

Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites

When a person feels "blue"—"all tired out"—doesn't feel like doing anything—complains of poor appetite and sleeplessness then his nervous system is run down and demands a good up-building tonic.

Foster's Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites

forms the best nerve and brain food known and has restored thousands of sufferers to health—Large bottle 75c.

E. A. Foster
Central Drugstore
Sunnyside

FLOUR —AND— FEED

We have in stock a limited supply of

- Flour
- Rolled Oats
- Bran
- Middlings
- Cornmeal
- Cracked Corn
- Oil Cake
- Cotton Seed
- and
- Molassine Meal

all of which we are selling at lowest prices.

A. Horne & Co
9120-3 Mitts E 25w

HAIR WORK

Wigs, cor nets, transformations, puff-chignons and under-ruffs, etc. made from combings or cut hair. Gentlemen's toupees also made. Work guaranteed perfect.

MISS D. RUDGE,
171 Great George Street,

LONGACRE

NEW YORK CITY HOTEL
Broadway and 47th St.
EXCLUSIVELY BACHELOR
Convenient to everything. The refined air and good service of a club.

RATES PER DAY
50 rooms with lavatory \$1.00
50 rooms with private bath 1.50
50 rooms with private bath 2.00

Two-room Suites \$4.00 to \$8.00.
Special Weekly Rates
Restaurant in each Club breakfasts.
DINING ROOM OPEN TO LADIES.
The best value in New York City
both in rooms and restaurant.
Phone, 7790—Byrant, J. GUGGS.

Albamarle-Hoffman

IF VISITING NEW YORK CITY you desire to locate in the VERY CENTRE nearest retail shops and most accessible to theatres, depots, steamship piers, you will be pleased at the HOTEL

Albamarle-Hoffman
5th Av., Broadway, 24th St.
OVERLOOKING MADISON SQ. PARK.
A five million dollar example of modern architectural perfection; accommodations, 1,000 guests.

A Good Room,
\$1.50 Per Day.
With Bath, \$2 to \$5.

Famous Piccadilly Restaurant.
Booklet and Guide on Request.
DANIEL P. RITCHIEY

RUNAWAY JUNE
(Continued from Page Two)

looking office boy an envelope and laughingly squeezed the boy's chin and ruffled his hair. The boy grinned delightedly and popped the envelope into his inside pocket. Then Ned walked over to June and handed her an envelope. It was larger than the others. He bowed to her very courteously as he presented it. He spoke a few pleasant words, but did not smile frankly, and she cast down her eyes. There seemed to be a distinct understanding that she had not earned her envelope.

A poor, shivering old woman sat hunched by the door. Ned stopped, looked at the old woman a moment and then walked across to her and handed her a coin. He was very magnificent about it in spite of the compassion. He broadened his chest with the exhilaration of the good deed; then he smiled down at his wife most generously. Yes, his wife kept the old woman was gone, and June, in luxurious furs, but huddled, was in the doorway. It was she to whom he had given the coin!

A wan and tattered, pinched and hungry looking little boy stood mutely beside the piteous woman in the doorway. Ned, beaming with kindly good will, placed a coin in the out-stretched palm and put his hand in benediction on the head of June, for it was she, and not the wan little boy, who had stood there pleadingly begging!

What wonderful scene was this? A bleak, wild country with huge, strange birds flying over it and no human habitation in sight. There were human creatures, though, two of them—a big, ponderous jawed savage with matted hair, who carried an enormous club over his shoulder. Behind him trudged a smaller figure, a woman with matted hair hanging to her waist. In her nose was a ring, and to this ring was attached a leather thong, the other end of which was in the man's hand. He was kicking home his bride! Music, the wedding march, the little gray, ivy hung chapel at Brynport, that Ned came down the aisle? Was there a leather thong in Ned's hand? Oh! Was the other end of that thong—

There was a sudden jolt and screeching noise, a rattle and a bang and the sound of hissing steam. June Warner jumped wildly to her feet and gazed around the little compartment. There were the flowers, the boxes of candy, the scattered rice. Comprehension came to her slowly, for she was still half in her dream. The train had stopped. She snatched up her cleak, jumped up on the seat and brought down the paper bag which contained her prim little travelling hat; then she jerked the door. In the opening she stopped with a sudden flash of memory. Ned's money, the first of his generous bounty, the first of her pay for being Ned's wife! She jerked it from her belt, threw the three bills on the seat, ran down the steps, jumped to the ground and sped across the tracks to the opposite platform. She had no idea of where she was going, but anywhere would do.

