

ITCHING PILES.

Positively and permanently cured by Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment is an absolute cure for piles, and has never been known to fail to cure the worst forms of this disease which has baffled medical skill for ages.

This statement may sound rather strong to persons who do not know the superior merits of Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment, but it is perfectly true, and has been endorsed by the grateful testimony of thousands of men and women who have been cured by it after years of suffering, and after trying many preparations and consulting the best doctors.

Mr. H. Bell, Belleville, Ont., says: "I take pleasure in stating that after thirty years of suffering with Itching Piles, Dr. Chase's Ointment has completely cured me. I tried every remedy that was advertised, with little or no benefit, but as I have told different persons affected as I was, Dr. Chase's Ointment made a perfect cure."

Dr. Chase's Ointment has a record of cures unparalleled in the history of medicine. It is guaranteed to cure any case of piles. For sale by all dealers, or Edmansco, Bates & Co., Toronto.



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You want the best groceries your money can buy.

You want to have good groceries for the money you pay out.

You do not want to be disappointed.

Well, you won't be if you patronize us. We are doing business to secure trade. We would like you to try us once.

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QUEEN STREET

An..... Exquisite Studio

And Photos to match the Studio.

Better come in and arrange for a sitting.

WESTLAKE BROS.,
Photographers
NEW PROWSE BLOCK

Dividend Notice

MERCHANTS BANK OF P. E. I.
Charlottetown, June 1st, 1899

Notice is hereby given, that a half yearly dividend at the rate of 8 per cent per annum, on the capital stock of the bank has been declared payable at its banking house on and after July 3rd next. The Transfer book will be closed from the 19th June, to the 3rd of July next, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.
J. M. DAVISON,
Cashier.

June 1st, 1899

Never put off for tomorrow What you can do today.

If you think you are not getting value for the money you pay out every week for groceries, try us to-day.

We Don't Want a Cent

Of your money unless you get value received for it. For that reason we are always glad to have you look around our store and learn how much better you can do here than anywhere else.

John McKenna
Queen Street,

SEE YUP.

By BRET HARTE

(Continued)

It might have been a month afterward that Dr. Duchesne was setting a broken bone in the settlement, and after the operation was over had strolled into the Palmetto saloon. He was an old army surgeon, much respected and loved in the district, although perhaps a little feared for the honest roughness and military precision of his speech. After he had exchanged salutations with the miners in his usual hearty fashion and accepted their invitation to drink Cy Parker, with a certain affected carelessness which did not, however, conceal a singular hesitation in his speech, began:

"I've been wantin to ask you a question, doc—a sort of darned fool question, you know—nothin in the way of consultation, don't you see, though it's kinder in the way of your purfeshun. Sabe?"

"Go on, Cy," said the doctor good humoredly. "This is my dispensary hour."

"Oh, it ain't anything about symptoms, doc, and there ain't anything the matter with me. It's only just to ask you if you happened to know anything about the medical practice of these yer Chinamen?"

"I don't know," said the doctor bluntly, "and I don't know anybody who does."

There was a sudden silence in the bar, and the doctor, putting down his glass, continued with slight professional precision:

"You see, the Chinese know nothing of anatomy from personal observation. Autopsies and dissection are against their superstitions, which declare the human body sacred, and are consequently never practiced."

There was a slight movement of inquiring interest among the party, and Cy Parker, after a meaning glance at the others, went on half aggressively, half apologetically:

"In course, they ain't surgeons like you, doc, but that don't keep them from havin their own little medicines, just as dogs eat grass, you know! Now, I want to put it to you, as a fair minded man, if you mean to say, jest because these old women who serve out yarbo and spring medicines in families don't know anything of anatomy, that they ain't fit to give us their simple and nat'ral medicines?"

"But the Chinese medicines are not simple nor natural," replied the doctor coolly.

"Not simple?" echoed the party, closing round him.

