CARTER'S
Prince Edward Island Almanac
For 1896, Now R[illegible]
Containing besides the usual information
The Vote declared for each District on the Island at the last Dominion General Election.
The Vote declared for each District at the last Local Election
Leading Events Transpiring Throughout the World from October, 1894, to December 9th, 1895.
PRICE 15 CENTS.
dec17—d&w

Senate Read. Room

THE DAILY EXAMINER.

TERMS: Four Dollars a Year — "This is true Liberty, when Free Born Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."—Euripides. — Single Copies Two Cents

VOL 35. CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1896. NO 171

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J. D. TAYLOR.

THE DAILY EXAMINER

THE LEADING DAILY NEWSPAPER OF P. E. ISLAND,
Issued every afternoon, from the office of the EXAMINER PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the London House Building, Queen Street.

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The Weekly Examiner

Is issued every Friday morning from the publishers' office. It is made up of matter which has appeared in the Daily editions, and is a first-class weekly newspaper—interesting and full of the latest news.

CALENDAR FOR JANUARY, 1896

Last Quar 7th day, 11h 12.4m. a. m.
New Moon, 16th day, 6h. 6.9m. p. m
First Quar, 22d day, 10h. 29.8m. p. m
Full Moon, 30th day, 4h. 42.8m., a. m.

	Day of Week.	Sun rises	Sun sets	High water
		h m	h m	morn
1	Wednesday	7 49	4 18	11 4
2	Thursday	49	19	11 47
3	Friday	49	20	aft 29
4	Saturday	49	21	1 9
5	Sunday	49	22	1 50
6	Monday	48	23	2 36
7	Tuesday	48	24	3 34
8	Wednesday	48	26	4 40
9	Thursday	48	27	6 3
10	Friday	47	29	7 19
11	Saturday	47	30	8 34
12	Sunday	47	31	9 17
13	Monday	46	33	10 4
14	Tuesday	46	34	10 39
15	Wednesday	45	35	11 22
16	Thursday	44	37	11 26
17	Friday	43	39	morn
18	Saturday	42	40	0 28
19	Sunday	42	14	0 58
20	Monday	41	42	1 0
21	Tuesday	40	43	2 4
22	Wednesday	39	44	2 42
23	Thursday	38	45	3 30
24	Friday	37	47	4 34
25	Saturday	36	48	5 51
26	Sunday	35	50	7 1
27	Monday	34	51	8 18
28	Tuesday	33	53	9 15
29	Wednesday	32	54	10 6
30	Thursday	31	56	10 49
31	Friday	7 30	57	11 30

P. E. Island Railway

On and after THURSDAY, 5th December, 1895, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows.—

Trains Outward. Read down. — Trains Inward. Read up.

P M A M — P M A M
3 10 7 00......Charlottetown...... 3 10 10 10
3 39 7 19......Royalty Junction...... 2 50 9 50
4 17 8 03......North Wiltshire...... 2 04 9 05
4 31 8 17......Hunter River...... 1 49 8 51
5 05 8 52......Bradalbane...... 1 15 8 17
5 13 9 00......Emerald...... 1 07 8 08
5 27 9 15......Freetown...... 12 53 7 54
5 47 9 38......Kensington...... 12 33 7 33
6 20 10 10 Ar } Summerside { Lv 12 00 7 00
P M 12 50 Lv } { Ar 10 30 A M
1 11......Miscouche...... 10 10
1 37......Wellington...... 9 47
2 08......Port Hill...... 9 09
2 34......O'Leary...... 8 00
3 58......Bloomfield...... 7 34
4 34......Alberton...... 6 55
5 20......Tignish...... 6 00
P M — A M

A M — A M
2 30......Charlottetown...... 10 30
2 50......Royalty Junction...... 10 10
3 23......Bedford...... 9 37
3 55 Ar } Mt Stewart { Lv 9 05
4 10 Lv } { Ar 8 50
5 22......Cardigan...... 7 35
5 45......Georgetown...... 7 10
P M — A M
4 05......Mount Stewart...... 8 55
4 13......Morell...... 8 17
5 12......St Peter's...... 7 48
5 57......Bear River...... 7 13
6 40......Souris...... 6 20
P M — A M

P M — A M
6 15......Emerald...... 7 50
05......Cape Traverse...... 7 00
P M — A M

Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time

A. McDONALD, Superintendent, Charlottetown.
D. POTTINGER, Gen Mgr Govt. Rys, Moncton, N B.

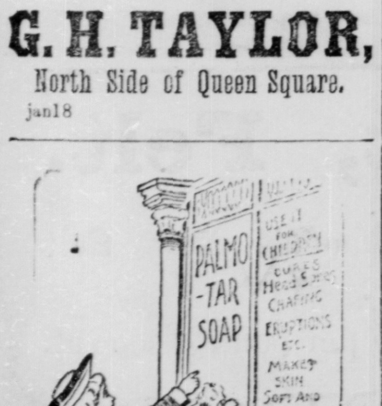
Railway Office, Dec 1, 1895.

