

THE DAILY EXAMINER.

FEBRUARY 11, 1882.

Communication with the Mainland

We have had a strong and pretty definite expression of public opinion upon this important subject.

The means of Communication between this Province and the Mainland must be improved. This is the unanimous demand.

It is pleasing to note that the Press of the neighboring Provinces agree with us on this point, express the hope that "the object aimed at," viz: the fulfillment of the Terms of Union "will be fairly realized"; and admit that even "a tunnel between the two Capes across the straits is among the possibilities of the perhaps distant future."

It is admitted now that a people who would have just cause for complaint were the facilities offered unsatisfactory to them, are in duty bound to express an opinion as to the "ways and means" by which the improved communication demanded shall be obtained; and, in point of fact, this question is the one which has been discussed.

There is—there can be—no difference of opinion concerning the route for mid-winter. All agree that we must resort to the Capes, though some persons think—and not without cause—that experiment would show that communication by steamer can be kept up longer between Georgetown and Cape George, than between Georgetown and Pictou.

The fear is, lest railways being extended to the Capes, and piers and steamers provided there, the old lines of summer travel should be abandoned, and Charlottetown, Summerside and Georgetown seriously injured.

We have never contemplated such a result. But we have no doubt that the Capes route possesses some advantages even for the summer travel. Mr. McLeod, C. E., in his report, says "The mails would be delivered in Charlottetown twelve hours sooner than usual, by the construction of the route via Cape Traverse;" and our correspondent, "Business," who knows well what he is writing about, tells us that though the distance be longer, rates of freight and passage by way of the Capes would not be so high under one management as they now are under a divided management by way of the more direct routes. Certainly the cost of crossing the Straits would be very much less.

But still we think it would be wrong and, in the highest degree, unwise, to limit the people of this Province and those who may in the future communicate with them, to any one way of ingress and egress. Certainly the limitation should not begin until its adaptability to all our requirements has been fully demonstrated by practical experience. Till then we must hold the Dominion Government to the maintenance and improvement of all the routes which have hitherto been open. Better steamers than those at present in use, must run daily between Summerside and Shediac and between Charlottetown and Pictou, and the "Northern Light" service must be maintained.

This is certainly "public opinion" here; and while the terms of their bargain remain unfulfilled by them, it will, we think, be admitted that the Dominion Government are in duty and in honor bound to do their utmost to compensate the Province, and to meet the requirements and wishes of its people.

Leadville as it is.

LEADVILLE is one of the most marvellous cities of modern times. It has, indeed, a strange, wild history. But the Leadville of to-day is no more like the city of that name of three, or even two, years ago, than a silver dollar is like sand carbonate. Vanished like the smoke from a smelter, are all those evidences of rapidly-rising wealth, moral degradation, and social anarchy, which, in its early days, made it unique, even among rocky mining camps.

The sidewalks are still crowded with busy, active forms, on whose faces the shadow of business, care and anxiety has taken the place of the old gay expression, wrought by successful speculation and lucky "strikes." Gone, too, is the old Coliseum theatre, where formerly the female "artist" crowded nightly the box of the man who had made the latest "strike," and piled up the empty bottles by the dozen, and where the happy miner signified his appreciation of the performers by showering silver dollars upon the stage and the frequent discharge of his revolver. Social scandals may be as numerous, but are certainly less obtrusive than of yore, and the traditional "man for breakfast" is now served only in the San Juan region, or over the line into New Mexico. All these changes are doubtless welcomed by the citizens as improvements; but they are disappointing and irritating to the traveller who visits Leadville for the first time, and who has made up his mind to protect his money and his watch at the peril of his life, and to gaze through widely extended fingers at sights which would severely shock his maiden aunt in Puritan New England. Immoral, Leadville still is beyond a doubt. Public morality and private virtue are not yet judged by the same standard which rules east of the Missouri. Drinking saloons are crowded at the rate of a dozen to a block along Harrison avenue, the main business street of the city, and these alternate with faro banks and keno tables, where downy-cheeked youths from the east try their luck alongside of rough-faced prospectors and scouts, in leather breeches and long curled hair tied with blue ribbons.

