

MAYMEYS FROM CUBA. (Continued).

Starting with the live lobsters and crabs you work your hungry way right around the cheese, and the sausage, and the ham, and tongue, and head-cheese, past the marvellous and meatable things out of gelatine, through a thousand smells and scents—smells of things smoked, and pickled, and spiced, and baked and preserved, and roasted.

Jennie stepped out of the elevator, licking her lip. She sniffed the air, eagerly as a hound sniffs the scent. She shut her eyes when she passed the sugar-cured hams. A woman was buying a slice from one, and the butcher was extolling its merits. Jennie caught the words, 'jaicy and coreted.'

That particular store prides itself on its cheese department. It boasts that there are no can get anything in cheese from the simple cottage variety to imposing mottled Sultan. There are cheeses from France, cheese from Switzerland, cheese from Holland, Brick and parmesan, Bismarck and Limburger perfumed the air.

Behind the counters were big, full men in white aprons and coats. They flourished keen bright knives. As Jennie gazed, one of them, in a moment of idleness, cut a tiny wedge from a rich yellow Swiss cheese and stood nibbling it absently, his eyes wandering toward the blonde gelatine demonstrator. Jennie averted and caught the counter. She felt horribly faint and queer. She shut her eyes for a moment, when she opened them a woman—a fat, housewifely, comfortable-looking woman—was standing before the cheese counter. She spoke to the cheese man. Once more his sharp knife descended and he was offering the possible customer a sample. She picked it off the knife's sharp tip, nibbled thoughtfully, shook her head and passed out before Jennie.

Her cheeks grew hot, and her eyes fell dry and bright as she approached the cheese counter. 'A bit of that,' she said pointing. 'It doesn't look just as I like it.'

'Very fine, madam,' the man assured her, and turned the knife point toward her, with the indolent wedge of cheese resting on its blade. Jennie tried to keep her hand steady as she delicately nipped it off, nibbled as she had seen that other woman do it, her head on one side, before it shook a slow negative. The effort necessary to keep from crumpling the entire piece into her mouth at once left her weak and trembling. She passed on as the other woman did, around the corner and into a world of sausage. Great, rosy mounds of them filled the counters and cases. Sausages—Sheer, you pate de foie gras—Sheer, but may you know the day when hunger will have you. And on the day may you run into linked temptation in the form of Brunswick Merguez. May you know the longing which causes the eyes to glaze at the sight of Thüringer sausage, and the mouth to water at the scent of Cervelat wurst, and the fingers to tremble at the nearness of smoked liver.

Jennie stumbled on through the smells and the sights. The nibble of cheese had been like a drop of blood to a man-eating tiger. It made her bold, cunning, even while it maddened. She stopped at this counter and demanded a slice of summer sausage. It was paper thin, but delicate beyond belief. At the next counter there was corned beef, streaked fat and lean. Jennie longed to bury her teeth in the succulent meat and get one great, soul-satisfying mouthful. She had to content with her judicious nibbling. To pass the golden-brown breaded pig's feet was torture, the sordid of food being only as a aggravation. Up one side and down the next she went. And then, just around the corner, she brought up before the grocery department's pride and boast, the Scotch bakery. It is the store's star vanderbilt feature. All day long the gaping crowd stands before it, watching David the Scotch Man, as, with sleeves rolled high above his arms, he kneads, and slaps, and molds, and thumps, and shapes the dough into toothsome Scotch confections. There was a crowd around the white counters now, and the flat baking surface of the gas stove was just hot enough, and David the Scotch Man (he called them Soons) was wiping about here and there, turning the baking oat cakes, filling the shell above the stove when they were done to a turn, rolling out fresh ones, waiting on customers. His out-craiker face almost allowed itself a pleased expression—but no quite. David the Scotch Man was Soons (I was going to add, d'ye ken but I will not).

