LOVE IS LIFE.

Without love this world would be a good place to emigrate from. Without it, even money would be a worthless commodity, and all the jewels in the world as valueless as a clod of earth. Without it the human race would die—and be glad of it. Too few young women understand the basic principle implanted in nature by the Creator, that underlies love. Love is but the light in the east that leads to maternity. Love of husband is the stepping-stone to love of child.

A childless woman is a sun that gives no light or warmth, a cloud that never showers the thirsty earth, a flower, beautiful, perchance, but without perfume. There are thousands of women who lived well into middle-life without knowing the bliss of a first-born's caress, but who are happy mothers to-day and heap blessings on Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Over 90,000 women have testified to the merits of this marvelous remedy, and many of them have permitted their experiences and photographs to be printed in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. The "Favorite Prescription" quickens the life-giving organism of women. It makes a woman strong and healthy where she most needs vigor and vitality. It cures all weakness and disease of the feminine organs. It eliminates the discomforts on the way to maternity and makes baby's coming easy and nearly painless. Found at all medicine stores.

"In four years," writes Mrs. Minnie Smith, P. M., at Lowell, Lane Co., Ore., "I had miscarried twice. I took two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and now have a healthy baby. I am stronger than in twelve years."

Free. Send 31 one-cent stamps to cover customs and mailing only, for a paper-covered copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser; cloth binding, 50 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. The "Adviser" contains 1008 large pages and over 300 illustrations. It is a veritable medical library in one volume.

D & A Corsets

are made in great variety of styles. Whether tall, slim, stout or short you can get a D & A that will fit you comfortably, and at the same time add a little to the natural grace of the figure.

D & A Corsets Wear
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The Most Picturesque Summer Resort in America

THE : SPORTSMAN'S : PARADISE.

Every river and lake along the line of the Newfoundland Railway abounds with trout and salmon.

The Shortest Sea Voyage.

Quickest and safest route to any part is via the ROYAL MAIL STEBMER

"BRUCE"

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Leaves North Sydney every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening on arrival of the I.C.R. express. Returning leaves Port Aux Basque every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings on arrival of St. John express.

FARE:

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First Class	$20.05
Second Class	10.30
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R. G. REID, St. John's Nfld.; or
ARCHIBALD & CO., Agents,
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MARK FISHER, SONS & CO.

Victoria Square, MONTREAL

Importers of Fine Woollens and Tailors Trimmings

Sole proprietors of the "Klondike" Serge.

Sample Room, 72½ Prince Wm. St.
St. John, N. B.

H. H. HARVEY Agent.

CHAPTER XII.

Through the long, silent hours of the night just gone Strong Martin had been schooling himself for this interview. He knew how great a shock was awaiting his brother, and he knew how contracted was the lens through which his own departure from the traditions of his family would be observed. Seth's crude violence fell upon benumbed sensibilities.

He scarcely heard what Seth was saying. He knew it was abusive, but what of that? He turned away from the window and faced the excited man, who had remained seated from the beginning of this unpleasant interview. The sound of his brother's high pitched, querulous voice was exasperating to his tired nerves. He raised his hand authoritatively.

"Hold up, Seth. What you are saying does not amount to a row of pins. You are a Confederate simply from force of circumstances and surroundings. I am a Federal from identically the same reasons. This accursed war is practically over, and you are on the losing side. Tomorrow, at the hour of noon—today, rather, for the night is already gone—if you hear 12 slow guns from the direction of the gunboat lying off Deersneck, you may know that Robert E. Lee has surrendered and that the war is over. That is the signal agreed upon in case the rumor of surrender is confirmed. That being the case, brother Seth, you and I have other work than quarreling before us. You are on the losing side, Seth, and I on the winning, but we must stand shoulder to shoulder in the work of reconstructing a home for our loved ones. There is no one left to care for mother and Liza but you and me."

Seth removed his palmetto hat from the human peg that was trembling violently beneath its slight weight and searched its unlined crown for a handkerchief. His thin, sharp chin was quivering with excitement. His pale, blue eyes shot flames of wrath into the grave, patient face of his brother.

"My knowledge of the country and its resources recommended me in high quarters. You would not care to hear the story of my promotion. That has nothing to do with the stern facts staring us in the face today. I am here. I am here in a position to befriend all at Sans Souci, and it was because I wanted to consult with you first as to the best method of doing this without bringing down upon myself a deluge of that sentimental abuse that is lavished so liberally upon the invading army that I sent for you first. You owe it to your friends to be rational. I may be ordered away from here on a moment's notice. Tell me how I can best help them all."

