Senate News Room

POSTAGE PREPAID

THE EXAMINER.

VOL. XXVII. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, JANUARY 31, 1876. NO. 5.

The Examiner

Is Printed and Published every Monday Forenoon, BY

William L. Cotton,

OFFICE:

Corner Queen and King Streets.

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CLUB RATES.

The Examiner will be forwarded to Clubs at the following rates per year—payment strictly in advance:—

5 copies, one address, - - - - - $ 6.00
10 " " " - - - - - 10.00
15 " " " - - - - - 14.00
20 " " " - - - - - 18.00

Clubs may be made up at any time, but not for a shorter period than a year.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE.	1 w	2 w	3 w	4 w	5 w	6 w	7 w	2 m	3 m	4 m	5 m	6 m	12 m
1 Inch.	0.50	0.62	0.75	1.00	1.20	1.35	1.50	1.65	1.95	2.25	2.55	2.85	5.70
2 do.	1.00	1.25	1.50	1.75	2.00	2.25	2.50	2.75	3.25	3.75	4.25	4.75	9.50
3 do.	1.50	1.87	2.25	2.62	3.00	3.37	4.00	4.46	5.87	6.62	7.37	8.12	16.24
4 do.	2.00	2.50	3.00	3.50	4.00	4.50	5.00	5.50	6.50	7.50	8.50	9.50	19.00
5 do.	2.50	3.12	3.75	4.37	5.00	5.62	6.25	6.87	8.11	9.35	10.59	11.83	23.66
6 do.	3.00	3.75	4.50	5.25	6.00	6.75	7.50	8.25	9.75	11.25	12.75	14.25	28.50
7 do.	3.50	4.37	5.25	6.12	7.00	7.87	8.75	9.62	11.38	13.14	14.90	16.66	33.32
8 do.	4.00	5.00	6.00	7.00	8.00	9.00	10.00	11.00	13.00	15.00	17.00	19.00	38.00
9 do.	4.50	5.62	6.75	7.87	9.00	10.12	11.25	12.37	15.63	17.93	20.21	22.49	44.98
10 do.	5.00	6.24	7.50	8.74	10.00	11.24	12.50	13.74	16.22	18.70	21.18	23.66	47.32
11 do.	5.50	6.87	8.25	9.62	11.00	12.37	13.75	15.12	17.85	20.58	23.31	26.04	52.08
12 do.	6.00	7.50	9.00	10.50	12.00	13.50	15.00	16.50	19.50	22.50	25.50	28.50	57.00

Transient Advertisements must be paid for in advance, in all cases, in order to secure insertion.

Exceptions to the Above.—Commission Merchants and Auctioneers are allowed a discount of 20 per cent. on advertising accounts exceeding $32 per annum.

ALMANAC FOR FEBRUARY, 1876.

MOON'S CHANGES.

First Quarter, 2d day, 9h. 41m. p. m., S. W.
Full Moon, 9th day, 1h. 34m., p. m., S.S.W.
Last Quarter, 17th day, 12h. 42m. a. m., N., below horizon.
New Moon, 25th day, 2h. 8m., a. m., N. E, below horizon.

D. M	DAY WEEK	SUN rise	SUN sets	MOON rises	HIGH water	DAY'S len'th
		H M	H M	M	M	H M
1	Tuesday	7 29	4 58	9 49	1 58	9 29
2	Wedn'sd'y	28	59	10 4	2 28	31
3	Thursday	27	5 1	10 31	3 15	34
4	Friday	26	3	11 8	4 23	37
5	Saturday	25	5	11 59	5 59	40
6	Sunday	24	7	A 18	7 42	43
7	Monday	21	8	2 31	9 5	47
8	Tuesday	19	9	4 6	9 52	50
9	Wedn'sd'y	18	10	5 24	10 54	52
10	Thursday	17	11	6 43	11 18	54
11	Friday	16	13	8 0	11 55	57
12	Saturday	14	15	9 21	A 23	10 1
13	Sunday	12	16	10 23	0 53	4
14	Monday	11	18	11 33	1 33	7
15	Tuesday	9	19	M	2 14	10
16	Wedn'sd'y	8	21	0 42	2 59	13
17	Thursday	7	22	1 52	3 59	15
18	Friday	5	24	3 1	5 0	19
19	Saturday	3	26	3 53	6 17	23
20	Sunday	1	27	4 5	7 10	26
21	Monday	0	29	5 27	8 30	29
22	Tuesday	6 58	30	5 50	9 18	32
23	Wedn'sd'y	56	31	6 24	10 0	35
24	Thursday	55	33	6 45	10 36	38
25	Friday	52	34	7 2	11 19	42
26	Saturday	51	36	7 22	11 43	45
27	Sunday	49	37	7 33	M	48
28	Monday	47	38	7 52	0 21	53
29	Tuesday	6 45	5 40	8 9	0 50	10 55

PRICES CURRENT.