ÆNEAS A. MACDONALD,
Barrister-at-Law
OFFICE, GREAT GEORGE STREET,
CHARLOTTETOWN.

Money to Loan.
Fire and Life Insurances taken.
Agent for Credit Foncier Franco-Canadien, Lancashire Fire Insurance Co., Great Western Life Assurance Co.
dec6—26 &wy

Watch, Rings, Chains.

G. H. TAYLOR,
North Side of Queen Square.
jan18



Sample Rooms & Groce y Store.

Having now completed my Sample Rooms, heated by hot water and lighted by electricity, with all sanitary arrangements and a private entrance to same, I have converted my Saloon into a Grocery, and stocked with the choicest Groceries, hoping by paying strict attention to the two above business to receive a liberal patronage for same.

P. P. GILLIS.
jan15—6i d&w

CIVIC ELECTION

In pursuance of an Act of the General Assembly of this Island, made and passed in the fifty-first year of the reign of Her present Majesty Queen Victoria, Chap. 12, intituled: "The City of Charlottetown Incorporation Act," and of the Act amending the same, 55 Vic, Cap. 10, intituled "An Act to amend the City of Charlottetown Incorporation Act."

I do hereby give Public Notice that an election for a Mayor for the said City, and for one person to serve as a Common Councilman in the City Council for each of Wards Numbers 1, 2 and 3 of said City, and of two persons to serve as Common Councilmen in the said Council for Ward No. 4 of said City, and of three persons to serve as Common Councilmen in the said Council for Ward No 5 in said City, being in all a Mayor and Eight Common Councilmen, representing the City as follows:—

For Ward Number One....One Councillor,
" " " Two....One Councillor,
" " " Three..One Councillor,
" " " Four..Two Councillors,
" " " Five...Three Councillors,

WILL BE HELD ON

Wednesday, the 12th day of February, A. D. 1896,

At the several places, that is to say:

In Ward 1, at or near the office of Mr. John Maceachern, Queen Street.
In Ward 2, at or near the house of Thomas Connolly, opposite Mr. R. Heartz's Warehouse Sydney Street, between Great George and Prince Streets.
In Ward 3, at or near the Market House.
In Ward 4, at or near the new City Hall, corner of Kent and Queen Streets.
In Ward 5, at or near the carriage shop of Philip Large & Son, on Great George Street.

And at the said Election the Poll will be opened at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and continue open until five o'clock in the afternoon of the same day.

DESCRIPTION OF WARDS.

Number One shall comprise all that part of Charlottetown which lies south of Dorchester Street, and the parcel of land formerly known as the Military Barrack Ground.
Number Two shall comprise all that part of Charlottetown which lies south of Richmond Street and north of Dorchester Street.
Number Three shall comprise all that part of Charlottetown which lies south of Grafton Street and north of Richmond Street.
Number Four shall comprise all that part of Charlottetown which lies south of Fitzroy Street and north of Grafton Street.
Number Five shall comprise all that part of Charlottetown which lies north of Fitzroy Street including the Common of the said Town.

NOMINATION DAY.

WEDNESDAY, February 5th, A. D. 1896, from the time of Twelve at noon until the hour of Four o'clock in the afternoon of the same day.
For qualification of Electors, see above Act 51 Victoria, Cap. 12, sections 24 to 29.
[L. S.]

H. M. DAVISON, City Clerk.
W. E. DAWSON, Mayor of the City of Charlottetown.
City Clerk's Office, Charlottetown, Jan. 22, 1896.
jan22

Election of a Water Commissioner.

In pursuance of an Act of the General Assembly of this Island, made and passed in the 50th year of the reign of Her present Majesty Queen Victoria, intituled: "Charlottetown Water Works Act, 1887," I do hereby give Public Notice that an

Election for a Water Commissioner for the City of Charlottetown,

in the place of HON. D LAIRD, retired, will be held on

WEDNESDAY,

the 12th day of February, A. D. 1896,

at the several places, that is to say:

In Ward No. 1, at or near the office of Mr John Maceachern, Queen Street.
In Ward No. 2, at or near the house of Thomas Connolly, opposite Mr. R. Heartz's Warehouse, Sidney St, between Great George and Prince Streets.
In Ward No. 3, at or near the Market House.
In Ward No. 4, at or near the new City Hall corner of Kent and Queen Streets.
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For qualification of Electors, see Act 50, Victoria, intituled "Charlottetown Water Works Act, 1887," also 51 Victoria, Cap. 12, sec. 24 to 29.
[L. S.]

H. M. DAVISON, City Clerk.
W. E. DAWSON, Mayor of the City of Charlottetown.
Mayor's Office, Charlottetown, Jan 22, 1896
jan22

MONTAGUE Carriage Factory

We are showing this season a finer line of Sleighs than shown by us heretofore. The assortment consists of
Single and Double Box Sleighs, Round Back, Square, etc.
Prompt attention to Repairs. Painting a specialty. Terms reasonable.
JOHN McLEAN & SON.
dec6—dy & wky

These We Have And More, Too!

