

TERMS: FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR.

"This is true Liberty, when Free Born Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."—EURIPIDES.

SINGLE COPIES TWO CENTS

NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1893

VOL. 30.—NO. 99

NOTICE.

Kindly settle all accounts
dated March 31st, now sent
out by us.

HASZARD & MOORE,
Victoria Row.

Charlottetown, April 11, 1893.

Infinitely Superior to Extract of Beef

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF

is the concentrated feeding qualities of Beef, deprived of
superfluous material, skin, fat or indigestible tissue, and it is
the quintessence of the virtues of Beef.

Extracts of Beef, on the other hand, are only the ex-
tracted juices of Beef, which, at best, can only stimulate.

ap3—dy & wky

NOTICE.

Until further notice we will close our
Warehouses at 6 o'clock p. m. (excepting
Saturdays).

Our Undertaking department is always
open day and night. After office hours
Mr. Wright will be at the residence of
Mr. Doull, Kent Street, a few doors west
from our office.

Telephone connection at Office and
Dwelling.

MARK WRIGHT & CO. Ltd

Charlottetown, April 25, 1893—2aw & wky

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR

The Celebrated

CHOCOLAT MENIER

Annual Sales Exceed 33 MILLION Lbs.
For Samples sent Free write to C. ALFRED CHOUILLOU, MONTREAL.

HOUSE CLEANING SUPPLIES.

Ready Mixed Paints, Floor
Paints, Kalsomines, Whitings,
Ochres, Glues, Brunswick Black,
Varnishes, Stains, etc.; Paint, Scrub
and Whitewash Brushes at lowest
prices.

FENNELL & CHANDLER.

Ch't wn, April 22 1893

VICTORIA ROW.

A GENUINE AMERICAN WATCH

CAN BE BOUGHT FROM US at as low and even lower
price than is often paid for the IMITATION.

Many do not know this till they bring in their imitation
Watch for repairs, and find that no Watchmaker who values
his reputation will repair and warrant it.

MORAL—Buy the Genuine.

E. W. TAYLOR.

Charlottetown, March 20, 1893.

CAMERON BLOCK.

"She Looketh Well

to the ways of her household."
Yes, Solomon is right; that's what
the good housekeeper everywhere
does, but particularly in Can-
ada.

But her ways are not always
old ways. In fact she has dis-
carded many unsatisfactory old
ways. For instance, to-day she is
using



the New Shortening, instead of
lard. And this is in itself a rea-
son why "she looketh well" in
another sense, for she eats no
lard to cause poor digestion and
a worse complexion.

COTOLENE is much better
than lard for all cooking pur-
poses, as every one who has tried
it declares. Have you tried it?

For sale everywhere.

Made only by
N. K. FAIRBANK & CO.,
Wellington and Ann Sts.,
MONTREAL.

At the
Bank.

This is to notify
you that your ac-
count at the bank
of health is over-
drawn; at this rate you will soon be
bankrupt, unless you take

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil
and Hypophosphites to
build you up.

It will STOP A COUGH, CURE A
COLD, and check CONSUMPTION and
all forms of WASTING DISEASES. Al-
most as palatable as Milk. Prepared by
Scott & Bowne, Belleville. For sale by
all druggists.

FOR INVALIDS

whose system needs toning up and whose
appetites are failing, a quick and pleasant
remedy will be found in
CAMPBELL'S QUININE WINE.
Prepared only by K. CAMPBELL & CO.,
Beware of Imitations. MONTREAL.

When we assert that
**Dodd's
Kidney Pills**
Cure Backache, Dropsy,
Lumbago, Bright's Dis-
ease, Rheumatism and all
other forms of Kidney
Troubles, we are backed
by the testimony of all
who have used them.

THEY CURE TO STAY CURED.
By all druggists or mail on receipt of price,
50 cents. Dr. L. A. Smith & Co., Toronto.

Complete Manhood

AND HOW TO ATTAIN IT.

A Medical Work that Tells the Causes,
Describes the Effects,
Points the Remedy.

Scientifically the most valuable, artistically the
most beautiful medical book ever published.
96 pages, every page bearing half-tone illustrations
in tints. Subjects treated:—

Nervous Debility, Impotency,
Sterility, Development,
Varicocele, The Husband,
Those Intending Marriage, etc.

Every man who would know the Grand Truths,
the Plain Facts, the Old Secrets and New Discover-
ies of Medical Science as applied to Married
Life, who would atone for past follies and
avoid future pitfalls, should write for this
WONDERFUL LITTLE BOOK.

