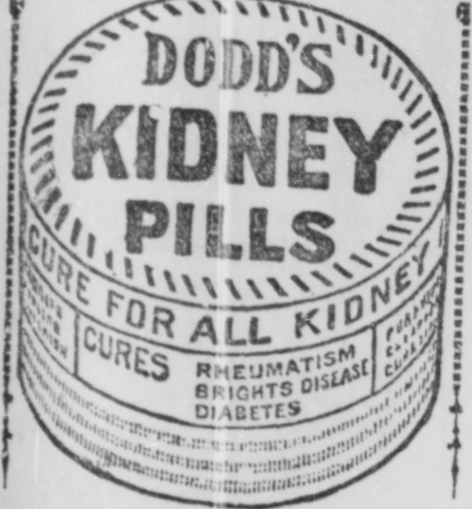


D-O-D-D'S



D-O-D-D'S

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS, the only positive, never-failing cure, on earth, for all Kidney diseases.

Victoria Cafe

Great George Street...
Charlottetown, P. E. Island

To My Customers and Prospective Customers:-

Permit me to call your attention to the fact that I am better prepared than ever before to supply your wants in Fresh Oysters. It is a fact that in order to be successful in the Oyster business one must be able to handle them in large quantities. With this object in view, I beg leave to solicit your patronage, and can assure you of satisfaction.

I may say that my Oyster Parlor will be conducted in the usual first class manner, where the delicate Bivalve may be obtained in every style to satisfy the taste of the most exacting epicure.

Yours, &c.,

JOHN P. JOY,
The P. E. I. Oyster King



PLANT LINE.

EXCURSIONS

CHARLOTTETOWN TO BOSTON
AND RETURN FOR

\$11.00

Good for 30 Days.

Commencing Oct 3rd, the well known S. S. Halifax leaves Charlottetown every Tuesday at noon for Boston, via Hawkesbury and Halifax.

From Halifax—Every Wednesday at 11 p.m. Passengers ticketed via Picton on Wednesdays.

From Boston every Saturday at noon Tickets for sale at Stations on P. E. I. Railway. For tickets, rates on freight and all information apply

H L CHIPMAN, W W CLARKE,
Supt, Halifax. Agent

Lever Bros Ltd.,

SOAP MAKERS TO THE QUEEN

—A ROYAL TRIO—

Sunlight and Lifebuoy

—SOAPS—

The best laundry and toilet soaps made in the world, guaranteed to be absolutely pure.

"MONKEY BRAND"

which cannot be equalled as a scouring and polishing soap.

TRY SOME

All are 5c large twin bar

BARLEY

2000 bushels barley wanted at current prices.

CARVEIL ROS.



COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY THE AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER I.
THE MISSING COUNT.

It was in the pavilion at Lord's that I received the telegram which has in a way transformed my life, and it all happened like this: We were playing our annual match against the M. C. C.—but stay. You don't know as yet who "we" are. Let me explain. "We" are (or, alas, were, in so far as I am concerned) the boys of Toddlestone school, and it was our glory, as well as the dread ordeal of those who took part in the match, to appear once in the year at Lord's cricket ground, generally about the first days of the summer holidays, in order to exhibit our proficiency in the great game before the eyes of a delighted and admiring world. Well, it was my last term at school—for I was in my eighteenth year and I was due at Oxford in October—and I think perhaps dear old Adkins may have allowed this fact to influence him a little when he gave me my colors, entitling me to play at Lord's. After much vigorous play we won the game by four wickets, in which I made my first and only "century."

Then came the congratulations at the pavilion, following the cheers that greet the path of him who retires in glory from the wicket; then the refreshing shower bath and the sense of conviction that this is the supreme moment of one's life, and that if it were not for the hopes and anticipations that lurk in the word "varsity" one might appropriately lie down to the cadence of "Nunc dimittis" and wake no more.

And then, just as—with many elated and joyful school companions—I prepared to depart for that dinner which was to crown the glorious day, then the telegram.

"By George, Boris," said some one as the pale, unwholesome looking document was handed to me, "your friends are pretty smart with the congratulations. The match must have been reported in the evening papers. I didn't know we were to be so honored. Did you, Adkins?"

"I didn't know old Boris was going to make a century!" said Adkins.

