

# Love Finds A Way.

BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

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(Continued.)

"I do hope," said Miss Malvina, indifferently anxious, "that it is nothing of importance to Tom Broxton that is lost."

The lawyer was climbing back into the phaeton. He carefully adjusted his superfluous length to its requirements and drew the gay lap robe over his long legs before noticing this impertinent "hope." He looked stonily at Miss Malvina over Ollie's golden head to say coldly: "Your anxiety is natural."



Miss Malvina opened her front gate.

but uncalled for. Mr. Broxton has left his son's interests exclusively in my hands. He knew me long enough to judge whether or not he was safe in doing so. We will drive on now, if you please, Olivia, my dear."

Olivia nodded her pretty head at Miss Malvina. "I'll be back for you in 20 minutes, Miss Mally, so you be ready. My ponies don't like standing still any more than I do. Don't mind papa's rude snub. He's as cross as a bear to-day." And with a gay little laugh she gave a slight shake of the scarlet reins, tightened her hold upon them, chirruped musical encouragement to her little thoroughbreds and was off. The flashing equipage disappeared from Miss Malvina's view in a fresh cloud of golden dust.

She went hurriedly back into the house and straightway bawled her information at her mother.

"I am going up to the Hall, mother. Ollie Matthews is to drive back for me. She'll be here in 20 minutes."

"Going to drive back for you?"

"Yes. She's a kind little body. She and her father have just gone up to the Hall. They stopped at the gate. Mr. Matthews wanted to know if I found any papers on the ground when I picked up his bag."

"And did you?"

"No, mother. I told him that if any papers had fallen out the wind would have blown them away before morning. You don't mind my going to the funeral, do you, mother?"

"Of course not. It's your duty to go. I want to hear all about it. It ought to fetch a big crowd to the old house. Broxton was the salt of the earth. There's none like him left."

"You won't be by yourself entirely."

said Malvina cheerfully. "Jimmy Martin is working on the fence and mending the bean arbor today. I'll tell him to look in on you once or twice to see if you need anything while I'm gone."

"That's all right; that's all right. I'm not an infant in arms, Malvina. Did Matthews seem very much put out about those papers he lost?"

"He did not say so, but when I said I hoped it was not anything that concerned Tom he as good as told me to mind my own business."

"M-m-m-m-m! Just like his impudence. He's forgotten the time when you were the minister's daughter."

Then Miss Malvina began preparing for the great event of her absence. She put a bowl of cold tea on the window sill within easy reach of her mother's big chair, rushed out into the garden to give Jimmy Martin his final orders and had good five minutes left in which to hurl herself into her best gown, a brown serge trimmed with velvet, and her Sunday bonnet, which always made her look preternaturally smart and distinctly unfamiliar.

By the time Olivia, on her return trip, had made the grand circle around the beech tree, which she called "turning her ponies around," Miss Malvina was standing on the horse block in a state of nervous readiness and effusive gratitude.

"It was real sweet of you, my dear," she said, somewhat jerkily, as the ponies bounded forward, "to come back for me. The walking is so dusty. I don't often get such a nice ride."

"No; it's not sweet of me at all," said Ollie, with decision. "You are giving me credit I don't deserve. I love to drive my darlings, and I did not want to go into that gloomy old house one minute sooner than I was obliged to. I did not want to come to the funeral at all, but I was afraid Tom wouldn't like it. Poor, dear Tom! It will break your heart, Miss Mally, to see how white and miserable he looks. It has quite broken mine. He keeps on moaning because he did not get here in time to hear his father's voice once more. Oh, I could kill Reuben for that breakdown!"

Miss Malvina felt that she could gladly help in the execution. "And, Miss Malvina, we are going to take Tom home with us after the funeral. Papa says I am to cheer him up. I'm sure I don't know how. I don't see how anybody in the world can do that, do you? I know if it was papa who had been taken and I left alone in the world I should hate anybody who tried to talk me into thinking it didn't matter much. It wouldn't be any use. But then I don't suppose girls love their fathers the same way that boys do. Father says he will have to be a father to Tom now, and I tell him if he isn't just as good to poor Tom as he is to me I shall make him answer for it."

