

The Daily Examiner.

TERMS—FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR.

"This is true Liberty, when Free-born Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."—EURIPIDES.

SINGLE COPIES TWO CENTS.

NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, MARCH 10, 1884.

VOL. 14.—NO. 93.

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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, 4h. 35.0m., a. m.

DAY OF WEEK	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
1 Saturday	6 43 5 42	8 32 0 52	10 58				
2 Sunday	49	43 9 11	1 26	11 1			
3 Monday	39	44 9 55	2 16	4			
4 Tuesday	37	45 10 45	3 15	8			
5 Wednesday	35	45 11 42	4 34	11			
6 Thursday	34	49 aft 43	6 3	14			
7 Friday	32	50 1 48	7 22	18			
8 Saturday	30	51 2 54	8 23	21			
9 Sunday	29	53 3 59	9 10	24			
10 Monday	27	54 4 4	9 52	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	11 47	41			
15 Saturday	17 6	1 10 11	0 45	44			
16 Sunday	15	2 11 9	1 15	47			
17 Monday	13	3 10 11	1 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	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 1	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 0	12 29	29			
30 Sunday	48	21 7 51	2 23	32			
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, Moreau & McQuarrie,

BARRISTERS

—AND—

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

Office in Old Bank.

(UP STAIRS).

Ch'town, Feb. 21, 1884.

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

Jan. 18, 1883.

JOS. P. CARROLL'S

STEEL PENS

SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

GOLD MEDAL PARIS 1875

MONCTON

Nash and Door Factory.

MR. P. LEA, in returning thanks to the public for the liberal patronage extended to him while in business in Charlottetown, begs leave to inform his old customers and the public generally, that he, in company with Mr. William Rogers, has appointed

Messrs. B. Williams & Co.,

Lumber and Coal Dealers, Pownall Wharf, Charlottetown, our agents, who will keep constantly on hand a full supply of Mouldings, Window Sashes, Doors, etc., at

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

All orders entrusted to them will receive prompt attention.

LEA & ROGERS,

Moncton, N. B.

Sept. 5, 1883.—2aw wly

NEW SPRING GOODS.

J. B. MACDONALD

IS now showing an extensive range of NEW PRINTS, bought before the advance in duty, consisting of,—
**650 pieces, in all the Newest Designs,
20 bales (800 pieces) Grey Cottons,
White Cottons, in the Different Makes,
Sheetings and Pillow Cottons,
Towelings and Stair Linens.**

—ALSO—

A Large Variety of Carpets, in Brussels, Tapestry, Scotch and Dutch Carpets, Stair Carpets, Hearth Rugs, and Door Mats.

SOLD AT THE LOWEST CASH PRICES.

J. B. MACDONALD.

Ch'town, Feb. 28, 1884.—2aw wly.

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, \$4.05, \$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, Worsteds 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 wly pres pat.

D. A. BRUCE,

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.—2aw wly

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 Skillful Supervision of Mr. J. W. Mitchell,

TO PRINT

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

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

FOUL PLAY.

By Charles Roade.

CHAPTER LXI.

(Continued.)

Helen began in a low, thrilling voice, to which, however, she gave firmness by a resolute effort of her will.

"I am come to speak to you of one who is very dear to you, and to all who really know him."

"Dear to me! It is my son. The rest are gone. It is Robert."

And he began to tremble.

"Yes, it is Robert," said she very softly; then turning her eyes away from him, lest his emotion should overcome her, she said:

"He has laid me and my father under deep obligations."

She dragged her father in; for it was essential not to show Mr. Penfold she was in love with Robert.

"Obligations to my Robert! Ah, madam, it is very kind of you to say that, and cheer a desolate father's heart with praise of his son! But how could a poor unfortunate man in his position serve a lady like you?"

"He defended me against robbers, single-handed."

"Ah, said the old man, glowing with pride, and looking more beautiful than ever, 'he was always brave as a lion.'"

"That is nothing; he saved my life again, and again, and again."

"God bless him for it! and God bless you for coming and telling me of it! Oh, madam, he was always brave and gentle, and just, and good; so noble, so unfortunate."

And the old man began to cry.

Helen's bosom heaved, and it cost her a bitter struggle not to throw her arms around the dear old man's neck and cry with him. For she came prepared for a sore trial of her feelings, and she clenched her hands and teeth, and would not give way an inch."

"Tell me how he saved your life, madam."

"He was in the ship, and in the boat, with me."

"Ah, madam," said Michael, "that must have been some other Robert Penfold; not my son. He could not come home. His time was not up, you know."

"It was Robert Penfold, son of Michael Penfold."

