

Doctors now agree that consumption is curable. Three things, if taken together, will cure nearly every case in the first stages; the majority of cases more advanced; and a few of those far advanced.

The first is, fresh air; the second, proper food; the third, Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil with hypophosphites.

To be cured, you must not lose in weight, and, if thin, you must gain. Nothing equals Scott's Emulsion to keep you in good flesh.

See and buy of all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists Toronto.

ADVICE 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 :

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EPPE'S COCOA

GRAPEFUL 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 EPPE & Co., Ltd., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

EPPE'S COCOA

In Chancery in The Rolls Court

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

In pursuance of an order of this Honourable Court, made here in, on the 28th 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 or 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 to prove their said debts and claims by that day are to be excluded from the benefit of the said order.

Dated this 29th day of March, A. D. 1899. J. A. LONGWORTH, J. L. HASZARD, Masters in Chancery

Canadian Pacific Railway.

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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 XX—Continued.

The others see what he is about, and immediately assist him, so that when a couple of minutes have elapsed they have made use of every available stone, and can regard their work with considerable satisfaction.

The roof of the tomb is the worst part, and being made of wood, it shows signs of decay. They locate themselves in the best circumstances will allow and await the sequel.

It is too much to hope that their enemies will long be deceived by the trick that has been played. When they overtake, or sight, the riderless horses, they must grasp the situation, and, whirling about, look for the fugitives upon the back trail. No doubt their shrewdness will at once tell them just where those they seek may be found.

Even as they finish their labor and take their positions, those in the tomb discover that a change has come; the shouts of the robbers are growing louder, showing that they no longer race away. Their tenor has changed, too, and they sound vindictive in their anticipated triumph.

"Ready! they come!" remarks the sententious guide, who takes matter in a cool manner, showing no sign of emotion.

There can be no mistaking the fact, for in another minute the angry band is in front of the old tomb.

Then begins a scene that savors of horrid war. The clamor of battle is in the air, loud shouts ring out, men charge, shots are fired, and with serious result.

Those who defend the fort know their lives are at stake, and they endeavor to make each shot tell. Even Sir Lionel has managed to reload his revolver, and this time makes sure that it contains lead.

The professor is bound not to be left, and as he has secured the long gun which was fastened to the saddle of the bony steed he rode, he sends its contents among the assailants, even as they make their rush.

The result is disastrous to Philander, since it knocks him off his perch; but, scrambling to his feet again, he looks out in time to see that his shot has played havoc among the animals of the attacking force. They are down, and their riders crawl from underneath, doubtless pretty well scared, if not seriously injured.

The first assault is over—the result is disastrous to the Arabs, who have received severe wounds among them.

They will probably reason the thing over now, and proceed upon new lines, which will possibly bring them nearer success than they have been thus far.

Our friends are not over-confident, even though they have won the first round. They know the tenacious character of the foe against whom they are pitted, and feel sure this is only the beginning. What the end may be only Heaven knows.

The breathing spell is occupied by them in reloading. Lady Ruth and Aunt Gwen arise to the occasion, and beg to be allowed to do anything that falls in their line. If there was only a spare weapon, the English and de-



LOVE IS LIFE.

Without love this world would be a good place to emigrate from. Without it, even money would be a worthless commodity, and all the jewels in the world as valueless as a clod of earth. Without it the human race would die—and be glad of it. Too few young women understand the basic principle implanted in nature by the Creator, that underlies love. Love is but the light in the east that leads to maternity. Love of husband is the stepping-stone to love of child.

A childless woman is a sun that gives no light or warmth, a cloud that never showers the thirsty earth, a flower, beautiful, perchance, but without perfume. There are thousands of women who lived well into middle-life without knowing the bliss of a first-born's caress, but who are happy mothers to-day and heap blessings on Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Over 90,000 women have testified to the merits of this marvelous remedy, and many of them have permitted their experiences and photographs to be printed in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. The "Favorite Prescription" quickens the life-giving organism of women. It makes a woman strong and healthy where she most needs vigor and vitality. It cures all weakness and disease of the feminine organs. It eliminates the discomforts on the way to maternity and makes baby's coming easy and nearly painless. Found at all medicine stores.

