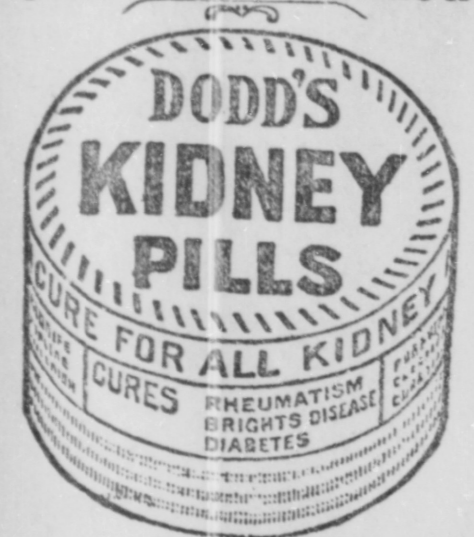


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I may say that my Oyster Parlor will be conducted in the usual first class manner, where the delicate Bivalve may be obtained in every style to satisfy the taste of the most exacting epicure.

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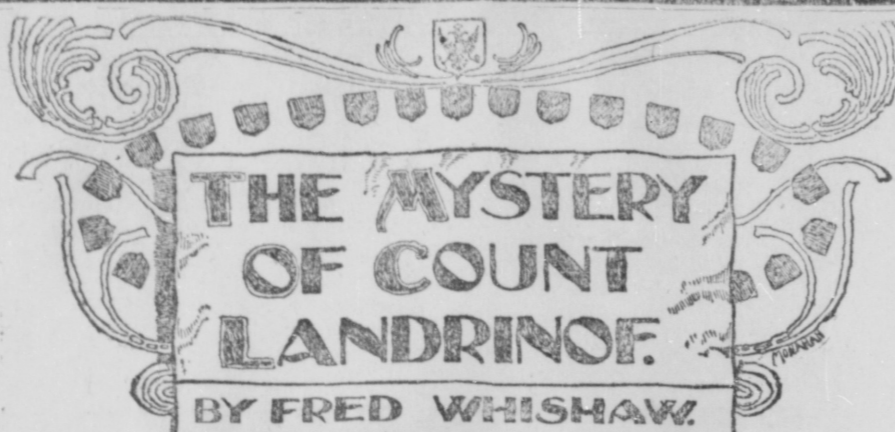
From Halifax—Every Wednesday at 11 p.m. Passengers ticketed via Picton on Wednesdays.

From Boston every Saturday at noon Tickets for sale at Stations on P. R. R. v. For tickets, rates on freight and all information apply

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(Continued.)

But I banished the idea with scorn. My father stood high above such things. He lived in an atmosphere wherein such matters had no existence. He had no cause to fear either the police or the revolutionists. He was beloved by his peasantry, for he was an enlightened and indulgent landlord. In the country he was a power. In town he was universally respected. He took no part in politics, however, and could scarcely therefore come under the ban either of those who hated or of those who administered the law.

In a word, it was hopeless to attempt to conjecture what the meaning of my mother's message could be. Such attempts only led to a feeling of helpless despair, and I tried to postpone all consideration of the matter.

I went for a walk in Kensington gardens to pass away the time, and it was while standing gloomily on the shores of the Round pond, watching the sailing of some tiny yachts, that some one touched me on the shoulder. I turned and saw Percy Morris, the most unexpected and yet perhaps the most entirely welcome person I could possibly have seen at the moment, for Percy was—had been—my greatest friend at Toddlestone. He had left last term on account of his father's death and his mother's unexpected poverty, and I had missed him badly. He had been to Russia with me more than once during the summer vacation, and I felt that an outpouring of my story into his sympathetic ears—for he knew my people—would do me a heap of good. I showed him my telegram. He started.

"Why, man alive," he said, "I saw your father this very afternoon. I thought you must be staying up here with him and was just going to ask you about it."

CHAPTER II. THE COUNT'S DOUBLE.

