

THE DAILY EXAMINER.

TERMS—FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR.

"This is true Liberty, when Free Born Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."—EUPHRIDES.

SINGLE COPIES TWO CENTS.

NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1887.

VOL. 21.—NO. 50.

The Daily Examiner

is issued every evening by
The Examiner Publishing Co.
From their office, corner of Water and
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Prince Edward Island.

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Contracts may be made for monthly, quarterly, half-yearly, or yearly advertisements, on application.

ALMANAC FOR JULY, 1887.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Full Moon 5th day, 4h., 21.7m., a. m., W.
Last Quarter 13th day, 2h., 44.6m., a. m., S. E.
New Moon 20th day, 4h., 37.5m., p. m., S. W.
First Quarter 27th day, 10h., 17.8m., a. m.,
E. (below horizon.)

DAY OF WEEK	Sun	Sun	Moon	High	Day's
M	ris	sets	ris	water	len
	h	m	h	m	h
1 Friday	4	18	7	49	4
2 Saturday	19	49	5	9	8
3 Sunday	19	48	6	13	9
4 Monday	20	48	7	12	9
5 Tuesday	21	48	7	56	10
6 Wednesday	22	47	8	45	11
7 Thursday	22	47	9	22	11
8 Friday	23	47	9	54	11
9 Saturday	23	46	10	22	11
10 Sunday	24	46	10	48	11
11 Monday	25	45	11	8	12
12 Tuesday	26	44	11	36	13
13 Wednesday	27	44	morn	4	6
14 Thursday	28	43	0	2	5
15 Friday	29	42	0	28	6
16 Saturday	30	42	1	0	7
17 Sunday	31	41	1	38	8
18 Monday	32	40	2	20	9
19 Tuesday	33	39	3	15	9
20 Wednesday	34	38	4	12	10
21 Thursday	35	37	5	20	11
22 Friday	36	36	6	32	morn
23 Saturday	37	35	7	46	0
24 Sunday	38	34	9	1	0
25 Monday	39	32	10	15	1
26 Tuesday	40	31	11	20	2
27 Wednesday	42	30	11	41	3
28 Thursday	43	28	1	51	4
29 Friday	44	27	3	0	5
30 Saturday	45	26	4	5	6
31 Sunday	4	4	7	26	5



FOR
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.
Also leave St. John at 7.30 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
G. A. SHARP, P. E. I. S. S. Co.
P. E. I. S. S. Co., P. E. I. S. S. Co.
or to your nearest Ticket Agent.
April 18, 1887—eod wky

L. ARTHUR & CO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

RECEIVERS OF
Mackerel, Butter, Cheese EGGS,
Poultry, Potatoes, Fruit &
Vegetables.

142, 144 Commercial Street,
BOSTON, MASS.

May 18, 1887.

COAL MINES.

OLD SYDNEY MINES,
VICTORIA MINES,
ALBION MINES, PICTOU,
ROUND, NUT, CRUSHED.
Orders for cargoes now granted.
N. B.—The Albion Crushed is suitable for lime burning.

CARVELL BROS.
Agents.
Ch'town, June 21, 1887—pat 1aw 3wks

CARD.

THE EXAMINER PUBLISHING COMPANY, having lately added to their stock of type and material for Job Printing, are better than ever prepared to execute orders for Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Handbills of all kinds, Visiting or Business Cards, &c., promptly and cheaply, in the best style of the art.

None but first-class workmen are employed in their office, and, as they import their printing papers direct from the manufacturers, they are able to fill orders on the most favorable terms. The continued patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

W. L. COTTON,
Manager.

Ch'town, Nov. 16, 1886.

PREPARE FOR HOT WEATHER

—AND BUY FROM—

Perkins & Sterns

New American Muslins, New Print'ed Batists,
New French Muslins, New Printed Cottons.

A BIG DISPLAY OF LACES.

Book Muslin, Victoria Lawn, Bishop's Lawn, Check Muslins.

Embroideries, in Allovers, Flouncings, Edgings, Insets, &c.

A Big Stock of Gloves and Hosiery.

Linen Collars and Cuffs, separate or in sets.

Corsets, direct from the makers and at the lowest price.

If you want a Seaside Dress just see our stock of
Flannels—Cheapest and Best Goods for the purpose to be found.

Perkins & Sterns

June 7—ly & wky

Know all Men by these Presents that

THE STAR

TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT

Is the right place to get your Clothes made.
Because we give Good Value and a Fit that beats the world.
Our Establishment is new but our Cutters are the oldest at their business in the Province.
We can give a style and finish to our garments that others cannot attain to.

