The Daily Examiner.

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NEW SERIES. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1884. VOL. 15.—NO. 144.

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ALMANAC FOR NOVEMBER, 1884.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Full Moon, 3rd day, 4h. 24.3m., a. m.
Last Quarter 9th day, 6h. 59.9m., p. m.
New Moon 17th day, 1h. 59.2m., p. m.
First Quarter, 25th day, 6h. 3 4m., a. m.

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

THE RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

(Charlottetown Time.)

GOING WEST.		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Charlottetown		6 47	9 12	4 27
Hunter River		7 47	10 55	5 47
			P. M.	
Kensington		8 42	12 22	7 05
Summerside,	arrive	9 07	12 57	7 37
	depart	9 27	2 32	
Port Hill		10 30	4 15	
Alberton		12 05	6 57	
Tignish		12 42	7 47	
FROM WEST.		P. M.	A. M.	A. M.
Tignish		2 02	6 47	
Alberton		2 40	7 57	
Port Hill		4 15	10 25	
Summerside,	arrive	5 17	12 07	
	depart	5 42	1 22	6 57
Kensington		6 07	2 09	7 30
Hunter River		7 02	3 25	8 47
Charlottetown		8 02	5 07	10 07
GOING EAST.			P. M.	A. M.
Charlottetown		4 17		7 02
Mount Stewart,	arrive	5 22		8 37
	depart	5 27		9 02
St. Peter's		6 17		10 02
				P. M.
Souris		7 22		12 02
				A. M.
Mount Stewart		5 32		9 07
Cardigan		6 29		10 22
Georgetown		6 47		10 47
FROM EAST.			A. M.	P. M.
Souris		6 47		2 17
St. Peter's		7 52		4 00
Mount Stewart,	arrive	8 42		5 17
	depart	8 47		5 42
Charlottetown		9 52		7 27
Georgetown		7 27		3 32
Cardigan		7 45		3 57
Mount Stewart		8 42		5 12

Dr. Toombs,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Mount Stewart.

Charlottetown, Oct. 20—1m wkly 6m

L. ARTHUR & CO.,

GENERAL

Commission Merchants,

121 ATLANTIC AVENUE,

(ROSS MARKET)

BOSTON, MASS.

Eggs and Produce a Specialty.

May 15, 1884 wkly tf

SULLIVAN & MACNEILL,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW

Solicitors in Chancery,

NOTARIES PUBLIC, &c.

OFFICES—O'Halloran's Building, Great George Street, Charlottetown.

☞ Money to Loan,

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Jan. 16, '83.

H. W. VINNICOMBE.

PIANO TUNER

Pianos Tuned, Re-wired and Regulated.

CHURCH ORGANS

Voiced, Tuned, and Regulated with Care.

CABINET ORGANS

Tuned, Re-toned and Repaired.

Having nearly twenty years' experience with the construction of English, American and German Pianos, and under the patronage of Government House, the Convent and the leading musical families on the Island, feels sure of giving universal satisfaction.

Mr. V will engage professionally for public or private concerts the coming season.

Office—C. P. Fletcher's Music Store.

Ch'town, Oct. 25 '18 4

McLeod, Morson & McQuarrie,

BARRISTERS

—AND—

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

Office in Old Bank.

(UP STAIRS).

Ch'town, Feb. 21, 1884.

CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED.

R. O'DWYER,

Commission and General Merchant

FOR SALE OF P. E. I. PRODUCE.

289 WATER STREET,

St. Johns' Newfoundland.

In connection with the above is Captain English, who is well known in P. E. Island, who will take special charge of all consignments, and will also attend to the chartering of vessels for the carrying trade of P. E. I.

The firm is one of the oldest and most reliable in Newfoundland Returns guaranteed to be prompt and satisfactory. Parties wishing to procure Labradore Herring should send their orders in time

Sept. 6, 1884.—till 31st dec. '84.

W. WHEATLEY,

(OF WHEATLEY & SONS, CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND)

Commission Merchant,

269 BARRINGTON STREET,

HALIFAX, N. S.

☞ Special attention given to the sale of P. E. Island produce.

April 24, 1884.

APPLES, APPLES, APPLES.

CHARLES DONALD & CO.,

79 Queen St, London, E. C.

Will be glad to correspond with Apple Growers, Merchants and Shippers, with a view to Autumn and Spring business.

They will also give the usual facilities to customers requiring advances. aug1

WEST & RENDELL,

Commission Merchants,

St. John's, Newfoundland.

Consignments solicited. Liberal advances made.

