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We guarantee Dodd's Kidney Pills to cure any case of Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Lumbago, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Female Troubles, Impure Blood—or money refunded. Sold by all dealers in medicine, or by mail on receipt of price, 50c. per box, or Six boxes $2.50.

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we can sell you Dodd's Kidney Pills at the following prices, viz.:—50c. per box six boxes for $2.50. To the trade—$4.00 per dozen, or three dozen at $3.75 per dozen. Sent by mail to any address post paid.

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Executors Estate late Geo. Davies,

Or to F. W. L. Moore, Solicitor, in the Building. oct11

Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute. Scott & Bowne, Belleville. 50c. and $1.

Persons have been known to gain a pound a day by taking an ounce a day of Scott's Emulsion. This seems extraordinary, but it is absolutely true.

healthy weight and may thereby prevent serious illness.

you will quickly restore your tell you are getting thin, Soda when your friends first Hypophosphites of Lime and Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with weight. If you will take Scott's ford to fall below your healthy is weakening. You cannot af-

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Dr J E McDonald, Dentist, will be in Crapaud, at Dr Robertson's, for TWO DAYS only, Friday and Saturday, 18th and 19th inst, when he will demonstrate his now famous method of Painless Extraction of Teeth. No bad after effects follow the use of this method, and any doubter is requested to try it and judge for himself.

Observe the dates, Friday and Saturday, October 18th and 19th inst, at Crapaud.

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Summerside, Oct 7, 1895.

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Want to exchange anything,
Want to sell plants or grain
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Want to sell or trade anything,
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ADVERTISE IN

THE EXAMINER

(Continued.)

After this, one did not want to be very clever to learn how the land lay with him. I believe he was in love with Marya Pouzatov from the start; and it's no wonder if he was. A daintier little thing never stepped out of a drawing-room than the girl I saw go into dinner that night. It was as good as a play to watch him and the count running after her like lapdogs, now one, now the other dancing attendance on her, and pluming himself that his was the winning hand. Her sweetheart, you must know, was still away at Novgorod, where his regiment was, and the other two did their best to console her. Not that she wanted much of that sort of thing, for a wickeder little flirt never lived, as Sir Nicolas Steele may have found out by this time. But they weren't behindhand in giving her the lead, as the Irishman would say; and the way the three of them went it was a thing to remember.

This, I must tell you, was on the first night of our arrival at Mme. Pouzatov's house. They had put me in a good room in the servants' quarters, but I was out in the gardens all dinner time, and little went on that I did not know about. Not that I found my company dull, for the place was chock full of servants, and, though I didn't understand a word of the lingo, I made myself at home like one o'clock. There's a power of language in the squeeze of a pretty woman's hand, and a kiss on a dark staircase is worth a mint of "parlez-vous" any day. I found myself all the better with the "frying-pans" for want of their chatter, and twenty-four hours hadn't passed before I was best man with the lot of them. Nevertheless, my chief business was to keep my eye on Nicky, and all the pretty housemaids in Russia would not have held me from that.

It was this last consideration which led me on the night after our arrival to offer my help to the others who were waiting and serving at the grand ball to be given to the general and the bridegroom that was to be. I had determined that I would see all that was to be seen, and when I had dressed Sir Nicolas I found it useful to hang about the corridors and the entrance to the ballroom. In this way I had a good view of the old general himself when he arrived about eight o'clock—a fine, noble looking old fellow, who carried his years like feathers, and had kindness and courage written all over his splendid face. I thought at the time that Miss Marya didn't exactly burst into tears when she saw him, and this I will say now, that she, and she alone, was responsible for all that happened that night and afterwards. She gave him the cold shoulder from the start of it; she danced three times running with Count Fedor and twice with Sir Nicolas. I don't believe she spoke five words to her intended from the time he arrived until the doors of the dining-room were thrown open for supper. You could see with half an eye that a storm was brewing, and burst it did with a vengeance not ten minutes after midnight had struck.

Up to this time the general had kept his temper like a man. In all that great ball-room, sparkling with lights and jewels and wonderful gowns and dazzling uniforms, there was no finer fellow than he. While swaggering guards in snow-white tunics clustered around him, and Cossacks aired their splendid coats, and little whipper-snappers danced about all sprinkled over with gold and jewels, he was the man of the evening. Upright, a good six-feet in his shoes; wearing a dark green uniform that fitted his figure like a glove; there was always a kindly smile about his eyes, and a manliness in his bearing which did you good to see. Not once in that long evening did he betray himself by look or gesture. Even when the girl he was to marry passed him on another man's arm and gave him one of her impudent nods, he merely bowed to her and went on smiling. Only when supper-time came did he push himself forward at all—and then it was to offer her his arm that he might take her into the dining-room.