I tore open the envelope and read the missive.

"Good Lord, what's the matter? Look at the color of his face!" I heard some one say.

"Let me sit down a minute and think," said I.

I sat and reread my telegram, while the blood in my head seemed to surge and prevent my brain working sufficiently to grasp the meaning of the words.

The message ran thus:

From Countess Landrinof, St. Petersburg, to Count Boris Landrinof, Toddlestone:

Come to me as soon as possible. Will have to stay. Am in terrible distress about your father.

"What is it, old man? Not bad news, I hope," said Adkins.

"Heaven only knows what it means!" I murmured. "Read it, will you? My

head seems to buzz so. Is my poor father dead, do you think?"

I believe I burst into tears or made myself otherwise supremely ridiculous. The sudden blow was too much of a shock for me in the midst of my delirious joy.

Adkins read the message.

"Oh, no, old man," he said soothingly. "I should say certainly not that; not by this telegram. Cheer up. We'll wire at once for more news."

"Yes, we'll do that," I said. "I'm sorry I'm such a fool, but I didn't know the old man was even ill."

"Perhaps it's only money," suggested Toogood.

"Oh, no, it can't be that," I sighed. It could not, I was sure; for my father

was one of the largest landowners in our part of Russia and had, besides, iron works in St. Petersburg and other sources of revenue. He was, in fact, a very rich man.

"Cheer up, anyhow, old boy," continued Adkins. "I'm sure it will be all right about the count. What about Oxford, though—does it mean you won't be able to go up? After your innings today that would be a double pity, for we should look to see you tried for the varsity—and carefully tried."

"Oh, don't talk about cricket! I can't bear it!" I groaned. "I feel as though I had played my last game."

I did feel this. I felt as though some heavy cloud had suddenly fallen upon my future, blotting out all hope of happiness, present or future. This was ridiculous and foolish, of course, but one is always inclined in youth, to exaggerate the power of misfortune. Misfortunes do bow the head for the time being, no doubt, but as the tree bent with the sudden downfall of snow will, after a day or two, cast its burden and stand upright once more to the winds of heaven, so does the young heart free itself in time of its load of misfortune, however heavy, and perhaps gradually forget that which once seemed too great to be borne.

I would not go to the dinner lest I should throw a shadow over the rest of the party, but I returned to the hotel and sat down to think quietly over this blow and its possible nature and consequences. I loved my father intensely. He was a Russian, as his name would indicate, and so, of course—in name—was I. But my mother was English. My father had met her at Cowes while yachting and had brought her home to our huge estates near Kazan as his bride. I was the only child. By special permission of the czar (Alexander II, who was still reigning when I was born) I was allowed to be baptized into the English communion, to which, of course, mother belonged, and for which my father had the greatest respect, perhaps more than for his own branch of the church. Consequently I was from the first an Englishman, and an Englishman I remained, for my parents placed me at school at Toddlestone at the age of 10, and I had remained there ever since, only returning to Russia for such of my holidays as my parents did not pass with me in England.

Thus in name I was a Russian count. In religion and in upbringing and in every taste and sentiment that I possessed I was an Englishman. I sent my mother a long telegram from the hotel. I entreated her to let me know whether my father lived, whether Oxford was to be given up finally or provisionally only, and whether I could stay a day or two just to collect my things, buy clothes, and so forth.

My mother replied by noon of the following day that—but stay, I have the astounding message by me to this hour. The reader of my memoirs shall enjoy the advantage of being utterly puzzled and bewildered, just as I was,

for assuredly the message was one of the most surprising and bewildering that ever schoolboy received, for schoolboy practically I still was, though actually I had left Toddlestone the day before yesterday.

Here is the telegram, my mother's ipsissima verba:

Father disappeared. Cannot explain. Come soonest possible. I want you. Afraid must renounce Oxford present. Make arrangements possible return later if happier circumstances ensue.

Poor, dear mother! She must indeed have been in sore strait to have sent me such a message as this!

She wanted me, however. That was enough. She must have me, poor dear, as quickly as the railway could take me to her. Oxford might go hang. There was time enough for Oxford.

The Flushing express started from Victoria at 8:30 tonight. I should catch it without fail. Poor, dear old mother in distress and father disappeared!

