

# The Daily Examiner.

NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE-EDWARD ISLAND, THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1883

VOL 12.--NO. 91.

**THE DAILY EXAMINER**  
IS ISSUED EVERY EVENING.  
BY THE EXAMINER PUBLISHING COMPANY,  
FROM THEIR OFFICE, CORNER OF WATER  
AND GREAT GEORGE STREETS,  
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.

**RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:**  
Six Months, \$2 50  
Three Months, 1 25  
One Month, 0 50

**ALMANAC FOR MARCH, 1883.**  
MOON'S CHANGES.  
1st Quarter 2nd day, 1h. 13m. a. m.  
Full Moon 9th day, 0h. 18m. a. m.  
3rd Quarter 15th day, 4h. 18m. p. m.  
1st Moon 22nd day, 1h. 32m. p. m.  
2nd Quarter 29th day, 4h. 5m. p. m.

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

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**ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW**  
Solicitors in Chancery,  
**NOTARIES PUBLIC, &c.**  
OFFICES—O'Halloran's Building, Great  
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An. 16, '83.

**CARD.**  
**DR. McLEAN,**  
**SOURIS EAST.**  
Office—"Royal Oak Hotel."  
Dec. 11, 1882.—In 3aw wly 3m

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ESTABLISHED 1832,  
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**JOHN NEWSON.**  
Charlottetown, Jan. 2, 1883.—Ty

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OF ST. JOHN, N. B.

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An Assessment Company with a Safety Fund. Life Insurance at its actual cost.  
Good Canvassers Wanted.

**LEONARD MORRIS,**  
General Agent for P. E. Island.  
Summerside, Oct. 28, 1882.—Ty

**TO LET,**  
The Business Premises Known as  
"83 Queen Street,"  
Lately in the Occupation of R. W. Tremaine.  
The Stock on hand is now selling at COST and CHARGES, will be cleared off at AUCTION about the middle of January, of which due notice will be given.  
**JAS. DESBRISAY.**  
Charlottetown, Dec. 29, 1882.—4f

**THE EXAMINER JOB PRINTING OFFICE**  
HAS LATELY BEEN REPLENISHED WITH  
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AND WE ARE NOW PREPARED,  
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On Short Notice, in Good Style, at Cheap Prices.

## CROSSING THE STRAITS!

Extracts from the Journal of the Rev. Father Osborne, S. S. J. M., Jan. 17-20, 1883.

[NOTE.—These notes are left almost as they were written in the journal at the time, some portions being omitted. With his present knowledge, some things would be put differently, but the writer was an entire stranger to the locality, when he wrote.]

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 17.  
10 a. m.—My train left St. John at 7.55 a. m.

I write en route to Amherst—very slow travelling, train full.

2 p. m.—I am in Nova Scotia, and getting near Amherst.

Asked the conductor just now, if it was right to change at Amherst for P. E. I. "Oh yes, mail goes from there." "By sleigh?" "Yes, forty miles, you going? Must wrap up well." "Must I hire a sleigh for myself?" "Oh no, mail sleigh." Then he looked oddly. "Going to cross the Straits?" "Yes." "Oh, are you? I pay two-a-half dollars, and work your passage. Strap round you and pull the boat." Then the jolly fat fellow laughed. "Yes, I have got to go in anyway." "Oh, all right, you'll know more about it when you've been across." Then he laughed again. This is cheering! Perhaps, however, the fellow is a small stockholder, and does not believe in anything but railway travelling. He thinks the crossing will be good, as there is very little snow.

There does not seem to be more than six or eight inches of snow anywhere. We had two feet at Utica, N. Y., last month. The country seems level and somewhat monotonous, but in the distance there are some hills. The fences are mostly snake-fences, with some posts and rails, and another fence I have not seen—the long beams are placed on one another lengthwise, with stakes driven in on either side, where the ends meet, to keep them up, said stakes being joined by a heavy piece of wood at the top.

Four bull-carts and one horse pass, drawing a sled of hay, as big as a hay-stack.

