

THE ONLY HOPE!

For Victims of Bright's Disease is Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Not a day passes on which the newspapers do not record the death of one or more persons from Bright's Disease. Already its victims number hundreds of thousands. Day by day the awful total grows larger. No class is safe from this destroyer.

War and intemperance, with all their miseries and fatalities, are not responsible for as many deaths as have been caused by Bright's Disease. Yet, there is a way of resisting it; of drawing its poisoned fangs, and making it as harmless as a summer breeze. That great medicine, Dodd's Kidney Pills, has cured thousands of the worst cases. It never fails to cure, hopeless as the case may seem.

Would you safely shield your loved ones from the fatal grip of this curse of mankind—Bright's Disease? Then use Dodd's Kidney Pills, the only cure on earth for this disease.

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 1-lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & Co., Ltd., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

EPPS'S COCOA

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 and is 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 Medicinal Baths at Home, etc. Purifies system, produces cleanliness, health, strength, prevents disease, obesity. Cures Colds, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, La Grippe, Malaria, Scabies, 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.

Elvis and Smelts, Specialties, NO. 8 LONG WHARF

CONSIGNMENTS 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, 674 George Street

Parted by Fate

By LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

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

CHAPTER XXVII Continued

"I wish to show me that she prefers my society to my rivals," he thought, delightedly.

Then the sweet music of the "Blue bells of Scotland" waltz floated out to them.

"This is our waltz, Miss Setton," cried the captain, eagerly. "It was the remembrance of this waltz which you had promised me that brought me back," he said, in a low undertone.

Verlie gave one timid glance at Rutledge's face from under her golden lashes, and saw that it had grown sombre, and the eyes that met hers were gleaming with the jealousy he had predicted. She hesitated, and the captain asked, reproachfully:

"Have I done anything, Verlie—Miss Setton—to cause you to refuse?"

"I have not refused," she answered. "If I make a promise, I am quite willing to keep it."

Verlie washed with all her heart that she could have declined, just to please Rutledge; but as she had no reasonable excuse to offer, she placed her white hand on his arm and permitted him to lead her away.

She gave Rutledge a pleading look that said as plainly as eyes can speak: "You see I cannot help it."

But Rutledge turned away, and would not understand that silent message; and to make matters worse, in his jealousy of his handsome rival he avoided Verlie for the next hour. Yet his gloomy eyes haunted her wherever she went.

"If he is really to be as jealous as this, what am I to do?" thought Verlie in dismay.

Twice she was quite alone, and she certainly thought Rutledge would seize the opportunity of coming to her; but he did not. She would have given the world to have gone up to him and said "You need not fear, Rutledge, my love I do not care for the captain. I love you—only you, dear. I have loved you longer and better than you ever knew from the first moment we met."

It was his place to come to her. She could not go to him.

Yet, when he passed by where she sat without so much as glancing in her direction, she could not resist calling out, softly:

"Rutledge!"

He turned hastily at the sound of the sweet voice, as though he was astonished to find her there so near him; but, man-like, he had intended to turn around and walk straight back to her and take a seat by her side if she did not call him when he passed. He raised his eyes in apparent surprise.

"Did you speak, Miss Verlie?" he asked, stiffly.

"Yes, Rutledge," responded Verlie softly. "What you come here? I—I would like to talk to you."

"I thought you preferred talking to Captain Lansing," he answered. "You certainly seem to prefer dancing with him. I fear I may be de trop again."

"You know that is not the truth, Rutledge," she said. "I cared to dance with you, but I had given my promise. I was obliged to keep it, you know. Do not be angry with me, Rutledge."

"I could not help it," he answered flushing hotly. "You must forgive me, Verlie, I hate myself for being such a

"ASLEEP!"
Nothing so appeals to a mother's heart as the sight of her baby asleep. This is doubly true when the white lips, the fevered brow, the blue lines beneath the eyes and the thin little hands tell the pathetic story that baby is ill. To the child that comes into the world robust and healthy, the ordinary ills of childhood are not a serious menace; but to the weak, puny baby with the seeds of disease implanted in its little body even before birth, they are a serious matter and frequently mean baby's death.

The woman who wants a strong, healthy baby must see to it that she does not suffer from weakness and disease of the important and delicate organs concerned in motherhood. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription acts directly on these organs, allaying inflammation, healing ulceration and soothing pain. It fits a woman for wifehood and motherhood. It banishes the discomforts of the period of anticipation and makes baby's entry to the world easy and almost painless. It insures the newborn's health and an ample supply of nourishment. It rides maternity of its perils. It has caused many a childless home to ring with the happy laughter of healthy children. Over 90,000 women have testified to its marvelous merits. It is the discovery of an eminent and skillful specialist, Dr. R. V. Pierce, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the great Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. All medicinal dealers sell it. Ailing women who write to Dr. Pierce will receive free his best advice.