Down the side streets are the haunts of the miners, dance saloons, concert halls and low variety theatres, where young girls, fallen far from once happy Eastern homes, endeavor to attract their British partners by painted faces, shrill voices, innumerable of manner and an airiness of attire most unsuited to an altitude of 10,000 feet. But these are the stock scenes of every mining town, and are toned down within the limits of decency and decorum. Civilization and Christianity have been at work in Leadville. Law and order rule this as well as other cities, and life and property are as safe here as in New York or Boston. The tourist, in search of the novel and lawless, is doomed to disappointment here; and

must turn his steps to the sections recently opened on the southern border of the State to satisfy his craving for the startling and uncivilized.

Stray Shots.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

THERE is an old couplet, in frequent use among children, that speaks of the power possessed by sticks and stones of breaking bones as contrasted with the uselessness of names to effect any real injury. Perhaps it is the recollection of this, together with a generous resolve not to inflict injury, that impels most writers for the press of this Island to the use of forcible adjectives and more forcible nouns such as are not generally employed in the more refined circles of society. However this may be, the less demonstrative among our citizens, read with a quiet wonder, and, I must acknowledge, with not a little amusement, the numerous paragraphs of personal abuse that are constantly appearing in the provincial papers. What the effect may be on either attacker or attacked, it is difficult to say; but from the manner in which the fight is returned one cannot but imagine that the blows of the former, clumsy as they are, have produced the wished-for wound.

We depend upon our adjectives for the force of all our best speeches. If we desire to praise, we select from our vocabulary those that are most delightful either in sound or sense. If to blame, then our choice falls on such as are expressive enough for our purpose. And here the writers for the Island papers (I do not mean only the staff writers, but correspondents as well) seem to have a limited range—limited to the strongest, and, no might almost say, the coarsest. Exaggerated language is a very frequent sign of weak intelligence; and it is ludicrous to notice how grandiloquently the little efforts of our little Province are spoken of. A fancied mismanagement of a public Asylum is described as a disgrace to the people, a stain on the civilization of the nineteenth century. The blundering of some weak-minded official is a blot on the national escutcheon, etc. But grandiloquence is a vague way, like this, is a far more pardonable fault than the use of adjectives that are to have a strong personal application. It is a serious thing to accuse a man, in a public print, of being "dishonest," or "untruthful," but these are perhaps the commonest terms of description employed by our public opponents. Others again, such as "malignant," "perfidious," "deceitful," "slandrous," "no sound," etc., are almost equally familiar to newspaper readers; while others again, such as "the rotten land office," "the thumb of the spitting Provincial Secretary," "soft and slobbering," are too vulgar almost for quotation, and I apologize for having introduced them here.

But the forcible adjective is less repulsive than the forcible noun, or sets; so generally, I bring forward a few—a very few out of very many—instances, taken from some late papers. An editor is called "the miserable dance who edits that sheet," also a "malignant numskull," also "a mean, malignant, untruthful fellow," his full name being given that there might be no mistake about to whom it applies. A member of the Legislature writes to his colleague, "I have proved you false and perfidious;" "you appear to take a peculiar delight in floundering still deeper in the mire of falsehood;" "you have been distrusted by your friends and despised by your opponents." Again, the same person, writing about the same, after virtually charging him with forgery, says "that falsehood and misrepresentation are the weapons he has prized most." After this, it is somewhat cheering to be informed by that colleague that the letter of the other "is only remarkable for personal abuse and falsehoods."

