

HOT WATER THE BEST LIVER AND BOWEL MEDICINE

Says Glass of Hot Water Before Breakfast Washes Poisons From System.

Physicians the world over recommend the inside bath, claiming this is of vastly more importance than outside cleanliness...

Men and women are urged to drink each morning, before breakfast, a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it...

Just as soap and hot water cleanse and freshen the skin, so hot water and limestone phosphate act on the eliminative organs...



Clean, Soft, Unshrunken. Never rub woollens. It thickens and hardens them. Just soak and stir gently about in tepid LUX suds...

Become a Physician. Medicine, Surgery, Bacteriology, Public Health, Chemistry and Allied Sciences offer the greatest opportunities to work with...

ANNOUNCEMENT No. 3

Labatt's India Pale Ale Extra Stock Ale XXX Stout Canada First Lager FULL STRENGTH

These brands are now brewed in their original full strength. All their old quality has been retained—you will find them fully aged and right up to the famous Labatt standard.

The Whig's Serial Story

The Dog Star

By Coralie Stanton and Heath Hosken

"He gave you sixty pounds for it because he thought it was hundreds of years old," she went on. Suddenly she thought, awful in the illuminating light that it flashed into the workshop, came to her. "Do you mean to say that you pretend all these things you make are old?" she cried.

"What on earth do you think I do?" he answered somewhat roughly, but quite openly. "Really, Vanessa, you should have more sense. Do you suppose we label our things—'Gosh, that you do that. It's a fraud! It's wicked—criminal—horrible!'"

"You needn't worry about the man who bought the chair, Sis," he said. "Who do you think it was? I have just had a letter from him. It was Tavernier, from Bond Street. He's the most famous dealer in the world—a man who often makes twenty thousand over a single deal. And he was quite taken in. You see what kind of work I do. You ought to be proud, instead of looking at me as if I'd murdered someone."

"Oh, but Septimus," the girl said, "if he found out he'd send me a grocer for a few more." cried the stepbrother, roaring with unconstrained mirth. "Oh, Vanessa, what a funny girl you are. To think that that was Tavernier, and I never knew it. I might have sold him a few more little things."

"Very well," he said brusquely. "I don't want you to. It's little enough you can do, anyhow, with your clumsy untrained fingers. Keep your precious conscience clear, Sis. Surely you can occupy yourself in some other way?"

"So, for another three weeks she fell again into inaction, but time hung still more heavily on her hands. It was just then that she saw the advertisement for a female clerk inserted in the Blackport Courier by Monk & Co., and determined to answer it in person; and was engaged, much to her own surprise and delight, by Macpherson in what he afterwards described as an absent-minded mood."

The first day of work had ended, and she had seen, in tears, and in comfort brought by the kindly encouragement of John Lorion, and the next afternoon had crowned her in her own eyes with a blaze of glory, because she had actually been chosen to attend to his private correspondence by the great Sir Glare Monk himself.

door to the great man's private office, he told her that Sir Glare had gone to London that morning for a couple of days.

"I don't know whether there will be anything for you to do, Miss Smith," he added, "but you'd better wait, anyhow, until Mr. Lorion turns up."

Lorion had been sent for to Dunbury very early in the morning to confer with his chief before the latter's departure by the breakfast train.

"You have heard, Miss Smith, that Sir Glare has been unexpectedly called to London?" he asked.

"Yes—I was told when I came in," she answered. "I have nothing to do," she added, her desire for work not to be controlled even by the absence of the great man.

"Are you fond of your work?" asked Lorion with a smile, remembering the Mobs of yesterday. "Oh," she cried, with a flush, "you are thinking of my silliness yesterday. But I really want to work. And I'll try as hard as I can to get into Sir Glare's ways ever so quickly. It was those figures that I couldn't understand. And it made it so much worse feeling how stupid I was."

"I don't expect you're at all stupid," said Lorion reassuringly, smiling into the beautiful, steady grey eyes. "And I think you will find your work here very congenial. But I'm afraid I can't give you any to-day. The chief went off in such a hurry that he didn't say anything about you, and I don't know yet what he means you to do. His own letters were all sent up to Dunbury this morning. So I really think you may as well go home, Miss Smith."

