

The Daily Examiner.

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NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1885.

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J. H. BELL & CO.,
Custom Boot & Shoe Makers.

CUSTOM work got up in the latest styles, neat and up to the times. Good stock and workmanship second to none.

Orders Filled Prompt—Prices Reasonable.

We also keep on hand a quantity of Shoe Findings, with a good assortment of Fashionable L'sts, in Men's, Women's, Boys', Misses', Gents' and Children's, which we sell cheap.

J. H. BELL & CO.,
Sign of the BIG BOOT, Upper Great George St., 2nd door to Knight & Son. Nov. 30, 1885—1mo 2w

WARBURTON & SMALLWOOD,
NOTICE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.

The undersigned have this day entered into partnership, under the style and firm of Warburton and Smallwood,

Baristers, Attorneys-at-Law,
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A. B. WARBURTON, B.A., B.C.L., F.C. R. SMALLWOOD.

The firm are Agents for the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States, which does the largest business of any Life Insurance Company in the world.

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GENERAL

Commission Merchants,
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Eggs and Produce a Specialty.
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EDWARD M. ARCHIBALD,
Shipping and Commission Merchant,
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ST. JOHN'S, N. F.,

Ample wharfage, yardage, and storage room. Consignments solicited.
Liberal advances made on receipt of consignments.
Sept. 9, '85—tl dec31

BOSTON,
Fall and 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 8.00 a. m. Fare from Charlottetown to Boston, \$6.50, 2nd class; \$9.50, 1st class.

For tickets and other information apply to G. A. SHARP, F. W. HALES, P. E. I. Ry., P. E. I. Steam Nav. Co., or to your nearest Ticket Agent.

Nov. 2, 1885—eod wkly

CAUTION.

EACH PLUG OF THE

MYRTLE NAVY

IS MARKED

T & B.

IN BRONZE LETTERS.

None Other Genuine.

Oct. 20.

CUT THIS OUT and return it to us with 10c, or 4 3c stamps, and you'll get by return mail a Golden Box of Goods that will bring you in more money in one year than anything else in America. Your fortune if you start quick—CITY NOVELTY CO. Yarmouth, N. S. may 1

NEW STORE

North River Bridge

L. E. PROWSE has opened, in Mr. George Dockendorff's Store, at North River, with a First-Class Stock of Dry Goods, Clothing and Groceries. Which he will sell at LOW PRICES.

The people need have no fear of Small Pox in the Goods, as I import direct from the English markets, and ever since the outbreak of the disease in the city the goods have been thoroughly fumigated, so there can be no possible chance of infection in the Goods.

The people at North River will find this a great convenience, as it will save them the trip to town, and they can buy just as cheap at home.

The Store in the city will be continued as usual. I need not say anything about the Low Prices, as all know I sell Cheap.

L. E. PROWSE,
Sign of BIG HAT, 74 Queen street.
Ch'town, Nov. 24th, 1885.

EVERYONE CAN

call and examine the largest stock of Household Furniture, &c., ever shown in Charlottetown, and also discover that they can

SAVE MONEY

and get Good, Reliable Home-made Goods of undisputed value, fine finish and good honest workmanship

BY BUYING

Staple Furniture, Bedding, Mattresses, Fancy Goods (for Xmas), Picture Frames and Moulding, Mantle mirrors and Mirror-plates, Bagatelle Boards, Handsome Oil Paintings, Framed Chromos, and One Thousand and One other articles,

FROM

THE P. E. ISLAND FURNITURE WAREHOUSES,

MARK WRIGHT & CO.

Ch'town, Dec. 3, '85—eod wkly

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GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT.

FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE.

Special Features in Life & Accident Insurance.

Representing an Aggregate Capital of

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Lancashire Insurance Company, of England.
CAPITAL, FIFTEEN MILLION DOLLARS.

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CAPITAL, OVER ONE MILLION DOLLARS.

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CAPITAL, THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS.

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TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION. [Nov 19]

ROYAL CANADIAN INSURANCE CO.

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Halifax Branch—J. SCOTT MITCHELL, Agent.

RISKS TAKEN ON MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.

Agent for Prince Edward Island:—

F. H. ARNAUD,
MERCHANTS BANK OF HALIFAX.
Ch'town, Jan. 1886.

FOR SALE. THE RED LIGHT.

