



Every man watches his balance in the bank, and his balance in his cash account, pretty closely. There is another ledger account that the average man entirely forgets to his own undoing. It is his account with death. It is more important than a "profit and loss" account, for its a "life and death" account. It is a man's duty to himself and family to look up this account once every day and see that the balance is on the right side. It doesn't pay to let this account run on, and have it debited with indigestion, and then impure blood, and finally nervous exhaustion, or prostration, or deadly consumption. When these diseases come it means a debit balance with death brought down in the blood, ink of another life sacrificed on the altar of foolish overwork and neglect of health. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes the appetite keen, the digestion perfect, the liver active and the blood pure. It is the great blood-maker, flesh-builder and health-forger. It makes firm, healthy flesh, but does not produce corpulence or raise the weight above nature's normal. It cures all cases of all cases of consumption, bronchial, throat and catarrhal affections. Honest dealers don't urge substitutes.

"My wife had suffered for seven years with dyspepsia, sick headache and constiveness," writes Mr. Alonzo D. Jameson, of Dunbarton, Merrimack Co., N. H. "We tried many doctors and many kinds of medicine, but all were of no avail. We purchased six bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which together with the 'Pleasant Pellets,' has entirely restored my wife's health. We cannot say enough to you in thanks for these valuable medicines."

It may save a life. Send 31 one-cent stamps, to cover cost of customs and mailing only, to World's Dispensary Med. Association, Buffalo, N. Y., for a paper-covered copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser; cloth binding 50 stamps. Contains 1008 pages, over 100 illustrations—a valuable medical library in one volume.



"Save us. Save us," we screamed. "We are not enemies, but friends. For the love of the prophet, take us in." There was not the tenth part of a second to decide. The pilgrims looked swiftly from us to our pursuers. The steel hedge opened, we shot through, and it closed quickly again as the Bedouins wheeled within a yard of it, brandishing their lances and screeching vengeance. They stood awhile vociferating, then, vowing they would yet give us to the vultures, slowly returned to look after their booty. Meantime Rane and Baruk were scrambling down with the breathless haste of fear straight upon the centre of the caravan, as being the point remotest from the Bedouins. We spoke earnestly for them, but indeed they required no pleader, their own distracted manner being ample evidence of their need. As the descent was extremely hazardous, I hurried forward to assist Rane, and as I ran some shots were fired from above. Poor Rane gave a little scream, and losing her hold came toppling into my arms. I put her gently on the ground, thinking she must have been hit, but a cursory examination showed she suffered from nothing worse than fright.

Baruk, however, did not escape so easily. Some of the flying slugs found a billet in his left arm, and the good man, being unaccustomed to pain, cried out till the gorge rang with his wallings. But there was little opportunity to console him, for the children of the desert, having levied their tax and been balked in their revenge, had disappeared like water in sand, and the caravan was ordered to proceed. So the great snake stretched out its cumbersome length once more, making what haste it could to quit such ugly quarters. Rane, clinging to me like a scared child, murmuring how good I was, and wondering, with many ejaculations that were strange to me, if we were yet safe. I did what I could to encourage her, till a venerable man with a long white beard and a compassionate manner led her off to the company of her own sex.

No questions were asked of us strangers till the caravan halted safe on the open plain. Then, while fires were being lighted, we were taken before some of the chief men and requested to give an account of ourselves. Tabal, who was a plausible fellow, with a ready invention, got through the ordeal quickly and well, but I had more trouble in proving myself a pious Mohammedan. Perhaps it was owing to my face, or it may have been from some defect in my accent. But one scurvy priest, who was the most active of the inquisitors, made a point at the beginning of doubting all I said.

"Art not thou a heretic unbeliever?" he asked, bending a pair of uncommonly sharp, black eyes on me. "Art not thou an enemy of our holy religion, a scoffer, an infidel? Here, what sayest thou?" he demanded of Tabal. "Is not this fellow an unbeliever?"

"As lahek Allah (may Heaven set you right)," replied Tabal, with a rapt and pious expression. "Surely man never knew his Koran better."

"We will see," said the priest.

Whereupon, whipping out his greasy copy of the sacred volume, he began to catechise me with the air of one who would say, "Now you shall see me do up this heretic."

But in my enforced leisure I had not studied the Koran in vain. To every question came a pat answer in the very words of the prophet himself, till the priest, first amazed and then convinced, thrust the book back into his bosom and embraced me as a true believer.

"Marhaba, marhaba" (welcome, welcome) he said, with a fervour more embarrassing than his doubt. "I crave thy pardon for my distrust. Thou art indeed a worthy follower of our holy prophet. Would that all his sons knew his words so well. And now sit thee down. El hamdu lillah. Praise be to Heaven it hath fallen to our lot to rescue a believer from the fangs of these wolves. Semmo (eat). And forthwith we all set to work with an appetite that the exercise with the Koran had in no wise dulled.

It required constant watchfulness, however, to preserve me from lapsing into Christian barbarities and heathenisms. Even Tabal had to be kept out of my inner secrets, and as to Rane, though I doubted not her desire to be secret, I had a careful remembrance of the natural weakness of a woman's tongue.

Once satisfied with our credentials the pilgrims made us as one of themselves. When we spoke of their kindness to strangers, they made ever the one answer:

"Think ye it is the will of God that any true believer should be left to perish on the way to the holy city? At the gathering of the nations, when the angels shall render their account of men's deeds, both good and bad, what would be our recompense if we were guilty of such a thing? And somehow it seemed to me the spirit was one that Christians, who boast of their charity, might occasionally imitate with advantage.

