

APPALLING DEATH

From Kidney Disease Prevented by Dodd's Kidney Pills, Only

"Kidney Disease." Do you know what it means? It means that the kidneys are either rotten, or rotting; the blood is full of poisonous, death-dealing corruption; that the kidneys can't do their work; that the victim is a walking charnel-house; that his hours are numbered; that the victim must take Dodd's Kidney Pills if he does not want to die.

Have you Kidney Disease? Is your skin hot and dry; memory failing; breath short; urine, reddish, or pale colored; does it scald when passing; is your appetite changeable; do your ankles swell; have you bitter taste in the mouth on getting up mornings; is there a brick-dust deposit in your urine?

Any of these signs is proof positive of Kidney Disease. Will you be cured, or will you die? Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only means on earth that will cure you. They never fail.



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 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, etc. Purifies system, produces cleanliness, health, strength. Prevents disease, obesity. Cures Colds, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, La Grippe, 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

Eels 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.....

Molasses and Sugar.

Extra choice Porto Rico Molasses, Extra standard granulated Sugar yellow extra C Sugar, Demerara Crystals in bags. Selling at lowest prices.

HORACE HASZARD Ch'town, Jan 5th '99 4 2 wks eod

Parted by Fate

By LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

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

CHAPTER XI Continued

She clasped the unconscious form still closer in her white arms, caressing him with piteous agony, and murmuring broken words of love over him.

Unconscious, did I say? It was not quite that.

For a few moments the force of the fall stunned and bewildered Rutledge Chester, but the action of the cold water with which Uldene bathed his face brought back his dazed senses at once.

He felt the clasp of the clinging arms about him. The passionate, wailing, broken words of love that were sobbed out over him fell like a shock upon his startled ears. Sheer amazement and a sterner passion chained his dazed senses.

Should he open his eyes and falter: "Forgive me, Uldene; I have unconsciously discovered your love for me?" It would be worse than death to the girl's proud nature; the shock, the cruel embarrassment would prostrate her. Yet it was equally embarrassing to him to receive the assurances of her wild, idolatrous love, with closed eyes, she believing him to be unconscious.

Rutledge Chester was a gentleman and a man of honor in the strictest sense of the word; yet between duty and delicacy he scarcely knew which way to turn.

Fortunately the doctor's quick footsteps relieved him in his strangely trying dilemma.

The usual restoratives were applied; then he dared open his eyes. Uldene stood beside him with a white, scared face.

"Oh, doctor, tell me—is he badly hurt or not? I—I cannot bear suspense," he heard her say, piteously.

"Badly hurt? Oh, no, my dear," replied the doctor, cheerfully. "I am glad to say Mr. Chester has had a miraculous escape. He has had a bad fall—a slight scalp wound—and was stunned, that's all. I'll venture to say he will be all right in a day or so."

Rutledge Chester looked up into her face, his own flushing painfully. His heart smote him with a strange pity. The great, dark, velvety eyes that fell so quickly under his gaze were wet with tears.

CHAPTER XII

THE FULFILLMENT OF A TERRIBLE CUES.

The secret he had discovered in so strange a manner puzzled and troubled Rutledge Chester not a little.

He was amazed that any one should love him so much—that it was of such vital importance to any one whether he lived or died. His heart was touched; he was greatly perplexed.

If his heart had not been given to another it might have turned then to Uldene. He felt so sorry for her. He was a thorough gentleman, and the question which agitated him was, What would he do?

He admired Uldene exceedingly. She was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen; but admiration was one sentiment, love quite another.

He came to the conclusion that the best course to pursue would be to go away at once. It would be kinder to Uldene than to stay, knowing her pitiful secret.

In time she would learn to forget him.



The raging lion that ravages the earth, seeking that which it may devour is a fearsome antagonist to fight. Ill-health is a stealthier but much more dangerous enemy. It is always easier and better to avoid it than to fight it. It comes in various guises. At first it is usually as a trifling indigestion or a slight attack of biliousness. Then follow loss of appetite, or headache, or nervousness and sleeplessness, or stupor. These are the advance heralds of consumption, malaria, nervous exhaustion and prostration, and a multitude of other ills.

There is an easy way to avoid, and a sure way to escape from, ill-health. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery gives edge to the appetite, invigorates the liver, makes the digestion perfect and the blood pure. It is the great appetizer and nerve-tonic. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption. It does not make flabby flesh like cod-liver oil, but firm, healthy tissue, without corpulency. Honest dealers don't urge substitutes for a little extra profit.

"I cannot praise Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery too highly," writes Mrs. Mary A. Seay, of Andersonville, Buckingham Co., Va. "My friends gave me up as dying of consumption. I tried everything, but grew worse, until I became so weak I gave up all my housework. I tried four bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and have now no more need to take medicine of any kind. I recommend your medicines—the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Pellets'—to my friends with a full belief in their efficiency."

