



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 Dugham, of Sisterville, 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 the pain, restored my appetite and increased my weight."

BLACK DIAMOND LINE.



The S. S. BONAVIDA sailing from Montreal, Friday morning, Oct 28th, will be due at Ch'town, Monday morning, Oct 31st, and will sail for St. John's, and Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, via, North Sydney, carrying horses, cattle and sheep on deck and produce under deck at lowest possible rates.

For further particulars as to freight and passage, apply to

PEAKE BROS & CO., Agents.

Ch'town, Oct 25, '98—249

AUCTION!

I am instructed by Richard Bowman, Esq., to sell at Auction on his premises, Royalty East, 3 miles from Charlottetown, on the 27th October, 1898, at 1 o'clock, p. m., the following:

One Mare, 15 years old, with foal, (Silver King), One Mare, 4 years old, with foal (Barrister), One Colt 2 1/2 years old, (Bronze Chief), One Colt, 1 1/2 years old, from Stanley's horse, One Stallion GAY LAD, with pedigree, One Cow, thoroughbred, Shorthorn, to calve early, Ten Milch Cows, Ayrshire, five to calve within a month, One Cow thoroughbred Ayrshire, One Bull, 2 years old, thoroughbred Ayrshire, One Bull calf, pure-bred Ayrshire, Four Heifers, 2 years old, with calf, Six Heifers, 1 1/2 years old, Two Oxen, 2 years old, Four calves, 20 sheep, well bred, 2 Pigs, 1 registered Ram. All the above stock are well-bred.

CROP.—10 tons good Hay; quantity of Straw; 500 bushels Turnips.

TERMS.—All sums of \$5.00 and under, cash; over \$5.00, twelve months' credit on approved paper.

F. H. HORNE, Auctioneer.

249 2ins.

Arithmetic.

Common School Arithmetic, by Wm. T. Kennedy, Principal of Halifax Academy, & Peter O'Hearn, Principal of St. Patrick's High School, Halifax.

Part I 15c
Part II 15c
Part III 15c
All three parts bound in one vol 40c
Academic Arithmetic, being Part Four of the Progressive School Series of Arithmetics by W. T. Kennedy and Peter O'Hearn, 40

ARTIFICIAL TEETH

Satisfaction guaranteed in every respect or money refunded. No charge for extracting.

Dr. J. P. Murray

Single Office TO LET

In Cameron Block apply to HORACE HASZARD.

Woman AGAINST Woman

BY MRS. MARY E. HOLMES-

Author of "A Woman's Love," "The Wife's Secret," "A Heartless Woman," "Her Fatal Sin," "A Wife's Peril," "A Desperate Woman."

(Continued.)

Alice felt a sudden pang and a sense of pain steal over her. She had given all she could to help Roy Darrell, and yet it had availed nothing. And now—"We must look after you, my child," said Lady Darrell gently, touched by the youthful pale face framed with its masses of dead-gold hair. "Mrs. Grey must give you some refreshment. You are tired, too, and want rest."

Roy had grown deathly white; he realised now for the first time what he had done. He was tied for ever to this village girl, while he had sundered himself for ever from the woman he loved, Valerie Ross. Then the memory of what this girl had done for him came back.

"Mother," he said slowly, almost painfully, "we must do more for this child. You have yet to learn what she has done when all was blackest. When my innocence could never have been cleared as we thought, when Heaven itself seemed to have deserted me, she consented to save my life. Her words must have condemned me. Mother, take her hand—this is henceforth your daughter, and my wife, Margaret Darrell."

CHAPTER IV.

In a large solitary room, sitting by a window that took in the magnificent vista of park, grounds, and woods comprising Darrell Castle estate, was a young girl.

She wore a dress of soft grey made very simple, fitting her young body to perfection with its clinging folds; her hair of pale gold was gathered in a large knot at the back of her small well-shaped head.

Her skin was pure white, like the lily on the narcissus in its waxen purity; her eyes, framed with heavy long dark lashes, shone like great lustrous grey stars in their ivory setting.

She had a book open on her knee, yet it did not seem to attract her much; her gaze was bent out of the window across the country scene, at the moving trees scattering their shrivelled brown leaves at every soft gust.

It was Margaret, Lady Darrell. A sigh escaped her lips as she sat silent, but she did not move. The room seemed to strike the beholder as gloomy and lonely; even the firelight failed to light up its solitude.

The furniture and hangings were rich, but their tone was sombre, and spoke of a bygone fashion. The girl alone was young and fresh; she looked strangely beautiful in her dark setting.



DR. A. W. CHASE AT WORK ON HIS LAST GREAT REMEDY.

