

The Daily Examiner

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THE DAILY EXAMINER

DECEMBER 18, 1897. ANDREE IS SAFE.

That is the Opinion of the Scientists of Europe.

NEW YORK, December 15.—Professor Andree and his balloon, it is believed, have been located. Scientific men now say the daring arctic explorer and his two companions, Dr. Nils Strindberg and Knut Frank, are safe, and only waiting for the winter to break to show themselves.

MATRIMONIAL MIXTURES.

An interesting incident of complicated matrimonial life has come to light, according to the St. James Budget. Two years ago European society in the east was surprised to learn that a member of Ceylon Civil Service, Mr. C. J. R. Le Mesurier, had embraced Mohammedanism, and married a young Englishwoman of good family although he already had a wife.

BIARRITZ, France, December 15.—Mail advices from Madrid state that twenty generals have protested to the minister of war against President McKinley's message to Congress which is considered insulting to the Spanish array.

The Same... Old Sarsaparilla.

That's Ayer's. The same old sarsaparilla as it was made and sold by Dr. J. C. Ayer 50 years ago. In the laboratory it is different. There modern appliances lend speed to skill and experience.

NEGRO HOUSEWIVES.

THEIR THRIFT AND INGENUITY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Only Excellent Economists Could Make the Little They Have Go So Far—Patient and Industrious—Clean and Tidy Notwithstanding Their Poverty.

The most notable economists in this country today are the negro women down south, the field workers who keep house against odds, yet achieve creditable results.

"I couldn't get hold of no jar nor nothin' to put up peaches in dis year, but I've got pretty near a bushel of cut apple an peach dry an stow 'em in bags," a cabin housewife will tell you.

"Them hams an sides up there?" she goes on. "All both of 'em is from de shotes what I raise on home virtuals an leavings. Dey never turn out no lard worth countin, but de meat is sweet."

Another time she will show you her quilts, six or seven of them folded away neatly, one piece for each of the children, as she says: "When do you do your sewing?" you ask her.

"Mostly in de night time, when de children is out de way an de mens is lay down or gone huntin."

"But you have no lamp?" "No but I keeps a good turn of fat splinters an a pine knots handy, an dey makes a good blaze to see by. Days when I does half task in de field I works bout de house in de afternoon, but dere's de washin to do an de patchin an scrubbin an one t'ing an another. Den if I has new cloth, I makes breeches or frock, one Dere's always sewin waitin'."

"How do you manage about de cooking when you are so busy in de field?" she is asked.

"I mostly makes de chillen a stirabout or some bread fore I start out in de mornin, an every night fore I lay down I slip some taters in de ashes to dome slow for dem. Den I gen ally don't cook no more till I come out de field at sundown. When I git chance, I does make cake an sweetened bread if eggs is plenty."

"But you sell your eggs?" "Yes. Dey mostly goes for sewin thread, sometimes for a little sugar an coffee or maybe kerosene. I always keeps a bottle of kerosene handy, cause it so good to drink for misery in de head or to rub with when your joints is painin'."

"I does make sharp money out of my butter, too, when de cow ain't gone dry," she adds.

The average negro farmer who plants his little one horse or two horse acreage that he rents barely makes enough income to keep body and soul together. In the flush harvest season he earns the equivalent of 40 cents a day. His wife, according to her interpretation has to "turn swit" in order to make things hold out. She buys as little as possible and makes use of such resources as are at hand. Even food for the cow has to be considered, as is evidenced by the "going dry."

"If we could make out to git Sook a mash of cooked peas night an mornin, she would keep up her milk all de year," says Sook's mistress "but we can't do dat nor rent no good pastur lan' neider an in de winter de grass what's growin in spare lan' ain't much. You see we got de mule to feed too." Thus she tells of her simple needs. The negro housewife's broom is made of broom straw gathered from the fields and bound together with strips of homespun. The scrubbing brush that plays an important part in the weekly cleaning up is made of shacks from the cornhusk pegged into a piece of board with a long handle to it. By cutting off the necks of the gourds that grow each year under the eaves, large bowls are made, to hold anything that needs be kept over in the wooden cupboard. For cooking conveniences there are only the crane in the open chimney place and the heavy lidded oven, skillet and big mottled pots, which are lifted about, no matter how hot or how full they may be by a bent poker or stout, knotted stick.

"The mistress of the cabin hoes her half acre task each day. She helps with every department of the field work, from getting the ground ready for the seed in early spring to the harvesting in autumn. Many of these women plow as well and have little side crops of rice or cotton. Nearly all have young children.

