

In the old days of the Christian martyrs it was not unusual for the savage Pagans to cast innocent women into a den of lions, to suffer horrible agony and fearful death finally came to their relief. In this Christian age and this land of civilization tens of thousands of women daily suffer the slow tortures of approaching death. They do this because of a false delicacy frequently inculcated by their mothers.

There is a marvelous medicine for women that cures all weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organism. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs concerned in maternity and makes them strong and healthy. It is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration and soothes pain. It gives rest and tone to the tortured nerves. Under its magic influence the headaches and pains in the back and sides, the dragging and burning sensations, the nervousness, weakness, lassitude and despondency that result from so-called female weakness are dissipated. It fits for wifehood and motherhood. Taken during the period of solicitude, it banishes the usual discomforts and makes baby's entry to the world easy and almost painless. It insures the new comer's health and an ample supply of nourishment. Thousands of women have testified to its marvelous merits. All good druggists sell it.

Mrs. Ursula Dunham, of Sistersville, Tyler Co., W. Va., writes: "My baby is now nearly a year old. After she was born I had local weakness. I could not stand up. I took three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it has cured me. I can now do all my work."

Dr. Pierce's It is better to do mending while the damage is slight, than wait until the whole structure is ready to fall. Constipation is the one, all-embracing disorder that is responsible for many other diseases. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure it. Druggists sell them. They never gripe. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. They are tiny, sugar-coated granules. Nothing else is "just as good." A permanent cure.

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Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum
For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore throat, etc.
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DESIRABLE PROPERTY
SIDMOUNT
For Sale By Auction

I have received instructions to sell by Auction, at the premises, on Wednesday, the 1st day of June next, at 11 o'clock a.m.

The beautiful residence of the Hon. F. Peters, "Sidmount."

This property comprises 20 of acres excellent land, with large and commodious dwelling house and out buildings.

The house is fitted with modern improvements, having hot and cold bath, heated with hot water, and lighted with electric lights.

The grounds are beautifully laid out and planted with ornamental trees.

Terms easy and made known at sale.

L. A. ARISTO,
Auctioneer

A. A. McLEAN, Q. C.
BARRISTER, &c.
Brown's Block, CHARLOTTETOWN



LOVE'S COMMAND
BY JOHN A. STEUART.

(Copyright, 1893, by John Alexander Steuart.)

Clanging to girth and pommel with every nerve and muscle, indeed with every sense and faculty and power of body and mind and will, bumped and buffeted so that the wind was often knocked clean out of me and the world seemed whirling away into utter chaos, I was dragged along at the speed of lightning. To hold on for many minutes in that condition was impossible, and to let go meant instant destruction. Had I been able to get my toes steady on the earth for half a second, I could have sprung astride the flying animal, but at that fearful velocity the thing was beyond a tiger's agility. Yet if something could not be done, and done quickly, I felt it would be better to breathe a prayer and let the agony end.

Small things are momentous in decisive moments, and sometimes weakness is salvation. As the quivering grasp relaxed I gradually sank lower and lower, till half my length trailed on the ground.

Two or three more little slips and my enemies could work their will. The darkness and dizziness of death were already upon me when my knee struck some substance so that with the mighty speed I bounded like a ball. It gave me my opportunity. Finding myself well in the air, I concentrated all my strength, drawing fiercely with the left hand. The lax muscles turned to steel in the moment of supreme need. I rose on that terrific pull. Then quicker than thought the girth was let go and the right hand shot across the saddle. The hooked fingers caught something, and the next moment, wriggling and nearly blind from excitement and exhaustion, I lay half across the horse's back. Then, with such an effort as a man makes for his life, I wriggled farther up, and before I knew it was in the saddle and reaching for the rein. As I got it a yell of rage went up close behind, and another spear less true in aim than the first, whizzed past and buried itself in the sand.

For the next five minutes I flew in instant expectation of death. Crouching, with the long spurs deep in my horse's sides, and my heart afraid to beat, I pelted on. It was bound for bound of pursued and pursuers, a race as of hounds panting at the heels of a stag that just managed to keep a tongue-length in front. But woe betide the quarry in case of mishap or mistake! Had anything gone wrong with me, had my girth broken, or my horse stumbled or slipped or slackened pace for so much as the tenth part of a second, my blood had been poured out on the desert.

Whether I was going, or whether there were many or few about, I could not tell. I saw nothing but a jumbled, feverish vision of the low-crowned head of the horse, a flying mane, and a pair of reaching forefeet, that never seemed to touch the ground, but in my ears was a noise that told me death was riding hard at my back.

The spume flakes flew up from my horse's mouth, wetting my face, and I could feel the increasing heave of his flanks. Now and then, too, I had a glimpse of a red eye and a nostril like "a pit full of blood." It was sheer cruelty to goad him on. But what were considerations of cruelty to one with three fiends stretching within three yards of his life? I was cruel as a cruel could be, plying the long, sharp spurs as fast and as hard as heel could drive them, in spite of the groanings and shakings of my victim.

