



The Story Teller.

In eastern countries, writers, they have professional story-tellers. It is their art to interest their listeners with tales of love, and marvelous adventures, and hair-breadth escapes, and magic cures. There's a story of a wonderful medicine that has made thousands of cures that seemed almost magical, which every woman should read or hear. To have heard it or to read it, may save a woman her own life or that of her husband.

The medicine is the discovery of Dr. R. V. Pierce, an eminent and skillful specialist, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the great Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. It is known as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It makes the appetite hearty, the digestion perfect, the liver active, the blood pure and rich, the nerves steady, the brain clear and the body strong. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It cures 98 per cent of all cases of consumption and diseases of the air-passages. It cures nervous diseases and is the best medicine for overworked men and women. A woman may save her husband's life by keeping a bottle in the house, and getting him to resort to it when he feels out-of-sorts. All men are heedless about their health. Medicines stores sell it. Doctor Pierce's reputation is world-wide, and his fellow townsmen, of Buffalo, N. Y., think so highly of him that they made him their representative in Congress, but his great love for his profession caused him to resign that honorable position that he might devote the remainder of his life to the relief and cure of the sick.

Another good thing to have in the house is a vial of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They cure biliousness and constipation and never gripe.

EPPS'S COCOA

GRAPEFUL COMFORTING
Distinguishing 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.

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The Ch'town Steam Nav. Co
STEAMERS. . . .

Northumberland & Princess
Leave as below every day
(Sundays Excepted)

From POINT DU CHENE (on arrival of afternoon train from St. John) for Summerside, connecting there with express train for Charlottetown.

From SUMMERSIDE on arrival of morning train from Charlottetown) for Point Du Chene connecting with day train for St. John.

Connect on Moncton with train for Canada and at St. John with Steamers of International Line and Railways for United States and Canada.

From PICTOU (on arrival of day train from Halifax) for Charlottetown.

From CHARLOTTETOWN, seven a. m. (local) for Pictou, connecting there with day train for Cape Breton and Halifax at Halifax with C. A. & P. Line for Boston.

F. W. HALES
Ch'town, P. E. I. SECRETARY

CARD.

The undersigned wishes to intimate to the young ladies and gentlemen of Charlottetown, that it is her intention to continue the dancing classes so successfully conducted by her mother, for the past 50 years at TERPSICHOPE HALL, Great George Street. Classes will be opened for the season, on Tuesday, Oct. 4th, at 4 and 8 p. m.

Private lessons given as usual.
JANIE CURRIS.
228 dyldew

BLACK DIAMOND LINE



The S.S. COBAN sailing from Montreal, Friday morning, Oct 21st, will be due at Ch'town, Monday morning, Oct 24th, and will sail for St. John's and Harbor Grace Newfoundland, via, North Sydney, carrying horses, cattle and sheep on deck and produce under deck at lowest possible rates.

For further particulars as to freight and passage, apply to
PEAKE BROS & CO.
Agents.
Ch'town, Oct 17, '98-241

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 I.

Alice! Alice! Alice!

The shrill tones resounded through the chill evening air. They reached the ears of a girl reading, curled up in a corner of a deserted old barn.

At the angry tones, she closed her book with a sigh, and rising slowly, made her way to the step-ladder that led from the barn to the yard.

A woman stood here—a coarse, stout woman, with arms akimbo.

"Where 'ave you been, idle vagrant that you are!" she cried loudly, as the girl crept down the ladder.

"In the barn," Alice answered.

"In the barn, indeed! I'll have that door locked—that I will, or else I'll know the reason why. Do you think I've got nothing to do but keep you in food and drink—to let you idle your days through as you like? If you do, you're mistaken finely, I can tell you."

Alice stood silent as the angry woman scolded on; her small hands were clasped tightly together, a mute look was on her pale face.

"What do you want me for?" she asked at last.

The woman ceased. Never before in her remembrance had Alice taken her scolding so quietly.

"Get on your hat, and carry me this basket up to Mrs. Grey at the Castle; it ought to have been there this hour past."

"To the Castle," faltered Alice shrinking back, "to-night? Oh, Aunt Martha!"

"What, are you frightened?" said Mrs. Martha Brown with an angry laugh. "What are you fit for, Alice? Your head's just stuffed with all the nonsense you can get out of books. Off with you! Here's the basket."

