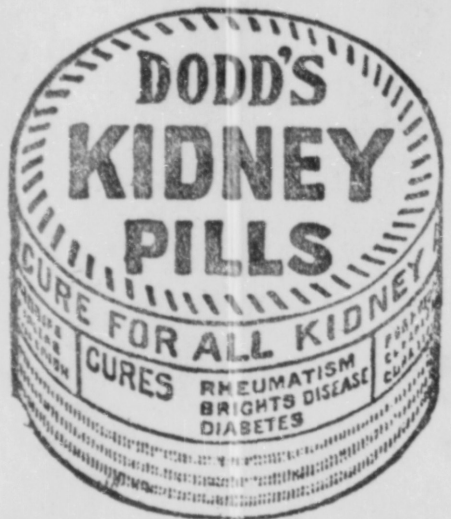


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THE BEST is always imitated. Dodd's Kidney Pills, sold only in boxes like this, are widely imitated, because they are the best kidney cure. Take care but.

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WE WANT HOUSEKEEPERS



To come in and look over our groceries. Our stock is fine and fresh and guaranteed to be satisfactory. We keep everything in our line that is necessary.

FOR HOUSEKEEPING

The prices—well, that is what we want you to see when you are looking at our goods. Their lowness will surprise you.

DRISCOLL and HORNSBY QUEEN STREET

THE WEEK'S GROCERIES ...

Perhaps you would like to get a little more for what you spend.

Perhaps you would like to have everything fresh and nice.

If you will try my store I think you will find that your money will go farther.

And all the groceries you get will be good and fresh.

JOHN McKENNA. QUEEN ST. GROCER



PLANT LINE. EXCURSIONS CHARLOTTETOWN TO BOSTON AND RETURN FOR \$11.00 Good for 30 Days.

Commencing Oct 3rd, the well known S. S. Halifax leaves Charlottetown every Tuesday at noon for Boston, via Hawkesbury and Halifax.

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St. Dunstan's College Classical and Commercial.

AFFILIATED TO LAVAL UNIVERSITY

The classes in St. Dunstan's College will be resumed on TUESDAY, the 12th September next.

For further particulars apply to A. P. McLELLAN, Rector

St. Dunstan's College, Ch'town, Aug 30, '99

THE TREASURE FISHING.

By OUTOLIFFE HYNE.

(Continued.)

I was on watch and stood leaning my elbows on the t'gallant rail of the lower deck and smoked and looked about me. The water was full of these little pink sailed jellyfish that we sea folk call Portuguese men-o'-war, though "nautilus" is, I believe, the fancy name. I pointed them out to Miss Bradbury, who was standing near, and asked her if she'd like one caught.

"Do you think there's much danger, Mr. McTodd?" says she.

"They've just a wee sting to them if they get upon your hands," said I. "But there's no need to touch them. You can just gratify your eyes, and then we will fling them overboard again. They're no beauties that you'd care to keep and take home with you, like a canary bird."

"What do you mean?" says she.

"I'm talking of these Portuguese men-o'-war."

She put her hand upon my arm, and I looked up into her face and saw it was as white as paper, saving for black rings under the eyes. "I beg your pardon, Mr. McTodd, for being so inattentive. I'm afraid my thoughts are under the sea instead of on top of it. Is this diving very dangerous work? Their air tubes might get entangled."

"They're too old hands to let them foul."

"Or they may get swept away by currents."

"Their life lines will keep them in tow."

"Or sharks."

"Sharks are always feared at divers, Miss Bradbury. No, miss, you may believe me, those two men are as safe down at work below as you are here, or safer, seeing that they can't get sunstroke, and you very likely will if you stay here away from the awnings with no hat on."

She shivered, and thanked me, and went away into the shade, and I turned again and watched the boats and the two moving patches of muddied water which they were following. It struck me at the moment that the Steamship Corinth Salvage association were putting a vast deal of trust in the two men whom they employed as their divers—£270,000 worth of gold is a very vast bulk of wealth for poor men to be near.

