

THE BOWERY CRITIC

The critic was the most prominent leader of Bowery society. He is slow of speech and hesitates, sometimes painfully, but when he does speak every word hits. He does not go about, as is the manner of less cultivated speakers, but strikes home with few words, mainly figurative. Although he is full of the instinctive aversions and tastes of a man of culture, he is a retired prizefighter and spends most of his time in an uncommonly dirty saloon.

At a ball which this leader of Bowery society gave a "hard walk" took place, in which there were contestants for a prize, to be given to him who was the most natural. Any one who should burlesque the walk of the Bowery tough was to be excluded. If the tough walk was to be given, it was to be given right.

"You must do it on de level," said the leader of society, giving preliminary instructions. "You must give us de real t'ing. Tain't no cake walk, dis hard walk. Walk jest as if you was walking on de lane [Bowery] wid yer bundle [girl] on yer arm. Anybody kin look tough, but I want you to look as hard as de real t'ing, de bloke on de Bowery, and no harder."—Atlantic.

"I" and "Me."

The number of cultured, refined, educated people who slip into error in the use of "I" and "me" is large and appears to be continually growing. Their trouble lies in their inability to separate the first person from the third, where both are referred to, as in the expression, "Tom asked he and I if," etc.

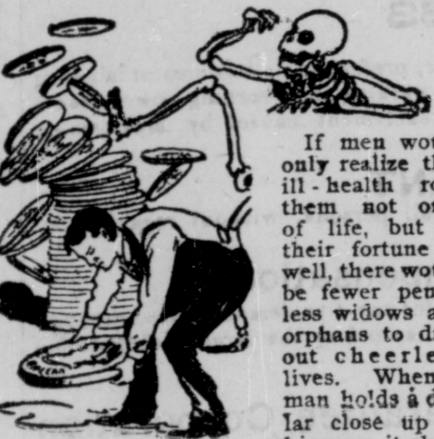
I heard a very clever man say yesterday, "George said that him and me were the only two in the store." A lawyer in Pine street, well known as a man of unusual ability, gets it wrong nearly every time by striving hard to get it right. He is so afraid that "my client and I" is incorrect that he compromises on "my client and myself." He knows my "client and me" will not do.

By separating the first and second persons this stumbling block is instantly removed, and even a child cannot err. "George said that him and me were" might fool some people, but "George said that him was" could not trip any one. Neither could "George said that me was." Now, altogether, "George said that he was; George said that I was; therefore George said that he and I were."—New York Press.

Not Wasted on Her.

This happened to the wife of a well known merchant who is rather conspicuous for his devotion to the church. His spouse, dressing one Sunday morning, got into a waist that more than put Joseph's coat in the shade. She was conscious of the color scheme, but decided to ask her husband's and her father's opinions before wearing the garment to church. They agreed, poor men, that she was delightfully dressed and that the waist could hardly be improved upon.

So they went to church, the wife with secret misgivings, which, as the case turned out, were well enough founded, for they were no sooner seated in Grace Episcopal church than the Rev. Dr. Worthington gave out the text. "We will read," the reverend rector said, "from the gospel of St. Matthew, the sixteenth chapter and eighth verse, 'To what purpose is this waste?'"



The good woman collapsed in her pique at the light of good judgment, and looks bigger than life or death, or wife or child. The facts are that ill-health very soon puts a stop to a man's money-making powers and turns them into money-losing disabilities.

When a man's digestion is out of order and his liver sluggish, his brain gets dull, his muscles sluggish, his blood impure and every organ in the body—brain, lungs, heart, stomach, liver and kidneys—becomes crippled. A man with a crippled lung, liver, heart, brain or kidney, is a worse cripple ten times over, than a man who is maimed a leg or an arm. The man who is crippled outside may live a long life but the man who is crippled inside is taking a short cut to the grave. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures indigestion, makes the appetite keen, the liver active, the blood pure, and every organ healthy and vigorous. It makes blood and builds flesh up to the healthy standard. Honest dealers don't recommend substitutes.

