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THE TAKING OF LUNGTUNGPEN

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

So we loosed a bloomin' volley,
An we made the beggars out
An when our pouch was emptied out
We used the bloomin' butt.
Ho! My!
Don't you come a-nigh
When Tommy is a-playin' the baynit an
the butt.
—Barrack Room Ballad.

My friend Private Mulvaney told me this, sitting on the parapet of the road to Dagsbat, when we were hunting butterflies together. He had theories about the army and colored clay pipes perfectly. He said that the young soldier is the best to work with, "on account av the surpassin' innocence av the child."

"Now, listen!" said Mulvaney, throwing himself full length on the wall in the sun. "I'm a born scutt av the barrack room! The army's mate an dhrink to me, bekaze I'm wan av the few that can't quit ut. I've put in sive-teen years, an the pipeclay's in the marrow av me. If I cud have kept out av wan big dhrink a month, I wud have been a hon'ry lift'nint by this time—a nuisance to my betthers, a laughin shtock to my equals an a curse to meself. Bein fwat I am, I'm Privit Mulvaney, wid no good conduc' pay an a devourin thirst. Always barrin me little fri'nd Bobs Bahadur, I know as much about the army as most men."

I said something here. "Wolesey be shot! Betune you an me an that butterfly net, he's a ramblin, incoherent sort av a devil, wid wan oi on the quane an the coort an the other on his blessed silf—everlastin'ly playin Saysar an Alexandrier rowled into a lump. Now, Bobs is a sensible little man. Wid Bobs an a few 3-year-olds, I'd swape any army av the earth into a jhairum an throw ut away afterwar'd. Faith, I'm not jokin! 'Tis the bhoys—the raw bhoys—that don't know fwat a bullet manes, an wudn't care if they did—that do the work. They're crammed wid bull mate till they fairly ramps wid good livin, an thin, if they don't fight, they blow each other's bids off. 'Tis the trut' I'm tellin you. They should be kept on dalbhat an kijri in the hot weather, but there'd be a mut'ny if 'twas done."

"Did you iver hear how Privit Mulvaney tuk the town av Lungtungpen? I thought not. 'Twas the lift'nint got the credit, but ut was me planned the scheme. A little before I was inviladed from Burma me an four an twenty young wans undher a Lift'nint Brazenose was ruinin' our dijeshins thryin to catch dacoits. An such double ended devils I never knew! 'Tis only a dah an a Snider that makes a dacoit. Widout thin he's a p'aceful cultivator an felony for to shoot. We hunted an we hunted an tuk fever an elephants now an again, but no dacoits. Evenshually we puckerowed wan man. 'Trate him tunderly,' sez the lift'nint. So I tuk him away into the jungle, wid the Burmese interpret'r an my cl'anin rod. Sez I to the man, 'My p'aceful squireen,' sez I, 'you shquot on your hunkers an demonstrate to my fri'nd here where your fri'nds are when they're at home?' Wid that I introduced him to the cl'anin rod, an he comminst to jabber, the interpret'r interruptin in betches an me helpin the intelligince departmint wid my cl'anin rod whin the man misremimbered."

"Prisintly I learned that acrost the river, about nine miles away, was a town just dhrippin wid dabs an bobs an arrows an dacoits an elephants an jingles. 'Good,' sez I. 'This office will now close.'"

"That night I went to the lift'nint an communicates my information. I never thought much av Lift'nint Brazenose till that night. He was shtiff wid books an the ouries an all manner av thrimmin's no manner av use. 'Town, did you say?' sez he. 'Accordin to the the-ouries av war, we shud wait for re-enforcemints.' 'Faith,' thinks I, 'we'd better dig our graves, thin, for the nearest throops was up to their shtocks in the marshes on Mimbu way.' 'But,' says the lift'nint, 'since 'tis a speshil case I'll make an excepshin. We'll visit this Lungtungpen tonight.'"

"The bhoys was fairly woid wid delight whin I tould 'em, an, by this an that, they went through the jungle like buck rabbits. About midnight we come to the shtrame which I had clane forgot to minshin to my officer. I was on ahead, wid four bhoys, an I thought that the lift'nint might want to the-ourize. 'Shtrip, bhoys!' sez I. 'Shtrip to the buff an shwim in where glory waits!' 'But I can't shwim!' sez two av them. 'To think I should live to hear that from a bhoys wid a board school edukashin!' sez I. 'Take a lump av timber, an me an Conolly here will ferry you over, you young ladies!'"

