Nature makes the cures after all.

Now and then she gets into a tight place and needs helping out.

Things get started in the wrong direction.

Something is needed to check disease and start the system in the right direction toward health.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with hypophosphites can do just this.

It strengthens the nerves, feeds famished tissues, and makes rich blood.

50c. and $1.00; all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

EPPS'S COCOA
ENGLISH BREAKFAST COCOA
Possesses the following Distinctive Merits:
DELICACY OF FLAVOR.
SUPERIORITY in QUALITY.
GRATEFUL and COMFORTING to the NERVOUS or DYSPEPTIC.
NUTRITIVE QUALITIES UNRIVALLED
In Quarter-Pound Tins only.
Prepared by JAMES EPPS & CO., Ltd., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

DR. CLIFT
treats CHRONIC DISEASES by the Salisbury method of persistent self-help, in removing causes from the blood. Continuous inteligent treatment by person or by letter insures Minimum of suffering and Maximum of cure possible in each case.
Avoid attempts unaided.
Graduate of N. Y. University
And the NEW YORK HOSPITAL.
Twenty years practice in N. Y. City. Diploma registered in U.S. and Canada.
ADDRESS: CHARLOTTETOWN, P E I, CANADA
OFFICE, Victoria Row.
Accomodations reserved for patients. References on application.
Oct 15 1yr

The Prisoner of Pirates,

On the Rocky Shores of the Persian Gulf.

That is only one of the many perilous predicaments in which Andrew Kilgour found himself, as described in our new and

FASCINATING SERIAL

AT LOVE'S COMMAND

An old time romance which no lover of good fiction can afford to miss.

COPYRIGHTED AND ILLUSTRATED

The First Chapter Appeared on Saturday

FOR SALE OR TO LET

That most desirable business stand, situated on Kent Street, between Prince and Great George. This property was occupied for some years past by the late J. A. Cameron, as a watch and jewelery store and dwelling. For particulars apply to

D. STEWART,
Baker, Kent Street

[Copyright, 1893, by John Alexander Steuart.]

(Continued.)

SYNOPSIS.

Peter Clephane and Andrew Kilgour are cousins, students at Edinburg University, between whom is a better fued. The former is the son of a rich city lawyer and his cousin is the heir of an estate in the Highlands that has almost passed into the hands of creditors. After a bitter fight with his cousin, Kilgour is on his way home when he falls in with company at the "Hound and Stag" inn at Perth.

CHAPTER III.

THE INTERVIEW—A GREAT SURPRISE.

So much had to be talked of, so many questions asked and answered, that it was far past bedtime before any reference was made to the business which had brought me.

"We have said nothing about the subject of my letter, Andrew," said my father, looking at me wistfully, "because you must be fatigued, but when breakfast is over to-morrow we will, by the grace of heaven, have the matter discussed and settled."

"Very well, sir," I answered, "I shall hold myself ready at your convenience."

Both he and my mother smiled approvingly at this, and having seen me to my chamber, and assured themselves that all was comfortable, they left me.

I said I was ready, but it was with the readiness of the criminal who finds punishment inevitable, and desires to have it over as quickly as may be. Though I was weary, I could not sleep. My brain throbbed like a furnace, and every nerve was a-quiver. Among other scenes I might have argued myself into the solacing conviction that I was but an innocent cause of the disappointment that on the morrow must overwhelm my father and mother, but amid the old surroundings, with their eloquent tokens of affection, the sense of folly and disobedience was maddening. At times I could have risen and rushed from the house; then again I felt as if I must go to my father and have the miserable business ended at once. The more I thought the more terrible my guilt appeared. Fortunately even remorse has its limits, and at last I dozed.

I awoke in the morning with a queer idea of having been travelling in a foreign land, and went to meet my father in a haze of uncertainty. He was all affection, a circumstance that added to my embarrassment. A further cause of embarrassment was that he introduced the business of my visit as if already settled except in details.

