

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, F---

\$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 Shoemaker

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Young married man to take charge of a country store with lobster factory connected, situated at Port Mouton, Queens Co., N. S. Applicant to apply in his handwriting, stating salary required. Must be well recommended, thoroughly reliable and active. House rent free.

M. NEVILLE,

Plant Wharf, Halifax, N. S.

n23 1wk.

A Question of "SPEX"?

Do your eyes tire easily? If so, you need glasses.
Do your eyes burn? If so, you need glasses.
Does the type become blurred in reading? If so, you need glasses.
Do you suffer from frontal headaches? If so, glasses will help you.
Do you know if you have perfect eye sight? If not, we can inform you. It will cost you nothing.

G. H. TAYLOR

Sunnyside. Jeweler and Optician

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Is there any one thing in the line of Business Stationery that you, a business man, are out of, or will soon be out of? If there is,--well if it's not to your advantage to get it from us we don't want you to get it from us; but we would like to make you realize that it is to your advantage to get it from us. Won't you let us show you some samples of our work and quote you prices, or anything.

Envelopes

We have the largest stock of Envelopes we have ever had in stock. We print a light one at \$1.50 per thousand; a better one at \$1.75; a splendid business envelope at \$2.15 and the best you could wish for at \$2.50 per thousand.

Noteheads

Let us show you the nice line of tinted linen noteheads we are printing and padding at \$2.00 per thousand, ruled or unruled.

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(Late of New York.)

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Voice culture a specialty. Studio—Tanton's New Building, Great George Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I. Hours.—12 to 15 to 6.

Ray's Recruit

CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

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

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(Continued.)

But who could that "outfit" be? Jim Long said all were masked, and he recognized none. Scout, his fireman, died without a sign. Parks, the expressman, declared every form unfamiliar. Jarvis, the conductor, and Ryan, a brakeman, alone could furnish anything like a clue. Two of the desperadoes were dressed like two cowboys they had had aboard the night of the collision, a fortnight back, and the leader, who was tall, slender, well dressed, with the voice and intonation of a man of education and social position, closely resembled in build a passenger who boarded the sleeper that night at the Junction and left it after the accident and went to Pawnee. The division superintendent wired to Omaha such particulars as he could give. The legal representative and certain detectives of the road were ordered to leave for the scene by first train. The sheriff at Butte had a good sized posse in readiness by breakfast time and then started valiantly on the trail of Ray's troop, passing through Fort Ransom about the time that Mr. Dana was mounting guard.

Other sheriff's officials went out to Minden with the division superintendent, and others still pushed on to Pawnee, up on the broad plateau, to inquire for two cowboys, a tramp and a swell, all of whom had appeared there in company just after the smash up at Alkali Flats, none of whom were there now, but one of whom, the tramp, so called, looking so entirely a different man—with trimmed hair and beard and good clothes—as to have been unrecognizable had he not rashly given himself away to everybody by bragging about his exploits the night of the smash up. That tramp had boarded No. 3 at 3:30 a. m. at Pawnee with a ticket for Sweetwater, but, so it transpired, had checked his trunk only as far as Butte. All this by rapid telegraphing to and fro was developed before the posse started on its way, but not until after the despoiled train had changed engines at Butte, and then, according to the inexorable rules of the railway, had gone on again. Jarvis remembered that a very decent, quiet fellow boarded the forward passenger coach at Pawnee with a ticket for Sweetwater, but he did not connect him with the tramp so lavishly provided for by the "swell" the night of the collision. But, now they spoke of it, they were about the same size and build, and, what made it significant, that fellow seemed to have disappeared when the robbers jumped aboard and went through the passengers, nor did he appear again until just as the train pulled out for Butte after the robbers were gone. Wiring west after the rushing train speedily brought this answer: "No party with ticket from Pawnee to Sweetwater aboard." And as he had been seen and talked with and listened to up to the moment of the arrival of No. 3 at Butte Jarvis declared the man must be somewhere about the town at this moment, and Butte's few policemen were put in search.

All they discovered by noon was that such a party had been seen talking excitedly with a tall stranger in heavy overcoat and cap near the baggage room just after the train came in. The baggage man said that the man who presented check for the trunk from Pawnee was tall, slender and dressed in rough, heavy coat and traveling cap. The trunk was sole leather. It had a lot of foreign stamps, hotel posters and railway luggage slips all over it, but the baggage master had no time to examine it. Two men had carried the trunk away between them, declining the offers of the baggage man. Somebody remembered such a trunk being wheeled in a barrow

up Hoyt street just after No. 3 came in, two men with it, a tall and a short, and that was all.

Recruit Hunter's pass was up at noon, and at 11:30 he jumped from a light wagon at the south gate and was hailed by the corporal of the guard as he was striding briskly toward his troop quarters:

"Say, young feller, come back here." The tall recruit halted, turned and looked around, irresolute. It might be authoritative, it might be mere practical joke. At all events the corporal was responsible, and the soldier walked straight to where the noncommissioned officer was seated on a bench, near the hall door of the guardhouse.

"Where you been?"

"To town on pass," was the calm answer.

"What did you hear about that hold up?"

"Nothing of consequence."

"Well, your troop's gone thief catching, and you're to report to Sergeant Merriweather as soon as you come in. Now you've come in, you haven't any cigars or drinkables about you, have you? This is the custom house if you have."

