



Although American women do not literally saw wood yet a great deal of work which in its way is quite as fatiguing comes of necessity upon every woman who takes any part in the affairs of practical life. This is just as true of well-to-do society women as it is of their less fortunate sisters. Social obligations become no less burdensome than family cares, or the duties which fall upon women who work for their living. Life would not be so hard for women if they were healthy and strong, but the continual dragging, nerve-sapping weakness which most women endure renders every duty a burden, and turns every effort into a source of misery and pain.

There is no need of these difficulties. There is not one case in a hundred of female weakness, but may be absolutely and permanently cured by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Its purifying, healing, strengthening effect is to restore complete health and capacity to the feminine organism. Weak wives and prospective mothers are made strong and cheerful by the use of this marvelous "Prescription."

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CHAPTER XII.  
Liza stooped to kiss the plain red face, smiling pitifully into the tear dimmed blue eyes.

"I think it is the world, mother, not you, that is turned topsy turvy. Think of Mrs. Strong, and it will help you to bear it. Not a word from the governor since he left, nor from her son since that rumor of his being wounded. Now I must go to Mamie, if I don't want that whole piece of cloth ruined."

"It is the stripes," Mrs. Martin thought of "the madam" and dried her eyes. "Mamie says if you hadn't been so ambitious to be stylish, with your purple stripes in them lowells, it would a-gone right. Every stripe's a different width. Here, take my sunbonnet."

"Well, you see, mimmie," said Liza, tying the ugly headgear over her shining brown hair, "that piece of cloth is for our own dresses, and I should like it to be distinguishable—slightly so—from Uncle Dolbear's jacket, and Mammy Lucy's petticoats. There, now, that's done. Dren!" she held up her coils of plaited palmetto, "if you dare touch these while I am up at the loom house I will not take a stitch in your hat for a whole week."

Dren waited prudently until the heavy front gate had swung to behind her retreating form, then flung defiance after her.

"But my mother will!"  
"Your mother, indeed!"  
Mother Martin reproached herself instantaneously for the contempt that had crept into her voice, but if "was exasperating to see that milliner's daughter riding rough shod over everything and everybody, just because she had come on the scene at a time when the madam was that dazed and miserable about the war and the niggers and Adrien and everything that she wouldn't a-turned a dog of Adrien's out of the house—no, not even if it had took possession of the best bed in the spare room. Not that the spare room looked any too good now, with the carpet sent off for soldiers' blankets and the moreen curtains cut up into soldiers' pants. Oh, Lord, what times! There she goes now."

This in reference to a querulous call that floated through the open windows of the big parlor:  
"Adrien!"  
"Here, I am, mamma."

In the long aperture a delicate face was framed, and Adrien Strong's wife glided through it toward the cane settee that stood winter and summer on the front gallery of Sans Souci.

"Adrien, go ask Grandma Strong please not to have the chicken fried for dinner today. I am so tired of grease," she said languidly.

"I want it fried," said Adrien, composedly preparing to mount his hobby horse again.

"You bad, bad boy. Go instantly!"

She subsided in graceful listlessness upon the settee, arranging her long draperies in graceful folds. Mrs. Martin eyed her sourly. That silken wrapper had been one of "the madam's best." A wrapper that she had worn at Saratoga and Cape May and elsewhere in the splendid days when people had lived at all. But what could Adrien's mother do, when his wife had been "dumped down" at her door, with just one skim black alpaca dress to bless herself with? The girl did look pretty in that soft apple blossom gown. Of course Adrien had been gulled by her and her mother. Oh, Lord, what fools men were, to be sure.

Annabel yawned audibly. Life was inexpressibly stupid—no men about at all, save Seth, who scarcely counted for any more than old Dolbear. She wished Adrien could see her in that silk wrapper. When she did get "hold of the reins at San Souci," she would make things move at a livelier pace, war or no war. So far she had been sustained by a sense of victory in having carried this aristocratic stronghold so easily, but that sensation was growing stale, and she was pining for another.

"If I knew where Mr. Strong was to be found," she said, addressing Mrs. Martin for want of better audience, "I should take Dolbear and the rockaway and go to him."

"Oh, you would," said Mrs. Martin crisply.

"Yes, Adrien could stay here with his grandmother and the rest of you. I should quite enjoy it."

