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NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1890.

VOL. 26.—NO. 98

CALENDAR FOR SEPTEMBER, 1890.

MOON'S CHANGES.
Last Quarter, 5th day, 11h., 17.0m. p. m., E.
New Moon, 14th day, 3h., 40.5m. a. m., N. E.
below horizon.
First Quarter, 21st day, 5h., 53.0c. p. m., S.
Full Moon, 28th day, 8h., 47.2m. a. m., N. W.
below horizon.

DAY OF WEEK	Sun	Moon	High	Days
M	rise	sets	rises	water
	h m	h m	after	h m
1 Monday	5 25	6 34	8 11	0 9 13 9
2 Tuesday	27	33	8 35	0 45 6
3 Wednesday	28	31	9 1	1 25 3
4 Thursday	29	29	9 29	2 9 0
5 Friday	30	27	10 4	2 57 1257
6 Saturday	32	25	10 45	4 0 53
7 Sunday	33	23	11 32	5 19 50
8 Monday	34	21	morn	6 34 47
9 Tuesday	35	19	0 26	7 43 44
10 Wednesday	37	17	1 27	8 34 40
11 Thursday	38	15	2 28	9 17 37
12 Friday	39	13	3 32	9 54 34
13 Saturday	40	11	4 37	10 28 31
14 Sunday	41	9	5 41	11 0 28
15 Monday	43	8	6 56	11 20 25
16 Tuesday	44	6	7 55	morn 22
17 Wednesday	45	3	8 58	0 1 18
18 Thursday	47	2	10 6	0 33 15
19 Friday	48	0	11 17	1 9 12
20 Saturday	50	58	aft 30	1 50 8
21 Sunday	51	56	1 30	2 51 5
22 Monday	52	54	2 38	3 48 2
23 Tuesday	53	52	3 32	5 17 1159
24 Wednesday	54	50	4 16	6 56 56
25 Thursday	55	48	4 52	8 7 53
26 Friday	56	45	5 21	9 3 48
27 Saturday	58	43	5 47	9 49 45
28 Sunday	6 0	42	6 11	10 30 42
29 Monday	1	40	6 34	11 8 39
30 Tuesday	6 2	38	6 58	11 45 1136
31				

Male Teacher Wanted.

APPLICATIONS will be received by the undersigned up to noon of the 22nd September, instant, from Male Teachers of the First or Second Class, for a position as Teacher in the West Kent Street School.

ISAAC OXENHAM,
Secretary of School Board.
sept12—2aw (wed sat)

Johnson's Stomachic Aperi-ent, OR EVERYBODY'S PILLS, FOR

Indigestion, Constipation, Biliousness and the many ailments consequent upon the sluggish action of the Liver, Kidney and Bowels.

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ARTHUR S. JOHNSON,
Corner Kent and Prince Streets,
jyl8—2aw wy Charlottetown.

\$10 Reward.

THE above amount will be paid by the undersigned to any person who will give such information as will lead to the conviction of the person or persons who broke the windows in the front of the Hillsborough Skating Rink Building.

D. C. McLEOD,
Secretary.
sept12—1f

CHTOWN MUTUAL Fire Insurance Company.

THE ABOVE COMPANY is taking risks on Dwellings, Furniture, Stocks, etc., at very low rates. Citizens can get insurance at the actual cost, instead of paying exorbitant premiums to foreign corporations. The undersigned has been appointed Secretary, and can be seen at his residence, Lower Great George Street.

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Auction Sales of Real Estate, Bankrupt Stock, Furniture, Farm Stock, etc., carefully attended to.
Consignments solicited. Prompt returns guaranteed and good references given.
aug6—2m eod

P. E. ISLAND STEAMERS. Summer Arrangements.

THE well-known STEAMERS "ST. LAWRENCE" and "PRINCESS OF WALES" will make DAILY TRIPS as under. Sundays excepted.
Leaving Charlottetown at six o'clock in the morning for Picton, connecting there with steamer "Egerton" at 9 a. m. for New Glasgow, and thus with Morning Train for Cape Breton and Eastern Points. Also at Picton at 1 p. m. with L. C. R. for Halifax.
Leaving Picton about noon, on arrival of Morning Train from Halifax, for Charlottetown.
Leaving Summerside on arrival of Morning Train from Charlottetown for Point du Chene and connect there with I. C. R. Trains for Moncton and St. John. for Canada and United States.
Leaving Point du Chene on arrival of Morning Train from St. John and Moncton for Summerside, and connect there with train for Charlottetown.
By order,
F. W. HALES,
Secy. Ch'town Steam Nav. Co. (Ltd)
July5—eod 4m

K. B. C. Cures Dyspepsia

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BOOTS AND SHOES.

