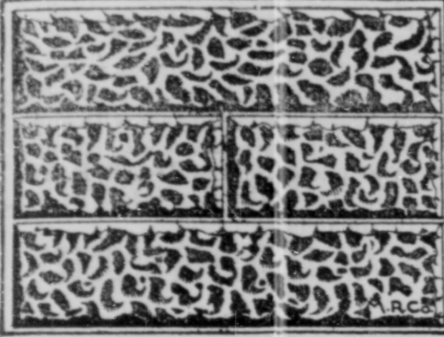


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Rare Works of Art. Prices that will sell them. Ready for your inspection. HASZARD & MOORE SUNNYSIDE.

Tenders for Church

SEALED TENDERS will be received by the undersigned, until February 8th, 1900, for the construction of a new Roman Catholic Church, at Souris, P. E. Island, designed by Mr. W. C. Harris, Architect, to be built of stone or brick, about one hundred and eighty feet over all in length, and to seat about nine hundred and fifty people.

Something New FOR 1900

One case Oak Mounted Goods consisting in part of Salt Cellars, Pepper Boxes, Mustard Pots, Butter Dishes, Breakfast Cruets, Muffinners. The above are very pretty and durable. E. W. TAYLOR, CAMERON BLOCK, CHARLOTTETOWN.

THE DUDE'S LUCK.

Harold Tremayne Found It Very Advantageous In the Klondike.

Harold Tremayne was at eight and twenty a favored clerk in a large business house in Liverpool, the chum of all his fellow clerks and something of the spoiled pet of his employers. He was invited to the senior partner's residence in the Lake district, and there had the reckless audacity to fall in love with his host's youngest daughter, Mabel. What is worse, the young lady was not slow in recognizing his devotion or in allowing him to see that she also cared for him.

"I'm sorry for you, Tremayne. It was straightforward and manly of you to speak to me before matters had gone further, but you will, of course, understand that while I hope to see you stay with the firm and rise in the office, any question of such a marriage is absolutely not to be thought of. Mabel is not 18 and will soon forget a holiday fancy."

Harold looked a young man's scorn of monetary considerations in such a matter, and the old man added, half sadly: "You may think me mercenary, but I have seen too much misery brought about by unequal marriages, where the income has been all on the wife's side and where misallied love has dictated that most unhappy alliance—a runaway match."

Poor Harold returned next day to his work in Liverpool, alternately bemoaning his comparative poverty of £200 a year and sympathizing with the shrewd wisdom of Mabel's father. His soul rebelled against the underhand courtship of a rich man's daughter, and pride and resolution struggled over the problem.

Can a man with £200 a year wed a woman with £800, and how can a young man most rapidly and certainly quadruple the former income? He did not decide suddenly, but most people would agree that he decided rashly, for a few days later he resolved that the first step toward gaining a thousand a year was to resign the position which brought him in nearly a quarter of that amount.

Harold was on the point of saying that whether Mabel loved him or not his love for her made staying with the firm impossible, but restrained himself and only repeated his resignation.

"All right," said Mr. Bartlett, "go if you must, but mind, if you come back, as of course you will, we will give you a post in the office, but you'll have to begin as a junior again."

"I shall return with £20,000 or not at all," said Tremayne stoutly.

A strong, healthy young man, Harold had always been fond of athletic exercises; otherwise he had absolutely no fitness for roughing it in a mining camp and for the strenuous work of digging or washing for gold. Still, fired by the tales which appeared in the English papers of quickly amassed wealth in and about Dawson City, he determined to place his whole future on the hazard of the die. He had sufficient money for the necessary outfit and expenses for a few months' stay at the mines and hurried



The best thing with which a mother can crown her daughter is a common sense knowledge of the distinctly feminine physiology. Every woman should thoroughly understand her own nature. Every woman should understand the supreme importance of keeping herself well and strong in a womanly way. Nearly all of the pains and aches, nearly all the weakness and sickness and suffering of women is due to disorders or disease of the organs distinctly feminine.

