

A SNAP

IN...
**AUSTRIAN
 CHINA
 TEA
 SETS**

We've received a stock of the above through mistake of shippers, and if we don't satisfy the buying public in this article we are not the low selling people that every one knows we are.

They're selling very low, We're bound to make 'em go, They're the nicest ones in town And the very latest style. Drop in and see them.

Everything else selling at the low price for which we are so noted.

W. P. COLWILL,

THE CROCKERYWARE MAN,

P. E. Island's Greatest Crockery Store, Sunnyside, Charlottetown.

Dentistry...

BY SPECIALISTS

PAINLESS DENTISTRY by use of electricity or by the Berlin Method.
 MODERN DENTISTRY, crown and bridge work. (Both without pain.)
 ARTIFICIAL TEETH.—We make all kinds. Teeth extracted without pain.

**BERLIN
 DENTAL
 PARLORS**

EPPS'S COCOA

GRATEFUL COMFORTING Distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of Flavour Superior Quality, and Highly Nutritive Properties. Specially grateful and comforting to the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold only in 4-lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & CO., Ltd. Homeopathic Chemists, London, England.

BREAKFAST SUPPER
EPPS'S COCOA

THE EXAMINER CALENDAR FOR NOVEMBER.

MOON'S CHANGES

Full Moon, 6th, 3h, 12m, p. m.
 Last Quarter, 13th, 6h, 49m, p. m.
 New Moon, 21st, 10h, 29m, p. m.
 First Quarter, 29th, 9h, 47m, a. m.

Day of Week	High Water		Sun	
	Morn	Aft'n	Rises.	Sets
1 Thursday	4 45	6 39	6 52	4 36
2 Friday	6 18	7 30	5 53	3 35
3 Saturday	7 54	8 30	5 4	3 32
4 Sunday	9 01	9 19	5 5	3 32
5 Monday	10 00	10 04	5 6	3 30
6 Tuesday	10 54	10 44	5 8	2 29
7 Wednesday	11 46	11 18	5 9	2 28
8 Thursday	12 36	11 49	7 1	2 27
9 Friday		1 25	3	2 25
10 Saturday	0 22	2 13	5	2 24
11 Sunday	1 02	3 02	7	2 23
12 Monday	1 50	3 53	8	2 22
13 Tuesday	2 46	4 46	9	2 21
14 Wednesday	3 49	5 41	10	2 20
15 Thursday	5 14	6 33	12	2 19
16 Friday	6 40	7 21	13	2 18
17 Saturday	7 49	8 03	14	2 17
18 Sunday	8 40	8 43	15	2 16
19 Monday	9 35	9 21	17	2 15
20 Tuesday	10 18	9 54	19	2 14
21 Wednesday	10 58	10 21	20	2 13
22 Thursday	11 37	10 46	21	2 13
23 Friday	12 15	11 12	23	2 12
24 Saturday	12 54	11 45	24	2 11
25 Sunday		1 35	25	2 11
26 Monday	0 25	2 18	26	2 10
27 Tuesday	1 16	3 06	28	2 10
28 Wednesday	2 14	3 59	29	2 10
29 Thursday	3 23	4 50	30	2 10
30 Friday	4 45	5 55	31	2 9

Standard time is used in tide tables.

McLEOD & BENTLEY
 ATTORNEYS,
 SOLICITORS, ETC.

D. C. McLeod, late of the firm of M. & C. McLeod.
 W. E. Bentley, late of the firm of Mathieson & Bentley.
 Offices, Bank of Nova Scotia Building, Charlottetown.

LOVE FINDS A WAY.

BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

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(CONTINUED.)

Now that she had done all in her power to obey her father's command she would feel at liberty to recall the man she loved. Ah, well! That was just as it should be, but she would never know what it had cost him to give her up a second time.

CHAPTER XIX.

"AND THE WHOLE WIDE OCEAN BETWEEN US!"

At a foreign resort where her shy, untraveled ways subjected her to unfriendly comment and all of her most cherished domestic traditions were violently set at naught Miss Malvina necessarily experienced the desolate sensations of a cat in a strange garret.

