

Scott's Emulsion is not a "baby food," but is a most excellent food for babies who are not well nourished.

A part of a teaspoonful mixed in milk and given every three or four hours, will give the most happy results.

The cod-liver oil with the hypophosphites added, as in this palatable emulsion, not only feeds the child, but also regulates its digestive functions.

Ask your doctor about this.

Price, 50c and \$1.00, all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

ODE TO THE OWING.

(New York Sun.)

You may talk about the tariff, protection and free trade, And party panaceas for oppressing human life, And "improving trade conditions," and the boom that wheat has made, But the way to stir up business is to pay your little bills.

If you owe the grocer twenty, and he owes the butcher ten, And five more to the coal man, and to the ice man five, Your payment of the twenty helps along three business men, And the payments they can make in turn make other people thrive.

Idle money in your pocket does not do you any good; Unless your bills are all paid in full it isn't yours.

Just pay up what your able, as you wish that others would: That's the recipe for hard times that invariably cures.

If you pay what you owe others, others still then can pay you: It's the circulating dollar that's the pulse of business thrills. So see your money working, and then see what it will do.

For the way to stir up business is to pay your little bills.

Wm. H. Hillis.

Boston, December, 1897.

WHAT EVERYBODY KNOWS

Or ought to know, is that health and even life itself depends upon the condition of the blood. Feeding, as it does, all the organs of the body, it must be rich and pure in order to give proper nourishment. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the blood pure, rich and nourishing, and in this way strengthens the nerves, creates an appetite, tones the stomach and builds up the health. Hood's Sarsaparilla wards off colds, pneumonia and fevers, which are prevalent at this time.

Master and Man.

A TALE OF '88.

BY ANNAT SADIHER.

(From the Ave Maria.)

CHAPTER I.

It was the time of "the troubles," as the peasantry designated one of the most important of those uprisings in which Irish gullantry and Irish patriotism were so lavishly displayed. It was a time when men of the highest birth and those of the middle classes were mingled with the lowlier born in a common devotion to a great cause. Life, property, fair name, social influence, were freely staked. It is a long, dark chapter in Ireland's history, brightened by the unparalleled heroism of her noble sons. Arrest, imprisonment, confiscation, transportation, death, were of daily, hourly occurrence. Catholics and Protestants, priests and ministers, swelled the lists of convicted felons, perished on the scaffold, or were forced to wander in exile abroad.

Needless to call the bright galaxy of names imperishably connected with the sad-glorious days of that gallant but futile struggle for freedom. Many a nameless hero I know died in those continual uprisings in almost every part of Ireland. The Wicklow hills—so often immortalized in song and story, purple blue in the distance, dazzling with golden light in the sun—possessed many a mysterious pass and dark cave amongst their wooded heights, which served the insurgents as a base of operations or a hiding-place. At some little distance from the most celebrated of these fastnesses, where Billy Byrne, till his arrest and execution, kept up a guerrilla warfare; and where later the "Babe in the Wood," as the rebels humorously called themselves, had their retreat, lay a small and exquisitely situated village. It stood upon the banks of the Slaney, where that stream flows down cool and dazling from the hills. A lovely day it was in early June, but a short time after the ill-fated attempt of the 23rd of May, after the subsequent arrest of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Primroses were vying with the early violets to produce that delicious fragrance with which blended the stronger scent of the clover blossoms. It was an idyllic evening.

Near the door of the inn, which occupied the principal and almost the only street, stood Matt Crimmins, his good-looking, fresh face, surmounted by a rather dilapidated sugar loaf. His attire—corduroys, with an ancient velvet coat, and a spotted waistcoat very much the worse for wear—gave him, nevertheless, a not unpicturesque appearance.

His long attitude changed to one of attention as he overheard the landlord conversing within about some gentlemen that were expected late in the evening, and for whom he was to have a bountiful supper in readiness.

"S'jars, is it?" asked Matt, leaning against the window-sill and addressing Tim Farley; for his curiosity and suspicion were alike aroused.

"Oh, yes!" said the landlord. "There's a company of them all the way from the barracks at Dublin, coming down here, this evening."

"Do you tell me so?" cried Matt, with well-affected enthusiasm. "And a fine sight it'll be to see them—a grand sight entirely. But I wonder what in the world is bringing them down here, where all's so quiet?"

"Recruiting business, they give out," rejoined the landlord, cautiously.

"Bad cess to them!" exclaimed Matt. "It's out of their way I'll keep myself, and no mistake."

