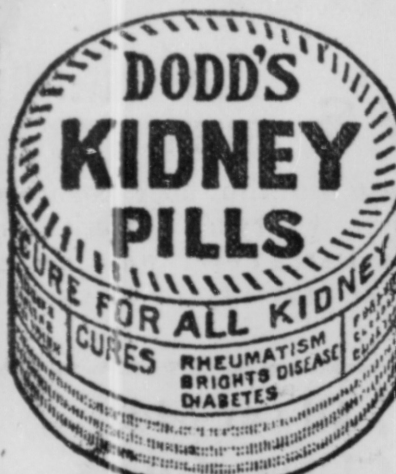


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Your



**DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
PURE FOR ALL KIDNEY  
CURES RHEUMATISM BRIGHTS DISEASE DIABETES

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

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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 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 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, &c. 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.

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

**G. H. TAYLORS**  
SUNNYSIDE

**250 Cases**

...CHOICE...  
**Valencia ORANGES**

—AND—  
**LEMONS**

Landed to day.  
**CARVELL BROS**

**Parted by Fate**

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

CHAPTER XXXVIII Continued  
"In my opinion," declared the doctor, "there are no symptoms of hereditary insanity here, and I am counted an expert in such cases. I firmly believed, as I listened to her remarkable story to-day, that the man claiming to be her uncle, is, in reality, a true descendant of the gypsy girl she spoke of, and that for generations past they have deliberately set about preparing this story, which has been handed down from father to son, and setting it afloat to terrify and destroy the hapless daughters of this race. These frail and beautiful women were so shocked by the prediction, and brooded over it with such horrible anticipation, that constant brooding in time turned their brains and made them raving maniacs. The child of each fair daughter was born before this period, therefore no taint of the malady was handed down to the child."  
"The man is a villain, an old offender against the law," replied Rutledge. "No crime is too atrocious for him to attempt."  
"I imagine he is at the end of his rope; he is wanted for too many crimes to ever again regain his freedom."  
It is presumable that the man knew this, for in less than an hour there was news that he had, by his own hand, hurled his unforgotten soul into eternity. He left a written confession behind him, however, and, strange to say, it was almost word for word the same as the doctor had predicted. He was the last descendant of the gypsy girl, and his people had for generations back deliberately destroyed the fair daughters of a bonny race, and all for revenge's sake.  
The man died as he had lived, unrepentant.  
While this scene was being enacted, quite another, and a sweeter one, was being enacted in the shady orange grove that skirted the beautiful island tipped by the silvery waves of the glistening sea.  
Two persons sat on a mossy, fallen log; they were pretty, capricious, black-eyed Neddy and gallant Captain Lansing.

"You will answer my question, won't you, Neddy—dear Neddy?" he says, winningly, edging up a little closer to the slender figure, and attempting to take one of the little, restless hands that were toying with the wild flowers. "You have been my staunch, true little friend through the darkest hours of my life. Be my sunbeam in brighter hours. Say that you will be my little bride, Neddy, darling."  
"I wouldn't marry you to save your life, Captain Lansing," she declares, starting up from the mossy log.



**DR. CHASE VISITING THE SICK.**  
**Raised from a Bed of Sickness.**

**Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure and Kidney-Liver Pills Combined for Perfect Health—An Interesting Cure After Long Suffering.**

Simcoe, Jan. 18th, 1897.  
Messrs. Edmanson, Bates, and Co., Toronto, Ont.:

Gentlemen,—For over five months I was confined to my bed, not being able to move. The best medical skill was called in, all treating me for catarrh of the stomach, but to no avail. I could not eat the most simple food without being in dreadful misery, and found no relief until same was vomited up. After spending a large sum in medical advice, I was advised to try a box of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. I said it was no use, for I considered mine a hopeless case from which I could not recover. At length I purchased a box from J. Austin and Company, Simcoe, and to my surprise found great relief. Not being able to eat I tried a box of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills; the pains left me the third day. My appetite has been fully restored. I consider myself perfectly cured, and feel as well as when a young woman, although I am 65 years old at present. I was almost a shadow, now I am as fleshy as before my sickness. Have used only three boxes of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and only two boxes of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. I can do my house work as usual. I am positive that my marvellous cure (which I think it is) is due purely to Dr. Chase's remedies, which I have used. I can honestly recommend the same to any persons suffering from symptoms similar to mine. Wishing you every success.  
Yours truly,  
**MRS. ANN CHURCHILL, Sr.**

