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use Adams' Tutti Frutti. It alloys thirst and gives staying power. Some dealers to obtain a big profit try to palm off imitations.

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**ENAMEL STARCH**

Goes farthest!

Can be mixed with hot or cold water

**GIVES AN IDEAL FINISH**

Smooth and lasting

**TO SHIRT FRONTS COLLARS & CUFFS**

Washes like it

It works so easily

The Edwardsburg Starch Co. M'rs.

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**DR. CLIFT**

treats Chronic Diseases by the Salubrious method of persistent self-help in overcoming past errors and Removing causes from the blood. Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Shortness of Breath, Pleurisy, Tuberculosis Consumption of Lungs or Bowels, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Gastritis, Ulcer, Cancer, Dropsy, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Constipation, Elix. Fissures, Fistula. Diseases of Heart—Valvular, Fatty—Enlargement, Palpitation, Of Liver—Jaundice, Diabetes, Cirrhosis, etc. Of Kidneys—Albuminuria, Bright's Disease, etc. Of Spleen and Bladder—Gystritis. Of the Blood—Anæmia, Chlorosis, Scrofula, Malaria, Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Scurvy, Purpura, etc. Of male Organs—Inflammations and Displacements of Womb, Ovaries, Bladder or Bowels. Menstrual irregularities of Sexual Organs. Of Nerves and Spine,—Nervous Prostration, Sleeplessness, Decline, Hysteria, Tremors, St. Vitus' Dance, Chorea, Epilepsy, Convulsions, Paralysis, Locomotor Ataxia. Paralysis, Agitation, Softening of Brain. Some forms of Insanity—Dementia, Mania, Hypochondria, Melancholia. Failure of Vision and Voice, Deafness, Of Skin—Eczema, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Syphilis, Tumors, Glandular Fatty, Fibroid, Uterine, Ovarian and Cancer, Gout, Cretinism, Obesity, Corpulency. Drug and Liquor Habits—Opium, Morphine, Chloral, Cocaine, Tobacco Stimulants. Of Bones and Joints—Deformities, Curvatures, and Pott's Disease of Spine, Paralysis, Hip Disease, Knock-knee, Bow Legs, Club and Flat Foot, Wry Neck, Rickets, Scrofula, Sore Legs, Varicose Ulcers, etc. Continuous intelligent treatment insures Minimum of suffering and Maximum of Cure, possible in each case. Avoid attempts unaided or under blind leaders.

**DR. CLIFT**

Graduate of N Y University and the N Y Hospital. 20 years practice in N Y City. Diploma registered in U S and Canada.

Address:—Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Office:—Victoria Row. Telephone Call.

Accommodations Reserved for patients. References on application.

94—d&w Bv.

**Mortgage Sale.**

Land on Lot 41, in King's County.

To be sold by Public Auction, at the Court House, in Charlottetown, on Friday the 30th day of July, next, A. D. 1897, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon.

All that tract, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being on Lot or Township Number Forty-one, bounded as follows, that is to say:—Commencing at the north side of Saint Peter's Bay at the southeast angle of land now or formerly in the possession of William McEwen, thence north thirty nine degrees thirty minutes east, to the Mill Stream; thence along the stream to the northwest angle of land sold to John Lewis, thence south thirty nine degrees thirty minutes west to the shores of the said bay; thence along the said shores of the said bay to the place of commencement, containing sixty one acres of land, a little more or less.

The above sale is made under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage dated the First day of November, A. D. 1886, and made between Robert Lewis and Margaret Lewis, his wife, of the one part, and William Dodd, of the other part, and which said Mortgage is now vested in the undersigned.

Dated this 28th day of June, A. D., 1897.

CHARLES MCGREGOR,  
la week—1 sale Assignee of Mortgage

**TWO BIG PAT HANDS.**

A DISMAL EXPERIENCE IN JOHN CHAMBERLIN'S LIFE.

A No Limit Game, at Which Roseose Conkling Was a Spectator—\$14,700 on the Table—Chamberlin Ahead Until Conkling Made a Discovery.

If ever an optimist lived, the late John Chamberlin was one, and yet he had to swim through his hours of disgust the same as men of less cheerful temperament. He often said that the most dismal experience of his life was a single round of a two handed poker game that he played back in 1875 with a Kentuckian of national fame.