BRIGHTON TANNERY, with its Steam Engine, Boiler, Splitting Machine, Stuffing Machine and other Plant is offered for sale at private contract.

The above Tannery was formerly operated by the late Donald MacKinnon, of the late firm of MacKinnon & Co., of this city. It is fitted up on the most modern principle, and has hitherto paid a large percentage on the capital invested. To capitalists no better investment for their money, either by Bank or Manufactory, can be offered. Possession given immediately.

MARY J. MACKINNON,
Executrix.
Ch'town, Oct. 17, 1885.

Small-Pox Remedies!

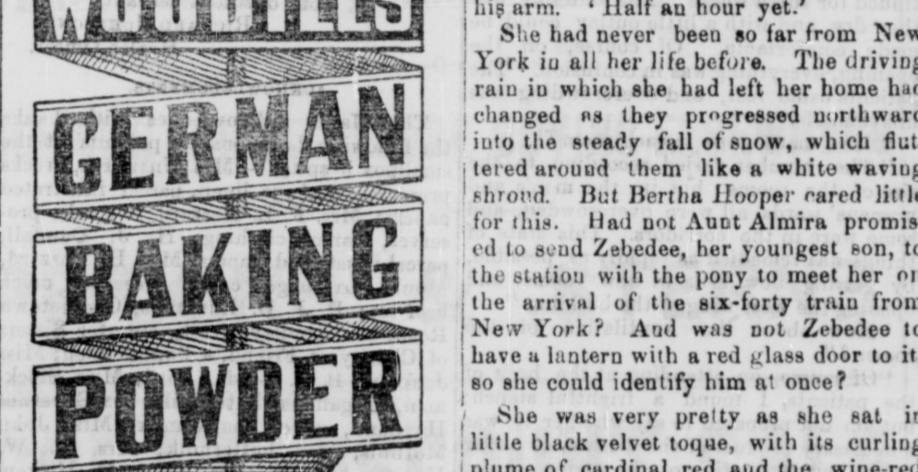
PURE CARBOLIC ACID.
CRUDE CARBOLIC ACID.
CHLORIDE OF LIME (Double Strength),
THYMO-CRE-SOL.
CARBOLIC SOAP.
SULPHUR.
ENGLISH CREAM TARTAR.

Apothecaries' Hall,

DESBRISSAY'S CORNER.
Nov. 23—d & wkly 11

Always Gives Satisfaction

WHEREVER USED.



KENTVILLE, N. S., Dec. 3, 1885.

Please forward another case of Woodville's German Baking Powder. Never before had such Pastry.

JAMES MCINTOSH,
W. M. D. PEARMAN, Trustee, Halifax, N. S.
Dec. 16, '85.

WARREN LELAND,

whom everybody knows as the successful manager of the

Largest Hotel Enterprises

of America, says that while a passenger from New York on board a ship going around Cape Horn, in the early days of emigration to California, he learned that one of the officers of the vessel had cured himself, during the voyage, of an obstinate disease by the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Since then Mr. LELAND has recommended AYER'S SARSAPARILLA in many similar cases, and he has never yet heard of its failure to effect a radical cure.

Some years ago one of Mr. LELAND'S farm laborers bruised his leg. Owing to the bad state of his blood, an ugly soreful swelling or lump appeared on the injured limb. Horrible itching of the skin, with burning and darting pains through the limb, made life almost intolerable. The leg became enormously enlarged, and running ulcers formed, discharging great quantities of extremely offensive matter. No treatment was of any avail until the man, by Mr. LELAND'S direction, was supplied with AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, which allayed the pain and irritation, healed the sores, removed the swelling, and completely restored the limb to use.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

for Rheumatism, with entire success; and, after careful observation, declares that, in his belief, there is no medicine in the world equal to it for the cure of Liver Disorders, Gout, the effects of high living, Salt Rheum, Sores, Eruptions, and all the various forms of blood diseases.

We have Mr. LELAND'S permission to invite all who may desire further evidence in regard to the extraordinary curative powers of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to see him personally either at his mammoth Ocean Hotel, Long Branch, or at the popular Leland Hotel, Broadway, 27th and 28th Streets, New York.

Mr. LELAND'S extensive knowledge of the good done by this unequalled eradicator of blood poisons enables him to give inquiries much valuable information.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists; \$1, six bottles for \$5.

NOTICE.

