

# The Daily Examiner.

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NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5, 1884.

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ALMANAC FOR MARCH, 1884.

MOON'S CHANGES.

First Quarter, 4th day, 9h. 20.6m., a. m.  
Full Moon, 11th day, 3h. 27.5m., p. m.  
Last quarter, 19th day, 7h. 0.5m., p. m.  
New Moon, 27th day, 1h. 35.0m., a. m.

DAY OF WEEK	Sun	Sun	Moon	High	Days
	rises	sets	rises	water	len h.
1 Saturday	6 43	5 42	8 32	0 42	10 58
2 Sunday	49	43	9 11	1 28	11 1
3 Monday	39	44	9 55	2 16	4
4 Tuesday	37	46	10 45	3 15	8
5 Wednesday	36	48	11 42	4 24	11
6 Thursday	34	49	12 43	5 33	14
7 Friday	32	50	1 48	6 42	18
8 Saturday	30	51	2 54	7 51	21
9 Sunday	29	53	3 59	9 00	24
10 Monday	27	54	5 4	10 09	27
11 Tuesday	25	56	6 8	10 34	31
12 Wednesday	22	57	7 10	11 2	35
13 Thursday	20	58	8 12	11 35	38
14 Friday	19	59	9 12	12 7	41
15 Saturday	17	6	10 11	0 46	44
16 Sunday	15	2	11 9	1 15	47
17 Monday	13	3	morn	7 54	50
18 Tuesday	11	5	0 3	2 38	54
19 Wednesday	9	6	0 55	3 33	57
20 Thursday	7	7	1 43	4 42	12 0
21 Friday	6	9	2 27	6 1	3
22 Saturday	3	10	3 6	7 12	7
23 Sunday	1	11	3 43	8 12	10
24 Monday	5	59	13 4	16 9	14
25 Tuesday	57	14	4 49	9 44	17
26 Wednesday	56	16	5 21	10 26	20
27 Thursday	54	17	5 54	11 5	23
28 Friday	52	18	6 28	11 46	26
29 Saturday	52	19	7 7	morn	29
30 Sunday	48	21	7 51	0 23	33
31 Monday	47	22	8 40	1 14	36

JAS. E. GRANT,

Sole Agent for P. E. Island for

THOS. CONNOR & SONS,

Rope Manufacturers,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Orders from the trade respectfully solicited.

Ch'town, Feb. 29, 1884.—1m

McLeod, Morson & McQuarrie,

BARRISTERS

—AND—

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

Office in Old Bank.

(UP STAIRS).

Ch'town, Feb. 21, 1884.

DR. MACKAY,

Physician and Surgeon

OFFICE: ROCKLIN HOUSE,

Kent Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Feb. 16, 1883.—3aw tf

SULLIVAN & MACNELL,

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Solicitors in Chancery,

NOTARIES PUBLIC, &c.

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Jan. 16, '83.

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United States Life Insurance Co.

—OF THE—

CITY OF NEW YORK.

ORGANIZED 1850.

New Features, Incontestable Policies, Prompt Settlement of Claims Guaranteed.

Apply at residence, Weymouth Street, from 8 to 10 a. m., and 4 to 6 p. m.

A. H. McPHERSON,

Agent.

Sept. 25, 1883.—2aw

P. E. Island Pottery.

WE are Agents for the P. E. Island Pottery. Orders sent to us will receive prompt attention. Jars, Jugs, Bean Pots, Mugs, Flower Pots, Spoons, Stove Stones, etc., etc., in stock.

BEER & GOFF

AGENTS

Ch'town, Oct. 26, '83.

## D. A. BRUCE, NEW FOR 1884

### MERCHANT TAILOR,

IS OVER-STOCKED with the following GOODS, and offers them at a

#### REDUCTION OF TWENTY PER CENT.

Gents' Woollen Underwear, Flannel Shirts, Fur Caps, Kid Mitts, Sleigh Robes.

### OVERCOATINGS,

WHICH YOU CAN HAVE

#### MADE TO YOUR MEASURE

Cheaper Than Imported Ready Made.

