

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; 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; and that the victim must take Dodd's Kidney Pills if he does not want to die.

EPPS'S COCOA COMFORTING Distinguishing every where 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., Homeopathic Chemists, London, England.

EPPS'S COCOA BREAKFAST SUPPER

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 seat 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 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, 3c. Purifies system, produces cleanliness, healthy strength, prevents disease, obesity, Cures Colds, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, La Grippe, Malaria, 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.** Bils and Smelts, Specialties, NO. 8 LONG WHARF BOSTON MASS

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 XI Continued

The doctor and Rutledge withdrew to the other end of the apartment, and the dying girl was left with the sobbing housekeeper quite alone.

"I wish—but, oh, it could not be," sighed Uldene, faintly—"I wish—that I could be Rutledge Chester's bride. I loved him so in life with all my heart, with all my soul. I should like to be long to him on earth, and wait for him inside the gates of heaven. I should like his hands to clasp me as my life drifts out. I would like his voice to be the last sad music I should hear on earth; and the words—ah, if I could but hear him say: 'Uldene—my Uldene—my bride!—I—oh, then I could die happy—so happy.'"

"Would it be hard for him to grant me my dying wish, do you think?" she whispered, still fainter. "Remember, it would be for a few brief moments—my few fleeting moments—while I hover between this world and the great unknown world I am going to. Tell him quickly, Mrs. Pierce. Tell him how I love him. I love him so well, that if, after I am dead, he came and knelt upon my tomb, parted the long grass, and whispered my name, I should hear his voice in my grave. Remember, he should never have known of my love if I were not dying."

Sobbing like a child, the old housekeeper called Rutledge Chester aside, and imparted to him the startling mission upon which the dying girl had sent her.

That was the bitterest hour of Rutledge Chester's life. He started back with a low, hoarse cry. He fought one of the strangest battles with his own thoughts that mortal man was ever called upon to face.

"Remember, master, it is but for a few brief moments the poor child would bear your name," urged the housekeeper. "She would not last the hour out that would see her your bride. She is so young—a thoughtless child—and she loves you so."

He was touched to the depths of his soul; the struggle in his heart was ended. He turned to the old housekeeper with a grave, white face.

"I will grant the poor child's dying wish," he said, hoarsely. "She shall be my bride! God grant that it may make her last moments happier."

A minister was hastily summoned, and in the hour of midnight, while the wild wind moaned and sobbed outside, and the whirling snowflakes without wrapped the earth in a cold, white, frozen shroud, the fatal marriage—that man could never break, and Heaven would not annul—was solemnized.

In the solemn hour of death Uldene lay back upon her pillow—Rutledge Chester's bride. While hovering on the brink of eternity she had braved the fatal warning that hung like a curse over her beautiful, hapless head—that solemn warning: "She must never love, for she must never marry."

CHAPTER XIII

"I WOULD RATHER SEE YOU DEAD THAN HIS BRIDE."

We must now return to the thrilling scene transpiring in the underground apartment in which beautiful Verlie Sefton found herself, by the force of strange circumstances, an unwilling prisoner.

When Verlie awoke to consciousness the great pansy-blue eyes flared open wide, wandering around the strange apartment in which she found herself, then up into the face bending over her in the utmost bewilderment.

"Where am I?" she gasped, faintly. "And who are you?" Black Hagar showed her ivory in a broad grin.

"Is your nurse, chile, she answered, "an' the pussion who jes left an' yer doctor."

"Have I been ill?" whispered Verlie, incredulously.

"Yer ankle war sprained, honey, an' the doctor war fetched to set it."

Left Prostrate

Weak and Run Down, With Heart and Kidneys in Bad Condition—Restored by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I was very much run down, having been sick for several months. I had been trying different remedies which did me no good. I would have severe spells of coughing that would leave me prostrate. I was told that my lungs were affected, and my heart and kidneys were in a bad condition. In fact, it seemed as though every organ was out of order. I felt that something must be done and my brother advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I procured a bottle and began taking it. Before it was half gone I felt that it was helping me. I continued its use and it has made me a new woman. I cannot praise it too highly." MRS. SUMMERVILLE, 217 Ossington Avenue, Toronto, Ontario. Get only Hood's, because

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. \$1. six for \$5. are purely vegetable, reliable, beneficial. 25c. **Hood's Pills**

"Oh, I remember! I remember!" shrieked Verlie, in terror. "The duel—and all that happened after it! If this is your house I pray you to let me go at once," she sobbed, clinging to the old woman's skirts in a transport of grief pitiful to behold. "Those who love me are searching for me in anguish that is more bitter to bear than death. I have a darling sister whose heart must have broken when she returned to the spot where she left me lying unconscious and found me—gone! I dare not picture it! Oh, Uldene! Uldene!"

