

# THE DAILY EXAMINER.

TERMS—FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR.

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

SINGLE COPIES TWO CENTS.

NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1886.

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Advertising at moderate rates.  
Contracts may be made for monthly, quarterly, half-yearly, or yearly advertisements, on application.

ALMANAC FOR NOVEMBER, 1886.

MOON'S CHANGES.

First Quarter 3rd day, 5.27 a. m., E.  
(below horizon.)  
Full Moon 11th day, 3h., 54.0., p. m., N. E.  
(below horizon.)  
Last Quarter 18th day, 6h., 27.8m., p. m.,  
(N. below horizon.)  
New Moon 25th day, 3h., 6.0m., p. m., S. W.

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

## EXPIRATION OF LEASE.

## EXTRAORDINARY SALE

## Staple & Fancy Dry Goods

## Perkins & Sterns.

THE Lease of our premises expires in a few months, and not being able to renew the same on reasonable terms, or procure other premises in time for spring trade, we will dispose of our whole stock of NEW AND FASHIONABLE DRY GOODS at an

### IMMENSE SACRIFICE.

Carpets, Oilcloths, Rugs and Mats at 33 per cent discount; Black and Colored Dress Goods at 33 per cent discount; Mantle and other Cloths, Tweeds, &c., at 33 per cent discount; Blankets, Counterpanes, Comforts and Lace Curtains at 33 per cent discount; Silks, Satins and Velvets at 33 per cent discount; Black and Colored Plushes at 33 per cent discount; Gloves and Hosiery at 33 per cent discount; Linen Goods of all kinds at 25 per cent discount; Prints and White Cottons at 25 per cent discount.

A Lot of Goods at HALF PRICE, such as Millinery, Hats, Bonnets, Feathers, Flowers, Real Lace, Edgings, Collars and Cuffs, Frillings, a large variety Wool Goods, &c.

All of the Above New and in Good Order, and will be Sacrificed in order to Clear Out Quick.

SEE OUR CIRCULARS FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS.

## Perkins & Sterns.

Ch'town, Oct. 14, 1886.

## LISTEN TO REASON!

## NO DECEPTION!

L. E. PROWSE does not offer a discount of 33 per cent; to do so, 50 per cent profit would need to be added. Such profit would ruin a farmer or any other man—33 per cent discount means a profit of 50 per cent. But the facts are: He buys for cash only, therefore buy from 15 to 25 per cent less than many houses in the trade, and can afford to sell even less than those who pretend to give those Fabulous Discounts.

Ten Thousand Dollars (\$10,000) worth of Clothing at wonderful low prices, Overcoats from \$2.75, Suits from \$4.50 up. Job Lot Clothing at about half-price. Large stock of Dress Goods, Sacques, Ulsters, Sacque Cloth, Ladies' Hats, &c., very cheap. Shirts and Underclothing below competition.

Every sensible man and woman should see his stock and not be led away by sensational advertisements.

L. E. PROWSE

Ch'town, Oct. 21, 1886.

## A HASTY DECISION.

She was dead; an old woman, with silver hair brushed smoothly away from her wrinkled forehead, and snowy cap tied under her chin; a sad, quiet face; a patient mouth, with lines about it that told of sorrow borne with gentle firmness; and two withered, tired hands, crossed with a restful look. That was all.

Who, looking at the sleeping form, would think of love and romance, of a heart only just healed of a wound received long, long ago? Fifty years she had lived under that roof a farmer's wife. If you looked on the little plate on her coffin-lid you would see "Aged 70" there; and she was only twenty when John Phillips brought her home a bride.

A half century she had kept her careful watch over dairy and larder, had made butter and cheese, and looked after the innumerable duties that fall to the share of a farmer's wife. And John had never gone with buttonless shirts or undarned socks; had not come home to an untidy house and scolding wife. His trim, tidy Martha had been his pride, and though not a demonstrative husband, he had boasted sometimes of the model house-wife that kept his home in order.

But underneath her quiet exterior there was a story that John never dreamed of, and would hardly have believed possible had he been told. She did not marry for love. When she was nineteen, a rosy, happy girl, a stranger came on a visit to their little village, and that summer was the brightest and happiest she ever knew. Paul Gardner was the stranger's name; he was an artist, and fell in love with the simple village girl, and won her heart; and when he went away in the autumn, they were betrothed.

"I'll come again in the spring," he said. "Trust me, and wait for me, Mattie, dear."

She promised to love and wait for him till the end of time, if need be; and, with a kiss on her quivering lips, he went away.

The months passed by, and Mattie was trying to make the time seem short by studying to improve herself, so that she might be worthy of her lover, when he should return to make her his wife.