So great was the strain of terror that it may well be imagined no fresh alarm could affect me. Yet when a vicious cry went up, as it appeared, at my very ear, betokening, as I fancied, the triumph of the Bedouins, I shut my eyes, with a creeping, shuddering horror that made me give a little scream. I rode in darkness for what seemed an endless time, momentarily expecting the thrust of cold steel in the small of the back. As it did not come, I ventured to open my eyes, but nothing could have induced me to look behind.

It was now high noon, and the sun an incandescent globe overhead. There may have been clouds in the sky, but assuredly there was neither shadow nor breath of moving air on the earth. I breathed in my soaked clothes, as if dissolving over a slow fire, and gasped and wheezed like an asthmatic, shut up in an oven, for the quivering, shimmering heat not only broiled the body, but was as a stinging acid in the eyes and nostrils, and as burning fumes in the lungs.

All at once there came a sharp puff of wind, not sweet and refreshing, but charged with more poisons than ever chemist dreamed of. Looking upward, I saw a great glare in the sky, as it were the reflection of some vast conflagration, and even as I looked, the glare swiftly deepened, till it appeared the heavens themselves were on fire. Then the fiery redness was suddenly overcast, and a dull, coppery hue took its quickly, to a deep purple, and that again to an ominous black. All the while the wind came in spurts. All the even greater force and longer duration. I was wondering what all this might mean, when there burst upon my ear a great, prolonged roar, as of a mighty flood lashed to fury, and turning to the right-hand quarter, I saw a portentous black cloud rushing toward me with inconceivable velocity. The look showed me, too, that I was riding alone. The Bedouins had abandoned the chase and were now tearing off in another direction altogether.

I had not taken in the situation when I was enveloped in darkness and gasping as if a bottle of volatile salts had been pressed to my nose. At the same time the wind nearly tore me from my seat, and though I could see nothing, I felt that my horse had turned tail to the blast, and was drift-

ing like a ship in a gale or carried in a driving Highland snowstorm. I hugged his neck, and my mantle flew over my head. Well for me it did, for this was the dreaded simoon before which all Arabia falls down and covers its face as close as cloth will roll. I lay unable to breathe and in exquisite torture, my horse scudding before the tempest. He stumbled often, and would have lain down but that I kept the spurs to him. Had he had his will, in less than half a minute we should both have been buried beneath a wreath of sand, to lie there until the winds came again to unearth our bleaching skeletons.

The storm passed on like a solid wall, and as if by magic the atmosphere cleared, though I could still see the black line of the whirlwind far ahead. I looked eagerly about for company, but found myself completely alone. No Bedouins in pursuit, no Bedouins in sight, nor indeed any living thing. The simoon had given me my life, but it left me desolate.

Dismounting and looping the bridle over my arm, I walked a little bit, shaking loads of sand from the folds of my dress. My right leg, however, was so sore and stiff that I was soon compelled to sit down, though it was a long time before I had any heart for surgery. When at length I got sufficient command of my nerves to examine the wound, I found myself with an ugly rash in the right thigh, from the depths of which blood still oozed. The cleft outer edges were fast hardening and stiffening, so that the pain grew cruelly intense.

(To be Continued.)



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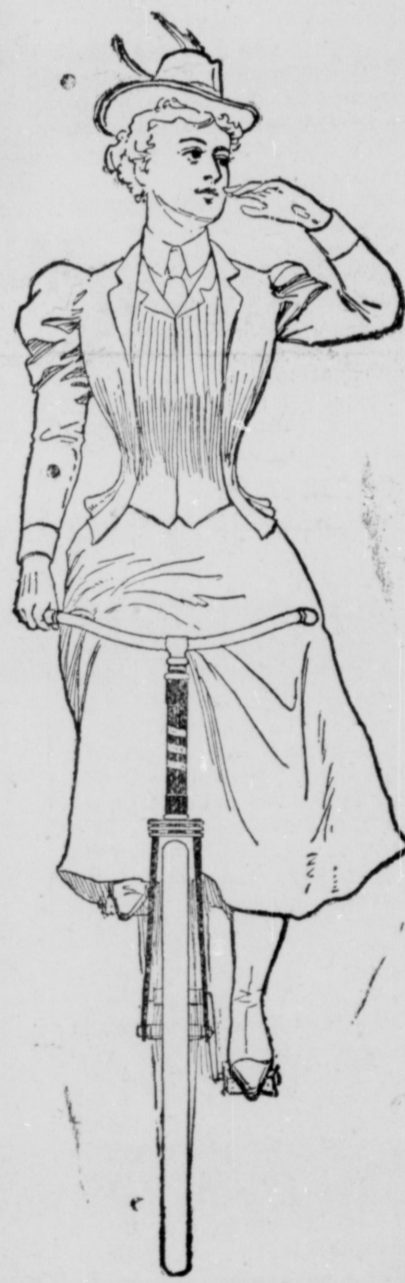
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TENDERS

Will be received by the undersigned, up to 12 o'clock noon, on Wednesday, 15th June, from parties willing to cater to A. O. H. sports, to be held on St. Dunstan's College grounds, on Friday, July 1st.

W. F. PAYNE,
Secy of Com.