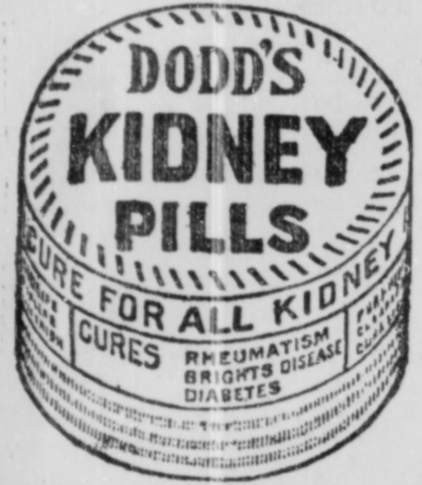


Be on Your Guard!



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

ADVICE ABOUT Spice.

When ordering a package Pepper, Ginger, Allspice, Cinamon or Cream of Tartar from your grocer you can always feel sure of securing the best quality by asking for :::

Mott's

THE Prince Edward Island Magazine

...NOW ON SALE...

At all the Bookstores and at R. H. Mason's News Stand.

- "Abegwe"—Cradled on the Wave, Front-piece by late Thomas A. LePage
- The First Settlers of St. Eleanors, by Hubert G. Compton
- "Where the Speckled Trout Doth Jump" by R. E. Smith
- A Story of Newfoundland by Benjamin Davies
- Silas Tertius Rand, (a Poem) by J. S. Clarke
- When we began to Kick—III (Illustrated) by J. M. Sullivan
- Belle Marie (a Story) by Jessie Hogg
- Charlottetown in "The Olden Time" (Illustrated) by A. Irwin
- Lot Twenty—From Forest to Farm—II, by J. A. Ready, B. A.
- In Cool Grove, by Lawrence W. Watson
- Charlottetown's Attractions for Visitors, by Horace Hazard
- Tennis Grounds, Victoria Park, Charlottetown (Illustration)

Send 5c for sample copy.

The P. E. Island Magazine, P. O. BOX 698, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

KELLY'S & CO'S. GROCERIES

Are always to be depended on...

Only the best kept in stock. Our customers are satisfied customers. If you want to be satisfied with your groceries deal with us.

Try the TEA we sell. Special attention was given to its selection. The same care is exercised in buying all other lines.

COME AND BE SATISFIED

JAMES KELLY & CO Queen St., near London House Corner.

D. L. HOOPER Agent for the Windsor, N. S. Plaster Co.—English Selenite Cement and Calced Plaster. Also agent for the Maritime Clay Work Brick. A stock always on hand. Also a well furnished feed store adjoining grocery.

THE CAVE OF AVARICE.

By CLINTON ROSS.

[Copyright, 1899, by the Author.]

How I came to Corpus Christi in Sonora I need not tell, and I am glad I need not, for it is at the best a shameful story. Yet there I fancied I could put my past away. I was sure those I had wronged would not follow so far, and I felt safe—if a man can be safe from his memories, for memories now and then would come, would bother. Then I longed for money with which to make restitution with a hurried desire, for what I had left was but a pittance to keep me for many years in this simple Mexican village. I had lost most that I had stolen in many ventures, taken in the vain hope.

Have you ever been in Mexico? Can you imagine that village far away over the border—its long sunny street between the adobe houses; its listless folk, with more of the Indian than the Spaniard. High above on both sides were the street scattered slopes of the mountains, and a quarter mile up the valley on a rounded hill stood the old monastery of Corpus Christi, builded, it was said, by a generation that had known Montezuma. Who knows? Perhaps the monks did—these few brown cowed brothers, the survivors of the great order. As I sat idly smoking I wondered at them, thinking how much easier a monastery might have been for me.

