

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.

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Sebate read, ROOM

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND; SATURDAY OCTOBER 9, 1897.

NO 236

SPECIAL VALUES THIS P. M.

Our bargain tables filled to overflowing. Just the goods you want placed on bargain tables at clearing prices.

Bargain Table No. 1.—Double width dress goods, different shades and patterns worth double the money; 12c, 20c and 25c

Bargain Table No. 4.—Ladies' Hose, 12c, 15c, 20c, 25c, 27c, 30c, 35c, 50c and 60c. Underwear 25c

Bargain Corner No 2.—Men's Shirts, assorted, former price 75c, 90c and \$1 and \$1.10, only 50c.

Bargain Table No 5.—25 Men's mixed tweed suits, former price \$6.25 only \$4.00.

Bargain Table No. 3.—Men's Woolen Hose, 18c, 20c and 25c Misses' Corsets, 30c; Ladies' Corsets at cost.

Bargain Table No 6. 50 Girls' Keeters, worth \$4.00. for \$1.50

THESE VALUES UNPRECEDENTED

McKAY WOOLEN COMPANY.

THE BARGAIN CORNER

THE GREAT LIFE LINE

That Has Rescued Thousands of Wrecked Mortals.

TAKE HOLD OF IT AND BE SAVED

It is Known as Paine's Celery Compound The Disease Banisher and Life-giver.

Tens of thousands of people in every walk of life have reason to thank Professor Phelps, M. D., of Dartmouth College, for the life line he has thrown out on the surging and billowy sea of disease and suffering. The glorious, never-failing life line has blessed humanity to an extent that can never be equalled by any other agent on earth.

Lifesaving is a glorious undertaking, the most blessed and most noble work that human skill can engage in.

Professor Phelps, when he devised his wonderful and now famous Paine's Celery Compound, gave mankind an agency of life that men and women had for long years been praying for. The doctors study of the nervous system and such disease as nervous prostration, paralysis, neuralgia, rheumatism and kidney and liver troubles, dyspepsia and debility, led him to the marvellous discovery of the age, Paine's Celery Compound.

This wonderful medicine has been called by many the "Eleventh Hour Medicine" and justly so, because it saves life, builds up the system, and establishes health after the ordinary physician fails to cure. This medicine will certainly meet your case, reader, if you are still struggling with disease and pain. The experience of thousands in this wide Dominion has proven that Paine's Celery Compound "makes people well."

Mr. G. J. Smye, of Sheffield, Ont., a coal man, writes as follows:

"It is with great pleasure that I testify to the value of your great medicine, Paine's Celery Compound. For nearly two years I suffered from indigestion, kidney and liver troubles. After trying several medicines that did not effect a cure, I decided to try your Compound. Before using it I was so low in health that I could not eat or sleep. I could not lie in bed owing to a pain in my back; it was only by resting on elbows and knees I was enabled to obtain a slight degree of ease. Before I had fully taken one bottle of your medicine I began to improve. I have now taken in all fourteen bottles with grand results. I am a farmer and am now working every day. Anyone may refer to me in regard to these statements, or to any of my neighbors around Sheffield, where I am well known. I am a living witness of the worth of Paine's Celery Compound."

A terrible nightmare to competitors are last year's coats. Do you want to watch the breakers?—Jas Paton & Co. dy 1 wk.

SHE WAS WRONG.

The Original Poem Wasn't by Cowper at All, but by Some One Else.

There is a woman's literary club on the South Side which is having the hardest imaginable time to keep together. Unlike most similar organizations, it is not from want of money that this association of fair students is constantly threatened with disbandment. A spirit of disconcert and rivalry stalks through the meetings.

The original purpose of the club was a thorough criticism of the works of Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Spenser and Sir Edwin Arnold. But, although this laudable intention was adhered to for several months, after awhile some of them got to writing essays and other papers to be read before the society. The book trade may not have noticed it, but at that time there was a considerable run on concordances, glossaries, books of synonyms and literary dictionaries. Ever since then things have gone from bad to worse. It seems impossible to maintain harmony.

