

Springtime

A healthy condition of the kidneys is the best safe-guard against all the ills incidental to the season. Tone the system by using

DODD'S Kidney Pills

The best blood purifier on earth, and the only Absolute Cure for all diseases of the kidneys

We can sell you Dodd's Kidney Pills at the following prices, viz.:—50c. per box six boxes for \$2.50. To the trade—\$4.00 per dozen, or three dozen at \$3.75 per dozen. Sent by mail to any address post paid.

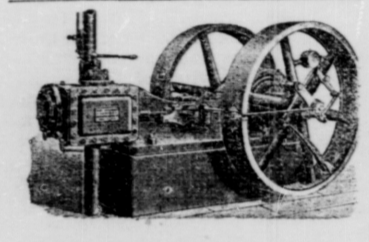
GEORGE E. HUGHES, Charlotte town

baby growth

The baby's mission is growth. To that little bundle of love, half trick, half dream, every added ounce of flesh means added happiness and comfort! Fat is the signal of perfect health, comfort, good nature, baby beauty.

Scott's Emulsion, with hypophosphites, is the easiest fat-food baby can have, in the easiest form. It supplies just what he cannot get in his ordinary food, and helps him over the weak places to perfect growth.

Scott & Bowne, Belleville, Ont. Soc. and 10c.



Robb-Armstrong Engines

Correct Design. Best Workmanship. ROBB ENGINEERING CO., Ltd., Amherst, N. S.

BLANC MANGE

MADE WITH BENSON'S CANADA PREPARED CORN. Is an exquisite dish for the table and invaluable for invalids.

RECIPE. BLANC-MANGE. Four or five tablespoonful of Prepared Corn to one quart of milk...

The Edwardsburg Starch Co., Ltd. WOODS, CAROLINA, ONT. OFFICE, AMHERST, N. S.

THE MUTUAL LIFE Insurance Company OF NEW YORK

RICHARD A. McCURDY, PRESIDENT. Statement for the year ending December 31, 1895— Assets—\$21,213,721.33 Liabilities—191,347,157.50

NOTE—Insurance merely written is discarded from this Statement as wholly misleading, and only insurance actually issued and paid for in cash is included.

JOHN MACEACHERN, Resident Agent, Charlotte town, P. E. I.

J. A. JOHNSON, General Agent, 87 Hollis Street, Halifax, N. S. mel31-dw 1m

BOARDING & TRAINING STABLES. Grafton Street, Opposite Court House.

JOHN M. NICHOLSON, Prop'r. Having opened a public Stable on Grafton Street, I am prepared to take gentlemen's horses and carts at all seasons of the year...

WILLIAM L. STRICKLAND, Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law, 82 WATER STREET, ROOM 12, Boston, Mass.

Special attention given to business received from this Province. Should be pleased to see and attend to all business in person. Each 70-2m 125

GODFREY'S QUEEN

BY EDWARD RAYMOND. CHAPTER IX.

Andine and Mrs. Neville spent some days entirely in the preparation for their entertainment.

There were very few people invited to act the two handsome daughters of a neighbor: two cousins of the Fitzjameses, who lived about twelve miles off...

The first scene was a great success: the performers stood admirably; the lights were perfectly arranged, and a storm of clapping followed.

The pauses were filled up by music, picture succeeded picture, and the evening began to draw towards a close.

"Godfrey," whispered his mother behind the scenes, "I wish you would go among the spectators now, for I want your advice as to judge of the effect of this last tableau, which I have arranged myself."

Godfrey looked at her affectionately. "How do you mean, mother? do not overstep yourself." And he went out and seated himself among the audience.

"Right here," he said with deep pathos, placing his hand on his brow. "It is something wrong—only in her eyes, when I see her sweet face and I hear the sound of her voice, all delusion vanishes away, and I know that she is a beautiful mortal, and that I love her with a passing love."

"Surely, then, all is well, Godfrey," said his mother, eagerly. "Andine is very young, no one yet has spoken to her of her heart's free, she will not be hard to win."

"Mother, mother, do not tempt me," "What do you mean, Godfrey? Your hesitation is incomprehensible to me. If you love the child, the most simple, straightforward thing is to win her heart, and make her your bride. Night and day I pray God for that."

There was a pause; when Godfrey spoke again his voice was deprecating and timid. "Do you think, mother, that I shall end as my father did?"

"No, no," said his mother, "I remember the misery of your life, my own dear mother! the bitter tears I have seen you shed when I was only a boy?"

"Godfrey," her voice was choked. "I love Andine so dearly that I could sacrifice my life for her more than I could for any other woman."

