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ONE OF MOST BEAUTIFUL CHARMING SPOTS, VISITED

Says an American in an Admirable Sketch of Prince Edward Island— An Outsider's Opinion of our Province. He Tells its History, Describes its Peculiarities and Pictures its Inhabitants.—

The following sketch written by James H. Higgins, editor of the Newburyport Mass Daily Times in his journal is an excellent description of this province and the characteristics of some of its inhabitants.

The earliest known inhabitants of North America, the Indians, seem to have possessed an intuitive sense for applying appropriate names to various sections of the country, and during all the evolution of civilization, down to the present time, man has not been able to improve upon either their euphony or relevancy.

One of the most beautiful and charming garden spots it has ever been the writer's privilege to visit is Prince Edward Island, and the aborigines seem to have been imbued with its natural aspect and expression of repose when they gave to it the name of "Abegweit"—Rising on the Wave" for such in truth it seems to do.

Coming through the Straits of Canso, with the rugged coasts of Nova Scotia on the one side, harrin Cape Breton on the other and entering St. George's Bay, the low lying shore of Prince Edward Island is presented to view like a cloud bank in the distance. Drawing nearer it begins to assume proportions and one could well imagine it some fairy giantess, slumbering peacefully on the bosom of the ocean, soothing to sleep by the lullaby of the waters of Northumberland Straits on one side, the other laved by the blue waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Her head seems resting in the upper waters of the Gulf, her feet bathed in St. George's Bay. The Magdalen Islands, stationed far out in the Gulf, act as a silent sentinel over the destinies of this ocean goddess as she sleeps on the wave.

Prince Edward Island is the smallest in area of the British Provinces, the most densely populated, by far the richest in cultivation and a most interesting province in many respects.

It is something less than 200 miles in length and varying in breadth from one and one half to 18 miles. It comprises an area of approximately 2000 square miles, mainly under a high state of cultivation. It has no mountains but is largely table land or undulating, the highest prominence being scarcely larger than Oldtown Hill.

The soil is red, almost the colour of red brick dust, is highly impregnated with phosphate and exceedingly fertile. The plough finds no rocky obstructions, indeed so free is the soil that one might search industriously for a stone large enough to throw at a bird and be unsuccessful in the quest.

Charlottetown, the capital of the Island is highly favored with a secure and commodious harbor and has a population of about 12,000.

The legislative buildings, Court house, postoffice and market are located in one square in the centre of the city, a new and elaborate market house being now under construction to replace one burned about a year ago.

The city is laid out in squares, the sidewalks are all of wood, the streets intersecting each other at right angles.

Tuesday and Friday are market days on which farmers, gardeners and fish mongers thro the market place, their teams loaded with produce and the yield of the sea. The other principal places on the island are Georgetown, Summerside, Souris, Alberton and Tignish.

The Prince Edward Island Railway traverses the entire length of the Island from Souris at the eastern extremity to Tignish at the west, with branches to Georgetown, Murray river and Cape Traverse, and presents to the traveller all the conveniences of our New England roads accentuated by a courtesy and deference not found on our railroads. It is a narrow gauge road built originally on the surface, but its present efficient management is improving it in many respects and replacing long curves by new straight cuts.

Considerable historic interest attaches to the island. For 250 years after its discovery by Cabot, it was a French possession. In 1782 it was captured by British ships under Gen. Wolfe. Ruins of an old French fort may still be seen near the entrance to Charlottetown harbor.

Since 1778 the island has been self governed under a lieutenant-governor, executive council and legislature of its own, and the people of this comparatively small island, through their elected representatives have enacted their own laws from a time antedating the Congress at Washington, practically enjoying the political privileges that we enjoy under statehood.

From the train the Island scene is one of pastoral beauty. Everywhere the eye can reach stretch acres upon acres of beautiful farming land, rich in cultivation.

Acres of waving wheat, acres of tall, golden oats, acres of the most beautiful potatoes raised in the world, fragrant in blossom, filling the air with their perfume.