7 p. m., Port Elgin.—We reached Amherst safely, and went to Lamy's hotel for dinner.

After dinner, and half hour's waiting, we start in two sleighs, each containing four men. My fur cap and ear lappets, are useful now. Beyond my cheeks and nose, I was not at all cold. We came 21 miles to this place, in three hours, arriving at 6.20 p. m.

The sleighing was, for the most part, very smooth, but here and there jolty. For one strip of the road there was a series of frozen drifts, and the motion was like going over waves, the sleigh creaking and groaning like a ship.

Father O'Brien, the Archbishop-elect of Halifax is expected with Bishop McIntyre and some other Roman Priests, on their way to Halifax to the Archbishop's consecration.

They came in while I was writing, and we exchanged courteous greetings. The crossing has been very good to-day, but from all they say, it seems to be hard work and very exciting.

There is a lady here with a little girl going over with us to-morrow, returning home after spending Christmas in Halifax. The little girl sits with admiration and expectation in her eyes, anticipating the crossing to-morrow. It has come over very cloudy, and there seems some prospect of a storm, and therefore no crossing.

THURSDAY, JAN. 18.  
At Cape Tormentine.—At 8 p. m. we started from Port Elgin in a better sleigh than the former one. That was a common wood one, and we sat piled up with Her Majesty's mails. This is a good, double-seated one for passengers only. Driver, and a gentleman passenger sat in front, Mrs. — and I behind, with the little girl, aged seven, between us.

Very cloudy, so we did not have the benefit of the moon. It was, however, fairly light. About halfway we stopped to water the horses and make some changes. Mrs. — complaining of cold, the driver wrapped her in his fur cloak. On starting again she sat in front with the little girl. This gave the driver not much room, and on two occasions he was pitched right into the snow by the jolting of the sleigh over a drift. The horse, fortunately, did not run off, but stopped when called to, so no harm happened, and the driver "John" took it all as a matter of course. A cold and dull drive.

Reached Cape Tormentine at 11.15 p. m. in a snow-storm.

Our greeting was in some ways a noisy one.

On arriving we went into a small parlor where the landlord's daughter waited on Mrs. — and the little girl. Others in the house dropped in to look at the newcomers, and as one or two of them had been drinking, it was a rather odd scene.

After some little time Mrs. — got a room with a fire for herself, and Mr. — and I had another room between us. This room had three beds, and the driver of the sleigh who acted pretty much as host, apologetically said it would be necessary to put two other men into the third bed. We suggested that he come himself, and he said he would. However, by the banging of the door, the latch got fast, and, though several tried the door in the night, no one came in and we had the room to ourselves.

Got up about 7.30 to find a driving snow-storm and no chance of crossing the Straits to-day. Not a cheerful prospect, the staying in this house for perhaps two or three days until crossing is safe. The landlord was profuse in his apologies this morning for the way in which he greeted me last night. Wants me, as a token I forgive, to preach to the men here to-night or this afternoon. 10.30 a. m., Captain Irving

thinks we cannot cross, though the snow has stopped, and it is fine at 11 a. m. While the wind is in the present quarter, N. E., there is so much "lolly" on the other shore that we could not land. Lolly is a mixture of snow, small ice, and water, and it may be 10 feet thick and extend a mile from the shore. Can't walk on it, nor row nor sail through it, must wait until the wind changes to drive it down the Straits. People are civil here and the men seem a sturdily respectable looking set of fellows.

The house stands at the point of land near the light house. The sea is frozen right up to the shore. It reminds me of pictures of glaciers I have seen. The shape of the waves seem to be preserved, and there are great drifts of snow. We cannot see more than half a mile. All is a barren marsh and the whole scene is wild and desolate beyond description. We are 40 miles from a station, and there is no town near, only the village of Bayfield two miles off.

It seems a wonder that no one starts a better hotel. They say it would not pay, as there is no custom here through the greater part of the year. It is only busy just at this season, when this being the nearest point to the Island, the mails arrive and depart.

