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## THREATENED CRISIS.

### DIPLOMACY AVERTS INTERNATIONAL COMPLICATIONS.

How a Negro Justice of the Peace Held a British Vessel With a Writ of "Ne Exeat Republicum"—The Writ Was Dissolved in Liquor and a Laugh Went Around.

During the reign of the carpetbaggers in Georgia a very black but brainy old negro named Tunis G. Campbell came down from the north and became one of the leaders of his race.

In the course of time Campbell was made a justice of the peace at the port of Darien. Then the trouble began in earnest.

Justice Campbell had no use for the whites because he knew that they cordially hated him.

But he did not confine his animosity to Georgians or to Democrats. He employed a number of negro constables, authorized them to carry weapons, and in a short time made his court a terror to the community.

So much by way of introduction. One summer a British sailing vessel came to Darien and took on a cargo of naval stores. Before getting ready to sail the captain settled everything due from him and his crew—that is, everything in the way of a just account. He secured his papers, when several negro traders of the lowest class unexpectedly put in claims for goods that had never been purchased.

These cormorants alleged that the captain and his sailors were indebted to them for meals, merchandise, lodging and other things.

It was evident that these claims were fraudulent, and the captain continued his preparations for his departure.

The afternoon he was to weigh anchor Justice Campbell held a consultation with a shyster lawyer.

"I want to hold that — foreigner here," said Campbell, "until he settles these bills!"

"In England," replied the lawyer, "when you want to prevent people from leaving the country, you issue a writ of ne exeat regnum."

Justice Campbell came near falling to the floor.

"Just say that again," he said excitedly.

"A writ of ne exeat regnum."

"I see—I see," said Campbell. "Well, I want you to draw up one and keep that fellow here."

The shyster's resources were limited, and he explained to his friend that regnum meant kingdom, and as this country was a republic there would have to be a change in the verbiage.

"Change it," commanded the black justice.

The lawyer then admitted that he knew very little Latin, and for that reason was somewhat embarrassed.

"This is a republic," he said.

"All right," was the prompt reply of Campbell. "Draw up a writ of ne exeat republicum."

"I am afraid it is bad Latin," objected the lawyer.

"I'll make it stick," answered the justice. "I'll sign the paper and swear in six special constables to enforce it."

This was enough, and the lawyer proceeded to draw up the most remarkable document ever seen in America.

The writ covered 20 pages of foolscap and ordered the Englishman, under the severest pains and penalties, to remain

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with his ship at Darien until he settled all claims.

It was a sultry August afternoon, and the vessel was about ready to depart, when it was boarded by Justice Campbell and six negro constables armed with guns.

The justice read the writ to the captain, and after informing him that the constables would remain until the matter was adjusted the judicial tyrant went ashore again.

The captain retired to the cabin with the mate and talked it over.

Finally a plan of action was agreed upon, and when the ship's officers reappeared they were apparently in a good humor. They told the constables that they were welcome as the representatives of the law and requested them to enjoy the freedom of the vessel.

The constables were overwhelmed with tobacco and cigars and an occasional dram until their suspicions vanished.

Then the captain and his crew displayed still more hospitality, and the bottle was freely passed around.

At midnight six negro constables were in a drunken slumber, the effect of their drugged liquor, and the captain and his men were wide awake and perfectly sober.

The blacks were carefully deposited in a boat and set adrift in the harbor, and then the British sloop quietly weighed anchor and left the port at an hour when Justice Campbell was dreaming of his new and wonderful writ of ne exeat republicum.

The constables were picked up next day and sent to jail for neglect of duty, but the vessel was then beyond reach.

The British captain went straight to Savannah, where he laid his case before his consul and demanded an apology and an indemnity from the United States government.

The consul found it difficult to keep his face straight when he heard the story.

"It is an outrage," he said to the captain, "but it is a peculiar one and of a ludicrous nature. If I were you, I would not hold a friendly government responsible for the conduct of a few ignorant persons, who have not been free long enough to know their own rights and respect the rights of others.

It required a good deal of talk to ad-

dress the Englishman, but after he had been wine and dined by the merchants and had told his story a score of times, amid roars of laughter, he began to regard the affair as a good joke and agreed to let it drop.

And thus ended what threatened to be a serious international complication. —Chicago Times-Herald.

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### WHAT SHALL I DO?

What shall I do lest life in silence pass? And if it do And never prompt the bray of noisy brass, What needst thou rue? Remember aye the ocean deeps are mute. The shallows roar. Worth is the ocean. Fame is but the brink Along the shore.

What shall I do to be forever known? Thy duty ever. This did full many who yet slept unknown— Oh, never, never! Thinkst thou perchance that they remain unknown? Whom thou knowest not? By angel trumpets in heaven their praise is blown. Divine their lot.

What shall I do to gain eternal life? Discharge aright The simple duties with which each day is rife, Yes, with my might. Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise Will life be fled, While he who ever acts as conscience cries Shall live, thou dead. —Schiller.

### THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

He Tells of Some Very Unpleasant Experiences With Mirrors.

"I have had," said the retired burglar, "some very unpleasant experiences with mirrors. I think I have told you how I once fired at my reflection in a mirror, mistaking it for another man—a mistake that I thought I should never make again. But within two years after that I struck at a man in a mirror, and smashed the glass and smashed my hand and made myself uncomfortable generally. It may seem strange to you that a man could make such mistakes, but in a dim light, and where everything is strange to him, and he's all sort of keyed up himself, I don't know as it is after all. Still, after that last experience I did think it would be some time before I had any more trouble with mirrors. But within a year I had an experience that was a great deal worse than either of them.

