

A SNAP

IN...

**AUSTRIAN
CHINA
TEA
SETTS**

We've received a consignment of the above through mistake of shippers, and if we don't satisfy the buying public in this article we are not the low selling people that every one knows we are.

They're selling very low. We're bound to make 'em go. They're the nicest ones in town And the very latest style. Drop in and see them.

Everything else selling at the low price at which we are so noted.

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PAINLESS DENTISTRY by use of electricity or by the Berlin Method.

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GRATEFUL COMFORTING Distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of Flavour Superior Quality, and Highly Nutritive Properties. Specially grateful and comforting to the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold only in 1-lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & CO., Ltd. Homeopathic Chemists, London, England.

BREAKFAST SUPPER
EPPS'S COCOA

THE EXAMINER CALENDAR FOR NOVEMBER.

MOON'S CHANGES

Full Moon, 6th, 3h, 12m, p. m.
Last Quarter, 13th, 6h, 49m, p. m.
New Moon, 21st, 10h, 29m, p. m.
First Quarter, 29th, 9h, 47m, a. m.

Day of Week	High		Water		Sun	
	Morn	At'n	Rises	Se-	Rises	Se-
1 Thursday	4 45	6 39	6 52	4 36		
2 Friday	6 18	7 30	5 3	3 5		
3 Saturday	7 54	8 30	5 4	3 3		
4 Sunday	9 01	9 19	5 5	3 2		
5 Monday	10 00	10 04	5 6	3 0		
6 Tuesday	10 54	10 44	5 8	2 9		
7 Wednesday	11 46	11 18	5 9	2 8		
8 Thursday	12 36	11 49	7 1	2 7		
9 Friday		1 25	3	2 5		
10 Saturday	0 22	2 13	5	2 4		
11 Sunday	1 02	3 02	7	2 3		
12 Monday	1 50	3 53	8	2 2		
13 Tuesday	2 46	4 46	9	2 1		
14 Wednesday	3 49	5 41	10	2 0		
15 Thursday	5 14	6 33	12	1 9		
16 Friday	6 40	7 21	13	1 8		
17 Saturday	7 49	8 03	14	1 7		
18 Sunday	8 46	8 43	16	1 6		
19 Monday	9 35	9 21	17	1 5		
20 Tuesday	10 18	9 54	19	1 4		
21 Wednesday	10 58	10 21	20	1 3		
22 Thursday	11 37	10 46	21	1 3		
23 Friday	12 15	11 12	23	1 2		
24 Saturday	12 54	11 45	24	1 1		
25 Sunday		1 35	25	1 1		
26 Monday	0 25	2 18	26	1 0		
27 Tuesday	1 06	3 06	28	1 0		
28 Wednesday	1 14	3 59	29	1 0		
29 Thursday	2 23	4 50	30	1 0		
30 Friday	4 45	5 55	7 31	4 9		

Standard time is used in tide tables.

McLEOD & BENTLEY

ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS, ETC.

D. C. McLeod, late of the firm of M. & D. C. McLeod.

W. E. Bentley, late of the firm of Mathieson & Bentley.

Offices, Bank of Nova Scotia Building, Charlottetown.

LOVE FINDS A WAY.

BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

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(CONTINUED.)

"Not a single one," Miss Malvina interjected, with decision.

"I thought perhaps—you might—You see, I feel deucedly officious."

"Miss Malvina and I are starting for America immediately," said Ollie, with blushing dignity.

"Good! The sooner the better! But I don't know of any vessel that sails sooner than the one I have taken passage by. That goes on Wednesday. This is Monday."

"You?" Westover looked at her meditatively. A demure smile lurked in the corners of his mouth. How desperately in love with this pretty little thing he had once fancied himself! But that was before he had met his Clementine, whom he had married a week before in Venice.

"Yes, my wife and I sail for America on Wednesday," he said quietly.

"Your wife? I—we had heard that—"

"I hope you will like her, Ollie."

"I know I shall adore her, Clarence."

"You see," he went on maliciously, "after you made up your mind that you would never, never marry anybody, I felt it a duty I owed myself to fall in love with somebody else."

Ollie treated him to one of her most patronizing nods. "You did quite right. I hope you will always stand up as well to your sense of duty. I am so glad. As for me, I shall never marry."

"Of course not. Consistency forbids, and a woman is nothing if not consistent."

"Miss Malvina and I have been having a perfectly lovely time this winter." She bent her head to pin a rose in her belt.

"Miss Malvina especially, doubtless," said Clarence, laughing gayly.

"Shall I secure berths for Wednesday's boat for you?"

"If you would."

A little while later she stood in a window watching him cross the wide plaza upon which her apartment fronted. She had never found him so handsome nor so lovable. She turned toward Miss Malvina, who was recklessly emptying the entire contents of the writing table into a pillowslip.

"He is very handsome."

"Who? Tom?"

"No; Clarence."

"Yes; he is good looking enough. But, Olivia—"

"He has a wife, you dear old simpleton! Let that suffice to you. But, Miss Malvina, all this has set me to wondering about myself. Am I, after all, just a commonplace, changeable creature who never will know her own mind? What made me think myself so dreadfully in love with Clarence Westover a year or two ago? And now I know my heart will break if anything happens to Tom."

"Oh, I don't know! Clarence was worldlywise and shrewy, and you never had been courted before. His masterful ways and strong will dazzled you. My dear, splendid Tom treated you as if you were a queen. He abased himself before you, and so you exalted yourself unduly."

