

The Daily Examiner.

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NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, JANUARY 11, 1886.

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WARBURTON & SMALLWOOD,
NOTICE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.

The undersigned have this day entered into partnership, under the style and firm of Warburton and Smallwood,

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Dec. 3—law wky 3 mo

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Nov. 2, 1885—cod wky

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MARY J. MACKINNON,
Executrix.

Ch'town, Oct. 17, 1885.

Executors' Notice.

THE Undersigned Executors and Executrix of the late Will and Testament of the late Donald Mackinnon, of Charlottetown, tanner, deceased, carrying on business under the name and style of "MACKINNON & CO.," hereby notify all persons indebted to his estate to make immediate payment to them at his late office, in Grafton Street, in Charlottetown, and all persons having claims or demands against the said estate are hereby required to furnish the same, duly attested, within twelve months from this date.

Dated at Charlottetown, the 2nd day of OCTOBER, 1885.

MARY JANE MACKINNON,
Executrix.
W. McLEAN,
JAS. CURRIE,
Executors.
Oct. 2nd—law w

NOW THEN FOR

D. A. BRUCE'S

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WE have on hand one case Cloths, one case Gents' Furnishings, sent by mistake, and sold to us at a big advantage rather than return them. We are manufacturing these cloths into

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charging only FIVE PER CENT. OVER COST! and from \$4.50 to \$6 for making and trimming Overcoats; from \$5 to \$7 for making and trimming Suits with Good Trimmings and

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CLOTH, by the yard or piece, Very Cheap. We have on hand a few Suits and Overcoats, made to order, not called for

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This ought to convince you that there is money lost if you don't purchase from us, instead of buying imported clothing. ALL OUR CLOTHING IS MADE ON THE PREMISES. No \$5 Overcoats.

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A. L. BROWN.

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It will be to your interest to try it.

—FOR SALE WHOLESALE BY—

FENTON T. NEWBERRY.

July 22, 1885.—6m

A NOVEL DUEL.

COLONEL SKERRETT, Major Marsh, and Captain Pickering were sitting in their room at the Hotel Anglais, Paris. They were Americans on their travels, all three rough-looking down-casters, who had gone through the worst fire of the civil war. Dr. Vicaire, surgeon in the French army, was standing in front of them regarding them with a severe air.

"I come to denounce to you as you have insult my friend, M. le Lieutenant Foulon. He demand ze satisfaction," said Dr. Vicaire, particularly addressing Colonel Skerrett. "You have kick his dog. You write apology, ver goot. You write no apology, you choose ze—ze—ah! vat you call l'arme—ze—"

"Weepous," said Major Marsh, coming to his assistance. Dr. Vicaire bowed. "Apologize for kicking his cur!" shouted the colonel. "What did it come snapping and barking at my heels for. I would kick Mr. Fooling himself if he did that."

"Ah!" replied the doctor, "ver goot! Insult additional; and he blew his nose like a flourish of trumpets."

Colonel Skerrett was as brave a man as ever stood in boots, but besides his conscientious objections to a duel, the cause of quarrel was so ludicrous that he only answered with a burst of laughter.

"Ah!" said the doctor, calmly, but reddening, "Insult tree! And he took a prodigious pinch of snuff."

The three friends looked at each other. Major Marsh took the word.

"My friend will allow me to act for him. We have the choice of weapons?"

"Yes."

"Then I choose them that nature provided. Fists."

"Feest!" said the doctor, pondering. "You mean ze—ze—"

Major Marsh explained in pantomime. "Sir!" said the fiery doctor, "you make ze game of me! I see you after my friend have ze satisfaction."

"Don't go so hot, now. What do you say to stuffed clubs in a darkened room?"

It took a long time to make the doctor understand this proposition, but when he did he rejected it with constantly increasing wrath. Finally, Colonel Skerrett suggested that they should bring a keg of powder on the field; cast lots, and whichever lot should sit upon the keg and apply the cigar he had just been smoking to a hole in the keg. Dr. Vicaire tore his hair, and rejected one and all.

