The Daily Examiner.

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ALMANAC FOR NOVEMBER, 1885.

MOON'S CHANGES.

New Moon 6th day, 4h, 50m., p. m.
First Quarter, 14th day, 5h. 47m., p. m.
Full Moon, 22nd day, 5h. 27m., a. m.
Last Quarter 28th day, 9h. 45m., p. m.

D M	DAY OF WEEK	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	High water	Days len'h.
		h m	h m	morn	aft'n	h m
1	Sunday	6 47	4 41	00 37	6 14	9 54
2	Monday	48	39	1 48	7 27	51
3	Tuesday	50	38	2 56	8 24	48
4	Wednesday	51	36	4 6	9 10	45
5	Thursday	53	35	5 13	9 52	42
6	Friday	54	34	6 19	10 30	40
7	Saturday	56	32	7 22	11 6	37
8	Sunday	57	31	8 22	11 42	34
9	Monday	58	29	9 17	morn	31
10	Tuesday	7 0	28	10 8	0 18	28
11	Wednesday	1	27	10 53	0 55	26
12	Thursday	3	26	11 33	1 34	23
13	Friday	4	25	aft 9	2 15	21
14	Saturday	6	24	0 40	3 1	18
15	Sunday	7	22	1 10	3 58	15
16	Monday	8	21	1 37	5 5	13
17	Tuesday	10	20	2 5	6 15	10
18	Wednesday	11	19	2 33	7 20	8
19	Thursday	13	19	3 3	8 15	6
20	Friday	14	18	3 37	9 2	4
21	Saturday	16	17	4 16	9 46	1
22	Sunday	17	16	5 3	10 29	8 59
23	Monday	18	15	5 36	11 11	57
24	Tuesday	20	14	6 57	11 55	54
25	Wednesday	21	13	8 4	aft 40	52
26	Thursday	23	13	9 16	1 26	50
27	Friday	24	12	10 28	2 17	48
28	Saturday	25	11	11 39	3 14	46
29	Sunday	26	11	morn	4 24	45
30	Monday	7 26	4 10	0 48	5 43	8 43

NOTES.

King William landed (1688) on the 5th.

The 85th anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot

The *London Gazette* first published at Oxford (1665) on the 7th.

Lord Mayor's day and birthday of the Prince of Wales on the 9th.

Princess Royal's birthday on the 21st.

The *London Times* first printed by steam (1814) on the 28th.

In this month the mornings decrease 49 minutes, the afternoons 38 minutes.

THE RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

For the convenience of the travelling public, we have carefully arranged the following table of arrival and departure of trains on the P. E. Island Railway, according to local time:—

Going West.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Charlottetown	6 47	9 12	4 02
Royalty Junction	7 02	9 47	4 29
North Wiltshire	7 37	10 39	5 09
Hunter River	7 47	10 55	5 22
Bradalbane	8 12	11 32	5 57
County Line	8 19	11 43	6 07
Freetown	8 29	11 59	6 22
		P. M.	
Kensington	8 42	12 22	6 42
Summerside, arrive	9 07	12 57	7 12
Summerside, depart	9 27	2 37	
Miscouche	9 42	3 00	
Wellington	10 01	3 29	
Port Hill	10 29	4 20	
O'Leary	11 22	5 42	
Alberton	12 05	6 57	
Tignish	12 42	7 47	
From West.	P. M.	A. M.	
Tignish	2 07	6 47	
Alberton	2 45	7 57	
O'Leary	3 29	9 02	
Port Hill	4 20	10 29	
Wellington	4 49	11 16	
Miscouche	5 07	11 44	
Summerside, arrive	5 22	12 07	
			A. M.
Summerside, depart	5 42	1 12	6 57
Kensington	6 07	1 49	7 29
Freetown	6 22	2 12	7 49
County Line	6 32	2 27	8 03
Bradalbane	6 38	2 37	8 12
Hunter River	7 02	3 15	8 47
North Wiltshire	7 12	3 32	9 01
Royalty Junction	7 47	4 32	9 47
Charlottetown	8 02	4 52	10 07
Going East.	A. M.		P. M.
Charlottetown	7 07		4 17
York	7 43		4 44
Bedford	8 04		4 57
Mount Stewart, arrive	8 37		5 22
Mount Stewart, depart	8 57		5 27
Morell	9 42		5 56
St. Peter's	10 15		6 17
Bear River	11 07		6 52
Souris	11 57		7 22
Mount Stewart	9 02		5 32
Cardigan	10 15		6 25
Georgetown	10 37		6 42
From East.	A. M.		P. M.
Souris	6 47		2 12
Bear River	7 17		3 02
St. Peter's	7 52		3 54
Morell	8 14		4 27
Mount Stewart, arrive	8 42		5 17
Mount Stewart, depart	8 47		5 37
Bedford	9 12		6 14
York	9 26		6 35
Charlottetown	9 52		7 12
Georgetown	7 32		3 37
Cardigan	7 49		4 00
Mount Stewart	8 42		5 12

