

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 has been 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 Edmansons, Bates & Co., Toronto.

EPPS'S COCOA

GRATEFUL COMFORTING Distinguishes everywhere for Delicacy of Flavour, Superior Quality, and Nutritive Properties. Specially grateful and comforting to the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold only in 1-lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & Co., Ltd., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST SUPPER SPECTACLES

SPECTACLES

—AND— EYEGLASSES

Be a pair and up

Just opened a new stock at the Modern Jewelry and Fancy Goods Store, Sunnyside, opposite Post Office.

JURY & CO.

Burning a Penny Candle, to look for a Farthing.

That is what some folks do when they try to save cents in the purchase of adulterated soap made from cheap oils. They not only "burn the candle" but they "lose the farthing" as well, when they subject costly fabrics to the corrosive action of such soaps. Dollars are literally thrown away in washing fabrics like lace, muslin, damask, cretonnes, silks, and cambrils with trashy imported soaps made from inferior oil.

Royal Oak Soap

is expressly manufactured for the washing of such articles. It is made from the purest materials; white goods become whiter and colored goods brighter when washed with it. A purer soap is beyond the art of soap making. Ask your dealer. For sale everywhere.

J. D. LAPHORN & CO.

Charlottetown Soap Works

ACHING TEETH CAREFULLY TREATED. And FILLED or CROWNED

DR. JOHN P. MURRAY.

Sunlight and Lifebuoy Soaps

are absolutely pure, equally good for the toilet or the laundry. They will not injure the tenderest skin, or most delicate fabrics. Try them.

THE DRUMS OF THE FORE AND AF

(Continued)

"The other drummer boys hated both lads on account of their illogical conduct. Jakin might be pounding Lew or Lew might be rubbing Jakin's head in the dirt, but any attempt at aggression on the part of an outsider was met by the combined forces of Lew and Jakin, and the consequences were painful. The boys were the Ishmaels of the corps, but wealthy Ishmaels, for they sold battles in alternate weeks for the sport of the barracks when they were not pitted against other boys, and thus they amassed money.

On this particular day there was dissension in the camp. They had just been convicted afresh of smoking, which is bad for little boys who use plug tobacco, and Lew's contention was that Jakin had "stunk so 'orrid bad from keepin' the pipe in pocket" that he and he alone was responsible for the birching they were both tingling under.

"I tell you I 'id the pipe back o' barracks," said Jakin pacifically. "You're a bloomin liar!" said Lew without heat. "You're a bloomin little barstard!" said Jakin, strong in the knowledge that his own ancestry was unknown.

Now there is one word in the extended vocabulary of barrack room abuse that cannot pass without comment. You may call a man a thief and risk nothing. You may even call him a coward without finding more than a boot whiz past your ear, but you must not call a man a bastard unless you are prepared to prove it on his front teeth.

"You might ha' kep' that till I wasn't so sore," said Lew sorrowfully dodging round Jakin's guard.

"I'll make you sorer," said Jakin genially and got home on Lew's alabaster forehead. All would have gone well, and this story, as the books say, would never have been written, had not his evil fate prompted the bazaar sergeant's son, a long, employess man of five and twenty, to put in an appearance after the first round. He was eternally in need of money and knew that the boys had silver.

"Fighting again," said he. "I'll report you to my father, and he'll report you to the color sergeant."

"What's that to you?" said Jakin with an unpleasant dilation of the nostrils.

"Oh, nothing to me. You'll get into trouble, and you've been up too often to afford that."

"What the hell do you know about what we've done?" asked Lew the Seraph. "You aren't in the army, you lousy, cadgin civilian."

He closed in on the man's left flank. "Jes' cause you find two gentlemen settlin' their differences with their fists you stick in your ugly nose where you aren't wanted. Run 'ome to your 'arf caste slant of a ma—or we'll give you what for," said Jakin.

The man attempted reprisals by knocking the boys' heads together. The scheme would have succeeded had not Jakin punched him vehemently in the stomach, or had Lew refrained from kicking his shins. They fought together, bleeding and breathless, for half an hour, and after heavy punishment, triumphantly pulled down their opponent as terriers pull down a jackal.

"Now," gasped Jakin, "I'll give you what for." He proceeded to pound the man's features while Lew stamped on the outlying portions of his anatomy.

There is a music of health. The instruments of that music are men and women. Men are wittier, who are attractive, who are endowed with every charm but one, and that is the charm that robust health alone can give. A woman may possess every charm and grace that nature and education can bestow, but if she suffers from neglected weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organism, she cannot by any possibility disguise it. It will take the glow of health from her cheek, the flash of wit from her eye, and the grace and spring of health from her carriage. No woman need suffer in this way. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription acts directly and only on the delicate and important organs concerned and makes them strong, healthy and vigorous. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration, soothes pain and gives rest to the tortured nerves. It banishes all debilitating drains. It is the best tonic for nursing mothers. Thousands of thankful women have, without solicitation, testified over their own signatures to the marvelous merits of this medicine. Dr. Pierce, who discovered this wonderful medicine, will cheerfully answer, without charge, the letters of ailing women. Address, Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N.Y. The "Favorite Prescription" is for sale by all good medicine dealers, and only an unscrupulous dealer will try to induce a customer to take some worthless remedy, alleged to be "just as good."

