

## Had Chronic Indigestion Thought She Would Die.

After Years of Suffering Attributes Cure to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Eating too much or using foods that do not agree are the usual causes of indigestion. The trouble usually begins not in the stomach, but in the liver, since it devotes on this organ to filter the excess waste matter from the system. Now, since Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are the greatest of liver regulators, it naturally follows that they are unequalled as a cure for chronic indigestion. With the liver, kidneys and bowels active the poisonous waste matter is quickly removed from the system and there is nothing to interfere with the natural and healthful working of the organs of digestion. In this way only can lasting cure be effected. Mrs. Rebecca Elliott, Magnetawan, Ont., writes:—"I feel it my duty to write you in regard to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I had gastritis of the stomach for three years, and could get nothing to stop it until

write to her and tell her why I have come away and where I am! What do you think she thinks?" "That you have thought over your bargain and have repented of it." Cyril set down his glass with an exclamation.

"Ah, Jack, if you only knew her!" "All women are alike from Eve downward," said Jack, cynically. "She will think that you have got over your love fit."

Cyril pushed his plate away and sprang to his feet. "Don't say that, Jack, I—I can't bear to hear you. Chaff me about anything else and I don't mind, but Norah is sacred!"

Jack understood, and lapsed into silence for a time, but presently suggested a stroll, and the two men sallied out, as they had often done before, and went to a place of amusement much patronized by their kind; but all through the music, and the dancing, and the songs, which were all good and first-rate in their way, Cyril thought of his beautiful sweetheart and saw her face aglow with the light of love and trust and devotion, and he was very poor company for hard-worked Jack Wesley.

The next day he went to interview Moses, the dealer, and from him he repaired to Harley street in search of Lord Newall. But his lordship had not, and did not, return, and the days passed swiftly and noiselessly, and Cyril's heart was rent in twain between his longing to see his sweetheart and his desire to carry out his plan and learn all about the picture he was to paint for the rambling nobleman.

And Norah! All that first day when Cyril was dashing from pillar to post, from Moses' office to Harley street, and from Harley street to Charing Cross railway station, she spent in thinking of him.

She walked through the park to the glade—the happy glade—where she had twice met him, but he was not there. And there came no message, no letter, from him. If she was not downright unhappy that night, it was only her loving trust that kept her from being so. She sat opposite her father, the earl, at dinner that evening, and could scarcely speak a word, Cyril occupied her whole mind to the exclusion of anything else, and the next day fresh people called—people who had heard her praises chanted by Lady Ferndale, and who, coming prepared to be charmed, were charmed up to the hilt.

She had as many invitations to luncheons and tennis parties as she could well accept, and for the next two or three days she went to one place and another, and found herself quite the queen and heroine.

As Lady Ferndale had said, she was "a success."

And a success means so much. For a girl it means being surrounded by all the admiring men and being made much of by all the envious women. The former declared her to be perfect and altogether lovely; the latter found fault with her nose, and her manner of speaking, and her style generally.

Norah ought to have been happy for there is nothing more delightful to the female breast, as we know, than to be admired by men and envied by women; but somehow she was not. She missed Cyril, with his handsome face and his frank, honest eyes. Where had he gone? Why had he not sent one word to her?

All the county was running over in rhapsody about Lord Arrowdale's daughter, Lady Norah, declaring her to be the most beautiful and most charming woman this season or any season had produced, and Norah herself was thinking only of the poor artist who had won her heart and stolen her troth, and then disappeared.

Lady Ferndale was delighted with Norah's popularity. "I told you she would be a success," she remarked triumphantly to the earl. "You men don't know what that means, but we women do. She may, and probably will, marry a duke, and whoever he is, Norah will be too good for him."

And Lord Arrowdale had bowed and smiled, and waved his white, scented handkerchief complacently. It seemed to him only right and natural that a daughter of his should bear away the palm from the daughters of all other men. He was pleased, but not surprised.

that his lordship was at his club, the Minerva. I went to the Minerva, and was told that his lordship had just left. I'd passed him in the road, in fact."

"Title for the new song, 'She Passed Me in the Road,'" murmured Jack. "When I got back to Harley street—cab, this time—the intelligent butler informed me that his lordship had just looked in to say that he was off to Paris by the night mail on important business."

Jack grinned. "Didn't know when his master was coming back, but knew that when he did he was going to Brittany."

"So you took another cab and tried to catch him at Charing Cross," said Jack. "I did. And found the mail just gone; in fact, I saw the tail of it, and found it! Well, then I made up my mind that I'd catch my train to Santleigh, but when I got to Paddington I remembered what I'd promised you, and went back to Moses."

## The Web;

OR, TRUE LOVE'S PASSION.

CHAPTER XVIII. A Strange Story.

He did not return to Winchester street until night, and Jack noticed that his step was not nearly so light as when he had started.

Jack was eating his supper of chops and baked potatoes, accompanied by bottled stout, which has a great charm for such men, when Cyril entered the room they shared in common, and hung his hat on the sofa and himself into a chair.

"Well?" queried Jack. "Well? It's not well, but had," responded Cyril, impatiently. "I meant to be down at Santleigh to-night, and—"

"Here you are instead. That's not very complimentary to me; but no matter. And what is the matter?" "It's that confounded old fool," said Cyril.

"Meaning my Lord Newall? How respectful these aristocrats are to each other! Have you had any supper?" "No, nor dinner, nor anything, except a glass of sherry at Moses', which has nearly cut short my distinguished career."

"Then sit down, man, and eat. There's a chop left—I've kept it warm for you, also a potato, likewise stout. A banquet for the gods, to say nothing of a viscount, and he produced the chop and a potato from the patent cooking stove, and set them before him; and while he ate them, Cyril unfolded his grievous tale.

