

Cripple

The iron grasp of scrofula has no mercy upon its victims. This demon of the blood is often not satisfied with causing dreadful sores, but racks the body with the pains of rheumatism until Hood's Sarsaparilla cures.

"Nearly four years ago I became afflicted with scrofula and rheumatism.

Made

Running sores broke out on my thighs. Pieces of bone came out and an operation was contemplated. I had rheumatism in my legs, drawn up out of shape. I lost appetite, could not sleep. I was a perfect wreck. I continued to grow worse and finally gave up the doctor's treatment to

Well

take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Soon appetite came back; the sores commenced to heal. My limbs straightened out and I threw away my crutches. I am now stout and hearty and am farming, whereas four years ago I was a cripple. I gladly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla." URBAN HAMMOND, Table Grove, Illinois.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

Of all the nerve-tonics—bromos, celerics or nervines—your doctor will tell you that the Hypophosphites are best understood. So thoroughly related is the nervous system to disease that some physicians prescribe Hypophosphites alone in the early stages of Consumption. Scott's Emulsion is Cod-liver Oil, emulsified, with the Hypophosphites, happily blended. The result of its use is greater strength and activity of the brain, the spinal cord and the nerves.

Let us send you a book all about it. Sent free. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.

EPPS'S COCOA

ENGLISH BREAKFAST COCOA Possesses the following Distinctive Merits:

DELICACY OF FLAVOR. SUPERIORITY IN QUALITY.

GRATEFUL and COMFORTING to the NERVOUS or DYSPEPTIC.

NUTRITIVE QUALITIES UNRIVALLED. In Quarter-Pound Tins and Packets only.

Prepared by JAMES EPPS & CO., Ltd., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.



Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum

For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, etc.

KEENE, WATSON & CO., PROPRIETORS, MONTREAL.

Spectacles

Just received another lot, selling at 50c and 70c a pair, case included. Also the newest in gold frames.

OPERA GLASSES TO LOAN.

E. W. TAYLOR
CAMERON BLOCK.

JOHN HUXFORD'S HIATUS.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

As the years passed John's smooth English skin had warped and crinkled until he was as brown and as seamed as a walnut. His hair, too, after many years of iron-gray, had finally become as white as the winters of his adopted country. Yet he was a hale and upright old man, and when he at last retired from the management of the firm with which he had been so long connected, he bore the weight of his seventy years lightly and bravely. He was in the peculiar position himself of not knowing his own age, as it was impossible for him to do more than guess at how old he was at the time of his accident.

The Franco-German War came round, and while the two great rivals were destroying each other, their more peaceful neighbors were quietly ousting them out of their markets and their commerce. Many English ports benefited by this condition of things, but none more than Brisport. It had long ceased to be a fishing village, but was now a large and prosperous town, with a great breakwater in place of the quay on which Mary had stood, and a frontage of terraces and grand hotels where all the grandees of the west country came when they were in need of a change. All these extensions had made Brisport the center of a busy trade, and her ships found their way into every harbor in the world. Hence it was no wonder, especially in that very busy year of 1870, that several Brisport vessels were lying in the river and alongside the wharves of Quebec.

One day John Hardy, who found time hang a little on his hands since his retirement from business, strolled along by the water's edge listening to the clanking of the steam whistles, and watching the great barrels and cases as they were swung ashore and piled upon the wharf. He had observed the coming in of a great ocean steamer, and having waited until she was safely moored, he was turning away, when a few words fell upon his ear uttered by some one on board a little weather-beaten bark close by him. It was only some commonplace order that was bawled out, but the sound fell upon the old man's ears with a strange mixture of disuse and familiarity. He stood by the vessel and heard the seamen at their work, all speaking with the same broad, pleasant jingling accent. Why did it send such a thrill through his nerves to listen to it? He sat down upon a coil of rope and pressed his hands to his temples, drinking in the long-forgotten dialect, and trying to piece together in his mind the thousand half-formed, nebulous recollections which were surging up in it. Then he rose, and walking along to the stern he read the name of the ship, the "Sunlight, Brisport." Brisport! Again that flush and tingle through every nerve. Why was that word and the men's speech so familiar to him? He walked moodily home, and all night he lay tossing and sleepless, pursuing a shadowy something which was ever within his reach, and yet which ever evaded him.

Early next morning he was up and down on the wharf listening to the talk of the west-country sailors. Every word they spoke seemed to him to revive his memory and bring him nearer to the light. From time to time they paused in their work, and seeing the white-haired stranger sitting so silently and attentively, they laughed at him and broke little jests upon him. And even these jests had a familiar sound to the exile, as they very well might, seeing that they were the same which he had heard in his youth, for no one ever makes a new joke in England. So he sat through the long day, bathing himself in the west-country speech, and waiting for the light to break.