They did not find the wreck that day or the next. Indeed not till a week had passed did they come across her, and then they found that she had settled on her broadside into a little gully on the sea floor where a current had carried silt over her till she was almost covered out of sight. They buoyed her when she was found and that day I went off in Cameron's boat and tried to see if I could make her out from above. But she lay in 16 fathoms, and the water was gray with mud from them working below. Looking down into it was like peering through a mist.

The Gleaner swung at her anchor over the western ocean swells, and the sun bleached her awnings to the whiteness of new fallen snow. For myself, but for one thing, I never had such an easy time on full pay during all my seagoing. There was no work to do. A lot of grog was served out, coast fashion, at eight bells, and the slop chest tobacco burnt slowly and cost only 2

shillings a pound. But there was one thing worried me and that was Miss Bradbury. She had joined at Liverpool as rosy a lassie as one could wish to meet, and here she was getting whiter and thinner every day. You could almost see the flesh slip away from her bones, and she'd an appearance of scare and worry about her face that made one sick to look at. All hands saw it. There was no avoiding such a thing. But they put it down to anxiety about Cameron.

The pair of them were openly engaged to marry by this time, and I must say the way that he and the other diver worked was a caution. Of course the water was warm, but it was fairish deep, and I never saw men stay down longer. They never seemed to give in while they had strength left to lift a hand, and when they came to the surface and had their gear taken off they'd be almost fainting with weariness from what they'd gone through. And it was not a one day occurrence either. They were always the same, and the weeks slipped away till they had run into a month, and still none of the gold had been brought to the Gleaner.

The silt was the trouble, it seemed. As fast as they dug it out just so fast did it slide down again into the steamer's bowels, and the strong room, which lay right down against her keel, could not be come at. Of course one understood that Cameron's reputation depended upon his bringing off this salvage job successfully, but I don't see the force of a man killing himself, and I told him so more than once. I fancied at the time that Miss Bradbury was telling him the same every day. But he didn't take any notice of either of us, nor did Storey, the other diver, and the pair of them just worked themselves to rags.

A stopper was put on their game, however, in a way they did not expect. The steward brought word one morning that the captain wanted to see me, and I turned out of my bunk and went on deck. He seemed in a bit of a worry.

"Mr. Storey's had a stroke," says he.

"I've told that man a dozen times to take drugs, sir," said I, "and he never would."

"Drugs are all very well for us, Mac," says he, "that have ordinary stomachs, but drugs wouldn't have saved Storey what he's got, and that's paralysis."

"My certie!" said I.

"It's true," said the old man. "It took him while he was in the boat. Cameron had just gone down and Storey was going to follow when he was seized. They took off his helmet and brought him back here, and he's down in his room now with half of him dead and no speech left."

"It's a complaint, I've heard, that often does seize divers."

"It does if they stick to the trade too long. Well, Mac, I'm wanting some one to take his place, and I give you first offer. It'll mean £5 a week above and beyond your present pay, and there's nothing to hinder your earning it."

"Nothing that I see, sir. Storey and I are just in a build and I can wear his suit."

"Very well, then, just give me your hand for half a minute and look me in the eye."

I did that.

"Now," said he, "you're a servant of the Corinth Salvage association, and I'm another. Your father was a gentleman, wasn't he?"

"He was that, sir, and one of the most honored Free kirk ministers in Scotland."

"Then you must be a gentleman, too, though I dare say you are not always treated as such. Now swear to me, Mac, on your honor, as a gentleman, that you'll be true to those that are employing you."

I looked at him in the face and did it cheerfully. When a man treats me properly (and God knows few enough of them have tried it) he's got a fellow to work for him he ought to value highly.

I got into the suit as the boat rowed me out to the buoy, and when we picked up the mooring the men screwed on the helmet for me and started the air pump. It wasn't a new experience to me; I'd been diving before in the Clyde to bore holes into a sunken pier with a ratchet drill.

I went over the side, took the rope and lowered myself hand over fist through the gray water till the leaden soles on my feet touched ground. The corky feeling was a bit new again at first, but I soon got over that, and then, as my air valves were working all right, and I could breathe quite easily, I set about looking for Cameron. He was somewhere out of sight, but his air tube was lying on the mud among the sea shrubs, like a thin white eel, and I followed that easily enough.

