

ACUTE NERVOUS EXHAUSTION

All Treatments Proved Useless Until He Tried "FRUIT-A-LIVES".



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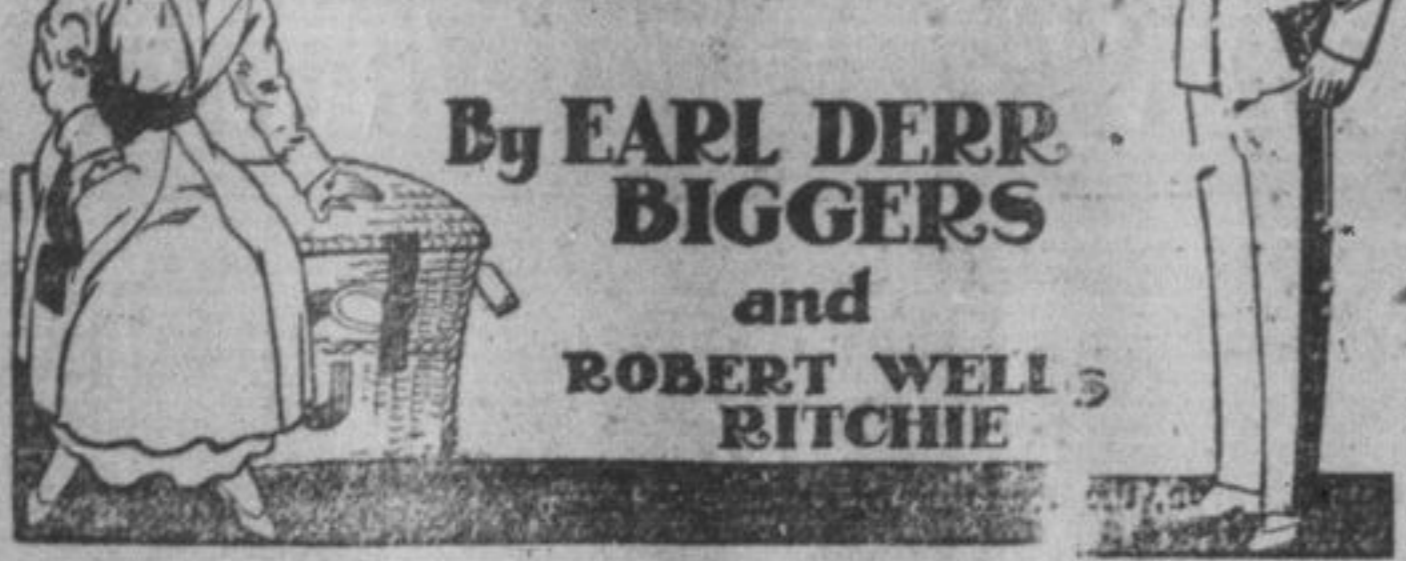
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Inside the Lines



By EARL DERR BIGGERS and ROBERT WELL BITCHIE

The front doors opened again, and the sergeant and guard who had earlier carried off Fritz, the barber, entered. Again gun butts thumped ominously. Jane looked over her shoulder at the khaki coated men and confided to the Sheremans: "I think that man's been following me ever since I landed from the ferry."

"Where are you going?" "From Paris by motor to the town across the bay, then over here on the ferry," the girl answered promptly. "What about it?" "Your name?" "Jane Gerson. Yes, yes, it sounds German. I know. But that's not my fault. I'm an American—a red-hot American, too, for the last two weeks."

"Indeed!" The sergeant permitted himself a fleeting smile. "From Paris by motor, eh? Your passports, please." "I haven't any," Jane retorted, with a shade of defiance. "They were taken from me in Spain, just over the French border, and were not returned."

"Plans of what?" the sergeant glared, shop and marched away with their regiments. You shall see every one of them. "Hurry, please! My time's limited!" the sergeant barked.

"I should think it would be, you're so charming," Jane flung back over her shoulder, and she raised the tops of the baskets. The other women pushed forward with subdued coo. The sergeant plunged his hand under a mass of colored tulle, groped for a minute and brought forth a long roll of heavy paper. With a fierce mien he began to unroll the bundle.

