

THEIR NAMES VARY.

Restaurant Waiters Who Are Addressed Differently Morning and Evening.

Some people have names which they received in the ordinary way, and some have names thrust upon them, and many waiters who are employed in different parts of the city have several names, none of which was given to them by the persons who are usually vested with authority on that point.

There are a number of down town restaurants where the waiters are supposed to be French. They do speak that language after a fashion and understand what is said to them when addressed in French, although they are for the most part Alsacians and Swiss and speak a patois which is known in some parts of Europe as "Platt-Deutsch-Franzoesisch."

Long before the wholesale houses and offices close their doors for business the day's work is over in these restaurants. The waiters go to their homes for a little rest, and toward evening the same men may be seen in up town beerhouses, clubs and vein stubs, where they meet another class of people.

PARIS' OMNIBUSES.

A System That Gives Every Passenger a Comfortable Seat.

On all the streets of Paris one of the features most noticeable to a foreigner perhaps is the little omnibus stations so characteristic of Paris. The Parisian omnibus system, by the way, is an excellent one when you understand it. But you usually have to be put off a bus two or three times before you appreciate its merits.

Crete and Its Natives.

The peculiarly favorable position of the island, situated at the junction of three continents, as it were, and commanding the coasts of all three, has favored it from the earliest times with an importance such as neither Sicily, Sardinia, nor Cyprus, although much larger in area, ever attained.

Unfortunately, the gravest defects of the ancient Greek character were nowhere so pronounced as in Crete, and we are told that its history throughout antiquity was one continuous chain of civil strife, carried on with a savageness and bitterness of animosity exceeding all that was known in the rest of Greece.

Hood's Pills. Are gaining favor rapidly. Business men and travelers carry them in vest pockets, ladies carry them in purses, housekeepers keep them in medicine closets, friends recommend them to friends. 2c.

THE COCOANUT PALM.

Something About This Wonderful Tree of a Hundred Uses.

The cocoonut palm is indigenous to the tropical countries. Its branchless trunk grows to a height of from 60 to 90 feet, and bears at its summit a crown of pinnate leaves that are from 12 to 20 feet in length.

The thick husk and the hard shell of the cocoonut are well adapted to preserve its germinating power while it is being carried by the winds and the waves to some distant shore. Hence the cocoonut palm "waves its graceful fronds over the emerald islands of the Pacific, fringes the West Indian shores, and from the Philippines to Madagascar, crowns the atolls or girds the seaboard of the Indian ocean."

It is a beautiful tree and a joy forever, because it yields a large variety of useful products. To the inhabitants of tropical countries the cocoonut is an important article of food. It is eaten both ripe and unripe, the young, unripe nut containing a milky fluid that is very palatable.

Coir is the most important fibrous product of the tree. It is the fiber or husk of the immature nut. It is prepared for use by being soaked several months in water, and then beaten until the fibers have entirely separated.

After the tree ceases to bear fruit it is cut down and its wood is used for many purposes. It is a reddish wood, is beautifully veined, admits of a high polish, and is imported for ornamental joinery under the name of "porcupine wood."

The Chair She Wanted.

One day last week she walked into a large and well known furniture store where there is an enormous stock of stuff and began nosing around among the chairs.

"What is it you wish, madam?" inquired one of the ever present and over-pleasant clerks for which the place is famous.

"I want a chair," she replied in that tired feeling tone of voice which one doesn't always have to know Brooklyn women to hear.

"Be seated, madam," exclaimed the chivalrous clerk, whirling the chair around for her with such a burst of politeness that he quite forgot his business.

"I mean I want to buy one," she explained.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," he said. "May I ask what kind, madam?"

"The kind you haven't got in the whole store, I'll bet a cookie."

"But we can get it, madam, if we do not have it in stock."

"You can't, either, I'm almost sure."

"New designs are constantly on the market, madam, and surely we can supply any demand made upon us."

"You think so, do you?" she asked, as if she had been to 147 furniture stores that morning only to be disappointed at each place.

"Well, sir, have you got a chair that has got an alarm clock in the back of it that will set off a spring in the seat that will throw a young man out of the window that hasn't got sense enough to go home before 11 o'clock at night, so's my daughter, that has to help with the housework and cook for six boarders, can get a night's rest, that everybody has to get if they expect to do their share? If you have a chair like that, just send it up right away. Here's my address. And charge me anything you please for it; money's no object."