And it happened that when the sailors broke off their mid-day meal, one of them, either out of curiosity or good nature, came over to the old watcher and greeted him. So John asked him to be seated on a log by his side, and began to put many questions to him about the country from which he came, and the town. All which the man answered glibly enough, for there is nothing in the world that a sailor loves to talk of so much as of his native place, for it pleases him to show that he is no mere wanderer, but

that he has a home to receive him when ever he shall choose to settle down to a quiet life. So the seamen prattled away about the town hall and the Martello Tower, and the Esplanade, and Pitt street and the High street, until his companion suddenly shot out a long eager arm and caught him by the wrist. "Look here, man," he said, in a low, quick whisper. "Answer me truly as you hope for mercy. Are not the streets that run out of the High street, Fox street, Caroline street and George street, in the order named?" "They are," the sailor answered, shrinking away from the wild, flashing eyes. And at that moment John's memory came back to him, and he saw, clear and distinct, his life as it had been and as it should have been, with every minutest detail traced as in letters of fire. Too stricken to cry out, too stricken to weep, he could only hurry away homeward, wildly and aimlessly; hurry as fast as his aged limbs would carry him, as if, poor soul! there were some chance of yet catching up the fifty years which had gone by. Staggering and tremulous, he hastened on until a film seemed to gather over his eyes, and throwing his arms into the air with a great cry, "Oh, Mary, Mary! Oh, my lost, lost life!" he fell senseless upon the pavement.

The storm of emotion which had passed through him, and the mental shock which he had undergone, would have sent many a man into a raging fever, but John was too strong-willed and too practical to allow his strength to be wasted at the very time when he needed it most. Within a few days he realized a portion of his property, and starting for New York, caught the first mail steamer to England. Day and night, night and day, he trod the quarterdeck, until the hardy sailors watched the old man with astonishment, and marveled how any human being could do so much upon so little sleep. It was only by this unceasing exercise, by wearing down his vitality until fatigue brought lethargy, that he could prevent himself from falling into a very frenzy of despair. He hardly dared ask himself what was the object of this wild journey? What did he expect? Would Mary be still alive? She must be a very old woman. If he could but see her and mingle his tears with hers he would be content. Let her only know that it had been no fault of his, and that they had both been victims to the same cruel fate. The cottage was her own, and she had said that she would wait for him there until she heard from him. Poor lass, she had never reckoned on such a wait as this.

At last the Irish lights were sighted and passed, Land's End lay like a blue fog upon the water, and the great steamer plowed its way along the bold Cornish coast until it dropped its anchor in Plymouth Bay. John hurried to the railway station, and within a few hours he found himself back once more in his native town, which he had quitted a poor cork-cutter, half a century before.

But was it the same town? Were it not for the name engraved all over the station and on the hotels, John might have found a difficulty in believing it. The broad, well-paved streets, with the tram lines laid down the center, were very different from the narrow, winding lanes which he could remember. The spot upon which the station had been built was now the very center of the town, but in the old days it would have been far out in the fields. In every direction lines of luxurious villas branched away in streets and crescents bearing names which were new to the exile. Great warehouses, and long rows of shops with glittering fronts, showed him how enormously Brisport had increased in wealth as well as in dimensions. It was only when he came upon the old High street that John began to feel at home. It was much altered, but still it was recognizable, and some few of the buildings were just as he had left them. There was the place where Fairbairn's cork works had been. It was now occupied by a great, brand-new hotel. And there was the old gray town hall. The wanderer turned down beside it, and made his way with eager steps but a sinking heart in the direction of the line of cottages which he used to know so well.

It was not difficult for him to find where they had been. The sea at least was as of old, and from it he could tell where the cottages had stood. But alas, where were they now? In their place an imposing crescent of high stone houses reared their tall front to the beach. John walked wearily down past their palatial entrances, feeling heartsore and despairing, when suddenly a thrill shot through him, followed by a warm glow of excitement and of hope, for, standing a little back from the line, and looking as much out of place as a bumpkin in a ballroom, was an old whitewashed cottage, with wooden porch and walls bright with creeping plants. He rubbed his eyes and stared again, but there it stood with its diamond-paned windows and white muslin curtains, the very same down to the smallest details, as it had been on the day when he last saw it. Brown hair had become white, and fishing hamlets had changed into cities, but busy hands and a faithful heart had kept granny's cottage unchanged and ready for the wanderer.