Ch'town, Jan. 25, 1876.

BREADSTUFFS.	
Buckwheat Flour, per lb	0.03 to 0.3½
Flour, per bbl	5.50 to 7.00
Flour, per 100 lbs	3.00 to 3.25
Oatmeal, per 100 lbs	2.70 to 3.50
FISH.	
Codfish per qtl	3.50 to 5.00
Herring per bbl	4.87 to 6.49
Mackerel per doz.	0.48 to 0.72
BOARDS.	
Hemlock, 100 feet.	0.81 to 0.94
Pine do	1.62 to 2.40
Spruce do	0.97 to 1.30
Shingles, per M.	2.11 to 2.48
POULTRY.	
Chickens, per pair	$0.50 to 0.70
Ducks, (each)	0.24 to 0.35
Fowls, (each)	0.25 to 0.40
Partridges, (each)	0.25 to 0.30
Turkeys, (each)	0.80 to 1.50
Geese (each)	0.60 to 0.80
MEAT.	
Beef, (small pieces) per lb	$0.08 to 0.14
Beef, per lb (by the quarter)	0.06 to 0.09
Ham, per lb	0.10 to 0.12
Lamb, per quarter	0.00 to 0.00
Lamb, per lb	0.06 to 0.09
Mutton, per lb	0.07 to 0.12
Pork, (small pieces) per lb	0.08 to 0.12
Pork, per lb (by the carcass)	0.05½ to 0.07½
Veal, per lb	0.04 to 0.08
MISCELLANEOUS.	
Apples per bushel	0.80 to 1.00
Barley per bushel	0.00 to 0.75
Butter (fresh) per lb	0.20 to 0.25
Butter per lb by the tub	0.16 to 0.20
Calfskins, per lb	0.06 to 0.12
Cheese (new milk) per lb	0.14 to 0.16
Cheese, per lb	0.05 to 0.08
Clover seed, per lb	0.00 to 0.00
Eggs, per doz.	0.28 to 03.2
Green Peas,	0.00 to 0.00
Hay, per ton	9.00 to 10 00
Hides, per lb.	0.04 to 0.05
Honey, per lb.	0.25 to 0.32
Homespun, (men's wear) per yd.	0.65 to 1.00
Homespun, (women's do) per yd	0.35 to 0.48
Homespun Flannel, per yard	0.31 to 0.46
Lard, per lb	0.12 to 0.16
Oats, per bushe.	0.38 to 0.40
Potatoes, per bushel	0.25 to 0.32
Pearl Barley, per lb	0.03 to 0.04
Sheepskins	0.50 to 0.70
Straw, per ton	4.50 to 2.50
Tallow per lb	9.08 to 0.10
Turnips, per bush.	0.00 to 0.16
Wool, per lb	0.17 to 0.25

CARTER'S RAILWAY HOTEL!

Situate about thirty yards from Tignish Station—having ample accommodation for permanent and transient boarders at

Reasonable Rates,

the Proprietor solicits the patronage of the travelling public.

JOHN CARTER.

Tignish Station, Dec. 6, 1875.—3m

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, 1875.

BUSINESS CARDS.

COOMBS & WORTH,

JOB PRINTERS & BOOKBINDERS

51 WATER STREET.

Charlottetown. - - - P. E. Island.

Jan. 17'76 1y

E. G. NELSON,

IMPORTER & REPAIRER OF

SEWING MACHINES.

Address:—P. O. Box 303, Charlottetown.

Oct. 25, 1875.—1y

MacKENZIE & STUMBLES,

Auctioneers, Commission Merchants

AND

General Agents,

77 North Side Queen Square,

Charlottetown. - - P. E. Island.

October 18, 1875.—1y

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.

F. M. CAMPBELL,

General Merchant

COMMISSION AGENT,

AUCTIONEER & BROKER

TRINITY CORNER, GEORGETOWN, P. E. I.

AGENT FOR THE

Standard Life Insurance Co.

Sept. 1, 1873. 1y

HASZARD BROS.,

Commission Merchants & Auctioneers,

FORWARDING, MANUFACTURERS,

AND

General Agents,

61 WATER STREET,

Opposite Merchants Bank,

Charlottetown, - - - - - P. E. I.

J. E. Haszard, | Horace Haszard.

REFERENCES:

Messrs. Greenshields, Son & Co., Montreal,
Messrs. W. & R. Brodie, Quebec,
Messrs. J. S. Farlow & Co., Boston,
Henry Lawson, Esq., Halifax, N. S.
Hon. Daniel Davies, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

May 3, 1875.

INSURANCE.

MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

Robert Longworth, Esq., President,
Hon. Jas. Duncan,
Hon. L. C. Owen,
Hon. A. A. McDonald,
Hon. J. C. Pope,
Thomas Handrahan, Esq.,
George R. Beer, Esq.

