

TWIN TORTURERS

Lumbago and Rheumatism made Harbours by DODD'S Kidney Pills

Lumbago and Rheumatism cause endless pain and suffering. Every man and woman who runs chances of getting wet, or catching cold, is liable to suffer from one or both. Our hospitals are full of sufferers from these diseases; none are more painful. Every nerve is on fire; every joint is a centre of agony; every muscle an arena of torture. To move hand or foot makes the victim shriek with agony.

Rheumatism makes more cripples than all the railroad accidents that ever happened. Twisted, mis-shapen caricatures of humanity, who cannot walk without weeping, are to be seen every day. The kidneys are to blame if they are healthy you needn't fear Rheumatism or Lumbago. Dodd's Kidney Pills keep the kidneys healthy and cure Rheumatism and Lumbago. **Dodd's Kidney Pills ALWAYS CURE**

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. Turbidity, Hot Air, Vapor, Sulphur or Medicated Baths at Home, St. Purifies system, produces cleanliness, health, strength. Prevents disease, obesity, Cures Colds, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, La Grippe, Galaria, Eczema, Catarrh Female Ills, Blood, Skin, Nerve and Kidney Troubles. Beautifies Complexion.

Price of Niagara Baths, \$5.00

The King-Jones Co., Toronto

DEPARTMENT H. H. AGENTS WANTED.

JAMES KELLY

Wholesale Commission Dealer in all kinds of

FRESH FISH.

Blis 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.....

Molasses and Sugar.

Extra choice Porto Rico Molasses, Extra standard granulated Sugar yellow extra C Sugar, Demerara Crystals in bags. Selling at lowest prices.

HORACE HASZARD

Ch'town, Jan 5th '99
4 2 wks eod

Parted by Fate

By **LAURA JEAN LIBBEY**

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

CHAPTER X Continued

"Will you take this and promise me this shall be a dead secret between you and me?" she asked, keenly watching the girl's face.

The ring had been a present from Mrs. Chester to Uldene at Christmas. She had no idea of its great value.

There are few maids that can withstand a persuasive argument of that kind.

Dear as the girl loved her mistress, the glittering bauble overcame her scruples.

"No one shall ever know. I promise you, Miss Uldene," she answered, slowly. "Thank you," replied the beautiful, guilty culprit, gliding from the room.

Gaining her own apartment, after taking particular care to secure the door, Uldene pantingly sank into the nearest seat, drawing the letter from her pocket. Slowly she read the fatal letter in her hands. Word by word she read and re-read Mark Sefton's strange revelation (concerning herself) to Mrs. Chester. At last she knew all of her history that was known to the Seftons—knew that the honest, bronzed light-house keeper was not her father, and that the golden-haired girl who had won Rutledge Chester from her was not her sister.

She read, too, with a white, awful face, of the terrible secret her young mother had struggled so hard to tell, concerning the little babe she was fated to leave with the honest light-house keeper's wife; and a horrible fear ran through Uldene's heart as she read the awful warning those dying lips had uttered.

"This babe must never love for she must never marry."

"What curse is it that rests over my head like a drawn sword?" she cried out, sharply, as she crushed the letter in her death-cold hands. "Am I to live without love all my life through? I cannot—I will not believe it! Though it should be my eternal doom, I will wed Rutledge Chester if I can win him, for I love him better than my own life—better than my own soul. Aye, though angels or devils warned me, I should be deaf to their warnings. I would defy fate itself to become his bride."

CHAPTER XI

A GREAT SURPRISE.

Rutledge Chester's determination to go abroad was a serious blow to his mother; but her grief was slightly assuaged by his promise that he would remain with her at least a month longer.

That was a month never to be forgotten by Uldene, for it stood out from her life like a bright star long after the future years were clouded over with the deepest gloom. With every day that dawned, with every sun that rose and set, Uldene's love for handsome Rutledge Chester deepened. The world was nothing to her; she became absorbed in this one passion; it was her life, her all. There are some to whom the fatal gift of a great love is given. They are the happiest, even as they are the most miserable. They reach the highest bliss that life offers, and they know the most bitter of its pains.

It happens so often that a great love



The best thing with which a mother can crown her daughter is a common sense knowledge of the distinctively feminine physiology. Every woman should thoroughly understand her own nature. Every woman should understand the supreme importance of keeping herself well and strong in a womanly way. Nearly all of the

pains and aches, nearly all the weakness and sickness and suffering of women is due to disorders or disease of the organs distinctly feminine.

A woman who suffers in this way is unfitted for wifehood and motherhood. Maternity is a menace of death. Thousands of women suffer in this way because their innate modesty will not permit them to submit to the disgusting examinations and local treatment insisted upon by the average physician. These ordeals are unnecessary. Dr. R. V. Pierce, an eminent and skillful specialist, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y., has discovered a wonderful remedy with which women may treat and speedily cure themselves in the privacy of their own homes. This medicine is known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs concerned. It makes them well and strong. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration, soothes pain and rests the tortured nerves. Taken during the critical period, it banishes the usual discomforts and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. Thousands of women who were once weak, sickly, nervous fretful invalids, are now happy, healthy wives, because of this medicine. It is sold by all good medicine dealers and no honest dealer will advise a substitute.

