WILL IT BECOME POPULAR ?

How Do You Like This NewFad.

Vegetarians, anti coffee drinkers and food cranks of every description must now take a backseat for a new fad has the floor.

A society has recently been formed, the members of which pledge themselves to eat no food whatever that has been cooked. They claim that uncooked food is the only rational healthful diet; that our remote ancestors ate no cooked food, and therefore if we do the same, vigor and health will be our reward.

Raw meat, raw potatoes, raw wheat, raw eggs, raw everything, is the enticing bill of fare held out to the enthusiastic food crank of the future and the society proposes to establish restaurants in the larger cities where this delightful menu may be served daily.

Modern cooking is often a dyspepsia producer, because we fry so many foods which should be baked, roasted, broiled or boiled ; fried food is indigestible because each particle of food is encased in hot grease which the digestive juices of the stomach can not easily penetrate; but properly cooked food is more easily digested than the same food uncooked, and we predict for the new fad a very limited following.

The real cause of indigestion is the lack of Hydrochloric acid and peptones in the stomach so that no matter how well cooked the food, it cannot be well digested unless the gastric juice is abundant and contains the necessary peptones to dissolve the food.

Therefore the most sensible cure for poor digestion is to take after each meal some safe and reliable digestive like Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, which supply peptones to digest the meat and eggs and diataste to digest the bread, potatoes and similar sarchy foods.

Laxative medicines never cure indigestion because they have no digestive effect whatever upon the food; on the other hand if the food is properly digested there will be no need of laxatives; good digestion does away with constipation.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets contain pure aseptic pepsin (government test) diatase and the digestive elements which weak stomachs lack and they cure indigestion by assisting the over-worked, run down stomach in its hard work, until it is restored to its normal condition, when the tablets are no longer needed, but there are thousands o robust men and women who nev eat a meal without taking one two of Stuart's Tablets, because so doing they can eat what th please and when they please and be free from any bad after effect.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold by druggists everywhere in the United States, Canada and Great Britain.

SHIP NEWS.

Port of Summerside.

ENTERED.

Nov. 18.—Ida M., Mallett, New Castle, lumber.

Nov. 19.—Lois, Dunn, Shediac, steel rails ; Polar Star, Mallery, Richibucto, lumber; S. S. City of Ghent, McNevin, Halifax, mdse.

Nov. 20.—Carlrane, Himmelman Halifax, bal.; Restive, Cain, Pictou, coal; S. S. Elliot, Nelson, Charlottetown, mdse.

CLEARED.

Nov. 19.—Ida M., Mallett, Pictou oats; Polar Star, Mallery, Richibucto oats; S. S. City of Ghent, McNevinHalifax, produce.

Nov. 20.—Restive, Cain, Pictou bal.; S. S. Elliot, Nelson, Sydney produce.

Nov. 21.—Lois, Dunn, Shediac bal.

The schr. Sylph, Capt. Power arrived here this morning to load for P. S. Arsenault & Co., for St. St. John's, Nfld.

H. L. Dickey, M.D.

(Late of London Hospital.)

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

Hours—9.30 to 1; 2 to 4.
Eyes tested and fitted with glasses.

..MUSIC..

Herbert A. Tanton

(Late of New York.)

—TEACHER OF—

PIANO, ORGAN and VOICE CULTURE.

Voice culture a specialty.
Studio—Tanton's New Building, Great George Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
Office hours—12 to 1 5 to 6.

Ray's Recruit

....BY...

CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

AUTHOR OF "THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER," "FROM THE RANKS," ETC.

[COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO.]

(Continued.)

The brakeman went off suspiciously to hunt up his chief and report, and the conductor promptly appeared. His face grew darker at sight of the two. He held irresolutely the $10 bill handed him by Tweeds, and looked from one man to the other in deep distrust. "I don't understand this," he said. "How'd you—where'd you get aboard?"

"At Willow Springs," said the tramp. "I walked there from the Junction. I'd 'a' frozen if it hadn't been for this gentleman."

