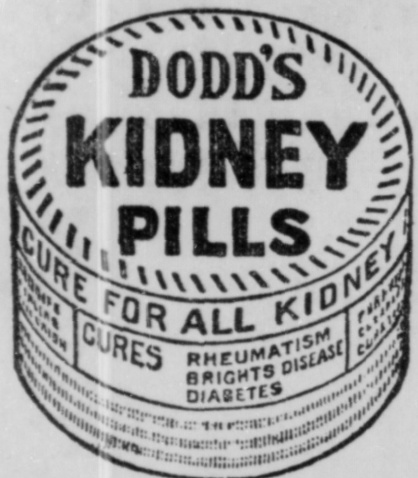


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We have just received a new kind of ORANGE MARMALADE, put up in glass pots, which we are now offering at the low rate of

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

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Groceries that do not take all your money to buy.

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Buy and try. Come in and see us.

Driscoll & Hornsby
QUEEN STREET

"SEA BOY,"

By JOHN J. A'BEEKET.

[Copyright, 1899, by the Author.]

Once upon a time (not half as long ago as that phrase makes it sound) a small boy lived in an elephant. Even an infant elephant is large enough to hold a colony of small boys. The fact that this small boy lived in the elephant is proof enough that he had not been eaten up by him. This elephant was literally the biggest elephant on earth. He stood on the seashore for 15 years looking at the Atlantic ocean. He had never stirred a foot since he took his majestic pose on a flat sandy land. He was so near the shore that in very violent winter storms the irritated sea came swooping through the air and flung itself in wet, salt spray right on his benign old face. But he was blinder than a bat.

The reason of this? Why, the elephant was of wood and plaster and had a skin of tin, painted mouse color. He was a summer hotel, this elephant was, and as he cost his owner nothing for his "feed" you would suppose he was an inexpensive animal. Don't think it. He cost over \$50,000 and was a bad speculation. People could see him without paying anything, and when you were inside of him there was no knowing that he was an elephant at all. So they just stood outside and looked at the great, still thing, and laughed and jingled their change in their pockets. It didn't cost them a cent to do this. But naturally the owner of the elephant didn't take in any money from this admiration of the monster, who was fully 75 feet high and 100 feet long. As a result, he let the animal go for a nominal price for a seaside hotel.

The lady who scrubbed the floors in the hotel and toiled in other humble ways to keep it sweet and clean took up residence in the poor deserted elephant. She had two young children, 3 and 5 years old respectively, Tommy and Eily. Tommy was the elder. Although she had these two children to bring up and no husband to help her do it, she adopted "Sea Boy," and that brings in the small boy who lived in an elephant mentioned in the beginning of this story.

It seems strange that a scrubbing widow lady who had two small mouths to feed should want to feed a third one, when it meant so much more pain for her tired back. But she had a heart. One winter night there was a terrible storm, and a small schooner was driven on to the long, sandy point which ran out into the sea for a great distance under the water. The sailors were all saved except one short, thickest man, who was washed ashore dead. An icy cold, bright faced boy about 10 years old was washed in alive, but blue enough to put in a wash boiler on Monday morning. The short man was the boy's father, and he had no other kin. So they were going to send him to the place where poor orphans go who have nobody to care for them (what the name of it was I don't know, but that



The woman who bends her back over a sewing machine for many hours each day needs to be strong and healthy in every way, or she is courting death. When her work comes hard, and makes her nervous, fretful and despondent, and she has "stitches in the side," pains in the back or abdomen, and headaches, she may be certain that something is radically wrong.

A local doctor, with a limited field of observation and experience, will probably say that the fault is in the stomach, liver or heart. Generally he is wrong. The fault is probably in the delicate and important organs that really constitute womanhood. They are weak or diseased. If such is the case, only a doctor of known reputation and wide experience should be consulted. A letter to Dr. R. V. Pierce, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y., will secure the free advice of probably the most eminent specialist in these diseases in the world. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has been used with success by tens of thousands of invalid women. Over 60,000 have acknowledged its merits over their signatures. It promptly cures all weakness and disease of the organs distinctly feminine. All medicine dealers.