It was after a dinner at Chamberlin's hotel one winter evening. Besides Chamberlin and the Kentuckian Roseose Conkling and a member of Hayes' cabinet had helped to make away with the dinner. After it had been eaten the four adjourned to Chamberlin's private smoking room to enjoy their coffee and cigars. They all felt pretty well, the only natural feeling for the proper kind of man after eating his share of a Chamberlin dinner. They sat around Chamberlin's famous lacquered card table, purchased for him in Japan by General Grant, yarning and dawdling for awhile. The Kentuckian, fumbling among the recesses of the card table, got hold of a pack of cards in a celluloid case, and after lazily toying with it he said:

"John, let's play a single jack, just to see how the cards run."

"All right," replied Chamberlin. "For what limit—the sky?"

"That's my game," said the Kentuckian, and both men put a \$100 bill in the center of the table. They arranged that it should be a plain case of jacks or better to open. The Kentuckian shook the cards out of the case, shuffled them, and at a nod from Chamberlin dealt the hand. Conkling and the cabinet officer stood looking on.

Chamberlin picked up his cards one by one. He was a cool headed man who had learned the game of poker at an age when most boys are just mastering shinnay, but the witnesses afterward declared that his face certainly flushed when he had gathered in all of his five cards. But he didn't say anything until the Kentuckian slowly picked up his cards, and he was probably so wrought up himself that he did not observe his opponent's "suppressed excitement," as Conkling put it.

"Phil," said Chamberlin to the Kentuckian, "I don't want to be hard on you, but I'd never have any more luck as long as I live if I didn't play this hand as it deserves to be played. So I'm going to break it open for \$500."

"John," replied the Kentuckian, with a little tremor in his voice, "I feel it my duty to warn you right now that I've got you beat on the go in, and I don't want to take any unfair advantage of you. But I can't afford to return a churlish scowl to the smile of fortune any more than you can, and so, John, it'll cost you a thousand more to draw cards."

"Well," returned Chamberlin, with a sigh, shoving the raise into the pot, "I never saw a Kentuckian yet who knew when he was licked, and I'm really sorry for you. But you're bringing it all on yourself."

"Cards?" inquired the Kentuckian, closing his hand and running over his wallet.

"Well," said the Kentuckian, "I don't need any myself. Make your bet, but be careful, John; be careful!"

"When you adopt that imbecile tone, Phil," said Chamberlin, "you do it at the sacrifice of my sympathy. A thousand!"

"John," said the Kentuckian, looking at his opponent mournfully, "you are the stubbornest man in the western hemisphere, and you certainly need some of it taken out of you. A thousand more!"

"Senator," said Chamberlin to Conkling, who had been standing behind the Kentuckian, "come over here and have a look at this hand of mine, and add your voice to my warning to our friend across the table." Conkling obeyed the request and glanced at Chamberlin's hand. "I'm not in this game, John," he said, "and it wouldn't be square for me to make any remarks." He said afterward that he had to turn to the sideboard and stuff his handkerchief into his mouth to keep from roaring.

"Oh, very well, then," said Chamberlin. "You perceive, Phil, that I've done my best for you. I am therefore reduced to the necessity of raising you another thousand," pulling out his check book and writing a check for the amount with a fountain pen.

"Handy things, those fountain pens," replied the Kentuckian. "Lend me it." He also produced his check book and scribbled a check, which he thrust into the center of the table with a confident flourish.

"John," he said, "I shall enjoy your discomfiture less than that of any of my acquaintance. But I certainly am not going to fly in the face of Providence by laying down a hand like this or anything like it. Thousand more!"

Conkling broke into a laugh, which he turned off into a cough. "I never came so close to suffocation in my life," he said afterward.

When there was \$14,700 in cash and checks in the center of the table, the Kentuckian, whose turn it was to bet, cleared his throat.

"Chamberlin," he said solemnly, "this thing has gone far enough. Neither one of us is a millionaire. I do not purpose indulging your notorious recklessness any further. I see plainly that you are just wild red India enough to bet your last blanket and pair of moccasins on that fistful of cards, even in the teeth of my solemn assurance that you are the worst thrashed man from here to Alaska. John, I call you."

Chamberlin spread his hand out on the table before him. Four of the cards were aces and the other one was a king. The Kentuckian spread out his hand at the same time. It consisted of four kings and an ace. The two men gazed at each other across the table with expressions of blank stupefaction. They were aroused by a bel-low from Conkling that might have been heard over in Lafayette square.

