

# WEAK AND... PUNY CHILDREN

Become Strong and Healthy by using Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food.

Children are frequently left weak and sickly as an after result of measles, scarlet fever, etc., and in this state are easy prey to nervous disorders, rickets, spinal disease, or consumption, diseases which do not affect robust, healthy children.

The blood is weak and watery and the nerves improperly nourished. Feed the blood and nerves with Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food, and the pale, pinched faces will soon become rosy and plump, and tiredness and weakness will give way to strength and animation.

Mr. E. W. Day, 62 Close Avenue, Toronto, writes: "My eldest daughter, aged eight, became very much run down. Her fretful, nervous, sleepless condition greatly alarmed her parents. She was taken from school, and in spite of the best nursing, the thin, weakened, bloodless face grew painfully weak. Fortunately we used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Fortunate improvement became apparent. In a few days, it continued, and in a few weeks she returned to school built up anew. She returned fully restored to health. Ad greatly to our joy Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food, see a box, at all dealers, or Edman, Bates & Co., Toronto.

## The Charlottetown Steam Navigation Co., Ltd.



STEAMERS... Northumberland & Princess Leave as below every day (Sundays excepted)

From POINT DU CHENE (on arrival of afternoon train from St. John) for Summerside, connecting there with express train for Charlottetown.

From SUMMERSIDE (on arrival of morning train from Charlottetown) for Point Du Chene connecting with day train for St. John.

Connecting at Moncton with train for Canada and at St. John with steamers of International Line and railways for United States and Canada.

From PICTOU (on arrival of day train from Halifax) for Charlottetown.

From CHARLOTTETOWN, seven a.m., for Pictou, (connecting there with day train for Cape Breton and Halifax, at Halifax with C. A. & P. Line for Boston).

Through tickets to be had at Grand Trunk, Canadian Pacific, Intercolonial and P. E. I. Railways, and on the Company's Steamers and connecting lines in United States.

F. W. HALES, SECRETAR

Charlottetown, P. E. I.

## PLANT LINE... BOSTON

Commencing May 10th The Favorite "S. S. HALIFAX"

will leave Charlottetown for BOSTON every Friday at noon (Standard Time) calling at Hawkesbury and Halifax.

Returning leave BOSTON every Tuesday at noon.

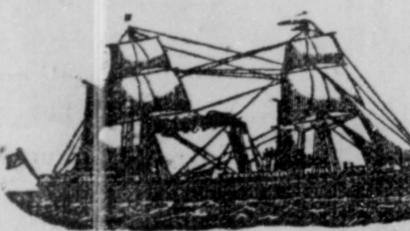
Passengers leaving CHARLOTTETOWN via Pictou, can make close connection at Halifax with S. S. "HALIFAX" and "LA GRANDE DUCHESSE."

Tickets for sale at stations on P. E. I. Railway. For tickets, rates and all information apply to

W. W. CLARKE, Agent, Charlottetown or to H. L. CHIPMAN, Canadian Agent, Halifax, N. S.

May 3—

## BLACK DIAMOND LINE



The S. S. BONAVIDA sailing from Montreal, Sunday morning, June 11, will be due at Charlottetown, Tuesday morning, June 13th, and on Wednesday forenoon will sail for St. John's, Nfld., via North Sydney, with horses, cattle and sheep on deck and produce under deck at lowest possible rates. For further particulars as to freight and passage apply to PEAKE BROS & CO., Agents Charlottetown, June 7,

# "THE JOYOUS COMRADE."

By I. ZANGWILL.

Copyright, 1896, by the Author.

(Continued)

"I don't know how it is done in Oberammergau, but this Tyrolean thing was a strange jumble of art and naive, of talent and stupidity. There was a full fledged stage and footlights, and the scenery, some one said, was painted by a man from Munich, but the players were badly made up; the costumes, if correct, were ill fitting; the stage badly lighted, and the flats didn't 'jive.' Some of the actors had gleams of artistic perception. St. Mark was beautiful to look on, Caiaphas had a sense of elocution, the Virgin was tender and sweet, and Judas rose powerfully to his great 20 minutes' soliloquy, but the bulk of the players, though all were earnest and fervent, were clumsy or self-conscious. The crowds were stiff and awkward, painfully symmetrical, like school children at drill. A chorus of 10 or 12 ushered in each episode with song, and a man further explained it in bald narrative. The acts of the play proper were interrupted by tableaux vivants of Old Testament scenes from Adam and Eve onward. There was much, you see, that was puerile, even ridiculous, and every now and then some one would open the door of the dusky auditorium and a shaft of sunshine would fly in from the outside world to remind me further how unreal was all this gloomy make believe. Nay, during the entr'acte I went out

like everybody else and lunched off sausages and beer.

