

The Daily Examiner.

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NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1885.

VOL. 16.—NO. 132.

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Advertising at most moderate rates.
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ments, on application.

ALMANAC FOR APRIL, 1885.

MOON'S CHANGES.
Last Quarter 7th day, 10h. 30m., a. m.
New Moon 15th day, 1h. 30m., p. m.
First Quarter, 21st day, 7h. 8m., p. m.
Full Moon, 29th day, 2h. 2m., a. m.

DAY OF WEEK	Sun	Moon	High	Days
	rises	sets	rises	water
1 Wednesday	5 44	6 23	8 49	11 41
2 Thursday	42	24 9 52	aft 16	43
3 Friday	40	26 10 46	0 52	46
4 Saturday	38	27 11 38	1 31	49
5 Sunday	37	29	morn 2 14	52
6 Monday	36	30 0 26	3 1	55
7 Tuesday	33	32 1 10	4 2	59
8 Wednesday	31	33 1 49	5 13	2
9 Thursday	29	34 2 24	6 24	5
10 Friday	27	35 2 57	7 28	8
11 Saturday	25	37 3 27	8 29	12
12 Sunday	23	38 3 56	9 6	15
13 Monday	21	39 4 28	9 47	17
14 Tuesday	20	40 4 57	10 26	20
15 Wednesday	18	42 5 30	11 4	24
16 Thursday	16	43 6 7	11 45	27
17 Friday	15	45 6 50	morn 30	30
18 Saturday	13	46 7 40	0 27	33
19 Sunday	11	47 8 37	1 11	36
20 Monday	9	48 9 41	2 1	39
21 Tuesday	8	50 10 47	2 59	42
22 Wednesday	6	51 11 57	4 11	46
23 Thursday	4	53	aft 16	5 37
24 Friday	2	54 2 15	6 56	52
25 Saturday	0	55 3 22	7 59	55
26 Sunday	4 58	56 4 28	8 47	58
27 Monday	57	57 5 33	9 25	0
28 Tuesday	56	59 6 35	10 8	4
29 Wednesday	54	7 0	7 37	10 43
30 Thursday	4 52	7 2	8 33	11 18

THE RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

(Charlottetown Time.)		
GOING WEST.	A. M.	P. M.
Charlottetown	8 02	3 02
Royalty Junction	8 25	3 25
North Wiltshire	9 17	4 17
Hunter River	9 32	4 32
Bradshaw	10 10	5 09
County Line	10 19	5 19
Fredericton	10 35	5 34
Kingston	10 57	5 57
Summerside	11 32	6 23
depart	11 47	
Misouche	2 09	
Wellington	2 37	
Port Hill	3 22	
O'Leary	4 42	
Alberton	5 47	
Tignish	6 47	
FROM WEST.	A. M.	P. M.
Tignish	6 47	
Alberton	7 47	
O'Leary	9 02	
Port Hill	10 22	
Wellington	11 07	
Misouche	11 34	
arrive	11 57	A. M.
Summerside	2 02	P. M.
depart	2 37	7 32
Kingston	3 00	8 30
County Line	3 17	8 45
Bradshaw	3 27	8 55
Hunter River	4 02	9 32
North Wiltshire	4 17	9 47
Royalty Junction	5 09	10 34
Charlottetown	5 32	11 02
GOING EAST.	A. M.	P. M.
Charlottetown	3 17	
Royalty Junction	3 40	
Bedford	4 17	
Mount Stewart	4 52	
depart	4 57	
Georgetown	6 17	
Mount Stewart	6 42	
Morell	6 57	
St. Peter's	6 08	
Bear River	6 57	
Quais	7 42	
FROM EAST.	A. M.	P. M.
Souris	6 52	
Bear River	7 37	
St. Peter's	8 26	
Morell	8 57	
Mount Stewart	9 37	
Georgetown	7 47	
Cardigan	8 12	
Mount Stewart	9 32	
depart	9 42	
Bedford	10 17	
Royalty Junction	10 54	
Charlottetown	11 17	

WE SELL

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

Best Prices for all Shipments. Write fully
for Quotations.

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General Commission Merchants,
22 Central Wharf, Boston.
Members of Board of Trade, Corn and
Mechanics Exchange.

CHEAP CASH SALE

J. B. MACDONALD'S.

YOU CAN BUY

12 yds. Dress Goods for 95 cents, 20 yds. Gray Cotton for
75 cents, 20 yds. White Cotton for \$1.00. Good black Cash-
mere for 25 cents per yard, good colored Cashmere for 25 cents
per yard; large stock of Print Cottons, very cheap. Men's
strong Shirting 10 cents per yard; Men's Underclothing, 65
cents a suit; Men's colored cotton Shirts, 50 cents each; Men's
and Boys' ready-made Clothing, very cheap; Men's and Boys'
Felt Hats, cheapest in Town.

