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Write us—we'd like you to know all about them. If you want an estimate send outline showing the shape and measurements of your ceilings and walls.

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White's Caramels and Snowflake

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Can be had at any following first class or

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In Silverware we have Tea Sets, Butter Dishes, Celery Stands, Fruit Dishes, Pickle Dishes, Combination Sugar bowls and Spoon Holders, Syrup Jugs, Cream and Sugar, Berry Spoon, Soup Ladies, Bon Bons, Knives, Forks and Spoons.

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In Glassware:—Lemonade Sets in Crystal and Gold, Berry Sets, Butter Dishes. We have a nice line of Souvenir Goods, also an assortment of Wedgwood and Blueware. A big line of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.

Give us a call and you will save money for we are selling cheaper than any other store in the city.

Jury & Co

Sunnyside Ch'town

Dividend Notice

Merchants Bank of P. E. Island.

CHARLOTTETOWN, N. S. May 31, 1900. Notice is hereby given that a half yearly dividend at the rate of 8 per cent per annum on the capital stock of this bank has been declared, payable at its Banking house on and after July 31, 1900.

The transfer books will be closed from the 15th June to the 3rd July next, both days inclusive.

By order of Board. J. M. DAVISON, Cashier.

FOR SALE "Newlands"

The late residence of Malcolm McLeod, Q. C., in Charlottetown Royalty, containing twenty and three quarters acres.

Apply to D. C. McLEOD, Solicitor, & Co. Ch'town, June 19th, 1900. dy,tf

LAST

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

Half an hour ago—and that was the last! No later train stopped at the little roadside station for which, at any time, so few passengers were booked, save those for Westleigh Towers. Royden Keith stood in hesitation just for two or three seconds. The road from this station to Westleigh was a long twenty miles, and the station—built upon the junction of the lines—was so far from the town that he would not be able to get a conveyance of any kind. True, it was possible to reach the Towers more readily by taking a bridge-path, which he had daringly taken once before, even though for several miles it ran between the sea and the cliffs, and was covered at high water. But then to walk this distance was impossible, with the tide upon the flow; and he had no horse here.

Yet now he had dreamed of Alice's glad reception of him, and her untold gratitude and joy at the tidings he bore, the tidings he had sought so long, and, having found at last, had hastened to bring to her himself! Must he give up even now, when he had come so far, and seemed so near her? No; not even in such a case as this could Royden turn back from his earnest purpose.

"There is a farm he said to himself, as he stood recalling an old horse lying a mile or so along the cliff way, 'where I can get a horse. On the high-road I may have to walk ten miles before I can obtain one. I will manage it if it is within man's power.'"

It was within this man's power; and, an hour after the London train had passed on its way northward, Royden rode from the old farm where he had promptly bought a horse, which its master had never hoped to sell so profitably. The animal was young and strong, and fresh from its stable; and Royden had mounted with a pleasant sense of its power and will to carry him fleetly along the dangerous shore.

The master of the farm, as well as his old father, urged Mr. Keith not to attempt the ride. The tide was treacherous, they said, and the distance across the bay much greater than it seemed. But Royden, shaking the men by the hand in his quiet, cordial way, told them he had no fear, only a great anxiety to get to Westleigh Towers that night, and much confidence in his new horse.

"I know the way well," he added, in his pleasant, earnest voice, "and it is a grand June evening."

Two men stood watching him from the farm gate. He understood a good horse when he saw one, there was no doubt about that, and they had guessed at once that he must be Mr. Keith. He was just what they had fancied the Squire of Westleigh Towers.

"But," said the elder man, as they turned away after watching Royden out of sight, "it is a dangerous feat he tries to-night."

Royden knew this well. It was not in ignorance that he started on that ride. But the horse that he had bought was fresh and fleet, and the flood-tide two hours' distant yet. Sitting straight and firm in his saddle, his fingers tight upon the reins, Royden galloped along the narrow and uneven path, while the passengers he met looked after the horse and rider wonderingly.

On and on, while the sun slowly neared the water. On and on until it set, and Royden breathed a sigh of relief, for the path had reached the shore at last. He paused one moment and gave a look around him—first over the fading seas; then up the dark, precipitous cliffs; then higher still, beyond the fading sunset streaks. When that moment's pause was over, leaning forward in his saddle, he pressed his knees against his horse's flanks, and dashed along that treacherous road beside the treacherous sea.

