand treat. While riding between Bucharest and Oltenitz, this correspondent met a pair of these warriors joggling along with this peculiarly reckless, free-and-easy air which seems the universal characteristic of the Cossack. They must have been wet to the skin; they were uncommonly muddy; they probably had slept in the field; it was a faint chance that for hours together they would see any one to whom they could make themselves intelligible; they could not tell the name of the place whither they were bound nor the army corps to which they belonged; they were, in short, the merest waifs and strays on the great Wallachian plain, and yet they cocked their caps and cracked their whips, and swaggered generally with as much aplomb as if they owned half Wallachia. Further on a troop of Cossacks was in bivouac in a field close to the road. The rain had drowned out the fires, and the ground was knee-deep in mud; but the Cossacks were not dispirited by their ungenial condition. With some straw and some branches they had thrown up shelters against the wind, and in the lee of these they squatted on stones, singing lustily to the accompaniment furnished by one of their number, who whistled more shrilly than any London street Arab. Several lay stretched in the mud, with the rain streaming down upon them.

A BRUTAL ASSAULT.

The St. Catharine's Review has the following:—"One of the most brutal assaults it has ever been our duty to chronicle was perpetrated on Wednesday, about 4 p.m., on the line of the Great Western Railway, and between St. Catharines and Merriton. The particulars are briefly these—We omit the evidence, it is altogether unfit for print.—About the hour stated, one Daniel Rose and his wife, the former about twenty-four years of age, and the latter twenty, both strangers from the State of New York, and in quest of work, were accosted by three strangers near the swing bridge on the railway, and interrupted by abusive language. At this the third party went away, and the other two, named respectively James Green, a tailor, living near Lock 4, and Morris Freel, a laborer from Thorold, an old gaol bird, pursued; and after traveling a few rods, Rose and his wife were again overtaken and assaulted. Rose was detained by Green, and the woman was dragged down the embankment by Freel. She escaped a couple of times, and was as often overtaken and dragged down again. Rose was threatened, and at this, instead of remaining to make the best fight possible in aid of his wife, went in search of the police. His mission was unsuccessful, and on his return he found that his wife had been held by Green and gagged and outrage twice in the most shocking manner (according to the evidence) by Freel. The two scoundrels made for the city, where they were both arrested.

LOSS OF THE "SAN FRANCISCO."

A Panama despatch of the 11th inst. says: The rock on which the steamer City of San Francisco struck lies in the direct course of the steamers from Acapulco. Fishermen from along the coast were perfectly acquainted with the existence of the rock, and have been in the habit of going there to fish. From the 9th of May up to the day of the loss of the City of San Francisco, the ocean had been in a state of excitement, rising suddenly four and a half feet higher than ever known before, and falling to a level lower than usual. It is possible the ship might have been passing at the time the tide was lowering.

ATHEISM AT YALE AND HARVARD COLLEGES.

You remember that when Timothy Dwight began his career at Yale College in 1795, only one student out of the whole undergraduate student-hip of that university remained at the Lord's Supper. Young men there were accustomed to name themselves after French infidels. The college was full of unreportable vices. Those were the days, says Lyman Beecher, who was then in college, when boys, as they dressed in the barn, read Tom Paine and believed him. For a long period our land had been full of enthusiasm for France. Jefferson had just come to the presidential chair. There was hardly a leading individual in public life in his administration who held what are now called evangelical opinions. President Dwight met the senior class at New Haven, and they presented to him the question of the inspiration of the Scriptures. He discussed it; he heard them oppose what he regarded as Christian established truth; he urged them to be thorough; he listened to their best attacks patiently, and answered them fully and fairly. For six months he delivered massive courses of thought against socialism in religious science; and from that time infidelity ran into hiding-holes in Yale College.

Harvard University, over yonder,—dear to me as my Alma Mater, as are the ruddy drops that visit this sad heart,—was as full as Yale with the unrest of this French scepticism at the end of the Revolution. Lafayette turned the whole heart of our people toward France. Young men over yonder used to name themselves after the French infidels. The atrociously shallow and unclean, but brilliant and audacious, Parisian infidelity of the period, a scheme of thought which we now regard with pity and which no scholar cares to hear named, was then attractive even to scholarly undergraduates. Harvard never had a President Dwight to take the poison of our French period out of her veins. In that fact begins the history of Boston scepticism. That is frank speech; it is not bitter. It is the sad truth; but it will do to tell this now and here, for we have slowly overgrown the poison.

ROUMANIA.

Roumania, like Serbia, is not finding the patronage of Russia the most agreeable thing in the world. Twenty-eight out of thirty-three districts are now declared to be in a state of seige, so that there can be punishment by death which is forbidden by the Civil Law. Some efforts by the Roumanian authorities to resist the control which the Russians wanted within the State resulted in such coolness that the Grand Duke Nicholas would not notice the Roumanian Prime Minister and Minister of War when they went to see him. A minority of the Roumanians were opposed to such a close alliance as there now is with Russia, but they were not in a position to make their influence felt. This dislike will increase and extend in consequence of what has taken place since, for the Roumanians are naturally a mild, peaceful people, and will not relish vigorous warlike measures. The atrocities in Bulgaria did not arouse any feeling amongst them which could not be controlled, as they did amongst the Montenegrins, and some of the people of Serbia, although they are much nearer, both in race and geographical position. They will never count for very much in any struggle so far as the initiative depends upon themselves. They might, however, form an effective part of any army if well drilled and equipped. The joy which they are said to have displayed when recently incorporated with the Holy Army of Russia by a special decree will probably be moderated when they learn a little of what actual fighting really is. The Servians are of a much fiercer disposition, but a few months of war and a few battle-fields quite convinced a large proportion of them that they would rather till their fields and tend their cattle than fight the Moslem Turks.