"You are not like your father," "I am becoming so," he answered, rather wildly. "I used to feel when he told me of the strange and terrible things he saw that they would one day be visible to me also; but it is different with me. When the White Queen comes in and stands before me, she is not a vision of terror but a divine beauty; there is nothing fearful in her aspect; she brings all beautiful and holy thoughts to my mind."

"The old attributes I strive to represent in her—the peace, and joy, and purity, and love—they float through my mind like a strain of heavenly music, and when it passes away, my White Queen is no longer here, but Andine. I have not disengaged myself from fancy yet, mother."

Mrs. Neville sighed heavily. "Do not disappoint me, Godfrey. Do not disappoint me so grievously as to give up your hope of winning Andine. I have hoped for it for so long."

"Mother, can you be so cruel to her?" "I care nothing for her in comparison with you, stay, Godfrey—hear me—for I had drawn away his hand abruptly at her words: 'I did not mean that I love her dearly; it is that I do love her so dearly that I long for her to be my own daughter.'"

"And yet you would wed her to me, one you love dearly, when you know in your heart that you may be dooming her to a wretched misery?"

"You must not, you shall not say that, Godfrey! These delusions are your own imagination; you will be a man, determine to shake them off."

"Perhaps," said his mother. Mrs. Neville felt almost in despair. Godfrey began again. "I am right, mother. I will go back to my studio and work hard, and when I feel that I have rid myself of this horror that hangs over me, I will come back."

"You will be late," Godfrey. Andine is young and lovely; when her brother comes back she will go into the great world, she will be admired and sought after, and while you are still battling with your delusions, she will be married."

"That is the reason no American or foreign preparation can begin to compare with it in quality or strength. The Canadian duty on imported patent medicines is 50 per cent on the selling price. Hence on a bottle of imported Sarsaparilla that sells for one dollar the customs authorities collect fifty cents. Yet these imported medicines have to compete with those of Canadian manufacture which have no duty at all to pay."

"Of course it is impossible for them to do so. To meet the duty without increasing the price so much less must be spent in the medium itself. Reducing the cost of the ingredients in a bottle of Sarsaparilla by fifty cents so as to cover the duty makes the medicine worthless."

The manufacturers of Scott's under the Canadian tariff have the right to import the real genuine Sarsaparilla into Canada. It is put up good and strong. It is not diluted with water, and it is not adulterated with cheap foreign medicines. It is the only Sarsaparilla that is made in the United States and sent to Canada. It could not be sold here for less than \$1.50 per bottle. It is the only Sarsaparilla that is made in the United States and sent to Canada. It could not be sold here for less than \$1.50 per bottle. It is the only Sarsaparilla that is made in the United States and sent to Canada. It could not be sold here for less than \$1.50 per bottle.

Purely Canadian. Scott's Sarsaparilla is made in Canada, the labels on the bottles are printed in Canada. The boxes and wrappers are printed in Canada. Everything about it is Canadian, and that is the reason it has made its reputation as the best and most thorough blood purifier and spring tonic to be had in this season. It is an absolute necessity in every household. Purchasers are foolish to expect to get any known preparations when they can get an established medicine like Scott's to whose curative properties thousands of leading Canadian testify. More tomorrow.

ting with a dream. "I am right," "Surely, mother, I am right."

Mrs. Neville's face suddenly grew very white, and she pressed her hands tightly together. Bending down her head she spoke very low.

"Godfrey, have you ever thought of one thing? You have seen a great deal of Andine, have you not constantly with her, have you not seen her feelings toward her mother?"



ANDINE WAS HALF ASLEEP BY THE FIRE. MORE THAN YOU KNOW—SUPPOSE SHE HAS ALSO LEARNED TO LOVE YOU?"

"Good heavens!" (To be Continued.)

LANGUAGE OF BOWS. As Set Forth on a Leap Year's Card for the Benefit of the Beauz-Girls' Give Head!

In the window of a shop on Grand street I noticed this plea, addressed to the passers-by of the gender feminine: "Now, girls, here's your chance. The only leap-year card in the market that covers the ground. Only 10 cents."

Naturally this interesting announcement appealed forcefully to my sense of curiosity, and I went in, and, in spite of my sex, boldly asked a young woman for a leap-year card. She snickered slightly, and it may be that she was a trifle embarrassed, but at any rate she slipped one into a white envelope, and said: "There ain't but one kind, sir; 10 cents, please; thanks," and snickered again as I withdrew.

When I got outside I examined my purchase and found it quite worth its price. It is a thick white card, about five inches long by three wide, and the gold-edged lines are cut like the teeth of a saw, intended, perhaps, to convey the idea that it should not be monkeyed with too freely. That, however, is a mere surmise.

