



A man may talk of disdainful physical strength and prowess until Doom-day, but the fact remains that he cannot look at a picture of an old-time knight, magnificent in his physical proportions, dauntless in his physical courage, and armed, ready and eager for a contest to the death with any compeer, without a thrill of admiration. Mental superiority is desirable and admirable, but is the "game worth the candle," when it is won at the expense of physical health and strength?

The unhealthy man may gain the pity and even the admiration of men and women, but it is a question whether such a man ever thoroughly gains their respect. The man whose arteries bound with the rich, red blood of health carries with him a force and an intensity that command respect, even though he be slightly inferior mentally to the weak, nervous man. While no medicine in the world will add an inch to a man's stature, there is one famous medicine that will fill the veins and arteries with the rich, red, bounding blood of perfect health. It is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is the great blood-maker and blood-purifier. When the blood is pure and rich and red and plenty, and filled with the life-giving elements that nourish every tissue of the body, it is impossible for a man to suffer from ill-health of any description. When every little blood-vessel in the lungs quivers with the rush of healthy blood, it is impossible to have unhealthy lungs. When the walls of the stomach are nourished with healthy blood, dyspepsia and indigestion are impossibilities. When the liver is supplied with healthy blood it is bound to be active. The skin that is nourished with healthy blood will be clear and fresh and glow with health. "Discovery" is sold by druggists.

Dr. Isaac E. Downs, of Spring Valley, Rockland Co., N. Y., writes: "For three years I suffered from that terrible disease, consumption. I had wasted away to a skeleton. To-day I tip the scales at 167, and am well and strong. The 'Golden Medical Discovery' cured me."

TWIN TORTURERS!

Lumbago and Rheumatism made Harmless by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Lumbago and Rheumatism cause endless pain and suffering. Every man and woman who runs chances of getting wet, or catching cold, is liable to suffer from one or both. Our hospitals are full of sufferers from these diseases; none are more painful. Every nerve is on fire; every joint is a centre of agony; every muscle an area of torture. To move hand or foot makes the victim shriek with agony.

Rheumatism makes more cripples than all the railroad accidents that ever happened. Twisted, mis-shapen caricatures of humanity, who cannot walk without wincing, are to be seen every day. The kidneys are to blame. If they are healthy you needn't fear Rheumatism or Lumbago. Dodd's Kidney Pills keep the kidneys healthy and cure Rheumatism and Lumbago. **Dodd's Kidney Pills ALWAYS CURE.**

EPPS'S COCOA

GRATEFUL COMFORTING
Distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of Flavour, Superior Quality, and Nutritive Properties. Specially grateful and comforting to the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold only in 4-lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & Co., Ltd., Homeopathic Chemists, London, England.

EPPS'S COCOA

Furness Line of Steamers

Halifax to Great Britain
S. S. "Halifax City" will leave Halifax for London, G. B. 17th Nov. This steamer is fitted with cold storage. S. S. "Damara" will leave Halifax, for Liverpool, G. B. 23rd Nov., calling at St. John's, Nfld.
W. W. CLARKE, Agent

PICKFORD & BLACK, LINE

HALIFAX & CHARLOTTE TOWN. SEASON OF 1898.

S. S. CITY OF GHENT will sail from Charlottetown every Friday at 10 a. m., during the season of 1898, for Halifax, calling at Summerside, Port Hastings, Port Hawkesbury, Arichat, Canso, Isaac Harbor, Salmon River, Sheet Harbor; returning will leave Halifax every Tuesday at 6 p. m., making same calls. The steamer has excellent passenger accommodation. Saloon amidships. Special freights will be given this season. For further information apply to W. W. CLARKE, Agent

Ch'town, May 13, 1899

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 XVII.

"My wife is taken suddenly ill," exclaimed Count Jura abruptly. "We must lift her out."

"What is it?" demanded the guard excitedly.

"She suffers from heart-disease. This is a sort of faint. The action of the train will kill her. Help me to lift her. There, that's right. We have no luggage."

The guard bore away Alice's motionless form, and placed her on the incline of ground beside the lines, while the count grasped the diamonds firmly; put them down, carefully covered with the cloak, then knelt beside the girl, and began to try and restore her.

"Do not let me keep you," he said to the guard. "She will be better directly. I will get help from the village."

"One instant, sir. Your name and address; I must take that."

"Frank Meredith," said Count Jura glibly, "Lincoln's Fields, London."

He spoke the first name that pushed to his mind, and not until it was written did he remember that he had read it on the cards taken from Alice's pocket.

