

WILL IT BECOME POPULAR?

How Do You Like This New Fad.

Vegetarians, anti-coffee drinkers and food cranks of every description must now take a backseat for a new fad has the floor.

A society has recently been formed, the members of which pledge themselves to eat no food whatever that has been cooked. They claim that uncooked food is the only rational healthful diet; that our remote ancestors ate no cooked food, and therefore if we do the same, vigor and health will be our reward.

Raw meat, raw potatoes, raw wheat, raw eggs, raw everything, is the enticing bill of fare held out to the enthusiastic food crank of the future and the society proposes to establish restaurants in the cities where this delightful menu may be served daily.

Modern cooking is often a dyspepsia producer, because we try many foods which should be baked, roasted, broiled or boiled; fried food is indigestible because each particle of food is encased in hot grease which the digestive juices of the stomach can not easily penetrate, but properly cooked food is more easily digested than the same food uncooked, and we predict for the new fad a very limited following.

The real cause of indigestion is the lack of Hydrochloric acid and peptones in the stomach so that no matter how well cooked the food, it cannot be well digested unless the gastric juice is abundant and contains the necessary peptones to dissolve the food.

Therefore the most sensible cure for poor digestion is to take after each meal some safe and reliable digestive like Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, which supply peptones to digest the meat and eggs and diastase to digest the bread, potatoes and similar starchy foods.

Laxative medicines never cure indigestion because they have no digestive effect whatever upon the food; on the other hand if the food is properly digested there will be no need of laxatives; good digestion does away with constipation.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets contain pure aseptic pepsin (government test) diastase and the digestive elements which weak stomachs lack and they cure indigestion by assisting the over-worked, run down stomach in its hard work, until it is restored to its normal condition, when the tablets are no longer needed, but there are thousands of robust men and women who never eat a meal without taking one or two of Stuart's Tablets, because so doing they can eat what they please and when they please and be free from any bad after effect.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold by druggists everywhere in the United States, Canada and Great Britain.

SHIP NEWS.

Port of Charlottetown.

ENTERED.

Nov. 19.—Daisy Linden, Burgoine, Pictou; Hattie L. M. Ernest, do; Emma, Hayden, do; ss City of Ghent, McNevin, Port Hawkesbury, Monarch, Smeltzer, Pictou; James Semple, Roberts, do; Merry May, McKay, do; Dillytris, Cook, do.

CLEARED.

Nov. 19.—SS City of Ghent, McNevin, Pictou; Ellen E. Jackson, North Sydney

Ray's Recruit

.....BY.....  
CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U. S. A.  
AUTHOR OF "THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER," "FROM THE RANKS," ETC.

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(Continued.)

"First coach behind the baggage," was the answer as the man glanced over his shoulder. "There's some of 'em now." And as he spoke, bounding, laughing and dodging through the knot of hungry passengers, half a dozen young fellows in fatigue uniform or bright blue overcoats went hastening by to the luncheon room, followed by shouts from somewhere back along the train.

Presently a middle aged man in the garb of a sergeant of cavalry came stalking after them, a man who seemed just aroused from sound sleep, and not too well pleased as a consequence.

"Get back to that car, you men," he ordered authoritatively. "Didn't I tell you not a soul of you could leave it without my permission?"

But the recruits were lined up at the lunch counter by this time, and gleefully shouting for coffee and reaching for doughnuts, pie, anything edible within reach. The waiter looked perturbed and hesitated. The proprietor came hurrying over from his desk. The little throng of passengers seemed sympathetic and interested. "Who's to pay for this?" demanded the owner, as the sergeant came fuming and almost fighting his way into the crowded room. "Have your men got any money?"

"Course we have," sung out a jovial Pat, "and the credit of a benevolent and paternal government to back it, and there's my last cent to prove what I say," he added, whacking down a silver dollar on the counter.

"That ain't enough by the mate to it," said the proprietor gruffly. "Come, clear out, you boys. Train's going no time for coffee. This will pay for the things you're eating," said he, and he made a grab for the dollar, but Pat was too quick for him.

