



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 passing 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 supreme joy, only to meet, a few days or weeks or months later, its supreme sorrow. This is because so many babies are born into the world with 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—Doct<sup>r</sup> Pierce's Pleasant Pellets—Never gripe. Accept no substitutes or imitations.

### DYING BY INCHES!

But Dodd's Kidney Pills will Yet Renew Life.

Thousands of persons die in the prime of life because doctors think Bright's Disease and Diabetes incurable. But Dodd's Kidney Pills cure them both. They have cured thousands of cases.

These diseases and other Kidney complaints are as common as ordinary colds. But people don't realize that they are afflicted until the disease has eaten deep into the system. Even then, Dodd's Kidney Pills will positively cure.

Thousands of people are dying on their feet, but do not realize it. They notice one or more of these symptoms: shortness of breath, loss of memory, failing sight, ravenous appetite, pale or reddish urine, with brick-colored deposit, scalding when urinating, constipation, nervousness, pains in the loins. Their only hope is Dodd's Kidney Pills. They won't fail. They never do.

## FLOUR.

Every week or so we are receiving Flour by the car-load direct from the Mills in Ontario.

Always buying for cash we are able to offer Flour to our customers at the very lowest rock-bottom prices.

We keep in stock such well-known brands as Beaver, Monarch, Puritan, Five Roses, Queen City, and Parkdale. See our prices before buying elsewhere.

## Beer & Coff

## AUCTION SALE

### OFFER -- PROPERTY:

BRICK BUILDING—West side of upper Queen St, being part of Town Lot No. 29, in the 3rd hundred of Town Lots, in Charlottetown, fronting 37 feet 1 inch on Queen St, and extending back by parallel lines about 99 feet, together with right of way, 9 feet wide, to north thereof. I am instructed by Mrs. Mary Ann Offer, surviving trustee of the late James Offer, to sell this valuable property at public auction, on the premises, on Tuesday, the 15th day of November inst, at 12 o'clock noon.

Terms—15 per cent down and balance on delivery of deeds. For further particulars apply to Mr. A. A. McLean, Solicitor, Charlottetown.

E. H. NORTON, Auctioneer. 246 d'aw—dypat

## PAINTING.

Miss M. H. Chisholm has reopened her studio in Morris Block and will have lessons in Oil, China, Water color, and Tapestry painting from October 1st 1898 to June 1st 1899. 2662 d'w weeks.

# 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.)

"No," answered Paul very slowly; "but I fancy you will be tempted to do so before long."

"What do you want?" broke in Valerie sharply. "Money is scarce with me. I cannot keep on this constant supply."

"You have a good banker to go to—Roy."

"Paul!"

"Well—well, Valerie, desperate cases need desperate ends. I tell you money I must have to get me away from here."

"Dalton is on my track. Only fifty pounds."

"Only fifty pounds!" repeated Valerie in alarm. "I have not half that sum about me, nor in my possession. It is impossible."

"Twenty then."

"I will give you fifteen pounds, and that will leave me just ten pounds to get to the end of my visit."

"The end of your visit!" laughed the man scornfully; "why, if you play your cards well you will visit here for ever."

"Leave me alone to play my cards," Valerie exclaimed passionately. "I wish you were separated from me by worlds—I wish we might never meet again—I wish—"

"I were dead—exactly," sneered her brother.

"You have debased and degraded me," went on Valerie. "I am alone in the world but for you, and you are the very scourge of my existence."

"Get me this fifty pounds and I will go. I will leave you for ever. Curse it all, the sum is a trifle! You can get it in a second if you will."

"You mean borrow it from Lady Darrell? I will not do it, Paul; she would be surprised, might question me, and that would never do. They do not know of your existence—they shall never know it if I can prevent it."

"You are quite right, ma chere, Valerie Ross, beautiful, gifted, patrician, would look ill-classed with Paul Ross, No. 29, Con—"

"Hush!"