As the train started to pull out she had a mad impulse to run after it to have it stopped, to call Ned, but there was no movement in her.

Across the tracks in front of the station a man, tall, splendidly groomed, black Vandyked, stood watching her intently.

CHAPTER III.

Ned Warner, as the train pulled out from that momentous station, was in the wash-room of the smoker, with a pleasant smile on his lips, making the most elaborate toilet of his existence. He was to have the honor of dining alone for the first time with his charming wife.

Thoroughly complacent, he strolled back through the car to awaken the sweetest girl in the world.

"June! he called and turned to bend over her seat.

She was not there! He hurried out into the vestibule. Not there. And now for the first time he saw the three ten dollar bills on the seat. One of them was slightly torn; all of them were crumpled.

Frankly he rang the bell; then he rushed out to meet the white toothed porter on the way.

"Where's my wife," he demanded.

The porter's eyes widened until they made his teeth look gray.

"Deed I don't know, boss!" he replied, as nervous by contagion alone as if he had been accused of stealing the pretty little bride out of the window. "Honest to the Lord, I don't know!"

The delicious search began from that instant. In about two minutes the conductor, the brakemen, all the porters and half the passengers were searching for June Warner.

Ned, in his most lively vision of all, saw her dropping off the train, crushed and mangled beyond all recognition.

No vision, however, portrayed to him his bride slowly crossing the tracks toward the black Vandyked man! As she approached the man gave her a sharp scrutiny, smiled and strolled across the station platform to the bulletin board. New York local was due at 4.10. An express was due at 4.20.

June Warner was helpless and bewildered. She had no money, no friends. She could not even telegraph. Why had she done this foolish thing? Her dream. She saw herself again standing in the posture of a piteous beggar and accepting Ned's gifts. She saw Ned tipping the white toothed porter a dollar and then, with the same jovial generosity, handing her thirty.

The touch of that money still burned her fingers. Foolish as her revulsion might be, it was real and real nevertheless, and until she had thrashed out this question with the woman which had suddenly grown up in her she could not make of her marriage with Ned the sacred relationship which she had sold as her ideal. The black Vandyked man passed quite near her, gazing at her with a smile. She walked around him.

Where should she go? Home? She could see her father and mother plying

TO STOP HEADACHE

Headache usually comes from a sluggish liver and bowels. If you feel bilious, dizzy or tongue in coat and stomach sour, just get a 10-cent box of Cascarets to start your liver and bowels and your headaches will end.

ROYAL YEAST
MAKES PERFECT BREAD

her with question upon question, driving her to tears with their worried insistencies and their utter lack of understanding.

If not home where then? As if from the setting sun the answer came to her—just New York. So big and so intent upon itself that friends may dwell around the corner for years and never know.

Ned at that moment was extracting slow information from a half deaf and totally dumb old woman with a cross grained disposition. Yes, she had seen a young woman get off the train at a station back there. She didn't know if the station was Farnville or not, but the girl had rice in the trim of her hat.

June Warner, alone on the station platform, had grappled meantime with the first problem of her independence. That problem had to do with the means of getting to New York, and it was concretely expressed in her beautiful little gold watch.

In the meantime Ned's train had drawn up at the next stop and he had the station master in Farnville in a minute and was inquiring for a lonely bride.

"Why, yes," huskily shouted the station master at Farnville, "a young person of that description has been loafing around here on the platform, and she's just getting on the down local," reported the station master. "She's with a tall fellow with pointed black whiskers. He's helping her on the train."

A black Vandyked stranger! Ned almost reeled. So that was why she had left the train!

"Stop them!" he yelled. But the phone was dead. Station masters are busy people.

A train thundered in—a down train. Ned looked at the bulletin board. The New York express. It arrived in New York at the same time as the local. The first passenger to board that train was a perspiring faced young man, swinging four pieces of white ribboned luggage.

June, paying but little attention to the man who had helped her, turned nervously into the car, a day coach, and viewed the interior with despair. In that coach there were only two passengers, a man and a woman, sitting together.

"Would you like to buy a watch," invited June in her smallest voice as she confronted the rigid woman and held out her merchandise.

