



**The American Working Man**, while he works shorter hours, works harder than the working man of any other nation. He works not only with his hands but with his head. He is an intelligent worker and produces more in a given length of time than the worker of any other nation. He is not only muscularly, but mentally, exhausted himself physically, but not only muscularly, but mentally; the consequence is that while he is better fed and better housed, he is not, as a rule, as healthy a man as his brother working-man of European countries. Moreover, like all Americans, the American working-man is prone to disregard his health and frequently even takes pride in abusing it. It rests with American wives to protect their husbands in this respect. A little watchfulness on the part of the wife will frequently save her husband from a long spell of ill health and possibly from some fatal illness. When a man feels "out of sorts" it is because his digestion is disordered or his liver is torpid. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will promptly correct these disorders. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It restores the appetite, makes digestion perfect and the liver active. It purifies the blood and tones the nerves. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption, bronchitis, asthma, weak lungs, lingering cough, spitting of blood and disease of the throat and nasal cavities. Thousands have told the story of its wonderful merits in letters to Dr. Pierce. It may be had at any medicine dealer's.

"Your 'Golden Medical Discovery' cured me of a severe case of poisoning of the blood," writes Mrs. Selia Ricca, of Coast, Santa Cruz Co., Cal. "That was two years ago, and I have not had a boil or sore of any kind since."

It is as easy to be well as ill—and much more comfortable. Constipation is the cause of many forms of illness. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. They are tiny, sugar-coated granules. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, two a mild cathartic. Dealers in medicines sell them.



**LOVE'S COMMAND**  
BY JOHN A. STEWART.

"Woe had them!" yelled the coachman, laying his weight on the reins. "I'll never win back to Perth safe. Woe! Woe! They're off, sure. May I be burned alive if I ever take a trip like this again. Woe, Dandy! Woe, Meg! Ah, ye blimier, taking the bit between your teeth! If I smash this kerriage, I may just go and hang myself."

"Let them out, you fool," I said, breathlessly. The speed was glorious to me. They could not go too fast. Another mile—one short mile, but it was too much to think of.

I blew as I had never blown but once before, and that was when I thought I was playing a ranting air as my own dirge. "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" was now my tune, and the birds flew in terror from the rocks at the mad excitement of the strain. Another half mile—two or three minutes more. Couldn't the ass of a coachman use his whip? Then all at once the chimney tops of Kilgour rose amid the dusky heath as I had seen them rise when last I returned from Edinburgh, and I almost dropped.

"There it is, Gordon!" I screamed, pointing to the right. "Don't you see it standing alone there? All the chimneys are smoking. They must have company."

And settling down to work again I played fiercer and fiercer, and Rancee stuffed her ears, and Donald encouraged me, and the coachman, hanging on the reins, swore we should be heading over a precipice, but the speed was not checked.

A quarter of a mile more, and I saw a man in a field near the house. He stood looking toward us, shading his eyes with his hands. He gazed thus for perhaps half a minute; then suddenly turning he made off as if he were pursued by the enemy of mankind. It was Lunan. I shouted to him, I waved his own pipes and but for the pace would have leaped down and run after him. Compelled to keep my seat, I struck up again faster and fiercer and more discordantly than any pipe blew since pipes were invented.

The girls will sing, and the boys will shout, And the ladies they will all turn out, And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home.

At last we were off the county road and into the avenue—the avenue to Kilgour house. I was blind and dizzy and distracted. I played, but Heaven only knows what the tune was or how many tunes were hashed up together. Up we went at a gallop, the barouche bounding like a ball when it struck a stone, the horses dripping the driver like a shower. Duncan had reached the house and given the alarm, and people were hurriedly gathering on the lawn. Heavens above! There were my mother and Isabel and Sir Thomas Gordon and my father!

I made a heartrending effort to strike up "The Highland Laddie." There was a noise, but no tune. Finding myself helpless as a musician, I got to my feet and whirled the pipes about my head in mad exultation. Donald, too, unable any longer to resist, rose, and scratching off his turban, waved also. Bruce charged down upon us, every bristle on his back erect, and those on the lawn looked as if they would fly.

Two hundred yards more to go! Could the horses not mend their snail's pace? Bending forward, I struck at them with the pipes, and they gave a leap that nearly broke the harness.

"Od, it's weel we're so near the end!" said the coachman, "I'm no used to this."

I threatened to fling him from his seat, and out went the lash in stinging coils that made the frantic horses spring afresh. I could have gone faster than they did, and beside my crazy turmoil of mind their excitement was tranquillity itself. All the experiences I had gone through were as nothing to the sensations of that moment of transport and agony.

We dashed through a gate and round a curve. Then all at once the horses were on their haunches, as, without asking the coachman's leave, I threw myself on the reins. Before the wheels had stopped we were on the ground, and those who had been watching our desperate approach, pale as death and crying with joy and fright and amazement, were upon us.

The scene that followed is not to be described. The only person in it, outside of Tabal and Mahomet, who made any pretence of keeping his head was Donald, and he afterward said he had never known himself to act so much like an idiot. The rest of us had not the least semblance of sanity. There is a joy, they say, that kills. Assuredly there is a joy that makes mad, and it was upon us then in raging and force. We were delicious with an ecstasy that sent our wits flying like chaff in a sudden blast. In a single instant, so to speak, we were whirled through a million realms of poignant feelings. The emotion of a lifetime was condensed into one burning moment, and in the stress we acted as beings possessed. That at any rate was Tabal's opinion, communicated to me confidentially a few days subsequent.

