

# The Daily Examiner.

TERMS:—FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR.

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NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1885.

VOL. 17.—NO. 93

## The Daily Examiner

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

ALMANAC FOR SEPTEMBER, 1885.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Last Quarter 2nd day, 1h. 2m., a. m.  
New Moon 8th day, 4h. 31m., p. m.  
First Quarter, 16th day, 2h. 2m., a. m.  
Full Moon, 24th day, 3h. 42m., a. m.

| DAY OF WEEK  | Sun<br>rises | Sun<br>sets | Moon<br>rises | Moon<br>sets | High<br>water | Days<br>in<br>len |
|--------------|--------------|-------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|-------------------|
| 1 Tuesday    | 5 25         | 6 36        | 10 29         | 2 59         | 13 9          | 5                 |
| 2 Wednesday  | 27 32        | 11 20       | 4 1           | 5            | 5             | 5                 |
| 3 Thursday   | 28 30        | 10 30       | 5 26          | 2            | 5             | 2                 |
| 4 Friday     | 29 28        | 9 21        | 6 58          | 12 59        | 5             | 2                 |
| 5 Saturday   | 30 26        | 1 29        | 8 10          | 56           | 5             | 2                 |
| 6 Sunday     | 32 24        | 2 40        | 9 5           | 52           | 5             | 2                 |
| 7 Monday     | 33 22        | 3 55        | 9 57          | 49           | 5             | 2                 |
| 8 Tuesday    | 34 20        | 5 9         | 10 35         | 46           | 5             | 2                 |
| 9 Wednesday  | 36 18        | 6 19        | 11 13         | 42           | 5             | 2                 |
| 10 Thursday  | 37 17        | 7 33        | 11 51         | 40           | 5             | 2                 |
| 11 Friday    | 38 15        | 8 42        | 12 29         | 37           | 5             | 2                 |
| 12 Saturday  | 39 13        | 9 45        | 0 28          | 34           | 5             | 2                 |
| 13 Sunday    | 41 11        | 10 51       | 1 6           | 30           | 5             | 2                 |
| 14 Monday    | 42 9         | 11 50       | 1 47          | 27           | 5             | 2                 |
| 15 Tuesday   | 43 7         | 12 44       | 2 31          | 24           | 5             | 2                 |
| 16 Wednesday | 44 5         | 1 34        | 3 25          | 21           | 5             | 2                 |
| 17 Thursday  | 46 3         | 2 20        | 4 32          | 17           | 5             | 2                 |
| 18 Friday    | 47 1         | 3 0         | 5 45          | 14           | 5             | 2                 |
| 19 Saturday  | 48 5         | 3 36        | 6 57          | 11           | 5             | 2                 |
| 20 Sunday    | 50 5         | 4 10        | 7 36          | 7            | 5             | 2                 |
| 21 Monday    | 51 5         | 4 40        | 8 42          | 4            | 5             | 2                 |
| 22 Tuesday   | 52 5         | 5 9         | 9 23          | 0            | 5             | 2                 |
| 23 Wednesday | 53 5         | 5 38        | 10 0          | 11 59        | 5             | 2                 |
| 24 Thursday  | 54 4         | 6 10        | 10 35         | 55           | 5             | 2                 |
| 25 Friday    | 55 4         | 6 35        | 11 9          | 52           | 5             | 2                 |
| 26 Saturday  | 56 4         | 7 5         | 11 44         | 49           | 5             | 2                 |
| 27 Sunday    | 58 4         | 7 45        | 12 42         | 45           | 5             | 2                 |
| 28 Monday    | 6 0          | 8 28        | 1 0           | 41           | 5             | 2                 |
| 29 Tuesday   | 1 40         | 9 17        | 1 46          | 39           | 5             | 2                 |
| 30 Wednesday | 6 2 5        | 10 14       | 2 38          | 11 36        | 5             | 2                 |

NOTES.  
The great fire of London (1666) on 2nd.  
George Whitefield died (1770) on 30th.  
In this month the mornings decrease 47  
minutes; the afternoons 1 hour and 6 min-  
utes.

