

PERSONAL CHATS.

Septimus Winner, the composer of the popular song "Listen to the Mocking Bird" (written in 1855), celebrated his golden wedding the 25th of November.

William Shaw, Jr., of Pittsburg has built and equipped a bathroom at that place where the poor may enjoy the luxury of a bath upon the payment of 5 cents.

Hon. Tazst-Goro Nesso, the first Japanese consul at Chicago, is one of the most distinguished members of the diplomatic staff, although he is only 35 years old.

Dr. and Mrs. Parkhurst, while abroad last summer, went to Switzerland and did some mountain climbing, though not as much or as hard work as they have done in the past.

When Tennyson, in 1830, wrote this in "Locksley Hall," "Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change," he supposed that the wheels of railway cars ran in grooved rails.

Swami Abhayanada of Chicago is the only woman monk in the world. Some years ago she met the famous Swami Vivehanada and after embracing Brahmanism was ordained a monk of his order.

The death has just occurred at Bradford, England, of Mr. Joshua Northrup, said to be the oldest Methodist local preacher in the kingdom. He was born on March 19, 1799, and preached from 1820 to July last.

Dr. Susan E. Edson, the well known woman physician, who died in Washington not long ago, was a personal friend of James G. Blaine, who declared that she was the only woman he knew who never talked about herself.

Dr. Miner Raymond, who died recently in Chicago, was said to be the oldest theological student in this country. He began life as a shoemaker and ended as the head of the Garret Biblical institute of the Northwestern university.

It is said that Chauncey M. Depew never drinks anything at a banquet except the driest kind of champagne, and if he is to speak he drinks no wine at all until after he has finished his speech. Two glasses of brut champagne are usually his limit.

"Mlle. Mark Twain" is what Figaro of Paris calls the daughter of S. L. Clemens, who is studying music in Vienna, announcing that the "very beautiful voice of this fascinating young girl of 18 will one day make her as famous on the stage as her father is in letters."

Legrand Larow of Lamar, Mo., has a beard seven feet in length. Mr. Larow has not shaved for 20 years. The wind is so fond of toying with this hirsute appendage that the owner braids it and winds it around his body, giving him the appearance of being in the toils of a boa constrictor.

The Rothschilds have made it a rule to intermarry and have defied the doctrine of the scientists, who have forbidden the marriage of relatives on the ground that it debilitates a race. A Rothschild generally looks among his consorts for a wife. Uncles have married nieces, nephews have married aunts.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

On an average man's physical strength begins to decay at the age of 36.

Infant schools began in New Lanark, Scotland, in 1815; in England, not till 1818.

General Boulanger's black charger, on which he hoped to ride to a throne, now draws a Paris cab.

A British naval writer says that neither Casabianca nor his father perished on a burning ship. They were drowned while swimming for the boats.

Probably the first caricature in manuscript is to be found in an Egyptian papyrus in the British museum, where the lion and unicorn are represented playing a game like draughts.

Among the recent acquisitions of the National Portrait gallery in London are portraits of Sir Richard Burton by Lord Leighton, of William Morris by Watts and of Coventry Patmore by Sargent.

Kangaroos are being exterminated in Australia nearly as fast as the seals in the Bering sea. In Queensland alone 288,658 kangaroos and 522,653 wallabies were destroyed last year. Kangaroo tails for soup are being shipped to London by the ton.

RAM'S HORN WRINKLES.

No sacrifice is bitter when sweetened by love.

Unbidden guests give pleasure—when they go.

The pruned limb is seldom the one that dies.

A little man's happiness consists in magnifying himself.

It takes both grace and grit to bear disappointment well.

When a man makes a fool of himself, he generally does the job well.

As a matter of fact, nobody believes in a hell except for his neighbor.

The commonest kind of cheerful giver is the one who gives nothing but good advice.

When we cannot do as we would, it will smooth the jolts to be willing to do as we should.

Mittamen can now get Outer's Guide at Hazard & Moor's bookstore. Price, \$1.

AN ADONIS OF EGYPT.

NENKHEFTA, THE MOST BEAUTIFUL MAN IN THE WORLD.

His Mummy Found in a Cemetery Near the City of El Kab—"The Sun Smiled Upon Him," but He Died Like Other Mortals—Wife and Son in Tomb With Him.

The Adonis of Egypt 5,400 years ago is again among men. Not as he was when women bowed before him and his every gesture was looked upon almost as if it were that of a god, but swathed in the habiliments of the regulation mummy. Centuries before imperial Caesar died and turned to clay this man ruled the dwellers on 250,000 acres with a rod of iron. The women adored him for his beauty. The men feared and respected him for his wisdom.

Near the city of El Kab, which is situated 75 miles north of the present site of Cairo, there lies an ancient cemetery so old that even the men to whom the papyrus scrolls are as familiar as the waters of the Nile are unable to say when it was first devoted to the purpose of housing the mortal tenements of the old Egyptians. The archaeologist has long found it a fruitful field for research, and many a mummy that today is gazed on in the museums with round eyed wonder was undisturbed here for thousands of years.

