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THE DAILY EXAMINER

NOVEMBER 23, 1897.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

—It was a favorite saying of Bancroft, the historian, who was a vigorous old man at ninety, that the secret of a long life is in never losing one's temper. The remark was simply a concrete way of expressing the hygienic value of amiability—a principle which, until lately, has scarcely been considered in the training of children. Hitherto we have regarded fretfulness, melancholy, and bad temper as the natural concomitants of illness. But modern science shows that these mental moods have actual power to produce disease. No doubt in most cases imperfect bodily conditions are the cause of irritable and depressed feelings, yet sometimes the reverse is true, and a better knowledge of physiological laws would show them to be effect rather than cause. The fact that discontented and gloomy people are never in good health is an argument in favor of the theory that continual indulgence in unhappy thoughts acts as a poison and creates some form of disease. Moreover, such people radiate an unwholesome influence, which, like the atmosphere of a malarial region, one cannot help inhaling. They also lack hope and energy and are far more likely to succumb to prevailing epidemics than those of a cheerful temperament. A variety of motives, therefore—our personal well-being, regard for the dear ones of our households, and loyalty to the Divine Master, who forbids our taking anxious thought—should inspire us to cultivate a sunny disposition.

CHRISTMAS DELINEATOR.

The December number of the Delineator is called the Christmas Number. Its richly tinted color-plates illustrate the charming possibilities of fashion's latest discoveries, the Russian Jacket and Blouse and the Flare Skirt, as well as current fancies in Dress Goods, Trimmings, Millinery, etc. The recognition given the season of good cheer includes Agnes Repplier's appreciative paper on "Christmas Literature," Lucia, M. Robins' story of how a gloomy Southern Christmas was changed into a very happy one, Mr. Vick's illustrated directions for the Holiday Decoration of Churches, and two savory pages devoted to the Christmas Dinner. "Social Life in America" is brought to an entertaining conclusion by Blanche L. Clay's paper on "Yillage Society." In "The Penitent of Cross Village" the famous novelist, Mary Hartwell Catherwood, tells, with exquisite feeling for its local color, a story of Indian character in which potencies of tragedy melt into a situation delightfully comic. Dr. Grace Reekham Murray brings her invaluable "Health and Beauty" series to a fitting close by pointing out the intimate relation to the mind of health. In "Colonial Sweethearts and Wives" Alice Norse Earle shows that our straight-laced ancestors managed to get a deal of fun out of their wooing and wedding. Mrs. Alec Tweedie's account of her visit to the home of Dr. Nansen, near Christiania, possesses peculiar timeliness in view of the Arctic explorer's tour of America. In her philippic against "Letters of Introduction," Frances Courtenay Blyer strikes a sympathetic chord in the breasts of many victims of this form of epistolary infliction. Young people in doubt about nice points of behavior will turn at once to Mrs. Cadwalader Jones' answers to their inquiries in "Social Observances." The new coiffures are described in Mrs. Witherspoon's Tea-table Chat, and the new books are noticed with accustomed discrimination. The articles in Fancy Needlework headed by Emma Haywood's directions for making a spangled bodice front, include the departments devoted to Crocheting, Lace-Making, Knitting, etc. Order from the local agent for the Butterick Patterns, or address The Delineator Publishing Co. of Toronto, Limited, 33 Richmond St. W., Toronto, Ont. Subscription price of the Delineator, \$1.00 per year, or 15 cents per single copy.

The Montreal Harbor Commissioners have finally accepted the plan of harbor improvements proposed by the Department of Public Works. The Government will do the work, which will cost \$3,000,000.

That Spot...

First size of a dime; next size of a dollar; then big as the palm of your hand. The end: entire baldness. Stop it.

Ayer's Hair Vigor
Makes Hair Grow

RUDYARD KIPLING'S "THE ENGLISH FLAG"

(Above the portico a flag-staff, bearing the Union Jack, reared fluttering in the flames for some time, but ultimately when it fell the crowds rent the air with shouts, and seemed to see significance in the incident.—Daily Papers.)

Winds of the world, give answer? They are whimpering to and fro—
And what should they know of England who only England know? —
The poor little street-bred people that vapor and fume and brag,
They are lifting their heads in the stillness to yelp at the English flag!

Must we borrow a clout from the Boer—to plaster anew with dirt?
An Irish liar's bandage, or an English coward's shirt?
We may not speak of England; her Flag's to sell or share.

What is the Flag of England? Winds of the world, declare?

