

# Apples! Apples!

Good Apples for cooking and eating purposes, only 12c and 15c per peck.

Willow Market Baskets  
Just received, a fine lot of covered Willow Market Baskets.

Eureka Blend Tea  
If you want Tea that will please you, try Eureka Blend, this is our special blend.

R. F. Maddigan & Co.,  
Lower Queen Street.

# Prepare

For the homecoming of our contingent by laying in a quantity of fireworks, fire-crackers, torpedoes, fire fountains, etc., to no end. A large supply of flags, all sizes and prices.

# MITCHELL'S BOOKSTORE

Queen St. Opp. Prowse Bros.

# Real Estate Sale.

To be sold by Public Auction on the premises on Wednesday, the 24th October next, at the hour of 12 o'clock noon, that valuable and desirable property situated on the southern side of Richmond Street, between Zion Church and the bank of Nova Scotia, known as the Young Men's Christian Association building and premises. The building is of brick, well and substantially built, being in a central position, immediately opposite the Law Courts; can be made suitable for many purposes, public or private. Terms Cash on delivery of the deed. For further particulars apply to J. D. SEAMAN, President Y. M. C. A., Sept. 25, tue and Fri.

This sale has been postponed till Wednesday, November 14th, at the same place and hour.

# Hillsborough

# Bridge

The New Bridge is coming and so are the dry streets and roads. Then you will need something nice in footwear.

We Have a fine Selection  
Selling Very Low

# J. H. BELL

The Bargain Boot Shoe Store.

# HORSES ON FREIGHT TO WEST INDIES.

The "B. C. Borden" 385 tons will lead early in November for Barbadoes and Demerata—and will carry horses on deck—applications for space should be made early.

This vessel is excellently well adapted for safe and comfortable carrying.  
CARVELL BROS,  
Ch'town, Oct. 13, 1900 1w eod.

# JOHN P. BRENNAN

Ship Broker, Commission Merchant and dealer in all kinds of produce, my large and commodious premises on Commercial Street being particularly adapted for handling of Prince Edward Island products. Consignments solicited. Prompt returns.

JOHN P. BRENNAN,  
North Sydney, Sept. 25, dy 435 wy.

# Love Finds A Way.

BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

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(Continued.)

It was all in the point of view, and the point of view where Lawyer Matthews was concerned had strange fluctuations in the town.

## CHAPTER XVII.

MR. MATTHEWS CALLS FOR HIS PHYSICIAN. Mandeville had the usual contingent of charitable and uncharitable people, of reticent thinkers and people given to speaking their minds plainly in season and out. In short, humanity was mixed there as elsewhere.

Dr. Govan had to rebuke old Mr. Langdon, the druggist, quite sharply more than once for asking him, "How comes it Horace Matthews has got rich practicing law in Melton county, where no other man has ever been able to more'n grapple a living at that business?" And Mr. Mills, the most progressive man in Mandeville, who had actually had the temerity to import a man who had something to do with an electric light system, with a view to seeing if Mandeville could not be seduced into discarding its old oil lamps, actually heard Lawyer Matthews talking to the electrician about his line of business, wanting to know if he could point out any opening for a young friend of his who would soon be returning from the other side and would want to go into that sort of business. Of course his young friend must be Tom Broxton. Mr. Mills was one of the reticent thinkers, so he did not confide even to his wife his great astonishment at hearing that Rufus Broxton's son would have to go into any sort of business. But, although he discreetly refrained from proclaiming it upon the house tops, his private conviction was that "Horace Matthews' end of the seasaw had gone up as fast as Tom Broxton's had gone down."

Dr. Govan would have scored Mandeville's most progressive man with the same severity he visited upon the irresponsible old druggist—"a quacking quack" as he bitingly called him—only it is impracticable to wage active hostilities against a man who simply raises his eyebrows and shrugs his shoulders.

Dr. Govan's broad catholicity and gentle judgment of his fellow man were the logical reflex of his own sweetness of nature and abounding good health. It was natural that Horace Matthews should have come in for a goodly share of discussion at the time of the fire, for Mandeville was never so rich in sensations as to let one slip too rapidly through its mill. But it was time to create a diversion. The doctor began his missionary work at home. If he could convert Mrs. Govan into a partisan, Matthews would be reinstated with his neighbors. A manly wife is his best and surest safety valve. Mrs. Govan innocently immortalized herself.

"I was down to see the old lady yesterday, John. Malvina says she wishes you would stop in the first time you pass their gate."

"What's 'Mother' Spillman up to now?"

"Nothing new. Malvina just gets trotted over the way the old lady peeks in Horace Matthews. She says it's a regular monomania. She says she is most afraid to let any of the neighbors mention Mr. Matthews' name in her mother's presence for fear she will size out something ugly about him."

