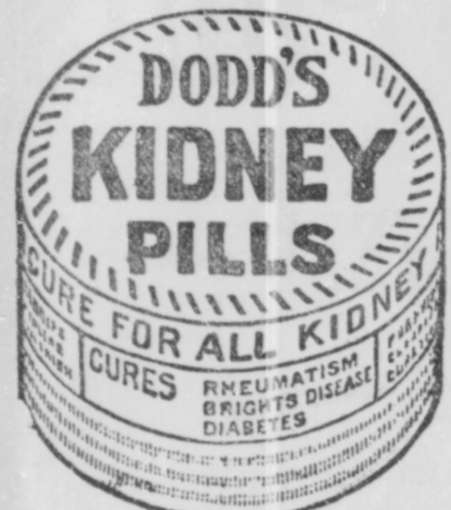


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THE BEST is always imitated. Dodd's Kidney Pills, and only in boxes like this, are widely imitated, because they are the best kidney cure. Take none but

D-O-D-D'S

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 is 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. Eleasers	85c
Summerside and Freetown	75c
Emerald and Fredrickton	60c
Clyde and North Wilshire	45c
Colville and Loyalist	35c
Cape Traverse and Kinkora	75c
Souris and Bear River	85c
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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

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

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 OUTLIPPE HYNE.

[Copyright, 1896, by Cutcliffe Hyne.]

I fancy the two divers must have been in it from the very first, and indeed I've a strong notion the whole plot to steal the treasure was in the beginning theirs and theirs alone. I can't be sure, but I've an idea that Miss Bradbury came into the business soon after we sailed from Liverpool, and, if one may hazard a guess, it was because Willie Cameron, the diver with the black hair, fell in love with her and let out the secret. However, I didn't arrive at any of this till later, and, if it hadn't been lugged into the business by the veriest outside chance, it's my belief the three of them would have walked off with all the gold, and the salvage company would never have seen so much as the bare color of it.

There was a distinct understanding between me and Captain Boyd when I signed on as "third" of the Gleaner that I was only doing it as a personal obligation to himself. The berths of second and chief engineer had been filled. They wanted a man who would not mind bearing a hand if anything went wrong with the diving tackle, and they couldn't have picked a better than myself. I was thoroughly well grounded in the shops before ever I thought of the sea, and, though I say it, few better fitters and all round mechanics have ever stood on the foot-plates of a steamboat's engine room. If it wasn't for the board of trade and their rotten examinations, I'd have been chief long ago, and with a chief's ticket in my pocket you may be sure I'd have got the master hand over the whisky, at any rate at sea, and in sight of any one that mattered ashore.

Of course it was a condescension for a man like me to be third on a bit of a steamboat like the Gleaner, but I was drawing £8 a month, which was the same as the second engineer got, and I'll not deny I was in a manner forced into taking the first berth that offered. I'd been paid off from my last ship in Liverpool, and I'd met friends who knew Ballindochater, where my father had been Free kirk minister, and we'd got a little noisy and found trouble. The fat English brute of a magistrate did give us the option, but it took all the money I had left to pay myself out.

I might even admit, too, that the business of the Gleaner had some attraction for me. She was off treasure fishing to the Canaries; she was chartered by a little company that called itself the S. S. Corinth Salvage association, and the work for her engineers promised to be light. We should steam down channel, through the bay and down to the spot among the islands where the Corinth had been sunk, and there we should swing anchor while the boats went off with the divers to do their work. We should keep banked fires in case an onshore breeze came and we had to steam out, but as a general thing there would be no watches for us engineers and full pay going all the time.

"It'll be the softest job you've tumbled into for many a long day, Mr. Mc-Todd," said the old man when he offered me the berth. "We shall be quite a family ship. There's a big, large cabin, and we shall all mess together—mates, engineers, divers and passengers—with



Happy, healthy childhood! Every childless woman feels a tugging at her heart-strings when she sees another woman's happy, healthy rollicking baby. Motherhood is woman's supremest duty and her supremest happiness. Even in childhood she shows how deeply this sentiment is implanted in her breast when she plays with her dolls. There are thousands of otherwise happy wives in this world who only lack the thrilling touch of a first-born's fingers to complete their happiness.

Every wife may be the mother of happy, robust children who will. Thousands of women who had lived years of cheerless, childless wedded life, or whose babies have been born to them weak and sickly, soon to die, are now happy mothers of healthy children, and bless Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for the wonders it has accomplished for them. This great medicine acts directly and only on the delicate and important organs that bear the burden of maternity. It makes them strong, healthy, vigorous and elastic. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration, and tones and strengthens the nerves. It banishes the discomforts of the expectant months and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. It insures a healthy child and an ample supply of nourishment. Honest dealers will not offer worthless substitutes for the sake of a little added profit.

