

MAYMEYS FROM CUBA.

There is nothing new in this. It has all been done before. But tell me what's new? Does the aspiring and perspiring summer radeville artist flatter himself that his stuff is going big? Then does the stout man with the oyster-colored eyeglasses in the first row, left, turn his bald head on his fat-crowned neck to remark huskily to his companion: 'The hook for him, R-r-rotten! That last one was old Webber's Fields' gag. They discarded it back in '91. Say, the good ones is all dead, anyhow. Take old Salvin, now, and Dan Rice. Them was actors. Come on out and have something.'

Does the short story writer felicitate himself upon having discovered a rare species in humanity's garden? The blase reader flips the magazine pages between his fingers, yawns, stretches and remarks to his wife: 'That's a clean lift from Kipling—or is it Conan Doyle? Anyway, I've read something just like it before. Say, kid, guess what these magazine guys get for a full page ad? Nix. That's just like a woman. Three thousand straight. Fact.'

To anticipate the deliver into the past it may be stated that the plot of this one originally appeared in the 'Eccentric Best Seller' under the heading 'He Asked You for Bread, and Ye Gave Him a Stone.'

There may be those who could not have traced my plagiarism to its source.

Although the book has had an unprecedentedly large run, it is said to be less widely read than of yore.

Even with this preparation, I hesitate to confess that this is the story of a hungry girl in a big city. Well, now, wait a minute. Conceding that it has been done by every scribbler from tyro to best seller expert, you will acknowledge 'that there is the possibility of a fresh viewpoint—twist what is it the sporting editors call it? Oh, yes—slant. This is the possibility of getting a new slant on an old idea. That may serve to deflect the line of the deadly parallel.

Just off State Street there is a fruiterer and importer who ought to be arrested for cruelty. His window is the most fascinating and, if not the best in Chicago. A line of open-mouthed wide-eyed gazers is always found before it. Despair, wonder, envy and rebellion smolder in the eyes of those gazers. No shop window show should be so diabolically set forth as to arouse such sensations in the breast of the beholder. It is a work of art, that window; a breeder of snarbling, destroyer of contentment, a second feast of Tantalus. It boasts peaches, downy and golden, when peaches have no right to be; plumbic, purple bunches of English hothouse grapes are there to tempt the tender a week clerk whose sick wife should be in the hospital; strawberries glow therein when shortcake is a last summer's memory, and forced cucumbers remind us that we are taking ours in the form of dill pickles. There is, perhaps, a choice head of cauliflower, so exquisite in its ivory and green perfection as to be fit for a bride's bouquet; there are apples so flawless that if the garden of Eden grew any so perfect, it is no wonder that Eve fell for them. There are fresh mushrooms, and jumbo coconuts, and green asparagus; costly things in beds of cotton next to strange and marvellous things in these wrappings. Oh, that window is no place for the hungry, the diseased, or the man out of a job. When the air is filled with snow there is that in the sight of mask melons which incites crime.

Quickly enough, the gazers before that window foot up the same year, and year out, something after this fashion: Item: One little aseemic milliner's apprentice in coat and shoes that even her hat can't redeem. Item: One sandy haired, grumpy complexioned man, with a drooping ragged mustache, a tin dinner bucket, and lime on his boots. Item: One thin mail carrier, with an empty mail sack, gaunt cheeks, and an habitual droop to his left shoulder. Item: One errand boy troubled with a chronic sniffle, a shrill piping whistle, and a great deal of shuffing foot-work. Item: One negro wearing a spotted tan top-coat, frayed trousers and no collar. His eyes seem all whites as he gazes. Enough of the window. But bear it in mind while we turn to Jennie. Jennie's real name was Janet, and she was Scotch. Can't you see, or why should she have been hungry and out of a job in January?

Jennie stood in the row before the window and stared. The longer she stared the sharper grew the lines that fright and underfeeding had etched about her nose, and mouth and eyes. When, four last meal is an eighteen-hour memory, and when that memory has only near-rotten and a roll to dwell on, there is something in the sight of January peaches and great strawberries carelessly spilling out of a tipped box, just like they do in the fruit picture on the dining room

Itching Skin

Distress by day and night—That's the complaint of those who are so unfortunate as to be afflicted with Eczema or Salt Rheum—and outward applications do not cure. They can't.

The source of the trouble is in the blood—make that pure and this scaling, burning, itching skin disease will disappear.

"I was taken with an itching on my arms which proved very disagreeable. I concluded it was salt rheum and bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. In two days after I began taking it I felt better and it was not long before I was cured. Have never had any skin disease since." Max. (Dr. E. Ward, Cove Point, Md.)

Hood's Sarsaparilla

rids the blood of all impurities and cures all eruptions.

well, that is apt to carve sharp lines in the corner of the face.

The tragic line dwindled, going about its business. The man with the dinner pail and the lime on his boots spat, drew the back of his hand across his mouth, and turned away with an ugly look. (Pork was up to \$14.25, dressed.)