Seth looked at him through narrowing lids.

"Help who? Help those women out yonder at Sans Souci?"

"Yes. What do they need?"

Seth laughed mirthlessly.

"Need? Well I reckon they jus' about need everything women foks is used to havin. The madam, she is got a brand new dress—a mighty fine one. She helped spin the yarn for it herself, and sissy wove it on the hand loom. Liza's got to be a firs' class weaver. Mammy's wearin petticoats made out of old bedtickin, but she declares they are prime good. Sissy goes clompin 'round in a pair of things called 'shoes' that I cobbled up fur her out of an alligator hide. They ain't dancin pumps jus' exac'ly, but they beat no shoes all holler. Mother's wearin a pair of slippers I figured out of a pair of wornout saddlebag flaps. You see, we don't go in for the fashions very heavy these days."

"But food? Every outside source of supply is closed against you. How do you manage to keep in the necessaries of life?"

Seth looked a him with lofty contempt.

"It depends purty much on what you mout call the necessaries of life. We used to think that coffee and sugar and flour come under that head, but we've changed our tune sence we've come down to okra pod coffee and sassafras tea without no sweetenin."

Strong Martin groaned audibly. Seth flung a taunt at him.

"Don't groan, majuh. You're on the winnin side, as you've took occasion to tell me mere'n once this mornin. No danger of you ever bein put to it for a cup of coffee or a pair of shoes. As for us, we've got sorter used to doin without things, and it don't hurt half as bad as you might think. It don't hurt half as bad, no, suh, not one ten-thousandth part as bad as findin a traitor in the bosom of your family."

A book came hurtling toward his head, sent by Strong in a perfect frenzy of exasperation.

"Hold your taunting tongue, you driveling sentimentalist. Do you suppose that anything you could say or leave unsaid could make me alter my way of looking at this matter? Because you were born in the quarter lot of a slaveholding aristocrat and have been content to crawl around doing his will all your life, is there any reason why I should spend my life driving negroes too? Because you have identified yourself with his grievances and made his fight your fight, do you demand that I, too, should risk my life to save his property? Our father and our young brother gave their lives that Governor Strong's chattels should be put in a place of safety. I have arrayed myself against the side where such massacres are possible. Accept the issue now—friendship or hostility between you and me."

Seth covered his face with a remorseful cry.

"Poor old daddy! Poor little Charlie! My lad, my merry little lad! I wished I could 'a' died in your stead, Charlie, in place of livin to bandy words of hate and scorn with the onlies' brother I've got left in the world."

The somber gloom of the officer's face was dispelled temporarily by a smile of ineffable sweetness.

"Not 'hate,' brother. I don't think you ever really hated anything in all your gentle life. Only a shock of disagreeable surprise, and a certain fretful uneasiness for the situation. You will come to look at things and at me differently a month or so hence, very differently."

At this juncture Corporal Greenleaf's ruddy face was suddenly framed in the doorway. It was furrowed with comical perplexity. With an abrupt military salute he craved his superior officer's pardon for his intrusion.

"Thar ain't no use, major. They won't be held back no longer. They're wimmin, and wimmin are the very devil for carrying a point. If they was men, I could 'a' handed 'em over to the guard. The old lady says she's rode seven miles in a dumpin cart to get to her son, and she won't be kept from him by King George and all his army."

"And she means every word she says."

This indorsement came from Becky herself, who pressed resolutely to the front, never once loosening her hold of a little nut brown hand, partially incased in a white cotton mitten, that belonged to a discreetly veiled young woman.

Agitated, breathless, confused, Mrs. Martin, standing in the center of the small apartment, did not look at all like a woman who had just carried her point.

That majestic officer, heavily bearded and sun tanned almost to blackness, was an imposing object in his dashing uniform, but he was not Seth. Purposely or by an impulse of pity for mother and son Seth's gaunt form was suddenly interposed between them.

"Here I am, mimmie, sound in wind and limb."

Becky rushed at him with a hysterical cry.

"Sonny! My boy Seth! Oh, my good Lord! I've been that bad scared. I didn't know what they might do to you before I got here. God bless you, son Seth!"

