consumption

There is *ease* for those far gone in consumption—not recovery—ease. There is *cure* for those not far gone.

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Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil is for you, even if you are only a little thin.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

has been endorsed by the medical profession for twenty years. (*Ask your doctor.*) This is because it is always *palatable*—always *uniform*—always *contains the purest Norwegian Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites.*

Insist on **Scott's Emulsion**, with trade-mark of man and fish.

Fruit Growers' Meetings

Acting under instruction of the Hon. the Minister of Agriculture, the Director of the Dominion Experimental Farms has arranged for a series of Meetings on Prince Edward Island in the interests of

FRUIT GROWING.

These Meetings will be addressed by MR. JOHN CRAIG, Horticulturist of the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa.

The Fruit Growing interests of the Island are capable of much development, and Fruit Growers, Farmers and others interested are cordially invited to attend. The Meetings will be held at

CHARLOTTETOWN—Tuesday, Jan. 28th, at 2 p. m., in Philharmonic Hall.

CARDIGAN—Wednesday, Jan. 29th, at 2 p. m.

ALBERTON—Friday, January 31st, at 2 p. m.

SUMMERSIDE—Saturday, Feb. 1st, at 2 p. m.

WM. SAUNDERS,
Director Dominion Experimental Farms.
jan17

"D. & L." MENTHOL PLASTER

I have prescribed Menthol Plaster in a number of cases of neuralgic and rheumatic pains, and am very much pleased with the effects and pleasantness of its application.—W. H. CARPENTER, M.D., Hotel Oxford, Boston.

I have used Menthol Plasters in several cases of muscular rheumatism, and find in every case that it gave almost instant and permanent relief.—J. R. MOORE M.D., Washington, D.C.

It Cures Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Pains in Back or Side, or any Muscular Pains.

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A Happy New Year To All.

Now is the time to buy New Years' Gifts. To-night and Monday and Tuesday we will give 25 and 30 per cent. discount on all Fancy Goods, including Albums, Dressing Cases, Work Baskets, Jewel Cases, Manicure Setts, Fancy China and Toys of all descriptions, Calendars, Xmas and New Year's Cards at cost.

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DIAMOND DINNER PILLS

CURE CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, SICK HEADACHE, REGULATE THE LIVER.

ONE PILL AFTER EATING INSURES GOOD DIGESTION.

PRICE 25 CTS. THE DODDS MED. CO. LTD. TORONTO.

PYNY-PECTORAL

Positively Cures COUGHS and COLDS

in a surprisingly short time. It's a scientific certainty, tried and true, soothing and healing in its effects.

W. C. McCOMBER & SON, Houlette, Que., report in a letter that Pyny-Pectoral cured Mrs. C. Gareau of chronic cold in chest and bronchial tubes, and also cured W. G. McComber of a long-standing cold.

MR. J. H. HUTTY, Chemist, 528 Yonge St., Toronto, writes: "As a general cough and lung syrup Pyny-Pectoral is a most invaluable preparation. It has given the utmost satisfaction to all who have tried it, many having spoken to me of the benefits derived from its use in their families. It is suitable for old or young, being pleasant to the taste. Its sale with me has been wonderful, and I can always recommend it as a safe and reliable cough medicine."

Large Bottle, 25 Cts.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., LTD. Sole Proprietors MONTREAL

DON'T DESPAIR

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

WILL CURE YOU

We guarantee Dodd's Kidney Pills to cure any case of Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Lumbago, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Female Troubles, Impure Blood—or money refunded. Sold by all dealers in medicine, or by mail on receipt of price. 50c. per box, or Six boxes $2.50.

DR. L. A. SMITH & CO., Toronto.

we can sell you Dodd's Kidney Pills at the following prices, viz.:—50c. per box six boxes for $2.50. To the trade—$4.00 per dozen, or three dozen at $3.75 per dozen. Sent by mail to any address post paid.

GEORGE E. HUGHES,
may29 Charlottetown.

