

## Indigestion Resulted From an Inactive Liver

The Bowels Became Constipated and the Whole Digestive System Upset.

With many people constipation becomes a habit. And it is a dangerous habit which is certain sooner or later to cause serious disease. "Daily movement of the bowels" is the first and most important rule of health. When the liver becomes torpid the flow of bile into the intestines is stopped and the bowels become constipated. But you can readily overcome this condition by using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. There is no treatment obtainable which so promptly awakens the activity of the liver and bowels and thereby corrects derangements of the digestive system.

Mrs. Herbert Doherty of Beaver Brook, Albert Co., N.B., writes: "I can truthfully say that Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are a great medicine for constipation. I have suffered from constipation ever since I can

remember, but got to using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and was so benefited that I began to study this remedy. I found that the indigestion resulted from a bad case of inactive liver, and as soon as I got the liver working right I didn't have any stomach trouble or indigestion. I cannot praise this medicine too highly, and would advise anyone suffering from indigestion or constipation to use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. My husband also claims that these pills have done him more good than any medicine he ever used. You are at liberty to use this letter."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills positively relieve and cure torpid liver, constipation, biliousness, indigestion, backache and kidney disease. Put it to the test. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

## The Web;

OR,  
TRUE LOVE'S PASSION.

### CHAPTER XVII

#### Eve's Daughter.

As is usual with men—and artists especially—when they are happy, he sat up late that night smoking, and thinking and dreaming of Norah, but in the morning he started for the early train.

He had got within sight of the station, and was feeling for his watch when he found that he had left it behind him. In changing his everyday waistcoat for one more presentable and less paint-stained, he had taken out his watch and a ring, and placed them on the mantel-shelf of the sitting-room that "he might not forget" them, with the usual result.

As he remembered that now and again chance wayfarers dropping in at the inn sometimes made their way, by mistake, into the little room, he felt annoyed with himself, and half stopped, wondering whether he should have time to run back.

At that moment a pink dress fitted out of one of the cottages opposite which he was standing, and Becca South tripped past, throwing him a smile.

It occurred to him that he would send a word of caution to Mrs. Brown about the watch, and he called to Becca.

She stopped, and came back and looked up at him sideways.

"Did you call, sir?"

"Yes," he said, hurriedly, for he fancied he heard the train. "Look here, Becca, I've left my watch on the mantel-shelf at the inn. Are you going that way?"

She nodded, still eying him like a Jackdaw.

"Yes, I'm going up to the Court, past the inn."

"Well, then," he said, "will you be so kind as to go in and ask Mrs. Brown to take the watch upstairs to my bedroom? Some one may come in—you understand?"

"Yes, I know," she assented, with a

nod. "I'll do it."

"Thank you, Becca," he said. "I seem doomed to give you trouble. And he laid his hand on her shoulder and smiled at her gratefully. "By Jove, there's the train," he exclaimed in the same breath, and started off at a run.

Becca went down the road, and entered the bar of the inn—if anything so unlike an ordinary bar can be so called—but it was empty, and she was about to call Mrs. Brown, when she closed her lips suddenly, and on tiptoe approached the small passage that led to the sitting-room.

Neither Mrs. Brown nor the servant was in sight, and Becca's black eyes flashed through the open door all over the room. Its artistic litter was something novel to her, and excited her curiosity, and, after a moment or two of listening, she stole inside.

She fitted to and fro, more like a Jackdaw than ever, casting swift glances at the sketches and canvases, and turning over the books and knick-knacks which were strewn about the room; then she went to the mantel-piece.

The watch was there, and she took it up and looked at it. As she did so the chain dragged down the ring, which, after the manner of rings rolled across the room.

Away went Becca in pursuit, and, after a short search, she found it under the sofa.

It was a plain band of gold, with the initials C.B. on it, which Cyril had in a moment of preoccupation scratched upon it with his penknife.

Becca turned it over and looked at it, then she tried it on one finger after another until she found that it fitted the little one, and then held up her hands and gazed at it admiringly, thinking how nicely it showed off her slim hand.

