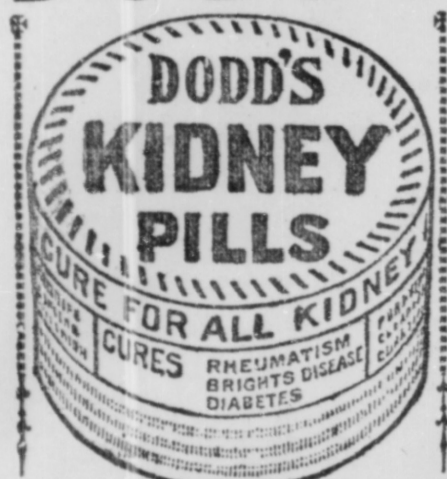


**D-O-D-D'S**



**D-O-D-D'S**

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS, the only positive, never-failing cure, on earth, for all Kidney diseases. Take No Other. Get the Genuine. Refuse Imitations. There's Only One Dodd's.

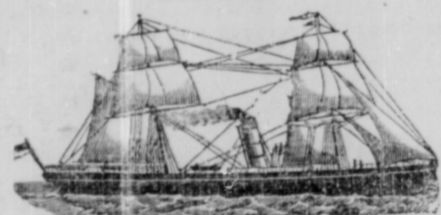
**ADVICE ABOUT**

**Spice.**

When ordering a package Pepper, Ginger, Allspice, Cinnamon or Cream of Tartar from your grocer you can always feel sure of securing the best quality by asking for : : :

**Mott's**

**S S City of Ghent PICKFORD & BLACK LINE**



S. S. City of Ghent will sail from Charlottetown every Friday at 7 o'clock during the season of 1899 for Halifax, calling at Summerside, Port Hastings, Port Hawkesbury, Arichat, Canso, Isaac Harbor, Salmon River, Sheet Harbor, returning will leave Halifax every Tuesday at 6 p.m. making some calls. The steamer has excellent passenger accommodations. Saloon amidships. Special low freights will be given this season. Further information apply to

W W CLARK, Agent

Ch' Town May 27 th

**Quebec Steamship Co'y (Limited)**

Proposed Sailings from MONTREAL and QUEBEC During Season of 1899.

**FOR PICTOU, N. S.**

—CALLING AT— Father Point, Gaspé, Mal Bay, Perce, Cape Cove, Summerside, Charlottetown and Souris.

From Montreal at 2 p. m.	From Ch'town at 6 p. m.
Mon. 19th June	Mon. 19th June
do 3rd July	do 26th do
do 17th July	do 10th July
do 31st do	do 24th do
do 14th Aug.	do 7th Aug.
do 28th do	do 21st do
do 11th Sept.	do 4th Sept.
do 25th do	do 18th do
do 9th Oct.	do 2nd Oct.
do 23rd do	do 16th do
do 6th Nov.	do 30th do
	do 13th Nov

Returning will leave Pictou, N. S. every alternate Monday at noon, on arrival of Trains from Halifax and St. John, calling at Charlottetown, Summerside, Perce, Gaspé, Mal Bay and Father Point. Subject to change should circumstance require it.

CARVELL BROS, Agents

One 2nd - Saw.

**D. L. HOOPER**

Agent for the Windsor, N. S. Plaster Co.—English Selenite Cement and Calced Plaster. Also agent for the Maritime Clay Work Brick. A stock always on hand. Also a well furnished feed store adjoining grocery.