"And there is another!" she sobbed piteously—"another who loves me, and who had only that evening asked me to be his bride! Oh! what must he be suffering, my handsome, noble love, whom I love so dearly, as the horrible hours drag their slow lengths by! How he must have searched for me! He will go through fire and flood, search the whole world through, but what he will find me; and those who have detained me here will feel the full force of his vengeance."

"Oh, Rutledge? my love! my love!" moaned Verlie. "Haveen grant that you may find me soon!"

"It's many a long day afore yer lover would think o' findin' yer ha'ar, honey," laughed Black Hagar.

"Oh, if I could but persuade you to help me to get away from here!" sobbed Verlie. "He who mourns my loss so keenly would reward you with plenty of gold if you would but help me."

"Chile, I wouldn't dare ter do it," declared Black Hagar. "Ise powerful 'fraid of the cap'n. He am a reg'lar debbil. He brug yer ha'ar hisself, an' says he, when he left de room, 'Hagar, Ise gwine ter leave dat gal under yer eye, an' ef I don't find she am na'ar when I cum back, I wouldn't giv much for yer ole black hide; you min' my words!' So you see, honey, I wouldn't dare ter. Why, chile, he'd murder me! He am none ter good ter do it."

"Oh, heaven! what awful fate has conspired against me?" sobbed Verlie, wringing her little hands. "I cannot see where all this will lead to. Oh, pity me, Hagar! If you will not see me free, kill me! Better dead than that I should fall into the hands of the man who brought me here."

"Lor, chile, don't yer talk like that. Old Hagar wouldn't tech one ha'ar o' yer golden head fer all Marse Cap'n's ill-gotten gold. Guess not! But let me give yer a bit o' advise, honey. For de good Lor's sake, chile, don't go for to rilin' of him up. Yer don't know de cap'n like I do. 'Member ole Hagar's warnin'. De cap'n am a fierce debbil."

Left to herself, Verlie thought over the situation until she grew frantic with terror.

"Had Heaven shut her out from its mercy?" she asked herself.

"There was no sleep for Verlie as the hours dragged by.

It was well for her that there was not. As she lay there thinking over some plan by which she might make her escape, the sound of cautious footsteps fell upon her ear; they drew nearer and nearer, and the blood froze in Verlie's veins, as they halted outside the door.

She gave a suppressed cry. "Hush!" whispered a voice which she instantly recognized as the captain's. "As you value your safety—hush! I am here on an errand which concerns you vitally. You must listen to what I have to say. Send Hagar to unbar the door; every moment is precious."

"I will not unbar the door," cried Verlie. "I am thankful that those bolts form, even a slight protection in keeping you out."

"You must listen to what I have to say to you," repeated the young captain, sternly. "It is a matter of life and death. I assure you upon my honor."

"A life, or a death, for that matter, weighs little with you," retorted the girl bravely; "and as for honor—a man who willfully abducts a young girl, and keeps her a captive, because she has by chance stumbled upon the nefarious calling of himself and his wicked associates, is dead to the word, honor. I would not trust you."

"I know full well that I have forfeited your respect by what you have seen and heard," he said, in an agitated whisper, "but there is this much honor about me—I must warn you of the fatal consequences your discovery, and your persistent assertions that you would bring the officers of the law upon us the first moment we set you free, has brought upon you."

"The men's solemn conference has ended. They intend to show you no mercy. The sentence they have passed upon you is imprisonment for life within these walls, and that would be worse than death for you. Aye, death would be a thousand times more merciful than life among these lawless men. Even if you did consent to an oath of silence now, it would be too late."

horrence in your beautiful eyes awoke me to a sense of my downfall from the ranks of honorable men. Be my wife, and you shall leave this place forever. A wife could give no evidence against her husband; you would—"

"Stop!" cried Verlie; "I will not listen."

"I beg you will take time to consider," he said, earnestly.