"Isn't it too bad this soldier person isn't married, so he could appreciate these beauties?" She flicked a mischievous eye his way. "Of course he can't be married or he'd recognize the plan of a gown. Clean hands there, Mr. Sergeant. If you're going to touch any of these beauties! Here, let me! Now look at that musquerade sleeve, the effect of the war—military, you know."

tion suddenly near tragedy. Under his fingers a delicate girle crackled suspiciously. "Here—your knife! Rip this open! There are papers of some sort hidden here." He started to pass the gown to one of his soldiers. Jane choked back a scream.

"No, no! That's crinoline, stupid! No papers!" She stretched forth her arms appealingly. The sergeant humped his shoulders and put out his hand to take the opened clasp knife. A plump, doll faced woman who possessed an afterglow of prettiness and a bustling, nervous manner, flounced through the doors at this juncture and burst suddenly into the midst of the group caught in the imminence of disaster.

"What's this, what's this?" She caught sight of the filmy creation draped from the sergeant's arm. "Oh, the beauty!" This in a whisper of admiration. "The last one made by Gerth," Jane was quick to explain, noting the sergeant's confusion in the presence of the stranger, "and this officer is going to rip it open in a search for concealed papers. He takes me for a spy."

"Where are you taking all these wonderful gowns?" "To New York. I'm buyer for Hildebrand's and"— "But, Lady Crandall, this young woman has no passport—nothing," the sergeant interposed. "My duty," "Bother your duty! Don't you know a Gerth gown when you see it? Now go away! I'll be responsible for this young woman from now on. Tell your commanding officer Lady Crandall has taken your duty out of your hands."

CHAPTER IX. An Unexpected Meeting. PURSU little man with an air of supreme importance—Henry Reynolds he was, United States consul at Gibraltar—was captivated in from the street when the gown chitter was at its noisiest. He threw his hands above his head in a mock attitude of submission before a highwayman.

"Well, it's this way," Reynolds began. "I've got so tired having all you people sitting on my doorstep I just had to make arrangements to ship you on the Saxonian in self defense. Saxonian's due here from Naples Thursday, day after tomorrow; sails for New York at dawn Friday morning. Lady Crandall here—and a better American never came out of the middle west—has agreed to go bond for your passage money. All your letters of credit and checks will be cashed by treasury agents before you leave the dock at New York, and you can settle with the steamship people right there. "No, no; don't thank me. There's the person responsible for your getting home." The consul waved toward the governor's lady, who blushed rosily under the tumultuous blessings showered on her. Reynolds ducked out the door to save his face. The Sheremans made their good nights and, with Kimball, started toward the stairs.

have an engagement, a regular American dinner with me at the government house. Remember!" "If you have hush—plain hush—and don't call it a rag-owl we'll eat you out of house and home," Sherman shouted as addendum to the others' thanks. "And you, my dear"—Lady Crandall beamed upon Jane—"you're coming right home with me to wait for the Saxonian's sailing. Oh, no; don't be too ready with your thanks. This is pure selfishness on my part. I want you to help plan my fall clothes. There, the secret's out. But with all those beautiful gowns surely Hildebrand will not object if you leave the pattern of one of them in an out of the way little place like this. Come on now; I'll not take no for an answer. We'll pack up all these beauties and have you off in no time."

Jane's thanks were ignored by the capable packer who smoothed and straightened the confections of silk and satin in the osier hampers. Lady Crandall summoned the porter to lift the precious freight to the back of her dogcart, waiting outside. Almer, per-



"Your silence—perhaps you will do me that favor."

turbed at the kidnapping of his guest, came from behind the desk. "You will go to your room now?" he queried anxiously. "Not going to take it," Jane answered. "Have an invitation from Lady Crandall to visit the statehouse, or whatever you call it." "But, pardon me, the room—it was rented, and I fear one night's lodging is due. Twenty shillings."

"Ah, no, lady," French paper—it is worthless to me. Only English gold, if the lady pleases." Almer's smile was leonine. "But it's all I've got. Just came from France, and"— "Then, though it gives me the greatest sorrow, I must hold your luggage until you have the money changed. Excuse me."

