

What is Scott's Emulsion?

It is the best cod-liver oil, partly digested, and combined with the hypophosphites and glycerine.

It will give nervous energy to the overworked brain and nerves. It will add flesh to the thin form of a child, wasted from fat-starvation.

It is everywhere acknowledged as The Standard of the World.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 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 :

Mott's

EPPS'S COCOA

GRAPEFUL COMFORTING Distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of Flavour, Superior Quality, and Nutritive Properties. Specially grateful and comforting to the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold only in 4-lb tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & Co., Ltd., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

EPPS'S COCOA

In Chancery

In the Rolls Court

DAVID P. IRVING & others, Complainants and MARGARET IRVING & other, Defendants

In pursuance of an order of this Honourable Court, made hereon, on the 28th day of March, A. D. 1899, notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against the estate of George Irving, late of Orwell Cove, Lot or Township number 57, in Queen's County, deceased, intestate are required to come in and prove the same before me at the Prothonotary's office, in the Law Courts Building, in Charlottetown, on or before Monday, the twenty-second day of May next, A. D. 1899, and all persons neglecting to come in and prove their said debts and claims by that time are to be excluded from the benefit of said order.

Dated this 29th day of March, A. D. 1899. F. L. HASZARD, J. A. LONGWORTH, Solicitors, Messrs in Chancery 76-78 W. W. T.

Canadian Pacific Railway.

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A. H. NOTMAN, Asst. Genl. Pass. Agt. St. John, N. B.

Have Just Completed My New Oyster Place.

Call and see the brilliant display of beautiful oysters on and off the shell. Our Oyster King is standing in the window. See him, and then you will eat oysters.

John P. Joy, VICTORIA CAFE

Great George Street

MISS CAPRICE.

BY ST. GEORGE RATHBONE

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

CHAPTER XX—Continued.

John, looking in, is delighted with the spectacle, and laughs to himself as he sees how remarkably deadly are all Sir Lionel's shots. A man falls every time he pulls trigger: if he rushes at a fellow, so great is the fear his awful presence inspires that the wretched Arab sinks down and actually expires through fright.

The doctor has seen some wonderful stage fights, but the equal of this, never. He laughs, yet finds himself almost stupefied with amazement. Truly, the Victoria Cross would well become this remarkable hero.

One or two of the dead men do not seem to have had enough, or else are dissatisfied with the manner of their taking off. At any rate, they stagger to their feet, and have to be put to sleep again by energetic means.

Philander comes near making a mess of it all by his enthusiasm. It is a regular picnic to the small professor.

In the beginning, he aimed his gun at one of the brigands. The weapon is strange to him, being a long Arabian affair, with a peculiar stock, but Philander has some knowledge of weapons, shuts his eyes and pulls the trigger.

The report staggers him. When he opens his eyes, and sees the big, ragged Kabyle at whom he aimed lying on his back, with arms extended, the professor is horrified at first.

Then some of the warlike spirit that distinguished his ancestors at Lexington begins to flame up within him.

He gives a shrill war-cry that would doubtless please many a Greek scholar, and plunges headlong for the foe.

The way in which he swings that Arab gun is a sight to behold; in itself, the apparition of Professor Sharpe thus advancing to the fray is enough to strike terror to the human heart.

One poor devil is in a position to receive a tremendous whack on the back with the gun, now used as a cudgel, and there is positively no fraud about the manner of his sprawling around.

After that, the professor sweeps the air in vain with his weapon. Men who have met the terrors of the Algerian desert for years, fall down and expire before he can hasten their exit from this vale of tears.

Really, it is wonderful—he never before knew the tenets of the Mohammedan religion made its devotees so accommodating; they seem to court dissolution in the longing for paradise, where the prophet promises eternal happiness for all who die in battle.

It ends; even such obliging fellows as these do not need to be killed more than a couple of times. Lady Ruth had covered her eyes with her hands when the action began.

