

The Daily Examiner.

TERMS:—FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR.

This is true Liberty, when Free-Born Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free.—EURIPIDES.

SINGLE COPIES TWO CENTS.

NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1885.

VOL. 18--NO. 13.

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is issued every evening by
The Examiner Publishing Co.
From their office, corner of Water and
Great George Streets, Charlottetown,
Prince Edward Island.
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One month.....50
Advertising at moderate rates.
Contracts may be made for monthly, quar-
terly, half-yearly, or yearly advertisements,
on application.

WARBURTON & SMALLWOOD,
NOTICE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.
The undersigned have this day entered into
partnership, under the style and firm of
Warburton and Smallwood,
Barristers, Attorneys-at-Law,
Notaries Public, &c.
Office—Cameron Block, Queen Square.
A. B. WARBURTON, B.A., B.C.L. | C. R. SMALLWOOD.
The firm are Agents for the Equitable
Life Assurance Society of the United States,
which does the largest business of any Life
Insurance Company in the world.
Dec. 3—law wky 3 mo

EDWARD M. ARCHIBALD,
Shipping and Commission Merchant,
81, 83 & 85 WATER STREET,
ST. JOHN'S, N. F.,
Ample wharves, yardage, and storage
room. Consignments solicited.
Liberal advances made on receipt of con-
signments.
Sept. 9, '85—tl dec31

L. ARTHUR & CO.,
GENERAL
Commission Merchants,
121 ATLANTIC AVENUE,
BOSTON, MASS.
Eggs and Produce a Specialty.
July 15—dly wky

—FOR—
BOSTON,
Fall and Winter Arrangement
THE PALACE STEAMERS
OF THE
INTERNATIONAL S.S. CO.
Leave St. John for Boston, via Eastport and Port-
land, every Monday and Thursday, at 8.00 a. m.
Fare from Charlottetown to Boston, \$6.50, 2nd
class; \$2.50, 1st class.
For tickets and other information apply to
G. A. SHARP, F. W. HALES,
P. E. L. Ry. P. E. L. Steam Nav. Co.,
or to your nearest Ticket Agent,
Nov. 2, 1885—cod wky

CAUTION.
EACH PLUG OF THE
MYRTLE NAVY
IS MARKED
T & B.
IN BRONZE LETTERS.
None Other Genuine.
Oct. 20.

SOME of the MANY
—WHO USE—
Woodill's German Baking Powder:
Queen Hotel, Fredericton.
Barker House, Fredericton.
Porter House, Kentville.
American House, Kentville.
Halifax Hotel, Halifax.
International Hotel, Halifax.
Central House, St. John.
New Victoria, St. John.
Terrace Hotel, Amherst.
Dining Saloon, Truro.
Norfolk House, New Glasgow.
Hotel Brunswick, Moncton.
Fred. A. Jones, Hotel Dufferin,
says: "I feel confident its use will be con-
firmed by all who give it a trial."
Ask your grocer for Woodill's German
Baking Powder, and take no other.
Nov. 18, '85.

**BRITISH
WAREHOUSE,**
83 QUEEN STREET.

FALL AND WINTER STOCK,
NOW COMPLETE IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.
UNSURPASSED FOR VALUE!
A. L. BROWN.
Ch'town, Nov. 19.—wky.

MAGNET SOAP,
Warranted Pure.
THIS SOAP is made from the BEST MATERIALS, and is
Superior to any similar article manufactured. For general
household and family use it SURPASSES all others.

It will be to your interest to try it.
—FOR SALE WHOLESALE BY
FENTON T. NEWBERRY.
July 22, 1885. - 6m

ROYAL CANADIAN INSURANCE CO.
FIRE.
CAPITAL \$2,000,000.
Head Office—MONTREAL.
Halifax Branch—J. SCOTT MITCHELL, Agent.
RISKS TAKEN ON MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.
Agent for Prince Edward Island:—
F. H. ARNAUD,
MERCHANTS BANK OF HALIFAX.
Ch'town, Jan. 1885.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND RAILWAY.
1885-6. Winter Arrangement. 1885-6.