WE BLOW

Because we know we are right and care not what our competitors say.
We are bound to knock them out in Fit, Style, Finish, Price, &c.
Come and see us, even if you don't buy. We want to show you our Fine Stock of Tweeds, Worsteds, &c.

M'LEOD & M'KENZIE,

Queen Street, opposite Watson's Drug Store.

JAMES M'LEOD, late of C. Robertson & Co.
J. T. M'KENZIE, formerly Bruce & McKenzie, late of New York.

Charlottetown, July 5, 1887—eod & wky

SUMMER BEVERAGES, & C.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Montserrat Lime Juice, in pint and quart bottles. This Lime Juice is imported from the Island of Montserrat, and is guaranteed to be the best and purest in the world.

West India Lime Juice, in bottles and on draught. We import this in casks and bottle it ourselves, and it has given first-class satisfaction

Lemon and Raspberry Syrups.—As we import these from one of the best houses in the Dominion, we guarantee them to be equal, if not superior, to any other Syrups in the market.

Fresh Fruit.—We are receiving Oranges, Lemons and Apples, every Boston steamer, and will have Pears, Grapes, Strawberries, Watermelons, &c., in their season.

Confectionery.—Having a very large stock of good, wholesome Confectionery, we are prepared to give extra value in this line.

Tea Committees will find it to their advantage to give us a call before buying elsewhere.

BEER & GOFF,

QUEEN SQUARE AND KING SQUARE STORES.

Ch'town, July 9, 1887—eod wky

ADAMSON'S
BOTANIC
COUGH
BALSAM

SAFE.
SURE.
PROMPT.
25 Cts.

AWONDERFUL 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,
313 1/2 ST. ST. JOHN, N. B.

CUSTOM SHOE STORE.

WE, the undersigned, have re-opened, the

Custom Boot and Shoe Shop,
RICHMOND STREET,

formerly occupied by the late John Monaghan
opposite Nelson Brothers, Grocers.

Repairing Promptly Attended to.

C. MCQUILLAN J. McMAHON,
May 18, 1887—eod & wky 2 mos

PURE GOLD GOODS
ARE THE BEST MADE.
ASK FOR THEM IN CAN
BOTTLES OR PACKAGES
THE LEADING LINES ARE
BAKING POWDER
FLAVORING EXTRACTS
SHOE BLACKING
STOVE POLISH
COFFEE
SPICES
BORAX
CURRY POWDER
CELERY SALT
MUSTARD
POWDERED HERBS & C.
ALL GOODS
GUARANTEED GENUINE
PURE GOLD MFG. CO.
34 FRONT ST. EAST, TORONTO.

AGENTS WANTED.—One man took 45 orders for our new book, the Great Irish Struggle, in less than a week. Send for outfit now and try this new and popular book. It sells because it interests and is low priced. Most liberal terms. Apply to W. E. Earle, St. John, N. B.
J. S. ROBERTSON & BROS.,
Publishers, Toronto.
July 9, 1887.

NOTICE.

A MEETING of the Liberal Conservative Association will be held at Georgetown on TUESDAY, 19th inst., at 11 o'clock, a. m.
D. GORDON,
President.
Georgetown, July 14—31 wky 11

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

TO LET.

PRIOR to making some considerable change in our present business, we propose to rent the store on P. G. Fraser's Corner (now occupied as a boot store.) It is one of the best stands in the city for a druggist, jeweler, &c.
DORSEY GOFF & CO.
May 26—2aw 1f

1827 - - - 1887.
T. & E. KENNY,
Dry Goods and Shipping.
HALIFAX, CANADA.

T. & E. KENNY,
(E. C. MAHON)

Ship Owners and Brokers,

General Commission Merchants,

161 GRESHAM HOUSE,
Bishopsgate Street,
LONDON, E. C.,
England.

Scott's and Vaughans Codes

March 29, 1887.

THE DAILY EXAMINER.

JULY 21, 1887.

NOTES

Of a Trip to the North-West and British Columbia.

The tunnels along that portion of the road which extends from Kamloops to Port Moody are very many and very long. Between Lytton and Port Moody alone, which is 144 miles, we pass through 15 tunnels, the longest of which is 1,800 feet, and the others in proportion.

