D-O-D-D-'S

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

CURE FOR ALL KIDNEY

CURES RHEUMATISM BRIGHTS DISEASE DIABETES

D-O-D-D-'S

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS, the only positive, never-failing cure, on earth, for all Kidney diseases.

Take No Other.
Get the Genuine.
Refuse Imitations.
There's Only One Dodd's.

WE WANT HOUSEKEEPERS

To come in and look over our groceries Our stock is fine and fresh and guaranteed to be satisfactory. We keep everything in our line that is necessary.

FOR HOUSEKEEPING

The prices—well, that is what we want you to see when you are looking at our goods. Their lowness will surprise you.

DRISCOLL and HORNSBY
QUEEN STREET

THE WEEK'S GROCERIES...

Perhaps you would like to get a little more for what you spend.

Perhaps you would like to have everything fresh and nice.

If you will try my store I think you will find that your money will go farther.

And all the groceries you get will be good and fresh.

JOHN McKENNA.
QUEEN ST. GROCER

PLANT LINE.

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CHARLOTTETOWN TO BOSTON AND RETURN FOR

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Commencing Oct 3rd, the well known S.S. Halifax leaves Charlottetown every Tuesday at noon for Boston, via Hawkesbury and Halifax.

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Buyers ordering ex. ship save cost of storing here. For sale low to the trade. For prices write

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ONE TREE ISLAND.

By JOHN BLOUNDELLE-BURTON.

[Copyright, 1899, by John Bloundelle-Burton.]

(Continued.)

"Stop, says I; there may be more curiosities to be seen. Let's wait and see.' Mateys, there was more to be seen, as I will tell you.

"When that blob of what I called blood had fallen—splashing as it fell some of the men who were nearest to it—the part that had opened closed again. But it only closed for a moment, for directly afterward it once more parted and from it fell something white—something about as big as a duck's egg. And then, once more, it closed up. Job was by now almost beside himself with terror, but I was calmer, and in my calmness I advanced to that white thing a-lying there in the moonlight and picked it up, while Job looked over my elbow at it.

"Shipmates all, in this here town, do you know what that thing were? It were a bone of some sort—alas, we feared it were a bone of poor Will Winter's, crushed and bruised into a pulp.

"Slowly I let my hand fall, and I knowed now that my face must be as horror struck as the face of the man before me, and, slowly followed by him, I walked away from under the branches of that accursed tree. And, as we moved off, I think it done us good to see the light glimmering on the fo'castle of the Loving Friend and to know that in that brave ship there was something apart from the terrors by which we were surrounded.

"'The skipper was right,' says I, as we gazed on the ship, both on us a'most afear'd to cast our eyes to the tree. 'We are in the hands of God. But still there is something here no mortal man can fathom. Mate, let us wake them—though our watch is not yet run out, nor their sleep at an end. Better, better far that they wake and come away from that tree than remain there—better'—

"But here I was stopped with a yel so awful that the other words I was going to utter died on my lips. In a moment we had faced round once more to that tree, and there we see what might have frozen a man to death with fear.

"All the sleepers were now on their feet, shouting and yelling—that is to say, all but one, Mark Deacon, and he—he, shipmates, was a-hanging by one arm to one of the lower branches of that tree, his feet being some distance from the ground, and the branch itself was shaking violently. But it was not even this that was so horrible as it was for us to perceive that he was not holding on to the branch, but that the branch itself was opening and shutting like a vast mouth—though never dropping him—and that, already, it had swallowed his hand and arm up to the forearm, and that it was gradually drawing the whole of his body into itself. So have I seen a snake draw in the body of an animal, for to nothing else can I compare this hellish sight.

"'Hold on to his legs,' I bawled, as I ran up to him, 'and some on you—you with axes and knives—swarm up the tree and lop off that branch. Lop it off, break it off, do anything, but stop what it is about.'

"But to lop off a branch from a tree that is as thick round as an ordinary man's body is no easy task, work as hard as one may, and, though two men had already got up the tree by the help of the other's shoulders, and were hacking and slashing away at the branch with good will, they made but little progress, and, as they hacked and slashed, with every blow they made, the blood poured from the vast cuts until at last the sand below was deluged with it and looked more like a quarter deck after a three hours' fight with a gang of Sallee rovers than the shore of a desert island. But at least one good advantage did occur from their efforts.

