

The Examiner.

VOL. 1. W. L. COTTON, Editor & Manager. MONDAY MORNING. SEPTEMBER 17, 1877. NO. 105

A. McNEILL,
Auctioneer and Commission Merchant
NO. 11 QUEEN STREET,
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND

AUCTION SALES, of all descriptions, attended to in city and country at moderate rates.
May 21, 1877.

SYRUPS
RASPBERRY,
STRAWBERRY,
GINGERWINE,
LEMON,
In 5 and 20 Gallon Kegs,
SUITABLE FOR
TEA PARTIES.
VERY CHEAP.
CARVELL BROS.

ROYAL HOTEL,
King Square, Saint John.

I HAVE much pleasure in informing my numerous friends and the public generally, that I have leased the Hotel formerly known as the CONTINENTAL, and thoroughly renovated the same, making it, as the ROYAL always had the reputation of being, one of the best Hotels in the Province.
Excellent Bill of Fare, First-class Wines, Liquors and Cigars, and superior accommodation.
Blackhall's Livery Stable attached.
THOS. F. RAYMOND.
July 3, 1877—6m

REMEMBER,
Electors of Ch'town,
REMEMBER THAT THE
DAILY EXAMINER
daily on Sale at the Stores of—
H. A. HARVIE,
South Side Queen St.
T. O'CONNELL,
Lower Queen St.
THEO. L. CHAPPEL,
North Side Queen St.

WANTED,
THE Highest Cash price paid for
Calf Skins and Sheep Skins.
ROBERT BRIDGES.
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QUEEN INSURANCE CO.
OF ENGLAND.

Capital -- Two Millions Sterling.

INSURANCE effected on all kinds of Buildings, Merchandise, and Produce also, on Vessels on the stocks.

Special rates for isolated residences.
Losses settled promptly.

GEORGE MACLEOD (Union Bank),
Agent for Prince Edward Island
June —

FOR SALE,

I HAVE on Sale one Small Steam Engine and Boiler; also one Tested Boiler in good order, for 10 horse power engine. Will be sold low.
H. COOMBS,
Upper Great George Street.
Sept. 5, 1877.

NOTICE TO DEBTORS.

ALL persons indebted to the undersigned on account of the EXAMINER newspaper, by Book Account, Note of Hand, or otherwise, are notified to pay the several amounts due by them on or before the 15th day of October next.
W. L. COTTON.
Sept. 13, 1877.

Steamer Arrangements.
Prince Edward Island
STEAMERS.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

Nova Scotia.
Leave Charlottetown for Pictou every Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, & Saturday mornings, at 5 o'clock, connecting there at 10 a. m., with train for Halifax. Fare to Halifax, \$4.10. Picnic Parties of Twenty and upwards can obtain Return Tickets at Charlottetown Office to Pictou and back same day \$1.00 each.

Returning to Charlottetown.

Leave Pictou every TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY, about 2.30 p. m. on arrival of evening train from Halifax.

CAPE BRETON.
Leave Pictou for Hawkesbury every Monday and Thursday, on arrival of morning train from Halifax, connecting both ways with stage and Steamer "Neptune," to and from Sydney and Bras d'Or Lake.

Returning to Pictou same nights, connecting with 10 a. m. Train TUESDAY and FRIDAY for Halifax.

New Brunswick, Canada and United States.

Leaves SUMMERSIDE every day (Sunday excepted) on arrival of morning train from Charlottetown, connecting at SHEDIAC with trains for each of above named places, and at St. John with Steamers of INTERNATIONAL CO. for PORTLAND and BOSTON. Also, leave Charlottetown for Summerside every Monday morning, about 3 o'clock.

Returning, leave SHEDIAC every day (Sundays excepted) on arrival of day train from St. JOHN, for Summerside, connecting there, without delay, with train for Charlottetown. Also, leaves Summerside for Charlottetown every Saturday evening, about 6 o'clock.