The vice president of the organization, a charming young lady, whether considered mentally or from her photograph, recently wrote a rather extended poem in a very lofty strain. She read it to the club. Amid the general applause which followed there came from several remote corners of the room something like murmurs. A couple of her auditors were heard to say that she had never written anything like that before; that they didn't believe any one in the club was capable of it; that, in fact, several passages sounded strangely familiar.

Finally one member with glasses and a very penetrating expression, addressing the author of the poem, said:

"Didn't you get some of that from Cowper? I'm sure you did."

"I did nothing of the kind," retorted the vice president, flushing at the accusation.

"Oh, but I remember almost the exact lines!" persisted her accuser.

"How dare you say so!" returned the poet hotly.

"But we'll get the book and look," persisted the other.

"You're a mean, mean thing, said the vice president, bursting into tears.

"I didn't get this from Cowper at all. And now that you're so smart I'll not tell you where I did get it."—Chicago Tribune.

Sold in Charlottetown by Geo. E. Hughes, Druggist.

THE FUNCTION OF ETHER.

Without It There Would Be No Light, Radiant Heat or Magnetism.

"Whatever difficulties we may have in forming a consistent idea of the constitution of the ether, there can be no doubt that the interplanetary and interstellar spaces are not empty, but are occupied by a material substance or body which is certainly the largest and probably the most uniform body of which we have any knowledge."

Such was the verdict pronounced some 20 years ago by James Clerk Maxwell, one of the very greatest of nineteenth century physicists, regarding the existence of an all pervading plenum in the universe in which every particle of tangible matter is immersed. And this verdict may be said to express the attitude of the entire philosophical world of our day. Without exception the authoritative physicists of our time accept this plenum as a verity and reason about it with something of the same confidence they manifest in speaking of "ponderable" matter or of energy. It is true there are those among them who are disposed to deny that this all pervading plenum merits the name of matter, but that it is a something, and a vastly important something at that, all are agreed. Without it, they allege, we should know nothing of light, of radiant heat, of electricity or magnetism. Without it there would probably be no such thing as gravitation—nay, they even hint that without this strange something, ether, there would be no such thing as matter in the universe. If these contentions of the modern physicist are justified, then this intangible ether is incomparably the most important as well as the "largest and most uniform substance or body" in the universe. Its discovery may well be looked upon as the most important feat of our century.

—Henry Smith Williams, M. D., in Harper's Magazine.

A Good Story of Sheridan.

Sheridan once had occasion to call at a hairdresser's to order a wig. On being measured, the barber, who was a liberal soul, invited the orator to take some refreshment in an inner room. Here he regaled him with a bottle of port and showed so much hospitality that Sheridan's heart was touched.

When they rose from the table and were about separating, the latter, looking the barber full in the face, said, "On reflecting, I don't intend that you shall make my wig."

Astonished and with a blank visage, the other exclaimed: "Good heavens, Mr. Sheridan! How can I have displeased you?"

"Why, look you," said Sheridan, "you are an honest fellow, and, I repeat it, you shan't make my wig, for I never intended to pay for it. I'll go to another less worthy son of the craft."—Liverpool Mercury.

Spilled Pleasure.

Mrs. Meyer—What's the trouble, Mrs. Schulz? You are in bad humor this morning.

Mrs. Schulz—You see, my husband staid at the club every night last week until after midnight. Last night I sat up, determined to give him a curtain lecture, when he got in late. And what do you think? The fool came home at 3 o'clock.—Fliegende Blatter.

GEM SCULPTURE.

Something About the Making of Cameos and Intaglios.

Gem sculpture, or lithoglyptics, is an art of great antiquity, having been practiced by the Babylonians, the Egyptians, the Hebrews and the Greeks. Afterward it sank into decadence, but in the fifteenth century was revived in Italy. It is an art that calls for great elegance of taste and much skill, for on a small stone, generally precious, designs are represented either in raised work, as cameos, or by being cut below the surface, as intaglios.

To compass the term "minute sculpture" is indeed applicable, for since the days of Greek art celebrated statues have been copied in this way. The first intaglios were the scarabs, or beetle shaped signets, worn in rings by the Egyptians from a very remote period. One side of the stone was shaped like a beetle, the other side was flat, and the name of the king or wearer was cut into it. A hole was then drilled in the stone from end to end, and through it a strong wire was passed to hold it in position in a ring. The flat or seal side was always worn next to the finger, but when used as a seal it was turned.

