

# SALT RHEUM TORTURES

Die away before the magical effect of

## Dr. Chase's Ointment

The tortures of Salt Rheum are almost beyond human endurance, and as the flesh becomes raw, and the itching and burning increase, the suffering is so intense as to almost drive one crazy.

In desperation salves and ointments are applied, only to give rise to further disappointment and despair.

But there is hope. There is assurance that you can be cured just as scores and hundreds of others have been by using Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Mr. John Siron, of Aultsville, Ont., writes: "For seven years I was a sufferer from Salt Rheum, and my hands were so bad I had to wear greased gloves. Nothing seemed to help me, but I was induced to try Dr. Chase's Ointment, and one box cured me completely. There is not a trace of the Salt Rheum left."

Dr. Chase's Ointment has effected most miraculous cures in all parts of this great Dominion. Could you have better assurance that it will cure you? For sale by all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

## The Charlottetown Steam Navigation Co., Ltd.



STEAMERS...

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From POINT DU CHENE (on arrival of morning train from St. John) for Summerside, connecting there with express train for Charlottetown.

From SUMMERSIDE (on arrival of morning train from Charlottetown) for Point Du Chene connecting with day train for St. John.

Connecting at Moncton with train for Canada and at St. John with steamers of International Line and railways for United States and Canada.

From PICTOU (on arrival of day train from Halifax) for Charlottetown.

From CHARLOTTETOWN, seven a. m., for Pictou, connecting there with day train for Cape Breton and Halifax, at Halifax with C. A. & P. Line for Boston.

Through tickets to be had at Grand Trunk, Canadian Pacific, Intercolonial and P. E. I. Railways, and on the Company's Steamers and connecting lines in United States.

## F. W. HALES, SECRETAR

# BOSTON

Commencing May 10th The Favorite "S. S. HALIFAX"

will leave Charlottetown for BOSTON every Friday at noon (Standard Time) calling at Hawkesbury and Halifax.

Returning leave BOSTON every Tuesday at noon.

Passengers leaving CHARLOTTETOWN via Pictou, connect at Pictou with connection at Halifax with S. S. "HALIFAX" and "LA GRANDE DUCHESSE."

Tickets for sale at stations on P. E. I. Railway. For tickets, rates and all information apply to

W. W. CLARKE, Agent, Charlottetown or to H. L. CHIPMAN, Canadian Agent, Halifax, N. S.

## BLACK DIAMOND LINE



The S.S. BONAVISTA sailing from Montreal, Sunday morning, June 11, will be due at Ch'town, Tuesday morning, June 13th. and on Wednesday forenoon will sail for St. Johns, Nfld., via North Sydney, with horses, cattle and sheep on deck and produce under deck at lowest possible rates. For further particulars as to freight and passage apply to PEAKE BROS & CO., Agents Ch'town, June 7,

# "THE JOYOUS COMRADE."

By I. ZANGWILL.

Copyright, 1898, by the Author.

"Well, what are you gaping at? Why don't you say something?" And all the impatience of the rapt artist at being interrupted by anything but praise was in the outburst.

"Holy Moses!" I gasped. "Give a man a chance to get his breath. I fall through a dark antechamber, over a bicycle, stumble round a screen, and, smack, a glare of oriental sunlight from a gigantic canvas, the vibration and glow of a group of joyous figures reeking with life and sweat—you the idealist, the seeker after nature's beautiful moods and art's beautiful patterns!"

"Beautiful moods!" he echoed angrily. "And why isn't this a beautiful mood? And what more beautiful pattern than this—look, this line, this sweep, this group here, this clinging of the children round this mass—all in a glow—inspired by this mass of cool shadow? The meaning doesn't interfere with the pattern, you chump!"

"Oh, so there is a meaning! You've become an anecdotal painter!"

"Adjectives be hanged! I can't talk theory in the precious daylight. If you can't see!"

"I can see that you are painting something you haven't seen. You have not been in the east, have you?"

