

The Daily Examiner

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THE DAILY EXAMINER

SEPTEMBER 3, 1897.

CROPS AND PRICES.

If the recent perfect harvest weather should continue for another week or two our farmers will have secured a good crop in good condition. Of wheat the acreage is larger and the yield fully as large as in any previous year; and a considerable portion of the amount annually paid for imported flour will be saved. In oats and potatoes there will be some falling off as a result of the low prices that have prevailed in recent years, the greater attention paid to cattle and dairy products and the activity of the bug; but there will be a corresponding enlargement of the yield of turnips, mangles and other roots. Upon the whole, we think our farmers have more raw products than ever to work up at home, and less for export than in some former years.

The question now is, what are the prospects as to prices? It is too soon to speak with certainty concerning the prices of farm produce that will rule this fall; and our present hopes may be dashed by some unexpected turn in the course of trade. But it is safe to say that prices, upon the whole, will rule higher this year than last year. Without relying upon the reports of shortages circulated by interested individuals, there is reason to conclude that superabundance is not now the leading feature of the world's supply. The old stocks in hand have been greatly reduced and the new stock is not likely to fully fill up the gap. A despatch from Budapest states that the Hungarian Ministry of Agriculture's estimate of the shortage is 50,800,000 hundredweights of wheat, 69,000,000 of rye, 38,000,000 of barley, 58,000,000 of oats, and 59,000,000 of corn. The same authority states that "many exporting countries, such as Turkey, Egypt, Australia, and Austria-Hungary will either be unable to export grain or will be compelled to import, while others, including British India, Argentine and Chili, will have their wheat export considerably reduced. The favored countries are Canada and the United States, the former of which will soon be one of the most important exporting countries, its excess over last year's production being 7,000,000 bushels of wheat and 20,000,000 bushels of oats. Its output of all sorts of grain was 270,000,000 bushels. The yield of wheat in Great Britain this season is 50,000,000 bushels against 63,000,000 last year. The wheat crop of British India is reduced from 23,000,000 acres to 18,000,000 acres, and the wheat yield from 234,000,000 bushels to 202,000,000 bushels. The United States, which has reduced its area sown in oats by 2,000,000 acres, that sown in corn by a million acres, while in other grains it remains nearly unchanged, will nevertheless, dispose of 534,000,000 bushels of wheat, against 434,000,000 bushels last year allowing the exportation of 160,000,000 bushels of wheat, while the exports of corn will, possibly be 50,000,000 greater than those of last year. The prospects for oats and barley are less favorable than in 1896. The price of bread in Austria has already risen thirty per cent." These statements may not be approximately correct; but they are official and the result of a careful survey of the existing situation. The Mark Lane Express, of London, reviewing the crop prospect in Great Britain, says "the wet weather has seriously delayed the harvest, and that the new wheat is bound to suffer. Advices from France and Italy according to the same authority, show the Russian crop to be decidedly below the average, while the American crop is probable above the average." These statements strengthen the prevailing opinion that prices are likely to go higher and that better times are in store for our farmers.

—Mr. Ogilvie, the Government surveyor of the Yukon, estimates that \$60,000,000 will be taken out of Eldorado Creek within the next three years; and to this he says must be added the favorable possibilities of new gulches and the development of the claims already opened so as to permit of greatest production.

IN VAIN Sing to the narrowed soul and hardened heart full well Songs of the fairest truth and purest love that be, No thoughts rise up to greet; no joy, no sympathy, Nor hope, nor aspiration gladly answers thee; For beauty stirs no soul where beauty does not dwell. —Preston Cooke Farrar in August Lippincott's.

The new tariff regulations are not giving satisfaction. The St. John Globe (Liberal) says editorially: "The customs authorities would do well to have the whole matter of material entries under the reciprocal or preferential clause made as simple as possible. There is complaint in St. John that the customs officials are not satisfied with the ordinary evidence which would satisfy anyone else that goods coming from Germany are really German goods, but that much extra trouble has to be taken to prove a case already very clear."

A story illustrating the beauties of lynching comes from New Orleans. Two years ago an old Spaniard was murdered there, and the respectable parishioners seized and hanged, without trial, a couple of Italians. Thus justice was vindicated, the slow and uncertain methods of the law rebuked, the old Spaniard avenged, the good name of St. Charles parish freed from reproach, the officials saved the trouble of an investigation, the taxpayer saved the expense of a trial, and the real murderer relieved from anxiety. Incidentally Uncle Sam was called upon by the Italian government to pay a considerable indemnity, and paid it. And now comes one Antonio Richards, a negro, to confess and prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that it was he, and not the Italians, who killed the old Spaniard.