"I wish to say to those who suffer from kidney and bladder trouble—like Dr. R. V. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery," writes Dr. Anderson, Golden Medical Discovery, "A patient of mine of Carthage, Jasper Co., Mo. 'A patient of mine says it is worth \$50 per bottle to any one who is afflicted as he was. Three bottles cured him entirely. Perfectly miserable he was, before taking this in this County. Prof. Chreine would gladly sign this if he were in town. He requested me to write a testimonial and make it as strong as the English language could make it.'"

A \$1.50 home doctor-book FREE. For a paper-covered copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser send 31 one-cent stamps, to cover cost of customs and mailing only. Cloth binding 50 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

and never raised her head during the remaining portion of the service.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Old Dances in Old Times.

In Edward Scott's "Dancing in All Ages" are some curious details about the dances used by our forefathers.

"Joan Sanderson" was a "jolly dance" in Mr. Scott's definition, for before it was ended each lady had kissed all the gentlemen twice, and each man had been equally enterprising. Mary Stuart danced the "Volta," though "not so high and so disposedly" as Elizabeth. In King Charles' time people danced "Trenchmore," the "Cushion Dance," "Omniium Gatherum" and "Hoite cum Toite."

"All In a Garden Green," "Gathering of Peascods," "Lumps of Pudding," "Under and Over," "The Bath," "The Slaughter House" and "Have at Thy Coat, Old Woman," are dances not quite so old.

Reflected Greatness.

When, as a boy, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha visited the island of Barbados, his washing was done for him by a negress named Jane Ann Smith, who was over 6 feet in height. She was so puffed up at being patronized by royalty that she claimed precedence at once over all the other washerwomen and retained it for many years.

Love in a Flat.

"You don't care for a big house and lots of servants, do you?" he asked. "Not at all," she replied promptly. "Don't you think that love in a flat would be delightful?" he persisted. "Yes," she answered. "Love in a flat, but not life with one." He postponed his proposal.—Chicago Times-Herald.

He Stood the Test.

One of the hardest tests given applicants who go before the civil service commission boards of examiners is in the form of printed matter, which is to be copied without a single change. It is said to be surprising to find how many intelligent people find it impossible to properly stand this test. They can frequently correct errors in language which they cannot copy verbatim.

There was lately an applicant who showed his aptitude for this work. He was given a printed page and told to copy it.

"Want it just like this?" he asked. "Without a change," the examiner replied.

The man labored. The printed matter was on a white sheet and was spotless, with the exception of a fly speck on one of its corners. The sheet the student had was minus a blemish in that particular spot, but when it was turned in there was a well imitated fly speck. There was not a flaw in the work, and he received a rating of 100 on that portion of his examination and today is one of the best and most trusted employees in the service of the commission, where he was detailed shortly after taking his examination.—Washington Star.

A Difficult Lay.

A New England woman is the owner of a hen which appears to choose her surroundings with a discriminating eye.

Soon after her present owner acquired the hen she discovered the creature's fondness for stepping into the house whenever she could effect an entrance and laying an egg on the down coverlet which ornamented the bed in the "best chamber."

One day the hen managed to get in unobserved during a season of sweeping, and her presence was only discovered as she made her way hastily out of the side door, cackling with triumph, some time later.

As the best room coverlet had been out of the way during the sweeping, the mistress of the house looked about for the egg which she felt sure had been laid somewhere. She found it, after half an hour's search, on the plush mantel covering in the parlor, where the hen must have sat in state between a china shepherdess and a glass vase.

Nothing on the mantelshelf had been disturbed, although just how the hen had managed the delicate business will never be known.—Youth's Companion.

Merely a Question of Spelling.

He was the engineer of an ocean liner and prided himself on his knowledge of electricity. On one of his brief stays at home he accompanied his wife to a party. The subject of electricity coming up, he indignantly combated the idea that it was possible for two people to produce an electrical current through the body of a third by simple physical contact. His wife and a friend said they would prove it and, leading him to a window, told him to pull up his sleeves and place both hands flat on the glass. They then, on either side, took a firm grip on his wrists. At the end of a few moments his wife said:

"Don't you feel a pain, Willy?" "No!" he replied and returned a like negative to a second and a third inquiry.

