

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 housekeepers. 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 full stock direct by schooner from New York. It is called "PRATT'S ASTRAL" 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
Happens

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.

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.

LOVE FINDS A WAY.

BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

(COPYRIGHT 1899 BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.)

(CONTINUED.)

He got up with the discarded betrothal ring crushing against the flesh of the hand that inclosed it. His face was very pale. His eyes burned angrily.

"You have puzzled me considerably by denying that either Miss Spillman or Broxton is behind this remarkable change of mind and plans. I have not thought you a capricious woman. I fancy you think you are doing your duty to some one in some way. I want no unwilling bride. I shall come back to you when I return from Europe and ask you once more to marry me, only once more. If our parting is rather unsatisfactory, please bear in mind that it is your fault, not mine."

"Yes, I know. It is my fault, all my fault. Please go now, Clarence." He did not move. Perhaps even now she was repenting of her strange caprice. She looked at him almost timidly. He was sure she was trying to frame her retraction. He was formulating the most becoming style of reconciliation when, with a swish of her long black draperies, she disappeared through a side door.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE NEGATIVE OF YEARS AGO.

"Ollie."
"Well?"
"What on earth have you done with it?"

Miss Malvina was crocheting one of those mysterious receptacles which every woman makes and no woman uses when she asked that direct question with a face full of amazement. Ollie was writing something in her diary which wild horses could not have made her reveal when it was asked. She glanced across the table to find the wide eyes of the crocheter fixed upon her denuded third finger.

"I have given it back to Mr. Westover," she said and bent her head quickly to hide the importunate tears. "You don't mean me to understand?"

"That our engagement is broken off? Yes, I do. Please drop the subject." Miss Malvina flushed an unbecoming red and looked very unhappy. "I can't but think, Ollie"—she began in an injured voice.

"I know—I know exactly what you think. You mean that, seeing you are trying to be father, mother, friend and brother to me all in one, you dear, good Miss Malvina, you are entitled to more respectful treatment. I think so too. But it is hard to talk on some subjects. I have just made up my mind that I don't want to marry anybody. I think you are the wisest woman I know. I am going to do just like you."

"Oh, but, my dear, you just can't!"

"Cannot?"

"No. You see things are entirely different with you. Some women are put into the world just to fill up chinks—substitutes, as it were, for better things that are unattainable. That's me. The Lord makes them plain, so that they shan't be tempted by man's homage to forget what they are put here for, and meek, so that they shall not disdain their mission. I'm only a chink filler, my dear. Other women be makes so pretty that they must be loved, so tender that they must be hovered under sheltering wings, so sweet that it is happiness just to do for them. That is you. You could no more fill my place, Ollie, than I could fill yours."

Ollie looked at her disconsolately.

"No, I don't suppose there is any chink in the world so small that I could fill it respectably."

"No, but you can have your pick and choice of lovers."

"I have made my choice."

Miss Malvina's face was fairly illuminated. With that flashing ring gone and Westover eliminated, was the road made clear for her dear Tom? Almost involuntarily she called the name aloud. Ollie recoiled with a frown.

"Don't mention his name. I have chosen you. You and I are going to live on just this way until you get to be an old lady hobbling about with a stick and I am wearing nose glasses. You will have to wear a mob cap, because you won't have any hair at all, and I will have just a few gray wisps left. I'm never going to marry anybody."

"You ridiculous child!" said Miss Malvina and fell to crocheting again, with an inscrutable smile hovering about her thin lips.

The first snow of approaching winter was powdering the earth when Ollie dispatched a letter to Thomas Broxton. She wrote:

Dear Thomas—Miss Malvina and I start for Nice in about two weeks' time. We will spend the winter there. She has a cough that makes me very uneasy. Dr. Govan recommends Nice, but she will not consent to go without me. She has been everything to me since my father died and all my other friends forsook me.

She begs me to ask you if you cannot find time to spend one evening with us before we start. She says I am to ask you to come at once. She especially wants to see you, and a refusal will give her great pain. We had hoped you would come to see us some time without waiting for a formal invitation, but since you have not we are sending the invitation. We understand that you are one of the busiest men in the world and that you have invented something that is going to make you rich and famous. Come and tell us all about it for auld lang syne's sake. Your friends, MALVINA SPILLMAN AND OLLIE MATTHEWS.

With the pen suspended over her own signature Ollie fell into a somber reverie. Quite a year now since her father with his last breath had bidden her marry this man, almost as long since, in the spirit of compromise, she had sent from her the man she loved and declared her intention to marry no one. Surely the hurt she had inflicted upon herself might be taken as expiation for lack of obedience. If she had denied Thomas happiness, she had also denied it to herself.

Would Clarence come back, as he had said he would? She doubted it. She marvelled languidly at her own utter indifference to his coming. Was she becoming like Miss Malvina in her frank indifference to all men? She knew that the Westovers had come back to Broxton Hall, for Jeanne had come once to see her, only once, to upbraid her for her maltreatment of "poor dear Clarrie." But from him never a word had come back. Of him the papers kept her well informed. Now he was in St. Petersburg, again in Florence. Then a woman's name crept in, and the Mandeville Morning News informed its readers that rumors from a reliable source announced the pleasant fact that when Mr. Clarence Westover did return to America Broxton Hall would become the home of a lovely Parisienne. The lady was the foreign born daughter of a one time American ambassador to France.

Ollie had read this item among the local brevities and had passed the morning's paper across to Miss Malvina. Miss Malvina had read it and looked at the girl so timidly that Ollie had laughed aloud. "You are watching to see me swoon? I am wondering myself why I don't feel any of the proper emotions on the occasion. It must be because I am so much more interested in Granny Maxwell's winter flannels." All of this came back to her when she wrote that note of invitation to Tom Broxton.

