

INDIAN INK.

The Superior Kinds Are Used In China and Not Exported.

An interesting account of the manufacture of the so called Indian ink, which is made only in the Anhui province of China, is given by Mr. Fraser, our consul at Wuku, on the Yang-tse, in his trade report. It is more correctly called China ink—encore de Chine—and from Anhui it goes to every part of China and all over the world. In 1895 about two tons of it, valued at \$564, were exported from Shanghai to foreign countries. The materials with which this beautiful black ink is made are gumum or colza oil, or the oil expressed from the poisonous seeds of a tree extensively cultivated in the Yang-tse valley, and also well known in Japan. To this tannin and pork fat are added. The lampblack made by the combustion of these substances is classed according to the materials and the grade of fineness and also according to the time taken over the process of combustion. The paste made of this lampblack has some glue added and is beaten on wooden anvils with steel hammers. Two good hammerers can prepare in a day 80 pieces, each weighing half a pound. A certain quantity of musk of the musk deer, or of Baloo's camphor, for scenting, and gold leaves, varying from 20 to 100 to the pound, are added to give a metallic luster.

The materials thus prepared are molded in molds of carved wood and dried, which takes about 20 days in fine weather, and adorned with Chinese characters in gilding. About 30 or 32 average sized sticks of ink go to the pound. The price varies from 3s. or less per pound to as much as £7, there being over a dozen different grades. Nearly all writing is done by the natives throughout China, Japan, Korea, Tonquin and Anam with this China ink, rubbed down on a stone ink slab and applied with a paintbrush of sable, fox or rabbit hair, set in a bamboo holder, and when not in use carefully covered with a protecting brass cap. The superior kinds of this ink appear to be used in China and not exported.—Manufacturer.

INDIA NEWSPAPERS.

Daily and Weekly Publications Flourished There Before the European Conquest.

India can jointly claim to have a share—a very considerable share—in the birth of the newspaper. Ages before the European conquest every court had a weekly, sometimes a daily, news letter, which was sent out to the principal towns and read with diligent attention by wealthy people, nobles and especially by all officials. It was not, however, until after the English conquest that the newspaper, as the word is now understood, was established in India, the first English journal in that country appearing about 1818, and not until the middle of the century did the Indian natives begin to publish papers in their own language.

The Indian press may be roughly divided into three classes. The first consists of English newspapers published in the large cities, such as Calcutta and Bombay, generally very creditable productions, conducted by scholarly Englishmen or Anglo-Indians. The second class is composed of papers edited and published by natives, the matter being generally half in English and half in a native language, though the proportion varies. The third class constitutes those journals which are published entirely in a native language, this class being by far the most numerous of all. The oriental is fond of parade, even in language, and the longer the words the more attractive in his eyes and to his ears is the style. It is not at all remarkable, therefore, that, considering his imperfect knowledge of English, the long words of which the Indian native editor is so fond should sometimes be misplaced or incorrectly employed, nor that the metaphors in which he delights should frequently be grotesquely mixed. Most of the natives who read English are familiar with the literature which is distributed in enormous quantities by the missionaries, and have adopted from it many pious expressions that, appropriate enough in a homily or prayer, are ridiculously out of place in a leading article.—Exchange.

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in a large and splendid assortment, Special display of Heavy Blankets—values of these unequalled in the city.

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The Big Store—Bargain Corner,

SUPPOSE.

Suppose, my dear, that you were I. And by your side your sweetheart sat. Suppose you noticed by and by The distance 'twixt you was too great. Now tell me, dear, what would you do? I know, and so do you! And then, so comfortably placed, Suppose you only grew aware That that dear, dainty little waif Of hers looked very lonely there. Pray tell me, sooth, what would you do? I know, and so do you! Then, having done what I just did, With not a frown to check or chill, Suppose her red lips seemed to bid Defence to your lordly will? Oh, tell me, sweet, what would you do? I know, and so do you! —Pearson's Weekly.

English Divorce Laws.

The children of the marriage are the husband's if he chooses to have them, but if he does not care to perform a father's duty the wife must support them. If he is unfaithful to her, she cannot divorce him (in England) unless he has also committed the ungentlemanly sin of personal cruelty, and in all cases of divorce and separation it is a man's reading of the man made laws that entirely decides not only the case, but the consequences, as to the custody of the children and the amount of alimony. And if, despairing of justice, the faithful wife endures patiently through life for the sake of her children's future, the English law permits an unfaithful husband and father at death to will away every penny of his property from his wife and children to a charity, a stranger or a mistress, possibly leaving those whom the law made his dependents dependent on the ratepayers of his parish. This is not possible in Scotland, nor was it formerly possible in England. The law of dower protected the widow until this century, when men tinkered the laws so as to gain a larger latitude for themselves. The operation of this masculine privilege often gives opportunity for cruel oppression not dreamed of by right minded men. In fact, it is only because the large majority of men are better than the laws allow them to be that society is possible.—Humanitarian.

