

DYING BY DROPS

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.

EPSS'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 EPSS & Co., Ltd., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

EPSS'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, etc. 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 King-Jones Co., Toronto

DEPARTMENT H. H. AGENTS WANTED.

JAMES KELLY

Wholesale Commission Dealer in all kinds of

FRESH FISH.

Elts 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 XXV Continued

"You can chase them away, if any one can, Verlie—Miss Setton," he said, huskily. "Let me tell you what made me so silent. I was weighing a mighty problem in my mind."

Verlie raised her blue eyes in wonder to his face.

He had stopped short in the moonlit path, and the tremulous eloquence of his voice surprised her.

"It is this, Verlie," he said, pressing the little white hand that lay so lightly on his arm. "Has the great, overpowering love I have given you won love from you in return? Forgive me if I have startled you," he said, bowing his dark, handsome head nearer the golden one. "I felt that I must speak to you, or die."

"Don't Captain Lansing," faltered Verlie, pitiously; "don't speak to me so. I—I cannot bear it. You must not love me. Indeed, you must not."

"It is beyond the power of mortals to control the love that fills our hearts, little Verlie. Love is fate, and I could not help loving you were it even in my power to do so."

"I have no heart to give you, Captain Lansing," she said, turning her face away from him. "Spare me! Spare yourself!"

"Do not turn away from me, Verlie," cried the impetuous lover. "Give me some hope. I will devote my whole life to you, little Verlie. I would go through seas of blood. I—I would die to win you. I love you so dearly that I would rather be slain by one word from your lips than be blessed by any other love."

"Oh, Captain Lansing," cried Verlie earnestly, "I can realize what unreturned love is like; but, oh, believe me, I can never love you, I am sorry."

"You need not pity me," he said. "I want no pity. Death from your hands would be sweeter than life from another's. Do not play with my heart, Verlie. I cannot bear it. Be patient with me if I have startled you so suddenly that you have had not time to reflect how dear I am to you."

"He questioned not her love; He only knew that he loved her."

"There can never be any love between us, Captain Lansing. It cannot be. Be my friend, even if nothing more."

"I must be either your lover or nothing," he cried, manfully striving to crush down his bitter disappointment. Adding bitterly: "There can be no such thing when love has once entered the heart. Could I look into your eyes, feel the thrilling touch of your little hands, and simply crave your friendship? No! A thousand times, no! If you favored me a rival, think you, Verlie, there could be any friendship between that rival and me? No, again! I should be his bitterest foe, were he my own brother. Such a deep, passionate love as mine is utterly selfish. No matter what the poets say, no man who loves can ever be satisfied with the crumbs of friendship."

For a moment a deep silence fell between them, broken only by the breeze sighing among the roses, as they fell in a fragrant shower about them.

"You will give me hope, Verlie?" he whispered, eagerly.

"I cannot, Captain Lansing," she said brokenly. "Hate me—pity me—learn to forget me. I would love you if I could but, alas! I cannot."

"Tell me one thing," he asked huskily. "Do you care for any one else?"

He saw her beautiful golden head droop in girlish, piteous confusion—and he was answered all too plainly.

He spoke no word. She had expected sorrow, perhaps anger, but she was not prepared for that great, wordless despair. The white, haggard face struck her with the keenest sorrow; the anguish that lay in the dark eyes startled her. Years passing over him would not have changed him as this had done. She was terrified at the awful change in him.

"Captain Lansing," she faltered, in affright, putting out her little, fluttering hands towards him, "oh! what have I done?"

"You have killed all that was bright in my life, darling, that is all," he said in a voice husky with emotion, "I have seen strong men weep over a blighted love-dream, and I have laughed at them and thought it the sturdiest folly; and now, Heaven help me, I know the bitter cost of every heart-pang."

Oh! how she sympathized with him! Their sorrow was one in common. She loved Rutledge Chester in the same mad fashion this handsome young soldier loved her; she pitied him, oh! so sadly—but she had no love to give him.

"Let us go back to the lights and music, captain," she said, timidly. And he offered her his arm silently, and led her back to the gay, happy throng without another word.

The moment Rutledge Chester—who had been pacing up and down the green sward in a fever of restlessness at the prolonged absence of the captain and Verlie—beheld his rival's face, he knew what had happened—Verlie had refused him. The captain could have died easier than remain one half-hour longer at the lawn fête. The lights and the music and the sound of gay young voices thrilled him with a strange pain.

