

# 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, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1881.

VOL. 10.—NO. 8.

## LATEST! NEWEST! BEST!

### PERKINS & STERNS

Have just received 3 cases Newest and Best Shapes, in Plush, Beaver, Felt and Straw Hats.

Our Stock is now about complete in every particular, and we invite customers from town and country to inspect our Goods when making their purchases, as we can assure them they will find no better value.

#### Our Dress Goods, Cloths, Flannels and Winceys

are not surpassed in extent, variety and value. Just see these Goods and get patterns whether you buy or not.

Cotton Warp and Cottons of every description, of the best qualities, and at the lowest prices. Flannels, Blankets, Horse Rugs and Railway Wrappers, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Rugs and Mats, Gents' Furnishing Goods, &c., &c.

PERKINS & STERNS.

Charlottetown, Nov. 1, 1881.

## AT COST!

### Readymade Clothing, Tweeds and Heavy Cloths,

AS I WANT TO CLOSE OUT MY STOCK IN THIS LINE.

Some Expensive Ladies' Cloth Mantles and Dolmans, and Fur Lined Cloaks, Sealettes and Colored Dress Goods.

AT A LARGE REDUCTION.

JUST OPENED AND MARKED LOW,

A Select Assortment of Flowers, Feathers, Velveteens, Ladies' Sacques, &c., &c.

### R. W. TREMAINE,

83 QUEEN STREET

Nov. 1, 1881.

## 881. BRITISH WAREHOUSE, QUEEN SQUARE. 1881

HAVE JUST OPENED A VERY LARGE STOCK OF

### FALL AND WINTER DRY GOODS!

Which will be disposed of at Very Low Prices.

### W. & A. BROWN & CO.

Oct. 14, 1881.

### FISH MARKET, Grafton Street.

RECEIVED TO DAY, per sch "Hudson," from Boston,—

250 bbls choice Family Flour,  
150 " Cornmeal,  
50 boxes Raisins,  
40 bbls Kerosene Oil,  
15 bbls Cranberries (Cape Cod),  
10 bbls Bunker Hill Pickles, in bulk,  
And a large stock of Groceries to arrive in a few days.

In addition to the present large stock of Fish:  
50 barrels Labrador Herring,  
200 boxes Scaled Herring,  
Barrels Salmon, Trout, Cod Sounds, Finnan Haddies, etc., for sale at lowest cash prices, at the Fish Market, Grafton St.  
J. H. MYRICK,  
Ch'town, Nov. 1, 1881. eod

### THE FIRE Insurance Association!

(LIMITED),  
OF LONDON, ENGLAND.

Head Office, . . . Corner Leadenhall Street, London  
Capital . . . . . \$5,000,000  
Reserve Fund . . . . . 250,000  
Deposited with Dominion Govt. 100,000

Policies issued and losses settled promptly without reference to Head Office.  
J. B. BRECKEN,  
Bank of P. E. I., Agent for P. E. I.  
FRED. W. HYNDMAN,  
Sub-Agent

### METHODIST HYMNS

THE NEW HYMN BOOK, in great variety of styles and binding, just received at  
HARVIE'S BOOKSTORE,  
Aug. 17—tf

## OWEN CONNOLLY'S,

### IS THE PLACE TO BUY FALL & WINTER GOODS,

Flannels, Blankets, Quilts, Knit Wool Goods, Dress Goods, Wincies, Sacques, Shawls, Ulsters, Cloths and Tweeds.

### READYMADE CLOTHING,

Ulsters, Overcoats, Reefers, Pants and Vests, Cardigan Jackets, Linders and Drawers, Flannel Shirts, Wool Scarfs.

Hats, Caps, Gloves, Mitts, &c. Cotton Warps, Best Makes, **CHEAP**  
C ashymers can depend on getting good value.

### OWEN CONNOLLY.

Nov. 10, 1881—pat

### CHANGE OF TIME. PICTOU AND HALIFAX.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, the 17th inst., the STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S STEAMERS  
Will Leave Charlottetown for Pictou Landing at Six o'clock in the Morning,  
instead of at half-past seven as during the summer months.  
By order,  
FRED. W. HALES,  
Secretary Steam Navigation Company.  
Oct. 13, 1881—10f

### Credit Foncier FRANCO-CANADIEN.

Capital, . . . . . \$5,000,000  
President—Hon. E. Duclere, Senator, Paris.  
Vice-Pres.—Hon. J. A. Chapleau, Montreal.  
The Company will make long term loans with sinking fund, and short term loans without sinking fund.  
For particulars, apply at the office of Messrs. Sullivan & Morson, Solicitors, Charlottetown.  
W. W. SULLIVAN.  
Aug. 24, 1881.

### JACOBS OIL



### THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM,

Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Cough, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains,  
Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparative trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.  
Directions in Eleven Languages.  
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.  
A. VOGELER & CO.  
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

### FRESH IMPORTATIONS, PER "ETHEL BLANCHE."

526 half chests TEA,  
112 boxes RAISINS,  
50 boxes CURRANTS,  
80 bags RICE,  
25 bags NUTS,  
100 tins MUSTARD,  
1 bale CLOVES,  
50 kegs BAKING SODA.