It so happened that a short time ago persons prospecting for new fields in a hill in the cemetery described discovered a little pit which apparently had never been made the subject of investigation. Excavation brought to light the fact that it was not only something new, but from the archaeologist's standpoint one of the most important finds in a very long time. The pit was the entrance to a solid chamber of rock containing a number of stone coffins or sarcophagi. Besides these there lay upon the floor of the chamber a number of statues. Examination of the various contents showed that one of the sarcophagi contained the mummy of Nenkhefta, and the roll of papyrus and the inscriptions on the sarcophagus both gave the information that these were the mortal remains of "the most beautiful man in Egypt and probably the world."

When the wrappings of the mummy of this ancient Adonis were unfolded, there was nothing to indicate that the remains were those of a man of any beauty whatsoever. The grinning skeleton looked exactly like those of today. The only odd fact was that the shape of the skull, the hands and the feet were, while unmistakably Egyptian, of more classic mold than those of most mummies. The formation of the skull also indicated that its owner when alive possessed great mental development, thus justifying the pleasant things which were said about him in the perfectly preserved roll of ancient manuscript which recited his history.

Some of the archaeologists here were at first inclined to doubt the accuracy of the claims made regarding this find, but investigation showed that there was no cause for doubt whatever. It would have been impossible to perpetuate a fraud of this sort. The papyrus roll, which told the history of Nenkhefta, set forth that his dominion extended over 42 miles of the banks of the Nile. His residence was termed Nishwaka, which is supposed to mean that the village where he lived bore that title. "Great were his flocks, oh, ruler of rulers," says the manuscript. "None was so wise. None was so beloved. The sun smiled on him when he journeyed abroad, and when he looked with displeasure a sorrow as of death came upon him who had caused it. He was to his people what the waters of the Nile are to Egypt. Great is his name. No man who lives was so beautiful. There is none to take his place."

Perhaps there was a touch of oriental extravagance in this, but among the statues found on the floor of the chamber was one which unquestionably was intended to represent Nenkhefta. This was evidence sufficient that the inscription must not have been without cause. According to the standard of beauty which existed in Egypt in those days, Nenkhefta was certainly an Adonis. While in sculpture the ancient Egyptian was not equal to the genius of today he was a man of much skill, and there is no reason to doubt that the statue is a

fairly faithful representation of "the most beautiful man in Egypt."

In the tomb of Nenkhefta were also the mummies of his wife and little son. It would appear from the information contained in the papyrus that this old time Egyptian was content with one wife, something of a rarity in those days. He was evidently an exception to all rules, however, and this probably accounts for the presence of the mummies of his wife and son in his tomb. It is believed that if he had had more than one wife there would be some evidence in the form of inscription or otherwise to indicate that this was his favorite wife and the mother of his son. It is held that this must have been his only son from the statement on the papyrus scroll, "There is none to take his place."

Nenkhefta's wife was named Nylephta. This is the inscription on her sarcophagus, "Nylephta, the Queen of Nenkhefta, Greatest of Rulers." Nothing is said as to whether or not she was beautiful, as it is plainly evident that the effulgence of Nenkhefta was such that any womanly charm in his family was practically lost sight of.—Washington Post.

Durability of Ivory.

The durability of ivory is proved by the fact that billiard balls which for the sake of curiosity had been made of very well preserved mammoth ivory undoubtedly many thousand years old were played with for several months by experienced players in Paris without it being noticed that the balls were not made of fresh ivory. Mammoth ivory is, as a rule, not as tough as fresh ivory.

HORSE TALK.

Bright Regent, 2:06 1/4, is to be one of the Providence sleigh brigade this winter.

It is said that the Hamlins recently had an offer for Chimes, but priced the horse at \$30,000.

New York "horse merchants" say that their trade is in better shape than at any time in the last four years.

The turf war in California is at an end. Concessions have been made on both sides, and the calumet has been smoked.

A 4-year-old filly by Star Pointer that can brush a 2:10 gait at the pace is owned by Mr. A. G. Montgomery of Kittanning, Pa.

Tinick, brother to Guinette, 2:05, took a trotting record of 2:19 1/4 in Texas the past season, driven by S. J. Coleman, who owns him. He will be put to pacing next year.

Mr. T. M. Estes of Lebanon, Ky., says that he recently drove the 2-year-old filly Sonie, by Gazette, out of Hermie (dam of Aileen, 2:07 1/4), by Nuncio, a quarter in 32 seconds.

Mr. Harry Goodin of Philadelphia is the new owner of Bright Light, 2:08 1/4. The horse will be retired from the turf and used exclusively as a road horse and in matinee races at Belmont park.

Wakeman, who recently sold for \$1,000 at auction as a hackney, is one of the best bred trotters living, being by Bow Bellis, out of Almata, who was a daughter of Almont and Alma Mater.

