

An Afflicted Mother

NURSING HER DYING CHILD
HER HEALTH GAVE WAY

Anæmia, Followed by Neuralgic Pains
Racked Her System—Her Friends Fear-
ed That She Could Not Recover.

From the Enterprise, Bridgewater, N. S.

Mr and Mrs James A Diehl, who live about one and a half miles from Bridge-water, are highly esteemed by a large circle of friends. Mrs Diehl has passed through a trying illness, the particulars of which she recently gave a reporter of the Enterprise as follows: "In the spring of 1896 my health gave way. In addition to my ordinary household duties I had the constant care day and night of a sick child. In the hope of saving my little one, it did not occur to me that overwork, loss of sleep and anxiety were exhausting my strength. Finally my child passed away, and then I realized my physical condition. Shortly after I was attacked with neuralgic pains in the shoulder which shifted to my right side after three weeks and settled there. The pain in my side grew worse and after a few days I became unable to leave my bed. In addition to my bodily trouble I became melancholy and was very much reduced in flesh. My friends regarded my condition as dangerous. I remained in bed several weeks; to me it seemed ages. It is impossible to describe the agonies I suffered during that time. A skillful physician was in constant attendance upon me. He said mine was the worst case of anæmia and general neuralgia he had ever seen. After some weeks he succeeded in getting me out of bed and after a few more weeks I was able to do some light household work. But I was only a shadow of my former self; my appetite was very poor and that maddening pain still clung to my side and also spread to the region of the heart and lungs, darting through and about them like lances cutting the flesh. Every few days I had to apply croton oil and fly blisters to my chest, and had a bad cough. My friends gave up, thinking I had consumption. I, too, really thought my end was near, fearing mostly that the pains about my heart might take me off any day. During all my illness I had never thought of any medicine other than what my doctor prescribed. It happened, however, that in glancing over the Enterprise one day my eye fell upon the statement of a cure made by Dr Williams' Pink Pills. The case resembled mine in some respects. I read and re-read the article. It haunted me for several days notwithstanding I tried to dismiss it from my mind. At last I asked the doctor whether he thought these pills would help me. He looked at me a moment and then remarked "well, perhaps you had better try them. I believe they do work wonders in some cases and if they do not cure you they will certainly do no harm." That remark opened to me the door of life, for had he said "no" I should not have used the pills. When I had used two boxes I began to feel better, my appetite improved and there were less of those pains about the heart and chest. The cough too was less severe. I kept on till six boxes more were taken, and, to make a long story short, I was myself again, appetite good, spirits buoyant, pains gone and I could do my own work with comfort. I have been well ever since and have no doubt that Dr Williams' Pink Pills have saved my life, and restored me to my family. I am ever ready to speak their praises and in my heart am ever invoking God's blessing upon their discoverer.

Rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, nervous headache, nervous prostration and diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc., all disappear before a fair treatment with Dr Williams' Pink Pills. They give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and build and renew the entire system. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr Williams Medicine Co., Brockville Ont. Do not be persuaded to take some substitute.

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TAKEN BY SURPRISE.

(Continued)

There was no possible doubt, unfortunately, as to who was taking the photograph. I made one last remonstrance. "I put it to you as a sensible man—" I began; but it is a waste of time to put anything to a raving lunatic as a sensible man. It is enough to say that he carried his point.

"I wish you could see the negative!" he said as he came back from his laboratory. "You were a little red in the face, but it will come out black, so it's all right. That carte will be quite a novelty, I flatter myself."

I groaned. However, this was the end; I would get away now at all hazards, and tell the police that there was a dangerous maniac at large. I got down from the mast with affected briskness. "Well," I said, "I mustn't take advantage of your good nature any longer. I'm exceedingly obliged to you for the—the pains you have taken. You will send all the photographs to this address, please."

"Don't go yet," he said. "Are you an equestrian, by the way?"

"If I could only engage him in conversation I felt comparatively secure.

"Oh, I put in an appearance in the Row sometimes, in the season," I replied; "and, while I think of it," I added, with what I thought at the time was an inspiration, "if you will come with me now, I'll show you my horse—you might take me on horseback, eh?" I did not possess any such animal, but I wanted to have that door unlocked.

"Take you on horseback?" he repeated.

"That's a good idea—I had rather thought of that myself."

