DYING BY INCHES!

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 ½-lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & Co., Ltd., Homœopathic 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 "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 have 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. 3c. Purifies system, produces cleanliness, health, strength. Prevents disease, obesity. Cures Colds, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, LaGrippe, Malaria, Eczema, Catarrh, Female Ills Blood, Skin, Nerve and Kidney Troubles. Beautifies Complexion.

Price of Niagara Baths, $5.00

The Kirg-Jones Co., Toronto

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AGENTS WANTED.

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 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 XVII Continued

"Yes," replied Uldene. "I am his wife, Verlie. You remember the—the letter you received on that night, Verlie?" she went on, quivering with suppressed, intense excitement. "What a terrible mistake came near being made! It was intended for me, Verlie; not for you, dear. It was not you whom he loved, Verlie, dear, but me."

A strange quiet fell upon Verlie. The few artful words had their effect. The sound of Uldene's voice fell upon her ear like a sound from a distance. Verlie's faithful heart was wounded nigh unto death, but she made no sign. She longed to be alone, and think how much Rutledge Chester's mistake had cost her, and weep her heart out in secret over her broken love-dream.

"How vain and foolish I was to think he cared for me," thought the poor girl "It is well that no one dreams that I love him," she thought. "I am thankful that fate spared me from coming to him in the conservatory that night."

By a mighty effort she put all thought of self from her, and tried to rejoice in Uldene's happiness.

All her life she had been accustomed to give up to beautiful Uldene in all things. She loved this beautiful, spoiled, dark-eyed creature, whom she believed to be her sister, with a love that was almost idolatrous. She would have given her bright young life—had it been the price—to save Uldene's.

"You are happy in his love, Uldene?" she said, wistfully; "let me hear you say so, dear."

"I am more happy than I can tell you, Verlie," she answered, raising those dark, starry eyes to the blue ones, so heavy with unshed tears. "I love him so well that if I were to lose him it would kill me, or I should lose my reason.

From that moment heroic, noble Verlie put all thoughts of Rutledge Chester from her. What it cost her, only Heaven and the listening angels knew, who heard her pitiful prayers for strength and saw her despairing tears.

But even then—even at the cost of her own misery—she was glad Uldene was happy; that thought was her one consolation in those bitter hours of anguish when she fought such pitiful battles with her own heart—to crush out the love that had built its altar there.

How she longed to go away—to creep back to the shelter of the old light-house—fling herself on her mother's breast and die there. Oh, fatal was the hour in which she had drifted away from that lonely island home, out into the great, hard world, where she had met the hero of her girlish day-dreams, handsome Rutledge Chester, and learned to love him.

When Mrs. Chester was removed to her room and a physician summoned, it was discovered that she had been stricken with a severe fit of apoplexy—partly paralysis, induced by some great mental shock.

"There was no hope," the doctor said, and advised them to send for Senator Chester without delay; but this was impossible, for, only a few days previous, the senator had been called suddenly abroad by a very important affair of the state, and it would be quite a week yet before he reached port and found the cablegram awaiting him announcing the illness of his wife's sudden and dangerous illness.

If the worst came, all would be over before he could possibly reach home.

When Uldene heard of Mrs. Chester's arrival, half fainting with fear, she made her way to her room to beg her to keep her terrible secret. She met with the startling news that when she had heard of her son's marriage she had dropped to the floor like one dead; and from that moment she had lost speech and action—that never again would those lips speak; they were stricken dumb forevermore. A terrible cry fell from Uldene's lips, for she knew why—ah, she knew why.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THEY WERE NOT ALONE, AS THEY BELIEVED.

Again the dark shadow of death spread its dark wing over the Chester mansion. The servants moved about silently and with bated breath.

Rutledge and hte doctor watched unceasingly at her bedside. Every one else, save the faithful old housekeeper and nurse, was carefully excluded.

"My services are of no avail, except to make the sufferer a little more comfortable," the doctor said, frankly. "She can last but a little while longer."