I myself did not make the acquaintance of the monks. The villagers sometimes chatted with me. I knew all the affairs of my fat landlady and her black eyed daughter, about whom three young fellows were passionate. These folk had been curious when I had appeared on donkey back from over the slope. But habit stifles curiosity, and I lived on almost the sole guest of the old inn, for the mountain village was out of the way of travel. Centuries had passed since it had been a station on the route to the now long abandoned silver mines of the mountains, and days and months passed for me as they will in such an out of the way place, where the events and talk of the world seem of no moment, and, as I say, I longed with an ever increasing desire for all I had frittered away—honor and position and love I had lost in the New England town, where the winters might be bitter and the summers fierce, but where the old habit of my Anglo-Saxon blood called. Ah if I only had money to repair that wrong! For gold I longed, and of its potentiality I dreamed.

I had been at Corpus Christi a year before the two who were to be my comrades appeared. One—I knew him as John Fenton—was a little clerly, bookish man with a certain fright always in his sunken eyes, yet plainly a man of gentle breeding. The other, who called himself Dorden, was his antithesis, a burly, red faced, oath flinging bravo. What interests, I wondered, did they have in common? But I did not dare ask them of their past, of their bond of union, lest they should ask of mine. Possibly they had the same reason, for they never inquired. We knew that we belonged somewhere over the border. Isolation and the same conditions of past make strange companionship. In desperation—among these simple village folk—I struck up a friendship with Dorden. Many a sunny day we passed in the shaded court of the inn, playing gloomily with a greasy pack Dorden had. On one thing we agreed—we wanted money. That alone



There are men who imagine that out-door work is a sovereign cure for all ills. They work like slaves at their business, take insufficient time to rest and sleep, and abuse and neglect their health in every way. Then, when they break down, they keep on just as before, except that in addition to their usual work, they go out every day and spade a little in their gardens, or try to imitate Mr. Gladstone by cutting down a tree or chopping the famby fire-wood.

A more ridiculous method of curing a man who is suffering from nervous exhaustion and is threatened with nervous prostration could not be well conceived. A man who has overworked does not need more work, but less work and more rest. The man who has lost his appetite needs something to restore it. The man whose nerves are shattered needs something to tone and strengthen them. Get the nerves right and sound, and refreshing sleep will follow. A man who sleeps well and eats well, and digests and assimilates his food will not remain ill.

In cases of this kind Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery goes to bed rock—the first cause. It creates a hearty appetite; it makes the digestion and assimilation perfect; it invigorates the liver; it purifies the blood and fills it with the life-giving elements of the food. It builds up new flesh, new muscle and new nerve fibres. It is an unfailing cure for nervous exhaustion and nervous prostration, and the best of all medicines for overworked men and women. An honest druggist won't urge an inferior substitute upon you, thereby insulting your intelligence. It is a dealer's business to sell you what you ask for—not what he prefers for selfish profit's sake to sell. A man or woman who neglects constipation suffers from slow poisoning. Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. All medicine dealers sell them.

we had worn threadbare. As we talked little Fenton would smile gloomily and would disappear up the slope to the monastery, for he strangely had made an acquaintance there, and every day he would return with a pile of old manuscripts from the library of the place, records—forgotten by scholars—of the early history of Sonora. Then Dorden let drop the only remark he ever had about the past of either. Fenton was a scholar, a linguist who had been a tutor at a New Eng-



"Listen, you fool," said Fenton eagerly, land college. Again I wondered what had brought together these two so dissimilar.

One evening—ah, I never may forget it—we were sitting by flickering candles in my room. Dorden and I, at our gaming, and Fenton reading a manuscript he had brought that day from the monastery. The monks, an illiterate lot, did not care or note their treasures of the time when Spain was great and her venturesome gentlemen were about these far mountains—seeking gold and its power. Possibly these brothers of Corpus Christi wondered at this pale, little faced man who amused his exile with papers that to them had no value, for, as I have said, scholarship had died in that cloister.

"If it were so," said Fenton, looking at us suddenly.

"Eh, what's so, Bob?" said Dorden.

"That Miguel Santos left his treasure in the mountains back from Corpus Christi."

"Stop your foolish lingo," said Dorden. "No such luck."

