

\$25,000 DEBENTURES —FOR— SEWERAGE SYSTEM —OF THE— CITY OF CH'TOWN

Tenders addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for Sewerage Debentures" will be received at this office up to the night of Thursday, 10th of May next, for the purchase of 25 thousand dollars (\$25,000) of the City of Charlottetown Debentures, for Sewerage Works. These Debentures are of the denomination of \$500.00 each, are payable in forty years from date, and bear interest at three and a half (3½) per cent per annum, payable half yearly. Tenders will be received for the whole amount or for parts thereof, not less than \$500.00.

The Commissioners do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any tender.

HENRY SMITH,
Chairman.

Office of Commissioners of Sewers
and Water Supply,
Charlottetown, P. E. I., April 20th 1900.



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knows there is one sure way to reach a man's heart, and that is by always having a nicely spread table. To do this you must have choice groceries, canned goods and provisions.

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

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RIGHTED AT LAST

BY MARY CECIL HAY

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

(Continued.)

"No—old Myddelton's," opposed Mrs. Payte, sturdily. "I remember once reading an epitaph, which ran in this way:

'That I spent, that I had;
That I gave, that I have;
That I have, that I lost.'

So you see how old Myddelton managed? He spent little, so he had little; he gave none, so he has none; and he left much, so he lost mightily. How I hate the very idea of wealth when I think of it! See, they are beckoning to us. Dinner, I suppose, always the keynote of a picnic."

The cloths were spread in the shade of the avenue trees, under which a merry group had gathered when Royden and Mrs. Payte came up.

The photograph was taken, and now there was nothing more for them to do but enjoy themselves just in their own idle way, and, first of all, by lingering over the meal, for which every one was ready. Theodora's management of her own personal affairs was, as usual, excellent, and viewed from her standpoint, thoroughly successful. She took her seat between Royden Keith and Hervey Trent, and was waited upon to her heart's content. Whether all the others fared as well, signified very little, indeed, to her.

Phoebe never did succeed in her mild diplomacy, so it was no surprise to her to find herself at quite impassable distance from her guardian, who was sedulously waiting on Honor, and chafing very visibly at Honor's reception of his service. Captain Trent, too, dovetailed in his mild attentions, but these Honor received with equally careless composure. It was rather a difficult part to play, this of Captain Hervey's. With Miss Trent's presence and requirements so persistently asserted, and her eyes seldom letting any one of his acts escape them, his straying inclinations were somewhat difficult of accomplishment.

Whatever Royden's part might have been, he played it with perfect ease, sometimes humorously, but at all times quietly and easily. He had stories to tell now and then, short and pithy experiences, which, though his own, never contained repetition of the objectional personal pronoun. So well he told them, too, that even those—and there were more than one—who wished to slight them and him, could not do so; they were drawn against their wills, to listen to his stories. So well he told them—his voice perfectly grave, and no smile stirring his lips, though his eyes might be full of fun—that he never was interrupted to the ruin of the story, or had to shorten it ignominiously. But once he made a sudden pause and finished abruptly.

"That wasn't the real end of the adventure, Mr. Keith," said Theodora, excitedly. "Please don't imagine that you can take us in so easily."

"You are wise, Mr. Keith," Mrs. Payte remarked. "In this place and this company, you never intended to



The world contains no more charming picture than that of happy and radiant girlhood. All too frequently the happiness and radiance in the young girl's face is doomed to be blotted out by the lines of sickness and suffering. No young woman is fitted for wifehood and motherhood who suffers from weakness and disease in a womanly way. For such women wifehood only holds out the prospect of suffering and motherhood the probability of death.

There is no reason why this should be true. If a woman will take proper care of the delicate and important organs that make wifehood and motherhood possible, there is no reason why she may not be a healthy and happy wife and mother. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest of all medicines for women. More of it has been sold than of any other medicine for women. Over ninety thousand women have testified to its marvelous results. It acts directly on the distinctly womanly organism, and gives it strength, health and vigor. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration, soothes pain and tones the nerves. It does away with the ailments of the period of anticipation and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. It insures the new-comer's health and an ample supply of nourishment. In Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Advice, hundreds of women relate over their signatures their experiences with this marvelous medicine. It is sold by all good medicine dealers.

"Last month I had no pain at all and worked every day without inconvenience. It was the first time I passed that period without pain," writes Miss Lauretta McNeese, of Reno (P. O. Box 723), Washoe Co., Nev. "Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription did it."

"The People's Medical Adviser" contains several chapters devoted to the physiology of women, with directions for self-treatment which every woman ought to read. A paper-bound copy sent free for read. At one-cent stamps to pay for customs and mailing only; or, cloth-bound, 50 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

entertain a touching episode, though I do believe you would tell that even better. What is it you have there, Miss Trent?"

