

THE ONLY HOPE!

For Victims of Bright's Disease is Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Not a day passes on which the newspapers do not record the death of one or more persons from Bright's Disease. Already its victims number hundreds of thousands. Day by day the awful total grows larger. No class is safe from this destroyer. War and intemperance, with all their miseries and fatalities, are not responsible for as many deaths as have been caused by Bright's Disease. Yet, there is a way of resisting it; of drawing its poisoned fangs, and making it as harmless as a summer breeze. That great medicine, Dodd's Kidney Pills, has cured thousands of the worst cases. It never fails to cure, hopeless as the case may seem. Would you safely shield your loved ones from the fatal grip of this cure of mankind—Bright's Disease? Then use Dodd's Kidney Pills, the only cure on earth for this disease.

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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 4-1b. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & Co., Ltd., Homoeopathic 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 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 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, health, strength. Prevents disease, obesity. Cures Colds, Rheumatism, Neuritis, LaGrippe, Malaria, Eczema, Catarrh, Female Ills Blood, Skin, Nerve and Kidney Troubles. Beautifies Complexion.

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The Kirg-Jones Co., Toronto
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Eels and Smelts, Specialties,
NO. 8 LONG WHARF
CONSIGNED 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 XIX Continued

Opening the gate noiselessly, he entered the grounds, made a circuit of them, finding himself in the beautiful flower garden at the rear of the house. It was not an enviable position if he were to be detected there by any of the servants. Still he was one of the coolest and most daring of men. He would be equal to the emergency.

While he was planning a way to the furtherance of his object, fate favored him unexpectedly. He saw the side door that opened out upon a porch suddenly open, and a slender, graceful figure emerge from it, cross the porch, and stroll down into the grounds. Unconsciously fate guided her footsteps in the very path that led to the spot where the stranger stood, well concealed by the shadows of the rose arbor.

It was Uldene. How wondrously beautiful she looked in the bright glow of the moonlight. She was robed in a dress of soft, clinging, fleecy white, with dark red roses on her breast, and zoeses in her dark, curling hair.

Diamonds glittered in the pretty, pink, shell-like ears, on the white hands, and ran like a river of glittering fire around the white, perfect throat; but they could not outshine the glittering splendor of the starry eyes that sought the dark night sky so wistfully as she walked slowly along.

"How foolish I am to give way to nervous fears and presentiments," she cried, half aloud. "I will forget the dark, haunting face that has made even my dreams horrible. Why should I not be happy? I have Rutledge's love, why should I not be happy. I ask myself again? I do not believe the bitterly cruel story Mark Sefton wrote to Rutledge's mother. I am almost eighteen, and the fate that was predicted has not overtaken me—no sword has fallen upon my head."

The moonlight lay white and silvery on the dew-steeped flowers; the night wind stirred the leaves of the roses, and their odor seemed to float around her, and enfold her. There was no sound save the twittering of the birds as they sought their nests in the poplar trees; nothing else broke in upon the sweet brooding silence of the night. And in that fatal hour, when the birds twittered, the moonlight fell peacefully on the roses, and the light of Heaven seemed fairest, beautiful, hapless Uldene's doom fell upon her.

A dark shadow fell over the scarlet blooms, looming up darkly between her and the moonlight; and glancing up, with a low cry, she beheld a man standing in the path before her. In a flash she had recognized him as the stranger she had seen in the picture gallery a few days before, and whose face, waking or sleeping, had been before her ever since.

"Hush!" he cried, springing forward. "Make no outcry, as you value your peace and safety—aye, your very life! I am no robber—no intruder; you have been searching the earth over for you for nearly eighteen years, and I have found you—at last, Uldene."

She recoiled in anger and dismay too great for words. Who was this man who dared address her thus familiarly? What was this stranger who forced himself into these grounds to accost her? She raised her voice to call the servants to her assistance that they might



A Fatal Spider-Web.

