

Have You Seen

the book just issued by Miss Mellish—"Our Boys Under Fire?"

WE PRINTED IT

Have You Seen

the menu card of the banquet held in honor of our returned contingent?

WE PRINTED IT

Have You Seen

the souvenir, in booklet form, with khaki cover, of the return home of the boys?

WE PRINTED IT

Is it enough—enough to show that we can do good book printing and good half tone printing? If you want something printed nicely let us quote you prices.

The Examiner Job Print

Charlottetown's Leading Printers, London House, up stairs.

DONT BUY ANY

Rubbers

But the
....Granby

Of
Iron Wear
Fame.

Sold at the Same Price as Other
Makes

GOFF BROS.

CHARLOTTETOWN

Kerosene

Oil...

Kerosene oil is a burning question just now both with politicians and house-keepers. The former want to make political capital out of it, while the latter want to know where to get the best quality of oil for the least money. We have just received part of our fall stock direct by schooner from New York. It is called "PRATT'S ASTRA" and is the highest grade of refined American Oil. We are now offering it for sale in four-gallon tins for 22c per imperial gallon. Ask for Pratt's Astral, as there is no better special low price by the cask.

BEER & GOFF, Grocers

The... Unexpected Happen

IF CHARLOTTETOWN WAS OTTAWA TODAY

You would have been sorry you were not covered for a large amount. I have good companies, and can quote you low rates.

E. H. BEER.

Auction Sales

If you're having a sale of any kind—furniture sale, land sale, wood sale, farm sale you'll need some handbills. Let us print them for you. We print them nicely, we print them quickly, and we print them cheaply. Try us and you'll be well pleased.

Examine r Job Print

LOVE FINDS A WAY.

BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

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(CONTINUED.)

His work lay far away in another state. His work was all that was left to him in life. He was glad he liked it and that he was forging rapidly to the front as an inventor. The great disappointment which had darkened all the world for him did not lie in the loss of his wealth. He had already come to look on that as a blessing in disguise. He rather enjoyed owing everything to his own brain and brawn. But Olivia—ah, that was another matter; that was the one irreparable loss that could ever befall him! No; matters must stand as they were.

Doubtless Olivia as Westover's wife and mistress of Broxton Hall would do better by the old place than he, a sour anchorite, possibly could. He was taking his final leave of the old neighborhood. Nothing could ever induce him to revisit the place. He turned to Westover with a wintry smile.

"I could not consent to reclaim Broxton Hall unless I could repay the money you have expended on it. That I am very far from being able to do even if I should desire to do it."

Westover looked seriously embarrassed. "Perhaps I am going ahead of the bounds. I mean I ought to have waited to hear from father before outlining my course. I can still do that, must indeed, but that paper was burning a hole in my pocket. Every time I looked at you I called myself a thief. By Jove, I did, Broxton!"

Tom's great gray eyes sent a lance through him. He blushed and laughed nervously.

"Oh, as for that, I'll say it was because you put the ocean between you and her at a critical moment. I never could have won in a fair stand up, even race, Tom. Girls are odd tricks. Olivia is tremendously fond of you. That thievery was all fair."

"You have won the sweetest and dearest girl on earth. I believe I am glad we have had this talk, Westover. It has given me a clearer conception of the good in you. I am glad she has chosen so well. It is not likely I will ever return to Mandeville. There is nothing to bring me here. The place is the cemetery of all my hopes. So you must let me offer my congratulations now. Is the day fixed?"

"No. You see, there's been a great deal else on her mind—ours, I may say—father in Europe, mother in bad health and all that. But I've never told you how I came by that paper."

"Miss Malvina told me the whole story. There is nothing for you to tell me."

Westover flushed hotly. "She was afraid I would not keep my word about giving it back."

"Not at all. She had other papers to give me, inventories of plate, pictures, etc."

"Yes, I remember. By Jove, Broxton, you must have gone it at a pace while you were at college to get through with everything!"

"Doubtless I did," said Tom, looking hard at the dingy, fireless stove at the other end of the waiting room.

"But father says you are to be congratulated."

"Upon what?"