Hunter looked neither annoyed nor disconcerted. Taking two or three cigars from his overcoat pocket, he said, "Catch!" tossed them carelessly to the vigilant wearer of the chevrons, hastened to barracks, deposited his bundles on the bed assigned him and looked up and down the now silent and almost deserted building in search of some one to tell him what had taken place. Two men, one laid up from the kick of a horse, the other with an arm in a sling, came down to investigate the contents of his bundles, but were disarmed of hostile intent by his easy good nature and prompt offer of cigars. Whisky he had none. Asking for Merriweather, he was told to look for him at his quarters.

"Catch him out of watching distance of the little woman!" said one of them, with a grin. "Mind your eye, Hunter. She'll be making up to you next," said the other, "and we don't want you to be found with your head in the horse pond, like Pat Shea." And then it transpired that Trooper Shea had been a devoted admirer of pretty Mrs. Merriweather while she was still housemaid at the Freemans and that Pat's devotions were equally divided between her and Muldoon's saloon until one winter's morning he was dragged by the legs from his icy winding sheet with a dreadful gasp in his throat and the neck of a bottle still grasped in his frozen hand. Hunter obeyed his orders and went, and Mrs. Merriweather saw him coming and ran to her glass before she answered the sharp knock at the door.

"Why, it's Mr. Hunter!" she said. "Sure, I knew the step before I saw you! Come in, Mr. Hunter! The sergeant's gone to the commissary, and I expect him back every minute."

But the trooper's blue eyes glanced only indifferently into the coquettish and smiling face.

"I was directed here," he said, "to report to Sergeant Merriweather, but I'll go on down to the stables and stop on my return. Thank you, no!" he continued, with cold courtesy, as she again urged that he should enter, and strode away stolidly with more than one pair of eyes from the laundresses' quarters gazing after him, those of Mrs. Merriweather being clouded and perplexed.

It had been a perfect morning, keen and frosty at guard mount, but warmer as the sun wheeled high toward the zenith, and Atherton had had the regiment out for drill. The broad prairie northeast of the post was alive with prancing, high mettled steeds, with dashing riders, and not a few carriages and Concord wagons, filled with ladies of the post, all rejoicing at having the regiment once more at home. For nearly two hours Atherton had had the seven troops in rapid movement here and there and everywhere over the plain, and now, the drill over, troop after troop came marching sedately and quietly homeward to cool and calm the horses before reaching stables. In full ranks, 50 men at least to each company, in their trim fitting fatigue dress and with the silken swallowtail waving at the head of each little column, they looked wonderfully businesslike and serviceable. The easy, practiced seat of every man, the nonchalant grace of every pose, the resolute, dust covered, sometimes devil may care faces, all seemed thoroughly in keeping with the scene and surroundings, thoroughly in accord with the buoyant action of the mettlesome mounts. Acustomed from boyhood to the best of horseflesh, a born rider and judge, Trooper Hunter could not but see that though these frontier steeds might lack the dainty trappings and satin coats of the park and avenues of Gotham, there were life and spirit, fire and endurance, in almost every one in each of the seven columns. Standing by the northward gate, he keenly studied

each troop as it came joggling down in. The colonel and the major, the adjutant and certain other officers seemed to have grouped about the carriage of the ladies at the edge of the drill ground, but at least one officer rode with every troop, the best opportunity the newcomer yet had enjoyed of studying these future comrades with whom he might never expect to exchange a word or meet with more than the formal and punctilious touch of the hand to cap. They were moving at ease now until each troop in succession might cross the sentry post and be called to attention in recognition of the salute of its solitary occupant.

Hunter watched the man as he halted, faced outward as the nearest troop drew nigh, then snapped his carbine to the present as the head of the column turned to enter the gate, and Captain Gregg whipped out his saber, gave voice over his shoulder to the prolonged "Ten ah-o-o-on" which brought every man's head and eyes up and to the front, and then, looking square at the sentry, lowered the glittering blade in acknowledgment of the honor paid to himself and his command. Hunter's eyes kindled at the sight. No matter how humble the private soldier, there at least, on post as sentry, he could expect the recognition of the president himself, than



Beyond saluting distance.

whom in the eyes of the —th there lived no grander potentate on earth. Then, the next thing Hunter knew, the troop came tripping by the line of picket fence on which he leaned, gazing out upon the spirited scene beyond, and now it was his turn. The teachings of the old days in the famous regiment, wherein every man might be said to have worn kid gloves when not on military duty, were fresh in his mind, as he had been well schooled in the first principles of soldier duty. Yet Hunter felt the blood was mounting to his temples and his heart was beating quicker as he faced the coming column, braced his heels together and raised his hand to the cap visor as Captain Gregg came ambling by. The big troop leader, glanced curiously at the lonely figure in the cheap fatigue dress and again, but with far less precision, returned the salute, and Hunter could not but note the difference. Before another troop could pass him by, he moved quickly away, 20 yards or more beyond the gate, where he still could have a good look at the returning soldiery, but was himself beyond saluting distance. One after another the seven separate compact little columns of fours marched steadily in and jogged on down the gentle slope toward the huge wooden stables. He was still gazing in some odd fascination after the last, the roan troop, when the sound of bounding hoofs, whirring wheels and gay laughter recalled his wandering thoughts, and, turning sharply to the prairie once more, his eyes fell upon the foremost of the rapidly nearing carriages.

(To be Continued.)

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