



When a man suffers from neglected indigestion, constipation and torpidity of the liver, he soon loses all enjoyment of his meals. Nothing tastes good or looks appetizing. He grumbles at his wife, or the cook, or the landlady, or the landlady, or the waiter, as the case may be. People say that he has "a finicky appetite" and let it go at that. The fact is that the man is in a precarious condition and, if he continues to neglect his health, is a candidate for consumption or some equally terrible malady.

If a man doesn't wish to "dine with death for a waiter" he should take the right remedy for "little ills" as they arise, and thus ward off the "big ones." When a man's appetite is "finicky," when his liver is torpid, when he feels "headache," dull, listless and generally out of sorts, he should take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It makes the appetite keen, the liver active, the blood pure, the brain clear and the whole body alert and energetic. If the bowels are constipated Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets will cure that. The "Golden Medical Discovery" cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption, weak lungs, catarrhal, bronchial and throat troubles.

"Twenty-five years ago eight different doctors told me that I would live but a short time—that I had consumption and must die," writes Geo. E. Cooper, Esq., of Myers Valley, Pottawatomie Co., Kans. "I finally commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and am still in the land and among the living. I have faith to believe that it has lengthened my life for the last twenty-five years, and I have so much faith in all of Dr. Pierce's medicines that I want his 'Common Sense Medical Advice'."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation.

D & A CORSETS

WILL YOU FIT

They are fashioned on living models, not on statues or theories, and the result is they fit with Ease and Comfort.

THEY WEAR WELL LAST WELL AND SELL AT POPULAR PRICES.

I Have Just Completed My New Oyster Place.

Call and see the brilliant display of beautiful oysters on and off the shell. Our Oyster king is standing in the window. See him, and then you will eat Oysters.

John P. Joy,
VICTORIA CAFE
Great George Street.

Wedding Rings

Our assortment of Golden Bands, is very complete in range of price and quality and we invite our friends in town and country to inspect them.

Our prices are liberal and we are sure that you will be pleased with the style and finish of the goods.

G. R. HUTCHESON
Queen St. Jewellery Store,

EXCURSIONS TO BOSTON.
—\$11.00—

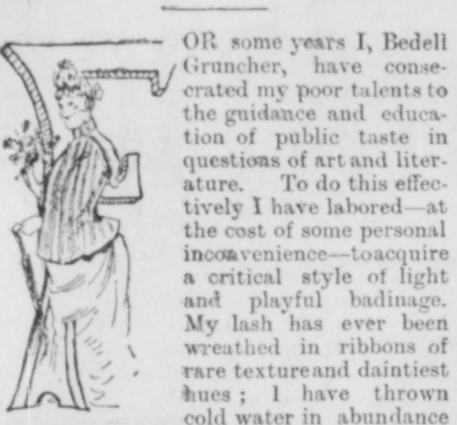
PLANT LINE.

Excursion Tickets will be issued by Plant line of Steamships, from Sept 20th to October 20, Charlottetown to Boston and return, good to return by any steamer within 30 days from date of issue.

RATES—Charlottetown to Boston and return \$11.00.

W. W. CLARK, Agent.

TAKEN BY SURPRISE.



FOR some years I, Bedell Gruncher, have consecrated my poor talents to the guidance and education of public taste in questions of art and literature. To do this effectively I have labored—at the cost of some personal inconvenience—to acquire a critical style of light and playful badinage. My lash has ever been wreathed in ribbons of rare texture and daintiest hues; I have thrown cold water in abundance over the nascent flames of young ambition, but such water was systematically tinted with attar of roses. And in time the articles appearing in various periodicals above the signature of "Vitriol" became, I may acknowledge without false modesty, so many literary events of the first magnitude. At first my identity with the lively but terrible "Vitriol" was kept a profound secret, but gradually, by some means which I do not at present remember, it leaked out, and I immediately became a social as well as a literary celebrity. Physically I have been endowed with a presence which, though not of unusual height and somewhat inclined to central expansion, produces, I find, an invariably imposing effect, especially with members of the more emotional and impressionable sex. Consequently I was not surprised even at the really extraordinary sensation I inspired upon my first introduction to a very charming young lady, Miss Iris Waverley, as soon as my nom de guerre was (I forgot just now by whom) incidentally alluded to. However, as it turned out, she had another and deeper reason for emotion; it seemed she had been engaged to a young poet whose verses, to her untaught and girlish judgment, seemed inspired by draughts of the true Helicon and whose rhythmic raptures had stirred her maiden heart to its depths.

