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## THE ROTHSCHILDS.

THE FINANCIAL REPRESENTATIVES OF NATIONS AND MONARCHS.

How the Foundation of the Most Influential Banking House in the World Was Laid—The Judengasse at Frankfurt and the Position of the Jews.

The city of Frankfurt owes its importance to the Jews and chiefly to the Rothschild family. It is one of the finest cities in Europe and is the richest city in the world for its population, although of late years it has taken considerable business away and has become the center of international banking relations. There are still 174 banks in Frankfurt to a population of 208,000, which is one bank to every 1,200 persons. Some of the banks have a capital of 75,000,000 or 80,000,000 marks. Several have over 50,000,000 marks. Institutions like the Rothschilds' have a capital that is practically unlimited. No one knows the amount.

The Jews have obtained all this wealth and prominence in spite of ostracism, persecution and restrictions of many kinds. When Anselm Rothschild was born in Frankfurt, what was known as the Judengasse was separated from the rest of the city by high walls and heavy gates, which were shut at nightfall and kept closed until sunrise. On Sundays they were never opened. Goethe, who was a native of Frankfurt, gives a graphic description of the Judengasse, with its filth and squalor and stenches, to which the nerves of its inhabitants had been deadened by long familiarity with the noisome atmosphere. The walls of the Judengasse were destroyed by Kleber's army in 1796. In 1872 the whole district was condemned as a nuisance by the sanitary authorities and cleared out, except a single row of old-fashioned houses which date from the fifteenth century and were the homes of the masters of rich and influential citizens.

The ancestors of the Frankfurt Jews came from Palestine, Turkey and Spain to escape persecution in the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries and became the serfs of the emperor of Germany, who accorded them protection in exchange for a tribute which went into his private purse. In 1349 Charles IV, being pressed for funds, mortgaged his Jews to the municipality of Frankfurt for £30,000. The sum was never repaid, and thus the inhabitants of the Judengasse passed under the control of the city council, which selected a swampy and unhealthy spot in the margin of the town where they were obliged to reside and exacted from them a certain portion of their earnings for the labor at so much a month.

The Jews who controlled their own time and talent paid dearly for that privilege, but were shrewd enough to make a profit and advance themselves, slowly but surely. They were not allowed to use the sidewalk, but were compelled to travel with wattle and carts in the middle of the street. They were compelled to wear a distinctive dress. Every male Jew had a patch of yellow cloth upon his breast and every woman wore blue and white stripes. They were allowed only one name.

The man who lived in 53 Judengasse, which was known as "the house of the red shield" because of a sign over its door, was called Anselm. The original Anselm was a dealer in old coins and curiosities. He married and had a boy who was called Mayer Anselm in order to distinguish him from his father. He was sent to a rabbi relative to be educated, and afterward got a place in the bank, where he developed remarkable business talent. When his father died, he came home, took his house, his trade prospered, he became influential among his race, gained the respect of Christians as well as Jews, and was called Anselm of Red Shield, or Von Rothschild.

But his fame was only local until he made the acquaintance of Baron von Estroff, then landgrave of Hesse, who was a coin collector, and sent for Anselm one day to make some purchases. When the latter arrived, the baron was engaged in a game of chess and could not be disturbed. The Jew stood and watched the play. The baron was checked, it seemed, and turning to the Jew he said: "Do you play chess?"

"Sometimes," was the answer. "What would you do if you were in my place?" "I would play chess," was the answer. The Jew modestly pointed out a move and the baron accepted and followed his advice through the rest of a game that he soon won. After that Anselm spent a good deal of time playing chess with the landgrave, who prided himself on his ability to beat every one of his subjects. The baron and the coin merchant thus became friends, and there was considerable business between them in the way of loans and discounts. It was Baron von Estroff

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who sent 16,800 Hessian soldiers to America during the war of the Revolution, to fight on the British side, and received a large sum of money for their services. When Napoleon came along a few years after, the baron had saved of it about 4,000,000 thalers in coin, which he took to Anselm and asked him to conceal for him so that it might escape the French army. Anselm accepted the trust without responsibility, and as the story goes, dropped the bags of coin to the bottom of his well. The French soldiers took away everything valuable that belonged to him, but the landgrave's money was overlooked.

