

The Daily Examiner.

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NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1884.

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ALMANAC FOR DECEMBER, 1884.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Full Moon, 2nd day, 2h. 47.2m., a. m.
1st Quarter 9th day, 7h. 18.0m., a. m.
New Moon 17th day, 9a. 17.0m., a. m.
First Quarter, 25th day, 9a. 8.7m., a. m.
New Moon, 1st Jan., 1885.

DAY OF WEEK	Sun	Moon	High	Days
	rise	sets	water	lenh.
1 Monday	7 58	4 10	3 47	9 23
2 Tuesday	30	10 4	3 39	10 12
3 Wednesday	31	9 5	3 39	10 58
4 Thursday	32	9 6	4 46	11 44
5 Friday	33	9 7	5 56	12 29
6 Saturday	34	9 9	6 1	14 24
7 Sunday	35	8 10	7 2	1 32
8 Monday	36	8 11	2 52	32
9 Tuesday	37	8 morn	3 50	31
10 Wednesday	38	8 0	2 9	4 59
11 Thursday	39	8 1	2 7	6 2
12 Friday	40	8 2	3 4	7 16
13 Saturday	41	8 3	3 4	8 10
14 Sunday	42	8 4	3 3	8 54
15 Monday	43	9 5	3 31	9 34
16 Tuesday	44	9 6	2 5	10 13
17 Wednesday	45	9 7	1 6	10 47
18 Thursday	46	10 8	7 11	25
19 Friday	47	10 8	4 5	11 57
20 Saturday	47	10 9	2 22	10 24
21 Sunday	47	11 9	5 0	31
22 Monday	47	11 10	2 7	1 6
23 Tuesday	47	11 10	5 1	4 24
24 Wednesday	47	12 11	2 3	2 26
25 Thursday	48	13 11	5 3	1 15
26 Friday	49	14 11	2 3	4 19
27 Saturday	49	15 0	5 5	3 37
28 Sunday	49	15 1	3 7	6 57
29 Monday	49	16 2	2 2	8 7
30 Tuesday	49	17 3	1 7	9 4
31 Wednesday	7 50	4 19	4 19	9 58

McLeod, Morison & McQuarrie,
BARRISTERS

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
Office in Old Bank.
(UP STAIRS).

Ch'town, Feb. 21, 1884.

SULLIVAN & MACNELL,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW

Solicitors in Chancery,
NOTARIES PUBLIC, &c.
OFFICES—O'Halloran's Building, Great George Street, Charlottetown.
Money to Loan.
W. W. SULLIVAN, Q. C. | CHESTER B. MACNELL
Jan. 16, '83.

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PIANO TUNER

Pianos Tuned, Re-wired and Regulated.
CHURCH ORGANS
Voiced, Tuned, and Regulated with Care.

CABINET ORGANS
Tuned, Re-tuned and Repaired.

Having nearly twenty years' experience with the construction of English, American and German Pianos, and under the patronage of Government House, the Convent and the leading musical families on the Island, feels sure of giving universal satisfaction.
Mr. V. will engage professionally for public or private concerts the coming season.
Office—C. P. Fletcher's Music Store.
Ch'town, Oct. 25 1884.

WE SELL
Potatoes,
Spiling, Bark,
R. R. Ties,
Lumber,
Laths, Canned Lobsters, Mac-
kerel, Berries, Eggs,
Fish Etc.

Best Prices for all Shipments. Write fully for Quotations.

HATHEWAY & CO.,

General Commission Merchants,
22 Central Wharf, Boston.
Members of Board of Trade, Corn and Mechanics Exchange.
Ch'town, Nov. 19, 1884.

If you want the latest local and foreign news, buy and read the DAILY EXAMINER.

Perkins & Sterns'

HAVING made an addition to their premises, they are now the Largest Exclusively DRY GOODS HOUSE in this Province. Giving their whole attention to this branch, they are in a position to give the very Best Value.

COMPLETE PREMISES. - LARGE STOCK. - CHEAP GOODS.

Previous to Stock-taking they will sell the balance of their

Fur-lined CLOAKS at a big reduction, MANTLES and JACKETS at a big reduction,
Ladies' ULSTERS at a big reduction, Men's Fur CAPS at a big reduction,
Wool Scarfs & Squares at a big reduction, Knitted Wool JACKETS at a big reduction.

