EVERY MOTHER SHOULD Have it in the House

It will positively cure the many common ailments which will occur to the inmates of every family as long as life has woes. It soothes every ache, every lameness, every pain, every soreness everywhere. It prevents and cures asthma, bronchitis, colds, coughs, croup, catarrh, diphtheria, gout, hacking, hoarseness, headache, hooping cough, influenza and neuralgia.

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Originated in 1810, by the late Dr. A. Johnson, Family Physician.

For more than forty years I have used Johnson's Anodyne Liniment in my family. I regard it one of the best and safest family medicines; used internal and external in all cases. O. H. INGALLS, Dea. 2d Bapt. Ch., Bangor, Me.

CROUP. My children are subject to croup. All that is necessary is to give them a dose, bathe the chest and throat with your Liniment, tuck them in bed, and the croup disappears as if by magic. E. A. PERRENOT, Rockport, Tex.

Our Book "Treatment for Diseases and Care of Sick Room," Mailed Free. Sold by all Druggists. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS ALWAYS CURE

AFTER TEN YEARS SUFFERING

Two Box Cure

MILVERTON, 28TH JULY, 1895.

Gentlemen,—For the last ten years I had been troubled with kidney disease, being so bad at intervals that I could not lie in bed at night nor stoop to the ground.

I had tried all the remedies I could find without effect, but heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills and procured a box.

I am most happy to say it for my own sake as well as for others that I am perfectly cured after using four boxes.

JOHN RILEY.

we can sell you Dodd's Kidney Pills at the following prices, viz.:—50c. per box six boxes for $2.50. To the trade—$4.0 per dozen, or three dozen at $3.75 per dozen. Sent by mail to any address paid.

GEORGE E. HUGHES,
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thinness

The diseases of thinness are scrofula in children, consumption in grown people, poverty of blood in either. They thrive on leanness. Fat is the best means of overcoming them. Everybody knows cod-liver oil makes the healthiest fat.

In **Scott's Emulsion** of cod-liver oil the taste is hidden, the oil is digested, it is ready to make fat.

When you ask for Scott's Emulsion and your druggist gives you a package in a salmon-colored wrapper with the picture of the man and fish on it—you can trust that man!

50 cents and $1.00

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GRATEFUL.—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA

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"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided for our breakfast and supper a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." *Civil Service Gazette*

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Brick Residence

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FOR SALE or TO LET, that handsome three story brick residence, situate on Richmond Street, fronting Hillsborough Park, known as the property of the late Wm. Kennedy. There are two entrances to the premises one from Richmond St., running north 182 ft., and the other in the rear on Weymouth St. TEN good rooms in the house and a large dry cellar under the whole, namely, double drawing room, sliding doors, dining, bed, and bath rooms, etc. In the rear of the premises are a stable and coach house. Water from the water works in the house.

House can be seen, and possession given at once, on application to the undersigned,

JOHN NASH.

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WRITES:

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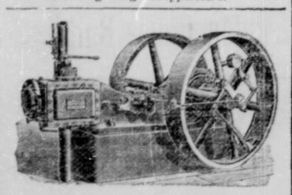
Strength, Smoothness and Freedom from Kinks found in

CLAPPERTON'S THREAD

—Most elder hands knew this long ago and insist on getting "Clapperton's."



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Correct Design.

Best Workmanship

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IN DURANCE VILE.

BY THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER I.

"I have been your evil genius," she says, sadly. "For the kindness shown to me your life is required. Some members of the Land League have sworn to kill you because you have openly defied their attempts to starve us into submission. I have come here to tell you this."

"I knew it," says Fitzgerald, gently. "I have known it for some time."

"You knew it, and still persisted?"

"I really didn't want to persist, or be obstinate, or to make myself disagreeable in any way," declares Mr. Fitzgerald, adjusting his eyeglasses and growing quite earnest, 'but even to oblige that great and good man, Parnell, I couldn't allow you to go dinnerless."

