

The Daily Examiner.

TERMS:—FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR.

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

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NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, THURSDAY, MAY 28, 1885.

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ALMANAC FOR MAY, 1885.

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

NOTES.
In this month the mornings increase 42
minutes; the afternoons 43 minutes.

THE RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

| (Charlottetown Time.) | | |
|-----------------------|--------|-------|
| TO | A. M. | P. M. |
| Windsor West | 5 02 | 3 02 |
| Charlottetown | 5 02 | 3 02 |
| Royalton Junction | 5 25 | 3 25 |
| North Wiltshire | 5 47 | 3 47 |
| Hunter River | 6 32 | 4 32 |
| Bradshaw | 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 |
| Summerside | depart | 1 47 |
| Mission | 2 09 | |
| Wellington | 2 37 | |
| Port Hill | 3 22 | |
| O'Leary | 4 42 | |
| Alberton | 5 47 | |
| Tignish | 6 47 | |
| FROM WEST. | A. M. | |
| Tignish | 6 47 | |
| Alberton | 7 47 | |
| O'Leary | 9 02 | |
| Port Hill | 10 22 | |
| Wellington | 11 07 | |
| Mission | 11 34 | |
| Summerside | arrive | 11 57 |
| Summerside | depart | 2 02 |
| Kensington | 2 37 | 8 07 |
| Freestown | 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 |
| Royalton Junction | 5 09 | 10 39 |
| Charlottetown | 5 32 | 11 02 |
| GOING EAST. | P. M. | |
| Charlottetown | 3 17 | |
| Royalton Junction | 3 40 | |
| Bedford | 4 17 | |
| Mount Stewart | 4 52 | |
| Georgetown | 4 57 | |
| Georgetown | 6 42 | |
| Mount Stewart | 6 57 | |
| Morell | 7 37 | |
| St. Peter's | 8 26 | |
| Morell | 8 57 | |
| Mount Stewart | 9 37 | |
| Georgetown | 7 47 | |
| Georgetown | 8 12 | |
| Mount Stewart | 9 32 | |
| Bedford | 9 42 | |
| Royalton Junction | 10 17 | |
| Charlottetown | 10 54 | |
| Charlottetown | arrive | 11 17 |

McLeod, Moran & McQuarrie,
BARRISTERS
—AND—
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
Office in Brown's Block, Queen Square
(UP STAIRS).
Charlottetown, Feb. 12, 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

Spring Opening! New Goods!

Perkins & Sterns

Arc now showing Mr. Sterns' recent purchases in Great Britain and United States of

Spring and Summer Novelties in Staple and Fancy DRY GOODS.

Millinery Department well stocked with newest Hats Bonnets, Shapes, Feathers, Flowers and all the new millinery material. English and French Millinery.

Stock of general Dry Goods very complete and prices Lower than Ever. Every buyer should inspect our stock before purchasing.

PERKINS & STERNS.

Ch'town, May 9, 1885.

NEW STORE! NEW GOODS!

We are now showing a Complete Stock of English, American and Canadian

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS AND CENTS' FURNISHINGS.

We solicit a share of Public Patronage.

STANLEY BROS.

Brown's Block, Charlottetown, May 2, 1885.

USE DIAMOND POTASH.

Convenience and Economy vs. Inconvenience and Expense.

THE PATENT TELESCOPIC OVEN



IS STILL AHEAD OF ALL COMPETITORS.

THIS Patent Oven is put on all my Elevated Oven Cooking Stoves, such as the Star Niagara, Waterloo, &c. Is Easily Cleaned, by simply drawing the end and lining from the oven, brushing out the soot and replacing them again—thoroughly cleaning or inserting a new lining in five minutes time.

The thousands using this Oven admit it to be worth at least Ten Dollars more than Stoves with the ordinary oven. At the same time please keep in view the fact that it costs the trade or retail purchaser no more than the same stove without this valuable improvement.

