

THE DAILY EXAMINER

TERMS. Four Dollars per Year.

"This is True Liberty, when Free Born Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."—EURIPIDES.

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If You are Going

BOSTON

or any part of the United States,

the cheapest and best route is via the

Plant Line,

THE POPULAR SUMMER ROUTE

DIRECT - SERVICE FROM CH'TOWN.

Commencing May 14th, 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 call at HAWKSBURY and Halifax both ways

Via Pictou & Halifax

Passengers leaving Charlottetown Tues and Saturday mornings via Pictou make close connection at Halifax with steamers "Olivette" and "Halifax" for Boston direct Wednesdays at 7 a. m. and Saturdays 11 p. m.

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

H. L. CHIPMAN, Can. Agent, Halifax, N. S.

Price Cutting Means Quick Selling

50c Men's heavy blue twill suits, regular price \$5.00 now for \$3.35.

50 Men's light tweed all wool well lined and trimmed price \$5.75 for \$3.75.

50 Men's tweed suits \$8 for \$5.25

25 Men's fine all wool, D. B., \$8.85 for \$6.

Men's Underclothing, white and colored Shirts, Ties, Collars, at very low prices, In Boots and Shoes we are the money savers.

Women's Kid Shoes, worth \$1 for 68c. Men's Oxford Shoes, 85c. We lead in quality and low price.

J. B. Macdonald's

Old Stand,

Opposite west end Market.

KOKANIE CREEK SHARES

NO FAKE

But legitimate mining, FOUR CLAIMS. One being on the famous Molly Gibson vein. Two above Enterprise, which sold \$300,000 cash, and another one half mile from Sloan River. High grade ore out cropping on three. Well defined ledges on all. Capital only \$250,000 in 25 cent shares. First issue for development 3 cents, non assessable. Next issue not less than 10 cents. Reliable management. Noting less than 500 shares sold. Order through bank.

GEO. D. SCOTT Agent

42 Fort St., Victoria, B. C.

ARTHUR ROBERTS.

The Domestic Tribulations of "the Funniest Man in England."

Arriving at the Gaiety one night late from the races Arthur Roberts found on his arrival at the theater the place seething with indignation. "Fetch me a black silk wrapper," he said while dressing. The wrapper being brought, he proceeded to form it into a sling, and, limping on to the stage, faced the house. All eyes were fixed on the sling and a cry of "Hush-as-h!" went round the house as the pale—purple—rosy 50—little man came down to the footlights.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I claim your indulgence; an accident in a cab. Forgive me." Such cheers, such sympathy, that the wicked fellow for once lost his head, and came on in the next act minus his scarf and limp! Stranger still, no one noticed it. Roberts' accomplishments are just what might be expected from so peculiar a character. If they were not so original, it is probable he would not be in receipt of an income which is anything from \$5,000 to \$7,000 per annum.

Some of the funniest trick pantomime wigs ever made were evolved from his quaint fancy, and when no fun is to be got out of wigs he will direct his attention to properties. His powers of pantomiming are remarkable. Without any accessories he will in dumb show so accurately play a game of billiards that the absence of the table is scarcely noticed. In short, Mr. Roberts is a merry, good hearted fellow, as ready for a joke as he is to help others in distress. Ask him to appear at a benefit and he will reply:

"Certainly. Anything you like. If your bill gets too full, I will sell programmes or take checks."

His one great sorrow, he tells me, is due to his inability to persuade his family that he is a funny fellow.

If he cracks a joke to his daughter, she will say, "That's not bad for you, papa!" If he tries his humor on his son, the youngster will retort, "Isn't it lucky for us, dad, that the public is so easily gulled?" While Mrs. Roberts, worst of all, disdains all notice of his humor beyond saying, "Do get on with your dinner, dear!"—London Answers.

HIS FIRST POEM.

Longfellow's Composition on the Fate of Mr. Finney's Turnip.

When our great poet Longfellow was 9 years old, his master wanted him to write a composition. Little Henry, like all children, shrank from the undertaking. His master said:

"You can write words, can you not?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then you can put words together?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then," said the master, "you may take your slate and go out behind the school-house and there you can find something to write about, and then you can tell what it is, what it is for, and what is to be done with it, and that will be a composition."

Henry took his slate and went out. He went behind Mr. Finney's barn, which chanced to be nearby, and, seeing a fine turnip growing up, he thought he knew what that was, what it was for and what would be done with it.

