



It is a hard matter to find an American home, no matter how humble, in which there is not music of some kind. It may be the music of a piano, an organ, a guitar, a banjo or simply the music of a human voice. There can be no question as to its refining influence. But there is one kind of music that never knows the music of thousands of homes and without which no home can be thoroughly happy. It is the music of childish laughter.

A baby's prattle is the best music for the home. A baby is the only tie that can finally bind together in absolute happiness, usefulness and contentment a man and a woman. It is a cold and cheerless home that never knows the music of a baby's laughter. There are thousands of homes all over this land that were once cheerful and childless, but are to-day happy and lighted with babyhood's smile, that bless Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is the best of all medicines for women who suffer from weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organs. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs, giving them health, strength, vigor and elasticity. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration, soothes pain, stops debilitating drains and tones the nerves. It fits for wifehood and motherhood. It rids maternity of its perils. It banishes the qualms of the expectant period and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. It insures the child's health and an ample supply of nourishment. It is the discovery of Dr. R. V. Pierce, an eminent and skillful specialist, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. All good druggists sell it.

Miss Edith Cain, of Clinton, Allegheny Co., Pa., writes: "I take pleasure in expressing my faith in your 'Favorite Prescription.' After two years of suffering I began taking Dr. Pierce's medicine and now I am entirely cured. I had been troubled with female weakness for some time and also with a troublesome drain on the system, but now I am happy and well. I will cheerfully recommend Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription to all invalid ladies."

Dr. Pierce's Pelles cure constipation.



R. ANDREW MONTGOMERY, head of the Chicago branch of the house of Montgomery Brothers & Co., put his head into his resident manager's office and spoke as if there were native to lose:

"Logan, come with me. Bring your overcoat," he called back as he hastened toward the street.

In another moment the two were seated in a carriage.

"If the bridge isn't turned," said Mr. Montgomery, "we can catch the limited for New York."

"New York?"

"Listen! If we catch the limited you will be in New York to-morrow afternoon. My brother will meet you and tell you everything."

"Yes; you must get to London as quick as the Lord will let you."

"London?"

Eugene Logan had been in the employ of Montgomery Brothers & Co. more than half his life, and was not now to be surprised by any sudden movement these bold operators might make. He had once before—three years before—been hustled off to London, and had never regretted anything connected with the journey except the fact that he was hustled back again before he had advanced far enough in acquaintance with a certain young lady to warrant a request for correspondence with her.

As the carriage rolled along Eugene explained some matters of business left unfinished on his desk.

The limited rashed and screeched, but it could not frighten Time out of his accustomed jog. Eugene had a day on his hands. He could sleep away less than a third of it. He relieved some of the monotony by writing a long social letter to his dear old friend Dick Short, who was heading an expedition in search of paleontological treasures in the Black Hills. The rest of the time was spent in vain speculation as to the purpose of his journey and in wondering—for the thought would intrude itself—whether the young lady in London would be glad to see him.

At Jersey City he was met by Mr. Judson Montgomery, who took him to his home on the Palisades, and devoted the evening to giving him instructions concerning his mission abroad.

That night Eugene Logan's head lay lightly on his pillow and sleep was a long time coming. He had been let into secrets of which he had never dreamed, though he had long supposed he was on pretty confidential terms with his employers, and he was proud of himself for having merited these confidences as well as grateful for having been chosen for so important a mission.

In the morning a few purchases were made and he was betimes aboard his steamer walking up and down arm in arm with the senior member, the supreme head of the great firm whose daring he now foresaw was going to electrify the financial world.

"And I," his glad thoughts kept whispering to him, "and I, Eugene Logan, aged thirty, once errand boy, am to be the medium of this master stroke."

As Mr. Montgomery was about to step

from the steamer he laid his hand encouragingly on the young man's shoulder, and said:

"Eugene, you are going to do this business well and you are always going to be glad of it."

There was a significance in these words which Eugene was quick to catch, and as the monster vessel, groaning, swung out into the river, he stood on deck and waved his hand with the air of one already bidding adieu to a business partner and intimate friend.

Yes, it was a groan that the great ship gave. Eugene would have heard it so, could he have foreseen how differently his next meeting with Judson Montgomery was to terminate.

On his arrival in London Eugene was met at the station by Mr. Whitfield, whose years of faithful service to the Montgomerys had earned for him (as similar service had earned for others) a place in the firm name under the comprehensive abbreviation, "Co."

"You are to make my house your home during your stay in London," said Mr. Whitfield.

"You are very kind," Eugene answered, "but my stay may be a long one and I cannot think of making such a convenience of your hospitality."

"At least," said the Englishman, "you must make it your home till you find another."

