



Every thoughtful man whether he be an artist, a business man, a mechanic or farmer, feels that he has a certain work to do in this world, and he wants to complete it. A brave man's principal fear of death is because it compels him to leave his life-work unfinished.

He fears sickness for the same reason. He feels that he might as well break his neck and done with, as to have his best working powers hampered and wasted away by disease.

To have the brain dulled and the body enfeebled by impure bile-poisoned blood, is no better than a living death, with all its horrible accompaniments of dyspepsia, nervousness and melancholy.

The best thing in the world to restore clear-headed energetic vitality and working power is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It acts directly upon the liver and digestive organs, giving them power to manufacture rich, healthy blood free from bilious poisons and morbid impurities.

It fills the blood with the red life-giving elements which nourish every organ and tissue. It replaces wasted tissue with healthy flesh and solid muscular strength. By feeding the brain and nerves with vital energy, it banishes neuralgia and nervous weakness and sleeplessness.

It is better than malt extracts or oily emulsions. It is not a mere temporary stimulant but a genuine and lasting nutrient, easily assimilated by the weakest stomachs.

Ralph Green, Esq., of Williamsburg, Callaway Co., Mo., writes: "Before I commenced your treatment I could not take a drink of water without great suffering in my stomach. I could not eat. I was fast sinking. I had five different doctors examine me, and each one treated me without doing me any good. At last I took four or five bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and to-day am in better health than I have been for five years. I weigh 157. Whenever I see any of my friends suffering I tell them of your medicine and advise them to write to you."

Dr. Pierce's Tablets cure constipation

**WEAR THE D & A CREST CORSET**  
IT CANNOT BREAK

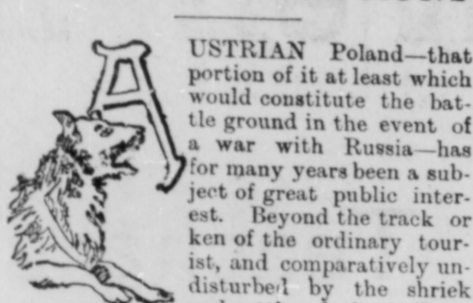
The D & A "Crest" CORSET  
Is the Mothers' Ideal.

It cannot break at the hip. Lifting your child, stooping to dust, etc., ceases to remind you of your corset steels.

The D & A "Crest" is yielding and unbreakable, and one trial is sure to make a permanent customer.

Ask your dealer to show it.

**A MIDNIGHT WOLF HUNT**

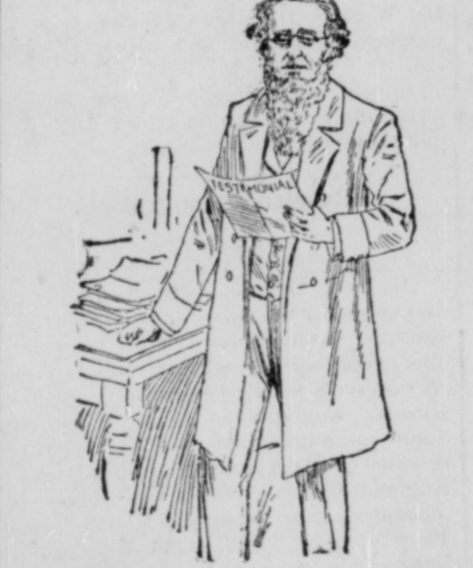


AUSTRIAN Poland—that portion of it at least which would constitute the battle ground in the event of a war with Russia—has for many years been a subject of great public interest. Beyond the track or ken of the ordinary tourist, and comparatively undisturbed by the shriek and rattle of the railway trains, it has remained a terra incognita to all except the officers and troops charged with the duty of guarding the frontier, and to the few great nobles who dwell in grandeur in the magnificent castles which here and there crown the rocky eminences and dominate the boundless steppes. The boundary line between Austria and Russia is closely guarded by segments of Cossacks on one side and by Austrian lancers on the other, and the surrounding country, being extremely wild and but sparsely populated by a half-civilized peasantry, and being, moreover, infested with wild beasts, the life of the officers detailed for frontier duty is often fraught with much danger and adventure.

A few years ago, in the month of August my regiment, the —th Lancers, was ordered to leave its pleasant quarters in Vienna, and proceed to W—, for the purpose of relieving the —th Regiment of Lancers on the Russian frontier, and four weeks later we reached our station on the border of the steppes. The country appeared extremely desolate, with villages few and far between, immense plains of grain and grass; large forests of pines, through which the wind moaned piteously. The villages where we were quartered were rather picturesque. The peasants' huts, built on both sides of a broad, muddy road, were painted blue, yellow or pink, and were shaded by groves of birches and willow trees. The nearest town was a nineteen hours' ride over execrable roads, and when finally reached was but a miserable place, which did not repay the long journey. When we arrived at our destination we looked rather disconsolately at the bare, damp, wooden barracks which our predecessors had left in a very unimpressive condition, and we should have given up the attempt of ever hoping to make our abode even moderately habitable had it not been for the cheerful and light-hearted manner in which young Princess M—, the wife of our colonel, who had been adventurous enough to accompany her husband into this voluntary exile, accepted all the hardships of the situation.

