

**THE ONLY HOPE!**

For Victims of Bright's Disease as Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Not a day passes on which the newspapers do not record the death of one or more persons from Bright's Disease. Already its victims number hundreds of thousands. Day by day the awful total grows larger. No class is safe from this destroyer. War and intemperance, with all their miseries and fatalities, are not responsible for as many deaths as have been caused by Bright's Disease. Yet, there is a way of resisting it; of drawing its poisoned fangs, and making it as harmless as a summer breeze. That great medicine, Dodd's Kidney Pills, has cured thousands of the worst cases. It never fails to cure, hopeless as the case may seem. Would you safely shield your loved ones from the fatal grip of this curse of mankind—Bright's Disease? Then use Dodd's Kidney Pills, the only cure on earth for this disease.

**EPPS'S COCOA**

GRATEFUL COMFORTING Distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of Flavor, Superior Quality, and Nutritive Properties. Specially grateful and comforting to the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold only in 4-lb. tins, labeled JAMES EPPS & Co., Ltd., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

BREAKFAST SUPPER **EPPS'S COCOA**

**NIAGARA VAPOR BATHS**

We are the original manufacturers of portable Vapor Baths. We have, during the last ten years supplied thousands of our Baths to physicians, hospitals, sanitariums, etc. and we are now, for the first time, advertising them direct to the general public.

**IN BUYING A VAPOR BATH** Get one with a steel frame that stands on the floor. If a manufacturer does not show you a set of a frame without the covering you may take it for granted that his "Steel frame" is a wire hoop that rests on the shoulder of the bather.

Get one that is covered with proper material. Insist on seeing a sample of material before ordering. We make our own covering material and print it with a handsome "all over" pattern of Niagara Falls.

Get one with a thermometer attachment. Don't go to bed—a bath that is too hot or not hot enough will be of no benefit to you.

Get one that you can return and save your money back if not satisfactory in every way.

Send for sample of material and interesting booklet that will tell you all about Vapor Baths.

Vapor Baths are an acknowledged household necessity. Turkish, Hot Air, Vapor, sulphur or Medicated Baths at Home, etc. Parfides system, produces cleanliness, health, strength. Prevents disease, obesity. Cures Colds, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, La Grippe, Malaria, Eczema, Catarrh, Female Ills, Blood, Skin, Nerve and Kidney Troubles. Beautifies Complexion.

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CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED BOSTON MASS

Write for stencils and particulars.

**Have Just Completed**

My New Oyster Place.

Call and see the brilliant display of beautiful oysters on and off the shell. Our Oyster king is standing in the window. See him, and then you will eat oysters.

John P. Joy,

VICTORIA CAFE

Corat George Street.....

**Parted by Fate**

By LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

Author of "Parted at the Altar," "Lovely Maiden," "Florabel's Lover," "Ione," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XVII Continued

"I will take him far away from here," she told herself—"so far away that Mark and Nella Sefton can never find him, to write him of the heavy curse that was predicted to fall upon my head on my eighteenth birthday. And he shall never know, and we will be happy. Yes, my great love will win like love from him in time, and earth can hold no greater heaven for me than that.

In that fortnight of bustle and confusion that passed, Rutledge Chester had seen but little of Verlie. He knew that she avoided him whenever it was possible. He was thankful for that, for in those dark, dreary hours he could not have resisted finding consolation with her, and breathing to her how lonely and desolate he was, had she been near.

At the end of the fortnight Verlie said good-bye to them, and started for home. She came suddenly, unexpectedly, and unheralded upon Mark and Nella, and they sat before the roaring wood fire one chilly spring evening. They did not hear the grating of the little boat as it touched the sand, for the thundering, continuous wash of the waves outside.

Some one glided like a ghost across the floor; a slender form slipped down on her knees before them; and a piteous, sad, young voice breathed out sobbingly, as two great, blue-bells of eyes, swimming with tears, were raised to her mother's face.

"Mother! father! your Verlie has come back to you!"

Both sprang to their feet with joyous cries, but almost in the same breath they called for Uldene.

"Bring the lass in, Nella!" cried the cherry old light-house keeper. "No doubt she is outside of the door, waiting to play some prank upon us, bless her pretty, roguish face! Come in, Uldene, lass!" he roared, thumping his cane, while Nella flew to do his bidding.