Agents: ALMON & MACINTOSH, Halifax; NOONAN & DAVIES, Pictou; A GRANT & CO, Hawkesbury; HANFORD BROS., St. John.
F. W. HALES.

ONLY DIRECT LINE
TO BOSTON.

Steamers Carroll and Worcester.

BOTH Steamers are fitted with new Boilers, and their Passenger accommodation arranged for every convenience and comfort, and fitted up in elegant style.
FREIGHT carried at moderate rates and as low as by any other route.
EGGS in boxes and barrels handled with the greatest care.
SAVING TIME, only one business day used in reaching Boston, by leaving here Saturday Morning and catching steamer at Halifax, and arriving at Boston Monday morning.

LEAVE CHARLOTTETOWN
Every Thursday,
punctually at 5 p. m.

LEAVE BOSTON
Every Saturday,
punctually at noon.

CARVELL BROS., Agent.
Ch'town, June 7, 1877.

Parks' Cotton Yarns.

AWARDED the only Medal, given for COTTON YARNS of Canadian Manufacture at the

CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

Nos. 5's to 10's.

White Blue, Red, Orange, and Green.

Warranted full length and weight. Stronger and better than any other Yarn in the market.

Cotton Carpet Warp.

No. 12's 4 PLY IN ALL COLORS.
Warranted fast.

WM. PARKS & SON,
New Brunswick Cotton Mills, St. John, N. B. } May 28 77

Excursion Tickets.

TO BOSTON AND RETURN.

STEAMERS CARROLL & WORCESTER,
For \$15.00.

CARVELL BROS
MONTREAL & ACADIAN
STEAMSHIP LINE.

HASZARD BROS., Agents.

Montreal, Charlottetown, P. E. I.,
Sydney, C. B., & St. John's, N. F.

S. S. "VENEZIA," Capt. John A. Macmaster
S. S. "VALETTA," Capt. Daniel Anderson

Should sufficient freight offer, it is intended to run the steamers of this line during the present season, regularly, between the above mentioned ports. The attention of importers is directed to the advantages offered. The steamers are in all respects first-class, well found, staunch, and well adapted for the route, having excellent passenger accommodation.
All freight delivered in good order at lowest rates.
For freight or passage apply to

HASZARD BROS., Agents
July 16, 1877—eod tf

QUEBEC & GULF PORTS



Steamship Company!

"SECRET," CAPT. DAVIDSON.
"MIRAMICHI," CAPT. BAQUET.

WILL LEAVE at, namely from PICTOU (after arrival of Monday Afternoon Train from Halifax) every Monday Midnight; SHEDIAC (after arrival of Tuesday Train from St. John and Halifax) every Tuesday Afternoon; CHARLOTTETOWN, every Tuesday, Morning; SUMMERSIDE every Tuesday

Pasbebiac, Perce, Gaspé, Father Point, and all Above Named Places.

LOW RATES. QUICK TIME
CARVELL BROS., Agents.
Ch'town, June 16, 1877.—m&th

THE DAILY EXAMINER
IS ON SALE

AT THE STORES OF

Henry A. Harvie, Theoph. L. Chappelle, and T. O'Connell.

Price Only 2 Cents
June 27, 1877—her:1

SHEET MUSIC

MUSIC BOOKS.

A NEW LOT RECEIVED.

Old Stock sold at immense reductions!
BREMNER BROTHERS.
August 31.

WHITE OATS.

WANTED, immediately, 10,000 Bushels White Oats, for which the highest Cash price will be paid.
HASZARD BROS.,
61 Water Street.
Sept. 6—2wks

Instrumental and Vocal Music.

MRS. McRAE wishes to intimate that she has resumed her Classes. Terms to be obtained at Mr. Fletcher's Music Store.
Sept. 13—31*

FAIRY MYTHOLOGY OF IRELAND.
No. 5.—THE PRIEST'S SOUL.