When a man disappears in England or America, one goes and drags the nearest pond and gives notice at the police station. But what of a disappearance in Russia? Alas, a man may disappear in many ways in our country—or could, for, though but a few years have passed since the time of which I write, things are improving by leaps and bounds; light is spreading—God's light of civilization. One's first thought in such a case as my father's would, of course, be a mixed one—spies, nihilists, police, Siberia. I passed rapidly in thought over all these things in the first shock of that word "disappeared."

(To be Continued.)

head seems to buzz so. Is my poor father dead, do you think?"

I believe I burst into tears or made myself otherwise supremely ridiculous. The sudden blow was too much of a shock for me in the midst of my delirious joy.

Adkins read the message.

"Oh, no, old man," he said soothingly. "I should say certainly not that; not by this telegram. Cheer up. We'll wire at once for more news."

"Yes, we'll do that," I said. "I'm sorry I'm such a fool, but I didn't know the old man was even ill."

"Perhaps it's only money," suggested Toogood.

"Oh, no, it can't be that," I sighed. It could not, I was sure; for my father

was one of the largest landowners in our part of Russia and had, besides, iron works in St. Petersburg and other sources of revenue. He was, in fact, a very rich man.

"Cheer up, anyhow, old boy," continued Adkins. "I'm sure it will be all right about the count. What about Oxford, though—does it mean you won't be able to go up? After your innings today that would be a double pity, for we should look to see you tried for the varsity—and carefully tried."

"Oh, don't talk about cricket! I can't bear it!" I groaned. "I feel as though I had played my last game."

I did feel this. I felt as though some heavy cloud had suddenly fallen upon my future, blotting out all hope of happiness, present or future. This was ridiculous and foolish, of course, but one is always inclined in youth, to exaggerate the power of misfortune. Misfortunes do bow the head for the time being, no doubt, but as the tree bent with the sudden downfall of snow will, after a day or two, cast its burden and stand upright once more to the winds of heaven, so does the young heart free itself in time of its load of misfortune, however heavy, and perhaps gradually forget that which once seemed too great to be borne.

I would not go to the dinner lest I should throw a shadow over the rest of the party, but I returned to the hotel and sat down to think quietly over this blow and its possible nature and consequences. I loved my father intensely. He was a Russian, as his name would indicate, and so, of course—in name—was I. But my mother was English. My father had met her at Cowes while yachting and had brought her home to our huge estates near Kazan as his bride. I was the only child. By special permission of the czar (Alexander II, who was still reigning when I was born) I was allowed to be baptized into the English communion, to which, of course, mother belonged, and for which my father had the greatest respect, perhaps more than for his own branch of the church. Consequently I was from the first an Englishman, and an Englishman I remained, for my parents placed me at school at Toddlestone at the age of 10, and I had remained there ever since, only returning to Russia for such of my holidays as my parents did not pass with me in England.

Thus in name I was a Russian count. In religion and in upbringing and in every taste and sentiment that I possessed I was an Englishman. I sent my mother a long telegram from the hotel. I entreated her to let me know whether my father lived, whether Oxford was to be given up finally or provisionally only, and whether I could stay a day or two just to collect my things, buy clothes, and so forth.

My mother replied by noon of the following day that—but stay, I have the astounding message by me to this hour. The reader of my memoirs shall enjoy the advantage of being utterly puzzled and bewildered, just as I was,

for assuredly the message was one of the most surprising and bewildering that ever schoolboy received, for schoolboy practically I still was, though actually I had left Toddlestone the day before yesterday.

Here is the telegram, my mother's ipsissima verba:

Father disappeared. Cannot explain. Come soonest possible. I want you. Afraid must renounce Oxford present. Make arrangements possible return later if happier circumstances ensue.

Poor, dear mother! She must indeed have been in sore strait to have sent me such a message as this!

She wanted me, however. That was enough. She must have me, poor dear, as quickly as the railway could take me to her. Oxford might go hang. There was time enough for Oxford.

The Flushing express started from Victoria at 8:30 tonight. I should catch it without fail. Poor, dear old mother in distress and father disappeared!