At the top are the words "Leap-Year Card," and below these are six little butterfly bows of as many different colored silks and under each little bow is a couplet, as follows:—

If for me your heart is dead, Send me back my bow of red.

If for me your heart is true, Send me back my bow of blue.

If of me you sometimes think, Send me back my bow of pink.

If you want me to elope, Send my bow of heliotrope.

If with me you would unite, Send me back my bow of white.

If you want to be my fellow, Send me back my bow of yellow.

Thus it is seen that any damsel or maid of maturer years, or so far as that goes, any widow or even any frivolous matron, can "for the small sum of 10 cents or one dime"—as my friend at the Bowery Museum who sells perfumed white oil puts it—procure six separate and distinct offers to lay before the object of her affections through the medium of the mail or messenger service.—New York Mail and Express.

To Give to Receive. We must kiss if we would receive a blessing. I must pour the water from the cup if we would have it filled again. Life is an exchange of bounties, a transfer from one hand to another. Earth gives her portion to the flowers, they send their fragrance unto man, and man gathers them, decks the path of friendship, and makes hearts sweeter with their rich fragrance. The sky is melower for the passing cloud that lowers beneath it. The cloud receives its glory from the orb of day. All things are tributary to one another. The glow-worm lights a traveler's path; the pebble turns the tide. Rills fill the river; rivers send their vapor forth and fill again the rills. If love flows from our soul into our neighbor's, something must be dislodged within his breast. It may be envy, pride or hate—whatever it is—it may be sweetest strains of gratitude that will gladden some ear, though not our own. We are but workers; but not, like earthly laborers, waiting for our pay. It comes in God's time, and always at the needed moment. Keep the waves in motion. Roll the ball of love heavenward. It will strike many hearts, and gather accelerated speed. Bid the thirsty drink, for dust and mold will gather on the cup that stands unmoved, and the water it holds will become unfit for our own or another's use.

Electricity in Mines. An electric locomotive has taken the place of mules in a Pennsylvania colliery, as the motive power for hauling the coal to the surface up the incline from the face of the drifts to the tipple, and according to the Engineering and Mining Journal similar locomotives are now being constructed by a Columbus, O., machinery for collieries in a large district, and when we would get our batch of stuff, and we still had several hours to put in, I used to get pretty tired. Then we would begin to call up the operator at the other end of the line and gossip with him. I always liked stories, and if Chicago had a good one, he would write it to me. Then I would send that off to Louisville and New York and Cincinnati, and hear them laugh over it by wiring back. "Ha, ha," over the wire. In this way we would get all the best stories there were sent out for the day men. It wrote them out for a passion after a while, and has stuck to me ever since. Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Improving. "There," said the mother, "don't you feel better?" And the little boy whose trousers had just been patched, remarked, as he sat down: "I think I am on the mend."—Indianapolis Journal.

Half-Hearted.

Do we find ourselves half-hearted in our work, lacking in the true spirit of service? Do our thoughts turn often to complaining that we must work and to thinking how we can escape with the least labor? Shall we seek relief in this philosophy or that? Shall we look to a change of external conditions as the remedy? Rather let us go straight to the Lord Jesus Christ, who came into the world to bring the true love of service, and who is to-day and ever will be the only source of that love to men.—Let God be true, though it should make every man a liar. His spirit.—Rev. Wm. L. Worcester.

The Butterfly and Its Case. The most curious thing about the butterfly is the size of the case from which the insect proceeds compared with the size of the insect's body. The case is rarely more than an inch long and a quarter of an inch in thickness. The butterfly covers a surface of nearly 4 inches square.—St. Louis Republic.

ODDS AND ENDS. You gray line, that fret the clouds, art messengers of the day.—Shakespeare.

THE ONLY HELP. A Victim of Bright's Disease for Many Years—Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

KEENEPA, (Special) May 4.—Mrs. T. H. McKee, formerly of Listowel, came here as a patient at the Hospital for Bright's disease. Reported to be past help, and dying, her appearance on the street in apparent good health, was a pleasant surprise. The explanation given is that she had used Dodd's Kidney Pills, and she should use Dodd's Kidney Pills if she should see that they would cure her. She says: "From the first I was I began to feel better, and after taking four and a half boxes I was cured. My kidneys are now perfectly cured." Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only medicine in the world that has ever cured a case of Bright's disease at such a stage.

He surely is in want of another's patience who has none of his own.—Lava.

