THE DAILY EXAMINER

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A QUEER NEWSPAPER

THE OSTRICH OF CORNWALL AND ITS ECCENTRIC PUBLISHER.

A Journal That Exists In Optimism and Devotion to a Toseate Cause—The Paper Gratuitously Distributed, but It and the Editor Are Sustained by Donations.

In the heart of Cornwall there is published and read a newspaper perhaps the most peculiar in all the world. This is The Ostrich, and if the news of the day, its murders, crimes and sensations should shock you or offend your nervous system The Ostrich is the very paper for you to read.

To begin with, this singular Cornish journal is printed on a delightful pale rose colored paper. It has a great and ever gaining circulation. Throughout Cornwall you see it everywhere. From Plymouth to Land's End genial old squires and parsons, merry eyed maids, spectacled elderly ladies, young bloods in cricket flannels or hunting breeches, farmers, fishermen and laborers may be seen peacefully perusing these rose hued pages. And every one can see that the faces of Ostrich readers possess a settled look of placidity, just as if nothing in the world could disturb them.

"Yes," said the proprietor of a Penzance hotel, "The Ostrich is a wonderful paper. It settles the nerves and brings back health and happiness. All people coming from the large towns seeking rest should read it. It is a boon for the nervous."

One opens The Ostrich, and the first thing noticeable is that certain words in the text are printed in large, heavy type; words like happy, good, £, saved, success, health, peace, beautiful, amiable—all the pages are crowded with them, so that they give the impression of being a kind of optimist chart, pointing out all that is good and beautiful on the earth. Short sighted people, holding the newspaper at a yard's distance, will only be able to see these agreeable words, and besides this, in the ordinary text, all words like death, misfortune, sickness, pain are carefully avoided. In the entire paper, one column excepted, not a disagreeable word is printed.

The system of the publisher is based on the science of suggestiveness. As most people are easily influenced, the perusal of a page of this rose colored paper, with its hundreds of pleasant words, may readily bring the reader to a state of mind in which he begins distinctly to see the world through rose colored glasses.

The paper is appropriately called The Ostrich. A little picture in the middle of the heading represents this famous bird burying its head in the sand and apparently feeling well content in doing so. The motto of the paper is "Even of Truth One-half Is Falsehood." This paper sums up all that has happened in the world twice weekly—in not more than six columns—politics, elections, accidents, art and literature. Everything is treated by The Ostrich in these columns from his special viewpoint.

The first column bears the title, "What Would S. H. D. Say to It?" S. H. D. stands for Sir Humphry Davy, who was born in Penzance and has a monument there. This "great Christian and chemist," as The Ostrich calls him, the inventor of the safety lamp, is the model of all human beings, the yardstick with which everything is measured. In this column one finds all sorts of news, and every item with a commentary. For instance: "At a banquet at Birmingham Lord Salisbury declared that the situation of the Armenians was indeed such as demanded serious consideration (S. H. D. would say: 'The consideration only becomes serious by Lord Salisbury's calling it so. There may be less in the matter than one would expect')" Or, "The potato beetle is again making himself a nuisance on our coast (not in Normandy, for there they have no potato harvest at all this year! S. H. D.)"

The second column is called "The Demented of Tomorrow." In it all important political news is commented upon and corrected, for the motto of the paper is "Even of Truth One-half Is Falsehood," and most of the corrections of The Ostrich are sound. Besides, if he makes a mistake, it does not matter. His aim is reached at all events, for news that bears the heading "Demented" is doubted and has lost its exciting quality.

Still more important is the third column, "How Does This Concern Me?" In it one finds the greatest wisdom of The Ostrich. It contains all the news from foreign countries, and the reader generally sympathizes in unconcern with the publisher, for what is it to him whether President Morales or Immorales reigns on the La Plata river or whether Stambuloff has been sentenced by unjust judges or just assassins, or vice versa? That should all be of no consequence to him if he cares for his nerves.

The other columns are called "Nothing Is Eaten as Hot as ——," "And If So?" and "We Do Not Believe In It."

This last one is very important, as it contains all terrible accidents, shipwrecks, earthquakes, famine, and so forth. The Ostrich does not believe in such things.

The man who has invented this peculiar newspaper is John Gillis. For several years he was a schoolteacher, published some pamphlets, and then became a journalist. He studied the people of London and Bristol and gradually formed his opinion of what would be appropriate for their health, doing it from purely humanitarian principles, for he is now crazy enough to distribute his paper gratuitously. The hotel keepers and other interested readers pay him whatever they like for it. His subscribers have built him a beautiful little cottage on Tilcotts Head, all overgrown with red fuchsias and with window panes shining like the lanterns of a beacon. It is called "The Ostrich cottage."

