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Deadly Pains All The Time Until He Took "FRUIT-A-LIVES".



MR. LAMPSON, Verona, Ont., Nov. 11th., 1915. "I suffered for a number of years with Rheumatism and severe Pains in Side and Back, from strains and heavy lifting."

When I had given up hope of ever being well again, a friend recommended "Fruit-a-lives" to me and after using the first box I felt so much better that I continued to take them, and now I am enjoying the best of health, thanks to your remedy."

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The juice of two fresh lemons strained into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white makes a whole quart of the most remarkable lemon skin beautifier at about the cost one must pay for a small jar of the ordinary cold creams. Care should be taken to strain the lemon juice through a fine cloth so no lemon pulp gets in, then this lotion will keep fresh for months. Every woman knows that lemon juice is used to bleach and remove such blemishes as freckles, sallowness and tan, and is the ideal skin softener, smoothening and beautifier. Just try it! Make up a quart of this sweetly fragrant lemon lotion and massage it daily into the face, neck, arms and hands. It should naturally help to whiten, soften, freshen and bring out the hidden roses and beauty of any skin. It is wonderful for rough, red hands. Your druggist will sell three ounces of orchard white at little cost, and any grocer will supply the lemons.

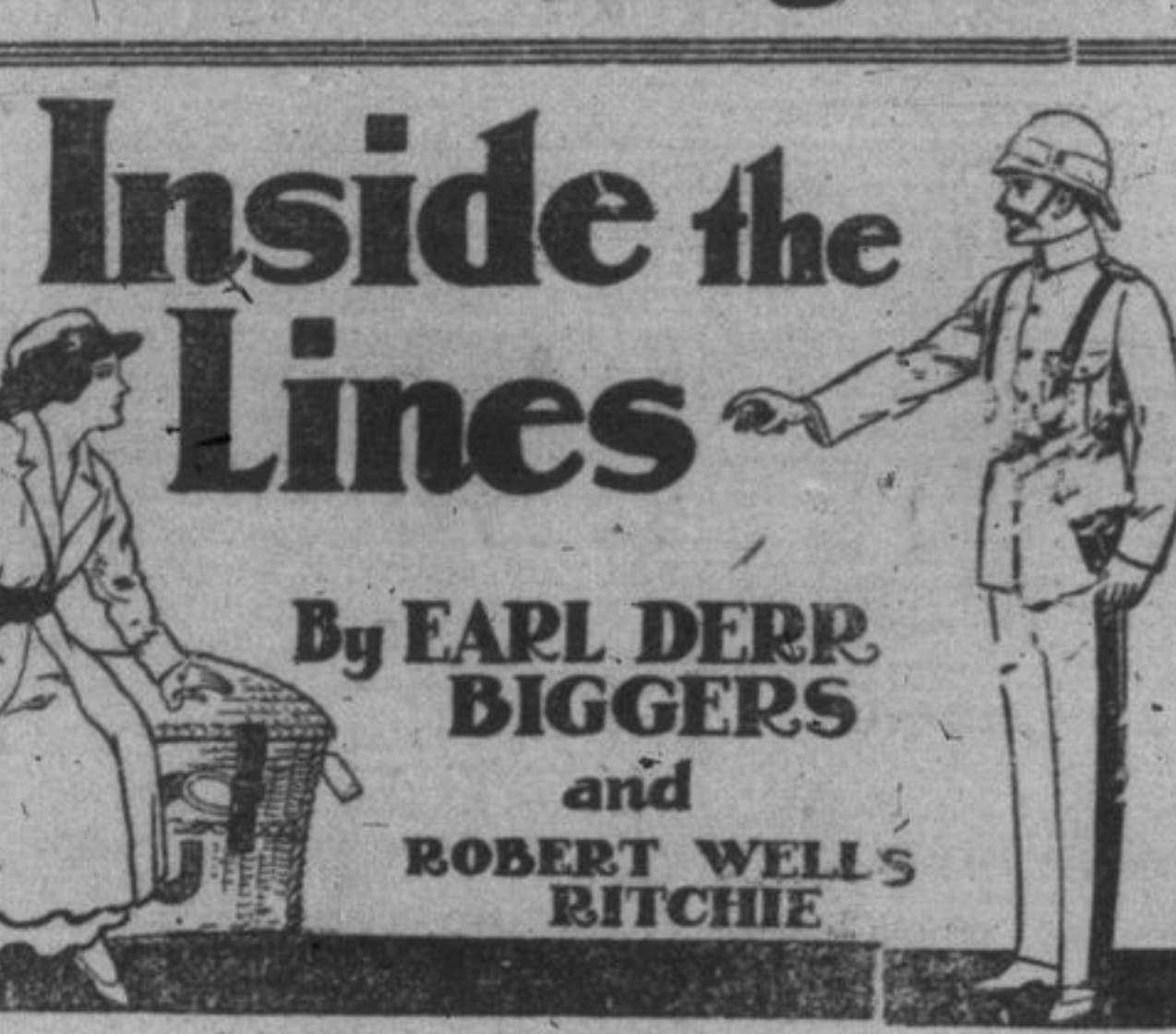
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The Whig's New Serial Story



