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It nourishes and invigorates.

It enables you to resist the disease. Even if your lungs are already affected, and if besides the cough you have fever and emaciation, there is still a strong probability of a cure.

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Mott's

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 28th 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, Lot or Township number 57, in Queen's County, deceased, interested are required to come in and prove the same before me at the Probationary 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 neglecting to come in and prove their said debts and claims by that time are to be excluded from the benefit of said order.

Dated this 29th day of March, A. D. 1899.
F. L. HAZARD, J. A. LONGWORTH,
Comps. Solicitors Master in Chancery
76-d & Wid

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Asst. Genl. Pass. Agt.
St. John, N. B.

Tenders Wanted

Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to and on the 22nd day of April next, A. D. 1899, for the purchase of all uncollected book debts, promissory notes, judgments and accounts due or owing to the undersigned, as Assignee of the estate of Edwin McFarlane. Each tender must be accompanied by ten per cent. of the amount thereof, either in cash or certified cheque. For full particulars apply at the office of Matthew & McLean, 50 1/2 St. The undersigned does not bind himself to accept the lowest or any tender.
JOHN McLEAN,
Assignee

MISS CAPRICE.

BY ST. GEORGE RATHBONE

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

CHAPTER XV—Continued.

Several times during the afternoon they have been temporarily separated. The baronet appears to have a deep interest in the queer things to be seen in the Arab village, for more than once he lingers behind to ask questions as he explains, in the hope of purchasing some article that has particularly caught his fancy.

John never once suspects that Sir Lionel may have another motive in his actions.

When Mustapha announces that it is time they return, they look around for the vehicle which was to take them back, but strangely enough it does not appear.

As the minutes pass Mustapha grows exceedingly impatient. He has arranged matters to suit their convenience, and this delay is annoying. It does not suit him to return at night.

Just as patience ceases to be a virtue, and the guide has announced his intention of finding some other means of transportation, they discover the omnibus coming into view from beyond the thicket of cacti and aloe.

It has been carrying a load of villagers from their homes to the hills of Bouzaveah, to the native cemetery which crowns the summit.

Then they suddenly remember that it is Friday, or the Mohammedan Sunday, on which day great throngs repair to the grave-yards and visit the tombs of the marabouts or saints, gazing upon some ancient relic which the departed wore in his life-time, and which, on account of its disreputable condition, no respectable European would touch.

They have the omnibus to themselves, which, of course, pleases them.

John shakes his head dubiously as he enters the vehicle. He has glanced at its condition, and declares that they will be lucky indeed to reach Algiers without a breakdown.

The driver has been scored by Mustapha for his tardiness, and appears to feel the sting of the reproach, for no sooner are they seated in the old vehicle than he uses his whip with some vim. The horses start away, and they head for the city.

When the road is smooth it is all very good, but after leaving Birkadeen they will strike a rough section that will try the staying powers of the wretched vehicle.

As they whirl through Birkadeen in a cloud of dust, with several many curs howling at the heels of the steaming horses, it is just sunset. There is no mosque here with its minaret, from

which the muezzin chants his call to prayer, but the faithful do not need such a summons, and can be seen here and there prostrating themselves on the ground with faces toward the holy city.

One grows accustomed to such spectacles when travelling in Oriental countries, where Mohammed is looked upon as the great prophet of Allah, and the novelty inspired by the first sight dies away.

After leaving the Arab village, they strike the rough section of the road.

It would be natural to suppose that the driver has by this time gotten over his anger at being chided by Mustapha, and might moderate his pace, out of respect to his antiquated vehicle, if not the safety of those who occupy it.

Not so. If anything, as darkness steals over the scene, he uses his whip with greater energy, and his voice urges on the sweating horses.

Now they have it surely. The ruts in the road cause the vehicle to bounce from side to side, and those inside are tossed about much like rubber balls.

At first they are disposed to treat it as a joke, and laugh over the ludicrous situation, but as it increases, their sufferings begin.

The dust is disagreeable, the jolting actually dangerous, as they are shot from one side of the vehicle to the other with tremendous force.

Besides, John is in momentary expectation of the rickety affair breaking down and spilling them all out on the roadway.

Indeed, he is surprised that this accident has been so long delayed.

He shouts to the driver to slacken the pace, but evidently the fellow fails to hear. Then he puts his head out of the window and once more elevates his voice, but the rattle of the plunging vehicle, together with the noise made by the driver himself, as he shouts at his steeds like a crazy Bedouin, combine to deaden all other sounds.

