

CALENDAR FOR JUNE, 1894.  
New Moon, 3rd day, 6h 42.9m, p. m. W  
First Quar 10th day, 9h 4.7m, a. m. N. E.  
S. W. below horizon.  
Full Moon, 18th day, 3h 53.8m a. m.  
N. W., below horizon.  
Last Quar 26th day, 9h 56.1m. a. m. W  
below horizon.

| Day of Week  | Sun rises | Sun sets | High water |
|--------------|-----------|----------|------------|
| 1 Friday     | 4 71      | 7 38     | 8 53       |
| 2 Saturday   | 4 51      | 7 39     | 9 41       |
| 3 Sunday     | 5 10      | 7 40     | 10 30      |
| 4 Monday     | 5 28      | 7 41     | 11 17      |
| 5 Tuesday    | 5 45      | 7 42     | morn.      |
| 6 Wednesday  | 6 0       | 7 42     | 0 7        |
| 7 Thursday   | 6 14      | 7 43     | 0 55       |
| 8 Friday     | 6 28      | 7 44     | 1 45       |
| 9 Saturday   | 6 41      | 7 45     | 2 34       |
| 10 Sunday    | 6 54      | 7 45     | 3 20       |
| 11 Monday    | 7 6       | 7 46     | 4 5        |
| 12 Tuesday   | 7 17      | 7 47     | 4 44       |
| 13 Wednesday | 7 27      | 7 47     | 6 52       |
| 14 Thursday  | 7 37      | 7 48     | 7 44       |
| 15 Friday    | 7 46      | 7 48     | 8 36       |
| 16 Saturday  | 7 55      | 7 48     | 9 21       |
| 17 Sunday    | 8 3       | 7 48     | 10 2       |
| 18 Monday    | 8 11      | 7 49     | 10 41      |
| 19 Tuesday   | 8 19      | 7 49     | 11 19      |
| 20 Wednesday | 8 27      | 7 49     | 11 57      |
| 21 Thursday  | 8 35      | 7 49     | 12 31      |
| 22 Friday    | 8 43      | 7 50     | 1 1        |
| 23 Saturday  | 8 50      | 7 50     | 1 41       |
| 24 Sunday    | 8 57      | 7 50     | 2 1        |
| 25 Monday    | 9 4       | 7 50     | 3 5        |
| 26 Tuesday   | 9 10      | 7 50     | 3 57       |
| 27 Wednesday | 9 16      | 7 50     | 5 2        |
| 28 Thursday  | 9 22      | 7 50     | 6 13       |
| 29 Friday    | 9 28      | 7 50     | 7 27       |
| 30 Saturday  | 9 34      | 7 50     | 8 31       |

**DOCTOR DORSEY,**  
Physician and Surgeon.  
Graduate of the Medical Department of the University of the City of New York, late Member of the Resident Staff Bellevue Hospital and the New York Lying-in Hospital, New York City.

OFFICE: North Side Queen Street, Opposite Post Office.  
Residence: Near Corner of King and Queen Streets, Charlottetown.

**THE DAILY EXAMINER**  
THE LEADING DAILY NEWSPAPER OF P. E. ISLAND.

Is issued every afternoon, from the office of the EXAMINER PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the London House Building, Queen Street.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION (IN ADVANCE)  
ONE YEAR.....\$1.00  
SIX MONTHS......50  
THREE MONTHS......25  
ONE MONTH......10

ADVERTISING RATES  
For small advertisements which are ordered for only one or two weeks the charge is 25 cents per inch for the first insertion, and 20 cents for each continuation. Rate cards are furnished on application at the office. Special contract prices at a reduced rate are quoted for advertisements four inches in size or larger, which are to run for three months or longer.

**THE DAILY EXAMINER** is considered by our Merchants and Manufacturers to be the leading newspaper in P. E. Island, and consequently the most valuable advertising medium through which to make their announcements public, is abundantly proved by the fact that in order to accommodate our advertisers we have been compelled to enlarge the paper to its present size.