"It is so dark," murmured the girl, letting her great eyes wander from the yard to the deserted country lane, "and then there's 'Madman's Drift' to pass."

"Well, what of it?" asked the other, fastening down the basket-lid vigorously. "A place where a madman put an end to his life. Dead men do no harm, you poor fool!"

Alice shuddered, but there was no sign of mercy in her aunt's face.

"Give me the basket," she said suddenly. "Any message?"

"No, unless you ask Mrs. Grey when she wants the next lot of eggs. Now don't stay long; there's the boy's supper to get, and I'm worked to death."

Alice turned away without a word.

She pulled her thin cotton jacket close round her supple young figure, for the autumn night struck chillily, and stepped into the lane.

Her thoughts were a tangled mass as she hurried along; anger and weariness of spirit, as her mind turned to her aunt, under whose care she had lived ever since she could remember; disappointment, at leaving the beautiful story in her book, and fright of the dark, lonely path which grew greater at every step she took.

"Oh, if Sam were only here!" she said to herself as she hurried on, not daring to glance to the right or the left for fear of seeing phantom forms her vivid imagination supplied.

Sam was one of the farm-helps. Under any other circumstances Alice shunned him, but now she would have welcomed him with open arms.

She left the lane, and approached an open waste of land.

It was the dreaded Madman's Drift. A sudden break in the road at one side, showed a steep incline and chasm, down which the unfortunate man who gave his name to the spot had sought his death.

Alice crept towards the dreaded place, quivering with fear.

Although grown out of her childhood, she still lived in a world of fairies, evil spirits, and phantoms.

As she stole through the dusk, with her pale face peeping from beneath the mass of golden curls, her small hand clutching the basket as if for support, she looked almost a fairy herself—a strange frail flower to belong to so coarse and common a woman as the farmer's wife she called aunt.

All the village girls regarded this pale, slender creature with contempt. She was so white and poor-looking beside their buxom charms—fit for nothing but books.

Alice heeded not their contempt. She would have been happy with her beloved books, but she had a hard life—nothing but scoldings from Martha Brown, jeers from the boys and maids about the farm for her strange quiet ways, and heavy work for her young hands, which brought the tears often to her beautiful eyes and a sob from her lonely heart.

When work was over and she was alone in bed, she turned once more to her beloved books, and her mind was crammed with weird stories of knights and chivalry that pleased and excited her.

She crept past the Madman's Drift with closed eyes, and gave a sigh of gladness when she was once safe away from it.

Her arms ached, her limbs trembled with her excitement and exertion, and her steps grew slower as she entered the wood which led to the back of the Castle.

Suddenly, as her heart was growing more settled, it gave one leap into her mouth; she clutched her basket, staggered to a tree, and then waited and listened.

The rapid thump, thump, of her heart was the only sound in her ears at first; then came more terrible ones—muffled groans and confused noises, then just before her she saw two men, one uttering faint cries, while the other's arms were wound round him, grasping him till he sank to the ground and lay motionless.

Alice, leaning against a tree, saw all this, yet it seemed to her like a hideous dream; she was cold and sick almost to death. Her basket slipped from her arm—she had no power to stop it—and fell with a crash, causing the man who was stooping over the body to start, utter a loud curse, then stride towards her.

She had only time to catch a fleeting glimpse of a dark face, with cruel eyes, hot with anger, a torn collar, and marks of blood on his cheek, to hear his low hurried words, "A girl, by all that's execrable!" and she lost all remembrance, her eyes closed, her head dropped, and she fell into his arms in a swoon.

"Good," muttered the man as he placed her gently on the ground; "she will know nothing, as for you, poor fool," moving back to the prostrate form of the man, "you have served my purpose—revenge for which I have waited so long has come at last. Ah, you move."

He bent over the man and listened to the muttered words from between the pale lips.

"Eustace—give me your hand; I do not believe it. You will not take my hand! What—she is false—you say—you villain—you black-hearted scoundrel—that that! Good God!—he is dead! Eustace—speak to me—speak—he is dead—I have murdered him."

The listener rose; there was a curious light on his face.

"What!" he whispered to himself; "he thinks it was his hand. Could anything be better? He does not even remember me. Stay, let me think—this is delirium; it may pass when he wakes to his senses. I must impress this belief on his brain by stronger evidence. The girl does not move. Good—in one moment more."



