David Bethune Esq. Town
P E I

THE DAILY EXAMINER.

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ALMANAC FOR FEBRUARY, 1888.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Last Quarter 4th day, 3h., 13.3m., a. m., N. (below horizon.)
New Moon 11th day, 7h, 40.0m., p. m., W., (below horizon.)
First Quarter 19th day, 9h., 46.7.,p. m., S.W.
Full Moon 27th day, 7h., 45.1m., a. m., W. (be ow horizon.)

D M	DAY OF WEEK	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	High water	Day's len'h
		m	h m	aftr'n	aftr'n	h m
1	Wednesday	7 28	4 59	9 38	1 4	9 31
2	Thursday	27	5 1	10 57	1 42	34
3	Friday	26	3	morn	2 33	37
4	Saturday	24	4	0 9	3 30	40
5	Sunday	22	6	1 23	4 46	43
5	Monday	20	7	2 35	6 12	46
7	Tuesday	19	8	3 40	7 31	49
8	Wednesday	16	9	4 41	8 33	51
9	Thursday	14	11	5 35	9 23	54
10	Friday	12	12	6 22	10 8	57
11	Saturday	11	13	7 0	10 46	10 1
12	Sunday	10	15	7 34	11 22	4
13	Monday	9	16	8 4	11 57	7
14	Tuesday	8	18	8 29	morn	10
15	Wednesday	7	19	8 57	0 28	13
16	Thursday	6	21	9 17	1 2	16
17	Friday	5	22	9 41	1 35	19
18	Saturday	3	24	10 9	2 13	22
19	Sunday	1	26	10 36	2 57	25
20	Monday	6 59	27	11 9	3 49	28
21	Tuesday	58	28	11 48	4 58	31
22	Wednesday	57	30	aft 34	6 15	34
23	Thursday	56	31	1 28	7 28	37
24	Friday	55	33	2 30	8 28	40
25	Saturday	52	34	3 40	9 19	43
26	Sunday	51	36	4 48	10 4	46
27	Monday	49	37	6 9	10 45	49
28	Tuesday	47	38	7 25	11 25	52
29	Wednesday	6 45	5 40	8 42	aft 5	1055

$55,000

TO LOAN on First Mortgage securities of Freehold Farms.
Low rates of interest.
Payable by instalments if required.
WARBURTON & SMALLWOOD, Solicitors.

Ch'town, Dec. 29, 1887.—1i wky 3i

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Leave St. John for Boston, via Eastport and Portland, every Monday, and Thursday at 5.00 a. m

Fare from Charlottetown to Boston, $6.50, 2nd class; $9.50, 1st class.
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Nov. 12, 1887—eod wky

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Fur Cuffs
Ladies Caps,
Finest Quality,
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Gray and Black
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Very Cheap.

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CALL AND SEE FOR YOURSELF.

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ROBERT LAMB & CO., Dundee, Scotland,

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Exporter of Canned Lobsters, Salmon, Mackerel, &c.

February 6, 1888—1m eod

THE PIRATE.

By Sir Walter Scott.

CHAPTER XXXII.

(*Continued*)

Bunce, who had designed, by his precipitate retreat, to serve as well his friend as himself, had hired him to the haven, where the boats of the Rover was then laying, and called the cockswain and boats crew to the assistance of Cleveland. They now appeared on the scene—fierce desperadoes, as be came their calling, with features bronzed by the tropical sun under which they had pursued it. They rushed at once amongst the crowd laying about them with their stretchers; and forcing their way up to Cleveland, speedily him from the hands of the officers, who were totally unprepared to resist an attack so furious and so sudden, and carried him off in triumph towards the quay,—two or three of their number facing about from time to time to keep back the crowd, whose efforts to recover the prisoner were the less violent, that most of the seaman were armed with pistols and cutlasses, as well as with the less lethal weapons which alone they has as yet made use of.

They gained their boat in safety, and jumped into it, carrying along with them Cleveland, to whom the circumstances seemed to offer no other refuge, and pushed off for their vessel, singing in chorus to their oars an old ditty, of which the natives of Kirkwall could could only hear the first stanza:

"Robin Rover
Said to his crew,
'Up with the black flag,
Down with the blue!—
Fire on the main-top,
Fire on the bow,
Fire on the gun-deck,
Fire down below!'"

The wild chorus of their voices was heard long after the words ceased to be intelligible. And thus was the pirate Cleveland again thrown almost involuntarily amongst those disperate associates, from whom he had so often resolved to detach himself.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Parental love, my friend, has power o'er wisdom,
And is the charm which, like the falconer's lure,
Can bring from heaven the highest soaring spirits,—
It was Miranda pluck'd it from his soulders.
—*Old Play.*

Our wandering narrative must now return to Mordaunt Mertoun.—We left him in the perilous condition of one who has received a severe wound, and we now find him in the situation of a convalescent—pale, indeed, and feele, from the loss of much blood, and the effects of a fever which had followed the injury, but so far fortunate, that the weapon, having glanced on the ribs, had only occasioned a great effusion of blood, without touching any vital part, and was now well-nigh healed; so efficacious were the vulnevary plants and salves with which it had been treated by the sage Norna of Fitful-head.