He frowned at first, then dismissed his vexation quickly. Much was yet at hazard.

"Where do you stop next?" he asked hurriedly.

"Not until we reach Uxton—a good hour's journey on, sir. Sorry I can't stay to help you. Hope your good lady will soon be all right. Good-day, sir."

The guard blew the whistle, jumped into his compartment, and once more the train was in motion and speedily lost to sight.

Count Jura watched it eagerly.

"That was a bold move," he muttered, "but it was the only thing. Now, what to do next? Let her faint on; it is the safest thing that could happen. She will scream perhaps, if so, I must gag her."

An ugly look passed over his face then, after bending over Alice once again, he stood upright, and scanned the road.

The village seemed deserted, but while he was debating whether it would be wise to leave the senseless girl alone with the diamonds while he made enquiries, his eyes caught sight of a cart coming leisurely along.

It was a miller's dray, drawn by three stout horses, going in the same direction as the train had gone.

Count Jura halted it, and in a very few minutes the driver was beside him.

By dint of much eloquence he persuaded the man to believe his tale, and to consent to their travelling in the cart as far as the nearest town, and then lifting Alice easily between them, they placed her on some sackings at the bottom of the cart.

Count Jura placed his precious diamonds beside her, jumped in himself, and very soon they were lumbering along heavily.

He watched Alice like a lynx; the jolting motion soon began to rouse her, and he answered the driver's questions briefly while he kept his eye on her.

At the first look of returned consciousness, under pretence of making her comfortable, he bent over her.

"Scream, or utter one word," he mut-

tered fiercely, "and I shoot you like a dog."

Alice shrank away from his flashing eyes; all that she had undergone had undermined her strength; the fatigue and walking of the night before made every limb ache, she could not make any resistance to his cowardly threats; she had grown as weak as a child, but her brain worked wildly.

What was happening? Where was she going? Would no one come to her aid?

She sent up a prayer for help and release—if need be, for death, rather than be longer in this man's power.

Seeing her lie so quiet, Count Jura put it down to fright, and was well satisfied.

This girl was no spitfire like Myra; he should be able to manage her well.

He talked to the driver leisurely, and managed to extract the knowledge he required.

The town they were approaching was some forty miles from Moretown, and branched off the line that led to Uxton. There he could get a train that would take him to one of the big manufacturing towns, he hidden there for a day or two, then creep cautiously to London, and from there abroad.

He reckoned at the rate they were going it would be quite mid-day before they reached the town, but he was well content.

If the station-master at Moretown had telegraphed at once to Uxton to stop him there, it would be an hour and a half or nearly two hours before the news that he had escaped would reach Moretown, and as, he thought, contemptuously there would be only one or two policemen handy, the chances were the whole thing would get into a good muddle, and he would get comfortably away.

Not one shred of pity was in his heart for the girl he was carrying away. He was lost to everything but love and desire. No woman had ever inflamed his heart as this fair, lovely, slender creature did, and he swore she should be his. As for Myra, the woman he had ruined, a sense of gratification that she was, perchance, dead was all her memory brought. He had long wearied of her, and sought to be rid of her.

He sat smoking comfortably at the cart jogged along making his plans with calm minuteness, while Alice lay in an agony of fear, shame and weakness. Her mind was peopled with many visions. She seemed to go back to her childhood, and saw once again the face of that lovely woman she had spoken of when Roy's mother had questioned her.

Then all the cruelty, the harshness of Aunt Martha, then that dark night, the ghastly murder in the woods, the memory of Roy's pale, handsome face, and then her hurried marriage.

Then her mind went over all the unhappiness that followed, and yet strangely through it all ran the picture of her husband's tender face as he looked at her the last night they were together.

A faint thrill of happiness went through her heart as she recalled his gentle words; even Valerie's revengeful form melted away, naught remained but him; and he was lost now—lost to her for ever; she should never see him again. Though he might not have cared for her, though he had been cold and unjust, she loved him, and would love him on through all time.

She was awakened from her dreams by Count Jura shaking her roughly.

"Get up," he muttered; "we are here. Now, remember what I have said. Give me your hand. One word—a murmur, and you are dead!"

Alice staggered to her feet, and he drew her cloak and hood carefully round her.

She was in a maze of fear and weakness again; the driver, catching a glimpse of her white face, exclaimed, sympathetically:

"Laws, be she so bad as that, poor lass!"

"She'll be better directly. Many thanks, my good man; this way to the station, you say?"

The driver nodded, and the cart moved slowly away.