Olivia had a much better time of it. She was seen to be beautiful and said to be wealthy, a combination which makes for popularity anywhere and everywhere. Nice promptly put itself under her feet. Poor Miss Malvina was seen to be not beautiful and in her capacity as Miss Matthews' companion proclaimed herself not wealthy. She was under Nice's feet. Never was meeker or more acquiescent chaperon. She was devoted to her charge, and so long as Ollie would not be sensible and marry Tom Broxton she supposed one ought to rejoice over the multiplicity of newer adorers, from whom the fastidious little lady had a chance to select a second best.

To loyal Miss Malvina any man would be second best to Tom, but through all her single hearted devotion to Ollie's interests there ran an undercurrent of homesickness which it was hard to conceal. She longed for Mandeville—obscure, dull old Mandeville—with an exceedingly great yearning. The Mandeville Morning News, an aspiring sheet, at which she had often pointed the finger of scorn when she was at home, was her one solace on foreign soil. Its coming filled her day with light.

Coming in from an afternoon drive one day, flower laden and smiling, Olivia found her dampening this cherished sneet with copious tears. Flowers and all, she twined affectionate arms about her faithful friend's neck.

"You are homesick, and I am torturing the life out of you. Nice is not doing you one particle of good. We will start home tomorrow. I have been having such a lovely time I have grown selfish, but we will start right straight home."

"We will do nothing of the kind, my dear. Nice has cured my cough entirely—that is, almost. I was crying just a few tears, but it was for Tom, poor, dear Tom!"

Olivia flushed resentfully. "Tom Broxton?"

"Yes, I do feel so sorry for him."

Ollie walked over to a distant table and busied herself putting her flowers in water.

"Your tears must flow readily, Malvina. Every one says he is getting on splendidly; that he will be a rich man before he is 30. And then—I have made my will. He is to have everything I leave."

Miss Malvina was turning the damp paper about in search of something. She sniffed scornfully.

"You ridiculous child! You leave? I don't think Tom Broxton cares a copper for money for its own sake. He said to me once, quite confidentially, of course, that when he had hoped to marry you he had thought the wealth of Golconda too slight. But Tom has had so much trouble in his short life, and now comes this."

"And now comes what?"

Olivia wheeled suddenly, showing a very pale face and eyes full of fright. Miss Malvina held out the paper folded in a long strip.

Woman's Weakness

A woman's reproductive organs are in the most intense and continuous sympathy with her kidneys. The slightest disorder in the kidneys brings about a corresponding disease in the reproductive organs. Dodd's Kidney Pills, by restoring the kidneys to their perfect condition, prevent and cure those fearful disorders peculiar to women. Pale young girls, worn-out mothers, suffering wives and women entering upon the Change of Life, your best friend is

Dodd's Kidney Pills

"It is dreadfully hard to find a paragraph once you let it go."

"Is it about Tom?"

"Yes, or at least it is about"—

"Read it aloud, please."

And Miss Malvina read:

"That fine old piece of real estate known as Broxton Hall, on the outskirts of town, has again changed hands. It is said that Mrs. Westover's health demands a permanent residence in a warmer climate. Some mystery seems to attach to the recent transfer, and no amount of reportorial enterprise has enabled us to secure the name of its owner. Extensive repairs on the house and grounds are already under way."

"Well," said Olivia, biting off a rose stem with strong white teeth, "what that all has to do with your bedewing the morning paper with tears has yet to be explained."

"Why, Tom, you see, he told me—you know he and I had quite a little talk after you had sent him away in such a hurry that Sunday—that when he had expected you and Mr. Westover to live at the old place he had become reconciled to give it up, as he certainly never could have lived there by himself, but if time should prove that you and Clarence were not to adjust your little difference he should buy back the old place himself."

"And how do you know he is not the new owner?"

"Oh, I don't think there would be so much mystery about it if he were Tom isn't the man to want to do anything sensational."

