

ATTENDING DOCTOR

From Kidney Disease Prevented by Dodd's Kidney Pills, Only.

"Kidney Disease." Do you know what it means? It means that the kidneys are either *rotten*, or *rotting*; that the blood is full of poisonous, death dealing corruption; that the Kidneys can't do their work; that the victim is a walking charnel-house; that his hours are numbered; that the victim must take Dodd's Kidney Pills if he does not want to die.

Have you Kidney Disease? Is your skin hot and dry; memory failing; breath short; urine, reddish, or pale colored; does it scald when passing; is your appetite changeable; do your ankles swell; have you bitter taste in the mouth on getting up mornings; is there a brick-dust deposit in your urine?

Any of these signs is proof positive of Kidney Disease. Will you be cured, or will you die? Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only means on earth that will cure you. They never fail.

EPPS'S COCOA

GRATEFUL COMFORTING Distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of Flavour, Superior Quality, and Nutritive Properties. Specially grateful and comforting to the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold only in 4-lb. tins, labelled 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 cut of a frame without the covering you may take it for granted that his Bath is a wire cage that rests on the shoulder of the bearer. 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 a bath that is too hot or not hot enough will be of no benefit to you. Get one that you can return and see 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. Purifies system, produces clean lines, healthy, strong, prevents disease, obesity, Cures Colds, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, LaGrippe, Malaria, Eczema, Catarrh, Female Ills, Blood, Skin, Nerve and Kidney Troubles. Beautiful Complexion.

Price of Niagara Baths, \$5.00

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JAMES KELLY

Wholesale Commission Dealer in all kinds of FRESH FISH.

Ells and Smelts, Specialties. NO. 8 LONG WHARF

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 kiosk is standing in the window. See him, and then you will eat oysters.

John P. Joy,

VICTORIA CAFE, 61st George Street.

Parted by Fate

By LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

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

CHAPTER XXVII Continued

Poor, hapless Uldene—always a creature of impulse—stole after Verlie as she passed the flower-beds, the lilac and magnolia walks. Both had crossed the startled park, and were nearing the shadows of the trees but a few feet apart.

"Verlie!" called Uldene, softly. But Verlie did not hear the low voice, so uncrossed was she in her own tumultuous thoughts.

Uldene was silent for a moment. A bird flew from its nest in the nearest tree; a rabbit rustled in the brushwood; the wind stirred some fallen leaves; the sound of the dance music in the distance died away in a low wail.

"Verlie!" she called again, more softly than before. The girl paused in startled, solemn wonder.

"It must be only fancy," she murmured half aloud. "On this night, of all nights, the memory of Uldene haunts me. Even the winds sighing among the trees seem to whisper to me with Uldene's voice. Heaven grant it that it is no sin to love him, even though he belonged to Uldene first."

Before Uldene could speak again, another step came swiftly down the gravelled walk. With a quick motion Uldene drew back among the dense shadows of the trees until he should pass.

"Ah, Heavens! it was Rutledge Chester. He was almost abreast of her now. She never knew how she restrained the mad impulse to cry out to him: 'Rutledge! Rutledge! weep for me no more. Mourn for me no longer, my love! I am here!' Oh, how her soul went out to him! He had brushed the drooping branches of the trees carelessly aside with his hand as he passed them. He would never know of the lonely figure that stood under them, passionately kissing the green leaves his hand had touched.

She saw him join Verlie, but instead of passing on with a nod and a smile, or some gay word, he quietly drew the little white hand within his arm, exclaiming in a glad voice:

"Here you are, Verlie, darling. I have been searching everywhere for you. I am sure you ran away to avoid me."

The girl crouching behind the flowering shrubs, which separated her from these two, listened in wonder. His voice had never sounded like that when he addressed her. There was an undercurrent in it that puzzled her.

She saw Verlie's fair, sweet face flush hotly in the bright white moonlight. She looked up at Rutledge with a smile, drawing in girlish, bashful confusion away from his outstretched arms, answering, confusedly:

"I did not know that you were searching for me—that you wanted me, Rutledge."

His reply was like the shock of doom to the beautiful, hapless creature listening to them both so intently.

"You did not know that I wanted you! Oh, Verlie, what nonsense! Is there a moment in my life that I do not want you, my darling?"

These were the words that broke a human heart!

Clearly, through the solemn stillness of the summer night, the words fell from Rutledge Chester's lips upon the heart of the beautiful, solitary figure crouching among the flowering shrubs.

