



Every woman should realize that her health is like a bank account. At the outset she has so much deposited to her credit in the bank of health. If she draws out more than she puts in she will soon overdraw her account. An over-drawn account in the bank of health means one of two things, a life of hopeless suffering or an early death.

The woman who neglects her health in a womanly way is making big drafts on her account with the bank of health and will soon be a physical bankrupt. Disorders of this description wreck a woman's general health quicker than anything else in the world. They soon transform a healthy, happy, amiable woman into a weak, sickly, fretful and despondent invalid. They utterly unfit a woman for wifehood or motherhood. For all disorders of this nature Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all medicines. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs concerned in maternity, giving them health, strength, vigor and elasticity. It relieves pain, allays inflammation, checks debilitating drains, and quickly subdues all other symptoms. It at once stops the dragging pains and sinking spells, the nervousness, the digestive disturbances and other complications that arise from the same cause. Taken during the months of expectant maternity, it banishes the usual discomforts and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. It insures the new-comer's health and a plentiful supply of nourishment. Thousands of women have testified to its marvelous merits. An honest dealer will not suggest an inferior or substitute for the sake of extra profit.



YOUNG WOMEN LOVE

The D & A Corset, fits so comfortably, supporting the figure, while yielding easily to every movement. It lasts well, and sells at popular prices.—MORAL: YOUNG WOMEN WEAR THE D & A CORSET.

If you are ill you need a doctor in whom you have confidence.

If you need a remedy you want one that has been tested for years; not an obscure, untried thing that is urged upon you, or on which you save a few cents—that is no consideration as against health.

For wasting in children and adults, Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites has been the recognized remedy for twenty-five years.

See and get it, all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

Charlottetown Board of Trade.

QUARTERLY MEETING

The general quarterly meeting of the Association will be held in the upper room of the Masonic Temple, in this city, on the evening of Wednesday, the 13th inst., at 8 o'clock.

EDMUND T. HIGGS, Secretary.

Farm For Sale

Four acres on Mount Edward Road, a fine house, fine outbuildings. An Orchard about 1 1/2 miles from town. The above farm will be sold at a bargain and on easy terms. Apply to CLEM HENOIT, Eureka Hotel.

Bottled Joy.

Wholesale bottles wanted, cheapest cash paid for all kind of empty bottles. JOHN P. JOY, Victoria Cafe, George St.

WONDERFUL RESCUE.

How Sergeant Vaughan saved a Life at a Hotel Fire.

Jacob A. Riis, author of "How the Other Half Lives," writes of "Heroes Who Fight Fire" in The Century. The article is one of the series "Heroes of Peace." Mr. Riis tells the following story of a heroic rescue at the Hotel Royal fire in New York some years ago:

Sergeant Vaughan went up on the roof. The smoke was so dense there that he could see little, but through it he heard a cry for help and made out the shape of a man standing upon a window sill in the fifth story overlooking the courtyard of the hotel. The yard was between them. Bidding his men follow—they were five all told—he ran down and around in the next street to the roof of the house that formed an angle with the hotel wing. There stood the man below him only a jump away, but a jump which no mortal might take and live. His face and hands were black with smoke. Vaughan, looking down, thought him a negro. He was perfectly calm.

"It is no use," he said, glancing up. "Don't try. You can't do it."

The sergeant looked wistfully about him. Not a stick or a piece of rope was in sight. Every shred was used below. There was absolutely nothing. "But I couldn't let him," he said to me months after, when he had come out of the hospital a whole man again and was back at work, "I just couldn't, standing there so quiet and brave." To the men he said sharply:

"I want you to do exactly as I tell you now. Don't grab me, but let me get the first grab." He had noticed that the man wore a heavy overcoat, and had already laid his plan.

"Don't try," urged the man. "You cannot save me. I will stay here till it gets too hot, then I will jump."

"No, you won't," from the sergeant, as he lay at full length on the roof, looking over. "It is a pretty hard yard down there. I will get you or go dead myself."

The four sat on the sergeant's legs as he swung free down to the waist, so he was almost able to reach the man on the window, with outstretched hands.

"Now, jump—quick!" he commanded, and the man jumped. He caught him by both wrists as directed, and the sergeant got a grip on the collar of his coat.

"Hoist!" he shouted to the four on the roof, and they tugged with their might. The sergeant's body did not move. Bending over till the back creaked, it hung over the edge, a weight of 200 pounds suspended from and holding it down. The cold sweat started upon his men's foreheads as they tried and tried again, without gaining an inch. Blood dripped from Sergeant Vaughan's nostrils and ears. Sixty feet below was the paved courtyard. Over against him was the window, behind which he saw the back draft coming, gathering headway with lurid, swirling smoke. Now it burst through, burning the hair and the coats of the two. For an instant he thought all hope was gone.

But in a flash it came back to him. To relieve the terrible dead weight that wrenched and tore at his muscles he was swinging the man to and fro like a pendulum, head touching head. He could swing him up! A smothered shout warned his men. They crept nearer the edge without letting go their grip on him and watched with staring eyes the human pendulum swing wider and wider, farther and farther, until now, with a mighty effort, it swung within their reach. They caught the skirt of the coat, held on, pulled in, and in a moment lifted him over the edge.

