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SUNNYSIDE.

Tenders for Church

SEALED TENDERS will be received by the undersigned, until February 8th, 1900, for the construction of a new Roman Catholic Church, at Souris, P. E. Island, designed by Mr. W. C. Harris, Architect, to be built of stone or brick, about one hundred and eighty feet over all in length, and to seat about nine hundred and fifty people. The plans and specifications can be seen at Souris, from January 8th to the 15th, 1900, and can be seen at the Bishop's Palace, in Charlottetown, from the 15th January to the 8th of February, 1900. Each tender must be accompanied by a certified cheque for \$100.00, which will be returned if tender is not accepted, and which will be forfeited if tenderer fails to undertake the contract after his tender has been accepted. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Tenders to be sent to the undersigned and marked "Tenders for Souris Church."

D. F. MACDONALD, P. P.,
Jan. 4, 1900. Souris, P. E. I.

Something New

FOR

1900

One case Oak Mounted Goods consisting in part of

Salt Cellars, Pepper Boxes, Mustard Pots, Butter Dishes, Breakfast Cruets, Muffinners.

The above are very pretty and durable.

E. W. TAYLOR,
CAMERON BLOCK,
CHARLOTTETOWN.

COMPROMISED.

When a Man Undertakes to Get the Better of a Girl, He Had Better Leave His Heart in a Safe Place.

"Yes," said Miss Isidora Ives, "the tower is mine still, and I intend to keep it. Everything else they have taken away from me, because some loggerheaded old ancestor of mine signed his name to a deed 'John B. Robinson' instead of 'John C. Robinson.' As if one letter of the alphabet could make any difference! I've no patience with people! The majesty of the law, indeed! Pshaw!"

"But if the rest of the property belongs to your cousin Robinson so does the tower," suggested Mrs. Milroy.

"I can't help that," said Miss Isidora. "Here I am, and here I mean to stay, law or no law."

Mrs. Milroy opened her weak eyes. Feeble as a kitten herself, she could scarcely comprehend such valiant resolution in another.

"But if they come here with the sheriff and a posse comitatus and a writ of habeas corpus?" she faltered.

"Then," said Miss Isidora, "they'll have to clear out again. Common sense is common sense. The house is mine, and I mean to keep it. I've got new bolts and bars to all the doors, and I keep a kettle of boiling water on the stove night and day, and my friend, Mr. Jeffreys, who is a clerk in a law office, has given me the hint never to let in a man with a bag."

"Why not?" breathlessly questioned Mrs. Milroy.

"Don't you see?" said Miss Isidora snappishly. "Because it will be full of law papers—writs and summonses and all that sort of thing."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Milroy.

The tower was hers, and the tower she meant to keep. And Rebecca, her little maid, was stricken with breathless admiration for her warlike qualities.

"But, of course, ma'am," said Rebecca, "nobody can stand against the law."

"I'll see whether they can or not!" said Miss Isidora Ives. "Be sure you keep the kettles well filled, Rebecca, and don't let the fires go out, day or night."

And whenever she received through the mail a letter with a legal appearance, or an envelope crested with the firm address of Messrs. Tape & Stringham, her cousin Robinson's lawyers, she invariably poked it between the bars of the grate and smiled vindictively to see it blaze.

"Want are we to do with such a case as this?" said Mr. Tape, when he heard all this.

"Put in a sheriff's officer at once," said Stringham. "The woman is a trespasser and has been all her life."

"No, no, no!" said Mr. Tape blandly. "She's a woman; no harsh measures. It is Gideon Robinson's express injunction that all courtesy be shown to the defendant. We'll try something else before we proceed to extremities."

And one pleasant October afternoon, when the air was all blue mist and the setting sun shone as if through a medium of opaque gold, the landlord of the Toplady Arms came puffing up the hill with a stout, pleasant faced gentleman, and rang the bell, which echoed like a double chime through the tiny tower.

"Go away!" said Miss Isidora from the window, spying the tops of two hats.

