

THE BLESSING OF A HEALTHY BODY

Has Not Had An Hour's Sickness Since Taking "FRUIT-A-TIVES".



MR. MARRIOTT 75 Lees Ave., Ottawa, Ont., August 9th, 1915. "I think it my duty to tell you what 'Fruit-a-tives' has done for me. Three years ago, I began to feel run-down and tired, and suffered very much from Liver and Kidney Trouble. Having read of 'Fruit-a-tives', I thought I would try them. The result was surprising. During the 2 1/2 years past, I have taken them regularly and would not have taken for anything. I have not had an hour's sickness since I commenced using 'Fruit-a-tives', and I know now that I haven't known for a good many years—that is, the blessing of a healthy body and clear thinking brain."

WALTER J. MARRIOTT, 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

WOMEN! IT'S CHEAP! USE LEMON JUICE TO MAKE BEAUTY LOTION



In all weathers the skin and complexion can be kept wonderfully clear, soft and white by the use of this inexpensive lemon lotion which any girl or woman can easily prepare. 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! Get three ounces of orchard white at any pharmacy and two lemons from the grocer and make up a quart of this sweetly fragrant lemon lotion. It naturally should help to soften, freshen, bleach and bring out the rosy and hidden beauty of any skin. Those who will make it a habit to gently massage this lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands once or twice daily may be repaid with a skin that is flexible and young looking and a peach-like complexion.

JOHN M. PATRICK

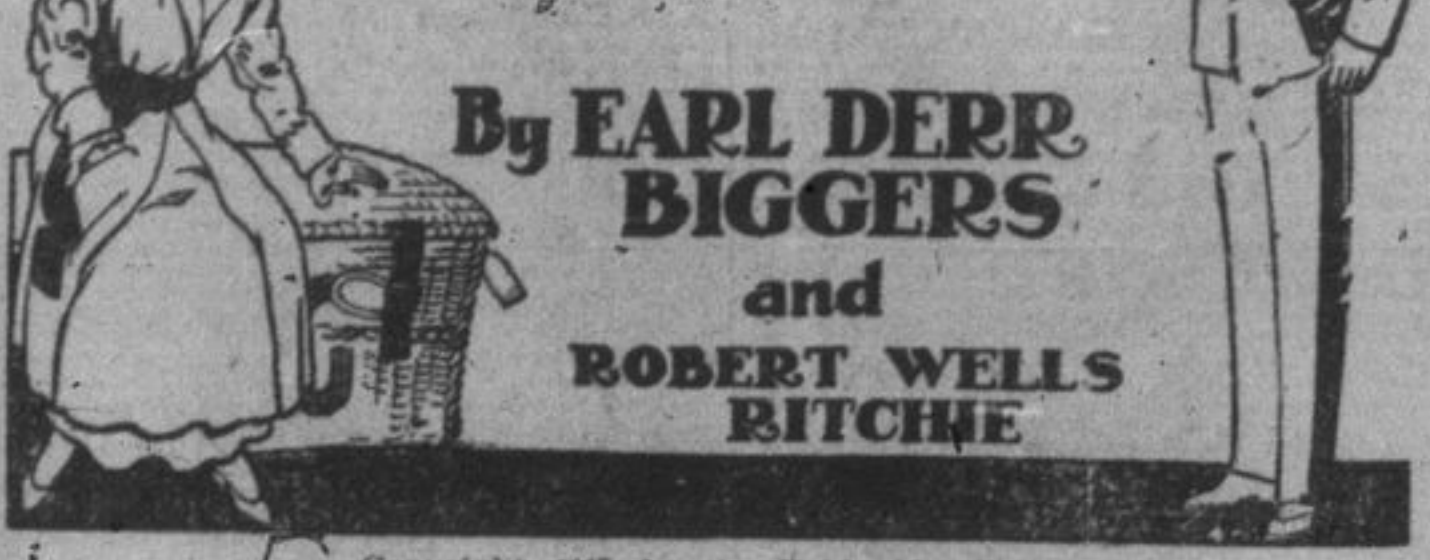
Sewing Machines, Umbrellas, Suit Cases, Trunks repaired and refitted, Saws filed, Knives and Scissors sharpened; Razors honed; All makes of firearms repaired promptly. Lacks repaired; Keys fitted. All makes of lawn mowers sharpened and repaired.

149 Sydenham Street

For LIFE ACCIDENT FIRE INSURANCE. J. B. COOKE, 332 King Street, Phone 303, Residence 542.

Headaches come mostly from disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels. Regulate these organs and keep free from headaches by using BEECHAM'S PILLS. Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 25c.