"I need no time to consider," replied Verlie, with ringing scorn. "Do you think that freedom or life itself is worth purchasing at the cost of becoming your wife?" cried the girl, with passionate vehemence. "Do you think I could clasp the hand at the altar that was stained with blood?"

The man upon the other side of the cavern door winced under the scathing words. A strange gleam shot into his eyes; a fearful panorama passed instantaneously before his mental vision. He could imagine a lost soul gazing from the deep abyss of Hades into the felicity and joy of Heaven, fully realizing that all hope for him was lost forever.

He began to realize that a dark chasm yawned between himself and this fair girl; a fatal line streaked his hand, which would forever shadow the grasp of a purer one.

It is a mistake to suppose that crime-steeped hands cannot love. The basest criminal, strange as it may seem, can love as intensely, though not as purely or unselfishly, as the noblest hero.

From the moment his eyes had rested upon the beautiful girl, who had dared defy him so bravely and audaciously, the wish came to this bad man that he had lived a different life that he might have wooed and, in time, won her. A moment he hesitated.

"Do you love any one else? Will you answer me that, Miss Sefton?" "Yes," came the quivering reply, in a choked, girlish voice, "I do. If you

had not detained me here I should now be the betrothed bride of a good and noble man, one who could never stoop to a dishonorable action, and whom I love with all my heart. Oh, sir, would it be of any use to plead with you to restore us to each other? Mr. Rutledge Chester would reward you well for aiding me, I am sure."

The man started back as though an arrow had suddenly pierced his heart.

"What!" he cried, fiercely, "is Rutledge Chester the man you love—that man, above all other men, whom I have reason to hate so bitterly—the man that made me what I am, drove me from the ranks of honorable men by exposing me, and made me a hunted criminal on the face of the earth? Restore you to him! I would see you dead at my feet first! Why, his very name rouses a very demon in my heart! And to think that he should have crossed my path again—that he, of all others, should have won the love of the only being I have ever met whom I could care for. It is maddening!"

"I vowed once that I would pay him back, at a bitter cost, for what happened in the past. I see a way now to this very end. I bided my time. No you shall never go free, save as my wife!"

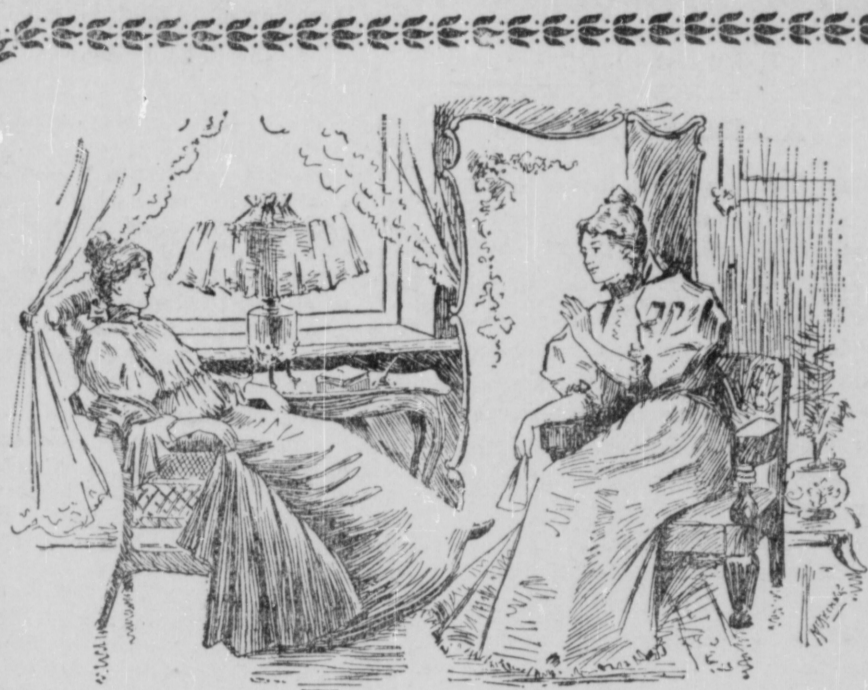
"We are preparing to leave this place in the course of a month for a lengthy voyage, but you go with us. Remember, I would rather see you dead at my feet—in all your youth and your fair young

NERVES PARALYZED. Nervous Prostration So Severe, Lost Power of Hands, Side and Limbs But South American Nervine Beat Off Disease and Saved Her.

