

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

THE WEEKLY EXAMINER

Issued every Friday morning. It is made up of matter 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

OCTOBER 25, 1897.

THE WINDSOR FIRE.

The wind was blowing fiercely, it made the houses shake. Some of the citizens were asleep and some were half awake. When the awful cry of "Fire!" rang out upon the air. The people scrambled out of bed, crying "Where is it? Oh, where?"

Out, out they rush with flying feet, On, on till they reach the spot, And they hear the roar of the fire-head And feel its breath so hot.

Back, back they move, for the stifling smoke Almost takes their breath away, As the curling flames, with their fiery tongues, Around the buildings play.

Oh, the children cry and the women scream As the awful scene they view, And they sink down moaning in despair, "Oh, whatever shall we do?"

The flames work hard, but 'tis all in vain, The flames cannot be controlled, And many are carrying their children away Who are crying with hunger and cold.

With one lingering look at their burning homes, Where the flames are bursting through, They hasten away to save their lives— 'Tis all that they can do.

Homeless, poor creatures! Oh, how sad! But soon God did provide Shelter for them; for generous ones Their doors have opened wide.

Oh, ye whom God hath blessed so much In this our native land, Go help the Wind-or-sufferers With generous, liberal hand;

Send money, food or clothing now, You shall be rewarded; Jesus will say to you at last "Ye did it unto me."

SYMPATHISER.

Charlottetown.

A Winnipeg despatch says: "A prominent Roman Catholic, of this city, has received word from Rome that the finding of His Holiness the Pope on Manitoba's school settlement will be favorable to the government's interest."

Four hundred emigrants on board the Italian steamer Agordat, bound from Genoa for Santos, Brazil, have been poisoned by veridigris which had become attached to the soup kettles in which their food was cooked. It is expected that many of the sufferers will lose their lives.



Fifty Years Ago.

President Polk in the White House chair, While in Lowell was Doctor Ayer; Both were busy for human weal One to govern and one to heal. And, as a president's power of will Sometimes depends on a liver-pill, Mr. Polk took Ayer's Pills I trow For his liver, 50 years ago.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills

were designed to supply a model purgative to people who had so long injured themselves with griping medicines. Being carefully prepared and their ingredients adjusted to the exact necessities of the bowels and liver, their popularity was instantaneous. That this popularity has been maintained is well marked in the medal awarded these pills at the World's Fair 1893.

50 Years of Cures.

WAS GETTING EVEN.

A WAITER GIVES A CUSTOMER A LESSON IN IMPORTUNING.

The Man Didn't Want Anything but Pork and Beans and What Went With It, but the Waiter Called His Attention to Everything in the Place.

"Pork and beans? Yes, sir. Anything else?" "No."

The waiter in the Madison street restaurant filled the order with alacrity.

"Did you say coffee, sir?" he asked as he placed the pork and beans before the hungry guest.

"No," replied the latter.

"You'll find our coffee very nice, sir."

"This bread and butter goes with the pork and, doesn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"And this glass of water?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Well, that's all I want."

"Yes, sir. Like to try a cup of our chocolate?"

"No. If I want anything else, I'll call for it."

The waiter stepped back, but returned presently to ask:

"Wouldn't you like to have me bring you some of our boneless codfish? It's the best in the country."

"No."

"How about roast turkey with stuffing?"

"Don't want any."

"It's first class."

"That's all right. I don't want it."

"I think you'd like our roast beef and browned potatoes."

"Didn't you hear me say that if I wanted anything else I would call for it?"

"Yes, sir."

The waiter stepped back again, but in a few moments returned to the attack.

"Excuse me for saying so, my friend, but you look as if you might be needing some kind of game. Suppose you try our jacksnipe on toast."

"Great Scott! Don't you reckon I know what I want?"

"Yes, sir. Our jacksnipe is fresh and good. Everybody needs to eat game once in awhile. Kind of tones up the system."

"I've told you I don't want any."

"Yes, sir. Rabbits ain't good this time of year or we'd have some rabbit. Squabs are about as good as wild game, though. Like to try a broiled squab on toast?"

"I'd like to eat my pork and beans in peace. Bring me some more water, will you?"

"Yes, sir. Shan't I bring you some iced tea?"

"Not any iced tea."

"It's very fine."

"Don't want it."

"It's good for some people; tones up the system."

"That's all right. Bring me that water, will you?"

"Yes, sir."

He went away and returned in an incredibly short space of time.

"Here's your water," he said, "but I think you'd find our iced coffee mighty fine."

The guest made no reply.

"Better let me bring you some iced coffee, sir."

"When I want any iced coffee or anything else, I'll let you know."

"Ever try any of our stewed mushrooms?"

"No, and I don't want to try any of your stewed mushrooms either."

"You needn't be afraid of them, sir. They're all right. We guarantee them, and there ain't any better in the United States."

"I don't."

"Some people, you know, are afraid of mushrooms. Ours are selected with great care. The man we get our mushrooms from is an expert. He raises 'em scientifically."

"Say, do you know you're a confounded nuisance?"

"I hope not, sir. I'm only trying your own way of doing business on you."

"What do you mean?"

"You run a barber shop on State street, don't you?"

"Yes. What of that?"

"You have the chair next to the front door, I think?"

"Yes."

"Well, I went to your shop last Saturday to get a shave. You shaved me. You tried to get me to have my hair cut. You told me I ought to have a shampoo. You said my hair needed singeing. You wanted to know if I hadn't better have some tonic or bay rum. You wanted to sell me a special shaving mug and brush. You bored me every minute you were shaving me, and I said to myself that if I ever got a chance at you I'd even up things. I didn't expect you quite so soon, though. Say, we're about even, ain't we?"

"We'll be a little more than even when I tell your boss about your dog-goned impudence!"

