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THE DAILY EXAMINER

OCTOBER 15, 1897.

NOTES OF THE MARKETS.

The Chicago market went firmer all round on Tuesday. Pork declined 20c, live wheat 1 1/2c, May wheat 1 1/2c.

Cheese is quoted in Montreal at 9 to 9 1/2c as to month and quality; butter at 18 to 19 1/2c for creamery.

The exports of cheese from Montreal to Saturday last were 1,559,027 lbs, compared with 1,217,848 to same date last year; and of butter 178,199 pkgs compared with 111,961 to same date last year.

On the Ontario boards on Saturday cheese sold at 9 to 9 1/2c on Quebec boards 9 1/2c. There were 40,000 boxes of cheese in store at Montreal at the close of the week. On New York State boards on Saturday cheese sold at 8 1/2 to 9 1/2c. The cheese market generally is quiet.

In Montreal on Saturday the local market was comparatively unchanged. According to the Star shippers wanted for 25c to 25 1/2c what buyers would not part with for less than 26c to 26 1/2c.

The Star says: The egg market is quiet. For wholesale lots of ordinary No. 1 candled we quote 13c to 14c. The hope that this week would witness a brisk demand from the Old Country for pickled eggs, seems likely to be disappointed.

The Montreal butter market was slow on Monday holders are beginning to modify their views a little, but not enough to stimulate the demand. For the finest creamery 19 1/2c is asked.

Had It.

"You have all sorts of pie, I see by the sign in the window," said the facetious customer as he went into a bakery and addressed one of the young women who stood behind the counter.

"Yes, sir. What kind do you want?" "I will take a magpie, if you please." At this remark another young woman snickered, but the other girl turned to her promptly and said: "Here, Bertha! You're wanted."—Harper's Bazar.

Progress in the East.

I have in my mind the answer of a punkah puller to an English lady, who encouraged him to improve his position. "Meh Sahib," he said, when he at last grasped her meaning, "my father pulled a punkah, my grandfather pulled a punkah, all my ancestors for 4,000,000 ages pulled punkahs, and before that the god who founded our caste pulled a punkah over Vishnu!"—Sir Grant Duff's Diary.

Where Canadians Come From.

The Canadian census shows the surprising fact that 17 in every 1,000 of the Canadian population were born in the United States. This is seven more in the thousand than the number reported from all European countries outside of Great Britain.



Beautiful eyes grow dull and dim
As the swift years steal away.
Beautiful, willowy forms so slim
Lose fairness with every day.
But she still is queen and hath charms to spare
Who wears youth's coronal—beautiful hair.

Preserve Your Hair

and you preserve your youth. "A woman is as old as she looks," says the world. No woman looks as old as she is if her hair has preserved its normal beauty. You can keep hair from falling out, restoring its normal color, or restore the normal color to gray or faded hair, by the use of

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

SPEEDY PROVINCIAL HORSES.

A Larger Number Than Usual Have Entered the Charmed Circle.

The number of maritime province horses entering the 230 list this season is almost double as large as ever before, no less than 23 trotters and pacers owned in this Province having entered the charmed circle this year, as follows:

Montross, blk g, by Almont Wilkes, 2.20 1/2.
Calandra, b h, by Turner, 2.22 1/2.
Anna T, (3), b m, by King Nutwood, 2.22 1/2.
Shaver, b g, by Preceptor, 2.25.
Bye and Bye, b m, by Administrator-Right 2.25 1/2.
Minnie, b m, by Administrator, 2.26 1/2.
Button, (4), b g, by Bronze Chief, 2.26 1/2.
Lucille B, b m, by Cuthbert H, 2.26 1/2.
Minnie Warren, b m, by Dean Swift, 2.26 1/2.
Orion, b g, by Peter Blair, 2.27.
Flashlight, (4), b g, by Parkside, 2.27.
Lansdowne, b m, by Alcantara, 2.27 1/2.
Alex T, blk h, by Rumor, 2.28 1/2.
Bijou, b g, by Administrator, 2.29.
Fred, b g, by Dick Allen, 2.29 1/2.
Lady Rampart, b m, by Rampart, 2.29 1/2.
Frank, b g, by Sherman, 2.29 1/2.
Pandect, jr, b g, by Pandect, 2.29 1/2.
Curtis T, b g, by Harry Wilkes, 2.29 1/2.
Ajalon, jr, blk h, by Ajalon, 2.30.
Wilmore, (3), b c, by Rampart, 2.30.
Rachael C, b m, by J Gould, 2.30.
Mary Mackintosh, by Dean Swift, 2.30.