When any member of the family is sick or hurt, look in Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser, and there you will find the remedy. It used to cost \$1.50; now it's FREE, 100¢ pages. Over 300 illustrations. Send 3¢ one-cent stamps, to cover cost of customs and mailing only, to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., for paper-covered copy. Cloth binding, 50¢ stamps.

She was only a romping, merry romp of a school girl—a spoiled, indulged child. With absence she would be sure to forget this little romance, he assured himself.

When he made known his determination at the breakfast table, two days later, Mrs. Chester was greatly disturbed, and Uldene grew pale as death.

He was going—going away on the beginning of the following week. The words sounded like a death-knell to Uldene. What should she do with her life after he went away? The world would be so lonely; the brightness of her life would be obscured in pitiful gloom. She arose and left the table, with a forced smile on her lips, and a steady step; but when the door of the breakfast room was closed between Rutledge Chester and herself the widest sob that was ever heard broke from her lips, and she groped her way through the marble corridor like one stricken blind.

On the stairway she met Mrs. Chester's maid hurrying toward the breakfast-room with a telegram; but the matter did not interest her—nothing interested her save that which concerned Rutledge Chester.

An hour later Mrs. Chester came into her boudoir in a flutter of excitement. "I am called away hurriedly by a telegram I have just received, Uldene," she said. "I shall be back Thursday at latest. Do you think you will mind staying here a day or so in charge of the servants, dear?" she asked anxiously. "Rutledge will be here, you know, when he is not at his club-room."

"I shall not mind," answered the girl. If Mrs. Chester had not been so flurried and excited she would have noticed how white Uldene's lovely face was, and how hopeless and forlorn was her usual, gay, sprightly manner.

An hour later, the senator and his wife took their hurried departure. Mrs. Chester's last words, as she took her place beside her husband in the family coach, were:

"I may have a startling surprise for you when I return; still I must not be too sanguine."

Then the coach door closed with a bang, and an instant later whirled out of sight.

"You will be very lonely without mother the few days she will be gone," said Rutledge, thoughtfully, as he turned to Uldene. "I should suggest that you invite some of your girl friends to pass the time with you."

"No," replied Uldene. "I—I could not endure their chatter and their laughter," she muttered below her breath. "It would drive me mad."

Uldene seemed to forget that she was standing on the cold marble steps, with only the crimson silk scarf wrapped loosely around her dark, curly head; but Rutledge remembered.

"The carriage is out of sight," he said, taking her cold little hand to lead her back to the library. "Come into the house, Uldene."

The magic touch of his hand seemed to unnerve her. Quick as a flash, she snatched it from his grasp and sprang into the vestibule, but ere she had taken another step forward she suddenly swayed to and fro like a leaf in the tempest-tossed wind, and would have fallen to the floor, if Rutledge had not sprung forward and quickly caught her in his arms.

"Uldene!" he cried in alarm. She did not answer. She had sunk back in his arms in a dead faint.

Rutledge bore the slender form quickly to the library, and rang the bell with such a resounding peal for the housekeeper that motherly Mrs. Pierce was "startled clean out of her wits," as she afterwards expressed it.

In a few words Rutledge explained what had happened.

"See that she is removed to her room at once, and give her your kindly attention," he said, thoughtfully and gravely.

"I wonder that young master is so blind that he cannot see the girl is pining away for love of him," thought Mrs. Pierce, compassionately, as she smothered back the long, lovely dark curls that strayed over the pillow, and caressed the girl's little burning hands. "Why, any one can see she has not been the same since Master Rutledge announced that he was going abroad. But, then, men are proverbially blind."

An hour later Uldene had grown so much worse that a doctor was summoned in all haste. Was it chance, or the strange complication of fate most cruel?—the physician called in was young Doctor Keith, the same physician who played such a prominent part in one of our previous chapters.

Dr. Keith looked gravely at the beautiful patient he had been called to attend.

"She is suffering from nervous prostration, and an intense mental shock," he said. "If it turns to brain fever between this and midnight, saving her will be something else than a miracle."

This was the startling word Mrs. Pierce carried down to Rutledge Chester in the library, and which caused him to send the following telegram flashing southward over the wires to Mark Setton:

"Can you come on at once? Uldene is very ill."

In Mrs. Chester's hurried and unexpected departure, she had quite forgotten to mention her destination, and

therefore, at this critical hour she could not be recalled.

The matter was all the more alarming when the young doctor called Rutledge Chester to Uldene's bedside an hour later, asking that three doctors be called in for the purpose of consultation.

"I have done all in my power for her," he said, compassionately. "I should like to have the opinions of other physicians as a last resort."

Three skilful, prominent physicians were summoned without delay. Each promptly concurred in the opinion of young Dr. Keith. There was an acrimonious trouble preying upon the heart of the lovely, hapless patient. Her strange symptoms baffled and puzzled them, skilful as they were. She was sinking—dying before their eyes; but a skill seemed of little avail; all their efforts to arrest the scythe of the dread destroyer, Death, seemed futile. It was their opinion that when the tide drifted out at midnight the life of beautiful Uldene would drift out with it.

