Johnson's Anodyne Liniment

THE SOOTHING HEALING ANODYNE.

It is the original.
It is the best in use.
It is unlike any other.
It is the oldest on earth.
It is superior to all others.
It is the great vital and muscle nervine.
It is for internal as much as external use.
It is used and endorsed by all athletes.
It is a soothing, healing, penetrating Anodyne.
It is what every mother should have in the house.
It is used and recommended by many physicians everywhere.
It is the Universal Household Remedy from infancy to old age.
It is safe to trust that which has satisfied generation after generation.
It is made from the favorite prescription of a good old family physician.
It is marvellous how many ailments it will quickly relieve, heal and cure.

Our Book "Treatment for Diseases and Care of Sick Room," Mailed Free. Sold by all Druggists. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass.



The Tonic Digestive Diamond Dinner Pills

THESE BRISK LITTLE PILLS ARE EXACTLY WHAT IS ALWAYS NEEDED IN ALL CASES OF CONSTIPATION, SICK HEADACHE, BILIOUR ATTACKS AND DYSPEPSIA. SOLD EVERYWHERE AT 25C. A BOX. DODD'S MEDICINE COMPANY, PROPRIETORS, TORONTO, ONT.

We can sell you Dodd's Kidney Pills at the following prices, viz:—5c per box, six boxes for $2.50. To the trade $4.00 per dozen or three dozen at $8.75 per dozen. Sent by mail to any address, post paid.

GEORGE E. HUGHES
Charlottetown
may29



You may get over that slight cold all right, but it has left its mark on the membranes lining your throat. You are liable to take another cold and the second one will hang on longer than the first. Scott's Emulsion is not an ordinary cough specific, but it is "the ounce of prevention." It builds up the system, checks inflammation and heals inflamed membranes. "Slight" colds never bring serious results when it is promptly taken.

Book on the subject free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.



Ask your Dealer

FOR A SPOOL OF THREAD—

and he will give you the kind he makes most profit on—and small blame to him.

But ask him

For a spool of CLAPPERTON'S THREAD, and you'll get the kind that will give you most profit and satisfaction—and it costs no more than inferior kinds are sold for.

*It pays you to get*

CLAPPERTON'S THREAD.

*Does not break or snarl.*



EPPS'S COCOA

ENGLISH BREAKFAST COCOA

Possesses the following Distinctive Merits:

DELICACY OF FLAVOR.

SUPERIORITY in QUALITY.

GRATEFUL and COMFORTING to the NERVOUS or DYSPEPTIC.

NUTRITIVE QUALITIES UNRIVALLED.

In Quarter-Pound Tins and Packets only.

Prepared by JAMES EPPS & CO., Ltd., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

Before Starting

on a journey, I always provide myself with a supply of Adams' Tutti Frutti. I find it keeps the digestion right, and with it I can enjoy travel by land and by sea.

See that the trade mark name

Tutti Frutti

is on each 5c. package.

Save coupons inside of wrappers for

Latest Books, Etc.

129



Miss Margaret H. Chisholm,

STUDIO:—Morris Block. Victoria Row,

Until July 1st; 1897, will give lessons in Water Color, Oil, Tapestry, and China Painting.

Also in Drawing from Nature. Special terms and hours for children attending school.

2—d&w 4w


## CLARKSON'S PERIL

By WALTER BRUCE

(continued)

Very calm, but deadly pale, appeared the accused as succeeding witnesses adduced fresh incriminating evidence. The counsel allotted Clarkson strove manfully, but his cross examinations did not shake the testimony on primary points. The case went against the accused from the beginning. The evidence was clear and strong. The notes and the watch of the murdered man had been found in possession of the prisoner, whose revolver had been picked up a few yards from where the body had been discovered. Several witnesses testified to his having rushed into "Beauty's Bar" late on the evening of the murder looking wild, haggard and excited, like a man who had committed or proposed committing some crime.

The landlady swore to his having returned to the house at 3:30 in the morning looking very white and strange, as if he had recently gone through some very exciting scene. More than one person knew that Clarkson had owed the rich, unscrupulous merchant a grudge. Closer and closer the chain was tightening about his neck, and as proof upon proof of his guilt was adduced a peculiar and ominous silence settled upon the crowd of listeners and spectators.