"No," returned the woman without moving a muscle. Only her feather wobbled. The man cast at the merchandise a look of contempt.

"It's a very nice watch, urged June. "It's a solid gold case, and I don't know how many jewels. I only need money enough to get to New York and hire a taxi. Then I must find some work."

The black vandyked man's eyes lighted. "I don't want it," observed the woman, looking straight ahead, while the man's glance of contempt strayed from the merchandise to the vender.

"Very well," nodded June, and a grain of rice fell from the rim of her little blue hat and bounced in the rigid woman's lap.

The woman turned sharply; then she half rose and looked at the top of the hat. There was more rice on it!

"Let me see that watch," she said icily. One lid contained the picture of June and her dog, and the other the date of the gift and her name and address.

"How much do you need for this?" "She wants about \$10.00, ma'am." This was from the pale faced conductor, who was an offense in narrow aisles, but his eyes were full of twinkles.

The rigid lady snapped the watch shut and turned to her husband. "Dan," it did not seem possible that her voice could rise on a wheedling tone, but it did.

The man turned to her with cold disdain. He produced \$10 from a tight bound wallet, and instantly into June's mind there flashed a picture of her standing before Ned a piteous beggar!

The runaway bride took a seat by herself and was presently given the discomfort of knowing that the man was grumbling at the woman incessantly for having bought the watch. The black Vandyked man went over to them, and she saw him pay some money, and then he came back to June with the watch in his hand.

"Of course you won't permit me to present you with this," he pleasantly observed. "If you care to send for it later, however, I will be very glad indeed to give you my card."

"Thank you," she accepted, and, taking the card, put it into her belt. "You are very kind."

It was not until they were nearing the station in New York that he spoke to her again.

"Fardon me," he said, bending over her. "If I can be of any service to you on your arrival I shall be very happy indeed."

"There is nothing, thank you," she replied, smiling up at him. "You are very kind."

At that particular moment the New York express overtook the local and slowly forged ahead and Ned Warner, peering feverishly into every passing window, saw the suave, black Vandyked stranger bending gracefully over his wife, and June was smiling up at him. Then Ned, against his will, passed on.

The express, however, was delayed a moment, and the local pulled in ahead of it. Ned was the first passenger out of the express, and he landed on the platform just in time to see the Vandyked man and June going through the gate side by side. Ned rushed after them, but it was not until he reached the Vanderbilt avenue stairway that he saw them again. June was darting the door and just behind her was the man. He was smiling. With a flush Ned rounded the balustrade only to see June speeding away in a taxicab and to see the black Vandyked man starting after her in another. He jumped into a third and shouted.

"Hase them!"

"Hold on there!" gasped a breathless voice, and a panting voice piled Ned's white ribboned luggage on top of him.

Away through the tangled traffic, across forty-fourth street and up Fifth avenue rushed the three taxis at break-neck speed.

(To be continued.)

PERSONALS

Mrs McPhail, Nine Mile Creek, has left for Calgary, Alta.

Sergt. Allison Tait is home from Sydney Mines on a short furlough.

Mr. and Mrs. Pope Noy, Hazelbrook, were visitors to the city Saturday.

Mrs. Alex. Drake, Millview, is visiting friends in Mt. Herbert, the guest of Mrs. Albert Ings.

Miss Ella Bowness, Summerside is spending her holidays at her home in Alberton.

Miss Clara Palmer and Miss Olive MacPhail, students of the Union Commercial College, are spending their Easter holidays in Coleman.

Mrs. Ruth McGregor, Principal of Clinton school, is spending her Easter holidays in Charlottetown; the guest of Miss Winnifred MacKenzie, Bayfield Street.

Among the visitors to the city Saturday were Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Wood, Mr. Leonard Wood and daughter, Mr. Seymour Wood, Mr. Walter Wood, Mr. Matthew Wood, Mr. Henry Wood and son, all of Mt. Herbert.

The many friends of Dr. N. W. Leard D.D.S., Jersey City, N. J. will be pleased to learn that his daughter Miss Ruth was successfully operated on in a hospital in New York for appendicitis on March 9th by Dr. A. C. Murtart, Brooklyn, assisted by Dr. Ohlyke of Jersey City and Dr. John Leard of Forest Hill, Boston. It will be remembered that Miss Ruth above referred to visited Tryon last summer and delighted many congregations in the churches with her finely trained voice.