Passengers from the Island arrive and depart at once going on to Amherst without delay; but those going to the Island have to sleep here to be ready for an early start. Unless the boats left before 8 a. m., it would be better to keep at Port Elgin and start at 5 a. m., and drive the 18 miles in the early morning, that is, for anyone who was particular about quietness and company. However, I dare say we shall get on all right.

2 p. m.—Landlord came later, backed by several of the men to really ask for a service and a few words this afternoon; so at half past three we are to gather in the kitchen and I am to preach. God help us all!

The men, I find, are mostly farmers who only take to this ice-boat work in the winter time. Some are very good looking fellows.

8 p. m.—The service was really a success. The idea quite took among the young men. I got out a lot of Mission Hymn Books and we had a rehearsal in their room. The people of the house threw themselves heartily into it, clearing out the large kitchen where we all had our meals.

One young man wanted full Church service, but as only two Prayer Books could be heard of besides my own, it did not seem possible.

About thirty men were present, and behind them the landlady, her daughter, servant, and our other fellow travellers. We sang "Jesu lover of my soul" heartily enough, followed by the General Confession and some prayers. I then spoke for about 25 minutes on Joshua's question to the Angel, "Art thou for us, or for our adversaries," the working-man's question to the parson, who may rightly give the Angel's answer. All were very attentive.

The young men borrowed some Hymn Books and are now singing in their own room.

FRIDAY, JAN. 19.  
12 o'clock, noon.—We have had varied experiences and are still detained here. They will have to do without me at Charlottetown to-night and to-morrow; it is even possible that I may not get there for Sunday. Mr. Archibald, Superintendent of the P. E. Island Railway, who is travelling with us, says that if we get over anytime to-morrow he will order a special engine for us to run down to Charlottetown.

Last evening I sat with the men and we told one another stories for an hour or so. About nine they turned in and I followed not long after.

Woke at 6.30. Beautiful morning, clear and cold. Went out to see the sun rise. It was a most beautiful sight. Away to the north the low black line of the Island to which we look with longing eyes. Between us, another Island, the expanse of frozen sea with here and there lines of deep blue water. I did not see the first of the sun, but as he came up, the changing light was beautiful indeed, the rosy bands of light shifting and changing into brilliant gold, the various tints touching the frozen waves and hummocks of ice until the sea looked like a sea of gold and rubies. It was a rare sight and made one think of the description of the sun rising at the Right, though this, no doubt, is not to be compared with that. Rev. XV. 2, describes it: "A sea of glass mingled with fire."

Breakfast over, all packed for the start. The men walked on to prepare the boats, while we bid a glad farewell to the house and inmates, and got into the sleigh.

We started in the glorious sunshine, the sleigh moving easily over the ice after the first jolting start. We went down the shore with a rush as if we were going really to sea; but afterwards it was hard to realize that we were not on dry land, the board ice, as this near the land is called, being so very firm and thick. In some places it is over-shot—that is, several sheets have rushed up on one another. In this way the hummocks and great heaps we see are formed.

Arrived at the boat, about a mile from land, there was a great consultation going on, and to our infinite disappointment, we were told we could not go. It seemed so strange with such a brilliant sky overhead. It seems the wind is in the wrong quarter; and though the captain started hoping to cross, on coming to the edge of the ice he saw that the tide, and other matters he understood, made it impossible. We should be out the whole day, and it was almost certain we could not land, on account of the afore-said "lolly." Returning sadly, we found by telegraph that the boats that started on the other side, coming this way, had been compelled to put back. This decides it, though we cherish a vague hope that we may start in the middle of the day.

Before taking our coats off, Mr. — and

I started to walk to the light-house, about half a mile off. We tried the bank and a field first; but finally decided it was best to get down on the frozen sea, and in this way we got along very well, avoiding the deep drifts.

At the light-house we found, not a lonely man as I supposed, but a bright looking woman with two little girls. Her husband works as book-keeper in a store, there being no light-house duty in the winter, when navigation is stopped. After a little talk with her as to the life, etc., we clambered up the light-house ladders to the lantern, and through a tiny door to the gallery running round.