That much the young man was glad to do, for the certain young lady of whom he had thought so many times was Mr. Whitfield's daughter.

Before they reached the house the elder man said:

"You knew I had taken another wife, Mr. Logan?"

"No, Mr. Whitfield, I did not. If I am not too late, let me offer my congratulations."

Save them until you see her. They will be heartier then," and the old gentleman looked the pride and pleasure he felt.

The new wife was indeed an attractive woman, rather young for a man of fifty-five, Eugene thought, and rather dashing for the companion of so sweet and modest a young woman as the daughter Emily, but an engaging daughter nevertheless.

What Mrs. Whitfield thought of Eugene Logan was well concealed in his presence, but when she was alone with her husband her dark eyes flashed and her olive cheeks took on a redder hue as she said:

"So that is the young snip they have sent over here to ride above a member of the house?"

"Tut, tut, my dear," said Mr. Whitfield, soothingly; "he is not to ride above me. He comes, as I told you, on some special mission and—"

"Yes, some special mission," she interrupted spitefully; "some secret confided to him, a mere chitling, and kept from you, even you."

It may have been that a part of her resentment was due to the fact that her husband shared all his secrets with her.

It did not wholly displease Mr. Whitfield to hear the beautiful creature champion him so earnestly. He could not find fault with what the head of the house had chosen to do, and he knew in his heart that he himself was glad to be rid of the labor and responsibility which Logan's mission probably involved, but it touched and tickled his old man vanity to see this dainty woman, this entrancing plaything of his riper years, as he loved to regard her—it touched his vanity to see her jealous of his interests, even his business interests, about which the women he had known before had seemed to care so little.

"You fascinating little witch," he said taking her velvety cheeks between his hands and pressing her lips into a luscious, cherry red pout, which he sipped with a joyous thrill—"you precious enchantress, you would be jealous of Judson Montgomery himself if he stepped in front of your husband, wouldn't you?" and he almost carried her to the sofa and drew her down upon his knee, where he fondled her as a new found toy and carressed sweet smiles back into her dancing glancing eyes.

Then she laid her pretty head upon his shoulder and peeped up through the graceful spray of raven colored curls that fell across her brow.

"And do you love me very, very much?" she asked.

The subtle perfume of her hair, the liquid depths of her pleading eyes, the touch of her soft, warm cheek upon his own, all made him feel that he spoke, and feebly spoke, the truth when he said:

"I never loved till now, my precious one. I never loved even you as I love you this very moment."

"And do you ever think of me when you are droning at your stupid business?"

So prettily she said it, so playfully, so roguishly, he could not resist the temptation to put a burning kiss upon her lovely neck, but she pushed him back.

"I think of you, my darling, my angel, every minute of the day, and—pressing her closer, closer to his bosom—"and yearn for the day to end."

"Even when dull men come in to talk dry business? When that little weazened attorney talks of deeds and mortgages and wills and such horrid things?"

"By the way, darling," said the ensnared old man, "I have ordered the will to be drawn and—"

She laid her dimpled hand lightly across his lips.

"I don't want to hear a word about such horrid things," she said, and nestled nearer to him and hid her face on his neck and let her bosom rise and fall against his own as if the very thought filled her heart with sob.

He stroked her glossy hair and pitied her.

"There," said he, "we won't talk of such things now."

"I am a little simpleton," she said, sitting erect. "I should think you would despise such weakness. There!" shaking herself. "I will be brave. See how brave I can be! Tell me all about it if it is anything I ought to know."

"It is only that my attorney is drawing my will, as I promised you he should, so that when I am gone—"

She shuddered and put her face in her hands.

"Go on," she said, "I will be brave."

"When I am gone you will have everything."

"Oh, you naughty man, to do such a thing and make me feel how little I deserve such beautiful love and confidence. There! and there! and there!"

She pressed three warm, lingering kisses squarely on his grateful lips, and with tears—real tears—glistening in her eyes, ran from him to her own room. He would have

BARGAIN CORNER

We will have open to-day Wednesday, a \$4000.00 stock of dry goods and clothing purchased at auction in Montreal. This stock is new, fresh, and will be sold at one half the original cost. Stock consists of

Clothing, Suits, Odd Coats, Men's Reefers and Overcoats, Childrens Reefers and Overcoats, Men's Rainproof Coats, Shirts, Hose, Caps, Tweeds and Worsteds, Pantings, Kid Gloves, &c.

FOR THE LADIES

Cloaking, Plain and Fancy Patterns, Hose, Wool Shawls, assorted trimmings, Hair Cloth for Skirts, Wool Mitts, Fur Collars, Hoods, Table Covers, Napkins, Flannel, Towels, Purse.

Everyone knows about our last cheap sale. This one will be away ahead of it.

