THE PROSPECTOR.

(BY FRANCES M. SCHNEBLY, AUTHOR OF "THE VITAL TOUCH."

(Concluded).

'Wallace,' he said confidently, can you guess what my latest ambition is?'

'Surely not,' returned Donald. 'I haven't been a Yankee long enough for that. What is your latest ambition?'

'To marry Amy Ashley,' he answered, flicking the ashes from his cigar.

The blood surged into Donald's face.

'You won't marry Amy Ashley,' he replied emphatically.

'Think not? Why?'

'You know why. A man who boasts of tramping rough shod over the conventions ought to approach that question rather mincingly.'

But for the flashes that darted from Donald's eyes, Disbrow might have thought he was joking.

'Wallace, what's the matter with you' he returned. 'One would suppose you were something more than human.'

'No, I'm very human, Disbrow, I assure you.'

'You are not interested in her yourself?'

'I am, Frank,' he replied more gently. 'I have loved her for years, and have kept myself straight out of respect to her.'

'You may as well go the gait then,' Disbrow said, tossing away his cigar, 'she's going to marry me.'

'She has promised?' asked Donald, raising and glaring at Disbrow as if he would pierce him with a look.

'She has promised.' That is,' he qualified, 'she may as well have done so. I have spoken and have had every assurance that she will accept me. I shall start for home on Wednesday.'

'So shall I, Disbrow,' replied Donald with a jerk that shook the other man for the first time.

A deep shadow crept over Disbrow's face.

'You hope to get in ahead of me, eh? That's the sort of honor these straightlaced fellows usually have.'

'Be careful what you say, Disbrow. I shall take no advantage of you; you know I will not.'

'Very well, then,' said Disbrow, 'I expect you to allow me to see her first, according to my present arrangement with her.'

'Certainly so; no man could do less than that.'

'Would you mind telling me what you intend to do,' asked Disbrow in a mollified tone.

'I intend to ask Miss Ashley to marry me if she hasn't already become engaged.'

'And if she has?'

Donald winced.

'If she has I shall never broach the subject of marriage to her. Does that satisfy you?'

'Surely.' Still Disbrow feared an underplay.

Toward the end of the same week he entered the Ashley home with impeded step. Amy's reluctant eyes augured against his success, and the thought of Donald Wallace's treachery stole over him like a contagion. If it were true, he would blast his hopes or perish in the attempt.

Poor Amy's spirits were as colorless as her face, and after much ineffectual cajolery, he flashed before her a glittering ring while attempting to take her hand.

'You will wear this for me, won't you, little one?' he ventured.

She shrank away from him crying: 'Oh, no, no. I can't, I can't.'

'What has caused you to change your mind so suddenly, Amy?' he asked in a weedling voice.

She rested her hand timidly on his arm, and looking into his eyes with tearful appeal she said innocently:

'I shouldn't have encouraged you, Frank. I'm greatly to blame. I can never marry you because—because I love another.'

'Amy, have you heard from Donald Wallace lately?'

'Yes.'

'And he spoke of loving you?'

'Yes.'

'And it's he whom you love?'

She nodded assent. Disbrow's blood burned like fire.

'You must listen to me, dear. I am your friend, and my determination to save you from this very man is as firm as the earth. Your own brother will help me when he hears what I have to say. He is no more the Donald Wallace you used to know than a wolf is like a lamb. That perfidious rascal is in town this very night in defiance of every principle men call honor. He has lied to me, and were he here this minute I should brand him the arrant knave that he is, and he dare not deny it.'

Her words seemed to force themselves through her soul as she asked:

'Of what do you accuse him?'

'I have said all that I shall say about it for the present. You will soon know, as I shall compel him to answer to me in your very presence before I leave town.'

No human being could have doubted his unaffected outburst of passion, and when it had subsided, she dragged herself by sheer force of will to the foot of the stairs.

'Brother, are you there?' she called.

'I'm here,' he answered, tripping down the stairs.

He had evidently met Frank Disbrow, a casual nod being his only salutation. His first glance at Amy stunned him. The erect little form bent over a mantle-piece as motionless as a statute except for an occasional twitching of the muscles of her face.

'Amy,' he exclaimed.

She replied with a gesture.

'I don't want your assistance, Walter. I want you to find Donald Wallace and bring him here.'

'Why, where is he?' asked the astonished young man.

She directed her glance to Disbrow for an answer.