"Will you tell me why, Neddy?" he persists.  
"Because I—I—don't care very much for you; no, not a bit," she persists; but the blushes on the dimpled face tell him better. She does care for him.  
The smiling captain catches the willful little beauty in his arms, and holds her there, much against her will—and holds her there until she has answered his question; and the answer must have pleased him vastly, for, half an hour later, Neddy, blushing rosy red, slips into Verlie's room at the great, dark light-house, and holds up a little white hand, on the betrothal finger of which a diamond glistens like a star.  
"Oh, it's true, Verlie," she pants—"quite true, after all. Captain Lansing loves me, and only me; and, oh, Verlie, I'm so happy! I have promised to be his bride."  
Verlie looked with quivering lips into the bright face so transfigured with beaming love; and she kissed the girl's ripe, red lips.  
"May you ever be happy in your love, Neddy," she whispers, softly. "Remember, love is the sweet boon Heaven does not give to all."  
Then they talk of Uldene in low, tender whispers.  
"She is very low, they say," Neddy whispers. "May God grant her life instead of death."  
"Amen!" breathed pure, gentle Verlie, uttering the word in which a whole prayer was compressed with all her heart.  
And how fared it with Uldene at that critical moment? We shall see.

CHAPTER XL  
**"LIVE FOR MY SAKE, DARLING."**

All day long Uldene had lain in a death-like stupor, from which she aroused just as the bells in the far-off belfry tolled the midnight hour.  
Raising her great, dark, fathomless eyes, she saw the face of the good old doctor, whom she had known from infancy, bending over her.  
"Where am I? Have I been ill?" she murmured, attempting to struggle up from her pillow, but the effort was too much for her, and she fell backward, half fainting.  
"You are very ill, my dear," said the doctor, gently; "so ill that your life hangs by a single thread. You must not exert yourself if you would live. Here, drink one drop of this," he said, taking a small vial from the stand close by the bedside, and dropping one drop into a wine-glass full of cold, clear water. "This will produce refreshing sleep. Ten drops would be fatal. But you are to live."  
He held it to Uldene's lips, and she drank the potion, and shortly after the white lids closed softly over the great dark, piteous eyes.  
Believing she slept, the doctor had stolen softly from the room, and Rutledge had taken his place at her bedside; not at the side of it, where she might awaken, and, seeing him there, receive a great shock to her nerves, but at the head of the bed, where he could watch Uldene, while he himself remained unseen. The sound of his footsteps as he approached made no sound on the thick velvet carpet.  
A low moan broke from Uldene's lips, and peering breathlessly from behind the screen of silken curtains, Rutledge could see that there were tears on the long, dark lashes.  
"I am to live," she moaned, feebly—"live to curse the life of the one being on earth I would die to make happy—live to be a barrier between Rutledge and the girl he loves—live to know that he hates me, and will rue the hour life struggled back to the breast that should have been stilled in death.  
"Oh, Rutledge, love of my life, you will never know how my heart bleeds for you." A moan that was most pitiful to hear broke from her white lips.  
"What is my life and my poor, blind, worshipful love to you, dear? I, whose love has been your doom? But I will repair the terrible wrong I have done you in taking you from Verlie. You shall be free to woo and win her for your bride, love—yes you shall be free at the cost of my own poor, worthless life."  
She put out her feeble hand toward the little marble stand close by the bedside, and grasped one of the vials, and held it up in the flickering light, murmuring, faintly:  
"He said one drop of this gave strength, while ten meant death, swift, sure, and with but one fierce throb of pain. Ten drops, then, shall be my portion; and as I drink it let the sweet thought sustain me that I am giving my life—yes, my life—to make my darling happy, for then he will wed Verlie, whom he loves. He will never know that his happiness was purchased with my life—never knew that my last words were, 'Oh, love of my heart! my darling husband, farewell!'"  
Uldene raised the vial to her lips. Its liquid contents flashed like gleaming pearls in the flickering light; but it was dashed from the little hand by a stronger one, and a hoarse, thrilling cry echoed through the silence of the room: "Uldene, my wife! live for my sake! for my love!"  
The voice and the words thrilled poor Uldene's heart to the core. In that one supreme moment, Rutledge Chester's

