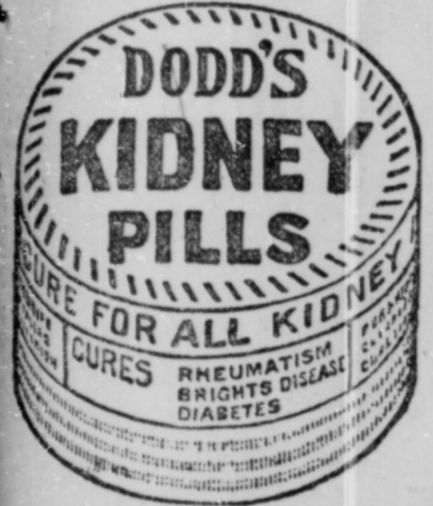


Go on Guard!



THE BEST is always limited. Dodd's Kidney Pills, sold only in boxes like this, are widely imitated because they are the best kidney cure. Take none but

D-O-D-D'S

They All Do They All Are

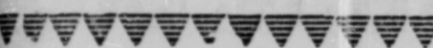
Finding out that we give the best values in Boots and Shoes

See our Job Lots in windows and on counters for 3 days.

Big reductions to clear. Fall Goods coming in.

J. H. BELL

The Cheap Boot Store.



FOR SALE

We have for sale mortgages, being 6 per cent interest on farm properties in some of the best districts in Manitoba.

The mortgages do not represent more than half the value of the property. If required we guarantee both principal and interest.

In most cases the mortgages are payable in instalments. Anyone wanting a thoroughly safe investment having a good rate of interest should communicate with us.

We also have a large number of very desirable farms for sale in the Winnipeg Districts, at prices which are bound to double in very short time. Send for particulars.

HASLAM & WRIGHT Private Bankers 320 McIntyre Block Winnipeg Man

The Nicest Freshest



BEST GROCERIES

Groceries that will tempt the appetite.

Groceries that do not take all your money to buy.

Groceries that everyone in the house will like.

Buy and try. Come in and see us.

Driscoll & Hornsby QUEEN STREET

KELLY'S & CO'S.

GROCERIES

Are always to be depended on...

Only the best kept in stock.

Our customers are satisfied customers.

If you want to be satisfied with your groceries deal with us.

Try the TEA we sell. Special attention was given to its selection. The same care is exercised in buying all other lines.

COME AND BE SATISFIED

JAMES KELLY & CO

Queen St., near London House Corner.

A CLERICAL ERROR.

The conductor opened his watch and appeared to be making a reflective computation.

"I've got a scheme, but I don't know as it's worth much. He registered out 45 minutes behind us. If he doubles our schedule—which he'll hardly dare to do on this light iron—he can't catch us before we make Brownsville, can he?"

"I should say not; but what of that?" "Just go a little mite easy. I'm coming to the scheme pretty quick now. At Brownsville we meet the way freight, and Jack Benson's running it. Happen to know Jack?"

"I ought to. He was father's fireman."

"Just so. Now, if I was you, which it's mighty lucky for me I ain't, and a good friend of mine was running that way freight, I bet you big money something would happen down at this end of the Brownsville yard that'd hold that there wild engine another 45 minutes or so. What?"

"Tom, you're a trump! Jack will do it, if it costs him his job. You'll give me time at Brownsville to get a word with him?"

"Sure thing. But you don't want anybody to see you talking to him—it's got to be a straight out accident, you know, with nobody to blame."

"I know," replied the young rascal, with a nod of intelligence. "Trust me for that. Hello! This is La Vaca. Let's go see what the wires have to say."

They went out together, leaving me with a new responsibility. Here was a bold conspiracy to obstruct the railway company's business, possibly to involve an innocent person or perhaps more than one in trouble. Was it not my duty to interfere at all hazards? I confess I have little regard for intermeddlers of any sort, and this was certainly no affair of mine. Nevertheless, I compromised on a resolve to expostulate with the young man himself before we should reach Brownsville, and in the eddy of that determination resumed my book and the interrupted train of thought.

