

**REMOVAL**

**E. H. BEER**

—HAS REMOVED HIS—  
Insurance Office—  
—TO—

Mark Wright & Co's Showrooms  
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All Kinds of Insurance.

Note.—I am prepared to place all classes of FIRE INSURANCE at rates which defy competition. You can save money by calling on me.

E. H. BEER,  
General Insurance Agent

Feb 12.

The SCOTCH WHISKY chosen by the Red Cross Society, London, for use by the invalided troops and hospitals in South Africa, is the famous WHITE HORSE CELLAR brand of MacKie & Co., Distillers, Limited, Islay and Glasgow, one of the oldest firms in the trade. In intimation of this, Messrs MacKie, with usual generosity, presented 200 cases free of charge, and shipped them by first steamer to the Cape.

One of the family is a volunteer in the Imperial Yeomanry, and on his way now to the Cape. It is hoped that he may give a good account of himself.

THE ABOVE MENTIONED BRAND IS FOR SALE AT  
**JOHN McKENNA**  
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**IF**

You want THE LATEST in note and letter paper and stationery of every description, magazines and fashion books, we have them, Agent for the celebrated Perry Pictures.

**CHAS J. MITCHELL,**  
BOOKSELLER and STATIONER  
Queen Street.  
Prowse's.....

**Wants, Lost Found, &c**

LOST—Between St. Peter's School and Brighton road a pair gold eye glasses finder will please leave at this office and be rewarded.

LOST—Horse weight with rope attached finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving name at W. M. Coffin's.

FOUND—A bull dog pup, owner can have same by applying at this office.

BOY WANTED—A good strong, smart boy 14 to 16 years of age, to deliver parcels for a dry goods store. Apply by letter to P. O. Box 42.

WANTED.—At once a smart boy to attend in an office. Apply at EXAMINER office.

TO LET.—A three story dwelling house on Prince Street. Modern improvements can be put in if required. Apply to W. W. Wellner, dy 6 ins.

EGGS FOR HATCHING.—Silver-laced Wyandottes from pure bred stock. Male bird took second prize at Halifax. Apply to David W. Brown, Little York. 1 saw 4 ins.

LOST.—Between Railway Depot and Market a pigskin purse containing a large sum of money. Finder will be rewarded by returning it to Hotel Davies, Charlottetown. 3ins.

FOR SALE.—Desirable residence, pleasantly situated at the head of Prince Street. Heated by hot water, electric lighting, large ornate stables, etc. etc. intending purchasers can inspect the premises every Thursday afternoon. Full particulars on application to Mrs. Unsworth. 3 wks Tues & Sat.

TO LET.—One half the double tenement house on Haviland Street, opposite City Hospital, containing 8 rooms and kitchen. Possession given immediately. Good stable in connection. Apply to John Connolly on the premises.

WANTED.—A young man to look after horses and cow and for general work. Apply at this office. dy 2ish

WANTED.—A good steady boy, age about fifteen or sixteen, who understands taking care of horses and cattle, also general work about a house. Country boy preferred. Apply at EXAMINER office. 3211

SETTING EGGS.—From pens of pure bred Silver and Golden Wyandottes, also Banded Plymouth Rocks. For sale by H. Weston Peake, 25 Euston St. ced 1 wk.

WANTED.—Two or three smart young girls to learn the millinery business. Apply to Miss McKeiver at Weeks & Co The Peoples Store.

**RIGHTED AT LAST**

BY MARY CECIL HAY

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

The long, thoughtful minutes were spent at last, and the lonely visitor turned to leave Abbotsmoor. One last glance before he entered the avenue, and the scene was photographed on his mind indelibly. The wide, high frontage of the house; the rows of windows leavy with dust and cobwebs, their shutters closely barred, yet cracked in many places; the wide door scratched and scarred, with a rank, unmanageable branch of ivy had fallen across it, as if to form another heavy bolt; grass growing in the cracks of the stone steps just as it grew between the embrasure of the windows, wild flowers and garden flowers tangled together among the weeds and grasses; uncut and unnailed

creepers, perishing helplessly upon the ground, where they seemed struggling to escape the ill-fated house. All the ravages of wind and weather, all the heavy footprints of time and devastation, all the rank fruit of neglect. "There is a rookery overhead," said the stranger, as he gazed, "and it is impossible but that sometimes the sunshine finds its way here, and the birds sing. It was an English home once, and years hence it may be so again, although old Myddelton's heir—"

A sound again, subdued and hushed almost in a moment, yet the keen ear had detected it, and the swift, sportsmanlike glance had discovered a figure watching stealthily from among the trees. A few steps on the long tangled grass, and he was beside the figure, looking down upon it with cool, ironical curiosity.

