

The Daily Examiner.

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NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, FRIDAY, MARCH 13, 1885.

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ments, on application.

ALMANAC FOR MARCH, 1885.

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

THE RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

(Charlottetown Time.)

GOING WEST.	A. M.	P. M.
Charlottetown	8 02	3 02
Royalty Junction	8 25	3 25
North Wiltshire	9 17	4 17
Hunter River	9 32	4 32
Bradabane	10 10	5 09
County Line	10 19	5 19
Freetown	10 35	5 34
Kensington	10 57	5 57
Summerside, arrive	11 32	6 23
Summerside, depart	1 47	
Misouche	2 09	
Wellington	2 37	
Port Hill	3 22	
O'Leary	4 42	
Alberton	5 47	
Tignish	6 47	
FROM WEST. <th>A. M.</th> <th>P. M.</th>	A. M.	P. M.
Tignish	6 47	
Alberton	7 47	
O'Leary	9 02	
Port Hill	10 22	
Wellington	11 07	
Misouche	11 34	
Summerside, arrive	11 57	A. M.
Summerside, depart	9 02	7 32
Kensington	9 27	8 07
Freetown	9 50	8 30
County Line	10 17	8 45
Bradabane	10 27	8 55
Hunter River	10 42	9 32
North Wiltshire	11 17	9 47
Royalty Junction	11 39	10 39
Charlottetown	11 52	11 02
GOING EAST. <th>A. M.</th> <th>P. M.</th>	A. M.	P. M.
Charlottetown	8 17	
Royalty Junction	8 40	
Beaufort	9 17	
Mount Stewart, arrive	9 42	
Mount Stewart, depart	9 57	
Cardigan	10 17	
Georgetown	10 42	
Mount Stewart	11 07	
Morell	11 37	
St. Peter's	12 08	
Bear River	12 57	
Souris	1 42	
FROM EAST. <th>A. M.</th> <th>P. M.</th>	A. M.	P. M.
Souris	6 52	
Bear River	7 37	
St. Peter's	8 20	
Morell	8 57	
Mount Stewart	9 37	
Georgetown	10 12	
Cardigan	10 42	
Mount Stewart, arrive	11 32	
Mount Stewart, depart	11 42	
Beaufort	12 17	
Royalty Junction	12 54	
Charlottetown	1 17	

McLeod, Morson & McQuarrie,
BARRISTERS
—AND—
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
Office in Brown's Block, Queen Square
(UP STAIRS).
Ch'town, Feb. 12, 1885.

SULLIVAN & MACNEILL,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
Solicitors in Chancery,
NOTARIES PUBLIC, &c.
OFFICES: O'Halloran's Building, Great
George Street, Charlottetown.
Money to Loan,
W. W. SULLIVAN, Q. C. | CHESTER B. MACNEILL
JANUARY 16, 1883.

MORE CHEAP GOODS!

PEOPLE Looking for Bargains ought to go first to Weeks & Co.'s Cheap Store, where goods are sold all the year round at about the same rates as many shops call their "selling off" prices.

During March a number of excellent Bargains will be offered to all cash customers alike:—7000 yds. Bed Tickings at 5 to 7cts per yard under usual prices; 200 white fringed Counterpanes only \$1.10, worth \$1.75; 2000 yds. Roller Towellings at 5c, 6c, and 7c; 1500 yds Table Linen, beginning at 15c. very cheap; 4000 yds. Cotton Flannels, 4c. to 6c. under prices; All Grass Cloths and Prints, Cretonnes, &c., at reduced prices; about 9000 yds. choice Cotton Shirtings from 7c per yard; black and colored Cashmeres and other Dress Goods at a bargain, about 5000 yards to go cheap, ask to see them; also, special lines in Ladies' Corsets, at low prices. Now is the time to buy Cottons, as they are going up in price. We have about 75,000 yards bleached and grey Cottons and Sheetings to offer at the lowest prices ever seen.

Call and see the goods, even if you don't want to buy.
W. A. WEEKS & CO.
Ch'town, March 5, 1885.

JAMES SHAND

WILL SELL THE BALANCE OF HIS STOCK OF
COMFORTS & BLANKETS

Reduction to Clear!

A Lot of Ladies' MANTLES and WOOL GOODS

HALF PRICE.

Ch'town, Jan. 30, 1885.

MARCH!