The errand boy's blithe whistle died down to a mournful dirge. He was window-wishing. His choice hovered between the juicy peaches and the foreign-looking red things that looked like oranges, and sweeten'. One hand went into his coat pocket, extracting an apple that was to have formed the piece de resistance of his noonday lunch. Now he regarded it with a sort of pitying disgust, and bit into it with the m'de-of-the-morning contempt that it deserved.

The mail carrier pushed back his cap and reflectively scratched his head. How much over his month's wages would that green basket piled high with exotic fruit come to?

Jennie stood and stared after they had left, and another line had formed. If you could have followed her gaze with dotted lines, as they do in the cartoons, you would have seen that it was not the peaches, or the prickly pears, or the strawberries, or the mask melons or even the grapes that held her eye. In the center of that wonderful window was an oddly woven basket. In the basket were brown things that looked like sweet potatoes. One knew that they were not. A sign over the basket informed the puzzled gazer that these were maymeys from Cuba.

Maymeys from Cuba. The humor of it might have struck Jennie if she had not been so Scotch, and so hungry. As it was, a slow, sullen, heavy Scotch wrath rose in her breast. Maymeys from Cuba! The wantonness of it. Peaches? Yes. Grapes, even, and pears, and cherries in snow time: But maymeys from Cuba—why, one did not even know if they were to be eaten with butter, or with vinegar, or in the hand, like an apple. Who wanted maymeys from Cuba? They had gone all these hundreds of miles to get a fruit, or vegetable thing—a thing so luxurious, so out of all reason that one did not know whether it was to be baked, or eaten raw. There they lay, in their foreign-looking basket, taunting Jennie who needed a quarter.

Have I told you how Jennie happened to be hungry and jobless? Well, then, I shan't. It doesn't really matter, anyhow. The fact is enough. If you really demand to know, you might inquire of Mr. Felix Klein. You will find him in a mahogany office on the sixth floor. The door is marked manager. It was his idea to import Scotch lassies from Daemferline for his Scotch linen department. The idea was more fetching than feasible.

There are people who will tell you that no girl possessing a grain of common sense and a little nerve need go hungry, no matter how great the city. Don't you believe them. The city has heard the cry of wolf often that it refuses to listen when he is snarling at the door, particularly when the door is next door.

Where did we leave Jennie? Still standing on the sidewalk before the fruit and fancy goods shop, gazing at the maymeys from Cuba. Finally her Scotch bump of curiosity could stand it no longer. She dug her elbow into the arm of the person standing next in line.

"What are those?" she asked. The next in line happened to be a man. He was a man without an overcoat, and with his thin sunk deep into his collar, and his hands thrust deep down into his pockets. It looked as though he were trying to crawl inside himself for warmth.

"Those? That sign says they're maymeys from Cuba." "I know," persisted Jennie, 'but what are they?" "Sarcob me, Say, I ain't bothering about maymeys from Cuba." A couple of hot murrhies from Ireland, served with a lump of butter, would look good enough for me."

"Do you suppose anyone buys them?" marveled Jennie. "Sarcet thing you know. Some

rich dame coming by here, wondering what she can have for dinner to tempt the jaded palates of her dear ones, see? She sees them Cuban maymeys. 'The very thing! she says. 'I'll have 'em served just before the salad.' And she sails in and buys a pound or two. I wonder, now, do you eat 'em with a spoon?" Jennie took one last look at the woven basket with its foreign contents. Then she moved on slowly. She had been moving on for hours—weeks.

Most people have acquired a habit of eating three meals a day. In a city of some few millions the habit has made necessary the establishing of eating places. Jennie would have told you that there were billions of them. To her the world seemed composed of one huge, glittering restaurant, with myriads of windows through which one caught maddening glimpses of ketchup bottles and nickle coffee heaters, and piles of doughnuts, and scurrying waiters in white, and people critically studying menu cards. She walked in a maze of restaurants, cafes, eating houses, tables and diners loomed up at every turn, on every street, from Michigan avenue's rose-shaded Louis the Something palaces, where every waiter owns his man, to the white tile mansuoles, where every man is his own waiter. Everywhere there were windows full of lemon cream pies, and pans of baked apples swimming in lakes of golden syrup, and pots of baked beans with the pink and crispy slices of pork just breaking through the crust. Every dairy lunch mocked one with the sign of 'wheat cakes with maple syrup and country sausage, 20 cents.'

There are those who will say that for cases like Jennie's there are soup kitchens, Y. W. C. A.'s relief associations, policemen, and things like that. And so there are. Unfortunately the people who need them are not up on them. Try it. Plant yourself, penniless, on the middle of State street on a busy day, dive into the howling scrambling, pushing, maelstrom that hurls itself against the mountainous and impregnable form of the crossing policeman, and see what you'll get out of it, provided you have the courage.

