

Love Finds A Way.

BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

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(Continued.)

Whatever is ahead of me, sir, I hope I will be able to meet it as my father's son should. The office of guardian must be at best an arduous and thankless one. You have now had entire control of my affairs for seven years, during which time I have never given them a thought. It was enough for me to know that my father loved and trusted the man he had selected for my guardian. Doubtless my majority will come to you as a great relief.

I thank you for your invitation to be your guest while examining the mass of papers that must have accumulated on your hands. The invitation I must decline. [He was thinking of Olivia and of the impossibility of his staying under the same roof with her now.] Doubtless I can put up somewhere in Mandeville for the few days which I must devote to getting a better understanding of my affairs. Of course I presume that in justice to you all those papers will have to be gone over.

Up to the time of writing this letter I confess to feeling so stunned that I can hardly yet grasp the fact of my pupership. I will be with you as soon as possible after reaching America and will then relieve you of all further care of my tangled affairs.

Unmixed satisfaction was scarcely the uppermost sensation in Horace Matthews' soul as he read this manly letter. The look of perplexity that had become habitual with him deepened into settled gloom.

Said the other letter:

My Dear Thomas—Why did you write me that silly, useless letter? I told you before you went away from here that I never could care for you in that way. You were too young, and I was too old. I feel exactly like an affectionate aunt toward you whenever we come in contact. I want to be doing something for you all the time. But, Tom, dear, one never could think of a nephew as you ask me to think of you, now, could one?

Besides all that, Tom, I have been engaged to be married to Mr. Clarence Westover for six whole months. There, now, will that bring my dear boy to his senses? I mean that you shall fall in love with Jeanne Westover, Clarence's sister, as soon as you come home. She is worth dozens of me.

As for the law practice, with papa for your partner, which has always been your dream and mine, too, I hate to think of its not coming to pass. Father seems to be getting old so fast. If he had anything in the world but his naughty Ollie to vex him, I should call him carworm. He did not behave very badly about Clarence and me, although I think he still opposes the idea of lovers.

I was so sorry papa found it necessary to sell Droxton Hall. It certainly was running to seed dreadfully fast. I hope you won't be very sorry about it. That is one reason why I want you to fall in love with Jeanne. Then it will come back to you, as she is the member of the family who adores it, and it is to be hers.

I hope this letter won't put you into a very bad humor with me, Tom. Dear, but I really do care a great deal for you. I am crying about you all the time. I think you are manly and generous and intellectual—everything, in short, that I could wish my dearest nephew to be. And, Tom, that last photo doesn't flatter you, you must be getting to be dreadfully handsome. Jeanne Westover raved over it.

If you had to respond that silly matter, I am sure you did it while the sun shined in the sky. Now you know everything and will have several months in which to look things square in the eye before we meet again.

Yes, now he knew everything, and he was glad of the several months' wait. He wanted him before he had to look things square in the face, such an altered face as the whole universe wore for him.

CHAPTER XI.

FIRE COVERS A CRIME.

The tragic emotion with which this letter was read was altogether disproportionate to the flippant coolness of its one and was absolutely divorced from the common sense view of life which Tom rather prided himself upon always holding toward.

To go back to its writer, as she had put out a coral tipped tongue to moisten the flap of its envelope Olivia had remarked gravely to her inkstand.

"Such an absurd idea as this must have a quietus put upon it very promptly. I think this letter will quite convince him. Poor old ridiculous Tom!"

BRIGHT'S DISEASE

is the deadliest and most painful malady to which mankind is subject. Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure any case of Bright's Disease. They have never failed in one single case. They are the only remedy that ever has cured it, and they are the only remedy that can. There are imitations of Dodd's Kidney Pills—pill, box and name—but imitations are dangerous. The original and only genuine cure for Bright's Disease is

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

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

Her face broke up its gravity with a dimpling smile. "Not that it is not very nice to have him care so much. Dear, generous child!"

