

The Daily Examiner.

TERMS:—FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR.

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

SINGLE COPIES TWO CENTS.

NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1885.

VOL. 17, NO. 145.

FUR GOODS.

A VERY LARGE STOCK AT
STANLEY BROS.,
BROWN'S BLOCK, OPPOSITE MARKET HOUSE.

FUR TIPPETS: FUR TIPPETS! in Black and Brown.
FUR TRIMMINGS, in Brown and Black, all widths, from 2-inch to 8-inch.
MUFFS, all kinds. ASTRACAN JACKETS, Best Quality.
The Public are respectfully invited to look at these Goods, as we have marked them VERY LOW to secure a ready sale.

STANLEY BROS.

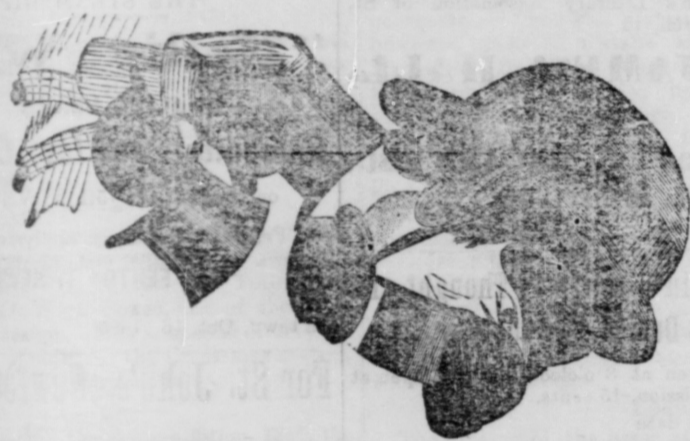
Ch'town, Oct. 23, '85.

MURDER! SLAUGHTER!!

WORSE THAN SLAUGHTER IN CLOTHING

— AT —
L. E. PROWSE'S.

"I Can't Stand These Low Prices,



For such Slaughter was never heard
tell of before on P. E. Island!"

JUST SEE PRICES:

Men's heavy, warm Ulsters, worth \$7, for \$3.50.
Men's heavy, warm Overcoats, worth \$10, for \$5.
Refuses from \$2 to \$5 less than regular prices.
Suits from \$4 to \$5.50 less than regular price.
400 pairs Pants, from 90cts up to \$3.
200 Vests from 70cts up.
1,200 suits Underclothing, cheapest ever seen on P. E. Island.

150 Overcoats, extra made, equal to custom made, selling for \$10, well worth \$16. Why go to a Custom Tailor and pay \$18 or \$20, when you can get one nearly as well made, and equally as good fitting, for \$10?
Fur Caps, the largest stock to select from, and at prices that defy competition.
Blankets, Comfortables, Horse Rugs, &c., awful cheap.
Dress Goods, Black Cashmeres and Merinos, Sacks, Muffs, Fur Trimmings, &c., at rock bottom prices.

Every Department is well filled with a Choice Selection of CHEAP GOODS.

Be sure and CALL, before going elsewhere, as I offer any man \$25.00, who can truly say, after he has seen our stock of Clothing, that we do not sell as advertised.

The whole country is invited to call and see our stock. They will find us kind to our customers, but a terror to those who sell dear.

L. E. PROWSE,

Sign of the Great Big Hat, 74 Queen Street.

Ch'town, Nov. 5th, 1885—wky

CALL AND SEE OUR EXHIBITION

SHELLS,

CROCKERYWARE,

LAMPS, &c., &c.

Our Tea is the Best in the city.

We give for Eggs 21c. cash, 22c.

Goods.

R. K. BRACE.

Ch'town, Oct. 2nd, '85—wky

GREAT PREPARATIONS

— FOR —

FALL TRADE AT THE FLOUR AND TEA STORE.

ON HAND AND TO ARRIVE:

TEA Our large and direct importations from London enable us to give Extra Good Value in half-chests, caddies, five-pound airtight tins (screw tops) &c., &c. Warranted Extra Strong.

COFFEE Java, Maracaibo and Rio, &c., &c., fresh roasted and ground on our premises. Do not buy the imported, adulterated Ground Coffee.

FLOUR 1500 barrels Matchless, Kent Mills, and other choice brands—Very cheap. We Guarantee Satisfaction or money refunded.

300 Boxes and Half-Boxes Choice Raisins.

40 Kegs Grapes.

3,000 pounds Currants.