"There was a sound as of something put over his mouth, then Alice heard him laugh outright."

"You think these trees have ears, my sister?"

"I do not know what I think, but take care, Paul—breathe but once again your shameful disgrace, and I will never—"

"Help me again. Well, that is just what I don't want, so trot away, my dear; the secret is safe. Be quick with that money. I am due at Nestley in an hour's time."

"Stay here, and I will bring it to you." Alice heard a light step pass away, and she sat on undecided what to do.

She was in a corner, hidden well from sight. Anyone peering round would scarcely have distinguished her grey dress and cloak from the tree-trunks, but she could see a little way out on to the wider pathway, and as Valerie disappeared, she heard the man laugh softly to himself, and saunter to and fro while he waited.

Alice drew herself back as she saw his figure cross the small space at the opening of her hiding-place, and as he turned and strolled back she glanced nervously at him.

He was like Valerie, but coarser and harder, and his cheek was disfigured with the scar of a wound that gave a sinister look to his face.

He was humming to himself, and did not glance up or down, and Alice drew a deep breath of relief as he passed.

Something about the man gave Lady Alice a sense of alarm, and she was glad when after some moments she heard Valerie's fleet footsteps returning, and heard her panting voice say: "Here, Paul! And now go. There is no use in hanging about. I must return to the house."

"Thanks, my sweet sister. Yes, I will go. That is my address should you desire to hear from me. I shall know where to find you."

"Leave me in peace for a while," Valerie said abruptly.

"Give me fifty pounds, and I will leave you altogether."

"I cannot, Paul. I have not the money; if I had, you—"

"Should not have it," finished the man.

"Paul, you are ungenerous; but I am a fool to do as much as I do for you!"

"You are no fool, Valerie! You don't want to have me come boldly up to the Castle, and ask for my sister—eh?"

Alice heard Valerie's sudden exclamation, and then she heard the man kiss his sister, and leisurely depart.

She waited to let them both pass away, then, rising, made her way slowly back to the Castle.

Paul Ross strolled leisurely through the woods, until he came to a pathway that led to the village, and past the dreaded Madman's Drift.

Here he stopped and uttered a soft, low whistle.

In an instant a man had crept from beneath some bushes, and stood upright. Paul Ross moved towards him.

"Well," said the other man, "how much?"

"Fifteen pounds!"

"Fifteen pounds!" repeated the other. "Your sister is not generous."

"Valerie swears she has only ten pounds more, and I believe her."

"She may have no more, but—"

"Have you examined the entrances well?" queried Paul Ross.

"Not all; but they are not difficult to manage."

"Where do you sleep?"

"The man laughed.

"In the guest's corridor—a most noble apartment, my friend. The earl knows how to lodge his company."

"Much valuables about?" asked Paul Ross eagerly.

"Much?" echoed the other. "The Castle is a veritable gold mine! By Jove, Ross, that was a good notion of yours, the trip abroad."

"Yes; I flatter myself I am not so stupid as Valerie thinks me. She is the fool in this case."

"You mean in not snatching the earl before the murder and the revolt?"

Paul nodded.

"Well, it was a mistake; she has lost her chance now."

Paul Ross looked up suddenly.

"What is the girl like?"

"Who?"

"Why, 'my Lady Alice,' as Valerie calls her," laughed Paul.

"Like?" repeated the other. "She is most lovely. Paul, can it be true about her lowly birth? I have never seen a more beautiful creature among all—"

"All the ladies of family and fortune with whom you are on such very intimate terms—eh mon garcon?"

Paul leisurely puffed away a cloud of smoke.

"Well, she is plebeian for all that, merely a farm-wench; her people were bought off the estate and sent away, but my Lady Alice is part of them for all that."

"Sent away!" repeated the other man as if he were thinking; "then she is alone here—quite alone."

"Except for the earl, her husband; but mind, George," added Paul Ross, with his expression changing suddenly and darkening, "no fooling; we are here for work not play—you understand?"