## THE RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

For the convenience of the travelling  
public, we have carefully arranged the fol-  
lowing table of arrival and departure of  
trains on the P. E. Island Railway, accord-  
ing to local time:—

| Going West.       | A. M. | P. M. |
|-------------------|-------|-------|
| Charlottetown     | 6 47  | 9 12  |
| Royalton Junction | 7 02  | 9 47  |
| North Wiltshire   | 7 37  | 10 39 |
| Hunter River      | 7 47  | 10 55 |
| Bradallane        | 8 12  | 11 32 |
| County Line       | 8 19  | 11 43 |
| Freetown          | 8 29  | 11 59 |
| Kensington        | 8 42  | 12 22 |
| Summerside        | 9 07  | 12 57 |
| depart            | 9 27  | 2 37  |
| Misouche          | 9 42  | 3 00  |
| Wellington        | 10 01 | 3 29  |
| Fort Hill         | 10 29 | 4 20  |
| O'Leary           | 11 22 | 5 42  |
| Alberton          | 12 05 | 6 57  |
| Tignish           | 12 42 | 7 47  |
| From West.        | P. M. | A. M. |
| Tignish           | 2 07  | 6 47  |
| Alberton          | 2 45  | 7 57  |
| O'Leary           | 3 29  | 9 02  |
| Fort Hill         | 4 20  | 10 29 |
| Wellington        | 4 49  | 11 10 |
| Misouche          | 5 07  | 11 44 |
| arrive            | 5 22  | 12 07 |
| Summerside        | 5 42  | 1 12  |
| depart            | 6 07  | 1 49  |
| Kensington        | 6 22  | 2 12  |
| Freetown          | 6 32  | 2 27  |
| County Line       | 6 38  | 2 37  |
| Bradallane        | 6 38  | 2 37  |
| Hunter River      | 7 02  | 3 15  |
| North Wiltshire   | 7 12  | 3 32  |
| Royalton Junction | 7 47  | 4 32  |
| Charlottetown     | 8 02  | 4 52  |
| Going East.       | A. M. | P. M. |
| Charlottetown     | 7 07  | 4 17  |
| York              | 7 43  | 4 44  |
| Bedford           | 8 04  | 4 57  |
| Mount Stewart     | 8 37  | 5 22  |
| arrive            | 8 57  | 5 27  |
| Morell            | 9 42  | 5 56  |
| St. Peter's       | 10 15 | 6 17  |
| Bear River        | 11 07 | 6 52  |
| Somerset          | 11 57 | 7 22  |
| Mount Stewart     | 9 02  | 5 25  |
| Cardigan          | 10 15 | 6 32  |
| Georgetown        | 10 37 | 6 42  |
| From East.        | A. M. | P. M. |
| Somerset          | 6 47  | 2 12  |
| Bear River        | 7 17  | 3 02  |
| St. Peter's       | 7 52  | 3 54  |
| Morell            | 8 14  | 4 27  |
| Mount Stewart     | 8 42  | 5 17  |
| depart            | 8 47  | 5 37  |
| Bedford           | 9 12  | 6 14  |
| York              | 9 26  | 6 35  |
| Charlottetown     | 9 52  | 7 12  |
| Georgetown        | 7 32  | 3 37  |
| Cardigan          | 7 49  | 4 00  |
| Mount Stewart     | 8 42  | 5 12  |

## NEW GOODS

### —AT THE— LONDON HOUSE!

NEW FELT HATS, (Fall Styles), New SHEETINGS, New WHITE COTTONS, New  
FLEECY COTTONS, New FLANNELS, New LADIES' RUBBER CIRCULARS, New  
MEN'S RUBBER COATS.



