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Three things, if taken together, will cure nearly every case in the first stages; the majority of cases more advanced; and a few of those far advanced.

The first is, fresh air; the second, proper food; the third, Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil with hypophosphites.

To be cured, you must not lose in weight, and, if thin, you must gain. Nothing equals Scott's Emulsion to keep you in good flesh.

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A Useful Christmas Present

for your wife would be one of our high grade sewing machines.—She would appreciate it.

It would mean less labor for her.

Don't you think it would be "just the thing?"

Let us quote you prices.

If you don't want a sewing machine, drop in and see our large stock of musical instruments—the best in the city.

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White's Caramels and Snowflake Chocolates

Can be had at any of the following first class store

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NEW

Seeded Raisins.

We have just received our stock of Griffin Skelly's California Seeded Raisins. They are much superior to any other brand in the market.

We have also the Valencia Raisins, seeded the same way. They come cheaper than the Californians.

Sultana Raisins, Cleaned Currants, Cooking Figs, Candied Peels, etc., all fresh and good for Xmas baking.

BEER & GOFF GROCERS

THE EARTH.

With gathering years the earth has not grown lame. In man's firm clasp a mere imprisoned ball.

Yet, when at last the globe is mastered quite, And prying man has left no inch unscanned, He still must pause before earth's mo. As of might That lift the sea and toss the desert sand, That set the dread volcano's torch alight And send strange tremors through the startled land.

—Meredith Nicholson in New York Sun

THE LATE MR. KNAPP

A STORY WHICH GOES TO SHOW THAT YOU CAN'T ALWAYS TELL WHAT PEOPLE MEAN BY WHAT THEY SAY.

You see, she was such a queer little thing that we couldn't help taking her to our hearts at once. But there, that's just the way with me. It always seems to me as if everybody ought to know the people I know, without any particular explanation.

Well, it was just this way: That summer that mother and I wanted to paper the sitting room, though father would have given mother his head if she had asked for it, heads didn't count. It was money we needed, and of that he had none. Then after much hard thinking I devised a plan, and, though it was a great shock to father and mother at first, I carried the day, and the upshot of it was that we advertised for a summer boarder for our spare room. Unless you have done the same thing at some awful crisis in your life you can never for a moment imagine, O reader, the awful mixture of hope and fear that held place in our hearts until we received a neatly written, briefly worded note signed "Phoebe Knapp."

Mother was taken with it at once, and as she delights in all things miserable because she can make them feel better, she was especially captivated by the closing sentence, which ran, "Having recently met with a bereavement, the rest and quiet you offer will be a great boon to me."

"Widow, likely," said father as we read this note aloud in his presence for the fifth time.

"Miss or Mrs. Katie?" asked mother, although we both knew the signature by heart—"Yours sincerely, Phoebe Knapp."

"I'm sure I don't know. I can't read between the lines," I answered, rather flippantly, I fear.

This unknown was beginning to take a sort of weird possession of me. It seemed uncanny that everything should turn upon the movements of a stranger whom we had never seen, and wherever I turned I could not help seeing a silent figure in a long crape veil lifting its hand and commanding me to do this or that, upon which I was already engaged.

However, we were all ready for her at last, and when father came from the station and deposited upon the front piazza a tiny little woman of about 50 years of age, with big, frightened gray eyes, and delicate, sensitive features, a creature that would have looked small alongside a robust child of 10, the contrast between this little object and the commanding figure of my imagination was so great that I almost had a fit of hysterics on the spot.



There is a world of romance in the picture of a young girl reading her sweetheart's love letters. In a multitude of cases, if her future could also be pictured, the picture would contain a world of pathos. To the healthy, robust woman, marriage means happiness, the supreme joy of motherhood and the promise of a long, healthy life of helpfulness with the man of her choice. To the woman who suffers from disease or weakness of the delicate and important organs concerned in wifehood and motherhood, wedlock means suffering and maternity death. Dr. R. V. Pierce is an eminent and skillful specialist, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y. During that time, with the assistance of a staff of able physicians, he has prescribed for thousands of women. The institute of which he is the head is one of the greatest in the world. He is a regularly graduated physician and has practiced right in one place for thirty years. The esteem in which he is held by his neighbors is shown by the fact that they chose him for their representative in the National Congress. The regard in which he is held by those whom he has treated is shown by the thousands of letters printed in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, telling of the benefits derived from his treatment.