"TOM, YOU WILL YET BE SAVED."

After a time Tom had ceased to listen to the evidence—ceased even to feel that the gaze of so many eager and curious eyes were upon him. His thoughts had wandered sadly to his old home, his mother, his sister and the old days long ago—long ago, when his heart was young and the love of gold had not tempted him to leave the abode of his youth. Then he thought of Minnie. Was she here listening while they swore away his life? This thought brought him with a bitter pang back to the agonizing present, and again he heard the questions and answers, each one of which now seemed to close the doors of hope more firmly upon him. Again he felt that hundreds of eyes were gazing at him. Was she there too? Yes, he could feel that she was near, although he could not see her. This circumstance was perfectly explicable.

The proceedings were necessarily partly in the official language of the country, but many of the jury were well conversant with English, and every opportunity was permitted the accused to rebut the damaging evidence. He was asked if he had anything to say, and Clarkson repeated his story simply and truthfully as before. He had nothing to conceal, though the truth could help him little. He knew well the evidence against him, circumstantial though it might be, was too strong. Judge, jury and listeners all appeared quite convinced of his guilt.

Very calmly and with an unconscious pathos he told the story of his futile efforts to obtain employment, his hopeless misery, his reckless resolve to spend his last shilling and purchase that which should render him oblivious of his suffering for a time. He told how he had gone into the bar and how the music had created calmer and better thoughts and saved him; how he had gone forth into the street again, and worn out by hunger and fatigue had lain down and slept until morning. The notes and the watch must, he said, have been put into his pockets while he lay on the stoop. He was innocent, he asserted, and in the presence of God he could only repeat it.

The court and the crowd were skeptical, and few of the latter appeared to sympathize with the accused in the slightest.

The jury retired, and a painful silence fell upon the court. In a few minutes the jurymen returned, and their verdict could in a sense be felt before it was given. Very slowly and deliberately it came, "We find the prisoner guilty."

No one seemed surprised, and certainly not the pale young prisoner himself. Not surprised; but, oh, how bitterly fell upon his ears and heart the words that consigned him to a doom of sudden and shameful death!

In a low, calm tone the judge pronounced the awful sentence, and the prisoner was about to be led away when it was seen that some one was struggling through the crowd toward him. It proved to be a young girl, with wild looking eyes and a face the picture of despair. It was Minnie Colbeck, and in a moment she was beside her lover. The policemen offered no obstacle. Indeed they appeared to fall back involuntarily. She looked so pale, so fair and so unearthly that she might have been a spirit from the other world confronting them. Clarkson gazed upon her, but his white lips remained unmoved, and he uttered not a word.

"Tom," said the girl in a voice so low that he only heard it, "you will yet be saved. They cannot take your life. You shall not die for another's sin. Heaven will not permit such cruel injustice." Minnie spoke as all inexperienced people speak on such matters, women especially. Clarkson did not speak. He knew that with the first word he uttered all his self command would desert him. He took her little cold hands in his and held them for a moment as we hold hands that we never expect to clasp again in this world. And with one look into her sorrowing eyes—a look that seemed to bid her an earthly farewell—he was led away.

Among the passengers who left Johannesburg by the early coach for Pretoria on the day following that on which Thomas Clarkson's death sentence had been pronounced was a girl who, thickly veiled, sat in a corner of the coach with bent head, clasped hands and melancholy mien. It was Minnie Colbeck. She had made a desperate, firm, though wild resolve to go to the capital, see President Kruger and plead for the life of Thomas Clarkson. Only a woman would have carried out such a resolution.

The coach traveled at the utmost speed of eight spirited horses, but to her heated and impatient fancy it seemed to crawl along the smooth, dusty road. It was still early in the day when it dashed into the streets of Pretoria.

Half an hour later Minnie stood at the gates of the presidency, an unpretentious, ordinary looking residence in a quiet part of the principal street. Her heart beat, her hands trembled, and her whole bodily framework shook so violently that she could scarcely trust her voice to ask for an interview with his honor. That morning the executive was sitting at the presidency, as it occasionally does, and Minnie had to wait a long time before the president could give her an audience. Every minute seemed an hour to the anxious girl. She had been conducted to a small room, which seemed so oppressively silent that she could almost hear the beating of her own heart.