Always Cheap and prices Reliable, without doubt this is the place to buy your
Blankets, Comforts, Counterpanes, Flannels, Wincey,
Cloths, Linens, &c. &c.

TIP-TOP VALUES IN DRESS GOODS & VELVETEENS.

Gents' GLOVES and MITTS,
Silk HANDKERCHIEFS,
SCARFS and TIES,
COLLARS and CUFFS,
Gents' UNDERCLOTHING,

Ladies' GLOVES and MITTS,
Fur CAPS and MUFFS,
Real Lace SCARFS,
HOSIERY and CORSETS,
Newest CORSETS.

SLIPPER PATTERNS, CUSHION PATTERNS, BRACKET PATTERNS.

Cotton Goods of Every Description we Guarantee to be as Cheap as any to be found.

PERKINS & STERNS.

Ch'town, Dec. 17, 1884.

THE GREAT SALE

WILL CONTINUE UNTIL ALL THE GOODS ARE

DISPOSED OF AT

BREMNER BROS.' BOOKSTORE!

J. A. RENNICK, Agent.

Ch'town, Dec. 17th, 1884.

LAST OFFER!

AS W. & A. BROWN & CO. intend making a change in their firm about the end of February, they now offer their large and well assorted stock of Dry Goods at GREAT BARGAINS.

6,000 yards Scotch and Canadian TWEEDS at 20 per cent off,
2,400 yards Mantle and Ulster CLOTHS at greatly reduced prices,
3,500 yards Colored Silks, Satins and Plushes at 20 per cent off,
4,000 Scotch and Canadian Wool Shirts and Drawers at 20 per cent off.

Scarlet and Grey Flannels, Shirts, Tickings, Sheetings, Pillow Cottons, Winceys, Prints, Cretonnes, Bleached and Unbleached Damasks and Table Napkins at a big discount.
Balance of their stock of Mantles, Dolmans, Ulsters, Fur-lined COATS, MILLINERY, &c., AT COST.

Carpets, Oilcloths, Mattings, Hearth Rugs, Door Mats, &c., at prices that are bound to CLEAR THEM. Fur Caps, Hats, Muffs, &c., at greatly reduced prices.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL!

This is a bona fide Sale, as all Goods must be cleared out before the change is made in February. Call early and avoid the rush.

Remember the place—Desbrisay's old stand, next door to Beer & Goff's Grocery, and directly opposite the Market House.

W. & A. BROWN & CO.

Charlottetown, Dec. 8, 1884.

ADAM BEDE.

CHAPTER XI.

(Continued.)

'Poor dog!' said Dinah, patting the rough gray coat, 'I've a strange feeling about the dumb things as if they wanted to speak, and it was a trouble to 'em because they couldn't. I can't help being sorry for the dogs always, though, perhaps, there's no need. But they may well have more in them than they know how to make us understand, for we can't say half what we feel, with all our words.'

Seth came down now, and was pleased to find Adam talking with Dinah, he wanted Adam to know how much better she was than all other women. But after a few words of greeting, Adam drew him into the workshop to consult about the coffin, and Dinah went on with her cleaning.

By six o'clock they were all at breakfast with Lisbeth, in a kitchen as clean as she could have made it herself. The window and door were open, and the morning air brought with it a mingled scent of southern wood, thyme, and sweet brier from the patch of garden by the side of the cottage. Dinah did not sit down at first, but moved about serving the others with the warm porridge and the toasted oat-cake, which she had got ready in the usual way, for she had asked Seth to tell her just what his mother gave them for breakfast. Lisbeth had been unusually silent since she came down stairs, apparently requiring some time to adjust her ideas to a state of things in which she came down like a lady to find all the work done, and sat still to be waited on. Her new sensations seemed to explode the remembrance of her grief. At last, after tasting the porridge, she broke silence:

'Ye might ha' made the partridge worse,' she said to Dinah; 'I can't eat it without it's turnin' my stomach. It might ha' been a trifle thicker an' no harm, an' I always put on a sprig o' mint in my own; but how's ye know that? The lads are like to get folks as'll make their partridge as I've made it for 'em; it's well if they get any body as will make partridge at all. But ye might do wi' a bit o' showin'; for ye're stirrin' body in a mornin', an' ye've a light heel, an' ye've cleaned the house well enoof for a man's shirt.'

