

The Daily Examiner

ISSUED EVERY AFTERNOON
FROM THE OFFICE OF
The Examiner Publishing Company
RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION
(IN ADVANCE)

One Year	\$4.00
Six Months	2.00
Three Months	1.00
One Month	0.35

Send post paid to any part of Canada or the United States

THE WEEKLY EXAMINER

Issued every Friday morning. It is made up of material which has appeared in the Daily and is a first class newspaper containing all the latest news. Subscription \$1.00 a year.

THE DAILY EXAMINER

NOVEMBER 30, 1897

LAST SCOTCH DUEL.

Fought in Fifeshire in 1822—Sir Alexander Boswell killed by James Stuart.

In the grey of a March morning in 1822 a party of six gentlemen arrived in separate contingents in a field on a quiet roadside within a short distance of the village of Auchtertool, in Fifeshire. One was an Earl, another a scion of the house of Douglas, "afterwards to be Marquis," a third a baronet, the fourth a country gentleman descended from the royal house of Stuart, the other two eminent doctors from Edinburgh. Had a Frenchman in those days or in these witnessed such an assemblage he would have been in little doubt as to its purpose. But it was probably different with the few country folk of the "Kingdom" who saw the unusual gathering. The group separated themselves into two parties. Hurried conversations were held in those subdued tones which betoken that something serious is afoot. Certain measuring operations were gone through, and then two of the members of the party were seen carefully loading pistols, which were handed to the other two who stood facing each other. The recipients of the weapons were men of vastly different appearance—the one a tall handsome cavalier, the other a rather short, stout, and farmerlike gentleman. The other four retired some distance, and at a signal given the remaining two discharged their pistols, and the cavalier fell to the ground a dying man.

The tragedy thus briefly described, which disturbed the woe-stricken quiet of the Fifeshire village, disturbed also in a much greater degree the whole political world of Scotland. It was the outcome of a furious political struggle between the Tories and the Whigs. Mr. James Stuart, of Dunoon, a leader of the latter party, was the target for many abusive newspaper articles; and in 1822 he instituted an action for libel against Borthwick & Alexander, publishers of the Glasgow Sentinel, for a series of attacks in prose and verse. A quarrel between the partners ensued and Borthwick determined to make himself safe at all hazards. He sent an emissary to Mr. Stuart with the offer that if the action were abandoned he would hand over the manuscripts of the scurrilous songs and letters, from which the real author of the libels would be learned. Mr. Stuart and his friends readily agreed to this course, and the documents were placed in Mr. Stuart's hands. An examination of them clearly showed that the song and other similar productions were the work of Sir Alexander Boswell, a relative and friend of Stuart's. Boswell, who was the son and heir of Johnson biographer, was a man of considerable literary gifts, the author of some clever and amusing Scotch songs and poems, which can still be read with pleasure. He further deserves to be remembered with gratitude as being the originator and chief director of the movement which led to the erection of the Burns monument at Ayr, the foundation stone of which he as Deputy Grand Master of Mother Lodge Kilwinning took a principal part in laying. Sir Alexander was at the same time a man of an exceedingly boisterous and reckless temperament, jovial and entertaining in congenial company, but possessed of a bitter tongue, which spared neither friend nor foe.

Boswell refused to make apology or reparation and the duel followed. The spot chosen was a field on the farm of Ballartoun, near Auchtertool, in Fifeshire. Thither the parties accordingly proceeded on the morning of March 26th, 1822. Stuart accompanied by Lord Rosayin, and Liston, the famous surgeon, Boswell by Mr. Douglass and Dr. Wood. The rendezvous was reached about eight o'clock, and the seconds at once proceeded to measure off the ground, 12 paces being the distance. The pistols were carefully loaded by the respective seconds, and handed to the combatants, who were to fire at command. Lord Rosayin then gave the word, "Present fire," and almost simultaneously two shots were discharged. When the smoke had cleared away it was seen that Sir Alexander Boswell had fallen to the ground wounded. The doctors at once went to his aid, and found that the ball had entered the neck on the right hand

side and shattered the collar bone. Stuart was thrown into a paroxysm of grief at the result. He had not taken aim at Sir Alexander indeed he afterwards expressed regret that he had not taken aim, for in that case he was sure he would have missed. Sir Alexander, on the other hand, declared before hand his intention of firing in the air, and after it was all over he repeated to his second that he had done so. The unfortunate baronet was, with the aid of some rustics who had gathered about the scene, carried to Balmuto House, the residence of a near relative. There was no hope of recovery. "I am," said the dying man, "A living head on a dead body." He expired on the following afternoon.

