

# The Daily Examiner

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## THE DAILY EXAMINER

DECEMBER 28, 1897.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

**A TARDILY APPRECIATED PRODUCT—**  
SOUTH AFRICAN RAINFALL—METAL VA-  
RIATOR—PHOTOGRAPHY—ALPINE TEMPERA-  
TURES—A HEIGHT-MEASURING CAMERA  
—OZONE AT HOME—IRISH MASONRY OF  
LAST CENTURY—BRITAIN'S EARLIEST  
DRY DOCK.

Seeds of the kola tree, (*Cola acuminata*) are stated by the Secretary of the Royal Botanic Society to have been planted at Kew as long ago as 1880, and the plants propagated were distributed to numerous tropical stations, where the nuts are now produced. Until recently, however, there has been no great demand for the production, notwithstanding its very remarkable properties. The nut, several of which are contained in a fleshy fruit four to six inches long, have been used in their native home in West Africa as far back as it is possible to trace, and give to people eating them great endurance of prolonged labor and exertion without fatigue, the kola paste being estimated to be five times as sustaining as cocoa. The kola nuts contain over two per cent. of caffeine. They are claimed to lack the tendency of coffee and cocoa to create biliousness, and that of tea to cause nervous excitability, while being far more nutritious than any of the three. In medicine, they act as a powerful nerve stimulant.

From ten years' statistics at 278 stations in Cape Colony, Dr. A. Buchan finds that the annual rainfall over South Africa, to the north of the latitude of Clanwilliam, steadily increases from west to east the amount on the Atlantic coast falling short of five inches a year, whereas on the east coast for some distance to the north and south of Durban, it exceeds forty inches. On the south and southeastern coasts it exceeds twenty inches.

The effect of certain metals on photographic plates seem to be due to vapour of the metals. Evidence of this has been obtained by Prof. J. J. Thompson, acting on a suggestion from Sir John Stokoe, by passing a stream of air between z no plates and the sensitive plates, the air causing a distortion of the photographs.

The smallest flowering plant yet discovered is the *wolfia brasiliensis*, of the Duckweed family which appears on stagnant pools as a greenball a thirteenth of an inch in diameter.

It is very curious that the great obstacle encountered in tunneling under the snow-covered Alps is the excessively high temperature. In the construction of the Mont Cenis tunnel, according to statistics collected by M. Victor Brandicourt, the highest temperature recorded was 86° F., which was reached at a point near the center of the tunnel about 5100 feet beneath the mountain summit, on which the mean temperature is 27°. The St. Gothard was still hotter, a temperature of 95° having been observed in the center for

several days. Such a heat, in a moisture-laden and impure atmosphere, could be endured but five hours a day for two days in three, and so prostrating was the labor at Mont Cenis and St. Gothard that the physician who attended the workmen ten years reports the number of invalids to have been as great as 60 to the 100. Stranger still was the appearance of a tropical disease—due to intestinal parasites—that is known only in the hottest regions of the earth. Even greater rock temperatures are expected in the great tunnels projected in recent years,—those of the Simpleton, St. Bernard and Mont Blanc,—experienced engineers predicting that under Mont Blanc a heat considerably greater than 100°, possibly above 125°, will be reached. Improved methods of ventilating, cooling and working will all contribute, however, toward overcoming the difficulties of working.

Attitudes are calculated from barometric records according to a formula worked out by Laplace. It is important to know how accurate this formula really is, and to test it Cailletet has devised a photographic camera, to be carried on balloons, for recording at the same instant the height of the barometer and the actual height of the balloon as shown by the distance apart on the photographic plate of prominent objects on the earth's surface. The apparatus consists of a prismatic box, with lenses on the upper and lower faces, between which a band of sensitized celluloid is moved by clockwork and exposed at regular intervals. One lens gives a picture of the scenery below, the other of the needle of the barometer, and in a recent ascent to a mile and a half 26 photographs were obtained.

A system of 100 electrically-operated clocks at Brussels, Belgium, has been in use, with some modifications, since April, 1887.

Ozone, on account of its powerful oxidizing action on organic matter, may play a considerable part in purifying the air. It may not be generally known, the London Lancet points out, that every simple and effectual way of bringing ozone into the house consists in first suspending moist linen sheets in the keen dry wind, and afterward hanging them up in the house. The air in the room will thus become considerably charged with ozone, and its presence will be easily detected by its peculiar smell, while a moistened starch iodide paper will instantly turn blue. Why ozone is accumulated in wet clothes in this way is not quite understood; but it may be due to the rapid passage of the oxygen in the air over a large wet surface. It is not improbable that this interesting phenomenon has much to do with the cleansing of our linen articles of clothing. The smell of ozone in big laundries on bringing not quite dry linen in from cold dry air is almost more than is agreeable.

