

How a person can gain a pound a day by taking an ounce of Scott's Emulsion is hard to explain, but it certainly happens.

It seems to start the digestive machinery working properly. You obtain a greater benefit from your food.

The oil being predigested, and combined with the hypophosphites, makes a food tonic of wonderful flesh-forming power.

All physicians know this to be a fact.

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

**Low-priced Practical Watches**

So low-priced that the poor man need not go without one. So practical that they will last a lifetime. We've lots of them. We want you to have one of them.

**G. F. HUTCHESON.**  
Queen St. Jewellery Store,

**You Can If You Will**

Have one of our reliable time-keepers. No person can afford to endanger an important engagement by not owning a reliable timepiece. Any person may derive a distinct advantage by possessing a good watch. OUR WATCHES ARE TIMEKEEPERS; they are just as represented. A guarantee is given with every watch sold, our prices are so low that the poorest man can afford to carry a good watch.

**W. N. TANTON**  
The Great George St Jeweler.

**Beaver Line**

CHARLOTTETOWN and LIVERPOOL  
DIRECT SERVICE  
It is proposed to sail the Steamship "LAKE WINNIPEG", 3500 tons  
From Charlottetown Nov. 7  
From Liverpool Nov. 10  
The above steamer is fitted with cold storage, and has modern improvements for carrying live stock.  
Excellent accommodation for passengers  
For freight, passage, statements, and other information apply at the office of  
**N. RATENBURY,** Agent

**PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED**  
Write today for a free copy of our interesting book "Inventors Help" and "How you are swindled." We have extensive experience in the intricate patent laws of 50 foreign countries. Send sketch, model or photo, for free advice. **MARION & MARION,** Experts, New York Life Building, Montreal, and Atlantic Building, Washington, D. C.

If you want good reliable Knives or Scissors buy **WALTER'S POPULAR TRUE BRAND CUTLERY.** Every blade warranted best steel. Leading dealers sell them.

**\$2.50**  
Simplest, Lightest Plate Camera

**Eastman's No. 2 Eureka Jr.**

Takes pictures 3 1/2 x 3 1/2 inches; weighs but 12 1/2 ounces. Meniscus lens, rotary shutter, three stops, view finder, socket for tripod screw. Perfectly adapted for snap-shots or time exposures and equally convenient as a hand or tripod camera.

Price with plate holder, complete developing and printing outfit, \$2.50  
Catalogue of Eureka Cameras and Kodaks free at agencies or by mail.

**EASTMAN KODAK CO.**  
Rochester, N. Y.

**THE LION'S CLAW**

Lieutenant Julien de Rhe had returned in a sad state from his station in Cochinchina. Convalescent, after three months' illness at his mother's home in Touraine, he shivered at the first wintry breath in the autumn air and was ordered by the doctor to Pau—"Just what you want—mild but bracing climate."

So in mid-November Julien sat at his sunny window in Hotel Garderes gazing at the Pyrenees and smoking a cigarette in honor of his recovery.  
"My faith! Pau is full of pretty women," he said to himself the first time he went to listen to the military band at the Place Royale. Neither libertine nor fop, the young fellow thrilled with a fresh joy in living as he put on his coat with its shining three straps, the rosette of the Legion of Honor in the buttonhole—the rosette his mother had laid on his bed when he was so ill, and that he thought he would only wear in his coffin.

How jolly Pau was anyhow, with its vast horizon, its snowy peaks, its brilliant sun, the cosmopolitan crowd, where pretty foreigners chatted all the languages of Europe like tropic birds in an aviary! A few sad sights to be sure—the consumptive young Englishman in a bath chair, wrapped in plaids, with the eyes of a boiled fish, a black taffeta muffler over his mouth. It gave one a shiver, yet—man is so selfish—it made Julien remember what a skeleton he had been three months ago, with chocolate rings under his eyes, and here he was cured, tossing silver coins to the beggars and watching the hearty little American girls in flyaway frocks and black gloves and stockings, dancing a "ring around a rosy" to the band's quickstep.

Just the frame of mind for falling in love, wasn't it? This the happy convalescent proceeded to do the first time he set eyes on Mlle. Olga Babrine, the belle of the Russian colony, as she dismounted in front of Hotel Gasson—the coup de foudre, in fact. Back from fox hunting one evening at 5, she had slipped from her horse into the arms of the nimblest of the pink colored adorners who rushed for her stirrup. Striking the veranda table with her crop, she had called for a cup of milk and drank it off at a draft. Looking like a Primaticcio goddess, her slim figure and copper colored hair illuminated by the flaring sunset, she paused, laughing merrily, a creamy mustache on her upper lip. Suddenly grave, with a curt, imperious nod, she left the redcoats and entered the hotel, tapping her riding habit with her whip.