These wars of words are not heroic; but they remind one, in some respects, of the really heroic contests of the Greeks and Trojans. Before two warriors entered upon a struggle, it was customary for them to harangue each other with dignified abuse and to end with expressions of defiance, sometimes of contempt. All this in the lofty language of poetry, is well enough; but in the somewhat inelegant English of local M. P.'s is apt to be marked by a little of the comic. A letter of abuse nearly always closes with strong assertions of fearlessness, and even of glorying in slander. "Defamation from such a one I look upon as the highest certificate of respectability," writes one person, though we fail to see the merits of such a guarantee. "I would say that the epithets of his fish-wife vocabulary are just as acceptable as the highest commendation," says another, with an impartiality in taste that surely is peculiar to himself. "From the slanders of such as you I have nothing to fear," writes one man to another, at the end of a half column letter, full of something which, if not slander, is a description of shocking moral depravity; while that other retorts in like strain ending with a challenge to a forensic passage of arms.

Sarcasm is one of the most telling weapons that can be used in either defence or attack. Our Island writers have evidently observed this, and have determined to avail themselves of what has been so useful to others. But here the choice of arms has often been like a rustic, brought up to the pitchfork, fighting with a sword. The highest point yet attained by us in sarcasm seems to be the giving of a nickname, or the mentioning of a person in terms of familiarity. For instance, to speak continually of a man as "the Unsound," to call people by their Christian names, as "Ephraim," "Peter," to use such diminutives as "Sam," "Gabby," etc., or to say "Sir Jack" and "Sir Charles Tupper," though it may strike the writer's mind with all the force of biting sarcasm, is none the less disgustingly vulgar. Courtesy, even in the midst of our petty, insular bickerings, is never out of place; and, merely for the sake of those towards whom it might be used, but for the sake of those who might possess it and use it, but as yet do neither.

The quotations I have made are, as may be seen, all from late papers, and I have chosen them only for the sake of illustration; otherwise, a selection might be given which would go on almost ad infinitum, but which would also be ad nauseam. And who, it may be asked, are the men who use this sort of language towards each other? They are our political leaders—our Ghosts, our Pees, our Pitts, our

Burkes—in short, our great men. As an excuse, it is said that, as they are attacked, so must they defend themselves. On the same principle, if they were railed at by some drunkard or corner loafer in the street, they would, I suppose, think it necessary to rail back again in similar terms. But this, of course, is no excuse. The real reason must be sought in that lack of courtesy and of gentlemanly tone that is perceptible in all classes of men in the Island—in the highest quite as much as the lowest; and in the latter in a more glaring way.

R. B. C.

Notes of a Naturalist.

NOTHING helps to relieve the monotony of our winter woods more than the constant presence of the lively, little, black-caped Chickadee (*Parus atricapillus*). This is one of our smallest songsters, but its numbers, its vivacity, its lively little notes, and especially its presence with us during the dreary months of snow and frost, make it an object of interest to every lover of nature. You no sooner enter the woods than from under the thick drapery of a tapering fir-tree, hung with snow, like a dripping cascade of foam, there greets you the cheery *Pe-dee*, and a little black head bob up to give you a welcome to the sylvan beauties of his home in the wilderness. Then, in the grand old forest where the beech lifts its mighty arms to the sky, you hear the faint "chick" away up aloft, and on a gray, lichened limb, hanging heels up the gay little bird is uttering his tiny song as he explores every crevice for insects.

In winter the males mostly wander together. They are known by their light, drab sides and under parts, and large, black heads. The females have brown heads and reddish sides, and are much quieter and more retiring in their manner. The males are very pugnacious. You cannot watch a flock for ten minutes without seeing a row. An angry *Chick-dee*, a flash of a black head, a lightning flit of wings, a tiny whirlwind of black and leaden plumes; then it is all over in an instant, and the little flock go on quietly with their feeding among the lichen-covered boughs.