"Hold on to his legs," I bawled.

for at last the branch—as some savage, wounded beast might have done—weakened by their blows, let go its hold, and poor Mark fell to the ground.

"During all the time I had been calling to them to lop off the branch he, in his agony, had been shrieking to them instead to cut off his arm and set him free, and indeed had we done so he would have suffered but little more or scarcely have been a greater loser, for, when released at last, he fell to the ground, the arm was gone—eaten away by that devilish tree—and naught but a mangled stump protruded from his shoulder. But his life was saved, and, instead of his whole body, he had but lost a limb.

"And now, friends, what more need was there to doubt where Will Winter had gone to or what had befallen him? It was certain we had come across a horrible something—for who could call it simply a tree?—that by some dreadful freak of nature was part cannibal, part wild beast and part demon; something, I do think, that no eyes but those of the crew of the Loving Friend had ever seen, something that no mortal man could ever have imagined had he not seen it.

"Shipmates, there was left but one thing more to do, and that we done at daybreak when all the crew had come ashore and when the skipper, who well understood chirurgery, had bound up poor Deacon's wounded stump.

"We got all the axes that were on board. We hewed down that tree, we lopped off all the branches, and at first more blood flowed from it, though at last it ceased. And the blood that came from it was about as much as the body of a man might contain. In those branches we found more pulp that we knowed had been bones, and in the tree, near where the branch had grown out, still more. And, mates, we found some teeth. Here's one on 'em."

And, feeling in his shirt, this strange wanderer produced a pouch, from which he took a human double tooth and threw it on the table.

Then, when the company had inspected it and had stared wonderingly at him and into each other's eyes, they slowly withdrew, while I, holding my mother's hand, went trembling up the stairs to bed.

A Palate Tickler.

"Years ago, when I belonged to a coterie of gay young cavaliers in New York city," said Colonel Henry Watterson at Chamberlin's, "I designed the dish now generally known as lobster a la Newburg. I gave my idea to Charlie Delmonico, and he saw that it was carried to successful execution. John McCullough was one of us, and to John is due the appearance of broiled live lobster in the east. He had caught on to that epicurean way of preparing it during his stay in California. In after years I attained some fame as a manipulator of certain dishes, terrapin, perhaps, being my masterpiece.

"Curiously enough, all the newspaper stories have given me credit for being an artist in the preparation of oyster stews, but my experience with the bivalves is limited. I always left them to John Chamberlin, while he would not allow any one but myself to attend to the diamond backs.

"I can't begin to tell you how much of this ingredient or the exact quantity of the other to put with the terrapin, but I know how to blend them all in an instinctive sort of way, and I've never yet found the man who didn't admit that my cooking was of the highest order."—Washington Post.

Not the Advice Expected.

After spending more than a quarter of a century in active business life in the city a certain merchant purchased a ranch which he considers to be admirably adapted for dairy farming. Having had no practical training in agricultural pursuits, he is dependent for his knowledge of the art upon those books which purport to tell the urban bred how to do the trick. He desires to learn all he can concerning dairying and for advice betook himself to his friend and pastor, Rev. Dr. Stebbins, in whose omniscience and wide reading he has absolute confidence.

"Do you know anything good on milk, doctor?" he asked the venerable man of God.

The jovial pulpiteer, who knows more of the "sincere milk of the word" than of any other lacteal fluid, answered solemnly:

"Yes, my dear sir, I believe I am familiar with the best thing on milk that can be found anywhere."

"What is it, doctor?" eagerly and unsuspectingly asked the budding rancher.

"Cream," ejaculated the preacher as he hurried round the corner.—San Francisco News Letter.

An Interesting Experiment.

That the earth revolves on its axis can be proved by a simple experiment. Fill a medium sized bowl nearly full of water and place it upon the floor of a room that is not exposed to jarring from the street. Upon the surface of the water sprinkle a coating of lycopodium powder. Then take powdered charcoal and draw a straight black line two inches long upon the coating—the line should be north and south.