"Oh, my, ma'am!" squeaked Rebecca over her shoulder. "Shall I get the kettle?"

"I beg pardon, ma'am," said the stranger, "but—"

"Go away, I say!" sternly repeated Miss Isidora Ives. "Rebecca, bring in that kettle! I'll have you to understand that I am not to be trifled with."

But by this time mine host of the Toplady Arms had simultaneously recovered his breath and his presence of mind.

"Miss Ives," he puffed stertorously, "don't be frustrated! It's only Israel Jenkins."

"Bless the man's heart!" said Miss Isidora. "Why didn't he say so before? And what on earth did you want here, Jenkins?"

"It's a lodger, Miss Ives," said Jenkins, who had married Miss Isidora's old nurse, and somehow felt himself to be connected with the family.

"A lodger?" repeated Miss Ives. "This isn't a lodging house, man alive!"

"Yes'm—I'm quite aware of that," said Israel meekly. "And where no offense is intended, it's hoped as none will be took. But, knowing as you was alone and unprotected"—

"I don't know what you call unprotected," brusquely interrupted Miss Ives. "I've got a loaded gun and a six gallon kettle of boiling water here."

"And," mildly went on Israel Jenkins, "this 'ere gentleman, a Mr. Marshall of Alabama, wanted a pleasant lodging in the neighborhood, which meals could be took at the Toplady Arms—though our apartments is all occupied with the gentry as come to fish and shoot through October—and November—and it might be a consolation to you, Miss Ives, to have a gentleman about the premises."

Mr. Marshall proved himself a quiet and peaceable member of the little household. He liked dogs, and allowed Miss Ives' King Charles spaniel to sleep, undisturbed, amid the papers on his table.

He was partial to birds and entered at once into the most friendly of alliances with the parrot and the macaw. He grafted Miss Isidora's orange tree for her and showed her a new way to train her wax plants.

At the end of four weeks Miss Isidora put into execution a plan which she had long been forming.

"Mr. Marshall," she said, "it's a great deal of trouble for you to go three times a day tramping down that long hill to the Toplady Arms and back again. You are no longer a stranger to us here. We have learned to respect and trust you. If you choose to take your meals with us here, I shall be quite willing to admit you to my frugal table as a friend."

Mr. Marshall's countenance changed oddly. He made a curious sound in his throat as if he were swallowing something.

"Miss Isidora," he said, "I can't."

"Can't?" repeated the lady.

"Nothing could induce me to eat salt under this roof!" said Mr. Marshall incoherently.

"Bless and save us! Is the man mad?" cried Miss Isidora Ives.

"I am, socially speaking, a fraud," said the stranger, "a forger."

Miss Ives sat down on the sofa in a helpless way and stared at him.

"But your sweet graciousness and kindness have conquered me," added Mr. Marshall.

"What do you mean?" said Miss Ives.

"Just this," said the stranger. "I am here on false pretenses. I am your cousin, the plaintiff. My name isn't Marshall, but Gideon Marshall Robinson."

"Ma'am," whispered the heartless maid, who turned absolutely green on hearing the name of the fatally enemy, "shall I bring the kettle of boiling water?"

"Rebecca," said Miss Ives, "hold your tongue and go out and feed the young turkeys. I am fully competent to manage this matter myself."

And Rebecca, feeling herself put down, departed.

"I came here," went on Mr. Robinson, "to look into the facts of the case myself. I have heard of your prejudices against me."

"Yes, I think so," interposed Miss Ives.

"And I do not blame you for them," said Mr. Robinson. "Now that I am personally acquainted with you, Miss Ives, nothing could induce me to prosecute this"—

"Iniquitous claim," interposed Isidora.

"Iniquitous claim," acceded Mr. Robinson, with a repetition of the swallowing sound. "Just what you please to call it. I respect you as a lady, but I appreciate you as a relative; but, of course, knowing who I am, you cannot tolerate me any longer as your friend. I will pack my bag and depart at once. I can only feel regretful that I have deceived you so long. I feel myself to be a hypocrite and a swindler."

