

THE DAILY EXAMINER

NOVEMBER 14 1896

A NEW CERTIFICATE REQUIRED

It is time that Mr. Arthur Peters paid another visit to Murray Harbor. The certificate of character he gave the Hon. Donald Farquharson in his speech at Murray Harbor South, though not a very complimentary one, evidently calls for revision. "He is unpopular, and I think the poor man knows it; but to give the delusion he is economical."

With a debt of \$600,000, and a large amount of property being the imposition of direct taxation in a half dozen forms, economy is a sorely needed virtue in Provincial administration; and if it were really exercised in the affairs of the Province the people might be disposed to submit to many objectionable qualities in the Premier, even though these might be too heavy a load for a private corporation to carry. But any man living in Belfast and Murray Harbor, at the present moment, and having his eyes reasonably open, cannot resist the conclusion that Premier Farquharson's claim to rank as an economical administrator is entitled to no respect whatever. Mr. Donald Farquharson's regard for economy seems to stand on exactly the same plane as Mr. Israel Tarte's respect for electoral purity. "I is very wrong to buy votes when you don't need them,"—said the immaculate Tarte. "It is very wrong to spend public money except when you need it to buy votes" is a declaration which fits exactly to the public conduct of Mr. Farquharson.

The object in delaying the elections in Belfast and Murray Harbor is now plainly shown by the actions of the supervisors and other agents of the Government candidates in the southern districts. Everywhere you go, gangs of men are engaged in working on roads and bridges without sale or tender. The season of the year is most inopportune for such work. As a rule, work done now cannot be well done. Repairs to roads and bridges, even if contracts were made by open competition, must cost more at this season than during the summer months, because the time of men is now more than usually valuable, owing to the near approach of winter. But nearly all the work which is now being done on the roads and bridges in Belfast and Murray Harbor is let privately. It is being deliberately given to men whose votes, it is believed, can be influenced by such considerations.

That there was some truth in Mr. Peters' description of Mr. Farquharson, we don't dispute. He is economical, even to the extent of meanness, in the general way, when no ulterior object is to be served. In witness of this we have only to refer to his treatment of the teachers in regard to their salaries, and his conduct towards Mr. Walter Lowe in reference to the Insane Asylum contract. The road expenditures in Belfast and Murray Harbor are bootlegging operations of the worst kind; and this is all the more evident when due regard is paid to the character of the Provincial Premier.

That the road jobs now so freely distributed in Belfast and Murray Harbor are intended for corrupt purposes is further proven by the fact that next to nothing is being done on the roads and bridges in other parts of the Province. In many places the highways are almost impassable, and in some cases decidedly dangerous. But the supervisors are not allowed to move a hand. Elections are not supposed to be imminent in these districts, and therefore the Premier can afford to follow his so-called economical tendency.

We ask the independent electors of Belfast and Murray Harbor who have not been insulted by the offer of road jobs since the opening of the election campaign, to mark, with their votes, their disapprobation of these practices. Do not listen to the silly plea that Messrs. McKinnon and Irving are not responsible for what is going on. Mr. McKinnon is a member of the Government, and not one dollar is bootlegged in this way without his knowledge. There is evidence that both the Government candidates are using these means to promote their canvasses.

We ask the voters who have been given road jobs without tender or sale, if they are willing that their neighbors and friends should look on them as men who have been bought with a few dollars of road money? Here is your opportunity to show the world that your vote is not a purchasable article. No one can blame you, if you can spare the time from your farms, for taking the job; and as honest men you should do the work well. When that is done, you owe no man or Government anything on account of the contract. But you owe it to your own good name that you should record your vote in such a way

as may convince the world that if unscrupulous politicians try to corruptly buy you they made a great mistake. Such action on your part will show that you regard the independence of your vote and your good name as inheritances beyond all price.

In 1893 the general elections were held in December. The whole autumn was spent in bootlegging operations from one end of the Island to the other. When the public accounts for that year were published they showed a deficit of \$120,000, while it is evident that an equal amount was given away in the Land Office. The debt of \$600,000 under which the Island is now groaning, was greatly swollen by the operations of 1893. The present Premier was a member of the Peters Government. Recent events show that he is just as bad as Peters.

When Sir Louis Davies said at Clifton that "there never was a government that kept their promises like the present government," he expressed in an indirect way the truth that "there never was a government that broke their promises like the present government." In the latter sense Sir Louis' statement is correct.

