

The Daily Examiner.

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NEW SERIES.

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ALMANAC FOR OCTOBER, 1885.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Last Quarter 1st day, 7h. 17m., a. m.
New Moon 7th day, 3h. 19m., a. m.
First Quarter 15th day, 9h. 5m., p. m.
Full Moon, 23rd day, 6h. 19m., p. m.
Last Quarter, 30th day, 1h. 49m. p. m.

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

NOTES.
The Duchess of Edinburgh's birthday, the 17th.
The battle of Trafalgar (1805) the 21st.
Sir Stafford Northcote's birthday (1818) the 27th.
In this month the mornings decrease 51 minutes; the afternoons 1 hour, 3 minutes.

THE RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

For the convenience of the travelling public, we have carefully arranged the following table of arrival and departure of trains on the P. E. Island Railway, according to local time:—

Going West.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Charlottetown	6 47	9 12	4 02
Royalton Junction	7 02	9 47	4 22
North Wiltshire	7 37	10 30	5 09
Hunter River	7 47	10 55	5 22
Redalbane	8 12	11 32	5 57
County Line	8 19	11 43	6 07
Freetown	8 29	11 59	6 22
Kensington	8 42	12 22	6 42
Summerside	9 07	12 57	7 12
Mission	9 27	2 37	
Wellington	9 42	3 00	
Fort Hill	10 01	3 29	
O'Leary	10 29	4 20	
Alberston	11 22	5 42	
Tignish	12 05	6 57	
Tignish	12 42	7 47	
From West.	P. M.	A. M.	
Tignish	2 07	6 47	
Alberston	2 45	7 57	
O'Leary	3 29	9 02	
Fort Hill	4 20	10 29	
Wellington	4 49	11 16	
Mission	5 07	11 44	
Summerside	5 22	12 07	
Kensington	5 42	1 12	6 57
Freetown	6 07	1 49	7 29
County Line	6 22	2 12	7 49
Redalbane	6 32	2 27	8 03
Hunter River	6 38	2 37	8 13
North Wiltshire	7 02	3 15	8 47
Royalton Junction	7 12	3 32	9 01
Charlottetown	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	
Bedford	8 04	4 57	
Mount Stewart	8 37	5 22	
Morell	8 57	5 27	
St. Peter's	9 42	5 56	
Beaver River	10 15	6 17	
Souris	11 07	6 52	
Mount Stewart	11 57	7 22	
Charlottetown	12 02	5 32	
Georgetown	10 15	6 25	
Georgetown	10 37	6 42	
From East.	A. M.	P. M.	
Souris	6 47	2 12	
Beaver River	7 17	3 02	
St. Peter's	7 52	3 54	
Morell	8 14	4 27	
Mount Stewart	8 42	5 17	
Bedford	8 47	5 37	
York	9 12	6 14	
Charlottetown	9 26	6 35	
Georgetown	9 52	7 12	
Georgetown	7 32	3 37	
Charlottetown	7 49	4 00	
Mount Stewart	8 42	5 12	

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The effect of the Jointer or Skim-plow, is to throw Grass, Weeds, Manure, Etc., into the bottom of the furrow where it is completely buried; and by dividing the furrow-slice, to more thoroughly pulverize the soil.



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JOHN JOY.
Sept. 29, '85—1 mo

ONLY A FARMER.

"I don't like the country, and I never would have come here but for the chance of becoming Mrs. Allan Waters—that's the truth."

And Miss Ada Atherton flounced into an easy-chair and prepared for a fit of the sulks.

Her mother looked up, amused at the frankness of her youngest daughter; as for her eldest daughter, Dora, she sank back in her seat with a pained blush on her dark cheek.

"And I am sure, Ada, you need not complain. You have a far easier time living at the Hollyhocks than either mother or I," she said.

"Why everything up there need be so hateful, I don't see," grumbled Miss Ada, frowning under her flaxen curls. "If father hadn't died now, he might have ran along for years, until Dora and I were suitably married, and kept up appearances so that we could have made good matches. Now everybody knows we are poor."

"And everybody knows we are honest!" cried Dora who still trembled at mention of her dead father. "We settled everything as honorably as possible, and came here to live, glad of Uncle Alfred's offer—at least I was."

"And I am sure I was, my dear," said Mrs. Atherton, with a sigh. "I am thankful to have a roof over my head in my old age."

"Uncle Alfred was absorbed in floriculture and made a pet of the place for years. It's lovely here, I think," said Dora, leaning to look out into the bright summer garden.

"I don't care for flowers," returned Ada, moodily. "I can't make myself happy with hoes and watering pots. I do think it would be better than this, with the Waters' place opposite. But Allen Waters is away, and the gates shut against us. In fact, there is nobody here."

"You calculated a great deal on the society of a man you don't know in the least," said Dora returning to her sewing.

"I'm not in the least like you, Dora, with your notions of congeniality and similar tastes," burst forth Ada. "I've a taste for comfort and luxury, and I could love any man who would give them to me. Besides, somewhat moderating her violence, as her mother looked annoyed at her extreme statement, "you know we always heard what a fine fellow Allen Waters was!"

Dora said no more. Her bright, dark face burned with indignation. She was ashamed of Ada, grieved, yet secretly tried to make some excuses for her sister.

Perhaps the Hollyhocks was dull beyond endurance to Ada. They had never been alike. It was wrong, perhaps, to blame her too much. Yet she still shuddered at Ada's unwomanly words.