It is a woman walked bare-footed on the sharp edge of a sword, she would not undergo one-tenth of the agony daily borne by thousands of women without complaint. They suffer greater misery and pain than could be inflicted by all the professional torturers that the world ever knew. Day and night they suffer from headaches, dragging down and burning sensations, pains in the sides and back, hot and cold flashes, nervous and trembling sensations and physical lassitude and mental despondency. The whole body is tortured with pain and the entire nervous system is racked. If they consult the average obscure physician, he will attribute their bad feelings to stomach, liver, kidney, heart or nervous trouble. If, by accident, he hits upon the right cause, he will insist upon the disgusting examinations and local treatment so embarrassing to a sensitive, modest woman. The real trouble is weakness or disease of the delicate and important organs that bear the burdens of maternity. There is no necessity for examinations or local treatment. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures all disorders of this nature in the privacy of the home. It acts directly on the sensitive organs concerned, making them strong and well. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration, soothes pain and tones and builds up the nerves. It stops exhausting drains. It banishes the discomforts of the expectant months, and makes baby's coming easy and almost painless. It restores the beauty and vivacity lost through long months or years of pain and suffering. Thousands of women have testified to its marvellous merits. At all medicine stores. Avoid substitutes. To cover customs and mailing only, send 31 one-cent stamps for paper-covered copy, or 50 for cloth-bound copy, of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. Address, Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

PERILOUS RIDE OF AN AERONAUT WITH A MADMAN.

M. Godard's Account of the Man Who Made an Ascention With Him In Search of Emotions—How a Little Diplomacy Saved Two Lives.

M. Godard, a noted French aeronaut, was recently relating to a party of friends, among them a writer for The Star, some of his experiences while up in a balloon. "The most exciting and in many respects most perilous ascension I ever made," said M. Godard, "occurred about five years ago from a point near Paris. On the occasion to which I refer I was accompanied by a single fellow traveler, who had paid me 1,000 francs for the privilege of a place by my side. The weather was fine and the balloon had risen to a considerable height when I turned to my companion, who, I noticed, was very quiet, and inquired, 'What effect has the journey had so far upon you, monsieur?' "None whatever," was the curt reply. "Then," said I, "I must compliment you. You are the first amateur I have ever known to reach this altitude without experiencing some unusual emotion." "I wish you'd go higher," said the amateur coolly. "In response to this request I threw out some ballast, and the balloon shot up some 60 yards higher. "Now how do you feel?" I asked. "Just the same," replied my companion in a rather petulant tone. "By Jove!" I exclaimed, after glancing with surprise at the stolid, indifferent expression of my guest's face, "you are a wonder, a born aeronaut, monsieur." "Well, the balloon kept on rising, and when a few hundred yards higher I again turned to my phlegmatic friend and questioned him as to his emotions. "Emotions! Not a trace of emotions," replied he, with the air of a man who feels that he has been greatly imposed upon. "Well, so much the worse," said I. "I fear I shall not be able to alarm you. We have risen high enough, and we shall now descend." "Descend!" repeated the man, glaring

at me with a strange, wild glare in his eyes which I had not noticed before. "Yes, certainly. It would be dangerous to go any higher." "I don't care about the danger, and I don't choose to descend," declared the man. "I'm going up higher, I am. I've paid a thousand francs in order to experience some emotions, and emotions I'll have before going down to the earth again." "I burst out laughing. I thought the man was joking. "Are you going up higher or not?" asked my companion, at the same time grasping me with an iron grip by the throat and shaking me violently. "I intend to have my emotions."

"It was only now," continued M. Godard, "that I realized that I was in the society of a madman. The dilated eyes, the furious grasp, the very tone of the man's voice left no doubt in my mind about that, but what was to be done? We were some 3,000 feet high among the clouds. A struggle was out of the question, as one violent motion of the madman would be enough to upset the car. All these thoughts flashed through my mind in less than a second. My adversary was a powerfully built man, and without losing his grasp he called out: 'Ah, my fine fellow, you have been playing the fool with me. You have made me pay 1,000 francs and not given me a single emotion.' "But what would you have me do? I asked, as calmly and soothingly as I could under the circumstances. "I'm going to throw you over," said the madman, with a wild laugh, 'but first an idea strikes me. I'll go up to the top of the balloon.' And, suiting the action to the word, he jumped into the rigging of the car.

"But, my dear friend," said I, 'you will surely fall and lose your life. At least let me put a rope around your waist to prevent such an accident.' "Well, be it so," said the madman, who seemed to see the necessity of some precaution, and the rope having been attached he commenced climbing the rigging of the balloon with the agility of a squirrel, and in a minute or so was seated on the apex clapping his hands and shouting with joy. Suddenly he seemed to be seized with a mischievous desire, for, taking out of his pocket a huge clasp knife, he brandished it above his head and yelled out: 'Now, you rascal! You wanted to descend, did you? So you shall, in a hurry!' And before I could utter a word two out of the six ropes attaching the car to the balloon were cut and the car began to swing about ominously. The madman's knife was touching another rope when I called out to him, 'Stop—one word!' "No, no! Down you go!"

"But let me tell you something, my friend. We are now nearly 4,000 feet high, and the loss of the car, or even a single pound of ballast it contains, would result in certain death to you. If you have a secret grudge against me, don't sacrifice your own life by cutting the car loose or casting me out. Let us rather return to the earth alive and we can soon settle any differences we may have with a brace of pistols."