"Are you here on your own account, or are you sent by your employer?" The man he addressed did not answer. Perhaps the stifled cough was stopping him; but perhaps that quick gasp of his breath was sudden fear.

"This is the second time I have caught you watching me, and I have a fancy for its being the last. A spy can expect only one treatment, and here it is."

His left hand was fast on the man's collar; with his right he broke a branch above his head, and the next thing of which the listener was aware was a particular sensation of smirking and stinging through his whole system.

Grinding his teeth with rage and shame, he rose from the spot to which he had ignominiously been hurled, and looked after his chastiser with an ugly scowl upon his smooth, sleek face.

"This sort of thing," he muttered between his teeth, "a man never forgets." An aphorism few would deny at any time, but one which certainly could not be denied by those who boasted the acquaintance of Bickerton Slimp, confidential clerk in the office of Lawrence Houghton, attorney-at-law in the town of Kinbury.

"I shall be even with him yet!" Such was the magnanimous conclusion arrived at by Mr. Slimp, before he dragged his injured person down the avenue in the wake of his assailant.

The assailant had, in the meantime, reached the gates, and the old lodge-keeper held one of them open for him while he took a crown from his purse.

"Good-night," he said then, genially. "Save the baby! Never mind the house or the furniture or anything else, only save the baby!" This is the instinct of every mother's heart. Every woman who hopes some day to be a mother ought to realize that the health and perhaps the very life of her prospective little one is put in peril by everything which weakens or impairs her own physical condition.

It is a prospective mother's duty to keep herself as well and strong as possible and avoid all over-exertion and fatigue during the expected time. Never mind if the housework or any other work is neglected: Save the baby!

Every mother should obtain the strengthening, health-giving support of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It gives elastic endurance to the special organs and nerve-centers involved in motherhood.

It makes the coming of baby perfectly safe and comparatively painless. It fortifies the system against relapse, promotes abundant nourishment for the child and increases its natural constitutional vigor.

It is the only medicine devised expressly by an educated, experienced physician to cure the weaknesses and diseases of the feminine organism. No other preparation accomplishes this purpose with such scientific thoroughness and permanence.

A complete account of its extraordinary restorative effects in the most obstinate difficulties, is given in one chapter of Dr. Pierce's thousand-page illustrated book, "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," which will be sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps, to pay the cost of customs and mailing only. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. For a handsome cloth-bound copy, send 50 stamps. It is written in plain English and is easily understood by the non-professional.

"Lock the gate after me, so that you may look in all other marauders." The old man chuckled as he turned the rusty key.

"There's only myself, sir, to lock in." And the words were true, for Bickerton Slimp's modes of ingress and egress had been nobly independent of lock and bolt, and, though they necessitated a creeping progress unsuited to an upright man, they had their advantage in being known only to himself.

The low red tavern—over the door of which, through rath and revelry, the sign of the "Myddelton Arms" had hung for fifty years—felt that evening just a shade of the importance which according to its own popular legends, belonged to it in the old coaching days. The arrival of a private travelling-carriage, with emblazoned panels and white silk lining, was not by any means of daily occurrence, and made the lazy hostler put down his pipe with such impetus that it broke into half a dozen pieces. The entertainment of a lady traveller was still less a circumstance of daily occurrence, and made the sly hostess nervously and petulantly remark to herself, as she threw her soiled apron behind the door, "Sure as ever there's nothing in the house, somebody's safe to come."

"You'll be wishing for tea, ma'am," she suggested, coming blandly forward a minute afterward, to forestall any idea of dinner which might have lurked in the traveller's mind, "a wholesome knife-and-fork tea, as we call it? I've as nice a cold ham as ever was boiled; and with some eggs—"

"Thank you," the lady answered, passing through the door which the landlady held open; "anything you have, I am sure it will be nice, as you say."

"Only for one, ma'am?" "The fact was self-evident, and the useless piece of enumeration on the part of the landlady only the effect of habit, but she looked surprised when with the answer came a vivid blush.