When buying, ask for FAWCETT'S PATENT TELESCOPIC OVEN. If your dealer has none on hand, have him send, or send your order direct to the Sackville Foundry, No other Foundry in the Dominion of Canada is able to offer this undoubted advantage, as I am the Inventor, Sole Manufacturer and Patentee.

I am adding several New and Handsome Patterns this season which, with my former variety of one hundred different styles and sizes of Cooking, Parlor, Office and Hall Stoves. Also—Farmers' Boilers, Hollow-ware, Ploughs, &c., comprises the largest and best assortment made in the Maritime Provinces.

Customers will find my Terms Liberal and, regarding prices, I will not be undersold.

CHARLES FAWCETT,
SACKVILLE FOUNDRY,
SACKVILLE, N. B.

April 25th, 1885—mos

ADAM BEDE.

CHAPTER LIII.
THE HARVEST SUPPLY.

As Adam was going homeward, on Wednesday evening, in the six o'clock sunlight, he saw in the distance the last load of barley winding its way toward the yard gate of the Hall Farm, and heard the chant of 'Harvest Home' rising and sinking like a wave. Fainter and fainter, and more musical through the growing distance, the falling, dying sound still reached him, as he neared the Willow Brook. The low westerling sun shone right on the shoulders of the old Binton Hills, turning the unconscious sheep into bright spots of light; shone on the windows of the cottage, too, and made them a-flame with a glory beyond that of amber or amethyst. It was enough to make Adam feel that he was in a great temple, and that the distant chant was a sacred song.

'It's wonderful,' he thought, 'how that sound goes to one's heart almost like a funeral bell, for all it tells one of the joyful time of the year, and the time when men are mostly the thankful. I suppose it's a bit hard to us to think any thing's over and gone in our lives; and there's a parting at the root of all our joys. It's like what I feel about Dinah; I should never have come to know that her love 'ud be the greatest of blessings to me, if what I counted a blessing hadn't been wrenched and torn away from me, and left me with a greater need, so as I could crave and hunger for a greater and a better comfort.'

He expected to see Dinah again this evening, and get leave to accompany her as far as Oakbourne; and then he would ask her to fix some time when he might go to Snowfield, and learn whether the last best hope that had been born to him must be resigned like the rest. The work he had to do at home, besides putting on his best clothes, made it seven before he was on his way again to the Hall Farm, and it was questionable whether, with his longest and quickest strides, he should be there in time even for the roast beef which came after the plum-pudding; for Mrs. Poyser's supper would be punctual.

Great was the chatter of knives and pewter plates and tin cans when Adam entered the house place, but there was no hint of voices to this accompaniment; the eating of excellent roast beef, provided free of expense, was too serious a business to those good farm-laborers to be performed with a divided attention, even if they had any thing to say to each other—which they had not; and Mr. Poyser, at the head of the table, was too busy with his carving to listen to Bartle Massey's or Mr. Craig's ready talk.

'Here,' Adam, said Mrs. Poyser, who was standing and looking on to see that Molly and Nancy did their duty as waiters, here's a place for you between Mr. Massey and the boys. It's a poor tale you couldn't come to see the pudding when it was whole.'

Adam looked anxiously around for a fourth woman's figure; but Dinah was not there. He was almost afraid of asking about her; besides, his attention was claimed by greetings, and there remained the hope that Dinah was in the house, though perhaps disinclined to festivities on the eve of her departure.