Up to date the suave and sure salesman has not been able to supply the demand, but his house is offering a prize for what is wanted.—New York Sun.

A Boat 4,500 Years Old.

A viking craft found in Norway some time ago was in use about the year 1000 A. D., and at once became famous as by far the oldest specimen of watercraft in existence. The boats in the Gizeh museum, it was decided by the learned, were used at least 4,500 years ago, and were contemporaneous with the Dashur pyramids of the eleventh Egyptian dynasty.

With this boat and the two which remain in the Cairo museum were two more, which still rest in the sands which stretch desolately from the Dashur pyramids, near which they were found.

The five boats were found buried at a considerable depth, not far from the famous largest pyramid, and in such orderly form and with such mathematical relationship to the great pile of stone that it was evident that they had been buried with design at that particular spot.

The boats were found to be alike in the material of which they were constructed and in their general dimensions. The cedar of antiquity, which entered into so much of the construction of things of wood, was used in building these boats. While the equipments of the boats had generally disappeared with time, their shapely outlines still remained.

The boat that is in Chicago now was probably better preserved than any. It is 30 feet long, 8 feet of beam and 4 feet of hold. A well preserved and peculiarly marked and designed piece of rudder of wood was found near the boats.—Harper's Round Table.

SOMETIMES IT HAPPENS SO.

How did she know his heart was hers? He spoke no word Of love to her. How did she know That when she passed or touched him— His pulse was stirred?

How did she read his secret thoughts And never err? How did she know her glances thrilled His soul? That all his heart was filled With love for her?

How did she know their life would be One grand, sweet song? To tell the truth, she didn't know These things. She thought that they were so.

But she was wrong.—Pearson's Weekly.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

Simple Lines That Sweetly Linger In Our Memories.

It is said of that good old man John Quincy Adams that he never went to rest at night till he had repeated the simple prayer learned in childhood—the familiar "Now I lay me down to sleep."

Is there not something touching in the thought that these words, breathed from the rosy lips of infancy, went with him away down through old age into the dark valley of death? And who is there, man or woman, for whom this little prayer has not old, sweet associations? Who, hearing his words, hears not, too, the "memory bells" ringing up from the golden plains of childhood? It may be a man in pride and strength of years, who has carved out for himself an honorable name and destiny in the world, perhaps the owner of broad lands and proud homes, with heart grown hard in its battle with the world.

How many years was it? Twenty, thirty, forty—no matter. At the sound of the old "Now I lay me" they have all rolled back their massive doors and we go down through them to the old, red, one story house where life first took its morning. We see the little window on the right side, close under the rafters. Well, we slept sounder, slumbered and dreamed sweeter dreams in that old garret than we ever have in our lofty chambers, with gilded ceilings and snowy draperies. And what of it, if the bed was a straw one and the coverlet made of red and yellow "patches" of calico? We have never snuggled down so contentedly on our springs and hair mattresses.

"Now I lay me." How softly sleep would come and weigh down the eyelids as we repeated the words after mother. We can hear her very tones, though it is so many years since death silenced them, and feel the soft touch of her hand on the pillow and the tender lingering of her kiss upon our lips. It may be years since we have repeated this little prayer, or it may be that, in the din and struggle of life we have forgotten it and that at night we have lain down on our pillows never thinking to give thanks for the day and for the night.

But sooner or later we shall "lie down to sleep" when this prayer will be all our souls can take, all that will avail of rank or wealth or fame; whatsoever we most prize in this world. But the little prayer, the first, it may be that we took upon our childish lips, shall follow us as we sail out under the solemn arches; follow us as a sweet, faint, tender air from the shores, and when we cast our anchor, "The Lord our souls shall take."—Boston Herald.

Theory and Practice.

They were two pretty girls on the street car. They were talking at a rate to make a phonograph throw up its hands and everything was said in the strictest confidence, though all in the car could hear.

"Did you ever see such airs as Alice takes on since she's married?" asked the little blond as the pink in her cheeks deepened to a flush of scarlet. "She seems to think that her new existence is so delicious that we of the set who are not wedded must be pitted and petronized. It's too ridiculous for anything. I guess that there are other fish in the matrimonial sea."

"It's a way they all have," smiled the more philosophical brunette. "Mamma says that a young married woman simply can't help crowing over her girl friends and is pleased rather than troubled when she sees how they hate her for it. Don't you understand? She has landed her fish, and we are still angling for bites."

