



His babyship

will be wonderfully freshened up, and his whole little fat body will shine with health and cleanliness after his tub with the "Albert"

Baby's Own Soap.

This soap is made entirely with vegetable fats, has a faint but exquisite fragrance, and is unsurpassed as a nursery and toilet soap.

Beware of imitations.

ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs. MONTREAL

White's Caramels and Snowflake

Chocolates

Can be had at any following first class

- T. J. Morris
- D. L. Hooper
- W. Pickard & Co.
- W. A. Hutcheson
- W. F. Carter
- Stewart & Gates
- Sanderson & Co.
- J. D. McLeod & R. H. Mason.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the business of the late Charles Matheson, Painter, will be carried on by the undersigned until further notice.

The business will be under the management of John C. Murphy, who has been in the employ of the deceased for the past nine years, is a master workman, and quite competent to conduct the work.

The patronage of former customers kindly solicited.

JANE MATHESON, St. Avar's, June 12th, 1900, eod.

No Flies on our Bcy's at the Front!

Keep them away from the folks at home.

Order screen doors and windows now.

A. Duchemin & Co

P. E. I. Door and Sash Factory.

Empire Tea, Fancy Sale and Apron Sale.

The Ladies belonging to the Sodality connected with Notre Dame Convent intend holding a Grand Empire Tea and Fancy sale in the B. I. S. Hall, Kent St. on Monday and Tuesday, the 25th and 26th of June. Straws and Ice Cream Home-made Candy. The best the reason affords will be offered. Nothing will be spared to make the Festival most enjoyable. Entrance 10c.

Gilt Edge

The famous Laundry Soap unequalled in cleansing properties, harmless to the finest fabric. For sale by all leading Groceries.

McKINNON & McNEVIN

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

May 19, d41.

RIGHTED AT LAST
BY MARY CECIL HAY
Author of "The Arundel Motto," "Nora's Love Test," "Back to the Old Home," Etc.

"How many dances have you promised Hervey for to-night?" inquired Honor, simply for the purpose of turning the conversation. And from that point the girls' talk hovered merrily about the coming ball, until their sociable afternoon rest was over, and they ran off to inspect the hanging of the silver lamps which gleamed in purity among the flowers.

"All finished now," said Honor, smiling at Phoebe's ecstatic gestures when they paid their last visit to the reception rooms, which from end to end were like a fairy palace of brilliancy and beauty, with softly treading servants moving here and there like phantom forms which should vanish when the dazzling figures of the guests should take their place. "All finished, little Frau, and this may be a very happy night."

"Why only may be?" asked Phoebe. "Of course it will be; every single person you care for has accepted your invitation, Honor. Why are you doubtful?"

"Because," said the girl, bringing her lustrous gaze from the vista of drapery and exotics, "because I feel that this night must be very happy, or very—come, though, let us decorate ourselves, little Frau, now that the rooms are decorated," and she turned and raced away from Phoebe, just as she used to do when they were children, and the sturdy limbs of the little Frau had no chance against the speed of her willowy little cousin.

Though Honor's rooms seemed filled with guests that night, for her there was one great vacancy. The girlish hostess, in her bright loveliness and thoughtful cordiality, seemed happy and content amidst her guests, yet her heart beat painfully as every name was announced, and her eyes saddened for a moment in the silence which followed.

Eleven—twelve—one—two—three. The dawning of the June morning, and Honor's guests folded their cloaks about them—or allowing their partners to do so—and telling each other that they never had enjoyed themselves so much before, or that they were tired to death, as the case might be. The sleepy coachmen drawing up their horses in the wide and silent street, where the fair light of morning fell already.

Four: The last guest gone; the last sleepy footman closing his carriage-door upon torn lace and crumpled flowers; and the last sleepy coachman driving his horses from before the lighted mansion. A chilly silence, which must have crept in with the dawn, had fallen upon the gorgeous rooms. Phoebe was actually shivering when she ran back into the deserted hall-room to look for her cloak. In an instant her searching gaze was intercepted.

"Honor," she whispered, hurrying anxiously up to where her cousin sat with her face hidden among the pillows of a couch. "Honor, darling, what is it? Honor, dear," she pleaded again, in the silence, "what is it?" Her vocabulary was not varied, but her tone was anxious, and Honor raised her head and smiled.

"Is it," questioned Phoebe, inquisitive in all her sympathy, "because Mr. Keith did not come?" "I am tired, Phoebe. I—think that is all."