July 25, 1884.—2aw 4m

MONCTON

Sash and Door Factory.

MR. P. LEA, in returning thanks to the public for the liberal patronage extended to him while in business in Charlottetown, begs leave to inform his old customers and the public generally, that he, in company with Mr. William Rogers, has appointed

Messrs. B. Williams & Co,

Lumber and Coal Dealers, Pownal Wharf, Charlottetown, our agents, who will keep constantly on hand a full supply of Mouldings, Window Sashes, Doors, etc., at

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

All orders entrusted to them will receive prompt attention.

LEA & ROGERS,

Moncton, N. B.

Sept. 5, 83—2aw wkly

TO LET,

THE residence on Prince Street at present occupied by Mrs. Arthur Swabey, containing eleven rooms, fitted with grates, chandeliers, etc., in a good state of repair. Apply to

F. S. MOORE.

Aug 20—2aw

Fall and Winter Goods!

The London House Ready-Made Department is Showing a Large Stock of

MEN'S OVERCOATS, YOUTHS' OVERCOATS, BOYS' OVERCOATS,
" ULSTERS, " ULSTERS, " ULSTERS,
" REEFING JACKETS.

Men and Boys' WOOL UNDERCLOTHING, all Qualities and Prices.

Flannel Shirts, Men's Knit Top Shirts, Cardigan Jackets, Ladies' Fur-lined Circulars,

LADIES' CLOTH ULSTERS. - - - LADIE'S CLOTH SACQUES.
ASTRACAN JACKETS. - - - FUR CAPS AND MITTS.

A LARGE STOCK OF BLANKETS,

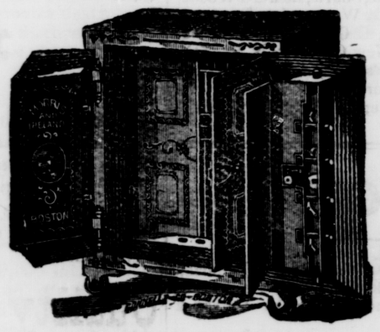
FUR COATS, COON, BUFFALO AND DOG.
BUFFALO ROBES, JAPANESE AND WOLF ROBES,
HORSE RUGS, RAILWAY WRAPPERS, &c., &c.

WE INVITE ATTENTION TO THE ABOVE, AS THEY ARE MARKED LOW FOR CASH.

Charlottetown, Oct. 16, 1884.

GEO. DAVIES & CO.

MORRIS & IRELAND'S



NEW IMPROVED PATENT EIGHT-FLANGE FIRE-PROOF SAFE.

THE only Eight-Flange Safe in the world, and containing more improvements than ANY SAFE made, such as:

1st. THE PATENT INSIDE BOLT WORK, which is placing the bolt work with the whole of the filling (six inches) between it and the outside, that is, as far from the fire and thief as it can be.

2nd. THE PATENT HINGED CAP—the back plate of the door being on hinges, enabling the owner, by turning a thumbscrew, to have easy access to the lock and bolt-work. He can thus easily change the lock, clean, oil, and keep the bolt-work in good order.

3rd. IRON INSIDE LINING, stronger than wood, and which retains the moisture in the filling for an indefinite time. Wood is thicker and weaker, and after a few years absorbs the moisture and "requires filling over again."

4th, FOUR-WHEEL COMBINATION LOCKS, the simplest, strongest, most efficient and easiest to change of any in use.

5th. SOLID ANGLE IRON FRONTS, BACKS AND CORNERS, which prevents warping or injury to safe from falling, or falling walls or timbers.

6th. EIGHT FLANGES—the most important improvement ever made in fire-proof safes, providing eight laps, thus preventing the passage of heat, it having to pass over twelve inches, no injury arises from this source, as in other safes containing one, two or three flanges.

THESE SAFES have stood the test of years, and the greatest fires on this continent, and have the *CHAMPION RECORD* in the *Boston, Chicago and Haverhill Fires.*

We are selling these safes as low as any good safe, and are disposing of large numbers throughout the Dominion

BANK WORK AND VAULT DOORS are specialties of our firm. For prices, testimonials and information, address,

JOSEPH JACOBS, GENERAL AGENT.

MORRIS & IRELAND, 64 Sudbury St., Boston Mass.

DORSEY, GOFF & CO'S.

Celebrated Make of Boots are taking the lead all over the Island.

People say our Boots are Water-tight, Good Fit, Very Cheap, and wear as well as Custom Boots.

BE SURE AND GET OUR MAKE.

DORSEY, GOFF & CO

Ch'town, Sept. 18, 1884.—eod wkly

Burdette's Little Wife.