"You see, Andrew," he said, "the law has many advantages. It is a money-making business, and enables a man to fight for his own hand in a way that rogues cannot well withstand. As I hinted to you in my letter, these considerations are not indifferent to us at the present time. To speak as between ourselves, there are some despoiling us who have no moral, nor, as I think, you can show, legal right, to one farthing of our money. They rob us because there is none to checkmate them. But I have strong hope that the tables will speedily be turned, and that the latest heir to Kilburnie will be able to give these vultures the right about in a fashion that will astonish them."

Here my father rose and paced the room in great exultation. "And, eh, it would please me more than words can tell to see these ravening sharks of the seed of Israel and the descendants of Ananias—by which I mean the Jews and lawyers—well tilted in their own tourney. And, Andrew, you're the man to do it."

My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth at this speech, and I knew not where to look from the eager, disconcerting eyes of both my father and my mother.

"I am exceedingly sorry, sir, to learn of the embarrassed state of our affairs," I faltered, with my eyes on the ground.

"Yes, Andrew," put in my father, quickly, "we are embarrassed, fearfully embarrassed, but our fortunes may be restored quicker than we think." And the dear soul in his confidence came forward, took my hand, and looked in my face in a way that stabbed me to the marrow.

"I would do all I can for the family credit," I said.

"The right sentiment, Andrew, if rather haltingly spoken," said my father, with an encouraging pressure of the hand. "Come, my boy, give your courage tongue. I know it is in your heart to help us—aye, and in your head, too. You will be as cunning a lawyer as the best of them. You will—I know you will. This is only the blateness of a boy."

"There is no sacrifice in the world that I wouldn't make, sir," I responded; "but—" and there I stuck with my tongue paralyzed.

My father stared at me for a second or so, then he dropped my hand, and his brow concentrated. The crisis had come; the evil I had feared was upon me.

"That word sounds strange in my ears, Andrew," he said, with a strain of harshness in his voice. "When I proposed the law, I did not anticipate any talk about sacrifices."

"Oh, sir," I blurted out with a frantic desire to precipitate matters, "I wish I could tell you in a word what I have to say. I cannot do as you wish." I would have gone on, but the look he gave me brought me to a sudden and dead halt.

"You cannot do as I wish!" he cried, in tones of mingled anger and surprise. "Indeed, indeed, indeed! You cannot do as I wish! That is very pretty, very dutiful. You cannot do as I wish!" And he kept on repeating the words, giving them a false meaning, which I was powerless to set right.

"But maybe I do you wrong," he said, abruptly. "No doubt you have a first-rate proposal of your own to make."

I faltered that I hadn't and held my breath for the effect. It was electric. With an energy I had never seen in him before my father sprang to his feet and began to stride about the room, or rather to stamp, his face like a thundercloud, his breathing a series of angry snorts. As I stood quaking in every fibre, my mother gave me a look which seemed to say:—"My dear, unfortunate boy, what does all this mean? Have you taken leave of your senses?"

"I can scarcely believe my ears," cried my father, when he had got over the first spasm of rage. "I doubt my very senses. A son of mine telling me, in the very crisis of fortune, he cannot do as I wish—cannot do as I wish! Did ears of man ever hear the like of that? 'I cannot do as you wish,' says the beardless Solomon to the foolish gray head. That's good. The world's improving. Cannot do as I wish! This is what colleges and professors do. Go out, sir, and get me a hazel rung till I teach you obedience. By my faith, Wallace Kilgour will hear no such language as that in his own house!"

"Do not agitate yourself," pleaded my mother. "Andrew means no disobedience, I'm sure. You haven't given him a chance to explain himself."

"To be sure, to be sure," said my father, "we have not heard his explanations. I'll warrant they're very ingenious and convincing, coming direct, as they do, from that nest of Jesuits, the College of Edinburgh." Then after a turn or two more about the room he threw himself into a chair. Thinking that now was my chance to speak, I began very humbly.

"If you listen, sir, I'll try."