Desperation gave Jennie a false courage. On the strength of it she made two false starts. The third time she reached the arm of the crossing policeman and touched it. That imposing giant removed the whistle from his mouth, and a sardoniously inclined his head, without turning his gaze upon Jennie, one eye being fixed on a red automobile that was showing signs of sulking at its enforced pause, the other being busy with a crossing drayman who was having an argument with his horse.

Jennie mumbled her question. Said the crossing policeman: "Getcher car on Washab, ride to 'umpty-second, transfer, get off at Blank street, and walk three blocks south."

Then he put the whistle back in his mouth, blew two shrill blasts, and the horde of men, women, motors, drays, trucks, cars, and horses swept over him, through him, past him, leaving him miraculously untouched.

Jennie landed on the opposite curbing, breathing hard. What was that street? Umpty-what? Well, it did not matter, anyway. She hadn't the nickel for car fare. What did you do next? You begged from people on the street. Jennie selected a middle-aged, prosperous, motherly looking woman. She framed her plea with stiff lips. Before she had finished her sentence she found herself addressing empty air. The middle aged, prosperous, motherly-looking woman had hurried on.

"Well, then, you tried a man. You had to be careful there. He mustn't be the wrong kind. Just an ordinary looking family man would be the best. Ordinary looking family men are strangely in the minority. There are so many more bull-necked, tan-shoed ones. Finally Jennie's eyes, grown sharp with want, saw one. Not too well dressed, kind-faced, middle-aged.

"Please can you help me out with a shilling?" Jennie's nose was red and her eyes watery. Said the middle-aged family man with the kindly face: "Beat it. You've had about enough I guess."

Jennie walked into a department store, picked out the oldest and most stationary looking floorwalker and put it to him. The floorwalker bent his head, caught the word 'food,' swung about, and pointed over Jennie's head, "Grocer, department on the seventh floor. Take one of these elevators up."

Anyone but a floorwalker could have seen the misery in Jennie's face. But to floorwalkers all women's faces are horrible.

Jennie turned and walked blindly toward the elevators. There was no light left to her. If the floorwalker had said 'Silk negligees on the fourth floor. Take one of these elevators up,' Jennie would have ridden up to the fourth floor, and stupidly gazed at pink silk and val lace negligees in glass cases.

"Tell me, have you ever visited the grocery department of a great store on the wrong side of State street? It's a mouth-watering experience. A department store grocery is a glorified mixture of delicatessen shop, meat market and vidualerie.

(Concluded in our next)

Suffered From Her Heart, Could Not Stand Hard Work

Mrs. Harry Smith, 31 Eagle Ave., Stratford, Ont., writes:—"I have suffered with my heart a great deal, and could not stand any hard work. I was doctoring with the Doctor and he told me I had to stop doing anything, but, however, a friend told me about your Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, so I got a box and tried them. I had to take several boxes before I felt any benefit, but after doing so I found they were beginning to help me so I continued their use and am now in a position to do all my own work, which I felt I would have to give up."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are a specific for all weak run down women, whether troubled with their heart or nerves, and if you will only give them a trial we can assure you that they will have the desired effect.

A too convivially inclined young clubman was introduced at a reception last week to a clever society woman whom he understood in some hazy fashion to be a great artist. She was not an artist, nor had she ever made any attempt to be. But the young man, whose wife were apt to go wool gathering at times, thought she was. And he was very anxious to make a sufficiently pretty speech to her.

He murmured the usual conventionalities when he was presented, and you paint, don't you? So many people have told me about it! he then said ingratiatingly.

The young woman stared at him, looked him severely in the eyes, let her glance fall on every feature of his perplexed face, gazed her indignation and then she spoke: "If I do," she remarked icily, 'at least I don't make a mistake and put it on my nose.'—Philadelphia Times.

W. H. Wilkinson, Stratford, Ont., says:—"It affords me much pleasure to say that I experienced great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. Price a box 50c."

I said she looked, like Venus, rising from the sea. But when I told her of it she was much vexed with me. Not that she was so modest, as she observed, but, shoo! It seemed I hadn't noticed her stylish bathing suit!

Milburn's Sterling Headache Powder gives women prompt relief from monthly pains, and leave no bad after effects whatever. Be sure you get Milburn's. Price 25 and 50 cts.

"I tell you," said Farmer Cornstossel, 'bein' a sheriff around here is a mighty hard job.'

"You never arrest anybody?" "No, but there's an awful lot of false alarms. Every time one of these summer girls sees a caterpillar or thinks there's murder bein' committed."—Washington Star.

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Friend—What about the rent of a place like this? I suppose the landlord asks a lot for it? Hardup—Yes, rather. He's always asking for it.—London Opinion.

Jack—So you smoked only ten cigars on your entire wedding trip—one a day, I suppose? Tom—No, sir—ten on the last day.

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