

The Daily Examiner.

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NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1885.

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ments, on application.

THE RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

For the convenience of the travelling
public, we have carefully arranged the fol-
lowing table of arrival and departure of
trains on the P. E. Island Railway, accord-
ing to local time:—

Going West.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Charlottetown	6 47	9 12	4 02
Royalton Junction	7 02	9 47	4 22
North Wilshire	7 37	10 39	5 09
Hunter River	7 47	10 55	5 22
Bealabane	8 12	11 32	5 57
County Line	8 19	11 43	6 07
Freestown	8 29	11 59	6 22
Kensington	8 42	12 22	6 42
Summerside	9 07	12 57	7 12
depart	9 27	2 37	
Misouche	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	
Misouche	5 07	11 44	
arrive	5 22	12 07	
Summerside	5 42	1 12	6 57
depart	6 07	1 49	7 29
Freestown	6 22	2 12	7 49
County Line	6 32	2 27	8 03
Bealabane	6 38	2 37	8 12
Hunter River	7 02	3 15	8 47
North Wilshire	7 12	3 32	9 01
Royalton 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	
Belford	8 04	4 57	
Mount Stewart	8 37	5 22	
depart	8 57	5 27	
St. Peter's	9 42	5 56	
Morell	10 15	6 17	
Bear River	11 07	6 52	
Souris	11 57	7 22	
Mount Stewart	9 02	5 32	
Carigan	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	8 42	5 17	
depart	8 47	5 37	
Belford	9 12	6 14	
York	9 26	6 35	
Charlottetown	9 52	7 12	
Georgetown	7 32	3 37	
Carigan	7 49	4 00	
Mount Stewart	8 42	5 12	

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Ch'town, July 15, 1885.

THE WILL.

No one, save himself, knew all the dark ways by which Deacon Furbish had accumulated the wealth which made him the richest man in Springfield; but Hepsibah Barnes, his housekeeper, knew that Mary Lowell's fortune had found its way into his pocket by means so subtle that the orphan girl, who had been left to his guardianship, had no redress, and was, in fact, obliged to state that the loss of it was entirely her own fault, and that her guardian had behaved nobly.

But Hepsibah was not blinded. This was the one particular wickedness of the deacon's in which she took a personal interest, and she had been at considerable pains to inform herself as to the transaction in all its details.

But although she learned enough to assure herself that Mary had been robbed as surely as if her pocket had been picked, she felt that she was powerless to right her, and that the intelligence she had procured was a sufficiently unanswerable fact to bring into a court of law. The wily deacon had a way of burning his ships behind in a manner so skilful, that not even the smoke had ever clouded his spotless reputation.

Mary Lowell remained his ward and guest, and always declared that he treated her as a daughter; while Hepsibah smiled, and raged in secret at them both—at the deacon for an old villain, and at Mary for an unsuspecting little goose.

Hepsibah loved the girl for herself, but more because she was the daughter of a woman who had been the good angel of her own life, having saved the deacon's housekeeper from a life of bitterness and despair worse than death.

That was why the loss of Mary Lowell's fortune and her uncertain future were a source of grief to Hepsibah worse than any trouble of her own that now could overtake her. The thought of it occupied her by day and pursued her in fantastic shades into her dreams by night. There had been a time when she had hoped that all might turn out well after the deacon's death—if ever he died! for although he was an old man there was no sign of such a fortunate ending to her perplexities. Even that hope died, though the deacon didn't, when she learned that his will was made, and all his large fortune left to the churches and various charities connected with it.

Hepsibah was in despair for a while, and then began revolving in her fertile imagination schemes whereby she might bring Deacon Furbish to his marrow-bones, and force him to do justice to Mary Powell.

In the midst of her fruitless scheming the deacon fell ill, and his several physicians declared his life to be in danger, and delicately hinted that it might be well for him to put his affairs in order. Deacon Furbish announced that his affairs were in order, but that he did not in the least accept the verdict of his physicians. He was, in truth, horribly frightened and much disgusted with providence at the same time. The deacon was half inclined to retaliate and change his will, but as he could not at once determine the exact change to be made, and as he felt rather better next day, he concluded to let matters rest as they were for the present. Hepsibah was his only nurse, and little as she loved him, she was a most faithful one, for it was now her heart's desire to pre- long the life she could once have almost wished to shorten.

Poor Hepsibah! Had she known that a thought of changing his will had ever flitted across Deacon Furbish's mind, she could quickly have suggested an important item in the change.

