

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

THE SCOTTS.

O, restless, restless race!
Loyal men and true are ye,
Gathered in your chosen place,
Clasping hands right heartily,
Warm hearts bleating in your clan
Glow with human sympathy,
Brawny embrace—man to man,
Do ye give so brotherly.
Bright with hope and strength and fame
Did ye travel o'er the land,
Nothing can your spirits tame,
All the world doth understand
Chanting festive songs to-day
Friendly faces saw you pass
And with smiles made bold to say
"See each bonnie lad and lass"
Killed tartans caught the eye,
The black and red, b'ae and green,
Stripped with red and golden dye,
Prettiest that could be seen.
Soundest pipes spontaneous led
Children to rejoice—rejoice,
Swiftly from their homes they sped,
Cherishing with a glad voice;
Song of Burns were gladly sung—
Song as never heard before.
Thousands on love's accents hung,
Standing at each open door.

SAMUEL DUNLAP.
Montreal, August 17.

ON TO KLONDYKE.

LATEST NEWS FROM THE KLONDYKE TRAIL.

By Joaquin Miller in New York Journal.

DYEA, ALASKA, July 31, via San Francisco.
Here we are at last; the only navigation beyond this is a few miles canoeing, and no canoe at this time, or Indians to paddle them. But let us look back at the last landing, Skagway, five miles back as the crow flies. There is a congestion there, a case of aggregate pneumonia, so to speak, for the new pass is no pass at all, or at least is not open at the other end. A big steamer made the first landing there a few days before us, and left about 300 miners, along with almost as many tons of freight; also some horses. It now turns out that the trail is not open. All sorts of stories are afloat. We had on our steamer much freight and many miners, as well as horses and dogs. It would seem that the new trail was advertised as open by its promoters some weeks ago. It now appears that the surveyors of the trail only landed here last week.

Of course, all this is confusing and costly to miners as they cannot get from Skagway to Dyea because of the rocky walls that reach down from the clouds and snow to the water's edge. Just now a stolid old German came up and said dolefully, "Dis is von tam rocky country."

As we have been toiling and striving for nearly five days between walls of inaccessible rock, I shall, I think, agree with him that it is.

SET TO WORK ON THE TRAIL.

To return to the congestion of Skagway. Our captain had no objection but to land goods as they had been ordered, but he kindly offered to bring all who wished to come on here to Dyea, so that they might take the old road. He landed almost half our miners and their effects. They will go into camp there and set to work helping to push the trail through, as about fifty are doing already. There are about seventy-five men and a few women in camp at Skagway. Much indignation is felt and openly expressed against the proprietors of the trail. They have a store, with all sorts of things to sell, including town lots and whiskey.

Almost every miner has turned back to the scenes of their childhood, or at least to their homes, wherever they may be. You will hear from them, of course. This always happens. It came to pass in '49. I have seen men turning back and making things blue with curses in Idaho and Montana when within a few miles of the mines. I think you will find men turning faint of heart as far back as Moses.

This turning back signifies nothing. Those men who have turned back at the head of a long, decaying mountain have heard nothing and seen nothing at all of mines ahead. They have not even wet their feet in the snow. It is a jest for them, and for all that they have stepped out and given place to brave men. This is to be a case of the "survival of the fittest."

A strong company of Montana and British-American miners, with such men as the Bond brothers, Pierce and Marshall, are landed and stranded at Skagway. Of course, they have plenty of money, horses, dogs and tons of supplies; they are cool and resolute men, and I think will get through in time. A part of their outfit came up with us. They are only an example of those tied up at Skagway. They

have no way of coming here, and are not the sort of men to turn back. Pierce told me of a man who had sold his outfit to a lone woman, a cook, at Seattle prices, boats and all.

A man from San Francisco offered me his \$200 outfit for \$30, the price of a steamer return.

Now, mark you, this discouraged man has not heard one word from the mines beyond the mountains, good or bad, since the first rich reports, which came before we all set out.

Of course, I did not want his blood on my hands and would not buy. He found a buyer, however, in the man in charge of the store, who sells town lots and whiskey. The man paid \$30 for his outfit and a week's work on the trail.