D. L. HOOPER, Cor. Great George & Chesnut

**THE CAVE OF AVARICE**

By CLINTON ROSS

"Here the writing stops," Fenton said. "But there is one line more in another hand: 'The devil has the soul of him who was known to the world as Miguel Santos.' 'What a fool that old chap was, anyway!' said Dorden. 'With all that money he might have had a time fit for a king without botherin' himself about the hereafter.' 'With all that money,' I said. 'Do you suppose it's there now?' 'Do you s'pose it is? It fairly makes my mouth water," Dorden observed. 'If it were there!' said the pale faced Fenton. 'I've given up so much—to get money.' 'No more than I,' said Dorden. 'No more than I,' said I. But I was watching the yellowed parchment which Dorden was holding, as I have said, low over the candle. Black lines were appearing there. I gasped as I saw them. Was this that old secret? Had he written it on the back of the confession? Should we know it, then? Should we get the gold with which I might make my restitution? 'The paper's back, Fenton!' I cried. Fenton turned the paper, scared.

while Dorden sent the greasy pack scattering. 'Read it—for God's sake, read it! Can you?' Fenton read in a low voice:

"As thou followest the disused road to the silver mine thou wilt come about five Spanish miles to a projecting rock. Going to the western side of the rock, pace due west 50 yards, which will bring thee against the clump of bushes by the cliff side. Under these thou wilt find the opening of the cave. Push the upper hand corner of the iron door, and it will swing open, and thou wilt be cured as was Miguel Santos."

"It's gospel truth, then," said Dorden.

"That he was cursed!" said Fenton, starting.

"Blank the curse!" Dorden replied. "That treasure is there!"

"Yes, it may be there," said Fenton rising.

"But the old road the fellow speaks of," Dorden said. "Haven't you read of it in 'em papers?"

"It is the path to the left of the mountain monastery," said Fenton.

"We'll go there at sunrise, then," said Dorden, rising. "We'll divide."

"If it's true," said I.

"It's got to be true," Dorden retorted. "My luck has got to change some time."

Fenton sat there, the sweat pouring from his pale face.

"You poor limp fool," Dorden said contemptuously. "Now, the first thing is for us to go to bed."

He seemed to direct us like a captain, and we readily allowed him the leadership. Yet I fancied something dangerous in his eyes, and I remember that after I was in bed I arose and bolted my door. What if the dream were not a dream? Aye, what if we should find that treasure? And then my dream maddened me, and I tossed till the sun came over the mountain top—the mountain perhaps of the cave of the river.

We started out after breakfast stealthily, as if we were on some thievish errand. The manner of thieves seemed to fall to us easily.

At first the search promised well, for the old road by the monastery was a marvelous piece of engineering for its day and time. Nature, so forceful in Mexico after all the years, had not destroyed man's work. So anxiously we followed that splendid and forgotten



If a woman walked bare-footed on the sharp edge of a sword, she would not undergo one-tenth of the agony daily borne by thousands of women without complaint. They suffer greater misery and pain than could be inflicted by all the professional torturers that the world ever knew. Day and night they suffer from headaches, dragging down and burning sensations, pains in the sides and back, hot and cold flushes, nervous and trembling sensations and physical lassitude and mental despondency. The whole body is tortured with pain and the entire nervous system is racked. If they consult the average obscure physician, he will attribute their bad feelings to stomach, liver, kidney, heart or nervous trouble. If, by accident, he hits upon the right cause, he will insist upon the disgusting examinations and local treatment so embarrassing to a sensitive, modest woman.

The real trouble is weakness or disease of the delicate and important organs that bear the burdens of maternity. There is no necessity for examinations or local treatment. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures all disorders of this nature in the privacy of the home. It acts directly on the sensitive organs concerned, making them strong and well. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration, soothes pain and tones and builds up the nerves. It stops exhausting drains, it banishes the discomforts of the expectant months, and makes baby's coming easy and almost painless. It restores the beauty and vivacity lost through long months or years of pain and suffering. Thousands of women have testified to its marvelous merits. At all medicine stores. Avoid substitutes. To cover customs and mailing only, send 31 one-cent stamps for paper-covered copy, or 50 for cloth-bound copy, of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. Address, Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

ay, which reminded us of nothing so much as of an old Roman road such as you may see along the Mediterranean or the Adriatic. Countless treasure perhaps had been dragged over it in the old days before the mine to which it led had been abandoned. Yes, it told of old interests, old passions. On we went doggedly through the thick growth, no one of us with a word, mutely following Dorden's lead. Two hours must have passed—the growth made it tediously slow—before at last we saw the high projecting rock. Yes, the rock then existed! My heart beat uproariously, and I knew how my companions felt from the pallor even Dorden displayed. From the western side, at the center of the rock's base, he began to pace.

