

PICTURESQUE
Prince Edward Island
 25c at all Bookstores.
 An illustrated book on P. E. Island, an interesting souvenir for tourists.

CHARLOTTETOWN
TIME TABLE
 (LOCAL TIME.)

Arrival and Departure of Trains and Steamers.

TRAINS

Express leaves for the west.....	8 35 a.m.
Express arrives from the west.....	9 50 p.m.
Accommodation leaves for the west.....	4 10 p.m.
Accommodation leaves for the east.....	6 00 p.m.
Accommodation arrives from the west.....	10 55 a.m.
Accommodation arrives from the east.....	2 25 p.m.
Express leaves for the east.....	7 05 a.m.
Express arrives from the east.....	9 10 a.m.
Accommodation leaves for the west.....	3 00 p.m.
Accommodation arrives from the east.....	4 50 p.m.

STEAMERS
PRINCESS.

Leaves for Pictou every morning.....	9 30 a.m.
Arrives from Pictou every evening.....	8 30 p.m.

LA GRANDE DUCHESSE.

Arrives from Boston and Halifax every Monday.....	12 p.m.
Leaves for Boston and Halifax every Wednesday.....	10 a.m.

HALIFAX.

Arrives from Boston and Halifax every Thursday.....	7 p.m.
Leaves for Halifax and Boston every Friday.....	1 p.m.

CAMPANA.

Arrives from Montreal and Quebec every alternate Friday.....	10 a.m.
Leaves for Quebec and Montreal the following Monday evening.....	10 a.m.

CITY OF GHENT.

Arrives from Halifax every Thursday afternoon.....	10 a.m.
Leaves for Halifax every Friday.....	10 a.m.

JACQUES CARTIER.

Leaves for Orwell Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays.....	3 p.m.
Leaves for Crapaud every Friday.....	3 p.m.
Leaves for Crapaud every Saturday.....	2 p.m.

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A CARD

H. MACNEILL, M. D.,
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Charters!

I have several new schooners seeking produce charters from Island Ports to Nova Scotia, United States or West Indies.

DENNIS MURPHY,
 Broker and Commission Merchant,
 P. O. Box, No. 8—dy tf.

LOVE FINDS A WAY.
 BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.
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(Continued.)

AN INTRODUCTION.
 One would scarcely credit the flourishing and growing town of Mandeville—city by courtesy—with a well authenticated and respectfully vouched for ghost story, and yet it had one—has one perhaps, one might say, for three of its oldest citizens must join the choir invisible before it becomes a matter of pure tradition.

To quote from the geography, "Mandeville is remarkable chiefly for the excellent quality of the glazed tiles and the superior cylinder stoves which it manufactures in large quantities and ships annually to all parts of the United States and Great Britain."

Mandeville does not set as much store by its ghost as it does by its tiles and stoves, which it advertises with laudable liberality, but should any stranger chance to express his views on the subject of the finest old mansion in its suburbs, Broxton Hall, in the hearing of Uncle Bennie Braddock, as half the town calls him, he will be very apt to hear something that will astonish him, coming, as it does, from such very respectable lips, in an atmosphere from which one looks for nothing but trade and market quotations.

Uncle Bennie has reached the reminiscient age, and he always seizes with avidity upon the chance to describe "the most remarkable experience of my life, sir."

If his listener happens to be a skeptic who has nothing but a veiled sneer for the Broxton ghost, Uncle Bennie will refer him to "Major Dan Mercer, sir (I guess nobody ever cast discredit on a statement of his), or Simon, who was care taker at the Hall after Colonel Rufus Broxton died. They saw what I saw, and I take it that three more unimaginative men can't be picked up in all Melton county."

And so, whether you believe it or not, stranger, it will be well to comport yourself respectfully toward the Broxton ghost so long as you are in the neighborhood of Major Dan Mercer.

The people who live in the handsome old house itself are not such old world aristocrats as to consider a ghost good form in shape of family indorsement. Whatever they may know or think about this elusive member of their fine old family they keep strictly to themselves.

Whether or not the Mandeville ghost story is worth relating or listening to each reader of the following pages must determine for himself.

CHAPTER I.
THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

When Miss Malvina Spillman, who lived midway between the small town of Mandeville and the large estate of Broxton Hall, saw Dr. Govan for the second time that day drive rapidly up the avenue of laurel trees that stretched from the big outer gates to the very doorstep of the Broxton house, she lifted up her voice:

"I think Colonel Broxton must be worse, mother. Dr. Govan's gone by again."

"Me, me, my, my!"

"That makes twice since breakfast, and he does not often drive that old sorrel of his fast enough to lather him. He is doing it now, though."

"Twice, Malvina? Me, me! And that poor motherless boy off at school the Lord only knows how many miles!"

Dodd's Kidney Pills

are the only medicine that will cure Diabetes. Like Bright's Disease this disease was incurable until Dodd's Kidney Pills cured it. Doctors themselves confess that without Dodd's Kidney Pills they are powerless against Diabetes. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the first medicine that ever cured Diabetes. Imitations—box, name and pill, are advertised to do so, but the medicine that does cure

Diabetes

is Dodd's Kidney Pills. Dodd's Kidney Pills are fifty cents a box at all druggists.

"I think Thomas has been sent for, mother. When I was up to ask about the colonel yesterday, Jessy told me he had."

"But maybe he won't get here in time. Go back to the window, Malvina. Something else might happen."

Miss Malvina's mother was getting old and had got deaf. Just now she was pinned to her armchair with a sprained ankle. To use her own pathos, she was nothing like the woman she used to be.

