



"She comes from the past and re-visits my room; she looks as she did then, all beauty and bloom, so smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair. And yonder she sits in my cane-bottomed chair."

Many a man sits silent and alone in a room of mourning and conjures up before his eyes the face and form of the woman who was once a loving wife and a faithful helpmate. In thousands of such cases the wife might still be alive and well and happy, had the man been not only a good husband, but a wise adviser. Women learn from the ordeal of consulting a physician. They shudder at the thought of submitting to the obnoxious examinations insisted upon by most physicians. In the majority of cases they have none of this hesitancy about consulting their husbands. A wise man will understand at once that troubles of this description will soon break down a woman's general health. He will understand that a specialist of eminence and world wide reputation should be readily consulted at once. Dr. R. V. Pierce, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y., is one of the most eminent and widely-known specialists in the world. With the assistance of a staff of able physicians, he has prescribed for many thousands of ailing women. He has discovered a wonderful medicine for women, that may be used in the privacy of their homes. It is known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It cures surely, speedily and permanently all weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organism. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration, soothes pain, gives rest to the tortured nerves, and checks debilitating drains.

EPPS'S COCOA

ENGLISH BREAKFAST COCOA

Possesses the following Distinctive Merits:

DELICACY OF FLAVOR. SUPERIORITY in QUALITY. GRATEFUL and COMFORTING to the NERVOUS or DYSPEPTIC.

NUTRITIVE QUALITIES UNRIVALLED

In Quarter-Pound Tins only. Prepared by JAMES EPPS & CO., Ltd., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

Many persons cannot take plain cod-liver oil. They cannot digest it. It upsets the stomach.

Knowing these things, we have digested the oil in Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites; that is, we have broken it up into little globules, or droplets.

We use machinery to do the work of the digestive organs, and you obtain the good effects of the digested oil at once. That is why you can take Scott's Emulsion.

See and Buy, all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

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, adjoining 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 there-on 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.

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TO BE LET

House on King St., near Queen, containing eleven rooms. Also shop adjoining, fitted suitably for a grocery store. ouse and shop let conjointly or separately. Apply on the premises to the undersigned.

MRS. JOHN McQUILLAN.

71-3p1d

A PRISONER'S RUSE.

HOW ROC ESCAPED FROM THE SPANISH PRISON BY A TRICK.

A Clever Pirate Who Won Freedom For Himself and His Companions by Forging a Letter and Playing on His Captor's Fears.

Mr. Frank R. Stockton, telling St. Nicholas readers about "The Buccaneers of Our Coast," describes the clever escape of Roc, the Brazilian, a famous pirate, from captivity among the Spanish at Campechy. Mr. Stockton says: When he was coming into the bay, Roc had noticed a large French vessel that was lying at some distance from the town, and he wrote his letter as if it had come from the captain of this ship. In the character of this French captain he addressed his letter to the governor of the town, and in it he stated that he had understood that certain companions of the coast, for whom he had great sympathy—for the French and the buccaneers were always good friends—had been captured by the governor, who, he heard, had threatened to execute them.

The French captain, by the hand of Roc, went on to say that if harm should come to these brave men, who had been taken and imprisoned when they were doing no harm to anybody, he would swear, in his most solemn manner, that never for the rest of his life would he give quarter to any Spaniard who might fall into his hands, and he moreover threatened that any kind of vengeance which should become possible for the buccaneers and French united to inflict upon the Spanish ships, or upon the town of Campechy, should be taken as soon as possible after he should hear of any injury that might be inflicted upon the unfortunate men who were then lying imprisoned in the fortress.

When the slave came back to Roc, the letter was given to him with very particular directions as to what he was to do with it. He was to disguise himself as much as possible, so that he should not be recognized by the people of the place, and then in the night he was to make his way out of the town, and early in the morning was to return as if he had been walking along the shore of the harbor, when he was to state that he had been put on shore from the French vessel in the offing with a letter which he was ordered to present to the governor.

The slave performed his part of the business very well. The next day, wet and bedraggled from making his way through the weeds and mud of the coast, he presented himself at the fortress with his letter, and when he was allowed to take it to the governor no one suspected that he was a person employed about the place. Having fulfilled his mission, he departed, and when seen again he was the same servant whose business it was to carry food to the prisoners.

The governor read the letter with a disquieted mind. He knew that the French ship which was lying outside the harbor was a powerful vessel, and he did not like French ships anyway. The town had once been taken and very badly treated by a little fleet of French and English buccaneers, and he was very anxious that nothing of the kind should happen again.

There was no effective Spanish force in the harbor at that time, and he did not know how many buccaneering vessels might be able to gather together in the bay if it should become known that the great pirate Roc had been put to death in Campechy.

It was unusual for a prisoner to have powerful friends so near by, and the governor took Roc's case into most earnest consideration. A few hours' reflection was sufficient to convince him that it would be very unsafe to take risks with such a dangerous prize as the pirate Roc, and he determined to get rid of him as soon as possible. He felt himself in the position of a man who has stolen a baby bear and who hears through the woods the roar of an approaching parent. To throw away the cub and walk off as though he had no idea there were any bears in that forest would be the inclination of a man so situated, and to get rid of a great pirate without provoking the vengeance of his friends was the natural inclination of the governor.

Now, Roc and his men were treated well and, having been brought before the governor, were told that in consequence of their having committed no overt act of disorder they would be set at liberty and shipped to Spain upon the single condition that they would abandon piracy and agree to become quiet citizens.

