

# NERVOUS... DEPRESSION

Means Impoverished and Exhausted Nerves—Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food Restores and Revitalizes the Nerve Cells.

People who suffer from Nervous Depression and Exhaustion frequently look healthy and strong. They alone know the thousand distressing symptoms which make their lives miserable.

The lack of nerve force results in a slow and sluggish action of the heart, impaired digestion, headache, drowsiness, and a fear to venture, loss of energy, sleeplessness, incapacity for mental labor or business.

With these symptoms there is usually melancholy and fear of death, which tends to increase nervousness, but there is every reason to be hopeful if the right treatment is used. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food contains all the nutrition required to create new brain and nerve tissue. It imparts to the nervous system that life-giving principle which sends a thrill of new strength and vigor through the system.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food will cure by the building-up process, which enables the body to laugh at disease and weakness. Face cut and fat-simile signature of Dr. A. W. Chase on every box of the genuine. Soc. a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

## ADVICE ABOUT

# Spice.

When ordering a package Pepper, Ginger, Allspice, Cinnamon or Cream of Tartar from your grocer you can always feel sure of securing the best quality by asking for :

# Mott's



Important Testimony

Prof. R. F. Ruttan, of McGill University and Prof. Edwards, official analyst, Montreal, certify that

## CRESCENT

STEEL ENAMELLED WARE

"is absolutely non-injurious to food materials cooked in contact with it." This is momentous testimony. Ordinary cheap enameled 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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The Thos. Davidson Mfg. Co. MONTREAL.

# Watches

- Watches in Nickel cases \$3.00 to \$10.00
  - " " Silver " 7.00 " 30.00
  - " " Gold " 10.00 " 190.00
  - Chains for Ladies \$1.00 to \$20.00
  - Ribbon Guards 25c
  - Gem Rings 1.00 to 50.00
  - Cuff studs and links 20 to 10.00
  - Collar Studs 05 to 2.00
  - Brooches 25 to 20.00
  - Spectacles 50 to 10.00
- Silverware nearly all kinds, in good quality plate.

Also some in solid silver:

# E. W. TAYLOR

## Dividend Notice

MERCHANTS BANK OF P. E. I. Charlotte town, June 1st, 1899

Notice is hereby given, that a half yearly dividend at the rate of 8 per cent per annum, on the capital stock of the bank has been declared payable at its banking house on and after July 3rd next. The Transfer books will be closed from the 19th June, to the 3rd of July next, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.

J. M. DAVISON, Cashier

June 1st, 1899

# A SHATTERED IDOL.

## CHAPTER I.

"You'll be stopped at Sultanpur, you see if you're not," said my host, Major O'Kelly, R. E., as he stood with his arms resting on the window of the carriage in which I had taken my seat. "If that Ghorwara bridge stands the flood that is on its way this minute, why I know uncommonly little of bridges, that's all. So I dropped a line yesterday to Marston. Trust him for looking after you. Time up, guard! All right. Good-bye, old man, and good luck at home!"

It was before the days of unbroken railway communication between the northwest of India and the great western harbor. I was a captain at that time and was going back on sick leave after an attack of cholera. It had been a bad year and I had left more than one comrade in the sandy burial ground of Alikot. The new route tempted me—it looked so short on the map compared with that by Calcutta and Point de Galle. But now I began to fear detention and reckon up the number of days to the departure of the P. and O. steamer that I wanted to catch.

Sure enough, at the very next station to Sultanpur I caught the word "Ghorwara" in a conversation that was going on between the station-master and the guard just outside the window of my carriage. Yes, four spans were gone, and now there was nothing for it but wait at Sultanpur until the company might be able to organize arrangements for getting passengers and luggage across—three or four days at least.

The travelers' bungalow was not so bad, after all. The rains had washed away a twelve months' accumulation of unconsidered garbage from the compound, which was further embellished by a delicate green veil of three-days-old grass, not to mention splashy ponds, their margins garnished with frogs as yellow and as noisy as canary birds. The inside might certainly have been cleaner; but, by the time I had tubbed and established myself in a crazy old Chinese chair on the veranda, I felt little disposed to grumble.

The road ran just outside the compound, and I remember watching with some interest a large horse, evidently ridden by a European, which came along at a sharp level trot. It disappeared for an instant behind the tall edge of a gaint cactus, then the sound of the clattering hoofs turned to a quick thud as they left the metal and swung round through the gate with unslackened speed. The horse was reined up just in front of where I was sitting, and I saw that the visit was to me.