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Superior workmanship, refined finish and moderate prices combine to make these Photos the most satisfactory in Charlottetown to-day.

GEO. H. COOK
Corner Queen & Grafton Sts.

THE LEPERS' GUEST.

A Story of the Pyrenees.

By MAX PEMBERTON.

Thus was the way he gabbled on; nor do I believe for a moment that he was sane when he spoke to me. All my appeals fell on deaf ears; I gave him the letter from the duke, his master, and he stood gibbering with the note unopened in his hand. Meanwhile I had dismounted from my horse, and had pushed my way into a Moorish court which would have moved an antiquarian to ecstasies. Glorious arches, memorials to dead centuries, raised their frescoed crowns on every side. A fountain, rich in sculpture and tracery, cast out a frozen jet which had the appearance of a band of silver; a balcony with delicately wrought lattice rails gave access to innumerable rooms. Never was a greater contrast between an interior and exterior. Without, I had been the sole actor in the scene of desolation; within, I was the guest in a house which kings might have built and queens enjoyed. Yet this was the mystery, that the man who was responsible for my entertainment regarded me as a cutpurse who had come to steal his master's spoons.

"Look here," said I angered beyond restraint, "don't you think that you've played the fool long enough? I have come here to stay the night at your master's orders. You have his letter in your hand if my word is not enough. Take me to the stables, I beg, and get me some supper."

At this appeal he bowed again, though I could see that his legs were tottering under him.

"Certainly," exclaimed he, "I know well whence you come. Oh, indeed, I am your servant. All that you ask shall be done—I pledge my faith. I am but an old man, and it was not my word. God save your excellency."

"Amen, to that," said I, telling myself that Juan Bazan, steward to the worthy Duke de Trevino, was nothing less than an imbecile. But he was already on his way to the stables, and thither I followed in a state of perplexity and wonder which no words could express.

"This way, senor," he cried, snatching up a lantern which he had left upon the pavement, "this way, I pray you. The stables are through the great arch here. Have a care to the pavement; it is worn, I fear. If I had but known sooner. Oh, truly, news goes with a lame foot in Biscay."

"Then you knew that I was coming?" cried I.

"Your excellency is the best judge of that," he exclaimed—and at the same moment he threw open the door of the stables.

His answer struck me as curious and enigmatical. Unless the landlord down in Isaro had played a joke upon the pair of us, who should have told him of my coming? And this supposition afforded the only key that fitted the logic of the mystery. I said at once that they had frightened the old man, and I turned around to tell him so. But he, who a moment before had been at my elbow, was no longer to be seen. He had vanished like a fleeting ray of light.

"A malediction on the old fool," said I to myself; they have told him some cock and bull story, and he takes me for a brigand. I shall have an account to settle with mine host of Isaro if ever misfortune carries me to his village again."

Truth to tell, directly I had begun to understand the thing, the humorous side of it appealed to me irresistibly. I had played many roles in a young life; but the role of brigand was new to me. Better, said I, to be taken for a brigand than a bazman; and with this for satisfaction, I tended my horse and gave the poor beast a feed. Nor could I, in reason, complain of the stables. They were ornamental enough to have moved architecture to tears; and I did not fail to observe that one of the stalls was occupied by a sturdy bay cob which was in the best condition. Mad or sane, the steward of the duke of Trevino undeniably loved his beast, and this was no small point in his favor. I resolved that I would reward him by putting an end to the farce we were playing; and, so thinking, I returned to the court and began to call to him.

Many times I called, my voice sounding wonderfully deep and baying under the old arches of the cloister, but no word answered me. A search in the lower rooms about the quadrangle was no more fruitful, the most part of these, as is the custom in Spanish houses, being given up to lumber and to cellerage. It was only when I had made the circuit of the yard twice and had come upon a little staircase which carried me to the balcony above that I found evidence of life and occupation. Many doors opened upon this balcony, some leading to reception rooms, gaudy in Spanish splendors, some to gloomy bedchambers of vast size; on to a chapel with an altar weighted down with time-worn emblems of devotion; one to a library sparsely stocked with heavy volumes. But at the very far end of the passage facing the stables I came suddenly upon two apartments that spoke unmistakably of very recent occupation; and in the larger of these was a spectacle which filled me as much with merriment as with wonder.

