



Many of the North American Indians were magnificent specimens of physical manhood. This was due, largely, to their active out-door life. Nevertheless, they had the wisdom to know that an active life in the open air alone, would not keep a man healthy. They had their medicine-men, who gathered herbs from field and forest and brewed decoctions to assist the natural processes of the various vital organs.

Modern civilized men do not as a usual thing recognize the same necessity until it is too late. They ignore medicine until they are within the grasp of some serious or fatal disease. The time for a man to begin taking medicine is when he begins to feel out of sorts. If a man is thoroughly well and healthy he does not feel that way. If he does feel that way he may be pretty sure that he is half sick. When he is half sick it does not take long before he is "whole-sick." Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the best medicine for a man when he is sick or getting sick. It puts him all right all round. It puts his stomach right to begin with, and that is the most important point. It puts his liver right, and that is the second most important point. It purifies his blood and fills it with the life-giving elements of the food he eats, and that is the third important point. It drives out all disease germs and impurities of every description. It makes the appetite keen and hearty. It is the greatest blood-maker and flesh-builder. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption, weak lungs, spitting of blood, obstinate coughs and kindred ailments. Thousands who were given up to die have testified to their recovery under this marvelous medicine. An honest dealer will not urge a substitute for the sake of a little extra profit. He gives you what you ask for.

**NOTICE.**

**WATER TAKERS** who are in arrears for Water Rates, are hereby notified, that unless all rates are paid on or before March 15th, 1898, the water will be turned off without further notice.  
D. McLEAN,  
Secretary.  
Water Commissioners' Office,  
March 3rd, 1898—63 41 2aw

**THOMAS HOWLETT, M. D.**

Graduate of College of Physicians and Surgeons, Baltimore, Md.  
Office—O'HALLORAN BUILDING, 62 Geo. St.  
Office hours until 10 a. m. 1—3 p. m. 6.30—8.30 p. m.

**P. E. Island Railway**

On and after MONDAY, 27th Dec., 1897, trains of this Railway will run daily, (Sundays excepted,) as under.

Trains Outward. Read down.	STATIONS.	Trains Inward. Read up.
P. M. 8 10	Charlottetown	P. M. 10 30
8 30	Royalton Junction	10 50
8 45	North Wiltshire	11 10
9 15	Hunter River	11 30
9 30	Bradshaw	11 50
9 45	Emerald	12 10
10 00	Freetown	12 30
10 15	Kensington	12 50
10 30	Ar.	1 00
P. M. 12 30	S' Side	A. M. 10 30
1 11	Miscoche	10 50
1 37	Wellington	11 10
2 10	Port Hill	11 30
3 34	O'Leary	11 50
3 55	Bloomfield	12 10
4 34	Alberton	12 30
5 30	Tignish	1 00
A. M. 8 10	Charlottetown	A. M. 10 30
8 30	Royalton Junction	10 50
8 45	Bedford	11 10
9 15	Mt Stewart	11 30
9 30	Cardigan	11 50
9 45	Georgetown	12 10
P. M. 4 05	Mt Stewart	A. M. 8 55
4 43	Morell	9 17
5 12	St. Peters	9 48
5 57	Bear River	10 09
6 40	Souris	10 20
P. M. 6 16	Emerald	A. M. 7 50
6 05	Cape Traverse	7 03

Standard Time

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**BILLIAM.**

By S. R. CROCKETT.

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"No, father," said William, with decision, "I am not half good enough to make a parson of. You must give the living to Harry. He will make a first rater. He is all the time mousing about among books."

William and his father were standing together in the rectory garden, which looked over the beautiful vale of St. John. Helvellyn slept above them, stretched out like a lion with his head low between his paws. The lake glimmered beneath all, dreamy in the light midsummer haze. Bees hummed in the old garden, and the flowers in which they made themselves drunk reeled and shook with the press of the revelers.

The old rector of Appletwaite was dead. This day of midsummer had been his funeral day. An old man full to the brim of years and dignities, he had lived all his life, under the wing of his brother, the squire, rooted safely in the family living, dining every Sunday and Thursday at the hall and reading his 100 sermons in a rotation as settled and regular as that of the crops. But now the old order was changed, and, according to the squire's providential arrangement, the new order was to be—William.