"One, two!" Fenton and I followed. Yes, there was the sheer face of the cliff and the thick trees and bushes at its foot. We stumbled on over the layers of rotting trunks and leaves. A snake, so deadly in Sonora, ran out before him, yet Dorden persisted, and again we were favored, for we came directly, with scarcely an error, on the opening. Dorden had brought a machete and now proceeded to cut the bushes away, and then we heard a low, distant rumble as of subdued thunder.

"The river!" Fenton cried at this repeated evidence. But what we saw was more encouraging, for the cave stopped at about 20 feet. It was walled by masonry, lichen covered. A hundred wriggling creatures were on the surface. But here was indeed what Miguel Santos, dead a full century and a half, had promised, and there was the iron door, rusted and discolored, so that we wondered if indeed it would answer to the pressure on the upper left hand corner, wondered if in all the years the treasure had not been taken. Again it was Dorden making the trial, while we stood waiting. The road to riches—to the cave of Santos' avarice—seemed easy indeed.

The air that swept our faces was singularly fresh and sweet, due to the waters that we heard now in a deafening roar. Then the rush of air seemed to stop. Dorden had no difficulty in lighting the candle, which gave a feeble glare in the vast place.

"Careful," he said as he advanced, and we saw we were on the edge of a vast precipice, with the undistinguishable mass of the roaring river far, far below. We all three turned about, our faces blanching, and then a strange thing occurred. A pale white light began to be diffused. I could not account for it then, though now I understand that the shifting sun had reached some opening along the course of that underground river. It was a vast stream indeed, a sheer fall of many hundred feet, as we now were able to see. The farther shore we could not tell in that half light. Now it had become almost like early twilight. But it seemed to me as broad as the Hudson. Whence did it come and whither were those waters carried in their mad whirl? But I was interrupted by Dorden's cry. He was pointing toward a projecting cliff, which hung out far over the water. It was approached by a narrow neck, so that it formed a peninsula jutting into the air above the roaring waters. The space might have had a diameter of 50 feet. But what we saw astounded us even in our expectations, now raised by the success of every step of the search. On this space were above a score of iron chests, their lids all opened, revealing in the increasing light the sheen of diamonds, the blue and green of sapphires and the glow of rubies. They lay there beckoning, as Miguel Santos had left them. From many of the chests was the absorbing yellow glare of golden coins, so many that in the moment we could not calculate their number. Yet we knew that here was wealth such as

Cressus' incalculable riches of gold and precious stones. But why had they been put on that jutting rock? I questioned. I don't believe the others even questioned. Now that we could see quite plainly Dorden cast the candle down into the depths and almost ran toward the treasure. I saw him dizzily rushing along the narrow passage and kneeling before one of the chests and crying out like a maniac. Fenton was close behind him, gloating over the jewels. As I followed he picked from one of the chests a piece of manuscript.

"What is this?" he said, holding it up, for the light now was strong enough for us to read by it. "More of Santos' words!" he added. "Look at the gold, not papers!" Dorden cried. But the instinct of the scholar mastered Fenton even in that moment. "Miguel Santos' writing," he said, and slowly he rendered: "Gold thou comest by dishonestly shalt curse thee always, for sin must be penance. Fool, thou shalt perish with thy gold and thy precious stones. The punishment of God on the miser is that he shall not keep what he gloats on."

"Fool!" came Dorden's voice, hissing over our shoulders. I looked at him almost fearfully, for there was a maddish glare in his eyes. Suddenly, like a fiend, he threw himself on us both. "It shall be mine," he cried, "only mine!" The onslaught carried us all three near the edge, Fenton and I struggling to hold him back. In some way—God knows how—I disentangled myself and turned just at the edge. My companions were not there, but from afar was a little splash, while a voice cried out in horrid despair. It indeed may have been my strained imagination, and yet indeed it may have been Dorden's.

