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EXAMINER PUBLISHING CO

The Daily Examiner is for sale in Ch'town at the following places—

- Carters Bookstore, Queen St.
- H. H. Mason's News Stand
- Hazard & Co.'s, Queen Square, North
- Johnson & Hornby's, Queen St.
- Johnson & Johnson's, Druggists, Kent St.
- W. M. Coffin's, Hillsborough St.
- P. Chappell, Prince St.
- S. Gray, Water St., cor. Prince
- Chas. Park, Spring Park Road
- Chas. T. White, Bayfield St.
- At Railway station and on trains

P. E. Island Railway
On and after MONDAY, 4th January 1897
trains of this Railway will run daily
Sundays excepted as follows—

Trains	Read	STATIONS.	Trains	Read
down.	up.		down.	up.
7:00	7:00	Charlottetown	7:30	10:10
7:10	7:10	Royalton Junction	7:40	9:50
7:20	7:20	North Wilshire	7:50	9:00
7:30	7:30	Hunter River	8:00	8:51
7:40	7:40	Bradfordville	8:10	8:17
7:50	7:50	Emerald	8:20	8:08
8:00	8:00	Freetown	8:30	7:54
8:10	8:10	Kensington	8:40	7:53
8:20	8:20	S' Side	8:50	7:46
8:30	8:30	Misconche	9:00	7:39
8:40	8:40	Wellington	9:10	7:32
8:50	8:50	Port Hill	9:20	7:25
9:00	9:00	O'Leary	9:30	7:18
9:10	9:10	Bloomfield	9:40	7:11
9:20	9:20	Alberton	9:50	7:04
9:30	9:30	Tignish	10:00	6:57
9:40	9:40	Charlottetown	10:10	6:50
9:50	9:50	Royalton Junction	10:20	6:43
10:00	10:00	Bedford	10:30	6:36
10:10	10:10	Ar. (Mt. Stewart)	10:40	6:29
10:20	10:20	Ar. (St. Peter's)	10:50	6:22
10:30	10:30	Ar. (Bear River)	11:00	6:15
10:40	10:40	Ar. (Souris)	11:10	6:08
10:50	10:50	Ar. (Mt. Stewart)	11:20	6:01
11:00	11:00	Ar. (Cardigan)	11:30	5:54
11:10	11:10	Ar. (Georgetown)	11:40	5:47
11:20	11:20	Ar. (Emerald)	11:50	5:40
11:30	11:30	Ar. (Cape Traverse)	12:00	5:33
11:40	11:40	Ar. (Mt. Stewart)	12:10	5:26
11:50	11:50	Ar. (Cardigan)	12:20	5:19
12:00	12:00	Ar. (Georgetown)	12:30	5:12
12:10	12:10	Ar. (Emerald)	12:40	5:05
12:20	12:20	Ar. (Cape Traverse)	12:50	4:58

Stranged Husband and Wife Living Unhappily in Luxury.
On one of the north side avenues stands a fine old-fashioned mansion, says the *Chicago Chronicle*. It is as old as a north side house can possibly be, for it was built soon after the great fire. The house is a double one, three stories in height and has many cheerful white lace curtained windows. Through the passery the old mansion looks like the abode of good cheer and happiness. But to those acquainted with its occupants it has quite the contrary appearance. True, the owner of the mansion is very rich in the material sense—but poor—poor by far, than many a dweller in some wretched tenement house. For the master and the mistress have been estranged for many a long year, and are only husband and wife in name. He occupies one part of the house, she the other, and they might as well live in different spheres for all the company they are to each other. They have horses and carriages galore, but are never seen to drive or ride together.

Last June, when the students from the universities and colleges flocked home also. But this brought no change to the gloomy life the two old people led, for one son was always seen with the mother, and the other, who seemed to be the younger one, alone accompanied the father in his walks and drives.

On pleasant days in the summer the old lady could often be seen sitting on the piazza, but when the husband came home he would bow formally and then pass into the house.

One day the neighbors saw a black and white crape on the door, and the news soon spread that the younger son was dead. Everyone supposed that this great affliction would heal the breach between them, but although individual tears were shed by each it was observed that no word of sympathy was expressed by one to the other.