Eve like, she passed from the admiring to the covetous mood.

He had said nothing about a ring; perhaps he had forgotten all about it, and if—if she should keep it, he would conclude that he had lost it. It was a beautiful ring, but, no doubt, a gentleman like Mr. Burne did not set much value on it.

While she was looking and longing and hesitating, Fate lent the evil one its aid, just as it had done in the matter of Catherine's photograph. Becca

heard Mrs. Brown's voice in the kitchen. She started up and tried to pull the ring off her finger, but it stuck fast. In a spasm of terror, lest she should be discovered in the room, she darted through the passage into the bar, waited a moment, then, still tugging at the ring under her apron, passed into the road. Before she had gone twenty yards, the ring came off, and with a feeling of relief, she turned, intending to replace it. But as she neared the door, she stopped and hesitated. After all, the worst was over. She had taken the ring, and she might just as well keep it.

She slipped it into her pocket and began to sing, and, still singing, stopped a few paces from the inn door. Then she called out "Mrs. Brown!" and after a moment or two the landlady came into the bar. Becca walked toward the door as if she had only that second arrived.

"Oh, Mrs. Brown," she said, "Mr. Burne asked me to come and tell you to take his watch upstairs. I forgot whether he said he'd left it on the mantelshelf or on the table, but he said in the sitting-room."

"Dear me, yes," said Mrs. Brown. "That's just like him; he's so careless and forgetful. Some of these days he'll lose something, and honest folk will get the blame. But there, he's an artist gentleman, and what can you expect?" she added, raising her voice as she went into the sitting-room.

"Is it there all right?" cried Becca, in her clear treble.

"Yes, all right, and thank you, Becca South!" called back Mrs. Brown, and Becca went on her way singing like the innocent, light-hearted girl she was.

### CHAPTER XVII

#### An Astonishing Declaration.

CYRIL did not buy a paper, but sat in the corner of the carriage by the open window and thought of Norah, and his reverie was so pleasant and engrossing that he started with surprise when the train arrived at Paddington.

He was in so great a hurry to get his business done and return to Santleigh—and Norah—that he did not get on an omnibus, as a poor artist should, but called a cab.

Jack Wesley's chambers were in Winchester Street, Strand, and the first thing Cyril saw, as the cab stopped, was his friend's head at the open window. He waved Jack a greeting, and stood at the door of the chambers with outstretched hand.

"Behold he cometh, clothed in his right mind!" he said, cynically, but with a pleasant smile.

Cyril wrung his hand and looked into the grave, earnest eyes affectionately.

"Yes, dear old Jack, I've come," he said.

"And in such haste that you hired a chariot. Was it the burning desire to reach me, or have you discovered a gold mine in Santleigh?" and he went back to his writing table, but sat astride his chair, and leaning his elbows on the back looked up at Cyril with a smile.

Cyril's face flushed, and a glad light flashed into his eyes.

"Yes, Jack," he said, "and something even better than that!"

"Oh!" The monosyllable dropped like a stone. "Indeed! Then you might have spared yourself the trouble of rushing up on the small and contemptible bit of business I've got for you."

Cyril laughed.

"Dear old Jack!" he said, laying his hand on the broad shoulder and shaking him. "How I've missed that cynical voice of yours! Why, it seems ages since we parted, instead of days—ages!" His voice softened. "But tell me all about it; what's the row, old fellow?"

Jack balanced his chair and stretched to the table for a letter.

"Here's a note from Moses; he'll buy the other picture, 'The Silver Stream.'"

"No!" exclaimed Cyril.

"Yes; and give you what you ask, but on conditions."

"Oh!"

Jack smiled.

"Oh they are not hard ones. It seems that Lord Newall has taken a fancy to it."

Cyril opened his eyes and nodded. Lord Newall was a well-known patron

## POLICEMEN LETTER CARRIERS DRIVERS

and other workers who must have enduring strength, take

## SCOTT'S EMULSION

to build up and keep up their health. Surely it will do as much for you, but insist on SCOTT'S.