By EARL DERR BIGGERS and ROBERT WELLS BITCHIE

PROLOGUE "Inside the Lines" first appeared as a stirring war drama of today, the best of its kind since "Secret Service." Its author, Earl Derr Biggers, is known to fame, as the author of "Seven Keys to Baldpate." His later play has been novelized by Robert Wells Ritchie, and the story opens at the outset of the present great war drama in Europe. Caught by the swirl of events, a lovely American girl is detained in Europe and becomes innocently enmeshed in the machinations of spies and of the secret service of two contending nations. Every chapter is replete with mystery and incident, skillfully woven threads that blend to a surprising climax.

CHAPTER I Jane Gerson, Buyer. HAD two trunks—two, you know! Two! On est l'autre? The grinning customs guard lifted his shoulders to his ears and spread out his palms. "Mais, mamselle—" "Don't you 'ma's' me, sir! I had two trunks—deux troncs—when I got aboard that wabby old boat at Dover this morning, and I'm not going to budge from this wharf until I find the other one. Where did you learn your French, anyway? Can't you understand when I speak your language?" The girl plumped herself down on top of the unopened trunk and folded her arms truculently. With a quizzical smile the customs guard looked down into her brown eyes, smoldering dangerously now, and began all over again his speech of explanation. "Wagon-lit?" She caught a familiar word. "Mais oui; that's where I want to go—aboard your wagon-lit, for Paris. Voilà!" The girl carefully gave the word three syllables. "Mon ticket pour Paris?" She opened her patent leather reticule, rummaged furiously there—



"The guard, you see, does not understand good French." In, brought out a handkerchief, a tiny mirror, a packet of rice papers and at last a folded and punched ticket. This she displayed with a triumphant flourish. "Voilà! Il dit 'Miss Jane Gerson'—that's moi—moi-même, I mean. And il dit 'deux troncs.' Now, you can't go behind that, can you? Where is that other trunk?" "Pardon, but if I may be of any assistance—" Miss Gerson turned. A tallish man in a gray lounge suit stood before her, together and bent stiffly in a bow, nothing of the beau or the boulevardier about his face or manner. Miss Gerson accepted his intervention as heavy on her. "Oh, thank you ever so much! The guard, you see, doesn't understand good French. I just can't make him understand that one of my trunks is missing, and the train for Paris—" "Already the stranger was rattling inclusive French at the guard. That official bowed low and, with hands and lips, gave rapid explanation. The man in the gray lounge suit turned to the girl. "A little misunderstanding, Miss Gerson—Jane Gerson of New York," she promptly supplied.

