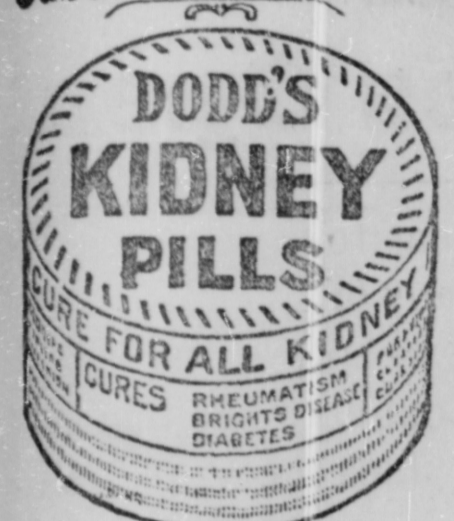


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The greatest remedy for sore and inflamed eyes, is meeting with wonderful success.

It affords almost instant relief and in many cases completely cures.

50c Bottle G. F. HUTCHESON Jeweler and Optician

THE TALK STICK.

Mary Jane ceased her murmur to the talk stick and inquired with candid directness:

"Have you got something good to eat in there?"

The boy instead of opening his pail for reply opened his mouth and stared.

"Where you going?" pursued Minty.

"To school," replied the boy. "Where you going?"

"I'm going with you," decided Minty. "Do you want me to go?"

"I don't care," said the boy. "You may go along in place of my dog. He cripples so I wouldn't bring him. He'll run along a little piece and then he'll limp just to aggravate me."

"I don't limp," said Minty, scrambling out of the cart bed and hastening to show her superiority to the dog.

"But you can't walk as fast as I can," claimed the boy, making rapid toe marks in the dust.

"Then you ought to wait for me. If you'll give me something out of your pail, I'll let you have my talk stick."

"Talk stick!" sneered the boy. "That's an old red hubbins. I got plenty of them to home."

"I'm so hungry," said Minty plaintively. And as they patted along in company she lifted the talk stick and comforted herself once more with it.

"Apples, and good toast, and candy, and bread and butter, and beans and strawberries. And the little girl's papa and mamma said, 'Mrs. Seventeen, have you been to dinner?' 'No, indeed, said Mrs. Seventeen. 'I have not any such kind.'"

The boy cautiously lifted his pail cover and revealed his lunch—delicious white bread, cookies and pie and apples. Minty regarded it coxingly.

"I wish I had a little piece," said she. "An apple and some cake and bread."

"But what'd I have for afternoon recess?" demanded the boy.

"You can get some more," the stray child argued. "But I never can get any more."

"I'd give you a cookie," relented the boy, growing more ashamed of her company the longer he enjoyed it, "if you wouldn't tag me clear to school. I don't want the boys laughing at me. You ought to run home to your mother. The teacher won't let you come to school nohow because you're too little."

Minty's face put on drooping curves and her short nose expressed much forlornness.

"How old are you?"

"I guess I'm 40 years old," she replied. "I won't tag you if you give me a cookie."

But the boy withdrew his hand and denly from the pail and said:

"There comes Mary Jane."

"What Mary Jane?" inquired Minty.

It was indeed Mary Jane. There can be but few Mary Janes like her. Self satisfied and high in manner she spurred the ground in shoes which were laced up the front with leather thongs. Separated from the shoes by a mere strip of white cotton stocking were lengthy knickerbocker pantalets deep with scarlet edging. Mary Jane's dress was a figured lawn as to waist and sleeves and a scant white muslin as to skirt. It was belted tightly around the top of her stomach, and below it appeared a span of straightened skirt, also deep with scarlet edging. She was further adorned by a string of beads and a tiny tucked cap which scarcely covered her cropped hair.

There is implanted in every man a love of life strong enough to make him tremble and kneel before death when he thoroughly recognizes its approach. The trouble with men is that they do not recognize death unless it comes in some violent or rapid form. Consumption kills more men than wars, famines, plagues and accidents, but its approach is insidious, and men do not realize that they are in its clutch. While consumption is a germ disease, the bacilli will not invade sound and healthy lungs. The lungs must first be in a diseased condition.