"Senator," said Chamberlin, severely wheeling around, "what ails you?"

"Mr. Conkling, suh," said the Kentuckian, "we would be pleased, suh, if you

would be good enough to explain what plagues you, suh."

Conkling took a firm grip at his sides and, after a few gasps and suppressed shrieks, got the handling of himself.

"I never saw a duel with blank cartridges," he controlled himself long enough to say. "But, after all, I think the tragic earnestness of two men engaged in playing a game of poker with a penuckle deck of cards is quite as humorous."

Chamberlin and the Kentuckian gazed at each other with sheepish grins for a minute and then turned up their checks and left the table. —New York Sun.


**THE MEDICAL STUDENT.**

How He Got His Education In the Olden Days.

In the old days, which many of our still active practitioners well remember, the medical student was registered with a practicing physician, who more or less intelligently directed his reading, and sometimes took him on his rounds as a sort of private assistant, giving him fitted glimpses of patients. He attended rarely three, sometimes two, often only one course of lectures in a medical school, hearing the same lectures over again each year. The only thing which he ever learned actually to do with his fingers in the medical school was to dissect the dead subject, and here his experience was not usually large. He made careful notes of many views regarding disease and its nature, and usually stepped out upon the arena with a general idea that disease was a thing which got into the bodies of certain unfortunate people, and which he was to drive out if he could with some one or more of his preceptor's prescriptions, which he had carefully copied in small compass ready for emergencies.

When he had discovered the proper name to attach to his patient's malady, the rest was largely a matter of an alphabetical index of remedies and a calm adding of the consequences. It should not be imagined that the practitioners of medicine in the old days were necessarily lacking in wide views, practical knowledge and great skill, but when this was the case, it was usually owing to a training which they had secured after and not before they became doctors of medicine.

The medical college consisted of a group of medical men who obtained a charter, hired a building, partitioned off among themselves the subjects which were deemed essential—anatomy, physiology and possibly chemistry, materia medica, pathology and the practice of medicine, obstetrics and surgery. Each day the students sat upon hard benches taking notes for dear life while the subject matter of these themes was let loose upon them in swift succession, for better or for worse, through five long hours. Perhaps there was a clinic in the afternoon, perhaps not. There were no laboratories, for practical work, either of chemistry or physiology or histology or independent subjects, was unknown. A great many lectures, a little dissecting, a few clinics, possibly some quizzes, a final examination, and the degree of M. D. was won.—Columbia University Bulletin.



**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS**

**SICK HEADACHE**

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's, Ask for Carter's, Insist and demand Carter's Little Liver Pills.

**Ruby Rim**

A large demand and low price.

**\$54.00 Cash**

and only a few left.

**A. HORNE & CO.**

AGENT

**THE MELANCHOLY DANE.**

Where Shakespeare Found His Character of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

While Shakespeare no doubt wrote the tragedy of "Hamlet," as it is found today, he borrowed many of his data from an earlier writer, Saxo Grammaticus, a Danish historian who died about 1204. His writings were in Latin, and in Shakespeare's time had not been translated into any modern language. The story is to be found in Belleforest's collection of novels, begun in 1564, and an English translation of it was published entitled "The Historie of Hamblet, Prince of Denmark." Horvendile, in the novel, is the name of Hamlet's father, Fongon that of his uncle and Geruth that of his mother. Fongon traitorously slays Horvendile and marries his brother's wife. In the second chapter Hamlet counterfeits the madman to escape the tyranny of his uncle. Through the machinations of his uncle he is tempted by a woman, the uncle thinking thereby to undermine the prince and find out whether his madness is counterfeited or not.

In the third chapter Fongon, the uncle, tries a second time to entrap Hamlet in politic madness, and causes one of his councillors to be secretly hidden in the queen's chamber, behind the curtains, to hear what speeches pass between Hamlet and the queen. Hamlet kills him and thus escapes danger. In the fourth chapter Hamlet is sent to England by Fongon, with secret letters to have him put to death. While his companions sleep Hamlet counterfeits the letters "willing the king of England to put the two messengers to death." Here ends the resemblance between the history and the play. The Hamlet of the history returns to Denmark, slays his uncle, burns his palace, makes an oration to the Danes and is elected king. He goes back to England, kills the king of that country, returns to Denmark with two English wives, and finally falls, through the treachery of one of these ladies. This is the supposed source of the plot of Shakespeare's "Hamlet."—Chicago Chronicle.

