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In preference to all others.

We will furnish you with the list of their names if you desire it.

Intending purchasers will do well to scrutinize the list closely, where they will most likely recognize the name of a relative or friend to whom they can write for their opinion of the Heintzman Piano.

Miller Bros.

Sole Agents, Queen St.

Empire Tablets

Just what you want. Crossed flags; Canadian ensign and Union Jack, nicely printed in colors at top of each sheet. Can be had in both note and letter sizes.

MITCHELL'S BOOKSTORE

Queen St. Opp. Prowse Bros.

Celery

FOR WINTER USE

We are making a special offer for this month before packing away in green houses, and it will be to the advantage of any one requiring a supply of celery to secure it before the price goes up. The same celery cannot be bought later on for anything less than 50 per cent more. We have it bleached for present use or green for winter keeping. Our price for November month only—\$2.00 per barrel, or three barrels for \$5.00. We also have roots for \$1.10 per barrel; carrots, \$1.15; parsnips, \$1.25 per barrel; onions, \$2.50 of 160 lbs in barrel; turnips, 65c per barrel; cabbage, 90c per large snigar barrel.

J. J. GAY & SON,

Charlottetown.

A SNAP

IN... AUSTRIAN CHINA TEA SETTS

We've received a case of the above through mistake of shippers, and if we don't satisfy the buying public in this article we are not the low selling people that every one knows we are.

They're selling very low, We're bound to make 'em go, They're the nicest ones in town And the very latest style. Drop in and see them.

Everything else selling at the low price for which we are so noted.

W. P. COLWILL,

THE CROCKERYWARE MAN,

P. E. Island's Greatest Crockery Store, Sutherland's, Charlottetown.

Ray's Recruit

.....BY.....

CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

AUTHOR OF "THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER," "FROM THE RANKS," ETC.

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(Continued.)

Exactly, and what's an American doing with a coat of arms? He's lifted it from some dook or other, touring through the west for buffalo and Indians. He's a slick one, sergeant, but he can't fool me. Why, he just gave himself dead away when he told me he wanted to ride up with me and Scout in the cab, pretending he was out here to enlist in the cavalry and wanted to talk with me about the officers that were coming there to Ransom. Yes, sir." And Long grinned sardonically, despite his pain.

Kearney's answer was a long whistle of amazement.

"You'd never have got me to believe it if he hadn't made that break. Fancy a swell like him a-grooming horses and cleaning out stalls. Hush," suddenly lowering his voice, for at the instant Mr. Gray came briskly into the car.

The dawn was so far advanced that the night lights were no longer needed and were burning clear and dim. The battered baggage man, in no pleasant humor, because an excursionist from the rear Pullman with ill timed jocularity had asked him how he liked the taste of his own medicine, was muttering profane comment on excursionists in general and this one in particular, as he took down the nearest lamp and extinguished it. Gray's tall figure, barefoot now of the ulster, was outlined against the brighter light at the rear door as he entered, and Long turned his head and stared at him curiously. For a moment, coming as he did from the outer air where it was now almost broad daylight, though the sun was not yet peeping over the eastern horizon, the newcomer was not quite sure whether the dark object on the floor was or was not the engineer, but he spoke cheerily.

"I'm looking for Mr. Long," he said. "I hear he's badly wretched. Ah, there you are. How are you feeling?" "As well as a man can who's turned half a dozen somersaults in the mud. You can thank God you didn't get aboard the cab."

"I can indeed," laughed Gray. "I've never practiced mounting and dismounting at a gallop from a locomotive, though I've tried it often enough from my horse."

Mr. Long winked expressively at Kearney, as though he would say, "Now watch out for a lie," and promptly popped the question.

"So you thought you'd join the cavalry on that account, did you?" "And to the amazement of Sergeant Kearney and the incredulous disdain of Mr. Long the calm reply was: "That's what I'm going to do. I expect to be at squad drill in a day or two. Possibly the sergeant here will be giving me my setting up," said he, turning frankly and smilingly to Kearney.

"You talk as though you knew the drill already, sir," said the sergeant, still unable to credit the statement, yet powerless against the gay, frank good humor of the civilian, "and it isn't the likes of you that generally take a blanket."