"I can't change this," said the conductor. "I'll fetch it presently." And nodding to his brakeman to follow him he hurried up the aisle. At the forward end of the car he whispered: "Watch those two like a cat, now. I'm going forward to get the sergeant and some of his men and seat them here where they can keep an eye on that precious pair. There's fun ahead for somebody this night, but, by God, they don't catch old Bill Jarvis napping. You stay here, now, till I come."

But no sooner were they gone than the tramp began brokenly to heap thanks and blessings on his benefactor, and the latter impatiently turned away. "That's all right," said he. "Never mind that. I'm glad to help, for I believe your story. The conductor will give you the change when he comes in. Now, good night; I've got to turn in."

"But, say, mister, stranger, hold on one minute. I—I want to pay this back—some day. How'll I know you? Where'll I send it?"

But Tweeds shook his head, waved him off, strode back to the sleeper, sprung the latch against pursuit, then half filled a glass from his flask, gulped the contents down and reseated himself in the smoking compartment. "That's the first man I've found in a fortnight," said he, "more miserable than I am."

With that he took some letters from his pocket, glanced them over and tore the envelopes to shreds, sending the fragments sailing on the night. At a small card photograph in a flat Russia leather case—a portrait of a laughing, girlish face—he gazed lingeringly, then returned it to an inner pocket. "No one would know it now," he muttered. Next he lifted from his cardcase a dozen or more pasteboards that bore in plain, heavy script the words "Mr. Darcy Hunter Gray," ripped them into shreds and sent them flying. As calmly and methodically he searched through every pocket for every scrap of paper, bills or billet doux, anything that could tend to establish his identity; glanced dubiously at the monogram on the back of his watch; scraped the lettering out of the crown of his hat; took a fountain pen from his pocket and some paper and envelopes from his satchel; wrote with infinite difficulty, owing to the swaying of the car, two brief notes which he inclosed and stowed under the flap of his bag, then once more glanced at his watch. It was 2:45, and No. 783 was whistling for Bowlder Creek. At last they were out of the valley. Now for the climb up the divide.

"One cigar," he muttered. "I let the other go out." His matchbox had disappeared. He tried one pocket after another, without result. Neither was there one to be had in the compartment. The train had stopped, and he could hear footsteps on a wooden platform and the muffled voices of men. Tiptoeing through the long, dim, curtain bordered aisle, he was suddenly checked. Out from a narrow opening between the curtains of the second section came a slender little white hand, holding a silver traveling cup, and a soft voice, silvery as the cup, murmured, "Oh, porter, would you kindly get me some water?"

Mr. Gray took the cup, filled it, restored it with a bow to the unseen occupant, watched the lily white hand, with its few treasures of rings, slip back between the folds, then aroused the porter, proffered his request for matches and asked if there was any possibility of the ladies being incommoded by his smoking.

"No, suh; not a bit, suh. They can't smell it when you stay in the smoking room. There's only two ladies in the car, suh. Both going up to Butte—Mrs. Mainwaring and a young lady with her."

"Know her name?"

"No, suh, I don't, suh. The lady with her calls her Pet most the time."

Mr. Gray once more returned to his compartment, lighted his cigar and seated himself in the corner by the open window. The train still lay at the station. Voices still echoed among the dingy wooden buildings, and a light or two flickered about the platform. The conductor's voice was presently heard. He was interrogating the station agent, and Gray, seated close to the open casement, couldn't help hearing.

"Both took tickets to Pawnee?"

"Yes, both. Left their horses here in Hank's stable and took supper. No, they haven't been drinking at all."

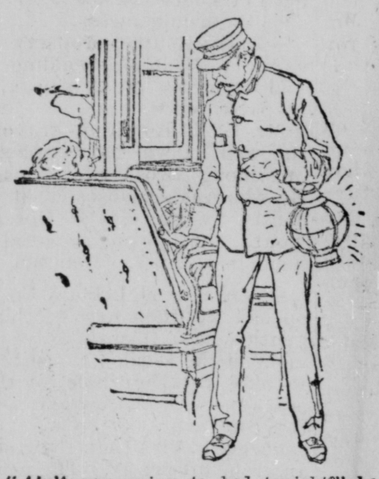
Mr. Jarvis lowered his voice. He was talking eagerly, but only the answer was audible.