"And no wonder you are tired, Honor, I am sure," exclaimed Miss Owen; "such a splendid ball, and you did your part so nicely, too. But still," she added, watching Honor's efforts to cast off this dreamy sadness, "it is strange about Mr. Keith. He accepted your invitation, and sent no excuse afterward. Yet he has always been so courteous that if he had known he could not come, I'm sure he would have—"

"He did not care to come, I think."

Nervous and Debilitated.

Almost a Victim of Nervous Prostration — Was Restored to Health and Strength by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Mrs. D. W. Cronsberry, 158 Richmond street west, Toronto, Ont., states:—"My daughter, who sews in a white goods manufactory, got completely run down by the steady confinement and close attention required at her work. Her nerves were so exhausted, and she was so weak and debilitated, that she had to give up work entirely, and was almost a victim of nervous prostration."

"Hearing of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, she began to use it, and was benefited from the very first. It proved an excellent remedy in restoring her to health and strength. After having used four boxes she is now at work again, healthy and happy, and attributes her recovery to the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food."

As a blood builder and nerve restorative, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is of inestimable value. It makes the blood red, the nerves strong, and the whole system healthy and vigorous. 50c a box—at all dealers, or Edmansson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

said Honor, and rose as wearily as if half a century, instead of half a day, had rolled over her since she had raced up and down the stairs with Phoebe.

"Oh, Honor," cried the elder cousin, quite ready to turn the conversation. "what a successful ball it has been! As Hervey says, everything you arrange must be a success. He says he never enjoyed a ball so much in his life, and though my experience hasn't been very large, as you will say, I say so, too, as seriously as he said it. How kind you were to him to-night, Honor, and yet—"

"What?" asked Honor, absently, when she paused.

"I was going to say," replied Phoebe, "and yet you never seemed before so utterly unconscious of his attentions, and were only kind to every one the same."

"You were kind to Hervey, too, I am glad to say, dear little Frau," said Honor, ready, as she always was, to sympathize with every feeling of others, let her own thoughts or pain be what it would.

"To-morrow," whispered Phoebe, when the girls parted at last in Honor's dressing-room, "Mr. Keith is to be one of Lady Somerson's party for the opera, and he will explain his absence to-night."

"Yes," said Honor, gently, as she returned her cousin's kiss, and knew the words had been said to cheer her. "Perhaps he will."

It may have been that anticipation which had brought the brilliancy back to her eyes when she stood beside Phoebe's bed in the bright summer moon.

"Up already!" exclaimed Miss Owen, rising to a sitting posture, and gazing astonished into the bright, sweet face. "I have been up for a long time," smiled Honor; "I have been walking in the gardens. It is such a beautiful morning, Phoebe."

"We have four engagements for to-day," cried Miss Owen. "Oh, I'm glad you woke me, Honor. I will ring at once."

All that day there was an excitement about Honor which puzzled Phoebe not a little; an excitement which made her beauty dazzling to many eyes that night, when she sat in Lady Somerson's box at Drury Lane, and waited, to all seeming, only for the rising of the curtain.

"Honor"—Sir Philip was whispering to her from his seat behind—"Keith was to have joined us here to-night, but I suppose we shall be disappointed, as we were last night. Of course you understand his absence, though we do not?"

"No, Sir Philip." A look of surprise passed between the baronet and his wife.

"Then who can do so?" wondered Lady Somerson.

"I—" But Honor's answer broke off into a subdued exclamation as the orchestra struck up the opening bars of the overture. "It is 'Faust!' I forgot."

Lady Somerson looked down wonderingly into her favorite's face. She had no remembrance of that night at Deerpark when Royden Keith had asked her to sing as Marguerite to his Faust; and she could not understand why the girl's face should grow so white and sad. Of course Honor had heard the opera often, both abroad and at home, but never, as now, had it brought back, with a vivid reality, that summer evening when, in his quiet, masterly way, he had made her sing with him, and made that singing different from all other singing she had ever joined in.

Lady Somerson grew unaccountably anxious and ill at ease; and that she saw Honor had no wish to leave the theatre, she would willingly have herself have forfeited the opera, that she might take the girl away. No: though so white and still, Honor sat engrossed, breathing softly, and drinking in, with intense sympathy, the passion and the pathos of the music, and of the scenes before her.