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont. 16-15

of art, and his approval set the sign manual upon a picture, and the painter who obtained his lordship's good word might regard himself as made; the public in all things artistic is like a flock of sheep, and must have its bell-wether. Lord Newall had but to get the lead, and the sheep followed.

"By Jove!" muttered Cyril. "So Lord Newall fancied 'The Silver Stream.' Well, I thought there might be something in it."

Jack Wesley smiled. "Very nicely put. Go to, young man; your modesty is thrown away in this shop! Yes, he has bought the picture on condition that you paint another for him."

Cyril started and laughed. "If every one made that condition, Jack, I should be a millionaire."

Jack nodded.

"Yes, it sounds rather insane, doesn't it? But there's reason in his madness. He wants you to paint a bit of the seashore outside his place in Brittany."

"In Brittany?" echoed Cyril, and his face fell.

"Jack looked hard at him. "What is your objection to Brittany, my friend?" he asked.

"That it's not in England," replied Cyril, thoughtfully.

"That's more Brittany's misfortune than its fault, and you can scarcely expect Lord Newall to move it over here; or do you expect it?"

Cyril sat astride a chair in front of Jack's, and leaned his chin on his arms.

"In Brittany," he repeated. "How—how long will it take me?"

"Not being an artist—thank merciful Heaven!—can't say," replied Jack. "What on earth can it matter to you how long it takes you?"

"It does matter," said Cyril, gravely.

Jack Wesley shrugged his shoulders.

"When Fortune came and smiled, he said 'Begone, you hag, begone.'"

Cyril rose and began to pace the room. To leave Santleigh and go to Brittany; to leave Norah for weeks, perhaps months!

Jack Wesley watched him gravely. "What ails you, man?" he said. "But hear me out. It is not only the money—and I suppose that is not wholly a matter of indifference to you?"

Cyril stopped a moment to murmur, "Don't be angry with me, Jack!" and resumed his pacing.

"I'm not angry; only surprised. I thought you would fling up your hat, order round champagne, and behave yourself in your usual imbecile fashion when luck comes your way. But to proceed. It is not only the money, though that is a fair sum enough, but there is something else hanging to it; the something you and I are always clamoring and whining for—Fame."

(To be Continued.)

## Does Catarrh Bother You? Are Your Nostils Stuffed?

Why not give up that snuff and stop dosing your stomach? The one sure treatment is "Catarrhazone," sure to cure because it goes where the disease really is. Certain to cure in your case because it has restored tens of thousands worse than you are. Catarrhazone is a thorough cure because it destroys the causes as well as the effects of the disease. Relief is prompt, cure is quick with this powerful remedy which is guaranteed to cure Catarrh in any part of the nose, throat, bronchial tubes or lungs. To be really cured, use only Catarrhazone and beware of dangerous substitutes meant to deceive you from genuine Catarrhazone which is sold everywhere, large size contains two-months treatment, costs \$1.00; small size 50c; sample size 25c.

1

**Wedge Smoking Tobacco, 16c. per cent.**

**M. A. Duffy, Sole Agent.**



## HYI THERE,

your premises are safe. Are you prepared for such an emergency? That's our question, and which refers to insurance.

**WHEN BURNING IT'S TOO LATE TO INSURE.**

Now is the time. Give us your order and we will write you a policy at once.

**OUR STRONG COMPANIES GIVE AMPLE SECURITY.**

**PERCIE JOHNSON, Insurance Agent.**

## J. J. St. John.

**Before Flour goes higher put in your stock.**

1500 barrels on hand and to arrive, of best brands.

**Pork, Beef, Jowls.**

**Spare Ribs at \$19.00 bbl., or 10 lbs. for \$1.00.**

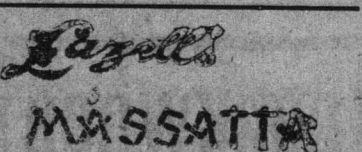
**Molasses—1st runnings.**

**Tea, Sugar, Kero Oil.**

**Oats, Bran & Cattle Feeds.**

Our ECLIPSE TEA is the best in Newfoundland at 45c. lb.