The Railroad Kidney. Railroad employes, bicyclists, teamsters and men who are subjected to much jolting, are often troubled with kidney troubles. This indicates the "Railroad Kidney," an insidious precursor of serious illness. On the slightest symptoms of backache take one Chas.'s Kidney-Liver Pills—one is a dose—and thus I say with hearty conviction, troubles that have no equal. 25c per box.

No persons are more frequently wrong than those who will not admit they are wrong.—Locke and Bacon.

DON'T MAKE ANY MISTAKE. When you are threatened with consumption or lung trouble, and get the wrong kind of medicine, there is only one perfect and effective preparation of that life giving substance and it is Miller's Emulsion. There is no bad taste to this preparation. It is compounded on an entirely new principle, and contains the energy of the liver of the Norwegian cod fish and is retained and incorporated with the hypophosphites of lime and soda, making the most potent blood maker known to science. It has cured thousands of young lives and is revolutionizing the old methods of consumption treatment. Miller's Emulsion is the great nerve strengthener and blood maker, and cures all lung troubles, such as cough, catarrh, all lung affections. In big bottles, 50c and \$1, at all drug stores.

Let them obey that know not how to rebel.—Shakespeare.

A Good Deal in a Few Words. "I paid a Toronto specialist on catarrh a large sum of money, but I got no relief. I tried them all, but finally, almost in despair, and assuredly without any faith, I tried Chase's Catarrh Cure. It is all that is recommended, which is saying a great deal. I got relief in a few days. Rogers, clerk, Division Court, Beeton. Improvement shown in each 25c. box.

Good taste is the flower of good sense.—Toasted.

Money No Object. The amount of money sufferers from catarrh will spend in attempting to cure their ailment is not to be reckoned upon. J. W. Jennings, of Gilford, Ont., says: "I spent between \$200 and \$300 consulting doctors; I tried all the 'treatments' without benefit. One box of Chase's Catarrh Cure did me more good than all the rest. It is a 25c. box cured me." Don't waste money. Chase's Cure, with approved blower, 25c. It cures.

The John P. Lovell Arsenic Company is offering for sale for \$55 bran new bicycles of last year's patterns.

Let them obey that know not how to rebel.—Shakespeare.

On the ocean the unexpected happens more frequently than elsewhere. At one moment a cloudless sky and a musical ripple along the vessel's side. The long roll lifts the craft, which lazily yields to the rhythmic motion of the waters. But danger is in ambush, and after a little the puff of wind grows stronger, the long roll is plumed with a white crest, the tempest sounds its trumpet, and the rigging, like the strings of an Aeolian harp, trembles in the wind.

However, death has many ways of achieving its purpose. Not on the sea alone, but on the land, it does its daily stint, and it behooves us to remember that sooner or later it will have something to say to us. "All men must die, but I shall live," is the dream of helplessness. "All men must die, and therefore I," is the fact that is to be recognized and prepared for.

Five men became indifferent even to this "last enemy." It is not the glum indifference of desperate despair, but the cheerful indifference of perfect faith. If we have no place to go to, it is hard to contemplate our exit. But if there is a better place, a residence in which men can be added happiness, we may even shake hands with Death, tell him that our latchstring is always out and he will be welcome whenever he sees fit to come. It is the fear of taking a leap into the dark that bids us pause. But if we are sure of taking a leap into the light we can easily let go our hold on this ragged life and drop into the life to come. The sea may rage as it pleases if our next port of entry is heaven, and lurking accidents and diseases may come out of their hiding places into the open, for on the worst they can only do us a good turn by opening the door of a larger and better house to live in.—New York Herald.

Bad Blood Between Them. The ever-slaving farmer's wife, her delicate sister in the city, suffers more than they care to tell. She has the chills, the eyes, headaches, dizziness, palpitation or rheumatic twinges, taken a run-down system. The blood is poor, and is a bar to enjoyment of life. Scott's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, strengthens and vitalizes the system, and speedily restores the bloom of health to the cheeks. It cures when all other fail.

The noblest motive is the public good Virgil.

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How Edison Learned to Tell Stories. "It seemed like a waste of time," said a gentleman who passed an evening with Mr. Edison in Newark, O., recently, "to hear Mr. Edison rolling off story after story, and demanding of all his acquaintances to tell him more, when we knew how much information we might have received from him. I finally asked him how he got to be such a story-teller. 'Well,' he replied, 'when I was quite a young man I was a telegraph operator during the war. I was stationed at St. Louis, which was a sort of distributing point for a large district, and when we would get our batch of stuff, and we still had several hours to put in, I used to get pretty tired. Then we would begin to call up the operator at the other end of the line and gossip with him. I always liked stories, and if Chicago had a good one, he would write it to me. Then I would send that off to Louisville and New York and Cincinnati, and hear them laugh over it by wiring back. 'Ha, ha,' over the wire. In this way we would get all the best stories there were sent out for the day men. It wrote them out for a passion after a while, and has stuck to me ever since.'"

