

# Apples! Apples!

Good Apples for cooking and eating purposes, only 12c and 15c per peck.

Willow Market Baskets  
Just received, a fine lot of covered Willow Market Baskets.

Eureka Blend Tea  
If you want Tea that will please you, try Eureka Blend, this is our special blend.

R. F. Maddigan & Co.,  
Lower Queen Street.

## Wanted on a Cattle Rancho.

A man and wife, without family to work on a cattle rancho in Southern Alberta, N. W. T. Woman to do housework and cooking for small family. Man to do general rancho work. Good wages and steady employment for suitable couple.

Apply to  
PETERS, PETERS & INGS.  
Charlottetown.

Oct. 16-6i eod.

**PICTURESQUE**  
**Prince Edward Island**  
25c at all Bookstores.  
An illustrated book on P. E. Island, an interesting souvenir for tourists.

## THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENS

If Ch'towa was OTTAWA to-day you would have been sorry you were not covered for a large amount.

I have good companies and can quote you low rates.

**E. H. BEER**

**Political Meetings.**

Meetings of the electors of the riding of King's will be held at the following times and places to which the opposition candidate is respectfully invited:

St. Columbo, Tues.	Oct 16, at 7 p. m.
Kingsboro, Wed.	" 17, " "
Souris, Thur.	" 18, " "
Monticello, Friday	" 19, " "
St. Peters, Monday	" 22, " "
Morell, Tuesday	" 23, " "
Baldwins Road, Wed.	" 24, " "
Summersville, Thur.	" 25, " "
Cardigan Bridge, Fri.	" 26, " "
Heatherdale, Mon.	" 29, " "
Lower Montague, Tues.	Oct 30, 7 p. m.
Georgetown, Wed.	" 31, " "
Dundas, Friday	Nov 2, " "
Red House, Saturday	" 3, " "

J. J. HUGHES,  
Liberal Candidate.

## P. E. Island Commercial College

The attention of those who desire a thorough and practical preparation for an active business life is called to the advantages offered by this College. Book-keeping, Commercial Law, Arithmetic, Penmanship, English, Correspondence, Business Methods, Shorthand, Type-writing, etc., are taught in the most direct and practical manner. Special attention is given to locating graduates in good business positions. New term opens on MONDAY, AUG. 20th inst., at 9:30 a. m. Send for prospectus. P. O. Box 242.

ISAAC OXENHAM,  
Principal and Proprietor

Ang 2d & w-11.

## A CARD

R. MACNEILL, M. D.  
Having 30 years experience in the practice of his profession, may be consulted on all branches of general medicine including the specialties.  
Office and Residence—Prince Street 3rd door above Kindergarten Hall.  
Hours—9 to 11 a. m. to 3 and to 8 p. m. dy & wly 3 mos

# Love Finds A Way.

BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

Copyright, 1899, by Jeannette H. Walworth.

Continued.)

"Well," said Ollie, with partisan heat, "he meant, poor old darling, he hoped that I wouldn't think of marrying for a great many years to come."  
"Your explanation does not dispose of his startled 'What! You?'"  
"Oh, well, that just meant nothing at all!"  
She was glad that the light of the moon is not of a revealing character. She blushed furiously, as she always did when equivocating. By nature and habit she was a singularly direct and truth loving little body.  
"I am sorry not to be able to take that view of it, my dear."  
"Then? Do you know papa so much better than I do?"  
They were perilously near to a lovers' quarrel.  
"It meant—I thought so at the time, and his evasion of the point whenever I tried to consult with him as to the date of our marriage confirms me in the idea—that he had other views for you."

"Other views for me?"  
"Yes." Here Mr. Clarence swung his long whip about the pointed ears of his team with an irritated swish that stimulated them to a brisk trot. "Has it never occurred to you, Ollie, that your father is holding me off until Broxton gets home; that he would rather you should marry his ward? But!"

"There! Don't say another word, please, Clarence. Did ever I expect to hear poor papa, who adores me and only asks to keep me by his side forever and forever, accused of maneuvering to get rid of me like any daughter burdened society mamma? It is a shame, a perfect shame!"

