

Why is it that nearly all aged persons are thin? And yet, when you think of it, what could you expect? Three score years of wear and tear are enough to make the digestion weak. Yet the body must be fed. In Scott's Emulsion, the work is all done; that is, the oil in it is digested, all ready to be taken into the blood. The body rests, while the oil feeds and nourishes, and the hypophosphites makes the nerves steady and strong.

EPPS'S COCOA

GRATEFUL COMFORTING Distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of Flavour, Superior Quality, and Nutritive Properties. Specially grateful and comforting to the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold only in 1-lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & Co., Ltd., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

EPPS'S COCOA

ADV ICE ABOUT Spice. When ordering a package Pepper, Ginger, Allspice, Cinnamon or Cream of Tartar from your grocer you can always feel sure of securing the best quality by asking for: Mott's

When ordering a package Pepper, Ginger, Allspice, Cinnamon or Cream of Tartar from your grocer you can always feel sure of securing the best quality by asking for: Mott's

Mott's

In Chancery

In The Rolls Court

DAVID P. IRVING & others, Complainants and MARGARET LEWING & others, Defendants

In pursuance of an order of this Honourable Court, made herein, on the 25th day of March, A. D. 1899, notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against the estate of George Irving, late of Orwell Cove, Lot of Township number 57, in Queen's County, deceased, intestate are required to come in and prove the same before me at the Probate Office, in the Law Courts Building, in Charlottetown, on or before Monday, the twenty-second day of May next, A. D. 1899, and all persons neglecting to come in and prove their said debts and claims by that time are to be excluded from the benefit of said order.

Canadian Pacific Railway.

TRAVEL - IN - COMFORT

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Have Just Completed My New Oyster Place.

Call and see the brilliant display of beautiful oysters on and off the shell. Our Oyster king is standing in the window. See him, and then you will eat oysters.

John P. Joy, VICTORIA CAFE, Great George Street

MISS CAPRICE.

BY ST. GEORGE RATHBONE

Author of "Doctor Jack," "Doctor Jack's Wife," "Captain Tom," "Miss Pauline of New York," Etc.

CHAPTER XV—Continued.

Mustapha Cadi, like most Arabs, possesses many of the properties that in times gone by distinguished our American Indians. The signs of the desert and mountains are like an open book to him, and he is quite at home in an undertaking of this sort, a mission requiring energy and daring, as well as caution.

So, without much apparent trouble, he leads the young Chicagoan along. Sometimes the way is difficult, indeed, impossible in John's eyes, but the Arab knows the secret, and finds a passage where none appears to exist.

Thus they advance for nearly an hour. John imagines they have gone farther than is the case. This is on account of the rough ground.

"Now, caution. We draw near the place. They will be on the watch. Monsieur knows what discovery means."

"Yes—death. That is understood, but it does not prevent me from desiring to advance. Still we will redouble our caution."

They see lights. These appear to come from openings in the hill, doubtless mouths of the deserted mines, which the robber band of Bab Azoun occupy temporarily, with their accustomed boldness.

Drawing still nearer, under Mustapha's clever guidance, they discover that the main body of the robbers are encamped in the largest cavern, and as it seems natural that they would bring their prisoners here, the two men devote their time toward looking up that quarter.

The Arab courier has played as a boy in these old mines, and knows all about them. This knowledge may serve him well now, and John is pleased to think he is in the hands of one so well informed.

In half an hour they have managed to learn an important fact. The prisoners are in the main cavern. All escape is cut off by the presence of numerous guards at the mouth of the mine, and they are watched besides.

Mustapha, putting his knowledge of the place into good use, has led his companion into a cleft where there is hardly room to crawl; but as they reach the end, they have a chance to gaze upon the interior where the Arabs and Kabyles, the Moors and negroes, who battle under the free banner of Bab Azoun are assembled.

Eagerly John looks upon the face of Lady Ruth. His heart seems to be throbbing, and he no longer can deceive himself regarding his true feelings toward this young lady.

"What can we do?" he whispers to the Arab.

"Nothing but wait," is the reply. John has a great fear tugging at his heart. On their way they have discussed the situation, and Mustapha has related the habits of the Arab desert outlaws. Should it appear that a rescue was imminent, it was their habit to murder any prisoners.

Surely this is enough to arouse John's keenest fears. What if the French forces do come and annihilate the robber host—if the prisoners share their doom what has been gained?



It takes a man who is a whole man, at least physically, to be a western cow-boy. His every day life calls for great physical endurance, and upon some occasions this must also be backed by considerable nerve.

It would be a good thing for many a hard working business man if he could turn cow-boy for a couple of months each year. It would give him a chance to get the free, pure, invigorating air of the prairies into his lungs, a little steel into his muscles, a little edge to his appetite and a little of the calm of the boundless plains into his nerves.