"It must be about the time he is to start," she said to herself one day.

And by-and-by as she glanced over a newspaper, her eyes were attracted by his name, and with white lips and dilated eyes, she read of his marriage to another. "Married! Taken another bride, instead of coming back to marry me! Oh, Paul, Paul! I loved and trusted you for this!"

She covered her face with her hands, and wept bitterly.

An hour afterward, as she sat there in the twilight, with the fatal newspaper lying on her lap, she heard a step on the gravel walk; and, looking up, she saw John Phillips coming up the steps. He had been to see her often before, but had never yet spoken love, and had, of course, received no encouragement to do so. He was a plain, hard-working farmer, with no romance about him, but matter-of-fact to the core. His wife would get few caresses or tender words. He would be kind enough—would give her plenty to eat and to wear.

Now he seemed to have come for the express purpose of asking her to be his wife; for he took a chair, and seating himself beside her, after the usual greeting, reserving scarcely a moment to take breath, began, in his business-like manner to converse. There was no confession of love, no pleading, no hand-clasping, no tender glances; he simply wanted her, would she be his wife! His manner was hearty enough; there was no doubt he really wanted her—would rather marry her than any other woman he knew; but that was all.

Her lips moved to tell him that she did not love him, but as she let her eyes fall upon the crimson-hearted rose that swung from the vine over the window, she caught sight of those few lines again.

"Married!" she said to herself. "What can I do? He doesn't ask me to love him. If I marry him I can be a true wife to him, and nobody will know that Paul has jilted me."

The decision was made. Her cheeks were ashy pale as she looked up, straight into his eyes, and answered quietly, "Yes, I will be your wife."

Her parents were pleased that she was chosen by so well-to-do a young man; so it was all settled, and they were married that same summer. People thought she sobered down wonderfully; more than that, nothing was said that would lead any one to suppose any change had taken place.

Yes, she was sobered down. She dared not think of Paul. There was now hope ahead. Life was a time to be filled up with something, so that she might not think of herself. John was always kind, but she got worried of his talk of stock and crops, and said to herself, "I must work harder; plan and fuss, and bustle about as other women do, so that I may forget, and grow like John."

Two years went swiftly by. A baby slept in a little cradle; and Martha—nobody called her Mattie but Paul—sat rocking it with her foot as she knitted a blue woolen stocking for the baby's father. There was a knock at the half-opened door.

"I have got in the wrong road; will you be kind enough to direct me to the nearest way to the village?" said a voice, and a stranger stepped in.

She arose to give him the required direction, but stopped short, while he came quickly forward.

"Paul!"

"Mattie!"

His face lighted up, and he reached out his arms to draw her to him. With a surprised, painful look, she drew back.

"Mr. Gardner, this is an unexpected meeting."

"Mr. Gardner?" he repeated. "Mattie, what do you mean?"

"I am Mattie's old friend," she

replied with dignity; "my name is Phillips."

"Phillips!" he echoed. "Are you married?"

"These are strange words from you, Paul Gardner; did you think I was waiting all this time for another woman's husband?—that I was keeping my faith with one who played me false so soon?"

"Played you false! I have not. I am come as I promised you. The two years are but just past, and I am here to claim you. Why do you greet me thus? Are you indeed married, Mattie Gray?"

She was trembling like an aspen leaf. For answer she turned and pointed to the cradle. He came and stood before her, with white face and folded arms.

"Tell me why did you do this! Didn't you love me well enough to wait for me?"

She went and unlocked a drawer, and took out a newspaper. Unfolding it, and finding the place, she pointed to it with her fingers, and he read the marriage notice.

"What of this?" he asked, as he met her questioning, reproachful look. "Oh, Mattie! you thought it meant me. It is my cousin. I am not married, nor in love with any one but you."

"Are you telling me the truth?" she asked in an eager, husky voice.

And then, as he replied, "it is true," she gave a low groan and sank down into a chair.

"Oh, Paul, forgive me! It nearly broke my heart! I didn't know that you had a cousin by the same name. I ought not to have doubted you; but 'twas there in black and white—and this man, my husband, came, and I married him!"

With bitter tears she told him how it all happened. With clenched hands he walked to and fro, then stopped beside the cradle and bent over the sleeping child. Lower he bent, until his lips touched its wee forehead, while he murmured softly to himself, "Mattie's baby."

Then he turned, and kneeling before her, said in a low voice, "I forgive you, Mattie; be as happy as you can." He took both her hands in his, and looked steadily into her face. His lips twitched convulsively as he arose to his feet.

"I have no right here—you are another man's wife. Good-bye—God bless you!"