Among the subscribers are Gladstone, the Princess of Teck and Sir Arthur Sullivan.

With one assistant Mr. Gillis makes up the whole paper. He is a familiar figure all through Cornwall, is well liked, and has his lodging and board everywhere free. He is over 60, his face scrupulously shaven, his hair in short, gray curls. He has peering, light gray eyes, and a merry smile around the corners of his mouth.—New York Sun.

Not Going to be

- - - - Undersold

In Any Line of Goods We Have For Sale.

All our winter goods must be sold, and cash customers will find our prices are the lowest in the city;

Overcoats, Ulsters, Caps, Fur Coats, Fur Caps, Robes, Tweeds, Flannels, Yarns. Every article in our ready to to wear departments every article in our stores, will be sold at a low price to clear. Bargains may be expected; come all.

McKay Woolen Company

The Big Store—Bargain Corner,

Would Any Sane House keeper Use Oleomargarine.

DANGER IN ANOTHER DIRECTION.

Would any sane housekeeper in Canada buy oleomargarine or imitation butter instead of the finest production of the creamery or dairy? We think our Canadian women are too wise to be deceived in this important matter. Lard colored to resemble good butter will never be acceptable to our people.

There are, however, other deceptive agents that sometimes find their way into our homes; we refer to imitation and adulturated package dyes for home dying. Some dealers sell imitations of the celebrated Diamond Dyes. The contents of these imitation packages carry ruin and disappointment to every user.

A few dealers, for the sake of long profits, are now selling soap dyes composed of a very large amount of common grease and an infinitestimal quantity of coloring matter. Such dyes, after trial, have been found weak and uncleanly, giving dull and muddy colors, fading quickly in washing and sunlight.

As millions of thrifty and experienced women already know, the Diamond Dyes are the only reliable home package dyes, having stood the test of long years. Diamond Dyes are easy to use, and give brilliant and lasting colors that cannot be equalled by any other make.

A Little Learning.

The Cleveland Plain Dealer tells of a colored man who noticed a board displayed in front of a building in course of erection. It bore these words: "Keep Away. Danger!" The colored man walked up close to the board and traced the letters with his finger. His lips moved as if he were spelling out the words. Before he had finished the "keep away" a brick fell from an upper story and struck him squarely on the head. Without even looking up he backed across the sidewalk and examined the big gash in his hat. As he smoothed it down he sadly remarked, "Dat's one o' de drawbacks to a limerted edercation!"

Read our ad. for useful shopping hints. Moore & McLeod.

MEN AND WOMEN

Should Remember that Paine's Celery Compound Make People Well.

Prompt and Grand Result When the Wonderful Medicine is Used.

A Marvelious Cure After the Doctor Failed in the Case

It should not be necessary to daily remind men and women who realize that they are broken down in health the urgent need of using Paine's Celery Compound to restore lost nerve force and to purify the blood.

Some of the first and most cheering results noticed after Paine's Celery Compound has been used for a short time, is a regularity of the bowls, a better appetite, sound sleep and excellent digestion. The nerves and tissues are richly fed by new, fresh blood, and all forms of mental depression, lassitude, dizzy spells and ringing sounds in the ears are banished.

Paine's Celery Compound cannot be judged by the standard of any ordinary medicine, sarsaparilla, bitters, nerve tonic or pills. Paine's Celery Compound, is a great modern scientific discovery, and stands far ahead of all other medical preperations. Paine's Celery Compound succeeds and triumphs when all other medicines fail; its grand mission is "making people well."

Mr. J. Irvine, Heckstone, Ont., says "Three years ago I had a severe attack of "La Grippe," which left me in a weak and very debilicated condition. The next autumn I had another attack which left me in a very bad state. My health was nearly wrecked; I had no strength, and felt tired all the time. I was so weak that my legs would not support my body and I have often fallen to the ground when trying to attend to my work both in the field and in my barn, and would be compelled to lie wherever I had fallen until I could muster sufficient strength to rise.

"My appetite was all gone, and when I would try to eat in order to gain strength I would suffer untold misery for hours. It seemed to me that I was slowly starving to death.