At any rate there is no result.

John has by this time become excited; they are mounting a little elevation, and temporarily their pace is reduced. Once at the top and a long skid lies beyond, down which they must go at lightning speed.

It is now or never.

He is bound to stop this mad race against time if he has to climb to the top of the swaying vehicle and toss the reckless driver off.

It is with this intention before him that he bids the ladies hold on with all their power, while he seeks an overview with the fellow who handles the ribbons.

Then he seizes the window frame, intending to get hold of something above which will serve as a fulcrum to move his body.

It is just at this interesting moment that the expected event occurs.

There is a sudden, tremendous shock, as they strike some obstacle; shrieks from the women, a swaying of the coach, which immediately falls over on one side.

A wheel has come off.

They are wrecked among the hills, and a considerable distance from Algiers, the lights of which illumine the heavens beyond.

"Is any one injured?" calls out John, with some anxiety in his voice, for the shock has been quite serious.

They are all in a confused heap in the corner that is down, and the professor is the first to crawl out.

Then comes Lady Ruth, excited, but thank Heaven, uninjured.

They help Sir Lionel out. He limps around, feeling his left leg, and groaning a little as even the bravest of men do on occasions, and hoping the pain he feels is nothing serious.

Aunt Gwen alone remains, and there is heard no sound from her. The usually vociferous voice seems to have been utterly hushed.

"Oh! is she dead?" exclaims the young girl, with horror in her voice, as Doctor Chicago and the professor carry Aunt Gwen out.

"I trust not. I think she has only fainted. Can you lift one of the cushions from the wreck, Lady Ruth, and we will place her upon it here?"

She shows immediate animation instead of going into hysterics, as many girls would do under the circumstances, and flies to the extent of her ability.

Thus Aunt Gwen is soon in a comfortable position, and the doctor starts to bring her to, for he believes she has only swooned.

This he soon accomplishes, and when she is able to declare she is not in pain, only badly broken up by the shock, he feels that it is time he turned his attention to another quarter.

They are in a bad fix, wrecked several miles from their destination.

Darkness has now set in.

John rises from his seat and takes in the situation. It is evident that something must be done in order that they may be rescued from their unpleasant position.

Where are Mustapha and the driver? Both of them have utterly vanished in the most mysterious manner. Who, then, will mount one of the panting

horses and ride back to Birkadeen for succor?
"Let me go!" says Sir Lionel, staggering forward, and clutching an olive tree for support.

John sees his weak state.

"You are not in a condition to go. Stay here and protect the ladies, for it is a lonely place, and there may be wild animals in these woods, who knows?" With which words the young American throws himself on the horse's back and urges the animal along over the road they have travelled, followed by the anxious eye of Lady Ruth.

CHAPTER XVI.

John digs his heels into the sides of the animal he bestrides, and urges him on with every artifice known to a jockey, and, considering the darkness, the rough nature of the road, and the weariness of the beast, he succeeds in getting over the ground at quite a respectable rate.

Thus, meeting no one on the way, he finally bursts upon the village of Birkadeen much after the manner of a thunderbolt from a clear sky, and dashes up to the office of the stage line, which, as may be supposed, is managed by Franks.

A Frenchman has charge, and upon his vision there suddenly bursts a dusty figure, with hair destitute of covering, and clothing awry, a figure that has leaped from a horse bathed in sweat, a figure he imagines has broken loose from some madhouse, yet which upon addressing him shows a wonderful amount of coolness.

(To be Continued.)



The dead-letter office sustained by our government is not the only one. Death runs a dead-letter office, to which are consigned thousands of intended letters that the would-be writers never wrote because of premature death, as a result of their own reckless disregard of health. There are letters of love and hate, affection and fury, pleading and forgiveness and borrowing and lending. Letters to sweethearts and rivals, husbands and wives, and sons and daughters. They never reach their destination, for they were never written. Death stamps them "only intended"—and the world is full of tears. The man who wants to live to realize hopes and ambitions, to do deeds good or bad, to carry out cherished intentions, must pay some attention to health. The best rule of health is—"when out-of-sorts take the right remedy." Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the best medicine for working men and women. It girds up the body and brain for the tug of daily toil. It gives edge to the appetite and makes digestion perfect. It fills the blood with the life-giving elements that build firm flesh, healthy tissue, responsive muscle and vibrant nerve tissue. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption. An honest druggist won't urge a substitute.

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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 Charl. town
H. M. DAVISON, City Clerk.
52 dy 4w & R. Gaz.

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