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A Saving of from 20c to 25c on Every Pound you Buy.



USE DEARBORN'S PERFECT BAKING POWDER ABSOLUTE PURITY GUARANTEED.

The good cook no longer has excuse for using Cream of Tartar and Soda, as this new Baking Powder is surely as Economical, at the same time being much more convenient to use. It is perfectly uniform and always works the same.



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The P. E. Island Music House.
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Ladies' warm German Slippers with leather soles, at 60c and 75c. Better quality at \$1.00 and \$1.25 with fur top.

Men's very warm felt Slippers at 65c and 85c. Children's at 16c, 25c and 35c.

W. H. Stewart & Co

KLONDIKE BAR

Important Announcement GREAT INTEREST TO FARMERS.

THE management of the Charlottetown Soap Works, announce to the farmers of Prince Edward Island, that they have purchased at a very low figure for a term of years all the grease by-product of the Charlottetown Pork Packing Factory, accumulating from time to time, and are in a position to supply farmers and others with a cheap soap far superior in quality to the home-made article, and at a price so low as to make it scarcely worth while to worry about soap supplies hereafter.

KLONDIKE BAR will be for sale in a few days by all dealers at the low price of ten cents a bar of three pounds.

JAS. D. LAPHORNE & CO
Ask your dealer for Klondike Bar, and take notice.

RUDYARD KIPLING

Writes of the British

Channel Fleet,

A Racy Description of His Experiences Among Britain's Naval Defenders During the Recent Manoeuvres.

We have a common tradition one thousand years old of the Things One Takes for Granted. A warrant officer said something, and the groups melted quietly about some job or other. That same caste of man—that same type of voice was speaking in the commissariat in Burmah; in barracks in Rangoon; under double awnings in the Persian Gulf; on the rock at Gibraltar—wherever else you please—and the same instant obedience, I knew, would follow on that voice. And a foreigner would never have understood it—will never understand! But I understand, as you would have understood had you been there. I went round to make sure of my right as a taxpayer under schedule D, saw the men in their hammocks sleeping, without shading their eyes, four inches from the white glare of an electric; heard the stokers chaffing each other at the ash-shoot, and fetched up by a petty officer who was murmuring fragments of the riot act into a subordinate's attentive ear. When he had entirely finished the task in hand he was at liberty to attend to me. "Hope you've enjoyed your trip, sir. You see (I knew what was coming) we haven't quite shaken down yet. In another three months we shall be something like."

No ship is ever at her best till you leave her. Then you hold her up as a shining example to your present craft. For that is England.

My marine—the skirmisher in South American suburbs—stood under the shadow of the poop looking like a stuffed man with an automatic arm for saluting purposes; but I knew him on the human side. "Goin' off to-morrow ain't you, sir? Well, there are only twenty of us' ere, but if you ever want to see the marines, a lot of 'em, it might perhaps be worth your while to"—and he gave me the address of a place where I would find plenty of marines. He spoke as though his nineteen friends were no-class animals; and a foreigner would have taken him at his word.

A COMMODIOUS COFFEE GRINDER. The entire ward-room explained carefully that their commodious coffee-grinder must not be taken as a sample of the navy at its best. Wasn't she a good sea-boat? Oh, yes—remarkably so. Couldn't she go upon occasion? Oh, yes. She could go, but after all she wasn't a patch on certain other craft, being only a third-class cruiser—practically an enlarged destroyer—a tin pot of the tinners. "Now in my last ship," the captain began. That was an unlucky remark, for I remember that last ship and a certain first night aboard her in the long swell of Simon's Bay, when the captain took heaven and earth and the admiralty to witness that of all cluttered up boxes of machinery and bags of tricks his new command was the worst. To hear him now she must have been a trifle larger than the Majestic, with twice the Powerful's speed. "Come and see us next year when we've shaken down a bit," said the wardroom. "and you'll like it better." That was impossible, but I accepted at once. We are a deceptive people.

Our cruiser was going to refit at some dockyard or other in a few days, and I gathered that it would be no fault of the captain, the wardroom, or the warrant officers if she did not arrive with a list of alterations and improvements as long as her mainmast. So it was with every ship. The dear boys take her out to see what she can do, and in that process discover what she cannot do. If by any arrangement or rearrangement of stay, stanchion, davit, steam pipe, bridge, boat chocks, or hatchways, she can, in their judgement, be improved, rest assured that the dockyard will know it by letter and voice. She never gets more than half what she wants, and so is careful to apply for twice her needs.

