

THE DAILY EXAMINER.

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NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, FRIDAY, MAY 25, 1888.

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is issued every evening by

The Examiner Publishing Co.

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Advertising at moderate rates.

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

ALMANAC FOR MAY, 1888.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Last Quarter 2nd day, 7h., 34m., p. m., N. (below horizon).

New Moon 10th day, 9h., 11.0m., p. m., N.W. (below horizon).

First Quarter 18th day, 7h., 52.6., p. m., S.

Full Moon 25th day, 6h., 27.6m., a. m., N.W. (below horizon).

DAY OF WEEK Sun Sun Moon High Day's

DAY OF WEEK	Sun	Sun	Moon	High	Day's
M	rises	sets	rises	water	length
1 Tuesday	4 50	7 2	0 16	2 28	14 12
2 Wednesday	4 47	7 1	3 3	3 42	15
3 Thursday	4 48	6 1	4 7	4 55	18
4 Friday	4 47	7 2	14 6	12 20	20
5 Saturday	4 45	8 2	4 2	7 18	23
6 Sunday	4 44	9 3	7 8	9 9	25
7 Monday	4 43	11 3	2 6	8 54	28
8 Tuesday	4 41	12 3	5 3	9 47	34
9 Wednesday	4 39	13 4	17 10	1 34	34
10 Thursday	4 38	14 4	4 42	10 34	36
11 Friday	4 37	15 5	5 11	11 39	39
12 Saturday	4 35	16 5	5 41	11 40	41
13 Sunday	4 34	18 6	19 44	11 44	44
14 Monday	4 32	20 7	2 0	15 47	47
15 Tuesday	4 32	21 7	5 3	0 52	49
16 Wednesday	4 31	21 8	5 0	1 33	50
17 Thursday	4 30	22 9	5 3	2 19	52
18 Friday	4 29	24 11	0 3	3 12	53
19 Saturday	4 28	25 12	10 4	4 20	57
20 Sunday	4 26	25 1	23 5	3 39	59
21 Monday	4 25	26 2	37 15	1 15	61
22 Tuesday	4 24	27 3	5 4	2 3	63
23 Wednesday	4 23	28 5	13 8	3 56	65
24 Thursday	4 22	29 6	32 9	4 43	67
25 Friday	4 21	31 7	4 39	10 28	69
26 Saturday	4 21	32 9	0 11	11 23	71
27 Sunday	4 20	33 10	4 11	11 33	73
28 Monday	4 20	34 10	57 42	12 4	74
29 Tuesday	4 19	35 11	42 1	12 16	76
30 Wednesday	4 18	36 12	2 17	12 18	78
31 Thursday	4 18	37 13	9 18	3 8	1519

DR. KELLY,

Physician and Surgeon,

OFFICE:

UPPER QUEEN STREET,

Four Doors Above Apothecaries' Hall.

Ch. town, March 25, 1888.—d 3m cod wky

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May 7, 1888.—cod wky

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—AND—

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Oct. 24, 1887—

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JUDGING from CONstant and PROFuse favors, the Public

CONcede the advantages PROVIDED by the CONcentrated

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To CONfer such benefits, and to PROtect and PROMote our

Patrons' interests, are PROclivities that CONvince the Public

and CONFirm their CONFidence, albeit they CONfound and

PROvoke our CONtestants. With CONstancy and PROgress

for our PROGRAMME, we, as PROPrietors, PROpose to CONTINUE

the CONquest.

CONversant with your needs, PROFicient by experience, PRO-

ducing choice goods, and with a business system of honorable

PROcesses, you will wisely CONclude to CONfine your orders

to this CONCern.

With CONgratulations over the past, CONTENTment with the

present, and CONtemplating with PROfound satisfaction the

future,

We are, PRO bono publico,

MARK WRIGHT & CO.

Charlottetown, May 11, 1888.

1888. ANNOUNCEMENT. 1888.

The Popular Standard-Bred Trotting Stallion

HERNANDO, 9281,

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BAY STALLION, 16 hands high, weighing about 1200 lbs., bred by Gen. T. Withers, Fairlawn Kentucky.

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For full Pedigree, History and particulars get Hernando's 1888 Circular.

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HERNANDO will make the Season of 1888 as follows:

SUMMERSIDE—May 7 to 12; May 23 to June 2; June 11 to 16; June 25 to 30; July 9 to 14 July 23 to 28.

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TERMS—Twenty-Five Dollars for the Season, or Thirty-Five Dollars to insure.

