

### Severe Headaches and Pains in the Back

Resulted From Deranged Kidneys and Constipation of the Bowels.

It is in vain to try to regulate and restore the healthful action of the kidneys until the liver and bowels are set right.

And just here is where so many kidney medicines fail. Kidney derangements almost invariably begin with constipation and torpidity of the liver. The whole work of filtering the blood is thrown on the kidneys, and in time they fail to stand the strain. The poison in the system gives rise to severe headaches, pains in the back and tired, depressed feelings.

Because they act directly on the liver and bowels, as well as on the kidneys, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are eminently successful in the treatment of kidney derangements.

Mr. William Loney Marysville, N. B. writes:—"I am glad to recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to anybody who is suffering from kidney trouble or constipation. I suffered

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### TENDER THROATS readily yield to the healing influence of



It soothes the inflamed membranes and makes richer blood to help prevent tonsillitis or laryngitis. SCOTT'S is worth insisting upon.

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont. 16-16

### Telegram Fashion Plates.

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

A TRIM AND Dainty MODEL.



1903—Child's Dress, with or without Pocket and Belt, and with Sleeve in Either of Two Styles.

Poplin, repp, serge, gabardine, gingham, percale, galatea, chambray, crepe, velvet or taffeta could be used for this style. It is also nice for challie and cashmere. The fulness of the dress may be gathered or smocked between the belt section. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length and the belt and pockets may be omitted. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. It requires 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for a 4-year size.

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

BOY'S SUIT.



1880—Khaki cloth galatea, serge, chevot, velvet, mixed suiting and corduroy would be nice for the trousers. For the blouse, linen, madras, percale, soisette and crepe would be very appropriate. The blouse has tucks on the sleeves at the wrist and the closing is under the box plait at the centre.

The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for the blouse and 1 yard of 44-inch material for the trousers for the 8-year size.

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

## Whole Wheat FLOUR.

Just arrived, ex S. S. Sheba,

200 Barrels Graham Flour.  
400 Halves Graham Flour.

Also,

11,000 Barrels Windsor Patent, Royal Household, Canuck.

(Wholesale only.)

### HARVEY & Co., Ltd.

## The Web;

OR,

## TRUE LOVE'S PASSION.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Deadly Drug.

"Yes, it's me," said Becca. "I want to speak to you, Mr. Berton."

"All right, Miss South," he responded, banteringly. "Why, Becca, why am I 'Mister Berton,' instead of 'Guildford,' eh?" and he tried to take her hand and draw her to him, but Becca put her hand behind her and drew back. "What! In one of your tantrums again, Becca?" he said, smiling. "What's the matter now? Are you offended because I didn't dance with you to-night?"

"No!" replied Becca, and the monosyllable dropped from her lips, not so sharply as usual, but dully and like lead.

"Well, I'm glad of that, because it would have been unreasonable. You know how careful we have to be, Becca. We don't want all the world in our confidence, do we? We don't want all Santeigh and Parkham chattering about our little affairs, eh?"

Becca looked at him with a mixture of distrust and anxiety. Her face was pale, and her eyes were swollen with crying, but there was an expression of determination in them which Guildford Berton did not fail to notice.

"What is it you want to say to me, Becca?" he asked after a moment's pause, during which he was wondering how he could get rid of her.

"I want to speak to you, to ask you a question," she said, in the same heavy voice.

He looked up and down the lone. Some of the village folks might pass at any moment, and it would be rather unpleasant for him to be seen tete-a-tete with Becca South at that time of the night.

"Ask me anything you like, Becca," he said, pleasantly. "But don't let us stand here; it's rather cold. Come inside."

Becca shook her head.

"I'm not cold," she said, curtly.

"But I am," he retorted, with a little laugh. "Come, don't be disagreeable. You may as well come in and talk comfortably as stand outside here, you silly girl."

He unlocked and opened the door as he spoke, and walked into the garden, and Becca, after a momentary hesitation, followed him.

Then the door closed with a clang which should have found an answer—

"Sit down, Becca," he said, and he set the lantern on the table and closed the shutters, yawning as he did so.

"Are you very tired, Becca? I am. It has been a confoundingly long day, and I've wished it over hours ago," and he yawned again.

Becca did not sit down, but stood by the table, upon which she leaned with one hand.

"Now, what is it?" he asked, and he threw himself into a chair. "But I wish you'd sit down. Here"—he rose, and went to the sideboard—"let me give you a glass of wine," and he filled two glasses from the decanter and offered her one.

Becca refused it with a gesture of her hand.