Day by day Ada continued her complaints of the Hollyhocks. She was miserable herself, and she certainly made everybody else so. While Dora was busy as a bee, Ada moped herself almost sick.

The old phaeton which Dora had driven in as a child was left the family, and, at her mother's suggestion, Dora hired a mild, fat Dobbin of a neighboring farmer one day, and invited Ada to a drive.

"There's lovely scenery along the Valley road. It will make a little change for you. Besides, I have a bit of news to enlighten you."

Ada turned languidly.

"Allen Waters is coming home," with a faintly mischievous smile.

After a moment's thought Ada rose, arrayed herself in her prettiest driving costume, and entered the carriage.

"Drive past the Waters estate, Dora. What a fat, lazy horse! There is no fun driving if you can't drive in style. There, now, see the Waters place. It's all I expected it to be. There'd be some comfort in living if one could be mistress there. It's no better marriage than I ought to have made if papa had not failed."

And, with discontented lips and a toss of her head, Ada was driven past a hay wagon in which sat a man in his shirt sleeves.

He glanced at the young ladies with frank curiosity.

"Did you bow, Dora? Impudent fellow! How he stared! Country folks!" sneered Ada.

"I bowed because he bowed to us, Ada. You would not have me repel some one who knows us, though we are strangers here."

"I detest such people."

"I don't think I could detest any one who wore such white shirt sleeves, and looked so comfortable under a broad straw hat this warm day," laughed Dora, carelessly.

But the very next moment Ada was thankful for the existence of "such people" for the phaeton broke down, and with a dismal scream, she was tipped from her seat and landed among the roadside buttercups and clover.

The mild, fat old horse, instantly stop-

ped. Dora looked anxiously about for help. No house was near. She looked appealingly up and down the road; then—oh, gladly!—she saw the hay wagon, the straw hat, and the white shirt sleeves drawing near.

"You have broken down," said the owner, heartily, jumping down.

"Thank you, yes. The carriage seems coming all to pieces," said Dora, still trembling from fright. "Could you do anything to help us? I should be, oh so much, obliged to you."

"Yes," said Ada, shaking the dust off her silk skirts. "We are the Misses Atherton. We will pay you, of course."

The man bent to examine the axle-tree. His face was toward Dora, but she plainly saw him smile.

"It's not very bad, then?" she said anxiously.

"It might be fixed, I think, so you could get home safely, but I haven't much time. In fact, I'm in a great hurry."

"What is your time worth to you?" asked Ada, with the air she had once seen a millionaire use when speaking to some workmen he was about to employ.

"Sometimes more, sometimes less," answered the man with the same quizzical smile.

But he procured a cord from his pocket and with deft fingers, began mending the broken trace. Then he produced some nails, and with a stone pounded away vigorously beneath the carriage.

"There; by driving carefully you will be able to reach home safely," he said, at last, rising.

There was something in his composed manner and distinct enunciation which made Ada stare for an instant, but she could see little beneath the broad, straw hat but a curling, black beard, a tanned cheek, and two piercing eyes.

"What is to pay?"

"Nothing."

He offered a hand to help Dora into the carriage.

She seated herself and drew out a little embroidered portemonnaie.

"I beg your pardon," she said, earnestly, "but you must let me pay you. You said you were in a hurry; we have taken your time, and you have done us a great service. I have nothing but a half-sovereign. Pray take it. I am sorry it is so little, blushing, as she tendered him the shining coin.

Again the quizzical smile, and the eyes they had a world of meaning in them, those piercing, dark eyes under that hat-brim. Dora felt her heart thrill strangely.

It relieved her greatly that the man extended his hand and received the money.

"Thank you," he said quietly.

"What may your name be?" asked Ada, who had seated herself unassisted, and your occupation? You are quite handy," patronizingly.

The man laughed outright, a low, mellow laugh.

"My name does not matter; I am a farmer. Good day, ladies."

He stepped back, lifting his hat, smiling again at the look of consternation upon the features of the girls, at the grace and the face the movement revealed.

A kindly brow shaded by close-clipped yet beautiful hair, a white forehead, eyes dauntlessly bright with scorn and a smile in them.

The phaeton turned one way, the hay-wagon another.

"Whoever thought that he looked like that, under that old hat, in a bay cart?" said Ada, breathlessly. "Who can it be? How provoking! He was a right down gentleman, though he said he was only a farmer!"

Poor Ada! Her mortification had just begun.

That evening, with silk hat doffed from the handsome head, faultlessly arrayed, Mr. Allen Waters presented himself in the little parlor of the Hollyhocks, and, introducing himself, begged leave to inquire if the young ladies had reached home quite safely.

Ada apologized quite eagerly and tried to be sweet, but Mr. Waters seemed to have eyes only for Dora's face.

He came again and again to the Hollyhocks, and at last one day boldly declared himself Dora's lover.

"You have known me but such a little while, you don't know half my faults," murmured she.

"I don't care if I don't," he laughed.

"I love you, and have loved you ever since you offered me that half-sovereign so charmingly, blushing and ashamed of the small sum. Why, you little darling, do you know your appealing dark eyes kept me from meeting a man who would have paid me a hundred pounds that day?"

"And you never got it?" cried Dora, aghast.

"No; but that does not matter. I have your half-sovereign, and had rather have it."

Such an incorrigible fellow as that of course had his own way, and Dora became Mrs. Allen Waters. She loves her husband because, under all circumstances, she finds him a gentleman.

And Ada is in the sulks.

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