One night the deacon seemed to have taken a slight change for the better, and Hepsibah's immediate anxiety was a trifle lightened. She stayed by him till he fell into a gentle doze, and then she tip-toed about the room in her noiseless way, putting various little things to rights.

Quite suddenly there came to Hepsibah what she always declared an inspiration which she spoke of it in after days. It was a thought that solved the problem which had so long tormented her—the means to make the deacon change his will. She turned the flame of the lamp quite low, and noiselessly stole from the room.

Deacon Furbish was still sleeping, although he had once or twice turned restlessly, when a figure, all in white, glided into the room and up to his bedside. Its face was deadly pale, its hair flowing loose about its shoulders, and its dark eyes gazed down reproachfully on him. The lamp light was dim and feeble but the moon's beams streamed in through the parted curtains and fell directly on the spectre, increasing its ghastly appearance, and on the deacon's face, which twitched nervously beneath the fixed gaze bent upon it. Slowly the sick man's eyes unclosed, but when they met the sad, reproachful look that rested

on them, the sight seemed to leave them—a convulsion shook him from head to foot—he opened his lips to utter the wild cry of terror that seemed bursting from his heart, but the sound died away in his throat in an awful, choking gasp.

The ghost never stirred, nor for one moment removed the terrible eyes that burned into his soul. He gazed upon it, helpless; he tried to speak, but for some moments could utter no sound. At last he gasped:

'What is it? Why do you come? What do you want?'

'Justice for my child before it is too late.'

'Yes—yes—you shall. I will—I will do anything.'

The deacon remembered, fearfully, even while he said the words that it was death to speak with a ghost; and he supposed that he must die at once—but he must live to fulfil its commands, that, at least, was sure. So he asked wildly:

'What must I do? only tell me—any- thing—anything!'

'You might know without hearing them, Ezra Furbish; but my wishes are simple—you must restore my Mary's fortune, every dollar of it!'

'I will—I will! O, I repeat of ever having defrauded her. What else must I do? Every word shall be obeyed.'

'I will take care of that—until it is done I will not leave this house. Although you may not see me, I shall be here.'

The cold, damp perspiration bedewed the deacon's face, his teeth chattered—he gasped forth:

'I will tell Hepsibah to send for Lawyer Penrose this night—this very hour—oh, believe me, madam, I will.'

'I, myself, will tell Hepsibah.'

The figure glided swiftly away, its long garments trailing with a ghostly sound, loose hair floating around it.

Deacon Furbish, cold with horror, lay trembling in the fear of its return; but Hepsibah quickened her steps as she glided along the dark hall and hastened into her own room. As she softly closed the door behind her she gave a short, wicked laugh, and said to herself triumphantly:

'Not so bad for an amateur.'

She took up her lamp, stood for a moment in front of her looking-glass, and surveyed her own ghostly face, powdered as thick as a clown's at a circus.

'Law sakes!' she chuckled. 'No wonder I scared the old hypocrite almost out of this world into another. I vow, it scares myself to look at me.'

She hastened to rub the powder from her face, and reverently removed the dress, which was of white muslin, and one of Mrs Lowell's own, given to her long ago as a keepsake. She put it tenderly away, and then put on her own brown gown; she twisted up her abundant hair, and tied a handkerchief over it in the fashion habitual with her, and having satisfied herself that she was pale enough for the occasion, caught up her lamp, hurried from her own room to the deacon's, and, trembling, faltering, wild, with every appearance of alarm, rushed up to him.

'Oh, what is it?' she gasped. 'Do you want me, deacon? O, Lord, I've had such a turn—something—all in white—stood beside me—said you wanted—Lawyer Penrose—oh, my land! I'm most scared out of my miserable senses—'

'Did you, then, see her, too?' asked the deacon, in a scarcely audible voice.

'See who?'

'Mary Lowell's mother.'

'Lord a mercy, deacon, was it she? I couldn't tell you, know. It only stayed one moment, and just whispered to me that you wanted I should send for Lawyer Penrose.'

'And so I do, Hepsy. Oh, Lord, have mercy on a sinner! So I do; send now; send this moment; but don't leave me alone, if you've a grain of pity!'

In all the years she had lived in his house, Hepsibah never obeyed her employer with such cheerful alacrity. In less than ten minutes a horse was saddled, and one of the men servants despatched for Lawyer Penrose. The housekeeper then returned to her master and gave him the benefit of her company, such as it was; but her remarks were not consoling. The terror-stricken deacon, with many groans and in short sentences that were disjointed between his chattering teeth, confided to her the whole interview that had passed between himself and his ghostly visitant.