The grave was closed over their darling, the carriage turned homeward and their stately home entered, but their proud and defiant attitude remained unchanged toward each other.

What dreadful act had she or he committed against the other to warrant such unnatural behavior? It is a mystery which cannot be solved by any number of gossiping neighbors.

Not more than one criminal in a thousand sentenced for life, or 99 years, by the courts of the United States serves more than 20 years.

A COUNTLESS HOST.

It is hardly a misnomer to call the crowds that have thronged our store every day since the first of the year; countless host. This being true, it follows that countless bargains must have left our counters. But it does not follow that there are not countless bargains left to gratify the hearts of the practised buyers. See our tables of Men's Overcoats. Here, for example, is a pen picture of one, see how it reads.

18 Men's Overcoats, worth \$13.50, now \$6.75.
6 " " " " 12.00, now 6.00
10 " " " " 13.50, now 6.75
8 " " " " 14.00, now 7.00
10 " " " " 14.25, now 7.13

HERE IS ANOTHER ONE

12 Children's Overcoats, worth \$4.00, now \$2.60
18 " " " " 4.50, now 2.25
20 " " " " 5.00, now 2.50
61 " " " " 6.00, now 3.00

50 Children's Suits, worth \$5 and \$6, now \$2 and \$2.50

COMMENT IS NEEDLESS

McKAY WOOLEN COMPANY,

THE GREAT BARGAIN GIVERS.

CARD OF THANKS.

For the many favors received from my numerous friends and customers during the year 1896, and would wish them a happy and Prosperous New Year, and that they may all continue to buy and drink the celebrated Special Blend of Empire Tea, that I sell. Also as many more, invited to participate in the pleasures of drinking Empire Blend during 1897.

T. J. MORRIS, Grocer and Crockery Man

It Isn't the Store That Promises

For a Few Days

We will call your attention to our line of Flatware, Spoons, Forks, Knives, Butter Knives, and Sugar Spoons, at very low prices. Please call, and we will try hard to please you.

JOHN NEWSON

THE BARGAIN GIVER

SLAUGHTERING * PRICES

ALL ROUND

Our entire stock of Readymade Clothing at cost. Men's Ulsters at half price. Men's Overcoats at half price. Boy's Ulsters at half price. Fur Coats at half price. Fur Caps at cost. Some at half price; all must go. All our Winter Overcoating and Ladies' Mantle Cloths at cost.

JOHN MACLEOD & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS.

Advertisers!

The home circulation is the most valuable to advertisers. THE EXAMINER reaches the home of our citizens every evening. That account for our large advertising patronage.

THE EXAMINER PUB. COMPANY

POLICE FORCE OF JAPAN.

Duties of the Patrolmen—The Length of Their Hair Regulated.

The police force of Japan is a large and well-organized department, and the ancient Yedo, which is the capital and seat of government, the earliest force of "watchmen" was organized by "Kawada" (the first Chief of Police in Japan) on his return from Europe nearly a quarter of a century ago but the police force was established on its present footing twenty years ago. It has now a strength of 4,474 (221 chief inspectors and subinspectors, and 3,253 constables or Junsa). The Fire Department is also under police control. For a slender force of these hours he must stand in each box three by day and three by night, so that while one is resting a second is on the fixed point duty in front of the box, and a third is patrolling.

On his off-duty days the policeman is partially employed in making inquiries, serving summonses, filling in census papers or carrying out one or other of the duties which he has to look after. For a policeman in Japan is supposed to know a little of everything and take a paternal interest in everybody's affairs. He must repeat to his superior officer all the rumors and gossip of his district, give account of meetings of every kind, religious and political, and keep an eye on all newspapers printed or sold. He must tabulate the people of his district into three classes, A, B, and C, and make a correct census and report upon them several times a year. He must report the condition of all streets, bridges, embankments, drains, cemeteries, etc., give notice of accidents, nuisances, diseases, deaths; must and vegetables sold, and report on lost children, doubtful characters, gambling, drinking saloons, pawnshops, markets, fairs, weights and measures, funerals, festivals, gunnery, physicians and midwives, foreigners, and their passports, and all kinds of theatrical performances and gatherings of the people.

