

THE DAILY EXAMINER.

Seperate Read. Room

TERMS: Four Dollars per Year.

"This is True Liberty, when Free Born Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."—EURIPIDES.

Single Copies Two Cents.

VOL. 37.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, TUESDAY, APRIL 6, 1897.

NO. 81.

HISTORIC JERSEY.

Correct Likeness of the Greatest Sire of Butter Cows.

The achievements of the great St. Lambert Jersey family cannot be put before dairymen too often. Those fortunate enough to have animals of this blood may congratulate themselves.

We give herewith a picture of the greatest sire of butter cows that ever lived. He is Exile of St. Lambert. Exile's dam was Allie of St. Lambert, a full sister of Ida of St. Lambert. His sire was Bachelor of St. Lambert. One of Exile's daughters tested 32 pounds 7 ounces of butter in seven days. Of the famous old bull Mr. A. D. Baker, president of the New York State Dairymen's association, said some time since:

He is a grand type of a Jersey bull, weighing about 1,600 pounds, and I



EXILE OF ST. LAMBERT.

should like to describe him as he appeared to me. He has a stylish head, dished face, broad between the eyes, large, prominent eyes, a golden skin, soft, yet thick and pliable, covered with a good coat of hair, remarkably deep chest, great breadth, strong joints and stands well upon his legs, considering his age and honors. Although nearly 19 years old, yet with his enormous strength and vigor he is still in active duty. His wonderful power of transmitting to his descendants his own likeness is truly remarkable, as his sons and daughters can be readily picked out in any herd of Jerseys.

While looking at him I thought: "What a record! Forty-nine tested daughters and 16 granddaughters, and more to hear from!" More of his sons have gone to head herds than any other one bull's, to say nothing about his daughters, and to the Jersey world his name will always be famous as a sire of butter producers. After viewing the young heifers in milk I saw in the barn a row of 25 of Exile's daughters—truly a magnificent sight to any lover of Jersey cattle.

Co-operative Butter Making.

New South Wales is divided into three parts—the coast, the center and the west. Wheat is raised in the central and western parts and sheep in the west. On the coast we raise corn and butter. The soil is so rich and the climate so moist that wheat rusts badly with us.

Our butter making is done almost entirely on a co-operative plan. The farmers in each section buy a separator together. Then they send the cream to large creameries which are in various parts of the country, where there are appliances for making ice and for storing the butter. Thence the butter is all shipped to Sydney, the capital, and there it is put on sale at a fixed price—16 cents is the lowest it ever gets at wholesale in summer. Whatever is not sold at the price put upon it is put back into the ice chests, and at the end of a week or so shipped to London, even if this is done at a loss.

In this way butter is kept up to a fair price. Before the formation of the Farmers' Co-operative society we were at the mercy of the middlemen. Butter in summer went down to 8 cents a pound. They bought it all up, stored it, and then in cold weather brought it out and undersold us to our own customers.

The business of this co-operative society is quite large—from \$1,500,000 to \$2,000,000 a year—and by its help the farmer gets a far fairer share of the profits than he does with you. It was an uphill fight at first. Now the farmers are pretty generally seeing the benefits of working together. In Victoria, where they do not have any such system, they are pretty badly off and have to take whatever the middlemen choose to give them, although they make just as good butter as we do—butter which sells just as well in the London market.

The cattle most popular are called the South Coast breed, originally a cross between the Shorthorn and the Ayrshire, which, through careful selection, have now become a distinct breed, having its own studbook. It is good for both milk and beef. We do not go in for Jerseys as much as you do.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

TO LET.

The house on Richmond St. west, at present occupied by Mr. J. M. McLeod. This house is beautifully situated on the harbor front, with splendid view. Is fitted with all the modern improvements. Apply to Mr. Thos Campbell.

BANKRUPT PRICES

Not in it with our Great Marked Down Sale. Our stock all nice, new, fresh goods; but they must be sold, Read our price list below, they represent the best values ever shown in Charlottetown.

Marked Down Prices Say

Men's Suits	Youths' Suits	Boys & Children's Suits
Worth	Worth	Worth.
\$ 6.25.....	\$ 3.75	\$1.50..... for \$1.00
7.25.....	4.50	2.00..... for 1.50
9.50.....	5.50	2.50..... for 1.75
10.50.....	6.50	3.50..... for 2.50
11.00.....	6.50	4.25..... for 3.00
12.50.....	8.00	5.25..... for 3.75
15.00.....	10.00	6.75..... for 4.50
16.00.....	10.50	7.50..... for 5.00
	\$ 5.25..... for \$3.50	
	6.25..... for 4.00	
	6.75..... for 4.50	
	7.25..... for 5.00	
	8.50..... for 5.50	
	9.50..... for 6.00	
	10.50..... for 7.00	

See samples of our values in our big window.

