



If life is worth having it is worth taking care of. Recklessness does not pay, either in our work or our pleasure. When people read of a young man who has been killed while performing some reckless feat on a toboggan or at some other hazardous sport, their sympathy is mixed with surprise that any human being should thus carelessly risk life.

There are thousands of men who are recklessly risking their lives while they go about their common every-day avocations. They over-work, they do not take sufficient time from business or labor to eat or sleep or rest, or to care for their health. Outraged nature throws out danger signals, to which they pay no heed. They suffer from bilious or nervous disorders, from sick headache, giddiness, drowsiness, cold chills, flushings of heat, shortness of breath, blotches on the skin, loss of appetite, uncomfortable sensations in the stomach after meals, loss of sleep, lassitude and trembling sensations. These are the advance symptoms of serious and fatal maladies.

All disorders of this nature are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It restores the lost appetite, gives sound and refreshing sleep, makes the digestion perfect, the liver active. It purifies the blood and makes it rich with the life-giving elements of the food. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It makes the body active and the brain keen. It is the best of nerve tonics. Thousands have testified to its merits. No honest dealer will urge upon you a substitute for the little extra profit it may afford.

The man or woman who neglects constipation is gathering in the system a store of disorders that will culminate in some serious and possibly fatal malady. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are a safe, sure, speedy and permanent cure for constipation. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic.

Scott's Emulsion is not a "baby food," but is a most excellent food for babies who are not well nourished. A part of a teaspoonful mixed in milk and given every three or four hours, will give the most happy results.

The cod-liver oil with the hypophosphites added, as in this palatable emulsion, not only feeds the child, but also regulates its digestive functions.

Ask your doctor about this.

50c. and \$1.00; all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto

Valuable Property For Sale

The subscriber offers at private sale at large dwelling house and premises, consisting of large barn and other out houses; situated on the Lower Spring Park Road, formerly occupied by the late Mrs. Catherine Thorne. This is an excellent business stand, and can be purchased at a reasonable figure. Everything in first-class repair. Good title guaranteed.

S. G. THORNE.

P. E. Island Railway

On and after MONDAY, 27th Dec., 1897, trains of this Railway will run daily, (Sundays excepted,) as under.

Trains Outward. Read down.		STATIONS.		Trains Inward. Read up.	
P. M.	A. M.			P. M.	A. M.
9 10	6 20	Charlottetown	2 30	10 00	00
9 30	6 35	Royalton Junction	2 16	9 40	00
4 17	7 12	North Wiltshire	1 40	8 55	00
4 31	7 24	Hunter River	1 28	8 43	00
5 05	7 51	Bradalbane	1 00	8 07	00
5 13	7 58	Emerald	12 53	7 58	00
5 27	8 02	Freetown	12 42	7 36	00
5 47	8 25	Kensington	12 29	7 16	00
6 20	8 50	Ar.	12 00	6 46	00
P. M.	P. M.			A. M.	A. M.
12 50	10 30	Lv. S' Side	10 30	10 30	00
1 11	10 10	Miscouche	10 10	10 10	00
1 37	9 47	Wellington	9 47	9 47	00
2 19	9 07	Port Hill	9 07	9 07	00
3 34	8 00	O'Leary	8 00	8 00	00
3 58	7 34	Bloomfield	7 34	7 34	00
4 34	6 55	Albion	6 55	6 55	00
5 20	6 00	Tignish	6 00	6 00	00
P. M.	A. M.			A. M.	A. M.
2 30	10 30	Charlottetown	10 30	10 30	00
2 50	10 10	Royalton Junction	10 10	10 10	00
3 20	9 37	Bedford	9 37	9 37	00
3 55	9 03	Ar.	9 03	9 03	00
4 10	8 52	Mt Stewart	8 52	8 52	00
4 22	8 36	Cardigan	8 36	8 36	00
4 45	8 10	Georgetown	8 10	8 10	00
P. M.	A. M.			A. M.	A. M.
4 05	8 55	Mt Stewart	8 55	8 55	00
4 45	8 17	Morell	8 17	8 17	00
5 12	7 48	St. Peters	7 48	7 48	00
5 57	7 08	Bear River	7 08	7 08	00
6 40	6 20	Souris	6 20	6 20	00
P. M.	A. M.			A. M.	A. M.
6 15	7 50	Emerald	7 50	7 50	00
6 05	7 03	Cape Traverse	7 03	7 03	00

Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

HUERFANO BILL.

By OY WARMAN.

[Copyright, 1897, by the Author.] CHAPTER I.

The roar and rumble of distant thunder had been heard in the hills all morning, and along about noon a big black cloud came creeping up over the crest of the continent, listed a little, when a peak of one of the hills caught the lower corner, ripped it open and let the water out. It didn't rain; the water simply fell out of the cloud and went rushing down the side of the mountain as it rushes off the roof of a house in a hard April shower.

