

KNOW THEM BY THEIR WORKS

And You Must Admit Dadd's Dyspepsia Tablets Relieve, Cure and Cure Permanently all Stages of Indigestion and Dyspepsia.

"I could not take the simplest food without a pain across my stomach. That's how Marie Ann Bulard of Maria Cap, Bonaventure Co., Que., describes her condition before she used Dadd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

"I took one box of Dadd's Dyspepsia Tablets. That has completely cured me." And speaking two years later Mr. Bulard says: "I have had no return of my Dyspepsia since using Dadd's Dyspepsia Tablets."

By their works you shall know them. So surely it must be correct that Dadd's Dyspepsia Tablets relieve the pains of Dyspepsia, cure Dyspepsia and cure Dyspepsia permanently.

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John T. Weeks

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Makes light white bread, dainty appetizing biscuits, retaining all the healthful properties of the best wheat. Makes the daintiest pastries, Pastry and Cakes—tempting that one bite invites another—yet so wholesome.

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John Hopkins,

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ROSS & ROSS, Barristers, Solicitors and Notaries. Money to Loan—Straight Loans on Real Estate and Loan Company. Offices in Ross Block, Sydney, C. B. CROSS ROSS & CO. SYDNEY, N. S. W. L. L. S.

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(Continued from page 9)
cons of earth shall be forever consumed upon the funeral pyre of a burning world. It does not mean that heaven is to be a place of inaction and stagnation and stupidity. But it does mean that heaven is to be a place where all workmen shall be honored alike and where the duties of one immortal shall be respected as much as are the occupations of other immortals.

Why do I make these two astounding statements? First, because I find recorded in the eighth chapter of Revelation the startling fact that there was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour. If heaven was always a still place would St. John have written that sentence in reference to the day of judgment. If you would interpret that passage in a common sense way would you not practically say, "Why heaven is such a busy place that all the angels and archangels and redeemed immortals are working, and working all the time? But when St. John saw the books of the judgment opened then there was an awful stillness. Every winged messenger kept still, every work ceased, every occupation was suspended." As Albert Barnes interpreted this passage, "Then there was an awful stillness, as if all heaven was reverently waiting for the development." Oh, yes, heaven is to be a busy place. It has been very busy during all the years and the millenniums that are past. It will be very busy during all the eternities that are to come, with the exception of the cessation of work for a short time when there shall be "silence in heaven for about the space of half an hour."

Following my first premise, that heaven is to be a busy place, my second premise is likewise true. How do I know that the busy occupations of heaven will never after desisted work for the redeemed immortals? The words of my text prove that. "The dogs of the east were the scavengers. The eastern people had no wonderful systems of sewage as have we. They had no means of carrying away by subterranean pipes the offal and refuse of their large towns. But all the refuse of the kitchens and the homes and the barns were and are thrown into the streets, where the dogs devour them. In heaven, however, we shall have none of the repulsive and abhorrent occupations with which earth has been cursed.