MAN WHO LIED ABOUT THE TRAIL SAFE.

I have heard it said that as the man who has been getting miners into such trouble by his stories about a new road was at the other side of the mountain, which is in Canada, he was not in particular danger of being hanged.

However, the American boys at Skagway are all mighty good natured, better natured or more serenely jolly men I have ever known, and if they do hang the man with a new trail and town lots and whiskey, they will be good natured about it and hang him as pleasantly as they can.

The situation along here is dramatic—comedy is here today, plenty of it. There possibly may be tragedy, but I think nothing of the sort will happen. The men of Skagway must get through, and they are of the sort that will if they must.

Fortunately we have the finest weather in the world. But this is not California climate. We may have rain and rain and rain almost any day. And I hear that the trail—the one and only open trail—is muddy to the knees. However, you can hear almost anything. The only way is to pick up your pack and go ahead, and then you will really and truly know, and then only.

We were a long time landing away out in the water, for there is no wharf at Skagway. We had to boat off all the stuff and let the horses down on a raft in boxes with a block and tackle. Strange to say, we have landed both here and at Dyea hundreds of little sheet iron stoves, and we landed rubber goods by tons and tons.

DYEA'S SUBLIMELY GRAND SCENERY.

Dyea is a long low marsh, lying between the snow-covered walls of granite. The marsh is almost half a mile wide; trees of a good size fill the gorge a little further up and away from the bay and marsh, but the trees all along here, as a rule, are small, no larger than a leg or arm, and almost half of them are dead or dying. If one cared to look on the gray side of the situation he might easily write of the location and all the land about "the abomination of desolation." But, on the contrary, the scene is grand, grand, and the air is sweet, healthful and invigorating as wine. The heaven's breath smells wooingly here.

You never saw snow so white anywhere as here. "White as snow, whiter than any tuler can whiten." This is because this is a land of granite; no dust in the air as in California or Colorado, no tall trees to scatter bits of bark and leaves and goss through the air and over the snow. One constantly thinks of the transfiguration all along this land of whiteness and blue; white clouds, white snow, blue seas and blue skies. Heavens' had I but years to live here and lay my hands upon this color, this fearful and wonderful garment of the most high God!

PACKS COMING UP IN BOATS.

Hello, there comes the porter in a big boat with a lot of packs, mine among them; a big, long white chest bag, just like the 49ers had of old, only they did not look so white. We are sitting on a rim of rocks that hang under the great fall of granite on the edge of the water, waiting for our stuff. The boats dot the bay. They have been busy all night, all day and all yesterday. The "town," a store and post-office, lies half a mile away from the landing.

I thank you, jolly porter. Hear's a piece of white money in exchange for your pretty white bag. Lord, but wont, I sit on this long, white bag of blankets, bacon, sea biscuit, boots, comb, tooth-brushes manuscript and poems of their infancy. Before I get through yonder half of clouds, won't I wish, my big fat bag, that you were not quite so lanky to look upon. Ah, no, I am not afraid. My heart is full and glad of this scene, this chance to be with the strong, young fellows, this new generation; for all my old friends of the old California, Idaho and Montana days are dead or laid up for repairs, and I'm the oldest, in experience, at least, if not in years, of all the bold fellows about me along here.

OFF ON THE LONG, HARD TRAMP.

I take up my pack—more details of it and contents anon—and we drudge away, a long line, looking no larger than mice at the further end, for my pack is about the last.

Good-by, Captain Thomas, an' good-by to your officers and crew. Better or kinder men I have never known. Such careful men, too. I cabined with the pilots, 'till when either they or Captain Thomas or the parner ever slept I never knew, but I learned from the care and constant caution

of the two pilots that it is no picnic to dra a big ship between these walls of granite and snow. The soundings are not complete and buoys are needed. And evad if all was done there would still be dense white clouds to push through at times.

Good by, my pretty ship, City of Mexico, I shall never see six days of gold and silver all in a line as bright and busy and full of color and stir and heart and soul as I have seen on your decks. Good-by, I go to where skies do not go down to sea.

