

# Tortured by Itching

Women are almost driven insane.

Instant Relief in Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment

One of the most distressing symptoms imaginable is the almost unbearable itching which is an accompaniment of Leucorrhoea or whites. The nerves are irritated by the poisonous discharge, and the result is an itching which is entirely unendurable more excruciating by rubbing or scratching. Especially at night, when the body is warm, the patient is tormented beyond the powers of human endurance. Sleep or rest is out of the question. Nervousness, irritability and despondency are a natural result. In these offices there are on the file thousands of letters from grateful women who have found in Dr. Chase's Ointment a quick and certain cure for this itching to which women are so subject. During the expectant period many women suffer similar agony from itching of the parts, or itching piles, which are absolutely cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment. The first application of this great discovery of Dr. A. W. Chase will afford prompt relief. At all dealers, or Edmansson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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GRAPEFUL COMFORTING Distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of Flavour, Superior Quality, and Nutritive Properties. Specially grateful and comforting to the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold only in 1-lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & Co., Ltd., Homeopathic Chemists, London, England.

# EPPS'S COCOA

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# THE ROUTE OF THE WHITE HUSSARS.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

It was not in the open fight We threw away the sword, But in the lonely watching In the darkness by the ford. The waters lapped, the night wind blew. Full armed the fery were born and grew. And we were flying ere we knew From panic in the night. —Beoni Bar.

Some people hold that an English cavalry regiment cannot run. This is a mistake. I have seen 437 sabors flying over the face of the country in abject terror; have seen the best regiment that ever drew bridle wiped off the army list for the space of two hours. If you repeat this tale to the White Hussars, they will in all probability treat you severely. They are not proud of the incident.

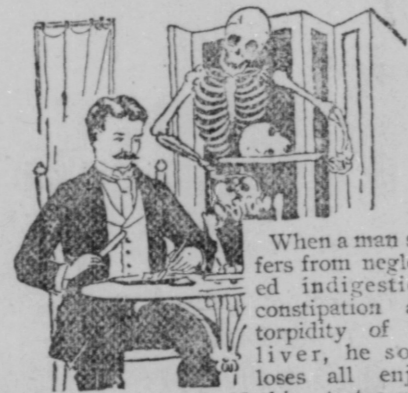
You may know the White Hussars by their "side," which is greater than that of the cavalry regiments on the roster. If this is not a sufficient mark, you may know them by their old brandy. It has been 60 years in the mess and is worth going far to taste. Ask for the "McGaire" old brandy and see that you get it. If the mess sergeant thinks that you are uneducated and that the genuine article will be lost on you, he will treat you accordingly. He is a good man. But when you are at mess you must never talk to your hosts about forced marches or long distance rides. The mess are very sensitive and, if they think that you are laughing at them, will tell you so.

As the White Hussars say, it was all the colonel's fault. He was a new man, and he ought never to have taken the command. He said that the regiment was not smart enough—this to the White Hussars, who knew they could walk round any horse and through any guns and over any foot on the face of the earth! That insult was the first cause of offense.

Then the colonel cast the drum horse—the drum horse of the White Hussars! Perhaps you do not see what an unspeakable crime he had committed. I will try to make it clear. The soul of the regiment lives in the drum horse who carries the silver kettledrums. He is nearly always a big piebald water. That is a point of honor, and a regiment will spend anything you please on a piebald. He is beyond the ordinary laws of casting. His work is very light, and he only maneuvers at a foot pace. Wherefore so long as he can step out and look handsome his well being is assured. He knows more about the regiment than the adjutant, and could not make a mistake if he tried.

The drum horse of the White Hussars was only 18 years old and perfectly equal to his duties. He had at least six years more work in him and carried himself with all the pomp and dignity of a drum major of the guards. The regiment had paid 1,200 rupees for him.

But the colonel said that he must go, and he was cast in due form and replaced by a washy bay beast as ugly as a mule, with a ewe neck, rat tail and cow hocks. The drummer detested that animal, and the best of the band horses put back their ears and showed the whites of their eyes at the very sight of him. They knew him for an upstart and no gentleman. I fancy that the colonel's ideas of smartness extended to the band, and that he wanted to make it take part in the regular parade movements. A cavalry band is a sacred thing. It only turns out for commanding officers' parades, and the bandmaster is one degree more important than the colonel. He is high priest and the



When a man suffers from neglected indigestion, constipation and torpidity of the liver, he soon loses all enjoyment of his meals. Nothing tastes good or looks appetizing. He grumbles at his wife, or the cook, or the landlord, or the landlady, or the waiter, as the case may be. People say that he has "a finicky appetite" and let it go at that. The fact is that the man is in a precarious condition and, if he continues to neglect his health, is a candidate for consumption or some equally terrible malady.