The passers-by stared at the strange couple standing at the entrance to the town, and seeing this and feeling Alice's weight grow heavier on his arm, he turned round and addressed a policeman.

"Is there an hotel handy?" he asked, grasping the diamonds tightly. "My wife is ill."

"One just here, sir," the man answered kindly. "Shall I give you a hand? It's only a step."

The hotel proved to be up a quiet court, and Count Jura, slipping a shilling into the man's hand, put Alice into a chair while he ordered a room.

"We are going to Bournemouth," he said decisively; "shall only require it for an hour or so for my wife to rest. She is not strong."

The landlady and two sympathetic maids helped Alice upstairs, and he followed closely in case she should speak to them.

MCKAY'S Tremendous Slaughter Sale

of our make of Tweeds. We are overstocked and not wishing to close down our mill, have decided to clear out all surplus stock, in order to make room for our new spring pattern. Nothing but our own make of goods included in this sale. The cloths are heavy, strong and durable, just the goods for the season of the year. Farmers and working men should avail themselves of this opportunity of buying honest, all wool goods at prices never before sold at

- Heavy, all wool Tweeds (double and twist) worth \$1.00 per yd, now 65c
- " " Fancy Patterns worth 75c per yd, now 55c
- " " Plain, Grey, Black worth 75c per yd, now 50c
- " " Fancy Patterns worth 50 to 65c per yd, now 40c
- " " Flannel, White and Grey worth 40c per yd, now 32c
- " " Union Twill Flannel, White and Grey, worth 35c per yd, now 27c
- " " Plain do " worth 30c per yd, now 25c
- Ladies all wool Dress Goods worth 45c per yd, now 32c
- Heavy, all wool Blanketing, white, 2 yds wide, worth 80c per yd, now 70c
- " " Union do " 2 yds wide, worth 75c per yd, now 60c
- " " all wool do grey, 2 yds wide, worth 80c per yd, now 65c
- " " Checked 2 yds wide, worth \$1. per yd, now 75c

This is one chance in a life time to get good goods at less than the cost to manufacturers—our loss is your gain. Don't delay if you want any. They cannot last long on these prices. On application, samples will be sent and freight prepaid on parcels from \$3.00 up, to any station on P. E. I. Railway.

W. D. MCKAY

She made no effort to do this—indeed, she had lost all knowledge of what was passing.

The landlady was loud in her pity. "You can't move her, sir," she declared; "she is just done—she is very ill."

"Pooh! nonsense! She is often like that; in fact," he hesitated an instant, then said boldly, "in fact, she is not quite right in her head, so, of course, she looks strange."

"Lor, sir! you do astonish me!" exclaimed the woman. "So sweet and pretty, too!"

"Yes—yes. Bring me something to eat, and a 'Bradshaw.' We must get to Bournemouth by to-night."

"I'll send you one at once, but the next train, sir, I know, doesn't start till high evening."

Count Jura suppressed an oath he was uttering till she was gone.

"That's devilish unlucky, but it strikes me she's just about right in one thing—my Lady Alice is going to be ill. Have I frightened her too much? It will be a fix if she can't be moved. Anyway, we are safe here until to-morrow morning, and then, ill or well, she must go."

Valerie paced her room like a caged tigress. She could have torn her tongue out for the wild, foolish words she had uttered before Geoffrey Armistead, and now all was lost. Her revenge had failed; shame, disgrace, discovery, lay before her.

Paul, her brother, was below—a thief, a convict—an eternal humiliation.

She came suddenly to standstill. Two of the gang had been taken; who was the other? Had Jura been caught? If so, what had become of Alice? She must know all.

She rang the bell, and her maid appeared.

"Bring me some coffee," she commanded, sinking in a languid attitude on to a chair as the woman came in; "my nerves are quite upset."

"I'll bring it at once, miss," answered the maid. "I should think you was upset, miss. The Castle seems turned topsy-turvy, and it's just horrid to think of them awful robbers being kept here!"

"Keep here, Janet! What do you mean?" Valerie started with well-feigned surprise.

"Why, they are in the treasure-rooms, miss, with two policemen guarding them."

(To be Continued.)

Pure Blood

Every thought, word and action takes vitality from the blood; every nerve, muscle, bone, organ and tissue depends on the blood for its quality and condition. Therefore pure blood is absolutely necessary to right living and healthy bodies. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great blood purifier and the best Spring Medicine. Therefore it is the great cure for scrofula, salt rheum, humors, sores, rheumatism, catarrh, etc.; the great nerve, strength builder, appetizer, stomach tonic and regulator.

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