



His babyship

will be wonderfully freshened up, and his whole little fat body will shine with health and cleanliness after his tub with the "Albert"

Baby's Own Soap.

This soap is made entirely with vegetable fats, has a faint but exquisite fragrance, and is unsurpassed as a nursery and toilet soap.

Beware of imitations.
ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs.
MONTREAL.

White's Caramels and Snowflake

Chocolates

Can be had at any following first class store

- T. J. Morris
- D. L. Hooper
- W. Pickard & Co.
- W. A. Hutcheson
- W. F. Carter
- Stewart & Gates
- Sanderson & Co.
- J. D. McLeod & R. H. Mason.

No Flies on our Bcy's at the Front!

Keep them away from the folks at home.

Order screen doors and windows now.

A. Duchemin & Co

P. E. I. Door and Sash Factory.

Gilt Edge

The famous Laundry Soap unequalled in cleansing properties, harmless to the finest fabric. For sale by all leading Groceries.

McKINNON & McNEVIN

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

May 19, d4i.

In Souvenir

Goods we have a large assortment of Buckels, Brooches, Pins, Tea and Coffee

Spoons.

C H TAYLOR

Jeweler & Optician.

Sunnyside, Queen Square.

FOR SALE OR TOILET

That nicely situated residence, with out buildings, on the Malpeque Road, one mile from Post office, with 9 or 32 acres of land, as desired.

Apply to J.T. PEARDON.

RIGHTED AT LAST

BY MARY CECIL HAY

Author of "The Arundel Motto," "Nora's Love Test," "Back to the Old Home," Etc.

But, ere us shining herald the day is earlier in the east than in the west, and even then the guests who danced, and laughed, and jested at Honor Craven's ball last night, had not all risen, though the whirl of carriages had begun, and the critical crowd at Burlington House was already leavened with its dainty sprinkling of uncritical beauty and fashion.

Not a few among this crowd looked anxiously for a friend they missed last night; not a few (later on that day) to look in vain among the faces and figures in the Park, for one whose absence was as disappointing as it was explicable. Guesses were hazarded, varied and even wide apart enough, yet none fell near the truth; for who could guess that one of the idols of this London season, watched for, waited for, longed for, sat in an attic in this city thoughtful, deaf to all sounds, and blind to all sights around him, his grave eyes following, with a terrible earnestness, the badly written words upon the paper over which his head was bent? He had unfolded both the papers, and his left hand lay upon the unread one, while his mind grasped promptly, word for word, the one to which was affixed the man's uncertain signature. And these were the words it bore:

"I, the undersigned, Benjamin Territ, miner, living in Abbotsmoor, and being dangerously ill, yet, nevertheless, possessing all my intellectual faculties, and finding that I am soon about to appear before the judgment-seat of God, wish to appease the remorse of my conscience, and to do an act of justice, by retracting all I said upon oath against Gabriel Myddelton, in my deposition made at Kinbury, as to his being the murderer of his uncle, Squire Gabriel Myddelton, of Abbotsmoor. I declare before God that that deposition was not true, and that I retract it with all my soul, before God and before justice, and implore the Sovereign Judge, in His mercy, to accept this retraction as being the whole truth.

"This, as well as the following confession, is written by another hand, on account of my inability to write, from accidents received in the mine; but it is signed by me in my cottage at Abbotsmoor, on this fifth day of December, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four.

"On the seventh day of March, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, young Mr. Myddelton told me of the quarrel he had had with his uncle, and how his uncle had made a will which disinherited him. He often came to my cottage, partly because he could never bear solitude, and my company was as pleasant, perhaps, as that of any of the farmers or cottagers upon the dismal estate; and partly because I encouraged him, hoping that I could turn to account the interest he took in my daughter Margaret. She was a handsome girl, far above other girls on the estate, and to the Manor there never came a young girl-face at all. If Gabriel Myddelton would marry Margaret, I thought, I would even promise to leave the neighborhood, for I knew the young squire (easy-going as he might be) would not care to acknowledge a miner as his father-in-law. I should be free to go to what world I chose, and I would take care that Margaret's husband provided me with the money I should need. And if I grew tired of that life abroad, I could still come back and have a farm here; for I knew young Gabriel Myddelton could be easily intimidated.