Dr. Pierce is the discoverer of a wonderful medicine for women, known as Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It cures all weakness and disease of the feminine organs. It allays inflammation, heals ulcers, tones and soothes pain. It tones the nerves, and the interesting period, it banishes the usual discomforts and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. Thousands of women have testified to its marvelous merits. An honest druggist won't advise a substitute. The profit side of life is health. The balance is written in the rich, red, pure blood of health. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation and make the blood rich and pure. They never gripe.

motherhood and prodded the "poor dear" and took her up to her room. You see, mother was just in her element, while I had all my notions to readjust to existing circumstances. My flights of fancy will be the death of me some day, father says.

I caught mother on the stair a moment as they were coming down and breathed softly into her ear. "Miss or Mrs.?"

"I don't know. I couldn't find out," answered mother in that awful stage whisper of hers that sends me nearly into fits whenever she tries it. But our boarder did not seem to notice. I made a venture on a bold stroke. "I shall call her Mrs. Knapp, and then she can correct me if she doesn't like it. I've always heard that it gives a middle-aged married woman much greater offense to be called 'Miss' than it does to address a single sister as 'Mrs.' so here goes."

"I hope you had a pleasant trip down, M-m." I said pleasantly, allowing my voice to die away on the last syllables as I found my courage oozing out at the tip of my tongue. I couldn't say Mrs. Knapp after all, to save me.

I noticed with much amusement that father and mother avoided the pitfall as successfully as I did, during that first meal, and we all went out on the piazza after supper to enjoy the sunset. Here our guest set our minds at rest.

"How James would have enjoyed this!" exclaimed she softly, as if half to herself. Mother nodded so vigorously and triumphantly behind her back that I was afraid she would notice it and so hastened to nod in reply. We knew now. She was a widow. "He loved to sit beside me and watch the setting sun, even in the city," she went on softly. "It seems terribly lonely without him. Oh, if I could only have brought him out into such a peaceful place as this, he might be alive now! That last hot spell was so hard on him. I thought perhaps he had a sunstroke, but I could not tell."

Mother's eyes filled with sympathetic tears, and as she laid her hand gently over that of Mrs. Knapp she inquired tenderly, "How long is it since he died, dear?"

"Six weeks," answered the widow. "It was all that I had in the world, and I have been so lonely ever since. But, please, Mrs. Curtis, I cannot talk about it quite yet."

Nevertheless, she did "talk about it" quite a good deal in the days that followed, with the effect that I, who was a wide awake girl at that time, peculiarly susceptible to first impressions, imbibed an impression of the late Mr. Knapp's eccentricities that was not altogether complimentary to the departed gentleman.

"Poor dear!" said she one day. "He tried so hard to speak. If he only could have told his wants!" We never asked her any questions. We just let her talk on, feeling that this was the kindest and best. I inferred from this last remark that her husband had been affected by paralysis, particularly as she had said on another occasion: "I used to sit at my window, and James sat at his, I sewing, he looking out of the window at what was going on in the street. He seemed perfectly happy as long as I was there. But then we can never tell. I often wish now that I had done more for him or could have learned better what he wanted."

"What did the physicians say or do?" I asked.

"They said it was the breaking up of the system by old age. I never felt that they quite understood the case." Poor little thing! Married to an aged paralytic and yet regretting his death as the breaking up of the one tie on earth! What desolation—what utter desolation her case seemed to me! I was moved to take her in my arms and weep with her, which was a great deal for me.

Not only was the late Mr. Knapp old and imbecile and paralytic, but he had other traits which must have rendered him highly objectionable as a daily companion.

"Just about this time every afternoon I always gave James a bowl of cream with fresh sponge cake in it. He would not touch it unless it was in a certain bowl nor unless it was fresh from the baker's. And yet they tried to persuade me that he didn't know anything!"

From which I inferred that, added to his other peculiarities, the late Mr. Knapp possessed an extremely unpleasant temper.

"And, oh, Mrs. Curtis!" she wailed, "after the poor dear was dead and gone, they wouldn't let me bury him in the family lot." From which I inferred that the dear departed had come of a family of unpleasant tempers. Such heathenish doings I never heard told of. Surely, however they felt toward him during his life, nothing but a fiend would deny him the family resting place after he was dead!

But I forgot my interest in Mrs. Knapp and her affairs by reason of some of my own. I had a delightful letter from Tom Dixon, saying he would be with us for a week. Now Tom was a favorite cousin of mine, and I spent a good deal of time furnishing up my little belongings so that I might look my very best when he came. And then, I was putting finishing touches to Tom's room, too, until the minute he arrived, so that I really had no time to talk to Mrs. Knapp or

to listen to her if she wished to talk to me.