"And yet, beneath all this critical consciousness, beneath even the artistic consciousness that could not resist jotting down a face or a scene in my sketchbook, something curious was happening in the depths of my being. The play exercised from the very first a strange magnetic effect on me; despite all the primitive humors of the players, the simple, sublime tragedy that disengaged itself from their uncouth but earnest goings on began to move and even oppress my soul. Christ had been to me merely a theme for artists; my studies and travels had familiarized me with every possible conception of the Man of Sorrows. I had seen myriads of Madonnas nursing him, miles of Magdalenes bewailing him. Yet the sorrows I had never felt. Perhaps it was my Jewish training; perhaps it was that none of the Christians I lived with had ever believed in him. At any rate, here for the first time the Christ story came home to me as a real, living fact; something that had actually happened. I saw this simple son of the people—made more simple by my knowledge that this representative was a baker—moving amid the ancient peasant and fisher life of Galilee. I saw him draw men and women, saints and sinners, by the magic of his love, the simple sweetness of his inner sunshine; I saw the sunshine change to lightning as he drove the money changers from the temple; I watched the clouds deepen as the tragedy drew on. I saw him bid farewell to



It takes a man who is a whole man, at least physically, to be a western cow-boy. His every-day life calls for great physical endurance, and upon some occasions this must also be backed by considerable nerve.

It would be a good thing for many a hard working business man if he could turn cow-boy for a couple of months each year. It would give him a chance to get the free, pure, invigorating air of the prairies into his lungs, a little steel into his muscles, a little edge to his appetite and a little of the calm of the boundless plains into his nerves. Unfortunately, the rush of modern business will not permit the average hard working business man to turn cow-boy even for a short time each year. The only resource left him, if he does not wish to break down prematurely, is to keep a watchful eye upon his health, and when he finds that he is getting out of sorts, let up a little on work, and resort to the best of all known tonics. That tonic is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It promptly puts a worked out man into condition, because it starts at the right place. It corrects by restoring the lost appetite and makes the assimilation of the food perfect. It invigorates the liver. It purifies the blood and fills it with the life-giving elements of the food. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. By enriching the blood it nourishes and builds up every organ and tissue in the body. No man ever broke down with nervous exhaustion or prostration who resorted to this great medicine when he felt himself threatened by ill-health.

An honest dealer will not urge a substitute. There is nothing in the world "just as good," although avaricious druggists will sometimes say so for the sake of the greater profit to be made upon the inferior article. Keep your head up and your bowels open. The "Golden Medical Discovery" will put steel in your backbone, and Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets will cure constipation.

his mother; I heard suppressed sobs all around me. Then the heavens were overcast and it seemed as if earth held its breath, waiting for the supreme moment. They dragged him before Pilate; they clothed him in scarlet robe and platted his crown of thorns and spat on him; they gave him vinegar to drink, mixed with gall, and he so divinely sweet and forgiving through all. A horrible oppression hung over the world. I felt choking; my ribs pressed inward; my heart seemed contracted. He was dying for the sins of the world, he summed up the whole world's woe and pitifulness; the two ideas throbbed and fused in my troubled soul. And I, a Jew, had hitherto ignored him. What would they say, these simple peasants sobbing all around, if they knew that I was of that hated race? Then something broke in me and I sobbed, too—sobbed with bitter tears that soon turned sweet in strange relief and glad sympathy with my rough brothers and sisters."

He paused a moment and sipped silently at his absinth. I did not break the silence. I was moved and interested, though what all this had to do with his glowing, joyous picture I could only dimly surmise. He went on:

"When it was all over and I went out into the open air, I did not see the sunlight. I carried the dusk of the theater with me, and the gloom of Golgotha brooded over the sunny afternoon. I heard the nails driven in; I saw the blood spurting from the wounds. There was realism in the thing, I tell you. The peasants, accustomed to the painful story, had quickly recovered their gaiety and were pouring boisterously down the hillside like a glad, turbulent mountain stream unloosed from the dead hand of frost. But I was still ice-bound and fog wrapped. Outside the Gasthaus, where I went to dine, gay groups assembled, an organ played, some strolling Italian girls danced gracefully, and my artistic self was aware of a wrath and a rush. But the funniest me was neck deep in gloom, with which the terribly pounded steak they gave me, fraudulently overlaid with two showy fried eggs, seemed only in keeping. St. John came in, the Christ, and the schoolmaster—who had conducted the choir—and the thick tenor and the super, and I congratulated them one and all with a gloomy sense of dishonesty. When, as evening fell, I walked home with St. John, I was gloomily glad to find the valley shroud-



They were not villagers. I was in mist and a starless heaven sagging over a blank earth. It seemed an endless up hill drag to my lodging, and, though my bedroom was unexpectedly dainty and a dear old woman—St. John's mother—metaphorically tucked me in, I slept ill that night. Formless dreams tortured me with impalpable tragedies and apprehensions of horror.