"In four years," writes Mrs. Minnie Smith, P. M., at Lowell, Lane Co., Ore., "I had miscarried twice. I took two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and now have a healthy baby. I am stronger than in twelve years."

Free. Send 31 one-cent stamps to cover customs and mailing only, for a paper-covered copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser; cloth binding, 50 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. The "Adviser" contains 1008 large pages and over 300 illustrations. It is a veritable medical library in one volume.

cares she could easily load it, but it happens they have none.

Once more breaks out the noise of battle. Whatever may have been the original plans of Bab Azoun and his men, they have long since been forgotten. Revenge is the leading fact in their minds now, revenge for what has been done on this night.

An Arab is a good hater, especially if the object of his animosity be a Christian dog, an unbeliever. Nothing can be too cruel to inflict upon such a foe.

Those within the tomb have aroused the worst passions of the robbers, and can look for no mercy.

The engagement is bitter, indeed, for the Arabs have separated, and creep upon the place on all sides. They discover the weakness of the roof, and lend their energies toward crushing this in.

There is a hot scene, and more than one of the assailants feel the breath of flying lead, together with the sudden sting that tells of a burning wound.

It would be hard to say how the affair might have terminated were the original combatants allowed to carry it to a conclusion, for both sides are desperate, and one of them would have to win.

John has not been without hope. He believes the French zouaves from the Kasbah must long ere this have started on their secret march toward the old mines of Metidja, and he feels sure the noise of battle must direct them to the spot where the fierce engagement is in progress.

Men will fight like tigers when all they have in the world is at stake. John is nerved to greater deeds of valor by the fact that Lady Ruth is present. He shudders at the thought of her falling into the hands of these wild desert rovers.

Finding their efforts to beat in the door useless, the assailants turn their whole attention toward the roof. Great stones are hurled upon it, and the chances of its holding out are few indeed.

When an opening is made, a dark face appears at it, and the fellow attempts to push his gun in so that he may fire. Before he can succeed, Mustapha Cadi has leaped upward, and fastened his hand upon the man's throat, and by the weight of his body pulls the fellow through.

Philander snatches up the gun with a cry of delight. He seems to have a weakness for these Arab weapons, on this night, at least, three having passed through his hands. There is heard the sound of a desperate tussle, as the faithful guide battles with his victim.

Again the hole above is darkened, as a human figure attempts to push through, but the British soldier is ready this time. He has the gun Philander threw aside as useless, and, with all his power, he dashes this against the human wedge that fills the opening, sending the fellow whirling over to the ground, shrieking out Arabic imprecations, and calling upon Allah to give the unbelieving dogs into their hands.

More stones are served. They begin to drop through, and it looks serious for those who crouch within. Certainly they cannot hold out much longer.

Heaven is kind; Heaven is merciful. The silent prayers of the two women who kneel within the old tomb are heard.

Just when the clamor of battle is at its height, when the climax is near at hand, they hear a sound that brings joy to the little band, struggling against unequal numbers—a sound that has many times been heard upon the great war-fields of the world—the clear notes of a bugle.

Then come fierce shouts, the cheers of charging zouaves. It is a thrilling period to those who have been almost at the last gasp. Louis Napoleon, struggling at Sedan, could not have heard the zouave battle-cry with more complete satisfaction than they do today.

The Arabs are caught in the very trap they have so long eluded, and it looks like a bad job for them. As to our friends, they are no longer in the affair, and proceed to remove the stones from the door, in order that they may look upon the last scene of the tragic drama.

When this has been done, they see a spectacle that is more pleasing to their eyes than any recently enacted—a scene made up of struggling Arabs and French zouaves, where the latter are five to one—where flashing bayonets meet the cruel yataghan, and the dark deeds of many past years are avenged by the brave soldiers of France.

It is quickly over.

Bab Azoun and his desperate followers expect no mercy, and the French give none. The few Arabs who are uninjured make a determined assault in one quarter, and literally hew their way through, leaving half of their number on the field.

Few indeed are they who escape, but the victory is short of its principle feature when the fact is disclosed that the dread terror of the desert, the notorious rebel, Bab Azoun, is not among the slain.