"When I commenced using Dr. Pierce's medicine some three years ago," writes Mrs. Ella J. Fox, care of W. C. Fox, of Eldorado, Saline Co., Ills. "I was the picture of death. I had no heart to take anything. Weight was 125. My husband had been to see five different doctors about my trouble (female weakness). I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's medicine, also wrote to him for advice. I took four bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and one vial of his 'Pleasant Pellets,' and am now a well woman."

he revisited in vain; it was so in the end he

stands Rutledge Chester, who had given all the love of his heart to beautiful, golden-haired Vellie, never knew, never dreamed, of this growing attachment that was springing up in Uldene's heart for him.

He must have been blind that he did not read the story those wondrous dark eyes, half hidden by their curling lashes, told him; that he did not notice, if by accident his hand touched against hers, how her little hand trembled, how her cheeks flushed, and paled at the sound of his voice, and her heart beat at the sound of his approaching footsteps.

There was something pitiful in her great love for him.

Were the senator and his wife blind, too, that they did not notice the girl's wild, idolatrous love for their handsome son? Ah! so it seemed, or they would have parted them at once. It would have been a deed of mercy.

As for Rutledge Chester, he plunged recklessly in the mad whirlpool of social life, to forget, as far as was in his power, the fair-faced girl whose loss had made the world desolate for him.

He turned for sympathy to Uldene, and in this way they were thrown into each other's society more than before.

It happened that long before Vellie's departure cards had been sent out for a grand ball, to be given by Mrs. Chester. Tableaux were to be the main feature of the entertainment, and Vellie had rehearsed with Rutledge to enact that beautiful tragic love-poem, "The Parting of the Lovers."

Rutledge would have given much to have been able to resign his part, but those having the tableaux in charge would not hear of it. Uldene could take the absentee's place, they declared, and so they settled it.

There was no help for it, so Rutledge manfully crushed out the throb of despair in his heart caused by the bitter-sweet memory of a fair face lost to him forever, and went on with the rehearsal. These rehearsals but fed the flame of hapless Uldene's love. They were as dangerous as an intoxicating draught, or a sweet, honeyed poison.

"The Parting of the Lovers" was one of the sweetest and saddest love poems ever written. The scene which they were to enact, and from which the poem took its name, was sublime. It represented a lovely, dark-eyed girl and her lover, who had met upon the sands at midnight to take a last, tearful farewell of each other. A dying father's curse, if they two wedded, had torn their hearts asunder. The scene is sublime. The white stretch of beach, and the dark, curling waters at their feet, lighted up by the tender, pitying light of the moon; the two figures standing out against the dark background; the girl's beautiful white arms clasping him, while the tragic sorrow on her lovely face, reveals but too eloquently that it is for the last time.

The dread moment has come. Her lover must unclasp her arms, when—ah! how shall I picture it?—he finds that the bright young life of his beautiful love has gone out with the last, fervent caress, and, maddened with despair, grief and horror, the desperate, heart-broken lover clasps his darling closer in his arms, and leaps far out into the waves with her, and they are never seen again. They would have been parted in life; but they have gone down into the dark abyss of death clasped heart to heart.

It was little wonder that these rehearsals nearly betrayed the secret Uldene would have died rather than reveal.

When she saw the expression of earnest, almost adoring love that Rutledge tried so hard to represent, a crimson flush seemed to scorch her cheek and brow.

It was "only acting" on his part, but it was all strangely real to her. She lulled herself with sweet dreams that were fatal to her. A wild, longing wish came to her that the rehearsals might go on forever. They seemed a part of her existence. Under the able superintendence of those who had taken the affair in hand, the drawing-rooms were most effectively arranged for the tableaux. The inner and smaller one was divided from the large room by a long, sweeping curtain of rich crimson silk; a very neat stage had been erected; and in the large room the chairs for the guests were arranged in a circle.

Soon after eight the roll of carriage-bells began, and burden after burden was deposited at the Chester mansion. "Charades and tableaux at nine." So read the dainty satin program. "Dancing at ten."

When the silver clock rang out in musical chimes the hour of nine, the lights in the room were subdued, there was a soft sound of music, and the rose-colored silk curtain was drawn up on one of the prettiest tableaux ever arranged.

It was a scene from "The Jailer's Daughter"—a scene where a jailer's daughter, who had fallen in love with a handsome prisoner, steals the key from beneath her stern old father's pillow, and throws open the door of her lover's prison and sets him free.

The next was a scene from "Cupid

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at School"—a merry, fun-loving romp at boarding-school, who had fallen in love with the young French dancing-master, and who was detected at midnight being let down from the dormitory window in a clothes basket by her schoolmates to keep her tryst with her impatient lover. The anger depicted upon the grim face of the virago of a principal, who had come unexpectedly upon the scene, brought warm applause and shouts of laughter.