Minnie Stevens, daughter of T. A. Stevens, of the Stevens Manufacturing Co., of London, was stricken down with a very severe attack of nervous prostration, which resulted in her losing the power of her limbs. She could not lift or hold anything in her hands, and other complications showed themselves. Her parents had lost hope of her recovery. She began taking South American Nervine, and after taking twelve bottles she was perfectly restored, and enjoys good health to-day.

125 MEN ENTRENCHED From the Irons of Draded Catarrh—What Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Did For Mr. LeBlanc, He Proves Will Do For Others.

Alfred LeBlanc, of St. Jerome, Que., was a great sufferer for years with catarrh of a very severe type. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder rescued him when everything else had failed. To-day when he goes to his lumber camp with his 125 men, the great remedy is considered as much a necessity to a lumberman as anything else. It relieves colic in the head in ten minutes; prevents the growing of catarrh germ; and when they are down it cures them.



Ladies Tell Each Other

of the comfort and security afforded to them by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Headaches and Backaches that come expectedly or unexpectedly are charmed away, and the rich, red blood made by

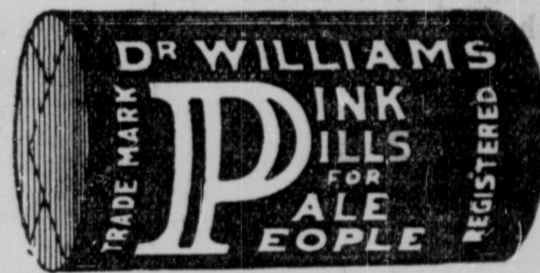
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

shows itself in the rosy cheeks and clear, bright eyes of those who use them. These pills are not a purgative; they give strength instead of taking it away. They act directly on the blood and nerves; invigorate the body; regulate the functions, and restore health and strength to the exhausted woman when every effort of the physician proves unavailing. Mothers anxious for the healthy development of their growing girls should insist upon their taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

IN A DECLINE.

Mrs. W. Goodwin, Argyle Sound, N.S., says:—"After the birth of my first child I was in poor health and unable to recover my strength. I had a severe pain in my left side and lung, which almost made it impossible for me to breathe. I had a bad cough day and night, and was troubled with night sweats, and on awakening found myself very weak. My complexion was sallow, and my appetite entirely gone. All my friends believed me in a decline. Our family physician attended me for a long time but I got no better. Then a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Acting on this advice I bought a supply, and continued their use for a couple of months, when my health was fully restored. I am sincere in saying that I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life."

The wonderful success of this remedy has led to many attempts at imitation and substitution, but these never cured anyone. Refuse any package that does not bear the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Put up in packages that look like the engraving on the right, the wrapper printed in red ink. Sold by all dealers, but if in doubt send to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and they will be mailed post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.



beauty—than see you Rutledge Chester's bride!" He stood away from the door, his handsome face fairly livid with savage rage; but his last words had fallen upon deaf ears. Verlie had fainted.

CHAPTER XIV

CLOSE BESIDE THE ROADSIDE LAY A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRL.

In the intense darkness of the cavern, he did not see the slim, girlish figure that had followed him close to the door, and listened with, bated breath and pale as death, to every word that had been uttered.

"He cares for this beautiful stranger," she muttered, with a dry, hard smile. "Oh, what a rude awakening from my dream. I thought he loved me. His eyes said so even though his lips said not. I might one day have been the bride if this golden-haired girl had not come between us with her pretty face. Oh, fatal day for me that she was brought here!"

Going around by another entrance, and passing through Hagar's apartment, she found herself in Verlie's presence. With swift steps she crossed the room and stood, with darkening brow, looking down upon the prostrate figure. The swinging lamp dimly revealed to her

Ah, the stranger was more beautiful than any poet's dream, with her white, delicately-chiselled face, framed by a sheen of floating golden hair, upturned to the dim light.

A bitter pang of jealousy smote the girl's heart as she gazed. As if attracted by that magnetic radiance, Verlie's white eyelids fluttered open, and she looks up in dismay into the face bending over her. The next moment she has struggled to her knees, clinging to the girl's skirts with an agony of treaty pitiful to behold.

(To be Continued.)

FOR SALE

The well known carriage stallion, **BLACK - DIAMOND - KNOX** For terms, etc., apply at Lewis' Crockery Store on Grafton Str. et.