

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.

Kerosene Oil...

Kerosene oil is a burning question just now both with politicians and housekeepers. The former want to make political capital out of it, while the latter want to know where to get the best quality of oil for the least money. We have just received part of our fall stock direct by schooner from New York. It is called "PRATT'S ASTRAL," and is the highest grade of refined American Oil. We are now offering it for sale in four gallon tins for 22c per imperial gallon. Ask for Pratt's Astral, as there is no better. Special low price by the cask.

BEER & GOFF, Grocers

LOVE FINDS A WAY.

BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

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(CONTINUED.)

standing close by the pillows of the sick man was the tall, white robed figure, never to be forgotten, that had once before deprived her of the power of reasoning. High over a tumbled mass of snowy white hair it held the small bedroom lamp that had been burning low on the hearth.

The Broxton ghost stood revealed in "Mother" Spillman! In that one frightened glance Olivia had made that discovery. But how was she to get this determined old woman, this avowed lunatic, away from her father's bedside quietly? Petrified by fear, helplessly casting about for a plan of action that would not react upon her beloved patient, the girl shivered with renewed terror as "Mother" Spillman, in a low voice, made intense by the concentrated passion of purpose, entered upon her awful arraignment:

"You are ill, Horace Matthews, ill unto death perhaps. I have been biding my time. Before another night passes over your head you may stand in the presence of your Maker and your Judge. What will you answer when he asks you how the orphan has fared at your hands, how the son of the man who loved and trusted you far beyond your deserts had been treated? Why has Rufus Broxton's son waxed poor and you rich, Horace Matthews?"

"You know me. Oh, I see that you do, for all you are staring at me as if you saw a specter. You've looked at me many a time that way, Horace, when I've caught you at some of your vicious boy tricks long ago. And I know you through and through. I laughed when I heard of your books and papers being burnt up. That was one of your old tricks. You burnt up a composition book when you were a boy when your theft of an essay was threatened with discovery. You burnt up your philosophy to escape an extra hard task. It has been a silly but a vicious practice of yours ever since you were 10 years old. It served you in good stead when vouchers that did not exist were to be produced.

"But I did not come here to rail at you for bygones. I came here to plead the cause of the orphan son of the best friend you ever had. As you hope for forgiveness hereafter, Horace Matthews, make such restitution as is possible to that poor boy. You have ruined him, and you know it. The money you have piled up for your girl will never do her any good, never!"

"You have bedecked her with stolen jewels, and you know it. You fastened Lucetta Broxton's pearl necklace about her pure young neck the night she was 18 years old, just the age at which poor Lucetta died. It is a wonder it did not scorch the child's flesh."

"You see, I am old, but I do not forget my friends. They call me crazy. My own girl has joined in the cry against me. But I have mind enough left to remember the things that are worth remembering. I remember the love and gratitude I owe to every member of the Broxton family. I have tried to serve Thomas, but his faith in you was not to be shaken. You lost some papers the night his father died. You did not make a very thorough search for them. I think you preferred to have them lost. But they were found and brought to me. The Lord put them as a weapon in my hand. I read them, and I bid them."

"I meant to give them to Thomas when he should come of age and your control of him cease. But I lost them. I think I know how, but I can't say

where. You see, my poor head plays me tricks sometimes. It is not as serviceable as it was when you were a boy, Horace.

"In the envelope you lost there was an unfinished letter from Rufus Broxton to his son. I went up to the house at night to give it to him. He was asleep, poor laddie, and I twisted it about some flowers that I had laid over his father's picture as my poor tribute of love.

"You see, I wanted him to have that letter, but I did not want you to know about it, for then you would know where the other papers were. So I resorted to a clumsy trick to make him believe there was something supernatural about his getting the letter, and then I knew he would hold his tongue. Some time or other Tom and I will have a good laugh about the Broxton ghost.

"I carried all the papers with me when I went up to the Hall. I was afraid to leave them behind. I was afraid Malvina would get hold of them and give them to you. Malvina is on your side, so I had to be sly, oh, so sly, Horace. But I lost the papers. They are lost, lost, lost!"

"I see the gleam of triumph in your glazing eyes, Horace. But I know the papers all by heart. I will tell it all in open court some day if the dear Lord will only leave me here until Thomas comes back. I will swear that you could not give a title to Broxton Hall, and then Thomas can get it back. But, oh, I grow so weak, and Thomas tarries so long!

