

MAGDALEN SERVICE.

THE STEAMER AMELIA AND HER FITTINGS.

With reference to a statement of the Rev. Father Burke concerning the steamer now engaged in the Magdalen Island service published in THE EXAMINER, we are informed that this vessel, "The Amelia," was built five years ago at Ayr, Scotland, cost eleven thousand pounds and was used, up to the time the present owners bought her, as an express steamer between Hull and Great Yarmouth, England, for carriage of goods and passengers. She is said to be an exceptionally strong vessel, built of steel, classed at Floyds, filled with compound surface condensing engines, of most modern pattern. She is lighted by electricity, built with double hull bottom and bilge keels, and her trial trip developed thirteen knots speed. It is stated also that she never carried a pound of coal outside her bunkers since she was launched. Her speed this year is not so fast as it should be as she lost a blade of her propeller in the ice, but she steams 12 knots on an average. We are informed that when the new propeller arrives from England she should make 14 knots easily. As to her accommodation, the Amelia has, besides her main saloon, 18 sleeping berths in the Pullman car style, separate ladies' cabin, a private cabin, wash rooms, water closets, etc., and also a free cabin for second-class passengers with 14 berths.

EVERY MOTHER SHOULD HAVE IT IN THE HOUSE
For common ailments which may occur in every family. She can trust what time indorses. For internal as well as External use. Dropped on sugar it is pleasant to take for colds, coughs, croup, colic, cramps and pains. I have used your Anodyne Liniment in treating my children (only six months old) for colic, and saw a three year old daughter for summer complaint and several diseases generally, and found it most successful. JOHN L. INGALLS, American, Gt. Falls, N.Y.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT
Relieves Every Form of Inflammation. Originated in 1810 by an old Family Physician. No remedy has the confidence of the public to a greater extent. Our book on INFLAMMATION free. Price 25c and 50c. L.S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

Parson's Pills
"That Liver Pills made" Positively cure Biliousness, Sick Headaches, all Liver and Bowel complaints. They expel impurities from the blood. Beware of cheap imitations. Write to L.S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

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

P. E. Island Commercial College
The attention of those who desire a thorough and practical preparation for an active business life is called to the advantages offered by this College. Book-keeping, Commercial Law, Arithmetic, Penmanship, English, Correspondence, Business Methods, Short-hand, Typewriting, etc., are taught in the most direct and practical manner. Special attention given to local and general business in good business positions. New term opens on MONDAY, AUG. 20th inst., at 9.30 a.m. Send for prospectus. P. O. Box 242. ISAAC OXENHAM, Principal and Proprietor.

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 door above Kindergarten Hall.
Hours—9 to 11 a. m. 1 to 3 and 7 to 8 p. m.
Telephone connection.
DR. AYERS

Love Finds A Way.

BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

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Continued.)

And so he rode along under the sweet smelling locusts on the shady roadside revising his beautiful vision, but never once doubting the final outcome.

How silly he had been to flare up in that style at sight of Clarence Westover! It had all been so simple when explained. He hoped the dear little thing was having a real jolly ride. He pronounced himself a sulky dolt. Inherently sunny natured and generous,



He swung rapidly through the door and up the stairway.

Tom could never attain to a fully developed case of the sulks. He rode forward whistling softly. He had all the quiet roads to himself.

He would spend this his last evening in the old Hall writing a long letter to Ollie. He composed it as he rode slowly through the weedy bridge paths on the outskirts of his own lands switching at the tall intrusive heads of sunnec and sassafras bushes that brushed against his stirrups. He would tell Ollie how impossible it was for him to go so far away as Europe without letting her know of his love and asking her to wait awhile until he should come back less crude and incomplete, better proportioned for having measured himself by other standards. What a churl he had been for getting so vexed with her that morning! Everything she said showed her interest in him, and if she did prick him with her little patronizing glances it was the result of her being the sole companion of the man who had to look after him and his interests and who doubtless had often consulted her.

By the time he reached the outer gate to his own parklike inclosure Olivia stood absolved in his loyal heart. She was altogether lovely and trustworthy. He, Tom Broxton, was an ill-mannered cub, not worthy to button her pretty boots. Sun never shone upon sweeter maiden. It was meet and proper he should go through some sort of probationary toil to render him less unworthy of her. He never could be quite worthy of her—oh, no, never! But she would be his after a little while, all his. His pulses bounded joyously. Life was assuming rosier tints with the passing of each moment. It made him glad to think it would be in his power to gratify her every wish, let her wish for never so costly or unattainable a thing.