"I don't doubt it."

"I think Dolbear could find his way with me to Virginia. A wife has a right to seek her husband."

"Does the madam approve?"

Annabel laughed lightly, and, bending over, possessed herself of the brimless hat that Liza had left in her chair. Slowly she ran her fingers along the inside. "My precious boy! To think his darling, soft little head should be covered by such a thing as this."

"Oh, Lawd!"

Mrs. Martin was afraid to trust herself farther. She got up with a jerk.

"I reckon the madam needs somebody to help pack that big box. Old Dolbear and Mam' Lucy can't do everything."

She disappeared inside the big front door, leaving Annabel without an audience. Another nap was her only resource. She composed herself as comfortable as the rigid conditions of the settee admitted of, and, drawing her slippered feet carefully under the folds of her silken train, closed her eyes languidly, submitting to the gentle influences of the bees droning about the heliotropes and the honeysuckles in Gabriella's garden.

And up at the loom house the clumsy hand loom stood still. The coarse purple and white threads of plantation woven thread were in a hopeless snarl. Mamie Colyer's "day at the shuttle" had not advanced the heavy texture by a single yard.

"It all came of this, Liza." She walked cautiously from window to door of the loom room (the Martins' old dining room) before handing Liza a soiled and carefully folded piece of paper. "What do you think of that? I was sitting here weaving away for dear life, wishing—I must state parenthetically—that your vaulting ambition had not inflicted those purple stripes on me, when a hand was stuck up over the window sill and that thing flung right on to the loom."

"What color was the hand?"

"Black, I think, but I won't swear to it. If it had been canny colored or sky blue, it wouldn't have frightened me worse. I gave an awful jump, but fortunately did not scream. You know I generally do scream, especially if there are mice or snakes in view." Liza nodded assent.

"But your mother was in the other room, rummaging in those trunks that always do make her cry, poor thing, so, after I read that thing, I just concluded to have you up here for a consultation over it. You see it is addressed to nobody."

"Yes, just."

"So I just asked Mrs. Martin please to go down to the big house and send you to me in a hurry. I told her to tell you the whole stuff was in a snarl. So it is. When that black hand came into sight—so mysteriously, I gave a jump that jerked the shuttle out of my hand, and there it is, sent up in the middle

# MACKAY'S Mid Summer Sale.

No exaggeration, we both talk and give bargains; with this special list of goods and prices we have no occasion to exaggerate, as a call will convince the most fastidious.

- |                                                    |                                 |                                             |             |
|----------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------|---------------------------------------------|-------------|
| Thread gloves                                      | 12c, for 5c                     | Prints                                      | 5c per yard |
| Better glove                                       | 25c, for 12c                    | Black and colored sateens, former price 725 |             |
| Sunshades, former price                            | 90c, now 25c                    | now 12 to 15c per yard                      |             |
| Silk cord for fancy work worth                     | 10c, now 2c                     | Colored and black vsilk elvet 1/2 pr/c      |             |
| Fancy black braid for dress trimming               | 1c, 3c, 5c per yard, worth from | 50c for 25c yard                            |             |
| Ladies undervests,                                 | 10, 18, 22, good value:         | 75c for 25c yard                            |             |
| Hooks and eyes                                     | 1c card                         | 1.00 for 50c yard                           |             |
| Silk dress laces worth                             | 10c, now 2c                     | 1.65 for 80c yard                           |             |
| Table doyles worth                                 | 10c, now 5c                     | Aberdeen skirt closer                       |             |
| Colored Trimming silk, from 10c to 25c yard        |                                 | Dress Goods—see our prices on a few lines   |             |
| Black sewing silk                                  | 1c skein                        | 33c for 15c yard                            |             |
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|                                                    |                                 | for 32c yard                                |             |
|                                                    |                                 | 63c for 40c yard                            |             |
|                                                    |                                 | 1.45c for 75c yard                          |             |

## W. D. MACKAY

### NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the first Annual Meeting, of the Wheatley River Hill Con. Com., will be held in the hall of the said Company, at Wheatley River, in Queen's County, on Monday, the twenty-ninth day of August, A. D., 1898, at seven o'clock p. m., for the purpose of organization, electing officers, making by-laws and the transaction of general business.

