

The Daily Examiner.

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NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1881.

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THE DAILY EXAMINER

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AND GREAT GEORGE STREETS,
Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

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One Month, 0 50
Advertising at most moderate rates.
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quarterly, half-yearly or yearly advertise-
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ALMANAC FOR NOVEMBER 1881.

MOON'S CHANGES.
Full Moon 10th day, 10h. 50m. p. m., N.W.
Last Quarter 13th day, 6a. 49m., p. m., N.
(below horizon).
New Moon 21st day, 1h. 0m. noon, S.
First Quarter, 23rd day, 7h. 49m. p. m., S.

DAY OF WEEK	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	High water	Low water
1 Tuesday	6 47	4 40	2 9	6 14	9 52
2 Wednesday	48	39	2 35	7 24	51
3 Thursday	50	37	3 2	8 23	47
4 Friday	51	36	3 34	9 11	45
5 Saturday	53	34	4 7	9 54	41
6 Sunday	54	33	4 49	10 35	39
7 Monday	55	32	5 37	11 14	37
8 Tuesday	57	31	6 30	11 54	34
9 Wednesday	59	29	7 29	12 32	30
10 Thursday	7 0	28	8 29	1 12	28
11 Friday	2	27	9 31	1 52	25
12 Saturday	3	26	10 33	2 35	23
13 Sunday	5	24	11 34	3 24	19
14 Monday	6	23	morn	4 22	17
15 Tuesday	7	22	0 35	5 28	15
16 Wednesday	9	21	1 38	6 32	12
17 Thursday	10	20	2 40	7 31	10
18 Friday	12	19	3 46	8 23	7
19 Saturday	13	18	4 53	9 8	5
20 Sunday	14	17	6 1	9 52	3
21 Monday	16	16	7 9	10 34	0
22 Tuesday	17	16	8 13	11 17	5 59
23 Wednesday	19	15	9 10	morn	56
24 Thursday	20	14	9 59	0 1	54
25 Friday	21	13	10 41	0 44	52
26 Saturday	23	13	11 15	1 30	50
27 Sunday	24	12	11 45	2 19	48
28 Monday	25	12	12 13	3 13	47
29 Tuesday	26	11	0 39	4 20	45
30 Wednesday	7 28	10	1 51	5 38	42

Credit Foncier FRANCO-CANADIEN.

Capital, \$5,000,000

President—Hon. E. Ducloux, Senator, Paris.
Vice-Pres.—Hon. J. A. Chapleau, Montreal.

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Aug. 24, 1881.

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Policies issued and losses settled promptly
without reference to Head Office.

J. R. BRECKEN,
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Sept. 13, '81—3m 2w, pat 3m

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Special rates for isolated residences.
All Losses settled promptly.

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Herring. Herring.

100 lbs. Extra Fat No. 1, equal to Yarmouth
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100 quintals Codfish,
100 do. Hake,
12 casks Cod Oil,
300 Mackerel Barrels (good stock),
1000 bushels Fishing Salt.

On hand, a full supply of Cotton Duck,
Bolt Rope, Hemp and Manila Cordage, Lines
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DAVID SMALL,
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For Scotch and English Tweeds or Worsted Suits,

For Canadian Tweed Suits,

For Overcoats of all Descriptions,

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UPPER QUEEN STREET,

TWO DOORS ABOVE APOTHECARIES HALL CORNER.

There you will find the largest and best assortment of Cloths in the
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—ALSO—
A complete line of Gents' Furnishings and Felt Hats, cheap, &c. &c.
Remember the address, two doors above Apothecaries Hall Corner.
Charlottetown, Oct. 11, 1881.

New Firm, New Goods, New Prices,

—AT THE—

"SOUTHPORT STORE."

—O—O—

WE would respectfully call the attention of customers, friends
and buyers to the fact that we are selling, CHEAP FOR
CASH, everything in our line, such as

Dry Goods,	Glassware,	Flour,	Tea,
Readymade Clothing,	Earthenware,	Cornmeal,	Coffee,
Felt Hats,	Hardware,	Oatmeal,	Sugar,
Fur Caps,	Iron,	Salt,	Molasses,
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Kid Mitts,	Paints,	Rope,	Currants,
Boots,	Oils,	Buckets,	Confectionery,
Shoes,	Glass,	Tubs,	Spices, &c., &c.

and everything usually found in a general store.