ON AND AFTER TUESDAY, DECEMBER 1st, 1885, Trains will run daily, as follows
(Sundays excepted):—

TRAINS DEPART.—FOR THE WEST				TRAINS ARRIVE.—FROM THE WEST.			
STATIONS.	No. 1.	No. 3.		STATIONS.	No. 2.	No. 4.	
Charlottetown.....	A. M. 7 15	P. M. 1 50		Charlottetown.....	P. M. 2 30	A. M. 10 00	
Royalton Junction.....	7 34	2 12		Royalton Junction.....	2 14	9 37	
North Wiltshire.....	8 17	3 05		North Wiltshire.....	1 29	8 45	
Hunter River.....	8 30	3 20		Hunter River.....	1 15	8 30	
Bradabane.....	9 00	3 57		Bradabane.....	12 45	7 53	
County Line.....	9 09	4 07		County Line.....	12 36	7 43	
Freetown.....	9 23	4 22		Freetown.....	12 23	7 28	
Kensington.....	9 40	4 45		Kensington.....	12 05	7 08	
Summerside.....	ar	5 20		Summerside.....	dp	6 30	
Misouche.....	ap	12 40		Misouche.....	ar	11 35	
Wellington.....	1 00			Wellington.....	10 15		
Port Hill.....	1 27			Port Hill.....	9 49		
O'Leary.....	2 08			O'Leary.....	9 07		
Bloomfield.....	3 22			Bloomfield.....	7 54		
Alberton.....	3 45			Alberton.....	7 30		
Tignish.....	4 20			Tignish.....	6 58		
	5 15				6 00		

TRAINS DEPART.—FOR THE EAST.				TRAINS ARRIVE.—FROM THE EAST.			
STATIONS.	No. 5.	No. 7.		STATIONS.	No. 6.	No. 8.	
Charlottetown.....	P. M. 2 30			Charlottetown.....	A. M. 10 00		
Royalton Junction.....	2 50			Royalton Junction.....	10 05		
Bedford.....	3 25			Bedford.....	9 32		
Mount Stewart.....	3 50			Mount Stewart.....	9 00		
Cardigan.....	4 10			Cardigan.....	8 50		
Georgetown.....	4 52			Georgetown.....	7 38		
Mount Stewart.....	5 45			Mount Stewart.....	7 15		
Morell.....		4 00		Morell.....		9 00	
St. Peter's.....		4 43		St. Peter's.....		8 17	
Bear River.....		5 12		Bear River.....		7 03	
Souris.....		5 57		Souris.....		6 20	

Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.
JAMES COLEMAN,
Superintendent.
Railway Office, Charlottetown, Nov. 23, 1885—wky pro G

STARVATION PRICES!
DURING THE
Smallpox Epidemic,
—AT—
REID BROS.