First a man feels a little out of sorts. Probably he is overworked and has given too little time to eating, sleeping and resting. His appetite falls off. His digestion gets out of order and his blood does not receive the proper amount of life-giving nutriment. The liver becomes torpid and the blood is filled with impurities. These are pumped into every organ of the body, building up unhealthy, half-dead tissues. The most harm is done at the weakest spot, and most frequently that spot is in the lungs. A slight cold leads to inflammation, the bacilli invade the lungs and we have a case of consumption.

Ninety-eight per cent. of all cases of consumption are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It restores the lost appetite, makes the digestion perfect, invigorates the liver, purifies the blood, builds new and healthy flesh and drives out all impurities and disease germs. It cures weak lungs, spitting of blood, obstinate coughs and kindred ailments. No honest druggist will recommend a substitute.

Mrs. Ursula Durham, of Sistersville, Tyler Co., W. Va., writes: "I had a pain in my side all the time, had but little appetite and grew very thin. The 'Golden Medical Discovery' promptly cured my pain, restored my appetite and increased my weight."

For a free list and all information apply to J. E. WOOD, Man. and Secy. 5-d&w

NOTICE!

The board of Fire Warden, Souris, offer for contract the building of 4 tanks as per specifications to be seen at the office of the secretary, also the sinking of 4 wells. Tenders to be in by Sept 10th, marked tenders for tanks, wells. Good security required. C. C. CARLTON, JR., Secy-Treas. Souris, Aug 31, 1899

500 Improved Milk Cans

By the introduction of machinery, we have overcome the trouble complained of in the stopping over of milk cans

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War With the Afghans "Lord Robert's Famous March to Kandahar," and "The Storming of Peiwar Kotal," a noted Afghan stronghold, produced with over two hundred British Soldiers and Soldiers from the captured, a number of whom actually took part in the Afghan War Fireworks Galore. Magnificent Display Every Evening.

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Mary Jane turned her sun-faded pretty face upon Minty in disapproval. The boy, with whom she had long been at silent feud felt still more ashamed of Minty. Having the road between Mary Jane and himself, he could not do as they met trudge schoolward with her, exchanging occasional sniffs and curls of the lip and suffer no loss in his own dignity. But to have the dirty stray tacked upon him by Mary Jane's passing eye was more than he could endure.

"Say, you take this young one along with you," he commanded, making a threatening motion of the head and Minty was quite ready to bestow her melting smile on this acquaintance though nothing edible was hanging about the person of Mary Jane. Whether she had bread and sugar sticking together in her pocket or was to return home for her dinner Minty instinctively knew the boy was still her best friend.

Mary Jane did not deign to give the boy a reply, but spoke out vainly to Minty.

"I'm dressed up, and you ain't."

"I haven't had some nice clothes on for a long time," admitted Minty after surveying the favored being who condescended to pass within three yards of her.

She raised the talk stick and held it out to conjure comfort even from these circumstances.

"I'm dressed up," said Mary Jane as she stepped out to promanation. "I like this cap. I like to wear it at school. It prounds me. I feel like I was a king's wiferd. You are not dressed up, Mrs. Seventeen, and you look so ugly it tires me."

"But," says Mrs. Seventeen, "my legs are drenched with heavenly dew and the song birds take me up to look at the sky. I couldn't tell about the man the lightning rod struck, and it split him from top to bottom. 'I'll excuse you,'" said the man, and there was a pumple on his nose because he kneeled his head so hard when he had table prayers."

The boy and Mary Jane, walking one on each side of Minty, eyed her in silent amazement, while unbiased by any audience she murmured her raptures and built up her visions at the top of the talk stick.

"You ate so much good food you made fat to you," said Mrs. Seventeen, "but don't sit on my prayer. I said my prayer on that chair, and if you sit on it you will break it."

"Today's Friday," put forth Mary Jane, vaguely affronted. "and we speak pieces."

