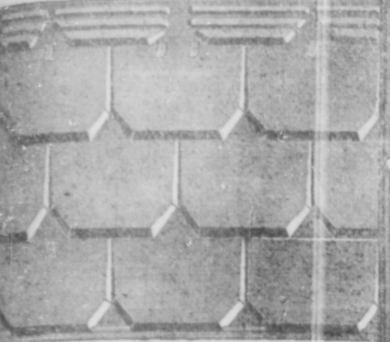


When you get to the roof, use our famous
Eastlake Shingles
Galvanized or Painted.



They look well and last well—are Fire, Lightning and Rust proof—and are quicker laid than others, because of their patent telescopic side lock. Be sure of enduring protection by getting genuine Eastlakes, they never fail.

Write us for full information.
Metallic Roofing Co. Limited
TORONTO.

Baked Beans

A 2 pound can of baked beans in tomato sauce for 10 cents is what we offer.

Cheaper than buying beans and cooking them.

Try a tin, 10c.

SANDERSON & CO
Victoria Row Grocers.

Its all Plain Sailing With Our Goods are Right Those Who Deal With Us Our Prices are Right

It lies with you, reader, to give us a chance to prove the above assertion. We are receiving new goods daily. See our Covered Chip Market Baskets from 10c up. Choice Creamery Butter just received. Try our Orange Pekoe Tea at 28c per lb. It will please you. We also sell Hazard's genuine

BRAHMIN TEA.

A big stock of other Teas on hand, from 20c per lb up. Also in stock, canned Salmon, Lobsters, Clams, etc., and a full line of general groceries, all at the lowest possible prices. Free delivery of goods to all parts of the city. Telephone communication.

R. F. Maddigan & Co
LOWER QUEEN STREET.

WANTED.

About the 20th of April at Crowlands, Charlottetown, a good plain cook. Also a house-parlor maid. Good wages to competent persons. References required. Apply by letter to
MRS. BAYFIELD,
Hillsdale House,
Annapolis, Nova Scotia.

AT MASON'S STORE

You can get the latest Canadian and American newspapers received by mail each night. Drop in if you want a paper or magazine or book to read. Fruit, Confectionery, Tobacco, Cigars etc. when you're passing this way.

R. H. Mason

FOR SALE OR TO LET.

"Watermere," the house of the Hon. George W. Howland. Possession given the first of May next.
D. C. McLEOD,
1150, King St., 1900.

RIGHTED AT LAST

BY MARY CECIL HAY

Author of "The Arundel Motto," "Nora's Love Test," "Back to the Old Home," Etc.

"I know," drawled Hervey, with his lazy smile; "it's little Slimp."

"Yes," echoed Honor, demurely "it's little Slimp."
"Sлимп—Sлимп? I have surely heard that name before," put in Royden, with a great amusement in his eyes. "I almost think I have had the honor of seeing the gentleman to whom the name belongs; a man of huge proportions and frank expression of countenance; a man without fear, or guile, or—why are you laughing, Miss Craven?"

"If you had tried to describe the exact opposite of the Mr. Slimp I know," said Honor, "you could not have succeeded better."

"Indeed! Then please describe to me the Mr. Slimp you know."
"Not I, Mr. Keith," laughed the girl, "except to tell you that, like Slender, he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard—a Cain-colored beard."

"And you do not like him?"
"Like him!" The shy, proud color was rising again, under Royden's steady gaze. "Not one atom!" she said, and she gave her hand to Mrs. Trent. And in that tone of prompt contempt she dropped the subject.

"If you are walking home, you will, I hope, allow me to walk with you, Miss Craven."
Theodora looked up in surprise. One of the man-servants had always been sent to attend Honor back to the Larches after an evening at Deergrove. Surely that was sufficient, without Mr. Keith offering his escort.

"That is unnecessary," interposed Captain Hervey, stopping as he loitered toward the door; "I am going with Miss Craven."
"And you, Mr. Keith," said Theodora, advancing with her gracious smile, "must stay and play that game of chess which I have set my heart upon. See how early it is, and I am ready. Good-night again, Honor."

"Mamma," said Theodora, an hour later, when the mother and daughter were left alone together, "you must ask Mr. Keith to stay with us for a week or two; he is only at the hotel, you know, and you might quite properly do it while Hervey is here."

Mrs. Trent's breath came for a minute in hurried gasps.
"Theo," she said, "I have been surprised at you all evening; I am doubly surprised now. Pray do not let Hervey see this sudden and ridiculous infatuation."

