

DYING BY INDIAN

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, rayenous 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., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST SUPPER

NIAGARA



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 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. Sc. 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.

JAMES KELLY

Wholesale Commission Dealer in all kinds of FRESH FISH.

Bills and Smelts, Specialties, NO. 8 LONG WHARF

CONSIGNEES 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

Without one shadow of a presentiment of what he was to read, he opened the envelope, crossing over to the dainty willow basket to drop the fragment into it as he tore the envelope off at the end.

Standing beneath the rose glow of the gaslight, he opened it and ran his eyes over its contents.

As he read, his face grew ghastly white, and he staggered back, like one smitten by a terrible blow—as he read it, it seemed to him that an iron hand clutched his heart and held it still. Great drops of agony stood out on his forehead, and the blood grew cold in his veins, Uldene had fled from him. He could not—he would not believe it. She loved him with all her heart. He could stake his life—aye, his very soul—upon it.

"It was all a jest," he told himself. "One of Uldene's mischievous experiments to test his love for her. He would not believe the words of the letter, though they startled him horribly." He went through the handsome suite of rooms. They were in evident confusion. The pretty ball dress she had brought him into her boudoir that very afternoon to admire, lay trampled upon the floor. Her jewel cases lay about, rifled of their contents. The door of her wardrobe stood open. He swept aside the heavy velvet hangings, and looked into the room beyond, calling hurriedly: "Uldene! Uldene! my darling. Come here! I want you!"

The room was empty. No sweet voice answered him. No white arms stole quickly around his neck, and no loving voice whispered the words he was straining his ears to catch:

"I wanted to see, dear, if you would really care if you were to lose me."

The room was cold and chill, as though a blight had fallen over it. He stands for a moment gazing about him, and in that moment he hears a confusion in the passage outside followed by a quick, sharp rap at the door.

In response to his husky "Come in," a servant enters, with a telegram in his hand.

"What is it, James?" asks Mr. Chester, for the man's face has on it the pallor of terror. "A telegram! Who could have telegraphed to me? Read it to me. My eyes are dazed."

But the man hesitated. His white face and trembling hands might have told his master that he had already done so.

"Perhaps, sir," he said, respectfully, "it would be better if you would read it yourself. It may contain bad news."

"Read it," said Rutledge Chester, impatiently, after he had made a vain attempt. "The lines waver before my eyes."

"It says there has been a terrible accident at Allendale Station, sir. You are wanted there. Your wife was on the train."

"My wife on the train, James!" he cried out. "Are you mad? What, in Heaven's name, would my wife be doing on the train? There is some mistake!"

Then suddenly he began to tremble with a strange dread. His heart began to beat with awful throbs. A cry came from his white lips. He was beginning to understand that Uldene's letter was

no jest. She had left him. Yes, this young bride, on whose love for himself he would have staked his hopes of heaven, he had believed and trusted her so implicitly, had left him.

Yes, she had left him. He was beginning to comprehend the import of the telegram. Something had happened to the train on which she had gone. What had happened? What was it? What was the worst? Was she living, or dead?

In less than ten minutes Rutledge was at the depot. James, his faithful valet, went with him. Mr. Chester seemed quite unfit to travel alone. With a white, drawn face he entered the car. The train was an express, that went at almost frightful speed. Yet it seemed to the agonized young husband that it only crawled along. How was he to live until Allendale was reached? How was he to bear the cruel suspense, the agony of waiting? His strong hands were clenched, his teeth set. The breath came in hot gasps from his pale lips.

Over and over again the words of the telegram rang in his ears. It was well for him the journey was not long. Suspense would have killed him had it continued.

In the gray, early dawn the train reached Allendale Station.

Confusion seemed to reign everywhere. As Rutledge Chester stepped from the car, a strange, hushed silence fell upon the crowd on the platform.

Two gentlemen came forward hastily. One was one of the officials of the road, a Mr. Dean, and the other the gentleman who had sent him the telegram to come on.

They both looked with great compassion at the handsome, haggard young husband.

"You are Mr. Chester, I believe?" said one of the gentlemen, advancing and touching him on the arm.

"Yes, yes," cried Rutledge, hoarsely. "How is she—my wife! Let me see her at once."

"Not this moment, you must wait a little," was the reply. "It was a terrible accident, remember."

"If I wait I shall die," said Rutledge Chester, with forced calmness, more terrible to bear than the wildest outbreak of grief. "Tell me at least how she is."

The two gentlemen looked at each other, neither daring to speak. "For Heaven sake, take me to her!" he cried. "I have borne all I can bear—take me to her, I cannot bear another moment of this suspense."

He saw the look they exchanged, and a terrible terror seized him.

"You see suspense is driving me mad!" he groaned. "Is she alive—or—dead?"

"You will need all your courage, sir," said the official, pityingly—"all the bravery that a man can show. You must not fail. There are many here whose sorrow is equal to yours."

"I will not fail," said Rutledge Chester. "Tell me the worst, and in Heaven's name I will bear it. Tell me the worst: is my darling living—or dead?"

"It is the worst, sir," replied the official.

"You mean—" he gasped. Then he stopped abruptly.