It was a goodly sight—that table, with Martin Poyser's round, good-humored face and large person at the head of it, helping his servants to the fragrant roast beef, and pleased when the empty plates came again. Martin, though usually blest with a good appetite really forgot to finish his own beef to-night—it was so pleasant to him to look on in the intervals of carving, and see how the others enjoyed their supper; for were they not men who, on all the days of the year except Christmas and Sundays, ate their cold dinner, in a make shift manner, under the hedge-rows, and drank their beer out of wooden bottles—with relish certainly, but with their mouths toward the zenith, after a fashion more endurable to ducks than to human bipeds? Martin Poyser had some faint conception of the flavor such men must find in hot roast beef and fresh drawn ale. He held his head on one side, and screwed up his mouth, as he nudged Bartle Massey, and watched half-witted Tom Tholer, otherwise known as Tom Sift, receiving his second plateful of beef. A grin of delight broke over Tom's face as the plate was set down before him, between his knife and fork, which he held erect, as if they had been sacred tapers; but the delight was too strong to continue smouldering in a grin—it burst out the next instant in a long-drawn 'haw, haw!' followed by a sudden collapse into sudden gravity, as the knife and fork darted down on the prey. Martin Poyser's frame shook with his silent, unctuous laugh; he turned toward Mrs. Poyser to see if she too, had been observant of Tom, and the eyes of husband and wife met in a glance of good natured amusement.

Tom Sift was a great favorite on the farm, where he played the part of the old jester, and made up for his practical deficiencies by his success in repartee. His hits, I imagine, were those of a fall, which falls quite at random, but nevertheless smashes an insect now and then. They were much quoted at sheep-shearing and hay-making times; but I refrain from recording them here, lest Tom's wit should prove to be like that of many other bygone jesters eminent in their day—rather of a temporary nature, not dealing with the deeper and more lasting nature of things.

Tom excepted, Martin Poyser had some pride in his servants and laborers, thinking with satisfaction that they were the best worth their pay of any set on the estate. There was Kester Bale (Beale, probably, if the truth were known, but he was called Bale, and was not conscious of any claim to a fifth letter), the old man with the close leather cap, and the network of wrinkles on his sun-browned face. Was there any man in Loamshire who knew better the

'natur' of all farm work? One of those invaluable laborers who can not only turn their hand to everything, but excel in everything they turn their hand to. It is true, Kester's knees were much bent outward by this time, and he walked with a perpetual courtesy, as if he were among the most reverent of men. And so he was; but I am obliged to admit that the object of his reverence was his own skill, toward which he performed some rather affecting acts of worship. He always thatched the ricks; for if anything were his forte more than another, it was thatching; and when the last touch had been put to the last bee-hive rick, Kester, whose home lay at some distance from the farm, would take a walk to the rick-yard in his best clothes on a Sunday morning, and stand in the lane, at a due distance, to contemplate his own thatching—walking about to get each rick from the proper point in view. As he courted along, with his eyes upturned to the straw knobs imitative of golden globes at the summits of the bee-hive ricks, which, indeed, were gold of the best sort, you might imagine him to be engaged in some pagan act of adoration.

(To be continued.)

Letter from Big Bear.

The niceties of diplomacy are not confined to the ranks of the whites. Big Bear cloaks his fear of the rifles of the police under the pretence of gratitude for favors received when he urges them to evacuate the fort; but of the countless kindnesses he has all his life received at the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company and the murdered priests and others, nor of his own oft-repeated acts of duplicity and falsehood, he has not a word to say. In reading the letter these things must be borne in mind:

FORT PITT, April 14, 1885.

Sergeant Martin, N. W. M. P.
My Dear Friend,—Since I have met you long ago we have always been good friends, and you have from time to time given me things, and that is the reason that I want to speak kindly to you; so please try and get off from Pitt as soon as you can.

And tell your Captain that I remember him well, for since the Canadian Government had left me to starve in this country he sometimes gave me food, and I don't forget the blankets he gave me, and that is the reason I want you all to get off without bloodshed.

We had a talk, I and my men, before we left our camp, and we thought the way we are doing now the best—that is, to let you off if you would go.

So try and get away before the afternoon, as the young men are wild and hard to keep in hand.

BIG BEAR.

Then as a postscript he sent this:
DEAR FRIEND,—You asked me to keep the men in camp last night, and I did so; so I want you to go off to-day.

BIG BEAR.

The letter was written by one of the prisoners at the dictation of the chief. Sergeant Martin is a native of P. E. Island.