Scores of women who have been cured of obstinate and dangerous diseases by Dr. Pierce's medicines have told their experiences in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. It contains 1008 pages, over 300 engravings and colored plates, and is free. Send 31 one-cent stamps, to cover cost of customs and mailing only, for paper-covered copy; cloth binding 50 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

jealous simpleton. But, ah, I love you so well, Verlie; and somehow, I am troubled with the harrowing thought that grows into a foreboding, almost that I may lose you. I shall never feel absolutely sure of you until we stand at the altar together. I have felt so wretched this past hour," he whispered, "I felt like killing myself, or doing something quite as desperate and reckless. I could never endure such an evening of torture again. When you know that it pains me to see you kind to Captain Lansing, why will you persist in it, my darling?"

The lovely blue eyes were raised reproachfully to Rutledge's flushed, handsome face. Ah! if he only knew what little cause he had for jealousy! He would never realize how dearly she loved him. He was to her what the sun is to the flowers, the light of day to the earth. With him her life would be perfect. Without him it would be a pitiful blank.

On this eventful evening a slim figure, wearing a long dark traveling cloak, her face concealed by a thick veil, had stepped off the southern express that had steamed into the gay capital. It was handsome, hapless Uldene.

"I am mad to come here," she murmured, brokenly, under her sobbing breath. "But I must see him! I must look upon his face again, or die!"

"It is two years since that fatal rail way accident occurred in which he saved I had lost my miserable life. Ah, would to Heaven that I had!

"While he, my young husband, has been traveling abroad, seeking in vain to look calmly upon life without me how has it fared with me?"

"How I used to laugh in madame's face at boarding-school when she used to say, 'If you are ever called upon to battle with the world, Uldene, you can earn your bread by giving music lessons. Ah, child! you are a genius in music!'"

In the darkest hour of Uldene's life those words came back to her—when she found herself alone, friendless and penniless, thrown upon her own resources in a cold, hard, pitiless world.

It was no easy task securing pupils with all her skill, and many a time Uldene was reduced to positive want—she had known every luxury, every pleasure

In hard work alone she sought to drown the yearning cry of her soul for Rutledge. Oh, if she could but look upon him just once more, she could go away forever, her heart at peace. How often she thought of the pitiful lines that seemed almost to have been written especially for her:

"Only to see his face again, full of beauty and of grace; One little prayer—'tis all I ask—only to see his face."

When Uldene picked up the morning paper one day, and read among the personals the return of Rutledge Chester and that he would spend a few weeks in Washington, she raised her face to the smiling, sunlit heavens, crying out:

"I cannot be so near him without looking on his face just once—only once! Then I will go quietly away again, and live my lonely life out. My starved heart will be satisfied."

She had read that her husband was stepping at Willard's Hotel, and thither she bent her steps. Just as she was abreast of the entrance, two gentlemen hurriedly passed her and entered a coach in waiting. One of them she recognized in that fleeting glimpse as Rutledge—her Rutledge.

She did not cry out or utter any man but her joy was so great at beholding him that it made her faint and dizzy. "To the Renwick Villa, A Avenue Number —," she heard him say.

Ah, yes! she remembered the place well.

She stood quite motionless, gazing with tear-blinded eyes after the rapidly disappearing coach. Poor Uldene! in her pitiful love for him, she could have knelt down and kissed the cold pavement over which his dear feet had passed.

CHAPTER XXIX.
"BE MY BRIDE, VERLIE."

It was quite two miles to Renwick Villa. Uldene knew the road well. She would have no conveyance and under took the journey on foot.

"She would follow Rutledge there," she told herself, "creep into the ground of the villa unobserved, and watch him through the window."

She could not withstand the temptation.

How brightly the moon shone down upon the earth, bathing the trees, the flowers, and the white, winding road in its silvery light. How the golden stars glowed in the blue sky.

The birds had folded their wings and sought their nests among the leafy branches; the flowers had folded the dew-drops close to their hearts with their tender petals, and were rocked to sleep by the gentle night winds.

Uldene passed slowly along the well-remembered road, tears falling like rain from her dark eyes. Ah! how often she had centered over the same road, riding by Rutledge Chester's side. How gay and rosyate the world had looked to her then!

Could she be the same creature, changed so completely? The beautiful bride, Uldene, whom every one petted,

worshipped and spoiled, and who was fairly idolized for her beauty and pretty, willful ways? Now dead to the world—a living lie—flying like one accursed from him whom she loved better than life itself, lest the family doom should fall upon him whom she loved so well. At last an abrupt curve in the road brought her in sight of the villa, and

then she saw by the brilliantly illuminated grounds, the merry throngs, and the music, that a lawn fete was in progress, which would, no doubt, end in a grand ball.

