

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 healthy 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

for a long time from kidney disease and pains in the back, but have found that by using one pill a week the kidneys and bowels are kept in good order, and I do not have any more pains in the back or head like I used to have. I was also a great sufferer from piles, and could get no relief until I used Dr. Chase's Ointment. This ailment is entirely cured now, but we always keep both the pills and the ointment in the house for use when they are needed."

This statement is endorsed by Mr. F. Saunders, Town Marshall, who writes that Mr. Loney's letter is true and correct.

Dr. Chase's Kidney Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Remember that imitations only disappoint. The genuine bear the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M. D., the famous Receipt Book author

Arter the Ball;

The Mystery Solved at Last.

CHAPTER XIX.
Love and Croquet.

How wondrous is the human heart! Struggling with her feelings of blank despair and horror, she remembered years afterwards the thrill of triumph that she felt as she compared this idiot's babbling to the noble flood of words, the flashing eyes, of that other who had asked and taken his refusal like a man.

"Oh, speak, oh, speak, Carlotta!" exclaimed the exquisite, with puny accents. "Tell me you love me," then he stopped, for her cold, dreamy face started him. "Are y-you ill?" he asked, aghast.

"Give me time," she gasped, as if for air. "Give me till to-night," she pleaded, pushing his hand away with her own icy one.

"No, no," he exclaimed, catching at her arm and drawing her toward him. "Now—now! Let me know if you love me, and will be Lady Crownbrilliant?"

Was it possible that he knew the winning card that he should play it at this critical moment?

"Now," he repeated, putting his other arm around her waist. "Come, Carlotta, s-say yes!"

A shudder ran through her frame but her voice was cold, calm, unquivering, and even clear, as, summoning all her strength, she looked down upon him and said:

"Yes."

CHAPTER XX.
Too Late.

Oh, 'tis the curse in love and well approved,
When women cannot love where they're beloved.

—Shakespeare.

WITH sunset ended croquet and outdoor amusements; the band, recruited by fresh members, removed to Mr. Gregson's handsome dining-room, where a splendid repast was laid out, to which guests were thronging with an interest born of good appetites.

Sir Fielding, who had been greatly amused all the morning by watching the various groups, now filled a comfortable seat near the head of the table, and commenced a conversation with a literary lion who wrote capital novels and wore a majestic mane of bright chestnut hair.

Chudleigh was seated next the Marchioness de Corby, a radiant young wife of twenty, and found the time not so fully occupied but that he could glean a moment or two to watch the bent head of Lord Crown-

brilliant, which completely hid the beautiful one of Carlotta from his view. All the morning Chudleigh had been seeking that face, and now—"Let me give you some of this pate. I can recommend it."

"No, thank you; but I should like some salad."

"Certainly. Salad, please. Did you win at croquet? Of course; why do I ask? I remember seeing the Marchioness de Corby's name on the champion list at Sglington," and so on through the whole wearisome land of small talk.

"Carlotta," whispered his lordship, "p-pledge me in a glass of Moselle. What is that song, 'Dwink to me only with thine eyes?' Know it? P-pretty s-song, s-specially the words. Come, you must take a good sip," and he filled her glass, "and say after me, 'I pledge you, Carlotta—no, not Carlotta; I say that, but C-Clarence. Clarence is my name, you know—of them, that is. I've m-more than half a dozen, he! he! Now, t-then, I p-pledge you, Carlotta," he whispered, raising his glass and smiling at her with a victorious flush on his carefully preserved cheek; and she, for the first time, lifted her glass and her eyes, which met the stern, sorrowful regard of the dark, pained ones opposite.

"No, no!" she whispered, almost hoarsely, setting the delicate glass down again. "I cannot drink now."

"All right," replied his lordship, cheerfully, though looking slightly disappointed. "It's a bore dwinking when you're not thirsty," but he, it is to be presumed, was thirsty, for he emptied his glass.

At the head of the table, Mr. Gregson discussed politics with two advanced Liberal lords, and was good enough to lower his voice and his sentiments so that he was not quite unbearable.