The farm houses and buildings present a neat and tidy appearance and I am told that scarce one in fifty has any encumbrance upon it.

The late Lieut Gov Howland named the Island most appropriately "The Million Acre Farm."

A most healthful climate it is during

the summer and early autumn: warm and balmy during the day, the air perfectly dry, in marked contrast to the oppressive humidity of our New England summer, the nights cool enough for a top coat. I was told by a life-long resident that he never remembered seeing the thermometer over 80 degrees.

The people of the Island are very religious. One of the most impressive sights I have ever witnessed in this particular was at Tignish on a Sabbath morning.

About ten o'clock teams of all descriptions came through the town and began assembling at the church. They came in single, in doubles, in processions and almost in droves, in nondescript teams and every character of vehicle one could imagine without regard to appearance or style. These poor, devout farming people drove to church on rough backboards, some with but two heavy axes and a rough board stretched from one to the other, still others in hay racks containing the entire family seated Turk fashion in the bottom, each with a prayer book in hand. The harness was pitched here and there with pieces of rope and rope for reins; but still they came, those sincerely, devout people and lined up in front of the church door just as we see crowds lined up in front of a theatre, waiting for the first bell to ring and the doors to open. There must have been a full six hundred people, their nondescript teams tied to trees, fences and even to freight cars standing nearby, a sight to behold.

Then the church bell sounded out its last appeal and as its musical echoes died away on the morning air, the huge doors swung open and this multitude of worshippers marched into the sanctuary, women and children first, the men with true chivalry—the only kind of chivalry that counts for anything, that which is ready to pay deference to women and children—bringing up the rear.

A reverent and almost oppressive silence enveloped this little hamlet during the hour of worship, a silence that made itself felt and became almost tangible by reason of its saintliness, scarce a person was to be seen upon the street. The voices of the church organ could be plainly heard from our little town an eighth of a mile away, and to us, coming from cosmopolitan New England life, the sanctity of it all was most impressive. A sermon well preached.

Surrounded as it is by ocean and strait, whose ceaseless action has broken the shores into numerous bays and estuaries, the island affords a most excellent place for the sportsman in search of shooting and fishing.

Aside from the Magdalen Islands it is the first land the birds strike in their migration from Labrador southward, and during the flight in early autumn, along the shores and marshes of Tignish, Cascumpeque bay and Malpeque bay, yellow leg plover, golden plover, black breasted beetle heads and curlew are more plentiful than on the American coast, while it is a paradise for ducks and geese. The streams afford the finest of trout fishing and in a number of the larger bays such as Bay of Fortune, splendid sport is afforded in sea trout fishing.

The advantages of Prince Edward Island for rest, recreation and sport are just beginning to be brought to the attention of pleasure and health seekers. There is an air of restfulness pervading the whole island, soothing to tired brain and nerves. Men do not hurry there. They have plenty of time and nervous prostration is an unknown ailment.

With no general characteristic was I more impressed than with the generous hospitality of the islanders. Coming from the bustle and drive, the hurry and impetuous rush of hustling New England, where men scarce have time to talk for press of business matters, it is refreshing to find a people who consider it almost a sacred duty to aid the stranger within their gates. One striking illustration, while it may be in a measure extreme, will suffice to convey an idea of the unselfish courtesy of these people.

Desirous of finding the depot at Charlottetown, we accosted the first man we met near the market place with a request to be directed to the depot. "The depot? Why certainly, come right over to the market and I'll have my boys drive you right down." "Oh, no, don't do that," I said almost taken off my feet by the proposition and it was only by vigorous protest that we dissuaded him from his purpose which he declared to be no trouble at all.

"Well, I'll show you then, so you will make no mistake, and with that he insisted on accompanying us two blocks and a half until the depot was in sight.

Pointing to it he said, "There it is gentlemen you can make no mistake now and touching his cap he bid us "Good day gentlemen" and retraced his steps two blocks and a half to the market place where he had his produce to dispose of on the busiest day of the week.