D. A. BRUCE,

Dec. 20, 1883.—eod wklly 72 Queen Street, Charlottetown

### GRAND SALE OF DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING.

JOHN MACPHEE & CO. will, during the HOLIDAY SEASON, give special bargains in

Dress Goods, Knit Wool Goods, Mantles, Shawls, Flannels, Hosiery, Gloves, &c

#### CLOTHING. CLOTHING.

Men's Overcoats, \$3.90, \$5.00, \$6.50, \$7.50, up.

Men's Ulsters, \$4.95, \$6.25, \$7.00, up.

Men's Reefers, \$2.95, \$3, \$3.50, \$5, \$4.50, \$5.50 up.

Fur Caps, Kid Mitts and Gloves, Cardigan Jackets, Worsted Tweeds, Underclothing, Buffalo Robes, Horse Rugs, Small Wares, etc.

#### PARKS' WARP, CHEAP.

Cash Buyers can depend on getting REAL BARGAINS in every Department.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

### JOHN MACPHEE & CO,

ROBERT ORR'S OLD STAND.

Ch'town, Dec. 12, 1883.—2aw wklly pres pat.

## SIGN OF THE ELEPHANT.

W. R. BOREHAM has now on hand the LARGEST AND BEST STOCK OF

### BOOTS, SHOES, SLIPPERS, OVERSHOES & RUBBERS,

ever shown by him. His motto is a good article at a moderate price.

LADIES' AND GENTS' FINE GOODS, a specialty.

A nice lot of LADIES' AND GENTS' FANCY SLIPPERS for the Holidays.

Try BOREHAM for a pair of GOOD BOOTS.

### W. R. BOREHAM,

North Side Queen Square.

Ch'town, Dec. 10, 1883.—mo we fr 2m

## THE EXAMINER JOB PRINTING OFFICE

HAS LATELY BEEN REPLENISHED WITH

### A Large Supply of Printing Types and Material OF THE LATEST INVENTION AND BEST DESCRIPTION.

AND WE ARE NOW PREPARED,

Under the Careful and Skilful Supervision of Mr. J. W. Mitchell,

TO PRINT

BILL HEADS, LETTER HEADS, BLANK CHEQUES, RECEIPTS, NOTES OF HAND, POSTERS, HAND BILLS, DODGERS, &c., &c.,

On Short Notice, in Good Style, at Cheap Prices.

### FOUL PLAY.

By Charles Reade.

CHAPTER LVIII.

(Continued.)

Mrs Undercliff turned to Helen, and said: 'Have you brought him nothing at all, no handwritings—in your bag?'

Then Helen sighed again. 'I have no handwritings except Mr. Penfold's; but I have two printed reports of the trial.'

'Printed reports,' said the expert, 'they are no use to me. Ah! here is an outline I took of the prisoner during the trial. You can read faces; tell the lady whether he was guilty or not,' and he handed the profile to his mother with an ironical look; not that he doubted her proficiency in the rival art of reading faces, but that he doubted the existence of the art.

Mrs. Undercliff took the profile, and, coloring slightly, said to Miss Rolleston: 'It is living faces I profess to read; there I can see the movement of the eyes and other things that my son here has not studied.' Then she scrutinized the profile. 'It is a very handsome face,' said she.

The expert chuckled. 'There's a woman's judgment,' said he. 'Handsome! the fellow I got transported for life down at Exeter was an Adonis, and forged wills, bonds, and powers of attorney by the dozen.'

'There's something noble about his face,' said Undercliff, ignoring the interruption, 'and yet something simple. I think him more likely to be a cat's-paw than a felon. Having delivered this with a certain modest dignity, she laid the profile on the counter before Helen.

The expert had a wonderful eye and hand; it was a good thing for society he had elected to be a gamekeeper instead of poacher, detector of forgery instead of forger. No photograph was ever truer than his outline. Helen started, and bowed her head over the sketch to conceal the strong and various emotions that swelled at sight of the portrait of her martyr. In vain, if the eyes were hidden, the tender bosom heaved, the graceful body quivered, and the tears fell fast upon the counter.

