

The Daily Examiner.

TERMS—FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR.

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

SINGLE COPIES TWO CENTS.

NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1885.

VOL. 16.—NO. 76.

The Daily Examiner

is issued every evening, by
The Examiner Publishing Co.

From their office, corner of Water and
Great George Streets, Charlottetown,
Prince Edward Island.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:
Six Months, \$2 50
Three Months, 1 25
One Month, 0 50

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

ALMANAC FOR FEBRUARY, 1885.

MOON'S CHANGES.
Last Quarter 6th day, 6h. 25m., p. m.
New Moon 14th day, 10a. 9m., p. m.
First Quarter, 22nd day, 6a. 19m., a. m.
Full Moon, 28th day, 1h. 48m., p. m.

| DAY OF WEEK | Sun | Moon | High | Days |
|--------------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| (M) | rises | sets | rises | len |
| 1 Sunday | 7 28 | 4 59 | 7 58 | 11 55 |
| 2 Monday | 27 5 | 1 9 | 8 42 | 34 |
| 3 Tuesday | 26 | 3 10 | 14 1 | 37 |
| 4 Wednesday | 24 | 5 11 | 18 15 | 41 |
| 5 Thursday | 23 | 6 10 | 21 33 | 43 |
| 6 Friday | 21 | 8 9 | 23 24 | 47 |
| 7 Saturday | 19 | 10 1 | 24 29 | 50 |
| 8 Sunday | 18 | 10 2 | 25 43 | 51 |
| 9 Monday | 17 | 11 3 | 26 53 | 54 |
| 10 Tuesday | 16 | 13 3 | 27 52 | 57 |
| 11 Wednesday | 14 | 15 4 | 28 43 | 10 1 |
| 12 Thursday | 12 | 16 5 | 28 9 | 4 |
| 13 Friday | 11 | 18 5 | 27 10 | 7 |
| 14 Saturday | 9 | 19 6 | 25 10 | 10 |
| 15 Sunday | 8 | 21 6 | 21 13 | 13 |
| 16 Monday | 7 | 22 7 | 16 14 | 16 |
| 17 Tuesday | 5 | 24 7 | 10 19 | 19 |
| 18 Wednesday | 3 | 26 8 | 6 21 | 23 |
| 19 Thursday | 1 | 28 8 | 1 27 | 27 |
| 20 Friday | 6 59 | 29 9 | 1 30 | 29 |
| 21 Saturday | 58 | 30 10 | 1 25 | 32 |
| 22 Sunday | 56 | 31 10 | 3 21 | 35 |
| 23 Monday | 55 | 33 11 | 5 41 | 38 |
| 24 Tuesday | 52 | 34 11 | 6 12 | 42 |
| 25 Wednesday | 51 | 36 1 | 7 35 | 45 |
| 26 Thursday | 49 | 37 3 | 8 37 | 48 |
| 27 Friday | 47 | 38 4 | 9 29 | 51 |
| 28 Saturday | 6 45 | 5 40 | 5 34 | 10 13 |
| 29 Sunday | | | | 9 55 |

THE RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

| (Charlottetown Time.) | | |
|-----------------------|-------|-------|
| GOING WEST. | A. M. | P. M. |
| Charlottetown | 8 02 | 3 02 |
| Royalton Junction | 8 25 | 3 25 |
| North Wiltshire | 9 17 | 4 17 |
| Hunter River | 9 32 | 4 32 |
| Bradalbane | 10 10 | 5 09 |
| County Line | 10 19 | 5 19 |
| Freestown | 10 35 | 5 34 |
| Kensington | 10 57 | 5 57 |
| Summerside | 11 32 | 6 23 |
| FROM WEST. | | |
| Tignish | 6 47 | |
| Albion | 7 47 | |
| O'Leary | 8 02 | |
| Port Hill | 10 22 | |
| Wellington | 11 07 | |
| Miscouche | 11 34 | |
| GOING EAST. | | |
| Charlottetown | 3 17 | |
| Royalton Junction | 3 40 | |
| Bedford | 4 17 | |
| Mount Stewart | 4 52 | |
| Cardigan | 5 17 | |
| Georgetown | 5 42 | |
| Mount Stewart | 6 17 | |
| Morell | 6 37 | |
| St. Peter's | 6 57 | |
| Bear River | 7 17 | |
| Souris | 7 42 | |
| FROM EAST. | | |
| Souris | 8 52 | |
| Bear River | 9 17 | |
| St. Peter's | 9 37 | |
| Morell | 9 57 | |
| Mount Stewart | 10 17 | |
| Georgetown | 10 42 | |
| Cardigan | 11 12 | |
| Mount Stewart | 11 32 | |
| Bedford | 11 57 | |
| Royalton Junction | 12 17 | |
| Charlottetown | 12 42 | |