The North Winds blew: "From Bergen my steel-shod vanguard go:
I chase your lazy whalers home from the Disko fiord;
By the great North Lights above me I work the will of God,
That the liner splits on the ice-field or the Dogger fills with cod."

"I barred my gates with iron, I shattered my doors with flame,
Because to force my ramparts your nut-shell navies came;
I took the sun from their presence. I cut them down with my blast,
And they died, but the Flag of England blew free ere the spirit passed."

"The lean white bear hath seen it in the long, long Arctic night,
The musk-ox knows the standard that flouts the Northern light:
That is the Flag of England? Ye have but my bergs to dare,
Ye have but my drifts to conquer. Go forth for it is there!"

The South Wind sighed: "From the Virgin's mid-sea course was taken
Over a hour-and-islands lost in an idle main,
Where the sea-egg flames on the coral and the long backed breakers croon
The endless ocean legends to the lazy, locked lagoon."

"Strayed amid lonely islets, mazed amid outer keys,
I walked the palms to laughter—I tossed the sand in the breeze—
Never was isle so little, never was sea so lone,
But over the sand and the palm-trees an English flag was flown."

I have wrenched it free from the halliard to hang for a whip on the Horn;
I have chased it north to the Lizard—ribboned and rolled and torn,
I have spread its fold o'er the dying adrift in a hopeless sea;
I have hurled it swift on the slaver, and seen the slave set free.

"My basking sunfish know it and wheeling albatross,
Where the lone wave fills with fire beneath the Southern Cross,
What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my reefs to dare,
Ye have but my seas to furrow. Go forth for it is there!"

The East Wind roared: "From the Kuriles, the Bitter Seas, I come,
And men call the Home-wind, for I bring the English home,
Look—look well to your shipping? By the breath of my mad typhoon
I swept your close-packed Praya and beached your best at Kowloon!"

"The reeling junka behind me and the racing reas before,
I raped your richest roadstead—I plundered Singapore?
I set my hand on the Hoogli; as a hooded snake she rose,
And I flung your stoutest steamers to roost with the startled crows."

"Never the lotos closes, never the wild-fowl wake,
But a soul goes out on the East Wind that died for England's sake—
Man or woman or suckling, mother or bride or mail—
Because on the bones of the English the English Flag is stayed."

"The desert dust hath dimmed it, the flying wild ass knows,
The scared white leopard winds it across the taintless snows,
What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my sun to dare,
Ye have but my sands to travel. Go forth, for it is there!"

The West Wind called: "In squadrons the thoughtless galleons fly
That bear the wheat and cattle lest street bred people die,
They make my might their porter, they make my house their path,
Till I loose my neck from their rudder and whelm them all in my wrath."

"I draw the gliding fog bank as a snake is drawn from the hole;
They bellow one to the other, the frightened ship-bells toll,
For day is a drifting terror till I raise the shroud with my breath,
And they see strange bows above them and the two go locked to death."

"But whether in calm or wrack wreath, whether by dark or day,
I heave them whole to the conger or rip their plates away,
First of the scattered legions, under a shrieking sky,
Dripping between the rollers, the English Flag goes by."

"The dead dumb fog hath wrapped it—the frozen dew has kissed—

The naked stars have seen it a fellow-star in the night.

What is the Flag of England? We have but my breath to dare.

Ye have but my waves to conquer. Go forth for it is there?"

New Sort of Steamer.

The new shallow draft steamers for the British government will now soon be placed at its disposal by Messrs. Thornycroft & Yarrow, who are constructing them. In the new vessels the stern wheels are discarded and screws utilized instead, but the draft—20 inches—prevents their being placed at the bottom of the vessel. In the center of the bottom of the boat is a cavity, formed by the bottom shelving upward, in which is placed the propeller. When at rest, the propeller is not completely immersed, as the cavity contains air only, the water, of course, remaining at its level. The propulsion of the vessel and the consequent backward rush of water from the fore part of the boat cause this cavity to be filled with water and the screw to be immersed completely. The cavity is, of course, so designed as to reduce the resistance of the further flow of water to the stern to a minimum. Six of the boats are 100 feet long; two others are 145 feet long, but the latter are of slightly greater draft. They have square sterns and two rudders, one at each corner. The machinery is placed amidships, and forward on the main deck are mounted two 6 pounder quick firers and four maxin guns, and these are protected by light armor. The usual "flying" deck for navigating in peace times is provided, and having regard to the lightness of the vessels the quarters for officers and men are very comfortable.—Industries and Iron.

Tardy Justice.

