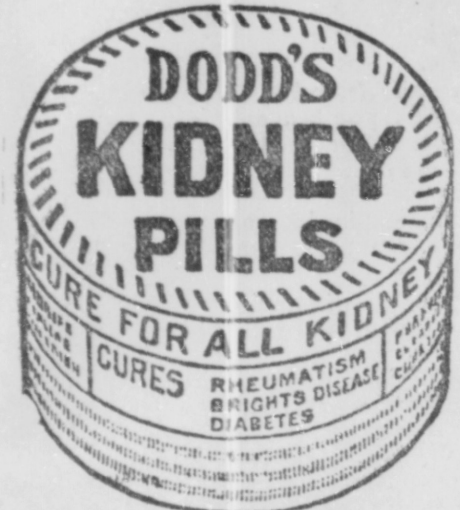


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All are 5c large twin bar

THE ELF BAIRN

As I came over Kirkstone pass,
Through the white and heather,
I met a bonnie shepherd lass,
Strayed in the misty weather.
To her bare feet the rock would seem
As soft as honey clover,
But if we crossed a running stream
She bade me lift her over.
She kissed me sweetly for a charm,
I had been hers forever,
But that I wore, to shield from harm
A sprig o' the white heather.
And if I asked her whence she came
She would not bide nor hearken;
But if I asked her for her name
Her eyes would glow and darken.
We passed a beck by Kirkstone cairn,
I dipped her in the water;
She changed into an elin bairn,
Ran off before I caught her.
—Black and White.

BROKE THE BLOCKADE.

Which Goes to Show That the Spaniard Will Still Be Behind the Times in the Coming Century.

Lieutenant Jose Baquero y Ordonez of the navy of his Catholic majesty of Spain stroked his long white beard and decided on a brilliant and great action. From the decks of his little gunboat he looked once more—"Who knows," thought he, "but it is for the last time"—on the sleepy cove of Turiguano, that had sheltered his craft so long and well from the prowling Yankee fleet. Then sharp orders were given, and the white, shining ship moved swiftly out of the tiny Cuban harbor and stood for the open sea.

On the shore there was strange commotion as she went. It came from Spanish loyalists, who had fed her crew and officers for years and supplied the vessel with material, and their emotion was vivid, for Lieutenant Jose Baquero y Ordonez of the navy of his majesty of Spain had omitted the formality of paying the bills.

Lieutenant Ordonez had things more weighty than mere bills to consider. After long reflection he had decided on a stroke that would end an imperishable glory for him and his—or annihilation. He had decided to run the fierce blockade and enter Havana; to force his way through the enormous steel fleet of the enemy, to defy battleships and torpedo boats and cruisers and to do a deed that would re-echo in Spain.

He did not aspire to the empty glory of sinking a Yankee ship, and, incidentally, being sunk himself. The Lieutenant Ordonez would have dared that, too, for it would have been a chivalrous thing to do, and he lived for chivalry. But that ripe reflection to which he had become a prey taught him that, if we were sunk, the Yankee pigs never would give credit to him and his crew for their glorious blow for Spanish arms.

And, then, where would be all the good effect of his enterprise, as far as the fame of Spain was concerned? No! The Lieutenant Ordonez saw clearly that he could nerve the Spanish arm and force the world's acclaim for the valor of his land best by entering Havana and flashing the news around the globe that a Spanish warship had broken the boasted blockade. "On, then, my brave ones!" cried he. "Fear not! Honor and cigarettes and senoras!



When a man gets down flat on his back, so that he has to be carried about like a baby, he finally realizes that he is a sick man. Very frequently he has been a sick man for years, but has recklessly refused to recognize nature's warnings. Severe illness is something that does not strike a man like a flash of lightning. It creeps upon him by degrees, and at every step warns him with a new danger signal.

When a man feels "out of sorts" or "knocked out," or whatever he may call it, he is a sick man. It is time to take warning. Headaches, drowsiness, loss of sleep at night, loss of appetite, nervousness, bad taste in the mouth in the morning, and frightful dreams—all these are warnings of encroaching illness. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery creates appetite, cures dyspepsia, stimulates the liver, purifies the blood, quickens the circulation and tones the nerves. It makes rich, red, tissue-building blood. It builds firm flesh, but does not make corpulent people more corpulent. Unlike cod liver oil, it does not make flabby flesh. On the contrary, it tears down and excretes the unhealthy tissues that constitute corpulency, and replaces them with the firm, muscular tissues of good health. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption. All bronchial, throat and kindred ailments, as lingering coughs, spitting of blood and weak lungs are cured by it. Thousands have testified to its merits. At all medicine stores.

It is a dealer's business to give you what you ask for; not to tell you what you want. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. One "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. Druggists sell them, and nothing is "just as good."

...about us, and if you see aaukee pig boat, do not hesitate to let me know in ample season." He looked enthusiastically on his crew, a crew any commander might be proud to have—all old, white haired men, who had served in the Spanish navy for many, many years.

