

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.

Hillsborough

Bridge

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

We Have a Fine Selection Selling Very Low

J. H. BELL

The Bargain Boot shoe store

LOVE FINDS A WAY.

BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

(COPYRIGHT 1899 BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.)

(CONTINUED.)

"With them the Westovers have nothing to do. Keep them, or send them to Broxton, rather. They have belonged to him ever since he came of age. Perhaps you might hold on to them until—"

He left the sentence unfinished. Miss Malvina knew that he meant until Horace Matthews should be beyond the fret and worry of all things.

"Ah, well, just as you choose about the rest of the papers! I thought maybe you could talk them all over with Tom. Dear me! These inventories stand for inexhaustible wealth to me. What an extravagant fellow our dear Tom must have been as a college boy!"

"College boys are not an ascetic class, as a rule," said Clarence and with it "good night."

Miss Malvina sat where he had left her a long time. She found the papers describing Thomas' departed glories intensely interesting reading. "Poor old mother! She had been right all the way through, even to the description of Lucretia Broxton's necklace." She laid her hands upon the package of papers and sighed.

"In spite of all this, Thomas Broxton is a pauper. The Hall could not be sold, but it is sold. How do men manage to blunder so?"

Not yet was her loyal soul ready to endorse her mother's worst suspicions of Horace Matthews' stewardship.

CHAPTER XVI.

A DYING FATHER'S COMMAND.

"He is wanting to see you."

"Father?"

"Who else?"

Never conspicuous for snariness, loss of rest and the universal approval of his long established routine had brought old Reuben to a pitch of surlyness bordering on bearishness. Dr. Govan's severe reprimand for his desertion of his post the night before added the last drop of bitterness to his cup, and it overflowed upon poor little Olive's unoffending head.

On his return from the Spillman cottage Clarence Westover had come in for a share of the old man's accumulated acrimony, after which he had mounted his horse and ridden home in a frame of mind scarcely less cynical than Reuben's own. Said the old servant:

"There ain't a mite of common sense in your going all to pieces about that child. I've been knowing her ever since she was big enough to be strapped into a baby carriage, which she generally was trying to kick all to pieces like an unbroken colt. If anybody crossed her, she would just go off and hide. Many a bad scare has she given us all, just to wind up by walking in as smiling as a May morning and laughing at us for the pack of fools we undoubtedly was. She is hidden somewhere about the house now. She won't turn up smiling this time, but you may as well stop worrying about her."

Westover looked searchingly into the old man's face. He would much prefer to think that "that old hag's" arraignment of Olivia's father had been heard by no outsider but himself. As he was going to marry Horace Matthews' daughter he should like the name to be kept as clean as possible. With the paper which Miss Malvina had confided to his care reposing in his pocket he was in a combative mood. He owed it to himself to see that the local gossip-mill was supplied with no more grist.

"Who has crossed her this time?" he asked sharply.

"I'm not saying anybody has, sir. I was just telling you what her custom

was. I guess she's gone on to have a cry where nobody can't hear her. Dr. Govan don't give the old man much of a show."

"But Miss Matthews has not been told that?"

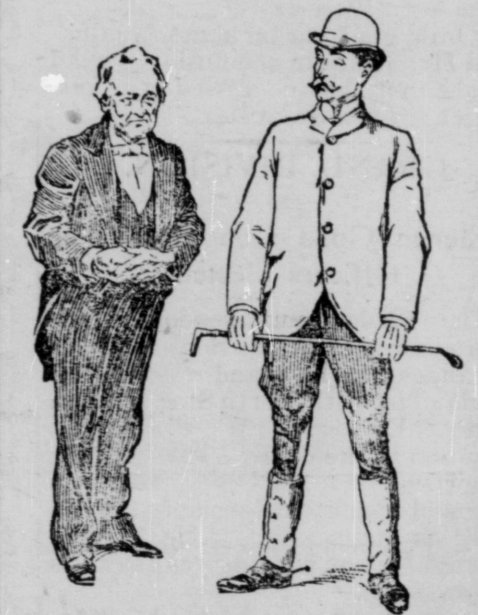
"No, sir, no; but she is mighty sharp at forming her own conclusions. She is mighty fretted over being kept out of the old man's room. I don't see into that myself. I should think, as fond as he is of her, he couldn't keep her close enough for the little time that's left. But the old man always had his own way of doing things."

"And you have searched the house all over, Reuben?"

