

THE DAILY EXAMINER

Terms: Four Dollars per Year

"This is True Liberty, when Free Born Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."—EURIPIDES.

Single Copies two cents.

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NO 78

GOT AMPLE SATISFACTION.

The Man With the Carpetbag Squared Accounts With the Mean Man.

On the cars coming to B— was a stalwart man, going to New York to buy goods. He was not what might be called a stingy or close man, but he was a man who when there was a cent due him that he would not let it go without a struggle.

He had started in the morning without any breakfast, and when E— hove in sight he gathered himself up for a general skirmish for any and all kinds of provisions. He had a carpetbag with him, and, going into the dining room at E—, he deposited his carpetbag on one chair, while he took another at its side.

He was lost for about ten minutes, perfectly oblivious to everything save that he had a blessed consciousness of something very rapidly and agreeably replenishing his inward man.

About this time the landlord came around, ejaculated:

"Dollar, sir!"

"A dollar!" responded the eater. "A dollar! I thought you only charged 50 cents a meal for one? Isn't that so?"

"That's true," answered Meanness, "but I count your carpetbag one, since it weighs a cent."

Now, the table was far from being crowded, and the gentleman expostulated, and the landlord insisted, and the dollar was reluctantly brought forth, paid over, and the receiver passed on.

Our victim deliberately rose, and opening his carpetbag to the full extent of its mouth, addressed it as follows:

"Carpetbag, it seems you are an individual, a human individual, since you eat— at least I've paid for your eating, and now you must eat!"

Upon this he seized everything edible that was carryable within reach—nuts, raisins, apples, cakes and crust pies—and, to the roars of the bystanders, the delight of his brother passengers and the disfigurement of the landlord, phlegmatically set out and took his seat in the cars. He had secured provisions enough to last him to New York after a bountiful supply had been served out in the cars. It was at least \$5 worth in the bag, and which the landlord realized nothing the way of profit.—Toronto Globe.

Woman's headaches may come from several causes. She may have a headache arising from nervousness, or from digestive disturbances. Nine cases in ten, her headaches come from disorders peculiar to her sex. It may show itself in the symptoms which are characteristic of a dozen disorders. Thousands of times, women have been treated for the wrong disorders.

Pierce's Favorite Prescription was recommended for the sole purpose of relieving the kind of these ills and pains. Thousands of women have testified that the taking treatment from several physicians without benefit, the "Favorite Prescription" cured them completely and safely. It has been used for over thirty years and has an unbroken record of success.

A woman who hesitates is invited to mail one-cent stamps to cover only the cost of mailing a copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, which will give plain, clear information about all the organs of the human body and their ailments.

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High Class, Perfect Fitting

CLOTHING

Is the kind we keep. You don't have to go to the merchant tailor for satisfaction; we can show you elegantly tailored suits. These abound with fine points that appeal irresistibly to men of taste, especially to those who from motives of economy are shy of the custom tailor. The collar fits snug to the neck, the arm hole is sufficiently large. All our garments are cut according to the latest fashion plate patterns. Every suit we have is right in get up and price.

Perhaps you are not a regular customer of ours. Can't we show you a few suits just to give you an idea of the kind of suits we keep. We would like to have your personal inspection, and the better posted you are the better satisfied you will be that our values have never before been equalled.

Try The Bargain Corner for Your Next Suit.

W. D. MCKAY

THE BARGAIN CORNER.

CACHES.

The Reliance of Arctic Travelers For Food on a Return Journey.

An arctic expedition moving overland practically always intends to return by the same route. Even in these days of compressed foods the weight of several months' provender for a large party is considerable. In caches it is, therefore, stowed along the route several days' journey apart.

What is simply a hole in the ground is first dug, a matter of extreme difficulty at times. Then, painfully digging elsewhere, earth is brought to the surface and a quantity of this is dumped into the hole. Ice is melted and the water from it poured upon the earth, the entire mixture freezing in a few moments into a compact mass. This is the bottom of the cache. On it the provisions the party want to put aside for a future day are laid, so many pounds for each man, carefully calculated. There should be just enough to support life comfortably until the next cache is reached on the return, with two or three days' rations over for emergencies.