"If I had, I haven't got time to jaw about it now. Come and have an absinth at the Cafe Victor in memory of old Paris days—Sixth avenue—any of the boys will tell you. Let me see, daylight till 6—half past 6. Au 'voir, au 'voir!"

As I went down the steep dark stairs "Same old Dan," I thought. "Who would imagine I was a stranger in New York looking up an old fellow struggler on his native heath? If I didn't know better, I might fancy his tremendous success had given him the same opinion of himself that America has of him. But, no; nothing will change him—the same furious devotion to his canvas once he has quietly planned his picture, the same obstinate conviction that he is seeing something in the only right way! And yet something has changed him. Why has his brush suddenly gone east? Why this new kind of composition crowded with figures—ancient Jews too? Has he been taken with piety and is he going henceforward ostentatiously to proclaim his race? And who is the cheerful central figure with the fine open face? I don't recollect any such scene in Jewish history—or anything so joyous. Perhaps it's a study of modern Jerusalem Jews, to show their life is not all Wailing Wall and Jeremiah. Or perhaps it's only decorative. America is great on decoration just now. No, he said the picture had a meaning. Well, I shall know all about it tonight. Anyhow it's a beautiful thing."

"Same old Dan," I thought even more decisively as, when I opened the door of the little cafe, a burly, black bearded figure with audacious eyes came at me with a grip and a slap and a roar of welcome and dragged me to

the quiet corner behind the billiard tables.

"I've just been opalizing your absinth for you," he laughed as we sat down. "But what's the matter? You look kind o' scared."

"It's your inferno of a city. As I turned the corner of Sixth avenue an elevated train came shrieking and rumbling, and a swirl of wind swept screeching round and round, enveloping me in a whirlpool of smoke and steam, until, dazed and choked in what seemed the scalding effervescence of a collision, I had given up all hope of ever learning what your confounded picture meant."

"Aha!" He took a complacent sip. "It staid with you, did it?" And the light of triumph, flushing for an instant his rugged features, showed when it glanced how pale and drawn they were by the feverish tension of his long day's work.

"Yes, it did, old fellow," I said affectionately. "The joy and the glow of it, and yet also some strange antique simplicity and restfulness you have got into it, I know not how, have been with me all day, comforting me in the midst of the tearing, grinding life of this closing nineteenth century after Christ."

A curious smile flitted across Dan's face. He tilted his chair back and rested his head against the wall.

"There's nothing that takes me so much out of the nineteenth century after Christ," he said dreamily, "as 'his little French cafe. It waits me back to my early student days, that lie somewhere amid the enchanted mists of the youth of the world, to the zealous toil of the studios, to the careless trips in quaint, gray Holland, or flaming, devil may care Spain. Ah, what scenes shift and shuffle in the twinkle of the gas jet in this opalescent liquid—the hot shimmer of the arena at the Seville bullfight, with its swirl of color and movement; the torchlight procession of pilgrims round the church at Lourdes, with the one black nun praying by herself in a shadowy corner; the lovely valley of the Tauba, where the tinkle of the sheep bells mingles with the Lutheran hymn blown to the four winds from the old church tower; wines that were red; sunshine that was warm; mandolins." His voice died away as in exquisite reverie.

"And the east?" I said slyly.

A good natured smile dissipated his delicious dream.

"Ah, yes!" he said. "My east was the Tyrol."

"The Tyrol! How do you mean?"

"I see you won't let me out of that story."

"Oh! There's a story, is there?"

"Oh, well, perhaps not what you literary chaps would call a story! No lovmaking in it, you know."

"Then it can wait. Tell me about your picture."

"But that's mixed up with the story."

"Didn't I say you had become an anecdotal artist?"

