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THE DAILY EXAMINER

OCTOBER 20, 1897.

THE FOREIGN CROPS.

A Carefully Prepared Summary of the European Situation.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 16.—The monthly report of the Agricultural Department reports of the European crop situation, summarizing the reports of the European correspondents to Statistician Hyde, was made public yesterday. Following is an abstract: Recent information, while it may in some cases modify the crop estimates for particular countries, does not essentially change the situation as regards the deficiency in the principal cereal crops of Europe. The outlook for wheat in the Australasian colonies continues good, but the prospects in Argentina are somewhat less bright, owing to growth and frosts. Accounts from India are quite favorable, both as to the Kharif crops, harvested or to be harvested this autumn, and as to the seedling of the Rabi crop to be harvested next spring, which latter includes the wheat crop. The annual estimate of the world's wheat and rye crops, issued by the Hungarian Minister of Agriculture, gives the following revised results for 1897, compared with 1896: Wheat production, importing countries, 800,771,000 for 1897, 956,539,000 for 1896.

Exporting countries, 1897, 1,341,806,000; 1896, 1,452,992,000. Total wheat production of both importing and exporting countries in 1897, 2,142,577,000; in 1896, 2,339,541,000; net deficit, 1897, 202,895,000 bushels; 1896, 130,534,000 bushels.

The world's rye crop is put down by the same authority as follows: 1897, 1,163,475,000 bushels; 1896, 1,203,185,000 bushels, against the net deficit of approximately 203,000,000 bushels of wheat estimated by the Ministry. The estimate that there is a residue of from 145,000,000 to 170,000,000 bushels out of the former crop, leaving in round numbers from 58,000,000 down to 33,000,000 bushels as the quantity by which it would be necessary to curtail consumption if these estimates should prove to be correct. It is, of course, quite likely that under the influence of high prices consumption will be curtailed by more than this amount, and that existing stocks will not be reduced too near the point of complete exhaustion.

Extremely pessimistic reports as to the extent of the crop failure in Russia have been circulated, but the liberal quantities coming forward for shipment have led dealers to receive such reports with incredulity. It is probable, however, that much of the Russian grain going to western European market is out of the more liberal harvests of former years, and there is evidence tending to show that the crop of 1897 is, at any rate, considerably below the average. The markets of Europe will apparently be very inadequately supplied with good clear barley suitable for malting purposes, complaints on this score being common among growers in large parts of Germany, Austria-Hungary and other countries, including the province of Ontario in Canada, in which such barley is usually an important product. The European potato crop is apparently a short one, and the fruit crop also is deficient.

Consul Eugene Germain, of Zurich, Switzerland, after an investigation of the European fruit prospect, expresses the opinion that there will be a good market for American apples and dried fruits this season if growers will be careful to put up choice stock only. He says: "Nothing smaller than eighties in French prunes will pay to ship to Europe, and all other dried fruits must be uniform in size and attractively packed."

UNCLE SAM'S AUCTION SALE.

Annual Disposal of the Accumulations of the Dead Letter Office.

One of the queerest "institutions" of the national capital is the annual clearance sale of the dead letter office, in which a vast accumulation of articles gone astray in the mails is sold to the highest bidder. The auction house where it is held is continually crowded with excited men, women and children, and beside it the bargain counters during the holidays are as havens of rest, for when Uncle Sam goes into the junk-shop business great things are expected. As in the church fair raffle, you pay a small amount of money and trust to luck to get back more than its value. The articles, previously listed in a wholesale sort of way, are tied up in bundles of from three to a half dozen and "auctioned" for what they will bring, the average bids ranging between 10 cents and a dollar.

Nobody is permitted to examine the goods before purchasing, and no money is refunded to the dissatisfied. Everybody hopes to pull a genuine plum from the pie in the shape of a diamond ring, a silk dress pattern or a silver teapot, and although comparative blanks are the rule, there is always the possibility of a prize. For example, the auctioneer holds up one of these odd shaped bundles, listed "pictures, underwear, music, cigars." Going—going—gone—for 90 cents to a dapper young gentleman who was caught by the word "cigar." He opens it on the spot—an unwise thing to do if one objects to good natured ridicule—and this is what he finds: Six cigars, broken into bits with so strong an odor that one wonders how a sledge hammer could have done it; underwear—a female 10 cent "jersey;" pictures—a collection of newspaper cuts designed for amusement of some small child. The lot would be dear at a quarter and is of no use to the buyer.

