

The Daily Examiner
ISSUED EVERY AFTERNOON
FROM THE OFFICE OF
The Examiner Publishing Company
RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION
One Year \$4.00
Six Months 2.00
Three Months 1.00
One Month 0.35

SIR WILFRID'S HONORS.
Sir Charles Tupper Remarks Upon Them.
In the Course of His Great Speech at Winnipeg.

In the course of his recent very able speech at Winnipeg Sir Charles Tupper hit off admirably the position and claim of Sir Wilfrid Laurier as to the honors recently conferred upon him. "No person," Sir Charles said, "would desire to envy him in the slightest degree his coming back to Canada as a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, but a great many of his friends read with no little astonishment the announcement that he had accepted that important distinction. And why? Because he had previously forgotten himself so far as to go through this country declaring that he was a Democrat to the hilt, and that he would treat with contempt any of those orders of the Crown. When he made those statements he ought to have known that the conferring upon British subjects by Her Majesty of these orders of distinction is one of the leading features of British institutions. (Cheers.) Every person knows that for many long years the policy has been adopted by the sovereign of that great country of recognizing any marked service performed by any subject, no matter whether that subject be a distinguished man in the British Isles or a resident in the remotest colony of the Empire, by a distinction from the crown. I say, therefore, that the man who throws contempt upon that action of the Crown shows that he has failed to grasp one of the distinctive features of British institutions. (Cheers.) My view on that question is this, that every British colonist within the bounds of the Empire has a right to demand that any services to the Crown, whether performed by the most distinguished man in the British Isles, or in the most remote dependency, is equally entitled to distinction at the hands of the Crown. (Cheers.) It is quite true that the cases are very few and far between, when the highest distinction, that of the peerage, can be conferred upon colonial subjects, for the reason that not only the service must be adequate that obtains such a distinction, but we all know that the individual himself must be possessed of the means of maintaining a position of such dignity, but I do say that, broadly, one of the things that is calculated to maintain in the outlying portions of this great Empire the same devoted loyalty to the sovereign is the recognition by the sover-

ign that services to the State or the Crown shall be entitled to the same consideration when performed by colonists as when performed by those living in the heart of the Empire. (Cheers.) Now, no one envies Sir Wilfrid Laurier for one moment, but we have a right to complain that he should apologise for having accepted the honors conferred upon him, that having accepted them he should pretend to be ashamed of having done so. (Cheers.) It was a high dignity that was conferred upon him, one of which any man might be proud, but, unfortunately for him, he had talked too much. (Laughter.) And the result was he said to himself, "What will my friends say after my avowing that I was a Democrat to the hilt, when they find me decked out and bedizened with this brilliant order of St. Michael and St. George?" (Laughter.) So he has more than one apology for accepting it. The first is that he found it on the table when he went to the Cecil hotel. (Laughter.) Now, what Mephistopheles can it have been that adopted this mode of seducing this poor Maguerite? (Loud laughter.) But Sir Wilfrid Laurier achieved another great mark of distinction, and that was, he was made a Doctor of Law by the University of Cambridge, that great historic institution that every British subject throughout the world is proud of. Well, I dare say you know that on these occasions there is a great Latin orator, Mr. Sandys, who presents the candidates to receive the degree of Doctor of Laws, and who, in a brilliant Latin oration, in magnificent rounded Latin periods, expounds the ground or claim of the candidate to receive this great distinction. And what did Mr. Sandys say when he presented Mr. Laurier to receive the degree? I will not give you the Latin, although you would find it very interesting reading—(laughter)—but I will give you a free translation, but a liberal one. Mr. Sandys had evidently searched the history of Sir Wilfrid very carefully in order to find some reasonable ground for conferring the degree, and as a result of his research, he said: "He is the head of the liberal party, and he speaks eloquently in two languages." (Loud laughter.) Now, if Raphael or Michael Angelo had come back to this sphere for the purpose of giving you a statue or a painting that would exhibit to the life and character and claims of Sir Wilfrid Laurier they could do it better than Mr. Sandys did in those few words—(cheers)—because that is the only claim he can make or his friends can make for him for the distinction that were conferred on him. He can speak eloquently in two languages, so eloquently that it is his greatest misfortune—(laughter and cheers)—for he has the audacity to go from town to town, from one place to another, on both sides of the Atlantic, making eloquent speeches, to two of which agree. (Cheers.)

