

FRUIT, THE GREAT PHYSICIAN

Healing Powers of Fruit Proved by "Fruit-a-lives"

The simple juices of apples, oranges, figs and prunes, when transformed into 'Fruit-a-lives' will relieve diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Skin.

The enormous sales of 'Fruit-a-lives' are the best proofs of the value of this fruit medicine.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Local Branch Time Table

Table with columns for train numbers, destinations (e.g., L.V. City, Ar. City), and departure/arrival times.

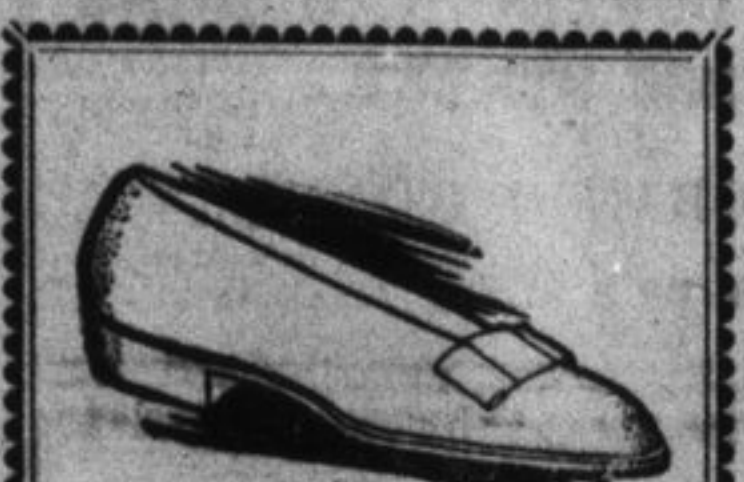
CUNARD LINE

From Montreal to London. S. S. Cloughan... From Montreal to Avonmouth Docks (BRISTOL).

Wood's Great Peppermint Cure. The Green English Remedy. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system.

PLAIN TIRES, \$13.00. IRON SKID, \$16.50. 30 x 3 1-2. Guaranteed 3,500 miles.

BIBBY'S GARAGE. Phone 201 and 917.



NEW EFFECTS IN WOMEN'S PUMPS

Never have we displayed such dainty effects in Women's Pumps. Women who take genuine pride in their appearance will find a real charm in our selections of High Grade Pumps.

The Sawyer Shoe Store. 212 PRINCESS ST.

The NURSE'S STORY



BY ADELE BLENEAU

Copyright, 1915, by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

CHAPTER II.

THE boat was crowded and there were many interesting persons on board—at least, interesting to me, as for the most part they were people with a mission.

Every morning at 10 o'clock a Dr. T., who was taking out a full hospital corps and equipment, gave lectures to his staff.

Naturally I was in no mood for forming new acquaintances, so that these talks each morning helped me greatly to banish the past and to keep my mind fixed on the future.

"That's an Indian officer," said the doctor, as he strode by. "Who is it?" asked his wife.

"Oh, I don't know which particular one he is," he replied, smiling. "It's just the type; I would know it anywhere—tall, lean, bronzed, good looking, a certain unconscious air of command, and a military bearing."

"My maid is a perfect ferret. I sometimes think as a maid she's a waste of good timber—that the secret service should have."

"Oh, they are all like that!" the doctor said. "After a moment's reflection he exclaimed: 'Oh, that's the chap they were telling me about in the smoking room this morning!'"

"And was he?" I asked quickly. "No, I believe Sir George Ruse kept was elected."

"Well, my dear, you will have to ask Captain Fraser. I am sure he could tell you. It does not follow that he will. Still, you could ask," he added good humoredly.

inevitably be interned when he reached England. This last misfortune had temporarily unbalanced his reason, and the scene on the deck in which I had assisted was the result.

His story finished, he bowed courteously and left me. I did not see him again until we had landed at Liverpool.

While we sat waiting for the examiner I heard Captain Fraser, not far away, speak a few words to his valet—a man who looked as if he might be prematurely old, but who today was so beaming with happiness that he seemed rejuvenated.

At something he said Captain Fraser laughed and replied, "Oh, you are generally right, Shipman. In a tone of such friendliness that I felt he must be an old family servant. Then Captain Fraser turned around suddenly, came over to me and said pleasantly:

"Can I do anything for you?" "No; thanks," I answered warmly, for I was sincerely grateful for this little friendliness. We felt rather alone and lonely, mademoiselle and I. He paused a second, and said:

"Good! Perhaps we shall meet again. 'The world is small.' I think it must have been Adam who said that," he added, with a subtle twinkle lighting up his eyes.