"This is to tell you," writes Sister Eliza L. de Falcon, of Corpus Christi, Nueces Co., Texas, "that I had been ill for twenty-one years and was finally cured by your medicines, the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and the 'Favorite Prescription'."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure constipation.

Envy is not a strong point in the composition of the average drummer boy. He fights, as do his betters, to make his mark. Ghastly was the ruin that escaped, and awful was the wrath of the bazaar sergeant. Awful, too, was the scene in orderly room when the two reprobates appeared to answer the charge of half murdering a "civilian." The bazaar sergeant thirsted for a criminal action, and his son lied. The boys stood to attention while the black clouds of evidence accumulated.

"You little devils are more trouble than the rest of the regiment put together," said the colonel angrily. "One might as well admonish thistle down, and I can't well put you in cells or under stoppages. You must be flogged again."

"Beg your pardon, sir. Can't we say nothin' in our own defense, sir?" shrieked Jakin.

"Hey! What? Are you going to argue with me?" said the colonel.

"No, sir," said Lew. "But if a man come to you, sir, an said he was going to report you, sir, for 'avin a bit of a turn up with a friend, sir, an wanted to get money out of you, sir?"

The orderly room exploded in a roar of laughter. "Well?" said the colonel.

"That was what that measly jarnwar there did, sir, an 'e'd 'im done it, sir, if we 'adn't prevented 'im. We didn't 'it 'im much, sir. 'E 'adn't no manner o' right to interfere with us, sir. I don't mind being flogged by the drum major, sir, nor yet reported by any corp'ral, but I'm—but I don't think it's fair, sir, for a civilian to come an talk over a man in the army."

A second shout of laughter shook the orderly room, but the colonel was grave.

"What sort of characters have these boys?" he asked of the regimental sergeant major.

"Accordin to the bandmaster, sir," returned that revered official—the only soul in the regiment whom the boys feared—"they do everything but lie, sir."

"Is it like we'd go for that man for fun, sir?" said Lew, pointing to the plaintiff.

"Oh, admonished—admonished!" said the colonel testily, and when the boys had gone he read the bazaar sergeant's son a lecture on the sin of unprofitable meddling and gave orders that the bandmaster should keep the drums in better discipline.

"If either of you comes to practice again with so much as a scratch on your two ugly little faces," thundered the bandmaster, "I'll tell the drum major to take the skin off your backs. Understand that, you young devils."

Then he repeated of his speech for just the length of time that Lew, looking like a seraph in red worsted embellishments, took the place of one of the trumpets—in hospital—and rendered the echo of a battle piece. Lew certainly was a musician and had often in his more exalted moments expressed a yearning to master every instrument of the band.

"There's nothing to prevent your becoming a bandmaster, Lew," said the bandmaster, who had composed waltzes of his own and worked day and night in the interests of the band.

"What did he say?" demanded Jakin after practice.

"Said I might be a bloomin bandmaster an be asked in to 'ave a glass o' sherry wine on mess nights."

"Ho! Said you might be a bloomin noncombatant, did 'e? That's just about wot 'e would say. When I've put in my boy's service—it's a bloomin shame that don't count for pension—I'll take on a privit. Then I'll be a lance in a year—knowin what I know about the ins an outs o' things. In three years I'll be a bloomin sergeant. I won't marry then, not I. I'll 'old on an learn the or'cers' ways an apply for exchange into a regiment that doesn't know all about me. Then I'll be a bloomin or'cer. Then I'll ask you to 'ave a glass o' sherry wine, Mr. Lew, an you'll bloomin well 'ave to stay in the hanty room while the mess sergeant brings it to your dirty 'ands."

"S'pose I'm goin to be a bandmaster? Not I, quite. I'll be a or'cer too. There's nothin like takin to a thing an stickin to it, the schoolmaster says. The reg'ment don't go 'ome for another seven years, I'll be a lance then or near to."

Thus the boys discussed their futures and conducted themselves with exemplary piety for a week. That is to say, Lew started a flirtation with the color sergeant's daughter, aged 13—"not," as he explained to Jakin, "with any intention o' matrimony, but by way o' keepin my 'and in." And the black haired Chris Delighan enjoyed that flirtation more than previous ones, and the other drummer boys raged furiously together, and Jakin preached sermons on the dangers of "bein tangled along o' petticoats."

But neither love nor virtue would have held Lew long in the paths of propriety had not the rumor gone abroad that the regiment was to be sent on active service to take part in a war which for the sake of brevity we will call "the war of the lost tribes."

The barracks had the rumor almost before the messroom, and of all the 900 men in barracks not 10 had seen a shot fired in anger. The colonel had 20 years ago assisted at a frontier expedition, one of the majors had seen service at the Cape, a confirmed deserter in E company had helped to clear streets in

Ireland, but that was all. The regiment had been put by for many years. The overwhelming mass of its rank and file had from three to four years' service, the noncommissioned officers were under 30 years old, and men and sergeants alike had forgotten to speak of the stories written in brief upon the colors—the new colors that had been formally blessed by an archbishop in England ere the regiment came away.

They wanted to go to the front—they were enthusiastically anxious to go—but they had no knowledge of what war meant, and there was none to tell them. Wherefore they cheered lustily when the rumor ran, and the shrewd, clerly noncommissioned officers speculated on the chances of batta and of saving their pay. At headquarters men said: "The Fore and Fit have never been under fire within the last generation. Let us, therefore, break them in easily by setting them to guard lines of communication." And this would have been done but for the fact that British regiments were wanted—badly wanted—at the front, and there were doubtful native regiments that could fill the minor duties. "Brigade 'em with two strong regiments," said headquarters. "They may be knocked about a bit, but they'll learn their business before they come through. Nothing like a night alarm and a little cutting up of stragglers to make a regiment smart in the field. Wait till they've had half a dozen sentries' throats cut."

The colonel wrote with delight that the temper of his men was excellent, that the regiment was all that could be wished and as sound as a bell. The majors smiled with sober joy, and the subalterns waltzed in pairs down the messroom after dinner and nearly shot themselves at revolver practice. But there was consternation in the hearts of Jakin and Lew. What was to be done with the drums? Would the band go to the front? How many of the drums would accompany the regiment?

They took counsel together, sitting in a tree and smoking.

"It's more than a bloomin toss up they'll leave us 'ind at the depot with the women. You'll like that," said Jakin sarcastically.

"Cause o' Cris, you mean? Wot's a woman, or a 'ole bloomin depot o' women, longside o' the chanst o' field service? You know I'm as keen on goin as you," said Lew.

"Wish I was a bloomin bugler," said Jakin sadly. "They'll take Tom Kidd along, that I can plaster a wall with, an like as not they won't take us."

(To be Continued.)

"Example is Better Than Precept."

It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story. Thousands of testimonials are examples of what Hood's has done for others, and what it will do for you.

Dyspepsia—"I was weak and had fainting spells. Dyspepsia and indigestion in severe form troubled me. Five bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla made me well and strong." Mrs. WILLIAM VANVALKENBURGE, Whitby, Ont.

A Good Medicine—"We have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla in our family as a spring medicine and used Hood's Pills for biliousness and found both medicines very effective. For impure blood we know Hood's Sarsaparilla is a good medicine." R. S. PELTON, publisher Bee, Atwood, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

ADVICE ABOUT Spice.

When ordering a package Pepper, Ginger, Allspice, Cinnamon or Cream of Tartar from your grocer you can always feel sure of securing the best quality by asking for: Mott's

J. O. SIMS

16 America Square, London, England CANNED GOODS AND PRODUCE BROKER.

An extensive City and shipping Trade gives me excellent facilities for handling to best advantage your shipments of Lard, Butter, Cheese, Bacon, Eggs and Poultry. Correspondence solicited. Top Market Prices and prompt Returns Guaranteed. Mar. 2nd—2nded

What is CASTORIA

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

Castoria. "Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children." Dr. G. 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 CANTON COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

No More War

Swords will be beaten into plough shares later on; but our armers do not need to wait till the "Peace Conference" is over, before buying their plough shares, as they can do so at once, by calling at the Masonic Temple Store, where any share, or other plough extras can be had for less money, and better than any imported. Prove this at once, by trying them.

T. A. McLEAN,

MANUFACTURER OF ALL KINDS OF DAIRY & FARM MACHINERY, Esdale Foundry and machinery Depot. Office, Masonic Temple, Charlottetown, P. F. I.

Opening Announcement

After long delay (waiting for supply lines) we beg to announce that we are

READY FOR BUSINESS

We have a most convenient Studio, fitted up with a new and entirely MODERN LIGHT, up-to-date appliances and accessories, and every facility for turning out Absolutely First-Class Pictures.

All our work will be FULLY GUARANTEED to be the best producible, and satisfaction will be given to everyone.

We cordially invite your inspection and will extend courteous treatment whether intending sitters or not.

WESTLAKE BROS. PHOTOGRAPHERS

NEW PROWSE BLOCK

HAIC & HAIC

Oldest Whisky Distillers on Earth. Est. Since 1679.

THREESTAR & FIVE STAR SCOTS WHISKY

We Simply ask the Consumer to Compare it

Can be obtained at all first class Hotels.