In the art of gem sculpture the Greeks excelled all predecessors. The Etruscans, contemporary with the Greeks, also attained excellence in gem cutting, and it is said that "on these early gems of Etruscan or Greek origin may be read as in a book the forms of their religion and the subjects of popular interest in politics, song and fable for centuries."

Under Augustus gem sculpture flourished among the Romans, many of them possessing cameos and intaglios of great value, and cabinets of costly gems became numerous. It is said that Caesar sent six cabinets of rare gems to the temple of Venus.

There are many fine cameos and intaglios in the British museum. Among the finest of them accessible to the public are the "Cupid and Goose" intaglio, the "Dying Amazon," the "Laughing Fawn," "Bacchus" on red jasper, and the "Julius Caesar" of Diocurides. In modern times gem sculpture has reached a high state of perfection and beauty. —Philadelphia Times.

COUNTLESS BODILY AILMENTS

Directly Attributable to a Disordered Nerve System—Dispelled in a Hurry by the Great South American Nerve—Get Well and Keep Well With it.

Noble Wright, Dairyman, of Orangeville, says: "For a number of years I was a great sufferer from indigestion and dyspepsia. My liver and kidney bothered me. I treated with many doctors, and used many remedies. I procured South American Nerve. One bottle greatly benefited me, and six bottles entirely cured me, and today I am as well as ever I was. It is a great remedy, and I am glad to be able to recommend it always." Sold by Dr. S. W. Dodd and by Geo. E. Hughes.

If you do come don't stir until you realize that if you go further you will fare worse. See our jackets.—Jas Paton & Co. dy 1 wk 1.

STUBBS WAS TOUCHED.

And He Gave Up His Fare to the Man Who Touched Him.

Stubbs is really not very absent-minded, but when he is riding on a street car he makes it a point not to look at the conductor. It often saves car fare, for there is something about Stubbs that makes him lucky enough to be overlooked two cases in ten when he boards a loaded car.

One morning he was absorbed in his paper, and when he felt a touch on his arm he mechanically passed out his nickel and went on with his reading. Later the conductor stood beside him and murmured, "Fare, please," but received no attention. Stubbs had paid his fare. Then the abominable nuisance of a conductor seized him by the shoulder and held out his hand, saying sternly, "Fare, please."

"I paid you before," said Stubbs as affably as he could.

"No, you did not. Come, pass out car fare."

"Man, I paid my fare when you were around before." And Stubbs thought for an adjective he might use when there were ladies about. "You—you—infarnal—idiot, you are drunk or asleep, for when you touched me on the arm I passed out a nickel, and you must have taken it, for it was the only one I had," fumbling in his change pocket.

With a red face the conductor rang the bell to stop the car, rearing, "You will have to pay your fare or get off the car," in a tone that startled every one. "I did not get your nickel, and you know it."

At that minute the man who had nudged Stubbs to move over in the seat he had occupied with him dropped off the car and walked the other block to his office.

The next time Stubbs rode in a crowded car he gently touched the arm of an acquaintance and got even for the 5 cents he had lost and for the chagrin he had suffered.—Chicago News.

Milton's Wives and Daughters.

Of Milton's three wives and his relations with them enough has been written. It was a hard thing to be Milton's wife or Milton's daughter. He was stern, he was austere, he was self centered; his impeccable strength was purchased by a sublime and monotonous egoism, which is the name they give to selfishness in poets. Very chill must have been the life of his girls in that Puritan house, reading to the unwrapped Puritan father from languages they did not understand and taking down from his lips poetry they understood still less. Milton found them undutiful. Poor little "undutiful" daughters! Fathers had terrible conceptions of duty in those days. Did any one ever want to know Milton? Did any one ever want to know Shakespeare? Doubtless there are readers of the Exeter Hall class who would have yearned for the godly company of the "great Christian poet." But, on the whole, how thankful one should be that Shakespeare was not a "Christian poet!"—Academy.

YOU NEED Hood's Sarsaparilla if your blood is impure, your appetite gone, your health impaired. Nothing builds up health like HOOD'S.