Inside the Lines



By EARL DERR BIGGERS and ROBERT WELLS BITCHIE

CHAPTER II. From the Wilhelmstrasse. "It would be wiser to talk in German," the woman said. "In these times French or English speech in Berlin—"

"Chop it, Louisa!" The man called Capper lapsed into brusque English as he banged the stem of his wineglass on the damask. "No sense in raking that up again—just because I ask you a fair question—ask you to identify yourself in your new job."

"Yes, you're right, Billy Capper," she returned, speaking swiftly in German. "Not another word between us unless you obey my rule and talk this language. Why did you get that message through to me to meet you here in the Cafe Riche tonight if you did not trust me? Why did you have me carry your offer to headquarters and come here ready to talk business if it was only to hum and have about my identifying myself?"

"Louisa—Louisa, old pal; don't be hard on poor Billy Capper," he mumbled. "I'm down, girl—away down again. Since they kicked me out at Brussels I haven't had a shilling to bless myself with. Can't go back to England—you know that; the French won't have me and here I am, my dinner clothes my only stock in trade left and you even having to buy the wine."

"And what you know about the Brussels shop you want to sell to the Wilhelmstrasse?" the woman asked tensely. "Yes; if the Wilhelmstrasse is willing to buy for it," Capper answered, his lost cunning returning in a bound.

"I'm authorized to judge how much your information is worth," his companion declared, leveling a cold glance into Capper's eyes. "You can tell me what you know and depend on me to pay well or—we part it once."

"When the war comes—the day the war starts—French artillerymen will be behind the guns at Namur. The English—"

The high pitched nasal complaint came from a table a little to the right of the one where Woodhouse was sitting.

"There, there, mother! Now, don't go taking all the joy out of life just because you're seeing something that would make the minister back in Kansas roll his eyes in horror."

"Oh, I'll talk in German quick enough," the man assented, draining his thin half tumbler of glass down to the last fizzing residue in the stem.

"Well, I didn't know Albert Downs had a livery business which he couldn't well leave," he said, looking at the horse whisperer.

"Yes; I'm late. I could not come earlier," Salutation and answer were in German, fluently spoken on the part of each.

"You will not be followed?" Woodhouse asked, assisting her to sit. She laughed shortly.

"I have been thinking," Woodhouse continued gravely, "that a place hardly as public as this would have been better for our meeting. Perhaps—"

"The Wilhelmstrasse will give him a number and send him on this mission on my recommendation," he had that assurance before even he met the fellow tonight.

"Not at all, my dear Woodhouse," she caught him up, with a little pat on his hand. "His instructions will be only to report to So-and-so at Alexandria. He will not have the slightest notion what work he is to do there. You can slip in unsuspected by the English, and the trick will be turned."

"This," she answered quickly. "Captain Woodhouse—the real Woodhouse, you know—is to be transferred from his present post at Wady Halfa, on the Nile, to Gibraltar. Transfer is to be announced in the regular way within a week. As a member of the signal service he will have access to the signal tower on the rock when he takes his new post, and that, as you know, will be very important."

business it is to see that the real Woodhouse does not take the boat for Gibe. They expect a man from Berlin to come to them bearing a number from the Wilhelmstrasse—the man who is to impersonate Woodhouse and as such take his place in the garrison on the Rock. There are two others of the Wilhelmstrasse at Gibraltar already. They, too, are eagerly awaiting the arrival of 'Woodhouse' from Alexandria. Capper, with a flourish, will start from Berlin for Alexandria. You will."



"Capper will not arrive in Alexandria. You will."

"With a number—the number expected?" the man asked. "If you are clever en route—yes," she answered, with a smile. "Wine, remember, is Billy Capper's best friend—and worst enemy."

"The night of July 20. The scene is the table cluttered sidewalk before the Cafe Pytheas, where the Cours St. Louis flings its night tide of idlers into the broader stream of the Cannebiere, 'Marseilles' Broadway—the white street of the great Provençal port."

Around the news kiosk at the Cafe Pytheas corner a constant stream of edified men snatched papers from the pile, sprang them before their faces and hurried into their fellow pedestrians as they walked hurried in the ink columns. Now and again a half-nakedurchin came charging down the Cannebiere, waving champagne extras above their heads—"L'Allemande! La Guerre vient!" Up from the Quai marched a dozen sailors from a torpedo boat, arms lashed so that they almost spanned the Cannebiere.

