

Ask your doctor how many preparations of cod-liver oil there are.

He will answer, "Hundreds of them." Ask him which is the best. He will reply, "Scott's Emulsion."

Then see that this is the one you obtain. It contains the purest cod-liver oil, free from unpleasant odor and taste. You also get the hypophosphites and glycerine. All three are blended into one grand healing and nourishing remedy.

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SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

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GRATEFUL COMFORTING
Distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of Flavour, Superior Quality, and Nutritive Properties. Specially grateful and comforting to the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold only in 1-lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & Co., Ltd., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST SUPPER

ADVICE ABOUT Spice.

When ordering a package Pepper, Ginger, Allspice, Cinamon or Cream of Tartar from your grocer you can always feel sure of securing the best quality by asking for :

Mott's

ACT 1.

SCENE 1—Charlottetown: a Queen Street Dealers store

ENTER—A Commercial Traveller, great swell from abroad

C. T.—Good morning. I represent..... an immense company doing great business in soap—We offer great inducements in 100 box lots.

DEALER—Indeed! I purchase my soap from Ch'town Soap Works, in lots as required. My capital is free, not locked in dead stock, and as I am never overstocked with rancid soap, my customers are always sure of a good article at any rate, they are continually enquiring for soaps made at their own factory because they are the cheapest, purest, and best soaps on the market.

C. T.—A mistake somewhere. P. E. Island imports almost everything, there is not sufficient local patriotism to build up a Soap Industry. Give me the names of the brands you sell, and we will compare them.

DEALER—I sell ROYAL OAK, a matchless laundry soap, and I believe excelled for toilet and light laundry. Intense interest, prices compared.

C. T.—You cannot expect us to sell soap as cheap as above brands, and equal in quality. We have to pay freight, cartage, customs, charges etc. and do you expect us to work for nothing?

DEALER—I do not expect it.

C. T.—Oh give me an order since I am here, I may not trouble you again.

DEALER—I cannot live on sentiment.

C. T.—Nor can I live without orders—Exit.

For sale everywhere, ask your dealer.

JAS. D. LAPHORN & CO,

Charlottetown Soap Makers

ACHING TEETH CAREFULLY TREATED.

And FILLED or CROWNED
DR JOHN P. MURRAY,
Queen St., near London House.

MISS CAPRICE.

BY ST. GEORGE RATHBONE

Author of "Doctor Jack," "Doctor Jack's Wife," "Captain Tom," "Miss Pauline of New York," Etc.

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

He overhauls her just on the outskirts of the Place du Gouvernement, and as he brushes past quickly raises his hand to snatch aside the flowing veil.

Again his heart almost stands still, and the sacred word "mother" trembles on his lips as he bends forward to get a quick glance of the face that must be disclosed by the shifting of the veil.

His quick movement is not without its result. The veil is drawn aside, and John Craig receives a staggering blow as he gazes upon the shrivelled countenance of an old woman.

It is impossible that this can be his mother—perish the thought!—and yet the garb is one seldom seen on the streets of Algiers.

His almost palsied hand drops the veil. Lucky for him will it be if no jealous Moor's eyes have seen the action.

The Sister does not cry out, and call upon those who are present to avenge the insult—even had she been a Moorish lady, the demand for punishment would not come from her, but from those of the sterner sex near by.

Instead, she stands there as if waiting for him to speak—stands there like a statue in black.

John at once apologizes for his rudeness—he is already sorry for what he has done.

"Madame, pardon. I believed you were one very dear to me, one who wears the insignia of your order, one for whom I have searched far and near, half the world over—my mother."

"It was a bold act, young sir, but far be it from me to denounce you. Tell me, how would you know this mother?" she asks, in a thick voice.

"She is known as Sister Magdalen—perhaps you know her—she may even be staying at the same convent as yourself," eagerly.

"I know one Sister Magdalen, a sweet, quiet woman, lately from Malta, whither she went to consult the head of our order."

Her words arouse John.

"It is she. If you would only take me to her. I would at once be rid of all these doubts and fears."

"Would you come?"

John has forgotten the warning of Mustapha, forgotten all former experiences. There is a crowd gathering around them, and this is one of the things he was to guard against, still he pays little attention to this fact, his



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Raised from a Bed of Sickness.

Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure and Kidney-Liver Pills Combined for Perfect Health—An Interesting Cure After Long Suffering.

Simcoe, Jan. 18th, 1897.

Attest, Edmanston, Bates, and Co., Toronto, Ont.

Gentlemen,—For over six months I was confined to my bed, not being able to move. The best medical skill was called in, all treating me to return to the stomach, but to no avail. I could not eat the most simple food, and without being in dreadful misery, and found no relief until same was vomited up. After spending a large sum in medical advice, I was advised to try a box of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. I said it was no use, for I considered mine a hopeless case from which I could not recover. At length I purchased a box from J. Austin and Company, Simcoe, and to my surprise found great relief. Not being able to eat I tried a box of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills; the pains left me the third day. My appetite has been fully restored. I consider myself perfectly cured, and feel as well as when a young woman, although I am 65 years old at present. I was almost a shadow, now I am as fleshy as before my sickness. Have used only three boxes of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and only two boxes of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. I can do my house work as usual. I am positive that my marvellous cure (which I think it is) is due purely to Dr. Chase's remedies, which I have used. I can honestly recommend the same to any persons suffering from symptoms similar to mine. Wishing you every success.

Yours, truly,

MRS. ANN CHURCHILL, Sr.

mind is so bent upon accomplishing his object.

"Eagerly. Once this night I have risked much to find my mother, and I am ready to do more."

"Then, follow me. Better still, walk at my side, for I see ugly faces around. You have made enemies, but I will stand between. My garb is sacred, and they respect it."