Dated this 18th day of August, A. D., 1898.

ALBERT MCKAY  
Chairman of Committee

189 dy wif

### That Wearing Tearing Maddening Headache

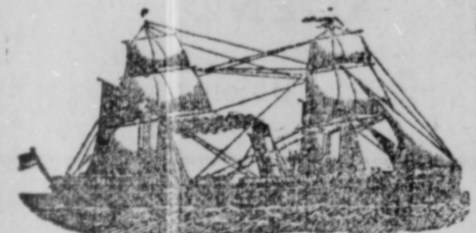
is often the result of eye strain instead of drugs, in such cases the only reasonable and effectual remedy is

A pair of properly fitted eye-glasses or spectacles, which relieve the muscular strain and therefore cure the headache.

We have made a special study of fitting glasses, and would be glad to have you call on us if troubled in any way with your eyes.

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Queen St. Graduate Optician

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The S. S. BONAVIDA sailing from Montreal, Tuesday Morning, Aug 23rd, will be due at Charlottetown Friday morning Aug. 26th, and will sail for St. John's Newfoundland, via N. Sydney, carrying Horses, Cattle and Sheep on deck, and produce under deck at low rates. For further particulars as to freight and passage apply to

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Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure and Kidney-Liver Pills Combined for Perfect Health—An Interesting Cure After Long Suffering.

Simcoe, Jan. 18th, 1897.  
Messrs. Edman, Bates, and Co., Toronto, Ont.:

Gentlemen.—For over five months I was confined to my bed, not being able to move. The best medical skill was called in, all treating me for catarrh of the stomach, but to no avail. I could not eat the most simple food without being in dreadful misery, and found no relief until same was vomited up. After spending a large sum in medical advice, I was advised to try a box of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. I said it was no use, for I considered mine a hopeless case from which I could not recover. At length I purchased a box from J. Austin and Company, Simcoe, and to my surprise found great relief. Not being able to eat I tried a box of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills; the pains left me the third day. My appetite has been fully restored. I consider myself perfectly cured, and feel as well as when a young woman, although I am 65 years old at present. I was almost a shadow, now I am as fleshy as before my sickness. Have used only three boxes of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and only two boxes of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. I can do my house work as usual. I am positive that my marvellous cure (which I think it is) is due purely to Dr. Chase's remedies, which I have used. I can honestly recommend the same to any persons suffering from symptoms similar to mine. Wishing you every success.

Yours truly,  
MRS. ANN CHURCHILL, Sr.



DR. CHASE VISITING THE SICK.

of the warp. A body loses all control of her nerves such times as these. Do read that thing aloud. Perhaps your voice will make it a degree less mysterious."

"No, it won't." But she complied: "If any two of you women will come out to the family burying ground this evening at 6 o'clock, you may obtain some information about Adrien Strong. No man need come unless you desire to frustrate the whole scheme."

"That leaves us without any protection. Soth can't go with us. What are you going to do about it, Liza?"

"I am going to be there."

"At the graveyard! At 6 o'clock! Why, Liza Martin, it is quite dark by 6."

"Almost dark, not quite. I imagine the writer of this would have set the hour later if he could. Evidently he wants to be screened."

"But—"

"Very well, Mamie, I see how you feel about going. I should prefer having you with me, but I have plenty of time to row across the lake and get Amy Chambliss."

Mamie turned upon her indignantly: "Of all the imperious, impatient, impelling wretches on earth, you are the greatest. You know very well, Liza Martin, that if any one is going out to that graveyard tonight to be murdered in cold blood, I am that person."

(To be Continued.)

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For Victims of Bright's Disease is DODD'S Kidney Pills.

Not a day passes on which the newspapers do not record the death of one or more persons from Bright's Disease. Already its victims number hundreds of thousands. Day by day the awful total grows larger. No class is safe from this destroyer. War and intemperance, with all their miseries and fatalities, are not responsible for as many deaths as have been caused by Bright's Disease. Yet, there is a way of resisting it; of drawing its poisoned fangs, and making it as harmless as a summer breeze. That great medicine, Dodd's Kidney Pills, has cured thousands of the worst cases. It never fails to cure, hopeless as the case may seem.

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You can call in in the morning and have crown and bridge work or artificial teeth same day.

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