When Percy made this astonishing announcement, I subsided into one of the seats that surround the pond. It was too bewilderingly unexpected. I felt for a moment so utterly, helplessly amazed that I must either laugh or cry. "Impossible!" I gasped. "You could not have, old man. Why, how could the dear old governor—no; it's impossible! You didn't speak to him?"

"Yes, I did. I met him in Oxford street and capped him and said, 'Zdravstvui, graf' (Good morning, count), and—well, he seemed a bit surprised and looked me over as though he didn't recognize me, but he returned my salutation."

"Go on," I said, "in heaven's name! What did he say then—where did he go?"

"That's the funny part of it," said Percy. "He didn't stop to talk, and your pater is generally so kind and nice to me. Instead of taking my arm and having a chat and probably standing me presently a rare lunch, he nodded."



That tiger is the dread disease known as consumption. It slays more men and women yearly than there are rain drops in a summer shower. It steals upon its victim with noiseless tread.

There is a sure and certain protection against this deadly disease, and a sure and speedy cure for it, if it is resorted to in time. It is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This wonderful medicine acts directly on the lungs through the blood, tearing down old, half-dead tissues, building up new and healthy ones, driving out all impurities and disease germs and expanding the lungs and introducing life-giving oxygen into the circulation. It has wonderful curative powers and allays all inflammation of the mucous membranes of the lungs and bronchial tubes. It makes the appetite keen and hearty, the digestion and assimilation perfect, the liver active, the blood pure and rich with the life-giving elements of the food, and the nerves strong and steady. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It has the most marvelous sustaining powers of any known medicine. Thousands who were upon the verge of a premature grave have testified to their recovery through its wonderful virtues. Medicines dealers sell it, and have nothing else "just as good."

When a dealer urges some substitute he's thinking of the larger profit he'll make—not of your welfare. "The Common Sense Medical Adviser," is a treasure in any family. It contains 1008 pages and 300 illustrations. A copy FREE to every person who will send to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., 31 one-cent stamps, to pay cost of customs and mailing only. For cloth binding, send 50 stamps.

jumped into a hansom and drove away."

"I can't believe it of old dad, Percy," I said. "You must have been mistaken, old man; you mistook some one else for him."

"His double, then, and another Russian, too, for he answered in Russian, 'Zdravstvui'; but of course that might be a coincidence, if it were not that I am ready to swear to it that he was your father and no other, or almost ready, perhaps I ought to say."

I jumped at the little point of implied uncertainty.

"Ah—almost! You are not absolutely certain, then?"

"Well, to be entirely straight"—Percy hesitated—"I remember now noticing—well, you know how very particular your father is about dress, and so on. Today he did look different in that respect. He wore a Tyrolean hat and a seedyish coat; he didn't look—you know—quite so distinguished as usual—that's all—and he hadn't shaved."

"Then I'd swear it wasn't dad, I cried, "for the dear old man would sooner perish than walk up Piccadilly looking like the bounder you describe!"

"Oxford street," Percy corrected.

"Or even Oxford street," said I.

"But stop, old chap! You seem to be anxious it shouldn't be your father," said Percy, puzzled by my attitude. "Wouldn't you rather know he was over here, safe and all well, than—well—heaven knows where?"

"The thing is," I tried to explain. "I shouldn't like to think he was here, free on his own hook, as it were, because then, why shouldn't mother know about it, and I and all the world for the matter of that? It would mean that the dear old man had gone dotty, you know, and I'd almost rather anything had happened than that."

"I see," said Percy, and we walked on awhile in silence, taking the nearest route to my hotel. I told my friend my intention of starting tonight, and he promised to dine early with me and see me off at 8.30.

"Hang it!" he said presently. "I wish I was going with you. D'you know this is the most hopeless place in the world to find anything to do in."

"There are nearly always matches at Lord's or the Oval," I said, "and there are the theaters!"

"I mean work," he explained—"a living. I can get £1 a week as a clerk in the city and that's the best offer I've had as yet. Jolly prospect, isn't it?"