His real name was William, with something very distinguished after it. Yet nobody thought of calling him anything but William—except only the squire, when, as at present, William and he differed in opinion. Then he said, "William Reginald Setoun Ormithwaite, will you dare to disobey your father?" And William hung his head, for he knew that a day was coming when he would.

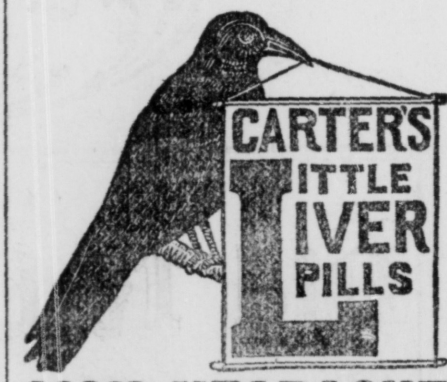
At school he had been called William for the reason that a "Yorker" is called a "Yorker," because it was obvious that he could be called nothing else. The boy whose Latin verses he did said to him: "Now, go on, old William; hurry up. I want to go out to the playing fields to smite that young toad Scott-miner for making faces at me and making me laugh in chapel." So to save time William gave him his own copy of verses and saw the plagiarist pass to the head of the form next day on the strength of William's iambics. Yet that boy never even thought of thanking the author and origin of his distinction. Why should he? It was "only old William."

William failed also in gaining the love and respect of his masters to the extent which, upon his merits, was his due. For one thing, he was forever bringing all manner of broken down sparrows, maimed rabbits and three legged dogs into the school and, if possible, even into the dormitory. Then smells of diverse kinds arose and bred quarrelsome dissension of a very positive kind. The house master came up one night to find William with an open knife in his hand, driving fiercely into a throng of boys armed with cricket bats and wickets, whereupon he promptly dashed at the young desperado and wrested the knife out of his hands.

"Do you wish to murder somebody?" cried the house master, shaking him.

"Yes," said William stoutly, "if Lowther throws my white mice out of the window."

No further proceedings were taken, because upon examination William proved to be scored black and blue with the wickets of his adversaries. He was, however, from this time forth given a bedroom upon the ground floor, with a little court in front which looked upon the laundry, and here William, still unrepentant, was allowed to tend his menagerie in peace, provided always that it did not entirely destroy the sanitation of the school. But when the governing committee came to inspect the



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preaches the head master carefully plotted them past the entrance of the court wherein dwelt William, keeping well to windward of it.

Anybody else would have been promptly expelled, but William's father was a very important person indeed, and the head master had known him intimately at college. Besides, no one could possibly have expelled William. The very ruffians who whacked him with cricket bats would straightway have risen in mutiny.

By and by William's father tried him at Oxford, but, though William staid his terms, he would have none of it. So when the rectory fell vacant it seemed all that could be done was to make arrangements by which William would succeed his uncle. The Right Honorable Reginald Setoun Ormithwaite, William's "pater," saw no difficulty in the matter. He had been at Eton and Christchurch with the bishop of Lakeland, and the matter lent itself naturally to this arrangement. Every one felt this to be the final solution of a most difficult problem. Everybody even remotely connected with the family was consulted, and all expressed their several delights with relief and alacrity, but in the meantime nothing was said to William, who had a setter with a broken leg upon his mind and so lived mostly about the kennels and smelled of liniment.

But when his father told the proximate rector that he must begin to prepare for the bishop's examination and go into residence for some months at St. Abbs' famous theological college (called in clerical circles "The Back Door"), William most unexpectedly refused point blank to have anything to do with the plan. He would be no parson; he was not good enough, he asserted. Harry could have it. The Right Honorable Reginald Setoun Ormithwaite, ex-cabinet minister and P. C., broke into a rage almost as violent as when his party leader proclaimed a new policy without consulting him. He informed William (under the designation of William Reginald Setoun) how many different kinds of fool he was and told him as an ultimatum that if he refused this last chance to establish himself in life, he need expect no further help or consideration from him.

William listened uneasily, and with a deep seated regret obvious upon his downcast face. It was pitiful, he thought privately, to see so dignified and respectable a man as his father thus losing control of himself. So William sidged, hoping that the painful scene would soon be over so that he might get back again to the lame setter at the kennels.

