

LIVING BY INSTINCT

But Dodd's Kidney Pills will Yet Renew Life

Thousands of persons die in the prime of life because doctors think Bright's Disease and Diabetes incurable. But Dodd's Kidney Pills cure them both. They have cured thousands of cases.

These diseases and other Kidney complaints are as common as ordinary colds. But people don't realize that they are afflicted till the disease has eaten deep into the system. Even then, Dodd's Kidney Pills will positively cure.

Thousands of people are dying on their feet, but do not realize it. They notice one or more of these symptoms: shortness of breath, loss of memory, failing sight, ravenous appetite, pale or reddish urine, with brick-colored deposit, scalding when urinating, constipation, nervousness, pains in the loins. Their only hope is Dodd's Kidney Pills. They won't fail. They never do.

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 1-lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & Co., Ltd., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

EPPS'S COCOA

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. Its manufacturer does not show you a cut 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 it blind—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.

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

JAMES KELLY

Wholesale Commission Dealer in all kinds of FRESH FISH.

Elis and Smelts, Specialties, NO. 8 LONG WHARF

COSSIGNMENTS BOSTON MASS

SOLICITEL 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

Great George Street

Parted by Fate

By LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

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

CHAPTER XV Continued

"There are some natures that cannot help it," she replied, "and mine is one of them. I could not imagine anything so terrible as losing you. My reason would fail me, like a poor girl's did in a story I once read, and the dreary mad-house where they would take me would never cease echoing with your name. If you died first, Rutledge," she went on, in a sobbing whisper, "I would come and kneel upon your grave, and there my poor heart would break. They would find me lying dead upon your grave. When all that made his life worth living was gone, how could I live?"

Rutledge Chester bent his handsome head and kissed the beautiful, quivering red lips in pity too great for words. It was the first and last kiss he ever gave her voluntarily, and the memory of it always lived in Uldene's passionate, undisciplined heart. Her face grew radiant at this unexpected indication of his tenderness.

And in that moment the thought was passing through his mind that he might have loved this hapless child in time if his heart had not long since gone out to another. No man's heart is large enough to hold two loves.

"When mother returns, and you are strong enough, we will go abroad," he said. "You would like that, Uldene?"

For answer, the dark, curly head nestled against his shoulder, and she raised those lovely dark eyes, with a beaming light in them, to his face.

There was this great charm about Uldene: She possessed, in a most wonderful degree, the gift of fascination. The very touch of those little white hands was a subtle caress.

Rutledge felt the charm. He was but human; and, though she was not the darling of his heart—the one he loved and would have chosen for his bride—he could not resist the power of her affection. And yet the very lavishness of the love she gave him tired him. His belief had always been that the fair sex should be wooed, and never lose the charm of their delicacy by being wooers.

"You will think the matter over, Uldene," he said, as he arose to quit the room, "as to where you wish to go."

"We will go anywhere you like, Rutledge," she said. "I can be happy anywhere—with you."

Those were the words he took with him from the pink and gold boudoir down to the library.

He was too much engrossed in his own thoughts to hear the commotion in the corridor. A moment later some one turned the knob of the door and flung it open, and raising his head, he beheld his mother standing on the threshold, and beside her—ah, was he mad or dreaming!—beside her stood Verlie! He uttered a mighty cry of furtive delight as he sprang forward; then the cry froze on his lips; his strong arms fell to his side in a convulsive shudder, and he stood in the middle of the floor as if rooted to the spot.

In a few, brief words Mrs. Chester explained the accident that had happened to Verlie, as she herself understood it. Rutledge listened like one dazed.

"I have brought her back to you, my boy," said Mrs. Chester, leading Verlie up to where Rutledge stood, and placing her little tremulous hand in his. "She knows how dearly you love her, Rutledge. I have told her all. I will leave

you together," she said, archly, "while I go in search of Uldene. What wonderful news this will be to her."

Before Rutledge could find his voice the door was closed softly, and he was alone with Verlie—the one love of his heart—the sweet-faced, blue-eyed darling he loved better than life itself, and who was parted from him now as effectually as though one of them lay in the grave.

Verlie could not understand the curious whiteness that overspread his handsome, haggard face.

She had pictured so often what her meeting with Rutledge would be like, but never—oh, never—had she pictured anything like this. She was frightened at the fierce, desperate look in his face. What could it mean? She was frightened and dismayed.

He knew what his mother meant when she left him alone with Verlie. She would not stay to see the rapturous lover's greeting between his bashful love and himself. Ah, could she have dreamed of the long story he had to tell Verlie. There was nothing for it, but to tell her the whole truth.

Yet he longed, with all the longing of his soul, to hear from Verlie's lips first the acknowledgement—she cared for him. In all the years of his after-life those words would live in his heart. A few words were not much to feed a hungry, yearning heart, but it would be a bitter-sweet thought to him to know Verlie cared for him, and that he might have won her if cruel fate had not torn them asunder.

He knew that he should have resisted the temptation to draw from her lips the words, "I love you, Rutledge," when that love could never be realized; but he was only human, and in this hour he was parting from her forever; and he loved her better than life itself.

CHAPTER XVII. A NOBLE HEART.

Rutledge Chester steps forward, his handsome face paling and flushing. But before he can utter the fatal words that spring from his heart to his lips, the door is dashed violently open, and Mrs. Chester, white as a ghost, staggers into the room, followed by the frightened housekeeper.

"Rutledge!" she cries out in an awful voice of suppressed agony, "tell me, is this thing I hear true? Oh, my God, I cannot believe it! It is too horrible! Mrs. Pierce tells me that in my absence you married Uldene Sefton."

He answers his mother, but he turns his pale, haggard face, full of entreaty, to the golden-haired girl standing by his side.

