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serate Read. ROOM is True Liberty, when Free Born Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free.—EURIPIDES.

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VOL 37 CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND; THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1897. NO 264

TOO MUCH RESPONSIBILITY.

The Colored Porter and His Excuse For His Educational Shortcomings.

While the colored man at the depot was loading the trunks on the baggage truck a small boy of his own color approached him and said:

"Sam, kin I spoke wid yo' a minit?"

"Boy, who yo' callin Sam?" demanded the man as he dropped a trunk to confront the youngster.

"Ize callin yo' Sam, of co'se."

"Waal, dar ain't no of co'se to it. My name, sah, are Samuel Brown. If yo' wish to spoke to me, yo' must call me Mistah Brown. Now, what yo' got to say?"

"My sistah sent word to yo', Mistah Brown."

"Oh, den yo' got a sistah?"

"Yes, sah, an she dun tole me to tell yo' somethin."

"She did, eh? Did yo'r sistah know dat I was Mistah Samuel Brown?"

"Yes, sah."

"An dit I had de responsibility of dis railroad on my shoulders?"

"Yes, sah."

"An she didn't dun write me a note?"

"No, sah. She dun tole me to say it to yo'."

"Boy, don't yo' fool wid a pusson in my positshun. Why didn't yo'r sistah dun write me a note?"

"Kase, sah, yo' couldn't read it if she did."

The man reached out and caught the boy by the arm as if to shake him, but directly a smile broke over his face and he released his grip and said:

"Dat's so, boy, an yo'r sistah can't dun write her own name to save her neck. Ize got de responsibility of dis railroad on my shoulders an she's got de responsibility of de dressmakin bizness on hers, an we hain't got no time to sagaciate around wid red ink an blue paper. Yo' jes' wait till I percolate dis baggage up to de train an den yo' kin go ahead an disqualify yo'r invidious information."—New York Sunday World.

Of the Modern Duel.

First Second—I think the swords have soaked long enough in the antiseptic compound.

Second Second—I think so. Did you scatter the chloride of lime under the tires?

"Yes, and I burned sulphur in the branches."

"Good. How about the bushes?"

"They have been sprayed with that No. 1 deodorizer. Did you sprinkle the lawn?"

"Yes. I used the camphorated wash."

"Excellent. Shall we start the rotary atmospheric purifier?"

"I think so. One moment—did you kindle the fire under the medicated bath?"

"I did. And I also put the hot water bottles on the portable furnace and set the mustard plaster where it would warm."

"Then I think we are all ready."

"I think so. Messieurs, we are quite ready."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

No Head For Finance.

"There's no use talking," remarked the curbstone statesman wearily. "It's impossible to make a woman understand even the first principles of finance."

"What's the matter now?" inquired another member of the old guard.

"While I was down town yesterday, it appears the baby accidentally swallowed a quarter."

"Yes?"

"Yes, sir. And what does my wife do but call in a doctor and pay him \$5 for getting that quarter back."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Compensation.

He—Darling, will you miss me when I am far away in a foreign land?

She—Yes, dear, but you will write to me often, won't you? What a chance it will be for me to increase my collection of foreign stamps!—Boston Transcript.

Two Feet Two.

Said the girl to the hardware clerk, "I want two feet of hose."

Said the smart Aleck, "Don't you mean hose for two feet?"—Hardware.

It is by presence of mind in untried emergencies that the native metal of man's tested.—James Russell Lowell.

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Six Packages Guaranteed to promptly and permanently cure all forms of Nervous Weakness, Emissions, Spermatorrhoea, Impotency and all effects of Abuse or Excesses, Mental Worry, excessive use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants, which soon lead to Insanity, Inanity, Consumption and an early grave. Has been prescribed over 35 years in thousands of cases; is the only Reliable and Honest Medicine known. Ask druggist for Wood's Phosphodine; if he offers some worthless medicine in place of this, inclose price in letter, and we will send by return mail. Price, one package, \$1; six, \$5. One will cure, six will cure. Pamphlets free to any address. The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont., Canada.