A woman who suffers in this way is unfitted for wifehood and motherhood. Maternity is a menace of death. Thousands of women suffer in this way because their innate modesty will not permit them to submit to the disgusting examinations and local treatment insisted upon by the average physician. These ordeals are unnecessary. Dr. R. V. Pierce, an eminent and skillful specialist, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y., has discovered a wonderful remedy with which women may treat and speedily cure themselves in the privacy of their own homes. This medicine is known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs concerned. It makes them well and strong. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration, soothes pain and rests the tortured nerves. Taken during the critical period, it banishes the usual discomforts and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. Thousands of women who were once weak, sickly, nervous, fretful invalids, are now happy, healthy wives, because of this medicine. It is sold by all good medicine dealers and no honest dealer will advise a substitute.

"When I commenced using Dr. Pierce's medicine three years ago," writes Mrs. Ella J. Fox, care of W. C. Fox, of Eldorado, Saine Co., Ill. "I was the picture of death. I had no heart to take anything. Weight was 125. My husband had been to see five different doctors about my trouble (female weakness). I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's medicine, also wrote to him for advice. I took four bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and one vial of his Pleasant Pellets, and am now a well woman."

THE FAT IN

the food supplies warmth and strength; without it the digestion, the muscles, the nerves and the brain are weak, and general debility follows. But fat is hard to digest and is disliked by many.

Scott's Emulsion supplies the fat in a form pleasant to take and easy to digest. It strengthens the nerves and muscles, invigorates mind and body, and builds up the entire system.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

across Canada and took the first boat leaving Victoria for Fort Wrangle.

It was on the steamer that he first had the name of "the English dude" fastened upon him, and for no better reason than that he paid rather more attention to personal neatness than did his fellow voyagers and treasure seekers. The long journey was finally accomplished, and Harold Tremayne found himself one of the latest and most ignorant of the inhabitants of the city which had sprung up on the banks of the Yukon river, that cosmopolitan city crowded with citizens all engaged in the feverish race for the possession of sufficient wealth to be able to leave it. Allowing his ignorance to be more than suspected, the English dude found his stores and dollars rapidly diminishing. Victimized by the crowd of idlers who lived on newcomers, he was not long before finding himself absolutely penniless and with nothing but his muscles and a few tools to ward off actual starvation. Thoughts of his old position in the firm of Bartlett, Joyce & Co., and of his late employer's offer of a junior clerkship on his return, braced him to fresh efforts.

He had tried for weeks to pick up a thorough knowledge of the work and to accustom himself to the long endurance of a miner's labor. Sometimes he had joined with other newcomers and sometimes had sought help by himself, but always with the most ludicrously insignificant results. "The dude's luck" became proverbial among the older miners, and

as Harold journeyed on an evening to the tent which he shared with another "tenderfoot" he would hear men shout to one another: "Say, Jake, how've you got on today?" "Oh, not enough to cover a nickel—the dude's luck again."

Harold knew that the gibe and the laugh which followed it were directed against himself, but doggedly continued on his seemingly hopeless hunt for that which meant life and love to him. At length matters were getting desperate, for he could no longer get employment. If he offered his help, he was told bluntly, "We don't want the dude's luck here."

Almost worn out with that hope deferred which maketh the heart sick, he paused one day to watch an oldish man who worked on in his claim almost without intermission. The old man seemed irritated, as though he thought the dude's luck might be contagious.

"What d'ye want?" he growled. "I can't afford to pay for any dude's help."

"I want," said Harold, "what most of us are here for, I guess, and that is gold."

"Well, why don't you look for it 'stead of loafing around and hindering others?" "Where shall I look?" said Harold in the half tired, half pettish tone of one who had tried everywhere.

"Well," said the man, pausing from his labors and straightening his back with difficulty, "if I were you I'd try right there in the middle of that slew."

This was said with the broadest wink to some other men standing near and was received by them with a loud guffaw of laughter.

To the men's surprise Harold at once crossed to the slew in small depression of marshy land where stagnant water gathered and was soon busily at work. On the following day he continued and went down to the office and formally entered for the claim. The news spread that the English dude had staked a claim and was working for gold in the Boggy slew. A number of idlers hung about and watched him and amused one another with their gibes.