Jennie wondered if she really saw those things, Matton pie! Soons! Scotch short bread! Oat cakes; she edged closer, wriggling her way through the little crowd until she stood at the counter's edge. David the Scotch Man, his back to the crowd, was turning the last batch of oat cakes. Jennie felt strangely light-headed and unsteady, and airy. She stared straight ahead, a half smile on her lips, while a hand that

An Ancient Foe

To health and happiness is Scrofula—as ugly, as ever since time immemorial it causes blemishes in the neck, disfigures the skin, inflames the mucous membrane, wastes the muscles, weakens the bones, reduces the power of resistance to disease and the capacity for recovery, and develops into consumption.

Two young children had scrofula sores which kept growing deeper and kept them from going to school for three months. Ointments and medicines did no good until I began giving them Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine cured the sores to heal, and the children have shown no signs of scrofula since. J. W. Medina, Woodstock, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

will rid you of it, radically and permanently, as it has rid thousands.

she knew was her own, and that yet seemed no part of her, stole out very, very slowly and cunningly, and reached a hot sores from the pile that lay in the tray on the counter. That hand began to steal back, more quickly now. But not quickly enough. Another hand grasped her wrist. A woman's high, shrill voice (why will women do these things to each other?) said excitedly:

'Say, Soons! Soons! Soons! This girl is stealing something! A box of exclamation from the crowd, a closing in upon her—a whirl of faces, and counter, and trays, and gas stove. Jennie dropped with a crash, the warm sores still grasped in her fingers.

Just before the ambulance came it was the blonde lady of the impossible gelatine who caught the marmar that came from Jennie's white lips. The blonde lady bent her head closer, closer still. When she raised her face to those other faces crowded near, her eyes were round with surprise.

'So far as I can make out, she says her name's Mammie, and she's from Cuba. Well, wouldn't that set you? I always thought they were dark complected.'—Elin Forber, in the American Magazine.

Mr. A. O. Wheeler, F. R. G. S., Director of the Alpine Club of Canada, has just returned to Vancouver from a summer spent in the Canadian Rockies, in the vicinity of the Yellow Pass, and is greatly impressed with his trip.

In an interview with Mr. Wheeler, he stated: 'It has been the general impression that the Rocky Mountains of Canada attain their greatest average height not very far north of the boundary line. Thus, of late years much has been heard of Mount Robson, which dominates the region of Yellowhead Pass, but the popular notion was that there was nothing else in the neighborhood worth seeing, and that the Grand Trunk Pacific would pass through a region of little interest from the point of view of the tourist or mountaineer.'

There was no mistake about Mount Robson. It is without doubt, as was stated by one of the most travelled and skilled mountaineers of the day, Dr. Norman Collie, one of the most magnificent mountains in the world, whether seen from the south, the view that is most familiar, or from beautiful Berg Lake, it still stands supreme. In the hundred-mile circuit of the great massif on all sides were found mighty snow-capped peaks, wide-spread snow fields, huge icefalls, rushing torrents, waterfalls, flowered meadows and vast stretches of dark pine forest. Many of the peaks were named by the surveyors, but they are legion, and it will be many years before they are familiarly known as individual mountains.'

In speaking of the Robson Glacier, which lies on the east side of the monstrous mountain, Mr. Wheeler said: 'It struck us dumb with amazement that anything so stupendous, so superb, so undreamed of should exist. At our feet flowed the great river of ice, every crevasse, every moaine, every icefall, clearly portrayed. Directly opposite rose the massif, its outline clear from base to summit for fully 5000 feet. From the beautiful meadows at the head of Resplendent Valley twenty-five peaks were counted, all unknown and unnamed. All lakes, which perhaps lend the most characteristic charm to Canadian mountain scenery were everywhere.'

'At the summit of the Yellowhead Pass, Mr. Wheeler's party erected a monument defining the boundary between Alberta and British Columbia, at the intersection of the Great Divide. On the huge post set up, which is surrounded with a big stone mound, are carved the words: British Columbia on the west face; Alberta on the east face; and on the south 3727.98 feet, being the altitude of the summit at the point where the post is set.'

