

The Daily Examiner.

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NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1885.

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ALMANAC FOR MAY, 1885.

MOON'S CHANGES. Last Quarter 7th day, 4h. 31m., a. m. New Moon 14th day, 11h. 5m., a. m. First Quarter, 21st day, 1h. 33m., a. m. Full Moon, 28th day, 4h. 18m., p. m.

Table with columns: DAY OF WEEK, Sun (Sun), Moon (High), Days (water), etc. Rows for days of the week.

THE RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

(Charlottetown Time.)

Table with columns: GOING WEST, A. M., P. M., destinations like Charlottetown, Royalty Junction, etc.

WE SELL

Potatoes, Spilling, Bark, R. R. Ties, Lumber, Laths, Canned Lobsters, Macerel, Berries, Eggs, Fish Etc.

HATHEWAY & CO., General Commission Merchants, 22 Central Wharf, Boston.

NEW HATS—NEW HATS

NOW open, Ten cases English and Canadian hard and soft felt HATS. The Newest Styles and at the Lowest Prices ever offered in this City. Do not fail to see them before buying elsewhere.

J. B. MACDONALD'S.

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!

NEW STOCK of Ready-made CLOTHING for Men and Boys, very Cheap at!

J. B. MACDONALD'S, Queen Street.



MEN'S FELT HATS.

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JUST OPENED AT L. E. PROWSE'S, Including all the Leading Styles in English, American and Canadian.

This is the Largest Stock ever imported to P. E. Island and

MUST BE SOLD,

so BIG BARGAINS will be given, both Wholesale and Retail.

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Ch'town, April 28, 1885.

UNTIL ARRIVAL OF NEW GOODS

I OFFER THE FOLLOWING GOODS AT A DISCOUNT OF 15 TO 25 PER CENT.

BELOW OUR FORMER PRICES:

65 Doz. FELT HATS, 76 Doz. White and Colored SHIRTS, \$1,700 worth of Ready-made CLOTHING, superior quality (our own make), 80 pieces WORSTED, 172 pieces TWEED, which I offer to make to order, or sell by the yard, at prices that no one can afford to undersell.

I have secured the services of

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D. A. BRUCE, MERCHANT TAILOR, 72 Queen Street.

Ch'town, April 16, 1885—3mos eod&wkly

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, MERCHANTS BANK OF HALIFAX.

Ch'town, Jan. 1885.

TO LET.

WHAT New House situate on the corner of Prince and Sidney Streets, at present in the occupation of John Sprague, Esq., with Stable and Coach House attached; the house has a good Frost-proof Cellar, with Pump in Kitchen, and another in the yard. Possession given the first of May. The house will be put in first-class order. Apply to John Kelly, Esq., Dorchester Street, or the owner,

EDWARD KELLY, Lake Verd. April 22, 1885.

WARBURTON & CONROY, BARRISTERS & ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Notaries Public, &c.

Office in Cameron's Block, up stairs; entrance next door to Taylor's Jewelry Store. March 23, 1885—wky3m

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. CHESTER B. MACNEILL. January 16, 1885.

Have you got one of the beautiful Panel Pictures that are given away with "Welcome Soap"? They are going very fast, and the Soap is always welcome in every family.

WARREN LELAND,

whom everybody knows as the successful manager of the

Largest Hotel Enterprises

of America, says that while a passenger from New York on board a ship going around Cape Horn, in the early days of emigration to California, he learned that one of the officers of the vessel had cured himself, during the voyage, of an obstinate disease by the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Since then Mr. LELAND has recommended AYER'S SARSAPARILLA in many similar cases, and he has never yet heard of its failure to effect a radical cure.

Some years ago one of Mr. LELAND's farm laborers bruised his leg. Owing to the bad state of his blood, an ugly scurfulous swelling or lump appeared on the injured limb. Horrible itching of the skin, with burning and darting pains through the lump, made life almost intolerable. The leg became enormously enlarged, and running ulcers formed, discharging great quantities of extremely offensive matter. No treatment was of any avail until the man, by Mr. LELAND'S direction, was supplied with AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, which allayed the pain and irritation, healed the sores, removed the swelling, and completely restored the limb to use.

Mr. LELAND has personally used

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

for Rheumatism, with entire success; and, after careful observation, declares that, in his belief, there is no medicine in the world equal to it for the cure of Liver Disorders, Gout, the effects of high living, Salt Rheum, Sores, Eruptions, and all the various forms of blood diseases.