The first of these rooms was furnished as a sitting-room; the second as a kitchen. But it was not their furniture which I remarked with such amusement. Piled high upon the floor of the larger chamber were silver vessels, cups, goblets, dishes, spoons, of every conceivable shape and variety. Mingled with them were a number of rings, bracelets, necklaces and other votive offerings, snatched, I surmised, haphazard from the altar near by. I guessed instantly that the excellent Juan Bazan had made this attempt to save such of his master's property as he could from the hands of one whom he regarded as a marauder. Defeated in his purpose by my sudden coming to the House of Snows, he had left the heap as a witness to his endeavors. But more than this, he had also left the house. Even as I was examining the amazing collection at my feet, I heard the great gate clang upon its hinges. The windows of the room looked out upon the mountains. I beheld by the white light of the glittering snow the unhappy steward flying for his life down the broad road to Isaro. Terror at length had conquered him. I was sure that he had gone for the police.

This utterly unlooked for greeting struck me at the first as entirely funny. I said to myself that a whole company of alguazils would occupy the house presently, and that they would be merry souls at any rate, and to be preferred to the gibbering idiot who had offered me such a bewildering welcome. Meanwhile, the terror-stricken man had left a very decent dinner and a very good bottle of wine behind him—not, perhaps, the dinner to be eaten on a Christmas eve in England, but mightily welcome in the Pyrenees, and a godsend under the circumstances. I judged it would have been an insult not to have sampled his cooking on the spot; and wishing him bon voyage on his way to the police station, I fell to with the appetite of a hungry and snow-driven man, and made a meal worthy of a prince bishop.

It must have been near to nine o'clock when I had finished. There was a wealth of the moon's beams then pouring into my room, and the surpassingly white light fell plenteously upon the mountains. All the valleys had put on armor of silver and of jewels; the amphitheater of hills and peaks glittered with an irradiance blinding to the eyes; the pine trees had the aspect of great bushes made of silver twigs; the cascades were like froth of diamond, and of pearls. No human thing

JUAN BAZAN GOING AWAY.

was abroad at such an hour. I opened the window of my room and listened if there were any sound of horses tramping or of men approaching. But all was still as the zenith of the night; the police which Juan Bazan was to bring were not yet to be heard. Solitude reigned in the highlands; the towns alone echoed the spirit of the feast.

I had made myself sure of this and was about to close the casement again, for the wind was bitter cold, when the first really startling vision of that night of visions came to my eyes. I say that I thought myself alone, the victim of a pretty hoax, the one living thing in that house of mysteries. And just when I was hugging the notion that I would do Juan Bazan the honor of sleeping in his bed until he should return, and was about to make the window fast, what should I see but the shadow of a girl cast plain and clear cut upon the white terrace before the house. There it was, the reflection of the shape of a woman in Spanish dress; of a young woman, as I thought, and of one who was watching and waiting. During long moments the shadow lay upon the snow. Then it passed quickly; nor was there any sound, not so much as of a footstep or a whisper to indicate whence it came or whither it had gone.

PART II.

To say that this apparition alarmed me would be to magnify the truth. There had been nothing particularly terrifying about the aspect of Juan Bazan; there was nothing so far in the house which he had left to compel suspicion or watchfulness. I argued that the girl possibly was his daughter, or was employed about the place. She too, it might be, went in dread of the "brigand" who had descended so suddenly upon her home. I determined to reassure her, and, snatching the lantern which the estimable Juan had left behind him, I ran into the court and began to bawl Spanish exclamations with the energy of a watchman. Yet, and this was strange, not a whisper of an answer did I get. Except for the crackle of the frost beneath my feet the whole yard was as silent as the fields of snow upon the heights above. Smaller courts opening from the greater one were alike deserted and lit only by the moonbeams which flooded down upon them so searchingly. No longer did any black shadow lie upon the untrodden snow. The ghostly corridor had no company; the entwining pillars were the only sentinels that guarded this haven among the mountains.