"Try Rexall Kidney Remedy, it has proven itself to be a wonderful remedy for treating any form of kidney diseases. Guaranteed. In liquid form, 50c. and \$1.00. In pill form 50c. MacKinnon Drug Co. Cor Great George and Kent Streets. M.D.F.

"Baby must be taken out in the fresh air and to do so you must have one of the New Up-to-Date Baby Carriages, new patterns, new constructions, new colours, about 30 different styles just opened and all ready to be shown. Drop in and see them, the quality carriages.—PATONS. 8904-3-6Mtf.

K. OF P. FAREWELL ENTERTAINMENT

A very pleasant farewell entertainment was given by the Knights of Pythias Empire Lodge No. 19 on Friday evening in honor of Lieut. J. A. S. Bayer, Bomb. J. C. Stewart, Gunners Arnold Taylor and Robt. Messervey and Trumpeter Carl Fletcher, Knights of the Order, who leave shortly with the P. E. Island Heavy Brigade to do garrison duty at Halifax. Quite a number of members were present, and Past Chancellor G. D. Wright presided. Associated with him on the platform were the guests of the evening and Mr. J. T. Coleman, Chancellor Commander of the Lodge. An interesting musical programme was contributed to by several members, including Gunner Messervey, who opened the entertainment with "Tipperary." During the evening Past Chancellor J. H. Williams read an address to the guests, which was responded to in appropriate terms by Lieut. Bayer. The following members spoke briefly: Chancellor Commander Coleman, Charley B. Roy Holman, Past G. C. S. A. McDonald, Past Chancellor C. L. McKay. Refreshments were served and songs, recitations, etc. occupied the rest of the time. The address to Lieut. Bayer and his comrades was as follows:—

Empire Lodge No. 19
Knights of Pythias,
Charlottetown,
April 2nd, 1915.

To Brother Knights:
J. A. S. Bayer, E. A. Taylor, Carl Fletcher, Robert Messervey and John C. Stewart.

We are assembled to-night to tender you our good wishes and to assure you of our appreciation of the fact that you have responded to the call of King and Empire, and are leaving home on an uncertain period, at inconvenience and sacrifice of your personal interests, for the purpose of fulfilling the duty devolving upon you in the maintenance of freedom's cause.

That your part may have many pleasant features to atone for the sacrifices you are willing to make, and that you may have opportunity to prove your worth and loyalty, and bring honor and credit to your town and province we earnestly believe and trust, and as you leave us we sincerely hope that the principles of Friendship, Charity and Benevolence as taught by our Order may dwell with you and influence you to noble and patriotic action.

During your stay in the military city of Halifax, we trust that you may embrace the opportunity of meeting with the Knights of Pythias in that city for we can assure you that in Halifax Lodge you will surely find close companionship and that good fellowship for which Knights are famous. Go then and visit them often, and give as well as receive the benefit your membership in this Lodge entails upon you to enjoy.

With hearty good wishes,
Fraternally in F. C. & B.,
T. J. COLEMAN, C. C.
B. ROY HOLMAN, V. C.
JOHN L. GODKIN, V. R. S.

TO-NIGHT IS THE NIGHT

Of the Great Play

The great play, "Peaceful Valley," will be presented at the Prince Edward Theatre to-night under the auspices of the Charlottetown Hospital. "Peaceful Valley" is a three act comedy and has been played over 5,000 times to enormous successes in Canada and the United States, and is largely responsible for the great success of the late lovable Sol Smith Russell, who created the part of Hosea Howe. Ten other quaint and lovable people are in the play. Miss Gorman was quite fortunate in securing this play, which is a classic of its kind. The following is the cast of characters:—

Hosea Howe (A man of the mountains), ... J. Austin Trainor
Leonard Rand (Merchant prince), ... J. J. Desmond
Jotham Ford (Hotelkeeper), ... Patrick McTague
Ward Andrews (Who will bear watching), ... James McDougald
Jack Farquhar (Miscast in the drama of life), ... Russell Smith
Charley Rand (His troubles all before him), ... Frank McCarey
Virgil Rand (A girl worth winning), ... Wm. C. Whitlock
Niobe Farquhar (Jack's sister), ... Bertha F. M. Gorman
Phyllis Howe (One of the good old stock), ... Bertie Stewart
Martha Howe (Her daughter), ... Zilla Arsenault
Stage manager, Mr. William C. Whitlock.