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Barb Wire Fencing, Bar Iron,
Cut Nails, Roofing Material, Builders' and Painters' Supplies, Carriage Goods, Wholesale and Retail.

NORTON & FENNEL.

Charlottetown, May 20 1890—4y 2aw wky



G. H. TAYLOR, WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER.

HAS now added to his already large stock a very fine assortment of GOLD and SILVER WATCHES of the best manufacture, and the newest patterns in JEWELRY. All Goods sold are guaranteed. Store closes every evening (except Saturday) at 6 o'clock.

NORTH SIDE MARKET SQUARE, CWTOWN.
sept22—4y 2aw wky 1f

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TAYLOR & GILLESPIE.

OUR STOCK OF BLANK BOOK PAPERS IS NOW COMPLETE. Come in and see them, and get prices for Ledgers, Day Books, Cash Books, Journals, Letter Copying Books, Invoice Books, Wallets, Pocket Books, etc., etc.

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THE PLACE TO GET CLOTHES.

OUR SPRING IMPORTATIONS ARE NOW COMPLETE, and we are showing the Largest and Best Assorted Stock of Cloths in the City, consisting of SUITINGS in

Tweed, Serge and Worsted Trouserings, in
Newest Designs and Great Variety.

The Nobbiest Goods in SUMMER OVERCOATINGS. Good Fits and Workmanship in every case guaranteed.

A full line of GENTS' FURNISHINGS always in stock.

JOHN McLEOD & CO.

Charlottetown, June 6 1890—fri sat, then eod

TELEPHONE COMPANY OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

THIS COMPANY is now ready to transmit written and verbal messages, by Telephone, between Charlottetown, Hunter River, County Line, Freetown, Kensington, Summerside and St. Eleanor, at the following rates:—
From Station to Station, when the distance is 5 miles or under, for each five minutes' conversation, or part thereof..... 10 Cents.
do. do. do. 5 to 10 miles..... 20 "
do. do. do. over 10 miles..... 25 "
Written messages, subject to Company's conditions, will be sent from Station to Station at following rates:—
When distance does not exceed 10 miles, for twenty words or under..... 15 Cents.
When distance is greater than 10 miles..... 25 "
For each additional word..... One Cent Extra.
A discount of 20 per cent. will be delivered in Charlottetown within city limits; from all other receiving offices within a quarter of a mile from said offices.
Special rates will be made for delivering at greater distances.
All communications and messages must be prepaid.
The Company is prepared to lease Telephone Instruments in Charlottetown and Summerside at established rates, and to treat with persons requiring private or toll lines.
For further information apply to the Subscriber, at Charlottetown.

ROP ANGUS,
MANAGER.

Charlottetown, Oct. 18, 1888.

ON A HOLIDAY TRIP.

From Charlottetown to Boston.

SOME NOTES BY THE WAY.

THE early part of the leafy month of September is, to my mind, the ideal time for a holiday trip either by sea or land. Then it is that the weather is not sufficiently warm to be oppressive, nor so cool as to be unpleasant. My trip was partly by water and partly by rail, and included a brief stay in Boston, Providence and New York. I went from Charlottetown to Boston in the steamer Worcester, of the Boston, Halifax and Prince Edward Island Steamship Line, and made the journey from Boston to New York via Providence by rail. On return I took one of the palace steamers of the Fall River Line for Fall River, calling at Newport, R. I., en route, coming from the latter place to Boston by rail, and from Boston back to Charlottetown in the steamship Carroll.

Owing to the fact that some of the ship's firemen had indulged rather freely in the exhilarating fluids so openly and unblushingly dispensed in the Scott Act city of Charlottetown, and were consequently unable to satisfactorily discharge their duties, necessitating the engaging of new men, the Worcester was almost three hours late leaving port on the occasion of my taking passage in her. It is not necessary that I should here go over the names of the officers of this steamer. They are all well known by reason of their uniform geniality and courteous treatment of those who have occasion to journey with them. Mr. Sawyer, the affable purser, who has spent something like twenty consecutive summers looking after the wants of passengers by this line, is, perhaps, one of the best known men in Charlottetown, and looks as young and pleasant as he did when he made his debut amongst us. Mr. Douse, an Island boy, for several years assistant steward, is now chief steward, and is also deservedly popular with passengers.