And now, when he had reached his very haven of rest, John Huxford's mind became more filled with apprehension than ever, and he became so deadly sick that he had to sit down upon one of the beach benches which faced the cottage. An old fisherman was perched at one end of it, smoking his black clay pipe, and he remarked upon the wan face and sad eyes of the stranger.

"You have overtired yourself," he said. "It doesn't do for old chaps like you and me to forget our years."

"I'm better now, thank you," John answered. "Can you tell me, friend, how that one cottage came among all those fine houses?"

"Why," said the old fellow, thumping his crutch energetically upon the ground, "that cottage belongs to the most obstinate woman in all England. That woman, if you'll believe me, has been offered the price of the cottage ten times over, and yet she won't part with it. They have even promised to remove it stone by stone, and put it up on some more convenient place, and pay her a good round sum into the bargain, but, God bless you! she wouldn't so much as hear of it."

"And why was that?" asked John.

"Well, that's just the funny part of it. It's all on account of a mistake. You see her spark went away when I was a youngster, and she's got it into her head that he may come back some day, and that he won't know where to go unless the cottage is there. Why, if the fellow were alive he would be as old as you, but I've no doubt he's dead long ago. She's well quit of him, for he must have been a scamp to abandon her as he did."

"Oh, he abandoned her, did he?"

"Yes—went off to the States, and never

so much as sent a word to bid her good-bye. It was a cruel shame, it was, for the girl has been a-waiting and a-pining for him ever since. It's my belief that it's fifty years' weeping that blinded her."

"She is blind!" cried John, half rising to his feet.

"Worse than that," said the fisherman. "She's mortal ill, and not expected to live. Why, look ye, there's the doctor's carriage a-waiting at her door."

(To be Continued)

WONDERFUL are the cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and yet they are simple and natural. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes **PURE BLOOD**.

Seed Wheat For Sale

White Russian and Campbell's White Chaff, grown from imported seed one year on the Warren Farm.

On the testimony of thousands during the last 15 years, this seed has given great satisfaction in all parts of the Island.
JOHN NEWSON.
Charlottetown, Feb 17—1md&w

WHAT WOMEN WEAR.

Accordion and wider knife plaited satin skirts are put forth by leading importers for dressy spring wear.

Historical effects will predominate among the charming toilets for bridesmaids' Easter and post-Easter weddings.

Some of the very recherche dinner dresses of the season have high necked waists to be worn with black velvet skirts.

Trains and demitrains are taking in a great degree the place of shorter skirts, except for street and strictly utilitarian gowns.

Fashionable modistes say that they make nearly as many fancy zouave bolero and Spanish jackets or jacket effects for stout as for slender women.

Uncommonly chic and dainty patterns in all wool shepherd's check wools are set forth for the making of spring walking, cycling and traveling costumes this season.

A dress of dark blue velvet has the jacket fronts, lapels and the high collar faced with ermine. A muff of ermine and velvet and a toque to match complete the suit.

Quaint, magnificent embroideries and silk wrought galloons manufactured in Paris and Vienna are imported and will appear in jewel effects and Persian color schemes, mingled with gold, bronze and cut oux.—New York Post.

MOODY MUSINGS.

Most people only get married to keep the neighbors from talking.

Some men believe that when they give a note they pay the debt.

A day's work has been steadily decreasing for the last 100 years.

One cold, clammy woman, with her nose turned up, can ruin a reception.

A man who amounts to anything never receives any "encouragement."

Every man finally becomes greater than the expectations of his neighbors.

There are few men who can look impressed when their wives talk about their economy.

A boy never expresses the love he feels for his mother and seldom feels the love he expresses for other women.

After a man passes 40 he can get an attack of the blues any time by comparing what he is with what he hoped to be.—Aitchison Globe.

MESSAGE TO MEN.

Proving that True Manly and True Philanthropy Still Exist.

If any man who is weak, nervous and debilitated, or who is suffering from any of the various troubles resulting from youthful folly, excesses or overwork, will take heart and write to me, I will send him confidentially and free of charge the plan pursued by which I was completely restored to perfect health and manhood, after years of suffering from Nervous Debility, Loss of Vigor and Organic Weakness.

I have nothing to sell, and therefore want no money, but as I know through my own experience how to sympathize with such sufferers, I am glad to be able to assist any fellow-beings to a cure. I am well aware of the prevalence of quackery, for I myself was deceived and imposed upon until I nearly lost faith in mankind but I rejoice to say that I am now perfectly well and happy once more and am desirous therefore to make this certain means of cure known to all. If you will write to me you can rely upon being cured and the proud satisfaction of having been of great service to one in need will be sufficient reward for my trouble. Absolute secrecy assured. Send six silver to cover postage and address Mr. Geo. G. Strong, North Rockwood, Mich. 135&w.