"Mother, have you no blessing for me?"

Seth felt himself forcibly set aside. At sound of that deep, sonorous baritone Rebecca turned her bewildered eyes away from the rustic in tatters toward the officer behind him.

(To be Continued.)

MR. MONTAGUE, DUNNVILLE, ONT.,

Has an Interesting Chat About Dr. Chase's Ointment.

HIS SUFFERING FROM ULCERATING PILES CURED.

He says:—I was troubled with itching piles for five years, and was badly ulcerated. They were very painful, so much so that I could not sleep. I tried almost every remedy heard of, and was recommended to use Dr. Chase's Ointment. I purchased a box, and from the first application got such relief that I was satisfied a cure would be made. I used in all two boxes, and am now completely cured.

Every remedy given by Dr. Chase cost years of study and research, and with an eye single to its adaptation for the ailments for which it was intended. Dr. Chase detested cure-alls, and it has been proven ten thousand times that not one of his formulas leave a bad after-effect. Dr. Chase's Ointment is based on lanoline, and the best physicians prescribe it.

Mr. M. T. Wigle, of Kingsville, Essex Co.

Cured of Itching Piles of 23 Years' Standing.

Physicians Fail to Make a Cure When Dr. Chase's Ointment Gave Immediate Relief.

M. T. Wigle, better known to every one in the vicinity as "Uncle Mike," was troubled for over 23 years with itching piles. At times he was so bad he would have to quit work. The irritation became so intense with constant rubbing that they became ulcerated and would bleed. He had been treated by many physicians, but found nothing that gave him relief. Reading in the paper the cure of a friend who had suffered in a like manner, and being cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment, he procured a box. After the third application he got such relief that he had the first comfortable night's sleep he enjoyed in years. The one box made a complete cure, and he says he would not be without it for $50 a box if it could not be replaced. Mr. Wigle is a wealthy farmer, well known in the community in which he resides. It is over two years since he was afflicted, and he has never been troubled since.

FRIENDS PREVAILED

A Nervous Toronto Woman Walked the Floor During the Night for Hours at a Time—She Makes a Statement.

TORONTO, ONT.—"I was troubled with nervousness. It was impossible for me to keep still and if the spells came over me during the night I had to get up and walk the floor for hours at a time. My blood was very poor and I was subject to bilious attacks. My feet would swell and I was not able to do my own housework. I treated with two of the best physicians here but only received relief for a time. I became discouraged. One day a friend called and advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I laughed at the advice but I was prevailed upon and procured one bottle. Before I used it all I began to feel better. I took several bottles and also several boxes of Hood's Pills. Now I can eat and drink heartily and sleep soundly. Hood's Sarsaparilla has entirely cured me and also strengthened me so that I now do all my own work. I cheerfully recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all sufferers from nervousness, weakness or general debility." MRS. H. F. PARM, Degrassi Street.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.

Just Received

a nice assortment of

BLOUSE SETS

the newest designs in sterling silver and rolled plate, and selling very low.

W. N. TANTON

Opposite Crabbe's Hardre Store.

WM. H. FRANKLIN

Commission Merchant

O'Dwyer's Cove, St. John's N. F.

P. E. I. Produce a Speciality.

Prompt Returns and Ac's Sales.

MACKAY'

Mid Summer Sale.

No exaggeration, we both talk and give Bargains; with this special list of goods and prices we have no occasion to exaggerate, as a call will convince the most fastidious.

Thread gloves	12c, for 5c
Better glove	25c, for 12c
Sunshades, former price	90c, now 25c
Silk cord for fancy work worth	10c, now 2c
Fancy black braid for dress trimming 5c per yard, worth from	1c, 3c, 10 to 25c
Ladies undervests,	10, 18, 22, good value
Hooks and eyes	1c card
Silk dress laces worth	10c, now 2c
Table doyles worth	10c, now 5c
Colored Trimming silk from 10c to 25c yard worth double what we ask for them.	
Black sewing silk	1c skein
Colored twist worth from 4c to 6 per yard, now 2c.	
Hemstitched hdkfs	4, worth 10c
Lace trimmed	10c, worth 20c

Prints	5c per yard
Black and colored sateens, former price 25 now 12 to 15c per yard	
Colored and black vsilk elvet ½ pric	
	50c for 25c yard
	75c for 25c yard
	1.00 for 50c yard
	1.65 for 80c yard
Aberdeen skirt closer	
Dress Goods—see our prices on a few lines	
	33c for 15c yard
	36c for 19c yard
	55c for 29c
	for 30cyadc
	for 32c yard
	63c for 40c yard
	1.45c for 75c yard

W. D. MACKAY

MARITIME PROVINCES

AMATEUR ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

The Eleventh Annual Championship Games of the Association will be held on the Grounds of the

Charlottetown Amateur Athletic Association

—ON—

THURSDAY, SEPT. 8TH

List of Events open to Bona-Fide Residents of Maritime Provinces.