**Flight of a Famished Man.**

"How do you suppose a famished man feels," asked the man in the smoker, "when he has neither money nor food and finds a \$10 bill lying on the pavement at his feet?"

"As if he were looked after by a special Providence, I should say," was the answer.

"That was my experience once when I was stranded away from home waiting for the letter—with money in it—that never came. I was looking into the window of a restaurant where a delicious looking boiled ham was displayed, set off around the edges with feathery green. Happening to cast my eyes on the pavement I saw the bill, folded just as it had fallen from its owner's pocketbook. Boys, do you know how many things \$10 will buy in anticipation? First, there was the biggest and best supper a starving man ever tasted just within reach. And I went right in and ordered it."

He tapped his pipe and looked thoughtful.

"Did the supper taste as good as you anticipated?" asked one of the crowd.

"I don't know. I never tasted it."

"What? Was it a failure?"

"Yes, so far as I was concerned. The bill was a counterfeit!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

**Grant's Tribute to McPherson.**

In his "Campaigning With Grant," in The Century, General Horace Porter says: In the battle of the 22d General McPherson was killed. When this news reached General Grant, he was visibly affected, and dwelt upon it in his conversations for the next two or three days. "McPherson," he said, "was one of my earliest staff officers and seemed almost like one of my own family. At Donelson, Shiloh, Vicksburg and Chattanooga he performed splendid service. In the service. I was very reluctant to have him leave my staff, for I disliked to lose his services there, but I felt that it was only fair to him to put him in command of troops where he would be in the line of more rapid promotion. I was very glad to have him at the head of my old Army of the Tennessee. His death will be a terrible loss to Sherman, for I know that he will feel it as keenly as I. McPherson was beloved by everybody in the service, both by those above him and by those below him."

**Meeting of Delegates.**

A meeting of the Liberal-Conservative delegates of the third district of Queen's County, will be held in the Masonic Temple, on Friday, next, July 2nd, at 1 p. m.

F. H. HORNE,  
Convener.

**TO LET.**

The house on Richmond St. west, at present occupied by Mr. J. M. McLeod. This house is beautifully situated on the harbor front, with splendid view. Is fitted with all the modern improvements. Apply to Mr. Thos Campbell.

**Str Fastnet**

SEASON OF 1897.

Sails from Ch'town every Friday at noon for Halifax, calling at Summerside, Port Hood, Port Hasting, Port Hawkesbury, Arichat, Canoe, Isaac Harbor, Salmon River, Sheet Harbor. Returning leaves Halifax every Tuesday evening at 6 o'clock, making same calls, including Souris.

Through Freight Solicited. Rates low to Halifax. Apply to

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**Shirt Waists, Blonses, Corsets, Underclothing,**

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**QUICKCURE**

A change of Expression




Oh! how it does ache.

But Quickcure did its work.

Children's teeth are often sacrificed by neglect—too often extracted before their successors appear—too often cause needless suffering. Every mother should have in the house

**"Quickcure"**

Dr. S. J. Andres, Montreal, says: "Quickcure" overcomes the pain quickly; gives relief for a long time; is especially valuable for children's teeth which should not be extracted until their successors appear. It is perfectly safe to use at all ages, and does not injure the teeth as many other remedies used for toothache do." Ask your druggist for it.

**QUICKCURE**

**Blue Flame Stoves**

SAFE AND DURABLE. 2 or 3 Burners.



Boils one quart of water in four minutes.

surround the burners to retain any char or oil soakage, thus preventing odor.

Burns with a clear blue flame, without smoke, and a heat of the greatest intensity. Burners are brass, and so made that they can be replaced in a few minutes as in an ordinary lamp. Wicks are 10 inches in circumference and should last one year.

Patent Wick Adjustment keeps the wicks from being turned too high or too low.

Oil Tanks situated away from burners, connected thereto with small tubes; the oil is thus continually cool and prevents odor. Frames and Tops are made of steel and cannot be broken. No perforated plates or braces surround the burners to retain any char or oil soakage, thus preventing odor.

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Hulls, cargoes and freights insured at lowest rates. Sterling certificates issued at office here when required.

**HORACE HASZARD.**

Ch'town, 17th May, 1 mo. 135.