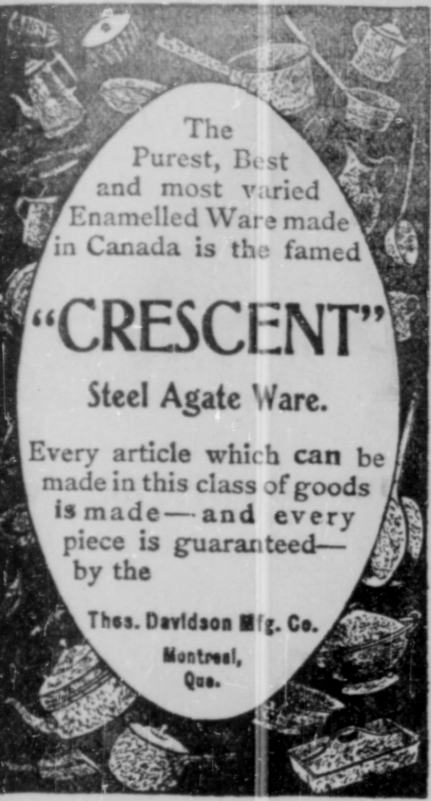


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and remove impurities from the stomach and bowels. Put up in glass vials. Thirty in a bottle, one dollar. Recommended by many physicians everywhere, as the best Liver Pill made. Sixty-four page book sent free by mail. Sold by all druggists, or sent post-paid for 25 cents in stamps. L. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.



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Insurance Office—  
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NOTE—I am prepared to place all classes of FIRE INSURANCE at rates which defy competition. You can save money by calling on me.

**E. H. BEER,**  
General Insurance Agent.  
Feb 12.

## CH'TOWN BOARD OF TRADE

### Quarterly Meeting.

The General Quarterly Meeting of this corporation will be held at their room, McEachern's Building Queen St. on Wednesday evening, 11th of April at 8 o'clock.

**W. W. CLARKE,**  
Secretary.  
Ch'town, April 6th, 1900.

## Wants, Lost Found, &c

**WANTED.**—At once a smart boy to attend in an office. Apply at EXAMINER office.

**TO LET.**—A three story dwelling house on Prince Street, Modern improvements can be put in if required. Apply to W. W. Wellner, dy 6 ins.

**EGGS FOR HATCHING.**—Silver-laced Wyandottes from pure bred stock. Male bird took second prize at Halifax. Apply to David W. Brown, Little York. 1aw 4 ins.

**LOST.**—Between Railway Depot and Market, a pigskin purse containing a large sum of money. Finder will be rewarded by returning it to Hotel Davies, Charlottetown. 2ins.

**FOR SALE.**—Desirable residence, pleasantly situated at the head of Prince Street. Heated by hot water, electric lighting, large out stables, etc. etc. Inquiring purchasers can inspect the premises every Thursday afternoon. Full particulars on application to Mrs. Unsworth. 3 wks Tues & Sat.

**TO LET.**—One half the double tenement house on Haviland Street, opposite City Hospital, containing 8 rooms and kitchen. Possession given immediately. Good stable in connection. Apply to John Connolly on the premises.

**WANTED.**—A young man to look after horses and cow and for general work. Apply at this office. dy 2ins.

**WANTED.**—A good steady boy, age about fifteen or sixteen who understands taking care of horses and cattle, also general work about a house. Country boy preferred. Apply at EXAMINER office. 32ins.

### A FAIRY GRAVE.

Let a little grave be made,  
Half in shadow, half in shade,  
In a quiet, kindly place,  
Friendly as her face.

Let the passing fairy bird  
From his airy height be heard;  
Ever, ever for that ground  
Only gentle sound.

Let the singing winds, which be  
Winged dream and melody,  
Singing softly, by her lie,  
Softly singing, die.

Let the bee have sucked the bloom  
Homeward journey by her tomb,  
And his tittle of sweet he paid  
To her sweeter shade.

Let the low clouds, red and gold,  
Mourn her on the mountains old;  
Beauty, eye her guardian be,  
You and melody.

Spirits of sound and souls of flowers,  
All you dearest griefless powers,  
You with whom she went away,  
Tend her night and day.  
—John Vance Cheney in Century.

### BECAUSE OF IDEALS

He Won Her In Poverty and Married Her In Riches.

"May I walk home with you?" he asked.

It was past 8 o'clock on a wet winter night, and they had just come out of church, where the vicar had been discoursing eloquently on the social equality of man.

The girl looked up at the sky, opened her umbrella, and said, "Yes."

"You think he was right?" The man nodded his head in the direction of the building they had just left.

"Not at all," said she, with a little toss of her head. "I think he was all wrong in general."

"But in particular?"

"You and I have nothing to do with particulars," she remarked, kicking away a stone which lay in her path.

"We are particular"—briefly.

"No, we are not," retorted the girl. "We are most decidedly generals. My father is General Carwithen, my grandfather was General Carwithen; your father is—a general dealer." This latter was said under her breath.

The man did not contradict her; he merely asked her if it made any difference to themselves.

"I think we are, and always shall be, as far apart as those two stars," she said sadly.

The rain had ceased, and two watery stars twinkled feebly in the gloomy sky.

"I am nearly home now," she said, after a little silence. "You had better pot come any farther. Good night."

The man apparently did not see the hand she held out. He said good night laconically, but he turned and watched her until she was out of sight.

Once home, she flung herself on the bed in an agony of despair. The man found his friend awaiting him on his doorstep.