When a fly accidentally gets caught in a spider's web, the spider goes calmly about the work of securing his prey. He doesn't hurry particularly. He takes his time and binds first the fly's feet, and then his wings and his entire body. That is the way with the dread enemy of mankind—consumption. It has a web—the web of trivial disorders neglected. When a man heedlessly stumbles into that web, consumption first attacks his stomach, then his blood, then his lungs, then every organ in his body. Many doctors assert that when a man is once in this deadly web there is no escape. That is a mistake. Thousands have testified to their recovery from this disease by the use of the right remedy. Many of their letters, together with their names, addresses and photographs, appear in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. The remedy that saved them was Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption. It cures the conditions that lead up to it. It is the great blood-maker, flesh-builder and germ-ejector. Druggists sell it.

"Your Favorite Prescription" cured my little girl, seven years old, of St. Vitus's dance," writes Mrs. A. E. Loomis, of Walnut Grove, Redwood Co., Minn. "She could not feed herself, nor talk. That was fifteen years ago. I have always had great faith in your medicines ever since. I had a terrible cough, and my friends thought I had consumption. I took the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and it cured my cough, and now I do my housework. I have always praised your medicine and would like to have your 'Common Sense Medical Adviser.' I enclose stamps."

Over a thousand pages of good home medical advice free. Send thirty-one cent stamps, to cover customs and mailing only, to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., for a paper-covered copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. Cloth binding, 50 cents. A veritable medical library in one volume, illustrated with over 300 engravings.

summarily eject him, but he anticipated the movement, and caught her white arm in a clasp that made her wince with pain.

"You would rue it to the day of your death, girl, if you were to summon your servants, or perhaps your husband, here, and they should hear what I have to say to you. Your ears, and yours alone, must hear what I have to tell."

"You are certainly a madman," cried Uldene, indignantly, struggling to free herself from the strong, steel-like clasp that held her white arm fast.

"You shall judge of that later on," he said, quietly, adding, with an intense bitterness that quite frightened her: "Your mother made a relentless foe of me in years gone by; see that you do not do the same for I can crush you, or save you from a fate more bitter than death, if I so will it."

The words he uttered held her spell-bound. They froze the piercing cry on her lips, made her reel dizzily forward, like one about to swoon. She would have fallen but for that steel-like clasp that never loosened its hold of her white arm for a single instant.

Quickly, and in a low, hoarse voice, he began his story—the startling revelation which was to burn its way to her brain, and cause her to cry out to Heaven for mercy, or death.

An hour passed. A horrible hour that had been counted by the girl's spasmodic heart-throbs as she listened to one of the bitterest, cruellest revelations that ever fell upon human ears and broke a human heart.

Long since the stranger had loosened his hold of her, but she did not attempt to fly. She stood before him with bated breath, scarcely breathing lest she might lose a word that fell from his lips.

At length he concluded his horrible recital, and stood with folded arms before her.

"Now you know all," he said calmly. "Will it be necessary for this story to be repeated to your husband, or will you quietly accept the alternative?"

With a piteous cry, poor, hapless Uldene, the child of cruel, sportive fate, cast herself on her knees at the stranger's feet, crying out that the sorrow that had fallen upon her was too great to bear, and begging Heaven to let her die and end it all.

"Rutledge must never know it," she sobbed, in wild, piteous entreaty. "He would turn from me in abhorrence and loathing, and that would be more cruel than death to endure. Oh, I never dreamed that anything like this hung over my hapless, miserable head. Oh, it would have been better if my love had died in the hour he was to hate made me his bride than married me. It was monstrous, inhuman that I did not know—that I could not have been warned; and, oh, the pity of it, the pity of it! I love him a thousand times better than my poor, miserable life."

"You forget that your mother fled with you when you were a little child," interposed the stranger. "I could not find you. You say she died, just on the point of revealing some terrible mystery. How, then, could you have been warned?"

"Something like pity stirred the man's heart as he looked down into that beautiful, agonized face upturned to the light of the pitying moon.

"Oh, how can I part with Rutledge when I love him so?" she moaned, stretching out her white arms to the night stars. "How could I live the long years while my life lasted, watching the summer suns and the winter snows come and go, and know that I must see him no more? Oh, I could never do it! No, no, no, I could not!"

"For his sake, if you love him, you will go, even though it breaks your heart. You know what the future will bring to you. Oh, unfortunate daughter of an unfortunate race, you cannot escape your doom any more than your ancestors could, for long generations before you. You dare not defy fate. If you persist in clinging to him, I must warn him—you can see for yourself that I must—let the consequences be what they may. I shall give you one hour to decide, Uldene, although under the circumstances you should not hesitate a moment.

