



The pathetic story of Romeo and Juliet is repeated every day in modern life, with the exception that Juliet does not die by poison. She dies because of her own neglect or ignorance.

Neglectfulness causes much of woman's peculiar sickness. Neglect of the minor troubles causes serious complications. The irregularities, the burning, dragging ache, the debilitating drains that mark the progress of feminine diseases, are passed lightly over or are borne in ignorance of their cause. Their continuance means death or insanity. This is all unnecessary. So-called female weakness can be cured. It can be cured quickly and permanently, and right in the privacy of the home without the humiliating local treatment so universally insisted upon by physicians. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription does this and more. It acts directly on the delicate organs concerned and makes them strong and healthy. It banishes the usual discomforts of the expectant period and makes baby's coming easy and almost painless. It tones and strengthens the nerves. At all medicine stores.

W. R. Malcolm, Esq., of Knobel, Clay Co., Ark. writes: "My wife for perhaps four months previous to the birth of our child took the 'Favorite Prescription.' This strengthened her entire system and child-birth to her was very easy, being attended with little pain. Our baby Ruth is thirteen months old and she has never been sick a day, not so much as had the colic; she is hearty and stout, and pretty as a picture—pretty because she is healthy, and we very much blame Dr. Pierce's family medicine for it.

We keep Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Pleasant Pellets' in our home and use them. We have been married almost three years and I have called a physician into my family but one time—at birth of our baby.

Rosy cheeks. The rich, pure, red blood of health makes them. Keep the blood pure and you will have them. Constipation causes impure blood. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure it promptly and permanently and never "ripes." They are purely vegetable and perfectly harmless. No other pill acts so naturally and perfectly. Druggists sell them.



He appeared to sway for a moment between two opinions. "What sayest thou?" he asked, turning suddenly to Tabal. "Thou art of my own nation and not ignorant like this infidel. Thinkest thou the Christian meant dishonour in casting water in my face?"

"Hast thou cast water in his face," said Tabal, with the grave impartiality of a judge, "I would say thou hast meant him dishonour. But he acted not in malice; but, as he sayeth, in ignorance. Think what that meaneth! Peradventure if thou wert to visit the Christian's country thy ignorance should betray thee into error."

This lucid reasoning seemed to weigh with Ahmed. "It may be thou speakest the truth," he said, turning to me. "I will so take it. Only remember that, if thou putst dishonour again upon me, wittingly or unwittingly, I will kill thee on the spot."

"I am warned and agree," I replied, "and now what news hast thou of the defeat?"

"The worst that tongue can tell. The troops of Abou Kuram are scattered as chaff in the wind, and my father is dead, as thou knowest. But his death shall not be avenged. A son liveth after him. Look you here. The man on the black horse is a mighty warrior, but I will slay him if he were the very devil himself, and I had to hunt him to the ends of the earth. I have sworn it, and that which I swear I will do."

It was useless to argue, so I held my peace. For awhile he sat in silent anger, his hand clutching the hilt of his dagger, his blazing eyes on the ground. But, looking up and finding Tabal and me watching, he rose, shook himself, tossed his head proudly, and began to talk as if he had never known a grief.

All this time our horses were feeding on the rich grass with such relish as only Arabs escaped from the desert can know. I saw Tabal looking thoughtfully at their swelling sides as if he were concerned about the matter.

"Are thy sins troubling thee that thou art so solemn, good Tabal?" I said.

"By the holy prophet, sins enough have I to trouble me," he answered. "Yet it was not of them I was thinking. Look you how these horses swell. If we were to be pursued, where would be their wind? Let us take them where the grass is less sweet."

"Thou speakest wisely," I replied. "Let us go."

I put Ahmed on my mare by way of cementing our friendship, and then Tabal insisted I should ride his horse.

"I have the goat's pleasure in climbing," he remarked. "I will be but a pest to me."

"Nay, nay, Tabal," I said, "I will not consent to anything of the sort. I am more of a mountain child than thou art. I could scramble with delight over rocks the mere look of which would make thee giddy. Besides, thy wound is worse than mine. Mount, my friend, and let us be off."

"Nay, not while I have two feet to walk and thou but one whole leg," he answered.

"I had to put me to the trouble of hoisting thee by the back of thy neck and the wide part of thy breeches. Up with thee. Not a word more. Am I not leader, and shall I not be obeyed?"

Tabal laughed loudly, and declaring I was making him as the grandmother of a hundred children leaped into the saddle.

At first our path was no more than a fox's trail running a devious and dizzy course round the base of great rocks and along the brow of beetling crags, and at times so steep that the riders had to dismount and almost hoist their horses by the bridle reins. Then suddenly the aspect of the place changed, and we found ourselves in a sort of level dip several miles in extent and giving one the impression of having been hollowed out by the hand of man.

"We must go warily," said Tabal. "Perchance we are not alone."

When he spoke, we were winding among a confused mass of boulders, momentarily expecting to debouch upon the open space or plateau. I was stumbling on behind, my eyes on the ground for the greater safety of my neck, when all at once I heard strange voices, and looking up saw a dozen men about Tabal and Ahmed, some pulling at the bridles and others dancing about in a disquieting manner with spears and matchlocks. It required no wizard to explain the situation. They were Bedouins, and we were prisoners.