Now, it is a student's weakness to be unconscious of the lapse of time, and after what seemed to me a very short interval indeed, my young Romeo entered the smoking room alone. Here, thought I, is my chance to reprehend the young knave, and I was about to do so when he forestalled me.

"This is Father Penburton. I believe," he began affably, producing a cigar case. "Will you join me?"

"Thank you, I do not smoke," I replied as severely as might be.

"No? But you won't mind my smoking, will you?"

"Certainly not. I wish I might as readily absolve you of your weightier offenses."

"Meaning?"—his eyebrows went up in well affected surprise.

"Meaning your reckless defiance of the proprieties in eloping with that sweet young girl in yonder—that and your plot to delay her anxious parent," said I sternly.

His smile was more than half a grimace. "You don't know the circumstances, father. If you did, you wouldn't blame us much. And as to the plot—well, that was rather a shabby trick to play on the old gentleman, but it's too late to repent of that now."

"Too late? How? What do you mean?"

"Why, it's a matter of history, so to speak. We managed among us to delay him nearly an hour at Brownsville, but he is after us again now at the rate of a mile a minute."

Some people in the world persist in clinging to old methods. There are men who still use a forked stick in place of a modern plow. There are also men, who, when they are troubled with a disordered stomach or liver, resort to the old-fashioned violent remedies that rack and rend the whole body, and while they give temporary relief, in the long run do the entire system a great amount of harm.



Modern science has discovered remedies infinitely superior to these old-fashioned drugs, that do their work by promoting the natural processes of excretion and secretion and gently correcting all circulatory disturbances. When a man feels generally out of sorts, when he loses sleep at night, when he gets up headache and with a bad taste in his mouth in the morning, when he feels dull and lethargic all day, when his appetite is poor and his food distresses him, when work comes hard and recreation is an impossibility, that man, though he may not believe it, is a pretty sick man. He is on the road to consumption, nervous prostration, malaria, or some serious blood disease. In cases of this description a man should resort at once to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is the best medicine for a weak stomach, impaired digestion and disordered liver. It is the great blood-maker and purifier, flesh-builder and nerve tonic. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption, bronchitis, lingering coughs and kindred ailments. Thousands have testified to its marvelous merits. It is a modern, scientific medicine that aids without goading nature, and that has stood the test for thirty years. Medicine dealers sell it.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure constipation.

"Do you mean to tell me that we have already passed Brownsville?" I demanded, unable to believe that my abstraction had been so profound.

"Rather better than an hour ago. This is Jornada," with a wave of his hand toward the station at which the train was then pausing.

The minor transgression being unpreventable, I was about to attack the major, when a brakeman came in and handed the young man a telegram upon which the ink was not yet dry. The lighted cigar fell from his fingers as he read and would assuredly have burned a hole in the carpet had I not promptly set my foot upon it.

"Great murder, but that does settle it!" he groaned.

"The way of the transgressor"—I began, but he broke in as one who hears not.

"Say, Father Penburton, can a priest of the Catholic church marry a pair of heretics at a pinch?"

The question seemed singularly irrelevant, but I answered it to the best of my knowledge and belief.

"I know of no rule forbidding it. Why do you ask?"

"Read that," he said tragically, thrusting the message into my hand. "If you can't help us out, we're done for, world without end!"

I read:

To Alan Roderick, on Train No. 7: Everything O. K. as ordered except the minister. He is out at Reservation. Have sent cow puncher after him on best broncho in town, but am afraid he can't reach before 7 o'clock. Shall I get justice peace? Answer.

It was signed "Hardwicke," and there was a footnote in brackets—evidently a bit of extraneous information added by the receiving operator at Jornada:

Bosty is overhauling you right. He passed Ormsbee five minutes ago, running like the wild Irishman. He'd beat you 15 minutes into Lavarock if he could get by you.

"What have I to do with this?" said I, indicating the message.

"Why, I thought—that is, I didn't know but you'd—well, you see, Father Penburton, we've got to have a minister of some sort some way. It's no use talking about a justice of the peace to Eleanor. She won't listen a minute to that. But she might consent to be married by a Catholic priest. She is what we call pretty high church, you know."