DON'T FORGET THE PLACE.

BEER & CHANDLER,

Oct. 10, '81—1m eod, wky 2w—pat

FALL STOCK. FALL STOCK.

—O—O—

BOOTS AND SHOES

—AT—

DORSEY'S OLD STAND,

"Sign Big Red Boot."

Men's, Women's, | Large Assortment, | Latest Styles,
and Children's | Splendid Value. | Cheap for Cash.

If you want good value please give me a call.

J. C. SPRAGUE,

Queen Street Boot and Shoe Store.

Oct. 1, '81—4w eod, wky 4w

FIRE! MARINE! LIFE!

—O—O—

HORACE HASZARD,

General Insurance Agent,

—REPRESENTING—

Commercial Union Fire Assurance Company, of London, Eng.,
CAPITAL, £2,500,000 STG.

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CAPITAL, \$500,000.00.

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CAPITAL, \$500,000.00.

—O—O—

MARINE INSURANCE ALSO EFFECTED.

—O—O—

Risks taken on all descriptions of Property at LOWEST RATES.

—O—O—

Office—Corner of Queen and Lower Water Streets.

Charlottetown, April 4, 1881—1f

"MADEMOISELLE CELINE."

If you please, sir," said Cissy, with a
little courtesy, "I am the girl that
dances."

Mr. Pinkard laid down his cigar,
turned his revolving chair around with
a twirl, and stared hard at the new
comer.

"You?" said he. "Nonsense!"

For when Mr. Pinkard, the manager
of the modest little travelling theatrical
company, had telegraphed to the New
York agency for a first-class dancer to
fill up the yawning void caused by the
elopement of Mdlle. Rosita Posita with
the stage manager, he had expected to
see a far different sort of person from
this little girl in the neat brown calico
dress, the bit of lace frilling around her
neck, and the brown cotton gloves mended
so carefully at the finger ends. Mdlle.
Posita had been a large young woman
with a quantity of untidy blonde hair, a
pink complexion, and a great deal of
shabby finery which she delighted in air-
ing on all occasions.

"But, please, I am," said Cissy; "Here
is a note from Simpson & Co."

"You a dancer!" said Mr. Pinkard.

"Why, you look like—like a kitchen
maid!"

"I can dance," said Cissy gravely.

Mr. Pinkard flung open the door of an
adjoining room, and beckoned to a little
old man in spectacles who was copying
music close to a window there.

"Jenks," said he, "come here a minute
with your violin. Play something. As
for you, girl—dance."

Little old Mr. Jenks, rousing himself
from an apparent trance, flung his whole
soul into a wild, swaying sort of mazurka
—one of those mad tumultuous melodies
which take one instinctively to the moon-
lighted graves of Spain. And Cissy—
Mdlle. Celine," they called her in the
letter, but her real name was Cecilia
Stubbs—began instantly to dance.

Wild, graceful, following the time of
the violin as a reed sways to the autumn
wind, she floated to and fro in the room.
Mr. Pinkard watched her with sparkling
eyes.

"You'll do, Celine," said he. "Yes, I
think you'll do!"

But the other members of the company
did not receive Mdlle. Celine, with raptu-
rous delight.

"That little dark thing," said Miss Al-
varez, who did the "first lady."

"With no more complexion than a
chestnut!" said Mrs. Terriol, who came
on in the walking-parts, where there was
a good deal of attitudinizing and very
little to say.

"It's an insult to the troupe," said Mr.
Montague, who had been partial to the
Rosita Posita.

For Cissy, anxious though she was to
please, did not seem to harmonize with
the others. She did not know how to
flirt, and was manifestly horrified when
Miss Susaette Sedley told the manager
that the reason she wasn't in time on
Thursday's rehearsal was because her
mother was very sick.

"But you know, Miss Sedley, that
isn't true," said Cissy. "You were
walking with Signor Chiardi."

"Will you mind your own business,
little Miss Meddle? indignantly deman-
ded the fair Susaette.

