

New Moon, 5th day, 5h 25m, p. m. b hor
First Quar 13th day, 6h 30.5 m. a. m., b hor
Full Moon, 19th day, 10h 3.8 p. m., S. E.
Last Quar 27th day, 8h 15.7m. a. m., W

Table with 4 columns: Day of Week, Sun rises, Sun sets, High water. Rows for days of the week from Thursday to Wednesday.

THE DAILY EXAMINER

THE LEADING DAILY NEWSPAPER OF P. E. ISLAND.

Is issued every afternoon, from the office of THE EXAMINER PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the London House Building, Queen Street.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION. (IN ADVANCE)

ONE YEAR.....\$4.00
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THREE MONTHS.....1.00
ONE MONTH......20

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Special notices inserted unless paid for at the rate of 10 cents per line, and under no circumstances will such paid notices appear in the local column.

Special discounts made on all advertisements connected with Church Fairs, Bazaars, Finales, etc. No notices will be inserted with the same unless the regular rate of 10 cents per line is paid.

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THE DAILY EXAMINER is for sale by the following agents: B. H. Mason, Post Office, Charlottetown; J. Murray, Malpeque Road, Charlottetown; C. Paul, Lower Spring Park Road, Charlottetown; W. Coffin, Grafton Street, Charlottetown; S. Grey, corner Water and Prince St., Charlottetown; D. Chappell, Prince Street, Charlottetown; Bassett Store, Queen Street, Charlottetown; Geo. Carter & Co., Queen Street, Charlottetown; News Stand, P. E. Railway, and on the trains; M. & T. J. Walsh, Eclectic Bookstore, Summerside; Harry McFarlane, Souris; Geo. D. Goff, Charlottetown; D. A. Egan, St. Stewart; Geo. W. Allen, Albert Street, Charlottetown; Chas. A. Gillis, Orwell Cove.

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Is issued every Friday morning from the publishers' office. It is made up of matter which has appeared in the Daily editions, and is a first-class weekly newspaper—interesting and full of the latest news.

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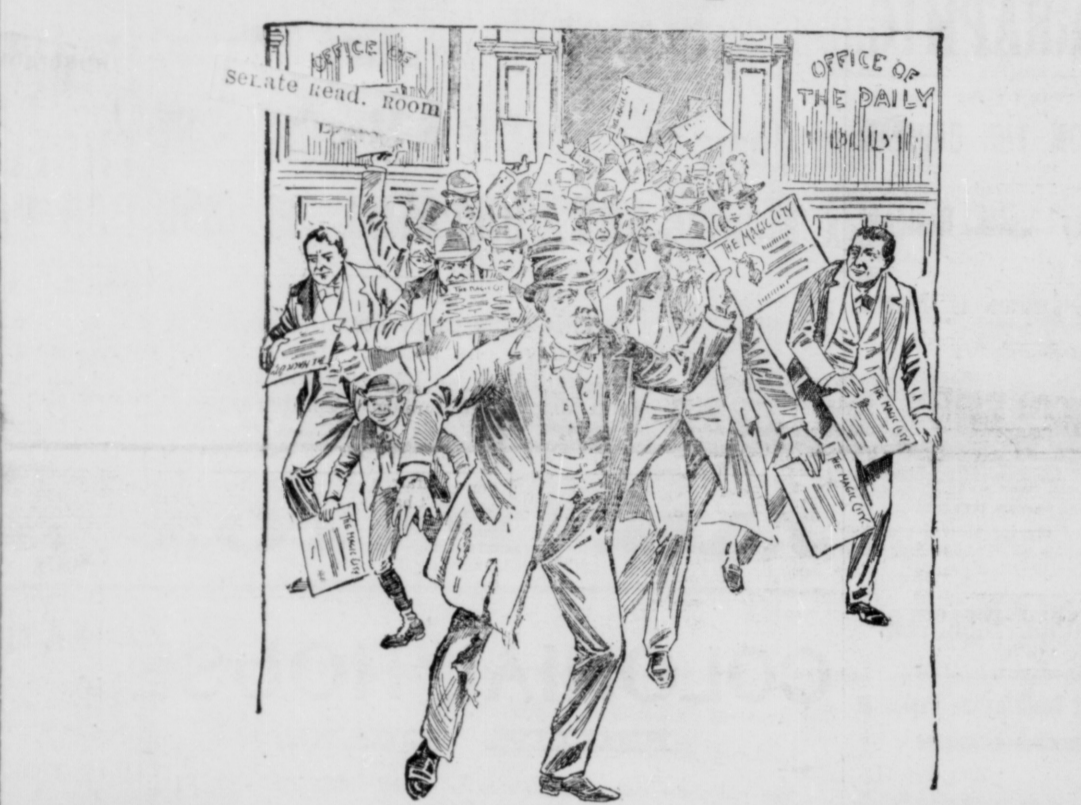
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See next page for Coupon.



