

# Imitations

of Dodd's Kidney Pills are legion. The box is imitated, the outside coating and shape of the pills are imitated and the name—Dodd's Kidney Pills is imitated. Imitations are dangerous. The original is safe. Dodd's Kidney Pills have a reputation. Imitators have none or they wouldn't imitate. So they trade on the reputation of Dodd's Kidney Pills. Do not be deceived. There is only one DODD'S. Dodd's is the original. Dodd's is the name to be careful about—

## D-O-D-D'S KIDNEY PILLS

IT PAYS TO SELL

### Good Groceries

BECAUSE people who buy them and want more. The first sale is not the only sale we wish to make.

People who buy—

Sanderson & Co's. Goods

Never have to complain about their quality.....

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Sanderson & Co.,

Victoria Row— GROCERS



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## White's Caramels and Snowflake Chocolates

Can be had at any of the following first class store

- T. J. Morris
- D. L. Hooper
- W. Pickard & Co.
- W. A. Hutcheson
- W. F. Carter
- Stewart & Gates
- Sanderson & Co.
- Beer & Goff
- J. D. McLeod & Co
- R. H. Mason,



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### SYNOPSIS.

The hero of this story, Boris Landrinof, is a young Russian, who was sent to England to be educated. He is hastily summoned home by his mother owing to the sudden disappearance of his father, Count Landrinof. Shortly after, in London, he is astonished when a friend tells him he has just seen his father. Accompanied by this friend he returns to Russia. Boris discovers a clue, and sets out in search of two men who have as he supposes abducted his father.

"Look here," I said, an idea striking me. "If your place is so cold and uncomfortable and you've no change of clothes, you shall lie up for a few days at my house. You shall be fed well and have a good rest. When you feel all right again, you shall be free to go. Do you consent?"

"But stop! Why all this? Who are you? You pulled me out of the water at some risk, and I am grateful for it, but when you come to offer me these other kindnesses I don't know what to think. I am suspicious of your good faith, for, after all, why should you treat me in this way—a total stranger?"

"There is a certain service which I think you can render me if you like," I said. "I will tell you that much. I would gladly keep you in luxury for ten years if I could obtain certain information from you which you may or may not be able to give me! There, I am open with you, you see."

"Good! I will be as open with you. See here! I would sell my soul for ten years of luxurious life. If there is any information that it is in my power to give you and you are prepared to pay

well for it, you shall have all I have to tell you and I shall make the terms all the easier because you lugged me out of yonder death trap. But why should I—particularly—be able to give you the information you desire? Are you sure that I possess it?"

"No, I am not. Still you are sure to be able to afford me some satisfaction, if you cannot tell me all I wish to know. Step out quicker. The faster we go the sooner you shall have a warm room and some dry clothes and a full meal."

"A hot meal—hot meat, and so on?" said the student, looking wolfishly at me, "and perhaps a glass of wine or good beer?"

"Most certainly," I laughed. "If you fancy it, why not? Are a good meal and a glass of beer so unwanted a luxury to you?"

"I have not eaten a really full meal for two years, at least. That which I eat scarcely serves to keep body and soul together."

"Are you so terribly poor, then?" I asked. I had never seen such poverty. I had always had plenty of the best of everything and had never consequently realized what the want of good food meant.



Bright-faced, happy, rollicking, playful babies, thousands of them all over the broad land, have in their bodies the seeds of serious diseases, and while they laugh and play are facing death. The mother, in the majority of cases, is unconsciously responsible for this sad state of affairs. Where the mother, during the anxious period, suffers from weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organism, it is useless to expect a sound and healthy baby. Every woman may be strong in a womanly way, and have robust, happy children.

A wonderful medicine for women is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is the discovery of an eminent and skillful specialist, Dr. R. V. Pierce, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. It is a medicine that acts directly and only on those delicate and important organs that bear the burdens of maternity. It makes them strong, healthy and elastic. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration, stops debilitating drains and soothes pain. It gives rest and tone to the tired nerves. It fits for wifehood and motherhood. It does away with the discomforts of the expectant period and makes baby's coming easy and comparatively painless. Honest druggists will not offer an inferior substitute for the sake of a little extra profit.

