

A PERFECT CURE.

The Doctor's Opinion Regarding
Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

They Cure Dyspepsia, and all Other
Stomach Diseases, by Curing
Stomach and Bowels—They are
the Only Cure on Earth.

They were talking about Dyspepsia. The doctor said it causes more misery than whisky does. But, he said, he could cure it. He knew of one remedy—for Dyspepsia, and one other stomach trouble—that every other stomach trouble that always cures. That one is Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. But he knew of no other.

The lawyer agreed with the doctor, as to the misery caused by Dyspepsia. But he claimed that Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Foul breath, Wind on the Stomach, Biliousness, Waterbrash, and Catarrh of the Stomach are responsible for equally as much torture.

"You are correct," said the doctor. "But I will wager \$1,000 I can cure the worst case of any one of these diseases with Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. They are the natural digestive. They digest the food when the worn-out, exhausted stomach fails to do so. Digest the food, and there will be no stomach disease."

"Every case of Dyspepsia Indigestion and other stomach trouble is accompanied by constipation, more or less severe. To make their cure complete. The Dodds Medicine Co. put in every box of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, a package of small brown Tablets, that are simply perfect as a regulator of the bowels."

"Thus Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets digest the food perfectly, the small tablets stimulate the bowels to healthy action and the waste matter is carried off, instead of remaining in the stomach to poison the system. The cure is perfect."

"Where can I buy Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets?" queried the lawyer. All druggists sell them at fifty cents a box, six boxes \$2.50, or they will be sent on receipt of price, by The Dodds Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto.

EPPE'S COCOA

GRATEFUL COMFORTING
Distinguished everywhere for
Delicacy of Flavour Superior
Quality, and Highly Nutritive
Properties. Specially grate-
ful and comforting to the
nervous and dyspeptic. Sold
only in 1-lb tins, labelled
JAMES EPPE & CO., Ltd.
Homeopathic Chemists,
London, England.

BREAKFAST SUPPER
EPPE'S COCOA

THE EXAMINER CALENDAR
FOR NOVEMBER.

MOON'S CHANGES

Full Moon, 6th, 3h, 12m, p. m.
Last Quarter, 13th, 6h, 43m, 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.	Rises.	Sets.
1 Thursday	4 45	6 39	52	4	36	
2 Friday	6 18	7 30	53	35		
3 Saturday	7 54	8 30	54	33		
4 Sunday	9 01	9 19	55	32		
5 Monday	10 00	10 04	56	30		
6 Tuesday	10 54	10 44	58	29		
7 Wednesday	11 46	11 18	59	28		
8 Thursday	12 36	11 49	7	1		
9 Friday		1 25	3	2		
10 Saturday	0 22	2 13	5	24		
11 Sunday	1 02	3 02	7	23		
12 Monday	1 50	3 53	8	22		
13 Tuesday	2 46	4 46	9	21		
14 Wednesday	3 49	5 41	10	2		
15 Thursday	5 14	6 33	12	19		
16 Friday	6 40	7 21	13	18		
17 Saturday	7 49	8 03	14	17		
18 Sunday	8 46	8 43	16	16		
19 Monday	9 35	9 24	17	15		
20 Tuesday	10 18	9 51	19	14		
21 Wednesday	10 58	10 21	20	13		
22 Thursday	11 37	10 46	21	13		
23 Friday	12 15	11 12	23	12		
24 Saturday	12 54	11 45	24	11		
25 Sunday		1 35	25	11		
26 Monday	0 25	2 18	26	10		
27 Tuesday	1 16	3 06	28	10		
28 Wednesday	2 14	3 59	29	10		
29 Thursday	3 23	4 56	30	10		
30 Friday	4 45	5 55	31	4	9	

Standard time is used in this table.
McLEOD & BENTLEY
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS,
SOLICITORS, ETC.
D. C. McLeod, late of the firm of
M. & D. C. McLeod.
W. E. Bentley, late of the firm of
Mathieson & Bentley.
Offices, Bank of Nova Scotia
Building, Charlottetown.
sept 19d & w 3m

LOVE FINDS A WAY.

BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

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(CONTINUED.)

At which Miss Malvina flamed up. "You never were just to Thomas Broxton, and I suppose you never will be. You are always judging him by commonplace standards, and they don't fit him at all. He is a man incapable of harboring a mean thought or committing a mean action. If you had ever been worthy of him, Olivia, you never would have played at being in love with a man not worthy of breathing the same air with him."

With which burst of eloquence Miss Malvina gathered up her chair covers and went about her business. She observed with secret satisfaction, however, that as the time approached for Thomas' arrival Ollie's spirits rose most unaccountably. Her black dresses made her look pallid always now, but on that Sunday morning the skin of pink flushes dyed her delicate skin, and—oh, the gulle of woman!—Tom's favorite shade of chrysanthemums, a rich mahogany color, was piled high in a great glass bowl upon the hall table.

Tom timed his arrival carefully, just in time for dinner, but when dinner was over Miss Malvina herself suddenly developed an amount of guile no one would ever have credited her with.

"I've got so much to do, Tom, that I can't afford to remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. I am going to count all the silver this afternoon and interview Reuben about a caretaker he wants to leave in the house. I will have to leave you on Ollie's hands for a little while, but don't you dare to run



He took a chair near the sofa on which she was sitting.

away until I have had my private interview. There are some things I want you to do for me about the Lodge."

She nodded her little corkscrew curls and trotted away, leaving Olivia almost gasping for breath. It was left to Tom to relieve the strained situation. He had been inspecting a newly executed portrait of his guardian while Miss Malvina had rattled off her apologies. Olivia had asked his opinion of the painting, and he had given it. He came over now and took a chair near the sofa on which she was sitting. It was as if he had put up a bar between them. Simple as the act was, it made it very hard for her to hold fast by a resolve she had come to. She wished he had seated himself on the sofa by her side. He would have done so once. She lifted shy eyes to his as he said easily:

"And so my little sister is going out to see the great world? Tell me something of your route."

Blood Disorders

are simply kidney disorders. The kidneys filter the blood of all that shouldn't be there. The blood passes through the kidneys every three minutes. If the kidneys do their work no impurity or cause of disorder can remain in the circulation longer than that time. Therefore if your blood is out of order your kidneys have failed in their work. They are in need of stimulation, strengthening or doctoring. One medicine will do all three, the finest and most imitated blood medicine there is.

Dodd's Kidney Pills

She was so intent upon her own line of thought that she did not answer. How calm and self possessed he looked! What a strong, forceful face his had become! Scarcely a vestige was left of the shy, bashful boy she used to patronize and torment, sure of his always loving her. Tom had grown away from her.

"Or perhaps," said Tom, filling in what threatened to become an awkward pause, "you have not marked out any arbitrary route. So much the better. Are you going direct to Nice?"

"Yes, I suppose so. I don't know. It will be the innocents abroad when Miss Malvina and I slip our moorings."

She laughed hysterically. How could she ever say "it"? How could she go away without saying "it"? She felt like a leaf in a winter storm. How cool and steady his voice was!

"You will meet with agreeable surprises in that respect. Everything is so simplified and systematized nowadays that women can travel over the world with impunity. I am sure you will enjoy it."

"And I am sure I shall not. I never expect to enjoy anything again, Tom, as long as I live, never—anything at all."

Her eyes were wet with unshed tears; her cheeks were hot with unbidden blushes; her clasped hands trembled visibly; her excitement was getting beyond her control. Broxton looked at her in grave surprise. Then a smile of pity came into his fine face.

"You are young yet, Ollie, so young, and to the young sorrow has such a dreadful finality in seeming. But it is only in seeming, little friend. We can outlive and live down about all the troubles a malicious fate can conceive of for our torment if we will only believe in ourselves, be true to the best in us."