"I don't mean to say," continued the doctor, glancing around at their eager, excited faces with an appearance of wonder, "that they are positively noxious, unless taken in large quantities, for they are not drugs at all, but I certainly should not call them 'simple.' Do you know what they principally are?"

"Well, no," said Parker cautiously, "perhaps not exactly."

"Come a little closer, and I'll tell you."

Not only Parker's head but the others were bent over the counter. Dr. Duchesne uttered a few words in a tone inaudible to the rest of the company. There was a profound silence, broken at last by Abe Wynford's voice:

"Ye kin pour me out about three fingers o' whisky, barkeep! I'll take it straight."

"Same to me," said the others. The men gulped down their liquor; two of them grunted and spat.



Without love this world would be a good place to emigrate from. Without love, even money would be a worthless commodity, and all the jewels in the world as valueless as a clod of earth. Without it the human race would die—and be glad of it. Too few young women understand the basic principle implanted in nature by the Creator, that underlies love. Love is but the light in the east that leads to maternity. Love of husband is the stepping-stone to love of child. A childless woman is a sun that gives no light or warmth, a cloud that never showers the thirsty earth, a flower, beautiful, perchance, but without perfume. There are thousands of women who lived well into middle-life without knowing the bliss of a first-born's caress, but who are happy mothers to-day and heap blessings on Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Over 90,000 women have testified to the merits of this marvelous remedy, and many of them have permitted their experiences and photographs to be printed in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. The "Favorite Prescription" quickens the life-giving organism of women. It makes a woman strong and healthy where she most needs vigor and vitality. It cures all weakness and disease of the feminine organs. It eliminates the discomforts of the way to maternity and makes baby's coming easy and nearly painless. Found at all medicine stores.

"In four years," writes Mrs. Minnie Smith, P. M., at Lowell, Lane Co., Ore. "I had miscarried twice. I took two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and now have a healthy baby. I am stronger than in twelve years."

Free. Send 31 one-cent stamps to cover customs and mailing only, for a paper-covered copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser; cloth binding, 50 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. The "Adviser" contains 1008 large pages and over 300 illustrations. It is a veritable medical library in one volume.

doctor wiped his lips, brushed his coat and began to draw on his riding gloves.

"I've heard," said Poker Jack of Shasta, with a faint smile on his white face, as he toyed with the last drops of liquor in his glass, "that the darned fools sometimes smell punk as a medicine, eh?"

"Yes, that's comparatively decent," said the doctor reflectively. "It's only sawdust mixed with a little gum and formic acid."

"Formic acid? Wot's that?"

"A very peculiar acid secreted by ants. It is supposed to be used by them offensively in warfare—just as the skunk, eh?"

But Poker Jack of Shasta had hurriedly declared that he wanted to speak to a man who was passing and had disappeared. The doctor walked to the door, mounted his horse and rode away.

I noticed, however, that there was a slight smile on his bronzed, impassive face. This led me to wonder if he was entirely ignorant of the purpose for which he had been questioned and the effect of his information. I was confirmed in the belief by the remarkable circumstance that nothing more was said of it. The incident seemed to have terminated there, and the victims made no attempt to revenge themselves on See Yup. That they had one and all, secretly and unknown to each other, patronized him there was no doubt, but at the same time, as they evidently were not sure that Dr. Duchesne had not hoaxed them in regard to the quality of See Yup's medicines, they knew that an attack on the unfortunate Chinaman

would in either case reveal their secret and expose them to the ridicule of their brother miners. So the matter dropped, and See Yup remained master of the situation. Meantime he was prospering. The cool gang he worked on the river when not engaged in washing clothes were "picking over" the "tailings" or refuse of gravel left on abandoned claims by successful miners. As there was not more expense attending this than in stonebreaking or ragpicking and the feeding of the coolies, which was ridiculously cheap, there was no doubt that See Yup was reaping a fair weekly return from it; but as he sent his receipts to San Francisco through coolie managers after the Chinese custom and did not use the regular express company there was no way of ascertaining the amount. Again, neither See Yup nor his fellow countrymen ever appeared to have any money about them. In ruder times and more reckless camps raids were often made by ruffians on their cabins or their traveling gangs, but never with any pecuniary result. This condition, however, it seemed was destined to change.