"Upon an opportunity to develop your latent talents. We have been reading about that invention of yours. Father says if it is what you claim for it it will revolutionize the entire system of electric lighting in all the big cities and will make an everlasting fortune for you."

"I think it is all that I claim for it," said the young inventor quietly. He consulted his watch. "My train must be late." He had folded the paper neatly and now handed it back to Westover, who declined to take it.

"It is not mine, my dear fellow. I

BACK-ACHE?

If you have Backache you have Kidney Disease. If you neglect Backache it will develop into something worse—Bright's Disease or Diabetes. There is no use rubbing and doctoring your back. Cure the kidneys. There is only one kidney medicine but it cures Backache every time—

Dodd's Kidney Pills

have no claim at all to it. It is yours. What are you going to do about it?"

"This," he tore it into small bits. "Yes; but, my dear Don Quixote, the Wraxalls, don't you see?"

"What steps could I take that would not reflect upon a dead man? How could I stir in this matter without holding Olivia's father up for criticism—worse, condemnation? And as looking for a Wraxall with no other clew than this ancient scrap of paper would be hopeless I will only say we must wait for one to turn up."

"The lawyers would unearth a baker's dozen of them at the first hue and cry of defective title."

"There will be no hue and cry. The lawyers have nothing to do with this business. With my consent they never shall. Call it my wedding gift to Olivia. There is nothing in the agreement debarring a gift. I used to think she liked the old place. I will be glad to think of her as its mistress."

The sharp shriek of the locomotive sounded near at hand. He sprang up and seized his bag. Westover detained him with a hand on his shoulder.

"Let it rest at that for the present. We are friends, Broxton?"

"Friends," said Tom, looking down into the other man's honest eyes. "I leave Mandeville richer by that much."

The grasses of a month's growth waved their swordlike blades about Horace Matthews' grave before Ollie would consent to see any one but Miss Malvina. Then a somewhat imperative note from Clarence compelled her from her seclusion. He was going to meet his father and mother in Paris, he wrote, and while there he might execute many commissions for her.

"Jeanne and mother would be so glad to buy all your wedding finery for you, and as soon as they all get back my dear little girl and her devoted lover will be made one."

To this Ollie returned a very short answer:

Dear Clarence—Please come to see me this evening. I have something to say to you before you start for Paris.

And Westover obeyed the summons. She looked so pale and wan, so unlike his vivid, brilliant Olivia, as she came toward him in her plain black robe that he was conscious of a shock to his aesthetic nerves.

"By Jove, my dear girl, I don't want to say anything unfeeling, but I hope you are not going to wear black any great length of time! I never could see how it evinced respect or affection for the dead, and it certainly does play the mischief with some women."

"You mean that I look hideous. I know I do."

"Of course I don't. Somehow or other, Ollie, you have a talent for making my words mean the ugliest possible to them."

"That would be terrible if we were man and wife and were always misunderstanding each other."

Westover laughingly said, "Pretty bad indeed."

"It would be much better not to get married, wouldn't it, Clarence?"

She was twisting her slim fingers in and about each other. Glancing down at them, he noticed, with a start, that they were ringless. He looked at her. Her eyes were fastened on her clasped hands. He touched the finger that had been encircled by his ring of betrothal.

"What does that mean, Olivia?"

She opened her hands and showed him the ring clasped in her palms. She did not look at him as she answered in a slow, dull voice:

"It means that I want you to take it back, Clarence, and give it to some girl who will make you happier than I could. It means that I don't want your mother and Jeanne to buy me anything, because—because—there will be no wedding."

She laid the ring in his hand with a little gasp, then sat quite still. He stared at it dumbly for a moment, the hot, indignant blood mounting higher into his temples every second.

"Would you object to being a little more explicit?" he asked presently, with biting coolness. "I take it for granted you have some reason or some thing you call a reason for this remarkable change of mind."

Her lips quivered piteously. The hot tempered young fellow, smarting under a hurt to his pride, took no note of it. He waited in cold silence.

"I have made up my mind never to marry at all, Clarence. I am going to live like Miss Malvina. At first it won't seem at all nice, but my hair will fall out, and life will grow smooth, and I won't care for anything but making beef tea for poor people and going to church. Miss Malvina is a much happier woman than I!"