"And you may well do so," observed the landlord, with a glance at Matt's fine proportions. "It's boys like you they'll be wanting."

"S'jars, is not much to my taste," said Matt; but when the time comes to shoulder a musket, it won't be a red coat I'll have on my back, ma'am, you may be sure of that."

"Hush, Matt, hush!" cried the woman in alarm. And she added, in a low tone: "Spies, they tell me, are as thick as blackberries. Re-suming her former manner, she said: 'It's a fine supper we're to have ready to-night for the gentlemen from Dublin.'"

"A fine supper, is it?" Matt repeated, bent on collecting all possible information.

"Well, first there's spring lamb—as fine a quarter as ever I saw," began the landlord.

"Spring lamb!" cried Matt, rolling up his eyes in ecstasy. "God bless you, Mrs. Farley, and would you let me know about what time the supper is to be? For perhaps it's a bone of that same lamb I might be trying."

"The orderly o'ap that came down this morning said it might be any time from nine o'clock to midnight; so I'll have the lamb cold, and the chickens, too; and the po' of spinach that'll have to be hot against their."

"Oh, don't, ma'am!" interrupted Matt. "Now, don't be making my mouth water talking about such eatables, and ooked by your own hands."

"You are a palaverer," said Mrs. Farley, with an ill-repressed smile of gratification at the compliment.

"You have the away of Mr. Attonchee's kitchen and the freedom of the big house!"

"But there's no Mrs. Farley at the hall," said Matt. "And my foster-brother, the young master, is often absent from the country. He is at this moment in the hills of Scotland."

"Well, that's strange!" replied Mrs. Farley; "for I was sure it was himself I saw this morning."

"The Lord love you, and don't say that!" said Matt, with a countenance of well-feigned alarm. "For if you saw the young master this morning, it was his fetch you saw, and no mistake."

Mrs. Farley looked grave—terrified at the idea; then she said, musingly:

"I was sure it was his Honor I saw riding by; and there's not one I ever saw that has the seat of him in the saddle."

"Hush!" whispered Matt, putting his finger to his lips.

"Perhaps, after all, I was mistaken," Mrs. Farley answered. "You know we're all liable to error."

"Well, don't be saying much about it," said Matt, with an air of mystery; "for if it were to come to my ears later on, he'd feel mighty queer. I'll be around on the chance of that bone of lamb!" Matt went on; "so I'll bid you good evening for the time being."

Matt strolled off, whistling till he was well out of sight of the inn, preserving all the time his lounging gait. He once he had passed over a stile into a field redolent of early clover, he stood still.

"It's the young master they're after, and no mistake; and he'll fall into their hands like a bird in the trap." He stood awhile lost, as it seemed, in deep thought; then suddenly exclaimed: "Not while Matt Crimmins is in it!"

His face took on a look of resolution, which totally changed its character. Lines formed about the mouth, indicative of set resolve; the expression of the eyes became bold and keen, as a hunter who sees the game far off.

The sun was just mellowing in the west, the afternoon taking on a delicious coolness, tints of faint color gathering in the sky. Matt noted these signs with the instinctive knowledge of one who has spent his life in the open air.

"It's after four now," he said; "and we must have a good start of the murdering villains." He shook his fist at an imaginary foe, and scowled upward as a rook flew cawing about an aged tree standing near.

"Bad cess to you, with your ill omen!" he cried, in an angry tone, to the bird. "You're almost as bad as they are."

But the bird, unmoved by the denunciation, continued his note.

"One crow, sorrow!" muttered Matt; for there was no gainsaying the fact that the young man was superstitious. "But I'll turn the sorrow on to their heads if I can; or at the least, I'll get even with them."

Glancing about to see that no one was in sight, he began to run lightly as a deer across the meadow-land, vaulting fences, as a boy released from school might do, crouching at hedges or hiding behind trees if he heard approaching footsteps on the neighboring highway. He was determined at any cost to avoid being questioned.

CHAPTER II.

Presently Matt came to a gateway which formed the entrance to an avenue shaded by trees which had caught the lights and shadows of a century at least. The gate was closed, and he secretly observed with impatience, as the lodge-keeper, a young and comely widow, came leisurely out to admit him, and seemed in a conversational mood.