Now, in the scene that followed, whether the girl acted as she did because she disliked the man, or whether it was pure deviltry on her part, I have never been able to convince myself. All I can say is that when the general stepped up to Marya and offered her his arm, she turned away from him to the count; and so the two men were face to face almost at the doorway where I stood.

I write that they were face to face, the old man still smiling; the young one hot with anger and with excitement. But it it was the count who spoke *first*—and in French, as all the folks in the ball-room did that night.

"I am sorry, general," said he, bowing with a sneering politeness which made you mad to see, "but mademoiselle is pledged to me for supper."

"Indeed," said the other, "and by what right, monsieur?"

"Oh, that is a question I should not discuss here."

"Nor I," replied the general, speaking low, and bending down towards him. In the same moment I saw the old fellow flick the count on the right cheek with his glove. Five minutes later his carriage was taking him back to Novgorod.

There is no need for me to tell you all that followed this bitter little scene. It was just as though you had opened the windows of the ball-room and let in the falling snow. While not more than ten people had witnessed the mishap, the story of it was round the house before half an hour had passed. It broke up the ball like a death might have done. I saw Mme. Pouzatov herself weeping hysterically as she went to her room. Her daughter still carried on defiantly with the count; but it was plain that she was scared and half sorry. The others made haste to call their carriages; or formed little groups to discuss the thing without gesture. The servants crept about like mutes at a funeral. We all knew that the night could end but in one way. The men must fight.

PART II.

It was broad daylight that morning before any of us got to bed. As for myself I don't believe I took my clothes off. Not that I cared a penny piece whether the general shot the count or the count shot the general; but there was so much excitement and talk and running here and there that sleep was far from my eyes. And so it was with my master. I went to his bedroom at eight o'clock and found him still in his uniform, sitting at his writing table and drinking coffee. Though he spoke careless enough, you could see that he was shaking to his finger tips with excitement; and after I heard him out, I knew well where he came into it.

"Hildebrand," said he, "I'm to drive to Novgorod in an hour. The count has asked me to act for him."

"Then they are to meet sir?" said I.

"Was any other course possible?" cried he. "'Tis not with bank clerks or bishops that we're dealing, but with gentlemen that have gentlemen's means for their quarrels."

"But the general is his superior officer. The count can't fight with him. sir—at least, that's the talk below."

"Which is nonsense, ye may tell them from me. 'Tis a case where we'll have to get permission from the authorities, and that will not be refused. Sure, the lady is likely to be looking for a husband when the week is gone."

"What about the count in that case, sir?"

He looked at me slyly, as he could sometimes.

"I doubt that she'll marry the count," said he, and that was all.

That was all, but if he thought that I did not read up the rest he must have taken me for a fool. "Nicky," said I to myself, "you're playing for your own hand. She won't marry the general now, anyway. If he shoots the count, you're alone in the field. And there's 20,000 goes with her. So you might do worse than that."

"MADEMOISELLE IS PLEDGED TO ME FOR SUPPER."

It was a new idea to me entirely; and I must say that it stuck in my head all that morning, and was still there when he and the two that had been with him came home from Novgorod about six in the evening. The day had been a miserable one, wet and cold and chill; and the house was quiet as the grave. Not once the whole morning through did I see Miss Marya or her mother. The guests who had remained over night went away after breakfast. The only conversation was the question whether the count would kill the general, or the general kill the count. And I, who had not cared a snap the day before, found myself as busy thinking about it as the rest of them. For if the count fell,—Sir Nicolas would stay in Russia. I would have staked my life upon that.

My master came home at six o'clock, as I have said, and his first words to me told me what he had done.

"I have a case of pistols in my bag" said he "and I would be glad to know if they're to be trusted. Ye may amuse yourself for ten minutes knocking the bark off the trees with them." "Then it's pistols they've chosen, sir?"

"'Tis so, and the old Muscovite conditions—15 paces and a line to come up to. You'll be ready to leave with me at dawn."

"Do you drive far sir?"

"Four miles to the woods we passed in the carriage on the road here. The count goes with us. Whether he'll return God only knows. I'm thinking that he won't."

I didn't say so to him but I knew that if ever the wish was father to the thought here was the time. Only let the count go down in the morning and the field was open to him. What would happen if it turned out the other way I could not think. But I had a suspicion that, even then, Sir Nicolas was the only one who would get anything by the move; and I wasn't far wrong as you will learn presently.

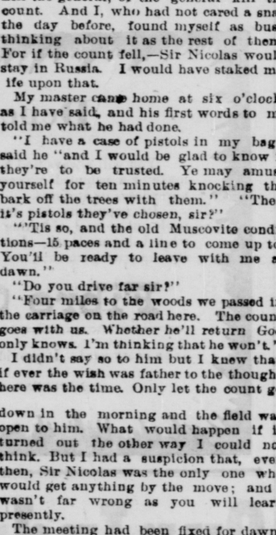
The meeting had been fixed for dawn, as you have heard; but the fact was kept close by those who took the lead, and I don't believe that Mme. Pouzatov or her daughter knew a word about it. As for the count, he had spent the day in the house of the village priest, and I saw nothing of him until dinner was over, and I was out in the park trying the pistols which Sir Nicolas had given to me. At that time he must have been coming up to our place to see his seconds, for I found him all at once standing beside me and watching my work curiously.

