



It is altogether admirable when a man, by dint of sheer will, writes a fortune from beggarly circumstances. The world is full of instances where men have done this, but never in history was this accomplished by a weak and unhealthy man. Ill-health not only weakens every physical function but every mental faculty and every moral quality. If a man will stop and reason for a moment, he does not have to be a physician to understand the causes of impure blood, or its far-reaching effects. When a man's digestion is disordered, his liver sluggish, his bowels inactive, the blood is deprived of the proper food elements, and the sluggish liver and bowels supply in their place, the foulest of poisons. The blood is the life-stream. When it is full of foul poisons, it carries and deposits them in every organ and tissue of the body. Bone, sinew, muscle, and flesh-tissue, the brain cells and the nerve fibres are all fed upon bad, poisonous food. Serious ill-health is bound to result. The man is weakened in every fibre of his body. He is weakened physically, mentally and morally. He suffers from sick headache, distress in stomach after meals, giddiness and drowsiness, loss of appetite and sleep, bad taste in the mouth, shakiness in the morning, and dullness throughout the day, and lassitude and an indisposition to work. Sooner or later these conditions develop consumption, nervous prostration, malaria, rheumatism, or some blood or skin disease. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the best of all known medicines for ambitious, hard-working men and women. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It makes the appetite keen and hearty, and the digestion and assimilation perfect. The liver active, the blood pure and rich, the nerves steady, the body vigorous and the brain alert. Where there is also constipation Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets should be used. Both of these great medicines are for sale by all medicine dealers.

SQUAW CHARLEY.

THE TRAGI-COMEDY OF AN ABORIGINAL OUTCAST.

He Had Committed the Red Man's Unpardonable Sin and Was Doomed to Female Attire and Ostracism—His Only Friend Was a Mongrel Cur.

It is many years since poor Squaw Charley enacted his tragi-comedy to the end and passed on to the happy hunting grounds, but many who were once denizens of that strange city whose ways he trod will still recall him to mind when in a reminiscent mood. It was a unique city set on a hill, and its fame was not hid under a bushel, but went abroad in the earth, for the shares of its great silver lode were eagerly bought and sold in all the stock marts of the world. It had two level streets whereon its business was transacted, and the rest of it hung on by its eyelids where and how it could, to the porphyry outcrops of the mountain that rose behind it, glowing all the long summer with myriads of bright yellow sunflowers. At some time in his past Charley had committed the red man's unpardonable sin—he had proved himself a craven in some crucial moment, and all his life henceforth must wear the uniform of his shame which, according to immemorial usage, is female apparel. No Plute woman ever wore a corset, but within the recent memory of man it had been the distinctive badge of white femininity; so, to make his punishment doubly atrocious, the victim was engaged in a discarded hoop, garnered from some ash heap. When Charley was fortunate enough to possess a skirt and shawl to hide his skeleton, he might pass comparatively unnoticed up and down the streets. But his resources did not always permit such luxury, and then his long limbs, clad in somebody's castoff mather garments—it might be a pair of ragged, blue overalls or, with more startling effect, a pair of red flannel drawers—loomed prominently through the rusty and distorted bars of his perambulating prison.