"Listen!" he thundered, jumping to his feet, as if I had offered a deadly insult. "Listen to you? No, the listening shall be on the other side. And this is what I have to say:—That you shall obey me without troubling about explanations or you shall leave my house. It is mine as yet, and I will be master in it."

"I only wanted to tell you," I ventured again. But he would not hear me.

"If you attempt to argue with me, out you go," he said, peremptorily.

And I verily believe he would forthwith have thrust me from the house had not his attention been arrested by a knock at the outer, or hall, door, a loud, imperious knock, that seemed to announce a person of importance. The next minute the door of our apartment was opened and in walked my bumptious travelling companion of the preceding day. He was all smirks and smiles now, presenting, as he reared his portly figure and looked about him, the very embodiment of good nature. My father, being taken by surprise in the midst of his passion, stared for a moment without a word of welcome or recognition. Then suddenly he cried. "Thomas Clephane, by all that's wonderful!"

"Troth, just the same, cousin," returned the visitor, complacently, taking my father's outstretched hand, "and glad to see you hale and well, though, to say the truth, a wee thought ruffled about the comb, so to speak. And this is my cousin, Janet, no doubt," beaming upon my mother and extending his hand, "I am glad to make your acquaintance, cousin, and gratified to find you well. Many a time have I thought of you all; many a time"—then spying me, "Ah, whom have we here? A familiar face, surely. Dod, as I'm a living man, my stage companion, whose pretty wit and lively manners I found so entertaining on the wretched journey hither. Well, well, this is a pleasure to be sure," grasping my hand and nearly wringing it from the wrist. "Who could have thought of this? But the unexpected's aye happening. Little know we what a day or an hour may bring forth. And to think that yesterday we dunched each other in our daffin, never dreaming we were of the same blood. Your looks tell me I'm right in taking you for the heir of Kilburnie. Home from college likely. I've heard of ye from Peter. Faith, Peter says yer an unco scholar."

"It's a pleasure to me to welcome you to Kilburnie," interrupted my father. "And it was wholly unexpected."

"Pleasures are aye sweetest when unexpected, cousin," returned Mr. Clephane, urbanely. "What's expected is discounted, enjoyed before its time, so to speak, like wind raised by post obit. I was in the country side and could not leave without looking in at Kilburnie. And I'm lucky in finding you altogether, and doubly lucky in finding an old friend," turning his radiance upon me, "though, to say the truth, what the minister called him escapes me."

"Andrew," said my mother.

"To be sure," said Mr. Clephane, laughing. "My memory's no worth a preen, as Bobbie says. I might have remembered what Peter has so often told me. 'Father,' he has said, 'there's not the like of Andrew Kilgour in our university. Mind you what I tell ye, he's born to make his mark.' But the fact is that old folks are so much fashed wi' the world, the flesh and the devil their minds get slippery and lose the grip o' things. I hope the college days are not over, Andrew. It's an auld saying and a true, stick to the school—the schule, we said, in my haflin days—and the school will stick to you."

(To be Continued.)

In walked my bumptious traveling companion of the preceding day.

How to Get Rich.

We refer to the richness of the blood If you are pale and thin, you are poor in strength and nerve power. Scott's Emulsion drives away thinness and pallor, and brings rich blood and nerve power.

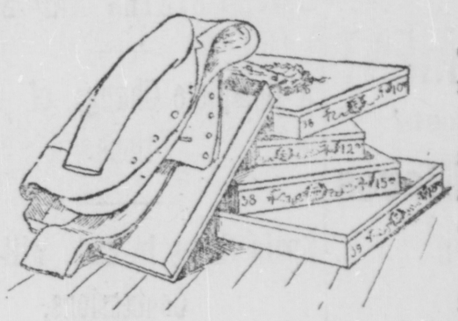
Pure Blood
Every thought, word and action takes vitality from the blood; every nerve, muscle, bone, organ and tissue depends on the blood for its quality and condition.
Spring Medicine
Therefore pure blood is absolutely necessary to right living and healthy bodies. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great blood purifier and the best Spring Medicine. Therefore it is the great cure for scrofula, salt rheum, humors, sores, rheumatism, catarrh, etc.; the great nervine, strength builder, appetizer, stomach tonic and regulator.
Hood's Sarsaparilla Is sold by all druggists. $1 six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. Get Hood's and only Hood's.
Hood's Pills taken after dinner aid digestion.

