

The village blacksmith is usually considered the type of good health. Even he sickens and dies frequently in early youth. No man, not even the most robust, can afford to neglect his health, which is his most precious endowment. The man who does so will sooner or later pay the penalty in some serious or fatal malady. When a man finds that he is losing his appetite, that he passes restless nights, that he awakens in the morning unrefreshed and without ambition or mental or bodily vigor, when he is troubled with headaches, nervousness or biliousness, it is time for him to take serious thought for his health.

These symptoms are by no means trivial, and are indicative of disorders that may lead to consumption, nervous prostration, neuralgic troubles or some serious blood disease. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the best of all medicines for men and women who suffer in this way. It restores the lost appetite; it gives sweet, refreshing sleep; makes the digestion perfect, the liver active and purifies and enriches the blood. It is the greatest of all nerve-builders. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption, weak lungs, bronchitis, spitting of blood, obstinate coughs and kindred ailments. It is also an unfailing cure for nervous exhaustion and prostration. At all medicine stores.

Mrs. Rebecca F. Gardner, of Grafton, York Co., Va., writes: "When I was married I weighed 125 pounds. I was taken sick and reduced in health and broke out with a disease which my doctor said was eczema. I fell away 50 pounds. I began using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and now I weigh 140 pounds and am well."

Constipation often causes sickness. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and a mild cathartic. They never gripe. They are tiny, sugar-coated, anti-bilious granules, in little vials. Druggists have nothing else "just as good." They regulate the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

Coughs and colds need not be endured; they can be cured, and that quickly. Many mixtures are temporary in effect, but Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites is a permanent remedy.

The oil feeds the blood and warms the body; the hypophosphites tone up the nerves; the glycerine soothes the inflamed throat and lungs. The combination cures. This may prevent serious lung troubles.

Prepared by JAMES EPPS & CO., Ltd., Homeopathic Chemists, London, England.

For Sale.

The subscriber offers for sale the following properties, formerly owned by the late Richard Pillman, at French River, New London.

1. A farm containing 25 acres, all cleared and in a good state of cultivation, sloping to the south.
2. A plot containing 2 acres, with good dwelling house containing 11 rooms and a new barn and wagon shed, thereon. There is also thereon a store, complete with shelving, etc., and a granary.
3. One acre of land, across the road, opposite the store, and building lot at the cross roads, near the store.

These properties are well situated in one of the finest localities in Prince Edward Island for business or farming purposes.

The subscriber also offers for sale a dwelling house and lot at Kensington. The house contains 11 rooms, and is in good repair.

For further particulars apply to Messrs. McLeod, Morson & McQuarrie, Solicitors, Charlottetown, or to the owner, LAVINIA J. PILLMAN.

20 s. j. 3mo Aveer. Mo.

MISS LEFURGEY

(Graduate of the Emerson College of Oratory, Boston.)

Will be at home to a limited number of pupils in physical culture and oratory.

Apply to Miss Lefurgey at L. J. Bentner's, Weymouth Street.

14-135

THE HORIZON AT SEA.

A line inexorably straight—
In larger truth, a girdling ring—
Fixed, either way, as firm as fate
And always onward beckoning.

Clear cut and far or near and blurred,
As powers of sun and cloud decree,
By these thy provocations stirred,
We seek the farthest mystery.

Emblem of boundaries strictly set,
Enblem of venturesous search and hope!
Circled by thee, can man forget
His limitation and his scope?
—M. A. De Wolfe Howe in Month.

ON ESCORT DUTY.

BY CHARLES B. LEWIS.

One day a mail rider arrived at the frontier fort with such news that a sergeant and six men and an ambulance were ordered out within an hour to escort and convey the colonel's wife down to the railroad. For a year there had been no open act of hostility on the part of the Indians, but we had known for weeks that they were making ready for an outbreak. It was queer enough that the colonel should come down to us in person as we stood beside our saddled horses, knowing nothing of where we were to go or the object of the trip, but stranger yet that all "military etiquette" should go out of his voice and demeanor as he said:

"Men, I am going to send my wife down to the railroad to go east. You are to be her escort. It is a case of life or death, or she would not go. I am afraid of the Indians, and yet I think you will get through all right. You are to make the best time possible. If attacked—"

"We shall beat them off, sir," replied Sergeant Gregg after waiting half a minute for the colonel to finish.