Dead her body was already, so far as power to move was concerned; but her mind was apparently unimpaired, and expressed itself in the agonized expres-

Rutledge and the doctor watched unseeching, scared, troubled look of the dim eyes that never for a moment left the face of her idolized son, as though there was something she was constantly and vainly trying to communicate to him.

"You have something to say to me, mother," he said, at length. "Would to Heaven you could tell me what it is!"

Oh, how hard the lips tried to articulate; but they only quivered convulsively and gave forth a litle moaning sound. But in the lighting up of the eager eyes, which grew larger and brighter, Rutledge thought he read an answer to what he had said—that she had something on her mind which she was vainly trying to communicate to him. As death drew nearer the agony of the expression in the eyes never left Rutledge's face, and seemed at times to almost leap from their sockets in horror, deepened.

What was troubling his mother so, forcing out great drops of perspiration about her lips and forehead, making her ghastly face pitiful to behold.

Rutledge felt sometimes as if he would go mad, sitting there by her couch, with those wild eyes watching him so intently, that, if he moved away for a moment, they called him back by their strange power, and compelled him to look straight into their depths, where the unspeakable trouble lay struggling to free itself.

"Mother," he said again, "you wish to tell me something, and you cannot. Perhaps I can guess what it is; at least, I can try. If you answer my question in the affirmative, turn your eyes to the portrait of father hanging over the mantel; if you mean no, look into my face as you are looking now. Do you understand?"

There was a wan shadow of a joyous smile on the white, haggard face. Quick as thought the dying eyes turned to the portrait, which was the token of assent He knew his mother comprehended.

"Is that which you have on your mind concerning father?" he asked.

"No," for the steady gaze of the burning eyes never left his face.

"About property?" he questioned.

Still the mournful gaze was rivited on his face. It was not that.

"Is it concerning me, mother?" he asked earnestly.

Quick as a flash of lightning, the dilated eyes travelled to the portrait on the wall. Ah, yes! What she wished to say concerned himself.

In vain he mentioned everything in the range of his thoughts. Evidently he had not yet discovered what it was.

He could not bear the unspeakable agony of those eyes as question after question was answered by that silent "No."

"Is it something connected with any paper in your private safe, mother? he asked, at length, in despair, never dreaming that it was. To his unspeakable astonishment the eyes travelled quickly to the portrait.

"If that is the case," he said, delighted to have touched the subject that was troubling her at last, "I will bring each and every paper I find in your safe to your bedside; and I shall soon discover which document it is that you wish me to see or read, and we shall soon decide what can be done about it."

The eyes fairly danced now. He could see the pupils dilate and the color deepen in them, as though what he had proposed doing relieved her mind infinitely.

Rutledge arose hurriedly and walked over to the safe, which stood in the curtained alcove, and in a moment more returned with every paper he found in it. One by one he laid them before her, until the very last paper was reached.

Something like horrible despair shone in the wild eyes raised to his own.

He went to the safe and made another careful search, to see that no document had slipped behind the trays.

"There is no other paper in the safe mother," he said, returning to the bedside. "Are you sure the document you wished me to see was put in the safe?"

The eyes fairly leaped from their sockets to the portrait with an emphatic "Yes," while great drops of agony rolled like rain down the ghastly cheeks.

"If you are sure you put the paper there, there is but one conclusion to arrive at," he said. "Some one must have removed it who knew it, and was interested in it."

Of course Rutledge had his father in his thoughts as he spoke. He was not prepared for the terrible and sudden change that came over his mother. The horrible shock was too much for her.

"Oh, God that the thought must remain unbroken,
And the horrible secret remain unspoken,
By the swift and subtle seal of death."

With one mighty gasp, the soul was suddenly rent from its tenement of clay. She fell back upon the pillow—dead.

We will draw a veil, reader, over the scenes that followed during the next fortnight.

Mrs. Chester was laid to rest in the marble tomb of the Chesters, and the terrible revelation she had tried so hard to make was buried with her.

It may as well be stated here, that the contents of that fatal letter had not been made known to the senator, because Nella Sefton had desired it so.