Once or twice the young horse faltered in his pace; and once or twice he almost would have fallen; but for

the strong restraining hand upon the rein; but still he made his way bravely under the frowning rocks.

"On, good fellow, on!"

Now with caresses, now with strokes, did Royden urge him, while the tide rose and rose. That bay was reached at last of whose danger, at the flowing of the tide, he had told Lady Somerson and Honor, as they stood at the window looking down upon the spot. Ah, it was so near home! It almost felt like having reached home, to have reached this well-known spot, on which the windows of the Towers looked. But it was two miles across the bay, and the tide was rising, and a mist gliding northward from the sea, and slowly shrouding horse and rider in its chilling, darkening embrace.

But for an instant, just before it reached them, Royden strained his eyes to see the farther limits of the bay, and—ah! yes, the waters lay seething there, falling back a little and glistening for a moment, then darkly lifting themselves in their power, and swaying broad and deep across the only way which lay before this solitary horseman.

Royden's hand fell gently on the horse's foaming neck, and for a moment his eyes fell, too, resting from that gaze which had pierced the gathering darkness.

"There is no passage before us. If we can find no possible way inland, this hour means death for you and me—near fellow!"

Urging him on, now by cheering words, and now by sharp, swift cuts, Royden rode to and fro within the arms of the bay, searching among the rocks for a possible way of egress; but the cliffs rose precipitous on the beach, and Royden saw that any hope of passing them was in vain, while the sound of the waters nearing the horse's hurrying feet, grew literally deafening in its horrible portent.

Brave and strenuous efforts did the young horse make, as Royden led him backward and forward in his vain and futile search; but the pace grew slower—into a walk at last; while the tide rose and rose. So swiftly the waters rushed in at last, sweeping over that wide crescent, hidden in the mist, that in one second, as it seemed, horse and rider stood surrounded in the flood-tide.

Then the frightened animal started wildly on its own career, galloping backward and forward, to left and right, without aim or motive; racing to and fro in the very madness of his panic, as he tried to escape the grasp of the hungry waters; racing to and fro until at last, quite suddenly, he stopped in his wild gallop, stood trembling for a moment, with his eyes wild and strained, while the waves broke under his raised head, then, with a cry that was almost human in its anguish, he threw his head back, and Royden knew that he alone lived in that rush of rising waters, and that his only chance of safety was to cling to his dead companion.

At first the effort to keep his seat engrossed all his energies, but gradually that tension relaxed, while now he held one hand upon the breast of his coat, guarding that lately won paper in its grip. Dreamily, with a consciousness of utter helplessness which was almost a relief from his restless, feverish exertion, he floated on the surface of the sea, recalling brokenly, as one sometimes recalls a dream, how one man, years ago, carrying an infant in his arms, had been drowned within this bay; languidly wondering over the exact spot, and morbidly trying to imagine the scene. Then there came into his mind—still softly and vaguely—the story of a wreck upon this coast, and, looking out to sea, he tried to guess the spot where the ship had foundered, and wished that he could float far out to sea, and fall just there.

One minute he was piercing the misty darkness with his eyes, and calculating how long it might be possible for him to live, and in the next he bent his head against the beating spray, with a faint smile upon his lips, and dipping his hand into the water, laid it upon his burning brow and lips. But, through all his fingers never once relaxed in their clasp upon those papers he had borne so far in safety—so far!

Just before the dawn of the June morning, a group of fishermen slowly passed along the silent, dewy path to the locked door of Westleigh Towers. They were men to whom this beautiful park had been lent as holiday ground; they were men who had learned to love the master who had treated them as brothers, and not serfs; and so no cheek was dry when they trod noiselessly under the whispering leaves, bearing him among them, still with his fingers tightly closed upon the papers he had borne so far.

They had found him there upon his dead horse, benumbed and motionless, as he must have floated for three hours at least.

Benumbed and motionless! These were the words the men chose, because they saw the fear and horror in the pale face they gazed upon. But Alice knew what they left unsaid; and when she bent above the prostrate form, seeking in vain for some faint sign of life, a cry of terrible despair escaped her parted lips.

