

AFRAID SHE WAS DYING

Suffered Terribly Until She Took "Fruit-a-lives"

ST. JEAN DE MATRIA, JAN. 27th, 1914. "After suffering for a long time with Dyspepsia, I have been cured by 'Fruit-a-lives'...

Modern Equipment

Our Home, Bacon, Cooked Meats, Sausages, etc. are handled with all the care and attention demanded by modern sanitary ideas...

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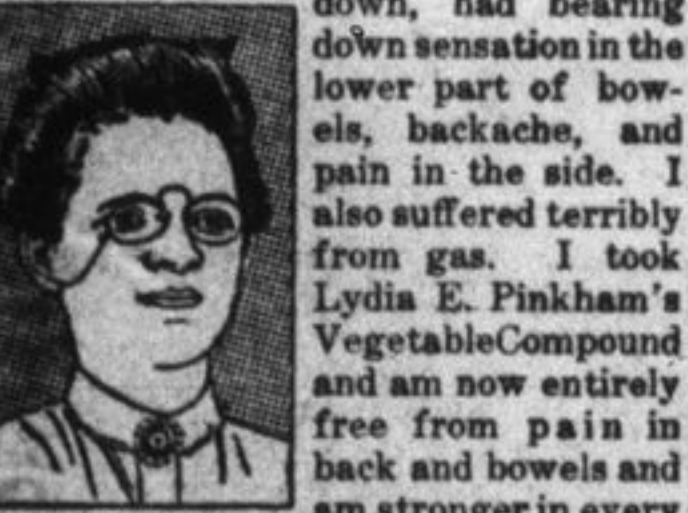
R. J. REID

Leading Undertaker. Phone 877

TORONTO WOMAN WELL AGAIN

Freed From Bearing Down Pains, Backache and Pain in Side by Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound.

Toronto, Ont. - "Last October, I wrote to you for advice as I was completely run down, had bearing down sensation in the lower part of bowels, backache, and pain in the side...



Consider Well This Advice. No woman suffering from any form of female troubles should lose hope until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial.

This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from native roots and herbs, has for nearly forty years proved to be most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

BRITZ OF HEADQUARTERS

BY MARCIN BARBER

Supplied Exclusively in Canada by the British & Colonial Press, Limited, Toronto.

CHAPTER I

In the Diamond Hoax. A girl's scream clashed with the soprano's high note in the Jewel Song, and in a moment the Metropolitan Opera House was in confusion.

MADAM M. CHARBONNEAU "Fruit-a-lives" is the greatest stomach tonic in the world and will always cure Indigestion, Sour Stomach, "Heartburn", Dyspepsia and other Stomach Troubles.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

The confusion throughout the house died slowly. By that subtle magnetism that inspires masses of humanity, everybody seemed to know whence the scream had come, and all eyes were turned from the stage to the Missioner box.

"Someone has fainted," came in ill-repressed tones from somewhere in the orchestra seats. Marguerite, her fingers at her throat, paused almost imperceptibly, but long enough for quick look at the focus of excitement.

"What's the matter? Go on! Go on! The stage manager cried in undertones from the wings. Fishers in the back of the house sought to cover the confusion with ill-timed applause. The moment was big with potential tragedy.

Nothing of all those incidents struck the sense of anyone in the Missioner box. All four of its occupants were concerned for the immediate recovery of the diamonds that had sprung from Mrs. Missioner's neck to her lap, and then stamped across the floor.

"Look in all the corners—look everywhere," Mrs. Missioner urged. "There's one behind the chair," she pointed.

"There's another," cried Dorothy, pointing at Griswold's feet. A glance from the dark stranger in the next box directed the searchers toward still another part of the floor, and every one was rewarded by the recovery of a gleaming stone.

"No," answered the widow. "There are several more. Please look again—look everywhere, Dorothy, help me count them."

Klondikers, urged again and again by the owner of the jewels. The glittering hoard of the Metropolitan Jewellers' name, The Klondiker of Kimberley, the pear-shaped polychrome, the gold-seekers of the Klondike, she discovered the earth's secrets.

crets, the world over toll ceaselessly to maintain the brilliance of that big jewel show. They send their diamonds and rubies and emeralds and sapphires, their pearls and opals and gold, to gleam on the heads and breasts and gowns of women whom the industry of one generation or the stock-market luck of another has crowned with riches.

"I think we've found them all," said Sands, rising and emptying his cupped hand into the miniature mountain in Mrs. Missioner's lap.

"No more in the box, that's certain," supplemented Griswold, dusting his knees absently.