She is the daughter of a soldier race, and as brave as the majority of her sex; still she shudders to gaze upon the taking of human life.

Perhaps, too, she anticipates the death of the valorous Briton, who has hurled himself so impetuously into the breach, for under all ordinary conditions his chances would seem to be small.

When the dreadful racket is over,



A mother and her baby can have lots of fun together if they both are well and strong and hearty. Health makes them good-natured and happy; but all the delights of motherhood are lost if the mother is weak and ailing.

Mothers of young children are subject to a heavy draft upon their physical resources, and their health ought to be specially fortified, both before and after the baby is born. The most remarkable strength-sustainer for women is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It imparts health and endurance directly to the organs, appendages and nerve-centers concerned in maternity. It makes motherhood perfectly safe and nearly painless.

It protects the mother from relapse; makes her capable and cheerful; insures abundant nourishment for the baby; and completely reinforces the vitality of both mother and child.

It is the only scientific medicine devised by an educated experienced physician for the express purpose of strengthening and healing woman's special organism.

The reasons why it is the most perfect and successful remedy of its kind in the world are more fully explained in one chapter of Dr. Pierce's great thousand-page illustrated book, "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," which will be sent free, paper-bound for 31 one-cent stamps to pay the cost of customs and mailing only. Or handsomely cloth-bound for 50 stamps.

Mrs. F. B. Cannings, of No. 430 Humphrey St., St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I am now a happy mother of a fine, healthy baby girl. I feel that your 'Favorite Prescription' and little 'Pellets' have done me more good than anything I have ever taken. Three months previous to my confinement I began using your medicine. I took three bottles of the 'Prescription.' Consequences were I was only in labor forty-five minutes. With my first baby I suffered 18 hours, then had to lose him. He only lived 12 hours. For two years I suffered untold agony, and had two miscarriages. The 'Favorite Prescription' saved both my child and myself."

when the shouts, shrieks and report of firearms die away, Lady Ruth uncovers her eyes.

She fully expects to see a slaughter-pen, with the valorous Sir Lionel and Philander among the slain. As to the latter, there are no lack of them, for they lie in every direction, and in every position the human mind can conceive.

And here is the hero warrior rushing up to her, a smoking revolver in one hand. His usual coolness and sang froid are gone—Sir Lionel is actually excited. It is not every day that even a veteran of the Cape wars is given a chance to thus immortalize himself after the manner of Samson.

"My dear Lady Ruth, the way is clear. We must fly before the rest of the rascals appear. Perhaps we may be fortunate enough to find horses outside, then a hot dash and the city will be gained. Permit me to assist you."

The girl springs up, ready to accept the chance a kind fate has thrown in her way, and with a startled, curious glance at the piles of slain that encumber the cavern, follows her friends.

CHAPTER XIX.

These strange events have occurred with great rapidity, and yet, of course, they have taken some little time.

It would seem as though the remainder of Bab Azoun's band, if anywhere in the vicinity, might by this time have arrived on the spot, but they do not show up, which fact is a fortunate one for them, though it takes away from the lustre of Sir Lionel's fame.

When the four fugitives came out of the old mine into the moonlight, the soldier looks about him quickly. "If we could only find horses," he cries.

"What is this?" asks Philander. A whinny sounds close by.

"This way, friends! Bless me! if this isn't the scene of good luck! Here are horses—three, four of them, just one apiece, by Jove!"

"Oh, how singular! I mean how fortunate!" exclaims Lady Ruth.

There are the animals, fastened to branches of the trees. Why they are separated from the remainder of the herd is not explained.

Sir Lionel never looks a gift of fortune in the face, but when his eyes fall upon the four miserable worn-out hacks which have thus fallen to their share, he grits his teeth, and Philander is puzzled to understand what he just catches:

"Duse take the bloody heathen! A hundred pounds and four such scare-crows!"

Perhaps he is thinking of the chances of their being overhauled by the men of Bab Azoun, mounted on the swift couriers, for there are none who ride better than these desert warriors, and none who own such steeds.