"Hervey will never see anything in me which is ridiculous," was Theo's complacent rejoinder; "but mamma, you must own how immeasurably superior Mr. Keith is to the men one generally meets."

"And, after all, what do you know of him?" inquired the elder lady pettishly.

"This," replied the younger one, as if the subject was a pleasant one to her, and she was quite willing to linger over it. "We know that he is a thorough and perfect gentleman, to whom society has evidently thrown open her

doors. We know that he has traveled a great deal, and seen a great deal, and is very clever. We know how different he looked from all the gentlemen at the Castle the other night, and how jealous the girls were about him, and we see how womanish he makes Hervey look. And we know," concluded Theodora, moving her head slowly before the glass to catch the light upon the jewelled butterfly in her hair, "that he is very rich."

"Theo, my dear," urged Mrs. Trent, cautiously—for, like all weak and indulgent mothers she dreaded her daughter's displeasure being turned directly against herself—"of course you can enjoy Mr. Keith's society while he stays in this neighborhood, but you will be most unwise if you excite Hervey's jealousy. Mr. Keith may be a rich man—I do not doubt—but what would his wealth be compared with that which Hervey is likely to inherit? Remember, Theo, that my heart is set upon your making a good match. It is," concluded Mrs. Trent, pathetically, "the only aim for which I care to live."

"All right, mamma," returned Theodora, brusquely; "I will take care that your aim is attained. I will not quarrel with Hervey, but I will do as I like just at present."

Royden Keith had, like his fellow-guests, walked to Deergrove that evening, and now was walking back to Kinbury. It was a pleasant autumn night, and he went leisurely and thoughtfully along the highway, until he entered the town close to the hotel where he was staying. Then he quickened his steps, for in front of the lighted entrance there stood a tax-cart and a foaming little thoroughbred which he knew. A servant man in a livery of white and green—a livery he had seen before at the roadside tavern near Abbotsmoor—touched his hat from the driver's seat as Royden passed into the vestibule of the hotel, while another servant, in the same livery, came forward to meet him.

"What is it?" asked Royden, as he pleasantly returned the man's respectful greeting.
"A letter, sir."
"Any orders to yourselves?" inquired Royden, as he took the letter.
"No orders, sir, except what you should give us."
"Then, go back at once. Say I am coming to-morrow. Take something at the bar, and send Morris to do the same; then drive back at once. Good-night."

"Seated in his own room, with the lamp lighted and the shutters closed, Royden read the letter. The writing was clear and the lines uncrossed, but yet it took him a long time to read; for the sheets of paper were large and transparent, as if the letter had come from, or was destined for, some distant country.

When he had finished, and replaced the two thin sheets within their cover, he rose and rang the bell.
"I want," he said, when the door was opened by a grave, middle-aged man in black, "to speak to Edwards. Send him up here, will you?"
"Yes, sir."
"Are the other men gone?"
"Some time ago, sir."

The groom, whom his master had called Edwards, donned his livery hastily when his master's valet summoned him.

"I know what it is," he muttered, "a gallop all the way to the towers and back. That's just like him."

"If you mean he'd take the gallop himself and think nothing of it, you're about right," returned the valet, curtly; "but unless that is what you mean, you are a good way off being right; for he isn't one to send his servants galloping about when they ought to be in bed."

"No, he isn't generally," acquiesced the groom, a little less sulkily; "but it does make one cross to have to dress again. Do I look all right now, Mr. Pierce?"

The "gentleman's gentleman" smiled with generous condescension. "You are a vain, churlish fellow," it said, as plain as smile could speak; "but what else can one expect in a groom—and so young a one?"

He smiled still more when the groom returned to him in ten minutes' time, brisk, alert and good-humored, as he had been in his master's presence.

"If it's just like him," for the master to drive his men about inconsiderately and inconsistently," the valet remarked aloud, "I wonder why they should look as if they felt all the pleasure for their interviews with him. He doesn't quite treat you as if you were cattle—eh, Edwards?"

"He's going off at dawn," explained the groom, ignoring that question; "I'm to have Princess saddled by the first glimpse of daylight. He's writing now, and told me to tell you not to stay up. He'll be back to-morrow afternoon, he says. Where do you think he's going, Mr. Pierce?"

"I know," said Pierce, quietly, as he turned away; "he's going home."

"Home!" echoed the younger man, when he was left to himself. "I don't know much, p'raps; but I know what that means."

CHAPTER IV.

It was no very new thing for Captain Trent to be walking with Honor Craven along the road which lay between Deergrove and the Larches; but something seemed to strike him as new in the performance to-night.