The doctors, together with Rutledge Chester and Mrs. Pierce, the housekeeper, sat by the couch, awaiting in the solemn hush the pitiful end. Outside the door the servants knelt, weeping and wailing. The dying girl, who had brought sunshine and joy to the quiet old mansion, had been dearly beloved by one and all. Now they were kneeling, praying outside the door, awaiting with averted face for the breath of life to leave its beautiful tenement of clay.

Mark Setton would come—come late. When he arrived all would be over with dark-eyed Uldene.

A little before midnight she had opened her great dark, wistful eyes, and a smile of unutterable joy lit up her face as they rested upon Rutledge Chester.

"Is it true that I am dying?" she whispered, faintly. "Tell me, is it true? Do not deceive me. I—I know—I feel that I am."

How could they look into her face and answer her falsely.

"Tell me, Rutledge, is it true?" she whispered.

He controlled himself with a mighty effort, and bent over her, taking her poor, fluttering little hand in his.

"I—I fear it is so, Uldene," he said huskily. "Is there any message you would like to send to any one—any wish you would like fulfilled?"

She looked up into his eyes with a great light breaking over her lovely face.

"If one great wish in my heart could be fulfilled, I—I could die happier," she faltered, in pitiful, quivering gasps.

"If there is anything I can do for you, rest assured that you have only to ask and I will grant it, if it be in my power, Uldene," he answered, huskily, little dreaming what the great wish in her heart was.

"I cannot tell you, Rutledge. I will whisper it to Mrs. Pierce, and she will tell you," she murmured. "Remember, Rutledge, I would never ask it if I were not going to die—so soon—yes, so soon."

"You shall tell Mrs. Pierce," he answered gently. "and yet no thought came to him what it was she wished in this her dying hour."

(To be Continued.)

Sprains

Bruises, Sore Back, Burns, Scalds, Neuralgia, Headaches, Lumbago, Sore Throat, and every other ailment where outward application is wanted to give quick relief.

MR. MACK WHITE, the well-known trainer of the Toronto Lacrosse Club and Osgoode Hall Football Club, writes:—"I consider Griffith's Menthol Liniment unequalled for athletes or those training. I have used it with the best success, and can heartily recommend it for lame back, stiffness, soreness, sprains and all forms of swelling and inflammation."

GRIFFITH'S MENTHOL LINIMENT

RELIEVES THE INSTANT APPLIED. AT ALL DRUGGISTS—25 CENTS

Prepared by G. O. E. Hughes

Charlottetown School of Music, KINDERGARTEN BUILDING.

W. Harry Watts, Director

Lessons given on Pipe Organ. Fee (which includes use of organ for practice and blower) \$15 per term of 20 lessons. Piano (one hour) \$10 per term. Half hour lessons on Piano, Singing, Orchestral Instruments, or Harmony, \$5 per term.

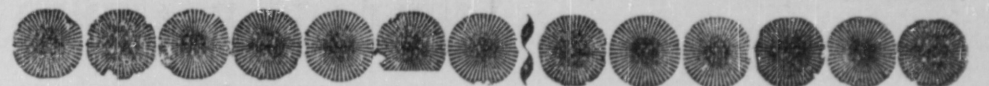
Papers will be ready by the Director every Saturday at 10.30. Pupils admitted free, but are to provide themselves with combined note and exercise books.

Hours: 9 to 12, 2 to 5, 7 to 9. 6—A. CHAR, ST

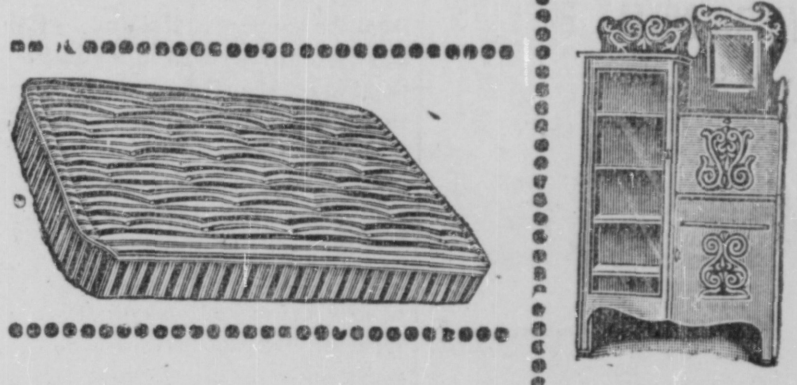
FOR SALE

The well known carriage stallion, BLACK - DIAMOND - KNOX

For terms, etc., apply at Lewis' Crockery Store on Grafton Street.



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 Parlor Suit	at \$45.00,	was \$65.00
1 "	at 40.00,	was 60.00
1 "	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.

MARK WRIGHT AND CO

HOME MAKERS