It is not often that one sees in India man and horse so well turned out. The horse was an Australian, a "waler," as we call them there—a big chestnut thoroughbred, with a coat like satin and a head as fine as a Nedjd Arab. He seemed to be used to be standing with the reins on his neck, for the rider dropped them as he pulled up, sitting far back in his saddle, with his boots stuck out in front and his hands in the pockets of his short flax-cloth jacket, with a perfect sans gene which in any one else would have been considered to have a touch of swagger in it. But it was impossible to look at Marston's burly figure with its grand chest and shoulders, or to listen to the frankly dominant tones of his cheery voice without accepting his manner as the outcome of a thoroughly genuine nature. The whole man was in harmony with himself; the perfection of his semi-sporting costume (he has just come from a meeting of stewards on the race course), the silver gloss of bit and stirrup leathers, the elaborate curl of his heavy brown moustache—it was all part and parcel of a certain inborn completeness, which expressed itself spontaneously in all his belongings.

"Captain Hillyar? O'Kelly told me to look out for you. Well, you will have to make the best of it with us for a day or two. But instead of coming down for



A mother pays a heavy price for the privilege of motherhood. The days of waiting and hoping and anxiety before the little one comes; the after years of care and solicitude, nursing the little life into physical completeness; guiding the little footsteps, the little hands and the gradually expanding mind—all this is part of the burden of motherhood. Yet an expectant mother is happy with it all in blissful anticipation of the dear, soft nestling little bit of humanity which is all her very own. If the mother is physically weak or ailing, the burden of motherhood is far heavier than it ought to be. The greatest lightener of the burdens of maternity which science has ever discovered is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It was devised by an expert specialist for the express object of strengthening and healing the organs which make motherhood possible.

Taken before the baby comes, this wonderful "Prescription" relieves the ordeal of all danger and nearly all pain. It gives both mother and child a permanent increase of constitutional vigor.

The properties and uses of this wonderful "Prescription" are more fully described in one chapter of Dr. Pierce's great thousand-page book, "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," which will be sent free, paper-bound, on receipt of thirty-one one-cent stamps to pay cost of customs and mailing only, or cloth-bound for fifty stamps. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. W. Robinson, of Springhill, Cumberland Co., Nova Scotia, writes: "I feel that I cannot say enough about your 'Favorite Prescription.' I was confined on the 8th of April, and I was only sick about thirty minutes in all. I can truthfully say that your medicine worked wonders in my case. Although the physician was in the house I did not seem to require his aid."

with an apology. A friend has quartered a couple of babies upon us for the night. We want you to come and dine this evening, and then to-morrow morning you must come and stay as long as the river will help us to keep you. My wife will pick you up in the tonga on her way from the band. And now I must be off. Come up, you red brute!"

He gave the horse a friendly tap on the shoulder with the toe of his boot, without picking up the reins, and the beast was round and off like a shot. He could train his horses to do anything with next to no trouble, I have heard. Some men can.

## CHAPTER II.

It was badly dusk when Mrs. Marston turned her pair of gray Arab ponies into the compound. I had not expected her so early but by good luck I was ready.

From nothing but my couple of minutes' talk with Marston I had got an impression that his wife would be as perfect as the rest of his appointments. A failure in that item would have infallibly left on his manner and bearings some certain trace of non-success; his assurance would not have been complete had it not rested upon a conviction that his supreme triumph was in the central enterprise of his life.

Was it, I wondered at the first glance I gave to the little equipage, by some humorous design of making the beautiful creature I saw still more suggestive of a princess in fairy tale, that her husband had given her an ogre as an attendant? The native groom who went to the horses' heads was certainly one of the most uncouth specimens of humanity I ever chanced to behold. He was, I imagine, an Afghan—short, squat, bow-legged, with an enormous chest, and a head that might have belonged to a giant. His beetle brows, nose and one cheek were divided diagonally by a sword cut that must have sliced his skull like a pumpkin, to judge from the scar it had left. The expression was not malign; the submissive good nature of a brute that hardly knows its own strength, or the surly surrender of a bear to its tamer—which is it?

Mrs. Marston was only a girl, hardly one-and-twenty I should think. Very beautiful, more perhaps, than any woman I had ever seen, but with a certain simplicity of grave girlishness in look and bearing that struck me even more than her beauty. If she was shy, her shyness did not take the form of embarrassment. She was perfectly composed, and yet I do not think I ever knew any one getting through the necessary formalities of greeting with so small an expenditure of words.

She drove well, keeping her ponies up to their work, and standing no nonsense. They had no blinkers, and next to no harness, and were spirited little beasts enough.

We drew up under the porch, which was already decorated with creepers, its panes and the screens, misnamed in its homely speech, and I observed her through large, cool rooms, exquisitely rich and fragrant to the veranda on the other side.

Then I saw that we were on the high bank of a river, across which one looked over the great plain, already gray and indistinct in the twilight.

Chairs had been placed outside on a carpet spread almost on the edge of the sandy cliff, below which the river spread wide in flood. She did not pause on the veranda, but took me straight out, giving an order to a servant as she did so. "Harold said you were to lie down in a long chair until he came," she said, and I thought I could perceive in her tone the satisfaction of a person who has found a clue to a puzzle. "And you were to drink a glass of sherry. They will bring it in a moment."

