

The Daily Examiner

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THE DAILY EXAMINER

SEPTEMBER 11, 1897.

NURSERY HYGIENE.

The three prime essentials in the nursery are fresh air, good food and pure water. An infant's thirst is not quenched by milk. It needs clean water to drink with regularity.

Always hold a baby in your arms when feeding it in about the same position as if nursing it.

Rubber tubes, complicated nipples and nursing bottles are dangerous and should never be used.

Regular habits, proper food and long hours of sleep are necessary conditions to a healthy infant.

Have a rule for feeding the baby and do not vary from it. Without regularity the mother becomes a slave.

Light and loose clothing and frequent bathing or cool sponging are necessities for the infant in hot weather.

Plain, boiled water, given between feedings, will often aid the digestion and satisfy the child when restless.

Never put a bottle nipple into your mouth and then into the baby's mouth. This will often prove dangerous.

Feeding at night after the third month is both inconvenient and unnecessary. Sleep at night is better than food.

An infant is a creature of habit and usually responds to the wish of the mother, if the mother has order in her will.

More infants' lives are taken by over-feeding than by starvation. Never liken an infant's digestion or diet to your own.

Do not feed the baby because it cries. This may be due to pain, and it is hurtful to fill an infant's stomach at such a time.

Vomiting and diarrhea are indications that the child is either sick or approaching sickness, and probably needs a physician.

Cholera infantum would be of rare occurrence if proper attention was always given to the quality and quantity of the food.

A nursing mother who worries or who is exhausted or who indulges in excitement may become a source of danger to her infant.

Cleanliness as applied to the body, the mouth, the food, the vessels, the clothing, the furniture, the floor, the carpets, the beds and the atmosphere should be strictly observed.—Medical and Surgical Journal.

A Millionaire's Extravagance.

An example of extravagance by a well known millionaire who built himself a castle in one of the English midland counties is reported by The English Illustrated Magazine. The water of the place was pure and sufficient, but a case of scarlet fever occurring in the village at a little distance from his residence he took a dislike to the local water supply and at a cost of over \$400,000 provided himself with a fresh supply from a distance of 18 miles. Without children or wife and a great traveler, he does not inhabit his own country place for more than three months in the year. Although he drinks no wine, his water is an expensive beverage. Allowing only 3 per cent on the money, with 1 per cent sinking fund, his water costs him \$250 for every day he visits his castle. This supply, it should be added, is limited to the one house. There is really no reason why it should be shared with others, for the local supply is ample and of good quality.

The Business Man in Politics.

Watts—The business man in politics is a deal of a fake. What can a business man know about politics?

Potts—At least you must admit that a good business man would not sell a \$1,000,000 franchise for a paltry little \$2,000 or so.—Indianapolis Journal.

The biggest price ever paid for a horse in America was \$125,000, given by J. Malcolm Forbes of Boston for Leland Stanford's Arion, a trotter.

The enterprising highwayman relieves many a man the doctors cannot touch.—Harrisburg Patriot.

OTTAWA, Sept. 8.—Father St. John, secretary to the Lord Douglas colonization society, has returned to Ottawa, after locating a number of boys on the society's lands in Dauphin district, Manitoba. He says the intention of the society is to bring out girls from the old country, and Father St. John left for Montreal to arrange for a receiving home for them upon their arrival.

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POWER IN A SENTENCE

IT WAS DELIVERED BY COLONEL BRECKINRIDGE IN 1894.

A St. Louis Newspaper Man Tells of the Greatest Speech He Ever Heard—The Orator's Evidence That the Year Was a Bad One For Fruit.

If I were asked to name the greatest speech I ever heard, I should select the one delivered by Colonel W. C. P. Breckinridge at the little town of Athens, near Lexington, which the Kentuckians insist upon pronouncing Aithens, during his memorable campaign for renomination in 1894.

It was near the close of the campaign. The whole blue grass region had been in a ferment of excitement for three months. The partisans of Breckinridge and Owen went heavily armed, expecting every minute something that would precipitate a general melee. Had a fight been precipitated at any of the meetings addressed by Breckinridge he would have been one of the first to go down under the fusillade. No one knew this better than Colonel Breckinridge, and yet neither by quaver of voice nor flinch of muscle did he display the least sign of fear. I watched him every day for more than three weeks when the nervous tension was so great that scores of men more robust than he had been ordered to bed by their physicians lest they collapse, and he seemed utterly unmindful of any unusual excitement.

