

THE DAILY EXAMINER.

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NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1888.

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Advertising at most moderate rates.
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ALMANAC FOR SEPTEMBER, 1888.

MOON'S CHANGES.
New Moon 6th day, 0h, 43.6m. a. m., N. (below horizon.)
First Quarter 12th day, 5h., 47.4m. p. m., S.
Full Moon 20th day, 1h., 11.8m., a. m., S.
Last Quarter, 28th day, 4h., 17.7m., a. m., S.E.

DAY OF WEEK	SUN	MOON	High Day's	Low Day's
	rise	set	rise	set
1 Saturday	5 25	6 34	0 15	7 9
2 Sunday	6 27	7 32	1 10	8 12
3 Monday	7 28	8 30	2 12	9 2
4 Tuesday	8 29	9 28	3 19	9 48
5 Wednesday	9 30	10 26	4 26	10 29
6 Thursday	10 31	11 24	5 34	11 7
7 Friday	11 32	12 22	6 41	11 46
8 Saturday	12 33	1 20	7 48	12 49
9 Sunday	1 34	2 19	8 54	1 32
10 Monday	2 35	3 17	10 0	2 40
11 Tuesday	3 36	4 15	11 0	3 43
12 Wednesday	4 37	5 13	12 0	4 46
13 Thursday	5 38	6 11	1 0	5 49
14 Friday	6 39	7 9	2 0	6 52
15 Saturday	7 40	8 7	3 0	7 55
16 Sunday	8 41	9 5	4 0	8 58
17 Monday	9 42	10 3	5 0	10 0
18 Tuesday	10 43	11 1	6 0	11 3
19 Wednesday	11 44	11 59	7 0	12 6
20 Thursday	12 45	12 57	8 0	1 9
21 Friday	1 46	1 55	9 0	2 12
22 Saturday	2 47	3 0	10 0	3 15
23 Sunday	3 48	4 0	11 0	4 18
24 Monday	4 49	5 0	12 0	5 21
25 Tuesday	5 50	6 0	1 0	6 24
26 Wednesday	6 51	7 0	2 0	7 27
27 Thursday	7 52	8 0	3 0	8 30
28 Friday	8 53	9 0	4 0	9 33
29 Saturday	9 54	10 0	5 0	10 36
30 Sunday	10 55	11 0	6 0	11 39

SPECULATION.

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Banker and Broker,
40 & 42 BROADWAY AND 51 NEW ST.,
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sept20—dy & wky ly

D. A. HACKINSON, L.L.B.,
Attorney, Solicitor, Notary Public, &c.,
—HAS OPENED HIS—
Law Office in Georgetown,
King's County,

where he will attend to professional work, and loan money on Real Estate.
nov25—wky

FOR
B-O-S-T-O-N

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 7.30 a. m.

Fare from Charlottetown to Boston, \$6.50, 2nd class; \$8.50, 1st class.
For tickets and other information apply to
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P. E. I. R. Y., P. E. I. Steam Nav. Co.
or to your nearest Ticket Agent.
May 7, 1888—wky

JAMES A. MORRISON, GEORGE MUSGRAVE

MORRISON & MUSGRAVE,
BROKERS
—AND—
Commission Merchants,
HALIFAX

Consignments of Island produce will receive prompt attention.
REFERENCES: Thomas Fycho, Esq., Cashier Bank of Nova Scotia, Halifax; George Macleod, Manager Bank of Nova Scotia Charlottetown.

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Oct. 24, 1887—

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PEBBLE AND CRYSTAL
Spectacles
—AND—
Eyeglasses
—ARE—

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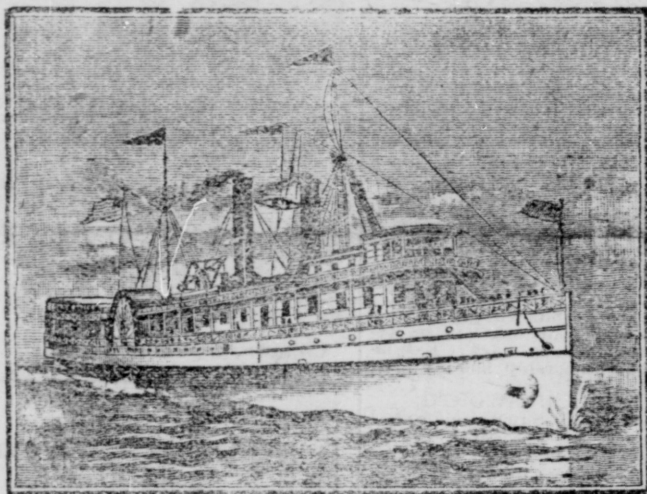
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" Summerside—H. R. Crockett, Watchmaker.
" Georgetown—Angus McLean, Kent Street.
" Alberton W. B. Dyer, Chemist and Druggist.