DR. CHASE DAILY RECEIVING TESTIMONIALS FROM THANKFUL PEOPLE AFAR AND NEAR.

Intelligent Citizens Pronounce Strongly In Favour of Dr. Chase's Ointment, Kidney-Liver Pills, and Catarrh Cure.

Septics are at Liberty to Write to the Following Parties to Get Their Endorsement of Testimonials.

INCIPIENT CATARRH CURED.

Mrs. Rosie Stearn, 30 Walton street, Toronto, says:—"I suffered at every change in the weather with cold in the head. At times it was so bad that I was unable to speak, being completely stuffed up. I was advised to try Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, and did so, and received immediate relief. I am pleased to testify to its worth gladly. I also received a sample box of Dr. Chase's Ointment for itching of the skin, and it is the best remedy I have ever used. I shall at all times recommend to sufferers Dr. Chase's remedies. His recipes are indeed wonderful."

KIDNEY DISEASE CURED.

Mr. J. Kilfedder, 23 Gerrard street west, Toronto, an old and respected resident of the city, says:—"I have been suffering from Kidney trouble since last fall and found the lightest kind of exercise very painful. I concluded to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, which I saw advertised, and the effect was wonderful, the first box removing the pains in my back, and leaving me feeling very much better in every way. I can cheerfully recommend them as the workman's friend. They are well named K. and L. Pills. The meaning which I took to be Knights of Labour Pills." One pill a dose. 25 cents a box.

McKays

Just opened.--New Clothing, Hats and caps, ties and staple goods. Inspection invited.

BARGAIN CORNER
W. D. MCKAY

He glanced round, and stole through the hedge. In a few seconds, a curious sound might have reached the ears of the two silent forms, but they were dim.

The man emerged again, he was dragging something with difficulty; it was a body, the misty light of the moon shone on a dead face—on a limp inanimate form.

"Now," muttered the worker, "now all is complete. Eustace Rivers is dead—dead by the hand of his friend Roy Darrell; there is evidence enough to damn an angel, and he will die for it. Now I must be gone; he moves again, and the girl will awaken. So, Bruce Garlyne, your revenge is complete."

He stole gently away, and gradually the form of the man he had called Roy Darrell moved from the ground, with trembling hands he raised his weak body to a kneeling position, then let his eyes, dazed with faintness and horror, wander round.

They rested on the figure of Alice with wonder and scarce comprehension; then they moved slowly on till they rested on the dead man, and with a shudder of horror he covered his face with his hands and groaned aloud.

"It is no dream; it is the horrible truth! Oh, Eustace, my friend, my almost brother, dead, and by my hand!" His hoarse whisper fell on Alice's ears. She was recovering.

She helped herself to rise by the aid of the tree, then learned against it, faint and weak, to try and think.

Her basket lay unheeded at her feet. She seemed yet to be living in a hideous nightmare, till looking round, her eyes fell on the kneeling man and the dead body.

She uttered a faint shriek, and in another moment Roy Darrell was standing before her, glaring into her face.

"Where do you come from? Answer at once!"

"I am Alice Dormton," gasped rather than spoke the girl. "Oh, do not hurt me, sir! I was on my way to the Castle for my aunt, when, when—" Her voice faltered.

He grasped her hand. "What?" he demanded huskily. "He would know the truth. For a moment a flash of joy went through his mind. This girl might have seen the fatal blow struck, the hand that took the life of his friend Eustace. She might have seen that phantom third form that haunted his memory.

(To be Continued)

The People's Faith

Firmly Grounded Upon Real Merit
—They Know Hood's Sarsaparilla Absolutely and Permanently Cures When All Others Fail.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is not merely a simple preparation of Sarsaparilla, Dock, Stillingia and a little Iodide of Potassium. Besides these excellent alteratives, it also contains those great anti-bilious and liver remedies, Mandrake and Dandelion. It also contains those great kidney remedies, Uva Ursi, Juniper Berries, and Pipsissewa.

Nor are these all. Other very valuable curative agents are harmoniously combined in Hood's Sarsaparilla and it is carefully prepared under the personal supervision of a regularly educated pharmacist.

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Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion. 2c

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