

Some cough mixtures smother the cough. But the next breeze fans it into life again.

Better put the cough out. That is, better go deeper and smother the fires of inflammation. Troches cannot do this. Neither can plain cod-liver oil.

But Scott's Emulsion can. The glycerine soothes and makes comfortable; the hypophosphites give power and stability to the nerves; and the oil feeds and strengthens the weakened tissues.

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EPSS'S COCOA

In Chancery In The Rolls Court

DAVID P. IRVING & others, Complainants and MARGARET IRVING & others, Defendants

In pursuance of an order of this Honourable Court, made hereon, on the 25th day of March, A. D. 1899, notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against the estate of George Irving, late of Orwell Cove, List of Township number 57, in Queen's County, deceased, interested or required to come in and prove the same before me at the Prothonotary's office, in the Law Courts Building, in Charlottetown, on or before Monday, the twenty-second day of May next, A. D. 1899, and all persons desiring to come in and prove their claims and debts by that time are to be excluded from the benefit of said order.

Dated this 20th day of March, A. D. 1899. F. L. HASZARD, J. A. LONGWORTH, Clerks & Solicitors in Chancery 76-64 Wld.

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MISS CAPRICE.

BY ST. GEORGE RATHBONE

Author of "Doctor Jack," "Doctor Jack's Wife," "Captain Tom," "Miss Pauline of New York," Etc.

CHAPTER XX—Continued.

She shows some indignation at the thought of his imperilling her life.

"The joke of the whole thing lies in the fact that it was you who saved the would-be hero of the occasion," remarks John, and this fact induces both of them to laugh.

On the whole, they feel so happy that it is hard to bear a grudge even against the veteran who has been bailed by fate.

Lady Ruth cannot forget that Sir Lionel gave many evidences of being in love with her, and a woman is apt to forgive even a fault in a man who professes to have sinned for her, to have even given up honor in the hope of winning her favor.

"I have arranged a little scheme whereby I hope to pay Sir Lionel back in his own coin," says the young Chicagoan, grimly.

"Why, John, I thought you said just now that you could forgive him. Now you pretend to be quite blood-thirsty."

"Oh, no; not that. I'm looking out for the poor fellow. He's gone it alone quite long enough, and I want to see him caught."

"Caught? Explain, please. Perhaps I'm a little obtuse, but really under the circumstances—"

"Yes, I know. It's all excusable, my dear girl. In plain English, I want to see the veteran married."

"Married?"

"And I shall take upon myself the task of selecting the girl who will rule him hereafter."

"John, what do you mean? Surely—that is nonsense. Tell me who she is."

"Pauline Potter," calmly.

"Why, that's the actress."

"True."

"The actress who professed to be so madly in love with one Doctor John Craig?"

"And as the said Craig is already taken, she is left out in the cold. Now, you behold my little scheme. We are happy—why should not these two people be the same?"

"Why, indeed?"

"Their greatest fault lies in loving not wisely but too well. This has caused them to sin. Now, in order to prevent any future plots that may give us trouble, I propose to so arrange it that Sir Lionel shall have a wife and Pauline a husband."

"A clever idea."

"I want your assistance."

"You can have it at any time."

"We must protect ourselves, and the easiest way to do this will be to disarm our foes."

"Really, Doctor Chicago, I didn't give you credit for so much shrewdness. Tell me if you have any plans arranged."

"Well, only the skeleton of one as yet, but I will tell you all about it as far as I have gone."

They sit upon that bench for a full hour. Time is not taken into account when love rules the occasion.

It is Lady Ruth who finally jumps up with a cry of consternation. She has heard a clock upon a tower in new Algiers strike the hour.

"What will they think of us, John?" she says.

"Little I care, for I mean to announce our engagement to Aunt Gwen on sight, and she is the only one who has any business to complain," returns the successful wooer firmly.

"Oh! it so sudden; perhaps we'd better wait a little while."

"With your permission not an hour. You belong to me, now—see, let me put this solitaire diamond on your finger. It was my mother's ring. By that token I simply desire to warn all men 'hands off.' Tell me, am I right, Ruth?"

"Yes, I can offer no objection. Do as you think best, doctor."

This is a beautiful beginning. Clouds will be rare in their future. If they keep on in this way.

So they once more go back to the hotel, and find Aunt Gwen on the lookout, her kindly face wearing an anxious expression that becomes a quizzical one when she sees John smile.

"Yes, I can offer no objection. Do as you think best, doctor."

This is a beautiful beginning. Clouds will be rare in their future. If they keep on in this way.

So they once more go back to the hotel, and find Aunt Gwen on the lookout, her kindly face wearing an anxious expression that becomes a quizzical one when she sees John smile.

"Your blessing, Aunt Gwen," he says.

"My what?"

"Oh! it's all settled. Ruth has promised to be my wife," continues John, looking very happy.

"The Dickens she has!" and Philander pushes into view from behind the voluminous skirts of his better half.

"What business has she to accept any one without consulting her doting—"

"Philander!"

"—Aunt? Don't take me seriously, my boy. Accept my congratulations—wish you joy, and thank Heaven, it isn't that pompous baronet."

"Amen!" says John, warmly.

"Now that you allow me a chance, Philander, I want to say just this; it suits me to a dot. I am delighted—enchanted. Of course you'll live in Chicago. That's another blow against John Bull. We'll be mistress of the seas yet. Here, let me kiss you both, my children, and take the blessing of a woman who has not lived fifty years for nothing."

CHAPTER XXII.

