

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 3, 1887.

VOL. 21.—NO. 87.

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, 1887.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Full Moon 2nd day, 7h., 0.2m., a. m., N. W., (below horizon).
Last Quarter 10th day, 11h., 50.7m., a. m., S. E.
New Moon 17th day, 9h., 47.3m., a. m., S. E.
First Quarter 24th day, 0h., 51.4m., a. m., N. W. (below horizon).

DAY OF WEEK	Sun	Sun	Moon	High	Day's
	rises	sets	rises	water	length
1 Thursday	1	11	1	1	1
2 Friday	2	12	2	2	2
3 Saturday	3	13	3	3	3
4 Sunday	4	14	4	4	4
5 Monday	5	15	5	5	5
6 Tuesday	6	16	6	6	6
7 Wednesday	7	17	7	7	7
8 Thursday	8	18	8	8	8
9 Friday	9	19	9	9	9
10 Saturday	10	20	10	10	10
11 Sunday	11	21	11	11	11
12 Monday	12	22	12	12	12
13 Tuesday	13	23	13	13	13
14 Wednesday	14	24	14	14	14
15 Thursday	15	25	15	15	15
16 Friday	16	26	16	16	16
17 Saturday	17	27	17	17	17
18 Sunday	18	28	18	18	18
19 Monday	19	29	19	19	19
20 Tuesday	20	30	20	20	20
21 Wednesday	21	1	21	21	21
22 Thursday	22	2	22	22	22
23 Friday	23	3	23	23	23
24 Saturday	24	4	24	24	24
25 Sunday	25	5	25	25	25
26 Monday	26	6	26	26	26
27 Tuesday	27	7	27	27	27
28 Wednesday	28	8	28	28	28
29 Thursday	29	9	29	29	29
30 Friday	30	10	30	30	30

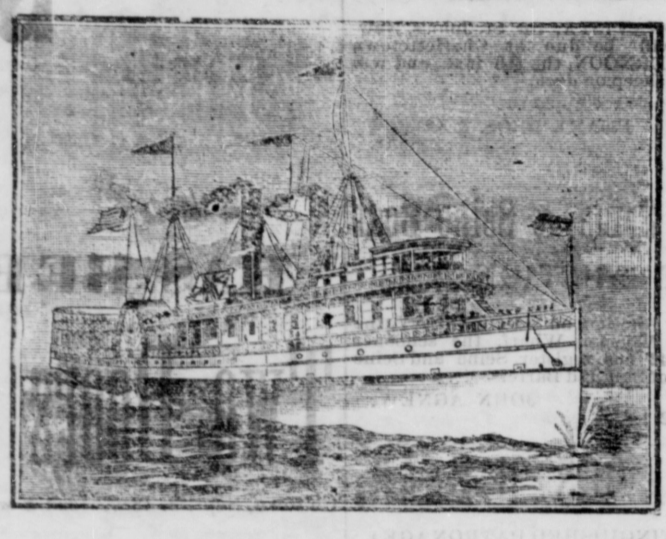
L. ARTHUR & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
RECEIVERS FOR
Mackerel, Butter, Cheese EGGS,
Poultry, Potatoes, Fruit &
Vegetables.
142, 144 Commercial Street,
BOSTON, MASS.,
May 18, 1887.

Boston Direct,
—BY THE—
Boston, Halifax and Prince Edward
Island Steamship Line.
The Only Direct Line Without Change.
Charlottetown to Boston

THE staunch and commodious steamships Carrol and Worcester have been thoroughly refitted and put into first-class condition in every particular.
During the season of 1887, one of these vessels will leave Pownal Street Wharf, Charlottetown, for Boston, at six o'clock, p. m., on THURSDAY of each week, and
Boston for Charlottetown every SATURDAY at noon.
Excellent Passenger Accommodation! Low Rates!
FARES—Cabin, \$7.50; Stateroom Berth, \$9.50.
Lowest Rates for Freight, which is always carefully handled.
CARVELL BROTHERS,
Agents, Charlottetown.
HARRISON LORING, Managing Owner,
Lewis Wharf, Boston.
July 21, 1880.