As the steamer passed out by the Block House the decks were lined with passengers. Some were in groups conversing, and here and there a couple could be seen sitting rather closely together, as is quite natural when people are leaving home and happen to be of opposite sexes. Among the passengers I observed Capt. W. H. Barnard, of the Hattie Louise, who like myself was off on a holiday trip. He was accompanied by Mr. Charles G. Wright, of Summerside, a son of A. M. Wright, Esq., the resident managing owner of the Hattie Louise. Of course we fraternized and tried to make the trip mutually pleasant.

Passing out by the Black Buoy the water now became rough, and from the Bell Buoy until Point Prim was reached the "Old Reliable" made things so interesting for the before-mentioned groups and couples that within half an hour the decks were deserted, save by a poor or seasick passenger unable to get away from the low rail, and a few veterans of Captain Barnard's stamp who made themselves popular by assisting the others, especially the females, to less exposed quarters. After passing Point Prim the sea was more aft, and the steamer went along more gently and quickly before the wind, and all was quiet for the night when the writer retired.

By daylight next morning the steamer was well in between Cape George promontory and the Straits of Canso, and the passengers were afforded a magnificent view of one of the most picturesque sights to be seen in North America. The high land of Cape George trending away to the south-west lost itself among the fertile valleys of Antigonish, only to appear again in grander elevations as it spread out before us and touched the water at Cape Porcupine, Straits of Canso. Then a small gap and the loftier hills of Cape Breton stretch themselves before our vision, varied here and there by sharply-defined and precipitous bluffs, which seemed away in the blue distance to almost touch the heavens. Port Hood Island showed out as a clearly-marked spot to the left, while just a shadow on the water astern gave mute evidence of the one spot every man cherishes—"Our native land." As it lies peaceful and quiet on the very verge of the horizon, one is reminded of the many souls that have left its shores, how few, alas, of whom return to enjoy the peace and tranquility they so much desired before "passing to that bourne whence no traveller returns." But the breakfast bell cuts short one's musings, and, fully alive to the importance of the occasion, I made my way in the direction of the dining saloon. While we were at breakfast the steamer was made fast to the wharf at Port Hawkesbury.

After breakfast, and ascertaining that the steamer would have to await the arrival of the Sydney boat, which was likely to be late owing to the fresh westerly wind prevailing, and having Mr. Sawyer's guarantee that we would not be left behind, Captain Barnard, Mr. Wright and myself started off to see the sights of Port Hawkesbury. The Captain was apparently thoroughly posted about the place, and well acquainted with the principal business men. Port Hawkesbury is a thriving little village. Being the stopping place of the Boston steamers and the Cape Breton terminus of the Intercolonial Railway, it has rapidly grown into local importance, while its neighbor, Port Mulgrave, across the Straits of Canso, has sunk into comparative insignificance. On the one side of the Straits all the houses are painted and have a newness and freshness about them that is pleasing to behold, while on the top of the hill a new Roman Catholic chapel is fast approaching completion. In short, everything gives evidence of industry and thrift. Across the Straits, the houses look deserted, and the streets have, apparently, become roads. After looking through the place the Captain

and I engaged a boatman, and crossed over to Point Tupper, which is only separated from Hawkesbury by a small indentation of the sea, forming the anchorage for vessels. Here are located two marine railways which seem to have plenty to do all the open season. Rambling further down on the Point, we crossed the railway cut and walked along the ties as far as the new station house. The station house is built of brick and is a very compact and artistic-looking structure. The store-house and round-house are also of brick, and are well-constructed. A substantial wharf of large area runs away out into deep water and the largest vessels afloat can utilize it. The buildings, etc., are, certainly, no disgrace to the grand old name that has been adopted to designate the western end of the Cape Breton Railway.