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It gives staying power banishing fatigue and thirst.

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HERE IS A PEACE THAT COMETH AFTER SORROW.

"There is a peace that cometh after sorrow," Of hope surrendered, not of hope fulfilled; A peace that looketh not upon tomorrow, But calmly on a tempest that is stilled;

A peace which lives not now in joy's excesses Nor in the happy life of love secure, But in the unerring strength the heart possesses

Of conflicts won while learning to endure.

A peace there is in sacrifice secluded, A life subdued, from will and passion free.

'Tis not the peace which Eden brooded, But that which triumphed in Gethsemane.

—Jessie Rose Gates in Century.

CHICAGO TO BE A VENICE.

Five Hundred Years Hence the Windy City Will Stand in a Great Lake.

Chicago has troubles ahead of her—none of your ordinary, everyday troubles, but the real thing in mental disquietude. True, it is 500 years off, but posterity must be considered.

Professor G. K. Gilbert of the United States geological survey is responsible for this prediction. For a number of years the professor has been making notes of the rise and fall of the great lakes from his own observations and from the records of the government surveys. From these he declares the waters at the lower end of Lake Michigan rise six inches in each century and that the lake is preparing to overflow its southern edge to the infinite discomfort of the Chicagoans of the future.

If his figures speak truly, the whole district covered by the great lakes is undergoing a change of level, and he believes it will only be a matter of time before their outlet into the Atlantic is closed and a new one through the basin of the Mississippi is opened. As the land in the neighborhood of Chicago is the lowest along the lake shore, it is there Professor Gilbert has located the outlet of the future. But as the waters only rise at the rate of one inch in ten years, it is plainly to be seen there is no immediate danger to the Windy City's real estate valuation.

In fact, 500 years will have elapsed before the cry of the gondolier will begin to be heard in the waterways of the western Venice and the clang of the cable car is hushed forever. Then the real trouble will begin. And in another such trifling period—for years are as but seconds in the predictions of the professor—the formation of the new outlet from the lakes to the Mississippi will have taken place, and over the site of the Chicago of today a mighty river will be flowing.

After Chicago has been disposed of the professor predicts trouble for the Niagara Falls hack drivers and newly wedded couples. The latter will have to seek new fields to exhibit themselves in, and this will take away the sole support of the former. In 2,500 years from now Niagara will be merely an intermittent stream and after another 500 years there will not be even a rivulet there.

The only consolation remaining for Chicago in all this is that, even if New York does exist, she won't have Niagara at her doors any longer.

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That is what Everyon says of our Display of

SILVERWARE

New stock just received. The latest novelties in artistic designs.

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G. H. TAYLOR,

Charlottetown.

DISMISSING A WEAKLING.

The Poor Fool Could Not See That He Had Her Won.

Reginald Hanscomb stopped in the hall and nervously fumbled at the rim of his hat, meanwhile gazing into Pocahontas Poindexter's eyes with a fondness that the beautiful girl could not mistake.

He opened his lips as if about to speak, but the words that he sought to utter would not come, and the fair maiden gave a low, sweet sigh that was calculated to fill his heart with blowholes.

Yet he stood there, and she stood in front of him, looking and longing and wondering why he hesitated.

Once she was almost tempted to take him back into the parlor and tell him that it was all right; that she knew how he felt about it, and that she would just take it for granted without the usual formality. But her maiden modesty rose in rebellion, and she said to herself:

"No. If he is too timid, too cowardly, to say the words, it will perhaps be better for us both if we take diverging ways."

Then, speaking aloud, she said:

"Well, good night, Mr. Hanscomb, if you must be going."

"Well, good night," he said. "I guess I must be going."

"Well, good night," she said again, holding the door open for him.

"Well, good night," he said, passing out through the vestibule.

She shut the door with a bang and sat down upon the stairway and buried her face in her hands and sobbed.

But half a minute later she heard him returning. Her heart gave a glad leap, and she rushed to the door to admit him.