A singular discovery was lately made by a firm of Belfast contractors, who had undertaken to restore the leaning spire of an ancient church at Newmarket, County Cork. On attempting to take down the spire, it was found that the stones of which it was built were hermetically bound to one another with a combination of molten lead and sand, which rendered it absolutely impossible to separate one stone from another, the whole spire being, as it were, one solid block. The whole building in fact, had been erected with no mortar except the mixture of lead and sand. As the spire could not be taken down, it was ingeniously moved entire, and brought back to its original perpendicular position.

The first English dry dock, late researches by Mr. Max Oppenheim show, was ordered by Henry VII in 1495 for Portsmouth, and was finished in 1499 without foreign assistance, although dry docks appear to have been already in use on the Continent. The dock, which was large enough for three masted ships, was of wood and cost 193 pounds!

A case of pulmonary tuberculosis in a goat upsets the belief in the immunity of this animal, and shows that the milk of goats should be used with the same care against infection as that of cows.

### CAVENDISH HAPPENINGS.

Centennial Division celebrated its seventh anniversary in Cavendish Hall on Friday evening, the 24th inst. Stirring temperance addresses were delivered by G. W. P., J. C. Clark, Rev. G. C. Robertson, Rev. C. W. Jackson, and P. G. W. P., A. Simpson. The programme also included music and some excellent readings and recitations.

One week previously we were favored in our Literary Society by a very interesting and scholarly paper by Rev. G. C. Robertson. Subject: "Prof. Drummond." The rev. gentleman briefly reviewed the life and writings of that lamented and talented scholar and author.

Several who had not read Prof. Drummond's writings stated in the discussion that followed that they would do so at the first opportunity. Thus a stimulus is given to reading standard authors.

The Rev. G. C. Robinson has received, as a Christmas present, a beautiful fur coat and cap from the Cavendish section of his church and from the Stanley section a nice set of sleigh robes.

Rev. C. W. Jackson also received from his congregation a very fine coat.

These gentlemen are exceedingly popular in the community, and are always ready to take the platform in advocacy of any good cause.

The semi annual examination of Cavendish school was held on Friday the 24th, and was well attended by the people of the settlement. The scholars, as usual, acquitted themselves creditably. When the examination was over—Santa Claus appeared dressed in his garments of A.ctic furs and distributed from his stock in trade, sweetmeats and nicknacks galore amid the rejoicing of perhaps the happiest school full of children in Queen's County.

Rumours of approaching marriages are in the air. There are at least three

couple booked for matrimonial bliss in the near future.

Christmas is quite here today, not much to interest one except it be the smell of roast turkey and goose, which even while we write tickle our olfactory organs.

December 25th.

### A Reminiscence of Exhibition Day.

BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

"Well, no," the boy said, "the thing didn't go off exactly as I expected. You see, I was the sixth boy in the class, that was next to the head when the class formed left in front, and I was pretty near the first boy called on to declaim. I had got a mighty good ready and had a bully piece too. Ah, it was a rip staver."

And the boy sighed as he paused to lift a segment out of a green apple, and placed it where it would do the most good, for a cholera doctor. We asked what piece it was.

"Spartacus to the Gladiators," he said. "Just an old he raker of a piece. I got it all by heart, and used to go clear out to the Cascade to rehearse and hook strawberries. Old Fitch"—Mr. Fitch was the boy's preceptor, one of the finest educators in the state—"he taught me all the gestures and inflections and flub drubs, and said I was just laying over the biggest toad in the puddle."

"Excelling all your competitors, probably Mr. Fitch said," we suggested.

"Yes," the boy replied, "he's a toney old cyclopedia on the patter, is old Fitch. But him and me was both dead sure I was goin' to skin the rag off the bush."

"Win all the honors," we gently corrected.

"Yes," he said, "and the way it went off was bad. You see, I didn't feel easy in my Sunday clothes on a week day to begin with. And my collar was too tight and my necktie was too blue, and I was in a hurry to get off early, so I only blacked the toes of my boots, and left the heels as red as a concert ticket. And the crowd there was in the school-house. Jammed. Everybody in their good clothes and everybody looking solemn as Monday morning. When my name was called something came up in my throat as big as a football. I couldn't swallow it and I couldn't spit it out. And when I got up on the platform—oh, Godfrey's cordial! did you ever see a million heads without any bodies?"

We felt ashamed of our limited experience while we confessed that we could not recall having witnessed such a phenomenon.

"I never did till then," the boy went on, "but they were there, for a fact, and I began to remember when these heads danced round and round the room that I had been forgetting my piece in the last five minutes just as fast as I ever forgot to fix the kindling wood at night. But I commenced. I got along with 'It had been a day of triumph in Capua' and 'Lentulus returning with victorious eagles' and all that well enough, but when I got on into the heavy business, I was left, sure. If Spartacus had talked to the gladiators as I did, they would have thought he was drunk and hustled him off to bed. It was awful. I stumbled along until I came to 'Ye stand here now like giants as ye are. The strength of brass is in your rugged sinews, but to-morrow some Roman Adonis, breathing sweet perfume from his curling locks, will with his dainty fingers pat your red brown and bet his sesterces upon your blood!'"