In the dead letter office proper—that charnel house which swallows nearly half a million missives every month—it is positively harrowing. More than 40 bushels of photographs have accumulated there, awaiting the annual cremation. There are tresses of hair enough to stuff a dozen mattresses, grandmothers' silver locks and babies' golden curls, many no doubt cut from dead brows, and small sums of money which poor workmen send home to feed their wives and little ones, and servant girls away from their scanty wages for their parents—gone to Uncle Sam's dead letter office, not because the United States wants it, but because the senders' writing or orthography was beyond mortal ken. It is hard to realize that in this land of schools, at the close of the nineteenth century, there are so many people so ignorant or so careless as to send several millions of letters a year without stamps or addresses or with addresses which no man can make out. People seem to be so intent on what goes into the letters that they forget all about the superscription. It is estimated that \$4,500,000 in drafts and \$80,000,000 in cash is received every year through dead letters.—Indianapolis Journal.

Official Inquisitiveness.
"Billings—and hurry, please," said the fierce little man who walked up to the window where the man was reading.
"What are your initials?"
"It doesn't make any difference to you what they are. Hurry up, will you?"
"How can I unless you tell me your initials?"
The little man danced up and down excitedly.

"See here," he said. "I've traveled all over the United States and I never had such an impertinent question asked me before. It's none of your business what my initials are. Are you going to wait on me or not?"

"You must be crazy," said the man at the window. "If you want me to guess who you are, I'd say Tom Thumb."

The little man roared afresh.
"I'll sue your road," he shouted, "for \$10,000."

"I haven't any road, but I'd give that amount for you if I was in the museum business."

"Are you going to give me that ticket to Billings or not?"

"Oh, you want to buy a railroad ticket. Why didn't you say so? This is the post-office. The ticket office is just around the corner, but I think your train has just pulled out."

The man at the window went on reading his pamphlet on wheat weevil, and the little man listened to the train going around the curve and thought some things real hard.—Detroit Free Press.

Know the "Small Graces" of Life.

Young men should not get the idea that to know the "small graces of life" is useless or frivolous. What we call the "social graces" are very valuable to a young man. That is the great trouble with young fellows who are earnest. They are too earnest, and upon all occasions. They can have a high aim in life, a lofty purpose, and yet not close themselves up to all social pleasures or amenities. Girls feel uncomfortable, and pardonably so, when they go to a concert or any other form of entertainment with a young man who constantly makes mistakes in little things. The small rules and laws which must be observed on all social occasions are not to be frowned down. They are important, and a young fellow makes a great mistake when he considers them beneath him or unworthy of his attention.—Edward W. Bok in Ladies' Home Journal.

Are You Losing Flesh?
Then something is wrong. To the young it always means trouble. It is a warning to any one, unless they are already too fat. Scott's Emulsion checks this waste and brings up your weight again.

GEMS HAVE DISEASES.

Some Lose Color, Some Gradually Fade and Die, Others Chip and Crack.

Gems have diseases just as men and women do, with this difference, that the infirmities of precious stones can rarely be cured. Some gems deteriorate—grow old, in other words—and gradually become lifeless. Pearls are most subject to this fate, and no means have been found to restore them to life.

Among infirmities to which precious stones are liable is one common to all colored stones, that of fading or losing color when long exposed to the light. The emerald, the sapphire and the ruby suffer the least, their colors being as nearly permanent as colors can be, yet experiments made a few years ago in Paris and Berlin to determine the deterioration of colored gems through exposure showed that even these suffered, a ruby which had lain for two years in a show window being perceptibly lighter in tint than its original mate, which was kept in the darkness.

The causes of the change are not very clear, even to expert chemists, but it is evident that the action of the light on the coloring matter of the gem effects a deterioration, slow, but exceedingly sure.

In the case of the garnet and topaz the change is more rapid than in that of the ruby and sapphire, but there is a curious difference in the result in topaz and garnet, for while the latter grows lighter the former appears to become cloudy and dull in hue, losing much of the brightness characteristic of a newly cut gem.

For ages the opal has had the unenviable reputation of being the most unlucky of gems, and it is believed that the jewelers themselves were originally responsible for some of the superstitions and hard luck stories connected with it, since to the polishers and setters it is one of the most troublesome gems on their list.

Microtonists say that the prismatic colors and fire of the opal are due to myriads of minute cracks in the body of the stone, the edges of which reflect the light at different angles and give the hues so much admired. A stone full of cracks is liable to split in two at any time, and disasters of this kind, especially in the process of grinding and polishing, have occurred so often that every gem polishing house has its store of hard luck stories in connection with the opal.

After the gem is set and sold the load is taken off the mind of the manufacturer and transferred to that of the wearer. Opals that have successfully passed the ordeals of grinding, polishing and setting do not often crack afterward, but it is best not to expose them to even the moderate heat involved by the wearer sitting in front of an open fire, for the opal is composed principally of silicic acid, with from 5 to 13 per cent of water, a combination which renders them very treacherous objects. The idea that they are otherwise unfortunate in the sense that they bring disaster to the wearer may be dismissed as superstitious.