"Was he so very fond of the place?"

"Ollie, you know as well as I do that he loves that old house better than he does anything on earth. Not"—quickly seeking to repair any probable hurt—"that he blamed your dear papa for letting it go. I do wish I knew who this mysterious purchaser is."

"I can relieve you to that extent," said Ollie, swooping down upon the paper and hiding behind it. "I have bought Broxton Hall."

"You, Olivia?"

"At least my business man has for me. I told him before we left America to buy it at any price I could afford to pay if Mr. Westover would sell."

"Wasn't that a little reckless, dear? It is a beautiful old place undoubtedly, and I do believe Thomas would rather think of it as belonging to you than anybody in the world."

"Ollie's temples showed pink above the Mandeville Morning News. "Of course I did not buy it to live in. That would be absurd. I bought it for Tom. I want Tom to live in it with his wife when he gets one. But now that it is mine I don't know how to give it to him unless I die and leave it to him in my will."

Miss Malvina looked at her gravely. "I am quite sure he would not like to get it that way, my dear."

"And I am sure I should not like him to get it that way, at least not immediately."

She laughed hysterically. Miss Malvina's literalness often gave her cause for mirth. She flung herself into a chair to read that paragraph about Broxton Hall for herself. There was a certain zest in the idea that all Mandeville was trying to guess her secret and a deeper sort of satisfaction in the reflection that no one could ever again come between Tom and the old place after she should have given it back to him.

"Dear old Tom! Some time, somehow, he should come into his own again."

Miss Malvina glanced at her cents at ed paper enviously. She had but just begun upon the "Local Brevities" when Olivia had entered.

"Would you mind turning to 'Deaths' and 'Marriages,' dear, and reading them out? I had just got to them."

Olivia ran glibly through the mortuary and hymeneal reports.

"And now the casualties of the day."

"Where do you find them? Oh, yes, here! Why"—with a sharp cry she looked over the paper at Miss Malvina—"had you seen it and left me to stumble on it for myself?"

"Had I seen what, child?"

"About Tom? He is hurt, badly hurt. Oh, Miss Malvina, listen! News reached this office late last evening by telegraph that Mr. Thomas Broxton, our highly esteemed ex-townsmen, has been seriously injured in an accident to the Electric Light works in Kansas City, of which he has recently been made general superintendent. The account of his accident as we have received it makes quite a hero of Mr. Broxton and shows him to be the gallant son of a noble gentleman. It was by endeavoring to save the life of an old, crippled employee of the works, who was engaged on the top floor, that he came near losing his own valuable life."

Olivia flung the paper down with a moan. "And the whole wide ocean between me and Mr. Tom! My love!"

Miss Malvina was sobbing helplessly. Olivia sprang to her feet passionately.

"DON'T LET US waste time crying, Miss Malvina. Help me to pack up. Help me to get ready. We will start home tomorrow. We will go to him. Oh, Tom, Tom! Why did I let you drive me away from you?"

"Olivia! Tom Broxton drive you away from him?"

"Yes, he did, he did! I asked him to—have me—and he refused! Yes, he did!"

She was wringing her hands in an agony of tearless distress.

"Olivia!"

"Oh, please don't keep repeating my name for all the world like a parrot, Miss Malvina!"

"Why, the boy is perfectly wrapped up in you!"

"He isn't, he isn't! He despises me, and I—I love him! I have loved him all my life, and—and I did not know it. He was so meek and lowly that I tyrannized over him. Oh, to think of the miles of salt water between us and him! Who knows? Suppose— He turned white to the very lips."

Miss Malvina, frightened at the storm raised by The Morning News, mendaciously cast discredit on it and its methods.

"But, my dear Olivia, you are working yourself up into a perfect fever so unnecessarily. Don't you know the newspapers never tell the truth? They can't afford to. They have to spread every sensation out so thin, to make it cover so much space, that you would see right through it if they didn't color it up high and smear it all over with manufactured features. Now, I don't doubt for a moment that Tom Broxton's legs have done double duty in that paragraph as well as on that fire escape."

