

IT'S TOO RISKY

To undergo an operation for itching piles when Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment is a surer, cheaper, easier way to cure.

Cruel, barbarous methods belong to the dark ages of the past. There was a time when a surgical operation was considered the only possible cure for piles. Not so now. Occasionally there is still found a physician who adheres to this dangerous and expensive method, but to every one who still believes in using the knife, anise and nine recommend the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Dr. C. M. Harlan, writing in The American Journal of Health, said:

"We know that Dr. Chase's Ointment meets all the requisitions of the highest standard of worth, that it will be held in high esteem wherever it is used, and consequently we endorse it to every reader."

By force of merit alone Dr. Chase's Ointment has won its way into this wide, wide world, until it has made the name of Dr. Chase familiar in almost every home, and won for the venerable discoverer the title of "America's Greatest Physician."

Dr. Chase's Ointment has never been known to fail as a cure for piles. It matters not whether blind, itching, bleeding or protruding, Dr. Chase's Ointment is an absolute and perfect cure.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment is the discovery of the author of Dr. Chase's Receipt Book, whose portrait and signature is on every box of the genuine. All dealers, Messrs. Bannan, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Talk About Groceries

You want the best groceries your money can buy.

You want to have good groceries for the money you pay out.

You do not want to be disappointed.

Well, you won't be if you patronize us. We are doing business to secure trade. We would like you to try us once.

Driscoll & Hornsby

QUEEN STREET

An..... Exquisite Studio

And Photos to match the Studio.

Better come in and arrange for a sitting.

WESTLAKE BROS., Photographers

NEW PROWSE BLOCK

Dividend Notice

MERCHANTS BANK OF P. E. I. Charlottetown, June 1st, 1899

Notice is hereby given, that a half yearly dividend at the rate of 8 per cent per annum, on the capital stock of the bank has been declared payable at its banking house on and after July 3rd next.

The Transfer books will be closed from the 19th June, to the 3rd of July next, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.
J. M. DAVISON, Cashier.

June 1st, 1899

Never put of for tomorrow What you can do today.

If you think you are not getting value for the money you pay out every week for groceries, try us to-day.

We Don't Want a Cent

Of your money unless you get value received for it. For that reason we are always glad to have you look around our store and learn how much better you can do here than anywhere else.

John McKenna
Queen Street,

SEE YUP.

By BRET HARTE

(Continued)

When See Yup was not subject to the persecutions of the more ignorant and brutal, he was always a source of amusement to all, and I cannot recall an instance when he was ever taken seriously. The miners found diversions even in his alleged frauds and trickeries, whether innocent or retaliatory, and were fond of relating with great gusto his evasion of the "foreign miners' tax." This was an oppressive measure aimed principally at the Chinese, who humbly worked the worn-out "tailings" of their Christian fellow miners. It was stated that See Yup, knowing the difficulty—already alluded to—of identifying any particular Chinaman by name, conceived the additional idea of confusing recognition by intensifying their monotonous facial expression. Having paid his tax himself to the collector, he at once passed the receipt to his fellows, so that the collector found himself confronted in different parts of the settlement with the receipt and the aimless laugh of apparently See Yup himself. Although we all knew that there were a dozen Chinamen or more at work at the mines the collector never was able to collect the tax from more than two—See Yup and one See Yin—and so great was their facial resemblance that the unfortunate official for a long time hugged himself with the conviction that he had made See Yup pay twice and withheld the money from the government. It is very probable that the Californian's recognition of the sanctity of a joke and his belief that "cheating the government was only cheating himself" largely accounted for the sympathies of the rest of the miners.

But these sympathies were not always unanimous.

One evening I strolled into the bar-room of the principal saloon, which, as

far as mere upholstery and comfort went, was also the principal house in the settlement. The first rains had commenced. The windows were open, for the influence of the southwest trades penetrated even this faroff mountain mining settlement, but oddly enough there was a fire in the large central stove, around which the miners had collected, with their steaming boots elevated on a projecting iron railing that encircled it. They were not attracted by the warmth, but the stove formed a social pivot for gossip and suggested that mystic circle dear to the pregarious instinct. Yet they were decidedly a despondent group. For some moments the silence was only broken by a gasp, a sigh, a muttered oath or an impatient change of position. There was nothing in the fortunes of the settlement nor in their own individual affairs to suggest this gloom. The singular truth was that they were one and all suffering from the pangs of dyspepsia.

Incongruous as such a complaint might seem to their healthy environment—their outdoor life, their daily exercise, the healing balsam of the mountain air, their enforced temperance in diet and the absence of all enervating pleasures—it was nevertheless the incontestable fact. Whether it was the result of the nervous, excitable temperament which had brought them together in this feverish hunt for gold; whether it was the quality of the tinned meats or half cooked provisions they hastily bolted, begrudging the time it took to prepare and to consume them; whether they too often supplanted their meals by tobacco or whiskey, I do not know.