A half hour had been allotted to Henry for his first undertaking in writing compositions. In a half hour he carried in his work all accomplished, and the master is said to have been affected almost to tears when he saw what little Henry had done in that short time.

MR. FINNEY'S TURNIP.

Mr. Finney had a turnip, And it grew, and it grew, And it grew behind the barn, And the turnip did no harm.

And it grew, and it grew Till it could grow no taller, Then Mr. Finney took it up And put it in the cellar.

There it lay, there it lay Till it began to rot, When his daughter Susie washed it, And she put it in the pot.

Then she boiled it and boiled it As long as she was able, Then his daughter Lizzie took it, And she put it on the table.

Mr. Finney and his wife Both sat down to sup, And they ate, and they ate Till they ate the turnip up.

—New York Tribune.

Willing to Camp Out on Papa.

"So my little girl wants to get married and go away and leave her old papa, does she?" said the fond father as he stroked his child's sunny hair.

"Yes, papa, she does," replied the arch maiden, "but Fred says it would be quite too cruel."

"Oh, Fred said that, did he?"

"Yes, papa. Fred says that rather than take me away from you he'll be willing to come right here and live with us. Ain't it noble of him?"

"Very."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A GOD-SENT BLESSING

Mr. B. F. Wood, of Easton, Pa., was a great sufferer from organic heart disease. He never expected to be well again, but Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart was his good angel, and he lives today to tell it to others, hear him: "I was for fifteen years a great sufferer from heart disease, had smothering spells, palpitation, pain in the left side and swelled ankles. Twenty physicians treated me, but I got no relief. I used Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. Can dose relieved me inside of 30 minutes. Several bottles cured me." For sale at Dodd's Medical Hall and Geo. E. Hughes'

A Remarkable Case.

DOCTORS WOULD NOT AGREE AS TO THE TROUBLE.

A New Brunswick Lady the Victim—Suffered For Thirty Years—The Attack Caused Partial Blindness and a Feeling of Semi-Paralysis.

From the Woodstock, N. B., Sentinel.

Mrs. E. P. Ross, of Riley Brook, N. B., says: "I have been a sufferer for thirty years, and I am sure I would still be in the same lamentable condition had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was married at the age of twenty, and am now fifty-one years old. I had always enjoyed good health until after my first child was born. About a month later the illness attacked me which has since made my life miserable. I consulted different doctors, but they did not agree as to the nature of my trouble. One said it was a species of paralysis, others said symptoms of fits. I would be feeling very well, when I would suddenly have a sensation of partial blindness, and everything before me would sparkle. Then my hand and arm on one side would become numb, and after about ten minutes this sensation would pass to my lower limbs, then my tongue would become affected, as would also my hearing. Noises, no matter how close to me, would seem dim and far away. These symptoms would last for about forty minutes. I would have a violent pain over the eyes, which would continue for twelve



hours or more. Notwithstanding all that was done for me, these spells were coming more frequently, and at last I would sometimes have two attacks a day. I was also troubled with bronchitis, which added to my misery. I could not sew or knit, or do any work that required close attention to it. All this trouble had never left me for years, and at the age of 48 I consulted another doctor. The medicine he gave me, however, made me worse instead of better. Then I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was using the first box before I found any benefit, but when there was a decided change. By the time I used twelve boxes I was as well as I did in my young days. Every symptom of the trouble that had so long made my life miserable had disappeared. For eighteen months I did not use the pills and was as well as ever I had been in my life. Then one morning I felt a slight attack of the old trouble and determined to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills again. I got a box and took an occasional pill and have never since had a symptom of the trouble. To say that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done worlds for me is putting it mildly, and I strongly urge their use on all who may be ill. Pink Pills were also of great benefit to a niece of mine, Miss Effie J. Everett. Her mother died when she was quite young, and she grew up she became weak, easily tired—subject to headaches and her complexion was pale and wax-like. A young lady teacher who was boarding with the family and who had used Pink Pills with great success urged her to try them. The result was that she soon was enjoying the best of health, and is a fine robust young lady who shows no traces of her former illness.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving the disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Black Diamond Line.

The S. S. "COBAN" sailing from Montreal Thursday Ev'g, June 3rd will be due at Ch'town, Monday morning June 7th and will sail for St. John's Nfld. via North Sydney, C. B., carrying horses, cattle and sheep on deck and produce under deck at lowest possible rates.

For further particulars as to freight and passage, apply to

PEAKE BROS & CO.

Ch'town, June 1, '97, 31 ced.