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Unlike the Dutch Process No Alkalies or Other Chemicals are used in the preparation of

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which is absolutely pure and soluble. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED. Sold by Grocers everywhere.

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BREAD—CARVING—PARING. FOR SALE BY R. B. NORSTON & Co., CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I. aug 16.

THE SECTARY.

A heavy hand the bruised neck to break, Foot to quench the smoking flask well shod, A bitter zeal, alert and keen to make The brooch more white betwixt mankind and God.

A savage stern that bids all stand apart, A smile more, a cold and sluggish heart, Unwarned by any pulse of love divine.

A tongue in chiding swift, in praising slow, A scintillating eye but follows "faits to do"— These are the attributes by which men know The sectary, unloved by God or man. —London Spectator.

THE QUIET MAN.

When I was quite a young fellow and hadn't long joined the army, I used to belong to a fashionable club in London, the members of which were just the sort of men you read about in Lever's novels—as wild as wild could be, always in some scrape or other, and spending their whole time in riding, shooting, gambling or fighting—all except one.

That one was a small, quiet, pale faced, gray haired man, with a very sad, weary look, as if he had once been crushed by some great sorrow and had never been able to shake it off. He hardly ever spoke to any one, and when he did it was in a voice as meek as his face. So of course we made great fun of him among ourselves, finding these quiet ways of his a very queer contrast to our own rascally, harum scarum style, and we nicknamed him the "Quiet Man in the Club."

They did some time dueling in the old times," said Lord H., who was killed afterward in action. "You remember how those six chums of Henry III of France fought three to three till there was only one left alive out of the six."

"That was pretty far certainly," cried Charlie Thornton of the Guards, "but after all it doesn't beat the great duel 30 years ago between Sir Harry Martingale and Colonel Fortescue."

He had hardly begun when he jumped the quiet man as if somebody had struck a pin into him.

"What on earth's the matter with him?" whispered Thornton. "I never saw him like that before."

"But what was the story, then, Charlie?" asked another man. "I've heard of Fortescue, of course, for he was the most famous duelist of his time in all England, and I've heard of his fight with Martingale, too, but I don't think I've ever had any particulars, or at least none worth speaking of."

"I can give them to you, then," answered Thornton; "for my uncle was Martingale's second. I've heard him tell the story many a time, and he always said that although he had been in plenty of duels he had never seen one like that and never wanted to see it again. What they quarreled about I don't know, and I don't think they did know themselves, but my uncle used to say he knew by the look in their eyes when they took their places to fight that it could not end without blood, and it didn't."

"They fired twice, and every shot told, and then their seconds, seeing that both men were hard hit and bleeding fast, wanted to put an end to it. But Fortescue—who was one of those grim fellows who are always ready to make sure toward the end of the fight—insisted upon a third shot. The third time, by some accident, Martingale fired a moment too soon and gave a him bad wound in the side, but Fortescue pressed his hand to the wound to stop the bleeding, and then, almost bent double with pain though he was, he fired and brought down his man."

"Killed him?" "Rather. Shot him slap through the heart. But it was his last shot, for from that day he was never heard of again, and people said he had either committed suicide or died of a broken heart."

"Well, I don't see why he need have done that, for, as far as I know, it was a fair fight," struck in Lord H., who was always looking over the newspapers on the table. "But, if you talk of dueling, what do you say to this?"

"Another dueling tragedy in Paris. The notorious Parisian bully and duelist, Armand de Villeneuve, has just added another wreath to his blood stained laurels, the new victim being the Chevalier Henri de Polignac, a fine young fellow of 23, the son of a noble and rich mother. Some strong expressions of disapproval were used by the chevalier with reference to one of De Villeneuve's former duels having come to the latter's ears, he sought out De Polignac and insulted him so grossly as to render a meeting inevitable."