He palaces always wondered what occult power compelled the stalwart, handsome fellow to yield obedience to the tribal decree, or, if such power existed, what prevented him from balking himself beyond its reach. But the unwritten law of the nomad is obeyed as will never be the printed and commented and ensheathed code of any civilized race. Charley remained and endured to the end with stoical patience. His ostracism was complete. Dwelling in the midst of his kind, he was cut off from among them. He might stand wistfully watching on the outskirts of a laughing, gambling group, but he was never invited to take a hand. He might gaze longingly at a merry picnic party on a timber pile feasting on watermelon, but no juicy morsel was ever tendered him. His own sex repudiated him utterly. Did he approach a knot of the sex whom his garb travestied, they flouted him and moved away, laughing. The children of both sexes and two races jeered at him with the heedless barbarity of youth. One fortunate day he acquired a stray dog, a vicious, mongrel cur, and thenceforth the two outcasts were inseparable. Together they were an hungered. Together they endured the gibes and sometimes the missiles of their deriders, and together they cuddled at night for mutual warmth. Together they not infrequently came to our back door, and the animal retired deprecatingly to a corner, while his incongruously garbed master sawed wood or split kindlings. But when the task was done he came forth promptly to share the compensating ration and unfailingly got his share, whether the dole were meager or abundant. Often then the man threw himself down upon the sand, with his back propped against a sun heated boulder at the corner of our fence and lay there for hours, his gaze fixed upon the far horizon, while facing him sat the dog, alert at his slightest movement, its amber orbs—like many curs, it had beautiful eyes—fixed steadfastly upon him. It was a strange landscape that Charley's stoic gaze ranged over. Far below him the canyon wound for miles, like a writhing serpent, before it debouched into the desert, whence the camel trains came up from Fort Churchill, laden with salt and borax for the reduction works, and where of afternoons the sandstorms waltzed gayly in the sun in couples and trios, traveling about in swaying hourglass columns that reached from earth to sky. In all the immense prospect there were but two things—the brilliant concave vault and the bare brown earth, scarred, upheaved and contorted by the throes of world birth. But in richness of coloring, ever varying and ever beautiful effects of passing cloud shadows and vast, solemn grandeur that scene has no equal in any land. Whether or not any of its profound, deathlike peace entered the Plute's soul it is certain that no white creature ever lived long in the face of it without growing to feel a fatalistic resignation stealing over his spirit. As time wore on Charley and his dog became such familiar figures to the Comstockers that they ceased to glance a second time at their pathetic grotesqueness, and the children gave over tormenting them. His punishment was to him what excommunication must have been to its victims in the middle ages. Nothing is so abhorrent to the savage as solitude, and Charley grew abject, drooping, prematurely old, while his dog grew daily more ill tempered and disreputable. But fate's most crushing blow was yet to fall. One day an irate tollgate keeper shot his dog, caught in the very act of mauling among the white man's chickens. Over the body of his slain companion Charley wept the only tears he was ever known to shed, and bore it off in his arms, a bowed, desolate figure slowly fading from ken against ashen plain and ultramarine sky. The pariah was seen no more in the haunts of men, and it was long after when prospectors found his skeleton, still cased in the corroded steels of the old bespikirt. None could know how he met his end, or through how many hours or days of thirst and anguish the outcast had wrestled alone with the grim conqueror of all. As the beast died, so dies the Indian, and Charley had perchance not fared much worse at the end than others of his race.—See Francisco Argonaut.

ANGELS' POCKETS.

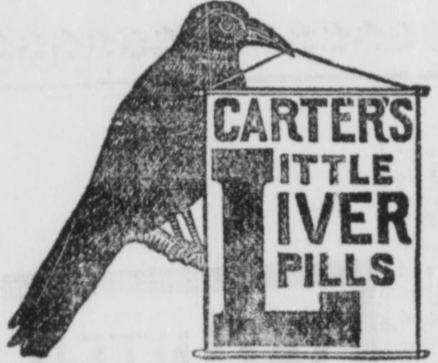
An Amusing Story About Spurgeon and One of His Critics.