Intrepidly that was the inheritance of the Lieutenant Ordonez did not interfere with his sound judgment. Carefully, though bravely, he steered along the coast, and at every sign of smoke or sail on the horizon he felt his responsibility for the care of his ship and men keenly enough to suppress his natural desire for battle and to lie hidden in a snug harbor till night made it safe to venture on again.

And so making port wherever a deserted bayou or bay was to be found, the little gunboat San Jago worked her way along the north coast of Cuba night after night, giving a wide berth to harbors like Sagua la Grande and Cardenas, where the enemy might be in force, till at last, on the midnight of the seventh day after venturing out of their port, the brave Spaniards crept in sight of their goal.

Now there was intense excitement on the little ship. The men lay down by their guns and whispered what they had to say to each other. The officers crowded together and strained their eyes through the gloom for the dusky shapes of the American ships that must be within a few miles at the most. And softly the engines worked and every moment the coast loomed more plainly. Still there was no sign of foe. No pencil of wavering, groping light was to be seen anywhere on the rolling sea to betray an American ship with her prying searchlight.

It seemed almost too good to be true, and the Lieutenant Ordonez and his men began to suspect a trap. They redoubled their watchfulness, and more than one sailor muttered a hurried prayer in wise provision for a possible emergency when he might not have time to commend his soul to his patron saint. But still there was no sign of an enemy's craft, and finally the ship opened up the entrance to Havana harbor without having met a single obstacle.

Then an involuntary exclamation of surprise came from the watching men. Havana was dazzling with illuminations. The waters of the bay were bright as day with the flashes of electric lights, and from all parts of the

city rockets and Roman candles and other aerial fireworks were rising in sheafs of flame. For awhile the Spaniards gazed at the scene in mute astonishment. Then the Lieutenant Ordonez raised his voice and shouted: "Victory! Victory! Behold! This it is why there is no blockade! The Yankee pigs have been wiped from the sea that they so polluted! Joy! Joy! It is a glorious day for Spanish arms!"

Loudly the crew cheered at the words, and the gunboat San Jago sped by the dark and silent Morro and up the bay. Quickly the gig was lowered, and the lieutenant with his officers went ashore with feverish impatience to learn the news.

At the pier a great crowd stood, as if awaiting them. But when the seamen landed there were no cheers as they had expected. Instead, they found themselves regarded curiously, and there was considerable jostling and some laughter.

Angrily the lieutenant turned to a tall, stout individual in a rather odd uniform of blue cloth with many brass buttons. Him he asked in Spanish for the latest news, but the fellow only stared.

The lieutenant repeated his request peremptorily, and still there was no answer.

But the official turned to one of the bystanders and beckoned to him. He approached and in turn stared and shook his head.

Others came and listened to the question which the lieutenant was repeating, but each looked as nonplused as the rest.

Finally an old, old man appeared and nodded understandingly. Turning to the rest, he said in English: "This old jay is jabbering Spanish—you know, the language that they used to speak here 'way back. Well, I guess he's a little cracked, because he's asking for the latest news of the war."

"What war?" asked a young man curiously.

"Why, that there Spanish war that we had about this island here with them Spanish about 50 years ago. I don't remember the date exactly, but it was about in 1900 or some time like that."

The Lieutenant Ordonez was getting impatient. His sailors had been jostled from his side and were losing themselves in the crowd, and his officers also had disappeared. He said: "Tell me, senior, I am the commander of the Spanish gunboat San Jago and have run the blockade. What is the meaning of this discourtesy?"

"Holy smoke!" said the old man in English to his friends the onlookers. "I guess he's a goner in the head for sure. He says that he's run the blockade. I s'pose, Bill," he continued, turning to the stout man in the blue uniform, "that you'll have to tear yourself away from this Fourth of July celebration of ours and take this poor old duck to the police station. He's dead nutty."

"Hang it!" said Bill, and strolled over

to the Lieutenant Ordonez. He ran his hand on his shoulder and began to pull him along. The naval officer straightened up and struck the stout man full in the face. The assaulted person roared and gripped the lieutenant by the collar and the crowd caught him by legs and arms and helped the procession along.

In a few minutes he was deposited ungracefully, though not altogether unkindly, in a police station, where a red faced man with a rich Irish brogue demanded his pedigree. That was a matter of some difficulty, for the lieutenant was quite beyond himself with rage and no one else could tell much about the prisoner.

But finally the sergeant had gathered enough material to make his record on the blotter: July 4, 1950—Prisoner, male; real name unknown; assumed name, Lieutenant Jose Baquero y Ordonez; charge, insanity.

And the Lieutenant Ordonez was hustled rudely into a cell. He had waited in the snug port of Turiguano too long.—New York Press.

Giving Fame a Chance.

"Don't worry, Scribbs; you'll awake yet and find yourself famous."
"If I could believe that, I'd go to bed and stay there all the time."
—Chicago Record.

Does Not Inspire Confidence.

There is always more or less popular suspicion attached to expert testimony when it begins to take refuge in words of more than three syllables.—Washington Star

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.

