



Every woman wears a crown who is the mother of a healthy baby. The mother of a puny, sickly, peevish baby bears a cross. It rests with every woman to decide for herself which kind of a mother she will be.

The woman who takes the right care of herself during the months preceding maternity may rest content in the assurance that her baby will be a strong, healthy, happy one. The woman who suffers from disorders of the distinctly feminine organism during this critical period, and fails to resort to the right remedy, is pretty sure to have a puny, peevish, sickly baby, born into the world with the seeds of weakness and disease already implanted in its little body. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all medicines for prospective mothers. It imparts health, strength, vigor, and elasticity to the delicate and important organs that bear the brunt of motherhood. It prepares a woman for the time of trial and danger. It strengthens and invigorates, and insures the perfect well-being and absolute health of both mother and child. It does away with the squeamishness of the interesting period. It makes sure an ample supply of nourishment for the little new-comer. It transforms weak, sickly, nervous and despondent invalids into healthy, happy wives and mothers. Thousands of homes to which babies once came to stay but for a brief day and then die, now bless this wonderful medicine for the gift of happy, healthful babies.

The dealer who tries to persuade you to take some other medicine, than that you ask for, is your enemy. The best doctors in Kansas City told me that unless I went to the hospital and had an operation performed I could not live," writes Miss Brodie Galloway, of Wilder, Johnson Co., Kans. "I had ulceration and weakness, and each month I would get down in bed and suffer severely for twenty-four hours. Four bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' cured me."

For constipation—Dr. Pierce's Pellets.

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.

Does it ever end? 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 Flavor, 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.

EPPS'S COCOA

Furness Line of Steamers

Halifax to Great Britain
S. S. "Halifax City" will leave Halifax for London, G. B. 17th Nov. This steamer is fitted with cold storage
S. S. "Damara" will leave Halifax, for Liverpool, G. B. 23rd Nov., calling at St. John's, Nfld.

W. W. CLARKE, Agent

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, calling at Summerside, Port Hastings, Port Hawkesbury, Arichat, Canso, 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 amidships. Special freights will be given this season.

For further information apply to W. W. CLARKE, Agent
Ch'town, May 13, 1893

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.)

CHAPTER XVII.

"Bring me the coffee at once."
Valerie stood upright as the girl withdrew.
"In the treasure-rooms!" she repeated.
"I must get down. Paul must escape. I cannot bear the degradation. Miserable wretch, he has dragged me deep enough in the mire! And Jura, I must see if he is there."
She mused thoughtfully, till the maid returned with the coffee.
"Where is everybody, Janet?" she asked indifferently.
"My lady is in her room with a strange gentleman, and the earl, with two others and a policeman, has just ridden away—to Moretown, I think I heard say."
"You may go, Janet. Don't come to me before dinner. My head aches. I shall try and rest."

She put down the coffee when alone, and with swift, trembling hands changed her long gown for a black walking one.

She wound some black lace round her head and neck, then, unfastening her door, stole out.

The corridor was silent. She turned towards the wing in which poor Alice had lived in solitary grandeur. She conjectured that in all probability the staircase and door down which Alice had been carried that night would be unlocked; she could creep down and in some way get Paul to speak with her.

She was right. The door was unlocked—the whole of the wing was deserted. Since Alice had gone no one had been near her apartments.

She stole down the steps, and here she paused.
Outside in the grounds she could hear the two policemen chatting together; then the prisoners were alone in the room.

She pushed the door, it yielded a little. Evidently it had been forgotten, as the passage from the other part of the Castle was the one always used.

She leant her whole weight against the door and it slowly swung back. Inside, the only light came from two iron gratings in the wall.

Standing with his back to her, gazing up at the gratings, was a man. The mist cleared from her eyes; she saw he was alone.

Another door at the end led to a second chamber, and here, doubtless, the other man was imprisoned.

"Paul!" she whispered faintly.
The man turned swiftly. It was her brother.

"Valerie!" he exclaimed.
"Hush! Speak low! Two policemen are just outside."

"What do you want?" he muttered.
"You must escape."
Paul uttered a low exclamation.
"How?" he asked briefly.

Valerie thought for an instant. Her fear was going, she felt her calm self again.

"You must follow me," she said decisively.
Paul held out his hands.
"With these things on?" he asked grimly.

For answer she tore the lace from her head and wound it tightly round his hands, thus deadening any chink of the handcuffs.

"You can walk all right," she said.



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.

firmly. "Who is taken with you?"
"Sam, and the old woman."
"And Jura?" asked Valerie eagerly.
"Curse him!" Paul muttered savagely.
"Gone! He escaped us last night—taken the girl with him. By now, I expect, he is in France."

Valerie felt a thrill of pleasure. Alice was gone, then. After such disgrace she could never return to Roy. Now let her but get Paul away, all might yet go well. Who but Geoffrey Armistead knew of her brother? and against his word, she judged rightly, the countess and Roy would take her; then, worked well, Roy could be pushed to seek a divorce, and the Castle and the man she loved would yet be hers.

"Well," said Paul impatiently, breaking in on Valerie's reverie, "what are you going to do? How am I to get away?"

"Trust me. Listen. I am going to lend you to the steps outside, they end in the corridor that belongs to this wing."