See Goods and Prices before buying elsewhere, and
be satisfied you can Save Money by buying at

J. B. MACDONALD'S,

Queen Street.

Charlottetown, April 8, 1885.

MARCH!

CLOSING OUT SALE

This Month we are Selling our
Goods so Fine that we would
like to Give One and
All a Chance!

CALL! SEE

WHAT A CLEAN DOLLAR WILL
PURCHASE.

Remember this Month Closes our
GREAT SALE!

C. ROBERTSON.

Charlottetown, Feb. 10th, 1885.

ROYAL CANADIAN INSURANCE CO.

FIRE.

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.

CHARLOTTETOWN SASH AND DOOR FACTORY

Peake's No. 3 Wharf,

J. PALMER & CO., PROPRIETORS.

We are now manufacturing and will sell at the lowest cash prices;

Sashes, Doors, Window and Door Frames, Architraves, Spouting and Conductor Mould-
ings, Ballusters, Newel Posts, Stair Balis, Twists, etc.
We are prepared to do all kinds of Jobbing, in Planing, Joining, Mortising, Tenon-
ing, Jig and Fret Sawing, Turning, etc.
All kinds of Gothic Windows for Churches made at shortest notice.
With New and first-class Machinery, and the latest appliances, we can insure
most satisfaction to all who favor us with their patronage.
Charlottetown, June 1884.

The Charlottetown Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

This Company is now organized and pre-
pared to accept good Fire Risks at Mod-
erate rates.

Hon. Thomas W. Dobb, President.
DIRECTORS:
Geo. R. Boer, Esq., D. Farquharson Esq.,
Fred'k Perkins Esq., Alex. McKinnon, Esq.,
Benj. Hertz, Esq., Benj. Hooper, Esq.
JAMES M. SUTHERLAND,
Sec'y and Treas.
April 7, 1885—121 2aw

McLeod, Monson & McQuarrie, BARRISTERS

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

Office in Brown's Block, Queen Square
(UP STAIRS)
O'Leary, Feb. 12, 1885.

44 QUEEN STREET.

W.A. BRENNAN,

Book, Job and Ornamental Printer,
Book-Binder, Paper Ruler,

BLANK-BOOK MANUFACTURER.

The Printing and Binding machinery and
Plant in this Office is that of the late

Bremner Brothers.
and is well known as one of the most com-
plete printing and binding concerns in the
Lower Provinces. With such facilities it is
no trouble to do the best work at moderate
rates.

44 Queen Street,
Charlottetown, P. E. Island.
March 17th, 1885.

KING'S EVIL

Was the name formerly given to Scrofula
because of a superstition that it could be
cured by a king's touch. The world is
wiser now, and knows that

SCROFULA

can only be cured by a thorough purifica-
tion of the blood. If this is neglected,
the disease perpetuates its taint through
generation after generation. Among its
earlier symptomatic developments are
more, Boils, Carbuncles, Erysipelas,
Parient Ulcers, Nervous and Physi-
cal Collapse, etc. If allowed to con-
tinue, Rheumatism, Scrofulous Car-
tarrh, Kidney and Liver Diseases,
Tubercular Consumption, and vari-
ous other dangerous or fatal maladies, are
produced by it.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is the only powerful and always reliable
blood-purifying medicine. It is so effec-
tive an alternative that it eradicates from
the system Hereditary Scrofula, and
the kindred poisons of contagious diseases
and mercury. At the same time it en-
riches and vitalizes the blood, restoring
healthful action to the vital organs and
rejuvenating the entire system. This great

Regenerative Medicine

Is composed of the genuine *Homarus*
Sarsaparilla, with *Yellow Dock*, *Stil-
lingia*, the *Loddes* of *Potassium* and
Iron, and other ingredients of great po-
tency, carefully and scientifically com-
pounded. Its formula is generally known
to the medical profession, and the best
physicians constantly prescribe *AYER'S*
SARSAPARILLA as an

Absolute Cure

For all diseases caused by the vitiation of
the blood. It is concentrated to the high-
est practicable degree, far beyond any
other preparation for which like effects
are claimed, and is therefore the cheapest,
as well as the best blood purifying me-
dicine, in the world.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
[Analytical Chemists.]
Sold by all Druggists: Price \$1;
Six bottles for \$5.

SULLIVAN & MAGNELL,

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. O'Connell, B. J. Magneil,
January 12, 1885.

ADAM BODE.

CHAPTER XLIII.

(Continued.)

