

THE DAILY EXAMINER.

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CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1887.

VOL. 22.—NO. 20.

NEW SERIES.

The Daily Examiner

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.

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ALMANAC FOR DECEMBER, 1887.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Last Quarter 7th day, 10h., 58.3m., p.m., N. W. (below horizon.)
New Moon 14th day, 3h., 9.0m., p.m., West.
First Quarter 22nd day, 2h., 48.7m., a.m., N. W. (below horizon.)
Full Moon 30th day, 4h., 1.8m., a.m., S.W.

DAY OF WEEK

Day	Sun	Moon	High	Low
1 Thursday	7 28 4	9 5 25	10 59 8	41
2 Friday	30	9 6 13	11 36	39
3 Saturday	31	7 7 4	12 13	35
4 Sunday	32	9 8 11	0 52	37
5 Monday	33	9 9 18	1 36	36
6 Tuesday	34	8 10 25	2 24	33
7 Wednesday	35	8 11 38	3 18	31
8 Thursday	36	8 12 50	4 29	30
9 Friday	37	8 0 51	5 41	29
10 Saturday	38	8 2 6	7 5	28
11 Sunday	39	8 3 20	8 11	27
12 Monday	40	8 4 36	9 3	24
13 Tuesday	41	8 5 51	9 53	26
14 Wednesday	42	8 7 7	10 34	26
15 Thursday	43	8 9 6	11 19	25
16 Friday	44	9 9 53	0 2	25
17 Saturday	45	10 10 33	0 43	24
18 Sunday	46	10 11 7	1 24	24
19 Monday	47	10 11 36	2 7	24
20 Tuesday	48	11 1 1	2 51	25
21 Wednesday	49	12 0 26	3 44	25
22 Thursday	47	12 0 26	3 44	25
23 Friday	48	13 0 49	4 44	26
24 Saturday	48	13 1 12	5 50	26
25 Sunday	49	14 1 32	6 50	26
26 Monday	49	15 2 7	7 50	26
27 Tuesday	49	16 3 19	9 20	27
28 Wednesday	49	16 4 6	10 1	28
29 Thursday	49	17 5 0	10 40	28
30 Friday	49	17 6 1	11 20	28
31 Saturday	7 49 4	17 6 1	11 20	28

FOR

B-O-S-T-O-N

WINTER ARRANGEMENT

THE PALACE STEAMERS

OF THE

INTERNATIONAL S.S. CO.

Leave St. John for Boston, via Eastport and Portland, every Monday, and Thursday at 5.30 a. m.

Fare from Charlottetown to Boston, \$2.50, 1st class; \$2.00, 2nd class.

For tickets and other information apply to G. A. HARRIS, P. E. I. Steam Nav. Co., P. O. Box 17, or to your nearest Ticket Agent.

Nov. 12, 1887—end wkr

L. ARTHUR & CO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

RECEIVERS OF

Mackerel, Butter, Cheese EGGS

Poultry, Potatoes, Fruit &

Vegetables.

142, 144 Commercial Street,

BOSTON, MASS.

May 18, 1887.

JAMES A. MORRISON. GEORGE MUSGRAVE

MORRISON & MUSGRAVE,

BROKERS

—AND—

Commission Merchants,

HALIFAX.

Consignments of Island produce will receive prompt attention.

REFERENCES: Thomas Fyche, Esq., Cashier Bank of Nova Scotia, Halifax; George Macleod, Manager Bank of Nova Scotia, Charlottetown.

WARREN & JONES,

TEA MERCHANTS,

71 EAST CHEAP AND 9 & 14 MINING LANE,

LONDON, ENGLAND.

Represented in Canada by MORRISON & MUSGRAVE, Halifax.

Oct. 21, 1887—Imo

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a recipe 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.

GREAT DRY GOODS SALE.

We intend to make extensive alterations in our premises next spring, and a change in our business, and to do this must clear out our entire stock of Dry Goods, Clothing, Carpets, &c., &c

To dispose of this immense stock within so short a time, it must be sold at a sacrifice, and we shall therefore, give discounts varying from 20 up to 30 per cent.

The stock consists of Seasonable and Fashionable Goods, which are all marked in plain figures, and at prices that are well known to be the lowest in the market.

This Sale will be for CASH ONLY.

HARRIS & STEWART

SUCCESSORS TO GEO. DAVIES & CO.

