

Springtime

A healthy condition of the kidneys is the best safe-guard against all the ills incidental to the season. Tone the system by using

DODD'S Kidney Pills

The best blood purifier on earth, and the only Absolute Cure for all diseases of the kidneys

we can sell you Dodd's Kidney Pills at the following prices, viz.—50c 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, Charlottetown

Valuable Property For Sale.

The subscriber offers for sale the desirable residence, "Eldenhurst," on West Street, between B. Heazle, Esq., and Hon. L. H. Davies. The property has 84 feet fronting on West Street and 200 feet to the water.

SCOTT'S Emulsion

The cream of purest Norwegian cod-liver oil, with hypophosphites, adapted to the weakest digestion. —Almost as palatable as milk.

Two Sizes—50 cents and \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.

THAT BEAUTIFUL WHITENESS

WHICH YOU SO MUCH DESIRE TO SEE AFTER THE CLOTHES HAVE BEEN WASHED, CAN BEST BE SECURED BY USING

SUNLIGHT SOAP

It is also well to remember that clothes washed with Sunlight Soap are saved from any injury to the hands. This Soap cannot burn anything. It is pure. Try it.

Stetson and McNeill, Halifax, Agents for Nova Scotia, and P. E. I.

SILVER GLOSS STARCH

IS THE "OLD RELIABLE" LAUNDRY STARCH. HOUSEWIVES WHO HAVE TRIED IT AND THEN OTHERS MAKES ALWAYS RETURN TO "SILVER GLOSS." THOSE WHO HAVE NOT TRIED IT SHOULD DO SO AT ONCE.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

Starches made by the Edwardsburg Starch Co., Ltd., are always reliable.

THEIR LEADING BRANDS ARE

Benson's Canada Prepared Corn FOR COOKING.

Silver Gloss Starch FOR LAUNDRY.

ENAMEL STARCH.

WHEAT STARCH.

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COUNTING THE COST.

By Margaret Deland.

(Continued.)

"AN' well," returned the young man, "it's the thing to be proud, nowadays, it's awfully vulgar to be rich! It's queer, now, when you think of it, Miss Graham, how many people in our class have lost their money, isn't it?"

"We've never had it to lose," Annie said, "the family fortunes are to rise on school-teaching."

Dick glanced at his quick admirer in his handsome young eyes. He was twenty-four, but he blundered over his words like a school-boy.

"Miss Graham," he said, "you won't mind if I say I think it's awfully fine in you, don't you, to teach, and all that sort of thing, of course, girls do things now. I mean nice girls don't you know. Why Cousin Kate gave me lessons before she married, and she was a town-and-country sort of people, like that, don't you know, that can afford to do things like that?"

"I don't suppose any one can afford to be dependent on a young fellow's heart, and my father is really poor, Mr. Temple."

Her beautiful, direct look as she said this made young fellow's heart beat as if it were a hammer. He wanted to burst out and tell her how much he admired her; admired her, loved her! That was the way he felt, but he had thought he had outlived all that sort of thing. All in all, he felt that he wanted to tell her this, but she seemed so remote that he dared not say a word.

"I suppose I ought to get my governor to go and call on her," he thought to himself, "these decayed gentilefolk are really on property. But maybe she wouldn't care to see me, anyway," he added to himself; for she began to speak in such an interesting way of some mathematical work she had had to do that night, that he felt there was no room for him in her thoughts; and he left her at the college door and went back, ardent and despairing, to confide in his cousin Kate, who had, it must be admitted, rather a startled expression when he told her he was all bowed over by Miss Graham.

"But Dick, what would your father say if it got serious? Cousin Henry has such ideas, you know. She's a charming girl, but we don't know anything about her people."

"We know they are poor," Dick said, boldly, "but that doesn't matter in the least. Surely, you are not so narrow, Cousin Kate, as to think it matters?"

"No, that doesn't matter of course," Cousin Kate said, doubtfully.

As for Annie, she went, smiling a little and blushing a little, upstairs to her room. But she did not work in higher mathematics that night.

Instead, she finished her packing, and wrote her last small weekly letter to her mother. To be sure, he would get it just a day or two before she came herself; but she would not have had Johnny Graham's letter, and she would not have had that for a good deal. She knew he would carry it about in his pocket, and read it over and over, and put it on the wooden chest by his bed that night. Perhaps there was a little more affectionate than the last letter, that usual; she told him about the weather, and that she would start on Monday, and would telegraph him when to expect her. And something of the progress of her two pupils; and how she had made an experiment in the laboratory, and would telegraph him when she had met an interesting man, a cousin of Mrs. Paul's. He had taken her out rowing one or twice, she said. And, oh, she was so happy that she was coming home! She could hardly believe it was true, she was so glad. And then she said she was always his little girl who loved him.

Then she put her head down on her arms, folded on her writing table, and shivered once or twice, and there were tears in her eyes when she rose, and, with the delicate delicacy of a creature which is inherent in the refined woman, began to put her room to rights for the night.

"When he said 'our class,' might I to have expected she would be shrinking in her thoughts, not from the confession, but the implied slight to Johnny Graham. 'Besides, he knows; I told Mrs. Paul,' she reminded herself. 'No, no, I couldn't! And all her love and all her pride for her father rebelled against seeming to admit that he was less gentle in soul than any one else.'

Dick Temple saw her at church the next Sunday and walked home with her, although she kept all the while on Mrs. Paul's right, while Dick had to walk on the outside and could only look across at her, which did not please him in the least. She laughed a little about going home "like a stranger and foreigner."