At last Adam lifted up his head, for there
was a general movement round him. The
judge had addressed the jury, and they
were retiring. The decisive moment was
not far off. Adam felt a shuddering horror
that would not let him look at Hetty, but
she had long relapsed into her blank hard
indifference. All eyes were strained to
look at her, but she stood like a statue of
dull despair.

There was a mingled rustling, whisper-
ing, and low buzzing throughout the court
during this interval. The desire to listen
was suspended, and every one had some
feeling or opinion to express in an under-
tone. Adam sat looking blankly before
him, but he did not see the objects that
were right in front of his eyes—the counsel
and attorneys talking with an air of cool
business, and Mr. Irwine in low, earnest
conversation with the judge; did not see
Mr. Irwine dit down again in agitation, and
shake his head mournfully when somebody
whispered to him. The inward action was
too intense for Adam to take in outward
objects, until some strong sensation roused
him.

It was not very long, hardly more than
a quarter of an hour, before the knock
which told that the jury had come to their
decision fell as a signal for silence on every
ear. It is sublime—that sudden pause of a
vast multitude, which tells that one soul
moves in them all. Deeper and deeper the
silence seemed to become, like the deepening
night, while the jury men's names were
called over and the prisoner was made to
hold up her hands and the jury were asked
for their verdict.

It was the verdict everyone expected, but
there was a sigh of disappointment from
some hearts, that it was followed by no
recommendation to mercy. Still the sym-
pathy of the court was not with the prison-
er; the unnaturalness of her crime stood
out the more harshly by the side of her
hard immovability and obstinate silence.
Even the verdict, to distant eyes, had not
appeared to move her; but those who were
near saw her trembling.

The stillness was less intense until the
judge put on his black cap, and the char-
lain in his canonicals was observed behind
him. Then it deepened again, before the
crier had had time to command silence. If
any sound were heard, it must have been
the sound of beating hearts. The judge
spoke:

"Hester Sorrel."
The blood rushed to Hetty's face, and
then fled back again, as she looked up at
the judge, and kept her wide-open eyes
fixed on him, as if fascinated by fear.
Adam had not yet turned toward her; there
was a deep horror, like a great gulf, be-
tween them. But at the words—"and then
to be hanged by the neck till you be dead,"
a piercing shriek rang through the hall. It
was Hetty's shriek. Adam started to his
feet and stretched out his arms toward her;
she had fallen down in a fainting fit, and
was carried out of court.

CHAPTER XLIV.

ARTHUR'S RETURN.

WHEN Arthur Donnithorne landed at
Liverpool, and read the letter from his
aunt Lydia, briefly announcing his grand-
father's death, his first feeling was "Poor
grandfather! I wish I could have got to
him to be with him when he died. He
might have felt or wished something at the
last that I shall never know now. It was
a lonely death."

It is impossible to say that his grief was
deeper than that. Pity and softened
memory took place of the old antagonism,
and in his busy thoughts about the future,
as the chaise carried him rapidly along to-
ward the home where he was now to be
master, there was a continually recurring
effort to remember anything by which he
could show a regard for his grandfather's
wishes, without counteracting his own
cherished aims for the good of the tenants
and the estate. But it is not in human
nature—only in human pretense—for a
young man like Arthur, with a fine con-
stitution and fine spirits, thinking well of
himself, believing that others think well of
him, and having a very ardent intention to
give them more and more reason for such
a good opinion—it is not possible for such a
young man, just coming into a splendid
estate through the death of a very old man
whom he was not fond of, to feel anything
very different from exultant joy. Now
his real life was beginning; now he would
have room and opportunity for action, and
he would use them. He would show the
Loamshire people what a fine country
gentleman was; he would not exchange that
career for any other under the sun. He
felt himself riding over the hills in the
breezy autumn days, looking after favorite
adrians of drainage and inclosure; then ad-
mired on somber mornings as the best rider
on the best horse in the hunt; spoken
well of on market-days as a first-rate land-
lord; by-and-by making speeches at
election dinners, and showing a
wonderful knowledge of agriculture; the
patron of new plows and drills, the severe
upraider of negligent landowners, and
withal a jolly fellow that every body must
like—happy faces greeting him every where
on his own estate, and the neighboring
families on the best terms with him. The
Irwines should dine with him every week,
and have their own carriage to come in, for
in some very delicate way that Arthur
would devise, the lay-impropriator of the
Hayslope tithes would insist on paying a
couple of hundreds more to the vicar; and
his aunt should be as comfortable as pos-
sible, and go on living at the Chase, if she
liked, in spite of her old-maidish ways—at
least until he was married; and that event
lay in the indistinct background, for
Arthur had not yet seen the woman who

would play the lady-wife to the first rate
country gentleman.