In Stock and to arrive,—  
40 hhds. Very Bright Porto Rico SUGAR,  
240 barrels Bright Yellow SUGAR,  
60 barrels White Granulated SUGAR,  
150 puns. Choice MOLASSES.

### CARVELL BROS.

Ch'town, Nov. 16, '81—pat 2f

### W. C. BISHOP, SHIPPING

### FORWARDING AGENT,

Marine Insurance Broker,

### General Commission Agent, 80 BEDFORD ROW, P. O. BOX 1 . . . HALIFAX, N. S.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION given to the Shipment of Lobsters and other Canned Goods, and collection of Custom Drawbacks thereon.  
Hulls, Cargoes, and Freight insured in first-class offices at most favorable rates.  
Consignments of Produce solicited, and prompt returns guaranteed.  
Correspondence solicited and answered promptly.  
Nov. 14, 1881—1yr

### DR. JENKINS

Has resumed practice at his residence, Queen Street. Hours for consultation 9 to 11 a. m., and 7 to 9 p. m.  
No certificates given except to patients.  
[no 8 wkly pat ex pres 1m, 2aw

### L. ARTHUR & CO., GENERAL

### Commission Merchants, 108 SOUTH MARKET STREET, BOSTON, MASS. May 16, 1881. [wkly

### FRANCIS Prize Christmas Cards.

First instalment received this day at  
HARVIE'S BOOKSTORE.  
Oct. 21—tf

### FURS! FURS! JUST RECEIVED, A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF Seal Sacques and Cashmere Fur Lined Circulars.

### C. I. MORRISON.

Sept 16, 1881.

### THE WAR-TRAIL.

#### CHAPTER V. MY CAPTIVE.

"Do not kill me sir! I am a woman!" This declaration scarcely astonished me; I was half prepared for it. During our wild gallop, I had noticed one two circumstances which led me to suspect that the spy I pursued was a female. As the mustang sprang over the zequi, the flowing skirt of the manga was puffed upward, and for some moments spread out in the air. A velvet bodice beneath a tunic-like skirt, the *tourmure* of the form, all impressed me as singular for a cavallero, however rich and young. The limbs I could not see, as the goat-skin *armas-de-ayna* were drawn over them; but I caught a glimpse of a gold spur, and the heel of a tiny red boot to which it was attached. The clubbed hair, too, loosened by the violent motion, sprang backward, and in two thick plaits, slightly dishevelled, rested upon the crop of his horse. A young Indian's might have done so, but his tresses would have been jet-black and coarse-grained, whereas those under my eyes were soft, silky, and nut-brown. Neither the style of riding—a la *Duchesse de Berri*—nor the manlike costume of manga and hat, hindered me from forming my conclusions. Both the style and costume are common to the *rancheros* of Mexico. Moreover, as the mustang made his last double, I had caught a near view of the side face of his rider. The features of no man—not the Trojan shepherd, not Adonis nor Eudymion—were so exquisitely chiselled as they. Certainly a woman! Her declaration at once put an end to my conjectures, but, as I have said, did not astonish me.

I was astonished, however, by its tone and manner. Instead of being uttered in accents of alarm, it was pronounced as coolly as if the whole thing had been a jest! Sadness, not supplicating, was the prevailing tone, which was further confirmed as she knelt to the ground, pressed her lips to the muzzle of the still breathing mustang, and exclaimed: "Ay-de-mi! pobre yegua! muerte! muerte!" (Alas me! poor mare! dead! dead!) "A woman?" said I, in feigned astonishment. My interrogatory was unheeded; she did not even look up. "Ay-de-mi! pobre yegua! Lola, Lola!" she repeated, as coolly as if the dead mustang was the only object of her thoughts, and I, the armed assassin, fifty miles from the spot! "You say you are a woman?" I again asked—in my embarrassment scarcely knowing what to say. "Si senior; nada mas—que quiere V.?" (Yes, sir; nothing more—what do you want?) As she made this reply, she rose to her feet, and stood confronting me without the slightest semblance of fear. So unexpected was the answer, both in tone and sentiment, that for the life of me I could not help breaking into a laugh. "You are merry, sir. You have made me sad; you have killed my favorite!" I shall not easily forget the look that accompanied these words—sorrow, anger, contempt, defiance, were expressed in one and the same glance. My laughter was suddenly checked; I felt humiliated in the proud presence. "Seniorita," I replied, "I deeply regret the necessity I have been under: it might have been worse?" "And how, pray?—how worse?" demanded she, interrupting me. "My pistol might have been aimed at yourself, but for a suspicion!" "Carramba!" cried she, again interrupting me, "it could not have been worse! I loved that creature dearly—dearly as I do my life—as I love my father—pobre yegua—ita—ita!" And as she thus wildly expressed herself, she bent down, passed her arms around the neck of the mustang, and once more pressed her lips to its velvet cheek. Then gently closing its eyelids, she rose to an erect attitude, and stood with folded arms, regarding the lifeless form with a sad and bitter expression of countenance. I scarcely knew what to say. I was in a dilemma with my fair captive. I would have given a month of my "pay-roll" to have restored the spotted mustang to life; but as that was out of the question, I bethought me of some means of making restitution to its owner. An offer of money would not be delicate. What then?