—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 8.00 a. m.
Also leave St. John at 7.30 every Saturday night for
BOSTON DIRECT.
Fare from Charlottetown to Boston, 36.50, 2nd class; 50.00, 1st class.
For tickets and other information apply to
G. A. SHARP, P. E. I. Steam Nav. Co.
or to your nearest Ticket Agent.
April 18, 1887—end wky

FOR BOSTON,



VIA ST. JOHN,
THE POPULAR ROUTE.

PALACE STEAMERS of the East in connection with Intercolonial Railway.

Steamers leave ST. JOHN for PORTLAND & BOSTON, MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS and FRIDAYS, at 8 a. m.;

—ALSO—
SATURDAYS AT 7.35 P. M.,
—FOR—
BOSTON DIRECT.

All Ticket Agents Sell Through from all Important Stations on the Island.

RATES TO BOSTON:

From	1st Class	2nd Class	From	1st Class	2nd Class
Alberton, P. E. I.	\$9.90	\$6.85	Kensington, P. E. I.	\$8.50	\$5.90
Bedford, "	9.90	6.85	Misconche, "	8.40	5.85
Bear River, "	10.90	7.50	Morfe, "	10.35	7.15
Bradabane, "	8.85	6.15	Mount Stewart, "	10.85	6.95
Bloomfield, "	9.80	6.85	North Willshire, "	9.20	6.40
Cape Traverse, "	9.15	6.55	O'Leary, "	9.15	6.35
Charlottetown, "	9.50	6.20	Port Hill, "	8.90	6.20
Cardigan, "	10.60	7.35	St. Peters, "	19.55	7.30
Conroy Line, "	8.75	6.10	Souris, "	11.20	7.75
Freetown, "	8.65	6.00	Tignish, "	10.30	7.10
Georgetown, "	10.75	7.45	Wellington, "	8.65	6.00
Hunter River, "	9.10	6.30			

PREPARE FOR HOT WEATHER
—AND BUY FROM—
Perkins & Sterns
New American Muslins, New Print'ed Batists,
New French Muslins, New Printed Cottons.
A BIG DISPLAY OF LACES.
Book Muslin, Victoria Lawn, Bishop's Lawn, Check Muslins.
Embroideries, in Allovers, Flouncings, Edgings, Insertions, &c.
A Big Stock of Gloves and Hosiery.
Linen Collars and Cuffs, separate or in sets.
Corsets, direct from the makers and at the lowest price.
If you want a Seaside Dress just see our stock of
Flannels—Cheapest and Best Goods for the purpose to be found.

Perkins & Sterns
June 7—4y & wky
Why the Columbus Watch is the Best
The Main Spring barrel is completely covered, making the watch perfectly dust proof.
There can be no interference between the Balance and the Barrel.
The Regulator is nearly double the length of others, rendering accurate regulation a very simple matter.
To replace a broken Main Spring, the Barrel can be removed without disturbing the Balance or interfering with the regulation.
The pins of the Regulator are so formed and located that two or more coils of the Hair Spring cannot catch between the Pins and cause the Watch to stop or gain time at an unusual rate.
The Balance comes under the round, or edge, the strongest part of the case, not as with all others, under the center and weakest part.
The Main Spring Power is the lightest used in American Watches.
The calculation of the Train is such that this Watch runs 8 to 10 hours longer than others, with one winding, giving more uniform power and rate.
These are improvements that cannot be claimed by any other manufacturers, and once seen, all must agree with us in saying that this is the strongest and best Watch made; and with all the above improvements, the Columbus Watches cost no more than others.
G. H. TAYLOR,
Jeweler, Charlottetown, P. E. Island.
August 15—2aw & wky

ADAMSON'S BOTANIC COUGH BALSAM
SAFE. SURE. PROMPT.
25 Cts.
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 St. Johns, N. E., by the proprietors,
F. W. KISSMAN & CO., DRUGGISTS,
243 1/2 AVE. N. Y.