When the gayer songsters of summer thrill the woods with their many voices, we take small notice of the little Chickadee, and almost forget that his home is still in our forest bough. But quietly he improves the sunny hours. With his mate he digs a hole in a decayed fir tree, and softly lining the bottom with hairs; there, secure within wooden walls, they deposit their eggs—eight tiny gems spotted with ruddy brown. During the sitting the male will sometimes dig a hole in a neighboring tree for himself to roost in. When the young are hatched both parents are occupied in supplying them with food. And great is the number of insects which the little family will destroy.

Many eggs of aphids are deposited in scale-like cases and cemented close to the young bark of trees. It is difficult for birds with an ordinary shaped bill to remove these. But the Chickadee has a bill just suited to the purpose. The lower mandible, in opening, is protruded considerably in advance of the upper, so as to make a most efficient little shovel, with which to scoop off these close set egg cases. We have seen the young twigs of birches covered with these egg cases, and the *Chick-dee* devoured them by the thousand.

In Canada and the United States the savage Shrike or *Witcher-bird* is the destructive enemy of the Chickadees. He strikes them down with a dash in the wood, and even pursues them into their nesting holes. But on our Island we have no Shrikes, and its sylvan bowers of birch and tapering firs are a paradise for the Chickadee.

It is in the darkest and coldest days of winter that we value most the society of this brave little bird. The cold wind is sifting the dry snow through the frozen branches. The rigid twigs rattle, and the great trunk-oak as they sway with the icy blast. You listen shivering for some animated sound, but all is hushed as death. Even the rest less squirrel dare not peep out of his hole in these days, and the jay hides in the thicket. But here they come the tiny flock, *Chick, pee-dee*, and the little group will flit fearlessly to your side, and wander all round you, as if they had found a friend in the dreary solitude.

The so-called gold axe of King Keffee of Ashante, recently sent to Queen Victoria, has been deposited, at the Queen's order, in the museum at Kensington. It is not a beautiful thing to look upon, nor is there so much gold about it as its name would imply. The blade was apparently cut originally from a piece of boiler iron, and is roughly fashioned with a clumsy handle of oak, which is covered with leopard skins and badly stained and apparently with blood. Around the handle are bands of thin gold, badly hammered into ornamental relief. A piece of tiger skin forms for the blade a sheath, attached to which is an object beaten from gold and shaped like a wickleshell.

FROM POVERTY TO WEALTH.—Recently a young man named Gubbins, employed as a marker in Brown's billiard rooms, Toronto, received notification that he had, as one of the heirs at-law, succeeded to a share of an estate valued at \$15,000,000, left by a wealthy noble, by name Francis Wise, it is said, who was a brewer and distiller in Ireland. The possessor of such immense wealth died testate. There are said to be thirty or forty heirs to the estate, but even with such numbers to claim a share each will be wealthy.—Toronto Globe.

The debate on novel reading, began at the last meeting of the Educational Institute, will be resumed on Friday evening next. Previous to the debate, a paper will be read by Mr. William Kennedy, and selections from standard novels will be given by three of the members. It was decided at a meeting of the committee that an admission fee of five cents be charged to non-members.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER'S son, Mr. Chas. Stewart Tupper, barrister-at-law, for some time resident in Toronto, is about to remove to Manitoba. He lost his furniture by fire in that city's warehouse, which was burnt last week. The furniture was only partially insured. It would seem that the exodus from Ontario to the North West is likely to be quite large this year.

A medical student of Toronto, recently took part of a human skin to a furrier, to be tanned and sent to a trunk maker's to be made into a valise; stating that it was a pig skin. The furrier found out the deception before it was delivered, and it is supposed to be called for now.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions or statements of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the Examiner.

