

Love Finds A Way.

BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

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(Continued.)

"Of course, sir, you told him that Broxton was not in the market."
"No, my dear boy. I told him nothing of the kind. It would have been most ill advised. I have made it a rule in life never to slam a door in a man's face unless I am quite sure I am on the right side of it."

"I hope you would not advise me to sell the old place, Mr. Matthews. I might lease it for a time. I expect to make my own home here. I expect to bring my wife here. I have never thought of any other place as home."
"Leased property runs to the devil fast enough, Tom. Broxton is a needlessly large and expensive establishment for a solitary young gentleman."

"But perhaps I shall not always be solitary, sir. Men marry, you know." This with a wistful smile and a look that seemed to appeal for comprehension. But his guardian knew well how to harden his heart in the day of provocation. This attachment of the boy to the old homestead had come to him as a disagreeable surprise. He braced himself against the shock of it.

"Yes, men do marry; boys, not often—sensible ones, that is. Matrimony is a remote factor in your affairs as yet, far more remote and uncertain than the depreciation of real estate in this county and the rapid decay of this property. But we will not agitate that point further at present."

"Thank you, sir," said Tom gratefully. He was only too glad not to put himself in fencing posture at once.

His guardian resumed blandly. "I have devoted every moment of my rare leisure hours, Thomas, to mapping out a plan of travel for you. In point of fact, it is a resurrected map, one that your dear father and I drew together. You will recognize his marginal notes. We had planned to go over the very ground I want you to take and after a year of travel to locate in some quiet German town for another year of supplemental study and reading. I was looking at the old map only last week. I am sure it would please my dear friend Rufus to have his son carry out his itinerary."

"Why did he not go—you, I mean?" said Tom, politely including the lawyer in his eager desire to at last hear something of his father's boyish days.
"Women got in the way. We both fell in love. I with your dear Aunt Lucetta, your father with your mother. So you see, my boy," with a benignant smile, "how necessary it is for me to guard against a similar catastrophe in your case. Of course you would like to see a little something of the other side."

"Yes, sir, I suppose so, but—"
"Of course you would," said his guardian, rising and taking his hat and riding whip from a chair near by. "You would not be half a man if you did not. But all that will keep until tomorrow. You are tired, and so am I." He held out his hand cordially. "Ride over tomorrow to dinner. We can devote the afternoon to your affairs."

And Tom promised that he would. He followed his guardian to the front door and closed it after him. The necessity for locking doors was an unrecognized one in that rural and law-abiding locality.
He walked back into the library and flung himself down on a sofa between the front windows. Simon had told

him he would find a lamp burning in his own bedroom. He would go up presently, but just now he wanted to smoke and go back over the whole of that jolly evening which had ended all too soon for him.

The scent of dying flowers filled the room. The strains of that last waltz, the one he had waltzed with Ollie, haunted him. He hummed it audibly. He was in love. He was oblivious of time or loss of sleep.

CHAPTER VII.

A WARNING UNHEEDED.

The door of the Spillman cottage stood wide open. "Mother" Spillman sat just inside of it. Her tall figure, crowned with a mass of snowy white hair and the bright figured chintz of her big armchair, made a conspicuous spot of color visible from the public road.

She had made Malvina locate her so that she could smell the mignonette and keep an eye on the front gate. She had never yet brought herself to the point of admitting that her small establishment could be successfully managed without her personal supervision. Miss Malvina had stepped up to the Matthews' to see how Olivia was getting on after the unusual excitement and fatigue of the day before. She rather enjoyed "mothering" the pretty thing. She was not to be gone long, and before starting she extracted a promise from her mother that she would not leave the house. She quoted from the manual upon which her own infant mind had been trained.

"I know I can trust you, mother, for you never deceived me in all your life." Then she had kissed the withered forehead and gone briskly down the front walk, quite unconscious of the remarkable tumult she had stirred beneath the fresh white kerchief she had folded over her mother's bosom when assisting her to dress that morning.

