



One of a healthy woman's principal charms is her vivacity of carriage—the dainty, springy steps with which she walks. The woman who suffers from weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organism, who is troubled with back-aches, stitches in the sides, dragging down or burning sensations, sick headaches and the multitude of other ills that accompany these disorders, cannot have the dainty, bounding carriage of a healthy woman. She will show in every movement that she is a sufferer.

There is a wonderful medicine for trouble of this description, that has stood the test for thirty years, and has been used successfully by many thousands of women. It is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs concerned and makes them strong, healthy and vigorous. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration and soothes pain. It tones and builds up the nerves. 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. This is one of the greatest medical institutions in the whole world. During the thirty years that Dr. Pierce has been at its head he has gained the unbounded respect of his fellow citizens at Buffalo, and they showed it by making him their representative in the National Congress, from which position he resigned to give the remainder of his life to the practice of his chosen profession. He will cheerfully answer, free of charge, any letters written to him by suffering women. Address, as above.

"A few years ago," writes Mrs. W. R. Bates, of Dilworth, Trumbull Co., Ohio, "I took Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which has been a great benefit to me. I am in excellent health now. I hope that every woman, who is troubled with 'women's ills,' will try 'Prescription' and be benefited as I have been."

EPPE'S COCOA
ENGLISH BREAKFAST COCOA

Possesses the following Distinctive Merits:

DELICACY OF FLAVOR.
SUPERIORITY in QUALITY.
GRATEFUL and COMFORTING to the NERVOUS or DYSPYPTIC.

NUTRITIVE QUALITIES UNRIVALLED

In Quarter-Pound Tins only.

Prepared by JAMES EPPE & CO., Ltd.,
Homeopathic Chemists, London,
England.

GOOD

value for money expended, is what we give in all goods in our line, to which we attribute our steady increase in business. We are showing a nice assortment of Ladies and Gentlemen's

WATCHES

this season, which are all thoroughly tested before leaving our store. We guarantee every watch sold by us to give satisfaction, by buying now you can procure a good time piece

VERY LOW

as our goods are bought low for spot cash.
Call and see for yourself, at—

W. N. TANTON
Opposite Crabbe's Hardware Store.

WARE - HOUSES TO LET

PEAKE' WHARF (NO 1)

Wharfage storage and yardage at reasonable rates.

Arthur G. Peake.
Nov. 4

Fertilizer

Dried Blood and Tankage

High in Ammonia and Phosphoric Acid. Write us for prices and analysis.

B. & M. RATTENBURY



(Continued.)
SYNOPSIS.

Peter Clephane and Andrew Kilgour are cousins, students at Edinburgh University, between whom is a bitter feud. The former is the son of a rich city lawyer and his cousin is the heir of an estate in the Highlands that has almost passed into the hands of creditors. After a bitter fight with his cousin, Kilgour is on his way home when he falls in with company at the "Hound and Stag" inn at Perth. Arrived home his companion on the journey turns out to be his uncle, Peter Clephane's father.

CHAPTER VI
DISENCHANTMENT AND DESPAIR

While the Bird of Paradise—such was the alluring name of our gallant brig—was being loaded with a cargo of cashmere shawls, cocoanuts, drugs, glass beads, and other articles of merchandise likely to suit the cultured Mohammedan taste, I was so closely engaged with my own concerns and the urgent hospitality of Sir Thomas' friend that I paid but scant heed to the men with whom I was to sail. I had a vague notion of a picturesque medley of dusky children of the sun who would be likely in the course of the voyage to disclose of many marvellous things and discover traits at once new and interesting. But at sea and within the narrow confines of a two-master, one is impelled to take an active individual interest in his companions, and so it came that as soon as the towers and spires of Bombay had sunk out of sight on our weather beam I was eagerly and curiously studying my surroundings and the characters of officers and crew.

Never have I been more swiftly or completely disenchanted. It was because I was young and foolish and ignorant that I had so gayly cherished illusion; perhaps it was the fine name of the brig that had given me excited and gorgeous ideas, but I had anticipated a holiday sail on sunlit seas in a sort of Cleopatra barge with companions fitly representing, if not the pomp and magnificence, at least the poetry and romance of the Orient. My punishment for indulging such fantastic reveries was speedy and condign. The Bird of Paradise bore as much resemblance to the ship of my imagination as a hedgehog bears to a leopard. In plain truth, she was an ill-smelling, leaky old coal bunker, with a crew of the most desperate-looking villains that ever swung from a yardarm. What their past had been it required little shrewdness to guess.