'The fashion news-writers say that women this winter will wear helmet hats.'

'Great Scott! Will they use spears for hairpins?'

SOONS' EMULSION is now a summer as well as a winter remedy. It has the same invigorating and strength-producing effect in summer as in winter. Try it in a little cold milk or water. ALL DRUGGISTS

What Children Should Eat

If there is ever a time when the human machine needs the very best and most nourishing food it is between the ages of five and fifteen. During these years, when the body growth is most rapid, the child's strength must be kept up to the mark and as varied as possible a menu of food, readily converted into suitable building materials, must be provided.

Too many parents, particularly those of the old-fashioned school, cling to the theory that a child's likes and dislikes in the matter of food are of no importance whatsoever; that the child must eat what is placed before it, whether it likes it or not.

This is a very poor system, because it often results in the child taking a dislike to foods, which, if a little tact had been used, it might have been led to eat with some pleasure and appetite. Another point is that food one dislikes never does as much good as it would if it happened to appeal to the appetite.

If, then, a child has an inborn hatred for, say, milk or boiled eggs, and essential nourishing foods of that sort, do not force them upon him, but have them served in such a variety of ways that he will not recognize them.

Many children who do not like boiled eggs will readily enjoy them when they are scrambled, or in the form of omelettes, and if they refuse to drink milk by the glassful, turn it into junket or into very milky milk puddings.

To encourage the correct development of the brain and the body, care should be exercised over the selection of the food, and too long an interval of time should not be allowed to pass between meals.

A child at a very early age looks for regularity in his meal hours, and whenever the time comes round the healthy child is ready and expectant for it.

If left too long that delightful sensation of being hungry will have passed away and left a dull ache instead. The child will either not want to eat at all, or will eat very quickly, and perhaps have a bad attack of indigestion in consequence.

A child should not be brought up on a large amount of meat; a little in the middle of the day is quite enough, and then it should not be too well done. Old meat is not easily digested by young children; a little hot beef or mutton with plenty of gravy is both more nourishing and more suitable to the youthful stomach.

There should always be vegetables—potatoes in not too large a quantity, as they are not blood-making—and whole meal or standard bread, as much of this with gravy and a green vegetable as the child likes.

After this he should have a junket or a milky pudding with stewed fruit, or any pudding made with milk and eggs.

Tea, say at 5 o'clock, should consist of weak, freshly made tea, bread and butter, and jam if you can be quite sure that it is perfectly pure, and sponge cake.

The last meal should be nourishing, but a very light one. Milk, if he will drink it, either hot or cold, is the ideal supper, but if he cannot digest it, try some cocoa or a cup of weak meat juice diluted with boiling water. Then he can have bread and butter, and a lightly boiled egg on toast, and milk, a milky pudding or an omelette.

Never let a child have twice cooked meat; the nourishment has been largely cooked out of it the first time, leaving only a mass of fibrous matter which can do the child no good.

It is well to encourage in children a liking for fruit; let them have it whenever they want it—that is to say, at every meal. All kinds of ripe fruit, as it comes into season, should be given to them, as well as stewed fruit, but in the case of raw fruit the skin should always be removed.

A banana, when peeled, should be scraped with a silver knife, as the stringy substance thus removed contains a pungent, bitter oil, injurious both to children and to grown people.

It is interesting to note the progress that is being made by the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, and for the information of the public we publish the following particulars regarding this great Transcontinental Railway. The lines at present in operation are as follows:—

Fort William, Northwest, via Winnipeg, Saskatoon, Edmonton and E. 100 to Ft. 2808—1472 miles. Prince Rupert to Copper River—100 miles.

Canons via Yorkton and Melville to Regina—151 miles. Tofield, Alta, to Mirror—70 miles. There is also a total mileage of about 900 on other sections of the Eastern Division, which is in partial operation by construction trains. The following lines are under construction:—

Fitzburg, Alta, to Copper River, B. C.—618 miles. Regina, Sask, via Moose Jaw northwest—93 miles. Regina, Sask, to International boundary—90 miles. Young to Prince Albert, Sask—120 miles. Olan to Battleford, Sask—50 miles. Mirror, Alta, to Calgary—124 miles. Biggar, Sask, southwest—50 miles. Alberta Coal Branch—60 miles.

