

# ITCHING PILES...

Positively and permanently cured by Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment is an absolute cure for piles, and has never been known to fail to cure the worst forms of this disease which has baffled medical skill for ages.

This statement may sound rather strong to persons who do not know the superior merits of Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment, but it is perfectly true, and heartily endorsed by the grateful testimony of thousands of men and women who have been cured by it after years of suffering, and after trying many preparations and consulting the best doctors.

Mr. H. Bull, Belleville, Ont., says: "I take pleasure in stating that after thirty years of suffering with Itching Piles, Dr. Chase's Ointment has completely cured me. I tried every remedy that was advertised, with little or no benefit, but as I have told different persons affected as I was, Dr. Chase's Ointment made a perfect cure."

Dr. Chase's Ointment has a record of cures unparalleled in the history of medicine. It is guaranteed to cure any case of piles. For sale by all dealers, or Edmans, Bates & Co., Toronto.

# 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 4-lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & Co., Ltd., Homeopathic Chemists, London, England.

# EPPS'S COCOA



You Are Sure

of getting the best kitchen utensils if the label

# CRESCENT STEEL AGATE WARE

is on every piece you buy! We guarantee them to be absolutely pure, and very durable. They won't burn or chip and fruit acids have no effect on them. Your dealer has them or will get them for you.

MADE BY The Thos. Davidson Mfg. Co. MONTREAL.

# THE '99 "Imperial Wheels" ARE THE BICYCLES Par Excellence.

FOR STRENGTH BEAUTY DURABILITY

It takes less energy to propel the IMPERIAL than any Bicycle made. Its construction renders it almost indestructible.

IS THE BEST TOO GOOD FOR YOU?

Call and see our wheels and get prices—They will interest you.

FRED P. NEWSON, AGENT

# "SUNNYSIDE" DENTISTRY

Office in New Prowse Block, first door to the right up stairs.

# DR. AYERS

# PHANTOM RICKSHAW.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

May no ill dreams disturb my rest Nor powers of darkness me molest! —Evening Hymn.

One of the few advantages that India has over England is a great knowability. After five years' service a man is directly or indirectly acquainted with 200 or 300 civilians in his province, all the messes of 10 or 12 regiments and batteries and some 1,500 other people of the nonofficial caste. In ten years his knowledge should be doubled, and at the end of 20 he knows, or knows something about, every Englishman in the empire and may travel anywhere and everywhere without paying hotel bills.

Globe trotters who expect entertainment as a right have, even within my memory, blunted this open heartedness, but none the less today, if you belong to the inner circle and are neither a bear nor a black sheep, all honours are open to you, and our small world is very, very kind and helpful.

Rickett of Kamartha staid with Polder of Kumaon some 15 years ago. He meant to stay two nights, but was knocked down by rheumatic fever, and for six weeks disorganized Polder's establishment, stopped Polder's work and nearly died in Polder's bedroom. Polder behaves as though he had been placed under eternal obligation by Rickett and yearly sends the little Ricketts a box of presents and toys. It is the same everywhere. The men who do not take the trouble to conceal from you their opinion that you are an incompetent ass and the women who blacken your character and misunderstand your wife's amusements will work themselves to the bone in your behalf if you fall sick or into serious trouble.

Heatherleigh, the doctor, kept in addition to his regular practice a hospital on his private account—an arrangement of loose boxes for incurables, his friend called it—but it was really a sort of fitting up shed for craft that had been damaged by stress of weather. The weather in India is often sultry, and since the tale of bricks is always a fixed quantity and the only liberty allowed is permission to work overtime and get no thanks men occasionally break down and become as mixed as the metaphors in this sentence.

Heatherleigh is the dearest doctor that ever was, and his invariable prescription to all his patients is, "Lie low, go slow and keep cool." He says that more men are killed by overwork than the importance of this world justifies. He maintains that overwork slew Pansay, who died under his hands about three years ago. He has, of course, the right to speak authoritatively, and he laughs at my theory that there was a crack in Pansay's head and a little bit of the dark world came through and pressed him to death. "Pansay went off the handle," says Heatherleigh, "after the stimulus of long leave at home. He may or he may not have behaved like a blackguard to



"A woman's rank lies in the fullness of her womanhood." A sick woman, a nervous woman, a fretful woman, a woman who suffers from weakness and disease of the delicate and important organs that constitute womanhood, a woman doomed to childlessness, is not a real woman. The most glorious duty and privilege of womanhood is motherhood. The childless woman cannot be a happy woman. A woman who never knows the caressing touch of a first-born's fingers, cannot know the full measure of happiness possible to a woman. There are thousands of unhappy women who go through life without knowing the supreme happiness of motherhood, who go each day through a faithful but weary round of work, and live almost loveless and usually pain-racked lives, because they neglect to take care of themselves in a womanly way. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the most wonderful of all medicines for ailing women. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs that make maternity possible. It makes them well and strong. It fits for wifehood and motherhood. It banishes the dangers of maternity. It does away with the discomforts of the period of anticipation and makes baby's coming easy and almost painless. It insures the new comer's health, and an ample supply of nourishment. Thousands of homes that only lacked a baby as a final binding tie, now bless this marvelous remedy for the ring of childish laughter. It soothes pain, tones the nerves and makes a woman's work easy. All medicine dealers sell it.

