

Blood Disorders

are simply kidney disorders. The kidneys filter the blood of all that shouldn't be there. The blood passes through the kidneys every three minutes. If the kidneys do their work no impurity or cause of disorder can remain in the circulation longer than that time. Therefore if your blood is out of order your kidneys have failed in their work. They are in need of stimulation, strengthening or doctoring. One medicine will do all three, the finest and most imitated blood medicine there is.

Dodd's Kidney Pills

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Sanderson & Co's. Goods

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THE MYSTERY OF COUNT LANDRINOF

BY FRED WHISHAW

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SYNOPSIS.

The hero of this story, Boris Landrinof, is a young Russian, who was sent to England to be educated. He is lastly summoned home by his mother owing to the sudden disappearance of his father, Count Landrinof. Shortly after, in London, he is astonished when a friend tells him he has just seen his father. Accompanied by this friend he returns to Russia. Boris discovers a clue, and sets out in search of two men who have as he supposes abducted his father.

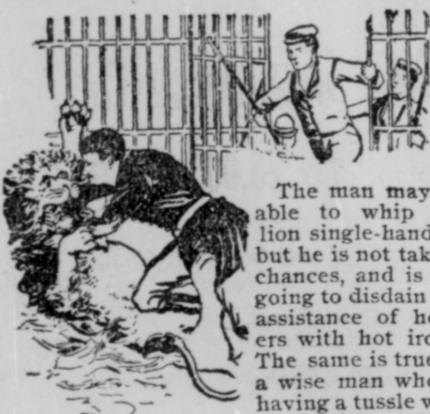
What a satisfaction it would be to do without him altogether—hal! How he would fume and rage, the rascal, for undoubtedly he flattered himself that he had my mother and myself in the hollow of his hand, as, indeed, he had until this most fortunate encounter of mine in mid-Neva with the well feasted and pride puffed little rascal in the armchair here! All these thoughts passed very quickly through my brain as I sat trying to regain control over my features and my tongue before replying to the student.

At last I felt that I might attempt to speak. "What you have just said," I began, my voice sounding faint and far away in my own ears, "makes me think that you may possibly be in possession of information that is really valuable to me. If it should prove so, you will not regret having confided it to me."

"No, no; that is not business," he laughed. "See here, this is the position. I have vitally important news to give you, news that concerns your father and which you can obtain from none but me."

"There's always Andre," I blurted. "Andre, for reasons of his own, and mighty good ones, would never reveal it to you—not though you fed and pampered and housed and paid him for years to come. You will understand why when—and if—we have come to terms and my secret becomes yours. Very well, then. The position, I say, is this: I am in possession of this information. You, being a dutiful son, are naturally desirous of obtaining it. That is point No. 1. Point No. 2: You chase me (heaven knows why) into a hole in the ice, which in itself is enough to close my lips forever, in so far as concerns the opening of the same to do you any service; but, point No. 3, you pulled me out again, at some risk and with some pluck, as I am ready to admit, which reopens my lips to your advantage, if (point No. 4) you make it worth my while to do so, and (point No. 5) since my secret in itself is of some value, and (6) since I am running risks which you little suspect in coming under your roof and selling my secret to you, (point 7 and last) I cannot possibly put the figure down at less than 10,000 rubles."

I would have given the sum named, I think, to take the little rascal by the shoulders from behind and to kick him round the room until either he died or I tired, but I kept my temper and



The man may be able to whip the lion single-handed, but he is not taking chances, and is not going to disdain the assistance of helpers with hot irons. The same is true of a wise man who is having a tussle with ill-health. It is barely possible that he may have the natural inherent resisting power that will enable him to conquer disease without the assistance of medicine, but he is not willing to take the chances and will not disdain the help of the right remedy.

