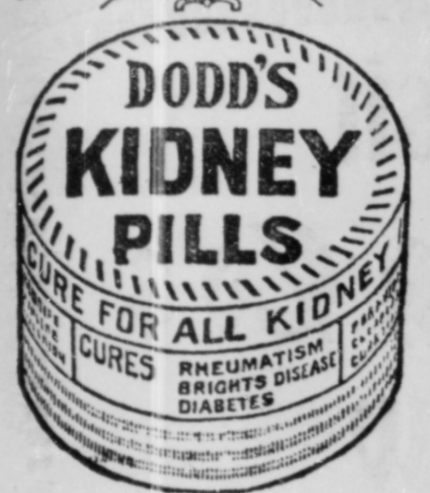


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CURE FOR ALL KIDNEY
CURES RHEUMATISM
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We are the original manufacturers of portable Vapor Baths. We have, during the last ten years supplied thousands of our Baths to physicians, hospitals, sanitariums, 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 bathier.

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 get 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, 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.

Parted by Fate

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

CHAPTER XXXVIII Continued
"I longed for change of scene, for gaiety and pleasure, as all young girls do; and honest Mark consented that Verlie and I should spend the coming holidays with an old friend's family, who spent part of their winters in Washington, dividing their time between there and their beautiful villa in Boston.

"In granting my prayer—with which I often petitioned him—to see the world, honest Mark Sefton cursed me with my heart's desire.
"Even now his parting words ring in my ears: 'You shall see the gay world beyond; but, I warn you, give no thought to love or marriage, child. They are not for you. Remember, Uldene, I warn you.' I laughed gaily as I turned from him; then, when I was quite alone, tears of vexation filled my eyes. Why should fate have decreed that I should have no lover? I asked myself, with pouting lips. Other girls less fair had lovers, and life seemed all sweet enough for them. Every girl that has a spark of human nature in her breast has her own dream of a lover who is to come to her and woo her in the blissful, golden future. My dreams were quite as rosy as other girls', and I had my ideal hero. How often I had smiled, and sung the words over to myself:

"Every heart finds its own true mate
Some time in life; for this is fate."

"Verlie and I would never have been permitted to visit at the home of Senator Chester if honest Mark had not believed that the son was traveling abroad in Europe, and through that error the whole course of my life was changed. When I met Rutledge Chester I said to myself I had met the hero of my dreams. I hope I may not weary your honor with this preface," faltered Uldene, "but on this slender, tangled thread hangs the weighty evidence which in the end will clear the innocent prisoner, and cast the man you are holding yonder into his place."

"But ere she reached that point she will have spoken her own doom!" cried the stranger, with mocking defiance. Uldene bowed her hapless head until the angry tumult which the man's words had evoked had died down and silence was again restored.

"Let me be brief," Uldene went on, speaking with difficulty, as though the words pained her, and never taking her great dark eyes from the face of the stern judge. "Soon after, I became engaged secretly to Rutledge Chester. I was on the point of writing this home to request Mark Sefton, when I made a

startling discovery, which was written in a letter from the Seftons to Rutledge's mother, and which by accident I came across.

"In it Mark Sefton warned the lady to nip in the bud any flirtation which I—being of a very romantic turn of mind—might fall into if a young and handsome man should cross my path. She must never love, for she must never marry; so ran the letter. And I, full of curiosity, read these lines, which had never been intended for my eyes, carefully to the end. It was a history of my life, that read like a tragic romance. It was then I made the discovery that I was not Mark Sefton's child—but a waif clasped close in my dying mother's arms—who had been saved from a wrecked steamer, which was drifting toward the light-house one terribly stormy night. My young mother did not live long enough to tell who we were, or from whence we came. She cried out to Nella Sefton to take her hapless child—for she was dying—and rear it as her own. 'The child must never love, for she must never marry,' sobbed my poor young mother, bitterly, for a curse most terrible hangs over her hapless head that will blast her life, mock her love, until death ends it all. Listen while I tell you what it is. But first you must swear never to reveal it even to the child herself—it is so full of awful horror.' Ere she could breathe the horrible secret she fell back dead, with the bitter secret untold."