REID BROS. have decided to sell their very
large stock of Tweeds, Clothing, Gen's Fur-
nishings, &c., at extraordinary prices during the
Smallpox Epidemic, and as the Doctors have decided
that furnishing the goods is all that is necessary
to insure safety, so far as contracting the disease
by coming in contact with merchandise, we will
take every precaution in that regard.
Men's Tweed Suits, made to order, Island
tweed, \$11 up.
Men's Tweed Suits in fine wool, to order, \$15,
worth \$20.
Men's Reefers, with silk velvet collars, in
heavy nap cloth, \$7.50.
Men's Nap-cloth Overcoats, our own make, \$10
to \$20.
Men's Black Worsted Suits, the greatest won-
der of the age, only \$8.50.
Men's Heavy Winter Pants, no deception, \$1.75,
worth \$2.50.
Child's Heavy Suits, \$1.75, \$2.50, \$4, and up.
Child's Overcoats, \$3.25, \$4, and up.
Men's Reefers, \$4, \$5 and up.
Men's Overcoats and Ulsters, \$5 and up.
All-wool Heavy Tweed, 45cts, up.
All-wool Heavy Scotch Tweeds, 55cts to 95cts,
worth \$1.40.
We challenge competition on this lot, as they
are the best value ever offered on the Island.
Ladies' Jackets and Ulsters, \$1.65 up (perfect
fitting).
Men's Heavy Cardigan Jackets, 85cts to \$1.75.
Dr. Brush Elastic Wire-side Section Corsets,
only \$1 (every pair guaranteed).
A very large stock of Tryon Tweeds, 40cts up.
A large stock of Scotch and Island Yarns.
The best stock of Gen's Furnishings in the city.
A large stock of Dent's 4-clasp Kid Gloves
(every pair giving satisfaction) 50cts.
A large stock of Gray Cotton, 4cts per yard, up.
A large stock of White Shirts, 75cts, up.
Acres of Shirts and Drawers from 30cts to \$2
per pair.
Files of Trunks and Valises from 75cts up.
Ladies' Winter Gloves, 20cts per pair, up.
A large stock of Blankets and Flannels at Panic
Prices.
Cotton Flannels, all shades, at low prices.
Boys' and Men's Clothing, made to order, at
extraordinary prices, during the panic now
upon us.

REID BROS.,
CAMERON BLOCK.
Ch'town, Nov. 20, 1885.

CHRISTMAS SEASON, 1885.
Prang's Celebrated
PRIZE XMAS CARDS.

ALSO, a full line of Prang's Satin and
Plush Cards and other Christmas Nov-
elties.
THE BOSTON CARD
is the name of the Most Popular Card for this
season.
Do not fail to see it and leave your orders
for it at once.

G. H. HASZARD,
BROWN'S BLOCK, QUEEN SQUARE.
Ch'town, Oct. 24, 1885.

A FEW HINTS
FOR THE USE OF
**AYER'S
PILLS**

For Constipation, or Costiveness, no
remedy is so effective as AYER'S PILLS.
They insure regular daily action, and re-
store the bowels to a healthy condition.
For Indigestion, or Dyspepsia, AYER'S
PILLS are invaluable, and a sure cure.
Heart-burn, Loss of Appetite, Head-
ache, Numbness, Nausea, are all relieved
and cured by AYER'S PILLS.
In Liver Complaint, Bilious Disorders,
and Jaundice, AYER'S PILLS should be
given in doses large enough to excite the
liver and bowels, and remove constipation.
As a cleansing medicine in the Spring, these
PILLS are unequalled.
Worms, caused by a morbid condition of
the bowels, are expelled by these PILLS.
Eruptions, Skin Diseases, and Piles,
the result of Indigestion or Constipation, are
cured by the use of AYER'S PILLS.
For Colds, take AYER'S PILLS to open
the pores, remove inflammatory secretions,
and allay the fever.
For Diarrhoea and Dysentery, caused by
sudden colds, indigestible food, etc., AYER'S
PILLS are the true remedy.
Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, and
Sciatica, often result from digestive derange-
ment, or colds, and disappear on removing
the cause by the use of AYER'S PILLS.
Tumors, Dropsy, Kidney Complaints,
and other disorders caused by debility or
obstruction, are cured by AYER'S PILLS.
Suppression, and Painful Menstrua-
tion, have a safe and ready remedy in

AYER'S PILLS.
Full directions, in various languages, ac-
company each package.
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

50 Lovely New Style of Chromo Cards,
with name and price for 10c. 12
packs, 12 names, for \$1. A sample
pack and agent's outfit with illus-
trated catalogue of Tricks and Novelties, for
5c. stamp and this slip.
A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N. S.—mnr

