

Bearing Down Pains

What woman at sometime or other does not experience these dreadful bearing down pains. Mrs. E. Griffith, of Main street, Hepworth, Ont., says: "A heavy bearing-down pain had settled across my back and sides. I was often unable to stoop or straighten myself up. Many times each night I would have to leave my bed with the irregular and frequent secretions of the kidney and just as done out in the morning as on retiring.



I was languid and would have to let my house-work stand. Nothing I had tried would benefit me. I learned of Booth's Kidney Pills and concluded I would try them, which I did and soon found the long sought relief. My back strengthened and I began to feel better and stronger. I now enjoy my sleep with out being disturbed and feel grateful to Booth's Kidney Pills for what they did for me."

Booth's Kidney Pills are a boon to women. She would know less of back-aches if she took more of these wonderful pills. They are nature's greatest specific for all diseases of the kidneys and bladder. All druggists, 50c. box or postpaid from The R. T. Booth Co. Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. Sold and guaranteed by E. W. Mair.

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"After all, the house is ours, for our use, and not for those who come and see us, and who has a better right to the enjoyment of it than we have, dear?"

It was then that Ben began to understand why so many of the villagers sympathized with his father-in-law. He discovered his wife had come to him with all her mother's idea of neatness, and the discovery brought with it much annoyance. It made him unhappy and indignant to be treated as if he were responsible for most of the work that fell to his wife's lot. What man likes to be followed with a brush and dust-pan whenever he comes inside the house. He tried to reason with her. His mother kept her house neat and clean without making a household drudge of herself, and without making everyone feel they were out of place in any room but the kitchen.

"Your mother has her way, and I have mine," she replied.

"But don't you see, dear, you never have time for anything but dusting and sweeping, and there's no need for it all. I can count the times we have been out together on one hand. You are becoming quite a slave, a household drudge and I'm afraid to move outside the room in case I make you more work. Let us get a girl, dear. We can afford it, and then perhaps we can get some time together. I want a companion, a sweetheart; someone to take an interest with me in the social life of the village. I heard yesterday Winnie Jones is coming back to-morrow, to get ready for her wedding. She is going to marry the curate; you have not heard from her for months, simply because you never write; no time—you are losing all your friends."

"I shall see Winnie when she comes home. It's no good keeping up a correspondence with anyone away," Mary declared. "They get different interests, know different people, and so the letters are not interesting, and a waste of time writing. I know none of the people whom she writes of, and as for a girl, I won't have one in the house. I should soon have everything in rick and ruin. You make

me out of patience, always finding fault with the way I do things. I wonder you married me."

"I married you because I loved you, Mary, and wanted you always near me but I see that's not to be. I don't find fault with the way you do things, but with the unnecessary work you make yourself. It's scrub, sweep, dust, from one week's end to another, the rooms can't need going over every day. I believe in cleanliness, but I don't believe in tying myself to a broom. Why, dear, can't you understand how disagreeable it is for a man to be made to feel as if he was to blame for all this?"

"If you had some women for your wife, you know how to appreciate tidiness when you see it," said Mary with heightened color. "You men never give us credit for what we do."

"Yes we do," he responded. "There's not another woman in England can cook as well as you do, but there is a point beyond which improvement cannot be made, and it's a foolish waste of time expending energy to that end which can be used for improvements in other directions."

"That's the way it looks to you men, said Mary. 'If you want to know why women have to scrub, look at the floor, there,' and she pointed to where some soil had crumbled from his shoes."

So matters went on from bad to worse. Ben spent every minute he could out of doors. Winnie Jones called once or twice, but Mary's tales of man's injustice and ingratitude rather depressed her. She remembered with some thing like fear for the future, the happy wedding such a short time ago, the lovelight in Ben's honest eyes, and how proudly he had walked down the aisle after the wedding with Mary on his arm. She wanted to believe the happiness she herself had gained in her engagement to the young enthu-

astic curate was going to last. She didn't want to be shown how easily things went wrong. Then she was very fond of Mary, and it hurt her to see the disappointed set-look on her face, taking all her youth and prettiness away; so she ceased coming.

One day Ben came in before teatime—it seemed to him he could hardly drag himself along. His feet seemed shod with lead. His head ached and his eyes felt heavy. "I don't know what's the matter with me, been over-doing it, I expect. I think I'll go and lie down a bit."

"Don't go upstairs without changing your boots, Ben," his wife cried. "You've got all the mud of the farm-yard clinging to them."

Ben turned round with a dazed look. "I think I'll go home to mother," he said. "She won't mind my boots, if I don't feel well," and without a backward glance he walked out of the house. Mary watched him toiling down the hill. He walked like an old man.

Supper-time had come and gone but Ben did not return. Mary began to get anxious. It was not like Ben to stay out late, they were early risers, which meant to bed at ten o'clock. A knock came at the door. She went hurriedly forward to open it. It was Hetty King.

"Aunt has sent me round to fetch you," she said. "Ben came round this afternoon to see her, he's ill—in a high fever and delirious. Uncle's gone for the doctor."

Mary gave a little cry, and caught Hetty fiercely by the arm.

"Ben ill, and I wouldn't let him rest this afternoon! God forgive me. I didn't know he was ill."