"I mean," said the official, pityingly "that your young wife is dead! Remember, Heaven gives and Heaven takes away," he added, solemnly.

"Dead!" he muttered—"dead!" and he looked at the gentlemen with dazed, despairing eyes. Then with a violent effort he controlled himself, and asked to be taken to her.

They went with him to the long, narrow waiting-room where the dead lay side by side, their faces reverently covered from the garish morning light. He passed them in awed silence.

When they brought him to the spot where the slender figure lay, covered by the long silk cloak, a low moan broke from his lips. He had recognized the cloak—one he had purchased for her himself not long before.

"Let me see her face!" he cried. "Oh my beautiful Uldene! my lost love, my beautiful young wife!"

They drew back his outstretched hand with gentle force.

"You have loved her too well to look upon the havoc death has made," they whispered. "The beautiful face—ah, how shall I find words to say it?—is beyond all recognition. We recognized, or identified her, rather, by the satchel she still clasps in her death-cold hand. The address was inside. Do not attempt to lift the handkerchief we have placed over the mutilated face; the horror of the sight you would see would drive you mad."

In grief pitiful to behold Rutledge Chester knelt down by the body, which he believed was that of Uldene, his young wife, and what he suffered only Heaven knew. But the fiercest storm must wear away, the most violent grief must, in time, sob itself out. We must part from those we love better than life itself, and bear it.

But grief could not bring back life to that still form, breath to those ice-cold lips, and warmth to the cold, white hands, so like the frozen petals of a lily.

He returned home on the next train.

Cure a Cold in a Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to relieve. 50c.

were the remains of his darling, lost Uldene, and a few days later they were placed in the marble vault of the Chesters, and on the cold, white tablet were the chiseled words:

Sacred to the Memory of ULDENE. Aged 17 Years and 11 Months. Rest in Peace.

CHAPTER XXV.

"IT IS BEST THAT HE SHOULD BELIEVE ME DEAD."

As the train had rushed on through the darkness, Uldene had turned away with a bitter cry. She saw by the dim light of the stars a path running parallel with the iron rails, and her feet struck into the path. She knew not, cared not, whither it led.

She walked through the fragrant, starlit darkness of the summer night like one in a hideous dream.

"What should she do? Where should she go?" she asked herself. And again the wild prayer rose to lips: "Would to Heaven death would come to her and end it all!"

But, alas! the boon of death seldom comes when the wretched call.

"I have lost all that I hold dear in the world," she sobbed, piteously. "I am parted by fate, more cruel than death, from Rutledge. What is there left to live for? If I had braved fate, would it have ended in a tragedy?" she whispered, below her breath. "I dared not risk it. Oh, no, no, no! Better to part from Rutledge while he loves me, than wait in terror, too pitiful to be described by weak words, for the hour to come in which he would know all, and hate me with bitter hatred. My head aches. I am too tired to think," she said to herself.

How far she traveled that night, or which direction she took, were details Uldene could never remember.

When the red gleam of early dawn broke through the leaden gray sky, she found herself near a small railway station. A sense of her position came to her.

"Now," she said to herself, "I must think what I am to do."

She could hear from afar off the shrill shriek of an approaching train, and the thought occurred to her that she would take it, no matter whence the direction. It mattered little to her where she went. She pushed through the crowd in waiting toward the ticket office.

(To be Continued.)

Well Made and Makes Well

Hood's Sarsaparilla is prepared by experienced pharmacists of today, who have brought to the production of this great medicine the best results of medical research. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a modern medicine, containing just those vegetable ingredients which were seemingly intended by Nature herself for the alleviation of human ills. It purifies and enriches the blood, tones the stomach and digestive organs and creates an appetite; it absolutely cures all scrofula eruptions, boils, pimples, sores, salt rheum, and every form of skin disease; cures liver complaint, kidney troubles, strengthens and builds up the nervous system. It entirely overcomes that tired feeling, giving strength and energy in place of weakness and languor. It wards off malaria, typhoid fever, and by purifying the blood it keeps the whole system healthy.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills and Sick Headaches. 25c.

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, be 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.

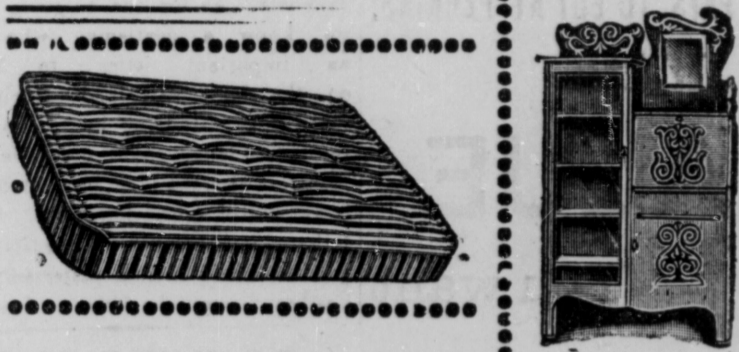
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REMOVED.

On and after Monday, Oct 2nd, n. patrons will find me in my office in the New Prowse Block on the north side of Queen's Square, first door to the right upstairs.

DR. J. H. A. DENNIS, Dentist

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	1lor 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	Half 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 1/2 off.  
7 Odd Lounges 1/2 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