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STEEL ENAMELLED WARE
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This is momentous testimony. Ordinary cheap enamelled ware is not safe; it burns and chips—the enamel preparation is not pure.
Run no risk. Every piece of "Crescent" is labelled and guaranteed.

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S S City of Ghent PICKFORD & BLACK LINE



HALIFAX AND CHARLOTTETOWN

S. S. City of Ghent will sail from Charlottetown every Friday at 10 o'clock during the season of 1899 for Halifax, calling at Summerside, Port Hastings, Port Hawkesbury, Arichat, Canoe, Isaac Harbor, Salmon River, Sheet Harbor, returning, will leave Halifax every Tuesday at 6 p. m. making some calls. The Steamer has excellent passenger accommodations. Saloon amidship. Special low freights will be given this season.

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Wednesday, 7th June at 12 o'clock

That most desirable Building Lot with fruit garden and glass house, with a frontage of eighty feet on Fitzroy Street and about one hundred and seventy feet back. The best available building lot in the city, wide enough for two cottages or a large double house, and a short distance from Post Office, churches and schools.

Terms made known at sale. R. BEAIRSTO, Auctioneer. May 23—eod 1d

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY SINGLE FARE TO

Christie, Endeavor and Convention DETROIT, MICH., July 5th to 10th, 1899

A PERSONALLY CONDUCTED PARTY to the above will also spend one day at each of the following places, viz:—

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Write for pamphlet of rates showing that the entire trip of all districts can be made for an expenditure of less than \$60.00 A. H. NOTMAN, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent June 2 11mo St. John, N. B.

A Tragedy In Permutations.

By JOSEPH M. ROGERS.

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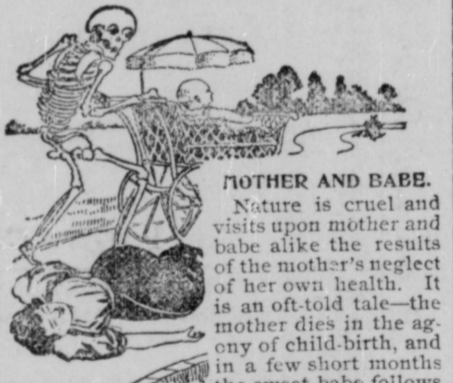
Now that there has been so much falsehood published about the miserable San Castaragan affair I propose to tell the whole truth about it from beginning to end, and I expect to be believed. I am tired of being called a buccaneer, a filibuster and a pirate. What I did I stand to, of course, but I want to show that it was all a mistake which would be ludicrous if it were not so tragic. It does not seem likely on its face that a mischievous office boy could precipitate a South American revolution, but he did, and I am as innocent of it as the late General Othello, whose advice I shall follow in my story, setting down nothing in malice, nothing extenuating. But first I must go back a little.

I was a reporter on the New York Eagle for several years and did well at it, though I used to get tired of the everlasting night work. Well, once I got a great "beat" on the town. It involved a corner in the coffee market, and it made a sensation at the time. It was double headed, with a scare head on the first page, and Tommy Walling of The Globe nearly had a fit over it, for he had a tip on the story, but could not run it out, and his interview with his city editor next morning was interesting.

Old man Flamingo, who was a big coffee broker, was greatly tickled with the story, and the upshot of the matter was that he offered me a position in his office at a good salary and commission with chances of partnership in a few years. I accepted, for I saw no show at reporting, though I knew no more about the coffee trade than I did about Choctaw.

But you know a newspaper man is never afraid to tackle anything, and in a few weeks I was a regular tradesman, and I looked forward to the time when the firm would be Flamingo & Boggs and I should drive my carriage. Well, in six months what does old Flamingo do but turn up his toes without warning and leave me high and dry. Every one thought he was rich, but when his affairs were looked into it was found that he was not only bankrupt but had cheated a lot of his customers and raised the devil generally. The Globe made a feature of it, and Tommy Walling roasted the life out of me in his account of the affair, making it appear that I, Hosea Boggs, was a stool pigeon for all of old Flamingo's crookedness. It was a mean thing in Tommy, but he wanted to get even with me for that "scoop," which landed me in the trade. It was a lie made out of whole cloth, as the examination showed, for I had discreetly burned all the books and papers which concerned my doings in any questionable transactions. I have as good a right as any man to maintain my reputation.

I had got far enough into the trade to like it fairly well and decided to set up as a broker on my own account in a small way, trying to retain some of old Flamingo's trade. I rented an office in an eligible location, put up partitions and had painted on the doors "Mr. Spencer," "Mr. Oldham," "Mr. Gomez" and "Stenographer," to indicate that it was a flourishing firm, though the whole establishment consisted of myself and an office boy. When I think of that office boy, I have to restrain my feelings, for he was—but we'll come to that later. I can't say my bluff worked very well. I did a little business as a custom house broker, and occasionally made fair deals in coffee.