"You are not talking at all, Honor," he said at last, when the reason of the novelty dawned upon him. "What a very unusual thing! It does not show nicely regulated manners to talk a good deal at one time, and say nothing at all at another."

"Hervey," said the girl, pausing suddenly in her walk, and turning her eyes upon him so that he could see their laughter in the gloom, "don't you lecture me when nobody is present. When Mrs. Trent and Theodora are by, it affords them great pleasure to hear you, so I don't mind; but when we have no audience we will have no performance, please. On those occasions—being, as they are, very few and far between—we will imagine ourselves on an equality. Now we will talk as much as you like, for I shall soon be at home. Hervey, who is Mr. Keith?"

"Why do you want to know?" inquired Captain Trent, speaking sharply, but whether in consequence of Honor's introductory speech or of that last question was not clear.

"It does not signify; I can find out from Lawrence."

"He is as likely to be an adventurer as not," suggested Hervey, spitefully; "looking after Theodora for her fortune, and for her expectation of a share of old Mr. Trent's money."

(To be continued.)

THIN GIRLS GET PLUMP

while using Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food.

There comes a critical time in the life of every woman when the bud of girlhood is unfolding into the full blown flower of womanhood. Mothers at this time should carefully guard their daughters' health, for this is a time when many a girl falls victim to insidious diseases which make life a misery.

Loss of flesh, headaches, pains in back and side, nervousness, irritability, dull eyes and a pale, sallow complexion, these are the symptoms that warn you to use Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food.

The blood is impoverished and the nerves require nutrition. Nature must have assistance and there is no better way to help nature than by using Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food. It is a food for blood and nerves, and creates rich, red blood, solid flesh and new nerve tissue. The color will return to the cheek, the brightness to the eye, and increase in weight will tell of solid advance in health.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c. a box. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Khaki Note.

Call in to-night and get some of the new note paper. All the rage now.

Khaki Note.

CHAS. J. MITCHELL

BOOKSELLER and STATIONER
Queen Street.
Opp. Prowse's.....

Nutters Ale

—AND—

Cream Porter

The product of the Silver Spring Brewery of Sherbrook, P. Q., far excel all malt preparations on the Canadian market.

Over 300 carloads were delivered at the principal trade centres of the Dominion in 1899 and to-day Nutters agencies so dot the Dominion of Canada that when it is noon at one, it is evening at another.

The Silver Spring goods are chiefly recommended for their ABSOLUTE PURITY. Connoisseurs recommend and physicians prescribe them.

For sale by

A. MACDONALD,
Sole Agent for P. E. I.

SUNNYSIDE DENTISTRY,

Office New Prowse Block first door to the right up stairs.

Telephone connection.

DR. AYEPS

A nice Assortment of

Wedding - Rings

Weight and quality made just right to last.

New Flag Pins and Brooches,

See the new flower Belt and Collar Clasp.

Dainty Chatelaine Watches & Brooches

Handsome Ladies Chains & Bracelets

E. W. Taylor
OPTICIAN

April 2nd 1900;

Camera Block, Charlottetown

Now Is The Time To Give Baby An Airing

and of course you will want a BABY CARRIAGE

We have good Carriages

We have COMFORTABLE carriages—we have CHEAP carriages.

We are always glad to show goods.

Call and see them.

John Newson

"Have you an eye for the Beautiful"

If so you will derive unlimited pleasure by inspecting our Millinery Department now replete with spring's latest productions.

This department which is comparatively new; extends almost full length of store. It is fitted up second to none on P. E. I. being newly tinted, carpeted, is very light some and contains large bevel mirror, every advantage is afforded in selecting goods.

One glance at its soft dainty materials, their exquisite shadings and the arrangement of such, sufficiently assures that compability prevails throughout.

Our trimmed hats and bonnets are (not copied millinery) but creations of natures highest gift ORIGINAL ARTISTIC TALENT the result of which cannot be obtained in any copy and can only be accomplished by our milliner

MISS BIRCH

who besides being an acknowledged artist in her line has an immense range of Tips, Chiffons, Laces, Buckles, etc., to select from and will meet the requirements of all in point of price. "Customers both old and new will receive every attention in her department" at

MATTHEW & MCLEANS
Souris, P. E. I.

Fine Photography

In all the Latest Designs

Our Carbon portraits are unrivaled. Our customers are all delighted. Be sure and visit the leading studio.

G. H. COOK

Queen and Grafton Sts., Ch'town