"And tomorrow's Sadderday," the boy jerked from himself in the act of skipping a stone. "They ought to call it Gladderday, though, 'cause there ain't no school."

"I know my piece all by heart," said Mary Jane.

"Bet you don't," challenged her foe. She cast a look of superiority upon him and silenced him by letting it all out at him without pause or intonation as she walked rapidly ahead, her voice growing dimmer until the words quite faded and failed.

"I met a little cottage girl she was 8 years old she said her hair was thick with may she had rustic wood air."

"Yonder's the railroad," said the boy to Minty, feeling that his injuries had now culminated. "Are you going to tag me furdher than that?"

"I don't know," responded Minty doubtfully.

"If you do, I won't give you a bite."

"Then I won't," promised Minty eagerly.

He waited until they reached the rails, and there portioned out his lunch, buying his freedom with a generous hand.

Mary Jane was just entering the schoolhouse as he wagged his head toward it.

"Don't you come down there when you've eat this up and hang round after me, neither," he stipulated.

"I won't," pledged Minty earnestly. "I don't care anything more about you now I've got your dinner."

So she began to eat, and the boy took to his heels.

"Goodby!" called Minty, with her mouth full.

"He won't say goodby." It grieved her to be left alone again even by a chance playmate without one parting word.

She sat on a tie between the rails because the boy had told her she must not cross the railroad and spread her feast upon the lap of her dirty Hubbard gown. Bread and butter, cakes and apples, each in turn passed the portal of Minty's mouth. She smiled up at the sky. She fed some crumbs to ants building their sand palace by her foot, and finally she held the talk stick out, saying to it:

"You must not follow me. If you come to my schoolhouse, I will drive you back over the railroad. You are too little. Nobody wants you. But it is a lovely day and comf'tle in the sun, and the water is a laughing joy to me."

"There was a boy found a bee, and he picked it up and was so glad. 'Now I will have some sport,' said the boy because he learned that in his reading book. 'Oh, how I wish it would sting,' said the boy, 'for I never had a bee sting me, and sport is such a happy thing!'" So the bee stung him, and the boy let loose and said: "Oh!"

"If that is sport," said the boy, and he cried, "I do not want any more, for it is not a happy thing." But Mrs. Sev-

enteen said "Do not cry. Listen to the music go tingle, tingle, tingle."

"Tingle, tingle, in the rails beside her still went the thrilling music.

"It was a grand pi-organ, and it went roar, roar."

Roar, roar, indeed it went; then it became a loud rushing, and the shriek—shriek—shriek of a steam whistle.

Minty turned her head over her shoulder. The talk stick was poised between her thumb and finger, and neither she nor it moved as the train swept toward her. Her face was waxen with fright, and her blue eyes stood forward in their rims.

The train stopped with such a jar that some passengers were thrown to the floor. Men dropped off the steps and ran forward. There the engineer and firemen were standing beside the track, one of them holding the child, and the other telling how he grabbed her up on the pilot the breath of an instant before it reached her.

Some tears were running down her cheeks, but she was silent until a gentleman standing among the arriving gazers exclaimed:

"Why, Minty!"

"Papa!" she cried in a shrill scream right against the face of the gentleman who cuddled her—dirty Hubbard gown and all—like a little baby as close as he could hold her.

Word went back through the train that a child had been picked off the track, a lost child; in fact, a child that had been kidnaped, and its father was on the very train going in search of it.

The ladies in all the coaches were anxious to see and to do something for this little girl. They crowded around her where she sat on her father's lap, and made her tidy, brought her dainty comforts and kissed her.

So Minty sailed away in the train to continued happy communion with Mrs. Seventeen by means of finer talk sticks than the small red ear of corn.

The small red ear lay on the railroad after that train had passed over it, a worthless thing to be pecked by birds and shied by one home returning school-boy at another. It was no longer a little girl's talk stick on which to hang her lonesome fancies. But had her father known about it he would have picked it up and carried it away in his breast pocket.

(To be Continued)

Screamed ...

