

COMPLETELY BROKEN DOWN

Another Lady Thinks "Fruit-a-tives" Greatest Tonic in the World.

RAGSVILLE, Ont., Aug. 26th, 1913. I can highly recommend "Fruit-a-tives" because they did me an awful lot of good. About four years ago, I commenced taking "Fruit-a-tives" for a general break-down and they did me a world of good. We bought a good many dollars' worth, but they did all that our advertising claims for them, and as I said before, I cannot speak too highly for them. Their action is so pleasant, compared with other medicines, that I am glad to say so and I trust that some other women may start taking "Fruit-a-tives" for I know the results will be all that you claim.

Mrs. W. N. KELLY. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

GUARANTEED ELEC TRIC IRONS Regular \$5.00 Irons for \$3.50 For a Limited Time M. G. RYAN 216 Earl St. Phone 1339

OUR FRESH GROUND COFFEE AT 40c. CAN'T BE BEAT. Try a sample order and be convinced. NOLAN'S GROCERY Princess St. Phone 720. Prompt Delivery.

Campers !!

We can give you a bargain in Can Sardines, Kipper Herring, Golden Malted, and Salmon. Call at store or ring 540.

Gage's Grocery, Cor. Montreal and John St.

KINGSTON BUSINESS COLLEGE (Limited) Head of Queen Street Courses in bookkeeping, shorthand, typewriting, civil service, general management, and all commercial subjects. Rates moderate. Information free. H. F. Metcalf, Principal

FOOTWEAR

We should be glad to show you our Boys' and Girls' School Boots at prices from \$1.50 to \$3.00. We have some splendid lines in Men's Shoes, which cannot be beaten at \$4.00. All good solid leather. REPAIRING DONE

Scott's Shoe Store 280 PRINCESS ST. Branch 206 Barrie St.

Furniture Special

HINTS ON LIVING ROOM PIECES. ROCKERS, EASY CHAIRS, COUCHES, DAVENPORTS.



LEADING UNDERTAKER. Phone 877

R. J. REID (To be continued)



SECRET SERVICE

BEING THE HAPPENINGS OF A NIGHT IN RICHMOND IN THE SPRING OF 1865 THE PLAY BY WILLIAM Gillette; BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDGAR BERT SMITH COPYRIGHT 1912 BY DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY

There was no possibility of disobedience. Thorne straightened up and laid his revolver on the table. The two confronted each other, and it looks could have killed them had both been dead men. The soldier shrugged his shoulders at last, took his handkerchief out of his pocket, put one end of it between his teeth, and with the other hand wrapped it tightly around his wounded wrist. The civilian meantime advanced toward him, keeping him covered with his revolver. "Do you know why I didn't kill you like the dog you are, just now?" he asked truculently, as he drew nearer. "Because you are such a damned bad shot, I suppose," coolly answered Thorne between his teeth, still tying the bandage, after which he calmly picked up his cigar and began smoking again with the utmost indifference. Whatever fate had in store for him could better be met, he thought swiftly, at this juncture, provided he kept his temper, and so he spoke as nonchalantly as before. Indeed his manner had always been most irritating and exasperating to Arrelsford. "Maybe you will change your mind about that later on," the latter rejoined. "Well, I hope so," said Thorne, completing his bandage and tying the knot so as to leave the fingers of his left hand free. "You see, it isn't pleasant to be ridden up this way."

"Next time you'll be ridden somewhere else besides the wrist. There's only one reason why you are not lying there now with a bullet through your head. "Only one?" queried Thorne. "Only one." "You do." "I gave my word of honor to some one outside that I wouldn't kill you, and—" "Oh, then this isn't a little tete-a-tete just between ourselves. You have some one with you?" asked Thorne, interested greatly in this new development, wondering who the some one who had interfered in his behalf. Perhaps that evident friendship might be turned to account later on. For a moment not an idea of who was there entered Thorne's mind. "Yes, I have some one with me, Captain Thorne, who takes quite an interest in what you are doing to-night," returned Arrelsford sneeringly. "That is very kind, I am sure. Is she—or gentleman going to stay out there all alone on the balcony or shall I have the pleasure of inviting him in here and having a charming little three-handed—"

The third party answered the question, for Edith Varney came through the window with the shattered pane through which Arrelsford had fired and entered. Thorne was shocked beyond measure by her arrival, not the slightest suspicion that she could have been there had crossed his mind. So she had been an eye-witness to his treachery. He had faced Arrelsford's pistol with the utmost composure; there was something in Edith Varney's look that cut him to the heart, yet she did not look at him either. On the contrary, she carefully avoided his glance. Instead she turned to Arrelsford. "I think I will go, Mr. Arrelsford," she said in a low, choked voice. "Not yet, Miss Varney," he said peremptorily. The girl gave him no heed. She turned and walked blindly toward the door. "I don't wish to stay here any longer," she faltered. "One moment, please," said Arrelsford, as she stopped, "we need you."

CHAPTER XIV. The Call of the Key. This astonishing denouement fairly paralyzed Arrelsford. With a daring and ability for which he had not given Thorne credit, and which was totally unexpected, although what he had learned of his previous career might have given him some warning, the tables had been turned upon him by a man whom he confidently fancied he had entrapped beyond possibility of escape. His amazement held him speechless for a moment, but his natural resourcefulness came back to him with his returning presence of mind. He knew the futility of an attempt to struggle with his captors, he therefore decided to try to reason with them. "Sergeant," he began, quietly enough, "my orders are—"

led furiously. "You haven't got orders to shoot up everybody you see in this office, have you?" This was too much for Arrelsford, and he made a desperate plunge forward to get at Thorne, who shook his wounded wrist in the secret service agent's face. The soldiers held him lightly, however, and Thorne continued hotly. "Get his gun away, sergeant, he'll hurt somebody."

