

The Daily Examiner.

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NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, THURSDAY, MARCH 26, 1885.

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ments, on application.

ALMANAC FOR MARCH, 1885.

MOON'S CHANGES.
Last Quarter 8th day, 2h. 42m., p. m.
New Moon 16th day, 1h. 24m., p. m.
First Quarter 23rd day, 1h. 11m., p. m.
Full Moon, 30th day, 0h. 28m., p. m.

Day of Week	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	Moon sets	High water	Days len
Sunday	6 43	5 41	6 45	10 33	10 18	18
Monday	4	43	7 53	11 30	11 5	18
Tuesday	40	44	8 59	12 4	11 5	18
Wednesday	38	43	10 2	0 42	8	18
Thursday	36	41	11 4	1 19	11	18
Friday	34	48	12 2	2 3	14	18
Saturday	32	50	12 2	2 35	18	18
Sunday	30	51	0 57	3 41	21	18
Monday	29	51	1 47	4 59	24	18
Tuesday	27	51	2 23	6 5	27	18
Wednesday	25	50	3 13	8 13	31	18
Thursday	22	51	3 52	9 10	35	18
Friday	21	50	4 28	8 55	38	18
Saturday	19	50	4 58	9 36	40	18
Sunday	17	6	5 38	10 14	44	18
Monday	15	2	5 58	10 48	47	18
Tuesday	13	3	6 27	11 25	50	18
Wednesday	11	5	6 59	12 0	54	18
Thursday	9	6	7 37	0 1	57	18
Friday	7	7	8 11	0 41	12	0
Saturday	6	9	8 55	1 22	3	0
Sunday	3	10	9 46	2 10	7	0
Monday	5	12	10 44	3 10	10	0
Tuesday	5	13	11 33	4 28	14	0
Wednesday	4	14	12 06	5 57	17	0
Thursday	3	16	2 6	7 19	20	0
Friday	4	17	3 16	8 21	23	0
Saturday	5	19	4 23	9 19	26	0
Sunday	7	19	5 34	9 33	29	0
Monday	8	21	6 40	10 31	31	0
Tuesday	5	46	6 22	7 46	11	6 12 36

Perkins & Sterns.

**White Cottons,
Grey Cottons,
Print Cottons,
SHEETING COTTONS, PILLOW COTTONS, FLEECY COTTONS AND ALL OTHER
COTTON GOODS, WOOLEN GOODS, SILK GOODS, &C.,
AT VERY LOWEST PRICES.**

Ch'town, Feb. 20, 1885.

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LARGE DISCOUNT!

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Special Lines of Goods are MARKED DOWN to Prices that are Bound to Sell Them.

Don't Fail to Call Early if You Want Bargains.

We require a Prompt Settlement of all Accounts due up to date.

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W. & A. BROWN & CO.

Charlottetown, Feb. 7, 1885

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F. H. ARNAUD,

Charlottetown, Jan 1885

CHARLOTTETOWN SASH AND DOOR FACTORY

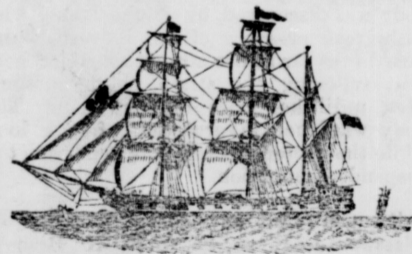
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Ch'town, June 7, 1884—11

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PEAKE BROS. & CO.

Ch'town, Feb. 3, 1885.

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ADAM BEDE.

CHAPTER XXXV.

(Continued.)

At the next stile the pathway branches off; there are two roads before her—one along by the hedgerow, which will by and by lead her into the road again; the other across the fields, which will take her much farther out of the way into the Scantlands, low-shrouded pastures, where she will see nobody. She chooses this, and begins to walk a little faster, as if she had thought of an object toward which it was worth while to hasten. Soon she is in the Scantlands, where the grassy land slopes gradually downward, and she leaves the level ground to follow the slope. Farther on there is a clump of trees on the low ground, and she is making her way toward it. No, it is not a clump of trees, but a dark shrouded pool, so full with the wintry rains that the under boughs of the elder bushes lie low beneath the water. She sits down on the grassy bank, against the stooping stem of the great oak that hangs over the dark pool. She had thought of this pool often in the nights of the month that has just gone by, and now at last she is come to see it. She clasps her hands round her knees and leans forward, and looks earnestly at it, as if trying to guess what sort of bed it would make for her young round limbs.

No, she had not courage to jump into that cold watery bed, and if she had, they might find her—she might find out why she had drowned herself. There is but one thing left to her; she must go away, go where they can't find her.