"I hope you can. I can only send the seven of you and a driver. Eight men ought to beat off 100 Indians, unless taken in ambush. Be watchful and prudent. Sergeant, you are an old Indian fighter. You will know best what to do. You will get away by 1 o'clock. Travel as fast as you can and as late as you can, so as to finish the journey tomorrow. If you are attacked—"

The colonel did not finish. He looked at each man and horse, inspected the ambulance and its pair of mules, and with a half nod to us he walked away. His wife must go, and, owing to details and sickness, no commissioned officer could be sent along. If the Indians were out, an escort of 20 men would not be too large. Only eight of us were to go. Had he finished his sentence he would have said:

"If attacked and you are about to fall into the hands of the red devils, do not let my wife be captured alive."

We understood what he meant, though we said nothing to each other. No matter what he or any one else feared, the little woman was almost merry as she took her seat in the ambulance for the start. Nothing had happened when we reached the valley, and as we looked around us and across it nothing could be seen to alarm. We had just taken the ropes off the blocked wheels of the ambulance when the warwhoop of the hostile Indians sounded behind us, and we looked back over our trail to catch sight of 100 mounted warriors bearing down upon us. They had picked our trail and run us down.

"Mount! Now, straight across the valley! Fall in to the rear of the ambulance." The voice of the old sergeant was hard and firm as he spoke. The curtains of the ambulance were up, and I glanced at the colonel's wife. She had seen and heard. Her cheeks had paled, but she was removing a repeating rifle from its hooks as we fell in behind the vehicle. It was a clear five mile dash. The prairie was as level as a floor, and the mules needed no urging after hearing the yells of the Indians. The soldier driver wound the lines about his hands, braced his feet, and away we went. We had a start of half a mile. "No man looked back. The pace was a hot one, and there was cover five miles away. The Indians gained on us, but only inch by inch. The mules took up such a gait that our horses had to lie right down to it to keep up. Not a word was spoken as we rode, but every ear listened to locate those coming up behind us. If they came too near, we must halt and open fire while the ambulance pushed on. We had almost reached cover before three or four rifle bullets came singing over our heads. Three minutes later we were among the trees and rocks, and the race was ended. As the ambulance halted and we flung ourselves off our horses I looked back and saw a band of at least 70 Indians almost within rifle shot of us. The road struck the hills at a gulch and they dared not follow us into that. They gave vent to their disappointment by shouts and yells and a waste of ammunition, and for a few minutes they had no plan in view.

"Well, we beat them in a fair race," said the colonel's wife as she descended from the ambulance with the rifle in her hands. "Sergeant Gregg, what are you going to do now?"

"Take cover, ma'am," he replied as he gave her the military salute.

"Yes, of course," she said as she looked about. "Did you ever see a pair of mules run faster? I might have got a shot but for you men behind. There must be near 100 Indians out there, but I guess we are safe enough now."

She rattled on in that fashion while we were taking the mules from the ambulance and unsaddling our horses, and it was a great weight off our minds to realize that she would not be a burden on our hands. It was idle to think of pursuing our journey in the darkness which would soon close down, and before morning there would be plenty of Indians on the trail beyond. We must take cover and hope to stand them off until help arrived or they grew discouraged at the siege. As we were consulting about location and defense the colonel's wife came back to us from the mouth of the gulch and said:

"That's the place, over to the left, men. There's a spring on that hill, with a good growth to shelter all, and you can see plenty of bowlders lying about."

The sergeant had selected the same spot, and in the course of a quarter of an hour we were occupying it. We got the horses and mules up there, but the vehicle was left behind. It was a cone shaped hill amid half a dozen such, but it commanded the others. It was covered with pines and cedars of sizzil growth, and there was a

splendid spring right on the crest. If the Indians had been fierce in their pursuit or crafty in their plans, we could not have reached it. It was the outbreak of war again with them, and they were overcautious. They drew back into the valley to consult, thus giving us a fair show, and we were snug enough when night fell and they made a dash for us, which we easily repulsed. Darkness found us occupying a circle about 40 feet across, with stones and bowlders and trees for shelter, and, though the situation was an anxious one and full of danger, all were in good spirits. We made a fire between two rocks and cooked

our supper, and by the use of blankets we put up a tent for the colonel's wife, though against her protests. After the one single effort of the Indians, which was doubtless more of a reconnaissance than an attack, we were left in peace, though all through the night we heard sounds to prove they were taking up positions on all sides of us and making ready for the morrow.