The young Princess, who was of French birth, had been married at sixteen to our colonel, Prince M—, and at the time of which I am writing was about eighteen years old. She was a small, slender, lovely girl with a fair white skin, golden-brown hair, large, dark grey eyes, and a fragile frame, which, however, seemed steeled against any kind of fatigue. She was one of Empress Elizabeth's favorite ladies in waiting, and it was only with difficulty that she had obtained from her Imperial mistress permission to follow her husband into the wilds of Poland. She said that she considered it to be her duty to come with us, and to cheer us in our despondency. God bless her for her unselfishness and courage in coming! For the months which we spent on the frontier would have been well-nigh unbearable without her constant and untiring efforts to make both soldiers and officers look at the bright side of things. When she appeared among us with her memories of Paris, her joyful animation, her sweet, gay,

slivry voice and her great eyes sparkling alike with mirth and with health, every face brightened, and the dullest hours were changed into dreams of wonderland. How could we complain of the privations which this petted Court beauty accepted so uncomplainingly and with such happy grace? She arranged her suite of miserable rooms in a truly marvellous fashion with heavy carpets and draperies, concealing the dingy walls beneath mellow-tinted, Eastern embroideries, and littered the tables and consoles with books and bric-a-brac until the place resembled a palace. Although such a small creature, she had an indomitable spirit, and was a famous sports-woman. She shot, fished, drove and rode better than any woman I have ever known. She was passionately fond of the most dangerous of sports, and even made a point of sharing our bear and wolf hunts. She was not one of those women who are apt to hamper men by requiring protection and attention in moments of danger, for she could be depended upon to see to her own safety under any kind of circumstance, and possessed such pluck and courage that she never gave us any trouble whatsoever. Moreover, she was continually planning some amusement or other to enliven the long winter evenings, and even succeeded in organizing some private theatricals for the special benefit of our soldiers and their wives. So the months passed and winter came on—a bitter, cold winter. Sudden storms and heavy falls of snow had whitened the plains and bared the dark forests of the Carpathian range. The icy wind blew like a hurricane, and the wolves came down in hungry bands to the lonely steppes. The whole landscape was frozen and dazzling! The great stars seemed to burn in the northern sky, and the rays of the silvery moon made the night almost as clear as day. The intense cold, the sweeping wind, the sense of profound solitude that environed us, exercised a salutary effect upon officers and men, and we plunged with enthusiasm into the winter sports which were our only relaxation and amusement. We spent most of our days out of doors in violent exercise, riding, sleighing or skating in the teeth of the east wind; skimming like swallows down the frozen course of the river. No doubt the country was monotonous and bare, and yet with its vast white solitudes, its flocks of wild fowl, its reedy wastes, its countless frozen streams, it was grand in its own peculiar way. As soon as the hush of winter had settled down around us our little Princess got into the habit of having four black stallions harnessed to her sleigh, and wrapped in furs to her eyes she would drive her high-mettled steeds over the silent plains, stopping at the huts of the poorest peasants and bringing light and comfort with her wherever she went. Little by little she won her way into the homes and hearts of the half-savage and suspicious people. She was not easily discouraged or rebuffed, and she did much good among the poor and also among our soldiers.



DR. CHASE DAILY RECEIVING TESTIMONIALS FROM THANKFUL PEOPLE AFAR AND NEAR.

Intelligent Citizens Pronounce Strongly in Favour of Dr. Chase's Ointment, Kidney-Liver Pills, and Catarrh Cure.

Receipts are at Liberty to Write to the Following Parties to Get Their Endorsement of Testimonials.

**INCIPIENT CATARRH CURED.**

Mrs. Rosie Stearn, 30 Walton street, Toronto, says:—"I suffered at every change in the weather with cold in the head. At times it was so bad that I was unable to speak, being completely stuffed up. I was advised to try Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, and did so, and received immediate relief. I am pleased to testify to its worth gladly. I also received a sample box of Dr. Chase's Ointment for itching of the skin, and it is the best remedy I have ever used. I shall at all times recommend to sufferers Dr. Chase's remedies. His recipes are indeed wonderful."

**KIDNEY DISEASE CURED.**

Mr. J. Kiffeder, 23 Gerrard street west, Toronto, an old and respected resident of the city, says:—"I have been suffering from Kidney trouble since last fall and found the lightest kind of exercise very painful. I concluded to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, which I saw advertised, and the effect was wonderful, the first box removing the pains in my back, and leaving me feeling very much better in every way. I can cheerfully recommend them as the workman's friend. They are well named K. and L. Pills. The meaning which I took to be Knights of Labour Pills." One pill a dose. 25 cents a box.