Ch'town, Nov. 18, 1887.

Be Not Deceived,

BUT COME TO THE STORE WHERE

THE BIG BARGAINS ARE.

OVERCOATS, SUITS, OVERCOATS, SUITS, OVERCOATS, SUITS, OVERCOATS.

L. E. PROWSE keeps the Largest, Best and Cheapest Clothing on P. E. Island.

Come and see for yourselves.

L. E. PROWSE,

Sign of the Big Hat, 74 Queen Street.

Ch'town, Dec. 5, 1887.

BEST VALUE IN

D-R-Y G-O-O-D-S

FURNESS STEAMSHIP COY.,

HALIFAX AND LONDON.

IT is intended that these Steamers shall make the following sailings:

Halifax to London:

S.S. Damara.....about Dec. 11th
S.S. Uluda.....about Jan. 11th

London to Halifax:

S.S. British Queen.....Dec. 3
S.S. Uluda.....about Dec. 17th
S.S. Damara.....Dec. 31st

Good Passenger Accommodation. Freight both ways at low rates. Through Bills of Lading from all points on P. E. Island, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, to Continental and other ports.

For Rates of Freight and other particulars apply to W. W. CLARKE, Agent at Charlottetown, P. E. I. or PICKFORD & BLACK, Halifax. Dec. 7, 1887.—3mos

Ch'town, Nov. 30, 1887.

Perkins & Sterns.

Chairs, Tables, Bedsteads, &c.,

and in all kinds of Household Furniture such as Parlor, Dining-room and Bed-room. All kinds of Bedsteads, Beds, Mattresses, Pillows. All kinds of Chairs, Lounges, Sofas, Sideboards, Cheffoniers, Book-cases, Tables, Washstands, Sinks, Cradles, Cots, Cribs, &c.

and Picture Frame Moulding—late Styles and Finest Quality—Cheap. Looking Glasses and Mirrors, very low. All kinds of Window Furniture, such as Choua Green Blinds and Shades, Cornices, Poles, Rings, Holders, Bands, Chains, Hooks, Blind Rollers, &c.

Also—The Grand-daddy Chairs, Wire Mattresses, Children's Sleighs, Carts and Wagons—cheap, cheap, at JOHN NEWSON'S,

QUEEN SQUARE, OPPOSITE NEW POST OFFICE. Ch'town, March 9, 1887.

Time.

A lang-backit, spig'e, fustit auld carl
Gang a' rith' rakin' ahoor the war',
Wi' a pock on his back, iuchin' hungry an' lean,
An' a crook-linnet han' aye following his een;
He gathers up a' thing that canna be' fa',
Intil his bag wi' 's, an' on an' awa'!
Soot an' snaw! soot an' snaw!
Intil his bag wi' 's, an' on an' awa'!

But when he comes to the wa' o' the weri,
Spangs up it like lang-legged spider, the carl;
Up gangs his pock, humpit ahoor,
An' a crook-linnet han' aye following his een;
He gathers up a' thing that canna be' fa',
Intil his bag wi' 's, an' on an' awa'!
Soot an' snaw! soot an' snaw!
Intil his bag wi' 's, an' on an' awa'!

Doon draps he weary upon a rock,
By his side he flings his muckle-mo'd pock;
An' there he sits, wi' his head on his han',
In an' uncro' drouthy, despairin' an' wan;
Hi' an' his pock, an' usome twa!
Soot an' snaw! soot an' snaw!
Intil his bag wi' 's, an' on an' awa'!

But when the first ray o' the sunshine bare
Lichts on the carl, he sees ye there;
Wi' een to gar the sun himsel' blink!
By his side a' kinlin', glimmerin' an' wan,
Soot an' snaw! soot an' snaw!
Intil his bag wi' 's, an' on an' awa'!

The dirt o' the war' rins in glory awa!
—George MacDonald, in "Grass of Parnassus from the Bents of Buchan."

THE PIRATE.

By Sir Walter Scott.

CHAPTER XXII.

(Continued.)

While they were yet within hearing of the shore they chanted an ancient Norse ditty appropriate to the occasion, of which Claud Halcro had executed the following literal production:—

"Farewell, merry maidens, to song and to laugh,
For the brave lads of Westra are bound to the
Haaf!
And we must have labor, and hunger, and pain,
Ere we dance with the maids of Dunrossness again."