Rutledge believed himself quite alone



Devout priests frequently mortify their flesh and voluntarily force themselves to undergo great bodily hardships and deprivation. They are enabled to do this and escape serious injury to their health by reason of the purity of their lives and the fact that they deny themselves the pleasures of the table. An ordinary man who lives in the ordinary way cannot long endure hardship, deprivation or overwork, unless he takes the right remedy to reinforce nature. The average man when he is in good health eats too much. When he gets a little out of sorts he pays no heed and keeps right on "making a hog of himself."

In some instances he gets thin and emaciated. In others he gets grossly corpulent, and weighted down with flabby fat. In the first instance he is a candidate for dyspepsia and nervous prostration. In the second for kidney trouble or heart failure. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery enables the average man to undergo a great deal of hardship, deprivation and overwork, in spite of the life he leads. It causes the food to be properly assimilated. It builds firm, healthy flesh, but does not make corpulent people more fat. It cures dyspepsia, nervous troubles, kidney disease and 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption. It prevents weakness in any organ of the body.

"In August, 1895, I was taken down in bed with a burning and severe pain in my stomach and under my shoulders, and dizziness in my head," writes Ira D. Herring, Esq., of Emporia, Mo., Fla. "My home physician said my Volusia Co., Fla. My home physician said my symptoms were like consumption. Nothing that I ate would digest, and I had great distress in my stomach. I wrote Dr. Pierce for advice, and took four bottles of his 'Golden Medical Discovery' and three of 'Pleasant Pellets.' I am now able to do my work and eat many things that I could not touch before I took these medicines."

An inactive liver and constipated bowels are promptly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They never gripe.

with Verlie, she could speak his thoughts freely now.

"You avoid me purposely, Verlie. I may not tell you what is in my heart. You must have read what I wanted to say in my eyes, you cruel dear."

"Oh, Rutledge!" breathed Verlie, shuddering, "I—I cannot bear to hear any more to-night. It almost seems as though the spirit of Uldene comes between us. I almost think I ought not to listen to you. You belonged to her living—it almost seems that you belong to her even though she is dead."

"Verlie," he answered, gravely, "I agree with you. I belonged to Uldene while she lived, but the love of mortals blends into tender, devoted memory when one or the other, whom God joined together in holy wedlock, dies. Heaven knows I did my duty, my whole duty,

by my beautiful Uldene. I gave her every thought of my heart—my whole love. I have worn my life out in grieving over her untimely fate. Now, because Heaven has sent a balm to my sorely wounded heart, do not seek to hurl it back into bitter despair again. It is our duty to forget a dark, sorrowful past, and try to live in the brightness of a future. I shall always love and reverence the memory of Uldene; but, because of that, do not I implore you withhold your love from me, Verlie; it would be unjust."

"Am I mad, or do I dream?" sobbed the wretched girl who watched these two, who were so utterly oblivious of her presence.

What Verlie's answer was she never knew. She saw Rutledge clasp the little white hands he held fondly—bend his handsome head over them, and raise them to his lips tenderly.

"Remember, Verlie," Rutledge went on, pitilessly, "I have told you the exact truth as to how I happened to wed Uldene—not but what I loved her well after she became my bride—but you, Verlie, were my first as well as my last love; but for that strange death-bed prayer, it is you whom I should have asked to become my bride."

The words fell like drops of molten lead upon the breaking heart so near them. The swaying figure had sunk down among the sharp thorns and brambles, but she did not even feel the pain of them. The earth and sky seemed to meet above her; the leaves of the trees seemed to moan in the night-wind; the moon hid her sorrowful face in the white clouds.

If the hand of God had stricken beautiful, hapless Uldene dead, the white face, upturned to the night skies, could not have been whiter.

CHAPTER XXX.

"I WOULD FIND REST IN THE DARK WATERS," SHE MURMURED.

Uldene crouched motionless among the swaying roses, like one turned to stone, looking and listening. In that moment the great, yearning love in her heart was slain; no words could picture such grief as hers. It would have been a thousand times more merciful if Heaven, in its infinite mercy, had let her die that night in the awful collision, then let her live to face this.

The moon in all its rounds, looking down in its pure white light upon sin, suffering, pain and all human woes, never looked upon a sadder sight.