Risks taken daily at their office, corner Great George and Lower Water Streets.

F. W. HALES, Secretary.

Ch'town, March 22, 1875—1y

ST. LAWRENCE

Marine Insurance Co.

OF

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

Authorized Capital, - - $300,000.
Subscribed Capital, - - 143,950.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

Archibald Kennedy, *President.*
John F. Robertson,
Artemas Lord,
P. W. Hyndman,
Ralph B. Peake,
Thomas Morris,
George D. Longworth.

Risks taken daily at their office. Exchange Building.

FREDERICK W. HYNDMAN,

Ch'town, March 22, 1875.—1y *Secretary.*

IMPERIAL

Fire Insurance Company

OF LONDON.

Subscribed & Invested Capital,

£1,965,000 Stg.

The above Office being of UNDOUBTED STANDING, guarantees perfect security and Prompt Payment of Losses.

DETACHED DWELLINGS insured for One, Two, or Three Years on SPECIALLY ADVANTAGEOUS TERMS.

FENTON T. NEWBERY, Agent.

Jan. 18, 1874. 1y

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, 162,800
Other Investments in Dominion of Canada, 367,091

FAIR RATES

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. R. FITZGERALD, Agent

Ch'town, July 27, 1874.—6m

POETRY.

OH 'TIS SWEET TO THINK.

Oh 'tis sweet to think that where'er we rove,
We are sure to find something blissful and dear;
And that when we are far from the lips that we love,
We have but to make love to the lips we are near!
The heart like the tendril accustom'd to cling,
Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone,
But will lean to the nearest and loveliest thing
It can twine with itself and make closely its own.
Then oh what a pleasure where'er we may rove,
To be doomed to find something still that is dear,
And to know, when far from the lips we love,
We have but to make love to the lips we are near.
'Twere a shame, when flowers around us rise,
To make light of the rest if the rose is not there.
And the world's so rich in resplendent eyes,
'Twere a pity to limit one's love to a pair.
Love's wing and the peacock's are nearly alike,
They are both of them bright, but they're changeable too,
And wherever a new beam of beauty can strike,
It will tincture love's plume with a different hue!
Then oh what pleasure, where'er we rove,
To be doomed to find something still that is dear,
And to know, when far from the lips that we love,
We have but to make love to the lips that are near.—*Thomas Moore.*

LITERATURE.

MARCUS WARLAND;

OR, THE LONG MOSS SPRING.

CHAPTER XII.

No hero returned from a glorious campaign was ever welcome with more enthusiasm than Marcus. Exalted by courage and endeared by danger, the feelings he inspired partook more of idolatry than common affection. He did not feel that he had in any way cancelled the debt of gratitude; but he rejoiced he had been enabled to be of use to his benefactor.

Nor was it alone at Hickory Hill he received the honours due to a hero. The fame of his attainments spread far and wide. It was blazoned in the newspapers, discussed in the streets, talked about in the private circle. His youth, talents, and dauntless resolution, his extraordinary personal endowments, were the exhaustless topics of the day. Never did a young man commence a public career under more splendid auspices. He did not select a large city as the theatre of his professional labours. He remembered the advice of Judge Cleveland on that subject: 'Young men,' said that wise and excellent man, 'are apt to seek destinction in the very places where their separate existence is unrecognised. In a large and populous city, where the professions are crowded, they have to wait for those occasions, which so rarely occur, to elicit distinguised talent or brilliant genius. Let them rather choose a small town, with wealthy surroundings; let them make the place celebrated by their own renown, and then they may take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the sea, if they will; the light of their reputation will follow them.'

It was just such a spot as this, in his native State, that Marcus selected to make himself a name and fame, that should go abroad into the world; to cultivate the vineyard, to build the bower, that, covered with the rosy bloom of love, might woo to its sweet retreat the bright and beloved L'Eclair.

Delaval, the friend of his youth, was the betrothed of his sister, so that he had a prospect of being united to him by a two-fold cord. The young master of Wood Lawn had not commenced his career as a lawyer. He had taken possession of his estate; and though Mr. Alston still resided with him, he had no longer the authority to dictate as his aristocracy prompted. The uncle considered it his especial duty to choose a wife for Delaval—an irreproachable connection; but he found the nephew, as well as niece, had a strong will, and preferred choosing for himself.

'In one year from this time,' said Delaval, 'the sweetest violet that ever sought the shade shall beautify with its modest charms my Wood Lawn home.'

'In one year!' cried Marcus, 'I can transplant my wild Passion-flower, where it shall bloom gloriously in the sunshine of my heart.'

One year! Marcus believed in perennial sunshine. He felt it warming, shining within. He saw it sparkling, shining without. He thought of no cloud. Why should he, when the firmament was one clear, blue, boundless arch; when no cloud, as big as a man's hand, floated on the ether. But who would believe that the dew that sparkles on the grass and the flowers contained the elements of the storm that may destroy their bloom?