"Board!" shouted a hoarse voice on the platform without.

"Back to your car, you men," ordered the sergeant.

"Give me that dollar," demanded the boss.

"Give us the coffee," replied the recruits, and for once the populace seemed to side with the soldier. The tall young man in the ulster and traveling cap lounged up to the counter and tossed a \$2 bill at the angry manager. "Give them what they want," said he, "and be quick about it. Have some coffee yourself, sergeant. There'll be no other chance till you get to Butte." Then, with swift, significant, downward glance at the flap of a pocket, he lifted into view the silver top of a sizable flask, and the sergeant grinned and nodded appreciatively. The steaming cups were slid along the board, the embry soldiers laughing and bustling good naturedly, pouring the hot liquid into the thick stone saucers and blowing industriously at the yellow brown froth. The conductor came to the door and stared; the passengers began to edge away for their cars. No. 783 gave a warning whoop or two, and the fireman pulled at the bellcord, but the bluecoats wouldn't budge.

"Go ahead, Long. D—d if I'll hold this train another second," shouted the conductor, with energetic wave of his lantern. Hiss went the stopcocks. The big engine quivered and trembled in response, and with convulsive cough a volume of inky smoke was belched from the stack. Scut's bell clanged furiously, but only very slowly the long, ponderous train began to move. The crockery rattled and the windows shook as the massive engine came boiling and rumbling and panting by. The conductor heard his name called by the engineer and hurried alongside. "Look out for the kid in the big ulster. Tell you why

at Willow Springs," was the hoarse warning, as, with slowly quickening speed, old 783 went ponderously on. The conductor looked dazed. The joyous land of bluecoats came tumbling forth as the foremost car rolled smoothly past, and, agile as monkeys, leaped to the platform of the baggage and "smoker," waving their caps and shouting jovial farewells. The sergeant once more assuming official relations, sternly ordered



Long was eyeing him closely and listening for any word.

them within their own car, and bade them keep quiet, that the other men, wearied, might sleep. Then the conductor came hurriedly in and glanced eagerly about him as the sergeant looked at his watch.

It was just half past 1.

"Who's your friend in the ulster?" demanded the conductor. "Where'd he go?"

"Never saw him before in my life," said the sergeant. "I s'posed we left him there," he added, with regretful thought of that handsome, capacious, silver topped flask.

"Did you see where he went?" asked the conductor of the brakeman who followed in.

"Thought he jumped on the next car," was the answer. "He had a grip-sack, I know."

"Go and see," was the brief order. The official turned once more to the sergeant, who was settling himself back in his seat. "Say, you'll have to take better care of your men," he began. "I can't have them bounding out at every stopping place and delaying the train."

"You don't," said the sergeant, with a yawn. "That's the first time any one of them has got off, and they wouldn't have done that if it wasn't that they were hard up for coffee."

"You should have given them coffee last night at the supper station," said the conductor wrathfully.

"I did, and it was so bad they threw it away. This was better, and I'm sorry they weren't all awake to have some. They'll need it before we get to Butte. What time can we make it now, d'you s'pose?"

"Not before 7, if we do then. We have two freights and a cattle train to meet, and everything's running crooked tonight, even if we had no other trouble. Sure you never saw that fellow in the ulster before?"

"Sure. What's the matter with him? He treated like a nabob."

"That's one reason I want to know all about him. What arms have you fellows?"

"None at all," was the answer as the sergeant looked up in surprise. "I've a revolver, of course, but that's all. Why? You never have a 'hold up' along here, do you?"

But the conductor did not answer. The train had "struck its gait," as he expressed it, now, and was swaying as it tore westward along the rattling rails. The brakeman was hastening back to the car. "See him?" queried the conductor impatiently.

"No, sir. He's gone back to the sleeper."