"Comment, mon ami," said he, "you have quarreled with the trees, then?"

"That's it, sir," said I; "let's hope there won't be more damage done to-morrow morning than there is to-night."

At this he laughed, rather savagely, I thought, for he was most bitter to the general all through it, because, perhaps, he was a devil at heart, perhaps, because he really did feel strong about the woman.

"Sacre nom d'un nom, he went on," presently, "that would not please me. He has smacked me with his glove. I will return it to him round a bullet. Let me have the pistol in my hand a moment."



HE FIRED THE PISTOL IN THE AIR.

He took it up, for I had loaded it, and aimed it at the nearest tree. I could have laughed when he did not even touch the bark.

"Hallos, sir," said I, "that won't do in the morning. He's a big man is the general; but he hasn't quite got the girth of that tree."

"The devil take him, no," said he, "but he will die. nevertheless"—and with this he turned on his heel and went swaggering off to the great house like the dirty swashbuckler he was.

"Go on, my man," said I, "but if it isn't your corpse I put in the carriage to-morrow morning write me down a tenderfoot. He'll shoot you like a dog, and you deserve it, too."

I must say that I could see no other end to it. The general was a notorious pistol shot—this man did not appear able to hit a cow at ten yards. It occurred to me at the time that Nicky knew of this when he egged him on so hard to refuse an apology, as I heard afterwards that he did. Be that as it may, I went to bed saying to myself that Count Fedor Uspensky was as good as a dead man; and I got up half an hour before dawn precisely of the same opinion.

It was a bitter morning, dark and cold and stormy. The east wind whistled through the pines in a way most dismal to hear. There was a shower of biting sleet just as we started which almost took pieces out of our faces. We all drank cups of steaming coffee and plenty of brandy with that; wrapping ourselves up just like men going out to sing carols. It had been agreed that we should pick up the count as we drove though the village. Sir Nicolas and I were alone in the four-horse carriage which Mme. Pouzatov had lent to us on the understanding that we were driving into Novgorod to smooth down all the trouble. I felt like a man going to a funeral, and I don't think my master was much better.

"Well," said he, as we turned from the park out upon the bare and lonely high road to Novgorod, "which of them, I wonder, will live to speak of this morning?"

"Both, I hope, sir," said I, "anyway, they should do if the general can't shoot any better than our man."

"'Tis not that at all," replied he, lighting a cigar and shivering even in his thick coat—"'tis not that at all, but a very bloody business, this same Russian duelling. Ye'll understand that they fire when they please after the word is given, and that if either man takes a step forward toward the center line, the other must do the same. Bedad! it might be plain murder, and nothing less."

"What if they both fire up in the air, sir?" said I.

"'Twould be a miracle," cried he; and just then we drove up to the house of the priest, and the count got into the carriage.

(To be Continued.)

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS CURE BACK-ACHE

ONE PILL A DOSE. 25c A BOX

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To be sold by public auction, at the Court House in Summerside, on FRIDAY, the twentieth day of December, A. D. 1895, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, under a power of sale contained in a mortgage, dated the twentieth day of March, A. D. 1890, and made between Dominique Peters and Lucy Peters, his wife, of the one part, and Albert L. Anderson and George Compton, trustees, of the other part, and duly assigned to the undersigned.

All that piece of land in Lot Five, Prince County, bounded as follows: Commencing on the north side of the Howlan Road, in the southwest angle of land now or formerly in possession of the heirs of the late Ronald McDonald, thence north to the Duvar Road, thence west ten chains to land sold by said Dominique Peters to Lamoi Gallant, thence south eighteen and one-half chains to the north boundary of twenty-five acres of land also sold by him to said Gallant; thence east along the same three and one-half chains, or to the east boundary thereof; thence south to the Howlan Road, and thence easterly along the same six and one-half chains to the place of commencement, containing sixty-five acres of land, more or less.

For further particulars apply at the office of J. Edward Wyatt, Barrister at-Law, Summerside.

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WILL RESTORE

Pale, Weak and Emaciated CHILDREN

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As a Flesh Restorer.

Puttner's Emulsion has no equal, giving substance and tone to the wasted muscles.

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Geese Feathers.

HIGHEST PRICE paid for all Geese Feathers.

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Charlotte wn, Aug 26, 1891—4y & wy

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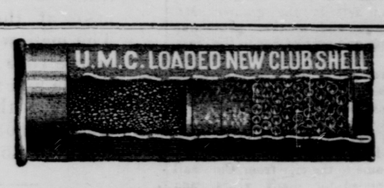

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