McLeod, Morson & McQuarrie, BARRISTERS

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
Office in Brown's Block, Queen Square
(UP STAIRS).
Ch'town, Feb. 12, 1885.

SULLIVAN & MACNEILL, 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. | CHRISTOPHER B. MACNEILL
Jan. 16, '85.

GIFTS!

CHILDREN'S FANCY CHAIRS, CRADLES, COTTS,
SLEIGHS, &c., CHEAPEST.

Mirrors & Looking Glasses, English and German, very Low.

Our stock of Gilt and Walnut Picture-frame Mouldings is
the largest in the Lower Provinces, unrivalled in quality and
variety, and made to suit all kind of pictures—the Cheapest in
the city.

PARLOR & CHAMBER SUITS.

Examine our Magnificent Parlor and Chamber Suits, which
we are Selling at Cost.

CHAIRS—Parlor, Chamber, Office, Children's and Kitchen
Chairs, cheap. All kinds of Upholstering Work,
Painting, Varnishing and Gilding.

BEDDING AND MATTRESS—Feather, Hair, Flock, Fibre,
Excelsior, Wool, Straw—Cheapest in the city.

Bedsteads, Lounges, Tables, Sideboards, Bookcases, Scheffioneers,
Washstands, &c.—Cheapest.

JOHN NEWSON.

Ch'town, Dec. 19, 1884—3mos

ROYAL CANADIAN INSURANCE CO.

CAPITAL, \$2,000,000

HEAD OFFICE—Montreal.
HALIFAX BRANCH—J. Scott Mitchell, Agent.

Risks Taken on Most Favorable Terms.

AGENT FOR PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND:
F. H. ARNAUD,
Charlottetown, Jan. 1885.

DECIDED TO Sell at Cost.

All our Large Stock of

FUR AND CLOTH CAPS,
WINTER UNDERCLOTHING,

KID AND BUCKSKIN MITTS,
KID AND BUCKSKIN GLOVES,

HEAVY TOP SHIRTS,
FLANNEL SHIRTINGS,
ULSTERS,
OVERCOATS &
REEFERS.

Other Goods at Unprecedented Low Bargains

See our Prices before Buying Elsewhere

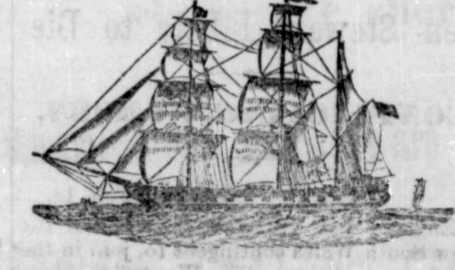
—AND—
Be Convinced that we Mean What we Say.

D. A. BRUCE,

MERCHANT TAILOR.

Charlottetown, Dec. 19, 1884.

REGULAR TRADER, ADAM BEDE.



1885. SPRING TRIP. 1885.
THE CLIPPER BARK
"MOSELLE,"

500 Tons Register, Classed 10 years A1
in English Lloyd's.

Alexander McLeod, Commander,
WILL SAIL FROM
Liverpool for Charlottetown,

On or about the 1st APRIL next, carry-
ing Freight at through rates to
Pictou, Georgetown, Souris and
Summerside.

For Freight or Passage, apply in Liverpool
to Pictou Brothers, 41 South John Street;
in London to J. Pictou & Sons, 16 Great
Winchester Street; or here to the owners

PEAKE BROS. & CO.
Ch'town, Feb. 3, 1885.

