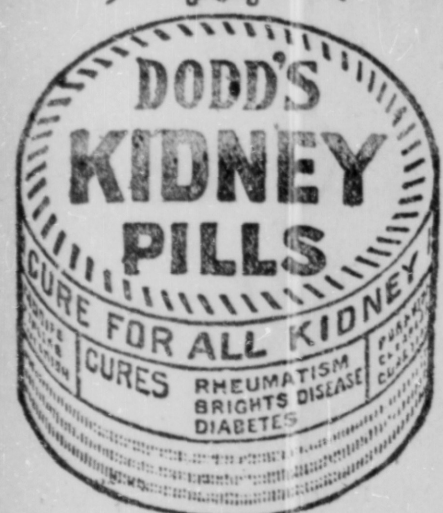


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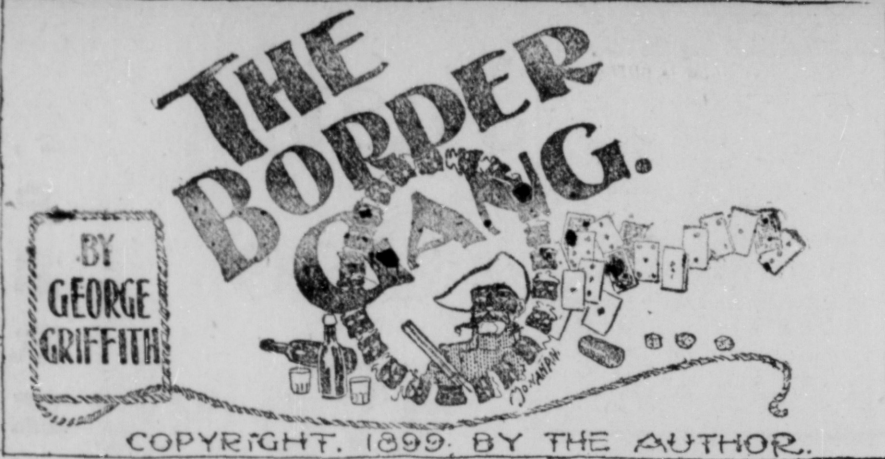
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DR. AYEPS



"Eh, mon, you're no telling me! It's barefaced robbery! It's dog eating dog—just cannibalism in business. That's what it is."

"It was true, though, Sandy, s'welp me; may I never see the glint of a gonia again if it isn't. There was £3,000 worth of the klips in poor little Tommy's insides, as you know. The tecs pull me up near the border. In the dark Tommy slips out of the cart, as usual, and makes for the clump of gums on the other side of the drift without being seen. The tecs find nothing, of course, and I drives on, thinking what sort of a lawsuit we shall have this time against Lipinski and his people crosses the drift and pulls up by the trees. I whistle, and Tommy, like a good, obedient little tyke which knows his bizness, jumps in and"—

"Oh, my, to think you'd got such a beautiful lot so far only to—awee! go on, Ike, and let's have the rest of it."

"As I says, the dog jumps in, and I drives off again. 'Bout a hundred yards farther on both my horses comes to the ground with a crash, and I goes after them on to my head. When I comes to myself and picks myself up, there was half a dozen fellows on horse-back round the cart. One jumps down, and before I can so much as shout he has a cloth over my head and ties me up so tight I can neither see nor speak. Then he knocks with his knuckles on my head and tells me if I don't want a bullet in it I'll keep quiet and be good. Of course I was good as they make 'em."

"But the dog, mon, why didn't he mak' a bolt for't when he saw there was trouble? He's been vera weel trained. I'd thoct he might 'a' got awa' in the scrimmage."

"He didn't have a chance. I hears him give a smothered up yelp and squeal, and from that I knows that he is like my head—in a bag. That tells me that they had tumbled to the lay or that there was some one there that knew it. Well, they bundles me and the dog into the cart and drives away somewhere for about half an hour. Then they pulls up, hauls me out, hestles me into a house of some sort and takes the bag off my head. When I looks about me, I was in a bit of a small room, and there was four fellows there, all with masks on."

"Kidnapers and midnight robbers—maybe murderers as well," groaned the Scotchman. "Ike, mon, I'm thinking you had a narrow escape. That Free State's a sight too free if it's coming to this. It's nothing better nor a savage land w'out law nor order in't. What did they do till you then?"

"They asked me how many klips I'd got and where they were, and of course I says I have none, and they can search me if they like, and they does—a good bit worse than the tecs did. I can tell you. Of course they finds nothing, and then they laughs and says if I haven't got them the dog has. So they turns poor Tommy out of the sack, and—"

"Welp me, old pal, I doesn't like to tell



There are weeds in everybody's garden, and no garden was ever planted in which weeds did not insolently present themselves. They come without invitation and without a welcome. If you recognize them as weeds, and if you have sense enough to know that weeds choke flowers, and pull the weeds up, root and branch, you will save the flowers.

