

When the children are hungry, what do you give them? Food. When thirsty? Water. Now use the same good common sense, and what would you give them when they are too thin? The best fat-forming food, of course. Somehow you think of Scott's Emulsion at once.

For a quarter of a century it has been making thin children, plump; weak children, strong; sick children, healthy.

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BREAKFAST SUPPER EPPS'S COCOA

In Chancery

In The Rolls Court

DAVID IRVING & others, Complainants vs. MARGARET IRVING & others, Defendants

In pursuance of an order of this Honourable Court, made hereon, on the 23rd day of March, A.D. 1899, notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against the estate of George Irving, late of Orwell Cove, Lot or Township number 57, in Queen's County, deceased, interested are required to come in and prove the same before me at the Probationary office, in the Law Courts Building, in Charlottetown, on or before Monday, the twenty-second day of May next, A.D. 1899, and all persons neglecting to come in and prove their said debts and claims by that time are to be excluded from the benefit of said order.

Dated this 29th day of March, A.D. 1899. F. L. HASZARD, J. A. LONGWORTH, Comptrol. Solicitors - Master in Chancery 76-d&Wid

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John P. Joy, VICTORIA CAFE, 111 George Street.

MISS CAPRICE.

BY ST. GEORGE RATHBONE

Author of "Doctor Jack," "Doctor Jack's Wife," "Captain Tom," "Miss Pauline of New York," Etc.

CHAPTER XX—Continued.

Their trials for the night are over, but they will never forget what they have seen and endured. John is secretly fuming, as he ponders over the facts. If he could only prove that Sir Lionel is the direct cause of all this trouble, he would demand satisfaction from the Briton in some shape. That is where the trouble lies, in proving it. What he has learned thus far can be put down as only suspicions or hints, though they look bad for the Briton.

If Lady Ruth has observed enough to open her eyes with regard to the veteran soldier, John will call it quits. A thought occurs to him even as he rides toward Algiers, that causes a grim smile to break out upon his face. It is a thought worthy of a Rabelais—an idea brilliant with possibilities.

"Here are Sir Lionel and Pauline—two despairing people who long for the unattainable. Why should they not be made? It is perhaps possible, and would be a master stroke of genius on my part. Jove! I'll see what I can do! Great pity to have all the plotting on one side of the house."

From that hour John Craig devotes his whole mind to the accomplishment of this purpose, for he sees the benefit of diplomacy.

This is the great idea that is struggling in his mind as he rides along.

CHAPTER XXI.

When the news of the battle is known in Algiers, great excitement abounds. There are many sympathizers of Bab Azoum among the native population, and in some quarters their ugly teeth are shown; but France has too secure a hold of Algeria not to be ready for such an emergency, and her troops parade the streets, armed for battle.

Consequently no demonstration on the part of the natives is attempted. Among the foreigners, and in the better circles of merchants and traders, there is great rejoicing over the victory, for it has long been dangerous to travel in the region of the coast because of the bold forays of the same Bab Azoum. They hope this power will now be broken, and that perhaps the outlaw himself may be dead.

In the morning our friends gather for breakfast. John alone is absent, nor do they know what has become of him, for the clerk of the hotel informs them that the Chicagoan was early astir.

He comes in before they are done eating, but volunteers no information concerning his wanderings, so that they of course conclude he has only been for a walk.

Sir Lionel seems rather shy. Most men upon making such a dismal failure on two separate occasions, would probably be willing to give up the game, but there is something of the bulldog about Sir Lionel. He will hold out until the end.

He fears John Craig has penetrated his schemes, and this makes him assume a dogged air. Evidently he still clings to hope of ultimate success.

As for Craig, he is undecided whether to call Sir Lionel a fool or a knave, and is rapidly drifting to a belief that the Briton may be a composite of both.

They have much to see in Algiers—Mesques, bazaars, and the remarkable features that cluster about this famous resort. A thousand and one things unite to charm a traveller who strikes Algiers in the winter time, and they usually go hence with many regrets, and memories that will never fade.

John watches his chance to speak to the girl at his side. He feels that the time has come when he must tell her what he has in his heart—that he loves her.

If she gives him his come, he will go his way and try to forget; but he has

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Many people trust to luck to pull them through, and are often disappointed. Do not dilly-dally in matters of health. With it you can accomplish miracles. Without it you are "no good."

Keep the liver, kidneys, bowels and blood healthy by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla, the faultless blood purifier. Rheumatism—"I had acute rheumatism in my limb and foot. I commenced treatment with Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills and in a short time was cured." WILLIAM HASKETT, Brantford, Ont.

Scrofula—"I was troubled with scrofula and impure blood. A cut on my arm would not heal. Hood's Sarsaparilla was recommended and after I had taken three bottles I was well." DANIEL ROBINSON, 52 1/2 Treanley Street, Toronto, Ont.

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hopes of a different answer; eye speaks to eye, and there is a language of the heart that needs not lips to proclaim it, a secret telegraphy that brings together those who love. The touch of a hand thrills as no other touch can, and the sound of a voice heard unexpectedly causes the heart to almost cease beating.