Piles of Hemlock Boards,
Lots of Spruce Boards,
Plenty of Pine Boards,
Whips of 2 and 3 in. Hemlock,
Abundance of Studding and Scantling,
Heaps of Cedar and Spruce Shingles,
Thousands of Cedar Posts,
Quantities of Laths, Palings, etc., etc.

Get Our Prices. It Will Pay You.

JAMES BARRETT,
CONNOLLY'S WHARF.
jan3

Tired but Sleepless

Is a condition which gradually wears away the strength. Let the blood be purified and enriched by Hood's Sarsaparilla and this condition will cease.

"For two or three years I was subject to poor spells. I always felt tired, could not sleep at night and the little I could eat did not do me any good. I read about Hood's Sarsaparilla and decided to try it. Before I had finished two bottles I began to feel better and in a short time I felt all right and had gained 21 pounds in weight. I am stronger and healthier than I have ever been in my life." JOHN W. COUGHLIN, Wallaceburg, Ontario.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye today. Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's. Do not be induced to buy and other.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, headache. 25c.

BE SURE YOU GET ONE! IT'S GOOD THE.....
SUNLIGHT ALMANAC
FOR 1896
A SPLENDID BOOK OF REFERENCE, 480 PAGES
Given Free TO USERS OF **'Sunlight'** SOAP
HOW TO GET IT — Commencing November, 1895, and until all are given away, purchasers of 3 packages or 9 bars of SUNLIGHT SOAP will receive from their grocers, 1 SUNLIGHT ALMANAC FREE.
Contains complete Almanac, Home Management, Language of Flowers, Gardening, Fashions and Patterns, Dreams and their significance, Recipes, &c. . . .

Seeton & Mitchell, Halifax, Agents for Nova Scotia and P. E. Island.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
EPPS'S COCOA
BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided for our breakfast and supper a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." *Civil Service Gazette*

JAMES EPPS & CO., Ltd,
Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

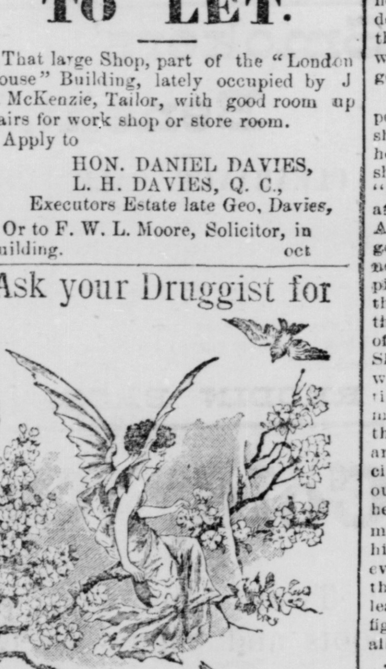
BOARDING & TRAINING STABLES
Grafton Street, Opposite Court House.
JOHN M. NICHOLSON, Prop'r.,
(Late in the employ of James Houghton.)

Having opened a public Stable on Grafton Street, I am prepared to take Gentlemen's Horses and Colts at all seasons of the year to board, train, break or keep in road condition for immediate use. Horse Clipping also attended to. Terms reasonable.
nov27—135&w 3m

TO LET.

That large Shop, part of the "London House" Building, lately occupied by J T. McKenzie, Tailor, with good room up stairs for work shop or store room.
Apply to
HON. DANIEL DAVIES,
L. H. DAVIES, Q. C.,
Executors Estate late Geo, Davies,
Or to F. W. L. Moore, Solicitor, in Building. oct

Ask your Druggist for



Murray & Lanman's
FLORIDA WATER
A DAINTY FLORAL EXTRACT
For Handkerchief, Toilet and Bath.

NOTICE.

Having sold out my business, LePage's Old Stand, to Mr. Frank Beales, I would respectfully thank the farmers and public generally for their generous patronage, and solicit the same for my successor.
D. W. FINLAYSON.
jan18

HEN LITERATURE.

FIGURES EXTENSIVELY IN THE WRITINGS OF AUTHORS.

Charles Dudley Warner in His "My Summer In a Garden" Speaks in Uncomplimentary Terms of the Female Fowl—The Different Ways in Which a Man and a Woman Chase a Hen.

Benjamin F. Taylor once wrote an interesting article on "Hens," from which I quote some points. He says: "A hen is a foolish thing—has not a grain of sense, for that is a grain not found in gizzards. Her head is too small for any grain of sense to lodge therein. Her eyes must be excellent optical instruments, for though they have only the expression of a brace of brass buttons at a shilling a gross, they can discover a hawk at a great distance off. There is not much poetry about hens, nor much romance in hendom. Hens are speckled, grizzled and gray; white, copper-colored and blue; there are the old-fashioned hens and the bantams, the celestial hens, the Shanghais and Cochin Chinas, hens with no tails, short tails, and pretty much all tails; hens in feathered pantaloons; hens in camwood colored pantaloons; hens with hussar caps; hens with huge black combs, like our grandmothers; hens with over delicate side combs, like our sweethearts. Strong minded hens there are who quarrel and crow and act as near as possible like veritable chanticleers; and I shouldn't be surprised any day to see a bantam out in bloomers. Some of them wear spurs already. Hens are like some folk; fussy little bodies who mind everybody's business but their own. If a favored sister hen leads off a brood of chickens, the meddling hen spreads her tail feathers, puts on an extra frill and lays claim to half the chickens. The hen is quite a Malte Brun in her way, for she knows all about the geography of cornfields, cherry trees and melon patches."