To go through one of these long tunnels on the cow-catcher is something to remember. You are sitting quietly, enjoying the freshness of the morning it may be, as you speed along through a charming bit of country, clad in all the beauty of nature, and resplendent in the bright sunshine. You speculate as to what detour we shall have to make in order to avoid yonder hill. The train seems to be going straight for it, and you begin to wonder where the point of divergence is. By-and-by it dawns on you that we are going through the hill, and not round it. A little later and you see a small black hole down on the mountain's side, a very small hole and very low down. It does not quite strike you yet, but in a few minutes the thought comes, are we going in that hole? This train cannot get to try it, however, and you have to go along with it; so you look straight ahead until all doubt as to the capacity of the tunnel is removed. With a rush and a roar you plunge from the brightness of the morning into the arms of night. The air in the tunnel is cold and clammy, and condensing, falls like rain from the vaulted roof. This continues, getting colder and damper as you go on, until far in advance you see a tiny speck of light, which gradually, and then rapidly, grows larger and brighter, until at length you feel the warm air, and see the blessed sunshine once more.

At one o'clock we reached Port Moody (2,893 miles from Montreal) and looked out on the blue waters of the Pacific Ocean. A large crowd was awaiting us. The usual addresses followed, and then the Premier, standing on the platform of his car, addressed the people. I could not help thinking, as I stood beside him, what a triumphant moment it must have been to the man who had conceived and carried to completion, in the face of such enormous difficulties, the great work of the Canadian Pacific Railway. We were at the waters' edge, and the gentle motion of the waves of the Pacific formed a pleasing accompaniment to the speaker's voice. He was standing on the car which had brought him from Ottawa. Inland, outlined against the sky, were the mountains, which had so long barred the way. Not then visible, but none the less real, were the other obstacles of which I knew something—as I also knew of the speaker's patient determination and high resolve,—and here was the accomplishment of all.

It is a fact worthy of notice that within a few hours of our reaching Port Moody the first ship from Japan laden with tea arrived on our coast.
We remained but a few minutes at Port Moody, taking the steamer almost immediately for Victoria, which is distant some 78 miles. The Princess Louise is a good deal like the boats that ply between Prince Edward Island and the Mainland. We touched at the new city of Vancouver that Phoenix-like has risen from its ashes. The distance between Port Moody and Vancouver is 13 miles. At the time of our visit the railway had not been extended to the latter place, in consequence of some Port Moody people having obtained an injunction from the Courts restraining the Canadian Pacific Railway from going beyond their town—the contention being that Port Moody is fixed by statute as the terminus of the road, and that the railway cannot go beyond the spot at which the law says it shall terminate. The Canadian Pacific Railway says that they are authorized to build branches anywhere, and that the line to Vancouver is a branch. The matter has since been decided in favor of the Company's view, and trains are now running into Vancouver.

Considering the town was totally consumed by fire on the 13th June last, the energy of the inhabitants is indeed phenomenal. It looked on the 24th July almost restored, and several hundred houses are again to be seen. Near the shore, stands a huge cedar in solitary grandeur. It was spared at the personal solicitation of the Princess Louise and forms a conspicuous landmark. I am sorry to say that it received a severe scorching at the late fire.
Ever since we descended the Selkirk I have been struck by the extraordinary growth of the timber. For miles about Revelstoke, the road passes through most valuable timber limits, principally red cedar, of great height and remarkable straightness. I am told there is scarcely a knot in it, and the wood splits with perfect evenness. It is said to be admirably adapted for furniture.
Shortly after leaving Vancouver we discerned the snow-capped peak of Mount Baker, in Washington Territory, standing out above the horizon like a pyramid of very white cloud—whiter than any cloud and more sharply defined. It is distant from the spot where we saw it, many, I should say nearly 100 miles, and was to me a novel and beautiful sight. Mount Baker is 10,684 feet above the level of the sea.

