

New Moon, 6th day, 10h 54.9m. p. m. b
First Quar 14th day, 3h 56.7 m. p.m. S.W
Full Moon, 21st day, 10h 58.9 a.m. N.V.

Table with 4 columns: Day of Week, Sun Rise, Sun Sets, High Water. Rows for Monday through Wednesday.

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NEW SERIES.

CLARKE READ, ROOM
A RLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, 1894. VOL 33.—NO. 167

Important Announcement!

A Grand Treat for Subscribers to The Examiner.

THE GREATEST WORLD'S FAIR BOOK IS READY!

We take pleasure in announcing that we have made arrangements with the publishers of

The Magic City

to supply this celebrated work in Weekly Parts to our subscribers at the very low price of TEN CENTS per number. It will be issued in sixteen consecutive Weekly Parts, each containing sixteen to twenty magnificent Photographic Views and Historical Descriptions of the WORLD'S FAIR and the MIDWAY PLAISANCE, by the famous American Author, MR. J. W. BUEL. The Photographs are the finest that have ever been offered to the public. They constitute a splendid series of

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IT IS The Greatest, The Grandest, The Most Beautiful, The Only Complete

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Beautiful as a Dream,

while the historical descriptions give the work a value beyond all computation. The author spent nearly the whole summer at the Fair, preparing his notes and superintending the work of the corps of artists employed in taking views. These pictures are the finest in existence. They were taken by trained artists of more than national reputation, who knew how to secure the best results and the most favorable points of view. Their beauty and splendor will be a surprise to our readers. Nothing equal to them has ever been seen in pictorial representations; and the fact that they were obtained especially for THE MAGIC CITY, and will not be made common by promiscuous publication in other works, adds a hundredfold to their value.

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This is a well-made, practical machine, writing capitals, small letters, figures, and punctuation marks (71 in all) on full width paper, just like a \$100 instrument. It is the first of its kind ever offered at a popular price for which the above claim can be truthfully made. It is not a toy, but a typewriter built for and capable of REAL WORK. While not as rapid as the large machines sometimes become in expert hands, it is still at least as rapid as the pen, and has the advantage of such simplicity that it can be understood and mastered almost at a glance. We cordially commend it to helpful parents and teachers everywhere.

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How attained—how restored—how preserved. Ordinary works on Physiology, viz. Leitch's, Cotswold, Lincolnshire Southdown combining wools, or wools known as lustre wools, and other like combing wools such as are grown in Canada, three cents per lb. The ordinary farmer who reads this would naturally conclude that this ought to be a protection to the extent of three cents per pound. It, however, has not that effect. If the date under this heading were made thirteen or thirty cents per pound it would make very little difference; more down wool is used in Canada than is grown here. Here, then, if anywhere, protection should protect the woolgrower. It does not thousands of pounds of down wools are annually used by the mills in Canada and pay no duty. The can be combed by the modern combing machinery, but they are not known as "combing" wools; they have no lustre and they therefore do not come under the clause "wool like combing wools, such as are grown in Canada." The cross-bred New Zealand and Australian wools imported come in direct competition with our long Canadian wools, yet these are really not "like" such as are grown in Canada; they have the dash of Merino blood; they pay no duty. Of all the many tons of wool coming into Montreal annually, the rest of the world's wool, a recent year not one cent was paid for duty on wool at that port, and the total collected for the Dominion on all wools was fifteen cents for the same year, while the quantity of foreign wool brought into Canada that year was over eight million pounds. Our total export for the same year was under one million pounds, and did not much exceed the import of woollen rags for shoddy to be used in our Canadian mills. The extended use of shoddy has been one of the chief factors in keeping down the price of good wool. Rags from anywhere or everywhere, brought in Britain, are brought to Canada by the hundred tons, some of them are torn with the wear of the distinet of dwellers in Old World shanties, and yet they are thought good enough to be worked into the goods sold to Canadians as "home manufacture." So much for the situation at present. If the Wilson Bill be adopted by the

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BREAD-CARVING-PARING. FOR SALE BY R. B. Norton & Co., CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I. aug 16.

IF WE KNOW.

If we knew when walking through the noisy, crowded day, That our feet were treading on the Close beside our pathway lay, We would pause where we now hasten, We would often look around, Let our careless feet should trample Some rare jewel to the ground.

If we knew what forms were fainting For the shade that we could fling, If we knew what lips were parching, For the water we could bring, We would haste with eager footsteps, We would work with willing hands, Bearing cups of love eternal, Planting rows of shading palms.

If we knew what friends were ailing, Closely press to our good-byes, Which among the lips that kiss us, First would "death the daisies lie, We would clasp our arms around them, Looking them through our tears, Feeder words of love eternal, We would whisper in their ears.

If we knew what lives were darkened, By some thoughtless words of ours, Which had ever lain among them, Like the frost among the flowers, We, with what sincere repentings, Would wipe away the stains, While our eyes were overflowing, We would cry, "Forgive! forgive!"

CANADIAN WOOL.

BY D. MCBEE.

The present is a good time for an outlook on Canadian wool. What are the prospects for better prices and a better market for the wool-grower? What effect will the placing of wool on the free list in the American tariff law on Canadian wool? Before attempting to answer these questions, let us take a look at the past and the present situation of the wool question. Time was in the past when our long Canadian wool, strong in staple and glossy in lustre, commanded a high price—when forty or fifty cents were freely paid to farmers for the Leicester and Cotswold wool. Then came a sudden drop in the price, and the wool-grower has never got near the old price. For the last few years twenty cents and under has been about the price obtained for clean, washed wool, and twenty cents about the highest price paid for unwashed of the same quality. At these prices there has been but little profit made by the large dealers in Canadian wool. Now and then in past years, notably before the adoption of the increased duties under the McKinley Tariff, there was an active demand at 25 p. p. for the dealers, but the buying since then has not been active and dealers have had to hold large stocks of wool for many months and then barely get out of it at 25 and 26 cents. The American market is still the market for our surplus wool; we send there about a million pounds annually, while all that goes to the British market is very small indeed—a few thousand pounds. But the Americans do not regulate the price even, although they are practically our only foreign customer. The price is set in a dingy little room in London where the auction sales of the world's wool crop are held. Australia and New Zealand now grow immense quantities of long, lustre wool, and the price this can be bought for in London and laid down in the United States, the American regulates his offers for Canadian wool. The long wool grown in Australia has kept down the price of our Canadian wool. In the days of high prices they grew little or none, but since they have got a hundred per cent. increase in the price of their wool, they have turned in their eyes and anguish in their stinks banks, and stood before the sea to give up the ghost. They have been obliged to have the call to dismount and lose the horses. The poor lasses, starving for want, at once sprang into a mad gallop toward the long-looked-for goal. No one possessed their throats, the alarm—fall, as it happened—of a sudden ambush. "To horse" was blown, and repeated by a hundred tongues. But the demand was too great; the parched throats were not to be refilled; the stampede grew wilder and wilder as 20,000 steeds pushed desperately for the river banks. Of all the frantic crowd but five were responded to the call. To these duty was higher than suffering. 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