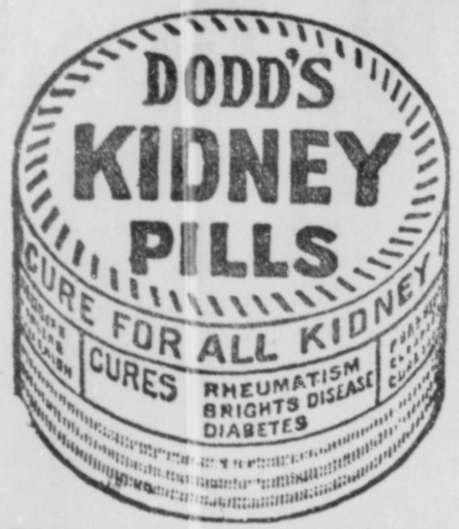


Be on Your **Guard!**



THE BEST is always imitated. Dodd's Kidney Pills, sold only in boxes like this, are widely imitated, because they are the best kidney cure. Take none but

D-O-D-D'S

WE WANT HOUSEKEEPERS



To come in and look over our groceries. Our stock is fine and fresh and guaranteed to be satisfactory. We keep everything in our line that is necessary.

FOR HOUSEKEEPING

The prices—well, that is what we want you to see when you are looking at our goods. Their lowness will surprise you.

DRISCOLL and HORNSBY
QUEEN STREET

THE WEEK'S GROCERIES...

Perhaps you would like to get a little more for what you spend.

Perhaps you would like to have everything fresh and nice.

If you will try my store I think you will find that your money will go farther.

And all the groceries you get will be good and fresh.

JOHN McKENNA.
QUEEN ST. GROCER



PLANT LINE.

EXCURSIONS
CHARLOTTETOWN TO BOSTON
AND RETURN FOR
\$11.00
Good for 30 Days.

Commencing Oct 3rd, the well known S. S. Halifax leaves Charlottetown every Tuesday at noon for Boston, via Hawkesbury and Halifax.
From Halifax—Every Wednesday at 11 p.m. Passengers ticketed via Pictou on Wednesdays.
From Boston every Saturday at noon. Tickets for sale at Stations on P. E. Railway. For tickets, rates on freight and all information apply
H. L. CHIPMAN, W. W. CLARKE,
Supt., Halifax, Agent

St. Dunstan's College
Classical and Commercial.

AFFILIATED TO LAVAL UNIVERSITY
The classes in St. Dunstan's College will be resumed on TUESDAY, the 12th September next.
For further particulars apply to
A. P. McLELLAN,
Rector
St. Dunstan's College,
Ch'town, Aug 30, '99

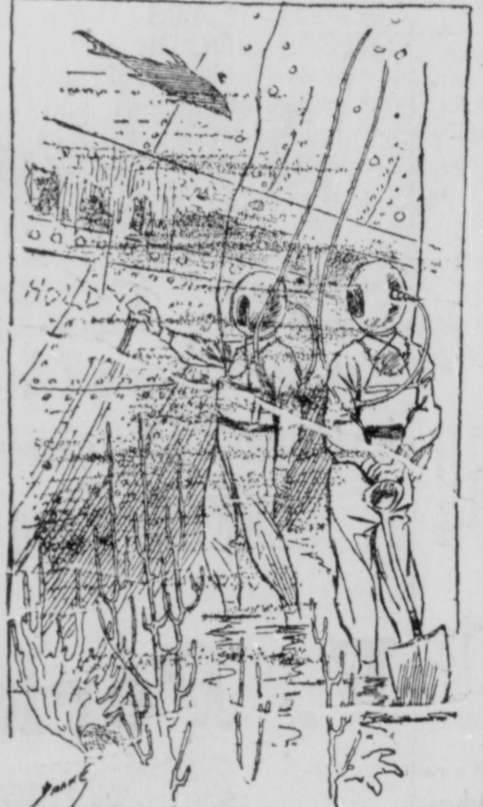
THE TREASURE FISHING.