"Hello! You look a bit down in the mouth, Needham. I knew this business wouldn't work satisfactorily," he said.

"It's working splendidly," answered the other.

"Then what is it?" asked his friend.

Randal Needham gave a little laugh and shrugged his shoulders. "The tale

is as old as the hills, Arthur," he said. "I am in love."

"Phew!" ejaculated his friend. "Oh, it's all right," said Needham. "She is a perfect lady." Arthur glanced round his friend's study. Violins and bows galore littered the room; music was the dominating passion of the man's life.

"She doesn't know?" he asked.

"Not she!" answered Needham. "She thinks my father is a general dealer in—only heaven knows what! But I'll make her own she loves me before she does know. No one here has ever guessed my story. I am a poor violin teacher, pure and simple."

"Not so simple, either." Grosvenor laughed.

The two men had brought out their pipes and sat puffing away at them to their heart's content.

"Look here, I met an old woman I know in the street today," went on Grosvenor. "I told her I was staying with you, and she asked me to dine there; she turned up her lofty nose with scorn at the bare idea of you joining her select party at table. No one is good enough for Mrs. Ranter; she has her precious 'girls' future to think of, and you are not an eligible."

"Ranter!" echoed Needham. "Why, that's the name of my best pupil's mother. 'Are you going?'"

"Is thy servant a dog?" returned Grosvenor.

"Mrs. Ranter is one of the most ardent humbugs on the face of this earth. Nothing short of a title is worth anything to her," said Needham.

"Oh, I know her," returned the other. "I think she would sell her soul for position."

"If she had one," added Needham, and they both laughed.

"How did that 'general dealer' idea get about?" asked Grosvenor. He had stopped smoking to refill his pipe.

"Oh, I don't know!" answered the other. "I expect Mrs. Ranter is at the bottom of it, and I haven't contradicted it because it served my purpose well."

"You were always a rum chap, you know," said his friend. "I can't think how it is people don't see through you."

Needham paused in the act of putting some coal on the fire. "I have always had my ideals," he said. "One of them was to be loved and married for myself alone. My father being out in Canada made it easy for me to sink my identity. And I've had an ideal existence too," he added. "It's rather fun to be snubbed when you know it is unnecessary."

Grosvenor looked thoughtfully into the fire. "I had ideals, too, once upon a time," he said. "I would have died for any of them any day. The difficult part was to live up to them."

"Don't outlive them, old fellow," said Needham. "It is a mistake. When the real shines in the reflected glory of the ideal, it is always the better for it."

"Do you really think so?" asked Grosvenor as he got up. "I am off to bed now. If I stay up any longer you will be persuading me to follow your example, and I don't think I should find it as amusing as you did."

The next morning Randal Needham was coming back from giving a lesson when he saw Cecil Carwithen in front of him. She was carrying her violin case and looked white and tired.

"You must let me have that," he said masterfully, pointing to the case. "And now tell me why you are looking so pale this morning."

A slight flush mounted to her brow. "I am tired," she said briefly.

"That isn't all," he replied.

At this moment Mrs. Ranter bore down upon them. She cut the girl, and bowed icily to Needham. It would not do for her to offend him, Kate was beginning to play the violin so well under his careful tuition.

"Cecil," said the man, possessing himself of her hand, "you know I love you, dear. Couldn't you make up your mind to marry me some day?"

"It's no use," she said sadly. "My parents would never consent."

"Oh, yes they would!"—in a triumphant tone.

"Our lives lie in different directions," objected the girl.

"But I make enough to keep you," urged Needham. "You need never do a stroke of work. And I am not common nor vulgar, whatever my father may be. Cecil, say you love me."

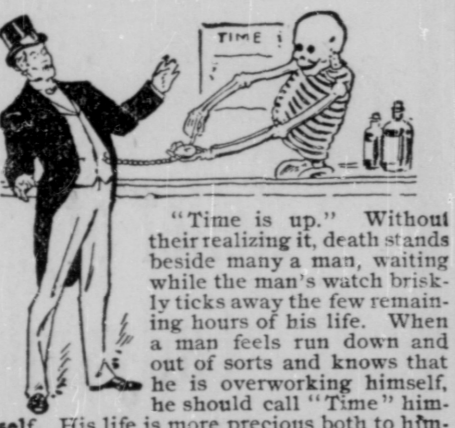
The girl looked at him, and he read the answer in her brown eyes. Then she seized her violin out of his hand and fled, leaving him staring stupidly after her, with a whole world of joy on his face.

For the next week neither of them saw each other. Randal Needham went away suddenly the day after, and staid away, to the surprise of his pupils (for it was term time), and the righteous indignation of Mrs. Ranter. "But what could one expect of a man like that?" she whispered confidentially to her bosom friend, a lady whose great niece had married the great nephew of a baronet.

Needham came back the day after this charitable remark had been made. He was in deep mourning, and his first visit was to General Carwithen. Cecil was in the garden, and thither he wended his way after the interview was over.

"I have come to claim you," he said.

"What has made father consent?" asked the girl. The tones of her voice were incredulous.



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Choice Garden Vegetable, and best Flower Seeds.  
45 varieties of Sweet Peas.

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Books, Seeds & Fancy Goods.

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**CONROY, SON & CO.**  
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Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills act directly on the kidneys, and through their combined influence on the kidneys and liver, cure the most complicated diseases of these delicate organs. One pill a dose. 25 cents a box at all dealers, or Edmansen, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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