At his third response most of the company began to laugh, and it suddenly flashed into his mind that the pronunciation of pain and pane was the same.—New York Tribune.

Wouldn't Sell His Name.

Soon after, General Robert E. Lee

went to Lexington, Va., the presidency of an insurance company was offered to him at a salary of \$10,000 a year. He was at that time receiving only \$3,000 as president of the Washington and Lee university. "We do not want you to discharge any duties, general," said the agent. "We simply wish the use of your name. That will abundantly compensate us."

"Excuse me, sir," was the prompt and decided rejoinder. "I cannot consent to receive pay for services I do not render."

Nearly every mail brought him similar proposals, and just a short while before his death a large and wealthy corporation in New York city offered him \$50,000 per annum to become its president. But he refused all such offers and quietly pursued his chosen path of duty.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Accommodated.

The manager of the clothing department opened his envelope on pay day and scowled.

"Look here, Miggs," he said to the cashier, "this is the fourth time in succession you have paid me with three \$20 bills, and I'm getting tired of hustling around to get them changed. Suppose you work your big bills off on some other fellows for awhile, begad!"

"Mr. Miggs," spake up a calm, unemotional, businesslike voice from somebody who was sitting inside the railing with a newspaper in his hand, "for the next four weeks you will please save Mr. Whackham some annoyance by keeping one \$20 bill per week out of his envelope."—Chicago Tribune.

Tortured by Itching
Women are almost driven insane.

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One of the most distressing symptoms imaginable is the almost unbearable itching which is an accompaniment of Leucorrhoea or whites. The nerves are irritated by the poisonous discharge, and the result is an itching which is only rendered more excruciating by rubbing or scratching.

Especially at night, when the body is warm, the patient is tormented beyond the powers of human endurance. Sleep or rest is out of the question. Nervousness, irritability and despondency are a natural result.

In these offices there are on the file thousands of letters from grateful women who have found in Dr. Chase's Ointment a quick and certain cure for this itching to which women are subject.

During the expectant period many women suffer similar agony from itching of the parts, or itching piles, which are absolutely cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

The first application of this great discovery of Dr. A. W. Chase will afford prompt relief. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Tenders for Church

SEALED TENDERS will be received by the undersigned, until February 8th, 1900, for the construction of a new Roman Catholic Church, at Souris, P. E. Island, designed by Mr. W. C. Harris, Architect, to be built of stone or brick, about one hundred and eighty feet over all in length, and to seat about nine hundred and fifty people. The plans and specifications can be seen at Souris, from January 8th, to the 15th, 1900, and can be seen at the Bishop's Palace, in Charlottetown, from the 15th January to the 8th of February, 1900. Each tender must be accompanied by a certified cheque for \$100.00, or an approved note to that amount, which will be returned if tender is not accepted, and which will be forfeited if tenderer fails to undertake the contract after his tender has been accepted. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Tenders to be sent to the undersigned and marked "Tenders for Souris Church."

D. F. MACDONALD, P. P.,
Jan. 4, 1900. Souris, P. E. I.

A Bilious Letter

Thursday evening we dropped a bill in the Post Office for a prominent gentleman of this town. The next morning we had the pleasure of receiving it. This is what we call promptness. (Oh, that others would do likewise.) We have been dropping, dropping, softly dropping a number of bills in the Post Office; and we are waiting, waiting patiently, to have the pleasure and to give the pleasure of receipting them.

Please do not all come together, but if you do, what a happy, happy gathering it will be. We have a number of bills to pay, and a large number of small bills that should be paid us. Kindly pay yours and we will be in a position to do likewise.

Yours very truly

J. J. GAY & SON,
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A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.
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Chas. H. Fletcher,
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EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

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CHEQUE LOST.

Cheque No 117, drawn by Mr. S Cousins Secretary Treasurer, Park Corner Creamery on the MERCHANTS BANK OF P. E. ISLAND, for \$36.00 dollars. Finder will please return to drawer. The public is hereby warned against cashing above cheque.