"Oh, of course; cowboys always are. Each has his revolver and knife. But you'll see 'em for yourself. They're in the smoking car."

"Sure nobody knew 'em around here?"

"Certain. They said they'd never been here before."

Mr. Jarvis waved his lantern. "Well, we've got to go," said he, "but you keep your eyes and ears open, and wire after us. I suppose it's all right about No. 12," he shouted, as he swung on the platform.



"Ain't you going to bed tonight?" he asked.

The station agent's voice followed them out into the night.

"She's coming along all right. Suppose you'll meet her at the Gap. She's due there at 3:10."

"Due there in five minutes," thought Mr. Gray to himself, as he meditatively puffed at his fine Havana, "and by good rights I should have been sleeping the sleep of the just and innocent hours ago." The train soon seemed laboring in a heavy sea. The hoarse panting of the engine came throbbing back on the night. The huge Pullman rolled deep, first to one side awhile, then to the other, as it trailed on around the sharp reverse curves of some unseen grade. Out of the darkness to the right and against the northern stars loomed up dim, bulky shapes, and Gray realized that the foothills were reached, that the long tortuous climb was beginning. Up, up, higher and higher steamed the straining giant in the lead, the dense smoke clouds rolling rearward lighted brilliantly every few seconds by the glare from the roaring furnace into which Scut's shovel was heaping coal by the bushel. No. 783 was doing her best, as Long predicted, but even her superb lungs and tempered muscles could barely drag so heavy a burden. Only nine or ten miles an hour was she making now, thought Gray, as once more the sleeper door was opened and the conductor, followed by a brakeman, bustled in. He glared suspiciously into the dim recess of the smoking compartment, the brakeman peering over his shoulder.

"Ain't you going to bed tonight?" he asked.

"Presently," yawned Gray, "if I get sleepy."

"Your friend there in the other car hasn't lost much time. He's snoring like he hadn't slept for six weeks. Where'd he say he lived?"

"Pawnee."

"Know him there?"

"No, nor anybody else."

"Never been out here before?"

less for cross examination. [illegible] his broad shoulders impatiently and said, "Never."

The conductor hesitated, looked long and fixedly at his passenger, studying what he could see of his face, figure and clothes in that dim light. He turned half reluctantly away, then turned back.

"Well, if you want any sleep before we get to Butte you'd better be getting it," said he, with that broad freedom of manner and absence of conventional restraint begotten of years in the boundless west, and then stood awaiting the result.

It came, not too soothingly or satisfactorily.

"When I want it, I'll take it."

The conductor drew away with distinct sense of another defeat. He stirred up the porter with no gentle touch. "How many of your passengers have got guns?" he asked.

The negro started from his seat, dazed and frightened. "Only two or three of 'em, that I see," was the answer. "That officer in lower 3 and two gentlemen in 8 and 9. What's the matter?"

"Nothing as yet, but I've a good mind to wake the lieutenant," said Jarvis, his fingers working nervously as he glanced about the car. The porter's eyes were big, his eyeballs staring.

"Wait till I come back," said Mr. Jarvis presently, and let himself out at the rear door. The last sleeper was dark and silent. Every curtain seemed drawn. Jarvis found his bunch of keys and after a few seconds' fumble opened the door. The air within was close, almost stifling, for every section was occupied. He found the porter snoring in the smoking room, stirred him vigorously and propounded rapid questions. The bewildered darky answered to the point. Some of the young men among his excursionists might have pistols in their grips, but he'd only seen one in a hip pocket. There were 10 ladies and 12 men, he said, all unconscious of danger of any kind, and, as it was a chartered car and they were out for a long pleasure trip, no doubt there was plenty of money, to say nothing of watches and jewelry in the party. It was the first of the kind that had come up the road for a month. Jarvis knew it had been well advertised. What more likely than that the daring fellows who had made things lively on the other road should have planned to hold up this particular train? What better place could they select than the lonely, rugged, almost mountainous tract between Thunder Gap and Bowlder Creek? And if they weren't already boarding his train, one or two at a time, just as they did on the K. P., then call him a Chinaman. That swagger and stylish young man at the Junction, "salooning the soldiers and making himself solid with them," the shivering tramp at Willow Springs who was so promptly found and so lavishly paid for and provided for by the same suspicious party ("Fancy his enlisting!" thought the conductor; "that cock and bull story that he told Long was enough to damn him from the start"), and now these two cowboys in the smoker—fellows that took supper and left their plugs at Hank's and said they were going up to Pawnee for a flier, but allowed they knew nobody there or in that part of the valley. Jarvis felt more uneasy with every minute.

