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—CHARLOTTETOWN—

TIME TABLE

(LOCAL TIME.)

Arrival and Departure of Trains and Steamers.

TRAINS

Express leaves for the west..... 8 35 a m.
Express arrives from the west.. 9 50 p m.
Accommodation leaves for the west..... 4 10 p m.
Express leaves for the east..... 6 00 p m.
Accommodation arrives from the west..... 10 55 a m.
Accommodation arrives from the east..... 2 25 p m.
Express leaves for the east..... 7 05 a m.
Express arrives from the east.. 9 10 a m.
Accommodation leaves for the east..... 3 00 p m.
Accommodation arrives from the east..... 4 50 p m.

STEAMERS

PRINCESS.

Leaves for Pictou every morning at..... 9 30 a m
Arrives from Pictou every evening at..... 8 30 p m.

LA GRANDE DUCHESSE.

Arrives from Boston and Halifax every Monday..... 12 p m.
Leaves for Boston and Halifax every Wednesday ..... 10 a m.

HALIFAX.

Arrives from Boston and Halifax every Thursday ..... 7 p m.
Leaves for Halifax and Boston every Friday ..... 1 p m.

CAMPANA.

Arrives from Montreal and Quebec every alternate Friday....
Leaves for Quebec and Montreal the following Monday evening.

CITY OF GHENT.

Arrives from Halifax every Thursday afternoon .....
Leaves for Halifax every Friday 10 a m.

JACQUES CARTIER.

Leaves for Orwell Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays..... 3 p m
Leaves for Crapaud every Friday at..... 3 p m.
Leaves for Crapaud every Saturday at..... 2 p m.

FERRY BOATS.

"Hillsborough"—Leaves Ferry Wharf for Southport every half hour.

"Southport"—Runs up East River every Tuesday, leaving at 5.30 a m, and 3 p m local. Runs up West River every Friday, leaving at 5.30 a m, and 4 p m local.

"Elfin"—Leaves for Rocky Point daily at 7, 8.30, 9.30, 11, a m; 1, 2, 4, 5 30, p m, local time. Returning, leaves Rocky Point at 8, 9, 10, 11 30 a. m.; 1.30, 3, 4.30, 6 p. m. local time. Sundays leaves for Rocky Point at 9 a m, 12.45, 2, 4 p m. Returning, leaves Rocky Point at 10 a m; 1.15, 3, 5, p m.

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Love Finds A Way.

BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

Copyright, 1899, by Jeannette H. Walworth.

Continued,)

Reaching the house, he made a circuit around it. In a remote corner of the large back yard he knew he should find the care taker and his wife. He would give them general directions for opening the house, sunning the rooms and clipping the cedars. That must do for tonight, just by way of keeping his promise to Olivia.

He was tired, harassed, unhappy; but, whatever befell, the shadows that sometimes crowded thick and fast about his own resolute head should not infold her. To make Olivia happy was the law of his life, the mainspring of his every action, his one earthly desire.

The care taker and his wife had closed their cottage for the night and were preparing to retire when his knock startled them. He heard them draw the bolt with reluctant caution to answer his summons.

"What! Not abed thus early, Simon?"

"Not just abed, sir, but since the master's been gone Jess and me are jus' as willin as not to lock up early and shut things out. It be awful lonesome and gloomsome here now. Mr Matthews, and unless things brighten up when Mr. Tom gets through school in I doubt if Jess and me can hold on at this gait."

And then Mr. Matthews told Simon how he was going to break the gloom spell by a garden party on his daughter's birthday, and Simon espoused his cause gladly. Broxton Hall used to be a happy and a gay house.

"Anything to bring back the old gladsomeness, sir."

Mr. Matthews gave his orders about opening the house, clipping the cedars, etc. When he turned away, he heard the old man promptly bolt the door again, and as the wooden shutters were of solid boards the little cottage immediately offered but a dark, square bulk for observation. He returned as he had come. Making the circuit of the house from rear to front, by the side on which Colonel Broxton's study was located, involuntarily he glanced upward at the closed shutters, then started and stood still, wondering. A faint light, so faint that it might have been a phosphorescent glimmer, shone through the slats of the dark green shutters.

Whatever else his shortcomings, physical cowardice was not among them. Some one was in the Broxton house and in the colonel's study. To go back for Simon would be useless. He would not come. He must depend upon his own address and his own nerve.

Stealing noiselessly to the front of the house, the lawyer mounted the low front steps and tried the front door handle softly. It was locked. With a strong grip he next seized one of the shutters of the long French windows that opened from the parlor to the veranda floor. It yielded readily. So did the sash. He slipped his shoes from his feet and sped with swift noiselessness across the hall. The study was at the rear of the house. It connected with the room in the parlor suit by the doors glazed with dead ground glass. Through the dim glass of these doors the pale phosphorescent gleam came steadily. He would catch the thief red handed. His hands were planted firmly on the silver doorknobs. He sent the sliding doors gliding noiselessly in their grooves with a resolute touch. Then he staggered and held fast by the lintel to keep himself from falling.

Bending over the dead man's study table was a tall, shadowy form in white. The sound of scattering loose paper fell on his ears with a ghostly rustle. He saw a restless hand three times distinctly. In a sighing whisper he heard the words, "Lost, lost, lost!" all this in a second of time. The night wind swept through the open front window. The pale light was suddenly extinguished. The house lay in utter darkness. A faint, slow movement, like the rustle of garments, came nearer to the terror palsied man, passed by him, died away entirely.