LOST IN THE FIRE

Oh, my God! how can I live and the
city burning up? groaned Mr. Lord,
turning impatiently upon his pillow.
'But you are insured,' said his wife,
with pale face, 'you will not lose any-
thing.'
'It isn't the office I care for,' answered
Mr. Lord, 'but a package of papers very
valuable, entrusted to my care,' and he
groaned again.
'But won't the safe protect them?'
cried Mrs. Lord, eagerly.
'That's the worst of it,' said Mr. Lord
in a voice husky with emotion. 'They
should be in the safe, but in my half-
dazed state on the day I was taken ill, I
neglected to put them there; they are in
my desk, and the only comfort I have
had since I could think, was that it has
a good lock, and I have the key—but
now!'
'Are they so very valuable, then?'
'So precious that if they are burned I
shall be disgraced; it will be dishonor if
I am unable to produce them, it is un-
pardonable that I should not have
secured them; it will kill me. I
feel that it will! Oh! if I could only
move! or Herbert was here!'
'Can't I do something?' eagerly asked
his wife.
'No, indeed! From what Mr. Brown
tells me the streets are filled with a mob;
no lady would be safe in them for an
instant. She would be robbed, if not
worse. Herbert might, perhaps, find a
way to get them, and to save his father's
honor, if not also his life. I am sure he
would. O, how can I live and let them
burn.'

Listening breathlessly with white face
to this talk, stood Grace Lord, who was
just entering the room when her father
spoke. A thought had crossed her
mind, and a plan had grown in these few
seconds.

'Why can't I save these papers?' was
the thought, and 'I will' was the con-
clusion, as her father ended.
Softly turning away from the open
door, she stole back up stairs to her
room.

'I can go as well as Bert,' she whis-
pered to herself. 'I know where papa
keeps his keys, and I know just where
his desk is in the office. I can run
down there before mamma misses me,
and how happy papa will be. He said
the streets were not safe,' was the next
thought, 'but he said a boy could go;
I'll put on Bert's clothes,' flashed into
her mind.

Without stopping to think more about
it, she ran into her brother's room, found
an out-grown suit in his closet, slipped
off her outer garments and put on these,
snatched a last year's hat from a shelf,
waiting only to get her father's keys out
of a pocket in his clothes which hung in
a hall closet, she opened a street door,
and was gone. It was a noble and
generous impulse, but it was a fearful
thing to do.

This happened in Chicago, during the
terrible fire that burned that city thirteen
years ago. It was early on Monday
morning; the south side was already a
roaring furnace, and the north side, in
which my story lies, was even then on
fire.

When Grace turned the corner into a
much-used street, she was appalled, and
for an instant turned back. It was filled
with a crowd of people hurrying by,
with fear, horror and other strange pas-
sions in their faces. Some were loaded
with household goods or treasures they
hoped to save, others carrying screaming
babies, or dragging children too fright-
ened to run, and now and then two or
three holding between them one too ill
to stand. It was a terrible sight, a
whole city flying for life, and a girl
alone, however brave, might well be
alarmed.

It was only for a moment, however.
Grace thought of her father, and plunged
into the street. The office was not more
than half a mile, and her feet fairly
flew, although everybody else was going
the other way, and she had to dodge
between people and horses and loads of
all sorts.

It was well she had not far to go, for
the roof was just bursting into flame as
she opened the door with her father's
keys. His desk easily yielded to the
peculiar key she knew so well, and
among letters and papers laid a package
she instinctively knew was the precious
one, so carefully tied and sealed, so out
of place it looked there.

Grace seized it and started out, care-
fully locking the desk and putting the
keys in her pocket, when the thought
arose, 'Where could she hide the
package?'

You boys would say, in the inner
breast pocket of the vest. But there was
no vest, at any rate Grace had none,
and inner pockets were an unknown
mystery to her. She thought an instant,
then quietly slipped it down the back of
her neck inside the clothes. The waist-
band was tight for her, and she felt sure
it was safe, and hastily ran into the
street.

Things had changed greatly even in
these few minutes. The tall clocks on
both sides of the street were on fire, a
big building at the corner had fallen and
cut off her return that way, while the air
was full of smoke and cinders and heat
that nearly suffocated her. Instead of
the crowd she had seen, it was deserted,
every one had fled for his life. Another,
blinded, frightened, Grace turned to
run—alas! away from home.

