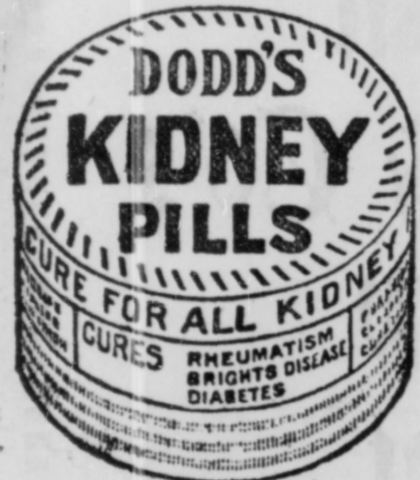


Be on Your Guard!



THE BEST is always imitated. Dodd's Kidney Pills, sold only in boxes like this, are widely imitated, because they are the best kidney cure. Take none but

D-O-D-D'S



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 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, 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 XXXVI

"Some wife" or four generations back," he said, thoughtfully, "there belonged to your race a handsome, debonaire, reckless fellow, who did more harm in the world than good. He owned a princely chateau and a large estate, and spent money like a prince. At the age of thirty he had enjoyed every happiness—every pleasure that life holds. Just as he was tiring of it all most profoundly, a beautiful gypsy girl chanced to cross his path. Her dark, glowing beauty pleased him, and obeying a sudden impulse, he made her his bride. The flame so quick to light in his capricious heart, as quickly died out; and the fetters that bound him to the beautiful gypsy were galling to him, and a thousand times he cursed himself for wedding her; and always to the face of her who would have given her life-blood for one word, one kindly smile from him whom she idolized as a living god. About this time he met a fair-haired maiden, whom, with him, to see was to love, and love with all the mad ardor of his passionate nature. But for the gypsy girl, he told himself, he would be free to woo and win the only woman he could ever love. In speaking of the matter to a bosom friend, he was shown a loophole in the marriage bond which held him, and he was not long in availing himself of the opportunity of turning the beautiful gypsy girl from his doors.

"It was on her eighteenth birthday that the beautiful gypsy girl fled from her husband's home back to the nomadic life of her people, whom she had forsaken, and all for love of him.

"The scene between them was fierce and terrible. He thrust her from the grounds; and maddened to frenzy, she attempted to draw the silver arrow that caught back her long, dark hair, and bury it in his faithless heart.

"In this she failed; but she left with him a curse more bitter than to have been slain by her hand would have been; and this was her curse:

"That if he married the fair-haired maiden to whom his heart had turned, that every daughter of their race should be accursed; and if they married young—as she, the hapless gypsy girl, had done—that their marriage should end in a broken heart, as hers had. She sank down on her knees amid the blue-bells of the open glade, and prayed the great spirit of her people, who had witnessed her dethronement, to make the eighteenth birthday of the daughters of his race—should he marry again—as memorable in sorrow as hers was on that day. She prayed that they might on that day lose hope and reason. Aye, that they

might go raving mad, as she was going; and that their white hands on that day be stained with the life-blood of him whom they loved—the man who was found bold enough, despite her warning, to lead them to the altar.

"It was horrible—this curse the wild, untutored child of nature uttered; but it has followed them," he said, "from generation down. Each daughter braved fate by marrying, and on her eighteenth birthday, her doom fell upon her. Bereft of reason, a tragedy ensued. They lifted their white hands against him whom, in reason, they had loved best; but they never knew the sad end, for each daughter, in turn, spent her lonely life after that in the old stone house on the river road that had been set apart for their use.

"Your mother, Uldene," he continued, "was nearly eighteen and married, when she first heard the story, and, to avoid the curse, fled from her husband, taking you with her. The shock of the story killed her husband. Then we heard she came to America. We followed her, but found trace of her too late.

"Now, Uldene, you see Rutledge Chester's danger," he went on. "If you love him, fly from him—save him; better that than slay him, or, knowing your story, have him turn from you in horror, and seek measures to confine you in an insane asylum.

"If you refuse to fly, I will proclaim your story to the world. Choose. Take your fate in your own hands."

"I went," faltered Uldene, "although it nearly broke my heart to part from him. 'Still, I must save him from myself,' I cried out to my own breaking heart. In my desperation, I cried out that I would enter a convent, and there, hidden from Rutledge and from the eyes of the world, end my miserable days.