"In the morning, after a cold sponging, the oppression lifted a little from my spirit, though the weather still seemed rather gray. St. John had already gone off to his field work, his mother told me. She was so lovely and the room in which I ate breakfast so neat and demure, with its whitewashed walls, pure and stainless like country snow, that I managed to swallow everything but the coffee. Oh, that coffee! I had to nibble at a bit of chocolate I carried to get the taste of it out of my mouth. I tried hard not to let the blues

### Build Up.

When the system is run down, a person becomes an easy prey to Consumption or Scrophulous. Many valuable lives are saved by using Scott's Emulsion as soon as a decline in health is obtained.

get the upper hand again. I filled my pipe and pulled out my sketchbook. My notes of yesterday seemed so faint and the morning growing so dark that I could scarcely see them. I thought I would go and sit on the little bench outside. As I was sauntering through the doorway, my head bending broodingly over the sketchbook, like this, I caught sight out of the corner of my eye of a little white match stand fixed upon the wall. Mechanically I put out my left hand to take a light for my pipe. A queer cold wetness in my fingers and a little splash woke me to the sense of some odd mistake, and in another instant I realized with horror that I had dipped my fingers into holy water and splashed it over that neat, demure, spotless, whitewashed wall."

I could not help smiling. "Ah, I know, one of those porcelain things with a crucified Saviour over a little font! Fancy taking heaven for brimstone!"

"It didn't seem the least bit funny at the time. I just felt awful. What would the dear old woman say to this profanation? Why did people have whitewashed walls on which sacrilegious stains were luridly visible? I looked up and down the hall, like Moses when he slew that Egyptian, trembling lest the old woman should come in. How could I make her understand I was so ignorant of Christian custom as to mistake a font for a matchbox? And if I said I was a Jew—good heavens!—he might think I had done it of fell design. What a wound to the gentle old creature who had been so sweet to me! I could not stay in sight of that accusing streak. I must walk off my uneasiness. I threw open the outer door. Then I stood still, paralyzed. Monstrous, evil looking gray mists were clumped at the very threshold; sinister, formless vapors blotted out the mountain; everywhere vague, drifting hulks of malarious mist. I sought to pierce them, to find the landscape, the cheerful village, the warm human life nestling under God's heaven, but saw only, way below, as through a tunnel cut betwixt mist and mountain, a dead inverted world of hopes and trees in a chill gray lake. I gasped. An indefinable apprehension possessed me, something like the vague discomfort of my dreams. Then almost instantly it crystallized into the blood curdling suggestion: What if this were divine chastisement? What if all the outer and inner dreariness that had so steadily enveloped me since I witnessed the tragedy were punishment for my disbelief? What if this water were really holy and my sacrilege had brought some grisly nemesis?"

(Continued on page 8)

## RAILROAD....

## KIDNEY

A Disease Peculiar to Railroad Men, which is readily Cured by

### Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Did it ever occur to you that most railroad men die of kidney disease?

Such is the fact, however, and the disease is known among railroaders as "railroad kidney."

The first and most marked symptom is a weak, lame and aching back. You may think at first that you are only tired; but as this trouble increases day by day, kidney disease, with all its terrors, is fast claiming you as a victim.

Mr. Geo. Cummings, for over 20 years engineer on the Grand Trunk running between Toronto and Allandale, says: "The constant duty with my work gave me excessive pains in my back, racking my kidneys. I tried several remedies until I was recommended by my fireman, Mr. Dave Conley, to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Two boxes have completely cured me and I feel to-day a better man than ever. I recommend them to all my friends."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25c. a box, at all dealers, or Edman, Bates & Co., Toronto.

## Alewives.

I am open to purchase five hundred bbls Alewives  
Horace Haszard,  
Charlottetown

June 1 1899, 2w ecd, wli.

### Dividend Notice

MERCHANTS BANK OF P. E. I.  
Charlottetown, June 1st, 1899

Notice is hereby given, that a half yearly dividend at the rate of 8 per cent per annum, on the capital stock of the bank has been declared payable at its banking house on and after July 3rd next. The Transfer books will be closed from the 19th June, to the 3rd of July next, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.  
J. M. DAVISON,  
Cashier.  
June 1st, 1899

## THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMPANY.

The Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York  
RICHARD A. McCURDY, President

ASSETS—\$277,517,325.33.  
ANNUAL INCOME—\$55,006,629.43  
INSURANCE IN FORCE—\$971,711,997.79

All Canadian Policies payable in gold  
Before placing your insurance please call or write for estimates.

JOHN McEACHERN, AGENT

May 27—Sat & Mon Inc—

Men's Shirts  
Underwear  
Collars  
Ties  
Gloves

T. J. Harris  
London  
House

Next to Your  
Wife

Your nearest friend is your Underwear.  
Tomorrow or next day you may require friends.  
We can show where these friends can be had in the good kind—they will cling to you and prove to be friends, indeed.

Visit our store and we will introduce you to them.

## D. A. BRUCE, MORRISBLOCK

## Important Notice

Lancashire Fire Insurance Co.  
Victoria-Montreal Fire Insurance Co.

The above Companies are not connected with the P. E. Island Board of Fire Underwriters, and are not bound by the tariff rates. I am, therefore, prepared to effect insurance at substantially reduced rates

J. J. JOHNSTON,  
Agent, Charlottetown, P. E. Island

June 1—2aw fw

## Plant Food.

We manufacture complete Fertilizers, using in preparation—  
Dried Blood. Bone Meal.  
and Tankage.

accumulated in killing of hogs, combined with  
Potash Salts. and Nitrate of Soda.

applying the crop in suitable proportion, association and from, with the Plant Food it requires.

B. & M. RATTENBRY, Charlottetown