Presently there was a firm, heavy step heard, and the president, pipe in hand, homely and kindly in appearance, entered the apartment. Minnie does not know to this day how she told her tale, what words she spoke or what argument she employed. She remembers that when she had finished speaking she looked earnestly and intently at the countenance of the president. His face was stern and sad, but there was a kindly look in his eyes and some sympathy in his voice as he said (His honor can speak good English when he likes):

"It cannot be, my child. The jury have found the young man guilty, and the judge has sentenced him to death. It is not for me or my executive to interfere with their decision."

"Oh, your honor, but he is not guilty!" went on the girl with feminine logic. "I know he is not guilty. He does not deserve to die. Do not permit such an act of injustice to be perpetrated in the land. He is innocent."

"The jury have found him guilty," replied the president kindly, but firmly. "I pity you, my poor child, but I cannot do what you wish."

"The jury are but men. They are not infallible," answered Minnie passionately. "Oh, your honor, for the sake of justice, for the sake of all that you hold dear on this earth, for your hope of heaven, be merciful, that you may demand mercy for yourself at the throne of grace! Pardon him, pardon him!" She flung herself at his feet and raised her white face with such an agony of supplication that the president was moved. Sentiment seldom moves this fair minded ruler, and only at his religious exercises has he for a long time been known to exhibit emotion.

"I would do what you ask willingly, gladly, if I thought it right, but I do not think so. To pardon this young man would be to encourage crime in the state. Besides I have not the prerogative alone. It is shared by the executive."

"But he is innocent. I know he is."

"The jury found him guilty, and the judge condemned him to death. People would say, and justly, that we did wrong to reverse their decision and pardon a murderer."

"He is no murderer! And he is so young, and he has suffered so much, and I love him, and"—here her voice broke, and she buried her face despairingly in her hands for a moment, the president meanwhile sitting in deep thought. Then he rose and abruptly left the room. Minnie waited, bewildered, agonized, for a few minutes.

Then the president returned, bearing in his hand a slip of paper. Minnie's heart reached her mouth, if there is anything in the phrase.

"I have seen my executive," said the president. "We cannot pardon him and set him free as you wish, but his sentence shall be commuted. Give this to the landdrost tonight. He shall hear further from me."

Minnie took the paper from the president's hand, scarcely able to repeat the burning words of gratitude that rose to her lips.

"I cannot thank you as I should," she murmured, "but I shall never forget your goodness, and God will bless you forever."

She took the big hand of President Paul, pressed it reverently to her lips and was speedily gone.

Once more in the coach on the way to Johannesburg, Minnie's tears fell fast, but they were tears of gratitude, thankfulness and joy that she had so well succeeded in her mission.

Arrived in Johannesburg, she lost not a moment in seeking the landdrost, to whom she handed the president's paper.

(To be Continu )


DR CHASE'S CURES ITCHING PILES, ECZEMA, SALT RHEUM OINTMENT

D. S. Doan, of Clinton, says: "*DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT* will cure Salt Rheum when all else has failed; believe what I say and try it. Don't go on suffering for years as I did."

DR CHASE'S OINTMENT

I suffered with piles for years. Chase's Ointment completely cured me. Mrs. Jno. Gerrie, Fergus.

Mrs. F. Pearson, Inglewood, Ont., says: "My baby, five months old, had eczema very badly on his face and head. I procured two boxes of the Ointment and when they had been used all signs of the disease had disappeared."

DR CHASE'S OINTMENT

Edmanson, Bates & Co. PRICE 60c. 45 Lombard St., Toronto


A mountain has been discovered in Alaska which is 20,000 feet high, and has the loftiest summit on this continent. What must the thermometer register on top of it?


The D. & L. Emulsion

Is invaluable, if you are run down, as it is a food as well as a medicine.

**The D. & L. Emulsion** Will build you up if your general health is impaired.

**The D. & L. Emulsion** Is the best and most palatable preparation of Cod Liver Oil, agreeing with the most delicate stomachs.