Then she sat down in a low chair nearly opposite and seemed, I thought, a little at a loss. She had probably been told to amuse me until he came in, and did not quite know how it was to be done. By and by she began rather shyly:—

"Do you like India?"

"That is rather a large question, Mrs. Marston. I must localize my answer a little. I like a long chair on an evening like this very well."

"Perhaps I was still weak; my voice showed it, I dare say, for she went on:— "You must have been very ill. I am afraid you are very tired."

"Your husband is determined to make me an invalid, so I have resigned myself, you see. I had made up my mind that I was quite well again."

"A great many people died, didn't they? Harold told me how bad it was there. I hope none of your friends—"

"Every one is like a friend in a small station, you know. The man I missed most I knew least of, perhaps. He was not unhappy, I think, the friend who was in my mind when I spoke. He had carried a heavy load very bravely and death lifted it off his shoulders and he could lie down and be at rest."

"Will you tell me?" she said, very gently. "Not if it pains you, you know."

I felt I was doing an unwise thing; and yet I did it. She wanted to hear a sad story, poor child, that her own happiness might taste the sweeter afterward, perhaps; perhaps the still gloom and silence of the gathering night made her thoughts find a fearful pleasure in hearing of death and sorrow. And I—the thing itself was so fresh in my memory, and yet my weary journey made the scene seem so remote. And then, explain it as you may, have felt since that a compulsion was upon me.

"I will tell you if you like," I said.

## CHAPTER III.

When I rejoined the regiment at Alikot last year there was a man a few years senior to myself who had been transferred to us in my absence. He was under a cloud. They said he had misbehaved in action in the Crimea; but no one seemed to know what the real story was. He was a very quiet, reserved fellow, with a tongue that could sting when he chose to use it, which he hardly ever did. A man who might have been popular; brains, good looks, everything in his favor—only that old story against him. But that was

enough. He was one of the best officers in the regiment; but it was only discipline that made the men obey him, and only civility that made him tolerated at mess.

I need not tell you the chance that made us housemates. We lived under the same roof for four months, and I got to like him and to believe that there was something wrong about the story.

It was in the June of 1855, just over fifteen years ago. He was then a lieutenant with his regiment in the Crimea. They had the advanced trenches guard one night, and there was a sudden attack—one of those sharp little brushes the Russians used to give our fellows now and again. I've heard, just to make their own youngsters keep. It was all over in five minutes; and then it turned out that my friend was missing.

They thought he had been made prisoner or something of the sort for a moment, and then all at once he appeared. He said he had been sent by the officer in command with a message to the battery in rear of that part of the trenches. As he had luck would have it, the officer who sent him had been killed. I don't suppose any one would have doubted the truth of the story, if he had not mentioned that another officer was standing close by when the order was given. Indeed, he said there had been a question which of the two should be sent. So, almost by chance, this man was asked what had passed.

He said he had heard nothing of the sort, in an off-hand way enough at first, as if he did not choose to be mixed up in the matter; but when he was pressed on the subject he asserted distinctly that the order had not been given. My friend had not reached the battery; he had turned back on hearing musketry firing, he said. Well, there was a private enquiry, and the result was that the thing was hushed up, passed over with our friend being formally exonerated. There had been a sort of rivalry between him and the other fellow, but it was incredible that any man could be guilty of a falsehood under such circumstances. The whole thing was in the regiment, and the commanding officer was able to back it. He probably thought the young fellow's nerve had failed him and wanted to give him another chance.

(To be Continued.)

## A Guaranteed Asthma Cure.

Clarke's Kola Compound Cures. Some years ago this would have been considered an impossibility, but Dr. Clarke has solved the problem since completing his experiments with the wonderful Kola plant in England. In December, 1893, he found, that by combining extracts from the Kola with other extracts made from the Groudon plant which grows in California, that the compound would cure the severest cases of asthma. Upon experimenting on one of the leading London hospitals he found that 95 per cent. of the cases were cured in from 60 to 90 days' treatment. Since the introduction of this remedy into Canada in 1895 there have been over 500 cases cured in Canada alone. Mr. R. N. Klum, C. P. R. engineer, Western Division, writes: "I have been a great sufferer from asthma in its worst form for over twelve years, and never succeeded in getting anything to help me permanently until the C. P. R. doctor prescribed Clarke's Kola Compound for me in December, 1895, when two bottles entirely cured me; at least, I have not since had any return of the asthma. I am personally acquainted with at least six persons who have been cured from asthma by Clarke's Kola Compound, and feel it my duty to recommend it to all who may be troubled with this disease." Three bottles are absolutely guaranteed to cure. A free sample bottle will be sent to any person troubled with asthma. Address The Griffiths & Macpherson Co., sole Canadian agents, 121 Church street, Toronto, Ontario. Sold by all druggists.

Others may relieve, but Clarke's Kola Compound for asthma permanently cures.

Sold by Geo. E. Hughes

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- W. A. Hutcheson
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## What is

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### Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

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### Castoria.

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