"The chevalier having fired first and missed, De Villeneuve called out to him, 'Look to the second buttonhole of your coat!' and sent a bullet through the spot indicated into the breast of his opponent, who expired half an hour later in great agony. His mother is said to be broken hearted at his death. How much longer, we wonder, will this savage be allowed to offer these human sacrifices to his own inordinate vanity?"

Just then I happened to look up and saw the quiet man rise slowly from his chair, with a face so changed that it startled me almost as much as if I had seen him disappear bodily and another man rise up in his stead. I had once seen an oil painting abroad in which an avenging angel was hurling lightning bolts upon Sodom and Gomorrah, and that moment he glanced at his watch and then came across the room and went quickly out.

The next night, and the next, and the next after that, the quiet man didn't appear at the club and we all began to wonder what could have become of him. But when I came on the fourth evening

Deafness Caused by Catarrh. Capt. S. F. Belyea, of Greenwich, King's Co., N. Y., suffered from an aggravated form of catarrh which had in his case induced serious deafness, closed the nasal passages so that he could scarcely breathe and caused him great pain and trouble. He tried many remedies, but all failed until he got Hawker's Catarrh Cure, three 25 cent packages of which effected a cure. "I can honestly say," says Capt. Belyea, "that I am practically well, and I take great pleasure in recommending Hawker's Catarrh Cure to those who may be suffering from this very troublesome disease."

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REAL MERIT is the characteristic of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cures even after other preparations fail. Get Hood's and ONLY HOOD'S.

Ahead of all others—Hawker's Tolu and Wild Cherry Balsam, the favorite Cough cure.

USE SKODA'S DISCOVERY, the great Blood and Nerve-Remedy.

ing, there he was, though he looked—as it seemed to me—rather paler and feebler than usual.

"Here's news for you, Fred," called out Charlie Thornton. "That rascally French duelist, De Villeneuve, has met his match at last, and the victor is the—th Bengal National Infantry, who saw the whole affair, is just going to tell us all about it."

"Well, this was how it happened," began the doctor. "In passing through Paris I stopped to visit my old friend, Colonel de Malet, and he and I were strolling through the Tuileries gardens when suddenly a murmur ran through the crowd. Here comes De Villeneuve. Then the throng parted, and I had just time to catch a glimpse of the bully's tall figure and long black mustache when a man stepped forth from the crowd and said something to him, and then suddenly dealt him a blow."

"Then there was a rush and clamor of voices, and everybody came crowding round so that I couldn't see anything. But presently De Malet came up to me and said, 'Lansett, we shall want you in this affair, although I'm afraid that you won't have a chance of showing your surgery, for De Villeneuve never wounds without killing.' Just then the crowd opened, and I saw to my amazement that this man who had insulted and dealt the most terrible fighter in all France was a slim little fellow, with a pale, meager face.

"As the challenged party, I have the choice of weapons," we heard him say quite coolly, "and I choose swords."

"As you must wield the Malet, seizing his arm. 'Don't you know De Villeneuve's the deadliest swordsman in Europe. Choose pistols—give yourself a chance!'"

"Pistols may miss—swords can't," answered the stranger in a tone of such savage determination that every one who heard him, even De Villeneuve himself, furiously though he was, gave a kind of shudder. "I had vowed never to fight again, save with a man who deserved to die. But you have deserved it well by your cold blooded murders, and die you shall!"

"Where both sides were so eager to fight there was no lack of much preparation. They met that evening, Colonel de Malet being the stranger's second, and another French officer acting for De Villeneuve.

They fought for some time without a scratch on either side, and then suddenly the Englishman stumbled forward, exposing his left side. Quick as lightning the Frenchman's point darted in, and instantly the other's shirt was all crimson with blood, and the moment he felt the steel pierce him he made a thrust with all his strength and buried his sword up to the hilt in De Villeneuve's body. Then I understood that he had deliberately laid himself open to his opponent's weapons, I don't think I can describe the scene, but I can assure you of killing him. So he had, for De Villeneuve never spoke again."

Just as the doctor said this, down fell a chair with a great crash, and looking up we saw the quiet man trying to slip up to the door. Dr. Lansett sprang up and caught him by both hands.

"You here?" he cried. "Let me congratulate you upon having punished, as he deserved, the most cold hearted coward of my time. I don't think your wound does not pain you much?"

"What?" we all shouted, "was it he who killed De Villeneuve?"

"Indeed it was," answered the doctor, "and it was the pluckiest thing I ever saw."