"Oh, I used to shoulder arms in the militia," laughed Gray, "and do the four exercises, but I'm green as any recruit in your party, as you'll probably find out, if you're going to Ransom."

Kearney looked at Long and Long glared at Kearney. This was simply too brazen a fraud for the engineer's patience.

"Do you mean to tell me a man who wears clothes like them and carries a flask like this can't find any easier way of making a living?" said he.

"Positive fact," laughed Gray, debonair as before. "I'm at the end of

my tether or soon will be, and I've come all the way out here for no other purpose."

"Why didn't you save your money and 'list in the east, where you came



"Because I'd rather soldier, man," was the smiling answer.

from?" asked Long, prodding Kearney with his toe to call attention to his astuteness.

"For the simplest of reasons. Had I enlisted there they might have sent me to any regiment, whereas I wanted a particular one—the —th, in fact."

Long had lost another point, but rallied. His tone was gruff as Mainwaring's as he returned to the attack: "One

would suppose a feller—a man like you could command influence enough to get assigned to any regiment he wanted. That ain't much of a trick."

"No," answered Gray as he seated himself on the conductor's big wooden chest and carelessly swung his slender foot; "no, I don't believe I've got either friends or influence or anything in the wide world but what I've got on and what's in an old trunk somewhere along the road here."

"Didn't you say something about quitting railroading to take up soldiering?" queried Long, so astonished that he was forgetting his pain.

"I did. Two years ago I did some railroading at the general manager's end of the line, so you see how little I must have known about it. Yes," he went on with twinkling eyes, "I used to ride my own horse, but I've lost him, so it's got to be one of Uncle Sam's."

For a moment nothing further was said. A pair of frank blue eyes were gazing smilingly down into the engineer's face, and that ex-trooper could find no excuse for another expression of doubt. Slowly he held forth the half emptied flask.

"Here," said he, "take this. I'm d—d if you're not too many for me! But," a sudden thought striking him, "why don't you sell this and your watch and them clothes and go to the mines and make a stake there?"

"Because I'd rather soldier, man," was the smiling answer—Gray's good humor was indomitable—"and down in the bottom of your heart you know perfectly well you never see the uniform"—and here he laid a hand on Kearney's shoulder—"that you don't more than half wish you were in it again and riding the trail or the prairie rather than the iron track. I don't have to sell anything yet," he added, with almost a laugh. "Keep the whisky, Mr. Long. You've more need of it than I have. I'll see you again after awhile." And with that he rose and, nodding smilingly to Kearney, sauntered from the car.

"Well, if that's a train robber," said the latter as he reached and took the flask from Long's unresisting hand, "here's"—the top came off, and the flask was lifted to his lips—"here's long life to him!"

Late that morning the relief train came down from Pawnee, the east bound express at its heels. Passengers and baggage were laboriously transferred from one train to the other around the scene of the wreck. Mr. Long, bidding mournful adieu to No. 788, asked Sergeant Kearney to see that the now empty flask was returned to the tall fellow that talked of enlisting. "He may talk till hell freezes over," said Long, "but not till I see him in uniform!"

I believe he isn't lying, and even then I'll mislead him for a reformed train robber or an escaped lunatic."

But of this and other unflattering comments Mr. Gray was unconscious. By 8 o'clock some railway men arrived from the Gap on a hand car, proving that the suspected tramp had at least delivered his dispatches. People were getting hungry by that time, and it presently transpired that "the tall gent" in the first sleeper was going back with the hand car to see what he could buy and send to them, as it would be noon perhaps before the wrecking train, etc., could come. Then the porter addressed Mr. Gray with a message. Mrs. Mainwaring begged to see the gentleman before he started.

She was calm and collected now, and evidently ashamed of the trouble she

had given. The young lady was teased by an open window, languidly drinking in the fresh air, a silken handkerchief bound about her head.

"We are so very much indebted to you," said the matron, rising at the entrance of the young man, "and both my niece, Miss Leroy, and I wished to thank you before we parted. I am Mrs. Mainwaring, and my husband, Major Mainwaring, whom I expect to meet today, will be glad to add his thanks to mine if you will kindly give me your address."