"All over, sir, but that don't prove anything. There ain't but two places for her to be—Miss Malvina's and here. She is somewhere about, but I think she has made it plain enough that she wants to be left to herself. If I was you, Mr. Clarence, I'd take things easier."

"That last piece of advice is rather good, Reuben. I will try to follow it. I shall gallop over home and back again by midnight. I do not believe I shall be wanted."

Reuben had gladly seen him carry this resolution into effect. Perhaps the one soft spot in the old man's indurated heart was for Horace Mat-



Westover looked searchingly into the old man's face.

thews. They had grown up together, they had come to Mandeville together, and he was not as much in the dark as Clarence Westover would have liked him to be. He closed the front door upon the young man and shuffled back to the sickroom muttering to himself:

"I'd just as lief as not nobody should be spying on him in his last hours. He do mumble a lot of mortal strange stuff with the fever in his poor head."

But the fever was all out of Horace Matthews' head when he turned toward Reuben and asked feebly:

"Reuben, when was Thomas telegraphed for?"

"Night before last, sir."

"And what did you say in it?"

"Guardian very ill. Wants to see you. Come at once."

"Has he answered?"

"No, sir."

"Perhaps he didn't get it."

"Now, there you go to fretting, sir. It ain't a bit like you. The doctor says you was to keep calm."

"So he did, Reuben, so he did. If he got the message, when ought he to be here?"

"I asked the telegraph man that same question. According to his calculation, Mr. Thomas is due here about 1 a. m."

"And it is now—"

"Just half past 11, sir."

The sick man closed his eyes wearily. How insignificant all things here below now seemed! It was as if he were getting his life, with all of its loves, all of its ambitions, its toils, its achievements, its mistakes, in a true perspective at last. And how mean, how absolutely worthless, the sum total was!

All the capacity for loving he had been endowed with he had exercised for one child. He had loved Olivia to the exclusion of that broader, more elevating love for his fellow man as his neighbor. To make Olivia happy, to secure her against any mischance in the future, had seemed the one thing worth doing. That she might have, others must give; that she might rejoice, others must suffer. When he was working his way with strenuous stubbornness to this goal, he had not questioned his own methods nor the danger of working harm, and not good, to the idol of his life.

With the presumption born of a phenomenally good physical record he had looked forward to seeing Olivia enjoying the fruits of his wise stewardship, while he aided and encouraged Thomas Broxton in his ascent of the ladder which it was well for every man to climb in his youth.

He was not the first man who has

been surprised by death in the midst of unfinished schemes, and presently Thomas Broxton would be standing where that terrible old woman had stood, defiant, accusing, merciless. He opened his eyes from what Reuben had thought was a tranquil slumber to say hurriedly, "I think I should like to see my daughter, Reuben, before Mr. Broxton gets here."

And it was then that Reuben, going in search of her, had found her in her own room, sitting with her head buried in her outstretched arms.

For the first time in her life Olivia obeyed the summons to her father's presence with reluctance. Dr. Govan had reassured her on the subject of paralysis.

"Your father was violently agitated by the visit of that poor old irresponsible creature and temporarily lost his powers of speech. All agitation must positively be avoided, my dear, and when you go into his presence you must remember how much depends upon your personal observance of this caution."

Then for the first time in her life she must act a falsehood. She must go into her father's presence with a heavy load on her young heart long lying to ask him questions that must not be asked, yearning to have him exorcise the demons of suspicion and distrust awakened by that old wo-

man's cruel words. Perhaps he would die and leave them uncontradicted. Could bereavement hold a sharper sting?

She got up heavily and, going into her dressing room, bathed her eyes to efface the marks of recent tears and smoothed her hair into trimmer shape. Then she walked resolutely into the sick man's presence. He held out both wasted hands and drew her down upon the bed by him, murmuring familiar terms of endearment.

"You are better, father, much better. Dr. Govan tells me so," she said, returning his caresses gently.

The sick man sighed wearily.

"For a little while, for a very little while, my darling, I have told Govan to keep me here until Thomas gets home."

"Thomas? Why, papa, have you sent for Thomas?"

She was trembling violently. A deathly pallor spread over her sweet young face like a gray veil. Had her father any confession to make to Thomas Broxton? Why did he want him to come?

The sick man looked at her imploringly.

"I beg of you, my daughter, to summon all your fortitude. Your agitation reacts on me. You are losing control of yourself. I am a very ill man. Govan does not try to deceive me. Several days ago I made Reuben send a telegram to Thomas Broxton. He may be here at any moment."

