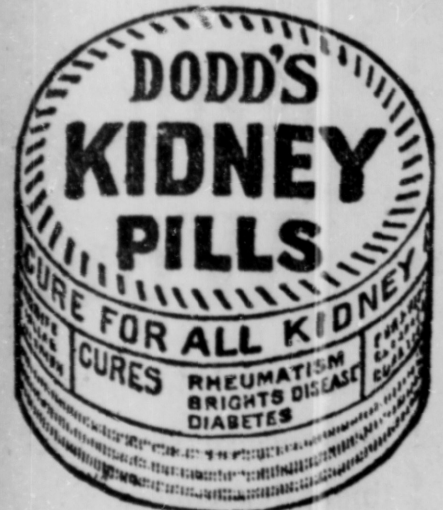


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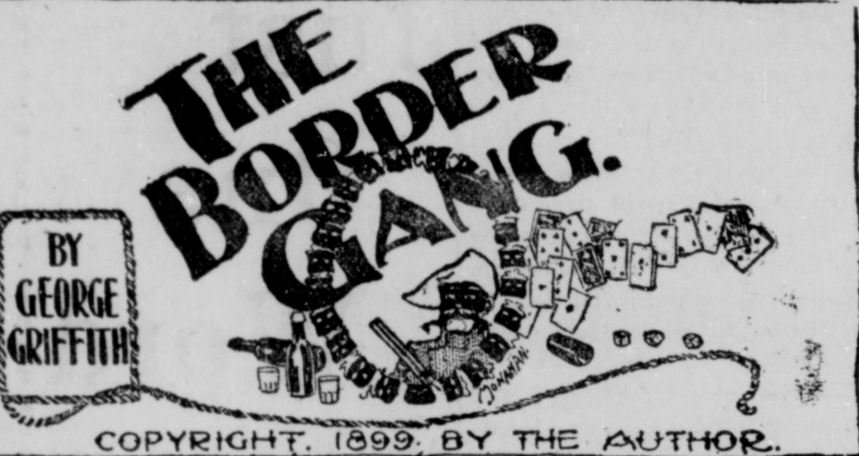
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Geo. H. Cook PHOTO STUDIO ANNOUNCEMENT

Having obtained the services of Mr. A. E. Lyon, a skilled artist, who has had large experience in first class Photography he public are cordially invited to inspect the excellent results now being obtained.

Studio - Appointment - Perfect Our latest productions demonstrate that our work is superior to anything done the city.

Removed TO MY OLD STAND Richmond Street Fourth House from Queen St. around the London House Corner Thomas Campbell



It had been arranged that two of his own men should hail him just before he got to it and that then the game was to begin. News had reached him that the gang had got wind of the big parcel he was supposed to be carrying and had vowed to have him and it at any price.

Two mounted figures loomed out of the darkness ahead of him and pulled up on either side of the road. A gruff hail came growling down the wind.

"Is that you, Davies, Mays? All right. I suppose the others are ready. Open a bit and let me through, then chase for all you're worth. You needn't be afraid of catching me."

As he said this he touched his horse with the spur, and the easy canter broke into a gallop. The two men pulled their animals aside. As he came up the moon broke through a rift in the clouds, and he saw that they were both masked. It was too late to stop. He ducked his head and dived for his Smith-Wesson but the next instant a rope of rawhide, stretched taut across the road, passed over his horse's head and took him under the chin. Then came a jerk that nearly broke his neck, a third against the hard mud of the road, a mist of dancing stars before his eyes and then darkness.

When he came to himself, he was half sitting, half lying in a hammock deck chair in the same little hut in which Ikey Cohen had witnessed the murder of poor little Tommy. There was a burning taste of raw brandy in his mouth and throat, and his head was aching terribly. He looked up and saw a man with a black cloth mask over the upper part of his face sitting astride a wooden chair in front of him, with his arms across the back, looking at him through the eyeholes of his mask. Even in the first moments of returning consciousness he seemed to recognize something familiar in him, and the seeming soon became certainty.

"Evening inspector. Coming round a bit? That's right. Been waiting quite a time to have a bit of a chat with you. Feel up to it now? Have another nip?"

There was no mistaking the drawing tone or the clip of the word ends. The inspector's rallying thoughts went back to that night at Freetown, nearly 18 months ago now, when, for the sake of personal pique and a threatened reputation, he had sanctioned—in fact, assisted in the doing of—a deed of treachery and violence, the one unlawful and unmanly act of his life, with which the worst of the offenses laid to the charge of the gang would compare only too favorably.