"I tried differeni docters, but did not derive any benefit from their treatment. My friends thought I was going to die, and I verily beleive I would have died had I not tried your Paine's Celery Compound. I bought six bottles, and can conscientious say I received more benefit from it than I ever dreamed of; it was worth more to me than one hundred dollars worth medicines from the doctors. I began to improve in health before I had finished the first bottle and today I am completely restored to health. I can do as good a day's work as I ever could, and can now eat any kind of food without experiencing trouble afterward, and can sleep as well as when a boy.

"I have not had to use any of the Compound for months, which convinces me that the cure is permanent. I feel it my duty to let every sufferer know what Paine's Celery Compound has done for me and it seems impossible for me to say all I should in its favor. My wife, who has been a sufferer for years with chronic rheumatism, was greatly benefitted by the use of your medicine. I send you this testimony unsolicited."

Cooking Thermometers.

Cooking thermometers are rather expensive—those of American manufacture cost $3.50 and imported thermometers $5—but the sale of them is increasing. They are made of porcelain and of iron, the standard supporting the tube containing the mercury inclining backward at an angle from the base, so that the marking can be easily read. The scale is marked up to 400 degrees and over, and the several proper cooking temperatures are set forth on the thermometers as follows: Correct heat for roasts in ovens: Pork, 320; veal, 320; beef, 310; mutton, 300. Correct heat for baking: Puff pastry, 340; bread, 340; pastry, 320; meat pies, 290. Cooking thermometers are sold for household use and for hotels and restaurants.

Good Reason.

Doctor (just arrived at the scene of the accident)—What on earth are you holding his nose for?

Pat (kneeling beside the victim)—So his breath won't leave his body, of course.—London Fun.

In the ninth century they began to shoe horses, but, strange to say, only in time of frost. King William I introduced horseshoeing into England, and six horseshoes are on the coat of arms of the man to whom William gave vast estates for caring for his horses in this way.

SCROFULA in its worst form yields to the blood cleansing power of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Thousands of cases have been perfectly **CURED.**

THE KAFFIR OFF DUTY.

South African Mine Laborers Lead a Monotonous Life.

The report of a traveler fresh from the Cape gives a curious insight into one phase of labor on the Rand. It used to be the custom of the Kaffir, on receiving his salary—usually $5 per week—to sally forth and invest all his earnings in bottles of brandy. He would then return to his hut, squat down and drink it like beer until he succumbed. This went on regularly among the mining staffs of all the large companies until, in order to prevent a weekly cessation of labor, the companies adopted the method of inclosing all their native employees inside a compound and shutting them in like prisoners until their time of service had elapsed.

Visitors to the compounds often take in a pound or so of the native coarse tobacco, for a handful of which the Kaffirs, under stress of their deprivation of tobacco as well as liquor, will often gladly exchange fine old native bracelets and knobkerries. The native method of smoking is peculiar. After the pipe is filled several long pulls are taken and the smoke swallowed. The bowl is then taken off, the stem is inserted in a bowl of water and the water is sucked through it and swallowed also. Then comes the tug of war. The man who can hold out longest without coughing is considered a hero. After a short time the smoker will convulsively cough for 15 or 20 minutes and one can quite understand why the Kaffir is not allowed out to buy tobacco. In the case of the traveler who gives these details the mine manager asked him to cease bartering the vile stuff for native trinkets; otherwise the whole relay would be unfit to go down when its time came.

The Kaffir usually returns home after six months or a year at the mines and is considered a rich man. He buys two or more wives and takes his ease while they do all the work.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The dyspeptic carries a dreadful load on his back. It seems as if he were really made up of two men. One of them ambitious, brainy and energetic; the other sick, listless, peevish and without force. The weak man weighs the other one down. The dyspeptic may be able to do pretty good work one day, and the next day because of some little indiscretion in eating he may be able to do nothing at all. Most cases of dyspepsia start with constipation. Constipation is the cause of nine-tenths of all human sickness. Some of its symptoms are sick and bilious headache, dizziness, sour stomach, loss of appetite, foul breath, windy belchings, heartburn, pain and distress after eating. All these are indicative of derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels, and all are caused by constipation. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the quickest, easiest and most certain cure for this condition. They are not violent in action.

Send 31 cents in one-cent stamps to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., and receive Dr. Pierce's 1008 page COMMON SENSE MEDICAL ADVISER, illustrated.

DUELS AT ANNAPOLIS

A CUSTOM THAT CULTIVATES THE FIGHTING QUALITIES OF CADETS.

