

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.

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 "fall over" pattern of Niagara Falls.

Get one with a thermometer attachment. Don't 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, 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.

THE IMPROVED RUPTURE CURE

GET WELL

By taking DR. CLIFF'S treatment for CHRONIC DISEASES and RUPTURE. Diploma registered in U. S. and Canada. Send stamp for information, or call at CH'OWN, FRIDAY, SATURDAY, and SUNDAY.

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.

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'own, Jan 5th '99
4 2 wks eol

Parted by Fate

By LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

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

CHAPTER VI Continued

At every unusual snarl—every peal of the bell—every quick footstep—her heart seemed to die within her. She would fancy it was Verlie coming in to confront her, crying out how fair, false, treacherous Uldene had left her alone to die. And if Verlie should thus come, Mrs. Chester would turn from her (Uldene) in horror too great for words, and Rutledge—ah, the deep, blazing scorn and bitter anger in his eyes—the eyes of the man for whose sake she had sinned so fatally—would strike her dead.

He would despise her, and when that moment came she would die, she told herself.

When noon arrived, and Verlie had not yet returned, Mrs. Chester commenced to grow anxious about her whereabouts, and when the afternoon deepened into the dusk of the early winter afternoon her anxiety grew into terror.

The senator had gone out of town early that morning, and Rutledge had lunched at the club parlors, and it would be rather uncertain, he told his mother, whether he would be home in time to see with the family or not.

Mrs. Chester could stand the suspense no longer and sent a messenger for her son. "I want to see you in reference to Verlie," so ran his mother's brief note. "Come without delay."

The young man's handsome, grave face flushed and paled as he thrust the delicate, pink-tinted affair into his breast pocket.

"Of course there could be but one meaning to it," he told himself, as he seated himself in his sleigh, tucked the buffalo robe around him, picked up the lines and gave the mettlesome gray horse a slight cut with his whip that sent him fairly spinning down the snow-crusted road homeward.

Of course Verlie had recalled him. She had repented not having kept the appointment in the conservatory, and had confessed the story of her son's love to his mother, and that tender-hearted little woman had taken it upon herself to become mediator between them, recalling her son without delay; for he had announced at the breakfast-table that morning his intention of going abroad for a few months, declaring he should start immediately.

It was with a very light heart he drew rein before his home. He glanced up at the windows; no dimpled, bashful, girlish face, framed in golden hair, peered coyly down at him from the lace-draped windows. Flinging the reins to the groom, he sprang up the marble steps three steps at a time.

A servant answered the imperative summons. As he stepped into the marble corridor the drawing-room door opened and he saw his mother, white as a ghost and deeply agitated, standing on the threshold.

"Come in here, my son," she exclaimed, drawing him into the room; and while he was removing his gloves she had told him of Verlie's protracted absence, and of the grave fears she entertained of her being lost. Boston was not the best city in the world for a stranger to find their way in.

Rutledge Chester's face grew whiter and whiter as he listened. Like a flash a solution of Verlie's mysterious absence came to him.

He sprang from his chair and began pacing up and down the floor with such rapid strides, his face working convulsively, that his mother grew alarmed.

"Rutledge, my son!" she cried out, in dismay.

But he held up his hand with a gesture of silence.

"Hush, mother!" he cried, bitterly. "I cannot bear it."

"Verlie is not lost," he went on, huskily. "When she left the house this morning, she left it for good, with the intention of never entering these doors again."

"Rutledge!" exclaimed his mother, in wonder and dismay. "What can you mean by such a remark?"

"Hear me out, mother," he went on.

huskily, as he threw himself down in a chair and covered his face with his hands, "and the cause will explain itself as I proceed."

In a straightforward, manly way he told her of his love for beautiful little, golden-haired Verlie, and how the knowledge had first come to him, when he saved her from death that memorable day in the park.

He told her, too, how he had detected Verlie's costume on the night of the mask ball, and in the course of the evening, in the dim conservatory, had laid his hand and hand at her feet, begging her, if she favored his suit, to wear a white rose in her bodice after unmasking, and if it was her wish to reject and dismiss him, a red rose so worn should be the signal of it.

"Verlie wore the red rose at the appointed hour," he continued, huskily, "and I knew then my suit was in vain. She did not love me."

"I could not rest without making another attempt to win her," he went on, desperately. "So I wrote her a note yesterday afternoon, begging her to meet me in the conservatory at eight that evening, to give me one more chance to plead my cause. I was there promptly at eight. She was not there. I waited an hour. Still she came not. She wished me to understand by her silence that her answer was final. Don't you see how it is, mother? Rather than pain me by another refusal, she has gone quietly away. She knew quite well I would tell you why."

Mrs. Chester's distress as she listened knew no bounds. This revelation gave her such unbounded surprise. For once she was completely startled out of her lady-like calm.