"Then come along and bring your instrument."

"I said, "and you can take me in the stables; they're close by."

"No need for that," he replied cheerfully. "I'll find you a mount here."

And the wretched lunatic went behind the screen and wheeled out a small wooden quadruped covered with large round spots!

"She's a strawberry roan," he said; "observe the strawberries. So, my beauty, quiet, then! Now settle yourself easily in the saddle, as if you were in the Row, with you face to the tail."

"Listen to me for one moment," I entreated tremulously. "I assure you that I am not in the habit of appearing in Rotten Row on a spotted wooden horse, nor does any one, I assure you—any one mount a horse of any description with his face toward the crupper! If you take me like that you will betray your ignorance—you will be laughed at!"

When people tell you it is possible to hoodwink the insane by any spurious show of argument, don't believe them; my own experience is that demented persons can be quite perversely logical when it suits their purpose.

"Pardon me," he said, "you will be laughed at possibly—not I. I cannot be held responsible for the caprices of my clients. Mount, please; she'll carry you perfectly."

"I will," I said, "if you'll give me the revolver to hold. I—should like to be done with a revolver."

"I shall be delighted to do you with a revolver," he said grimly, "but not yet, and if I lent you the weapon now I could not answer for your being able to hold the horse as well—she has never been broken in to firearms. I'll hold the revolver. One—two—three—"

I mounted. Why had I not disregarded the expense and gone to Lenz & Kamerer? Lenz does not pose his customers by the aid

of a revolver. Kamerer, I was sure, would not put his patrons through these degrading tomfooleries.

He took more trouble over this than any of the others. I was photographed from the back, in front and in profile; and if I escaped being made to appear abjectly ridiculous it can only be owing to the tragic earnestness which the consciousness of my awful situation lent to my expression.

As he took the last I rolled off the horse, completely prostrated. "I think," I gasped, faintly, "I would rather be shot at once without waiting to be taken in any other positions. I really am not equal to any more of this." He was quite capable, I felt, of photographing me in the perambulator if it once occurred to him.

"Compose yourself," he said soothingly. "I have obtained all I wanted. I shall not detain you much longer. Your life, I may remark, was never in any imminent danger, as this revolver is unloaded. I have now only to thank you for the readiness with which you have afforded me your co-operation, and to assure you that copies of each of the photographs shall be forwarded for Miss Waverley's inspection."

"Miss Waverley!" I exclaimed; "stay, how do you know that name?"

"If I mistake not, it was her photograph that you kindly brought for my guidance. I ought to have mentioned, perhaps, that I once had the honor of being engaged to her—until you (no doubt for the highest motives) invested my little gift of song with a flavor of unromantic ridicule. That ridicule I am now enabled to repay, with interest calculated up to the present date."

"So you are Iris' poet!" I burst out, for somehow I had not completely identified him till that moment. "You scoundrel! do you think I shall allow you to circulate those atrocious caricatures with impunity? No, by heavens! my solicitor shall—"

"I rely upon the document you were kind enough to furnish," he said, quietly. "I fear that any legal proceedings you may resort to will hardly avert the publicity you seem to fear. Allow me to unfasten the door. Goodby; mind the step on the first landing. Might I beg you to recommend me among your friends?"

I went out without another word; he was mad, of course, or he would not have devised so outrageous a revenge for a fancied injury, but he was cunning enough to be my match. I knew too well that if I took any legal measures he would contrive to shift the whole burden of lunacy upon me. I dared not court an inquiry for many reasons, and so I was compelled to pass over this unparalleled outrage in silence.

Iris made frequent inquiries after the promised photograph and I had to parry them as well as I could—which was a mistake in judgment on my part, for one afternoon while I was actually sitting with her a packet arrived addressed to Miss Waverley.

I did not suspect what it might contain until it was too late. She recognized that photographs were inside the wrappings, which she tore open—and then!

She had a short fainting fit when she saw the Gainsborough hat, and as soon as she revived the extraordinary appearance I presented upside down on the mast sent her into violent hysterics. By the time she was in a condition to look at the equestrian portraits, she had grown cold and hard as marble. "Go," she said, indicating the door; "I see I have been wasting my affection upon a heartless buffoon!"

