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VICTORIA ROW GROCERS

LOVE FINDS A WAY.

BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

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(CONTINUED.)

Olivia dropped on her knees by his
bedside. She clasped both her hands
about one of his, as if imploring him
to vindicate his own good name before
he left her.

"But you did the best you could, fa-
ther. Of course you did. Oh, I know
you did! I know you did by Thomas
as his father would have done by me
if I had been left a helpless little or-
phan like Tom."

A groan was his only answer.
"There, dear. Dr. Govan will scold
me sharply for agitating you in this
cruel way. Don't let us talk about it
at all, papa. We believe in each other.
There, now. Go to sleep in your
naughty Ollie's arms."

She laid her soft cheek against his
and crooned a soft lullaby. He stroked
her shining hair caressingly.

"Olivia, my darling, you heard that
old woman's terrible charges. She
hurled them at me over this precious
head."

She lifted her head and looked at
him gravely.

"She knows better now, father."

"Knows better now?"

He repeated the words after her with
labored slowness. He looked bewil-
dered. Olivia smoothed the gray hair
back from his furrowed forehead with
a slow, mesmeric motion.

"Poor old 'Mother' Spillman is dead,
father. She is at rest. I think Miss
Malvina is scarcely sorry. She says
life has been such a burden to her
mother for a great many years that
death meant release. She says her
mother was very 'queer.'"

"And she is gone, actually gone? Do
you know it to be a fact, child?" He
labored to lift himself into a sitting
posture.

"I know it to be a fact, father. I
saw her myself, dead. She looked so
quiet, so serene. She is at rest."

"You saw her. Then you have been
to the Spillman cottage. What did you
go there for?" His voice rang out in
challenge.

She shrank away from him until the
pile of pillows with which Reuben had
propped him into a sitting posture hid
her pallid face from him. Was he go-
ing to force her to say why she had
gone to the Spillman cottage? If he
did, must she lie? Instead he spoke
to her in the gentlest of voices. Rat-
her did he seem to plead for mercy than
upbraid her.

"Don't cower behind my pillows, my
poor child. Come where I can look
into your dear eyes. You have noth-
ing to be ashamed of, Olivia. I know
what took you there. You went in
search of a vindication for your most
unhappy father." Her head drooped
until it touched his pillows. "You
thought to learn something more about
the papers which she claimed to be
holding for Thomas."

"Yes, father."

A gleam of gratification shot into
the shrewd eyes of the dying man. It
was almost as if his departing soul
paused to score on more pitiful little
triumph.

"Poor old magpie! She overreached
herself. Now they never will be
found."

"Were they very valuable to—Thomas—
father? That is, if you don't mind
telling me, dear."

"They were—they are," he amended
slowly, "of no value to any one. Thomas
would not be one dollar the wealth-
ier for the finding of them."

A silence fell between father and
daughter. The sick man seemed to fall
into a sudden doze. Olivia brought a
light chair and seated herself as close
as possible to his side.

The clock struck half past 11. Reu-

ben was to come on watch at mid-
night. She twined her small, cool fin-
gers about the sinewy wrist that lay
nearest to her and found its pulse.
The moments passed on. She waited.
For what?

The ticking of the clock on the man-
telshelf and the beating of her own
heart seemed equally loud. A low
muttering from the sick man's sunken
lips made her bend her ear quickly.
Every syllable that fell from his lips
now was a thing to be hoarded. In a
state of semiconsciousness Horace
Matthews was doing battle with his
conscience for the last time.

"It was for her sake, for my tender
little child's sake. Good Lord, forgive
me! She could not battle with the
world in poverty, only a helpless, weak
girl. He is strong; he is young; he is
ambitious. It will all work out right
for him. He will carve out a name and
a fortune for himself. But—but I am
going to meet them. I am going to see
Lucetta, Rufus, all of them. What shall
I say? What can I tell them? Unfaith-
ful friend, false steward, sinful man—I
hear them crying it in chorus. Thomas,
forgive me! Lucetta, don't turn your
dear face away from me! Rufus, friend
of my boyhood."

He opened his eyes with a start. His
first fully conscious gaze fell upon
Olivia's face. Its drawn, frightened
look startled him. He grasped her wrist
with a force that pained her.

"I have been dreaming. Did I talk in my
sleep? Did I say anything silly, as
sleep talkers always do?"

"You talked a little, father, just a lit-
tle. There, dear. Don't stare at me so.
You look as if you were angry with
me. It is only I, father, your loving lit-
tle daughter. There is no one else here,
no one at all."

"I know, I know—only you, poor lit-
tle lonely girl; only you, my precious
one."

She answered him with a pathetic
little boast.

"Oh, I could have half the town if I
wanted to! Everybody has been beg-
ging to help nurse you. Everybody
holds you in such high esteem, dearest.
But we don't want them."

"But we don't want them," he echoed
dully. "No, we don't want them. It
won't last very much longer, my child.
I am just waiting to see Thomas, and
then I will go."

"Father, father, have you no thought
for me?" The wall escaped her un-
guarded lips with piercing shrillness.

"No thought for you? God forgive
me, Olivia, there has been room in my
brain for no one but you. For you, and
you alone, I have lived, I have labored
and"—his voice dropped to a tired
whisper—"yes, sinned."

"Sinned? Father, take that one word
back. I know you do not mean it.
Take it back in pity for me. Don't
leave it to me as a horrible puzzle.
It will torture me all the rest of my
days. Death is not the very worst
that can befall us, father. Leave me
the reverence for you that has gilded
all my young life, father. I know
you have loved me too well. Perhaps
in your tenderness for me you waxed
careless of others' interests. That was
all, papa. I am sure that was all."