While the soldiers—who appeared to entertain no doubt and to have no hesitancy whatever about obeying Thorne's orders, the latter evidently the military man of the two and his voice and bearing, to say nothing of his uniform, telling heavily against a civilian like Arrelsford—were taking the revolver out of his hands, Thorne once more turned to the sergeant. His blood was up and he would send the dispatch now before the whole assembly, before the Confederate government or its army if necessary. Arrelsford burst out in a last vain attempt to stop him: "Listen to me, sergeant," he pleaded desperately, "he is going to send out a false telegram and—"

"That'll do," gruffly said the sergeant of the guard, shaking his fist in Arrelsford's face, "what is it all about, captain?" "All about? I haven't the slightest idea. He says he comes from some office or other. I was sending out some important official dispatches here and he began by letting off his gun at me. Crazy fanatic, I think."

But the old sergeant of the guard paid no attention whatever to his frantic appeals. "Here, fall in there!" he said. "We'll get him out, captain. Have you got him, men? Forward then!" Struggling furiously the squad of soldiers forced Arrelsford to the door. Thorne paid absolutely no attention to them; he had forgotten their presence. Like his attention, his mind and heart were on their key again. But he was fated to meet with still another interruption. "Halt there!" cried a sharp voice from the hall, just as the group reached the door. "Halt! Left face!" cried the sergeant in turn, recognizing that here was a superior whom it were well to obey without question or hesitation. "Here is General Randolph," said the voice outside, giving the name of one of the high officers of the Richmond garrison. "Present arms!" cried the sergeant of the guard as General Randolph appeared in the doorway. Following him were some officers of his staff and by his side was the imposing figure of Miss Caroline Mitford. The humiliation and indignation had vanished from her bearing which was one of unmitigated triumph. She threw a glance at Arrelsford which bore ill for that young man. The general entered the room and stopped before the secret service agent, who stood in front of the guard, although he had been released by the men. "What's all this about?" he asked peremptorily. Although he knew that something important was transpiring, and that the newcomer was a man of rank, Thorne never turned his head. At whatever cost, he realized he must get the telegram off, and from the look of things it appeared that his only chance was then and there. He did not care if the president of the Confederate States of America were there in person, his mind and soul were on the order. He was faintly calling the station he wanted, the one indicated by "Plan 3," and he had the doctored dispatch, to which he had pasted the secretary's signature, spread out on the table before him. "What's all this about, refusing to send out Miss Mitford's telegram?" began General Randolph peremptorily. "Some of your work, I understand, Mr. Arrelsford."

ly, his face flushed at the word "liar," but he controlled himself. "General," he said, "if you have any doubt about that dispatch, send it back to the war department and have it verified." "It was a splendid, magnificent bluff. So overwhelming in its assurance that even Arrelsford himself was petrified with astonishment. He was morally certain that Thorne was a federal secret service agent and that the dispatch was a forgery, yet it would take but a few minutes to send it over to the secretary's office and convict him out of his own mouth. What could the man mean!

"That's a good idea," said General Randolph. He hesitated a moment and then turned to the guard. "Sergeant," he said, "take this dispatch over to the secretary's office and—"

"Wait a moment, Captain Thorne," said the general, impressed in spite of himself by this man's earnestness, which made him disregard all orders, commands and everything else. "Where is the dispatch?" "Captain Thorne picked up the paper and handed it to the general, and then stepped back. He had played his last card. He played it desperately, boldly and well. "Well!" asked the general, looking from the dispatch to the accuser, "what has he been telling them?" "He began to give an order to withdraw Marston's division from its present position," said Arrelsford, making a brilliant and successful guess at the probable point of attack in "Plan 3." "That is perfectly correct," said General Randolph, looking at the paper. "Yes, by that dispatch, but that dispatch is a forgery. It is an order to withdraw a whole division from a vital point. A false order, he wrote it himself. This is the turning point of the whole plot."

"But why should he write it himself? If he wanted to send a false order, he could send it without putting it down on paper, couldn't he?" "Yes," admitted Arrelsford, but he went on with great earnestness, "if any of the operators came back they would catch him doing it. With that order and the secretary's signature he could go right on. He could even order one of them to send it."

SEAL BRAND COFFEE advertisement with image of coffee tin. Text: SEAL BRAND COFFEE. Often Imitated Seldom Equaled Never Surpassed. Packed in one and two pound tins only. CHASE & SANBORN MONTREAL 180

FLOUR advertisement. Text: Our Robin Hood Brand of Flour has a guarantee in every bag for good quality. ANDREW MACLEAN, Ontario Store.

PATENTS advertisement. Text: Herbert J. S. Dennis Registered Attorney, 11 King Street West, Toronto, Patents, Trade-Marks, Designs, Copyright, protected everywhere; eighteen years' experience. Write for booklet.

Therapion advertisement. Text: THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY. Used in French Hospitals with great success. THERAPION. D. COUPER, 76, 841-3 Princess St. Prompt Delivery.

DUSTLAY DRY CLEANER advertisement. Text: No more dust while sweeping. Guaranteed to clean floors and brighten dustladen carpets and rugs. J. McAULEY, Furniture Dealer and Undertaker. 281 Princess Street Ambulance Phone 861

Outing Shoes advertisement. Text: We have complete lines of all kinds of outing shoes, including many new things you won't find elsewhere. J. H. SUTHERLAND & BRO THE HOME OF GOOD SHOES