He stood looking down into her sweet, expectant face for a moment after the door had swung back, and then, clearing his throat, he said:

"Some pesky kid punctured my tire while I was inside. I wonder if I could borrow your mending outfit for about two minutes?"

"No," she replied. "My repairing outfit is up in the attic, and I can't find it tonight. Walk home. It'll do you good."

Then she slammed the door in his face, and he tried to think—poor fool—as he wended his way homeward, what he had done to offend her.—Cleveland Leader.

SCROFULA in its worst form yields to the blood cleansing power of Hood's Sarsaparill. Thousands of cases have been perfectly CURED.

THE BREADFRUIT TREE.

Something About This Strange and Useful Asiatic Plant.

The breadfruit tree is a native of southern Asia, the south Pacific islands and the Indian archipelago. In appearance it resembles somewhat the wild chestnut. It grows to the height of 40 or 50 feet and has dark green leaves, many of them two feet in length, which are deeply divided into pointed lobes.

Hidden among the great leaves the breadfruit grows. It is a sorosis, is nearly spherical, often weighs four or more pounds and has a thick, yellow rind. This fruit is the chief food of the south sea islanders. They seldom eat a meal without it. The eatable part lies between the rind and the core and when fully ripe is yellow and juicy. It is better for food before it has matured, and the natives gather it while the pulp is white.

Before it is ready for table use it must be roasted, when it looks like wheat bread, and is both palatable and nutritious. Usually the fruit is cut into three or four slices and roasted or baked in an oven.

Frequently the people of a village join in making a huge oven, in which several hundred breadfruits may be baked at one time. Thus they are all supplied with bread without its costing any of them much labor. Prepared in this way, the bread will keep for weeks.

The breadfruit is in season eight months of the year. When the season finally draws to a close, the last fruits are gathered and made into a sour paste called "mahe." This paste will keep good for months and is made into balls, wrapped in leaves and baked, just as needed.

Bread is not the only product of the breadfruit tree. From it cement, cloth, tinder and lumber are also obtained. A glutinous, milky juice oozes from the trunk of the tree, which makes an excellent cement when boiled with coconut oil. From the fibrous inner bark a kind of coarse cloth is made, and the big leaves make good towels. The lumber is used for building houses and many other purposes. Besides all this the dried blossoms are used as tinder when fires are kindled.—Philadelphia Times.

A SLAVE TO DUTY.

An Elephant That Would Not Neglect a Baby It Was Caring For.

Marie A. Millie, in St. Nicholas, tells a number of "Stories of Elephants."

Mrs. Millie says: Some time before the elephant hunt I have described my husband was at a station in Bengal. His work kept him out nearly all day, and, being ill, I used to lie for hours in a long garden chair on the veranda, too weak to read or enjoy any more exciting amusement than my eyes supplied to me.

We had three elephants for our tents and baggage, and one dear creature used to feed from my hands every day and seemed as gentle as any pet dog or cat.

One of our government chapsras was particularly devoted to her and invariably shared his meal of fruit or flour cakes with his dumb friend. On a particularly hot day the chapsra, to my surprise, placed his tiny child of 6 months at the elephant's feet, warning her expressively that the infant was in her charge and was to be cared for till his return. I myself was an eyewitness of her wonderful sagacity. Large banana trees and fig trees grew around, and, to my surprise, the elephant broke off one of the former's spreading leaves, held it like a fan in her trunk and from time to time gracefully waved it over the slumbering child, whether to temper the heat of the atmosphere or to keep off flies, I am unable to say. The gentle way in which she moved her feet over the child and across to each side astounded me. I sent for a white loaf and some oranges, and, calling her by name (she was never chained), tried in vain to tempt her to my side on the low veranda. Nothing would induce her to leave her charge. The warm air and monotonous wave of the swinging fan overpowered me with drowsiness, to which I yielded, and, after a sleep of some duration, I was awakened by quiet, subdued snorts beside me. To my surprise I found that the chapsra had just returned to his offspring, and the elephant stood near the veranda beside me, patiently waiting and gently asking for the tempting dainties so bravely withstood for over two hours.

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