After the first on-coming of her great dread, some weeks after her betrothal to Adam, she had waited and waited in the blind vague hope that something would happen to set her free from her terror; but she could wait no longer. All the force of her nature had been concentrated on the one effort of concealment, and she had shrunk with irresistible dread from every course that could tend toward a betrayal of her miserable secret. Whenever the thought of writing to Arthur had occurred to her she had rejected it; he could do nothing for her that would shelter her from discovery and scorn among the relatives and neighbors who once more made all her world, now her airy dream had vanished. Her imagination no longer saw happiness with Arthur, for he could do nothing that would satisfy or soothe her pride. No, something else would happen—something must happen—to set her free from this dread. In young, childish, ignorant souls there is constantly this blind trust in some unshapen chance; it is as hard to a boy or girl to believe that a great wretchedness will befall them, as to believe that they will die.

But now necessity was pressing hard upon her—now the time of her marriage was close at hand—she could no longer rest in this blind trust. She must run away; she must hide herself where no familiar eyes could detect her; and then the terror of wandering out into the world, of which she knew nothing, made the possibility of going to Arthur, a thought which brought some comfort with it. She felt so helpless now, so unable to fashion the future for herself, that the prospect of throwing herself on him had a relief in it which was stronger than her pride. As she sat by the pool and shuddered at the dark cold water, the hope that he would receive her tenderly—that he would care for her and think for her—was like a sense of lulling warmth, that made her for the moment indifferent to everything else; and she began now to think of nothing but the scheme by which she could get away.

She had had a letter from Dinah lately, full of kind words about the coming marriage, which she had heard of from Seth; and when Hetty had read this letter aloud to her uncle, he had said, 'I wish Dinah 'ud come again now, for she'd be a comfort to your aunt when you're gone. What do you think, my wench, of going to see her as soon as you can be spared, and persuading her to come back with you? You might happen persuade her, for all she writes of not being able to come.' Hetty had not liked the thought of going to Snowfield, and felt no longing to see Dinah, so she only said, 'It's so far off uncle.' But now she thought this proposed visit would serve as a pretext for going away. She would tell her aunt when she got home again, that she should like the change of going to Snowfield for a week or ten days. And then, when she got to Stoniton, where nobody knew her, she would ask for the coach that would take her on the way to Windsor. Arthur was at Windsor, and she would go to him.

As soon as Hetty had determined on this scheme, she rose from the grassy bank of the pool, took up her basket, and went on her way to Treddeleston, for she must buy the wedding things she had come out for, though she would never want them. She must be careful not to raise any suspicion that she was going to run away.

Mrs. Poyser was quite agreeably surprised that Hetty wished to go and see Dinah, and try to bring her back to stay over the wedding. The sooner she went the better, since the weather was pleasant now; and Adam, when he came in the evening, said, if Hetty could set off to-morrow, he would make time to go with her to Treddeleston, and see her safe into the Stoniton coach.

'I wish I could go with you and take care of you, Hetty,' he said, the next morning, leaning in at the coach door; 'but you won't stay much beyond a week—the time 'll seem long.'

He was looking at her fondly, and his strong hand held hers in its grasp. Hetty felt a sense of protection in his presence—she was used to it now; if she could have had the past undone, and known no other love than her quiet liking for Adam! The tears rose as she gave him the last look.

(To be continued.)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Milk Question.