There are weeds in the health-garden of many a man and woman. The doctors call them disease germs. If you have sense enough to distinguish them from the flowers of health, and root them out, you will be robust, healthy and happy. The most dangerous of all the weeds in the flower garden of health is that deadly creeper consumption.

There has never been but one medicine that would choke out this weed, root and all. That medicine is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It acts directly on the lungs through the blood, driving out all impurities and disease germs, and building up new and healthy tissue. It restores the lost appetite, makes digestion and assimilation perfect, invigorates the liver, purifies the blood and fills it with the life-giving elements of the food and tones and builds up the nerves. It sustains the action of the heart and deepens the breathing, supplying the blood with life-giving oxygen. Medicine dealers sell it.

"A doctor who is considered an expert on lung troubles, told me I had consumption and could not live long," writes Mrs. James Gaffield, 77 Mary Street, Hamilton, Ont., Can. "Three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cured me completely."

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that dog perfect, and I loved the little fellow, and besides he was worth a lot of money with all he knew."

Sandy Fraser's little Hebrew accomplice quite broke down here for a moment or two, and Sandy himself gave a sympathetic sniff, for they had both lost not only a lot of money, but also a guiltless accomplice whom it would be very hard to replace.

"They murdered him, Sandy, right before my eyes in a big tin footbath, and of course they found the klips. Then they offered to sell them back to me for £2,000 and told me they'd have made it £500 more if they hadn't had to kill the dog."

"Eh, sales, what a murderous price! Blank robbery! Why, they cost us £300 straight from the Kafirs. And you paid?"

"Well, they was worth £3,000 trade price, and the thieves knew it; so I did I gave them a draft on the bank here, and they kept me there till one of them got the cash and brought it back, and then they ties my head up again, puts me into the cart and drives me away with the klips in my pocket. When they took the bag off, it was night, and I was in a little kloof. They showed me the way to Freetown and rode off. I got into Freetown by the morning and found Sandheim there wondering if I was dead or gone to the Breakwater for change of air."

"Well, I told him the story and got £3,300 out of him for the klips on the strength of it. Then I drives back, breaking my heart about poor little Tommy and wondering where we shall get another dog like that. That Chinaman's dog that he fooled Lowenthal so sweetly with wasn't it with Tommy?"

"Nay, that he wasn't, mon. Why, Tommy must 'a' run close on £20,000 worth for us, and might 'a' run £20,000 worth more w'out a suspicion, w' that wonderfu' stomach of his. But, there, he's dead and gone, the pair wee martyrs, and we'll just go and tak' a drink till his future in the happy hunting grounds. But tell me, Ike, had, did you hae nae notion what any of them thieving murderers might 'a' been? Some of them must 'a' known you or they'd never 'a' suspected the dog."

"They was always masked when I saw any of them, but, Sandy, if I wasn't sure as death that Lipinski and his chaps did for Seth Salter that night he ran the big parcel and they got it back, I could swear that the boss of 'em had just his Yankee twang, and his build wasn't unlike, neither," replied Ike, whose English was of the oriental order, and whose tenses changed with the variations of his mental temperature. "Now, where were we going to? Let's go to the queen's—that's Lipinski's place. Let's see if he's there, and if he's heard anything about this gang over the line."

When they entered the barroom they found Mr. Inspector Lipinski not only there, but the central figure of the somewhat motley crowd that was wont to foregather there for their evening lime juice, to use a conveniently general term.

He was standing, as usual, the most nattily dressed man in the place, with one elbow resting on the bar counter and a glass half full of whisky and soda beside him. Opposite to him stood no less a personage than Mr. Michael Muratti—and there seemed to be a discussion of some little heat going on between them. Just as they went in he slapped his glass down on the mahogany and said in a loud, angry tone:

"Of course you fellows never take any responsibility, unless it's a case of searching private houses and annoying innocent people. But what I say is that this is just as much your affair as the Free State police's. Why don't you combine instead of everlastingly bickering and letting criminals slip through your fingers? If there's been a robbery on their side of the line tonight, there'll be one on your side tomorrow or the night after. As for saying that the parcel was illicit, that's all rot, and neither here nor there. Max Sandheim is a perfectly respectable man. Why, I've done business with him myself scores of times."

"I've no doubt you have, Mr. Muratti. I wish I'd been there at the time," replied the inspector, with a snap of malice in his tone which sent a chuckling laugh round the crowd and brought out a red spot between Mickey's eyebrows. Before he had his retort ready Ike pushed his way through the half circle about them and said with ill advised anxiety:

"Wha-at was that? What has happened to Max Sandheim, and when did it happen? Was he robbed?"

"Aw, the blighted eediot!" murmured his partner, but he didn't shout it like a stage aside, and so it wasn't heard. He went to one end of the counter and ordered a drink, hoping that

no one had seen him come in with Ike. The inspector pulled himself up straight and, as he could do on occasions, suddenly assumed an air of authority which kept even the angry Mickey quiet while he answered:

"Ah, Mr. Cohen, good even! So you've got back all safe, but you're a bit anxious about your friend Sandheim. Very natural, of course. Well, I'm sure you'll be sorry to hear that a few hours after you left him, say about 8 o'clock tonight, he was held up on the road between Freetown and Boshoff by four armed and masked men and robbed of a parcel of stones which he valued at £4,000. I dare say you'll know about how near that is to the truth. He rode into Boshoff and reported, and we have just had the news here by telegraph. By the way, how's that dog of yours?"