50 Lovely New Style all Chromoards C. with name and a prize for 10c. 12 packs, 12 names, for $1. A sample pack and agent's outfit with illustrated catalogue of Tricks and Novelties, for 3c. stamp and this slip.
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Ch'town, Sept. 28—3aw wkly

FLORA.

A Roumanian Tale, by Miss E. B. Mawer.

Radu, the Black, prince of the land and founder of the principality, wanted to build a monastery. Setting out with a numerous cavalcade in search of a suitable site, he came upon a young shepherd playing on his flute a doina (national wail) of his country

'Shepherd,' cried Radu, stopping him, 'thou must often with thy flocks have explored the banks of the Argis; tell me, hast thou never seen a wall hidden amongst the green brush-wood of the nut trees?'

'Yes, Prince; I have seen a wall which was begun to be built, and my dogs howled at it as if they had been howling for a death.'

'Right,' said the Prince, with satisfaction, 'it is there that our monastery shall rise'; then calling Manoli and his masons, 'listen,' he said, 'I wish you to build me an edifice so noble and beautiful that its equal shall never be found. I promise to you all treasures, titles and estates, which shall make you equal with the Boyards of my court. I promise on the honor of a prince. Stay! don't thank me yet! My word is sacred; and again I say, what I promise I always carry out; if you do not succeed I will have you walled up living in the foundation of the monastery, which shall be built by cleverer hands than yours."

The masons go quickly to work; they measure the ground they dig the soil, and soon a majestic wall begins to rise. Satisfied with their work and certain of success, they fall asleep, and dream of the lands and treasures and titles, which their skill is to bring them. Morning comes, the golden rays of the sun dart over the waters of the Argis. The cool morning air and the desire to continue their work arouse the masons. They seize their tools and walk quickly to recommence their labors, but alas, during the night, all had crumbled and disappeared!

Instead of sitting down and complaining the masons recommenced their tasks. At the end of the day they have repaired the terrible disaster, and when evening comes they again seek repose.

But again the morning sunlight revealed the crumbled walls. This happens to them four times.

The fourth night, notwithstanding his terrible anxiety, Manoli sleeps, and he dreams a strange and terrible dream. He awakes and calls his comrades, "Listen," he says, "to what has been told me while I was asleep. A voice whispered to me that all our work will be in vain; that each night the work of the day will be destroyed unless we wall up, living, in our edifice, the first woman, be she wife or sister, who in the early morning comes to bring our food."

The prospect of the honors which the construction of the monastery was to bring them, the riches and titles with which their work was to be recompensed decided the workmen; and they each swore a solemn oath to wall up while living the first woman, be she sister or wife, who should come amongst them next day.

Morning came clear and pure, as if it were not to light on one despairing heart. Manoli anxiously looks into the distance; his oath strikes him with terror: he climbs a hillock to look around him; he even mounts a scaffolding and his eyes scan fearfully the surrounding plain.

Distant, far distant, he sees a form advancing. Who comes in such a haste? In truth, it is a woman, careful and diligent, bringing the early morning meal to the man she loves. See! with quick, light step she comes nearer and nearer—she is recognized. It is the beautiful Flora, the wife of Manoli.

Everything disappears from Manoli's sight, the sun is dark and swollen; instead of light there is the darkness of the tomb.

