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NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1887.

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ALMANAC FOR NOVEMBER, 1887.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Last Quarter 8th day, 0h., 49.5m., p.m., W.
New Moon 15th day, 4h., 55.9m., a.m., N.W.
(below horizon.)
First Quarter 22nd day, 6h., 30.5m., a.m.,
(below horizon.)
Full Moon 30th day, 11h., 7.6m., a.m., South.

DAY OF WEEK	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	Moon sets	High water	Day's length
1 Tuesday	6 47	4 41	5 34	10 44	9	54
2 Wednesday	48	39	6	11 20	51	51
3 Thursday	50	38	6 43	11 55	48	48
4 Friday	51	36	7 27	12 30	45	45
5 Saturday	52	35	8 17	1	42	42
6 Sunday	54	34	9 15	1 51	37	37
7 Monday	56	33	10 19	2 41	34	34
8 Tuesday	57	31	11 27	3 42	31	31
9 Wednesday	59	29	12 39	4 59	28	28
10 Thursday	7	0	28	6 23	26	26
11 Friday	1	27	1 53	7 36	23	23
12 Saturday	3	26	3 9	8 34	21	21
13 Sunday	4	25	4 27	9 24	21	21
14 Monday	6	24	5 45	10 9	18	18
15 Tuesday	7	22	7 2	10 53	15	15
16 Wednesday	8	21	8 17	11 36	13	13
17 Thursday	10	20	9 25	12 18	10	10
18 Friday	11	19	10 26	1 8	8	8
19 Saturday	13	19	11 17	1 2	6	6
20 Sunday	14	18	11 55	1 48	4	4
21 Monday	16	17	12 35	2 42	3	3
22 Tuesday	17	16	1 6	3 33	3	3
23 Wednesday	18	15	1 33	4 28	57	57
24 Thursday	20	14	1 57	5 45	54	54
25 Friday	21	13	2 22	6 52	52	52
26 Saturday	23	13	2 44	7 45	50	50
27 Sunday	24	12	3 9	8 30	48	48
28 Monday	25	11	3 36	9 10	47	47
29 Tuesday	26	11	4 6	9 47	45	45
30 Wednesday	7 27	4 0	4 41	10 33	43	43

FOR BOSTON

WINTER ARRANGEMENT

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

Leave St. John for Boston, Eastport and Port Land, every Monday and Thursday at 8.40 a. m.
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For tickets and other information apply to G. A. SHARP, P. E. I. S. S. CO., P. O. Box 100, or to your nearest Ticket Agent.
Nov. 12, 1887—only wky

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every particular.

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will leave Pownal Street Wharf, Charlottetown,

or Boston, at four o'clock, p.m., on THURSDAY

of each week, and

Boston for Charlottetown every SATURDAY,

at noon.

LONDON HOUSE CLOTH SALE.

HAVING closed up our Tailoring Department, we shall Sell our Splendid Stock of

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At from Twenty per cent. to Thirty-three and One-third per cent., Discount for CASH.

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Charlottetown, Oct. 21, 1887.—wky

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Charlottetown, Oct. 19, 1887.

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BY LAST STEAMER TO HALIFAX,

Perkins & Sterns

Have added more NEW GOODS to their already large stock of this

Season's Importations.

Another Lot of New Cloths,

Another Lot of New Silks,

Another Lot of New Dress Goods,

Another Lot of New Trimmings.

Additions to all Departments and Everything Marked

VERY CHEAP.

Perkins & Sterns

Oct. 14—dy & wky

THE PIRATE.

By Sir Walter Scott.

CHAPTER XVI.

(Continued.)

"I believe it," said Brenda, giving him her hand; "I believe it, and my bosom is lighter, now I have renewed my confidence in so old a friend. How you can aid us, I know not; but it was by the advice, I may say by the commands, of Norna, that I have ventured to make this communication; and I almost wonder," she added, as she looked around her, "that I have had courage to carry me through it. At present you know all that I can tell you of the risk in which my sister stands. Look after this Cleve!—beware how you quarrel with him, since you must so surely come off by the worst with an experienced soldier."

"I do not exactly understand," said the youth, "how that should so surely be. This I know, that with the good limbs and good heart that God hath given me, ay, and with a good cause to boot—I am little afraid of any quarrel Cleve! can fix upon me."

"Then, if not for your own sake, for Mima's sake," said Brenda—"for my father's—for mine—for all our sakes, avoid any strife with him, but be contented to watch him, and, if possible, to discover who he is, and what are his intentions towards us. He has talked of going to Orkney to inquire after the consort with whom he sailed; but day after day, and week after week passes, and he goes not; and while he keeps my father company over the bottle, and tells Mima romantic stories of foreign people, and distant wars, in wild and unknown regions, the time glides on, and the stranger, of whom we know nothing except that he is one, becomes gradually closer and more inseparably intimate in our society."