"Could anything be bolder?" she asked, blushing a vivid pink as she affixed the stamp.

"Could anything be more studiously polite?" Tom asked himself as he crammed the letter in his pocket to be reread after business hours.

A letter from Ollie was not in itself a disturbing occurrence. They had never ceased writing to each other in a desultory way. The total lack of mention of Westover's name, especially as he always made free use of it himself, struck him as a piece of uncalled for consideration for himself. Somewhat in the old time fashion she wrote to him about his work. He dwelt upon it rather lengthily in reply, as much to cover space as anything else. The line was comfortably taut between friendship and the old disturbing sentiment.

Miss Malvina considered it a bad sign that Ollie always passed Tom's letters over to her to read. Together they rejoiced over his rapid ascent of his chosen ladder, but she mourned over the absence of sentiment.

"Oh, I always knew," Miss Malvina would say after every letter, "that you could not down Tom Broxton! He is his father all over again, and when

that is said all is said that need be to describe a grand man. I wish he would marry some good, sweet girl that would make a real home for him. "So do I," Ollie would reply promptly.

But as the months rolled by Ollie's "So do I" grew less and less emphatic, and when the prospect of a long absence from home stared her in the face she was distinctly conscious of a longing desire for the dear old companion of her childish days. Folding up his latest letter, this longing had found wistful utterance.

"I wish we could see the dear boy before we cross the ocean."

And Miss Malvina, always lying in wait for her opportunity, had echoed the wish with such fervor that the letter Tom called "formal" and Ollie "bold" was the logical outcome.

A week after it had been dispatched Miss Malvina, passing through the library with her arms piled high with slip covers to shroud the parlor furniture, halted to rouse the girl from one of her somber reveries.

"Has Tom sent any answer to our invitation yet, dear?"

"Oh, yes! I meant to have shown you his note. It has just come—very short. I am glad he did not make his stenographer typewrite it."

Said Miss Malvina with ready companionship, "No doubt Thomas is a very busy man, but I am sure he could never do a discourteous thing."

Ollie read the short note aloud with her pretty head held at an angle of resentment:

My Dear Little Friend—I am truly glad that you and Miss Malvina are going to leave Mandeville for a change, but am sorry to think you go on account of her health.

If you will let me come to you on the Sunday before your departure, it will give me the greatest pleasure to dine with my old friends on that day. I promise to be punctual. Taking your consent for granted, I am faithfully yours, THOMAS BROXTON.

There were two red spots burning in Ollie's cheeks as she flung this note down upon her desk. "Could anything be more insufferable? He graciously accords us an hour or two of his valuable time."

Miss Malvina looked imploringly at the flushed young face over the pile of covers she was resting on the desk. "Disappointing, Ollie, decidedly, but not insufferable."

"I say insufferable and abominably patronizing. His dear little friend, and he is glad I am going away! Not that I wanted or expected him to be sorry."

"I think he meant he was glad on our account, dear. Perhaps he thinks—I mean he did not think he had any right to—you know he don't—Perhaps he thinks you are—you are—"

"That I am what, Miss Malvina? Please do finish at least one of your sentences. I don't know anything mortifying than such verbal convulsions."

"I meant that perhaps he thinks you are moping about Clarence Westover or perhaps he don't know about the breaking off. But, yes, he does."

"Yes, he does? What does he know about Mr. Westover and myself?"

Miss Malvina blushed guiltily. "I am afraid I did—I did—I wrote to him about the engagement being broken."

Ollie looked at her lily, but the hot blood of humiliation dyed her cheeks and forehead. "Oh, you did! And perhaps you also asked him to come and assume the task of consolation?"

"Ollie, you know I did not."

"You have covered me with confusion. I am sorry that invitation ever went to him. He has only accepted it because he could not refuse. Oh, it is all horrid, just too horrid for anything! He has a right to think me a bold, indelicate wretch. I don't doubt for a moment that he does."

(To be Continued.)

Trouble in
The Stomach

Which Doctors Failed to Remove, Cured by Less Than Two Boxes of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

The experience of Mr. Blackwell is similar to that of many sufferers with chronic indigestion. Stomach medicines will seldom really cure indigestion. The kidneys and liver must be set right, and the bowels made regular and active.

Mr. Joseph Blackwell, Holmesville, Ont., says:—"I derived more benefit from the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills than from any other medicine I ever took, and can highly recommend them for stomach troubles. I was in a terrible state and could hardly work at my trade. I tried most every kind of medicine and doctors, until I was tired doctoring, and before I used one box of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills I could see that they were helping me, and after taking a box and a half, found that I was cured."

Nearly every family on the continent has used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills or heard of the remarkable cures they have effected. One pill a dose, 25c a box, at all dealers, or Ed. Manson, 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, 1897.

BOVRIL

The great Food Product of the Victorian Era.



GEN. BADEN-POWELL says:
"I lay in the ambulance in comfort and sucked down some of his excellent Bovril."

Miss RHODES cables:
"Send 300 tins Invalid Bovril for Troop Hospitals at front."

RUDYARD KIPLING says:
"Phil sent a wire to Port Elizabeth on his own hook for fifty pounds worth of Bovril and pea meal."

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.

TORONTO, Dec. 28th, 1899.

To the North American Life Assurance Company, Toronto.

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—in tall Buck's "Happy Thought" Range in your kitchen and if you can't quit worrying entirely your wife will. The worry fiends 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 a lifetime—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, O. t. 1st, 1900.

Stoves and Hardware.