Stuart withdrew to France, but returned to Edinburgh in the following year to stand his trial. But the Jury without leaving the box found him "Not guilty."

Sir Alexander Boswell was a near relative of the late Alexander Henry Boswell, M.D. who came to P.E.I. in 1843, and died in 1873.

OVERCOME BY SMOKE.

The Danger of Fighting Subcellar Fires in New York.

In the series of articles on the New York fire department in St. Nicholas, Mr. Charles T. Hill contributed one on "The Risks of a Fireman's Life." Mr. Hill says: At a subcellar fire that occurred one night a few years ago, on lower Broadway, I saw over a dozen men laid out on the sidewalk, overcome by the smoke. A grewsome sight it was, too, with the dim figures of the ambulance surgeons, lanterns in hand, working over them, and the thick smoke for a background.

These were brave fellows who had dashed in with the lines of hose, only to be dragged out afterward by their comrades, nearly suffocated by the thick, stifling smoke that poured in volumes from every opening in the basement. Over 150 feet of "dead lights," or grating, over the sidewalk had to be broken in that night before the cellars were relieved sufficiently of the smoke with which they were charged to allow the men to go in and extinguish the fire. This required the combined work of the crews of five hook and ladder companies, who broke in the ironwork with the butt ends of their axes—the hardest kind of work. But the newspapers the following morning merely gave this fire a 10 or 12 line notice, mentioning the location and the estimated loss, and adding that "it was a severe fire to subdue." No word of the punishment and suffering the men were forced to face before this fire was under control; no mention of the dash under dash into the cellar with the heavy line of hose, only to be driven back to the street by the smoke, or to be dragged out afterward nearly unconscious; nor of the thud after thud with the heavy axes on the thick iron grating that required 20 or 30 blows before any impression could be made on it. This was muscle straining, lung taxing work that the average man has to face only once in a lifetime, but the firemen in a large city have it always before them, and each tap on the telegraph may mean the signal to summon them to a task that requires the utmost strength and nerve.

ON THE ST. ANGE'S LINKS.

Mr. Topper's Remarkable Drive and the Depressing Influence of the Scot.

"Now, some men are made golfers," said Mr. Fozzie, "and some are born so. I am not. But the very worst golfer I ever heard of was Topper of this club. I've seen that man slice the ball so that it would fly in a circle, and once—only once—I saw it fall on the tee from which he'd driven it. But that, as I say, was exceptional—really a remarkable piece of luck, I think. I offered to bet he couldn't do it again, but he wouldn't take me up. Topper had no sporting blood.

"The fact that the Scotch have had so much to do with the game of golf," continued Mr. Fozzie, "accounts undoubtedly for the lack of humor and fun connected with the game. Now, they laid out these 'links' on the hill back of me recently—part on the hill, most on the hillside, and some in the ditch. They called one hole the high hole, one the valley hole, and another the hill hole.

"The greens committee was composed of two Scotchmen and an American. I happen to know, sir, that that American did everything but go on his knees to these Scots to get 'em to call the holes high, low and jack. Any American could see that they ought to be called high, low, jack, and the ninth hole—these were the sixth, seventh and eighth holes—should naturally be the 'game' hole.

"But those Scotchmen voted him down. They'd never heard of calling holes by such names. Badminton said 'a'ohin 'bout it.' So the American was defeated and the little thistle waved triumphantly over Scotland and America."—New York Sun.

Finally Digested.

It is said that an American went into a London bookseller's and asked for Hare's "Walks in London." In the United States it is printed in one volume, in England in two.

"Oh," said the Yankee as he looked at them, "you part your Hare in the middle, do you?"

"I, sir?" said the clerk, with a bewildered look. "Oh, no, sir!"

"I saw he didn't see the joke," said the Yankee, "so I didn't explain, but bought the books and went away. A week later I entered the same shop. As soon as the clerk saw me he approached me, exclaiming: 'Good, capital! Part your hair in the middle? That's capital, sir—capital!'—Anecdotes.

The elephant is the chief beast of burden in Siam and Afghanistan. An "elephant load" is estimated at two tons.

The oldest building in Chicago is the Green Tree tavern, in Milwaukee avenue, and it is only 63 years old.

Fresh discoveries of gold in the Klondyke are reported by Mr. Ogilvie, on creeks tributary to Indian River.

Webster Her Coachman.

When Mrs. Sherwood, the author, who is best known as "M. E. W. S.," was a young girl, she visited Daniel Webster, at Marshfield, with her father and mother. Mrs. Webster met them in her carriage, and the little girl was allowed to sit next Mr. Webster on the driver's box. She was elated indeed when her father put her up there and whispered in her ear:

"Remember this, my daughter—you are to drive five miles with Daniel Webster as your coachman!"