The little fissures were filled first, then the gorges, gullies and rough ravines, and when these emptied into the countless rills that ran away toward the foot of the range every rill became a rushing river. Leaves and brush and fallen trees were borne away on the breast of the flood that grew in volume and increased in speed alarmingly. When all this water came rushing down into the main canyon, the song of the stream that rippled there was hushed, the bed of the creek was filled with big bowlders that had been rolled down by the flood, and a great river went roaring down toward the plain. Up through this narrow, crooked canyon a narrow gauge railroad ran to Silver Cliff. Silver Cliff at one time had 80,000 people, then 8,000, and now not more than 30 people live there unless their business compels them to do so. It produced some silver, a sensational murder, one congressman and petered out.

When the flood had gone a mile in the main canyon and picked up eight or ten railroad bridges and all the dead timber in the gulch, it presented a rolling front 25 feet high and reached from hill to hill.

Great spruce trees were uprooted, the track, with the cross-ties still hanging to the rails, was ripped up and the rails, bending like baling wire, wound about the rolling debris and clogged the canyon. Then the swelling flood would fill the whole gorge and roll on with such a mass of bridge timber and fallen trees pushed in front of it that you could see no sign of water as the flood bore down upon you, but only a tangled mass of rails and ties and twisted trees. A couple of prospectors heard the roar of it and climbed the canyon wall just in time to save themselves, while the little burros, with their packs on their backs, went down to a watery grave. Next came a long string of freight teams bringing lumber down from a little mountain sawmill. The rattle and noise of the heavy wagons made it impossible for the freighters to hear the roar of the flood, and, as they were coming down the canyon, they had their backs to it, and so were overtaken in a narrow place. Some of the men, leaping from their wagons, scrambled up the steep hill out of the way of the water, while others took to the tall trees, but when the flood came the stoutest trees in the gulch went down like sunflowers in a cyclone's path and the luckless freighters mingled with the horses and wagons and were washed away.

Fortunately for us, we were an hour late leaving the junction that day and had not yet reached the narrow part of the canyon. The engineer had been watching the black cloud as it came up over the range, and knew we were due to run into a washout at any moment. The very winds that came down the canyon, fresh and cool, seemed to have water in them. The three day coaches were filled with a heterogeneous herd pushing to the cliff, which, like many other camps, was then posing as "a second Leadville." There were preachers and play actors, miners and merchants, cowboys and confidence men, and here and there gaunt faced girls, with peach-blow complexion and wonderful, impossible hair, billed for the variety.

Up near the engine the express messenger sat on a little iron safe. Upon either hip he wore a heavy six shooter

he had told her the secret of his heart. The color coming to her face the while she heard the tale told him that she was listening. When they had come to the corner of the wall, one step beyond which would bring them into full view of the warden's residence, he had pressed her for an answer. She could find no voice to answer, but put out her hand as if she would say goodby. He took it, and the touch of it told him all he

wished to know. Now he grew so glad, thinking it all over, that he clasped his hands together as a girl would do, and the rifle, slipping from his lap, shot down into the river that ran beside the track. The door at his back and next the canyon wall was closed and barred. The opposite door, overlooking the little river, was thrown wide open, and to the messenger sitting there came the splash of water and the smell of pine.

He remembered that the agent, running alongside of his car as he was leaving the junction, had pointed to the iron safe and said, "Keep your eye on the gun." The little safe held \$40,000 in paper, and over in one corner of the car, in an old clay stained ore sack, was \$10,000 in gold.

We were cutting across a little piece of high ground in the bend of the river when the awful flood burst forth from the narrow canyon just in front of us. The engineer's first thought was to back down and run away from the flood, but the recollection that a double headed freight train was following us caused him to change his mind. The trainmen hurried the passengers all out, the messenger carried the mail and express matter to a safe place, and every one gazed in wonderment while the roaring flood went by. The main force of it, following the bed of the creek, hugged the opposite hill, but none of our party was jealous. Broad as the valley was here, it was soon filled, and the water rose high enough to float the rear coach; but the engine, being on higher ground, acted as an anchor and held the train. In less than five minutes the water had swept around and carried away the bridge which we had just crossed, and there we were on about 300 yards of track, and nothing before or behind us.

The freight train, having a clear track, backed away to the junction, told the story of our distress, and at midnight the company agent came to the top of the canyon with a white light, and, in a little while we were all taken out, and after tramping over a mountain trail for a half hour, loaded into wagons and hauled back to the junction.

CHAPTER II.

"Let's have a drink afore we go." "Nary drink," said the dark man at the head of the table, and one could see at a glance that wherever he sat would be the head of the table. "You promised me up in the gulch that day that you'd never get drunk again, and I promise you right now, Skinny, that if you do you'll never get sober, for I intend to have you shot while yer happy."

Nobody replied to this. The man addressed only glanced across the table, and then, dropping his eyes, brushed the ashes from his cigar with the tip of his little finger. The man at the speaker's right smiled quietly over at his vis-a-vis, and then there was silence for a moment.

The freighter and the prospector, leaning on the bar, paid no attention to the four men who sat and smoked by the little pine table in a dark corner of the log saloon. The Lone Spruce, as the place was called, had done a rushing business in the boom days, but Ruby Camp was dying, even as Silver Cliff, Gunnison and dozens of other camps have died since—as Creede is dying today—and business was slow. A drunken Ute reeled in and wanted to play poker, shake dice or shoot with any dog of a white man in the place. When all the rest had put him aside coldly, he came over to the corner, and the dark man,

being deep in thought and not wishing to be disturbed, arose, and picking his way between the two guns which dangled from the hips of the noble red man kicked him along down the room and out into the night.