"Cursed! Cursed!" came that fearful

some cry. Fearsome, I say, for I was fleeing. I was across the narrow passage, and as I reached the firmer earth I heard a great crunching and crumbling behind. Awd even in my fear, I looked about. The air seemed to be filled with flying coins and jewels, sending out yellow and red, blue and green flashes, and then the earth gave way, that great crag sank, and a moment—yes, it might have been a moment, but it seemed to me a tediously horrible day—there came a mighty splash, and a spray struck my face, even where I stood, so far above the surface of that great river which begins and ends in the bowels of the earth. Its bottom at this point you may find, should you examine, strewn with old Spanish coins and jewels, and perhaps with the bones of men. Yet most of that great wealth may have been carried by the forceful current of the river far on under the earth, which gives and takes our riches as she gives and takes our bodies. As for me, I had then no desire to search, nor have I now. Then I turned and ran out of that accursed cave of avarice. Outside the warm Mexican sun beat on me. But I did not dare to return to Corpus Christi. I turned down the other side of the mountain, thinking of the soul of Miguel Santos and those of my two late companions—God help them! For me in the few years left there is penance for my past, and so I have come back into the New England town where my crime was done. As for the riches of the cave of avarice, I would not touch them even for the comfort of restitution to those I robbed. The secret of Miguel Santos shall end with me, for the way to the cave is not as I have described, even should you chance in the village of Corpus Christi, in the state of Sonora.

(To be Continued)

**Dr. A. W. CHASE** Triumphs over the Worst Forms of **KIDNEY... DISEASE**

The wonderful success of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills adds to the fame of the great doctor whose name is familiar in almost every home as the author of the world famous Recipe Book.

Scores and thousands of grateful men and women have been rescued from the miseries and dangers of kidney disease by this greatest of all kidney cures. Mr. D. C. Simmons, Mabee, Ont., writes: "My kidneys and back were so bad I was unable to work or sleep. My urine had sediment like brick dust, I was compelled to get up four or five times during the night. I saw Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills advertised and concluded to give them a trial. I have only used one box and am completely cured. I was a great sufferer for 18 years, but my kidneys do not bother me now. I enjoy good rest and sleep and consider Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills a boon to suffering humanity."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25c. a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

**Hammocks, Hammocks, Hammocks**

Prices Right

**HASZARD & MOORE**

SUNNYSIDE

**Hughes**

The Peoples' Druggist

Drugs are expensive, Sometimes they are more expensive than need be. And sometimes they are not so reliable as they ought to be. There was a time when the prices of drugs were away up—too high altogether. That is not the case now. The Apothecaries Hall changed that some time ago. You can get prescriptions from pure drugs at the proper prices—no fancy profits. You can get all my reliable special remedies; they've been tried and found effective.

The price—the main thing—will be found right in every case.

**Geo. E. Hughes**

The Peoples' Druggist

Apothecaries Hall

Sunnyside Charlottetown

What is **CASTORIA**

Castoria is for Infants and Children. Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops 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." Dr. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass. 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.

**Midsummer Clearance Sale**

at

**J B McDONALD & Co'y**

Commencing 18th July and will continue for 30 days

All our stock of Boots and Shoes, 25 to 50 per cent discount **Womens Oxford boots 50c a pair WOMENS SLIPPERS 10c a pair**

All our stock of men and boys clothing 25 to 50 per cent discount

Mens underclothing, white & colored shirts, collars, ties hankerchiefs braces 26 per cent discount

50 pieces print cotton, Grey cotton sheeting, dillow cotton, shirting, lining towelling, towels dress goods ---25 per cent discount

Print Cotton 3 cents a yard

Nothing reserved, all must be cleared now is your time to buy cheap

**J.B. MACDONALD & CO**

LEADERS IN LOW PRICE.....

**HIGH CLASS Light summer Coats -and Vests**

**LUSTRE AND CRASH**

**JOHN McLEOD & CO**