Miss Bella was placed near the dissipated marquis, and was discovering that their tastes agreed on every point—croquet, waltzing, dance music and Fechter's acting—so it is to be inferred that she was content.

Her sister had taken a boy lord in tow, and was making careful play. Both, to use a sporting phrase, were "running well," as Mrs. Gregson smilingly noted from her post beside an aged peer, slightly deaf and very fidgety, who had sworn at one of the servants and broken two of the best glasses.

Maud sat listening to a discourse on the poetry of the last Academy lectures, delivered by Cecil Gervaise—listening gratefully and with a light in her lovely eyes that the young artist felt repaid him all his eloquence, while it tortured him with its beauty—tortured him because he knew he was powerless, clever artist though he was, to reproduce even the shadow of it.

The rest of the illustrious company ate, drank, talked politics, intrigued and flirted, according to their several inclinations, and found every facility for doing each and all.

Dinner over, the ladies retired to the drawing-room to gaze at the proscenium of the little theatre, and wonder if the actors would be punctual.

Carlotta sank into an ottoman behind a window curtain, and looked out upon the lawn with thoughtful eyes. Maud, who had been seeking her all the morning, caught the glitter of the white dress, and went over to her.

"Carlotta, where have you been hiding all the morning?" she said, sinking onto a low seat at her feet, and looking up lovingly into the dark, impenetrable eyes.

"Hiding!" replied Carlotta, shrinking from her touch, yet summoning a smile to her cold face. "Hiding? Nowhere. I have seen you once or twice. There are so many people here."

"Yes, are there not? And they seem so happy and amused. Are you enjoying yourself?"

Carlotta started, and looked at her scrutinizingly. Was she showing the storm of agony that was raging within?

"Enjoying myself, dear Maud? Of course. Are not you?"

"Oh, yes," replied the gentle girl, sighing at the almost harsh tone of the other. "Oh, yes; all are so kind and clever. Here is Miss Gregson."

"Now, Miss Chichester, I have come to implore you to play for us. Pray, do not say no."

Gentle Maud arose without a word, and Carlotta, shrinking behind the curtain, was left to her own black thoughts.

"Sir Fielding, have you heard that Mr. Townley, your member for Annsleigh, is very ill?" asked the Hon. Mr. Howard, holding his glass for some wine.

"Yes," said Sir Fielding, "and I was very sorry to hear it. This m-morning I sent my man over to inquire how he was progressing, but he had not returned when I left."

"My man caught me on the road," said Mr. Howard. "I regret to say that Mr. Townley has suffered a relapse."

"Dear me," said Sir Fielding, pityingly. "I hope—"

"Ah, so do I," rejoined the honorable, while two or three others echoed him. "Things are critical now, very; and we could not afford to lose the seat."

The Hon. Mr. Howard was a Tory.

"Should we lose it?" asked Chudleigh, gravely.

Mr. Howard shook his head seriously.

"The other side are strong," he said, in a meditative voice, "and pushing. The workingman movement has lifted them miles, and certainly I should be doubtful."

Sir Fielding glanced at Mr. Gregson, and saw that gentleman flash up.

"You need not be doubtful, Mr. Howard," he cried, in a triumphant voice, yet with just enough of respect in it to keep it from being offensive. "You would be sure to lose it. Warrington, the factory town, is incorporated with Annsleigh now, you know, and our interest there is strong."

"I was thinking of that," said Mr. Howard, smiling. "But be not too confident, Mr. Gregson; we fight hard, you know."

Mr. Gregson laughed heartily, but there was a malicious twinkle in his eye.

"It's a foregone conclusion," he said.

"We shall see," replied Mr. Howard, gravely.

"Mr. Townley is not dead yet," said Sir Fielding, gently, and the others colored.

"And I hope he won't die," exclaimed Mr. Gregson, honestly. "I'd rather lose the seat than a neighbor."

This lucky speech set the company straight; again, and Chudleigh seized the slight pause to introduce the hunting topic, knowing that the people around him were always willing to hunt the fox, whether the ground was a rough bit of country or a shining mahogany table.