"I'm blessed if I don't think I ought to wake some of the likeliest of these young fellows," said he to the porter, "but I'll go and have out the lieutenant anyhow."

Suiting action to the word, back he went to the forward sleeper. "Wake the gentleman in No. 3," said he to the porter as he re-entered and found that dusky guardian eagerly, anxiously awaiting him.

(To be Continued.)

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

Wornout Nerves.

So Weak she Couldn't Sleep or Work—Hands Trembled—Could Scarcely Walk—Restored by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Mrs. Margaret Iron, Tower Hill, N. B., writes:—"Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done me a world of good. I was so weak that I could not walk twice the length of the house. My hands trembled so that I could not carry a pint of water. I was too nervous to sleep, and unable to do work of any kind.

"Since using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I have been completely restored. I can walk a mile without any inconvenience. Though 76 years old, and quite fleshy, I do my own housework, and considerable sewing, knitting, and reading besides. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has proved of inestimable value to me."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is the world's greatest restorative for pale, weak, nervous men, women, and children. In pill form, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Don't cough, use Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, 25 cents a bottle.

SUNNY-SIDE DENTISTRY

Office in New Prowse Block First door to the right up stairs. Telephone connec-

DR. AYERS

BOVRIL

The guaranteed Product of Prime Ox Beef.

Infinitely more nourishing than Extract of Meat or Home Made Beef Tea.

Health, Strength and even Life Itself have often been sacrificed to reliance upon preparations which are practically void of nourishment, such as Meat Extract and Home Made Beef Tea.

BOVRIL while retaining the valuable stimulating properties of these preparations combines with them all the nutritious constituents of Beef in a form capable of immediate digestion and assimilation.

BOVRIL is Beef Tea plus Beef.

Now is - - -

The Time

TO BRING TO US ANY

OLD GOLD OR SILVER.....

Articles that have ceased to be of any use. We wil a low full value in exchange for goods, and you may be able to purchase something—either atch, Jewelry, Spectacle or clock—that would be of serviee to you.

E. W. TAYLOR

CAMERON BLOCK

WE NEVER SOLD ITS SUPERIOR FOR $10.00

That is what we wish to state about our

READY-TO-PUT-ON OVERCOAT.

Its made from all wool fine blue beaver cloth, lined with an excellent quality Italian or farmers satin, silk stitched, velvet collar, good workmanship. We have for the past 30 years handled millions of samples of cloth and think we know a good deal about quality, and we can confidently say we have not see a better coat for $10.00 than we are offering.

We will be pleased to have you examine these coats.

MORRIS BLOCK CHARLOTTETOWN

D. A BRUCE

MERCHANT TAILOR.

The undersigned offers for sale at a bargain the following :

One 40-Horse Power Engine and Boiler.
14 Driving Pulleys with Shaft and Belting.
One Rip Saw and bench with carriage.
One 30 in. Saw.
One 24 in. Planer—One set hoisting blocks.
One Matching and Moulding Machine.
Fifty-one Moulding Knives.
One Band Saw complete.
One Buzz Planer.
One Swing Saw complete.
One Turning Lathe and Shaft—One Vice.
Two Emery Wheels—One Jig Saw.
Three Circular Saws and tables.
All in first-class order.

MATTHEW & MCLEAN