"He was to accompany me there; but on the journey Heaven interposed. There was a terrible railway accident, and he who accompanied me—aye, the whole world—believed that, then and there, I met my death. A young girl, sitting in a seat back of me, held my cloak and satchel, supposing I intended getting a cup of tea at a railway station where the train was to stop. I had conceived this idea while he was in the smoking-car ahead. I had changed my mind about entering the convent, and you know the rest.

"I read in the papers of my supposed death—how I had been identified by the cloak and satchel, and how, afterward, my supposed mutilated remains had been placed in the family vault by my grief-stricken husband.

"He believes me dead!" I cried, with a bitter sob. "And dead to the world and to him I must ever be!"

"What it cost me to live apart from him only Heaven knows, and the pitying angels. Two years passed, and, famishing for one glance at his well loved face, I dared go to Washington, where he was. I was heavily veiled as I passed him by, and looked at him with yearning, wistful eyes; but he did not know me. He never dreamed the dark-robed figure he had so carelessly passed by knelt on the spot where he had stood, and, with passionate, burning tears, kissed the cold pavement over which he had passed."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"I WOULDN'T MARRY YOU TO SAVE YOUR LIFE."

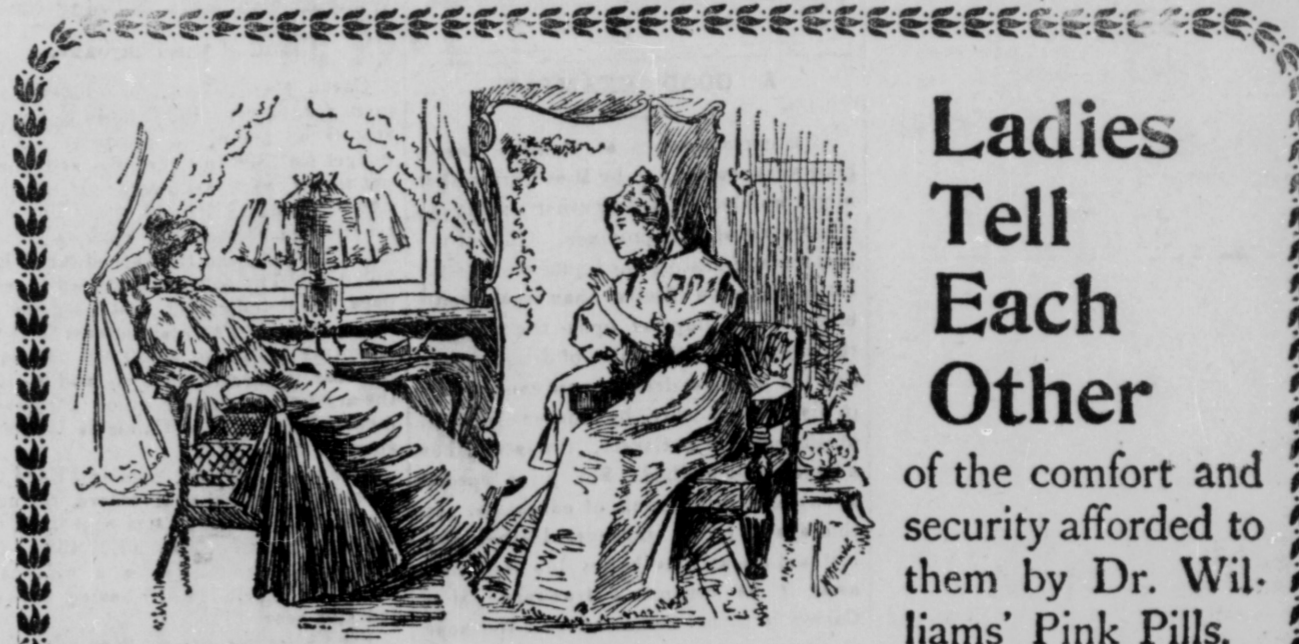
"Matters might have drifted on in this way forever, had not an unexpected event happened," sobbed Uldene, breaking down completely now, "and that was the announcement that greeted my eyes in the paper one day—of my husband's approaching marriage. Only God knows what I suffered as I held the paper in my hand. The words seemed to stand out before my dazed eyes in letters of fire. My heart gave one great, awful throb, and I fell to the floor like one dead. It was many a day before I regained consciousness again, and realized what was transpiring around me.