When the gentlemen reached the drawing-room, the actors had arrived, and the band had commenced the overture.

Seated in comfortable chairs and

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Dr. Wilson's Dandelion Worm-worm in easy form for children. A sure and never failing cure. 5

Household Notes.

Turnips require thick peeling. An excellent cake is made with balled raisins. A pure soup is usually served with croutons. Vinegar is a simple and good remedy for cuts. The bone in real lamb chops is very small and short. The house fern should not have the sun shining on it. Linen pillow slips are a great comfort to an invalid. A good and simple dessert is boiled rice and stewed figs.

Pure Blood

You can keep your blood in good condition—have a clear skin, and bright eyes, by taking

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 5c.

Lack of wire is one of the troubles with domestic help. There should be a rest period in every housekeeper's schedule. A sheet of iron over a gas burner is a great saving of heat. An aluminum fork is excellent for creaming the butter for cake. Graham bread has in it three times as much iron as white bread. Hot cornmeal mush with cream is a very good winter breakfast cereal. Potatoes sprinkled with flour when frying will be a delicious brown. Insist on the tea towels being washed, scalded and sunned every day. Rancid olive oil may be sweetened by boiling with slices of raw potatoes. Fried calves' liver, cold and chipped fine, will make a very good sandwich. Warm little night slippers for baby can be made out of bathrobe material. Bacon rinds that cannot be boiled with cabbage are good to hasten a slow fire. A flour barrel in a pantry can be handled far more easily if it has rollers on it. Keep a bag of sulphur in the bird cage in summer. It will drive away the lice.

What a Gas Range Means for You, Mrs. Housekeeper.

The gas range is a muscle saver and a step saver. Think of the many tons of coal you used in that coal range, and how you have had to handle it all twice; first, carrying it up out of the cellar; then, from the kitchen to the ash barrel. No more soot to wipe away; no more ashes to cart away; no more wood to fetch; no more coal dust; no more smoke and no more reason why the kitchen cannot be kept as clean and as orderly as the parlor. The gas range means just this: Saves 50 Per Cent. of Kitchen Cares. Half of the labor in the house is caused by dust from the coal range. Every time it smokes, no matter how good the draught may be, clouds of ashes rise and settle on the furniture. It Eliminates Hard Work. Use a gas range and you will live better, you will play better, and you will work better because the use of the gas range eliminates the drudgery of carrying coal, ashes and the chopping of kindling, as well as the drudgery of cleaning up a lot of dirt. And, best of all, for the cook it makes it unnecessary for her to stand over a hot stove from two to three hours a day.



War News

Messages Received Previous to 9 A.

RESTRICTIONS ON IMPORTS
LONDON, Feb. 19.—The Exchequer, stated in the House of Commons this afternoon that the British Government has decided very drastic restrictions on imports. The new measures, he added, would affect the Allies of Britain and British Dominions. The plan regarding the steps to be taken said, would be made on Thursday. This statement was to have been made by Premier Lloyd George today. The delivery of his speech was postponed because of the unexpected delay in the completion of the peace negotiations with the Danes. Allies and neutral countries.

BRITISH GAINS.
NEW YORK, Feb. 19.—The British Army of the West (A.W.) in Belgium received several heavy blows on the knuckles during the last six hours, following Saturday's gagement in the Mirambert region. The British having advanced far and this despite fogs, the hawes frozen ground, and the resultant mud. Officers are quite satisfied with the result. They ascribed the British lines now overlaid, to the civil efforts of this country. Violent attacks by Germans north of Amere yesterday at noon were repulsed. North of Armentieres, British raiders penetrated 250 yards. The German second line of trenches was killed off men. Other British raids yesterday and last night were also successful.

THE NEW LOAN.
LONDON, Feb. 19.—The Chamber of Commerce has expressed its belief to be able to say that it succeeded to a greater extent than expected, but not greater than it is hoped what I have just said will encourage exaggerated claims which might create that danger to which I consider it our duty to call attention. The actual figures are unknown. When I was asked how much of money I considered necessary to make the loan, a representative figure which was larger than I expected, but not than I had