CHAPTER XIII.

Florence sat at her favourite window, reading. She did not seem deeply engaged in the contents of her book, for she would look up, occasionally, with a soft, dreamy, abstracted air, and suffer it to fall in her lap. Then, leaning her head on her hand, she would twist her fingers in a golden chain that encircled her neck, and play with the locket that nestled in her bosom. That she had a subject of reflection more pleasing than her book, was evident from the sweet subdued expression of her love-lighted face. She had told Marcus in that very room, on that very seat, that she dreaded the thought of love; that she knew, if she once yielded to its influence, she would become a vassal to its will. Even when she was a captive to its power; but she was a Zenobia bound in golden chains, a queen even in her captivity, disdaining to acknowledge her subjection, or pay homage to her victor. Now the pride that had resisted was the strong auxilary of her love. She gloried in having felt, even at the first glance, the superiority, the genius to which the world was beginning to bow. She exulted in the thought, that if she had obeyed the great law of woman's being—that centripetal attraction which draws her irresistibly toward some central and controlling farce—she was a primary orb, revolving round no lesser luminary, but tracing her dazzling path near one who was destined to be the effulgent sun of the social system to which she belonged.

But there was no pride mingled in the reflections which she was now indulging. All the softness, the tenderness of woman's nature was floating in her eyes of eastern splendour, and stealing over the rubies of her lips. She was thinking of Marcus, not as the eloquent pleader, the intellectual gladiator, the bold vindicator of outraged justice, such as he had taken his stand before the world; but as she had last seen him palid and gentle, dependent on her cares, passive and grateful as a child. She drew forth the locket, the pledge of his gratitude to his humble attendant, and gazed on the beautiful amber lock, now braided with Katy's dark-brown hair.

'Ah! little does he think,' said she, smiling at the little romance of which she was the unknown heroine, 'whose hand administered to his helplessness. Little does he think, when he so gently encircled the bending neck of the mulatto girl with this golden chain, he was adding new and stronger links to the heart-fetters that bind us to each other. Oh! how well I remember that mement—that holy, moonlight hour! Down in the unfathomable depths of my spirit I felt his regal power. I was clothed in the humility of the disguise I wore. I could have knelt at his feet, borne down by the mighty burden of my love. How I longed to throw myself into his arms, to weep upon his bosom, to breathe out the fullness of my gratitude that God had given him back to life! But I resisted the temptation, and I rejoice that my secret is safe. He never shall know, that in the delirium of my despair, the madness of my love at the tidings of his danger, I was guilty of an act of imprudence, for which even George had scarcely forgiven me, good Mrs. Lewis preached me a thousand sermons, and which, if my proud uncle knew, would end his perpendicularity and his life. Blessings on the journey that took him from home at that very time. What if Marcus should condemn me for it? Ah! I should wish myself the Lightening indeed, that I might scare him for his ingratitude.

'What is that Lettie?' she asked, as a negro girl came in with a packet in her hand.

'Something one of Master Patterson's men left as he go by,' answered Letty, the favourite attendant of Florence—one of the ugliest and shrewdest creatures that can possibly be imagined. It is impossible to describe her face, but it gave one the impression of being wrong-side outward, and her extraorninary grimaces seemed efforts to turn it right. Delaval said Florence kept the girl about her as a foil for her beauty, but it was for a better motive. When Florence was a very little girl, Letty, not a great deal older than herself, had saved her from drowning, and in several instances had shown such a remarkable attachment, that Florence rewarded it by giving her the position she most desired—a place in the household and near her own person.

Mr. Patterson was a gentleman who resided not very far from Wood Lawn. His son was in college at the same time with Marcus and Delaval, and when he renewed his acquaintance with the latter at his own home, he, like many others, paid his addresses to the young heiress, receiving a courteous but decided refusal. Though discarded as a lover, he still claimed the privileges of a friend, and Florence often received books and papers and tokens of remembrance from him.

She opened the packet, it contained several newspapers and pamphlets. She thought the papers might have some connection with Marcus, and she eagerly ran over the columns. She was right. There were extracts from a speech he made at a very interesting trial, which had attracted great attention and won him signal honour. It was thrilling eloquent, but as the editor remarked, it wanted the voice of deep, melodious persuasion, the magnetic eye, the graceful gesture, the personal fascination that distinguished the youthful orator. Florence read, while the generous pride one feels in the triumph of a beloved friend swelled her heart.

'And this gifted being is mine,' thought she. 'The voice of hundreds will one day justify my choice: and yet, he would be as dear to me, unknown, unprized by the world, he existed alone for love and me.'

'But what is this?' she said, opening the pamphlet. 'some political document fresh from Congress. For George, I suppose. when somebody makes the dry bones shake there with his prophet voice, I will condescend to read all their pamphlets.'