THE DUNKIN ACT IN BRANT.

It will scarcely be necessary to say to those who were present in Brantford on Thursday of last week, that the Dunkin Act lately passed in that County, so far as Brantford is concerned, is most emphatically a dead letter. Had the most liberal license law in the world been in full force, it is hard to conceive that liquors of all kinds could have been more plentiful. The Brantford Expositor, in an article on the Dunkin Act, says in regard to its working:—"It has been a theme of general remark that a greater number of persons have been seen on our streets more or less under the influence of liquor since the first of May than was the case previously.

News of the World.

UNITED STATES.

FIVE DAYS WITHOUT FOOD OR WATER.—The four men, George Waleen, John J. Oakes, Charles Danelson and Wm. Anderson, who were reported as missing from the schooner Rebecca Bartlett, on the 15th ult., were picked up on Grand Banks by the brig Catherine, Captain Smith, from Greenland for Philadelphia. They were adrift for five days without food or water, and their sufferings were most intense, and when taken on board the brig they were nigh exhausted. The brig was spoken in the South Channel by the schooner Mary Lou, Captain Duntun, of this port, and Waleen and Oakes were transferred to her and arrived home on Saturday night. The others preferred keeping on in the brig, as they supposed they would get home sooner. The men speak very highly of their treatment by Captain Smith and his men, and everything possible was done to alleviate their sufferings.—Cape Ann Advertiser.

COLORADO TURTLES.—A gentleman from Montony tells a rather interesting story about a pair of snapping turtles. Ae is an old plainsman, and a few days ago took his shot-gun and went over to Eagle Trail for the purpose of getting a few ducks. Arrived at the creek he found no ducks but saw two of those great fresh water turtles, met with more frequently in Eastern ponds than in Colorado, and apparently weighing about forty pounds each. They are very shy birds, their heads popping into the shell upon the slightest alarm, but being a good shot the hunter succeeded in blinding both of them, and bothered them so that they were easily caught and dragged out. Snappers are very active, and unlike a sea turtle, being provided with long and strong legs, can turn themselves after being placed upon their backs. Their captor had no way of securing them, and would get only a few steps in the search for a piece of wood out of which to make stakes, when his captives would be going at a turtle 2.40 gait towards the creek. The contest between instinct and reason was kept up more than an hour and a half, much to the disadvantage of reason, at the end of which time a ranchman living near by came along and assisted the hunter in taking the turtles to his home. Here they were put in a sheep pen having a fence about three feet high, and the men went to the house. Quarter of an hour afterwards the hunter went to the pen for his gun, and found that the turtles were gone. As there were no holes in the fence, and as they had not dug out, the conclusion was irresistible that they had climbed over. Their trail was found, and about half a mile away they were caught making a bee line for the creek. Firing off his gun, the ranchman again came to his assistance, and the turtles were again put in the pen, and tied to a stake. They were worth watching, however, and a few minutes afterward it was found that they had gnawed off the rope, and again started for the creek. They were only a few rods away this time, however, and were then tied so short that they could not reach the cord, and ultimately arrived at their captor's kitchen at Montony.

Stanford Doud, of Doud's Station, Iowa, is dandling his 32d baby on his knee. He is 70 years old.

CANADA.

"ANOTHER LIBEL SUIT.—In the Court of Queen's Bench of Ontario, on Saturday, an application was granted for criminal information against the Sarnia Canadian for an alleged libelous statement in reference to the Premier.

GALLANT RESCUE.—Frank Britt, a small boy, fell off Hartt's wharf, St. Andrews, on Sunday morning last. The screams of his companions attracted the attention of a young lad named Michael McCarroll, who at once ran for the wharf, where he immediately took off his coat and vest, and jumped into the tide to rescue the drowning boy. He dived underneath the boy, who had ceased to struggle, got him on his back, swam for the wharf, and laid hold of a spile, to which he clung until a boat came to his assistance. Young McCarroll, who thus in the bravest manner saved the life of the boy (who, without, would undoubtedly have been drowned), is deserving of the greatest praise and of some public recognition of his gallant conduct. The Queen lately directed that the Albert medal, usually given for saving life at sea, should be bestowed on persons performing heroic acts on land, and the rescuers of the Welsh miners are to share the honor. In whatever way one looks at the above act, it deserves high honor.—St. John Telegraph.

Mr. Laurier, M. P. for Arthabaska, is dangerously ill.

Thomas Underwood, engaged in cutting sleepers on the line of the New Brunswick Railroad near Little River, was found dead in the woods on Friday. His head was crushed and his body mutilated. It is supposed that he was murdered. He was aged 28 years and single.

James Merrick, of Florenceville, New Brunswick, and four other men started on a raft from Tobique, and only went a short distance before the raft went on a wreck. Merrick got off to push it off and slipped into the deep water. He tried to swim to the shore, but went down before he had gone far.

PARDON.—A man named Bradley, who formerly a soldier in the 47th regiment, and who was in the penitentiary undergoing a sentence of imprisonment for life, was released on Saturday after ten years incarceration. It was granted a pardon for his good conduct while in prison.—Chico.