

**SAVE THE MOTHERS**

**Dodd's Kidney Pills Their Only Safety in Female Diseases.**

You have seen a flower nipped by frost, fade and die in the flush of its beauty. That is how women die when attacked by any of the diseases peculiar to their sex.

Woman's burdens are woefully heavy. Her sufferings are agonizing. Her patience is grand. Disease preys upon her. The light dies out of her eyes, her steps become slow and dragging; she loses flesh; grows sallow, listless, droops like a flower. Then she dies. Her family is left to the cold mercy of the world.

"Mother's dead!" What a piteous phrase. What sufferings have been endured before it was used. Why should mothers, wives, sisters suffer so? They need not. Dodd's Kidney Pills will quickly and thoroughly cure all cases of Female Weakness. They never fail. They give health, strength, courage: a new lease of life.

**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**

**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 steel 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 bather.

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, 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.

**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 stenils 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 XIX Continued**

"It is not natural for a young girl to like an isolated life," persisted her mother, smoothing back the shining golden curls from the white, lovely face. "You must take your place in the world as your father's heiress. You shall have balls and parties, coaches and horses, silks and jewels—all that the feminine heart holds dear—to win you back to happiness, Verlie," she said, wistfully.

"Poor, mamma!" sobbed the girl, fling her white arms around her mother's neck, "what makes you think I am not happy now?"

Nella was strongly tempted to answer "Because I know your secret, my poor darling. I know that your heart is withering from unrequited love, as the flowers wither from the want of dew," but she held her peace.

In the gay, bright world, so full of noble men, Nella hoped that her darling might, in time, overcome the fancy she had entertained for handsome Rutledge Chester, and learn to care for another who would make her a good and true husband.

It was settled at length that they should remove to Virginia; and in the early spring they took possession of the beautiful villa that had been purchased in the suburbs of Richmond; and that was the beginning, dear reader, of a most pitiful tragedy.

**CHAPTER XX.**

**ULDENE TURNED AND MET THE FIXED GAZE OF THE STRANGER UPON HER.**

We must return now to Uldene. Four months had elapsed since that weird midnight marriage. The week following Mrs. Chester's death, Rutledge had taken Uldene away from the desolate mansion, and it was closed up to await the orders of the absent senator.

Two months of that time Rutledge and his bride had spent abroad. Then they had returned to Washington, taking up the thread of life at the gay capital.

No one could have been kinder, more considerate, more thoughtful in his treatment of his young wife, than Rutledge Chester was.

He studied her wishes, and met them almost before she had time to declare them. She never expressed either a hope or desire before him, but that it was at once, as far as lay in his power, gratified. Perhaps a sincere lover might not have studied her so much. It was the very consciousness that she had not the love of his heart which made him so entirely devoted to her, through city's sake.

That was the way their wedded life commenced. But he was only human. He could not withstand the clasp of those lovely white arms around his neck; the velvet cheek pressed close to his and those wondrous dark eyes gazing at him so fondly, while the redbud lips murmured how dearly she loved him without his heart warming toward her Uldene's great, passionate, wonderful love gradually won from him love in return.

Praises of her peerless beauty were on every lip, and it pleased Rutledge's vanity to know that of the whole world she cared only for him. Uldene became the reigning belle of the gay capital. Fashionable papers described her movements—told of the balls she attended, the operas she heard—and people raved

There is a world of romance in the picture of a young girl reading her sweetheart's love-letters. In a multitude of cases, if her future could also be pictured, the picture would contain a world of pathos. To the healthy, robust woman a marriage means happiness, the supreme joy of motherhood and the promise of a long, healthy life of helpfulness with the man of her choice. To the woman who suffers from distant organs, weakness of the delicate and important organs concerned in wifehood and motherhood, wedlock means suffering and misery, and death. Dr. R. V. Pierce is an eminent and skillful specialist, for thirty years chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y. and during that time, with the assistance of a staff of able physicians, he has prescribed for thousands of women. The institute of which he is the head is one of the greatest in the world. He is a regular right in one physician and has practiced right in one place for thirty years. The esteem in which he is held by his neighbors is shown by the fact that they choose him for their representative in the National Congress. The regard active in he is held by those whom he has treated is shown by the thousands of letters treated in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, telling of the benefits derived from his treatment.

Dr. Pierce is the discoverer of a wonderful medicine for women, known as Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It cures all weakness and inflammation, heals ulcers, galls, and soothes pain. It tones the nerves, during the interesting period, it banishes the usual discomforts and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. Thousands of women have testified to its marvelous merits. An honest druggist won't advise a substitute.

The profit side of life is health. The balance is written in the rich, red, pure blood of health. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation and make the blood rich and pure. They never gripe. By druggists.

about her. The dark, piquant Southern face won tribute from poet and artist. She was so popular in the social world that people would even delay balls and parties in order to secure her attendance. Her dream was realized. The world lay at her feet.

No one enjoyed her success or gloried in her triumph more than Rutledge Chester. He saw that she cared for no admiration but his. She never wished to attend the most brilliant fetes unless he was with her. No society had any charm for her save his. At any time she was only too happy to give up a ball or party to spend a quiet evening with him.