At another time this would have been precisely what Matt would desire, the more so that he usually contrived to get himself invited to tea with Mrs. Welsh and her little son Terry and her daughter Kate. But now he was eager to escape and yet resolved to permit no sign of impatience to appear in his face and manner. In the first place it would have been impolite, debarring him, perhaps, from future tea-drinkings; in the second place—and this was a far more weighty reason—it was essential, he believed, to his young master's safety and to the project he had in view, that Mrs. Welsh should not suspect there was anything unusual about him.

He answered her remarks upon the weather in his lightest and pleasantest manner, observing also that little Kate's hair was brighter than the sun.

"It's easy to see where she gets that from, ma'am," said Matt, with an expressive glance at the widow's thick coil of hair, and her complexion like a peach, and the hazel of her eyes.

"O Mr. Crimmins!" exclaimed the widow; and it did not require a wizard to tell that this flattery was far from being displeasing to Mrs. Welsh. "Won't you come in and have a cup of tea with the children and myself?" She asked.

"Indeed I would with all my heart only that long-legged Englishman, James—plague take him!—made me promise to give him a hand in the pantry to-night. For it appears he's expecting company, but I don't know exactly who."

"I'm sorry you can't stop," replied the widow—and, with the shade of disappointment on her face, the keen eyes of Matt noted one of resentment; "but what can't be cured must be endured."

The young man's face was expressive of the deepest woe as he answered:

"You're speaking God's truth there, ma'am dear; and it's I that'll have to endure colloquing with that stiff-necked James, when I might have your pretty face opposite me, and the darling little ones beside me, and a cup of your fine tea to the fore. But go I must—there's no help for it."

The fair gate-keeper seemed mollified; and Matt, with a tender glance, walked on till a turn of the avenue hid him from her curious or admiring eyes. Then he sped like a deer between the great lines of trees and the smoothly trimmed hedges, till a final curve of the avenue brought him out upon an exquisite lawn, dotted with tall poplars and elms—the growth, apparently, of centuries. The large stone house, a fine specimen of sundry modern and somewhat desultory additions, but bearing the marks of great age. The principal entrance door was at the head of a flight of broad stone steps, and was flanked by thick masses of ivy, which, creeping up, almost to the eaves of the roof, were the concomitant of the front wall.

Contrary to the usual custom, Matt after one last look around, passed rapidly up these steps, and, as the ponderous knocker—the door was opened by James, who received him with a stony stare of astonishment, which finally relaxed into a broad grin.

"Well, I'm blessed if I ever!" said the functionary at last. "What a lark! What's up, Matt?"

But Matt put his finger to his lips.

"Let me in, James," he whispered earnestly; "I didn't want to go round to the servant's quarters amongst all those gossiping women. One too many knows that I'm here now."

James looked puzzled, and began to have some doubt of this wild Irishman's sanity, as Matt closed the door and looking carefully about, finally approached and put his lips to the startled knocker's ear. He knew that James was as devoted to his master as he was himself, and equally trustworthy; for he had at first been Matt Latouche's special servant, and had travelled with him for some years.

"The sojers are after him," Matt whispered. "They'll be here, perhaps, by sundown, and you and I have got to save him between us." James sat down, overcome for an instant by the suddenness of the news. In a few rapid words Matt then un-

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cod Bitters has the most natural action on the stomach, liver, bowels and blood of any medicine known, hence its effects are prompt and lasting. It cures, without fail, all such diseases as Dyspepsia, Constipation, Biliousness, Etc.

Blood

Sick Headache, Boils, Pimples, Tumors, Scrofula, Kidney Complaint, Jaundice, Costed Tongue, Loss of Appetite and General Debility. The fact that it is guaranteed to cure if used according to directions warrants any sufferer in giving a fair trial to Burdock Blood.

Bitters

folds his plan. James shook his head.

"You!" he exclaimed,—"you, Matt! Oh, never!"

"It has to be tried, man alive!" cried Matt. "He is tracked, I tell you, and if we can't get him in time, he'll be in Dublin jail by midnight."

James scarcely knew whether to laugh or cry—the latter feeling predominating when he thought of his young master's danger; the former, when he realized Matt's whimsical scheme for saving him. He was conscious all the time of a feeling of warmth toward this Irishman, which he never could have believed he would have felt for any of his race—save and except, of course, their master.

"If he had only let politics alone!" he said ruefully. "These youngsters, with heads of tin and nothing to do, are always getting into mischief."

"That's neither here nor there," said Matt, somewhat testily. "He got into politics—as you call it—out of love for the old land; and if it were for that reason alone, I feel in duty bound to save him."

He approached James and laid his hand on his shoulder.