"Are you sure?" asked Dorothy. "Please be sure," begged the widow. "I must have them all."

"Oh-oh," she exclaimed, half-rising in her excitement, "the largest of all is gone! The Maharane!"

Instantly the turmoil was renewed. Dorothy sprang to her feet and, before either of the men could anticipate her, began pushing the chairs about until all save Mrs. Missioner's were grouped in a corner of the box.

"It can't be in the box," he said decisively, and when a breathless whisper rapped at the door, the millionaire tore it open and whispered: "Run down to the orchestra and look everywhere around this box. A diamond has fallen over the rail."

"What can be the matter?" asked a thousand women of a thousand everts. In many parts of the audience, they were standing between the seats for a better view of the box around which the little tempest of excitement swirled.

"Bravo!" came as an inspiration from a far corner of the balcony, as the great soprano made her final vow. Instantly it was taken up by hundreds.

"Don't you know?" returned little Miss March excitedly. "Don't you really know, Mr. Griswold?"

"Why, the history of that stone? Don't you know Mrs. Missioner's husband bought it from a Maharane, that they brought it all the way from India? Don't you know it's the finest diamond in America?"

Griswold shook his head. He was pursuing the search perfunctorily. His hands were busy, but his eyes roved over the house.

attracted air. She was staring to days long gone, and evidently the recollection was not unpleasant.

"I cannot blame you," said the Oriental. "Everyone knows you have the most wonderful jewels in the world—one of them, at any rate."

"These," returned Mrs. Missioner, "are among my very best diamonds. But they are nothing to the Maharane, and that is gone."

"You are brave," was all he said, "to wear them in public. Many a woman save in her own bathroom, would content herself with duplicates."

"The Maharane?" gasped Dorothy. "The widow paid?"

"Your maid is more cautious," he said, his smile softening slightly, "or it may be, your jewel has made a mistake."

"Not the Maharane diamond," replied the Oriental. "In a sense, madame, I congratulate you."

"This thing is— She could say no more.

"Paste!" thundered Sands. "I have been fooled," said Mrs. Missioner in a stifled voice. "Take me home, Bruxton."

"The Maharane diamond," replied the Oriental. "In a sense, madame, I congratulate you."

"This thing is— She could say no more.

(To be continued)

Pleasant Fields of Holy Writ. THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

Motto for this week: "The mystery in the works of God is only another name for my ignorance."—Richard Cecil, 1748-1810. Lesson VI. Mark 11: 12-33. August 9, 1914

THE BARREN FIG TREE AND THE DEFILED TEMPLE

The "Lamb" of the marriage scene at Cana suddenly becomes a "Lion" in the presence of the gross profanation of his Father's house. He who adorned and beautified that innocent domestic incident with his presence and first miracle that He wrought, his now an aspect terrible in the extreme.

Of this profanation Jesus had been the silent observer on His annual visits to Jerusalem. It was no late discovery on His part. His indignation was all the more terrible because it had been so long pent up.

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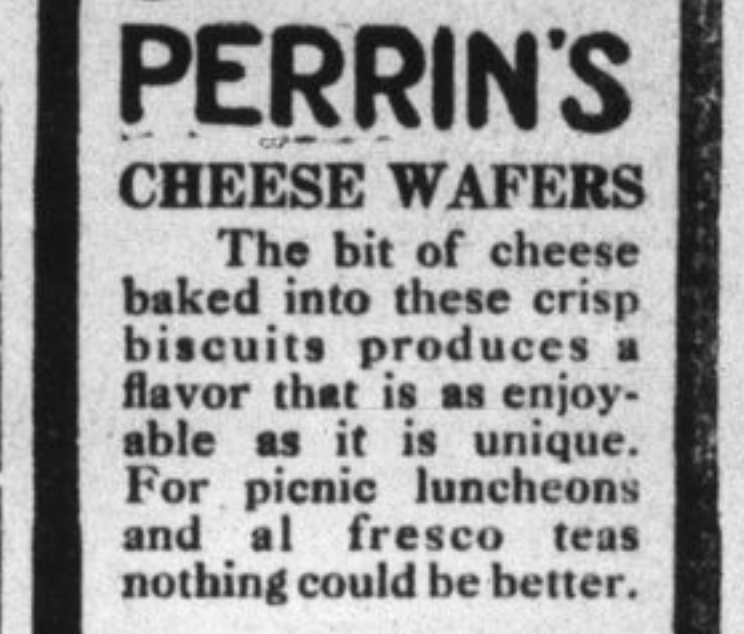
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