A glance made it clear that whatever pleasure, whatever romance there could be in sailing with the dregs of Asiatic pirate crews of men, who for reasons to be comprehended by the simplest had found it expedient to lay aside for a little their natural vocation of cutting throats, such pleasure and romance were mine. Naturally I was amazed to find such men on Mr. Matheson's ship, but the explanation came later. I had forgotten that the Scotch are frugal and did not know how Asia pours her scum upon the sea.

My security, such as it was, lay in the fact that among themselves there was not the least evidence of good will. They were sullen, suspicious and incommunicative, and in all their lives had probably never known what it is to smile out of pure good nature or innocent hilarity, for their features were fixed in a perpetual scowl which nothing could soften. Toward each other, as toward their officers, they had the sulky, defiant demeanour of caged beasts of prey, and no doubt they had a sense of imprisonment. Off duty or on, they indulged in no freedom of jollity or intercourse. No stories were told; no songs were sung. The spirit was that of a chain gang working at the point of the bayonet or the muzzle of the rifle. Misfortune, failure in hazardous and bloody enterprise, had brought them together, and as yet they were not able to fraternize.

The officers matched the crew. Though Captain Holden was an Englishman, and Mr. Malcolm, the mate, Scotch, there was nothing gracious or prepossessing in either of them. The captain was short and broad, square-rigged, with a tremendous breadth of beam, as a sailor would say, and his squat, burly frame had in it the muscular strength and energy of the tiger. His face, hairy as a Skye terrier's, showed no feature in particular, save the huge nose, which, owing to a long course of grog, had assumed the appearance of a purple knob, and bulging eyebrows that hung over small, deep-set eyes, as a cliff overhangs a cavern. His visage was truculent, and his temper and voice were in harmony. His most caressing tones were the growl of the thunder; his anger was the fury of a fiend. His natural qualities, too, had been well cultivated. The broadside of oaths he poured upon his men when anything went amiss was an achievement in profanity to be remembered with the gleam of his eyes and the way in which he fingered his pistols under the stress of passion showed that he was not of those who value human life.

As might be expected, his career had been eventful, his experiences startling and varied. He boasted—and I am sure truthfully—that he could show more sword cuts and bullet scars than any other man of his size then living. "A man with a greater extent of hide might beat me," he would sometimes say, "but to the square inch show me him who equals me. By Jupiter, if I was to preach on that kind of tattooing, a week would be too short for my sermon!" And you immediately

The mate could not be described as being of a milder natural disposition, but only as being less fearfully developed. His name for cruelty was less eminent than his chief's, but he was training excellently and gave high promise of brutality. Meanwhile he swore, took his grog, and practised assiduously on the crew. The first day out he knocked a sailor down with a marlin spike under the very eyes of the captain, who was too indifferent even to curse approvingly. A little later he sent another head foremost into the hold without so much as casting a downward glance to see whether the man were dead or alive, and not a day passed that he did not distinguish himself by some deed of cruelty or violence.

Such, in brief, were my shipmates, and it will be easily understood how quickly and completely my dreams of a holiday voyage vanished. It enhanced the discomforts of the situation that I fancied myself regarded by the captain and mate as an interloper—a spy, whose proper place was with the sharks outside. But on that point I was unwittingly flattering myself. Neither of them troubled his head in the least about me, nor even came near me except it were by chance and in the way of duty. To be sure, the captain usually rolled some hoarse greeting when we met in the morning, but he never delayed his ship for conversation, and never once evinced a desire to know how I was enjoying myself. Only at meal-times did we come into close contact, and then I was glad to get back to the deck and the disinfecting air of heaven.

Nor was the mate much more sociable. One evening, indeed, he spoke to me of Scotland, but as his talk was of nothing but tavern debaucheries, their accompaniments and results, I did not encourage him. He left me with a feeling of profound contempt, never again making any attempt to draw me into conversation. When we met, his looks declared as plainly as looks could that I was a priggish, puritanical landsman, who was no fit company for a jolly, blasphemous sailor like himself.