The inkstand to which she made these confidential remarks was an expensive trifle in beaten brass sent to her by Tom from Florence. On the walls of her sitting room hung half a dozen good etchings selected intelligently. "Picked up in Rome for the dearest little girl in the universe," Tom, the sender, had foolishly scribbled on the inner wrapper. Her slippered feet sank luxuriously into the velvety pile of a rich Persian rug shipped by Tom from Paris with a magnificent disregard for custom duties or express charges.

Tom, Tom's constant thought for her, Tom's doglike faithfulness, in spite of her chilling indifference, were in evidence turn which way she would. She was smitten with a sharp sting of remorse, which reacted on her temper.

"Is it my fault?" she asked the inkstand petulantly. "Have I not always treated him exactly like a nephew?"

Conscience assured her that she had, and so, with a sense of absolutism upon her, she had run down the steps to mail her letter in the box nailed to the gatepost.

It was quite late. She had taken dinner with the Westovers and had been driven home by her lover with the brightest of moons to light them on their way. Mr. Clarence Westover could not have been accused of cruelty to animals on that particular drive, for he let his spirited bays "gang their ain gait" from start to finish.

He and Olivia had much to talk about. He was waxing impatient under the trying conditions of an engagement to which she obstinately refused to fix a limit. He had begun by pressing her for a date. His voice was petulant and his eyes, which the moonlight was not strong enough to reveal under his broad hat brim, were full of moodiness as he asked:

"Are we to go on this way forever, Olivia?"

Ollie snuggled nearer to him with a caressing little gurgle. It was a device she had always found highly effective with the one other man she had ever tried to coax, her father.

"Clarence, dear, please don't try to hurry things up. It is very pleasant as it is, and I dread to look forward to the time when poor papa will have to give me up. He looks so old and worried of late. I asked Dr. Govan about him, and he says all undue excitement for him must be avoided."

"Every argument you have advanced will hold good against our marrying for the next ten years or so. Mr. Matthews will certainly not grow younger."

"Ten years! Mercy, Clarence! I shall be an octogenarian by that time."

"And I a centenarian."

"I shall be walking with a stick and mumbling nonsense at everybody, as 'Mother' Spillman does."

"So shall I," said her lover with decision.

"And I shall be looking back on lover's vows and wedding clothes and such trifles from the apex of an old woman's superior wisdom. I will call it all the foolish effervescence of immature youth."

"So shall I."

"That will be very nice, but a little monotonous, won't it, dear? Do you intend doing everything I shall do when we get old together, Clarence?"

She pushed back the wide brim of his soft hat and, smiling lovingly into his moody eyes, called him a "sulky boy."

But when planning for this tete-tete drive by harnessing up a vehicle too small to accommodate Jeanne Mr. Clarence had told himself severely that it was time he was bringing this affair to a head, and he did not propose to be "jollied" out of his purpose by a lot of whimsical nonsense or a coaxing smile or two. He repaid Ollie's wistful glance with a fine assumption of manly determination.

"See here, my dear. Let us come down to a rational basis of discussion."

"My! Now I know exactly how you are going to look and sound a dozen years hence, when we are an old married couple and the grocer's bill seems unreasonably long."

Westover laughed, but persevered in his efforts to get down to a rational basis of discussion.

"Of course I know, you know, we know, that it would be an awful wrench for Mr. Matthews ever to give you to anybody. That's the penalty of being an only daughter."

"And having an only parent" Ollie interjected gently.

"None of which conditions has been of my producing or of my fostering," Westover replied sententiously.

Ollie yawned noiselessly behind her handkerchief. She was tremendously fond of Clarence. She was quite sure she should never love any one half so dearly as she did him. But sometimes, sometimes only, he did seem a little wordy. Fatal moment when love admits the critic!

"But I want to ask you one point blank question, my love, and I must insist upon your answering it frankly, no matter what it costs."

"If it costs me my life," said Ollie comfortably. "Go on, dear."

"Have you ever had any reason to suspect that your father is purposely putting impediments in the way of our getting married?"

"Why, Clarence, no, never! You ridiculous boy! Papa wants me to have everything that makes me happy. Ergo he wants me to have you."

