

# 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 so are the dry streets and roads. The you will need something nice in footwear.

We Have a fine Selection Selling Very Low  
**J. H. BELL**

The Bargain Boot Shoe Store.

## 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 and every 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

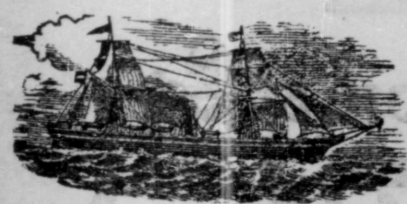
Just received, a fine lot of covered Willow Market Baskets.

### 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.

# LOVE FINDS A WAY.

BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

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(CONTINUED.)

MISS MALVINA signed wearily and turned her eyes toward the cold, stiff form on the bed. There was a note of pride in her voice when she said: "Mother was always one of the terribly earnest sort. I used to tell her she must have some of the blood of the old Covenanters in her veins. Mother burnt out. She didn't rust out. Poor dear! How glad she must be to have done with it all—this fuming and fretting. I mean. Mother's wasn't a happy nature, at least not here below. I hope she is now. I've told you all I know, Olivia."

Olivia was standing, with meekly folded hands, looking down upon the dead woman. How strange it all was! Less than 12 hours ago that quiet form had quivered with passion as it towered over her father's sickbed, and those sealed lips had hurled terrible accusations at him almost with their last activity. Now, if she should offer up her own vigorous young life in exchange for a single word she could not purchase it.

"Yes," she said slowly, "she looks as if she had found rest. I would give my life, though, to bring her back to answer me one question. There would be no guesswork about it now. She knows, and, O dear Lord, I want to know! Just one question I want to ask."

With a touch of exhausted patience Miss Malvina asked, "And the question?"

"Where are those papers?" "How should she know, child? What would she be doing with papers that belonged to your father or to Thomas Broxton? She spent her whole waking time in that big chair. I never will be able to look at it without bringing her back. How could she have found any papers? And, if she had, she would have turned them over to the person they belonged to. Mother was too honest to trick her worst enemy. If I sound peevish and cross, child, bear in mind, that I, too, have gone through an ordeal."

Olivia drew in her breath with a quick gasp of excitement. She was too absorbed in the terrible mystery she was trying to unravel to take any note of the tired look on the plain face she was searching.

"Ah, something else comes back to me! I feel like some one who has had a clew put into his hands, but it is so frail and delicate he is afraid to strain it for fear of losing it forever. It comes back to me when you speak of that chair. I remember one day—it was long before my garden party—I came here to see you about something. You were not here, and I was afraid of her. I have been afraid of her ever since I was a little child. I drew back when I saw you were not in the room and waited on the porch for you. 'Mother' Spillman was down on her knees before that big chair acting so queerly. I thought at first she might be praying."

"Which I don't doubt she was," said Miss Malvina coldly. "She was very devout. Mother prayed a great deal. I expect you disturbed her at her morning devotions."

"I don't think I disturbed her," said Ollie humbly. "I stole right away very quietly and left her patting the chair all over with her hands outstretched."

"Patting the chair? Mother sometimes got very fervent in prayer."

"Oh, now I can see you are getting angry with me! Think of it, Miss Malvina—my father may soon be as you mother is now. When they meet you wonder, she will know him as he is."

## Rheumatism..

is Uric Acid in the blood. Unhealthy kidneys are the cause of the acid being there. If the kidneys acted as they should they would strain the Uric Acid out of the system and rheumatism wouldn't occur. Rheumatism is a Kidney Disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills have made a great part of their reputation curing Rheumatism. So get at the cause of those fearful shooting pains and stiff, aching joints. There is but one sure way—

## Dodd's Kidney Pills

All mistakes, all doubts, will be set to rest forever for them. But for me—oh, help me to find those papers before he leaves me! I must have them!"

Sobs shook the tired young frame and Miss Malvina's rising resentment was swept away on the tide of returning pity. She got up and put loving arms about the weeping girl.

"Olivia, don't you think, for my sake and yours, too, all this wild talk about a few lost papers may be dropped for the time being? It don't seem quite respectful to her, lying there so still and helpless, with us questioning her meanings and criticising her acts. I am only asking you to wait a little while."

"Forgive me."

She slipped out of Miss Malvina's clasp and dropped on her knees by the bed. Malvina left her there. It would do her good to wrestle with herself alone. She passed into the desolate little sitting room and paused by the table with its burden of rarely used books. Ollie joined her there presently.

"I have asked her to forgive me. I have told her that I forgive her. Of course she did not know what she was saying."

"Thank you, my dear, for trying to be just to her."

Suddenly the girl's eyes widened.

"And that is the very chair. Promise me, Miss Malvina, promise me," she went on, with growing excitement, "that when it is all over—I mean when there is nothing more to do for her—you will let me come back here and—"

"I'll be only too glad to have you come whenever you can spare a moment from your own dear invalid."

"You don't understand me," Her eyes were burning feverishly. "I mean may I come back and examine that chair?"

It was on Miss Malvina's sorely tried heart to ask, "Are you, too, going daft over Thomas Broxton's affairs?" but the girl's hot cheeks and shining eyes aroused her grave apprehensions. What if she should break down under the strain, with a greater ordeal ahead of her?

So she said soothingly: "You can do just whatever you choose with anything that is mine, Ollie. The old chair has served its purpose. I don't care if you pull it all to pieces. Mother, I am sure, would be the first one to say 'Humor her.' Now go home, my dear. Your father may be calling for you. I wish I hadn't sent Jimmie Martin for Mrs. Lyons. I've got no one to see you home, and it is a real dark night."

