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is the deadliest and most painful malady to which mankind is subject. Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure any case of Bright's Disease. They have never failed in one single case. They are the only remedy that ever has cured it, and they are the only remedy that can. There are imitations of Dodd's Kidney Pills—pill, box and name—but imitations are dangerous. The original and only genuine cure for Bright's Disease is

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Dodd's Kidney Pills are fifty cents a box at all druggists.

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The best laundry and toilet soaps made in the world, guaranteed to be absolutely pure.

"MONKEY BRAND"

which cannot be equalled as a scouring and polishing soap.

TRY SOME

All are 5c large twin bar

THE QUESTION IS OFTEN ASKED,

HOW IS THE ASCENDENCY OF

ROYAL OAK SOAP

accounted for? The answer is simple enough, viz.—Because there is none equal to it for intrinsic merits, firmness, purity, combined with great lasting and cleansing properties

Send for premium list.

J. D. LAPHORN & CO.,

Charlottetown Soap Works

ESTABLISHED 1887

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Telephone 174 P. O. Box 326
32 to 38 Queen Street

Having secured the agency of the famous "Silver Spring Sherbrooke" P. C., I am prepared to supply ale and porter of unsurpassed quality at prices that cannot fail to please. Write for prices and be prepared for a genuine surprise.

A. MACDONALD

The Purpose of this Advertisement

is to remind the public that the Photo work from the Studio of G. H. Cook, is the most elegantly finished in the city. Everyone is particular about the

Pose and Finish

of his photograph, but the public will be fully satisfied in this particular, by an inspection of the Artistic work done at this studio

GEO. H. COOK
QUEEN ST., CH'TOWN

THE MYSTERY OF COUNT LANDRINOF.

BY FRED WHISHAW

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(Continued)
SYNOPSIS.

The hero of the story, Boris Landrinof, is a young Russian, who was sent to England to be educated. He is hastily summoned home by his mother owing to the sudden disappearance of his father, Count Landrinof. Shortly after, in London, he is astonished when a friend tells him he has just seen his father. Accompanied by this friend he returns to Russia. Boris discovers a clue, and sets out in search of two men who have as he supposes abducted his father.

"That evening later I was surprised to see a cab drive up to the door of the count's lodging. The count himself then came out with his portmanteau, stepped into the vehicle and was driven toward Marylebone church.

"When I had recovered my breath, I seized my hat and rushed after his cab. Luckily I found a hansom at the corner. Jumping breathlessly into it, I bade the driver follow the cab at a respectful distance. So the count suspected me—heaven knows what of—and was endeavoring to escape me. He had nearly done it. What if I had been napping? I should not have had this great news to tell, that's all, and I might have lost touch with his excellence altogether.

"On drove the cab, and on I followed. Right down into Edgeware road it went and across into a street called Harrow road, and here it stopped at a small hotel. I bade my man drive a short distance farther, 100 paces or so, and then I stopped also and jumped out on the pavement, just in time to see the count disappearing with his bag into the hotel. Then I crossed the road and stood nearly opposite the dirty little hotel, pretending to look at shop windows, but keeping a good lookout upon the door within which our good count had disappeared.

"Presently he came out, looked up and down the road and started to walk down Edgeware road and toward Hyde park. It was dark now, except for the gaslight, and I hoped to be able to follow him unobserved, for, I thought, if I had an opportunity I would speak to him where it was quiet in order to bid him not to be afraid, since I wished him no harm.

"So I walked after him, he never looking round not once, and so we came into the great park at the end of Edgeware road. The park was gloomy and deserted, and about half way down the middle road he suddenly turned and came toward me. I drew my hat over my eyes and hoped to pass unrecognized, for I was taken by surprise and had nothing ready to say. But, instead of going by me, he seized me roughly by the collar of my coat with his fingers in my neck and muttered through his teeth in Russian: 'Now, then, you little spying skoteena, I have you, you see. You are caught this time, my man!'



When a baby smiles in its sleep it is the mother's fond belief that an angel is kissing it. No woman attains the supreme joy of womanhood until she knows the caressing touch of a first-born's fingers. No woman knows the supreme sorrow of womanhood until she sees her baby in the cold embrace of death.

