

Wants, Lost, Found &c

TO RENT—A blacksmith's shop on Kent St. Possession given on or about 1st May. Apply to P. H. Trainor, Kent St. 78-81.

A By-law amending the By-law respecting Theatres and Public Shows.

Be it enacted by the City Council, of The City of Charlottetown, that section one of the said By-law, be amended by adding the following words: "Provided never the less, that it shall be lawful for the City Council, upon the application of the owners or managers of any Opera House, Music Hall or other Public Hall of any kind, to grant a yearly license for such sum as may be determined upon, by resolution of said Council.

A Bye-law Respecting the Sale of Meat.

Be it enacted by the City Council of the City of Charlottetown as follows:— 1. Every person publicly selling meat (fresh, salted or corned) by retail within this city in any store, shop, house, warehouse or other building or in the public market building or in or from any meat wagon, cart, carriage, sleigh or other vehicle upon the public streets or highways of the said City by retail or in less quantities than by the carcass, shall obtain from the Mayor thereof a License as a meat Vendor, and the Mayor is hereby authorized to issue such License upon receiving the License fee hereinafter mentioned.

AT LOVE'S COMMAND.

(Continued from 6th page)

ARRIVED in London, my first business was to find Captain Rogers. He had heard from Sir Thomas and received me with great affability and consideration, undertaking to have me bestowed in the best part of the ship and to let me see something of the town before we started. In me, as I remember, our sight-seeing expeditions produced perhaps as much bewilderment as pleasure. I wandered through the seething, roaring wilderness of the largest city of the world eager to learn and admire, yet feeling so utterly out of my element, so much confounded by the din and smoke and rush, by the ruthless self-assertiveness and indifference that seemed to characterize men and things alike, by the usual and splendour so grotesquely blended and tragically contrasted—in a word, so dazed by the distracting throb and tumult of a nation's mighty heart, that I was glad to get away.

When the time came to sail, the river sides were thronged with people to witness the spectacle of our departure; for, that being just the beginning of the era of steam, it was thought a miraculous thing to see a stately three-decker sailing off with never a stitch of canvas set nor any visible means of getting forward save by a wheel that frantically churned the water into foam; and if it was strange to the spectators on shore to see a big ship going bravely on independently of wind and tide I must own it was rather startling to one at least of those on board to be caged up on the waters with a belching, pounding, wheezing, screeching fire demon that seemed to be crying out in eternal agony and struggling with all its frenzied might to burst its bonds and wreak destruction on all about it.

Often in the night have I lain listening to it in its miniature pandemonium, never silent, never slumbering, never for one brief moment at peace, but forever wrenching and writhing, forever setting up the same inappassable cry of labouring pain and the same terrible threat of vengeance. Nowadays we have grown so familiar with the fire fiend that, as it were, but I never come near him in steamer or hissing locomotive without a shudder at the thought of the vengeance he will one day wreak on this world.

But in that fresh experience curiosity and interest soon mastered fear. There was gladness in the ease and speed with which our flame-fed slave carried us down the river and along the coast of Kent, and past "the tall white cliffs of Dover," the last prominent spot on which the exile's straining eye rests when he is leaving England for the East, and the first on which it wistfully falls when happily he returns. The sun was going down in a soft suffusion of colour as we entered the strait, casting a glamorous iridescent light on the receding land and the sails of the many stately ships that were bearing gallantly up and down, some, like ourselves, outward bound, others, their wanderings for the present over, bound for the home we had left. I stood on the deck gazing backward till the land melted into darkness, then Captain Rogers quietly slipped his arm in mine, and we went below to supper.