"That was excellent, capital," we said, applauding, for the boy had growled off the last sentence like a first heavy villain.

"Oh, yes, is it though?" he said, with some asperity.

"Well, that's the way I was going to say it that Friday, but what I did say was 'The strength of brass is in your rugged sinews, but to-morrow afternoon (you see I got to thinking of a baseball party) some Doman Aronis breathing sweet perfumery from his curly socks, will pat your bed ravn and bet his sister sees your blood!'"

"Did they laugh?" we asked.

"Oh, no!" he replied, with an inflection that type won't take. "Oh, no; they never smiled again; they didn't. When he says, 'If ye are beasts, then stand here waiting like fat oxen for the butcher's knife.' I told them, 'If ye be cat fiddle, then wait here standing like a butcher for the carving knife.' And I got worse and worse until it came to this, 'Oh, Rome, Rome, thou hast been a tender mother to me. Thou hast taught the poor timid shepherd boy, who never knew a harsher tone than a flute note, to gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a boy upon a laughing girl. Thou hast taught him to drive the sword through rugged links of mail and brass and warm it in the marrow of his foe!'"

"Pravo!" we shouted.

"Cheese it," he said, sentimentally; "I didn't say it just that way. I said, 'Oh Rome, thou hast ten a kinder mother to me. Thou hast taught the poor boy who never knew a sheep note to glare into the laughing ear of a fierce Numidian eyeball even as a lyn' boy at a girl. Thou hast taught him to mail his ragged brass through swords of link, and marry it in the warmer of his foe!'"

"And then?" we asked.

"I cried," he said, "and went down. Everybody was cryin'. They all had their faces in their handkerchiefs or behind fans, and was shaking so it nearly jarred the school house."

"You should practice elocution during vacation," we suggested, "and you will not fail again."

He bolted the rest of the green apple, threw his bare feet up in the air, and walked around on his hands in little circles. "Don't have no speakin' in vacation," he said.

And we knew that, boy-like, he was going to let the day and the morrow take care each of its own evils, and we wondered as we came away how many fathers would recognize their own boys in the hero of this sketch, and if dear old Fitch, the oldest boy, with the clearest head and the tenderest heart we ever knew would remember him.

Boy's snow shovels, all sizes, at Beer & Goff's.

### THE BURRO AS AN ACTOR.

How He Fooled a Tenderfoot In the Ascent of Pike's Peak.

While making the ascent of Pike's peak, before the completion of the cogwheel railroad, a traveler had an amusing experience—amusing after it was over.

Speaking of that experience, the mountaineer said: "I hired a burro at the Half Way house, stating that I would not return until next day, as I was ambitious to sleep, 'if just one night,' on the highest inhabited spot in the United States—the summit of Pike's peak. The liveryman assured me that the burro was all right. 'All you've to do is to hold on, and he'll carry you through,' he said.

"In about half a mile the burro stopped short, puffed out his sides as if he was very tired, and looked around at me with such a sorrowful expression that I thought he was surely broken down and sick near unto death. I dismounted and led him about half a mile, sympathizing for him and reserving my opinion of the liveryman who with malice aforethought hire to a tourist a broken down burro. Finally I remounted, and had not proceeded a quarter of a mile when the burro again stopped, began blowing like a bellows, and looked around at me with his sleepy, blinking eyes; mutely asking me if I was not ashamed to impose upon a sick mule. I was, and dismounted. Coming to an almost level part of the road I remounted, and in less than 1,100 yards he stopped and gave me another mute appeal. I then thought that the burro was really about to yield up the ghost and was fearful that he would not last until the summit was reached. I walked along up the remaining two miles of very steep grade, the burro trudging along after me with apparent difficulty. On arriving at the summit I gave the reins to the liveryman, relating the circumstance, and after expressing my opinion of the keeper who rented to me the sick mule suggested that the burro be not fed for at least a few hours.

"The liveryman's face wore a broad grin, and he gave me a look which seemed to express sympathy for my overkindness or greenness. He gave the burro a thump in the side, saying: 'That's one of his old tricks. This burro ain't no more sick than you are—not as much.'

"The burro kicked up his heels and scampered away as if enjoying his bunko game."—Los Angeles Times.

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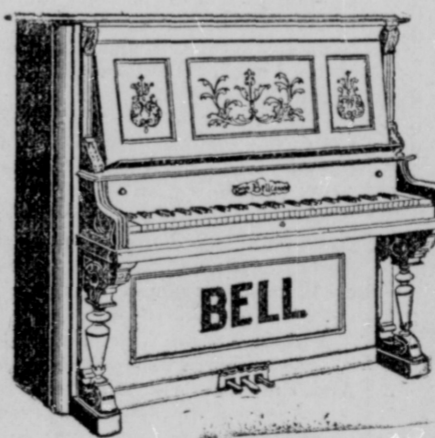
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