"I cannot say enough in praise of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, as it has undoubtedly saved my life," writes Mrs. Florence Hunter, of Corley, Logan Co., Ark. "I miscarried four times; could get no medicine to do me any good. After taking several bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription I made my husband a present of a fine girl."

Free! Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. For paper-covered copy send at one-cent stamps, to cover customs and mailing only. Cloth-bound 50 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. A whole medical library in one 1000-page volume.

your chief at the end of the table and me at the other."

"Passengers?" said I. "I thought this was a salvage job."

"They are coming just for a cruise—a Mr. Kent and his wife and her sister, a Miss Bradbury. Of course the Gleaner hasn't got a passenger certificate, so they will have to sign articles like the rest of us to get to windward of the board of trade. The ladies will be stewardesses and Mr. Kent can take his choice between being doctor and fourth mate."

"Are they interested in this salvage business?"

"Not a bit," said Captain Boyd. "They're people of means, and Miss Bradbury writes novels. They pay for their grub and rooms like they would on a regular packet. They're just coming to see the diving and get a blow of sea air, and I shouldn't wonder but what the young lady writes a book about it when she gets home. So keep your hair combed straight, Mr. Mc-Todd. It's a pretty big affair, anyway. The Corinth took down £270,000 worth of gold with her when she foundered. She was a Cape boat, you know, coming home."

"Her propeller shaft broke, didn't it, somewhere in the after end of the tunnel?"

"That's the idea, Mac. There was a breeze on at the time, and I suppose she was racing badly. And it ripped the stern plating to smithereens when it went. Of course, the sliding door to the shaft tunnel jammed when it was wanted, and so she just had to swamp. There was no help for it. They'd half an hour to get clear in, and the boats saved about two-thirds of her people. I guess the rest of the poor beggars are in her now, and an ugly sight they'll be for the divers when they go down to try to weigh that gold."

The captain had other business to attend to then, so I left him, but after we got fairly started and had dropped our Mersey pilot at Point Lynas there was information about the work ahead for any one who chose to listen. The talk was upon nothing else. The three passengers fairly brimmed with it. They said treasure diving was "so romantic."

For myself, when I thought of those dead bones guarding chests of gold far down in the slime and the weed and the cold wash of the sea, I thought the business was merely grisly. But then I never did understand the ways of those writing people. They would have suited my father better. He was a writer that every one who reads will have heard of. It was he who wrote "Sixty-two Years in Ballindochater," by A Scourger of Sin.

I cannot say either that Miss Bradbury was my idea of a woman who could write a book. To begin with, she was young, and as bonny looking a lassie as you could pick during a three hours' search in Buchanan street, Glasgow. She'd a fine color to her cheeks and big brown eyes that fairly lit when she warmed up in her talk. She was not small, but her white canvas shoes would stand within the palm of my hand. I tried that one day when the steward was pipeclaying them. She'd a guitar with her on board, and when we got to south across the bay and the nights grew warm she'd sit out in the moonlight and sing. Her music was nothing in my line, though. It was all of a flighty sort. But, then, it was not made directly for my pleasure. Cameron was the man she sang for, and, though at first she disguised this, before we rose the Canary mountain above the sea line she was not shy of letting it be seen by any one who chose to look. And Willie Cameron liked her in return, and, if ever I saw it, love glowed out of the eyes of those two.

We were fellow countrymen, Cameron and I (I am Scottish myself), and



Cameron was the man she sang for.

at one time and another the pair of us put in a fairish deal of talk. His air pump needed a bit of an overhaul, and as I was set on to help him we had plenty of opportunity. But I'll not say we got much off general topics. He seemed a man in a desperate hurry to get rich, and most every day he'd ask me if I could point him out a plan. But my answer to him was always the same.

"Man," I'd say, "I'd not be acting as third engineer on an odd job steamboat like this if I'd a plan handy to my fingers such as you seem to want." And then he'd shake his head and sigh and fall to talking about the meth-

ods by which he and his mate hoped to get the gold boxes out of the wreck and down into the Gleaner's hold. I suppose I ought to have seen what he was after then. But I didn't. I'd only get it in mind that he wanted to marry Miss Bradbury and didn't see his way to fingering enough money ready to set up housekeeping upon.

