

DIAGNOSIS BY NOTES!

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.

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

EPPS'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.

Get one with a steel frame that stands on the floor. 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 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 save your money back if not satisfactory in every way.

Get one that is covered with proper 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.

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.

Elis 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 XXIV Continued

A moment later they were whirling away through the darkness of the night toward the depot.

The train for Baltimore was just starting. The dark-browed gentleman, accompanied by the slim, girlish, muffled figure, had barely time to purchase their tickets and gain the platform ere the express steamed slowly out of the depot.

The passengers saw that the little hands were locked tightly together, and the face that gleamed faintly through the thick folds of the veil was as white as marble.

This supposed easy victory, as Uldene imagined, quite threw her companion off his guard.

"We change cars at the cross-roads, forty miles from here. We make no stop until we reach there. Would you mind if I were to go to the smoking-car and enjoy the luxury of a cigar?" he asked.

"On the contrary, your absence will afford me great relief," said Uldene, with frank bitterness.

He arose, raised his hat with a mocking bow, and sauntered leisurely toward the smoking car forward.

His thoughts were in a strangely confused state. It was not his intention to have the girl on his hands; she should go to the convent—hidden there as completely while she lived as though she were in a living tomb, as she had expressed it; either that, or he would force her to go to the self-same place from which her mother had fled in terror long years ago, and where every daughter of her fated race had gone, and the world had heard from them never again.

"Yes, if she refused to go to the convent, she should go—there," he told himself, grimly.

While he was laying the cruellest plot that ever blasted a young life, a strange scene was ensuing in the parlor car he had just left.

A young girl, seated directly behind Uldene, had leaned forward and touched her hesitatingly on the arm.

"The gentleman has made a slight mistake, mademoiselle," she said, in a slightly foreign accent. "The train stops once this side of the cross-roads; it stops ten minutes for luncheon."

Uldene gave a slight start. As she gazed into the dark-eyed young stranger's face the thought occurred to her—How strangely it resembled her own. And with that thought came another—a more daring one.

She leaned over the back of her seat, pale with suppressed excitement, and gazed into the dimpled, rose-bud face.

"If I were to leave the car for a cup of tea, would you do me the great favor of looking after my cloak and my satchel?" whispered Uldene.

"Certainly," responded the young girl; "it will give me great pleasure to be of any assistance to you."

"Thank you," replied Uldene, trembling with excitement, as she slipped off the long silk circular and wrapped it about the girl, and handed her her satchel and veil.

The plan that had entered Uldene's mind was to slip unnoticed from the train at the station indicated. If her companion looked in at the doorway, seeing this girl, he would most naturally mistake her for herself, the resemblance was so striking. The train would

rush on through the darkness again, and he would not miss her until the end of the destination.

This was better than trusting herself to this man, whose claim upon her could force her to bend her will to his—who could place her in a convent if he chose, or make life more cruel than death to her.

Sooner than they had anticipated the station was reached. Unobserved, unnoticed, Uldene left the train. At that instant one of the brakemen thrust his head in at the other door, announcing that the train would not stop at the station for luncheon, as they were nearly a quarter of an hour behindhand.

"Ah, me!" cried the young girl, who had vouchsafed to care for Uldene's belongings, as she clutched the heavy silk cloak that was folded about her. "The lady will miss the train, and 't's all my fault—all mine, telling her we should stop here ten minutes for luncheon. Oh, dear, oh, dear! What shall I do?"

On rushed the shrieking train, past sleeping villages, past fruitful farms, past hills and valleys—on, until it reached the great curve that the engineer always dreaded. He knew he should have slackened his speed, but he must make up time; he was yet five minutes late. He must reach the cross-roads before the northern express started.

The great curve was reached. Who shall say how it happened? There came a terrible shock, a terrible noise, a crash of broken glass, mingled with the hissing of steam, and horrible cries of men, women and children.

A rushing, blinding, bewildering shock, as two trains met at the sharp curve with deadly force, and both went whirling through space, down, down the steep embankment to the valley below.