One Saturday See Yup walked into Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express office with a package of gold dust, which, when duly weighed, was valued at \$500. It was consigned to a Chinese company in San Francisco. When the clerk handed See Yup a receipt, he remarked casually:

"Washing seems to pay, See Yup."

The clerk did "shabbee," and lifted his eyebrows. The next Saturday See Yup appeared with another package worth about \$400, directed to the same consignee.

"Didn't pan out quite so rich this week, eh?" said the clerk engagingly.

"No," returned See Yup impassively. "Next time he payee more."

When the third Saturday came with the appearance of See Yup and \$450 worth of gold dust, the clerk felt he was no longer bound to keep the secret. He communicated it to others, and in 24 hours the whole settlement knew that See Yup's coolie company were taking out an average of \$400 per week from the refuse and tailings of the old abandoned Palmetto claim!

The astonishment of the settlement was profound. In earlier days jealousy and indignation at the success of these degraded heathens might have taken a more active and aggressive shape, and it would have fared ill with See Yup and his companions. But the settlement had become more prosperous and law abiding. There were one or two eastern families and some foreign capital already there, and its jealousy and indig-

nation were restricted to severe investigation and legal criticism. Fortunately for See Yup, it was an old established mining law that an abandoned claim and its tailings became the property of whoever chose to work it. But it was alleged that the See Yup company had in reality "struck a lead"—discovered a hitherto unknown vein or original deposit of gold not worked by the previous company—and, having failed legally to declare it by pre-emption and public registry, in their foolish desire for secrecy, had thus forfeited their right to the property. A surveillance of their working, however, did not establish this theory. The gold that See Yup had sent away was of the kind that might have been found in the tailings overlooked by the late Palmetto owners. Yet it was a very large yield for mere refuse.

"Them Palmetto boys were mighty beerless after they'd made their big 'strike' and got to work on the vein, and I reckon they threw a lot of gold away,"

(To be Continued.)

Lost flesh lately?
Does your brain tire?
Losing control over your nerves?

Are your muscles becoming exhausted?

You certainly know the remedy. It is nothing new; just the same remedy that has been curing these cases of thinness and paleness for twenty-five years. Scott's Emulsion. The cod-liver oil in it is the food that makes the flesh, and the hypophosphites give tone to the nerves.

50c. and \$1.00, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists Toronto.

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

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Pure Cooking Utensils.

Some impart their flavor to material cooked in them! Cheap, nameless ones do! but the

CRESCENT

STEEL ACATE WARE

is pure, wholesome and quite tasteless: it will not burn or chip and therefore offers no lurking places for dirt: it is easily cleaned and kept so. Unrivalled in design, finish and durability. Sold by all first class dealers.

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You'll get it good, and you'll get it promptly.

JOHN T. PEARDON,
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N. B.—Lime in quantity for sale.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is for Infants and Children. Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. Castoria assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels of Infants and Children, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. ARCHER, M. D. Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

Chas. H. Fletcher.

APPEARS ON EVERY WRAPPER.

THE CENTRAL COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

No More War

Swords will be beaten into plough shares later on; but our armers do not need to wait till the "Peace Conference" is over, before buying their plough shares, as they can do so at once, by calling at the Masonic Temple Store, where any share, or other plough extras can be had for less money, and better than any imported. Prove this at once, by trying them.

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MORE NITROGEN
MORE PHOS. ACID
MORE POTASH

PRODUCE....

BETTER CROPS
LASTS LONGER
MORE RELIABLE

And are cheaper than any other Fertilizer ever sold on P. E. Island.

AULD BRO.

Charlottetown, May 27th, 1899.

The Royal Blend Whisky.

Of all Wine Merchants.
Wholesale from the distiller, A. G. THOMSON & Co., Glasgow