The sentiment in the Athens neighborhood was about equally divided between Breckinridge and Owen. The women there, as elsewhere through the district, were arrayed in hostile camps. Owen had made a speech in the town a few weeks before, and the Breckinridge people had determined to eclipse, in point of attendance and enthusiasm, the meeting of the Owen followers. The day was sultry. The sun shone brazenly through a sky uncheckered with a single cloud. The leaves hung limp and parched and motionless on the trees which bordered the white stretch of turnpike road leading from Lexington to Athens. Colonel Breckinridge drove over this breezeless, dusty road with an escort of mounted Kentuckians, who made the sultry air vibrant with their wild enthusiasm. A carriage load of correspondents followed in the cloud of dust raised by the rural cavalry. We were regarded with suspicion because we were careful to declare our neutrality.

Great hordes of people came pouring into the town from all points of the compass. A troop of handsome men mounted on gaily caparisoned and high stepping Kentucky horses swept down the main street and out to the meeting place amid a salvo of shouts that shook the firmament. Men sashed and belted moved in columns like infantry at drill. Bright faced girls and rollicking boys marched to the roll of drums and screams of fife. In the blazing sun stood flocks of bareheaded women and countless men chattering like so many geese. These were Owen's local partisans, who looked sullenly on the Breckinridge followers, drunk with the hope of victory.

The speaker's stand had been erected under a large apple tree whose branches spread out to prodigious lengths. It was in the center of a 200-acre blue grass pasture. Fully 5,000 people crowded around the stand. They were massed closer than if they had been in a hall. Owen "rooters" were scattered all through the throng. The crash and blare of the band could not be heard for the shouts of the men, the screams of the women and the shrieks of the children when the carriage containing Colonel Breckinridge drove into the grounds. The noise increased as he ascended the platform. In an instant after he waved his hands for order the tumult ceased. One could almost hear the heartbeats of those nearest him. Without the formality of an introduction the colonel launched out into his speech. For ten minutes not a sound was made. Then his followers regained possession of their faculties and soon lost it again in roars of applause. Sometimes he would have to stop talking for two or three minutes until the storm of enthusiasm had spent itself.

He had been speaking about half an hour and had reached one of those tremendous climaxes of which only those who have sat under the spell of his eloquence know the thrill. Women were crying and broad chested men were hugging each other in a delirium of joy. The correspondents, though trained to such scenes, had dropped their pencils and closed their notebooks. They, too, were shouting and seeking like maniacs.

Gradually the noise and uproar died away. Just as we were in that calm which follows a storm and Colonel Breckinridge had stepped forward to resume his speech, there came shooting through the palpitating air this defiant shout, in a shrill, piping voice:

"Hurrah for Owen!"

Men sprang from their seats as if from an electric shock. The women's moans broke out in a hysterical shriek. The correspondents, with blanched faces, looked appealingly at one another for advice as to how to save themselves from the fusillade which it seemed certain was coming. Breckinridge was the only calm person in that vast assemblage of men and women anxious to get at the insolent individual who had the hardihood at such a supreme moment to shout for Owen at a Breckinridge meeting. The colonel turned slowly and looked unconcernedly about him. Then, casting his eyes upward, he saw clinging to a limb not five feet above his head a small boy, who was grinning with the satisfaction afforded him by the effect of his shrill voice in giving vent to that defiant shout. Breckinridge smiled with hearty good nature, and with a graceful wafture toward the brazen little imp who had so rudely broken the effect of his tremendous climax, he faced the audience again and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I had heard this was a bad year for fruit, and now I know it is."

In a half laugh and a half cry the crowd gave vent to its feeling and the terrific cyclone of enthusiasm that ensued swept the impudent youngster from his perch into the arms of a covey of women, who had flocked close to the stand when they saw the author of all the excitement, confident that he would be torn to pieces if they did not protect him.

The returns show that Colonel Breckinridge carried Athens precinct, and I be-

lieved it was the good natured willingness with which he followed the premeditated attempt of the local Owen managers to break up his meeting there in a row that turned the tide in that neighborhood in his favor.—J. J. Dickinson in St. Louis Republic.

Disgusted.

Jimmy Dragjeans—Aw, dat guy made me tired, fer he said he wuz savin his money for a rainy day.

Casey do Kidder—Yes, and den it will be too wet ter burn it.—Pittsburg News.

Antwerp's Bells.

From the cathedral tower at Antwerp 80 bells have, for over 200 years, rung out music for the benefit of the people living on the green fields which border the Scheldt. Once a year, in the month of February, the authorities select the music, and the organ plays every hour from the old masters of Christian song.

A Professional Bird Catcher.

Berlin pays a salary to a professional bird catcher, who keeps scientific and educational institutions supplied with birds, birds' nests and eggs, and he is the only man in the empire permitted to do so.

The train of the dress worn by Catherine de' Medici on her marriage in 1533 with Henri, second son of Francis I, king of France, measured no less than 48 yards in length and was carried by 14 pairs of pages.

In Italy there are more theaters in proportion to the population than in any other country.



When a man who has neglected his health finally realizes that he is being attacked by serious illness it is no time for half-way measures. Death is an enemy that must be knocked out in the first round, or he is pretty sure to conquer in the end.

