



It is a painful sight to see an otherwise robust man limping along on a crutch or cane, a sufferer from rheumatism. Rheumatism is a disease that will never attack a man who keeps his blood pure and his bowels active. There is just one way to do this. That is, to keep the digestion and assimilation perfect and the liver and bowels active.

All cases of rheumatism are promptly cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It creates a keen, hearty appetite, corrects all disorders of the digestion, and all weakness of the liver active, the blood pure and rich with the life-giving elements of the food, the nerves strong and steady, and it drives all impurities and abnormal acids from the blood. It allays inflammation and dispels pain. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It does not make corpulent people more corpulent. Unlike cod liver oil, it does not build flabby flesh, but tears down the unhealthy, half-dead tissues that constitute corpulency, carries them away and excretes them, replacing them with the firm tissues of health. Thousands have testified to its merits. Sold at all medicine stores.

"I have been afflicted with rheumatism and kidney trouble," writes Mr. C. B. White, of Grove, Geauga Co., Ohio. "I suffered untold pain. I was afraid I would lose my mind. At times was almost entirely helpless. There had not been a night for three years that I could rest in any position. I tried Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I used three bottles of it and am well of both diseases."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. One "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. Druggists sell them and there's nothing else "just as good."

**HUMAN SACRIFICES**

On the Altar of Diabetes. Saved by Dodd's Kidney Pills, Only.

Hardly a family in the country is free from Diabetes. Great thirst, failing sight, numbness in the thighs, bleeding gums, swollen ankles, emaciation, nervousness, pale or turbid urine, loss of sexual power, decaying teeth, pains in the loins or small of the back, are all positive signs that Diabetes is in the system.

Do you know how it ends? IN DEATH. A premature, horrible, agonized, pitiful death. The victim has no peace, no ease in life. His days are filled with tortures. His nights are waking dreams of agony. He longs to die, yet fears the terrors of his end. He dies, a bloated, fetid, repulsive mass of corruption. That is the only end of unchecked Diabetes. Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure it. They drive it out of the system thoroughly, create new, clean blood, rebuild the diseased kidneys, and restore robust health.

**EPPS'S COCOA**

GRATEFUL COMFORTING Distinguished everywhere 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., Homeopathic Chemists, London, England.

**EPPS'S COCOA**

**TENDERS**

Prince Edward Island Debentures.

Tenders will be received at the Provincial Treasury, Charlottetown, until noon of the 22nd day of November, 1898, for the purchase of all or any of the \$18,000 Debentures authorized to be issued for construction of Prince of Wales College, by the Provincial Act of 1897, 60 Vic., Cap 6. The Debentures are in denominations of \$1,000 and \$500, to bear interest at the rate of 3 1/2 per cent per annum, payable half-yearly, and will be dated 1st December, 1898, redeemable in 30 years.

ANGUS McMILLAN, Provincial Treasurer. 254 2 a week until 21st Nov.

**FOR SALE OR TO LET.**

That well known business Hotel on Richmond Street, near the market. This Hotel contains about twenty good rooms and shop, all in good repair. Good stabling for thirty horses, with large yard in connection. Apply to THOMAS CAMPBELL

**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."

**CHAPTER VII.**

The count laughed. "Have you lived all these years, Burden, to learn from me that a ring does not make a marriage?" "Well, well, it's nothing to me; but what about the diamonds, George?" the old woman asked eagerly. "Paul is bringing them. Here he is."

Paul Ross entered as he spoke, carrying the case containing the Darrell diamonds. "Hallo, mother!" he said, jocularly; "all alone? Where's Myra and Sam?" "Myra's in there," Dame Burden replied, nodding her head in the direction of the inner chamber. "Sam's out doing his duty."

Paul laughed. "Where is it?" asked the count abruptly. "Scouting round the Grange, a place about five miles from here, belonging to a man named Armistead; they say he has a pile of plate worth a small fortune."

"Armistead!" muttered Paul Ross with a dark look; "he must beware; Geoffrey Armistead is dangerous."

"Do you know him?" the count asked as he opened the case and drew out the diamonds. "I hate him!" muttered Paul; "he has tracked me down all my life, curse him!"

"Well, you shall help to rid him of his plate as revenge," laughed Count Jura.

Paul looked up quickly. "I will not have a finger in that job, George, so I tell you. It would mean danger, perhaps discovery."

"I am not afraid, my dear Paul, if you are. Courage, mon ami, and remember, you join in the game at the Grange. I command you."

Paul muttered an oath and flung himself down on a pile of rugs, and was silent while the count spread the glittering gems before the eager eyes of Dame Burden.

"Here," he said, picking out a ring that blazed like a star, "here's your share, Burden. Paul, what will you have?"

"Nothing of that lot; give me the cups."

The count glanced at him. "Paul, you are growing cowardly. Well, take the cups. I keep the diamonds."