"Still I do not understand. I am not a justice of the peace nor yet a priest of the Romish confession."

"You're not? Why, Graffo said you were, and your—er"—he broke down and finished rather tamely. "I thought you looked like one."

"Which one?" I asked, trying to be as severe as the occasion demanded.

"The magistrate or the priest?"

"Don't hit me when I'm down," he pleaded. "I meant the priest, of course."

"Ah! I suppose I should be flattered, but I am not."

He sat twiddling his watch chain nervously while he tried to frame the crucial question.

"Then may I ask, would you mind telling me what kind of a—a minister you are?" he stammered finally.

"I am a clergyman of the church of which Miss Bostwick seems by your admission to be a communicant," said I.

"Oh, thank goodness!" he exclaimed, jumping up to grasp my hand effusively. "Two young fools for luck every time! You'll help us out, won't you?"

It was my opportunity, and I used it unsparingly.

"Not by any manner of means: quite the contrary, I shall do everything in my power to prevent the consummation of this unhappy affair." (My colleague before referred to insists that my indignation was merely an outburst of pique at being again mistaken for a Romanist, but the charge is too trivial to refute.)

"I shall go at once to the young lady to try if I may dissuade her while it is yet time to withdraw."

He dropped my hand and sat down again. It was a coup de grace, but he was manly enough to hide the wound.

"Do it," he said, hardily. "Go and try it, if you like, and I'll give you a clear field. But you are the most mistaken person on this train. Mr. Penburton, if you'll allow me to say it. You are going on general principles in an exceptional case. I do hope you may have the pleasure of meeting Miss Bostwick's father some time when he isn't feeling well. You'll forgive us then."

I went at once to the young woman, introduced myself, and labored with her as her own pastor might, but all to no purpose. She would say no word against her father, but she was quite unapproachable on the question at issue.

"Please don't say any more, Mr. Penburton," she said, finally. "We are not school children, and we know quite well what we are about. I am sorry it had to be, but there was no other way."

"But don't you see, Miss Bostwick, your plans have failed already? The clergyman who was to have met you at Lavarock is out of reach."

"How do you know that?" she queried, with rising emotion.

"Your—a—your companion has just received a telegram to that effect," said I.

"Merciful heaven! What shall we do? But you will help us, will you not, dear Mr. Penburton?" she pleaded, laying her hand on my arm. "You can't refuse now, I am sure."

I confess frankly that the necessity was most trying, but I could do no otherwise and be blameless.

"You are very hard. I hope you won't be sorry for it some day," she murmured, and at the sight of the up-

springing tears I was fain to beat a somewhat hasty retreat to the smoking department.

My young scapegrace was still awaiting me, puffing tranquilly at a fresh cigar.

"No go?" he said nonchalantly. "I regret to say that my counsels were rejected," I replied with more severity in my manner than was in my heart.

"I thought they would be. And now I hope you will reconsider your—ah, excuse me!"

The train was slowing into a desolate little prairie station, and he dashed out unceremoniously. I followed presently to get a breath of fresh air and to stretch my legs on the wind swept platform. I saw young Roderick in excited converse with the conductor and the station agent and was directed by their gestures to look back over the long straight reach of track to the southwest.

Far away on the horizon I made out a small black cloud, which I took to be the smoke from the pursuing engine. In a moment of abstraction I walked to the end of the platform to get a better view. It was a most foolish thing to do, and I had speedy cause to regret it. When I turned again, what was my horror to behold the train once more in motion.

(To be Continued)

SALT RHEUM TORTURES

Die away before the magical effect of

Dr. Chase's Ointment

The tortures of Salt Rheum are almost beyond human endurance, and as the flesh becomes raw, and the itching and burning increase, the suffering is so intense as to almost drive one crazy.

In desperation salves and ointments are applied, only to give rise to further disappointment and despair.

But there is hope. There is assurance that you can be cured just as scores and hundreds of others have been by using Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Mr. John Siron, of Aultsville, Ont., writes: "For seven years I was a sufferer from Salt Rheum, and my hands were so bad I had to wear greased gloves. Nothing seemed to help me, but I was induced to try Dr. Chase's Ointment, and one box cured me completely. There is not a trace of the Salt Rheum left."