As soon as the army had passed on and he could do so without being suspected Anselm loaded the treasure on the back of a donkey and started for England, where he entrusted it to his son, Nathan, a young man who had gone to London a few years before and was doing a modest business in shaving notes and in the commission way. There the father and son quietly bought, a little at a time, large blocks of English, Austrian and German securities, which were depressed by the war. Anselm went back to Frankfurt and there speculated with some of the money. It was nine years before the landgrave returned. In the meantime his money had quadrupled, and Anselm Rothschild returned it to him, with interest at 5 per cent, which of itself amounted to £150,000, a small fortune. At first the landgrave declined to take the interest, but Anselm of the red shield insisted that he was entitled to it. It was a very profitable investment, for the landgrave told the story all over Europe and made his agent famous, so that every king and duke and little potentate who wanted money sought it of the honest Anselm, who became known as "the court Jew."

While the Duke of Wellington was in Spain the British government found it impossible to convey funds to him. Anselm undertook the duty and succeeded in some secret way in transporting a large amount of coin from London to the duke's treasure chest in the southern part of the peninsula and made an enormous profit. Thus was laid the foundation of the most influential banking house of the world.—Frankfort-on-the-Main Cor. Chicago Record.

## Evening - Classes

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Oct 0-11

### MY MOTHER'S HOME.

Oh, carry me back to my native shore,  
For my heart is sad and lone,  
And ere I die let me gaze once more  
On my mother's cottage home!  
Oh, bear me back to the quiet shade  
Of the well known trysting tree,  
To the babbling stream and the sunny glade,  
The haunts of my childhood's gleam.  
My spirit pines for my mother's love  
And the grasp of her dear right hand  
And to feel once more affection's kiss  
From the joyous household band.  
Then bear me back to my native shore,  
For my heart is sad and lone,  
And ere I die let me gaze once more  
On my mother's cottage home!  
—Finley Johnson in New York Ledger.

### EYES, EARS AND NOSES.

Sight, Hearing and Smell in the Ages Long Ago and Now.

It is a very curious question, especially if the question include the first animals created as well as the first men, whether there be any difference between sight, hearing and smell in those early days and at the present time.

Smell was one of the most important senses then, for it aroused appetite, enabled the animals to seek and find their mates and to track their prey, and it gave them warning of a foe's approach or presence. With man now it is of only third rate or fourth rate importance.

The organ of smell among some of the first creatures was not near the end of the snout or nose, but near the brain, and was well padded or cushioned with fat and protected by a tender skin or by scales overlapping each other.

But it was not more keen or more delicate than that it is now, especially in our hunting dogs. Cats, too—and these are among the later animals—have this sense in great perfection. A cat has what is called the homing instinct, and if carried away from home in the dark it can return by precisely the same road. It is said that this is because every field, ditch, village or house leaves its own odor in just the right order on the cat's brain, like a succession of pictures, and the animal smells its way back as we would see ours.

The organ of smell seems to communicate with the memory, for the scent of a flower will sometimes bring back to a grown man the scene associated with it in his childhood, and a thousand other subtle thoughts and feelings, so that he seems literally carried back into his past life.

The first creatures knew nothing of fragrance. The sweet smelling flowers were not then in existence. Besides, their brains were too small to enjoy the delicate pleasures of sweet odors.

Hearing was comparatively poor with the first animals, for often an external ear was lacking. The outside ear not only protects the delicate nerves within, like a hood, but also gathers or collects sounds. A man of defective hearing instinctively puts his hand behind his ear for this purpose. Birds that have no external ear can usually be stretched by night and taken

while their acute vision shows them every movement by day.

The savage races had little idea of music. They liked noises as children like drums and horns. The savages of the Midway pleasure had great delight in their native music, which was discord to our ears. It required larger brains and finer training to have the full delight in melody and harmony that our musicians possess now.

The eye, also, in the gigantic creatures of early periods was sometimes rudimentary, though, again, it was of large size and protected by a ring of bony plates. Instead of the lovely sixteen eyelashes that protect and adorn the human eye now. In some of those lizard-like animals that burrowed in the mud there were three pairs of eyelids, one of them transparent, so that the animal might see through it closed.

It is said that early writers, like Homer speak of very few colors, chiefly red, or "purple," as they called it then.

Enjoyment of beauty, of graceful curves and lines and proportion, or of harmonious and varied colors and their delicate tints belongs to a later state of cultivation, a more developed brain than most of the early races knew.—E. F. Mosby in Philadelphia Times.