Convinced of this, I began to think that a poor digestion was responsible for my apparition; and though a certain vague uneasiness, bred, perhaps, of the strange shapes about me, was not to be put off, I returned at last to the steward's room and lay down upon his bed. "After all," said I, "there is nothing to fear from an encounter with a Spanish girl—especially if she be pretty." It was probable that old Juan himself would come running back anon with a score of policemen at his tail. I concluded that I would greet him with a request for the key of his cellar; and that, thus armed, we would herald Christmas day with such a carousal as should bring all the dead Spaniards—and all the dead Moors, if there were any so far north—leaping from their graves. In which way, I said, I would recompense myself for my dismal surroundings and keep my thoughts from England and from those I loved.

The lantern was still burning where I had left it; there was a flicker of firelight upon the ceiling when at last I went to sleep. The day's work had tired me; the crisp, bracing air of the mountains weighed down my eyes with drowsiness. I could not have been upon Juan's bed more than ten minutes when a dreamy, restful uncon-

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Some Things You Can Do On Christmas Day for Humanity's Sake.

Surprise your wife by getting up first and kindling the kitchen fire.

Indulge in an outward display of good spirits, but do not encourage an internal application.

If you go to church resolve to keep awake at all hazards, but if you do happen to doze once in a while do not snore.

Instead of getting your pretty typewriter a sealskin sacque and your wife a pair of cotton gloves, reverse the order.

Refrain from administering little Johnny's diurnal thrashing. Put a nice large Ceristmas box in his stocking instead of on his ear.

If you are in arrears for subscription to your daily newspaper, drop into the editor's sanctum and remark that you've come to "square up." It will be worth your trouble to see how he'll act.

When your wife trots out those worsted slippers wear inwardly if you like, but don't make an outward demonstration of your feelings, thereby increasing your chances to get worsted yourself; smile pleasantly and ejaculate, "Just what I need, dear!"

If you happen to be in the kitchen when the milkman comes, don't look daggers at the poor vender of bovine extract, but smile pleasantly. Be careful how far you go though, for he isn't used to it, and the surprise may produce a shock to his nervous system.

—IF YOU—

Want a wife,
Want a cook,
Want a partner,
Want a situation,
Want a servant girl,
Want to sell a farm,
Want to sell a house,
Want to rent a house,
Want to exchange anything,
Want to sell plants or grain
Want to sell groceries or drugs,
Want to sell or trade anything,
Want to find customers for anything,
Want to sell or buy horses, pigs or cattle

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MESSRS. C. WELSH & CO., 3 Tabernacle Street, London, beg to solicit regular consignments of Fresh Oysters, Fruit and other Canadian Produce. Best prices realized. dy 10i wy 2i—jan13

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Regular Fortnightly Sailings between LONDON and HALIFAX. Under special contract with the Dominion Government.

S. S. HALIFAX CITY, 3,000 Tons.
S. S. ST. JOHN CITY, 3,000 Tons.
S. S. DAMARA, 2,500 Tons.

The Furness Steamships are the finest on this route. All boats are Clyde built, with saloon and sleeping berths amidships where least motion is felt.

S. S. St. John City and Halifax City are electrically lighted throughout.

Superior accommodation for all kinds of Freight, Dairy Produce, etc.

For information regarding sailing dates, etc., apply to

FURNESS, WITHY & CO., LTD., People's Bank Building, Halifax, N. S.

Or W. F. Clarke, Passenger Agent, Charlottetown, P. E. I. dec21

Sleigh For Sale.