A good many negroes are shiftless and irresponsible; some are dirty, but a majority of the wives and mothers on the plantations are ambitious and make a brave effort to put the best foot foremost and keep things shipshape. They rival each other at raising turkeys and chickens, and will walk miles hauling up some secretive guinea hen's nest or searching for a missing duckling that has strayed off from the brood. The sewing that they do is crude. Some of the quilts that they are so proud of look grotesque enough because of inaccuracy in the cutting and carrying out of the pattern, but they are a monument to the patience and industry of the makers, when one thinks how rough and coarse from hard labor are the hands that wield the clumsy sewing machines, big needle and coarse ball thread with which they are made. The garments they make are cut out on the original scale, with little regard to fit, but the stitches hold firmly, and the forms, large and small, that wear the clothes are so well knit and lusty that the garments soon fall into shape. The patching done by these women may be classed as an art. Every possible economy is practiced in these homes. One set of smoothing irons often does the ironing for a whole neighborhood, and the starch that stiffens the go to meeting petticoats and the husband's shirt is made out of rice water boiled down to the requisite thickness. Every skimming of grease or bit of bone is saved for soap, and even the lye needed for the soap is extracted from wood ashes.

On a Saturday afternoon, when one of these cabin homes is fresh scrubbed for the next day, the wooden shelves and tables white as elbow grease can make them, even the brass hoops on the water bucket scoured into newness, and the pickaninnies spanking clean, it is a picture of homely simplicity, a glimpse of which would go far toward dispelling the idea that because a negro is poor he must be dirty.

The negroes on plantations remote from towns are primitive in their mode of life and remarkably thrifty. Their strong piety has something to do with their cleanliness. They regard it as a sin to be dirty on the Sabbath.—New York Sun.

The late Archbishop Benson was fond of a little joke. Once in addressing a meeting he remarked, "You must know that, at my age, I cannot be in two places at once."

Puzzled about Christmas buying? See our big list.—Moore & McLeod.

CHRISTMAS.

Christmas is coming very near, And the little girls and boys, Are thinking of their presents Of the pretty dolls and toys, And the tempting Christmas dinner, Not the least of all their joys.

They talk about old Santa Claus, And look so wondrous wise, One can see that they are happy, By the gladness in their eyes, And they seem to be all ready, For some welcome, new, surprise.

The shop windows look so beautiful (As Christmas cometh nigh) Such an army of tempting goods, We do not wonder why The fair sex look so lovingly At them as they go by.

When the ladies go out shopping they For the fancy tables make And the things are all so pretty there They don't know which to take And they try the poor clerk's patience Till her heart is like to break.

The country folks will bring to town Ducks, geese and turkeys, too, On Christmas market morning, And there will be not a few. They'll ask more for them than they are worth. That's just what they will do.

But we city folks will buy them, Though we pay for every bone. We must have a goose for Christmas, Or a turkey all our own; And our tables will be loaded Until they almost groan.

Let us all now with thankful hearts, The Christmas feast prepare, (Bid all our selfishness depart) And give the poor a share, Of our good things that they may forget Their poverty and care.

Then a happy, merry Christmas, To the rich and poor as well, To the printers and their patrons And the hustling boys who sell Who cry out, DAILY EXAMINER, As loud as they can yell. CHARLOTTETOWN, TAM.

Long Vacation.

M. D'Artout, who filled more than one important post under the French government, was a man of easy-going disposition, which was taken advantage of by those subordinate to him. He never punished and rarely reproved, and the result was a lax discipline, notwithstanding the energy which he infused into his own department through the exercise of his own influence and ability.

In "La Vie a Paris," Villemot relates that when M. D'Artout was at the head of the ministry of the interior there was a clerk in the bureau who could write a remarkable hand with as remarkable speed, and the minister always kept him in his own offices as private secretary.

One day the minister missed his secretary and inquired where he was.

"He is not here today. His father is dead."

D'Artout bowed and said nothing. A month afterward the minister again called up the chief and asked him the same question.

"He is not here, monsieur," was the answer, "for his father is dead."

The minister bowed again in silence, but went away with a puzzled expression in his eyes. Three weeks later the same thing happened once more. Upon receiving the same answer, D'Artout spoke up rather sharply.

"What!" said he. "Is he going to stay away from the office all the while his father is dead?"

A Mismanned Compliment. "I consider it an insult," said Miss Passeigh.

"You don't refer to that immense bunch of roses?"

"I do. It's a birthday remembrance, and the card on it says, 'May each of these beautiful flowers represent a year of your life.'—Washington Star.

Like a Cancer

Swelling Disappeared After Taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I had a swelling on my chest which appeared like a cancer, and caused me great pain. My daughter told me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and I did so, and after taking six bottles the swelling and pain all left me." MRS. J. W. CROWE-WRIGHT, 432 Front Street, Belleville, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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NO AVAIL.

Adam Soper, of Burk's Falls Found all Remedies for Kidney Disease of No Avail Until He Used South American Kidney Cure—To Day He is a Well Man And Gives the Credit Where It Is Due.

"For a long time I have been a great sufferer from disease of the kidneys. The pains I suffered were the severest. I had tried all kinds of remedies, but all to no avail. I was persuaded to try South American Kidney Cure. Have taken half a dozen bottles, and I can confidently say that today I am a cured man, and can highly recommend this great medicine to all sufferers from kidney trouble." Sold by S. W. Dood and Geo. E. Hughes.

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Money to Loan.

Printing

in all its branches at the EXAMINER office, one of the best equipped Job Printing Establishments on P. E. Island.

