

# THE EXAMINER.

VOL. 2. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1878. NO. 265

## THE DAILY EXAMINER

Is Published every Evening.  
OFFICE:  
ING'S BUILDING, CORNER OF WATER  
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Charlottetown, P. E. I.

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W. L. COTTON, J. W. MITCHELL,  
Manager, Office Sup't.

## PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE NO. 8.  
WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

To come into force MONDAY, DEC. 24, 1877

### TRAINS GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	No. 5 EXPRESS	No. 7 MIXED
GEORGETOWN	Dp. 8.02	P. M.
Cardigan	" 9.04	
Moat Stewart Junction	Ar. 10.25	
Royalty Junction	Dp. 10.35	
	11.46	
CHARLOTTETOWN	P. M.	P. M.
	Ar. 12.10	Dp. 2.40
	A. M.	
	Dp. 9.00	" 3.05
Royalty Junction	" 9.25	" 3.05
North Wiltshire	" 10.22	" 4.02
Hunter River	" 10.40	" 4.20
Brakalbane	" 11.18	" 5.00
County Line	" 11.23	" 5.16
	P. M.	
Kensington	" 12.07	" 5.50
SUMMERSIDE	Ar. 12.45	
	Dp. 2.00	" 6.20
Wellington	" 2.45	
Port Hill	" 3.28	
O'Leary	" 4.43	
Alberton	" 5.45	
Tignish	" 6.33	

### TRAINS GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	No. 2 EXPRESS	No. 4 MIXED
TIGNISH	Dp. 8.00	A. M.
ALBERTON	" 8.55	
O'Leary	" 9.52	
Port Hill	" 11.07	
Wellington	" 11.48	
	P. M.	A. M.
SUMMERSIDE	Ar. 12.35	
	Dp. 2.10	Dp. 8.35
Kensington	" 2.45	" 9.12
County Line	" 3.30	" 9.50
Brakalbane	" 4.49	" 10.16
Hunter River	" 4.20	" 10.40
North Wiltshire	" 4.35	" 10.58
Royalty Junction	" 5.30	" 11.56
CHARLOTTETOWN	Ar. 5.55	
	Dp. 2.05	" 12.20
Royalty Junction	" 2.30	
MT. STEWART Junc.	Ar. 3.40	
Cardigan	Dp. 3.50	
GEORGETOWN.	" 5.12	
	Ar. 5.40	

### SOURIS BRANCH.

Going West. Going East.

STATIONS.	No. 5 MIXED	STATIONS.	No. 6 MIXED
Souris	Dp. 7.30	Mt. St. w't Jc.	Dp. 3.50
Harmony	" 7.55	Lot 40	" 4.20
St. Peter's	" 9.11	Morell	" 4.32
Morell	" 9.42	St. Peter's	" 5.03
Lot 40	" 9.48	Harmony	" 6.20
Mt. St. w't Jc.	Ar. 10.2	Souris	Ar. 6.45

C. J. BRYDGES, W. McKECHNIE  
Genl. Superintendent Sup't. P. E. I.,  
Govt. Railways. Railway.

### Notice to the Public!

SUPPLIES for the "Soup Kitchen" will reach the Committee if left at the Store of Mr. Alex. Horne, Corner of Queen and Fitzroy Streets.  
Donations of money will be thankfully received by them through Dr. Dodd and Mr. J. Quirk.  
N. B.—Food for the sick carefully prepared by the Committee.  
Nov. 30, 1877.

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GEORGE MACLEOD (Union Bank),  
Agent for Prince Edward Island,  
June, 1877—

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MR. PATTERSON guarantees that no matter how badly faded or stained garments may be, he will restore them to their original color.  
JOHN PATTERSON.  
Feb. 9—

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CARVELL BROS.,  
Agents.

Ch'town, Feb. 23—dy pat 2 aw for 3w

## A CARD TO THE PUBLIC

WHILE taking this opportunity of thanking our numerous customers for the liberal manner in which they have patronized

## OUR NEW STUDIO,

we would inform them that we have now increased facilities for the production of first-class work, and are prepared to make PHOTOGRAPHS of a Style and Quality that has never been before attempted in this City. We have on exhibition, at our Rooms, a large number of Photographs of every variety, including the

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the most beautiful style of Photograph known, possessing a softness and delicacy of coloring that has never been equalled. This elegant picture has become deservedly popular elsewhere, and cannot fail to be equally so here.

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Parties intending to have Photographs made will find it to their advantage to sit early, as the number of our customers makes some delay in the delivery of the Photos unavoidable. We prefer to have our sitters come by appointment.

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ROSS BROS.,  
Cor. Queen and Dorchester Streets,  
opposite Connolly's Bank.  
Sept. 19, 1877—3m eod

1878.

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ADDRESS,

W. L. COTTON,

Manager Examiner Printing and Publishing Company.  
Ch'town, Dec. 6, 1877.

Sir John A.