"Luck!" said I wearily, maligning my own.

"Listen," said the little man, whose past I say I wondered at, and he read:

"In those days the governor ruled Sonora not so much as Miguel Santos. Nay, Santos laid tribute of the governor and of all who passed, and Miguel Santos' wealth was great beyond imagination. Yet every piece of gold, they say, was blood stained!"

"There are others," said Dorden, dealing the cards.

"Listen," said the other rather eagerly:

"But in his old age remorse seized Santos, and he retired into the monastery of Corpus Christi, where he led in every respect a saintly life—save in the single one that he made no restitution. To this day the treasure is hid in the mountains—wealth greater than all the king of Spain ever had from Peru."

"Eh," said Dorden, "I wish I'd it. It's something, Bob, to know as much as you about languages."

But Fenton looked at us both as if he knew still more. From the table he took a piece of yellowed parchment and held it against the candle.

"He seems to have been," said Dorden, "a sort of Cap'n Kidd. I s'pose they've been diggin and diggin in 'em mountains."

"Wait," said Fenton quietly. "Up there in the library of Corpus Christi there's a pile of ancient manuscripts that no one seems to care at all about—the account books of forgotten abbots, things of no earthly use except to the antiquarian or the historian. But they've amused me."

"You fellows're easily amused with 'em books," said Dorden. "Now, I'd rather see a Sunday New York paper, with the murders and divorces and politics."

"Well," said Fenton. "I hadn't you know. So I've found some fun up there nosing about. I've almost been able to forget."

"You're chicken livered," said Dorden.

"Well, I wish I'd money."

"We'd go back, eh, and buy up somebody," said Dorden. "We'd have a house on Fifth avenue and another at Newport, and we'd run horses at Sheepshead, and we'd have our wives' and darters' dresses and diamonds all listed in the papers."

"Shut up," said Fenton. "Don't talk about wives and daughters!"

"He's a bit ticklish on some subjects," said Dorden. "Well, go on with your yarn, little nn."

"Well," said Fenton. "I said to myself, if this Miguel Santos became a monk at Corpus Christi there's probably somewhere or other about this pile of papers something more about him. Finally I came to some papers of the Abbot Pedro Juan. I knew he was the abbot of Santo's time. So I broke open the seal. Then I found this paper written by the dying Santos."

"You don't say! Who'd have thought it?" Dorden exclaimed.

"I had some trouble in making it out," Fenton went on.

"Well, what of it?" said Dorden.

"Does he tell where the money's to be had? We can go back to New York and float a company—the Santos Treasure

company, \$10,000,000 paid in, a few chances at 50 cents."

"Listen, you fool," said Fenton eagerly. "Here is what is written:

"I, the monk Ambrose, once Miguel Santos, do confess: When I am 70, and in security, I bethink myself that death cannot be far away. The church declares that the wicked shall be burned forever. If that be indeed true—and no man ever came back to deny it—it behooves me to prepare. I have thought me of the treasure I gained evilly. Should I restore it to those whence I had taken? But the lust for gold makes more crime than the lust for woman. It has seemed to me, then, that I should put this treasure away where no man should find it. I know now my sin. I could not part with that which has cost me so much—perhaps even my soul. To the cave of the underground river I had the casks carried. Then I had a wall built 20 rods from the cave's entrance, and I wallled the treasure there against the roar of the stream that sees no light. Twenty men worked at this, and I watched, leaving a guard down the slope. In the wall is an iron door, which opens if you touch it at a certain spot. When the work was done, I gave the laborers poison, and in the morning all lay dead. (God rest my soul!) One by one I took the bodies!"

"He took the bodies!" said Dorden, leaning over. "All that stuff is buried up in 'em mountains!"

"I took the bodies through the door in the wall to the cliff over the underground river and dropped them in one by one. Then I returned to my followers, who guarded below, saying I had sent the other score into Chihuahua. And then I discharged all and came down the mountain to the monastery, and to the abbot I said: 'I would repent me of my sins!' 'First,' he answered, 'thou must give all thy treasure to mother church.' Then I lied and told him I had squandered it all."