Seven thousand five hundred dollars has been awarded by the state board of claims to John Roberts of New York as damages for his confinement in state prison for 22 months for a crime he did not commit. Roberts, a saloon and restaurant keeper, was arrested in January, 1877, on a charge of burglary and was convicted and sentenced to 22 years' imprisonment. Two years later, when it had been conclusively proved that he was innocent, he was pardoned. In 1895 he was restored to citizenship, and the legislature authorized him to sue the state for false imprisonment. He sued for \$168,976—\$100,000 personal damages, \$30,000 business loss, and the rest interest. Now, 20 years after the wrong was done him, he gets \$7,500.

It seems reasonable to infer from this award that the state board of claims will never die of enlargement of the heart. It finds a precedent for its award in the action of the old state board of audit, which gave \$8,000 in a similar case in 1879. When the law does a wrong, as in Roberts' case, reparation is very hard to get, and usually inadequate when obtained. It is nobody's business to set right the mistakes of official justice. The theory is that justice does not err, and when she does it seems to be the practice to ignore it as far as possible, to do as little as possible for the victim, and do that little meanly, reluctantly and tardily.—Harper's Weekly.

The People's Faith

Firmly Grounded Upon Real Merit—They Know Hood's Sarsaparilla Absolutely and Permanently Cures When All Others Fail.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is not merely a simple preparation of Sarsaparilla, Dock, Stillingia and a little Iodide of Potassium. Besides these excellent alteratives, it also contains those great anti-bilious and liver remedies, Mandrake and Dandelion. It also contains those great kidney remedies, Uva Ursi, Juniper Berries, and Pipissteewa. Nor are these all. Other very valuable curative agents are harmoniously combined in Hood's Sarsaparilla and it is carefully prepared under the personal supervision of a regularly educated pharmacist.

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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, Cake Stands, and a lot of other articles too numerous to mention.

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A Dog's Memory Honored.

Under the shadow of the monument erected to Henry Clay, in a cemetery famed in many states for its beauty and the high birth of those who sleep their last sleep within its confines, there has recently been placed the body of a dog. The animal so highly honored was the property of the late John M. Clay, and it is Mr. Clay's widow who has placed the animal's remains near those of her husband and only a few feet from the last resting place of the man who had rather be right than be president.

No such instance has been known in the history of the south. Man's love for his dog is proverbial. Poets have sung of it and novelists and moralists explicated the faithfulness of the canine, but it has been left for Kentucky to furnish the most notable instance of man's belief that—

Admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

It is difficult for a person who has not lived in the south, and particularly in Kentucky, to understand what a really faithful dog is to a family in this section below Mason and Dixon's line. In Kentucky the love for an animal is almost as strong as that love for the soil which exists among residents of other parts of the United States.—Lexington (Ky.) Letter in Pittsburg Dispatch.

Louis Napoleon's Chalet.

The "house of mystery" at Montreux, says our Paris correspondent, has at length been sold to a building contractor, and in a few weeks the clandestine chalet of Napoleon III will be transformed into one of those discreet homes for paying invalids which abound in Paris suburbs. Ever since the war the doors and window shutters of the richly furnished villa have been closed, the premises being left in charge of a grim old "Cent Garde" pensioner. There are eminent personages still living who met the emperor at the villa when he was supposed to be elsewhere. On one occasion the faithful Corsican police agent, Alessandri, discovered a plot against his imperial master and incontinently stabbed the supposed assassin in the garden of the house. The ugly affair was hushed up, as was the custom in those days.—London Chronicle.

Brakemen and Grammar.

Apropos of a recent order that brakemen shall speak grammatically and distinctly, an official of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad says: "We wish our men to use good language. It makes a great difference with us whether a man uses good grammar, or speaks as though he had never attended even a district school. In order that there may be no confusion, we have ordered conductors to tell brakemen to say, 'The next station is Chicago.' Our brakemen do not make many mistakes in grammar, but we cannot help it if a man is a foreigner and makes a mistake in pronunciation. The trainmen understand that their services are appreciated more when they know how to announce stations properly."

Souvenir OF P E Island

A copy of "Prince Edward Island Illustrated," is about the best thing for the purpose of giving strangers an idea of this beautiful Province. It consists of 100 pp. printed on the best paper. The engravings are numerous and first-class. The price is 25c a copy. They are for sale at all the bookstores in Charlottetown, Summerside and Souris and on the tram. They may be obtained at this office securely wrapped, ready to mail to friends abroad. Write or call.

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