A collision. One train was five minutes too early, another three minutes late! There was some carelessness over signals, and for that carelessness helpless human beings paid with their lives.

There was dire confusion and dismay, then those who had escaped began to collect themselves. Lanterns were brought from an adjacent village, and the dead, the dying and wounded were extracted from the wreck, and were laid side by side in the pale moonlight on the cool, green, daisy-studded grass.

Then there came a cry that some one was lying, face downward, in the brook that ran through the valley.

Strong men hurried there. They saw a mass of dark, curling hair, a long silk cloak wrapped around the body, and a traveling bag held in a stiff, white hand.

They raised the slim figure; it was that of a woman, young and fair; but a cry of horror rose to their lips as they held their lanterns down to her face; it was crushed beyond all semblance of humanity—crushed beyond all hope of recognition by even those to whom she was nearest and dearest. Some one suggested that the traveling-bag be opened; perhaps it contained something that might lead to the poor soul's identification.

It did contain something—an address, printed in gold lettering upon the silk pocket of the Russian leather bag—the address in full of Uldene Chester.

A few pocket-handkerchiefs were dimly embroidered in silk floss with the name—Uldene.

"This is Rutledge Chester's young bride," said some one in the crowd. "I met her once. It is certainly she. He must be telegraphed for at once."

A dark-browed man, muffled to the chin, stood staring down on the mangled figure in horror too great for words.

"Dead!" he muttered, under his breath. "It is better so; she is out of the way forever!"

No remorse came to him that she lay dead in all her youth and her fair young beauty; his conscience, and his heart—harder than marble—did not suffer one pang that should have come to him, knowing, as he did, that he had snared her in his cruel meshes, dragging her down to her doom.

"What satisfactory news to take back across the ocean with me: 'The girl is dead! She will never cross our path again—never again—unless the dead have power to rise from the grave!'"

CHAPTER XXIV.

"I WAS TO DELIVER THIS LETTER TO YOU WITH MY OWN HANDS."

The hand of fate never brought about a stranger or more fatal mistake than that which occurred. When Uldene asked the stranger in the seat behind her to take charge of her wraps, how little she dreamed of the pitiful consequences that were to accrue from that one act.

While Uldene was making her way along the unfrequented country road, in the dewy fragrance of the summer night, the following telegram was speeding over the wires to Rutledge Chester:

"Allendale Station, June 3rd.
"To Mr. Rutledge Chester: There has been a dreadful accident near this village. Your wife was on the train. Come on at once."

It was signed by one of the passengers on the ill-fated express. Let us go in advance of that telegram, dear reader, and look in at that home that was so soon to be the scene of the deepest woe.

She whirled around on the stool just in time to see the amused smile on Rutledge Chester's face reflected in the French mirror, opposite the bay window in which he has ensconced himself.

"You are laughing at me again, Mr. Chester. You are always laughing at my music," flashed out Neddy. "I did not know you were listening. I thought you were deeply immersed in the columns of your paper."

"That would be impossible—to read. I mean—when you are at the piano," he remarked, dryly, breaking out into a hearty laugh, as he saw Neddy bristling up with anger.

"You don't know good music when you do hear it. I am beginning to believe; Uldene has always declared it," she pouted.

"On the contrary, it is patent that I am a good judge of it, for I am charmed with yours, Miss Neddy," he returned, with a graceful bow. "Pray don't allow me to disturb you; I am going directly."

"If you will send Uldene to me here, I will promise to forgive you," she replied, easily mollified.

"I shall obey your command with the greatest of pleasure," he said. "I am going directly to her boudoir."

Fun-loving, rollicking, mischievous Neddy drowned his words in a perfect shower of discordant sounds that sent him fairly flying out of the parlor and up the grand stairway, out of hearing of the ear-splitting melody.

Meanwhile Rutledge hurried smilingly toward Uldene's boudoir. At the door he was met by Nanon, the maid, and he saw that she held a letter in her hand.