"Why," said the Major, "it appears to me that we haven't got the choice of weapons at all."

"Of ze weapon, yes! But zis is no weapon. Swords, dagger, pestool, gun—say all weapon. But ze feest, ze club remple, or vat you call the stuff clubs—eh, monsieur? and she worthy doctor stamped with rage."

"Doctor," said the Major quietly, "the last suggestion of Colonel Skerrett is one that has been acted on, in at least one case in one of the Southern States of America. If your friend wants an out and out dozel, he will accept the offer of a barrel of powder under their conditions. If he don't he is only fooling with the matter. People blaze away at each other here for half an hour and shoot nothing but the pigs. When we du a thing in the States we du it."

"Sir!" shrieked Vicaire, with concentrated rage. "You coward, you poltroon, scelerat! I post you in ze cafe, ze hotel. I and my friend will whip you with ze—eh!—ze whip of ze horse!" and he rushed from the room swinging his hat frantically in one hand and plucking at his hair with the other.

But an hour later the waiter announced M. le Lieutenant Foulon!

M. Foulon advanced into the room, bowed courteously to the three, and addressing Colonel Skerrett, said in perfect English:—

"I have just seen my friend, Vicaire. Possibly he misunderstood. From what he told me, I understand that you made propositions which no gentleman would make. Therefore you are no gentleman. It remains to be seen if you are a coward as well. I am aware that your last proposition is a mode of the duello practiced in some parts of your country. Of that my friend Vicaire was ignorant. Although the practice is irregular, I waive that consideration, and personally accept your proposal of a keg of powder under the specified conditions. You will oblige me by naming the time and place."

"Say to-morrow at three o'clock in the afternoon. I reckon the lit'le wood of Plessis, on the road to Versailles, is a quiet enough place. I will supply the keg of powder for your use and you supply the one for mine."

"Very well, sir," said Foulon, bowing. "I shall be there. The terms to be rigidly adhered to? To apply the cigar which one has been smoking to the open hole in the keg?"

"Precisely," answered the Colonel.

"I presume," said the lieutenant, with a sinister smile, "that in any event the

services of a doctor or surgeon will be unnecessary."

"I am sure of it," said the colonel, with a grin.

Foulon left the room, and when he had gone Colonel Skerrett said: "I'll fight this here fellow, but I ain't gwine to be blown to atoms, nor I ain't gwine to let that there chap to blow himself to atoms." The three friends took measures accordingly.

The next day at the appointed time the five men, all smoking vigorously, were on the ground. Each party had brought a powder keg along. The Major and Dr. Vicaire tossed up. The Major won.

Foulon turned ghastly, but walked firmly to the keg which the Americans had brought and sat down on it. It was an ordinary cider keg, and Major Marsh, knocked out the bung. All then retired to a safe distance except the Colonel, who remained standing at Foulon's side. The latter, down whose livid face the sweat was rolling, took his cigar from his mouth and advanced it, still glowing, toward the open bung hole.

"Hold on there," said the Colonel, "that ere cigar is lit."

"Certainly it is," gasped Foulon, his lips quivering in spite of himself.

"Well," said the Colonel, with a grin, "you be't such a stupid as to put a lighted cigar into a keg of powder, be you? When was you born?"

"Sir," replied the lieutenant, vainly endeavoring to hold the cigar motionless in his shaking hand. "I have given my word that if I lost the toss-up I should put this lit cigar—"

"Hold on; you didn't say lit."

"Well, the cigar I was smoking."

"Put it out then."

"Sir, you have run the risk that I ran. I have lost all, and I do as you would have done. I will put this lighted cigar into this bung-hole—"

"In the chewed up end then."

"You insult me again, sir!"