THE HUMORIST PATHETICALLY DEPICTS A TOUCHING DEATH-BED SCENE.

Mr. Robert J. Burdette is something more than a humorist. The following letter to a friend, speaking of the death of his wife, has pictures in it as pathetic and touching as those in Dickens' "David Copperfield":

ARDMORE, July 3, 1884.—Dear Mrs. Pilling: So many times I have tried to write to you since Carrie fell asleep, and so many times I do not write because I have so much time. It is not easy to do anything when one has too much time. I wrote more, and wrote more easily—I accomplished more when there was a restless little head to be soothed and petted; when there was a hot, tumbled pillow to adjust; when there was a helpless little head to hold until the ache went away. Now I have nothing to do, and so do nothing.

She did not pass away in forgetfulness of you. Too many times your coming had brought comfort to our home; too many times you had come wiih hope and courage and strength in your hands. She thought of you in the closing days, and often spoke of you.

I wish you might have seen her when she lay at rest. I would like you to have that picture of perfect rest, of eternal peace, of quiet, untroubled sleep—the dear little face not marked by one line or mark of pain and sickness; I would like you to have that picture of her to carry in your heart, because I know how dearly you loved her.

Her last Sunday on the earth was with acute pain, but she was very restless, her breathing was distressed, she ate nothing. She wanted us, Dora and Robbie and myself, to be near her all the time, as for months past she had constantly expressed the same desire. Many times she hoped we could be alone, just our own little family, when she passed away.

Several times this afternoon she asked, "How does the day wear on?" During the closing weeks of her earthly life she had always used that expression in asking the hour. Dear, patient, little sufferer, The day did indeed "wear on" with her.

Suddenly night came on; she was weary, but complained of no acute pain and seemed glad When the darkness came on Dora took my place at her side; at sunset and until 9 o'clock I walked on the lawn; for weeks past Dora and I divided the watching between us. Carrie seemed so content and happy to have one of us near her all the time.

When I came in at nine o'clock there was no change to make us apprehensive. A score of times within the year we had felt more fearful that the end was near. It made Carrie restless and distressed her to have us sit up, so I partially undressed and lay down by her side. The night grew cold, but she did not appear to notice it. The windows were wide open for air, but her breathing was no easier. She did not sleep. Part of the time she closed her eyes, but for the greater part of the night the soft brown eyes were open, the patient light that blessed our home shining in them.

At times her mind was busy with persons and places and scenes remote in time and distance. All the night long I heard her whispering softly, as though she talked with the angels who were ministering unto her. When I leaned closer to listen she would turn her face toward me, smile, and bid me never mind; she was only dreaming. Constantly the position of her head had to be changed; her pillows grew hot, she said. Four or five of them were kept in almost continuous rotation, changing every two or three minutes. She did not complain; she did not appear to notice she was so restless. About 2 o'clock in the morning she asked again, "How does the night wear on?" and then I wanted to call the family, but she said "No, it was not necessary." "I do not think," she said, "the end is very near."

"The morning air was blowing chill and strong through the room, but she did not appear to feel the cold very much, and only had one light extra blanket thrown over her. About 4 o'clock I heard her say softly and lovingly:

"Sit closer to me, Dora."

"And then she added:

"How quiet and beautiful the lake is to-night."

Then I knew she was back in her old home on the bluff in Peoria, the beautiful home of her girlhood; once more she was sitting on the white columned porch with Dora, her darling sister, always dear to her and always by her side, and they were looking at the sleeping waters of the star-lit lake. She was sitting alone with Dora. Just pluming its snowy wings for flight, the soul turned back one moment to the morning of life, and my darling nestled close to the side of the loving and beloved sister.

The grey light of the early morning was creeping in through the open windows, and on her patient face, glorified by suffering, was shining another, fairer light, that I know was streaming from celestial portals opening for her. She smiled sweetly as I crossed the room and stooped to kiss her, and said:—

"Bob, dear, it is

The chill before the dawning
Between night and morning."

It was the hour at which she had expressed the wish that she might pass away, and I knew that she referred to a favourite verse of a poem that she loved. I said:—

"Yes, dear, I think the sun will come very soon now."

Her face grew radiant as she smiled again, and said:—

"Yes, He will come for me this morning."

Dora was quickly at her side, and we knew there were watchers whom we could not see standing in the room. She who was so nearly past all suffering was solicitous only for our comfort, and in quiet, loving tones gave some little instructions:—"You must keep well and strong."

