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THE DAILY EXAMINER

NOVEMBER 18, 1897.

TOLERATION.

We shall not enter into a controversy as to the meaning of Archbishop Cleary's mandate. In charity, if not in reason, we feel constrained to accept the explanations so charitably offered by the esteemed priest of Alberton, and to conclude that the worthy prelate denounced as "rescindable," "opening the door to adulterous cohabitation," only the marriage of divorced persons; and that he prohibited attendance at the marriages and funerals of non-Catholics merely in accordance with the general rule of the church. But we may, perhaps, be permitted to offer a few remarks upon the subject of the mutual toleration of all the Christian churches and denominations existing in this Canada of ours. It is highly gratifying to include with these remarks the following report of an address delivered by Archbishop Welsh of Toronto, a few days ago,—the occasion being the opening of a Canadian Lyceum and Athletic Club for the young men of Dean Harris' congregation at St. Catherine's, Ontario, and for any others wishing to attend. The Archbishop said:—

"I am glad also that Dean Harris' intention and yours is not that the benefits of this institution should be confined to the Catholics alone, but that young men of every other denomination are made heartily welcome here. Influences that are good for one are good for all, and all can meet together here without distinction, religious or otherwise. We should put our hand to every undertaking that is calculated to promote the life of our young country, intended, as it is, by nature to become a great and mighty power. Canada, with her grand rivers rolling to the ocean, her far-reaching fertile plains and her lofty mountains, is surely destined by nature to be the home of many millions of happy and prosperous people. In all we do we must keep the greatest of our country's future in view, for the true Canadian ideal is that which tends to the up-building of the national life of this great country. Here everyone is free to kneel before the altar of his choice, but all are citizens and bound by the obligations of their free citizenship to be good Canadians. All are equal in Canada, and we must bear in mind that it is upon such equality our country has been built, and also upon such equality must our liberty and our national life rest."

The contrast between the tone of this address and that of Archbishop Cleary's is remarkable. Archbishop Welsh has admirably summed up the conditions upon which we live here in Canada; and he has, moreover supplied the keynote to the harmony which should subsist between all Catholics and all Protestants. "Influences



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THE PILL THAT WILL.

that are good for one are good for all." It is good for all to meet together, as occasion may permit, to receive the benefit of good influences, and it is the duty of all to be as tolerant as possible of the distinctive religious beliefs of all. Nor does this necessitate any compromise of that which is regarded as the truth. The most pronounced beliefs and opinions may be held by those who freely and harmoniously mingle with their fellows of different beliefs and opinions.

The application of these remarks is seen continually on every side. Christian men and women of all denominations and of the most diverse beliefs meet and mingle together freely at our stores, offices, houses, market places and places of amusement. From the fact that Archbishop Welsh invites young men of other denominations to come to a Catholic Lyceum and Athletic Club on the principle that "influences that are good for one are good for all," we may infer that his toleration would extend to the permission of Catholic young men to go to lyceums and athletic clubs conducted under Protestant auspices. Where, then, shall the line be drawn at which Catholics and Protestant may tolerate each other, agree to disagree, and live in friendly social fellowship? Must it be drawn at attendance at marriages and funerals? What is marriage? It is "the silken tie which binds two willing hearts." It is the beginning of home life. It is the source of the family. It is the foundation of society. It is a sacred and inviolable contract. There is no wrong about it. Essentially it is a good influence. Nor is there any marriage ceremony of those who may be properly joined in Christian wedlock which may be termed a distinctly bad influence. What, then, is there about a marriage that precludes the meeting together of Catholics and Protestants? The idea that the spectator of a public marriage ceremony—one who goes to see the bride, and admire her dress, and wish the happy couple joy and prosperity in life, or perchance to breathe a silent prayer that the union may be happy and prosperous—becomes *particeps criminis* in any wrong or evil that may be done is contrary to reason. As truthfully might it be said that everyone present in court is party to the proceedings of the judge, jury and suitors. Nor does a person attending a funeral express his approval of all that the officiating minister says or does. He goes to show his respect for the departed and his sympathy with the survivors. If he believes in prayers for the dead, he has an opportunity to offer his private supplication on behalf of the soul of his deceased friend—the more necessary, in his opinion, if that friend had been, in this life, bound by an alien faith.

That the Catholic Church has the right to discipline its wandering children and to exert its authority is undoubted and admitted. This is a free country. But we could wish that its rules were applied rather in the spirit of Archbishop Welsh than in that of Archbishop Cleary, and that the lines were not tightly drawn at mere attendance at the marriages and funerals of non-Catholics. As far as may be, let us agree to differ and differ to agree for the promotion of Christian charity and Christian union, and for the up-building of our common country in which, as Archbishop Welsh remarks, we all happily stand upon an equality; and let the test as to churches and denominations be that contained in the Divine assurance, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

Customs officers at Port Huron, Michigan, have unearthed what promises to prove extensive operations in phenacetine smuggling from Canada. Five thousand ounces of the drug was found at the home of Mrs. Amos Frizer, who is under arrest. A New York firm receives royalty on all the phenacetine brought into the country. The smugglers avoid this besides the duty of sixty per cent.