"This was distinctly damping to Vanessa's ardor. She had set out with such tremendous resolves, and now she had nothing to do but go back to Grandmamma's. "If you will leave me your address," Lorion went on, "I will let you know as soon as Sir Glare returns."

"Something in the young man's bearing made her shrink as she gave him the address of her curio shop. He was so tall, so fresh, so upright; his eyes looked into hers with such a pleasantly candid gaze. He was utterly dissociated from her stepbrother and his mode of life. Lorion wrote down the address; but he still lingered. There was something about the girl that gave him feelings such as he had never had about any woman before in his life. There was an appeal in her beautiful steady eyes, and yet he was sure that she was not a weak clinging creature. There was character in her mouth and in her square little chin. And how like she was to the portrait that hung on the wall of Sir Glare's dining room! In the clear morning light the likeness was almost startling.

"Is this your home address, Miss Smith?" he asked as he looked at what he had written down. And then, suddenly realizing that the question might seem impertinent, he added: "I mean, will it always find you?" "I live with my stepbrother," she answered. "But—but I shall soon be leaving there." She did not know why she said it; she only knew that she suddenly could not contemplate staying in the place where these frauds were daily perpetrated.

"Oh, why is that?" asked Lorion. "Oh, it's such a long way from here," she answered. It was a feeble excuse, for the tramcars covered the distance in a very short time. "All the same," said Lorion gravely, "I would advise you to stay with your people, Miss Smith. Nice lodgings are very difficult to find in Blackport, and, you know, I don't think it will be necessary for you to get here so very early in the morning."

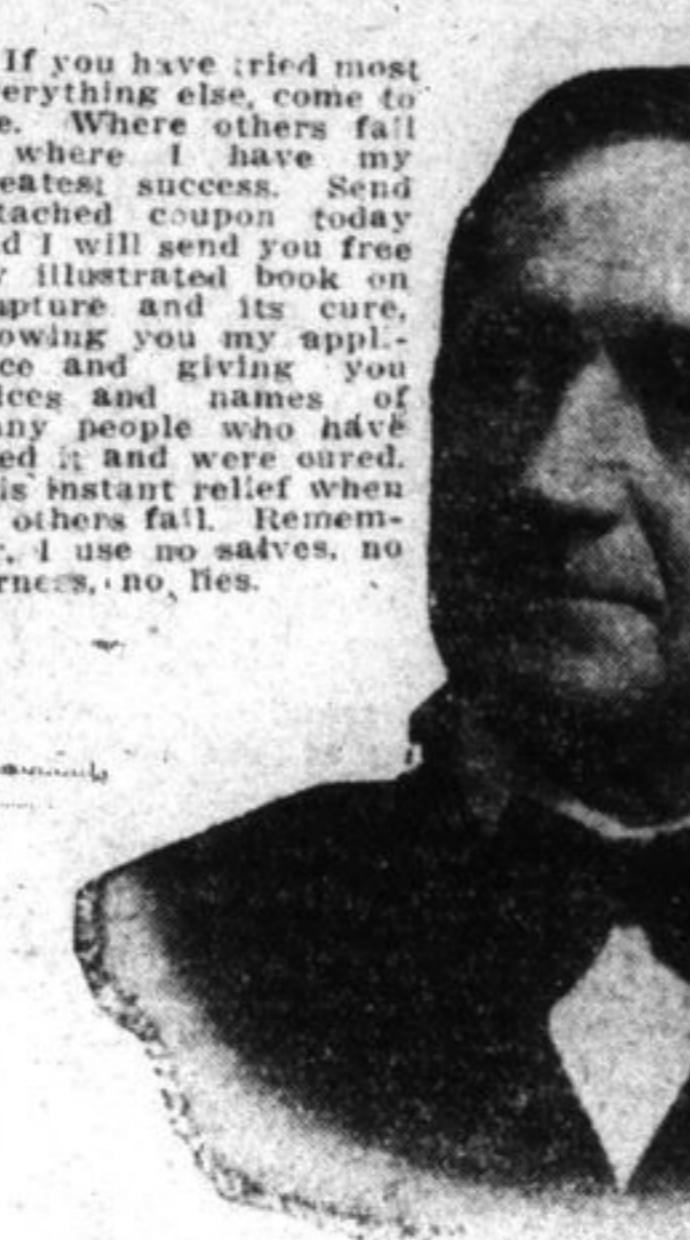
"I have no people—only my stepbrother," she answered. "He keeps a curio shop." She looked up, half expecting to see suspicion in his eyes; but he merely looked interested. "Oh, really," he said. "I didn't know anybody had time to buy curios in Blackport; I hope you will allow me to come and see it."