He has dropped his glasses again as usual, and is now fumbling awkwardly for them, or perhaps he might have seen an expression in her beautiful eyes that would well have repaid him for the risk he has most willingly run.

"You knew it?" she says again in a tone that trembles.

"Why, yes; I was bound to, you know. Some unknown and rather illiterate acquaintance has been good enough to write me two or three very curious notes upon the subject of late. I remember wondering, when the first missive was handed me by Jackson, where on earth my correspondent got his paper and his spelling. The word 'Hel' tormented me for a considerable time, but it occurred so frequently in connection with another word spelled 'sowl,' that at last I found it out. I believe it is to the former mysterious abode they mean to do themselves the pleasure of sending my latter, if I allow them. Sounds like a riddle, doesn't it?"

"You have risked your life for me!" says Patricia, very pale.

"My dear girl, it is nothing, really nothing—quite a selfish affair all through, not worth a moment's thought. Do you suppose I could live knowing you uncomfortable?"

"You are right, it was a selfish affair," says Patricia, rising, impetuously, with a white face full of reproachful passion. "Do you suppose I could continue comfortable knowing you dead?"

She has raised one bare, rounded arm to the side of her head, and having rested the other on the back of the nearest chair, so steadies herself and looks at him.

"But why suppose me dead?" says he, with a smile.

"You have had my warning."

You think they will redeem their kindly promise? Well, perhaps they may some day; but—"

"To-night!" says Patricia, with startling vehemence. "At any moment now they may be here. Do you suppose I should have come to you unless the need was indeed pressing? At midnight a large body of men (as far as I could learn) will be here to burn and sack your house and—" Her voice fails her.

"What?"

"Kill you!" she says, desperately, and covers her eyes with her hands.

"I didn't think it would be such sharp work," says Fitzgerald, with darkening brows. "Who is your informant?"

"You must not ask me. I have given my word never to betray that. See! it is almost twelve. Come," with nervous haste, "another five minutes may make it too late."

"By Jove! so it will," glancing in his turn at the clock. "Which of the men will be best to take you back?" he says, musingly. "Perhaps—" He seems anxious and puzzled.

"Will not three be rather conspicuous in the moonlight?" says Patricia, timidly. "Could not you alone come with me?"

"I, my darling! I can't go with you," says Fitzgerald, turning crimson. "I must remain here."

"Oh, you shall not," cries the girl, vehemently. "You must return with me. I have come all this way by myself for you; will you send me back alone?" She lays her little white hands, one crossed upon the other, on his arm, and looks with eager eyes into his face. "I pray you to come; will you refuse me?" she says.

"Will you make me a greater coward than you already deem me?" returns he, hastily, the late wound still rankling. In a moment, seeing how she shrinks away from him, conscience-stricken, he curses himself in his heart for having thus upbraided her.

"Forgive me!" he says in an agony of contrition.

"You do right to reproach me, returns she, in a low tone, with her pretty head bent down and lips quivering, "although in my heart I never meant what I said.

"I believe that," he says, gladly. "But let us talk of it another time. If the information you bring me is correct, there is not a moment to be lost. You must go at once.

"I will not, says Miss Blake, firmly. 'If you stay, I shall stay with you.

"Let me tell you one thing before you finally decide, says the young man, regarding her earnestly. "In thus staying here with me, without the protection of your father, you will compromise yourself in the eyes of the world. Unless in the character of my affianced wife, you could hardly take the step you now contemplate.

"Is that the way you ask me to marry you? asks she, very shyly, but with a mischievous gleam in her large, dark Irish eyes, made up of tears and laughter.

"Patricia! He makes a step forward, and then stops, as though determined to kill the rising hope within him "If I thought there was a chance—" he begins, his voice somewhat unsteady.

"There isn't," she says, plucking at a fold in her gown and with averted eyes: "it's a certainty. Here she makes another brave effort to smile, but breaks down. "I—I love you, she says, and bursts into tears.