"He is none the less a hero, a great, brave fellow," said Ollie, brightening into combativeness under this comforting view of the case.

"Of course he is, and no one knows it better than I do. Suppose we send a cablegram to ask about him?"

"I am going straight to him," said Ollie, with lofty superiority to all lets and hindrances.

"But if no vessel should be sailing immediately, my dear?"

"Oh, Miss Malvina, please get to packing our trunks! You are such a creature for pointing out obstacles."

Whether Miss Malvina's meek spirit would have held good under this fresh outburst of injustice will never be known. Some one knocked at the door of their apartment. Ollie, feverishly anxious to be doing something, answered it herself.

"You? Why?"

She moved back from the door, and Clarence Westover entered, holding a newspaper in his hand.

"I am awfully glad to find you in. I am just back from Berlin; found a lot of mail matter waiting for me, this among it."

"I know—we know," said Olivia, nodding her head slowly.

"It's about Broxton, I mean," Clarence said.

"Yes; we have seen it."

Westover's handsome face was wrinkled with perplexity. He found himself in rather an awkward predicament. He had come to plead Tom Broxton's cause with the woman they had both loved.

"It is an awful pity," he said, glancing at the paper he still held. "There are not many men like Broxton in the world."

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A Sample

The following is a fair sample of letters being received by that most progressive Canadian Life Assurance Company.

Geo. Gooderham,
 49 Wellington Street, East.

TORONTO, Dec. 28th, 1899.

To the North American Life Assurance Company, Toronto.

Gentlemen,—I am in receipt of your cheque for \$27,381.40, in settlement of my 15 year Endowment Policy, No. 2651, issued by you on Dec. 20th, 1884, for \$20,000.

The result is highly satisfactory to me, and furnishes the strongest proof of the careful and excellent management of the North American Life.

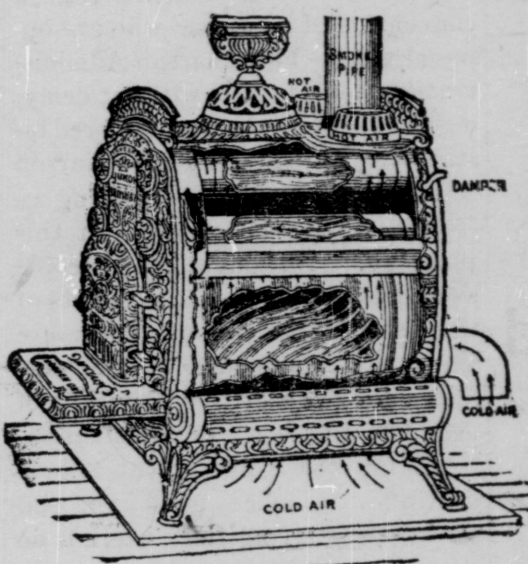
Personally, I have been a strong advocate of Endowment Insurance, having carried over \$500,000 on my life.

Yours truly,
 GEO. GOODERHAM.

Mr. Geo. Gooderham is one of Toronto's oldest and wealthiest citizens. He is President of the Bank of Toronto, Western Canada Co., and connected with many other leading financial institutions.

J. K. ROSS.

Yukon TRIPLE HEATER for Wood



Practically a Small Furnace and heats as much space as one. Direct or Indirect Draft.

Fire travels three times the length of stove before entering smoke pipe. Cold air is drawn from floor or outside, then heated and carried to upper or adjoining rooms by means of two hot air pipes.

Fire box is as heavy as in a furnace thus preventing its burning out.

The most powerful heater made in Canada and the greatest fuel saver. Especially adapted for school house heating.

A perfect Ventilator. Will retain fire over night.

Pamphlet free from our local agent or our nearest house.

THE McCLARY MFG. CO.

LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER,

S. W. CRABBE, Local Agent, Charlottetown.

"Happy Thought"



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

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

DEAL FAIRLY by your honest hold 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 swar 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 worry 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 mate.

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.

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.