Three days later, after many a "Who is she? I must know her!" to his acquaintances, Julien got himself introduced—not a difficult process—and joined the fair Russian's court.  
Was she a Russian, after all, this intoxicating creature, who rode all day and waltzed all night? Yes, by her putative father, her mother's first husband, Count Babarine.

But every one remembered that at the time of Olga's birth her mother—the daughter, by the way, of a New York banker named Jacobson—was getting a divorce, probably on account of her notorious liaison with a northern prince royal, some Christian, or Oscar, or other. What was the nationality of a child brought up successfully in a Scottish nursery, a Neapolitan convent, a Genevan pensionnat, who had slept half her nights on the cushions of the express, whose memory was a stereoscope in which revolved a series of watering places and winter resorts, whether her mother, handsome still in spite of erysipelas, had carried the ennuil of a fading coquette along with her samovar and her pet monkeys? The odd girl used to say, laughing at herself: "I am neither of London nor of Paris nor of Vienna nor of Petersburg. I'm of the table d'hôte."

Had she any family? Hardly more so. Her real father, the Oscar or Christian so often referred to by Mme. Babarine, had been dead some years, and the Russian count, her legal father, never bothered his head about her. Utterly bankrupt, a civilized Leather Stocking, who won all the pigeon matches, his unerring gun gave him a living. The countess, in spite of periodical attacks of maternal devotion—painfully hollow—was gifted with one of the perfect, absolute, spherical egotisms that never show a flaw. When Olga at 8 had almost died of typhoid, Mme. Babarine of the white hands—for the sake of decency sitting up with her child—did not once forget to put on her gants gras.

All this De Rhe learned after enlisting in the flying squadron that maneuvered about fair Olga. He began to love the strange girl, who let him look straight into her eyes, and who said to him as she lit a peresil cigarette the day a friend presented him: "Ah! You are the man who is so much in love with me! How do you do?" giving him a hearty handshake, like a man. The sailor, true hearted fellow that he was, loved her the more as he grew to understand and pity her. For he was right—Olga was fantastic, ill brought up, but neither a flirt nor a snob. Feeling perhaps the vanity of her life of pleasure, she judged, and that severely, her fox hunting adorners and her cotillon partners. All desired her; none esteemed her; not one had made her an offer of marriage. So she pulled them up short if they ventured to speak too close to her ear in the whirl of the waltz or pressed too long the hand she held out to them on camarade.

Julien, sensitive and discerning, discovered the secret high heartedness of the "thoroughbred," as Olga was called. He loved her, too, for her beauty, of course, and his head would swim when at a pause

In the dance the auburn haired goddess, with the black eyes and the tea rose skin, would lean on his arm and would intoxicate him with her stary gaze and violet breath. But he loved her above all for her sufferings, so proudly hidden. How his heart ached when he caught the somber look Olga turned on her mother at afternoon tea, when Mme. Babarine, seated with the light discreetly behind her, evoked her royal conquests in northern courts.  
He would marry her—snatch her out of

this poisonous air, take her to his own saintly mother, show her a true family—save her! He sometimes fancied Olga understood his purpose. As she handed him his glass of Russian tea he thought he now and then caught, deep in her eyes, a gentle light that seemed an answer to his generous pity.

"Yes, mademoiselle, my leave is up next week. I leave Pau tomorrow, and after a few days with my sister in Touraine I shall go to Brest. In a year I shall be at sea again."

They were standing in the hotel writing room, near the open window, with its palpitating night sky.

"Goodby, then, and bon voyage," said Olga in her frank, firm voice. "But you must give me a little keepsake—that lion's claw you wear as a watch charm—a trophy of an African lion hunt, didn't you tell me? It appeals to the fierce and free in me, you know."

Julien took off the charm and put it into the girl's fingers. Suddenly grasping her hand in both of his, he said ardently: "I love you. Will you be my wife?"  
Olga freed herself, keeping the lion's claw. Folding her arms, she looked straight at him, apparently unmoved. "No, no, and yet you are the first to love me and to tell me so in that good way. That's why I refuse you."

"Olga!" cried Julien in a choked voice.