YOUNG MARRIED PEOPLE.

It Is a Sad Mistake For Them to Begin Life in a Boarding House.

Edward W. Bok, editor of The Ladies Home Journal, always a staunch and uncompromising advocate of the home, asserts that a home, however humble, is a million times better place for young married couples to live than is the most luxurious hotel or best boarding house in the land. "It is always a sad thing," he says, "when a young married couple begin life in a boarding house or hotel; sad because they start life practically outside of themselves. The furniture around them is not their own. The young wife may bring with her all the trifles she chooses. She may add a touch of her own here and another touch there. But the things in the room are not theirs, and sooner or later she realizes it.

"During the day the wife is alone. No duties call her. Nothing is there in her life to exercise her ingenuity or develop her womanly talents. She cannot prepare any little pleasure for her young husband, for things are prepared for her. When her husband leaves her for his office, she turns back into the room and wonders what she can do during the day: how she will employ herself, where she will go. There is nothing in her room to appeal to her to stay there. No home duties confront her. So she goes out and shops perhaps for awhile, runs around to her mother's; calls upon some friends, goes back to her room to practice a little, if she is fond of books, she reads. There is nothing in her life—two-thirds of herself lies dormant. She is glad when the time comes for her husband to come home; glad to feel that she has some one to whom she can talk; glad of company. And here can talk be to express himself to his young wife? Nothing around him is his. Everything is by lease his for a time, for so much money. And after he is through paying for it he leaves it behind. The end is the same as the beginning. That is why boarding house or hotel life is so injurious to young married people. It makes them practically homeless."



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Thousands of men and women use BABY'S OWN SOAP—because they like it—but for Babies it is indispensable.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL. Unprincipled makers are offering an inferior soap the same in color and shape as BABY'S OWN.

BEWARE!

Xmas Goods

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LEATHER GOODS

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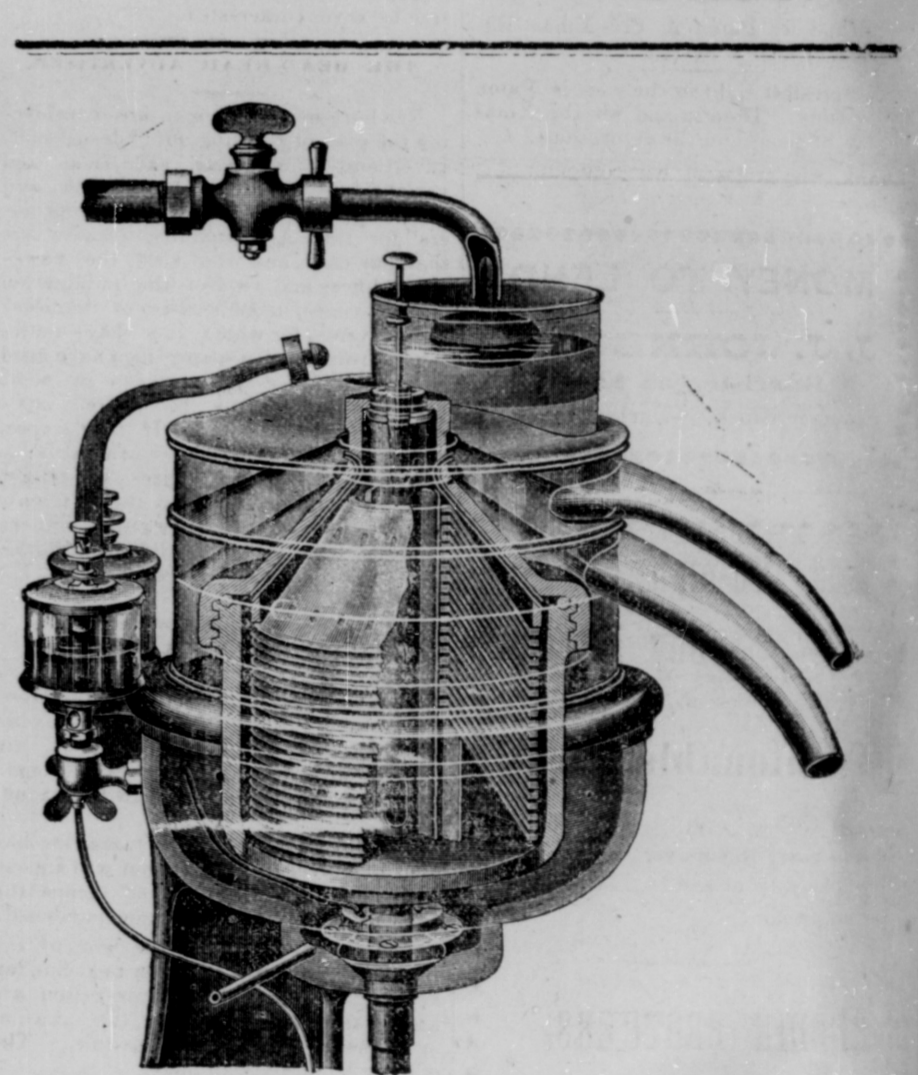
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