

THE DAILY EXAMINER.

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SINGLE COPIES TWO CENTS.

NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1886.

VOL. 19.—NO. 65.

The Daily Examiner

is issued every evening by
The Examiner Publishing Co
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Advertising at moderate rates.
Contracts may be made for monthly, quarterly, half-yearly, or yearly advertisements, on application.

ALMANAC FOR AUGUST, 1886.

MOON'S CHANGES.
First Quarter 6th day, 4h., 43.8m., p. m., S.
Full Moon 14th day, 2h., 11.7m., p. m., N.
(below horizon.)
Last Quarter 22nd day, 3h., 29.3m., p. m.,
(below horizon.)
New Moon 29th day, 5h., 41.9m., a. m., E.

DAY OF WEEK	Sun	Sun	Moon	High	Day's
	rises	sets	rises	[water]	len ^h
1 Sunday	4 47	23 6	21 11	51	38
2 Monday	4 48	23 7	30	morn	35
3 Tuesday	4 49	22 8	34	0 33	33
4 Wednesday	5 1	21 10	8	1 14	30
5 Thursday	5 2	19 11	2	0	27
6 Friday	5 3	18	27	2 48	25
7 Saturday	5 4	16	1 34	3 49	22
8 Sunday	5 6	15	2 36	5 3	19
9 Monday	5 7	14	3 34	6 22	17
10 Tuesday	5 8	12	4 27	7 30	14
11 Wednesday	5 9	10	5 15	8 27	11
12 Thursday	5 9	9	5 37	9 12	9
13 Friday	5 2	8	6 34	9 52	6
14 Saturday	5 3	6	7 6	10 28	3
15 Sunday	4 4	7	36	11 1	0
16 Monday	5 2	8	3 11	34	13 57
17 Tuesday	7 1	8	29	aft 5	54
18 Wednesday	8 9	8	55	0 35	52
19 Thursday	9 6	58	9 31	1 9	49
20 Friday	10 56	9 50	1 45	46	42
21 Saturday	12 54	10 22	2 28	42	39
22 Sunday	13 52	10 58	3 19	36	36
23 Monday	14 50	11 41	4 29	30	33
24 Tuesday	16 49	12 30	5 5	24	30
25 Wednesday	17 47	0 31	7 15	18	27
26 Thursday	18 45	1 32	8 25	12	24
27 Friday	19 43	2 40	9 19	6	21
28 Saturday	20 41	3 54	10 8	0	18
29 Sunday	22 40	5 10	10 52	18	15
30 Monday	23 38	6 28	11 34	15	12
31 Tuesday	5 24	6 36	7 46	morn	13

RANKIN HOUSE.

THE undersigned will lease for a term of years the above well known Hotel, situated on corner of Water and Pownall Streets, in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. Possession given on the 1st October next.
Any information required will be given, either by letter or personal interview.

J. H. GRAY,
DAVID STIRLING,
Trustees.

Ch'town, June 12, 1885—Jun 15 2aw her jour



BOSTON.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT

THE PALACE STEAMERS
OF THE
INTERNATIONAL S.S. CO.

Leave St. John for Boston, via Eastport and Portland, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 8.00 a. m.
Leave St. John at 8 o'clock every Saturday night for

BOSTON DIRECT.

Fare from Charlottetown to Boston, \$6.50, 2nd class; \$9.50, 1st class.
For tickets and other information apply to
A. SHARP, F. W. HALES,
P. E. I. Ry., P. E. I. Steam Nav. Co.
or to your nearest Ticket Agent.
May 7, 1886—cod wky

L. ARTHUR & CO.,

GENERAL
Commission Merchants,
121 ATLANTIC AVENUE,
BOSTON, MASS.

Eggs and Produce a Specialty.
July 15—dly wky

CAUTION.

EACH PLUG OF THE

MYRTLE NAVY
IS MARKED

T & B.

IN BRONZE LETTERS.

None Other Genuine.

Oct 10

OPENING TO-DAY,

STANLEY BROS,

BROWN'S BLOCK:

1 Case American White Shirts,
1 " " Collars and Cuffs,
1 " " Scarfs and Ties.

Also—New Prints, New Muslins, New Seersuckers, Newport Wraps (all shades), Ladies' Vests, in Balbriggan, Merino and India Gauze, Ladies' and Children's Hosiery.

STANLEY BROS.,

Brown's Block, Opposite Market House.

Ch'town, June 21, 1886.

STRICT ATTENTION

to Business, Honesty and Square Dealing, and paying
Cash every time, is what has placed

L. E. PROWSE

to the front of all competitors, in CLOTHING, HATS, &c.