Tea was served in the shadowy, low-ceiled parlor, where a newly lighted fire struggled into existence, and added considerably to the shadows, but nothing to the light or cheeriness, when there came the heaviest blow which the landlady of the "Myddelton Arms" had felt for many a day. The cold boiled ham—emphatically the piece de resistance of the inn larder—was gracing that long table in the parlor, and she had displayed these everything edible or ornamental which the inn could furnish forth, when a gentleman arrived, walked coolly into the inn and ordered—strange to say—tea for one. No need for the landlady to forestall him with the suggestion. Whether or not it was his habit to dine late, the order for tea came promptly enough from his lips to-night.

"He doesn't look hurried or even hungry," thought mine hostess, gazing nervously up into his face; "will it do to ask him to wait? He looks kind, and a gentleman," was the next nervous thought; "will it do to tell him how I'm situated?"

At that moment the gentleman smiled—smiled almost as if he understood her.

"Perhaps your room is engaged." That made it easy. The landlady's lips were unsealed, and she did tell him exactly—and rather circumstantially—how she was situated. As he stood listening against the window of the little bar, he took a crimson leather purse from his pocket, and held it in his hand. Her eyes fell on it as she spoke, and she noticed that it was old and rather shabby, but that it was a peculiar purse, and handsomer than she had ever seen before.

"If the lady will allow me to join her at tea, it will save trouble, will it?" So he asked, opening the while one of the pockets of the purse, and drawing a card from it.

"Yes, sir, if, as you say, she will." Mine hostess made this observation rather absently, gazing at the many pockets of the purse, and trying to read the name which was stamped in gold upon the leather inside the flap.

"On second thoughts, I will not send a card; it can make no difference. Say a stranger asks this favor of her."

As he put back the card a sudden quizzical smile came into his eyes.

"What sort of a lady is she?" "Well, sir," began the landlady, meditatively, "I should say, if I was asked, that she's an invalid. She looks white enough to have just come from a sick-bed, and she's hardly strength and energy to move about; she doesn't look cheerful either. I should say ill in mind and body; that's what I should say, sir, if I was asked."

Perhaps the stranger thought she had been asked, and that he had been answered, for without further words he turned away and walked to and fro within the circumscribed limits of the bar, until mine hostess reappeared with an expression of intense relief on her countenance.

"The lady sends her compliments, sir, and will be very happy if you will join her. I'll take fresh plates and a cup in at once. I'm very glad it's arranged so, as you're in a hurry."

The door was hardly closed upon her guest when another customer arrived at

the "Myddelton Arms," but this time the landlady felt no nervousness in the prospect of the entertainment, for the face of Mr. Bickerton Slimp was well known in the tavern bar and the voice of Mr. Slimp had a familiar, even confidential tone when it addressed mine hostess.

"Well, Mrs. Murray, no need to ask you how you are; you look as blooming as usual. I've snatched a few minutes to call in, you see. Ah, if your snug hostelry was but a little nearer to Kinbury, what constant visits you would have from yours truly!"

"You aren't looking well, Mr. Slimp," remarked the landlady, gazing critically into his face.

"Oh, yes, yes, quite well," he answered, with a movement of the shoulders which he intended for a gesture of deprecation, but which had the appearance of an experiment to test their muscles, "but tired a little. The old man has kept me very hard at it to-day."

"The old man, indeed," smiled the listener, with a friendly tap upon the narrow shoulder of Mr. Slimp. "Why Mr. Houghton cannot be more than forty—if he's that. His sister was born the same year as me, that was in '29, and he's younger by two years at the very least. Well, if he were born in '29, and this is '71, aren't we forty-two? And can you call him an old man?"

"Ladies are never old," smiled the lawyer's clerk, insinuatingly; "but in these degenerate days, Mrs. Murray, our employers get dubbed old men, without reference to the year in which they chanced to be born."

"When you set up for yourself, then your clerks will be at liberty to speak of you as an old man, though you can scarcely be—let me see—more than Mr. Houghton's age."

This mine hostess said with a sly relish, for Bickerton Slimp affected a youthful air and youthful garments, and few ventured to remind him of his age. Even he could not have done so without that dainty allusion to his "setting up for himself," the centre of the labyrinth in which he plodded; the bourne to which he fancied craft and cunning were his surest guides.

He smiled again; he had a bland, stereotyped smile, which he considered a mighty weapon with the fair sex.

"Just so; and you shall rebuke my clerks as sternly as you please, on condition that you always smile upon me. Is—dear me, what was I going to say—oh, is the parlor vacant this evening?"

(To be continued.)

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The lack of nerve force results in a slow and sluggish action of the heart, impaired digestion, headache, despondency, and a fear to venture, loss of energy, sleeplessness, incapacity for mental labor or business.

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