The three first names on the foregoing cast are sufficient to insure an excellent entertainment, as each is known as an artist of rare ability. The dress rehearsal was eminently satisfactory and now everything awaits the rise of the curtain to-night, when all indications point to a bumper house.

Before the play, at 8 o'clock sharp, a tableaux will be put on. There will also be a sale of home-made candy.

Sore Corns Go

ABSOLUTELY PAINLESS
No cutting, no plasters or pads to press the sore spot. Putnam's Extractor makes the corn go without pain. Takes out the sting over night. Never fails—leaves no scar. Get a 25c. bottle of Putnam's Corn Extractor today.

REXALL "93" Hair Tonic will beautify your hair, prolong its life and make it glossier and more abundant. Price 50c. and \$1 a bottle. MacKinnon Drug Co., Corner of Great George and Kent Streets. M.E.F.

Beer & Weeks

The up-to-date Store with the up-to-date Stock

Our Big New Carpet Dept.



Our Big New Carpet Dept.

Take the Elevator to our Big New Carpet Department

Our friends keep telling us that we have greatly improved our store. We ourselves think the greatest improvements have taken place in our carpet department. Occupying double the space it did last season, it is bigger, brighter, better in many respects. Modern display racks enable you to inspect the goods without loss of time or trouble. Electric elevator takes you up and down.

Handsome New Rugs

All the best weaves, Weltons, Velvets. Axminsters Brussels, Tapestry, Ingram, every good make

250 Designs

All the new patterns at last years low prices. We bought them before the present high prices went into effect—landed them before duties were increased.

You are Cordially Invited to call and inspect them

without feeling under the slightest obligation to purchase.

But, at the same time, when our present stock is sold out much higher prices will rule. It's a good time RIGHT NOW to buy your carpet.

Beer & Weeks | Beer & Weeks | Beer & Weeks

TO-NIGHT IS THE NIGHT

Of the Great Play

WERNER HORN CASE SET FOR APRIL 5th

BOSTON, March 29.—Werner Horn was brought into the Federal Court today for arraignment on indictment charging illegal transportation of explosives from New York to Vancouver, where he attempted to destroy the International railroad bridge. On the representation of his counsel that he was not prepared to plead at this time, the proceedings were continued until April 5.

The court denied a motion to decrease the amount of bail, fixed at \$10,000 by the Federal Court at Portland, Maine.

ARE GERMANS LEAVING LINE IN BELGIUM?

LONDON, March 31.—The Dutch correspondents of English newspapers in their despatches refer to persistent rumours in circulation in Holland of a change in the German front in Belgium, which is alleged to have been made necessary by the fall of Ypres, and by the pressure of the Allies along the existing extended front.

According to these rumours the line on the Yser is to be abandoned in favour of a less extended line slightly west of Brussels. It is reported that large bodies of cavalry already are being withdrawn from the Fser.

ICE REPORT

QUEENSPORT, March 31.—No herring, bay clear ice, bait procurable cold storage.

AMHERST HARBOR, March 31.—Ice moved out in Pleasant Bay from Sandy Hook to Harbor Basque, lots of ice around, no bait.


Twitching of the Nerves Broken-down System

Now Entirely Cured—Never Used Any Medicine With Such Benefit as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Headaches, sleeplessness and nervousness are often very disagreeable, but when your nervous system gets into such a condition that the nerves twitch and jerk, and you have peculiar nervous sensations come over you there is cause for grave alarm.

Everybody reads the thought of paralysis or locomotor ataxia. Nothing is worse to look forward to than helplessness. Sometimes it is helplessness of body, and at other times the mind is affected, which is far worse.

The writer of this letter did not know what to expect, but fortunately began the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food in time to head off danger, and



writes that she was entirely cured of the old trouble. The last paragraph proves that the cure was lasting.

Mrs. John McKellar, 11 Barton street east, Hamilton, Ont., writes:—"I was injured some years ago, and that left me with a broken-down nervous system. I could not sleep, and suffered from twitching of the nerves and disagreeable nervous sensations. "I then began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and can say that I never used any medicine that did me so much good; in fact, I am entirely cured of my old trouble. The Nerve Food not only strengthened the nerves, but also built up my system in every way."

Under more recent date Mrs. McKellar writes confirming her cure, and states that she has had inquiries from many people who had heard of the great benefits she obtained from Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50. At all dealers.