He does not advertize to sell goods at cost, but he guarantees to sell from 10 to 25 per cent less than those who do advertize to sell at cost.

He does not try to deceive the people by making a big blow and offering paltry rewards, but tries to do things right and has the goods to back him up in what he advertizes.

He has now about 6,500 HATS and \$4,000 worth of CLOTHING, which he guarantees to sell from 10 to 25 per cent less than any house in the trade. A lot of this Clothing was bought less than half price, and will be sold less than half price.

He does not ask the people to believe his advertisement until they see his prices; he knows then they will believe, and knows that the goods and prices back him up every time.

All goods freely shown, or sent to any part of the town.

Please don't forget to call.

L. E. PROWSE,

Sign of the BIG HAT, 74 Queen Street.

Ch'town, May 7, '86—cod wky

D. A. BRUCE

Wants to Have His Say---that is:

YOU cannot get a Suit of Clothes the same quality of material and workmanship in P. E. Island, Cheaper than from us.

We have a reputation for getting up FIRST-CLASS WORK, that none of our competitors can attain to. There is no better quality of Cloth manufactured than what we are showing. Stock, one of the largest you ever saw in this city.

Having three Cutters and a large staff of Workmen, we can give you prompt attention.

\$500 WORTH OF READY-MADE CLOTHING,

of our own manufacture, many suits of which were made to order and not called for, but are now SELLING AT COST. We have

An Immense Stock of Hats,

selling rapidly, because buyers can save from 12 1/2 to 20 per cent. when they purchase from us. Best Hats you ever saw for 50 cents.

GENTS' FURNISHINGS,

Collars, Cuffs, Ties, &c., Unsurpassed in Style.

Prices were never as Low. Don't forget this when comparing with quotations from other establishments this year.

D. A. BRUCE,

72 QUEEN STREET.

Ch'town, June 23, 1886—cod & wky

NEW

HAT & FUR STORE,

Newson Block.

A. NEW DEPARTURE

HATS, of the Latest Styles, at the very LOWEST

PRICES.

FURS, of all kinds, Cleaned, Dyed, altered and Repaired.

HIGHEST CASH PRICES paid for Raw Furs.

E. STUART.

Ch'town, May 4, 1886

ADAMSON'S

BOTANIC
COUGH
BALSAM

SAFE.
SURE.
PROMPT.

25 Cts.

A WONDERFUL REMEDY

Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam.

It is as pleasant as honey. Coughs, Colds, and Asthma, which lead to Consumption, have been speedily cured by the use of ADAMSON'S BALSAM after all other medicines have failed. Sufferers from either recent or chronic coughs or bronchial affections, can resort to this great remedy, confident of obtaining speedy relief. Do not delay, get it at once.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS,
Bottled at St. Stevens, N. B., by the proprietors,
F. W. KINSMAN & CO., Druggists,
343 4TH AVE., N. Y.

ONLY A HUSK.

TOM DARCY, yet a young man, had grown to be a very hard one. At heart he might have been all right, if his head and his will had been all right; but these things being wrong, the whole machine was going to the bad very fast, though there were times when the heart felt something of its own truthful yearnings. Tom had lost his place as foreman of the great machine shop, and what money he now earned came from odd jobs of tinkering which he was able to do here and there at private houses, for Tom was a genius as well as a mechanic, and when his head was steady enough he could mend a clock or clean a watch as well as he could set up and regulate a steam engine, and this latter he could do better than any other man employed by the Scott Falls Manufacturing Company.

One day Tom had a job to mend a broken moving machine and reaper, for which he received five dollars, and on the following morning he started out for his old haunt, the village tavern. He knew that his wife sadly needed the money, and that his two little children were in absolute suffering for want of clothing; and that morning he held a debate with the better part of himself, but the better part had become weak and shaky, and the demon of appetite carried the day.

So away to the tavern Tom went, where for two or three hours he felt the exhilarating effects of the alcoholic draught, and fancied himself happy, as he could sing and laugh; but, as usual, stupefaction followed, and the man died out. He drank while he could stand, and then lay down in a corner, where his companions left him.

It was late at night, almost midnight, when the landlord's wife came to the bar-room to see what kept her husband up, and she quickly saw Tom.

"Peter," said she, not in a pleasant mood, "why don't you send that miserable Tom Darcy home? He's been hanging around here long enough."

Tom's stupefaction was not sound sleep. The dead coma had left his brain, and the calling of his name stung his senses to keen attention. He had an insane love of rum, but did not love the landlord. In other years Peter Tindar and himself had loved and wooed the sweet maiden—Ellen Goss—and he won her, leaving Peter to take up with the vinegary spinster who had brought him the tavern, and he knew that lately the tapster had gloated over the misery of the woman who had once discarded him.