'You dropped something, Miss Florence,' said Letty, picking up a letter from the carpet. 'It must be a love letter.'

Florence took it and read the superscription—'Mr. Alfred Patterson.' He must have sent it for me to read, said she unfolding it. But I cannot imagine what interest I can have in his letters. Ah! I see I understand.'

With a blush of pleasure she began its perusal. The blush faded. Calmness, and even indifference succeeded. Then suddenly her brow contracted; her face reddened, crimsoned; her eyes flashed like burning gas. She started up, dashed the letter on the carpet, and pressed her foot crushingly upon it. 'What the matter?—what the matter, Miss Florence?' cried Letty, in alarm, something sting you? Wasp, yellow-jacket? Let me find him.

'Stung? Yes? stung—stung through through the heart! Don't speak to me—don't,' cried she, wildly, stamping her foot passionately on the paper.

'Hornet in this letter,' said Letty, grinning, and stooping to pick it up. I kill him you see if I don't.

'How dare you laugh?' exclaimed Florence, snatching the paper from her hands, and walking the room with the step and look of a Delphic priestess, so intense was her passion, so utterable its expression. Open the window! she cried, I cannot breathe—I suffocate!

Terrified at the frantic emotions, Letty leaped towards the window, at the risk of plunging her ugly head through the panes, and opening it, pushed back the curtains, then seizing a large feather fan, began to fan the scarlet cheeks of her young mistresr with great vehemence.

Florence made an impatient gesture with her hand. Leave me, she said, in a husky voice. I want to be alone—I must be alone.

'I so sorry. I mighty sorry, Miss Florence,' said the sympathising negro. 'What can have happened to make you feel so bad? I do hope nothing the matter with Master Marcus.'

Florence who was leaning against the window, with both hands pressed against her temples, turned round with such a look of indignation that Letty was frightened, and drew back two or three steps towards the door.

'If ever you mention that name to me again, Letty,' said Florence, her lips curling with ineffable disdain, 'you never enter my presence again. Remember. I command everlasting silence.'

The moment Letty was gone, Florence untwisted the golden chain from her neck.

'I thought it would choke me,' she cried. And this locket—how it burned against my heart! Tossing it into the corner of the room, the proud heiress threw herself on the carpet as if crushed by some mighty woe, her face buried in her arms, her hair sweeping round her, forming a night-shade for her grief and shame. Her frame shook and quivered with the imprisoned fires of passion. Never, perhaps, had a more sudden, terrible storm swept over a human heart. It was like the hurricane of the tropic regions blasting the rich bloom their burning sun called forth.

It was thus her brother found her. A little while before he had passed the window where she was seated, and she had looked up with such a sweet happy smile. And now she was laying on the floor, like one stricken down, crushed; she whose bright, glad nature seemed impassable to suffering. Shocked, alarmed, he bent over her, and tried to raise her, but she resisted the effort. He called her name but she made no answer.

'Good heavens!' he cried, 'what can be the matter. 'Tis terrible. 'Tis convulsions—'tis catalepsy.'

He was about to rush out and call for assistance, when he caught a glimpse of the paper she still clenched in her hand. Fearing he might tear it, he unclosed her fingers expecting to meet with strong resistance, but to his astonishment, she appeared unconscious of his touch, though not insensible. He read the letter in the attitude in in which he had taken it, kneeling on one knee, while she lay prostrate and passive beside him. He read it through, and through again, before he moved one muscle. His very breathing seemed suspended. Then he started on his feet with an exclamation so sartling, it caused a responsive movement in the seemingly paralyzed limbs of Florence. She raised her head, and leaning on one elbow, looked him in the face. But such a look! it made him shudder. The despair of an Ariadne and the anger of a Medea were there.

'Florence,' said he, holding out the letter, and grinding his teeth as he spoke, 'how come you by this? Who sent it?'

'Who sent it?' repeated she, sitting up, and pushing back her thick, disordered ringlets, while she passed her hand hurriedly over her brow. 'Oh, indeed; who did send it?'

'The wretch, he's driven her mad;' exclaimed Delaval,' 'and me too. The whole earth shall not hold us both. She shall be avenged!'

With a piercing shriek Florence sprung from the floor, and threw her arms round her brother.

'No, no, no!' she cried, you shall not kill him: you shall not meet him. I will not have any blood shed. No, no. What right have you to do it? This was all a mistake. It came to me by mistake; he never meant I should see it. Oh, that you had never seen it. Oh, George, how dared you snatch it from my hand? I would not have you see it for a thousand worlds.'

'Sister,' said her brother sternly, 'if you are willing to brook an insult like this, I tell you, it is well there is some one who knows how to maintain the honour of the family. Is it possible that it is you, Florence Delaval, my sister, can look me in the face, and tell me that I shall not avenge your wrongs!'