When a man disappears in England or America, one goes and drags the nearest pond and gives notice at the police station. But what of a disappearance in Russia? Alas, a man may disappear in many ways in our country—or could, for, though but a few years have passed since the time of which I write, things are improving by leaps and bounds; light is spreading—God's light of civilization. One's first thought in such a case as my father's would, of course, be a mixed one—spies, nihilists, police, Siberia. I passed rapidly in thought over all these things in the first shock of that word "disappeared."

(To be Continued.)

And then—the telegram.

was one of the largest landowners in our part of Russia and had, besides, iron works in St. Petersburg and other sources of revenue. He was, in fact, a very rich man.

"Cheer up, anyhow, old boy," continued Adkins. "I'm sure it will be all right about the count. What about Oxford, though—does it mean you won't be able to go up? After your innings today that would be a double pity, for we should look to see you tried for the varsity—and carefully tried."

"Oh, don't talk about cricket! I can't bear it!" I groaned. "I feel as though I had played my last game."

I did feel this. I felt as though some heavy cloud had suddenly fallen upon my future, blotting out all hope of happiness, present or future. This was ridiculous and foolish, of course, but one is always inclined in youth, to exaggerate the power of misfortune. Misfortunes do bow the head for the time being, no doubt, but as the tree bent with the sudden downfall of snow will, after a day or two, cast its burden and stand upright once more to the winds of heaven, so does the young heart free itself in time of its load of misfortune, however heavy, and perhaps gradually forget that which once seemed too great to be borne.

I would not go to the dinner lest I should throw a shadow over the rest of the party, but I returned to the hotel and sat down to think quietly over this blow and its possible nature and consequences. I loved my father intensely. He was a Russian, as his name would indicate, and so, of course—in name—was I. But my mother was English. My father had met her at Cowes while yachting and had brought her home to our huge estates near Kazan as his bride. I was the only child. By special permission of the czar (Alexander II, who was still reigning when I was born) I was allowed to be baptized into the English communion, to which, of course, mother belonged, and for which my father had the greatest respect, perhaps more than for his own branch of the church. Consequently I was from the first an Englishman, and an Englishman I remained, for my parents placed me at school at Toddlestone at the age of 10, and I had remained there ever since, only returning to Russia for such of my holidays as my parents did not pass with me in England.

Thus in name I was a Russian count. In religion and in upbringing and in every taste and sentiment that I possessed I was an Englishman. I sent my mother a long telegram from the hotel. I entreated her to let me know whether my father lived, whether Oxford was to be given up finally or provisionally only, and whether I could stay a day or two just to collect my things, buy clothes, and so forth.

My mother replied by noon of the following day that—but stay, I have the astounding message by me to this hour. The reader of my memoirs shall enjoy the advantage of being utterly puzzled and bewildered, just as I was,

for assuredly the message was one of the most surprising and bewildering that ever schoolboy received, for schoolboy practically I still was, though actually I had left Toddlestone the day before yesterday.

Here is the telegram, my mother's ipsissima verba:

Father disappeared. Cannot explain. Come soonest possible. I want you. Afraid must renounce Oxford present. Make arrangements possible return later if happier circumstances ensue.

Poor, dear mother! She must indeed have been in sore strait to have sent me such a message as this!

She wanted me, however. That was enough. She must have me, poor dear, as quickly as the railway could take me to her. Oxford might go hang. There was time enough for Oxford.

The Flushing express started from Victoria at 8:30 tonight. I should catch it without fail. Poor, dear old mother in distress and father disappeared!

When a man disappears in England or America, one goes and drags the nearest pond and gives notice at the police station. But what of a disappearance in Russia? Alas, a man may disappear in many ways in our country—or could, for, though but a few years have passed since the time of which I write, things are improving by leaps and bounds; light is spreading—God's light of civilization. One's first thought in such a case as my father's would, of course, be a mixed one—spies, nihilists, police, Siberia. I passed rapidly in thought over all these things in the first shock of that word "disappeared."

(To be Continued.)

And then—the telegram.

was one of the largest landowners in our part of Russia and had, besides, iron works in St. Petersburg and other sources of revenue. He was, in fact, a very rich man.

"Cheer up, anyhow, old boy," continued Adkins. "I'm sure it will be all right about the count. What about Oxford, though—does it mean you won't be able to go up? After your innings today that would be a double pity, for we should look to see you tried for the varsity—and carefully tried."

"Oh, don't talk about cricket! I can't bear it!" I groaned. "I feel as though I had played my last game."