We all jumped up from our chairs and came crowding round the hero, setting up a cheer that made the air ring, but he looked at us so sadly and dully that it made the shout die upon our lips.

"Ah, laud laud!" said he in a tone of deep dejection, "for heaven's sake don't praise a man for having shed blood and destroyed life. I killed that ruffian as if I would have killed a wild beast to save the lives of those who were in danger. But God help the man who shall take a human life merely to gratify his own pride and anger! If you wish to know what happiness a successful duelist can enjoy, look at me. Do you remember that story which Captain Thornton told here the other night about the duel in which Colonel Fortescue—the famous duelist, as you call him—killed Sir Henry Martingale?"

"To be sure," answered Charlie Thornton, looking rather scared. "But what of it?"

"I was once Colonel Fortescue's," was the answer.—Exchange.

Queer Directions About a Funeral. John Underwood of Whitless, Cambridge, who died in 1773, gave directions for a curious funeral. None of his relations was to follow his corpse, which was to be conveyed to the grave by six gentlemen, who were specifically desired not to come in black clothes, and during the ceremony were instructed to sing the last stanza of the second book of Horace. The coffin was green, and the deceased was placed in it with all his clothes on. Under his head was placed a copy of Horace, under his feet a small Greek Testament and on his left a miniature Horace, while Bentley's Horace was put under his back.

A cold supper at his house followed the ceremony, and after the cloth was taken away the guests repeated the thirty-first ode of the first book of Horace. Each was to receive 10 guineas, out of the sum of £5,000 left to the testator's sister on condition of carrying out the will. The will ended with the words, "Which done, I would have them drink a cheerful glass and think no more of John Underwood."—London Tit-Bits.

Mean People In Maine. You can't poison a bicycle as some cheap people do the dogs which they dislike, but over in Richmond they have strewn tacks in one locality on the principal street so that bicyclists cannot safely ride there, the tires of several fine wheels having been punctured and ruined. What champion mean people we do run across in this country!—Bangor Commercial.

When we assert that Dodd's Kidney Pills Cure Backache, Dropsy, Lumbago, Bright's Disease, Rheumatism and all other forms of Kidney Troubles, we are backed by the testimony of all who have used them.

THE CURE TO STAY CURED. By all druggists or mail on receipt of price. Beware of cheap imitations. Dodd's Kidney Pills, Toronto.



Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Richardson of Albion, N. Y.

Husband and Wife Both Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla

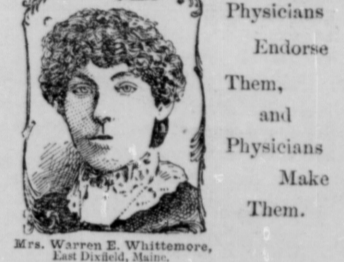
Catarrh, Kidney Complaint, Heart Failure, Liver Troubles. "I think it my duty to voluntarily tell what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for myself and wife. Last spring my wife was in a very bad way with kidney complaint, but

Miscerible All the Time and could hardly get around the house, she began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and to our amazement she was improving. When she had taken but three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla she was cured of that dreadful disease, as for me I was troubled with Catarrh, Heart Failure and Liver Complaint, suffered so intensely that

I Could Not Sleep at night, nor get any rest through the day. As soon as I lay down, my heart would beat so hard that I would have to get up. I had very severe pain in the small of my back, and severe pain in my head like a flock of black birds all night long. I also experienced a great deal of pain in my chest, and a week after I began taking it, I have improved rapidly and can now sleep better than I have for a year, can eat and drink as usual. No more of my troubles!

Hood's Sarsaparilla for we think there is no medicine like it!" HENRY C. and MARY L. RICHARDSON, Albion, New York County, N. Y.

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Headache and Catarrh.

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Skoda's Little Tablets cure constipation, headache, and dyspepsia, 25 cents per box. Medical Advice Free. SKODA DISCOVERY CO., LTD., WOLFFVILLE, N. S.

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UP ALL NIGHT. With that COUGH, if you do not want to repeat the experience, buy a bottle of the OLD STANDARD REMEDY

Gray's Syrup or Red Spruce Gum

The best Cough Cure in the world. Sold everywhere 25 cts. a bottle. KERRY WATSON & Co., PROPRIETORS, MONTREAL.

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WATER HYPOPHOSPHITES, LIME & SODA. Palatable as cream. No oily taste like others. In big bottles 50c. and \$1.00.

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