

NERVOUS... DEPRESSION

Means Impoverished and Exhausted Nerves—Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food Restores and Revitalizes the Nerve Cells.

People who suffer from Nervous Depression and Exhaustion frequently look healthy and strong. They alone know the thousand distressing symptoms which make their lives miserable.

The lack of nerve force results in a slow and sluggish action of the heart, impaired digestion, headache, despondency, and a fear to venture, loss of energy, sleeplessness, incapacity for mental labor or business.

With these symptoms there is usually melancholy and fear of death, which tends to increase nervousness, but there is every reason to be hopeful if the right treatment is used. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food contains all the nutrition required to create new brain and nerve tissue. It imparts to the nervous system that life-giving principle which sends a thrill of new strength and vigor through the system.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food will cure by the building-up process, which enables the body to laugh at disease and weakness. Face cut and facsimile signature of Dr. A. W. Chase on every box of the genuine, see a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

The Charlottetown Steam Navigation Co., Ltd.



STEAMERS...

Northumberland & Princess

Leave as below every day (Sundays excepted)

From POINT DU CHENE (on arrival of afternoon train from St. John) for Summerside, connecting there with express train for Charlottetown.

From SUMMERSIDE (on arrival of morning train from Charlottetown) for Point Du Chene connecting with day train for St. John.

Connecting at Moncton with train for Canada and at St. John with steamers of International Line and railways for United States and Canada.

From PICTOU (on arrival of day train from Halifax) for Charlottetown.

From CHARLOTTETOWN, seven a. m., for Pictou, connecting there with day train for Cape Breton and Halifax, at Halifax with C. A. & P. Line for Boston.

Through tickets to be had at Grand Trunk, Canadian Pacific, Intercolonial and P. E. I. Railways, and on the Company's Steamers and connecting lines in United States.

F. W. HALES,

Ch'town, P. E. I. SECRETAR

PLANT LINE.

BOSTON

Commencing May 10th
The Favorite "S. S. HALIFAX"

will leave Charlottetown for BOSTON every Friday at noon (Standard Time) calling at Hawkesbury and Halifax.

Returning leave BOSTON every Tuesday at noon.

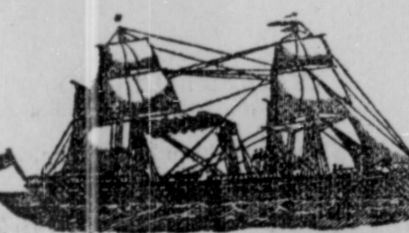
Passengers leaving CHARLOTTETOWN via Pictou, can make close connection at Halifax with S. S. "HALIFAX" and "LA GRANDE DUCHESSE."

Tickets for sale at stations on P. E. I. Railway. For tickets, rates and all information apply to

W. W. CLARKE, Agent, Charlottetown
or to H. L. CHIPMAN, Canadian Agent, Halifax, N. S.

May 3—

BLACK DIAMOND LINE



The S.S. BONAVIDA sailing from Montreal, Sunday morning, June 11, will be due at Ch'town, Tuesday morning, June 13th, and on Wednesday forenoon will sail for St. John's, Nfld, via North Sydney, with horses, cattle and sheep on deck and produce under deck at lowest possible rates. For further particulars as to freight and passage apply to
PEAKE BROS & CO., Agents
Ch'town, June 7,

A MODERN PARRHASIUS

By FRANCIS LYNN

(Continued.)

It was positively refreshing to pour such a stream of information into a perfectly vacant mind, with the assurance that it could never find its way out again, and Leonard, warming to his work, went into details with the minuteness which his auditor's powers of comprehension seemed to demand.

Bits listened as a dull man might, with apparent interest when he could understand and with respectful attention when the matter grew abstruse, but his questions were always fruitful, and Leonard encouraged them as giving him a still deeper insight into the character of the type burglars.

Hence, what with acute enthusiasm on one hand and patient, if somewhat ungrasping, attention on the other, the hall clock struck 1 before Leonard realized that what he desired to accomplish needed not to be wrought out in a single sitting. Wherefore he arose and made amends.

"By Jove! That's 1 o'clock. I owe you an apology for keeping you up so late, though I presume in your profession you're used to bad hours. Come with me and I'll show you where you are to sleep."

He led Bits to a bedroom at the end of the corridor, touching electric pushes for additional light as he went along.

"You'll find everything comfortable and cozy, I think, Mr. Bits. You see, we've been expecting you for several days. Make yourself quite at home, and consider yourself for the time being a member of the family. Only don't try to get away. I shan't look the door, and, as you see, the windows are protected only by fly screens, but I assure you you could never get out of here alive without my help. Good night. Touch this button when you want to put out the lights."

The guest said "Good night," and Leonard thought he surprised the simulacrum of a satirical grin on the man's face as he closed the door. A minute later he was giving Helen a circumstantial account of what had befallen.

"It worked like a charm from beginning to end, he continued, with pardonable pride. "No hitches, no danger, no violence, though I did have to give him a mild shock, just to illustrate the completeness of the thing."

"Oh, Harvey! You didn't hurt him, did you?"

"Of course not. He's too fine a specimen to be spoiled in the taking."

