

SHIP NEWS.

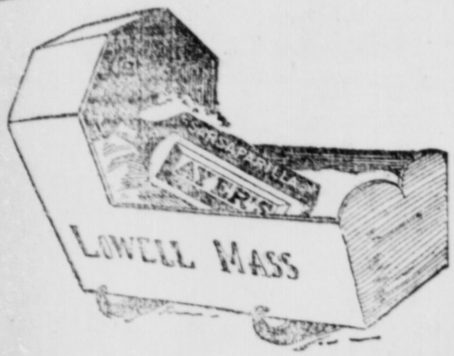
Port of Charlottetown.

ENTERED.

Aug. 17.—Florence, Boudrot, Arichat; Omega, Finlayson, Sydney; E M G Hardy, McDonald, Sydney; Margaret, Hume, Pictou; Lovett, Longill, Pictou; Margie Roach, Irving, Richibouctou; Ceto, Weatherbie, New York.

CLEARED.

Aug. 17.—Nutwood, Tierney, Georgetown; Columbus McKenna, Sydney; Margaret, Hume, Pictou; Ceto, Weatherbie, Summerside; Margie Roach, Irving, Richibouctou; S G Haskell, Richardson, Louisburg.



Fifty Years Ago.

This is the cradle in which there grew that thought of a philanthropic brain; A remedy that would make life new For the multitudes that were racked with pain.

It was sarsaparilla, as made, you know By Ayer, some 50 years ago.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

was in its infancy half a century ago. To-day it doth "bestride the narrow world like a colossus." What is the secret of its power? Its cures! The number of them! The wonder of them! Imitators have followed it from the beginning of its success. They are still behind it. Wearing the only medal granted to sarsaparilla in the World's Fair of 1893, it points proudly to its record. Others imitate the remedy; they can't imitate the record:

50 Years of Cures.

STEAMER CAMPANA SAILING DATES.

Table with 2 columns: From Montreal, From Ch'town. Dates: Friday, 10th Sept, Tuesday, 21st Sept, Monday, 4th Oct, Saturday, 16th Oct, Friday, 29th Oct, Thursday, 11th Nov.

The "Campana" is the only steamer carrying freight from this port to Montreal direct. We solicit for her the patronage of importers and shippers. Rates Reasonable and goods well cared for.

CARVELL BROS., Agents. aug 16—2aw1mo

COLLECT

SUNLIGHT SOAP WRAPPERS

AND COMPETE FOR THE 12 STEARNS' BICYCLES

27 GOLD WATCHES

GIVEN AWAY EVERY MONTH

See your Grocer for particulars, or drop a post card to LEVER BROS., Limited, Toronto.

LOST—On Saturday evening, a purse containing a sum of money. Finder will please bring it to this office.

TO LET—The new and comfortable dwelling on Alley St., containing six rooms, now occupied by Mr. John McKenna merchant. Rent low, possession on 1st October next. Can be inspected on application. Two ALLEY. Aug 18 246

ON TO KLONDYKE.

SUPPLIES FOR MINERS GIVE OUT.

MANY WILL TURN BACK.

Fort Wrangle Deserted—Joachim Miller's Third Letter.

THE DUKE OF CLARENCE STRAITS, Alaska, July 30, 1897.—Ten o'clock, and the sun is still shining on the snow dappled hills and peaks of Alaska. The huge black hills right and left are as spotted as Jacob's cattle. Steep canyons of snow pelted down almost to the water's edge here in last days of July. We are passing away from under the path of the sun. It is already cool, cold, a savor of frost in the air from the fields of snow about us, above us.

We are steaming up a mighty gorge, a vast, still river, wide and dolorous, deep, as one might imagine the river of death. Not a sound, not a sign of anything at all save the croak and shifting of our own ship, or now and then a splash of a young salmon breaking the glassy surface of the great river. It is simply a great view, the greatest of tide views it seems from Seattle up to this point in the heart of South Alaska—a thousand Hudson views, with peaks and palisades set and enriched with everlasting snow.

SNOW PEAKS AND BLACK FORESTS.

All the day that is behind us the snow peaks and black forests of Prince of Wales Island lifted like the Sierras between us and the Pacific, a continuous and unbroken chain. To the right snow and clouds and snow lighted up the bleak steep peaks, and blazed as the sun battled for supremacy as in some majestic dream—awful, fearful as not of earth. One needs to coin new words, words that are brighter, bigger, keener than common words to describe even a single day in Alaska.