"It is quite true, mother," he said, huskily. "Uldene is my wife. I will tell you—"

The sentence was never finished. Mrs. Chester fell prone upon the velvet carpet like one turned to stone.

As for Verlie—ah, who shall describe the terrible pain that smote her heart, more cruel than a dagger's thrust, as she heard those words. The room seemed to whirl around her, her face grew pale as death, and the light died from her eyes. Her senses were confused. Her whole soul was steeped in the horror of dull despair. It was her sentence of death. It was the warrant that cut her off from all that was bright and beautiful in life. Her timid, girl's heart had gone out to Rutledge Chester in all the freshness and sweetness of first love, and now her heart—at one great, awful throbb—broke in her breast. So it seemed to her.

Uldene put out her white hands with a gesture of defiance, murmuring, brokenly:

"Why should I be haunted with such visions? I have won him. I loved him better than she ever could. Such a nature as Verlie's is incapable of a great love."

In that hour she forgot the cruel treachery that put Verlie out of her path, and that led to her present happiness. She remembered only her own love, and its success. The love she had coveted was now hers; her hopes gratified. The cup she had craved for was filled to the brim. She, instead of Verlie, was Rutledge Chester's bride.

Again from over the nodding crimson roses she heard the sound of her name, softly, yet more distinct this time. She became aware that some one was putting aside the green branches and coming toward her. One glance, then the awful whiteness of death came over her.

"Am I mad? or do I dream?" she gasped. "Verlie's ghost has come back from the grave to haunt me!"

A horrible darkness seemed closing in around her, and the world seemed to slip from her.

Another instant and Verlie had sprung to her side, catching the swaying form in her arms.

But Uldene did not swoon, terrible as the shock had been.

"I am no ghost, Uldene," she whispered, caressing the dark, curly head. "I know how you mourned for me I can imagine what your feelings must have been when you returned and found me gone. You thought, with them, that I must have recovered in your absence and started for home. Is it not so?"

Uldene nodded. The power of speech seemed to have left her.

"I was taken charge of by poor and honest people, who found me. I came back to you as soon as I could."

"The color rushed back to Uldene's deathly pale face, and the blood began to circulate about her heart."

Ah! some one had rescued Verlie, then, and her sister (she still called her that) did not know that she had left her to her fate—left her to recover or die alone amidst the snow-drifts in the isolated church-yard.

"I have come back to you, Uldene," whispered the soft, wistful voice, "and the first thing I hear, quite as soon as I cross the threshold, is that you are—you are—married, Uldene, and—to him. Tell me, my darling—I cannot quite credit it—is it true?"

(To Be Continued.)

CLARKE'S KOLA COMPOUND CURES

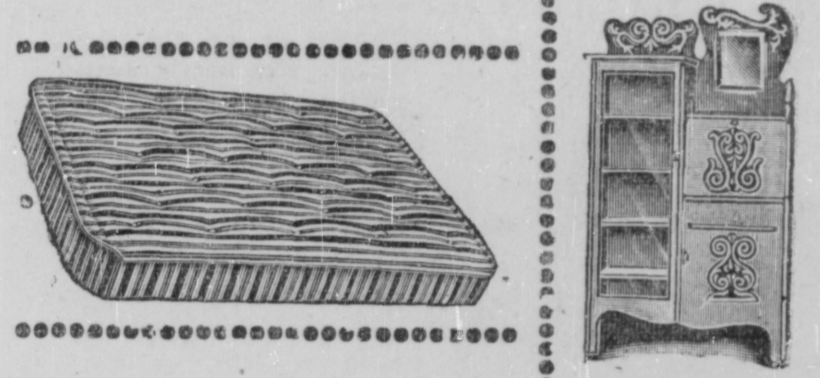
A Child That Suffered From Asthma Almost Since his Birth.

Mr. James Paterson, 52 Princess ave., Victoria, B. C., writes: "Our boy, who is just nine years of age, has been troubled with asthma almost since his birth, which has been continually growing worse in spite of all the medical aid we could procure. My doctor bills have been very large each year; neither myself nor my wife have had a full night's sleep during the last year of trouble, having had to put twice and give medicine to keep him from choking. We heard of a neighbor who had been cured by Clarke's Kola Compound and resolved to try it, with the result that to-day our child is completely cured, not having had an attack since taking the second bottle, almost a year ago. He has grown very fast and is now quite strong and healthy. I am very grateful to Dr. Clarke for the recovery of this wonderful remedy, as it saved our child's life." Certified copy by Messrs. Hall & Co., druggists, Victoria, B. C., from whom the medicine was obtained. Three bottles of Clarke's Kola Compound are absolutely guaranteed to cure a case of asthma or hay fever, or money will be refunded. Free sample bottle in redness mentioning this paper. Address: Dr. J. C. Clarke & Macpherson Co., 121 Church St., Toronto, sole agents for Canada. Sold by druggists.

Clarke's Kola Compound has permanently cured many cases of asthma than all other remedies combined.

Sold by Geo. E. Hughes

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
1 "	at 30.00,	was 40.00
1 "	at 20.00,	was 25.00
1 "	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 1/2 off.
7 Odd Lounges 1/2 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 of 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.

MARK WRIGHT AND CO

HOME MAKERS

Some Shoe Snaps

Girls Pebble Lined Boots reduced to 90c
Children's Pebble Boots, laced and buttoned, 69c.
Ladies' Dongola Laced Boots reduced to \$1.55.
Ladies' Felt Boots and Slippers reduced 25%.

W. H. Stewart & Co

A CARD.

The Photographic and Crochery business carried on by the late Cryus Lewis will be continued by the undersigned, at the old stand on Grafton Street.

Thanking the public for past favors and hoping for a continuance of the same, I remain, respectfully yours,
ISABEL LEWIS.