It led me to the Corinth, where she lay with her decks straight up and down, and I saw it passing away through the watery blackness down her companion hatch. There seemed something wrong here. Where were all the great moving banks of slime the divers had told us about? Where was the filthy ooze which slid back against the steamer as fast as they dug it away? Slime there was in plenty, I sank in it knee deep in spite of the buoyancy of the suit, but it was quite manageable, and the Corinth's companion lay far above its mark. A rope lay against the upright deck beside the white air tube. I thought a minute and then laid hold and swarmed up. Inside, all was dark,

but I switched on light in the electric lamp I had with me, and the glow lit the place like a foggy street.

The first step landed me on something that crunched. I looked down and saw it was a suit of bones, skimmed clean by the fishes. Some poor wretch had been drowned here when the steamer foundered. Well, of course, I had seen a skeleton before, but somehow or other those bones didn't seem to cheer me. There was something wrong. The yarn the divers had brought up and the real thing as it lay were two entirely different matters. It occurred to me that I had stumbled (by the accident of Storey's paralysis) upon something intended to be hid, and I was quite man enough to know that trouble might very possibly follow.

I stopped where I was and thought. I'd a big mind to go back then and report what I had seen. I felt I should be earning my pay by doing that. But at the same time I liked Cameron; he was a fellow countryman and more besides, and I didn't want to report him as acting off the square, so I stutened my heart and went on down below.

(to be continued)

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 heartily 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. Bull, 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 E. Mansson, Bates & Co. Toronto.



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lasts longer than other makes is because it is made from the original process. Only the most skilled workmen are employed. It is made with the greatest care.

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CHARLOTTETOWN School of Music W. HARRY WATTS, DIRECTOR

Fall term opens September 5th. Students recommencing will kindly call at the studio or write, notifying the Director of date of recommencement.

Vacancies for a limited number of new students.

Studio hours, 9 a m to 12; 2 p m to 5 p m

FOR RENT.

The subscriber offers for rent his residence, corner of Hillsborough and Richmond Street. The house contains a tea room and is furnished with electric light and fitted with bath, etc., connected with the Charlottetown Sewerage system. Possession given at once. Apply to HENRY SMITH

Sept 11th 1899

In re Estate of Reubin Tuplin, of Kensington, deceased

All persons having any demand upon the estate of the above named deceased, are hereby required to exhibit the same duly attested, as by law required, at the office of Charles R Smallwood, Solicitor, Charlottetown, within one year from the date of this advertisement.

Dated this 2nd day of September, A. D. 1899.

JAMES TUPLIN, R R FITZGERALD, SW BODD, Executors.

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CASTORIA

Castoria is for Infants and Children. Castoria is a harmless substance for Castor Oil, Paregoric, 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.

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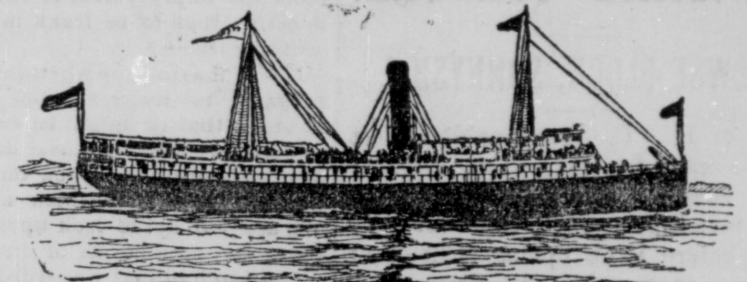
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DIRECT

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TO LIVERPOOL, G. B.

The Elder Dempster & Co's Steamship LAKE HURON 4040 tons, having cold storage accommodation and decks properly fitted for carrying live stock, is intended to sail from Charlottetown for Liverpool, direct, on or about the 13th October also on or about the 18th November.

The Lake Huron has splendid accommodation for a large number of cabin passengers, at very moderate rates.

For rates of freight and other particulars apply to

N. RATTENBURY AGENT

Ch'town, August, 26th, 1899

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MEN'S HATS, CAPS	MEN'S Underwear
LADIES' HATS	A good range of different weights, including Stanfield's Unshrinkable.
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