

A WRONG IDEA OF... DYSPEPSIA

Throws all the Blame on the Stomach—The Real Seat of Trouble is the Intestines—The Permanent Cure is Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

It is an old idea long since exploded that digestion is confined to the stomach. No modern scientist denies that by far the greater part of digestion and the more difficult part takes place in the intestines. This explains why dyspepsia is never really cured by preparations which merely aid stomach digestion and act only on the stomach. This fact also explains why Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have been so remarkably successful as a cure for the worst forms of dyspepsia and indigestion. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills act directly on the kidneys, liver and bowels, and give new tone and vigor to the intestines, and make them able to perform their work of digesting the substances on which the stomach has no effect. Stomach treatment may do well enough for slight indigestion, but if you have chronic indigestion or dyspepsia of a serious nature you can profit by the experience of scores of thousands who have been permanently cured by using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. One pill a dose, 25¢ a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Barr & Co., Toronto.

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 :

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We have for sale mortgages, being 6 percent interest on farm properties in some of the best districts in Manitoba. The mortgages do not represent more than half the value of the property. If required we guarantee both principal and interest. In most cases the mortgages are payable in instalments. Anyone wanting a thoroughly safe investment having a good rate of interest should communicate with us. We also have a large number of very desirable farms for sale in the Winnipeg Districts, at prices which are bound to double in very short time. Send for particulars.

HASLAM & WRIGHT Private Bankers 320 McIntyre Block Winnipeg Man

THE WILD HORSE WON

BUT HE PAID FOR THE VICTORY WITH HIS OWN LIFE.

A Vicious Battle to the Death Between Two Strapping Big Bears and a Little North Carolina Mountain Bred Stallion.

In North Carolina I ran across a crowd of 150 excited mountaineers and asked one of them the reason for the meeting. "Waal, stranger, there's goin to come off right away the gosh darndest fight you ever saw. It's ole Jim Bell's stalyun that's goin to lambaste Sam Carter's two big bears, an let me tell you, stranger, it will be a fight to 'member for many a year, an I'm a-bettin on the stalyun. There ain't no livin critter on four legs can down him. That stalyun's wiped out half a dozen bears, killed a painter an 'bout cleaned out the creek of men an critters the last year. He's dang'us as din'mite, an nobody can handle him 'ceptin ole Jim's boy."

"Where can I find this terrible animal?" "Right over there in that pen," replied my informant, pointing to a big stockade of heavy timbers. When I climbed up and stood upon a wide shelf or string of logs which extended entirely around the 60 foot stockade and looked over at the occupant of the pen, I was forced to confess that the hunter had not exaggerated, at least so far as the horse was concerned. The animal I looked upon was a wild stallion of the mountain breed, common in the highlands of North Carolina.

Although not above 14½ hands in height, he was certainly the most vicious and savage looking brute of the equine species I had ever looked at. He was black as a coal, with long mane and tail and with limbs of perfect symmetry, and but for the manner in which he rolled his eyes and curled his lips above his long, glistening teeth as he snapped at the people on the shelf he would have been a perfect beauty. As it was, his actions showed him to be incarnate.

I had scarcely taken all this in when four men came up leading two tremendous bears, either of which would have tipped the scale at 400 pounds. The crowd followed, and almost before the men had opened two small gates at the bottom of the stockade to let the bears in a human belt encircled the stockade. The bears were let in at opposite sides, and almost in a flash there began the most terrific and bloody battle I had ever seen.

The bears had barely time to straighten up after their entrance before the black stallion gave a snort of rage and bounded toward the big bear, which stood almost below my feet. Brain saw him coming and rose to his hind feet, his little yellow eyes snapping with rage and hunger. The horse was too quick for him, however, for before the bear could strike with his powerful arms the stallion reared up, drove both forefeet squarely into the bear's face and neck, knocking him six feet away.

Wheeling like lightning, the enraged stallion gathered to kick, but before he could launch out bear No. 2 came up on a gallop, and just as the horse's heels left the ground the bear gave a quick snap, catching the hide about a foot above the fetlock and tearing away a strip of hide a foot long and an inch in width. With a scream of rage and pain the horse bounded into the air, clear over the bear, and whirled, it appeared, so quickly, was it done, almost in midair, and before No. 2 could face about the stallion's sharp teeth closed over one of its ears.