"I have been a great sufferer from female diseases," writes Mrs. C. C. Clark, of New Rome, Floyd Co., Ga. "I was confined to my bed three years, and not able to sit in my chair but very little. I got one of your pamphlets and read it and sent and got three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I took the medicine and received so much benefit from those three bottles that I was induced to take more. I therefore sent and got nine bottles. I took them and they completely cured me."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure biliousness and constipation. One a dose. They never gripe.

"SUNNYSIDE" DENTISTRY

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

DR. AYEPS

doesn't matter), when Mrs. Garrity heart spoke. She always listened to it respectfully. It said this time: "Take him in. The ocean rolled him to you. Let him have a mother's love and a home even if the home is an elephant."

So Mrs. Garrity did what her heart told her to, and the ocean waif became as one of her own. He took to the elephant as a duck does to water. He was a keen witted lad and as industrious as an ant. He blacked shoes, sold papers and picked up odd jobs. In a little while Mrs. Garrity found that in place of the Sea Boy being a burden and an expense he helped to lighten the money strain on her. He not only paid for his own keep, but he helped support the two small Garritys, and Mrs. Garrity's back was no more strained than it had been before.

Somebody started calling this adopted boy of hers the "Sea Boy," to distinguish him from the others, and finally everybody called him "Sea Boy," till it came to be his name.

Sea Boy got to love the dear old elephant in whose right shoulder he slept with little Tommy Garrity. There was a big window in it. The elephant had windows on both of his sides and on his chest, as if he had broken out with them as children do with a rash. In the summer the sea air blew in to cool them, and they could hear the water break with a soft booming on the shore and then rattle over the pebbles as it was sucked back again. At night the broad water would be covered with a violet pall, with lights afar off which looked like golden pins that held it in place. Or else there would be a lustrous sheen on it, and a great corduroy road of silver braid led off to the horizon and went into the sky there, so the children thought. And after the two youngsters were sound asleep the moon would sometimes peep in through the window and light up their small round faces lying upturned on the pillow and seem to say, "Bless 'em."

They were a happy group, the elephant, who had lost his owner; Mrs. Garrity, who had lost Mr. Garrity; Sea Boy, who had lost everything, and the two small Garritys, who had never lost anything that they knew of. But their turn came.

Sea Boy hadn't been with the Garritys more than a year and a half when Mrs. Garrity woke up one night with a pain in her heart, gave a deep groan and called, "Sea Boy!"

He woke up at once and hurried into her small room. She was suffering so she couldn't speak. She knew what it meant and was trying her best to tell Sea Boy to look after the children. But she couldn't get the words out, and as Sea Boy helped her to sit up, that she might breathe easier, her heart gave a jump as if it was trying to leap out of her body and she sank back—dead.

There was no need to tell Sea Boy to look after the children. He had no thought of anything else. When somebody said that they had better be sent to their uncle in Brooklyn, and, if he wouldn't take them, why, to an orphan asylum, the way Sea Boy kicked against any such arrangement was beautiful. They all wanted to stay on in their home in the grim old elephant and have the sea air and the beach to play on and the beautiful ocean to wade in.

"Mother! me run the place, 'n I k'n take care ov 'em," he said, with an air of surprise that this wasn't as obvious to him all as it was to him.

Everybody did think so when Sea Boy said it. He was looked on with even more respect by the community after he became a family man. He made more money too. Shoe blacking "looked up," and it was a common thing for a man to give him a nickel when he bought a paper and say, "Keep the change, Sea Boy."

When the children found their mother was to be put in a hole in the ground, they were visibly distressed. It did not seem anything like the comfortable home in the elephant. There were no windows in the earth cell and no air, and to put her in and then shovel three feet of dirt on her seemed an unsympathetic proceeding. They gazed with distrust at the men with the spades. Sea Boy didn't know whether he should protest or not. He looked at the priest, who looked at him and at the little boy and girl snuggling timidly up to his side, and when Sea Boy noticed what a sweet smile came on the priest's face and that his eyes filled with water (they all loved the water, so that it was a bond of confidence between them, that brimming tear in the priest's eye), why, the boy father of the motherless felt it was all right.

