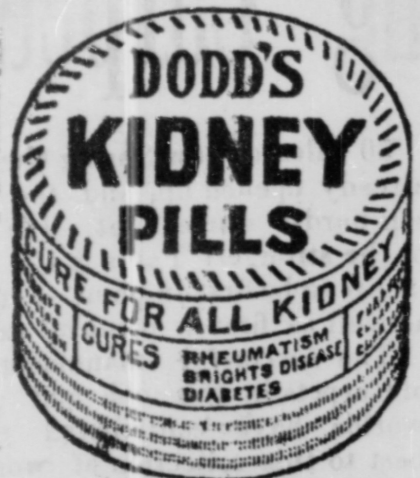


Be on Your **Guard!**



THE BEST is always imitated. Dodd's Kidney Pills, sold only in boxes like this, are widely imitated, because they are the best kidney cure. Take none but

D-O-D-D-S



We are the original manufacturers of portable Vapor Baths. We have, during the last ten years supplied thousands of our Baths to physicians, hospitals, sanitariums, etc. and we are now, for the first time, advertising them direct to the general public.

IN BUYING A VAPOR BATH Get one with a steel frame that stands on the floor. If a manufacturer does not show you a cut of a frame without the covering you may take it for granted that his "Steel Frame" is a wire hoop that rests on the shoulder of the bathier. Get one that is covered with proper material. Insist on seeing a sample of material before ordering. We make our own covering material and print it with handsome "all over" patterns of Niagara Falls.

Get one with a thermometer attachment. Don't go to blind a bath that is too hot or not hot enough will be of no benefit to you. Get one that you can return and see your money back if not satisfactory in every way.

Sent for sample of material and interesting booklet that will tell you all about Vapor Baths. Vapor Baths are an acknowledged household necessity. Turkish, Hot Air, Vapor, sulphur or Medicated Baths at Home, etc. Purifies system, produces cleanliness, health, strength. Prevents disease, cures Colds, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Leg-aches, Malaria, Eczema, Catarrh, Femur, Ills Blood, Skin, Nerve and Kidney troubles. Beautifies Complexion.

Price of Niagara Baths, \$5.00

The King-Jones Co., Toronto

DEPARTMENT H. H. AGENTS WANTED.

WATCHES

Unsurpassed for durability and timekeeping qualities, at prices 40% low as to surprise you.

G. H. TAYLOR'S SUNNYSIDE

250 Cases

...CHOICE... Valencia ORANGES

—AND— LEMONS

Landed to day.

CARVELL BROS

MISS CAPRICE.

BY ST. GEORGE RATHBONE

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

"I see no means of reaching the flower, or I assure you I would gladly secure it for you."

"Ah! but a bold man would climb out there."

"Pardon—he would be a fool—his life would pay the penalty for a pretty girl's whim. Unfortunately, perhaps, my life is too precious to some one other than myself, to admit of the sacrifice. I am willing to do much for Lady Ruth, but I decline to be made a fool of."

"Well spoken," begins the professor. "Phlander!" exclaims his spouse, and the little man draws in his head very much after the style of a tortoise.

"Coward!" The English girl is sorry as soon as the low word leaves her lips. No one hears it but the young doctor, for the attention of all the others is at the time directed elsewhere.

This time the object of her scorn does not flush, but turns very white, as he looks her steadily in the eyes.

I am sorry you have such a poor opinion of me, Lady Ruth. I make no apologies, save the one that my life is too valuable to others, to myself—to throw it away at the mere caprice of a girl.

"There is a gentleman who finds a way to accomplish what he wants. Take a lesson from him, Doctor Chicago," she says.

Colonel Lionel has noticed a long pole near by, in the end of which is a cleft. This he has secured, and, by crawling as far as is safe along the face of the rock, he is enabled to just reach the flower.

After a number of ineffectual lunges, he succeeds in clutching the coveted article in the cleft of the pole, and draws it toward him.

A moment later he presents the flower to Lady Ruth, with a smile and a bow.

"No English lady ever expressed a wish that a British officer did not feel bound in honor to grant," he says.

The girl thanks him and then says: "After all, the flower was prettier at a distance than when in my hands."

Colonel Lionel hardly knows whether he has made such a huge advance over his rival after all.

"The afternoon sun was waning. 'We must go down,' declares Aunt Gwen.

"One more look around and I am ready," says Lady Ruth.

"Already she is sorry for her cruel words. Like the best of women, she can wound at one moment and be contrite the next. She finds an opportunity, a minute later, when the colonel



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

THE CATARRH CLUTCH!

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

This is Not Heavens! It is Borne Out by Carefully compiled Statistics of Diseases Most Prevalent—its Development is Watched Carefully, because it's so Sure a Forerunner of that Arch Enemy of Disease—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 last?" 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 am usually away unwell and the prescription away unwell and the druggist said about suicide, and I was so disheartened. I have that way on 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 that I did toward other medicines 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."