trous, humorous mouth and thin nose slightly arched upward. Miss Up to the Minute New York, indeed! From the cocked red feather in her hat to the dainty spatted Louis Jane Gerson appeared in Woodhouse's eyes a perfect, virile, vividly alive American girl. He'd met her kind before; had seen them brooding Lazar merchants in Cairo and riding desert donkeys like strong young queens. The type appealed to him. The first stiffness of informal meeting wore away speedily. The girl tactfully directed the channel of conversation into lines familiar to Woodhouse. What was Egypt like? Who owned the pyramids, and why didn't the owners plant a park around them and charge admittance? Didn't he think Rameses and all those other old pharaohs had the right idea in advertising—putting up stone obelisks to last all time? The questions came crisp and startling; Woodhouse found himself chuckling at the shrewd incisiveness of them. Rameses an advertiser and the pyramids stone billboards to carry all those old boys' fame through the ages? He'd never looked on them in that light before. "I say, Miss Gerson, you'd make an excellent business person, now, really." "Just cable that at my expense to old Pop Hildebrandt, of Hildebrandt's department store, New York," she flashed back at him. "I'm trying to convince him of just that very thing."

"Really, now—a department store? What, may I ask, do you have to do for—ah—Pop Hildebrandt?" "Oh, I'm his foreign buyer," Jane answered, with a conscious note of pride. "I'm over here to buy goods for the winter season, you see." "And this Hildebrandt, he sends you over here alone just to buy pretties for New York's wonderful women? Aren't you just a bit—nervous to be over in this part of the world—alone?" "Not in the least," the girl caught him up. "Not about the alone part, I should say. Maybe I'm fidgety and sort of worried about making good on the job. This is my first trip—my very first as a buyer for Hildebrandt. And, of course, if I should fall down—" "Fall down?" the girl echoed, mystified. The girl laughed and shook her left wrist a smart blow with her gloved right hand. "There I go again—slang; vulgar American slang, you'll call it. If I could only rattle off the French as easily as I do New Yorkese I'd be a wonder. I mean I'm afraid I won't make good."

"Oh!" "But why should I worry about coming over alone?" Jane urged. "Lots of American girls come over here alone for an American vacation, to their shirt waists and wearing a Baedeker for a wrist watch. Nothing ever happens to them." Captain Woodhouse looked out on the flying panoramas of straw thatched houses and fields heavy with green grain. He seemed to be balancing words. He glanced at the passenger across the aisle, a wizened little man, asleep. In a lowered voice he began: "A woman alone—over here on the continent at this time? Why, I very much fear she will have great difficulties when she—ah—trouble comes."

"Trouble?" Jane's eyes were questioning. "I do not wish to be an alarmist, Miss Gerson," Captain Woodhouse continued, hesitant. "Goodness knows we've had enough calamity shouters among the Unionists at home. But have you considered what you would do—how you would get back to America in case of—war?" The last word was almost a whisper. "War?" she echoed. "Why, you don't mean all this talk in the papers is—?" "Is serious, yes," Woodhouse answered quietly. "Very serious." "Why, Captain Woodhouse, I thought you had war talk every summer over here, just as our papers are filled each over here. I'm on trial. This is my first trip as buyer for Hildebrandt, and it's a case of make or break with me. War or no war, I've got to make good. Anyway—" She with a toss of her round little chin—"I'm an American citizen, and nobody'll dare to start anything with me." "Right you are!" Woodhouse beamed his admiration. "Now we'll talk about those skyscrapers of yours. Everybody back from the States has something to say about those famous buildings, and I'm fairly burning for first hand information from one who knows them."

Laughingly she acquiesced, and the grim shadow of war was pushed away from them, though hardly forgotten by either. "To Egypt, yes," Woodhouse ruefully admitted. "A dreary deadly place in this sun" for me. To have met you, Miss Gerson, it has been delightful, quite."

"I hope," the girl said as Woodhouse handed her to a taxi—"I hope that if that war comes it will find you still in Egypt, far away from the firing line."

"Not a fair thing to wish for a man in the service," Woodhouse answered, laughing. "I may be more happy when I say my best wish for you is that when the war comes it will find you a long way from Paris. Goodby, Miss Gerson, and good luck."

