

An Amazing Cure For Neuralgia Magical Relief For Headache

The Most Effective Remedy Known is "Nerviline."

The reason Nerviline is infallibly a remedy for neuralgia resides in two very remarkable properties Nerviline possesses.

The first is its wonderful power of penetrating deeply into the tissues, which enables it to reach the very source of congestion.

Nerviline possesses another and not less important action—it equalizes the circulation in the painful parts, and thus affords a sure carrier to the re-establishment of congestion.

Your see the relief you get from Nerviline is permanent.

It doesn't matter whether the cause is spasm or congestion, external or internal; if it is pain—equal with its curative action upon neuralgia—Nerviline will relieve and quickly cure rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, strains, swellings or enlarged joints, and all other muscular aches.

Nerviline is a guaranteed remedy. Get the larger 50 cent family size bottle; it is far more economical than the 25 cent trial size. Sold by dealers everywhere, or direct from the Cattarrhozone Co., Kingston, Canada.



TRUE TO HIS RACE



"I felt sure, by his close resemblance to the family, connected with other circumstances he communicated to me, that he was our kinsman. How near a kinsman I never guessed. So when he told me the name he bore was not his own, and not a very desirable one, either, and that he had no name, and had never even been baptized—well, by a sudden impulse, or inspiration, I offered him mine. I told him how I could make it his own—not directly by law, yet by Christ's family. And so took him to Christ's Church, and got him baptized by the name of Benjamin Seton Douglas. Under that name I got him his commission as ensign in a regiment of foot. Under that name he has distinguished himself in the Crimean war."

"Under that name he may hereafter claim the Barony of Seton-Linlithgow," said the duchess.

"And the Dukedom of Cheviot, mother," added Lord Wellrose.

The duchess looked up inquiringly. "It is his right, dear mother."

He pointed out to my father how this right may be secured to him. And whatever it may cost to you, to me, or to any other, he should have it."

"And you, Wellrose?"

"Oh, I shall be the founder of another line of nobles from the ancient house of Douglas," said the earl jestingly.

"After all, I think more of the hour when I shall press the poor boy to my heart than of anything else. It is hard to have to wait until to-morrow. Ah, I see what you are thinking of, Willie," she said, as she noticed her husband's grave smile. "You are thinking that if I have managed to wait all these years for my first-born, I can wait these few hours. Yes, but I did not know he was on earth all that time; now that I know he is here, in this very house, hours seem ages till I see him."

"Time and the hour weareth away the weariest day," said the duke, with a kindly smile.

So the day and the night passed, and the morning came.

At 11 o'clock in the forenoon, the gatekeeper of the sick room, Dr. Christopher Kinlock, came downstairs and notified the duke and duchess that they had his professional authority for visiting his patient.

The duke arose and drew the duchess arm within his own. Her heart was beating fast; her color went and came; she smiled with emotion.

"Come with us, Wellrose," she faltered.

And the young earl arose to attend them.

He went upstairs before them, and led the way to his brother's room.

He opened the door, and the three entered together.

They found Benny lying on the sofa, propped up with pillows, his fair face turned toward them in eager expectation, his gold hair flowing loose.

"How beautiful he is!" thought the duchess; and as she met the full gaze of those clear, gentle, blue eyes, and caught the smile of the delicate features, she felt as if her heart must break at that moment. A rush of tenderness, pity, love, filled her bosom, and almost overwhelmed her.

She left her husband's arm and tottered toward him, and sank beside his sofa and dropped her head upon his heart, sobbing.

"My son, my son! Oh, my poor, poor, wronged boy!"

He would have risen and knelt at her feet, but for his great weakness, but he put his wasted arms around neck and murmured:

"Mother, mother! sweetest name on earth!"

Then both were silent, looking into each other's eyes for a while, she sobbing at intervals, he with his pale hand caressing her hair.

But soon she discovered that there was another present waiting to welcome them.

come their son. And she arose from her posture and said in a low tone:

"Your father, my dear."