"O love! O darling! says the young man, and then involuntarily they move toward each other. There is a tremulous pause, a faltering glance, and then the veil is torn down, and they find happiness imparadised in one another's arms.

How am I to part from you now? he says at last, desperately. But now, if possible, you are even dearer to me than you were before, and I must hasten to save my wife (dwelling with infinite tenderness upon the beloved word) from the threatened danger."

"In danger who should be your comfort but your wife?" returns she, sweetly. "I shall stay, dear, unless, indeed, you mean to repudiate my claim to that title. If so, I can go indeed.

"No, no!" seizing her as she half turns aside. "Rather than you should think that, I would have you share my danger. Remain, then, and help me to think of what is best to be done." Looking round the room, he sees the shutters barred. "Who has done that?" he says, hastily.

"I did it," says Patricia.

"Dear little heart! she thought of everything," he says, caressingly.

"Forget me now," says Patricia, earnestly. "Think only of the fact that in a very little time you may be attacked by dangerous enemies."

"A fig for them!" says Mr. Fitzgerald, throwing out his arms with a glad gesture of supreme content. "I am too happy to be afraid of anything. I defy them, one and all. Now come with me and have a glass of champagne, and help me to instil courage into the hearts of my people."

The in-door men, four in number (being eventually instilled both with courage and champagne, assisted by a "dhrop o' the crather") are stationed in a room in the west wing, with windows overhanging the avenue on one side and the entrance to the yard on the other.

"Put out every light in the house," says Patricia, and at once (as though already she is acknowledged as its mistress) every light is put out.

Having armed Patricia, at her own request, with a revolver, Mr. Fitzgerald leads the way to an upper room, from which also the avenue can be seen and part of the garden.

They have had time to execute all these maneuvers, and to let Patricia begin to believe herself the messenger of a false alarm, when she and Fitzgerald (who are sitting in very close proximity to each other—the night is cold!) notice simultaneously a wavering shadow that falls across the graveled sweep before the hall door. It comes apparently from the dark clump of elms on their right hand.

The clouds, that in the earlier part of the evening had been dull and leaden, have all cleared away, and now, though cold and frosty, one sees a most heavenly night. Every tree and shrub and leaf is a-glitter with diamonds from Winter's mines, and moonlight, lying over all, softens and deepens into tenderest beauty each thing it touches.

But the shadow—now long, now short—rests on the moonlit patch upon the gravel and draws the attention to it from all the surrounding charms.

Now it grows longer, as though bolder, now recedes, as though in doubt, now—

"There, look!" whispers Patricia, hurriedly, tightening her fingers on Fitzgerald's.

Slowly, as they watch, a party of about twenty men emerge cautiously from among the dark elms and move toward the principal entrance. One of these, striking a match, sets fire to a huge pine log (presumably steeped in paraffine, because of its readiness to receive the flame), and then moves even more rapidly toward the hall door.

Mr. Fitzgerald at this, placing Patricia in an angle of the wall, where she is for the present safe, flings wide the window, and calls aloud to the insurgents down below.

"What do you want here, you fellows?" he says, in a clear and by no means conciliatory tone.

His sudden presence, being evidently quite unexpected, causes the body of men to come to a stand-still. A parley among themselves then ensues, of a very animated order, until broken by one of their number, who, separating himself a little from the others, glances defiantly up at the window where Fitzgerald is standing. He is rather a petty farmer than a workman, a tall and slight young man, and carries in his right hand a revolver.

"You!" he says insolently, in answer to Mr. Fitzgerald's question.

"Well, you see me," says Fitzgerald, calmly. "What can I do for you?"

"Nothing. We're going to do for you to-night!" replies the same voice. This retort brings to life a hoarse, jeering laugh of approbation from the rest of the men.

"As for that, we shall see," says Fitzgerald, still quite calmly. "However, one word. It is only fair to warn you that the first man who lays that lighted torch to my door will get a bullet through his brain."

"There are more bullets than yours," shouts another voice, derisively, and almost with the words something whistles past Fitzgerald's head and lodges itself in the wall behind him.