300 Boxes Figs.

Molasses, Kerosene Oil, Soap, Brooms, &c., &c.

Wholesale Buyers can Make Money by buying from us.

Retail Buyers can Save Money by buying from us.

Our Motto: "BEST QUALITY AT LOWEST PRICE."

BEER & GOFF.

Ch'town, Oct. 13, 1885.

NEW FALL GOODS.

J. B. MACDONALD

IS now showing new Dress Goods, from 10 cents a yard; new Cashmeres, black and colored, 25 cents a yard; new Ulster Cloths, 60 cents a yard; new Dress Cloths, 16 cents a yard; new Wincies, plain and checked, very cheap; new Tweed, 45 cents a yard; new Worsted Cloths, all prices; new Scarlet Flannels, 16 cents a yard; Hats, Flowers and Feathers, Velveteens and Silk Velvet Plushes, Kent Woolen Goods in great variety.

READY-MADE CLOTHING DEPARTMENT,
(BIG STOCK.)

Suit, for \$1; Overcoats for \$4; Blankets and Quilts, very cheap: If you want good value for your money, try

J. B. MACDONALD'S,

Queen Street.

Ch'town, Sept. 28, '85—dywky pat

Charlottetown Boot and Shoe Factory.

NEW BOOTS! New Lasts! Latest Styles! We are making our FALL BOOTS on the Latest and Most Improved Styles of Lasts.

We call especial attention to our new BRASS-NAILED BOOTS, as being extra durable, the soles being fastened on with Brass Nails, smoothly clinched on the inside.

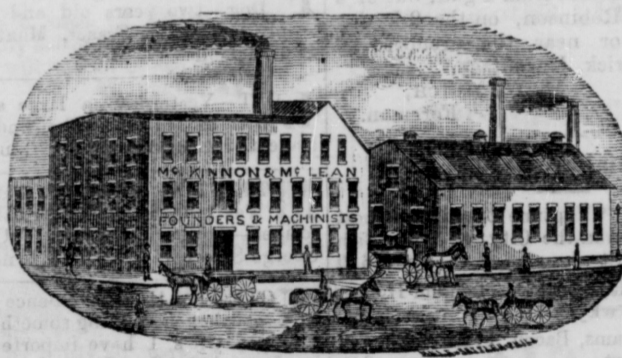
Be sure and get a pair of our make of Long Boots. They cannot be beaten in price, quality and fit.

SOLE LEATHER, by the Side and Roll.

DORSEY, GOFF & CO.

Ch'town, Sept. 2nd, 1885.

McKINNON & MACLEAN.



McKINNON & MACLEAN.

ESDALE FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,

THE best equipped establishment of the kind on the Island, where the miller can be supplied with Water Wheels, French Burr Stones, Eureka Smutters, Bolting Cloth, Proof Staffs, Silver Steel Picks, Mill Spindles, Shafting, Gear Wheels, Pulleys, Flanges, Boxes, Bails and Screws (for lifting stones), ROTARY SAW MILLS, SHINGLE MACHINES, Lath Cutters, Circular Saws (Disston & Robertson's), Arbors, Belting (rubber or leather), Card Clothing, Combs, Screw Bolts and Bolt Ends.

THE FARMER can get Thrashing Mills, Fanners or the Castings for the same, Ploughs, Cultivators, Shares, Land Sides, Root Cutters, Boilers, POTATO DIGGERS—75 ON HAND FOR THIS FALL'S TRADE, all sorts of Castings for Stove repairs, &c.

We also build STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS, and are at all times prepared to send Boilermakers and Machinists to make repairs in any part of the Island. We keep a full stock of Steam Pipe and Fittings, such as Steam Gages, Water Gages, Gage Cocks, Globe Valves, Check Valves, Stop Cocks, KORTING INJECTORS AND HANCOCK INSPIRATORS, Water Glasses, Bushing, Elbows, Tees, Unions, Nipples, Couplings, Safety Valves, Return Bands, &c.

As the system of heating dwellings by means of hot water is likely to supersede all other systems, being the most economical and cleanly, we have prepared ourselves to do that work by the addition of new machinery, and workmen thoroughly acquainted with the work, and are prepared to furnish estimates for supply of all material and the satisfactory completion of such work.

(Connected by Telephone.)

ADDRESS:

MACKINNON & MACLEAN,
CHARLOTTETOWN.

August 16, 1885—oaw wky

DEATH,

"A Thing to be Greatly Longed For."