"I suffered for years from displacement, debilitating drains, inflammation and weak back," writes Mrs. Bessie McPherson, of 35 So. Main St., Providence, R. I. "I traveled with my husband, and first noticed my weaknesses coming on when the jolt of the cars became unbearable. I stopped traveling but the trouble steadily grew worse, and I suffered so that I became despondent and wished for death. I took only a few bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and was permanently cured."

"God knows how I live," shivered the student. "I don't."

We were now on the Palace quay and rapidly approaching our big house—the very place he had last left before we had both started upon our wild and ill-omened race.

"Where are you taking me to?" he said.

"To my home, of course," I replied, with a laugh.

"Which house is it?" he said, hanging back a little. "Not this huge one—the Landrinof mansion?"

"Yes, certainly. Why not? I am Count Boris Landrinof, and you shall be my guest, as I promised."

He stopped on the doorstep, shivering violently.

"Oh, I dare not," he said. "Not there—I didn't guess you were young Count Landrinof."

"Nonsense," I said. "Now we have made one another's acquaintance, you will find I am quite as good a friend, and perhaps a more profitable one, than—well, than your other friend in here—Kornilof or Andre Landrinof, or whatever you may call him. Come! He shan't know you are in the house!"

"Swear it!" said the student, shaking more than even his semifrozen condition demanded. "If he were to know I was in the place and on confidential terms with yourself, he would—no, I dare not come in, I really dare not."

"Think again," I said. "Fifty rubles a month so long as you live in the house and serve me in any way I shall demand of you. If I should not need your services, a gratuity of 200 rubles each year for ten years, or a lump sum, if you prefer it, of 1,500 rubles."

"Stop! Is the house so large that I can live in it and this other as well, and he not know I am there?"

"There is room for 20, none of whom should know of the presence of the others."

"Well, I think I'll come!" he said. "As for information, I cannot tell, of course, what it is you intend to demand of me, but, now that I know you are young Landrinof, I may tell you that I can, if I like, give you some information which will be useful to you."

"About this Andre?"

"That and the rest."

"Tell me now," I said, "before we enter the house, because, should the information be valuable to me, I need not occasion you the risk of coming into the den of the tiger, or rather Andre. Give me an idea of your news."

"No, not yet. I will judge of the value of the bargain before I conclude it. Go up the steps by yourself, please, and see that Andre—that my friend who is staying in the house is out of the way. If the coast is clear, I will come up."

I did as he desired and found the coast clear.

"Come," I said, "it's all right!" and up the marble steps ran my shivering will-o'-the-wisp and entered the house.

Through the front part of the building I led my man and into one of the long wings that ran down on either



"You are Boris Landrinof, son of Count Vladimir Landrinof, are you not?" side of the yard. To the very end of this I took him, and, ringing up the housekeeper, bade her prepare a warm room quickly for a guest.

The old lady merely raised her hands and eyes in surprise at the peculiar aspect of the guest I had brought in, but she was too polite and too well trained to say anything. She bustled about, and in five minutes she had a comfortable room ready and a grand wood fire crackling and roaring in the stove.

I brought the student a suit of my own clothes—old ones—including plenty of warm underwear, and the shivering little rascal climbed into them with a chuckle of delight. Then I bade him sit and warm himself till dinner time, when he should have the finest meal brought in to him that ever he had partaken of on this planet.

When he had consumed this—and ate every particle of each course that was placed before him—and had negotiated a bottle of wine, which, of course he drank to the dregs, I returned to see in what frame of mind he now was. I found him in the most amiable, and, observing that this was so, I asked the fellow whether he was now prepared to strike a bargain, and, if so, whether he could give some indication of the kind of information he had to sell. He grinned and lay back in his chair, entirely happy.