"A near shave," says the young man, with a low laugh. It is a dangerous laugh, however, full of revengeful possibilities, but without suspicion of fear. Patricia comes quickly to his side. Her soul is filled with pride for him. After all, a man can prove himself no whit lacking in courage, though he be deficient in prowess on the hunting field. She is as pale as she might be lying in her shroud, but there is no sign of faintness about her now. She does not even ask him to make terms with the miscreants beneath.

"Stand a little to this side; you will be more out of their range," is all she says, drawing him, as she speaks, into the desired position.

"Keep well behind me," he says, anxiously; "but, if you can with safety, point out to me the man who fired that shot. My own wretched eyes are of small use to me in this uncertain light. I don't think"—laughing again, but quite gayly this time—"I ever grieved over my short sight before."

"For the future I shall be your eyes," returns she, sweetly. "And now to tell you what you want to know. See that little man standing behind those two foremost giants; he fired that shot"

"You are indeed the very eyes of me," says the young man, softly. "But, darling, what a terrible experience for you! And it is all my fault. But for me you would be—"

"Poor indeed, whereas now I am rich. There, be on your guard That fellow is about to fire again."

"All my imperfections declare themselves to-night" exclaims he, with deep regret. "I can not be sure of disarming that man. I am a bad marksman with all the rest."

"How you decry yourself" says she, proachfully. "If your sight is bad, it is all; there is no rest—"

"For the wicked, no," says Mr. Fitzgerald, lightly. As he says this, another bullet flies past him, tearing a small bit of cloth from the shoulder of his coat.

"There! I told you so," he says, with a sense of appreciation of the aptness of the insult from below: it has evidently tickled him. "Rather rude, though, to class me thus publicly with the very wicked," he says, in an amused tone.

"Why will you expose yourself!" cries Patricia, vehemently. "Stand back and fire low."

"Not yet," says Fitzgerald, with a suspicion of shame in his voice. "Don't think me chicken-hearted, darling; but to confess the truth to you, I can't bear to take the lives of any of those misguided creatures down there. A hand-to-hand struggle with their vile leaders, who, by false statements and seditious speeches, have led them astray, might have some honor and glory in it, but—"

He has no time to finish his sentence. A volley from the window in the opposite wing, fired by the servants stationed there right into the body of the Leaguers, drowns his words, and directs his attention to the scene beneath. Both he and Patricia lean forward.

A wild yell rising on the frosty air tells them that one bullet at least has found its home. A central figure is writhing on the ground; a thin, dark stream of blood is creeping along and defiling the white carpet that Nature has laid upon the earth.

"It is horrible!" says Patricia. She staggers a little, and lays her hand upon Fitzgerald's arm. It is but for a moment. Then she recovers herself, and, standing upright, stares with determination upon the group beneath—she has come forward a little forward.

(To be Continued.)

PLEASANT VIEW HOUSE.

WHICH has been thoroughly renovated and has been enlarged by the addition of a large wing, will be open for the reception of guests after June 20th.

The Proprietor again solicits the patronage of all who desire to spend their vacation at a first class summer resort.

MATTHEW SMITH,
Proprietor,
Pleasant View Hampton June 15.

"TO PAINT THE LILY,"

USE BURRELL'S

Prepared Zinc White,

FOR SALE BY

FENNELL & CHANDLER.

Charlottetown, June 4, 1896.

Beside the Little Top, Sits the Little Bug.

The only cure for that little bug is our

PURE ENGLISH PARIS GREEN

The purest is the most profitable

Buy the R. P. NORTON Brand.

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135 Horse Power PORTABLE ENGINE and BOILER, Locomotive pattern. Horizontal Engine on top of Boiler.

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125 Horse Power STATIONARY ENGINE and BOILER, all in first-class order Price low. Terms easy.