DR. S. B. JENKINS, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

OFFICE: AT DR. JENKINS,
RESIDENCE, PRINCE ST.
Ch'town, Jan. 26—wed fri

A MARVELOUS STORY TOLD IN TWO LETTERS.

FROM THE SON: "28 Cedar St., New
York, Oct. 28, 1882.
Gentlemen: My father resides at Glover,
Vt. He has been a great sufferer from Scrofula,
and the enclosed letter will tell you what
a marvelous effect

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

has had in his case. I think his blood must
have contained the humor for at least ten
years; but it did not show, except in the form
of a scrofulous sore on the wrist, until about
five years ago. From a few spots which ap-
peared at that time, it gradually spread so as
to cover his entire body. I assure you he was
terribly afflicted, and an object of pity, when
he began using your medicine. Now there are
few men of his age who enjoy as good health
as he has. I could easily name fifty persons
who would testify to the facts in his case.
Yours truly,
W. M. PHILLIPS."

FROM THE FATHER: "It is both a pleasure and a duty for me to state to you the benefit I have derived from the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Six months ago I was completely covered with
a terrible humor and scrofulous sores. The
humor caused an incessant and intolerable
itching, and the skin cracked so as to cause
the blood to flow in many places whenever
I moved. My sufferings were great, and my
life a burden. I commenced the use of the
SARSAPARILLA in April last, and have used
it regularly since that time. My condition
began to improve at once. The sores have
all healed, and I feel perfectly well in every
respect—being now able to do a good day's
work, although 73 years of age. Many inquire
what has wrought such a cure in my case, and
I tell them, as I have here tried to tell you,
AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. Glover, Vt., Oct.
21, 1882. Yours gratefully,
HIRAM PHILLIPS."

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA cures Scrofula
and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas,
Eczema, Ringworm, Blisters,
Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of
the Skin. It clears the blood of all impu-
rities, aids digestion, stimulates the action of
the bowels, and thus restores vitality and
strengthens the whole system.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists; \$1, six bottles for \$5.

WE SELL Potatoes, Spilling, 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.

CHAPTER XXV. THE GAMES.

The great dance was not to begin until
eight o'clock; but for any lads and lasses
who liked to dance on the shady grass
before then, there was music always at
hand: for was not the band of the Benefit
Club capable of playing excellent jigs, reels,
and hornpipes? And besides this, there
was a grand band hired from Rosseter,
who, with their wonderful wind-instru-
ments and puffed-out cheeks, were them-
selves a delightful show to small boys and
girls. To say nothing of Joshua Rann's
fiddle, which, by an act of generous fore-
thought, he had provided himself with, in
case any one should be of sufficiently pure
taste to prefer dancing to a solo on that
instrument.

Meantime, when the sun had moved off
the great open space in front of the house,
the game began. There were, of course,
well-soaped poles to be climbed by the
boys and youths, races to be run by the
women, races to be run in sacks, heavy
weight to be lifted by the strong men, and
a long list of challenges to such ambitious
attempts as that of walking as many yards
as possible on one leg—feats in which it was
generally remarked that Wiry Ben, being
"the lissom'st, springest fellow i' the
country," was sure to be pre-eminent. To
crown all, there was to be a donkey-race—
that sublimest of all races, conducted on
the grand socialistic idea of every body en-
couraging every body else's donkey, and the
sorriest donkey winning.

And soon after four o'clock, splendid
Mrs. Irwine, in her damask satin and jewels
and black lace, was led out by Arthur,
followed by the whole family party, to her
raised seat under the striped marquee,
where she was to give out the prizes to the
victors. Staid, formal Miss Lydia had re-
quested to resign that queenly office to
the royal old lady, and Arthur was pleased
with this opportunity of gratifying his
god-mother's taste for stateliness. Old
Mr. Donnithorne, the delicately-
clean, finely-scented, withered old man, led
out Miss Irwine, with his air of punctilious,
acid politeness; Mr. Gawaine brought Miss
Lydia, looking neutral and stiff in an
elegant peach-blossom silk; and Mr. Irwine
came last with his pale sister Anne. No
other friend of the family, except Mr. Ga-
waine, was invited to-day; there was to be
a grand dinner for the neighboring gentry
on the morrow, but to-day all the forces
were required for the entertainment of the
tenants.

