



# 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."

It is altogether admirable when a man, by dint of sheer will, wrings a fortune from niggardly circumstances. The world is full of instances where men have done this, but never in history was this accomplished by a weak and unhealthy man. Ill-health not only weakens every physical function but every mental faculty and every moral quality. If a man will stop and reason for a moment, he does not have to be a physician to understand the causes of impure blood, or its far-reaching effects. When a man's digestion is disordered, his liver sluggish, his bowels inactive, the blood is deprived of the proper food elements, and the sluggish liver and bowels supply in their place, the foulest of poisons. The blood is the life-stream. When it is full of foul poisons, it carries and deposits them in every organ and tissue of the body. Some sinew, muscle, and flesh-tissue, the brain cells and the nerve fibres are all fed upon bad, poisonous food. Serious ill-health is bound to result. The man is weakened in every fiber of his body. He is weakened physically, mentally and morally. He suffers from sick headache, distress in stomach after meals, giddiness and drowsiness, loss of appetite and sleep, bad taste in the mouth, shakiness in the morning, and dullness throughout the day, and lassitude and an inclination to work. Sooner or later these conditions develop consumption, nervous prostration, malaria, rheumatism, or some blood or skin disease. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the best of all known medicines for ambitious, hard-working men and women. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It makes the appetite keen and hearty, and the digestion and assimilation perfect, the liver active, the blood pure and rich, the nerves steady, the body vigorous and the brain alert. Where there is also constipation Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets should be used. Both of these great medicines are for sale by all medicine dealers.

## HUMAN SACRIFICES

On the Altar of Diabetes. Saved by Dodd's Kidney Pills, Only.

Hardly a family in the country is free from Diabetes. Great thirst, failing sight, numbness in the thighs, bleeding gums, swollen ankles, emaciation, nervousness, pale or turbid urine, loss of sexual power, decaying teeth, pains in the joints or small of the back, are all positive signs that Diabetes is in the system. Do you know how it ends? IN DEATH. A premature, horrible, agonizing, pitiful death. The victim has no peace, no ease in life. His days are filled with tortures. His nights are waking dreams of agony. He longs to die, yet fears the terrors of his end. He dies, a bloated, fetid, repulsive mass of corruption. That is the only end of unchecked Diabetes. Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure it. They drive it out of the system thoroughly, create new, clean blood, rebuild the diseased kidneys, and restore robust health.

## 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.

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Halifax to Great Britain  
S. S. "Halifax City" will leave Halifax for London, G. B. 17th Nov. This steamer is fitted with cold storage  
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W. W. CLARKE, Agent

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LINE  
HALIFAX & CHARLOTTETOWN.  
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 and ships. Special freights will be given this season. For further information apply to  
W. W. CLARKE, Agent  
Ch'town, May 13, 1898

### CHAPTER XV.

"Fulke soon won his way; she became his wife, Judge me harshly if you will, but on receiving the news I refused to see them, to acknowledge her as my daughter, or assist Fulke to provide for the low-born wife he had chosen, as I then called her. Since then I have discovered that she was the daughter of an officer, a brave, gallant man, in every way my son's equal, but blinded as I was with rage and pride, I would if, even had I known it then, it would have availed much. Two years passed, all letters that reached me I burned unopened. My friends tried to reconcile us; I was firm. Then came the news—sudden, awful, terrible—Sir Humphrey passed his hand over his brow—Fulke was dead, I read it in a newspaper. He had had an accident, and died instantaneously. Then my remorse began, I set out for Italy, where my poor son lay. He was buried when I arrived. His wife had disappeared, taking her child with her. For year after year I have searched without avail, when a few weeks ago Fate flung me against a farmer in America, a man named Brown, who had lived in this neighborhood. Without knowing me he gave vent to a grumble at the country, stating why he had come away from England. The name of Margaret Dorton, the girl you had married, told me at once my search was ended. Then with threats and cajoling I got the truth out of the man and his wife. My son's wife had died under their roof. Broken-hearted, sick unto death, she had dragged herself from Italy to place Fulke's child in my arms. Her aunt was dead. She was utterly alone. Feeling that her own end was approaching, she travelled to Nestley, hearing I was at the Abbey, but before she could reach me she passed away. Brown confesses now that she left a sum of money in their hands, with her dying commands that the child was to be taken to me. How they kept that command you know. On every hand I have heard of their cruelty and neglect of my grandchild, and their robbery of the money that should have been hers. I had given my word that they should go unpunished if they told all, but I confess to having felt a desire to mete them out the justice they deserved. When I knew all I hastened to Nestley, travelled down with Geoffrey, and learnt that my search was far from ended, and that the child I hoped was found, was ruthlessly torn from my arms, perhaps for ever.