WITH.. Agony

From the Terrible Itching, Burning

Tortures of ...

Eczema on the Scalp

Some of the cures effected by Dr. Chase's Ointment are more like miracles than anything else. The case recorded here was one of the worst ever brought to the attention of Toronto's best physicians, and when doctors gave up all hope of recovery Dr. Chase's Ointment was successful in producing a perfect cure.

Mr. James Scott, 256 Wright Ave., Toronto, states: "My boy Tom, aged ten, was for nearly three years afflicted with a bad form of Eczema of the scalp, which was very unsightly and resisted all kinds of remedies and doctor's treatment. His head was in a terrible state. We had to keep him from school, and at times his head would bleed, and the child would scream with agony. For two and a half years we battled with it in vain, but at last found a cure in Dr. Chase's Ointment. About five boxes were used. The original sores dried up, leaving the skin in its normal condition. To say it is a pleasure to testify to the wonderful merits of Dr. Chase's Ointment is putting it very mildly."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

MORTGAGE SALE

To be sold by public auction, at the Court House in Charlottetown, on Wednesday, the 11th day of October, A. D. 1899, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, all that tract, piece or parcel of land, situate lying and being on Township number forty-five, in King's County, Prince Edward Island, bounded and described as follows, that is to say: On the west by land owned by John and James McPhee, on the north by land owned by the Rev. Donald Francis McDonald, on the east by land in possession of Fredrick McAulay, and on the south by land in possession of Fredrick Morrow and the share of Morris Pond, containing by estimation an area of one hundred and thirty acres.

The above sale is to take place by virtue of a power of sale, contained in an Indenture of Mortgage, bearing date the ninth day of December, A. D. 1883, and made between Neil McDonald and Joseph N. McDonald, both of Morris Pond, Township number forty-five, in King's County, Prince Edward Island, farmers, and Christina McDonald, wife of the said Neil McDonald, and Rosa McDonald, wife of the said Joseph N. McDonald, of the one part and the undersigned of the other part, default having been made in the payment of principal money and interest.

For further particulars apply at the office of McLeod, Morson & McQuarrie, Solicitors, Charlottetown.

Dated the 5th day of September, A. D. 1899.

NEIL McLEOD, WALTER A O MORSON, Sept 7-41 Mortgagees

NOTICE.

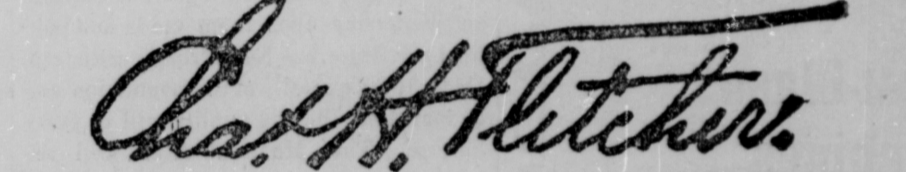
The Fire Warden of Souris offer for sale Debentures to the amt. of \$2000, for 15 years at 4% interest. Also want to buy a Fire Hand Engine. C. C. CARLTON, JR., Secy-Tre 197-41

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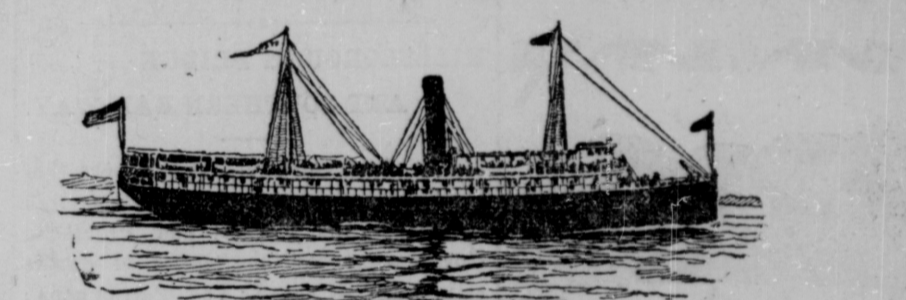


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