"Listen to me and I will explain. I am not worthy of you. You would be unhappy with me. You remember your sister's letter that you said you had lost? Well, I picked it up here and read it. She replied to the confidences you had made her of your love for me, a love I had long guessed. Her words showed me the vast difference between a true, simple girl and me, and I saw, too, what a real family is—your family. Be grateful for the mother you have, M. de Rhe. I have a mother, too, but I have been forced to judge her. You have seen only her ridiculous sides, but I know her better. She would refuse you my hand because you are only of the gentry and in moderate circumstances. She has decided that either I am to make a brilliant match or she will find something else. I know a lot, don't I, for a girl of 19? Horrible, isn't it? But it's true. That's why last winter we were at Nice, last summer at Scheveningen, now at Pau. That's why we are rolling like trunks from one end of Europe to the other. Mamma was almost a princess royal, you see, and from 15 I've been given to understand that I was meant for an archduchess at least, even if a left handed one.

"Marry a mere gentleman, almost a bourgeois! Ah, you are disgusted, and I'm ashamed of myself. Do not protest. Besides, I am expensive and useless, and you don't need me, and I wouldn't make you happy, and I don't love you. I don't love any one. Love is in the things that I've always been forbidden. Goodby. Get up and go away without a word. But leave me your lion's claw to remind me of the honest fellow whom I have treated honestly. Adieu!"

Three years later one stormy night the transport Du Couedic, back from Senegal, stopped at the Canaries to take on the mail. A package of papers was tossed into the officers' mess. De Rhe, seated there, opened a three weeks' old Paris sheet, and under the heading "arrivals" read the following: "H. M. the king of Suabia, in the strictest incognito, as Duke of Augsburg, is once more among us. An unfortunate incident occurred at the station. The Baronne de Hall, who, accompanied by her mother, Comtesse Batarine,

missed an ornament of small value, but to which Mme. de Hall is, it seems, greatly attached—a lion's claw mounted in a gold circlet. Mme. de Hall has offered 2,000 francs for its recovery."

"My dear fellow, you'll miss your watch if you don't look sharp."

"Thanks," said Julien, throwing down the paper and springing up as in a dream. That night the man at the wheel, alone on the bridge with the young officer, saw Julien pass his handkerchief several times across his face. Strange, was it not, since, though there was a stiff breeze, the spray did not reach them?—Adapted For Argonaut From the French of Francois Coppée.

The two most critical times in a woman's life are the times which make the girl a woman, and the woman a mother. At these times, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is of incalculable value. It strengthens and invigorates the organs distinctly feminine, promotes regularity of the functions, allays irritation and inflammation, checks unnatural, exhausting drains, and puts the whole delicate organism into perfect condition. Almost all the ills of womankind are traceable to some form of what is known as "female complaint." There are not three cases in a hundred of woman's peculiar diseases that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will not cure.

It's poor consolation to the man who is hard up to know that the well-dressed man is compelled to keep a little behind the fashions.

I WAS CURED of painful Goitre by MINARD'S LINIMENT.  
Chatham, Ont. BYARD McMULLIN

I WAS CURED of Inflammation by MINARD'S LINIMENT.  
Walsby, Ont. MRS W. W. JOHNSON

I WAS CURED of Facial Neuralgia by MINARD'S LINIMENT.  
Parkdale, Ont. J. H. BAILEY

The credulous being may be silly, but he never gets bitter.

**Worth Trying if Sick.**

A verified record—1,016 persons cured in one month by Dr. Chase's Family Remedies. All dealers sell and recommend them.

If you want a thing done quickly, tell a small boy not to do it.

**Minard's Liniment the best Hair Restorer**

The long winded man is the hot box of agreeable conversation.

**A Quebecer's Confidence in Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure Gives Relief at once, He says.**

Danville, P. Q., April 9th, 1898.  
EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.  
Dear Sirs—Enclosed find \$1 for 4 dozen boxes Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. Please send them at once. Every patient using it says "It is an excellent cure, gives relief at once."  
JAS. MASSON, Gen'l Merchant, Danville, P. Q.

Where a new hat is concerned all women believe in love at first sight.

**Minard's Liniment is the best**

We learn more from our own failures than from the whole world's successes.

**No Cocaine in Dr. A. W. Chase's Catarrh Cure.**

Prof Heys, Ont. School of Chemistry and Pharmacy, says:—"I have made an examination of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure for Cocaine and in all its compounds, from samples purchased in the open market, and find none present." We offer a reward of \$1,000, to be devoted to any charitable institution if any druggist or doctor can find the least trace of that deadly drug Cocaine contained in Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure." Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, recommended by all dealers at 25 cents box, blower included free.

