



**Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription**  
 If a woman walked bare-footed on the sharp edge of a sword, she would not undergo one-tenth of the agony daily borne by thousands of women without complaint. They suffer greater misery and pain than could be inflicted by all the professional torturers that the world ever knew. Day and night they suffer from headaches, dragging down and burning sensations, pains in the sides and back, hot and cold flushes, nervous and trembling, and mental despondency. The whole body is tortured with pain and the entire nervous system is racked. If they consult the average obscure physician, he will attribute their bad feelings to stomach, liver, kidney, heart or nervous trouble. If, by accident, he hits upon the right cause, he will insist upon the disgusting examinations and local treatment so embarrassing to a sensitive, modest woman.

The real trouble is weakness or disease of the delicate and important organs that bear the burdens of maternity. There is no necessity for examinations or local treatment. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures all disorders of this nature in the privacy of the home. It acts directly on the sensitive organs concerned, making them strong and well. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration, soothes pain and tones and builds up the nerves. It stops exhausting drains. It banishes the discomforts of the expectant months, and makes baby's coming easy and almost painless. It restores the beauty and vivacity lost through long months or years of pain and suffering. Thousands of women have testified to its marvelous merits. At all medicine stores. Avoid substitutes.

To cover customs and mailing only, send 31 one-cent stamps for paper-covered copy, or 50 for cloth-bound copy, of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. Address, Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

**'Tis not all Gold THAT GLITTERS**

Many are taken in now-a-days, and are paying from ten to twenty dollars for a watch not worth five, by buying from pedlers and others who are not watch-makers.

Do not be Deceived. But when you want a reliable watch buy only of one who understands the trade and asks only a fair price for a good article.

**G. H. TAYLOR**  
 Jeweler and Optician.  
 Charlottetown.

**P. E. Island Railway**

On and after MONDAY, 27th Dec., 1897, trains of this Railway will run daily, (Sundays excepted,) as under.

Trains Outward. Read down.	STATIONS.	Trains Inward. Read up.
P. M. 8 10	Charlottetown	P. M. 10 30
8 35	Royalton Junction	10 55
4 17	North Wiltshire	1 40
4 31	Hunter River	1 55
5 05	Beadallbane	2 10
5 13	Emerald	2 18
5 27	Freestown	2 32
5 47	Kensington	2 52
6 20	Ar.	3 25
P. M. 12 50	S' Side	4 00
1 11	Miscouche	4 10
1 37	Wellington	4 47
2 19	Port Hill	5 00
3 34	O'Leary	5 00
3 58	Bloomfield	7 34
4 34	Albion	6 55
5 20	Tignish	6 00
P. M. 8 35	Charlottetown	A. M. 10 10
2 50	Royalton Junction	10 10
3 25	Bedford	9 37
3 55	Mt Stewart	9 03
4 10	Ar.	8 50
5 22	Cardigan	7 58
6 45	Georgetown	7 10
P. M. 4 05	Mt. Stewart	A. M. 8 55
4 43	Morell	8 17
5 12	St. Peter's	7 48
5 57	Bear River	7 08
6 40	Souris	6 20
P. M. 6 15	Emerald	A. M. 7 50
6 05	Cape Traverse	7 03

**Printing**  
 in all its branches at the EXAMINER office, one of the best equipped Job Printing Establishments, on P. E. Island.

**BILLIAM.**

By S. R. CROCKETT.

They went down the dimly lighted, greasy stairs without meeting a soul. When they arrived at the foot, William turned sharp to the left, and the hussar found himself in a darkish wide lane, in which were no gas lamps. At the end of the lane was a great coal station, full of wagons and stacks of coal, black and shining, dimly seen between two tall gateposts. The latest delivery wagons of the day were just leaving the yard on the way to the city coal stores, there to be ready for the morning demand. They rumbled out in a long procession, manned by men as rough and grim and black as the coal they worked among.

The coal carters kept up a brisk interchange of compliments with one another, varying this by an occasional lump of coal. Great wedges and nuts of it were also being jolted continually off the carts as they jostled and lurched through the dark and deep rutted lanes. "Come on," said William. "We'll soon get enough."

Presently a huge coal carter, standing up on his wagon, caught sight of the captain lifting a piece of coal from the side of the road. He sent a ready missile after him, which took effect just between his shoulder blades.

"Get out o' that, ye—skulker, ye!" he shouted. Captain Ormithwaite of the One Hundred and Tenth hussars sprang toward his assailant to take him by the throat, but the watchful William had his brother promptly by the arm.

"Mind what you are about," he said. "See; stand in there, and we'll soon get enough to last us three or four days." The brothers took shelter in a cellar doorway, both of them grimed to the eyes. William produced a hideous mask out of his side pocket and put it on. Then he slid off the doorstep and took up his position on a little mound of hard trodden earth and engine ash.

"Ho, ha!" he cried. "Ye are a set o' dirty, lazy Gilmerton carters!" Every conchman on the wagons leaped up at the word as if he had been stung, and the rain of coal cobs which fell about William was astonishing and deadly, but by long practice he evaded every one of them, letting some slip past him and catching the straight ones as cleverly as ever he had done the ball when he kept wicket on the green playing fields.

Presently the captain found William, now a very swollen and bulky William, once more beside him. "Ye are good and fill up at the back of the mound where I was guying 'em," he said. "There's quite half a ton there."

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS**

**SICK HEADACHE**  
 Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

**Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.**

Substitution the fraud of the day.  
 See you get Carter's,  
 Ask for Carter's,  
 Insist and demand  
 Carter's Little Liver Pills.