CLOSING OUT SALE

This Month we are Selling our
Goods so Fine that we would
like to Give One and
All a Chance!

CALL! SEE
WHAT A CLEAN DOLLAR WILL
PURCHASE.

Remember this Month Closes our
GREAT SALE!
C. ROBERTSON.

Ch'town, Feb. 6th, 1885

ADAM BEDE.

CHAPTER XXXI.
IN HETTY'S BEDCHAMBER.

It was no longer light enough to go to bed without a candle, even in Mrs Poyser's early household, and Hetty carried one with her as she went up at last to her bedroom soon after Adam was gone, and bolted the door behind her.

Now, she would read the letter. It must—must have comfort in it. How was Adam to know the truth? It was always likely he should say what he did say.

She set down the candle, and took out the letter. It had a faint scent of roses, which made her feel as if Arthur were close to her. She put it to her lips, and a rush of remembered sensations for a moment or two swept away all fear. But her heart began to flutter strangely, and her hands to tremble as she broke the seal. She read slowly; it was not easy for her to read a gentleman's handwriting, though Arthur had taken pains to write plainly.

DEAREST HETTY: I have spoken truly when I have said that I loved you, and I shall never forget our love. I shall be your true friend as long as life lasts, and I hope to prove this to you in many ways. If I say anything to pain you in this letter, do not think it is for want of love and tenderness toward you; for there is nothing I would not do for you, if I knew it to be really for your happiness. I cannot bear to think of my little Hetty shedding tears when I am not there to kiss them away; and if I followed only my own inclinations, I should be with her at this moment instead of writing. It is very hard for me to part from her—harder still for me to write words which may seem unkind, though they spring from the truest kindness.

Dear, dear Hetty, sweet as our love has been to me, sweet as it would be to me for you to love me always, I feel that it would have been better for us both if we had never had that happiness, and that it is my duty to ask you to love me and care for me as little as you can. This fault has all been mine, for, though I have been unable to resist the longing for your affection for me, I felt all the while that your affection for me might cause you grief. I ought to have resisted my feelings. I should have done so, if I had been a better fellow than I am; but now, since the past cannot be altered, I am bound to save you from any evil that I have power to prevent. And I feel that it would be a great evil for you if your affections continued so fixed on me that you could think of no other man who might be able to make you happier by his love than I ever can, and if you continued to look toward something in the future which cannot possibly happen. For, dear Hetty, if I were to do what you one day spoke of, and make you my wife, I should do what you yourself would come to feel was for your misery instead of your welfare. I know you can never be happy except by marrying a man in your own station; and if I were to marry you now, I should only be adding to any wrong I have done, besides offending against my duty in the other relations in life. You know nothing, dear Hetty, of the world in which I must always live, and you would soon begin to dislike me, because there would be so little in which we should be alike.

And since I can not marry you, we must part—we must try not to feel like lovers any more. I am miserable while I say this, but nothing else can be. Be angry with me, my sweet one; I deserve it; but do not believe that I shall not always care for you—always be grateful to you—always remember my Hetty; and if any trouble should come that we do not now foresee, trust in me to do every thing that lies in my power.

I have told you where you are to direct a letter to, if you want to write, but I put it down below lest you should have forgotten. Do not write unless there is something I can really do for you; for, dear Hetty, we must try to forget everything about me, except that I shall be, as long as I live, your affectionate friend.

ARTHUR DONNITHORNE.

Slowly Hetty had read this letter; and when she looked up from it there was the reflection of a blanched face in the old dim glass—a white marble face with rounded childish forms, but with something sadder than a child's pain in it. Hetty did not see the face—she saw nothing—she only felt that she was cold and sick and trembling. The letter shook and rustled in her hand. She laid it down. It was a horrible sensation—this cold and trembling; it swept away the very ideas that produced it, and Hetty got up to reach a warm cloak from her clothes-press, wrapped it round her, and sat as if she were thinking of nothing but getting warm.

Presently she took up the letter with a firmer hand, and began to read it through again. The tears came this time—great rushing tears that blinded her and blotched the paper. She felt nothing but that Arthur was cruel—cruel to write so, cruel not to marry her. Reasons why he could not marry her had no existence for her mind; how could she believe in any misery that could come to her from the fulfilment of all she had been longing for and dreaming of? She had not the ideas that could make up the notion of that misery.