heart was touched and awakened as it had never been touched before.  
When one moment of silence would have given him his heart's desire, his freedom back again, he had awakened to the truth. Uldene, his young wife, was dearer to him than all the world beside. In that awful moment he had chosen between Verlie and Uldene—yes, his heart had gone out to poor hapless Uldene, who would have given her young life to have purchased his happiness.  
A true, deep love, such as he had never felt for Uldene, even in the old days, came to him now.  
The great strength and depth of Uldene's love had, in the supreme moment when her life hung in the balance, won his in return.  
He clasped the frail form of this poor, desolate girl-bird in his strong arms, pillowed her dark, curly head on his breast, murmuring, brokenly:  
"Live for my sake, Uldene. I have heard all. Live, and we will commence life anew, and be all the world to each other."  
Two white arms stole around his neck and a joy that he never forgot came into her beautiful face.  
"Is this a dream, Rutledge?" she whispered, nestling closely, fearfully within the shelter of those strong arms.  
"If this is but a dream, let me die dreaming thus. Oh, Rutledge, has my great love won you at last?"  
As soon as Uldene was able to travel, Rutledge took her abroad, leaving a farewell note to Verlie, every line of which Uldene heartily endorsed.  
Rutledge and Uldene remained abroad two years, and, returning at the end of that time, the first persons whom they met as they landed were Captain Lansing and his bride, piquant, gay Neddy still.

"You ought to have come a week earlier," she declared, giving Uldene a hearty school-girl hug. "Oh, we had such a grand wedding in Washington, and, oh, the bride was just perfectly lovely. Guess who she was?"  
"Not you, surely, Neddy; you've been married longer than that."  
"Me!" cried Neddy, aghast. "Do you think I'd speak of myself as 'perfectly lovely'?" "I'll let other people say that," she added, with a saucy little roguish laugh.  
"The description would be by no means out of the way, Neddy," laughed Rutledge Chester.  
"But it wasn't me," declared Neddy. "You both seem determined not to guess right; so, as I'm dying to tell, you may as well know that it was—Verlie. She has married my brother Dick. He always adored her, poor fellow, but there were always so many rivals in the path, and he, being bashful, always thought he hadn't the least ghost of a chance of winning her."  
"Our story is ended, dear reader, unless, it is to state that three handsome villains, side by side, grace one of the finest avenues of the gay capital, and in one of them dwell Rutledge and his idolized young wife, who is now the pride of his heart and home; in the next mansion lives Captain Lansing and Neddy; and last, but not least, is the imposing home in which fair Verlie and her husband live, and are the most devoted couple to each other the sun ever shone upon.  
Every one at the gay capital knows the strange, romantic story of these three pretty brides, and how their lives were entangled at one time so cruelly by the hand of cruel fate; and they tell, too, how happy they are now; for in this world, out of darkness, through trials and crosses,  
"Every heart finds its own true mate Some time in life; for this is fate."

Mark Sefton and Nella are welcome guests at the three mansions. So is Miss Lennox, the poor, patient creature who was Uldene's friend in her hour of need; and, if report speaks truly, she will not be Miss much longer.  
Verlie and Uldene never referred to the past but once, and that was to murmur, as they twined their arms around each other as they had done in sunny childhood:  
"It is best that everything happened as it did, Uldene. The mystery that shadowed your early life is a mystery no longer. And if Rutledge and I had not been parted by fate at the very altar almost, I would never have been Dick's bride."  
And in their happiness we will leave them, dear reader, remembering the course of true love never does run smooth, but, to quote happy, dark-eyed Uldene's words, "All's well that ends well."

THE END.  
( C O N T )

**Positive Proof!**  
—that—  
**JAPANESE CATARRH CURE CURES.**

The following testimonial is only one of the hundreds daily received by the Proprietors of Japanese Catarrh Cure. Coming from British Columbia, where, owing to extreme dampness of the climate, catarrh is more prevalent and more difficult to cure than in other parts, makes it more valuable. Mr. James Farr, of the well-known firm of J. & E. A. Farr, Chilliwack, B.C., writes: "I have been very badly troubled with catarrh for years, and tried all the advertised remedies and many Doctors, but in every case the catarrh came back. One year ago I purchased six boxes of Japanese Catarrh Cure, and since finishing the treatment with this remedy, have not felt the least sign of catarrh. My nephew, William Bentley, was also so bad with catarrh that it was unpleasant to go near him; he has also been cured by Japanese Catarrh Cure. We keep it for sale in our store, and know of many others similarly afflicted who have been cured." Japanese Catarrh Cure is guaranteed to cure any case of catarrh. Sold by all Druggists. A free sample will be sent to any person suffering with this disease. Enclose five cent stamp. Address the Griffiths & Macpherson Co., Toronto.  
Sold by Geo. E. Hughes

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