



**The Story Teller.**  
In eastern countries, in place of our story-tellers, they have professional story-writers. It is their art to interest their listeners with tales of love, and marvelous adventures, and hair-breadth escapes, and magic cures. There's a story of a wonderful medicine that has made thousands of cures that seemed almost magical, which every woman should read or hear. To have heard it or to read it, may save a woman her own life or that of her husband. The medicine is the discovery of Dr. R. V. Pierce, an eminent and skillful specialist, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the great Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. It is known as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It makes the appetite hearty, the digestion perfect, the liver active, the blood pure and rich, the nerves steady, the brain clear and the body strong. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption and diseases of the air-passages. It cures nervous diseases and is the best medicine for overworked men and women. A woman may save her husband's life by keeping a bottle in the house, and getting him to resort to it when he feels out-of-sorts. All men are heedless about their health. Medicines stores sell it. Doctor Pierce's reputation is world-wide, and his fellow townsmen, of Buffalo, N. Y. think so highly of him that they made him their representative in Congress, but his great love for his profession caused him to resign that honorable position that he might devote the remainder of his life to the relief and cure of the sick.

Another good thing to have in the house is a vial of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They cure biliousness and constipation and never gripe.

# NOTHING.

## THE SOUTHERN STORY OF ANTE BELLUM DAYS.

BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

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**CHAPTER I.**  
Commencement day is, so to speak, resurrection day in the good old college town of Shingleton, set among the red clay hills and the sweet smelling pines that belong to one of the oldest counties in the state of Mississippi.

On commencement day there is a general uprising of the population, sparse and scattered as it is, to see that Shingleton does credit to itself and honor to the college.

Poor and rich, humble and haughty, from the baker's baby burdened wife up to the president's childless "lady," every one makes common cause of the annual and stirring climax to a year of somewhat languid intellectual exertion.

Local pride and feminine ingenuity are evoked confidently and exercised without stint. It is only once a year that Shingleton challenges public attention, and it strenuously endeavors to pose respectably on that one important date, putting out of sight, as far as possible, every indication of its ordinary out at heelsness.

Shingleton frankly admits that its everyday methods may be open to criticism and is mildly convinced that in a hand to hand contest for municipal laurels with any one of the half dozen plebeian little towns that have sprung up since it reached its majority it would very likely come off second if not third best.

But the staid old college town does not meditate any such unseemly contest with the villages whose mushroom activities are an offense in its nostrils. Shingleton stands upon its dignity in an attitude of perpetual aloofness from its neighbors.

Marks of age and of pinching poverty pit its venerable face deeply. Its paintless fences, its crumbling brick houses, its weather stained frame buildings, its patched and peeling stucco facades, are drearily suggestive of a badly pock-marked old face.

If it were not for the college, Shingleton might have dropped out of the memory of every one but the mapmakers long ago. But the college is, has been and will be a thing of today, yesterday and tomorrow, linking Shingleton's pathetic present with a splendid past and a problematical future.

Local pride clusters with considerable confidence about the two solemn eyed dingy red brick houses that are set squarely in the middle of vast acres of untilled and untillable ground in the suburbs of the town. These houses are brick and mortar twins. The same number of broad, squat windows in each, duplicate front doors, clumsy and ponderous, gloomy suggestions of jail facilities. The same number of blunt topped chimneys, whose growth might have been arrested by cyclones, or whose stunted proportions might have been the exponents of the mason's groveling spirit. The same description of low eiled, white finished, rectangular apartments in each.

One of these time defying creations is the college proper, the other shelters the professors' families and the boarding students. No ornamental vine or officious fig tree flings superfluous protection over the stern fronts of the two college houses. They rise superior to all such effete requirements, and all day long the squat, square window panes, with their heavy green blinds plastered against the brick walls, stare unblinking at the sun.

Equidistant between these two self sufficient structures is a small oval inclosure known as "the garden." The gate to it is always locked and the whereabouts of the key always an inscrutable mystery. The designer of this solitary decorative touch evidently had leanings toward the enduring.

Some unperishing box trees, a few long lived arbor vites, a large laurel mundi or two, a tangle of pink and white azaleas, long since grown to the dimensions of trees, all clustered irregularly about the stem of a century plant whose blossom tide had occurred but once within the memory of Shingleton, but furnished then a sort of floral calendar back to which any event of local importance might be referred as having happened before or after the college century plant had blossomed.