It was the only way she could go. At
the first corner, she found herself no
longer alone, but one small atom of a
moving mass of people. To turn the
other way would have been like trying to
stem a furious rushing river, and be-
sides, that way was thick with smoke
and fire. She was carried with the
crowd, bewildered, lost, but even in that
awful moment filled with joy that she
had her father's papers.

The fire marched on with rapid strides,
driving before it the multitude of home-
less wanderers, among them our poor
Grace. To the Lake Shore they went,
and the hot breath of the flames followed
them even into the water far out as they
could stand, till the water came up to
their necks. Even then many were
suffocated, and dropped into the water
and were not missed. Grace went as
far as she could, and keep her head
above water. She thought with a pang
that the papers would be wet, but they
were well tied, and anyway they would
not be burned. So she tried to take
comfort, though an awful fear had come
upon her that she should never see her
parents again.

Then, too, she remembered that no
one knew she had gone, nor where to
look for her, and though she had thought
only of being brave, she found she had
been foolish. 'But the papers were safe,
and papa will be glad' was the thought
that always came to comfort her despair.

At last, after hours of agony and ter-
ror and distress, with groans and cries
and prayers in strange confusion, such as
no one can imagine who did not pass
through it, when many thought the
world was burning up, and all had little
hope of getting out alive, the fire burned
itself out in that part of the city, and
swept on to the north.
It was late in the afternoon before the
weary, fainting fugitives ventured to
crawl out of the lake, wrung what water
they could out of their clothes, and set
out to find a spot on earth where there
was no fire, if such a spot there was.
Grace joined in the rush over the
heated earth, water pouring from her
clothes at first, but soon dried in the
heat around her. Home and papa's
package was her only thought now, but
where was home? As soon as she
reached the pavements she saw that she
was hopelessly lost. Where was Dear-
born Street? Where Clark Street?

All was alike unrecognizable. Every
house was burned, lamp posts, street
signs, all levelled with the ground. She
looked upon a smoking and steaming
wilderness, and as she turned her face
towards where her home should be, and
saw the vast well of fire marching on,
she knew she had no home in the world.
And where then were father and mother?
The awful desolation that swept over
the poor little soul in that
terrible moment is something too
horrible for you to imagine. Be
thankful that it is. She would have
sunk under the weight of her despair but
for the thought of the precious package.
For that she moved on—'I must save
it' her constant thought; 'Papa will be
dishonored without it'—and the poor
tired feet hurried on, she knew not where.
From that part of the city the only
way of reaching the West Side, where
was no fire, was over a certain bridge.
Gradually the stream of people, of whom
Grace was one, drew near that bridge in
whose narrow passage horrors were
taking place all the time. The
broad street had hardly room for
flying people in wagons and carriages
of every sort; when then the way grew
narrow, there was a terrible struggle for
place. Heavy wagons piled high with
furniture crashed ruthlessly into car-
riages of people; furniture fell and
blocked the way; vehicles were disabled
and abandoned; frightened horses let
loose to trample at their pleasure; people
with loads thrown down; feeble women
pressed to the wall. All the worst of
human passions were let loose, and men
became fiends in the mad struggle for
safety and life.

(Concluded in our next.)

The magnitude of the Escorial, the great
Spanish palace, may be inferred from the
computation of Francisco de los Santos that
it would take four days to go through all
the rooms and apartments, the length of
the way being reckoned a 29 Spanish
leagues, which is about 120 English miles.
There are 40,000 doors and 11,000 windows
in the edifice.

The obelisk unveiled at Birmingham in
memory of the late Colonel Burnaby is 50
feet high, and is adorned by significant
symbols, including a mourning of primroses.
The memorial was contributed to by men of
all shades of political thought, and the
money was chiefly given by the working
classes of Birmingham.