The eastern dog's death is a gloomy picture. He dies the death of all wild beasts, and that death is a tragedy. Some years ago the author of a history of the beasts of the African forests made this statement, which will long live in my memory: "No beast or bird or reptile in all the dark continent dies a natural death. No sooner does his physical strength weaken than there are some bestial or serpentine cannibals or some enemy of his species ready to feed upon his dying body and still his heart." That means every deer or fawn that dies, dies a tragic death. Every quick-eyed and sharp-clawed lynx must fall in time before a mortal foe. Every monster leader of the elephantine herd, every shaggy-maned Bengal king, must die a violent death. So dies the dog; but the Christian, God, so does not die the Christian. John B. Gough in one of his wonderful lectures gives a description of the remarkable escape of his father, who was an old English soldier, from dying a horrible death. It was during the famous Franco-English war of 1899, when the British troops were retreating before lightning-horsed Marshal Buller. Hungry and faint and sick from exposure and lack of food and also from loss of blood from a wound in the chest, young Gough staggered along with his regiment as fast as he could and then fell by the roadside to die. "He must die," said his commanding officer, "but I cannot bear to see that man die. He seemed healthy, and I will save him. Suddenly, as I was about to shoot a large lion, I saw a red neck sticking out of a hole in the bushes, came up and seized him by the neck, reaching my father's body with its wings, and then, circling round, alighted on a point of a rock and drank its blood red. I saw the lion's victim. As my father saw that horrible thing was about to happen, he tore him in pieces and ate him. He was extinct, but he had with him a horror that he could not endure this. When I am unable to drive that fearful thing away it will be tearing my flesh. He rose to his feet and crawled and struggled on, till at length he crept into a hut and found safety. The death which awaited that dog was the death which awaits the eastern dog. When he is incapable of defending himself he is torn to pieces. Men, too, have perished through the vindictive passions of their fellows. Some have been crucified, as was Christ; some have been stoned, as was Stephen; some have been beheaded, as was Paul; some have been burned at the stake, as were Ridley and Latimer. But how different was their future from that of the dog! From out those crushed and mutilated bodies the martyr spirits have gone up, redeemed and glorified, to dwell forever before the throne.

Oh, ye mortals, destined to live forever either in bliss or in misery, does not the offer that Christ makes you stir your desire for salvation? Accept his proffered gift, and then be your end what it may, your being rooted up from this world, with its bitter fruits of sorrow and pain and misery, will mean nothing more than your being transplanted into that supernal garden in which you will grow and flourish and bear fruit to the honor and glory of God.

The seed of eternal life planted by the Holy Spirit in your heart can change your whole nature. Instead of those qualities which degrade you to the level of the brutes, instead of the sinful propensities which distort and deform your being, there shall grow from that divine seed a plant of beauty, grace and glory with heavenly loveliness and eternal ever-developing life. "Ye shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth its fruit in its season; and whatsoever ye

choice? Will you live on that divine life which on earth, rendering the resurrection, of the world, dog on the car, and becoming in nature like him? Remember, if ye live after the flesh ye shall die, and from that abode of bliss, where there are joys forever more, you will be excluded with all those natures have grown fierce and cruel and debased. "Without are dogs."

London cabmen pay from about \$2.50 to \$3 a day for a hansom, according to the season. A driver's profits average nearly \$3 a day.



The Fugitive—Now—if I Only—had—a box of tacks to scatter I'd win in a walk!—New York Evening Journal.

Her Collection. "Did you ever have this collecting mania?"

Oh, just a little—not as a fad, you know. I never cared about collecting teaspoons or bangles or china or books or coins or stamps or any of those useless things, but in a modest way and in another line I have found a great deal of enjoyment collecting.

"What?" demanded the aggressive girl as the demure girl paused. "Well, I've spent three seasons at the seashore collecting engagement rings, and there is a joyous excitement about it that it is almost impossible to describe."—Brooklyn Eagle.

To Cheapen a Portrait. Old Uncle Ben wanted to have his portrait painted, but he did not care to pay very much for it.

"Surely that is a very large sum," he said when the artist named the price.

The artist protested and assured him that, as portraits went, that was very little to ask. Uncle Ben hesitated. "Well," he said at length, "how much will it be if I furnish the paint?"—Lippincott's.

The last earthquake of any considerable violence in England occurred on March 8, 1750. Such disturbances are not so infrequent in the British Isles as many suppose; but it must be admitted they are generally very slight. Even in that notoriously mobile district about Combe, in Berkshire—when during the winter 1839-40 they had a hundred and forty earthquakes, being at the rate of about a shock a day at an average—they seldom do much harm.

The year 1750 is the year par excellence of English earthquakes. It opened with most unseasonable weather, the heat being, according to Walpole, "beyond what was ever known in any other country;" and on the 8th of February a pretty smart shock was experienced, followed exactly a month later by a second and severer one. The excitement in London was intense. "Following the example of Bishops Secker and Sherlock, the clergy showered down sermons and exhortations, and a country quack sold pills 'as good against an earthquake'."

