

consumption

There is ease for those far gone in consumption—not recovery—ease. There is cure for those not far gone. There is prevention for those who are threatened.

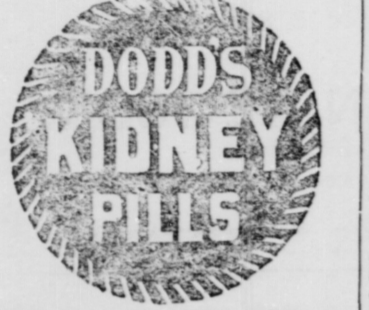
Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil is for you, even if you are only a little thin.

SCOTT'S EMULSION has been endorsed by the medical profession for twenty years. (Ask your doctor.) This is because it is always reliable—always uniform—always the same.



REGULATE THE LIVER. ONE FILL AFTER EATING. IS SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN. PRICE 25 CTS. THE DODDS MED. CO. LTD. TORONTO.

DON'T DESPAIR



WILL CURE YOU. We guarantee Dodds' Kidney Pills to cure any case of Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Lumbago, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Female Troubles, Impure Blood—or money refunded. Sold by all druggists in medicine, or by mail on receipt of \$1.00 per box, or six boxes \$5.50. DR. L. A. SMITH & CO., Toronto.

we can sell you Dodds' Kidney Pills at the following prices, viz.—60¢ per box six boxes for \$2.50. To the trade—\$4.00 per dozen, or three dozen at \$3.75 per dozen. Sent by mail to any address post paid.

GEORGE E. HUGHES, Charlotteville, May 29

Fitz-James Scotch Whisky

RECOMMENDS ITSELF. SPECIAL QUALITY—8 Years Old. PURITY GUARANTEED

Sole Proprietors: John & Harry Harvey, 107 1/2

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Superior workmanship, refined finish and moderate prices combine to make these Photos the most satisfactory in Charlottetown to-day.

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IF YOU

Want a wife, Want a cook, Want a partner, Want a situation, Want a servant girl, Want to sell a farm, Want to sell a house, Want to rent a house, Want to exchange anything, Want to sell plants or grain, Want to sell groceries or drugs, Want to sell or trade anything, Want to find customers for anything, Want to sell or buy horses, pigs or cattle

ADVERTISE IN THE EXAMINER

TENDERS.

Sealed Tenders will be received at the Episcopal Residence up to noon on SATURDAY, the 14th day of March, A. D. 1896, for the erection of a new Roman Catholic Cathedral in Charlottetown, according to plans and specifications to be seen at the Episcopal Residence and at the office of F. X. Beringuet, Esq., Architect, 209 St. John Street, Quebec, P. Q. Satisfactory security required for the faithful performance of the contract. Tenders must be accompanied by a certified cheque of 5 per cent. on amount of tender. Cheque will be returned if tender is not accepted. If tender is accepted and person tendering fails to enter into contract and sign bonds, will forfeit check. Tenders to be endorsed "Tenders for New Roman Catholic Cathedral." The New Cathedral Building Committee do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any tender. By order of Committee, STEPHEN T. WHITTY, Secretary.

AFTER THE FACT

By E. W. HORNING.

Copyright 1896. CHAPTER I.

