



Some people in the world persist in clinging to old methods. There are men who still use a forked stick in place of a modern plow. There are also men, who, when they are troubled with a disordered stomach or liver, resort to the old-fashioned violent remedies that rack and rend the whole body, and while they give temporary relief, in the long run do the entire system a great amount of harm.

Modern science has discovered remedies infinitely superior to these old-fashioned drugs, that do their work by promoting the natural processes of excretion and secretion and gently correcting all circulatory disturbances. When a man feels generally out of sorts, when he loses sleep at night, when he gets up, headache and with a bad taste in his mouth in the morning, when he feels dull and lethargic all day, when his appetite is poor and his food distresses him, when work comes hard and recreation is an impossibility, that man, though he may not believe it, is a pretty sick man. He is on the road to consumption, nervous prostration, malaria, or some serious blood disease. In cases of this description a man should resort at once to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is the best medicine for a weak stomach, impaired digestion and disordered liver. It is the great blood-maker and purifier, flesh-builder and nerve tonic. It cures 95 per cent. of all cases of consumption, bronchitis, lingering coughs and kindred ailments. Thousands have testified to its marvelous merits. It is a modern, scientific medicine that aids without goading nature, and that has stood the test for thirty years. Medicine dealers sell it.

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B. & M. FAITENBURY



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(Continued.)

(By some mistake the wrong instalment of the story was published yesterday and the day before. To-day we publish the tale in proper order so that our readers will not miss the continuity.)

It must be understood that I was not to go solely as Sir Thomas' emissary to seek out Donald. I was going primarily on my own account—to push my own fortune—and Sir Thomas' mission was, as he was pleased to put it, "a mere act of charity done to a stranger out of the goodness of my heart." Yet in truth the charity and goodness were all on the other side. Sir Thomas

furnished me with letters of introduction to the best known and most influential men in Bombay, besides writing many private and special letters in my behalf which I did not see. My career was to be a meffantle one—that, on mature consideration, being thought to afford the easiest and speediest way to affluence for one of my talents.

"The richest Europeans in India are merchants and bankers," said Sir Thomas, "and they are all, as the saying is, self-made men. The days of the East India Company are over. There are no fortunes being made in that service now, though," in a significant voice, "it was not always so. But India is a wide field, and these letters, Mr. Andrew, will, I think, put you in a position to choose according to your tastes. I have no advice to offer except not to be in too much haste to decide."

For what Sir Thomas had specially at heart all provision was made both in letters and in money. Of the last there was to be absolutely no stint. I was to spend as much and as long as I should think proper, or in other words as long as there should be the faintest hope of tracking Donald.

"My bankers shall have full instructions in the matter," said Sir Thomas, "and in the meantime we must not forget preliminary expenses." Whereupon he insisted on my taking in ready money and bankers' drafts a sum that seemed to me a fortune. Finally, as I was in great glee with my prospects and protested against delay, it was arranged that in exactly three weeks from the date of my home-coming I was to sail from London in the steamship the Pearl, of the Orient, commanded by Captain Rogers, who, being a friend of Sir Thomas, was charged to provide for my comfort on ship-board.

And so the ultimate decision was made. I was to lift anchor and set sail for the unknown, as so many did before and so many will do after me. How I fared there, how the reality belied all dreams and anticipations, how fate mocked at wisdom, made naught of forethought and a plaything of me it will be the business of succeeding pages to tell. Coming events cast no shadow before, and in the meantime I was eager and happy.

How the three weeks passed I cannot very well say. I was a frequent guest at The Elms and saw a good deal of Isabel, whose presence I learned to bear with about shrinking or shaking. She talked to me of her life in India, and also of her brother, for whom she had the warmest affection and admiration.

"They may tell you stories about Donald," she once said. "They may say he was a scamp, and all that, for it is easy talking. But don't believe them. He was high-spirited, that was his fault, and my father crossed him. His worst sin was to become a soldier when his friends wanted him to be something else, and the records of the War Office show he was no coward. He saved the British colours when the enemy broke a British square, and he has done many a brave thing since. If he had remained in the army, he'd have got almost any rank, but he hadn't peace to do that, and it's since he left it we have lost trace of him."

She never missed a chance of speaking about him. He seemed to fill her whole soul, to be her only thought, a circumstance that secretly piqued me not a little.

"Oh," she would often break out in the most irrelevant way, "if you could only find my brother, if you could only find Donald, I should be so grateful to you. But indeed, indeed," and here she would look in my face till I thought I saw visions of heaven, "I will be just as grateful to you if you never find him. Words cannot express your goodness in trying."

When I would reply that if Donald were in India I would find him, a speech which always brought me a rapturous smile of thanks and further visions of paradise.

I will pass swiftly over the preparation made at Kilburnie for my departure. My dear mother took care that my outfit lacked nothing it was possible for her to procure, and my father softened toward me, busying himself with my affairs and seeming conscience-stricken for having been so stern with me.