She looked at him with the ghost of a smile on her lips. "That sounds dreadfully experienced, Tom."

"And am I not experienced? Not," he added, with quick thought for her, "that I am quarrelling with destiny. My philosophy is that all that is is right."

"That is fatalism, and I do not think fatalism is healthy, especially for so young a man. You see, I have not forgotten how to find fault with you, Tom."

"No. Come, now, this grows promising. I lived in Germany just long enough to acquire a taste for metaphysics and to miscall myself a philosopher. We don't indulge along that line at the works. Let me hear you define fatalism."

His cool acceptance of the existing status of things exasperated her most unreasonably.

"You are turning my meaning into a jest, Thomas. I suppose I am not worth a serious thought nowadays, so you are obliged to think of me as a good joke. No; I don't mean that at all, for that implies that you do sometimes think about me."

"I am glad you do not mean it. We have been good friends too long to quarrel with each other just as you are about to put the ocean between us, and we would have no chance to make up inside of a whole year."

Nothing could be more matter of fact, nothing less loverlike than his entire bearing from the moment of his arrival. If only she could think he was acting a part, if only she could think he felt as he had once felt toward her, wanted what he once wanted—her—it would make it easier for her. Before he had come she, standing before her father's portrait, had registered a silent promise.

"I will try to do your bidding to the utmost, father. Heretofore I have only refrained from doing that which would have come between me and it. I am going to marry Thomas Broxton. Then your sad, pleading voice will die out of my memory perhaps."

But Tom was making it so dreadfully difficult. She took the plunge presently. Her voice trembled at the start.

"Thomas, I am going to ask you a question before we part. Will you answer it very honestly?"

"That depends." He smiled down calmly into her troubled face.

Her eyes fell before the cool steadiness of his. She clasped her hands tightly upon her lap.

"I want to ask you how long you were standing in the doorway of father's room that night—before you closed the door so softly that I thought it was the night wind?"

A troubled look came into his eyes. He had not expected this direct catechising. He answered inconsequently:

"Reuben is a bungling old idiot. He told me his orders were to send me direct to my guardian. When I got there, I found you were with him, and it was no time for me to intrude."

"Nora saw you close the door. She told me long afterward. I want to know, Thomas, how long you had been there."

He moved restlessly in his chair. For her sake he wished he might evade the truth. "Not very long—in fact, only a second or two."

"Were you there long enough to hear my father's last words?"

He remained stubbornly silent. She raised her eyes in desperation. He was looking at her pityingly. It was intolerable. She lifted her head defiantly.

"You will please answer me, Thomas. It is necessary that you should. Did you hear my father's last words?"

"I heard him lay a command upon you," came with slow reluctance in answer.

"And I—am—ready—to obey the command."

The words escaped her in a husky whisper. Her head drooped as if weighted earthward by the dreadful humiliation of the moment. Would he never say anything to ease the smart of those words?

The darkening air was heavy with the fragrance of the flowers she had plucked for him. A boy's shrill whistle came through the window to her ears discordantly. She could hear old Reuben call the dogs to their dinner. Every sense was on the alert. It was as if her nerves had been laid bare by a surgeon's knife. She had tried to fulfill the command of the dying. She had offered herself to Thomas Broxton. She was vindicating her tardiness and questioning the cruelty that kept him silent in the same breath. Tom's voice, entirely unshaken by its burden of feeling, brought her back to the moment she had to deal with.

"Poor little girl! My poor little Ollie! And you thought so meanly of me as all that?"

"Meanly of you, Tom?" she managed to ask.

He went on rapidly, as if mistrusting his own strength of purpose. "I was very unhappy when I heard you had broken with Westover. I was afraid you had done it through a mistaken sense of duty to your father. But I could not help you nor my friend. The dying often hamper the living in some such cruel fashion, but I do not hold that one is called upon to sacrifice happiness to any such deathbed mandates. Westover is a splendid fellow, and I know that he loves you dearly. If it were not for the pain that I know you have endured in the effort to obey your father's command, I would be glad of this opportunity to free you from your fancied obligation. Now, with a clear conscience, Ollie, dear, you can recall Westover."