"Why don't you send him home?" demanded Mrs. Tindar, with an impatient stamp of her foot.

"Hush, Betsy! He's got money. Let him be, he'll be sure to spend it before he goes home. I'll have the kernel of that nut, and his wife may have the husk!"

With a snip and a snap Betsy turned away, and shortly afterwards Tom Darcy lifted himself up on his elbow.

"Ah, Tom, are you awake?"
"Yes."
"Then rouse up and have a warm glass."

Tom got upon his feet and steadied himself.
"No; I won't drink any more to-night."
"It won't hurt you, Tom—just one glass."
"I know it won't," said Tom, buttoning up his coat by the solitary button left. "I know it won't."

And with this he went out into the chill air of midnight. When he got away from the shadow of the tavern he stopped and looked up at the stars, and then he looked down upon the earth.

"Ay," he muttered, grinding his heel in the gravel, "Peter Tindar is taking the kernel, and leaving poor Ellen the worthless husk—a husk more than worthless; and I am helping him to do it. I am robbing my wife of joy, robbing my dear children of honor and comfort, and robbing myself of love and life—just that Peter Tindar may have the kernel and Ellen the husk. We'll see!"

"We'll see!" he said, setting his foot firmly upon the ground; and then he wended his way homeward.

On the following morning he said to his wife:

"Ellen, have you any coffee in the house?"
"Yes, Tom." She did not tell him that her sister had given it to her. She was glad to hear him ask for coffee, instead of the old, old cider.

"I wish you would make me a cup, good and strong."

There was really music in Tom's voice, and the wife set about her work with a strange flutter at her heart.

Tom drank two cups of the strong, fragrant coffee, and then went out—went out with a resolute step, and walked straight to the great manufactory, where he found Mr. Scott in his office.

"Mr. Scott, I want to learn my trade over again."

"Eh, Tom? What do you mean?"

"I mean that it's Tom Darcy come back to the old place, asking forgiveness for the past and hoping to do better in the future."

"Tom," cried the manufacturer, starting forward and grasping his hand, "are you in earnest? Is it really the old Tom?"

"It's what's left of him, sir, and we'll have him whole and strong very soon, if you only set him at work."

"Work! Ay, Tom, and bless you, too. There is an engine to be set up, and tested to-day. Come with me."

Tom's hands were weak and unsteady, but his brain was clear, and under his skillful supervision the engine was set up and tested; but it was not perfect. There were mistakes which he had to correct, and it was late in the evening when the work was complete.

"How is it now, Tom?" asked Mr. Scott as he came into the testing-house and found the workmen ready to depart.

"She's all right, sir, you may give your warrant without fear."

"God bless you, Tom! You don't know how like sweet music the old voice sounds. Will you take your place again?"

"Wait till Monday morning, sir. If you will offer it to me then, I will take it."

At the little cottage Helen Darcy's fluttering heart was sinking. That morning, after Tom had gone, she had found a dollar bill in the coffee cup. She knew that he left it for her. She had been out and bought tea and sugar, and flour and butter, and a bit of tender steak; and all day long a ray of light had been dancing and shimmering before her—a ray from the blessed light of other days. With prayer and hope she had set out the tea table, and waited; but the sun went down and no Tom came. Eight o'clock—and almost nine.

Hark! The old step! quick, strong, eager for home. Yes, it was Tom, with the old grime upon his hands, and the odour of oil about his garments.

"I have kept you waiting, Nellie."

"Tom!"

"I didn't mean to, but the work hung on."

"Tom! Tom! You have been in the old shop."

"Yes, and I'm bound to have the old place, and—"

"Oh, Tom!"

And she threw her arms around his neck, and covered his face with kisses.

"Nellie, darling, wait a little, and you shall have the old Tom back again."

"Oh, Tom! I've got him now, bless him! bless him! my own Tom! my husband! my darling!"

And then Tom Darcy realized the full power and blessing of a woman's love.

It was a banquet of the gods, was that supper—the household gods all restored—with the bright angels of peace and love and joy spreading their wings over the board.

On the following Monday morning Tom Darcy assumed his place at the head of the great machine shop, and those who thoroughly knew him had no fear of his going back into the slough of jealousy.

A few days later Tom met Peter Tindar on the street.

"Eh, Tom, old boy, what's up?"

"I am up, right side up."

"Yes, I see; but hope you haven't forsaken us, Tom?"

"I have forsaken only the evil you have in store, Peter. The fact is, I concluded that my wife and little ones had fed on husks long enough, and if there was a good kernel left in my heart, or in my manhood, they should have it."

"Ah, you heard what I said to my wife that night?"

