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The "Albert"

**Baby's Own Soap**

Is specially recommended by many family physicians, for nursery use. Beware of imitations, some of which are dangerous and may cause skin troubles.

ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs. MONTREAL.

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Keep them away from the folks at home.

Order screen doors and windows now.

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The famous Laundry Soap unequalled in cleansing properties, harmless to the finest fabric. For sale by all leading Groceries.

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May 19, d4i.

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Goods we have a large assortment of Buckles, Brooches, Pins, Tea and Coffee Spoons.

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Sunnyside, Queen Square.

**FOR SALE OR TO LET**

That nicely situated residence, with out buildings, on the Malpeque Road, one mile from Post office, with 9 or 32 acres of land, as desired.

Apply to  
**J. T. PEARDON.**

**RIGHTED AT LAST**

BY MARY CECIL HAY

Author of "The Arundel Motto," "Nora's Love Test," "Back to the Old Home," Etc.

"It is a mist," she said, raising one hand for a moment, as if she would cut through the space before her, while Royden whispered to her of Him who is always waiting to pardon and save; who not only standeth at the door in His great patience, but knocketh untiringly.

"I know He is there—I have known it for years, but I—I want to feel His hand, to see His face, and—something is between us."

Again the words ended suddenly and shortly, in the raised, feverish tones, and the mute, eager question of the dying eyes spoke vaguely and miserably in the silence, a silence broken presently by Royden's voice, as, on his knees beside the bed, he pleaded with the Father for this troubled child. The woman's hard, quick breath was softened as she lay and listened.

"Oh! my dear Lord," she sobbed, when Royden's voice was hushed, "accept that prayer for me."

When he rose, he took a Bible, which he saw lying open on a chair, and softly read to her the Saviour's precious words of pardon and of promise. And while he did so, the eyes, which he could not see, lost somewhat of their troubled fixity of gaze, and there struggled into them a gleam of hope.

"She read to me," the woman faltered, with a faint gesture toward the closed door, "but she read of other things. There was—always the great white Throne—always; and I could see Him there—a Judge, my Judge, and she read—it might be only once, but I heard it afterward in every line—that all liars shall—have their part—ah! I forget it all while you read. I—saw Him—a Father—ready to pardon me—waiting to pardon me. I—shall see—other things—clearly if—if you help me still."

And while the quiet hours of the June night stole on, Royden's own kind words, and those calm and wondrous words he read, did help her.

The candle had burned down to its socket, and the faint summer dawn was creeping through the open window, when the neighbor who had fetched Royden entered with a cup of tea for the sick woman. Instinctively he made a movement then to leave the room, but suddenly all the wistful, troubled eagerness returned to the wide eyes upon the pillow.

"You go, Margaret," the dying woman cried, with an entreating gesture; "let him stay. I—I have something to tell him."

Yet still, when left again with Royden, she lay in silence, and told nothing.

Then the hours crept on again, until the light fell straight from heaven upon the dying face to which no sleep had come; and to which no sleep would ever come again, until one last touch should close the troubled eyes forever.

Just as Royden returned to the bedroom, after carrying away the smouldering candle, the little boy awoke; and, waking just as he had fallen asleep, with a vague sense of misery and loneliness upon him, he stretched out his hands to his mother, and sobbed as if his little frame could not contain its load of fear and grief. The mother, powerless in her weakness, saw Royden take the child tenderly within his arms, and heard the sobs grow faint and few at last upon his breast. Then her long, watchful silence was broken sharply, a light broke across the fixed gaze, and with sudden, feverish strength she rose in her bed.

"I want—a magistrate!" she cried, and clasped her burning hands. "It is all clear before me now. My child—it was for my child I feared—but he will not suffer. I read that in your face. Ah! God is good—so good—and it is not too late! Let me—see—a magistrate!"

"I will bring one," said Royden, gently cutting the child out of his arms.

"No, no," she cried again, "not you, for it may be too late. Let her go. She will understand, and she knows London. She will manage, as she managed to—bring you."

Almost like one in a dream, Royden returned to the sick-room, after having dispatched the neighborly woman who waited to be useful. Was the end of his long search near at hand?