Woodhouse gulched his pace on the opposite sidewalk. The street was one lined with warehouses, their closed shuttered windows the only eyes. Capper dropped his stick, laboriously halted and started to go back for it. "That instant the shadow against the walls detached itself and darted for the victim. Woodhouse leaped to the cobbles and gained Capper's side just as he dropped like a sack of rugs under a blow from the dock gang's fat fist.

"NURSING THE WOUNDED. It takes strength and courage to nurse the wounded. Every woman should make herself fit for war's call at home or abroad. Health and strength are within the reach of every woman. They are brought to you by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Take this medicine, and there's a safe and certain remedy for the chronic weaknesses, derangements, and diseases peculiar to women. It will build up, strengthen, and invigorate every 'run-down' or delicate woman. It assists the natural functions."

"At some period in her life, a woman requires a special tonic and restorative. If you're a tired or afflicted woman, turn to 'Favorite Prescription,' you will find it never fails to benefit. Sold in tablet or liquid form. Send Dr. Pierce, Free Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y. (See branch, Bridgeburg, Ont.) 10c for trial pkg. tablets. Toronto, Ont.—'I found 'Favorite Prescription' a splendid tonic for women. Some time ago I became all run-down, weak, nervous and could not eat or sleep. Had severe backache, pains in my right side. I took Favorite Prescription and it completely built me up in health and relieved me of all the annoying pains and aches.'—Mrs. Thomas Falls, Chgo.—'During middle age, I began to go down in health. I would become dizzy, black spots would appear before my eyes. I also suffered with severe pains in the back of my head and my back would ache continually. I was most miserable when I began taking Favorite Prescription, but by its use I came through this critical period in a good healthy condition. It is a splendid medicine for women at this time of life.'—Mrs. W. F. Turner, 187 Bridge St."

All he cared to do was to keep those thin shoulders always in sight. Each time the solicitous waiter renewed the bottle in the wine cooler Captain Woodhouse nodded grimly, as a doctor might when he recognized the symptoms of advancing fever in a patient.

So for two days, from Berlin across to Paris, and now on this third day, here in the Mediterranean port, Woodhouse had kept ever in sight those thin shoulders and that trembling hand beyond the constantly croaking elbow—not a pleasant task. He had come to loathe and abominate the very wrinkles in the back of that shiny coat. But a very necessary duty it was for Captain Woodhouse to shadow Mr. Billy Capper until the right moment should arrive. They had come down on the same express together from Paris. Woodhouse had observed Capper when he checked his baggage, a single shabby handbag, for La Vendee, the French line ship sailing with the dawn next morning for Alexandria and Port Said via Malta. Capper had squared his account at the Hotel Alceas de Melhan, for the most part a bill for a bath fringes, after dinner that night and was now enjoying the night life of Marseilles in anticipation, evidently of varying direct to the steamer with him as his farewell from France all of the bottled laughter of her peasant girls he could accommodate.

Woodhouse, who watched, noted only one peculiarity in Capper's conduct. The drinker nursed his stick, a plain, crooked handled mace, with a tenderness almost maternal. It never left his hands. Once when Capper dropped it and the waiter made to pick it up, Capper leaped to his feet and snatched the cane away with a growl. Thereafter he propped his chin on the handle, only removing this guard when he had to tip his head back for another draft of champagne.

Eleven o'clock came. Capper rose from the table and looked over his shoulder at him. Woodhouse quickly turned his back to the man and was absorbed in the passing stranger. When he looked back again Capper was slowly and a little unsteadily making his way around the corner into the Cannebiere. Woodhouse followed, sauntering. Capper began a dilatory exploration of the various cafes along the white street. His general course was toward the city's slums about the Quai. Woodhouse, dwelling about tree boxes and dodging into shadows by black door ways, found his quarry easy to trail, and he knew that each of Capper's sojourns in an oasis put a period to the length of the pursuit. The time for him to act drew appreciably nearer with every tipping of that restless elbow.

Midnight found them down in the reek and welter of the dives and sailors' frolic grounds. Now the trapper found his task more difficult, inasmuch as not only his quarry, but he himself, was marked by the wolves. Dances in smoke wreathed rooms slackened when Capper lurched in, found a seat and ordered a drink; dock rats drew aside and consulted in whispers. When Capper retreated from an evil dive on the very edge of the Quai, Woodhouse, waiting by the doors, saw that he was not the only shadow. Close against the dead walls flanking the narrow pavement a slinking figure twisted and writhed after the drunkard, now spread eagles all over the street.