Mrs. Undercliff was womanly enough, though she looked like the late Lord Thurlow in petticoats; and she instantly aided the girl to hide her beating heart from the man, though that man was her son. She distracted his attention. 'Give me all your notes, Ned,' said she, 'and let me see whether I can make something of them; but first perhaps Miss Rolleston will empty her bag on the counter. Go back to your work a moment, for I know you have enough to do.'

The expert was secretly glad to be released from a case in which there were no materials; and so Helen escaped unobserved except by one of her own sex. She saw directly what Mrs. Undercliff had done for her, and lifted her sweet eyes, thick with tears, to thank her. Mrs. Undercliff smiled maternally, and next these two ladies did a stroke of business in the twinkling of an eye, and without a word spoken, whereof anon. Helen being once more composed, Mrs. Undercliff took up the prayer book, and asked her with some curiosity what could be in that.

'Oh,' said Helen, 'only some writing of Mr. Penfold. Mr. Undercliff does not want to see that; he is already sure that Robert Penfold never wrote that wicked thing.'

'Yes, but I should like to see some more of his handwriting, for all that,' said the expert looking up.

'Never mind; you need not fear I shall alter my opinion.'

Helen colored high. 'You are right; and I should disgrace my good cause by withholding anything from your inspection. There, sir.' And she opened the prayer book and laid Cooper's dying words before the expert. He glanced over them with an eye like a bird, and compared them with his notes.

'Yes,' said he, 'that is Robert Penfold's writing; and I say again that hand never wrote the forged note.'

'Let me see that,' said Mrs. Undercliff.

'Oh, yes,' said Helen, rather irresolutely; 'but you look into the things as well as the writing, and I promised papa—'

'Can't you trust me?' said Mrs. Undercliff, turning suddenly cold and a little suspicious.

'Oh, yes, madam; and indeed I have nothing to reproach myself with. But my papa is anxious. However, I am sure you are my friend; and all I ask is that you will never mention to a soul what you read there.'

'I promise that,' said the elder lady, and instantly bent her black brows upon the writing. And, as she did so, Helen observed her countenance rise, as a face is very apt to do when its owner enters on congenial work.

'You would have made a great mistake to keep this from me,' said she, gravely. Then she pondered profoundly; then she turned to her son and said, 'Why, Edward, this is the very young lady who was wrecked in the Pacific Ocean, and cast on a desolate island. We have all read about you in the papers, miss; and I felt for you, for one, but, of course, not as I do now I have seen you. You must let me go into this with you.'

'Ah, if you would,' said Helen. 'Oh, madam, I have gone through tortures already for want of somebody of my own sex to keep me in countenance! Oh, if you could have seen how I have been received, with what cold looks, and sometimes with impertinent stares, before I could even penetrate into the region of those cold looks and petty formalities! A miserable straw was excuse enough to stop me on my errand of justice and mercy and gratitude.'

'Gratitude?'

'Oh, yes, madam. The papers have only

told you that I was shipwrecked and cast away. They don't tell you that Robert Penfold warned me the ship was to be destroyed, and I disbelieved and affronted him in return, and he never reproached me, not even by a look. And we were in a boat with the sailors all starved—not hungry; starved—and mad with thirst, and yet in his own agony he hid something for me to eat. All his thought, all his fear, was for me. Such things are not done in those great extremities of the poor, vulgar, suffering body, except by angels in whom the soul rises above the flesh. And he is such an angel. I have had a knife lifted over me to kill me, madam—yes; and again it was he who saved me. I owe my life to him on the island over and over again; and in return, I have promised to give him back his honor, that he values far more than life, as all such noble spirits do. Ah, my poor martyr, how feebly I plead your cause! Oh, help me! pray help me! All is so dark, and I so weak, so weak.'

Again the loving eyes streamed; and this time not an eye was dry in the little shop.