"Perfectly, my good Paul; now an revoir. I must go back—there is the gong for breakfast. The plans shall reach you to-morrow or next day, and we must meet once more before—"

Paul nodded, slouched his hat over

# BARGAIN CORNER.

We have open, and more to arrive, a good assortment of Clothing. We are after your trade this fall; we ought to have it—it good goods and low prices are any inducement. For want of space we can only quote a few lines—men's S & D Breasted Suits, our own make cloth, well made and finished for \$9.00

Men's S & D breasted Suits for \$12.00, made from our famous double and twisted goods, warranted to outwear anything in the imported line. This cloth is known from P E I to Alaska—the only goods made that will stand the wear and tear of the Klondike. Our agent in Dawson is taking orders for spring shipment. This speaks well of our cloth.

Men's extra heavy suits, imported for \$5.00, \$6.00 and \$8.00 per suit, extra value.

Men's S & D searted Serge Suits, all prices, one line for \$11.50, worth \$15.00 of any man's money.

Suits for boys, our own cloth, the only thing that will stand. If your boy gets caught going over a fence some one will have to lift him off, no tear to our cloth. Youths' Suits our own cloth, former price \$8.25, now \$5.00. A full range of gents' furnishings. Prices are right.

Inspection Invited.

## W. D. MCKAY

his eyes, and walked away quickly.

The man called George dived back into the bushes, crept along for a time, then emerged into one of the avenues leading to the Castle.

Then he overtook a slight, girlish form in grey, hurrying towards a side entrance.

"Good-morning, Lady Darrell," he said, softly.

Alice turned and blushed slightly.

"Good-morning, Count Jura. I did not hear you coming. You have been for a walk. I, too, like the early morning best."

"Will you not enter this way?" asked George, otherwise Count Jura.

Alice shook her head.

"I always breakfast in my own apartment."

She bowed and turned away.

"Alone, Paul said," muttered Count Jura as he stood watching her graceful form vanish. "Alone. What a fate is hers! And how beautiful! Pshaw! Paul is right. I am here for work, not play; and now to breakfast with my friend the earl."

### CHAPTER VI.

Valerie reached the Castle in time for breakfast. She ran quickly to her room, threw off her long mantle, and after a few hurried touches to her magnificent hair, swept leisurely down the wide staircase, looking as if she had but just left her bedroom fresh from her maid's hands.

She met Count Jura at the door of the morning room, and smiled graciously to his courteous greetings, little thinking that as he bowed a look of amusement settled in his eyes as he recalled Paul, and her pride.

Roy hastened to meet the tall, beautiful woman, his eyes speaking the truth of his love as he approached her.

Lord Radine came in while they were speaking.

"I have been thinking all night, Roy, and I cannot remember who it is that I trace a resemblance to in your wife," he said as he sat down to the table.

"Does not mimicry the fair countess breakfast with us?" demanded Count Jura as Roy made no answer.

(To be Continued.)

### FRIENDS PREVAILED

A Nervous Toronto Woman Walked the Floor During the Night for Hours at a Time—She Makes a Statement.

TORONTO, ONT.—"I was troubled with nervousness. It was impossible for me to keep still and if the spells came over me during the night I had to get up and walk the floor for hours at a time. My blood was very poor and I was subject to bilious attacks. My feet would swell and I was not able to do my own housework. I treated with two of the best physicians here but only received relief for a time. I became discouraged. One day a friend called and advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I laughed at the advice but I was prevailed upon and procured one bottle. Before I used it all I began to feel better. I took several bottles and also several boxes of Hood's Pills. Now I can eat and drink heartily and sleep soundly. Hood's Sarsaparilla has entirely cured me and also strengthened me so that I now do all my own work. I cheerfully recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all sufferers from nervousness, weakness or general debility." MRS. H. F. PARM, Degraff Street.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills: easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.

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