See How Much Better You Feel After One Dose of Paine's Celery Compound

When life seems empty of satisfaction, when the brain is confused, when you have nervous prostration, when you have sleepless nights, when your appetite is gone, and all forces running low, why not try one bottle of Paine's Celery Compound? One trial of Paine's Celery Compound will convince you of its power to clear the brain, give tone and vigor to the digestive organs, to produce sweet sleep, and that abundance of health that will make you happy and contented. Don't trust to chance that your little life will right themselves; take Paine's Celery Compound to-day, and find how much better you will feel.

Don't Take a Substitute; See that the Name "PAINE'S" Is on Each Bottle.

If you are sick and desire free medical advice, write to "Consulting Physician," The Wells & Richardson Co., Limited, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, P. Q.

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enabling the farmer to obtain his fertilizing materials at the lowest possible cost and in the proportions best adapted to his particular requirements of soil and crop, paying no "Manufacturers' profit, which on most brands amounts to 25 per cent. The Farmer saves this while

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AULD BROS.

Ch'town Steam Navigation Co., LIMITED. STEAMERS "Northumberland" and "Princess"

Leave as below every day, Sundays excepted.

From POINT DU CHENE, on arrival of 11:15 a. m. train from St. John, for SUMMERSIDE, connecting there with express train for Charlottetown and Tignish.

From Summerside, on arrival of morning train from Charlottetown and all stations of P. E. I. R., for POINT DU CHENE, connecting with day train for ST. JOHN, BOSTON and MONTREAL.

Connection at Moncton with train for all stations on I. C. R. and its connections, and at St. John with C. P. R. and Railways for U. S., for all points West and South, also at St. John with Steamers of Eastern S. S. Line.

From PICTOU about 4:45 p. m. for CHARLOTTETOWN.

From CHARLOTTETOWN for PICTOU, at 8:45 a. m. connecting there with day trains for CAPE BRETON and HALIFAX. At NORTH SYDNEY with Steamer Bruce for Newfoundland.

At HALIFAX with C. A. & PLANT LINE for Boston.

Through tickets to be had at Grand Trunk, Canadian Pacific, Intercolonial and P. E. I. Railways, and on the Company's Steamers and connecting lines, in United States and Canada.

F. W. HALES, Secretary.

TENDERS

Cardigan Ferry, King's County. DEPT. PUBLIC WORKS

Ch'town, June 20th, 1904

Sealed Tenders will be received at this office until noon on Tuesday, June 28th, 1904, from any person or persons willing to contract to convey passengers, luggage, vehicles, horses, cattle, sheep, calves, swine, grain, lumber, vegetables, etc., across the above ferry for a period of three years from 1st April, 1904, in terms of the Act 3, William 4, Cap 8. The boat to be not less than 20 feet keel and to be approved by the Department.

Tenders must express rates on the above severally. The names of two responsible persons willing to become bound for the faithful performance of the contract must accompany each tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

L. B. McMILLAN, Sec'y Public Works.

In The Portrait Line

I have stood the test and come out best. My portraits have stood the test and come out best. It will only cost you \$2.48 to try the test and get the best. It is always advisable to deal, only with reliable, and get that which is defiable, which in my mind is always justifiable.

S. F. TARBUSSH,

High Grade Art Parlors, Queen Street, Ch'town. Sole Agent here for Parker's Dye Works of Toronto.

TENDERS

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS. Charlottetown, June 15th, 1904.

Sealed Tenders will be received at this office until noon on Wednesday, June 29, 1904

From any person or persons willing to contract for the rebuilding of McMillan's bridge, Wood Islands, according to specification to be seen at the residence of Alexander McMillan, McMillan's Mills, Wood Islands, and at this office.

The names of two responsible persons willing to become bound for the faithful performance of the contract must accompany each tender.

The department is not bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

Tenders to be addressed to the undersigned and marked "Tender for McMillan's Bridge."

L. B. McMILLAN, Sec'y of Public Works.