Captain Woodhouse stood, beads together and hat in hand, while her taxi rattled off, a farewell flash of brown eyes, rewarding him for the military correctness of his courtesy. Then he hurried to another station to take a train not for a Mediterranean port and distant Egypt, but for Berlin.

YOUR SICK CHILD IS CONSTIPATED! LOOK AT TONGUE



Burry, Mother! Remove Poisons From Little Stomach, Liver, Bowels. Give "California Syrup of Figs" If Cross, Bilious or Feverish. No matter what ails your child, a gentle, thorough laxative should always be the first treatment given. If your little one is out-of-sorts, half-sick, isn't resting, eating and acting naturally—look, Mother! see if tongue is coated. This is a sure sign that the little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with waste. When cross, irritable, feverish, stomach sour, breath bad or with stomach-ache, diarrhoea, sore throat, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the constipated poison, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of the little bowels without griping, and you have a well, playful child again.

Mother, can rest easy after giving this harmless "fruit laxative," because it never fails to cleanse the little one's liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach and they dearly love its pleasant taste. Full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups printed on each bottle. Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask your druggist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," then see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company."

A Pat of Butter. One pat or servin' butter is a little thing. There are about sixty-four of them in a pound, says the department of agriculture. In many households the butter left on the plates probably would equal one pat, or one-quarter of an ounce daily, scraped off into the garbage pail. But if every one of our 20,000,000 households should waste one-quarter of an ounce of butter daily on the average it would mean \$12,500,000 a day—114,000,000 pounds a year. To make this butter would take 250, 201,500 gallons of milk, or the product of over half a million cows.

The United States department of agriculture, Washington, or your state agriculture college will tell you how to use every bit of butter in cookery.

Did For His Mate. There is a tablet in the sailor's home at Melbourne to James Marr. He was a sailor before the mast on the Rip. On July 15, 1873, the Rip was caught in a gale, Marr sat astride of the rail when a great wave broke over the boat and brought down the malmast. There was only one chance to save the Rip. That was to cut away the lifter. But Marr clung to the broken spar, and to cut away meant to send him overboard to his death. So, looking at him doubtfully, the men hesitated, their axes in their hands. Marr, helpless, pondered. He saw that his death would be the boat's salvation, and he shouted: "Cut away, mates! Goodby!" Then he let himself fall into the cold, wild sea.

It is easier for some men to acquire wealth than riches. SELF DEFENSE DEFEAT BACKACHE AND KIDNEY TROUBLE WITH ANURIC. Many people in Canada have suffered from rheumatism and kidney trouble and have found Anuric to be the most successful remedy to overcome these painful and dangerous ailments.

The lucky people are those who have heeded Nature's warning signal in time to correct their trouble with that new discovery of Dr. Pierce's called "Anuric." You should promptly heed these warnings, some of which are dizzy spells, backache, irregularity of the urine or the painful twinges of rheumatism, sciatica or lumbago. To delay may make possible the dangerous forms of kidney disease, such as diabetes or stone in the bladder. To overcome these distressing conditions you should take plenty of exercise in the open air, avoid a heavy meat diet, drink freely of water and at each meal take Dr. Pierce's Anuric Tablets (double strength). You will, in a short time, find that you are one of the firm believers of An-uric, as are many of your neighbors. Send Dr. V. M. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., or Bridgeburg, Ont., 10c for trial pkg. St. Catharines, Ont.—For several years I suffered with gravel and with uric acid, causing rheumatic pains. Nothing ever helped me until I commenced to take "Anuric," and the first thing I noticed was that the gravel had disappeared and has never made a reappearance. My general health has improved, and I have a better nerve condition and my eyesight seems better, too. I used to have such dizzy spells at times I thought I would faint, but these no longer trouble me. My only regret is that I did not know Anuric before."—Mrs. H. MARRHAM, 124 Albert St.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM LOCAL BRANCH TIME TABLE

Table with columns for Train No., Destination, and Time. Includes routes to Live, City, Arr. City, No. 15 Mail, No. 13 Express, No. 27 Local, No. 14 Intern'l, No. 18 Local, No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50.

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