The sons of the late millionaire Pullman, were, as has been stated left only small legacies for their support instead of the large sums it was expected they would inherit upon their father's death. The clause in the will declares that neither of the boys developed the sense of responsibility their father considered requisite for the wise use of large properties and considerable sums of money, and for that reason they were practically disinherited.

Bishop Bompas brought out to Klondike from London, England, a young missionary named Bowen, who knocks around among the people of the Yukon a good deal. Last summer, on a Sunday, he told a saloon keeper in Dawson that he should not keep open on Sunday. The liquor dealer was in a jocular mood, and said to Bowen: "Will you throw dice for the drinks?" "No," replied the missionary, "but I will throw dice with you to see whether you keep open or close up for the day." The saloonkeeper was "game," and threw first. Then Mr. Bowen said:—"Now, I'm going to win, because the Lord is on my side." He threw the dice and won, and the saloon was closed up at once. This is from Ogilvie's collection of true stories in the Klondike.

LATEST NEWS BY WIRE AND MAIL

BOMBAY, November 16.—The Bubonic plague shows no abatement in the Poona district. Within the last forty-eight hours there have been 134 new cases reported and 94 deaths. Six hundred and thirty victims of the disease are now in the hospitals at Poona. Business in several of the principal streets is suspended and the town is being rapidly deserted by the inhabitants.

LONDON, Nov. 13.—The Rome correspondent of the Daily Chronicle says: Baron von Ruelow (the newly appointed German Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs), in an interview with the Pope has warmly complained against the sympathy of the Vatican with the Franco-Russian Alliance and its hostility to the Triple Alliance. He declared in the name of Emperor William that if the Vatican persisted in such a policy the German Government would retaliate on the Roman Catholics.

LONDON, Nov. 15.—A special despatch from Shanghai says serious tension exists between Japan and Russia owing to the latter's efforts to control the Korean customs, and that some of the leading Japanese ministers are urging the adoption of strong measures, even to the extent of war with Russia, but it is added the Marquis Ito disapproves this step and urges instead that Great Britain, the United States and Japan make joint representations to Russia on the subject of Korea.

LONDON, Nov. 15.—The usually well-informed Vienna correspondent of the Times says: "The final treaty of peace between Turkey and Greece has not yet been signed and the negotiations of the powers with respect to autonomy for Crete have hardly emerged from the initial stage, when already there are disquieting symptoms in the Balkans. The relations between Bulgaria and the Porte are strained. The Sultan is preparing for all eventualities and 100,000 Turkish soldiers are stationed on the Bulgarian frontier armed with muskets and amply provided with horses and guns. Servia, of course, would be implicated in any complications in connection with Macedonia, while recent accounts from Albania report signs of growing unrest. On the whole the outlook in the east is in no wise reassuring."

Standing Up For a Principle.

"How much does it cost to send a letter from here to San Francisco?" asked a tall, angular woman with a masculine voice and a somewhat hairy chin as she stepped up to one of the stamp windows at the postoffice.

"Two cents, ma'am."

"And how much to send a letter to Bethany, Missouri?"

"Two cents."

"I won't pay it."

"Very well, ma'am."

"I didn't suppose you'd throw off anything on account of the shorter distance, but I thought I'd ask you, anyhow. When you carry a letter to San Francisco for 2 cents, you ought to carry four to Bethany for 1 cent. It's a shame. I don't have to send my letter through this postoffice, and I won't. There's a neighbor of mine going to Bethany next week, and she'll take it for me and be glad to do it. I don't care for the 2 cents, mind you, but I'm not going to be swindled. I've been reading up on these things, and I'm"

"That's all right, ma'am, but I'm very much occupied, and"

"You ain't occupied any harder than I am, young man, but I've got time to tell you that this government's a cheat and a swindle and it's founded on wrong principles and I'm agin it from the word go and it's never going to get any money out of me when I can help it, and I generally can. You don't get any 2 cents out of me for taking a letter to Missouri. Understand!"

With a look of lofty scorn she turned away from the stamp window and went out of the office.—Chicago Tribunes.

A Lesson In Frugality.

Guy, the founder of Guy's hospital in London, was as parsimonious in private life as he was munificent in public. John Hopkins, one of his contemporaries, who was nicknamed Vulture Hopkins on account of his rapacious mode of acquiring his immense wealth, on one occasion paid a visit to Guy, who, on Hopkins entering the room, lighted a farthing candle. Hopkins, being asked the reason of his visit, said: "I have been told that you, sir, are better versed in the prudent and necessary art of saving than any man living, and I therefore wait on you for a lesson in frugality. I have always regarded myself as an adept in this matter, but I am told you excel me." "Oh," replied Guy, "if that is all you come to talk about, we can discuss the matter in the dark," and thereupon he blew out the candle. Hopkins acknowledged that he had met his superior in thrift.—San Francisco Argonaut.