And now, farewell. Norna hopes to make your peace with my father, and entreats you not to leave Burg-Westra to-morrow, however cold he and my sister may appear towards you. I too," she said, stretching her hand towards him, "must wear a face of cold friendship, as towards an unwelcome visitor, but at heart we are still Brenda and Mordaunt. And now separate quickly, for we must not be seen together."

She stretched her hand to him, but withdrew it in some slight confusion, laughing and blushing, when, by a natural impulse, he was about to press it to his lips. He endeavored for a moment to detain her, for the interview had for him a degree of fascination, which, as often as he had before been alone with Brenda, he had never experienced. But she extricated herself from him, and again signing an adieu, and pointing out to him a path different from that which she was herself about to take, tripped towards the house, and was soon hidden from his view by the acclivity.

Mordaunt stood gazing after her in a state of mind, to which, as yet, he had been a stranger. The dubious neutral ground between love and friendship may be long and safely trodden, until he who stands upon it is suddenly called upon to recognize the authority of the one or the other power; and then it most frequently happens that the party who for years supposed himself only to be a friend, finds himself at once transformed into a lover. That such a change in Mordaunt's feelings should take place from this date, although he himself was unable exactly to distinguish its nature, was to be expected. He found himself at once received, with the most unsuspecting frankness, into the confidence of a beautiful and fascinating young woman, by whom he had, so short a time before, imagined himself despised and disliked; and, if anything could make a change, in itself so surprising and so pleasing, yet more intoxicating, it was the guileless and open-hearted simplicity of Brenda, that cast an enchantment over every thing which she did or said. The scene, too, might have had its effect, though there was little occasion for its aid. But a fair face looks yet fairer under the light of the moon, and a sweet voice sounds yet sweeter among the whispering sounds of a summer night. Mordaunt, therefore, who had by this time returned to the house, was disposed to listen, with unusual patience and complacency to the enthusiastic declamation pronounced upon moonlight by Claud Halcro, whose ecstasies had been awakened on the subject by a short turn in the open air, undertaken to qualify the vapors of the good liquor, which he had not spared during the festival.

"The sun, my boy," he said, "is every wretched laborer's day lantern—it comes glaring yonder; out of the east, to summon up a whole world to labor and to misery; whereas the merry moon lights all of us to mirth and to love."

"And to madness, or she is much belied," said Mordaunt, by way of saying something.

"Let it be so," answered Halcro, "so she does not turn us melancholy mad. My dear young friend, the folks of this painstaking world are far too anxious about possessing all their wits, or having them, as they say, about them. At least I know I have been called half-witted, and I am sure I have gone through the world as well as if I had double the quantity. But stop—where was I? Oh, touching and concerning the moon—why, man, she is the very soul of love and poetry. I question if there was ever a true lover in existence who had not got at least as far as 'O thou,' in a sonnet in her praise."

"The moon," said the factor, who was now beginning to speak very thick, "ripens corn, at least the old folk said so, and she fills nuts also, which is of less matter—savage wues, pueri."

"A fine, a fine," said the Udaller, who was now in his altitudes; "the factor speaks Greek—by the house of my holy namesake, Saint Magnus, he shall drink off the yawl full of punch, unless he gives us a song on the spot."

"Too much water drowned the miller," answered Triptolemus. "My brain has more need of draining than that of being drenched with more liquor."

"Sing, then," said the despotic landlord, "for no one shall speak any other language here, save honest Norse, jolly Dutch, or Danske, or broad Scots, at the least of it. So, Eric Scambester, produce the ballad and fill it to the brim, as a charge for demurrage."

Ere the vessel could reach the agriculturist, he, seeing it under way, and steering towards him by short tacks (for Scambester himself was by this time not over steady in his course), made a desperate effort and began to chant, or rather to crack forth, a Yorkshire harvest-home ballad, which his father used to sing when he was a little mellow, and which went

to the tune of "Hey, Dobbin, away with the wagon." The useful aspect of the singer, and the desperately discordant tones of his voice, formed so delightful a contrast with the jollity of the words and tune that honest Trip tolemus afforded the same sort of amusement which a reveller might give by appearing on a festival-day in the holiday coat of his grandfather. The jest concluded the evening, for even the mighty and strong-headed Magnus himself had confessed the influence of the sleepy god. The guests went off as they best might, each to his separate crib and resting place, and in a short time the mansion, which was of late so noisy, was hushed into perfect silence.

(To be continued.)

The Century for November.

With the current number, *The Century* Magazine begins its eighteenth year and thirty-fifth volume. As usual the November number is especially notable.