## Tailoring Department.

New Tweeds,  
Broadcloths,

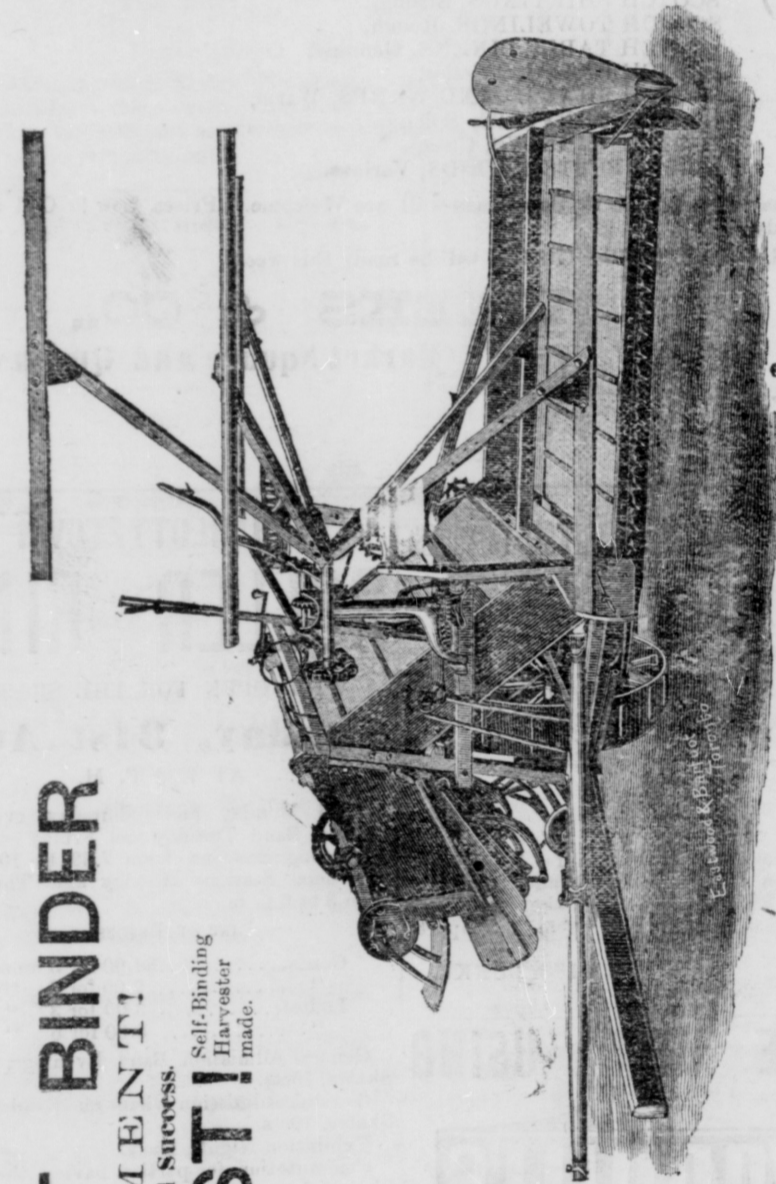
Worstedes,

Suitings, &c.

All work done with Promptness and in the  
Best Styles, at the Lowest Prices.

CEO. DAVIES & CO.

Ch'town, Aug. 17, 1885.



THE  
TORONTO LIGHT BINDER

NO EXPERIMENT!

But a Well-Tried Practical Success.

THE BEST!

Cuts Closer,  
Draws Lighter,  
Elevates Easier,  
Knots Better.

More Toronto Binders now in use on the Island  
than all other kinds put together.

For full information apply to E. Kinsman, Summerside, Gen-  
eral Travelling Agent for P. E. Island; Stewart & Faucherson,  
Managers of our Branch Warehouses, Charlottetown; J. T.  
Milligan, Conway, or any of our Local Agents.

TIPPET, BURDITT & CO.,  
St. John, N. B., July 31, 1885.

## CITY HAT STORE.

L. E. PROWSE will, during July and August, clear out the balance of his Summer  
Goods, at prices that must sell them.  
A job lot of LACE CURTAINS, regular price \$4.20, now \$3.25; \$5.50 for \$4.25; \$6  
for \$4.75, newest patterns and extra good quality. A large lot of

Dress Goods, Fringes, Laces, Sunshades,  
Ribbons, Flowers, Feathers, &c.,  
at a Big Discount.

BLACK CASHMERES and MERINOS very cheap. Also, Men's FELT HATS,  
Ready-Made CLOTHING, &c.—Cheapest in Town.

L. E. PROWSE,

Sign of the Great Big Hat, 74 Queen Street.