The politeness of Sir Chanticleer to the females of his harem is as marked as though he were the pupil of Lord Chesterfield. When occasion requires he becomes their defender, dropping the role of agreeable dangler. The hen has ever been noted for her domestic qualities. She is diligent in laying her eggs, patient in hatching them, industrious in feeding her chickens, courageous in defending them. What various dangers the hen meets and tries to avoid; what perils from clubs and stones; what trouble from hungry hawks; what escapes from fowls and from four-footed beasts like the civet and the fox! What motherliness she displays in brooding her chickens, in leading them to green pastures, and in inciting them to wallow in the newly upturned soil of the garden! Warner, in his "My Summer in a Garden," does not speak encouragingly of hens in such an inclosure. He even thinks they are an annoyance, for "if they do not scratch up the corn, peck the strawberries, and eat the tomatoes, it is not pleasant to see them straddling about in their jerky, high-stepping, speculative manner, picking inquisitively here and there. Your neighbor heeds you not if you tell him that his hens eat your tomatoes They are not his tomatoes. The only thing for you to do is to tell him that his chickens are well-grown and that you like spring chickens broiled. In the fall it is right pleasant, however, to see your neighbor's chickens roaming over your garden, gossiping in the hot September sun, picking up any odd trifle that might be left.

Hawthorne, in the "House of the Seven Gables," tells of a brood of hens which were an immemorial heir loom in the Pyncheon family. He tells of their turning up their heads and smacking their bills in taking a drink of water, with the air of winebibbers round a probationary cask. Then of their brisk, and constantly diversified talk to one another or of one in soliloquy, as they scratched for worms; this talk, which has such a domestic tone that it was almost a wonder why you could not establish a regular interchange of ideas about household matters, human and gallinaceous These hens were well woth studying for the piquancy and rich variety of their ancestors through an unbroken succession of eggs. Clifford had one little chicken, small enough to be still in the egg, but old, withered and wizened. Its mother evidently regarded it (as most mothers do their favorite child) as the one chicken of the world necessary, in fact, to the world's continuance and to the equilibrium of the present system of affairs, whether in church or state. She watched over its safety, clucking nervously when it was out of sight; croaking with satisfaction when it was under her wing; or uttering a note of defiance when she saw a neighbor's cat on the top of a high fence. This wizened chicken was a feathered riddle, a mystery hatched out of an egg. One day the mother hen by her self-important gait, the sideway turn of her head and the cock of her eye made evident to the world that she carried something about her person the worth of which was not to be estimated either in gold or precious stones.

Some one has told of the way in which people drive a hen. "A woman when she has a hen to drive into a coop takes hold of her skirts with both hands, shakes them quietly at her and says, "Shoo, there!" The hen takes one look at the woman and stalks into the coop. A man does not do it that way. He goes outdoors and says: "It is singular nobody can drive a hen but me,' and picking up a stick of wood he hurls it at the biped and says, 'Get in there, you thief.' The hen dashes to the other end of the yard. The man dashes after her. She comes back with her head down, wings spread, followed by stove wood, tin cans and clinkers, and a very mad man in the rear. Then she skims under the barn and over a fence or two and around the house, talking as only an excited hen can talk as the other hens come out to take a hand in the debate and help dodge the missiles, till at last the man, whose coat is on the sawbuck and his hat on the ground, declares that every hen on the place shall be sold in the morning and goes off down street, leaving his wife to keep up the hen fight. But in two minutes she has them all counted and housed without trouble."

Josh Billings thinks that "hens are a suckcess. There is a grate deal of originality about the hen. Sum say Knower had hens with him in the ark and sum say not." Billings starts the oft-mooted question, which was born first, the hen or the egg. He thinks a hen is "a born phooi, for she will set just as long on a nest full of stones as she will on a nest full of eggs. There is one thing about a hen that shows wisdom; she does not cackle much until after she lays an egg.

Some folks, on the contrary, are alwus a-bragging and a-cackling what they are going tew do beforehand. There are few things that surpass cooked hen as an *artikle of diet if eaten in the days of their* innocence, but after they git old and kross, they kontrakt a habit of eating tuff."