I did feel this. I felt as though some heavy cloud had suddenly fallen upon my future, blotting out all hope of happiness, present or future. This was ridiculous and foolish, of course, but one is always inclined in youth, to exaggerate the power of misfortune. Misfortunes do bow the head for the time being, no doubt, but as the tree bent with the sudden downfall of snow will, after a day or two, cast its burden and stand upright once more to the winds of heaven, so does the young heart free itself in time of its load of misfortune, however heavy, and perhaps gradually forget that which once seemed too great to be borne.

I would not go to the dinner lest I should throw a shadow over the rest of the party, but I returned to the hotel and sat down to think quietly over this blow and its possible nature and consequences. I loved my father intensely. He was a Russian, as his name would indicate, and so, of course—in name—was I. But my mother was English. My father had met her at Cowes while yachting and had brought her home to our huge estates near Kazan as his bride. I was the only child. By special permission of the czar (Alexander II, who was still reigning when I was born) I was allowed to be baptized into the English communion, to which, of course, mother belonged, and for which my father had the greatest respect, perhaps more than for his own branch of the church. Consequently I was from the first an Englishman, and an Englishman I remained, for my parents placed me at school at Toddlestone at the age of 10, and I had remained there ever since, only returning to Russia for such of my holidays as my parents did not pass with me in England.

Thus in name I was a Russian count. In religion and in upbringing and in every taste and sentiment that I possessed I was an Englishman. I sent my mother a long telegram from the hotel. I entreated her to let me know whether my father lived, whether Oxford was to be given up finally or provisionally only, and whether I could stay a day or two just to collect my things, buy clothes, and so forth.

My mother replied by noon of the following day that—but stay, I have the astounding message by me to this hour. The reader of my memoirs shall enjoy the advantage of being utterly puzzled and bewildered, just as I was,

for assuredly the message was one of the most surprising and bewildering that ever schoolboy received, for schoolboy practically I still was, though actually I had left Toddlestone the day before yesterday.

Here is the telegram, my mother's ipsissima verba:

Father disappeared. Cannot explain. Come soonest possible. I want you. Afraid must renounce Oxford present. Make arrangements possible return later if happier circumstances ensue.

Poor, dear mother! She must indeed have been in sore strait to have sent me such a message as this!

She wanted me, however. That was enough. She must have me, poor dear, as quickly as the railway could take me to her. Oxford might go hang. There was time enough for Oxford.

The Flushing express started from Victoria at 8:30 tonight. I should catch it without fail. Poor, dear old mother in distress and father disappeared!

When a man disappears in England or America, one goes and drags the nearest pond and gives notice at the police station. But what of a disappearance in Russia? Alas, a man may disappear in many ways in our country—or could, for, though but a few years have passed since the time of which I write, things are improving by leaps and bounds; light is spreading—God's light of civilization. One's first thought in such a case as my father's would, of course, be a mixed one—spies, nihilists, police, Siberia. I passed rapidly in thought over all these things in the first shock of that word "disappeared."

(To be Continued.)

And then—the telegram.

was one of the largest landowners in our part of Russia and had, besides, iron works in St. Petersburg and other sources of revenue. He was, in fact, a very rich man.

"Cheer up, anyhow, old boy," continued Adkins. "I'm sure it will be all right about the count. What about Oxford, though—does it mean you won't be able to go up? After your innings today that would be a double pity, for we should look to see you tried for the varsity—and carefully tried."

"Oh, don't talk about cricket! I can't bear it!" I groaned. "I feel as though I had played my last game."

I did feel this. I felt as though some heavy cloud had suddenly fallen upon my future, blotting out all hope of happiness, present or future. This was ridiculous and foolish, of course, but one is always inclined in youth, to exaggerate the power of misfortune. Misfortunes do bow the head for the time being, no doubt, but as the tree bent with the sudden downfall of snow will, after a day or two, cast its burden and stand upright once more to the winds of heaven, so does the young heart free itself in time of its load of misfortune, however heavy, and perhaps gradually forget that which once seemed too great to be borne.