A very handsome Sleigh, will accommodate six persons, nicely upholstered, light enough for one horse. Apply at this office. tf—jan21

Experiment By Novelists.

Two or three writers of fiction are making an experiment this year which is certain to prove interesting, and is likely to have an important bearing on the profession of letters. These writers are publishing their novels in the old-fashioned way; that is to say, they are bringing them out in book form without selling the serial rights to any magazine. The experiment is important, because authors usually make nearly all their profits from their serial rights, and are satisfied with a sale of 2,000 copies for the matter in book form. Under such circumstances, therefore, they have aimed their work directly at the editor who was to buy it, and have been careful to tone it down so that it might suit the requirements of the vehicle in which it was published. It is this toning-down process that makes a serial as distinguished from a novel, and it is a well-known fact that the books which are enjoying a large sale in this country just now are for the most part written by foreign authors, who have been in the habit of writing for the public rather than for editors. The men who are bringing their stories out in book form this year have, of course, deliberately sacrificed the profits that might have been derived from the serial rights. But at the same time they have known while writing that no editor stood between them and the public, and they have let themselves go to the very top of their bent accordingly.—N. Y. Sun.

A True Incident.

It was a bright, frosty afternoon. A busy crowd thronged W—— avenue, all bustle and life as to and fro, in and out of the many handsome, alluring stores the gay crowd continually surged, the same perplexing thought no doubt engaging the attention of many of them, as to what token of affection they should secure for their dear ones amidst the numberless beautiful attractions to be met with on every side.

Among an admiring group gathered outside one of the windows of a grand bazaar, a woman plainly attired in faded mourning paused a few moments. She held by the hand a little girl of about 5 years old, whose eager, bewildered gaze was concentrated in silent adoration at the scene of enchantment there displayed. Presently the woman turned away and passed on. As she did so the child sobbed, in anxious, piteous accents:

"You can't find Santa Claus, mamma, can you?"

A look of pain came into the mother's sad, careworn face, as she replied consolingly:

"Yes! Be a good girl now, and I'll find him presently."

From the gay avenue she turned, with her sobbing disappointed little one, going—whither I knew not, or if she was able to find Santa Claus, and to make glad the troubled spirit of the expectant child. But I know that mother's heart ached bitterly beneath her thin, faded cloak, at the pitiful cry of her offspring. Poor woman! With her loving mother's heart and empty purse! Poor, wee, wistful child!

Ah! there are many such in this city. Parents to whom the approaching glad Christmastide will bring neither good cheer nor joy, in any shape or form, and children to whom Santa Claus—if they have ever heard of such a being—is but a far-off vision, an unfulfilled dream; for poverty, dark, bitter poverty, lurks in their homes, and with her gloomy presence clouding for them the sunshine of life, which God has bestowed in such abundance on some of His creatures.

O, think of it! You who are so favored, whose pathways are flooded to overflowing with life's richest blessings, when you fondly lay aside the many costly gifts, purchased for your happy darlings, of the anxious young hearts in many a humble home, who are wondering with an eager longing, which amounts to pain in their childish hearts, whether Santa Claus will find them out this time.

It will take but a mite of your abundance to fill the hearts of some such little ones with delight, as well as fulfilling the command of the Saviour—whose birth we will commemorate at the joyous Christmastide.

"Be ye kind and tender-hearted." He loved little children and took them up in His arms and blessed them.

A Christmas Sermon.

There are two things in human life—to be happy oneself and to make another so. When the first is gone, the next, thank God, is always left.

Do not lock yourself in your room too soon, too often or too long. Dash away your tears. Play the waltzes for the children. Put away your crape. Wear a white dress and a high mien and the smile of those who conquer the selfishness of pain on Christmas Day.

The best friends of the tempted, of the young, of the erring and the overlooked, are those who have known the sorest anguish and have achieved the sweetest peace.

Such, too, are the most sacred flowers of our festivals and the dearest angels of our happy homes.