It will be sent free, under seal, while the edition
lasts. Address the publishers,
ERIE MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N.Y.

AN ARCTIC EXPLORATION.

The North Pole Reached by a Norwegian Explorer.

He Tells a Marvellous Story of His Experiences—How Aurora Borealis is Produced—Life in the Neighborhood of the Pole.

THE following remarkable story—the
narrator of which is probably an imitator
of Jules Verne, whose marvellous fictions
are familiar to our readers—is taken from
the Boston Globe, and given for what it is
worth: One of the strangest stories that
ever fell from mortal lips is that of a pitiable,
yet enviable, specimen of humanity
who was seen in Hokea Point a few days
ago—pitiable, because physical affliction
has made life for him a mere existence;
enviable, because he has passed through
experiences so wonderful, so exceptional,
and so fruitless of discovery, that they seem
more like the wild imagining of a romancer
than the actual events in the career of an
ordinary human being. The central per-
sonage of this narrative says he has been
to the north pole. He also asserts that he
has discovered the secret of the northern
lights. A Norwegian sailor, yet a possessor
of a fortune; a brave adventurer, yet a man
of rank; a forsaker of the comforts of civil-
ization for the rigors of arctic exploration;
an enthusiast in science and a martyr to the
restless spirit of discovery—such is Olaf
Prail. His hands and feet had been frozen
until they were useless. His ears are shriv-
elled shreds of flesh. His nose but a relic.
He speaks with difficulty. Even his mind
is not clear at all times. Olaf Prail's
statement was delivered through the me-
dium of an interpreter. It was made solely
in the interest of public information, the
narrator believing it to be his duty

TO LET THE WORLD KNOW
of the remarkable things, "all of which he
saw and part of which he was." In early
life he was a boy, and became filled with a
desire to go to the north pole. He had all the
conforts and many of the luxuries of a home,
but the desire for the sea was more than a
mere fancy with Olaf; it was a passion,
ardent and uncontrollable. Not, however,
until he reached legal manhood was he
able to gratify it. On coming into his for-
tune, he announced his determination to
organize an expedition to go in search of
the north pole. The entrance of his family
and friends was without effect, and at the
age of 24 he had organized a small band of
companion spirits, consisting mostly of
hardy sailors, and had procured the build-
ing of a staunch ship, not of large size, but
constructed with special reference to
strength, endurance and storage room.
"The details of the sea passage," said Olaf
Prail, "are not of special interest. To tell
of the storms, the intense cold, the fields
and mountains of ice, the narrow escapes
from being crushed by the bergs, the
desolation and the struggles for life, would
be but to repeat familiar tales that have been
told by former explorers of the Arctic
regions. It was about six months after
leaving Norway that we found ourselves at
a point which I think was

CONSIDERABLY FURTHER NORTH
than had been reached by any preceding
expedition. I did not recognize the locality
from any book of travel that I had read,
and to this day I am unable to give it a
geographical designation. The weather
became severe and tempestuous, and we
decided that it would be best to suspend
the journey for a few weeks. Accordingly
we landed and put up a small portable
house, which had been built in sections and
packed on board the ship. It was here that
I put into execution a plan which was
certainly bold, and which some of my
companions did not hesitate to pronounce
reckless. I had purchased a large balloon
before leaving home, together with the
materials requisite for manufacturing
hydrogen gas. The basket, or car, was
equipped with heating apparatus and with
provisions sufficient to last several days.
One morning I called my companions
together and laid before them the plan that
I had secretly cherished. It was, in brief,
to inflate the balloon, wait for a strong
northerly wind, and sail by air to the north
pole. Passing by the warnings, the
entreaties and even the threats of my
companions, I will only say that I was master
and that nothing could change my plans.
The balloon was filled with gas and I stepped
into his basket and the word to cut
loose was given. Suddenly the earth and
sea seemed to drop far below me. In less
time than it takes to tell it I was