Suddenly the small, clouded face was illumined by a mischievous smile, and a sidelong look full of fun was flashed under Miss Malvina's Sunday bonnet.

"You see, I feel as if I must be a mother to Tom now, or an aunt, or something elderly and useful."

Miss Malvina begged her not to be frivolous with such unlifting gravity that the bright face became overcast again as, with a hysterical catch in her voice, Ollie added:

"Oh, what a lovely world this would be if all our friends would just keep well and happy and go on living forever until we are all ready to start for the next world in a big family party, and the sun would shine all the time, and flowers be in bloom always! Oh, Miss Viny, I hate sorrow! I hate to cry!"

She was doing it copiously, however. Her dimpling smiles had all been drowned, her sparkling eyes grown dark with the gloom of her crude protest. Miss Malvina put an arm about the small, grief-stricken figure and moaned a platitude into the ear nearest her:

"My love, man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward."

The girl shook her off impatiently.

"Oh, what makes you say that? The preacher will be using those very same words presently. They always do at funerals. But I'm not a man, not a spark, and I don't want to fly upward. There, now!"

Miss Malvina, feeling vaguely guilty and distinctly repentant, lapsed into silence. She was entirely unequipped with weapons of defense against this original line of argument. "Suppose we don't reason about it at all, dear, but just submit," she said meekly.

"We may as well," said the young girl, with a resigned sigh, "as insubmission neither alters nor softens the hideous facts."

But the word "submission" was

written on one of the unturned leaves in Olivia Matthews' book of life. It meant nothing as yet. They drove the short remaining distance in depressed silence—through the shadow of the valley of death—the gay little equipage and the vivid girl.

"Mother!" Spillman, having emptied her bowl of cold tea, was computing the passage of time by her craving for food. Surely Malvina could not be away much longer. There she was



"A letter—a long, big letter."

now! The porch floor was creaking, but the vibrations of the porch floor were caused by a heavier footfall than Miss Malvina's.

(To be Continued.)

## Bleeding Piles

A Prominent Business Man Testifies to His Cure by Using Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Not a day passes but many people volunteer recommendations of Dr. Chase's Ointment as an absolute cure for every form of piles.

Mr. Jas. Jackson, of the Laurie Spool Company, St. Alexis des Monts, Que., writes:—"You may put my name to any praise you can give to Dr. Chase's Ointment. It is a good

than any medicine I ever used."

"I was troubled for two years with that cruel disease, bleeding piles, and after using Dr. Chase's Ointment, I can say I am entirely rid of it. It is a treasure to all suffering from piles."

Dr. Chase's Ointment is guaranteed to positively cure any case of itching, bleeding, or protruding piles. It has never yet been known to fail, and certainly will not fall in your case.

For many years Dr. Chase's Ointment has stood alone as the only absolute and guaranteed cure for piles and itching skin diseases. 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has by far the largest sale of any remedy for throat and lung troubles. 25 cents a bottle.

Tomatoes for Chow Chow.

Ripe Tomatoes Red Peppers.

Small Cucumbers Cauli-

flower.

White Portulac Pickling

Onions.

NOTICE—As the season is very

short for the above it will be wise on your part to secure a full supply now.

We do not book orders to be filled next month (we may not have them then) we have them now.

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## "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—install Buck's "Happy Thought" Range in your kitchen and if you can't quit worrying entirely your wife will. The worry fiend holds sway supreme in many kitchens. He is a blood relation of the dyspepsia of like ilk. Banish them, buy a "Happy Thought."

The manufacturers of the "Happy Thought" are doing your culinary worrying for you for all time—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.**  
Stoves and Hardware.

Walker's Corner,  
Charlottetown, Oct. 1st, 1900.

## New Watches Fine Value

and  
Timekeepers.

**E. W. TAYLOR.**

## Linseed Oil

NOW LANDING

25 bbls Linseed Oil.

50 bbls. Portland Cement.

For sale low,

**SIMON W. CRABBE**

Stoves and Hardware.

Ch'town, Sept. 17th, 1900.