Well, that young poet's latest volume of verse came under my notice for review, and in my customary light hearted fashion I held it up to general derision for a column or two and then dismissed it, with an ineffaceable epigrammatic kick, to spin forever (approximately) down the stinging grooves of criticism.

Miss Waverley, it happened, was inclined to correct her own views by the opinions of others, and was, moreover, exceptionally sensitive to any association of ridicule with the objects of her attachment—indeed, she once despatched a dog she fondly loved to the lethal chamber at Batterssea merely because all the hair had come off the poor animal's tail! My trenchant sarcasms had deepened her lover in a similar fashion; their livid lightning had revealed the baldness, the glaring absurdity, of the very stanzas which once had filled her eyes with delicious tears; he was dismissed, and soon disappeared altogether from the circle which I had (in perfect innocence) rendered impossible to him.

Notwithstanding this, Miss Waverley's first sentiments toward me were scarcely, oddly enough, of unmixed gratitude. I represented the poet, and a very commendable feeling of propriety made her unwilling to kiss me on a first interview, though, as our intimacy advanced—well, there are subjects on which I claim the privilege of a manly reticence.

I hasten over, then, the intermediate stages of antipathy, fear, respect, interest and adoration. In me she recognized an intellect naturally superior; too indifferent



DR. A. W. CHASE AT WORK IN HIS LABORATORY.

THE CATARRH CLUTCH!

This Disgusting Malady is at the Throat of Nine Hundred in Every Thousand of Our Country's Population.

This is Not Hearsay, it is Borne Out by Carefully Compiled Statistics of Diseases Most Prevalent—its Development is Watched Carefully, because it is so sure a forerunner of that most fatal of Diseases—Consumption—if Neglected.

WILL I SUICIDE?

While There's Life and Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure There's Hope.

I had suffered so many years from catarrh that I don't know that I will ever get it out of my remembrance. One day, when I took one of the endless prescriptions given me by the medical man to a druggist, I asked him bluntly, "Will this cure me, or will it not? Or will it be like the rest?" I was nearly desperate, I can tell you. The druggist said—"No, nothing can cure catarrh. I have it myself until I often think of suicide. I take opium usually to sleep it off." I took the prescription away unfilled and went home, thinking of what the druggist had said about suicide, and I was utterly disheartened. I have that prescription yet. One day my deliverance came. A lady told me she had suffered just as I had, and was nearly insane, and that a remedy known as Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure had actually cured her. I had read a lot about Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, but I felt toward it as I did toward other medicines; had no faith. I tried it as a last resort. I used two boxes of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, and found it a complete cure.

MRS. M. V. ROSE, Holloway, Ont.
Price 25 cents, blower included.

and unambitious to give life to its own imaginations; too honest, too devoted to humanity to withhold merited condemnation from those of others.

One trait in my character which Iris valued above all others was the caution with which I habitually avoided all associations of a ridiculous nature, for it was my pride to preserve a demeanor of unsullied dignity under circumstances which would have been trying, if not fatal, to an ordinary person. So we became engaged, and it, pecuniarily speaking, the advantages of the union inclined to my side, I cannot consider that I was the party most benefited by the transaction.

It was soon after this happy event that Iris entreated from me, as a gift, a photograph of myself. I could not help being struck by this instance of feminine parsimony with regard to small disbursements, since for the trifling sum of one shilling it was perfectly open to her to procure an admirable presentment of me at almost any stationer's; for, in obedience to a widely expressed demand, I had already more than once undergone the ordeal by camera.

