

# 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.

# Prepare

For the homecoming of our contingent by laying in a quantity of fireworks, fire-crackers, torpedoes, fire fountains, etc., to no end. A large supply of flags, all sizes and prices.

## MITCHELL'S BOOKSTORE

Queen St. Opp. Prowse Bros.

# Real Estate Sale.

To be sold by Public Auction on the premises on Wednesday, the 24th October next, at the hour of 12 o'clock noon, that valuable and desirable property situated on the southern side of Richmond Street, between Zion Church and the bank of Nova Scotia, known as the Young Men's Christian Association building and premises. The building is of brick, well and substantially built, being in a central position, immediately opposite the Law Courts; can be made suitable for many purposes, public or private.

Terms Cash on delivery of the deed.

For further particulars apply to

J. D. SEAMAN,  
President Y. M. C. A.,  
Sept. 25, tue and Fri.

This sale has been postponed til Wednesday, November 14th, at the same place and hour.

## Hillsborough

## Bridge

The New Bridge is coming and so are the dry streets and roads. Then you will need something nice in footwear.

We Have a fine Selection  
Selling Very Low

**J. H. BELL**

The Bargain Boot  
Shoe Store.

# HORSES ON FREIGHT TO WEST INDIES.

The "B. C. Borden" 385 tons will load early in November for Barbadoes and Demerara—and will carry horses on deck—applications for space should be made early.

This vessel is excellently well adapted for safe and comfortable carrying.

CARVELL BROS,  
Ch'town, Oct. 13, 1900 1w eod.

**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.

# LOVE FINDS A WAY.

BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

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(CONTINUED.)

"I'm not afraid, John, but what Rufus Broxton's son can make headway wherever he plants himself, but I do hope he will be careful about his flannels and things. I ucetta and his mother died so young, John. If I knew where the boy was, I would write to him in a motherly sort of way, you know. He may be slow making new friends out there, you see."

"And that's a kindly thought, Matilda. I'll find out from Matthews and let you know."

Then his office bell rang, and the doctor left the pleasant sitting room fire-side, made all the brighter by Mrs. Doctor's sweet old face, to answer it. Presently he put his head in the doorway to say:

"It is something of a hurry call from Matthews. I shouldn't be surprised if I paid him a good long visit, Matilda."

That was his formula—always to keep Matilda posted as to his movements. She had a formula too.

"And give my love to Olivia. Tell her if there's anything in the wide world I can do to send right back for me. I'll drive over anyway this afternoon with some salt rising bread and quince marmalade if you don't forbid them."

Mandeville would have been put to it to find man or woman who, having ever been sick enough to call in Dr. Govan, had not been treated to salt rising bread and quince marmalade by Mrs. Dr. Govan.

## CHAPTER XIII.

"MOTHER" SPILLMAN SPEAKS OUT AT LAST.

Notwithstanding its capacity in the matter of mote magnifying and the building up of substantial charges from straws and wisps, Mandeville had a heart, and when it was known that Lawyer Matthews had actually taken to his bed and that Dr. Govan looked very grave when questioned about his patient's chances for recovery this heart swelled with a great pity for Olivia's prospective desolation, with the result that she was overwhelmed with neighborly offers of help and sympathy. Touching this widespread demonstration, she said to Miss Malvina, with shining, grateful eyes:

"I always knew papa deserved to be revered by his neighbors, and it makes me so proud to be assured of the estimation he is held in. But I don't think he would like any of them at his bedside. He told me so. I think Reuben and I can manage the case. He is not very sick, you know. It is just a nervously nervous condition ever since the fire. He was so frightened for me that night, you know." To which Miss Malvina answered "No, of course," and

then "Yes, of course," vaguely trying to meet all requirements. She was thinking of how very ill Mr. Matthews really was and of how entirely unconscious Olivia was of the impending catastrophe. But it was not for her to furnish enlightenment.

Some one, Miss Malvina decided, certainly ought to be within call at night in case—in case of the worst. Dr. Govan was out of the question. He was too old and too necessary to the well being of the rest of Mandeville to be risked. She thought of Tom Broxton, but Tom was hundreds of miles away, hard at work. Mr. Matthews had told her he was in an electrician's office in Kansas City. Ollie never heard from him at all nowadays. She thought of herself, only to think next of her mother. She could not stay away from the

cottage at night. Why should not Clarence Westover stay? She gave Olivia the benefit of her views on this point.

"I think, my dear, you ought to have some one besides old Reuben in the house at night. It is just possible you might want to send for Dr. Govan during the night. I was thinking that Mr. Westover would be just the one."

"Clarence to sit up at night? Oh, then you must think papa very ill indeed!"

"I don't think anything of the kind," said Miss Malvina recklessly. "I was just thinking that naturally it would cheer you up some to have him about."

A soft glow spread over the girl's tired face. The mere suggestion had proved cheering.

"Oh, he is just as nice as can be! He comes every day and has wanted to help nurse from the very beginning, and—and—it would be immensely comforting to me just to know that he was within call, but papa seems to have such an aversion to any one being in his room. He has said over and over again that he hoped I would not take advantage of him when he was asleep to leave a stranger in charge of him. As if I would take advantage of him under any circumstances!" she added mournfully.

"The very best of men are selfish pigs when it comes to sickness," said Miss Malvina, with scorn in her eyes and a fixed purpose in her heart.

She found Clarence Westover tethering his horse to the Matthews rack. She went toward him eagerly.

"Well, I call this providential; that I do. I was just casting about in my mind how I could get a message to you."

"Worse?" He nodded gravely toward the house.