MOTHER AND BABE.
Nature is cruel and visits upon mother and babe alike the results of the mother's neglect of her own health. It is an oft-told tale—the mother dies in the agony of child-birth, and in a few short months the sweet babe follows her to the cemetery.
If women will only learn, and teach their daughters, the supreme importance of keeping the distinctly feminine organism in a perfectly vigorous and healthy condition, this ever-recurring tragedy will soon be a story of the past. If women who suffer from weakness and disease of these delicate organs will write to Dr. R. V. Pierce at Buffalo, N. Y., they will learn that in order to recover and maintain their health in this respect, it is not generally necessary to submit to the humiliating examinations and local applications insisted upon by physicians. In writing confidentially to Dr. Pierce, a woman places her case, without charge, in the hands of an eminent and skillful specialist, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute at Buffalo, N. Y.—one of the leading medical institutions in the world, with a staff of nearly a score of eminent practitioners. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures all weakness and disease of the organs distinctly feminine. Honest druggists recommend it instead of urging a substitute for a little extra profit.

"I have been a great sufferer from female diseases," writes Mrs. C. C. Clark, of New Rome, Floyd Co., Ga. "I was confined to my bed three years. Nine bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription completely cured me."

Dr. Pierce's Good temper is largely a matter of good health, and good health is largely a matter of healthy activity of the bowels. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. They are safe, sure and speedy, and once taken do not have to be taken always. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. They never grip. Druggists sell them.

had a cinch on the trade, and it was slim picking. At night I used to walk along Park row and look up at the newspaper offices and wish I was back again, but there was a prejudice against me on account of that story of Flamingo's affairs, though they couldn't prove a thing, and I still hoped to get established.

Matters were going from bad to worse, and I should probably have closed up if it had not been for the appearance of Hernando Bosenko on the scene. Bosenko was a merchant of Cordova, the principal seaport of San Castaragan. He had done business with Flamingo, and I had got a little trade out of him. He was a typical Spanish-American, swarthy, well-groomed and easy going. He came into my office one afternoon



"A revolution!" said I in astonishment, and handed his card and asked for a private interview. I sent the office boy on an errand and took him into my office, assuring him that "Mr. Spencer," "Mr. Oldham" and "Mr. Gomez" were out. He was a devil of a fellow, that Bosenko. He had that seductive way with him which captures men and captivates the women. We talked for some time, and I saw he was pumping me for a purpose which presently appeared. He explained that business was slack in Cordova, and he had come to the United States to make arrangements for starting a revolution in San Castaragan.

"A revolution!" said I in astonishment. "Certainly," he said. "We haven't had one for nearly 18 months, and I am going to break the trust."

"What trust?" I asked. "The revolution trust," said he, "which has controlled every one of them for 15 years and has made all the money. I am going in for a new deal and want you to help me."

"But, my dear sir," I said, "I don't understand you. A revolution is a serious matter, and I don't want to get my head shot off, and I don't understand what you mean by the trust."

"Well," said he, "I suppose you are not to blame for ignorance about South American affairs, but you know that these revolutions are always cooked up affairs, don't you?"
"No, I don't," said I. "Of course they come pretty often, but I thought they were all genuine enough and pretty serious, too, at times."

He laughed a little and said: "I must explain the situation to you. In San Castaragan we cannot get along without revolutions. It is essential to our prosperity as peace is to yours. Take General Cuzco, for instance. He has been president 13 times in the last 11 years, while General Moreno has been president 12 times. The scheme is this: Every few months General Moreno lands suddenly at Cordova, raises the standard of revolt and marches toward Bolito, the capital. President Cuzco with his army starts out to meet him."

"Hold on," said I, "you are going too fast." How does Moreno start his revolution? It takes men and money and munitions of war. You speak of it as a very simple transaction.
"That's the point," replied Bosenko. "You see, when Moreno arrives, he goes to the syndicate and purchases his arms and munitions."

"What syndicate?" I asked. "You are very mysterious."
He looked rather disgusted, but began to explain. "Didn't I tell you there was a revolution trust? It is composed of most of the big merchants and politicians at Cordova. Revolutionists dare not deal with any one else if they could, but they can't, for the trust has all the cannons, guns and powder, and they sell impartially to each party."

"But, hold on," said I. "Where does the money come from?"
"Oh! The English bankers furnish that. They buy up the bonds of the revolutionists at 60 cents on the dollar."
"But suppose the revolution fails?"
"Oh, it seldom does, but in any event the country always assumes the debt of both sides, so there is no risk. The banks keep blank bonds which they fill in with the new names at each revolution, and the revolution leaders can always get their money in 24 hours. Most of it goes to the syndicate for war material, which is of poor quality and is sold at enormous prices. It consists largely of condemned muskets from your civil war, and old cannon left behind after the Mexican war. Some of them look as if they had been used by Cortez. They sell, though, for the same prices as the newest rifles and latest field guns. The insurgent president isn't particular. He doesn't want to kill any one if he can help it, and, besides, the government will pay the bill, so there is no loss. Usually he makes the syndicate give him a commission, so the bigger the price the better he is satisfied."

from?"
"Oh, it's easy enough to raise 1,000 men—in fact, too easy. Work isn't plenty anyway, and there are plenty of men looking around for a soft snap."
"Do you call fighting a soft snap?" I asked, getting more confused all the time.