We'd an easy bay and a good run down, and we made Grand Canary one morning just before the dawn. We ran into Las Palmas harbor and saw Tenerife far away across the sand neck, with its sunny head, rosy in the sunrise. We'd a day there making arrangements and getting in some stores, and then we steamed out again and made for the spot where the Corinth had gone down and brought up to an anchor and lowered fires.

Before us lay the open sea, behind were the dry cinder hills of Grand Canary, and above were blue heaven and a sun of dancing brass. The day was frizzling, the island gave us a lee out of the southeast trade, and there was no breath of wind astir. The water lay like a sheet of metal. No divers could have asked for a better prospect. We got their two boats into the water, each with air pump, rowers, cocksain, man to tend the life lines and men to pump, and off they rowed, 100 yards apart. Presently the air pumps began to turn, and the diver, like some white, uncanny sea beast, went over from each. After a pause the boats pulled slowly ahead. Cameron and his mate were walking along the sea floor, searching for the wreck.

(to be continued)

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Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food Restores Weak, Sickly Women to Robust Health.

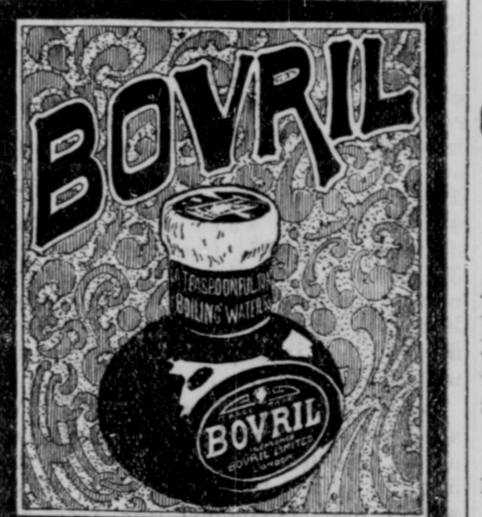
Any irregularities in the monthly uterine action is sufficient cause for women to be alarmed about their health. Whether painful, suppressed or profuse menstruation, the cause can be traced to some derangement of the nerves.

A few boxes of Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food will completely build up the exhausted nerves and restore the regular monthly action which removes from the body the clogged matter that would otherwise cause pain and serious disease.

It is as a restorative for pale, weak women that Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food has been singularly successful. It counteracts the debilitating diseases peculiar to women by feeding the nerves and creating new nerve fluid, the vital force of the human body.

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Vacancies for a limited number of new students.
Studio hours, 9 a m to 12; 2 p m to 5 p m

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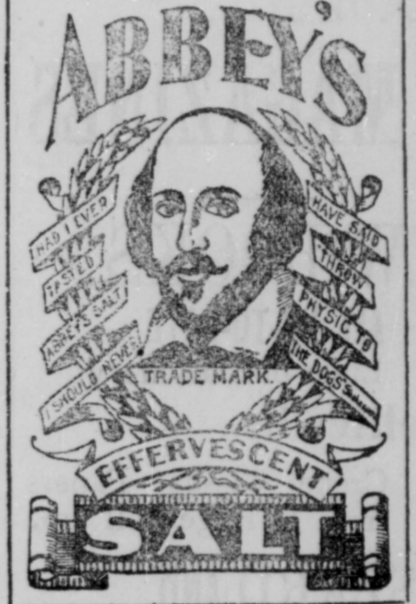
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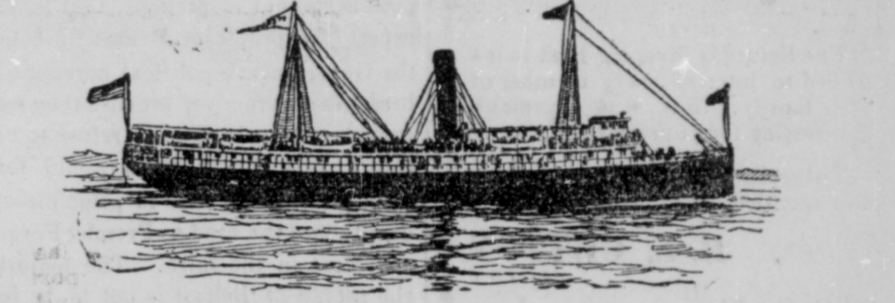


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"This preparation deserves every good word which is being said of it. A sample is offered to each physician, and most favorably is it commented upon. There is no doubt but that the daily use of Abbey's Effervescent Salt will be a great preventive and aid in warding off attacks of disease."

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

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