"Agreed!" said the madman, throwing his knife away, and coming rapidly down the rigging from his dangerous perch he again took his seat quietly beside me in the car. Needless to say I soon pulled the valve, allowing the gas to slowly escape, and the balloon gradually descended to the earth, where, after the madman had gone in search of pistols, I said a solemn prayer and vowed never to make another ascension with a man possessed of a craving to experience the sensations of ballooning in high altitudes."—Washington Star.

A FLASH OF LIGHT.

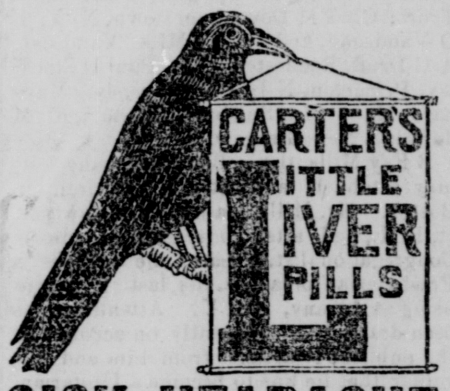
BY A BANKER. One of the most important functions of the atmosphere which we breathe is almost entirely lost sight of, notwithstanding that the property referred to is second only to its life-sustaining province. For the air may be said, in a sense, to create light. Without air diffused light could not exist, and except in the line of the direct rays proceeding from any incandescent source (or from any direct reflection thereof) absolute darkness must prevail, and the shadow of any opaque object, a tree, a house, a mountain, would, in the absence of air, be midnight obscurity. We see by our telescopes that this is the case on the moon, which is without an atmosphere, the shadows of the mountains being perfectly black and sharply defined. On the summit of a very high mountain where the atmosphere is thin and rarified, the same effect in lesser degree is noticed, and if it were possible to erect an observatory on the summit of, for instance, Dhawalagiri or Mount Everest, it would be necessary to construct the windows of exceptional size, as otherwise considerable inconvenience would result from the insufficient light which would prevail in the rooms except in the direct rays of the sun.

Light travels with greater rapidity than anything known in nature except, perhaps, the electric fluid. Sound travels at the rate of 1,142 feet in a second (or less if the temperature of the air be low); aerolites are calculated to move at the pace of 114,000 feet; the earth rushes round the sun at the average rate of 33,290 yards per second; the sun is travelling onwards towards the star Vega in the Lyre at the prodigious annual rate of 153,000,000 miles; but light forces its passage through space at the amazing speed of 192,000 miles per second, or more than a million times quicker than the rate of a cannon ball. Yet, notwithstanding this terrific pace, every astronomical event which we observe has taken place some time before we see it; for instance, when we observe the phenomenon known as the appearance of a "new star," in other words the collision and consequent terrific outburst of heat and light which results from the terrible impact of two great worlds, we see what has happened years before; in fact we are looking at occurrences which took place, and then ceased to exist long ago, the concussions of light which we are attentively examining in our spectroscopes having no present existence whatever. Or even when we are observing with our telescope or opera glass the eclipse of one of Jupiter's satellites, we are looking at

an event which happened nearly half-an-hour previously, the satellite which we are so closely observing being really hidden behind the planet, and therefore invisible. It may help to comprehend this apparent impossibility by observing a salute fired from a ship from a distance of about five miles; if the shots are discharged at intervals of a half minute, the sound immediately following a flash would be the report of the previous gun fired.

The principal, or perhaps the only primary source of light in the natural Universe is heat, the one element being in fact the inseparable associate and concomitant of the other, emanating from it, and in many respects possessing somewhat similar properties, and it is believed that the waves of light travel at the same uniform speed as the heat waves, the one accompanying the other and impinging upon an object synchronously. The latter, however, lose their force and intensity sooner than the former, and though the light wave continues to travel on through space, its companion wave gradually appears to be deprived of its energy, and eventually ceases to exist.

But in the great Universe there is one vast and supernally glorious place, which has "no need of the sun or the moon to shine upon it," but which notwithstanding the dazzling brilliancy of the scene, flashing in many colored beams of light, and refulgent in glittering rays of glory, infinitely surpasses anything else in Creation, for "the glory of God doth lighten it," and He who is the Light of the world is the light thereof, He who although Creator of all, and enthroned amidst that shining splendour of glory, surrounded by Cherubim and Seraphim, Angel and Archangel, yet in love to us left it all for a time, and submitted to a terrible death in our stead, in order that any one of us all, in all time, may, if we so will, succeed to a great inheritance in that magnificent realm. But if we object to comply with His wishes, as distinctly expressed in His Holy Book, or even if we forget Him, it will be inevitably lost to us for ever!



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KLONDYKE!

The Land of Golden nuggets

JOSEPH LADUE, the new Bonanza King of the Klondike, dike 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 Schuylers 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:

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