Even in the midst of his happiness, John Craig has not forgotten the one important fact that brought him to Algiers.

While he can devote himself to laying a plan for the accomplishment of a certain object, and with the assistance of Lady Ruth arrange to surprise Sir Lionel, he is at the same time anxiously awaiting news.

Will Ben Talbot carry out his promise? The heart of the young man beats high with hope.

Unconscious of a great surprise in store for him, John enters the hotel with Lady Ruth.

"A gentleman in the parlor to see you, sir."

John's face flushes; the instantaneous thought flashes into his mind that a messenger has at length come from the Moorish doctor.

He enters.

His eyes are dazzled a little by the glare of the sun on the white buildings, and the room is dim. A man's figure advances toward him. Surely that sep is familiar. God heavens, what a shock comes upon him!

"Father!"

"John, my boy!"

He has believed his father to be at the other side of the world. He is surprised at the warmth of the greeting he receives. Really, this is quite unlike the proud man John has known all his life, a man who seemed to ever surround himself with a wall of coldness.

A sudden shock runs through John's frame. It is as if he has been given the negative and positive ends of a battery. He believes that his mother is here in this city. Can that have anything to do with his father's coming?

A feeling of resentment springs up, then dies away as he gets a good look at his parent's face.

"Father, what has happened? Have you failed; has any disaster come upon us?"

"Why do you ask that, John?"

"Your face; it has changed so. I miss something I have been accustomed to see there."

Duncan Craig smiles.

"Ah! John, my boy, please Heaven, I am changed. I have been humbled in the dust, and I believe I have emerged from the furnace, I trust, a far better man."

John is puzzled. He cannot make out what has caused this humbling on the part of his proud paternal ancestor, nor is he able to hazard a guess as to the effect it may have upon his fortunes.

Craig, sir, does not explain what brings him to Algiers at this particular time, but immediately starts asking questions regarding the scenes John has gazed upon since leaving the German college of medicine, where he received his graduation diploma.

While they are yet talking, who should appear on the scene but Lady Ruth.

"You carried off my fan, John, and I wanted to mend it while I had the chance. Oh! I beg your pardon; I did not know you were engaged. The clerk told me you were in here, but—"

John has eagerly darted forward and has held of the fair girl's arm.

"I want to introduce some one to you, some one you would see sooner or later. Sir, this is Lady Ruth Stanhope, a young lady to whom I have lost my heart, and my promised wife."

"What!" exclaimed Craig, sr., "bless my soul, your only a boy, John."

"I'm already favorably impressed with your taste. Will you allow me the privilege of a kiss, my dear?"

"Sir!" indignantly, for in the dim light she does not see that his mouseth is snow-white, as is also his hair.

Her tragic attitude rather alarms John.

"Ruth, it is my father," he cries. This alters the case.

"Your father! Oh! John, has he—"

She sees the warning finger her betrothed raises up, and stops suddenly for she has been about to say something relative to the presence of Sister Madeline in the city.

The elder Craig raises the shade, and in the new light Lady Ruth sees a remarkably handsome man of middle age, even distinguished in his manner.

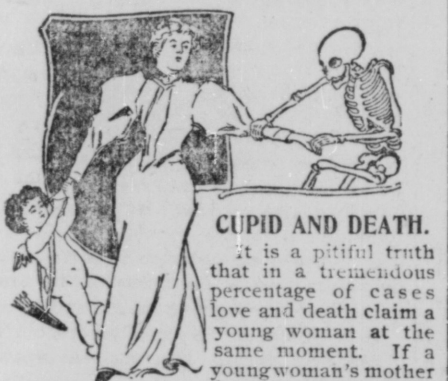
"Then he is John's father, too, and that makes quite a difference. She approaches, with hand extended.

"Forgive me, sr. I did not dream John's father was within five thousand miles of Algiers."

"And if you have agreed to be my only boy's wife you must be my daughter, too."

This time he bestows a paternal salute upon her volute cheek. Possibly Lady Ruth is ready to believe she is entering the Craig family very rapidly; but with a woman's idea of the eternal fitness of small things, she feels very much pleased to know that her future father-in-law is such a distinguished-looking gentleman.

(To be Continued.)



It is a pitiful truth that in a tremendous percentage of cases love and death claim a young woman at the same moment. If a young woman's mother does not feel competent to give her daughter the right advice about how to keep herself well and strong in a maidenly way, she should seek the advice of some physician of years of wide experience, and of substantial reputation.

A young woman naturally does not like to be a subject of discussion, examination and the horrible local treatment of a home doctor. Moreover, obscure physicians make the mistake of attributing her ills to indigestion, or heart or liver trouble, when the real cause is weakness or disease of the delicate organs concerned in widowhood and motherhood.

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Look glum and feel plum? That's biliousness and constipation. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are a sure, speedy and permanent cure. They never gripe. At all medicine stores.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Legislature of the Province of Prince Edward Island, at its next Session, for an act to vest in the City of Charlottetown, the title to all that tract, piece or parcel of land, situate lying and being in the City of Charlottetown, being Town Lots numbers Sixteen (16), Seventeen (17), Ninety Three (93), Ninety-four, and part of Town Lot No. (18) in the 4th hundred of Town Lots, in Charlottetown, being the property known as the West Kent Street School land and premises.

Dated at Charlottetown this 1st day of March, 1899.

JAMES WARBURTON, Mayor of Charlottetown. H. M. DAVISON, City Clerk. 52 dy 4w & R. Gaz.

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