Only Heaven could have told how the dying woman regretted, on her death-bed, that she had not made a confident of her husband, that he, in turn, might have warned her idolized, handsome son, of the fatal barrier that lay between him and beautiful, hapless Uldene, the girl-bride, whom fate had decreed must never love, for she must never marry.

During those hours Rutledge Chester sat by his mother's couch, he had imagined himself alone with her; but such was not the case. He was never alone with her!

Behind the velvet hangings of the bed crouched a girlish figure, who listened with bated breath, to every word that fell so musically from Rutledge Chester's lips.

It was Uldene—his bride.

She knew what paper the dying mother longed so ardently to place in her son's hands. Uldene knew, too, that he would not find the paper—Mark Sefton's letter—in the safe; for at that moment it was hidden in her own bosom, against her own wildly throbbing heart.

The situation was cruel. But in the hour of Mrs. Chester's death, Uldene cried out, in the secrecy of her own room, "that Heaven had spared her. If Rutledge's mother had been given the power of speech, she would have divulged all, and that would have separated her from Rutledge forever."

(To be Continued.)

When a woman gets sickly, nervous, fretful and despondent the average husband doesn't have the faintest conception of what is the matter. When she gets worse, and he finally realizes that ill-health of some description has something to do with it, he calls in some obscure neighborhood doctor. The chances are that the doctor says it's stomach, or liver, or heart trouble. Nine times in ten he isn't within a mile of right. He treats for these troubles and charges big bills until the husband gets disgusted and throws him out. The trouble is usually weakness or disease of the distinctly feminine organism.

Many husbands, after paying big doctor-bills while their wives grew steadily worse, have at last written to a physician of national reputation and learned the truth. They have been justly indignant at the ignorant pretenders who have experimented upon their wives' health. By writing to Dr. R. V. Pierce, any ailing woman may receive the free advice of an eminent and skillful specialist, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescriptton is a marvelous medicine for women. It cures all weakness and disease of the organs distinctly feminine. It heals all internal ulceration and inflammation and stops debilitating drains. Over 90,000 women have testified, over their own signatures, to its wonderful merits.

"For several years I suffered with prolapsus of the uterus," writes Miss A. Lee Schuster, of Box 12, Rodney, Jefferson Co., Miss. "I had a fall from my horse, causing retroversion of the uterus. Our family physician treated me for kidney trouble and everything else but the right thing. I grew worse and worse. My body was emaciated, hands and feet clammy and cold, stomach weak, with great palpitation of the heart. I dreaded for night to come, for I would suffer from nausea all night, and so I continued until I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and I began to improve right away. I am now well and happy."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels.

Keep Well

Easy to say, but how shall I do it?

In the only common sense way—keep your head cool, your feet warm and your blood rich and pure by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

In the Spring Then all your nerves, muscles, tissues and organs will be properly nourished. Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up the system, creates an appetite, tones the stomach and gives strength. It is the people's Spring Medicine, has a larger sale and effects more cures than all others.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the One True Blood Purifier. C. I. HOOD & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are the favorite family cathartic. Price 25c.

WEAR

the celebrated

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CORSETS

To be bought from all leading dry goods stores.

A CARD.

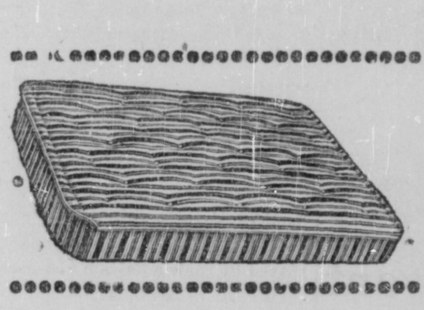
The Photographic and Crockery business carried on by the late Cyrus Lewis will be continued by the undersigned, at the old stand on Grafton Street.

Thanking the public for past favors and hoping for a continuance of the same.

I remain, respectfully yours,

ISABEL LEWIS.

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
	"	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
	"	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 ⅓ off.
7 Odd Lounges ⅓ 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,

MARK WRIGHT AND CO

HOME MAKERS