Occasionally gardeners who have been hired to nip any desultory tendencies on the part of the rigid shrubs and bushes within this rigid inclosure have brought to light specimens of petrified wood, which seem, curiously enough, to be the most natural product of the petrified garden.

These specimens, duly classified and labeled, have been honored with conspicuous places in the rather meager geological collection which finds ample accommodation in a small showcase purchased at a milliner's bankrupt sale. This collection of minerals in the showcase is called the college museum and is an object of respectful awe to the villageurchins.

Nothing but a barbed wire fence is be-

tween this arid nursery of learning and nature in her sweetest, wildest, most riotous mood. Close about the college grounds great forest trees crowd and fling soft, thick, soothing shadows far out over the bare, hot sod of the college inclosure. Wild grapevines and flaming "trumpeters" clamber tumultuously over the sharp barbs of the fence, adorning the rain washed gullies about them with a delicate, lacelike tracery of green. Into the very presence of the pundits the laughter of a babbling creek intrudes. It leaps untrammelled over its bed of shining pebbles in gleeful mockery of man's laborious efforts to master nature's well kept secrets. The creek knows them all by heart, at least all that it concerns it to know. As for the rest—poof! That for it! It lets them all alone. Wise babblers!

On commencement day this creek is an important factor in the general festivities. All the day long vehicles of all sorts and condition toil collegeward over hot and dusty clay roads, depositing a mixed cargo of anxious matrons, bright eyed girls, wondering infants and well stuffed hamper for the commencement collation.

At the open door of Shingleton's one church the cargoes are deposited with a minimum of consideration for the children and a maximum for the hampers, after which the straining beasts and the dust laden vehicles are driven into the creek for the rest and refreshment. Far across its dimpling waters the switch willows stretch their slender green wands, to the infinite content of the hot and panting brutes.

(To be Continued.)

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WILL YOU FIT

They are fashioned on living models, not on statues or theories, and the result is they fit with Ease and Comfort.

THEY WEAR WELL  
LAST WELL  
AND SELL AT POPULAR PRICES.

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MONTREAL, CAN.

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

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

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# MACKAYS.

## LADIES—See the Bargains we offer in STAPLE DRY GOODS

at prices so low that you cannot help purchasing when you see the quality and finish of the following every day wauts.

- Print Cotton at 9 to 16c per yard.
- Gingham, from 5c to 15c, grand value.
- Flannette, 3c, 7c, 8c, 9c; 10c and 11c.
- Toweling from 4c to 8c per yard.
- Bath Towels 20c to \$ 1.00 per pair.
- Side Beard Covers, regular price 40 50, 60, now selling at 20c, 25c, 30c.
- Dress Lengths, former price \$16.00 to \$24.00, now \$12.00, 10.00, 8.00, 5.00, and 3.00.
- All wool Colored Dress Goods from 18c to 38c per yd.
- Black Dress Goods at 25c to 85c per yd.
- Plain China Silk at 10c, 15c and 20c per yd.
- Braid, suitable for trimmings, selling at half price, former price 6, 10 and 20c, now 3; 5 and 10c.
- Black and Colored Satteens—10c and 12c, former price 20c and 25c.
- Ladies Handkerchiefs plain and hemstitch going at 4c each
- Ladies Emb. Hkfs going at 10c worth 20c.
- Ladies Linen Hkfs selling at 20c, former price 40c
- Ladies Cotton Gloves a snap at 5c per pair.
- Ladies Gloves white and black silk, 25c and 50c per pr.
- Hose Supporters, childrens' at 10c to 20c.
- Colored Velvot 25c per yd, black velvet from 80c up
- Ladies Parasols from 50c up, worth double the money
- Ladies' Undervests, all sizes from 10c to 30c,
- Ladies' Hose from 12c to 35c per pair.
- Children's Hose—10c, 12c, 15c and 18c per pair.
- Dress Muslin—7c, 10c, 12c worth double the money.

The above prices hold good every day of the week.

# W. D. MACKAY

**A Good Rider**

needs a wheel that will run well.

**THE Massey Harris**

is the choice of the most experienced cyclists.

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DOMINION OF CANADA, PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, In Chancery

In the matter of the Charlottetown Gas Light Company and the Distribution of its Assets among the Shareholders.