"Not so ridiculous as it might seem. I have never got over his start of surprise when I asked him for your hand nor his unguarded expression."

"Unguarded expression?"

"Yes. He looked at me in a startled sort of way and said: 'What! You? I had hoped—I had—' Then he stopped in a very evident confusion."

(To be Continued.)

Trouble in The Stomach

Which Doctors Failed to Remove, Cured by Less Than Two Boxes of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

The experience of Mr. Blackwell is similar to that of many sufferers with chronic indigestion. Stomach medicines will seldom really cure indigestion. The kidneys and liver must be set right, and the bowels made regular and active.

Mr. Joseph Blackwell, Holmesville, Ont., says:—"I derived more benefit from the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills than from any other medicine I ever took, and can highly recommend them for stomach troubles. I was in a terrible state and could hardly work at my trade. I tried most every kind of medicine and doctors, until I was tired doctoring, and before I used one box of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills I could see that they were helping me, and after taking a box and a half, found that I was cured."

Nearly every family on the continent has used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills or heard of the remarkable cures they have effected. One pill a dose, 25c a box, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates and Co., Toronto.

Seemed Quite Probable.

"Sold my story, old man," exclaimed the writer joyfully.

"Well, do you know, I thought from an item I saw in the paper that very likely you had been successful," returned the cynic. "When did you sell it?"

"Last Monday."

"Just as I thought. According to the paper a magazine editor was committed to an asylum for the feeble minded Tuesday."—Chicago Post.

A Severe Summary.

"It's wonderful," said the man with the solemn air of erudition, "what a difference a slight matter will make in the world's estimate of a man."

"It isn't so in literature," was the answer. "A man must have merit there!"

"Not necessarily. If he get his spelling wrong, that's plain ignorance, but if he gets his facts and logic all twisted, that's originality."—Washington Star.

Gentlemen,—While driving down a very steep hill last August my horse stumbled and fell cutting himself fearfully about the head and body. I used MINARD'S LINIMENT freely on him and in a few days he was as well as ever.

J. B. A. BEAUCHEMIN,

Sherbrooke.

JOHN P. BRENNAN

Ship Broker, Commission Merchant and dealer in all kinds of produce, my large and commodious premises on Commercial Street being particularly adapted for handling of Prince Edward Island products. Consignments solicited. Prompt returns.

JOHN P. BRENNAN,

North Sydney, Sept. 25, dy 135 wy.

THRASHING MACHINERY Buy the Best.

Thrashing Machinery manufactured by William J. Scott, of Marshfield, are for sale at the Massey Harris Warehouses, Kent Street, Charlottetown.

Mr. Scott's reputation as a manufacturer is well known. Only the very best material is used, and the shakers and cleaners are unequalled for design and workmanship.

September 8th, 1900.

"HAPPY THOUGHT"



IN ALL THE WORLD no cause of worry so constant, so insistent, as widespread as inferior cooking apparatus.

WHAT WOMAN can help worrying the result of whose skill and care is damaged or destroyed by an inferior Range.

DEAL FAIRLY by your household and yourself—install Buck's "Happy Thought" Range in your kitchen and if you can't quit worrying entirely your wife will. The worry fiend holds sway supreme in many kitchens. He is a blood relation of the dyspepsia of like ilk. Banish them, buy a "Happy Thought."

The manufacturers of the "Happy Thought" are doing your culinary worrying for you for all time—take advantage of it.

They have worried over and have perfected every detail of Range construction, which though not always apparent on the surface, is most important in results.

Planned like an engine, fitted like a watch, as durable as the hills, the "Happy Thought" is ever in the lead, and there it will remain until perfection meets its match.

DON'T WORRY Use Buck's "Happy Thought" Range!

For sale by

Simon W. Crabbe.

Walker's Corner, Charlottetown, Oct. 1st, 1900.

Stoves and Hardware.

Perrin's Gloves.

We sell Perrin's and other high class made gloves. We know no better made gloves than you can see at our store, every pair guaranteed to be perfect in workman-ship.