For your sake, my sweet, I am glad of all the wealth that is mine, glad of the store of gems hidden away somewhere, all for you, Ollie—all for you, my beloved! The breath of wild

clematis niled his nostrils; birds piped musically in the larch branches over his head; splashes of sunshine flecked the brown earth of the narrow bridge path. He whistled aloud in the fullness of his boyish content. At a rapid canter he swung into the open before the Hall door.

A strange group clustered about his front doorsteps sent him forward with a bound. Jessy was there leaning over something that lay prone on the veranda floor. Martin, his own yard man, was flinging his legs over the horse Clarence Westover had ridden away from the Matthews gate an hour before. Westover was walking up and down, with bared head and blanched cheeks, wringing his hands and giving wildly impossible orders to everybody at once. Still, white and motionless, Olivia, his Ollie, lay the central figure of this excited group.

Tom's tall form was soon added to it. He pushed Westover away without apology. His griefed young face was terrible in its stern wrath.

"You have killed her. How dared you mount her on an untried horse?" Westover was too utterly miserable to resent this masterful arraignment.

"An idiot fired a gun behind the hedge. Both horses bolted. Broxton, if she dies I'll blow my brains out." "You have none to blow out," said Tom, with brutal candor. Then, stooping and lifting the unconscious girl in his arms, he swung rapidly through the door and up the stairway, followed by a wailing and useless group.

CHAPTER IX.

A SURETY AT MIDNIGHT.

Clear, piercing, startling, a woman's voice rang out upon the solemn stillness of the Broxton house at midnight.

Mr. Matthews, starting from a troubled sleep, sprang hastily out of bed and immediately lost his bearings.

He had forgotten in the first frightened moment that he was sleeping in a strange bedroom. His surroundings baffled him. He could not find a door. The location of the matchbox, if such a thing existed in his old friend's chamber, was an unsolvable mystery. He struck his head violently against the corner of an old fashioned armor and recoiled against an unfamiliar table. Finally he stood stock still where he was, dreading other collisions. Where was Olivia, and who had screamed?

Presently matters cleared themselves in his fully aroused brain. He had been sent for by Tom in wild haste. Clarence Westover himself had galloped after Dr. Govan. The two men had reached Broxton within a few moments of each other. They found Ollie seated on the sofa in the library soundly berating Tom for having "raised such a do about nothing" and incidentally for having abused Clarence Westover.

"I am not hurt at all, papa. It is too bad to give you such a scare. I was just a little stunned by the fall, but I never was unconscious. I heard, but could not talk. Tom was really quite rude to poor Mr. Westover when he was not at all to blame for my riding the horse nor for that stupid man's shooting on the other side of the hedge. He even told him he had no brains. I wish people would sometimes try to be more just to other people."

"I do, too," said Tom, turning angrily on his heel and leaving the room.

Then Dr. Govan came and searched intelligently for broken bones without finding any, but he pronounced her distinctly feverish and badly shaken up. "She had best stay where she is for the night. Put her to bed at once and keep her there until I can see her again in the morning," was his decision.

So while the sun was still staining the western sky a vivid red, picked out with glorious purples and golds, Simon's wife had spread the great four poster in Miss Lucetta's room with sweet smelling sheets of fine old linen and thrown wide the shutters so that Olivia, lying under the blue brocatelle canopy, might gaze out at the sunset glories of the dying day. She had protested violently.

"There is nothing the matter at all with me, papa. I can perfectly well go home. I would rather after what I have said to Tom, for I can't possibly stay."

Tom, who found it impossible to keep very far away from the library door, heard her and here put in a rueful face to say kindly:

"I wish you would not worry so to get away from here, Ollie. It is not as if I did not have plenty of room, you know. Your anxiety to get away is

rather rough on me. If you are angry because I told Westover he did not have any brains to blow out, I'll ride over there and apologize to him tonight. I'll do anything you want done, Ollie. I'll even go down to Simon's house to sleep and efface myself."

This humble apology was received loftily.

"It is very good of you to make such large promises, Thomas. I'm sure, but I don't want to stay on any terms."

"She must," said Dr. Govan with authority.

"She shall," said her father with decision.

And, the matter having taken that shape, Tom had torn down to the caretaker's cottage to impress his wife Jessy into service as lady's maid. Between them all Ollie was treated like a queen temporarily disqualified from reigning. But to come back to that scream.