He turned, as he went out of the door, and saw her standing there in the middle of the room, with arms outstretched. He went back, and, putting his arms around her, pressed one kiss on her cheek, then left the house, never looking back.

And she went down on her knees beside her sleeping baby, and prayed for strength to bear her great trial. They never saw one another again.

Seventy years old! Her stalwart sons and bright-eyed daughters remember her as a loving and devoted mother, her gray-haired husband as a most faithful wife.

"Never was a woman more patient and kind, and as good a housewife as ever was," he said, as he brushed the back of his old brown hand across his eyes while looking down on the peaceful face.

And not one of them ever knew of the weary heart and broken hope that had died in her breast, nor ever dreamed of the sorrowful load she had borne through life.

### Diaz as Dictator.

THE MOVEMENT GROWING IN POWER IN MEXICO—A DEMAND THAT THE OFFICE BE MADE HEREDITARY.

A special from Nogales, A. T., says: The proposal of prominent Mexicans to establish a dictatorship to replace the presidency of Mexico is attracting a great deal of comment. The Mexican papers, with few exceptions, have lately espoused the scheme and urge its adoption. *El Monitor Fronterizo* says: "General Diaz prepares the road to the dictatorship, the *Voz de Mexico* has entered the arena, and proclaims it. Congress is called on to sanction the will of the Caesar of the continent, and Senor Romero Rubio works assiduously to realize this new plan. Not being able to bring to success his project to prolong the presidential term, he took up the dictatorship, and so it happens that this project is fathered by a pillar of the Conservative party, and the people seem to be indifferent to these attempts. Meanwhile, the gubernatorial press clamors for a dictatorship of Gen. Diaz for twenty years. Why not hereditary? When nations do not possess the necessary manhood to be free, nothing is more evident than that despots will take advantage of their indolence and erect thrones and assume the sceptre. It is nine years now since Diaz's party climbed, step by step, the ladder which leads to despotism, and once there have defiled public life. Already they ignore the fundamental laws, and all that is wanted is the reign of a sole will. The life of a slave is sorrowful, and we need to redeem it as men of action, men whose hearts belong to the country, not to the horde of speculators. If such men have disappeared, we bow respectfully to the ruins of the republic and exclaim, "Long live Porfiro!"

### What True Merit Will Do.

The unprecedented sale of Doercher's German Syrup within a few years has astonished the world. It is without doubt the safest and best remedy ever discovered for the speedy and effectual cure of Coughs, Colds and the severest Lung troubles. It acts on an entirely different principle from the usual prescriptions given by physicians, as it does not dry up a cough and leave the disease still in the system, but on the contrary removes the cause of the trouble, heals the parts affected, and leaves them in a purely healthy condition. A bottle kept in the house for use when these diseases make their appearance, will save doctor's bills and a long spell of tedious illness. A trial will convince you of these facts. It is positively sold by all druggists and general dealers in the land. Price 75 cents, large bottles.

Keep your feet warm. A superior lot of Felt Boots at Derby Gait & Co's. Oct 29th

JAMES H. REDDIN,  
BARRISTER-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR  
AND NOTARY PUBLIC,  
has removed to the office adjoining that of R. R. Fitzgerald, Esq., Cameron Block.  
MONEY TO LOAN.  
Sept. 27, 1886—1 mo end & w/3 mos



FOR  
BOSTON.  
FALL ARRANGEMENT

THE PALACE STEAMERS  
OF THE  
INTERNATIONAL S.S. CO.

Leave St. John for Boston, via Eastport and Portland, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 8.00 a. m.  
Fare from Charlottetown to Boston, \$6.50, 2nd class; \$1.50, 1st class.  
For tickets and other information apply to  
A. SHARP, P. E. I. S. S. Co.,  
P. E. I. S. S. Co.,  
or to your nearest Ticket Agent.  
Oct. 9 1886—cod wky

L. ARTHUR & CO.,  
GENERAL  
Commission Merchants,  
121 ATLANTIC AVENUE,  
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Eggs and Produce a Specialty.  
July 15—illy wky  
HARD COAL.

IN Store, a quantity of  
BEST HARD COAL,  
Egg and Chestnut Sizes.  
Cheap for Cash.  
CAPT. J. HUGHES,  
Water Street.  
Ch'town, Oct. 14, 1886—1m cod

BARCLAY & CO.,  
GENERAL  
Commission & Shipping Merchants,  
191 Atlantic Avenue, Boston.

EIGHT years' experience in this market. Over fifty thousand bushels P. E. I. Potatoes received by us last fall. Our patrons all satisfied. Vessels chartered for potato freights at short notice. Write for market reports.  
Specialties—Potatoes, Mackerel, Canned Lobsters, Eggs.  
June 17, '86—3mo cod