Ollie flashed a bright smile at her, and, coming over to the trunk into which things were being pitched as if the steamer were waiting for that particular piece of baggage, she put both hands on the thin spinster shoulders.

"Malvina Spillman, stand still while I whisper a great truth into your ears."

"Well?"

"You are the wisest woman in the world. I am so much obliged to you for explaining me to myself. I hate to be inconsistent. After all, Tom is to

blame for everything. He shouldn't have been so meek."

Miss Malvina stared, called her a "ridiculous child" and resumed her packing.

CHAPTER XX. CONCLUSION.

The parlor of the boarding house which Tom called home, in Kansas City, held fast by the traditions of its class. It was preternaturally stuffy, with its woolly furnishings and superfluity of cheap bric-a-brac, and set about with all sorts of traps for the unvarying groping in its darkness fresh from the sunlit world outside.

Miss Malvina and Ollie groped their way toward a distant sofa to await the fate of a card just sent up to Mr. Thomas Broxton. The card bore a single name, that of Miss Malvina Spillman. Ollie was mapping out the campaign.

"You will see him alone, Miss Malvina, and if he looks very dreadful, as if he would never get well, you know, then I shall go in to see him and will be very nice to him. But, remember, you are not to say one word about me until—unless—he asks very—very—affectionately about me. Of course he won't do that." A sob floated out on the woolly air. "He's forgotten my very name by this time."

"You ridiculous child!" said Miss Malvina, not quite as scornfully as she would once have said it, for Tom had certainly acted "queerly" since Clarence Westover had stepped out of his path. And perhaps—who knew?—he had fallen in love with another woman. The best of men were kittle kattle. Then she was politely requested to step up stairs into Mr. Broxton's room, and Ollie was left alone in the dark to count the moments and—her own heart beats.

"Well," said Miss Malvina, releasing herself, with a laugh, from Tom's ardent embrace, "you are a fraud! Did you get all that put into the paper on purpose to scare two women out of their wits, Tom? Not that I'm sorry to have my foreign trip cut in two, but we certainly did leave Nice with a rush. I'm sure half my things are at that hotel yet."

"We?" Tom echoed, with a little catch in his voice. "We?" he repeated, with another catch in his voice.

"Certainly. You don't suppose I was going to leave that poor child on the other side of the water all by herself while I came here to look after you! Have you really been laid up at all, Tom? You look so—so splendid—and, my, what a lot of lovely flowers! I suppose now, Tom, you are a great beau. Perhaps you are engaged to somebody. But about your accident first."

He laughed down into her eager face. "Several weeks ago I had a pretty close call, but I am able to attend to



"You are the wisest woman in the world," business now, as you see. I saw by the Mandeville paper that Mr. Clarence Westover was expected home soon with his bride."

"Yes; he crossed with me. She is the sweetest little thing!"

Tom's brows contracted gloomily. It was scarcely worth while for Miss Malvina to come there to sing Olivia's praises to him at this late date.

Miss Malvina slyly shot another arrow.

"And he is just as much in love with his wife as any sensible man need to be."

"Doubtless. But tell me about yourself. Cough all gone?"

"Oh, I'm all right! I have forgotten I ever had a cough."

Her heart was sinking like lead in her faithful bosom. She was under sworn obligations to Ollie not to be the one to introduce her name into the conversation.

She got up and walked to a window that looked out upon one of those dismal town views where wet clothes flapping in the wind excluded every other

feature of the landscape. What right had he to question Miss Malvina as to the welfare of Clarence Westover's wife. He stood with his broad back turned toward Miss Malvina until his quick ear caught an unmistakable sob. He turned and came back to her, his face full of solicitude.

"My dear old friend! Why, Miss Malvina, tell me what troubles you. Can't you trust me, the last of the Broxtons, as entirely as you used to trust my forbears?"

Miss Malvina was in total eclipse behind a very large pocket handkerchief. Tom, bending his head low, could catch but one word, fractured by sobs, "Po-or!"

"Poor! What, and you did not let me know? Now, do you call that being a friend? Why, haven't you heard what a famously rich man my invention has made of me? Come, now, dear old friend! How happy it will make me to become your banker! Who is there but you to share my good fortune?"

Miss Malvina emerged into view with eyes full of perplexity and astonishment.

"Thomas Broxton, what are you talking about?"

"Didn't you say you were poor, and wasn't that what you were—"

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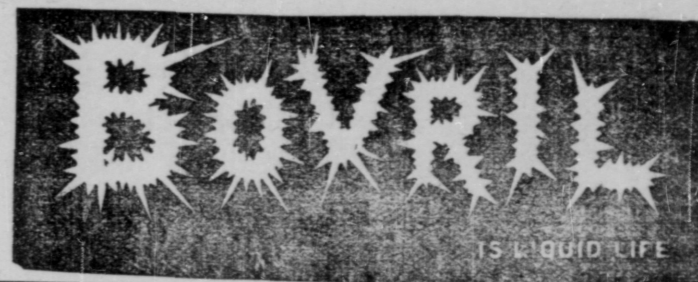
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A Sample

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Geo. Gooderham, 49 Wellington Street, East.

TORONTO, Dec. 28th, 1899.

To the North American Life Assurance Company, Toronto.

Gentlemen,—I am in receipt of your cheque for \$27,381.40, in settlement of my 15 year Endowment Policy, No. 2651, issued by you on Dec. 20th, 1884, for \$20,000.

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