"Was I in time to stop the marriage? I asked myself, wildly, for it must be stopped at any cost. I dared not offend God and man by letting the ceremony go on; and then—through severer from Rutledge as completely as though I were indeed dead—still he was my husband; yes, he was mine—mine!

"I made my way to Black-Fox Light-House, reaching there one hour in advance of the ceremony. I had barely stepped upon the island ere a man came hastily up the path, and I drew back into the shadow of the trees until he should pass. As the moonlight fell across his face, I saw, to my horror, it was he—the man whom you are holding yonder—he who had wrecked my life by telling me the fatal story of the past—he who claimed to be my uncle and guardian.

"Another step was heard, and he drew back motionless, among the trees—so near the spot where I had shrunk back that I could have put out my hand and touched him. As the third person advanced hastily, a terrible imprecation burst from my guardian's lips.

"It is Rutledge Chester," he cried fiercely, below his breath, yet loud enough for me to hear. "He shall not marry the woman I love to-night. I—I will kill him first. I owe him another grudge, too. It was he who forced me from the ranks of society; he it was



Ladies Tell Each Other

of the comfort and security afforded to them by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Headaches and Backaches that come expectedly or unexpectedly are charmed away, and the rich, red blood made by

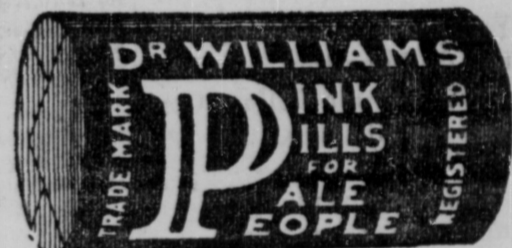
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

shows itself in the rosy cheeks and clear, bright eyes of those who use them. These pills are not a purgative; they give strength instead of taking it away. They act directly on the blood and nerves; invigorate the body; regulate the functions, and restore health and strength to the exhausted woman when every effort of the physician proves unavailing. Mothers anxious for the healthy development of their growing girls should insist upon their taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

IN A DECLINE.

Mrs. W. Goodwin, Argyle Sound, N.S., says:—"After the birth of my first child I was in poor health and unable to recover my strength. I had a severe pain in my left side and lung, which almost made it impossible for me to breathe. I had a bad cough day and night, and was troubled with night sweats, and on awakening found myself very weak. My complexion was sallow, and my appetite entirely gone. All my friends believed me in a decline. Our family physician attended me for a long time but I got no better. Then a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Acting on this advice I bought a supply, and continued their use for a couple of months, when my health was fully restored. I am sincere in saying that I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life."

The wonderful success of this remedy has led to many attempts at imitation and substitution, but these never cured anyone. Refuse any package that does not bear the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Put up in packages that look like the engraving on the right, the wrapper printed in red ink. Sold by all dealers, but if in doubt send to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and they will be mailed post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.



WATCHES

Unsurpassed for durability and timekeeping qualities, at prices so low as to surprise you.

G. H. TAYLORS SUNNYSIDE

250 Cases

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Vaelncia ORANGES

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Landed to day.

CARVELL BROS



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.

who found me out and hunted me down, discovering that I was a smuggler, a robber, and all that was infamous to his virtuous eyes; and he even traced to me the duel that took place at midnight in the graveyard, back of the old church in the suburbs. But he little knows that there and then I first met sweet Verlie Sefton, and held her captive in our rendezvous until she escaped. I would never have harmed one hair of her golden head, I loved her too well, even though she abhorred me. I paid back the old debt I owed Rutledge Chester in parting his first bride from him, but it has recoded on me. He is about to marry the woman I love; but I say he shall die first—here and now."

"I tried to cry out, but the sound died on my lips. The tall form drew nearer, I who knew Rutledge so well, saw that it was not he; yet the young man approaching was fatally like him. In a moment he was abreast of the trees; then the would-be assassin sprang from the shadows. I heard a cry, I saw the flash of a cruel weapon, and only the mercy of Heaven prevented it from being buried in the young man's breast. In the excitement following the wounded man's startled cry, the man yonder-escaped. I saw Captain Lansing come hurriedly up the path, stumble over the prostrate form in surprise, and there they came upon him, it seems.

"In the confusion I made my way to Verlie, whom I found alone in her bridal robes. She thought me a ghost at first, risen from the dead. I told her all, and she knew, poor girl, that her marriage with Rutledge could never be—he had a living wife. She could see, too, that I must never reveal myself to Rutledge, but go quietly away again.