Our stock is the largest we ever had the pleasure of showing, bought right, and will sell with the smallest profit of any house in the trade.

Kid Gloves Fleeced lined, 60c, 80c, 90c, \$1.00 and up.

Kid Gloves, silk lined \$1.60 and up.

Mocha Gloves, silk lined, \$1.75.

Mocha Gloves, fleecy lined \$1.00.

Russian Tan, unlined driving gloves \$1.10.

These prices will be found very low for the quality.

Woolen Underwear

The season is here for you to put on warm underclothing. We are prepared to supply your needs at the lowest prices.

D. A. Bruce.

Men's Furnisher.

Gloves! Gloves

Several Hundred Pairs Just Opened

Men's Gloves, Leather 30c, 50c, 75c.

Men's Kid Gloves 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25.

Men's Mocha Gloves, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50.

Men's Kid Fur Top, \$1.25, \$1.50.

Men's Dogskin Fur Top 40c, \$1.25.

Men's Buckskin (special) \$2.00.

Men's Sarnac 85c, \$1.50.

Men's Astrakan driving gloves \$1.50.

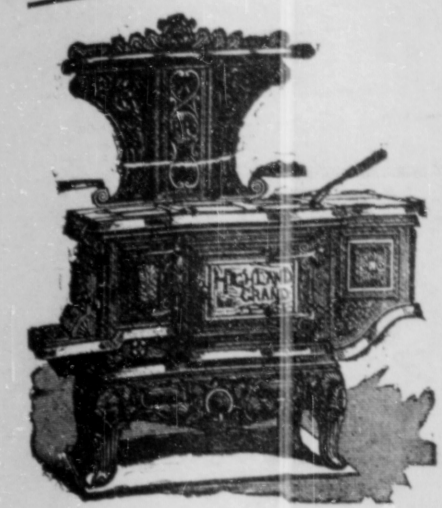
Also a large line of leather mitts, lined and unlined, from 25c a pair up.

Boy's Gloves and Mitts in great variety.

This way for your gloves at

J. B. Macdonald and Co

Leaders in low prices.



A Cold World

This would be had not had supplied us with the proper material to heat it. And what is the carbon material worth if you do not have a good stove or range? The products of combustion are never lost in one of our Ranges or stoves. Every one guaranteed.

Dodd & Rogers.

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

THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENS

If Ch'town was OTTAWA to-day you would have been sorry you were not covered for a large amount.

I have good companies and can quote you low rates.

E. H. BEER

Political Meetings.

Meetings of the electors of the riding of King's will be held at the following times and places to which the opposition candidates respectfully invited:

St. Columbo, Tues.	Oct 16, at 7 p. m.
Kingsboro, Wed.	" 17, " "
Souris, Thur.	" 18, " "
Monticello, Friday	" 19, " "
St. Peters, Monday	" 22, " "
Morell, Tuesday	" 23, " "
Baldwin Road, Wed.	" 24, " "
Summersville, Thur.	" 25, " "
Cardigan Bridge, Fri	" 26, " "
Heatherdale, Mon.	" 29, " "
Lower Montague, Tues.	Oct 30, 7 p. m.
Georgetown, Wed.	" 31, " "
Dundas, Friday,	Nov 2, " "
Red House, Saturday,	" 3, " "

J. J. HUGHES, Liberal Candidate.

P. E. Island Commercial College

The attention of those who desire a thorough and practical preparation for an active business life is called to the advantages offered by this College. Book keeping, Commercial Law, Arithmetic, Penmanship, English, Correspondence, Business Methods, Shorthand, Typewriting, etc., are taught in the most direct and practical manner. Special attention is given to locating graduates in good business positions. New term opens on MONDAY, AUG. 20th inst., at 9 30 a. m. Send for prospectus. P. O. Box 242

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A CARD

R. MACNEILL, M. D. Having 30 years experience in the practice of his profession, may be consulted on all branches of general medicine including the specialties. Office and Residence—Prince Street 3rd door above Kindergarten Hall. Hours—9 to 11 a. m. 1 to 3 and 5 to 8 p. m.