Horace Matthews' first thought was for Olivia. Something had frightened her. God, would he never find a door? He did finally and groped his way through it into the large dark central hall. Absolute silence enveloped the house. He tiptoed across the hall to put an ear to the keyhole of Olivia's door.

(To be Continued.)

Wornout Nerves.

So Weak she Couldn't Sleep or Work—Hands Trembled—Could Scarcely Walk—Restored by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Mrs. Margaret Iron, Tower Hill, N. B., writes:—"Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done me a world of good. I was so weak that I could not walk twice the length of the house. My hands trembled so that I could not carry a pint of water. I was too nervous to sleep, and unable to do work of any kind."

"Since using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I have been completely restored. I can walk a mile without any inconvenience. Though 76 years old, and quite fleshy, I do my own housework, and considerable sewing, knitting, and reading besides. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has proved of inestimable value to me." Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is the world's greatest restorative for pale, weak, nervous men, women, and children. In pill form, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Don't cough, use Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, 25 cents a bottle.

Inherited.

"Mabel seems to take a deep interest in yachting, doesn't she?"

"Yes, she is quite carried away with it."

"And she knows all those nautical terms too."

"Well, why shouldn't she? Her father started in life as a deckhand, you know."

An Inadvertence.

"That," said the artist proudly, "is what I consider my masterpiece. And I flatter myself," he added, after a pause, "that I am at least a good judge of pictures."

"Yes," answered the thoughtless girl. "Isn't it funny that good critics are so seldom good performers?"—Washington Star.

You Know the Sort.

"I don't like Spiffins," said Bellefield to Bloomfield. "I don't like that sort of a chap."

"What kind of a chap is Spiffins?"

"The kind that predicts an event after it has occurred."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Gentlemen—While driving down a very steep hill last August my horse stumbled and fell, cutting himself fearfully about the head and body. I used MINARD'S LINIMENT freely on him and in a few days he was as well as ever.

J. B. A. BEAUCHEMIN, Sherbrooke.

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 135 wy.

THRASHING MACHINERY Buy the Best.

Thrashing Machinery manufactured by William J. Scott, of Marshfield, are for sale at the Massey Harris Warehouses, Kent Street, Charlottetown. Mr. Scott's reputation as a manufacturer is well known. Only the very best material is used, and the shakers and cleaners are unequalled for design and workmanship. September 8th, 1900.

"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.

Perrin's Gloves.

We sell Perrin's and other high class made gloves. We know no better made gloves than you can see at our store, every pair guaranteed to be perfect in workmanship.

Our stock is the largest we ever had the pleasure of showing, bought right, and will sell it with the smallest profit of any house in the trade.

- Kid Gloves, fleecy lined, 60c, 80c, 90c, \$1.00 and up.
- Kid Gloves, silk lined, \$1.60 and up.
- Mocha Gloves, silk lined, \$1.75.
- Mocha Gloves, fleecy lined \$1.00.
- Russian Tan, unlined driving gloves \$1.10.

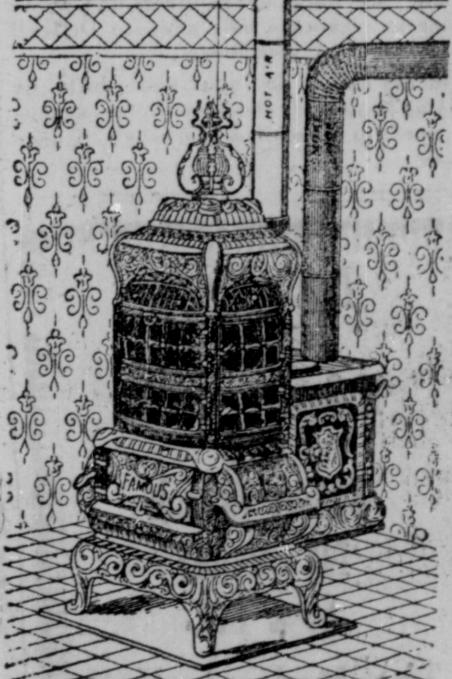
These prizes will be found very low for the quality.

Woolen Underwear

The season is here for you to put on warm underclothing. We are prepared to supply your needs at the lowest prices.

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Men's Furnisher.



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 flues, 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.

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The handsomest Baseburner in Canada. Pamphlet free.

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