When she was sure she was quite alone, the old woman developed unsuspected capacity. She got up and made the tour of her small home experimentally, first with her cane and then without it. Presently she flung herself back into her chair with a petulant sigh.

"She doesn't know me. My daughter does not know me. Isham used to say when I got my head turned in one direction there was no power on earth that could make me look in another. But I know I've got it turned at the right angle. I'm not called on to tell Malvina everything. I know what Malvina thinks, I know what they all think—the old woman has gone daft. As like as not, if I was to tell Malvina, she would go to Matthews the first one with apologies for 'poor mother.' It won't do. It shan't be done. I wanted them for Tom, I wanted them for Henrietta and Rufus Broxton's boy, and if he can't have them nobody shall. Where did I put them? What did I do with them? Oh, my poor head! Are you really going to fail me when I have so much to do?"

Tears flow sluggishly from the eyes of old age. The fountain of that relief supply dries up quickly under the scorching fires of life's passionate years. "Mother" Spillman pressed one corner of her white kerchief to her dim eyes. Her withered bosom rose and fell convulsively. She was sobbing, whether because she was deceiving Malvina systematically and purposely as to the condition of her sprained ankle and other matters or because she was not carrying out a cherished plan very satisfactorily perhaps she scarcely knew herself. Lying back in her big chair, she lifted red lidded eyes to the ceiling and frowned.

"If I could just leave Malvina entirely out of the question and think exclusively about him, I could straighten out this snarl much quicker and easier. Some of these days I'll make it all right with her. Now I've got to work for him."

The papers which Jimmy Martin had found in the garden and brought to her had disappeared again in the most mysterious manner. Either, she reflected mournfully, her memory was getting so treacherous that she could not recollect where she had originally hidden them to keep them from falling into Miss Malvina's hands or else they had been stolen from her.

She had three theories touching their disappearance, either of which was sufficient to fill her soul with bitterness—Malvina had found them and restored them to Horace Matthews without ever a word to her about the transaction, Jimmy Martin had been bought by the lawyer at an advance price over the one she had paid him to hold his tongue and had burglariously secured the package while she

slept, or she had herself carelessly included them among some papers she had recently destroyed.

"But I know them by heart. I could swear to every word in them if only some one would believe in me. If I'm failing so fast that I don't know a legal document from a pudding recipe, if I'm grown such a witless body that a clodhopper like Jimmy Martin can overreach me, if I'm of so little importance in the world that my own daughter will make common cause with a bad man against me, the sooner I go the better."

"Mother" Spillman had not yet reached the stuggish point which comes as compensation for failure. She had not been shelved long enough to grow passive under the humiliation. During the Rev. Mr. Isham's incumbency she had been a power in Mandeville, and when time removed him and disabled her she yielded up her scepter reluctantly and ungracefully. She was still much given to asserting her views in defiance of large majorities, and, as for consulting Malvina in a matter of grave importance, she could not bring herself to do it. In this matter of the lost papers, Malvina could never be brought to see it in the right light. She would have stoutly stood out for Matthews' rights as Tom's guardian and carried the documents when found to him.

With all the strength of affection undiluted by diffusion this stern old woman had loved the older generation of the Broxtons. Rufus Broxton, his wife and his beautiful sister, Lucetta, had all been objects of her unstinted admiration and love. As they had stood by her in the time of her sorrow and suffering, so did she solemnly swear to herself that she would stand by the last of the name.

(To be Continued.)

She Was Pale and Languid

Too Nervous to Sleep, and Daily Grew Weaker and Weaker—Dr. Chase's Nerve Food Restored Health and Vigour.

Mrs. E. McLaughlin, 95 Parliament Street, Toronto, states:—"My daughter was pale, weak, languid, and very nervous. Her appetite was poor and changeable. She could scarcely drag herself about the house, and her nerves were completely unstrung. She could not sleep for more than half an hour at a time without starting up and crying out in excitement."

