



**"ASLEEP!"**  
Nothing so appeals to a mother's heart as the sight of her baby asleep. This is doubly true when the white lips, the fevered brow, the blue lines beneath the eyes and the thin little hands tell the pathetic story that baby is ill. To the child that comes into the world robust and healthy, the ordinary ills of childhood are not a serious menace; but to the weak, puny baby with the seeds of disease implanted in its little body even before birth, they are a serious matter and frequently mean baby's death.

The woman who wants a strong, healthy baby must see to it that she does not suffer from weakness and disease of the important and delicate organs concerned in motherhood. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription acts directly on these organs, allaying inflammation, healing ulceration and soothing pain. It fits a woman for wifehood and motherhood. It banishes the discomforts of the period of anticipation and almost painless. It insures the newborn's health and an ample supply of nourishment. It rids maternity of its perils. It has caused many a childless home to ring with the happy laughter of healthy children. Over 60,000 women have testified to its marvelous merits. It is the discovery of an eminent and skillful specialist, Dr. R. V. Pierce, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the great Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. All medicine dealers sell it. Ailing women who write to Dr. Pierce will receive free his best advice.

Scores of women who have been cured of obstinate and dangerous diseases by Dr. Pierce's medicines have told their experiences in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. It contains 1000 pages, over 300 engravings and colored plates, and is free. Send 31 one-cent stamps, to cover cost of customs and mailing only, for paper-covered copy; cloth binding 50 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.



LOVE'S COMMAND BY JOHN A. STEUART. (Copyright, 1893, by John Alexander Steuart.)

"I will slip down these quicker than the angels came down Jacob's ladder," remarked Suleiman, throwing the loose ends out of the window. "Now, my good Ibrahim, do not tarry." Ibrahim did not tarry. Even sooner, I think, than was expected by our impatient leader, there was a sound of grunting and snorting, and low voices in the darkness underneath that made him smile.

"Art thou there, Ibrahim?" called Suleiman, softly.

"I am here," answered Ibrahim, in the same tone.

"And four camels, by the memory of the great Saad. (A notorious Arab freebooter.) How didst thou find them, my gay one?"

"By taking their keepers unawares and sending them swiftly to the prophet's bosom," replied Ibrahim.

"Malec will see thee in fiery brimstone for thy good deeds, Ibrahim," chuckled Suleiman.

Chattels and ladies were lowered, the latter not without difficulty, for three were timid and the fourth rebellious, but Suleiman, who was experienced and expeditious in such matters, had soon the whole four, as he expressed it, in Ibrahim's bosom below. Then slipping down ourselves and hurriedly forming a circle about our spoils we thrust and cut a way to the comparative quiet of an orchard, where the goods were loaded and the ladies provided with litters. This care was taken that they might depreciate as little as possible in value.

We had not finished when dense volumes of smoke were seen ascending from the castle.

"What the Bedouin leaves the flames will have," remarked one of the men a minute later as a great blaze lit up the sky.

"Idiots!" growled Suleiman, who intended to go back for more plunder, and in the next breath, "Mother of the prophet, listen to the roaring and rushing! Our kindred will be about us like clouds of hornets. It is time to be away."

If we wished to hold our own, it was time. So, mounting in the light of the burning pile, we made off with all speed.

It was not easy to escape from that whirlpool of destruction, and keep our plunder intact. At the start we had to fight our way step by step, and at times the handling was so rough and the odds so heavy, that it seemed we must lose all we had captured. But we kept well together, and partly by strategy, partly by a free and active use of steel, we got out at last with no more serious mishap than the loss of a little blood. To that we were by this time accustomed, and it did not hurt our spirits, though one man, evidently a recent addition to the band, made much ado about a couple of broken ribs till he was laughed and bullied out of his complaints.

We made straight for the desert as our safest retreat, never drawing rein till the sun was well up and we were once more alone. Then we halted to refresh ourselves with some of the good things provided by Amood Sinn. But before there was either eating or drinking Suleiman drew up the band and made a little speech.

"We have with us four princesses, as beautiful as the morning and as soft as the dove," he said, making a salaam toward the litters. "We value the gifts of Heaven, and my purpose in speaking is to let it be known that, by my life, the man who layeth a profane finger on these fair ones shall die the death of a dog. Yet is there much to comfort us. We shall feast, my merry ones. Yea, eat and drink in honour of our victories. There is a sweet savour already in my nostrils. Here are rivers of the wine of Shiraz, and bread baked in the ovens of Amood. Heaven protect him in his adversity!"

The company applauded, and fell merrily to eating and drinking; the men squatted on the ground beside their horses, the women chaste with-drawn in their litters and attended by the obsequious Baruk.

The meal was not over when Suleiman and Ibrahim were discussing our next movement. Much was said in a low voice about pilgrims and caravans and the pecuniary value of ladies such as we happened to possess, and, though I did not hear all, yet by putting two and two together, I understood that more robberies were in the wind. In short, the pious of the Moslem world were then making the annual pilgrimage, and we were bent on relieving them of some of their superfluous wealth.