A THOUSAND FEET IN THE AIR.
I looked back. The ship looked like a
toy, the encampment was a mere speck in
the vast panorama, and all were soon
lost, sight and blue and white greeted
the vision. There was not a sign of any
thing that looked like a human habitation.
I was comfortable, for the heating appar-
atus fulfilled all promises. I will here
say that it included an arrangement for
regulating the temperature of the gas, so
that it would not contract and lose its
buoyancy. Directly ahead were immense
mountains of ice and snow, and I ap-
proached them with satisfactory speed; I
calculated that it would be three or four
days, at least, before my destination was
reached. It was, in fact, a week. On the
fifth day I began to be depressed by the
loneliness of my situation. On the sixth
day the solitude became almost unbearable.
Every arrangement for bodily comfort
worked admirably, but the utter silence
and the absence of human companionship
drove me into such a state of mind that I
was more than once tempted to cast myself
from the balloon into the field of snow or
on the ice crags beneath. The one relief
to the terrible monotony was the display of
northern lights, more wonderful and

brilliant than anything that had ever been
pictured in my imagination. On this
spectacle I frequently gazed with profound
admiration. On the seventh day

A LOFTY MOUNTAIN OF ICE

loomed up before me. To avoid being
dashed against it I threw out 20 pounds
of ballast. Up shot the balloon, and as
soon as it ascended above the mountain
top a wonderful scene burst into view.
An expanse of blue water stretched into
the distance. Not an iceberg
marred the fairness of its surface. Was
it the open polar sea? A thrill shook
my whole being as I asked myself this
question. I was no longer lonely or de-
pressed, but was filled with a strange ex-
citement. My attention was next attract-
ed by another strange sight. Far to the
north an enormous pillar of fire arose from
the horizon to the heavens. It illumined
the sky and shot tongues of flame into
space. Here, no doubt, was the source of
the aurora borealis. Such was my first
thought. After the balloon passed over the
summit of the ice mountain the air grew
perceptibly warmer. Proceeding further
northward, the temperature ascended above
the freezing point. After several miles
were traversed the air was balmy and
agreeable. I threw aside my fur wrap-
pings and soon entered a region of positive
warmth. The breeze still carried me along
at a fair rate of speed, and it was not long
before I discerned a line of coast in the
distance. Columbus was not filled with
more intense ecstasy than I was at that
moment. The coast gradually grew more
distinct. Mountains, forests and plains
glided into view. Settlements, villages
and cities appeared in the panorama. The
pillar of fire stood in the background, and
it was

A CONSPICUOUS AND IMPOSING FEATURE

of the scene. It seemed to have its source
at some point on or under the surface of
the earth. It puzzled me greatly at the
time. My balloon was soon directly over
the land, and I resolved to descend. I
pulled open the valve and the air-ship ap-
proached the ground rapidly. A fertile
field lay beneath me, and a throng of men,
women and children were rushing towards
the spot and shouting in great excitement.
In five minutes more I stood on solid
ground and my balloon was secured to a
tree by a stout rope. The people had fair
complexions and intelligent faces. They
talked rapidly and eagerly in a language
which I did not understand. I was soon
conducted to a residence of some distinc-
tion. Beyond remarking that I was treated
hospitably, I must pass rapidly over this
portion of my narrative. The country
which I discovered was called Shunfik by
its inhabitants. It was in a high state of
civilization. Its population was about four
millions. It had numerous flourishing
cities and towns. The people were intelli-
gent and highly cultured, and wonderfully
skilled in various mechanical arts. They
knew nothing whatever of the great world
outside of their icebound polar dwelling
place. One of their best scholars was ap-
pointed to teach me the Shunfik language,
and in three months I was able to tell him
so much about Europe, Asia, Africa and
America that he made a fortune by

SPREADING THIS INFORMATION

among the people by means of lectures and
contributions to the newspapers of his
country. Meanwhile I became a celebrity,
and every facility for studying the insti-
tutions of Shunfik was extended to me. A
volume might be written of the things
which I saw, but I must pass at once to
the subjects that enlisted my most earnest
attention. Here was the situation. A
small continent and a warm climate at the
north pole; the land surrounded by a sea of
temperate water that made it comfortable for
bathing; the sea practically surrounded by
an icebound region of intense cold. What
caused the warmth within a circle of
200 miles in diameter, the centre of which
was the polar point? This question was
easily answered. The heat proceeded from
the column of fire I have already mentioned.
This tremendous pillar of flame shot prob-
ably a thousand feet into space. It bur-
sted with intense fury and shone with
glaring brilliancy. At its topmost point
the flames swayed in various directions,
making a fantastic pyroxic display. This
was the source of heat and this also
furnished the true explanation of the
northern lights. When we in America or
Europe see the aerial streamers projecting
themselves into the heavens, waving,
flashing, darting higher and thither, grow-
ing faint and light by turns, now arising,
now sinking, and enshrouding us by their
trickery and movements, we may know that
they proceed from