"I shall never marry Clarence Westover, Tom, never!"

He seemed not to hear her. "Once, when I thought I could support you as my wife should and must be supported, I asked you to be my wife. All through my early boyhood I entertained a sweet vision of a future blessed by your love. I loved you and asked you to marry me. You did not love me, and you refused to marry me in terms which I in my boyish sensitiveness called merciless. I could not now accept, either from a belated mercifulness or an overweighing sense of filial duty, a reversal of the decision which years ago I accepted as final."

"In that letter"—a bitter curve marred the corners of his mouth for a second—"you said your 'No' was final. It must stand at that. If I have been brutally plain, it is because there must not be the possibility of any misunderstanding between us in the future. The negative of years ago cannot by any sophistry be turned into an affirmative of today."

He stood up and held out his hand. She made no response. Her hot cheeks were buried in the cushions of the sofa. Only the coil of her golden hair was turned toward him. He left her so. He thought of her tenderly as the flying landscape shot past the window of the car that was bearing him away from her.

(To be Continued.)

A Victim of Piles

For 20 Years—A Constant Sufferer From Bleeding and Protruding Piles—Cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

In vain did Mrs. Jas. Brown, of Hintonburgh, near Ottawa, search for a cure for piles. In Europe and America she tried every remedy available, but it remained for Dr. Chase's Ointment to effect a cure.

Mrs. Brown writes:—"I have been a constant sufferer from nearly every form of piles for the last twenty years and during that time both here and in the Old Country have tried most every remedy."

"I am only doing justice to Dr. Chase's Ointment when I say that I believe it to be the best remedy obtainable for bleeding and protruding piles. I strongly recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment to mothers, or indeed to any person suffering from that dread torment—piles."

Physicians and druggists recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment as the one preparation that will never fail to cure piles. It is guaranteed to positively cure piles, whether itching, bleeding, or protruding. 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edman, Bates and Co., Toronto.

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 Loan Co., and connected with many other leading financial institutions.

J. K. ROSS.

BOER-BRITISH WAR PICTURES
Theed o' the war is now in sight
Everybody will now want pictures illustrating the various battles fought in South Africa. We have at great expense published nine large and beautiful lectures, on heavy, superdine, calendared paper.
"Battle of Belmont," "Charging the Boer Guns at Elandsvaagte," "Attack of Royal Canadians at Paardeberg," "Charge of Gen. French's Cavalry on the Retreating Gen. Cronje's Army." These pictures are 10x12 in. Sample and terms, 25 cts. each; all four for 80 cts.; \$1.75 per dozen 5 for \$3.25; 50 for \$5.00; \$ per 100.
"Battle of Tugela River," "Battle of Spion Kop," "Gordon Highlanders at Battle of Belmont," "Battle of Magersfontein," "Surrender of Gen. Cronje at Paardeberg." These pictures are 2x2 1/2 in. Sample and terms 40 cts. each; all five for \$1.60; \$3 per doz; 35 for \$6.00; 50 for \$12.00; \$24 per 100. Very handsome; printed in 6 to 14 colors.
AGENTS
col's money. Big profit. Enormous success. The pictures are RED HOT SELLERS. Veritable mortgage raisers. One agent sold 68 in one day. We will send a Complete Outfit consisting of all the Nine Different Pictures for Only \$2.00. This sum you may deduct when you have ordered \$20 worth. Absolutely no pictures sent free. Don't waste time and postage in writing for lower prices. We pay all charge. We take back all unsold pictures and refund your money. Cut this out and send today and begin to make money. Address HOME NOVELTY MFG. CO. (Dept. 26) P. O. Box, 518, Chicago. Saturday.

"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 aged 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. Her 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 a 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.