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The undersigned bicycle repair men have this day agreed that all repairs and sundries will require to be paid for in cash on delivery.

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May 1st, 1900.

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RIGHTED AT LAST

BY MARY CECIL HAY

Author of "The Arundel Motto," "Nora's Love Test," "Back to the Old Home," Etc.

Lawrence smiled a little grimly; he was not a man to be taken by Hervey's arrogant conceit, and knew Honor far too well to heed the insinuation; but the very knowledge which prevented any fear of Captain Trent made him feel all the more what Hervey had told him of Royden, and made his jealousy more keen and bitter in that comparison and Mr. Keith.

"There's another matter which adds to Keith's popularity here," said Hervey, though Lawrence had turned sharply around, as if the conversation had become tedious; "that is of the current report of the good he does on his estate at Westleigh. I dare say the rumors are as much exaggerated as other rumors—but they go down. Here you stop, do you?"

Yes, Mr. Haughton decidedly stopped here. He had enjoyed Captain Trent's society quite long enough, and even Captain Trent himself would have been puffed to a little anxiety if he had been able to perceive the harmful effect of his words as a preparation for the visit Lawrence Haughton intended to pay.

When Pierce entered his master's presence to announce Mr. Haughton, Royden was awake again, and had already answered one or two of those letters which had contained something more important than mere invitations. He glanced up in surprise to see that Mr. Haughton personally followed his card; then he slowly rose, with a grave, cold bow, and waited for Mr. Haughton to speak.

"Doubtless you are surprised to see me, Mr. Keith."

"Very rarely," said Royden, with his quiet courtesy, "does anything surprise me, Mr. Haughton."

"When I saw you last, or rather when I last called upon you," resumed Lawrence, plunging at once into the subject, as if he saw how unnecessary any introduction would be, "I made some inquiries, if you recollect, about your possible cognizance of the hiding-place of Gabriel Myddelton."

"I recollect it well."

Mr. Keith had resumed his chair; but the lawyer had pushed his aside, as if he saw an advantage in standing stiffly on the rug.

"Since then," he resumed, in his harsh, elaborate tones, "I have myself obtained a clue to the present whereabouts of—old Myddelton's murderer."

A slight change in the handsome, dark face opposite—a change to surprise, and even to fear, but so slight that Lawrence, a moment afterward, could not feel sure that he had seen it.

"You merit my congratulations," remarked Royden, coolly, "in having at last achieved your object. Of course you know your clue to be worth following, or you would not waste your valuable time."

The lawyer was gazing with unfeigned astonishment into Royden's face. In all his professional experience no man had ever puzzled him as this man did.

"I would first ask you," he said, less for the purpose of gaining time than in his desire to feel his way cautiously to a certain point in the conversation, "whether you have not yourself sufficient knowledge on this subject? If so, my information may prove wearisome."

"No information on this subject," observed Royden, frankly meeting the lawyer's supercilious gaze, "can be wearisome to me, Mr. Haughton."

"Then I will tell you what I have heard," Lawrence had seated himself at last, but he sat firm and upright, determined to exhibit in every way the inflexibility of his nature, and his gaze was so fixed that no change upon his listener's face could escape him now.

"I have heard that Gabriel Myddelton

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Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are just as much a doctor's prescription as any formula your family physician can give you. The difference is that Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills were perfected after the formula had proven itself of inestimable value in scores of hundreds of cases.

Dr. Chase won almost as much popularity from his ability to cure kidney disease, liver complaint, and backache, with this formula, as he did from the publication of his great recipe book.

The idea of one treatment reaching the kidneys and liver at the same time was original with Dr. Chase. It accounts for the success of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills in curing the most complicated ailments of the filtering organs, and every form of backache.

As a family medicine Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are unapproached. They keep the kidneys, liver, and bowels healthy, active, and regular, and so prevent and cure nine-tenths of the ailments to which humanity is subject. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmansons, Bates & Co., Toronto.

is, and has been for some time, in England."

No answer—"In England," repeated Lawrence, forcibly.

"Rash," remarked Mr. Keith, with easy unconcern. "Yet, ever since Gabriel Myddelton's story was related to me, I have given him credit for a certain caution which amounted to timidity."

"And not only do I believe him to be in England," continued Lawrence, hardly able to suppress his wrath, "but I believe him to be here—in London."

"Naturally," remarked Royden, with the utmost composure. "It is considered easy to escape detection in a crowd."

"He is not in London for that purpose," returned Lawrence, with keen emphasis, "but before coming here he stayed for a time close to the very scene of the murder."

"Still more rash!"

"In a very uncrowded country town," concluded Mr. Haughton, with greater emphasis.

"Kinbury?" inquired his listener. And at this moment one of his rare smiles—a smile which certainly Lawrence Haughton could not understand.

"Yes, in Kinbury," repeated the lawyer. "Gabriel Myddelton was, I hear, staying during the latter months of the year '71 at the Royal Hotel in Kinbury."

"Strange," mused Royden, slowly raising his clear and thoughtful eyes, "for I was myself staying at the Royal Hotel in Kinbury during that very time."

An inexplicable and ominous pause. Mr. Haughton's gaze intent and watchful, Mr. Keith's questioning and a little quizzical. The whole suspicion of the man before him was read now, as well as the jealous, passionate purpose which stirred him more than the suspicion. Yet Lawrence could read nothing beyond the one humiliating fact, that his own motives and designs were comprehended fully and entirely. But surely the fact he had just affirmed must stir this man to the very soul.

Could he attempt to keep up any deception after this?

Waiting to see, Lawrence maintained a marked silence. The pause would betray as much as any speech, and he would rather his companion's words should break it. But Royden had evidently no intention of breaking it.