The above route will be adhered to as closely as health, weather and other conditions will permit. Mares from a distance will be received and cared for at moderate prices. Send for Circular.

W. A. NOONAN, in Charge.

May 7, 1888.—dy 1m wky 3m

(FOR THE EXAMINER.)

A DETECTIVE STORY.

THE month was December,—the place of my residence, Halifax, Nova Scotia. I am a detective. A year ago, on Christmas Eve, a beginning was made to the strange story I am about to relate, at least in so far as it concerned me. I was enjoying, or ought to have been enjoying, a week of what I considered a hard-earned rest, devoting the largest share of my time during the week to my wife and two boys, who saw but little of me at other times. I ought to have been, in ordinary circumstances I should have been, entirely happy; for, although I say it myself, I am a devoted husband and a fond father! I have seemed to be no reason—why I should not be so; but certain it is that I never suffered more downright mental misery in my life. A leaden load weighed heavily upon my breast, and ever and anon I felt a strange sinking of the heart. Indigestion, I fancied, at times; an important professional secret of a ghastly crime, suggested my wife; but I knew that both fancy and conjecture were astray. I had never been busied that terribly numerous company of pale dyspeptics which marches at double quick through our cities and towns onward to the goal of a premature death, nor were my professional duties at this time of more than ordinary importance. My rest at night was disturbed by frequent and painfully vivid dreams, in which, strangely enough, the image of a long-lost and unheard-of brother ever and anon appeared. I tossed about upon my uneasy couch, dozed, awoke, started, and awoke to find myself bathed in perspiration and my head throbbing violently. In the morning I arose absolutely unrefreshed, depressed and limp. I romped with my boys Charlie and Bob, ran races for their amusement with Carlo, our noble St. Bernard, and, occasionally, I managed to throw off, for a space, the strange, unweird, feelings which oppressed me. My wife implored me to call in the family doctor—but I resisted. The fact is, I began to think myself demented, and I looked back over the old family records which I held in my possession, in, perchance, I might discover that ancestor and overtake the possession of an ancestor—for it was possible that I was the victim of incipient insanity. I searched and delved into and pored over ancient documents and still more ancient tomes; but I could not find that any individual of my somewhat rude progenitors had ever been a lunatic.

I felt that something unusual was about to happen either to myself or to some one closely related to me,—indeed, I was certain of it. Could anything have happened, I thought, to poor long-lost Jack? Was he dead? or was I soon to meet him? Was I then suffering the horrors of a foreboding—a presentiment of some bloody crime, or a thrilling and awful tragedy? I began seriously to think that such must be the case, and the more I thought so the more vividly was my perturbed mind involuntarily and imperceptibly impressed with the prospect of the strange—and then to me unknown events I am about to relate. I resigned myself, therefore, to the future, and whatever either of agony or of bitter trial it had in store for me.

Christmas Eve came and went, but as usual the night brought me no refreshing sleep, no rest. My wife, who had become thoroughly alarmed at my condition, at the strangeness of my manner and its forced unnaturalness by day, frequently awoke me in the stillness of the night when distressed by horrible dreams. The Feast dawned, the day of happy reunions, of sad memories to thousands, of reconciliation between God and man, and between man and man. I assumed an aspect of serenity and even of joyfulness, romped again with my children, and chatted about little nothings with my wife. The day wore on, and the darkening shadows of night closed in over the city. The wind sprang up and howled dismally around our dwelling, as it sought an entrance every chink of door and window. The fitful and uncertain gleaming of the electric light illumined the streets as I stood at my window gazing aimlessly out. Suddenly I perceived that a man was approaching my house from the opposite side of the square with a rapid and decisive step. The door bell rang, my heart leaped, my brow throbbed; the dreaded something is about to happen, thought I. The chief of police is ushered into my presence.

"What news?" I anxiously enquired of him, as I invited him to be seated near me. Carroll was cool and self-possessed, "there can be little wrong," I muttered to myself. "Oh," he carelessly replied, "it's only a murder case; but anyhow you have to take the road after the murderer, who has escaped, and that, I think, with as little delay as possible," he continued. "However, here are your instructions," he concluded, as he handed me a sealed envelope.