"Say, dude," would come the familiar impertinence, "don't you want a partner there?" "Or a team to carry off the gold?" from another bystander.

Then a pause, and another tormentor would begin. "Don't forget to give me some shares in the company."

Then, again, "Say, dude, how many thousand'll you sell your claim for?" "With your luck thrown in," added a further voice.

After a few days Harold's face flushed with a reviving hope. He had found gold in his unpromising claim, and the only question was how soon would it give out. Each day's work, however, seemed to yield him a heavier return of ore, and at length he found a "pocket" which was in itself a fortune. With an extra heavy load he went down to the bank and was as usual hailed by another gold seeker:

"Say, anything but water in your slew?" "Nothing much," replied Harold in an offhand manner. "Only the dude's luck."

The find was too remarkable a one to remain long unknown, and it was soon bruited abroad that the "dude" had made nearly a record "pile." At once Harold Tremayne found himself courted by those who had laughed and giped at him but a few hours earlier. He had worked for a goal that he had never lost sight of, and before the weather rendered

ed traveling impossible he made arrangements safeguarding his interests in Klondike and returned to Vancouver, already the master of more wealth than that which Mr. Bartlett had named as an essential qualification for a son-in-law of his.

Returned "bearded like the pard" from a place where everything is subordinated to the feverish lust for gold, Harold had himself, to use his own words, "shaved into respectability," and started east with the least possible delay. He had left Liverpool in the early spring and was back there once more in the early winter. His vessel arrived in the Mersey about noon, and directly he got ashore Harold proceeded to the familiar offices in Water street.

He was eyed somewhat dubiously by his whilom fellow clerks, who only knew that he had "chucked up his berth" for some whim. With a little trepidation he asked if Mr. Bartlett were in and was at once ushered into the principal partner's sanctum.

"Ha!" exclaimed that worthy. "How d'ye do, Tremayne? Back even sooner than I expected." Then, without waiting for a reply, he rose and called into the outer office: "Mr. Joyce, can we make a vacancy for a new junior? Here's your young Tremayne wants us to give him a fresh start."

Poor Harold felt in a very awkward quandary. He could not well blurt out: "I've made a fortune. Now may I marry Mabel?" Yet that, of course, was what his return meant. While Mr. Bartlett had gone to the door, the younger man's eyes fell upon a copy of The Daily Post on the desk, and he saw in a flash the following paragraph:

"Among the passengers by the steamship Parisian, due in the Mersey today, is one of the latest of the Klondike millionaires, Harold Tremayne, who we believe only left this city in the early part of the present year."

Harold's eyes sparkled with amusement as he put his finger against the paragraph and pointed it out to Mr. Bartlett, who gentlemanly resented himself. The usually dignified head of the firm jumped from his chair to the door again and called excitedly:

"I say, Joyce, of course I meant junior partner. Don't make any confounded mistake and imagine I meant junior clerk."

With the new year the style of the firm became Bartlett, Joyce & Tremayne, and when spring was merging into summer the daughter of the oldest member of the firm became the wife of the youngest.—Lloyd's News.

WHOOPIING COUGH.

Cannot Be Cured in a Day, but Griffiths' Menthol Liniment Will Be Found to Give Your Child Instant Relief. You Will Find it Superior to Anything Else for Croup or Whooping Cough.

When your children have Whooping Cough it is not desirable to stop the coughing entirely, but relief should be sought. Griffiths' Menthol Liniment is pronounced by hundreds of mothers to be the best remedy ever tried for Whooping Cough. Used internally and externally, it goes direct to the spot and gives ease and comfort to the child. There will be no constant Whooping and Coughing all night if you give them Griffiths' Menthol Liniment. It is pleasant to take and clean to apply. Your druggist, 25 cents.

Discount sale of Willow Market Baskets

Last week we received a large case of Willow Market Baskets from England that should have been here 3 months ago but were delayed somewhere on the way.

In order to clear a lot of them out quick we have decided to take a discount of 12 1/2 per cent off our regular selling prices. This is a chance to get a nice serviceable market basket at a low figure. Call early and get your pick of them.

BEER & GOFF GROCERS.

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