And the duke came and knelt, and silently embraced his fading boy. For at first he could find no words to speak. Then, after some inarticulate murmurs of affection, he said with much emotion:

"You know how it was that we lost you so long, my poor boy? You know, I hope, that neither I—his voice faltered—"nor your dear mother"—he choked—"could have been so heartless, so cruel!" Here he broke down altogether.

Benjamin took his hand and kissed it.

"I know all, dear father," he said. "It was no one's fault; it was my misfortune. It was kismet."

"Kismet! Ah, you have been in the East. A Turk is killed in battle. He falls, crying 'Kismet,' and dies contentedly," said the duke, with that strange mingling of irrelevant matter with the most solemn business on hand, that we sometimes meet in the most awful crises in life.

"Yet I am tagged no fatalist, dear mother," said Benny, turning to the duchess, who seemed longing for a glance or a word from her new-found son.

"No; for I am sure you are too good a Christian to be that, my boy," she said.

"I have heard of your gallant conduct in the Crimea, my son, of your heroism as Balklava, at Inkerman, at Sebastopol. You did honor to the name you bore there," said the duke, proudly.

"I did but my duty," murmured Benny.

"And where got you the wound with which you are suffering now, my brave and modest boy? At the taking of Sebastopol, if I have heard aright—in planting the colors of your regiment on the walls, in the face of a murderous fire. Was every man a hero that day also?"

"I do not know," said Benny, smiling; "but I do know that I never should have had the chance of doing what I did if it had not been for—"

He paused and looked all around the room until his eyes lighted on the form of the Earl of Wellrose, standing apart, and then his face grew radiant, and he held out both his hands. For more than princely father or beautiful mother, Benny loved this dear brother.

The earl came to him, smiling.

"If it had not been for him, my father, Heaven knows where I should have been now!" said Benny, clasping his brother's hands.

"We know all that he was to you, my boy, even before he suspected you to be his brother. And now that he knows your position he is ready to unite with us in restoring you to all your rights."

"What rights?" asked Benny, simply, looking up with one to the other.

For he had not given so much as a thought to the worldly advantages he would gain from the establishment of his birthright. He had thought only of the rich inheritance of love he would receive.

"What rights?" he asked again, seeing that they only looked at him in surprise.

"Your rights as our eldest son," said the duke, "your rights to the inheritance of all my titles and estates," said the Duke of Cheviot, gravely and firmly.

Benny turned paler than ever before, and looked from his father's face to his dear brother's.

"Does your grace wish me to understand, then, that I shall displace, disinherit—him?"

"Yes, my boy, lawfully, naturally, inevitably. You are the eldest son, and must take the rank that he has so long and erroneously held," replied the duke, as one speaking from authority.

"Then I'll die first," said the elder brother.

"Benjamin!" exclaimed father, mother and brother, in one breath.

"I will go down to the grave first! I shall die if I do not try hard to live, and I will not try to live; I will try to die, rather than displace, disinherit him," repeated Benny. And, oh! the ineffable tenderness he threw into that little monosyllable "him."

They gazed at him in amazement. Such love, such disinterestedness even they had never known.

"My dear brother," said the young earl, "your love, your magnanimity touches me deeply. But you may not make this sacrifice; for if you cannot think of yourself, you must think of her—Suzy."

"I love Suzy. I have proved how I love her. And I know—I know that she also would never wish to dispossess you. Had she been born with a nature so selfish, I could never have loved her."

"You hope to marry Suzy some day?" quietly said the earl.

"If I live, which is doubtful."

"Then, for your posterity you should take your rights."

"Posterity! shadows! dreams! Leave all that to time and Providence. That does not exist now. But what I see visibly before me—what I touch tangibly—is my brother, my dear brother," he said, with infinite tenderness in his tone and look, as he took the hand of the earl and pressed it to his heart, while he gazed in his face with unutterable love.