The children of hens, commonly called chickens are often mentioned in literature. Shakespeare speaks o pretty chickens and their dam; Butler tells of people "who swallow gudgeons ere they're catched, and count their chickens ere they're hatched." Cervantes has the same idea when he says: "Many count their chickens before they are hatched, and where they expect bacon meet with broken bones." Swift tells of a woman "who was no chicken, being on the wrong side of thirty, if she be a day." Lady Wortley Montagu wrote: "And we meet with champagne and a chicken at last." Bulwer Lytton quotes from an Arab proverb: "Curses are like young chickens and still come home to roost." Lowell in the Biglow Papers speaks of small potatoes and few in the hill being scratched up by the hens:

An' you may see the taters grow in one
poor feller's patch
So small, no self-respectin' hen that
valued me would scratch.

Hood's "Morning Meditations" speaks of the "early rising hen."

Claudius, a German writer, writes of a famous hen wh ch
—was never known to tire
Of laying eggs, but then she'd scream
So loud o'er every egg 't would seem
The house must be on fire.

The turkey reproved her for making such a noise about the laying of an egg, but the hen replied that he was an uneducated fowl who knew nothing of

The noble privilege and praise
Of authorship in modern days—
I'll tell you why I do it;
First, you perceive, I lay the egg,
And then—review it.

Every one remembers the household lyric set to "Auld Lang Syne," and which runs:

Somebody killed old Grimes's hen;
They'd better let her be,
For every day she laid two eggs,
And Sundays she laid three.

And everybody knows Mother Goose's classic rhymes:

One, two, buckle my shoe,
and so on down to
Nine, ten, a good fat hen,

to say nothing of the fable of La Fontaine in which it is told that a hen

Laid golden eggs, each egg a treasure;
Its owner—stupidest of men—
Was miserly beyond all measure.
He thought a mine of wealth to find
Within the hen and so he slew it.
He found a bird of common kind
And lost a pretty fortune through it.

We often hear people speak of the foolishness of those that kill the hen or goose that laid the golden egg. In weeping over Jeruaslem, our Saviour used the beautiful metaphor, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered you as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not." A Greek epigram taken from the Anthologia is said to afford a fine illustration of this text. T. Green has given us a translation of this epigram, which reads:

Beneath her fostering wing the hen defends
Her darling offspring, while the snow descends!
Throughout the winter's day unmoved defies
The chilling fleeces and inclement skies,
Till vanquished by the cold and piercing blast.
True to her charge, she perishes at last!
O Fame! to hell this fowl's affection bear;
Tell it to Progne and Medea there.
To mothers such as those, the tale unfold!
And let them blush to hear the story told.

Keeping Tab on Drummers.

In some houses that send out a great many drummers there are in use certain peculiar little maps pasted on the bottoms of cabinet drawers and constantly studied by the proprietor and clerks. These maps are usually of one state at a time, and are dotted with pegs or flags of many colors. The flags are tiny bits of colored cloth, with pins to serve as staffs. The pegs are in reality tacks, with the heads covered with colored cloth. These maps show many things to those who study them. The different colored markers often represent different drummers, who are then out on the road. As each one writes home where he has been and where he is going next his particular peg is stuck upon the map at the places he names. The furthest peg always shows where that particular man is at any given time. Or, again, the pegs or flags may show much more than that. They may show what towns have been canvassed, what ones are finished, what ones need a second call in the winter, and which have not been visited at all.—New York Sun.

Flogging Girls.

The authorized flogging of little girls, or big girls, is a piece of barbarism which, now that the subject has been definitely raised, will receive, we trust, no countenance from the Home Secretary. Mr. Riley says that girls in the elementary schools are caned, a bit of information which we commend to the immediate notice of Sir John Gorst. The public of London has outgrown the days of Mother Brownrigg, and Mother Brownrigg, as the Newgate "Calendar" informs us, was not sustained by judge, jury, public opinion or Jack Ketch in her theories and her practice as to the castigation of girls. There were philosophers, to be sure, who approved of the whipping of girls, Locke did, for one; and so did Dr. Johnson. Locke approved of a mother who whipped her little daughter nine times in order to compel the child to confess some error; and Johnson commended a mother who whipped her child in the interest of future truthfulness because the girl had said she came in through one door, when in fact she had come in through another. But those were days when children were supposed to be born only that they might be birched as far as possible out of their share of original sin. Women were publicly flogged at the cart's tail in the days of Locke and Johnson—and, of course, in the interest of discipline and order and morals. We can not go back to those days, and any serious and public attempt to get back to them would be an absurdity as well as an outrage.—London Daily News.

The Useful Poplar.

Russian scientific men have ascertained that out of 597 trees struck by lightning in the forests near Moscow 302 were white poplar. They advise farmers to plant poplars as natural lightning conductors.

REAL MERIT is the characteristic of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cures even after other preparations fail. Get Hood's and **ONLY HOOD'S.**

A Great Deal in a Few Words.

"I paid a Toronto specialist on catarrh a large sum of money, but I got no benefit. I tried them all, but finally, almost in despair, and assurredly without any faith, I tried Chase's Catarrh Cure. It is all that it is recommended, which is saying a good deal in a few words." Joel Rogers, clerk, Division Court, Beeton. Improved blower in each 25c. box.