"An hour from now I shall come to this spot, and you shall tell me your decision. If you are not here, I shall go to the house, late as the hour is, and call for your husband. You know but too well what the result of that interview will be. I have no more to say."

Without another word he turned and left her.

Uldene fell with a cry so bitter that it startled even the sleeping birds in the trees. The moonlight fell over her as she lay there in the long, green, dew-wet grass; the summer wind swept over her, dying away among the trees as though it knew, and could understand, that among the odorous roses a human heart was breaking and some one was praying for the sweet boon of death to end it all.

An hour later the moon, that in all its rounds has witnessed so many pitiful tragedies, was still shining, the earth lay green and still, the birds were in their nests, the flowers were asleep, the great boughs were still, and again the dark-browed stranger came slowly up the broad, pebbled, flower-bordered path, keeping well in the shadow of the trees.

He stood still and motionless. "She is not here," he said to himself,

ALMOST AN HOUR HE WAITED. There was no sound of footsteps, no shadow of a figure.

"Like her wifful, desperate, fatally beautiful mother, she has brought down her fate on her own head," he said, grimly, walking swiftly up the path that led to the house.

CHAPTER XXII.

"CRUEL FATE HAS PARTED US, DARLING."

The death-like swoon into which Uldene had fallen was of short duration; with a shock, memory returned to her. She sprang to her feet with as bitter a cry as ever fell from mortal lips, and gazed fearfully around her.

Her enemy was not there; but within the hour she knew he would return for his answer; nothing could prevent that. And then—ah, God help her! She dared not think what would happen then.

An hour! She had an hour's respite. What might not be accomplished in that length of time?

Ships had been wrecked, yet whole crews had been saved in half that length of time; floods had covered whole villages, but in the hour the water was rising the people had fled to the hills and saved themselves.

Whole cities had been swept by flames and the people had saved themselves in the first hour the alarming warning had been given.

Why should she not make the most desperate effort of her life to save herself in this fatal hour? Ah, if she could put the whole world between herself and her merciless foe—flying, not alone, but defying fate itself by taking Rutledge with her!

"Oh, my love, my love," she moaned, "in spite of all, how am I to part from you?"

If it were left for her to decide, her great, passionate, blind love would influence her. She stood in the long, dew-wet grass, holding out her little white hands to the star-gemmed sky; and only Heaven knew the struggle that was going on in her soul, for she knew there would come a day when the curse of God would fall upon her, as it had fallen upon every daughter of her fate race, if, after the warning, she did not part at once and forever from her love ere it was too late.

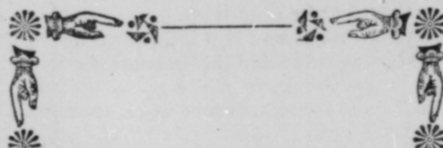
Catarrh

When doctors fail and ninety-nine remedies are powerless to give relief and cure to the Catarrh-stricken sufferer, Japanese Catarrh Cure—the one-hundredth—comes as the never-failing rainbow of promise and will cure as it cured John Crow of 421 Keefer street, Vancouver, B.C., who for 15 years had tried every remedy he could lay his hands on that promised benefit or a cure—only to have the parts weakened and more susceptible to most violent returns of the malady when the effects of the false cure had passed off. He used 6 boxes of Japanese Catarrh Cure. Three years have elapsed since he did so, and while he has been subject to the same exposures, there has been no symptoms of a return of the Catarrh, and he winds up his testimonial letter with these words: "My wife also uses it for headaches and it gives instant relief." 127

Japanese Catarrh Cure is guaranteed to cure any case of Catarrh, or money refunded. Guarantee and conditions in every package. 50 cents—at all Druggists or by mail.

GRIFFITHS & MACPHERSON CO., TORONTO

Sold by Geo. E. Hughes.

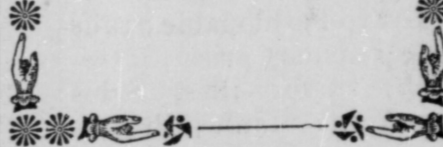


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TUMBLE!



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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

Parlor Suit	at \$45.00,	was \$65.00
"	at 40.00,	was 60.00
"	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 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,

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