"But for another reason—that he's the very core of your heart and mine—you've got to help me."

The young Irishman's kindling face and generous ardor communicated itself to the scarcely less sterling Englishman.

"I'm your man," said James, extending a hand, which was so vehemently grasped by Matt that he winced.

"Then take me to the young master without delay," said Matt.

They mounted the stairs in silence, oppressed by the ominous knowledge which both shared in common. Knocking at the door of their master's study, there was an answer from within—a careless "Come in!" Matt crossed the threshold, saluting Mr. Latouche; then, putting his finger to his lips, closed the door behind him, James having decided to keep guard without.

CHAPTER III.

A young man of some twenty-four or twenty-five, slender, dark, alert, and decidedly distinguished looking, glanced up from a gun he was cleaning.

"Ah, Matt! Is that you?"

"It is, your honour," said Matt. "Something in the tone attracted the other's attention, and the expression of his foster-brother's face showed plainly that it was not without excellent reason he had come. Even in that moment the master was struck with the change which had come over the careless, almost foolish face. It had a power in it which but lately would have seemed impossible."

"So they have got information?" said Mr. Latouche, after a pause.

"They have, sir."

"How soon do you think they will be here, Matt?"

"It's hard to say, but maybe in a half hour or an hour's time—at least that's what I hear."

"So soon!" exclaimed Henry Latouche, with an involuntary glance at a lovely face which looked out upon him from a miniature on the table. "And at an unfortunate time, too!"

Matt knew what his young master meant. His wedding had been fixed for a fortnight thence. Brevity had followed each other so fast that none could have dreamed when the day was set that the brilliant young favorite of society would be hupped as a felon.

(To be continued.)

FROM PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

Many have tried for years to discover a remedy suitable for their own case for the Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache, Kidney and Liver Complaint, etc., but have failed. Try the new medicine to which I am indebted.

To those who say: "Try the new medicine."

Laxa-Liver PILLS

Read what people say. Here it is. Mrs. S. Lawson, Moncton, N. B., says: "I was cured of constipation and sick headache."

Mrs. E. Jones, St. Nicholas Hotel, Hamilton, Ont., says: "They are a pleasant, sure and quick cure for constipation, dyspepsia and sick headache."

Mrs. M. E. Hicks, South Bay, Ont., says: "Laxa-Liver Pills are excellent for sick headache, causing no pain or griping."

Mrs. J. Jones, Toronto, Hamilton, Ont., says: "They are a perfect cure for even the most obstinate headache."

Miscellaneous Locals.

FOR internal or external use HAYGARD'S YELLOW OIL cannot be excelled as a pain relieving and soothing remedy for all pains.

Minard's Liniment is the best.

Hopes Fulfilled.

The following letter tells what people think about Laxa-Liver Pills:

Dear Sirs,—I gladly testify to the virtues of Laxa-Liver Pills. I used to be troubled with severe headaches and constipation for a long time and took these pills before for a cure, and my hopes were rapidly fulfilled. I found them a never failing remedy, and heartily recommend them to all who are troubled with such diseases as Dyspepsia, Constipation, Biliousness, Etc.

Sgd. MISS S. LAWSON
Moncton, N. B.

Liver troubles, biliousness, sallow complexion, yellow eyes, jaundice, etc., yield to the curative powers of Laxa-Liver Pills. They are sure to cure.

Twining Shooting Pain.

Mr. Wm. Dyson, Guelph, Ont., says, "My experience with Doan's Kidney Pills proves them to be a splendid medicine for any one troubled with backache or urinary difficulties. I had bad pains in my back and shooting pains all over my body, together with dizziness and sleeplessness. Through the kindness of Doan's Kidney Pills I am now entirely cured and feel braced up and as young as ever I was."

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Life Destroying Croup Cured.

GASTA.—I have used Haygard's Yellow Oil in my family for croup and bronchitis during the past 12 years and never found it to fail. It cures every time. I have recommended it to my neighbors and they keep it on hand. I would not be without it for any price.

MRS. HENRY WARDEN.

Windsor, Ont.

THE BEST EVER USED.

MESSRS. T. MINARD & CO.:
DEAR SIRS—I can recommend Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup as the very best medicine for coughs and colds, sore throat and weak lungs, which I have ever used.

Yours truly,
Wm. Farley,
Bainham, Ont.

Napoleon's Loss.

It is said that but for an attack of indigestion, brought on by over eating, Napoleon would have won Waterloo. Great issues depend on good digestion—good digestion depends upon Doan's Blood Bitters.