And then the cough seized and shook him.

His mother begged him to be calm, and not to excite himself.

But just as soon as he had recovered from the paroxysm he, still gazing in his loved brother's face, murmured softly:

"My brother, my dear, dear brother, you were more than a brother to me in my bitterest need—more than a brother to me when you did not even suspect our brotherhood. I could not even live, knowing that I had dispossessed you."

Again the cruel cough seized and shook him, as if it would have shaken him to dissolution.

They implored him not to talk. The warning came too late. The new excitement had brought on a hemorrhage again. Blood gushed in torrents from his lips, and he fell back in syncope.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

In a moment all was grief, terror and confusion. The surgeon, the only self-possessed person about the bed, cleared a room of everyone except himself and the old nurse, Mrs. Bruce.

"No, your grace, he is not dead nor dying; but his life depends upon quiet," he said in answer to the questions of the agonized mother, as he led her out into the hall.

"Then heaven bless you for the words," she said.

And she paced up and down the hall, wringing her hands and moaning:

"Oh, my son! my son! Oh, my poor, poor boy! To find you only to lose you! to see you die! Not to be able to make your future atone for your bitter past!"

"Dear Elaine, do not weep so bitterly," pleaded the duke, coming to her side.

"Ah, if he had had a happy life, I could have better borne to see him die! But he has had such a miserable, most miserable, life, and now he must die without even enjoying happiness!"

"Dear mother, it is not certain that he will die. He may recover," said the young earl, coming up to her other side.

"Oh, Wellrose, no one ever lost so much blood and lived. His poor face is white as snow! Oh, my child! my child! Oh, my poor, wronged, dying child!" she moaned, weeping and wringing her hands.

At this moment the surgeon came out of the room, whispered to Lord Wellrose, and immediately returned.

"What did the doctor say? How is my boy?" anxiously inquired the mother.

"He is just the same. And the doctor wishes me to telegraph to Glasgow for Dr. Ker, who is one of the most eminent surgeons of the day," answered the young earl.

"Oh, do so at once! Lose not an instant of time," urged the anxious mother.

And the brother hurried away to dispatch a servant with a message to the nearest telegraph station.

Meanwhile the duchess continued to pace up and down the hall, occasionally stopping to listen at the door of the sick room.

The daily routine went on. Lunch was announced at the usual time. And the family sat down at table; but no one ate.

Early in the afternoon a telegram came from the Glasgow surgeon, in answer to the one that had been sent him. He would come down, he said, by the night train, and be at Seton early the next morning.

This was promising news.

Later in the day the doctor brought a report from the sick room. "The hemorrhage had entirely ceased, and the patient had recovered from his syncope, but was as weak as he could possibly be to live."

"Is there any hope?" almost breathlessly inquired the duchess.

"There is always hope, your grace," said the doctor, "the mother."

"Do let me see him. I will be very calm. Do let me see him," pleaded the duchess.

"Not to-day, your grace. The most absolute quiet is vitally necessary to him," said the doctor resolutely.

The duke took his arm and walked him off to the oriel window at the end of the hall, and inquired:



MOST PERFECT MADE

THE INCREASED NUTRITIVE VALUE OF BREAD MADE IN THE HOME WITH ROYAL YEAST CAKES SHOULD BE SUFFICIENT INCENTIVE TO THE CAREFUL HOUSEWIFE TO GIVE THIS IMPORTANT FOOD ITEM THE ATTENTION TO WHICH IT IS JUSTLY ENTITLED.

HOME BREAD BAKING REDUCES THE HIGH COST OF LIVING BY LESSENING THE AMOUNT OF EXPENSIVE MEATS REQUIRED TO SUPPLY THE NECESSARY NOURISHMENT TO THE BODY.

E. W. GILLET CO. LTD.
TORONTO, ONT.
WINNIPEG MONTREAL

should be sent down the loch, to Seton, to meet the Glasgow surgeon on his arrival.