"As she was growing weaker and weaker I became alarmed, and obtained a box of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. She used this treatment for several weeks, and from the first we noticed a decided improvement. Her appetite became better, she gained in weight, the colour returned to her face, and she gradually became strong and well. I cannot say too much in favour of this wonderful treatment, since it has proven such a blessing to my daughter." Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is a blood-builder and nerve vitalizer of most unusual merit. In pill form, 50c. a box at all dealers; or Edmanson, Bates and Co., Toronto.

Tomatoes for Chow Chow.
Ripe Tomatoes Red Peppers.
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White Portulac Pickling Onions.

NOTICE—As the season is very short for the above it will be wise on your part to secure a full supply now. We do not book orders to be filled next month (we may not have them then) we have them now.



A full supply of every sugar corn, yellow corn, cabbage, beets, carrots, parsnips, turnips, lettuce, squash, pumpkin, green beans, butter beans, large red onions, large silver skin onions, etc., etc., at

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Several Hundred Pairs Just Opened

- Men's Gloves, Leather 30c, 50c, 75c.
- Men's Kid Gloves 75c, \$1.00 \$1.25.
- Men's Mocho Gloves, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50.
- Men's Kid Fur Top, \$1.25 \$1.50.
- Men's Dogskin Fur Top 90c, \$1.25.
- Men's Buckskin (special) \$2.00.
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Also a large line of leather mitts, lined and unlined, from 35c a pair up.
Boy's Gloves and Mitts in great variety.
This way for your gloves at

J. B. MACDONALD and CO

Leaders in low prices.

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.
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- Two Emery Wheels—One Jig Saw.
- Three Circular Saws and tables.
- All in first-class order.

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Direct Importers of Bulbs, Seeds, Books, etc.

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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.

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

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Walker's Corner,
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But we don't like to use the word. So many advertisers use it and don't mean it.

Webster says, "a gainful transaction"—that's how we mean it—a gainful transaction for our customers.

We would like you to call and satisfy yourself that what we say is true.

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The attention of those who are desirous of a thorough and practical preparation for an active business life is called to the advantages offered by this College. Bookkeeping, Commercial Law, Arithmetic, Penmanship, English, Correspondence, Business Methods, Shorthand, Typewriting, 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.

Farm For Sale
At Auburo, Lot 36.

This farm, the property of the late Patrick Tynan, contains 80 acres of valuable land, 50 being under cultivation, and the balance is covered with an excellent growth of hardwood and rails. There are on the premises besides a comfortable dwelling house, a large new barn and a coach house, also a fine thriving young orchard; while a never-failing stream of water flows through the centre of the farm.
This place is nicely situated in a prosperous community, and is also convenient to churches, schools and other practical requirements. Any person wanting a comfortable and attractive home would do well to purchase; and, moreover, it is the advantage of being ready for occupancy at any time. The best of terms will be given. For further particulars apply at the office of D C McLeod, Charlottetown, or to Mrs. P F Tynan, 13 North Union St. Somerville, Mass. wk. 4 in.

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A young man with some experience at carpenter work to learn the art of pattern making.
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Bruce Stewart and Co.
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R. MACNEILL, M. D.
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Liberal-Conservative Convention.
A convention of delegates for the third Electoral District of King's Co. will be held in the Hall at Carleton Place on Wednesday, Oct. 17th, at 2 o'clock, p. m., for the purpose of nominating a candidate to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late lamented Cyrus Shaw, Esq.
Chairmen of polls will see that a full list of ten delegates be appointed.
D. C. MORSON, President.
J. A. DEWAR, Secretary.

Auction Sale.
Valuable Farm Property at Black River, Lot 35.
I will sell at Public Auction at the hour of one o'clock, p. m., on Thursday, the 1st day of November, next, 1900, on the premises, Black River, Lot 35, that valuable farm, being the property owned by the late William Court, containing 112 acres of good land, 90 acres clear, balance covered with lumber suitable for fencing and scantling, situate in a good settlement, near muskeg mud, and convenient to churches, schools, etc.
For further particulars see handbills.
Terms easy and made known at sale.
JOHN COURT, Executor.

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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

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