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Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food Restores Weak, Sickly Women to Robust Health.

Any irregularities in the monthly uterine action is sufficient cause for women to be alarmed about their health. Whether painful, suppressed or profuse menstruation, the cause can be traced to some derangement of the nerves.

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Dr. Chase's new illustrated book "The Ills of Life and How to Cure Them," sent free to your address.

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## Dividend Notice

MERCHANTS BANK OF P. E. I. Charlotetown, June 1st, 1899 Notice is hereby given, that a half yearly dividend at the rate of 8 per cent per annum, on the capital stock of the bank has been declared payable at its banking house on and after July 3rd next. The Transfer books will be closed from the 19th June, to the 3rd of July next, both days inclusively. By order of the Board.

J. M. DAVISON, Cashier

June 1st, 1899

## A SHATTERED IDOL.

"You know, you know, a man always retrieves himself by some brilliant bit of dare-devilry or another. I don't know if it really does generally happen so; at any rate in this case it didn't. The poor fellow was sent home sick almost directly; indeed, I believe he was too ill to have much voice in the matter of the inquiry, and I don't believe he was under fire again to the day of his death. Half a dozen years later the two men met in the most unlucky way. It was in Madras somewhere, and this time there was a lady in the business. She had come out in the same ship with him and there had been talk of an engagement. And as Satan himself would have it, the other man turned up, fell in love with the lady, used the old story unmercifully, married her and nearly succeeded in driving his unlucky rival out of the service. I believe he had to withdraw from the club but he was too good to flinch, and he was certainly at the same station with the couple when the lady died, not two years after her marriage. That is what I learned. Now for my own share in the business. Cholera, you know, sometimes strikes a man down like the blow of a tiger's paw. He may be about and well at sunrise and dead by midday. My poor friend and I had our tea together at daybreak; when I came in from the butts he was past speech. I asked to look over his papers, I knew nothing of his affairs or his family, but had been more with him than any one else.

I had never been in his rooms till I was called in to see him die. They were as bare as they well could be. I noticed one thing. On the white wall, just close to where his face must have turned as he slept on the little pallet-bed, a cross was traced in charcoal. It was not accidental; the lines were doubled, and cross lines scrawled to mark the ends, so that there was a star at each point. A damp sponge would have made an end of it in a moment, it was so faint. But I remembered the shape. There were next to no papers—nothing to tell us who ought to be written to. Hardly a letter—bills docketed and notes about regimental matters. But in the only box his servant said he kept locked there was an envelope with a couple of letters in a lady's handwriting, and there was a long tress of chestnut hair. I didn't like to read them and took it all to the colonel. But he said they might give us the information we wanted. So I took them out of the envelopes in his presence and first just glanced at the contents.

The name was that of the man who had brought such ruin into my friend's life. They were from a his wife.

She was a good woman, Mrs. Marston; what the letters told was horrible enough, but her part was as clear as God's sunlight.

I suppose her husband had met with some dangerous accident. She wrote in a kind of passion of supplication, entreating my friend to write one line of forgiveness to his poor dying enemy. He had confessed to her, she said; all he wanted was to make his confession public, but there was no time. The doctor had told her he would not live to see the sun rise. As she wrote he was lying in a few hours in his coffin, and then it would be too late, then he would be beyond the reach of forgiveness. He could understand her still; perhaps he would still be able to hear her read the message she knew the answer would contain. She knew it, because she had injured him too—it was the memory of that wrong that made her sure.

It was like a cry for mercy, written all in a breath, as it were, at her husband's bedside, I dare say. I can fancy his eyes following her as she wrote—eyes with the terror of death looking out of them. The other letter was different. The handwriting was labored, as though every letter had cost her a struggle, and the expression was quite cold and simple. She wrote, she said, with a feeling of the deepest humiliation. At this

There is no more in spring sight in the world than the picture of the stalwart young farmer and his rosy-checked wife starting out to fight the battle of life. There is no reason why all such couples should not live long, happy, healthy lives. Much depends upon the wife herself. To some extent, she must be a jack of all trades. Her husband must be a little of a blacksmith and a little of a harness maker and a little of a veterinary surgeon as well as a farmer. It is the same with the wife. It is a long way to town, and she must have a handy hand at many things. It is possibly many miles to the first physician, and the farmer's wife should be able to see that every member of the family is kept in good health.