Discontented with Impenitent Thieves. To her just and picturesque demand the yard opposes the suspicion of centuries, saying unofficially, "You are all a set of discontented and impenitent thieves. Go away." The ship, considering her own comfort and well-being for the rest of the commission, replies, also unofficially; Ah, you're thinking of the So and So. She was a nest of pirates, if you like, but we're good. We're the most upright ship you ever clapped eyes on, and you're the finest yard in the kingdom. You're up to all the ropes. There's no getting round you and you'll pass your indents. We won't give you any trouble. Just a few minor repairs, and our own people will carry them out. Don't disturb yourself in the least. Send the stuff alongside and we'll attend to it."

And when the stuff comes alongside in charge of a slow-minded understrapper they do attend to it, they talk the man blind and dumb, sack his cargoes, and turn him adrift to study vouchers at his leisure. Then the first lieutenant

smiles like a Cheshire cat, the carpenter, so-called, because he very rarely deals with wood, the armorer and the first-class artificers sweat with joy, and the workshop lathes buzz and hum. But the under-trapper gets particular about it because a great part of his stuff was meant for another ship, and she is very angry about it.

STOLEN PAINT. Late in the afternoon that defrauded vessel sends over a boat to the Eury Bird and wants to know if she has seen or heard anything of some oak-baulks, a new gateway grating, some brass work, and a few drums of white paint. "Why, was that yours?" says the first lieutenant. "We thought it was ours."

"Well, it isn't. It's ours, where is it?" "I'm awfully sorry, but I say, won't you come and have a drink?" They come just in time to see the brass rods in position; the oak baulks converted into some sort of boat furniture; the gateway platform receives their weary feet, and a fine flavor of paint from a flat forward tells them all they will ever know of the missing drums.

They then call the first lieutenant a pirate, and he, poor lamb, says that he was misled by the chuckle-headed understrapper who brought the stuff along side. Words cannot express the first lieutenant's contrition. It is to bad—too bad, but you know what asses these dockyard chaps can be."

With soft words and occasional gin and butters he coaxes the visitors into their boat again, for he has studied diplomacy under the West African kings. They return to their ship, being young and guileless, and their reception is not cordial. Their captain says openly that he has not one adequate thief in the ship, and that they had better go into the church. They should have captured the understrapper early in the day. He will speak to the other captain. And he does, like a brother, next time he meets him, gall y passing galley, going to call on the admiral.

"You infernal old pirate. What have you done with my paint?" cries the robbed one.

"Me, sar? Not me, sar? My brother Manuel, sar. That paint was his. Done gone finish Kerritch hogya." This is from the other potentate.

The coxswains duck their heads to hide a grin, and that is one of the ways they have in the navy.

The Eury Bird departs with a reputation that would sink a slave-ship to try the same trick on Hoak Kong or Bombay yard.

A BLISSFUL FORTNIGHT.

This and more—oh, much more!—did my friends fore and aft convey to me in that blissful fortnight when I was privileged to watch their labors. I heard undiluted what a boy thinks of punishment and the man who reported him for it; how a carpenter regards a dockyard "mate"; what are the sentiments of a signaller toward an Admiral and of a stoker toward the authorities who have designed his washing accommodation. I overheard, in the darkness of beautiful nights, fragments of drama from the forward flats which it is my life's regret that I cannot make public; lectures on all manner of curious things delivered by the ship's jester, and totally unvarnished reports of conversations with superiors retailed by a delinquent marine.

Fire and collision drill, general quarters and the like, take on new meanings by the head who orders them, and again when they are translated for you once by the tail who carries them out. When you have been shown rovingly over a torpedo by an artificer skilled in the working of its tricky bowels, torpedoes have a meaning and a reality for you to the end of your days.

"MEN LIVE THERE"

Next time you meet the "blue" ashore you do not stare unintelligently. You have watched him on his native heath. You know what he eats, and what he says, and where he sleeps, and how. He is no longer a unit, but altogether such a one as yourself—only better. The naval officer, chance met, rather meek and self-effecting, in tweeds at a tennis party, is a priest of the mysteries. You have seen him at his altars. With the navigating lieutenant "on the high an' lofty bridge persecuting his vocation," you have studied stars, masthead angles, range-finders, and such all; the first lieutenant has enlightened you on his duties as an upper housemaid, and the juniors have guided you through the giddy whirl of gunnery, smallarm drill, getting up an anchor, and taking kinks out of a cable. So it comes that next time you see, even, far off one of Her Majesty's cruisers all your heart goes out to her. Men live there.