Horses owned in the Provinces, and previously in the 230 list, have reduced their records as follows:

Minota, b m, by Sir Nutwood, 2.23 1/2 to 2.19 1/2.
Warren Guy, b h, by Princeer, 2.24 1/2 to 2.19 1/2.
Maud K, b m, by Elgardo, 2.24 1/2 to 2.23 1/2.
Almont Charta, b h, by Hernado, 2.30 to 2.25.
Ray Wilkes, br m, by Lumps, 2.27 1/2 to 2.25 1/2.
Deceiver, b g, by Rampart, 2.27 1/2 to 2.26.
Monte Mac, g g, by Olympus, 2.29 1/2 to 2.28 1/2.

Horses sired by stallions owned or formerly owned in the Provinces, and owned abroad, which have entered the list this season or reduced their records include:

Harry S b g, by Harry Wilkes, 2.14 1/2.
Parana, br m, by Lumps, 2.23 1/2.
Rowdy, b g, by All Right, 2.25 1/2.
Wilkes Alien, blk g, by Lumps, 2.26 1/2.
Parlo, b g, by Parkside, 2.26 1/2.
McKinley, b g, by Rampart, 2.26 1/2.
Edna, b m, by Edgardo, 2.27.
Sairey Gamp, b m, by Bronze Chief, 2.27 1/2.
Nutmegor, ch h, by Preceptor, 2.29 1/2.
Hamlet, b g, by Neptune Lee, 2.24 1/2 to 2.23 1/2.
Cinders, ch g, by Lumps, 2.27 1/2 to 2.24 1/2.

WHAT KEEPS THE SUN HOT.

It Will Probably Keep Warm For Twenty Million Years.

According to the most recent investigations, the temperature of the sun is somewhere between 5,000 and 6,000 degrees centigrade, and there are reasons for believing that for hundreds of thousands, perhaps for millions, of years it has been radiating heat into space with no appreciable loss of temperature. Were the sun simply a cooling mass of stone or metal its most ages ago have lost both its heat and its light; were it a globe of burning carbon it can easily be calculated that it would have burned out in about 6,000 years. Where, then, does it get its heat supply? is a question frequently asked.

We are so accustomed to regard fire, combustion, as the principal source of heat, or at any rate of intense heat, that it is not easy to realize that there may be other sources, equally abundant, from which the sun may obtain its perennial supply of this article. Astronomers long since discarded the idea that there is any sort of combustion going on in the sun. Its heat is, more probably, of that sort known in physics as mechanical heat—heat that is produced by friction, by hammering or compression. We are familiar enough with the first two sources, though ordinarily the amount of heat which we perceive to be thus developed is not great, but heat produced by compression is not so often brought to our notice. From a variety of experiments, however, it can be shown that whenever a metal, as a piece of lead, or the air, or indeed any gas, is forcibly compressed heat is evolved, and this is the source to which astronomers are now inclined to look for the main supply of the solar energy. This idea was first suggested by Helmholtz, and it has been taken up and elaborated by Lord Kelvin. According to the theory of these scientists the sun, which is simply a mass of gaseous matter, is now and has been for ages contracting its dimensions—is growing smaller—and the mechanical heat produced in this process is precisely that which it is continually throwing off into space. Lord Kelvin calculated that a contraction of the sun, under the force of gravity, which diminished its diameter to the extent of four miles a century, would fully account for its heat supply, enormous as it is. The sun might contract at this rate for several thousand years before there would be any diminution of its size perceptible even through a telescope. Of course, this process has a limit and eventually the sun, having become too dense to contract further, must begin to cool off, but not for some 10,000,000 or 20,000,000 years, says Lord Kelvin.—Philadelphia Record.

LAUGHING FRIENDS.

THEY WERE GULLS AND WERE ACQUAINTED WITH THE PURSER.

They Had Notes to Which Each Answered When Called—Hovering Over the Vessel to Be Fed—No Wonder the Passenger Was Interested.

The air was filled with strange laughter—"Ha, ha!" in very high notes; "ha, ha, ha!" in the deepest bass, then a chorus of wild cries that appeared to come from anywhere, everywhere, greatly astonishing a little boy that stood on the spray washed deck of an out bound steamer.

"It's the laughing gulls," said the purser, who noticed his amazement. Then, following the motion of his hand, the little passenger glanced upward and saw the cause of all the noise. On the gilt ball that surmounted the topmast of the rolling steamer sat a large white gull, swaying to and fro in its efforts to preserve its balance. On the foremast perched another, while the booms and other points of vantage were similarly occupied by gulls of various colors.

"Are they laughing at us?" asked the boy.

"No indeed," replied the good natured purser. "I am not quite sure, but I imagine that they are asking me to give them their dinner."

"Why do they know you?" said the boy.

"I should think so," said the officer. "Why, they follow me from San Pedro to the island and back, 60 miles, every day except Sunday."

"Won't they fly on Sundays?" asked the boy again.

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "but the steamer doesn't sail on Sunday now, but every other day they join me and fly along. When they get tired, they alight on the steamer, and they all seem to be very fond of trying to balance themselves on the masthead. You see, it is very slippery, and when the boat is rolling about they have to work very hard, especially Jack, who has but one leg."

