



**PURITAN DAMES.**

We hear a great deal these days of our puritan forefathers, but little concerning the wives and mothers who landed at Plymouth Rock and founded that colony which was destined to play such a large part in our history.

In 1621 Elder Cushman wrote from Plymouth that he "would not advise any one to come here who were not content to spend their time, labors and endeavors for the benefit of those who shall come after, quietly contenting themselves with such hardships and difficulties as shall fall upon them."

What self-renunciation and heroic purpose was this! They dowered their children to be sure, but that was no part of their puritanism. It is to the puritan women we owe so much for that spirit in our people which gives them the fortitude to endure hardship and stake life and fortune for their convictions.

The American women of to-day have the spirit of their puritan mothers, but their constitutions are not rugged or able to endure half the hardships of these New England ancestors. Very often they are run-down with weaknesses and irregularities peculiar to their sex, and the constant drain upon their vitality makes them chronic invalids. Many women hesitate to go to their family physician, because they dread the local examinations so generally insisted upon by practitioners.

Such women should write Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., giving a full description of their symptoms, history, etc., so that he can give them the best possible medical advice. If Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription seems to suit the case the Doctor will say so. If not, then he will give medical advice which will put such women on the rapid road to recovery and health.

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**Woman AGAINST Woman**  
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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.)

Valerie rose, standing by the fire, watched her face blanch with pain, and the smile on her lips deepened.

It was almost a pleasure to her to make this young heart suffer. She had gone through such tortures herself when her faithless lover died, that it seemed to have killed all the tenderness and womanliness in her.

Alice roused herself at last.

"Have you anything particular to tell me?" she asked hurriedly, turning to open her book with trembling hands.

"I bring an invitation from the Dowager Lady Darrell, to Margaret, Countess of Darrell—an invitation to dine in the Blue Chamber. You will refuse, of course my Lady Alice. An invitation like you never dine out, you know."

Alice met the merciless glance of those golden-brown eyes.

"I accept with pleasure," she replied, quietly. "Pray convey my thanks to Lady Darrell. At what hour does she dine?"

Valerie drew herself up and frowned. She had come to torment and trouble this low-born girl, and now found herself treated with almost as much hauteur and indifference as she herself could assume.

Where did this girl get her manners and ways of speech? queried Valerie angrily. She was no ordinary common creature, but bore herself with a grace and ease that might well have become a queen.

"There will be guests," she observed coldly, smoothing an imaginary wrinkle in her glove. "And you will pardon me, perhaps, but Lady Darrell is very particular about one's garments, so if I—"

"Thank you," answered the young countess quietly; "I have my maid, Davis; she will assist me. I could not think of giving you so much trouble on my behalf."

Valerie's brows met again. It was the first time Alice had shown her spirit of determination, and Miss Ross resented it now most bitterly.

Hitherto she had looked on Alice as a plaything, as amusement, an object on which she could pour out the overflowing bitterness of her heart; but now she saw before her a woman, as beautiful as herself, and every whit as proud.

"As you like," she observed indifferently; "I thought I might have been able to give you some hints. The dinner-hour is eight, it is usually half-past seven, but Lady Darrell has it later to-

night, on account of the earl's arrival. I forgot what train he is to come by, but of course he wrote to tell you."

Alice's right hand grasped a chair for support; a mist clouded her eyes. One thought was alone in her mind—the earl was coming—the earl, her husband. All else was forgotten; Valerie, her stings, the long lonely months—all but the one thought, she should see once more that handsome face, hear that deep, manly voice, clasp that strong hand.

A joy seemed to come to her so swift and sudden that it illuminated her countenance as with glorious sunshine.

Valerie saw the transient gleam pass over her pale face, and her heart grew still more bitter towards this girl—bitter, and then triumphant, for in that glance she had read Alice's secret, the secret that Alice herself as yet did not comprehend, that Roy Darrell's low-born wife loved him.

"He has not written to you?" she broke in. "Ah, that was remiss! I thought he would have fixed to dine with you instead of his mother. But I expect he forgot all about that—at least, he said nothing touching it in the letter I received from him this morning."

Alice's joy died so suddenly as it had been born. She flinched as though a blow had been struck her, but she said nothing, and Valerie Ross walked gracefully from the room, feeling that she had triumphed easily.

Left alone, Alice hung herself down by the chair, and buried her face in her hands.

"Forget me!" she whispered. "Yes, that is what she says; and she is right. He can do nothing but hate me. And I—oh, what shame is on me!—I cannot help him. I must remain for ever a burden and a tie."

She rose and paced the room.

"How cruel she is! What shall I do? If I remain away she will triumph, and if I go— But I must go." She stood silent, her arms crossed over her breast; a struggle was tearing her young heart.

"I will go. I must be brave, better her stinging words than her contempt. If she thinks me afraid, she will taunt me for ever with it, and that would kill me. No; I will—I must do this, whatever happens."

She rang the bell quickly, and Davis appeared.

"Light the candles in my room, Davis, and unpack those dresses that came the other day from London. I dine with the earl and his mother to-night, and I must look well."

The maid bowed and left the room with a mind full of wonder and admiration. Never had she seen the young countess look so beautiful, yet she was changed.

There was something different, something that told she had passed from a girl into a woman, that life had begun with all its storms and joys, its trials and happiness.