A man may stand under the running slip-noose of death and not realize it. Diseases, fatal to both body and brain, like nervous prostration and exhaustion, creep upon a man so slowly that he neglects his meals, and pays no attention to his digestion. His liver gets sluggish. His appetite falls off. The blood is improperly nourished and becomes impure. The brain and nerve tissues do not receive proper nutriment and are befogged with the poisons in the blood. The man cannot sleep or eat.

Then comes nervous prostration, and exhaustion. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes the appetite hearty, the digestion perfect, the liver active, the blood pure, the brain clear and the nerves steady. It makes pure blood and healthy flesh, muscle, brain and nerve tissue. It cures nervous diseases. No honest dealer will urge an inferior substitute for the little extra profit there is in it.

"About fourteen years ago," writes C. P. Williams, Esq., of Ferris, Campbell Co., Va., "I had a severe attack of sickness. I became very despondent about my situation. I thought I was going to starve to death. I could not rest at night and could not describe my feelings. I employed three or four doctors and they pronounced my disease to be Nervous Prostration. I was weakened down almost to a skeleton, and every body thought I was going to die. I procured two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and they made a perfect cure of me. My system built up rapidly. From a living skeleton I became robust and healthy. I am 67 years of age and am enjoying good health."

A good wife should be a good nurse and something of a doctor. Send thirty-one one-cent stamps to cover customs and mailing only, to World's Dispensary Medical Association, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y., for a paper-covered copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. Cloth binding, 50 stamps. One thousand and eight pages, over three hundred illustrations, some of them in colors. The best doctor-book extant.

physiological truth remained that these young, finely selected adventurers, living the lives of the natural aboriginal man and looking the picture of health and strength, actually suffered more from indigestion than the pampered dwellers of the cities. The quantity of "patent medicines," "bitters," pills, "panaceas" and "lozenges" sold in the settlement almost exceeded the amount of the regular provisions whose effects they were supposed to correct. The sufferers eagerly scanned advertisements and placards. There were occasional "runs" on new "specifics," and general conversation eventually turned into a discussion of their respective merits. A certain childlike faith and trust in each new remedy was not the least distressing and pathetic of the symptoms of these grown up bearded men.

"Well, gentlemen," said Cyrus Parker, glancing around at his fellow sufferers, "you kin talk of your patent medicines, and I've tackled 'em all, but only the other day I struck a sub that I'm 'gin to hang on to, you bet!"

Every eye was turned moodily to the speaker, but no one said anything.

"And I didn't get it outer advertisements, nor off of circulars! I got it outer my head, just by solid thinkin'," continued Parker.

"What was it, Cy?" said one unsophisticated and inexperienced sufferer.

Instead of replying, Parker, like a true artist, knowing he had the ear of his audience, dramatically flashed a question upon them:

"Did you ever hear of a Chinaman havin' dyspepsy?"

"Never heard he had sabs enough to hev anything," said a scorners.

"No, but did you?" insisted Parker.

"Well, no!" chorused the group. They were evidently struck with the fact.

"Of course you didn't!" said Parker triumphantly. "Cos they ain't. Well, gentlemen, it didn't seem to me the square thing that a pesky lot of yellow skinned heathens should be built differ-



He drew out a small red paper.

ent to a white man and never know the tortur' that a Christian feels, and one day, arter dinner, when I was just a-lyin flat down on the bank, squirming and clutchin the short grass to keep from yellin, who should go by but that pizenous See Yup, with a grin on his face!

"'Mlikan man plenty playee to him joss after eatin,' sez he, 'but Chinaman smellie punk, allee same, and no hab got.'"

"I knew the slimy cuss was just purtendin he thought I was prayin to my joss, but I was that weak I hadn't stren'th, boys, to heave a rock at him! Yet it gave me an idea!"

"What was it?" they asked eagerly.

"I went down to his shop the next day, when he was alone, and I was feelin mighty bad, and I got hold of his pig-tail, and I allowed I'd stuff it down his throat if he didn't tell me what he meant. Then he took a piece of punk and lit it, and put it under my nose, and darn my skin, gentlemen, you might n't believe me, but in a minute I felt better, and after a whiff or two I was all right."

"Was it pow'ful strong, Cy?" asked the inexperienced one.