What a selfish brute I was, for the last hour I had talked hard about my own affairs and had never even thought of asking after his. Yet he was very badly off, indeed, I had heard, and, as his words showed, he was without immediate prospect of employment.

"I most heartily wish you were coming over with me," I said. "Look here," I added. "Why not come?"

"Oh, I couldn't!" he laughed. "Matters—my affairs are too important for that, or rather my want of affairs!"

"Well, but"—I said, struck with a sudden idea. "We shall require a steward badly until the old dad turns up again to look after things. Why not come and help us? I promise you a fair reward if my dear old mother has anything to do with it, which she certainly will."

"Don't tempt me too sore, or I shall fall!" he laughed. Then I went at him tooth and nail and almost compelled him to accept the suggestion, and presently he did consent. He could not be ready, he said, in time to start with me tonight, but he would come tomorrow or next day. By that time he would get his passport and luggage together. It was rather short notice and might be a bit of a shock to his mother, but she would quite understand. "Yes, old man," he ended, "I'm on for it."

This decision of Percy's comforted me greatly, for I was very fond indeed of my friend. At Toddlestone he and I had been known as Fidus and Achates. He would come as a guest at present. If afterward it should turn out that mother required some one as agent or clerk or whatever you like to call it, then Percy would step forward and say, "Will I do?"

So we dined and drove to Victoria, and Percy saw me off, promising to follow by the same train tomorrow or next day.

I had plenty to think about during the journey as the train flew through Holland and Germany and presently through my own poor, barren looking native country—the mystery of my father's disappearance and the thousand and one conjectures that grew out of it; the dead days of dear Toddlestone; Oxford and its untried delights, long looked forward to, now suddenly nipped in the bud; the match and my sudden revelation of talent; sweet visions of varsity matches saved by me for Oxford, foolish dreams, but consoling

things that helped me to pass through that trying time of suspense and uncertainty! I arrived at St. Petersburg at last.

One of our men was at the station to meet me and a carriage waited outside. I asked after my mother.

"The countess is well," said the man, "but"—he hesitated.

"Well, but what—speak!" I said. "Is my father well also?" I said this on purpose to watch the fellow's face in order to observe whether father's mysterious absence was a matter of general knowledge in the establishment at least.

"The count is still absent," said the man, "and the countess, though well—it is said—in health, will, I believe, be very glad to see her son!"

This was oracular quite and revealed just about as much as the old Grecian oracles were wont to predict, which was just nothing. I could not gather from the fellow's face whether he knew of our trouble or only guessed it.

CHAPTER III.

THEORIES OF THE DISAPPEARANCE.

I found my poor mother in a sad condition indeed. The shock of father's disappearance and the uncertainty and helpless misery of the whole wretched affair had quite upset her, and for the time being at least she was practically in a state of collapse.

(To be Continued.)

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Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food Restores Weak, Sickly Women to Robust Health.

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The only outstanding Losses which we have in our books are for Fires occurring within the last four weeks; and which will be all paid before 24th inst.

It is to be regretted that the representative of any Company should consider it necessary to resort to inaccurate statements in the hope of being able to retain his business at rates higher than those which the "Lancashire" is prepared to charge.

J. M. & C. W. HOPE GRANT, Gen. Agents for Maritime Provinces J. J. JOHNSTON, Barrister-at-Law, Special Agent Charlottetown, P. E. Island 245-6i

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given, pursuant to the provisions of the Act of 51st Vic. Can. 12, sections 40 and 43, that the undersigned will apply at the next monthly meeting of the City Council, the City of Charlottetown, to be held on the 13th day of November, next, for the exemption from taxation of the Factory, Building, Lands and Premises, of the Charlottetown Condensed Milk Company, Limited, now being erected, and situate on the south side of the St. Peter's Road, in the common of Charlottetown, adjoining the Railway reservation, the industry proposed to be introduced and carried on in said Factory Building and premises, being the manufacturing of Condensed Milk and Condensed Coffee. Dated this 10th day of October, A. D. 1899. THE CHARLOTTETOWN CONDENSED MILK CO., Limited. Oct 10—law 4 wk. tues

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