Ch'town, July 15, 1885.

## LORNE HOTEL,

Grand Tracadie Beach.

This Favorite Watering Place will  
Re-Open on Dominion Day, 1st July,  
under experienced Managers from the  
United States.

Visitors will find this place agreeable during  
the warm weather.

## FOUND OUT.

'I wish I could do something for you,  
Mr. Claire,' said Imogen Lee, softly,  
you do so much for me!

The young clergyman smiled. It was  
not in human nature not to be flattered  
at the wistful earnestness of this pretty  
young creature with the black eyebrows  
and soft dark eyes, the pink cheeks and  
round chin, just indented by a dimple.  
Miss Lee's miniature drawing-room was  
the prettiest and most restful place in the  
world, with its portiers of dark blue  
plush, its stand of love birds, wax-bills,  
and Java sparrows, its open boudoir  
piano, and the cape-jasmines, which filled  
all the air with sweetness: Imogen her-  
self was the fitting empress of this fairy  
domain, daintily picture-que in her blue  
silk dress, and the blue flowers in her  
hair.

'You are doing a great work for me,  
Miss Lee,' he said, 'when you visit the  
poor and sick in my district, and con-  
stitute yourself my representative at the  
many places which I have not time to  
attend.'

'Oh, but I mean something for you,  
yourself,' persisted Imogen. 'To wear,  
to use, or to decorate that little octagon  
study of yours, that I have had a curi-  
osity to see. Of course you have dozens of  
slippers, and pen-wipers enough for a  
whole pen factory, and ash-trays, and  
smoking jackets, and all that sort of  
thing; but—but her eyes brightened  
with a sudden inspiration—'do you wear  
a smoking cap? I'm sure one would be  
very becoming to you.'

'I never had one,' said Mr. Claire,  
laughing. He knew she was making a  
fool of him, but the process was very  
pleasant, and he did not at all object to  
it.

'Oh, you must have one,' said Imogen,  
clasping her hand. 'And I'll embroider  
it myself. Tell me now, which is your  
favorite flower?'

'How can a man decide in such a be-  
wildering of beauty?' he asked,  
dreamily.—'But I think I have always  
liked the gold blossomed mimosa best.'

'A sensitive plant in a garden grew,  
And the sweet winds led it with silver dew.'

'Somewhere—I am not certain where  
—I have seen a wreath of mimosas, em-  
brodered in gold and emerald,' he added  
thoughtfully.

'And you like it?' asked Imogen, nod-  
ding her head, archly. 'Well, your taste  
shall be consulted—and now here comes  
the tea—the real orange-scented Pekoe  
—just as you like.'

'Mimosas? They had no such patterns  
at the fancy emporiums; they had never  
heard of the flower, some of them. They  
had never seen it embroidered. An ugly  
tuft little blossom, which would produce  
no effect at all. For their part, they  
would recommend daisies, or pomegranates  
or passion flowers. Nowhere could  
Miss Lee find the design she wanted.

And consequently, when she turned  
off from the brilliant thoroughfare into  
the squalid streets, where vice, poverty,  
and starvation rally their innumerable  
army, to visit the poor of St. Winifreda's  
parish her heart was not by any means  
in her work.

'These poor people are all so tiresome,'  
said she, to herself. 'Their stories are  
just alike, and their rooms smell so close  
and sickening, and there is always bread  
and molasses or half eaten apples on the  
chairs. I hate the poor, and I don't see  
why I should be compelled to seek after  
them. There's no real way of helping  
them. Do what you will for them to-  
day, they're just as badly off to-morrow,  
and will be to the end of the chapter.  
And when I'm once Mrs. Fernando  
Claire, I'll declare war against the whole  
thankless-tribe and generation of 'em.'

Miss Lee was short and brusque in  
her visits that day. She told Mrs. Pug-  
rill that it was all her own fault that  
Pugrill had got drunk and been carted  
off to the station house.