The Weekly Examiner is issued every Friday morning from the publishers' office. It is made up of matter which has appeared in the Daily editions, and is a first-class weekly newspaper—interesting and full of the latest news.

**TO LET.**  
The Store and Offices situated on Water Street, formerly occupied by F. T. Newbery, Esq., and now by M. Trainor, Esq. Possession given 1st July next. Apply to PEAKE BROS. & CO.

**TINWARE**  
FOR  
Creameries and Cheese Factories.  
The very best work guaranteed on all jobs for Creameries and Cheese Factories. WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF THIS KIND OF WORK.

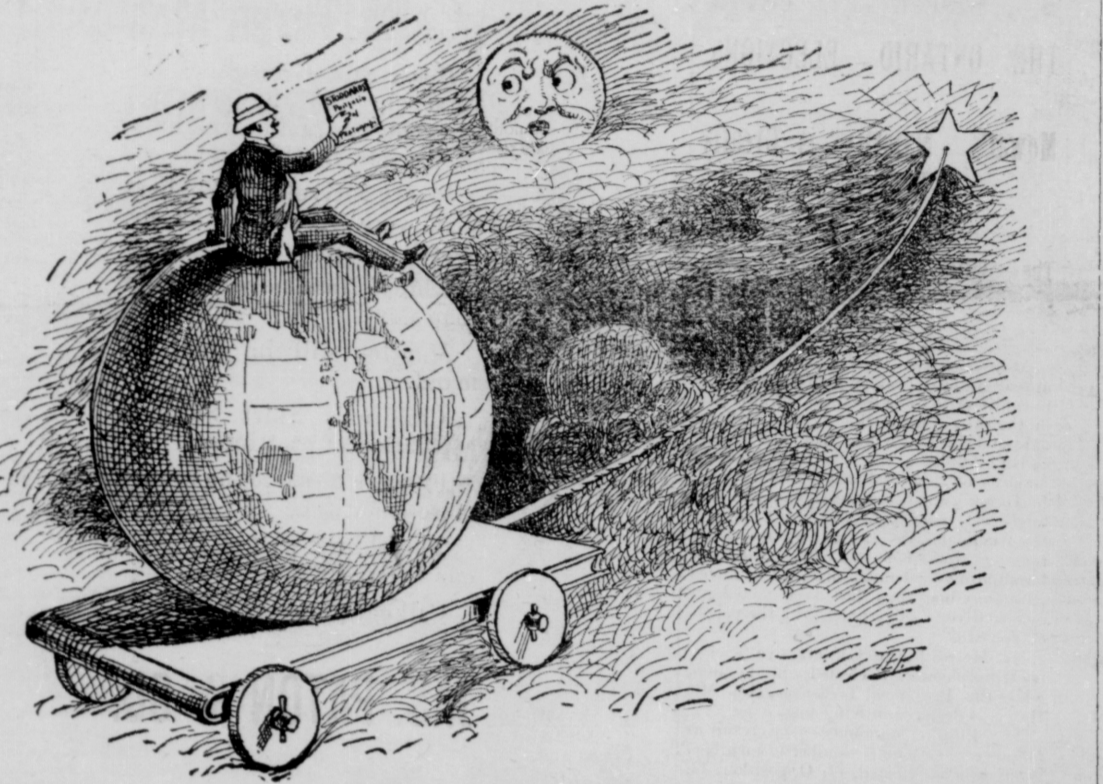
**M. STEVENSON,**  
MANUFACTURER OF  
Tinware, Stove Pipe, &c.  
55 QUEEN STREET,  
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.  
All orders promptly attended to.