I went—for she would listen to no explanations; and indeed I doubt whether, even were she to come upon this statement, it would serve to restore my tarnished ideal in her estimation. But, though I have lost her, I am naturally anxious (as I said when I began) that the public should not be misled into drawing harsh conclusions from what, if left unexplained, may doubtless have a singular appearance.

It is true that up to the present I have not been able to learn that any of those fatal portraits have absolutely been exposed for sale, though I direct my trembling steps almost every day to Regent street and search the windows of the Stereoscopic Company with furtive and foreboding eyes, dreading to be confronted with the presentiments of myself—Bedell Gruncher ("Vitriol"), the great critic—lying across a chair in a state of collapse, sucking my thumb in a Gainsborough hat or bestriding a ridiculous wooden horse with my face toward its tail!

But they cannot be long in coming out now, and my one hope is that these lines may appear in print in time to forestall the prejudice and scandal which are otherwise inevitable. At all events, now that the world is in the possession of the real facts, I am entitled to hope that the treatment to which I have been subjected will excite the indignation and sympathy it deserves.—From "The Talking Horse" by F. Austey.

THEY SURPRISED HIM.

When Jack was Away the Girls Fixed up His Room "Just Too Lovely."

Away on his vacation was Jack, and while he was gone the dear girls thought it would be a perfectly sweet idea to fix up his room. It was a rather demoralized looking apartment from a feminine point of view, but regarded through masculine orbs it was just about right and perfectly comfortable.

But the girls wanted to surprise brother Jack.

So they invaded the sanctum one day and transformed it. They threw out the collection of old pipes on the mantel and turned Pauline Hall's picture to the janitor and tied pale blue cushions on his leather chair. They painted forget-me-nots on his boxing gloves and put a drapery of flowered chintz over the collection of photographs which adorned his cabinet. They tied bows on the picture nails, and hung spiky ornaments on the gas jet with baby blue ribbon. They burned up a collection of newspaper clippings which Jack had taken full five years to accumulate and they decorated the face of his shaving glass with a spray of convolvulus.

They embroidered tender little sentiments and stuck them all over regardlessly—"A Friend in Need" on the soap dish, "Think of Me" on the liquor stand, and "Sweets to the Sweet" on the shoe bag.

Then they stood off and admired it. It was too lovely for anything!

Then Jack came home and they watched him to see how he would take it.

He looked about him in a dazed sort of way first and put his hand to his forehead.

"What is this for?" he said in a hoarse voice, touching a small fluffy pincushion which stood on the floor.

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W. D. McKAY

BARGAIN CORNER.

"Why, that's a rootstool, Jack. When you're reading you can put your feet on it and be just as comfortable!"

"What's that wedding cake doing over there in the fender?"

"That's not a wedding cake, it's your old cuspidore. We decorated it with Valenciennes lace and white ribbon. Don't you think it's cute?"

"Where have you taken the bed?"

"You're sitting on it, you great goose; we've rigged it up as an Oriental divan. You'll have to take down the Japanese umbrella and the lantern every night before you go to bed. It's too sweet, isn't it?"

"But I can't do without a washstand."

"Why, my dear boy, you just loop this curtain one side, remove the vases and be careful of this swinging ornament, and there you are."

"Is that a music box over the desk?"

"Well, the idea. That's only the boot-jack. We stuck the sheephorn to it and gilded them, and now you can keep matches in it."

"Say, got any brandy in the house?"

"Why, yes. Are you ill?"

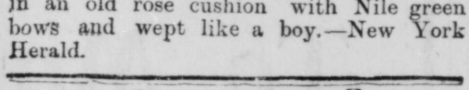
"Well, I do feel a little rocky; but say, before you go, what's this wriggling collection of blue snakes over the bed?"

"That's an illuminated motto. Can't you read it?"

"No, blessed if I can. What is it?"

"Why it's just as plain as day—'God Bless This Flat.' It will hang right over your head every night."

Then the strong man buried his head in an old rose cushion with Nile green bows and wept like a boy.—New York Herald.



The valor displayed by the soldier, who leads his men into the midst of the carnage of a great battle, is recognized as heroic, and arouses admiration. The unnecessary recklessness of the man who courts death through some insidious disease is pitiable, but not admirable. That dread disease, consumption, slays more men and women than are slain by war, famine and pestilence combined. It is an utterly unnecessary slaughter.

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