But no, she professed to desire a portrait more peculiarly her own—one that should mark the precise epoch of our mutual happiness—a caprice which reminded me of the Salvation Army recruit who was photographed by desire "before and after conversion," and I demurred little, until Iris insisted with such captivating pertinacity that—although my personal expenses (always slightly in excess of my income) had been further swelled since my engagement by the innumerable petits sois expected by an absurd custom from every lover—I gave way at length.

It was her desire that my portrait should form a pendant to one of herself which had been recently taken by a fashionable photographer, and I promised to see that this wish should be gratified. It is possible that she expected me to resort to some artist; but there were considerations which induced me to avoid this if I could. To the extent of a guinea (or even thirty shillings) I could refuse her nothing; but every one knows what sums are demanded by a photographer who is at all in vogue.

So, keeping my promise constantly in mind, I never entered a secluded neighborhood without being on the lookout for some unpretending photographic studio which would combine artistic excellence with moderate charges.

And at last I discovered this photographic phoenix, whose nest, if I may so term it, was in a retired suburb which I do not care to particularize. After a brief period of hesitation I stepped inside, and, on stating my wish to be photographed at once, was invited by a very civil youth with a slight cast in his eye to walk upstairs, which I accordingly did.

I mounted flight after flight of stairs, till I eventually found myself at the top of the house, in an apartment pervaded by a strong odor of chemicals, and glazed along the roof and the whole of one side with panes of a bluish tint. It was empty at the moment of my entrance, but after a few minutes the photographer burst impetuously in—a tall young man with long hair and pale eyes, whose appearance denoted a nervous and high strung temperament.

"You will find me," I told him frankly, "a little more difficult to satisfy than your ordinary clientele; but, on the other hand, I am peculiarly capable of appreciating really good work. Now, I was struck at once by the delicacy of tone, the nice discrimination of values, the atmosphere, gradation, feeling and surface of the examples displayed in your window."

He bowed almost to the ground, but having taken careful note of his price, I felt secure in commending him, even to the verge of extravagance; and, besides, does not the artistic nature demand the stimulus of praise to enable it to put forth its full powers?

He inquired in which style I wished to be taken, whether full length, half length, or vignette. "I will answer you as consistently as possible," I said. "I have been pressed, by one whose least preference is a law to me, to have a photograph of myself executed which shall form a counterpart, or pendant, as it were, to her own. I have therefore taken the precaution to bring her portrait with me for your guidance. You will observe it is the work of a firm in my opinion greatly overrated—Messrs. Lenz, Kamerer & Co.; and, while you will follow it in style and the disposition of the accessories, you will, I make no doubt, produce, if you take ordinary pains, a picture vastly superior in artistic merit."

This, as will be perceived, was skilfully designed to put him on his mettle and rouse a useful spirit of emulation. He took the portrait of Iris from my hands and carried it to the light, where he examined it gravely in silence.

"I presume," he said at length, "that I need hardly tell you I cannot pledge myself to produce a result as pleasing as this—under the circumstances."

"That," I replied, "rests entirely with you. If you overcome your natural diffidence and do yourself full justice, I see no reason why you should not obtain something even more satisfactory."

My encouragement almost unmanned him. He turned abruptly away and blew his nose violently with a colored silk handkerchief.

"Come, come," I said, smiling kindly, "you see I have every confidence in you—let us begin. I don't know, by the way," I added, with a sudden afterthought, "whether in your leisure moments you take any interest in contemporary literature?"

"I—I have done so in my time," he admitted; "not very lately."

"Then," I continued, watching his countenance with secret amusement for the spasms I find this announcement invariably produces upon persons of any education, "it may possibly call up some associations in your mind if I tell you that I am perhaps better known by my self-conferred sobriquet of 'Vitriol.'"

Evidently I had to do with a man of some intelligence—I obtained an even more electrical effect than usual. "Vitriol!" he cried, "not surely Vitriol, the great critic?"

"The same," I said carelessly. "I thought I had better mention it."

"You did well," he rejoined, "very well! Pardon my emotion—may I wring that hand?"

It is not my practice to shake hands with a photographer, but I was touched and gratified by his boyish enthusiasm, and he seemed a gentlemanly young fellow too, so I made an exception in his favor; and he did wring my hand—hard.