He falls on his knees and, clasping his hands, calls:

"Oh, Lord God! open the cataracts of heaven! Shower on the earth torrents of water! Turn the streamlets into lakes, oh merciful Saviour, that my wife may not be able to reach me here!"

Did God listen to his prayer? Clouds immediately covered the sky, and heavy rain began to fall. But Flora continued her way. Was not her husband waiting for her? What mattered these obstacles?

Against stream and torrent she still advances. Manoli, watching her, again kneels, joins his hands, and cries:

'Oh, my God, send a wind to twist and tear up the plantations, to overthrow the mountains, and force my wife to return to the valley!'

The wind rises and roars through the forest, uproots the plantations, overthrows the mountains, yet Flora only hastens the more quickly to reach her husband, and at length arrives at the fatal spot. Then the masons tremble at the sight, but tremble with joy.

Then Manoli, grief-stricken, takes his wife in his arms and says:

'Listen, my dear. To amuse ourselves we are going to pretend to build you up in these walls; it will be I who will place you there, so be very quiet.'

Flora laughingly consented, for she loved Manoli and had full confidence in him. Manoli sighed heavily, but began to build the wall, it already reached his wife's ankles—her knees—higher and higher. Flora laughed no more, but seized with terror cried:

'Manoli, Manoli! Leave off this cruel joking. The wall presses on me; it will crush me!'

Manoli is silent, but works on; the wall still rises, and is now level with her waist.

'Manoli! Manoli!' again she cries. 'Stay your hand; soon I shall no longer see you; I love you, I love you; you say you love me, too, and yet you are sacrificing me!'

But Manoli works on; to console himself, he thinks, "Shortly I shall no longer hear her wailing; suffering is not so terrible when one does not witness it.'

The work proceeds—the wall rises to her eyebrows—at length she is hidden from sight entirely. Manoli moved away, but he still hears the faint, moaning voice of his wife, 'Manoli! Monoli! the wall is pressing on me, and my life is dying out!'

* * * * * *

That was a magnificent day on which the Prince came to kneel and give thanks in the beautiful monastery, the best proportioned and the finest in style that had ever been built. The master masons, Manoli among them, swelling with pride, at the top of the scaffolding awaited the visit, the praise, and the recompense of Radu, the Prince.

But the Prince commanded the people to knock away props, poles and planks, and the Masons fell from a great height to an instantaneous death. Manoli alone caught at a projecting carving, and passing from one to another would soon have reached the ground, but there came from the wall he was touching the cry: "Manoli! Manoli! the cold wall is pressing on me; my body is crushed, and my life is dying out!" At this sound Manoli turned giddy and faint and fell to the earth.

On the spot where he fell there springs a fountain of clear, sparkling water, but its taste is salt and bitter as the tears which are shed in Roumania, even now when one relates the sorrows and the sacrifice of Flora, the wife of Manoli.

Joseph Cook on Temperance.

SOME SCIENTIFIC FACTS WHICH SHOULD BE A CAUTION TO MODERATE DRINKERS.

"Alcohol upon the Human Brain, or What NeXt in the Temperance Reform," was the subject upon which Joseph Cook delivered a powerful address in Halifax on Thursday evening. Mr. Cook emptied the white of an egg in a tumbler, described its qualities, and compared it to the film of the brain and muscles. He poured a few drops of alcohol into it, and the liquid of the egg immediately began to discolor and to solidify. Seven hundred and ninety out of one thousand parts of the blood is water. Alcohol has an intense affinity for water. Alcohol thirsts for water as the drunkard thirsts for alcohol. The effect produced upon the brain and nerves by alcohol was illustrated by its effect on the white of the egg in the glass—it absorbs the water and leaves the albuminous substance hardened. The egg in the glass represented the habitual drinkers, the men who kicked their wives to death, and suffered horrors from delirium tremen. Alcohol had been distilled from the veins and brains of men dying during a debauch. In Glasgow

