



Vanity in women is forgivable. It was Nature's intention that woman should be vain of her personal appearance, and the woman who falls of this falls of her full womanhood. No woman should be satisfied to go through the world with a complexion made hideous by unsightly blotches, pimples and eruptions. No woman should be satisfied to have a sallow, sickly complexion.

The remedy for these conditions does not lie in cosmetics. Skin disease is caused by impurities in the blood, and by nervous disorders due to weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organism. Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the greatest of all known blood-purifiers. It not only drives all impurities from the life-stream, but fills it with the rich, life-giving elements of the food. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription acts directly on the delicate and important organs that bear the burdens of wifehood and motherhood. It makes them pure, strong, well and vigorous. A course of these two great medicines will transform a weak, sickly, nervous, despondent woman, who suffers from unsightly eruptions of the skin, into a healthy, happy, amiable companion, with a skin that is clear and wholesome. These medicines are made from herbs and roots, and contain no minerals of any description. They simply assist the natural processes of assimilation, secretion and excretion. Medicine dealers sell them.

It is a druggist's business to give you, not to tell you, what you want.

"About four years ago," writes Thomas Harris, of Wakefield Station, Sussex Co., Va., "my daughter Helen was afflicted with eczema in a distressing form. Dr. Pierce's medicines cured her after all other remedies had failed."

In sending for a free copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, enclose 31 one-cent stamps, to cover customs and mailing only, if a paper-covered copy is desired, or 50 stamps for cloth-binding. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

**P. E. Island Railway**

On and after MONDAY, 27th Dec., 1897, trains of this Railway will run daily, (Sundays excepted,) as under.

Trains Outward. Read down.	STATIONS.	Trains Inward. Read up.
P. M. 8 10	Charlottetown	P. M. 2 30
8 30	Royalton Junction	2 16
4 17	North Wiltshire	1 40
4 31	Hunter River	1 28
5 03	Bradford	1 00
5 13	Emerald	12 53
5 27	Freetown	12 42
5 47	Kensington	12 24
6 20	Ar.	12 00
P. M. 12 50	S' Side	A. M. 10 30
1 11	Misouche	10 10
1 37	Wellington	9 47
2 10	Port Hill	9 00
3 34	O'Leary	8 00
3 58	Albionfield	7 34
4 34	Bloomfield	6 55
5 30	Tignish	6 00
P. M. 12 30	Charlottetown	A. M. 10 30
12 50	Royalton Junction	10 10
1 30	Bedford	9 37
3 55	at Mt Stewart	8 03
4 10	ly	8 54
5 22	Cardigan	7 36
5 45	Georgetown	7 10
P. M. 4 05	Mt. Stewart	A. M. 8 55
4 43	Morell	8 17
5 12	St. Peters	7 48
5 57	Bear River	7 08
6 40	Souris	6 20
P. M. 6 15	Emerald	A. M. 7 50
6 45	Cape Traverse	7 03

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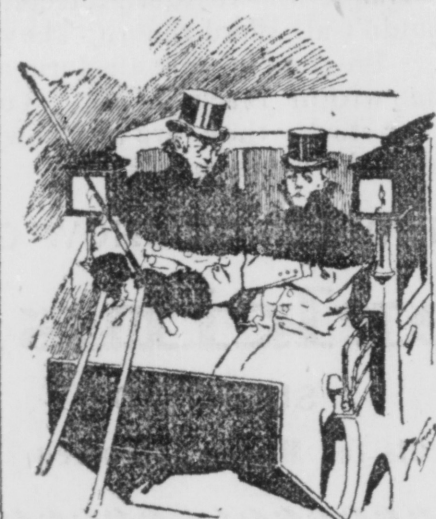
**At the Turn of the Road.**

By BELLE MOSES.

[Copyright, 1897, by the Author.]  
"Well, if that chap isn't in a swear-in humor, I never seen one." And John's laugh sounded distinctly triumphant as he took his seat beside Jerry on the box.