'You keep your rooms so dirty that  
he can't stay in 'em,' she said. 'She cut  
short the widow Melleck's detail of her  
woes with: 'Well, well, I've heard all  
of this before. If you talked less and  
worked more, you'd be able to support  
yourself.' She declined to supply tea  
and sauff to poor Mrs. Doe. 'You are  
getting to be a regular beggar,' said she.  
'Don't you know that you ought to  
think of your tea less and your bible  
more?'

At last she came to Mrs. Hyde's,  
the pale young widow of the drowned sea  
captain.

'Not sitting up yet?' she said, tartly.  
'Now that is a little too lazy and shift-  
less,' Mrs. Hyde. You can't exactly  
expect to spend all your time on the  
sofa, like a fine lady.'

'I do not feel able to walk around  
much as yet, Miss Lee,' said Mrs. Hyde,  
coloring.

When she confided her trouble to the  
young rector at St. Winifreda's, she had  
not expected to be taken to task for ill-  
ness and lack of thrift by any sharp-  
tongued young woman.

'But this will never do,' said Miss  
Lee. 'You must get up and go to work.  
Poor people can't afford to indulge in

any fine lady whims. St. Winifreda's  
won't support you forever.'

Mrs. Hyde bit her lips.  
'I have only had twelve shillings from  
the parish,' said she, 'and—'

But at this moment Miss Lee, whose  
keen black eyes have been wandering  
around the apartment, uttered a little  
cry of pleased surprise.

'Oh, what a beautiful violet velvet  
cap,' said she. 'That one, I mean, hang-  
ing against the wall, with the yellow  
stars of flowers on it, and the feathery  
green leaves.'

'They are mimosas,' said Mrs. Hyde.  
'They are mimosas!' Miss Lee drew a  
long breath. It was to her excited mind  
exactly as if heaven had opened, and  
some good angel had flung down into her  
arms the possession she most coveted in  
all the world.

'It is all that I have left of my poor  
husband,' said Mrs. Hyde. 'It was a  
piece of Persian embroidery, given to  
him in Cabul. He only wore it a few  
times, and—'

'I'll give you five shillings for it,' said  
Miss Lee, feeling mechanically for her  
pocket-book.

Mrs. Hyde bit her lips.  
'It is not for sale,' said she. 'Nothing  
would induce me to sell it.'

'Then you must be very ungrateful,'  
said Imogen, 'after all we have done for  
you. I don't believe in people who put  
false sentiments before reason and com-  
mon sense.'

Mrs. Hyde was silent.

'I don't mind if I say ten shillings,'  
said Imogen. 'Come, if you are really  
so very poor, ten shillings ought to be an  
object to you.'

'Poor as I am,' said Mrs. Hyde, with  
a dignity which quelled even the parish  
visitress of St. Winifreda's, I am  
not yet poor enough to endure unprovoked  
insult. I have stated my determina-  
tion, and I shall adhere to it. I wish  
you good-afternoon.'

And Imogen, feeling herself politely  
turned out, flounced from the room with  
burning cheeks and flashing eyes. She  
hardly got down to the floor of the  
house, however, before she missed one  
of her gloves.

'Six-button,' she said to herself, 'and  
the newest shade of myrtle green. I  
can't afford to lose it.'

So, unwilling enough, she went back.  
Mrs. Hyde was not there. She had  
drugged herself from the calico-covered  
lounge into a neighbor's room, at the  
summons of a terrified young mother,  
whose child was in a fit; but the myrtle  
green glove lay close to the chair which  
Imogen had so recently occupied. She  
caught it up, rather relieved not to have  
to face the dignified young widow again,  
and glanced hurriedly at the wall by the  
window where the violet velvet smoking  
cap had hung.

When Mrs. Hyde returned, in about  
fifteen minutes, the hall was empty—the  
pretty wreath of mimosas was gone.

'I hope you will like it,' said Imogen,  
with her pretty head drooping, her eyes  
cast down. 'It is all my own work; I  
designed it myself.'

'It is beautiful,' said the young clergy-  
man as he looked at the violet velvet  
cap, with its circle of rare Eastern em-  
broidery, its binding of gold cord and  
golden tassels. 'But—'

He stopped abruptly. Where had he  
seen one so exactly like it before?