We have Mr. LELAND'S permission to invite all who may desire further evidence in regard to the extraordinary curative powers of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to see him personally either at his mammoth Ocean Hotel, Long Branch, or at the popular Leland Hotel, Broadway, 27th and 28th Streets, New York.

Mr. LELAND'S extensive knowledge of the good done by this unequalled eradicator of blood poisons enables him to give inquirers much valuable information.

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Office in Brown's Block, Queen Square (UP STAIRS)

Ch'town, Feb. 12, 1885.

ADAM BEDE.

CHAPTER XLV. (Continued.)

Hetty shuddered. She was silent for some moments, and when she began again it was in a whisper.

'I came to a place where there were lots of chips and turf, and I sat down on the trunk of a tree to think what I should do. And all of a sudden I saw a hole under the nut-tree, like a little grave. And it darted into me like lightning—I'd lay the baby there, and cover it with the grass and the chips. I couldn't kill it any other way. And I'd done it in a minute; and, oh, it cried so, Dinah—I couldn't cover it quite up—I thought, perhaps, somebody 'ud come and take care of it, and then it wouldn't die. And I made haste out of the wood, but I could hear it crying all the while; and when I got out into the fields, it was as if I was held fast—I couldn't go away, for all I wanted so to go. And I sat against the hay-stack to watch if anybody 'ud come; I was very hungry, and I'd only a bit of bread left; but I couldn't go away. And after ever such a while—hours and hours—the man came—him in a smock-frock, and he looked at me so, I was frightened, and I made haste and went on. I thought he was going to the wood and would, perhaps, find the baby. And I went right on, till I came to a village, a long way off from the wood; and I was very sick, and faint and hungry. I got something to eat there, and bought a loaf. But I was frightened to stay. I heard the baby crying, and thought the other folks heard it to—and I went on. But I was so tired, and it was getting toward dark. And at last, by the road side there was a barn—ever such a way off any house—like the barn in Abbot's Close; and I thought I could go in there and hide myself among the hay and straw, and nobody 'ud be likely to come. I went in, and it was half-full of trusses of straw, and there was some hay too. And I made myself a bed, ever so far behind where no body could find me; and I was so tired and weak I went to sleep. But oh! the baby's crying kept waking me; and I thought that man as looked at me so was come and laying hold of me. But I must have slept a long while at last, though I didn't know; for when I got up and went out of the barn, I didn't know whether it was night or morning. But it was morning, for it kept getting brighter; and I turned back the way I'd come. I couldn't help it, Dinah; it was the baby's crying made me go, and yet I was frightened to death. I thought that man in the smock-frock 'ud see me, and know I put the baby there. But I went on, for all that I'd left off thinking about going home—it had gone out of my mind. I saw nothing but that place in the wood where I'd buried the baby. I see it now, Oh, Dinah! shall I allays see it?'

Hetty clung round Dinah, and shuddered again. The silence seemed long before she went on.

'I met nobody, for it was very early, and I got into the wood. I knew the way to the place; the place against the nut-tree; and I could hear it crying at every step; I thought it was alive; I don't know what I felt; I only know I was in the wood and heard the cry. I don't know what I felt till I saw the baby was gone. And when I'd put it there, I thought I should like somebody to find it, and save it from dying; but when I saw it was gone, I was struck like a stone with fear. I never thought of stirring, I felt so weak. I know I couldn't run away, and everybody as saw me 'ud know about the baby. My heart went like a stone; I couldn't wish or try for anything; it seemed like as if I should stay there forever, and nothing 'ud ever change. But they came and took me away.'

Hetty was silent, but she shuddered again, as if there was still something behind; and Dinah waited, for her heart was so full that tears must come before words. At last Hetty burst out, with a sob.

'Dinah, do you think God will take away that crying and the place in the woods, now I've told everything?'

'Let us pray, poor sinner; let us fall on our knees again, and pray to the God of all mercy.'

CHAPTER XLVI. THE HOUSE OF SUSPENSE.

ON Sunday morning, when the church bells in Stoniton were ringing for morning service, Bartle Massey re-entered Adam's room after a short absence, and said: 'Adam, here's a visitor wants to see you.'

Adam was seated with his back toward the door, but he started up and turned round instantly, with a flushed face and an eager look. His face was even thinner and more worn than we have seen it before, but he was washed and shaven this Sunday morning.

'Is it any news?' he said. 'Keep yourself quiet, my lad,' said Bartle: 'keep quiet. It's not what you're thinking of: it's the young Methodist woman come from the prison. She's at the bottom of the stairs, and wants to know if you think well to see her, for she has something to say to you about that poor castaway; but she wouldn't come in without your leave, she said. She thought you'd perhaps like to go out and speak to her. Those preaching women are not so backward, commonly,' Bartle muttered to himself.

