

The CHARM OF BEAUTY

Not in the Features so much as in the Grace and Vitality of a Healthy Body—Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve and Blood Pills make Women Beautiful.

There's a certain charm of beauty in the graceful, elastic movement and clear complexion of a healthy woman in which the features do not play an important part.

The pale, sallow complexion and dull leaden color of the skin, dark circles under the eyes, headaches, pains in the back and sides, dull eyes, weakness, nervousness, despondency and low spirits are symptoms of weak, watery blood and improperly-nourished nerves.

No woman can be beautiful until the blood is enriched and the nerves strengthened. Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food is a food for the blood and nerves.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food restores the energy and strength to a run-down system. Note your weight before using them, and the increase week by week as the brightness returns to the eyes, the color to the cheeks and the form rounds out with firm, healthy flesh, the natural result of rich, pure blood and a healthy nervous system.

Face cut and facsimile signature of Dr. A. W. Chase on every box of the genuine. 50c. a box, all dealers, or Edmansons, Bates & Co., Toronto.

EPPS'S COCOA

GRATEFUL COMFORTING
Distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of Flavour, Superior Quality, and Nutritive Properties. Specially grateful and comforting for the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold only in 1-lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & Co., Ltd., Homeopathic Chemists, London, England.

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New Type

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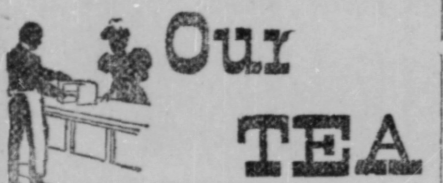
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Promptness, personal attention and able prices

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TEA

There's tea—and tea. There is tea of fair appearance that never grew on a tea plant, and there's genuine tea.

The teas we sell are all genuine. They're nothing but tea. They're pure and wholesome and appetizing.

Driscoll & Hoinsby

QUEEN STREET

IT... CERTAINLY

Never pays to carry an unreliable watch. You never know the time and are constantly missing appointments on that account. We sell

Reliable Watches Only

We don't care to handle anything else. Call and give us the verdict of your inspection.

W. N. TANTON
JEWELER

THE DRUMS OF THE FORE AND AFT

(Continued.)

The English were not running. They were hacking and hewing and stabbing, for, though one white man is seldom physically a match for an Afghan in a sheepskin or wadded coat, yet through the pressure of many white men behind and a certain thirst for revenge in his heart he becomes capable of doing much with both ends of his rifle. The Fore and Aft held their fire till one bullet could drive through five or six men, and the front of the Afghan force gave on the volley. They then selected their men and slew them with deep gasps and short hacking coughs and groanings of leather belts against strained bodies and realized for the first time that an Afghan attacked is far less formidable than an Afghan attacking, which fact old soldiers might have told them.

But they had no old soldiers in their ranks. The Gurkhas' stall at the bazaar was the noisiest, for the men were engaged—to a nasty noise, as of beef being cut on the block—with the kukri, which they preferred to the bayonet, well knowing how the Afghan hates the half moon blade.

As the Afghans wavered the green standards on the mountain moved down to assist them in a last rally, which was unwise. The lancers, chafing in the right gorge, had thrice dispatched their only subaltern as galloper to report on the progress of affairs. On the third occasion he returned with a bullet graze on his knee, swearing strange oaths in Hindustanee and saying that all things were ready. So that squadron swung round the right of the highlanders with a wicked whistling of wind in the pennons of its lances and fell upon the remnant just when, according to all the rules of war, it should have waited for the foe to show more signs of wavering.

But it was a dainty charge, deftly delivered, and it ended by the cavalry finding itself at the head of the pass by which the Afghans intended to retreat, and down the track that the lances had made streamed two companies of highlanders, which was never intended by the brigadier. The new development was successful. It detached the enemy from his base as a sponge is torn from a rock and left him ringed about with fire in that pitiless plain. And as a sponge is chased round the bathtub by the hand of the bather, so were the Afghans chased till they broke into little detachments much more difficult to dispose of than large masses.

"See!" quoth the brigadier. "Everything has come as I arranged. We've cut their base, and now we'll bucket 'em to pieces."