If the young farmer's wife is wise, when her husband shows that he is out of sorts, when he is suffering from biliousness or torpidity of the liver or indigestion, she will not permit him to neglect these disorders, but will have at hand Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This wonderful medicine is not a cure-all, but as most diseases have their inception in a torpid liver or a disordered digestion, it is a cure for a great many of them. It makes the appetite keen, the digestion and assimilation perfect, the liver active, the blood pure and the nerves steady. It cures all malarial troubles and rheumatism. Medicine dealers sell it, and keep nothing else "just as good."

The farmer's wife may frequently save the life of her husband or that of one of her children by owning a copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. It tells how to treat all the ordinary ills of life and how to care for serious accident cases while awaiting the arrival of a physician. It contains 1008 pages. It used to cost \$1.50 a copy; now it is free. For a paper-covered copy send 1 cent stamps to cover postage and mailing only, to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. Cloth binding, 50 cents. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation and biliousness. They regulate and invigorate, stomach, liver and bowels. Honest druggists do not recommend something else as "just as good."

first moment it was as if she had reminded her husband of his promise. He seemed to have forgotten what had passed between them, and declared that he must have been speaking in delirium. It was the duty, he said, of people who nursed the sick not to pay attention to ravings which only showed that the brain was off its balance. He had forbidden her to refer to the subject again. "My own duty is clear to me," she ended. "You have my letter; my testimony is ready when you call for it."

Inside the paper which held the hair was traced feebly a cross with stars at the points, like that on the wall. Perhaps they had stood together on deck and watched the southern cross.

The hair must have been cut off when hope of recovery was gone. There could have been no thought of how that thick silken strand would be missed. He had refused to strike his enemy through her, and he went on carrying his burden of shame. But she knew it and thanked him.

The colonel and I talked the thing over and sealed up the letters. While we were waiting the result of the inquiries we had made about my poor friend's relatives, came my own illness. Afterward we arranged that I should take them home and explain the matter to his brother; who, it seems, is in rather an influential position, and he can do as he pleases about it. But the other man has left the service, his name is no longer in the army list. So I don't see what can be done to him, if the thing were capable of proof, which it isn't.

"Nay! nay! not ingratitude!" the mugger said. "They do not think for others, that is all. But I have noticed, lying at my station below the ford, that the stairs of the new bridge are cruelly hard to climb, both for old people and young children. The old, indeed, are not so worthy of consideration, but I am grieved—I am truly grieved—on account of the children. Still, I think, in a little while, when the newness of the bridge has worn away, we shall see my people's bare brown legs bravely splashing through the ford as before. Then the old mugger will be honored again."

"But surely I saw marigold wreaths floating off the edge of the ghaut only this noon," said the adjutant. Marigold wreaths are a sign of reverence all India over.

"An error—an error. It was the wife of the sweetmeatseller. She loses her eyesight year by year, and cannot tell a log from me—the mugger of the ghaut. I saw the mistake when she threw the garland, for I was lying at the very foot of the ghaut, and had she taken another step I could have shown her some little difference. Yet she meant well, and we must consider the spirit of her offering."

"What good are marigold wreaths when one is on the rubbish heap?" said the jackal, hunting for fleas, but keeping one wary eye on his Protector of the Poor.

"True, but they have not yet begun to make the rubbish heap that shall carry me. Five times have I seen the river draw back from the village and make new land at the foot of the street. Five times have I seen the village rebuilt on the banks, and I shall see it built yet five times more. I am no faithless, fish-eating gajal, I, at Kasi to-day and Prayag to-morrow, as the saying is, but the true and constant watcher of the ford. It is not for nothing, child, that the village bears my name, and 'he who watches long,' as the saying is, 'shall at last have his reward.'"

"I have watched long—very long—nearly all my life, and my reward has been kicks and blows," said the jackal.

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" roared the adjutant. "The rains fell in September?"

"Now such a fearful flood as this!"

Says he, "I can't remember!" There is some very unpleasant peculiarity about the adjutant. At uncertain times he suffers from acute attacks of the fidgets or cramp in his legs, and though he is more virtuous to behold than any of the cranes, who are all immensely respectable, he flies off into wild, cripple-still war dances, half opening his wings and bobbing his bald head up and down; while for reasons best known to himself he is very careful to time his worst attacks with his nastiest remarks. At the last word of his song he came to attention again, ten times adjutant than before.

The jackal winced, though he was full three seasons old, but you cannot resent an insult from a person with a beak a yard long, and the power of driving it like a javelin. The adjutant was a most notorious coward, but the jackal was worse.

