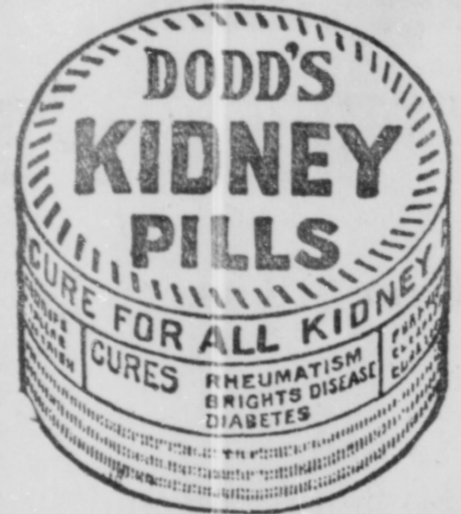


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GRAND Provincial Bazaar

—IN AID OF THE—
NEW ST. DUNSTAN'S CATHEDRAL

—TO BE OPENED IN THE—
Cathedral Basement Hall, Ch'town

—ON—
Monday Evening, October 16th

at eight o'clock, and to be continued on

Tues. Wed. Thur. and Fri.
Oct. 17th, 18th, 19th & 20th

A cordial invitation tendered to every man, woman and child in the Province. Ample room for every person who attends. Excellent meals provided for all visitors. Select musical entertainments every evening by the League of the Cross Band (New \$600 set of silver instruments), and other sources of amusement.

Come one—Come all.

Cheap Excursion Tickets to the City will be issued at all stations on **TUESDAY, OCT. 17th**, good to return on same and following day; and again on **THURSDAY, OCT. 19th**, good to return on same and following day, at the following **REDUCED RATES**, from all stations between

Tignish and Piusville, inclusive	\$1.25
Bloomfield and Portage	1.15
Conway and Richmond	95c
Wellington and St. Eleanore	85c
Summerside and Freetown	75c
Emerald and Fredrickton	60c
Clyde and North Wiltshire	45c
Colville and Loyalist	35c
Cape Traverse and Kinkora	75c
Souris and Bear River	85c
Rollo Bay and Midgell	75c
Marie and Douglass	60c
St. Andrews and Tracadie	45c
Bedford and Suffolk	35c
York	25c
Union	20c
Georgetown and Perth	75c
48 Road and Peake's	60c
Pisquid	45c

Passengers holding Railway Tickets will be required to have them stamped by the Bazaar Committee, before they will be honored for return on the trains.

By order of committee.
THOMAS DRISCOLL,
222—tu, thur, sat & w Secretary

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

LOW RATE EXCURSIONS

—FROM—
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

—ON—
Sept. 28th, 29th, 30th

Oct. 2nd & 3rd

For round trip tickets to

MONTREAL \$13.30

On Sept. 28th, 29th and 30th, Round Trip Tickets to

Citawac, Ont.	\$16.80
Toronto, Ont.	\$23.30
Detroit, Mich.	
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Niagara Falls, Ont.	\$24.65
Chicago, Ill.	\$29.65

Tickets good to return leaving destination up to and including October 16th, 1899.

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Ch'town, P. E. I.



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(Continued.)

She looked at him for a moment. He had allowed himself to sneer. Her manner as she went on without taking any notice of his question proved that Lady Craigenoch had been right in saying that she was a lady.

"My work will be done," she said. "From the first moment I knew the prince I determined to use my influence in this way. He only—he only needed a little encouragement."

"And a little money?"

"I gave him one; you're giving him the other. We shall both be repaid by his success."

"You're a very strange woman," he said. "Probably he did not know how straight and hard his eyes were set on her. They could not leave her. What a pity it was that she would not go with the prince—as his wife or even, to use Lady Craigenoch's charitable evasive phrase, as she was now. To set the prince on the seat of his ancestors was not an exploit that appealed to Mr. Byers, but to set this woman on a throne would be worth—well, how much? Mr. Byers detected this question in his own heart. He could not help reducing things to figures. "Why don't you go with him?" he asked bluntly.

"It would prejudice him," she answered simply, folding her hands in her lap.

Then she stretched out a hand toward him and said suddenly with a sudden quiver in her voice, "I talk to you like this, and all the time I'm wanting to go down on my knees and kiss your hands, because you're doing this."

The lean hand held the square jaw. The attitude was a favorite one with Mr. Byers, and his eyes were still on her.

