

SAVE THE MOTHERS

Dodd's Kidney Pills Their Only Safety in Female Diseases.

You have seen a flower nipped by frost, fade and die in the flush of its beauty. That is how women die when attacked by any of the diseases peculiar to their sex.

Woman's burdens are woefully heavy. Her sufferings are agonizing. Her patience is grand. Disease preys upon her. The light dies out of her eyes, her steps become slow and shuffling; she loses flesh; grows ghastly, listless, droops like a flower. Then she dies. Her family is left to the cold mercy of the world.

"Mother's dead!" What a piteous phrase. What sufferings have been endured before it was used. Why should mothers, wives, sisters suffer so? They need not. Dodd's Kidney Pills will quickly and thoroughly cure all cases of Female Weakness. They never fail. They give health, strength, courage.

TARTAN SMOKING TOBACCO J. RATTRAY & Co. MONTREAL, CAN.

NIAGARA VAPOR BATHS

We are the original manufacturers of portable Vapor Baths.

IN BUYING A VAPOR BATH Get one with a steel frame that stands on the floor.

Get one that is covered with proper material. Insist on seeing a sample of material before ordering.

Vapor Baths are an acknowledged household necessity. Turkish, Hot Air, Vapor, Sulphur or Medicated Baths at Home, etc.

Price of Niagara Baths, \$5.00

The King-Jones Co., Toronto

DEPARTMENT H. H. AGENTS WANTED.

THE IMPROVED RUPTURE CURE

GET WELL

By taking DR. CLIFF'S treatment for CHRONIC DISEASE and RUPTURE.

Parted by Fate

By LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

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

CHAPTER VI Continued

Taking a care they made to the end of the route; then they left it, walking together along one of the isolated paths that led out of the city limits; turning an abrupt curve in the path and passing through an open gate, they found them selves in a church-yard.

The church itself had long since fallen into disuse. Its walls had crumbled and fallen in, and where the snow lay thick now ivy grew in the summer time, and birds came there to build their nests in the branches of the willows that drooped over old-time graves.

"Let us turn back, Eldene," said Verlie, in a fright, "I have such a terror of grave-yards and monuments! It is almost dark."

"I am tired," said Eldene. "Let us sit down and rest a moment. You need not be afraid, but what you will be back before eight," she added, with a bitter sneer.

Verlie looked at her with startled eyes. "Uldene," she said, perplexedly, "I cannot understand whether you are pleased that Mr. Chester has asked me to be his bride or not. Tell me—are you, dear?"

"Why should I care if your baby face and baby ways have won Senator Chester's heir or not?"

All the pride and fire of her nature seemed to flash in her face. Her eyes rained scorn; her lips curled in direct contempt.

"Uldene, do you care for Rutledge Chester?" Verlie's sweet young voice rang out piteously. "Oh, my sister! has fate been so cruel to us that we were both destined to love the same man?"

In her great excitement Verlie had sprung to her feet and had taken a step backward.

"Oh! fatal step! Her foot had caught in the tangled brambles that had grown over a fallen tombstone, and she was precipitated headlong upon the cold marble.

The sudden wrench had sprained Verlie's ankle. In an instant Uldene was kneeling beside her. "One glance at the face upturned to the gathering dusk, and she saw that Verlie had fainted.

Her first impulse was to cry aloud for help; but, on second thought, she knew it would be useless. "Her voice could never penetrate beyond the walls of that lonely, isolated grave-yard. No help or assistance could reach Verlie in that silent 'city of the dead' unless she herself summoned it.

Suddenly a dark, horrible thought came to Uldene—a thought so wicked that she shrank from it at first in horror too great for words.

A moment she pondered on the terrible idea—and that was the darkest moment of Uldene's life—a moment in which a temptation, the cruellest that could ever drift across mortal brain, came to her. Verlie, the golden-haired girl whom Rutledge Chester loved, lay wounded, crippled, helpless, and unconscious at her feet. Should she summon help and save her, or turn and walk swiftly away, leaving her helpless rival alone and to her fate?"

She raised her white face to the starlit sky and to the fair moon rising behind the dark, waving trees.

Never did good and evil fight for a human heart as they struggled then and there for the heart of beautiful, guilty Uldene.

Behind every great man you will find a great mother. Behind every great man you will find a healthy mother. A child's physical and mental welfare depend to a tremendous degree upon the mother's condition during the period of gestation. If, during these critical months, the mother suffers from weakness and disease of the delicate and important organs that bear the burdens of maternity, the chances are that her child will be weak, puny and sickly, with the seeds of serious disease already implanted in its little body at birth.

If the mother, during the abnormal mental states which recur periodically with women who are weak in a womanly way, these conditions will impress themselves upon the mind of the child.