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—AND THE—

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All Agents sell Tickets and Check Baggage to destination.
aug26

THE
SUCCESSFUL
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We are the ONLY HOUSE IN CANADA who Deal Exclusively in HATS.

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FIRST INSTALLMENT OF
Full Millinery & General Dry Goods.

Also, in Stock and to Arrive, about
500 Packages Domestic Staples, Knit Goods, Blankets, Quilts, &c.

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—AND—
Fishwick Express Line.

THE ONLY DIRECT LINE BETWEEN
HALIFAX AND LONDON.

No Diversion via United States Ports.

IT IS INTENDED TO DESPATCH THE
S. S. ULUNDA,

From Halifax for London,
About the 15th September.

Special attention given to the shipment of Lobsters by these Lines. Through Bills of Lading issued to London and Continental Ports from Charlottetown and points on the P. E. Island Railway at lowest through rates.

Rate of Insurance 1/2%. Goods handled with care. No transhipping charges at Halifax.

For rates of Freight and other particulars apply to
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Special Rates and Through Bills of Lading granted on Canned Lobsters to London and Continental Ports, from Charlottetown and points on the P. E. Island Railway, at lowest rates. Insurance low.

W. W. CLARKE,
Agent.

Charlottetown, July 10, 1888—eod tf

WANTED—A general Servant in a small family. Apply at this office.
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1888-FALL TRIP-1888.

THE CLIPPER BARKENTINE
EREMA,

300 TONS REGISTER,
P. LEDWELL, Commander,
WILL SAIL FROM
Liverpool for Charlottetown
About the 25th September.

And will carry Freight at through rates to the different Railway points on the Island.

For Freight apply in London to John Pitcairn & Sons, 7 Union Court, Old Broad Street; in Liverpool to William Bullen, 51 South John Street, or here to the Owners.

P. AKE BROS. & CO.
Circulars sent by mail.

A LIFE LONG LESSON.

The golden glory of the autumn sunshine, dispensed by the near approach of a glorious sunset, fell over the low, white farm house, the fresh green lane, the little brown gate, and lingered with loving touch over the aureate hair of the pretty girl at the gate, as she stood tapping the latch impatiently with her dimpled hand, a frown on her face and a pout upon her red lips.

Her companion—a broadshouldered, tall, good looking young fellow—leaned with folded arms upon the rustic fence beside the gate, looking into her down-cast face—or rather at it—while he spoke seriously to her.

Hettie Thornhurst was the dearest little farmer's lassie a man ever loved, and of course Harry Walton loved her; but she was a wilful little girl, too, and just now her will was in opposition to her lover's.

Hetty did not like the farm.

She longed for a taste of the gay life in the glittering city and never remembered, silly little thing, that the pretty robin redbreast—such a dear little bird in his own nest—could not be happy among a group of brilliant birds of Paradise.

And now Hettie had an invitation to spend the whole winter with a rich aunt in London and she wanted to go. More especially as she had lately had a gift of five hundred pounds from her grandfather and felt herself able to go in style.

Harry Walton did not want her to go and he was telling her so.

"Putting myself out of the question, pet," said Harry, as Hettie stood tapping the gate latch, "I don't think you ought to leave your mother. She does not seem so well this autumn, and there's too much work for her to do alone."

"Let Tom hire a girl, then."

"That would be a heavy expense, and you know Tom wants to pay off the mortgage your father left on the farm this year."

"It can wait," cried Hettie. "I'm sure it won't cost Tom anything if I go. I have grandpa's money, you know."

"Yes, Hettie; but pardon me if I say that I think your grandfather's money could be better spent than in fine dresses."

"Pray, how?" asked Hettie, quickly.

"If you were to invest it in some nice little property, now."

"Oh, yes; and then, if we ever marry, the nice little property will be yours, I suppose."