The "coachman" began at once to make himself agreeable.

"So this is your first visit to the sea, Miss Wilson?" said he.

This was an additional joy. No one had ever called her "Miss Wilson." It made a landmark in life. Then he pointed out Seth Peterson, who was walking along the road and who stopped to take some orders from his fellow fisherman.

"You will eat today some fish which Seth and I caught this morning," said Mr. Webster.

Mary was terrified at the responsibilities of conversation, but she made a lucky hit by asking what kinds of fish were easiest to catch. He launched off on his favorite topic and talked of the gamy bass, the reluctant cod and their fellows.

"I suppose," said the little girl, "you enjoy the fish which are the hardest to catch, don't you, Mr. Webster?"

He looked round at her and laughed. "You are beginning young, Miss Wilson," said he. "That is the remark of a coquette."

At dinner he embarrassed her much by repeating the remark as a piece of youthful precocity.—Youth's Companion.

The Sultan's Punch.

In Max Muller's honor the sultan gave him a dinner. Of course Mrs. Max Muller was not invited, but the lady, in her "Letters From Constantinople," describes it, and the little incident how the sultan drew the line between wine and punch is amusing:

"Nobody spoke except the sultan, whose conversation with the ambassador was most animated, though carried on entirely by an interpreter. My husband, not knowing the Turkish etiquette, began to talk French to his neighbors, but received such very short answers that he, too, relapsed into silence. The sultan, who had evidently seen this, beckoned to Munir Pasha, who whispered something to the ministers of war and marine and began to talk very pleasantly, encouraged by a lock from the sultan not to mind such a breach of etiquette. Neither the sultan nor any of the officials present had a drop of wine. None was on the table, nor was any handed round except to unbelievers. The claret, however, was so good that my husband could not resist asking the grand master of ceremonies, 'Who tasted and chose the wine for the imperial table?' He shrugged his shoulders, as though he would say, 'You can guess.' One of the items of the menu was punch. It was iced punch, smelling so strongly that every one could perceive the alcohol in it, but neither the sultan nor any of his guests were afraid of it. It was called punch, and punch is not forbidden in the Koran."

THIS WEEK!

THIS WEEK!

NOTHING BUT

Pipes, Pipes, Pipes, Pipes.

A good Briar, 10c.

SEE THEM, SEE THEM

REDDIN BROS. Opposite P. O.

Men Who Study

To Dress Correctly

Make it a point to have nice fitting stylish shoes. We make it a point to keep in stock, shoes of this kind.

We call your attention to our men's \$3.00 boots—neat, stylish and durable. Second to no \$3.00 boot in the city.

We carry a full line of cheaper boots, ranging in price from \$1.50 upwards.

Our prices speak for themselves.

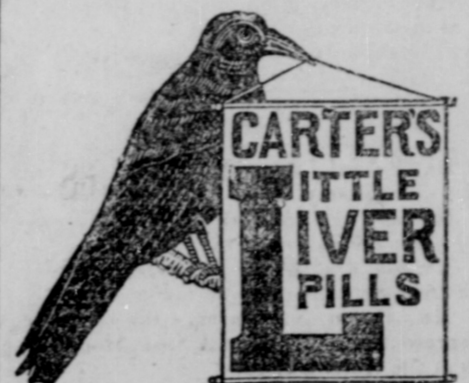
R. K. Jost

Printing

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

The Charms of Killarney.

It was Shelley who, writing from the Italian lakes, said they were the most beautiful things in all the world except Killarney. I had not hungered after Killarney all my days, associating it with cheap excursions and throngs of sightseers, and I had not then heard Shelley's verdict. What I found when at last I visited it was a paradise of lake and wood and mountain, as sequestered as though the tourist were not. Here and there a boatload or carload of people passed by. The tourist with his traveling cap and tweeds and his women folk with short skirts and mackintoshes and the inevitable tweed cap are indeed out of keeping with the solitary magnificence of the exquisite scenery, but, except for these insignificant human mites, there is nothing to tell that Killarney is a tourist resort, no merry go rounds or switchbacks, no dancing saloons, no giant advertisements, just a little, untidy Irish town, with every second house a hotel, dropped in the midst of divine loveliness. For Killarney being unspoiled we have to thank the fact that my Lord Kenmare and Mr. Herbert of Muckross divide the ownership of this Eden between them. Therefore we pay, without grumbling, the somewhat numerous shillings which are the toll for entering the estate of one or the other gentleman.—Independent.



SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Meaty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution

the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's,

Ask for Carter's,

Insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

FOR SALE OR TO LET

Milford Farm now in the occupation of the widow of the late George Thorne, situated on the North River Road, about a mile from the city, it covers about 24 acres of land, fronting the North River, is in a high state of cultivation, with a comfortable Dwelling House, lots of barns and stables accommodation, possession can be given about the middle of November if required. Apply to A. E. Warburton Solicitor, City, or to owner DANIEL DAVIES Ch'town 26 Oct 1897 pat 61-61

If You are Going

—10—

BOSTON

Or any part of the United States,

the cheapest and best route is via the

Plant Line,

THE POPULAR SUM-

MER ROUTE

DIRECT - SERVICE

FROM CH'TOWN.

The favorite S. S. "Halifax" will leave Ch'town for Boston every Friday at 1 p. m.

Returning leaving Boston every Tuesday at noon. Steamer calls at HAWKS-BURY and Halifax both ways

Via Picton & Halifax

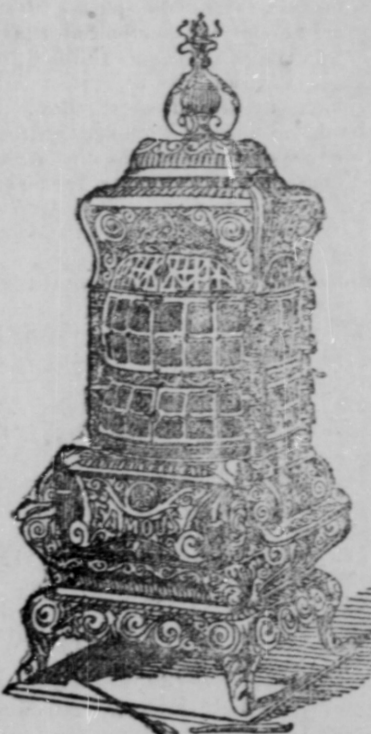
Passengers leaving Charlottetown Saturday mornings, via Picton make close connection at Halifax with steamer "Halifax" for Boston direct Saturdays 11 p. m.

Tickets for sale at stations P.E.I. Railway, Ch'town Nav Co, and Clark ticket office.

H. L. CHIPMAN, Can. Agent, Halifax, N. S. d&w

"Famous" Baseburner

The Handsomest and Best Working Stove of this Class in America.



The construction of the flues gives it a greater heating capacity than any other.

Entire base radiates heat.

Made in two sizes, with and without oven. Oven is made with three flues same as a cooking stove. Double heater attachment by which heat can be carried to upper rooms. Beautifully nickled.

A Triumph of Art and Utility.

THE McGLARY MFG. CO.,

LONDON, MONTREAL, TORONTO, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER.

If your local dealer does not handle our goods, write our nearest house.

WHEN YOU HAVE YOUR HOLIDAYS DON'T FORGET TO TAKE A BOX OF

TOSCANA CIGARS

TASSE WOOD & CO. MONTREAL

GLOVES---Macdonald's for---GLOVES.

WINTER CLOTHING

We have a fine range of Men's Warm Ulsters with Fibre Chamox lining—wind proof. You can make your selection of lines—\$3.95, \$4.50, \$5, and \$6. Boys' Ulsters, \$2.50, \$3 and \$4. Boys' Overcoats, \$2. Men's Pants from 75c. Men's Odd Vests from 50c each. Our Men's Underclothing is acknowledged to be the warmest and best value in the city—going fast. Buy now at

J. B. Macdonald & Co

MARKET SQUARE.

See our Waterproof Boots.

200 Bicycles Wanted

To be stored (free of charge) for the winter, and cleaned, repaired, nickled or enameled, thoroughly renewed, ready for spring.

ENAMELING

We use the highest grade Enamel (black or colors) that money can buy in New York, and bake it on in a manner that the most fastidious cannot criticize, and the cost is the same as others charge for ordinary paint. See sample at shop.

W. P. DOULL, Kent Street

BURGLAR WANTED.

To the Burglar who entered our office and broke the Handle of Safe we extend an invitation to call again, promising him a free entry into the safe, and thereby saving him the use of the Stillson wrench. We will not insure his easy exit, but will be on hand with an ambulance and undertaker.

At the same time we give the Dairymen a guarantee for one year with our best gang Cheese Presses. Nearly all that were imported here in the past required to be repaired within a year.

Our improved Cheese Vat is the most popular in the market. Our Babcock Testers never break the bottles.

The press hoops are right for eighty lbs of curd.

And best of all the "ALPHA de LAVAL SEPARATOR" is on f th d way ahead of all others

Write for prices. Terms made to suit customers.

Our Pumps are winning a name for themselves at prices to beat any in

T. A. McLEAN

AYER'S THE PILL THAT WILL CURE HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION