

VIGOROUS OLD AGE.

MR. WM. ELLIOTT TELLS HOW TO OBTAIN IT.

He has been Subject to fainting and cramps was gradually growing weaker and weaker.

From the Echo, Plattsville, Ont.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have attained a most enviable reputation in this community. Probably no other medicine has had such a large and increasing sale here. The reason is that this medicine cures. Old and young alike are benefited by its use. Recently we printed an account of a remarkable cure of a well known lady of this place through the agency of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and since publishing that we have heard of another similar case. Mr. Wm. Elliott, a farmer living near Bright, is a well known figure there. Although an old man he almost daily walks to the village, a distance of nearly a mile for his mail. Many years ago he came from Scotland to the farm on which he now lives and cleared it of forest. In conversation with him, he related to an Echo reporter the following: "I am 78 years of age and strong and healthy for an old man. Mine has been a vigorous constitution and up till six years ago I hardly knew what it was to have a day's illness. But then my health began to fail. I became subject to cramps in the stomach and I was treated by doctors, but received no benefit. I gradually grew weaker and as I was past the three score and ten I thought my time had come. Next I took fainting fits and often I would have to be carried back to the house entirely helpless. The doctors said my trouble was general weakness due to old age and advised me to carry some stimulant with me to use when I felt a faintness coming on, but this I refused to do. I had read in the papers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and thought they would be specially adapted to my case. I tried one box but they did not seem to help me. In fact I thought I felt worse. I decided to continue them, however, and after using four boxes there was a marked improvement. My strength returned and I was no longer troubled with fainting spells. In six months time with this treatment I gained fifteen pounds, taking in all eight boxes of the Pills. To day I am a well man and I owe my complete recovery to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

These pills cure not by purging the system as do ordinary medicines, but by enriching the blood and strengthening the nerves. They cure rheumatism, sciatica, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, heart troubles, erysipelas and all forms of weakness. Ladies will find them an unrivalled medicine for all ailments peculiar to the sex; restoring health and vigor, and bringing a rosy glow to pale and sallow cheeks. There is no other medicine "just as good." See that the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, is on every package you buy. If your dealer does not have them, they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, New York.

ADVICE ABOUT

Spice.

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

Mott's

I Have Just Completed

My New Oyster Place.

Call and see the brilliant display of beautiful oysters on and off the shell. Our Oyster king is standing in the window. See him, and then you will eat Oysters.

John P. Joy,

VICTORIA CAFE

Great George Street.
Valuable Lots For Sale
IN CHARLOTTETOWN.

Not having been able to dispose of "Sidmount" the late residence of the Hon. Frederick Peters, esq, in bloc, I have been instructed to sell a large portion thereof in blocks of acre lots. Roads have been laid off for this purpose and in this way some of the most beautiful lots in Charlottetown will be disposed of. Sale will take place at "Sidmount" on Wednesday the 21st day of September instant at 11 o'clock.
ROBERT BEARISTO,
Auctioneer.
Ch'town Sept 1st 98 265 dtl

Saved By Quarantine.

(Continued.)

The quick perceptions of the stepmother, however, did not fail to note that Emily was pleased to be in the presence of Eugene Logan and that his rich voice was grateful music to her ears. Emily herself did not know this. Perhaps it is because woman's heart is so full of tears that the spark of true love must smoulder long in it before the flame by which she reads her emotions can be lighted.

But Eugene Logan knew that Emily was his destiny. This had been hinted to him three years before. Now he saw that the hand of fate had guided him back to her and to happiness. Love, no less than grief, makes fatalists of men. He could not live without her, he thought, and so, of course, she must in time be his.

For weeks he went gladly, confidently, about his work. He was laying the strands which were to make the rope he was to pull when the time came for the great financial coup. Almost every day a sum of money came to him from America, and he scattered it as quietly as possible among the great banks of the metropolis. Nobody, not even Mr. Whitfield, suspected the vast amount that lay here and there to the credit of the great house and subject to young Logan's check.

At last one day Eugene, riding home in Mr. Whitfield's carriage, said:

"Mr. Whitfield, I have remained at your house longer than I intended to, and it is time that I give you the reason why. I love your daughter."

Mr. Whitfield was not unprepared for this declaration. He must have been blind not to have seen what he now heard. And had he been blind he still would have known, for Mrs. Whitfield had been eyes and a tongue to talk.

"Emily is a girl whom any man might well afford to love," said the father. "Count Zabrotti once offered her his hand, and that was no mean honor for the daughter of a business man."

"I can stay at your house no longer, Mr. Whitfield," said Eugene, "unless I have your permission to speak of my love to her."

"And you have never spoken of it to her?" said the old gentleman, smiling a little.

"Never, Mr. Whitfield, never! I would not do such a thing without your consent. Nor would your daughter permit it."

"True, true," said the glad father; "Emily is a dutiful daughter. But, there! Don't you suppose we all know? Why, you have done nothing for the last three months, you and Emily, but make love and talk it, too."

"Mr. Whitfield, I swear to you no word—"

"Of course, of course! No word—not with your tongues. But your eyes have been keeping up such a din of conversation that the rest of us could hardly hear ourselves think."

Eugene had to smile at this.

"Then you have no objection to a little conversation in words?" he asked.

"None whatever. I believe my daughter loves you. I believe you are fully competent to take good care of her. Those are the two important decisions in my mind."

And now the weeks went happier than ever. The financial scheme was ripening and Eugene was sure that he should carry it to a successful issue; so the days were full of hope, and the evenings with their little confidences and sweet plans for the future, as two bright birds might chirp-

perenather of the nest they were to build, went dripping by as honey drips.

One afternoon, half an hour before the banks were to close, Mr. Whitfield came hastening across to Eugene's private office. He had reliable information that one of the banks was likely to suspend. There was no danger of ultimate loss to the depositors, but the money might be tied up for some days, perhaps weeks. Eugene called a cab and the two men went to the bank, where the younger, much to the surprise of his companion, drew out \$48,000.

By the time the money was counted and verified the vaults had been closed and the time locks set. The banks throughout the city had closed. Mr. Whitfield walked behind Eugene as they left the bank and entered the cab. At the office Eugene placed the bulky package in a small black satchel which he kept there ready packed for sudden journeys. With the satchel upon his desk before him he closed his labors of the day and then stepped through to Mr. Whitfield's room to say that he would not wait to ride home with him.

"Are you going to take that money to the house?" asked Mr. Whitfield.

"Hadn't I better go with you?"

"No; nobody will suspect this bag. It is safer than an iron chest."

So the young man entered a cab and was driven away. When he reached home he went directly to his room, placed the satchel in a dark corner of his closet and threw a coat carelessly over it. After dinner he left Emily three or four times on the veranda, where they had gone to enjoy the first warmth of the spring, and ran up stairs to take a peep into the dark closet. The servants were doubtless trustworthy, but it cost nothing to be on guard.

That night when he had extinguished his light he placed his cane against the closet door in such a manner that it must fall noisily if the door were moved. In the morning the cane was as he had placed it and the coat lay over the satchel. When Eugene went to breakfast he took the satchel with him and set it on the dining room floor. After breakfast he waited in the drawing room with Mr. Whitfield and the ladies till the carriage came around. Then, as Mr. Whitfield stopped to kiss his wife and daughter, Eugene walked toward the door.

Suddenly he stopped and turned and Emily saw him stagger a little.

"Mr. Whitfield," he said in a strange tone.

"What is it, Eugene?" asked Emily as she hastened toward him.

"Mr. Whitfield," the young man said again, holding up the satchel, "this is not mine." And placing it on the table he tore it open and exclaimed:

"My God! I have been robbed!"

The satchel was filled with waste paper.

III

During the next week everything that could be thought of was done to discover how, where and by whom the robbery had been committed. Mr. Whitfield left matters at his office as much as possible to his clerks. Mrs. Whitfield searched every nook and cranny about the house and saw that no servant left the premises until the police consented. Emily, who cried much and did not care who saw her cry, ran errands, and persistently said that God would bring the wicked robber to justice and restore the money to poor Eugene.

When everything had been done that reason and intuition could suggest Mrs. Whitfield, one night when she was alone with her husband, said:

"My dear, are you sure that money was ever brought into this house?"

"No, I am not. I think more than likely it was stolen before Eugene reached the house."

"I am almost sure of it," said his wife.

"Yet how could anybody succeed in changing bags with him on the way. First the thief would have to obtain this duplicate bag, and it is not a common one; then I don't see how the exchange could have been made, for Eugene says he came home in a cab, stopping only at the postal station to send a messenger and that the satchel stood on the desk before him while he wrote. He is sure it could not have been taken from him there."

"That is his story," said she, "but it is not equally impossible that the exchange was made in the house?"

"It would seem so."

"Have you no suspicion whatever as to who has that money?"

"None whatever. Have you, my dear?"

"Yes, I have."

"Who?"

"Who should want it more than a young man who is going to marry a young lady accustomed to a home better than his salary can give her?"

"Heavens, wife! you would not accuse—"

"I accuse nobody. I only ask a simple question, and when you begin answering questions along that line you will find there are many very hard ones."

"I will not believe Eugene would—no, he could not do such a thing," said Mr. Whitfield.

But the seed of suspicion was planted and it is a rank growing weed in almost any soil.

"Not a word of this to Emily," Mr. Whitfield said.

"Not yet, of course," his wife acquiesced.

Then came Mr. Judson Montgomery to London unannounced. His manner was that of a man who would brook no interference with his plans. He did not accept Mr. Whitfield's proffered hospitality as he had done many times before. He went to a hotel and saw nobody whom he did not wish to see. He met Eugene Logan without either warmth or coldness. He neither praised nor censured him. He kept his own counsel and went his own way. A carriage awaited him at all hours of day and night.

Logan gave him a statement of the condition of the business and expected some word of kindly comment on the work he had done, but he did not get it. Mr. Montgomery satisfied himself by personal investigation that Eugene's accounts were true and that the money he reported was in the several banks. But he privately notified each bank to send for him before honoring any check save his own. Without a word of complaint against Eugene's methods, he took charge of the great enterprise himself, rushed it along, executed the coup and sent a shiver through the money market. He did not say, and Eugene could not guess, whether he (Mr. Montgomery) would have done all this in this way if the robbery had never been committed. Perhaps he would. May be it had been his intention from the first to handle the climax of the scheme him-

self. At least Eugene tried to think so, though even this hurt him deeply for he had counted on executing the coup himself, and he still believed it would have been more successful had it been delayed a little longer.

Then the stinging thought struck him that may be the Montgomerys had feared he would sell them out at the last moment and so had closed the matter suddenly and unexpectedly to him. And this thought made way for many similar ones. But the worst one of all had not yet entered his mind.

When the business was done and Mr. Montgomery seemed to have time for other considerations, Eugene, following him from the office, asked for an interview.

"What do you want to talk about?" asked Mr. Montgomery.

"This robbery and my—"

"Not now," and with this short, though not unkindly voiced interruption, the senior member entered his carriage and went whirling away.

Eugene did not see his employer again. In an hour he received a note from him:

"Go to Paris, first train, and wait instructions."

Eugene obeyed, and in Paris reported to him by wire.

Two days later he received a telegram from Mr. Montgomery:

(To be Continued.)

BARGAIN CORNER

We will have open to-day Wednesday, a \$4000.00 stock of dry goods and clothing purchased at auction in Montreal. This stock is new, fresh, and will be sold at one half the original cost. Sock consists of

Clothing, Suits, Odd Coats, Men's Reefers and Overcoats, Childrens Reefers and Overcoats, Men's Rainproof Coats, Shirts, Hose, Caps, Tweeds and Worsteds, Pantings, Kid Gloves, &c.

FOR THE LADIES

Cloaking, Plain and Fancy Patterns, Hose, Wool Shawls, assorted trimmings, Hair Cloth for Skirts, Wool Mitts, Fur Collars, Hoods, Table Covers, Napkins, Flannel, Towels, Purses.

Everyone knows about our last cheap sale. This one will be away ahead of it.

Bargains for all, Come and inspect it.

W. D. McKAY

BARGAIN CORNER.

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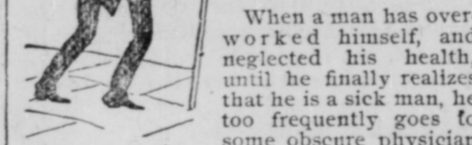
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Death's Saddle-Horse.

When a man has overworked himself, and neglected his health, until he finally realizes that he is a sick man, he too frequently goes to some obscure physician who has had very little

experience or practice; the result is a wrong diagnosis and the wrong treatment. A man in this condition, if he continues to work and takes the wrong medicine, is really making himself a saddle-horse for death.

Under these conditions, what a man really needs is the advice and treatment of a physician of wide experience and practice. Dr. R. V. Pierce, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y., makes no charge for answering a letter from a man or woman in this condition. The Institution of which he is the head is one of the greatest in the world. He has practiced in one spot right in Buffalo for thirty years, and his neighbors honored him by making him their representative in Congress. Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures indigestion, biliousness, impure blood, malaria, and wasting diseases. It cures 98 per cent of all cases of consumption. Honest druggists supply it when called for and don't advise a substitute.

"Some time ago I wrote you and described my case," writes Mr. James Considine, of Patsy Crawford Co. Mo. "You advised me to take your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets.' I followed your advice, and by the time I had taken three bottles of the 'Discovery' and one bottle of the 'Pellets' I was greatly benefited. I became regular in my bowels, and the pain in my back left, and I have not had a chill since I got through taking the first bottle. I cannot recommend it too highly."

It used to cost \$1.50, now it is free. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1008 pages, Over 300 illustrations. For a paper-covered copy send thirty-one one-cent stamps, to cover customs and mailing only, to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, No. 661 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.; cloth binding fifty stamps.

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