BOTTLED BACTERIA.

Fears Hitherto Expressed as to Their Dire Effects Are Passing Away.

The average layman has long been sustained by a secret belief that the vast majority of bacteria are harmless, and, considering that he daily consumes millions of them in eating, drinking and sleeping, it is consoling to find the belief confirmed by an eminent authority.

Another scientist contributing to an English review does something toward relieving bacteria of their evil name by explaining how much they have to do with successful butter making. Butter, as every one knows, is best made from sour cream and does not keep well unless the cream is soured before churning. This result is usually attained by letting the cream stand till it sours of its own accord. But a series of experiments carried on in Sleswick-Holstein have proved that the souring of cream is produced by the presence of certain bacteria, which can be cultivated and introduced in such a way as to cause artificially the necessary souring.

A doctor named Witter has studied the subject, and "so skillfully blended certain cultures together that when the mixture was added in due proportion to sterilized cream to effect souring, the butter made therefrom was of most delicious flavor, pure and of great commercial value, inasmuch as it kept admirably.

The dried seed or powder of the bacteria used in this process can now be bought put up in bottles. A proportion is added to a small quantity of skimmed milk, which is subjected to a moderate continuous heat till the bacteria have developed. The "fermentation starter" is then added to the cream. The pure culture is only used occasionally, enough of the "starter" being left over every day to begin operations with on the next. The excellence of Danish butter is attributed to the care taken in choosing the "fermentation starter."—Popular Science Monthly.

HUMMING BIRDS.

Their Wonderfully Fashioned Diminutive Nests and Their Tiny Eggs.

Suddenly a glint shot from the point where my gaze was dreamily focused. That was all, but suspicion and savage instincts were aroused. For ten minutes my eyes followed the contour of each of the small boughs 20 feet above me, mere twigs from a higher and greater branch, which in turn declined from a mighty, outstretched arm of the giant. Presently suspicion centered in an insignificant, lichen covered wart on the upper side of a branch as large, perhaps, as a lady's wrist. It was like a dozen others, yet not exactly like them. The lichen seemed to me just a shade grayer and more regular, and the knot was a trifle too round. I feared to take my eyes away, lest it were lost before I had proved it to be only a natural excrescence. The sudden glint again struck my eye, there was a strange, tuneful hum, and—eureka! Directly above the point I was watching there hovered, with wings vibrating themselves into a misty point, an exquisite ruby throat. Then it settled on the diminutive cup of lichen, and I had found my first humming bird's nest.

By climbing far up above and then crawling carefully down on a separate limb, one could look over the nest, scarcely a yard away, to admire the tiny white eggs and the even more fairy-like nest, marvelously woven inside with the finest and softest fiber, and coated on the outer periphery against the weather with delicate lichen, which just turned the rim so as to shed any insistent raindrop that might penetrate the manifold roof of leaves overhead. The whole would have fitted in a circle made by joining the index finger and thumb.—"The Oakdwellers," by C. D. Lanier, in Scribner's.

Victoria's Diamond Jubilee

Will be held this year, and those who visit Ch'town this year will not do themselves justice if they fail to get their Luncheon at Victoria Cafe, and drink the health of Her Majesty the Queen in a glass of Joy's famous Butter-milk

JOHN P. JOY

VICTORIA CAFE

Gt. George St.

This Saturday Night.

Gala Night

—AT THE—

BARGAIN CORNER

From this 6 p m. Until 10 p m

Prices Take a Tumble

A tumble that will cause a puncture in many a dollar bill.

Four hours only will the following reckless disregard of cost, last

Your choice of the best Hard or Soft Hat in our store—and by the way that's no mean one—for \$1.75.

Straw Hats—just opened yesterday the most fashionable and prettiest lot in the city are lowered to-night to advertise our styles.

GENTS FURNISHINGS

in seasonable goods such as summer underwear, hose, ties, gloves, etc. Prices of these cannot be catalogued here, but we produce a surprise in extraordinary values in these lines.

One Tie for..... 3 quarters

One Tie for..... 2 quarters

One Tie for..... 1 quarter

Two Ties for..... 1 quarter

Three Ties for..... 1 quarter

Boys' summer blouses, ladies' summer underwear and hose, corsets, etc., at prices that must excite your wonder and admiration.

The greatest 4 hours' shaving of prices; the greatest opportunity that Ch'town has ever been offered in the shape of discount sale.

The Bargain Corner,

McKay Woolen Company