"I guess you won't do that. There's a dozen of us that get shaved at your shop. You go to making any trouble and you'll lose the lot of us. You'd better take your medicine like a little—Going, are you? Well, come again. Treat you all right next time."—Chicago Tribune.

Buy your white blankets from the men who will give you the best value, and you will buy them from Prowse Bros.

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GO! HIS DISCHARGE.

HOW A SWIFT PACER FROM CINCINNATI WON \$500.

In and Out of the Regular Army All Ten Days—He Played the Popular Game of Feigned Suicide and Took Possession of the Chief Officer's Quarters.

The medical department is regarded as the cradle of the enlisted man in the army as well as in the navy. In both services there is a fixed penalty for the military crime of malingering—a word, by the way, that is now conversationally obsolete in the services and hardly ever employed except in written official reports—"beating the sick list" being the modern fashion of referring, by both officers and men, to the crafty work of the malingerer. It is not often that the malingerer is brought to book, however, owing to the extreme difficulty usually encountered by the surgeons in proving an absolutely clear case against him. To establish a case against a malingerer is generally a job of such proportions that few military surgeons have the heart to attempt it.

It is not alone for the purpose of escaping duty that the enlisted men of the two services endeavor to deceive the medical departments. They quite often attempt to get out of the service upon the surgeon's recommendation.

The feigning of insanity has often been successful within recent years in cases of men who wanted to doff their uniforms without deserting or buying their discharges. There was an extraordinary case of this sort at one of the western recruiting stations in 1891. In a large batch of recruits that arrived one morning at the station was a well educated, clipper built young chap from Cincinnati. He was in appearance and manner so far and away ahead of the other fellows in the batch that he caught the eyes of the company captains at once, and each of them wanted to get the promising looking recruit into his company. The captain of the company to which the recruit was assigned called the young fellow into his orderly room at once and made a good deal of him.

On the same afternoon this recruit from Cincinnati was reported missing from his company roll call. The captain instructed the first sergeant to institute a search for the man. Several men were detailed for the work of hunting him up, and they searched the whole post high and low without finding him. Then the guard was notified of the recruit's absence, and the sergeant of the guard was directed to find him and put him under arrest. A corporal and several sentries prowled about the garrison for an hour without discovering a sign of the missing recruit. While the corporal and sentries were still out on their vain search the bell of the guard-house telephone rang furiously. The telephone communicated with the commanding officer's quarters alone, and the commanding officer was at his end in force.

"Is that you, sergeant of the guard?" he inquired. "Well, come over here instantly with about 20 files of the guard and have 'em load their guns with ball. There's a damned raving lunatic of a recruit taken possession of my quarters. Come in a hurry."

The commanding officer explained afterward what had happened. On returning from his office to his quarters he was surprised on approaching the house to hear piano music at that, issuing from his parlor. All of the members of his family, including his daughters, were away on a visit to another post, and he knew that his middle aged servant was always visiting her cronies on "Soapsuds row" at that hour of the afternoon. Moreover, none of his daughters, and certainly not the servant, could produce such music. So he did not know what to make of it. He walked up the steps and through the wide open doorway in a hurry, the music still continuing. When he entered the parlor, he saw a good looking soldier seated at the piano, playing a Chopin nocturne with great feeling.

"What the dev?"—the commanding officer started to exclaim.

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"For a minute, Willie," said the soldier, turning to the commanding officer with a beatific smile and going on with his playing. "Don't interrupt me until I finish this grandioso movement; then I'll be at your service, me man—ah!" And he finished his performance with a mellow chord and wheeled around on a stool to face the commanding officer, who was on the verge of apoplexy.

"Confound you, what's the meaning of all this blankety blank?"

"Softly, softly, me man," said the good looking soldier with upraised hand and a sudden look of seriousness on his countenance. "You don't want to find yourself in the guardhouse, do you? Well, I'll have you there in just three minutes if I hear any more of such language. What the deuce do you mean by forcing yourself into my quarters anyhow? I'll tell you what, Willie, the sooner you get it through your head that I'm in command of this garrison—"

The commanding officer had enough strength left to reach the telephone in the next room and ring up the guardhouse. The recruit from Cincinnati followed him into the room and stood smiling while the commanding officer talked over the wire.

"I'll turn the tables on you, Willie, when the guard arrives," he said, and then he walked over to the sideboard and poured out two stiff drinks of brandy from the decanter. "Meantime, Willie, you may drink my health and my success as major general commanding the army of the United States," and he was just handing the commanding officer the glass when the sergeant and sentries entered the room at a lops. The recruit from Cincinnati struggled furiously, but the men of the guard overcame him, and in a few minutes he was in a straitjacket in a guardhouse cell. The post surgeon visited him and at once pronounced the man a raving maniac. The recruit's people in Cincinnati were notified of his condition. The young man's father proved to be a wealthy manufacturer. He used his influence with the war department, so that the military authorities turned his son over to his keeping for treatment in a private sanitarium.

The young man did not require any sanitarium treatment, nor did he go to any sanitarium. He was an incorrigible, known in Cincinnati as the swiftest pacer in a wild lot of youths, and when his father took him from the post guardhouse to Cincinnati he related how he had made a \$500 bet with another incorrigible that he could enlist in the United States army and get out of the service within ten days, without either deserting, buying his discharge or using any political influence whatever. He won the bet, with three days to spare.—New York Sun.

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To charm and delight you are our Cobber seat, and Rattan Rockers, and our new Mirrors, 8.50 to 11.50, will enable you to make yourselves admirable to both sexes.

Our new window blinds 25 to 45 will beautify your home and for a little money.

We furnish homes.

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Good quality were 60c, now 30c.

Good quality were 95c, now 50c.

T. J. HARRIS

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