Two years ago my wife was very ill with dyspepsia. Six bottles of B.B.B. cured her, and she has had no return of the malady. Wm. Dyer, Fort William, Ont.

DON'T GO ON!

Don't go suffering from nervous troubles that make strong men weak, impatient, and unable to do the right thing at the right time, all because the system is tobacco poisoned. We urge you to test MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS, they will make the blood pure and rich, tingling with life and energy, and the man who feels old they make young and happy again.

An Irish tenant observed that it was a "bad thing for a man to be turned out of the house which his father built and his grandfather was born in."

DEAR SIRS—Your MINARD'S LINIMENT is our remedy for sore throat, colds and all ordinary ailments. It never fails to relieve and cure promptly.

CHARLES WHO TREN,
Port Mulgrave.

MILBURN'S STERLING HEADACHE POWDERS are easy to take, harmless in action and sure to cure any headache in from 5 to 20 minutes.

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

To be beautiful we must have pure blood and a pure skin. Burdock Blood Bitters purifies the blood and makes the skin bright and clear. It cures all skin and blood diseases. Witness the following: "I had scrofula on my face for some time, and could get no relief until I tried B.B.B. One bottle healed me and left no scars. It is the greatest blood purifier in existence."

MARY C. BERRY,
Toronto, Ont.

A CODE OF SIGNALS.

Nature has a code of signals—a listless step and tired, weary feeling are in the code. They show that the system is run down and dragged out. Nature's medicine for this is Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills—they benefit the entire system, brace the nerves, and brighten the brain, curing nervousness, sleeplessness, weakness and palpitation of the heart, etc.

Debtor—I want to pay that little bill of yours.
Creditor (delighted)—All right; my dear boy.
Debtor—But I can't.

Severe Headache Cured.

DEAR SIRS—Being troubled with a severe headache, I was advised by a friend to try Laxa-Liver Pills. I only used half a bottle, and have not since suffered from the complaint. They seem to be a perfect cure.

Mrs. JOHN TOWNSEND,
Hamilton, Ont.

Yellow Skin and Eyes.

Biliousness causes yellow skin and eyes, tired, weary, sluggish feeling, etc. BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS cleanses the blood and regulates the liver, curing all its diseases. "From a child I suffered from biliousness and headache, and all the more for some time, and could get no relief. Four bottles of B.B.B. cured me completely, however, and I gladly recommend it."

Mrs. W. COLEMAN,
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REGULAR ACTION OF the bowels is necessary to health. LAXA-LIVER PILLS are the best occasion at cathartic for family or general use. Price 25c. Any druggist.

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treats Chronic Diseases by the Sallabury method of persistent self-help in overcoming past errors and removing causes from the blood. Scrofula, Rheumatism, Consumption of Lungs or Bowels, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Gastritis, Ulcer, Cancer, Dropsy, Diarrhoea, Hemorrhoids, Constipation, Piles, Liver-Jaundice, Diabetes, Gravel, etc. Of Kidney—Albuminuria, Bright's Disease, etc. Of Spine and Bladder—Cystitis, Stricture, Gonorrhea, etc. Of Female Organs—Inflammation of Sexual Organs, Of Nerves and Sinus—Nervous Prostration, Sleeplessness, Deafness, Hysteria, Tremor, St. Vitus dance, Epilepsy, Convulsions, Paralysis, Locomotor Ataxia, Paralysis-Agria, Stiffness of Brain, Some forms of Insanity—Dementia, Mania, Hypochondria, Neurasthenia, etc. Of Glands—Glandular Puffiness, Fibroid, Uterine, Ovarian and Cancer, Dropsy, Crebrous Obesity, Corns, etc. Of Bones and Joints—Deformities, Curvature, and Pott's Disease of Spine, Paralysis, Hip Disease, Knock-knee, Bow Legs, Club and Flat Foot, Wry Neck, Rickets, Scrofula, Scurvy, Legg's Disease, etc. Contagious Infection, and Maximum of Cure, possible in each case. Avoid attempts, unaided or under blind leaders.

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May 5, '97

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BEAUTIFUL LINES OF
OVERCOATINGS,

The finest ever brought to the city; and Trousers, the finest you ever laid eyes on; and for Suits, they are beautiful in the extreme. Those goods will be shown with much pleasure, and will be on exhibit this afternoon and to-morrow.

John MacLeod & Co.,
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