A CARD.
To all who are suffering from the errors and indispositions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a receipt that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the
REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

WANTED.
AGENTS—SEA & LAND is the most popular book of the day. Contains over 800 pages, 300 fine engravings, and sells quick; low price. One agent reports: "I have subscribers for 22 hours' work;" another, "18 books in 54 days." We might quote others, J. Buel is the popular and well-known author. Exclusive territory to active canvassers. For terms and outfit address:
W. E. EARLE,
St. John N. B., Manager,
J. S. ROBERTSON & BROS.,
Publishers.
August 21, 1887.—2aw & wky

NASAL BALM
SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING.
It Cures CATARRH, Cold in Head, HAY FEVER.
STOPS Droppings from Nasal passages into the throat and excessive expectoration caused by Catarrh. Sent pre-paid on receipt of price, 50c. and \$1. Address
FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

H. W. VINNICOMBE,
Instructor of the Violin, formerly of the Exeter Oratorio and Philharmonic Orchestras, pupil of John Tendal, R. A., England.
Tuition given on the Instrument individually—not in class. Danlos' conservatory method used. Age preferred—twelve to sixteen years. There is an Orchestral Class in connection for those that are sufficiently advanced, free of charge.
For particulars apply to H. W. Vinnicombe, Fitzroy Street, near St. James' Church. Orders for piano tuning left at C. P. Fletcher's, will be attended to promptly.
N. B.—I have two fine old Violins for Sale.
August 20, 1887.

PURE GOLD GOODS
ARE THE BEST MADE.
ASK FOR THEM IN CANS, BOTTLES OR PACKAGES.
THE LEADING LINES ARE
BAKING POWDER
FLAVORING EXTRACTS
SHOE BLACKING
STOVE POLISH
COFFEE SPICES
BORAX
CURRY POWDER
CELERY SALT
MUSTARD
POWDERED HERBS &c.
2 GOLD MEDALS
1 SILVER MEDAL
8 BRONZE MEDALS
1886
PURE GOLD MANFG. CO.
37 FRONT ST. EAST, TORONTO.

1827 - - - 1887
T. & E. KENNY,
Dry Goods and Shipping,
HALIFAX, CANADA.

T. & E. KENNY,
(F. C. HAYDON)
Ship Owners and Brokers.
General Commission Merchants,
161 GRESHAM HOUSE,
Bishopsgate Street,
LONDON, E. C.,
England.
Scott's and Vaughan's Codes
March 29, 1887