"And what arrangements did you make with him?"

"Just what we planned. We've had our first seizure, and he is to be our guest until I'm through investigating him. After that he is to be free to go as he came."

"Thank goodness, I'm glad it's all over!" exclaimed Helen gratefully, and with this the matter rested for what was left of that eventful night.

The next day chanced to be Sunday, and it was quite late when Leonard went up to escort his guest to the breakfast room. The door of the corridor chamber was open, the bed had not been slept in, and the room was empty. Pinned to the pillow slip was a note in the neat handwriting of a practiced penman:

DEAR MR. LEONARD—I owe you an apology for dropping out so unceremoniously, but I am obliged to catch an early train for the city. With many thanks for your hospitality, extended and intended, I am now and always your sincere friend,
BITS.

"What do you make of it?" demanded Leonard.



FACTS ABOUT BABIES.
What woman doesn't want a baby—a dimpling, laughing darling, dainty enough to be cradled in a snow-white lily? Every womanly woman wants one, but she doesn't want too dainty a baby.

A baby's cheeks may be too waxen-white and its body too puny, and when that's the case, baby's cheeks won't dimple or its lips laugh, and death is in its eyes.

Above all things a woman wants a healthy baby, and she may have one if she will but use the right remedy for weakness and disease of the delicate and important organs that make baby a possibility. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all medicines for prospective or would-be mothers. It makes a woman's distinctive organism strong, healthy and vigorous. It allays inflammation, soothes pain and heals ulceration. It banishes the discomforts of the waiting time and makes the little new-comer's entrance to the world easy and almost painless. It insures baby's health. In writing for advice to Dr. R. V. Pierce, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y., a mother, wife or maid writes to one of the most eminent and skillful specialists in the world, at the head of a staff of physicians that has treated over 250,000 women.

"When I was taking your treatment, I sent in the names of three ladies who were sterile," writes Mrs. M. A. Scott, of Park Rapids, Hubbard Co., Minn. "One had been married seven years and had no children, and after taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription she gave birth to a big girl inside of a year. The other one was confined within a year and a half, after going six years without having any children. I do not know how the third one came out, for we moved away."

Torpid liver and constipation are surely and speedily cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They never gripe. They regulate, tone up and invigorate the liver, stomach and bowels. No substitute urged by mercenary dealers is as good.

ed Leonard hid his gaze when he had taken the note down stairs to Helen.

"Oh, Harvey! Can't you guess?" she faltered.

He fell into a chair and hid his face. "I don't have to guess. I know," he groaned. "He was no more a burglar than I am. It was that villain Macarthur of The Ream. Has the mail come?"

It had, and Helen found the paper with trembling fingers. There it was under staring headlines, with every detail elaborated and every idiosyncrasy, down to a minute description of the burglar trap, made the most of with true journalistic thrift not unmingled with sardonic humor.

Helen read it aloud with tears in her voice. Leonard listened and made no sign.

"Isn't it too despicably heartless!" she cried at the end, and Leonard had to smile in spite of his chagrin.

"I fancy that depends upon the point of view, but we'll take that ground in evening up things with Mr. Macarthur. What with this write up and the sham date he gave me last night, not to speak of the wear and tear on my nerves in lauding him, he's left me pretty deeply in debt, but I shouldn't wonder if I could make out to pay the account before it's outlawed. On the other hand, I'm not so sure he hasn't served my turn without meaning to. He will make a fairly good proxy burglar in the absence of the real thing."

Leonard's figure of speech was mild, but his vengeance was ample. When the new novel appeared, it was speedily discovered that a certain young Irishman on The Sunday Ream had posed as a model for the burglar therein.

Leonard had caught the inspiration of the moment, and the result was a beautiful bit of literary caricature so true to the life that he who ran might read and recognize the original. Whereupon Macarthur was rechristened "Bits," and to this day there are those who believe he is a reformed burglar.

The Hindoo Child Wife.

A Hindoo child wife divides her year in two intervals, one of which she spends with her parents, this being a sort of vacation time, and the other she spends at the house of her husband's parents, this being the time of daily downright drudgery. Village girls in Bengal blacken their teeth with misli, a coloring powder. The lips are black also, and this is supposed to make them exceedingly charming.

Writing letters, especially to her husband, is thought to be fearful immodesty in a Hindoo girl, and she has no chance of improving her mind by intelligent conversation with any one. She must write to her husband, though she has to do it by stealth in the night. The moon is her lamp, a stick out of the domestic broom her pen, the juice of the pain berry her ink and probably the dried leaf of the banana her paper.

A Hindoo girl must always keep the inner apartment of the house. She is only let out when she goes to draw water for the household either from the pond or the well or the river. Hence the waterside is a great feminine resort, a sort of women's club, where there is much gossiping and plenty of stolen leisure.—Christian Register.

A Department Store.

A Punjab journal some years ago recorded the story of the way in which an English shopkeeper supplied all the wants of a customer, an Anglo-Indian, at home on a brief furlough.

The gentleman had completed the purchase of an outfit in a well known establishment in Westburnia, when he was asked by the grateful proprietor, "Can we do anything more for you to-day?"