None of us except the woman slept an hour all night long. We used levers to loosen bowlders and roll them into the circle, and with our knives we cut off limbs and cut down small trees to further strengthen our fort. We got the horses into a sort of gully below us and made the position as safe as possible, and when daylight came there was nothing more to be done. We had above 600 rounds of ammunition, food for three days and water was at hand.

Daybreak found us ready for an attack. The colonel's wife took her place, rifle in hand, between two men, and for half an hour we expected a sudden rush. At the end of that time a single warrior appeared to view at the base of the hill and in broken English demanded our surrender. The sergeant answered him that we were ready for them, and at the same time fired a shot which rolled the redskin's pony over. Three minutes later there was a circle of fire about us. Indians had mounted into trees to the right and left of us to get a plunging fire, and from the tops of two lower hills they poured their bullets at random. We simply crouched down behind the rocks and smoked our pipes, pleased that they were throwing away their cartridges. At the end of an hour they ceased firing. Not a man of us had been touched, but stray bullets had killed one of the mules and wounded two horses. There would be a rush now, and as we made ready for it the colonel's wife sank down beside me and quietly said:

"I've tumbled over sage hens and jack rabbits, and I ought to be able to hit an Indian. Do I look frightened?"

"You are as white as a ghost, ma'am," I answered as I turned to her.

"But I'm all right," she smilingly said, "and here they come."

So they did. With every painted warrior yelling at the top of his voice the entire band charged us at once, taking in the whole circle. It was not until they got close up that we could see anything to shoot at, and every few seconds the sergeant cried out to us to hold our fire. It was over in a minute. They did not expect to find us entrenched, and we knocked them over like ninopins.

I believe we killed or wounded a full score, and it took the fight-out of them so thoroughly that not a rifle was fired at us again until afternoon. Then, soon after 2 o'clock and without the slightest warning, we were charged again, and for three minutes it was a wild melee. We fired into their very faces as they sprang upon the defenses, and two warriors were shot down inside our fort, and both by the colonel's wife. It was their final and supreme effort, and well it was for us that it was thus. When we had beaten them off, Sergeant Gregg and another man lay dead, four men were badly wounded, and they had cut our animals out of the gulch and run them off. Had the attack lasted a minute longer or been renewed two men and a woman would alone have opposed it. And among the queer things of that last dash was the behavior of the colonel's wife. With my own eyes I saw her shoot down the two warriors who leaped the breastwork, and I believe she killed two or three more outside of it, and yet when the attack had been repulsed the little woman fell over in a dead faint, and for ten minutes we believed her dead from a bullet. When she came back to life, she had a fit of weeping, and when that was over she turned to and attended our hurts and was ready for another brush.

We put in another night right there, not knowing that the Indians had drawn off, but soon after sunrise next morning were relieved of all anxiety by the appearance of a scout, who passed on and sent us aid from the fort. The colonel's wife did not get down to the railroad, for that was the opening of a war which lasted for months, but there was no blame attached to any of the living who returned with her. On the contrary the old martinet of a colonel took each one of us by the hand, breaking over "military etiquette" once more in his life, and said:

"You did well, my man, and here's my hand on it, and I won't forget you!"

Keep Well

Easy to say, but how shall I do it? In the only common sense way—keep your head cool, your feet warm and your blood rich and pure by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Then all your nerves, muscles, tissues and organs will be properly nourished. Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up the system, creates an appetite, tones the stomach and gives strength. It is the people's Spring Medicine, has a larger sale and effects more cures than all others.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the One True Blood Purifier. C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are the favorite family cathartic. Price 25c.

Several Doctors Declared that Mr. Morisette Would Die.

Paine's Celery Compound, Nature's Spring Medicine, Saves a Life at the Eleventh Hour.

A Terrible Case of Inflammatory Rheumatism Permanently Cured.

This is the Season When Paine's Celery Compound Does Its Life Saving Work.

Scores of the best people in and around Roxton Pond, P. Q., know of Mr. Morisette's wonderful cure by Paine's Celery Compound at a time when the best doctors said he would surely die.

The almost miraculous cure has made a deep impression on the minds of the thoughtful and earnest in the district referred to. Since Mr. Morisette's rescue from death, several victories have been scored by Paine's Celery Compound in Roxton Pond, and to day it is safe to say that Paine's Celery Compound is the chosen medicine of the sick in that quiet country town, and in every case is giving grand results. Mr. Morisette writes as follows:

WELL & RICHARDSON CO.,
GENTLEMEN:—Having been given up to die some time ago by some of the best doctors of the United States, I came to Canada last autumn terribly ill, and had lost all hope. Suffering agonies from inflammatory rheumatism, I was strongly urged to use Paine's Celery Compound. I gave it a trial as recommended, and the first bottle did me so much good I continued with the medicine until I had used seven bottles, when I found myself perfectly cured; indeed, I never felt better in all my life than at present.