ALL persons willing to be employed as Nurses, in cases of small-pox, are requested to put themselves in communication with the Health Officer at once.

RICHARD JOHNSON, M. D.,
Health Officer.
Health Office at Market House, Nov. 17, '85.

THE RED LIGHT.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

It was Christmas Eve. Not one of the ideal Christmas Eves of poets and romance writers, wherein the moon is always at the full, the snow always as-parkle like pulverized diamonds, and the air always still and cold and clear, but a stormy twilight, with the snow driving steadily from the east, the wind raw and biting, and the sky—what you could see of it—black as ink.

But it was Christmas Eve, all the same, and Bertha Hooper's cheeks were as red as the bitter-sweet berries in the woods as she sat, all wrapped up, in the train that was steaming northward, on her way to spend Christmas with her Aunt Almira Higgins.

Christmas in the country! To Bertha, who had lived all her life in the brick walls and stone pavements of a city, the very words seemed to convey somewhat of cheer and joyousness. And Bertha, as she sat with her eyes closed and her little gloved hands safely nestled into a gray squirrel muff, beheld in her mind's eye great fires of logs roaring up wide-throated chimneys, walls festooned with hemlock boughs and black green tufts of mistletoe; and she had half composed a poem on Christmas and its cherished associations when the ruthless conductor came along for her ticket.

'How far are we from Moncourt station?' she inquired, as she gave up the bit of pasteboard.

'Next but one, Miss,' said the man, as he hurried on, with his lantern under his arm. 'Half an hour yet.'

She had never been so far from New York in all her life before. The driving rain in which she had left her home had changed as they progressed northward into the steady fall of snow, which fluttered around them like a white waving shroud. But Bertha Hooper cared little for this. Had not Aunt Almira promised to send Zebedee, her youngest son, to the station with the pony to meet her on the arrival of the six-forty train from New York? And was not Zebedee to have a lantern with a red glass door to it, so she could identify him at once?

She was very pretty as she sat in little black velvet toque, with its curling plume of cardinal red and the wine-red ribbon bow at her throat—pretty with the bloom and freshness of eighteen. She was dark, with large hazel eyes, almond shaped and long-lashed, a clear, rosy bloom on either cheek and wavy dark hair hanging in silken fringes over her broad, low forehead.

'Mont—Court—station!' bawled the brakeman, putting in a snow-powdered fur cap, and withdrawing it again as quickly as if he had been a magnified edition of the Jack-in-the-box, which children much rejoice at in holiday time. And Bertha Hooper knew that she had reached her destination.

Stiff and cramped from the length of time in which she had been sitting in one position, she rose up, with a steel-clasped travelling-bag in one hand and a dainty silk umbrella in the other, and made her way to the door.

All she could see when she stepped out upon the wet and slippery platform was a blur of driving snow, through which the lights of the solitary little country depot gleamed fitfully; but the next instant something dashed a-hurdle her vision like a friendly red eye—and beneath the reflector over the station door she saw a tall fine-looking young man, in a fur-trimmed overcoat, a sealskin cap set jauntily on one side of a crop of chestnut curls, and a red lighted lantern swinging from his left hand, as he stood straining his eyes in the stormy darkness, as if to catch sight of some familiar face in the little crowd.

'Cousin Zebedee!' cried Bertha, aloud, and she made one spring into the arms of this blonde-whiskered young giant. For had not she and Zebedee played dominos and fox-and-geese together, in the days when she wore blue ribbon sashes, and his hair was a closely-shorn mat of curly-red?

'Oh! Cousin Zebedee, I'm so glad to see you; and I hadn't any idea you had grown half so handsome!'

And she gave him a great hug, at the same time holding up her rosybud lips for a kiss.

But to her infinite amazement, the hero of the sealskin cap seemed a little backward in responding to her cousinly advances.

'I—I beg your pardon,' said he, slightly receding, 'but I'm afraid there is some mistake. My name is not Zebedee, and the lady for whom I am looking is some years older than you.'

Bertha Hooper started back coloring and confused, and as she did so, a fat, comfortable-looking old lady came trundling along the platform in an India shawl and a box of Russia sable, worth its weight in greenbacks.

'Charlie!' she cried, 'I thought I never should find you. Is the carriage here?'

'All here and waiting, Aunt Effie,' responded the young man; but he still

hesitated a second as Bertha Hooper stood with averted face and motionless figure in the shadow of the building.