Mr. Watson, the supercargo, was the only soul on board who took the smallest interest in me or with whom I cared to speak. He understood my position, and I think had compassion for me. At any rate, he tolerated my amateurish views of seafaring men and things and sought opportunity to discover topics we could discuss with mutual pleasure. He was fond of talking of Edinburgh, which he knew well, having attended the High school there. We compared notes on our reading, and he was certainly not the worse read man of the two.

"This roving, free and easy life, Mr. Kilgour," he said one day, "has a tendency, as Burns says, to 'harden a' within and petrify the feeling,' but I try to keep a fresh sweet corner in my affections for the thoughts and fancies of choice souls. After all, a good book is better than their riotous games at ninepins with virtue and character, and to read about a pretty girl is better than to go about carousing with an ugly and debauched one. As Sancho Panza says about sleep, 'God bless the man who invented books!'

Books, however, were the subjects of our bytalk only. Oftest our conversation was about India, Arabia, and our companions. "Just look at them, Mr. Kilgour," he said once. "Aren't they a pretty set? Haven't they the look of having been born, bred, trained, educated for the special purpose of wallowing in crime? Without ocular evidence could you imagine that so much rascality could be condensed within a few skins? They are the very essence of villains, sir, or rather the dregs, with not an honest or honorable instinct among them. I verily believe old Nick would be ashamed of them, for he, if reports be true, is an artist and a gentleman, but they—they are mere butchers. If justice were any more than a thing of courts and fine talk, there isn't a man of them that shouldn't long ago have adorned a gibbet."

"And how in the name of wonder do they come to be on Mr. Matheson's ship?" I asked. Mr. Watson screwed his face knowingly and winked. "Ah, ha! there you are," he laughed. "How comes the purse to rule the conscience? Mr. Matheson was born about the Tweed, and knows the value of bawbees. These rinsings of creation are got cheap because they're flying from the scaffold."

"Flying from the scaffold! How do you know?" "From experience and the modicum of wit heaven gave me. Respectability's a thing we don't care to pay for on East India traders. And that reminds me, are you armed, Mr. Kilgour?"

"As nature armed me," I rejoined. "I did not think that it was necessary to come on board Mr. Matheson's ship armed."

"Necessity's just as you take it," he said, significantly. "In this golden clime it might not be necessary to wear clothes, but you do it all the same. A pistol's not heavy, and sometimes it's very handy. I always carry one, and this little thing besides," and turning up the edge of his waistcoat he revealed the handle of a dagger.

"That's to prog them who might take a thought of proggng me," he exclaimed. "I have found it useful at close quarters more than once. Come this way, Mr. Kilgour."

He led me to his cabin, which was office and bedroom in one. When we were inside he carefully closed and fastened the door, then getting upon his knees he unlocked a heavy iron box, which notwithstanding its immense weight was fixed to the floor with iron rivets.

(continued on page 8)

VISIT OUR STORE

If you want to see a display of the finest and newest Hats and Caps. When we make a specialty of any article you may be sure that that is a sufficient guarantee of the said article's speciality,—and remember

A Reduction Sale
... Is Now On
In these goods at the Bargain Corner.

Another of Our Specialties is

Fine, Fit-the-form Clothing

We have all that is nobby and neat in Men's Suits. The collection is really handsome, and the way we have lowered prices on these goods seems absurd, but we must lead the clothing trade. Also a large stock of clothing for children and boys at unequalled prices.

W. D. MCKAY,

Successor to McKay Woolen Co.



"LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT"

THE GUARANTEE

which accompanies the purchase of

Massey Harris

is from a reliable firm, and therefore worth having.

Massey-Harris Co.,
Limited.

MARK WRIGHT & CO.
Agents, Ch'town.

ROGERS & ROGERS,
Agents, Summerside.

The Best value That Money Can Buy

That describes our new stock of Gents' Furnishings.

See our new stock of White and Fancy Shirts.
See our new stock of Ties.
See our new stock of Collars.
See our new stock of Underclothing.
See our new stock of Braces, Hdks, Socks, Sweaters.
Everything in Gents' Furnishings going cheap.
The people that make most of their money buy at



YOUNG WOMEN LOVE
The D & A Corset,
it fits so comfortably, supporting the figure, while yielding easily to every movement. It lasts well, and sells at popular prices.—MORAL:
YOUNG WOMEN WEAR THE D & A CORSET. (6)

J. B. Macdonald & Co

The Best Place to Buy Your Clothing and Hats