In any case I was in no condition to observe minutely; consequently I find it now not only impossible to give an accurate account of the demonstration, but hard to disentangle even the major impression. Perhaps what remains with me most vividly (after my dear mother's frenzied embrace) is that Sir Thomas Gordon, murmuring words of gratitude for the service I had done him, took my hand and wept over it like a child, and that Isabel in the presence of them all kissed me fervently on the cheek.

Ah, me! I never could forget that. When I think of it after the lapse of nearly half a century, that spot seems to glow with a youthful heat as if it were the only part of me that keeps perpetually young. It is on the right cheek, pretty high up, and sometimes I go to her and say, "Isabel, is there a red ring on that cheek of mine?" And she, well knowing what I mean, will answer with a pleased smile and maybe a slight heightening of the colour, "Tush, tush! A man of your years should be thinking of other things." Nor can I deny she is right, for a man who has grandchildren climbing over his knees ought not to be foolish, though, as I tell her, I can scarcely convict myself of foolishness since it does one good to try to feel young again. But all that is too far ahead of this story to be gone into here.

As you may suppose, a wondrous fuss was made over Rancee. Sir Thomas and Isabel, to her unutterable delight, welcomed her cordially in her own tongue, and my father, forgetting his antipathies to foreigners of her colour, kissed her little brown hand in his grandest fashion, and my mother, though sorely puzzled what to make of a creature who dressed so oddly and understood no English, received her with all the warmth of a heart that knew not how to be cold. But indeed Rancee's pretty ways were not to be resisted, and she was soon, by virtue of her own good qualities, established as a favourite with all. To Isabel she was as a sister, and to my mother as a daughter.

(To be Continued.)

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SESSION 1898-9

Matriculation Examination, preliminary to the various Courses of Study, will be held as under:

- Faculty of Arts (including the Honorary Special Course) **Thurs. 15th Sept**
- Faculty of Applied Science **Tues. 6th Sept**
- Faculty of Law **Tues. 6th Sept**
- Faculty of Veterinary Medicine **Fri. 17th Sept**

The Revised Curriculum in the Faculty of Arts comprises courses in Classics, English, Modern Languages, History, Philosophy, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Botany, Zoology, Geology. These courses are open also to PARTIAL STUDENTS without Matriculation.

In the Faculty of Applied Science the courses in Civil, Mechanical, Electrical, and Mining Engineering, Chemistry, and Architecture, are also open to PARTIAL STUDENTS without Matriculation.

Examinations for 20 FIRST YEAR ENTRANCE EXHIBITIONS in the FACULTY of Arts, ranging from \$5. to \$20, will be held on the 15th September at Montreal, St. John, N. B., Halifax, Charlottetown, St. John's, Nfld., and other centres.

The McGill Normal School will be reopened on 1st September.

Copies of Examinations, and copies of the almanac, containing full information as to Conditions of Entrance, Courses of Study, Regulations for Degrees, Examinations and Scholarships, Fees, etc., may be obtained on application to **W. VAUGHAN, Secretary**, wed & sat

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- Print Cotton at 9 to 16c per yard.
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- Side Board Covers, regular price 40, 50, 60, now selling at 20c, 25c, 30c.
- Dress Lengths, former price \$16.00 to \$24.00, now \$12.00, 10.00, 8.00, 5.00 and 3.00.
- All wool Colored Dress Goods from 18c to 38c per yd
- Black Dress Goods at 25c to 85c per yd.
- Plain China Silk at 10c, 15c and 20c per yd,
- Braid, suitable for trimmings, selling at half price, former price 6, 10 and 20c, now 3; 5 and 10c.
- Black and Colored Satteens—10c and 12c, former price 20c and 25c.
- Ladies Handkerchiefs plain and hemstitch going at 4c each
- Ladies Emb. Hkfs going at 10c worth 20c.
- Ladies Linen Hkfs selling at 20c, former price 40c
- Ladies Cotton Gloves a snap at 5c per pair.
- Ladies Gloves (white and black silk, 25c and 50c per pr.
- Hose Supporters, children's at 10c to 20c,
- Colored Velvot 25c per yd, black velvet from 80c up
- Ladies Parasols from 50c up, worth double the money
- Ladies' Undervests, all sizes from 10c to 30c,
- Ladies' Hose from 12c to 35c per pair.
- Children's Hose—10c, 12c, 15c and 18c per pair.
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**THE LAW SOCIETY**

The annual meeting of the Law Society of Prince Edward Island, for the election of officers and transaction of all other business, will be held at the Law Library, in Charlottetown, on Monday, the 27th day of June inst, at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon.

By order **F. L. HASZARD, Sec'y**

**Dividend Notice.**

**MERCHANT'S BANK OF P. E. I.**  
Ch'town, May 30, 1898

Notice is hereby given that a half-yearly dividend, at the rate of 8 per cent per annum, on the Capital stock of this Bank, has been declared payable at its banking house, on and after July 2nd, next. The Transfer Books will be closed from 17th June, to second July next; both days inclusive.

By order of the Board,  
**J. M. DAVISON,**  
Cashier,  
May 30th, 1898