When a man feels out-of-sorts, when his head is aching, dull and heavy, his body lazy, his nerves jerky, his sleep broken, his appetite finicky, his skin sallow, his breath foul and his mouth bad-tasting, he is having a struggle with ill-health. If he is wise he will take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It gives edge to the appetite and makes the digestion perfect. It invigorates the liver. It makes rich, red, pure blood. It puts vim into every organ and fiber of the body. It drives out all impurities and disease germs. It imparts the glow of health to the skin and the vigor of youth to the muscles. It tones the nerves and gives the refreshing sleep. It builds firm flesh, but does not raise the weight above Nature's normal. It cures 99 per cent. of all cases of consumption. All medicine stores sell it. An honest dealer will not suggest a worthless substitute for the sake of a little extra profit.

The most valuable book for both men and women is Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. A splendid thousand-page volume, with over three hundred engravings and colored plates. A copy, paper-covered, will be sent to anyone sending at cents in one-cent stamps, to pay the cost of mailing and customs only, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. Cloth-bound 50 stamps.

showed little or no signs of the rage I felt. It was his conceited manner that angered me far more than the exorbitance of the sum he demanded for his information.

To receive news which would set us upon a track which should ultimately lead to the discovery of my dear father I would gladly have paid ten times the sum asked. But this little student wore such a detestable air as he spoke, and was, besides, such a consummate little villain on the face of him, that I would have given worlds, as I say, to kick the secret out of him or garote him till he was glad to save his neck by confessing to his share of the devilry that must have been played with his connivance upon my poor father.

"May I consult my two friends and my mother before answering your question?" I said as calmly as I could. I don't think the calmness was very striking, however.

"Certainly not. Your mother and the rest may agree afterward. This matter is between you and me. Who are your two friends, by the way?"

"One is a school friend, an Englishman," I said, "and the other is Borofsky, whom you must have seen or heard of from your friend Andre."

"What! That little fool? The one that brought Andre over and tried to palm him off upon you as Count Landrinof? Tell him what you like, my friend, afterward. But now, this moment, our little matter must be decided by our two selves. Either you sign an agreement with me for 10,000 rubles, payable tomorrow morning, together with a guarantee that in case of any trouble my name is not to be mentioned as in any way connected with any mat-



I would have given worlds to kick the secret out of him.

ter whatever that may be mentioned between us. Either this agreement, I say, or the thing is off, and so am I, and you may whistle for my secret!"

"Oh, come!" I said, trying—rather feebly—to assume a nonchalance which I did not feel. "In that case the police will soon find means to induce you to tell us what you know."

The student made a gesture of spitting.

"Tfn!" he said, "that for your police! They have nothing against me. If you declared to them (and you would be a fool to do it) that I had said this and that, I should say, simply, 'This man is a liar.' My word is as good as yours. Why should they believe yours and not mine? Let them prove that you spoke truth and that I lied!"

This was the fact, and I recognized it. But another and a better idea struck me.

"Stop!" I said. "You are going too fast! You have forgotten the terrible risk you are running, as you took care to inform me, by stopping in this house and dealing with me for your secret. There is our friend Andre to be considered. In settling the terms for your information we must take into consideration that a word to Andre would get you into trouble."

"Dare to do it! Only dare to attempt it, curse you!" cried the student, growing suddenly white as paper. "You are right as to the fact; but, see here, you shouldn't live a day, neither you nor your mother, if you played the traitor; I swear this. There are many who would avenge me!"

"Nonsense," I said. "No one knows you are here, and we shall take good care that no one discovers the interesting fact. For the rest, spare your threats until you are in a better position to carry them out and until you have better reason, moreover. You are perfectly safe here, my friend, and I am prepared to pay a fair price for your news, but you shall not cheat us. What say you to 5,000 rubles?"

"Cash down?" asked the student with glowing eyes. "And a guarantee?"

"Certainly," said I. "I will guarantee that no one of my party mentions your name or says anything to connect you with these matters."

"Done!" cried the little rascal. "Fetch your cashbook and pen and ink,

and we'll settle the matter before we sleep."

CHAPTER XXI.

CASH FOR THE STUDENT'S SECRET. Coming out of the room and into the passage I met Percy, who was looking for me.

"Good heavens, Boris, what's the matter?" he said. "Have you seen a ghost?"

"Come along here, Percy," I said, dragging him with me, "where's Borofsky?"

"In your study, smoking. Why?"