It is my good fortune to cherish a remarkably vivid recollection of the town of Geelong. Others may have found the place quiet, or even colorless enough to justify an echo of the slogan "local snore" at its expense; to me, those sloping parallels of low houses have still a common terminus in the bluest of all Australian waters; and I people the streets whose very names I have forgotten, with faces of extraordinary kindness, impish while memory holds her seat. So it is probable I should think no loss affectionately of Geelong, even had I voted it in my time the dull town that I have heard it styled; but dull it certainly was not during the first few days of my visit, whatever may have been the case before or since. The period was in fact an epoch; and I may say at once that the epoch was none of my making. My connection with the singular events of that week was a pure accident, the result of one of those chance meetings which are the veriest commonplace of civilized travel. It was a Monday afternoon when I arrived by the boat, to find the streets crowded and the populace greatly excited by a sudden run on one of the banks. On Wednesday, another bank which had notoriously received much of the money withdrawn from the Barwon Banking Company, and which was in its turn the victim of a still uglier fate. The Geelong branch of the Intercolonial was entered in broad daylight by a man masked and armed with a revolver, who in a few minutes and then walked into this air with no less a sum than nineteen thousand and odd pounds in notes and gold. I was playing the game, and when my then new friends when we heard the news, and it stopped our game. The bank manager's wife, a friend of my friends arrived suddenly upon the scene, in a state of horror, and accompanied by her daughter. And I heard at first-hand a few broken, hysterical words from the white lips of an elderly lady, and noted the tearless trouble in the wide blue eyes of the girl before it struck me that the man who had been at luncheon in the private part of the bank, and who had been in the affair until the junior clerk had been in upon them like a lunatic at large. He, too, had gone out for his lunch, and returned to find teller and cashier, alike insensible, and the safe rifled. That was all I stayed to gather, save that the unhappy lady was agitated by a side issue far worse to her than the bank's loss. There had been no bloodshed. The revolver kept beneath the counter had been used—but used in vain. It was not loaded. Her husband would be blamed, may, discharged to a certainty in his old age. And I, too, walked down the street with the picture of an elderly couple brought to ruin, and a blue-eyed girl gone for a governess, appealing to me as though I might be of some use to her. There had been a crowd clamoring at the doors, but these were shut for the day. And I learned no more than I already knew, save that the robber wore a black beard and was declared by some to be a second Ned Kelly, from the Strathgong ranges. Nor did I acquire more real information the rest of that day; nor hope for any when late at night I thought I recognized an old schoolfellow in the streets.

"Deedes major?" I cried, without pausing to make certain, but I was certain enough when my man turned and favored me with the stare of stupid insolence which made our house master's life a burden to him some ten years before that night. Among a thousand, hadn't I seen the dark eyes were sunken and devil-may-care, and the pale face prematurely lined.



RETURNED TO FIND THE TELLER AND CASHIER ALIKE INSENSIBLE. "I could have sworn to Deedes major, then. 'Don't know the name, Adam," said he. "What do you want?" "I was your friend when you were in the eleven; I called your hat when you made your centenary against the Free Foresters. I'm proud to meet you again!" "Don't tell me your name," he said, wearily. At that moment I recollected (what had quite escaped my memory) his ultimate expulsion, and I stood confused by my maladroitness. "How?" I asked. "The Beattie" cried Deedes, not unkindly; a moment later he was shaking my hand and smiling on my confusion. "Hans?" I said. "Where are you staying?" "Well," said I, "I'm supposed to be staying with some people I brought a letter of introduction to, but they hadn't a room for me, and insisted on getting me one outside, so that's where I am."

"What's their name?" said Deedes; and when I told him he made no further comment, beyond asking whether I would take him round to my room for a chat. This proposal delighted me; indeed, it

caused me a positive thrill, when I can only attribute to an insensible return of the small boy's proper attitude toward a distinguished senior. We were 28 and 24 now, instead of 18 and 14; but, as we walked, only one of us was a man, and was once more his flag. I was proud when he accepted a cigarette from my case, prouder yet when he took my arm. The feeling struck me until we reached my room, when it suddenly collapsed. He had asked me what I was doing. I had told him of my illness and my voyage, and had countered with his own question. He laughed contemptuously, sitting on the edge of my bed.

"Click in a bank," said he. "Not the Intercolonial?" I cried. "That's it," he answered, nodding. "Then you were there to-day. This is luck; I've been so awfully keen to know exactly what happened."

"I was not there," replied Deedes. "I was having my lunch. I can only tell you what I saw when I got back. There was a cashier standing by the counter, and the teller in a heap behind it, both knocked on the head. And there was the empty safe, wide open with the sun shining into it like a bull's-eye lantern! No, I only wish I had been there; it's such a chance as I shall never get again."

"You'd have shown fight!" said I, gazing at his long athletic limbs, and appreciating the force of his wish as I perceived in what throbbed rage they were imprisoned. "Yes, you'd have got the man, the chap, I know; I can see you doing it!"

