

## The Racking Pains of Sciatic Rheumatism

Were Well-nigh Unbearable—After Five Years of Suffering Cure Was Effected by Dr. Chase's Medicines.

For downright excruciating pain few ailments can be compared to sciatic rheumatism. Since this condition of the sciatic nerve denotes exhaustion of the nervous system, the logical cure is found in the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to nourish the starved nerves back to health and vigor.

Reports are continually coming in to us regarding the splendid results obtained in the treatment of sciatic rheumatism by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food after each meal and Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills occasionally as a means of arousing the action of the liver, kidneys and bowels and thereby keeping the system freed of pain causing poisonous impurities.

Mr. W. J. Talbot, Edenwald, Sask., writes:—"It is a great pleasure for me to recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and Nerve Food as a cure for Sciatic Rheumatism. The pain I

have suffered has been well-nigh unbearable. It would start in the hips and run down the legs to the toes, gradually getting worse. The nerves contract until one is practically useless. My doctor tried many different treatments but could only afford relief for a time.

"For about five years I was subject to this trouble with severe attacks which would last about two months. The last attack I had was shortened to two weeks by the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and Nerve Food. This treatment was continued until I was satisfied that the cure was lasting."

This statement is endorsed by Mr. H. E. Wooley, J.P.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, six for \$2.50. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills 25 cents a box all dealers, or Edmansons, Bates & Company,

forehead with a troubled frown.

Kyra's head was bent for a moment in abstraction, then she looked up with a smile.

"And that is why? I am so glad! You said I did not care for you, but I do—oh, I do! I like to see you—I am glad when you come. You are my friend!"

And with a sweet impulsiveness she held out her hand.

He took it in his strong one and pressed it.

"What a girl you are!" he exclaimed. "There is not another like you in all the world."

"Except Mary!" said Kyra, with a naive smile.

He colored.

"No, excepting no one! but now you know my trouble—at least one of them, for I've two. You know now why I'm always here, and wanting to see you."

"Because I come from and go back to her," said Kyra, shrewdly.

"That's it!" he assented eagerly.

"I—I—thought perhaps you wouldn't understand!"

"But—trouble! what trouble?" she said. "Does not Mary—love—you?"

He flushed again.

"I'd feel inclined to throw myself into the Surpentine if I thought she never would."

"Well, then," continued Kyra, pursing her lips; "what do you do here in England, when you love and are beloved?"

"Ah!" said Charlie, with a long breath, "that's it! If it's all right! If the man's a great swell he goes to her father and tells him, and—then the women folk arrange all the rest."

"Yes," said Kyra, seeing that he hesitated.

"But," said Charlie, sorrowfully, "I'm not a swell. Mary is the granddaughter of a duke, and they'll want to marry her to some great man—an earl at least—perhaps have got one ready; indeed, they wouldn't think of giving her to me—a mere nobody!"

"That's the way it goes in this confounded land; now, you see, what is to be done? What would they do among your people?"

"Among my people?" said Kyra, dreamily, "the young man, if he were a warrior, and she a chief's daughter? He would wait until a full moon, and then steal into the lodge and carry her off on his good horse to another tribe."

Charlie's eyes sparkled.

"Lord!" he exclaimed, with fervent admiration for such a sensible proceeding. "Would to Heaven we were among your people! Glorious! But," and he shook his head with a dismal laugh, "you see we're in England, aren't we, worse luck?" and he sighed.

Kyra echoed that sigh of regret; why she knew not.

They walked some paces in silence, then Kyra looked up.

"You see, I know so little, I cannot help my friend!"

"Yes, you have," responded Charlie, gratefully. "You don't know how much, by letting me tell you. By Jove, I'll tell you my other trouble! Kyra, I'm an idiot! the greatest idiot in the world! You won't understand what I am going to tell you now so well as the other, because you don't know anything about money."

Kyra looked patronizingly.

He nodded knowingly. "I am in an awful scrape. I've made a fool of myself, and have got head over heels in debt! You know. Spent a great deal of money, more than I had, while I was at Oxford."

"That is bad," said Kyra, with simple dignity.

"Ah, it is!" said Charlie. "And the worst of it is I've nothing to show for it, can't tell where it's gone; and ever since I've been in town they've been dunning me, asking me for it, you know!" He paused, then broke out with self-reproach. "But what a selfish idiot I am to bother you with my folly! But it's your own fault, Kyra. Your face would tempt the Sphinx to tell it's sorrow! It would, indeed! But there, don't think anything of it! I did not mean to tell you of the other bother, but it was such a relief, when I don't know which way to turn—where to get the money."

Kyra, who had been listening with something like astonishment, stopped and looked at him.

"Not know where to go?" she said. "Why, you should go to Lord Percy!"

There was the faintest hesitation before the name, then she hurried on, sweetly, gravely. "He has plenty of money, oh, plenty! and he would be so angry if he knew you wanted any. Oh, you must go to him! I will ask him!"

Charlie colored crimson. "My dear Kyra! Not for all the world contains! It is not for that I told you, you innocent, guardian angel! You do not think that?"

"No, no," said Kyra, earnestly. "But you will go to him—to please me? Oh, I know him!"

Charlie looked at her for a moment, then his face cleared.

"Of course I will," he said, suddenly. "I ought to have gone before; but I've lost my wits since I saw—you know whom! And, Kyra, you know that other is a secret!"

She nodded. "I must not even tell Lady Mary herself?" she asked, gravely.

"Oh!" said Charlie, coloring. "Yes—if it—if you like! Yes, by all means; and tell her—hush, here is Percy! Mind, it's a secret!" and as Kyra held out her hand, he took it, and pressed it.