**REMOVED!**  
I have removed my Book-binery to the Shop next to A. E. McEachen's Boot Store, two doors below Weeks & Beer's Old Stand, Queen St., where I will be pleased to see all my customers.  
**J. D. TAYLOR.**

# THE DAILY EXAMINER.

TERMS: Four Dollars a Year. "This is true Liberty, when Free Born Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."—Euripides.  
NEW SERIES CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27, 1894. VOL 33.—NO. 291

## Stoddard's Photographs!



**THE SERIES NOW COMPLETE!**  
Sample Portfolios, containing Sixteen Photographs, 10 cents each.  
**THE EXAMINER PUBLISHING COMPANY.**

What a comfort it is to walk down town in the morning wrapped in the luxurious embrace of a

**RIGBY POROUS WATERPROOF COAT,**  
all dry and comfortable, while those of one's less fortunate friends shiver and endure the old style of waterproof garment. But people are rapidly becoming educated to better things, and the cold, clammy, air-tight rubber waterproof is fast disappearing.

**NEW FLOUR JUST RECEIVED**  
AT S. B. ENMAN & CO'S.

**BEAVER and FAMOUS brands of Flour very cheap for Cash at**  
S. B. ENMAN & CO'S.,  
Charlottetown, April 30, 1894—mon wed fri

**TURNIP SEED!**  
We have now in stock our supply of  
Genuine Haszard's Improved Turnip Seed,  
Same as formerly sold by Henry T. LePage.  
Also, TURNIP DRILLS, for Hand or Horse.  
**D. W. FINLAYSON,**  
Cl'town, June 1, 1894—wed & y H. T. LEPAGE'S OLD STAND.

**HAWKER'S CATARRH**  
EFFECTUALLY CURES CATARRH, COLIC IN THE HEAD, CATARRH OF THE ALGAE AND DEAFNESS, INFLUENZA, ETC.  
Sold everywhere. Price, 25 cents. H. W. B. MEDICINE CO., Ltd., St. John, N.B.

**GEO. H. COOK,**  
PHOTOGRAPHER,  
Calls special attention to the marked superiority of his Photos. They are not mere Photographs, they are Likenesses, and make invaluable mementoes of absent friends. Call and see specimens.  
**CHILDREN'S PORTRAITS** a specialty, for which no extra charge will be made.  
Studio—Corner of Queen and Grafton Streets.  
Charlottetown, May 19, 1894—3m dy