Now he felt instinctively that he was in the presence and at the mercy of the chief of this band of outlaws, against which he had declared war to the death—a man who owed him a grudge that life would hardly pay. Still, he had de-

Even a brave man shudders at the thought of being torn and rended in the jaws of a ferocious tiger. In every walk of life, from that of the laborer to that of the professional man, there are thousands of a tiger more relentless than any found in all India. That tiger is the dread disease known as consumption. It slays more men and women yearly than there are rain drops in a summer shower. It steals upon its victim with noiseless tread. There is a sure and certain protection against this deadly disease, and a sure and speedy cure for it, if it is resorted to in time. It is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This wonderful medicine acts directly on the lungs through the blood, tearing down old, half-dead tissues, building up new and healthy ones, driving out all impurities and disease germs and expanding the lungs and introducing life-giving oxygen into the circulation. It has wonderful curative powers and always all inflammation of the mucous membranes of the lungs and bronchial tubes. It makes the appetite keen and hearty, the digestion and assimilation perfect, the liver active, the blood pure and rich with the life-giving elements of the food, and the nerves strong and steady. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It has the most marvelous sustaining powers of any known medicine. Thousands who were upon the verge of a premature grave have testified to their recovery through its wonderful virtues. Medicines dealers sell it, and have nothing else "just as good."

...staked on the table very venture, and he was not the man to take his stakes off the table when the game was going against him. He looked in silence at the masked man for a few moments to let his thoughts get into something like order. Then he said quietly:

"Well, Mr. Salter, I confess I never expected to see you in the flesh again, but, since you have manifestly resuracted, I don't quite see the point of that mask of yours—at least not in private life."

"Resurrected! By thunder, soney, you've hit it in once. Say, did you ever see anything more like a last year's corpse than me?"

He tore the mask from his face as he uttered the last word. The inspector staggered to his feet and dropped back into the chair with a gasp of amazement and a groan of horror mingled in the same breath. What had been Seth Salter's not uncomely face was now a one-eyed, noseless mass of pits and seams and scars too hideous to imagine.

"Yaas, looks sorter pretty, don't it? Don't seem to think much of it. [Waal, p'raps not, 'tain't likely; but if you and your chaps didn't exactly do it, then as you was kind enough to leave me to out yonder in the kloof did. Yes, sir, that's vultures' work. I'd a bullet of yours through my right arm, one through the chest from one of your slouches, and a crack over the head with a carbine stock that'd 'a' knocked the grin out of some people's skulls, so, you see, I hadn't much chance again' the critters. But I thought I'd fight to a finish, and I should 'a' gone if a Cape lad hadn't come through the kloof before I was all gone and toted what was left of me to his hut and fetched an old Kafir medicine man to patch me up."

"No, you needn't trouble to make any remarks. You're weak yet, and I'm on deck just now. It'll make things shorter and pleasanter if you just make yourself comfortable and hear me out. I shan't worry you with what happened to me just after. I got better, and I'd one eye and a mouth left, as you see, and the eye had to look around for something to put in the mouth."

"Waal, after considerable ups and downs, I met your Looenant Mays way down in Natal. I told him who I was or had been—for you can bet he didn't recognize me—and we put our heads together and worked out this border gang scheme. I found the requisite hard cases for the actual work, and he got round your chaps or kept 'em off the scent, as the case might be. The game worked like an angelic picnic. We robbed thieves, and the thieves weren't split. Then, as the organization got better, we extended things, and by about three months ago we'd half your chaps and nearly all the slops on this side in our pay."

"Waal, we've made tons of money, and we're just thinking about retiring into respectable society; but, Mr. Lipski, there's just two things I want to do before I do that."

"And those are—revenge on me, and—what else, may I ask?"

"Guess you're nery, little man, and you may ask. Yaas, one of 'em's to square up things with you and the other is to clean out the mail when it takes that big consignment that you tried to fool us over tonight on board, which, I take it, 'll be the day after tomorrow, or, I should say, today, for it's morning now. We've got you, and all the guard but two are chipping in with us; so that's as good as done."

"And may I ask again what you intend to do in the way of squaring things up with me? Something with vultures in it, I suppose. I can't growl under the circumstances, though, for the sake of my own conscience, I'd like to tell you that we honestly thought you were dead before we left you. I can't think how you stood all we gave you. What a thousand pities you didn't give the stones up quietly!"

"I guess it is—for you. Why didn't you let me keep 'em after I'd played the game and run 'em fair and honorable? But that's nowhere. If I didn't think you a white man and grit all through, I wouldn't give you a chance. I'd have your living bones, so to speak, picked clean by tomorrow night, as I mightly near had mine. But I believe you did think me dead, and so I'll give you a square show. But I'm going to give you half an hour's hades first, just to even things up for what I had when I was fighting them vultures."

"And that?" "I'm going to make you play me Chicago, best 7 games out of 13. If I win, I shall plug you fatally and go and clean the mail out. If you win, I'll give you back your shooter and back my one eye again' your two at shooting on the drop. I'll set the alarm of that clock to go off two minutes after we've taken our places. Then, when it goes,

we'll go—one or both of us. That's about as fair as I can afford to be. What do you think?"

"I don't see much hades in that, to tell you the truth."

"No, because you seem to have forgotten that Miss Radna's going down with the mail that day. You know I've admired her a lot. How'd you think she'd like to have some of the stones we shall get if I had 'em cut for her as a wedding present? I shouldn't take the dead gems and leave the living and the best of 'em all behind, you bet."

"That'll do, curse you! Get out the dice!"

