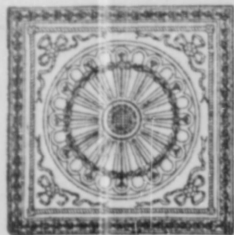


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Christmas ...is Over

and now you begin to think of the New Year. You probably have some friend away to whom you had not time to send the usual Christmas remembrance.

You want to send that friend something for New Year.

You couldn't send anyone anything nicer than one of those Transvaal Souvenir Booklets, for sale at all the bookstores and at R. H. Mason's Newstand. Price 10 cents.

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CHARLOTTETOWN.

HER BEGGING SCHEME

A respectably dressed old woman apparently in deep distress was noticed standing at the foot of the steps of an elevated railroad station the other day just at the hour when the rush was at its height. The woman had apparently lost something of value. She searched her pockets, shook out her skirts and scanned the ground on every side. Of course it was not long before her distress attracted the notice of passersby. "I have lost my ticket," she said in answer to the query of a man who stopped for a moment in his rush for the train. "I don't know what to do, for I have not a nickel with me and I live away up town."

The man pulled a string of tickets from his pocket, tore off one, handed it to the woman and resumed his rush without waiting for her thanks. But the woman did not follow. She merely moved across to the flight of steps on the other side. Here she resumed her search, with the result that a nickel was transferred to her pocket by a passing woman. Next she crossed the avenue and gathered some more nickels and tickets from the passengers going in the opposite direction, finally returning to her original stand, where her plight attracted as much compassion as before. While the observer was looking on, the woman made two rounds of the stairs, each round occupying about ten minutes. It is probable that her average earnings were at the rate of \$2 in nickels and negotiable tickets an hour.

Room For Him Too.

A bland and patronizing New Yorker was passing through a raw and new hamlet in the west, which its proud founders had dubbed B— City and were sure would soon become a thriving hive of human beings. Addressing a lank and lazy youth who was lounging at the door of one of the rude shanties that passed for a "shoe emporium," the New Yorker inquired sarcastically:

"Who is that important looking gentleman with the red flannel shirt?"

"That's Sam Peters," was the proud reply. "He's just opened the new post-office."

"And the tall person with no collar?"

"He's Long Mike. Just opened a grocery store."

"And the plump individual with the bald head?"

"Handy Jim. Owns the new saloon."

"Indeed?" said the New Yorker. "Your city seems to be pretty well started. I should suppose there was nothing left for a stranger like myself to open."

"Oh, I dunno!" drawled the lanky one. "We ain't got no loonatic asylum yet. You might start that."—New York Tribune.

A Cheerful Experience.

"I had a cheerful experience the other day," remarked a man who had spent several days at one of the springs for rheumatism.

"What was it?" asked the observer.

"I was carried into a depot near the springs and deposited on a seat near an old woman, who looked at me with a complacent smile and inquired, 'Been hurt?'"

"No," I replied.

"Rumatiz?"

"Yes."

"Water do you any good?"

"Not much."

"Well, lots of people come here for the water. The patient returns home,



The men who do daring deeds in battle, are men whose arteries pulsate with the rich, red, vital blood of health. The same is true of the men who win success in the battles of work and business. When a man's liver is sluggish, his digestion impaired, and his stomach weak, his blood soon gets thin and impure. The blood is the impure every vital organ in the body is improperly nourished and becomes weak and diseased and fails to perform its proper functions in the economy of life. The victim suffers from loss of appetite and sleep, wind, pain, fullness and swelling of the stomach after meals, bad taste in the mouth, foul breath, imaginary lump of food in the throat, headaches, giddiness, drowsiness, heavy head and costiveness.

All of these conditions and their causes are promptly cured by the use of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It brings back the keen edge of appetite, makes the digestion perfect and the liver active. It makes rich, red, pure blood, filled with the life-giving elements of the food that build healthy tissues, firm flesh, strong muscles and vibrant nerve fibers. It invigorates and vitalizes the whole body, and imparts mental power and elasticity. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption, strengthens weak lungs, stops bleeding from lungs, spitting of blood, obstinate lingering coughs and kindred ailments.

Costiveness, constipation and torpidity of the liver are surely, speedily and permanently cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They are tiny, sugar-coated granules. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. They never gripe. They stimulate and strengthen the jaded organs until a regular habit is formed and may then be discontinued without a return of the trouble. They stimulate, invigorate and regulate the stomach, liver and bowels. Medicine stores sell them, and have no other pills that "are just as good."

and the papers announce that Mr. So-and-so has returned from the springs much improved by the use of the water; but if you read the papers in a few days you will see that Mr. So-and-so has died and been buried! The conversation was too cheerful to be continued."

A Burning Prayer.

The Cleveland Plain Dealer tells this story of the Virginia backwoods: A white minister after conducting services at a colored church asked an old deacon to lead in prayer. The dusky brother in his fervent appeal asked that a shower of heavenly grace be permitted to fall upon his white friend. He said:

"O Lor', give him de eye of de eagle dat he may spy out our sins afar off! Weld his han's to de gospel plow; tie his tongue to de lines of truf and nail his ear to de gospel pole! An, O Lor, bow his haid way down—an behin' his knees, an his knees way down—ah in some lonesome dark an narrow valley, O Lor', whar much prayer is needed to be made—ah! Den 'point him ovah wid de blessed ile of de kerosene of salvation, an sot him on fiah wid de match of faith made perfec'—amen!"

France Outside of Paris.