Dr. Chase's Ointment has effected most miraculous cures in all parts of this great Dominion. Could you have better assurance that it will cure you? For sale by all dealers, or Edmanson, Bate & Co., Toronto.

Marmalade.

We have just received a new kind of ORANGE MARMALADE, put up in glass pots, which we are now offering at the low rate of

2 Pots for 25 cents

Also just opened a case of Pine-apple Marmalade which is of very fine flavor. The Pine-apple and Ginger Marmalade has also given excellent satisfaction.

Those are all new goods and you should try them if you want something nice and tasty.

BEER & GOFF GROCERS

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

5,000 Laborers - Wanted

In the Wheat Fields of Manitoba and Assiniboia.

\$14.00 from all Stations in the Maritime Provinces to all points in Manitoba and Assiniboia, as follows: West, South-west, and North-west, of Winnipeg, as far as Moosejaw, Estevan, Yorkton, and Cowan, inclusive.

Rate \$14.00. From all Stations in Maritime Provinces to all points in Man., and Assiniboia.

DATES—Aug. 15th from Prince Edward Island.

RETURN—At \$14.00—After working for a month, for month or more. Limit—Nov. 15, 1899.

TICKETS—Are second class throughout and not good on the Imperial Limited (West end.)

A. J. HEATH Dist. Passer Agent St. John, N. B.

SUNNYSIDE DENTISTRY

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

DR. AYEPS FOR SALE

One Buggy, One Piano—will be sold cheap. Apply to J. J. JOHNSTON, Barrister

148

Thirst-satisfying And health-giving.

Thirst is one of the trials of these warm summer days. What shall we drink? Which do you prefer, a glass of insipid, tasteless water or a cooling, refreshing, effervescing glass of Abbey's Effervescent Salt? A teaspoonful of

ABBEY'S EFFERVESCENT SALT

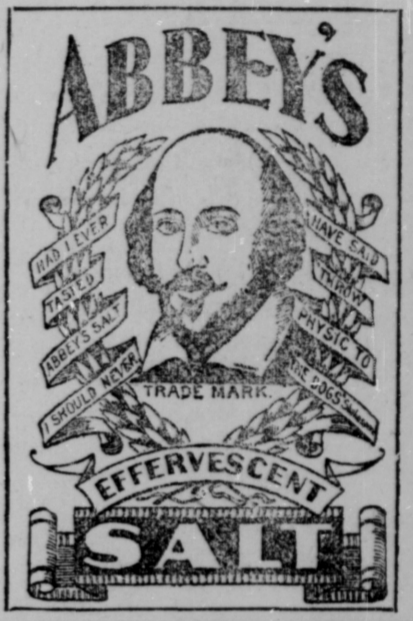
in a tumbler of water not only satisfies the thirst but keeps the system in good order. It may be taken at any time without

any unpleasant after effects.

"I am very happy to be in a position to tell you that I use your Salt with much success. It is certainly a medicine which is destined to render great service. I have already prescribed it to many patients, who have found it without exception most satisfactory."

DR. G. E. MARTINEAU, 155 Des Pesses St., Quebec, Can.

Sold by all druggists. 60c a bottle, trial size 25c.



BIG BARGAINS!

—IN ALL KINDS OF—

FURNITURE

—AT OUR—

BIG DISCOUNT SALE

It will be money in your pocket to trade with us.

JOHN NEWSON

FOR

WENTY

FIVE

CENTS

TO IMPORTERS.

LADIES' FINE BALBRIGGAN UNDER VESTS

SHORT SLEEVES

LADIES' FINE WHITE MERINO UNDER VESTS

SHORT SLEEVES

T. J. HARRIS LONDON HOUSE

We are prepared to quote through rates of freight, on Tinplates Hardware, Liquors and General Merchandise from London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Avonmouth Dock and Antwerp to Charlottetown and all points on the P E Island Railway. Apply to

PEAKE BROS & CO