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Worn Knees.

Many stories are told of the keen wit and ready speech of Dr. Mason, once pastor of the Scotch Presbyterian church in New York. Not only was he a great and eloquent preacher, but many of his most telling lessons were given in private rather than in the pulpit. So heard, they were sure to be repeated and not forgotten. He had a great fondness for animals and particularly for horses, of whose good points he was said to be an excellent judge. On one occasion a brother minister, who was intending to buy a horse, met Dr. Mason and stopped to ask his opinion of the animal, which he was then driving. Dr. Mason surveyed the horse with long and careful scrutiny, and after several inarticulate sounds of approval and disapproval he finally pointed to the animal's knees, which were decidedly worn in aspect.

"That is a good sign for a minister," said he, with a humorous smile, "but it is a very bad sign for a minister's horse."—Youth's Companion.

Between Rich and Poor in India.

Our standard of civilization is personal comfort—luxury, a thing absolutely unknown in native India. There is scarcely any difference in the mode of living between the rich and the poor. If you go into the house of a rajah, there is the same bare floor, and only a simple platter to eat from, such as is seen in the home of the poorest. To put it crudely, there will probably not be even the luxury of a wash basin and towel, for the rich man, like his poor brother, washes in the open and dries himself in the sun. Such is the extreme simplicity of life that wealth is still buried in India. A man may spend it on jewels for his wife, but not on pleasure or personal comfort. This simple life, which fostered no distinctions of class, had been preserved for 3,000 years by Indian civilization, but ours will destroy it in 50 years.—Mrs. Steel in Humanitarian.

Unprofitable Vacation.

"The last time I had a vacation," said the cheerful idiot, "I had to double up with a stranger at the hotel, and when I waked up I found that he had walked off with my new suit and left his old one." "Ah!" said the shoe clerk boarder "Beat you out of your clothes, did he?" "No," said the cheerful idiot, "he beat me into them."—Indianapolis Journal.

There are 11 cities in the world with a population of over 1,000,000. They are London, Paris, Berlin, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Peking, Vienna, Tokyo, Canton and St. Petersburg. The populations often given of other Chinese cities than Peking and Canton are untrustworthy, though some of them probably exceed 1,000,000.

Ladies, you should have your jackets made to order at D. A. Bruce's. Best value and best fitting garments.

THE CLINTONIA.

In California, where great redwoods grow, The tall clintonia stands—a stately sight, Shedding in ferny ways its scarlet light— A lily in red robes, as if to show A life more royal than pale lilies know. The brooding firs through winter's fog and gloom, Dream of the time when these bright torches bloom. This flower of cheer was loved by great Thoreau Through Maine's dark pines and lakeside greenery— By our beloved Thoreau, ordained to be A priest to lead us to God's temples grand, Whoseon the wonders of his skill are sponged fairest of these, the tall clintonias stand. The altar candles of a continent. —Lillian H. Shuey in Overland Monthly.

POCKETS.

Thirty of Them Made in a Pair of Breeches of the Year 1611.

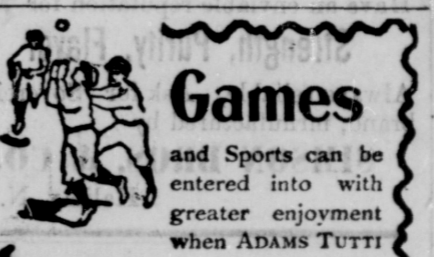
Perhaps the best proof of the advance of the Japanese in civilization is to be found in their use of pockets. The people of that country have usually six or eight pockets cunningly inserted in the cuffs of their wide sleeves. These pockets are always filled with a curious miscellany. As common as the twine in the pockets of young Americans is the prayer amulet written on sheets of rice paper and composed by the bonzes. In accordance with their faith, these amulets are swallowed like a pill in cases of mental or physical distress. Another essential seldom missing is a number of small squares of silky paper. These are put to unexpected uses, such as to hold the stem of a lily or lotus, to dry a teacup or to wipe away a tear. Among the Chinese and other nations a pouch is used instead of a pocket. This was also the case in western Europe in the middle ages and for some time afterward. The pouch was attached to the girdle, along with a dagger and rosary. It was called an aulmoniere or gipciere. It was often ornamented with curious patterns, gold and silk threads, coats of arms and religious sentences. A dramatist of the time of Henry VIII wrote: From my girdle he plucked my pouch; By your leave he left me never a penny.