A snap, a rip of tearing flesh, and one ear and a big piece of hide were gone. The bear, growling with rage, was on its hind feet in a second, but only in time to catch a vicious kick with both hind feet, which sent it over on its back. As before, the horse was compelled to whirl about to face a second enemy, for bear No. 1 had got on its feet and was rushing to the fray. Then, for two or three minutes it appeared, but which probably was not much more than a few seconds, there was a mix up of hide, hair, and heels, mingled



A skilled navigator knows that his chart, compass and sextant will guide him with unerring certainty across ten thousand miles of tempest-driven ocean straight to one little speck of an island on the almost boundless waters. With the same unflinching assurance a skilled and scientific physician seeks for some undiscovered remedy in the wide ocean of materia medica.

He knows that when the nature of a disease is once thoroughly understood he has located the latitude and longitude of the remedy; and its ultimate discovery is only a matter of time. It was in this way that Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., was guided to his world-famous "Golden Medical Discovery" for the cure of consumption.

He realized that consumption is a constitutional malady, deep-seated in the blood. He sought and found this marvelous constitutional remedy which renovates and enriches the vital current with nutritious life-giving elements; healing wasted tissues, restoring digestive and assimilative power, and building up healthy flesh and genuine enduring vigor.

In all those debilitating diseases which are caused by imperfect nutrition; this extraordinary "Discovery" is the most perfect alterative remedy and strength-builder known to medical science. It is not a mere temporary stimulant like various malt "extracts." Its good effects are permanent. Where costiveness is among the prevailing symptoms, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets should be used in conjunction with the "Discovery."

with growls, savage snorts and snapping teeth.

One bear was down and badly hurt. The other bear, No. 2, was bleeding profusely about the head, and one of his legs seemed to be crippled. As for the stallion, he was fearfully torn on every one of his four legs.

But before I could take in the full extent of injuries given and received by the three fighters they were all again on the move. The bears this time separated to attack the stallion from different quarters, but the horse whirled and charged directly at one of them, and as the bear attempted to gain his hind feet he wheeled and launched both hind hoofs with a sickening thud against his ribs. I could plainly hear the snap of broken bones as the bear toppled over, but before the stallion could dodge or throw up his head out of reach No. 2 struck him on the nose with his claws.

Down went both, hoofs and claws flying. A second after, the horse, which now seemed a mass of torn and bleeding flesh, bounded into the air and came down with all four feet on his prostrate foe, crushing bone, flesh and muscle beneath. Then, scarcely giving his dying foe a glance, the crazed stallion sprang at his other enemy, who was trying vainly to regain his feet. Again the stallion sprang into the air, with his four feet gathered into a bunch, and again there was a sickening crunch of bone and flesh. Both bears were now dead, crushed and kicked into two bloody masses of wool, bone and flesh.

After his last dash the horse walked away a few steps, then, turning, staggered up to the first bear he had knocked out, knelt down and literally fore skin and flesh from the bear's body; then with bloody head and glistening teeth the savage brute managed to stagger over to the other mass of wool and flesh, which he served in the same manner.

After tearing and battering the body into a mass of broken bones and mangled flesh, the stallion tossed his head, from which the bloody foam flew in long flecks, gave a neigh of triumph and fell lifeless to the ground. The stallion had won the battle, but it had cost him his life.—Philadelphia Press.

All by Accident.

"Do you think it proper," said the man who was trying to keep his temper, "to laugh at a man who slips on a banana peel by accident?" "Well," replied the spectator apologetically, "I laughed by accident too. I didn't think of such a thing until I saw you."—What to Eat.

May Blame Themselves.

"Yes," said the man who thought deeply, "uncasy lies the head that wears a crown." "Huh!" sniffed the superficial creature. "What do the fools sleep in them for?"—Kansas City Independent.

A TURKISH WEDDING.

The Ceremony Occurs at Night and Occupies Four Hours.

A wedding is always an interesting event, even to those who are not directly concerned in it. Whereas the ceremony of "tying the knot" only takes a few minutes in Christian countries, it lasts in Cairo from 7 o'clock in the evening to 11, and is like enacting a chapter in the "Arabian Nights."

With difficulty we made our way to the gate of the large garden in front of the pasha's palace, the entire facade of which was brilliantly illuminated and within which the wedding ceremony was about to take place.

The ladies were immediately taken away from us and conducted to the harem, our men being shown into a room beside another reserved for the natives—men everywhere, but not a woman. After awhile we were invited into the large dining hall, where we were rejoined by the ladies, but only the ladies of our own party, and all sat down to dinner. And such a dinner! I cannot give the menu.