Thousands of women daily achieve womanhood's supremest joy, only to meet, a few days or weeks or months later, its supremest sorrow. This is because so many babies are born into the world with the seeds of death already sown in their little bodies. If a woman would have healthy, robust children, strong and able to withstand the usual little illnesses of childhood, she must "look before she leaps."

If a woman will take the proper care of her health in a womanly way, during the period of prospective maternity, she may protect herself against much pain and suffering and possible death, and insure the health of her child. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest of all medicines for prospective mothers. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs that bear the burdens of maternity and makes them strong, healthy, vigorous and elastic. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration, soothes pain and tones the tortured nerves. It banishes the usual discomforts of the expectant period and makes baby's advent to this world easy and almost painless. It insures an ample supply of nourishment. It is the greatest known nerve tonic and invigorator for women. All good dealers sell it. Say "No" and stick to it when urged to accept a substitute said to be "just as good as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription."

"I had miscarried twice and was so weak I could not stand on my feet," writes Mrs. Minnie Smith, P. M., of Lowell, Lane Co., Oregon. "I took two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and now have a healthy baby and am stronger than for twelve years."

The quick constipation-cure—Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Never gripe. Accept no substitutes or imitations.

"Let go," I said, half choking, 'or I'll shout for help!'

"Not I," he said; 'there's a nice lake near here, and you're going into it unless you'd prefer this.'

"He showed me a revolver in his other hand.

"Come, not a sound, now, or I'll shoot; I swear it!'

"He looked so evilly at me that my tongue froze in my mouth, and I could not have cried out if I had wished it.

"I know you," he said. 'You are a government spy, and there's only one place such offal is fit for, and that's the lake. Come; stop a moment. Open your mouth—quickly, I say.'

"Half dead with terror, I opened my mouth. He instantly pushed a rolled



"Now, then, you little spying skoteena," up handkerchief into it. I tried now to call for help, but could not utter a cry. He was twice my size and strength, and with a neckerchief that he wore he tied me round the face in such a way that my mouth remained gagged. Then he took my arm and walked me toward the lake, called the Serpentine, going over grass and railings; I praying hard the while, for I thought the man was stark mad and that my last hour had come."

CHAPTER XII

THE SUPPOSED COUNT IN DISGRACE.

"My poor Vladimir!" groaned my mother at this point of Borofsky's letter. "He must indeed be mad to have acted in this way. Just think of it, Boris! This violence, this murderous anger, from your dear father!"

"It is not a bit like him, I admit," I said. "He must have been furiously angry for some reason. Shall I go on? He did no harm to Borofsky, at any rate, for Borofsky is all right—vide his letter."

I continued to read: "The count dragged me to the very shore of the lake and there stopped. I thought he would now push me in and was prepared to fight for my life, but instead he spoke:

"You deserve death unheard," he said, 'but I shall allow you to speak once in your defense, but observe, speak low and do not raise your voice, or you are a dead man. I have the revolver ready; see here. Now, be warned!'

"He unfastened the gag. "Now," he said, 'explain. Why have you followed and dogged me? Are you a government spy?'

"Before heaven, no!" I exclaimed.

"Swear it!'

"I do swear it. I am not in the service of any government or body whatever, and, if I am a spy, it is only for the advantage of those upon whom I am paid to keep a watch."

"Oh, then, you are paid to dog me, and by whom?'

"It is a secret," I faltered.

"Speak, by whom?" he repeated.

"The secret is not my own," I began, but the count furiously bade me speak, or I should swim, and I was obliged to admit that her excellence the Countess Landrinof, being most anxious and unhappy by reason of her husband's prolonged and unexplained absence, had employed me to find him and, if possible, to bring him back to St. Petersburg; at all events, to see him and report upon his condition.

"The count laughed aloud." (My poor mother shuddered as I read this part of the letter and cried quietly as she listened.)

"Why, what does she think ails me?" he said.

"I cannot tell you," I replied.

"Speak, you fool!" he repeated angrily. "What does she think ails me? She thinks I am mad; is that it?'

"I admitted that this was the case, and I admitted it in fear and trembling, for I, too, was assured that the poor count was not in full possession of his reason, so different was his conduct

in one whom all Russia knows and respects

"Mad to have left my beloved wife's side though only for a short holiday abroad, eh?" he laughed. "Why, man, give what queer things these women do! Can't a man take a little holiday and enjoy a trip abroad without dragging his whole establishment with him besides. I'm away on business.