"Forget her, Rutledge, my dear son," she cried, throwing her arms around his neck and drawing his handsome, manly face down to her own. "Forget her, my boy. This lovely born girl was no mate for the heir of the Chesters at best. She would never have been suited to you, anyhow. It is all for the best."

He started back, as though those white jeweled, wrinkled hands had struck him a sudden blow.

"Do not speak hard of her, mother," he cried, huskily. "Remember, I love her better than life itself, and a cutting word spoken of her strikes through my heart like the thrust of a dagger. She is fitted to wed a king on his throne. If she could not love me, it was not her fault, poor child!"

"No," admitted his mother, drawing a hard breath.

Yet she was puzzled to know how any young girl in her senses could help loving her tall, handsome, haughty, manly son.

"I have an idea that she has gone directly home," he went on; "but to make assurance doubly sure, I shall make inquiries at once."

Oh, fatal mistake, that was the turning point of three lives.

At the wharf he was told a young girl had boarded the outgoing steamer that morning, with a ticket direct for Pensacola, Florida.

"Of course it was Verlie," he thought, turning away. "I knew she must have gone straight home."

CHAPTER VIII.

A DUEL AND AN ABDUCTION.

Uldene feigned the greatest astonishment when Mrs. Chester broke this startling news to her, accounting for her sister's sudden disappearance, and that Rutledge had traced her to the wharf where she had taken passage on an outgoing steamer for home.

"I am not surprised that this is a great revelation to you," Mrs. Chester went on, looking pityingly into the girl's dead-white face. "It will no doubt be quite as much of a surprise for your father and mother. Rutledge is in the library now, writing them a full explanation of the affair. It will probably reach there on the same day Verlie arrives home."

Uldene could have cried out in terror as she heard those words; and the thought flashed upon her that she must prevent that letter from reaching its destination at any cost. No one yet ever took the first fatal step in deception and sin without being dragged still further down the slippery, steep path, and at last plunged headlong into the dark abyss yawning to receive her.

It was so with Uldene. She had taken the first fatal step in a horrible deception and she told herself it was too late to turn back now.

"I should like to add a short postscript to Rutledge's letter," she said, in a voice that sounded like nothing human, "and, if he does not mind, I—I will mail it."

"Certainly," asserted Mrs. Chester. "Do so by all means. It will greatly allay your father's anxiety if you also inclose a few lines."

A few moments later a servant appeared with Rutledge's letter, enveloped and directed, but unsealed.

Early the next morning Uldene left the house for the ostensible purpose of mailing the letter. When quite out of sight of the Chester mansion she turned in an opposite direction from the post-office, hurrying quickly along through the crowded thoroughfare until she found herself on the wharf.

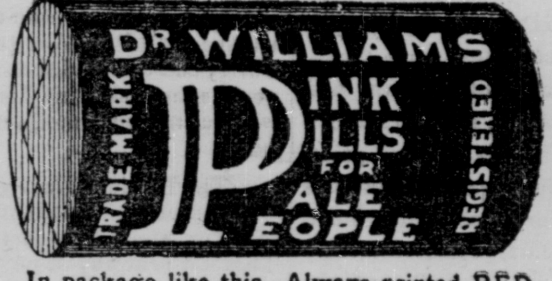
She glanced furtively about her. No one was observing her; and drawing the letter from her pocket, she tore it into minute pieces, telling herself that, in case of war, a general would open and destroy the dispatches of the enemy if

Too Little Blood

That is what makes men and women look pale, sallow and languid. That is what makes them drag along, always tired, never hungry, unable to digest their food, breathless and palpitating at the heart after slight exertion, so that it is a trouble to go up stairs. They are "Anæmic," doctors tell them; and that is Greek for having "too little blood." Are you like that? Are your gums pale instead of being scarlet? Pull down your eyelid—Is the lining of it blood-shot and pale? That is where "too little blood" shows.



More anæmic and weak people have been made strong, energetic, cheerful men and women by taking **Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People** than by any other means. They are the finest Tonic in the world; they have cured more people than any other medicine, but you must get the genuine—substitutes are worse than useless, they are dangerous.



David R. McKay, the well-known baker, of Stellarton, N. S., writes—"I cannot say too much in praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was very badly run down; could not work and could not sleep at night. My appetite was poor and I was losing flesh. I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and was surprised at the rapidity with which they built me up. In a few weeks my weight increased from 130 to 149 pounds. My appetite returned, I could sleep well, and could do my work without feeling tired."

In package like this—Always printed RED. If your dealer does not keep them, send the price, 50 cents a box or \$2.50 for six boxes, to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, and get the genuine by return mail.

he could; it was the only course left to her in this case.

