



The clouds have hardly held more rain drops than the tears which have fallen from women's eyes. There is a world of truth in the old song which said: "Man must work, and woman must weep." Women must weep not only for the troubles and ills of those they love, but because of the physical agony and suffering that they themselves endure in silence.

Nine-tenths of the pain and suffering that women undergo could be avoided by a little knowledge and a resort to the right remedy. When a woman feels weak, sick, nervous, fretful and despondent, and suffers from pains in the back and sides, and burning and dragging down sensations, she is suffering from weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organism. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all medicines for ailing women. It acts directly and only on the delicate and important organs that make maternity possible. It makes them strong and well. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration, soothes pain, and tones the nerves. It does away with the usual discomforts of the timorous period, and makes baby's coming easy and almost painless. It is the discovery of Dr. R. V. Pierce, an eminent and skillful specialist, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. No honest dealer will urge a substitute for this superior medicine.

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DYING BY INCHES!

But Dodd's Kidney Pills will Yet Renew Life.

Thousands of persons die in the prime of life because doctors think Bright's Disease and Diabetes incurable. But Dodd's Kidney Pills cure them both. They have cured thousands of cases.

These diseases and other Kidney complaints are as common as ordinary colds. But people don't realize that they are afflicted till the disease has eaten deep into the system. Even then, Dodd's Kidney Pills will positively cure.

Thousands of people are dying on their feet, but do not realize it. They notice one or more of these symptoms: shortness of breath, loss of memory, failing sight, ravenous appetite, pale or reddish urine, with brick-colored deposit, scalding when urinating, constipation, nervousness, pains in the loins. Their only hope is Dodd's Kidney Pills. They won't fail. They never do.

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GRATEFUL COMFORTING everywhore for Delicacy of Flavour, Superior Quality, and Nutritive Properties. Specially grateful and comforting to the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold only in 1-lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & Co., Ltd., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

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PICKFORD & BLACK, LINE HALIFAX & CHARLOTTETOWN. SEASON OF 1898.

S. S. CITY OF GHENT will sail from Charlottetown every Friday at 10 a. m., during the season of 1898, for Halifax, sailing at Summerside, Port Hastings, Port Hawkesbury, Arichat, Causo, Isaac Harbor, Salmon River, Sheet Harbor; returning will leave Halifax every Tuesday at 6 p. m., making same calls. The steamer has excellent passenger accommodation. Saloon staterooms. Special freights will be given this season.

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Charlottetown, May 13, 1898

FOR SALE

Schr. "Vidette" 58 TONS Built in 1873. Will be sold at a bargain. A. N. WHITMAN & SON, 202-8122 Causo, N. S.

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."

SYNOPSIS.

Under very romantic conditions Roy Darrell marries a supposed farmer's daughter, Alice Brown. Alice is practically neglected by her husband after marriage, and although she is Countess of Darrell her life is a very lonely one. The Earl is attached to a Miss Valerie Ross who is staying in his house. She hates the young Countess and plots with another guest in the house—Count Jura—to abduct her. The Earl, by this time, finds that he really loves his young wife and is almost distracted about his loss. In the meantime Alice has been conveyed by Count Jura to underground vaults used by him as a warehouse for stolen goods, and is left in charge of Dame Bardeu and her daughter Myra, accomplices of the thieves. With the aid of detectives Lord Darrell discovers his wife, ill with brain fever, at an inn whither Count Jura has taken her on his way to London.

CHAPTER XVII. (Continued.)

A confused stream of words bubbled from her lips, and as he bent over her, and tried to draw her into his arms, she shrank from him with a stifled shriek that went through his heart like a pang. He heard nothing but her childish pleadings—the unburdening of all that her young heart had borne. The struggle that was going on below did not reach him; even vengeance itself was lost as he knelt beside this girl, delirious—ill unto death, perchance—and prayed that she might be spared to him—the woman he loved.

As Roy had disappeared up the stairs Geoffrey Armistead gave a signal to the two policemen. They pushed aside the landlady, a villainous-looking old woman, and in another instant were in the dirty, beer-stained coffee-room.

Jura was sitting with his back towards them reading, the diamonds close to his hand, when a sudden exclamation from another man in the room caused him to turn round.

With a muttered oath he started to his feet, and put his hand into his pocket for the revolver; but the men were too quick for him, and though he hit at them and struggled violently, they overcame him, and Count Jura, Alice's enemy, stood at last in the hands of the law.

"What is this?" said Geoffrey Armistead, coolly lifting up the cloak and looking at the case containing the diamonds. "Ah, the jewels, of course! Now, my men, off with him to the police court. He is a dangerous customer—has committed murder to-day!"

"Curse you!" muttered Jura, fiercely, white as a sheet. "Who are you? What right have you to say anything to me? I'll have the law of you for this."

"You are a clever man," Geoffrey answered with a laugh, "but the game is up, Count Jura; your companions are at this moment closely-guarded prisoners at Darrell Castle; you will join them very soon in the dock. Away with him!"

So, like the felon he was, Myra's destroyer—villain, murderer—Count Jura—was dragged off to the fate he deserved, while above lay the girl whose brain, through his devilish cruelty, was mad with fever, whose frail, young body was sinking beneath the weight of fear and anguish she had borne these last few days.