'Ask her to come in,' said Adam. 'He was standing with his face toward the door, and as Dinah entered, lifting up her mild gray eyes toward him, she saw at once the great change that had come since the day when she had looked up at the tall man in the cottage. There was a trembling in her clear voice as she put her hands into his and said: 'Be comforted, Adam Bede; the Lord has not forsaken her.'

'Bless you for coming to her,' Adam said; 'Mr. Massey brought me word yesterday as you was come.'

(To be continued.)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Boat Houses at the Capes.

SIR,—No doubt you have heard of the Government building houses at the Capes—said to be for the use of persons who cross the Straits in the mail service—that the men might be comfortably housed, and the boats kept under cover and in proper order. The one at Cape Tormentine was finished about the first of March, but there were no stores put in it. Tom Allan was given charge of the building by a gentleman by the name Capt. MacElhinney, who, it is said, was sent down by the Government to fix matters respecting the crossing at the Capes. Tom Allan made the Captain believe that he was the most important man in the service. The parties crossing say they, in making use of it for their boats, were more vexed and annoyed with Tom Allan than the building was worth to them. Said building is now made use of by a lobster factory for their people to live and sleep in. The building at Cape Traverse is not available for any purpose, as it is locked up and some one has got the key and nobody knows who. As far as the boats and the mail crossing are concerned, the Government might have saved the money the building cost.

B. A. Cape Traverse, April 29, 1885.

Roads at St. Peter's.

SIR,—Having occasion last week to travel on the road leading from St. Peter's Bay to Goose River, I wish to say a few words with reference to the travelling on that occasion. Of course, I could not expect to find the roads as good as in the middle of the summer, but I little expected to find such evidences of culpable neglect on the part of the Road Supervisor, as I found at Dixon's Mill, about one mile from this place, that the road was full of springs; every step my horse would make he would go down to the knees. As the frost is not altogether out of the ground, what are we to expect when it is out? There are several other places as bad on the old North Side Road, but this will suffice for the roads. The bridge across the stream, called the McAiskil River, and the road leading to it, are also in a very bad state. The bridge is all falling in, and the supports are fast going to decay.

I understood that last summer the sum of \$10 was to be expended on this bridge, but that the Road Supervisor, in his wisdom, saw fit to expend it on a bridge on the new road, which is not as extensively used nor as convenient to the residents as the bridge on the old road.

Hoping that our energetic C. P. W. will see fit to have this matter remedied at once,

I remain, Yours, PRO BONO PUBLICO.

St. Peter's Bay, April 27, 1885.

An Important Interview.

A very important interview took place on the 26th ult., between the Czar and Gen. Obrutschef, which the latter communicated to a friend, who in his turn, it is understood, by special connivance, gave it to the press. The Czar, says this account, passed four hours with Gen. Obrutschef, chief of the staff, and several engineer officers studying war maps of the Afghan frontier. General Obrutschef regards war as inevitable, urges immediate mobilization, and says that not a moment should be lost in pushing on to Herat and Candahar. General Obrutschef's increasing influence over the Czar is believed to be significant. He said to the Czar, 'Now is the moment for Russia to strike. Lumsden's retreat has utterly destroyed England's prestige among the Afghans, who I can assure Your Majesty are ready to revolt against the Ameer. Besides Persia is prepared secretly to help us, and to do so the moment we strike the first blow. All these advantages will be lost by delay.' The Czar replied, 'You are too hasty, General. Russia's manifest destiny is too strong to be wrecked by any human agency, but I still hope war may be avoided. But come what will I never will consent to give up Penjdeh nor Zulikar Pass.'

The Massacre in China.

The news of the massacres in China which induced the Pope to send Father Gulianelli to Peking has been confirmed, and the details are even more shocking than the first reports anticipated. The Viceroy of the province of Yunan and a weeklong issued a decree ordering the destruction of all Catholic Convents and the killing of all Catholics whether foreigners or native converts. This decree was at latest accounts at least partly carried out with savage zeal. Several convents were razed to the ground, and the inmates slaughtered. The foreigners were generally reserved for torture, fiendish in their Chinese ingenuity. Father Gulianelli has received the Emperor's assurance that he will do all that he can to ensure the safety of the Catholic missions, and it is hoped that a royal mandate will stop any further slaughters; but it is feared that the Viceroy's cruel orders will be executed in the remote provinces before the Emperor can interfere. This is not the first time that the soil of China has been watered with Catholic blood.

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