

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 15, 1881.

VOL. 10.—NO. 20.

BRITISH WAREHOUSE, QUEEN SQUARE.

W. & A. BROWN & CO.

In their FANCY GOODS DEPARTMENT

Have just opened a large assortment of Novelties and Fancy Ware suitable for the Xmas season.

Dec. 9, 1881.

W. & A. BROWN & CO.

DECEMBER!

PERKINS & STERNS

Will, during this month, offer the Balance of their

Knit Wool Goods, Hats, Bonnets, Mantles, Ulsters and Furs,

AT GREAT BARGAINS IN ORDER TO CLEAR.

AN IMMENSE STOCK OF

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods of Every Description, at VERY LOW PRICES.

On Monday, December 5th, we will open 7 cases of Fancy Goods, suitable for Christmas and New Year's Presents.

PERKINS & STERNS.

Charlottetown, Dec. 3, 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, Sealtettes 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,

Nov. 1, 1881.

83 QUEEN STREET.

LOOK YOU HERE.

STOVEPIPE. STOVEPIPE.

THE subscriber is now making an assortment of

Stovepipe and Tinware,

Best quality, which he is selling cheap for Cash. Tinware and Stovepipe, all kinds, made to order. Special prices to wholesale dealers. Orders for fitting up Stoves promptly and carefully attended to. Orders solicited. Shop opposite Dr. Jenkin's residence, Queen Street.

R. RODD,

Practical Tinsmith.

Charlottetown, Sept. 30, '81—3m

Venor's Predictions!

Big Storms Anticipated!

Stovepipe. Stovepipe.

If you want your STOVES attended to, leave your orders with C. F. HARRIS. I guarantee

Promptness and a Boss Job.

C. F. HARRIS,

Upper Queen Street.

Removed.

MRS. W. W. IRVING begs to notify her friends and the public generally that she has opened her Fall and Winter Classes for Painting and Drawing in all their different branches.

For terms, etc., apply at her Studio—residence of Mr. Peebles, South Side of King Square.

CHEAP WINTER CLOTHING!

—AT—

J. B. Macdonald's, Queen Street.

Men's Warm Reefers \$3.75,
Men's Warm Reefers \$4.25,
Men's Warm Reefers \$5.75,
Men's Warm Reefers, good, \$6.50,
Men's Warm Reefers, good, \$7.50,
Men's Warm Reefers, better, \$8.50,
Men's Warm Reefers, better, \$9.50,
Men's Wrm Reefers, best, \$10.00.

Men's Heavy Overcoats \$4.50,
Men's Heavy Overcoats \$5.25,
Men's Heavy Overcoats \$6.50,
Men's Heavy Overcoats, good, \$7.50,
Men's Heavy Overcoats, good, \$8.50,
Men's Heavy Overcoats, extra, \$10.00,
Men's Heavy Overcoats, extra, \$12.00,
Men's Heavy Overcoats, extra, \$14.00.

250 Men's Heavy Winter Ulsters, splendid value,
50 Boys' and Youths' Ulsters, splendid value,
100 dozen Men's Shirts and Drawers, 35 cents and upwards,
Cheap Scarfs, Ties, Woolen Shirts, Braces, Mitts, Gloves, &c

Clothing made to order from good and cheap Cloths, at

J. B. MACDONALD'S.

Nov. 22, '81—wkly, pat

For Sale or to Let.

THAT Freehold Property, with a front of eighty feet on Pownal Street and eighty-four feet on Sydney Street, the House containing 16 large rooms and two Kitchens. Can be turned into one Dwelling by unlocking a door. Apply on the premises to

MRS. BOSWALL

March 12, 1881—4f

BANK OF P. E. ISLAND.

BANK OF P. E. ISLAND NOTES taken at their face for Goods or in payment of Bills, at BOREHAM'S BOOT STORE.

Nov. 29—4f

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THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM,

Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, 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 Dr. Jacobs' Ointment as a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively 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.

Professional Card.

THE undersigned have this day entered into Partnership as Attorneys-at-Law. Office—South side of Queen Square, opposite the Post Office.

A. B. WARBURTON,

F. J. CONROY,

Charlottetown, Dec. 3, 1881—6w 2aw

FOR SALE OR TO LET.

THAT Valuable Freehold Property, situated on Sidney Street, and owned by the heirs of the late M. W. Skinner, Esq., consisting of Dwelling, Stable and Coach House. Also, a VACANT LOT, suitable for a Garden, adjoining the above.

The House contains 1 large Shop, 7 Bedrooms, Dining Room, Parlor and Kitchen.

The Shop is at present occupied by the Inspector of Weights and Measures.

Apply on the premises to

MISS SKINNER.

