



Miss Evelina M. Bissler, Dublin Shore, Lunenburg, N.S., writes:—"I suffered from severe headaches for two years. In fact, I had headaches day and night. My appetite was very poor and I frequently had pains in the back. After using a few boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food the headaches disappeared, appetite improved and I gained in health and strength. I am very thankful for the benefit obtained from the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, for I am well again after two years of misery."

The object of pain seems to be to give warning that something is wrong in the human system. For this reason, when you have a headache, for instance, you should honestly seek for the cause.

Headache is not a disease in itself, but rather a symptom. If you find other indications that the nervous system is exhausted—if you are restless, nervous, sleepless and irritable—you may rightly suppose that to be the cause of the headache.

The headache warns you that with neglect of the nervous system you later expect nervous prostration, locomotor ataxia, or some form of paralysis. Wisdom suggests the use of such treatment as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to build up the system, and thereby remove the cause of the headache, as well as prevent more serious troubles.

The use of headache powders is not only a dangerous practice, but the shock to the system of drugs which are so powerful and poisonous as to immediately stop pain is most harmful. The relief is merely temporary, and with this danger signal removed the disease which caused the headache continues to develop until results are serious. The moral is, when you have headaches or pain of any kind look for the cause and remove it.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is not intended as a mere relief for headache. It cures by supplying the ingredients from which nature rebuilds and revitalizes the wasted nerve cells. Some patience is required for this reconstructive process, but the results are wonderfully satisfying, because they are both thorough and lasting.

If you would be freed from headaches, as was the writer of the letter quoted above, put Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to the test. Working, as it does, hand in hand with Nature, it can no more fail than can other of Nature's laws.

50 cents a box, all dealers, or Edman-son, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food



Dr. Chase's Recipe Book, 1,000 selected recipes, sent free if you mention this paper.

Love in a Flour Mill,

OR,

The Romance of Two Loyal Hearts!

CHAPTER XVIII.

"I do not know. It was too far off for me to tell; and it kept in the shadows. I saw it as I was coming across the island. At first I thought it was yours, for the rowlocks were muffled; but I caught a glimpse of it for a moment, and I knew it was not yours."

"Some fisherman?" he suggested; but she shook her head.

"No; he would be farther out in the bay."

"It may be one of our men—the mate, the captain, from the yacht," he said, after a moment's thought. "It is a fine night, and some of them may be taking a row."

"It was not a ship's boat," she said; "it was a Sicilian. I could tell by the shape."

"And hanging about the island—where you are alone, or as good as alone!" said Ronald. "That makes me anxious."

"There is no need to be," she said, not disputing his right, he noticed with a thrill, to be anxious on her account. "There is nothing for him to steal; and no man who knows my father would dare to steal it, if there were. I have brought the books. I

have not read them all; there was not time; but you will take them back, and not bring any more, or come again."

She still spoke in a low voice, and there was a note of sadness in it which made his heart leap.

"If you say so, of course," he said; "but I think you are very cruel, Miss Cara."

"Cruel?" She raised her eyes to his with surprise; then the lids swept over her own, and the colour rose to her face.

"Yes," he said. "You know how much I want to come. But, of course, you don't; how should you? You don't know that ever since that night on the moor I have thought of you, that since I found you on the island here I've never had you out of my mind."

She raised her eyes again and looked at him with a faint wonder, doubt, and something else in them hard to describe; it may have been fear, if one could associate fear with her.

"Oh, don't you know; can't you guess, Cara?" he whispered, leaning towards her and taking the hand that lay on her lap; and his voice was thick and shook a little, for his heart was throbbing with love—and the dread lest she should rise and leave him. "I didn't mean to tell you; I meant to keep it back until I saw your father; but—I can't keep silent. This man prowling about the island—and you alone here—Oh, Cara! don't you see I love you, dear?"

She did not move, did not withdraw her hand; but he gathered no encouragement from the fact that she did not do so; for he knew that she was so overwhelmed by his avowal as to be unconscious of his grasp.