DEAR SIR,—I see by the EXAMINER that Capt. Cameron has sailed for Europe to purchase a steamer for the P. E. Island Steam Navigation Company. Other things being equal, we all would like to see an Island Company perform the service, that is if they keep such officers as Evans and Cameron. The object of this letter is to point out the desirability of having the freight boat on the line from Summerside or the Capes, fitted with tracks so as to carry loaded cars. It would save time and be a convenience if full car loads could be shipped from points on the P. E. I. R. R. to points on the Intercolonial and United States Railways. With such an arrangement we could do quite a business in fresh fish, which could be shipped in refrigerator cars to the Upper Provinces at a large profit. With a reduced tariff a large portion of our potato crop could go to the United States markets in the same way. For years past I have advocated the substitution of steam for the present risky and slow method of sailing schooners to move perishable produce to market. This autumn quite a number of schooner's cargoes arrived in bad order, and the risks of business in produce is largely increased by the present method of shipping. The fitting up of steamers to carry loaded cars is no new idea in the States. It has been done for years and is found to work very satisfactorily.

Yours respectfully,

HENRY COOMBS.

Charlottetown, Feb. 7, 1882.

Bank of P. E. Island.

To the Editor of the Examiner.

Mr. Editor,—I trust that the Shareholders and especially the Depositors in the above Bank will make a careful note of the letter signed "Veritas" in your issue of Tuesday last.

It clearly shows that, at least some of the parties who assisted to bring the Bank to its present deplorable condition are quite prepared to make another haul should it again resume business.

"Veritas" writes like a deeply injured person; and no doubt he feels so for various reasons. It may be that he did not succeed in getting so large an amount out of the Bank as he had intended, then for the last two months he could not get any, then again, "the Scribes and Pharisees of Ch'town" have been broadly hinting, even openly stating, that it is not consistent with common honesty for any person to get money out of a Bank when he knows that he will not be able to return it. I should think, Mr. Editor, that very shame should constrain those who have profited largely out of the Bank at the expense of others, to keep silent, at least for the present. It seems, however, that it is not enough for Shareholders and Depositors to suffer injury, but they must submit to insult as well from those who have aided to fleece them. I make no allusion to parties who have been carrying on a legitimate and honest business, and who have received monies from the Bank by the authority of the Board of Directors, even though they may have overdrawn their accounts to some extent. Banks do not often lose by such persons, as they keep their business within their means and are always able to give ample security to the full amount of their indebtedness.

I refer to quite another class of persons, to which, if "Veritas" does not belong, he is, at least, an apologist and defender, viz., of those who have got money out of other banks without ever paying it back, or who have failed in business when their shops were full, or who paid their creditors with the promise of 30 or 40 cents on the dollar.

It is a fact that certain parties, who could not have got ten dollars' credit from anyone who knew them, have managed to secure thousands out of the P. E. Island Bank. But "Veritas" tells us, "These men did not, I believe, steal into the Bank in the darkness of the night and rifle the vaults." If not, they did what was morally as bad, without the risk of being lodged in the penitentiary. Like a pack of hungry wolves, they pursued the poor, weak-minded young man who had charge of the vaults, till they got him under their influence and control, and thus made the Bank's money an easy prey. These worthies may regard themselves as virtuous—and even injured men—but all honest people look upon them as no better, in any respect, than ordinary thieves.

In reply to his sneers at depositors, I may inform "Veritas" that some of them had not only "a few hundreds" but ten thousands, in the vaults of the Bank, for which they received no "huge dividends," but only the very moderate return of 5 per cent. Even this has been suddenly swept from them, and a good part of it has gone into the pockets of unscrupulous men who seem bound to live on the public.

It is enough to "make one's blood boil" to notice some of these bank defaulters, from whom, probably, not a cent will ever be obtained, sporting round with a first-class fit out, while, at the same time, hard-working, honest men are being reduced to poverty, in order to make up the loss incurred, through such unprincipled extravagance.

But, in the meantime, the enquiry rings in our ears—What were the Directors doing who met, week after week, "to guard the Bank's interests," while it was thus being "rifled" of its contents? To this no satisfactory reply has yet been given; but, if I mistake not, an answer will have to be forthcoming, for the end is not yet.

A SUFFERER.

Ch'town, Feb. 9, 1882.

DIED.