THIS PRODIGIOUS TONGUE OF FIRE

which is discharged from the bowels of the
northern part of the globe on which we live.
That the aurora borealis is visible some nights
and not others is due to different conditions
of the atmosphere, and to another cause,
which I will explain presently. But the
column of flame—you wish also to know the
origin and nature of that wonderful pheno-
menon. The explanation is simplicity itself.
The tongue of fire is nothing more or less than
burning natural gas. Do not look incredulous,
I know where I speak. At the point where
the northern end of the axis of the earth is
supposed to exist, is an enormous hole, at
least 300 feet in diameter. From this hole
a stream of natural gas pours forth. The
supply is inexhaustible, and the time when it
was not flowing and burning is unknown.
The people of Shunfik have an extensive
literature, and their recorded history goes
back thousands of years, but history, tradition
and legend treat the column of fire as a fact
older than humanity itself. An enormous
quantity of heat is radiated, as you may well
imagine, but it is under control. The ap-
paratus through which the gas spurts is in a
solid rock, the top of which is as smooth as if
it were made of polished steel. There is also
a slab of stone at least 400 feet square and 50
feet thick, which is so fixed that it can be
SLID OVER THE HOLE,
either partially or entirely. The slab moved
back and forth by means of engines of pro-
digious power. Thus the gas can be shut off
or turned on, at the least and light regulated
at pleasure. The apparatus is an ancient in-

vention, and is constantly improved by the
ingenuity of the Shunfiks. Of course the flow
of gas is never entirely shut off, but its volume
is so diminished at times that the heat and
light yielded are comparatively insignificant.
(This is one of the causes of the intermittent
character of the northern lights as they appear
to us. The inhabitants procure changes in
the seasons by this purely artificial means, and
their successions of cold and warm weather
are based on the scientific knowledge of the
requirements of the human health and vege-
tative vigor. I will not speak in detail of my
early experience in Shunfik. You naturally
desire to know how I came to return from that
strange land, and what made me the physical
wreck I am. I became acquainted with a
beautiful maiden of high rank, and fell in love
with her. She returned my passion. Her
friends were indignant, and resolved to get rid
of me. This was easily accomplished. I was
seized one night, placed in my balloon, and
sent adrift on another aerial journey. Every
thing was done gently, but relentlessly. The
equipments of the balloon, including

AN ABUNDANT SUPPLY OF GAS,

were put in perfect order. A night was chosen
when a lofty current of air, as indicated by
the highest point of the tower of flames, blew
to the southward. Resistance was useless, and
I was soon in the solitary heights of the
Arctic sky. My flight was away from the
pole. For two weeks I managed to exist with
physical comfort, but with a mind torn by
agony. Then portions of the apparatus with
which the car of the balloon was fitted got out
of order, and my sufferings began. I will not
bother you by relating them in detail, but I
will only state that at the end of four weeks I
descended more dead than alive. The natives
cared for me and helped me along my journey
to the best of their ability. Finally, after
three months of slow progress and incredible
hardships, I obtained passage in a fishing ves-
sel bound for a point in Melville Bay. Then I
succeeded in reaching Cape Chudleigh, from
there I managed to get to Newfoundland, and
after that there was no difficulty in finding a
ship bound for the United States. I shall sail
for my home in Norway in a few days, and
from there despatch an expedition in search of
my forsaken companions, unless they have in
the meantime turned up. Olaf Prail's inter-
preter is an intelligent Norwegian named Loo-
Loo, whom he first met in Newfoundland on
his return journey.

"It Has Been Worth Hundreds of Dollars to Me!"

18 Years of Agony from Neuralgia.

PHYSICIANS AND THEIR MEDICINES COULD NOT CURE.

Paine's Celery Compound is Victorious



MRS. GEORGE H. PARKER.

Mrs. George H. Parker, of Winona, Ont.,
suffered agonies and pains for eighteen
years. She candidly admits the fact that
she had used numberless medicines without
receiving any benefit. Physicians failed in
their efforts, and matters seemed hopeless
until Mrs. Parker was persuaded to try
Paine's Celery Compound. Every sufferer
is earnestly requested to read Mrs. Parker's
letter, and note the results after
Nature's great healer was used.