The Railroad Kidney"

Railroad employes, bicyclists, teamsters and other men who are subjected to much jolting, are often troubled with pain across the small of the back. This indicates the "railroad kidney," an insidious precursor of serious illness. On the slightest symptom of backache take one of Chase's Kidney Liver Pill—one is a dose—and thus obtain instant relief. For all kidney troubles they have no equal. 25c. per box.

THE USE OF CESSPOOLS OR BLIND WELLS A CRIME.

Many cities remain up to this time without any system of sewerage, and in smaller towns and villages it is a common, though much to be condemned practice, to store the sewage of the house in cesspools or discharge them into deep wells, which are not unusually located close to the house—in some cases even underneath the dwelling. In most cases cesspools are mere pits dug in the ground and walled up with loose stones. The liquid contents are left to soak away into the subsoil, while all solids and grease from the kitchen remain in the cesspool to decompose and generate noxious gases. Should the pores of the soil stop up and the liquid cease to leak into the ground, the cesspool is abandoned, generally, and a new hole dug close to the first one. In other instances two cesspools are built, the first one, supposed to be tight, to retain the solids and grease from the household; the second one a leaching cesspool or deep well connected with the first one by an *overflow pipe through*, which the filthy liquids run to be disposed of by soakage into the ground. A continuous pollution and dangerous saturation of the soil about human habitations is thus going on, while the air which we breathe is tainted by the foul emanations commonly known as "sewer gas."

Not less dangerous than the accumulation of putrid organic matter is the pollution of the ground water by the filthy liquid soaking into the ground. Chemical analysis of the water of wells, situated in proximity to cesspools, or receiving surface drainage from stables, cow houses, &c., most always reveals organic matter in the water. Such contamination is all the more serious, as in towns and villages or isolated country houses people quite often depend upon the well for the supply of drinking water to men and animals.

Another much to be detested practice, which might almost be called a crime, is the use of an abandoned deep well for a cesspool. And this is true for drains discharging water closet waste as well as those discharging slopwater only. Practically, there is hardly any perceptible difference between either kinds of wastes after having been retained for some time in a cesspool.

The question is often asked, "At what distance from a dwelling would it be safe to put a leaching cesspool?" Sanitary science has but one answer to this query: It prohibits the use of leaching cesspools altogether.

With this state of things, be it on a large or a small scale, two chief sorts of danger to life arise: one, that volatile effluvia from the surface pollute the surrounding air and everything which it contains; the other, that the liquid parts of the refuse pass by soakage or leakage into the surrounding soil, to mingle there, of course, in whatever water the soil yields, and in certain cases thus to occasion the deadliest pollution of wells. To a really immense extent, to an extent indeed which persons unpracticed in sanitary inspection could scarcely find themselves able to imagine, dangers of these two sorts are prevailing throughout the length and breadth of this country, not only in their slighter degrees, but in degrees which are gross and scandalous, and very often, I repeat, truly bestial. . . .

Of all the filth influences which prevail against human life privies of the accumulative sort, whether above ground or in the deeper strata, operate undoubtedly to far the largest extent.—From Drainage and Sewerage of Dwellings, by Wm. Paul Gerhard, C. E.

(To be continued.)

Ladies, Beware of Them'

They Lack All Good and Essential Qualities.

Ladies, beware of the many crude imitations of Diamond Dyes that are sold in some places. These imitation dyes lack all the essential qualities that are required to produce good and permanent colors.

If you would dye with ease, pleasure and satisfaction, use only the old reliable Diamond Dyes, noted for strength, brightness and never-fading qualities. Diamond Dyes will cost you just the same price as the common dyes; every package is fully warranted to do the work promised.

Gravel and Kidney Diseases Quickly Cured —Relief can be Obtained Within Six Hours.

I have been troubled with gravel and kidney disease for eight years, during which time I have tried numerous remedies and different doctors without any permanent benefit. At times the pain in the left kidney was so severe that I could not lie down or remain in one position any length of time. Seeing your advertisement of South American Kidney Cure in The Enterprise I procured a bottle from A. S. Goodeve, druggist, and taking it according to directions got immediate relief and feel better now than at any time since first noticing the disease. The soreness and weakness have all left me. I recommend all who are afflicted with this dangerous trouble to give South American Kidney cure a trial. Signed, Michael McMullen, Chesley, Ont.

His Face was a mass of Blotches.

But now his skin is clear as a year old babe's.

Scott's Sarsaparilla his Salvation.

Nothing blights existence like the knowledge that our appearance is repellant to those with whom we come in contact, nor is there any relief like that of feeling that the disfiguring causes have been removed. Says Mr. William Alger: My face on one side was a mass of blotches, some of which were constantly full of matter. I run a bake shop doing my own work, but my face got so bad that customers drifted away. Then I hired a man and went to a doctor. He said my blood was in a horrible condition. I sold my business and moved to the city where Scott's Sarsaparilla was recommended to me. The first bottle did me much good, and after taking five bottles my skin is as clear as possible, and not a sign of my previous disfigurement. I say Scott's Sarsaparilla is the best blood medicine going and am speaking from experience.