NO DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION

necessary to enable you to buy a cake of

BABY'S OWN SOAP

Be sure and get the genuine—wherever you can—and you will have the best soap made.

The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs. Montreal.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure. Celebrated for its great levelling strength and healthfulness. Assured the food against all adulteration common to the cheap brands. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

THE SKATING GIRL.

Life worth living? Well worth living? Nought outward can she dread. As she breathes thy icy breeze, head so buoyant, cheeks so red, Underneath—a sea of silver; overhead—a dome of lead.

PAST YOUR PRIME

Perhaps not in years, but in energy. Your health is not good, yet you hardly know what it is the matter with you. Your business, too, is on the decline. People miss the old elastic spirit you showed in former years. The secret of all this is that your constitution is worn out and your blood is bad. Set both right by the use of Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. One box will cure you.

Dr. J. C. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It is the only thing to remind one of civilization that can be found there.

A Difference. The penny-in-the-slot machine can be found in the remotest portions of the backwoods, and sometimes it is about the only thing to remind one of civilization that can be found there.

Be sure and get the genuine—wherever you can—and you will have the best soap made.

Rich Red Blood is the foundation of good health. That is why Hood's Sarsaparilla, the One True Blood Purifier, gives HEALTH.

THE WOMAN'S NOVEL.

SECRETS NEVER BEFORE REVEALED TO THE COLD PUBLIC.

How to Secure Characters and Carry Them Through—Love, Flirtation and Jealousy the Chief Ingredients—The Useful Cook, Newspaper Friends.

I never knew how a woman constructed that strange and wonderful creation, "a woman's novel" until I accidentally overheard the following conversation between Mrs. Kate Jenkins Shyster and Mrs. Gertrude Dugderfield:

"Do you know, Gertrude," began Mrs. Kate, "I've put Mr. Stern into my new novel, the dearest thing you ever saw? I've got the loveliest man in it. He's an artist and awfully clever and very polite and nice."

"I've put Mr. Stern into my new novel," answered her friend. "You know him—that awful prig who fell in love with me when we were at the beach last summer. Didn't I wind him round my little finger though?"

"My hero," went on Mrs. Kate, speaking of her own book, "meets a lovely girl down at the beach. You know how Mr. Throckton met Jennie Sturgis last summer and flirted her all around? I never put real people into books, but I couldn't help thinking of her. I described those lovely moonlight nights, and I made him kiss her on the sly, which she never noticed. Do you know, I saw Mr. T. kiss Jennie on the cheek, and she paid no more attention to it than if he had been—been brushing off a fly."

"I made Mr. Stern into my love with Jennie too. You know she had a flirtation with him before Mr. Throckton and you came down. It was nothing but a flirtation. She never let Mr. Stern into her life, as I can tell you, though she made him want to touch her he could hardly stand it. I don't think she is quite such a flirt as I made her out in my novel, but I wanted a good, cold blooded flirtation, and I had to, you know."

There was a slight pause after this. Then Mrs. Kate went on:

"When I got through with them at the beach, I didn't know what on earth to do with them. I meant to keep them off and on, you know, till the end of the book and then make them get married, but I had to do something to amuse the readers in the meantime. I've heard that if you put a certain number of people together they will be sure to do something. So at last I thought I would introduce a lot of horrid people and just a little nice girl or two and see what they would do. So I put in little Fanny Baxter, you know, and old Stanton, who was so cross to me, and Grandpa Gillis, who whined all the time when she was over at Louie's beach, and that timid little woman who never spoke to anybody. It took quite a while to describe all these people, but when I got them described I simply had to make them do something and I didn't have room. So I concluded to write the thing all over and leave out a few."

"I never have any trouble of that sort," said Mrs. Gertrude. "I always have six people—two married, two engaged and two who simply flirt. First they flirt with each other, then with the married people and then with the lovers. They make them love, they get engaged, and they make one fall in love with one of the married people, and that makes a scandal. Oh, I have no trouble with my plots at all."