'You will likely find him at the Wellington,' he replied unflinchingly. 'At least he is registered there.'

'Will you please tell me, in the name of heaven——' Walter began but his sister interrupted him.

'Do as I request,' said she peremptorily. 'I'm not a child, but a woman whose very heart is burning with a desire to meet Donald Wallace face to face, and sophistical enough to judge for myself whether the boy I loved has become a man to avoid. Go quickly,' she commanded, seeing that her brother still wavered. 'And be sure to come back with him, Walter, I may need you.'

Dismayed by the unaccustomed sight of his sister's emotion, Walter set out on his abstruse errand, while the girl and her suitor sat through an agonizing hour, both waiting, as if for a sentence of life or death.

At the sight of Donald, Amy darted up like a spirit loosed from bondage, but unmindful of the occasion dropped back affrighted, and extended her hand with constrained calmness.

As he approached him Disbrow recoiled.

'Pardon me, Wallace, I exchanged courtesies with you several days ago in Seattle for the last time,' he said sarcastically.

'Now, what is this all about, Frank? I have kept faith with you and I am eager to believe you have done as much for me.'

'You have kept faith with me, have you?' Disbrow exclaimed, his temper bursting all bounds. 'I have found you out to my sorrow, and have it in my heart to shoot you down like a dog.'

'Remember where you are, man,' cried Donald, seeing that Amy was shrinking terror-stricken from the room.

Walter cast an annihilating look at Disbrow, and the three men opened fire with a volley of words that brought Amy back by main force.

'Hear me,' she commanded, thrusting a letter into her brother's hand. 'Frank has declined to state the nature of his grievance against you, Don, but the fact that you sent me that letter has quite upset his judgment. He seems to think that you have acted very culpably indeed. Do you know any reason why you should not have writ en it?'

'I do not.'

'We'll see about that,' snapped Disbrow.

'I sent for you,' Amy resumed, 'for the purpose of acquainting him with its contents in your presence. May I do so?'

'Certainly.'

'Then we are ready to listen,' said she with downcast eyes, and leaning heavily against her brother.

Walter proceeded and smiled in spite of himself when he came to the boyish sentiment:

'I have emerged from a disheartened struggle, able-bodied and happy beyond words I should say, were I convinced that my love-knot were securely tied to a certain sweet girl's heart.'

Disbrow threw himself into a striking attitude and hissed virulently. But Amy's sudden eye checked his sting. She turned to him feebly with:

'Be good enough to state your objection to that.'

'My objection is that he promised faithfully not to address you till I had had your answer to mine. Till then, the right to do so belonged to me, and to me alone. So sure as I live I'll have revenge—'

'Not so fast,' Donald interposed, calmly. 'What is the date of the letter, Walter?'

'June, the 20th instant.'

'Disbrow,' he went on, 'I do not defend myself for the sake of making my case clear to you; but in order to reinstate myself in the confidence of my friends I shall say that when I tore myself away from Amy three years ago, I should have gone down under the burden of debt and discouragement but for two buoyant hopes—the one that she loved me and the other that my circumstances might some day warrant me in declaring my love to her. As soon as my affairs began to look up I wrote her, taking care not to conceal the fact. I have written but twice. The other letter, which reached her two days before you came into my office the last time, is the one Walter has just read. I promised you unhesitatingly to defer my suit while she was entertaining yours, because I realized that, having had that letter, if she cherished my affections, she would reject you. The only apology I have to make is for yielding to a mad impulse to see her; but a man is a man.'

'And because that is true,' said Disbrow doggedly, 'I must be pardoned for being a bit ready.'

There was a moment's silence.

'My defeat puts you in vantage ground, Wallace,' added Disbrow, backing out of the room, 'and you will likely be the victor after your own doubtful sense of honor.'

'Hold on, Disbrow, I'm going down town, too,' shouted Walter. But the door slammed in the diplomat's face, and drawing his sister gently toward Donald he said:

'And some have dignities thrust upon them. Dad's in New York and mother's in the south, so a'giv ye the bonnie lass, an' i' wud raither ye bed her then ony man in a' the world.'

The Grand Trunk Pacific Station formerly known as Fiddle Creek, mile 997.8 west of Winnipeg, has been changed to Miette Hot Springs. It will be in this locality that the first of the Grand Trunk Pacific Mountain hotels will be erected, and is within seven or eight miles of the Miette Hot Springs that are situated just beyond the famous Roche Miette Mountain, which looms up to the west of this station.