I would not go to the dinner lest I should throw a shadow over the rest of the party, but I returned to the hotel and sat down to think quietly over this blow and its possible nature and consequences. I loved my father intensely. He was a Russian, as his name would indicate, and so, of course—in name—was I. But my mother was English. My father had met her at Cowes while yachting and had brought her home to our huge estates near Kazan as his bride. I was the only child. By special permission of the czar (Alexander II, who was still reigning when I was born) I was allowed to be baptized into the English communion, to which, of course, mother belonged, and for which my father had the greatest respect, perhaps more than for his own branch of the church. Consequently I was from the first an Englishman, and an Englishman I remained, for my parents placed me at school at Toddlestone at the age of 10, and I had remained there ever since, only returning to Russia for such of my holidays as my parents did not pass with me in England.

Thus in name I was a Russian count. In religion and in upbringing and in every taste and sentiment that I possessed I was an Englishman. I sent my mother a long telegram from the hotel. I entreated her to let me know whether my father lived, whether Oxford was to be given up finally or provisionally only, and whether I could stay a day or two just to collect my things, buy clothes, and so forth.

My mother replied by noon of the following day that—but stay, I have the astounding message by me to this hour. The reader of my memoirs shall enjoy the advantage of being utterly puzzled and bewildered, just as I was,

for assuredly the message was one of the most surprising and bewildering that ever schoolboy received, for schoolboy practically I still was, though actually I had left Toddlestone the day before yesterday.

Here is the telegram, my mother's ipsissima verba:

Father disappeared. Cannot explain. Come soonest possible. I want you. Afraid must renounce Oxford present. Make arrangements possible return later if happier circumstances ensue.

Poor, dear mother! She must indeed have been in sore strait to have sent me such a message as this!

She wanted me, however. That was enough. She must have me, poor dear, as quickly as the railway could take me to her. Oxford might go hang. There was time enough for Oxford.

The Flushing express started from Victoria at 8:30 tonight. I should catch it without fail. Poor, dear old mother in distress and father disappeared!

When a man disappears in England or America, one goes and drags the nearest pond and gives notice at the police station. But what of a disappearance in Russia? Alas, a man may disappear in many ways in our country—or could, for, though but a few years have passed since the time of which I write, things are improving by leaps and bounds; light is spreading—God's light of civilization. One's first thought in such a case as my father's would, of course, be a mixed one—spies, nihilists, police, Siberia. I passed rapidly in thought over all these things in the first shock of that word "disappeared."

(To be Continued.)

And then—the telegram.

was one of the largest landowners in our part of Russia and had, besides, iron works in St. Petersburg and other sources of revenue. He was, in fact, a very rich man.

"Cheer up, anyhow, old boy," continued Adkins. "I'm sure it will be all right about the count. What about Oxford, though—does it mean you won't be able to go up? After your innings today that would be a double pity, for we should look to see you tried for the varsity—and carefully tried."

"Oh, don't talk about cricket! I can't bear it!" I groaned. "I feel as though I had played my last game."

I did feel this. I felt as though some heavy cloud had suddenly fallen upon my future, blotting out all hope of happiness, present or future. This was ridiculous and foolish, of course, but one is always inclined in youth, to exaggerate the power of misfortune. Misfortunes do bow the head for the time being, no doubt, but as the tree bent with the sudden downfall of snow will, after a day or two, cast its burden and stand upright once more to the winds of heaven, so does the young heart free itself in time of its load of misfortune, however heavy, and perhaps gradually forget that which once seemed too great to be borne.

I would not go to the dinner lest I should throw a shadow over the rest of the party, but I returned to the hotel and sat down to think quietly over this blow and its possible nature and consequences. I loved my father intensely. He was a Russian, as his name would indicate, and so, of course—in name—was I. But my mother was English. My father had met her at Cowes while yachting and had brought her home to our huge estates near Kazan as his bride. I was the only child. By special permission of the czar (Alexander II, who was still reigning when I was born) I was allowed to be baptized into the English communion, to which, of course, mother belonged, and for which my father had the greatest respect, perhaps more than for his own branch of the church. Consequently I was from the first an Englishman, and an Englishman I remained, for my parents placed me at school at Toddlestone at the age of 10, and I had remained there ever since, only returning to Russia for such of my holidays as my parents did not pass with me in England.

Thus in name I was a Russian count. In religion and in upbringing and in every taste and sentiment that I possessed I was an Englishman. I sent my mother a long telegram