**The D. & L. Emulsion** Is prescribed by the leading physicians of Canada.

**The D. & L. Emulsion** Is a marvellous flesh producer and will give you an appetite.

**50c. & $1 per Bottle**

Be sure you get the genuine | DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., LTD. MONTREAL


### INJURY AND NEGLECT.

**He Failed in Health and Strength—His Kidneys Ached and he took Dodd's Kidney Pills.**

Desoronto, Feb. 8 (special).—Among business people here, and especially by his fellow workmen, great interest has been taken in the case of Mr. James Stokes, who for the past fifteen years has been shipper for the Rathburn Company.

Lately he had run down in health and strength to the point of being compelled to quit work, and his recovery now as the result of using Dodd's Kidney Pills is the talk of the town. On seeing Mr. Stokes he said:

"From over-lifting and strain I suffered greatly from kidney trouble, being advised, after all else had failed, to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. From the first dose I got relief, and hundreds of people here can vouch for my cure."

Lady of the House—Listen, Charlotte. I am going to give a party, supper and a dance. Now you will have to show what you can do, so as to keep up the credit of establishment.

**Itching, Burning Skin Diseases Cured For 35 Cents.**

Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves in one day and cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Eczema, Barber's Itch, Ulcers, blotches and all eruptions of the skin. It is soothing and quieting and acts like magic in the cure of all baby humors; 35 cents.

Cook—With pleasure, ma'am, but I can only dance the waltz and the polka. You will have to excuse me from the quadrille.—Lystige Blatter.

**Piles Cured by Dr. Chase.**

I. M. Iral, 186 Drolet Street, Montreal, 15 years suffered. Cured of Blind Itching Piles.

William Butler, Possawan, Ont. Suffered many months. Cured of Protruding Piles by one box.

Pabano Bastard, Gower Point, Ont. Suffered for 30 years. Cured of Itching Piles by three boxes.

Nelson Simmons, Myersburg, Ont., cared of Itching Piles.

Dr. Chase's Ointment will positively cure all forms of Piles. Write any of the above if in doubt.

Wife—Tommy doesn't seem to be afraid of policemen.

Husband—Why should he? His nurse was a very pretty girl.—Life.

**The Life of Dr. Chase.**

As a compiler of Chase's Recipe Book his name is familiar in every household in the land, while as a physician his works on simple formulas left an imprint of his name that will be handed down from generation to generation. His last great medicine, in the form of his Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, is having the large public patronage that his Ointment, Pills and Catarrh Cure are having. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is especially adapted for all Bronchial and Asthmatic troubles.

Friend—What is your father doing now, Jimmy?

Jimmy—Father? Doin? Le's see. This is Sad'dy. I s'pect he's trying to borrer a $5 bill about now.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Testing His Honor.**

Your druggist is honest if when you ask him for a bottle of Scott's Emulsion he gives you just what you ask for. He knows this is the best form in which to take Cod Liver Oil.

"No," mused Mr. Benedict as he sat down to do some repairing on his clothes—"no, marriage is not a failure. When I was single it was an awful task to thread a needle. Now I have a wife, and she threads it for me."—New York Press.

**A Railway Manager Says**

In reply to your question, do my children object to taking Scott's Emulsion, I say No! on the contrary, they are fond of it and it keeps them pictures of health

Sir Julian Pauncefote and Secretary Olney signed the convention for the definition by commission of the Alaskan boundary line.


EVERY FAMILY SHOULD KNOW THAT

PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER

**Is a very remarkable remedy, both for INTERNAL and EXTERNAL use, and wonderful in its quick action to relieve distress.**

**PAIN-KILLER** is a sure cure for **Sore Throat, Coughs, Chills, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cramps, Cholera,** and all Bowel Complaints.

**PAIN-KILLER** is **THE BEST** remedy known for **Sea-Sickness, Sick Headache, Pain in the Back or Side, Rheumatism** and **Neuralgia.**

**PAIN-KILLER** is UNQUESTIONABLY **the BEST LINIMENT MADE.** It brings SPEEDY AND PERMANENT RELIEF in all cases of **Bruises, Cuts, Sprains, Severe Burns, etc.**

**PAIN-KILLER** is the well tried and trusted **friend** of the **Mechanic, Farmer, Planter, Sailor,** and in fact all classes wanting a **medicine** always at hand, and SAFE TO USE **internally or externally** with certainty of relief.