"It's no laughing matter," he said gravely. "You remember when we parted at Munich a year ago last spring, you to go on to Vienna and I to go back to America? Well, I had a sudden fancy to take one last European trip all by myself, and started south through the Tyrol with a pack on my back. The third day out I fell and bruised my thigh severely and could not make my little mountain town till moonlight. And I tell you I was mighty glad when I limped across the bridge over the rushing river and dropped on the hotel sofa. Next morning I was stiff as a poker, but I struggled up the four rickety flights to the local physician and being assured I only wanted rest I resolved to take it with book and pipe and mug in a shady beer garden on the river. I had been reading for about an hour when five or six Tyrolese, old men and young, in their gray and green costumes and their little hats, trooped in and occupied the large table near the inn door. Presently I was startled by the sound of the zither. They began to sing songs. The pretty daughter of the house came and joined in the singing. I put down my book.

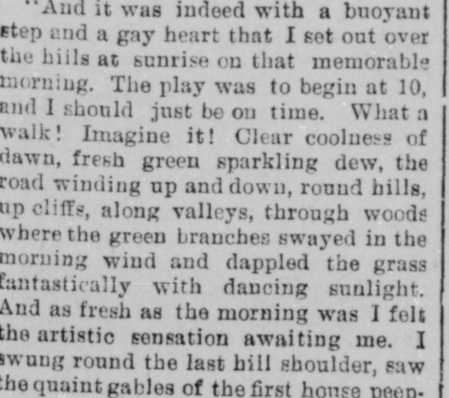
"The old lady who had served me with my mass of beer, seeing my interest, came over and chatted about her guests. Oh, no, they were not villagers; they came from four hours away. The slim one was a schoolteacher, and the dicker was a tenor and sang in the chorus of the Passion spiel. The good looking young man was to be the St. John. Passion play! I pricked up my ears. Where? Where? In their own village—three days hence—only given once every ten years—for hundreds and hundreds of years. Could strangers see it? What should strangers want to see it for? But could they see it? Gewiss. This was indeed a stroke of luck. I had always rather wanted to see the Passion play, but the thought of the fashion-able Oberammergau made me sick

would I like to be vorgezeit; rather. "It was not ten minutes after this introduction before I had settled to stay with St. John, and clouds of good American tobacco were rising from six Tyrolese pipes, and many an 'auf Ihr Wohl' was busying the pretty Kellnerinn. They trotted out all their repertory of quaint local songs for my benefit—it sounded bully, I tell you, out there with the sunlight and the green leaves and the rush of the river—and in this aroma of beer and brotherhood I blessed my damaged thigh. Three days hence! Just time for it to heal. A providential world, after all.

"And it was indeed with a buoyant step and a gay heart that I set out over the hills at sunrise on that memorable morning. The play was to begin at 10, and I should just be on time. What a walk! Imagine it! Clear coolness of dawn, fresh green sparkling dew, the road winding up and down, round hills, up cliffs, along valleys, through woods where the green branches swayed in the morning wind and dappled the grass fantastically with dancing sunlight. And as fresh as the morning was I felt the artistic sensation awaiting me. I swung round the last hill shoulder, saw the quaint gables of the first house peeping through the trees, the church spire rising beyond, then groups of Tyrolese converging from all the roads dipped down the valley, past the quiet lake, up the hills beyond, found myself caught in a stream of peasants, and, presto, was sucked from the radiant day into the deep gloom of the barnlike theater.

(To be Continued.)

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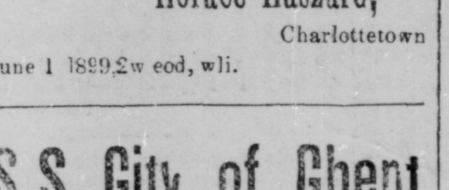
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## S.S. City of Ghent PICKFORD & BLACK LINE



HALIFAX AND CHARLOTTETOWN

S. S. City of Ghent will sail from Charlottetown every Friday at 7 o'clock during the season of 1899 for Halifax, calling at Summerside, Port Hastings, Port Hawkesbury, Arichau, 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.

Further information apply to W. W. CLARK Agent

Ch'Town May 27 th

## "SUNNYSIDE" DENTISTRY

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## DR. AYEPS

What is

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