"If you please, sir," she said, courtseying shyly to her handsome young master, "madame said, when you came up to her room I was to give you this letter with my own hands."

He took the letter, and pushed past the maid into Uldene's pink and gold boudoir. He looked through the suites of pretty rooms—Uldene was not there. He looked at the sealed letter in his hand, which bore his name in his wife's dainty chirography, and a merry twinkle lit up his dark eyes—no doubt it was a gentle reminder in her pretty, delicate way, that she wanted him to invest a little fortune in some painting, statuary, or bric-a-brac that had caught her eye.

(To be Continued.)
Hood's Pills
Business men and travelers carry them in vest pockets, ladies carry them in purses, housekeepers keep them in medicine chests, friends recommend them to friends. **Dr. Hood's Pills**

FOREST AND STREAM TRIAL TRIP
AT SPECIAL TRIP RATE.
This large illustrated sportsman's weekly is just the paper for you if you are a shooter or angler or amateur sailor or camper or observer of nature. FOREST AND STREAM is called the "sportsman's home journal," because all in the home read it. To know it is to like it. The price is 10 cents per copy (of all newsdealers); but that you may get acquainted with FOREST AND STREAM, send 25 cents (silver or stamps), and we will send the paper for four weeks as a special trial trip. Our catalogue of best books on outdoor sports will come to you free. Address FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO. 346 Broadway, New York.

Merchants Bank of Prince Edward Island.

Notice is hereby given that the Merchants Bank of Prince Edward Island intends to apply to the Committee of the Queen's Privy Council of Canada, known as "The Treasury Board" after the expiration of four weeks from the first publication of this notice in the Canada Gazette, for the Certificate of said Treasury Board approving of the following By-law, which was duly and regularly passed and adopted by the shareholders of the said Merchants Bank of Prince Edward Island, at the Annual General Meeting of the shareholders duly called, and held this 10th day of January, A. D., 1899, viz: "That for the purpose of extending the business of the Bank, the Capital Stock of the Merchants Bank of Prince Edward Island, and is hereby increased from \$200,000.00 to \$500,000.00 and that the Directors be, and they are hereby authorized and empowered to allot such increased Capital Stock to and among the shareholders of the Bank, pro rata, in such sums, at such times and at such rates as the Directors may from time to time determine."

This application is made pursuant to the provision of section 26 of "The Bank Act."
Dated at Charlottetown, P. E. Island, this 10th day of January, 1899.
J. M. DAVISON,
Cashier Merchants Bank of P. E. Island.
12—law, 4i

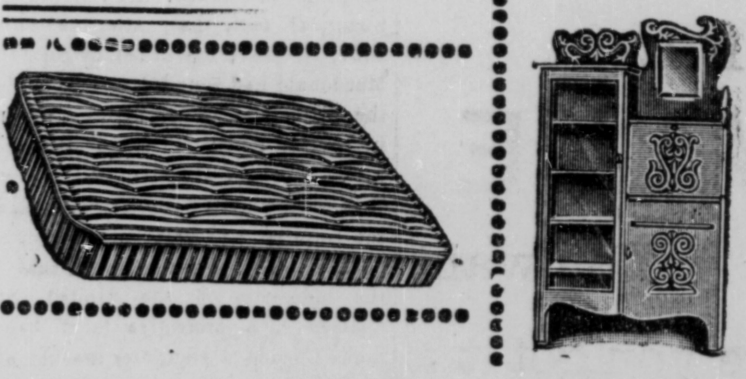
The Inland Navigation Company (LIMITED)

The Annual General Meeting of the Inland Navigation Company, (Limited) will be held in the room, (up stairs) in Mr. John McEachern's building, corner of Queen and King Streets, on Thursday, the 23rd inst., at three o'clock p. m.
L. C. OWEN,
Secretary

Charlottetown, 4th Feb'y, 1899
29—2aw, mon, wed, fri.



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

or 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