"I am ready, lead on."

What is this that plucks at his sleeve? He half-turns impatiently, and looks into a face he ought to know full well, but which he now sees with something of annoyance.

"Ah! professor, is it you? Sorry—in something of a hurry—"

"Hold on; some one wants to see you."

"Have to do later."

"Don't say so, John. Important, I tell you."

"So is this. Good-bye."

The professor is not so easily shaken off, but tightens his hold. John will have to dislodge him by muscular force.

"Are you coming?" asks the Sister.

"Yes, when I have broken loose from the hands of this madman."

He turns upon the professor.

"John, be careful. Cool off; you are excited."

"I'm of an age to take care of myself. When I need a guardian, I'll call on you. Once more I say, release your grasp."

He actually looks ugly for the moment, and Philander does let go, but it is only because, as an advance courier, he has accomplished his mission, and not on account of any fear.

As Doctor Chicago turns to follow the Sister, he draws in a long breath, for he finds himself face to face with Lady Ruth.

She has hurried up behind Philander, and near by can be seen the British soldier and Aunt Gwen, also pushing forward as rapidly as the assembling crowd will allow.

"Doctor Craig."

Her presence recalls John to his senses.

"I am going to see my mother, Lady Ruth," he says, as if apologizing for his rudeness.

"With whom?"

"This Sister."

Lady Ruth surveys the other from her veil to the hem of her dress.

"I would advise you not to do so, doctor."

"Why do you say that?" he asks, astonished.

"Because you will regret it, because you are being made the victim of another plot."

"Lady Ruth, do I hear aright? Do you truly realize what it is you say?"

"I am conscious of the gravity of the charge, but that does not prevent me from asserting it. I repeat what I said before, that you are again the victim of a plot. As to this Sister here, can it be possible you do not know her?"

He shakes his head.

"Have you seen her face?"

"It is old and shrivelled—that of a stranger."

At this the Sister throws back her veil, and they see the features John describes.

"After all, I am right," says John, with the air of a man who attempts to justify himself.

At that the English girl laughs scornfully.

"Really, I did not think men could be so easily deceived, and one whom I considered as shrewd as you, Doctor Chicago. See what a miserable deception, a fraud transferred from the boards of a New York theatre to Algiers. Behold! the magic wand touches age with a gentle touch, and what follows?"

Lady Ruth is standing between the two and within arm's length of either.

The Sister has not moved, but, as if confident of influencing John, holds her own. She shoots daggers with her eyes at the English girl, but looks cannot hurt.

As Lady Ruth utters her last words she makes a sudden move.

With a dexterous fling of an arm, she succeeds in tearing from the Sister's face the dexterly raised thin stage mask that has succeeded to conceal the features of one who did a double act.

The professor laughs.

From the crowd that is still gathering various sounds arise, for no one can even give a guess as to the nature of the peculiar trick which is thus being enacted.

As for John Craig, he holds his breath at the stupendous nature of the disclosed, for little as he has dreamed of the fact, he sees before him the well-known features of Pauline Potter.

This queen of the stage has, made even another attempt to get John, and might have succeeded only for the opportune coming of his friends.

He backs away from her.

"So, it is you again, wretched girl?" he exclaims in something of righteous wrath.

She has lost once more, but this is frolic to one of her nature, and she laughs in his face.

"Oh, it's a long road that has no turning, and my chance will yet come! Bah! I snap my fingers at such weak

friendship. Good-night, all of you, but not good-bye."

Then she disappears. Craig feels abashed.

He has almost come to blows with his best friend about this female, and after all, she turns out to be the plotting Pauline.

"I think I need a guardian," he murmurs, as if rather disgusted with himself.

"From the ugly looks some of these chaps are bending on you, I think ditto," declares Philander, nor are his words without meaning, for the natives scowl dreadfully.

"Lady Ruth, I owe you thanks; but, while we walk to the hotel, tell me how you came to know she was masquerading in that style."

"It is easily told, sir. A mere accident put me in possession of the facts, and, thank Heaven, I am able to build two and two together. You are frank enough, Doctor Craig, to give me certain particulars concerning that creature's plotting, and that confidence has now borne fruit."

"Listen, then, I was in the hotel, in my room. Some freak of fortune placed her in the apartment opposite. Knowing what presumably brought her to Algiers, the desire to have revenge upon you, I entertained a feeling of almost contempt for a woman who could so far forget her sex and seek a man who loved her not. If it were I whom you jilted, Doctor Chicago, I would freeze you with scorn."

(To be Continued.)

Although American women do not literally saw wood yet a great deal of work which in its way is quite as fatiguing comes of necessity upon every woman who takes any part in the affairs of practical life. This is just as true of well-to-do society women as it is of their less fortunate sisters. Social obligations may become no less burdensome than family cares, or the duties which fall upon women who work for their living.

Life would not be so hard for women if they were healthy and strong, but the continual, dragging, nerve-sapping weakness which most women endure renders every duty a burden, and turns every effort into a source of misery and pain.

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NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Legislature of the Province of Prince Edward Island, at its next Session, for an act to vest in the City of Charlottetown, the title to all that tract, piece or parcel of land, situate lying and being in the City of Charlottetown, being Town Lots numbers Sixteen (16), Seventeen (17), Ninety Three (93), Ninety four, and part of Town Lot No. (18) in the 4th hundred of Town Lots, in Charlottetown, being the property known as the West Kent Street School land and premises.

Dated at Charlottetown this 1st day of March, 1899.

JAMES WARBURTON,
Mayor of Charlottetown

H. M. DAVISON, City Clerk.
52 - dy 4w & R. Gsz.

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