A SERMON PREACHED BY THE REV. W. B. KING, M. A., ON ALL SAINTS DAY, NOV. 1ST, 1885.

(Published by Request.)

"Jesus Christ who hath destroyed death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel."—II Tim. 1-10.

Words lose force in our minds when we hear them very often; and I cannot help thinking that most of us do not now perceive the extreme boldness in those I have just quoted. Jesus Christ who hath destroyed death! Think a moment over those words, and you will find them very forcible, very bold, very strong, very deep in meaning. They are so bold, so strong, that after the lapse of twenty centuries, Christians are scarcely able to grasp their significance yet—so forcible, so deep, that we who have been taught the Christian faith from our childhood are still unable, for the most part, to conceive that they mean exactly what they say. We believe in Jesus Christ; we believe that He became incarnate; we believe that He died on the Cross; we believe that He was buried, and that He rose again the third day from the dead. All this we steadfastly believe; and we try to drink in every drop of comfort from it. But I think it is true that in the main we do not believe that He has

DESTROYED DEATH,

that He has practically taken the sting from death and from the grave its victory; that He has really fulfilled His own words when He said, "Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Our Christianity to surmount many difficulties; but it seems to stop short there. Our faith triumphs over many things that are hard to be convinced of, but it seems to half fail us there. Death, to the great majority of Christians, is still the one great evil, still the one great dread that is always hanging above us, still the one fearful goal that we all discern in the distance before us. To the majority of us death is this; but, oh, my brethren, this is not the Christian idea of death!

THIS IS HEATHENISM.

It is lower than an enlightened heathenism. Plato, who never heard of Christ, could look forward to death as the greatest possible good to man, while we who know what Plato never knew, are filled with a fear and a shuddering at the thought of it, such as even he was free from. If there be truth in our religion, then it must follow that to be with Christ must be far better. That it is far better, is a truth that we seldom grasp with such a firmness that it becomes a source of much practical comfort to us. I do not wish for one instant to suggest the thought that death is not a very solemn thing. It is a solemn thing quite as solemn as life. In many respects

IT IS A VERY AWFUL THING;

quite as awful a thing as life. But at the same time I most unhesitatingly affirm that it is a very lovely thing, and a thing to be greatly longed for. It is the last earthly blessing that our Father gives; and, my brethren, to those who have learnt to know who and what that Father is, it is the best blessing. There is nothing to shrink from in it, nothing to dread, nothing to dislike, when—but only when—we have once grasped that knowledge of God, and of life and immortality that Christ has brought to light through the gospel. Then we see that Christ has really destroyed death; then what we now call death, becomes to us only the bursting into real life; then that to which we once turned only with terror, becomes a thing to be desired with all the yearning that our hearts can feel. Death, my brethren, is the most beautiful change that can come in any human life, unless—and this is very likely—there are still more beautiful changes possible as our immortal lives flow on.

WE DO NOT GRASP THIS TRUTH,

—we do not rise to our religion on this point. We think of death with dread; and we exaggerate—we terribly exaggerate its bearing upon the course of human life. We misunderstand it; and so it is no wonder that we fail to perceive how Jesus Christ can have destroyed it. By our very misunderstanding we exaggerate its importance, and that exaggeration breeds in us this horror of death that is so un-Christian, and productive of so much unmitigated mourning. Our habits of thought and speech often lead us into much error on this point. They are natural habits with us, and we can only overcome them with much difficulty and a good deal of mental and spiritual effort. We are continually asking, what is death? and the question wells up from many a crushed and mourning heart, and is re-echoed by many an earnest soul that seeks for some light on the deep mysteries of existence. It comes constantly to our lips, and we long for the answer. What is death? We frequently consider it to be the end of life. We look forward for some years, greater or fewer in number, as we consider our life likely to last—then we come to a blackness and obscurity in which existence seems to lose itself; and that we call our death,—an end, a finishing, a completion of something after which our life is to be a shadowy, unreal thing, more or less vague and indistinct. That, I think, is often our common idea of death. But, my brethren, the true Christian idea is very different; and it may be mainly summed up in the one thought of God being revealed to us! That is death. To open our eyes, as it were, and look upon God. To wake up in His presence and after His likeness, and be satisfied with it. To be freed from these senses which can perceive so little—to be free from these eyes that can see but dimly; to be free from these ears that can hear but

faintly; to be free from the slow motions, the weak powers and the debasing desires that are inherent in a body made of flesh; and to have all the quickened faculties, all the increased life, all the higher knowledge that can only come in the revealing of the glory of God. There is what Christ meant by death—not an ending, not a breaking in two; but a development, a higher stage, and

A CONTINUATION OF LIFE.