CHAPTER XX.

The autumn sun was tinging the land.



SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price. Substitution

the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's,

Ask for Carter's,

Insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

scape with its red glow. It penetrated into the seclusion of a bedroom, and lingered on the wondrous masses of golden hair that crowned the head of a lovely girl standing in a passive attitude by the window. It was Alice—frail, white, and delicate.

As yet she scarcely comprehended all that had happened. A dim mist of dreams was in her mind, mingling pain, horror and fear with the sense of comfort and peace she felt now.

She knew nothing of it; neither did she know one of the loving faces that hung over her sick bed, praying fervently for her life.

Now she was able to stand, to move about slowly, and try to recall her scattered and bewildered thoughts. She was awakened from her present dream by the entrance of Davis.

"Lor', my lady, have you been standing all this time? It's too much," Davis exclaimed sympathisingly.

"I feel better—stronger, Davis," Alice answered with a faint smile; "but I am trying to think of all that has happened, and it is so difficult—so difficult."

"Don't use in thinking, my lady? You'll only tire yourself out. Here, let me push the chair to the window, and—there! her ladyship wants to see you."

"Her ladyship wants to see me!" repeated Alice vaguely.

"The earl's mother. She had nursed you all the time, my lady—"

"And she is going to nurse you some weeks yet," spoke a voice at the door, and Roy's mother came in.

Then a sort of mist cleared away from Alice's mind—she seemed to see and know all that this gentle, white-haired woman had suffered and done for her.

She rose feebly and stretched out her hands, and Lady Darrell drew the slender form to her heart.

"Rest there, my daughter," she said tenderly; "my poor little darling."

Then still clasping her in her arms, the older woman moved to the chair, and placed Alice in it.

"You are stronger to-day," she said—"strong enough, I think, to hear all I have to say?"

"Tell me quickly—is anything wrong—is there more trouble?" Alice's pale cheeks flushed.

"No more trouble, dear. I trust nothing but happiness. See, I am going to sit beside you, and chat a while. Davis, you may go, but don't be far away. I shall ring for you presently."

Alice gazed at Lady Darrell's face most anxiously.

"Now, my dear child, I will tell you all. First let all fear and dread pass from your mind. The man who did you so great a wrong is separated from your path forever. The murder of that poor girl and your own sufferings have been avenged."

"She died then?" breathed Alice faintly.

"And she was so good to me."

"I was with her when she died, and I hope and think her end was peace. She had been cruelly treated, but her nature was pure through it all. We will not wish her back again, for life, as she found it, had been very bitter."

Lady Darrell paused an instant.

"When you were found delirious in the inn, at first they feared to move you, but after a while the doctors opined that your recovery would be more certain if brought into purer air, so we moved you here, my child. This is a farm a few miles out of town, which, I dare say, you cannot remember."

"No," answered Alice; "it is all like a hideous dream."

"Ah, well, it is gone! And now dear, let us go back further. Do you remember when I asked you once if you could recall nothing of your childhood, you said you had a faint recollection of a sweet face?"

"Yes—yes."

"That face was your mother's. Let me finish my surprise at once. You are the child of Fulke and Margaret Durant; your parents are dead, but your grandfather, Sir Humphrey Durant, is outside this door, waiting to clasp you to his heart."

Alice rose to her feet, her face white even to the lips.

"My grandfather!" she repeated. "But Aunt Martha—"

"Was no relation. Sir Humphrey is your dead father's father. You are the dearest creature in the world to him. I will call him."

Lady Darrell moved across to the door, and Alice saw a tall, stately man enter, whose dark eyes beamed with love, whose trembling hands were outstretched to catch hers.

"My child—my poor boy's child—found at last!"

Sir Humphrey pressed the girl to his heart, tears in his eyes.

"Let me look at you, my flower—my star—come to brighten my old life. Merciful powers! how like—"

"She resembles poor Fulke?" Lady Darrell asked gently.

"More; she is the living image of my precious wife—Fulke's mother. See, you know the Arnolds well? Is not that the Arnolds' face?"

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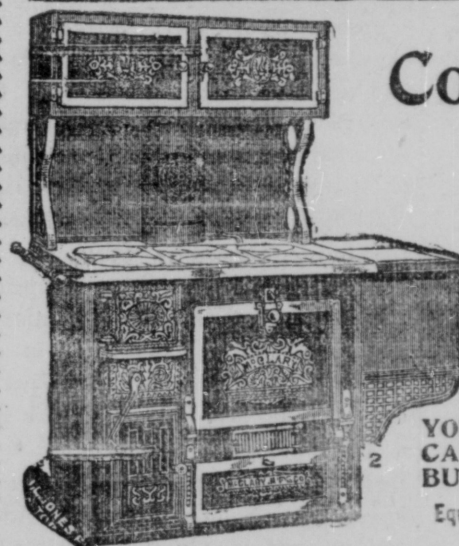
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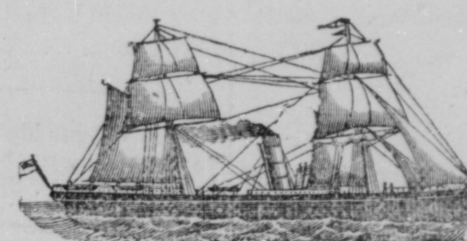
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