After this is done lay upon the floor a stick so that it will be exactly parallel with the charcoal line. Any stationary object in the room will answer as well, provided it is parallel with the line. If the bowl is left undisturbed for several hours, it will be seen that the black mark has turned toward the parallel object and has moved from east to west, in a direction opposite to the movement of the earth on its axis.

This proves that the earth in revolving has carried the water with it, but the powder on the surface has been left a little behind.

TEST THE KIDNEYS

And if they are diseased use the world's greatest kidney cure

Dr. A. W. CHASE'S Kidney-Liver Pills

It's a simple matter to test the kidneys. You need not consult a doctor. By asking yourself three questions you can determine whether or not your kidneys are deranged.

First: "Have you backache, or weak, lame back?"

Second: "Do you have difficulty in urinating or a too frequent desire to urinate?"

Third: "Are there deposits like brick dust in the urine after it has stood for twenty-four hours?"

In its earlier stages kidney disease is readily cured by a few boxes of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, a preparation which has made Dr. Chase famous throughout the world for his wonderful cures of diseases of the kidneys.

If you have kidney disease you can take Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills with perfect confidence that what has proved an absolute cure in so many thousands of cases will not fail you.

So long as the cells of the kidneys are not completely wasted away, as in the last stages of Bright's disease, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills will give them new vigor and strength and make them strong, healthy and active. One pill a dose, 25c. a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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With the weight and work of a cast iron stove pot, in lifting and keeping clean, when for a little more money you can have a seamless enamelled stove pot, made in

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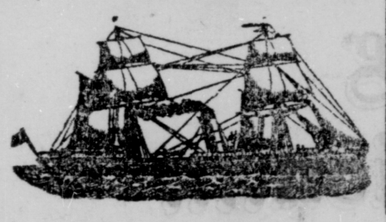

The S. S. "Bonavista" sailing from Montreal, Tuesday morning, Oct. 10th, will be due at Ch'town, Friday morning, Oct. 13th, and sails for St. John's, Nfld, via North Sydney, carrying horses, cattle and sheep on deck and produce under deck at lowest possible rates. For further particulars as to freight and passage apply to

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"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
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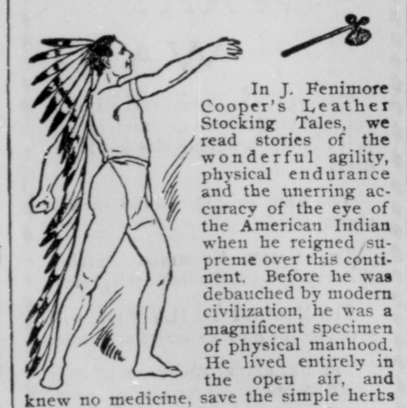

In J. Fenimore Cooper's Leather Stocking Tales, we read stories of the wonderful agility, physical endurance and the unerring accuracy of the eye of the American Indian when he reigned supreme over this continent. Before he was debauched by modern civilization, he was a magnificent specimen of physical manhood. He lived entirely in the open air, and knew no medicine, save the simple herbs gathered by his squaws.

Civilized man leads an unnatural and an unhealthy life. Unlike the Indian if he would maintain his physical and mental health, he must take reasonable precautions to combat disease. Nearly all diseases have their inception in disorders of the digestion, torpidity of the liver and impurity of the blood. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is made of simple herbs. It restores the lost appetite, makes digestion and assimilation perfect, invigorates the liver, purifies the blood and promotes the natural processes of excretion and secretion. It sends the rich, red, life-giving blood bounding through the arteries and corrects all circulatory disturbances. It dispels headaches, nervousness, drowsiness, lassitude, and drives out all impurities and disease germs. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption, bronchitis, asthma and diseases of the air-passages. It gives sound and refreshing sleep, drives away all bodily and mental fatigue and imparts vigor and health to every organ of the body. Medicine dealers sell it, and have nothing else, "just as good."

"A few of my symptoms," writes Charles Book, of Climax, Kalamazoo Co., Mich., "were heart-burn, fullness after eating, pain in my bowels, bad taste in my mouth, and occasional fever and hot flushes. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cured all these and I am perfectly well."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are sure, speedy and permanent cure for constipation. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative and two a mild cathartic. They never gripe. Found at all medicine stores.