While we were taking our observations the captain's quick eye detected some large vessels steaming up against the tide from the south, and the immediate display of British flags all around told us that it was Prince George's fleet on its way to Quebec. We also saw the Neptune with our Sydney passengers passing along, so we dropped our inspection of the railway and the wharves and hastened back to our boatman who soon landed us on the Worcester. There all was bustle and excitement as the Bellerophon was just emerging from behind Point Tupper, followed in stately order and mathematical precision by the Canada and Thrush. As they passed along one would think they were all connected with a rod of iron so true did they seem to keep just the same distance apart. Some impulsive genius on Point Tupper saluted the fleet by discharging an old cannon, but the ships failed to respond and the i. g. retired disgusted. In a short time the fleet passed out to the northward, looking, when last seen, like a huge telescope.

In the meantime the Neptune had tied up to the wharf, and by noon the passengers and their baggage were transferred to the Worcester and we were off again. As the boat left the harbor we passed a beautiful steam yacht flying the stars and stripes, and as we went by both steamers dipped their flags with marine courtesy. Now all was life and animation on board. Everyone was busily engaged admiring the rough scenery of "the Gut"—quite a change to most of our passengers from the low lands and red clay of P. E. Island. An English ensign on the wharf and a squat temporary hotel mark the starting point of the great (on paper) Terminal City. However, as this is not a free advertisement, an opinion of this project must stand over until some other time. But before dropping the subject it may not be out of place to remark that at present there appears to be plenty of room to build the city without crowding the people.

As the steamer passed down Chedabucto Bay we began to get evidences of the sea roll, and by the time she rounded Cape Canso and was fairly headed up the shore for Halifax, a good many of the now familiar faces had disappeared to be seen no more until our arrival at Halifax. The sea was not rough, but it kept up a constant motion not to be borne by new beginners. Still, however, there was quite a number of passengers around the decks till night, after which only a few couples kept possession of the benches until ten, at which hour the steward and stewesses made their rounds as usual and gathered in the stragglers. About four o'clock in the afternoon we passed the Carroll—the sister ship of this line—bound east. All the afternoon and evening Nova Scotia was a blue line off on the right-hand side (perhaps I should say starboard side) and every hour or two we could make out a new lighthouse and after dark the lights.

Next morning when I came on deck there was every appearance of rain, and the steamer was abreast of Devil's Island Light, with Chebucto Head stretching out away across our bows. By nine o'clock we arrived at the wharf in Halifax. All hands are on deck again anxious for a run on shore after the tedium of seasickness, and soon the Worcester is almost deserted. As she has a large freight to take in for Boston the stevedores and crew are soon hard at work. While the loading is in progress the passengers start off to "do" the city. The beautiful public gardens, the market, the new city building, the museum, etc., etc., are all visited, and by half-past three in the afternoon most of the passengers (and a good many new ones) are at the wharf ready to embark. At four o'clock—exactly on time—the steamer glides out into the stream, and amidst the waving of handkerchiefs and hats, and good-bye whistles, makes a start for Boston. As we passed out it was noticed that the storm drum was "up" on the Citadel flagstaff for an easterly gale, and the weather looked decidedly "greasy," but the older heads said it would not be much, and the event proved the correctness of their judgment. By the time we passed Sambro light the rain, which began to fall just before the steamer left Halifax, had ceased, and the wind had hauled round to the south, looking fine. Once more the docks were deserted, save by a few, among whom our jolly friend Captain Yates (owner of the schooner Willie Irving, which was in trouble at Souris a short time before), occupied a conspicuous place. While the steamer was at Halifax it seems that the Captain's stateroom was entered by means of the window and certain glass cases marked "this end up with care" were tampered with, and some of them purloined. The Captain could not understand how such a thing could happen in the provinces, as he had been led to believe that those portions of Her Majesty's dominions were sans reproche. The genial Captain's attention was, however, invited to the flag that floated over his head, but he evidently failed to note the connection. An investigation was held and an attempt was made to place the culprit, but it was not very successful. However, suspicious sounds from a certain stateroom, a little later in the evening, would tend to convince one that at least some of the package was left. Shortly after leaving port, a re-

fractory passenger, one of the Halifax contingent, bent on utilizing the seamen's quarters as well as the steerage cabin, had to be forcibly taken care of and put away to cool off. By the time the stewards made their rounds the weather had become foggy, and the steam whistle was sounding every few minutes—certainly no lullaby to set one to sleep, but we must try it.