"I love you!" he told her, and the first words of passion that had ever fallen on her ears struck to her heart. "I love you with all my heart and soul and body. Don't—don't you understand, Cara?" he asked her, in a whisper; for, indeed, she looked as if she were striving to realize the meaning of his avowal—as if she were trying to connect it with herself. "Dear, are you so surprised?" he asked her. "Do you never look in the glass, Cara; don't you know that you are the loveliest—?"

He stopped short, for the blood had rushed to her face, and she turned a startled look on him. In very truth she had never given a thought to the matter. In some of the novels she had read, there had been much about beautiful women; but it had never occurred to her to think of herself as one.

"You angel!" he said fervently. "Cara, there is not another girl like you, I swear it! Love you! Why, there's not a man with eyes in his head and a heart in his bosom who could help loving you. But it isn't because you are the loveliest creature on God's earth—poor Ronald's eloquence never a strong point of his, broke down, and he flung up his head with a gesture of despair of ever being able to make her understand—"It isn't that only; it's—it's—oh, well, I can't tell you why I love you; but I do!"

She was still silent. It seemed as if the suddenness of the attack had deprived her of the power of speech. She drew her hand from his, which let it go reluctantly, and looked away from him across the moonlit sea.

Ronald moved a little nearer to her. "Well, Cara?" he said, in an agony of suspense. "You are not angry?" "No," she said, speaking at last, not coldly, but with a trouble in her voice. "No; I am not angry. Should

I be? No; do not speak to me. I—I want to think—and I cannot. Oh, if you would go, and leave me alone—!" "I can't do that," he said earnestly. "I can't go until you tell me whether—"

"Cara, don't you care for me—a little?"

She looked at him, with her brows drawn; then went away from him. "I was glad when you came," she said. "It was lonely—no, I did not feel lonely till yesterday, when—you had gone—I must go—"

She rose; and he sprang to his feet and caught her arm.

"No; you must not go till you tell me!" he said, his voice steady enough now, firm and compelling. "Do you think I can let you leave me without knowing whether you care enough for me to marry me, Cara?"

"To marry you?" she said, as if this was another startling problem.

"To be my wife," he said as gently as he could. "Listen, Cara! You have said I must go; dearest, I may be going away for some time—"

She did not start, but he felt her quiver, and into her eyes flashed something which rendered his attempt at calmness futile. Suddenly he took her in his arms and drew her to him; his lips bent down to hers; but, as suddenly as he had caught her in his embrace, he checked the approach of his lips.

"No!" he said. "I won't till—till you tell me I may. Cara, look up at me, tell me that there's no hope for me, that you don't and can't love me, and I'll—I'll let you go; I'll leave you—"

She raised her eyes slowly, her lips moved; then suddenly all the strength of will and body seemed to desert her, her resistance to his grasp released, her eyes closed, and, with a deep sigh she surrendered herself; her head sank and her face hid itself on his breast. Her arms hung loosely, powerless, at her side.

He gathered her to him tightly; then he raised her head slowly, looked into the eyes upturned to him, and glowing with the passion that went out to meet his. Slowly, almost reverently, his lips met hers and clung in a long kiss. No word was spoken; they were still silent when, some moments later, he drew her down beside him, her head resting against him, her hand clasped in his.

In truth they neither of them were able to realize what had happened. could not yet fully grasp the infinite joy of their mutual love. There were no more doubts, no more wonder, to torture and oppress her. Nature had spoken, and with a whisper had dispelled her innocent ignorance of the great secret. And for Ronald there was at that moment no past and no future; the present was sufficient for him.

"You are happy, Cara?" he said at last.

(To be Continued.)

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Ladies' Apron, with or without Trimming and Belt.

Figured Percale in blue and white, with facings of white linen, was used for this style. The facings may be omitted. The apron is cut in kimono style, and may be made with or without the belt. The style is also good for chambray, gingham, lawn, drill, linen, saten or alpaca. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes—Small, Medium and Large. It requires 6 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for a Medium size.

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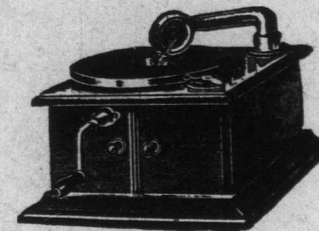
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