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CARVED FACES.

South Sea Inhabitants and Their Peculiar Ideas of Beauty.

Tattooing must be counted among the most remarkable customs arising from the instinct of personal adornment.

Major General Robley has devoted a good sized volume to the practice as pertaining to the New Zealanders. The Maori tattooing, known to them as "moko," is a kind of face carving. The process is very painful and the patient is generally ill for some time, suffering terribly from fever and swelling in the wounds, but he is consoled in the midst of his worst agony by reflecting upon the probable effect of the new adornment in terrorizing his enemies and fascinating the fair sex. During his retirement his relatives and friends come in large parties to see him and chant verses set aside for such occasions, praising the beauty that will be his when the moko is complete.

This custom seems to have insinuated itself into the songs of the people to a large extent. The following verse is taken from Sir George Gray's collection of Maori legends. The brother of the celebrated Te Hehen laments his death in these words:

Turn yet this once thy bold, athletic frame,
And let me see thy skin carved o'er with lines
Of blue, and let me see thy face,
So beautifully chiseled into various forms.

In addition to the moko on their faces, the New Zealanders have their thighs stained entirely black, with the exception of a few narrow lines. This, according to Captain Cook, gave them the appearance of wearing striped breeches.

The women are tattooed only about the mouth and chin, and sometimes across the lips, which the Maori standard of beauty demands shall be very full and painted blue.

The instrument used by the moko artist is very much like a small chisel, about a quarter of an inch in width. The blade was driven into the flesh by means of a sharp tap with a little mallet. It often penetrated quite through the cheek, so that smoke from a pipe would issue forth. Flax dipped in pigment was applied to the incisions, and the work was finished and left to heal without medical or any other attention.

This Maori tattooing gave rise to the remarkable traffic in dried heads that became such a scandal that it was stopped by legislation in 1831.

Mokomokai is the name given by New Zealanders to dried heads. When a man dies, his head is cut off and dried. It is highly prized as a memento by his friends. In time collectors come to offer tempting prices for the heads, valuing the specimens according to the moko upon them. This created such a demand, it is said, that many a battle and predatory expedition have been undertaken expressly to obtain choice tattooed heads. Finally it became a very dangerous thing for a man to be the proud possessor of well done moko. Only the great chiefs were exempt from momentary risk of death, and even they often fell victims to a combination of private grudge and cupidity.

Major General Robley tells of a certain captain who wished to purchase a head. The chief and a number of his people came on board the vessel to bargain. The specimens that were exhibited did not meet with the captain's approval. The chief admitted that the moko was not very choice; but, pointing to his men, he told the purchaser to pick out any one that suited him, and when the vessel returned the head he chose should be dried and ready for him.

The origin of the fashion of wearing patches has been attributed to the following circumstance: Once upon a time the wives of the Scythian officers became jealous of the beautiful Thracian captives their husbands had brought from the wars. So, when their lords and masters were away, the angry dames caused designs of sun, moon and stars to be pricked on the faces of the Thracian women, hoping to make them hideous. But, contrary to expectation, when the Scythians returned they greatly admired the dark blue tracery, which set off the delicacy of the rest of the skin to such advantage that they counselled their wives to adopt the fashion.

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HE KEPT THE RECEIPT.

And an Unjust Suspicion, Eighteen Years Old, Was Dispelled.

"That time when I was dumped and robbed in the house of my friends," said the old politician, "I was so disgusted that I pulled up stakes and decided to try a new community in the west. While I was out there prospecting for a location I came across a country judge whom I had known as a boy. He had stolen my knife, my rabbits and my pigeons. He became incorrigible and was sent to the reform school. It was the popular verdict that he would never be any good, and he was held up as a terrible example to the rest of us boys.

"I thought it my duty to give the good people out there a warning and took a prominent man of the place into my confidence. He had implicit faith in the squire and believed him as good a man as they had in the state.

"It's easily tested," I said, "and you can't afford to have a dishonest man in his position. Here's a promissory note given me 20 years ago, and I indorsed it at the time. I loaned that fellow money to get out of town and turn over a new leaf. He vowed by all that's good that he'd repay me, and this is all I have to show for my investment. If he's an honest man, he'll make some settlement."