But Verlie called her back. "She is not there, mother," she said gently. "Uldene will never come to us again. She is a great lady now. Did you not receive the letter which she said she wrote to you, telling you that she had married Senator Chester's son, Rutledge?"

"Married!" shrieked Nella Sefton, springing to her feet in the wildest agitation, while Mark grew pale as death. "My God! have I heard aright, child? Did you say Uldene—had—married?"

"Yes, mamma," said Verlie, raising her blue eyes in wonder to her mother's frightened face. "I said she had married Rutledge Chester."

CHAPTER XIX.

"SHE HAS WRECKED MY LIFE."

The startling announcement of the marriage of beautiful Uldene, over whose head such an appalling, mysterious shadow hung, filled the old light-house

keeper and his wife with the greatest dismay and terror. They could not pardon themselves for their want of forethought in allowing this fatally lovely, ill-starred young girl, who had been left so strangely in their keeping, to visit at the magnificent home of the Chesters, where she would be brought in contact with the haughty, handsome son.

Long and earnestly Mark Sefton and Nella talked the matter over, sitting by



Many men fool with sickness just as a bear fools around a trap. A man doesn't like to own up that he is ill. He says "O, it amounts to nothing. I shall be all right to-morrow." But he isn't all right to-morrow; nor the next day. Pretty soon the trap snaps to; and he has some serious disease fastened on him.

The only sensible course is to keep away from the trap, and not allow sickness to get any hold on you. It is a frightful mistake to trifle with indigestion and bilious troubles in the belief that they will cure themselves. On the contrary they drag the whole system down with them.

When the appetite and digestion are irregular it shows that the machinery of the body is out of order and is not doing its proper work; the blood-circulation is poorly supplied and is being gradually debased by bilious poisons.

The proper alternative for this condition is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It acts directly upon the digestive functions and the liver; and enables the blood-making glands to supply an abundance of pure blood, rich with the nutritious vital elements which build up healthy flesh and enduring strength.

In all impoverished and run-down conditions the "Discovery" is far better than malt "extracts" or nauseating "emulsions." It creates genuine permanent strength. It does not make flabby fat but solid muscle. It is a perfect tonic for corpulent people.

A full account of its properties and marvelous effects in many so-called "hopeless" cases, verified by the patients' own signatures, is given in Dr. Pierce's thousand-page Illustrated Book, "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser." This splendid volume will be sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to pay cost of customs and mailing only. Address, Dr. R. V. Pierce, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y. For a cloth-bound copy send 50 stamps.

Having suffered for several years with indigestion," writes Samuel Walker, Esq., of Parkersburg, Chester County, Pa. "I concluded to try your valuable 'Golden Medical Discovery.' After taking five bottles I was entirely cured. I also suffered from bladder trouble, which was also cured by the 'Discovery.' I feel like a new man."

their cheerful wood fire long after Verlie had retired to rest.

It was evident that Mrs. Chester had not divulged the fatal story, that darkened Uldene's life so pitifully, to her son, or that marriage would never have been solemnized—ah, never! It would have parted them—torn them asunder as completely as though one of them lay in the grave.

The question they discussed so earnestly was, should they reveal all to Uldene or not? Why destroy the brightness of her gay young life by warning her of the doom her dying mother had foretold, and thus break the heart of the last daughter of a faded race?

No, no, they could not—they would not. Warnings were of little avail now: the marriage had taken place, they were joined together for weal or woe while their lives lasted. It would be kinder by far not to reveal it to Uldene. It was past midnight when the light-house keeper's wife took up her candle to seek her couch.

Ah! how good it seemed to the fond mother have her darling child beneath the old home-roof once again.

As she was passing Verlie's room she paused a moment. Was it a sobbing cry or a moan that fell upon her startled ear? She pushed the door open softly and entered.

The moon's rays, clear and bright, shone through the uncurtained window, bathing the pretty little chamber under the eaves in a flood of silvery light. It threw a tender, subdued glow upon the slender figure lying upon the couch.

The lovely curls were tossed about the white pillow like a glistening veil of gold, and the little white hands were clenched tightly together.