DOCTORS FAIL WHEN THE GREAT PHYSICIAN CURES.

THREE YEARS IN BED

From Kidney Disease—Although a Man of Three-Score and Ten, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills Gave Him Back Perfect Health.

This is to certify that I was sick in bed the most of the time for three years with kidney disease. I took several boxes of pills—different kinds—and a great many other kinds of patent medicines, besides that I was under treatment by four different doctors during the time and not able to work. I began to take Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and since that time have been working every day although a man nearly 70 years of age. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have cured me.

JAMES SIMPSON, Newcomb Mills, Ont.

If the Kidneys are not in a perfectly clean and healthy condition, the blood becomes impregnated with impurities and a decay of the Kidneys soon takes place. Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Gravel, Stone in the Bladder, Inflammation of the Bladder, and a long list of Kidney diseases become seated, and sooner or later in so many instances end fatally. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills cure all Kidney troubles. Sold by all dealers, price 2 cents per box.

"The door opened and a man entered carrying a lamp. "What is the time, Davis?" asked Lady Darrell, waking from her thoughts. "Nigh halfpast five, my lady," answered the maid. "How dark; it is almost night." The young figure left the window. "Will you ring, my lady, when you want me?" "Yes."

The maid went slowly from the room, and her young mistress walked towards the fire; her face was subdued and her eyes gazed into the glowing coals quietly, almost sadly.

"Two months," she murmured; "it seems like two years! Am I the same flesh and blood as the girl who, two months ago, was in rags, and worked on the farm like the ploughboys? It seems like a dream! Perhaps I shall wake some day and find myself back in the farm—find all this gloomy splendor melted into mist, and hear Aunt Martha's voice scolding me as she used to do."

She moved from the fire, and walked up and down the room swiftly.

"I wonder if I should be happier if I woke to find it all a dream—to be back once more in the old life? No, no; I could not do it. And yet"—she stopped—"it is terribly lonely here. All is so grand; but I grow oppressed with it. If only his mother would speak to me kindly! She is always so cold and courteous. But I know she scorns me in her heart; she loves Valerie Ross. She should have been his wife not a farm-girl, lowly born, like me. Alice,—my Lady Alice, the name condemns me; it will cling to me for ever. And he, what does he think of me now? All danger is gone, and he only remembers he is tied to me for ever—tied to a low-born girl, whose very presence drives him from his home."

She paused an instant, her lips compressed as if with pain, then, with a sigh, she drew up a chair to the table and took up a book.

She was pondering over the words thoughtfully, when a tap came to the door. "Come in!" she said absently. The door opened, and a woman advanced into the room, a tall elegant figure in robes of trailing black satin, cut low round the beautiful snowy shoulders. On the masses of red-brown hair gleamed stars of rubies and diamonds; a slender chain supported a glowing star of the same jewels round the swan-like throat.

It was Valerie Ross. She came in drawing on her long tan gloves slowly. Her face was pale, but her eyes flashed dark and glorious, and there was a strange half-contemptuous smile on her lips.

"My Lady Alice," she observed playfully, "still buried in your books? What a store of learning will be in that pretty golden head when your lord returns?" Alice flushed slightly.

"I was not studying. I was reading for amusement," she answered.

Valerie walked to the window with her swift graceful carriage. The curtains were still undrawn, and out in the darkness the trees seemed like moving phantoms.

"Amusement?" repeated Valerie with half a shudder. "Indeed you want some! I wonder you are not dead of ennui and melancholia already!" "I am quite content," said Alice slowly; then suddenly remembering her duties: "But will you not sit by the fire, Miss Ross? This chair is most comfortable."

"Thanks."

Valerie turned indifferently toward the fire. She did not take the chair, but stood buttoning her gloves, with one slender foot on the fender.

"You don't seem surprised to see me," she observed after a moment's silence.

"No," answered Alice.

She did not add that she had grown used to Valerie's strange erratic visits during the last two months, and had ceased to wonder at them.

"Have you heard from those worthy people your aunt and uncle since they left the village?" next queried Miss Ross very lightly.

"No," said Alice again, this time with a crimson flush on her cheeks.

There was a something in Valerie's tones that always made her wretched—brought her low origin in glaring painfulness before her eyes.

"They are not considerate for their niece's welfare," observed Miss Ross. Her gloves were buttoned; she let her hands drop, and gazed at the young troubled face before her indifferently.

Alice roused herself, she tried to smile. "Aunt Martha is only too glad to get rid of me. She always looked on me as a burden, and—"

"And was glad to see you happily and well married," finished the other; "of course that was natural, was it not?"

Alice's face was white now; her hands clasped together, were cold with the humiliation she was enduring.