Carroll rose, wished me good night, and departed. I timidly seized the long blue envelope, broke open the seal with my trembling hands and eagerly, but oh, how excitedly!—and yet I knew not what my agitation meant nor whence it arose. I read its contents. In addition to this letter the envelope contained a photograph of the murderer. He was a tall, ill-formed, sickly looking man, and apparently carelessly-attired man, as though there was nothing in his features to denote that he was a murderer. I glanced at the picture, then committed it to the leather folds of a strong pocket book, which, in its own turn, I placed in my breast pocket, and took up the letter which had lain on the desk before me. From it I gathered the following particulars: A brutal murder had been committed in St. John, New Brunswick, a few days before, under very strange circumstances. The assassin and his victim were both entirely strange to the city. The murderer had not sought to commit his foul deed under the sombre night shades, but he attacked his victim in the broad daylight, and coming upon him from behind, and with a dagger in his hand, plunged a dagger into the region of his heart. He fell upon the pavement and expired almost immediately. The assassin, who it appeared, made no attempt to escape them, was immediately arrested and conveyed to prison. He spoke but little; but when his victim fell, he was heard to exclaim, with a ring of satisfaction and triumph in his voice: "Thank God; I have revenged the blood of Mary!" By some unaccountable means the criminal effected his escape after an incarceration of about thirty-six hours, and had so far eluded the careful searching of many pursuers. Happily the precautions had been taken to photograph him as soon as he had been placed in confinement of which I was possessed a copy. This was, then, the man I was to follow, and do my utmost to capture

and bring to justice; and this it need hardly be said, I fully intended to do if it were within the reach of human possibility. It was generally believed that he had gone west, as a stranger who answered to his description had taken a railway ticket for Hamilton upon the very day of his escape, at a small country station about ten or twelve miles from the city.

I trembled violently. I closed the letter and replaced it within the envelope, and involuntarily withdrew the photograph from my pocket book and gazed steadily at it. The man's features were certainly strange to me, indeed I was quite certain that I had never seen him before; and yet there was something—a strange and undefinable something,—about the face that seemed familiar. Again I replaced the picture in my book, and the book in my breast pocket.

There being no means of leaving the city that night, I concluded to start by a train which was leaving early the following morning. Contrary to her usual manner upon such occasions, my wife expressed deep apprehension as to what might result from my projected expedition, and sighed a hundred times, "Hope nothing is going to happen." "Hope not," I as often replied, and notwithstanding my own extraordinary misgiving, I succeeded, at least to some extent, in reassuring her. However, early on the following morning, which was Tuesday, armed with my big, blue envelope and photograph above mentioned, and a six-shooter, not above mentioned, I began my journey West, taking my ticket for Hamilton, where I fully believed I should find the man I sought. I ate but a scanty breakfast, and felt in any thing but bright and cheerful spirits. I had begun many a similar journey before, and had sped over thousands of miles in pursuit of law-breakers and criminals more desperate, I believe, than the unfortunate creature I was now following; but never with such grim forebodings as to the immediate future as upon this occasion. For a long time I kept the murderer's photograph within my hand and compared it very carefully with the forms and features of any suspicious looking individuals I saw at the various stations along our route. I had gazed at it so often and so earnestly, in order the more vividly to impress it upon my mind, that I lengthily fascinated me to such a degree that I could, with the greatest difficulty, lift my eyes from it. On, on we sped behind the iron horse, which shrieked and snorted like a thing of life as it rushed along over the snow-covered country, now across creaking bridges or meadows, now through deep cuttings in the mountain sides or skirting their base. Ever and anon the Angelus bell rang out upon the clear, calm air, as we passed at or passed through the numerous French villages in the lower provinces, passengers came and went, fell asleep and woke, read, talked, jollied and laughed, but I heeded them not. I had thought for a moment else but the apparently—and really so far as I knew—commonplace man whose photograph I held in my hand. The wan dark features were utterly unfamiliar to me, and as I have already said, I could have sworn that I had never seen them before. One there was, however, which I could only faintly discern—that I began to fancy was familiar, and it was this which held me spell-bound, which made me oblivious to everything beside. I began to see very clearly that the unutterable dread which had seized me during the previous week was in some remarkable manner connected with the escaped criminal, and that strange experience awaited me in the immediate future.

At length Hamilton was reached, I leave the train, and, taking my satchel, walk to my hotel. I carefully but unostentatiously scanned the faces of those I met according to the custom of my profession. Arrived at the hotel, I found myself able to consume a hearty meal and to smoke a pipe. At 2 o'clock p. m., I sauntered forth into the busy thoroughfares of the city; I remained out for the space of about four hours, but despite my careful searching, I was so far unsuccessful in my absorbing and unusually interesting enterprise. I must inform the readers that, for reasons which will shortly appear, I was careful to conceal the object of my mission from those official persons in the city who might have reasonably expected to have my confidence, and by virtue of their professional position, afford me assistance in my enterprise.