"Yes, father." She spoke in a dull monotone, but her eyes looked tenderest pity into his.

"I want to beg his pardon."

"For what, father?" in the same sad monotone.

"For my bad management of his affairs."

(To be Continued.)

Itching Piles

A Fearfully Bad Case—Much Pain and Acute Misery From the Terrible Itching—Cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

It is doubtful if any remedy ever received so much grateful, unsolicited testimony as Dr. Chase's Ointment. The reason is not far to seek, for it is the only preparation known to man which never fails to cure piles.

Mr. F. G. Harding, a retired farmer, living at Nilestown, Middlesex county, Ont., writes as follows:—"I have been troubled with bleeding and itching piles for four or five years, and suffered intense agony at times. I had tried almost everything, but could get nothing that would give relief. On hearing of Dr. Chase's Ointment I procured a box, and it only required part of it to completely cure me. I am recommending it to all afflicted as I was."

Such incontrovertible evidence from responsible persons cannot, for a moment, be doubted. A few applications of Dr. Chase's Ointment will convince the most skeptical of its wonderful healing and soothing influence. A box or two will positively cure the most severe cases of piles; 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmansons, Bates & Co., Toronto.

JOHN P. BRENNAN

Ship Broker, Commission Merchant and dealer in all kinds of produce, my large commodious premises on Commercial Street being especially adapted for handling Prime Edward Island products. Consignments solicited. Prompt returns.

JOHN P. BRENNAN, North Street, Sept. 25, 1895.

McLEOD & BENTLEY

LAWYERS, ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS, ETC.

D. C. McLeod, late of the firm of M. & D. C. McLeod.

W. E. Bentley, late of the firm of Mathieson & Bentley.

Offices, Bank of Nova Scotia Building, Charlottetown.

sept9d&w3m

"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 Back'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 ordinary worrying for you for a long 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 Back's "Happy Thought" Range!

For sale by

Simon W. Crabbe.

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

Stoves and Hardware.

ECONOMY

If a person can make a small saving each day, it means considerable in a year.

We sell a large tin, 3 lb. Baked Beans for 10 cents a can

YOU can make quite a saving each day by dealing with us.

SANDERSON & CO.,

VICTORIA ROW GROCERS

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.

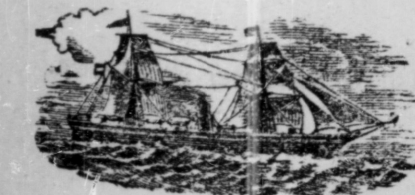
Eureka Blend Tea

If you want Tea that will please you, try Eureka Blend, this is our special blend.

R. F. Maddigan & Co.,

Lower Queen Street.

Black Diamond Line.



The S. S. Bonavista, sailing from Montreal Friday morning, Nov. 2nd, will be due at Charlottetown Monday morning, Nov. 5th, and sails for St. John's Nfld., via North Sydney, carrying horses, cattle and sheep on deck and produce under deck at lowest possible rates. For further particulars as to freight and passage apply to

PEAKE BROS. & CO.

Charlottetown, Oct. 29, 1900.

Neuralgia

is Rheumatism of the face. Uric Acid left in the blood by disordered kidneys lodges along the nerve which branches from the eye over the forehead, and across the cheek to the side of the nose. The cause is the same as in all Rheumatism—disordered kidneys. The cure is likewise the same—

Dodd's Kidney Pills

The Weather Bureau....

Is full of pent up colds, chills, shivers, shakes, cold winds and blustery weather. You had better change your

UNDERWEAR

We have an extra quality fleece lined for 65c. Plenty other kinds from 25c to \$4.00.

NEW FALL NECKWEAR

Direct from the manufacturers; made from silks of our selection. The styles are up-to-date and the prices within the reach of all. There is no house in men's furnishings where you can be better suited. We are determined to keep up our reputation as first-class furnishings.

MORRIS BLOCK CHARLOTTETOWN D. A. BRUCE

BETTER BREAD CAN BE BAKED

WITH A FEW PIECES OF WOOD IN A

FAMOUS MODEL

THAN WITH ANY OTHER STOVE

BAKED 212 LOAVES IN 6 1/2 HOURS.



PAMPHLET FREE from our local agent or our nearest house.

The McCLARY Mfg. Co.,
LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER.

S. W. CRABBE, Local Agent, Charlottetown.