Here was a sample of a Prince Edward Island farmer, a man living close to nature clad in rough homespun but with a heart beating under it, full of the milk of human kindness, one of Nature's noblest, busy disposing of the product of his

toil on the farm, but not too busy to go out of his way and even send his team to drive two strangers to the depot, two men he had never seen before and in all probability never would again, without thought of pay or remuneration of any kind and this in such marked contrast to our city life, where every porter or paid servant rushes at you with a whisk broom expecting a "tip" for his impudent and oft times, undesired services for whose performance he is already drawing a salary.

A moral lesson I might pen From these Prince Edward Island men: For here in our New England life, Beguiled in competition's strife, We're so engrossed in search of pelf That we've scarce time for aught but self.

While these inebriated, kindly men, Can spare a moment now and then, From their pursuits to cast a ray Of light across the stranger's way.

A land of kindness and courtesy; a land of happy contented people; a land where hurry and bustle are unknown; a land where the superficiality and egotism of cosmopolitan life have no place; a land of men who live very close to nature; a land where hospitality and cordiality are prominent phases of life; a land of great pastoral beauty; a land, five months in the year of balmy days and cool nights; a fertile land where crops ripen in a hundred days; a land most appropriately named the "Garden of the Gulf"; a land where they turn to the left instead of the right in passing and say "Good night" instead of "Good evening" in greeting. Such is Prince Edward Island as I found it.

J. H. H.

AS SURE AS THE SUN RISES

So Certain Will Be Your Cure of Piles if You Desire Immediate Relief From Pain.

Are you suffering from the agonizing disease of piles? Is your life one of pain and unhappiness and misery? Do you want to be cured? Your cure will be certain, complete and as lasting as your life by using a simple, natural remedy that gives immediate relief. No knife, no torture, no pain and applied in the privacy of your own home. The Pyramid Pile Cure has never failed even in the most aggravated cases. It is in the form of a suppository and is applied directly to the affected parts, giving instant relief. It will cure you just as certain as you try it. Of this there is no question or shadow of a doubt.

A prominent Milwaukee lady says: "For years I suffered intense agony from piles. My nerves were shattered and many times I prayed that death might release me from my torture. No one on earth can ever know what misery and pain I endured. Pyramid Pile Cure cured me completely, thoroughly and permanently. For two years I have not had a symptom of piles. I can never thank and praise you enough for this blessed deliverance." Pyramid Pile Cure is for sale by all druggists at 50 cents a package. If not kept by your druggist will be sent on receipt of price by Pyramid Drug Co., Main St., Marshall, Mich.

Write for free booklet on the nature, treatment and cure of piles.

NO SUCCESSOR CONSIDERED

LONDON, Oct. 2.—The Associated Press is in a position to state that the Foreign Office has not yet considered the question of Sir Michael Herbert as British Ambassador at Washington and will not consider it for sometime to come.

COMFORT FOR THE AGED

Judging from the letters of people up in years there is no medicine which so promptly frees them of aches and pains and insures regularity of the liver, kidneys and bowels as Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills. Even when all other means have failed old people can turn to this great medicine with full assurance of relief and cure.

NEW PLANT STARTED

SYDNEY, Oct. 2.—The Dominion Tar and Chemical Company commenced the manufacture of the crude products of coal tar at their new works here today, two of the six mills having been started. The other four will be put in operation tomorrow.

To prove to you that Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, burning and protruding piles, the manufacturer has guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 50c a box, at all dealers of EDMONDSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.
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SPRINGS. Best value in springs at \$2.85, \$3.25, \$4.25. Realizing that nothing is so annoying as a worthless, sagging, creaking spring, we have avoided everything "cheap" and have stocked only reliable goods in this line.	PILLOWS. Excellent value at 65c. Others at 85c, 95c, \$1.20, \$1.50, \$1.60, \$1.75.
IRON AND BRASS BEDS. A fine variety of Iron Beds at \$4.75 up to \$13.50, beautifully enamelled in white and ornamented with heavy brass knobs rods and scrolls—other higher priced ones to arrive later. We would like every lady to call and see our Iron Bed Department.	

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19 Oct 7th 1903