She did look him in the face, with her dark, powerful eyes. 'Brother, there are wrongs that cannot be avenged, and this is one. I am calmer now; you must listen. I am not mad; I know what I am saying. This is a private letter, fallen by accident into my hands. His private sentiments—that every man has a right to express. Yes, she added, a bitter smile wreathing her pale and quivering lips, 'he has a right thus to think and thus to write, and no power on earth can wrest it from him; and I have the right to despise myself in dust, and ashes, and sackcloth, for having loved this ingrate so wildly, blindly, foolishly loved him.'

The Clinton Mutual Fire Insurance Company.—It will be remembered that, last year when the *Telegraph* called attention to the illegal operations of this "Mutual" Company in the Maritime Provinces, it was roundly abused and threatened by Mr. C. C. Carlyle, its "General Agent" for New Brunswick; and if we are not mistaken the Company's Solicitor was sent to the *Telegraph* office to obtain a retraction and apology, which, however, he did not secure. In view of these facts it is rather interesting to find the Solicitors of the Company at head quarters informing one of the insured in Westmorland County who had suffered loss and was claiming on his policy "that the Directors are now advised by the Hon. John Hillyard Cameron, Q. C., of Toronto, *that the company is not liable upon policies on property situate out of Ontario and Quebec,*" therefore they will not pay any claims in the Maritime Provinces until compelled to do so by the Courts! They offer an additional reason for their course, namely, that "some parties" in New Brunswick who were insured in the Company have 'refused to pay the assessments on their premium notes.' but as this is something that might happen in Ontario and Quebec as well as in New Brunswick, there is really nothing in it to jusify repudiation of policies issued here. The real reason for repudiating is Mr. Cameron's advice which is based upon the fact that the Company had no legal authority for transacting business outside the country from whose Legislature they derive their charter for the objects of a "Mutual" Company, to wit, the Provinces of Old Canada.

It would be interesting and instructive to compare this resolution of the Clinton Company, arrived at in December, with telegrams to their agents in the earlier months of the year relative to the question at their legal status in the Maritime Provinces. Mr. Carlyle can, and no doubt will, throw light upon the subject if applied to.

Parties who are losers by the "Clinton" should club together and make up a case against the Company. They should also take measures for placing the Government and Parliament in possession of all the facts. Aud if it can be shown that any official at Ottawa had a hand in strengthening the position of the Company while it was attempting to transact business illegally in this Province, the particulars and proofs should be presented.—*Watchman.*

[Referring to the above we fear there are many victims in this Island. Should they not adopt the suggestion of the *Watchman* and club.—Ed. Examiner.]

The Examiner.

Charlottetown, Jan. 31, 1876.

OUR ROADS.

A System Without one Redeeming Feature. Statute Labor Shown up by Practical Men.—A Change Required.—Suggestions Offered by the Superintendent of Public Works for Queen's County and Messrs. Nelson and Haslam.

The following are the papers respecting our road system to which we last week promised publicity. Richard Weeks, Esq., Superintendent of Public Works for Queen's County, writes:—

"Having frequently traveled over the the County since I came into office, and closely scutinisezd the working of the present road system in its several features, I cannot come to any other conclusion than that the whole thing in its various branches has not one redeeming feature. I do wonder that our representatives come year after year to Charlottetown to Legislate for the good of the country, and at the same time are as silent as death concerning an Act that is costing the country thousands of dollars every year, and the country has little or nothing in return for the money expended. They must know that the present system of road service is anything but satisfactory in its workings. If any person should say it is giving satisfaction, I should ask him the following questions: How is it that the roads in many places has to have the public money from the Government expended on them after the Commissioners and Overseers' work is done? Are there good roads the year round? Why is it the water is not turned off the roads, where it is cutting deep trenches in them? Statute labour may do in a new country when people are poor and cannot get constant employment; but no man of common sense, who values his time, would attempt to spend 32 hours on the road in the month of July. He would rather pay three times as much as he now pays and not work on the roads.

There are several causes why the present Act should be altered. First, in its workings it does not deal fairly in each precinct. Some pay according to law, some work, and some neither pay or work. You may say this is an abuse of the law. I know it. But then the working of that law has a tendency towards abuse, inasmuch as it appoints one neighbor to rule over another, and as most neighbours do not like to be at variance with one another, the overseer fails to do his duty, and many persons do not fulfil their obligations to the Government. Then farmers after working hard all spring, come out on the roads to have a rest and a good social chat; and so put in ten hours out of thirty-two, and thus finish up for that year,—while some go free. But the man who pays, pays in full, and, probably, his money is the only benefit to the public that is obtained from the whole thing.

APPOINTMENT OF COMMISSIONERS.