**"BLOMIDON"**  
I climbed the mighty steep of Blomidon  
While night, her silken mantle, slowly rolled  
Mysteriously o'er all the underwood  
Of vale and far off hamlet and the vast  
Far-reaching ocean, wetting in the night,  
And in the morning mist on thy broad wild,  
Among the spectral moss-looped hemlock  
trees,  
I dreamt a Blomidon! I heard the moaning storm  
And looking downwards o'er the sleeping  
world,  
So weirdly strange in night's dim solitude,  
My soul was hurled into a dizzy mystery,  
While through the river clouds upon the ridge  
Of rugged mountains dark in Cumberland,  
Far off, like flame and blood, the hard gleam  
Of the ascending moon broke through the  
night.  
There was a time, old Blomidon for thee,  
Of ferocious and of wild fire gleaming storm,  
Far off within thy last days of youth,  
Dim and forgotten now as some strange dream,  
When the hunter bent his bow and loosed  
And rolled the seething lava through the caves  
And belching caverns of thine underworld,  
Like wild, convulsive life-blood in the breast  
Of one who dies with a passion, fierce  
And deep as hell and widely terrible,  
That shakes the firm foundation of his soul.  
What bitter stoms have swept thy mighty  
crest,  
Oh Blomidon! since that primal time,  
How many a winter's frost has deeply scarred  
The rugged outlines of thy massive brow,  
Like human faces terrible that formed  
Some grand heroic character of old  
On windy Trojan plain or Grecian isle?  
How often have I felt the rolling crash  
Of thunder 'gainst thine adamant sides,  
When, onward rolling and with ponderous  
rush,  
Leaped with a mighty crash the thundering  
sea,  
While round thy rocky base, mysteriously,  
With ebb and flow strange currents glided  
And the quivering beach lay in death  
Like life blood through some leaking human  
heart?  
Of in the early eons of the world,  
Ere man appeared upon his rugged face,  
In yonder plain unwidely maddened  
Triumphed the forces of the underworld,  
Of dense leaved sigillaria and at eve,  
Old Blomidon! thou hearest from afar,  
Re-echoing o'er all the sounding land,  
The noisy clamor of their belching.  
The famished panther prowling round thy  
brow,  
With stealthy tread and hunger's fierce desire,  
Heard from his lair the thunder of his roar,  
And dashed with growling fury down thy sides  
To join old nature's red-toothed fiery war  
And tear the quivering flesh and lay in death  
The remnants of an old stupendous race,  
Whose dull and ponderous bodies could not  
cope  
With the fierce energy of newer life.  
Here in thine upper realm, wild Blomidon!  
Among thy mist and shadowy fancies dream,  
Remote from all the tangible delight  
Of the wide world around, my anxious brain  
Fills with a craving, restless and intense,  
For those unworldly mysterious truths  
About the afterworld and spirit realm.  
Oh, Blomidon! if from thy far abode  
Pale-wandering ghosts at midnight ever come  
To whisper secrets to the world,  
Here to bewail their evil deeds of yore,  
E'en now my fancy sees with aspect stark,  
The gliding wraith of some old pirate dread,  
Who came to seek his fortune on thy shores,  
Where yonder stone mysteriously stirred,  
Sailed to the lotus islands of the sea.  
A thousand years ago, old Blomidon,  
On some bright summer morn, when nature  
spread  
Her clad-ed robe of greenery around,  
Thee and thy neighboring valleys bright and  
fair,  
In the old Viking days, Jarl Eric came,  
Perchance, and sailed beneath thy towering  
crest,  
With bounding pulse along the Western shores  
Of pleasant Markland from the distant blue  
And shabby bottom where ocean mours  
Dashed in the North around his Iceland home,  
Ages before the courtly Champlain came  
With gentlemen of France to Fort Royal,  
Who lingered through the balmy summer days  
About the valleys of thy southern slopes,  
By shore and forest in the Acadian land,  
Like the old Greek and Roman wanderers from Troy,  
Who, after toil in a many a hard won fight,  
Sailed to the lotus islands of the sea  
And found the oblivion of every care.  
Thousands of years have come and slowly gone  
Old Blomidon! and on thy shadowy ridge,  
In plain solitude the scattered huts  
Of a few poor and simple cottagers,  
Now cluster by the dim old forest shade.  
Thine old volcanic life has passed away  
And from thy forest dim the panther gone.  
The pirate and his wild licentious crew  
No longer wake at night thy echoing shores  
By camp-fire's blaze with drunken reveling,  
Or 'neath the silence of the quiet stars  
Murder the hapless wretch who finds their  
lair;  
No more the dying sailor, 'neath the slash  
Of hissing cutlass or keen edged knife,  
In desperate fight against inhuman hands,  
Crimsons with his life's blood the wetting deck,  
While far away in some sweet English lane,  
At the soft twilight hour a maiden mours  
With anxious heart her lover's long delay.  
Old Blomidon! thy world is happier now,  
And dimly in the dusk horizon far,  
Eastward beyond the broad, low, shadowy  
land  
Of Grand Pre with its tender memories  
Of old Acadian life and love and war,  
I see the distant hills where garolous old,  
With their long white hair and knotted staffs,  
And many a grape vine swelling through the  
night,  
On rustic porch or simple cottage eave,  
And shabby clms and perfumed sweets of  
flowers,  
And velvet lawn and daisy-sprinkled field,  
All clustering round the academic walls  
Of Windsor's quaint old halls and quiet homes.  
Wild Blomidon! thou lookest o'er a land  
Where peace and happiness and sweet content  
Bless with their threefold joy a sturdy race,  
And often as the tuler of the field  
Downward returning at the close of day,  
With happy, blissful heart to wife and child,  
Seeing within the west the golden light  
And rosy gleam of sunset and the haze  
Of dreamy purple on thy massive brow,  
Blesses with thankful heart the God who  
made  
His world so beautiful.  
Old Blomidon! while here in solitude,  
'Neath the storm-laden sky in solitude,  
My mind has wandered through the centuries,  
And eons of the past among the dim  
And far, faint glimmerings of terrestrial life,  
I have seen the long white hair of old man's way,  
Amid the tumult wild of fierce red war  
And struggle for existence of the brute,  
Forever rising higher type on type,  
Developing new beauty age by age.  
Unto the latter glory of a happier day,  
And now my dreaming from the dim, wild  
past  
Turns to the joyousness of present years,  
And soft, sweet glances from the kindly eyes  
Of a fair little child sweep through my brain,  
From far beyond the rolling of the wave,  
And as my memory brings the vision bright  
Of all her radiant beauty and the light  
Of her soft eyes, pensively beautiful,  
And sweet as summer blue in morning skies,  
I feel the adoration full of sweet  
And fair delight that poets ever yield  
In God's dear universe to beauty and to joy.  
W. C. HARRIS.