The following speech was delivered by Sir John McDonald in response to the toast of his health after the presentation of the address to Senator Macpherson by the Highlanders of Glengarry, for his defense of them against the Cartwright slander:—

Sir John McDonald, on rising to respond, was greeted with enthusiastic cheers. After some preliminary remarks, he said:—If you have been vilified, and if the Highland race has been insulted, it has been on account of your generous assistance to my family in what was supposed to be our extremity years ago. I consider that this recognition by my countrymen, men of the same race, blood, and lineage as myself, to you, Mr. Chairman, was your due. You came forward in the most manly way to assert that you had not done anything wrong, in the first place, with respect to the testimonial to myself. I may say my friendship has been life-long, at all events lasting from our youth. In 1870, when I was stricken down in a moment, when my life was held by a thread, and medical men said there were a million chances against me to one in my favor, Providence gave me that one chance. It was then that you, and my friends, when I was in a state of utter unconsciousness for two months, commenced to make provision, not for me, but for those it was expected I would leave behind me, because they thought it would be unworthy of them that the family of a prominent statesman should be without those comforts which I enjoyed while I was alive. The consequence of all this is, you have been made the object of attack, and as there was nothing in your character or antecedents that could be attacked, Mr. Cartwright had the manliness to make a jest against you, because you were of the same race as myself, and because he wished to attack me, he attacked you. I feel, therefore, that this toast is properly limited to myself, as being a recognition by those who are present that you are not wrong in exerting yourself as you did (for which I cannot be sufficiently grateful) to make provision for my family when it was thought that my life was ending. There is another reason why the toast should be limited to me; it is because the attack is made upon our race. This wanton, foolish attack upon us will ring all through Canada, wherever a Highlander is found, and many a Highlander will remember that "blood is thicker than water," and will think of the Highlanders first and the politician afterwards. (Cheers.) There is nothing in the world I would so much dislike as to suppose we were attempting to make political capital against Mr. Cartwright, or indeed anybody else. This is a honest ebullition of Highlandmen at their race being traduced and insulted in this foolish, wanton, and senseless manner. I wonder he did not go on a little further. If he had had any imagination, he could have quoted the satirist, and called us—

"A motley crew of bare-legged beggars,  
McLeods, McDonalds, and Macgregors."

or,  
"There's naething up there but syboos and leeks,  
And lang leggit Hielandmen wantin' the  
brecks."

(Laughter.) He had not imagination enough for that. He merely attacked us with wanton scurrility and senseless abuse, because, in the first place, he felt, as every apostate feels, that every man of honor—and a Highlander is the soul of honor—would despise him for the cold-blooded manner in which he had left his party, and not only his, but his family's party, with which they had been connected from their first arrival in Canada. As this beautiful address says, the insult was not uttered in an excited moment, but was deliberately repeated, and recorded in a volume as the deliberate opinion of Richard John Cartwright. Verily he will reap his reward. (Cheers.) It is true, as you have said, we cannot use the claymore now. Mr. Cartwright had the folly to say, in one of his speeches, he had heard Mr. Macpherson and myself were going to call him to account for what he had said. Good Lord! Fight a man like that. (Cheers and laughter.) The people's punishment, the just retribution, will be given him in the universal contempt of those that he has insulted. With respect to this testimonial to myself, the Government, knowing they were liable to all kinds of attack, have attempted to divert public attention by assailing me. There was the secret service money, too. I never touched a farthing of it. I paid it out, as I had a right to do, in the public service. I have received letters and personal intimations from my friends, so far as the testimonial was concerned, and the Northern Railway subscription, they would pay it, at a shilling a head, twenty times over; and the same with respect to the Secret Service Fund. I said, "No; not by word or deed shall I admit that Mr. Macpherson was wrong in receiving that subscription, and I shall not by any act of mine sanction the statement of opinion that the money was improperly received, and, therefore, ought to be refunded." In the same way, with respect to the Secret Service money, where I applied it to the public service, where it never came into my pocket, where Senator Campbell, himself, said he would not receive one cent of it if there was any after-claps, and where I went to Mr. McKenzie, and had that, as I supposed, fully understood—he thought there was a chance to have a slap at me, and used it as a weapon to strike me down. But the attempt has failed and re-acted against himself. (Cheers.) I thank you exceedingly for the toast, as a Highlander and the son of a Highlander. There is not a drop of blood in my veins on my father's or mother's side that is not Celtic. Talking of the loyalty of the Highlanders, the monarchical spirit of the Celtic race, whether it be Irish or Scotch, is celebrated in the Dominion. I have the pride to say that my grandfather—the father of my mother—was loyal to the Stuart race. At the age of fifteen he was a cornet in Lord Elcho's Horse, and fought in the battle of Culloden. (Cheers.) It is a dangerous thing to attack Highlanders. I hear that somebody told Mr. Cartwright that there were 500 Highlanders coming up to see him to-day. If so, it must have rather disturbed his sleep, I think; but we do not use a

double-barrelled gun to shoot flies. I think Mr. Cartwright did not fully realize when he was insulting the Highlanders he was rather putting his hand into a hornet's nest, and if he finds it sore and swollen he has to thank himself for the sting. (Cheers.) He should have remembered what "The MacNab" said on being charged with throwing a man, who had insulted him, over a bridge into the water. "Why I didn't think that any man would have ventured to affront McNabb on a bridge if he didn't know how to swim. [Laughter and cheers.]