Opini-n, a sovereign mistress of effects.—Shakespeare.

An Old And Well Tried Remedy.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, purifies the blood, and cures all pain, colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea, and is pleasant to taste. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Its value is incalculable. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind. 135 she have to learn again. "Another fellow is teaching her."

John Siron, mason, Anville, Ont., had Sals Rhotin so severe that for seven years he wore glasses. He writes: "I used a quarter of a box of Chase's Ointment. It cured me. No trace of Sals Rhotin remained. The Ointment cures all irritating disease of the skin, always itching instantly, and is a sterling remedy for piles. Avoid imitations. 60c. per box

DEATH IN THE STORM.

PITILESS WORK OF THE GIANT TWINS, WIND AND WAVE.

How Cruel at Times Seems the Ocean—The Most Popular Cemetery on the Planet. The Land the Book Tells of Where "There Shall Be No More Sea."

And there was no more sea.—Revelation xxi. 1.

What a strange mystery the ocean is! Sometimes he holds our little craft as tenderly as a mother holds her child, and you wonder that the charge of caprice can be brought against it. At other times it is like an angry ogre who has a tyrant's power and uses it like a tyrant.

It is a pitiless sight, a spectacle of thrilling magnificence, which makes the blood tingle, to stand on the beach at such a time and watch the serried columns of white capped rollers dash themselves to pieces on the sands. They remind you of Napoleon's army at Waterloo with their banners flying, and Europe with victorious banners, which dreamed of no force which could resist its progress, but suddenly found itself face to face with its master, and then, with uncontrolled madness, threw itself to death against the rocks.

The huge array of white capped monarchs, thinking themselves invincible, attack the shore with ferocious energy and pound themselves to great. The heart beats wildly as this great battle between sea and land fills the air with dust and sand, and a painter come from far to witness the conflict and describe its glories with pen and brush.

But how cruel the ocean can be when it catches our craft at a disadvantage! Wind and waves in unholy alliance, a compact of death, and the sailor's cheek blanch with horror as the work of destruction goes on. These twin giants seem to be moved by a common hatred of whatever floats, and as though every vessel was an intruder on their domain they seek to destroy it.

The sails are cut into tatters, their masts are torn away as though the rigging were made of pack thread, and the huge hull is either sent to the bottom or thrown high on the beach in disdain.

And the Jersey shore was littered with wreckage. Other vessels which were towed into harbor, either the captain or part of the crew missing.

The book of Revelation tells us that in that other country from whom no traveler returns "there shall be no more sea," and on this Sunday morning we breathe a sigh of relief over the statement. We can dispense with its magnificence if we may be rid of its dangers. It has devoured millions of lives, and it is still devouring them on the planet. When the sea gives up its dead, a countless multitude of the lost will reappear.

But we are specially impressed with the lesson which the great storm emphasizes—namely, the uncertainty of our position. On the ocean the unexpected happens more frequently than elsewhere. At one moment a cloudless sky and a musical ripple along the vessel's side. The long roll lifts the craft, which lazily yields to the rhythmic motion of the waters. But danger is in ambush, and after a little the puff of wind grows stronger, the long roll is plumed with a white crest, the tempest sounds its trumpet, and the rigging, like the strings of an Aeolian harp, trembles in the wind.

However, death has many ways of achieving its purpose. Not on the sea alone, but on the land, it does its daily stint, and it behooves us to remember that sooner or later it will have something to say to us. "All men must die, but I shall live," is the dream of helplessness. "All men must die, and therefore I," is the fact that is to be recognized and prepared for.

Five men became indifferent even to this "last enemy." It is not the glum indifference of desperate despair, but the cheerful indifference of perfect faith. If we have no place to go to, it is hard to contemplate our exit. But if there is a better place, a residence in which men can be added happiness, we may even shake hands with Death, tell him that our latchstring is always out and he will be welcome whenever he sees fit to come. It is the fear of taking a leap into the dark that bids us pause. But if we are sure of taking a leap into the light we can easily let go our hold on this ragged life and drop into the life to come. The sea may rage as it pleases if our next port of entry is heaven, and lurking accidents and diseases may come out of their hiding places into the open, for on the worst they can only do us a good turn by opening the door of a larger and better house to live in.—New York Herald.

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