**"SPRING POETRY."**  
Now doth the poet who on spring is "mad,"  
Get him his little pen and rave on June.  
He writes, as usual, 'bout the woods and  
flowers,  
The little birds that sing among the trees,  
The shore, with the wild waves' music  
there,  
The blue, wherein his rolling eye sees  
summer shined.  
Divines his inspiration breathes  
From the June-maddened melody.  
But, how indifferent to poetic fame,  
Is a cold, frozen, unbreeding earth,  
This noddest of all poetry in the land  
Finds the oblivion which must wait on  
worth.  
The paper which contains the "gem" on  
June  
Is warmly treasured—at the pastry-cook's?  
S. C. G.

**BRUSHING DOWN WEBS AND DIS-  
TURBING THE SPIDERS.**  
Brushing down webs is not just, but it  
is often necessary. It is necessary to the  
poor insect that spins them, but if spiders  
will not be discreet about the choice of  
points upon which to hang their fabrics,  
they must not complain if they suffer  
loss.  
The opponents of prohibition have  
turned to spinning some very fine theories  
to support their business of catching  
human flies, we propose to make one  
brush at some little web which they  
have been holding up to the sun lately  
with evident delight.  
They have been saying that it is a con-  
fession of weakness upon the part of  
Christianity when it admits that it can  
not make men sober without the aid of  
state law. These gentlemen, for they are  
all gentlemen—profess great unwilliness  
to do a grudging admission, but some-  
times so discreet to the strength of their  
religion as that which Prohibition im-  
plies.  
We shall relieve them of their anxiety  
by reminding them that, after all, a re-  
ligion which can so control public opin-  
ion as to secure a majority for Prohibition  
is not so weak as one might suppose.  
It is strong enough to let men sober  
and close the saloons besides.  
Another fine-spun theory is that tempta-  
tion is necessary to develop character, and  
that the noblest character is not that  
which is removed from temptation, but  
that which overcomes it. Therefore, let us  
have open saloons that we may attain to  
the noblest type of sobriety. Just so. All  
of which implies that temptation is a  
means of grace, and that it is a mis-  
ter of salvation. It is a new view of edu-  
cation, which proposes that God shall  
have the children of the kingdom develop  
a graminium by the devil. Per-  
haps it will be found useful for every  
church to own and run a saloon in order  
to test and temper the power of the bilu-  
lou-sinclined brethren to resist sollicita-  
tion to drink. Of course, some saintly  
temptation shops will be opened every  
morning with prayer, and we suggest in  
advance that they be supplied with some  
sort of device to measure the force of the  
temptation administered, just some faint  
saint be overcome by the exercise design-  
ed to invigorate his moral resolution—a  
sort of reliometer, as it were.  
Having finished the task we set our-  
selves to accomplish, before we hang up  
our brush we desire to say, for the benefit  
of the bystanders, that there are many  
men who cannot tell the difference between  
a pretext and a principle.—The Galling.