OUR HONEST FARMERS.
Sir,—While visiting the Pork Packing House of Messrs. B. & M. Rattenbury a few days ago, the manager, Mr. George Lees, had closed down the killing of some few hundred hogs that forenoon. Many of the said hogs having been bought from the farmers sleighs and weighed and killed. Seeing the stomachs of a number of them bulged almost to bursting he opened some of them. The contents were fresh eaten barley, oat and other grain in an undigested state. He picked up two others and weighed them. 2 1/2 lbs was the weight of the raw grain this honest farmer sold at 4 1/2c per lb, which is not worth, in the market, 1c per lb. The gain in cash to the farmer on 10 hogs was \$3.76. The loss to the buyer was \$4.76. Now who loses the money? The men who toiled and risked their money in an expensive plant that will tend to the benefit of this country and enrich the farmers some of whom are stooping to robbery of the meanest kind and who will hold up their hands and thank God they are not like other men nor like those practical pork packers, nor those burly bullying beef buyers whom they accuse of false weights and measures. Come farmers, give the men a square deal.

Theater Going In Japan.
It will interest many to hear that the Japanese laws prohibit a theatrical performance lasting more than eight hours. The plays in the first class theaters begin at 10 or 11 and are not ended until after sunset. There are intervals, of course, for refreshment, and a recent innovation is a theater yard for exercise, lined with eating booths and fancy stalls. Boxes are secured three or four days beforehand from a neighboring teahouse, where arrangements are made for attendance and refreshments during the day. Full dress is never worn. The following articles, unless otherwise ordered, are brought to each patron: A programme, a cushion, a tobacco fire box, a pot of tea, cakes, fruit and sushi, a sort of rice dumpling flavored with vinegar and topped with a piece of fish. Valuables may be left at the teahouse, and the inclusive charge (excepting the waiter's tip) is not more than 1.80 yen a head. The gallery is the most aristocratic place, but the space unreserved, occupied by the Japanese "gods," is quaintly called "the deaf gallery."—Westminster Gazette.

Explaining His Delinquencies.
Papa—James, they tell me you are at the foot of your class.
James—Yes, sir. To secure a full knowledge of any subject one must get down to the root of things, you know.—Chicago Journal.

Those two snap lines of gentlemen's lined kid gloves for tomorrow. See ad.—Moore & McLeod.

MASK AGAINST MASK.

The White Ones Scared the Burglars and Saved the Silverware.
We were telling ghost stories one rainy evening at a house party in a Maine town, says a Youth's Companion contributor, when a young lady remarked, with a laugh, "Mine is not exactly a ghost story, but is something like one, and it is, besides, a personal experience.
"I was spending a week with a friend, Frances Livermore, a few years ago, during the absence of her father and mother. The housemaid was called home by illness in her family, and my friend and I were left alone but for the company of a big hound. We were not at all timid, for Tige was an excellent watchdog.
"On the last day of my stay we went to a picnic, from which we returned very tired and with faces sadly sunburned. We applied buttermilk and then covered them with white linen masks, with holes cut for eyes and mouth. We had great merriment over our comical appearance.
"Frances expected her father and mother to return that evening, and we sat up rather late awaiting them. At last, however, we gave them up and retired to bed and were soon asleep, with our masks still on.
"Along in the night we were awakened by a noise in the rooms below stairs. "They've come!" whispered Frances. "I'll run down and see if they're all right, saying which she rose, lighted a candle and started down stairs.
"As soon as she had left the room I decided to follow her, and lighting another candle I threw on a white wrapper and hurried after her.
"The sounds came from the dining room, and we proceeded in that direction. Frances opened the door, expecting to see her mother and father. Instead we beheld two masked men hurriedly putting the silverware into a bag.
"The burglars looked up as we appeared, then hastily dropped bag and silver and fled to the kitchen and out of an open window.
"We did not scream, but stood for a moment petrified with astonishment and terror. Then we looked at each other and did not wonder that our appearance had frightened the burglars. We were in white from head to foot, and with those masks, by the weird light of the candles, we must have looked like veritable ghosts.
"Tige, it appeared, had been lured into the stable and shut up, making it apparent that the burglars were men whom the dog knew. Mr. and Mrs. Livermore had been detained a few miles from home by a broken bridge.
"Frances and I rallied from our fright, hunted up Tige and sat up the remainder of the night, but nothing further occurred. The burglars had carried off nothing."