And the duchess returned to her chamber and passed the night in praying as only a mother can pray for her child.

Early in the morning the Glasgow surgeon arrived.

After a short interview with the duke and duchess, he was shown to the chamber of his patient.

After a very careful examination of the case, and a very close consultation with Dr. Kinlock, he entirely coincided with the army surgeon's opinion, and approved of his treatment.

The patient, he declared, could not possibly be in better hands than in those of the country doctor.

He remained at Seton Court twenty-four hours, and then went back to Glasgow, promising to revisit the patient at the end of the week, or sooner, if called upon.

And the next morning, being the third from the day of the last terrible hemorrhage, the duchess was permitted to see her son.

She had schooled her soul to calmness; had promised herself and others that she would preserve a perfect composure, and neither do, nor say, nor look anything that might disturb the sufferer.

He was propped in bed, and the light from the bay window fell upon him.

She went up to his side. She could control her words and actions, but not her looks; so when her eyes fell upon his colorless and fleshless face, and met the gaze of his hollow eyes, her own face expressed all the deep anguish of her soul.

He held out both his pale hands toward her. Evidently he thought he was dying, and thought that she knew he was dying; for his first words were:

"Sweet mother, it seems very hard for you, very, very hard for you, to see your boy almost as soon as you have found him."

She could scarcely restrain her tears as she pressed his thin hands to her lips and bosom, and then stooped and

pressed her lips to his in a passionate kiss.

"But, dear mother, it is so much better for me to die. See how my life would compromise you all and complicate the question of inheritance, and above all, how it would injure my dear brother," he whispered, speaking faintly and with difficulty, and caressing her hair with his poor hand.

She lost all her self-control, and forgot all her promises. She fell sobbing on his neck, exclaiming:

"Oh, my son! my son! Oh, my poor, poor wronged boy! Live! live! live—oh, try to live, for my miserable sake! Oh, do not die and leave me to a life-long remorse. Oh, live! live! that I may make your future life so bright and happy that you may forget your past!"

"Sweet mother!" he murmured, still with his pale hand caressing her beautiful hair—"sweet mother, you have faith, I know. Have, then, a radiant faith. Believe that, in the better world, your poor son's life will be brighter and happier far than even your dear love could ever make it here. Have a glad, radiant faith."

"Oh, my child! my child! If you had had a happy life, like all your brothers and sisters, I think I could better bear to let you go!" she sobbed, weeping bitterly. "Oh, oh, if I could—could roll back the years, dear love!—undo your dreadful past, and make that happy, I could—I think I could bear to let you go."

"Dear mother, can any but Heaven do that? Sweet mother, if you sorrow so bitterly over my miserable past, let that sorrow teach you to pity and succor the thousands and thousands of poor, neglected, innocent little ones, such as I was once, who every day perish of want, or live—oh, mother, to grow up in ignorance, vice and misery, to fill the prisons or to freight the galleys. Sweet mother! you are very rich and powerful; save the children, for my sake, and I shall not have suffered and died in vain!" he said, and his brow grew radiant as the face of an angel.

The doctor came quietly to lead the lady away. The interview, he whispered, had been too long already.

She stooped and kissed her boy's bright brow again, and again, and then she went away.

The doctor came back to the bedside of his patient.

(To be Continued.)

They're Popular In Nova Scotia

WHY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS ARE A HOUSEHOLD REMEDY.

People Have Learned From Long Experience that by Curing the Kidney Ills They Benefit the Entire Body.

Spry Harbor, Halifax Co., N. S., March 22nd—(Special).—"I have taken a couple of boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and have received great benefit from them. They are certainly a fine pill for anyone suffering from kidney trouble." So says Mrs. Alex. E. Nibley, and she speaks the sentiments of a large number of the women of Nova Scotia.