"We got an could tree trunk an pushed off wid the kits an the rifles on ut. The night was chokin dhar, an just as we was fairly embat, I heard the lift'nint behind av me callin out. 'There's a bit av a nullah here, sorr,' sez I, 'but I can feel the bottom already.' So I cud, for I was not a yard from the bank."

"'Bit av a nullah! Bit av an estuary!' sez the lift'nint. 'Go on, you mad Irishman! Shtrip, bhoys!' I heard him laugh, an the bhoys began shtrippin an rollin a log into the water to put their kits on. So me an Conolly shtruck out through the warm water wid our log, an the rest come on behind. 'That shtrame was miles woid!' Orth'ris, on the rear rank log, whispers

we had got into the Thames below Sheerness by mistake. 'Kape on shwimmin, you little blayguard,' sez I, 'an don't go pokin your dirty jokes at the Irawadi.' 'Silence, men!' sings out the lift'nint. So we shwum on into the black dhar, wid our chests on the logs, trustin in the saints an the luck av the British army."

"Evenshually we hit ground—a bit av sand—an a man. I put my heel on the back av him. He skreeched an ran. "'Now we've done ut!' sez Lift'nint

Brazenose. 'Where the devil is Lungtungpen?' There was about a minute an a half to wait. The bhoys laid a hould av their rifles, an some tried to put their belts on. We was marchin wid fixed baynits, av course. Thin we knew where Lungtungpen was, for we had hit the river wall av ut in the dhar, an the whole town blazed wid thin messin jingles an Sniders like a cat's back on a frosty night. They was firin all ways at wunst, but over our bids into the shtrame."

"'Have you got your rifles?' sez Brazenose. 'Got 'em!' sez Orth'ris. 'I've got that thief Mulvaney's for all my back pay, an she'll kick my heart sick wid that blunderin long shtock av hers.' 'Go on!' yells Brazenose, whippin his sword out. 'Go on an take the town! An the Lord have mercy on our souls!'"

"Thin the bhoys gave wan divastatin howl an pranced into the dhar, feelin for the town, an blindin an stiffin like cavalry ridin masters when the grass pricked their bare legs. I hammered wid the butt at some bamboo things that felt wake, an the rest come an hammered contagious, while the jingles was jinglin, an feroshus yells from inside was shplittin our ears. We was too close under the wall for them to hurt us."

"Evenshually, the thing, whatever ut was, bruk, an the six and twinty av us tumbled, wan after the other, naked as we was borrun, into the town av Lungtungpen. There was a melly av a sumpshus kind for a while, but whether they tuk us, all white an wet, for a new breed av devil or a new kind av dacoit I don't know. They ran as though we was both, an we went into thin, baynit an butt, shriekin wid laughin. There was torches in the shtreets, an I saw little Orth'ris rubbin his showlther ivry time he loosed my long shtock Martini, an Brazenose walkin into the gang wid his sword, like Diarmid av the Golden Collar, barrin he hadn't a stitch av clothin on him. We diskivered elephants wid dacoits under their bellies, an, what wid wan thing an another, we was busy till mornin takin possession av the town av Lungtungpen."

"Thin we halted an formed up, the wimmen howlin in the houses an Lift'nint Brazenose blushin pink in the light av the mornin sun. 'Twas the most ondasint p'rade I iver tuk a hand in. Foive and twenty privits an an officer av the line in review ordher, an not as much as wud dust a file betune 'em all in the way av clothin! Eight av us had their belts an pouches on, but the rest had gone in wid a handful av cartridges an the skin God gave him. They was as nakid as Vanus."

"'Number off from the right,' sez the lift'nint. 'Odd numbers fall out to dress; even numbers patrol the town till relieved by the dressin party.' Let me tell you, pathrollin a town wid nothin on is an expyrience. I pathrolled for tin minutes, an begad before 'twas over I blushed. The women laughed so. I never blushed before or since, but I blushed all over my carkiss thin. Orth'ris didn't pathroll. He sez only, 'Pot'smith barracks an the 'ard av a Sunday.' Thin he lay down an rowled anyways wid laughin."

"When we was all dhressed, we counted the dead—sivinty-foive dacoits besides wounded. We tuk five elephants, a hunder an sivinty Sniders, two hunder dabs an a lot av other burglarious thrack. Not a man av us was hurt, excep' maybe the lift'nint, an he from the shock to his dacency."

"The headman av Lungtungpen, who surrendered himself, asked the interpret'r, 'If the English fight like that wid their clo'es off, what in the wuruld do they do wid their clo'es on?' Orth'ris began rowlin his eyes an crackin his fingers an dancin a step dance for to impress the headman. He ran to his house, an we spint the rest av the day carryin the lift'nint on our showlthers round the town an playin wid the Burmese babies—fat little, brown little devils, as pretty as pictures."