Pimples, blotches, boils, ulcers and all diseases arising from vital exhaustion and impure blood are radically cured by Scott's Sarsaparilla, a concentrated compound of the finest medicines ever known. Your druggist has it at $1. But get Scott's. The kind that cures.

SMOKING HORSES.

The Strange Way in Which Indians Obtain Their Mounts.

A curious method of obtaining horses is practised by some of the Indian tribes. It is called on the plains "smoking horses." If a tribe decides to send out a war-party, the first thing to be thought of is whether there are enough horses at hand to mount the warriors. If, as is often the case, the horses of the tribe have been stolen by other Indians, they decide to "smoke" enough horses for present needs and to steal a supply from their enemies at the first opportunity.

When this decision is reached a runner is despatched to the nearest friendly tribe with the message that on a certain day they will be visited by a number of young men, forming a war-party from his tribe, who require horses. On the appointed day the warriors appear, stripped to the waist. They march silently to the village of their friends, seat themselves in a circle, light their pipes and begin to smoke, at the same time making their wishes known in a sort of droning chant.

Presently there is seen, far out on the plain, a band of horsemen riding gaily caparisoned steeds fully equipped for war. These horsemen dash up to the village and wheel about the band of beggars sitting on the ground, in circles which constantly grow smaller until at last they are as close as they can get to the smokers without riding over them. Then each rider selects the man to whom he intends to present his pony, and as he rides around, singing and yelling, he lashes the bare back of the man he has selected with the heavy rawhide whip until the blood is seen to trickle down. If one of the smokers should flinch under the blows, he would not get his horse, but would be sent home on foot and in disgrace.

At last, when the horsemen think their friends have been made to pay enough in suffering for their ponies, each dismounts, places the bridle in the hand of the smoker he has selected, and at the same time hands him the whip saying:

"Here, beggar, is a pony for you to ride, for which I have left my mark."

After all the ponies have been presented the "beggars" are invited to a grand feast, during which they are treated with every consideration by their hosts, who also load them with food sufficient for their homeward journey. The braves depart with full stomachs and smarting backs, but happy in the possession of their ponies and in anticipation of the time when *their friends shall be in distress and* shall come to smoke horses with them.—Philadelphia Press.

Bits of News.

An English teacher, Miss A. C. Graham, has taken a prize offered by the University Correspondent for the best collection of pupil's blunders. She vouches for them all as literal copies of the originals, and explains that she was led to set about their collection by reading one day the surprising statement that "Ilaied and Odessae translated Euripides." The Youth's Companion gives a few of the choicest gems of her collection, in some of which the outcropping of the English idea that all history converges on the British Isles is almost startling:

Esau was a man who wrote fables and who sold the copyright to a publisher for a bottle of potash.

The Jews believed in the synagogue and had their Sunday on a Saturday, but the Samaritans believed in the Church of England and worshipped in groves of oak; therefore the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans.

Titus was a Roman Emperor—Supposed to have written the Epistle to the Hebrews — his other name was Oates.

Oliver Cromwell was a man who was put in prison for his interference in Ireland. When he was in prison he wrote "The Pilgrim's Progress," and married a lady called Mrs. O'Shea.

Perkin Warbeck raised a rebellion in the reign of Henry VIII. He said he was the son of a prince, but he was really the son of respectable people.

The heart is a comical shaped bag. The heart is divided into several parts by a fleshy petition. These parts are called right artillery, left artillery, and so forth. The function of the heart is between the lungs. The work of the heart is to repair the different organs in about half a minute.

The Awful Loneliness of the Plains.

Mid-ocean is not more lonesome than the plains; nor night so gloomy as that dumb sunlight. It is barren of sound. The brown grass is knee-deep—and even that trifle gives a shock in this hoof-obliterated land. The bands of antelope that drift, like cloud shadows, across the dun landscape suggest less of life than of the supernatural. The spell of the plains is a wondrous thing. At first it fascinates. Then it bewilders. At last, it crushes. It is sure as the grave—and worse. It is intangible and resistless; stronger than hope, reason, will—stronger than humanity. When one cannot otherwise escape the plains, one takes refuge in madness.—Charles F. Lummis, in Scribner's.

Returned for Correction.

The following story is told of Lord Roberts' first experience with the Dublin postoffice: Having taken up his quarters at the Shelbourne Hotel, he later on walked up to the postoffice to give instructions about his letters and telegrams. The postoffice dignitary gave him the usual form to fill in, which he did, and signing it "Roberts, Shelbourne Hotel," handed it back to the clerk, who, after scanning it in a contemptuous way, flung it back to the field marshal, exclaiming, with withering sarcasm: "What d'ye mane wid this at all? Maybe, perhaps, ye'll be afther puttin' your Christian name afore t'other one av ye have one!"