Centuries ago, people used to fear what they called the plague. "Black death" was the most terrible thing in the world to them. They feared it as people now fear the Cholera and Yellow Fever. And yet there is a thing that causes more misery and more deaths than any of these. It is so common that nine-tenths of all the sickness in the world is traceable to it. It is merely that simple, common thing, constipation. It makes people listless, causes dizziness, headaches, loss of appetite, a loss of sleep, foul breath, and distress after eating. The little help needful is furnished by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. One pill is a gentle laxative and two mild cathartic. Once used, always in favor. If you are careless enough to let an unscrupulous druggist sell you something on which he makes more money, it is your own fault if you do not get well. Be sure and get Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Send 31 cents in one-cent stamps to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., and receive Dr. Pierce's 1008 page "Common Sense Medical Adviser," profusely illustrated.

Nothing Like Method.
"Shall we shoot or hang him?" asked the vigilantes. The methodical man of business paused to think. "Let us not be hasty," he said, "for hurry begets criminal waste and extravagance. The first thing to do is to learn the price of rope and compare it with the cost of ammunition."—Philadelphia North American.

DEATH'S HAND PINIONED.
Kidney Deaths Grow Fewer as the World Awakes to the Glad Fact that South American Kidney Cure Never Fails.

The unsuspected presence, the insidious character, and the alarming suddenness of collapse and death from kidney diseases of so many men and apparently good health has made the most eminent physicians of the day, and not until South American Kidney Cure was introduced to suffering humanity could it be truthfully said that medical science had conquered this dreadful devourer of the human race. A thousand testimonials tell of its efficiency as a never-failing kidney specific. Sold by Dr. S. W. Dood and Geo. E. Hughes.

We thank those who so promptly paid their accounts rendered this month. There are hundreds still unpaid; these represent thousands of dollars, which we require this month. We again request a generous response; receipts given each day from 8 a. m. to 6 p. m. Stanley Bros.

HENRY R. LORDLY C. E.
A. M. Can. Soc. C. E.
Graduate College of Civil Engineering Cornell University.
Consulting Engineer for General Work, Specialties: Hydraulic, Sanitary Engineering and Bridge Designing.
Office at Charlottetown and St. John Island correspondents address to Charlottetown.
Oct 14 & w

The Oasis In the Desert.
"No," said Percy de Goncourt, "I cannot modify my declaration. You are my pole star. Around you I must revolve. Without you I must become motionless, inert! Darling, you believe me, don't you?"
Sylvia McAllister looked up at him, with a mist in her great, fawnlike eyes, and, suddenly catching sight of his Adam's apple, cried out:
"Oh, heavens, Percy, what is that on your neck?"
"Where?" he exclaimed, a wild fear taking possession of him.
"There," the beautiful girl said, "right above your collar—that big lump there, Percy—tell me—you haven't swallowed your false teeth, have you?"
With a gay laugh the handsome young man explained what it was that had frightened his sweet companion and begged her to calm herself.
Sylvia McAllister was only 25; she had no brothers; her father and mother had been divorced while she was still in her teens, and it is little wonder that the sweet, innocent girl had been frightened, for Percy de Goncourt had an Adam's apple on him that stood out in bold relief and was calculated to attract attention almost anywhere.
"Ah, Sylvia," he resumed, after quiet had been restored, "tell me that you will be mine. I cannot exist without you. My life, as I look back upon it now, has been a dreary desert. Now I have found in you a fair oasis, where, instead of the lifeless waste of the past, all is sweet, fruitful and heavenly."
She put her soft, white arms around his neck, raised her rich red lips to his, and after a long, long, blissful kiss, murmured:
"And tell me, Percy, am I the first little oasis you've ever had?"
"Yes, darling," he replied, "I swear it."
With a glad cry she flung herself into his arms, and then when she had become calm again said:
"I wish I could have gone into the oasis business years ago."—Cleveland Leader.