The caravan on which we were anxious to bestow our attentions was the one that, starting from Yumen, proceeds by the mountain course to Taif. As we knew almost to a day the date at which it would appear, we could post ourselves satisfactorily, and await its coming with composure. The place of reception was in a deep and ugly defile where two camels could scarcely walk abreast, and a caravan could be harried with impunity. We could be hard, gained our position in good time, hid like foxes among the rocks, and prayed that the hadjis would not tarry. While waiting their arrival I had an experience that would be worth a fortune to a story-teller.

The sun had set, and the night had closed in rather dark. I had been attending to my mare, and was returning to my companions, when Baruk, sidling up, whispered that the Indian princess wished to have speech with me.

"But beware how thou goest," he said. "A score of lances would be sheathed in thy body if thou wert caught talking to her in secret."

"What does she want with me, Baruk?" I enquired, softly.

"She will tell thee. Follow me," he answered, gliding into the darkness. The danger and the mystery were of course an irresistible incentive, and

I turned after him instantly. We found the Indian crouching behind a big stone, having by some pretence managed to get away from the other women. Saluting her quietly, I told her I was at her service, but instead of answering me she turned to Baruk.

"Good, good Baruk," she said, in the sweetest of voices and in broken Arabic. "Gracious Baruk, go back to the litters. Say I am praying to the night. It is a custom with my people. It is a rite, say a rite, my Baruk. Fear not, I will return to thee. He," indicating me, "will keep me safe."

Baruk looked a little dubious, but he went.

"Thou art a stranger in this land," she said to me quickly when we were alone. "In India we see thy people, but this is not India. Thy face made my heart leap in the palace. Art one of the robbers? What do people call them? Bedouins—yea, that is it. Art one of them?"

A man must not trust himself unreservedly to the first mix he meets, so I answered, warily. But her eager intelligence found all she wanted in my reply.

"See, I take thy hand and kiss it—so," seizing my hand and putting it to her lips. "It is sin in our religion. But I have been taught. Ah, ha! I have been taught. I am a daughter of the holy prophet, but there is more than one road to Heaven. Is that not good truth?"

I had to admit it was fairly good truth and excellent Christian doctrine.

"Yes, yes, I know," she went on, quickly, and her voice was thrilling with suppressed emotion. "I have been taught—more than one road to Heaven—that is what thy people say. Now listen. Dost know we are guilty of a great big sin? Ah, the big knife would cut off thy head if eyes discovered us. But thy people are brave. Art afraid?" she asked, coming so close I could hear the quick beating of her heart.

There was a rustle behind and she turned, holding her breath.

"It is only Baruk," she said, much relieved. "Good Baruk, just a little space longer. Tell them if they ask thee that I am safe. Thou comest from far across the sea—people call it England," she continued, turning back to me.

More and more puzzled, I admitted she was right.

"I knew," she said, with an eagerness in which pleasure and pain were mingled. "Thy face proclaimeth thy country. I know thy people. Yea, one is—but never mind, that is too fast. Listen! Art thou going to remain with the robbers, the Bedouins?"

Baruk came creeping back again, declaring she would be missed and be slain.

"Thou shalt go straight to paradise, Baruk," she replied, soothingly. "Just one little space more," and he went away again.

"Now art thou going to stay?"

"Not if I can help it," I blurted, almost without knowing what I said.

"That is good," she said, with a little rocking motion of delight. "There is not time to tell everything now. If thou goest take me with thee. Let them not keep me to do their will. Pollution—that is it. Thou wilt save me, and I will love thee forever. Listen. I was performing the pilgrimage, they captured the caravan and slew my father. There was one—but there is no time to tell it. It was Amood Sinn that was wicked, and now I know he has been punished because his palace is in ashes. A battle, perchance. Wert thou in it?"

(To be Continued.)

**Build Up Your Health**

By nourishing every part of your system with blood made pure by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Then you will have nerve, mental, bodily and digestive strength. Then you need not fear disease, because your system will readily resist scrofulous tendencies and attacks of illness. Then you will know the absolute intrinsic merit of

**Hood's Sarsaparilla** The Best Spring Medicine and Blood Purifier. \$1, six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills act easily, promptly and effectively. 25 cents.

**TO LET**

For the summer of '98, a Seaside Cottage known as

**The Hermitage.**

Beautifully situated on Point Pleasant arm, North River, overlooking the Hillsboro River, and the approach to the harbor. An ideal spot for a summer outing. Apply to P. O. BOX 79