How long he staid there he never could have told, nor how he ever groped his way back to the spot where he had left his shoes and from there to his horse.

Once in the saddle, with the cold night air fanning his cheeks, his courage came back and with it a flood of self contempt.

"Bah! Am I in my dotage? he cried angrily. "Tomorrow I will investigate this ghostly trickery and run the trickster to earth."

But he slept very little that night, nor did he run that ghostly "trickster" to earth on the morrow nor the next day nor any day thereafter.

CHAPTER V.

PREPARING FOR THE FETE.

Mandeville confessedly never saw its like, never expected to see its like again.

There were those in that conservative village who flatly maintained that such magnificence was entirely out of place. They were sure history never recorded a greater ado made over the coronation of royalty or the installation of presidents.

After all, Mandeville was only Mandeville, and she in whose honor the world had just been turned upside down was nobody but little Ollie Matthews, who had grown up among them with no particular claim to universal homage, a nice enough girl, pretty, amiable, social, and all that, but "such doings over her coming of age was just nothing short of nonsensical."

Mandeville possessed, among its antiquities, those who remembered the very day when Horace Matthews first put foot in Mandeville, the only son of a poor widow music teacher whom Rufus Broxton's father befriended as he always befriended the needy ones of the earth. The antiquities shook their hoary heads and groaned inscrutably, "And look at him now!"

Such a "coming out party" had never been dreamed of in the wildest fancies of the most imaginative Mandevillian. "Coming out party" had sense and sound of its own. It meant what it sounded like. "Fete champetre" was a combination of the alien and the incomprehensible. One language was more than sufficient for all of Mandeville's philological necessities. It frowned down all others.

But there was no disposition to frown down the glittering fact that from funereal gloom to dazzling hilarity the old Broxton place had passed without the saving grace of an entr'acte—such a painting of fences, and trimming of long neglected shrubbery, and stringing of lanterns, and planting of pallid statuary that rather made some of the oldest ladies blink with amazement, and grouping of tubbed exotics, and waxing of floors for giddy feet, and cartloads of crockery and glass, and a band of music in blue breeches with [illegible] down their legs, and—and—[illegible] e was absolutely breathless with excitement. There were those who said it was a good thing for the town, because it gave "jobs" to so many idlers. Miss Greenfield, whose dressmaking had been found good enough for Mrs. Colonel Broxton and for this very Miss Matthews' mother, didn't see where the good of the town was being consulted when nobody this side of New York could make a good enough dress for the coming out heiress. That was what they called her, "the heiress," and Lawyer Matthews' reckless expenditure of money on the coming fete warranted any amount of wildness in the matter of nomenclature and conjecture.

Miss Malvina had been retained as general superintendent of the whole magnificent business. She was to act as Miss Matthews' chaperon on the occasion. She had been privileged to select the very sample the gown had been made from, all of which invested her with an importance she could never otherwise have achieved.

The Spillman cottage became the most popular resort in the neighborhood. The few who had been bidden and the many who only expected to enjoy the fete through the medium of their ears all found urgent call to the cottage.

"Mother" Spillman's cottage was virtually on the Broxton grounds. It had originally been built for the porter's lodge to Broxton Hall by a wealthy Englishman, who, having invested largely in some tile factories on this side, fancied he should like to live in close proximity to them.

It was a fancy that died in its early infancy, and the lodge, with all that appertained thereto, passed into the ownership of the late Colonel Broxton's father, a stockholder in the same company. The Englishman returned to the country where porters and porters' lodges were a genteel necessity, and the little lodge was closed up.

When the Rev. Isham Spillman was called to preach and to teach in the neighborhood of Mandeville, the porter's lodge had been donated by Tom's grandfather for a parsonage. When the Rev. Isham died, full of years and honor, it was decided that his venerable widow should live on in the pretty cottage and call it hers.

The womankind of the Broxton family and of the Spillman had always been the best of friends, and now that there was no womankind left in the Broxton family Miss Malvina and her mother felt a hovering sort of interest in the lonely boy representative of what had once been the most important family in the county. It was natural that Miss Malvina should have a hand in things connected with Broxton Hall.

Mrs. Spillman held that nothing short of Tom's own marriage would have warranted such "a turning upside down of things," adding indignantly, "I suppose all Mrs. Broxton's silver and china will be used just like it was their own."

Miss Malvina sounded a placating note. "Oh, that's all right, mother. Ollie wrote to Tom that she wanted to have her birthday celebration on his grounds, and he wrote back he would be only too glad to have her chase the shadows out of the old house, to use everything as freely as if it was her own."

(To be Contined.

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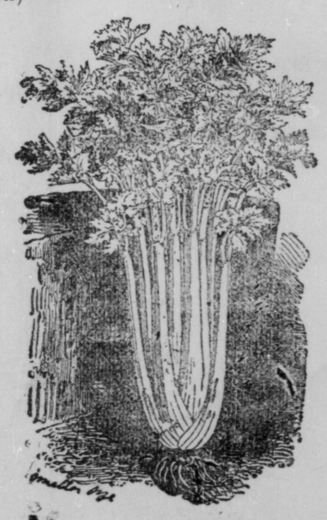

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Men's Mocho Gloves, $1 00, $1.25, $1.50,
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