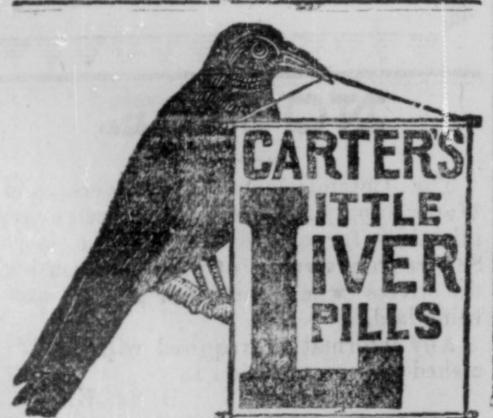
"What will you do with them, George?" asked Dame Burden, holding out her hand and watching the jewels flash in the light.

"Take them abroad and dispose of them there," the count answered shortly. Myra was leaning against the rough plank that formed a door between the two rooms.

"Take them abroad!" she whispered to herself. "He is going away and takes her with him. Coward! He forgets me."

She moved back to the bed on which she had placed Alice. The fainting-fit had passed, but the poor girl lay in a state of coma. She knew nothing.

"How beautiful she is!" mused the unhappy Myra; "fair as a lily. He loves her—all the love I gave him. He treeds under-foot. He remembers nothing now—that he fooled me and won my heart with his pleading. It is all gone—all my pride, my honor, my peace of my mind and happiness. And she—what will become of her?"



**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS**

**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

(Continued.)

Her eye caught the gleam of the ring on the white finger. "Married, too. She hates him, for that I could love her. How would it be to—"

Alice stirred, she lifted her eyes. "Help me! Oh, help me!" she murmured.

Myra stood upright. "I will help her, she said to herself quietly; "It will be my revenge."

**CHAPTER XI.**

Valerie Ross was in her room alone, her face was pale, but her eyes shone triumphantly.

Her plan had worked even better than she expected; the loss of the diamonds and plate, and Alice's disappearance, were now looked upon as an arranged thing.

The country rang with the news of the young Countess Darrell's elopement and robbery.

Two days had elapsed, and as yet no trace could be found of the fugitives. Valerie saw nothing of Roy during this time; he was shut in his own room, hiding his head beneath the disgrace.

His mother was an altered woman; she seemed suddenly aged.

The loss of the diamonds was a sorrow to her, but she grieved far more over her son's acute pain; she knew alone what Alice's flight meant to him—not disgrace only, but desolation and a broken heart, for Roy loved now as he never had or would again.

In her bosom lived many bitter thoughts of Alice, and the same to the proud honored woman was a blow almost too heavy to bear.

Valerie's sympathy and tenderness were very soothing to her, but brought at the same time a sigh of sorrow as she thought of her son's wrecked life, and that Valerie could never be his wife now but through the shame of a divorce or death, and though she judged Alice harshly, she was too good a woman to pray for her death.

On the third day Roy left his room and went down to the library; he had made up his mind to go abroad for a time, and also to persuade his mother to leave the Castle and seek mental change after all the trouble she had endured.

Valerie heard him leave his room, and trod softly after him.

"Roy," she said as he was about to enter the library.

He turned. "Valerie," he said quietly, "forgive me; I did not hear you coming."

She gazed at his haggard face with a heart that burned from its jealousy. She had not thought Alice's flight would have tried him so terribly.

"How ill you look!" she exclaimed. "I feel tired—sick to death!" the earl answered passing his hand over his eyes.

"What are you going to do?" she asked hurriedly.

"I am making arrangements to leave here and go away."

"Do you intend to follow them?" The question was asked involuntarily. Roy's face darkened.

"I shall seek him, if I go to the end of the world," he said quietly.

"Where shall you go first?" Valerie questioned him hurriedly.

Roy shook his head. "I don't know—to Italy, perhaps, where I met him. I believe he has a castle or an estate out there. He may have—they may have gone to it."

"Roy, you will do nothing rash? Promise me, for your mother's sake. Remember, she has only you."

"I shall avenge my honor," the earl answered quietly. "But you, Valerie," he went on gently, "you will not leave my mother. She loves you. It is a great thing to ask you to do—to give up your life, your pleasures, to be with her—but I beg it as a favor."

Valerie felt her throat choke. "There is no hardship I would, not submit to for your mother's sake," she replied.

The earl raised her hand to his lips. "Thank you, Valerie," he said, simply. "Tell my mother I am coming to speak to her soon. I want her to go to her favorite house in Scotland for a little time, or anywhere. She must leave here."

Valerie smiled faintly, and turned away as he entered the library.

"All goes well," she murmured to herself. "He prays me to remain—he will find soon he cannot do without me, and Lady Alice will be forgotten. Does he love her—is he suffering from his heart or his pride at her flight? Pride, I am certain; he is a Darrell, and therefore dishonor is to him the greatest of all evils. Now, it only wants Jura to send the report of her death, and the game is mine. I feel free, light as air, after a long, wretched, dark imprisonment. Paul gone from my path—happiness before me!"

The earl shut the door of the library, and drawing a chair to the table buried his face on his folded arms.

U. was simply stunned by the news

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