Occupation is nature's physician, and she pays wages instead of sending in a bill.

**Minard's Liniment Cures LaGrippe**

It is a brave man who comes home wearing a new fall hat before his wife gets one.

**Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism**

Women always put garden seed away so carefully that they have to buy new seed every year.

The victory rests with America's Greatest Medicine, Hood's Sarsaparilla, when it enters the battle against impure blood.

No show on earth is considered a success unless it gives a man three times the worth of his money.—Chicago Record.

**CURE** rheumatism by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which by neutralizing the acid in the blood permanently relieves aches and PAINS.

**REMOVED.**

On and after Monday, Oct 3rd, my patrons will find me in my office in the New Prowse Block, on the north side of Queen's Square, first door to the right upstairs.

**DR. J. H. AYERS, Dentist**

**What is**

**CASTORIA**

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves Teething troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. Castoria assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, 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. C. 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 CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

**SILVERWARE**

**That Will Wear Right**

Tea Sets consisting of Tea Pot, Coffee Pot, Sugar, Cream and Spoon Holders.

Trays, Salad Bowls, Cake Baskets, Baking Butter and Pickle Dishes.

**ALSO IN SOLID SILVER, FINE GOODS**

5 o'clock Spoons, Tea Spoons, Souvenir Spoons, Oyster Forks, Cheese Scoops, Cold Meat Forks, Tea Bells, Thimbles.

The cheapest ladies' Watch that we think would be worth buying, \$4.00, better ones \$7.50 to \$50.00.

**Watches for Boys \$2.75 to 10.00, Watches for men \$5.00 to 100.00. Beautiful Rings Any Birthday Stone Ring made to Order**

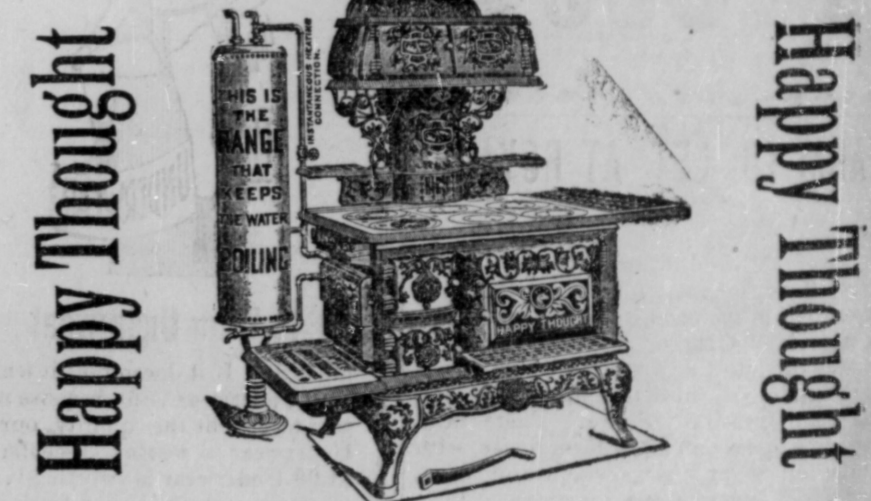
Nearly every one knows we are the pioneers in the spectacle business and in keep up to date in our stock of spectacles and eyeglasses and fitting.

**E. W. TAYLOR, Victoria Jewelry Store**

Nearly opposite Post Office  
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

**BUY A**

**Happy Thought Range AND BE HAPPY**



Every Range guaranteed. A full stock of all kinds of stoves

**SIMON W. CRABBE,**

Walker's Corner STOVES & HARDWARE

**BOVRIL**

A tea spoonful to a cup of hot water

**Bovril**

The Only Reliable Beef Fluid

**Bovril**

Gives Strength

**Bovril**

Is Relished by Invalids

**Bovril**

Enriches Soups, Gravies, etc

**Evening Classes**

Will be opened at the P. E. ISLAND COMMERCIAL COLLEGE, on

**Monday, October 3rd.**

And will be continued through the season on Monday, Tuesday and Friday evenings. Same courses as in day classes. Apply at once.

**ISAAC OXENHAM,**  
Principal

**ALL HEADACHES**  
from whatever cause cured in half an hour by **DOFFMAN'S HEADACHE POWDERS** 10 cents and 25 cents at all druggists.