"Bid me good-by; I am going, Verlie," he said. "I cannot stay to witness a rival's triumph. I should feel like killing him before we left the grounds."

She shrank back in terror from the wild, suppressed, gleaming light in his eyes.

"On the slightest provocation I will challenge the man you love to mortal combat," he cried fiercely, "and he shall kill me—or I shall kill him!"

With those words he turned and left her, and she had cause to remember them until the day she died.

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"He is no gentleman who dares threaten a lady!" cried an angry voice behind them; but Captain Lansing paid no heed save to quicken his pace. He recognized the voice as Rutledge Chester's, and he knew if he paused a single instant there would be a tragedy at the fête.

"Pardon me, Verlie," cried Rutledge coming hurriedly up the path and taking the little, trembling, ice-cold hands in his as he bent over her; "I was coming up the path, and I could not help over-hearing that cowardly remark. Think no more of it, I beg you."

The lovely, dimpled face, framed in its sheen of golden hair, was as white as the snow-white blossoms she wore on her breast, and the lovely blue-bells of eyes were swimming in tears.

She was trembling so violently he clasped her little hands still closer and drew her down the rose-bordered path to the rustic seat beneath the magnolia tree, and seated her upon it.

"You sent him away, Verlie. Was I because you cared for any one else?" he whispered, clinging firmly but gently to the little white hands that were struggling like fluttering, imprisoned birds, to free themselves from his clasp.

But she did not answer him. He could see a burning flush creep over the girl's beautiful, dimpled face, and a strange thrill shot through his heart. Was Heaven to give him the desire of his heart at last? he whispered to him self.

"Look up into my face and tell me if it is so, dear," he said, gently, "and that will give me hope."

She attempted to fly from him in pretty, girlish confusion and dismay. She would not look at him—no, that she would not for worlds—for he would be sure to read the secret of her love for him in her eyes.

"My timid, beautiful Verlie!" he cried, holding the little hands fast, despite her pleadings that he should release her at once, for her guests would miss her.

"I shall not release you until you have answered my question, dear," he said, his voice thrilling with eager expectancy. "Was it because you cared for some one else—for me?"

Only the night winds and the hand some, happy lover knew her answer; but it must have been satisfactory, for the old, old story was told again, that young hearts always respond to and old hearts remember with memories tender—the story of love's young dream. When Rutledge parted from Verlie that night he raised her white hand to his lips, whispering, tenderly:

"Heaven has granted me the one yearning desire of my life, Verlie! You love me! You are to be my bride!"

How little either of them dreamed what the dark future held in store for them, or how it was to end! Ah! if they had but known, how much misery

might have been spared them!

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE RIVAL LOVERS.

"The desire of my heart is granted Verlie," said Rutledge Chester, tenderly. "You have promised to be my bride, but there is one promise I must exact of you, and that is, that you will, from this time forth, discourage the attentions of Captain Lansing."

"You must not commence by being jealous of me," said Verlie, with an irresistible pout of her rosebud lips. "I could not endure a jealous lover."

"I am jealous, my darling. I cannot help it," he declared, frankly. "Jealousy runs in my blood. It is the curse of the Chesters. It has always been a matter of life and death with them. It caused duels bitter and fierce. But there, I must not frighten you, my darling."

"You must trust me, Rutledge," returned Verlie, earnestly, "because I am betrothed to you. I cannot be rude to others, now, can I?"

"If you smile upon any one save myself I shall feel like taking you away from him instantly," he said. "I could not bear to see that kind of thing going on. I should long to take your hand before them all, and say: 'She is mine! Flatter, woo, covet as much as you will she is mine; you have not the least chance of winning her.' I have a special aversion toward Captain Lansing. If you wish to please me, Verlie, do not dance with him again to-night."

"I think I may safely promise that for he left me in anger, as you came up you know, I am quite sure he has left the villa."

"So much the better," declared Rutledge; but his satisfaction was premature, for, raising his eyes, he saw the captain, hurriedly approaching, his face quite as calm as though nothing out of the order of events had transpired.

He had fled from the grounds in hot haste; but as he reached the arched gateway he experienced quite a revulsion of feelings.