COST OF THE STEAMSHIP TRIP.

But to be coldly practical, as I promised at the beginning of these letters, I may mention that we were exactly six days from Seattle to this end of navigation, had to wait little here and there for the tide to surge through the straits, for in places the tide is too strong to stem safely. The cost is just about \$50. You can make it less, but you want. If in the cabin and you have coin at hand you will far more likely make it more. But if you leave off cigars and all sorts of drinks, as I have, you can do very well on \$50 for the six days and live like a lord, for the table is splendid; can't be beat by any table on land. Soup, fish, fowl, all sorts of game.

I have been, or will have been, just two weeks on the trip from San Francisco to this point to-morrow. But the fact is three days were wasted in missing a steamer I could have been, and should have been, only ten days en route; Still one can't always make connections in this "North country;" try as he might, for all things are new, and do not quite work like clock as yet. Ten days and \$50 is the cheapest in time or money that the trip from San Francisco to the foot of the mountains can be made. Take a first-class ticket and spend \$100 and two weeks' time and you will be, and feel, all the better for it as you shoulder your pack for the pass. You can't put the extra dollars and the extra days to better advantage anywhere this side your final camp if you have them.

LOOK OUT FOR THE "CONTINUER."

It is nearly 700 miles to the next post office. The time is said to be almost six weeks. We will do the best we can to send letters back as we go forward. I say "we," because I have about found a "continuer." If it crystallizes and takes solid form as we go forward, you shall hear more about it. I came to make the trip alone all the way, but, of course, I am not hunting for either hardships or isolation. As I said at the outset, if better things than a pack on my back up the steep alone and a little raft down the river alone present themselves, I shall gladly accept them.

I have been alone this far, and it is all easy enough on the cars or ship, however; but when one man alone has to build the camp fires, cut the wood, cook, wait on the table and be bell boy, elevator boy, night clerk and day clerk and even chambermaid, all in one, it may be a bit lonesome; not only that, but it is "taxation without representation." I merely wanted to show that it could be done as of old, but, as of old, I guess I have "pounders." We shall see as we go forward.

No news yet from the gold fields ahead. If we meet anything of the sort you shall have it if it is a bit reliable.

The postman on his way to the mines alone, has set out up the pass and over the mountains of snow at Skagway, the landing place five miles away. He will cross alone. So you see there is no need of my doing it to prove it can be done, and to prove the saying that the Klondyke is no place for a poor man.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. J. M. McLeod and daughter left this morning for Amherst, N. S.

Miss Manning, of Boston, is a guest of Miss Gertrude Davies, at Riverside.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Bartlett left this morning for a business trip to Sydney, C. B.

Mr. Charles Lyons returned last night from a business trip to Sydney, C. B.

Dr. Harry McLeod, son of J. McLeod, formerly a merchant tailor in Charlottetown, arrived by the Halifax last night on a holiday visit.

Mrs. Archibald, Lady Principal of Mount Allison Ladies College, Sackville, N. B., arrived in this city last evening, and is the guest of her sister Mrs. Philip Large.

Messrs. W. S. and Colin C. Ferguson, sons of the Hon. Senator Ferguson, left this morning for a trip to the Pacific Coast. They will return in time to resume their studies at Cornell and McGill Universities respectively.

Mr. Granville Cunningham, managing director of the Montreal Street Railway, will shortly take up his permanent residence in England. He sails from New York on the 21st inst., and will be followed a few weeks later by Mrs. Cunningham.

By a telegram from Denver, Colorado, Mrs. John Scott, Kent Street, has received the painful intelligence of the death of her daughter, Miss Evelyn Scott, at that city on Tuesday last. Owing to failing health Miss Scott was compelled thirteen years ago to seek a more favorable climate, and has resided in the West since that time, except during a visit to her home in 1891. During her last illness she was attended by her sister, Miss Laura Scott, and received every possible kindness from friends in her adopted city. Miss Scott bore up against failing health for many years with wonderful courage and died as she lived trusting in the merits of the Redeemer. Her remains are buried in Denver by the side of her brother, William, who died at that place three years ago. Mrs. Scott and her family have the sympathy of many friends in their bereavement.