"Let us mount—seconds are precious. There, by throwing one stirrup over, it will make a fair lady's saddle. Allow me, Lady Ruth."

They are speedily mounted. Aunt Gwen seems quite at home on a horse, which she has ridden many times in the Blue Grass regions of Kentucky. As to Philander, the same does not apply. He acts as though in deadly fear of being pitched over the animal's head. The fates decree that the largest horse of all falls to his lot, a raw-boned, loose-jointed specimen of equine growth, and the little professor looks like a monkey perched aloft.

If the beast ever had any martial ardor, it has long ago died out, and yet to the excited fancy of the professor, he might as well be upon the back of a prancing, rearing, snorting war-horse. When the equine wonder shakes his long ears, Philander imagines he is about to perform some amazing trick, and, filled with a dread, he clasps his arms around the poor creature's neck, and calls out:

"Whoa! there's a good fellow—be quiet, now! I wouldn't hurt you, boy! Whoa! I say. Want to kill me, eh? No, you don't. Easy now, you rascal. Whoa, whoa!"

Fortunately for Philander, the horse follows the lead of the others, and the professor is not left behind.

All seems working well. Sir Lionel, the undaunted veteran, can afford to smile. Success is apparently assured, for they have gone some little distance, and only now do the clamorous sounds from their rear indicate a commotion.

Pursuit may be made, but it will be useless, as they are not many miles from the walls of Algiers, which will give them shelter.

It looks like a big success, and surely after the events of this night Lady Ruth cannot ignore the claims he presents. She must fall into the arms of the hero who has rescued her from the Arab host.

So probably he reasons.

But fate hits the man of valor a cruel blow, and that just when it seems as though he has success between his fingers.

It happens naturally enough. At the time a portion of Bab Azoun's piratical band chanced to be separated from the main body, and were under orders to join them at the Metidja mines. Coming on the slope they are amuz-

ed to see a little band of pilgrims advancing, lashing their plugs of horses desperately, in the hope of making good time.

The fatal moonlight betrays the fact that this little party is made up of the hated Franks, and hearing the tremendous commotion that has now arisen in the direction of the cavern, it is easy to line up the case, and conclude that the party has escaped.

Hence it is that all if a sudden Sir Lionel finds himself in the midst of half a dozen Arab riders, who bar further progress.

It is the unexpected that happens. He attempts the same system of tactics that were so successful in the previous difficulty, but they do not pass current with these fierce men.

Immediately the two Franks are set upon by the desert tigers. Two seize Sir Lionel and drag him from his steed, he resisting desperately. What a great pity he exhausted his resources so thoroughly in the first round. Ten men could not overcome him then, while two manage to hold him quiet now.

Philander, emboldened by his former success, thinks he can show them a trick or two that will count; but a blow chanced to fall upon his bony steed's haunches, starting the animal off, and the professor, throwing valor to the four winds, proceeds to clasp his arms tightly around the horse's neck, shouting out an entreaty for some one, in the name of Julius Caesar, Mohammed or Tom Jones, to stop the wicked beast before he makes mince-meat of his master.

One of the desert riders gallops along side, and, clutching the bride, turns the runaway around.

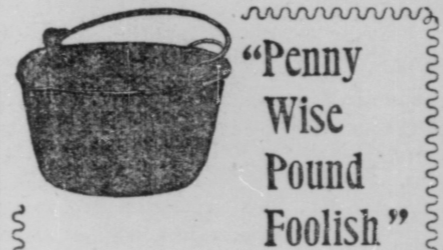
(To be Continued.)

Positive Proof!

JAPANESE CATARRH CURE CURES.