Even now, and long past 10 p. m., the tired and vanquished sun reaches a sword of silver through the black fires of the west, and at last lies silently along the still waters at our feet in sign of reluctant surrender.

Sitka, the capital of Alaska, lies over yonder away out on the farther reach of an arm of land, seventy miles away. June, or Juneau, if you insist on a waste of ink, lies a little further along up this mighty tide river. The Klondyke is now not nearly a thousand miles farther on, and how eager the 498 souls on this ship. Some of them will not go to bed to night; many will not sleep.

CRAZY FOR KLONDYKE NEWS.

Strange, a pathetic scene took place a little time ago. In the midst of all this stillness, solitude, might and majesty of Nature we met a steamer, the Alki, of San Francisco, coming right upon us out of the clouds and snow. She had come from Dyea, the nearest possible point for ships to the Mecca of all good gold hunting pilgrims. She came straight on as if to take us in her arms. Seeing there was news, and good news, for all, she lay right alongside. The great ships ground their sides together. Our eager gold hunters came on the decks by the hundreds.

"News! News! What is the news from Klondyke?"

Not the ghost of news from there, good or bad. Thousands had gone forward and down the great river Yukon, but not a single one had returned. A good sign, perhaps, but it was as if questioning the dead. And they were so few and so reserved and faint of speech and action compared to our own great big-hearted and open-handed men begging for news from the gold fields that it was as if we had landed on Charon's ship and demanded the secrets of his dead. Only one bit of news did they have to tell, and that was doleful enough. Not a bit of bacon or bread at the trading posts ahead of us, and the Klondyke, where there are plenty of supplies at one price, away over on Juneau, on and on, hundreds of miles beyond the glittering mountains of the snow before us.

NO OUTRITS AT THE POSTS.

Men looked each other in the face, for many of the miners in their haste forward had bought no supplies at all, but expected to outfit at the posts and the base of the mountains, and that is why some will not sleep to-night. They will have to turn back or wait for the traders' ships to come from far away. It would seem that more men have gone into the mines by this mountain route than had been believed. Yet, think how many are coming.

We heard that ships by the score had been chartered, and every berth taken in them by the time we were setting out. They will be along here the next week or the next, and likely enough lots of them, like some of our boys, will have no supplies at all, and then? Of course, there can be no suffering. There is plenty in the loads of the more provident, and these waters are always open and ships go up and down all the year. It is not like finding this state of things on the other side of the mountain, but it may make delays for a number of bold good men, who have neither patience nor money to spare.

At the site of Fort Wrangle—named after a Russian Governor who founded it long ago—we find the few stores also short of supplies, every man having loaded himself with supplies and pushed over the pass to the mines, leaving the stores empty. The fever is high, and the faith in the mines is great, and the men whom I spoke to laughed at the idea of any inconvenience attending a want of supplies at Wrangle.

LIKE OLD TIMES AT WRANGLE.

"Reminds us of old times," said the captain of the new steamer, "for you must know that gold mines in Alaska is no new thing. The river putting in here at Wrangle was once a very rich stream. Twenty years ago it was populous with miners,

and much gold was washed from its bed and banks. In fact, the Russians mined gold in Alaska more than a hundred years ago and not many years after its discovery by Bering in 1741. In working the heavy hydraulic mines not far from Sitka the American miners gave you undisputed evidence that the ground had been worked very thoroughly long years before.

I find a great many new facts as I go forward, concerning the mines, both old and new, here in Alaska. For example, I find that the famous Treadwell mine, with the largest stamp mill in the world, is, even with all its millions output, far from being the best paying mine in the world, or even in Alaska. I find that there are mines almost within a stone's throw of the Treadwell, paying many times as much to the stamp as the Treadwell.

ALASKA THE RICHEST PART OF THE GLOBE.

I also find that Alaska is by far the richest part of the globe, having more gold and silver to the man, woman and child, much more than any other political division of the earth. And, as Horace Greeley once said of Nevada: "Its mountains should be a great place for gold and silver, as they do not look as if they could be used for anything else."

We have not as yet met either of the alleged terrors of Alaska—rain and mosquitoes. If we except a little spurt and dash of hail and snow that slid down out of a white cloud that enveloped us for an hour on the 25th, we have had nothing at all but the bluest of blue skies. As for mosquitoes, we have not seen or heard any thing of the sort—although the eager miners are each and all equipped with a roll of mosquito netting. We have not suffered from anything in the way of weather. We hide away in the shade all day. We would suffer from the heat if we did not, being more than usually warmly clad in preparation for the work before us. But thus far the climate reminds me of that of Wisconsin. Midday is as hot as midday in the streets of Boston, I should say.