The nurse entered the room, but Carrie could take neither nourishment nor medicine. "I want nothing," she said. Her breathing became more laborious. The doctor arrived, but she could not swallow the medicine, and he held her hand, bade her good by, and went away, promising to come in again during the morning. About six o'clock Robbie came into the room, kissed his "little mamma," and stood close by her side

There was no fear, no dread in all the scene. She could speak only in short, broken sentences. As I repeated the beautiful promises to her, how her face kindled, as she smiled upon us, turning her dear face from one to the other. Even as she entered the river she said, "the sun was shining on it." She did not shrink. The waters were not so cold nor so bitter. She had no fear, for she relied on the strong right arm of the righteousness.

Moved by a sudden impulse, about half an hour before she passed, away Robbie rushed to her side, threw his arms about her, and holding her close kissed her. She kissed her boy and tenderly said:

"God bless my baby."

It was her last blessing on earth. "Lord," she said in broken accents, checked by her troubled breathing, "Into Thy hands I commend my spirit." Still she looked at us, smiling, until a few moments before the end. She asked for a drink of orangeade, but could not swallow. "Even so," she whispered, "come quickly, Lord Jesus." Her head fell back in my arms. Like a flash of sunlight the "bright white light swept across her face, carying away the stain and cloud of disease, her face turned upward, and her eyes grew strangely radient. "Mother!" she called joyously, as a child springing into a mother's arms, "mother," "mother," and she was folded in the arms of the angel mother, who passed away when she was a child. Her face was white as the starlight, her radient eyes were not dimmed when she closed them, and for the first time in many years, she slept without a pain.

Velvet mosses cover the little mound where she sleeps, and graceful ferns fringe it around. She rests in the church-yard of quaint old-fashioned Lord Marion church. It was her own wish, made nearly or quite a year ago.

I think the angels must have been glad to see her come. So many of them had ministered unto her, and strengthened her in her pilgrimage of suffering, and I know they rejoiced when she came to be with them. There never was so brave, so patient a life among men; there could be no life braver even among women.

We will always be glad to hear from you, Mrs. Pilling. We will remain in Ardmore, in the house sanctified by her life and death, until next April, anyhow.

Robbie and Dora unite in sending love to you. You'd hardly know your little white-faced boy, he is so ruddy. Good bye. Sincerely your friend,

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

Addressing a Liberal audience at Edinburgh, not long since, Mr. Gladstone said: "I believe the Egyptian proceedings of Lord Salisbury were well meant, but I condemn them for want of discretion and judgment. I do not believe that they had a scheme of ambition in view in going to Egypt, but of improving its condition. I look upon it as an error of judgment, that would have been a knockdown blow for the Tory party." On this statement Lord Randolph Churchill, speaking before the Conservative Association of Leeds, thus comments: "Of course when Mr. Gladstone says black is white, nine people out of ten in Scotland are ready to accept it. Well, now an arrangement is either good or bad. They say that a tree cannot bear at the same time good fruit and bad fruit, and that a fountain cannot pour forth sweet water and bitter. Mr. Gladstone in 1881, having had a year and a half in Egypt, pronounced it to be a decidedly good arrangement. In 1884, having terribly misunderstood and mismanaged the arrangement and the country in which it was working, and having got himself into a terrible trouble; he pronounces it to be decidedly bad." This turning of the tables on the premier was greeted with laughter and cheers.

Many high tributes are paid to Lord Ripon, the retiring Viceroy, by the press of India. Said *The Indian Spectator* recently: "India has to part with her popular Viceroy, the ruler who, more than almost all his predecessors, comes nearest to our ideal of what the representative of Her Imperial Majesty ought to be. If righteousness has any value for the practical politican, Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji's description of the outgoing Viceroy—the 'saviour of the people'—will hold good forever. Here we are reminded of Lord Ripon's first speech in India, in course of which he said to the citizens of Bombay: 'Gentlemen, judge me by my acts.' There has scarcely been time enough to form a judgment, and the unexpected has often upset our calculations during the last two years. But still the general verdict will stand for all time in favour of 'Ripon the Just,' as our poets have already named him."

The grand jury of New York on the 3rd inst., made a long presentment to the court. They comment unfavorably on the enforcement of the excise laws and say that nearly all of the cases of homicide passed upon by them were committed in drinking saloons, or committed when the actors were under the influence of strong drink. The grand jury ask for more stringent enforcement of the laws and recommend that certain days during the term may be set aside for the trial of these cases.

A shocking case is reported from London where the police raided a house wherein some fourteen men and women were engaged in a drunken quarrel, the dead body of a little child four days dead lying neglected in a corner.