Shop & Dwelling House TO RENT!

ON South Side Queen Square, the Store and Dwelling House lately occupied by L. J. Williams. Apply to

HORACE HASZARD.

Aug. 25—

Queen Insurance Co'y 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.

All Losses settled promptly.

GEORGE MACLEOD (Union Bank),

Agent for Prince Edward Island.

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W. C. BISHOP,

SHIPPING

—AND—

FORWARDING AGENT,

Marine Insurance Broker,

—AND—

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 Freights 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

LIBERAL

DISCOUNT will be given to cash customers in want of good-fitting SUITS or OVERCOATS. A splendid lot of Scotch and English Tweeds, Meltons, Pilots and Worsteds to select from. Not being very

we will cut and fit Ladies' and Misses' Ulsters and Sacques, and

MEETING

the wants of all, will manufacture the same if required

W. N. RIGGS, Tailor.

Oct. 21, '81—eod

THE WAR-TRAIL!

CHAPTER XI.

RAFAEL IJURRA.

In ill-humor I journeyed along. The hot sun and the dusty road did not improve my temper, ruffled as it was by the unpleasant incident. I was far from satisfied with my first-lieutenant, whose conduct was still a mystery. Wheatley could not explain it. Some old enmity, no doubt, both of us believed—some story of wrong and revenge.

No everyday man was Holingsworth, but one altogether of peculiar character and temperament—as unlike him who rode by my side as acid to alkali. The latter was a dashing, cheerful fellow, dressed in half-Mexican costume, who could ride a wild horse and throw the lazo with any vaquero in the crowd. He was a true Texan, almost by birth; had shared the fortunes of the young republic since the days of Austin; and was never more happy than while engaged in the border warfare, that, with slight intervals, had been carried on against either Mexican or Indian foes, ever since the lone-star had spread its banner to the breeze. No raw recruit was Wheatley; though young he was what Texans term an "old Indian fighter"—a real "Texan ranger."

Holingsworth was not a Texan, but a Teasessan, though Texas had been for some years his adopted home. It was not the first time he had crossed the Rio Grande. He had been one of the unfortunate Mier expedition—a survivor of that decimated band—afterwards carried in chains to Mexico, and there compelled to work breast deep in the mud of the great canals that traversed the streets. Such experience might account for the serious, somewhat stern expression that habitually rested upon his countenance, and gave him the character of a "dark, saturnine man." I have said incidentally that I never saw him smile—never. He spoke seldom, and, as a general thing, only on matters of duty; but at times, when he fancied himself alone, I have heard him mutter threats, while a convulsive twitching of the muscles, and a mechanical clenching of the fingers accompanied his words, as though he stood in the presence of some deadly foe! I had more than once observed these frenzied outbursts, without knowing aught of their cause. Harding Holingsworth—such was his full name was a man with whom no one would have desired to take the liberty of asking an explanation of his conduct. His courage and war-prowess were well known among the Texans; but it is idle to add this, since otherwise he could not have stood among them in the capacity of a leader. Men like them, who have the election of their own officers, do not trust their lives to the guidance of either stripling or coward.

Wheatley and I were talking the matter over as we rode along, and endeavoring to account for the strange behavior of Holingsworth. We had both concluded that the affair had arisen from some old enmity—perhaps connected with the Mier expedition—when accidentally I mentioned the Mexican's name. Up to this moment the Texan lieutenant had not seen Ijurra—having been busy with the cattle upon the other side of the hill—nor had the name been pronounced in his hearing.

"Ijurra!" he exclaimed, with a start, reining up and turning to me with an inquiring look.

"Ijurra."

"Rafael Ijurra, do you think?"

"Yes, Rafael—that's the name."

"A tall, dark fellow, moustached and whiskered?—not ill looking?"

"Yes; he might answer that description," I replied.

"If it be the same Rafael Ijurra that used to live at San Antonio, there's more than one Texan would like to raise his hair. The same—it must be—there's no two of the name; taint likely—no."

"What do you know of him?"

"Know?—that he's about the most precious scoundrel in all Texas or Mexico either, and that's saying a good deal. Rafael Ijurra? 'Tis he, by thunder! It can be nobody else; and Holingsworth—Ha! now I think of it, it's just the man; and Harding Holingsworth, of all men living, has good reasons to remember him."

"How? Explain!"

The Texan paused for a moment, as if to collect his scattered memories, and then proceeded to detail what he knew of Rafael Ijurra. His account, without the expetives and emphatic ejaculations which adorned it, was substantially as follows.