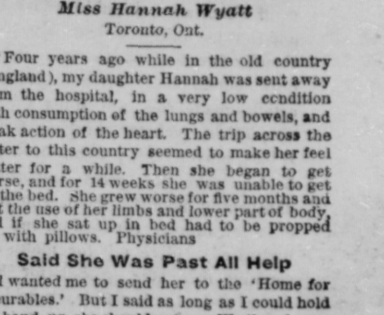
**NOTES FROM BLUEFIELD.**  
Our annual school meeting took place  
on the 19th inst. in the schoolhouse, which  
looks greatly improved by the cleaning it  
received last week at the hands of our  
village sports.  
The business was conducted in a quiet  
and orderly manner. Mr. Henry Easton,  
the retiring trustee, was re-elected, while  
the services of our former efficient  
teacher, Mr. McDougall, were retained.  
At the same meeting D. Stewart and W.  
Matheson were appointed hog-reeves.  
The potato bug is here again, and  
two of our friends who have a large  
field of potatoes on the halves will be kept  
busy from this out poisoning the pests.  
New houses are being erected by Mr.  
Charles McLean and Mr. William Sanderson,  
while an empty house situated a  
short distance from the road, is, to judge  
by the visits paid to it, our most popular  
young men towards the river, soon to be  
occupied. Messrs. James Holmes and  
Fred Larter are also building new barns  
on their respective premises. Mr. John  
Watts and Fred Prond, Esq., are also ex-  
pecting to commence work on their  
month.  
Several of our young men have joined  
the company commanded by Captain  
Bradley Brodie, and are impatiently  
awaiting the order to the front where  
we expect them to do credit to the district.  
Others have employed their spare time by  
generously helping the widow to plant  
ornamental trees in front of her beautiful  
residence. G. B.

**Fatal Result of Delay.**  
Sickness generally follows in the path  
of neglect. Don't be reckless but pro-  
vidently take a few doses of Scott's Emulsion  
immediately following exposure to cold.  
It will save you many painful days and  
sleepless nights.  
**TRAIN WRECKED.**—An engine and eight  
cars of a freight train were badly wrecked  
at Barnaby River, near Moncton on Satur-  
day morning. Some repairs were being  
made on the track and signals were put  
out, but, owing to a heavy grade, the  
train could not be stopped, and as a result  
was taken from the track down a steep  
embankment. No person was injured.  
A lady will sometimes spend hours se-  
lecting dress goods. She is not desirous of  
giving trouble at all. But there are con-  
flicting claims. There are considerations  
of durability of texture, of draping. Pres-  
ley's dress fabrics have reached a niche in  
the popular esteem when conflict ceases to  
vex. It is enough to get Priestley's black  
dress goods to feel content that you have  
the best. They wear better than any other  
make.  
**Disasters.**  
A man's disposition is in some degree re-  
sponsible for his manners, but an abrupt or  
fretful and generally disagreeable man-  
ner is often the result of a disordered diges-  
tion which Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic  
and Hawker's liver pills will permanently  
cure. Try them and be happy.

**Painting—Miss Margaret H. Chisholm**  
will form a sketching class in oil and  
water colors during the first week in July,  
and also special classes for children in  
drawing from nature. She will be pre-  
pared to give lessons, as before, in all  
branches of oil and water color painting,  
throughout its various departments.  
For sale by all druggists. Trade sup-  
plied by W. R. Watson, Charlottetown, P. E.  
I. mill dkw

**PECULIAR** in combination, pro-  
portion and preparation of ingredi-  
ents, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses great  
curative value. You should TRY IT.