The instant she had spoken Hettie would gladly have recalled her ungenerous words for she well knew that Harry Walton was above any such thoughts.

His face turned scarlet, he let go the fence and walked away a few steps. Then came back.

"Hettie, you are not yourself now, nothing you say will make me angry. But you know I did not deserve that cut."

"No, you didn't. I was wrong to say so. Forgive me, Harry, please! I didn't mean to, but you do aggravate me so!"

"I will not aggravate you further, Hettie. Your money is your own; do as you like with it and go where you like. But if I had authority over you I would certainly prevent this visit to the city."

Poor Harry was unfortunate in his choice of words this evening, for this speech roused Hettie's temper again.

Her eyes flashed as she cried—
"You haven't authority over me, Harry Walton, and if you go on this way you never will have!"

"Take care, Hetty!" cried Harry, turning very white.

"I won't take care!" cried Hettie, recklessly. "I believe the very best thing I could do would be to break the engagement before I go."

"Do you mean what you say?" asked Harry in a low tone.

"Nothing could stop Hettie now."

"Yes, I do! I dare say we should never get along if we did marry, so we had better part now."

"If you go to the city I suppose we had," said Harry, in the same deep-suppressed tone.

"For you will be very likely to throw yourself away on some baseless fool who will never make you half as happy as I would, plain rustic though I am. But I'll give you one chance to reconsider this."

"I don't want any chance. I don't want to reconsider, and I am glad to break!" cried Hettie, who seemed as if the demon of perversity had possession of her.

If Harry could have grown whiter he would. But he spoke quite calmly as he said:

"Very well. I shall never ask you to reconsider again. We will take this as final. You need not return my ring. I have no use for it and no other girl shall ever wear it. Throw it away as you have me. But remember, Hettie Thornhurst, if you ever need a friend, while Harry Walton lives you have one that will serve you. Now, good-bye; I hope you will be happy."

He turned and strode away without even offering her his hand.

Poor Harry. He came up to the little gate so happily a few minutes before and he was going away so utterly miserable.

And Hettie, as she walked into the house, felt quite sobered, if not frightened by what she had done. She would not even dare tell her mother or Tom, that was sure. She would not even take off Harry's ring till she went away, for now she was determined to go. The gentle mother, she well knew, would offer no objections, and Tom said he would as soon undertake to break four yoke of oxen as to manage her, so he at least would not interfere.

She wrote aunt Julia she would come at once. And a few days after, when she had resolved to give up the trip and stay at home; came a box from aunt Julia, with shimmering silks and flashing bugles, and turned poor Hettie's head completely away from her simple country home and plain dresses.

She went to the city. And as Harry called to bid her good bye, she did not need to tell Tom and her mother that the engagement was broken.

But she knew that he only called to keep down gossip, and his manner was so cold and constrained that he was glad when he was gone. And she tried to persuade herself that the dull heavy heartache that she felt was only vexation.

Aunt Julia received her rapturously and immediately began to take delight in dressing her up in all the fine feathers she could think of, saying a girl so beautiful could not fail to make an impression if she was well dressed.

At first it was delightful to Hettie too. But she soon began to weary of lying in bed until all the morning work would have been done at home, and dinner nearly ready.

And she began to find it troublesome to

to grow tired of sitting idle, when at home, and of such a round of parties. But not for all the world would she have owned this even to herself.

Hettie did make an impression in society, and received a great deal of attention from the young men.

One of these, Mr. Mortimer Burroughs, was especially devoted, and Aunt Julia began to congratulate herself on securing one of the most eligible matches of the season for her young portagee.

And Hettie was so dazzled by the fascinating manners of Mr. Mortimer Burroughs that she almost forgot the existence of poor Harry Walton, who had more heart in his little finger than had Mr. Mortimer Burroughs in his whole body.

But this poor Hettie was doomed to find out for herself.

One morning she went out alone on an errand for Aunt Julia.

It promised rain, so she put on a plain waterproof and an old hat, instead of the dainty velvets and plumes she usually wore.

She was seated in a tramcar on her way home, when two gentlemen came in, whom she quickly saw were Mr. Burroughs and Mr. Carter, who also belonged to Aunt Julia's "set."