AT STITTSVILLE!

The Town's Leading Merchant Laid Up

Rheumatism in various forms is one of the most common diseases there is. It arises generally from impure blood and a broken down system. In the limbs it is painful; in most of the internal organs dangerous, and in the heart usually fatal.

The experience of Mr. S. Mann, the well known general merchant of Stittsville, is interesting:

"Last winter I was badly afflicted with rheumatism. I decided to try Dr. Chase's Pills. To my surprise, I got immediate relief, and before I had used one box my affliction was gone.

"I was also troubled with biliousness for years, and at intervals of three or four weeks would be laid up with a severe headache and sick stomach. Since using Chase's Pills I have not had an attack of either.

"I may add that Dr. Chase's Ointment for piles and skin diseases in just as effective as Dr. Chase's Pills for blood troubles. I have a clerk who suffered terribly from bleeding piles. He tried Chase's Ointment and in a few days was completely cured."

All dealers and Edmanson, Bates & Co., manufacturers, Toronto. 25c.

Chase's Linseed and Turpentine for colds, bronchitis and consumption. Sure cure, 25 cents.

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Fitz-James Scotch Whisky

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Sample Rooms & Grocery Store

Having now completed my Sample Rooms, heated by hot water and lighted by electricity, with all sanitary arrangements and a private entrance to same, I have converted my Saloon into a Grocery, and stocked with the choicest Groceries, hoping by paying strict attention to the two above business to receive a liberal patronage for same.

P. P. GILLIS.
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Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited,
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for Infants and Children.

MOTHERS, Do You Know that Paregoric, Bateman's Drops, Godfrey's Cordial, many so-called Soothing Syrups, and most remedies for children are composed of opium or morphine?

Do You Know that opium and morphine are stupefying narcotic poisons?

Do You Know that in most countries druggists are not permitted to sell narcotics without labeling them poisons?

Do You Know that you should not permit any medicine to be given your child unless you or your physician know of what it is composed?

Do You Know that Castoria is a purely vegetable preparation, and that a list of its ingredients is published with every bottle?

Do You Know that Castoria is the prescription of the famous Dr. Samuel Pitcher. That it has been in use for nearly thirty years, and that more Castoria is now sold than of all other remedies for children combined?

Do You Know that the Patent Office Department of the United States, and of other countries, have issued exclusive right to Dr. Pitcher and his assigns to use the word "**Castoria**" and its formula, and that to imitate them is a state prison offense?

Do You Know that one of the reasons for granting this government protection was because Castoria had been proven to be **absolutely harmless?**

Do You Know that **35 average** doses of Castoria are furnished for **35 cents,** or one cent a dose?

Do You Know that when possessed of this perfect preparation, your children may be kept well, and that you may have unbroken rest?

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The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. is on every wrapper.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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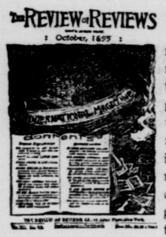
Edited by ALBERT SHAW.



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of delicious TEA are satisfied when supplied with our lines of English Breakfast Congou, India, China, Oolong and Ceylon Teas. We believe our 22c. Blend to be the best on the market for quality, strength flavor and price. The public realize a good article when they use it, and to-day our sales on this Tea are larger than ever before.

We carry a full line of Canned Goods, Jams and Jellies, Fish, Boned and Skinned Dried Codfish Flour, Meal, etc., which we will sell at the very lowest prices.

Our aim is to buy the most reliable goods and sell them at the lowest prices. Eggs taken in exchange for cash or goods. Goods delivered to all parts of the city.

WILLIAM GRANT & CO.

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ALL RELIABLE GROCERS KEEP IT.

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The Military Scotch.

Try it yourself and you'll always ask for it.

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Manufactured by J. M. FORTIER, Montreal.

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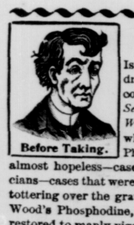

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