Every woman wants children who are both physically and mentally healthy. Every woman may have that kind of children if she will take proper care of herself in a womanly way. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all medicines for prospective mothers. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs that bear the brunt of maternity. It makes them strong, healthy, vigorous, virile and elastic. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration, soothes pain and tones and builds up the shattered nerves. It banishes the usual discomforts of the critical period, and makes baby's introduction to the world easy and almost painless. It insures the little new comer's health and a bountiful supply of nourishment.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. For paper-covered copy send 10 cent stamps to cover customs and mailing only. Cloth binding, 50 cents. Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

CHAPTER VII A FATAL MISTAKE

The long, terrible night wore away at last—night with its dark shadows and wailing winds.

Uldene crept to the window again, and looked shudderingly out, her heart beating with horrible fear.

Yes, the snow was deep on the pavements and in the road. It had drifted high against the marble steps of the houses that lined the avenue, and she knew it must have drifted in a great white heap over the upturned face and the rigid form lying among the tombstones in the old grave-yard.

As Uldene passed the mirror, she was startled at the white, wild face that looked out into her own. What should she do to drive away the startled fear, the vague dread, the deadly pallor?

Oh, if the wind outside would stop moaning—if the skeleton branches of the snow-laden trees would cease rustling! Every rustling sound seemed to bear this message from the lonely grave-yard over the hills—"You lured me away from home—to die."

Would those horrible words never cease ringing in her ears? "Let me forget that white, upturned face or I shall go mad!" she cried out to herself.

There was no more time for thought. The breakfast bell sounded for the last time. Turning from the mirror, she walked with unsteady steps down to the breakfast-room.

she saved her, it would be giving her to love and happiness with Rutledge Chester, she cried out to the night winds; and all the fire, the passion, and the madness in her nature rose up to fight against that.

"Oh, if she were only to die!" she cried out, hoarsely.

All she would have to do would be to turn and hurry away, and her sinful wish would be realized.

"Save her!" commanded God and the watching angels in the blue sky.

"Leave her to her fate!" cried the tempter.

One awful moment more—then, Heaven forgive her! Uldene turned and fled without daring to look back, lest her resolution should forsake her, at that beautiful, pallid, upturned face, as she fled, leaving Verlie to her piteous fate.

Over the white-crested snow Uldene sped with winged feet, never stopping until she had gained her own boudoir. As she drew the curtains, shutting out the blackness of night outside, she saw the snow had commenced to fall. With a startled cry she shrank back. She knew it was falling on those polished marble shafts, on the dark trees, and on the white, upturned face lying among the old graves in the church-yard.

All through the long, horrible night she paced the floor of her boudoir. How could she sleep with the picture of that upturned face in the grave-yard, upon which the snow was falling, burning into her brain?

She must shut it out from her mind or she would go mad—yes, mad.

How the winds shrieked and moaned as the snow descended.

Oh, that long, horrible night! Would day-light never dawn? And when the gray morning broke would Verlie be found with the snow wrapped around her like a shroud?

At length, weak and exhausted, she sank to sleep—for even the guilty can sleep, yes, even through the appalling dreams that confront them.

It was morning when she opened her eyes. A voice awoke her, and she sprang from her couch and listened with dilated eyes.

"Bless me," the old senator was saying in the corridor outside, "this is the worst snow storm I have seen for years. In some places the drifts are quite three feet deep, and the snow still falling.

Uldene crept to the window and looked out. The snow seemed to bury the whole world in horrible, ghastly whiteness, and she knew it must have long since covered that white, upturned face lying among the graves.

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The senator had already breakfasted and gone. Mrs. Chester and her son still lingered over their coffee. Both looked up as the door opened.

"Good-morning, my dear," said Mrs. Chester, smiling. "I really believed you and your sister intended to sleep all day."

A terrible whiteness overspread Uldene's guilty face.

"Has Verlie not been to breakfast?" she asked, in feigned surprise. "She is not in our room. I—I have not seen her since last night. I retired first, and dropped into a dreamless slumber the moment my head touched the pillow. I must confess that I feared, when I awoke, that Verlie must have fallen asleep in an arm-chair, and remained there all night, for her pillow was undisturbed."

Both mother and son looked up anxiously.

"I shall have to scold your sister a little for such irregular habits," she said, touching a small silver hand-bell at her elbow.

In response to the summons, a pretty young maid came to the door of the breakfast-room.

in fact, through the house, that you could find her."

Nanon flew hurriedly away on her mission, but soon returned with the intelligence:

"Miss Verlie was not to be found in the house. I took the precaution to look into the wardrobe," continued Nanon, "and then I discovered her hat and cloak were missing. She must have gone out on the street."