## The Old, Old Story.

A COUNTRYMAN COMES TO BOSTON TO SECURE EMPLOYMENT, AND IS THE VICTIM OF THE MONEY-CHANGING GAME.

(From the Boston Herald, March 10th.)

Benjamin Buntain, an honest-looking countryman, apparently about 35 years of age, was yesterday morning arraigned before United States Commissioner Hallett, on the charge of having, on the 13th inst., attempted to pass a worthless "spid mark" for a \$20 gold piece. Buntain says that he is a native of Charlottetown, P. E. I., and that last fall he came to Boston for the purpose of obtaining employment. Failing to secure any, he went out West, and, being as unsuccessful there, he returned East, arriving in this city Wednesday, intending to start for Halifax in the next steamer. He started out on the morning of Wednesday for the purpose of seeing Boston, and also with a desire to look up a relative of his, who resided, as he thought, somewhere in Castle street. During his wandering, and while in the vicinity of the Post Office, he encountered a well-dressed man who informed him that he was a large dealer in tobacco in San Francisco, Cal. He walked up the street with Buntain, and on the way told him he was here purchasing tobacco, and when opposite the Post Office he went in, telling Buntain to wait until he came out, which he did. While confiding his own business affairs to the unsuspecting countryman, he gradually learned from him his history, and what he proposed doing. Upon learning that his unsophisticated companion was about returning to the Provinces, the stranger said he had a quantity of gold about him, and produced this piece, which Buntain got into trouble with. He suggested his willingness to exchange it for greenbacks, remarking at the time that it was no gold, as they did not appreciate its value. After making this exchange, Buntain left his newly-made acquaintance and proceeded to the South End. On arriving at Castle street, he went into the store of one Edward Malone and ordered some beer. After paying for the beer, Buntain showed Malone this piece of money, which he had obtained from the accommodating stranger, and Malone informed him that it was worthless. The testimony of the Government witnesses set forth the fact that during the evening Buntain presented this same piece of money in several saloons in Portland street, in payment for beer; but the barkeepers of the various saloons, being unable to make change, by a singular coincidence, carried it in every instance, to Hiram Green's establishment on that street to have it changed. Green's attention being called to the frequency of these visits, he suspected something was wrong, and, confiding his suspicions to Officer C. A. Roak, of Station 3, had Buntain arrested. The Commissioner decided that there was sufficient ground to believe that the prisoner knew the money to be worthless, and ordered him to furnish sureties in the sum of \$1,000 for his appearance at the March term of the District Court.

## TORONTO'S TURMOIL.

A Sequel to the O'Donovan Rossa Row.

TORONTO, March 20.—Worth, the policeman who was struck with a stone, cannot speak or move, and it is supposed he will die. Sheehan, the policeman who was struck in the breast, will retire from service. Mr. Cooper, of the Grand Trunk Railway, reports two colored men and one white man, shot at the station in the city limits. From information gathered to-day, seven men were shot at Coe-grove street, two at Collins', and a woman in Kennerly street; she is reported by Dr. Valentine to be shot through the breast. Right Roman Catholics, all suffering from bullet wounds, it is said have applied to the Emerald Beneficial Association for medical attendance. One was shot, it is believed, by a policeman while offering a carriage containing two wounded officers. It is estimated that the damage done will amount to \$20,000, which bill the city will have to foot. Rossa left the city on the 3.15 train for Hamilton, being accompanied to the station by one Moriarty and his wife, who drove through King Street with the Fenian. He stayed on Monday night with Mr. Moriarty, on Darcy Street. Last night an unruly crowd assembled at the place and threatened to tear it down, but were driven off by the police. Gangs of Irishmen congregated in Bathurst street with the intention, it is said, of wrecking the store of Falls Johnstone, a school trustee and prominent Orangeman, but did no harm, being dispersed by the police. The riot has brought into prominence the lowest class of the community, and they have not subsided into obscurity, but prowl about from tavern to tavern. Rawbone, the gunsmith, reports that within three days he has sold 60,000 rounds of ball cartridge. A double patrol was put on the west side to-night, and every precaution was taken to secure the keeping of the peace.

Keely, of the motor fame, is hopelessly bankrupt says the Cleveland "Herald." Keely absorbed about one hundred thousand dollars from credulous people to develop his humming machine, which was going to supersede steam, and dispense entirely with the use of fuel. He pretended that with a teaspoon full of water he could run a train of cars a hundred miles. For over three years he lived sumptuously, drove fine horses, wore diamonds, and drunk champagne at the expense of the stockholders of his motor company. If Keely gets his deserts, he will furnish motive power for breaking stone in the penitentiary.