George Tod of Youngstown, O., has purchased the half mile track and the buildings of the Youngstown Racing association and will probably hold meetings on his own responsibility another season.

English lovers of the American trotter have recently purchased Memona, 2:22 1/4, by Aberdeen; Hypocrisy, 2:26 1/4, by Redfield; Harry B, 2:17 1/4, by Phil Rysdyk, and the fast mare Mo S, 2:20 1/4, by Wild Brinol.

No Fool Like an Old Fool.

She—Well, I think it is about time for me to secure a divorce.

He—Why, dear, haven't I done everything I could for you?

She—Yes, but I've spent nearly all of your money.—New York Truth.

One trouble with the world is that there are so many people in it who are content to drift down stream.

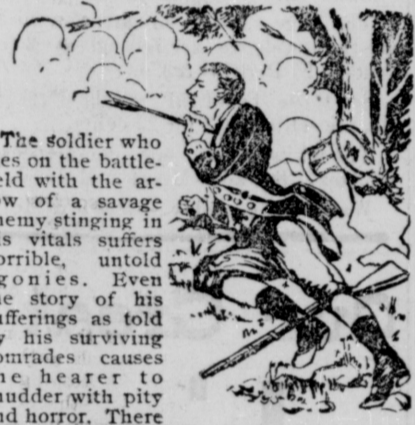
Few of us gain by the mistakes of others, but he who fails to profit by his own mistakes will soon be bankrupt in knowledge.—Ram's Horn.

Hundreds of snaps on our remnant counters today. See ad.—Moore & McLeod.

It Was Not Dynamite.

What a little thing can cause a great do to do was shown when two men stopped to examine a peculiar looking black object from which protruded a short hand and several jagged wires and which lay on the pavement before one of the Chestnut street skyscrapers. They walked around it once or twice; then, pausing, one of them said, "Dynamite!" The explosive word falling upon the ears of two other passersby caused them to stop too. This addition attracted several others from across the street, and the crowd grew until a considerable and still increasing number stood about. Then theories were advanced as to what it was, but nobody would touch it, not even with a ten foot pole. "Pick it up, Bill," said one, but Bill drew back with an emphatic refusal.

Then the ubiquitous pavement orator put in his appearance. He knew what it was, for he had been to Chicago in the hottest of the anarchistic manifestations, and he explained exactly how bombs are made. "Mebbe it's wound up," he said, "and'll go off any minute." And the crowd retreated a pace or two. But curiosity was strong, and the orator continued that he knew, in fact, of a certain secret band sworn to blow up that very building. Several of the men breathed hard and looked up at the top story, and while they were thus lost in contemplation a small boy, with the bravado of innocence or ignorance, grasped the handle of the portentous bundle and lifted—a tattered old umbrella, stuck in the grating of a coal hole. The crowd giggled, but the man who had been to Chicago left in silence.—Philadelphia Press.



The soldier who dies on the battle field with the arrow of a savage enemy stinging in his vitals suffers horrible, untold agonies. Even the story of his sufferings as told by his surviving comrades causes the hearer to shudder with pity and horror. There are tens of thousands slowly dying every day with the arrow of some insidious disease poisoning their vitals, and no one stops to pity or to alleviate.

Where death comes to one man on the battle-field it comes to tens of thousands in their homes, through the agency of man's most relentless enemy—consumption. There is a widespread idea for which ignorant physicians are responsible, that consumption is an incurable disease. This is a mistake. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures 98 per cent of all cases. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It gives rest to the appetite, makes the digestion and assimilation perfect, renders the liver active, makes the blood pure and fills it with life-giving elements of the food, and acts directly on the lungs, driving out all impurities and disease germs. Thousands who had been given up by doctors and lost all hope, are to-day healthy and robust as the result of the use of this great medicine. It is the discovery of an eminent and skillful physician, Dr. R. V. Pierce, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute at Buffalo, N.Y. In writing to Dr. Pierce for advice the sufferer consults a physician whom his townspeople honored by making him their representative in congress but whose love for his profession caused him to resign that position that he might give his whole time to the sick and afflicted. He will personally answer all letters from sufferers without charge. His "Golden Medical Discovery" is sold by all good medicine dealers. Stomach and liver troubles with sluggish action of the bowels are cured by Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

Quite Welcome.

Rent Collector—I have called to get that bill I left here a few days ago.

Tenant (relieved)—Sure, and ye can have that. It was the money I was afraid ye did be after.—New York Journal.

Had to Catch Her.

"How did he catch his bride?"

"Well, I believe she threw herself at him, and he simply had to catch her."—Chicago Post.

When He Would Come Down.



Sportsman (who has just shot at a duck)—I think he'll come down, Duncan.

Duncan—Aye, sir; he'll come down—when he's hungry.—Punch.

A specially large lot of dress good bargains on the remnant counter.—Moore & McLeod.

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