The whole of the territory in the vicinity of the Miette Hot Springs Station will, without doubt, become one of the greatest mecca's in America for the ever increasing tourist traffic with the mountains as an objective point, as everything that goes to make up an attractive mountain resort is found in this locality.

The Miette Hot Springs will become famous the world over, as the efficacy of the waters of these springs for medicinal purposes has been proved, and for bathing purposes are without comparison.

There are four springs with temperatues as follows:—111, 116, 122, and 127 degrees.

Work on the Chateau Laurier, Ottawa, the new $2,000,000 hotel, constructed by the Grand Trunk System, is progressing very favorably.

Nearly all of the plastering of the hotel is now completed, and there remains to be done only the lobby, bar and grill room ceiling. Most of the marble floors for the dining room corridor are laid, and after the plaster work of the lobby is completed, work will be started on the marble work of that floor. Heat and light have been in the building for the last two months, and when the plaster is sufficiently dried in the various public rooms, the decorators will be able to commence the interior decorations. Some of the woodwork for the big rooms is in the hotel, and the erection of this is going on. The general appearance of the various rooms is beyond expectation, and when completed will be of the richest effect, artistic design, and wonderfully beautiful.

From information received from official sources, it is evident that Prince Rupert, the Pacific Coast Terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, is going ahead rapidly. Work is being pushed on the waterworks system, the cost of which is estimated at $550,000, $100,000 of which will be spent during 1911. The city are also spending the sum of $500,000 this year on the sewerage ystem, and $500,000 on rock cuttings and the grading of the streets. Last year $100,000 was spent on the waterworks system, $50,000 on the sewerage system, $500,000 on grading, and $100,000 on plank roads and walks.

Prince Rupert, British Columbia, the Pacific Coast terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway is going a pace, and for a young city the business now done there is remarkable. During the month of September there were fifty steamers called at the port and eighty-one departures.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

All Stuffed Up

That's the condition of many sufferers from catarrh, especially in the morning. Great difficulty is experienced in clearing the head and throat.

No wonder catarrh causes headache, impairs the taste, smell and hearing, pollutes the breath, deranges the stomach and affects the appetite.

To cure catarrh, treatment must be constitutional—alterative and tonic.

"I was ill for four months with catarrh in the head and throat. Had a bad cough and raised blood. I had become discouraged when my husband bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and persuaded me to try it. I advise all to take it. It has cured and built me up." MRS. HUGH ROUPER, West Liscomb, N. S.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures catarrh—it soothes and strengthens the mucous membrane and builds up the whole system.

Flying Machines

A few years ago flying machines were hardly thought of, nor was

Scott's Emulsion

in summer. Now *Scott's Emulsion* is as much a summer as a winter remedy. Science did it. All Druggists

HAD WEAK and DIZZY SPELLS

COULD NOT SLEEP AT NIGHT.

People all over this land toss night after night on a sleepless pillow, and do not close their eyes in the refreshing slumber that comes to those whose heart and nerves are right.

The sleeplessness comes entirely from a derangement of either the heart or nerves, or both, but whatever the cause Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills offer the blessing of sound refreshing slumber. They do this by their invigorating effect on the heart and nerves, and will tone up the whole system to a perfect condition.

Mrs. A. E. Martell, Rockdale, N.S., writes:—"I was troubled for a long time with my heart, had weak and dizzy spells, could not sleep, and would have to sit up the greater part of the night, and it was impossible for me to lie on my left side. At last I got a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and they did me so much good I got another, and after taking it I could lie on my left side, and sleep as well as before I was taken sick. They are the best medicine I ever heard of for heart or nerve trouble."

Price 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for $1.25, at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

An Englishman hired an Irish cabby to get him to the train. The Irishman's horse was going very slowly, and the Englishman stuck his head out of the cab window and said:

'Whip him up. Give him the gad. Hit him in a vital spot.'

'An' sure, said the cabby, 'I've hit him in every vital spot but the ears, and I'm saving them for the hill.'

I was cured of Rheumatic Gout by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Halifax. ANDREW KING.

I was cured of Acute Bronchitis by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
LT.-COL. C. CREWE READ.
Sussex.

I was cured of Acute Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Markham, Ont. C. S. BILLING.
Lakeville, Que, Oct. 9, 1907.

Husband (shivering)—It is bitterly cold. Why don't you button up your jacket?