There was a sunk fence in front of the
marquee, dividing the lawn from the park,
but a temporary bridge had been made for
the passage of the visitors, and the groups
of people standing or seated here and there
on benches, stretched on each side of the
open space from the white marquees up to
the sunk fence.

"Upon my word it's a pretty sight," said
the old lady, in her deep voice, when she
was seated, and looking around on the
bright scene with its dark-green back-
ground; "and it's the last I see I'm like-
ly to see, unless you make haste and get
married, Arthur. But take care you get
a charming bride, else I would rather die
without seeing her."

"You are so terribly fastidious, god-
mother," said Arthur, "I'm afraid I should
never satisfy you with my choice."
"Well, I won't forgive you if she's
not handsome. I can't be put off
with amiability, which is always the
excuse people are making for the ex-
istence of plain people. And she must not
be silly; that will never do, because you'll
want managing, and a silly woman can't
manage you. Who is that tall young man,
Dauphin, with the mild face? There—
standing without his hat, and taking such
care of that old woman by the side of him
—his mother, of course, I like to see that."

"What, don't you know him, mother?"
said Mr. Irwine. "That is Seth Bede,
Adam's brother—a Methodist, but a very
good fellow. Poor Seth has looked rather
down-hearted of late; I thought it was
because of his father's dying in that sad
way; but Joshua Rann tells me he wanted
to marry that sweet little Methodist
preacher who was here about a month ago,
and I suppose she refused him."

"Ah! I remember hearing about her;
but there are no end of people here that I
don't know, for they're grown up and
altered so since I used to go about."
"What excellent sight you have!" said
old Mr. Donnithorne, who was holding a
double glass up to his eyes, "to see the ex-
pression of that young man's face so far
off. His face is nothing but a pale blurred
spot to me. But I fancy I have the ad-
vantage of you when it comes to look
close. I can read small print without
spectacles."

"Ah! my dear sir, you began with being
very near-sighted, and those near-sighted
eyes always wear the best. I want very
strong spectacles to read with, but then I
think my eyes get better and better for
things at a distance. I suppose if I could
live another fifty years, I should be blind
to everything that wasn't out of other
people's sight like a man who stands in a
well, and sees nothing but the stars."

"See," said Arthur, "the old women are
ready to set out on their race now. Which
do you bet on, Gawaine?"
"The long-legged one, unless they are
going to have several heats, and then the
little wiry one may win."
"There are the Poyssers, mother, not far
off on the right hand," said Mrs. Irwine.
"Mrs. Poyser is looking at you. Do take
notice of her."