"No; I can't say that I see any change at all, but it is just this way: Things are in too critical a condition for that child to be left alone at night, with no one but old Reuben to call on in case of—of—"

"I understand. I have thought so all along. I have pleaded with her for permission to stay. She has refused me with singular obstinacy. I cannot stay in spite of her."

"That is just exactly what you must do. I know. It is all his doings. She would be glad to have you. I know it. But she wouldn't go against his wishes for the universe. I don't suppose I can help being selfish, seeing he is a man. She needs you desperately, Mr. Westover. What are you going to do about it?"

A second of silent reflection fell between them, and then Westover solved the problem cheerfully.

"I have it. I can be on hand and he none the wiser for it. I don't suppose, now, any one is likely to visit the little side porch his room opens on after dark?"

"No. Splendid! There is a hammock swung there just outside his windows. You can hear everything that goes on in the room."

"I'll do it," said Clarence with decision. "I will come after dark. Fortunately there is no moon to tell on me."

"Nor any dog," Miss Malvina added reassuringly. "My dear Mr. Westover, what a load you have lifted off my heart!"

And as she trotted briskly homeward, with that much lightened organ warming toward Ollie's lover, she said to herself that she guessed they had all been unjust to this young man because they had dedicated Ollie to Tom Broxton and maybe because he wore patent leather shoes in the daytime.

Mandeville had its own standards, and Miss Malvina stood by them. Patent leather stood for holidays and holy days. Her loving heart was very full just then. What with pitying tenderness for Ollie, somber anticipations for Lawyer Matthews and growing anxiety for her mother it could not well be fuller. She had to admit to herself that her mother was growing queerer every day.

And the queerer she grew the more frenzied became her dislike for Horace Matthews. In her efforts to account for it Miss Malvina recalled the psychological fact that mentally unbalanced people frequently selected some one individual as the object of their especial detestation. Sometimes it was those they had most reason to love and admire. Her mother was certainly a monomaniac where the lawyer was concerned. When she had heard of the sale of Broxton Hall, for instance, she had laughed maliciously and said that Tom could send that business higher than a kite. She had all she could do to keep her mother from breaking out into her dreadful tirades of abuse before others.

So Miss Malvina in her little three-roomed cottage and Olivia Matthews in her mansion of many rooms were each winning their way through the

shadows with heavy hearts amid foreboding fears.

As ordered by Dr. Govan, Reuben was night nurse and Olivia tended the sick man during the day. Said the gentle old doctor:

"Reuben can stand loss of sleep better than you can, my dear, and it would distress your father to see you

about him when you should be getting your proper rest."

But Ollie had her doubts about Reuben's superior powers of endurance, and after stealing into the dimly lighted sickroom twice in one night to find patient and nurse both in a profound slumber she aroused Reuben and drew him cautiously out into the hall.

"It is nearly midnight, Reuben, and I have been sleeping nicely ever since 8 o'clock. You go now and rest until daybreak. You say he does not get restless before then. Come back at first peep of day, and he will never have missed you."

This suggestion fell in so comfortably with Reuben's own desires that she did not have to urge it very strenuously. With yawning thanks he shuffled out of sight.

Olivia stole noiselessly into the sickroom to take his place. The sick man was in a profound sleep. She lowered the lamp on the hearth a trifle and moved the screen so that the shadows cast by it on the ceiling above the bed should take on fewer fantastic shapes. She shook the water pitcher softly to make sure of the presence of ice in it. She examined the tumbler of physio to be quite sure of the next dose in case she had to administer it before Reuben's return.

Gratified to find the patient remain unconscious of all this subdued activity, she curled herself up in the great armchair on the side of the bed next



"I have been biding my time."

to the wall, where she would be completely hidden should her father open his eyes, but need no attention. Then she administered a small dose of comfort to her own anxious heart.

"He is better. He must be better. Dr. Govan said if he could only sleep better all would be well, and now he is sleeping splendidly."

With folded arms and closed eyes she fell to picturing things as they would shape themselves as soon as her father should leave his sick bed. She would tell him how Clarence was pleading for an immediate marriage so as to help her take care of him in his declining years. It was lovely to have her lover so fond of her father, but then everybody looked up to and revered her father. It would be terrible to have a father whom all the world could not look up to. And thus comforting herself after the manner of all things young and innocent she settled herself to keep vigil. In five minutes she was sound asleep. Not for very long. She fell a-dreaming, an unpleasant, startling dream. She fancied some terrible, wild thing was standing over her father's sick bed with flame in its eyes and venom on its tongue. She writhed as one does in the conscious effort to shake off a nightmare and opened her eyes, only to cover them with her trembling hands as she smothered the impulse to cry out.

(To be Continued.)

# He Walked The Floor

In Agony With Pains In the Back—Sleep Impossible—Medicine of no Avail Until He got Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Mr. Patrick J. McLaughlan, Beaumont, Que., states:—"I was troubled with Kidney Disease and Dyspepsia for 20 years and have been so bad that I could not sleep at nights on account of pains in the back, but would walk the floor all night and suffered terrible agony."

"I tried all sorts of medicines but got no relief until I began using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. They made a new man of me, and the old troubles seem to be driven out of my system."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have an enormous sale and owe their popularity to the fact that they can be absolutely relied upon to cure all ailments of the kidneys, liver, and stomach. They are purely vegetable in composition, prompt and effective in action, and cure permanently. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates and Co. Toronto, Ont.

# "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.**

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

Stoves and Hardware.

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

# THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT

Is to get a boot that will wear and fit you, then you will have satisfaction. You also want something to suit you in price. You will find them all at

**McQUAID'S,**

LOWER QUEEN STREET

Boot and Shoe Store.

# Blood Disorders

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.

# Dodd's Kidney Pills