'Makeshift, mother,' said Adam. 'Why, I think the house looks beautiful; I don't know how it could look better.'

'Thee dostna know. Nay, how's thee to know? Th' nua ne'er know whether the floor is cleaned or cat-licked. But thee't know when thee gets thy partridge burnt, as thee't like to ha' it when I've gien o'er makin' it. Thee't think thy mother war good for sommat then.'

'Dinah,' said Seth, 'do come and sit down now and have your breakfast. We're all served now.'

'Aye, come an' sit ye down do,' said Lisbeth, 'an' ate a morsel; ye'd need, arter bein' upo' your legs this hour an' half a ready. Come, then,' she added, in a tone of complaining affection, as Dinah sat down by her side. 'I'll be loath for ye t' go, but ye canna stay much longer, I doubt. I could put up wi' ye t' th' house better nor wi' most folks.'

'I'll stay till to-night if ye're willing,' said Dinah, 'I'd stay longer, only I'm going back to Snowfield on Saturday, and I must be with my aunt to-morrow.'

'Eh! I'd ne'er go back to that country. My old man came from the Stonyshire side, but he left it when he war a young un, an' I'd the right on't too; for he said as there war no wood there, an' it ud ha' been a bad country for a carpenter.'

'Ah! said Adam. 'I remember father telling me, when I was a little lad, that he made up his mind if ever he moved it should be southward. But I'm not so sure about it. Bartle Massey says—and he knows the south—as the northern men are a finer breed than the southern, harder-headed and stronger-bodied, and a deal taller. And then he says in some o' those counties it's as flat as the back o' your hand, and you can see nothing of a distance without climbing up the highest trees. I couldn't abide that; I like to go to work by a road that'll take me up a bit of a hill, and see the fields for miles round me, and a bridge or a town, or a bit of steeple here and there. It makes you feel the world's a big place, and there's other men working in it with their heads and hands besides yourself.'

'I like the hills best,' said Seth, 'when the clouds are over your head, and you see the sun shining ever so far off, over the Loamford hills, as I've often done o' late, on the stormy days; it seems to me as if that was heaven, where there's always joy and sunshine, though this life's dark and cloudy.'

'Oh, Hine, the apostle of Anglo-Israel,' said Dinah; 'I shouldn't like to set my face toward the countries where they're rich in corn and cattl', and the ground so level and easy to tread, and to turn my back on the hills where the poor people have to live such a hard life, and the men spend their days in the mines away from the sunlight. It's very blessed on a bleak, cold day, when the sky is hanging dark over the hill, to feel the love of God in one's soul, and carry it to the lonely, bare, stone houses, where there's nothing else to give comfort.'

'Eh! said Lisbeth, 'that's very well for ye to talk, as looks welly like the snowdrop flowers, as ha' lived for days an' days when I've gathered 'em wi' nothin' but a drop o' water an' a peep o' daylight; but the hungry folks had better leave th' hungry country. It makes less months for the s-a-n-t cake. But,' she went on, looking at Adam, 'donna thee talk o' goin' southward or northward, an' leavin' thy feyther an' mother i' the church-yard, an' goin' to a country as thy y know nothin' o'. I'll ne'er rest i' my grave if I donna see thee i' th' curobyard of a Sunday.'

'Donna fear, mother,' said Adam. 'If I hadna made up my mind nbt to go, I should ha' been gone before now.'

He had finished his breakfast now, and rose as he was speaking.

'What art goin' to do?' asked Lisbeth.

'Set about thy feyther's coffin?'

'No, mother,' said Adam; 'we're going to take the wood to the village, and have it made there.'

'Nay, my lad, nay,' Lisbeth burst out in an eager, wailing tone, 'thee wotna let nobody make thy feyther's coffin but thysen? Who'd make it so well? An' him as know'd what good work war, an' got a son as is th' head o' th' village, an' all Treddles on too, for cleverness.'

'Very well, mother; if that's thy wish, I'll make the coffin at home; but I thought thee wouldest na like to hear the work going on.'

'An' why shouldn't I like it? It's choice o' mishkin's as all I've got this world. One mossel's as good as another when your mouth's out o' taste. Thee mun set about it now this mornin' fast thing. I wanna ha' nobody to touch the coffin but thee.'