"And, by that baby face of thine, thou hast spoken bravely," returned the Bedouin. "If thy deeds equal thy words, thou art a comrade worth having. Mohammed, thou mayest leave him his clothes as well as his skin. Heaven hath been gracious of late, and each man may in the meantime carry his own garments. It will be a convenience. And now, my men, 'tis time to eat and drink. Let us join our companions, for by this time the feast will be ready."

They took the horses and marched on, we three walking, carefully guarded, in their midst. At their rendezvous, in a smaller opening higher up the mountain, we found preparations in progress for the feast of which the chief had spoken. Fires were blazing, meat was roasting, and cakes were burning among the ashes, and while the cooks were busy, others were laying out supplies of coffee, sherbet, and tobacco—things you would not see in a Bedouin encampment oftener than once in a lifetime. There were also many horses and a drove of camels, besides bundles of dresses and various other articles of merchandise, all testifying to the exceptional luck of the band in its recent enterprises.

(To be Continued.)

**SAVE THE MOTHERS**

**Dodd's Kidney Pills Their Only Safety in Female Diseases.**

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Woman's burdens are woefully heavy. Her sufferings are agonizing. Her patience is grand. Disease preys upon her. The light dies out of her eyes, her steps become slow and dragging; she loses flesh; grows sallow, listless, droops like a flower. Then she dies. Her family is left to the cold mercy of the world. "Mother's dead!" What a piteous phrase. What sufferings have been endured before it was used. Why should mothers, wives, sisters suffer so? They need not. Dodd's Kidney Pills will quickly and thoroughly cure all cases of Female Weakness. They never fail. They give health, strength, courage: a new lease of life.

**Y. M. C. A.**

The baths in the Association Building have been refitted, and are now in strictly first class condition. They will be open Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, from 2 to 10 p. m. Members are invited to patronise them; non members will be charged a small fee for their use.

The Assembly Hall is now in good order, and will be let at reasonable rates Apply to the Secretary.

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a nice assortment of **BLOUSE SETS**

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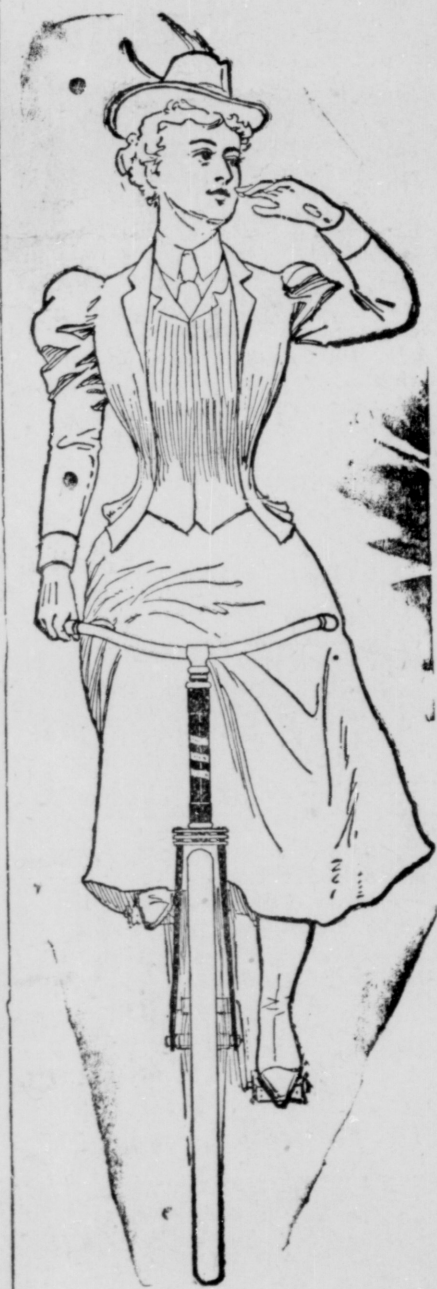
**Tweed Department**—We have made special efforts to have this department the largest and best on P. E. I. In addition to those of our own make we have a special purchase from Montreal auctions of black and blue worsteds, blue serges, Scotch tweeds, Canadian Tweeds. To any in want of 1st class goods at prices half original value, should not lose this opportunity of making your purchases at once.

**Hats and Caps**—Every style available has been secured to fill this department. Felt hats, hard and soft; crash hats, straw, all styles, English, American and Canadian Caps. We can assure you this department cannot be surpassed; all kinds of head wear from the smallest boy to the largest man.

**Gents' Furnishings**—of every description, Our Neckties just from Montreal auction, are now on sale at half price. Hose for Ladies and Children. See our 25c cashmere hose for gentlemen; job lot of gents' linen collars at 8c each, extra value. Sweaters for boys and men, in cotton and wool, at all prices; horse covers, the newest American

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J. Harry Williams, Teacher of Business Penmanship.  
W. M. Moran (licensed), Teacher of Shorthand.  
George S. Inman Esq., (Law Firm McDonald & Inman) Lecturer on Commercial Law.

For circulars and full information, write or apply to **L. B. MILLER, Principal.** All interested are cordially invited to call at the College and inspect our system of training, and work in general.

**TENDERS**

Will be received by the undersigned, up to 12 o'clock noon, on Wednesday, 15th June, from parties willing to enter A. O. H. sports, to be held on St. Dunstan's College grounds, on Friday, July 1st.

**W. F. PAYNE,**  
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