"I don't want to go before Thomas comes. I may die tonight. I may die tomorrow. I've used my last strength to drag myself to your bedside. He who forgave the dying thief upon the cross can forgive you, too, and he will, Horace, if you will only make restitution to that poor boy. He is a God of mercy, in whose name I make this appeal."

Gasping as one coming out of deep waters does, Olivia threw herself upon the bed and stretched sheltering arms about the sick man.

"Father, father, forgive me! I ought to have protected you better. I was so frightened I could neither move nor speak. It is just poor old crazy 'Mother' Spillman. I shall call Reuben to take her home."

He was breathing stertorously. His eyes were fixed on the stern white face of his accuser. Terror was legibly inscribed on every line of his pallid face. He looked beyond Olivia, as if her loving voice had not reached him. It reached the old woman, who gave a start of surprise and said in gentler tones than she had yet used:

"I am sorry you were close by, child, but I had a duty to perform. It could not be put off any longer."

Olivia pressed her hands tenderly upon her father's wide stretched lids and whispered caressingly in his ear.

"There, dear, don't look at her. It is only poor old 'Mother' Spillman, who does not know what she is talking about. They ought to keep her under lock and key."

Stretching her hand for the bell on the table by the bed, she rang a sharp summons for Reuben on it. She rose from the bed and turned with gentle dignity toward the old woman.

"Mrs. Spillman, I have rung for Reuben to see you home. Miss Malvina will be dreadfully frightened about you."

She was as an autumn leaf in the strong current of the relentless old woman's will. As a candle will sometimes burn its brightest before flickering to its death, "Mother" Spillman temporarily recovered the strong individuality that had made her as the minister's wife the terror of every evildoer in her husband's parish.

"Girl, I am sorry for you, truly sorry, but I have work to do. For his sake," nodding her white head toward the bed, "keep your man at a distance. Your promise, Horace. There is yet time. Do not go into the presence of your Maker with a sin burdened soul. You know whether my words are the words of truth or the ravings of a crazy old woman. You know, and"—she raised one long arm to point solemnly upward—"he knows."

Her father's awful silence appalled Olivia. He was staring stonily at his accuser. The muscles of his neck and jaws twitched convulsively, but no words came from his parched lips. Olivia lost all control at the sight.

"He is dying, dying, and you have killed him! Father, don't die before you have answered her! Don't go with her awful words ringing in my ears! I know they are false, all false, father, but I want to hear you say so! Silence her yourself, father! Speak to me only once! Speak, papa!"

"He cannot," said the old woman

mercilessly. "The Lord has stricken his false and deceitful tongue. It is paralyzed."

CHAPTER XIV.

SUSPICION IS CATCHING.

The next day's sun had run its course, its last friendly service being to gild with transient glory the top most branches of the ancient cedars that flanked the front gate of the Matthews cottage on either side. They were wrapt in twilight gloom when Olivia opened the gate between them and stood staring down the road with unseeing eyes. Dr. Govan had just passed out of sight. He had spent nearly the whole day with her father. She had been rigidly excluded from the sickroom. They had broken her heart by telling her that it was her father's wish.

"Her distress was agitating to the patient," the old doctor had said, with paternal kindness, adding, "Since you can do no good in there, my dear, with a grave nod toward the sickroom, 'you had better brace yourself by a long walk.'"

She had listened to him restlessly, with a haggard look in her childish eyes, which had great black rings around them.

"Will father ever speak again, Dr. Govan?" she asked sharply.

"Speak again? Oh, yes! He has spoken. I promise you he shall speak you roundly for those white cheeks and staring eyes before bedtime."

She waved one hand impatiently. "He must speak, doctor. There is something he must tell me before—before"—She gasped and added in a choked voice, "Did Clarence tell you?"

"About that old lunatic's visit last night? Of course he did. I saw her today. She is properly punished, poor old imbecille—not punished, for she did not know what she was about. She's about done for herself, coming up here in those thin house shoes. Malvina is pretty well broken up about it all."

Ollie moved up very close to the old man and put her clasped hands on his heart as she said pleadingly, "She is a lunatic, isn't she, Dr. Govan?"

"Mad as a March hare."
"And nobody ever thinks of believing what lunatics say, do they, Dr. Govan?"

"Not unless they are a little touched themselves."