"What! Crying about it? I do wonder why a woman's tear duct was made so perilously convenient."  
"Clarence, I hate you! There, now! I am quite sure I shall always hate you!"

They had finally arrived at a lovers' quarrel of generous proportions, and the horses were permitted to sustain their reputation as fast trotters until the Matthews gate was reached.  
"You will come in?" Ollie asked, trying to be polite, in a smothered voice.  
"Not tonight, thank you," the man she hated answered haughtily, and she ran up the walk alone.

The memory of Tom's unanswered letter smote upon her conscience. Her gift with Westover primed her comfortably for answering it just as she hid, and for fear of a softer mood and a less decided quietus she wrote it immediately and ran out and mailed it.

Facing toward the house after dropping her letter in the box, she observed a bright light still burning in her father's study in the wing of the house. Entering it, she found him sitting in his office chair, surrounded by a hopeless litter of loose papers. His head had dropped forward on his folded arms. Apparently he was asleep. She laid her hand gently on his shoulder.

"Father, this is not right. It is very very wrong. You know Dr. Govan has positively forbidden you any night work. You took advantage of my being away. You don't love me, or you would not worry me so. You naughty papa!"

The face that was lifted at the sound of her voice was white and drawn. The eyes that looked longingly into hers were heavy and bloodshot.

"Don't love you? Don't love you? Girl, it would have been better for us both, far better, if I had loved you less."

"Father!" She recoiled from him in resentment.  
He pushed his chair back abruptly and, standing up, frowned down upon



Apparently he was asleep, her wet, uplifted face. For the first time within her recollection he put her offered caresses away from him.  
"Go to bed, Olivia. Go at once. I supposed you were asleep hours ago."  
"Asleep without kissing you good night, father? I never did such a thing in all my life!"

He strained her to his heart briefly and kissed her on the forehead. Then he dropped heavily back into his office chair.  
"There! Good night, my darling. Now go." Seeing a gleam of open rebellion in her eyes, he raised one hand imperiously. "Obey me, my daughter!"

"But, father, Dr. Govan—"  
"Do not stay to argue the point with me, Olivia. I know my own business better than Govan does. I have work on hand that must be done tonight."  
"Cannot I help you with it, father?"

He smiled unpleasantly and pushed away a pile of loose papers with one hand.  
"No; you cannot help me, my child. It is not the sort of work I should like to see you engaged in."  
"But you are not going to dispose of that great pile of papers before you sleep, father?"

He did not answer her immediately. Presently, slowly, almost reluctantly, he said:  
"Yes; they must all be disposed of to-night." Again that short, unfamiliar laugh, more like the bark of an animal.

It startled Olivia by its strange unfamiliarity. She looked at him almost inquiringly. He moved restlessly under the scrutiny of her clear, loving eyes.  
"We have exchanged our good nights, my dear. I am waiting for you to retire so that I may resume my work."

Baffled, perplexed, sore at heart, she bent to kiss him once more and went away with the face of a chidden child and the anxious soul of a tender woman. Tears came to her relief when she had gained the shelter of her own room.

What a horrid day it had been! What between her hot tempered lover and her inscrutable father it was enough to make a woman wish there was no such thing as a man in the world. Woman never harrowed up your feelings nor trampled upon your affections. And there were three of the wretches to make her miserable.

She was drawing the comb through her long thick hair with savage energy as she arraigned the offenders one by one.

"Father treating me as if I were a criminal brought before him for trial; Clarence saying all manner of things that had no justice nor kindness in them, then going off home in a huff; Tom Broxton writing silly letters that it breaks my heart to answer."

Between them all they were making life a burden to her. If "Mother" Spillman were not in the way, she would take Miss Malvina and fly to the ends of the earth and never speak to another man unless, indeed, to a porter or a courier or some masculine necessity incident to foreign travel.

From this tempestuous summary of an uncertain and disappointing existence she passed straightway through the gates of slumber into a happier world of dreams. She was sleeping so soundly that it was with some difficulty she was brought back to the world of realities by her father's voice.