"I haven't seen South Bond for nearly five years; you know it is such an expensive journey," Mrs. Paul said, she supposed it was. "It takes four days and four nights to get to him, and it seems to me I passed through it once. I suppose those western places are very progressive, aren't they? They are shocked at the idea of a university education for women. One runs up against that very often."

Annie shook her head, smiling. "Isn't it funny to think that people do really feel that it is unbecoming, 'threatening to the womanly woman,' as they say?"

"You would think that the 'womanly woman' means the brainless woman," Mrs. Paul said.

"What foolish people are who feel that a woman should be higher a creation of woman," Dick broke in. "Dick broke in."

"Miss Graham, I shall be passing through South Bond in a fortnight or so; may I call?"

"Of course, I shall be delighted to see you," said Annie, "and my father will be glad to see any friend of Mrs. Paul's. Give me your name, and I will let him know you are kind you have been to me," she ended, with an affectionate look at Dick's face.

Then Mr. Temple, with an eager timidity to go to him that Mrs. Paul's eyes could not see, took her hand and pressed it, and then he went on to go out on the river that evening. If she knew she would be awfully busy, but it would be a heavenly evening on the river. She was so promptly assured that she should not have time that the poor fellow looked very blank and was distinctly rous in the family circle, and showed her the faded ribbons and tattered plush frames.

"I dusted 'em every Sunday, Annie," he said, "and then he told her how he had sent her old room. Well, now, he was set of 'em." Johnny said: "he

"Now, really, don't you think she's

very unusual?" he insisted, after having told Mrs. Paul all the pleasant things which he could remember which Miss Graham had said to him about her two little pupils.

"You mean Miss Graham, why, yes, I do think she's unusual, Dick."

"Did you ever notice," said the fatuous Dick, "how softly her hair grows around her forehead, and her eyes—what color are her eyes?"

"I'm sure I can't say," Mrs. Paul answered, dryly. "Dick, what nonsense! It's rather odd to get me a shawl! It's rather odd to get me a shawl on the terrace. When he came back she had made up her mind how to proceed. 'Now, Dick, let's not talk about a snob, but—'

"If you are going to say anything about that beautiful creature's working about her working for her living; why should I be working for my living because I'm married? I mean, you know, a snob, but I do believe in class. I don't mean to be unkind, and certainly she is a charming girl, and—judicially. But there is something in her that I don't like— it seems as if she had not always been used to things."

Dick Temple said something between his teeth, and his cousin fang her head up.

"Well, it makes a man want to be emphatic, doesn't it?" Dick burst in. "Of course we're Americans, thank the Lord! But that's nothing to do with it; I feel as though I were insulting her even to declare that she is really, as true a gentleman as was ever born. She shows it in everything—her voice, her manner, the way she carries her head. 'I don't know, I never saw anyone so plain. Darn it, because a girl's hair is—'

"Good night, Richard," said Mrs. Paul, stinging with indignity. "Oh, hold on! Don't get mad. Hold your base. I apologize; only it seems pretty hard to put down on a girl—"

"You know I'm not down on her; I like her very much. I respect her very much."

"Well, then, what's the matter?" demanded Dick, boldly.

"I don't know, I wish you would say a word about it," Dick said, "but that doesn't matter in the least. Surely, you are not so narrow, Cousin Kate, as to think it matters?"

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ODDS AND ENDS.

"The Cuban revolt seems to be inspiring a good deal of fiction."

"Yes," replied the Spanish general, "not counting what we send to the newspapers ourselves."—Washington Star.

Every girl believes that most of the married women she knows are unhappy. Yet for all that she is willing to experiment.

DELA IS DANGEROUS.

Do not delay a single moment, but send for a bottle of Miller's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil if you are threatened with consumption or lung trouble. The sooner you get it, the sooner you will gain a victory over death's emissaries. Miller's Emulsion is the most remarkable consumptive cure in the world. It creates new blood immediately. No other preparation of Cod Liver Oil can compare with Miller's Emulsion. There is no excuse for persons dying from consumption when this splendid remedy is at hand. Miller's Emulsion is the great nerve strengthener and blood maker, a cure for Coughs, Colic, Bronchitis, Scrofula, and all Lung affections. In big bottles, 50c and \$1, at all drug stores.

A startling story comes from San Francisco of a sea piracy to kidnap Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Chase's Pills have gained popularity because they are a specific in every condition of the kidneys and bladder. They do this because they possess remarkable alterative properties. They are, in fact, a wonderful soothing influence on irritated or inflamed mucous membranes of the kidneys or bladder. One pill a dose. 25c. a box. The cheapest medicine in the world.

Cambridge University has chosen as subjects for the members' prizes "The Monroe Doctrine" for the English essay, and for the Latin essay "A defence of an hour of prayer."—London Standard.

Mr. C. Donnelly, wholesale liquor dealer, Alliston, Ont., was troubled for years with itching piles. He was cured by using Chase's Ointment, which he did, and he highly recommends the Ointment as a sovereign cure for piles.

"I am afraid, Mr. Hallorum, that you find the breakfast tough this morning."

"Tough! A 'boodle' alderman would blush in its society."—Chicago Record.

It Saved Our Child.

"My little daughter, three and a half years old, suffered three years with Eczema. Her little body was covered with the itching lumps, and doctors did no good. Finally, my friend, Mr. Hallorum, advised me to use Chase's Ointment, which he did, and he highly recommends the Ointment as a sovereign cure for piles.

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