I had been a detective for a period of ten years, and in no single instance of importance had I failed to carry to a successful issue any task that was allotted to me. My name was a terror to criminals and law-breakers generally, and the source of a very comfortable income to myself. After dinner I again sallied forth, intending to perambulate through the least frequented streets and alleys; but after leaving my hotel a strange and totally unexpected impulse impelled me to go to the railway station, whither I directed my steps in a purely mechanical manner.

There were many persons about, walking in the aimless way that the frequenters of such public places generally do, killing time, wasting their energies, hatching plots and training for the prison, the poor house, or the lunatic asylum. I have heard that those who are the most observant of human nature and love to behold it in the aggregate, find much satisfaction in watching the crowds which throng the platforms of the railway stations of our large cities. I know that gentlemen of our profession have made many a brilliant capture thereat.

I passed to and fro amongst my fellowmen several times in succession, but seeing no face I recognized no features which answered to those of the picture which lay in my breast pocket. I was in the act of departing just as a western bound train was starting. I paused but for a moment to see her depart; she was quickening speed—a man rushed past me, ran along the platform by the side of the last car, and as it approached the end of the platform he made a desperate effort to get on board, missed his footing, and fell heavily on the track. A crowd of men and women rushed to his assistance, myself amongst the rest. I saw the pale, wan, upturned face of the injured, and, as I supposed, dead man. I saw something else, a cold shudder passed over me, and I felt faint. Here was the man I sought—of this there could not be a shadow of a doubt; and while I mused a flood of memories rushed through my palsied brain. He was not dead. What was I to do? I felt back—I could scarcely move; I felt roared, I heard a voice which I stood. The poor man was at length placed upon a stretcher and borne away to the General Hospital. I followed, but at a distance. I saw him being carried within the hospital door and placed in charge of a nurse. I marked the building,—I made a resolution,—I returned to my

hotel. Eat! I could not. Sleep! it had flown from me. The hours of the night passed heavily and wearily away. I thought indeed they would never end, that the morning would never dawn. But it came at last, and the beneficent gleams of the sunlight illumined my chamber. I was early astir, and about ten o'clock I left my hotel and proceeded to the hospital, in which I knew the injured man lay. I was soon within its walls, and I found, as I suspected, that the newest inmate was a stranger, and further that he was so seriously injured that the doctors gave but scant hope of his surviving. I begged and readily obtained permission to see him,—and alone. Having been guided to the invalid's chamber, I entered, locked the door, and quietly advanced to the criminal's bedside. Great God! It was my brother! Poor Jack! There was the long, deep scar over the left eye, which still told the tale of a cruel blow I had dealt him long years before. I had thought him dead; but doubtless it was he who lay before me. The sufferer lay in a semi-conscious state, and only opened his eyes at the rarest intervals. He seemed not to notice me, although I once fancied that he looked at me. I saw plainly that he had not long to live; but I could not suffer him to die before I had made myself known to him. I feared for the consequences; but, oh! how my heart yearned over him! To make sure I was not the victim of a delusion, I left the dying man's bed, and advancing to the window I took a long and earnest look at the photograph which had so fascinated me before (but why I knew not then), and fully satisfied myself as to the sufferer's identity. Ah! yes; there could be no further doubt! There was the deep scar, there the grey eyes and aquiline nose of my mother, and the shattered remains of the robust frame of father. "Oh, Jack! alas, my poor brother!" I sobbed my yearning heart. There was no time to be lost. I heard footsteps at the door. I advanced to the bedside, bent my head down, placing my lips close to the ear of the dying, and whispered loudly: "Jack Canham!" He suddenly started, a suppressed cry of pain burst from his bloodless lips, he turned his cold, grey eyes full upon me, stared steadily at me for a moment; they melted into tears,—he recognized me,—he lifted himself up, and throwing his arms lovingly around my neck, he faintly whispered: "My dearest brother; you have come too late!" cast a long, loving, expressive look at me, and, after a few convulsive sobs, he died.

TO THE DEAF.—A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy will send a description of it FREE to any person who applies to NICHOLSON, 39 St. John Street, Montreal. 4m—m14

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Many Fine Grades of Goods.

LARGE DISCOUNTS,

And every effort made to meet the requirements of CASH BUYERS.

F. W. MOORE,

Assignee of HARRIS & STEWART.

Ch. town, March 2, 1888.

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