We travelled fast, and made our destination without loss by sickness or violence. No Bedouin molested us, because we were 2,000 strong and our way lay through the open, where the children of the desert seldom attack. We went by arid strips and fertile pasture lands, among flocks and herds and herdsmen that are to-day as they were in the days of the patriarchs, and appear not to miss the blessings of civilization. We paid extortionate tolls to legalized robbers for allowing us to pass where all the world was free, and we halted for refection and prayers beside pleasant wells that were in no fanciful sense the eye of the landscape. (The Bedouin, living most-

(Copyright, 1893, by John Alexander Steuart.)

Left Prostrate

Weak and Run Down, With Heart and Kidneys in Bad Condition—Restored by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I was very much run down, having been sick for several months. I had been trying different remedies which did me no good. I would have severe spells of coughing that would leave me prostrate. I was told that my lungs were affected, and my heart and kidneys were in a bad condition. In fact, it seemed as though every organ was out of order. I felt that something must be done and my brother advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I procured a bottle and began taking it. Before it was half gone I felt that it was helping me. I continued its use and it has made me a new woman. I cannot praise it too highly." MRS. SUMMERVILLE, 217 Ossington Avenue, Toronto, Ontario. Get only Hood's, because

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PICKFORD & BLACK LINE



HALIFAX & CHARLOTTETOWN. SEASON OF 1893.

S. S. CITY OF GHENT will sail from Charlottetown every Friday at 10 a. m., during the season of 1893, for Halifax, calling at Summerside, Port Hastings, Port Hawkesbury, Arichat, Canoe, Isaac Harbor, Salmon River, Sheet Harbor; returning will leave Halifax every Tuesday at 6 p. m., making same calls. The Steamer has excellent passenger accommodation. Saloon amidships. Special low freights will be given this season. For further information apply to W. W. CLARKE, Agent. Ch'town, May 14, 1893

Dividend Notice.

MERCHANT'S BANK OF P. E. I. Ch'town, May 30, 1893

Notice is hereby given that a half-yearly dividend, at the rate of 8 per cent per annum, on the Capital stock of this Bank, has been declared payable at its banking house, on and after July 2nd, next. The Transfer Books will be closed from 17th June, to second July next; both days inclusive. By order of the board. J. M. DAVISON, Cashier. May 30th, 1893

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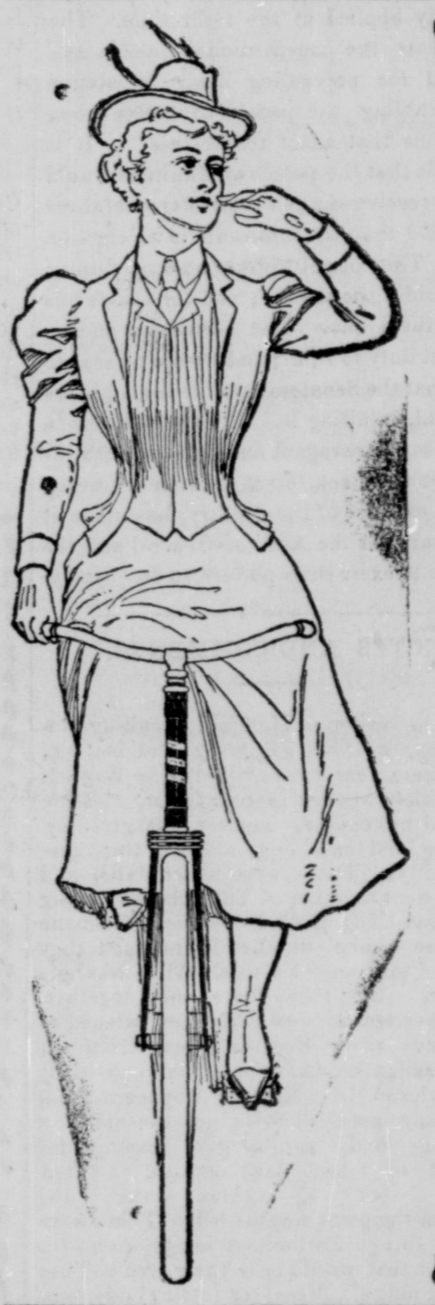
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Quebec Steamship Co'y, Ltd.

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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.

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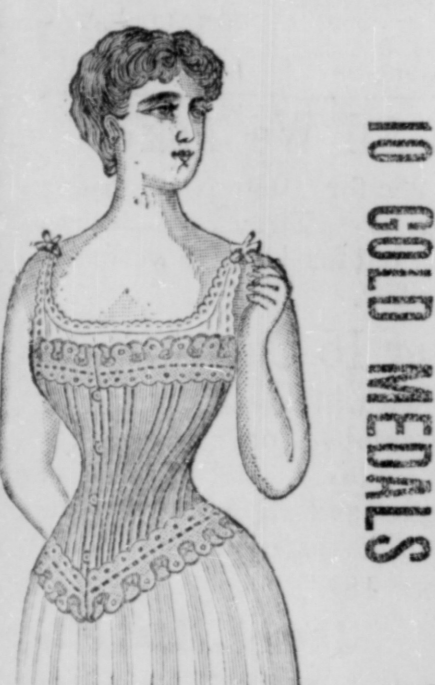


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NOTICE.

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. SHERRY.
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HENRY R. LORDLY C. E.

A. M. Can. Soc. C. E.
 Graduate College of Civil Engineering Cornell University.
 Consulting Engineer for General Work, Specialties: Hydraulic, Sanitary Engineering and Bridge Designing.
 Offices at Charlottetown and St. John's. Island correspondence addressed to Charlottetown.

TENDERS

Will be received by the undersigned, up to 12 o'clock noon, on Wednesday, 15th June, from parties willing to cater to J. A. O. H. sports, to be held on St. Dunstan's College grounds, on Friday, July

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