"Indeed we're not. I've reeled in two or three myself and then tossed them back. She has no business crowing over me. And she needn't think I'll be good natured under it either."

"But she hooked the fish she wanted and wouldn't throw it back, dear. That's where she has the best of us."

"No she hasn't. I"—

Then there was a gasp, the blond whispered excitedly into the ear of the brunette, there was an embrace, a resounding kiss sounded through the car and the passengers could not but exchange meaning smiles as the charming little blond plumed herself and began to take on the airs she had so wretchedly condemned.—Detroit Free Press.

Lead Workers.

It is said that lead working disfigures the human body more than any other kind of work.

In this industry it is inevitable that sooner or later the workers must succumb to lead poisoning, and there would appear to be no part of the body that the poisonous fumes and floating particles which permeate the atmosphere of the workshops do not affect. The complexion takes on a ghastly, copperlike pallor, the gums turn blue, the teeth decay rapidly and fall out, and the eyelids are hideously inflamed. A scratch or an abrasion of the skin becomes an unhealable sore.

Later on, when nerves and muscles become affected by the poison in the blood, the eyeballs are drawn into oblique positions and take on a dim and bleared appearance. The joints, especially the knee and the wrist, become semiparalyzed, and the whole form is gradually bent and contorted.—New York Journal.

A Fellow Feeling.

"There's no doubt," said Mr. Meeleton, "that the bicycle has done much to promote the happiness of mankind."

"In what way?"

"It makes people more sympathetic. It was not until she had a bicycle that my wife ever expressed any sympathy with me when I lost a collar button."—Washington Star.

Big Building Needed.

"If I could only find a large enough building," said the thoughtful man, "I would get up an exhibition that would make my everlasting fortune."

"What's the matter with the Coliseum?"

"Not half large enough," answered the thoughtful man. "I don't believe it would hold half the exhibits."

"What's your scheme? What kind of an exhibition would you have?"

"Why, if I could get a building large enough I would make a collection of the first bicycle ever made. I estimate from the accounts I have seen that there are something like 4,681 of it."—Chicago Post.

Two thousand five hundred cab drivers in London own the cabs they drive. Altogether there are about 15,000 cab drivers in London.

The Irishman Scored.

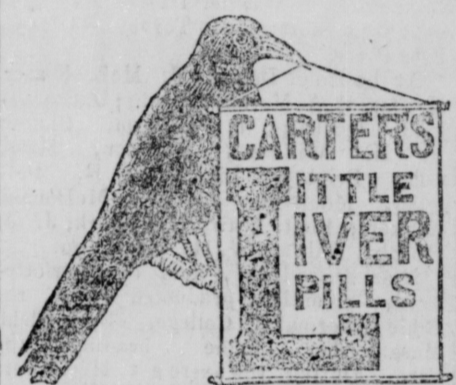
Some years ago an Irish gentleman went into the British museum. While looking at a book one of the officials approached him saying:

"That book, sir, was once owned by Henry VIII."

"Pshaw!" replied the Irishman. "That's nothing! Why, in one of the Dublin museums we have the lead pencil which Noah used to check off the animals as they came out of the ark!"—London Answers.

The wages of honor to Queen Victoria are ineligible to retain their posts after reaching the age of 17. At the present time the only functions which the two pages of honor in waiting are required to attend are the drawing rooms.

Coach is a word derived from the Italian, meaning a shell. The chrysanthemum is literally "a gold flower," and the blue is an eastern lady. Map comes from "mappa," a Punic word which signified a signal cloth.



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TO LET.

A house on Dorchester Street, next block to the New Cathedral, at present occupied by Mrs. Leahy. Possession given last of June.

ARTHUR G. PEAKE, Office on "Peake's" Wharf.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

Public Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the Parliament of Canada at the next session thereof, for an Act to incorporate The Dominion Building and Loan Association of the City of Toronto, in the Province of Ontario, a Building Society already incorporated under chapter 109 of the Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1887, for the purpose of enabling the said Association to carry on business anywhere in the Dominion of Canada, with all the powers of a Loan Company and Building Society.

Dated at the City of Toronto, aforesaid, this 1st day of February, A. D. 1897. MAUDONELL & BOJAND, Toronto Street, Toronto, Solicitors for the said Applicants dylawduwayl

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