Great value and, at this time, with popular interest attaches to Mr. Kennan's paper on the "The Last Appeal of the Russian Liberals," the text of which, for the first time in English, is included in his article. In fact the appeal has been hitherto not really been published at all. Considering the wide and growing popular interest in Russian life, literature, and politics, Mr. Kennan's series—the result of a special investigation of Russian politics, as seen both in Russia and Siberia—is likely to create a genuine "sensation." Mr. Kennan says: "It has been my fortune in the course of the last two years to make the intimate personal acquaintance of more than five hundred members of this Russian protesting party, including not fewer than three hundred of the so-called Nihilists living in exile at the convict mines and in the penal settlements of Siberia." Mr. Kennan addresses himself first to the discussion of the popular misconception concerning Russian politics, maintaining first of all that there is no such body as "the Nihilists" in the proper sense of the word, and giving a clear presentation of the popular movement for reform.

The frontispiece this month is a portrait of Washington by Wright of Philadelphia, made in 1784, and now for the first time engraved. Of this portrait it is stated that Washington wrote to Mrs. Powell, for whom it was painted, that "it was the best for which he had then sat, while Tuckerman said that "perhaps no portrait of Washington bears such convincing marks of genuine individuality without a particle of artistic flattery." Silhouettes of Washington, John Washington and Benjamin Franklin, made by themselves and not before printed, also appear in a paper on "The Home and Haunts of Washington," by Mrs. Constance Cary Harrison, which reproduces with much picturesque illustration the life and scenes of Mount Vernon and Alexandria in Washington's time. A short paper by Mrs. Sophie Bledsoe Herrick, on "Mount Vernon as it is," completes a full account of the Chief American shrine.

The fiction of the present number is especially notable, including the beginning of two serial stories: "The Graysons," a tale of Illinois life in the first half of the century, by Edward Eggleston, and a novellette of Acedian life by Geo. W. Cable, entitled "Au Large," the scene of which is the neighborhood of "Grande Pointe," the characters being substantially the same as in the novellette of that name. Mr. Eggleston's daughter, Miss Allegra Eggleston, furnishes an illustration for "The Graysons," and Mr. Kemble one of his sympathetic studies, "A Cajun type," for Mr. Cable's story. "A Little Dinner" is a short story of "society" by Mr. Wm. H. Bishop.

Professor John T. Stoddard of Smith College contributes a second paper on "College Composites," in which he shows the results of his experiments in the combination of photographs, the examples being drawn from the classes of '87 at Amherst, Bowdoin, and Williams Colleges, Cornell, Harvard and John Hopkins Universities, and the Sheffield Scientific School. A final composite is given, made up of all these classes, consisting in all of four hundred and forty-nine photographs,—which is probably as near as one can get to the type of the average American graduate. Professor Stoddard demonstrates by example that the total result is not substantially influenced by the order in which the component negatives are exposed. Composites are also given of the classes of '87 of the Harvard Annex, of Mount Holyoke Seminary, Smith College, Wellesley College, Wells College, Vassar College, together with a composite of all, including a group of two hundred and eighty-seven, which may be considered the type of the American college girl. There is also a composite from negatives of fifteen nurses at the McLean Asylum Training School, Somerville, Massachusetts, and another of thirty-eight of the Harvard Faculty.

The conclusion of the Battle Series is emphasized in this number by an admirable presentation in text and pictures of the break-up of Lee's army and the surrender at Appomattox. The article is by General Horace Porter, and is entitled, "Grant's Last Campaign." It includes a careful description, from notes made at the time, of the historic scene at the McLean House, Appomattox. Among the illustrations are a portrait of Sheridan in the uniform which he wore on the ride to Winchester; also a curious portrait of General Grant, giving both profiles and showing him with no beard except side whiskers, together with war-time sketches from life by Winslow Homer (including a funny one of Lincoln, Grant and Tad Lincoln) and by William L. Sheppard and A. R. Waud, with other pictures from war-time photographs.

With the November number, the Lincoln History reaches a most interesting part of the great President's career, the period between his election and inauguration, and one upon which, by their personal relations to him, Messrs. Nicolay and Hay are able to throw much new light. This installment contains large quotations from unpublished MS. letters to and from Lincoln. The separate chapters deal with the Montgomery

Confederacy, the proposed Constitutional amendment, the President-elect, Alexander Stephen's speech and correspondence with Lincoln, and Mr. Lincoln's answers to questions as to his policy. Portraits are given of Howell Cobb, Jefferson Davis, E. B. Washburne, Thurlow Weed, Alexander H. Stephens, George D. Prentice and John A. Gilmer.

The poetry of the number is contributed by Dora Read Goodale, Charlotte Fiske Bates, Charles H. Webb, H. C. Bunner; and in "Brie-a-brac," by Louise Chandler Moulton, Mari H. Burditt, James Herbert Morse, Frank D. Sherman, Arthur J. Mundy and Margaret Vandergift.

In "Topics of the Time" the Editor says a word to the readers of the *Century* to remind them of the national spirit, freedom of opinion, fair play and hospitality to ideas at which the Magazine has aimed. There are also editorial articles on "A Phase of Political Independence" and "Sanitary Legislation in American Cities."

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Oct. 29, 1887—dy wky od tr