Artists in Mother of Pearl

The incrustation of precious woods with mother of pearl is in Hanover, French Tonquin, an important industry, an entire street—known as the "street of the inlayers"—being devoted to it. Landscapes gleaming in the sun, sheafs of many colored flowers, the most delicate arabesques and many other beautiful things are evolved by the deft and pliant fingers of the artificers, with the aid of the plainest and crudest tools only, and marvelous cabinets and other articles are fashioned and put together without the aid of nails, by dovetailing and lacquer paste.

Church Bells.

Why do they have church bells? What good are they? Men go to a bank or the store at the proper time without a bell. Women open up their millinery stores on time without being rung up. People in the country, where there are no bells, get to church on time. The fact is church bells are a relic of ancient times. People have them because it is custom. They do no good. Really, they are a nuisance.—*Atchison Globe.*

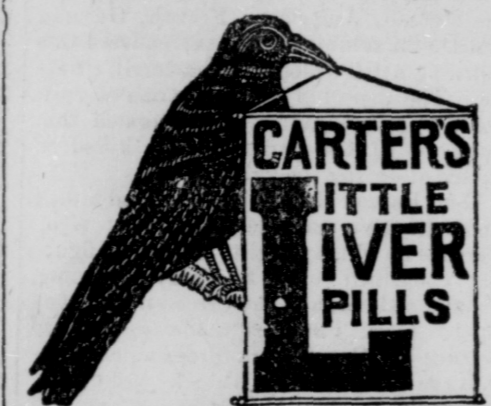
An Unpleasant Diet.

Mr. Dukane—Jonesy indulged in a Reginistic diet yesterday.
Mr. Gaswell—What do you mean by that?
Mr. Dukane—Northside made him eat his words.—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

The man who insists at the poker party that the husband is the lord and master is the one who takes off his shoes to sneak up stairs when he gets home.—*New York Press.*

A calm at sea resembles that artificial sleep which is produced by opium in an ardent fever; the disease is suspended, but no good is derived from it.

The nerve that never relaxes, the eye that never blanches, the thought that never wanders—these are the masters of victory.—*Burke.*



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Insist and demand

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A number of pigs of both sexes, 2 or 3 months old. Choice stock at \$5.00 each.—*Bargain.* Address—HERMANVILLE FARM, 53—W3: d21w Hermanville, P. E.

Autumn Medicine.



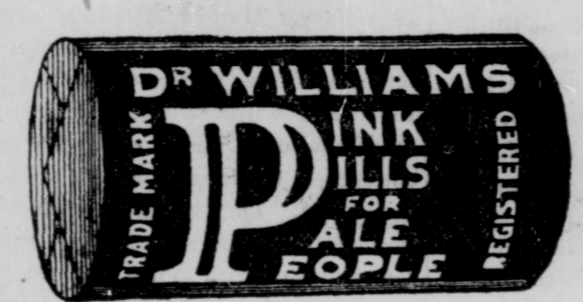
Change of season often affects the health more or less perceptibly. Prudent people take "Spring" medicine—but Autumn medicine is just as needful. The effect of the hot summer weather on the blood makes itself felt, now that the weather is changing; you feel bilious, dyspeptic and tired; there may be pimples or an eruption on the skin; the damp weather brings little twinges of rheumatism or neuralgia, that give warning of the winter that is coming. If you want to be brisk and strong for the winter, it is **NOW** that you should build up the blood and give the nerves a little tonic.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

will make you strong and stave off aches and pains for the winter if you take them now.

GREATLY RUN DOWN.

Mr. E. Hutchings, a printer in the office of the News, St. Johns, Nfld., writes: "I am greatly indebted to you for the benefit I have derived from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was in a greatly run down condition, and suffered from pains in the back and stomach. My appetite was very fickle and often I had a loathing for food. I was subject to severe headaches, and the least exertion would leave me tired and breathless. I tried several medicines, but with no benefit—rather I was growing worse. Then I consulted a doctor, and was under his treatment for three months, but did not get any better. Having read much concerning Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I finally decided to try them, and bought two boxes. Before these were all used I could see a marked improvement, and I purchased four boxes more. These completely restored my health, and I can now go about my work without an ache or pain of any kind. My recovery leaves no doubt as to the remarkable curative properties of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I must say their value has been further proved in the case of a friend to whom I recommended them."



Prevention is better than cure. But it is only Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People that are of any use. If the **FULL NAME** isn't there it is a substitute—**don't take it.**

Sold by all dealers, or may be had postpaid direct from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

Born Equal, but Not Free.