"There was an amusing incident in my early Waterbeach ministry which I have never forgotten. One day a gentleman, who was then mayor of Cambridge, and who had more than once tried to correct my youthful mistakes, asked me if I really had told my congregation that if a thief got into heaven he would begin picking the angels' pockets. 'Yes, sir,' I replied, 'I told them that if it were possible for an ungodly man to go to heaven without having his nature changed he would be none the better for being there, and then, by way of illustration, I said that were a thief to get in among the glorified he would remain a thief still, and he would go round the place picking the angels' pockets.' 'But, my dear young friend,' asked Mr. Brimley, very seriously, 'don't you know that the angels haven't any pockets?' 'No, sir,' I replied, with equal gravity, 'I did not know that, but I am glad to be assured of the fact from a gentleman who does know. I will take care to put it all right the first opportunity I get.' 'The following Monday morning I walked into Mr. Brimley's shop and said to him, 'I set that matter right yesterday, sir.' 'What matter?' he inquired. 'Why, about the angels' pockets?' 'What did you say?' he asked in a tone almost of despair at what he might hear next. 'Oh, sir, I just told the people I was sorry to say that I had made a mistake the last time I preached to them, but that I had met a gentleman, the mayor of Cambridge, who had assured me that the angels had no pockets, so I must correct what I had said, as I did not want anybody to go away with a false notion about heaven. I would therefore say that if a thief got among the angels without having his nature changed, he would try to steal the feathers out of their wings!' 'Surely you did not say that?' said Mr. Brimley. 'I did, though,' I replied. 'Then,' he exclaimed, 'I'll never try to set you right again,' which was just exactly what I wanted him to say."—Spurgeon's "Autobiography."

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Medicinal Brandy

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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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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.
3 10 P. M.	Charlottetown	2 30 P. M.
3 20 P. M.	Royalton Junction	2 40 P. M.
4 17 P. M.	North Wiltshire	1 40 P. M.
4 31 P. M.	Hunter River	1 28 P. M.
5 05 P. M.	Bedford	1 00 P. M.
5 13 P. M.	Emerald	12 53 P. M.
5 27 P. M.	Freetown	12 42 P. M.
5 47 P. M.	Kensington	12 24 P. M.
6 20 P. M.	Ar. S' Side (Lv. 12 00 P. M.)	6 48 P. M.
12 50 P. M.	S' Side (Ar. 10 30 A. M.)	
1 11 P. M.	Miscouche	10 10 P. M.
1 37 P. M.	Wellington	9 47 P. M.
2 19 P. M.	Port Hill	9 00 P. M.
3 34 P. M.	O'Leary	8 00 P. M.
3 58 P. M.	Bloomfield	7 34 P. M.
4 34 P. M.	Alberton	6 55 P. M.
5 30 P. M.	Tignish	6 00 P. M.
		A. M.
2 30 P. M.	Charlottetown	10 30 A. M.
2 50 P. M.	Royalton Junction	10 10 A. M.
3 28 P. M.	Bedford	9 37 A. M.
3 55 P. M.	Mt Stewart (Ar. 9 03 A. M.)	8 50 A. M.
4 10 P. M.	Cardigan	7 50 A. M.
5 22 P. M.	Georgetown	7 10 A. M.
6 45 P. M.		A. M.
4 05 P. M.	Mt. Stewart	8 35 A. M.
4 43 P. M.	Morell	8 17 A. M.
5 12 P. M.	St. Peter's	7 48 A. M.
5 57 P. M.	Bear River	7 08 A. M.
6 40 P. M.	Souris	6 20 A. M.
		A. M.
6 15 P. M.	Emerald	7 50 A. M.
6 05 P. M.	Cape Traverse	7 03 A. M.
		A. M.

Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time

For Sale.
The subscriber offers for sale the following properties, formerly owned by the late Richard Pillman, at French River, New London.
1. A farm containing 25 acres, all cleared and in a good state of cultivation, sloping to the south.
2. A plot containing 2 acres, with good dwelling house containing 11 rooms and a new barn and wagon shed, thereon.
There is also thereon a store, complete with shelving, etc., and a granary.
3. One acre of land, across the road, opposite the store, and building lot at the cross roads, near the store.
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The subscriber also offers for sale a dwelling house and lot at Kensington. The house contains 11 rooms, and is in good repair.
For further particulars apply to Messrs. McLeod, Morson & McQuarrie, Solicitors, Charlottetown, or to the owner, LAVINIA J. PILLMAN, n 20 s. j.3mo Ayer, Mass

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