'Well, deacon,' she said aloud, 'I always knew something dreadful would happen to you if you undertook to die without righting Mary Lowell.'

'Who says I ever wronged her, you impertinent croaker?' growled the deacon, for a moment roused to defend himself on hearing Hepsibah accuse him.

'Oh, pshaw! deacon. It ain't no use to talk like that to me. I know you robbed Mrs. Lowell's daughter.'

'Get out of the room this instant, you impudent wretch! Do you hear?—get out!'

'Certainly, sir,' said Hepsibah, rising to obey.

'Sit down, Hepsy—sit down! You

musn't leave me a moment. Oh, you cruel woman, you know I daren't be left alone.'

Hepsibah resumed her seat.

'Hepsy,' whined the deacon, presently in a piteous voice, 'do you think she is really here—watching me—waiting to see that I keep my promise?'

'Why, of course, deacon, not a doubt of it,' returned Hepsibah, with calm conviction. 'I know she's here—I feel her presence.'

'Oh, Lord!' groaned Deacon Furbish, in a voice of anguish.

Hepsibah was sorry for him; she was almost tempted to change the subject and try to lighten his spirits, but she feared to lessen the good effect she had produced. So she adroitly kept the conversation hovering among the shades, while she was careful not to increase her patient's terrified condition.

Lawyer Penrose arrived at last, and at a sign from the deacon, Hepsibah, after procuring the necessary writing materials, left the room. She would have preferred to remain; but she was obliged to content herself with what she had accomplished, and trust to the fright he had received to make the deacon keep to the strict letter of his promise.

On the next day Deacon Furbish seemed better than he had been since his illness took a dangerous form, and Hepsibah was thankful, for, having wrought her purpose, she had some compunctious visitings of conscience, and somewhat feared the result. But the deacon continued in the same state for several days. He could not be said to improve in health, but he certainly grew no worse.

His nurse tended him with assiduous care, and once or twice she caught him looking at her with singular intendment. Hepsibah quaked within her, but she gave no sign. In her turn she took to watching her patient closely, although with more skill than he displayed, but she could never quite determine whether he saw through the trick she had played him.

But one night ended her anxieties on the all-absorbing subject. Deacon Furbish was smitten with paralysis, and was dead before the morning. Hepsibah laid him out and prepared him for the grave.

The deacon had changed his will in several ways. Mary Lowell's fortune was returned in full, increased by a large sum of interest; and to her never ceasing surprise, Hepsibah found herself heirress to several thousands.

'Well, I swan!' she exclaimed, when she received her legacy, all in new, crisp notes. 'I couldn't believe it if I didn't have the money in my hand. He actually had some good in him, although it was so hid away that nothing less than a ghost could ever have found it out.'

The C. P. R.

It is rather odd that a Chicago newspaper should see any importance whatever in the Canadian Pacific Railway; but the News has unexpectedly acknowledged that there is such a road, and that it is possibly intended for some purpose. The News says: "The almost unnoted opening of the Canadian Pacific Railway from Halifax to the Rocky Mountains is nevertheless a most important event in the history of railway building on this continent. Among the trade questions which this new line opens up for the consideration of the North-west, especially Chicago, is the effect which it will have in diverting trade from the older and more southerly routes. Duluth has already become an active competitor with Chicago in the grain trade. Now, Port Arthur, north of Duluth, and at the western end of Lake Superior, comes forward as a competitor of Duluth. It will be the eastern terminus on that lake of the Canadian Pacific line stretching from the Pacific to the most westerly of the great chain of island lakes and waterways. There thus promises to be a notable rivalry between this road just completed and those on the American side of the boundary."

Like Tweed.

A Montreal despatch says: The Canadian Pacific authorities have for some time entertained suspicions that they were being victimized by their civil engineers and contractors in the section north of Lake Superior. About a month ago all payments to contractors were stopped, and a re-measurement of the different sections ordered. This has just been completed, and it shows that by blunder or fraud the company has paid the contractors hundreds of thousands of dollars in excess of the amount of work done. One contractor alone has been paid more than \$100,000 too much, and another \$50,000, the full aggregating \$500,000. Detectives have been at work for some time, and have discovered that engineers who were receiving salaries of \$100 a month were wealthy landed proprietors, and were engaged in extensive building pursuits, some of them being worth from \$30,000 to \$40,000, which had been accumulated in a wonderfully short time. It is stated that criminal and civil proceedings will be instituted.

The sloop yacht Puritan was sold at public auction at New York on the 23rd inst., for \$13,500. Edward Burgess, who designed the yacht, was the purchaser. He bought the Puritan for a gentleman in Boston.