A thought occurred to me, that promised to relieve me from my embarrassment. The eagerness of the rich Mexicans to obtain our large American horses—*frisons*, as they term them—was well known throughout the army. Fabulous prices were often paid for them by these *ricos*, who wanted them for display upon the *Paseo*. We had many good half-bred bloods in the troop; one of these, thought I, might be acceptable, even to a lady who had lost her pet. I made the offer as delicately as I could. It was rejected with scorn! "What, senior!" cried she, striking the ground with her foot till the rowels rang—"What? A horse to me?—Mira!" she continued, pointing to the plain: "look there, sir! There are a thousand horses; they are mine. Now, know the value of your offer. Do I stand in need of a horse?" "But Seniorita," stammered I, apologetically "these are horses of native race. The one I propose to—"

"Bah!" she exclaimed, interrupting me, and pointing to the mustang; "I would not have exchanged that native for all the *frisons* in your troops. Not one of them was its equal!" A personal slight would not have called forth a contradiction; yet this defiance had that effect. She had touched the chord of my vanity—I must almost say of my affection. With some pique I replied: "One, seniorita?" I looked towards Moro as I spoke. Her eyes followed mine, and she stood for some moments gazing at him in silence. I watched the expression of her eye; I saw it kindle into admiration as it swept over the gracefully curving outlines of my noble steed. He looked at the moment superb; the short skurry had drawn the foam from his lips, and flakes of it clung against his neck and counter, contrasting finely with the shining black of his skin; his sides heaved and fell in regular undulations, and the smoke issued from his blood-red nostrils; his eye was still on fire, and his neck proudly arched, as though conscious of his late triumph, and the interest he was now exciting. For a long while she stood gazing upon him, and though she spoke not a word, I saw that she recognized his fine points. "You are right, cavallero," said she at length, thoughtfully; "he is."

Just then, a series of reflections were passing through my mind, that rendered me extremely uncomfortable; and I felt regret that I had so pointedly drawn her attention to the horse. Would she demand him? That was the thought that troubled me. I had not promised her any horse in my troop, and Moro I would not have given her for her herd of a thousand; but on the strength of the offer I had made, what if she should fancy him? The circumstances were awkward for a refusal; indeed, under any circumstances refusal would have been painful. I began to feel that I could deny nothing. This proud, beautiful woman already divided my interest with Moro! My position was a delicate one; fortunately, I was relieved from it by an incident that carried our thoughts into a new current; the troopers who had followed me at that moment rode up. She seemed uneasy at their presence; that could not be wondered at, considering their wild garb and fierce looks. I ordered them back to their quarters. They stared for a moment at the fallen mustang with its rich blood stained trappings, at its late rider, and her picturesque garments; and then, muttering a few words to one another, obeyed the order. I was once more alone with my captive.

TO BE CONTINUED.

### Burns and Scalds—Important Remedy.

Four years since (Sept. '77) the *American Agriculturist* recommended the use of Bicarbonate of Soda, that is the common cooking soda, for most kinds of burns. Since then frequent experiments and observations, the opinions of physicians, and the best Medical Journals, have more than confirmed all we then said. As burns and scalds are liable to occur, and as this remedy, though simple, has proved to be extraordinarily useful, it should be fixed in the mind of every one. The soda, and the carbonic acid so readily set at liberty from it, have anæsthetic, antiseptic, and disinfecting properties—all highly beneficial for burns. For slight burns cover all injured parts with a layer of powdered soda. For deeper burns, but where the skin is not broken, dip linen rags in a solution made by dissolving about one third of an ounce of the soda in a pint of water; lay the rags on and keep them moist with the solution. For very severe burns, followed by supuration (formation of pus), apply the rags in the same way, keeping them moist; but frequently exchange them when dry for fresh ones, and carefully wash off, with the soda solution, any matter that has accumulated underneath, so that it may not be absorbed into and poison the blood. Leading European medical journals give numerous instances in which, by the above treatment, extensive burns of very severe character have healed speedily, leaving little scar.

Scotch and English Tweeds—New Spring Styles. Weeks & Co. beg to announce that they have just received a full range of patterns of all wool Scotch Tweeds, for Spring, 1882. These patterns are now on view, and parties desiring to make a selection of any pattern can be accommodated. Sign of the Lion, Queen St. no 26 3/4 wkly 2f

100,000 B tles Minard's Liniment sold in Nova Scotia during the past six months—the universal remedy, the king of pain, used by everybody. Try it. Price 25 cents.—Nov 16 wkly