Compare them with anything you can see, and then be satisfied that the place to buy your clothing is the

McKay Woolen Company

THE BARCAIN CORNER,

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

Celebrated for its great leavening strength and healthfulness. Assures the food against alum and all forms of adulteration common to the cheap brands. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK

ARE YOU A GOOD COOK

If so you will appreciate the fragrance and flavor which our Extracts impart to your cooking.

Why lose time and patience experimenting with worthless and unreliable goods, when you can get the best from your grocer by asking for the "Sovereign" Brand.

SOVEREIGN FLAVORING EXTRACTS

Have stood the test of years, and their increasing sale proves their superiority.

Ask your Grocer for them.

Simson Bros. & Co.
Manufacturers.

A Dog as a Witness.

The dog refused to be sworn. It had a sort of Quakerlike simplicity and only affirmed, but its testimony was sufficient to decide a case in Justice Martin's courtroom.

The animal was a large, stately and intelligent Irish setter. After the human litigants had each told his tale, the dog took the witness stand.

"Now, who is your master?" said E. D. Loy, who had replevined the dog from Fred Enderlin, a South Side saloon keeper, on June 26.

The brute barked, sprang out of the witness chair and pawed at the feet of Loy. The animal then went through various performances at the bidding of Loy, including running across the street and back at his command. The dog would not act for the other litigant, and the court decided that he belonged to Loy. The animal was then released from the custody of Constable Roebuck. He wagged his tail at the judge and left the courtroom with his master.—Chicago News.

How It Happened.

"And so you are engaged to Cholly Chubbins," said one girl.

"Yes," was the reply.

"How did he ever persuade you to marry him?"

"Oh, he hasn't persuaded me to marry him. You know that lovely solitaire ring he had?"

"Yes."

"Well, I wanted it to wear to a progressive euchre party."—Indianapolis Journal.

Matthew Buckinger, a German who many years ago exhibited himself in London, had neither arms nor legs, but nevertheless managed to write a good hand, very clear and round, by holding the pen between the stump of his right arm and his cheek.

It is a strange fact that the right hand, which is more sensible to the touch than the left, is less sensible than the latter to the effect of heat or cold.

WANTED—A gentleman to represent a Wholesale Wine and Spirit House in the Maritime Provinces. Must be thoroughly experienced and have a good connection. None other need apply. Address Lawrence A. Wilson & Co. Montreal.

Baby's Own Soap

IS NOT, as most soaps, made from "soap fat," the refuse of the kitchen or the abattoir.

VEGETABLE OILS supply the necessary ingredients — one of the reasons why it should be used in nurseries and for delicate skins.

The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs. Montreal.

"D. & L." MENTHOL PLASTER

I have prescribed Menthol Plaster in a number of cases of neuralgic and rheumatic pains, and am very much pleased with the effects and pleasantness of its application.—W. H. CARLETON, M.D., Hotel Oxford, Boston.

I have used Menthol Plaster in several cases of muscular rheumatism, and find in every case that it gives almost instant and permanent relief.—J. B. MOORE, M.D., Washington, D.C.

It Cures Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Pains in Back or Side, or any Muscular Pains.

Price | Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., 25c. Sole Proprietors, MONTREAL.

BRIDAL FAVORS.

An Ancient and Curious German Wedding Custom.

In The Ladies' Home Journal Max von Binzer writes of his experience at "A Page at the Berlin Court" upon the occasion of a double royal wedding and of the preceding and succeeding festivities. Describing an ancient and curious custom, he writes: "And now—after the wedding, dinner and ball—came the 'Puckelanz.' Several of the highest officials entered the hall with flaming torches. A procession was formed, with the bride in the midst. A number of complicated polonaise figures were then executed, after which the line closed about the bride and groom and marched out as escort to the bridal chambers.

"As the doors of the bridal apartments closed upon the happy pair we found ourselves immediately next the entrance. We waited expectantly for the next feature, holding our advantageous position with some difficulty. In a few moments the doors flew open, and half a thousand silken garters, with the monograms embossed on the gold buckles, were thrown out by the ladies of honor. Court etiquette was for the nonce forgotten. Generals, courtiers, chamberlains and state ministers scrambled and fought with one another for these mementos. But we pages, rest assured, got the lion's share. I have several of these souvenirs now, although many were given away by me that night to beseeching dignitaries."