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"Son of a pig! This is my meat; you clear out!" The humped black beetle of a man straddling the sprawling Capper whipped a knife from his girdle and faced Woodhouse. Quicker than light the captain's right arm shot out; a thud as of a maul on an empty wine butt and the Apache turned a half somersault, striking the cobbles with the back of his head. Woodhouse stooped, lifted the limp Capper from the street stones and staggered with him to the lighted avenue of the Cannebiere, a block away. He hailed a late cruising fiacre, propped Capper in the seat and took his place beside him. "To La Vendee, Quai de la Fraterite!" Woodhouse ordered.

"The driver, wise in the ways of the city, asked no questions, but clicked to his crowsfoot. Woodhouse turned to make a quick examination of the unconscious man by his side. He feared a stab wound. He found nothing but a nasty cut on the head, made by brass knuckles. With the wine helping, any sort of blow would have put Capper out, he reflected.

(Continued next Saturday.) Winter Touring. "For the eastern motorist relieved of considerations of distance and time, California offers everything that a winter touring ground should have," writes Alexander Johnston in the November issue of Motor. "A glorious climate, with a January average temperature for the southern portion of the state of 54, and sunshine practically every day during this time of the year, outdoor life in the golden state is the accepted condition of existence. In its high way system California has a potential for motorists from every section of the country. At the present time there are available nearly 15,000 miles of good roads, perhaps the best in the land, and the fact that these traverse a country that comprises some of the most magnificent scenery in the world, makes their attraction nearly irresistible. California, moreover, has the added attraction of romantic historic association, in its memories and relics of the far flung Spanish empire."

LOOK AT CHILD'S TONGUE IF SICK, CROSS, FEVERISH

Hurry, Mother! Remove Poisons From Little Stomach, Liver, Bowels. Give "California Syrup of Figs" at Once if Bilious or Constipated.



"Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, it is a sure sign that your little one's stomach, liver and bowels need a gentle, thorough cleansing at once. When peevish, cross, listless, pale, doesn't sleep, doesn't eat or act natural, or is feverish, stomach sour, irritable, or has stomach-ache, sore throat, diarrhoea, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of 'California Syrup of Figs,' and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of the little bowels without griping and you have a well, playful child again."

You needn't coax sick children to take this harmless 'fruit laxative'; they love its delicious taste, and it always makes them feel splendid. Ask your druggist for a bottle of 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Beware of counterfeiters sold here. To be sure you get the genuine, ask to see that it is made by 'California Syrup Company.' Refuse any other kind with contempt.

CAPTURE THE DYE RECIPES OF GERMANY

A Group in the British Textile Trade Make Most Important Discoveries.

London, Jan. 11.—A group of men in the British textile trade has captured the secret recipes of the greater German dye industry, according to the London Daily Mail, which discloses the item under large heads. The recipes, numbering 257, belonged to the great Badische works, and are now in the keeping of a London bank. The Mail says: "The capture of this important economic war against Germany, and will free the British textile industry and scores of other import industries from the bonds of Germany. It means that when the war is over Great Britain will be in a position to compete equally with German dyed goods in every market in the world."

In the course of a long story describing how the recipes were obtained in Switzerland, the Mail says that the merchants who captured them have refused tempting offers from capitalists and speculative elements have been barred carefully from the enterprise. The merchants intend to offer and sell the recipes to the British Government for the use of the Government dye works, permitting the bulk of the profit to go to the nation on the understanding that the dyes will be sold freely to all British manufacturers needing them.

K. Grigg, Renfrew has been deputized to investigate the statement that a number of citizens have two waters' supply of coal in their cellars, while hundreds have not a shovelful. Mrs. Samuel Simpson, who resides with her daughter, Mrs. Rich. Dowdall, Carlton Place, has been on the sick list the result of a stroke. Mrs. Simpson is over eighty years of age.

GIRLS! BEAUTIFY YOUR HAIR AND STOP DANDRUFF

Hair Becomes Charming, Wavy, Lustrous and Thick in Few Moments.

Every Bit of Dandruff Disappears and Hair Stops Coming Out. For a few cents you can save your hair. In less than ten minutes you can double its beauty. Your hair becomes light, wavy, fluffy, abundant and appears as soft, lustrous and charming as a young girl's after applying some Danderine. Also, try this—moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. This will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt or excessive oil, and in just a few moments you will doubt the beauty of your hair. A delightful surprise—those whose hair has been neglected or is scraggy, faded, dry, brittle or thin. Besides beautifying the hair, Danderine dissolves every particle of dandruff, cleanses, purifies and invigorates the scalp, forever stopping itching and falling hair, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair growing all over the scalp. If you care for pretty, soft hair, and lots of it, surely get a small bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter and just try it.