When William's father had at once concisely and completely expressed his opinions as to William's sanity, William's ingratitude, William's disgraceful present conduct and unparalleled future career, and when he had concluded with a vivid picture of William's ultimate fate (which was obviously not to be drowned) he paused, partly in order to recover his breath and partly to invite suggestions from the culprit. Not that he expected William to answer. Indeed, he held it almost an insult for one of his children to attempt to answer one of his questions at such a moment.

"What have you to say to that, sir? What excuse have you to make? Answer me that, sir. Silence, sir, I will not listen to a single word. You may well stand abashed and silent. Have I brought a son into the world for this—kept you, given you an expensive education only for this?"

So William kept silence and thought hard of the setter down at the kennels. Those bandages ought to be wet again. It was an hour past the time. He kept changing from one foot to the other upon the gravel walk.

"Don't insult me by jumping about like a hen on a hot griddle," cried his father. "Tell me what you think of doing with yourself, for I will no longer support you in idleness and debauchery."

"I should like to be a veterinary surgeon, sir," said William, scraping with his toe.

"Let that gravel alone, will you—a veterinary devil—an Ormithwaite a d—d cow doctor! Get out of my sight, sir, before I strike you with my cane."

And accordingly William went—down to the kennels to visit the setter, wondering all the way whether, as the skin was not broken, he ought to use an embrocation or stick to the cold water bandages.

And this is briefly why William found himself in Edinburgh and established in a nest of unfurnished garret rooms which he had discovered by chance at the end of Montgomery street in the Latin quarter of the city. William had £180—£100 of which had been given him by his father with the information that it must see him through a year and £30 which his elder brother Herbert, captain in the One Hundred and Tenth hussars, had sent him.

"Young fool, William—always was," said Captain Herbert. "Guess he's pretty tight off." And with that he stuffed into the envelope the £80 which he had set apart as a sedative for his tailor.

"The young blackguard will need the money more than old Moses," said the hussar.

William had, to save appearances, compromised on the question of the veterinary surgeon. He was to study hard in order to become an ordinary surgeon and physician of humans. He was only to be allowed to come home once a year. He had agreed not to pester his father with requests for more money. In every way William was made to feel that he

was the prodigal son and a disgrace to the stock of the Ormithwaite of Ormithwaite. "One of the families, sir," said his father, "which have constituted for 800 years the governing classes of these islands."

So it was in this manner that William took the very modest portion of goods which pertained to him and departed to the far country of Montgomery street, south side, just where that notable thoroughfare gives upon the greasy gloom of the Pleasance. How William spent his living and upon whom this history is intended to tell.

Day by day the student of medicine scorned delights. Day and night were to him alike laborious, for William,



This William burntish up daily, all unknown to his father, was also taking classes at the veterinary college upon a most ingenious system of alternative truantry. He attended his medical professors upon such days as it was likely that cards would be called for. And in addition to this he procured a certain interim continuity in his studies by "getting a look at another fellow's notes."

William's "piggery" in Montgomery street, as it was called by the few of his comrades who had ever seen its secrets, was something to wonder at. Instead of taking a comfortable sitting room and bedroom in a well frequented and sanitary neighborhood William entered into the tenancy of an entire suit of rooms upon the garret floor of one of the high "lands" which are a distinctive feature of the old quarter of St. Leonards.

Within this tumble down dwelling William found himself in possession of five large rooms, with wide windows and in some instances with skylights also. He was to pay at the modest rate of £8 in the half year for the lot. William counted down his first quarter's rent and went out to order a brass plate. This cost him 30 shillings, and he had to pay separately for the lettering, which said somewhat vaguely:

"Consultation free. Every morning before 9 and every evening after 6." This William burntish up daily with the tail of his dress coat, which he had torn off for the purpose. "I don't think I shall need it any more," he said, "so I may as well use it."

So he used it. It did very well, being lined with silk.

Then William double bolted the plate to the door, for he understood the ways of Montgomery street, and sat down to study the monograph of Herr Dr. Pumpenstock of Vienna upon headaches. William had three chairs to start with—two stiff backed chairs for clients and an easy chair, which in time of need could be leaned up against the wall. It was a deck chair and cost 2s. 11 1/2d. at a cheap sale of furniture in Nicholson street. William felt that he might go that length in luxury.

(To be Continued.)

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