Rutledge had come to the lawn fete. It hurt her heart a little—the thought that he could mingle in gay festivities while he believed her lying cold in death in the lonely graveyard. No doubt he came there to drown his sad thoughts for a brief hour. Ah, yes! that must be it.

No one saw the white, wistful face peering in through the scroll-work of the tall iron fence.

Uldene was not near enough to distinguish many of the faces. A great longing came to her to enter the grounds. She remembered there was a small wicket in the rear of the house; toward this she made her way, entered the grounds, and stole up the lilac walk to the rustic bench, quite hidden by the drooping branches and the dense shadows.

Here she could have a full view of the grounds and the merry revelers. She knew it was hazardous, daring to venture here, lest some one should see her and recognize her; but her intense longing to see Rutledge, remaining the while unseen herself, had overcome prudence.

A moment later and the fall of a light footstep, that seemed strangely familiar to her, sounded on her ears.

"Am I mad, or do I dream?" she murmured, aghast. "It is—Verlie! What can she be doing here? I did not know she knew Mrs. Renwick!"

How calm and placid Verlie's sweet face, crowned in its sheen of golden hair, looked in the white bright moonlight.

"Life would have been so different with both of us if I had not cheated her out of her lover," thought Uldene, with a sob. Still she knew Verlie loved her so dearly she would have given her lover up to her, even at the cost of breaking her own heart. Ah, yes! Uldene knew that well.

She knew, too, how Verlie must have grieved over her supposed death, refusing to be comforted.

A great longing swept over her lonely, yearning heart to creep after Verlie, to fall on her knees before her, cling to the little white hands, and sob out to Verlie all her pitiful story—surely the saddest that was ever locked in a young girl's breast.

Oh, how Verlie would gather her in her arms and weep over her as she told her piteous story! She would readily agree with her that Rutledge must be dead, although it was cruel, oh, so cruel, to break two hearts by keeping them asunder.

(To be Continued.)

La Grippe

Have you had it? If not, be prepared, for it is here. You needn't dread the disease so much as the suffering afterwards.

Why have it? 'Tis the weak, nervous, pale and thin who suffer most.

Scott's Emulsion

corrects these conditions. It gives strength and stability and the strong throw off the disease. 'Twill lift you out of that terrible depression which follows. All druggists, 50c. and \$1.00.

NOTICE.

In connection with the visit of Professor Roberts on and Macoun, a special train will leave Summerside on Wednesday, March 1st, at 12 o'clock local, for O'Leary, and Alberton, returning to Charlottetown that night after the close of the Alberton meeting.

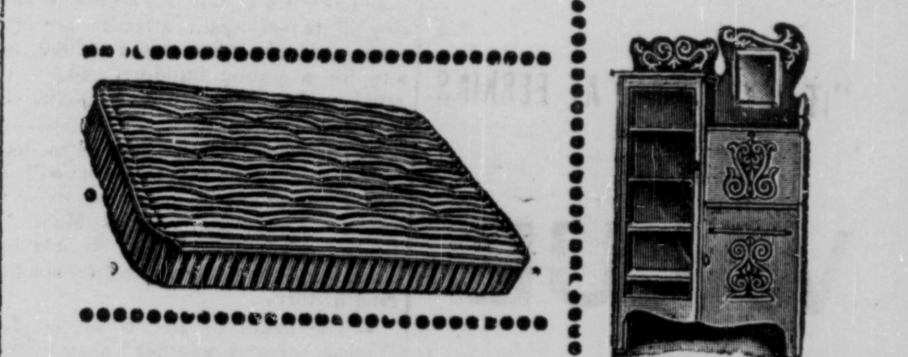
Also a special train will leave Charlottetown on Thursday, March 2nd, at 12 o'clock local, for St. Peter's and Souris, returning to Charlottetown that night after the close of the Souris meeting. These trains will call at all stations going and returning.

From Summerside and Charlottetown, the return fare will be One Dollar, and from all other stations the rate will be in this proportion. Ch'town, Feb 21st, 1899.

FARM TO LET AT ROYALTY.

To let "Milford Farm" on the North River Road, about a mile from the city, at present in the occupation of the Widow of the late George Thorne. It comprises about 29 acres of land in a high state of cultivation, fronts on the North River Shore. There is a good one and a half story farm house with outbuildings and a large stable and barn, and a tool house on the premises. Possession given, if required later end of November. These premises are well adapted for a butcher and pasture farm. Rent \$70.00 a year. For further particulars apply to DANIEL DAVIES, Dundas Esplanade

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 or 2 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 Hall Stand	at \$7.50,	was \$11.00
1 "	at 7.50,	was 10.50
1 "	at 5.50,	was 8.50
4 "	at 5.00,	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 1/3 off.
7 Odd Lounges 1/3 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