A direct hammering was all that the brigadier had dared to hope for, considering the size of the force at his disposal, but men who stand or fall by the errors of their opponents may be forgiven for turning chance into design. The bucketing went forward merrily. The Afghan forces were upon the run—the run of wearied wolves who snarl and bite over their shoulders. The red lances dipped by twos and threes, and, with a shriek, up rose the lance butt, like a spar on a stormy sea, as the trooper, cantering forward, cleared his point. The lancers kept between their prey and the steep hills, for all who could were trying to escape from the valley of death. The highlanders gave the fugi-



"Your money or your life!" says the highwayman. But that is not half so peremptory a challenge as the one which disease gives to a careless traveler upon the highway of health.

Disease confronts a man and says "Your attention or your life! Prudence or your life! Common sense or your life!"

When sickness begins to get the best of a man there is no use arguing about it; no matter how insignificant the trouble may appear at the start, unless you exercise prudence and common sense

you will surely pay the penalty. If the stomach and liver are out of order that is going to weaken the whole constitution unless the right means are taken to restore these fundamental organs of the system to their natural condition. This is exactly what is done by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Its direct action upon the liver and digestive organs is the secret of its astonishing curative effect in all diseases of malnutrition. It insures perfect nutrition; it makes the blood pure and red and full of vitality; it creates healthy flesh and muscular energy. It is far better than sickening indigestible "emulsions" or merely stimulating malt "extracts." Its good effects are lasting.

Mrs. Rebecca F. Gardner, of Grafton, York Co., Va., writes: "I was so sick with dyspepsia that I could not eat anything for over four months. I had to starve myself, as nothing would stay on my stomach. I tried almost everything that people would tell me about, and nothing did me any good. I weighed only 30 pounds. I took two bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and, thank God, and your medicine, I am as well as I ever was, and now weigh 125 pounds. I have a bottle of your 'Favorite Prescription' now, and that is a wonderful medicine for female weakness. Praise God that he created such a man as you."

For all constipated conditions Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the most scientific and permanent cure. No other remedy is so scientific and perfect.

tives 200 yards' law, and then brought them down, gasping and choking, ere they could reach the protection of the boulders above. The Gurkhas followed suit, but the Fore and Aft were killing on their own account, for they had penned a mass of men between their bayonets and a wall of rock, and the flash of the rifles was lighting the wadded coats.

"We cannot hold them. Captain Sahib!" panted a ressaider of lancers. "Let us try the carbine. The lance is good, but it wastes time."

They tried the carbine, and still the enemy melted away—fed up the hills by hundreds when there were only 20 bullets to stop them. On the heights the screw guns ceased firing—they had run out of ammunition—and the brigadier groaned, for the musketry fire could not sufficiently smash the retreat. Long before the last volleys were fired the litters were out in force looking for the wounded. The battle was over, and but for want of fresh troops the Afghans would have been wiped off the earth. As it was they counted their dead by hundreds, and nowhere were the dead thicker than in the track of the Fore and Aft.

But the regiment did not cheer with the highlanders, nor did they dance uncouth dances with the Gurkhas among the dead. They looked under their brows at the colonel as they leaned upon their rifles and panted.

"Get back to camp, you! Haven't you disgraced yourself enough for one day? Go and look to the wounded. It's all you're fit for," said the colonel. Yet for the past hour the Fore and Aft had been doing all that mortal commander could expect. They had lost heavily because they did not know how to set about their business with proper skill, but they had borne themselves gallantly, and this was their reward.

A young and sprightly color sergeant, who had begun to imagine himself a hero, offered his water bottle to a highlander whose tongue was black with thirst. "I drink with no cowards," answered the youngster huskily, and, turning to a Gurkha, he said: "Hya, Johnny! Drink water got it!" The Gurkha grinned and passed his bottle. The Fore and Aft said no word.

They went back to camp when the field of strife had been a little mopped up and made presentable, and the brigadier, who saw himself a knight in three months, was the only soul who was complimentary to them. The colonel was heartbroken and the officers were savage and sullen.

"Well," said the brigadier, "they are young troops, of course, and it was not unnatural that they should retire in disorder for a bit."

"Oh, my only Aunt Maria!" murmured a junior staff officer. "Retire in disorder! It was a bally run!"

"But they came again, as we all know," cooed the brigadier, the colonel's ashy white face before him, "and they behaved as well as could possibly be expected—behaved beautifully indeed. I was watching them. It's not a matter to take to heart, colonel. As some German general said of his men, they wanted to be shot over a little, that was all." To himself he said "Now they're blooded, I can give 'em responsible work. It's as well that they got what they did. Teach 'em more than half a dozen rifle firtings that will—later—run alone and bite. Poor old colonel, though!"

