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Do your bones ache? Feel chilly at times? Been getting nervous of late? Somehow you think of the grip at once.

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Rich blood and steady nerves make the best preventive.

After an attack, Scott's Emulsion lifts that terrible depression, and cures that tickling cough. 50c. and \$1.00.

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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 4-lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & Co., Ltd., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

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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 bath.

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 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, Gout, Rheumatism, Neuritis, La Grippe, Malaria, Eczema, Catarrh, Female Ills, Blood, Skin, Nerve and Kidney Troubles. Beautifies Complexion.

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Parted by Fate

By LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

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

CHAPTER XXXIV Continued

"How strange it is," Rutledge Chester, that your path and mine should have crossed again!" he muttered, aloud. "In wedding your first bride you would have robbed me of my wealth, that would have gone to her on her eighteenth birthday had she lived; and in wedding this bride you win from me the only woman I have ever loved in all my reckless, sin-hardened life—a reckless life, handed down from father to son. From the day you learned, through accident, that I—the trusted bank cashier—was a forger, a smuggler and a gambler, and thronged around the prostrate figure, looking askance at the captain, and whispering, with bated breath, as they closed in around him. It was not Rutledge Chester who had met such a narrow escape from a terrible fate, but a young man who, unfortunately, closely resembled him. He had not fainted; the fatal blow struck by the unknown assassin had glanced aside, just above his heart, making but a slight incision, and, faint, and breathless, he was explaining how he had come down the path, when from behind the pines a man had sprung out, and a hoarse voice had cried out: 'You shall never marry Verlie Sefton, the only woman I have ever loved. You shall die first, Rutledge Chester.' Then followed the fatal blow which had so nearly cost him his life.

The throng fell back and glanced, in dismay, at the pale, determined face of the handsome captain, and at Rutledge himself, who was standing there, with horror expressed on his countenance too deep for words.

CHAPTER XXXVI. GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY.

There were many in that group who knew that Rutledge Chester and the handsome captain had been bitter rivals for Verlie Sefton's love. They knew, too, of the reckless threat of vengeance the captain had uttered. They had heard the fatal vow that had burst so thoughtlessly from his lips in a moment of madness—that he would wrest her from his rival at the very altar.

The horror-stricken throng gazed at each other with expressive glances and low-whispered words.

"My friends—you, Rutledge—can you believe this was my work?" asked the young captain, agitated. "I swear to you I am innocent. I own that, up to tonight, I had bitter feelings against you; but on this, your wedding night, I came to ask you to pardon my hasty words and my ill-feeling, and to beg for the friendship that, a fortnight since, I scornfully rejected. Do you believe me?"

Rutledge Chester was too shocked to find words in which to answer him. And those gathered around the wounded man to bear him up to the light-house, turned their faces from him with darkening brows, in which he read his answer.

Suddenly, through the shocked group, a little slender figure burst—a little slim figure in white surah silk and dark, curling hair. It was poor Neddy.

"Though the world should believe you guilty and turn from you, I should still believe in your innocence, Captain Lansing," she cried out, falteringly. "I know you have not done this awful deed. Why don't somebody search the grounds?"

Among all of Captain Lansing's friends—many of whom had known him from his boyhood up—only this one young girl stood by him, believing him guiltless.

He was a brave soldier and a haughty man, but tears came to his eyes—tears of emotion and gratitude—as he looked down upon her.

"Thank you for your faith in me, Miss Temple," he said, brokenly, bending his handsome head over the little, extended fluttering white hand, and clasping it closely. "Your words have given me courage to face this terrible accusation and prove my innocence. I shall never rest with such a cloud darkening my fair name and fame. I shall find out who did this deed committed tonight, if it costs every cent of my fortune."

A sturdy official—one of Mark Sefton's old friends, who had been invited to the wedding as one of the guests, never dreaming a sterner duty would be required of him—here stepped forward.

"It is my painful duty to arrest you on suspicion, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Lansing," supplemented the captain, bowing gravely. "I submit, sir," he answered, proudly. "I shall not interfere in the performance of your duty."

And amidst Neddy's hysterical weeping and the murmur of his old friends—who had turned against him in his hour of need—the poor captain was led away.

And while this confusion was going on in the grounds a pitiful scene was being enacted in the bride-elect's chamber. A dark figure had glided in through the open doorway of the light-house, swiftly ascending the spiral stairway, pausing breathlessly before the door of Verlie's room, pushing it open with unsteady, trembling hands.

"Is it you, Neddy?" exclaimed Verlie, turning suddenly around. "What in the world is happening out there in the grounds? You promised to come back instantly and let me know."