Theodora had looked with such unutterable insolence at the old lady during her interruption, that every one felt a little startled by the cool conclusion being addressed particularly to her.

"Tartelettes au fromage a la creme," replied Theodora, with languid frigidity.

"Good to eat?" Theodora passed the dish back to the footman behind her, without deigning a reply. But the glance, intended as it was for utter annihilation, missed its aim.

"In our young days, Mrs. Payte," put in the rector, classing himself genially with the old lady of three-score years and ten, "we had not found out the vast advantages of these French abbreviations."

"Abbreviations! Is gelee au vin an abbreviation of 'jelly'? Pooh! in my young days we called a spade a spade, and we called affectation folly."

Except that the sayings of such a small and meanly clad old lady must necessarily be vulgar in the extreme, and below the notice of refined and elegant minds, this suggestive speech would have met with a crushing retort from Miss Trent; but, being so, it was only consigned to a deserved oblivion, and Theodora graciously continued her efforts at entertainment. But at intervals during the day she relieved herself by wondering why that common and sour-tempered little being should ever have been allowed to come among them; but was always on her guard as to the recipient of this wonder, because she was perfectly aware in whose escort she had arrived.

"Hervey, my dear," said Mrs. Trent aside to her nephew, before they separated after dinner, "the more Theodora shows her dislike to that chattering old person, the more Honor Craven chafes with her. You should tell the girl what had taste this shows; she will desert thee."

Acting complacently on this suggestion, Captain Trent, not at all unwillingly, drew Honor aside to speak seriously to her.

"Thank you, Hervey," she said. How good it is of you to think of these things even at a picnic!"

Hervey told her graciously that of course he always thought of "these things," and then had the mortification of seeing her escape from him as swiftly as possible, and straightway join a group in which the obnoxious old lady was a prominent figure.

"Now we are going over the house."

Two or three voices said it at once, and a general move was made. Jane Haughton rose and shook the crumbs from her lap, leaving a sigh over the abundant remnants of the feast. Pierce, who during the dinner had been worth two or three of the other men put together, was quietly waiting on one solitary man who dined among the avenue trees at a little distance.

"Will he repack his hamper or waste it? All the nicest things here are what Mr. Keith brought. Silly extravagance!"

With her mind under this pressure, Jane Haughton put up her parasol, and moved stolidly forward, as one prepared to do her duty by viewing the house. Honor ran up at this moment and joined the group.

"Where have you been?" inquired Jane.

"Only talking to Monsieur Verriën. I said he could go over the house, too, as it was open. He would like to see the pictures."

"He can go with the servants when we have been," remarked Theodora, coolly.

"Suppose we make an arrangement," proposed the rector, "and then we needn't feel dependent on each other. We meet here—is it not so?—at six o'clock, for tea, and for our start homeward."

"Not homeward," put in Theodora, taking the words from Mrs. Trent. "You are coming to Deergrove then, please; we want to finish the day with a dance. You all promised to come."

The "all" was uttered certainly, but it was only to Royden Keith that she chanced to turn just in that interrogatory pause. He did not seem to notice this, and the general acceptance of Theodora's invitation was hearty enough. Mrs. Payte, who certainly had not been particularly addressed, even if included, thanked Miss Trent in a very marked manner, and expressed herself as most happy.

"Have you license to shoot over the Abbotsmoor estate, Mr. Keith?" asked Honor, as they walked on toward the house.

"Yes."

"The steward is a niggardly fellow," put in Lawrence Haughton. "How do you think he served me last year? He sent me a present of game—a brace of birds and a hare. I think—and I, of course sent him a note of thanks. A few months afterward, he came to me to settle a little private matter of his

own by law, and when he received my bill he brought it to me, entreating me to remember the game. I did, and let the bill go. In another month he sent me a bill of this blessed game by a man who was to wait for payment."

"What did you do?" inquired Mr. Keith, laughing.

"While his man waited, I sent a clerk to his house with my bill to wait for payment."

"You were quite equal to the occasion," remarked Honor, turning to join another group.

"How horribly dismal it looks!" cried Phoebe, pausing on the threshold of the great echoing hall. "I daren't venture in without some strong escort. Lawrence, will you take me through?"

He took her in, and returned to join Honor.

So instinctively she shrank from him, that, noticing it herself, she tried to laugh off the involuntary gesture of repugnance.

"I am a real Craven," she said; "I must hover in the rector's protection."

And to Mr. Rumor's intense amusement, she kept beside him through all the dusty rooms and staircases, on which the cobwebs hung as thickly as the leaves hung upon the ancient trees without. But, in spite of her words, Honor had no shadow of craven fear within her inquisitive eyes.

(To be continued.)

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