Miss C. Danielson, Bowman River, Man., writes:—'Last fall I had a very bad cough and a tickling sensation in my throat. It was so bad I could not sleep at night, so I went to a druggist and told him I wanted something for my cold, and he advised me to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup which I did, and after taking one bottle I was completely cured. Let me recommend Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup to anyone who suffers from a cough or throat irritation.'

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is without a doubt one of the greatest cough and cold remedies on the market to-day, and as great has been its success there are numerous preparations put up to imitate it. Do not be imposed upon by taking one of these substitutes, but insist on being given "Dr. Wood's" when you ask for it. Price, 25 cents a bottle put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Had Palpitation of the Heart

Weakness and Choking Spells.

When the heart begins to beat irregularly, palpitate and throbs, beats fast for a time, then so slow as to seem almost to stop, it causes great anxiety and alarm. When the heart does this many people are kept in a state of morbid fear of death, and become weak, worn and miserable. To all such sufferers Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will give prompt and permanent relief.

Mrs. John J. Downey, New Glasgow, N.S., writes:—'Just a few lines to let you know what your Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have done for me. I was troubled with weakness and palpitation of the heart, would have severe choking spells, and could scarcely lie down at all. I tried many remedies, but got none to answer my case like your Pills. I can recommend them highly to all having heart or nerve troubles.'

Price 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25. For sale at all dealers or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

The Bounder—I say, old man, I wish you'd make a point of being in this evening. I—ah, want to see you about marryin' one of your girls.

The Major—With pleasure. Which do you want—the cook or the housemaid? What?—London Opinion.

A Sensible Merchant.

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.

A German in a sleeping car was unable to rest on account of the snoring of fellow travellers on each side of him. Finally one of them gave a fierce snort and stopped still.

'Thanks!' exclaimed the wakeful German. 'Von is det!'

A druggist can obtain an imitation of MINARD'S LINIMENT from a Toronto House at a very low price, and have it labeled his own product.

This greasy imitation is the poorest one we have yet seen of the many that every Tom, Dick and Harry has tried to introduce. Ask for MINARD'S and you will get it.

An Englishman met a man at a French table d'hote, who addressed him in French. His accent betrayed him, and, rather rudely, the Briton said, 'Ah, you are English.'

'The devil a doubt of it, darlin', said the stranger.

'An Irishman, too; still better,' went on the other.

'Well, thin, isn't it strange,' said the man. 'My French always shows me to be English and my English to be Irish.'

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.'

Clearing of right-of-way on the uncompleted gap of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway from Tete Jaune Cache westward to Almere in Dulkley Valley, was started a few weeks ago by the contractors, Messrs. Foley, Welch & Stewart. Operations thus far are restricted to the route along the south fork of the Fraser between the Cache and Port George.

'Is a fat man necessarily uncomfortable in warm weather?' 'He is if he listens to all the remarks his friends make about him.'

Architects, Builders and Contractors, will find our line of goods the newest in design, the most adaptable and improved, and of the highest standard of merit in quality and durability.

Also a full line of pumps and piping.

Stanley, Shaw & Peardon. June 12, 1907.

COAL! All kinds for your winter supply. See us before you place your order.

HARD COAL—Different Sizes Soft Coal—All Kinds G. Lynos & Co. Charlottetown, P. E. I. Nov. 30, 1910.

McLean & McKinnon Barristers, Attorneys-at-Law. Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

Morson & Duffy Barristers & Attorneys. Brown's Block, Charlottetown, P. E. I. MONEY TO LOAN.

Solicitors for Royal Bank of Canada 82 Queen Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Prince Edward Island Railway.