With a quick movement Uldene threw the fragments of the letter into the river. To her horror they would not sink. The waves drifted the white flakes together toward the sea, and out of her sight. She was in a paroxysm of terror. What if they should sail on and on, swept on by the hand of an avenging fate, until they reached the solitary island? What if the waves dashed them high on the sands of Black-Tor Light-House, and they should fall into the hands of Mark Setton?

"The waves will not betray me," she cried, under her breath. "They have had other fatal secrets to keep."

Turning away with a shudder, she quickly retraced her steps homeward.

"I have separated Verlie and Rutledge Chester," that was the thought that deadened her conscience, "and in the time to come his heart will turn to me. It must. Love will win love. I should have gone mad or died if Verlie had won him. I love him so."

Two days later, looking over the evening paper, Uldene's eyes fell upon the following item:

"Found Dead in the Street.—A young, fair-haired woman was found, quite dead, buried under the snow-drifts, early last Tuesday morning. The body was removed to the morgue, and as it remained unclaimed, unrecognized, up to yesterday, it was interred by the proper authorities."

The paper fell from Uldene's grasp.

Doctors now agree that consumption is curable.

Three things, if taken together, will cure nearly every case in the first stages; the majority of cases more advanced; and a few of those far advanced.

The first is, fresh air; the second, proper food; the third, Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil with hypophosphites.

To be cured, you must not lose in weight, and, if thin, you must gain. Nothing equals Scott's Emulsion to keep you in good flesh.

50c. and \$1.00, all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists Toronto.

and "the world seemed to grow dark around her. She never doubted but what it was Verlie—the fair-haired sister whom she had lured so inhumanly to an untimely end.

Even in this hour no keen repentance touched her heart, which was harder than adamant and colder than marble as she pictured what poor Verlie's waking moment must have been, or the pain and torture she must have suffered when she found herself deserted, alone, helpless, in the dark grave-yard, with the snow falling around her.

How she must have stretched out her white arms to the dark sky, praying for the help that did not come! At first she must have hoped Uldene had gone for assistance; but as the hours rolled on the hope died out, and she realized that she had been deserted in her crippled helplessness and left alone to die.

Uldene had swept her rival from her path at a bitter cost. Let her triumph in the knowledge until an avenging God metes out retribution for her crime; for retribution follows every sin committed, sooner or later.

Let us go back, dear reader, to the waking moments of Verlie Setton. We shall see, as we proceed, that it was not Verlie who had been found dead in the streets. Fate had spared her, and for a far different end. And at the moment Rutledge Chester was writing that letter—which never found its way to the lonely light-house—Verlie was going through the strangest and most startling experiences that ever fell to the lot of a young girl. The swoon into which she had fallen—caused by the intense pain of her sprained ankle—lasted an hour or more. The cool flakes of falling snow drifted down upon her upturned face speedily revived her.

"Uldene!" she cried, faintly, "where am I—?"

Like a flash, memory returned to her, and she remembered. Her first thought, as she lifted herself upon her elbow and saw that she was alone, was that Uldene had gone to summon help; but as the hours dragged slowly on and no help came to her, terror seized her.

(To be Continued.)

Cure a Cold in One Day
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to relieve.

Twenty Dollars Reward
Any person giving information leading to the apprehension of the party or parties who broke into my house on North River between the dates of the 23rd and the 29th inst. will receive the above reward.

R. M. YOUNG.

Glass Cutting.

The layman who is introduced to the mysteries of cutting glass for the first time is amazed at the amount of work that the workman does entirely by eye. The first stage of the bowl which is to be cut finds it in a perfectly good condition, not a scratch upon it, and only a half dozen or more marks in chalk, which mean absolutely nothing to the unpracticed eye. But to the workman they mean the whole pattern. Perhaps the dish is a salad bowl. This marks in chalk will run from the edge, five intervals apart, down to the center of the bowl at the bottom. In each of the divisions of the bowl thus marked there may be a little further marking in the shape perhaps of a diamond.

This indicates the pattern into which the bowl is to be cut, and it will be repeated in each of the five divisions of the intricacies of the design the workman has in his head, and they do so on the glass in a way which seems to the looker on absolutely marvelous.

New York Times.

Deserved It.
"Sheriff," remarked the condemned murderer, as that functionary proceeded to put the black cap over his head, "I seem to be the sinner, sure, of all eyes."

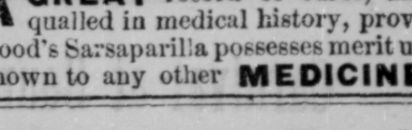
Without any further delay the trap was sprung, and the hardened wretch went to his doom.—Chicago Tribune.

A Natural Sequence.
"The doctors had a consultation yesterday."

"What was the result?"
"I understand that the family lawyers are now in secret session."—Brooklyn Life.

A GREAT record of cures, unequalled in medical history, proves Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses merit unknown to any other **MEDICINE.**

Artificial: Teeth.



DR. JOHN P. MURRAY
Queen St., near London House.