NEW DAIRY ENGINES in stock, Abegweit pattern. DAIRY BOILERS new, on hand. Also, DAIRY SUPPLIES of any kind furnished on application including the celebrated ALPA DE LAVAL SEPERATOR. It skims closer and at a lower temperature than any other in use. 24 Bottle BABCOCK TESTERS always on hand.

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Our goods are all of the best, including our STEEL DISK HARROW, which we have ready for use.

Our SEED BOXES will be sold (20 per cent. lower than any in this market) direct to Farmers. Telephone communication.

McKINNON & McLEAN.

Charlottetown, April 16, 1896—dy & wy

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El Padre Needles is Sweet and Mild.

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The Popular Summer Route.

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The S. S. HALIFAX will leave Charlottetown for Boston every Friday at 1 p. m., arriving at Boston Mondays 7 a.m., returning leave Boston Tuesdays at noon, calling at Hawkesbury and Halifax each way.

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Passengers leaving Charlottetown on Saturday, Monday and Thursday mornings via Pictou, make close connection at Halifax with S. S. Halifax sailing Saturday midnight and with SS OLIVETTE sailing every Tuesday and Friday at 8 a.m.

For further particulars apply to Charlottetown Navigation Co., Charlottetown or to

H. L. CHIPMAN, Can. Agt.,
may7 Halifax, N.S.

New Prices in Watches

We have lately received a nice assortment of

Silver Watches for Ladies and Gentlemen,

which were bought right, and cannot fail to please in price.

Call and inspect them.

W. N. TANTON'S

Great George Street,

NEAR QUEEN SQUARE.

COTTAGE TO LET.

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THE NEW MODEL NO. 6

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Letter and Legal Paper, Ribbons, and other Typewriter Supplies.

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From Liverpool.	Steamer.	From Montreal.
April 27th	Lake Huron	May 13th
May 2 d	Lake Ontario	May 20th.
May 9th	Lake Superior	May 27th.
May 23rd	Lake Winnipeg	June 10th.
May 30th	Lake Huron	June 17th.

FIRST CABIN—$40, $5, $50 and $60 Round Trip, $80, $5, $0 and $100, according to steamer and accommodation.

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STEERAGE—To Liverpool, London, Glasgow, Belfast, at lowest rates.

NOTE—Steerage passengers by the Beaver Line are provided with the use of bedding, and eating and drinking utensils, free of charge.

Freight carried at lowest rates and to all important points both in Canada and Great Britain on through bills of lading. Special facilities provided for the carriage of butter, cheese and perishable freight.

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D. W. CAMPBELL, Manager, 18 Hospital st, Montreal,
or TROOP & SON, Agents, St John, N B,

Wanted Only Chocolate.

The girl with fluffy hair and a shirt waist was reading over the signs on the soda fountain.

"You have vanilla, have you?" she said.

"Yes, miss," the young man answered.

"Have you any pineapple?"

"Any quantity of it, miss."

"Have you raspberry?"

"Yes, miss."

"I wonder if a sarsaparilla wouldn't be nice. Have you sarsaparilla?"

"By the gallon, miss."

"You have nectar and peach and banana and all the other fruits, I suppose?"

"Every one of them, miss."

"Have you any chocolate?"

"No. I'm sorry, but we're out of chocolate. There has been such a demand that we find it almost impossible to keep enough on hand."

"Oh, dear! I'm so sorry! I have been thirsty for some chocolate soda water all day. But it doesn't matter. There is another drug store down the street."

And she was gone.—Detroit Free Press.

Census of India.

By the last census of India the total population is 287,223,431, or about one sixth of the world's population. Of these, 72 per cent. or 207,000,000, are classed as Hindoos, 57,000,0000 are Mussulmans, 7,000,000 are Buddhists and 2,000,000 are Christians. Of the 15,000,000 who are returned as "literate" and "learned," approximately 750,000 only are females.

Two Kinds of Care.

The Doctor—You must be very careful to take the medicine. Mrs. Jones-Brown.

The Patient—But I am always careful to take my medicine.

The Doctor—Yes, but this time you really need it.