"Excuse me a moment," said Michael; and he went to a drawer and brought her a photograph of Robert. "Was it this Robert Penfold?"

The girl took the photograph, and eyed it, and lowered her head over it.

"Yes," she murmured.

"And he was coming home in the ship with you. Is he dead? More trouble! More trouble!"

"Do not alarm yourself," said Helen; "he will not land in England for years—here he stilled a sob—and long ere that we shall have restored him to society."

Michael started at that, and shook his head.

"Never," said he; "that is impossible."

"Why impossible?"

"They all say he is a felon."

"They all shall say that he is a martyr."

"And so he is; but how can that ever be proved?"

"I don't know. But I am sure the truth can always be proved, if people have patience and perseverance."

"My sweet young lady," said Michael, sadly, "you don't know the world."

"I am learning it fast, though. It may take me a few years, perhaps, to make powerful friends, to grope my way amongst forgers, and spies, and wicked, dishonest people of all sorts, but so surely as you sit there I'll clear Robert Penfold before I die."

The good feeble old man gazed on her with admiration and astonishment.

She subdued her flashing eye, and said with a smile: "And you shall help me. Mr. Penfold, let me ask you a question. I called here before; but you were gone to Edinburgh. Then I wrote to you at the office, begging you to let me know the moment you returned. Now, do not think I am angry; but pray tell me why you would not answer my letter."

"Michael Penfold was not overburdened with *amour propre*, but who has not got a little of it in some corner of his heart?"

"Miss Rolleston," said he, "I was born a gentleman, and was a man of fortune once, till false friends ruined me. I am in business now, but still a gentleman; and neither as a gentleman nor as a man of business could I leave a lady's letter unanswered. I never did such a thing in all my life. I never got your letter," he said, quite put out; and his wrath was so like a dove's that Helen smiled and said, "But I posted it myself. And my address was in it; yet it was not returned."

"Well, madam, it was not delivered, I assure you!"

"It was intercepted, then?"

"Yes, I am getting suspicious, ever since I found I was followed and watched. Excuse me a moment." She went to the window and peered through the curtains. She saw a man walking slowly by; he quickened his pace the moment she opened the curtain.

"Yes," said she, "it was intercepted, and I am watched wherever I go."

Before she could say any more a bustle was heard on the stairs and in bounced Nancy Rouse, talking as she came.

"Excuse me, Mr. Penfolds, but I can't wait no longer with my heart a bursting; it is it! Oh, my dear, sweet young lady; the Lord be praised! You really are here alive and well. Kiss you I must and shall; come back from the dead; there—there—there!"

"Nancy! my good, kind Nancy!" cried Helen, and returned her embrace warmly.

Then followed a burst of broken explanations; and at last Helen made out that Nancy was the landlady, and had left Lambeth long ago.

"But, dear heart," said she, "Mr. Penfolds, I'm properly jealous of you. To

think of her coming here to see you, and not me!"

"But I didn't know you were here, Nancy." Then followed a stream of inquiries, and such warm-hearted sympathy with all her dangers and troubles, that Helen was led into revealing the cause of it all.

"Nancy," said she, solemnly, "the ship was willfully cast away; there was a villain on board that made holes in her on purpose and sank her."

Nancy lifted up her hands in astonishment. "But Mr. Penfold was far more surprised and agitated."

"For Heaven's sake don't say that," he cried.

"Why not, sir," said Helen; "it is the truth; and I have got the testimony of dying men to prove it."

"I am sorry for it. Pray don't let anybody know. Why Wardlaw would lose the insurance of £150,000."

"Arthur Wardlaw knows it; my father told him."

"And he never told me," said Penfold, with growing surprise.

"Goodness me! what a world it is!" cried Nancy. "Why, that was murder, and no less. It is a wonder she wasn't drowned, and another friend into the bargain that I had in that very ship. Oh, I wish I had the villain here that done it, I'd tear his eyes out!"

Here the mite of a servant bounded in, radiant and giggling, gave Nancy a triumphant glance, and popped out again, holding the door open, through which in slouched a sea-faring man, drawn by Penfold's advertisement, and decoyed into Nancy's presence by the imp of a girl, who thought to please her mistress.

Nancy, who for some days had secretly expected this visit, merely gave a little squeak; but Helen uttered a violent scream; and upon that, while recognized her, and literally staggered back a step or two, and these words fell out of his mouth:

"The sick girl!"

Helen caught them.

"Ay," cried she; but she is alive to denounce you and to punish you."

She darted forward, and her eyes flashed lightning.

"Look at this man, all of you," she cried. "Look at him well; THIS IS THE WRETCH THAT SCUTTLED THE 'PROSPERINE'!"