Beware of imitations. Take none but the genuine "PERRY DAVIS." Sold everywhere; 25c. big bottle.

Very large bottles 50 cents



A Lumber Yard Without Lumber

In it would be a strange sight. But we wouldn't mind the look of it if we sold every board, plank and stick in ours before the opening of navigation.

There's Money In Lumber

But it's hard to get money out of it unless we hustle for it. We will work hard for the next few months and will make it worth your while to buy your spring lumber now. Come and see how we do it.

Telephone communication.

JAMES BARRETT.



VIM, VIGOR, VITALITY RESTORED

IN 30 DAYS

GOOD EFFECTS AT ONCE.

CATON'S VITALIZER.

Cures general or special debility, wakefulness, spermatorrhœa, emissions, impotency, paresis, etc. Corrects functional disorders caused by errors or excesses, quickly restoring Lost Manhood, in old or young, giving vigor and strength where former weakness prevailed. Convenient package, simple, effectual, and legitimate.

Don't be deceived by imitations, insist on CATON'S VITALIZER. Sent sealed if your druggist does not have it. Price $1 per pkge, 6 for $5, with written guarantee of complete cure. Information, references, etc, free and confidential. Send us statement of cause and 25c for a week's trial treatment. One only to each person.

CATON MED CO., BOSTON, MASS


## A FIDDLER WANTED.

HE WAS FAMED AND AT DANCE MUSIC DID VERY WELL.

**Fun and Frolic In a Washout on the Oregon Short Line—Millionaires and Immigrants Attend a Dance and Experience a Musical Surprise.**

On St. Patrick's day, 1894, five through trains, bound both to the eastward and westward of the Oregon Short Line of the Union Pacific, were tied up at Glenns Ferry, Ida. They had been caught between two serious washouts, one at Pocatello and the other at Indian Creek, three days before, and had to wait at Glenns Ferry for track repairs along the line before they could proceed. Glenns Ferry is a bleak little railroad and sheep herders' town of 300 or 400 inhabitants, situate on a sagebrush bluff overlooking the unspeakably dark and dreary Snake river.

The five stalled trains carried 600 passengers of as miscellaneous a character as could be gotten together at a carefully selected congress of types. There were emigrants and millionaires, soldiers on the move; dainty women in palace cars and women bound for Creede and Cripple Creek in day coaches; miners who killed time during the wait in shooting magpies circling over the Snake river; Shoshone Indians traveling to the limits of their reservation; well behaved and quiet people, noisy and tumultuous people. But all were stuck alike, and they made the best of it.

Lines of social demarcation were for the time erased. All hands mingled easily on the little station platform and in the little station waiting room. The supply of food on the dining cars gave out the first day of the hitch, and everybody was fed, and well fed, too, in the station eating room. They sat down at the tables in relays and patiently awaited their turns.

The railroad employees and their wives were to give a dance at the little town hall on St. Patrick's night. The switchman who had been customarily employed to fiddle for them had been switched to another division. In a quandary, the dance committee toured the trains and station to ascertain if any of the stalled passengers happened to be carrying a violin and was capable of producing music on it. In one of the sleeping cars they came across an artistic looking man, with very long hair, a seraphic, oleaginous countenance and exceedingly baggy clothes. They were looking for a fiddler, they said. Did he know of any on the train? Well, he didn't know (in outrageously bad English); he played a little himself once in awhile, and had rather a fair fiddle with him. The long haired man accented the "fiddle" rather curiously. But the railroad men were overjoyed. Would he play for them to dance with their wives and sweethearts? Certainly! Did he know dance music? Well, some.

All of the stalled passengers were invited to the dance, and they all went. A good many of them could not get in. The baggily clothed fiddler turned up in good time. The pianist was waiting for him. So was the railroad dance committee, one of the members of which slipped $3 in one dollar bills into the fiddler's hand as payment in advance for the evening's work. It was smilingly accepted. The dance began. The fireman's wife, who played the piano, produced an old bethumbed violin and piano tune book and turned to the lancers. She told the fiddler, at the end of the first dance, that he did pretty well, only he went too fast. Then there was a waltz. The fiddler was informed by his accompanist that he was getting along finely, and everybody in the room began to prick up his ears at the sweetness of the violin music, although the dances were common enough and tawdry enough.