Unfortunately, the rush of modern business will not permit the average hard working business man to turn cow-boy for a short time each year. The boy even for a short time, if he does not wish only resource left him, is to keep a watchful eye upon his health, and when he finds that he is getting out of sorts, let up a little on work, and resort to the best of all known tonics. That tonic is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It promptly puts a worked out man into condition, because it starts at the right place. It begins by restoring the lost appetite. It corrects all disorders of the digestion and makes the assimilation of the food perfect. It invigorates the liver. It purifies the blood and fills it with the life-giving elements of the food. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. By enriching the blood it nourishes and builds up every organ and tissue in the body. No man ever broke down with nervous exhaustion or prostration who resorted to this great medicine when he felt himself threatened by ill-health.

An honest dealer will not urge a substitute. There is nothing in the world "just as good," although avaricious druggists will sometimes say so for the sake of the greater profit to be made upon the inferior article.

Keep your head up and your bowels open. The "Golden Medical Discovery" will put steel in your backbone, and Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets will cure constipation.

There is one who in times past has been very jealous of his honor, and would as soon cut off his hand as compromise himself. Yet, reduced to sore straits by the success of a rival, he now descends the scale, and schemes as cleverly as any rascally adventurer.

That is why he asks so anxiously if there is nothing to be done.

The Arab by this time realizes why he is so anxious, and hesitates a little before making reply.

"We must watch and wait. Monsieur will see something soon. Watch the soldier."

This gives John a new idea, and he speedily discovers that Sir Lionel is not idle. The soldier has been in too many desperate situations to be dismayed over such a trifling thing as this.

He is not bound, and hence can move about. Now he seems to be talking to the professor and anon to Aunt Gwen. Last of all he speaks to Lady Ruth, who nods eagerly.

And a strange feeling comes up in John's mind as he surveys this scene. What causes him to remember the harbor of Malta, the words of the boatman before leaving the steamer, the tragic scene in the blue waters?

It comes over him like a flash. Perhaps he did Sir Lionel an injustice when he suspected him of criminal plotting in such a case, but the circumstances were decidedly against the man. If he could be guilty of such a scheme, what would he do in order to win favor at the hands of the young English beauty?

Again it flashes through John's mind; did not the driver, in speaking of the facts tell Mustapha that, in his opinion, it was a man who had entered into a conspiracy with Bab Azoun?

John's first thought was of Pauline Potter—that she had hoped to get hold of him; but now he changes his mind, and locates the trouble elsewhere, fixing it upon the veteran.

Under these circumstances it may be interesting to see how the Briton intends working his plan. John's only desire is a sincere wish that Lady Ruth may be rescued from her predicament. He has no wish to put her to any unnecessary trouble in order that he may play the hero. As well Sir Lionel as any one else, so long as she is benefited.

With this spirit, he can watch the development of affairs composedly, though the suspicion that has crept into his mind causes him a little worry.

Sir Lionel is evidently getting ready to make a move for liberty. His very actions betray it in more ways than one. John cannot but think that he goes about with something like a flourish of trumpets that is hardly in keeping with the situation, for it is supposed that a dozen pairs of eyes are upon them.

First of all, he secures a weapon that is hanging upon the wall near by. It must be his own revolver, John believes. How lucky that the Arabs hung it so close to his hand. No one appears to notice the action. Really, Sir Lionel is attended by the goddess of luck.

Then the professor makes a move in the same direction, crawls forward, and lays hands on a gun that rests against the wall. This he smuggles back with him, and again the guards are all interested in other business, laughing and joking.

So far, good. Perhaps they can, if this marvellous good fortune follows them, steal all the arms in the camp, and even capture the brigade. So John concludes with a smile, as he sees what the professor has done.

Anxiously, he waits to see what there will be next on the programme. Some of the guards have left the place, others lie down to sleep.

"The grand climax is coming," he thinks, as he takes note of these things. "Blunt is getting ready to sweep the board. Well, good luck to him!"

Even Mustapha has discovered that something strange is on the tapis. He has a singular way of expressing it.

"Poor Monsieur Constans," he whispers.

"What is the matter with him? ejaculates John, in about the same tone. "It is too bad."

"Mustapha, speak out."

"He will come after awhile."

"Yes, yes."

"And he will find no Bab Azoun, no band of illustrious robbers to do battle with."

John's mind instantly hits upon flight as the cause for all this.

"Why do you speak so?"

"This wonderful soldier, he do it all; by the mighty power of his arm he will overcome the mighty hosts of Bab Azoun. Great is Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet; but I have never seen such a thing before in all my life!"

Then the exquisite dry humor of the thing strikes John, and with such force that he comes very near bursting with laughter.

He has not the slightest desire to do anything that will bring about a change in the plan. So long as Lady Ruth is rescued from her unpleasant position, it matters little what the means are.

Hence, he watches the development of matters with a keen interest. It is not long before he is in a position to see that there is solid truth in his suspicions. The actions of Sir Lionel confirm the fact that he has been induced to compromise his honor in order to succeed with John as a rival.

When the divine spark touches the heart, it causes men to do strange things.

There is one who in times past has

GENERAL DEBILITY.

From the Advertiser, Hartland, N. B.