"For now, in our trim boats of Norway deal,
We must dance on the waves with the porpoise
and seal;
The breeze it shall pipe, so it pipe not too high,
And the gull be our songstress whenever she fits
by."

"Sing on, my brave bird, while we follow, like
thee,
By bank, shoal and quicksand, the swarms of the
sea;
And when twenty-score fishes are straining our
line,
Sing louder, brave bird, for their spoils shall be
thine."

"We'll sing while we bait, and we'll sing when
we haul,
For the deaps o' the Haaf have enough for us
all;
There is tork for the gentle, and skate for the
carle,
And there's wealth for bold Magnus, the son of
the earl."

"Hurra! my brave comrades, give way for the
Haaf.
We shall sooner come back to the dance and the
laugh;
For life without mirth is a lamp without oil!
Then, mirth and long life to the bold Magnus
Troil!"

The rude words of the song were soon drowned in the ripple of the waves, but the tune continued long to mingle with the sound of wind and sea, and the boats were like so many black specks on the surface of the ocean, diminishing by degrees as they bore far and farther seaward; while the ear could distinguish no traces of the human voice, all most drowned amid that of the elements.

The fishermen's wives looked their last after the parting sails, and were now departing slowly, with downcast and anxious looks, towards the huts in which they were to make arrangements for preparing and drying the fish, with which they hoped to see their husbands and friends return deeply laden. Here and there an old shily displayed the superior importance of her experience by predicting, from the appearance of the atmosphere, that the wind would be fair or foul, while others recommended a vow to the Kirk of St. Ninians, for the safety of their men and boats (an ancient Catholic superstition not yet wholly abolished), and others, but in a low and timorous tone, regretted that the companions that Norma of Fife-head had been suffered to depart in discontent that morning from Burgh Westra, "and, of all days in the year, that they should have contrived to give her displeasure on the first day of the white-fishing!"

The gentry, guests of Magnus Troil, having whiled away as much time as could be so disposed of, in viewing the little armament set sail, and in conversing with the poor women who had seen their friends embark in it, began now to separate into various groups and parties, which strolled in different directions, as fancy led them, to enjoy what may be called the clair-obscur of a Zetland summer day, which, though without the brilliant sunshine that cheers other countries during the fine season, has a mild and pleasing character of its own that softens while it saddens land-folk, which, in their own lonely, bare and monotonous tone, have something in them stern as well as barrow.

In one of the loneliest recesses of the coast, where a deep indentation of the rocks gave the tide access to the cavern, or, as it is called, the Helyer, of Swastar, Minna Troil was walking with Captain Cleveland. They had probably chosen that walk, as being little liable to interruption from others; for, as the force of the tide rendered the place unfit either for fishing or sailing, so it was not the ordinary resort of walkers, on account of its being the supposed habitation of a Mermaid, a race which Norwegian superstition invests with magical, as well as mischievous qualities. Here, therefore, Minna wandered with her lover.

A small spot of milk-white sand, that stretched beneath one of the precipices which waked in the creek on either side, afforded them space for a dry, firm, and pleasant walk of about an hundred yards, terminated at one extremity by a dark stretch of the bay, which, scarce touched by a wave, seemed almost as smooth as glass, and which was seen from between two lofty rocks, the jaws of the creek, or indentation, that approached each other as if they wished to meet over the dark tide that separated them. The other end of their promenade was closed by a lofty and almost unscalable precipice, the abode of hundreds of sea-fowl of different kinds, in the bottom of which the huge helyer, or sea-cave, itself yawned, as if for the purpose of swallowing up the advancing tide, which it seemed to receive into an abyss of immeasurable depth and extent. The entrance to this dismal cavern consisted not in a single arch, as usual, but was divided into two, by a huge pillar of

natural rock, which, rising out of the sea, and extending to the top of the cavern, seemed to lend its support to the roof, and thus formed a double portal to the helyer, on which the fishermen and peasants had bestowed the rude name of the Devil's Nostrils. In this wild scene, lonely and undisturbed but by the clang of the sea-fowl, Cleveland had already met with Minna Troil more than once; for with her it was a favorite walk, as the objects which it presented agreed peculiarly with the love of the wild, the melancholy, and the wonderful. But now the conversation in which she was earnestly engaged, was such as entirely to withdraw her attention, as well as that of her companion, from the scenery around them.