"But on that day I speak of, he brought an appalling tale. He had quarrelled with his uncle, had been disinherited, and had left Abbotsmoor forever. He told all this more to Margaret than to myself, and the girl sat beside the window where he stood, and looked as if something had turned her to stone. But I sat behind and ate my

Itching Piles

A Fearfully Bad Case—Much Pain and Acute Misery From the Terrible Itching—Cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

It is doubtful if any remedy ever received so much grateful, unsolicited testimony as Dr. Chase's Ointment. The reason is not far to seek, for it is the only preparation known to man which never fails to cure piles.

Mr. F. G. Harding, a retired farmer, living at Nilstown, Middlesex county, Ont., writes as follows:—"I have been troubled with bleeding and itching piles for four or five years, and suffered intense agony at times. I had tried almost everything, but could get nothing that would give relief. On hearing of Dr. Chase's Ointment I procured a box, and it only required part of it to completely cure me. I am recommending it to all afflicted as I was."

Such incontrovertible evidence from responsible persons cannot, for a moment, be doubted. A few applications of Dr. Chase's Ointment will convince the most skeptical of its wonderful healing and soothing influence. A box or two will positively cure the most severe case of piles; 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

supper slowly, and did not put in a word. But for all that, when I got up from the table, I had made my resolution; and it was not my way—it never has been—to go away from any resolution I may have made, whatever stood in the way.

"They were early people at Abbotsmoor, and I knew that by ten o'clock the house was always silent and darkened for the night. I knew the low window of the old squire's business-room—the corner window opening on the bit of level lane between the shrubbery and the house—and that window I easily opened with my own tools. I remember that I rather enjoyed the work, for I had not much cause to do anything but hate old Squire Myddelton, and I did hate him heartily. I doubt if there was a man, woman, or child on his estate who did anything else; for what had he ever been to us to make us feel otherwise toward him?

"I had but little trouble in forcing my entrance into the room; very little in opening the secretary where the will lay; but just at the moment when I grasped the packet and turned to effect my escape from the house, the inner door of the room was opened, and there was the squire, advancing toward me with a candle in his hand. I acted on my first impulse—what else could I do, in the surprise of the moment? I acted on my first impulse, as I have done all through my life. I dashed the candle from his hand, and then—in the dense darkness, when I felt he could not recognize me—I struck him one deadly blow from my hammer; and, knowing it would do its work on the weak, gray head, I left him there upon the floor and escaped from the window, with the will in my possession. I fled across the lawn, but in the shrubbery beyond I paused to secure the parchment upon my person. Then came an instant's horrible shock. The old man, whom I had left for dead, had pursued me! He came up to me running, and I could see the crimson streaks upon his face, and the thirst for vengeance in his failing eyes—a fearless old man, in all his meanness. I stood a moment facing him; then, with one well-aimed blow, he lay dead upon the grass, and there was no stain of blood upon my hands or clothes.

"I left him lying there, of course, and, hurrying through the wood, reached my own cottage an hour afterward, from quite an opposite direction.

"Gabriel Myddelton could better tell the rest, as his counsel told it for him at his trial, when my words and Margaret's, and the facts which others added, made the tale of no avail. He had returned from Kinbury that night to ask his uncle's pardon. He had taken his way through the wood, intending to gain admission to the squire's room through the very window I had opened, that the servants might not know of his return at all, if his uncle did not forgive him. In the wood he had found his uncle lying, and, astonished and alarmed at what he thought must be a sudden illness, he had raised the old man's head in his arms. What he saw I need not tell, though I am dictating this confession as fully as possible, for a relief to my burdened conscience.

"A horrible fear seized young Gabriel Myddelton that the suspicion of this foul deed would fall upon himself. He saw even then the chain of evidence against him, which really brought him at last to the cell of a doomed criminal. Timid as he was by nature, there was but one course he could decide upon. He fled from that spot in the wood as if his uncle's fate awaited him there; and he never stopped in his flight until he reached my cottage, and found protection and help—as he fancied. He washed the blood from his hands, burned his stained wristbands, and changed the coat on which the old man's head had fallen and left its traces.

"Margaret told all this at the trial, and I stood by, and I knew the words would hang him. But he himself had another explanation of the tale to give, and now I swear that his was the truth; and ours, though in many respects true to the letter, held a lie in every word.