(To be continued.)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Prince Edward Island Rose.

SIR,—In looking over the January number of a pamphlet published in Philadelphia, called *The Farm and Garden*, on page 3 I noticed a picture of four potatoes of the Early Rose variety, which does them no discredit, as the name of a Philadelphia seed dealer is written on them, which would indicate that he is ready to stake his reputation on them; and turning to page 4, there is the following, which will doubtless be very interesting to P. E. Island farmers:—

"This is not a new variety, but the old Early Rose grown in Prince Edward Island, where they have renewed their strength, and now come forth in all their pristine vigor and beauty."

The soil resembles very closely that in South America, where the first esculents grew wild, and are yet found there.

Our Early Rose seems to be thoroughly at home in this kind of soil, and, aided further by the moist temperature induced by ocean influence, they grow large, handsome, and vigorous, making, as proven by the experience of every one who has fairly tested them, a seed potato superior to all others for earliness and yield. Crops grown from the Island Rose bring in this (Philadelphia) market ten to twenty cents per basket more than those grown from native stock, while the yield is from 50 to 100 per cent. more, with lesser proportion of small ones. Their shape and quality is perfection.

No one who has given the Prince Edward Island Rose a fair trial, goes back to native stock for seed.

The initial importation was made by the writer about ten years ago, and a few practical potato growers tried them. The result exceeded the most sanguine expectations. From that time to the present the demand has rapidly increased, until now there is not a progressive trucker or market gardener within fifty miles of Philadelphia who does not purchase or strive to purchase the Prince Edward Island Rose for his early crop.

Many do not get the pure stock, as the superior excellence and reputation of the genuine has induced expensive sales of counterfeiters by dealers who don't know, and some who don't care.

Fortunately, the sales have been small in this city, as the genuine is well known, but for the guidance of those farmers who do not know the Prince Edward Island Rose, let me first say that, all genuine stock has a reddish cast, looking as though rolled in brick dust. This is caused by the "red shell" or shale covering all of Prince Edward Island. Next, the shape is much plumper and more even than the home-grown Rose, having a sleek, well-fed appearance resembling a successful politician after a decade of feasting on the good things of the land, whose eyes stick out with fatness, and whose waistband is like unto a full moon in circular profusion, but if the buyer has any doubts about his ability to select the genuine, then deal with some seed-house whose purity and honor you know."

CITIZEN.

"Montague Notes."

SIR,—I observe by the *Patriot* of the 14th February that my letter which appeared in a late issue of *THE EXAMINER*, has been reviewed by a "Montague correspondent."

This clever writer is evidently no psychologist, and is quite "at sea" as to my personality. He has thrown what he, doubtless, considers damaging insinuations at some person, who it may be, is in the habit of quoting Grecian history, etc., but who had no more to do with the authorship of the letter signed "A farmer," than I had with the discovery of America. He insinuates that "Farmer," having some similar object

in view, has been trying to work himself into the good graces of the Irish, by occasional "laudations of Ireland's illustrious people." Never was a writer more astray than this scribe at Montague.

Permit me to tell him that I have no "axe to grind" by blaming Irishmen. Allow me to assure him that the veriest fool knows that the time has gone by, on this Island, for hoodwinking and "mesmerizing" Irish people for political purposes.

His reference to the conduct of a Returning Officer is mysterious, and cannot apply to me. I have never acted in that capacity under what he calls the "Tory Government"; and, if I had, I should have endeavored to do justice, no matter what this uncharitable "correspondent" may think or assert to the contrary.

This modest writer assures us that he does not aspire to office, nor solicits emoluments from any Government. That he "wields a free pen" etc. I am pleased to know there is one patriot in King's County. I hope the country will appreciate his disinterested efforts. But the world is slow to prize its best benefactors, and men have to die to have their good deeds written. The practical motto is: Be a martyr when Mart'rdom is the best investment.

In conclusion, I would advise "the Montague correspondent" to employ his powerful pen to enlighten his readers as to the amount of benefit derived from the construction of the famous Robertson wharf.

Yours, etc.,

A FARMER.

King's County, Feb. 26, 1884.

Military.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND PROVISIONAL BRIGADE, GARRISON ARTILLERY.

I inspected Nos. 1 and 2 Batteries in the Drill Shed at Charlottetown, on the 15th September.

Major Irving in command.

No. 1 Battery—Capt. Passmore, Lieut. MacNeill.

No. 2 Battery—Capt. Moore, Lieut. Longworth.

Lieut. Morson, Adjutant.

I was, as on a previous occasion, very much pleased with their appearance on parade, and with their general efficiency as Artillerymen.

Each Battery mustered thirty-two officers and men on parade.