

The well known poem, "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night," in which a young woman by hanging to the curfew bell saves the life of her lover condemned to be executed at the ringing of the curfew, is only one of a thousand striking instances of how a woman will dare everything for love.

Women are readier to make heroic sacrifices than they are to take the commonplace, everyday precautions which insure their greatest happiness. Most women are careless about their health. They forget that physical weakness and disease will wreck the fairest chance in life and shut them out completely from happy womanhood and wifehood.

Weak, bilious, dyspeptic women are robbed of their natural attractiveness and capacity. They lose healthy color and energy and ambition. The blood becomes poor and thin and laden with disease germs. The true antidote for this condition is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It acts directly upon the digestive powers and the liver, creating pure, red, healthy blood free from bilious impurities; it renovates every organ and tissue of the body, building up hard, elastic flesh and muscular strength and imparting nerve power and permanent vitality, which malt extracts do not give.

Mrs. Ella Howell, of Derby, Perry Co., Ind., writes: "In the year of 1894 I was taken with stomach trouble—nervous dyspepsia. There was a coldness in my stomach, and a weight which seemed like a rock. Everything that I ate gave me great pain; I had a bearing down sensation; was swelled across my stomach; had a ridge around my right side, and in a short time I was bloated. I was treated by three of our best physicians but got no relief. I was so weak I could not walk across the room without assistance. Then Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery was recommended to me and I got it, and commenced the use of it. I began to improve very fast after the use of a few bottles. The physicians said my disease was leading into pulmonary consumption, and gave me up to die. I thank God that my cure is permanent."



At dawn the next day we ascended the mountain to listen to a sermon, which lasted without a break or halt till sunset. Then we hurried elsewhere to hear one that lasted till sunrise. Having reverently and patiently heard the preachers, we went to the valley of Meina, where we sacrificed multitudes of sheep and fowls, and cast twenty-one stones apiece at the devil, and pared our nails, and had our heads shaved by barbers, who took most of the skin as well as the hair. All these things done devoutly and thoroughly, we returned to Mecca, and after paying another visit to the mosque threw off the ihram with great rejoicing. Our fasting and praying were at an end, and we were free to eat, drink and be merry after the manner of our own hearts.

After the religious ceremonies comes a great fair which lasts three days, and is attended by pilgrims and traders from the ends of the earth, and by many who neither trade nor worship in the mosque. The scene is picturesque and animated, for the grandees spread gorgeous tents and Moslem traders drive bargains with unequalled energy of voice and gesture. To many the fair is much more than the ceremonies at the kaaba or Mount Arafat.

On the second day of the fair, well toward evening, Tabal and I were strolling at our leisure, having nothing particular to do but enjoy the sights and the cool air. We were chatting carelessly over our past hardships and wondering what Suleiman and Amood Sinn and the man on the black horse were about, when, in passing a tent of unusual size and magnificence, we heard a sound that brought us to a halt, listening with all our senses.

"Hark!" I said. "What notes are those?"

"I know them not," answered Tabal. "They are not of my tongue."

The singing was hardly more than a croon, but as we harkened the singer suddenly raised his voice, and I was electrified to hear an English song sung with a perfect English accent.

Lock the door, Lariston, lion of Liddesdale.
Lock the door, Lariston; Louthier comes on.
The Armstrongs are flying.
The widows are crying.
The Castledown's burning, and Oliver's gone.
Lock the door, Lariston; high on the weather gleam.
See how the Saxon plumes bob on the sky!
Yeoman and halberdier,
Bulman and barber,
Fierce is the foray, and far is the cry!
Bewcastle brandishes high his broad scimitar;
Ridley is riding his fleet-footed grey;
Hidley and Howard there,
Wandell and Windermere,
Lock the door, Lariston; hold them at bay!

An interval of brisk whistling followed. Then came a stave of an old Scotch ballad:—

Blithe, blithe, blithe was she,
Blithe was she but and ben,
And weel she liked a Hawick gill
And leugh to see a tappit hen.

The singing ceased abruptly, the curtain that was across the door of the tent swung back, and a man stepped forth. He was tall, straight as a rush, and dressed in the finest fashion of a sheik.

At sight of him Tabal clutched my arm with convulsive fingers.

"By the holy prophet, the man of the black horse or his spirit!" he said, in a voice of awe. And just then the man's eyes fell on us. They drew me as the magnet draws the steel.