Having done his duty in removing the red nuisance—for he hated a drunkard—the dark man bade the barkeeper good night and passed out by the back door. The three men at the pine table followed him.

All this occurred in the last half of the closing hour of the week. Thirty minutes later, when the four mountaineers rode away from the Black Bear cañon, it was Sunday, but the people of Ruby Camp took no note of time. When the sun came up on that beautiful Sunday morning, it found the dark man and his companions at the top of the range overlooking the wet mountain valley. Before they had reached the foothills the sun caught the two threads of steel that stretched away across the park and disappeared at the entrance of the cañon at the foot of the vale. All night they had ridden single file, but now as they entered the broad valley they bunched their horses and conversed as they went along. The dark man kept his eyes upon a barren peak that stood at the foot of the valley, where the railroad track, gliding smoothly over the mesa, seemed to tumble into the cañon as swift Niagara tumbles over the falls. At that point the little party expected to dismount and take the train for the Cliff. The leader, who was able to read both print and writing, had noticed a paragraph in the Denver Tribune to the effect that the new Custer County bank would open for business at Silver Cliff July 10. He had been assured by his own banker at Gunnison that the new institution would be perfectly reliable, backed, as it was, by the First National of Denver. Being a man of good judgment, he reasoned that the necessary funds for the new bank would in all probability leave Denver Saturday night and go up from the junction by the one daily train on Sunday. That was why he wished to take the train.

(To be Continued.)

The man with a weight on his leg can't hope to win in the race. A man with a weight on his health can't expect to compete in life and business with those who are not handicapped. If his brain is heavy and his blood sluggish, because of constipation, he will not succeed in doing anything very well. Constipation is the cause of nine-tenths of all sickness. Symptoms of it are sallowness, listlessness, poor appetite, bad taste in the mouth, dizziness, biliousness and lassitude. Constipation can be cured easily and certainly by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They are not at all violent in their action, and yet they are more certain than many medicines which are so strong that they put the system all out of order. The great advantage of the "Pleasant Pellets" is that they cure permanently.

Send 31 one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing only, and get his great book, The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, absolutely FREE. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Wants, Lost, Found & c

The person who found wallet lost on 23 Inst. (bearing owner's name), will confer a favor by enclosing 10 papers, (valuable to owner only) in an envelope, and mailing same to C. P. box 49, (10) money will also be thankfully received. 3111

TO LET.—One half of the three story dwelling house, containing eight large rooms, on Prince St. Possession given on 2nd May 98. W. W. Wellner 42

REWARD—A liberal reward given the person returning the lost yester-day (bearing owner's name) containing a sum of money and also valuable papers. 4611

WANTED—A good, smart steady boy, about 16 years of age, who understands looking after a horse and cow, and general useful about a house. Apply at this office. 4111

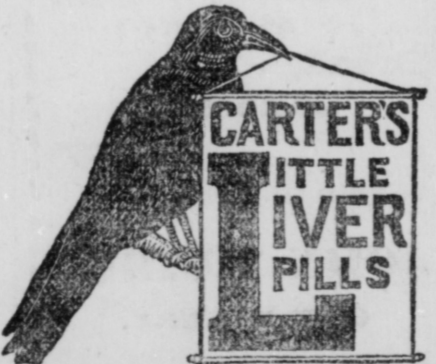
WANTED—A cock and a hen, old. Apply to Mrs. Edward Bayfield 608

LOST.—On Upper Queen St. yesterday, purse containing \$5.00 and P. O. K. Y. A ruler will be rewarded by leaving it at this office 60

WANTED—A servant for general household work. Apply to Mrs. Hedley Palmer, Mount Edward Road. 4911

BOARDERS WANTED—Two or three gentlemen boarders can be accommodated in a private family. Apply at this office 4911

TO RENT.—That pleasantly situated house on the Brighton Road, now occupied by Mrs. Cameron within a few minutes walk of bathing hours in Victoria Park, and nine minutes walk from P. S. Office, having lawn and hawthorn hedge in front. The house is heated with hot water, having bath room etc. Possession given 1st Jun. Apply to—W. C. HARRIS. 41



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Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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Give up drinking poor spirits and try the best Scotland yields. For Medicinal Purposes adulterated whisky is dangerous. For sidetoad purposes it is abominable. A customer who once tries "A Wee Drappie o' Pattison's" is a customer always. For sale by all leading wine and spirit merchants, and wholesale by

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That become painful and tired when reading or sewing, probably need glasses

EYES That are sore and inflamed and extremely sensitive to light, probably require glasses. Do your

EYES Trouble you in any way? If so, allow me to examine them and find if glasses are necessary.

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Blue Barred Plymouth Rocks, Black Breasted Red Game, Single Comb Black Minorca, Light Bramas, White Wyandottes, Buff Cochins.

\$1.00 PER SET. (13 Eggs) ALFRED RIGGS.

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