"That is strange! Out on the street on such a morning as this!" remarked Mrs. Chester.

Uldene made no comment; she could not have uttered a word if her life had depended on it. She had with her a companion she was never to lose again—a haunting fear—a guilty terror that would never more leave her. Uldene had not taken her usual place at the breakfast-table; she took a seat at the table with her face turned from the sunshine—she could not endure the light of the white snow outside.

(To be Continued.)

HIS NARROW ESCAPE

How Dodd's Kidney Pills Saved Mr. C. S. Griggs.

HAMILTON, Jan., 30.—A startling story is told by Mr. C. S. Griggs, carpenter, living at 151 Queen Street South. Reputable citizens vouch for the strict truth of every detail.

Mr. Griggs endured the most agonizing pains for eight years. He was a victim of Bright's disease, and the best doctors could not help him.

Finally he tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. Three boxes cured him. To-day he is sound and well in every way.

It is wonderful how many Hamilton people have been cured of Bright's Disease by Dodd's Kidney Pills. They have never been known to fail in a single case.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh are celebrating their silver wedding at Co. ha.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House

The Pope has completely recovered from his recent attack of influenza.

Dr. Chase Cures Catarrh after Operations Fail.

Toronto, March 16th, 1887. My boy aged fourteen, has been a sufferer from Catarrh, and lately we submitted him to an operation at the Central Hospital. Since then we have resorted to Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, and one box of this medicine has made a prompt and complete cure.

H. G. FORD, Foreman, Cowan Ave. Fire Hall.

Khartoum is to be occupied by British troops during the winter months. Two hundred and fifty men of the Royal Fusiliers have been ordered there from Alexandria.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians

It is reported that a special commission will be appointed in February to arrange the details for carrying out the project of a Pacific cable as outlined by Sir Sanford Fleming.

To all who find themselves with health gradually slipping away, Kidneys and Liver so disorganized that they are incapable of keeping the system free from poisonous waste material, Stomach Disorders, Bowels Constipated, Head Aching, Back Pain, take Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. The quick way they help you back to health will surprise you.

Sir Herbert Murray, the retiring governor of Newfoundland, who is to be succeeded by Sir Henry Edward McCullum, late governor and commander in chief of the British colony of Lagos, West Africa, has sailed for England. Owing to the unfriendly relations he sustained in consequence of his methods towards both political parties in the island, there was no popular demonstration of regret at his departure.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend

Smallpox is ravaging the Abyssinian army.

Ask for Minard's and take no other

Benzine producers of Germany, Belgium and Switzerland have formed a combine.

Chronic Eczema Cured.

One of the most chronic cases of Eczema ever cured is the case of Miss Gracie Ella Aiton, of Hartland, N. B. On a sworn statement Mr. Aiton says: "I hereby certify that my daughter Gracie Ella was cured of Eczema of long standing by using four boxes of Dr. Chase's Ointment. William Thistle, druggist, of Hartland also certifies that he sold four boxes of Dr. Chase's Ointment which cured Gracie Ella."

JAMES KELLY

Wholesale Commission Dealer in all kinds of FRESH FISH.

Elks and Smelts, Specialties, NO. 8 LONG WHARF

CONSIGNMENTS BOSTON MASS SOLICITED

Write for stencils and particulars.

Twenty Dollars Reward

Any person giving information leading to the apprehension of the party or parties who broke into my house on North River street, on the dates of the 23rd and the 29th inst. will receive the above reward.

TETLEY'S ELEPHANT BRAND TEAS BEST OF TEA VALUE

Office for Maritime Provinces 7 & 9 Bedford Row, Halifax, N. S

REMNANT SALE NOW ON AT THE LONDON HOUSE

Dress Goods White Corsetts Prints Ribbons, etc. Flanneletts.

T J Harris

SHE IS HAPPY WHY?

Her lover has presented her with a Fine Imperial Guitar For a CHRISTMAS PRESENT

When making your Christmas Purchases DON'T FORGET that a Musical Instrument will last longer, give more pleasure than any other. A full line of Violins, Autoharps, Accordions, Banjos, Guitars, etc. on hand—Musical Toys of every description

At Fashionable Slaughter Prices MILLER BROS

The P E Island Music Connolly Building, Queen Street Store open every night till Xmas

PROCLAMATION.

We are now ready and willing to place any number of Hotels, Stores and private dwellings in a correct sanitary, and consequently healthy condition; and this at short notice.

We will furnish all who desire it with Baths, Closets, and lavatories of the latest and most approved patterns at prices consistent with first-class quality of goods and workmanship.

The latest and most beautiful New York designs in electrolrics. A large stock of soil pipe and all plumber's, steamfitters and engineers supplies now on hand.

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