As she threw down the letter again, she caught sight of her face in the glass; it was reddened now, and wet with tears; it was almost like a companion that she might complain to—that would pity her. She leaned forward on her elbows, and looked into those dark overflashing eyes, and at that quivering mouth, and saw how the tears came thicker and thicker, and how the mouth became convulsed with sobs.

The shattering of all her little dream world, the crushing blow on her new-born passion, afflicted her pleasure-craving nature with an overpowering pain that annihilated all impulse to resistance, and suspended her anger. She sat sobbing till the candle went out, and then wearied, aching, stupefied with crying, threw herself on the bed without undressing, and went to sleep.

There was a feeble dawn in the room when Hetty awoke, a little after four o'clock, with a sense of dull misery, the cause of which broke upon her gradually, as she began to discern the objects round her in the dim light. And then came the

frightening thought that she had to conceal her misery, as well as to bear it, in this dreary daylight that was coming. She could lie no longer; she got up and went toward the table; she lay the letter; she opened her treasure drawer; there lay the earrings and the locket—the signs of all her short happiness—the signs of the lifelong dreariness that was to follow it. Looking at the little trinkets which she had once eyed and fingered so fondly as the earnest of her future paradise of finery, she lived back in the moments when they had been given to her with such tender caresses, such strangely pretty words, such glowing looks, which filled her with a bewildering delicious surprise—they were so much sweeter than she had thought any thing could be. And the Arthur who had spoken to her and looked at her in this way, who was present with her now—whose arms she felt around her, his cheek against hers, his very breath upon her—was the cruel Arthur who had written that letter—that letter she had snatched and crushed and then opened again, that she might read it once more. The half-numbed mental condition which was the effect of the last night's violent crying, made it necessary to her to look again and see if her wretched thoughts were actually true—if the letter was really so cruel—She had to hold it close to the window, else she could not have read it by the faint light. Yes it was worse—it was more cruel. She crushed it up again in anger. She hated the writer of that letter—hated him for the very reason that she hung upon him with all her love—all the girlish passion and vanity that made up her love.

(To be continued.)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Potatoes—By Weight or Measurement.

SIR,—It appears that A. C. McDonald, Esq., is desirous of having an act passed to make the selling and buying of potatoes by measure illegal; and in THE EXAMINER of the 5th inst. among your Ottawa Notes, your reporter says "There should certainly be but one way of selling and buying potatoes, and that should be by weight and not by measure, much less by both, as at present."

New, I beg to say that I do not see any great evil in the prevailing methods, and am of the opinion that Mr. McDonald's bill will not confer any great benefits either on farmers, as a class, or on traders. The chief objection (if not the only one) to the system of measurement is that it is inaccurate. There is certainly some force in this objection, and yet where potatoes are as cheap as they usually are in this country, it seems to be scarcely necessary to adopt any hair-splitting methods of ascertaining the exact quantity. If the system of weighing was free from the objection just mentioned, and had not any greater ones, it might be wise to make it compulsory; but I claim that in handling potatoes as they come to market in carts, there is no fairer way than that of measuring, though in large contracts, where the stock is all merchantable and free from earth and other waste matter, weighing is very proper, and is very often agreed to by the contracting parties.

Potatoes coming to market in carts are not all in the same condition. In some loads they have been carefully picked, and are all large, dry and clean, while in other loads they have been filled up without care, and contain considerable quantities of small and bad potatoes, and mud or earth. A load of the latter kind, after being carried over eight or ten miles of rough road, causing the rubbish to settle down out of sight, presents a very fair appearance, and a purchaser can see little or no difference between it and a load in perfect order. Both are bought at the same price, and if they are taken by weight, though the loads are exactly the same size, the load in bad order may be several bushels more than the other. It may be said that the purchaser has an opportunity, while the loads are being delivered, to keep out the small and bad potatoes, and have their weight deducted from that of the load, and while this is true in a measure, so long as the work is going on slowly, and time is no object, yet if there is a haste to get in a large quantity in a short time, as is so often the case in the trade here; or if there are one or three dozen farmers waiting for a turn to unload, the contents of each load is very apt to go in in the same condition that it comes to market. And, under any circumstances, the great bulk of the clay will go with the potatoes, and its weight will not be deducted from the load. Thus the careless farmer gets a good deal more money for his load than the careful man gets for a much more valuable one.