The Pearl of the Orient made a quick and prosperous passage, landing us in Bombay in a day less than the time reckoned for the voyage before starting. You may be sure I did not allow Sir Thomas' business to lag. Having presented my letters of introduction, and undergone a brief but fiery course of hospitality, I set vigorously to the work before me, assisted by the numerous friends of my patron. I had no difficulty in discovering that Donald Gordon had been in Bombay some eighteen months before, and had suddenly disappeared. But whether he had gone, whether he had departed by land or by sea, or been despatched by the hand of the assassin, no one had the least idea. There were of course conjectures in plenty. He might be hunting in the jungle, or taking the cool air among the hills, or trafficking with oily natives in another town. He might be in China or Japan or Australia or the South Sea Islands or Peru, or in the interior of some enterprising shark. The possibilities were endless, but there was only one certainty—that he had completely slipped all his friends in Bombay.

In my first report home, then, I had nothing better to send than hope, of which I was no niggard. I stated, truthfully enough I trust, that I had already learned something about Donald; also, I fear not quite so truthfully, that I was not without reasonable ground for thinking that he and I should shortly have a dish of curry together. I did not tell them that as a last resource I had employed the cleverest private detective in the city to find me, and that he had failed.

Hood's Pills Best to take after dinner; prevent distress, aid digestion, cure constipation. Purely vegetable; do not grip. Wholesale price, 25 cents per pound only. Sold by all druggists. 25 cents per pound only. G. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

MY ENAMELING OVEN is a grand success. If you send your Bicycles to me you'll get a hard, smooth, long wearing finish, equal to the best new work. Only the BEST baking colors and varnish used.

H. R. LARGE Great Geo. St.—Large & Son's Factory.

to me so much as a single word. Had I written what was in my mind I should have said frankly that so far as could then be seen there was not the remotest chance of being able to trace Donald. Perhaps the better course would have been to say that I saw this more clearly when the letter was gone, and I had stronger reason to conclude he must be really dead.

I argued in this way: Donald Gordon has a multitude of friends in Bombay, and if he wished to leave he would certainly have told them of his intention, and the direction he purposed to take, and what he intended to do. There is ample evidence that he never breathed a syllable to one of them of any plan for the future. Moreover, there is a considerable sum of money standing to his credit with his father's banker. He knew it had been lodged there for his use, and considering his extremely precarious and slender means of living and the almost absolute necessity of money to a European in the East, it is probable that he would decline to take advantage of this provision which had been made for him? Then there is the curious circumstance that he was last seen a few hours after he must have received the banker's letter, apprising him of the deposit which had been made to his credit.

Supposing this letter was seen by others, would not the money be a great temptation to a needy villain, who might take the risk of attempting to secure it by getting rid of Donald, but, finding the thing impossible as he proceeded, abandon the project ere anyone became aware of its existence? All this I reasoned with myself over and over again, and the more I reasoned the firmer became my conviction that Donald Gordon must be dead. He did not die in the orthodox fashion, else there would be a record of his death, but there was no evidence that he ever left the city, and he was not in it now.

I laid my conclusion before the detective, before the bankers, and some others. They all said it was plausible. "Only," said one, "you forget Donald's pride. He was the proudest man I ever knew in my life; indeed, he was silly in that way." And, to be sure, there was Donald's pride to be taken into account. But it did not aid us. At the end of two months I had exhausted my own ingenuity and that of all my friends, including the detective, without coming on a single trace of Donald. If he was dead, he was buried beyond hope of discovery; if he had gone away, he had most effectually covered up his tracks. There seemed to be nothing for it but to abandon the search, write my dismal report, remit Sir Thomas his money, and turn to my own concerns. My friends admitted it really was the only thing to be done.

"Indeed, Mr. Kilgour," said Mr. Macdonald, a banker, at whose dinner table the matter was discussed, "if it were a financial speculation depending for return of profit on the finding of the volatile Donald Gordon—who, for aught I know, has the power of making himself invisible—I am bound to confess I would have nothing to do with it. It seems unquestionable that Mr. Donald has gone, desiring no further news of his friends, and I think you are right in giving up the chase. And now that you have disposed of Sir Thomas Gordon's business, might I ask what your plans are for yourself?"

