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THE DAILY EXAMINER

SEPTEMBER 30, 1897.

THE U. S. FRIGATE PRESIDENT.

A United States man-of-war that is kept tied up to a dock in London by the British government may become the subject of diplomatic negotiation. She is the frigate President, captured by the British off Long Island in the war of 1812. Since the success of Ambassador Bayard in securing the restoration to the United States of the log of the Mayflower several letters have been received at the United States embassy calling attention to the old President and asking if some means could not be devised of securing her return to the United States. Thus far the embassy has taken no action in the matter. The President is not a regular ship in the British navy but lies at the West India docks, the Thames, where she is used as a drill ship for the naval reserve of London. The President is kept in excellent order, and the figurehead of John Adams is bright with gold. At the time of her capture when she was commanded by the gallant Decatur, she was the largest frigate in the world, carrying sixty guns. She only surrendered after one hundred of her crew had been killed, and when the second British frigate came up to help the Encyption. Today, however, she looks like a small craft, and is really less than 2,000 tons burden. She bears no evidences of the terrible cannonade she sustained before she surrendered. Every plank seems to be as sound as when she was launched. At the admiralty, however, doubts were expressed as to whether she could cross the Atlantic without going to pieces, and in any event, it is said, she would be almost worthless, except as a curiosity. It is also said that she has been rebuilt above the water line, but it is admitted that her frame, keel, masts and much of her planking were exactly as they came from the Yankee ship builders yard. Her history has been carefully kept at the admiralty. Since she was captured she has been a part of the British navy, but her name has never been changed. The officers aboard today said the great old ship made little or no water, and appeared to be perfectly sound. An Englishman writes to the Times asking what Britain is to get in return for the log of the Mayflower, and suggests a general exchange of war trophies to cement the friendship of the two nations, and says the United States should give up the flags and the wooden lion now held at Annapolis which were captured from the British.

All arrangements for the session of Kasala to Great Britain have been completed and everything is ready for the occupation of that town by the British troops. Kasala is a town of Abyssinia, situated roughly speaking about half way between Kharoum and Massawa, on the Red Sea. It is also only about 300 miles southwest of Suakim and is the junction of three telegraph lines. Kasala has a population of some 50,000 people and was one of the towns occupied by the Italian troops in the efforts of Italy to establish an African colony by co-operating with the British forces in Egypt.

A Good Reason.

The general passenger agent of one of the Chicago trunk lines received a letter from a Kansas man the other day requesting a pass for himself to Chicago and return. There was nothing about the letter to indicate that the writer had any claim whatsoever to the courtesy he requested, but the railway man thought that perhaps the Kansan had some connection with the road in some way, possibly as a local freight agent. So he wrote back, "Please state explicitly on what account you request transportation." By return mail came this reply, "I've got to go to Chicago some way, and I don't want to walk."—Exchange.

A Bakeshop Machine.

One of the latest appliances for use in a bakeshop oven consists of a machine which takes the whole meat and grinds it, mixes water with it and kneads it into dough ready for the oven.

The Perfect Pill

Perfect in preparation.
Perfect in operation.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills

Perfect post-prandial pill.
Perfect for all purposes.

THE PILL THAT WILL

PERSONAL CHAT.

David B. Hill is an ardent admirer of the national game and spends many of his spare moments in watching contests.

United States Senator George Frisbie Hear of Massachusetts and Senator Julius C. Burrows of Michigan are studying modern Greek.

Joseph Jefferson recently expressed his firm belief that in 20 years science will have proved beyond doubt the immortality of the human soul.

Chauncey M. Depew is intensely fond of the Scotch as a race and thinks that the only state in the Union which resembles Scotland is Vermont.

Senator Foraker is building a fine residence in Washington. P. L. Peltz, one of the original architects of the congressional library, has the plans in hand.

John Ruskin's health is much improved, and he is taking an active interest in the publication of addresses on landscape painting delivered by him at Oxford.

Chaplain Henry Masterman, a veteran of the Grand Army in Lincoln, Neb., is probably the only man in America who attended the wedding of Queen Victoria as a guard of honor.

Bocker T. Washington says that many of his own race are prejudiced against him on account of the fact that he is the first colored man since the war to win the universal respect of the white people in the south.

In England Hannah Brewer, a woman of 72 years, has just retired from the postal service after a term of 60 years. She began delivering letters for her father, who was subpostmaster of the village of Bitton and the outlying district.

George W. Julian, the first man who carried the antislavery doctrine to southern Indiana, is a tall, finely built man, 6 feet 2 inches tall, and although he is in reality becoming weak from his advanced age looks perfectly sound and strong.

Carl Cronheilm of Sweden, who has inherited a title and the estates to support it, has engaged a professional bartender at \$5,000 per year as traveling companion. He proposes to have his drinks mixed a la American now that he can pay for them.

The Hon. James M. Robinson of Indiana, who is among the young contingent in a house extraordinarily full of young men, received his education in the public schools of his native town, Fort Wayne, was a newspaper carrier until 1876, went into the railroad machine shops and worked till 1881. While working in the shops he studied law.