By OUTOLIFFE HYNÉ.

(Continued.)

"Look here," I said to him. "I give you your choice—those boxes are to be taken back from the pit and stowed back inside the Corinth tomorrow; then we'll announce that we've dug away the mud, and can get at the strong room, and next day we'll warp the Gleaner across, rig a whip and let her hoist them on board one by one with her own winch. If you'll do this, I'll work with you so long as my arms will move; if you refuse, I'll go to the old man now and tell him what I know."

"It may be a dangerous deal for you yet," he said grimly.
"Ah, there," said I, "I've insured myself. I've thought that if an accident



"Hold your tongue, Mac," I read, "and you shall share."

happened to me below the water yonder you might forget to be honest. So I've written out an account of what I know and sealed it, and if I don't turn up the envelope will be opened."

"You've plumed me?" he said.
"I think so."

He stared at me quietly for a minute, and then he spoke again. "Do you know, Mac," said he, "I'm not so sorry for it as you might think. I was led into this precious scheme by some one else. But I'm not going to blame anybody now that can't be here to speak for himself, and, besides, I'll freely admit that I was keen enough upon the chance when it was put in my way; it seemed so safe, and it was such a thumping big plum to go for. I guess we've most of us kept honest through fear of being found out."

"And, besides, things are not always as safe as they look."

"You're right, Mac, and I'll remember that for the future, and I guess it'll scare me into keeping straight."

"You're not a very healthy way of looking at it," said I.

"I'll admit that," said he, "but from society's point of view it's a very useful one. We're funny animals. I feel far easier now than I did an hour ago, and I know some one else who'll be easier too."

"That will be Miss Bradbury you're speaking of?"

"Maybe so, maybe no," said he.



A man who neglects his health is sailing his craft of life in dangerous seas. He cannot too soon awaken to the fact that he is imperiling his most precious endowment. All the wealth in the world, all the power in the world, all the pleasure in the world, all the love and poetry and music and nobility and beauty are but dust in the mouth of the man who has lost his health.

Keeping healthy means looking after the disorders that ninety-nine men in a hundred neglect. You cannot get the average, every-day man to believe that indigestion or biliousness, or costiveness or headache or loss of sleep or appetite, or shakiness in the morning and dullness through the day amount to much anyway. He will "pooh, pooh" at you, until some morning he wakes up and finds himself sick as a dog. Then he will send for a doctor and find out to his surprise that all these disorders have been but the danger signals of a big malady that has robbed him of his health, possibly forever. It may be consumption or nervous prostration or malaria or rheumatism or some blood or skin disease. It matters not, they all have their inception in the same neglected disorders. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes the appetite keen, the digestion perfect, the liver active, the blood pure, the nerves steady and gives sound and refreshing sleep. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption. In fact bronchial, throat and lung affections generally yield to it. Medicine stores sell it.
One or two at bedtime cure constipation.—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate and invigorate the stomach, liver and bowels. By all medicine dealers.

"The person I have in mind writes books and has a great liking for romance and told me almost as soon as we met that it was a pity the old days were gone, when there were pirates and all that sort of stuff, and sea life was more exciting. We got intimate, that writer and I, Mac, and the tale of this game here with the gold boxes slipped out. I claimed there was every bit as much romance in that as there was in the old time buccaneering."

"And she agreed to let you go on with it just because she loved you," said I, "and then she heart out with fear lest you should get dropped upon. Man, you need not go further with the yarn. It's been plain to the eyes of every one that's watched the lassie about the decks that she was just fretting herself to a shadow about something."

"It's made me nearly cry to see her." "Well, man," said I, "it's over now, and she can begin to put on flesh again so soon as ever you choose to tell her the new plan. If I mistake not, you've the flutter of a dress in the companion way this minute. I'll be away forrard and turn in. Maybe you'll have business here you'd rather talk of out of my hearing."