In the Name of War.

A MASSACRE BY COLOMBIAN TROOPS WHICH WILL LIKELY CAUSE ENGLISH INTERFERENCE.

Details of the late massacre at Culebra, says a Panama despatch, show it was occasioned by the watchmen at the camp of the Jamaicans misunderstanding their orders. When the Colombian troops came up the watchmen disregarded the officer's claim to belong to the regular government and opened fire with revolvers. The soldiers answered with their Remingtons. The Jamaicans retired to quarters and there emptied their revolvers on Colombians, but this firing was so ineffective that that no Colombian was killed. The Colombian soldiers, reinforced by some of Aizpurun's men, armed with Winchester rifles and by some Carthaginians, kept up a firing on the barracks until nearly daylight, when they broke open the door and massacred the inmates to a man. More than half were shot or cut to pieces in their beds by the machetes of the Carthaginians. A searching investigation is being prosecuted by the English Consul and his government will undoubtedly demand a strict account of the butchery. The English government has already pending several very serious questions with the Colombian government and this atrocity will add to the account which Colombia will be called upon to settle.

Canada's Proud Position.

Canada has taken the same position in the Jersey world that she has in the Short-horn world. There seems to be something in the climate, and there is undoubtedly something in our farmers, that pushes Canadian bred cattle to the front. The latest, and one of the most signal successes of Canadian breeders was that of Mr. V. E. Fuller, of Hamilton, who at the annual combination sale of Jersey's at New York, took the 'Breeders cup,' which was given to the breeder and seller of the fine animals bringing the highest average price. The average price by Mr. Fuller's five head was \$816.—Toronto Globe.

A Great Gourmand.

The late Franz Abt, the song writer, was a surprising gourmand. He is made responsible for the following old English saying: 'A goose is a very pretty bird, but it has one great fault; it is a little too much for one, and much too little for two.' Coming out of a restaurant one day, looking supremely happy, 'Herr Kappelmeister,' said a friend to him, 'you seemed to have dined well.' Yes, I had a fair dinner; it was a turkey.' 'And was there a good company around the board?' 'Yes, good—but small; just two, indeed, the turkey and myself.'

COAL. COAL.

DISCHARGING at Queen's Wharf, a cargo of Picton Nut Coal.

Orders taken for all kinds of Coal at lowest prices, viz:

ACADIA, nut and round
INTERCOLONIAL, do.
VALE, do.
ALBION, do.

ALBION, slack (blacksmiths).
SYDNEY (old mine) round.
SYDNEY (Cow Bay) round.
ANTHRACITE (Egg and Chestnut sizes)

CAPT. JOHN HUGHES,
Water Street,
Ch'town, May 5, 1885—2mo cod hor 3mos

Spruce Flooring and Sheathing, &c.

HAVING been appointed by Messrs. Primrose Brothers, of Picton, agent for the sale of their well known Grooved and Tongued SPRUCE FLOORING and SHEATHING, I HAVE NOW, and will continue to have on hand a stock of the same, WELL DRIED and SEASONED, which I have no hesitation in recommending as the best in the market.

Messrs. Primrose Brothers are also prepared to execute promptly orders left with me for any description of Spruce Scantling, Boards, Laths, &c.

For further particulars apply at my residence, Prince Street.

THOMAS ALLEY,
April 11, 1885—2av 2mo wky

SULLIVAN & MACNEILL,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
Solicitors in Chancery,
NOTARIES PUBLIC, &c.

OFFICES: O'Halloran's Building, Great George Street, Charlottetown.

MONEY TO LEND.
W. W. SULLIVAN, Q. C. | CHESTER B. MACNEILL
January 16, 1885.

SEED WHEAT

WHITE RUSSIAN, White and Red Fife, clean and bright.
—ALSO—
Timothy and Clover Seed. For sale by
F. L. MACNUTT,
Water Street,
May 14—5i cod wky 2i