

THE EXAMINER.

VOL. XXVII

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1876.

NO. 40.

The Examiner

Is Printed and Published every Monday Forenoon, BY William L. Cotton, OFFICE: Corner Queen and King Streets.

TERMS:—Per Annum, Postage prepaid by Publisher, \$1.40 in advance; \$1.62 if paid within the year; \$2.00 if not paid within the year.

RATES OF ADVERTISING

THE following are the Rates and Terms of Advertising as agreed to by the publishers of newspapers in P. E. Island—20 cents per inch for first insertion, and 20 cents for each continuation. Ten per cent. discount from this rate will be made on all advertisements continued for 3 months; 20 per cent. if continued for 6 months; 30 per cent. if continued for 9 months; and 40 per cent. if continued for 12 months.

Table with columns for Day, Week, and various rates for different types of advertising.

All advertisements exceeding 12 inches will be subject to a discount of 10 per cent. additional, if continued for one year.

The sum of 12 cents per line will be charged for each insertion of all Special Notices, and 25 cents for notices in editorial or news columns.

ALMANAC FOR OCTOBER, 1876.

Table showing moon's changes, full moon, last quarter, new moon, first quarter, and sunrise/sunset times.

PRICES CURRENT.

Table listing prices for breadstuffs, flour, meal, and other commodities.

POULTRY.

Table listing prices for various types of poultry.

MEAT.

Table listing prices for different cuts of meat.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Table listing prices for various household and miscellaneous items.

BUSINESS CARDS.

COOMBS & WORTH, JOB PRINTERS & BOOKBINDERS, 51 WATER STREET, Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

E. C. NELSON, IMPORTER & REPAIRER OF SEWING MACHINES, ADDRESS:—P. O. Box 303, Charlottetown, Oct. 25, 1876.—ly

MackENZIE & STUMBLES, Auctioneers, Commission Merchants, AND GENERAL AGENTS, 77 North Side Queen Square, Charlotteown, P. E. Island, October 18, 1876.—ly

WILLIAM DODD, Commission Merchant and AUCTIONEER, QUEEN SQUARE, CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.

CARVELL BROS., AUCTIONEERS, Commission Merchants, AND GENERAL AGENTS, Lower Queen St. Charlottetown, P. E. I.

HASZARD BROS., Commission Merchants & Auctioneers, FORWARDING, MANUFACTURERS, AND General Agents, 61 WATER STREET, Opposite Merchants Bank, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

REVERE HOUSE, ADJOINING THE POST OFFICE, ALBERTON, P. E. I. The subscriber has fitted up the above House in good style, and wishes to inform his friends, and the public generally that he is prepared to accommodate.

Transient and Permanent Boarders, Charges moderate. Good Stabling on the premises. RICHARD GLADNEY, Proprietor, Alberton, Sept. 13, 1876.

INTERNATIONAL CENTRAL STREET, Summerside, P.E. Island, JOHN MCKAY, PROPRIETOR. THIS HOUSE, second to none on the Island for beauty of situation, comfort and convenience afforded, commends itself to the patronage of all who may visit the Island for business or pleasure.

INSURANCE, ST. LAWRENCE Marine Insurance Co. OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND. BOARD OF DIRECTORS: A. KENNEDY, Esq., President.

MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND. BOARD OF DIRECTORS: ROBERT LONGWORTH, Esq., President.

THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY FIRE AND LIFE. Invested Funds, 1st Jan'y., 1874, \$21,628,356 Deposited with Receiver General of Canada, \$121,800

Prompt & Liberal Settlements. Insurance against Fire effected upon Private Residences, Household Furniture and Farm Properties, for One, Three or more years, At Reduced Rates. Office—Great George Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I. R. B. FITZGERALD, Agent, Ch'town, July 27, 1874.—6m

POETRY.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

I'm sitting, darling, by thy side, As in the days gone by, When hearts were light and hopes were bright, As summer's cloudless sky;

No spectres from her mystic depths Came forth to mar our bliss, Life's opening heavens shone fair and bright, And love brought happiness.

Like some struggling glim sunbeams, Filtering through a clouded sky, Come, those memories sweet to lure me Back to days that are gone by.

When the breaker's spray dashed o'er us, "Keep up courage," you would say, "Bright and clear will be the morrow, Dark and drear as is to-day."

LITERATURE.

WENDERHOLME.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

Matters remained in this state until Christmas Eve. Periodical festivals are highly agreeable institutions for happy people, who have the springs of merriment within them, ready to gush forth on any pretext, or on the strength of simple permission to gush forth; but it is difficult for man oppressed by a persistent weight of sorrow to throw off because the almanac has brought itself to a certain date, and it is precisely at the times of general festivity that such a man feels his burden heaviest.