To get a correct idea of the French nation one must abandon Paris and get out among the people of the provinces. Paris is a sinkhole of rottenness, but the people who dwell outside that modern Gomorrah are sound and upright and patriotic, living wholesome and useful lives. When you get out in the rural districts, a charming sight is presented of beautifully cultivated farms, each farm being as trim and neat as a flower garden. There is not a foot of waste land to be seen. The first thing that strikes a stranger is the profusion of fruit. Nowhere can be seen more luscious pears, peaches and grapes.—Washington Post.

The Whirl of Life.

Here is what caught a reporter's eye in a two minutes' study of the streets of New York on a down town corner.

On the sidewalk, three urchins, evil of face, industriously "shooting" craps. From the doorway of a frowsy saloon, ten yards away, a gray haired woman issuing with a jug of beer, though it was only 10 o'clock in the morning. A burly iceman and a negro roustabout discussing, loudly and with much profanity, the advantages of each other's jobs. A whirl and rattle of wheels and an undertaker's wagon drives up to the door of a modest red brick tenement. A white coffin, three feet long, is brought out and received by a venerable old man, with a flowing white beard, who comes to the door coatless and in slippers. You then notice for the first time the knot of white ribbon on the door handle. The old man tucks the diminutive casket under his arm and retires within, followed by the undertaker's men. He is solemn, but tearless. There is a story there somewhere—the slipped patriarch in the final stage of life performing the last dolorous offices for one lost in its beginning.

And over on the dock are the hue and hustle, the scurry and scamper incidental to the getting to sea of the great ship. Sharp are the contrasts of a town.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Carving the Yosemite Valley.

In a recent article on the origin of the Yosemite valley, Professor W. P. Blake—a most adequate authority on the subject—remarks that the gorge, so grand and impressive, is, in fact, only a minor feature of the glacial workings above it through hundreds of square miles of the Sierra. Professor Blake thinks that the ice must have filled the gorge, and much above it, to a thickness of 5,000 feet, and with a pressure upon the floor of the valley of 120,000 pounds to the square foot; the tremendous force of such a weight, on the under surface of which was a broken mass of rock, like diamonds in a drill, grinding, planing and cutting, can scarcely be imagined; for untold ages, too, this mighty force was at work, polishing the face of the country through which it passed.

The character of the Yosemite rock being granite, close grained and vertical in structure, with points of easy fracture, it would appear that, as the great mass of ice bore down upon this vertical rock, it was broken and knocked over by the moving ice, flaking off at the places of easy cleavage. Thus, according to Professor Blake, the precipice was formed, and thus is explained the dome shaped summits of the mountains there.

First Rows in Paradise.

A Russian correspondent sends us details of a very interesting and amusing tale told by a Russian veterinary surgeon who was sent into the Ural district to buy horses and hay for the peasants of the famine stricken provinces. He had to do mostly with the natives (kirghiz), who are half savage, but who, nevertheless, were found to be extremely honest and absolutely trustworthy in all buying and selling, some of them even offering to give horses for the starving peasants. Quite a different story has the surgeon to tell of the Ural Cossacks, who did their level best to cheat him in the most barefaced manner and on whom no reliance was to be placed.

And yet these Cossacks are very religious and so simple in certain respects that a swindler succeeded in selling them quite a number of tickets for—paradise! The veterinary surgeon saw several of these tickets, which were marked "First rows" and sold at 25 rubles, back seats bringing considerably less.—Commercial Intelligence.

The Mistake of His Life.

Bluffers—What's wrong today? You look blue.

Bluffers—I'll never forgive myself. I kicked a caller out of my house last night.

"Huh! I kicked many a one. Young fellow, I suppose?"

"No; past middle age."

"Well, these old codgers have no business coming round sparking young girls. I kicked out one of that sort last week."

"Yes, but I've found out that this man wasn't after my daughter; he was after my mother-in-law."—New York Press.

A Proper Question.

"And clothes," argued the missionary further, "are as cheap as dirt!"

The tropic heathen did not conceal her misgivings.

"Yes; but are they as hygienic?" faltered this simple child of the forest.

Her health was quite perfect now, and there was no telling what might not be the effect of corsets and skirts which do not hang from the shoulders, to say nothing of the veils with dots in them.—Detroit Journal.

DR. GAUTHIER ENDORSES

The statement that Mr. Major owes his life to . . . **DR. CHASE'S Kidney Liver Pills**

Dr. J. T. A. Gauthier, of Valleyfield, Que., writes: "I, the undersigned, certify that the contents of this letter, in regard to the cure of Mr. Isadore Major, by the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, is correct."

Here is Mr. Major's letter: "After 20 years of suffering from backache and kidney disease I owe my life to Dr. A. W. Chase. I had tried an endless variety of remedies to no avail, and on the recommendation of a friend began the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Two pills that night and two next morning gave great relief, and I continued their use until now I am completely cured. My friends are surprised and pleased to see me well again, for I spent hundreds of dollars in vain trying to get cured. Before using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills my back ached so I could not put on my shoes and couldn't lift so lbs. My shoulders were sore, I had headaches and a bad taste in the mouth. These troubles are now entirely gone and what I say I am ready to prove. I have told my friends of my wonderful cure, and many have been greatly benefited by using these pills."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are the greatest kidney cure the world has ever known. One pill a dose, 25¢ a box at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.



Painting the Way

The year 1899 is fast drawing to a close.

We wish to thank the people for their liberal patronage during this year, and to solicit a continuance of the same for 1900.—In the future as during the past our aim shall be to furnish only the

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is Uric Acid in the blood. Unhealthy kidneys are the cause of the acid being there. If the kidneys acted as they should they would strain the Uric Acid out of the system and rheumatism wouldn't occur. Rheumatism is a Kidney Disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills have made a great part of their reputation curing Rheumatism. So get at the cause of those fearful shooting pains and stiff, aching joints. There is but one sure way—

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