He was seen to fall, and yet they cannot find his body, search as they may.

Not being mounted, the French soldier is unable to give pursuit to the little band that hewed a way out. Besides, they have plenty to do attending to the wounded.

Up to the now open door of the marble tomb rushes a figure that has leaped from a horse.

"Mon Dieu! tell me, are you safe, ladies also," gasps the party.

It is Monsieur Constant. He has faithfully carried out his part of the contract, and is warmly greeted by those whom the coming of the zouaves has saved.

Lady Ruth is pale—she has looked up on sights such as are not usually seen by her sex—sights that make strong men shudder until they become battle-hardened, for war is always cruel and bloody.

"Let us go to the hotel as soon as possible," she says to Aunt Gwen.

"My goodness, are you going to faint?" exclaims that good soul.

"Oh, no, I don't think so, but the sooner I am at the hotel the better," replies the girl.

"Here comes John Craig. He has been talking with the officer in command of the soldiers, and I guess has made some sort of arrangements for us."

What Aunt Gwen says is true enough, for John leads them to captured horses, and ere long they are moving in the direction of Algiers, escorted by a detachment of the zouaves on foot.

(To be Continued.)



DR. A. W. CHASE AT WORK IN HIS LABORATORY.

THE CATARRH CLUTCH!

This Disgusting Malady is at the Throat of Nine Hundred in Every Thousand of Our Country's Population.

This is Not Hearsay, it is Borne Out by Carefully compiled Statistics of Diseases Most Prevalent—its Development is Watched Carefully, because it is so sure a forerunner of that Arch Molech of Disease—Consumption—if Neglected.

WILL I SUICIDE?

While There's Life and Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure There's Hope.

I had suffered so many years from catarrh that I don't know that I will ever get it out of my remembrance. One day, when I took one of the endless prescriptions given me by the medical man to a druggist, I asked him bluntly, "Will this cure me, or will it not? Or will it be like the rest?" I was nearly desperate, I can tell you. The druggist said:—"No, nothing can cure catarrh. I have it myself until I often think of suicide. I take opium usually to sleep it off." I took the prescription away unfiled and went home, thinking of what the druggist had said about suicide, and I was utterly disheartened. I have that prescription yet. One day my deliverance came. A lady told me she had suffered just as I had, and was nearly insane, and that a remedy known as Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure had actually cured her. I had read a lot about Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, but I felt toward it as I did toward other medicines; had no faith. I tried it as a last resort. I used two boxes of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, and found it a complete cure. MRS. M. V. ROSE, Holloway, Ont. Price 25 cents, blower included.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Legislature of the Province of Prince Edward Island, at its next Session, for an act to vest in the City of Charlottetown, the title to all that tract, piece or parcel of land, situate lying and being in the City of Charlottetown, being Town Lots numbers Sixteen (16), Seventeen (17), Ninety Three (93), Ninety-four, and part of Town Lot No. (18) in the 4th hundred of Town Lots, in Charlottetown, being the property known as the West Kent Street School land and premises. Dated at Charlottetown this 1st day of March, 1899.

JAMES WARBURTON, Mayor of Charlottetown. H. M. DAVISON, City Clerk. 52 - dy 4w & R. Gsz.

Tenders Wanted

Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to and on the 22nd day of April next, A. D. 1899, for the purchase of all uncollected book debts, promissory notes, judgments and accounts due growing to the undersigned, as Assignee of the estate of Edwin McFarlane. Each tender must be accompanied by ten per cent. of the amount thereof, either in cash or certified cheque. Full particulars apply at the office of Matthew & McLean, Solicitors. The undersigned does not bind himself to accept the lowest or any tender. JOHN McLEAN, Assignee.

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Choice Flower and Garden Vegetable SEEDS. See our 1899 Catalogue for new varieties SWEET PEAS SEEDS.

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HATS THAT ARE HATS

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WM. WILKINSON & CO., and GORDON BENNETT & CO.

If you want a stylish and serviceable hat don't fail to see what we can do for you.

D. A. BRUCE,

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T. J. HARRIS, LONDON HOUSE

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