**J. J. St. John, Duckworth St. and LeMarchant Road.**



**A NEW AND TOTALLY DIFFERENT TALCUM POWDER**

Not only soft, soothing, most satisfying than any other, but distinguished by the "True Oriental Odor," a fragrance indelible in its subtle and charm.

At all Drugists, St. John's, Nfld.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DISTEMPER.

**BUY BRITISH COCOA.**

**FRY'S PURE COCOA**

*"Always Merry and Bright."*

MANUFACTURED IN ENGLAND.

**Upholstering Up-to-date.**

One of our most well-known branches of business is that of upholstering, and this Fall our stock of upholstering fabrics is of particular interest and attractiveness.

Among the selections are some elegant striped Silks in beautiful shades and designs. Rich, quiet Tapestries, and fine quality Plushes and Velours in solid colors.

Our Upholstering Department is up-to-date in every detail. Our staff of workmen are thorough masters of their craft, and our special feature in this—as in every other department—is quality combined with prompt and efficient service.

Estimates given.

**U. S. Picture and Portrait Co. General Furnishers.**

**Electric Flashlights**

**Spare Batteries and Bulbs**

Just arrived at

**BLAIR'S.**

Our goods are the top notch as regards quality. Flashlights and Batteries are in the Reliable "Beacon" make, and Bulbs are the Famous "Tungsten" Bulbs which are long lived themselves and give longer life to the battery.

## HENRY BLAIR.

Advertise in the Telegram

## Below, There!

In The Stakehold Inferno Are the Unsung Heroes of The Ragin' Main.

In the glamour and glory of a sea fight there are few who give a thought to the unseen heroes of the stakehold—the men who toil in an inferno, a smoke and heat and fire, while the guns thunder about their heads; or whose unresting toil the safety and success of our warships so largely depend; and who share none of the excitement and reap none of the rewards of battle, while cheerfully facing its deadliest perils.

Such unstoried heroes are the men of the "Black Gang"—the men who, deep down in the bowels of our ships of war, keep the furnaces at white heat to extract the "last ounce" of speed—a speed on which many hundreds of lives may hang.

Nowhere in the world will you see such strenuous labour under such almost inhuman conditions, and nowhere will you see a more courageous devotion to duty.

He Has No Chance.

The ship may be sinking, the inferno rushing water swirling knee-deep over the plates on which the stoker is standing; but no thought of the boat and no escape for his life is for him. He must stick to the post till the last fire is drawn; and if he has time to race up the escape-ladder to the board deck, well and good. If not—the odds are all against him—he goes down, a "mute, inglorious" hero, to his death. It is all "part of the day's work," and he gives no thought to the price he may have to pay.

Let us take a peep at the "Black Gang" at their work, while the guns roar and the shells shriek above.

As we enter the stakehold the heat blasts from the furnace-mouths scorch our eyes and sear our lungs with every gasping breath we draw. Life seems impossible in such an atmosphere.

Along one side of the narrow chamber, lofty and dim, are ranged the boilers, some fifty in number, quivering with the power that is in them, and rocking backward and forward with the heave of the ship. And opposite the boilers stand the stokers—figures carved in jet and polished with the sweat which streams from every pore; clad only in trousers that have once been white, with a filthy and steaming "sweat-rag" knotted loosely round their necks.

Sometimes He Faints.

As the door of the furnace opens the white, harsh glare strikes the dripping bodies, and throws up every tense muscle in vivid relief. As they thrust and strain at their unwieldy tools you see the shivering shadows which tell of live muscles swelling and knotting, till it seems they must burst through their sheath of skin.

Gathering up a shovelful of coals each man propels it with a quick-for-

**IN OUR New Edition in the cell**

It was (dren) and coffee are

This old of existence was harmful

Another drinking—and for the

The abas is made easy Postum, the lightful, sn

Unlike drink contains substance.

Postum sands of the son rules an

CANADA