As Mrs. Sefton bent over her, the girl's lips parted in a quivering sigh, and she murmured, pathetically:

"Oh, mother, mother! I am so weary of life now; the future is all dark. I loved Rutledge Chester so. Life is a living death to me without his love. Uldene, with her fatally beautiful face came between us. Oh! there was a time when he loved me best. I knew it. I felt it in my heart. God pity me! Uldene has wrecked my life!"

The words trailed off in a piteous sob, and the sleeper tossed restlessly to and fro on her pillow.

Like one turned to stone Nella Sefton had listened. She did not cry out, even though what she had discovered was the bitterest, most grievous shock she had ever experienced. Pressing her hands tightly over her heart, she gazed her way from the room. The fair moonlight seemed to have been suddenly blotted out, and the room to have grown dark and chill. All the long hours of the night she never slept—her eyes never closed.

The pitiful secret of Verlie's love for the haughty, handsome man who had wedded dark-eyed Uldene troubled her heart sorely; and a half mad wish crossed her mind that she had never aided Mark in saving that child from the fury of the wild waves that never-to-be-forgotten night in the past—to break her own child's heart in the after years.

She knew that Verlie would rather die than reveal the pitiful secret that lay like a stone on her young heart. She was one of the kind who endure and suffer in silence.

In the days that followed even Mark noticed how his idolized child was failing.

"What do you suppose is the matter with Verlie, mother?" the honest old light-house keeper asked at length. "The lass creeps about the house like a shadow; she is scarcely more than a ghost of her former self. We never hear her gay laugh, like the rippling murmur of a mountain brook, about the house. She never smiles now, and more than once when I have come upon her unexpectedly, I have found her in tears. Do you think the lass is grieving her life out at being separated from Uldene, and because—since Uldene married the millionaire's son—she never deigns to write to us?"

It would have been better for her if her path and Uldene's had never crossed," she cried out, so bitterly that the old light-house keeper looked up into her face aghast.

"Why do you say that, wife?" he asked.

But Nella turned away with a tearless sob and would vouchsafe him no answer. It was breaking her heart to watch her darling fade like a storm-blistered flower before her very eyes. She realized something must be done, and at once. Verlie must have change of scene and gay companions to win her over to forgetfulness.

Mrs. Sefton never dreamed of the turbulent depths of love that lay beneath the calm exterior of this girl's heart. She could never forget the dark, haughty, handsome face of Rutledge Chester; waking or sleeping it was always before her. In the hour of death his name would be on her lips.

At this critical juncture a strange event happened that changed the current of Mark Sefton's hitherto uneventful life. Years before, by the death of an older brother, Mark Sefton had become the possessor of a narrow strip of land in one of the wildest and most rugged portions of California.

In vain Mark had endeavored to sell it; no one could be found who would take the barren waste off his hands at even half the low price he had offered it at; so, in despair, at last Mark ceased

his attempts of trying to dispose of it and for long years the strip of land was given up to neglect and riotous weeds.

One day the following brief "Person" met Mark's eyes in one of the New York papers that had by chance found its way to isolated Black-Tor Light House:

"A valuable vein of ore has been discovered upon land—said to belong to a Mr. Sefton—in E— county, California. Parties having adjoining claims would like to negotiate with him as to purchase of same, through their attorneys, Messrs Harris & Whitney, —Broadway, New York."

The honest old light-house keeper held the paper off at arm's length and gazed at it in great astonishment.

"Ore found in that strip of wild land!" he gasped. "It can't be possible."

He lost no time in writing to the attorneys mentioned, one of whom came down in person in response, offering the old light-house keeper such a fabulous price for the bit of wild, rugged land that it fairly staggered him.

And Mark, who had fought a relentless battle with stern poverty all his life long—who had known what privation and even want meant, and who had been worried times innumerable as to how he should make both ends meet from his slender income—suddenly found himself a wealthy man.

"I shall never leave the old light-house, Nella," he declared. "I have spent the best years of my life here tending the light in the tower that guides the mariners on their way, and here I shall spend the rest. I could never live away from the sight and sound of the great, restless sea."

"You forget the duty we owe to our child," said Nella, softly. "Think what an isolated, lonely home this would be for Verlie to spend the best and brightest years of her young life in. The sound of the sea, which is music to you, is horrible in its monotony to her. Age prefers quiet, youth, gaiety. You ask me why Verlie has changed so of late, and I answer you: She misses the brilliant life she led while visiting at the home of the Chesters."