MR. V. ROBE, Holloway, Ont. Presents, blow included.

ingers to get the shawl she—perhaps purposely—left behind, to say in a low tone:

"I was cruel, forgive me—forget that foolish word," and while what she utters gives him a pleasurable feeling, and brings the color into his set face, he only smiles as he answers:

"Willingly, Lady Ruth. I did not believe you could mean it."

Then, as the colonel bustles up, the subject is tabooed, and the party of tourists proceed down the steep street leading to the Hotel Imperial.

CHAPTER II.

The scene, so peaceful, so picturesque, is rudely broken in upon by a clamor so strange and awful that the blood is chilled in the listeners' veins. Cries are heard down the steep street; cries that indicate alarm, even terror; cries that proceed from children, women, ay, and strong men, too.

Our party comes to a halt midway between the brow of the hill and the base. On either side tall houses, the declivity ending only at the water. It is a bustling street at all hours, with loungers, business men, women going to and returning from market, and children playing as children do the world over, in the dirt.

"What can it mean?" says Lady Ruth, as she looks breathlessly down the street.

No one in their party can explain the cause of the excitement. They see people running madly this way and that as if panic-stricken.

"By Jove! it must be a fire!" suggests the colonel, twirling his whiskers.

"Nonsense! we should see the smoke," declares sensible Aunt Gwen.

"You are right; it is something more than a fire. The people are almost crazed. I've seen such a sight in Chicago, when a wild Texan steer got loose and tossed things right and left," asserts the medical student.

"That's what's the matter. See! they point at something as they run! Look out for the bull!" cries Philander.

Thus, in watching for a bulky frame to appear, they fail to notice the actual cause of the disturbance.

The street is almost deserted, save where people begin to reappear below as though the danger were past, to reappear and shout afresh, as they wave their hands.

Some one is shouting close to their now. They turn their heads and behold the crowd of commissioner's dashing headlong for the shelter of adjacent buildings, and acting like crazy men.

It is Signor Giovanni who shouts, first in Arabic, then in Italian and finally in English. They hear him now, and no wonder the blood runs cold in their veins—it is a cry to alarm the boldest warrior on earth.

"Mad dog! Run, signors!—save the ladies! To the houses or you are lost!"

That is what the old fencing master of Malta shouts while he retreats. It causes them to turn their heads, and what do they see? Advancing up the middle of the inclined street, turning aside for neither king nor peasant, comes a great gaunt beast, his square head wagging from side to side, his eyes blood-shot, and the foam dropping from his open jaws.

Heavens! What a spectacle to rivet one with horror to the spot. Fortunately, there are some people of action present.

Aunt Gwen clutches her infant by the shoulder, and drags him along in the direction of the nearest house.

"Run, Philander, or you're a gone!" It's worse than snake poison, the bite of a mad dog is. Haven't I seen a bit-ten man so furious that it required six to hold him down? Faster, professor! on your life!"

With that iron grip on his shoulder, poor Philander's feet barely touched the ground as he whirled through space, and the dog, mad or not, that overtakes Aunt Gwen and her infant must be a rapid traveller, indeed. Thus they reach a house, and in another minute reappear upon a balcony, to witness a scene they will never forget.

Lady Ruth, though naturally quivering with excitement, has plenty of cavaliers to hurry her to a place of safety. Besides, after that one first shock, she shows more grit than might have been expected of her.

She allows herself to be hurried along. A strong hand grasps each arm; and if every one in the path of the mad brute were as well attended, there would be little cause for anxiety or alarm.

Now they have reached a house, and safety is assured, for the hospitable door stands open to welcome them.

Already a number have preceded them, for they seem to be the last in the vicinity.

Just as they arrive, the colonel, who appears intensely excited, is saying hoarsely:

"Enter quickly, I beg, Lady Ruth."

She turns her head in curiosity for one last look, impelled by an unknown power—turns, and is at once petrified by what she sees.

They notice the look of horror on her lovely face, and instinctively guessing, also cast a glance in the direction where last the savage brute was seen.

He has continued to advance in the interior, and is now quite close, though not moving out of the straight line in

the center of the street—a repellent-looking object, truly, and enough to horrify the bravest.

Colonel Lionel gives a gasp. He is trembling all over, for it chances that this brave soldier, who has just led forlorn hopes in the Zulu war, and performed prodigies of valor on Egyptian battle-fields, has a peculiar dread of dogs, inherited from one of his parents.

It is not the animal that has fixed Lady Ruth's attention. Just in front and directly in line of the dog's advance is a small native child that has been playing in the street.

He cannot be over three years of age, and with his curly black head and half-naked body presents a picture of robust health.

Apparently engrossed in his play, he sees and hears nothing of the clamor around until, chancing to look up, he sees the dog, and fearlessly extends his chubby arms toward it.

(To be Continued.)



A city business man, who gets to work at nine in the morning, takes an hour for lunch and leaves for home at four or five in the afternoon, little understands the hardships of the life of the farmer, who starts to work at break of day and frequently works on into the night by lantern-light.