They lay upon the roof, all six, breathless, sightless, their faces turned to the winter sky. The tumult of the street came up as a faint echo. The snarl of a score of engines pumping below hit upon them, froze and covered them with ice. The very roar of the fire seemed far off. The sergeant was the first to recover. He carried down the man he had saved and saw him sent off to the hospital. Then first he noticed that he was not a negro. The smut had been rubbed off his face. Monday had dawned before he came to, and days passed before he knew his rescuer. Sergeant Vaughan was laid up himself then. He had returned to his work and finished it, but what he had gone through was too much for human strength. It was spring before he returned to his quarters, to find himself promoted, petted and made much of.

NOBLE BRITISH SOLDIERS.

Their Last Night Before They Die.

The London Correspondent of Harper's Weekly says: officers wounded in the Afridi campaign are beginning to appear in London society, and one hears from them many things of deep interest which have not appeared in the newspapers. There is one. Much has been said lately against the type and character of the private soldiers sent from England to India. It is true that before and even during the campaign some slight weeding was necessary. An officer who himself was severely wounded by a Dumdum bullet tells the following story of thirteen private soldiers, which deserves to go down into history. During one of the rear guard actions a small detachment of twelve men and a non-commissioned officer was cut off. The officer referred to was in command of the party dispatched next morning to find them. On reaching the place where the men had made their last stand he found thirteen dead bodies. All their rifles were of course stolen by the Afridis. Here comes the point of the story. After firing his last cartridge, each man of the thirteen removed the breech-bolt of his rifle and threw it as far as he could, so that the rifle, which he knew would be used against his countrymen, might be rendered useless. Every one of those thirteen bolts was recovered by the young officer in command of the search party. The last thought of these men before they laid down their lives was not for themselves, but for their countrymen and comrades. It is good to belong to the race capable of such things.

Brief and Decisive Opinions About Diamond Dyes

Mrs. J. E. Coulter, Neepawa, Man., says: "I always have much pleasure in using Diamond Dyes; I think they are grand agents for making old things look like new."

Mary A. Raycraft, Leeds, P. Q., gives her experience in seven words: "I am delighted with your Diamond Dyes."

Mr. Chas. Hutchings, Jones' Falls, Ont., writes:

"Have used several packages of your Diamond Dyes and find them better than any other make; they never fade or crack, and are entirely satisfactory."

Mrs. John Merritt, Sandy Cove, N. S., says: "Have used Diamond Dyes for over seven years, and have found them great success."

Mrs. David Grant, Mountain Station, Ont., says: "Diamond Dyes far surpass all other dyes that I have tried."



A Protection...

Baby's Own Soap is something more than a cleanser. It is a protection against the annoying and irritating skin troubles so often endured by infants.

It makes Babies happy and healthy, and keeps the delicate skin rosy, pink and clean.

Fragrant and pure, it is a perfect soap.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs. Montreal.

CAUTION—Many of the imitations of Baby's Own will burn and ruin the skin.

ALMONT WILKES, 2.31 1/2

The well known stallion, "Almont Wilkes" by "Hernando," 2.37 1/2, dam "Olive Wilkes," 2.39 1/4, dam of "Gracie Wilkes," 2.30 and "Almont Wilkes," 2.31 1/2, by Geo. Wilkes, jr., will stand the season of 1898 at Nicholson's Training Stables, Grafton St., opp. Court House, Ch'town.

Almont Wilkes is a big, stylish, carriage-horse; he stands over 16 hands high and weighs 1200 lbs. He is the sire of Montrose, 2.20 3/4, and Westie Wilkes; 2.39 1/4. Montrose was the horse that put up such a gallant fight in the tree-for-all at Ch'town track last fall, and there is no doubt that only for the concerted action of the other drivers, he would have won with ease. He trotted 13 heats, winning 4 first places and 5 seconds.

Westie Wilkes started in the 2.40 class at Summerside last fall, a green horse right off the pasture, getting a mark of 2.39 1/4 in a field of seasoned campaigners, and his owner expects him to get a mark of 2.23 this year. This proves that Almont Wilkes sires speed of a high order, and being a remarkable good looker, has always been a prize-winner in the show ring even when up against the best in the land.

For terms and particulars apply to J. M. NICHOLSON, OWNER.

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If you want to see a display of the finest and newest Hats and Caps. When we make a specialty of any article you may be sure that that is a sufficient guarantee of the said article's speciality,—and remember

A Reduction Sale

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In these goods at the Bargain Corner.

Another of Our Specialties is

Fine, Fit-the-form Clothing

We have all that is nobby and neat in Men's Suits. The collection is really handsome, and the way we have lowered prices on these goods seems absurd, but we must lead the clothing trade. Also a large stock of clothing for children and boys at unequalled prices.

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Successor to McKay Woolen Co.



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Special discounts on all Crockery China and Glass now in stock, to make room for spring importations.

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Exactly opposite the North Side of Market House.

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Coat and Vest makers, at D. A. BRUCE'S