Easter Monday Night.
OPERA HOUSE
PAUL THE CRIPPLE
—OR—
LOVE AT LAST
A Thrilling Three Act Drama, replete with pathos, and containing many interesting parts, will be presented by
St Dunstan's College Dramatic Club
No pains will be spared to make this play a grand success.
Specialties—Music, Song and Tambourine Dance,
Vinnicombe's Orcestra will be in Attendance.
Proceeds in Aid of the New Cathedral Fund,
Plan of Hall at Rankin's Drug Store, and Dodd's Medical Hall.
Admission 25, 35 and 50 cents.
Doors open at 7.30. Curtain rises at 8 o'clock.

Prowse Bros...
Have notified us to move from our old stand, till they build us a new brick store:
We will on the 1st of April move to Great George Street, opposite Job Joy's Restaurant, and for the next thirty days, we will give the biggest bargains in the history of the Jewellery trade of Charlottetown, to clear out our stock of Clocks, watches and Jewellery.
Repairing of Clocks, Watches and Jewellery, given special attention.
C. C. JURY

Bottled Joy.
Empty bottles wanted, cheapest cash price paid for all kind of empty bottles
JOHN P. JOY,
Victoria Cafe Gt George St.

Unwrinkled and Flawless



Each suit or overcoat kept in a roomy box, after inspection of seams, buttons, and linings, by a critical Tailor.

No dust to soil, no light to fade, no piling to crease, these carefully made garments, for there's a reputation at stake in every box.

The makers' brand and price on satin label, (sewn in left breast pocket) is a responsible pledge to the Wearer of fit, service, and value.

$10, $12, $15, $18
$20 per suit.

Book—"The Logic of Dress" free for the asking.

FIT-REFORM CLOTHING
THIS BRAND WITH RETAIL PRICE STAMPED BY THE MAKERS ON EVERY GENUINE GARMENT

SOLE LOCAL AGENCY
PROWSE BROTHERS.

Does it Pay to Paint?

There is nothing that adds to the selling value or the renting value of a house like good paint—there is nothing that makes home more home-like than good paint.

It pays to paint. The better the paint, the better it pays.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT

pays in the beginning because it goes so far—pays in the end because it lasts so long, and looks so well, as long as it lasts. There is no paint like it for beauty and durability, for economy and satisfaction.

Ask the dealer for it.

If you would like to learn many points about painting, we'll send you an illustrated book free.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO., PAINT & COLOR MAKERS,
100 Canal St., Cleveland. 297 Washington St., New York.
St. Antoine St., Montreal.

RING OUT THE BELLS.

Hear what Madame Albani's special accompanist has to say about the

BELL PIANOS

THE QUEEN'S,
TORONTO, Feby. 22nd, 1897

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

In connection with my visit to Canada as Pianist to Madame Albani, I have had occasion to observe various makes of pianos, and have been much impressed with the advances which are being made in the art of piano construction in this young and flourishing country. One of the most recent instruments to arrest my attention—and I might say one of the best—is the well known "Bell" Piano. Its tone is admirable throughout, and the touch firm and responsive—just what we musicians like—in fact, an excellent piano in every respect. The new Orchestral Attachment (which I understand can be obtained on "Bell" pianos only) is also an excellent feature, and one which will doubtless excite interest with all classes. I do not hesitate to say that I consider the "Bell" piano a good, honest instrument, and so recommend it to any intending purchaser.

(Sgd.) ARMANDO SEPPILLI.

(Conductor, Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden,)
Pianist to Madame Albani, Canadian tour, 1896-7.

For sale only at

FLETCHER'S

Piano Warerooms, Opera House Building,
T. C. P. Yeo, Agent at Summerside.