(To be concluded)

Much in Little

An especially true of Hood's Pills, for no medicine ever contained so great curative power in so small space. They are a whole medicine.

Hood's Pills

Always ready, always efficient, always satisfactory; prevent a cold or fever, cure all liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, constipation, etc. 25c. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

HENRY R. LORDLY, C. E.

A. M. Can. Soc. C. E.
Graduate College of Civil Engineering, Cornell University.
Consulting Engineer for General Work, Specifications, Hydraulic, Sanitary Engineering and Designing.
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10 CASES CLOTHING JUST OPENED.

We are in a position to-day to show you a magnificent range of Clothing. No one neglected. Small Boy, Big Boy or Men. We can suit you in Ulsters, Reefers or Suits. All sizes, all prices and kinds. It don't take chromos, tickets or money rewards to sell our Clothing. We sell so cheap we really cannot afford it. We have no money to burn.
Men's Ulsters at \$4.75, beat the world.
Shorey's Ulsters at \$6.50, ticket in pocket (manufacturer throws them in).
McKay's Ulster (our own make) at \$4.75, beats them all for quality and price.
Our Reefer at \$5.00 is an excellent coat, heavy and strong.
50 Men's Heavy Suits at \$5.50, extra value,
25 Men's Heavy Suits, double breasted, former price \$8.00, now \$7.00
100 Extra Heavy All Wool Suits, \$7.50.
Pants, all kinds and prices. 500 pairs (our own make) extra heavy and strong, warranted not to rip, at \$2.00.
Boys' 3-piece Suits (own make) heavy for winter, sizes 20 to 33, \$5.00 up.
Boys' 2 piece Suits from \$1.50 up.
Blouse Suits. One line is a beauty. The very latest style.
Fur Coats, Fur Robes at the

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Everything Must Go,
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Twenty to Fifty Per Cent

This Immense Sale is being patronized by Thousands. Tremendous Bargains are going.
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Yes we want to change our business, that is to change our stock of Boots and shoes into hard cold cash, which we are very much in need of just now. Therefore we'll sell our entire stock at Rock Bottom prices.
Men's Heavy Laced Boots, 98c.
Women's " " " 85c.
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Come. Come. Come along to the reliable boot and shoestore. Excellent value. Lowest prices.
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THE IMPROVED RUPTURE CURE

OF CHRONIC DISEASES AND RUPTURE OF DR. CLIFT. Diploma registered in United States and Canada. Send Stamp for information, or call at Ch'town, Friday Saturday and Sunday.

Charlottetown P. E. Island Canada
Nov. 24th, 1898.

Dr Clift
My Dear Dr.

This is indeed my day of THANKSGIVING, for after suffering for the past 12 years with the most aggravating form of Rupture, as all my friends in Ch'town well know, which could not be properly held by any Truss, YOU HAVE POSITIVELY AND PERMANENTLY CURED ME WITHIN 60 DAYS, as you guaranteed to do, no cure, no pay, in spite of all my unbelief. My weak side is now stronger than the other. I DID NOT LOSE A DAY FROM MY WORK IN RATTENBURY'S PORK FACTORY, and instead of suffering any pain, ALL MY PAINS WERE RELIEVED FROM THE FIRST. I can now realize that you are SUCCESSFUL ON MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN, with no chance for failure, if your orders are obeyed, for no case could be worse than mine. You are a licensed Physician, and I will gladly prove the truth of this testimonial to anyone enclosing a stamp for reply, or by word of mouth or personal investigation. ALL SUFFERERS SHOULD KNOW THAT THEY CAN BE CURED TO STAY CURED. Your fee is a mere bagatelle to the amount I have thrown away on good for nothing trusses.

Sincerely Yours
FRANK ELLIS ROWE.

Mr. Rowe is about 40 years of age, a man of family and well known in Ch'town. DR. CLIFT HAS CURED MANY CASES, including a woman of double rupture and a child of 18 months, of hernia from birth, of which facts corroborative evidence can be seen at any time. DR. CLIFT IS AT CH'TOWN EVERY Friday, Saturday and Sunday at PICTOR, Revere Hotel from 10 o'clock noon to Tuesday noon; at NEW GLASGOW N. S. Wharf Hotel, Tuesday and Wednesday; at PICTOR, Leinster Hotel every Thursday until 9 p.m. Call or send stamp for information.

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Oct 21 d&wtl Dec 31, '99

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