In former days there were great schools in Ireland where every sort of learning was taught to the people, and even the poorest had more knowledge at that time than many a gentleman has now. But as to the priests, their learning was above all, so that the fame of Ireland went over the whole world, and many kings from foreign lands used to send their sons all the way to Ireland to be brought up in the Irish schools.

Now, at this time there was a little boy learning at one of them who was a wonder to every one for his cleverness. His parents were only laboring people, and of course very poor; but young as he was, and poor as he was, no king's or lord's son could come up to him in learning. Even the masters were put to shame; for when they were trying to teach him he would tell them something they never heard of before, and show them their ignorance. One of his great triumphs was in his argument; and he would go on till he proved to you that black was white, and then when you gave in, for no one could beat him in talk, he would turn round and show you that white was black, or may be that there was no color at all in the world. When he grew up his poor father and mother were so proud of him that they resolved to make him a priest, which they did at last, though they had nearly starved themselves to get the money. Well, such another learned man was not in Ireland, and he was as great in argument as ever, so that no one could stand before him. Even the bishops tried to talk to him, but he showed them at once they knew nothing at all.

Now there was no schoolmasters in those times, but it was the priests taught the people; and as this man was the cleverest in Ireland, all the foreign kings sent their sons to him as long as he had house-room to give them. So he grew very proud, and began to forget how low he had been, and worst of all, even to forget God, who had made him what he was. And the pride of arguing got hold of him, so that from one thing to another he went on to prove that there was no Purgatory, and then no Hell, and then no Heaven, and then no God, and at last that men had no souls, but were no more than a dog or a cow, and when they died there was end of them. 'Who ever saw a soul?' he would say. 'If you can show me one, I will believe. No one could make any answer to this; and at last they all came to believe that as there was no other world, every one might do what they liked in this; the priest setting the example, for he took a beautiful young girl to wife. But as no priest or bishop in the whole land could be got to marry them, he was obliged to read the service over for himself. It was a great scandal, yet no one dared to say a word, for all the king's sons were on his side, and would have slaughtered any one who tried to prevent his wicked goings-on. Poor boys! they all believed in him, and thought every word he said was the truth. In this way his notions began to spread about, and the whole world was going to the bad, when one night an angel came down from Heaven, and told the priest he had but twenty-four hours to live. He began to tremble, and asked for a little more time.

But the angel was stiff, and told him that could not be. 'What do you want time for, you sinner?' he asked. 'Oh, sir, have pity on my poor soul!' urged the priest.

'Oh, ho! You have a soul, then,' said the angel. 'Pray how did you find that out?' 'It has been fluttering in me ever since you appeared,' answered the priest. 'What a fool I was not to think of it before.' 'A fool indeed, said the angel. 'What good was all your learning, when it could not tell you that you had a soul?' 'Ah, my lord, said the priest, 'if I am to die, tell me how soon I may be in Heaven?' 'Never,' replied the angel. 'You denied there was a Heaven.'

'Then, my lord, may I go to Purgatory?' 'You denied Purgatory also; you must go straight to Hell,' said the angel. 'But, my lord, I denied Hell also,' answered the priest, 'so you can't send me there either.'

The angel was a little puzzled. 'Well,' said he, 'I'll tell you what I can do for you. You may either live now on earth for 100 years enjoying every pleasure, and then be cast into hell for ever; or you may die in twenty-four hours in the most horrible torments, and pass through Purgatory, there to remain till the Day of Judgment, if only you can find some one person that believes, and through his belief mercy will be vouchsafed to you, and your soul will be saved.'

The priest did not take five minutes to make up his mind. 'I will have death in the twenty-four hours,' he said, 'so that my soul may be saved at last.'

On this the angel gave him directions as to what he was to do, and left him. Then, immediately, the priest entered the large room, where all his scholars and the king's sons were seated, and called out to them—

'Now, tell me the truth, and let none fear to contradict me. Tell me what is your belief. Have men souls?' 'Master,' they answered, 'once we believed that men had souls; but, thanks to our teaching, we believe so no longer.

There is no Hell, and no Heaven, and no God. This is our belief, for it is thus you taught us.'