At Wheatley River, on 11th January last, John Wallace, aged 1 year and 14 days, infant son of Henry and Margaret Balls. At Wheatley River, on the 9th January, of consumption, Albert, aged 37 years, son of Mr. John Watkins.

TIN PLATES.

200 BOXES 14x20. For sale. HORACE HASZARD. Ch'town, Feb. 10, '82—1w 4ly.

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SPRING GOODS.

PERKINS & STERNS, Queen Square, ARE SHOWING—

SPRING GOODS

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Table Linens, Table Napkins,

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PILLOW COTTONS, COUNTERPANES,

TOILET COVERS, &c., &c., VERY CHEAP.

Carpet, Oil Cloths, Matting, Rugs and Mats.

ROOM PAPER.

Perkins & Sterns. Feb. 10, 1882.

BOOK SALE! POSTPONED.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather, the Sale of Books to have taken place to-day, is postponed until

Monday Next, the 13th inst., AT 2 O'CLOCK.

WILLIAM DODD, Auctioneer.

VALENTINES

CALL AT BREMNER BRO'S

BEST VARIETY!

NOTICE.

HAVING rented the premises lately occupied by C. F. HARRIS, the subscriber begs to intimate to the public that he is carrying on the

TINSMITH BUSINESS

in all its branches. Orders punctually attended to. A call respectfully solicited.

L. W. HARRIS, Upper Queen St.

Bank of Prince Edward Island, CHARLOTTETOWN, Feb. 8, 1882.

NOTICE is hereby given that the President and Directors of this Bank are now prepared to receive from Stockholders the amount of their call of \$40 per share on the Capital stock to enable the Bank to resume business by the 24th; it is imperative that all payments of Stockholders should be made on or before the 20th inst., in terms of agreement dated 1st Feb. inst., namely, \$20 per share in cash and \$20 per share secured by promissory note, due 20th May, 1882.

JOHN LONGWORTH, President.

DAVIE'S INSTANTANEOUS MUSIC

for the Piano or Organ, by which any child or person can play any of the popular airs by note at sight, without study, previous notice or even musical talent. Seven pieces of music, with instructions, mailed to any address on receipt of one dollar. Catalogue of tunes mailed free. Agents wanted. DAVIE'S MANUFACTURING CO., P. O. Box 211, Auberst, N. S. [fe 9 im]

FAIRBANKS

STANDARD

SCALES!

SOLD CHEAP.

R. B. Huestis

WELLAND CANAL!

Notice to Persons Skilled in Fitting Up Electric Lights.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Electric Lights," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western Mails on TUESDAY, the 21st day of February next, for lighting the Locks, &c., on the new part of the Welland Canal by means of Electric Lights.

A plan, showing the relative position of the proposed lights, can be seen at this Office and at the Office of the Resident Engineer, Thorold, where a printed copy of general conditions and other information can be obtained, either on application personally or by letter.

Tenders must be made in accordance with the general conditions. This department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary. Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, January 31, 1882. [42aw]

WANTS, LOST, FOUND, &c.

SLEIGHS—I have a number of Sleighs, \$ price from \$6 to \$14, that I will trade for hay or small potatoes—cattle feed.—E. COOMBS. [fe 10]

WANTED IMMEDIATELY, steady man as Fireman in the Factory.—MARK BUTCHER. [fe 9 2i]

WANTED—An experienced Housekeeper Apply at once to Arthur & Tombs. [fe 8 3in]

THE person who took the bunch of Keys from the Secretary's Room of the Prince Street Methodist Sunday School, on Sunday last, will oblige by returning them to this office immediately (if not a soner)

NURSEMAID WANTED—Good references required. Apply at this office [fe 6 ff]

WANTED—A good woman servant for general housework. Apply at the Examiner's Office. [fe 4]

WANTED—A situation as Manager of a Lumber Factory by one who thought 7 and funds the business in all its branches. Address T. L. C. Mansour, 122 Barrack Street, Halifax, N. S. [fe 11]