I was obliged to answer that I had no definite plans as yet, having been so absorbed in the hunt for Gordon that I had had no time to think of myself, but now I would certainly look out for an opening. "As to that," said he, "there is a desk at your disposal in the house of Macdonald, Macintosh and Macintosh—good Scotch names, all of them, you will observe—any time you may feel inclined to begin work. The emoluments will be sufficient to enable you to live pending the finding of something better should you not take kindly to banking."

"I have had some knowledge of Highlanders," put in Mr. Matheson, one of the merchant princes to whom I had a letter of introduction. "I have had some knowledge of Highlanders, and I hardly ever saw one of them feel at home at a desk. Put a gun, or a sword, or a tarry rope, or anything else that means fresh air and activity in their hands, and they're as much at home as a rabbit in a sand lill. But that's not saying that Mr. Kilgour would not take kindly to banking. If he's after rupees, he will," and Mr. Matheson cast a glance of intelligence at his friend.

I hastened to say that I was very grateful to Mr. Macdonald for his generous offer, and that, with his permission, I would keep it under consideration for a day or two. "Quite right, Mr. Kilgour, quite right," said Mr. Macdonald, cordially. "Look before you leap, especially in this land of deceits, though, to tell you the truth and never flatter, you have done so well in this Gordon business that I should like to catch you. However, I say again, you are quite right to avoid a rash decision. A false step involves a change, and though the proverb says that changes are lightsome it adds that only fools are fond of them. I am not one of those who pin their faith to proverbs, good or bad. If a rolling stone does not gather moss, it often gathers what is a great deal better than moss—an auriferous coating that we are all glad to admire. So don't decide hastily. It's a poor business getting out of the frying-pan into the fire and back again from the fire into the frying pan. Avoid it."

And that you may have an alternative, Mr. Kilgour," added Mr. Matheson, "let me say that in a week or two I have a vessel starting for Jedda, and that you are welcome to a free trip if you choose. It will enable you to look about, and maybe (who knows?) you may light on something that may strike your fancy. The trip will not take long altogether. It will be an outing to you, if nothing more, which, after your hard work as a detective, will, I dare say, be grateful. What do you say to that, Macdonald?"

I thanked Mr. Matheson as I had thanked Mr. Macdonald, saying that as the ship was not sailing immediately I would think the matter over. But the suggestion pleased me; whereas, though sincerely grateful to Mr. Macdonald, I was not in love with the idea of perching on a stool. The upshot was that I declined Mr. Macdonald's offer, and decided to visit Arabia in Mr. Matheson's ship. The kindly banker would not, however, take a final answer, but said that the post should be kept open till my return, as ships and tarry sailors might by that time have lost their attraction. If he has kept his word, there has been a vacant desk in that establishment for a very long time.

The decision made, my next piece of business was to write home a long letter to Kilburnie and another to The Elms. The Kilburnie letter was out of hand with no effort, but the one to Sir Thomas was a different matter entirely. I felt a great pity for the poor gentleman, which I durst not express lest he should die of heartbreak, so that my communication had to be somewhat of the nature of a diplomatic despatch. Unhappily the task of composing it called for gifts with which I was but scantily endowed. I wrote the letter and rewrote it, and again wrote it; then took it to bed to dream over, undoing the whole thing on the morrow, and going through such agonies of composition as do not make me envy the life of an author.

On the third day my patience was exhausted, and the clumsy essay in diplomacy was posted. It tried to make out that there was abundant hope for the future, while there was also a sufficient reason for abandoning the search at present, but I fancy it could not have imposed on anybody. To put the better face on the thing, I fabricated a little fiction about the severe head telling on my health and being advised to take a short trip. I trust I shall be forgiven, for the motive was good, and I know that, acute as must have been Sir Thomas' disappointment, it was not any acuter than my own, for if his hope was centred in Donald so also was mine.

(To be Continued.)