"The countess is distressed because she has heard nothing of your excellence. I murmured, 'and was not even aware of your intention to depart or of your present whereabouts.'

"What," he said, as though surprised. 'Has she not received my letters?'

"I believe not one, I said.

"Why, man alive," he said, 'I am a very model of a husband. I came in a hurry true. But I sent word of my departure by the man who drove me to the station. Since then I have written—as a husband should—nearly every day. Have the letters miscarried?'

"They must have. So far as I am aware the countess has received none at all."

"The rascals, the rascals!" said the count, as though to himself. "You must know, my friend," he continued, addressing me, 'that I have enemies. You look surprised. It is odd that so good and universally respected a man as I should have enemies. They are men, you must understand, who are jealous of my position, and—er—of my favor with the czar. These men are building up a plot against my reputation. I tell you this in strict confidence. I am here in order to escape the worry of their persecutions if only for a while. I—I—you will laugh over it, as I do now—I took you for their spy. You will forgive me? My anger was excusable. Imagine, my friend, these men will not allow a man to write to his own wife, but must needs intercept the letters. Is it not too bad? You will forgive me? Come, we will return and sup together.'

"Willingly," I said, and in my heart I thanked heaven and all the saints in the calendar that the count's anger was over and he was now in a quiet and reasonable frame of mind.

"We left the park and walked up Oxford street, and we supped together as he had suggested. During this meal the count bade me explain how I had found him.

"The credit of it is not my own, excellence," I said, 'but belongs to the young Englishman, Mr. Morris—Percy, as they call him.'

"Who?" said the count, looking bewildered.

"I repeated Mr. Percy's name. 'He who met you one day, soon after your arrival in Oxford street,' I added, 'and greeted you in Russian.'

"Oh, ah, yes!" said the count. 'I remember, of course. He knows me well and recognized me. Is it not so?'

"He has so often staid at your house, both in town and country," I said, 'that he could scarcely meet you without recognition. Nevertheless, neither your wife nor your son was quite prepared to believe that he could have seen yourself here in London until this same Percy cleverly took your photo and sent over a copy.'

"The count started and looked angry at this.

(To be Continued)

RAILROAD....

KIDNEY

A Disease Peculiar to Railroad Men, which is readily Cured by

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Did it ever occur to you that most railroad men die of kidney disease?

Such is the fact, however, and the disease is known among railroaders as "railroad kidney."

The first and most marked symptom is a weak, lame and aching back. You may think at first that you are only tired; but as this trouble increases day by day, kidney disease, with all its terrors, is fast claiming you as a victim.

Mr. Geo. Cummings, for over 20 years engineer on the Grand Trunk running between Toronto and Allandale, says: "The constant duty with my work gave me excessive pains in my back, racking my kidneys. I tried several remedies until I was recommended by my fireman, Mr. Dave Conley, to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Two boxes have completely cured me and I feel to-day a better man than ever. I recommend them to all my friends."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25c. a box, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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All to be sold without reserve on Wednesday, 15th November, at 11 o'clock.

ROBERT BEARISTO,
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Castoria.

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Dr. G. C. Osgood, Lowell, Mass.

Castoria.

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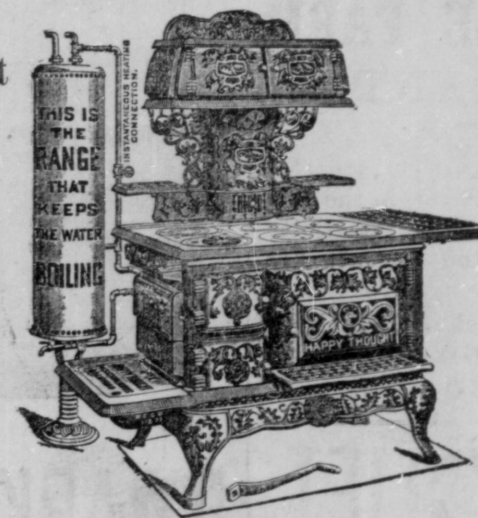
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