The matron and her patient now set together in a dwelling in a remote island. He had been transported, during his illness, and ere he had perfect consciousness, first to her singular habitation near Fitful-head, and thence to her present abode, by one of the fishing-boats in the station of Burgh-Westra. For such was the command possessed by Norna over the superstitious character of her countrymen, that she never failed to find faithful agents to execute her commands, whatever these happen to be; and, as her orders were generally given under injunctions of the strictest secrecy, men reciprocially wondered at occurrences, which, had they communicated freely with each other, no shadow of the marvellous would have remained.

Mordaunt was now seated by the fire, in an apartment indifferently well furnished, having a book in his hand, which he looked upon from time to time with signs of ennui and impatience; feelings which at length so far overcame him, that, flinging the volumn on the table, he fixed his eyes on the fire, and assumed the attitude of one who is engaged in unpleasant meditation.

Norna, who set opposite to him and appeared busy in the composition of some drug of unguent, anxiously left her seat, and, approaching Mordaunt, felt his pulse, making at the same time the most affectionate inquiries whether he felt any sudden pain, and where it was seated. The manner in which Mordaunt replied to these earnest inquiries, although so worded as to express gratitude for her kindness, while he disclaimed any feeling of indisposition did not seem to give satisfaction to the Pythoness.

"Ungrateful boy!" she said, "for whom I have done so much; you whom I have rescued, by my power and skill, from the very gates of death,—are you already so weary of me that you cannot refrain from shewing how desirous you are to spend, at a distance from me, the very first intelligent days of the life which I have restored you?"

"You do me injustice, my kind perserver," replied Mordaunt: "I am not tired of your society; but I have duties which recall me to ordinary life."

"Duties!" repeated Norna; "and what duties can or ought to interfere with the gratitude which you owe to me? Duties! Your thoughts are on the use of your gun, or on clambering among the rocks in quest of seafowl. For these exercises your strength does not yet fit you; and yet these are the duties to which you are so anxious to return!"

"Not so, my good and kind mistress," said Mordaunt.—"To name one duty, out of many, which makes me seek to leave you, now that my strength permits, let me mention that of a return to his father."

"To your father!" said Norna, with a laugh that had something in it almost frantic. "Oh! you know not how we can, in these islands, at once cancel such duties! And, for your father," she added, proceeding more calmly, "what has he done sor you to deserve the regard and duty you speak of?—Is he not the same, who, as you have long since told me, left you for so many years poorly nourished among strangers, without inquiring whether you were alive or dead, and only sending, from time to time, supplies in such fashion as men relieve the leprous wretch to whom they fling alms from a distance? And, in these later years, when he had made you the companion of his misery, he has been, by starts your pedagogue, by starts your tormentor, but never, Mordaunt, never your father."

"Something of truth there is in what you say," replied Mordaunt; "My father is not fond; but he is, and has ever been, effectively kind. Men have not their affections in their power; and it is a child's duty to be grateful for the benefits which he receives, even when coldly bestowed. My father has conferred instructions on me, and I am convinced he loves me. He is unfortunate; and, even if he loved me not——"

(*To be continued.*)

To and Fro.

BY ARATARA.

Sixth Paper.

It is self-evident that every roadway has two directions, that is to say, one coming and another going, but that each may be described by the other's term is not so commonly considered. Yet it is quite clear that when travelers pass each other on the same road going different ways, both are moving towards points that may constitute at will either a beginning or an ending.

Points that are beginnings to some are endings to others and *vice versa*, and the road to knowledge lies in this parallel under like conditions.

We may start ('tis best to) from first principles, and step forth for the terminal point of attainment, or we may direct our minds from completed demonstrations to the first principles that may be involved; for in any case we must run to and fro over the course of instruction until we are satisfied or dissatisfied with our attainments.

There is a hither and thither to everything under the sun, and though some may be unable to recognize this dual attribute in so wide a sense, yet it is certainly a truth.

Everything that is, is in connection with its opposite, and all between only variations of shade.

If (say) a stripe of color were produced by blending from blue at one end and from yellow at the other, in gradual reduction, the result would be a graduated green from one end to the other, and both the blue and the yellow would be lost in the mingling tones of the two colors, and the only would be, that part was a bluish yellow and the rest a yellowish blue, and (except by measurement) could not determine where to place the middle line common to both halves, so imperfect are the organs of human vision, as well as human judgment.

On the same basis of fact, all extremes meet in a common centre point of neutrality, and all compromises between man and man are efforts to reach this point, that is to say, the point of agreement.

And further, the good and evil in the world, and all worlds, and all space, are in line with this harmonious blending, and one of your poets (Tupper) has wisely said "That no good (external to the Great Spirit) is so good, but what there is some evil in it, nor any evil so evil but there is some good in it."