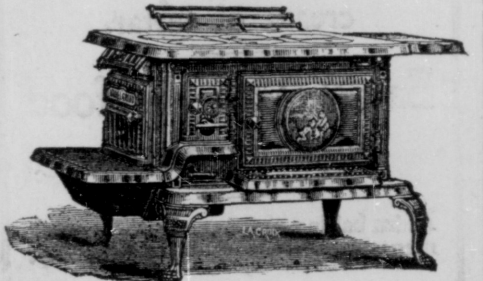
It is an old idea long since exploded that digestion is confined to the stomach. No modern scientist denies that by far the greater part of digestion and the more difficult part takes place in the intestines. This explains why dyspepsia is never really cured by preparations which merely aid stomach digestion 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 substances on which the stomach has no effect.

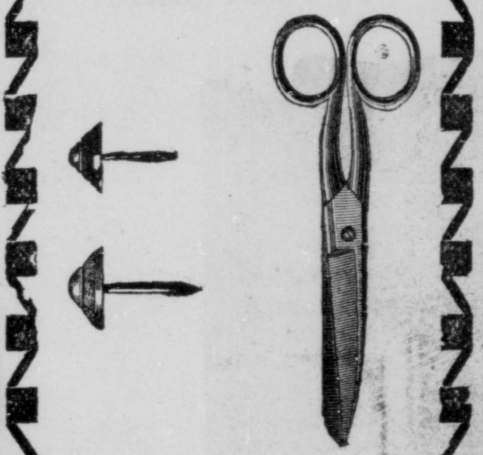
Stomach treatment may do well enough for slight indigestion, but if you have chronic indigestion or dyspepsia of a serious nature you can profit by the experience of scores of thousands who have been permanently cured by using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. One pill a dose, 25c a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Barr & Co., Toronto.

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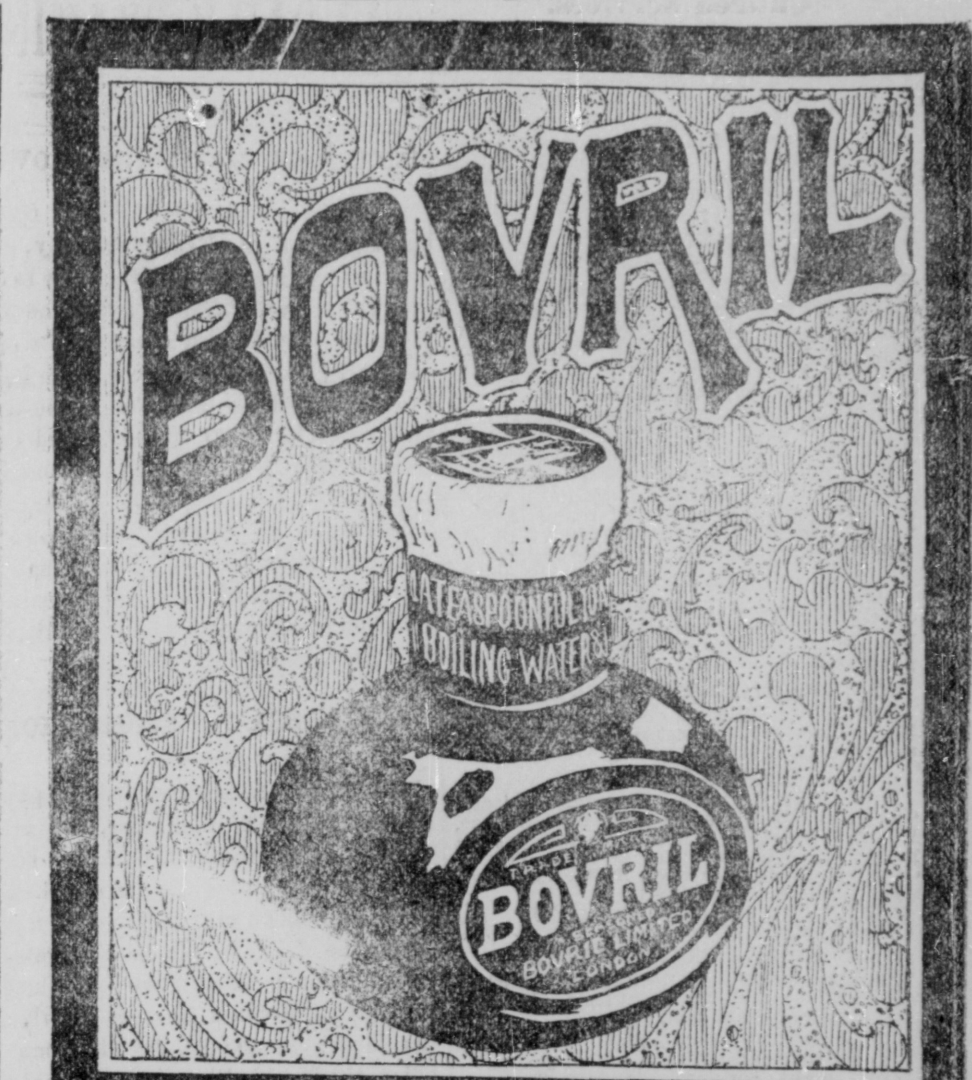
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