"But my trouble is in putting in the moral conversation, you know, and talking about politics and Bellamyism and the future of the novel in the United States and all that. I never think of putting that in the first time I write it out until something clever happens to come to me. But generally I wait until I'm done with the plot of the story, and then I ask some gentleman to give me some notes on the topic I want, and I write up some discussions and put them in separate chapters. Once in awhile I put it in the ordinary conversation, but I don't like that because some people do not enjoy that sort of thing, and if it is put in separate chapters they can skip it easily, while if it is in the middle of a nice love dialogue it makes them mad, for they don't know how far to know how they want to get to the love, you know. I don't blame them any, for I should do just that myself if I were reading a novel. But people talk as if you have to put in the least of stuff in it. The newspaper critics are sure to discuss it, and that advertises the book too."

"I never could do that," replied Mrs. Kate. "I often regret it. People call me light and frivolous, and I know I'm not a bit more frivolous than you are, and they call you 'strong and virile.' Oh, dear, I wish I could do it!"

"But I made my novel end in just a lovely way. It all came about through a cow. She got frightened and threw herself in his arms."

"What the cow did?" "The girl, of course. You needn't make fun of me."

"I was just wanting to give you a lesson in English. You know the use of language is a very important thing. I've studied it awfully hard, and some of my gentlemen friends usually look over my stories to see if I've made any horrid mistakes in grammar or rhetoric. The newspaper men are used to that sort of thing, you know."

"I wish I knew some newspaper men," cried Mrs. Kate dolefully. "All the people I'm acquainted with are nice folks—gentlemen, you know."

"If my newspaper friends are not gentlemen, then I'm not a lady, and you had better get right out of here."

"Oh, I was saying I wish I had such friends. It would help me any amount. Only I don't seem to have the tact to attract them."

"After this there was a long pause. Then Mrs. Gertrude said meditatively:

"Kate, do you suppose we shall be famous after we die, like Thackeray and Scott and Shakespeare? One gentleman told me he thought I was the leading light of my age. And why shouldn't we of this age be just as famous as those horrid men were of the last age? When this gets to be the last age, won't we be the big lights then?"

"You are perfectly scurrilous, Gertrude!" exclaimed Mrs. Kate. "Think of comparing yourself to Thackeray!"

"But you can never tell. I suppose any of us may turn out immortal. You can never tell till after you're dead. Oh, dear!"—Philadelphia Press.

Sour

Stomach, sometimes called waterbrash, and burning pain, distress, nausea, dyspepsia, are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. This it accomplishes because with its wonderful power as a blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla gently tones and strengthens the stomach and digestive organs, invigorates the liver, creates an appetite, gives refreshing sleep, and raises the health tone. In cases of dyspepsia and indigestion it seems to have "a magic touch."

Stomach

with severe pains across my shoulders, and great distress. I had violent nausea which would leave me very weak and faint, difficult to get my breath. These spells came oftener and more severe. I did not receive any lasting benefit from physicians, but found such happy effect from a trial of Hood's Sarsaparilla, that I took several bottles and men to always keep it in the house. I am now able to do all my own work, which for six years I have been unable to do. My husband and son have also been greatly benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla—for pains in the back, and after the grip. I gladly recommend this grand blood medicine."

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists sell. Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills and Sick Headaches, 25 cents.

ORDER NOW

We are giving low prices on Job Printing. Now is the time to have your work done before the spring trade commences. Send in your order now, we will satisfy you in good work and low prices.

J. D. TAYLOR, Printer & Bookbinder, QUEEN STREET. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

Special Canned Goods Sale

We commenced our SPECIAL CANNED GOODS SALE this morning and will continue it for a short time only.

We have marked our goods at prices so low that they are bound to sell very quickly, so we would advise our friends to call early and leave their orders for what they may require in this line.

BEER & GOFF

Apples, Fish, Herring, a Lot of Second-hand Books, & Sundry Other Articles.

BY AUCTION, To-morrow, Tuesday, Feb'y 16th, at 1 o'clock. Lower Queen St. Auctioneer. 37-11

Hockey Skates

selling at a large discount to clear. Call early before the lot is gone.

W. E. DAWSON.

As the clipping season is now here parties having horses that they intend having clipped, would do well to call Nicholson's Stables, Graton St. where all work is done at moderate rates.

HORSE CLIPPING.

As the clipping season is now here parties having horses that they intend having clipped, would do well to call Nicholson's Stables, Graton St. where all work is done at moderate rates.