"Waal, that's bizness, anyhow, if it ain't over grateful or polite. Take a drink first, just to steady your hand? No? Then I will. Here's the dice. We'll shake for first throw."

Now, for the instruction of the unsophisticated, the game of Chicago is played with dice in this wise: Five dice are thrown. Aces count 100, the first six thrown 60, others 6. From five down to two spots are counted. One bone must be left on the table after each throw; hence there are five throws, and the highest possible is five aces, counting 500.

(To be Continued.)

GOOD HEALTH FOR WOMEN Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food Restores Weak, Sickly Women to Robust Health.

Any irregularities in the monthly uterine action is sufficient cause for women to be alarmed about their health. Whether painful, suppressed or profuse menstruation, the cause can be traced to some derangement of the nerves.

A few boxes of Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food will completely build up the exhausted nerves and restore the regular monthly action which removes from the body the clogged matter that would otherwise cause pain and serious disease.

It is as a restorative for pale, weak women that Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food has been singularly successful. It counteracts the debilitating diseases peculiar to women by feeding the nerves and creating new nerve fluid, the vital force of the human body.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food has restored scores of hundreds of weak, sickly women to robust health. See a box at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's new illustrated book "The Ills of Life and How to Cure Them," sent free to your address.

Marmalade. We have just received a new kind of ORANGE MARMALADE, put up in glass pots, which we are now offering at the low rate of 2 Pots for 25 cents

Also just opened a case of Pine-apple Marmalade which is of very fine flavor. The Pineapple and Ginger Marmalade has also given excellent satisfaction.

Those are all new goods and you should try them if you want something nice and tasty.

BEER & GOFF GROCERS

FOR SALE. That valuable freehold farm, situated on the St. Peter's Road, eight miles from Charlottetown, which was owned by the late Henry M. McLeod. This is one of the most desirable farms ever offered for sale in this province. It is situated in the nicest farming section in Queen's County. It consists of 125 acres, 95 of which are in a high state of cultivation, the balance being covered with hard and soft wood. It is well fenced with spruce hedges and has a large orchard, Railway Station, Queen's County Court House and School House all on the premises; wharf and cheese factory are within easy reach. The dwelling house and barns are all that can be desired and are in good repair. Intending purchasers must see the property to appreciate the many advantages it offers to the aspiring agriculturist. The property may be inspected any day up to the first of September, when to parties interested full particulars and terms will be given by the undersigned.

Another farm of sixty acres half a mile N. from the above with three never failing springs of water will be sold separately or in connection if desired.

SARAH S. MACLEOD, HENRY S. MACLEOD, Administrators of the estate of the late Henry M. McLeod. 110 C. St.

DRUG CLERK WANTED. One having at least one or two years experience required. Apply at once, personally or by letter to our Kent Street Store, stating time served and wages asked; also giving reference

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Abbey's Effervescent Salt.

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Advertisement for ABBEY'S EFFERVESCENT SALT featuring a portrait of a man and text describing its benefits for health.

C. A. A. A.

Annual Sports!

The Annual Sports of the Charlottetown Amateur Athletic Association will be held on their grounds, CHARLOTTETOWN

Wednesday, September 6th, 1899

The following is the programme and prize list—

- 1.—One Mile Bicycle Race, Novice—1st Gold Medal; 2nd and 3rd Silver Medal
2.—Half Mile Bicycle Race (Time Limit)—1st and 2nd Gold Medals; 3rd S. Medal
3.—220 Yards Run—1st, Gold Medal; 2nd, Silver Medal
4.—1 Mile Bicycle Race (Time Limit)—1st and 2nd, Gold Medals; 3rd, Silver Medal
5.—One Mile Bicycle Race (Boys under 15)—1st, Gold Medal; 2nd, Silver Medal
6.—Sealed Distance Bicycle Race—1st and 2nd Gold Medals; 3rd, Silver Medal
7.—440 Yards Run—1st Gold Medal; Silver Medal
8.—Two Mile Bicycle Race (Lap)—1st and 2nd, Gold Medals; 3rd, Silver Medal
9.—One Half Mile Bicycle Race (Against time with permission for pacers) 1st, 2nd and 3rd, Gold Medals
10.—880 Yards Run—1st, Gold Medal; 2nd, Silver Medal
11.—Three Mile Bicycle Relay Race—Teams of Three representing Clubs or otherwise, Silver Cup.
12.—5 Mile Bicycle Team Race—Massey-Harris Trophy.

Entries close September 1st with the secretary. Entrance fees 25c each entry, which must accompany the entry, otherwise it will not be considered complete.

Band in Attendance TRAIN ARRANGEMENTS

Table with columns for Train Name, Time, and Fare. Includes routes like Tignish, Plover, and various local lines.

Arrangements are being made with the I.C.R. to issue RETURN TICKETS at One First-Class Fare from all stations in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia to Charlottetown on the 5th September, good to return up to and on the 8th.

Admission 25c. Grand Stand 10c. Sports begin at 1 p.m. sharp. B. C. PROWSE, President. E. H. BEER, Secretary

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