We arrived at Victoria shortly after 10 p. m. As we steamed up the harbour the strains of the "Red, White and Blue" greeted us from over the water and sounded very prettily. There was a large crowd on the wharf, and on our landing, a fine torchlight procession through the principal streets, which were thronged by numbers of enthusiastic people. In due time we reached the hotel. I was very glad to turn into a regular bed again, and speedily re-crossing mountain and prairie was soon far down the St. Lawrence River in the world of dreams.
Next morning being Sunday, the first thing after breakfast was to look for the churches. I found the Catholic Church near—a plain but neat little building where the service was nicely rendered. It is dedicated under the invocation of St. Andrew, whose picture in life-size overhangs the altar. I learned afterwards that the Archbishop is absent on a missionary tour in Alaska. He had just started on his journey and did not expect to be back for two years. He and all his priests are Belgians. Those I heard, spoke English with ease. There seemed to be no poor in the congregation, which was composed entirely of very respectfully dressed people, and I noticed the collection plates held nothing but silver and few pieces smaller than a quarter dollar. I had not then been initiated into the mysteries of the Pacific currency, and knew nothing of "bits," nor of the contempt entertained for copper coins.
After Mass, I took a short walk about the town, and came to the conclusion that it is not unlike Charlottetown—about the same size, the same style of wooden buildings, and very dusty.
Our hotel—the "Driard," was on the whole a comfortable one—nice, scrupulously clean rooms and good table. They are a little lacking, however, in some particulars. For instance, they had but two bathrooms for the whole house—and those two adjoin. When one considers that the hotel contains 250 guests, the provision in this respect seems inadequate.
As I had seen no water, except for my face and hands, for a week, I was, as the late Editor of the Mail would say, "sadly in need of a bath;" so I made the foregoing discovery early on the morning after my arrival, and by patient watching and waiting in a corridor at the end of the house, farthest from my room, at length I got my turn.
The weather, as I was led to expect, is simply charming. It is bright and warm in the day, and beautifully cool in the evening—never hot and never very cold. It scarcely ever rains in the summer, though it makes up for this deficiency in the fall and winter, if one may call December, January and February by such a name in a country where flowers bloom nearly the whole year round—where there is never more than a week's snow, and where the thermometer rarely falls below 20 degrees of frost.

The surroundings of Victoria are very fine. Beacon Hill, a favorite resort, is a pretty, natural park adjoining the city. From it is to be had a charming view of the Straits of Fuca and of the Olympian range of mountains in Washington Territory beyond. These lovely hills, standing out against the blue sky, look exquisite in their white robes, or rather, crowns of snow. One large—glacier I suppose it is in reality—is called "The Angel's Gate," a pretty and suggestive name. These mountains are much further off than they appear. I believe the Straits are 30 miles broad, and the mountains at least 30 miles from the opposite shore, though one would fancy they rose from the water's edge.
To the left, clearly outlined against the sky, is Mount Baker, which I found visible wherever we went in Southern British Columbia. When I saw it first, from the deck of the steamer, it was midday, and I likened it to a very white cone. But when I saw it on Beacon Hill the sun was low down, and its rays tinged the beautiful white color with a still more beautiful pink, reminding one of the delicate hue of the Mayflower. Nothing attracted me during my visit more than this lovely mountain, and no view seemed complete if clouds or any other intervening obstacle hid it from our sight.
On my first visit to Beacon Hill, which, like Point Pleasant at Halifax, has the sea on two sides, I bathed my face and hands in the sea water to be able to say I had bathed in the Pacific Ocean. I believe nobody, or few about Victoria, bathe in the literal sense of the word, the water being too cold. This, in view of the singularly mild climate, appears strange, but it is true nevertheless. It appears that the immense volume of glacial water which flows into the Straits of Fuca from the Olympian range, keeps the temperature of the water very low.
Another reason is dread of the octopus, a hideous monster which frequents these waters in great numbers. I believe they are also found on the Atlantic coast, though I never remember having seen one; but in British Columbia waters they abound. It is a sort of cuttle fish, with eight immense tentacles, each of which is covered with suckers, and woe to the person around whom these dreadful arms are thrown.
I saw a dead specimen exposed to view in Victoria. Its tentacles were eight feet long. It looked not unlike a gigantic spider, and altogether was what Mr. Mantalini would call "a demd, moist, unpleasant corpse."
I spoke of Point Pleasant a little while ago in describing Beacon Hill. This leads me to say that Victoria, like Halifax, has an arm of the sea running up from the harbor several miles to within a few hundred yards of Esquimault Harbor. It is called "The Arm," and is a favorite resort in the summer evenings.
In company with some friends I enjoyed a row on it one beautiful moonlight evening. Some distance up, there is a narrow passage called "The Gorge," through which it is difficult to pass at certain conditions of tide. I learn, by the way, that the tides are very irregular here, and can never be foretold with accuracy.
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J. P.

Discount or no discount. Clearance or no Clearance. Thanks to the people, I still have my share, because I act fair with every man, woman and child. The people's choice; the people's man, because I do the best I can my stock to complete, to suit your feet. Styles right up. Prices away down. No better boots and shoes in town, than at C. B. WARRICK'S, Stampin's Corner.