Breeches, however, had pockets at an early date. In an old play written about 1611 it is mentioned that a man had his breeches plaited as if they had 80 pockets. But pockets did not attain their proper position until the adoption of the modern style of men's garments. With waistcoats a great opportunity for pockets presented itself. Later they were made very broad and deep and were covered with embroidery and buttons. In the reign of George III waistcoat pockets reached such size in England that they became objects of ridicule, so that they soon began to resume more moderate proportions.—New York Post.

Anæmia means "want of blood," a deficiency in the red corpuscles of the blood. Its cause is found in want of sufficient food, dyspepsia, lack of exercise or breathing impure air. With it is a natural repugnance to all fat foods. Scott's Emulsion is an easy food to get fat from and the easiest way of taking fat. It makes the blood rich in just those elements necessary to robust health, by supplying it with red corpuscles.

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THE MELANCHOLY DANE.

Where Shakespeare Found His Characters of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

While Shakespeare no doubt wrote the tragedy of "Hamlet," as it is found today, he borrowed many of his data from an earlier writer, Saxo Grammaticus, a Danish historian who died about 1204. His writings were in Latin, and in Shakespeare's time had not been translated into any modern language. The story is to be found in Belleforest's collection of novels, begun in 1564, and an English translation of it was published entitled "The Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark." Horvendile, in the novel, is the name of Hamlet's father, Fengon that of his uncle and Geruth that of his mother. Fengon traitorously slays Horvendile and marries his brother's wife. In the second chapter Hamlet counterfeits the madman to escape the tyranny of his uncle. Through the machinations of his uncle he is tempted by a woman, the uncle thinking thereby to undermine the prince and find out whether his madness is counterfeited or not.

In the third chapter Fengon, the uncle, tries a second time to entrap Hamlet in politic madness, and causes one of his councillors to be secretly hidden in the queen's chamber, behind the curtains, to hear what speeches pass between Hamlet and the queen. Hamlet kills him and thus escapes danger. In the fourth chapter Hamlet is sent to England by Fengon, with secret letters to have him put to death. While his companions sleep Hamlet counterfeits the letters "willing the king of England to put the two messengers to death." Here ends the resemblance between the history and the play. The Hamlet of the history returns to Denmark, slays his uncle, burns his palace, makes an oration to the Danes and is elected king. He goes back to England, kills the king of that country, returns to Denmark with two English wives, and finally falls, through the treachery of one of these ladies. This is the supposed source of the plot of Shakespeare's "Hamlet."—Chicago Chronicle.

Flight of a Famished Man.

"How do you suppose a famished man feels," asked the man in the smoker, "when he has neither money nor food and finds a \$10 bill lying on the pavement at his feet?"

"As if he were looked after by a special Providence, I should say," was the answer. "That was my experience once when I was stranded away from home waiting for the letter—with money in it—that never came. I was looking into the window of a restaurant where a delicious looking boiled ham was displayed, set off around the edges with feathery green. Happening to cast my eyes on the pavement I saw the bill, folded just as it had fallen from its owner's pocketbook. Boys, do you know how many things \$10 will buy in anticipation? First, there was the biggest and best supper a starving man ever tasted and just within reach. And I went right in and ordered it."

He tapped his pipe and looked thoughtfully. "Did the supper taste as good as you anticipated?" asked one of the crowd. "I don't know. I never tasted it."

"What? Was it a failure?" "Yes, so far as I was concerned. The bill was a counterfeit!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

Grant's Tribute to McPherson.

In his "Campaigning With Grant," in The Century, General Horace Porter says: In the battle of the 22d General McPherson was killed. When this news reached General Grant, he was visibly affected, and dwelt upon it in his conversations for the next two or three days. "McPherson," he said, "was one of my earliest staff officers and seemed almost like one of my own family. At Donelson, Shiloh, Vicksburg and Chattanooga he performed splendid service. I predicted from the start that he would make one of the most brilliant officers in the service. I was very reluctant to have him leave my staff, for I disliked to lose his services there, but I felt that it was only fair to him to put him in command of troops where he would be in the line of more rapid promotion. I was very glad to have him at the head of my old Army of the Tennessee. His death will be a terrible loss to Sherman, for I know that he will feel it as keenly as I. McPherson was beloved by everybody in the service, both by those above him and by those below him."

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