NED'S SACRIFICE.
"Hip, hip, hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" shouted the boys at the Granville school, throwing their caps in the air, turning hand-springs, and otherwise expressing their satisfaction at sight of the snowflakes, they were falling so swiftly, bringing them promises of unlimited sport that they were in the nick of her goose," shouted Bobbie Green. "Yes, and you shall be first on the feather bed," said Harry Somers, dexterously plugging him into a soft, fleecy drift, "and he must not sleep alone," he continued boisterously, showing another into the same bed. This was the signal for a general stampede, and soon there was such a confusion of caps, scarfs, mittens, boot heels and boys turned round end up, that I greatly fear Mother Goose trembled for the safety of her downy bed. But she is a good old soul, and I suppose realized that boys must have their fun, so she said nothing, but as soon as they had arisen went quietly at work to replace the feathers which they had so unceremoniously dispersed.
Just back of the school house was a long, steep coasting hill, which had so far during the winter, displayed a tantalizing bare surface, and how the boys longed for it to be covered, especially Ned Brown. Ned's father was a farmer and did not believe in spending much on fol-dorols, as he termed skates, sleds and the various accompaniments that are so dear to every boy's heart. Ned was twelve years old, and the only boy in school of that age who did not possess a sled. Being handy with tools he could have manufactured a very good substitute, but he had no time excepting Sundays, and he would as soon have thought of disobeying his father, as working on Sunday, and he must manage some other way to buy the coveted treasure. Early in spring he had commenced hoarding in anticipation of the coming winter, and every penny that he could obtain honestly, went to swell the sled fund. By the last of September he had saved one dollar, but thought he, I will buy as good a one as possible, to pay for my long waiting, and so chink, chink, chink, had occasionally sounded in the little iron bank, until when the first snow came, fifty cents more had been treasured.
On his way to school this morning of which I write, he had stopped at the store and priced the sleds, and, ah! such a beauty that he could get for \$1.50. He never expected to possess one half as nice. During school hours his mind was so filled with it that when the teacher pronounced the word 'blushed,' he spilled s-l-e-d. Ned 'mised,' the scholars tittered, and even the teacher could not suppress a smile, but noticing that his eyes had been wandering out of the window, and divining where his thoughts were she kindly excused him.
"Bring your sled to-morrow, Ned," shouted a half dozen voices in chorus, when school was dismissed. "Let me christen it," give me a ride," "use foot," "time too," continued a babel of voices from the midst of a shower of snow-balls. Ned swung his head around his head, bowed laughingly right and left in acquiescence, and started home.
"I say, Ned," said Harry Somers after they had walked a short distance, "let's go round by the store and ask Mr. Jones to put the sled aside. Some one else might get it, you know, and it's the only large one in town."
"Oh! yes, certainly. I will do anything to please the boys," good-naturedly asserted Mr. Jones, when Ned timidly requested him to lay the sled one side. "Was once a boy myself," he continued grasping Ned by the shoulder and giving him a playful shake. "And now, my lads, is there anything more I can do for you?"
"No thanks," politely replied the boys, and left the store to walk separate roads home.
Ned had scarcely preceded scarcely a quarter of a mile when his attention was attracted by the sound of a violin. "Dear Jesus," Ned paused to ascertain from whence the voice came, and after assuring himself it was from the wretched abode in which he was passing, known as the home of "drunken Jim," he cautiously drew near the broken window and listened.
"Dear Jesus, mamma says you are very awful good, and will hear even little ragged boys like me, when we pray. Dear Jesus, mamma says you can do anything you want to, and won't you please make my papa let the nasty drink be, and save money enough to get me some shoes?" Dear Jesus, I do want to help mamma carry the clothes and bring wood and water, and it's awful cold to go barefoot. Now, dear Jesus, hear my prayer, for Christ's sake. Amen.
In the dim light, Ned could see the pale features, pinched and haggard from the want of proper food and clothing. The closed eyes and bony hands raised in supplicating anxiety, brought tears to his eyes, and the homeward journey was resumed in a very thoughtful mood.
"Ned," said his mother after tea, "if you are not afraid I should like you to go to the village for me. I am out of groceries, to-morrow is baking day, and I shall want them early in the morning. It will not be very dark, on account of the snow, and you can get your sled and draw the groceries home on it if you want to."
"Oh! I'm not the least bit afraid," replied Ned. "But," he continued, hesitatingly and with a slight tremor in his voice, "I believe—I will not get the sled."
"—Not get the sled?" his mother echoed in surprise. "I thought you had been watching every snowflake, impatiently waiting for the ground to become covered. What has induced you to give it up when the coasting is so beautiful?"
"Poor Ned! He was only a boy with a boy's love of fun, and as his mother spoke he seemed to feel the thrill of pleasure and the exhilarating breeze as it rushed past in its long descent down the coasting hill. He looked steadily out of the window for a moment, resolutely swallowed something hard that kept rising in his throat, and said:
"Oh, I'm getting so large that I don't care so very much for a sled, and if you are willing that I should do as I please with the money I will use it for something else."
"Why, Ned," said his mother, laughing. "I can't see that you are so very much larger than you were last evening, and then you seemed to anticipate a great deal of pleasure from the possession of a sled."
Ned then told his mother the story of Johnnie Black's prayer, and that he had resolved to take the hoarded treasure and buy covering for the poor child's feet. His mother kissed him with tears in her eyes and replied: "Well done, my noble boy. You have a tender, unselfish heart, and should you never have another dollar that you could call yours, you are rich in the possession of that alone."