"Yes, Peter; and I shall be grateful to you for it as long as I live. My remembrance of you will always be relieved by that tinge of warmth and brightness."

Nobility of Character.

It is an old discussion as to what makes true worth of character. We may call it manliness or womanliness, or virtue, or nobility; but there must be something common to all these terms, which marks the true element of worth in them all, and which displays itself now in masculine courage, and now in womanly tenderness and grace.

The notions of men might be expected to be permanent on this subject, if we remember that one intellectual and moral essence, one human soul, with the same conscience and the same intellectual faculties, differing only in instruction and development, is possessed by all. But education may almost reverse Nature. The savage's notion of manliness is very different from that of the civilized Christian.

We may say without danger of being contradicted that Christianity has captured the word *manliness* and controls its meaning. If we want to know what real nobility of character is, we ask not even the human conscience, but that conscience guided and enlightened by the teachings of Jesus Christ. From Christ we get our instruction, and in him we find our model. That character is noblest which is most like Christ.

And so Christianity asserts its power. It directs and corrects the thinking and the ideals of the world. It gives us the noble fruit, in actual life, of its instruction. It shows us what Christian nobility of character is, that which is truly modest because it does not value itself above others; truly gentle, because it loves its neighbor; truly patient, because it can afford to wait God's time; truly fearless, because it has the protection of the divine support; truly strong, because it rests in the infinity of unconquerable right.

What makes a man a better Christian will make him a better citizen. Half of religion, the manward half, is to "love thy neighbor as thyself," and that is precisely what makes a man a good citizen. Christianity does not allow a man to be taken up with his own affairs. "Mind your own business" is not one of its mottoes. It has the very contrary motto: "Not looking each of you to his own things, but each of you also to the things of others." Now just precisely that is what makes good citizenship. In so far, then, as a man fails to be a good citizen he fails to be a good Christian. There is a lack in his religion; for religion which has a regard to God's honor, and yet has no regard to man's welfare, is no religion at all. It is only a sham and pretense. The inspiration for good citizenship is in the teaching of the Christian religion which is always self-sacrificing and never despairs of the state.

Some of the Paris physicians warmly recommend the treatment of obesity by the administration of sea water, combined with a residence at the seaside. It is urged that sea water, taken internally, acts like diuretic and purgative salts, a remarkable fact being that the diuretic effect increases when the purgative diminishes. The water is to be obtained, when possible, from some depth and far from the shore—being then left to settle for six to twelve hours and filtered. It is to be taken three times a day in doses of a small tumbler or in half that quantity at a time with fresh water or milk. —London Lancet.

BUTTERSALT

GOOD BUTTER cannot be made without good Salt. Our Salt has taken

MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS

at Exhibitions in different countries.

Pure, White and Fine

Only 1 Cent per Pound.

BEER & GOFF.

Ch'town, June 25, 1886.—2aw & wy

TRY THE
TEA,
25 CENTS,
AT THE
LONDON HOUSE

SUMMER RESORT.

Lorne Hotel, - - Tracadie Beach.

UNDER new first-class management for 1886. Surf Bathing, Boating, Fishing, Shooting, and all seaside recreations. First-class in all its appointments. Special rates quoted for board, &c., including drive from Bedford Station Saturday and back Monday morning, offering cheap recreation. Return ticket for Bedford Station only 50 cents.
For full particulars address:
LORNE HOTEL CO.,
Tracadie or Charlottetown.
July 8, 1886—tu th sat

COAL! COAL!

ORDERS can be obtained, as usual, at the office of the subscriber, No. 35 Water Street, for cargoes of the following Coals, viz: Albion Mines, Picton, Nova Scotia Large.

CAPE BRITON

Old Sydney, large.
Lingan Mines, large and slack.
Victoria Mines, large and slack.

The Slack Coals from Lingan and Victoria Mines are clean and bright, and can be used in place of several sorts of Picton Small.
G. W. DEBLOIS,
June 15, 1886—cod tf

LACE SOAP,

MANUFACTURED BY COLGATE & CO., for washing fine fabrics; also a large supply of

Colgate's Superfine Toilet Soaps.

Don't take any poor imitations—get the genuine. The Best is the Cheapest.

July 3—3 wks 2awk
B. BALDERSTON.

1827 - - - 1886.

T. & E. KENNY,
Dry Goods and Shipping,
HALIFAX, CANADA.

T. & E. KENNY,

(F. C. MAHON)

Ship Owners and Brokers,
General Commission Merchants,
161 GRESHAM HOUSE,
Bishopsgate Street,
LONDON, E. C.,
England.

Scott's and Vaughan's Codes
March 29, 1886.