She thought of the old hat and waterproof, and a swift impulse of false pride and wounded vanity made her half draw her veil, and turn her face toward the window, so that, though they sat close to her, they could not recognize her.

Of course she could not help hearing what they said; but she did not pay much attention until a remark from Mr. Carter arrested her.

"By the way, Burroughs, where is the fair fiancée these days?"

"Oh, she's in Gloucestershire yet, at her sister's. But she will be here before Easter, answered Burroughs.

"She will, eh? Then you'll have to leave off flirting, old boy. She won't stand it."

"Not she! But I fancy my sins of that sort are not grievous."

"I don't know about that! There's the pretty little Thornhurst." Hettie started as she heard her own name. "I declare, Burroughs, that went far enough to look serious."

Burroughs laughed.

"Well, she is a pretty little thing. If Miss Glover didn't have the inside track, and the little Thornhurst had a little more style and a little more money, I doubt but I might have been serious. I'll own to a little flirting there."

"You're too bad, Burroughs. How will she take it?"

"Oh, I expect she'll fret a little. But, law, she'll go home and marry some clochopper in homespun, and forget all about me. See here, Carter, we want to stop here."

And to Hettie's infinite relief, the young men left the vehicle.

Poor child! Her heart and brain were in a whirl at this sudden demolishment of her beautiful air castles.

This, then, was the man who had so dazzled her eyes! She felt thankful that, through all her trouble, that it was only her eyes, not her heart, for she did not really love Mortimer Burroughs.

She had heard a report that Burroughs was engaged to a rich lady, but she did not believe it, for had he not made all professions to her? He had confirmed it now himself, and Hettie felt that she could despise him for his falsity—and well it was for her that she did feel so.

"But I must go home. I must! I must! I can't be happy here!" she cried, as she found herself in her room at her aunt's.

And how to get away without offending kind aunt Julia and being obliged to confess the truth, she did not know. But she was determined to leave the city before Mr. Burroughs betrothed came. Tell the truth she could not, and for that reason could not write either to Tom or her mother.

She thought of a plan at last, but had a hard fight with her own pride before she could bring herself to adopt it.

At length, however, she wrote to Harry Walton this note:—

"HARRY,—Last autumn you said if ever I needed a friend you would serve me. I need now, and I claim your promise. And the greatest service any friend could do me would be to write a letter calling me home immediately, for reasons so urgent that aunt Jane cannot refuse to let me come.

Yours,
HETTIE."

She sent the letter without anyone being the wiser, and the next post brought an answer in Harry's well-known hand, but inside it ran thus:—

"DEAR HETTIE,—I am sorry to interrupt your pleasure, but your mother has been ill for several days, and I think it is important you should come home at once. I will be at the station to-morrow evening. Your affectionate brother."

"Good! good!" cried Hettie, clapping her hands as she read this. "The dear fellow has taken the hint, and written as if it were Tom, without any name, either! I can show this to Aunt Julia."

So, armed with the letter, she went to her aunt. Of course, this authority could not be disputed.

Aunt Julia, with many regrets, and exacting a promise from Hettie to return as soon as she could—which Hettie inwardly resolved should be a long time—let her go home.

As she expected, it was Harry, not Tom, who met her at the station, with his own trap, to drive her home.

"Is mother really ill, Harry?" was her first question.

"Not seriously. She is confined to the house with a cold—nothing worse. But I thought it would serve as a pretext."

"Nicely," said Hettie, laughing.

As they were driving home, Harry bent down, and looking into Hettie's pretty face, said:—

"Well, Hettie, are you satisfied with city life?"

"Quite satisfied," answered Hettie.

"And are you glad to get home?"

"Very glad, Harry."

"Then, Hettie, I will do what I said I would not do just before you went. I'll ask you once more to reconsider what you said. Will you?"

"Oh, Harry, if you can forgive me, and care anything at all about such a fickle-minded girl as I have been!"

"Of course I can forgive you!" cried Harry, drawing her close to his broad, honest breast, "and I don't think you'll ever be fickle-minded again! Oh, Hettie, darling, I knew my dear little brown thrush would tire her wings flying abroad in the great world, and be glad to fly back to her own little home nest!"

And it was Hettie's lesson in love, and a lesson that she never forgot.

And it was Hettie's lesson in love, and a lesson that she never forgot.

And it was Hettie's lesson in love, and a lesson that she never forgot.

And it was Hett