"To be sure I will," said the old lady, giving
a gracious bow to Mrs. Poyser. "A
woman who sends me such excellent cream
cheese is not to be neglected. Bless me!
what a fat child that is she is holding on
her knee! But who is that pretty girl with
dark eyes?"
"That is Hetty Sorrel," said Miss Lydia
Donnithorne, "Martin Poyser's niece—a
very likely young person, and well-looking
too. My maid has taught her fine needle-
work, and she has mended some lace of
mine very respectably indeed—very re-
spectably."
"Why, she has lived with the Poyssers six
or seven years, mother; you must have seen
her," said Miss Irwine.
"No, I've never seen her, child; at least,
not as she is now," said Mrs. Irwine, con-
tinuing to look at Hetty. "Well-looking,
indeed! she's a perfect beauty! I've
never seen anything so pretty since my
young days. What a pity such beauty as
that should be thrown away among the
farmers, when it's wasted so terribly
among the good families without fortune!
I dare say, now, she'll marry a man who'd
have thought her just as pretty if she had
had round eyes and red hair."
(To be continued.)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"The lowest genius may afford some light,
Or give a hint which had escaped your sight."
SIR.—After reading Murdoch's report on
the water supply, and hearing all that has
been said on the subject, to satisfy my own
mind I put the report in the hands of a
gentleman resident in Lot 34, and asked
his opinion of the quality of the water in
Winter River. His answer I here give,
promising that I know him from boyhood,
and can depend on him as a thoroughly
honest, truthful and unprejudiced man:
"Dear Friend,—You say in your note,
'I anticipate the water of Winter River
will be unfit for drinking or for cooking.'
This is your opinion. You ask mine.
Before I give an opinion let us look at the
report, page 32. The water of this river
is clear and soft, and pleasant to the taste,
and appears to possess all the essential
elements of a water well fitted by nature
for domestic purposes.' Page 113, Appen-
dix D, says: 'The water marked (a) was
taken from the head of Winter River, six
miles from town.' Why did they not send
a little of the water four miles from the
head of the River. The head of the River
is a spring, and if water is pure at the
fountain head, that is no proof that the
water will be pure four miles from its
source. It appears that Winter River
water is purer than Spring Park water, or
water from a pump near the Post Office.
In a word, the analysis of Prof. Hayes
don't prove that Winter River water is good
for domestic purposes. On page 14 of the
report I read: 'The impurities which water
derives from the earth depend on the
geological character of the soil over which
it passes, or the strata through which it
permeates in its progress downwards.'
Notwithstanding Mr. Murdoch's opinion,
and Professor Hayes' analysis, I think any
person acquainted with the land through
which the river passes on its passage to the
sea, is capable of giving an opinion of the
purity or impurity of the water. Hence I
shall venture an opinion: 'Good water is
tasteless, Winter River water is not taste-
less. I speak from experience. It tastes a
little bougy.' Page 37, Murdoch says: 'In
addition to the reservoir at Cobbs' by
placing a dam at Matheson's mill site, about
20 feet high, this would raise the stream
upwards to 86 feet, and give the whole
drainage area, 5,000 acres, for a
collecting ground. Now remember
there is about five or six hundred
dred acres of swamp, and the river
passes through this swampy land. This
swamp forms part of the 5,000 acres of
drainage. Where is purity now? This
swamp has a growth of fir and spruce upon
it, with here and there a poplar and a white
birch; hence there must be every year a
decaying of vegetable matter going on.
(Where does it go? Why, into the river,
of course. Then there is animal matter.
I suppose frogs and toads are animals.
Well, in this swamp you will find them by
hundreds, perhaps thousands, and there
they live and spawn and die, unless a
charitable crow should happen to carry a few
of them off during the summer months.
One part of the swamp is called 'frog bog.'
No doubt the remains of bears, foxes and
wild cats are to be found there; also, what-
ever of animal matter is in that swamp
must find its way into the River. If the
country is to be drained 5,000 acres in ex-
tent, whatever impurity exists will find
an outlet somewhere. The gaseous part, I
suppose, will find its way to the air, and
I, too, will find its way, will find its
solid, in course of time, will find its
way to the River, making both impure.
Swamp-water is not good for man or beast.
After the spring thaws are over, you will
find the swamps full and running over.
What remains is stagnant during the sum-
mer, and the smell in passing by on a hot
day is anything but agreeable to the olfac-
tory nerves; and if there happen to be a
little pond formed in the swamp, you will
find it in spawning time, covered with frog
and toad spawn and full of tadpoles. In
fact, a swamp is a filthy place—a very hot-
bed of impurity. I think I have said
enough to convince you that I have very
little faith in Winter-River water for
domestic purposes."
I have not copied the whole of my
friend's letter, but enough; and would
now say to the advocates of waterworks, go
ahead; give us the frog and toad spawn,
and the tadpoles; no doubt we, our wives,
our sons, daughters and little ones will
grow fat on it.
Yours,
CITIZEN.

P. S.—I am permitted to say James
Curtis, Esq., from his knowledge of Lot
33 and 34, will endorse the statements of
my correspondent, respecting Winter River
and the swamp.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from
cancer and indigestion of youth, nervous
weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c.
I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE
OF CHARGE. This great remedy was dis-
covered by a missionary in South America
and sent self-addressed envelope to Rev. JOSEPH
T. INMAN, Station D, New York.