Dear old Tom! How good it was to see him that day with his blithe ways and "bonny brown hair!" We talked and talked till supper was called, and then we still talked all the way to the dining room door, and yet we found time to say nothing about any one but ourselves. As we seated ourselves at the table I saw Mrs. Knapp's vacant place (for she was a little late) and realized that I had not mentioned her presence in our household.

"Why, we have a boarder, Tom," I began, in answer to his look of inquiry at the empty place. Just as I spoke she glided in.

"Why, who on earth would have thought of finding you here?" and he shook her hand in a grasp so hearty that I could see it was painful to her.

She colored faintly and said a little unsteadily, "This is indeed a surprise, Mr. Dixon," and I read between the lines that the surprise was not an altogether agreeable one.

But Tom didn't seem to notice any thing (most men are dumb about such things, you know), so I kept my eyes and ears open and waited for developments.

At last they came and in a most startling manner.

"So I hear poor Jim is gone at last?" said Tom, turning to Mrs. Knapp as he buttered his seventh biscuit (Tom always was rather a greedy youth and enjoyed most heartily the good things of this life, mother's cooking among them).

"Oh, Mr. Dixon, how can you speak of him in that way?" exclaimed the widow, hurrying from the room in a fit of sobbing.

Tom stared.

"Well, I'll be darned! What under the sun is the matter with the woman anyway?" he exclaimed.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," replied I severely. "No wonder the poor woman is shocked to hear you speak of her husband in that way after he's dead and gone."

Tom stared again. And then he broke into such spasms of laughter that I thought he had suddenly lost his mind. I had heard of such things, but I had fortunately been spared the sight of them so far.

"Her husband!" he exclaimed, when he could catch his breath, as he wiped the tears from his eyes. "Her husband! She hadn't any husband. She never was married. Jim was her old black cat!" And then he went off again into spasms.

No wonder the hard-hearted relatives had objected to having all that was mortal of "the late Mr. Knapp" laid in the family lot!

Mother and I looked at each other and said nothing. What was there to say? But we thought things. I don't know whether they were the same things or not, but we certainly thought things.—Chicago Times-Herald.

WEAK AND... PUNY CHILDREN

Become Strong and Healthy by using Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food.

Children are frequently left weak and sickly as an after result of measles, scarlet fever, etc., and in this state are easy prey to nervous disorders, rickets, spinal disease, or consumption, diseases which do not affect robust, healthy children. The blood is weak and watery and the nerves improperly nourished. Feed the blood and nerves with Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food, and the pale, pinched faces will soon become rosy and plump, and tiredness and weakness will give way to strength and animation. Mr. E. W. Day, 62 Close Avenue, Toronto, writes: "My eldest daughter, aged eight, became very much run down. Her fretful, nervous, sleepless condition greatly alarmed her parents. She was taken from school, and in spite of the best nursing, the thin, weakened, bloodless face grew painfully worse. Fortunately we used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. An improvement became apparent in a few days, it continued, and in a few weeks she returned to school built up anew, and greatly to our joy fully restored to health." Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Eates & Co., Toronto.

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For Xmas

- Hubbard Squash.....2 1/2 lb
Cape Cod Cranberries..... 9c qt
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Celery per Bunch..... 10c
" " 3 Bunches..... 25c
" " 3 Bbl..... 5.00
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MISCELLANEOUS—Lettuce, Parsley Brussel Sprouts, Beets, Carrots, Parsnips Cabbage, Turnips, Beans, (for baking) Honey in Comb, Cocoanuts, Savory, Sage, Lemons, &c.

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I am instructed to sell by Public Auction, at the Court House, in Charlottetown, on Wednesday, December 20th, 1899, at 12 o'clock, noon, that large four story brick building on Grafton Street, now occupied by F. Perkins & Co., as a dry goods store.

This building was erected in 1896, and is one of the largest and most attractive store buildings in the city; it is centrally located, being immediately opposite the Post Office; and on the street which most persons from the northern and eastern sections of the country now use when driving into market, and which those from the southern districts will use, after the bridge over the Hillsborough River is built.

This is one of the rare chances to secure property in the very centre of the business part of the city.

Terms: Ten per cent at sale; balance on delivery of deed within ten days. R. BEARISTO, Auctioneer.

Charlottetown, N. C., 28, 1899—

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