In the Dowager Lady Darrell's apartment, the waxen lights glimmered in profusion from their silver stands, and shed a soft rosy hue from beneath their silken shades.

Valerie Ross was alone, she was walking to and fro the whole length of the room, her long train trailing on the carpet, her rubies and diamonds gleaming on her neck and hair like fireflies in their brilliancy.

She had a frown on her brow, and her beautiful mouth was set and hard. She was thinking of Alice, and the thought brought vexation.

"But for her," she muttered, "how changed it would be. How blind I was. But Eustace wove the veil round my eyes. Fool that I was to believe him and lose my chance with Roy. Roy did love me, but does he still? Two months are not a lifetime. We shall see. And that puny creature shall yet learn the extent of my power."

The dowager came in slowly while she was still musing. Valerie smoothed the frown from her face as she advanced to meet the older woman.

"I have not heard the wheels on the gravel," said Roy's mother as she sank into her chair; "it is getting late—nearly eight, and he has not come."

"You are over-anxious, dear," replied Valerie. "Does Roy bring anyone with him? I fancy I heard you mention something about guests."

"Yes; he will be accompanied by two gentlemen—one, Lord Radine. I think you know him. The other is a man he met in Italy, a Count Jura—from Roy's letters, a most delightful companion. I am glad, Valerie, he has brought guests, otherwise the life here at first might prove too trying."

Valerie turned at the last words.

The doors had opened, and a soft rustle told that someone had entered. It was the young countess. She had heard the last sentence from her husband's mother's lips, and her face whitened a little as she put her own construction on it.

Lady Darrell had been thinking of Captain Rivers, his terrible death, and the maddening anxiety that had come to Roy, when she spoke. She rose from

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**W. D. MCKAY**

her chair, and bent low before the girlish figure.

"Welcome, countess," she said haughtily and coldly.

Alice courtied low, while Valerie gazed at her in speechless vexation.

Roy, before he took his departure, had given his wife to understand she was expected to comply to society's laws, and had left instructions with Davis, a most experienced lady's maid, to have everything obtained as befitted her mistress' position.

The woman had obeyed him well. Dresses and many numerous things were sent down from London, though, until this evening, Alice had seen none of their marvels, contenting herself with wearing none but the simplest and most inexpensive garments made by Davis's own fingers.

To-night she had abandoned her Cinderella robes, and stood before the cold unappreciative eyes of the two women, a perfect vision of loveliness, draped from head to foot in black gossamer material and rich lace.

Her masses of dead-gold hair were coiled and gathered in picturesque profusion on her dainty head; her shoulders rose white, fresh, and round from her black gown, her fair young throat was encircled by gems.

Once again the question rushed to Valerie's mind: Where had this girl inherited her grace, her natural refinement, her pure beauty? She was no farm-girl, as she stood before them, her figure drawn up to its graceful height, her tiny, well-gloved hands holding her plumed fan; she was a lady, every whit as dainty, as beautiful, and as proud as one of their own favored class.

Valerie bit her lip, and turned her back on the young countess.

Alice took no notice of this coldness; she was listening, listening, yet dreading the first sound of that step, the first glimpse of that tall, well-built form and handsome debonaire face.

"Will you not sit down?" asked Roy's mother of her son's wife.

Alice moved towards the chair she indicated, and sank into it, while Lady Darrell gazed at the girl with astonishment and admiration.

Valerie was beautiful, but the girl was peerless in her strange young loveliness.

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Ch'town, Oct 25, '98—249

**AUCTION!**

I am instructed by Richard Bowman, Esq., to sell at Auction on his premises, Royalty East, 3 miles from Charlottetown, on the 27th October, 1898, at 1 o'clock, p. m., the following.

One Mare, 15 years old, with foal, (Silver King), One Mare, 4 years old, with foal (Barrister), One Colt 2 1/2 years old, (Bronze Chief), One Colt, 1 1/2 years old, from Stanley's horse, One Stallion GAY LAD, with pedigree, One Cow, thoroughbred, Shorthorn, to calve early, Ten Milch Cows, Ayrshires, five to calve within a month, One Cow thoroughbred Ayrshire, One Bull, 2 years old, thoroughbred Ayrshire, One Bull Calf, pure-bred Ayrshire, Four Heifers, 2 years old, with calf, Six Heifers, 1 1/2 years old, Two Oxen, 2 years old, Four calves, 20 sheep, well bred, 2 Pigs, 1 Registered Ram. All the above stock are well-bred.

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I had suffered so many years from catarrh that I don't know that I will ever get it out of my remembrance. One day, when I took one of the endless prescriptions given me by the medical man to a druggist, I asked him bluntly, "Will this cure me, or will it not? Or will it be like the rest?" I was nearly desperate, I can tell you. The druggist said:—"No, nothing can cure catarrh. I have it myself until I often think of suicide. I take opium usually to sleep it off." I took the prescription away unfiled and went home, thinking of what the druggist had said about suicide, and I was utterly disheartened. I have that prescription yet. One day my deliverance came. A lady told me she had suffered just as I had, and was nearly insane, and that a remedy known as Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure had actually cured her. I had read a lot about Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, but I felt toward it as I did toward other medicines; had no faith. I tried it as a last resort. I used two boxes of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, and found it a complete cure.

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