"Yes, that's what I want to do," she said, with a nervous laugh. "It's so splendid of you." Her breath came fast. Her eyes were very bright. At that moment Mr. Byers wished that the quick breath and the bright eyes were for him himself, not for the helper of the prince, and for that moment he forgot Mrs. Byers and the babies in Portland place. It was years since he had had any such wish about any woman. He felt a sympathy with Prince Julian who had almost cried when he signed the manifesto, because if he mounted the throne Ellen Rivers would leave him.

"We want money now directly," she went on. "We want the manifesto in every house. I can manage the distribution. And we must pay people—bribe them. We must sow seed. It'll soon come up. And the prince will act at the proper time."

"How much do you want now?" he asked.

"Half a million now and another next month," she said.

"And more before the end?"

"Yes, most likely. You can get it. You know."

"And shall I ever get it back?"

"The prince has given his word."

When a man who has neglected his health finally realizes that he is being attacked by serious illness, it is no time for half-way measures. Death is an enemy that must be knocked out in the first round, or he is pretty sure to conquer in the end.

A weak stomach, an impaired digestion and a disordered liver mean that a man is fighting the first round with death. Unless he manages to strike the knock-out blow, it means that death will come up in the second round in the guise of some serious malady. When a man's stomach is weak and his digestion is impaired, the life-giving elements of the food he takes are not assimilated into the blood. The blood gets thin and weak, and the body slowly starves. In the meantime the disordered liver and the sluggish bowels have forced into the blood all manner of impurities. The body is hungry and eagerly consumes anything that the bloodstream carries to it. In place of healthy nutriment, it receives for food foul poisons that should have been excreted by the bowels. Continued, this system of starvation combined with poisoning, will wreck every organ in the body. Naturally, the weakest organ will give way first. If a man is naturally nervous, he will break down with nervous exhaustion or prostration. If he inherits weak lungs, the consequence will be consumption, bronchitis, asthma, or some disease of the air-passages. If he has a naturally sluggish liver, he will suffer from a serious bilious or malarial attack. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures all disorders of the stomach, digestion and liver. It purifies the blood and fills it with the life-giving elements of the food that build new and healthy tissue. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder and nerve tonic. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption. Thousands have testified to their recovery from this dread disease under this great medicine.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure constipation.

Mr. Byers assumed a doubtful air. "Oh, you're not as stupid as that. You believe him," she added, almost contemptuously. "Do you mean it's a speculation? Of course it is. I thought you had courage."

"So I have," said Byers. And he added, "I may want it all too." What he would want it for was in his mind, but he did not tell her.

He thought a great deal about the matter that evening as he sat by the fire opposite to Mrs. Byers, who knitted a stocking and said nothing. She never broke in upon his thoughts, believing that a careless interruption might cost a million. Millions were in his mind now, and other things than millions. There was his faith with his associates. They were all waiting his word. When he gave it, rumors would die away, reports be contradicted, the manifesto poohpoohed. There would be buyings, the stock would lift up her head again, confidence would return, and the first to buy, the first to return to faith in the stock, would be Mr. Byers and his associates. The public would come in afterward, and when the public came in he and his associates would go out again, richer by vast sums. The money and his good faith—his honor among financiers—bound him, and the triumph of his brains, the beauty of his coup, the admiration of his fellows, the unwilling applause of the hard hit—all these allured him mightily. On the other side, there was nothing except the necessity of disappointing Mrs. Rivers, of telling her that the necessary resources were not forthcoming; that the agitation and the manifesto had served their turn; that the prince had been made a fool of; that she herself had been made a fool of too. Many such a revelation had he made to defeated opponents, calmly, jestingly perhaps, between the puffs of his cigar, not minding what they thought. Why should he mind what Mrs. Rivers thought? She would no longer wish to kiss that lean, strong hand of his; she might cry (she had Lady Craigenoch to cry to). He looked across at his wife, who was knitting; he would not have minded telling anything to her. But so intensely did he mind telling what he had to tell to Ellen Rivers that the millions, his good faith, the joy of winning and the beauty of the coup all hung doubtful in the balance against the look in the eyes of the lady at Prince Julian's. "What an infernal fool I am!" he groaned. Mrs. Byers glanced up for a moment, smiled sympathetically, and went on with her knitting. She supposed that there must be some temporary hitch about the latest million or perhaps Shum had been troublesome; that was sometimes what was upsetting Mr. Byers.