These words had more weight with Mark than all she had said previously. There was no sacrifice he would not have made for Verlie's sake.

When the subject was broached to Verlie the girl drew back with a bitter cry. Go out into the hard, cold world in which she had met him and learned to love him? Ah, no, she could never do it.

(To be Continued.)

**HEADACHE**

AND NEURALGIA.

Too many times the origin of a headache is miscalculated, and one begins dosing the stomach for it, when an application of Griffith's Liniment would draw out the pain and give immediate relief—it will cure any ache, no matter how severe.

"I suffered from severe headaches and could not obtain any relief until I had used Griffith's Menthol Liniment—the cooling, soothing action of this magical application always takes away the pain. I have not had a headache last longer than ten minutes since I began using this wonderful liniment." L. DEAS, 187 Centre avenue, Toronto.

**GRIFFITH'S MENTHOL LINIMENT**

RELIEVES THE INSTANT APPLIED. AT ALL DRUGGISTS—25 CENTS

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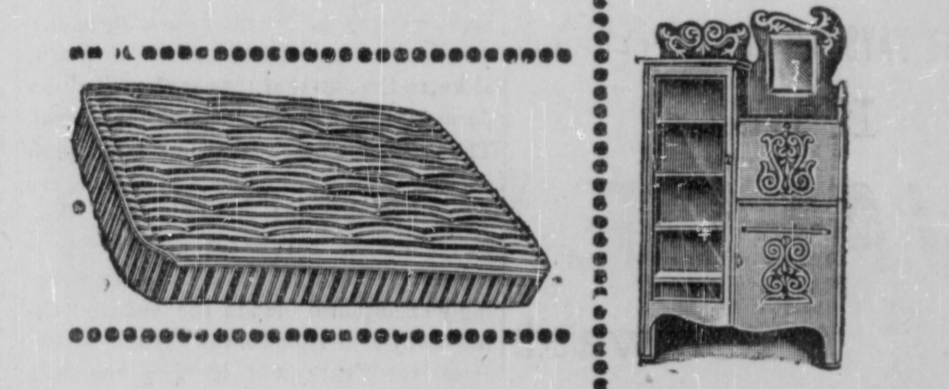
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Unsurpassed for durability and timekeeping qualities, at prices so low as to surprise you.

**G. H. TAYLORS**

SUNNYSIDE

**TUMBLE!**



**IN PRICE.**

In stock taking last week we found some lines of furniture we had ceased to make, and as our Factory is crowding new patterns on us, we must make room. The prices below should make quick clearance for us, and profit for the buyers.

**FOR "CASH" ONLY**

1 Parlor Suit	at \$45.00,	was \$65.00
1 "	at 40.00,	was 60.00
1 "	at 35.00,	was 50.00
1 "	at 37.00,	was 50.00
1 "	at 32.50,	was 45.00
"	at 30.00,	was 40.00
"	at 20.00,	was 25.00
"	at 17.00,	was 22.00

1 Hall Stand	at \$7.50,	was \$11.00
1 "	at 7.50,	was 10.50
1 "	at 5.50,	was 8.50
4 "	at 3.00,	was 4.00

1 Bedroom Suite	at \$50.00,	was \$75.00
"	at 35.00,	was 50.00
"	at 32.50,	was 45.00
"	at 19.00,	was 24.00
"	at 17.20,	was 22.50
"	at 17.00,	was 21.00
"	at 13.00,	was 16.00

1 Sideboard	at \$17.50,	was \$25.00
1 "	at 9.00,	was 12.50
1 "	at 7.00,	was 9.00

3 Extension Tables	at \$6.00,	was \$7.75
3 "	at 5.00,	was 6.75
1 "	at 4.75,	was 6.50

13 Odd Centre Tables 1/3 off.  
7 Odd Lounges 1/3 off.

1 Diningroom Set	at \$30.00,	was \$40.00
1 "	at 27.50,	was 36.00
1 "	at 23.50,	was 27.50

100 (about) odd chairs, 1-3 off. Lot odd pieces—Whatnots, Cabinets, Fire Screens, Umbrella Stands, Music Stands, Reed Chairs, Fancy Rockers, Odd Bureaus, Odd Sinks, Odd Bedsteads, all at 1-3 off.

To avoid misunderstanding, we have fastened red tickets showing reduced prices on all goods enumerated above,

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