"Ah, this was something worth living for, to be loved like this," he often thought to himself. He told himself too, that his love for golden-haired Verlie had faded into a sweet, broken dream, and that now his heart was in truth beautiful Uldene's, who loved him so devotedly.

The world saw with wonder this devoted and most unfashionable attachment of the young bride to her husband.

"No good can come from loving a man so much as that," many said, nodding their heads sagely. "Wait and see how it will end."

Uldene was happy—wildly, deliriously happy—but the conscience of this hapless girl was never at rest. She could see that she was very dear to Rutledge Chester now, and terror-thrilled her soul lest she should lose him.

Her life was cursed with the thought that she had taken him from Verlie by deceit and fraud. Would not Heaven, in turn, punish her by taking him from her?

"If we were ever parted, I should pray Heaven in that hour to strike me dead," she told herself, with a great, tearless sob.

Her idolatrous love for Rutledge Chester was to be the sword which should slay her.

Uldene had invited Edna Temple to visit her, and, full of delight at spending a few weeks at the gay capital, Edna had come down from her country home at once.

Uldene was especially fond of this bright, saucy, piquant girl, whose acquaintance she had made through Verlie, who had been brought to the country home of the Temple's on that memorable winter morning she had been found lying unconscious by the roadside.

Rollicking Neddy—Neddy was the pet name given to Edna—kissed her friend rapturously.

"How funny it is to imagine you anybody's wife," she cried, breathlessly, as she was removing her wrappings. "Why, you can't be much older than I am, are you, Uldene?"

"I shall be eighteen this month," smiled Uldene, "and I'm sure that's old enough to be anybody's wife, as you quaintly phrase it."

"I don't think so," cried Neddy, tossing her curls. "I shouldn't like to be tied down to any one person. I like going to balls, and parties, and theatres, and having a new beau for every occasion," she declared, demurely.

"You haven't seen the right one yet," laughed Uldene. "When you do, you will sigh for that one, and that one only. The whole world will be nothing to you without him. It's plain to be seen you're not in love yet. Only wait till you are."

"Fiddlesticks!" cried Neddy, shrilly. "That's all nonsense. I don't believe a word of it. I should get tired and sick of seeing a man poking about the house forever. Now, there's my brother Dick. There's always continual sparring between us whenever he's in the house. He's provokingly uncivil. The Lord pity any girl unfortunate enough to get him."

"A brother isn't half as nice as a husband. You will tell me so some day," declared Uldene, smiling down into the pretty, piquant face.

But Neddy, with girlish obstinacy, whether assumed or real, would not be convinced upon this point.

The two young girls (for Uldene was very girlish in spite of being a bride of four months standing) enjoyed themselves as only fun-loving girls, full of youth, spirit and vivacity, can.

Each day saw them driving in the parks or boulevards, at a lawn fete or pleasure gathering.

Rutledge Chester looked on in grave amusement. After all, his bride was as much of a child as fun-loving Neddy. So he made all allowances.

One afternoon Uldene and Neddy had gone to the Art Academy together. There was to be an exhibition of rare pictures from the old masters. Tickets had been sent to a select few, and the affair promised to be a very enjoyable one.

Neddy and Uldene stood by the western window of the academy, watching intently a picture upon which the slanting rays of sunlight fell. It represented a young and lovely girl clinging in an agony too pitiful to be pictured by words to a cold, grey cross, that seemed to rise like a monument out of the sand. At her feet flowed a dark, turbulent sea, whose angry, white-capped waves threatened to sweep over the supplicating figure clinging so despairingly to the cross—tear the white arms from their clinging hold and carry her on to destruction.

Uldene gazed at the picture breathlessly, she could not tell why.

Suddenly Neddy gave her a nudge. "Dene," she whispered, shrilly, under her breath, "who is that gentleman lean-



up and down his room in the hotel in the greatest of excitement.

"The face is fatally like, she must be her child," he muttered, his face darkening and his eyes flashing. "I remember it was a girl."

He turned from the window, again pacing the room with hurried strides, as if to keep pace with his thoughts.

One could see at a glance that he was a foreigner—evidently a Frenchman—a tall, dark, handsome man, with a proud, resolute face, which wore at all times an aspect of almost fierceness. It was a face that was seared with a story, as though it had been burned there with hot irons. There were great lines of horrible pain around the restless, dark eyes which the brooding shadows never left, that told of sleepless nights and wretched days.

"The eighteen years is almost up," he muttered, with a bitter imprecation; "and so help me Heaven, when the time is come I shall blazon the whole story to the world! Oh, Uldene! Uldene!" he cried, "you might have made a friend of me, but you chose to make me your bitter enemy! How dared you allow your child to marry, though she were as beautiful as an hour! Ah! you knew why she should not, yet you did not warn her."

"She must part from the man she has wedded, as you, before her, were parted from your love. Yes, she must put the whole world between herself and the man she loves, if she would escape the fatal curse of the daughters of her race.