"And yet," the doctor said gravely, "Matthews has been consistently kind to the old creature. He has kept up all the friendly services Broxton used to render her."

"I know it. I know that, John, but 'Mother' Spillman's a woman of strong convictions, and she is not to be bought over by any amount of flattery or substantial help."

"Bought over?" Dr. Govan gave his wife an "et tu, Brute" look and opened his battery without the preliminary of a curt challenge.

"Now, see here, Matilda! Have you gone over to the enemy?"

"Gone over to the enemy? Which enemy, John Govan?" She smoothed the white bands of hair on her temples nervously. John had such a dreadfully incisive pair of eyes. He was using them just then as he used that sharp, shining probe among his surgical instruments.

"Well, I should say pretty much all Mandeville stood for the enemy at this juncture, and I should be sorry to see my wife aligning herself with them and sitting in judgment upon a man who has never committed one overt act that man or woman could point to and say, 'That is wrong.'"

"Well, but, John—"

"Let me have the floor a little while longer, if you please, my dear. I really feel as if Matthews needed a friend, a champion, if you choose. I will say to you in strict confidence I don't think he will be here many years longer."

"What, John? Oh, that poor girl!"

"Of course this is for no ear but yours."

"I have been a doctor's wife 32 years, John."

"And better one never doctor had. An air kiss was floated from the doctor's mature fingers to bring a smile to Matilda's mature lips."

"But about Mr. Matthews?"

"Yes, about Matthews. I believe he is not unaware of the hostile attitude some of his old neighbors have assumed. Not all of them. The solid men of this community, the men who do their own thinking and can look at a subject all around, see Matthews as I do, a shrewd, close-mouthed business man, with one object, and only one, in life."

"Olivia."

"Precisely—Olivia. I doubt if there's any man in Melton county who knows Matthews as well as I do. I knew him before his shell developed, knew him when he was in love with Lucetta Broxton and looked forward to marrying her. Matthews was all right then. He was changed by her death into a silent, almost morose, man. He was a fairly devoted husband to Olivia's mother, but nothing has ever come between him and his first love. All the pent up forces of his nature have expended themselves on this girl. He has slaved to make her rich. He would die to make her happy."

Mrs. Govan moved restlessly in her chair. John really was not telling her a single thing she did not know already.

"Yes; but, John, nobody has—that is, nobody should!"

She started and opened her mild blue eyes to their widest extent. John was positively pounding the arms of his chair with his clinched fist.

"I say it is an inhuman shame to damn Matthews because Tom Broxton's property has depreciated and his father's investments turned out badly. Are Broxton's riches the first that ever took wings to themselves? And because, by close attention to his business, Matthews has amassed a little bit bigger pile than the common run of Melton county attorneys the wise ones of the earth have added two and two together, with malicious chucklings, and decided that Matthews is a scoundrel of the blackest shade."

"All the same, it is a great pity that all of his papers are burned," said Mrs. Govan quietly.

"An awful pity," the doctor replied solemnly. "I do believe that it is the loss of those papers which has preyed on Matthews' mind until he is almost ready to take to his bed. You see, all of his vouchers as Tom Broxton's guardian went up in that fire."

"But Tom—"

"Oh, Tom is all right! Matthews showed me a letter he got from him in answer to the announcement that all the papers were gone. He is a grand fellow, Rufus Broxton's own son."

"I wish I could have seen it."

"Oh, it was short! But it had point to it—by Jove, it had! I do not suppose I could repeat it verbatim, but I could give you the sense of it."

"Try, John, just to give me the sense of it. I do so want to hear how the

dear boy took it. I don't mean about the fire, but about his losses. He is so young."

The old man threw back his head with an air of pride in the son of his old friend.

"He took it grandly. I could not help thinking, when I was reading that letter, how proud it would have made Rufus. He said he did not suppose he was the first man who had met with disappointments just as great on the threshold of life; that the blow was

softened in his case by the reflection that no one would suffer by his losses but himself; that if he could not provide for his individual wants the money expended on his education had been poorly placed. As it was not at all probable he should ever marry, the future did not cost him an anxious thought."

"Never marry! Why, he was up to his eyes in love with Olivia Matthews before he left here."

"Yes, but Westover got in the way of that."

Mrs. Govan pursued her own line of thought in an aggrieved voice.

"That would have made things a little more even, and somehow I have always looked forward to seeing another Mrs. Broxton at the old Hall."

"Events have a provoking way of shaping their own course without any respect for our wishes or preferences, Matilda."

To which sententious bit of wisdom Matilda accorded a grave affirmative.

"But go on about Tom's letter, John."

"Well, it seems that Matthews had urged his coming here as his guest, to stay while they were going over the papers, to which Tom replied that as, owing to the unforeseen intervention of the elements, there were no papers to be examined it would scarcely be advisable for him to come to Mandeville just now. The visit could only be productive of pain to him and discomfort to others."