White and still the brave face lay; nerveless and powerless was the strong, tall form; yet still the wet, stiff fingers of the right hand held their firm grip upon that packet, safely borne through all.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Three weeks had passed since Royden Keith rose from that long and death-like swoon, and neglecting his sore need of rest, returned to London only two days after he had been brought home unconscious. But the tasks which had taken him to town were all completed now, and he had come home to wait. For three weeks he had fought with his terrible suffering and weariness, when one day the slow afternoon train, passing through Westleigh, deposited at the sleepy little station two passengers, who had a more engrossed and business-like air than the generality of people who halted at that rural spot. They gave their tickets to the solitary porter without a glance toward him, and they walked from the station together without a glance beyond the few yards of dusty lane which lay before them. One was a man of middle age, broadly built and well dressed, but having the air of one who did not to fully comprehend the aim he had in view, or the way in which that aim should be pursued. The other was a small and very person, with ginger-colored hair and complexion, and he decidedly did possess the air of knowing whether he was bound, and on what mission bent.

(to be continued.)

One of the most dangerous and repulsive forms of Kidney Disease is

DROPSY

for which Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only certain cure. In Dropsy the Kidneys are actually dammed up, and the water, which should be expelled in the form of urine, flows back and lodges in the cells of the flesh and puffs out the skin. Remove the filth which plugs up the drain. Restore the Kidneys to health. There is only one Kidney Medicine

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY.

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The Popular Fast line between Nova Scotia and Boston via Windsor Junction and Halifax

EXPRESS TRAINS leave Halifax daily (except Sundays) at 6:35 a. m., for Digby and Yarmouth, making connection Wednesdays and Saturdays at Yarmouth for Boston.

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIP "PRINCE GEORGE"

2400 Gross Tonnage, 7000 Horse Power, the fastest and finest steamer plying between the Maritime Provinces and Boston. Leave Yarmouth Wednesday and Saturdays for Boston. On arrival of Express Train from Halifax—Returning leaves Boston Tuesday and Friday at 4 p. m.

Passengers arriving in Halifax next day 5:30 p. m., by Express Train. For all information, guide book, folders, etc which will be sent free, write to F. H. Armstrong, general passenger agent Kentville, N. S.

P. GIFFKINS, Gen. Manager, Kentville, N. S., May 26th, 1900.

Prince Edward Island Railway.

Excursion Return Tickets at one single first class fare will be issued from and to all Stations, June 29th, 30th and July 2nd, good to return up to and on July 4th 1900.

Tickets are not good for passage on going journey after date of issue. On Monday the train for Souris and Georgetown will not leave Charlottetown until 4.45 p. m. Standard time, and the train for Summerside will not leave Charlottetown until 5 o'clock p. m. Standard time.

G. A. SHARP, Superintendent. Charlottetown, June 23rd, 1900.

FIT FOR A PRINCE

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Scotch Whisky.

1900 SEED TIME 1900

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We have a large selection of clovers, timothy, vetches, peas, White Russian, Manitoba hard and Island wheats.

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To see our men's and boy's Clothing.

Our sales are larger in clothing than for years.

The reason, we are selling good fitting well-made suits for about 20 per cent lower than current prices. Do yourself justice.

You can save enough on a suit of clothes to buy a Hat and a pair Boots.

J. B. MACDONALD & CO

Where Worth and Low Prices Meet.

Teach True Economy

In buying your boots here. The prices are very modest, the style correct, the quality perfect. This season's styles are quick sellers. That's because they've caught the fancy on popular prices at

McQUAID'S,

LOWER QUEEN STREET

Great Sale of Crockery, Glassware and Groceries.

Big Discounts for 30 Days.

All our present stock will be closed out at big reductions—below some prices:—

\$3.00	Tea Sets now	\$1.95	per set
75 cent	Glass Table Sets now	50 cents	
40 "	" " " " "	25 "	
24 "	" " " " "	20 "	
90 "	Large Lamps	50 "	
50 "	" " " " "	30 "	
\$1.50	Lemonade Sets	90 "	
1.50	China Berry Sets	1.20	
50 "	Glass " " "	35 "	
30 "	" " " " "	20 "	

Also a lot of odd crockery selling at Half Price.

P. MONAGHAN, Upper Queen Street