So by degrees Cissy fell into disgrace.
She danced as exquisitely as ever. No-
body could deny that she was a beautiful
dancer, but off the stage she was ignored
in different stages of rudeness by every
one, and by degrees she fell into a sullen
sort of moodiness, and went about
speaking to no one, with her head droop-
ing like a broken flower. Mrs. Pinkard,
the manager's mother, saw that she was
decently lodged and cared for at every
place through which they passed, but
even Mrs. Pinkard, good soul though
she was, did not take kindly to the dark-
browed silent girl.

"I like people with something to say
for themselves," said Mrs. Pinkard.
"Mademoiselle Celine is very odd. She
looks at you with big eyes like a startled
rabbit, and when I spoke to her about
her dress—it really is something outland-
ishly shabby—she began to cry, and said
she was saving up all her salary to pay
some debts that her father owed when he
died! Really she calls herself 18, but I
should say she was at least 1000 years
old. I do like young people to be young
people!" said Mrs. Pinkard, with energy.

But, all the same, Celine's dancing
was immensely liked by the public. She
was encored every evening—she had
flowers thrown to her, which she picked
up, saying to herself, "O, how pretty
they are, and how expensive they must
have been! I would so much rather
have had the money;—and, in fine, the
public seemed to be well suited with
Mdlle. Celine, and her wild, poetic pas-
sionals. And the more popular she be-
came with audiences, the more the other
members of the company held aloof from
her!

One evening Celine was dancing in a
new part. Mrs. Pinkard herself had
helped to dress her. The manager was
away bargaining for a limited series of
representations in a neighboring city, so

the old lady felt the weight of a little
responsibility.

"Celine is a born artist," said Mrs.
Pinkard, "but she don't always make the
most of her luxuriant hair and the rich
complexion she has!"

Mrs. Pinkard was sitting half asleep
in the little dressing-room, waiting for
Celine to "come off." Celine herself had
just floated from the stage in a cloud of
star-sprinkled white tulle, with a tiny
silver wand held high above her head,
when there was a blinding flash of bril-
liance across the stage which did not
come from the foot-lights—a cry from
the audience—a stifling cloud of rolling
smoke.

One of the scene-shifters had care-
lessly rolled a fly too near the gas-light
which depended behind the scenes—the
inflammable material had blazed up like
so much tinder, and the whole building
was in a blaze before the audience were
well clear of it. The terrified actors
rushed out into the bitter starlight of the
frozen winter night in their velvet and
tinsel just as they were—the dancers,
flinging their cloaks over tulle and stage
jewels, fled in wild fright—and not un-
til they were all out in the street did any
one notice that Mrs. Pinkard was not
among the number.

"She must have fallen asleep in the
green room, away back of the scenes!"
cried Mlle. Celine, with a cry which
seemed to rend the vault of heaven itself.
"Oh, God, have mercy upon us, she will
be burned to death!"

People looked with white, appalled
faces at each other. In this out-of-the-
way, torpid little country town there was
no "paid fire department," no gallant
heroes to rush to the rescue. Miss Al-
varez caught Cissy by the arm as she
was making a rush toward the lurid
building, whose frame door and window
casings stood out black against the gar-
ling background of fire.

"Are you mad, girl?" she cried hoarse-
ly. "The woman is past all rescue now
—you will only be imperilling your own
life!"

But Cissy snatched her arm away.

"She was good to me!" she cried.
"She never spoke a cross word to me.
And I loved her! She shall not perish in
the flames if I can help it!"

"Fool!" muttered the other, as Cissy
disappeared, seeming almost to rush into
the red, gaping jaws of the flames.

"We are sorry for poor Mrs. Pinkard,
too," said Montague, who, in his red
velvet stage doublet and white silk tights,
stood shivering in the old blanket which
did duty for an overcoat, "but it don't
follow that we are to risk our lives!"

"When it can do no good," hysterically
sobbed Mrs. Terriol. "Oh, dear, oh,
dear, do you suppose death by fire is very
painful, Mr. Montague?"

At that very moment, however, Cissy
rushed out, her flowing black hair all
singled away, her dress blackened and
scorched, but dragging by main force the
limp and helpless form of poor old Mrs.
Pinkard, who, stupefied by the smoke,
had herself lost all power of volition
and, almost simultaneously, the manager
himself, who had arrived by a late
train, hurried upon the scene.

"My mother, he shrieked. My mo-
ther! They tell me she is inside the
blazing theatre—they tell me she is
burned to death."