mate body of the coachman, Ivan, lay across us in such a manner that we could not stir, or even use our rifles, and we were just about to prepare ourselves for the final crash, when suddenly Princess M—, who had been sitting on the edge of the sleigh, struggled to her feet, poised herself marvelously in spite of the furious rocking to and fro, and crouching her little body for the spring, with all the science of an experienced gymnast cleared the back of the box and launched herself into Ivan's empty seat. Then, holding on thereto with one hand, she stooped over the dashboard, bending her head almost to the level of the snow-covered ground between the horses, and with a powerful effort succeeded in clutching the trailing reins, which every moment threatened to become entangled in the horses' feet. Grasping them in her right hand she pulled herself up, and sitting firmly in Ivan's seat regained control of the runaway team with incredible skill. How she did it, I myself, who was an eye-witness, could not tell. A moment more and she would have pitched head foremost between the horses' feet; a moment more and the sleigh would have been overturned by the pine trees, now only a hundred yards distant. Her delicate arms were wrenched almost from their sockets in her efforts to master the terrified horses, but she succeeded in turning their heads from the dangerous thicket in front of us toward the open plain. For a moment the frenzied beasts rushed on, then slackened perceptibly, and obeyed the tiny hands which held the reins. Our lives were saved, but we could not find time at that moment to thank the little fairy who had so pluckily rescued us, for after laying the still senseless Ivan on the bottom of the sleigh we were forced to shoot as fast as we could load at the wolves, which had now united into one huge pack and were hot in our pursuit. The slaughter that we did that night was terrible, and we left a broad track of bleeding and mangled carcasses behind us to mark our path. Verily upon us was covered, the Princess driving the team with perfect skill and at almost racing speed. At length the glimmer of dim lights became visible in the distance, and ten minutes later, with a sigh of relief, our fair driver pulled up her exhausted horses before a cluster of miserable dwellings. A peasant wrapped from head to foot in sheepskins came out of one of the huts into the cold, which was intense enough to freeze any living thing, and he invited us into his house. We lifted Ivan from the sleigh and carried him in, laying him down on a pile of skins and rugs in front of the blazing stove. It was a poor miserable place, this Polish isba, but the people were kind and anxious to help, for they knew our little Princess. They brewed us some hot tea which restored to consciousness poor Ivan.

Without the wind howled, and so did the wolves most dimly, as they retreated toward the forests, and within our rescuer, the little Amazon who had saved us at the risk of her life and limb, was bending over the injured man with all the tender sympathy of a true woman she relieved the pain and tended the hurts of her servant.

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**CLOTHING.**

We have made up from our own Cloth—Suits for men and boys. These goods we will put against anything made for hard wear. Also pants, we can guarantee them every time. Any man buying this class of goods always comes back after another suit. The only fault they wear, too long for us. But as long as they give satisfaction we aint going to kick.

Imported clothing we keep a good range, and our prices are right. We can safely say, no better value is offered in this city.

**Hats and Caps**

We are right in it—let us fit you this fall. In fact, we can and would like to sell you your furnishings. Give us a call at the

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**W. D. MCKAY**

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Received to-day 2 cases Suitings, Overcoatings and Trousers. Entered under the preferential tariff. Elegant patterns and extra values. Call early and get first choice.

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THE POLICIES OF THE OCEAN, ACCIDENT & GUARANTEE CORPORATION

Give weekly indemnity for—Typhoid, Scarlet and Typhus Fever, Smallpox, and in addition cover accidents of all kinds. Double liability in case of accident on Public Conveyance.

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**Administratrix Sale BY AUCTION**

I am instructed by Mrs Sara Kent, Administratrix of the Estate Late Joseph Kent, to sell by auction at the "North American Hotel", Kent Street, on Thursday, the 6th day of October, 1898, commencing at 10 o'clock, a.m., all the personal property of the said estate, comprising Piano, Parlor, Diningroom, Hall, Bedroom and Kitchen Furniture.

Terms cash. No reserve.  
R. BEARISTO, Auctioneer

**EXCURSIONS TO BOSTON.**

Excursion Tickets will be issued by Plant Line of Steamships, from Sept 20th to October 20, Charlottetown to Boston and return, good to return by any steamer within 30 days from date of issue.

PLANT LINE. \$11.00

**Soap! soap!**

Use KLONDIKE BAR the great Laundry and scouring soap marvel of cheapness unsurpassed in excellence.  
Use ROYAL OAK in the Laundry. Happy homes, easy quick work, snow white clothes.  
Use JUBILEE for the toilet and light Laundry. Makes child's play of washday.  
J. D. LAPHORN & CO. Charlottetown Soap Works.

**"Variety is the Spice of Life"**

But when the good housewife is a work with the preserving kettle it requires a variety of spice and at

Sanderson & Co., are kept all the varieties in use—they are pure and fresh.

Spiced Vinegar Purnell's English Malt, is the best for pickling. Give it a trial.

**Sanderson & Co.**

It is easy to love your neighbor as yourself, When your neigh'or is a pretty girl, And it is just as easy to have good music When your piano is a "Bell"

The above may not be very good poetry, But it is a fact, all the same.

New stock Bell Pianos and Organs now opening at.

**FLETCHER'S PIANO WAREROOM'S**

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