The lantern is a four-light revolving light, worked by clock-work, with heavy weights.

From the gallery we could see the Island clearly and the Straits between. The ice in the middle has shifted with the tide, and there is more beautiful blue water to be seen than before. It all looks so calm and still that it is hard to believe we cannot cross. However, there come the sleighs, bringing back the mail bags from the boat, so the men have clearly given it up as hopeless. Alas! I was to preach in Charlottetown to-night.

A pleasant walk back, got us to the house by 11 a. m.

I find we are in New Brunswick, having crossed the line out of Nova Scotia some two miles off. Amherst, where we left the railway, is in Nova Scotia.

A party of three men arrived here this morning with the mails, intending to accompany us; probably our numbers will be further increased to-night. We were more fortunate than these men; for we left Amherst at 3 p. m., and arrived here at 11 p. m., while they, leaving a day later, after the snow-storm, found the roads so bad that, leaving at the same hour, they only reached here at 7.30 a. m., being nearly 17 hours on the way. They spent the night dragging the sleigh through the drifts, and arrived quite tired out. To-day will give them a rest before the ice journey, which, from all accounts, must be pretty severe. I saw the boats to-day. They are boats of peculiar construction, adapted for the work, coppered, and fitted with steel runners underneath, something like a double keel, the runners being 12 or 18 inches apart. They do not use sails at all, the ice being never clear or smooth enough to allow of them, and there being much getting in and out of the water at times.

As soon as we returned this morning, I was requested to have service again to-day; but to let it be in the evening, instead of the afternoon, and they would ask the neighbors to come in.

At 6 p. m. we had rehearsal, and at 7.30 service. The rehearsal was very good. The men came from all parts of the house and began to sing at once. I taught them a new tune—new to them—"Sun of my Soul." They have good ears and picked it up very soon, and we sang it at the service capitally.

The service was well attended, all the men being there and a few neighbors. Sermon on the shipwreck of St. Paul. These fellows from the Island seem to me a steady, respectable set. It is too bad that there is not some better provision for them when they are detained on this side. They ought at least to have a good room, with some tables and benches in it, and proper accommodation to dry their clothes. Some books and papers ought to be provided for them. If a man does not want to drink or play cards, there is nothing for him to do and no place to sit. One of them said to-day, "This is not a good place for a working-man to have to spend his time in," and from what I saw, I believe his words.

(Since writing the above I have heard that the proposed railway will make a great change. It is to be hoped it will be made soon.)

MONDAY, JAN. 22nd.

In Charlottetown, D. G.! I have a great deal to write now, and must try and take up my story where I left it on Friday night.

Bright and early I got up to see the sun rise, and to learn our hopes of going off. As I was up before the sun, and it was a brilliant morning, the sight was even more beautiful than yesterday. All were up in good time and in good spirits too, as the captain had decided we could go.

At 8.30 a. m., we were really off after good-byes all round.

The start was a curious scene. Sleights piled up with mail bags and passengers, luggage, horses steaming, groups of men around in fur caps and fur coats, except the crews of the boats, who for the most part wore no coats, only vests and shirts or brown cardigan jackets. We started—a party of forty-two men, one boy, one lady and a little girl. We had to leave a young woman who came this morning, with two other passengers, and much baggage behind. The boats would take no more, and those who had waited the longest must have the first chance.

After the drive over the board ice, the boats were all loaded, and we were ready to go at the word. Mrs. — and little girl went in the Captain's boat. I went with his son. We had five boats in all, ours being the heaviest with ten men including myself. Of course Mrs. — and little girl were packed in with bags, fur coats and hot bricks, not to move until we got over to the other side. I could have gone in the same way if I had liked, and had paid a little extra; but as I not a man among my brethren! My place was third on the left of the boat, between two men passengers who had both crossed before. The man next behind me had a brother on the other side of our boat, who jokingly said that he did not think his brother had ever followed a clergyman before—better for him if he had! Every man has a strong strap passed over his shoulder and under his arm. By this he pulls the boat along and is himself kept

(Continued on fourth page.)