A loud laugh, fuller of mockery than of mirth, broke up the decorous stillness of the house. Mindful of his growing wrath, Westover clutched frantically at a scapegoat.

"Oh, I see! You are under spinster tuition at present. I fancy Miss Spill-

man's temptations to commit matrimony have not been numerous or irresistible."

He had rather hoped that she would flame out at him with her old willfulness and defiance of contradiction. Instead she answered with a forbearing meekness which made him stare. He would have pitied her if he had known how hardly it was won.

"Please don't say anything unkind about Miss Malvina, Clarence. She will be the only friend I have in the world after you go away hating me." His mood was still resentful. "No," he said, with an unpleasant smile. "You forget."

"I forget?" "Broxton. He is a grand fellow, a most formidable rival, but I was not just prepared to find him in the field."

"Clarence?" She flung out her hands toward him imploringly. Her cry was one of mingled pain and indignation. Belonging, as Westover did, to the school of lovers who abjure romanticism and eschew heroics, it fell upon unplaced ears.

"But, my dear girl, do try to be sensible. Put yourself in my place. For over a year now I have been your affianced husband, ready to marry you whenever you would consent to fix the day. First your father interposed his loneliness and your youth as arguments for delay. Then his sickness and death prolonged the term of probation. At last, when by the most patient calculations I consider myself approaching the goal, I am met with the rather unexpected piece of information that you have decided you do not want to marry anybody."

"I know—I know. It sounds absolutely insane. It is not worth puzzling over. I am not worth grieving about. You won't for very long."

She was wiping the tears from her eyes with a gentle air of resignation which quenched the fires of Westover's temper as nothing else could. His voice had a kinder tone in it when he said:

"Perhaps I have come to you too soon after your bereavement, dear. You can think of nothing but your father



"Oh, I see! You are under spinster tuition at present."

for a little while yet. I will give you more time. Will a year be long enough? Your term of mourning, I believe women call it, will be over then."

She flung a grateful look at him. "It is very good of you, Clarence, to try to make excuses for a woman who has treated you so badly, but if you were to give me a year and another year on top of that and still another one it would make no difference in the end. I am not going to marry anybody—ever."

(To be Continued.)

Had Piles For 9 Years

Dominion Inspector of Steamboats Cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

False modesty and fear of the surgeon's knife prevent most people from appealing to their physicians for a cure for piles.

Many people suffer on year after year, robbed of their rest and sleep by the terrible itching, when they could be entirely cured by a single box of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Mr. O. P. St. John, Dominion Inspector of steamboats, living at 246 Shaw street, Toronto, states:—"I suffered for nine years from itching piles, at times being unable to rest on account of the annoyance caused by them. After trying almost all remedies in vain I began the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment, which entirely cured me. I cannot speak too highly of it. I have recommended it to several friends, all of whom have been cured by its use."

Dr. Chase's Ointment is recognized by physicians, druggists, and the public in general as the only absolute cure for piles; 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates and Co., Toronto.

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, by 135 WY.

A Sample

The following is a fair sample of letters being received by that most progressive Canadian Life Assurance Company.

Geo. Gooderham, 49 Wellington Street, East.

To the North American Life Assurance Company, Toronto.

TORONTO, Dec. 28th, 1899.

Gentlemen,—I am in receipt of your cheque for \$27,381.40, in settlement of my 15 year Endowment Policy, No. 2651, issued by you on Dec. 20th, 1884, for \$20,000.

The result is highly satisfactory to me, and furnishes the strongest proof of the careful and excellent management of the North American Life.

Personally, I have been a strong advocate of Endowment Insurance, having carried over \$500,000 on my life.

Yours truly, GEO. GOODERHAM.

Mr. Geo. Gooderham is one of Toronto's oldest and wealthiest citizens. He is President of the Bank of Toronto, Western Canada Loan Co., and connected with many other leading financial institutions.

J. K. ROSS.

"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 an I have perfected every detail of Range construction which though not always apparent on the surface, is most important in result.

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 mate.

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 Soring 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.

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