Commencing Monday, Oct. 2nd, 1911, trains will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

Table with columns: Trains Outward Read Down, P.M., P.M., A.M., Trains Inward Read Up, A.M., P.M., P.M. Lists routes between Charlottetown, Hunter River, St. Peter's, Summerside, Port Hill, O'Leary, Tignish, and Georgetown.

Table with columns: P.M., A.M., A.M., P.M. Lists routes between Charlottetown, St. Stewart, Morell, S. Peter's, St. Ann's, St. George's, and Georgetown.

Table with columns: Mon, Tues, Tues, Mon, Wed, Thurs, Thurs, Wed, P.M., A.M., P.M., A.M. Lists routes between Charlottetown, St. George's, and Vernon.

Table with columns: P.M., A.M. Lists routes between Charlottetown, St. George's, and Vernon.

Trains are run by Atlantic Standard Time. G. A. SHARP Supt. P. E. I. Railway

HARDWARE!

Largest Assortment, Lowest Prices. WHOLESALE and RETAIL

Fennel and Chandler

Fall and Winter Weather

Fall and Winter weather calls for prompt attention to the Repairing, Cleaning and Making of Clothing. We are still at the old stand, PRINCE STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN. Giving all orders strict attention. Our work is reliable, and our prices please our customers. H. McMILLAN

For New Buildings

We carry the finest line of Hardware to be found in any store.

Architects, Builders and Contractors, will find our line of goods the newest in design, the most adaptable and improved, and of the highest standard of merit in quality and durability.

Also a full line of pumps and piping. Stanley, Shaw & Peardon. June 12, 1907.

COAL!

All kinds for your winter supply. See us before you place your order. HARD COAL—Different Sizes Soft Coal—All Kinds G. Lynos & Co. Charlottetown, P. E. I. Nov. 30, 1910.

McLean & McKinnon Barristers, Attorneys-at-Law. Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

Morson & Duffy Barristers & Attorneys. Brown's Block, Charlottetown, P. E. I. MONEY TO LOAN. Solicitors for Royal Bank of Canada 82 Queen Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

CITY SCHOOLS

1911-TERM-1912

Educational Books

INCLUDING THE Newly Authorized TEXT BOOKS for School and College.

We have an immense Stock on hand. All School and College Books sold by us at Publishers Prices. Scribblers, Exercise Books, Penmanship Pads, Pads, Palmer Method of Business Writing, Pens, Inks, Pencils, Foolscap, Examination Paper, Fountain Pens, School Maps, Erasers, Rulers, Note Books, Book Keeping Blanks and Text Books, Slates, Pen Holders, Note Paper, Pencil Boxes, School Bags, etc., all at lowest possible prices.

Wholesale and Retail

BY CARTER & CO., Ltd. DEALERS IN Books, Stationery, Fancy Goods, Seeds, etc. Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

COAL. COAL.

THE UNDERSIGNED DEALERS IN

Hard and Soft Coal

HAVE ALWAYS ON HAND At their Old Stand, Peake's No. 2 Wharf

A large supply of Coal suitable for all purposes. Orders, verbal, by mail or by telephone promptly attended to. Our telephone No. is 312, and we should be pleased to have our orders.

Peake Bros. & Co.

Ch'town, July 19, 1911—8m

A BIG TEN DAYS' SHOE SALE!

Here is a chance you will never get again. 150 Pairs of Men's American Lace Boots

Goodyear Welted, Velour Calf, made on two different lasts, medium heavy oak sole—"a beauty" comfort. Compare them with any Five Dollar Boot in the city. Ten Days Only—\$3.50 a Pair.

We have also RUSSIAN CALF and PATENT at the same price. All new stock. They've got the lead, they've got the style, They've got all others beat a mile.

Hockey Boots! Hockey Boots!

We lead for Low Prices on Hockey Boots. A good Boy's Hockey Boot at \$1.65. Men's \$3.00 a pair. Others at \$1.75, \$1.85 and \$2.25 a pair.

A. E. McEACHEN

THE SHOEMAN 82 Queen Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I.