Wife—The idea! Why, if I did that, no one would know it is lined with fur.

Mary Ovington, Jasper, Ont., writes:—"My mother had a badly sprained arm. Nothing we used did her any good. Then father got Hagyard's Yellow Oil and it cured mother's arm in a few days. Price 25 cents."

Your eyes are the bonniest blue, dear,
Your features and figure are fine.
Your heart—ah, I know 't would be true, dear,
Should I say to you, 'Darling, be mine.'
But alas, there's a frightening fear, dear,
That will not allow me to speak.
You are spending three thousand a year, dear;
I am making twelve dollars a week.

W. H. Wilkinson, Stratford, Ont. says:—"It affords me much pleasure to say that I experienced great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. Price a box 50c.

'Can't you assume a little more pleasing expression of countenance?' asked the photographer.

'Y-es, sir,' hesitatingly answered the sitter. 'Wait a minute and I'll take off these new shoes.'

A Sensible Merchant.

Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders give women prompt relief from monthly pains, and leave no bad after effects whatever. Be sure you get Milburn's. Price 25 and 50 cts

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Vicar's Wife—Can't I persuade you to come to our next mother's meeting?

Mrs. Jenkins—It's very kind of you, mum, but I never was a Society woman.

CAUGHT HEAVY COLD.

Left Throat and Lungs Very Sore.

There is no better cure for a cough or cold than Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

It is rich in the lung-healing virtues of the Norway pine tree, and is a pleasant, safe and effectual medicine that may be confidentially relied upon as a specific for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Quinsy, and all Throat and Lung Troubles.

Mr. S. Monaghan, Charlottetown, P.E.I., writes:—"I certify that Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is an excellent medicine for coughs and colds. Last winter I contracted a heavy cold which left my lungs and throat very sore. I had to give up work and stay in the house for two weeks. I used several cough mixtures, but got no relief until a friend advised me to use Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Three bottles entirely cured me, and I can recommend it as the best medicine for coughs."

Don't be imposed upon by taking anything but "Dr. Wood's" as there are many imitations of this sterling remedy on the market.

"Dr. Wood's" is put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; price 25 cents. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Prince Edward Island Railway.

Commencing Monday, Oct. 31st, 1911, trains will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

Trains Outward Read Down				Trains Inward Read Up		
P.M	P.M	A.M		A.M	P.M	P.M
5 30	4 00	7 45	Lv Charlottetown Ar	11 40	9 50	3 00
6 52	5 04	8 38	Hunter River	10 38	8 55	1 44
7 40	5 41	9 06	Emerald Junc	10 04	8 26	1 00
8 11	8 13	9 30	Kensington	9 33	8 02	12 22
	6 40	9 50	Ar Summerside Lv	9 00	7 40	11 50
	7 50	12 00	Lv Ar	8 45	4 55	A.M
	8 48	1 23	Port Hill	7 46	3 26	
	9 37	2 40	O'Leary	6 57	2 10	
	10 50	4 35	Ar Tignish Lv	5 45	12 15	
	P.M	P.M		A.M	P.M	

	P.M	A.M		A.M	P.M
	3 20	6 45	Lv Charlottetown Ar	9 30	5 20
	4 30	8 15	Mt. Stewart	8 30	3 45
	4 56	8 52	Morell	8 04	3 00
	5 17	9 20	St. Peter's	7 44	2 32
	6 20	10 50	Ar Souris	6 45	1 10
	5 19	9 25	Lv Cardigan	7 31	2 28
	5 40	9 54	Montague	7 09	2 00
	6 15	10 35	Ar Georgetown Lv	6 35	1 15

Daily ex. Saturday and Sunday	Saturday			Saturday	Daily ex. Saturday and Sunday
P.M	A.M			A.M	A.M
3 10	3 10	Lv	Charlottetown Ar	9 25	9 35
4 26	4 03		Vernon	8 33	8 25
7 00	5 55	Ar	Murray Harbor Lv	6 40	6 00

P.M		A.M
8 30	Lv Emerald Jun	Ar 7 30
9 20	Ar Cape Traverse	Lv 6 40

Trains are run by Atlantic Standard Time.

G. A. SHARP Supt. P. E. I. Railway

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A large supply of Coal suitable for all purposes. Orders verbal, by mail or by telephone promptly attended to. Our telephone No. is 312, and we should be pleased to have your orders.

Peake Bros. & Co.

Ch'town, July 19, 1911—3m

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