"I am not afraid. I am coming back as soon—as soon!"

"Yes, as soon as we have put mother away by father's side in the little churchyard. But now go home."

She watched the small, graceful figure until it became invisible by reason of the twisted road and then closed her front door softly.

Could there be anything in all this talk about some lost papers? "Suspicion is catching, I do believe."

### CHAPTER XV.

#### THE TITLE DEED TO BROXTON HALL.

Mrs. Deb Lyons and Miss Laetitia Gales, who were what might be called mortuary ministers to all defunct Mandevillians, stood drawing on their outdoor things with evident reluctance and inward resentment. It was the first time in long years of service that they had been informed that they need not stay all night. It was unprecedented.

"You are quite sure, Malvina, you would rather have us go than stay?"

"Quite sure, Mrs. Lyons," the mourner said, with firm lips.

"And you won't be afraid to spend the night here all alone?"

"Afraid? Haven't I spent every night of the last 30 years right here?"

"Yes, but not—"

"Is it mother you are thinking about? You want to know if I am afraid to stay here alone with mother? Oh, no! She and I are used to it."

Miss Laetitia gave a little gasp and glanced toward the room for whose passive tenant she and Mrs. Lyons had done everything decently and in order.

"Yes; but, Malvina, you know it is different now."

"Yes; some things are different. It is not a very far cry to your house or to Mrs. Lyons' either, Letty, if I should need anybody, and you have both been awfully kind."

After that there was nothing to do but to leave her alone with her dead. The clock was striking 10 as Miss Malvina turned the key in her front door, shutting out all intruders effectually. Lifting the lamp from the center table, she passed with it into her mother's presence. Clapsed in the folded hands were some flowers that Olivia had come back to bring as a peace offering.

"I wanted to bring them myself."

she said, hating heavy eyes to Miss Malvina, "so that you should feel very sure that all the hardness had gone out of my heart. I could not stay at home. Father still refuses to let me come into his room. I wanted something to do, so I came." Then she had flitted out into the darkness again a lonely, pathetic figure.

Malvina stood pondering, not the flowers, but the act she had resolved upon.

"I might as well do it now as at any other time. It will help me through with my lonely vigil. It is a simple act of justice to you, mother. I am going to put that wild notion about those papers to rest. I can't bear to have other hands searching among your things, though I did promise that poor unhappy child she might. You know it is not I that am mistrusting you, mother, dear, and I think you are well pleased to have me clear your name from the suspicion of hiding papers that did not belong to you."

With this apology to her dead for what she was about to do she returned to the sitting room. The gay chintz covered chair had been pushed back against the wall. She advanced toward it resolutely.

"I believe I'd rather have the plain black horsehair showing anyhow. It is more in keeping with a funeral," she said and went to work.

Kneeling before the old chair, she set about untying the numerous tapes that kept the slip cover in place. Many a knot was rendered all the more refractory by the tears she dropped upon it.

The old armchair was very intimately associated with her life. As a child she had watched her father's pen traveling patiently by the hour over the paper spread upon the little shelf attached to its right arm. She had a vague recollection of a mysterious drawer, located somewhere under the ample seat, which had an inconsiderate habit of tumbling out of its socket at the most unexpected moments, scattering its contents in the most unseemly fashion. Many a time had it compelled her to go down on her knees to recover the disjecta membra of the next Sunday's sermon.

Later, when the Rev. Mr. Spillman had been transferred to a world where there was neither writing nor preaching of sermons, the chair had become identified completely with her mother. But the drawer, which had been voted a family nuisance when subject to careless masculine handling, had never played any part in latter days. "Mother" Spillman had long ago carried into effect her threat to fix it so it should cease from troubling—how, Malvina had never thought to notice.

"Yes," she said, rising to her feet after conquering the last knot. "I'd rather never see this old slip cover again. Every flower in it would set me to thinking about mother, and that won't be good for me."

With a skillful jerk she drew the cover from its loosened moorings. A loud noise accompanied the act. It startled her, coming so unexpectedly upon the solemn stillness. The old drawer had fallen out once more.

"To think I should have forgotten the old drawer! Mother must have crisscrossed some of these strings about it to keep it in place."

(To be Continued.)

## Weak, Sickly Children

Are Restored to Health and Vigour by Using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Many children are pale, weak, and bloodless from their birth. Many others have their blood and nerves exhausted, and their systems broken down by the ravages of disease, or as the result of over-study at school.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is the ideal treatment for children. It supplies the very elements which are lacking in the pale, weak, and nervous. It restores the colour and richness to the blood, invigorates the nerves, and builds up the system. As a restorative after the exhausting and debilitating effects of measles, scarlet fever, and such ailments, it is of incalculable worth.

Mrs. Stephen Dempsy, Albury, P. E. county, Ont., writes:—"My little granddaughter, nine years old, was very pale and weak, and had no appetite. She had a tired, worn-out appearance, and was delicate and sickly. I got some of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for her, and it has helped her very much. She is gaining considerably in weight and looks real healthy."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates and Company, 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, dy 135 wy.

## MCLEOD & BENTLEY

BARRISTERS, 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.

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# "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 live 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 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 Buck's "Happy Thought" Range!

For sale by

**Simon W. Crabbe.**

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

Stoves and Hardware.

## 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 2 cents 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 for first-class furnishings.

MORRIS BLOCK  
CHARLOTTETOWN  
D. A. BRUCE

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 Swing 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.

## MATTHEW & MCLEAN