"Verlie fainted, and I, with bitter tears, silently as a shadow, glided swiftly away.

THE DOCTOR'S CONSOLATION.

Told Mr. Hill he Was a Dying Man, But South American Nervine Cured When Hope was Abandoned.

Mr. W. J. Hill, a well-known man in Bracebridge, Ont., suffered for years from liver trouble, dyspepsia and nervous weakness. He said he tried nearly every remedy in the market which claimed to meet his claim without success. He was told by a physician that he was a dying man. He began taking South American Nervine, and found almost immediate benefit from its use. He continued using it, and to-day says he would stake his life on this great remedy as a cure for all like sufferers to himself. For sale by Dr. S. W. Dodd and Geo. E. Hughes.

ly away. That is why poor Verlie has been tossing in the ravings of a brain fever ever since that night. Heaven soften the sorrow that will be hers with the return of memory. I would have gone down to the grave without revealing myself if it had not been for the pitiful crime fastened upon the innocent prisoner here, and from which I, an eyewitness, alone can save him from the unjust sentence of a term of imprisonment for long years.

"I have told my story—saved from infamy an honorable name. I have done my duty. This is the fatal day—my eighteenth birthday—and here and now let me die. My own confession has sealed my fate, but I implore you not to incarcerate me in an asylum. I am weak. I feel that I am dying—dying."

"I have parted you from Verlie, love," she sobbed, "but you will forgive me—forgive—I love you—so."

The words trailed off heavily from her white lips, and, for the first time, she turned her eyes, in affright, toward her handsome young husband.

Should she find horror and dismay on his face, or gloomy sorrow because she had parted him from his love?

"Rutledge," she murmured, holding out her white arms.

But ere he could reach her side she had fallen back in a deep, death-like swoon at the judge's feet.

Of course, the greatest excitement reigned, and the stranger soon found himself in the prisoner's box, in the place of noble Captain Lansing, who had been honorably discharged.

"I am now in the hands of the law, where you have always wished to behold me," cried the stranger, turning fiercely, yet with a mocking smile, to Rutledge Chester; "but I have cheated you, after all, from wedding the woman I love. I wish you joy with your maniac bride, for such she will surely be when she recovers from this shock and returns to consciousness."

he murmured, laying the beautiful, marble-white face against his bosom, while tears, that were no shame to his manhood, stole down his face. "How well you have loved me!"

In that moment his heart fought a great battle with right and wrong. He must put Verlie out of his life forevermore and turn his every thought to poor Uldene. He was only human, dear

reader, and if he shed a few bitter tears over his vanished hope of winning his lost love for his bride, we must remember "to err is but human." Let it be said of him, he struggled manfully to put all thoughts of Verlie's fair face from him, and to learn to face the world without her, and remember only Uldene, his young wife, who had been restored to him from the very grave, it seemed.

An old physician was soon in attendance upon Uldene. It was the same old physician, older and grayer now, who had held Uldene in his arms when she was a little babe, and who had predicted such a strange, uncommon life for the child as he gazed at the wee, pink palm lying like a crumpled rose-leaf within his own.

(To be Continued.)

DEATH'S CLOSE NEIGHBOR.

For Twenty Years Mrs. Roadhouse Was 4 Subject of Dread Heart Disease—Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart Gave Her Relief in Less Than a Half an Hour.

Mrs. Roadhouse, of Williscrest, Ont., in 54 years old. For more than 20 years she had been a great sufferer from heart disease; the pain and palpitation at times lasting for five hours, and so acute that often she wished for death that she might find relief from her sufferings, but she was attracted to Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart through reading of the wonderful cures wrought by it. She commenced using it and in one of her most distressing heart spasms found complete relief inside of thirty minutes. She swears by it to-day as the only heart cure. For sale by Dr. S. W. Dodd and Geo. E. Hughes.

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Write today for a free copy of our interesting book "Inventors' Help" and "How you are swindled." We have extensive experience in the intricate patents of 50 foreign countries. Send sketch, model or photo for free advice. MARION & MARION, Spirits, New York Life Building, Montreal, and 1111-1113 Building, Washington, D. C.

"Sunlight" Factory

In England turns out every ten weeks, more soap than is used in the whole of Canada in a year. Sunlight Soap is used largely in all countries of the world, and the demand for it is more than three times as large as for any other brand—Why? Because it is universally acknowledged to be the best soap made.