"Donald Gordon!" I cried, running toward him. "Are you Donald Gordon, or are you the devil as folk say?" I demanded, flustered almost out of my wits.

"I'm from the Highlands," I added, trembling, as he bent his black eyes on me without speaking.

"From The Elms, from Sir Thomas Gordon and Miss Isabel."

"From Sir Thomas Gordon and Miss Isabel," he repeated, without a note of emotion or surprise in his voice.

"From Sir Thomas Gordon and Miss Isabel, and might I ask how the devil you got here?"

"That would be a long tale to tell," I answered, breathlessly. "But tell me, are you Donald Gordon?"

They used to call me that once upon a time," he said, lightly. "Might I have the pleasure of knowing your own name?"

"Andrew Kilgour. But you'll never have heard of me."

"No, Andrew, my man, I have never heard of you till this minute. But I'm glad to see you. It's not every day two Scotsmen foregather in the pagan city of Mecca. Step in by and bring your friend with you. It's cold charity to keep so rare a visitor cooling his shanks at the door."

Saying which, he turned back into the tent, Tabal and I following. We were soon seated among luxurious rugs and cushions, sipping coffee and sherbet in the usual Arab fashion, Tabal gazing fascinated at our host. When hospitalities had been dispensed with, Donald said:

"It might be as well, Mr. Kilgour—Lord, how funny Scots' names sound after the tongue of the holy prophet—I was going to suggest that perhaps we might have a crack by ourselves. Maybe your friend wouldn't mind having a glint round the outside of the premises, or he might go behind here with some of my folk. I daresay they'll know how to agree."

"Well, well," he went on, when Tabal had withdrawn, "when I went out a minute ago, I little thought what I was to see. Isn't there a sage proverb about the unexpected always happening? Gad, it does happen! I know you have a story, Mr. Kilgour,

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W. D. MACKAY

FACTS ABOUT HEALTH

It is Easy to Keep Well if We Know How—Some of the Conditions Necessary to Perfect Health.

The importance of maintaining good health is easily understood, and it is really a simple matter if we take a correct view of the conditions required. In perfect health the stomach promptly digests food, and thus prepares nourishment. The blood is employed to carry this nourishment to the organs, nerves, muscles and tissues which need it. The first great essential for good health, therefore, is pure, rich blood. Now it is certainly a fact that no medicine has such a record of cures as Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is literally true that there are hundreds of people alive and well today who would have been in their graves had they not taken Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is depended upon as a family medicine and general regulator of the system by tens of thousands of people. This is because Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the blood pure. This is the secret of its great success. Keep your system in good health by keeping your blood pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla, which absolutely cures when other medicines fail to do any good whatever.

Hood's Pills

APPALLING DEATH

From Kidney Disease Prevented by Dodd's Kidney Pills, Only.

"Kidney Disease." Do you know what it means? It means that the kidneys are either rotten, or rotting; the blood is full of poisonous, death-dealing corruption; that the kidneys can't do their work; that the victim is a walking charnel-house; that his hours are numbered; that the victim must take Dodd's Kidney Pills if he does not want to die.

Have you Kidney Disease? Is your skin hot and dry; memory failing; breath short; urine, reddish, or pale colored; does it scald when passing; is your appetite changeable; do your ankles swell; have you bitter taste in the mouth on getting up mornings; is there a brick-dust deposit in your urine?

Any of these signs is proof positive of Kidney Disease. Will you be cured, or will you die? Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only means on earth that will cure you. They never fail.

Dividend Notice.

MERCHANT BANK OF P. E. I.
Charlottetown, 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 Book 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

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Monday 20th June	Monday 13th June
Monday 4th July	Monday 27th June
Monday 18th July	Monday 11th July
Monday 1st August	Monday 25th July
Monday 15th August	Monday 8th Aug.
Monday 29th August	Monday 22nd Aug.
Monday 12th Sept.	Monday 5th Sept.
Monday 26th Sept.	Monday 19th Sept.
Monday 10th Oct.	Monday 3rd Oct.
Monday 24th Oct.	Monday 17th Oct.
Monday 7th Nov.	Monday 31st Oct.

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TAKE NOTICE.

I inform the public, that no person or persons are allowed fishing in Mr. John White's Mill Pond, without permission from me.

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