The individual addressed said nothing, but turned a contemptuous glance toward the slender footman on his left as he gathered up the reins. The spirited horses needed no touch of the whip—they drew the carriage rapidly along the silent streets. The night was bitterly cold, but they were blooded animals and there was fire in their veins. Jerry had them under firm control, however. He sat erect, looking neither to one side nor the other, the collar of his sable cap drawn high up over his ears, entirely hiding his face in its impenetrable gloom.

John grew restive under the silence, which, added to the cold, was unbearable.



He presently came out of his collar and began to talk.

able. The murmur of voices coming from the interior of the carriage provoked him once more to speech.  
"Listen to that now. They're havin' it hot. I can tell you, that ain't billin' and coin. You couldn't hide the pepper and vinegar in there."

John jerked his finger backward and downward in his most expressive manner. "No—not if you was to swamp it in molasses."

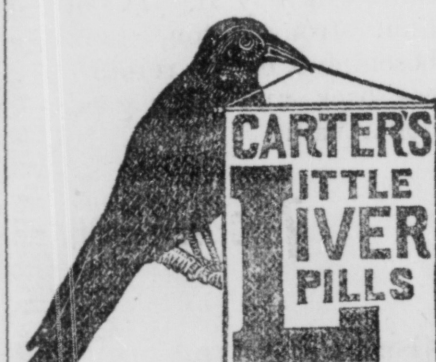
Without relaxing his hold on the reins Jerry turned his head toward his companion.

"Shut up!" he commanded, and there was something in the strong, smooth shaven face which compelled obedience.

The younger man subsided at once, but it was clear that he still held to his own opinion, for he smiled significantly once or twice as an occasional angry tone was wafted from below. He folded his arms across his slight expanse of chest and cocked his head on one side, waiting for Jerry to speak. He was a smart lad in a small way and knew the weaknesses of his superior. He was sure Jerry's tongue would wag before the journey's end, if only in defense of the couple inside, and John was not mistaken. He presently came out of his collar and began to talk in an admonishing though conciliatory manner. "If I was in your place, young one," he said, breaking a long pause, "I would be careful about meddlin' with other people's concerns. I'd like to know what difference it could make to you if Mr. and Mrs. Arnold had high words every night of their lives, which they don't. They get along as well as any young married folks and better than most. Why, man, I've drove for Mr. Carpenter (that's Miss Ethel's—Mrs. Arnold's—father) ever since I was a chap your size, and I've drove the three young ladies in turn, first to the church and then for a whole year after they were married, and this I tell you is the finest pair of them all."