"Why should I leave the field so completely to my foe?" he asked himself fiercely. Still, "faint heart never yet won fair lady." He remembered Verlie had promised to waltz with him. Why not claim it in spite of all?

With the impulsive captain, to think was to act. He turned on his heel and sauntered back into the grounds again searching eagerly among the merry chattering throng for Verlie. At last he beheld her standing under a blossoming magnolia tree.

He frowned and bit his lip angrily upon seeing Rutledge Chester beside her. He glanced at the lovely face adorned with color, and wondered what Rutledge had been saying to her that brought the beautiful blushes to her dimpled cheeks and the brightness to her blue eyes. And Verlie, to hide her confusion, began talking hastily to the young captain.

This encourage Captain Lansing wonderfully, and his hopes, which had been considerably below zero, commenced to rise rapidly.

(To be Continued.)

Throat Catarrh

Like all Other Forms of Catarrh has its Origin in the Simple But Neglected Cold—Japanese Catarrh Cure Checks and Cures—Prevents the Deep Seating Which Ultimately Must End in Pulmonary Troubles

Incipient and insidious is catarrh. Small beginnings develop into the distressing disease when neglected, and the trail of suffering and hopeless striving for relief continues. But there is a new heaven for the catarrh sufferer in Japanese Catarrh Cure, whether it be of the head, the throat or the bronchial tubes. And there are no pernicious drugs to leave a worse ailment than the disease itself to grapple with. John Crow, 421 Keefer street, Vancouver, B.C., says: "For 15 years I was a great sufferer from catarrh. I tried everything under the sun for the trouble, but, after only temporary relief, three years ago I bought and used six boxes of Japanese Catarrh Cure, and was completely freed from the disease, and have had no sign of a return of it. My wife uses it for headaches, and it gives her instant relief." You take no chances. A printed guarantee in every package. 107 cents. At all druggists.

Sold by Geo. E. Hughes.

NOTICE.

In connection with the visit of Professor Robertson and Macoun, a special train will leave Summerside on Wednesday, March 1st, at 12 o'clock local, for O'Leary, and Alberton, returning to Charlottetown that night after the close of the Alberton meeting.

Also a special train will leave Charlottetown on Thursday, March 2nd, at 12 o'clock local, for St. Peters and Souris, returning to Charlottetown that night after the close of the Souris meeting. These trains will call at all stations going and returning.

From Summerside and Charlottetown, the return fare will be One Dollar, and from all other stations the rate will be in this proportion.

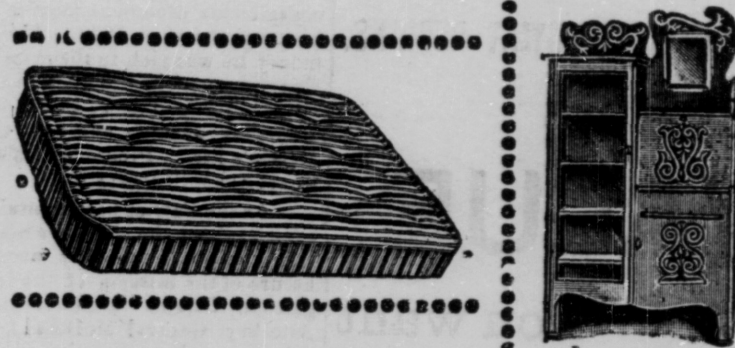
Ch'town, Feb 21st, 1899

FARM TO LET AT ROYALTY.

To let "Milford Farm" on the North River Road, about a mile from the city, at present in the occupation of the Widow of the late George Thorne. It comprises about 29 acres of land in a high state of cultivation, fronts on the North River Shore. There is a good one and a half story farm house with outbuildings and a large stable and barn, and a tool house on the premises. Possession given, if required later end of November. These premises are well adapted for a butcher and pasture farm. Rent \$100.00 a year. For further particulars apply to:

DANIEL DAVIES, Dundas Esplanade

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	lor Suit	at \$45.00,	was \$65.00
"	"	at 40.00,	was 60.00
"	"	at 35.00,	was 50.00
"	"	at 37.00,	was 50.00
"	"	at 32.50,	was 45.00
"	"	at 30.00,	was 40.00
"	"	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 1/3 off.
7 Odd Lounges 1/3 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