Then the priest grew pale with fear, and he cried out: 'Listen! I taught you a lie. There is a God, and man has an immortal soul. I believe now I denied before. But the shouts of laughter that rose up drowned the priest's voice, for they thought he was only trying them for argument. 'Prove it, Master,' they cried; 'prove it. Who has ever seen God? Who has ever seen the soul?'

And the room was stirred with their laughter. The priest stood up to answer them, but no word could he utter; all his eloquence, all his powers of argument had gone from him, and he could do nothing but wring his hands and cry out:—

'There is a God! there is a God! Lord have mercy on my soul!' And they all began to mock him, and repeat his own words that he had taught them:—

'Show him to us: show us your God.' And he fled from them groaning with agony, for he saw that none believed, and how then could his soul be saved? But he next thought of his wife. 'She will believe,' he said to himself. 'Women never give up God.'

And he went to her; but she told him that she believed only what he taught her, and that a good wife should believe in her husband first, and before and above all things in heaven or earth. Then despair came on him, and he rushed from the house and began to ask everyone he met if they believed. But the same answer came from one and all:—

'We believe only what you have taught us,' for his doctrines had spread far and wide over the country. Then he grew half mad with fear, for the hours were passing. And he flung himself down on the ground in a lonesome spot, and wept and groaned in terror, for the time was coming fast when he must die. Just then a little child came by.

'God save you kindly,' said the child to him. The priest started up. 'Child, do you believe in God?' he asked. 'I have come from a far country to learn about Him,' said the child. 'Will your honor direct me to the best school that they have in these parts?'

'The best school and the best teacher is close by,' said the priest, and he named himself. 'Oh, not to that man,' answered the child, 'for I am told he denies God, and Heaven, and Hell, and even that man has a soul, because we can't see it; but I would soon put him down.'

The priest looked at him earnestly. 'How?' he inquired. 'Why,' said the child, 'I would ask him if he believed he had life to show me his life. But he could not do that, my child,' said the priest. 'Life cannot be seen, we have it, but it is invisible.'

'Then if we have life, though we cannot see it, we may also have a soul, though it is invisible,' answered the child. When the priest heard him speak these words he fell down on his knees before him, weeping for joy, for now he knew his soul was safe; he had met at last one that believed. And he told the child his whole story: all his wickedness, and pride, and blasphemy against the great God; and how the angel had come to him and told him of the only way in which he could be saved, through the faith and prayers of someone that believed.

Now then, he said to the child, 'take this penknife and strike it into my breast, and go on stabbing the flesh until you see the paleness of death on my face. Then watch—for a living thing will soar up from my body as I die, and you will then know that my soul has ascended to the presence of God. And when you see this thing, make haste and run to my school and call on all my scholars, to come and see that the soul of their master has left the body, and that all he taught them was a lie, for that there is a God who punishes sin, and a Heaven a Hell, and that man has an immortal soul, destined for eternal happiness or misery.'

'I will pray,' said the child, to have courage to do this work. And he kneeled down and prayed. Then when he rose up he took the penknife and struck it into the priest's heart, and struck and struck and struck again till all the flesh was lacerated; but still the priest lived, though the agony was horrible, for he could not die until the twenty-four hours had expired. At last the agony seemed to cease, and the stillness of death settled on his face. Then the child, who was watching, saw a beautiful living creature, with four snow white wings, mount from the dead man's body into the air and go fluttering round his head.

So he ran to bring the scholars, and when they saw it they all knew it was the soul of their master, and they watched with wonder and awe until it passed from sight into the clouds.

And this was the first butterfly that ever was seen in Ireland; and now all men know that the butterflies are the souls of the dead waiting for the moment when they may enter Purgatory, and so pass through torture to purification and peace. But the schools of Ireland were quite deserted after that time, for people said:—

'What is the use of going so far to learn what the wisest man in all Ireland did not know if he had a soul till he was near losing it; and was only saved at last through the simple belief of a little child?'