Sometimes Miss Malvina could project a bit of gossip across the room without having to leave her sewing machine or ironing board. It depended largely on the state of the atmosphere. As a rule, she had to filter it carefully through the perforated ear trumpet that was swung by a black ribbon about her mother's neck.

The wheel of Miss Malvina's sewing machine filled the little cottage with its pleasant whir for a few moments of renewed activity. Then something else did happen, and she bustled across the room once more to report it. Her mother held the trumpet in a state of eager readiness.

"And Daniel has just gone galloping by on the colonel's black mare, mother."

"Which way?"

"Toward town. He'll just kill that mare, and the colonel loves her next best to Tom."

"You say he's on the black mare Winnie? Why, Broxton never would have let Daniel or any other man get astride that brute if he had his senses about him." "Mother" Spillman shook her white head dolorously and added: "Gone after Horace Matthews, I suppose. Broxton had better be sending for the minister, if he is but a poor crooked stick, and settling his account with heaven instead of worrying with the lawyers at such a time."

Mrs. Spillman could afford to put her own estimate upon the new preacher. She spoke as one who had been in authority. Mandeville had but one church, and for years her husband had filled its pulpit. She knew every foot of the ground between Broxton Hall and the little church over which the "crooked stick" now presided, to her austere dissatisfaction.

The window in which her big armchair was immovably planted gave her a glimpse of the tiny white steeple in one direction and the wistaria wrapped walls of Broxton Hall in the other. Honeysuckle and clematis vines clambered over her window sill. She loved the scent of them. Bees hummed about the double petunias and gay phloxes around her doorsteps. She could not hear them, but she knew they were there, so she lost nothing.

The front of the Spillman cottage was pierced by one door and two windows. Miss Malvina's sewing machine occupied one of these. Evidently events were not moving rapidly enough for the older woman. She interrupted the resumed whir of the sewing machine querulously.

"I think you might give over tucking a white petticoat when a neighbor's soul is passing, Malvina, and that neighbor Rufus Broxton. It is a sorry day for us."

Miss Malvina looked penitent and put the lid on her machine as softly as if the sick man had been in the spare room of the little cottage instead of in his own stately four poster a half mile away.

"I meant no disrespect, mother. Nobody thinks more of Colonel Broxton than I do or will miss him worse. It's just my way to keep busy."

"Ah, ah, we'll miss him, Malvina! You'll miss him, I'll miss him, and all Mandeville will miss him. But what does he want with Horace Matthews at such a time? Oh, if your own dear father was only here now!"

"I guess he wants the lawyer to get Tom's affairs well in hand. Colonel Broxton is rich, mother, and Tom is young—so young and helpless."

"Only 14 years old, poor lad!"

"And I suppose the colonel is trying to arrange everything for Tom's best interests. I guess he never once thought, being so well and strong just a week ago, but what he would be here himself to look after Tom for many a long year yet. Jessy says Mr. Matthews and the colonel are just like brothers."

"Mother" Spillman jerked her trumpet away from Miss Malvina's lips with fierce petulance.

"Jessy is a gossiping simpleton. Brothers, indeed! Don't speak of them in the same breath. I know Horace Matthews. Then, with shrill, rising voice, "I know more about Horace Matthews and Rufus Broxton than Jessy could ever find out if her mother

cooked at Broxton Hall till kingdom come."

"I know my father prepared them both for college," said Malvina proudly.

Then quietly she seated herself on a hassock near her mother and possessed herself of the pile of gray wool the old lady worked up into articles of doubtful beauty and undoubted utility, just as the whim seized her. In off moments Miss Malvina would seize the needle and hasten the hour of completion.

Confident of a flood of familiar reminiscence, she settled resignedly to crocheting. It was her way to keep busy. Once fairly launched on the backward flowing tide, she could trust her mother to entertain herself for an indefinite period of time.

"I have known Horace Matthews and Rufus Broxton since they were both boys in knickerbockers and roundabouts coming to Mr. Spillman for Latin and mathematics. That was before you ever saw the light, Malvina. They were always together as boys, and I marveled at it then. Rufus was a handsome, high spirited, clean souled lad who would have cut off his right hand if he detected it doing a dishonest thing. Matthews was just everything that Rufus wasn't. I never understood the liking Broxton had for him."

Malvina put in a word for the maligned. "Mr. Matthews must have been very winning in his young days, mother. He's got such friendly manners and he is so dreadfully good looking even now."

"Oh, there's no gainsaying his good looks. They came pretty near landing him on the topmost round of his ambition once upon a time. He just missed being Rufus Broxton's brother-in-law and coming in for half of old Marsden Broxton's estate. When Lucetta Broxton came home from boarding school—my, but she was something to look at!—Horace Matthews did not let the grass grow on the road from Mandeville to Broxton Hall."

(To be Continued.)

Eczema on the Scalp

Would Itch and Burn until the Child Screamed with Agony—A Wonderful Cure Effected by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

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Mr. James Scott, 133 Wright Avenue, Toronto, states:—"My boy, Tom, aged ten, was for nearly three years afflicted with a bad form of Eczema of the scalp, which was very unsightly and resisted all kinds of remedies and doctor's treatment. His head was in a terrible state. We had to keep him from school, and at times his head would bleed, and the child would scream with agony. For two and a half years we battled with it in vain, but at last found a cure in Dr. Chase's Ointment. About five boxes were used. The original sores dried up, leaving the skin in its normal condition. To say it is a pleasure to testify to the wonderful merits of Dr. Chase's Ointment is putting it very mildly."

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To Those Interested.

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