At length he makes an opportunity, as only a bold and determined lover can. They have gone in the street-cars to the terraced heights of Mustapha Superior, to visit a house which most tourists see—a house with a remarkable history—and in departing, John and Lady Ruth somehow are separated from the rest. The fault lies with him, because at the last moment he proposed a final view of the wonderful scene spread out below, to which Lady Ruth consented, and as the others boarded the tram-car that would take them back to the city, John called out their attention, and that they would join them later.

There is nothing singular about this, and yet Lady Ruth's cheeks turn rosy as she hears Aunt Gwen's laugh, and stealing a glance over her shoulder discovers that quaint individual shaking her finger out of the car-window.

Upon a rustic seat the two rest. The grand panorama spread out before them charms the eye, and they feast upon the glorious scene. How blue the sea appears, and the numerous sails are like splashes of white against the deep background.

There lies Algiers in all her glory, modern structures almost side by side with Mohammedan mosques, whose domes shine like great balls of gold, and whose minarets guard the sacred edifice like sentries thrown out in the nature of defences.

Who could gaze upon such a vision and not feel his heart stirred most in deed be dead to everything that appeals to the better senses.

John Craig, M.D., might ordinarily be set down as an enthusiastic lover of nature, and such a scene when he first gazed upon it aroused the deepest emotions in his artist's heart; but strange to say he pays little heed to what is before him now. It is what occupies the rustic seat in common with John Craig that takes his whole attention.

How shall he say it? What words can he frame into an animated expression of his feelings? It was all mapped out before, but the words have utterly slipped his memory, as is always the case in such events.

He turns to Lady Ruth. Her hand is in her lap. He boldly reaches out and takes it. There is only a feeble resistance. Their eyes meet.

"Lady Ruth, will you give me this hand?"

"You—I—what could you do with it?" she asks, turning rosy red.

"Well, to begin with—this," and he presses it passionately to his lips.

"Oh! Doctor Craig, what if some one should see you!" now struggling to free her hand, which he holds firmly.

He laughs recklessly, this hitherto shy young man. Once in the affair, he cares little for prying eyes, and indeed there is small chance of any one noticing them in this retired spot, as there are no other sightseers around.

"I don't care who sees me. I've got to tell what I'm sure you already know, that I love you—I love you."

He leans forward and looks in her face, which is downcast. She has ceased to struggle now, and her hand lies fluttering in his.

Such scenes as these the novelist has no business to linger over. The emotions that are brought out at such a time should be sacred from the public gaze.

John does not wait long for his answer, as Lady Ruth is a sensible girl, and really cares a great deal more for this young man than she has been ready to admit even to herself.

So she tells him that she is afraid she does take an uncommon interest in his welfare, and that perhaps it would be as well for her to later on assume such a position as will give her the right to watch over him.

So it nicely settled, and John feels supremely happy, just as all sincere and successful wooers have done from time immemorial.

After a short time John remembers that he meant to introduce a certain subject, and putting aside his feelings of new-found joy—there will be plenty of time for all that—he speaks of Sir Lionel.

"Now that you know I am not at all jealous, I want to talk about another—Sir Lionel Blunt."

Her face lights up with a smile. "Perhaps I can guess what you would say."

"It is about the affair last night."

del." At this Lady Ruth gives a merry peal of laughter. "It was ridiculous." "I did you guess it at the time?" "Well, certain things looked very strange to me. I was amazed as we were leaving to see a man, whom I was positive had twice fallen as if dead, raise his head and look after us with a smile on his ugly face."

"Whatever I thought, I was so glad to get away on any terms that I said nothing, and when the next engagement took place I found Sir Lionel very much in earnest."

"On this account, although feeling sure that he was the cause of all the trouble, I have been disposed to forgive him. You know the poor fellows profess to be in love with me, though I have had some reason to believe it is my fortune he is after as well, for my father unfortunately left me no heirs."

"Well, I'm in a position to be generous, and, though I condemn his methods, I can easily see how, in his despair, he might forget his honor. I have good reason to believe it is no the first time he has tried to play the hero."

Lady Ruth looks surprised. "How is that?" she asks.

Thereupon John narrates what the boatman said to him off Malta, concerning a broken plank in the bottom of the little craft, which of course astonishes the young girl.

(To be Continued.)



The man who indulges in athletic exercises is usually a healthy man. While athletics, moderately indulged in, are conducive to longevity, they are not absolutely necessary.

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NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Legislature of the Province of Prince Edward Island, at its next Session, for an act to vest in the City of Charlottetown, the title to all that tract, piece or parcel of land, situate lying and being in the City of Charlottetown, being Town Lots numbers Sixteen (16), Seventeen (17), Ninety Three (93), Ninety-four, and part of Town Lot No. (18) in the 4th hundred of Town Lots, in Charlottetown, being the property known as the West Kent Street School land and premises.

Dated at Charlottetown this 1st day of March, 1899.

JAMES WARBURTON, Mayor of Charlottetown. H. M. DAVISON, City Clerk. 52 dy 4w & R. Gaz.

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