At the moment of his doing so Percy and Lillian Devigne came out on to the top steps leading from the drawing-room.

"Oh, there they are!" said Lillian Devigne. "I thought they would be here. They've been wandering round our little Arcadia for the last time!" and she laughed her little silvery laugh, as she kissed her hand to Kyra; then looked swiftly but covertly up at Percy's face as he stood on the step above her. Had he seen that half-hurried clasp of hands? Perhaps so: his face was calm and serene as usual, and the slight shade in the keen gray eyes might be occasioned by the shadow of the sun-blind above his head.

### CHAPTER XXIV. The Young Lovers.

It was pleasant out on the veranda than even in the cool and dainty drawing-room; so Lillian Devigne had a little satin-covered table and the tea



The surpassing goodness of our Coffee is not surprising if you consider the story of our fifty years as a business house—  
Fifty years of constant study to bring to the coffee drinkers of North America the best to be found in the plantations of the world.  
Chase & Sanborn's Coffees

equipped brought outside. Lady Devigne came down from her boudoir—which apartment was honored by her presence pretty nearly all day unless she were shopping—but declined the open air, and took her tea just inside the French window so that the young people were sufficiently chaperoned and not at all interfered with.

Percy was as grim and cynical as usual—a little grave, perhaps, for the first few moments, Kyra thought it is to be remembered that every line and expression of his face was known to her: she had come forward and taken his hand, looking up with her great dark eyes, and had seen in a moment that he was graver and grimmer than usual. But now the face that was the grandest one in all the world to her was clearing with its old keen humor.

When the table was brought out, he drew a chair for her and seated himself with her.

"I have lost a pleasant afternoon, Kyra," he said. "I should have been here earlier but for the lawyers."

"Why did you not send them away?" asked Kyra.

He smiled and looked at her frank and for the moment impressive face with his old smile.

"Because having summoned them to do me a service, I could not dismiss them until we had at least talked it over." Then addressing all generally, he said, quietly:

"I have bought the Wondia land." Lillian Devigne looked up from her untasted tea on the tea table and said:

"Indeed—all of it?"

"Yes," he said, with a slight smile, "all of it. Extravagant, was it not?"

But—he explained, turning to Kyra again—"it adjoins the Vering land, and our people have always coveted it. It came into the market at last, and I have bought it."

"Cheap, I hope, Percy," said Charlie, who was sprawled along the grass slope, eating bread and butter like a schoolboy, and thinking of a certain schoolgirl.

(To be Continued.)

## neezing Colds, Bad Coughs, Irritable Throat All Cured.

Just think of it, a cold cures in ten minutes—that's what happens when you use "Catarrhoxone." You inhale its soothing balsams and out goes the cold—sniffles are cured—headache is cured—symptoms of catarrh and gripe disappear at once. Its healing pine essences and powerful antiseptics in Catarrhoxone that enable it to act so quickly. In disease of the nose, for irritable throat, bronchitis, coughs and catarrh it's a marvel. Safe even for children. Beware of dangerous substitutes offered under misleading names and meant to deceive you for genuine Catarrhoxone which is sold everywhere, large size containing two months treatment costs \$1.00; small size 50c.; trial size 25c.

## Jack Johnson Now a Bull Fighter.

New York, June 21. — T. S. Andrews, of Milwaukee, has made public a cablegram received several days ago from Jack Johnson; one time heavyweight champion of the world, in which it is asserted that Johnson is soon to enter the ring again. This time, however, it is the bull fighter's ring. The message follows:

Barcelona, June 17.—T. S. Andrews, Milwaukee — Wish you would state that I am fighting a bull here June 26—No bull story, but fact. Also state that I will fight Sam Langford, Sam McVey, Willard or any one who may be selected in Mexico, Cuba or any place. Best regards to all my friends. (Signed) JACK JOHNSON.

After the fight with Jess Willard in Havana, Johnson went to Spain and later to England. Since returning to Spain he has fought two battles with minor heavyweights.

## Everyday Etiquette!

"If I have seats in the center of the row at the theatre and the end seats are all filled when I arrive, should I turn my back upon the people I pass or face them? It seems impolite to turn one's back and still it is awkward to pass them while facing them," was Agnes' worry.

"If you are obliged to pass persons already seated do so with your back turned to them, your face to the stage," said her aunt.

## Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

A PRETTY DRESS FOR THE YOUNG MISS.



1705—Girls' Dress With Long Sleeve Pattern With a Cut, or With Sleeve in Short Puff Style. White chaille with pink dots is here shown. The panel and belt edges are piped with pink china silk. The chemise is of pink Georgette crepe. This style will please the wearer. It has a shaped panel front in princess style, and full skirt portions joined to full waist portions under the belt. Back and front portions of the waist are cut in kimono style, with sleeve sections combined. Lawn, marquisette, crepe, voile, poplin, charmeuse, messaline, dimity, cashmere, gingham, chambray and percale are also nice for this model.

The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch material for an 8-year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A SIMPLE "EASY TO MAKE" DRESS.



1714—Girls' One Piece Dress With Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths. This will make a splendid play suit. It may be worn with bloomers. The sleeve in wrist length has a hand cuff. Back and front of this model are cut in one with the sleeve, so that there are only a few seams to sew, and as the dress hangs from the shoulders, there will be little trouble in fitting and making it. Brown crash embroidered in blue or red, white linen embroidered in self color or in pink or blue, will be lovely for this model. It is also nice for percale, gingham, chambray, voile, rep, poplin, pique and drill.

The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3 3/4 yards of 27-inch material for a 10-year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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