"There would have been nothing wonderful in that," was the odd reply. "I should have had everything to gain and nothing to lose."

"Not your life?" "That's less than nothing."

"Nonsense, Deedes," said I, although or because I could see that it was not. "You don't mean a word of it."

"I do mean every word; but that's neither here nor there," he answered. "Give me another cigarette, Beattie; if you don't ask about the robbery, and if you don't mind, we will confine ourselves to that. I'm afraid old Hanson will get the sack; he's the manager, and responsible for the bank revolver being loaded. He swears it was we all thought it was; but nobody had looked at it for weeks, and you see it wasn't. Yes, that's a rule in all banks in this country, where sticking them up is a public industry. The yarn about Ned Kelly's son? Well, there may be something in it. I've heard there is such a fellow and a chip of the old block too. But if you ask me, we must look a little nearer home for the man who stood up our bank this afternoon."

"Nearer home?" said I. "Then you think it was somebody who knew about it and perhaps paid in a big lump himself? That would be a serious blind!" cried Deedes, greatly taken with his idea. "Beattie, old chap, I wish I'd thought of it myself—only I would have meant boning the capital to begin with! I strongly suspect some of these respectable Geelong and Barwonners of being at the bottom of the whole thing, though; they're so respectable. Beattie, there's bound to be villains among 'em. By Jove," he added, getting to his feet with a sinister light in his handsome, dissipated countenance. "I'll go for the reward when they put it up! Four figures it can't fall short of; it would be better than junior clerking for £50 a year!" And he walked up and down my room laughing softly to himself.

"I'll join you," cried I. "I'll go in for love or honor and glory, and you shall see the twopenny shillings and pence!"

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not three? Come on, Beattie; make a man, and we'll rob another bank to-morrow!" "You're joking," said I, returning his smile. "Still, if I was going in for that sort of thing, Deedes, I don't know who I'd rather have on my side than you!" "Will you go in for it?" he cried. "I'm joking far less than you think. My life's a sort of failure. I'm sick of it, and ready for a change. Will you join in?" "No," said I. "I won't."

And we looked each other steadily in the eyes, until he led me back to laughter, with as much ease as a brook over a stone. My face a moment before.

"All right, old Beattie," said he. "I won't chaff any more—not that it was all chaff by any means. I sometimes feel like that, and so would you in my place. Jinked from school! In disgrace at home! Sent out here to be got rid of, 'thrown away like a broken cup! The things I've done for a living during these ten years—this is the most respectable, I can tell you that. And it's the respectability drives me mad!"

His bitter words the lines upon his face, his gray hairs at 28, all appealed to me with equal and irresistible force; my hand went out to him, and with it my heart.

"I am so sorry, Deedes," said I, nervously. "If a liver or two—yes, you must let me. For the sake of the old man!" He shook his head, and the blood rushed to mine. I offered him a handsome apology, but he cut me short.

"That's all right, Beattie. It was well meant and you're a good chap. We'll forget to-morrow, if this wretched business leaves us a spare moment in the bank; meanwhile, good night—and thanks!"

And he crept down the stairs at my request; for I was not in the position of an



"CLERK IN A BANK," SAID HE.

ordinary lodger; and having followed and closed the door noiselessly behind him, I returned as stealthily to my room. I did not wish my hospitable friends to know that I had used lodgings, placed at my disposal as their guest, as though I had engaged them on my own account. After all, I was a guest, not a lodger, yet I had behaved as the latter. Introducing a man at midnight and sitting up in conversation with him until two o'clock in the morning, Deedes, moreover, as I suspected from his manner when I mentioned them was not probably a friend of my friends; indeed I had no clue to his reputation in the town, and should have been surprised to find it a good one. He had been a school boy at school at the very least he was a reckless man. Other traits in him, too, must have developed with his years; he had been expelled, for example, for certain gallantries not criminal in themselves, but sufficient to demoralize at a public school; and despite his clothes I could have sworn those dark, unscrupulous eyes and that sardonic, insolent yet attractive manner had done due damage in Geelong. For there was a fascination in the man, invariable on paper, and my despair as I write. He was a strong, selfish character, one with whom the will and the way were almost synonymous terms; yet there was that in him for which it is harder to find a name, which attracted while it repelled, which enforced admiration in its own despite and strange criticism at its side. At school he had been immensely popular and a bad influence; at once a bug-bear and an idol from the respective points of view of masters and boys. My own view was still that of the boy. I could not help it; nor could I sleep for thinking of our singular rencontre on Saturday. I understood, but I shirked my pillow. I smoked my pipe but it did me no good. Finally, I threw up my window, and as I did so, I heard a sound that interested, and another that thrilled me. The first was a whistle blowing in the distance; the second an answering whistle which made me jump, for it came from beneath the very window at which I stood.