A BAD SYMPTOM.
Every One Who Has It is Glad When It Disappears.
ST. MARGARET'S BAY, N. S.—"My whole system was run down and I felt tired all over my body. I was sleepless at night and my appetite was poor. I did not obtain relief until I was advised to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. That tired feeling is now all gone and I have a good appetite and feel well and strong." CHARLES HUBLEY. Get HOOD'S.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, indigestion, biliousness. 25 cents.
Italian Ware House
Beals' Corner
Cor. Crafton and Ct. Geo. Sts
North side Queen Square

Opening To-day
Jules Robin
Medicinal Brandy
JGY & DAVIES,
Wholesale Wine Merchants.

Klondike.
Start from Vancouver Because
1. VANCOUVER is the best outfitting point on the coast, goods being considerably cheaper than in the United States.
2. VANCOUVER is the nearest port of departure to the Yukon district.
3. VANCOUVER is the terminus of the C. P. Railway, whose steamers will start from VANCOUVER this spring.
4. All north-bound steamers call at VANCOUVER.
5. Direct steamers to Yukon ports have now commenced to run from VANCOUVER.
6. VANCOUVER is the only Canadian port where passengers transfer direct from train to steamer.
7. KLONDYKE is in Canada, outfit in VANCOUVER, and save 30 per cent. Customs Duty.
W. GODFREY,
President Board of Trade, Vancouver, B.C.

LEGAL CARD
WARBURTON & MCKINNON
Barristers, Attorney's,
Notarys Public.
Commissioners for State of Massachusetts, &c. & c.
OFFICES
Cameron Block, Charlottetown
Brennan Building, Summerside
1 Kent Street, Georgetown.
A. B. WARBURTON, B. A., D. C. L., Q. C.
D. A. MCKINNON, L. L. B.
Charlottetown Dec. 1, 1897—law & writ

RUBBERS & OVERSHOES
RIGHT UP TO DATE
in style, quality, fit and popularity are the well known goods of
THE CANADIAN RUBBER CO.
... OF MONTREAL ...
Standard Never Lowered.
ALL DEALERS KEEP THEM.

REMOVAL.
Miller Brothers, the P. E. Island Music house, have removed their business to
Owen Connolly's Old Stand,
Queen Street
Where we have more room and better facilities than ever for he carrying on of our large and
Ever Increasing Business
Come in and see us. Statue of late Owen Connolly on top of the building.
You Cannot Miss It.

MILLER BROS.
The P. E. Island Music House.
Sole Agents for P. E. I.
200 Bicycles Wanted
To be stored (free of charge) for the winter, and cleaned repaired, nicked or enameled, thoroughly renewed, ready for spring.
ENAMELING
We use the highest grade Enamel (black or colors) that money can buy in New York, and bake it on in a manner that the most fastidious cannot criticize, and the cost is the same as others charge for ordinary paint, See sample at shop.
W. P. DOULL, Kent Street

We are Fully Equipped
For the Holiday Season with a complete stock of nice lines of Footwear.
We have all kinds of Shoes; low Shoes, honest Shoe dancing Shoes and Temperance Shoes (that don't go tight). Slippers in great variety, Rubbers, Overshoes Gaiters, etc.
Big Values, Low Prices, Honest Goods, Best Style
Will make almost any one happy. We are more than happy to think that we have pleased you in the past, and know that we can do so now better than ever:
Weeks & Warren

THANKS
To our many friends, who helped us do such an excellent trade during the past weeks.
VERY LOW PRICES
still continue on nearly all lines, for a few days.
G. F. HUTGHESON
Opp. J. D. McLeod's.

The Dipper or the Dropper?
There are cough medicines that are taken as freely as a drink of water from a dipper. They are cheap medicines. Quantity does not make up for quality. It's the quality that cures. There's one medicine that's dropped, not dipped—Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. There's more power in drops of this remedy than in dippersful of cheap cough syrups and elixirs. It cures Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all Colds, Coughs, and affections of the Throat and Lungs.
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
Write to our doctor on any disease in confidence. Address, Medical Department, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.