"Will he be in time?" moaned the sick woman, when once more he took his place beside her, and the little boy crept up and climbed to lay his head on his shoulder.

"I think so. He will soon be here."

"But I am dying fast, am I not?"

Not for the world would Royden have concealed the truth from one whose every breath might be her last; but he uttered it so kindly, and touched with such faith upon the happiness beyond, that a glance almost as peaceful as a smile shone in her eyes when they met his.

"Let me bid him good-bye."

Royden laid the child upon the bed and turned away. That long, last parting between mother and son was most sacred in his eyes.

"You have promised," she whispered, wistfully, when Royden came presently to take the child from the bed. "You have promised—to help him—that his life may be different from—his mother's. There is the book—it is but little—yet his father wished—"

"It shall be used wisely for him," Royden said, holding a cordial to her lips when her voice failed. "Rest in perfect peace. He shall never feel himself uncared for while I live."

And now a real smile lighted up the thin, worn face.

"Now—if he will come—in time—that is all."

He came almost as she spoke—a light-hearted gentleman, who looked upon all magisterial duties as the comedies of life; and yet the dying woman's solemn earnestness infected even him.

"I am much obliged to you for coming," she faltered, humbly. "I will not keep you long. I know what to do—my father told me. I—moving her hand restlessly about the pillows—"have it here. Margaret, where are you? I can scarcely see. You put it here, when I bade you bring it from my box—for me to burn—before I died. I meant to burn it. I left it to the last; but I—meant to burn it—sealed as it is. I cannot now. He saved my only child—he helped me, and will help my boy. But for him I should have burned it, and the truth could never have been known. Where is it—where is it? My strength is going."

Murmuring soothingly the while, the woman who had brought in the magistrate moved the pillows one by one, until she found a packet tied and sealed.

"There, there," cried the dying woman, trying to grasp it in her hot, weak fingers, and looking eagerly up into Royden's face; "you understand it. I do not forget how you questioned me of which I fled. It is for you—let me leave it with you—but I have something to do first. Father told me of it. 'In the presence of a magistrate,' he said. Now I am ready."

Formally, with little need of help or direction; and clearly, in spite of her failing breath and feeble tone, she took the packet in her hands; and tenderly touching the Bible which gave her, she testified on oath to the truth of what the documents contained. Then, with a sigh which sounded almost happily, she gave the packet into Royden's hand, and turned away her face.

The sun was shining high above the city roofs before the last heavy breath was drawn. She had begged that the boy might not see his mother die, so the neighbor, who had been so kind and anxious, carried him away to her own room, and Royden was watching alone when the end came, for the doctor had left her, knowing he had no power to do anything further.

Just as Royden closed the dim, wide eyes, the woman who had called herself Margaret noiselessly entered the room.

"Gone!" she whispered sadly. "She did not need me at the last, then, but she needs me now. They are not kind to her down-stairs—they never were. They shall not come near her now."

"Then can you and will you wait?" asked Royden, anxiously.

"I will be with her," she said quietly, touching the white, dead face. "She was always solitary, but she would sometimes like me with her for a little, even then. I would not like her to be left alone at all now, and yet, when I have finished here, I must go back to my own room, to leave the little boy safe, and do one or two things more."

"I see," said Royden, as he left the inner room; "then I will wait for your return."

He wrote a few directions to leave with his card; after which he saw the mistress of the house, and took upon himself the responsibility of all expenses consequent on the death of the poor, solitary woman, and the temporary care of her boy. Then, when he was left alone, knowing he had done all he could

do, and that his feelings, whatever they might be on opening the papers given him, could not interfere with this duty he had taken upon himself, he sat down in the outer room, and broke the seal and cut the string of the packet left with him.

It contained two separate papers, and though the handwriting on both was the same, the signatures were different. One was unintelligible; the other, written evidently by the hand which penned both papers, was,

"MARGARET TERRIT."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

One o'clock! The bell on old St. Paul's chimed out the note like the opening chord of a great military band, and, in that quivering key of an old man's querulous negative, a Dutch clock upon the stairs of the lodging house answered the single note. There were more footsteps below than there had been through the morning, for clerks were hurrying to their mid-day meal, and, now and then, a porter hastened past with a solitary chop upon a tray. For a few of the masters in those grim offices did not leave their posts until the office doors were locked at five o'clock, and they came forth to dissolve in the great misty crowd, and lose all identity, until, casting anchor for the night in their several suburban retreats, they assumed an especial individuality in a moment.