Another waltz—the "Beautiful Blue Danube." All of the dancers on the floor stopped dead at the first bar, and the travelers with cultivated musical ears moved close to the piano. The pianist ceased. She wished to listen. The violin music was miraculous. The player swayed from side to side as he phrased. He appeared to be oblivious of his surroundings. He improvised variations of inspiring tenderness. He out-Strausseed Strauss. His violin sang, throbbed with passion. When the last note died away, the people in the hall appeared to be in a dream—all but one.

"M. Ysaye," said Charley Fair, the son of the late United States Senator Fair, stepping from the throng, "won't you play that lively, rattling thing you gave us at the Bohemian club in San Francisco the other night? It's been running in my head ever since."

M. Ysaye played Berlioz's "Pizzicato" as he perhaps never played it before.—Washington Star.

"Beverly, did you make that match between Jack and Kitty?" "Not much; I never encourage young people to marry; they always expect me to give them a present."—Chicago Record.


GENERAL AUCTION.

Let all the town and all the country send in all their surplus stock to our General Auction.

We will turn all your idle goods into money and hand you the cash every day.

Our sale will include all kinds of goods, dry goods, Clothing, Furs, Groceries, Hardware, Drugstore Extras, Silverware, Furniture, Harness &c.

This sale will continue slightly and every market day.

This will be a general clearing sale with no reserve prices. And we will positively sell everything that is sent to us.

We are now receiving goods and hope to begin our sale on Friday next,

E. H. NORTON, AUCTIONEER.

Feb 3 3i



To Cure RHEUMATISM TAKE Bristol's SARSAPARILLA

IT IS PROMPT RELIABLE AND NEVER FAILS.

IT WILL MAKE YOU WELL

Ask your Druggist or Dealer for it

BRISTOL'S SARSAPARILLA.



HORSE CLIPPING.

As the clipping season is now here parties having horses that they intend having clipped, would do well to call at Nicholson's Stables, Grafton St., where all work is done at moderate rates.


### MAKING A "BEAN HOLE."

**A Tenderfoot's Amusing Experience In a Washington Logging Camp.**

"My first experience at lumbering," said a certain prominent citizen the other night, "was in making a bean hole. Of course you don't know what a bean hole is. No more did I when I went up on Rum river in 1868 and applied for work in one of Washburne's camps. I neglected to tell the boss that I didn't know the difference between a gee haw and a cross haul, and maybe he took me for an all rounder at the business. Anyhow I was hired offhand, and the next morning the foreman said to me, 'Weistling, you take Joe and Charlie here and go over to the new camp and chink up and build a bean hole.' 'All right,' I said, as cheerful as could be, and off we started.

"As soon as we'd got into the timber I halted the boys and asked, 'What's this chink up the old man wants?' Joe looked at me pretty hard and told me about tightening up between the cabin and logs with clay. 'And what's a bean hole?' I inquired. But the boys seemed to be getting pretty tired about something. You see, they didn't like the idea of being put under such a greenhorn, and both claimed they didn't know what a bean hole was. So I told them to wait there a minute, and I ran back to the foreman and said, 'Look here, Mr. Cole, how big do you want that bean hole?' 'Oh, 6 by 6 or 8 by 8,' he said. 'And how deep do you want it?' 'Three or four feet,' he answered.

"Well, when we got the new camp we chinked the cabin all right, and then I measured off a space 8 feet square, and we started to dig 8 feet deep. I was going to carry out the boss' biggest figures to show what a good man I was. We dug all that day and it was hard work, for the soil was loose, and the sides of the hole kept tumbling in on us. When we got back to camp that evening the foreman asked me if I'd finished the bean hole, and I told him not quite, but we'll finish her up tomorrow. Toward noon next day we were pretty near through and we were smoothing the bottom of the sepulcher when the foreman showed up to examine progress. I didn't notice him till I heard him roar, 'What the—— are you fellows doing?' I looked up, and there stood the old man with mixture of astonishment and indignation on his face. Then I knew something was wrong—I'd had my misgivings all along—but I answered as coolly as I could that I was making a bean hole.