Early Thursday morning the stranger presented himself at the academy, and received the desired information.

The lady's name was Mrs. Uldene Chester, and she lives at No. — A — Avenue.

"Uldene!" he muttered as he turned away. "Ah! I was not mistaken, then. It is her child! It must be! The name is not a common one. And her face! Ah! who could not trace a resemblance in the girl's dark, glorious face? It maddened me as I looked at it—set my brain and my heart on fire."

"How was he to gain an interview with the girl?" he asked himself, as he stood motionless before the number indicated, and looked keenly at the house far back on the green sloping lawn.

(To be Continued.)

**The Way to be Well.**

If you are ill it is not you alone who suffer, but those who depend upon you, those to whom you are dear—whether you are a man or a woman.

The worst diseases in the world are slight ailments at first. If you are feeling weak, nervous or run down—if you are at all unwell, take

**DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS**  
for PALE PEOPLE

and be made bright, active and strong. Recommended by the liberal minded doctor and the trained nurse. But you must get the genuine—substitutes never cured anyone.

**CONSTANT FEELING OF LASSITUDE.**

From Parrsboro, N.S., Leader.

There is scarcely a man, woman or child in the busy mining town of Springhill, N. S., who does not know Mr. Moses Y. Boss, the trusty agent of A. R. Fulton, dealer in carriages and farm implements. Two years ago the writer first met Mr. Boss, and was struck with the extreme pallor of his countenance. He seemed, in fact, like one in the deadly grip of consumption. Recently business again brought him to the home of the writer, but a remarkable change for the better had taken place in the interval. Upon enquiry it was learned that failing health first induced Mr. Boss to go upon the road as salesman in the hope that a change of scene would be beneficial. The result, however, did not meet with his expectations. The food he ate distressed him, and the weakness and feeling of lassitude became intensified. To use his own words, he was so weak and nervous, and used up, that he felt that he "could have dropped down and gone to sleep anywhere." Driving tired him and when at home the slightest labor about his farm was irksome. He was in this hopeless and discouraged condition when a friend recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He decided to try one box, and before they were gone he found some benefit from them. He then bought four boxes more, and each week found an improvement in his condition. His stomach ceased to trouble him, the feeling of lassitude troubled him no more, and his labors were no longer irksome. By the time he had finished his fifth box, his health was fully restored, and has since continued to be excellent, and he is not backward in telling his friends the sterling worth of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

The Genuine are sold only in Packages like the engraving.

WRAPPER PRINTED IN RED.

At all dealers, or direct from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

ing against the marble pillar to the right of us? For the last five minutes he has not taken his eyes off your face."

Uldene turned her dark eyes from the picture she was contemplating to the person indicated, and met the fixed gaze of the stranger bent upon her.

What was there about this person, whom she had never met before, that fascinated her, made the blood creep chillily through her heart with a deadly sensation, like that which fills the heart of a fluttering dove that falls under the steady gaze of a serpent. The floor seemed to rock beneath her feet, the grand pictures in their frames to whirl around her, and the air to grow dense and stifling.

"I don't know who he is, Neddy," she said, faintly, "I do not like being stared at so rudely. Let us go—let us leave the place."

They moved with the dense crowd; Neddy could not resist the impulse that once possessed Lot's wife—to look back, and see what had become of the dark-browed stranger.

"Oh, Uldene!" she cried, "this is growing quite romantic; he must have fallen in love with you—never dreaming a young girl like you could be married. He's actually following us."

"Oh, Neddy, I am horribly afraid of that man," gasped Uldene. "I—I don't know why, but I am. A premonition of coming evil seems creeping chillily over my heart. There was anything but love

**Lost flesh lately?**  
**Does your brain tire?**  
**Losing control over your nerves?**  
**Are your muscles becoming exhausted?**

You certainly know the remedy. It is nothing new; just the same remedy that has been curing these cases of thinness and paleness for twenty-five years. **Scott's Emulsion.** The cod-liver oil in it is the food that makes the flesh, and the hypophosphites give tone to the nerves.

See and \$1.00, all druggists.  
**SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists Toronto.**

CHAPTER XXI.  
THE FATAL SECRET.

This was Thursday. The stranger would not find out the name of the beautiful girl whose face had attracted him until Thursday. How could he restrain his impatience until that time? The stranger asked himself, as he paced

**NATURE DIMPLES**

Disappear, and Beauty Fades Under Shadow of Tormenting Skin But Dr. Agnew's Ointment is a Quick and Safe Healer.

The unceasing torment of an itching skin, which is the natural consequence and outcome of such skin diseases as tetter, salt rheum, ring worm, eczema, ulcer, blotches and other skin eruptions is allayed in an instant with one application of Dr. Agnew's Ointment, and in a very few days the most stubborn cases give way to its magic healing power and leave the skin whole, perfect, clear and as soft as a baby's.

It will cure piles in from three to five nights.

Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are the best made. 20 cents for forty doses. For sale by S. W. Dodd and George E. Hughes, Druggists.

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