With stones, ice and snow the walls of the cache are now built up, water being poured over the snowy structure hermetically to seal it. It is a point of honor, among even the poorest natives, not to rifle a cache unless in cases of the direst necessity, but the provisions must be kept safe from the bears. Properly built the structure is impregnable, and it needs the work of pickaxes to tear it open.

It is marked by anything that the explorers can spare or find in the vicinity, generally by a staff of wood. In Siberia the tooth of a mammoth is not infrequently used. Despite this precaution, however, many caches can never be found again.

If rendered provisionless in this manner, the party must resort to its guns and hunt for the musk ox, the white bear and the seal, which sometimes are in easy reach, more frequently not to be found at all. Game in these regions is never to be depended upon.—New York Tribune.

A Nihilist's Definition of Nihilism.

I was so fortunate as to meet an Americanized Russian who has been instrumental in bringing more of his people to this country than any other person. He had been a medical student in Russia, became connected with a nihilist plot, was suspected, arrested and sentenced to Siberia, but made his escape and came to this country five years ago. He at once took steps to become naturalized, and now, as Dr. C. C. Young, is an American citizen, intensely proud of his adopted country, enthusiastic concerning its institutions, particularly its liberty of speech, and is able to converse in excellent English wholly acquired since coming here.

"A nihilist," said Dr. Young, "is not an anarchist or even a socialist. He is merely one who desires with all his heart and above everything else in this world the liberty of speech and action that is the birthright of every living soul and which is guaranteed to every American by the constitution of the United States. Oh, you Americans should be the very happiest people on earth, for you have everything that the rest of the world is striving to gain!"—Kirk Munroe in Harper's Magazine.

'Tis not all Gold THAT GLITTERS

Many are taken in now-a-days, and are paying from ten to twenty dollars for a watch not worth five, by buying from peddlers and others who are not watch-makers.

Do not be Deceived.

But when you want a reliable watch buy only of one who understands the trade and asks only a fair price for a good article.

G. H. TAYLOR

Jeweler and Optician.

Charlottetown.

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Nov. 4

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Highest price paid for old New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland and P. E. Island Stamps; used or unused. Address:

R. H. MASON,
Box 295, Charlottetown.

WATCHES.

EVERY ONE TIMED BEFORE SOLD

18 size	\$7.50	to	\$35.00
16 "	8.50	"	50.00
15 "	2.50	"	35.00
16 "	5.50	"	50.00
10 "	4.00	"	50.00

Screw Bezel and Back, O. F.

18 size	\$8.50	to	\$40.00
14 "	8.60	"	14.00

Your initials engraved on back free of charge.

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NOTICE

The property on the corner of King and Townal Sts, belonging to the estate of the late Catherine McKenna, (subject to a 3 years unexpired lease, from May 1st, 1898), will be sold by Public Auction on Tuesday, May 3rd, 1898, at 12 o'clock, noon.

This property is now known as the Finlay House. Terms Cash. **M. P. HOGAN,** **PATRICK BLAKE,** Executor

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The Great Pie Question.

I once heard talked over between two respectable ladies, says Colonel T. W. Higginson in The Atlantic, some disrespectful remarks of mine on the American pie. I had said in a lecture that the average pie of the American railway station was "something very white and indigestible at the top, very moist and indigestible at the bottom and with untold horrors in the middle." I had given this lecture at Fall River, Mass., and was returning by way of the steamboat to Providence, when I heard one of my neighbors ask the other if she heard the lecture.

"No," she answered, "I didn't. But Miss Jones, she come home that night, and she flung her hood right down on the table and says she, 'There,' says she, 'Mr. Jones, I'm never goin to have another o' them mince pies in the house just as long as I live,' says she. 'There was Sammy,' says she, 'he was sick all last night, and I do believe it was nothin in all the world but just them mince pies,' says she."

"Well," said the other lady, a slow, deliberate personage, "I do suppose that them kind of concomitants ain't good things."

Here the conversation closed, but Mr. Weller did not feel more gratified when he heard the Bath footmen call a boiled leg of mutton a "swarry" and wondered what they would call a roast one than I when my poor stock of phrases was re-enforced by this unexpected polysyllable. Instead of wasting so many words to describe an American railway pie I should have described it more tersely as a "concomitant."