1. 100 Yards Run
2. Putting 16 lb Shot
3. 220 Yards Run
4. Pole Vault
5. Half Mile Bicycle
6. Throwing 16 lb hammer
7. 880 Yard Run
8. Running High Jump
9. One Mile Bicycle
10. 440 Yards Run
11. Running Broad Jump
12. One Mile Run
13. 3 Mile Bicycle
14. 120 Yards Run, Hurdles.

This year Gold Medals will be given for First Prizes in each event. Bicycle Races under sanction and rules of C. W. A.

Entries will close with the Hon. Secretary, at Halifax, N. S. on Thursday, Sept. 1st at Midnight, and should be made through Secretaries of Clubs, on official entry blanks. Blanks may be obtained from any affiliated club or from the Secretary at Halifax. Fee in each event 50 cents, to accompany entry. Any further information will be furnished on application.

R. T. MACILREITH, Hon, Sec. M. P. A. A. A., 43 Sackville St.

Massey-Harris Trophy In addition to the above, the Annual Competiton for the Massey-Harris Trophy will take place. This competition is open to teams of not more than five nor less than three members from all clubs in the Maritime Provinces. Entry fee for team, $2. Entries for this event close with the Secretary C. A. A. A., Ch'town, Sept 3rd, 1898.

BAND IN ATTENDANCE

TRAIN ARRANGEMENTS

Leave Tignish (regular train)	5 00	a m
" Alberton	5 40	"
" Bloomfield	6 04	"
" O'Leary	6 20	"
" Port Hill	711	"
" Wellington	7 38	"
" Miscouche	7 36	"
" Summerside (special train)	8 35	"
" Kensington	9 00	"
" Freetown	9 15	"
" Emerald	9 28	"
" Bradalbane	9 34	"
" Hunter River, 9 58; Wilt.	10 08	"
" Royalty Junction	10 45	"
Arrive Charlottetown	11 00	"

For West—Special leaves Charlottetown at 5 p m, connecting at Summerside with regular for Tignish.

Leave Souris (regular train)	5 15	"
" Bear River	5 46	"
" St. Peter's	6 20	"
" Morell	6 42	"
" Georgetown	6 00	"
" Cardigan	6 17	"
" Peakes	6 49	"
" Mount Stewart	7 15	"
" Bedford	7 37	"
" Royalty Junction	8 00	"
Arrive Charlottetown	8 15	"

For East—Special leaves Charlottetown for Georgetown and Souris at 5.30 p m.

ALL STANDARD TIME

FARES

Tignish to Elmsdale	inclusive	$1 25
Pisusville to Portage	"	1 15
Conway to Richmond	"	1 00
Wellington to Summerside	"	90
Trav. Rest to C Traverse	"	80
Bradalbane to Clyde	"	65
H. River to N. Wilshire	"	50
Colville to Milton	"	35
Winsloe	a	20
Royalty Junction		15
Souris to Bear River	"	90
Rollo Bay to Lot 40	inclusive	75
Dundee to Tracadie	"	50
Bedford, 40; Suffolk, 35; York		25
Union to Brackley Point		20
Georgetown to Cardigan	v	80
Perth to Peakes		75
Pisquid		60

Excursion Return Tickets

At one First-class Fare will be issued from all stations on the Intercolonial and P E Island Railways to Charlottetown on the 6th; good for return up to and on the 10th September.

Pictou to Charlottetown

Return Fare $2.00, good for passage on Wednesday, 7th, return Friday 9th

Steamer Jacques Cartier will carry passengers from Orwell and Return for 25c, leaving Charlottetown at 5 p m, local

Sports Begin at 1 p. m. Sharp. Admission 25c

A E. INGS, President C. A. A. A. E. H. BEER, Secretary C A. A. A.