Somewhere among the drowsing carload of recruits a voice was uplifted in not unmelodious song. Most of the men were sleeping soundly, but the lively squad of night owls just bundled aboard, refreshed by their coffee and bite at the station, seemed desirous of further entertainment. "Odd," said the conductor, "I've hauled many a lot of poor devils out to Wyoming and beyond. Most of 'em never came back, but I never yet saw a lot that didn't sing. What on earth have they got to sing for?"

"The Lord knows," answered the

sergeant, and I've been soldiering 20 years."

"Always in the cavalry?"

"Yes, all but one 'listment in a case-mate that I thought me nearer to desertion than ever I thought to be."

"Never meet my engineer, Jimmy Long? He used to be sergeant in the cavalry out here. Got shot through the legs in an Indian fight seven or eight years ago and had to quit."

"Know of him well, as most of us did, and I'd be glad to see him. He's pulling us tonight, is he?"

"Yes, and I wish you'd come forward with me when we get to Willow Springs, only a few miles ahead now. He thinks there's something wrong with that young fellow in the ulster. I've got to go back and look him up. Meet me on the platform, right hand side, when we stop, will you?"

The sergeant nodded, and the conductor went his way.

In the foremost sleeper he found the object of his search, already comfortably ensconced in the smoking compartment, his ulster thrown aside, his feet on the opposite seat, a fragrant cloud of smoke curling from the tip of his cigar. He had raised the window and was gazing out upon a spangled firmament above, a black void where lay the barren earth below.

Without a word, his cigar still between his teeth, he felt in the waistcoat pocket of a well made traveling suit of tweed, took out a cardcase and extracted therefrom his railway and berth tickets and handed them to the lantern bearing official.

The conductor studied the former closely. It was a "through" from Chicago to Butte, unlimited. He turned it upside down, hind side foremost and still seemed to find nothing amiss.

"Where'd you get this?" he presently asked, glancing keenly at the young man from under his capvisor. The passenger, still without removing his cigar, simply pointed to the head of the ticket, which showed that it was purchased at the office of the C. R. I. and P. in Chicago. "Stopped off at Platte Junction?" asked the conductor.

"Yes. What time will we reach Butte?"

"Not before 7. Plenty of time to go to bed and sleep." And the tone of the railway official plainly indicated that that was what the conductor thought the young man ought to do, instead of mooning to all hours of the night in the smoking room. The passenger gravely nodded acquiescence and said nothing. After an irresolute pause the conductor again spoke. "Did you tell the porter to show you to your berth?"

The traveler in tweeds was evidently a youth of varying moods. Chatting with the engineer he was frank, jovial, light hearted, even confiding. In the brief scene with the troopers he was laughing and friendly, even lavish, from their point of view. Was it some sense of suspicion, some subtle intuition that he was the object of a special scrutiny on the conductor's part, that he was being subjected to a cross questioning never thought of in the case of other patrons of the road?

Something in the conductor's look, tone and manner had given him umbrage. Like some itinerant clam, storm tossed and at odds with the world, he drew within his shell and clamped the jaws of his reserve. Something akin to a frown settled between his eyebrows. He looked coolly, almost defiantly, straight into the half closed eyes of his questioner, with a pair of wide open keen blue orbs of his own, and under his soft brown mustache his curved pink lips set like a trap. For a moment he made no reply, then finally answered, "No."

(To be Continued.)

Poor Quality of Blood

A Frequent Cause of Consumption, Heart Failure and Other Constitutional Diseases—Dr. Chase's Nerve Food as a Blood Builder.

The heart, the lungs, the stomach, the liver, the kidneys, and bowels cannot perform their functions and repair wasted tissue when supplied with blood that is deficient in nutritive qualities, and sooner or later the weakest organ succumbs to the attacks of disease.

The indications of thin, watery blood are paleness of the lips, gums, and eyelids, shortness of breath, weakness of heart action, and languid, despondent feelings. These symptoms are usually accompanied by nervousness, sleeplessness, and general weakness of the body.