"Now, you see," wrote Mark Sefton in conclusion, 'why you must guard her, dear madam, more carefully, while she is under your roof, than most girls.' There the letter ended. I threw it in the fire, and as I watched the glowing coals I cried out to myself, 'Why should I care for those written words? Why should I let them rob me of love and happiness?' I could not—no, I would not! I would brave fate itself and marry Rutledge Chester.

"I was on my guard now, and I resolved Rutledge's mother should never know I loved her son, lest she should warn him against me. In his mother's absence one day, Rutledge and I were married. Oh, fatal day! Oh, bitter hour! In that hour I brought my own doom upon my head. And ah! God help me, the penalty was worse than death. But I must not deviate. When Rutledge's mother returned and discovered that we had been suddenly married she threw up her hands with a wild cry, fell upon her face and never spoke again. The horrible secret those lips might have told died with her. I knew what the blow was that killed her—oh! I knew but too well.

"I have often since cried out wildly and bitterly to Heaven: 'Why could I not have died then, in my youth and my happiness?' But I must not digress. I must be brief while you have the patience to listen to the bitter sorrow that followed," murmured Uldene, while tears fell like rain from the beautiful dark eyes and down the marble-white cheeks.

The silence of death reigned throughout the breathless room; no sound broke the deadly silence save the quivering sob that broke from Uldene's white lips as she went on with her piteous story—ah, yes, surely the strangest, as she had said, that ever fell from mortal lips.

CHAPTER XXXVIII. THE CURSE.

Rutledge Chester sprang to Uldene's side, almost overcome by intense emotion, but she waved him off.

"Do not touch my hand until you have heard all," she said, piteously. "You must not! I pray you let me continue, while I have the strength. Across the sunshine of my happiness a dark cloud drifted, bringing with it—my doom. All unawares the cyclone burst above my head; the volcano broke beneath my feet.

"I was in a picture gallery one day, with the young girl who sits beside the prisoner—Miss Temple will remember the occurrence well—when suddenly I was aware—painfully aware—of the fixed, burning gaze of a pair of eyes bent upon me, and looking up, I beheld a stranger scrutinizing me closely with a look that burned down to my very soul; I could not tell why. I hurried Neddy away from the gallery, but all the way home the dark-bearded, evil face of the stranger haunted me. One evening, two days later, while walking through the garden at the rear of the villa, I came suddenly face to face with the same stranger, within the grounds.

"I would have cried out and turned and fled, but he held up his hand with a gesture of warning, calling cautiously, in a hoarse, awful voice.
"On your life raise no outcry—no alarm; I am no thief, no intruder. Summon help and your doom will be sealed."
"Who are you? What do you want here? And how dare you, a stranger, address me thus?" I cried, fairly raging at the man's insolence, and trembling with dismay.
"One who has been searching the whole world over to find you, I answer to your first question," he said; "to the second, I say, I am here to avert—a tragedy!" and as to the third question, as to why I, a stranger, dare address you, I answer, by the right of an uncle, who has been appointed your guardian, and who would have striven to prevent you, the last daughter of an accursed

race, from marrying had it been in human power; but it seems I have come too late. You are married, but I can save you from the doom that follows."

"I stood motionless, rooted to the spot," moaned Uldene, "too terrified to cry out or utter any word. Like a flash the fatal words of the letter occurred to me—the words my young mother had uttered on her death-bed, that love was not for me.

"What is your purpose here?" I murmured, desperately.
"To persuade you that you must leave Rutledge Chester at once and forever, or I shall publicly announce that which will cause you to be sent from him by his own command—that which will cause him to turn from you in horror and fear too great for words. I will tell you first the doom which hangs over you, and which has fallen upon every daughter of your race for generations back; then you must choose whether you will go quietly back to France (from where you were stolen in your infancy) or enter a convent there under an assumed name, and where you will be shut out from the world for life.