"I helped him that night, simply that I might know where he lurked; for, from the first, I had determined that suspicion must rest upon him. All my plans were frustrated by this unnecessary and inconvenient murder, and personal safety now was my own motive in every action. In my first fear I had begun to destroy the will, but now I thought of a fiendishly skilful plan. The fragments of the will which disinherited him should be found in his possession, and he should be overtaken in his endeavor to escape. This, with what my daughter and I could tell, would fix the crime upon him; and not for a moment did the betrayal of his confidence weigh with me, beside my terror lest my own guilt should be discovered.

"The rest all followed as I had planned and foreseen. What I have told is known only to myself and my daughter, and I have heard her solemn oath that she will add her confession to mine. After I had sworn to Gabriel Myddelton's guilt—yes, from the very first—I grew a changed and miserable man; and this excruciating daily death which I

have suffered since the clay fell upon me in the mine, is, I know, but a just punishment for my crime.

"Now—solemnly, as if in the presence of my God—I swear that this is truth, and confirmed, upon oath, in the presence of my daughter Margaret, for whose hands I leave it.

"(Signed) BENJAMIN TERRIT."

Royden raised his head, and for a minute or two looked dreamily around the room. The door of the chamber of the dead was locked, as he had left it. The sounds in the street below were but faint and far-off. Without a change in the intense gravity of his eyes, he leaned forward again in the silence, and read the second paper.

"Possibly these words will never be read by any eyes save my own, for I only write them because my father extorted an oath from me that I should do so, and leave them to be made public after my death. With whom can I leave them? Gabriel Myddelton, even if he is still alive, is too far away to be either hurt or helped by this confession—even if it were made public tomorrow. I am young and strong, and may wait years for death to visit me. And when it does, who will be near me to bear this release to Gabriel Myddelton?"

(To be continued.)

BACK-ACHE ?

If you have Backache you have Kidney Disease. If you neglect Backache it will develop into something worse—Bright's Disease or Diabetes. There is no use rubbing and doctoring your back. Cure the kidneys. There is only one kidney medicine but it cures Backache every time—

Dodd's Kidney Pills

JUNE

MAGAZINES

AT

Haszard & Moore

SUNNYSIDE.

Dividend Notice

Merchants Bank of P. E. Island.

CHARLOTTETOWN, May 31, 1900
Notice is hereby given that a half yearly dividend at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum on the capital stock of this bank has been declared, payable at its Banking house on and after July 3rd, 1900.

The transfer books will be closed from the 15th June to the 3rd July next, both days inclusive.

By order of Board.

J. M. DAIVSON, Cashier.

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Hay For Sale.

About 25 tons of pressed hay. Apply to the office or to

S. R. Jenkins, Upton North River.

2aw 2wks

DR. GORDON ALLEY

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON

(Graduate, McGill University)

Office and Residence—Dorchester Street
Office Hours—9 to 10, a. m., 1 to 3 and 7 to 8, p. m.
Prompt attention to cases.

FIT FOR A PRINCE

A. G. Thomson & Co's Royal Blend Scotch Whisky.

1900 SEED TIME 1900

Buy your seed at Le Page's old stand and save money.

We have a large selection of clovers, timothy, vetches, peas, White Russian, Manitoba hard and Island wheats.

Spring Tooth Harrows

and all kinds of farm implements.

W. CRANT & CO

LePage's Old Stand, Queen Street.

Is to Your Interest

To see our men's and boy's Clothing.

Our sales are larger in clothing Than for years.

The reason, we are selling good fitting well-made suits for about 20 per cent lower than current prices. Do yourself justice.

You can save enough on a suit of clothes to buy a Hat and a pair Boots.

J. B. MACDONALD & CO

Where Worth and Low Prices Meet.

Teach True Economy

In buying your boots here. The prices are very modest, the style correct, the quality perfect. This season's styles are quick sellers. That's because they've caught the fancy on popular prices at

McQUAID'S,

LOWER QUEEN STREET

Great Sale of Crockery, Glassware and Groceries.

Big Discounts for 30 Days.

All our present stock will be closed out, at big reductions—below some prices:—

- \$3.00 Tea Sets now \$1.95 per set
- 75 cent Glass Table Sets now 50 cents
- 40 " " " " " 25 "
- 24 " " " " " 26 "
- 90 " Large Lamps " 50 "
- 50 " " " " " 30 "
- \$1.50 Lemonade Sets " 90 "
- 1.50 China Berry Sets " 1.20 "
- 50 " Glass " " " 35 "
- 30 " " " " " 20 "

Also a lot of odd crockery selling at Half Price.

P. MONAGHAN, Upper Queen Street