The next morning Mr. Shum was troublesome. He thought that the moment for action had come; the poor stock had been blown upon enough; the process of rehabilitation should begin. Various other gentlemen, wealthy with money, dropped in with their hats on the back of their heads and expressed the same views. Byers fenced with them, discussed the question rather inconclusively, took now this side and now that, hesitated, vacillated, shilly shalled. The men wondered at him, they knew they were right, and, right or wrong, Byers had been wont to know his own mind. Their money was at stake; they looked at one another uncomfortably. Then the youngest of them, a fair boy, great at dances and late suppers, but with a brain for figures and a cool boldness which made him already rich and respected in the city, tilted his shining hat still a little farther back and drawled out, "If you've lost your nerve, Byers, you'd better let somebody else engineer the thing."

What her fair fame is to a proud woman the prestige of his nerve was to Mr. Byers. The boy had spoken the decisive word by chance, by the unerring instinct which in any sphere of thought is genius. In half an hour all was planned, the government of the prince's country saved and the agitation at an end. The necessary resources would now be forthcoming, confidence would be made, the coup brought off, the triumph won.

So in the next fortnight it happened. Prince Julian looked on with vague bewilderment, reading the articles and paragraphs which told him that he had abandoned all thought of action, had resigned himself to wait for an express recall from his loving subjects (which might be expected to assail his ears on the Greek kalends); that, in fact, he would do nothing. Mrs. Rivers read the paragraphs, too, and waited and waited and waited for the coming of Mr. Byers and the necessary resources. She smiled at what she read, for she had confidence in the cause, or at least in herself and in Mr. Byers. But the days went on. Slowly the stock rose; then in went the

public with a rush. The paragraphs and the articles dwindled and ceased; there was a commotion somewhere else in Europe; Prince Julian and his manifesto were forgotten. What did it mean? She wrote a note asking Mr. Byers to call.

It was just at this time also that Mr. Henry Shum accepted the invitation of the Conservative Association of the Hatton Garden Division of Holborn Bars to contest the seat at the approaching general election, and that Lady Craigenoch gave orders for the complete renovation of her town house. Both these actions involved, of course, some expense—how much it is hard to say precisely. The house was rather large, and the seat was very safe.

Prince Julian sat in his library in Palace Gate and Mrs. Rivers stood beside him, her hand resting on the arm of his chair. Now and then the prince glanced up at her face rather timidly. They had agreed that matters showed no progress. Then Mrs. Rivers had become silent.

"Hac Byers thrown us over?" the prince asked at last.

"Hush, hush!" she answered in a low voice. "Wait till he's been. He's coming today." Her voice sank lower still as she whispered: "He can't have. Oh, he can't!"

There was silence again. A few minutes passed before the prince broke out fretfully: "I'm sick of the whole thing! I'm very well as I am. If they want me, let them send for me. I can't force myself on them."

She looked down for a moment and touched his hair with her hand.

"If this has come to nothing, I'll never try again. I don't like being made a fool of."

Her hand rested for a moment on his forehead. He looked up smiling.

"We can be happy together," he murmured. "Let's throw up the whole thing and be happy together." He caught her hand in his. "You'll stay with me anyhow?"

(to be continued)

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In desperation salves and ointments are applied, only to give rise to further disappointment and despair.

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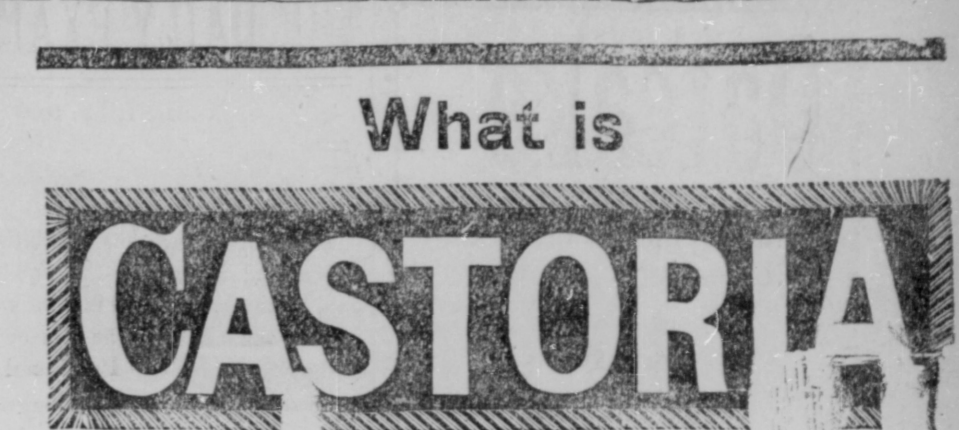
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