I leaned out. A white helmet and a pair of white legs flashed under a lamp and was gone. My window was no longer possible height from the ground, but I did not stay to measure it. With the whistle in my ears I lowered myself to the sill, dropped into a flower bed and gave chase to the helmet and the legs, myself barefooted and in pajamas.

I saw my policeman vanish round a corner, I was like a deer, and even as I ran the position assumed the chase of the police! He could not hear my naked feet. I gained on him splendidly, and had his hand on my shoulder before he knew me to exist. His face, as he stopped and turned it feeling for his pistol, I shall remember all my life.

"All right, I'm not the man you're after. Hurry up, I'm coming along to see."

(To be Continued.)

Timely Warning.

The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of Walter Baker & Co. (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocos and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures. Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods.

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CASTORIA

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THIRTY years' observation of Castoria with the patronage of millions of persons, permit us to speak of it without guessing. It is unquestionably the best remedy for Infants and Children the world has ever known. It is harmless. Children like it. It gives them health. It will save their lives. In it Mothers have something which is absolutely safe and practically perfect as a child's medicine.

Castoria destroys Worms. Castoria allays Feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd. Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves Teething Troubles. Castoria cures Constipation and Flatulency.

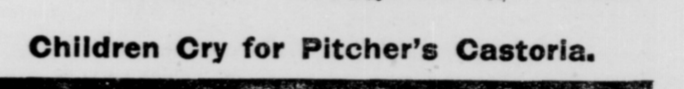
Castoria neutralizes the effects of carbonic acid gas or poisonous air. Castoria does not contain morphine, opium, or other narcotic property. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow any one to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose."

See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of Dr. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

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St. Lawrence Sugar Refining Co., Ltd. MONTREAL.

Laboratory of Inland Revenue, Office of Official Analyst, Montreal, April 8th, 1895.

"I hereby certify that I have drawn, by my own hand, ten samples of the ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR REFINING CO.'S EXTRA STANDARD GRANULATED SUGAR, indiscriminately taken from ten lots of about 150 barrels each. I have analyzed same, and find them uniformly to contain:

99 9/100 to 100 p. c. of Pure Cane Sugar with no impurities whatever."

(Signed) JOHN BAKER EDWARDS, Ph. D., C. L., Prof. of Chemistry and Pub. Analyst, Montreal.

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Are for sale in every store in the city. Give them a trial and convince yourself that you are smoking the finest.

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The Great English Remedy. Is the result of over 25 years treating thousands of cases with all known drugs, until at last we have discovered the true remedy and treatment—a combination that will effect a prompt and permanent cure in all stages of Sexual Debility, Abuse or Excess, Nervous Weakness, Emotions, Mental Worry, Excessive Use of Opium, Tobacco, or Alcoholic Stimulants, all of which soon lead to Insanity, Consumption and an early grave. Wood's Phosphodine has been used successfully by hundreds of cases that seemed almost hopeless—cases that had been treated by the most talented physicians—cases that were on the verge of despair and insanity—cases that were tottering over the grave—but with the continued and persevering use of Wood's Phosphodine, these cases that had been given up to die, were restored to many vigor and health—Reader you need not despair—no matter who has given you up as incurable—the remedy is now within your reach, by its use you can be restored to a life of usefulness and happiness. Price, one package, \$1; six packages, \$5; by mail free of postage. One will please, six guaranteed to cure. Pamphlet free to any address.

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