"Here is a curious error," said the schoolboy as he laid down his "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and turned to the encyclopedia. The author uses the expression, 'All men are born free and equal'."

"Well, what is the matter with that?" inquired the schoolboy's uncle. "Why, the quotation should be, 'All men are born equal.' There is no 'free' in it."

"Do you mean to tell me that Jefferson did not write 'free and equal' in the Declaration?" "That's what he didn't."

"I'll bet you!" "Don't do it, uncle. Remember, you have a family to support, and they will need all your money. The word 'free' does not occur there. See?" And he placed the big book before his misguided relative.

"Oh, I know better! I will get a copy of the constitution in one of my old books. I have heard that quoted so often I know what I am talking about."

"You have heard it quoted wrong every time you heard the 'free' in it."

After they had found the good and reliable old book and all the rest of the authorities the uncle ungraciously gave up. But he hated to do so. It seems impossible to correct that wrong impression. The boy was right. Yet people will go on indefinitely making a "free" and inaccurate quotation.—*Chicago Post.*

Outwitted by His Coachman.

The carriage horses of Chief Justice Marshall were exceedingly thin, and his family told him that it was currently hinted that Jerry, the colored coachman, exchanged too great a proportion of the horse feed for whiskey for personal use to allow the horses food enough to keep them in a good and creditable condition. The judge went to the stable and directed Jerry's attention to the poor appearance of the horses, told him of the rumor about his exchanging oats and hay for whiskey and thereby depriving the horses of their necessary supply of food and spoke of the sleek, fat team driven by his neighbor Brewer.

"Laws, Massa John," said Jerry. "It's the natur' of the animals! Look at Mr. Brewer'sself, sah, a short, fat, greasy gentleman, that ain't seed his boots after his feet was in 'em for yeabs, while you, sah, is tall and roun shouldered an sees your feet all de time youse walkin, an look at his coachman, thicker through than he is long, while I'se only skin an bones! Of course his critters is fat, while yours is thin. It's their natur', Massa John; it's their natur'. They belongs to the fat kin, and we all belongs to de lean kin. It's natur'."

"Perhaps that is so," said the judge reflectively and walked away as if well satisfied with the explanation.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

A Very Useless Insect.

A writer in the Philadelphia Times who has been looking up the record of the mosquito in natural history has come to the conclusion that it is a very useless insect. Here is the result of his investigation:

"Just why the mosquito bites people is not yet known. It is not to furnish it food, for it is an established fact that a mosquito, after gorging himself with human blood, dies within a few hours, whereas mosquitoes that have never tasted blood have been known to live very comfortably, even through the entire winter and into the next season. The adult mosquito does not need food. During its larvae stage it has stored up enough nourishment to last all its life, and it is a normal state for it to go without food for the rest of its existence. All that it needs is moist air, adult mosquitoes being known to pass the winter in damp cellars, living on nothing but the moisture."

"The fact that it is estimated that only one out of 10,000 ever tastes human blood also proves that it is not necessary. Why it persists in torturing mankind, therefore, has not yet been found out, and scientists can only swear softly with the rest of mankind and make the general statement that the mosquito is born with a vitiated appetite for human gore, an appetite that causes the death of the indulger."

Home of the Edam Cheese.

While the Edam cheese is a familiar visitor on the table not every one knows whence it comes nor how its cannon ball proportions and gay coloring have been achieved. The northern part of Holland is the seat of the Edam cheese industry, and the consequent cleanliness of the relish is therefore doubly assured.

In making it the fresh cow's milk is carefully strained and the rennet added. As soon as the milk curdles the whey is drawn off, and the curd, thoroughly kneaded, is pressed into molds. This process is repeated until the whey has all been extracted and the curd is comparatively dry. It is then wrapped in a linen cloth and kept for 10 or 12 days until quite solid. Then the cloth is removed and the cheese put into salt lye. Afterward a little more dry salt is sprinkled on the cheese until the maker thinks it is salt enough to insure its keeping.

It is next put into a vessel and washed with whey and scraped to remove the white crust. It is next carried to a cool room and laid on shelves, where it is frequently turned. The ripening process lasts from two to three months, the round balls growing the fine yellow or reddish color peculiar to Edam cheese. The cheeses intended to be exported to this country are rendered still more brilliant by dyeing the rind with a vegetable dye.—*New York Tribune.*

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