# MACKAY'S.

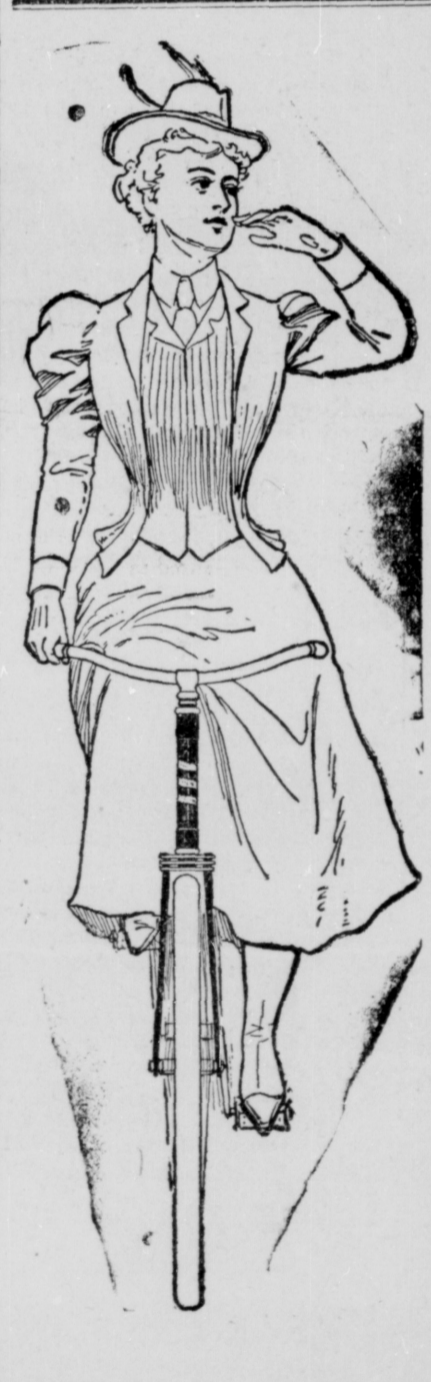
**Tweed Department**—We have made special efforts to have this department the largest and best on P. E. I. In addition to those of our own make we have a special purchase from Montreal auctions of black and blue worsteds, blue serges, Scotch tweeds, Canadian Tweeds. To any in want of 1st class goods at prices below original value, should not lose this opportunity of making your purchases at once.

**Hats and Caps**—Every style available has been secured to fill this department. Felt hats, hard and soft; crash hats, straw, all styles, English, American and Canadian Caps. We can assure you this department cannot be surpassed; all kinds of head wear from the smallest boy to the largest man.

**Gents' Furnishings**—of every description. Our Neckties just from Montreal auction, are now on sale at half price. Hose for Ladies and Children. See our 25c cashmere hose for gentlemen; job lot of gents' linen collars at 8c each, extra value. Sweaters for boys and men, in cotton and wool, at all prices; horse covers, the newest American

Wool Taken in Exchange for Anything We Sell.

# MACKAY'S, BARGAIN CORNER



**IT...**

is on the roughest roads that you notice the superiority of the

**Massey Harris**

They stand the strain without a quiver.

**Massey-Harris Co. LIMITED.**

MARK WRIGHT & CO Agents Ch'town.

ROGERS & ROGERS Agents for S'ide.

# Never Before

Have good Watches been so low in price as to-day. We have them recently bought at the latest reduced rates, and will sell low.

**G. H. TAYLOR**  
Jeweler and Optician.  
Charlottetown.

# TAKE NOTICE.

I inform the public, that no person or persons are allowed fishing in Mr. John White's Mill Pond, without permission from me.

JOHN WHITE,  
Wheatley River

# Quebec Steamship Co'y, Ltd.

"STR. CAMPANA."

Sailing from Montreal at 2 p. m.	Sailing from Charlottetown about 6 p. m.
Monday 6th June	Monday 30th May
Monday 20th June	Monday 13th June
Monday 4th July	Monday 27th June
Monday 18th July	Monday 11th July
Monday 1st August	Monday 25th July
Monday 15th August	Monday 8th Aug.
Monday 29th August	Monday 22nd Aug.
Monday 12th Sept.	Monday 5th Sept.
Monday 26th Sept.	Monday 19th Sept.
Monday 10th Oct.	Monday 3rd Oct.
Monday 24th Oct.	Monday 17th Oct.
Monday 7th Nov.	Monday 31st Oct.

Calling at Summerside, Perce Gaspé, Miramichi and Father Point. Delightful summer trip for tourists. Passenger accommodation unsurpassed. Freight carried at competition rates. Eggs handled with great care.

CARVELL BROS., Agents

# NOTICE.

Having leased the privilege of fishing trout on the stream known as Sherry's Creek, to parties in Ch'town you will please take notice that no person will be allowed to fish but them.

P. & T. SHERBY.

The **D & A** "CREST" Corset is Unbreakable.

**D & A "CREST" CORSETS**

Stand every strain. Always comfortable and absolutely unbreakable, every active woman needs one. Unrivaled for golfers and bicyclists. Cost only 25c. more than regular D & A styles, and made in all sizes. Ask to see them.

**TARTAN**

**WOLF SMOKING TOBACCO**

**J. RATTRAY & Co.**

MONTREAL, CAN.

**Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum**

For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, etc.

KERRY, WATSON & CO., PROPRIETORS. MONTREAL.

**A. A. McLEAN, Q. C.**

BARRISTER, & C.

BROWN'S BLOCK, CHARLOTTETOWN.

**Dress Goods, Muslins, Ducks, Sateens, Prints,**

come in and see our stock.

**T. J. HARRIS, London House**

101 1mo road