Adam's eyes met Seth's, which looked from Dinah to him rather wistfully.

'No, mother,' he said, 'I'll not consent but Seth shall have a hand in it, if it's to be done at home. I'll go to the village this forenoon, because Mr. Burge 'ull want to see me, and Seth shall stay at home and begin the coffin. I can come back at noon, and then he can go.'

'Nay, nay,' persisted Lisbeth, beginning to cry, 'I'n set my heart on't as thee shall ma' thy feyther's coffin. Thee's so stiff an' masterful, thee't ne'er do as thy mother wants thee. Thee was't often angered wi' thy feyther when he war alive; thee must be the better to 'm now he's gone. He'd ha' thought nothin' on't for Seth to ma's coffin.'

'Say no more, Adam, say no more,' said Seth, gently, though his voice told that he spoke with some effort; 'mother's in the right. I'll go to work, and do thee stay at home.'

He passed into the workshop immediately, followed by Adam; while Lisbeth, automatically obeying her old habits, began to put away the breakfast things, as if she did not mean Dinah to take her place any longer. Dinah said nothing, but presently used the opportunity of quietly joining the brothers in the workshop.

They had already got on their aprons and paper caps, and Adam was standing with his left hand on Seth's shoulder, while he pointed with the hammer in his right to some boards which they were looking at. Their backs were turned toward the door by which Dinah entered, and she came in so gently that they were not aware of her presence till they heard her voice saying, 'Seth, Bede!' Seth started, and they both turned round, Dinah looked as if she did not see Adam, and fixed her eyes on Seth's face, saying, with calm kindness,—

'I won't say farewell. I shall see you again when you come from work. So as I'm at the farm before dark, it will be quite soon enough.'

'Thank you, Dinah; I should like to walk home with you once more. It'll perhaps be the last time.'

There was a little tremor in Seth's voice. Dinah put out her hand and said, 'You'll have sweet peace in your mind to-day, Seth, for your tenderness and long sufferin' toward your aged mother.'

She turned round and left the workshop as quickly and quietly as she had entered it. Adam had been observing her closely all the while, but she had not looked at him.

As soon as she was gone, he said, 'I don't wonder at thee for loving her, Seth. She's got a face like a lily.'

Seth's soul rushed to his eyes and lips; he had never yet confessed his secret to Adam, but now he felt a delicious sense of disburdenment, as he answered,—

'Aye, Addy, I do love her—too much, I doubt. But she doona love me, lad, only as one child o' God loves another. She'll never love any man as a husband—that's my belief.'

'Nay, lad, there's no tellin'; thee mustna lose heart. She's made out of stuff with a finer grain than most o' the women; I can see that clear enough. But if she's better than they are in other things, I canna think she'll fall short o' 'em in loving.'

No more was said. Seth set out to the village, and Adam began his work on the coffin.

'God help the lad and me too,' he thought as he lifted the board. 'We're like enough to find a tough job—hard work inside and out. It's a strange thing to think o' a man as can lift a chair with his teeth, and walk fifty mile on end, tremblin' and turnin' hot and cold at only a look from one woman out of all the rest i' the world. It's a mystery we can give no account o'; but no more we can of the sproutin' o' the seed, for that matter.'

(To be continued.)

Mr. Hine, the apostle of Anglo-Israel, says that Queen Victoria is a believer in her descent from King David, the Royal Palmist, and has declared that when the time comes for the transfer of her Parliament to Palestine, she will be only too happy to accompany it.

A motion, strongly supported by Prince Bismarck, to appoint a second director in the ministry of foreign affairs, has been defeated in the German Reichstag.

The Crown Princess of Germany is finishing a couple of paintings of scenes in the Tyrol, which will be her Christmas gifts to Queen Victoria.

Ten thousand deer are shot annually in the Scotch forests. Most of them are given to the crofters and poor people in the Highland glens.

Thirty head of Canadian cattle lately sold in London, realized £30 a head, and were said to be the finest in the market.

Mr. Van Horne states that the line from Montreal to the Selkirk mountains will be completed by March 10th.

The Edgar Thompson steel works at Pittsburg has closed down, throwing out of work 3,000 or 4,000 men.