CHAPTER X. No. 1932. WOODHOUSE and Almer were alone in the moored reception room. The hour was late. Almer began sliding folding wooden shutters across the back of the street windows. Woodhouse lingered over the excuse of a final cigarette, knowing the moment of his rapprochement with his fellow Wilhelmstrasse spy was at hand. He was more distraught than he cared to admit even to himself. The day's developments had been startling—first the stunning encounter with Capper there on the very Rock that was to be the scene of his delicate operations—Capper, whom he had thought sunk in the oblivion of some Alexandrian wine-shop, but who had followed him on the Princess Mary. The fellow had deliberately cast himself into his notice, Woodhouse reflected. There had been menace and insolent hint of a power to harm in his sneering oburgation that Woodhouse should remember his name against a second meeting. "Capper—never heard the name in Alexandria, eh?" "What could be meant by that if not that somehow the little ferret had learned of his visit to the home of Dr. Koeh? And that meant—why, Capper in Gibraltar was as dangerous as a coiled cobra!"

Then the unexpected meeting with Jane Gerson, the little American he had mourned as lost in the fury of the war. Ah, that was a joy not unmixed with regret. What did she think of him? First, he had been forced coldly to deny the acquaintance that had meant much to him in moments of recollection; then he had attempted a lame explanation, which explained nothing and must have left her more mystified than before. In fact, he had frankly thrown himself on the mercy of a girl on whom he had not the shadow of claim beyond the poor equity of a chance friendship—an incident she might consider as merely one of a day's travel as far as he could know.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER. CONTAINS NO ALUM. It is a pure phosphate baking powder and is guaranteed by us to be the best and purest baking powder possible to produce. The perfect leavening qualities of "Magic" combined with its purity and wholesomeness make it the ideal baking powder. The ingredients are plainly printed on the label and our half century reputation should be sufficient guarantee of the high quality of these ingredients. E.W.GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED. WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

"I'm sure I shan't mention it again," the girl broke in shortly. "Perhaps since it means so little to you—your silence—perhaps you will do me that favor, Miss Gerson." "Certainly," Woodhouse could see that anger still tinged her speech. "May I go further and ask you to promise?" A shadow of annoyance creased her brow, but she nodded. "That is very good of you," he thanked her. "Shall you be long on the Rock?" "No longer than I have to. I'm sailing on the first boat for the States," she answered.

He had stood before her caught in a deceit, for on the occasion of that next of to be forgotten ride from Calais to Paris he had represented himself as hurrying back to Egypt, and here she found him still out of uniform and in a hotel in Gibraltar. Beyond all this, Jane Gerson was going to the governor's house as a guest. She, whom he had forced, ever so cavalierly, into a promise to keep secret her half knowledge of the double game he was playing, was going to be on the intimate ground of association with the one man in Gibraltar who by a crook of his finger could end suspicion by a firing squad. This breezy little baggage from New York carried his life balanced on the rosy tip of her tongue. She could be careless or she could be indifferent. In either case it would be bandaged eyes and the click of shells going home for him.

KING OF SHYLOCKS DEAD. End of Daniel Tolman, Formerly Operating in Canada. Montclair, N. J., Feb. 15.—Daniel H. Tolman, known throughout the country a few years ago as "king of the Shylocks," died at his home here yesterday at the age of 68. He was reputed to have accumulated a large fortune by making small loans to persons in need from whom the exacted exorbitant interest. His operations resulted in widespread agitation against "loan sharks." Tolman was arrested in New York City in 1913 for usury. He was convicted and sentenced to serve six months in prison. He made every effort to have the verdict reversed, but was unsuccessful, and finally appealed to Governor Glynn for a pardon, offering in return to cancel \$500,000 of outstanding loans. The appeal was granted and Tolman served the sentence. Tolman's unscrupulous operations got him in trouble with the Canadian authorities some year ago. Many returned soldiers who have reached an Atlantic port will work on farms, and more are coming shortly. Great Britain will cease to recruit Russian Jews within her domains.

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