All that afternoon the heliograph winked and flickered on the hills, striving to tell the good news to a mountain 40 miles away. And in the evening there arrived—dusty, sweating and sore—a misguided correspondent who had gone out to assist at a trumpery village burning and who had read off the message from afar, cursing his luck the while.

"Let's have the details somehow—as full as ever you can, please. It's the first time I've ever been left this campaign," said the correspondent to the brigadier, and the brigadier, nothing loath, told him how an army of communication had been crumpled up, destroyed and all but annihilated by the craft, strategy, wisdom and foresight of the brigadier.

But some say, and among these be the Gurkhas who watched on the hillside, that that battle was won by Jakin and Lew, whose little bodies were borne up just in time to fit two gaps at the head of the big ditch grave for the dead under the heights of Jagal.

(The End.)

Must Have Been a Cannibal.

The writer of a book of travels, telling of the insect pests encountered in British Guiana, makes a statement of which the best that can be said is that it is probably not so bad as it sounds.

"One lady that I knew, while busy at her toilet, felt something crawling on her shoulder. She screamed and called her husband, and he had just time to knock the centiped off before biting her in the neck."

Discouraging.

First Theosophist—This settles it. I resign from the society."

Second Theosophist—What's the matter?

First Theosophist—Why, one of my tenants has gone off without paying his rent and left me a note saying he would try and square with me in some future existence.—London Fun.

Strawberries and cream at W. F. Carter's. 121 6in.

Crows.

There is some reason for calling an owl the bird of wisdom, and yet there is cause for wondering if the crow is not mentally his superior. Crows are not disheartened by the gloom of late autumn. If the fog is too dense to fly through it, they rise above it or trot about the ground, discussing the situation with their fellows. Is this speaking too positively? I have long been familiar with an observing man who has lived all his days within sight and hearing of crows. He claims to understand their language and can repeat the "words" that make up their vocabulary. Certainly crows seem to talk, but do they? Does a certain sound made by them have always the one significance? Year after year I have listened and watched, watched and listened, and wondered if my friend was right. He believes it. I believe it—almost. Are there limitations to ornithological interpretation? And is this an instance where truth is unattainable?—Lippincott's.

Hard on the Reporters.

"I had a strange dream the other night," said the major.

"What was it?" asked the young thing.

"I went to heaven, and as an old newspaper man was interested in their journal up there. It was a miserable thing; not a well written story in it, and I told St. Peter so."

"What did he say?"

"He said: 'It's not our fault. We never get any good reporters up here.'"

—Philadelphia Press.

TEST THE KIDNEYS

And if they are diseased use the world's greatest kidney cure

Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

CHASE'S

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 Edmansons, Bates & Co., Toronto.

ADVICE ABOUT

Spice.

When ordering a package Pepper, Ginger, Allspice, Cinnamon or Cream of Tartar from your grocer you can always feel sure of securing the best quality by asking for ::

Mott's



Stands Hard Usage.

You can buy enamelled ware which looks all right but when you cook in it it burns; getting the burnt enamel off it chips it: after that it's no good for cooking purposes.

CRESCENT STEEL AGATE WARE

will not burn or chip, we guarantee it to not do so, our guarantee label is on each piece. Look for it and avoid wasting money.

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TRADE MARK REGISTERED ARE WARRANTED TO SATISFY (MADE OF BEST STEEL) KEEP EDGE. LEADING DEALERS SELL THEM

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is for Infants and Children. Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. Castoria assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels of Infants and Children, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

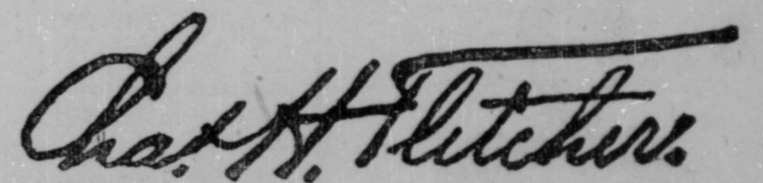
Dr. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. ARCHER, M. D. Brooklyn, N. Y.

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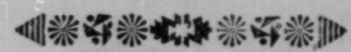


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Swords will be beaten into plough shares later on; but our armers do not need to wait till the "Peace Conference" is over, before buying their plough shares, as they can do so at once, by calling at the Masonic Temple Store, where any share, or other plough extras can be had for less money, and better than any imported. Prove this at once, by trying them.



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NOTICE

TO THE PUBLIC

The Lancashire Insurance Company has retired from the P. E. I. Board of Fire Underwriters and is prepared to effect Fire Insurance on all classes of property in P. E. I. at equitable rates.

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