



Few men understand women. When a woman is weak, sickly, nervous, fretful, irritable and despondent, the average husband imagines that she is simply out of temper. An average husband will probably simply go out and leave her alone for awhile. "To have it put with herself!" A bad husband is liable to go off and get drunk. The fact is that the poor wife is suffering from illness of a description that breaks a woman down sooner than anything else. Her back is weak and aches. Her "sides stitch." She has pains and a dragging sensation in the abdomen. Her appetite is touchy and she suffers from nausea. She has sick headaches, giddiness, dizziness, cold chills, flushings of heat, shortness of breath, palpitation, disturbed sleep, frequent dreams, irregularities and nervous and trembling sensations. Her pain-racked nerves are a continual torture.

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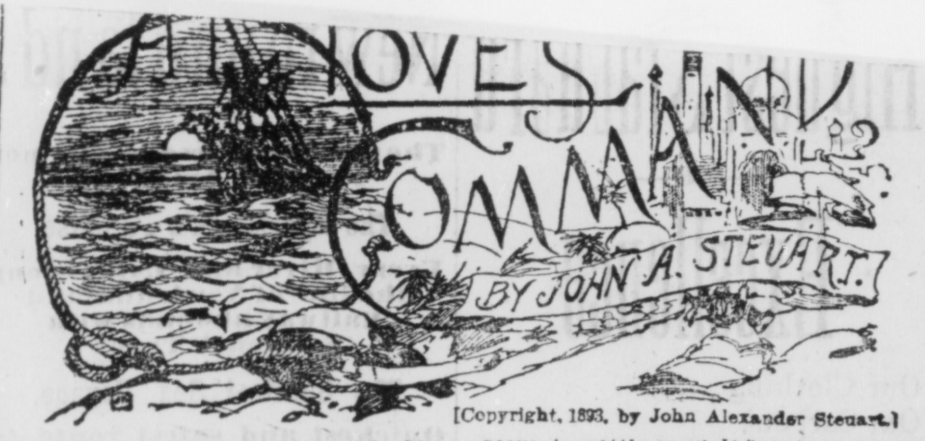
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score to settle, and this seems an excellent opportunity." And to make a long story short it was arranged we should have a moonlight meeting, pistols to be the weapons. Donald was to act as my second, and one David Macfarlane, a companion from Dundee, who was then staying at the village inn, was to see that Peter should have fair play.

When the time came, I slipped secretly out (having breathed no whisper of what was in the wind) and made off to the trysting-place, where Donald was to have my weapon tested and ready. As I was hurrying along, thinking what would be the consequence if Peter or myself were killed, I was startled at hearing my name called from a thicket by the wayside. Turning quickly, I saw a tall, muffled figure coming toward me from among the bushes. Now, it is perhaps best to own I am not above an occasional superstition. Immediately my head was full of uncanny things about wraiths and ghosts, and the hair rose on my cold scalp. But the next instant my heart was leaping with an emotion that was not fear, for the voice that spoke to me was not one to frighten.

"You are in great haste, Mr. Andrew," said Isabel, coming up and throwing off the hood that concealed her face. "Surely you must be bent on some deed of charity to be in such a hurry."

(To be Continued.)

My darling mother," I said, "what does all this mean? Tell me what is the matter?"

She did not speak, but stood weeping and stroking my hair as she used to do in the long past.

"Tell me, mother, what is wrong?" I said again. "Tell me—I cannot endure this."

"Oh, Andrew, it breaks my heart," she answered, through her crying, "to think that after all you have done and suffered you come back to a ruined home. Nothing but a miracle will save us from being turned out like beggars on the heath."

The world suddenly swam before my eyes.

"And who is doing this?" I asked, in a quick gasp.

"The man who professed so much friendship for us—your father's cousin, Thomas Clephane, the lawyer, of Dundee."

"Thomas Clephane!" I repeated, for the idea could scarcely force itself into my brain. "Thomas Clephane! And how may he have the power to do it?"

"He has the power which an overdue mortgage on the whole place gives him."

"Mother," I cried, fiercely, "he shall not take Kilgour! I will kill him first!"

"No, no," replied my mother, clinging closer to me. "You will not commit murder. I must not lose my boy as well as my home. No, no, I must not lose you."

Stay, mother. Just one question more. Has his son—has Peter been near the place at all?"