As she spoke, she lifted her blue eyes, beholding, not gay, laughing Neddy, but

a slim figure dressed in a dark traveling dress, bedraggled with dew and seaweed, her face heavily shrouded by a thick, black veil.

"Who are you, my good girl, and what do you want here?" exclaimed Verlie, in astonishment, but not unkindly.

"Oh, Verlie, Verlie, don't you know me?" exclaimed a tremulous voice that seemed to come from the confines of the tomb.

"That voice!"

Verlie took a step forward, trembling with terror, and, throwing off her veil, with a bitter, piteous cry, Uldene staggered forward and flung herself at Verlie's feet.

What happened in the pitiful moments that followed only Heaven and the listening angels will bear witness. When the bridesmaids came back, all in a flutter, some twenty minutes later, they found Verlie Sefton lying in her bridal robes, quite alone, and in a dead faint, upon the carpet.

"Ah, who had been so cruel as to tell her of the dastardly attempt upon Rutledge's life!" they exclaimed. "No wonder she had swooned at the horrible shock."

As the hours rolled on Verlie grew rapidly worse, and the doctor in attendance soon gave out that there would be no wedding there that night.

"I said that it was an evil omen a-tryin' on of her weddin' gown," muttered the old housekeeper, as Neddy, pale and trembling, passed her by; but Neddy was too troubled to answer her.

(To be Continued.)



The men who do daring deeds in battle, are men whose arteries pulsate with the rich, red, vital blood of health. The same is true of the men who win success in the battles of work and business. When a man's liver is sluggish, his digestion impaired, and his stomach weak, his blood soon gets thin and impure. The blood is the stream of life. If it is impure every vital organ in the body is improperly nourished and becomes weak and diseased and fails to perform its proper functions in the economy of life. The victim suffers from loss of appetite and sleep, wind, pain, fulness and swelling of the stomach after meals, bad taste in the mouth, foul breath, imaginary lump of food in the throat, headaches, giddiness, drowsiness, heavy head and costiveness.

All of these conditions and their causes are promptly cured by the use of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It brings back the keen edge of appetite, makes the digestion perfect and the liver active. It makes rich, red, pure blood, filled with the life-giving elements of the food that build healthy tissues, firm flesh, strong muscles and vibrant nerve fibers. It invigorates and vitalizes the whole body, and imparts mental power and elasticity. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption, strengthens weak lungs, stops bleeding from lungs, spitting of blood, obstinate lingering coughs and kindred ailments.

Costiveness, constipation and torpidity of the liver are surely, speedily and permanently cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They are tiny, sugar-coated granules. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. They never gripe. They stimulate and strengthen the jaded organs until a regular habit is formed and may then be discontinued without a return of the trouble. They stimulate, invigorate and regulate the stomach, liver and bowels. Medicine stores sell them, and have no other pills that "are just as good."

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The Most Popular and Best Seller in Canada.

Imported Direct from the Tea Gardens

It challenges comparison with any other Tea now offered here regardless of price.

Hundreds of letters praising Brahmin have been received of which the following are a few samples:—

NEW YORK, October 20

Would it be too much trouble for you to send me a chest of that India Tea that we are so fond of? If you can send it to Boston it will be forwarded to me.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., 4th December.

We liked the tea purchased from you last summer so well that I should like to order the same kind again if we can get it without too much trouble.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., 26th May.

I like the Brahmin Tea, so do my friends. I would like an 80 lb. box same as before; but I don't want any other.

OTTAWA, November 4th.

The Tea you sent is excellent, so much do we like it that I want you to send another box before navigation closes.

TORONTO, December 26.

We are simply delighted with the Tea; if anything, it is better than the sample sent. I may have a larger order for you next time, as friends who have tasted it here thought it very fine.

MONTREAL, April 20.

Do you remember sending me two boxes of tea last September. Kindly send me six boxes. I would like exactly the same quality as we had before, which would be very difficult to beat. Do you want an Agent here. I believe I could do a good business for you.

ST. JOHN, N. B. October 30.

Enclosed please find the amount of your bill for the Tea which was most satisfactory and much liked by my family. I will send for another box when this is finished.

MONCTON, N. B. November 2.

Sample of Brahmin Tea received. Please send me one box. I enclose P. O. order for the amount.

HALIFAX, N. S. November 6.

Please send me four chests of Tea, same quality and size as previously sent me, and oblige.

WINDSOR, N. S. February 1st

The two boxes Tea which you advised having shipped have arrived. The Tea gives much satisfaction, and is also approved by friends who have tasted it.

The originals can be seen on application.

HORACE HASZARD,

Agent for Canada and United States.

Ch'town, Feb. 13.

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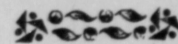
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