Lady Darrell stretched out her thin white hand.  
"Have courage, dear friend," she said gently. "She will be found, I am sure of it."  
Roy bent and kissed his mother, his face white and agitated.  
"She shall be found if she is alive," he said hoarsely. "I will bring her back to you myself, Sir Humphrey."  
Without another word, he strode from the room, and down the stairs to the other two.  
"I am ready whenever you like," he said abruptly.  
Geoffrey Armistead looked up from his notebook.  
"Newton has returned from Nestley. No one answering our description has left the station. They have telegraphed up to London for more men, and have sent some police to Mortevan."



## SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's,

Ask for Carter's,

Insist and demand  
Carter's Little Liver Pills.

### (Continued.)

which filled I proposed we visit ourselves."  
Frank got up eagerly, while the earl buttoned his riding-gloves in a nervous manner.  
Geoffrey Armistead alone was calm—he was too used to trickery and deceit—and his quiet manner was a rock of strength to the other two men, who were trembling with excitement.  
"We will take Newton and another man with us," he declared; and in a few moments the whole party were once more on horseback and away.

Alice sat beside Myra as the pony, urged by the whip, almost flew through the dark path.  
She only grasped the side of the cart, and clutched it as if its firm hardness were the barriers between her and worse than death.  
Occasionally her apprehension would be so great that a sigh escaped her, but beyond that she made no sign.  
As they rattled on, the pony grew gradually distressed.  
"He can't go much farther," Myra said, suddenly breaking the silence. "We must get out in a few minutes and walk the rest."

### CHAPTER XVII.

As soon as the food came, Myra busied herself in restoring the poor girl who lay before her so white and cold.  
Her strength is gone," she murmured, wetting the pale lips with some brandy she had ordered; "she wants the fire of revenge and jealousy to keep her up as I am kept."  
Her efforts were soon rewarded; Alice's dark eye-lashes were lifted, and she looked round. She smiled faintly as she met the glance of Myra's great, dark eyes, and tried to rise.  
"First you must eat some food, and then you must lie down on the bed and sleep. I have told that fool to call us at six—the train goes at half-past; we are close to the station."  
"But will he not reach us before then?" gasped Alice.  
"We must risk that," Myra said gloomily. "He will be insensible for some time, and then the cart has gone, so we have a very good start. But be brave, you are free now; trust in me, and you shall remain free, or my life will answer for it. He shall not get you into his power, the cruel, cowardly wretch!"

Alice bent and kissed her brown hands.  
"Has he wronged you?" she whispered.  
"I have no husband," she said in low tones. "I am nothing to him. He—he is nothing to me. There is another who has greater claim on him than I have."  
Myra rose to her feet again.  
"You are tired and ill; let us get into the town and find a room."  
"Have you money?" asked Alice, rising with difficulty.  
"Yes," Myra answered briefly; "enough to last till we get safely away. Here is the inn. Now, then, stand behind me; I must tell some lie or we shall not get in."  
Alice shrank back into the darkness of the portico, while Myra rang the bell loudly.  
Mortevan was an early place, and the inn was closed for the night.  
"We want a room," she said boldly, as the sleepy landlord appeared—"a room for my mistress and myself. We've lost the last train to London. My mistress was telegraphed for, her brother is very ill. We start by the first train in the morning."  
The man rubbed his chin and looked doubtful for a moment.  
"My mistress is ailed," he said after a while. "Has you gotten money?"  
"Money, yes," Myra chinked her purse. "Make haste and don't ask any more questions, or my mistress will just go off to the other inn."  
"Lawks no. Come ye in. I dare say it's all right; but it's main queer to see two young women out this time o' night."

"Hold your tongue and lead the way up," Myra commanded; and as the man lit a candle, she dragged Alice in, who was half fainting with fatigue and fear.  
"Lawks, she do look ill!" exclaimed the man. "Be she going to die, missus? If so, she can't come in here."  
"Die! No, fool! She's upset, as you would be if your brother were as ill as hers. There, go on! Fetch us some food, and be quick about it."

The man totted up the old-fashioned staircase, and Myra followed with some difficulty, for she supported Alice, whose strength was going at every step.

### Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets if druggists refund the money if it fails to cure.

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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 patterns. 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.

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- " " Plain, Grey, Black worth 75c per yd, now 50c
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- " " 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
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- " " all wool do grey, 2 yds wide, worth 80c per yd, now 65c
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Boils one quart of water in four minutes.

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Patent Wick Adjustment keeps the wicks from being turned too high or too low.  
Oil Tanks situated away from burners, connected thereto with small tubes; the oil is thus continually cool and prevents odor.  
Frames and Tops are made of steel and cannot be broken. No perforated plates or braces surround the burners to retain any char or oil soakage, thus preventing odor.

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Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5.

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