"Yes; he has been both here and at The Elms. I think he is friendly with Miss Gordon. But why do you start so? You must not be doing anything rash. Promise me that, Andrew."

"I will do nothing rash, mother, except in your defence. Now let me go."

My father entered, and I went out, saying I wished to see Donald Gordon.

Five minutes later I was at The Elms, hot with running and hotter still with anger. In the drawing-room I found Sir Thomas Gordon, Isabel, Donald, Rance, and—Peter Clephane. At sight of him my anger rose to a white hot passion that made it hard to keep my promise to my mother. Rising to his feet, Peter saluted me with a feigned smile of pleasure, saying he had heard I was home, and I bowed slightly in return, pretending not to notice the three fingers he held out to me. Then we sat down and did not address each other once while we remained in the room.

When my visit, which was brief, was at an end, what must Donald, in his devilment, do but propose that we three young men should have a walk together. To my surprise Peter Clephane agreed with alacrity, remarking it was the very thing he desired. The reason was speedily made clear.

"Sir," he said to me when we were in the road, "your travels have not mended your manners! You have insulted me!"

"Sir," I replied, "you give me unspeakable pleasure. I will insult you again."

Donald looked from one to the other for an explanation, but we had no time to give it.

"Sir," hissed Peter, "if I had a sword or a pistol, you should eat your words!"

"It's a thing I mortally hate," I answered. "But that needn't deprive you of your satisfaction. Choose your weapon and name your time and place."

Donald whistled. "A private matter, I presume," he said.

"I don't know that it is," returned Peter, with the spitefulness of a girl calling names. "It's simply this:—Some people spend more than they earn and then go a-borrowing. My worthy cousin can tell you the rest."

"And will," I said. "Some people lend as friends and on slight temptation turn into Jews. In the present instance the Jews are a fat lawyer of Dundee and his elegant son."

"It's a foul lie!" cried Peter. "We only want our own and nothing more."

"No Jew ever wants more," I answered. "Shylock didn't, and the breed retains its uprightness and integrity. But we're getting away from business. We have more than one

score to settle, and this seems an excellent opportunity." And to make a long story short it was arranged we should have a moonlight meeting, pistols to be the weapons. Donald was to act as my second, and one David Macfarlane, a companion from Dundee, who was then staying at the village inn, was to see that Peter should have fair play.

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(To be Continued.)

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Water doesn't seem to quench the thirst these hot summer days. What is more, it is hard to get good drinking water. A most refreshing and invigorating beverage for the warm days is a teaspoonful of

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at prices so low that you cannot help purchasing when you see the quality and finish of the following every day wants.

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- Side Board Covers, regular price 40, 50, 60, now selling at 20c, 25c, 30c.
- Dress Lengths, for new price \$16.00 to \$24.00, now \$12.00, 10.00, 8.00, 5.00 and 3.00.
- All wool Colored Dress Goods from 18c to 38c per yd.
- Black Dress Goods at 25c to 85c per yd.
- Plain China Silk at 10c, 15c and 20c per yd.
- Braid, suitable for trimmings, selling at half price, former price 6, 10 and 20c, now 3; 5 and 10c.
- Black and Colored Satteens—10c and 12c, former price 20c and 25c.
- Ladies Handkerchiefs plain and hemstitch going at 4c each.
- Ladies Emb. Hkfs going at 10c worth 20c.
- Ladies Linen Hkfs selling at 20c, former price 40c.
- Ladies Cotton Gloves a snap at 5c per pair.
- Ladies Gloves (white and black silk, 25c and 50c per pr.
- Hose Supporters, children's at 10c to 20c.
- Colored Velvet 25c per yd, black velvet from 80c up.
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THE LAW SOCIETY

The annual meeting of the Law Society of Prince Edward Island, for the election of officers and transaction of all other business, will be held at the Law Library, in Charlottetown, on Monday, the 27th day of June inst, at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon.

By order F. L. HASZARD, Sec'y dylw

Dividend Notice.

MERCHANT'S BANK OF P. E. I. Ch'town, May 30, 1898

Notice is hereby given that a half-yearly dividend, at the rate of 8 per cent per annum, on the Capital stock of this Bank, has been declared payable at its banking house, on and after July 2nd, next. The Transfer Books will be closed from 17th June, to second July next; both days inclusive.

By order of the board. J. M. DAVISON, Cashier.

May 30th, 1898