"I miscarried four times," writes Mrs. Florence Hunter, of Corley, Logan Co., Ark. "Then, after taking four bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription I made my husband a present of a fine, healthy girl."

Tiny, sugar-coated granules that always cure biliousness and constipation—Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate and invigorate the stomach, liver and bowels. All good medicine dealers have them. Nothing else "just as good."

Mrs. Keith-Wessington. My notion is that the work of the Katabundi settlement ran him off his legs, and that he took to brooding and making much of an ordinary P and O flirtation. He certainly was engaged to Miss Mannerling, and she certainly broke off the engagement. Then he took a feverish chill, and all that nonsense about ghosts developed. Overwork started his illness, kept it alight and killed him, poor devil! Write him off to the system—one man to take the work of two and a half men.

I do not believe this. I used to sit up with Pansay sometimes when Heatherleigh was called out to patients, and I happened to be within claim. The man would make me most unhappy by describing in a low, even voice the procession that was always passing at the bottom of his bed. He had a sick man's command of language. When he recovered, I suggested that he should write out the whole affair from beginning to end, knowing that ink might assist him to ease his mind. When little boys have learned a new bad word, they are never happy till they have chalked it up on a door. And this also is literature.

He was in a high fever while he was writing and the blood and thunder magazine diction he adopted did not calm him. Two months afterward he was reported fit for duty, but in spite of the fact that he was urgently needed to help an undermanned commission stagger through a deficit he preferred to die, vowing at the last that he was bag ridden. I got his manuscript before he died, and this is his version of the affair, dated 1885.

My doctor tells me that I need rest and change of air. It is not improbable that I shall get both ere long—rest neither the redcoated messenger nor the midday gun can break, and change of air far beyond that which any home-bound round steamer can give me. In the meantime I am resolved to stay where I am and, in flat defiance of my doctor's orders, to take all the world into my confidence. You shall learn for yourselves the precise nature of my malady and shall, too, judge for yourselves whether any man born of woman on this weary earth was ever so tormented as I.

Speaking now as a condemned criminal might speak ere the drop bolts are drawn, my story, wild and hideously improbable as it may appear, demands at least attention. That it will ever receive credence I utterly disbelieve. Two months ago I should have scouted a mad or drunk man who had dared tell me the like. Two months ago I was the happiest man in India. Today, from Peshawar to the sea, there is no one more wretched. My doctor and I are the only two who know this. His explanation is that my brain, digestion and eyesight are all slightly affected, giving rise to my frequent and persistent "delusions." Delusions, indeed! I call him a fool, but he attends me still with the same unwearied smile, the same bland professional manner, the same neatly trimmed red whiskers, till I begin to suspect that I am an ungrateful, evil tempered invalid. But you shall judge for yourselves.

Three years ago it was my fortune—my great misfortune—to sail from Gravesend to Bombay, on return from long leave, with one Agnes Keith Wessington, wife of an officer on the Bombay side. It does not in the least concern you to know what manner of woman she was. Be content with the knowledge that, ere the voyage had ended, both she and I were desperately and unreasonably in love with one another. Heaven knows that I can make the admission now without one particle of vanity. In matters of this sort there is always one who gives and another who accepts. From the first day of our ill-omened attachment I was conscious that Agnes' passion was a stronger, a more dominant and—if I may use the expression—a purer sentiment than mine. Whether she recognized the fact then, I do not know. Afterward it was bitterly plain to both of us.

Arrived at Bombay in the spring of the year, we went our respective ways, to meet no more for the next three or four months, when my leave and her love took us both to Simla. There we spent the season together, and there my fire of straw burned itself out to a pitiful end with the closing year. I attempted no excuse. I make no apology. Mrs. Wessington had given up much for my sake and was prepared to give up all. From my own lips, in August, 1882, she learned that I was sick of her presence, tired of her company and weary of the sound of her voice. Ninety-nine women out of a hundred would have wearied of me as I wearied of them; 75 of that number would have promptly avenged themselves by active

and obtrusive flirtation with other men. Mrs. Wessington was the hundredth. On her neither my openly expressed aversion nor the cutting brutalities with which I garnished our interviews had the least effect.

"Jack, darling," was her one eternal cuckoo cry. "I'm sure it's all a mistake, a hideous mistake, and we'll be good friends again some day. Please forgive me, Jack, dear!"