TO LET.

The western half of a house on Sydney Street, formerly owned by Captain Kichham, opposite the Methodist Church, containing eight rooms in first class order, with good cellar and stable. This is a desirable residence for a small family. Apply to Michael Trainor or Thomas McQuaid, Lower Queen St., or to the owner at Southport. Possession given first of May next.
76. EDWARD KELLY.

ARE YOU A

GOOD COOK

If so you will appreciate the fragrance and flavor which our Extracts impart to your cooking.

Why lose time and patience experimenting with worthless and unreliable goods, when you can get the best from your grocer by asking for the "Sovereign" Brand.

SOVEREIGN FLAVORING EXTRACTS

Have stood the test of years, and their increasing sale proves their superiority.

Ask your Grocer for them.
Simson Bros. & Co.
Manufacturers.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

Cures Every Form of Inflammation.

It was originated in 1810, by the late Dr. A. Johnson, an old fashioned, noble hearted Family Physician, to cure all ailments that are the result of irritation and inflammation; such as asthma, abscesses, bites, burns, bruises, bronchitis, colds, coughs, croup, catarrh, chaps, chilblains, colic, cramps, cholera-morbus, diphtheria and all forms of sore throat, caries, fractures, gout, headache, influenza, ja grippe, lame back, side, neck, mumps, muscular soreness, nervous headache, pimples, pain anywhere, rheumatism, stings, sprains, stiff joints, toothache, tonsillitis, wind colic and whooping cough. The great vital and muscle nerve

Parsons' Pills

Positively cure Biliousness and Sick Headache, liver and bowel complaints. They expel all impurities from the blood. Delicate women find relief from using them. Price 25c; five \$1. Sold everywhere.

"Best Liver Pill Made." I have used your Johnson's Anodyne Liniment for more than fifty years in my family. Have used it for colds, coughs, sore throats, stings, cramps, sore stomach, rheumatism, lameness, colic, toothache, neuralgia, etc. and found it always good in every way. THOMAS CLELAND, South Robbinston, Maine. Our Book "Treatment for Diseases" Mailed Free. A. Druggists, I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

We Keep All Grades

But the lowest quality starts at good and goes up. We have all prices, of course, but lay the goods down and lay the prices beside them, and you'll see them pan out exactly.

EXTRA VALUE

Just now in Wire Cots and Mattresses from \$2.50 up, and Wool Top and Flock Mattresses from \$2.75 up.

JOHN NEWSON

THE BARGAIN GIVER

Newson Block, Victoria Row.

Quickcure



Is the quickest remedy ever known to cure Burns, Bruises, Scalds, Cuts, Sores, Boils, Sprains, Strains, etc.

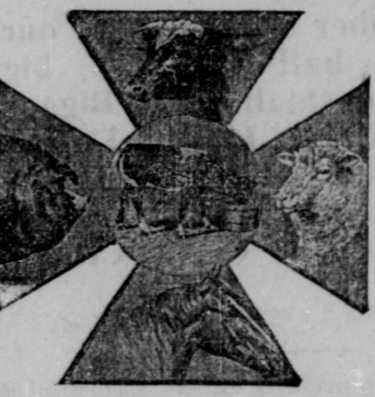
The many well known people, of high standing in the community, who have spoken and written of the merits of Quickcure, show that it is an honest remedy of great efficacy.

Granby Rubbers

Honestly made of pure Rubber. Thin, Light, Elastic, Stylish, Durable.

Modelled each year to fit all the latest shoe shapes. Extra thick ball and heel.

Sold everywhere. They Wear like Iron.



BLATCHFORD'S Calf Meal

A Special Perfect Milk Substitute

Highly Recommended by Dairy Farmers.

Ask your Dealer for it.

Only Preparation Endorsed by Agricultural Experimental Stations.

All farmers should sell the milk and raise fine calves more economically and quickly on the Calf Meal.

PREVENTS SCOURING MATURES THEM QUICKLY

AULD BROS., Agents for P. E. Island.

BRANTFORD Red Bird

Chain with CENTRE HARDENED PINS—it does not wear or stretch. Improved Humbar pattern bottom bracket. Solid steel centre pedals with patent oilers.

Call and see them at the agency, where our bicycle expert will tell you all about them.

82—246 **A. HORNE & CO**