"I will give you proof, first of all, that I am indeed what I claim to be, your uncle and guardian; then I will tell you your story."

"I examined the portrait of my mother, which he had brought with him, which was so like my own face it might easily have been taken for me. Beneath it was my mother's name—Uldene. I knew he spoke the truth. I could feel it in my heart. Every pulse thrilled as I gazed at the pictured face in the white, bright moonlight. One by one I examined the papers he had brought with him; and no doubt was left in my mind but what he was indeed my uncle.

"The daughters of your race were all beautiful women," he said, slowly; "but none were so beautiful as you, who seem to have inherited all the beauty of your race. You have inherited, too, their quick, passionate nature. Quick to love, and to love intensely, and quite as quick to hate, and hate bitterly."
"I knew his words as to my disposition were quite true."
(To be Continued.)



Few men understand women. When a woman is weak, sickly, nervous, fretful, irritable and despondent, the average husband imagines that she is simply out of temper. An average husband will probably simply go out and leave her alone for awhile, "to have it out with herself." A bad husband is liable to go off and get drunk. The fact is that the poor wife is suffering from illness of a description that breaks a woman down sooner than any thing else. Her back is weak and aches. Her "sides stitch." She has pains and a dragging sensation in the abdomen. Her appetite is touchy and she suffers from nausea. She has sick headaches, giddiness, dizziness, cold chills, flushings of heat, shortness of breath, palpitation, disturbed sleep, frightful dreams, irregularities and nervous and trembling sensations. Her pain-racked nerves are a continual torture.

A woman in this condition is suffering from weakness and disease of the delicate and important organs concerned in wifehood and motherhood. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes these organs strong and well. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration and soothes pain. It has transformed thousands of sickly, nervous, petulant, childless and unhappy women into happy, healthy, helpful, amiable wives and mothers. It prevents the discomforts of the period of prospective maternity and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. Good medicine dealers sell it and an honest druggist does not try to urge upon you an inferior substitute for a little extra profit.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, a 1008-page home doctor-book, paper-covered, sent for 31 one-cent stamps, to cover customs and mailing only, or French cloth binding 50 stamps. Address Dr. R.V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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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.

MONTROSE, 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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We are now ready and willing to place any number of Hotels, Stores and private dwellings in a correct sanitary, and consequently healthy condition; and this at short notice.

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The latest and most beautiful New York designs in electroliers. A large stock of soil pipe and all plumber's, steamfitters and engineers' supplies now on hand.

Call on us at the Masonic Temple Building. You will receive courteous treatment whether we sell you or not.

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make. It's no novelty for us to sell the best made shirts on the market. Try our 95c shirt.

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SUNNYSIDE

250 Cases

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Landed to day.
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SUCCESSFUL MEN

MANY OF THEM ARE HANDICAPPED WITH CATARRHAL DISEASES.

Dr. A. W. CHASE
COMES TO THEIR AID.

Success in life is almost impossible for a man with bad breath. Nobody wants to do business with him. Nobody wants to associate with him. He is handicapped everywhere. Offensive breath comes from catarrh; sometimes from catarrh of the stomach, sometimes of the lungs, sometimes of the head, nose, and throat. It is from catarrh somewhere, and catarrh is another name for uncleanness.

Many men understand this, and make every effort to cure it, but it is beyond the reach of ordinary practice. No self-respecting man can ignore catarrh. If he has it in any form he makes constant effort to be rid of it.

There is something about the manner of life and the climate of Canada that seems to breed diseases of the mucous membrane. Medical science ordinarily doesn't try to cure catarrh; it "relieves" it; but Dr. Chase has been curing catarrh for over thirty years, and his name is blessed by thousands who have shaken off the grasp of this insidious disease.
Sold by all dealers, price 25 cents per box, blower free.