These were Arthur's chief thoughts, so
far as a man's thoughts through hours of
traveling can be compressed into a few sen-
tences, which are only like the list of
names telling you what are the scenes in a
long, long panorama, full of color, of detail,
and of life. The happy faces Arthur saw
greeting him were not pale abstractions,
but real ruddy faces, long familiar to him;
Martin Poyser was there—the whole Poyser
family.

"What—Hetty?"
(To be continued.)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"Fear for their Scourge Mean Villains Have."

Sir,—At this period, when mail matter
is abundant, I should not ask for space in
your columns were it not that silent con-
tempt upon my part of the elaborate pro-
duction surrounding my name in to night's
Herald might be misconstrued. This bril-
liant attempt, be it observed, contains an
immense deal of rhetoric, branching out in
every direction, and all tending to detract
public attention from the subject at issue—
a letter addressed by me to the Editor of the
same, which letter I dare him to publish.

In the second of his four attacks upon
me, he "withholds the letter out of consid-
eration for his readers"; now, it is out
of tender pity for myself; now, he pleads
innocence (entirely too innocent for an
Editor); now, after floundering about in
every direction, he closes by *blabbing* upon
his prompters, and quietly slips off
bidding *adieu* to the woman whom he never
yet had the courage to meet, and cannot,
therefore, possibly expect to meet "again."

I answer at sight the tissue of falsehoods
asserted or implied under cover of the
Herald: truth requires not long considera-
tion. The man who termed me "Fenian"
for the few lines written for St. Patrick's
Day; who warned me that the Catholics in
this town worshipped their God only in the
Bishop, and who invariably speaks of all
Catholics as the "ignorant Irish," whilst
he benignly grins in the face of the Bishop,
and pockets the hard-earned money
of the Catholics, makes charges against
me which I unquivocally deny. I
have received acknowledgments from
royalty, and why shouldn't I? if my
late mother was presented at Bucking-
ham Palace, and the Queen of England
shed bitter tears over the death of my
relation. But I have not yet presumed to
"correct the Pope," or to "argue with an
Archbishop," though there's no saying what
I might do if either provoked an attack.

I have recently met with Protestants who
have disgraced their religion, and I have
also lately experienced so much of God in
man in those Catholics whose heartfelt
sympathy has helped me to endure cruel
calumny, added to grievous bodily injury,
that I honor the tree which bears such
fruits; and I further aver that, had the
sincere piety and genuine goodness which
exists in the prominent Catholics of Char-
lottetown to-day, pervaded the Roman
Courts of four hundred years ago, no
sneaking, fawning, cringing Protestant
hypocrite would now deface God's beautiful
world, and defame a woman who was never
before assailed, and whose writings, simple
though they be, have afforded pleasure to
thousands both in Europe and America.

I deny having originated the nickname
of "crank" upon the friend for whom our
Editor acts as a scape-goat. As to
"bribery"—I may not possess the massive
intellect of said Editor and his prompters;
yet, granting my "pristine vigor" is in
abeyance, it requires no great expansion of
reasoning powers to know that even an
"innocent" Editor would scarcely under-
take to outrage public sentiment by rapho-
dically attacking an honorable person, were
he not liberally paid for his courage; and
had the crimes of his abettor I
deem, are such that he would gladly
allow the accommodating Editor a pension
for the residue of his days, could that
worthy, by fair means or foul, extinguish
my unblemished reputation.

You, sir, agreed with my wishes in leav-
ing out of my note of Friday, the promise
to give further explanations, so that the
Herald editor is wrong again, as also in his
garbled quotation from my letter.

I feel sorry that a matter of merely petty
spite should have been forced upon public
attention; but I am also thankful that an
opportunity has been afforded, whereby a
stranger could honorably and openly con-
front the lying machinations of the *Herald*
editor's friends, whose "modesty" consists
in slyly defaming, not only myself, but all
else whose character is superior to their
own. Believing, as I have aforesaid said
that

Blessed right shall conquer might
And truth be king o'er a' that.

and also relying upon the counsel, "Fear
not them that kill the body," I ask for no
"notoriety," but accept the position allotted
me, happy in the past, content in the pre-
sent, and thank God! with a good con-
science, I can enjoy faith in a blissful
future. I shall pay no further attention
to my defamers. The public must judge
for themselves.

I am, Sir,
Yours,
SUSAN MACLEOD.

Charlottetown, April 22, 1885.

The Legislative Assembly of Nova Scotia
voted an annuity of five hundred dollars a
year to the wife of the late Joseph Howe.
This was well done, for Howe did much
for the province, and died poor. His best
work was done for the province and not
for himself.

The Montreal patriotic fund amounts to
\$20,000. The contributions are many of
them small, but they foot up this hand-
some total. Montreal has 417 men in the
field and Halifax has 380.