I replied, smiling, "Anyway, Cain knew better." He laughed, lifted his hat and was gone.

My eyes were still following him when I heard a voice say: "Goodby, my dear! Goodby, my dear!" I turned and saw the old valet, bareheaded, bowing and smiling in reply to a friendly nod from a lady in a waiting limousine.

"I said to my gentleman last night as he was dressing, 'I look to see your mother at the dock tomorrow, sir.' 'Nonsense, Shipman,' he said. But I saw all the same that he was hoping it himself. It's been four years since we went out to India. Four years is a long while, especially in war times," he added soberly.

We had brought over with us, by Dr. Curtis's advice, numerous trunks containing all kinds of things necessary for a field hospital, so our stay at the customs was rather long. Shipman insisted on remaining and closing the last trunk.

"I was speculating idly on the past lives and future destinies of two such contrasting types when the smaller man reached the turn and, instead of facing me again, suddenly flung one arm into the air, gave a half stifled cry and then sprang to the rail.

He Released His Hold and Swayed Outward.

great, soft eyes of the girl, but only a moment, and then there fell over them a heavy, dull curtain of pain. Her expression hurt me, and I looked away, for I had a premonition of happiness foredoomed to sorrow—that this hopeless expression had come to stay.

The mother probably felt just as deeply, but she had—fortitude—a mask that was never raised. Only the eyes of God, I was to learn, are permitted to see naked an Englishwoman's soul.

CHAPTER III. Ominous Signs of War. I WAS oppressed—this was the beginning of war—I was beginning to see its face, and its face was ominous. Mademoiselle, who knew my every mood, sometimes before I was conscious of it myself, realized the shadow on my spirit and suggested we have coffee upstairs.

Two men, one a soldier in khaki, entered the dining room and stopped at our neighborly table. As we passed I heard the foot step in the older man with him. "Father, this is Captain—"

Months after, under conditions which had I known at the moment would have crossed the blood in my veins, I was to learn the name of his regiment and all that it stood for.

The next day we started for Boulogne. We arrived in a pouring rain. Finding we had hours to wait for our train, I decided to look up a Miss Russell, a Canadian, who had for several years been Dr. Curtis's operating and office nurse in New York and had volunteered at the beginning of the war.

When I doubtfully asked a porter at the station if he knew where base hospital 13 was he replied laconically, "It's next door." And so it was.

The shed over the tracks had been hurriedly converted into a great relieving hospital. When I asked for Miss Russell the orderly at the door looked at me suspiciously and asked if

I had a permit. As I was about to reply in the negative a tall, slender woman with soft, pretty gray eyes, dressed in a straight coat and sailor hat, came toward me. Something in her manner made me feel she could help.

"Is there something I can do for you?" I explained who I was and my mission. "Why, certainly you can see Miss Russell. I'll send for her, and, too, I want you to see our hospital. It's crude, but effective. We sometimes handle a thousand men a day. You will be interested, I know."

She waited until Miss Russell came, and after showing me "the store," which she explained was her part of the work, she said goodby. It was Lady Algvy Lenox, the head of the hospital, herself. Miss Russell laughed at "her part of the work."

(To Be Continued.)

Advertisement for Chase & Sanborn's Coffee. Includes image of coffee cans and text: 'The surpassing goodness of our Coffee is not surprising if you consider the story of our fifty years as a business house.'

Advertisement for Santal Midy. Text: 'CATARRH OF THE BLADDER. Santal Midy. 24 Hours. Relieved in 24 Hours.'

Advertisement for Sowards. Text: 'SOWARDS Keeps Coal and Coal Keeps SOWARDS.'

Advertisement for Wilson's Fly Pads. Text: 'WHEN USING WILSON'S FLY PADS. READ DIRECTIONS CAREFULLY AND FOLLOW THEM EXACTLY.'

Advertisement for Scranton Coal. Text: 'Coal. The kind you are looking for is the kind we sell. Scranton Coal. Is good Coal and we guarantee prompt delivery. BOOTH & CO., Foot of West St.'

Advertisement for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Text: 'WOMAN SO WEAK COULD NOT SLEEP. Made Well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. North Oxford, Mass.—'I had lost three children and I was all run down and so weak I could not sleep at night.'

Advertisement for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Text: 'Made Well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. North Oxford, Mass.—'I had lost three children and I was all run down and so weak I could not sleep at night. My eyesight would leave me and everything I ate upset my stomach. I was very nervous and if I would start to sleep I would have to stop and lie down before I could finish.'



He Was Raving About "Suffragettes."