What took place in the harem is best told by one of the ladies. She said: "I was ushered through a long, narrow stone passage, lighted by torches held by negroes, and suddenly found myself in a large room, the harem, brilliantly lighted by electricity, with a number of beautiful women with pencilled eyebrows and red stained finger nails, lightly clad and unveiled, sitting on richly covered divans. Their costumes were of costly fabrics, and they were covered with diamonds and pearls."

"In the middle of the room was a bower of roses for the bride, and on all sides were rare oriental carpets and embroideries. After waiting an hour in the harem the bride appeared, walked to the bower and sat down in it. After another long wait the bridegroom came.

"He went directly to the bower, raised the veil of the bride, who was beautiful and whom he saw for the first time, placed a magnificent diamond necklace over her head and led her away. After this ceremony a procession formed in the garden and marched around it to the sound of music. Then the bridegroom's best man came out and made a speech on his behalf, which was replied to by one chosen for the purpose. After this the crowd began to disperse, and all was over.—Paris Herald.

A Logical Suggestion.

The venerable R. L. Dabney, D. D., is well known in this country and abroad. Upward of 20 years ago his youngest son Lewis was a sharp witted lad who promised to become a respected 'chip of the old block."

The lad was whipped one day for an act of disobedience and then had to undergo the more trying ordeal of sitting quietly on the sofa. He became deeply absorbed in thought and presently asked:

"Ma, why did you whip me?" "So as to make you a better boy," was the response.

Lewis again became lost in thoughtful reflection. Presently he blurted out: "Ma, do you believe in prayer?" "Yes, my son." "If you were to ask God to make me a better boy, do you think he would grant your prayer?" "I think he would, son." "Well, then, ma, I wish you would pray a little more and whip a little less."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

He Stood Firm.

"He didn't get the better of me," triumphantly remarked the man whose coat sleeves are always too short.

"You mean the book agent who just left?"

"Yes; I stood firm, didn't I?"

"I tell you, it was hard work, for he is a mighty persuasive man. And, besides, I wanted those books the worst kind, and I'm going to get them next week. I'll have to pay several dollars more than he asked. But I was bound he shouldn't get the best of me."

Came Back, as Usual.

A funny man, in illustration of the tenacity with which a cat clings to its life, which is the best life a cat knows anything about, says: "A Norwich couple who had a pet cat which had grown helpless from age and extremely fat put it out of its misery by the agency of chloroform. They buried it in the garden and planted a rose bush over the remains. The next morning it appeared at the door to be let in, and had the rose bush under its arm."

Diplomacy.

Portly Dowager—I've called, sir, to learn what the future has in store for me. Eminent Fortune Teller (examining palm)—Ah, madam, the lines of fate run so smoothly in this fair palm that I shall have to apply a magical compound of wonderful powers to bring them out more distinctly. (To attendant, in French)—Cleopatra, dip the end of a towel in soapsuds and bring it here.

An Expert.

She—How can you be so sure that you are in love with me and with no one else? Even I wonder at times whether there is a possibility of absolute certainty in such matters. He—You lack experience and the confidence it begets. I've been in love 40 times and know every symptom.—Detroit Free Press.

A PROMINENT VANCOUVERITE.

Permanently Cured of Asthma, Clarke's Kola Compound Cures,

Mr. F. J. Panton, the well-known proprietor of Panton's Music Store, Vancouver, B. C., writes: "I have been a great sufferer from asthma in its worst form for over four years, very often having had to sit up nearly all night. I had consulted physicians both in England and Canada without obtaining any permanent relief and tried many remedies with the same result. A friend who had been cured by Dr. Clarke's Kola Compound advised me to try it. And three bottles have entirely cured me. It is now nearly two years since my recovery, and asthma has not troubled me since. I feel very grateful to Dr. Clarke for introducing this wonderful remedy, suffering as I was, and do not know of a single case where the required number of bottles have been taken that it has failed to cure. See that you get Clarke's Free sample bottle sent to any person. Mention this paper. Address The Griffiths & Macpherson Co., 121 Church street, Toronto, or Vancouver, B. C., sole Canadian agents."

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Furniture Auction

I am instructed by Miss McDonald to sell by auction, at the residence, Fownall Street, on Wednesday, the 5th day of July, commencing at 1.30 o'clock, a.m.

All the household effects of the late John A. McDonald, Esq., comprising Parlor, Diningroom, Hall, Bedroom and Kitchen Furniture.

R. BEAIRSTO, Auctioneer 146—20

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