"He will be well looked after where he is," said Hetty, meaningly. "Nothing's too much trouble for Auntie when anyone is ill."

"You think he wouldn't be cared for here?" Mary cried, "and your right. I'm to blame. If I hadn't been too

busy, I should have noticed he was looking ill. 'Take me to him, Hetty. Ben, my Ben, ill, and away from his home.'

"There! there! said Hetty kindly. 'Don't take on so, it may not be as serious as we think. Come along, Auntie wants you.'

"I'm afraid he is in for typhoid," said the doctor, when he came out of Ben's room. "Perhaps I can stop it, but I'm not sure; he seems very run down."

It was the beginning of a long term of sickness for Ben, and worry and watchfulness for his wife and mother. These two women watched and nursed him as only women who love can; and together they listened to the words which told of the troubles and thoughts which flitted through his brain when the fever had him in its grip. It told Mary many little things she had not understood before; showed her how keenly he had felt little acts which she had not intended should give him pain.

He had misunderstood her in a way, yet had she not given him reason to feel hurt and resentful? She understood more of the standpoint from which Ben had looked at things, and she gained something of an insight of a man's nature from listening to his thoughts.

"I've been to blame all along," she cried out one day, after listening to Ben's ravings. She buried her head in the bed-clothes and cried as if her heart would break.

Mrs. Holland put her arm round her daughter-in-law, but did not speak. She felt a good cry would do her good. Later they talked it over, and Mary began to see things in a broader light. She saw the narrowness and pettiness of it all, and shivered with a fear that haunted her by night and day. Supposing Ben should die, and she would never be able to show him how happy she could make him, and how her old ideas had changed.

At last the crisis came. All night long these two women watched and waited, never daring to look in each other's eyes in case they should read the fear that they felt was stamped there. Such long, terrible hours, it seemed a life-time, but the change came at last.

"I think he will live now," the old doctor said, moving from the chair at the patient's bedside, where he had sat for over an hour.

Mary ran to the old man and threw her arms round his neck and kissed him. Then she sank down on her knees by the bedside, crying softly, and as she cried, she prayed.

"Mother, ask Mary to come and talk to me, I don't feel like sleeping." Ben now convalescent, was lying on a couch drawn up to the fire; it was the first time downstairs.

Mary came in the door—a bright, happy Mary. Years seemed to have passed from her since she had been staying at her mother-in-law's house.

"Ben! dear old Ben. Say you forgive me my horrid treatment of you." She knelt by his side and put her arms round him. "I've learnt a lot since you have been ill, dear, and you shall never have cause to complain of your silly, little wife again. God has given you back to me, to take care of."

"It's been my fault, too," said Ben stroking her bowed head, "but we'll start afresh, and be sweethearts again, eh, kiddie?"

The old pet name, forgotten since their wedding day, slipped out unconsciously. Mary's eyes filled with tears as she bent forward to kiss him.

"Please God!" she said.—The 'Christian World.'

The average rental of the better class barbers in Calcutta and Bombay is \$50 to \$60 per month.

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Shipping Eggs

By Parcel Post.

FREDERICTON, Feb. 25.—York County farmers have started to ship eggs by the new parcel post service. The regulations call for all the shipments of eggs to be labelled as such and the first arrived at the post office yesterday, having been snipped from Taymcuth.

The Hartt boot and shoe factory and two local larrigan factories, which do much of their business with customers in Western Canada, have been using parcel post lately for shipments of special orders of a single pair or in some cases two pairs of shoes or larrigans.

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To Launch Giant White Star Steamship

LONDON, Feb. 25.—An ocean steamship that will rank among the largest and most luxurious vessels in the world is scheduled to be launched to-morrow at Messrs. Harland & Wolff's shipyards at Belfast. The vessel will be christened Britannic. She is being built for the White Star Line, which means that to a large extent she is a product of American enterprise. The line flies the British flag and is managed by American capitalists. The new steamship will be an answer to the Cunard line, which is about to put out the mammoth Aquitania to stand for British supremacy on the seas.

The Britannic is commonly spoken of as a sister ship of the Olympic and the ill-fated Titanic, but while she corresponds to those vessels in her general dimensions there are some radical differences in her construction. She will have a length of nearly 1,000 feet and a breadth of 80 feet. Her tonnage will be 60,000, which is about equal to a mile-long train of 50-ton cars.

In the magnificence of her furnishings and equipment the Britannic will take her place at the head of the fleet of floating palaces that ply the Atlantic. The suites of cabins are to be in their design and fittings equal to the rooms of the finest hotels in America or Europe. Dancing rooms, smoking rooms, cafes, a library, a skating rink, swimming tanks and even gardens, with beds of roses and carnations, and arbors skillfully contrived by expert gardeners, are to occupy prominent positions in the great liner.

DOMINION ALLIANCE CONVENTION MEETS.

TORONTO, Ont., Feb. 25.—The temperance movement in Ontario is expected to receive a decided impetus from the annual convention opened here to-day by the Provincial branch of the Dominion Alliance. Delegates from temperance societies and church organizations throughout Ontario are in attendance. The two days' programme calls for several great public mass meetings at which addresses will be delivered by speakers of wide prominence.

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