She dreamed that she heard him calling her in a harsh, strained voice. With a start she sat bolt upright in bed to find him standing over her fully dressed. He was saying some-

thing to her which her only half aroused senses could not grasp at all.

"Get up and dress yourself quickly. Olivia! My study is in flames! A curtain must have blown against the gas jet while I dozed. We may save the house. The wing is doomed. I must rouse Reuben, the town!"

Each one of these frightening sentences had dropped slowly from his lips in a husky whisper. Olivia was slipping into a dressing gown before he was half through. "You are safe," he said in another choked whisper and rushed from the room like a madman.

Mandeville did not lack food for gossip for weeks after the Matthews fire. There were those who pitied the old man for the loss of his books and papers, books he had been a lifetime collecting and papers that bore directly upon his business affairs.

There were others who thought he got off well in losing only the wing to his handsome house.

One set declared that the lawyer had displayed the calmness and the indifference of a Stoic while the flames were licking up his fine library, others that he had looked and acted more like a madman than a rational human being.

(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. 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates and Co., Toronto.

## Cost of a Loaf of Bread.

The average "pound loaf" of fresh bread sold by bakers, says a college professor, weighed on an average about one pound one ounce. A pound loaf of bread can be made from about three-quarters of a pound of flour, about 25 per cent of water being added to the flour during the process of breadmaking. With some flours 5 to 10 per cent more water can be absorbed, making a greater weight of bread from a given weight of flour. This additional weight is water and not nutrients.

At 2 cents a pound for flour it is estimated by the professor that a pound loaf of bread can be made, not counting fuel and labor, for about 2 cents, a half cent being allowed for shortening and yeast. The loss of dry matter in breadmaking is usually considered as amounting to about 2 per cent of the flour used. In exceptional cases, as in prolonged fermentation, under favorable conditions the losses may amount to 8 per cent or more.

Gentlemen,—While driving down a very steep hill last August my horse stumbled and fell, cutting himself fearfully about the head and body. I used MINARD'S LINIMENT freely on him and in a few days he was as well as ever.

J. B. A. BEAUCEMIN,  
Sherbrooke.

## 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.

## THRASHING MACHINERY Buy the Best.

Thrashing Machinery manufactured by William J. Scott, of Marshfield, are for sale at the Massey Harris Warerooms, Kent Street, Charlottetown.  
Mr. Scott's reputation as a manufacturer is well known. Only the very best material is used, and the shakers and cleaners are unequalled for design and workmanship.  
September 21st, 1900.

## "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 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 worrying 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 match.

DON'T WORRY  
Use Buck's "Happy Thought" Range!

For sale by  
**Simon W. Crabbe.**  
Stoves and Hardware.

Walker's Corner,  
Charlottetown, Oct. 1st, 1900.

## BOER-BRITISH WAR PICTURES!

The end of 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 pictures on heavy, superfine, calendared paper.

"Battle of Belmont," "Charging the Boer Guns at Elandslaagte," "Attack of Royal Canadians at Paardeberg," "Charge of Gen. French's Cavalry on the Retreating Gen. Cronje's Army." These pictures are 20x24 in. Sample and terms, 25 cts. each; all four for 80 cts.; \$1.75 per dozen 5 for \$3.25; 50 for \$8.00; \$11 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 22x28 in. Sample and terms 40 cts. each; all five for \$1.60; \$3 per doz.; 25 for \$6.00; 50 for \$12.00; \$24 per 100. Very handsome; printed in 6 to 14 colors.

AGENTS  
coin 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 charges. 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. 256.) P. O. Box, 518, Chicago. Saturday.

S. W. Crabbe, Local Agent, Charlottetown.  
The undersigned offers for sale 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.
- One 24 in. Planer—One set hoisting blocks.
- One Matching and Moulding Machine.
- Fifty-one Moulding Knives.
- One Band Saw complete.
- One Buzz Planer.
- One Swing Saw complete.
- One Turning Lathe and Shaft—One Vice.
- Two Emery Wheels—One Jig Saw.
- Three Circular Saws and tables.
- All in first-class order.

## MATTHEW & MCLEAN

Direct Importers of Bulbs, Seeds, Books, etc.