When a man gets down flat on his back, so that he has to be carried about like a baby, he finally realizes that he is a sick man. Very frequently he has been a sick man for years, but has recklessly refused to recognize nature's warnings. Severe illness is something that does not strike a man like a flash of lightning. It creeps upon him by degrees, and at every step warns him with a new danger signal.

When a man feels "out of sorts" or "knocked out," or whatever he may call it, he is a sick man. It is time to take warning. Headaches, drowsiness, loss of sleep at night, loss of appetite, nervousness, bad taste in the mouth in the morning, and frightful dreams—all these are warnings of encroaching illness. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery creates appetite, cures dyspepsia, stimulates the liver, purifies the blood, quickens the circulation and tones the nerves. It makes rich, red, tissue-building blood. It builds firm flesh, but does not make corpulent people more corpulent. Unlike cod liver oil, it does not make flabby flesh. On the contrary, it tears down and excretes the unhealthy tissues that constitute corpulency, and replaces them with the firm, muscular tissues of good health. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption. All bronchial, throat and kindred ailments, as lingering coughs, spitting of blood and weak lungs are cured by it. Thousands have testified to its merits. At all medicine stores.

It is a dealer's business to give you what you ask for; not to tell you what you want.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. One "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. Druggists sell them, and nothing is "just as good."

HOMELY HINTS.

The picture framer may be the better artist.

Failure often puts forth the brightest blossoms.

It is far easier to be true to art than to nature.

When the strong err, they generally sin to boot.

Paint never conceals a blush on the face it covers.

One pen is more trustworthy than 100 memories.

The fool is the only one that does not fear responsibility.

Glimpses of heaven are sometimes caught by looking down.

There is once in awhile a church that makes poor folks feel as if they were in a cold storage house.—New York Telegram.

HEARD AT A HOTEL.

The Talk Was Not an Intellectual Treat, but It Was Interesting.

"Stop!"

"Please."

"No. If you kiss me, I'll never speak to you again."

(A struggle and a smack.)

"Don't you ever dare to do that again."

"I couldn't help it."

"Yes, you could. Be a man."

"All right, I will."

(Smack again.)

"If you kiss me again, I'll tell my mother."

"No, you won't."

"Yes, I will."

(Another smack.)

"Stop!"

"Why?"

"Because I want you to."

"Why do you want me to?"

"Because I do."

(Silence for a few minutes.)

"I wish you would keep your arm to yourself."

"Why?"

"Because I don't want it around my waist."

"Why not?"

"Because it isn't proper."

"Why isn't it?"

"Suppose some one should see."

"But no one can."

"They might."

"Well?"

"Well."

Now that conversation may not be to every one an intellectual treat, but down at our hotel the other night seven girls and three men listened to it with rapt attention for two mortal hours.—New York Truth.

Poole's Little Joke.

When Poole, the English tailor, was an old man, he was at Brighton on a vacation, and one afternoon went out to walk upon the pier. A young man was also on the pier with a couple of ladies, to whom he said, as he saw Poole coming: "Now, you wouldn't take that good looking man for a tailor, but he is. Just listen while I take him down a notch or two. I'll tell him my coat, which I have just had from him, doesn't fit." As he spoke Poole approached and politely acknowledged the salutation of his customer, who, walking up to him, said: "Here, Poole, now do take a look at me. Does this coat fit?" Poole took in the situation. "It certainly does not fit," said he, and, pulling out a bit of French chalk, he proceeded liberally to mark and cross the coat of his would be queller all over and then observed, with the utmost urbanity, "Now, if you will kindly send that coat to my shop, the alterations shall be attended to."—Argonaut.

The Make Up Did It.

The actor with the bicycle face and the lump on his back strode to the foot-lights. "My kingdom for a horse!" he cried.

A score of men rose in their seats and a shower of repair kits rained upon the stage.

The supposition that it was a punctured tire was perhaps not an unnatural one.—New York Press.

Why Not?

"Do you mean to tell me that you have found a large number of men who are willing to put all they possess into a common stock and share alike?"

"Certainly," replied the socialist.

"Why not? There isn't one of them who has a cent to his name."—Washington Star.

Woman's Way.

"So, after they had fought for her, she married the man who got whipped, did she?"

"Yes. She reasoned that a man who would fight a man who could whip him must be braver than a man who fought a man he could whip."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Waiting Not Possible.

His fiery spirit brooked no delay—no, not a moment's hesitancy or vacillation.

Therefore, "Excuse me, suh, if I don't wait fo' yo'!" said Colonel Bourbon, tossing off his whisky straight.—New York Journal.

Clever Girls.

"Our typewriter girl is awfully clever. She can sharpen lead pencils."

"Pooh! Ours can beat that. She has five clerks in the office dying to sharpen them for her."—Detroit Free Press.

Her Contract.

The woman who marries a man for the purpose of reforming him never wants for occupation afterward.—Somerville Journal.

An Illustrated Phrase.



"HAVING HIS PICTURE TAKEN."
—New York Journal.

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