KLONDYKE NUGGETS.—The Sun makes a great offer to-day to those of its readers who would fain learn the facts about the Klondyke region and its fabulous stores of gold.

The story is told by Joseph Ladue, the bonanza king of the Klondyke.

Consult the Sun's advice using columns for particulars about the book and how to get it at a nominal cost.

Everybody should read Ladue's marvellous story.

The Perfect Pill

Perfect in preparation.
Perfect in operation.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills

Perfect post-prandial pill.
Perfect for all purposes.

THE PILL THAT WILL

LOCAL AND OTHER ITEMS

A. O. H.—Meeting tonight. Business of importance.

POLICE COURT.—One drunk was fined \$2 or 10 days this morning.

C. C. C.—The adjourned meeting of the Crescents will be held this evening at 8.30 sharp.

THE WEATHER.—Moderate to fresh southerly, shifting to westerly winds, clearing before night, fine tomorrow.

HOME AGAIN.—Mr. Lorne Unsworth came home last night, bringing his wheel with him. Both man and wheel will be ready for the races on Labor Day.

MILITARY FUNERAL.—The Militia will turn out on Sunday to attend the funeral of the late Walter Kinsman. The men are requested to meet at the drill shed at 1.45 p. m. Sunday.

A VETERAN.—On board of a schooner now lying at the railway wharf is a man who is a survivor of the few men who escaped the massacre of the 24th Regiment at Isandlwana, in the Zulu war of twenty years ago.

MONDAY'S ROAD RACE.—The road race on Monday evening will probably be more exciting than any yet held. A mong those who are to take part are Mabon, E. Cook, Clark and other men who have not yet been placed side by side.

THE CAMPANA.—The ss. Campana arrived here last night from Montreal with freight and a large number of passengers who are doing the round trip. The steamer left here at 1 p. m. today for Picton. She will return to this port on Monday after calling at Summerside on the way.

MILITARY.—The members of No. 1 Company, 4th Regiment, C. A., are requested to meet at the orderly Room to-night at 7.30 o'clock to arrange for the funeral of the late Gunner Kinsman.

No. 2 Co. will parade on Sunday at the drill shed in time to march at the funeral of late Gnr. Walter Kinsman.

EXCELLENT ROOTS.—Mr. George Thorne, of Milford Farm, had at the market to-day an assortment of exceedingly fine new potatoes and turnips. The potatoes were of the Beauty of Hebron and Early Rose varieties. One of the turnips tipped the scale at five pounds; and the question is, "who can beat that?"

THE PALLAS IN PORT.—H. M. S. Pallas arrived in port at two o'clock this afternoon. She is a third-class twin screw cruiser of 2575 tons and 7500 horse power. Her officers are Frederick S. Rogers, Lieutenant; Albert V. Blake, Chief Engineer; J. T. Lefevre, Gunner; Nicholas Andrews, carpenter. The Pallas is anchored opposite the Steam Navigation Company's Wharf, a little higher up the river than the Marblehead, and the two ships lying so near each other offer a striking object lesson to those interested in that sort of thing.

THE PARK ROADWAY.—There is plenty of room on the Park Roadway for pedestrians, bicyclists and carriages, but if half a dozen drivers such as the one who was driving there last night were to act in the same manner there would be neither room nor safety for anybody else. Fast driving by irresponsible parties on this thoroughfare should be stopped at once, as it spoils all the pleasure the roadway was designed to afford. The only secure place seem to be the "lover benches" close to the fence in front of Government House.

RACES AT TRYON.—At the Dawson track at North Tryon the races were well attended and interesting. The summaries are as follows:

GREEN RACE.

North Wind	1 1 1
Del.	3 2 2
Nettie	2 3 3
Harry Wood	4 4 4
Carrie Mac	5 5 5

Time, 2.52, 2.51, 2.52.

THREE-MINUTE RACE.