"You do well, Andrew," he said one evening, when we chanced to be by ourselves, and his voice was husky. "You do well, Andrew, I have no doubt, in following your own instincts. When you go far away—for to a home-keeping man like me it is so far away, though it is still in God's universe—when you go away, do not forget that we are left behind, and you'll let us hear from you. And as to the other thing, we may find a way out of our troubles. God bless you, my boy. We are all in His hands." And he could say no more.

At dinner, on the last evening, Duncan, the coachman, who was also gamekeeper, factor, forester, and general factotum, and served the Kilcours,

man and boy, for fifty years, got out his pipes and serenaded us in his most stirring manner.

"It is for Mr. Andrew," he said. "He will be going away, God bless him, and he a big man, with black servants, and maybe Duncan will never set eyes on him again. And, God bless him, he will have the pipes to his denner whatever, just as loud as auld Duncan's lungs can blow. Aye, will he too." And so lustily did Duncan blow that not a word of conversation could we have during the whole meal. When his chanter was silent, however, and the dusk had fallen, and we three, my father, my mother, and myself, sat together, there was talk, but no syllable of it will be set down here, for it was for ourselves alone.

Next morning Duncan drove me to the village to meet the stage—my father and mother accompanying. Early as was the hour, Sir Thomas and Isabel were waiting for us, and greeted us with a fervour that was almost silent. Isabel held in her hand two little bunches of white heather on which she looked down from time to time, as I fancied, with some embarrassment. At last she came close to me, and with a soft emotion suffusing her cheek and shining in her eye, she said:—"This is for luck. One is for Donald—you see I expect you to find him. The other," and her voice fell to a mere whisper, "is for yourself. It will keep you in mind of the old home, and perhaps I may see them both again."

As she ceased speaking, the shrill notes of a bugle broke upon the morning stillness, and a minute or two later the stage-coach came up at a handsome pace, the horses fresh and rattleless and shaking their heads as if eager for the road. My baggage was quickly bundled up, farewells were hastily taken, and I mounted to my place, feeling as if I were in an unfamiliar region of mists. Suddenly old Duncan scrambled up beside me, a parcel rolled in blue cloth in his hand. "Take it," he said, huskily, pushing it into my arms. "God bless ye, take it. It will be the sillier pipes I learned ye to blow on. Aye, the seas ye'll can gie a skirl at times

to mind ye of old friends, and when ye come back ye'll can march to your own quickstep, and maybe Donald will be there to fling his bonnet in the air. Hooch aye! God bless ye—God bless ye!" and a tremulous hand patted me like a baby on the back. Then Duncan leaped down and stalked back to his horses, daring any one to say tears were on his cheeks or that his hands were shaking as if with a palsy. His was an odd gift, but I took it, knowing how refusal would hurt him.

In another minute the driver had gathered up the reins, touched the prancing leaders with his whip, and we were off. I gazed back, waving my hand to the little group by the inn door till we turned a bend in the road. Then, seeing none too well, I turned, setting my face resolutely forward.

### CHAPTER V.

#### THE SEARCH FOR DONALD GORDON.

On the journey south, my spirits being now mounting like mercury in the sun, I could not resist the temptation to spend an hour or two in Edinburgh in the delectable diversion of making my old comrades envious. The achievement was not difficult. A few significant hints, and the sight of my letters and drafts brought every man of them as near to bursting as the frog in the fable. Some envied me the money, some the adventures, others said it was the beautiful combination of both that took their fancy, and all agreed I had certainly been born with the coveted silver spoon in my mouth.

"It's one of the shameless tricks of Madam Fortune," said an embryonic divine, slapping me on the shoulder. "Here you go out there to ride elephants and shoot tigers, and other flunkies, and enrich yourself from inexhaustible treasures of gold and gems, while I am left to wrestle with harrowing problems in theology. Do you call that fair?"

I was to write them volumes about the wonders of the Indies, and was to give particular information on these two points—namely, the feeling inspired by a wounded tiger charging full upon you when your gun is empty, and what I thought of the heathen gods—from a financial point of view. "I believe," remarked one, with a taste for finance, "those unscrupulous rascals make themselves deities of the finest ore set with precious stones, while we haven't cash enough for an afternoon's outing. Just send us a god, old chappie, till we see how the heathen abomination would melt in the crucible of a Christian goldsmith."

They escorted me in a body to my coach. For, being prosperous now, acquaintances became friends. They gave a prolonged cheer as the vehicle moved off, and a unanimous injunction to mind my liver and be on my guard against the encroachments of pride when, as nabob with a retinue of slaves, I hobnobbed with the dusky and luxurious potentates of the East.

Only one thing marred my enjoyment. I had it set in my mind to give Peter Clephane the soundest drubbing he had ever had in his life, but as he happened to be absent in Dundee my virtuous intent did not blossom into action.

(continued on page 8)

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