"When I came out of a room in a house I was in one night, on the second floor, looking down the hall—this was pretty near the front where I was—I saw the figure of myself in a mirror at the other end. It was plain enough, even in that light, but it startled me a little at first, and I threw up my gun at it. Of course the figure's hand went up and down, just the same as mine did.

and it made me kind of laugh to think of it, and I could imagine the shadow laughing, too, at a man who was afraid of his own shadow.

"Then I went into the next room, and when I came out of that into the hall again my eyes sought the mirror again. It wasn't very pleasant to see yourself in the dark in that way, but it would have been a mighty sight less pleasant not to. But then I was all right, and I stood and looked at it a minute and threw up my arm at it same as before, just up and down, a sort of unnecessary test, but it made me feel just a little easier, and up went the arm in the mirror with mine, but this time, when mine came down, the arm in the mirror staid up.

"Now, don't raise your hands," the man said, covering me with a gun in his upraised hand, voice kind of drawing, but meaning business, you know. You know when a man means business, and this man did mean it, and I kept my hands down.

"Oh, Bill!" he says, not moving a muscle and not shouting it out, but just kind of drawing it out like the other.

"Then a man appeared beyond the man that was holding me up, coming toward him and me. He walked right through the mirror, past the other man, and kept coming. It was all plain enough then. In fact, I'd guessed at it before, as may be you have. The mirror wasn't a mirror at all, but a doorway, an opening midway of a long hall, and the frame was the frame of the doorway. There were rooms beyond, just the same as those on the side where I was, and it was the doors of those that I had seen in the mirror and not the reflection of those on my side. And it was out of one of those doors that Bill came. The man with the gun had been ready for me the first time I looked, but it must have been that Bill wasn't then. But Bill was ready now, and he came on past the other man, careful to keep out of his range, of course, making for me, and he came around behind me and took two or three turns of a rope around my body and arms. Then the man with the gun came up, and between them they tied me up good and strong. And that was a matter of some four years." —New York Sun.

New goods and low prices at R. K. Jost's.

### LIVED SIX MONTHS ON \$70.

#### How a Newspaper Man in Hard Luck Managed to Exist.

Six months ago a newspaper man came to Chicago to get work on one of the big papers here. Like many another man from the country, he thought that the fact that he was head and shoulders above the other newspaper men in his little town was proof that he was able to stand the keen competition in Chicago. But he found that the places were filled, and that there were at least 50 per cent more pegs than holes. He was determined not to go back to his little town, so he remained in Chicago in the hope that he would get a place.

Meanwhile he had no money whatever and had to practice the closest economy. He wrote five or six columns of copy each week and tried to sell the stories to the Sunday papers. Now and then he sold something, but his income during the six months was about \$2.50 per week, his total earnings for that period, in fact, being only \$70. Nevertheless he managed to live without borrowing any money, for he had no friends in Chicago from whom he could borrow, and he was too proud to write home for money. Instead he wrote home glowing tales of the progress which he was making and told of the advantages of newspaper work in a big city and its consequent rewards.

Few people would believe that a man could live in Chicago for six months on \$70, but he did it. Of course he did not dine at a fashionable restaurant. He ate his meals on Clark street at some sacrifice of his pride, but without the knowledge of any of his acquaintances. No one would know where he ate, for none of the men whom he saw during the day would go to such a place. His meals usually cost him 5 cents each, and they were good meals, in quantity, if not in quality.

You can buy a luxurious breakfast on Clark street for 5 cents. It will consist of three eggs, bread, butter and coffee, and any one inclined to doubt the statement can go and try the meals. The places are easily found. There are always big signs outside of them containing names of the articles of food and the prices. For 5 cents he bought his dinner, which consisted of any kind of meat, potatoes, bread and coffee. A similar bill of fare at the same expense formed his supper. Sometimes he would pay 10 cents for his dinner, and then he would get two more vegetables and some pie for dessert. Thus his meals cost 15 cents a day, or \$1.05 a week.

He slept in a 10 cent lodging house in the same room with a half dozen other men. The beds were small, but he always slept soundly, and none of the inmates knew him. They were not inquisitive and were too much bothered by their own troubles to care to ask his. Seventy cents a week was the cost of his lodging. This was a total of \$1.75 for a week's board and lodging. His other fixed expenses were for tobacco, newspapers and writing paper. He smoked a pipe, the tobacco costing 10 cents a week. He had to buy a couple of newspapers each day, which meant 25 cents a week, although sometimes he would look at those in the reading rooms of the libraries. His copy paper cost him only 10 cents a week, leaving a margin of 30 cents.

The only drawback about sleeping in a 10 cent lodging house was that there was no place afforded in which to write, but he used to go to the public or Newberry library and do his writing there, where there are ample facilities. Most of his time was spent in traveling around on the streets looking for good Sunday stories.

Such was the life he led for six months. A few weeks ago he was given a place as a spare writer on the city staff. Now he earns \$10 or \$12 a week, and he is able to live more luxuriously. But the reporter is now willing to believe, as he knows by practical experience, that a man who can make \$3 or \$3 a week need not starve in a big city. —Chicago Times-Herald.

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