Next morning (Sunday) there was a thick fog hanging over the ocean. The whistle had been sounding at intervals all through the night, and the cautious officers were still carefully guarding the lives of their passengers. About nine o'clock we heard for a time till the sounds began to fade away astern, when we went ahead again, only to hear another whistle in a few minutes, which was said to be that of the Halifax, bound for Halifax. Both steamers must have proceeded with great caution, as we were within hearing of the Halifax's whistle for the greater portion of an hour; but it finally died away astern when the bell rung for "full speed." By noon the fog lifted, and the wind freshened up a little from the south-west. The water was smooth, however, save for a long, easy roll, and nearly everyone of the passengers spent the afternoon on deck enjoying the bracing sea air. Animated arguments were in progress all around us. During one of these discussions our friend, Captain Yates, got snowed under with talk, and went to sleep wondering if he could smoke a cigar with the wrapper off. This, by the way, was a great evener for the mashers, and they kept up the game until bed-time. Some of the seasick passengers struggled on deck towards evening; and one of the shipmasters tried his hand at curing a case, with such gratifying results that he afterwards talked of abandoning the sea and entering upon the practice of medicine. At bed-time the steamer was forging along against a head wind and a small choppy sea, and hardly making her usual speed.

Monday morning, and our last day at sea, as the steamer is due at Lewis' wharf at eight. At that hour, however, we were quietly informed by Mr. Ives, the genial first officer, that at least eighty miles of water lie between us and the gilded dome of the State House, so we bowed to the inevitable and postponed landing until the afternoon. However, it was a beautiful day, and probably it was better to be in the Bay of Fundy, drinking in the ozone of the ocean than to be among the multitude watching the Labor Day parade in the crowded streets of Boston. So the passengers made the best of the situation and were thankful. Before noon the Highlands of Cape Cod became visible, and the steamer was surrounded with coasting schooners bound in all directions. As we passed along into Boston Bay the schooners changed into pilot boats, fishing boats, pleasure boats and yachts, and the scene was indeed a lively one. By two o'clock we were up abreast of Thatcher's Island with its two towering lighthouses, and soon after the land around Boston and away down into the historical Plymouth Rock became visible. The deck was by this time crowded with passengers, there being upwards of 150 on board, but the number looked small compared with that on some of the passing excursion steamers which carried about five to our one. Hats and handkerchiefs saluted us on every side, and the scene was most enjoyable. By four we passed Minot's Light, and the Graves, the suggestive name of a deadly looking ledge stretching far out from Boston Light, and a few minutes later we passed the lighthouse. Steam and sailing yachts were rushing about on every side, making a scene not soon forgotten. The tide was then running strongly against us, and the steamer went slowly up past Gallop's Island and "Dear Island down the Bay," getting to the dock at five o'clock and landing the first passenger half an hour later.

Before closing I cannot help dwelling upon the pleasure the trip afforded. Every hour brought its own enjoyment. While I will not attempt to chronicle many of the eccentric features and amusing occurrences of the passage, I have no hesitation whatever about recommending it to any person desirous of spending a pleasant holiday. Adieu, for a while only I hope, to the jolly captains, always on deck and always cheerful and pleasant, and to Messrs. Doty, Dibble, Hamilton and others who helped to while away the hours.

VIATOR.

Dyspeptic—Is not a palliative, but a cure; it first relieves, then controls, and finally entirely subdues the irritation and inflammation of the stomach that causes indigestion and dyspepsia.

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Sep 4 dy law

The Queen Pays all Expenses.

The Queen's last "Free Trip to Europe" having excited such universal interest, the publishers of that popular magazine offer another and \$200.00 extra for expenses, to the person sending them the largest list of English words constructed from letters contained in the three words "British North America." Additional prizes, consisting of Silver Tea Sets, China Dinner Sets, Gold Watches, French Music Boxes, Fortier Curtains, Silk Dresses, Mantel Clocks, and many other useful and valuable articles will also be awarded in order of merit. A special prize of a Seal Skin Jacket to the lady, and a handsome Shetland Pony to the girl or boy (delivered free in Canada or United States), sending the largest lists. Everyone sending a list of not less than twenty words will receive a present. Send four 3c. stamps for complete rules, illustrated catalogue of prizes, and sample number of the Queen.

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2 mos. dy & wky.