"I went to Moses, and of course he was out," Cyril said. "I waited an hour, or a year, I can't tell which, with accuracy, and when he came in we got to business. Jack, it's you who have got me this work! Moses knows that as well as I do."

"Cut that, and come to the point."

"Well, he said that I'd better go and see Lord Newall, and I tramped off to Harley Street. A funky informed me

## MOTHER OF FOUR CHILDREN

How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Kept Her Well and Strong.

Lincoln, Illinois.—"I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for ten years with good results and I have four healthy children. This summer I was in a very run-down condition and the very hot weather seemed more than I could stand, but I commenced taking your Compound in June and from then until September 25th, when my last baby was born, I got along much better than I had before. My baby was a girl and weighed 14 pounds at birth, and I recovered very rapidly which I am sure was due to your medicine. I am well and strong now, nurse my baby and do all my work. I had the same good results with your medicine when needed before my other children came and they are all healthy. My mother has taken your medicine with equal satisfaction. She had her last child when nearly 44 years old and feels confident she never would have carried him through without your help, as her health was very poor."—Mrs. E. F. CLOYD, 1555 North Galloway Ave., Decatur, Ill.

Expectant mothers should profit by Mrs. Cloyd's experience, and trust to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Free confidential advice had by addressing Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

The day of the festivities at Ferndale Park drew near, and still Norah had heard nothing from Cyril.

All day she thought of him, and at night she looked from her window at the stars and seemed to ask them what had become of him.

For many a night she lay sleepless, trying to account for his absence, his silence, but she could not solve the problem. He had left her with his love rows ringing in her ears, left her without a word about his ensuing absence, and her heart ached. Ached lalily and nightly, so that the young men who played tennis with her and lanced with her wondered why she looked so distraught, and why she answered so absently.

All her thoughts, sleeping or waking, were of Cyril, of her lover who had poured out his heart to her, and won her heart in return, and then—just left her!

If he had only written one line, had sent her one word by way of message, she would have been content; but no word came from him.

She grew pale, so pale that Lady Ferndale noticed it, and suggested change of air to the earl.

"Change of air?" he said, raising his eyebrows. "Santleigh is the purest air in England, my dear Lady Ferndale. Why should she want change of air?"

At last came the fourteenth, the day of the Ferndale fete. Harman and Becca South had been engaged for days past upon a dress for Norah, and though it was only of plain nun's veiling with violet "smocking," as the latest feminine fad is called, they had put their hearts into it.

And on the morning of the fourteenth Norah was, if Harman and Becca were to be believed, irresistible. The dress suited her to perfection. "You look lovely, my lady," said Harman, as she arranged the dress and eyed it up and down with all a dressmaker's pride.

But Norah only sighed as she thanked them. The use of looking lovely if Cyril would not be there to see her?

Even the earl nodded his approval as he surveyed her through his gold eyeglasses. It flattered his vanity that his daughter should be the admired of all observers.

When Lord Ferndale undertook anything, he carried it through with spirit, and this much talked of fete was just the kind of thing he and Lady Ferndale excelled in.

As the Santleigh carriage drove into the avenue, Norah saw a throng of people, gentle and simple, peer and peasant, strolling about the lawns, which were dotted with tents and marquees, all bright with flowers. A military band discoursed sweet music, and some of the sports were already in progress. The day, singular to say, was fine, and everybody seemed to be in the best possible humor. (To be Continued.)

## Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should have a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Fashion Plates. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

A SIMPLE, PRACTICAL STYLE.



1596—Ladies' House or Morning Dress.

In linen, khaki, gingham, seersucker or percale, this style will be most serviceable. It is made with overlapping fronts, and round neck outline, and has a four-gore skirt cut in comfortable fulness. The sleeve in wrist length is finished with a band cuff. In short length a neat turnback cuff forms a suitable trimming. The model could also be developed in serge, flannel or flannelette, and is nice, too, for lawn. The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 6 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about 3 yards at the lower edge.

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

A SMART AND PRETTY STYLE FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.



1891—Girl's Dress with Added Trimming.

Serge, gabardine, voile, prunella, checked suiting and plaid mixtures, taffeta, velvet and corduroy are nice for this style. The trimmings could be of checked or plaid suiting. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for a 10-year size.

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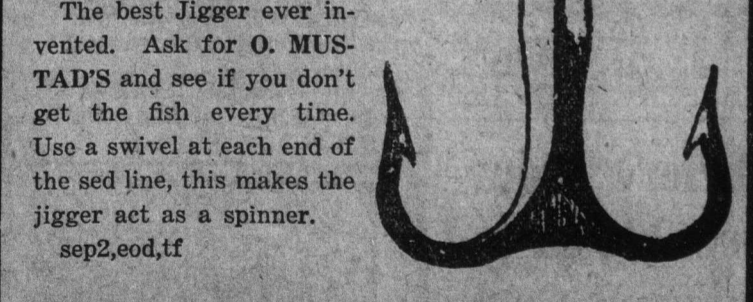
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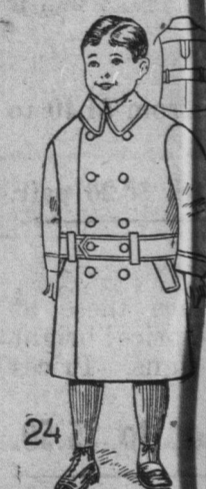
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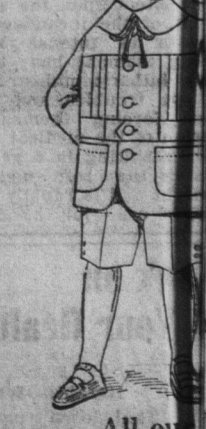
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