To Reverend Ralph Brecken, of Sackville, New Brunswick, Executor of the late Ralph Brecken; Edgar Hubert Beer, of Charlottetown, Executor of George R. Beer; Frank D. Beer, of Charlottetown, Medical Doctor; Edward Bayfield, of Charlottetown, Executor and Trustee of Henry W. Bayfield; Andrew A. McDonald, of Charlottetown, Executor of Owen Connolly; Francis L. Hazard, of Charlottetown, Representative of the Estate of the late Charles Hensley; Henry R. Lordly, of Charlottetown; Hugh Monaghan, of Charlottetown; Thomas Handrahan, of Charlottetown, Trustee for Fanny Leigh; and William A. Weeks, the younger, of Charlottetown, Executor of the late William Weeks, AND OTHER Shareholders in the said Company; AND TO ALL REPRESENTATIVES, AGENTS of and TRUSTEES for deceased or absent Shareholders:

These are to require you and each of you, and all and every other person or persons interested, or claiming to be interested in the said Company, as Shareholder or Representative, Agent, Trustee or Agent or Shareholders, to appear before me, Rowen Robert Fitzgerald, Vice Chancellor, in Charlottetown, at the Court of the Vice Chancellor, on Thursday, the Twenty-eighth day of July next, at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause why an account should not be taken of the affairs of the Company, and of its debts, property and assets, and why a sum of money now in the hands of the directors, the proceeds of the sale of property of the said Company, and all other assets of the said Company hereafter to be realized, should not be divided among the shareholders and others interested therein, or having claims thereto, as soon as can be, and why a decree should not be made declaring the rights of shareholders between themselves and their respective rights, and directing the mode of dividing and paying out such assets among shareholders and creditors of the company, and the payment of costs incident to the said proceedings. All persons interested are hereby notified that a decree to be made in the premises shall be final, and that all persons not making claim at the time and place aforesaid shall be barred from any right or claim not allowed by such decree. You are further notified that a petition has been filed by the directors of the said Company with the Registrar of the Court of Chancery in Charlottetown setting forth the names of shareholders and their respective shares as far as known, and other facts in connection with the affairs of the Company pursuant to the Act of the Legislature, intitled "An Act to Facilitate the Liquidation of the Affairs of the Charlottetown Gas Light Company." You and each of you are further notified that in default of your appearance at the time and place aforesaid the hearing of the matter of said petition will proceed, and a decision will be made by which you will be as effectually bound as if you had appeared.

Dated at Charlottetown this Eighteenth day of June, A. D. 1898.  
(Sgd) R. R. FITZGERALD, Vice Chancellor.

H. JAMES PALMER, Charlottetown, P. E. Island, Solicitor for said Company.

**Hood's Pills**

Restore full, regular action of the bowels, do not irritate or inflame, but leave all the delicate digestive organism in perfect condition. Try them. 25 cents. Prepared only by G. L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

**SAVE THE MOTHERS**

**Dodd's Kidney Pills Their Only Safety in Female Diseases.**

You have seen a flower nipped by frost, fade and die in the flush of its beauty. That is how women die when attacked by any of the diseases peculiar to their sex.

Woman's burdens are woefully heavy. Her sufferings are agonizing. Her patience is grand. Disease preys upon her. The light dies out of her eyes, her steps become slow and dragging; she loses flesh; grows sallow, listless, droops like a flower. Then she dies. Her family is left to the cold mercy of the world.

"Mother's dead!" What a piteous phrase. What sufferings have been endured before it was used. Why should mothers, wives, sisters suffer so? They need not. Dodd's Kidney Pills will quickly and thoroughly cure all cases of Female Weakness. They never fail. They give health, strength, courage: a new lease of life.

**Dividend Notice.**

MERCHANTS BANK OF P. E. I. CH'TOWN, MAY 20, 1898

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 bank or 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, 1898

**Pure Spices are Profitable**

But bad spice is acominable. This is a truism that no competent housekeeper should forget. Half the trouble of cooking is past if you get the right brand of Spice, and while there are many that are fairly good, it is always safest to take one which is invariably uniform. That one is

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The Newest Fabrics for Prince Alberts and Morning Coats

Then the latest fashion plates, for then you want to know if our artists can produce the garment when finished just as represented. She bosses everybody—well, nearly everybody. We are up-to-date with her newest productions in colorings and designs, and our artists can produce the rest as represented on the fashion plates.

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**John McLeod & Co'y.,**  
SATIORIAL ARTISTS.