"My Lady Alice's room stands there, empty; no one goes in, by order"—Valerie sneaked—by order of the earl. You must be hidden there till night-time, then I will have thought of some plan to get you out of the Castle. Creep softly! Leave the door open; they will think you have escaped that way. Now, not a word."

Holding their breaths, they stole noiselessly out and up the steps.

At the top, Valerie pushed Paul into a corner and looked out. The corridor was deserted.

She beckoned him to remain there, and crept along till she reached the door of Alice's boudoir. It was unlocked.

She made a sign to Paul, who was soon beside her.

"Not a word! I will be back in an hour; don't go near the window."
"Valerie, you are good to me." Paul said with something like remorseful affection.

"Bah! don't be a fool! You must escape, or I am disgraced."

She shut the door quietly, then stole along to the one she had just left at the top of the steps, turned the key firmly and slipped it into her pocket and then with cheerfulness crept back to her own room.

She had two hours to think how to get Paul away, but the difficulties seemed to increase every minute.

Evening came.
Valerie's maid had gone to her room to help her dress for dinner; but, pleading illness, Valerie dismissed her, and told her not to come again that night.

Plan after plan had rushed to her mind, but all seemed impossible.

As yet she had not heard if Paul's escape had been discovered, but each moment was more dangerous.

He must go, even if he left the Castle through a window.

When all was quiet she quitted the room, and stole back to the wing in which she had left her brother, and had scarcely done so when she heard sounds of footsteps approaching, and, looking round nervously, saw Davis, Alice's maid.

"What do you want here?" she demanded harshly.
Davis looked as if she could ask that question.

"My lady has desired me to come and arrange Lady Darrell's apartments," she answered quickly.

"What for?" Valerie demanded, this time with a sensation of annoyance that was like pain.

"I don't know, Miss Ross. I am told to obey orders, and I must do so."

"You can come another time, then. Go and tell Lady Darrell that the earl particularly requested me to see that no one entered these rooms."

"I don't think I can take that message to her ladyship, Miss Ross," Davis said firmly.

"How dare you answer me like that!" cried Valerie with flashing eyes. "Go at once—at once, do you hear?"

Muttering loudly, Davis turned away, but at the end of the corridor she waited.

"I'll just see what my fine madame wants with the poor young countess's room. No good, I'll be bound."

But Valerie was cautious. She did nothing but walk to and fro as if in deep thought, and Davis at last reluctantly went away.

As she did so Valerie opened the boudoir door.

"Quick—follow me!" She grasped Paul's arm and dragged him to the window.

A sort of verandah ran round outside. "Get out!" she commanded. "It is your only chance. Here is money."

"Valerie, I cannot move with these cursed things on my hands. What shall I do?"

"Creep out into the verandah first. I will think of something, but it is growing dangerous. There," she pushed open the window, and then listened. "Hush, hush!" she breathed. "What is that? Someone is coming. They have dis-

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of our make of Tweeds. We are overstocked and not wishing to close down our mill, have decided to clear out all surplus stock, in order to make room for our new spring pattern. Nothing but our own make of goods included in this sale. The cloths are heavy, strong and durable, just the goods for the season of the year. Farmers and working men should avail themselves of this opportunity of buying honest, all wool goods at prices never before sold at

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W. D. MCKAY

covered your escape and are searching the wing. Crouch down, for Heaven's sake!"

She stepped back and drew the window quickly, but swift as he was, she was not quick enough, for Davis, with two policemen and several of the servants, stood in the doorway.

As Davis was going down the stairs she met the others, full of the prisoner's escape, and jumping with a woman's intuition to the conclusion that Valerie was hiding something she led them hurriedly to Lady Alice's apartments, and flung open the door just as Valerie closed the window.

"What do you want?" asked Valerie, with all the hauteur she could summon.

"One of the men has escaped, madame, and we are searching for him. He must be in the Castle, for the policemen downstairs have never moved; and if he had gone out they must have seen him," explained the butler respectfully.

"In the Castle—nonsense!" Valerie said scornfully.

"Not nonsense at all, Miss Ross," answered Davis sharply; "he is not only in the Castle, but in this room!"

(To be Continued.)

FACTS ABOUT HEALTH

It is Easy to Keep Well if We Know How—Some of the Conditions Necessary to Perfect Health.

The importance of maintaining good health is easily understood, and it is really a simple matter if we take a correct view of the conditions required.

In perfect health the stomach promptly digests food, and thus prepares nourishment. The blood is employed to carry this nourishment to the organs, nerves, muscles and tissues which need it.

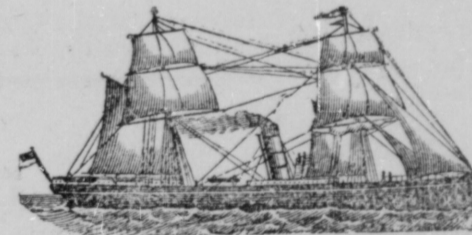
The first great essential for good health, therefore, is pure, rich blood. Now it is certainly a fact that no medicine has such a record of cures as Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is literally true that there are hundreds of people alive and well today who would have been in their graves had they not taken Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is depended upon as a family medicine and general regulator of the system by tens of thousands of people. This is because Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the blood pure. This is the secret of its great success. Keep your system in good health by keeping your blood pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla, which absolutely cures when other medicines fail to do any good whatever.

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