'Can I be of any service to you?' he asked. 'If you are expecting friends who have failed to meet you—'

'Anybody here by the name of Bertha Hooper?' shouted a stentorian voice, and a tall, raw-looking lad with a lantern—also lighted with red glass—rushed shuffling around the corner.

Zebedee himself! red-haired and shambling and awkward as he had been in the old fox-and-geese days.

'Oh!' said he, catching up his lantern so that the scarlet bird's wings flashed out like a spit of flame—scarcely more scarlet, alas, than Bertha's own face.

'Here you be! I'm a little late, for the roads is so all-fired bad, and I couldn't start the pony out of a walk. Come on. How do you do? Be you very cold?'

'Zebedee,' said Bertha, clinging almost hysterically to her cousin's arm, 'who's that other gentleman with—with the other lantern?'

'Eh!' said Zebedee. 'That feller with the old lady in a patchwork shawl?'

'Yes.'

'It's Charley Harcourt, the squire's son,' said Zebedee. 'Just come from furrin parts!'

'Zebedee,' said Bertha, with a curious little sound between a laugh and a sob, 'put me into the cutter, quick, and drive me somewhere. I don't care where. Because—'

'Eh!' said Zebedee, 'staring hard at his cousin, as he packed the buffalo robe around her before touching up the lag-gard old pony.'

'Because,' added Bertha, in a species of desperation, 'I took Mr. Harcourt for you; and I hugged him and kissed him.'

'Is that all?' said philosophical Zebedee. 'He won't care.'

'No,' said Bertha, 'but I shall.'

'You ain't crying, be you?' said Zebedee, noting the quiver in his cousin's voice.

'How can I help it?' wailed poor Bertha.

'Twarn't no fault o' yourn,' said Zebedee, consolingly.

'Of course it warn't,' said Bertha, impatiently. 'How was I to know that every lantern at Montcourt had a red glass door to it?'

And poor little Bertha cried herself to sleep that night.

The next morning—Christmas Day, all snowed up into glorious drifts everywhere—Mr. Harcourt drove over to the Higgins farm-house. The young lady had dropped a fur glove on the platform, and Mr. Harcourt felt it his duty to restore it to her. And, moreover—here Mr. Charley Harcourt hesitated a little—he hoped Miss Hooper would excuse him for being so stupid as to allow her to fancy him her cousin.

'I ought to have explained sooner,' said he.

'No, you ought not,' said Bertha. 'The fault was all mine.'

'I don't recognize a fault anywhere,' said he. 'And if I am pardoned—'

'Of course you are!' said Bertha, rosy and prettier than ever.

'In that case I am commissioned by my mother to ask your aunt's permission to take you over to help us finish dressing the church in time for morning service. My horse is waiting.'

'May I go, Aunt Almira?' said Bertha with sparkling eyes.

'Of course you may go,' said Aunt Almira.

What was the end of it all? There is but one sequel to stories like this when youth and bright eyes and human hearts are concerned. The next Christmas eve Bertha Hooper and Charley Harcourt were married. But the bridegroom persists in declaring that Bertha did the first of the love-making.

And Bertha, only laughs.

Some interesting experiments have recently been made in France, looking to the establishment of the exact relations between water and the growth of plants. It is well known, in a general way, that too much water or too little water is unfavorable to vegetable growth. A Mr. Hellriegel took charge of the experiments, which have recently been commented on by the well-known M. Duchastre. Wheat, rye and oats were sown under equal conditions, and water supplied artificially. Taking 100 as the saturation point, the first set received 80, the second 60, the third 40, the fourth 20, the fifth 20, the sixth 10, and the seventh 5. Taking what should be a full crop at 100, the first yielded 106, the second 22.7, the third 21.7, the fourth 17.1, fifth 14.6, sixth 6.3, seventh 0.1. It would seem from this that an over supply of water is less injurious than a short supply. But no notice is taken by Duchastre of the fact well known to American agriculturists, that it is not so much the amount of moisture as it is the rapidity of its passage through the soil that affects vegetation. Water to the saturation point is found to do little injury in well-drained soil; though in badly-drained ones, 50 would be injurious. The figures would vary with these circumstances.

BLACK CURRANT JAM and Jelly, Strawberry, Gooseberry and Cranberry Jam by the pound at the City Steam Bakery, Prince Street. no 21