ALCOHOL HAD BEEN DIPPED OUT OF THE BRAIN CAVITIES

of a dead man's skull, held over a spirit lamp, and burned in a blue flame. That fact ought to illuminate the path of young men away from the drink cup. On one occasion he (the speaker) had come very near drawing alcohol from the veins of a drunken man in public, and burning it before a Boston audience as a practical illustration. Blood will not burn, but the alcohol in it will. This fact ought to be a pillar of fire to warn men away from drink, Mr. Cook gave practical black board illustrations of the condition of the corpuscles of the blood of non-drinkers and drinkers—showing how they were deformed and poisoned in the latter, and the terrible effects upon posterity; how that the sins of the fathers were literally visited upon the children to the third and fourth generations. Science had reached such perfection in these days that not only alcoholic but all forms of sexual diseases could be diagnosed from microscopic examination of corpuscles taken from the veins. Just remember that young men! It was a delicate subject to discuss before a mixed audience, but he believed that all that any one knew of benefit to humanity, should be known by all.

ALCOHOL LEFT INDELIBLE SCARS

upon the physical system—scars which did not wash out and would not grow out. Human bodies were renewed; the old was thrown off and the new taken on, but the scars were all reproduced. Alcoholic scars upon the brain, the nerves, the liver, were reproduced. These did not wash out and would not grow out. One glass of liquor will not ruin, but it wounds. Tipplers were full of these blood and brain scars. Nature taught a stern creed and held a man strictly to his record. It causes a man to reap as he has sown. But still there was hope for the drinker and for the drunkard. Very few Anglo-Saxons are not disintoned by alcohol, and young men will still fire the train. We have a right to take this stand upon these scientific facts, and whatever manufactures mad men must be repressed by legislation.

Found a Manufacturer Overloaded!

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Prices are Still Tumbling and Purchasers will Reap the Benefit Thereof!

REID BROS. have purchased a large Invoice of Fine Saxonby All-wool Tweeds from a Manufacturer's Agent, whose name we are not permitted to mention, at a great sacrifice to the mills, and we intend giving our patrons the advantage of this purchase. These goods have never in the history of P. E. Island been retailed at less than $1.40 to $1.75 a yard, and we now can offer them at 95cts a yard, or will make up suits from them to order, with linings worth $1.10 a yard and other trimmings to match, at the popular price, $16, worth just $22.50 all over this country. Will produce letters from some of the best men in town and country which must satisfy the most aesthetic that our cutter, Mr. Bruce, and his helps, are equal to the times, and his garments are always neat, strong, perfect-fitting and full-fashioned.

Experience has taught us that many persons have been driven away in disgust from houses who are continually advertizing goods at extraordinary prices, which they are unable to produce when called for, and to meet this difficulty we ask intending purchasers to call and examine our stock and we are confident that one inspection will satisfy the most skeptical that we never advertize a humbug.

50 Men's Suits, heavy black worsted goods, winter weights, only $6.50 a suit.
56 do do fine quality, $8.50, worth $12.
20 do do Scotch Tweeds, fine quality, $9, worth $14.
100 pairs Men's Black Worsted Pants, only $2, worth $3.
50 pairs very heavy Black Worsted Pants, only $2.50, worth $3.50.
100 pairs Men's heavy working Pants, $1.25, $1.50, $2 and up.
20 pairs Island Tweed Pants, our own make, $2.75 and up.
Tryon Tweed Suits, made up to order, $11, $12, $13 and up.
100 Children's and Youths' Suits, $1.75, $2.50, $3 and up.
Children's Suits made up to order from fine Scotch Tweeds, $6, and up.
Men's Overcoats and Reefers, $3.50 and up.
Youths' and Children's Overcoats and Reefers, $3, and up.
Ladies' Jackets and Ulsters, London made, $1.65 and up.
Ladies' Jackets made up to order at low prices.
40 dozen Men's Shirts and Drawers, 30cts, to $3 each.
5 dozen Ladies' Undervests, 95cts and up.
Another large invoice of Dent's 4-clasp Kid Gloves, only 85cts.
20 dozen Gents' Top Shirts, winter weights, 60cts and up.
A full stock of Gents' Furnishing Goods.
A very large stock of Tryon Tweeds, Blankets and Yarns.

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Ch'town, Oct. 5, '85—1mo eod wky