It may be observed, also, that as a man, or a society of men, approaches the stages of maturity and reflection, the events of life appear more and more to acquire the power of colouring the whole of existence; so that the faculty of being merry at appointed times, and its converse, the faculty of weeping at appointed times, both giving place to a continual but quiet sadness, from which we never really escape, even for an hour, though we may still be capable of a manly fortitude, and retain a certain elasticity, the appearance of it. In a word, our happiness and misery are no longer alternative, and acute, but co-exist in a chronic form, so that it has ceased to be natural for men to wear sackcloth and heap ashes on their heads, and sit in the dust in their wretchedness; and it has also ceased to be natural for them to crown themselves with flowers, and anoint themselves with the oil of gladness, and cloth themselves in the radiance of purple and cloth of gold.

No hour of life is quite miserable enough or hopeless enough for the sackcloth and the ashes—no hour of life is brilliant enough for the gorgeous vesture and the flowery coronal.

A year before, Isaac Ogden would have welcomed the Christmas festival as a legitimate occasion for indulgence in his favourite, without much meditation (and in this perhaps he may have resembled some other very regular observers of the festival) on the history of the founder of Christianity.

But as it was no longer his desire to celebrate either this or any other festival of the Church by exposing himself to a temptation which, for him, was the strongest and most dangerous of all temptations, and as the idea of a purely spiritual celebration was an idea so utterly foreign to the whole tenor of his thoughts and habits as never even to suggest itself to him, he had felt strongly disposed to shun Christmas altogether—that is to escape from the outward and visible Christmas to some place where the days might pass as merely natural days, undisturbed by any sign of national or ecclesiastical commemoration.

He had determined, therefore, to go back to Twistle Farm, from which it seemed to him that he had been too long absent, and had announced this intention to the doctor. But when the doctor reported to Mrs. Ogden, she would not hear of any such violation of the customs and traditions of the family.

Her sons had always spent Christmas Eve together; and so long as she lived she was firmly resolved that they always should. The pertinacity with which a determined woman will uphold a custom that she cherishes is simply irresistible—that is, unless the rebel makes up his mind to incur her perpetual enmity; and Isaac Ogden was less than ever in a condition of mind either to brave the hostility of his mother or to wound her tender feelings.

So it came to pass that on Christmas Eve he went to Milend to tea.

Now, on the tea table there were some little cakes, and Mrs. Ogden had not the slightest notion of the sort of delicacy that anybody subject to her may be always to avoid present, and who always simply gave utterance to her thoughts as they came to her, observed that these little cakes were of her making, and actually added, "they're such as I used to make for little Jacob; he was so fond of them."

Isaac Ogden's feelings were not very sensitive, and he could bear a good bit; but he could not bear this. He set down his cup of tea untrasted, and gazed for a few moments at the plateful of cakes, and left the room.

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Her sons had always spent Christmas Eve together; and so long as she lived she was firmly resolved that they always should. The pertinacity with which a determined woman will uphold a custom that she cherishes is simply irresistible—that is, unless the rebel makes up his mind to incur her perpetual enmity; and Isaac Ogden was less than ever in a condition of mind either to brave the hostility of his mother or to wound her tender feelings.

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Isaac Ogden's feelings were not very sensitive, and he could bear a good bit; but he could not bear this. He set down his cup of tea untrasted, and gazed for a few moments at the plateful of cakes, and left the room.

The doctor was there but he said nothing. Jacob Ogden did not feel under any obligation to be reticent. "Mother," he said, "I think you need not have mentioned little Jacob. Our Isaac cannot bear it. He knows no other than what the little un's dead, and he's as sore as sore."

This want of delicacy in Mrs. Ogden arose from all a total lack of imagination. She could sympathize with others if she suffered along with them—an expression which might be criticized as tautological, but the reader will understand what is meant by it. If Mrs. Ogden had had the means by which she would sympathize with the sufferings of another sympathically afflicted, so long as her own pangs lasted; but if a drop of crocodile or other powerful remedy

proved efficacious in her own case, and released her from the torturing pain, she would have looked upon her fellow-sufferer as pusillanimous, if after that she continued to exhibit any outward signs of torment. Therefore, as she herself knew that little Jacob was safe at Nanny Pickering's, it was incomprehensible to her that his father should not feel equally at ease about him, though, as a matter of fact, she was perfectly well aware that he supposed the child to be irretrievably lost. Mrs. Ogden, therefore, received her son's rebuke with unfeigned surprise. She had said nothing to hurt Isaac that she knew of—he had only said that little Jacob was fond of 'em cakes—which was very true.

Isaac did not return to the little party, and they began to wonder what would become of him. After waiting for some time, Mrs. Ogden left her place at the tea tray, and went to a little sitting room adjoining—a room the men were a great deal more accustomed to than any other room in the house, and where indeed they did everything but eat and sleep. Mr. Ogden went there from habit, as his mother expected, and there she found him sitting on a large rocking-chair, and gazing abstractedly into the fire. The chair rocked regularly but gently, and its occupant seemed wholly unconscious—not only of its motion, but of every other material circumstance that surrounded him.