A Genuine Rupture Cure Sent On Trial To Prove It Don't Wear a Truss Any Longer

Even Soldiers from the Trenches of Europe Write to Tell How the Wonderful Brooks Appliance Cured Their Ruptures, Sound and Well. Sent on Trial to Prove It.

From the battle front in Europe comes a letter written by Private John Carter, whose home address is No. 2 Shaw View, Flixton, telling of his complete cure of rupture from wearing the Brooks Appliance.

"I received your letter by first post this morning. I beg to thank you for your appliance which was instrumental in the way it cured me of my rupture. I have now been in King's army seven months and I have never felt anything and not had the slightest trouble. I remember when I passed the doctor he remarked: 'There is nothing wrong with you, young man, you are in the best condition and he sounded me all over, and again thank you for the same, and I give my consent to use my letter as a testimonial to anyone as I have been cured. Hoping you and your firm much success.' Yours truly, J. Carter."



The above is C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself and who is now giving others the benefit of his experience. If ruptured, write him today at Marshall, Michigan.

"I send on trial to prove what I say is true. You are the judge and once having seen my illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as my hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill-out free coupon below and mail to-day. It is well worth your time whether you try my Appliance or not. Make up your mind right for the you will never pay out another dollar for trusses. They are expensive, uncomfortable and actually harmful. And when you once try a Brooks appliance you could never be persuaded to ever again wear a truss."

And here is a letter from a mother who is thankful because a Brooks Appliance cured her boy so he could go to school and serve his country.

2, Orchard Road, Richmond, Surrey.

April 11th, 1915. Mr. C. E. Brooks,

Dear Sir:—I have to thank you for what your appliance has done for my son. After wearing it from December to the following September, I can say he is quite cured and is now serving his country in France at his own trade, a shoelace smith. You can make what use you like of these, my thanks. I am, yours, Mrs. E. Whittle.



Mrs. E. Whittle (Mrs. E. Whittle).

Wouldn't Take \$100 for Appliance. Dear Mr. Brooks—I am pleased to write and let you know what your Appliance has done for me. I think I am all right now, as I have not seen the doctor since I got it. I can now run, jump and lift all I like and I would not take \$100 for it if I could not get it back. Yours sincerely, G. E. LEMAY.

Rupture Thoroughly Healed. Dear Mr. Brooks—I am pleased to hear that you are well. I have not seen the doctor since I got your appliance. I have not worn it for months—neither do I feel in need of it. Yours truly, F. C. NOXON.

Ruptured 22 Years; Now Cured. Dear Mr. Brooks—I am very glad to hear from you, and happy to be able to tell you that my rupture was cured some time ago by your appliance. I now need no truss after twenty-two years of torture. Yours truly, G. E. LEMAY.

REMEMBER. I send my Appliance on trial to prove what I say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill out free coupon below and mail today.

to the various stereotyped protests to which she had long ago become accustomed. How he wished she was settled in Blackport, and that there was not such a place on the face of the globe as London; and how it hurt him so to know that her heart was not in his home, which surely ought to have been her home.

Of course, he could not, at this crisis, afford to spend many hours away from Pole Street; but those few hours gave him strength for the fight and put iron into his nerve. Must she really go? Could not she possibly make an exception of it this once, and postpone it for a day or two? Then again—for Monk used every argument at his command—this unexpected and, as he frankly admitted, ridiculously inexcusable and inapplicable return made their position in social Blackport particularly remarked upon. Surely she must see that she was a public personage; and neither of them could afford to allow private interests to rank first.