How to Get a "Sunlight" Book

Send 12 "Sunlight" soap wrappers to Lever Bros., Ltd., 43 Scott St., Toronto who will send post-paid a paper-bound book 160 pages. For 6 "Life buoy" Carbolic Soap wrappers, a similar book will be sent. This is a splendid opportunity to obtain good reading. Send your name and address written carefully. Remember "Sunlight" sells at 6 cts. per twin-bar, and "Life buoy" at 10 cts. One cent postage will bring your wrappers by leaving the ends open. sat&w

STORIES OF BRET HARTE.

How He Came to Print "The Heathen Chinee" and Win Fame.

Several friends of Bret Harte were discussing a story of his which came out lately in a leading periodical, and several anecdotes were told about him which have, I believe, never been in print. The men were all prominent in some department of life, and the conversation was held in the reading room of the Union League Club.

"I wonder if you know how Harte became famous?" said one fine-looking old man. "I was in the West at the time. Dear me, it must have been twenty-five years ago! He had been doing regular work for the California Overland Monthly, and the editor looked upon him as a person to be relied on to do not only regular work, but to fill in gaps when they appeared. One day he rushed up to Harte and said:

"'I must have half a column immediately. Have you anything on hand?'

"Harte went to his desk and, overturning a pile of manuscript, picked out some verses and threw them to the editor with the remark:

"'I don't know whether they will suit, but I have nothing else the right length.'

"The verses were 'The Heathen Chinee.'

"The next day Harte was famous. He has since done what he himself considers better work, but the public, for once constant, gives the highest praise to the work which he thought hardly worth printing."

"The first time Bret Harte came east," said a friend the other day, "he was to take in all the chief cities in New England. We who are familiar with the east exclaimed almost in a breath, 'How he will enjoy the beautiful New England fall! Perhaps the gorgeousness of the foliage seen by him for the first time will inspire another famous poem!'

"After he had been east for a short time he wrote me a letter, which I can tell you almost word for word. It ran like this:

"'You ask me what has impressed me most since I left home. I can answer emphatically the waitresses! I never saw a woman wait at table before. After my lecture in Concord I was waited on by one at breakfast. She said to me:

"'Coffee, tea, ham, eggs and bacon, I enjoyed your lecture, Mr. Harte. You had a most select audience."

"He never even mentioned the autumn leaves!"—New York Herald.

The Game of Life.

The laugh of a woman in company with the man she loves and has won from all other women is unlike anything else in civilization.—Thomas Hardy.

The game of life is a dangerous play,
Each soul must be on the watch alway.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The etiquette of society makes it quite impossible for men to speak to ladies in the manner which would be intellectually most profitable. We may not teach because it is pedantic; and we may not contradict because it is rude.—Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

There are a good many real miseries in life that we cannot help smiling at, but they are the smiles that make wrinkles and not dimples.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

She was forever saying kind things of stupid people; unconsciously she had illumined them with the sweet, rich glow of her own personality.—Edgar Fawcett.

Great movements rarely make much stir at the outset.—Edward Eggleston.

There are some joys so glorious they can hardly be imagined.—Archibald Clavering Gunther.

Old men are always fables, for they represent in a harmless form the follies of all mankind.—F. Marion Crawford.

We wish for more in life rather than more of it.—Jean Ingelow.

Bloomers in Japan.

The all-conquering bicycle has invaded Japan, and is now a familiar sight in the land of the 'ricksha. The Europeans take to it kindly, and the little brown men and women are equally enthusiastic.

The Government has equipped many of its postmen with roadsters, especially those who deliver mail in the suburbs or in the country districts.

The Japanese people themselves still regard the wheel as a great curiosity, but are beginning to both master and manufacture it.

Some of the Japanese women, says an unkind writer, have adopted a queer bicycle costume that is a combination of the bloomers with the native dress. It is neither Japanese nor European. Combined with the upper part of the kimono costume the Japanese ladies clothe their nether limbs in what are neither knickerbockers, trousers, zouaves nor bloomers

The ludicrous effects are heightened by the girl having a national habit of turning the toes in developed to its largest extent. All that you see when she passes you is a pair of round and pretty heels wobbling in an uncertain manner, and a little body coiled up that makes you think of a gay little monkey on top of a pole.—San Francisco Examiner.

Largest Dam in the World.

The great artificial lake situated at Dnebar, twenty miles southeast of Udalpur, Rajpootana, India, covers an area of twenty-one square miles. The ma in masonry dam which helps to confine this immense body of water is 1,000 feet long by 95 feet high. Engineers say that it is the largest dam in the world.

Hottest Place on Earth.

The region in the immediate vicinity of the Dead Sea is said to be the hottest on earth.

Dominion Coal Company, Ltd

The undersigned having been appo inte' sole selling Agents in the Province o Prince Edward Island for the above Company, are now prepared to issue orders for Round, Slack and Run of Mines, and will keep a, Stock of each Mine's Coal on hand to supply customers at lowest prices.

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