The curtain fell at last, and the hearts that had ached, and the eyes that had wept, met each other with smiles and tears. But Honor's face had not regained its color, nor had the dreamy sadness left her eyes, though she received with pleasant thanks the eagerly offered attentions of the gentlemen who clustered into Sir Philip's box, hating each other piously during the doubtful moments before Sir Philip came to the fore, and frankly chose her an escort.

"You will go home with Lady Somerson to supper, Honor, won't you?" whispered Phoebe. "She asked us because we are going to Lord Selie's, and it will be so nice. Will you?" "If you wish it," said Honor, gently; and they went.

routine of history and physics, Lady Somerson easily announced her intention of staying at home, smiling a little, just as if she had done a clever thing, when she placidly received Honor's request to stay with her.

As the girl's own chaperon was not of Lady Somerson's party that night, Phoebe was placed under Sir Philip's especial care, but, at the last moment, she turned with a touch of self-denial which Honor was quick to appreciate. "Let me stay with you," she whispered, "for let us go home together. I can see that you are tired and not well. I would rather go home with you, Honor."

"Why, my dear little Frau?" said Honor, brightly, "I am staying at home for my own pleasure, and it would be quite spoiled unless you go for you. Good-night, Good-night, Hervey. No need to say I hope you will enjoy yourselves."

Captain Trent stood dubiously and colorfully beside her, trying in vain to make her comprehend how impossible for him was any enjoyment in which she did not participate, and how much happier he would be to stay with her. But this was Lady Somerson's house, and he had been invited with the understanding that he was engaged afterward, as were the whole party. So Hervey, still a silent worshipper of good form, knew that such a communication would be in bad taste.

(To be continued.)

Lumbago

is Rheumatism of the back. The cause is Uric Acid in the blood. If the kidneys did their work there would be no Uric Acid and no Lumbago. Make the kidneys do their work. The sure, positive and only cure for Lumbago is

Dodd's Kidney Pills

JUNE

MAGAZINES

AT

Haszard & Moore

SUNNYSIDE.

Dividend Notice
Merchants Bank of P. E. Island.

CHARLOTTETOWN, May 31, 1900. Notice is hereby given that a half yearly dividend at the rate of 8 per cent, per annum on the capital stock of this bank has been declared, payable at its Banking house on and after July 3rd, 1900.

The transfer books will be closed from the 18th June to the 3rd July next, both days inclusive.

By order of Board. J. M. DAVISON, Cashier.

D. C. McLEOD

BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, ETC. OFFICE—Bank of Nova Scotia Building, Charlottetown. dy 3 mos wkly 1 year

Merchants Bank of Prince Edward Island.

Collections made on the most reasonable terms and promptly remitted for. Deposits received and interest allowed at best current rates.

FIT FOR A PRINCE

A.G. Thomson & Co's
Royal Blend
Scotch Whisky.

1900 SEED TIME 1900

Buy your seed at Le Page's old stand and save money. We have a large selection of clovers, timothy, vetches, peas, White Russian, Manitoba hard and Island wheats.

Spring Tooth Harrows

and all kinds of farm implements.

W. CRANT & CO

LePage's Old Stand, Queen Street.

Is to Your Interest

To see our men's and boy's clothing. Our sales are larger in clothing than for years.

The reason, we are selling good fitting well-made suits for about 20 per cent lower than current prices. Do yourself justice.

You can save enough on a suit of clothes to buy a Hat and a pair Boots.

J. B. MACDONALD & CO

Where Worth and Low Prices Meet.

There True Economy

In buying your boots here. The boots are very modest, the style correct, the quality's perfect. This season's styles are quick sellers. That's because they've caught the fancy on popular prices at

McQUAID'S,

LOWER QUEEN STREET

Great Sale of Crockery, Glassware and Groceries.
Big Discounts for 30 Days.

All our present stock will be closed out, at big reductions—below a some prices:—

\$3.00	Tea Sets now	\$1.95	per set
75 cent	Glass Table Sets now	50 cents	
40 "	" " " " "	25 "	
24 "	" " " " "	20 "	
90 "	Large Lamps	50 "	
50 "	" " " " "	30 "	
\$1.50	Lemonade Sets	90 "	
1.50	China Berry Sets	1.20	
50 "	Glass " " " "	35 "	
30 "	" " " " "	20 "	

Also a lot of odd crockery selling at Half Price.

P. MONAGHAN, Upper Queen Street