And a minute later I heard the hum of their voices and guessed Cameron was getting rid of his new version of the tale. So that was the way the gold boxes from the Corinth found their way into the Gleaner's hold, but I fancy Captain Boyd must have thought all along that there was something going on which was not quite according to rule. Still, how he found it out I can't say. Storey couldn't have told him, since the man never found speech again; it was certain that neither Cameron nor Miss Bradbury would have let it out, and most assuredly I did not.

But after we got to Liverpool and all hands from the Gleaner turned out to see our diver married to his girl the old man pulled me aside as we left the church and crumpled a couple of £20 Bank of England notes into my hands, and "Those," said he, "are from the salvage company. I told them I thought you deserved them—I told them I thought they were owing you a matter of £270,000, but I couldn't get more for you, Mac, my lad, and perhaps you are better without it. Companies are not addicted to giving away tips when they aren't forced, and third engineers, Mac—well, they have thirsts, haven't they, my lad?"

Well, I suppose he was right. I know I had clean pockets a week later.

Breechless at the Ball.

The mayor of a provincial town recently gave a fancy dress ball, at which all of the elite of the town were present. One worthy alderman, who was rather stout, wore a pair of tight breeches, and in the course of one of the dances he felt its seams giving way. Hastily seeking out his wife, he told her of his dilemma, and she, procuring a needle and thread, sought out an anteroom where she thought they would be free from intrusion while the breach was repaired.

The worthy alderman had no sooner pulled off his breeches than two ladies came along the corridor with the intention, as she supposed, of visiting the same room. Mrs. Alderman looked around the room for some place in which to hide her breechless spouse, and, opening the first door she came to, she said, "Quick, John, go in here—there's two ladies coming." At the same time, pushing him through, she closed and bolted the door and turned to meet the intruders with a smiling face, when a loud knocking occurred on the other side of the door, and her husband frantically yelled:

"Open the door! Open it quick! I'm in the ballroom!"—London Weekly Telegraph.

Persistency.

The characteristic of genuine heroism is its persistency. All men have wandering impulses, fits and starts of generosity. But when you have resolved to be great, abide by yourself, and do not weakly try to reconcile yourself with the world. The heroic cannot be the common, nor the common the heroic. Yet we have the weakness to expect the sympathy of people in those actions whose excellence is that they outrun sympathy and appeal to a tardy justice. If you would serve your brother, because it is fit for you to serve him, do not take back your words when you find that prudent people do not commend you. Be true to your own act, and congratulate yourself if you have done something strange and extravagant and broken the monotony of a decorous age.

It was a high counsel that I once heard given to a young person, "Always do what you are afraid to do." A simple, manly character need never make an apology, but should regard its past action with the calm of Phocion, when he admitted that the event of the battle was happy, yet did not regret his dissuasion from the battle.—Emerson.

9-9-99.

On Sept. 9 next people will date their letters—not all people, but a large number—9-9-99.

How long will it be before a similar collocation of numbers occurs and how often will it occur in the twentieth century? Perhaps 1-1-01 might be accepted, and 2-2-22, meaning Candlemas day, 1922, would certainly be so.

There is no prize attached to the answer.—London Chronicle.

Royal Oak soap; it is all right.

ONE TREE ISLAND.

By JOHN BLOUNDELLE-BURTON.

[Copyright, 1899, by John Bloundelle-Burton.]

CHAPTER I.

"Matey," he said, as he rose and put his twisted bit of paper between the bars of the fire and lit his pipe, "that there's a good yarn, specially for a king's man what don't sail over peccolar seas, and I don't deny it. But, this here being a rough night, and we all assembled comfortable, I think as how I can tell you one that'll take the wind out of the sails of yourn, and this is how it goes."

It was a rough night outside, as he had said, and the old signboard of the Ship and Fair Wind, the inn in which we were all sitting at Portsmouth, was creaking dismally in company with that of the signboard of the King's Head—the head of his present gracious majesty King George III—God bless him—opposite, and we certainly were all most comfortable round the parlor fire. Two marines, "king's men," as he had somewhat contemptuously called them, and two sailors of the same vessel they were on were drinking a bowl of punch between them. He who had spoken as above was drinking hot rum, two or three other Jack Tars of the trading service were drinking hot gin and water, and all were smoking.