"I wish I could see him," said the little boy, who was greatly interested in the birds.

"That's a very easy matter," responded the officer. "Go into the cabin where the birds can't see you and I will have Jack down here in no time."

The boy moved into the cabin, where the other passengers had gone to escape wind and spray, while the purser stepped to the side of the steamer.

"Hi, there, Jack!" he shouted, snapping his fingers over the rail and thrusting his other hand into the pocket of his pea-jacket.

The gull on the gold ball slid off, while a fluttering cloud of white wings, presenting a striking contrast to the blue water, appeared as if by magic at the stern and over the deck, all laughing loudly in their way.

As the purser held up his hand down swooped a large and beautiful gull, and hovered in the air not seven feet above the deck, just over him, turning its head this way and that in eager expectation. It was not disappointed, for the officer tossed a bit of meat into the air, which the gull directly caught.

"That's Jack," the purser called to the little boy, who was peeping out of the open window.

Jack had been shot and one of his legs was gone, while the other leg, which had probably been wounded, hung directly down, as though he were holding it out to shake hands.

"That big brown fellow is old Tom," said the officer. "He rarely misses a trip, and the one chasing the other I call Smoker because he once picked up a cigar that some one threw over, but he very soon found out his mistake. I call them my laughing travelers," continued the purser, tossing some meat into the air, which the birds caught, "because they travel with me all day, and are always laughing. Whether it is really laughing I don't know," added the officer. "When they are standing on shore, they bow their heads so that the bill almost touches the ground."



A city business man, who gets to work at nine in the morning, takes an hour for lunch and leaves for home at four or five in the afternoon, little understands the hardships of the life of the farmer, who starts to work at break of day and frequently works on into the night by lantern-light.

A man to endure the hardships of a farmer's life, must be robust physically at the outset, and if he would live a long life, always keep a watchful eye upon his health. He should remember that it is the apparently trifling disorders that eventually make the big diseases. It does not do for a hard working man to neglect bilious attacks or spells of indigestion. If he does, he will soon find himself flat on his back with malaria or crippled with rheumatism. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the best of all medicines for hard working men and women. It makes the appetite keen and hearty, the digestion perfect, the liver active, the blood pure and rich with the life-giving elements of the food, and the nerves strong and steady. It builds firm muscles and solid flesh. It is the greatest of all blood-makers and purifiers. It cures malarial troubles and rheumatism. It is an unfailing cure for biliousness and indigestion. An honest dealer will not try to substitute some inferior preparation for the sake of a little additional profit.

"I was a sufferer for four years with malarial fever and chills," writes Robert Williams of Kiowa, Barber Co., Kan. "Four bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cured me and I now weigh 160 pounds instead of 130, my old weight."

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then they raise it high in the air, and just when comes the ha, ha! Now, what would you say?"

"Why, I should think they were laughing at something among themselves," was the reply.

"Anyway," continued the purser, "they have a good deal to laugh about, as every day I bring them some bread and meat, and give them a feast, and they all know me."

"Don't you ever forget them?" asked the little boy.

"I did once," was the reply.

"And did they laugh just the same that day?"

"I think they did," said the officer.

"Then I think they are very cheerful birds," said the boy.

"So they are," laughed the purser. "Here, Tom," he called, holding up his hand. Whereupon a gull approached within two or three feet of it and caught the piece of meat he tossed, while the other birds came hovering about.

To the little passenger it was a wonderful sight, as, despite the fact that the steamer was moving rapidly, the birds hovered overhead without moving wing or pinion, seemingly carried along with the vessel.

Some of the gulls left the steamer at the big island and did not return until the next day, and many were the tricks and pranks that they played upon the seals, the pelicans and the fishermen. If a fisherman left a fish exposed for a moment, they would alight on the beach and walk by it with a very innocent air, then finally grasp it directly from under the man's eyes and fly away with a resounding laugh, pursued by all the other gulls, struggling for the prize.

The seals were great pests, diving down and taking out the fish as they became gilled in the nets, but they had one habit that gave the "laughing travelers" an advantage. The seals would combine pleasure with work, and when they had taken a fish out of the net they would toss it in the air, catching it like a ball. It was at this time that the gulls, perhaps Jack, Tom or Smoker, would dart in and seize it, and with a chorus of cries go flying away with the twice stolen fish.

Once a year the gulls made a visit to a bleak rock, about 70 miles distant, where they laid their speckled eggs, which the sun hatched out. In time the little birds learned to fly and made their way south, some perhaps joining the "laughing travelers" that journeyed daily across the Santa Catalina channel.—Charles F. Holder in Philadelphia Times.

Eyelashes in Marble.

Only one marble statue of the human figure with eyelashes is known. It is one of the gems of the Vatican, the Sleeping Ariadne, and was found in 1608.



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