Ralph Giberson, postmaster at Monquart, N. B., is also known as a prosperous agriculturist. Now stalwart and rugged, he scarce would be recognized as the man who six months ago was the picture of one suffering the terrible symptoms of general debility. He was run down in health, suffered much from dizziness, almost blindness, general dullness and depression of spirits. He had a poor appetite and such food as he ate gave him great distress. He was incapacitated for the work that fell upon him and was well nigh utterly discouraged. The symptoms bordered on those by which hypochondria is manifested. Through reading the Advertiser he learned of the benefit that several of his friends in this vicinity had received by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and by the hope held out by their testimonials he secured a supply and took them according to directions. The result was almost magical; immediately his symptoms became less disagreeable, and he steadily gained until now he is perfectly free from his old troubles. He gladly gives his testimonial, that all who read it may know the remedy if ever they are troubled with general debility.



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SPRING MEDICINE.

In the springtime the blood needs attention. The change of the year produces in every one, whether conscious of it or not, some heating of the blood.

Some people have pimples, a little eczema, or irritation of the skin; others feel easily tired and have a poor appetite.

A tonic is needed. The best tonic—the best of all spring medicines for man, woman or child is

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS

These Pills do not purge and weaken like other medicines.

They make rich red blood, build up the nerves, and make weak, depressed and easily tired people cheerful, active and strong.

Pink colored pills in glass jars, or in any loose form, or in boxes that do not bear the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, are NOT Dr. Williams'.

The genuine are put up in packages, with wrapper printed in red.

Sold by all dealers or direct from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.,

Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

No other medicine in the world has offered such undoubted proof of merit. What Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for others they will do for you, if given a fair trial.

been very jealous of his honor, and would as soon cut off his hand as compromise himself. Yet, reduced to sore straits by the success of a rival, he now descends the scale, and schemes as cleverly as any rascally adventurer.

The critical period draws near, and our military hero can scarce restrain his valor. Indeed, he shows symptoms of wanting to rush out and annihilate the whole band of Arabs and Moors, but Lady Ruth restrains him, as though she is clever enough to see the folly of a move too premature.

It is a picturesque scene, and one that John will never forget. The grotto alone has charming features, since the walls are white and encrusted with some metallic substance that shines like silver.

On either side can be seen giant stalactites dependant from the roof, looking like mighty columns to support the dome.

The fire and torches illumine the scene until it looks like one of enchantment. The strange costumes of the nomads, with the various colors they best, add to the romantic nature of the exposition, and his must be a poor soul, indeed, that fails to catch some thing of artistic fervor when such a picture appears in view.

There were twenty of Bab Azoun's men present an hour before, but now only half of that number can be seen.

The remainder have mysteriously disappeared. Things seem to be working to suit the desperate plans of the veteran Zulu fighter, and he will soon be in a condition to open the engagement.

There will doubtless be a battle. John is lost in admiration of the genius that could prepare such a scene, such a triumph. He does not anticipate that even if the Briton is successful in his plans, he will carry the heart of Lady Ruth by storm.

"We must move," whispers Mustapha.

"Why?" asks John, desiring enlightenment.

"So as to be ready to take a hand in the grand affair," is the reply.

Up to this moment it has not occurred to the young man from Chicago that he may be in a position to profit by this peculiar situation.

He smiles with the idea.

"Mustapha, I leave all in your hands. Do with me as you please."

"Then come."

"They quit the cleft, using great caution to prevent discovery. The plans of the Arabian guide are soon made manifest, for he signifies his intention of securing a sentry who paces up and down outside the old mine.

If he were a baby he could not have made less resistance. John would have been amazed, only that he has been forewarned. It is not the guard's policy to attempt an outcry—undoubtedly he has had his orders.

"Well?" says Mustapha, after the fellow has been tied up, and prevented from making an outcry.

"I believe we can capture the whole outfit at that rate. I feel equal to twenty myself. They must have taken some drug; they have no more life than a mummy from the pyramids."

The Arab grins as though he enjoys the joke.

"It is coming, prepare to see the mighty Frank's wonderful work."

Even as he speaks, they hear loud shouts within the old mine—shouts that would indicate an upheaval—shouts from Arab lips, that echo from the Kabyle throats.

They seem to indicate astonishment—fear.

Above them rises the bellow of a Briton, rushing to the fray with the eagerness of an infuriated bull.

Oh, it is grand!—it is beautiful to see that one man hurl himself on half a dozen! Fear—he knows not the meaning of the word it seems—his opponents monopolize that.

(To be Continued.)

TO CURE TOOTHACHE IN A MINUTE USE NERVOL. One application cures; if not your money back. Equally good for Neuralgia and Headache. 25c. at all Druggists.



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Instead of a Animal Pepsin, the Wholesale Fruit Pepsin of the Pineapple, is the Effective Principle of Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Pepsin.

The vital juice of the pineapple yields the wood of a resinous, which cures indigestion and causes the most rapid recovery of the system. The action of this pepsin is in Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Pepsin, who extract, naturally and delightfully prepared, and the tablets are delicious to the taste. 50c. a box, and only 35 cents a box at a druggist.

CHAPTER II.

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