Do we not see, then, that in Christ a man cannot die! That which looks to us like an end of all practical interests and all practical works is really only the beginning of them, an opening up of new views and new fields of knowledge, such as are not possible to a soul hedged in by senses. Death is not the end of life, it is only the beginning. Ah, yes; we may agree to that, and yet all the same our tendency will be to shrink from it, to be afraid of it, and to desire to remain here at any cost. And this feeling rises simply from dwelling too much on the importance of our present life. On this we dwell so much that it seems to us to be all our life. But, my brethren, when we think of eternity—when we think of its being an unending life, that is to go on age after age, age after age, till the human minds cannot conceive its perfect endlessness; when we think of our lives going on immortally like that, doesn't it make the eighty or ninety short years that we are to pass in this stage seem a very little, a very insignificant part of that inconceivable length. By dwelling on our present life we make it seem more important than it really is, and we acquire an exaggerated notion of both its happiness and its pain. My brethren, it really is

OF LITTLE CONSEQUENCE

whether we are very happy or not in so short a life as this. We fancy it is a matter of consequence only because we live too much in the present moment, the present week, or the present year, and lose the sense of their proportion in the great length of eternity. Look back at generations gone by, and both their joys and their sorrows seem small things now, because those who felt them have long ago passed out of both in other stages in which they are living now. And so would it seem with our joys and our sorrows, if we could only behold them in their proper proportion to the eternity of our lives. Both the gladness and mourning of this stage are to last for such a very short time that we should endeavour to lay only the proper stress on them. Let us keep our eyes fixed upon eternity, and we shall find less to trouble us in time. Let us think of death not as an end, but as the beginning of real life, and we shall look forward to it with contentment instead of dread. To depart and be with Christ—let that thought eat its way into your heart, and become a portion of your most personal belief, and you will gradually come to the knowledge of the loveliness of death, and be able to think of it as the opening of the doors between a life of blindness and darkness, and a life of sight and light—as the awakening from a life of dreams into a life of

TRUE AND UNCHANGING REALITIES.

But at this time, my brethren and sisters, we are thinking not so much of ourselves, and what will at some time take place with us, as of those who have already been raised to that higher state for which we, as yet, are only preparing. To-day we are thinking chiefly of those—the happy dead; and it is inevitable that our minds should be filled with sadness—a sadness not for those whom we no longer see, but for ourselves—and for this sadness there is but one comforting thought. My brethren, it is a commonplace thought, a well-worn thought—but one which we can never never part from us till we have sounded the most pregnant depths of its meaning. It is a thought quite familiar to you, and it is only that "God knows best." We mourn the absent, but He alone can tell how greatly that absence is necessary. We feel our unhappiness; but He alone can see how much greater is our happiness now than it would be if His will were not done. My brethren, of this I am sure, that there is nothing much worth caring for except that His will should be done. In the smallest matters, as in the greatest, nothing is of any consequence except that that Divine Will, which is guided by all the insight of Divine knowledge, be perfectly and completely accomplished. And if your heart is crushed in the process, then it is only for a little while, only for a short, short portion of eternity, and it is the best thing for you—or God would not permit it to be done. There may be some sternness in this thought; but oh! there is a great deal of comfort in it! It teaches us to look for God's hand gradually working out wonderful results in our dim lives, and we learn to sacrifice our wills to His. In doing this we alone find happiness that will be lasting, and which will endure, though Heaven and Earth were to pass away. So then, in thinking of the best departed, let us mingle our grief with submission to that Will, which directs all things always for the best, and which moulds our lives to righteousness by ways that seem strange to us, but seem most effectual to Him. And of the best departed, what can I say more than that they have risen to

A HIGHER SPHERE OF DUTIES

where they continue the same life that was lived here—only under happier circumstances, because God's presence is revealed. Under happier circumstances, surely, but not under the happiest, till we who remain are united with them. For this they wait doing their new duties, they still wait with a patience that can only come from their increased knowledge that the will of God is best. Let us too wait—wait patiently, doing the duties of our lower sphere as they are doing theirs in a higher. Let us wait while the Lord is pleased to work out His will with us, and till He Himself calls us to come within the veil. Let us wait. It will only be a little while at longest. So