"I said to myself that 'for one who has committed so many sins the death of 20 men and the lie to the abbot cannot add to the burden.' For from that time on I should lead me a life of prayer, of repentance. So in truth have I tried to live save twice a year, when I have visited the cave of the river. Then I have gloated over the coffers, who guarded below. Then voices have come up from the river and said, 'Accursed, accursed!' 'Yea, accursed is it. May it curse some other as it has me; any monk or man who may find it."

(To be Continued)

TEST THE KIDNEYS

And if they are diseased use the world's greatest Kidney cure

Dr. A. W. Kidney-Liver Pills CHASE'S

It's a simple matter to test the kidneys. You need not consult a doctor. By asking yourself three questions you can determine whether or not your kidneys are deranged.

First: "Have you backache, or weak, lame back?"

Second: "Do you have difficulty in urinating or a too frequent desire to urinate?"

Third: "Are there deposits like brick dust in the urine after it has stood for twenty-four hours?"

In its earlier stages kidney disease is readily cured by a few boxes of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, a preparation which has made Dr. Chase famous throughout the world for his wonderful cures of diseases of the kidneys.

If you have kidney disease you can take Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills with perfect confidence that what has proved an absolute cure in so many thousands of cases will not fail you.

So long as the cells of the kidneys are not completely wasted away, as in the last stages of Bright's disease, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills will give them new vigor and strength and make them strong, healthy and active. One pill a dose, 25c a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

J. B. MACDONALD & CO LEADERS IN LOW PRICE.....

BIG BARGAINS!

—IN ALL KINDS OF— FURNITURE

—AT OUR— BIG DISCOUNT SALE

It will be money in your pocket to trade with us.

JOHN NEWSON

Groceries, Crockery and Glassware

Retail at Wholesale Prices

Hammocks, Hammocks, Hammocks

Prices Right HASZARD & MOORE SUNNYSIDE

Hughes

The Peoples' Druggist

Drugs are expensive. Sometimes they are more expensive than need be. And sometimes they are not so reliable as they ought to be.

There was a time when the prices of drugs were away up—too high altogether.

That is not the case now. The Apothecaries Hall changed that some time ago.

You can get prescriptions from pure drugs at the proper prices—no fancy profits.

You can get all my reliable special remedies; they've been tried and found effective.

The price—the main thing—will be found right in every case.

Geo. E. Hughes

The Peoples' Druggist Apothecaries Hall Sunnyside, Charlottetown

Mdsommer Clearance Sale

—at— J B McDONALD & Co'y

Commencing 18th July and will continue for 30 days

All our stock of Boots and Shoes, 25 to 50 per cent discount

Womens Oxford boots 50c a pair WOMENS SLIPPERS 10c a pair

All our stock of men and boys clothing 25 to 50 per cent discount

Mens underclothing, white & colored shirts, collars, ties hankerchiefs braces 26 per cent discount

50 pieces print cotton, Grey cotton sheeting, dillow cotton, shirting, lining

towelling, towels dress goods ---25 per cent discount

Print Cotton 3 cents a yard Nothing reserved, all must be cleared now is your time to buy cheap

J. B. MACDONALD & CO

LEADERS IN LOW PRICE.....

BIG BARGAINS!

—IN ALL KINDS OF— FURNITURE

—AT OUR— BIG DISCOUNT SALE

It will be money in your pocket to trade with us.

JOHN NEWSON

Groceries, Crockery and Glassware

Retail at Wholesale Prices



Six piece Glass Table Sets selling at 26c, regular price 25 cents.

100 Flower Pots from 1c up 1000 Teapots from 10c up.

1000 Jugs very low erry Sets, 7 pieces, 21c

P. MONAGHAN QUEEN STREET

HIGH CLASS Light summer Coats

-and Vests

LUSTRE AND CRASH

JOHN McLEOD & CO