HOW DO YOU FEEL? If, when you rise in the morning, you have a bad taste in your mouth—tongue coated, headache, dizziness—or you are suffering from nervousness, your system is out of order and wants regulating.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt is the most simple and efficacious regulator known. A dose taken every morning before breakfast cleans the tongue and mouth and imparts a feeling of freshness and energy to the entire system. It is nature's own remedy for all those little ills that develop into starting diseases when not attended to at once.

Valuable Property For Sale By Auction. [A instructed by the Executors of the Estate of the late Hon Henry J. Calbeck, to sell by Auction, on the premises, Sydney Street, on THURSDAY, the 19th day of APRIL instant at 12 o'clock noon—

FOR SALE OR TO LET That most desirable business stand, situated on Kent Street, between Prince and Great George. This property was occupied for some years past by the late J. A. Cameron, as a watch and jewelry store and dwelling. For particulars apply to D. STEWART, Baker, Kent Street

FOR SALE The subscriber offers for sale the following properties, formerly owned by the late Richard Pillingman, at French River, New London, 1. A farm containing 25 acres, all cleared and in a good state of cultivation, sloping to the south. 2. A plot containing 2 acres, with good dwelling house containing 11 rooms and a new barn and wagon shed, thereon and a new barn and a store, complete with shelving, etc., and a granary. 3. One acre of land, across the road, opposite the store, and building lot at the cross roads, near the store. These properties are well situated in one of the best localities in Prince Edward Island for business or farming purposes. The subscriber also offers for sale a dwelling house and lot at Kensington. The house contains 11 rooms, and is in good repair. For further particulars apply to Messrs. McLeod, Morrison & McQuarrie, Solicitors, Charlottetown, or to the owner, L. VILMANN, 20 St. James' St., New York.

SEE THAT THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF CHARLES H. FITCHER IS ON THE WRAPPER OF EVERY BOTTLE OF CASTORIA. Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN. Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC. Fac Simile Signature of CHARLES H. FITCHER NEW YORK. 16 months old 35 Doses—35 CENTS. EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

TETLEY'S VICTORIA'S REIGN. THE LONGEST REIGN IN HISTORY 1837. There is no better tea retailed at 60c. than the tea sold in TETLEY'S JUBILEE CANISTERS. These were made as a souvenir of her Majesty's illustrious reign and are decorated with as handsome a piece of color work as has ever been seen in Canada. Her Majesty is represented in lifelike colors at the most noted periods of her life; 1817, 1835, 1867; in panels, 25 cents representations of Her Majesty's Army and Navy are to be found. When the tea is consumed the tin will be useful as a handsome tea or cake caddy. The tea is worth 60c. The tin is surely worth 50c. Sold by most dealers at 60c.; if yours cannot supply you send direct to JOS. TETLEY & CO., 7 BEDFORD ROW, HALIFAX, N.S. Or 14 LEMOINE STREET, MONTREAL.

THAT OVERCOAT IS TOO HEAVY. There's no comfort in wearing a winter overcoat these spring days. Have a STYLISH spring coat. We want to show you that new line of spring Overcoatings. For instance those handsome venturians in fawn, brown, slate and light greys. COSTS NOTHING to see them and but LITTLE to own them. John McLeod & Co., SARTORIAL ARTISTS

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DR. CLIFT treats CHRONIC DISEASES by the Silbury method of persistent self-help, a regimen causing no pain. Cautious, intelligent treatment in person or by letter insures minimum of suffering and maximum of cure possible in each case. Avoid attempts unaided. Graduate of N. Y. University and the NEW YORK HOSPITAL. Twenty years practice in N. Y. City. Diplomas registered in U.S. and Canada. ADDRESS: CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I., CANADA. OFFICE, Victoria Row. Accommodations reserved for patients. References on application. Oct 15 1897

Y. M. C. A. The basins in the Association Building have been refitted, and are now in strictly first class condition. They will be open Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, from 2 to 10 p. m. Members are invited to patronise them; non members will be charged a small fee for their use. The Assembly Hall is now in good order, and will be let at reasonable rates. Apply to the Secretary.