"Empty the coats here," commanded William, and his brother poured out his board into a large compartment built beside the window. How William could have carried so great a load was a puzzle, but certainly there could not have been less than a hundredweight of coal in his canvas pockets alone. He hastened to fill a pot with water, and in a little while he had a shallow bath full of warm water. This he set out in the corner behind a screen made of a gray sheet which hung upon a cord.

"Go in there," he said, "and get yourself clean, you horrible scabber! I'll go round the wards. Dogs don't object to a little grime."

When he came back to take his turn at the bath, a fresh pot full of water was ready, and the room was bright



"Lord, shall I ever be clean again?" and warm. The hussar had attended to the fire and had swept the floor. The brothers were in the inner room in which William usually camped. There was a sofa in it now, and an easy chair of wickerwork.

"I'll toss you for the sofa, young un," said the captain. "Right," said William promptly. "Tails."

"Heads it is," cried the hussar with some relief. "Glad of that," quoth cheerful William. "I prefer the floor anyway. You can make quite a decent thing out of rugs and overcoats. And, besides, sleeping on the floor makes you so jolly glad to get up in the morning."

So they turned in and slept the sleep of the just. William was up by daylight and had a cheerful fire burning when his brother awoke. He brought him a cup of tea and told him to roll over again. But the captain was now wide awake and eager for talk.

"Why do you keep on at this kind of thing," he said, "and why don't you buy your coals like an ordinary being?" "Well," said William, "this is the sort of thing I take to, you see. It's interesting all the time. I suck in oceans of learning all day till I'm tight, and then I practice it all the evening. And as for coals—well, sometimes I do buy them. But £150 a year doesn't spread far in rent, clothes and victuals, not to speak of dressings and lint, and picking up coals in the lane down there is just about as exciting as soldiering, I guess."

"See here," said the captain, "I think I could get over the governor to double your allowance. I've been pretty tight on him lately, and he thinks me a good little man. If I do, will you leave off pigging up here and live decent?" William seized his hand.

"You are a good chap sure," he said. "Try it on the dad, Herb. I could get proper cushions for the beasts then, an operating table, and perhaps I might even afford to hire a yard."

The captain leaped from his sofa and began to pace up and down in his pyjamas. "Of all the fools God ever made, William, you are the most confounded! Why in creation didn't you settle down and be a proper parson if you wanted to do all this kind of thing? It makes me sick."

William looked at him awhile as if for once he would try to explain, but the hopelessness of the task made him turn away sadly. Nobody ever would understand. He must just go on and on till they put him in a lunatic asylum.

"See here," he said, "better put on your clothes, Herbert. You'll be sure to catch cold, prancing about there in your night things, and you don't look pretty," he added, looking at him critically. "But why wouldn't you be a parson, William? That beats me dead. You're just the sort of soft chap for a parson." "Stuff!" said William. "Who ever heard of a parson just for splicing up dogs and cats and things? There's enough of the other kind to go round surely. And there's only one of William for this sort of parsoning."

"Let us hear that you keep ribald. I guess you'll slip into heaven ahead of some of the parsons yet, William." "It'll be when Peter's not looking then," said William, shaking his head, "but if they do nick me at the gate, why, I guess there'll always be plenty for a fellow like me to turn his hand to in the other place."

(This is not, however, the end of William. For there was a seamstress across the landing who seriously interfered with his plans.)

THE END.

Newspaper Cuttings.  
 This is the reply G. A. Sala sent to some one seeking the same information:

"I keep mine as a trader keeps his books—in a wastebank, a journal, a ledger and a cashbook—the last for entries of notable statistics and historic matters of finance. But I will only indicate a mode of keeping the wastebank, which includes all kinds of vulgar matter and polemical divisions, consecutively transcribed, just as they occur in the course of reading. The process of keeping is simply this: The extracts are at one end of the book and the index at the other. For example, I make this entry, 'Queen Anne is dead and the Dutch have taken Holland.' Against this I draw a circle, and in the circle I write in red ink a number consecutive to that of the preceding entry, which was, say, 4404. In the index I enter under the letter A, 'Anne, Queen, her death indubitable,' with the number 4405, and under the letter H and with the same number (4405) I write, 'Holland undeniably taken by the Dutch.'"

W. H. might do better than follow this rather laborious method by keeping a very small index book separately and numbering the folios only of his cutting book, and he might do worse than transcribe on the fly leaf of each book Bacon's remarks upon "commonplaces"—vide "Advancement of Learning," book 2.

**Hood's Pills**  
 Restore full, regular action of the bowels, do not irritate or inflame, but leave all the delicate digestive organism in perfect condition. Try them. 25 cents. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

**Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum**  
 For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore throat, etc.  
 KERRY, WATSON & CO., PROPRIETORS, MONTREAL.

Fat is absolutely necessary as an article of diet. If it is not of the right kind it may not be digested. Then the body will not get enough of it. In this event there is fat-starvation.

Scott's Emulsion supplies this needed fat, of the right kind, in the right quantity, and in the form already partly digested.

As a result all the organs and tissues take on activity.

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 MONEY TO LOAN.  
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**UGH! That's nice!**

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 From India and Ceylon  
 Tetley's Elephant Brand Packets, filled with pure good tea, and sold in 1/2 and 1 lb. packets, at 40c., 50c., 60c., 70c. and \$1.00 per lb., are certainly no matter which grade is purchased.

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 ELEPHANT BRAND...

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