The expert flung down his tracing with something between a groan and a curse. 'Who can do that drudgery,' he cried, 'whilst the poor young lady—Mother, you take it in hand; find me some material, though it is no bigger than a fly's foot; give me but a clue no thicker than a spider's web, and I'll follow it through the whole labyrinth. But you see I'm impotent; there's no basis for me. It is a case for you. It wants a shrewd, sagacious body that can read facts and faces; and—I won't just any more, Miss Rolleston, for you are deeply in earnest. Well, then, she really is a woman with a wonderful insight into facts and faces. She has got a way of reading them as I read handwriting; and she must have taken a great fancy to you, for as a rule she never does us the honor to meddle.'

'Have you taken a fancy to me, madam?' said Helen, modestly and tenderly, yet half archly.

'That I have,' said the other. 'Those eyes of yours went straight into my heart last night, or I should not be here this morning. That is partly owing to my own eyes being so dark, and yours the loveliest hazel. It is twenty years since eyes like yours have gazed into mine. Diamonds are not half so rare, nor a tenth part so lovely, to my fancy.' She turned her head away, melted probably by some tender reminiscence. It was only for a moment. She turned around again, and said quietly: 'Yes, Ned, I should like to try what I can do; I think you said these are reports of his trial. I'll begin by reading them.'

She read them both very slowly and carefully, and her face grew like a judge's, and Helen watched each shade of expression with deep anxiety.

That powerful countenance showed alacrity and hope at first; then doubt and difficulty, and at last dejection. Helen's heart turned cold, and for the first time she began to despair. For now a shrewd person, with a plain prejudice in her favor and Robert's, was staggered by the simple facts of the trial.

(To be continued.)

#### Walking Five Thousand Miles.

#### THE HORRIBLE MARCH OF EXILED RUSSIANS.

No less than 165,000 human beings have been transported to Siberia during the past ten years—a very high figure of criminality indeed, for a population numbering 72,000,000, if all exiles were 'criminals.' Less than one-half of them, however, crossed the Ural in accordance with the sentence of the courts. The others were thrown into Siberia without having seen any judges, by simple order of the administrative, or in accordance with resolutions taken by their communes—nearly always under the pressure of the omnipotent local authorities. Out of the 161,184 exiles who crossed the Ural during the years 1867 to 1876, no less than 78,676 belonging to the last category. The remaining were condemned by courts; 18,582 to hard labor, and 54,316 to be settled in Siberia, mostly for life, with or without loss of all their civil rights. Twenty years ago the exiles traversed on foot all the distance between Moscow and the place to which they were dispatched. They had thus to walk something like 4,700 miles in order to reach the hard labor colonies of Transbaikalia, and 5,200 miles to reach Yakutsk. Nearly a two years' walk for the former and two years and a half for the second. Some amelioration has been introduced since. After having been gathered from all parts of Russia at Moscow or at Nijne-Novgorod they are transported now by a steamer to Perm, by mail to Ekaterinburg, in carriages to Tumen, and again by steamer to Tomsk. Thus, according to a recent English book on exile in Siberia, they have to walk 'only the distance to Tomsk.'

In plain figures, this trifling distance means 2,065 miles to Kara, something like a nine months' foot journey. If the prisoner be sent to Yakutsk he has 'only' 1,840 miles to walk and the Russian Government having discovered that Yakutsk is a place still too near St. Petersburg, are sending them now to Verkhoyansk and Nijni Kolynish (in the neighborhood of Nordenskjoeld's wintering station), and a distance of 1,500 miles must be added to the former 'trifling' distance and we have again the magic figure of 4,500 miles—or two years' walk—reconstituted in full.—Prince Krapoikine in the Nineteenth Century.

THERE is food for reflection in the fact that the balance of power in a majority of the States of the American Union is held by illiterate voters. There are 1,871,217 of these in the thirty-eight States. Only one voter in five of these has got the length of writing his own name. In 1880 fifty-three out of the seventy-six senators, and 272 out of the 325 representatives of the American people were from States which are controlled by an illiterate constituency.