### Seized the Express Train.

A curious and amusing incident occurred the other day at Angers, in France. M. Conquarot, a miller of Condon, had a claim against the local railway company which the latter refused to pay in spite of the finding of the court in the miller's favor.

The claim amounted to 23,000 francs, and the miller requested the brokers to distract on the company for that sum.

Now in France when once the brokers have seized an object it must not be moved from the place of seizure without a special permit from the president of the court in which the case was tried. Hence, with the object of bringing about a speedy settlement, the brokers employed by M. Conquarot quietly waited on the platform at Condon station until an express train had entered and come to a standstill. They then seized the train and the passengers it contained.

Of course the only way to release the train and its living freight was to pay the miller's claim.

This station master was authorized by telegraph to do, and after a delay of three-quarters of an hour the train started once more on its journey.—Paris Letter.

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### ON AN OCEAN LINER.

How Some Travelers Boldly appropriate the Property of Other Persons.

Human nature, particularly feminine human nature, is always an interesting study, but especially is it so on shipboard, where time hangs so heavy. A returned traveler from Europe makes some interesting observations in the Chicago Times-Herald on the unconscionable way some travelers appropriate steamer chairs and traveling rugs. As most people know, every passenger on the transatlantic steamers supplies himself or herself with a warm rug to wrap about one's limbs while sitting out on deck in a steamer chair. These steamer chairs the steamship company is good enough to rent at 50 cents the voyage. Mrs. Adlai Stevenson, en route to join her husband in London, missed her rug one day. Although accustomed to the feminine "pushers" and free lunch workers of Washington society, Mrs. Stevenson was amazed at this extraordinary manifestation of human nature. An hour's search revealed to her the whereabouts of her rug, but a polite intimation that the user of the robe had made some mistake and picked up the wrong rug, quite by accident, was met with a cool "That cannot be, because I bought this rug myself the day before we sailed." Another intimation that an inspection of the tag would show Mrs. Stevenson's name written thereon was met with an icy stare and a lofty "I beg your pardon." It required the authority of the chief deck steward and an enforced inspection of the tag to restore this bit of property to its rightful owner.

"The bravest man I know is aboard this ship," continues the same writer. "His name is Lester—Andrew Jackson Lester—and he is a rising young lawyer. A woman had 'borrowed' his rug. This was the second time she had taken that liberty. She was not only bold in taking, but impudent in claiming the rug as her own. This time young Mr. Lester set his heavy lower jaw ominously. 'Madam,' said he sternly, 'that is my rug, and I propose to take it.' 'Sir, if you touch my rug, I will scream for help.' 'Madam, you may scream if you like. If you do, I will denounce you as a pilferer.' And so saying Lester pulled the brown and yellow rug from about the form of the woman and bore it away in triumph. There were no screams. It was a man's nerve against a woman's, and the man won."

### THE BLOT ON BAIREUTH.

G. W. Stevens Says That It Is the English Girl.

G. W. Stevens, says the New York Press, who finds a reading public when he says absurdly unusual things, for which he was noted in his American trip, now remarks that Baireuth has one blot on it—the English girl.

"She is," says, "generally unmarried and runs from 25 to 35, with her accurate knowledge, and her impassive ways, and her prim, pale face, and that thin, slow, unmodulated, very high in the head voice! You know the voice. It is not a chest voice or even a head voice. It is a kind of brain voice, an excellent voice to sneer in. And how she sneers! She goes to the theater and comes out and says, 'I wonder why Vogl can't attack his notes clearly,' and 'Such a pity they made such a muddle of the "Feurzauber." When she recognizes a motif, she labels it with its name in an audible whisper. She knows all the scenes by their Christian names, so to speak, and talks of the "Rit" as if she went out shopping to it. She never laughs—only gives a sort of cough, half disdain, half pity. I had met some like this, but I did not know there were so many in the world as I saw last week in Baireuth."

"I don't like her at all, and I wonder why she comes. She doesn't look as if she enjoyed it, but perhaps she does in a way, after all. It is a place where she can bask in her own culture. The truth is that except to her Baireuth is not a place of pilgrimage at all, but only a place of rational enjoyment after a person's own fashion. The German goes there as he goes to church. It is his duty. The Frenchman goes to make pilgrimages, to twist his fingers and say, 'Comme ça.' The American takes it in, with his job shaming patience, as an institution of Europe. The Englishman mostly goes to take the English girl. To the cultured English girl alone is Baireuth a high and holy sanctuary. It is the mirror of her own superiority."

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