She was on her knees by the bed.
Her slight frame was quivering under
the storm of emotions no longer un-
der her control. The dying man laid
his hand on her bowed head. When
he spoke, his voice was calm and sol-
emn, but very weak.

"True, child, death is not the worst
that can befall. I have confessed
everything to my Maker. I had meant
to confess to Thomas, but my strength
ebbs fast. I doubt if I shall be here
when he comes. The temptation to
secure your future against the possi-
bility of want was too mighty for me,
Olivia. My idolatrous love for you
turned my boasted strength into weak-
ness. Opportunity was my undoing."

"I will make restitution, father. He
shall have everything."

"And blacken my name in the grave?
Restitution lies in one direction only.
At least my failing senses can point
out no other course. You alone can
right the great wrong I have done Ru-
fus' son."

"I, father?"

"Don't speak. Listen to me. Would
you help me undo what I have done
for your sake?"

She shivered as if an ague had seized
her, but her gaze never left his
face.

"You know I would, father! Oh, you
know there is nothing I would not
do for your dear sake!"

"A few weeks ago I could not have
humbled myself before my own inno-
cent child as I am doing now, my dear,
but when the shores of eternity seem
actually in sight the mortal vision
broadens, and we can slough all that

is mortal of us with contemptuous pity
for its infirmities, its temptations and
its mistakes. I have been an unfaith-
ful guardian to Thomas Broxton. You
can make the losses I have brought
upon him as nothing, weighed in the
balances against his happiness."

A perplexed look came into the wide
eyes fixed upon his face. "I, father?"

"You, and you alone, can turn a curse
into a benediction."

Again that pathetic "I, father? Oh,
tell me how!"

"Marry Thomas Broxton. He loves
you. You know that he does."

"But I do not love him, father?"

"Marry—Thomas—Broxton."

"Father, have you forgotten Clarence,
forgotten that I betrothed myself to
him with your full consent? I belong
to Clarence Westover, father, and I
love him."

A grayish pallor was creeping over
the sick man's pinched features. She
did not know that it was death. She
had never before stood in the presence
of the grim conqueror. Her father's
voice was lifted to a clear high note in
a supreme effort to impose his will
upon her:

"Marry Thomas Broxton! I command
it!"

A cold current of air swept across
the bed. Olivia rose quickly to close the
door by which it had entered. Another
hand drew it softly shut from the other
side. She turned toward the bed to
enter her final protest against this
monstrous invasion of her rights.

"But, father, would you want me to
live my life out a stupendous false-
hood?"

The unseeing eyes stared straight be-
yond her; the tired lips fluttered and
drooped; a heavy sigh, stillness—Hor-
ace Matthews was done with beseech-
ing, done with commanding.

In a piercing cry she called his name
aloud and again. It brought to the
chamber of death Reuben, Dr. Govan,
who had just arrived; Clarence West-
over, who had been waiting and watch-
ing in the distant drawing room, and
Thomas Broxton.

It was toward the latter that Reuben
turned his eyes anxiously.

"Oh, Mr. Thomas, if you'd only got
here a hour earlier! It's your fate to
be always too late."

"It is my fate, Reuben, as you say,
so we won't quarrel with it," Broxton
answered quietly and turned to ques-
tion Dr. Govan.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE RETURN OF THE KING.

Mandeville was not so well supplied
with roads as historic Rome, to which
all roads lead. Only one led to and
from Mandeville. One might indulge
his individual preferences in the mat-
ter of a route after leaving that se-
cluded spot some 50 miles in the rear;
but, whatever his final destination,
the wayfarer must make his start
from a modest little depot labeled
"Loop and Twine R. R." on the out-
skirts of the town. Clarence Westover
recalled this necessity with some sat-
isfaction as he jumped into his smart
little cart and urged his horse toward
the depot at its best speed.

(To be Continued.)

**Torpid Liver
Headache**

And Biliousness Made Life Miserable for
Three Years—Health Restored by Dr
Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Having a direct action on the liver,
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variably successful in curing liver com-
plaint, torpid liver, and the headaches
and stomach troubles resulting there-
from.

Mr. Faulkner, 8 Gildersleeve place,
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out success for biliousness, liver com-
plaint, and sick headache for over three
years, I am glad to testify to my ap-
preciation of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver
Pills. At first they seemed a little
strong, but being both searching and
thorough in their action, amply repay
any inconvenience by after results. I
am feeling better in every way, and
my headaches have entirely disappear-
ed. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are
certainly the best I have ever used,
and I freely recommend them."

The liver is responsible for very
many ills of the human body. It is al-
ways made healthy, active, and vigor-
ous by using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver
Pills. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box,
at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates and
Co., Toronto.

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dealer in all kinds of produce, my large
warehouse on premises on Commercial Street
being particularly adapted for handling
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Consignments solicited.
Prompt returns.

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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 worry
ing for you for all time—take advantage of it.
They have worried over and have perfected every detail of Range construc-
tion, which though not always apparent on the surface, is most important in
result.
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.

- The undersigned offers for sale at a bargain the following:
- One 40-Horse Power Engine and Boiler.
 - 14 Driving Pulleys with Shaft and Belting.
 - One Rip Saw and bench with carriage.
 - One 30 in. Saw.
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 - All in first-class order.

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