How Tommy Helped.

Minister—Ah, Tommy, is that you? I trust you are always a good boy, Tommy?
Tommy—Yes, sir.
Minister—That's right. I am sure you are always kind to your good mother.
Tommy—Yes, sir. I was helping her yesterday.
Minister—Very glad to hear it, Tommy. What did you do for her yesterday?
Tommy—I helped her with the washing, sir. She said she couldn't get on with the washing if we didn't take our dinner an hour sooner, and I took it as soon as she had it ready.—Exchange.

Bits of Wisdom.

Bear in mind these bits of homely wisdom: Pure water, pure air, sunshine and wholesome food are the best preventives against disease. Cultivate exquisite cleanliness. Make daily use of baths. Try to always get eight hours' sleep.
An unpleasant odor for 24 hours may mean a fever for 24 days. Digestion is assisted by cheerfulness.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

In the manufacture of knives the division of labor has been carried to such an extent that one knife is handled by 70 different artisans from the moment the blade is forged until the instrument is finished and ready for the market.

DEER MICE AS PETS.

They Were Delighted With a Home In a Coconut Shell.

In St. Nicholas G. Rafael O'Reilly tells of a couple of queer pets that he caught in the woods. The writer says:
While rambling one evening in the woods I sat down on a rock close by a shaded bank all overgrown with soft green moss and feathery ferns. Not far away there was an ancient tree stump, with a hole running in underneath it, and what should I see peeping out from the hole, but the head of a little reddish brown animal. At first sight I took it to be a chipmunk. Its large, black eyes seemed full of apprehension, and as I moved it drew back out of sight.

On rolling over the stump, I discovered beneath it some withered grass carefully rolled into a globular nest. Cautiously drawing my handkerchief around this, I tied it up, with whatever it contained, and hurried homeward with my treasure. On emptying the handkerchief into a box covered with wire gauze, I found that I had captured two beautifully delicate and elegant creatures, somewhat larger than mice. Their fur was thick and soft, a rich velvet of reddish brown on the back and snowy white beneath. Their feet also were white. But their chief beauty lay in their eyes—great, black, liquid orbs half protruding from the head. No gazelle ever had eyes half so lovely.

They soon became quite tame, and without showing any fear would allow me to put my hand into their cage to give them fruits and berries. They carried their nest into a corner of the cage and reconstructed it there.

After about two weeks I procured a large coconut, sawed it in two, and taking one-half of it, made in it a little doorway. When I put this into their cage, turned mouth down, they seemed to go wild with the excitement of delight. In and out they ran through the little doorway a hundred times in succession. Sometimes they would jump up on top of the coconut and survey it all over, and then, after "washing their faces" with their delicate white paws, jump down and again run inside. Soon they made up their minds to take possession of it as their home. Their nest in the corner they pulled to pieces and carried it off mouthful by mouthful into the little coconut hut. There they have lived ever since.

During the daytime they sleep, but when evening comes on they busy themselves running and jumping about the cage, and they have never once in three years tried to gnaw their way out.

FACTS ABOUT HEALTH

It is Easy to Keep Well if We Know How—Some of the Conditions Necessary to Perfect Health.

The importance of maintaining good health is easily understood, and it is really a simple matter if we take a correct view of the conditions required. In perfect health the stomach promptly digests food, and thus prepares nourishment. The blood is employed to carry this nourishment to the organs, nerves, muscles and tissues which need it. The first great essential for good health, therefore, is pure, rich blood. Now it is certainly a fact that no medicine has such a record of cures as Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is literally true that there are hundreds of people alive and well today who would have been in their graves had they not taken Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is depended upon as a family medicine and general regulator of the system by tens of thousands of people. This is because Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the blood pure. This is the secret of its great success. Keep your system in good health by keeping your blood pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla, which absolutely cures when other medicines fail to do any good whatever.

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The property occupied by J. J. Gay and son situate in the village of Pownal, 7 miles from Charlottetown, is offered for sale. The proprietors have carried on a large market garden nursery, and seed business for thirty years, and the purchaser will no doubt retain a large share of the local trade. The premises comprise a large dwelling house, 5 acre, warehouse, barn, shed, orchard, and about 15 acres of the most fertile land on the island. This land has been manured year after year, for so long that as an old man said the other day, "It is all a bed of manure and could be hauled for top-dressing." This would be an ideal spot for a country merchant, or it would be admirable for a summer resort. The situation is one of the most beautiful on the island. Good bathing, fishing, boating, shooting and within easy distance; churches, post office school telephone and shops all at the door. For terms and further particulars, apply to Von Clure Gay, J. J. Gay & son or to JOHN T. MELLISH Solicitor Charlottetown

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