To these terms Roc and his men agreed without argument. They declared they would retire from the buccaneering business and that nothing would suit them better than to return to the ways of civilization and virtue. There was a ship about to depart for Spain, and on this the governor gave Roc and his men free passage to the other side of the ocean. There is no doubt that our buccaneers would have much preferred to have been put on board the French vessel, but Roc made no suggestion of the kind, knowing how astonished the French captain would be if the governor were to communicate with him on the subject.

BE SURE you get what you want when you ask for Hood's Sarsaparilla. Unequaled in Merit, Sales, Cure. There's no substitute for HOOD'S.

TOO MUCH BEST MAN.

A BACHELOR WHO OFFICIATED AT FORTY WEDDINGS.

Why Lieutenant Prince Has Such a Fine Collection of Scarfpins—Each One of Them Is the Key to a Romance—A Warning to All Young Men.

Lieutenant Oscar Prince is rapidly reaching the age when his friends will stop asking him the question, "Why don't you get married?" and substitute for it, "How did it happen, old man, that you never married?" Lieutenant Prince is as acceptable as the average man, and he has no antimatrimonial views. He is, however, a victim of weddings, and therein lies the explanation of his failure to marry. One of the finest collections of scarfpins in this city may be found in his bachelor apartments, but no wife.

"My collection of scarfpins was begun about ten years ago," he said, "and each one represents a scar more or less serious. They have simply made a pin-cushion of my heart. My case, I am sure, is an unusual one, and I am willing to discuss it, that it may serve as a warning to young men. Let me start with the assertion that I believe in the noble institution of marriage, and it was probably my advocacy of it while I was at West Point that suggested to a classmate—Brown—to write me to act as his best man when he got married. Let me see. The date on that pearl pin is 1887, isn't it? Yes, that was Brown's little token. Brown had a fine wedding, and as I had been stationed west at a God forsaken post since leaving the Point it was my first opportunity to get at short range with eastern girls. There are no girls like them, my boy, and don't make any mistake about that.

"Brown was married in Newport, and we did have a good time. Let me look at that pin again. Yes, Ethel was her name. You see, I have it tagged on the pin. Ethel was a mighty fine girl—tall, good swing and a high stepper. We hit it off together in fine shape. Who was Ethel? Why, in this case, she was the maid of honor. We had a delightful week at Newport, and when I went back to my post I had Ethel's permission to write to her. I heard the other day that her oldest hopeful was the star boy in a kindergarten."

Lieutenant Prince puffed his pipe hard for two minutes.

"Ethel was, all things considered, about as nice as any of them. We might have been very happy together, but for Jones' wedding. I think it was Jones. Just hand me that little clover leaf pin, will you? Yes, it was Jones. Here is the date, 1888, and tagged to the pin is Maud's name. You don't understand. No, of course not. You haven't acted as best man or usher in 40 weddings. I thought a lot about Ethel while on the railroad train that took me to Boston, where Jones married, and there I met Maud. There is something very demoralizing about the associations of a wedding party if a chap is at all susceptible. The girls all rejoice with the bride, and they are all in their best frocks. Somehow you begin to speculate about yourself, you know, and wonder how you would appear as the bridegroom with one of the bridesmaids as bride. Maud was different from Ethel, more vivacious, and then she was short and Ethel was tall. On the night of the wedding I asked Maud if I might write to her. Dear Maud! I wonder what has become of her. I sent back all of her letters and her photograph just a short time after Adams got married. That is the pin in the cushion—the one with the small diamond in the center. Adams was married three months after Jones, and I was an usher. Those three months were happy ones, and I shall always remember Maud. I had been sent east just before Adams was married, and he

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The D & A CORSET.



For Evening Dress

Women find the D & A CORSET as well suited for evening wear as it is for ordinary purposes. It gives "chic" to the figure, without stiffness or discomfort. It is sold at popular prices.

Wear the D & A Corset.

wanted me to be usher because, as he put it, I had been in the game before. Maud was her name at Adams' wedding. That doesn't describe her at all. No name could. She was just as attractive as Ethel and Maud, but different. We discussed very serious matters, did Mary and I, and I knew that she was a girl who would make a sensible, thinking man happy for life.

"It was a discussion of telepathy that made me forget Maud, that is a discussion and a subsequent attempt to experiment. Mary didn't ask for her letters back after Rogers' wedding. I told Sally—she was one of the bridesmaids, and a very jolly southern girl—all about Mary, and she said she didn't mind. I came very near proposing to Sally, but by this time I had become a professional as an usher and best man, and since Sally there have been by actual count 33 other girls, any one of whom might have made me happy. I felt after meeting each one of them that if I could only keep away from weddings my happiness might be assured. I could marry the last girl—that is, of course, if she would have me, and they were all very sympathetic—and feel that I was lucky. I couldn't dodge the weddings, though.

"All my friends are married now, and I have assisted in each case. It got so that while I was at work I would unconsciously begin to whistle a wedding march. Walking in time to it made me slow on parade. I couldn't keep up with my company. I have, I am glad to say, done my duty by my friends, but it has ruined me sentimentally. When I look at that collection of scarfpins, each one labeled with the name of a girl who was the only one in the world for me, I haven't the nerve to propose. I am a victim of circumstances. Now all of my friends are married and I am not likely to march again to that familiar old music. I have the finest collection of scarfpins in this city, but I am still a bachelor. Let my examples be a warning to all young men."—New York Sun.

The English parliament has met on Sunday 11 times, the first in the reign of Edward III, the last at the death of George II.

AN OLD AND WELL TRIED REMEDY—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Is pleasant to the taste. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Its value is incalculable. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind.

Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum

For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore throat, etc.

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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-CYCLON 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 Tea, and incidentally to see where our advertising is best read—and so kindly mention the paper.



TETLEY'S ELEPHANT BRAND INDO-CYCLON 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

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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.

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