Of course, I could give you the exact figures from the thermometer in the measures of heat and cold as taken hourly by officers of the ship; but you may or may not know that you get but a poor idea in this way. A day as cold as a Dakota day of like thermometer measure in Florida is widely different from the same measure in the humid South. An hour of certain tolerable Dakota weather, dry and crisp, would be utterly intolerable in moist Oregon.

NO REINDEER OR DOGS YET.

We must dispel the old notions of reindeer and Santa Claus, as they have come down to us in picture books of the past. We have not yet seen anything of reindeer, Santa Claus or smiling little dogs in harness with tossing tails wraggling high up in the air. The only dogs, except a few very small and ugly ones, are those along with us. And they are cross, loped, ugly and sneaking to look upon, with their tails between their legs and with a cross and sullen look in the eye.

Alas! how we are smashing our ideas. Some dust, some dust, in all our ideas, and, alas! for the day when we must see this same dust spilling out. The vegetation along here is a perfect surprise. I see plants as high as my knee in every garden, and a garden in every Indian dooryard. Cabbage, turnips, tremendously large leaves of lettuce, and onions.

Yesterday I attempted to take a walk at the outskirts of a village—all the villages up here are post offices, and, as the Mexico is the mail steamer, we must stop at each one of the posts and remain some time—and on stepping off the plank sidewalk I sank almost to my knees in rich soil and moist mosses. I threw out my hands and caught a clump of bushes and found my hand stinging from nettles. The nettles were higher than my head, although, not a hundred yards up the steep slope of snow, some that had laid there, maybe, a thousand years. Anyone who knows anything about soil can see how rich it must be here in Alaska to send up such rank vegetation here right on the edge of the snow. I have seen a great many wild flowers, also tame ones, along here from the dooryards of officers and Indians alike.

INDIANS LIKE CHINAMAN.

As for the Indians, they look something like Chinaman, especially the woman, particularly about their eyes. They are snort fat, but far from repulsive to look upon. They are very clean, and said to be to some extent Christians both in practice and profession. Their towns are quite orderly as those of the white men; their houses look the same, and but for the totem poles you would not know the difference. They are the most peaceful of all Indians, and by far the most industrious and civilized I have ever encountered. For example, some of Father Durcan's famous community on Annette Island became dissatisfied with the management of affairs last year and went apart by themselves and built a saw mill, and without a hand or word of help from any white man. They operate the mill entirely, sell lumber, send in bills, collect them and go right along. It is said they are getting rich. I have not found any of them in skins as in the picture books. They are dressed, and well dressed, too, just like white people either in Boston or New Orleans. Some of the children are barefooted, but as a rule, the youngest of them have shoes. I have not yet seen a pair of moccasins or a skin of any sort. Nor have we as yet encountered a single beggar.

Pallid faces indicate pale thin blood. Rosy cheeks show the pure, rich blood resulting from taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Party lines are still noticeable in the United States. The "Silver" Populists would not coalesce with the "Silver" Democrats in Ohio, and the "Gold" Republicans would not endorse the "Gold" Democratic tickets in Kentucky.

LOCAL AND OTHER ITEMS

THE WEATHER—Moderate to fresh south and south west winds, fair and moderately warm.

BAND CONCERT.—The Citizen's Band furnished the music for a promenade concert on Queen Square last night.

ENGINEERS—The Charlottetown Engineers will meet for drill at the Drill Shed at 7.30 this evening in uniform. Arrangements will then be made for Company target practice.

SOURIS NOTES.—Mr. Albert McDonald, of Souris, left yesterday morning for Boston.

The friends of Conductor John McDonald, intend giving him a banquet tonight, previous to his removing to town. Ella D. Arbuckle, Pictou, Idella Kitzg, Ch'Town, W. P. Reynolds Halifax, are registered at the Sea View.

THE COBAN.—The steamer Coban arrived this morning from Montreal with a general cargo and a number of passengers for the round trip. She left at 2 p. m. for St. John's, Nfld., with a general freight, consisting of 148 sheep, 22 head of cattle, 1 horse, 20 bags of potatoes and 324 barrels of flour; and one passenger from this port, Mr. A. F. Gammond.