"Thank you, nothing," was the reply. "I have all I want—except a wife."

"Will you be pleased to step this way?" said this prince of shopkeepers. He led his customer up to one of the apprentices, a ladylike girl, whom he introduced as the daughter of a deceased officer.

The journal goes on to say that the introduction led to a courtship, which in turn led to a happy marriage. In a few weeks the shopkeeper lost his sweet faced clerk, and one of the Punjab stations gladly welcomed her as the wife of the returned traveler.

Fortunately the shopkeeper knew much to the credit of his customer or this hurried but satisfactory little romance would never have occurred.

An Irishman's Chivalry.

William Smith O'Brien, the leader of the National party of Ireland, who was transported in 1849, had none of the gifts which attract the multitude. He was an orator, his manners were not winning, and he made few intimacies.

But his character and his well poised head put him at the head of the Nationalists, whose purpose was to secure the independence of Ireland. An anecdote related in Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's book of reminiscences, "My Life in Two Hemispheres," shows the chivalry of the man.

He had a duel in the days when that savage method of settling disputes was the custom, and the two men were placed opposite to each other.

Just as the signal "One, two, three—fire!" was about to be given O'Brien cried:

"Stop! No signal, I pray!" His opponent's second stepped for-

ward and said with asperity: "This is very irregular, sir. What do you wish to say?"

"I wish," answered O'Brien, "to call your attention to the fact that the gentleman opposite me has let the cap fall off his pistol."

Fond of Eggs.

Among the animals held sacred by the ancient Egyptians was the ichneumon, or mongoose, which, because of its fondness for the eggs of crocodiles and snakes, proved valuable in keeping those obnoxious animals from multiplying too fast. Rev. Chauncey Maples, a missionary to East Africa, describes the way in which this peculiar animal, which in size and general appearance somewhat resembles the cat, disposes of its favorite article of diet.

The mongoose, on receiving an egg, immediately goes to a wall, and, turning its back to it, takes the egg in its forepaws and throws it backward between its legs against the wall so as to break it. It then sucks the shell dry.

The funny thing is that whatever we give it that looks like an egg, say an old bone or a stone, it evidently mistakes it for an egg and treats it accordingly. It is very ridiculous to see it for hours together trying to break a round stone or a bone by throwing it against a wall.

CLARKE'S KOLA COMPOUND CURES

A Child That Suffered From Asthma Almost Since his Birth.

Mr. James Paterson, 52 Princess ave., Victoria, B. C., writes: "Our boy, who is just nine years of age, has been troubled with asthma almost since his birth, which has been continually growing worse in spite of all the medical aid we could procure. Our doctor bills have been very large each year; neither myself nor my wife have had a full night's sleep during the last year of his trouble, having had to poultice and give him medicine to keep him from choking. We heard of a neighbor who had been cured by Clarke's Kola Compound and resolved to try it, with the result that to-day our child is completely cured, not having had an attack since taking the second bottle, almost a year ago. He has grown very fast since and is now quite strong and healthy. We feel very grateful to Dr. Clarke for the discovery of this wonderful remedy, as it has saved our child's life." Certified correct by Messrs. Hall & Co., druggists, Victoria, B. C., from whom the medicine was purchased. Three bottles of Clarke's Kola Compound are absolutely guaranteed to cure any case of asthma or hay fever, or money will be refunded. Free sample bottle to any address mentioning this paper. Address the Griffiths & Macpherson Co., 121 Church street, Toronto, sole agents for Canada. Sold by all druggists. Clarke's Kola Compound has permanently cured more cases of asthma than all other remedies combined.

Sold by Geo. E. Hughes

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P.S.—Agents for the Dominion of Canada for C. J. & G. G. Potter, Darwen, England.

Alewives.

I am open to purchase five hundred bbls Alewives

Horace Haszard,

Charlottetown
June 1 1899, 2w cod, wli.

Mixed Paint
that contains the right ingredients, the right amount of each, mixed right, is better paint than any man can stir up with a stick out of the raw materials. When a man buys some white lead and some oil and mixes some paint and "guesses it will do," he is as much behind the times as a woman who should grind her own grain into flour. THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS contain white lead—just enough—because white lead is one ingredient of good paint. They contain some zinc—not too much—because good paint requires zinc. They are the best paints made to-day, because the best materials, best machinery and most skillful workmen are employed in making them.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS
are made differently for different uses—with different qualities for outside and inside work, rough painting and decorative painting. Get the right kind for your work. "Paint Points," the book we send free, will help you to paint wisely and well.

WHITE LEAD
used alone, covers well but will not last. It chalks and rubs off.

ZINC
used alone, spreads well but will not last. It cracks and peels off.

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JOHN McEACHERN, AGENT
May 27—Sat & Mon 1mo—

J. B. MACDONALD and COY

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED 10 dozen pairs of the celebrated Withim \$3.00 shoe, for men, in nut brown, tans, and black, in box calf and dongola, in all widths. Within \$3 shoe for men is giving the greatest satisfaction of any shoe made in Canada for the money, and better than many sold at more money by other makers. Try a pair, for sale by

J. B. MACDONALD & CO. Ch'town