Very Few Go Through the Four Years Without an Appearance on the Field of Honor—The Contests Strictly Governed by Rules and Referees.

Writers may write and preachers may preach, but the world—our world at least—will take to its arms the boy who is as anxious to fight as to play. It predicts great things of him and is willing to help him along. Out of these battles come blackened eyes and bloody noses, but not any harm. Self confidence is born of them and the ability to make the hand guard the head. There used to be an old fellow in Goliad county, Tex., who expressed his utter condemnation of a neighbor in this way: "Smite him on one cheek and he'll turn the other. Smite him on the other and he'll have you arrested." Then he spat in disgust.

It is not known that the authorities of the Naval academy at Annapolis encourage fighting. There is nothing in the published rules urging the cadets to follow the advice of dead Sam Randall and "get together" as often as possible. But it is certain that they do not discourage it. There are tales among the embryo admirals, handed down from class to class, of how the preceptors have stood afar and watched the battles through spyglasses, grunting at each well delivered blow and betting gleefully among themselves on the results. The consequence of this laxity is that the younger cadets—those in their first year—come in a very little while to believe that the powers are very friendly to a fighter and would offer active encouragement to fighters if it were necessary—which it isn't. This state of affairs does not conduce to study, but it does conduce to the development of muscle and the fattening of the fighting instinct. Not long ago a cadet took leg leave of the academy and wandered into Baltimore, where he spliced a multiplicity of mair braces.

As a result he first whipped a cab driver, then whipped a friend of the cab driver, and then whipped two policemen who had waked up in time to see the end of the fray. He got back to the grounds badly battered, but standing up well under his canvas. The affair made some noise and persons went to Washington to obtain the cadet's dismissal. There they met "Fighting" Bob Evans and mistakenly detailed the circumstances, requesting his influence. "What!" bellowed that veteran. "Dismiss a boy like that! Licked four men in one night? Damme, sirs, are you crazy? What in the blue —— do you think a naval officer is for? When he graduates, give him to me. Put him on my ship. I want 100 like him."

In the matter of thumping his fellow there are certain rules governing the cadet. They are leges non scriptæ, but ironclad nevertheless. The epithet "liar" must be resented with an instant blow. All insults must be accounted for on the spot. The only spots exempt are the chapel and classroom. The combatants are immediately separated by any one standing near. A first year man is permitted to separate seniors. After that the code has play. The combatants name two seconds each. These lay the matter before a member of the senior class. He fixes the place and date of the encounter. The place is always an open space behind the gymnasium. It is not turf, but is ground worn bare and hardened by many feet. It has been reddened time and again by the best blood in America. The time is always the afternoon of some Saturday. The rules are Marquis of Queensberry—three minute rounds with a minute rest between. The exception is that no gloves are used. Wrestling is not permitted, of course. Occasionally, however, when one of the combatants has had two years' training in the sparring school and the other is a newcomer, the old style of "rough and tumble" fracas is allowed.

Always a senior class man is master of ceremonies, appellate court and supreme court in these fistic litigations. The seconds are there to handle their men, but all points of dispute are submitted to the senior. His decision is never questioned. A fight is fought out until one of the men is deemed incompetent by his seconds, who throw up the sponge. Then he is borne to the hospital. The sponge never goes up until he is made fit for a cot. Woe to the warrior who cries enough or quits when he is able to continue. Nothing is left him save to depart to civil life. His classmates and the men in his dormitory will not speak to him. He is "coventried." There is no instance where these bare knuckle duels have had a fatal termination. The participants are endowed with the blessing of youth and are always in condition.

It sometimes happens that a cadet goes through his four years at Annapolis without an appearance on the field of honor, but the occurrence is as rare as a black swan. The courage of such men is looked on with gravest suspicion by their comrades. Indeed a fight is regarded a necessary complement to an education and escape would seem impossible to any man who could be made to resent an insult.

All of this does no harm. Enmities end with the duel. It is required that this should be so. The opposing youngsters become faster friends than ever. Is it Sir Lucius O'Trigger who says: "It is astonishing how well you like a man when you have fought with him?" War is a profession with these wards of the government. With them courage is a necessity. Each battle strengthens it. The cheeks of fond mothers at home would blanch if they knew that their darlings were pommeled, but their respected and respectable fathers would dance upon one leg and howl with delight. It is in us and it cannot be talked out or bred out. As "Fighting Bob" inquires, "What in the blue sheol are naval officers for?"—Chicago Times-Herald.