"You're right about that," owned John. "It isn't the lookin', it's the action, that gets me."  
"You've always got your ears cocked. What did you hear tonight?" asked Jerry, hiding beneath his severe aspect a very natural curiosity mingled with a great deal of family pride, on the alert to resent anything that looked like impertinence on John's part. Jerry was a very staunch supporter of the family dignity.  
"I heard and seen both," asserted John, quite willing to be drawn out. "I was standin' on the sidewalk holdin' the carriage door open when they come down the steps. Mr. Arnold was a-mutterin' to himself kinder, with a black scowl on his face, and the mistress she said something very low, and he answered, mad as thunder, 'Be silent!' just like one of them fellers on the stage, and she turned as white as chalk. They both got into the carriage, and he slammed the door. You heard him, didn't you? Well, I don't call that real lovin'."  
"Humph!" said Jerry. "You don't know a thing about it. I just listened for some such tale as that. Johnny, you must never judge by outside appearances. Those two don't take on much in public."  
"Don't they?" enquired John derisively. "We took on land enough for all the cabbies to hear and grin to themselves. You mark my words, Jerry, that this couple inside ain't goin' to live together in peace and harmony for long. Hark to that now! What would you call it?"  
Both were silent. Each was straining his ears to catch the stifled sounds from the carriage. It was a woman's distressed weeping, broken by sobs which no one could mistake.  
Jerry's rugged face grew a trifle pale. He set his teeth and laid his whip with unintentional force across the unoffending backs of the two horses. They started forward with an energy which it took some minutes to subdue, at the end of which time he was able to speak quite naturally.  
"I didn't hear anything so wonderful. I don't never set myself to listen and spy on people like you do. If you'd been born deaf, Johnny, you'd have filled your place better."  
"You know she's cryin' hard—you're just puttin' me off."  
"Well, suppose she is," admitted Jerry, not seeing well how he could dispute this fact. "If you weren't a fool—which I can't help it if you are, John—you'd understand people cry for a lot of things—sometimes for just nothin' at all—just as the notion takes 'em. You couldn't tell by that if they're mad or glad."  
"Maybe so—maybe so—but that there weepin' don't sound joyful, I tell you what, Jerry."  
But Jerry was not listening. He had graver things to consider than a matter of argument with this young jack-anapes. The sounds inside were very disquieting—Jerry had heard them several times before—but somehow they had never struck upon his ear so ominously as now.  
His heart was suddenly oppressed with a strange foreboding—what if John were right after all? Suppose there was an end to peace and harmony between those two for whom he—Jerry—felt in some odd way responsible. Had he not openly sanctioned the marriage by assuming a public role at the wedding festivities, and would he not virtually hold the reins for the youthful pair for the allotted year and a day? How could he face the servants' inquiring glances—if things went wrong—or prevent John from seeing the jagged ends of disagreement that were forever showing themselves under the footman's inquisitive nose? And pray what right had John to be inquisitive? He wasn't paid for anything but to sit up there beside him with his arms folded and his mouth shut and to make himself useful when he was wanted. It was none of his business how the young couple were getting along—least of all to let his gossiping tongue wag for lack of something else to do.  
Jerry would have liked to turn upon his box there and then and shake the lad scoundrel for daring to venture an opinion concerning his betters. He should be taught his place, and there was no time like the present, but prudence was a wholesome element in Jerry's nature, and he argued that such a betrayal of his indignation would only give John's chatter a sharper edge. A wiser plan would be to divert his attention so much as possible during the remainder of their long drive, though how to do this effectively was a difficult problem, for angry words in the master's deep voice came to them distinctly—words which carried their weight and sting and could not be misunderstood.  
John glanced furtively at his superior, but no movement showed the trend of Jerry's thoughts. It was pretty poor work to sit and hug oneself in silence with not even the usual threadbare conversation to beguile the way, and there was that devil of a row going on below that made his blood tingle. What was he sparring at her for anyway?  
"Oh, Winston, dearest, don't say that!"  
The sweet voice rose for an instant to the height of entreaty, but was soon lost in choking sobs. The sound passed through Jerry like an electric current. He faced about suddenly and looked at his companion.  
"Well, did you hear that now?" There was a jovial ring in his voice which might have deceived a less astute person than the youthful John. "If that don't sound for all the world like when they were little sweethearts together. They always had it out like that and made it all up after. That's just the way Miss Ethel—that's Mrs. Arnold—always did call out. It carries me way back; it seems like yesterday."  
"Yes, just like yesterday and the day before," remarked John. "It's been goin' on high to a week, I guess."  
Jerry smothered a sharp reply and went on talking for talk's sake. "Mr. Winston was the likeliest boy you ever did see and always dead set on Miss Ethel, for all they used to have their little spats pretty regular. Mr. Winston never could bear for any other young fellow to look at Miss Ethel; he'd get that jealous."  
"Humph!" said John. "I guess that's what's up now. He'd like to stick her into a corner at all them parties they go to and charge 10 cents to look, and she's kickin' ag'in in the traces. She ain't made of sawdust, I'll bet."  
Jerry compressed his lips. John's language showed only too plainly his stable origin, but he felt that it was his duty to keep the conversational ball rolling as pleasantly as possible in order to drown the discord which occasionally rang out on the still, frosty air.  
"Yes, Miss Ethel, bein' the youngest, was terrible spoiled when she was little. She always liked to have her way, which was natural for a baby like her, but, then, Mr. Winston was always hot and fiery from the time he was a small chap. They're about even matched, I guess. That ain't a real quarrel—don't you believe it. You don't know women, John. They take on right frequent; it's their habit. She and him will make it up before we get home."  
(To be Continued.)

"You're right about that," owned



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(To be Continued.)

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