I alone was neither drinking nor smoking, for, in truth, I was then nothing but a beardless, not full grown boy, who my dear mother—the Lord rest her soul!—would sometimes let sit in the parlor of the inn and hear the stories told by the seafarers who used our house, she being the landlady of the Ship and Fair Wind. And perhaps it was because my father had been cast away and lost in the seas off the Bermudas that I listened always with such very great eagerness to all the stories that these rovers of the ocean would tell and hoped myself to be one of them some day, and perhaps also because of these very stories my mother allowed me to sit in the room and harken to them, she hoping always—dear, good mother—that my father's dreadful fate and these terrible stories of shipwrecks, battles by sea and land and awful encounters with savage beasts in the water and on the shore would drive from out of my boyish head the hopes I entertained of myself being, some day, a great sailor. But this they never did.

"Yes," he began, "this is how it goes. And you, matey, as a king's man, listen most attentive. For never, in the few seas as King George's—his health, God bless him—vessels sail in, will you have the prospect of encountering such an adventure as this here which I'm a-going to tell."

(to be continued)

ITCHING PILES...

Positively and permanently cured by Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment is an absolute cure for piles, and has never been known to fail to cure the worst forms of this disease which has baffled medical skill for ages.

This statement may sound rather strong to persons who do not know the superior merits of Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment, but it is perfectly true, and heartily endorsed by the grateful testimony of thousands of men and women who have been cured by it after years of suffering, and after trying many preparations and consulting the best doctors.

Mr. H. Bull, Belleville, Ont., says: "I take pleasure in stating that after thirty years of suffering with Itching Piles, Dr. Chase's Ointment has completely cured me. I tried every remedy that was advertised, with little or no benefit, but as I have told different persons affected as I was, Dr. Chase's Ointment made a perfect cure."

Dr. Chase's Ointment has a record of cures unparalleled in the history of medicine. It is guaranteed to cure any case of piles. For sale by all dealers, or Edmansson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

POSTPONED RACES At Souris

The races which were to have taken place at Souris yesterday were postponed on account of rain until

Thursday the 12th October inst.

There will be a match race between the stallions, Prince Regent, Prospector and Progress Lad for a purse of \$150; a three minute race for a purse of \$75; and a green race for a purse of \$30.

Entrance fee 10 per cent. of purse. Entries to close on Tuesday.

Races will be called at 12 o'clock sharp. Special train will leave Charlottetown at 8.30 local time a. m. on day of race; return fare one dollar.

Return tickets at one first class fare will be issued from all stations west of Charlottetown.

F. S. MACDONALD,
dy & wky Secretary.

BINDER TWINE

2 carloads best quality.
N. RATTENBURY

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is for infants and children. Castoria is harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paragoric, and Soothing Syrups. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. Castoria assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels of Infants and Children, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
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Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. ARCHER, M. D. Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

Chas. H. Fletcher.

APPEARS ON EVERY WRAPPER.

THE CENTRAL COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

New Goods Coming Daily to Hand

LADIES' HATS	MEN'S HATS, CAPS
LADIES' COATS	Men's Underwear
	A good range different weights, including Stanfield's Unshrinkable.

T. J. HARRIS,
LON

No More War

Swords will be beaten into plough shares later on; but the armers do not need to wait till the "Peace Conference" is over, before buying their plough shares, as they can do so at once, by calling at the Masonic Temple Store, where the share, or other plough extras can be had for less money, and better than any imported. Prove this at once, by trying them.

T. A. MACLEAN

MANUFACTURER OF ALL KINDS OF DAIRY & FARM MACHINERY,
Esdaile Foundry and machinery Depot.
Office, Masonic Temple, Charlottetown, P.

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26000 LBS RECEIVED THIS SEASON

BERGER'S and CANADA PAINT CO'S

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