Shaver	1 1 2 1
Sunnyside	3 3 1 2
Belle Stanton	2 2 4 2
Chief Lock	4 4 2 3

Time, 2.41, 2.42, 2.40.

Parkwood, by Parksides, was driven an exhibition half in 1.17.

SILKEN TIE.

A very interesting event occurred at Montague Bridge, on Monday morning, the 16th inst., when Miss Emma Hynes, one of the most popular young ladies of that vicinity was united in marriage to Mr. Joseph Power, of Mermaid, Lot 43. The wedding ceremony was performed by Rev. S. T. Phelan, P. P., in the parish church in presence of a large assemblage of friends. The bride was attended by her niece, Miss Maggie Kelly, who filled the office of bridesmaid in the most charming manner. Mr. Power was supported by Mr. L. O. Kelly, of Charlottetown. After the nuptial service, a wedding breakfast and reception was given at the residence of P. Kelly, Esq., brother-in-law of the bride, where many friends of the newly-wedded parties enjoyed the kind hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Kelly. At four o'clock in the afternoon, amid showers of rice and good wishes, Mr. and Mrs. Power left for their home in Lot 48, where it is hoped they may enjoy a long life of married happiness.

WANTED.—For Sept. 1, a nurse-maid with good references. Apply at E. H. Beer's office, near Bank of Nova Scotia.

Are They Pretty Blouses?

Are They Durable Blouses?

Are They Cut well?

What do they Cost?—Very much less than you suppose; only 75c; for a Blouse with the above qualities.....

STANLEY BROS.,

The Always Busy Store

"A Capital Little Book"

on P. E. I. This is what a gentleman in Ottawa has to say about "Prince Edward Island—Illustrated," a copy of which he sent for some time ago. Every day we receive orders from abroad. If you have any friends away from home, you should send them the book. It describes the Island thoroughly, is profusely illustrated, got up in the best style, and the price is 25c a copy. May be obtained at all the bookstores, or done up in wrappers ready to mail, at this office.

THE EXAMINER OFFICE,
.....QUEEN STREET.....

TENDERS

Tenders for the construction of a brick and stone church, to be erected at Mount Carmel, P. E. I. for Rev. P. P. Arsenault, will be received up to August 23rd 1897, at the Architect's office.

Plans and Specifications to be seen at the undersigned's office.

R. P. LEMAY,
Architect

Ch'town, Aug 10—1y216 pat

LOST.—A few days ago, a flat steel key. Apply at this office. Aug 17 1f

LOST.—A White Curly Dog. This hound will please leave same at this office at 11 o'clock. Aug 17 1f

YES, MADAM—
White ground pretty floral effect, dark ground, neat little patterns, blue ground, white stripes, Dresden patterns, new green and black stripes

YES, MADAM—
Made of fine Cambric, Percale, and good heavy English Prints, guaranteed to wear well wash well.

YES, IN THE TIP TOP OF FASHION— Double and single pointed yoke backs, correct sleeve; some have collar and cuffs separable others have them attached

WE ARE MOVING OFF

rapidly our stock of Ladies', Misses and Children's Summer Shoes. No one who desires a pair need do without them on account of the price, for we have put the prices so low that they are within the reach of all. Our 90c Shoes are going now for 65c.

Ladies' Laced and Button Boots

The cheapest you have yet seen for the quality. Men's and Boys' also reduced to low current prices. But we would specially ask you to look in at our stock of Clothing and Men's Furnishings, Hats and Caps. We have money savers here for you.

J. B. Macdonald's Old Stand,
Opposite west end Market.

Removal Sale

Having to vacate my premises within a few days, I hereby offer to the public regardless of cost, my large stock of clothing, cottons, dress goods, gent's furnishings, etc. This is a genuine sale. I have to go within 30 days, and my goods have to go before then. I am prepared to give you the best bargains you ever got in your life. Come in and see for yourself. Come early or you may miss the chance of a lifetime.

P. GOODSTEIN.
New York Cheap Store,
Johnson & Johnson's Co., Queen St.