"I have been a great sufferer from neu-
ralgia for nearly eighteen years; these
sufferings at times were so bad that words
would fail to describe them. After having
tried every known remedy and different
physicians, and receiving no help, I was
persuaded to try your Paine's Celery Com-
pound, which I have been using for the
past four months. I am happy to say that
I am now a different woman and completely
cured. I can recommend your Paine's
Celery Compound to all my friends, for it
has been worth hundreds of dollars to me.
Believe me,

Yours respectfully,
MRS. GEO. H. PARKER."

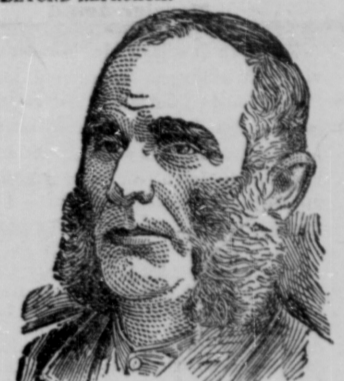
This is to certify that Mrs. Parker, of
Winona, has, during the past four months,
received every known bottle of Paine's
Celery Compound, and claims that it has
been worth hundreds of dollars to her.
G. W. SPACKMAN & CO.,
Druggists, Hamilton, Ont.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS Mrs. Winslow's
Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of
mothers for their children while cutting their
teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it pro-
duces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the
child from pain, and the little cherub awakes
as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant
to taste. It soothes the child, softens the
gums, always all pain, relieves wind, regulates
the bowels, and is the best-known remedy for
diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or
other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.
Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing
Syrup," and take no other kind. Lyr

USE SKODA'S DISCOVERY, the great
blood and nerve remedy.

Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Nervousness & Sleeplessness, Flee at the advent of SKODA'S REMEDIES, WHEN PHYSICIANS FAIL.

Geo. Redden is a resident of West-
Boro, N. S. Mr. R. is a member of the
Methodist Church, and his Christ-
ian character and integrity are
beyond reproach.



Geo. Redden,
Westboro, N. S.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY CO., Wolfville, N. S.
GENTS:—I have been a sufferer for
several years with LIVER COMPLAINT
and DYSPEPSIA, NERVOUSNESS,
SLEEPLESSNESS, and PILES. I
have tried Physicians, and many so-
called cures, but obtained no relief
until I tried your MEDICINES. I have now
taken 6 bottles SKODA'S DISCOVERY,
6 boxes LITTLE TABLETS, and feel
like a new man, much better than I have
been for years. I am satisfied that a con-
tinued use of

SKODA'S REMEDIES,

will COMPLETELY CURE ME. I have
much pleasure in recommending these
REMEDIES to suffering humanity, as
SUPERIOR MEDICINES.

Very truly yours, GEO. REDDEN.
SKODA'S DISCOVERY CO., WOLFVILLE, N. S.

For sale by all Druggists. Trade supplied
by W. R. Watson, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Why you take Cold and Cough.

Generally caused by exposure to cold,
wet feet, sitting in a draught, coming
from hot and crowded places, in this
dress, or wearing damp clothes, stock-
ings, or any other cause tending to
check suddenly the perspiration. The
result produces inflammation of the
lining membrane of the lungs or throat,
and this causes phlegm or matter, which
nature tries to throw off by expecto-
ration. In many cases she is unable to
do so without assistance, and this it

Why you use Allen's Lung Balsam.

Three Size Bottles,
25c., 50c., \$1.00

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

UNLIKE ANY OTHER,
As much
for INTERNAL as EXTERNAL use.
In 1810

Originated by an Old Family Physician.
Think Of It. In use for more than Eighty
years after Generation have used and blessed it.
Every Traveler should have a bottle in his saddle.
Every Sufferer From Rheumatism,
Nervous Headache, Diphtheria, Croup, Catarrh, Whoop-
ing Cough, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, Lameness,
Soreness in Body or Limbs, Stiff Joints or Strains,
Complaints like sprain, Sprain, etc. etc. post-paid, 60c.
Per Doz. Express-paid, 1.25. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

Every Mother

Should have Johnson's
Anodyne Liniment in the
Sore Throat, Toothache, Croup, Cuts, Bruises, Churns
and Pains liable to occur in any family without
failure. It may rest a life. Believers all! Remember
Complaints like sprain, Sprain, etc. etc. post-paid, 60c.
Per Doz. Express-paid, 1.25. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

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THE undersigned will sell by private
sale his Dwelling House, Store and
Outbuildings, situated on Sidney Street,
near Queen. House open for inspection.
For full particulars inquire of
H. J. GALLBECK.

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