Dressing Handsomely and Well at a Small Cost.

A lady friend, a user of Diamond Dyes, writes as follows:

"With Diamond Dyes I changed my husband's faded gray suit to a rich dark brown shade, and a blue one was made black, while the children never knew what had become of their old clothes, and wondered where all the new ones came from.

"My experience proves that any woman who can read the plain directions on the Diamond Dye envelope can not only save a large amount of money in clothing her family, but will wear just as handsome and fashionable clothes as before. Diamond Dyes are indeed the true preventives of hard times."

LONDON MADMEN.

Some of the Queer Characters That Haunt the City Streets.

There is scarcely a neighborhood in London which cannot boast of its local madman. Some strange or eccentric figure is to be found in every parish and in almost every important thoroughfare.

Marylebone has a religious maniac who is by profession a collector of rags and bones.

South Kensington a short time ago possessed two madmen—one who imagined himself to be Napoleon and walked slowly backward and forward, gravely saluting every one he met, and another who firmly believed himself to be Henry VIII. It is said that on one occasion he accosted a famous physician and instructed him to get him a divorce from Anne Boleyn. "If you can't manage it any other way," he said, "off with her head, off with her head!"

A man in Brompton would hail a cab and drive to a certain street in Chelsea. There he would wander up and down for hours looking in vain for a house which had been pulled to pieces nearly 20 years before. It had evidently been associated with some important crisis in his life's history, and his mind refused to dissociate itself from the spot.

At one time there came forth every evening from across Westminster bridge, walking along Whitehall to the Strand, a man wearing a long overcoat with a cape, a soft hat and leggings. He had a bunch of primroses or yellow flowers of some kind in his buttonhole and another in his hat. He carried a pipe and strode along with bent head and with one hand behind his back. He ignored every one, looked neither to the right nor the left and walked always at the same rate. Every now and then he would suddenly throw up his hands and shout in a deep voice, "Here's to the Jacobites all over England!" Then he would march on as before, and people who turned in alarm would see nothing but an eccentric looking figure, going steadily in the direction of the Strand.—Pearson's Magazine.

LINCOLN AT SCHOOL.

A Schoolmate of the President Tells of His Early Life.

Mr. George H. Yenowine contributes a paper on "The Birthplace of Lincoln" to St. Nicholas. Mr. Yenowine quotes the following from an old man named Austin Gollaher, who went to school with the emancipator: "Lincoln was an unusually bright boy, and he made good progress in his books—better than almost any one else in school—and he studied very hard, although he was young. He would get spice wood bushes and hack them up on a log and put a few of them in the fire at a time to make a light for him to read his books by. It did not make a very good light, but it was all he had at night. Young Lincoln was never good looking. He was angular and awkward. His mother was a rather slim woman of medium height. Tom Lincoln, his father, was tall. Abe was not very much like him, for Tom Lincoln had a fuller face and was of a heavier build."

In answer to a question as to Lincoln's brothers or sisters, the old man brightened up and said: "Oh, yes, he had a sister. Her name was Sally, and she was about my age. That was one reason why I thought so much of Abe. But when the Lincolns moved to Indiana I did not say goodby to either of them."

"I next heard of Lincoln several years afterward. It was said that he would make rails during the summer and thus earn money to go to school. Then I heard no more of Lincoln until he was nominated for president. I told the boys that no matter what happened I was going to vote for Abe. I said I was going to vote for him if it was the last act of my life, because I had played with him when a boy, and I was glad he had gone up in the world, and I did vote for him!" said the old man.

Her Tribute to Lucy Stone.

Mrs. Mary E. Holmes, the faithful and efficient president of the Illinois Equal Suffrage association, has been obliged by domestic cares and duties to resign her official position. She will be greatly missed, but will continue to advise and plan for the cause. In a private letter she writes:

"If dear Lucy Stone was on the earth, I should explain to her first of all why I have resigned my state position. She was and is my inspiration and god-mother in suffrage work. She was such a good wife and mother that I feel sure she would tell me to do my duty to the home before any other. I hope I can return to the work at some future time, but now heart and brain must be given to the home and home interests. I shall still do what little I can for our beloved cause and shall watch the battle with great interest."

Try a mince, lemon or apple pie tonight, and buy it at the Eclipse Bakery.