"She is here," cried Montague. "Dead
or alive, that dancing girl has brought
her out of the fiery furnace of flames."

They took them both in an ambulance
to the hotel—poor Mrs. Pinkard, all
scared and senseless, Cissy pale and
silent.

"I don't know how I did it," said she;
"I only know that I could not stand still
and leave her to perish."

Mrs. Pinkard recovered, but she never
was quite strong again. But when she
began to sit up a little she called her son
to her.

"Markham," said she, "you must do
something for Cissy Stubbs. She has
saved my life at the peril of her own."

The manager looked up with a smile.
"Dear old mammy," said he, "I have done
something. I have raised her salary \$10 a
month."

"Fshaw!" said Mrs. Pinkard.
"I have dismissed the Alvarez because
she quarreled with little Cissy!" he added.

"Now, Markham, do be in earnest,
pleaded the old lady.
"Well, mammy, what do you want,
then?" said he. "Just decide on some-
thing for yourself."

Mrs. Pinkard looked wistfully at her
son. "I should like to adopt her, Mar-
kham," said she.
"Do you really like her so much?"

"More than I can tell," Mrs. Pinkard
answered, fervently.
"Well, then," said the manager, "you
will be glad to hear that I asked her yester-
day evening to be my wife!"

"Oh, Markham!"
"And she said—yes!"
The old lady burst into tears.
"I am very, very glad," said she, "for
now I shall have her always!"
So little Cissy—"Mademoiselle Celine,"
as they had it in the bills—never danced
again. The grave, silent bud of her girlish
beauty has blossomed now into the perfect
rose of a household angel.

"But I never expected," says she, "when
I came to Mr. Pinkard with that note

from Simpson & Co. that I should ever be
his wife!"

"Nor I, neither," says her husband; "for
it took a long time for my blind, blunder-
ing eyes to find out that you were such a
pearl of price, my little Cissy."

Mr. Talmage had something to say about
newspapers on Sunday last. Said he:—
"A good newspaper is the grandest tem-
poral blessing that God has given to the
people of this century. The theory is
abroad that anybody can make a newspaper
with the aid of a capitalist. The fact is
that fortunes are swallowed up every year
in the vain effort to establish news-
papers, most of which die of
cholera infantum. (Laughter.) It is high
time that it was understood that the most
successful way to sink a fortune and keep
it sunk is to start a newspaper. To pub-
lish a newspaper requires the skill, pre-
cision, vigilance, strategy, and boldness of
a commander-in-chief. To edit a news-
paper one needs to be a statesman, a
geographer, a statistician, and so far as all
acquisitions are concerned, encyclopaedic.

Diphtheria has killed more people in the
south of Russia than any other epidemic,
not excepting the plague. It has pre-
vailed there since 1872. In Bessarabia,
15,000 out of 36,000 persons who were at-
tacked have succumbed to it. Out of 46,-
000 cases, 19,000 ended fatally, and in
Kharkoff out of 29,000 cases there have
17,000 deaths.

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.

Best Companies and Lowest
Possible Rates.

E. PALMER, JR.

Ch'town, Oct. 7, '81—1m eod

L. ARTHUR & CO.,

GENERAL
Commission Merchants,

108 SOUTH MARKET STREET,
BOSTON, MASS.

May 16, 1881. [wky]

EDWARD T. RUSSELL, & CO.

GENERAL
Commission Merchants,

No. 213 State Street,
BOSTON.

May 14, 1881.

LOOK YOU HERE.

STOVEPIPE. STOVEPIPE.

THE subscriber is now making an assort-
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Stovepipe and Tinware,
Best quality, which he is selling cheap for Cash.

Tinware and Stovepipe, all kinds, made to
order. Special prices to wholesale dealers.

Orders for fitting up Stoves promptly and
carefully attended to.

Orders solicited. Shop opposite Dr. Jen-
kin's residence, Queen Street.

R. RODD,
Practical Tinsmith.

Charlottetown, Sept. 3, '81—3m

TO LET.

THE BRICK HOUSE adjoining the resi-
dence of Mr. ARCHD. KENNEDY, Water
Street; also the premises adjoining, lately oc-
cupied by the "Examiner Printing Co.," Ap-
ply