



If a woman walked bare-footed on the sharp edge of a sword she would not undergo one-tenth of the agony daily borne by thousands of women without complaint. They suffer greater misery and pain than could be inflicted by all the professional torturers that the world ever knew. Day and night they suffer from headaches, dragging down and burning sensations, pains in the sides and back, hot and cold flushes, nervous and trembling sensations and physical lassitude and mental despondency. The whole body is tortured with pain and the entire nervous system is racked. If they consult the average obscure physician, he will attribute their bad feelings to stomach, liver, kidney, heart or nervous trouble. If, by accident, he hits upon the right cause, he will insist upon the disgusting examinations and local treatment so embarrassing to a sensitive, modest woman.

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.)

"As long as I find it convenient. Now watch her carefully; I expect she will wake in a few minutes. Give her some water, and put the light out of her eyes; she may go off to sleep again. I must go back to Paul, bring in the swag, and close up the entrance. You shall have something for your pains."

"Diamonds?" whispered the old woman eagerly. "You promised me diamonds the next job, George."

"You shall have them. Now remember, look after her. I think she is moving. Where is Myra?"

"Asleep in the next place."

"Keep her there for to-night. The count moved out quickly, and Dame Burden stood alone looking at Alice."

The man was right. There was a sign of returning animation in the still young form; the small hands trembled slightly; the breast moved softly. Dame Burden crept towards a cask and filled a dainty Venetian glass with water. She was stepping back from this task when a voice fell on her ear.

"Mother, who is this?"

She looked up and saw, just entering a narrow doorway from the adjoining vault, a girl. A young, fine, splendidly handsome girl, with flashing black eyes, mane of blue-black hair, and skin as brown as a berry. The girl was wrapped in a loose garment of brilliant scarlet, and the contrast of the vivid color with her own dusky beauty would have gratified the soul of an artist.

The old woman frowned.

"Get back to your bed, Myra," she answered crossly. "George and Paul are returned, and they don't seem in the best of humors neither."

"Who is this?" repeated Myra, still pointing at Alice's form.

"That's a girl, as you can see for yourself," retorted Dame Burden, moving the candles as the count had bidden her.

"Answer me at once—at once, do you hear?" muttered Myra, grasping the older woman's arm with a slender brown hand. "Which of them brought her here, and who is she?"

Dame Burden hesitated only one second.

"Which of them brought her?" she chuckled. "Why, Paul, of course. As to who she is, I don't know more than the babe unborn; she looks a lady."

"She is very beautiful," Myra said gloomily. "You swear you are speaking the truth, mother? It was Paul who brought her?"

"Deary—deary me! Of course I spoke the truth!" exclaimed the old woman testily. "What should I tell you a lie for?"

"For gold or diamonds," the girl answered significantly.

Dame Burden took no notice of the remark. She was bending over the white face on the pillows.

"She is waking," she whispered.

Myra leaned against the stone wall and watched Alice with a dull, resentful glow in her black eyes. The wonderful glory of that golden hair, the delicate white skin, and graceful limbs filled her heart with a tumult of maddening pain and jealousy.

"She lies as easily as she drinks," Myra mused moodily, as she glanced at Dame Burden. "She thinks to deceive me as if my ears were deaf when George returns! She is my own mother."

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FALL CAPS

We keep an elegant range of the very latest styles in American and Canadian makes. Gents Furnishings also.

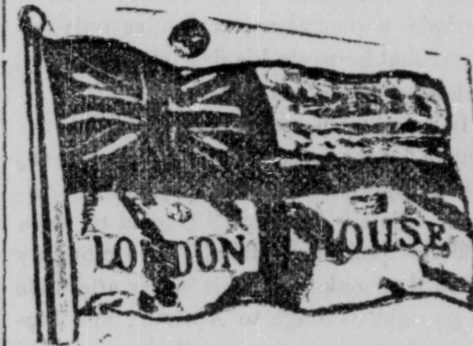
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Tenders will be received at the Provincial Treasury, Charlottetown, until noon of the 22nd day of November, 1898, for the purchase of all or any of the \$18,000 Debentures authorized to be issued for construction of Prince of Wales College, by the Provincial Act of 1897, 60 Vic., Cap 6. The Debentures are in denominations of \$1,000 and \$500, to bear interest at the rate of 3 1/2 per cent per annum, payable half yearly, and will be dated 1st December, 1898, redeemable in 30 years.

ANGUS McMILLAN, Provincial Treasurer, 254 2 a week until 21st Nov.

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Positively cured by these Little Pills.

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Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's,

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