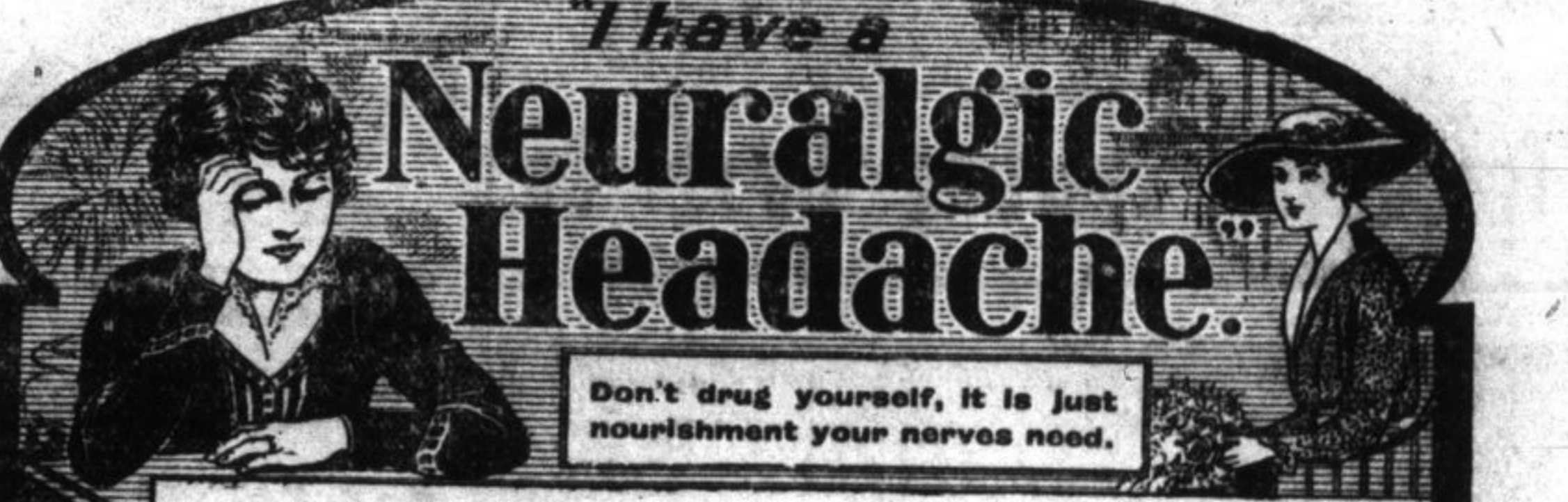
As a matter of fact, he particularly wanted her to preside at a small dinner party to-morrow night, and to go to two other dinners with him. Besides, there was that big reception at the town hall, at which royalty was to be present. He would have to go. She really must come with him. Under ordinary circumstances Theodora would have seen the point of many of the arguments advanced, and would have arranged her immediate plans accordingly; sent a few wires to town, and made a martyr of herself; but the circumstances were anything but ordinary.

CHAPTER VIII. Henri Van Ost. When Theodora Monk had told her husband that she was leaving by the 8.50 breakfast train for London the next morning, he naturally gave vent

Cured Me Completely. Dear Sir—I received your letter regarding the Appliance you sent me. It was a complete success and now I don't know that I ever had a rupture. It has cured me completely and I thank you very much for it. Very truly yours, REV. H. A. SLESSON.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON. MR. C. E. BROOKS, State St., Marshall, Michigan, U.S.A. Please send me by mail, in plain wrapper, your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

Name Address City or Town Province



Neuralgic Headache. Don't drug yourself, it is just nourishment your nerves need.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets Nourish your Nerves. Neuralgia and Neuralgic Headache simply indicate that your nerves are weak and underfed. Why drug them into insensibility when it is nourishment they need? Drugs cannot supply that nourishment, they can only deaden the pain for a time at the cost of bad after-effects—heart-depression, faintness; and if persisted in a drug habit may be set up.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets appear to be unique. I have no hesitation in recommending them. Dr. Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alterative, Antispasmodic, of proved therapeutic value in all run-down conditions, and the recognized remedy for NERVOUSNESS, SLEEPLESSNESS, DYSPPEPSIA, PALPITATION, KIDNEY WEAKNESS, NERVOUS BREAKDOWN, ANEMIA, MALNUTRITION, NEURALGIA, HEADACHE, and other forms of nerve weakness. They nourish every nerve-centre in the body and give to the entire system, that strength and vitality which make nerve troubles impossible. Read what a Scientist says about Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets. CHEW King Georges Navy Plug CHEWING TOBACCO AND ENJOY THE LINGERING FLAVOR OF CHOICE RICH, SAPPY TOBACCO. SOLD EVERYWHERE 10 CTS. A PLUG. The Rock City Tobacco Co. Ltd.