A weak stomach, an impaired digestion and a disordered liver mean that a man is fighting the first round with death. Unless he manages to strike the knock-out blow, it means that death will come up in the second round in the guise of some serious malady. When a man's stomach is weak and his digestion is impaired, the life-giving elements of the food he takes are not assimilated into the blood. The blood gets thin and weak, and the body slowly starves. In the meantime the disordered liver and the sluggish bowels have forced into the blood all manner of impurities. The body is hungry and eagerly consumes anything that the bloodstream carries to it. In place of healthy nutriment, it receives for food foul poisons that should have been excreted by the bowels. Continued, this system of starvation combined with poisoning, will wreck every organ in the body. Naturally, the weakest organ will give way first. If a man is naturally nervous, he will break down with nervous exhaustion or prostration. If he inherits weak lungs, the consequence will be consumption, bronchitis, asthma, or some disease of the air-passages. If he has a naturally sluggish liver, he will suffer from a serious bilious or malarial attack. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures all disorders of the stomach, digestion and liver. It purifies the blood and fills it with the life-giving elements of the food that build new and healthy tissue. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder and nerve tonic. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption. Thousands have testified to their recovery from this dread disease under this great medicine.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure constipation.

Patriotism and Ignorance.

Tommy—Isn't it funny, ma, how ignorant it makes a man when he gets to be a patriot?

Ma—Why, Tommy, what gave you that idea?

Tommy—Why, ma, didn't the lecturer say last night that the man who is a patriot should know no north nor south nor east nor west?—Richmond Dispatch.

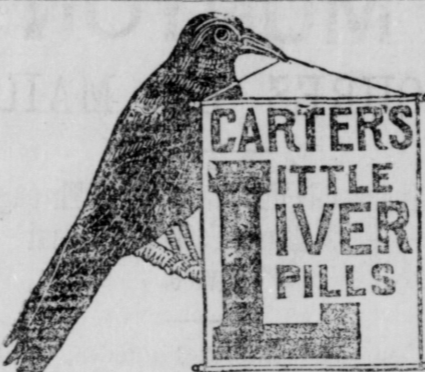
The two most critical times in a woman's life are the times which make the girl a woman and the woman a mother. At these times Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is of incalculable value. It strengthens and invigorates the organs distinctly feminine, promotes regularity of the menses, allays inflammation, checks unnatural, exhausting drains, and puts the whole delicate organism into perfect condition. Almost all the ills of womanhood are traceable to some form of what is known as "female complaint." There are not three cases in a hundred of woman's peculiar diseases that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will not cure.

New Crockery Store

All kinds of First-class crockery, including Dinner Sets, Tea Sets, Chocolate Sets and Chamber Sets, Butter Coolers, Pitchers, Bowls, Pie Plates, Butter Crocks, Cream Crocks, Cake Pots, Bean Pots, Teapots, Milk Pans, Churns, &c. Also, a very fine lot of Glass, in Tumblers, Goblets, Water Pitchers, Six Piece Sets in Colored and Plain Glass, Preserve Dishes, Bread Plates, Celery Dishes, Butter Coolers, Creak Stands, and a lot of other articles too numerous to mention.

GIVE US A CALL.

We are sure to suit you, both in price and quality. C. LEWIS, Grafton Street, exactly opposite North Side of Market House. — 9 3 idy way



CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Early Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drunkenness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price. Substitution

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See you get Carter's,

Ask for Carter's,

Insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

DR CLIFT

treats Chronic Diseases by the Salisbury method of persistent self-help in overcoming past errors and Removing causes from the blood. Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Shortness of Breath, Pleurisy, Tuberculosis Consumption of Lungs or Bowels, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Dysentery, Ulcer, Cancer, Dropsy, Diarrhoea, Gastritis, Constipation, Piles, Fissures, Fistula. Diseases of Heart—Valvular, Fatty Enlargement, Palpitation, Of Liver—Jaundice, Diabetes Cirrhosis, etc. Of Kidneys—Allumuria Bright's Disease, etc. Of Spleen and Bladder—Cystitis. Of the Blood—Anaemia, Chlorosis, Scrofula, Malaria, Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Scurvy, Purpura. Of male Organs—Inflammations and Displacements of Womb, Ovaries, Bladder or Bowels. Menstrual irregularities of Sexual Organs. Of Nerves and Spine.—Nervous Prostration, Sleeplessness, Decline, Hysteria, Tremors, St. Vitus' Dance, Chorea, Epilepsy, Convulsions, Paralysis, Locomotor Ataxia. Paralysis, Agitans, Softening of Brain. Some forms of Insanity—Dementia, Mania, Hypochondria, Melancholia. Failure of Vision and Voice, Loss of Hearing. Of Skin—Eczema, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Syphilis. Tumors, Glandular Fatty, Fibroid, Uterine, Ovarian and Cancer, Goitre, Cretinism, Obesity, Corpulency. Drug and Liquor Habits—Opium, Morphine, Chloral, Cocaine, Tobacco, Stimulants. Of Bones and Joints—Deformities, Curvatures, and Pott's Disease of Spine, Paralysis, Hip Disease, Knock-knee, Bow Legs, Club and Flat Foot, Wry Neck, Rickets, Scrofula, Sore Legs, Varicose Ulcers, etc. Continuous intelligent treatment insures Minimum of suffering and Maximum of Cure, possible in each case. Avoid attempts unaided or under blind leaders.