Were it otherwise, antagonisms would become mutual agents of destruction, and Harmony would cease to be the Consolation of Souls.

Or again, the bugle notes of war, for awhile, may drown the æolian strains of a peaceful condition, but the sounds at last mingle into a harmony of contentment, when the vigor of the one and the quietude of the other produce the harmonising rythm of industry, prosperity, and progress.

The extremes, after floating hither and thither, find at last a resting place, and we then listen with delight to the song of the anvil and the hammer along with the coo and the crow of our children, living in undisturbed peace and happiness.

Perhaps there is no better example of the eternal nature of this restless necessity of exchange, than is found in the of Opinions of Mankind, for no one is the same in substance, condition, or thought, two days together.

The differing shades of inference mingle with the definitions of facts and modify or enhance every conceivable association.

Your world has existed for uncounted ages and yet no two moments of motion have found it in exactly the same place in the regions of space, and man's nature is in character with the world he inhabits.

Ever restless, always advancing, he shews his kinship with all matter, and being of the Earth he is earthy, physically and mentally going to and fro and coming hither and thither, till the summons for departure reaches his spirit and the liberated self is shewn the roadway to immortal life.

But, even there, there are no breaks in this controlling law; it is a spirit's privilege to come and go, but with more freedom than is possible to those yet subject to the change called Death; yet man is disturbed at the very thought of dissolution and builds his hopes upon uncertain mundane foundations, only to see them melt away before the new and higher conditions of life. There are mansions in the skies to which the soul is conducted for occupation, not on a lease for any number of 999 years but with an enduring title, to live and move and have a being with the amplest provision for all necessary wants, and the fulfilment of every just desire, fully conscious of her immortality, while realizing the grandeur and beneficence of a divine freedom and a holy liberty to progress.

The great problem of a future life, its nature and its work has been swinging, to and fro like a huge pendulum in the time-piece of human history, coming and going, ever since humanity could formulate the thought of a hereafter, but the crude conceptions of its meaning, by unlettered and uninspired hordes halted before omens and rites, satisfied with the problem of the present existence, and setting their altars, ignorantly worshipped the unknown.

But the dawn of a better knowledge has appeared, and a new light is shedding its rays upon the grand problem; and millions are rejoicing over the revelation. Fictions are given place to facts and the evidence is being plainly vouchsafed, that we do live again as conscious beings, under the regulations of eternal law, administerd with unerring justice, and supported by unchangeable love.

Thus perhaps we need no longer to burn incense on an unknown altar, nor pipe a dubious propitiation at the say-so of any fellow-mortal, for the horizon of human life is aglow, with another star of hope and promise, leading to another Bethlehem.

The heavens have declared this glory of the Infinite spirit and the firmament has shewn His handiwork, and as His messengers of peace, and good will, and love and truth, touch the ears and sight of the spiritually deaf and blind, there will be fewer to resist the solution of the great problem of a future life, and little by little, day by day, the knowledge of a newly revealed existence will, by and by, cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.

Then none shall have to call their fellows to a knowledge of a conscious existence hereafter for all shall know from the least even to the greatest, that physical death is no penalty for error, but a glorious disrobing of the immortal spirit from its fleshly garments for its after re-clothing in the bright and shining rayments prepared for the excarnated and made free by the eternal law of the Infinate One, that each in due time may be as happy and as blest for ever and ever, as may be possible under the individual requirement and progress.

It looks like an imputation on man's intelligence to have had the realities of spirit return so long before him, as well as so plainly exhibited by figures and facts in the volume of his sacred yearnings, but how long was man discovering even the circulation of his own blood, or even the use of his own respiration, for (*Pepys Diary* 1666) it is asserted that in his day, "it was not known nor concluded on, among physicians (and not to be done either), how the action is managed by nature, or *for what use it is.*"

Millions now are refusing to investigate the fact that the spirits of just men made perfect are permitted to move to and fro, between Heaven and Earth, but (praise be to God) there are millions to whom the proof is plain, and for whom man may no longer produce his weapons of persecution for opinions sake, the gibbet, the stake and the block, wherewith, in the old time before us, they comforted their domineering disaffections and robbed vengeance from the Almighty, to whom only it belongeth.

Returns from the supernal regions formerly brought destruction to their instruments, but at last man can exercise his own mind, none daring to make him afraid to think about his own hereafter, and worship his Maker in his own way, without having to conform to the dicta of self constituted authorities.

Perhaps it is because the problem of a future life could not be demonstrated by mortal man, without assistance from the decarnated, that they are permitted to come and go, and that we now have such marvellous phenomena in support of a mighty truth; for such in contestible evidence is now on record, and such wonderful manifestations of power and intelligence are made known, that the whole question of man's futurity may be said to have been laid before a full Council of Humanity, and the greatest discoveries the world has ever known brought out for their adoption for, so, opinion seems to be invited to re-consider the old things that are now passing away, and carefully to study the newer phenomena that seem destined to take their place.

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FREDERICK PETERS,
Solicitor.
Charlottetown, Jan. 11, 1888—4w dy wky.