He waited meekly to receive the full tide of Miss Isidora's curbed wrath. She put out her plump little hand, with four dimples in the four joints.

"Don't go!" she said in a low voice.

"What!" cried the incredulous plaintiff.

"There's no reason why we shouldn't be friends," said Miss Ives in her odd, brusque way. "Things seem so very different, now that we are acquainted



There is no sense in trying to dodge any sort of trouble around a tree. The only way is to come squarely out and face the difficulty and fight it. If you are sick or half sick, the best course is not to neglect or ignore it, or pretend that it doesn't exist, but to find the proper remedy and use it.

A bilious, dyspeptic condition of the system not only makes life miserable, but it is sure to lead to something worse, unless promptly taken in hand and corrected. It is foolish to attempt to dodge such troubles by any mere temporary expedient. The only sensible way is to get rid of them for good and all by a thoroughly rational, scientific medicine like Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

It cures all disordered, debilitated conditions by its direct action upon the liver and digestive organs; it gives them power to make fresh, healthy blood free from bilious impurities; it drives all disease germs out of the circulation; it creates solid, muscular flesh and constitutional power.

Lung and throat affections, which are often simply the result of impaired nutrition, are reached and cured by this wonderful "Discovery" in cases where cough and liver trouble are useless, because the "Discovery" is readily assimilated by delicate stomachs. It is far superior to malt extracts, because its beneficial effects are permanent.

"Dr. Pierce, I am one of your most grateful patients," writes Mrs. Annie M. Norman, of Equinunk, Wayne Co., Pa. "I have taken 'Golden Medical Discovery,' also 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Pellets' with wonderful results. My friends tell me, like the I am, as many of my friends tell me, I had died brought to life. The doctors said I had consumed and death was only a matter of time. That was six years ago. I had taken your medicine, I continued until I had taken nine bottles of 'Discovery' and several bottles of 'Pellets.' I got well and have done a great deal of hard work since."

When the liver and bowels don't work, the body and brain won't. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are a sure, safe, speedy and permanent cure for constipation, and a torpid liver. One "Pellet" is a gentle laxative and two a mild cathartic.

with each other. Couldn't we—compromise?"

"Isidora," said Mr. Robinson, "we're cousins, you know, twice removed. I may call you Isidora?"

"Oh, certainly," said Miss Ives.

"We are the two last seeming heirs." "Plaintiff and defendant," nodded Isidora.

"Exactly so. Now it has just occurred to me—I mean, I've been thinking of it for some time—that if we were to unite our claims"—

"To get married, do you mean?" said Isidora bluntly.

"Yes, precisely. It would put an end to all litigation," pleaded Marshall Robinson. "Would you be willing to marry me?" said Mr. Gideon Marshall Robinson.

"Yes," said Isidora. "I think I should. I'm not young, but then six and thirty is not absolutely old."

"You are a rose in full bloom," said Mr. Robinson enthusiastically, "and I myself am not a mere boy, it must be remembered."

"And if people should laugh at us, why, we'll let them laugh," said Isidora.

"And we'll laugh, too," said the middle aged lover cheerfully.

The fire was allowed to go down, the kettle cover taken off, the charges drawn from the gun and the tower pronounced to be no longer in a state of siege.

And this is the way in which the famous case of Robinson versus Ives, which had promised to swell the fees of lawyers innumerable for the next ten years, was removed from the court records. And no one was sorry except the legal gentlemen aforesaid.—Chicago Herald.

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Thursday evening we dropped a bill in the Post Office for a prominent gentleman of this town. The next morning we had the pleasure of receiving it. This is what we call promptness. (Oh, that others would do likewise.) We have been dropping, dropping, softly dropping a number of bills in the Post Office; and we are waiting, waiting patiently, to have the pleasure and to give the pleasure of receiving them.

Please do not all come together; but if you do, what a happy, happy gathering it will be. We have a number of small bills to pay, and a large number of small bills that should be paid us. Kindly pay yours and we will be in a position to do likewise.

Yours very truly

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