As Ned passed the drunkard's hut on his way to the village that evening, through the dimly lighted window he could see Johnnie and his mother hovering over the old cracked stove, vainly trying to keep warm by the miserable fire, and the sight of the poor naked feet banished all thought of the sled which might have lingered in his mind, and he hastened on, anxious to give Johnnie the pleasure which was in store for him.
"Mr. Jones," said Ned, on arriving at the store, "I have concluded not to take the sled, that is if it is the same to you."
"Certainly, it will be all the same to me. I can find sale for it any day," said Mr. Jones good naturedly, "and now, my little man, what can I do for you?"
Ned selected the groceries which his mother had desired him to purchase, and then asked: "Have you any stout boys' shoes?"
"That I have. Some 'stomers,' replied the jolly merchant, producing them. "They are high ones, almost as good as boots," he continued.
"The price, Ned."
"One dollar seventy-five."
Ned hesitated for a moment, and then said timidly: "I want them very much, but I have one dollar and a-half."
"Well, well," said Mr. Jones, vigorously applying the peg cutter, "you shall have them. We won't let twenty-five cents stand in the way of a bargain."
Ned took the money from his pocket and placed it on the counter. No need for him to count it. He had done that too many times to admit the possibility of a mistake. The sight of so many small pieces of silver aroused good Mr. Jones' curiosity, but not wishing to appear rude by asking questions, he asked in a careless way:
"Hain't you better try the shoes on, my boy? They look rather small for you."
Ned hesitated for a moment, and then blushing told the story of poor Johnnie's prayer. When he had concluded, the good merchant added two pair of warm woolen hose, and wrote on the paper containing them, "In answer to Johnnie Black's prayer."
"I should really like to witness the little fellow's joy on receiving them," said Mr. Jones, and calling to a clerk he said: "Here, Frank, I am going out for a few minutes, you please attend to business during my absence."
"Yes, sir," respectfully replied the clerk, and Mr. Jones donned his great coat, and accompanied Ned as far as Johnnie's house.
They passed a short distance beyond the house and deposited the groceries in a safe place. Returning they cautiously removed a bundle of rags from a broken window pane, pushed the shoes through, and stationed themselves where they could see, without being seen. The attention of neither Johnnie nor his mother was attracted until the shoes struck the floor with a thud. Mrs. Black turned quickly around, and Johnnie clung to her with a little gasp of fright, but perceiving the parcel she picked it up and carried it to the light. Johnnie's curiosity had overcome his timidity, and he stood by flushed and eager, questioning excitedly while his mother undid the bundle. The moment the shoes were brought to view his eager questioning ceased, and he stood regarding them with parted lips, clasped hands, and a look of reverential awe; then burying his face in his mother's apron he sobbed in his excess of joy. Mrs. Black, scarcely less affected than Johnnie, waited for him to become calm, and then turning the parcel over she caught sight of the inscription, and exclaimed:
"Why, Johnnie! have you been praying for shoes?"
"Oh, yes, mamma! Do you think Jesus sent them? You know you said if I would be a good boy Jesus would answer my prayer, and I tried hard to be good for a long time, and then I prayed, and oh! mamma, He must have known what I was thinking for I never said one word about stockings, and here they are—and oh! mamma, do you think Jesus sent them to me?"
"They are surely in answer to your prayer my child, for here it is written, and some good angel brought them. But do not let us forget to thank Him, and with the tears still streaming down her face, she clasped her hands around the child and knelt. And from the drunkard's lowly hovel ascended such a prayer of earnest, fervent thanksgiving, that the two spectators outside the window instinctively bared their heads and uttered a fervent "Amen" when it was finished.
"Perhaps," said Ned, with a suspicious tremble in his voice, "Johnnie will always think some good angel brought his shoes and stockings."
"And I am not so sure that he is wrong," said Mr. Jones, grasping Ned's hand and shaking it warmly. There are plenty of angels on earth, my boy. Pure, warm hearts constitute them, and I am sure a nobler one never beat under a small boy's jacket."
Many times during the winter, Ned met Johnnie toiling carefully through the snow, carrying to and from the village the clothes that his mother had washed, and as he extended kindly greetings he would oftentimes remember the sled and think he was happier in the sacrifice than he would have been in its possession, thus verifying the proverb: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."
In Brief, And to the Point.
Dyspepsia is dreadful. Disordered liver is misery. Indigestion is a foe to good nature.
The human digestive apparatus is one of the most complicated and wonderful things in existence. It is easily put out of order.
Greasy food, tough food, sloppy food, bad cookery, mental worry, late hours, irregular habits, and many other things which ought not to be, have made the American people a nation of dyspeptics.
But Green's August Flower has done a wonderful work in reforming this sad business and making the American people so healthy that they can enjoy their meals and be happy.
Remember: No happiness without health. Dr. Rogers' can be found at Miss Finlay's, Kent Street, Charlottetown, daily. Hours, from 10 a. m. to 1 p. m., and 2 p. m., to 6 p. m. Dr. Rogers having come to the Island, himself a great invalid, and experienced the most marvellous benefit from the treatment, now offers it to the public here with the most entire confidence in its efficacy.