Looking at the matter in this light, it is quite plain that the system of weighing offers no encouragement to farmers to bring the best stock to market, while it offers the largest premium to the man who can pass off the greatest quantity of earth and small potatoes. The tendency is therefore to depreciate the quality and price of the produce. Traders, knowing that they must buy a certain amount of clay and other worthless matter at so much per pound, will certainly not be willing to pay so high a price per bushel as they would if buying by measure, and the difference in price will be a direct loss to the farmer who is in the habit of selling his produce in good order.

When potatoes are bought by measure, small potatoes and clay add little or nothing to the number of bushels when mixed with larger potatoes, and the prudent farmer will tell you that it pays him better to keep his small potatoes home for his stock. And as regards the clay, if there is some of it in a load it is not a matter of much consequence so long as it has not to be paid for by the pound. Again, the extra expense and loss of time that weighing will entail, in places where large scales are not available, is a matter of some importance. Every cent added to the

cost of getting potatoes to market makes the price that the shipper can afford to pay for them just that much less, and the farmer will be the loser.

I am sure the careful, honest farmer who brings his produce to market in good order has nothing to gain by a law making the weighing of potatoes compulsory. No doubt those who buy potatoes by weight at the starch factories know something of the beauties of that system.

TRADER.

Mount Stewart Notes.

On the 2nd inst., a temperance meeting was held here. There was a good attendance, considering the state of the travelling. Some excellent singing by Mr. Ferguson, of Charlottetown, and his class, which he has been teaching for the last few weeks; recitation by Dr. Toombs, reading by Mr. T. McCarthy, and speeches by Rev. E. Bell, and Messrs. McDonald and McEwen, comprised the programme of the evening. Temperance is on the advance here. The enemy is flying.

On the 7th inst., the Methodist Parsonage was taken possession of by some ladies and gentlemen of this village and Charlottetown, and the pastor and his wife learned that they were to be entertained by their visiting friends. A pleasant evening was spent. On the departure of the company a donation of cash and sundry articles useful in housekeeping were left behind.

Mount Stewart, March 10, 1885.

Marie Notes.

For the last three weeks special services have been carried on in the Methodist Church, by the Rev. E. Bell. Large congregations at all the services, several professions to find the Pearl of Great Price.

On the 5th inst. the Rev. J. Burwash, A. M., delivered his popular lecture on Modern Science, to a full church, all being interested and hoping to be favored again by a visit from the Rev. gentleman.

On the 6th inst., the Methodist friends met and decided to repair and finish their Church, also asking for tenders to do the work.

The farmers are busy hauling mussel mud, though the ice is not very good.

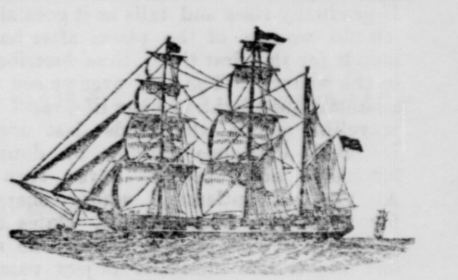
Notice to Contractors.

TENDERS for the erection of additional buildings to St. Joseph's Convent, Charlottetown, will be received up to the 16th March.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of Messrs. Stirling & Harris, Architects, on and after Monday, the 2nd day of March.

STIRLING & HARRIS,
Architects.
Ch'town, Feb. 26, 1885—eod p4t her

REGULAR TRADER



1885. SPRING TRIP. 1885.

THE CLIPPER BARK
"MOSELLE,"

500 Tons Register, Classed 10 years A1
in English Lloyd's.

Alexander McLeod, Commander,
WILL SAIL FROM

Liverpool for Charlottetown,

On or about the 1st APRIL next, carrying Freight at through rates to

Pictou, Georgetown, Souris and Summerside.

For Freight or Passage, apply in Liverpool to Pictou Brothers, 51 South John Street; in London to J. Pittman & Sons, 16 Great Winchester Street; or here to the owners

PEAKE BROS. & CO.
Ch'town, Feb. 3, 1885.

Molasses! Molasses!

THE Subscriber offers

FOR SALE,
TO THE TRADE,
150 PUNS.

CHOICE
BARRADOES
MOLASSES.

—ALSO—
A Quantity of

Tierces and Barrels

OWEN CONNOLLY.
Ch'town, Feb. 20—eod wky tl 1stAp