Walker's Corner

## To Those Interested.

The makers of THE HIGHLAND RANGES were unable to ship all of our ranges this week but we expect to have a large shipment by next trip of S. S. Halifax from BOSTON and those who have ordered may count on getting them then. We ask your kind indulgence for the delay.

"Agents for American Ranges."

## FENNELL & CHANDLER

## Here You'll Find Furniture Bargains

But we don't like to use the word. So many advertisers use it and don't mean it.

Webster says, "a gainful transaction"—that's how we mean it—a gainful transaction for our customers.

We would like you to call and satisfy yourself that what we say is true.

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**PICTURESQUE**  
**Prince Edward Island**  
25c at all Bookstores.  
An illustrated book on P. E. Island, an interesting souvenir for tourists.

## CHARLOTTETOWN TIME TABLE (LOCAL TIME.)

### Arrival and Departure of Trains and Steamers.

#### TRAINS

Express leaves for the west.....	8 35 a.m.
Express arrives from the west.....	9 50 p.m.
Accommodation leaves for the west.....	4 10 p.m.
Accommodation leaves for the east.....	6 00 p.m.
Accommodation arrives from the west.....	10 55 a.m.
Accommodation arrives from the east.....	2 25 p.m.
Express leaves for the east.....	7 05 a.m.
Express arrives from the east.....	9 10 a.m.
Accommodation leaves for the east.....	3 00 p.m.
Accommodation arrives from the east.....	4 50 p.m.

#### STEAMERS

##### PRINCESS.

Leaves for Picton every morning.....	9 00 a.m.
Arrives from Picton every evening.....	8 30 p.m.

##### LA GRANDE DUCHESSE.

Arrives from Boston and Halifax every Monday.....	12 p.m.
Leaves for Boston and Halifax every Wednesday.....	10 a.m.

##### HALIFAX.

Arrives from Boston and Halifax every Thursday.....	7 p.m.
Leaves for Halifax and Boston every Friday.....	1 p.m.

##### CAMPANA.

Arrives from Montreal and Quebec every alternate Friday.....	10 a.m.
Leaves for Quebec and Montreal the following Monday evening.....	10 a.m.

##### CITY OF GHENT.

Arrives from Halifax every Thursday afternoon.....	3 p.m.
Leaves for Halifax every Friday.....	3 p.m.
Leaves for Owell Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays.....	3 p.m.
Leaves for Crapaud every Friday.....	3 p.m.
Leaves for Crapaud every Saturday.....	2 p.m.

##### FERRY BOATS.

"Hillsborough"—Leaves Ferry Wharf for Southport every half hour.

"Southport"—Runs up East River every Tuesday, leaving at 5 30 a.m., and 3 p.m. local. Runs up West River every Friday, leaving at 5 30 a.m., and 4 p.m. local.

"Eden"—Leaves for Rocky Point daily at 7, 8, 30, 9, 30, 11, a.m.; 2, 4, 5, 30, p.m. local time. Returning, leaves Rocky Point at 8, 9, 10, 11, 30 a.m.; 1, 30, 3, 4, 30, 6 p.m. local time. Sunday leaves for Rocky Point at 9 a.m., 12, 45, 2, 4 p.m. Returning, leaves Rocky Point at 10 a.m.; 1, 15, 3, 5, p.m.

## WANTED!

A young man with some experience at carpenter work to learn the art of pattern making. Apply to  
**Bruce Stewart and Co.**  
Founders, Engineers, Machinists and Boiler Makers.  
Steam Nav. Co's Wharf, Ch'town, P.E.I.  
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## A CARD

**R. MACNEILL, M. D.,**  
Having 30 years experience in the practice of his profession, may be consulted on all branches of general medicine including the specialties.  
Office and Residence—Prince Street 3rd door above Kindergarten Hall.  
Hours—9 to 11 a.m. 1 to 3 and 8 to 8 p.m. dy & wky 3 mos

## Lumbago

is Rheumatism of the back. The cause is Uric Acid in the blood. If the kidneys did their work there would be no Uric Acid and no Lumbago. Make the kidneys do their work. The sure, positive and only cure for Lumbago is

## Dodd's Kidney Pills