The following testimonial is only one of the hundreds daily received by the proprietors of Japanese Catarrh Cure. Coming from British Columbia, where, owing to extreme dampness of the climate, catarrh is more prevalent and more difficult to cure than in other parts, makes it more valuable. Mr. James Farr, of the well-known firm of J. & E. A. Farr, Chilliwack, B.C., writes: "I have been very badly troubled with catarrh for years, and tried all the advertised remedies and many Doctors, but in every case the catarrh came back. One year ago I purchased six boxes of Japanese Catarrh Cure, and since finishing the treatment with this remedy, have not felt the least sign of catarrh. My nephew, William Bentley, was also so bad with catarrh that it was unpleasant to go near him; he has also been cured by Japanese Catarrh Cure. We keep a store in our store, and know of many others similarly afflicted who have been cured." Japanese Catarrh Cure is guaranteed to cure any case of catarrh. Sold by all Druggists. A free sample will be sent to any person suffering with this disease. Enclose five cent stamp. Address the Griffiths & Macpherson Co., Toronto.

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NOTICE.

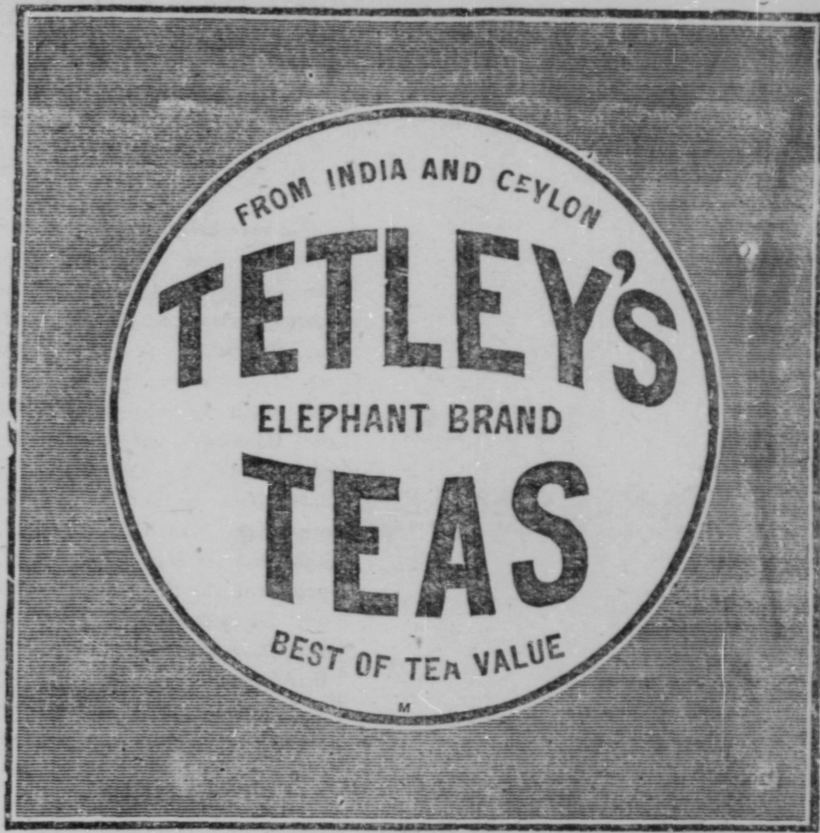
NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Legislature of the Province of Prince Edward Island, at its next Session, for an act to vest in the City of Charlottetown, the title to all that tract, piece or parcel of land, situate lying and being in the City of Charlottetown, being Town 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. DAVIDSON, City Clerk. 52—dy 4w & R. Gaz.

Tenders Wanted

Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to and on the 22nd day of April next, A. D. 1899, for the purchase of all uncollected book debts, promissory notes, judgments and accounts due or owing to the undersigned, as Assignee of the estate of the late J. C. McFarlane. Each tender must be accompanied by 10 per cent. of the amount thereof, with cash or certified cheque. For full particulars apply at the office of Messrs. J. C. McFarlane & Co., 50-51, The Corner of Adelaide and King Streets, to accept the loan of any tender. JOHN McLEAN, Assignee



Office for Maritime Provinces 7 & 9 Bedford Row, Halifax, N. S.

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