(To be continued.)

**A Gloomy Future**

Made Bright, and Health and Vigour Restored by the Use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Headache, backache, sleeplessness, despondency, and irregularities are the result of an exhausted condition of the body and nervous system.

No treatment was ever so efficacious in restoring health, strength, vigour, and vitality as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, the great blood builder.

Mrs. J. M. Bradley, 100 Jane street, Ottawa, states:—"For several years I have been gradually running down in health. I became nervous and weak, and worried greatly over my future. Hearing of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and the wonderful results it has accomplished in others, I obtained a box and began using it as directed. I began to improve immediately, and am now restored to full health and vigour. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is an excellent remedy, and I can recommend it to all who are weak, nervous, or run down in health."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, the world's greatest blood builder, and nerve restorative, 50 cents a box, at all dealers or Edmansons Bates and Co., Toronto.

**HEART DISEASE**

is a symptom of Kidney Disease. A well-known doctor has said, "I never yet made a post-mortem examination in a case of death from Heart Disease without finding the kidneys were at fault." The Kidney medicine which was first on the market, most successful for Heart Disease and all Kidney Troubles, and most widely imitated is

**Dodd's Kidney Pills**

**JUNE MAGAZINES AT HAZARD & MOORE SUNNYSIDE.**

**Dividend Notice**  
**Merchants Bank of P. E. Island.**

CHARLOTTETOWN, May 31, 1900.  
Notice is hereby given that a half yearly dividend at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum on the capital stock of this bank has been declared, payable at its Banking house on and after July 3rd, 1900.  
The transfer books will be closed from the 15th June to the 3rd July next, both days inclusive.  
By order of Board. J. M. DAVIDSON, Cashier.  
une9 1900 2aw 4w.

**Hay For Sale.**  
About 25 tons of pressed hay. Apply to the office or to S. R. Jenkins, Upton North River.  
2aw2wks

**NOTICE.**  
Having retired from business would all who are indebted to me make immediate payment at the Medical Hall Queen St. Charlottetown.  
S. W. DODD.

**FIT FOR A PRINCE**

**A. G. Thomson & Co's**

**Royal Blend Scotch Whisky.**

1900 SEED TIME 1900

Buy your seed at Le Page's old stand and save money.  
We have a large selection of clovers, timothy, vetches, peas, White Russian, Manitoba hard and Island wheats.

**Spring Tooth Harrows**  
and all kinds of farm implements.

**W. CRANT & CO**  
LePage's Old Stand, Queen Street.

**Is to Your Interest**

To see our men's and boy's Clothing.  
Our sales are larger in clothing than for years.  
The reason, we are selling good fitting well-made suits for about 20 per cent lower than current prices.  
Do yourself justice.  
You can save enough on a suit of clothes to buy a Hat and a pair Boots.

**J. B. MACDONALD & CO**  
Where Worth and Low Prices Meet.

**Teach True Economy**

In buying your boots here. The prices are very modest, the style correct, the quality perfect. This season's styles are quick sellers. That's because they've caught the fancy on popular prices at

**McQUAID'S,**  
LOWER QUEEN STREET

**Great Sale of Crockery, Glassware and Groceries.**  
**Big Discounts for 30 Days.**

All our present stock will be closed out at big reductions—below some prices:—

\$3.00 Tea Sets	now \$1.95	per set
75 cent Glass Table Sets	now 50 cents	
40 " " " " "	" 25 "	
24 " " " " "	" 26 "	
90 " Large Lamps	" 50 "	
50 " " " " "	" 30 "	
\$1.50 Lemonade Sets	" 90 "	
1.50 China Berry Sets	" 1.20 "	
50 " Glass " " "	" 35 "	
30 " " " " "	" 20 "	

Also a lot of odd crockery selling at Half Price.

**P. MONAGHAN, Upper Queen Street**