"I don't want any," she said, in a low voice.

"Nonsense! Well, if you won't," as she repeated the gesture, "I will. You don't mind my smoking?" He lit another cigar. "Now, Becca, let's hear what's the matter," and he seated himself at the table near her, and looked at her with a smile. "But I know what it is before you tell me. You've taken it into that foolish little head of yours to be jealous. That's it, isn't it? Oh, I know you, Becca, you see. You think I ought to have paid you a little attention to-night, and you're riled because I didn't choose to let everybody know how fond I am of my pretty little Becca."

Becca raised her eyes to his face, and moistened her lips.

"I—I want to ask you a question," she said, and her voice sounded dry and harsh. "I want to ask you if you have forgotten what you promised me?"

His smile did not lessen, and he attempted, but in vain, to take her hand.

"What a question to ask a man at this time of night!" he said, with a laugh. "Have I forgotten what, you silly child?"

"That you promised to marry me," said Becca in a low voice, and with a sudden flush that made the pallor that followed all the deeper by contrast.

Guildford Berton's expression of easy, tolerant good-temper did not falter.

"Have I forgotten it? What a question! Is it likely that a man would

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forget such a thing, my dear Becca? Of course I promised! But what makes you come and ask me on this of all nights?"

"Because," she said, speaking with the same difficulty, as if every word were a pain to her, "because I can't trust you. I haven't trusted you for weeks past. You've changed to me."

"Oh, nonsense," he broke in lightly; but she went on, her eyes fixed on his false face, her hand closing and opening as it rested on the table.

"You've altered since—since—she came."

"She? Who? Oh, you mean Lady Norah, I suppose! Don't be absurd, Becca."

"Since she came," she went on, "you've kept out of my way, and—put me off. It's not my fancy; I'm not blind." Her voice grew more hurried and excited, but she still spoke in a low tone. "I've seen it, and—others have seen it, and—to-night more than ever!"

She stopped and breathed hard, and he laughed.

"There!" he exclaimed, "I told you you were jealous. My dear Becca, if you knew a little more of the world you'd understand that I am obliged to be attentive to the daughter of my best friend. Of course I danced with her—and talked to her. Why, Becca, you don't want me to lose all my friends when I marry you?"

"No," she said, "I understand quite well, though I am only a poor, ignorant girl. It's not me you want, but Lady Norah!"

"Tut, tut!" he said, but his eyes fell before her steadfast ones, full of anxious despair. "I don't want to marry Lady Norah, I want to marry you, and I mean to."

"When?"

The word dropped upon his smooth speech like the sharp click of steel. He swung his legs to and fro and smiled.

"When?" he repeated, but she stopped him with a gesture.

"You needn't trouble to tell me any more lies," she said, her eyes beginning to flash; "I don't believe them. I've been a fool to believe them before. You won't marry me, and I know it. It's Lady Norah—"

"Now, be sensible, Becca," he said. "You think you are very sharp, but you don't seem to see all that goes on under your eyes nevertheless. My dear child, if I wanted to marry Lady Norah ever so badly I haven't a chance. There's some one else before me. I'm not the favored individual. Lady Norah doesn't give a thought to me. It's Mr. Cyril Burne—who, by the way, seems a special favorite of yours," and he smiled.

Becca put the suggestion away with a movement of her hand.

"Mr. Burne's nothing to me," she said, in a dry voice, "and I know he'd like to marry her, and he ought. Yes, I know that, and I know you are trying to come between them," and her lashed eyes fixed themselves upon his face.

"He faltered perceptibly for the first time.

"Nonsense!"

"Yes, I'm not blind now, if I was before. But—but he's a gentleman and he shall have her. I know what you've been trying to do all the day—to come between him and her, and you think you've done it!" Her voice grew louder, and the old spirit of defiance gleamed in her black eyes. "But you shan't! You think because he's gone that you'll be able to poison her against him and have it all your own way. You forget he could write—" She stopped, smitten suddenly by the consciousness that she had said more than she intended, and also by the look that flashed into Guildford Berton's eyes.

"Oh, so he has written to Lady Norah?" he said, carelessly, and averted his eyes from her. "And you"—he tried his eyes to her face keenly and deliberately—"and you are carrying the letter to her, eh, Becca?"

Becca could not keep her hand from straying to her bosom, and the involuntary action revealed the presence of the hidden letter to him as plainly as if he had seen it.

An eager look came into his eyes, and his lips twitched.

"Well, Becca," he said, "you are perfectly at liberty to act as postman for Mr. Cyril Burne if you like, and I wish him every success in his wooing."

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