Genius and Soap.

There was a sign nailed to the door of the business office which attracted general attention, and yet at a casual glance there did not appear to be anything remarkable about it. It simply said:

"WANTED.—A good business poet; good salary to the right party. Apply within."

"The sign is all right," explained the manager. "We want just what it says—a good business poet—none of your geniuses, but a fellow with grit and get up in his composition."

"And what do you want with him?" he was asked.

"A good deal," replied the manager. "We're manufacturing a new brand of soap, and to compete with others we've got to have poetical advertisements that will catch the public ear. The last poet we employed was a dreamer and wrote odes to our soap which were too classic to be popular. What we really need are brisk, breezy, catchy couplets like this:

There's life and hope
In Johnson's soap.
Just give it rope, etc.

"We've had 70 applications for the place this morning, but the right man has not arrived yet. We'll get him, however, before the day's over."—Atlanta Constitution.

ECONOMY in taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, because "100 doses one dollar." Is peculiar to and true only of the One True **BLOOD Purifier.**

THE JOKE WENT ASTRAY.

And a Couple of Innocents Endured All the Suffering in Consequence.

We had amused ourselves at the expense of a certain commercial traveler staying at our hotel, and in return the traveler endeavored to play a trick on us.

It happened that when we struck the hotel it was so full that we had to engage rooms on the second floor. There were four of us, so we engaged rooms Nos. 95 and 96, with the proviso that we should have choice of double bedded rooms on the first floor as soon as they were empty. On the day of revenge our goods and chattels were moved down to the first floor, rooms Nos. 35 and 36. And that night a strange thing happened. We were sitting quietly at supper when we heard a violent ringing of about ten bells and a yelling and shouting from up stairs. Our party of four gazed at each other inquiringly, but nobody volunteered an explanation. The commercial traveler sat in the room, and he looked across at us with a startled air and turned pale. We went out to reconnoiter.

There was a huge gouty old gentleman in pyjamas at the head of the stairs, and he was shouting for the manager. He had turned into a bed that was crammed full with lumps of coal and brushes and crockery and combs and broken biscuits. The number of his room was 96. While he was telling his tale there was some commotion in 95. The door flew open, and a couple of men rushed out, using very discreet language. They had a similar story to tell and similar complaints to make. It was disgraceful, intolerable. So it was for one of the best hotels in the provinces.

Of course the manager called me aside and blamed me for everything. I protested my innocence, but I don't think he believed me until the chambermaid put in a word or two.

"It wasn't Mr. Roberts' party, sir. It was Mr. Fred (the commercial traveler). I saw him coming in and out of the rooms, and I looked in afterward, but couldn't see anything wrong."

"Poor bagman! He had meditated a revenge deep and dire, but it had missed fire. I will draw a veil over what the manager said to him and another over what the traveler said to us. But it was great fun in the morning to sympathize with the gouty old gentleman and to echo his sentiments.—"Life of Arthur Roberts."



WHAT SHAKSPERE SAID

was nearly always about right. He knew more of human nature blood most men of his time, and the present time too. He never gave better advice to mankind than when he wrote, "Throw Physic to the Dogs." Some people are physicising themselves all the time for ills that are principally imaginary. Little disorders of the system,—caused by irregular living, poor blood, a sluggish liver,—can be twisted to suit some patent nostrum and increase the wealth of some juggler with health. What is really wanted is only a system regulator,—a pure, simple, and efficacious tonic. Such a preparation is

Abbey's Effervescent Salt.

A teaspoonful taken every morning, before breakfast, keeps the blood pure and the system in such a tone as to be able to withstand disease. Its use in many cases has prevented serious illness.

Eminent physicians and prominent persons have testified to the benefit they have derived from its use. Our free booklet "An Invitation to Health," tells all about it.

All druggists sell this great English preparation.

Price 2/6 or 6d. a bottle.

THE ABBEY EFFERVESCENT SALT CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL, CANADA.

Y. M. C. A.

The ball in the Association Building have been refitted, and are now in strictly first class condition. They will be open Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, from 2 to 10 p. m. Members are invited to patronise them; non-members will be charged a small fee for their use.

The Assembly Hall is now in good order, and will be let at reasonable figures. Apply to the Secretary.

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