"I assure you the thanks are unnecessary. I am only too happy to have been of the faintest service. I am awfully clumsy, I fear," said Gray, smiling, as his eyes wandered to Miss Leroy's face. She was leaning forward now and extending the pretty white hand he had so admired much earlier that morning.

"And I want to say, yet I don't know how to say, how very much I thank you," she murmured, her words falling hesitatingly, "and—pray, do not think me impudent, but did I not see you—were you not on the Rhine last May?"

His whole manner seemed to change instantly. Quiet good humor and courtesy gave place to embarrassment, even awkwardness.

"It was—possibly a brother of mine," he faltered. "I—I hope you'll have a very pleasant journey. Such ill luck thus far, you know"—He barely touched the extended hand. "Goodby. Goodby, Mrs. Mainwaring. They—they're waiting for me with that hand car." And in an instant he was hastening away.

"But you haven't told us your name or your address," persisted the elder lady.

(To be Continued.)

Mania for Operations

Among the Doctors. No Need of the Knife to Cure Piles. A Surer, Cheaper Easier Way, Dr. Chase's Ointment:

Dread of the surgeon's knife causes multitudes of people to suffer on year after year with piles, when they could be cured without risk, expense, or danger of an operation by using Dr. Chase's Ointment, the only preparation guaranteed to cure any case of itching, bleeding, or protruding piles.

Rev. J. A. Baldwin, Baptist minister, Arkona, Ont., writes:—"For over twenty years I was a great sufferer from itching and protruding piles. I used many remedies and underwent three very painful surgical operations, all without obtaining any permanent benefit. When about to give up in despair I was told to use Dr. Chase's Ointment, and did so, finding relief at once. I used three boxes, and am almost entirely cured. The itching is all gone. I have advised others to use it, believing it would cure them as it has me."

Dr. Chase's Ointment is the only positive and actual cure for every form of piles, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmansson, Bates and Co., Toronto.

LIBERAL-CONSERVATIVE CONVENTION.

A convention of the Liberal-Conservatives of the First District of King's Co. will be held in the Benevolent Irish Society's Hall, Souris, on Monday, the 26th November, inst., at two o'clock p. m., for the purpose of choosing a candidate for the forthcoming election.

JOHN McLEAN, Convener. Souris, Nov. 21, '00

Fall --- Footwear

Our Lines are All Right.

Why pay high prices for a name when we give you Quality at low prices?

Gents' Box Calf, lace, Goodyear welt—

\$2.80

Gents' Dongola Chocolate, lace—

&2.25.

Gents' Dongola Black, lace, Goodyear welt, P—

\$2.75.

Gents' Box Calf, Black and Tan, Goodyear welt—

\$2.75.

Gents' Box Calf, Black, double sole, Goodyear welt, rubber heel, best value in the city—

\$4.00.

J. H. BELL

The Popular Shoeman.

Now is = = = The Time TO BRING TO US ANY OLD GOLD OR SILVER.....

Articles that have ceased to be of any use. We will allow full value in exchange for goods, and you may be able to purchase something—either Watch, Jewelry, Spectacle or clock—that would be of service to you.

E. W. TAYLOR CAMERON BLOCK

WE NEVER SOLD ITS SUPERIOR FOR \$10.00

That is what we wish to state about our

READY-TO-PUT-ON OVERCOAT.

Its made from all wool fine blue beaver cloth, lined with an excellent quality Italian or farmers satin, silk stitched, velvet collar, good workmanship. We have for the past 30 years handled millions of samples of cloth and think we know a good deal about quality, and we can confidently say we have not seen a better coat for \$10.00 than we are offering.

We will be pleased to have you examine these coats.

MORRIS BLOCK D. A. BRUCE CHARLOTTETOWN MERCHANT TAILOR.

"Happy Thought"



IN ALL THE WORLD, because of worry so constant, so insidious, 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 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.

HASZARD'S BRAHMIN TEA.

60,000 Pounds now Landing and to arrive. Ask your grocer for "Haszard's Brahmin" and take no other.

Nov. 15.—2 wks adw.

Lumbago

is Rheumatism of the back. The cause is Uric Acid in the blood. If the kidneys did their work there would be no Uric Acid and no Lumbago. Make the kidneys do their work. The sure, positive and only cure for Lumbago is

Dodd's Kidney Pills