Every one knows how impossible it is  
to locate these provoking will-o-the-wisps  
of the brain. And Mr. Claire left off  
trying, for the present.

'It was very kind of you to think of  
me,' said Mr. Claire. 'Bless me—two  
o'clock already; and I have an engage-  
ment at quarter past,' and he bade  
Imogen Lee good-by, and went off, with  
the little rose-perfumed paper box in his  
hand.

'Really,' said Imogen, with a pout,  
'I think he might have displayed a little  
more enthusiasm. And after all the  
trouble I had, too.'

Mrs. Hyde was sitting in her little  
reception parlor when the young man  
entered it—Mrs. Hyde, pale, slight, and  
looking unusually interesting in her deep  
mourning dress.

'I have come to thank you for all  
your kindness, Mr. Claire,' said she,  
'and to tell you that I have now  
opened a little school in Court street,  
by the aid of which I hope to support  
myself, for the future.'

Mr. Claire looked kindly down upon  
the sweet white face.

'But you are sure you are well  
enough?' said he.

'I cannot endure always to be depend-  
ent,' said Mrs. Hyde, blushing. 'And—  
but oh, Mr. Claire, pardon my seeming  
abruptness, but where did you get that  
velvet cap?'

For, in his absent pre-occupation, Mr.  
Claire had taken the velvet mimosas cap  
out of the rose-scented box and hung it  
on one of the antlers of the deer's head  
over the mantel.

'It was a present from one of my  
parishioners,' said he—'Miss Imogen  
Lee.'

Mrs. Hyde bit her lips.  
'Do you know where she got it?'

'She embroidered it herself,' said the  
unconscious Mr. Claire.

'Pardon me,' said Mrs. Hyde, thor-  
oughly aroused and indignant by this  
time; and she told Mr. Claire the true  
story of the wreath of mimosas.

'Then it was in your room that I saw  
it,' said the rector with a long breath.

'But who would have believed that  
Imogen Lee would be guilty of a crime  
—yes a crime—like this?'

He went to the young lady and talked  
gravely to her that afternoon. Imogen  
had never been so impressed in her life  
—and yet she knew that her chance for  
the young clergyman's affections was  
over.

He could have forgiven any fault but  
deceit.

I suppose he will marry Mrs. Hyde,  
now,' thought Miss Lee, bitterly.

'Widows seem to carry a peculiar spell  
with them.'

Imogen was right. He did marry  
Mrs. Hyde, finally. But Imogen Lee had  
herself to thank for it. Before the epi-  
sode of the velvet cap, Mr. Claire had  
never had his attention called particu-  
larly to the young sea-captain's widow.

'But when I once got fairly acquainted  
with her,' he said, 'I could not help ad-  
miring her.'

And Imogen Lee does no more parish  
visiting for St. Winifreda's now.

## Special Notices.

MR. THOMAS B. LAVERS, who is represent-  
ing the Mutual Benefit Society of Canada, is  
in the city. Parties who contemplate having  
their lives insured, male or female, would do  
well to give him a call. He can be found at  
Mr. Farquharson's Boarding House, corner of  
Prince and Water Streets.

L. E. PROWSE is opening new Dress Good  
and Winceys, new Prints, etc. sp 5

A GOOD suit of men's underclothing for 65  
cents at J. B. Macdonald's. (sp 5)

New Black Cashmeres and Merinos at the  
London House. (sp 5 31 wklly 21)

L. E. PROWSE is opening new goods to-day.  
sp 5

NEW CORSETS at the London House.  
(sp 5 31 wklly 21)

Go to L. E. Prowse's for new Dress Goods.  
sp 5

Suits, \$4.75; Pants, \$1.25 and upwards, at  
J. B. Macdonald's. (sp 5)

For a nice Fall Suit go to the London  
House. (sp 5 31 wklly 21)

PAIR BANKS SCALES repaired, and warranted  
to stand the test, or no pay, at Brown's,  
at the Athenaeum. (sp 5)

We call special attention to our new styles  
of brass nailed boots. Extra wear.—Dorsey,  
Goff & Co. (sp 2)

GREAT BARGAINS this evening to buyers of  
readymade clothing at J. B.