The crowd noticed unanimously that this was the first time since the story of the diamond dog had become common property in camp that the inspector had mentioned one of its species publicly, and they closed up a little, thinking there was something coming. Mr. Muratti, for reasons of his own, paid his apparently exclusive attention to his drink, while Sandy Fraser cursed all Jews and dogs in silence and kept his ears anxiously open.

(To be Continued.)

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Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment is an absolute cure for piles, and has never been known to fail to cure the worst forms of this disease which has baffled medical skill for ages.

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Annual Sports!

The Annual Sports of the Charlottetown Amateur Athletic Association will be held on their grounds, CHARLOTTETOWN

Wednesday, September 6th, 1899

- The following is the programme and prize list:—
- 1.—One Mile Bicycle Race, Novice—1st Gold Medal; 2nd and 3rd Silver Medal
 - 2.—Half Mile Bicycle Race (Time Limit)—1st and 2nd Gold Medals; 3rd S. Medal
 - 3.—20 Yards Run—1st, Gold Medal; 2nd, Silver Medal
 - 4.—1 Mile Bicycle Race (Time Limit)—1st and 2nd, Gold Medals; 3rd, Silver Medal
 - 5.—One Mile Bicycle Race (Boys under 15)—1st, Gold Medal; 2nd Silver Medal
 - 6.—Sealed Distance Bicycle Race—1st and 2nd Gold Medals; 3rd, Silver Medal
 - 7.—440 Yards Run—1st Gold Medal Silver Medal
 - 8.—Two Mile Bicycle Race (Lay)—1st and 2nd, Gold Medals; 3rd, Silver Medal
 - 9.—One Half Mile Bicycle Race (Against time with permission for pacers) 1st, 2nd and 3rd, Gold Medals
 - 10.—880 Yards Run—1st, Gold Medal 2nd, Silver Medal.
 - 11.—Three Mile Bicycle Relay Race—Teams of Three representing Clubs or otherwise, Silver Cup.
 - 12.—5 Mile Bicycle Team Race—Massey-Harris Trophy.

Entries close September 1st with the secretary. Entrance fees 25c each entry, which must accompany the entry, otherwise it will not be considered complete.

Band In Attendance TRAIN ARRANGEMENTS

Leave	Time	Arrive	Time
Tignish, regular train	5:00 a.m.	Tignish to Piusville	5:09 a.m.
Alberton	5:40 a.m.	Bloomfield to Piusville	5:15 a.m.
Bloomfield	6:06 a.m.	Conway to Charlottetown	5:25 a.m.
O'Leary	6:21 a.m.	Wellington to St. Clemons	5:35 a.m.
Port Hill	7:14 a.m.	Summerside to Freetown	5:45 a.m.
Wellington	7:45 a.m.	Emerald to Freetown	5:55 a.m.
Misouche	8:01 a.m.	Clyde to Wiltshire	6:05 a.m.
Summerside	8:25 a.m.	Colville to Charlottetown, single fare	6:15 a.m.
Kensington	8:48 a.m.	Kinokora to Cape Traverse	6:25 a.m.
Freetown	9:03 a.m.	Souris to Bear River	6:35 a.m.
Emerald	9:13 a.m.	Rollo Bay to Midgell	6:45 a.m.
Bradabane	9:19 a.m.	Marie to Douglas	6:55 a.m.
Hunter River	9:31 a.m.	St. Andrews to Tracadie	7:05 a.m.
Wiltshire	9:33 a.m.	Bedford to Charlottetown, single fares	7:15 a.m.
Royal Junction	10:35 a.m.	Georgetown to Perth	7:25 a.m.
arrive Charlottetown	10:40 a.m.	48 Road to Peake	7:35 a.m.
For West—Special leaves Charlottetown at 5:00 p.m., connecting in Summerside with regular for Tignish, leaving at 7:45 p.m.		Piquid	7:45 a.m.
Leave Souris (regular train)	5:10 a.m.		
Bear River	5:41 a.m.		
St. Peters	6:15 a.m.		
Morell	6:37 a.m.		
Georgetown	6:55 a.m.		
Cardigan	6:16 a.m.		
Peakes	6:40 a.m.		
Mount Stewart	7:10 a.m.		
Bedford	7:32 a.m.		
Royal Junction	8:09 a.m.		
arrive Charlottetown	8:15 a.m.		
For East—Special leaves Charlottetown for Georgetown and Souris at 5:30 p.m.			
All standard Time			

Admission 25c. Grand Stand 10c. Sports begin at 1 p.m. sharp. B. C. PROWSE, President. E. H. BEER, Secretary

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