I use every possible means to tell others of Paine's Celery Compound, and will always recommend it to those troubled with rheumatism.

Yours very truly,
Wm. MORISSETTE,
Roxton Pond, P. Q.

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GENTLEMEN:—Having been given up to die some time ago by some of the best doctors of the United States, I came to Canada last autumn terribly ill, and had lost all hope. Suffering agonies from inflammatory rheumatism, I was strongly urged to use Paine's Celery Compound. I gave it a trial as recommended, and the first bottle did me so much good I continued with the medicine until I had used seven bottles, when I found myself perfectly cured; indeed, I never felt better in all my life than at present.



SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's, Ask for Carter's, Insist and demand Little Liver Pills.

We are not going to move

But we are selling Crocker just as cheap as we were.

Special discounts on all Crocker China and Glass now in stock, to make room for spring importations.

Also—First class Photographs made in all the leading styles, at the old stand.

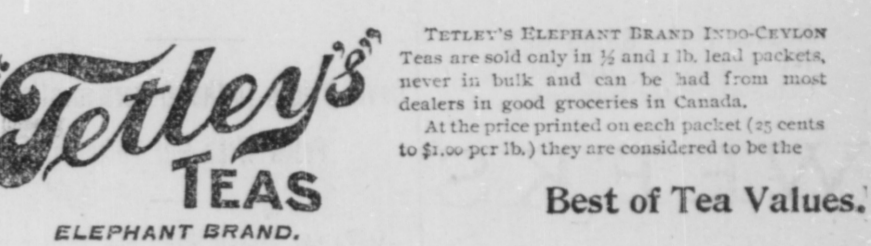
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Exactly opposite the North Side of Market House. GRAFTON STREET.....

For 10 cents

in cash or stamps, we will mail you, all charges prepaid, a handsome metal box, size 5 1/4 inches long, 3 1/2 inches wide and 1 inch deep, filled with TETLEY'S ELEPHANT BRAND INDO-CYLON TEA, 50 cents per lb. quality. The box alone is worth the money—the Tea it contains is worth more than the money.

It's offered as an inducement to make you acquainted with the delicious Elephant Brand Teas, and incidentally to see where our advertising is best read—and so kindly mention the paper.



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Best of Tea Values.

TETLEY'S ELEPHANT BRAND INDO-CYLON Teas are sold only in 1/2 and 1 lb. lead packets, never in bulk and can be had from most dealers in good groceries in Canada. At the price printed on each packet (25 cents to \$1.00 per lb.) they are considered to be the

Important to Invalids

Tried, exhausted nature finds a reliable recuperative in the stimulating and invigorating properties of

A wee drappie o' Pattison's Rare Old Whisky

Strictly pure, reliable and effective, this grand the best and safest stimulant for invalids' use. Recommended by leading physicians as being superior to brandy, owing to its great age. For sale by all authorized vendors. Wholesale by

For Sale By All Licensed Vendors

Use every possible means to tell others of Paine's Celery Compound, and will always recommend it to those troubled with rheumatism.

Yours very truly,
Wm. MORISSETTE,
Roxton Pond, P. Q.

RING OUT THE BELLS.

Hear what Madame Albani's special accompanist has to say about the

BELL PIANOS

THE QUEEN'S,
TORONTO, Feby. 22nd, 1897

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

In connection with my visit to Canada as Pianist to Madame Albani, I have had occasion to observe various makes of pianos, and have been much impressed with the advances which are being made in the art of piano construction in this young and flourishing country. One of the most recent instruments to arrest my attention—and I might say one of the best—is the well known "Bell" Piano. Its tone is admirable throughout, and the touch firm and responsive—just what we musicians like—in fact, an excellent piano in every respect. The new Orchestral Attachment (which I understand can be obtained on "Bell" pianos only) is also an excellent feature, and one which will doubtless excite interest with all classes. I do not hesitate to say that I consider the "Bell" piano a good, honest instrument, and so recommend it to any intending purchaser.

(Sgd.) ARMANDO SEPPILLI.
(Conductor, Koyal Italian Opera, Covent Garden.)
Pianist to Madame Albani, Canadian tour, 1896-7.

For sale only at
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Piano Warerooms, Opera House Building,
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