"Others, I suppose, meant Ollie," Mrs. Govan interjected.

"He wound up by telling Matthews that he begged to assure him of his unaltered affection and confidence. There was no room in his heart for any other feeling toward the man his father had loved and trusted."

"Did he say that, John? Poor Tom! Dear boy! Poor, poor laddie!"

Mrs. Govan's tears were dropping fast upon the sewing she had laid upon her lap.

"I think the reason Matthews showed me that letter," said the doctor reflectively, "was because he wanted me to know just how Tom felt about—about things."

"Yes; that was natural, I see. But Tom—where is he going to locate, John? Did the letter state? Mrs. Spillman was asking me this morning if I knew where Tom was."

"He thinks his chances as an electrician will be best out west in some growing place. He mentioned Kansas City. Shouldn't be surprised if he brought up there."

"And so that is the last of the Broxton name for Melton county. Dear, dear, what changes one does see in a short lifetime! Why, John, about the time you brought me here a bride the Broxtons were just everything in the county. The men couldn't project any county affairs of any importance without Rufus Broxton's opinion and help. Mrs. Broxton led in all the social and church movements, and half the unmarried men in the county were courting Lucetta."

"That's all so," said the doctor gravely. "But it only goes to prove the mutability of human affairs."

Mrs. Govan refused obstinately and always to mount her husband's rhetorical ladder. She preferred the safer if lowlier tableland of her own practical reflections.

(To be Continued.)

# Every Kind of Backache

Yields to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, Because They Act Directly on the Liver as Well as the Kidneys.

Pains in the small of the back, over the kidneys, are usually due to derangements of the kidneys, and disappear when the kidneys are set right. But there are other kinds of backache, by far the greater proportion, that can never be reached by treating the kidneys. Pains in the shoulders, through the centre of the back, and in the sides are caused by a torpid action of the liver, and can only be driven out when the liver is made healthy and active.

To reach the liver, as well as the kidneys, to set the filtering organs in working order and to cure every kind of backache, there is but one unfailing remedy, and that is Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. It is the only treatment that has this direct and combined action on both liver and kidneys, and the only one that positively and permanently cures backache caused by liver or kidneys.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are sold by all druggists.

# "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.

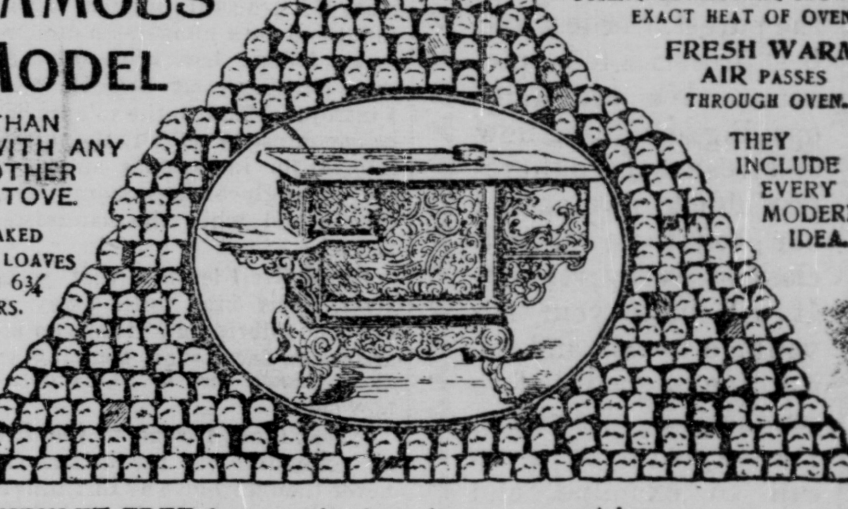
DON'T WORRY  
Use Buck's "Happy Thought" Range!

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**Simon W. Crabbe.**

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Charlottetown, Oct. 1st, 1900. Stoves and Hardware.

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WITH A FEW PIECES OF WOOD IN A  
THEY ARE BUILT TO  
28 STYLES AND SIZES.  
THERMOMETER SHOWS EXACT HEAT OF OVEN.  
FRESH WARM AIR PASSES THROUGH OVEN.  
THEY INCLUDE EVERY MODERN IDEA.



PAMPHLET FREE from our local agent or our nearest house.

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- Three Circular Saws and tables.
- All in first-class order.

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are the only medicine that will cure Diabetes. Like Bright's Disease this disease was incurable until Dodd's Kidney Pills cured it. Doctors themselves confess that without Dodd's Kidney Pills they are powerless against Diabetes. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the first medicine that ever cured Diabetes. Imitations—box, name and pill, are advertised to do so, but the medicine that does cure

# Diabetes

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