Rafael Ijurra was by birth a Texan of Mexican race. He had formerly possessed a hacienda near San Antonio de Bexar, with other considerable property, all of which he had spent at play or otherwise dissipated, so that he had sunk to the status of a professional gambler. Up to the date of the Mier expedition he had passed off as a citizen of Texas, under the new regime, and pretended much patriotic

attachment to the young republic. When the Mier adventure was about being organized, Ijurra had influence enough to have himself elected one of its officers. No one suspected his fidelity to the cause. He was one of those who at the halt by Laredo, urged the impudent advance upon Mier; and his presumed knowledge of the country—of which he was a native—gave weight to his counsel. It afterwards proved that his free advice was intended for the benefit of the enemy with whom he was in secret correspondence.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions or statements of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the Examiner.

SIR,—I notice in the last issue of the weekly an article headed "Inhuman Treatment Aboard an Island Vessel." According to your version of the horrible tale, the captain of that ship, so far as cruelty is concerned, stands without a rival in the annals of history since the time of Nero, and you have earned for him a reputation which he is in no way deserving; and if he was here now I feel that he would have a word or two to say in his own defence. But as he is not, I shall speak for him, so far as I know—having been aboard the vessel during the voyage. What are the facts of the case? The "Willie" arrived on the 4th November; and Alberton being the seaman's port of discharge, the day after they arrived they were all paid off, excepting the steward and the Cuban sailor, who wished to remain in the "Willie." This does not seem like if his treatment had been very severe. Her ballast was then discharged by shoremen and damaged for a cargo of oats; and the whole story of his inhuman treatment after he arrived here is a pure fabrication from beginning to the ending. The other part of the voyage I know nothing of. The Cuban states that the first night the vessel lay in port the deck was covered with snow, and that he was compelled to sleep on deck. This is very far from the truth, as there was no snow until after the vessel began taking in oats; and neither was he compelled to sleep on the deck as he had the forecastle all to himself. It has a certified capacity for six seamen, and surely there was room for him. And further, that he only got the scraps and was refused admission to the galley is in keeping with his other statements, for I noticed that he was there most of his time; and the food I saw him get was good enough for any man; and I only trust I shall have as good through life. He and the Chinese cook were as great as two pickpockets, who, by the way, is as good a cook as I ever saw on board a vessel, and has been two years with the same captain. And still another, that when he asked for boots or money, the Captain not only refused but struck him, is a falsehood. Instead of that he took a good pair of rubber boots off his own feet and gave them to him, and also some underclothing, and told him when the ship was ready for sea he would get him whatever he wanted. He was perfectly contented until some of the wharf scotchboys began to charm him with highly-wrought descriptions of ease and comfort beyond the confines of the "Willie," which visions of comfort had never been realized by the unfortunate Cuban. Instead of those passing being his friends, they have proved to be his worst enemies. Still further, his feet were never frozen on board the "Willie;" for after he left her, he went on board Mr. Foley's barque "Parnell" and worked there seven or eight days and then got paid off. It was then he made up his mind to visit the city; and for two days before he left he could be seen promenading the streets with the very boots on his feet the Captain gave him. He never was put ashore from the vessel. He left of his own free will; and instead of being hauled to the station by a farmer, he walked there himself, which goes to show very plainly that his feet were not frozen by exposure while on board the "Willie." But in the recital of his wrongs, he forgot to state that when put off the train at a station along the line he got him drunk on the money he earned at the "Parnell;" and lay out all night, and if his feet are frozen, himself and the man who sold him the *Big Juice* are responsible. I could trace this much further, but I think I have said sufficient to convince any unprejudiced mind that the Cuban's treatment on board the "Willie" has not been so very bad after all; and all I can say is that a gold watch, a diamond ring, and two medals, which Captain Casey carries, as reward for bravery and heroic daring, in saving several shipwrecked crews, goes very much further to prove that he is not so haplessly lost to every sense of feeling as this unfortunate Cuban would try to make us believe. Neither would the owner of the "Willie" for one moment allow such species of cruelty to be practised on board one of his vessels; and I think it very wrong that an attempt should be made to blacken the reputation of both captain and owner, on the unsupported testimony of a Spaniard. Hoping you will give insertion to this in the DAILY and WEEKLY EXAMINER,

I remain,

Yours, etc.,

ONE WHO WAS ON BOARD.

The Roberts Company's glycerine magazine at Kinzua junction, twelve miles from Bradford, Pa., and containing 1,236 pounds of glycerine, exploded with terrific force. The earth trembled as if shaken by an earthquake, the shock being distinctly felt in Bradford. The explosion was mysterious in its origin, combustion being cited as the cause. The forest covering at least three acres in the vicinity was laid low, and houses at Kinzua were nearly shaken from their foundations. No one was injured. It is said to be the only known cause of glycerine exploding from combustion.