Sir,—The milk question is an open one just now, and the water supply talk has evidently got considerably mixed up with the latter demand. The city tax-men are down on the Purveyors, like the Philistines were upon Samson, and for about the same reason, the object of the modern raid simply reversing the ancient. The purpose of the one being to secure a little more strength, while the other was to effect a reduction. The desirability of controlling the milk interest for purity's sake and the welfare of the inhabitants, cannot be disputed. Milk on the one hand is the type of food, as containing all the constituents for the development of the animal body, while on the other, it is the type of an easy susceptibility to poisonous infection. A few words in illustration of these two points; we are informed by chemistry, that if milk is burnt, with access of air, (after all its carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen, have been converted into aciform combinations), there remains in the resultant ashes potassa, soda, lime, magnesia, the sesquioxide of iron, phosphoric acid, sulphuric acid and chlorine—surely this display of life-giving power from pure milk is argument enough in its favor to show the importance of keeping it pure. The other point (that of susceptibility to infection) rests on equally determined facts, and doubles the evident necessity of preventing fraud in its purveyance. Take the London, Eng., investigation of 1873, during the months of the prevalence there of typhoid fever. It was thorough and complete, and the verdict was *bad milk*. In March, anno 1876, about 20 died, at and near the town of Eagley, in Lancashire, from the same cause. Now there are three sources of infection: (1) disease in the cow (and here it may be remarked that the milk which milks a diseased cow, and supplies his customers with it knowingly, either directly or indirectly, should be put under restraint as a dangerous member of society, and be compelled to abandon the milk business altogether); (2) Pollution from "the iron cow." Water unfit to drink because polluted with drainage, if mixed with good milk, will contaminate every fluid ounce of it, so that it is dangerous to use. (3) The wifful addition of animal substances (as brains), of minerals (as chalk), of magnesia—a white, tasteless and soft earthy substance, and many other objectionable sophistications, too well known to the fraternity of milk dealers. Well, the tax edict of fifteen dollars per milk-peddler has gone forth, and the next question is, what are the milk cans going to do about it? If you will not laugh at them I will tell you what they talk of doing. They intend holding a conference meeting. The subject to be brought forward is how to kill or cure the fifteen dollar bugbear. The two propositions are, to either refuse to supply for two months, or raise the quart measure one cent. Let us examine the effect of either, should an agreement be reached. To withhold the supply for two months, the peddlers suppose would bring the town to its senses, and make all the people clamor for "no milk tax." It is not a little improbable that our citizens would clamor at all, at all, or care a cent about the peddlers, except being sorry for them. They would immediately set up a pure milk supply of their own, open to legal inspection, and guarantee a pure article, and deliver the same at every customer's kitchen door. The only wonder is that Charlottetown has never started a "Cowery," on a scale of supply equal to the city's demand—but better late than never. Let it be done now, and a few figures will show how easily. To issue five-dollar contracts or bonds, with a hundred quart coupons attached, and sell them to customers on prepayment of the five dollars, would realize enough capital, without borrowing or begging a cent, that would suffice to stock, equip and carry on a magnificent supply-establishment, and, besides, furnish a school of instruction for our farmers' sons and daughters in making butter and cheese, as well as the treatment of stock, and the use of appliances required in the Dairy and Byre. The figures to accomplish this might be put down approximately as follow: Say we have five thousand customers who use a quart a day, and each bought a milk coupon bond worth the price of 100 quarts at five cents per quart. This would yield a cash capital of twenty-five thousand dollars. Now say that the average yield would be 15 quarts (only) per day per cow, the number of cows to be kept would be, say 333—and at say 50 dollars cost per cow—about two-thirds of the capital of \$25,000 would be used up, and leave the third of that sum, or about \$8,000 to the other expenses—at the end of the 100 days there would be a renewal of capital, and so on, \$25,000, about or nearly four times a year. The income, therefore, from milk sales may be safely put down at \$100,000 per year. Connected with this there would be other rich sources of income, but our object now is only with the milk question and the present milk peddlers. Now, on their second proposal to nullify the fifteen dollar tax by a charge of one cent more per quart, which is more than probable they will adopt. It is evident this terrible tax will be a boon to them. If we take fifty gallons of milk per day as the average measure of a milk peddler's business (in some cases as much as a hundred gallons have been sold by one man) we shall easily get at the value of the new tax to the milkman. Fifty gallons represents 200 quarts, and 200 quarts represents (at the one cent rise) \$2, and it will be seen that the tax would be gone in a week and \$2 a day added to the peddler's cent per cent profits for the rest of the year. Thus the fifty gallon peddler, instead of having \$15 removed from his profits, would find instead about \$100 added by the end of the year or period of the tax-license. As a trifle, the first consideration is a pure article; the second, plenty of it; the third,

THE RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

(Charlottetown Time.)

Line	A. M.	P. M.
Colchester	8 02	3 02
Bay Junction	8 25	3 25
North Wiltshire	9 17	4 17
Rooster River	9 32	4 32
Bridalbane	10 10	5 04
County Line	10 19	5 19
Freestown	10 35	5 34
Kensington	10 57	5 57
Summerside	11 32	6 23
Summerside, depart	1 47	
Micoche	2 09	
Wellington	2 37	
Port Hill	3 22	
O'Leary	4 42	
Alberton	5 47	
Tignish	6 47	
Port Hill, arrive	6 47	
Wellington	7 47	
O'Leary	9 02	
Port Hill	10 22	
Wellington	11 07	
Micoche	11 34	
Micoche, arrive	11 57	A. M.
Summerside, depart	2 02	P. M.
Kensington	2 37	7 32
Freestown	3 00	8 07
County Line	3 17	8 45
Bridalbane	3 27	8 55
Rooster River	4 02	9 32
North Wiltshire	4 17	9 47
Royal Junction	5 00	10 39
Charlottetown	5 32	11 02
Colchester, arrive	5 32	11 02
Colchester, depart	3 17	
Royal Junction	3 49	
Bedford	4 17	
Mount Stewart, arrive	4 22	
Mount Stewart, depart	4 57	
Cardigan	6 17	
Georgetown	6 42	
Mount Stewart	4 57	
Morel	5 37	
St. Peter's	6 08	
Rooster River	6 57	
Bedford	7 42	
Rooster River, arrive	6 52	A. M.
Rooster River, depart	7 57	
St. Peter's	8 20	
Morel	8 57	
Mount Stewart	9 37	
Georgetown	7 47	
Cardigan	8 12	
Mount Stewart, arrive	8 22	
Bedford, depart	9 42	
Royal Junction	10 17	
Royal Junction, arrive	10 54	
Charlottetown	11 17	

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Ch'town, Nov. 19, 1884.