"In my thoughts I go over the past time and time again," continued Rutledge Chester, slowly. "In the moment you and Uldene stood before me, my heart went out to you. Beautiful as Uldene was, she was not the mate my heart craved. Imagine my intense surprise, Verlie, upon making the discovery, in an unexpected manner, that Uldene loved me. I was amazed, bewildered at the worshipful love a human heart had lavished upon one who had not sought it."

"I was intensely sorry for Uldene," he went on, huskily, "and through pity that marriage was consummated. In the after days I saw the folly of giving the hand where the heart could never go."

"Since Heaven has severed the bonds that united me to Uldene, and I have again met you, I have begun to realize that the sweet possibilities of life are not yet over for me. The happiest hour of my life will be the moment in which I call you mine, Verlie, darling."

They passed on, arm in arm, through the lilac grove, over the moonlit lawn, making a tour of the circular path. They must not find Uldene there when they reached that spot again.

Like a hunted hare, Uldene sprang to her feet, hurrying through the pleasure grounds, through the arbor, and into the heart of the grove that lay beyond.

No human being was near; but the birds were soon startled by the passionate cries of a broken heart; cries that fell freely and clearly on the soft, sweet air, and seemed to pierce the heavens; bitter, passionate cries that took with them the burden of a most unhappy soul.

After a time they died away—the moans and sobs ended.

The girl lay among the crushed golden-roses, with wide-open, horror-stricken eyes, looking the future full in the face.

"Oh, broken dream of love!—oh, dark future, without one gleam of light!—how was it to end?"

"How strange it was that the thought had never occurred to me of the possibility of Rutledge re-marrying, believ-

ing himself free," she moaned out, piteously.

Ah, no, she had never dreamed that his heart, having once been hers, would return to Verlie, his first love.

How cruelly Heaven had punished her for taking him from Verlie in that dark past. Oh, the pity of it! the pity of it! A step among the brushwood startled her. What if some one passing that way should happen to find her! What a terrible expose there would be.

Her future mattered little enough to her now. She would go quietly away. Rutledge and Verlie should never know she lived. He had not grieved for her untimely fate.

It was no bitter sorrow to him that matters had turned out as they had, for it left him free to woo and win his first love. The words of an old poem, even in that moment of acute sorrow, recurred to her:

"Compulsion may a white detain
The magnet from its accustomed course;
But when not withheld by force
It travels to the north again."

As "the magnet, when not withheld by force," Rutledge Chester's heart had returned to Verlie again.

There was nothing to do now but go out of his life quietly. It mattered little enough where she went.

Silently she turned her beautiful face from all she had loved best on earth, and crept slowly out of the grounds and away from the villa, without casting one glance behind.

How the sound of the light, gay dance music and the rippling laughter of merry, girlish voices tortured her! Would they laugh so gaily if they knew a heart so near them had broken tonight? she wondered vaguely.

(To be Continued.)

La Grippe

Do your bones ache? Feel chilly at times? Been getting nervous of late? Somehow you think of the grip at once.

You know it's a disease for the weak, not the strong. A weakened body can't master the germs of the disease. Make yourself strong. Take

Scott's Emulsion Rich blood and steady nerves make the best preventive.

After an attack, Scott's Emulsion lifts that terrible depression, and cures that tickling cough. 50c. and \$1.00.

ADVICE ABOUT

Spice.

When ordering a package Pepper, Ginger, Allspice, Cinamon or Cream of Tartar from your grocer you can always feel sure of securing the best quality by asking for : : :

Mott's

NOTICE.

In connection with the visit of Professor Robertson and MacCune, a special train will leave Summerside on Wednesday, March 1st, at 12 o'clock local, for O'Leary, and Alberton, returning to Charlottetown that night after the close of the Alberton meeting.

Also a special train will leave Charlottetown on Thursday, March 2nd, at 12 o'clock local, for St. Peter's and Souris, returning to Charlottetown that night after the close of the Souris meeting. These trains will call at all stations going and returning.

From Summerside and Charlottetown, the return fare will be One Dollar, and from all other stations the rate will be in this proportion. Ch'town, Feb 21st, 1899.

FARM TO LET AT ROYALTY.

To let "Milford Farm" on the North River Road, about a mile from the city, at present in the occupation of the Widow of the late George Thorne. It comprises about 29 acres of land in a high state of cultivation, fronts on the North River Shore. There is a good one and a half story farm house with outbuildings and a large stable and barn, and a tool house on the premises. Possession given, if required latter end of November. These premises are well adapted for a butcher and pasture farm. Rent \$10.00 a year. For further particulars apply to.

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