"Bless your heart! You fire up a good sight easier than this ere powder ever will. Dou you think that I would put the burning end of a cigar into the bung-hole of a keg of powder?"

"I have told you again, and I repeat it, that you are no gentleman. But I—I am a man of honor. Bah! You shall see me die as one."

Foulon slowly advanced the burning cigar toward the opening in the keg beneath.

"Gou away here, you shall be kill!" shouted Vicaire to the Colonel, but the latter remained quietly beside the victim. Vicaire covered his face with his hands, and waited for the awful moment which was to blow his friend to atoms. There was a dead silence, and then a slight hiss was heard. Vicaire looked up. Foulon, his face purple with rage, was holding his cigar, after repeatedly poking it into the bung-hole. The Colonel was one broad grin.

"Is this powder?" asked Foulon.

"Tooth powder," answered the Colonel.

"But," said Foulon, shaking now with rage instead of fear, "if you had lost the toss-up our keg was full of gunpowder. What then?"

"I'd have put the cigar out before I put it in," said the Colonel.

"Ah!" murmured Foulon.

"Or stuck in the chewed-up end. Hold on to the terms, you know."

Foulon calmly walked to his carriage. He and Vicaire hoisted in their keg of gunpowder, and followed it themselves.

"Sir!" shouted Foulon to the Colonel, "I said you were no gentleman. I say now you are a coward."

The Colonel smiled.

For three days the friends walked about Paris and saw both Foulon and Vicaire several times.

On the fourth day after this "duel" the three friends happened to be on one of the large and beautiful steamboats carrying excursionists down the Seine. Colonel Skerrett like a consistent Yankee, was in the pilot house, watching the working of the wheel. He came down afterward and sauntered back to where were two friendless individuals, Foulon and Vicaire. Neither party addressing the other. The boat was in the middle of the river. For a long distance on either side the banks were straight, and the tide was flowing directly down the middle channel. Suddenly arose a cry of fire. A wild stampede of passengers in the bow of the boat was made toward the stern, and Foulon, who was standing near an opening in the railing was thrown from his balance. As he was falling overboard, the Colonel stretched out his long arm, grasped him by the collar, and pulled him in again. The Frenchman's hat had fallen off. The Colonel picked it up, and with a friendly smile handed it to his late adversary. Foulon coloured up and said eagerly:

"Colonel Skerrett, I beg your pardon. You are a gentleman."

In the meantime the panic increased. All the bow of the boat was in a bright blaze, and the fire reached the pilot-house. The pilot rushed out with singed beard and eye-brows, and the boat slowly drifted down the stream. The

Colonel caught hold of the pilot and dragged him to Foulon.

"Sir," said he, "ask this here fellow which bank is the safest to land on, and tell me."

"He says the right one," answered Foulon. "But the boat cannot be managed. The wheel must be on fire."

Without a word of reply the Colonel ploughed his way through the shrieking crowd, leaped up the steps of the pilot-house and seized the wheel.

There he stood, the flames roaring about him, the crowd shrieking beneath him, steadily steering toward the right bank. Foulon shuddered at this exhibition of simple, superhuman courage. The bank was reached. The crowd, selfish and crazed with fear, rushed to land. The Major and the Captain struggled up the burning steps of the pilot house, followed by Foulon and Vicaire. They dragged the Colonel out through the flames, bore him to the bank, and applied restoratives. He was less injured than might have been supposed, and at length opened his eyes.

"Oh, Colonel Skerrett!" cried Foulon, with tears in his eyes, "your pardon! You are a brave man and a man of honor. I will never fight a duel again."

"And I never call one man ze coward for not fight of ze duel," said Vicaire.

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A Genuine Mark Down Sale!—Appalling Reductions!—Unheard-Of Prices!—Overcoats, Suits, Tweeds and Gents' Furnishings—

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We hold the championship for honest, low-priced Tweeds, and challenge all-comers to duplicate our \$50-cent Merino Wool Tweed, worth \$1.40.

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