"Whin I was inviladed for the dysent'ry to India, I sez to the lift'nint, 'Sorr,' sez I, 'you've the makin's in you av a great man; but, if you'll let an ould sodger spake, you're too fond av the ourizin.' He shuk hands wid me an sez: 'Hit high, hit low, there's no pl'asin you, Mulvaney. You've seen me waltzin through Lungtungpen like a red l'jin widout the warpaint, an you say I'm too fond av the ourizin!'"

"Sorr,' sez I, for I loved the bhoys, 'I wud waltz wid you in that condishin through hell, an so wud the rest av the men.' Thin I went down shtrame in the dhar an left him my blessin. 'The shtrip carry ut where ut shud go, for he was a fine upstandin young officer.'"

"To reshume! Fwath'ris said just shows the use av 8-year-olds. Wud 50 seasoned sodgers have taken Lungtungpen in the dark that way? No! They know the risk av fever an chill, let alone the shootin. Two hunder might have done ut. But the 3-year-olds know little an care less, an where there's no fear there's no danger. Catch them

young, feed them up, an, by the way, av that great little man Bobs, behind a good officer 'tisn't only dacoits they'd smash wid their clo'es off—'tis continental ar-r-mies! They tuk Lungtungpen nakid, an they'd take St. Pethersburg in their dhrasers! Begad, they wud that!"

"Here's your pipe, sorr! Shmoke her tunderly wid honey dew after lettin the reek av the canteen plug die away. But 'tis no good, thanks to you all the same, fillin my pouch wid your chopped bhoosa. Canteen baccy's like the army. Ut shpoils a man's taste for moilder things."

So saying, Mulvaney took up his butterfly net and returned to barracks.

Economizing Space.

Father—Don't you know that smoking will stop your growth?

Johnny—Sure! That's why I do it. There won't be room for me in the flat if I grow any more.—New York Journal.

TIME TABLES.

(LOCAL TIME)

Arrival and Departure of Trains and Steamers.

TRAINS.

Express leaves for the west.....8 35 a m
Express arrives from the west.....9 50 p m
Accommodation leaves for the west.....4 10 p m
Accommodation leaves for the west.....6 00 p m
Accommodation arrives from the west.....10 55 a m
Accommodation arrives from the west.....2 25 p m
Express leaves for the east.....7 05 a m
Express arrives from the east.....9 10 a m
Accommodation leaves for the east.....3 00 p m
Accommodation arrives from the east.....4 50 p m

STEAMERS.

Princess leaves for Pictou every morning at.....9 30 a m
Arrives from Pictou every evening at.....8 30 p m

THE CAMPANA

Is due at Charlottetown from Montreal and Quebec every alternate Friday evening, and leaves on return the following Saturday evening.

THE CITY OF GHENT

Is due from Halifax and intermediate ports on Thursday night of each week, sailing on return the following day.

THE HALIFAX

Is due from Boston at four o'clock every Tuesday morning, and will sail on return at one o'clock the same afternoon.

THE JACQUES CARTIER

Leaves Charlottetown for Vernon River with tide suits, returning Tuesday, a. m. On Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday at two o'clock she proceeds to Orwell; on Thursday evening she returns from Orwell about eight. On Friday morning at seven o'clock and on Saturday morning at nine she sails for Craupaud, returning same afternoon at four o'clock.

Wants, Lost and Found

WANTED.—A smart girl for an office. Apply at THE EXAMINER office.

WANTED.—A boy with a fair education to learn the drug business. Apply to P. O. Box 669.

WANTED.—200 laborers, in Sydney. Wages 15c per hour. J. K. McDonald, Sydney.

WANTED.—A girl for general housework in a small family. Apply at this office. 0271f

WANTED.—A capable girl for general housework. Liberal wages. Apply to Mrs. (Dr.) Bagnall, Fitzroy Street. 3i-pd

TO BE LET.—A cellar, frost-proof, suitable for storing potatoes, grain, etc. Apply to W. J. O'Reilly.

THE HEIRS of the late Isaac Newton Hayden, of Honolulu, are requested to send or write to John Roach Bourke, Box 19, Charlottetown, immediately.

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North Wiltshire.



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Our Clothing Business has increased to such an extent that we are compelled to move into larger quarters. We've rented part of the London House, and intend cutting an archway between the two buildings for the purpose of doing a first class Gents' Clothing and Furnishing business. Everything kept on the ground floor. We expect to move our clothing in about the 10th of November, and before removing we must reduce our large stock.

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