Then, at the tinkling of the silver bell, the lights were turned low again. This was to be the last tableau and the hit of the evening. The softest and saddest strains of music floated through the room. There was a hush, and as the silken curtain went up again, a murmur of admiration and surprise rang through the drawing-room.

The tableaux was the parting of the lovers by the sea-shore.

The white waves seemed to dimple and sparkle in the moonlight which fell upon the faces of the two lovers clasped for the last time in each other's arms.

It was little wonder people held their breath as they gazed upon the handsome face of Rutledge Chester as the impassioned lover. There was something almost sublime in the adoring love that lighted up his dark, grave, kindly face, as he bent over his love.

"If this was acting, what could the reality be?" they asked themselves.

But as they gazed upon the face of the girl he held clasped in his arms, their wonder grew.

Her long, dark curling hair fell around her lovely face like a black veil. Was it fancy, or did the wondrous face of Uldene Sefton really whiten under the gaze, and her lips grow ash pale?

Was it love or terror that shone in the dark, upraised eyes?

The scene held the vast audience spell-bound, and frightened them as they gazed until the silken curtain shut out the scene from their sight.

And at that instant quite a scene was transpiring back of the curtain.

In stepping back from the narrow platform which had served as a stage, one of the planks beneath the Brussels rug gave way, and Rutledge was precipitated to the floor below—a distance of ten feet or more—his head striking one of the pillars that supported the groined roof as he fell.

A wild cry burst from Uldene's white lips. In an instant she was kneeling beside the bleeding, unconscious form. She raised his head in her white arms, attempting to staunch the blood that flowed from a wound on his temple, with sobs and bitter cries pitiful to hear.

"Leave me with him until the doctor and his mother come," she whispered, motioning them all away.

Silently they quitted the apartment, closing the door softly after them; and the gay strains of the dance music that struck up in the grand ball-room stifled the sound of her wailing cries.

"Rutledge! my love! oh, my love! if you die, Heaven must let me die, too!" she sobbed, wildly, covering the white, unconscious face, the closed eyes, and the matted hair with passionate kisses in her terrible grief. "What would life be to me without you?" she moaned. "Oh, Rutledge, my love, you will never know how well I loved you. I would give my life for yours. I would meet death to save you one pink."

(To be Continued.)

Well Made and Makes Well

Hood's Sarsaparilla is prepared by experienced pharmacists of today, who have brought to the production of this great medicine the best results of medical research. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a modern medicine, containing just those vegetable ingredients which were seemingly intended by Nature herself for the alleviation of human ills. It purifies and enriches the blood, tones the stomach and digestive organs and creates an appetite; it absolutely cures all scrofula eruptions, boils, pimples, sores, salt rheum, and every form of skin disease; cures liver complaint, kidney troubles, strengthens and builds up the nervous system. It entirely overcomes that tired feeling, giving strength and energy in place of weakness and languor. It wards off malaria, typhoid fever, and by purifying the blood it keeps the whole system healthy.

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Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills and Sick Headache. 50c.

Charlottetown School of Music.

KINDERGARTEN BUILDING.

W. Harry Watts, Director

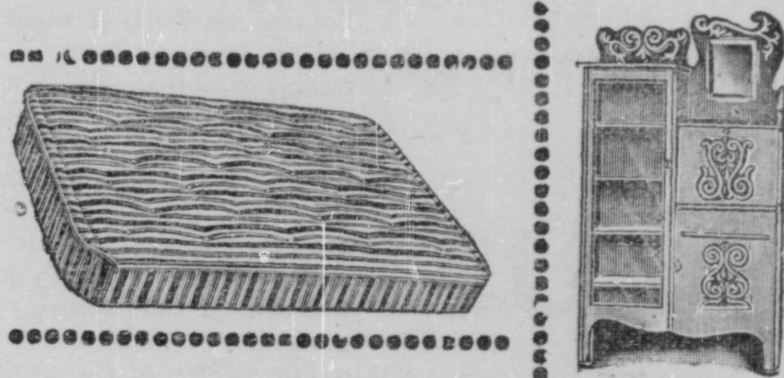
Lessons given on Pipe Organ. Fee (which includes use of organ for practice and blower) \$15 per term of 20 lessons. Piano (one hour) \$10 per term. Half hour lessons on Piano, Singing, Orchestral Instruments, or Harmony, \$5 per term. Papers will be ready by the Director every Saturday at 10.30. Pupils admitted free, but are to provide themselves with combined note and exercise books. Hours: 9 to 12, 2 to 5, 7 to 9. 6—a. thur, st

REMOVED.

On and after Monday, Oct 2nd, my patrons will find me in my office in the New Prowse Block, on the north side of Queen's Square, first door to the right upstairs.

DR. J. H. AYERS, Dentist

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 ½ off.
7 Odd Lounges ½ 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