He had no difficulty in tracing her meaning. It was a piteous plea for faith in her father. Westover had told him of the scene he had invaded without revealing his own part in the proceeding. But, knowing as well as he did the old woman's mania, the doctor had no difficulty in supplying the details.

"Poor papa—to think of my not protecting him better!"

Dr. Govan pushed her gently toward the door. "There, there, child, go. You are working yourself up into a condition of absolute uselessness."

"Oh, that will never do! I must not become useless while father needs me. I will go for a walk."

"That's right. You are a good child. See that your walk means something. I will be back about 10."

(To be Continued.)

Mania for Operations

Among the Doctors. No Need of the Knife to Cure Piles. A Surer, Cheaper Easier Way, Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Dread of the surgeon's knife causes multitudes of people to suffer on year after year with piles, when they could be cured without risk, expense, or danger of an operation by using Dr. Chase's Ointment, the only preparation guaranteed to cure any case of itching, bleeding, or protruding piles.

Rev. J. A. Baldwin, Baptist minister, Arkona, Ont., writes:—"For over twenty years I was a great sufferer from itching and protruding piles. I used many remedies and underwent three very painful surgical operations, all without obtaining any permanent benefit. When about to give up in despair I was told to use Dr. Chase's Ointment, and did so, finding relief at once. I used three boxes, and am almost entirely cured. The itching is all gone. I have advised others to use it, believing it would cure them as it has me."

Dr. Chase's Ointment is the only positive and actual cure for every form of piles, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates and Co., Toronto.

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, 1895.

Y. M. C. A.

The General Annual Meeting of the Charlottetown Young Men's Christian Association will take place in the parlour of the Y. M. C. A. on Tuesday night, October 30th next, at 8 o'clock.

J. D. SEAMAN, President.
W. C. TURNER, Sec'y.

"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.

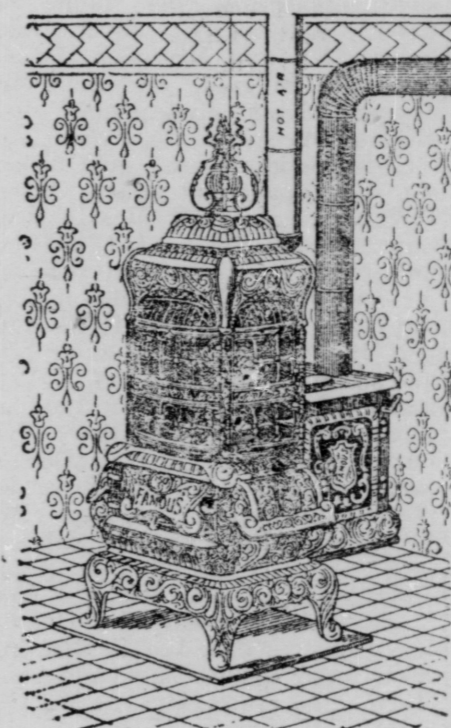
DON'T WORRY
Use Buck's "Happy Thought" Range!

For sale by

Simon W. Crabbe.

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

Stoves and Hardware.



Decrease the Coal Bill and Increase Your Comfort by using a

Famous Baseburner

Three sizes without Oven. Two sizes with oven. Every stove a double heater.

One third more heating surface than any other. Fire passes through three fires, while other stoves have only two, and thus securing one third more heat from the same fuel. Parlor stoves draw the cold air off the floor.

Removable firepot; flat or duplex grates; removable nickel jackets. The oven bakes perfectly.

You run no risk, we guarantee them.

The handsomest Baseburner in Canada.

Pamphlet free

from our local agent or our nearest house.

LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL,
WINNIPEG AND VANCOUVER.

THE McGLARY MFG. CO.

S. W. Crabbe, Local Agent, Charlottetown.

The undersigned offers for sale the following:

- One 40-Horse Power Engine and Boiler.
- 14 Driving Pulleys with Shaft and Belting.
- One Rip Saw and bench with carriage.
- One 30 in. Saw.
- One 24 in. Planer—One set hoisting blocks.
- One Maching and Moulding Machine.
- Fifty-one Moulding Knives.
- One Band Saw complete.
- One Buzz Planer.
- One Sawn Saw complete.
- One Turning Lathe and Shaft - One Vice.
- Two Emery Wheel—One Jig Saw.
- Three Circular Saws and tables.
- All in first-class order.

MATTHEW & MCLEAN