Every change of Government puts in office a new batch of commissioners, and very often displaces good practical men,—men who understand how many cents there are in a dollar, and how best to expend the money to good purpose. Such men are displaced by those who are (unfortunately for the country) void of the one thing needful, *i. e.:* fitness. And I doubt if there ever will be a change from this rule as long as the friends of the successful Government are appointed to office. I believe that as long as we have commissioners, they should be nominated independently of politics,—and that by the people. Let the people send in three names to the Minister or Chairman of Public Works, who will appoint, in a way similar to that adopted by a Judge in appointing the sheriff. This system would be more satisfactory. Then pay those men for the time spent on the roads. A Government may think it is economy to stint and starve their officers as the hunter fits his hounds for the chase. But, gentlemen, it is a mistake. A man must live; and it is not every man who is fit to take the situation; and no man, who has brains enough to fill the office would take it at the present salary. Appoint good men and pay them, and they will do their duty, but don't expect any man to wear his life out for his country, for less pay than he pays a hired boy on the farm. The Commissioners do not fulfill what the law requires of them. They can't do it. They can't lose their time for nothing. My opinion is this, that Commissioners should be paid for their time and should not be dismissed except when unfit for the office, or there is a better man to take his place. I believe there is scarcely one change made in officers but what the country suffers more or less. It must be so. Before a man can be master of his trade, he must learn it, and before a man can be an efficient Commissioner he must understand the work he has to do.

Now, in place of proclaiming from every gate post, schoolhouse, and church wall, that 'all liable to statute labor are commanded to pay commutation money, or meet me the first week of July with axes, hoes, shovels, spades, pitchforks, or any other weapon that may be required' to loosen up the baked sand, and throw it on the road to impede travel, jade and gall horses, destroy garments, make sore eyes, and red hair, and leaving the road in a fit way to become a nuisance on the first rain, and softer and worse than before it was disturbed,—in place of this farce—for farce it is—I would propose to collect a tax in the fall of the year, say 50, 60, 70, 80, 90, or 100 cents, or as much as the law would require to be collected by the tax gatherers at the same rate of percentage, and separate from all other taxes. Should any persons not come forward and pay, have them subject to a fine, and no vote for so many years; or something to that effect. Let this money be paid into the Government Treasury and kept as a separate fund. Have the roads let by contract or by auction to keep in constant repair for a certain time. Make the contractor the overseer for that locality, to remove nuisances, and cause the inhabitants to break the roads. This is about all the use I would have for the overseer. This plan would, I think work well, for if the contractor would, agreeably to his obligation, keep the road, or roads, in constant repair, he would save himself a good deal of time and expense; and it would surely be a great benefit to the travelling public to be able to travel without being in danger of life and limb, and at least of having no axel-tree broken. It would have this to recommend it: that from early spring the road would be mended, and passable, whereas by the present system we have no roads till July, and then they are as before described. I would have no more than two Commissioners,—they to act with the Superintendent, and form a committee—have consultation meetings, twice a year, and represent to the Board of Works, or the Minister of Public Works, the condition of the county. At present the service is too much divided, and too many cooks spoils the broth. By the return of last census, counting the number liable to statute labour, and at the present rate of commutation, the tax I propose would amount to about $12,000, and for horses alone, about $5,500,—total $17,500. This money will give more made up roads by 50 per cent. than at present; and $1 expended in May is worth $10 in July. In fact July roads are no roads. But each farmer is willing to pay more than 48 cents. He will pay 75 cents or $1, to have good roads. The Superintendent should devote his whole time to the public works, and receive a salary which would keep him out of bankruptcy. And give him charge of the whole county—this should be done under present circumstances. Bushing ice is another thing very necessary to attend to. At present it is done very unsatisfactorily, and sometimes not done at all. Would it not be well to have this part of the public service sold by auction, or tendered for, not yearly, but for three or four years? for like other parts of the road service, the contractors would require to know his duty to enter into agreement for the faithful performance of the contract, this would remedy the present evils of the people going astray on the ice. Another thing very necessary, and to have parties appointed to take charge of the several draws, and have vessel owners to pay expences of opening the draw. Also another act is wanted to hinder parties from trotting and galloping horses across the several bridges in the Island, this has a tendency of destroying and cutting up the bridges, and is a matter which should be attended to by the Government.

A FARMER'S OPINION.

To Richard Weeks, Esq., Superintendent of Public Works for Queen's County.