If a man doesn't wish to "dine with death for a waiter" he should take the right remedy for "little ills" as they arise, and thus ward off the "big ones." When a man's appetite is "finicky," when his liver is torpid, when he feels "headache," dull, listless and generally out of sorts, he should take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It makes the appetite keen, the liver active, the blood pure, the brain clear and the whole body alert and energetic. If the bowels are constipated Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets will cure that. The "Golden Medical Discovery" cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption, weak lungs, catarrhal, bronchial and throat troubles.

"Twenty-five years ago eight different doctors told me that I would live but a short time—that I had consumption and must die," writes Geo. R. Coope, Esq., of Myers Valley, Potawatamie Co., Kans. "I finally commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and am still in the land and among the living. I have faith to believe that it has lengthened my life for the last twenty-five years, and I have so much faith in all Dr. Pierce's medicines that I want his 'Common Sense Medical Adviser.'"

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. One little "Pellet" is a dose.

"Keel Row" is the cavalry trot, and the man who has never heard that tune rising, high and shrill, above the rattle of the regiment going past the saluting base has something yet to hear and understand.

When the colonel cast the drum horse of the White Hussars, there was nearly a mutiny.

The officers were angry, the regiment was furious and the bandmen swore—like troopers. The drum horse was going to be put up to auction—public auction—to be bought, perhaps, by a Parsee and put into a cart! It was worse than exposing the inner life of the regiment to the whole world or selling the mess plate to a Jew—a black Jew.

The colonel was a mean man and a bully. He knew what the regiment thought about his action, and when the troopers offered to buy the drum horse, he said that their offer was mutinous and forbidden by the regulations.

But one of the subalterns—Hogan Yale, an Irishman—bought the drum horse for 160 rupees at the sale, and the colonel was wroth. Yale professed repentance—he was unnaturally submissive—and said that, as he had only made the purchase to save the horse from possible ill treatment and starvation, he would now shoot him and end the business. This appeared to soothe the colonel, for he wanted the drum horse disposed of. He felt that he had made a mistake, and could not of course acknowledge it. Meantime the presence of the drum horse was an annoyance to him.

Yale took to himself a glass of the old brandy, three cheroots, and his friend, Martyn, and they all left the mess together. Yale and Martyn conferred for two hours in Yale's quarters, but only the bull terrier who keeps watch over Yale's boot trees knows what they said. A horse, hooded and sheeted to his ears left Yale's stables and was taken, very unwillingly, into the civil lines. Yale's groom went with him. Two men broke into the regimental theater and took several paint pots and some large scenery brushes. Then night fell over the cantonments, and there was a noise as of a horse kicking his loose box to pieces in Yale's stables. Yale had a big, old, white water trap horse.

The next day was a Thursday, and the men hearing that Yale was going to shoot the drum horse in the evening determined to give the beast a regular regimental funeral—a finer one than they would have given the colonel had he died just then. They got a bullock cart and some sacking and mounds and mounds of roses, and the body, under sacking, was carried out to the place where the anthrax cases were cremated. Two-thirds of the regiment followed. There was no band, but they all sang "The Place Where the Old Horse Died" as something respectful and appropriate to the occasion. When the corpse was dumped into the grave and the men began throwing down armfuls of roses to cover it, the farrier sergeant ripped out an oath and said aloud, "Why, it ain't the drum horse any more than it's me!" The troop sergeant majors asked him whether he had left his head in the canteen. The farrier sergeant said that he knew the drum horse's feet as well as he knew his own, but he was silenced when he saw the regimental number burned in on the poor, stiff upturned rear fore.

Thus was the drum horse of the White Hussars buried—the farrier sergeant grumbling. The sacking that covered the corpse was smeared in places with black paint, and the farrier sergeant drew attention to this fact. But the troop sergeant major of E troop kicked him severely on the shin and told him that he was undoubtedly drunk.

On the Monday following the burial the colonel sought revenge on the White Hussars. Unfortunately, being at that time temporarily in command of the station, he ordered a brigade field day. He said that he wished to make the regiment "sweat for their damned insolence," and he carried out his notion thoroughly. That Monday was one of the hardest days in the memory of the White Hussars. They were thrown against a skeleton enemy and pushed forward and withdrawn and dismounted and "scientifically handled" in every possible fashion over dusty country till they sweated profusely. Their only amusement came late in the day when they fell upon the battery of horse artillery and chased it for two miles. This was a personal question, and most of the troopers had money on the event, the gunners saying openly that they had the legs of the White Hussars. They were wrong. A march past concluded the campaign, and when the regiment got back to its lines the men were coated with dirt from spur to chin strap.

The White Hussars have one great and peculiar privilege. They won it at Fontenoy, I think.