"You are Boris Landrinof, son of Count Vladimir Landrinof, are you not?" he asked lazily.

I replied with beating heart that I was.

"Well," he said, "it so happens that I have something to say about him that may interest you."

### CHAPTER XX.

#### BARGAINING FOR INFORMATION.

The little student looked keenly at me to see how I would receive his statement. He wished no doubt to estimate the value of the information which he professed to be able to give me by watching the effect of his remark upon the expression of my face.

I am afraid I added thousands of rubles to that estimated value simply through my inability to control my countenance.

I would have given worlds to appear to remain indifferent or incredulous or what not, but I was very young and but a poor actor to boot, and I gave my hand away lavishly.

I grew pale and red; I knew it. I clutched the arms of my chair; I felt choky and faint. My heart behaved ridiculously and commenced to play a devil's tattoo within my breast. I could not speak; I believe I should have cried if I had attempted it. Had this little rascal really and truly important communications to make concerning my father? Could he possibly know anything? If so, Andre was equally well informed. Nay, father must be or must have been, actually in the hands of these rascals, though why or for what purpose they should have captured and kept him I could not conceive.

If this student could be brought over into our camp and made to tell us all he knew, why, he would be worth almost any money to us. Not only would we learn perhaps priceless news about my dear father, but we should, moreover, be able to score off Andre and turn him at once, neck and crop, out of the house; nay, perhaps have him so completely in our power that we should be enabled, by the help of the police, to get him quietly sent away to places where he could no longer worry us by his presence, which, of course, we only tolerated for a moment in the hope of obtaining our quid pro quo in the form of information about father.

(to be continued)

## Doctors said Incurable

But the Notary, Mr. Lemire, was cured of Kidney Disease in two months by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

It is only when thoroughly convinced of the superior merit of a remedy that public men will give their sanction.

Mr. E. H. Lemire, Notary Public, 1626 Notre Dame Street, Montreal, tells of his remarkable recovery from a severe attack of kidney disease. When doctors had failed, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills saved his life. He writes: "I give this statement, first because it is only just that the merit of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills should be made known, and again in order that others may profit by my experience. For years I suffered with kidney disease which doctors pronounced incurable. Thanks to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, which I have used for two months, I am completely cured. They helped me from the first, and the cure is now perfect." Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills act directly on the kidneys, and through their combined influence on the kidneys and liver, cure the most complicated diseases of these delicate organs. One pill a dose. 25 cents a box at all dealers, or Edmundson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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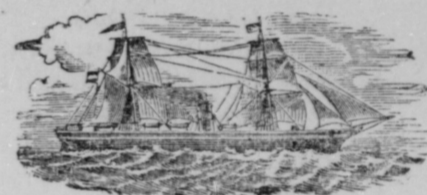
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The above Steamers sail from Ch'town for St. John's, Newfoundland, via North Sydney, with horses, cattle, sheep and hay, etc., etc., on deck and produce under deck at reasonable rates.

Intending shippers should engage room at once as the space by both steamers being rapidly taken up from here. For further particulars apply to Ch'town, Nov 6, 1899—

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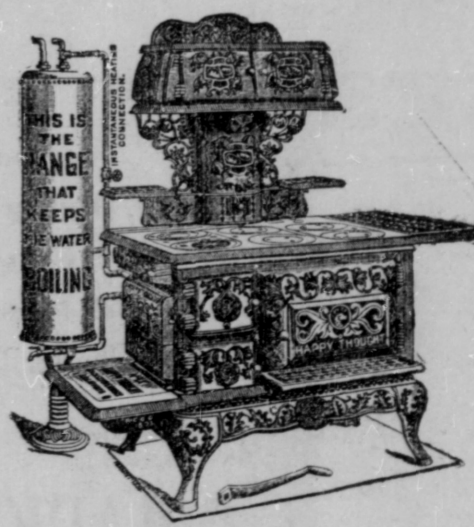
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