"We must live before we can learn," said the mugger, "and there is this to say. Little jackals are very common, child, but such a mugger as I am is not common. For all that I am not proud, since pride is destruction; but take notice, it is Fate, and against his fate no one who swims or walks or runs should say anything at all. I am well content with fate. With good luck, a keen eye and the custom of considering whether a creek or a backwater has an outlet to it ere you ascend, much may be done."

"Once I heard that even the Protector of the Poor made a mistake," said the jackal.

"True; but there my Fate helped me. It was before I had come to my full growth—before the last famine but three (by the Right and Left of Gunga, how full the streams used to be in those days!) Yes, I was young and unthinking, and when the flood came, who so pleased as I? A little made me very happy then. The village was deep in flood, and I swam above the ghaut and went far inland, up to the rice fields, and they were deep in good mud. I remember also a pair of bracelets (glass they were, and troubled me not a little) that I found that evening. Yes, glass bracelets; and, if my memory serves me well, a shoe. I should have shaken off both shoes, but I was hungry. I learned better later. Yes. And so I fed and rested; and when I was ready to go to the river again; the flood had fallen, and I walked through the mud of the main street. Who but I? Came out all my people, priests and women and children, and I looked upon them with benevolence. The mud is not a good place to fight in. Said a boatman, 'Get axes and kill him, for he is the mugger of the ford.' 'Not so,' said the Brahmin priest. 'Look, he is driving the flood before him! He is the godling of the village.' Then they threw many flowers at me, and by happy chance one hit a goat across the road."

"How good—how very good is goat!" said the jackal.

"Hairy, too hairy, and when found in the water more than likely to hide a cross shaped hook. But that goat I accepted, and went down to the ghaut in great honor. Later, my Fate sent me the boatman who had desired to cut off my tail with an ax. His boat grounded upon an old shoal, which you would not remember."

"We are not all jackals here," said the adjutant. "Was it the shoal made where the stone boats sank in the year of the great drought—a long shoal that stood three floods?"

"There were two," said the mugger, "an upper and a lower shoal."

"Aye, I forgot. A channel divided them and later dried up again," said the adjutant, who prided himself on his memory.

"On the lower shoal my well wisher's craft grounded. He was sleeping in the bows, and half awake, leaped over his waist—no, it was no more than to his knees—to push off. His empty boat went on and touched again below the next reach, as the river ran then. I followed, because I knew men would run out to drag it ashore."

"And did they do so?" said the jackal, a little awe-stricken. This was hunting on a scale that impressed him.

"There and lower down they did. I went no further, but that gave me three in one day—well-fed manjis (boatmen) all, and, except in the case of the last, never a cry to warn those on the bank."

"Ah, noble sport! But what cleverness and good judgment it requires!" said the jackal.

"Not cleverness, child, but thought. A little thought in life is like salt upon rice, as the boatmen say, and I have thought deeply always. The gajal, my cousin, the fish eater, has told me how hard it is for him to follow the fish, and how one fish differs from the other, and how he must know them all, both together and apart. I say that is wisdom; but, on the other hand, my cousin the gajal lives among his people. My people do not swim in companies with their mouths out of the water, as the Reva does; nor do they constantly rise to the surface of the water, and turn over on their sides, like Mohoo and Little Chaptal; nor do they gather in shoals after flood, like Eatichus and Chilwa."

(To be Continued)

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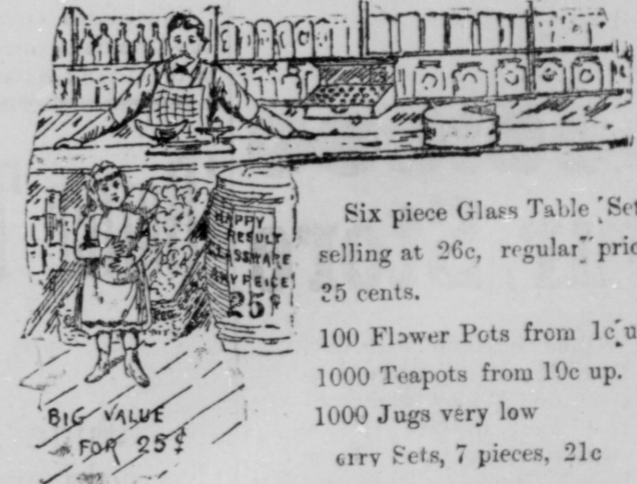
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