DR. CLIFT

Graduate of N Y University and the N Y Hospital. 20 years' practice in N Y City. Diploma registered in U S and Canada.

Office:—Charlottetown, P. E. I.

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CHARLOTTETOWN.

Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies and Children.

Studies will be resumed at the above mentioned institution on Tuesday, Sept. 7th. The course of instruction is thorough in English and French. The departments of Music, Drawing, Painting and Needlework are presided over by efficient teachers.

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KLONDYKE!

The Land of Golden nuggets

JOSEPH LADUE, the new Bonanza King of the Klondike Gold Regions, gives the facts. His book reads like "The Arabian Nights" BUT Joseph Ladue KNOWS whereof he writes. He was the first man on the spot when the first gold was discovered last August, 1896. He located one rich claim, and immediately purchased twelve others at a low price before their value was known. He has refused \$100,000 for any ONE of these claims, as they are rich with virgin gold nuggets beyond the dreams of avarice. Joseph Ladue then

Established Dawson City,

at the mouth of the Klondyke and Yukon Rivers, by erecting the first house in the region in September, one month after the gold was first discovered. He bought 178 acres from the government on the city site where his town lots, 150x50, are now selling for \$5,000 each.

Mr. Ladue was fortunate enough to be successful in his trading post investments to have on hand ample capital to carry out his plans, and there is no man living who is better posted on Alaska and the great North West Territories than Mr. Joseph Ladue. He has just returned from that country to his old home in Schuyler Falls, N. Y., where he passed a large portion of his boyhood and early manhood. Mr. Ladue left his home nearly twenty years ago to seek his fortune in the West, going first to the Black Hills, where he was successful in gold mining, thence to Arizona and the Pacific Coast, and finally located in Alaska and the North West, where he has covered almost the entire country since 1882. Mr. Ladue is a typical pioneer; strong, hardy and resolute—a man of iron as one must needs be to go through the hardships he has and come out with a constitution unbroken and unimpaired at the age of about forty-three. Mr. Ladue has not only worked his muscles to good advantage to himself with the result of an abundance of the world's goods far beyond the dreams of men, but he has evidently all his time been closely observing the conditions of that strange country—the Yukon Valley—which has so suddenly become one of the great centres upon which human interest throughout the world is focussed.

When the wonderful stories began to come down from the Yukon country it was naturally concluded that it was at least half exaggeration. That any such amount of gold could be taken in so short a time from a country like that under the most unfavorable conditions was held to be incredible. But when the great bags of virgin gold began to be poured out upon mint counters in San Francisco under the eyes of the whole world (for modern journalism does this, annihilating time and space), people began to wonder, and the wonder grew day by day as the real facts were disclosed, and now people who are well informed as to the facts declare that half the truth has not been told of the golden treasures of the Yukon Valley.

As we have already said, there is no man alive to-day who knows more about this wonderful country than does Mr. Ladue. What makes his talk of it specially interesting and reliable is the fact that his knowledge of it is practical. It has not been gained from hearsay nor from desolatory visits made now and then at certain favorable seasons of the year, but from steady living there through the long summer days and the long winter nights year in and year out for 15 years, where he now owns the best mining claims on the Klondyke and its tributaries.

In presenting his book to the public we do so knowing that it is by an authority on the subject of which he writes. His first work entitled

"KLONDYKE NUGGETS"

is a brief description of the new gold regions, and anyone desiring authentic information should not fail to avail themselves of our

NOMINAL OFFER,

which places the facts in the possession of our customers. REMEMBER, that our office is the sole distributing point for this locality, having closed exclusive arrangements with Mr. Ladue's publishers.

The cover of the work is beautifully printed in red and gold, the gold showing one of the author's nuggets as nearly as it is possible to reproduce it on paper.

It is easy to secure a copy of

"KLONDYKE NUGGETS."

Cut out the

Coupon and follow

instructions:

Form for requesting a copy of 'Klondyke Nuggets' with fields for name, address, and a coupon for 'Klondyke Nuggets'.

Hood's Pills advertisement with text: Are gaining favor rapidly. Business men and travelers carry them in vest pockets, ladies carry them in purses, housekeepers keep them in medicine closets, friends recommend them to friends. 25c.