Many regiments possess special rights, such as wearing collars with undress uniform, or a bow of ribbon between the shoulders, or red and white roses in their helmets on certain days of the year. Some rights are connected with regimental saints and some with regimental successes. All are valued highly, but none so highly as the right of the White Hussars to have the band playing when their horses are being watered in the lines. Only one tune is played and that tune never varies. I don't know its real name, but the White Hussars

call it "Take Me to London Again." It sounds very pretty. The regiment would sooner be struck off the roster than forego its distinction.

After the "dismiss" was sounded, the officers rode off home to prepare for stables, and the men filed into the lines, riding easy—that is to say, they opened their tight buttons, shifted their helmets, and began to joke or to swear as the humor took them, the more careful slipping off and easing girths and curbs. A good trooper values his mount exactly as much as he values himself, and believes, or should believe, that the two together are irresistible where women or men, girls or guns, are concerned.

Then the orderly officer gave the order "water horses," and the regiment loafed off to the squadron troughs which were in rear of the stables and between these and the barracks. There were four huge troughs, one for each squadron, arranged in echelon, so that the whole regiment could water in ten minutes if it liked. But it lingered for 17, as a rule, while the band played.

The band struck up as the squadrons filed off the troughs, and the men slipped their feet out of the stirrups and chaffed each other. The sun was just setting in a big, hot bed of red cloud, and the road to the civil lines seemed to run straight into the sun's eye. There was a little dot on the road. It grew and grew till it showed as a horse, with a sort of gridiron thing on his back. The red cloud glared through the bars of the gridiron. Some of the troopers shaded their eyes with their hands and said, "What the mischief 'as that there 'orse got on 'im?"

In another minute they heard a neigh that every soul—horse and man—in the regiment knew, and saw, heading straight toward the band, the dead drum horse of the White Hussars!

On his withers banded and bumped the kettledrums draped in crape, and on his back, very stiff and soldierly, sat a bareheaded skeleton.

(To be Continued.)

## A VANCOUVER LADY

Cured of Asthma After Eight Years of Almost Constant Suffering — She Says the Absolute Freedom From the Disease Seems Like a Dream—Clarke's Kola Compound Cures.

Mrs. J. Wise, Mt. Pleasant, Vancouver, B.C., writes: "I have been a great sufferer from bronchial asthma for the past eight years, many times having to sit up nearly all night. Through the advice of a friend who had been cured by Clarke's Kola Compound I received as a last resort to try it. The first bottle did not relieve me much, but before I had finished the third bottle the attacks ceased altogether, and during the past six months of damp and cold weather have not had a single attack. It seems something like a dream to be free from this worst of all diseases after so many years of suffering. I have since my recovery recommended this remedy to others suffering as I was, and know many others in this city whom it has cured. I consider it a marvelous remedy, and would urge any person suffering from this disease to try it."

Three bottles are guaranteed to cure. A free sample bottle of Clarke's Kola Compound will be sent to any person who has asthma, mentioning this paper. Address: The Griffiths & Macpherson Co., sole Canadian agents, 121 Church-street, Toronto, Ont.

Clarke's Kola Compound should not be confounded with the other Kola preparations on the market, as this is altogether a different preparation, designated especially for the cure of asthma. All druggists, Price \$1.00 per bottle.

Sold by Geo. E. Hughes

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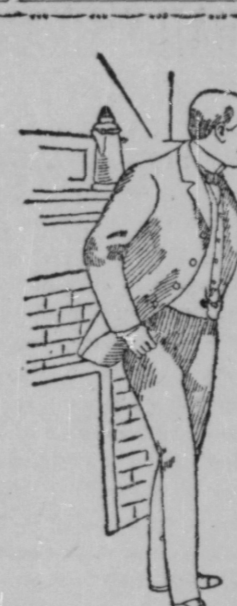
Sunlight and Lifebuoy Soaps at 5 cents per twin bar, is like buying silk at the price of cotton.

## In Chancery In The Rolls Court

DAVID P. IRVING & others, Complainants and MARGARET IRVING & others, Defendants

In pursuance of an order of this Honourable Court, made hereon, on the 23rd day of March, A. D. 1899, notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against the estate of George Irving, late of Orwell Cove, Lot or Township number 57, in Queen's Bounty, deceased, intestate are required to come in and prove the same before me at the Prothonotary's office, in the Law Courts Building, in Charlottetown, on or before Monday, the twenty-second day of May next, A. D. 1899, and all persons neglecting to come in and prove their said debts and claims by that time are to be excluded from the benefit of said order.

Dated this 29th day of March, A. D. 1899. F. L. HASZARD, J. A. LONGWORTH, Compts. Solicitors Master in Chancery 76-d&Wtd



## A Clothing Talk.

The well dressed have a decided advantage over the slovenly. Notice the reception given a man who is careful of his appearance—He is preferred in business offices, in social life and every place where men do congregate.

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