**Like a Miracle**  
Consumption—Low Condition  
Wonderful Results From Taking  
Hood's Sarsaparilla.



Miss Hannah Wyatt  
Toronto, Ont.  
"Four years ago while in the old country  
(England), my daughter Hannah was sent away  
from the hospital, in a very low condition  
with consumption of the lungs and bowels,  
and weakness of the heart. The trip across the  
water to this country seemed to make her feel  
better for a while. Then she began to get  
worse, and for 14 weeks she was unable to get  
off the bed. She grew worse for five months and  
lost the use of her limbs and lower part of body,  
and if she sat up in bed had to be propped  
up with pillows. Physicians  
Said She Was Past All Help  
and wanted me to send her to the 'Home for  
Incurables.' But I said as long as I could hold  
my hand up she should not go. We then began  
Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures  
to give her Hood's Sarsaparilla. She is getting  
strong, with a good appetite, and out doors every day,  
has no trouble with her throat and no cough,  
and her heart seems to be all right again. She  
has a first class appetite. We regard her cure  
as nothing short of a miracle." W. WYATT, 89  
Market Street, Parkdale, Toronto, Ontario.  
Hood's Pills are purely vegetable and  
perfectly harmless. Sold by all druggists. 25c.

**Our Portfolios!**  
Below will be found a Combination  
Coupon, which when cut out and sent to  
this office with ten cents, will entitle  
sender to any one Part of whichever Portfo-  
lio is desired. Sample copies of all the  
books may be seen at this office or  
R. H. Mason's News Stand.

**The Examiner Publishing Comp'y,**  
CHARLOTTETOWN.  
**STODDARD'S PHOTOGRAPHS.**  
Parts 1 to 16 Now Ready!  
This Coupon and Ten Cents will  
procure any Part.

**OUR OWN COUNTRY,**  
The King of Portfolios.  
**A PICTURESQUE AMERICA.**  
Part No 1 to 2 Now Ready  
This Coupon and Ten Cents will  
procure any Part.

**J. A. MATHIESON,**  
Attorney-at-Law.  
OFFICE—Keele's Building, Main Street  
Georgetown, P. E. I.  
Loans negotiated.  
may31—3m

**Watch your Weight**  
If you are losing flesh your  
system is drawing on your  
latent strength. Something  
is wrong. Take  
**Scott's**  
**Emulsion**  
the Cream of Cod-liver Oil,  
to give your system its need-  
ed strength and restore your  
healthy weight. Physicians,  
the world over, endorse it.  
Don't be deceived by Substitutes!  
Scott & Bown, Baltimore, All Druggists, etc. &c.

**Always**  
**Smoke**  
**THE**  
**SOMETHING GOOD**  
CIGAR. It is Really  
Equal to any Imported.  
Take my Advice and  
Insist on getting this  
10 Cent Smoke for 5 Cents  
EMPEROR CIGARETTES CO. MONTREAL.

**Injured**  
**Nerves.**  
**A Sad**  
**Accident.**  
**Thrown**  
**From**  
**Carriage,**  
**and**  
**Suffered**  
**Eight**  
**Years.**  
Mrs. Chas. Phillips,  
Belle, Maine.

**A Nurse in the Hospital 4 yrs.**  
Eight years ago I was thrown from a  
carriage, striking on the back of  
my neck, completely shattering my  
nervous system. I could not sleep;  
I was very constipated, and the least  
thing worried me; my friends feared  
I would become insane. I tried physi-  
cians and patent medicines, but I re-  
ceived no benefit until I took  
**Scott's Discovery,**  
The Great Blood and Nerve Remedy.  
I AM PERFECTLY CURED.  
Scott's Little Tablets cure constipation  
and sick headache. 35c. cts.  
Medical Advice Free.  
SCOTT'S DISCOVERY CO., LTD., WOLFFVILLE, N. S.  
For sale by all druggists. Trade sup-  
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