BARGAIN CORNER

We will have open to-day Wednesday, a \$1000.00 stock of dry goods and clothing purchased at auction in Montreal. This stock is new, fresh, and will be sold at one half the original cost. Stock consists of

Clothing, Suits, Odd Coats, Men's Reefers and Overcoats, Childrens Reefers and Overcoats, Men's Rainproof Coats, Shirts, Hose, Caps, Tweeds and Worsteds, Pantings, Kid Gloves, &c.

FOR THE LADIES

Cloaking, Plain and Fancy Patterns, Hose, Wool Shawls, assorted trimmings, Hair Cloth for Skirts, Wool Mitts, Fur Collars, Hoods, Table Covers, Napkins, Flannel, Towels, Purser.

Everyone knows about our last cheap sale. This one will be away ahead of it.

Bargains for all, Come and inspect it.

W. D. MCKAY
BARGAIN CORNER.

out-me, of all people in the world—to have the honor of taking your photograph?"

"That is so," I said, "but pardon me if I warn you that you must not allow your head to be turned by what is, in truth, due to the merest accident."

"But what an accident!" he cried; "after what I have learned I really could not think of making any charge for this privilege!"

"That was a creditable and not unnatural impulse, and I did not check it. 'You shall take me as often as you please,' I said 'and for nothing.'"

"And may I," he said a little timidly—"would you give me permission to exhibit the results?"

"If I followed my own inclinations," I replied, "I should answer 'certainly not.' But perhaps I have no right to deprive you of the advertisement, and still less to withhold my unworthy features from public comment, I may, for private reasons," I added, thinking of Iris, "find it advisable to make some show of displeasure, but you need not fear my taking any proceedings to restrain you."

"We struggling photographers must be so careful," he sighed. "Suppose the case of your lamented demise—it would be a protection if I had some written authority under your hand to show your legal representatives."

(To be Continued.)

SAVE THE MOTHERS

Dodd's Kidney Pills Their Only Safety in Female Diseases.

You have seen a flower nipped by frost, fade and die in the flush of its beauty. That is how women die when attacked by any of the diseases peculiar to their sex.

Woman's burdens are woefully heavy. Her sufferings are agonizing. Her patience is grand. Disease preys upon her. The light dies out of her eyes, her steps become slow and dragging; she loses flesh; grows sallow, listless, droops like a flower. Then she dies. Her family is left to the cold mercy of the world.

"Mother's dead!" What a piteous phrase. What sufferings have been endured before it was used. Why should mothers, wives, sisters suffer so? They need not. Dodd's Kidney Pills will quickly and thoroughly cure all cases of Female Weakness. They never fail. They give health, strength, courage: a new lease of life.

A CHANCE TO BUY SHINGLES CHEAP

We are now landing from Schooner "Magie Smith" a consignment of 400 M Cedar Shingles, consisting of Extra's Clears, 2nd Clears, Clear Whites, X No. 1's, No. 1's and Dimension.

The consignee wants the money and has ordered us to sell at once.

We will for the next ten days give anyone that may favor us with a call, the benefit of this lot, at prices that cannot be equalled.

Also—27 M, 1 inch pine boards—good quality.

POOLE & LEWIS,

Pool's Wharf
P.S.—All other kinds of lumber kept constantly hand.
dylon law & wks

The universal favorite and leading Whiskey of the day is

Sanderson's
"Glenleith"

a blend of rare old Scotch, Known all over the world for its purity. Ask your wine merchant for Glenleith.

SOLE PROPRIETORS: **Robertson, Sanderson & Co., Ltd.**
Leith Scotland.

Established 1846. - Capital paid up, £350,000.

For sale by all leadine Wine and Spirit Dealers.
S. B. TOWNSEND & Co MONTREAL, AGENTS FOR CANADA

Arrival of Boots & Shoes

A portion of our purchase of the "Commonwealth Shoe Co" Stock has arrived—
To-morrow Thursday we will be ready to show you the goods—and would say that a better chance to buy

Mens, Womens and Childrens Boots & Shoes

a low prices has not occurred for some time and all in want of good quality our stock of Boots and Shoes should take advantage of it.

J. B. McDonald & Co.