I was the offender, and I knew it. That knowledge transformed my pity into passive endurance, and, eventually, into blind hate—the same instinct, I suppose, which prompts a man to savagely stamp on the spider he has but half killed. And with this hate in my bosom the season of 1882 came to an end.

Next year we met again at Simla—she with her monotonous face and timid attempts at reconciliation and I with loathing of her in every fiber of my frame. Several times I could not avoid meeting her alone, and on each occasion her words were identically the same—still the unreasoning will that it was all a "mistake" and still the hope of eventually "making friends." I might have seen, had I cared to look, that that hope only was keeping her alive. She grew more wan and thin month by month. You will agree with me at least that such conduct would have driven any one to despair. It was uncalled for, childish, unwomanly. I maintain that she was much to blame. And again, sometimes in the black, fever-stricken night watches, I have begun to think that I might have been a little kinder to her. But that really is a "delusion." I could not have continued pretending to love her when I didn't, could I? It would have been unfair to us both.

(Continued on page 8.)

# DR. GAUTHIER ENDORSES

The statement that Mr. Major owes his life to... DR. CHASE'S Kidney Liver Pills

Dr. J. T. A. Gauthier, of Vallerfield, Que., writes: "I, the undersigned, certify that the contents of this letter, in regard to the cure of Mr. Isadore Major, by the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, is correct." Here is Mr. Major's letter: "After 20 years of suffering from backache and kidney disease I owe my life to Dr. A. W. Chase. I had tried an endless variety of remedies to no avail, and on the recommendation of a friend began the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Two pills that night and two next morning gave great relief, and I continued their use until now I am completely cured. My friends are surprised and pleased to see me well again, for I spent hundreds of dollars in vain trying to get cured. Before using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills my back ached so I could not put on my shoes and couldn't lift 20 lbs. My shoulders were sore, I had headaches and a bad taste in the mouth. These troubles are now entirely gone and what I say I am ready to prove. I have told my friends of my wonderful cure, and many have been greatly benefited by using these pills."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are the greatest kidney cure the world has ever known. One pill a dose, 25c. a box at all dealers, or Edmans, Bates & Co., Toronto.

PLANT LINE TO BOSTON Commencing May 10th

The Favorite "S. S. HALIFAX" will leave Charlottetown for BOSTON every Tuesday at noon (Standard Time) calling at Hawkesbury and Halifax. Returning leave BOSTON every Saturday at noon. Passengers leaving CHARLOTTETOWN Wednesday morning, via Picton, can make close connection at Halifax with S. S. "HALIFAX" sailing Wednesday evening at 11 p. m. Tickets for sale at stations on P. E. I. Railway. For tickets, rates and all information apply to W. W. CLARKE, Agent, Charlottetown or to H. L. CHIPMAN, Canadian Agent, Halifax, N. S. May 3—

Spring... The time for general cleaning. Your clock or watch may need cleaning, to insure their keeping good time. Let us have them and we will put them in good running order. Personal attention given to watchwork. G. H. TAYLORS SUNNYSIDE

FROM INDIA & CEYLON It's a Treat!! To Drink "TETLEY'S" TEAS FROM ANCIENT INDIA AND SWEET CEYLON Sold in lead packets only \$1.0 per lb. Always Best of Tea Values Office for Maritime Provinces 7 & 9 Bedford Row, Halifax, N. S.

Clothing Clothing for Everyone at 25 to 35 per cent. less than regular prices Our big purchase of Men's and Boys Clothing at the Doull & Gibson sale has arrived. We can now supply you with Clothing at the manufacturers' cost prices. Men's Tweed Pants from 50c, 75c \$1.00, 1.25, 1.50, 2.00, worth 50 per cent more—Men's Tweed Suits from \$3.75 and upwarls. It will mean money in your pocket to buy your clothing from us. J. B. Macdonald & Co

HAIC & HAIC Oldest Whisky Distillers on Earth. Est. Since 1679. THREESTAR & FIVE STAR SCOTS WHISKY We Simply ask the Consumer to Compare. Can be obtained at all first class Hotels.

FIT FOR A PRINCE The Royal Blend Whisky. Of all Wine Merchants. Wholesale from the distiller, A. G. THOMSON & Co, Glasgow

AMHERST BOOT & SHOE MFG. CO. WHOLESALE BOOT & SHOE MANUFACTURERS, AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA. Our travellers reach all parts of the provinces several times yearly well as points in Newfoundland, Magdalen Islands, St. Pierre, Miquelon Quebec shores. We are also the leading distributors in the provinces of the Canadian Rubber Co's footwear. Agents will be on the road in a few days with samples for the fall and winter trade, also for sorting orders. Representative for P. E. I. land, Mr. C. Stanley Sutherland. Address all communications to the Company. AMHERST BOOT & SHOE MFG. CO.'Y April 15 2aw tl May 31