"Children," said the priest gently, "your mother is asleep, and this earth isn't going to trouble her. She will sleep there awhile, and then God will say, 'Get up, my child,' and she and all the people here said 'Good night' to God before they fell into this long sleep, and will come out of their warm, quiet graves perfectly well and sound and will go to heaven. We will fall asleep like that some time, and we will all wake up together rested and be happy. For God is going to wake us all up at the same time."

"Won't she have any pains in her back then?" asked Sea Boy. The earth looked cold and damp.

"No. She will never have any pain again," said the priest warmly. "And, Sea Boy, you must come to catechism, and bring the children, so that they may learn what they have to do in order to say that 'good night' to God all right. Then they will hear his 'good

morning' all right when the time comes for him to call us all."

Sea Boy said that he would, and, of course, having promised to, he did. Their teacher told them that the rising up of the dead was called the resurrection, and that the Son of God had died and risen again to show people that it was all right, and that since he could raise himself from the dead of course he could raise the rest of dead mankind.

This was a long time ago and away off across the ocean. But it was in a country on the seashore. This was a happy touch in deference to the love of the sea that Sea Boy and the youthful Garritys cherished, and helped to impress the fact more vividly on the children's mind. The teacher told them that every year this day was celebrated, and that the day was called Easter Sunday. So the young ones had another great day to add to Christmas and the Fourth of July, the last named being celebrated with immense gayety and cheerful racket at the seashore resort where the elephant stood.

(To be Continued.)

C. P. R. ENGINEER'S STATEMENT

Ben Rafferty of Winnipeg Division Says Dodd's Kidney Pills are O. K.

WINNIPEG, Man., July 31.—Probably the most enthusiastic man in Manitoba in regard to Dodd's Kidney Pills is Ben Rafferty of the C. P. R. He is one of the drivers on the big trans-continental road and the jarring of the engine and long hours combined to bring on Kidney disease from which Mr. Rafferty suffered for twenty years. He was cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills. His case is so well known throughout Canada that a Toronto man wrote to Mr. Rafferty recently asking him if he could recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills. Mr. Rafferty wrote in reply.

Winnipeg, May
Dear Sir,—I received your note of yesterday. I will recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills at any time to any person with pleasure. They are O. K. Yours truly,
B. RAFFERTY.

TEST THE KIDNEYS And if they are diseased use the world's greatest kidney cure
Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

It's a simple matter to test the kidneys. You need not consult a doctor. By asking yourself three questions you can determine whether or not your kidneys are deranged.

First: "Have you backache, or weak, lame back?"
Second: "Do you have difficulty in urinating or a too frequent desire to urinate?"
Third: "Are there deposits like brick dust in the urine after it has stood for twenty-four hours?"

In its earlier stages kidney disease is readily cured by a few boxes of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, a preparation which has made Dr. Chase famous throughout the world for his wonderful cures of diseases of the kidneys.

If you have kidney disease you can take Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills with perfect confidence that what has proved an absolute cure in so many thousands of cases will not fail you.

So long as the cells of the kidneys are not completely wasted away, as in the last stages of Bright's disease, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills will give them new vigor and strength and make them strong, healthy and active. One pill a dose, 25c. a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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A dentist who knows his business, and one that has any regard for his patients will always advise them to have a metal plate.

PROF. MELVILLE B. BUCKLEY,
Instructor Boston Dental College,
Boston Mass

In view of the vast amount of injury done to the mouths of wearers of rubber or vulcanite plates, by the retention of undue heat, owing to the non conductivity of rubber, and as aluminum is now so cheaply produced, and making as it does a rigid, light, cleanly, unobjectionable plate there seems no reason why any person should wear a rubber or vulcanite plate. Not only this, but better results in fit and adhesion are obtained in difficult cases, than in the use of rubber.

L. P. F. & D. D. S.
Chicago Dental School

The above quotations are from hundreds of eminent dentists whose close observation in many years experience in plate work has learned them the many advantages of metal over rubber.

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It is a conductor of heat and cold, it is non-irritating, and is thinner, lighter, and stronger than any other plate.

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