"No," said Parker, "and that's just what's got me. It was a sort of dreamy, spicy smell, like a hot night. But as I couldn't go round 'mong you boys with a lighted piece of punk in my hand, as if I was settin off Fourth of July fire-crackers, I asked him if he couldn't fix me up somethin in another shape that would be handier to use when I was took bad, and I'd reckon to pay him for

it like as I'd pay for any other patent medicine. So he fixed me up this."

He put his hand in his pocket and drew out a small red paper, which when opened disclosed a pink powder. It was gravely passed around the group.

"Why, it smells and tastes like ginger," said one.

"It is only ginger," said another scornfully.

"Mebbe it is and mebbe it isn't," returned Cy Parker stoutly. "Mebbe it's only my fancy. But if it's the sort of stuff to bring on that fancy and that fancy cures me it's all the same. I've got about \$2 worth of that fancy, or that ginger, and I'm goin to stick to it. You hear me." And he carefully put it back in his pocket.

At which criticisms and gibes broke forth. If he (Cy Parker), a white man, was going to "demean himself" by consulting a Chinese quack, he'd better buy up a lot of idols and stand them up around his cabin. If he had that sort of confidences with See Yup, he ought to go to work with him on his cheap tailings and be fumigated all at the same time. If he'd been smoking an opium

pipe instead of smelling punk, he ought to be man enough to confess it. Yet it was noticeable that they were all very anxious to examine the packet again, but Cy Parker was alike indifferent to demand or entreaty.

A few days later I saw Abe Wynford, one of the party, coming out of See Yup's washhouse. He muttered something in passing about the infamous delay in sending home his washing, but did not linger long in conversation. The next day I met another miner at the washhouse, but he lingered so long on some trifling details that I finally left him there alone with See Yup. When I called up Poker Jack of Shasta, there was a singular smell of incense in his cabin, which he attributed to the very resinous quality of the fir logs he was burning. I did not attempt to probe these mysteries by any direct appeal to See Yup himself. I respected his reticence. Indeed if I had not I was quite satisfied that he would have lied to me. Enough that his washhouse was well patronized, and he was decidedly "gettin' on."

(To be Continued.)



Sick Men Smile

after trying the one, great, sure-to-help, pleasant and sustaining strengthener

Wilson's Invalids' Port . . .

A preparation in which are combined rare old port wine with Peruvian Bark in proportions prescribed by the English and French pharmacopoeias.

Physicians rely on it, Patients get well by it

For Sale by A. W. Reddin Geo. E. Hughes and Reddin Bros

ADVICE ABOUT Spice.

When ordering a package Pepper, Ginger, Allspice, Cinamon or Cream of Tartar from your grocer you can always feel sure of securing the best quality by asking for : : :

Mott's

WHAT IS THE USE BOTHERING

With Inferior Soaps?

ROYAL OAK ALL GROCERS

Call Up Peardon

the wholesale grocer, if you run out of anything. You can get all you want in the grocery line from him. You'll get it good, and you'll get it promptly.

JOHN T. PEARDON, Wholesale Grocer
N. B.—Lame in quantity for sale.

Pay the Painter

Fair wages for honest work.

BUT don't blame the painter if the paint does not wear well. He is not a chemist and cannot be sure of the quality of materials he buys. He is not a machine and cannot mix paint as accurately as our steam mills and high-grade machinery. Paint-making requires scientific knowledge and a costly plant. It reaches perfection in the works where we make

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS

—the best that can possibly be made. Tell your painter to use them. In order to protect the purchaser everywhere they are sold in cans ready to put right on, and made so they can be put on right. A booklet on painting free.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO., PAINT AND COLOR MAKERS, Canadian Dept., 21 St. Antoine St., Montreal.

For Sale by S. W. Crabbe.

Paris Green

Berger's Paris Green is the best made. In order to meet the requirements of the spraying machines for applying it, it's been ground very fine—as fine as powder, it works perfectly. It's the surest, quickest potato bug poison made.

Be sure you get the genuine, made in England by

LEWIS BERGER & SONS, Ltd. LONDON, ENGLAND

No More War

Swords will be beaten into plough shares later on; but our armers do not need to wait till the "Peace Conference" is over, before buying their plough shares, as they can do so at once, by calling at the Masonic Temple Store, where any share, or other plough extras can be had for less money, and better than any imported. Prove this at once, by trying them.

T. A. McLEAN,

MANUFACTURER OF ALL KINDS OF DAIRY & FARM MACHINERY,
Esdales Foundry and machinery Depot.
Office, Masonic Temple, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

HIGH GRADE English Manures

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MORE NITROGEN
MORE PHOS. ACID
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PRODUCE....

BETTER CROPS
LASTS LONGER
MORE RELIABLE

And are cheaper than any other Fertilizer ever sold on P. E. Island.

AULD BROS.

Charlottetown, May 27th, 1899.—