"You cannot deny it," she said; "you have given way to feelings respecting this young man, which indicate prejudice and violence,—the prejudice unmerited, as far as you are concerned at least, and the violence equally imprudent and unjustifiable."

(To be continued.)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

How to Make Drapery Fireproof.

SIR,—Will you please insert in an early issue of your paper the enclosed letter from Prof. Doremus, taken from a late number of the *Inventors Journal*, London. As this is something of public interest I may be allowed to ask your contemporaries to copy, and oblige,

Yours respectfully,

H. F. COOMBS.

"Permit me through your columns to solicit the attention of your readers to a few scientific facts which I have for many years mentioned in my lectures to medical classes, to students in the City College, and to the public. I am impelled to write at this juncture because of the accounts of the appalling scenes at the recent burning of the Opera Comique in Paris. Twenty years ago the light summer dress of one of my children caught fire, and before the flames could be extinguished they had accomplished their fatal work. This heart-rending accident induced me to make a series of experiments to prevent its recurrence. I dipped articles of clothing in solutions of tungstic acid, borax, and other chemicals. After drying the textures I found them uninflamable, but one of these agents were as effective as a solution of phosphate of ammonia in water.

"Let anyone place delicate tissues, as those of which ladies' veils are made, or curtain materials or thicker textures of cotton or linen, in said solution, 'wing them out,' and stretch them to dry, after which apply a lighted match to them, or plunge them in the lighted gas flame. It will be impossible to set fire to them. They will blacken and be destroyed where the flame touches them, but the flame will not spread, neither will there be any residue of red hot cinders; even the little 'golden worms,' as children call them, will not be seen when the tissues are removed from the fire.

"There are few houses in our city where the curtains have not taken fire from the gas jets, and many have been burned in attempts to extinguish the blaze. All of us have memories of horrid accidents from ladies' and children's dresses taking fire. If the laundress would add to her preparation of starch a solution of the phosphate of ammonia (about one ounce to the quart of water) before dipping curtains, under-clothing, and dresses therein, and drying them, she will have rendered them uninflamable.

"If in opera houses or theatres the curtains flies, and even the wood work are impregnated with this phosphate of ammonia, they will be proof against catching fire; they will only char when flame is applied to them. Iron curtains are arranged in many theatres, to be lowered in case of fire on the stage, to prevent the spreading of this direful agent into the auditorium.

"I read in one of the descriptions of the recent calamity in Paris that the iron curtain in the Opera Comique was not dropped, as it should have been. Whether this be true or not, we can readily conceive that during the excitement of such an occasion might occur. But if the curtain and scenes are properly treated with this phosphate of ammonia, if a fire would be an impossibility. If the owners of theatres and opera houses neglect the employment of some such agents, the law should be resorted to for the protection of the public.

"R. OGDEN DOREMUS."

The Girl Who Helps Mother.

There is a girl, and I love to think of her and talk of her, who comes in late when there is company, who wears a pretty little air of mingled responsibility and anxiety with her youth, whom the others seem to depend on and look to for many comforts. She is the girl who helps mother. In her own home she is a blessed little saint and comforter. She takes unfinished tasks from the tired, stiff fingers that falter at their work; her strong, young finger is a staff upon which the gray-haired, white-faced mother leans and is rested. She helps mother with the spring sewing, with the week's mending, with a cheerful conversation and congenial companionship that some girls do not think worth while wasting on only mother. And when there comes a day that she must bend, as girls must often bend, over the old, worn-out body of mother lying unheeded in her coffin, rough hands joined, something very sweet will be mingled with her loss, and the girl who helped her mother will find a benediction of peace upon her head and in her heart.

The girl who works—God bless her—is another girl whom I know. She is brave and active. She is not too proud to earn her own living, nor ashamed to be caught at her daily task. She is studious and painstaking and patient. She smiles at you from behind the counter into each There is a memory of her beautiful young silver gown. She is like a heavenly young mountain, already far up the hill, and the sight of her should be a fine inspiration for us all. It is an honor to know this girl—to be worthy of her regard. Her hand may be stained with factory-grass or printers' ink, but it is an honest hand; it stays in misfortune from many a forlorn one the shield that protects many a forlorn little family from the almshouse and asylums—brave, polite, refined, ambitious; and the South is the rightful home of the girl that works. God bless her!—N. O. PIERCE.



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Ch'town, Dec. 5, 1887.

Ch'town, Nov. 18, 1887.

Ch'town, March 9, 1887.