"Well, I should say so. Good food, new uniforms and a rank for life. After the revolution all the officers are commissioned major generals and wear gold lace by the pound. Now let me resume my story. Moreno, we will say, lands on the 15th and issues a proclamation that he has come to redeem the country from the oppression of a dictator. This proclamation is so long that it usually takes several days to get it printed, for nothing goes in a hurry with us. Moreno mails a copy on the 19th to President Cuzco and establishes his headquarters in the best hotel in Cordova. The agent of the English bankers comes and makes arrangements for \$3,000,000 in bonds, paying \$1,800,000 cash for them. Then the agent of the syndicate arrives and sells the guns, powder, uniforms, etc., at fearful prices, and they are turned over to the commissary general. Then come the applicants for admission to the army, and this is the most troublesome part of the whole affair, as there are more pegs than holes. Usually it is arranged by the officers agreeing to furnish the men without cost, though they are carried on the pay roll, and the amount divided among the leader's favorites. When everything is ready—and it takes a good deal of time in spite of all these facilities—the army takes the train about the 30th for the battleground near the capital."

(Continued on page 8.)

SURPRISE SOAP

gives the whitest, sweetest, cleanest clothes on wash day.
The peculiar qualities of Surprise does it easily, quickly, economically.
But 'tis good for all general uses.
To have the best Soap for all purposes insist on having
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Wants, Lost, Found, &c

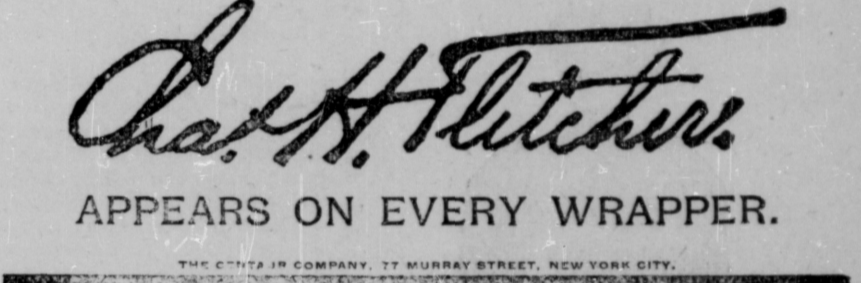
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- WANTED.—A man or boy to act as janitor. Hours from 7 to 11 p. m. Apply at this office 25 11
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- TO LET.—A few living houses on Prince St., formerly occupied by Mr. S. C. Nash. Possession given immediately. Apply to Henry Smith, at County Court Office 123
- PLEASANT HOME WORK FOR MEN OR WOMEN.—Day or evening. No canvassing or experience needed; plain instruction and work mailed on application for position. Address Memorial Co., London, Ont.
- WANTED AT ONCE.—A good horse and carriage for the season, also a good live agent to canvass for life size portraits. Apply to S. F. TarBush, High Grade Art Co., Charlottetown. Address box 471. 120
- BOY WANTED.—A smart, steady boy about 16 years of age, who understands locking after a cow and horse, and who would be generally useful about a house. Apply at this office. 115 11
- PRESSMAN WANTED.—at once, steady employment. J. T. McKenzie. 112
- TO LET.—House on Brighton Road, heated with hot water, Bath Rooms etc. at present occupied by T. J. Dillon Esq. Possession given May apply to I. J. McKinnon 63
- \$75.00 will buy the best hand made buggy with the best material and work throughout. Keep the money on the Island, encourage your own mechanics, and buy from F. R. Foster, Upper Queen Street wylf

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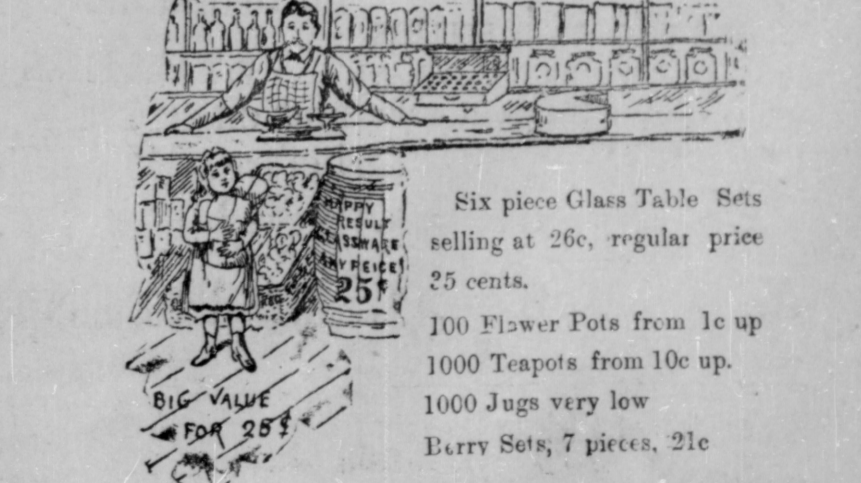
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