It is positively useless to doctor the symptoms, and injurious to use opiates or stimulants. Cure can be brought about gradually and certainly by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, which contains in condensed pill form all the elements required for strengthening and revitalizing the blood. As a blood builder and nerve restorative, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is of inestimable value. In pill form, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

NOTICE!

A meeting of Delegates will be held at the Town Hall on Wednesday, 21st inst., at 7 o'clock, p. m., for the purpose of nominating candidates to contest the Georgetown electoral District on behalf of the Liberal Conservative party at the coming election.

D. GORDON, Pres. L. C. Association, Georgetown, Nov. 15, 1900—21 w st.



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The Time  
TO BRING TO US ANY  
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Articles that have ceased to be of any use. We will a low full value in exchange for goods, and you may be able to purchase something—either watch, jewelry, Spectacle or clock—that would be of service to you.

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"Happy Thought"



IN ALL THE WORLD no cause of worry so constant, so insistent, so widespread as inferior cooking apparatus.

WHAT WOMAN can help worrying the result of whose skill and care is managed or destroyed by an inferior Range.

DEAL FAIRLY by your household and yourself—install Buck's "Happy Thought" Range in your kitchen and if you can't quit worrying entirely your wife will. The worry fiend holds sway supreme in many kitchens. It is a blood relation of the dyspepsia of like ilk. Banish them, buy a "Happy Thought."

The manufacturers of the "Happy Thought" are doing your ordinary worrying for you for all time—take advantage of it.

They have worried over and have perfected every detail of Range construction, which though not always apparent on the surface, is most important in results.

Planned like an engine, fitted like a watch, as durable as the hills, the "Happy Thought" is ever in the lead, and there it will remain until perfection meets its match.

DON'T WORRY  
Use Buck's "Happy Thought" Range!

For sale by  
Simon W. Crabbe.

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Stoves and Hardware.

HASZARD'S BRAHMIN TEA.

60,000 Pounds now Landing and to arrive.

Ask your grocer for "Haszard's Brahmin" and take no other.

Nov. 15.—2 wks d&w.

FAMILY RECORDS

One of the most beautiful pictures in color. It is a background of 3448 SOBER GOLD rays the FAMILY RECORD in the shape of a handsome volume with GOLD CLASPS upon a cushion of crimson velvet with a beautiful GEM TASSEL. On the pages, and different headings, are spaces in which to write the name and date of birth. On the other side is a beautiful scroll on which to record marriage and death. On top of the picture are the words, "FAMILY RECORD" in the richest lettering known to the printer's art. Under this are spaces for father's and mother's pictures. In the lower part of the picture is A BEAUTIFUL HOME SCENE. THE DEAR OLD GRANDPARENTS, THE HANDSOME STALWART HUSBAND and HAPPY YOUNG WIFE, THE LOVING DAUGHTER and BABY-BY-TO BE INDOLIZED GRANDCHILD—are all gathered around the table, while grandfather reads a portion of God's HOLY WORD. A truly beautiful scene. On beneath are the words, "GOD BLESS OUR FAMILY." Around this picture are eight spaces for photographs of other members of the family, each space enclosing a gem of your choice. Elsewhere on the picture are scattered creeping vines, buds and blossoms in rich confusion, the whole resting on, and thrown in bold relief by the gorgeous background of solid gold which produces a picture of DAZZLING BEAUTY.

AGENTS! NOW IS YOUR TIME. Our regular price is 50 cts, but to anyone who sends this ad, we will send one for 25 cts. Our price to agents—12 for \$1.75; 50 for \$6.00; 100 for \$10.00. We pay all charges and return money for unsold pictures. N. C. JACKSON, Filmore City, bought 375 Pictures for \$41.75; sold them for half price, 25 cts each, making \$32.50 clear profit. Can you do better? We have 5000 testimonials and want yours. Address

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If you have Backache you have Kidney Disease. If you neglect Backache it will develop into something worse—Bright's Disease or Diabetes. There is no use rubbing and doctoring your back. Cure the kidneys. There is only one kidney medicine but it cures Backache every time—

Dodd's Kidney Pills