Dodd's Kidney Pills have so long been in general use that they are recognized as the standard remedy for kidney troubles. They have become a family medicine in thousands of homes. People have learned from long experience that if they cure their minor kidney ills with Dodd's Kidney Pills they need not fear those more terrible developments such as Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy and Rheumatism. They have also learned that when the kidneys are cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills the whole body benefits.

For cured kidneys mean pure blood, and pure blood is the foundation of all health. That's why Dodd's Kidney Pills are universally popular.

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RASH ALL OVER HEAD AND FACE

Of Baby. Could Not Sleep. Fretful and Cross. Itched and Burned. Hair Came Out. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Healed.

Darnley, P. E. L.—"When my little girl was three days old a fine rash came out all over her head and face. At first I thought it was baby rash but after a week or two I found that it was very itching and she could not sleep. This was getting very fretful and cross and it made her sick. It itched and burned so much that she used to scratch it until it became one solid mass of sore eruption and it made nearly all her hair come out. It was getting worse all the time and it spoiled her looks.

I was told she had eczema and I got some ointment to use on her but it did no good. By the time she was four months old the eczema was all over her face, head and neck. I then decided to send for a sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. The first application relieved her of the itching. I then bought a box of Cuticura Ointment and two cakes of Cuticura Soap and used it according to directions for eczema. I bathed her face and head with the Cuticura Soap and put the Cuticura Ointment on gently and by the time the box of Cuticura Ointment and two cakes of Cuticura Soap were gone there was not a sign of eczema and she was completely healed." (Signed) Mrs. Philip Roach, May 12, 1914.

Samples Free by Mail

To prevent falling hair, remove crusts and scales, and allay itching and irritation of the scalp, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are indispensable. Sold everywhere. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. D, Boston, U.S.A."

MACARONI AND CHEESE.

1 1/4 cups macaroni.
2 level tablespoons butter.
4 level tablespoons flour.
2 cups milk.
1 level teaspoon salt.
Pepper.

1 cup grated cheese.
1 cup buttered crumbs.
Break macaroni into such pieces.

Cook in a large amount of boiling salted water; when tender, pour into a colander and run cold water through. Mix flour with an equal measure of milk until perfectly smooth; put remaining milk on to heat in a saucepan; when hot stir in the flour and cook, stirring constantly, until it boils. Add butter, salt, pepper, cheese and macaroni.

Pour into a buttered baking dish, cover with crumbs and bake until brown in a moderate oven.

"MADE IN CANADA."

(Vancouver Sunnet)

Did you ever stop to think that the newspapers and periodicals of all kinds make the "Made in Canada" campaign possible, even though these papers most keenly from outside competition?

Does it strike you as being fair that the publishers should bear the brunt of the battle, without the support of the public?

This is the case. The "Saturday Sunnet" is "Made in Canada." It is "Made in B. C.," published by Canadians for Canadians, an inveterate supporter of home industries, yet the general public calmly go ahead spending large sums to support foreign periodicals of all kinds.

Since we are supporting home industries, we feel we have a right to put in a word for ourselves, and for the other Canadian publications. We buy Canadian paper and Canadian ink. Our employees are Canadians and the money they receive is spent in Canada.

PLAYS FAVORITES

The War Has Benefited Some and Hurt Others.

Not very many in Canada foresaw the war or laid any plans with it in view. Therefore, if it has helped business they are simply fortunate; if it has hurt they are unfortunate, but not to blame. Is it any more than fair, then, that those who have profited should take some thought for those who have not?

Farmers are getting more for their crops; some manufacturers are selling more goods than they ever sold in times of peace; some business and professional men are making more money than usual.

On the other hand, thousands of workmen have had their hours shortened and their pay cut down, because the wave of economy has lessened the demand for the goods they make.

The fortunate ones have it in their power to even up the scale, to spend their money for goods "Made in Canada."

This will so increase the demand for Canadian products as to keep practically every Canadian factory working full time, and to give to all that prosperity now enjoyed only by the fortunate ones.

SEE CANADA FIRST.