She knew how cruel was the woman opposite, and how powerless she was to fight her. The shame, which some-

times overcame her fell on her heart now like a heavy weight.

She saw herself as Valerie thought her—a vulgar, common girl, the relative of people who were bought out of the village, out of the home they had lived in for years, so that their presence should not shock the eyes of the Castle, nor recall how low its master had sunk in mating with one of their number.

None knew—none could ever know—what an agony of pain and shame lived in the young heart of Roy Darrell's wife.

She was utterly—completely alone! The man for whose sake she bartered her freedom left his home two days after the funeral of his murdered friend.

His mother still inhabited her rooms in the Castle, but there was a chasm between her and her son's wife.

She treated the girl with ceremony and courtesy, her wishes was consulted in every way, but the older woman—the proud descendant of an ancient race—refused to eat or be familiar with a girl who, a few days before, had consorted with farm-help and laborers.

Occasionally the two Lady Darrells met, and the elder woman would always drop a deep courtesy to the shrinking, timid form of the younger, but they exchanged no word.

Valerie Ross alone appeared to notice the girl thrown so suddenly into this strange life, but though to the world her overtures of friendship seemed the essence of kindness and good nature, Alice knew to the contrary, and always suffered torture during the visits she received from the beautiful woman.

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We have open, and more to arrive, a good assortment of Clothing. We are after your trade this fall; we ought to have it—it good goods and low prices are any inducement. For want of space we can only quote a few lines—men's S & D Breasted Suits, our own make cloth, well made and finished for \$9.00

Men's S & D breasted Suits for \$12.00, made from our famous double and twisted goods, warranted to outwear anything in the imported line. This cloth is known from P E I to Alaska—the only goods made that will stand the wear and tear of the Klondike. Our agent in Dawson is taking orders for spring shipment. This speaks well of our cloth.

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Suits for boys, our own cloth, the only thing that will stand. If your boy gets caught going over a fence some one will have to lift him off, no tear to our cloth. Youths' Suits our own cloth, former price \$8.25, now \$5.00. A full range of gents' furnishings. Prices are right.

Inspection Invited.

W. D. MCKAY

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About a month after Roy's departure, news reached the Castle that the Earl of Darrell, his elder brother, a man who had been a wanderer from his home for many years, was dead, leaving no heir, and Roy Darrell succeeded to the title and the estates.

The tidings were communicated to Alice in the most ceremonious manner, but the fact that now she was a countess and moreover, entire mistress of the Castle, did not appear to touch her.

She was growing day by day more wretched as she saw how great a mistake it had all been, and how wrecked her life must be, henceforth passed in the gloomy solitude that appeared to be her lot.

(To be Continued.)

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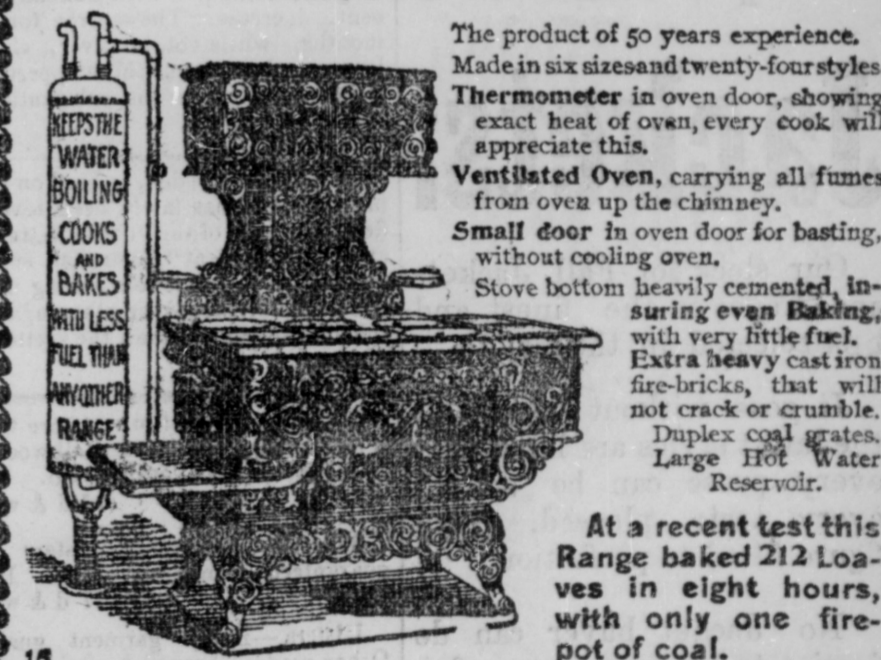
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