Sir.—In compliance with your request, I have the honor to submit to you, and, through you, to the Honorable, the House of Assembly, of this Island, the following Report:—

"The eyes of the farming community of this Island are at length being opened to the fact that our roads are a crying disgrace to this thickly settled and improved country. We must have good roads to market and for mail conveyance. We, the farmers, are becoming every year better educated in the science and practice of our profession, and as our averages increase, and the bulk of produce has to be taken to market in the fall, it is high time that we were beginning to devise some better method of repairing our roads and bridges than by the miserable humbug, dignified by the name of 'Statute Labor.' Doubtless, most people know full well how this 'Statute Labor' is put in. It is generally about the first week in July that we are called upon to do our road work. That is about the time we are pretty tired after our spring's work, and are in need of a few day's rest. The overseer is aware of this and we generally get off with one day's work—if you like to call it work. The roads are not repaired; only patched. Our working horses show themselves but seldom. My 'commutation' money, if paid in cash, would amount to two dollars and forty cents, which I get clear of by one day on the road. There may be some part of the district where more work is performed, but I think on an average there is not more than one day's work done for each inhabitant in the way of Statute Labor, and not more than one horse in twenty taken on the roads to work. Now, it is very plain that under the present system, we shall not have any better roads, and it is time that Statute Labor should be numbered with the things of the past. I also contend that July is the worst month in the year to work on the roads. The weather is generally dry, and the surface earth when thrown in the centre of the road, is worked up into dust by the wheels and blown away, or becomes mortar the first rain. I would recommend all bad pieces of roads to be repaired in May, or as soon as the frost is out, and, in every case to use subsoil in filling up ruts and places that have been cut out by the water. Stone is next to subsoil, if put on right, that is, if broken, and not left in lumps, so that the wheels make two ruts where one has been filled up. The money that is appropriated by the government for repairing portions of the roads is very badly laid out. For example: there is a bridge near where I live that was sold by the Commissioner to be repaired for the sum of ten dollars. The two men that got the job, came there at about 9 o'clock in the morning, and at 3 o'clock in the afternoon the job was done, and passed by the Commissioner. The next rain that came the bridge was as impassible as it was before it was sold. I have often observed that when a Commissioner goes along the road and puts up notices to sell portions of the road to be repaired, these notices are torn down before they have been one hour up, and when the day of sale comes there are but very few there to bid. I mention these instances to show how the present 'Act' is working.

Now, a word about Commissioners. In the first place, there is not one in twenty that understands the first thing about road making or repairing; and in the second place, no man properly qualified would accept the office of Commissioner for the small salary paid him. In fact the whole machinery—the parties who have to perform Statute Labor, and the Commissioners who have to lay out the government money—is totally incompetent to the accomplishment of the object in view—the making of good roads. As long as the present law is in force, we shall never have better roads and bridges. The question then arises, what are we to do to improve our present position?

What I would suggest is, that all parties liable to perform Statute Labor shall pay a certain amount in cash the day they pay their 'quit rents,' and at the same office, and the law to be as stringent in the one case as the other. Now, if this plan was adopted, there would be a considerable sum of money for the roads; and let the government allow a grant for the bridges, and I think, before long, we might count on having better hauling than we have. I would recommend the repairing of all roads to be sold in May, or as soon as the frost is out of the ground: the roads to be kept in good repair all summer, and the pitches filled up in winter. All roads to be sold for repairs should be advertized in all the papers for one month, and should be sold in sections of from one to ten miles, as the case may be. As to appointing the Commissioners, I think each district ought to have a voice in choosing its Commissioner. I would propose that the inhabitants send in a certain number of names to the Board of Works, out of which that Board should appoint one. Politics should not be permitted to interfere in the matter. The Commissioners should be men of good judgment, and devote all their time to the work. They should be well paid for their service, and should be kept in office as long as approved of by the Board of Works. Some practical knowledge of road making would be essential, of course. I am of opinion that the Superintendent of public works has too much to attend to. He should be assisted by the Commissioners. They should have a meeting, say once a month, to discuss what is to be done and what is doing. They should understand each other, and work together, and the Superintendent should have a salary sufficient to live on without having to run a business in order to make a living. There is a very large amount of work for one man to attend to in Queen's County, between roads, bridges, wharves and other government works. I have often noticed that the other two counties have better roads and bridges than Queen's County. They have not so many to keep in repair; and yet get as much money allowed them. Until there is some other method than the present adopted, the most thickly settled districts will have the worst roads. A word about the material to be used in the construction of bridges. Wood, such as fir hemlock or spruce, the growth of this Island, when used in bridges, rots in a very short time, and I think the money badly laid out on them in many instances. I would recommend for all bridges of importance that the wood used should be either Savannah pine or cedar: the foundations or abutments to be of stone, put well together. We should find these the cheapest in the end. I would build all waterways and small bridges of cedar, and in no case use second growth of fir or spruce. I have observed that in many places the fences are built on the roads, and instead of sixty feet there are not more than twenty feet of roadway; consequently the first snow storm the roads are drifted full. Some steps should be taken to remedy this evil.

I will now give my opinion on making macadamized roads. The roads that I have seen around Charlottetown are certainly very poor attempts towards making good, substantial roads. When it is intended to macadamize a road, it should be graded six inches deep by ten feet wide to make the foundation. Then thin stone put on an edge, with a pitch of one inch in six. When