"Man alive," I murmured, "I've caught a big fish! In half an hour I may know all about father. Of course I may be disappointed, but I hope to!"

"You are raving, Boris. What's up, old man?" said Percy.

I had said nothing before dinner about my successful pursuit of the student and of my brilliant flight of genius in having brought him along home with me, "for inquiries." Indeed I had pretended that I had failed to shadow him home, being unwilling to tell my news until I should have interviewed my rascal after his meal.

"No," I whispered, "I am not raving, it is true, I've caught some one who swears—of course he's a liar, they all are, but this time, for certain reasons, I think he is telling the truth—well, he swears that he knows all about the mystery of father's disappearance, and will sell me the secret for 5,000 rubles."

"That's £500," interrupted Percy. "Good heavens, man, why do you delay? What's a half a thou to your mother? The secret is dirt cheap, considering what the secret is, and how much its possession by you may mean to both your parents!"

"The brute wants a check down before he tells me anything," I said. "Am I justified in giving it him?"

"Oh, hang it! Is he so very big? He's a Russian, isn't he?" Percy laughed.

"What do you mean?" I asked, in some surprise. "He isn't big at all, but exceedingly little. As for being a Russian, of course he's that. Why do you ask?"

"Why, man, don't you see that even if you give him the check and you then find that he has bluffed you all you have to do is to pinch his neck till he disgorges again, and then kick him until bedtime or your next engagement. You don't risk anything, unless he has a revolver. You'll have to look out for that, of course."

"Oh, if he has a revolver it will be so soaked that it won't go off!" I laughed, and I told Percy—only stipulating that he would not alarm mother by telling her of my escape—all about the student's ducking and my own.

"Great scissers!" he exclaimed. "You're a nice one to intrust with a check of 500 rubles! You should wed him with a vengeance. It seems to me you chased the rascal at full tilt and pretty well all through this end of the town, didn't you?"

(To be Continued.)

VIOLENT HEADACHES

Accompanied by Indigestion and Constipation cured by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

From Bath, Ont., comes the particulars of a remarkable cure effected by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Mr. Jos. Gardiner was for forty years the victim of indigestion, constipation, and violent headaches. Nothing seemed to have the desired effect until he began the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and they effected a complete cure. Mr. Gardiner writes:

"I have been troubled for over forty years with indigestion and constipation, would go for two weeks at a time. At intervals I would be taken with violent headaches. I spent dollars and dollars in vain, and was finally advised to use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and must say that they are the only remedy that gave me permanent relief. I would not be without them for anything."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25c. a box. At all dealers, or Edman & Bates & Co., Toronto.

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I may say that my Oyster Parlor will be conducted in the usual first class manner, where the delicate Bivalve may be obtained in every style to satisfy the taste of the most exacting epicure.

Yours, &c.,
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Castoria is for Infants and Children. Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. Castoria assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels of Infants and Children, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

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Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

Chas. H. Fletcher.

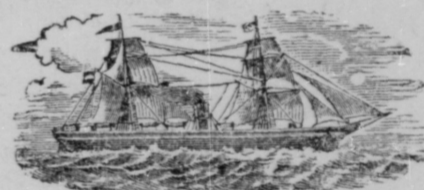
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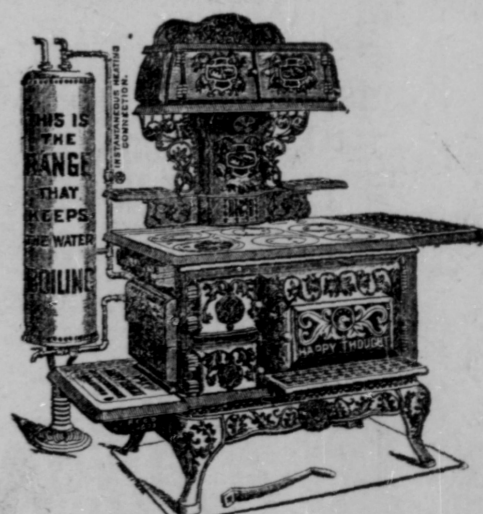
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