To nail in position a thousand feet of flooring, 38 pounds of tenpenny nails are required.

Port of Summerside.

July 23—Entered, schr. Samuel Drake, Olsen, Ch'town, mdse; Dayspring, LeBlanc, Pictou, coal; J. B. Fay, Howard, Pictou, coal; Onward, McLeod, Pictou, coal. July 24—S. S. Campana, Baquet, Montreal, mdse; Eagle, Sonier, Tracadie, cedar posts. July 25—S. S. Fastnet, Bethel, Halifax, mdse.

July 23—Cleared, Express, Stewart, Richibucto, cats; Tillie B., Brownell, Baie Verte, produce; Samuel Drake, Olsen, Gaspe, ballast; Dayspring, LeBlanc, fishing voyage, fishing supplies; Merry May, McKay, Pictou, ballast; ss. Campana, Baquet, Pictou, mdse; Eagle, Sonier, Tracadie, N. B., ballast; ss. Fastnet, Bethel, Halifax, mdse.

Nicola Tesla is quoted as saying that he has discovered a method of conveying electricity for five hundred miles without wires. There was a time not very long ago when such a claim would have been laughed at, but now we do not laugh at anything an electrician says is possible. Still we would like to see Tesla's scheme at work, and to know what would happen to a person who got in the way of the loose current, if it is loose and a current.

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... WILL HOLD ITS ...

FOURTH ANNUAL FAIR

ON ITS EXHIBITION GROUNDS,

Opening Sept. 2d and Closing Oct. 2d, 1896,

Exhibits of Machinery and Manufactures; Farm and Dairy Products, Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Swine, &c.

Products of the Forest, Mines and Waters, Paintings, Sculpture, &c., Fancy Work.

The Provincial Government herd of Live Stock, just purchased, will be exhibited and sold on the Grounds.

Large Prizes in all the Usual Departments.

Special Attractions.—Fireworks every suitable evening, Band Music, afternoons and evenings, Attractive Performances in the Amusement Hall, Varied Attractions on the Parade Grounds.

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Wants, Lost, Found, &c.

Advertisements under this heading charge five cents per line.

WANTED—A plain cook by 15th of Sept. Mrs W. A. Weeks, Brighton, jy22—1w

PICNIC BOILERS for hire. Apply to Mrs H. D. Wadman, Bayfield Street. jy22 1i

PIANO FOR SALE at a barrain Call and see it Mrs. Burris, Great George Street. jy22—d2wif

PASTURE—For a limited number of cow or horses, in city limits Good water supply and shelter. Apply to Geo. E. Hughes, Apothecaries Hall may27

LOST—On the 15th July, inst., on or near Queen Street forty dollars in notes. The finder will be well rewarded by leaving it at Beer & Goff's Store.

TO LET—A Cottage situated on Pleasant St containing 7 rooms in good order, with a first class cellar under the whole house Also inclosed yard with stable, and is at present occupied by Mrs John A. McInnis, who is about to leave the Island Apply to Mr Thomas McQuaid, Lower Queen Street, or to the owner at Southport EDWARD KELLY june 19, 1896

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TO LET.—The store and printing office now occupied by Haszard & Moore in the Brown Block. Possession given 1st November Apply to James Paton. june 11 2 4 6.

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The St. Lawrence Sugar Refining Co., Ltd, Montreal

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Office of Official Analyst,
Montreal, April 8th, 1895.

"I hereby certify that I have drawn, by my own hand, ten samples of the ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR REFINING CO'S EXTRA STANDARD GRANULATED SUGAR, indiscriminately taken from ten lots of about 150 barrels each. I have analysed same, and find them uniformly to contain:

99 [illegible]/100 to 100 per cent. of Pure Cane Sugar.

with no impurities whatever."

(Signed) JOHN BAKER EDWARDS, Ph D., C. I.
Prof. of Chemistry and Pub. Analyst, Montreal

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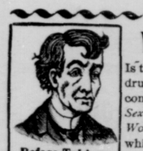

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