"'A bean hole?' he shouted, 'a bean hole? Well, you come out of that bean hole quick, you blanked bean hole idiot!' And then he began to laugh, and I never heard a man laugh like that before nor since. It seemed as if he never would get through, and of course it sounded very unpleasant to me. I soon learned what bean hole is.

"You see they build a log inclosure about 3 feet high and 5 or 6 feet square and fill it with clay. In the middle they sink a deep hole and start a fire of maple sticks in it. When there is a good bed of coals, they put in a pot of beans and cover it over with ashes and clay, and the beans steam in there till they are done and make the best eating you ever got in the woods. But the bean hole wound me up in that camp. The story went all through the woods and from the head waters of Rum river to Anoka, and there was so much snickering wherever I went that I couldn't stand it. Why, men came 10 and 15 miles from other camps to get a squint at the chap that built the bean hole. So, though I didn't make any more specially bad breaks there, I pretty soon called for my time and got out of the country."—South Bend (Wash.) Journal.

**Dr. Chase Cures Backache.**

Kidney trouble generally begins with a single pain in the back, and in time develops into Bright's Disease. People troubled with stricture, impediment to stoppage of water, or a frequent desire to urinate at night, will find Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills a blessing. Read the wonderful cures in another column. One Pill is a dose, and if taken every other night will positively cure kidney trouble.


RINK TICKETS

On and after Monday Feb. 1st, a reduction will be made in Rink Tickets as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Gentlemen's Ticket, | $2 50 |
| Ladies' " | 1 70 |
| Children's " | 1 00 |

As February and March have always been good skating months the above rates will at once be recognized as very low ones for two months' skating. These reduced tickets can only be obtained from the Managers

J B DAWSON,
A A BARTLETT,
Managers

30 5i



PYNY-PECTORAL

Positively Cures COUGHS and COLDS

in a surprisingly short time. It's a scientific certainty, tried and true, soothing and healing in its effects.

W. C. McCOMBER & SON, Bouchette, Que., report in a letter that Pyny-Pectoral cured Mrs. C. Garceau of chronic cold in chest and bronchial tubes, and also cured W. G. McComber of a long-standing cold.

MR. J. H. HUTTY, Chemist, 528 Yonge St., Toronto, writes: "As a general cough and lung syrup Pyny-Pectoral is a most invaluable preparation. It has given the utmost satisfaction to all who have tried it, many having spoken to me of the benefits derived from its use in their families. It is suitable for old or young, being pleasant to the taste. Its sale with me has been wonderful, and I can always recommend it as a safe and reliable cough medicine."

Large Bottle, 25 Cts.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., LTD. Sole Proprietors MONTREAL



NOTICE.

This is to certify that the partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned carrying on business under the style and firm of McInnis & Thorne, has on this second day of February, A. D., 1897, been dissolved by mutual consent.

Dated this 2nd day of February, A. D., 1897.

Signed in the presence of James J. Johnston.

ANGUS McINNIS, CHAS. E. THORNE,

feb 5—3i



Wants, Lost, Found &c

**Advertisements under this heading charge five cents per line.**

WANTED—A capable servant in a family of two. No washing.—Apply at this office.

BOARDERS WANTED—Mrs J J Trainor Imperial House, has excellent accommodation for a large number of boarders. Rates very reasonable.

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TO LET.—A pleasantly situated dwelling house facing south and west on Brighton Road, at present occupied by Harrison Carvell, Esq., heated with hot air furnace, and lighted by electricity, and having hot and cold water fittings in bath room and kitchen. Containing parlor, dining room, office, kitchen and pantry, on ground floor, four bedrooms and bath room on first floor, and two attic rooms, and having hawthorne hedge and grass lawn in front. Ten minutes' walk from Post Office, five minutes from tennis ground and bathing house in Victoria Park—Apply to W. C. MARRIS, JR. septl6—tf

WANTED—A reliable middle-aged woman of experienced to take charge of an Infant in a private house. Apply at this office. 33—

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LOST on Wednesday 27th January on lower Prince Street or near Davies House, a trash handled hunting whip with lash. Finder warded by leaving at this office 3i pd

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Char'ottetown, July 22, 1896—24 & wy



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Charlottetown April 1 1896—2aw (25) & wky



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T. J. MORRIS, Grocer and Crockery Man