Bargains for all, Come and inspect it.

W. D. MCKAY

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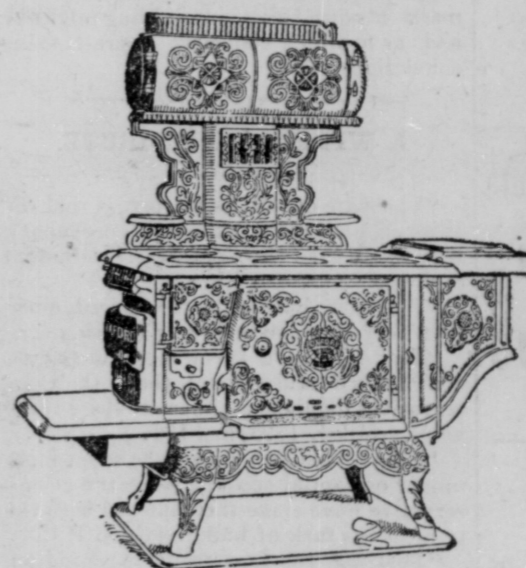
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I Have Just Completed My New Oyster Place.

Call and see the brilliant display of beautiful oysters on and off the shell. Our Oyster king is standing in the window. See him, and then you will eat Oysters.

John P. Joy, VICTORIA CAFE, Great George Street.

Valuable Lots For Sale IN CHARLOTTETOWN.

Not having been able to dispose of "Sidmount" the late residence of the Hon. Frederick Peters, en bloc, I have been instructed to sell a large portion thereof in blocks of acre lots. Roads have been laid off for this purpose and in this way some of the most beautiful lots in Charlottetown will be disposed of. Sale will take place at "Sidmount" on Wednesday the 21st day of September instant at 11 o'clock.

ROBERT BEARISTO, Auctioneer.

Ch'town Sept 1st 98 265 dtd



MRS. WRIGHT, OF NORVAL, ONT. EXPERIENCES INTENSE SUFFERING FROM ECZEMA IN HER FEET.

Raw From Her Toes to Her Knees

Dr. Chase Makes a Wonderful Cure.

Mrs. Knight, 17 Hanover place, Toronto, makes the following statement:

My mother, Mrs. Wright, who lives at Norval, near Doncaster, suffered a summer and winter with Eczema in her feet. She could not walk, and very seldom got any sleep. It became so bad that she was perfectly raw from the toes to the knees. After trying every available remedy without receiving any benefit, and almost hopeless of relief, she was advised to try Dr. Chase's Ointment. She has altogether used 8 boxes since commencing, but with the happiest results, for she is now completely cured. There is but one scar on one of her feet, a memento of her fearful suffering condition. Any person desiring further testimony in this case is at liberty to communicate with Mrs. Wright at her address, Norval P. O.

Mrs. Knight says after such a grand success, is it any wonder we recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment?

W. H. De Long, Civil Engineer, ex-Warden, and County Councillor, New Germany, Lunenburg Co., N. S., Oct. 28th, 1897, says:—"I had itching piles for thirty years, and have tried various kinds of pile cures, but none gave me permanent relief until I used Dr. Chase's Ointment. I have recommended it to others with the same result."

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followed her but she closed the door and turned the key.

"Poor little darling," he said—and every word was a man of pity—"she loves me so, and she must have her little cry alone, I could almost cry myself."

How bitterly or how joyously Mrs. Whitfield wept we may never know, but half an hour later she sat in the drawing room chatting with Eugene as gayly as if she had never known a sorrow, and there was no red about her eyes.

Emily was there, too, but she said little. She had been reared by an English mother, and although she was now twenty-three years of age she had not outlived those early lessons which had taught her that girls should not have opinions, or if they ventured so far as to have them, must not express them without the sanction of their parents, to whom their first duty must ever be due.

(To be Continued.)

HUMAN SACRIFICES

On the Altar of Diabetes, Saved by Dodd's Kidney Pills, Only.

Hardly a family in the country is free from Diabetes. Great thirst, failing sight, numbness in the thighs, bleeding gums, swollen ankles, emaciation, nervousness, pale or turbid urine, loss of sexual power, decaying teeth, pains in the loins or small of the back, are all positive signs that Diabetes is in the system.

Do you know how it ends? IN DEATH. A premature, horrible, agonized, pitiful death. The victim has no peace, no ease in life. His days are filled with tortures. His nights are waking dreams of agony. He longs to die, yet fears the terrors of his end. He lies, a bloated, fetid, repulsive mass of corruption. That is the only end of unchecked Diabetes. Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure it. They drive it out of the system thoroughly, create new, clean blood, rebuild the diseased kidneys, and restore robust health.

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