A man to endure the hardships of a farmer's life, must be robust physically at the outset, and if he would live a long life, always keep a watchful eye upon his health. He should remember that it is the apparently trifling disorders that eventually make the big diseases. It does not do for a hard working man to neglect bilious attacks or spells of indigestion. If he does, he will soon find himself flat on his back with malaria or crippled with rheumatism. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the best of all medicines for hard working men and women. It makes the appetite keen and hearty, the digestion perfect, the liver active, the blood pure and rich with the life-giving elements of the food, and the nerves strong and steady. It builds firm muscles and solid flesh. It is the greatest of all blood-makers and purifiers. It cures malarial troubles and rheumatism. It is an unfailing cure for biliousness and indigestion. An honest dealer will not try to substitute some inferior preparation for the sake of a little additional profit.

"I was a sufferer for four years with malarial fever and chills," writes Robert Williams, of Kiowa, Barber Co., Kan. "Four bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cured me, and I now weigh 100 pounds instead of 70, my old weight."

Costiveness, constipation and torpidity of the liver are surely, speedily and permanently cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They are tiny, sugar-coated granules. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. They never gripe. They stimulate and strengthen the jaded organs until a regular habit is formed and may then be discontinued without a return of the trouble. They stimulate, invigorate and regulate the stomach, liver and bowels. Medicine stores sell them, and have no other pills that are "just as good."

SEALD TENDERS endorsed "Proposed for Furnishing Sewer Pipes for Charlottetown," addressed to the undersigned will be received at this office until noon on

TUESDAY, 4th OF APRIL

next, for furnishing "stoneware or Vitrified Sewer Pipe and their appurtenances according to conditions, specifications to be seen at the office of the Commissioners of Sewers and Water Supply" or the City of Charlottetown Prince Edward Island or at the office of their Chief Engineer, Freeman C. Coffin, Esq. 33 State Street, Boston Mass.

Proposals must be on the forms supplied from this office, and each tender must be accompanied by a certificate bank cheque for Three Hundred and Fifty Dollars (\$350) payable to the order of the said commissioners. This cheque will be forfeited if the parties decline the contract or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The said commissioners do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any tender.

HENRY SMITH
Chairman
Office of Commissioners of Sewers and Water Supply, Charlottetown, P. E. Island, Feb. 27, 1899.

Charlottetown Sewerage.

TENDERS FOR SEWER PIPES

Unparalleled Bargains at Jurey & Co's

Successful Sacrifice Sale

Look where you will, but don't buy until you get our sale prices.

Eight day striking clocks from \$2.50 up, warranted to keep time.

Watches from \$2.00 up. Silverware of good quality and nice designs, at very low prices. Rugs, Brooches, Sleeve Links, Chains, Bracelets, Stick Pins, Lockets, etc., at reduced prices. Spectacles and eyeglasses very cheap.

We also have a nice line of Chinaware, Fancy Goods, Toys, etc. which will be sold at extraordinary low prices to clear.

Repairing attended to Clocks, Watches and Jewelry.

The Modern Jewelry and Fancy Goods store of

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Sunnyside, opposite Post Office

FROM INDIA & CEYLON

It's a Treat:: To Drink "TETLEY'S" TEAS

Sold in lead packets only to \$1.0 per lb.

Always Best of Tea Values

Office for Maritime Provinces 7 & 9 Bedford Row, Halifax, N. S.

IF YOU HAVE MONEY TO BURN

Buy any kind of a piano that may be brought to your home. If you want to make a sure thing of it, CALL ON US and select a Heintzman & Co. Piano. They are the cheapest Piano after all, that you can possibly buy. Durability, quality of tone, ease of action and general appearance considered. Sold on easy terms

HEINTZMAN PIANO!

The selection of a full size, Concert, Grand Heintzman Piano for the Ch'town School of Music is another of the many proofs we can furnish of their superiority.

MILLER BROS.,
The P. E. Island Music House
Connolly Building, Queen St....

Tailor-Made vs. Factory-Made!

Take up the printed announcements of makers and importers of ready-made clothing, and when they strive to give emphasis to the alleged merits of their clothing they invariably tell how nearly they approach to tailoring. Here are some quotations—

"Elegantly tailored."
"Cut and finished equal to ordered work," Equal in quality, fit, and finish to suits made to order, or similar statements.

Then tailor-made clothes are different to imported factory-made, otherwise there would be no need to make comparisons. If tailor-made were not the better clothes they would not be held up as the ideal to which the ready-made strive to reach.

The fact is there is a great deal of difference between a factory-made imported suit and a tailor-made in style and durability.

The man that is indifferent as to the appearance of his clothes when he buys them and when worn a month, may be satisfied with a factory-made, but if he has regard to looks and economy, he will buy tailor-made garments.

For those who are not disposed to give the prices usually paid for clothes made to special order, and are not satisfied with the imported ready-made clothing, we have made, and are daily adding, Suits and Overcoats of superior workmanship that we are selling as low in price as imported makes of inferior quality.

All Wool Oxford Tweed Suits,	\$9.15
All Wool Serge Suits,	\$9.50
All Wool Worsted Suits,	\$9.50

D. A. Bruce,
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