"Yes," remarked Lawrence, having waited as long as he could afford to wait in vain, "you were staying at the Royal Hotel in Kinbury at that time. Is it odd that, knowing this, and being unaware of any other stranger sojourning there, too, I should connect in my mind the man whose presence there I saw?"

"I hardly follow you. Be distinct, if you please, in consideration for my ignorance on this topic. With whose presence did you connect mine?"

"With that of Gabriel Myddelton."

The words, especially the last two, were uttered with unusual distinctness. Lawrence, though conscious of reserve in his own hands the final move for checkmate, did not enjoy these constant preliminary checks which his companion dealt him in so leisurely a manner.

"Gabriel Myddelton?" Royden repeated the name lazily, stooping his head the while to pick up a letter which had fallen to the carpet—"was he staying in Kinbury during a part of September, October and November, 1871?"

"He was, so I am assured."

"Were you aware of it at the time?"

"I felt confident of it, even then," returned Mr. Haughton, imitating his companion's manner, now that he felt it was his turn to cry check; "but my proofs then were not so strong and conclusive as they are now."

"May I inquire if they are quite strong and conclusive now?"

Mr. Haughton's face darkened perceptibly. This question touched his one weak point: the attempt to strengthen which joint had employed him, and held back his information, for nine months.

"May I ask you," repeated Royden, composedly, "if your evidence now is quite strong and conclusive?"

Lawrence no longer hesitated over the answer which was his move for checkmate.

"Yes."

"Then I wish you had told me at the time: I should very much have liked to see him."

Lawrence rose to his feet in an outburst of wrath, which, though he did not know it, was leavened heavily with fear of defeat.

"What does this mean, this parrying of words?" he asked, in stern, harsh tones. "You make me speak out, while the hint would have been sufficient for any other man. From your own deductions, if you cannot catch mine, Gabriel Myddelton was staying at the hotel in Kinbury while you were there; yet one fact is gleaned from the hotel books—only one stranger put up there for that unusually lengthy time. Then you and Gabriel Myddelton are one."

He had said it at last. The suspicion of nearly a year's growth had found language now, and neither the pallor nor flush of conscious guilt, in that moment

found its way to Royden's handsome face.

"And you have proof now?" he questioned, as he rose and laid his fingers on the handle of the bell.

"I have my proof now," retorted Lawrence, staunchly, as he stood upon the rug trying to shake off his uneasiness both of face and attitude.

"That's good," observed Royden, with a glimpse of South America which sometimes peeped out in tone and accent; and as he spoke he pulled aside the bell handle. "When you make an assertion it is good to be able to prove it. I conclude from your last remark, Mr. Haughton, that it was from you I received some time ago an anonymous letter threatening me with the law if I did not leave this country. Yes, I rang"—he had turned to the servant then, and his tones were not more easy and unconcerned than they had been before—"call a cab for Mr. Haughton. The answer to that cowardly and unsigned letter," he resumed, when Pierce had closed the door, "I will give you now. I do not choose to leave any country at your bidding. You offered, I believe, in that letter—I had no patience to read it through, but I understood so much—to keep this onerous secret of my identity with the murderer of old Mr. Myddelton, of Abbotstown, if I would leave England at once. But you threatened, if I would not do so, to betray my real name to other members of your family; especially—if I understood aright, this was a very emphatic especially—Miss Honor Craven. I do not ask you for your motive, because it has been clear to me from the first, but I give you my answer once for all—I shall not, in any way, either by my absence or promise, pamper to your own base ends and purposes. As for that one fact of my identity with Gabriel Myddelton, bring your proof when you are bold enough to repeat the assertion."

(To be continued.)

Itching Piles

A Fearfully Bad Case—Much Pain and Acute Misery From the Terrible Itching—Cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

It is doubtful if any remedy ever received so much grateful, unsolicited testimony as Dr. Chase's Ointment. The reason is not far to seek, for it is the only preparation known to man which never fails to cure piles.

Mr. F. G. Harding, a retired farmer, living at Nilstown, Middlesex county, Ont., writes as follows:—"I have been troubled with bleeding and itching piles for four or five years, and suffered intense agony at times. I had tried almost everything, but could get nothing that would give relief. On hearing of Dr. Chase's Ointment I procured a box, and it only required part of it to completely cure me. I am recommending it to all afflicted as I was."

Such incontrovertible evidence from responsible persons cannot, for a moment, be doubted. A few applications of Dr. Chase's Ointment will convince the most skeptical of its wonderful healing and soothing influence. A box or two will positively cure the most severe case of piles; 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmansons, Bates & Co., Toronto.

JUNE MAGAZINES

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GRAND

Military - and - Athletic - Sports

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

Dominion Day.

Monday, July 2nd, 1900.

OPEN EVENTS

- 1 Mile Bicycle
- 3 " "
- 100 yds dash
- 220 " "
- 440 " run
- 880 " "
- Putting 16 lb. shot.
- Running broad jump.
- High Jump.
- Pole Vault.
- Throwing 16 lb. Hammer.
- Hurdle race 120 yds.

Events open to Militia

- 1 Mile Bicycle (novice).
- Tug of War (teams of ten men.)
- 1 Mile relay Races, (teams of four men).
- 220 yds. Race, (heavy marching order).
- 40 lb. Gun Drill and Shifting Competition.
- Obstacle Race.
- Wheelbarrow Race.

Suitable prizes will be given in each event, including gold and silver medals, cups, etc. There will also be a handsome trophy to the Militia Company whose members score the largest number of points. A valuable trophy will also be presented to the team winning the tug-of-war.

For entry blanks and other information apply to the Secretary.

Entries close June 27th.

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