THE INDIANA AFLOAT.—The battleship Indiana left the dry dock, Halifax, about 10 o'clock on Wednesday, passing out safely, clean and with two good coats of paint. She anchored in the stream and began taking on 800 tons of coal. The battleship will not likely sail before Thursday and then either for Portland or Bar Harbor as ordered by Admiral Sicard.

POLICE COURT.—Robert Wakeling, Pete McInnis and Alex Darrock each fined \$5 or 30 days for fighting on Great George and Euston streets on Aug. 7th. James Whaelon was fined \$2 or 10 days for being drunk. The case of two young men charged with being disorderly and engaged in a fight was adjourned until Monday. One of the above young men charged with another assault by a different party on the 12th inst. This case was also adjourned until Monday. Margaret Buchanan on complaint of F. E. Foster, charged with assault was fined \$2. Fine allowed to stand over. James Manning, of Halifax who has been in the Hospital lately and now in a helpless state was ordered to be sent back to Halifax to-morrow.

SCOTTISH GATHERING.—At eight o'clock this morning the members of the Caledonian Club "all tartan'd and plumed" left their rooms on Queen Street, and headed by their pipers and the band of the 82nd Battalion, marched to the railway station where they took a special train to Summerside. The train consisted of nine cars. A large number of people went from Charlottetown and two more cars had to be added to the train to accommodate the people who were waiting at the different stations en route. The games are taking place at the Summerside Driving Park this afternoon.

Up to half-past two o'clock the following events have been decided.

Putting heavy stone.—1st D J McDonald Ch'town; 41 feet;—2nd D Clark, Grand River, 38ft 8in;—3rd Wm McLeod, Tyne Valley, 35ft 8in.

Running high jump.—L McDonald, and D McDonald, Ch'town; tied at 5ft 4in.

Throwing heavy hammer.—1st D Clark Grand River, 2nd—D J McDonald Ch'town; 3rd Jas McEachern, Ch'town. Thrown 91ft 7in.

Running broad jump.—D J McDonald Ch'town, D McDonald, Ch'town; 18ft 3in.

Three mile bicycle race.—1st H Mabon, 2nd, E Cook, 3rd, Reg Stewart, all of Ch'town.—Time 8.14.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Chester W. LePage, of Toronto, is visiting Charlottetown.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Maskell, of Cambridge, Mass. are visiting the Island. Lord and Lady Aberdeen went to Toronto yesterday to receive the British Association.

Lord Lister, the distinguished English physician, is in Toronto to attend at the meeting of the British Association.

Mr. W. J. Gates, Worthy Associate of the National Division, General Superintendent of Young People's Work, and Chairman of the Agency Committee of the Grand Division of Nova Scotia is visiting our Island Home.

Arrivals at Cliff House: James Waddell, Mrs J Waddell, Nora Waddell, Maggie McEachern, Wm Martin, Bertie McCallum, Benjamin Rogers, jr, Ch'town, Mrs Bessie Hastings, Chas Hastings, Boston; W Fenety, A Fenety, New Glasgow, N S; M s R H Mason, R H Mason, H O Brehaut, H H Brown, Albert Snelgrove, H Harvie, D McKenzie, C W Hyndman, James Taylor, Fred Taylor, A P Large, Mrs A P Large, Mrs John McLeod, Walter P Taylor, Charlottetown.

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—dy246 pat

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

LOST.—A White Curly Dog. The owner will please leave same at this office and be rewarded. aug 17

August Dullness

Is unknown here, though the dog days are supposed to be the dullest of the year

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Blouses

These prices are below the cost of production.

Blouses formerly sold at \$1.25 and \$1.40, now 75 cents.

Blouses formerly sold at 80c and 90c, now 50c.

All this season's goods, and as stylish and pretty as one could desire.

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

Rather than carry over a few Bicycles we will sell them at next year's prices.

—ALSO—

REFRIGERATORS

DODD & ROGERS

RACES AT AVONDALE.

There will be a race for horses in the 2.38 class and a green race at Prairie Track (one of the best tracks on the Island), Avondale, Lot 49, on THURSDAY, August 19. A liberal purse will be provided.

Refreshments on the grounds. Admission 20 cents; boys half price; ladies free. Races will begin at 1 p. m. sharp. Entries will close August 15th at 6 p. m. If the day is not favorable the races will be held on the Saturday following. JOSEPH FRASER, Avondale, Lot 49.

HARD BRICK

30,000, suitable for any special outside work.

CARVELL BROS.

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