"We'll see," said the squire's friend. In an hour they came back together, and the squire gave my hand a wring that started the tears. "I paid that paper 18 years ago," he declared. "Here's the receipt. I wondered why you never wrote me." There it was. With it was a letter from the man that was then my lawyer, saying that the note had been mislaid and that the receipt would serve.

"In five days the squire and I were back to the old town. The man who had bought the nomination from under me was the rascally lawyer to whom the money had been paid. You should have heard the squire comb the sneak down and then make him resign in my favor. We don't need men any more honest than that same justice of the peace that I suspected."—Detroit Free Press.

The Usual Way.

"Papa," said Jacky, "would you like to have me give you a birthday present?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Then now is the time to double my weekly pocket money, so's I'll have the money to buy it when your birthday comes."—Pearson's Weekly.

NO BACKSHEESH.

Arabs Will Not Accept Any Gifts From Their Desert Guests.

R. Talbot Kelly, an English artist who has lived long among the Arabs, writes and illustrates a paper entitled "In the Desert With the Bedouin," which appears in The Century. In discussing Arabian hospitality, Mr. Kelly says: I had not much time for quiet observation, as one by one all the head men of the tribe called to pay their respects to the "stranger within their gates." Taking off his shoes at the entrance, each one advanced with many salaams and, kissing my hand, uttered the single word, "Mahubbah" ("Welcome"). They then seated themselves in a long row at the other side of the tent, discussing me in undertones. No one spoke to me unaddressed, and even the sheik himself, whose guest I was, would not sit on the carpet beside me uninvited. Literally, while the guest of the Bedouin, your tent is sacred, and all the tribe are your willing servants, and, though I have repeatedly paid comparatively long visits to them, I have never yet succeeded in pressing a gift upon my host.

I remember asking the sheik Saou el Tahoui, chief of the Hanaardi Arabs, if he knew any of the pyramid Arabs at Gizeh. He replied, spitting upon the ground, "They are not Bedouins; they take backsheesh," thereby expressing his contempt for mercenary service. On another occasion, while living with the Nephaarta, the sheik Mansour Abu Nasrullah had attached to me a young Arab whose special duty it was to attend to my various wants while painting. At the end of the month I tried to induce him to accept a sovereign as backsheesh. Looking much alarmed, he exclaimed: "Oh, my master, I cannot! It is not allowed. The sheik would kill me if he knew I had accepted a gift." And all my arguments failed to persuade him to take the tin.

sharp Retort.

First Boy (contemptuously)—Huh! Your mother takes in washin.

Second Boy—O' course. You didn't suppose she'd leave it huggin out at night unless your father was in prison, did ye?—Strand Magazine.

RICHARD III.

Do Never Injure the Masses and Was Not Unpopular With Them.

If Richard be tried by the only proper standard, that of his own time, he will be found to be not more but less cruel and bloody than either his predecessors or those who came after him. The act which has especially blackened his memory is the mysterious removal or murder of the princes. Yet Clifford, backed by Margaret of Anjou, had killed in cold blood Richard's brother, the Earl of Rutland, a boy of 16, while Henry VII imprisoned and executed the feeble minded Earl of Warwick, the son of Clarence. In mere numbers of executions, excluding, of course, on both sides those who were taken in open rebellion, Richard has much less to answer for than Queen Margaret or Henry VII and far less than Henry VIII, who put to death anybody who happened to be distasteful to him on political, personal or religious grounds. There was no public opinion in that day against putting to death any one who had played and lost in the great struggle of politics. Executions were a recognized part of the business. When the game went against a statesman in those days, as Mr. Speaker Reed once said, he did not cross the aisle and take his place as the leader of his majesty's opposition; he was sent to the tower and had his head cut off. *Autres temps, autres moeurs.*

At every turn of the wheel in the long struggle between the Lancastrians and the Yorkists the victorious party always executed every leader of the other side upon whom they could lay hands. Such were the rules of the society and such the politics in which Richard was brought up, and he played according to those rules and without excess, paying the final forfeit himself with undaunted courage.

Nothing is farther from the truth than the notion that Richard was unpopular with the masses of the people. He had never injured them, and they did not care how many nobles or princes he put to death.—Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge in Scribner's.

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GIRL LIFE IN MEXICO.

She Has Considerable Freedom, but It Is of the Right Kind.

Mexican home life is unique. It differs very essentially from the domestic life of the Anglo-Saxon race, for it is founded on respect for parents. The influence of the Catholic church is powerful in maintaining a high grade of family behavior. There is a sweetness and a charm about a well ordered Mexican home which is a revelation to northern people who have imbibed a false idea of matters here. The women of the best Mexican families are naturally of a gentle disposition, but they command obedience, and rarely spoil their sons, whom they idolize. There are exceptions, but they are not enough to break down the general social discipline.

As for the girls, no reputable Mexican father or mother would allow for a moment the thought of permitting a girl of any age to be on the streets after dark unless accompanied by an older person, a trusted servant or elder brother. So, even among girls of the humbler class, there is no street strolling in the evening. They may, in warm weather, go to the alameda, or public park, when there is a band concert, but always under escort. They may go to a tertulia, or evening party, but with some competent person. They may dance, mildly flirt, on such occasions, but they are always under the watchful eye of a relative. There is plenty of proper freedom for young girls, and a larger liberty in the cities than formerly, but they are not allowed to run about without escort, and a very careful eye is kept upon them by parents and relatives, even to distant male cousins. Such a thing as a young girl or young woman of any character or family being upon the street at night, alone and unattended, is unknown. Your daughter goes to visit a friend in the afternoon and stays to tea. Then the gentleman and lady of the house, the gentleman alone or an old servant brings her home. So the streets of this big town are never the scene of foolish, flighty girls being followed and "picked up" by strangers.

And as for men who insult young girls and women, the remedy is usually a sudden and fatal one. In milder cases the newspapers give minute descriptions of the "satyr" who has insulted a lady, and the public is asked to take warning. One fellow, who, in an interior city, made an insulting remark about a lady standing at a window, was conducted to the alameda, and, in view of the chief part of the town's best society, was held down on a stone bench and caned until he yelled for mercy, and was then ordered out of town on the next train. He went. In another city a male teacher, who was "too fresh" in his conduct toward young girl pupils, was waited on by a deputation of gentlemen and asked to favor the city by his permanent absence. He, too, went.

The etiquette regarding the protection of women from molestation and insult is such as prevails in the southern states of the American Union. There is no fooling on the streets, in the theaters and public places with respectable women. There is something left here of the old Spanish idea of the sacredness of womanhood, and the line is sharply drawn between honest women and the other kind.—Boston Herald.

Factory Wages in Russia.

As for the distribution of wages, the pay of a woman amounts to three-quarters of that of a man, that of a boy or girl of 12 to 17 years to one-half, that of a child under 12 years to one-third of a grown man's wages. The advantage arising from the factories from women's and children's wages is such that no humanitarian attempts have been as yet able to solve that harassing problem in any civilized country. But as the wages of workmen in Russia are absolutely reduced to a minimum, and scarcely sufficient to keep soul and body together for more than 13 hours' daily toil, it is a cruel and gross injustice to cut working women's wages by a third, since the first necessities of life are alike in men and women regardless of sex. The monthly wages of an adult laborer, man or woman, in England are 2 1/4 times (124.05 per cent), in America 4 4-5 (379.14 per cent) times, greater than the wages of a like laborer in the Moscow factories. Since, however, the duration of working time in the three countries is different, Mr. Dementieff has reduced the comparison of wages per hour and come to the conclusion that wages in England are by 284.5 per cent and in Massachusetts by 423 per cent higher than those in the Moscow factories. If we make a good allowance for the higher cost of living in America—which, however, is to be understood cum grano salis, only the luxuries of life being dearer here, not the necessities like meat, flour, bread—still no comparison can be drawn between the mode of living of an American and a Russian laborer.—Catholic World.

Try a mince, lemon or apple pie tonight, and buy it at the Eclipse Bakery.