Of all precious stones, however, the opal is the most open to be diseased.—New York Herald.

THE FRAUD OF THE DAY.

Before the days of chloroform there was a quack in San Francisco who advertised tooth drawing without pain. The patient was placed in a chair and a wrench given, when he roared violently. "I thought you said there was no pain?" "So there is not by my process. That is Cartwright's way. That's the way he does it. It's very different from mine." Another tug, and a still more violent howl. "That's the way Dumerge pulls teeth," said the unabashed practitioner. "You don't like it, no doubt. Who would?" Another twist was given, and the patient, as a rule, howled worse than ever. "That," the dentist says, "is Parkinson's mode." By this time the tooth was nearly out. "I will now," he said, "display my own method," whereupon he triumphantly withdrew the tooth and held it up for inspection. "You observe that by my truly scientific process there is really no pain whatever."—New York Tribune.



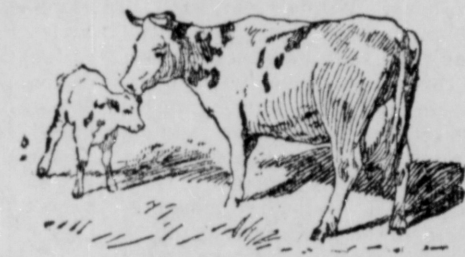
Was there ever a woman in the wide world who did not yearn to be the mother of a bright faced, happy, healthy, laughing, rollicking child? If there ever was such a woman, she was a bad one, and while there are many thoroughly bad men, there are very few thoroughly bad women.

It was God's and Nature's intention that every woman should be the mother of healthy children. Tens of thousands of women defeat this beneficent design by their ignorance and neglect. They suffer from weakness and disease in a womanly way, and take no measures, or the wrong measures, to remedy it. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a sure, speedy and permanent cure for all disorders of this description. It acts directly and only on the delicate and important organs that are the threshold of human life. It makes them strong, healthy, vigorous and virile. It heals ulceration, allays inflammation, soothes pain and tones and builds up the nerves. It banishes the trials of the period of impending maternity and makes baby's entry to the world easy and almost painless. It does away with the dangers of motherhood and shortens the period of weakness and lassitude. It insures the little newcomer's health and a bountiful supply of nourishment. It transforms weak, sickly, nervous invalids into happy, healthy wives and mothers. Thousands of women have testified to its marvelous merits. A dealer is not a physician, and has no right to suggest a substitute for the prescription of an eminent specialist like Dr. Pierce. Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser sent for at one-cent stamps to cover customs and mailing only. Cloth binding 50 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

HOLSTEIN.

Fine Cow With Unusual Markings For One of Her Breed.

In the handsome Holstein-Friesian cow in the picture we find that the white triangle in the forehead which characterizes this breed of cattle has spread all over the face and head. In other words, her head and face are white, with only her dainty ears black. A family of Holstein-Friesians spread

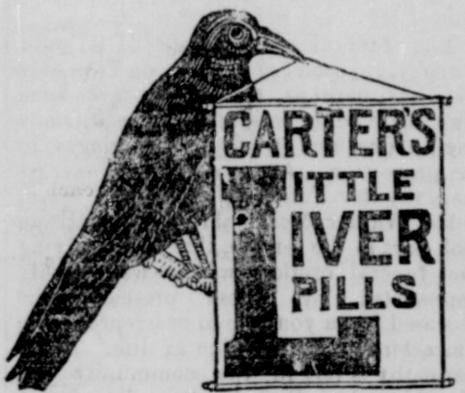


WHITE HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN.

through the eastern states have much more white than black in their colorings. One famous bull in New Jersey is almost white, with some bluish spots upon him.

These white Holsteins are excellent dairy cattle. It will be observed that the lively calf beside its mother has her markings to a dot and is also nearly white with black ears.

This cow is owned in New Hampshire. She is a famous prize winner. She proved the great dairy qualities of the white Holstein-Friesians by making 17 pounds 8 1/2 ounces of butter when she was only 2 years old.



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Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heartly Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drunkenness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

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LADIES' JACKETS

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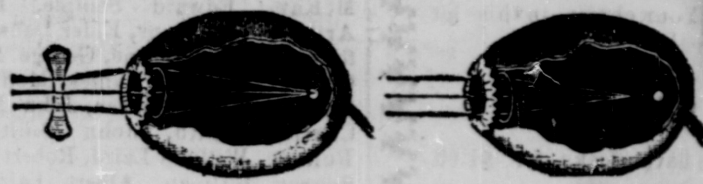
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The above shows the Myopia, or near-sighted eye, with and without correcting lens. The eye-ball is too long, and this condition greatly interferes with distant vision, and if neglected, may produce serious results. When attending the exhibition, make it a point to have your eyes examined FREE by

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