

SPECIALIST SAID HE MUST OPERATE

She Took "FRUIT-A-LIVES" Instead, And Is Now in Perfect Health.



MME. F. GAREAU

123 Papineau Ave., Montreal. For three years, I suffered great pain in the lower part of my body, with swelling or bloating. I saw a specialist, who carefully examined me and gave me several tonics to take, which did not help me. Then he told me I must undergo an operation. This, I refused to permit.

I heard about "Fruit-a-lives" and the wonderful results it was giving because this medicine is made from fruit juices, so decided to try it.

The first box gave great relief; and I continued the treatment, taking six boxes more. Now, my health is excellent—I am free of pain and swelling—and I give "Fruit-a-lives" my warmest thanks."

MME. F. GAREAU

50c. a box, 3 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

HELLO, How about trying the new garage of Robinson and Wiltshire.

All kinds of cars repaired promptly, vulcanizing, etc. We sell gasoline, oil, tires, and accessories. Second-hand cars for sale.

239 1/2 Bagot Street Phone 242.

Your Liver

has important work to do. Under favorable conditions it does it well. If sluggish, relieve it with

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World. Sold everywhere in boxes, 25c.

National Breweries

Manufacturers of the Famous

Dow's and Dawes

LIGHT ALE & PORTER

Order a Case from

The Thompson Bottling Co.

Sole Agents For Kingston District, Tel. 294, 292 Princess St.



Engine Room Artificers wanted for the CANADIAN NAVAL SERVICE

Age limit 35-50. Applicants must hold Marine Engineers Certificate or have had experience afloat or ashore. Pay \$1.75 to \$2.75 per day—free food and kit and \$25.00 monthly separation under usual conditions. Vacancies also for

Stokers

Must have experience either afloat or ashore. Pay \$1.00 to \$1.25, and \$25.00 monthly separation under usual conditions. Free kits, free messing.

Qualified men cannot find a better way to serve their country during the war. Apply

Naval Recruiting Officer, 103 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont.

Or Naval Recruiting Secretary, 279 Wellington St. Ottawa.

The Spoilers.

By REX E. BEACH.

Copyright, 1905, by Rex E. Beach.

CHAPTER II.

SHE awoke to the throbbing of the engines and, gazing cautiously through her stateroom window, saw a glassy, level sea, with the sun brightly aglow on it.

So this was Berling? She had clothed it always with the mystery of her school days, thinking of it as a weeping, fog-bound stretch of gray waters. Instead she saw a fat, stultic man, with occasional sea parrots flapping their fat bodies out of the ship's course. A glistening head popped up from the waters abreast, and she heard the cry of "Seal!"

Dressing, the girl noted minutely the personal articles scattered about the cabin, striving to derive therefrom some fresh hint of the characteristics of the owners. First, there was an elaborate copper backed toilet set, all richly ornamented and leather bound. The metal was magnificently hand marked and bore Glenister's initial. It spoke of elegant extravagance and seemed oddly out of place in an arctic mine's equipment, as did also a small set of De Moutassant.

Next she picked up Kipling's "Seven Seas," marked liberally, and felt that she had struck a scent. The roughness and brutality of the poems had always chilled her, though she had felt vaguely their splendid pulse and swing. This was the girl's first venture from a sheltered life. She had not rubbed elbows with the world enough to find that truth may be rough, unshaven and garbed in homespun. The book confirmed her analysis of the junior partner.

Pendent from a hook was a worn and blackened holster from which peeped the butt of a large Colt's revolver, showing evidence of many years' service. It spoke mutely of the white haired Dextery, who, before her inspection was over, knocked at the door, and, when she admitted him, addressed her cautiously.

"The boy's down forrad, teasin' grub, out of a flunky. He'll be up in a minute. How'd ye sleep?" "Very well, thank you," she lied. "but I've been thinking that I ought to explain myself to you."

"Now, see here," the old man interjected, "there ain't no explanations needed till you feel like givin' them up. You was in trouble—that's unfortunate. No questions asked—thats Alaska."

"Yes, but I know you must think—"

"What bothers me," the other continued irrelevantly, "is how in blazes we're goin' to keep you hid. The steward's got to make up this room, and somebody's bound to see us packin' grub in."

"Don't care who knows if they won't send me back. They wouldn't do that, would they?" She hung anxiously on his words.

"Send you back? Why, don't you savvy that this boat is bound for Nome? There ain't no turnin' back on gold stampedes, and this is the wildest rush the world ever saw. The captain wouldn't turn back. He couldn't. His cargo's too precious, and the company pays \$5,000 a day for this ship. No, we ain't puttin' back to unload no stowaways at five thousand per. Besides, we passengers wouldn't let him—thats too precious."

They were interrupted by the rattle of dishes outside, and Dextery was about to open the door when his hand wavered uncertainly above the knob, for he heard the hearty greeting of the ship's captain.

"Well, well, Glenister, where's all the breakfast going?" "Oh," whispered the old man, "that's Cap Stephens."

"Dextery isn't feeling quite up to form this morning," replied Glenister. "Send you back? Why, don't you savvy that this boat is bound for Nome? There ain't no turnin' back on gold stampedes, and this is the wildest rush the world ever saw. The captain wouldn't turn back. He couldn't. His cargo's too precious, and the company pays \$5,000 a day for this ship. No, we ain't puttin' back to unload no stowaways at five thousand per. Besides, we passengers wouldn't let him—thats too precious."

is the lady we brought aboard last night—that's all."

"Who gave you permission?" "Nobody. There wasn't time."

"There wasn't time, eh? Which one of you conceived the novel scheme of stowing away ladies in your cabin? Whose is she? Quick! Answer me."

"Oh!" the girl cried, her eyes widening darkly. She stood slim and pale and slightly trembling.

His words had cut her bitterly, though through it all he had scrupulously avoided addressing her.

The captain turned to Glenister, who had entered and closed the door.

"Is this your work? Is she yours?" "No," he answered quietly, while Dextery chimed in:

"Better hear details, captain, before you make breaks like that. We helped the lady step some sailors last night, and we most got left doing it. It was up to her to make a quick getaway, so we helped her aboard."

"A poor story!" What was she running away from? He still addressed the men, ignoring her completely till, with horse voice, she broke in:

"You mustn't talk about me that way. I can answer your questions. It's true—I ran away. I had to. The sailors came after me and fought with these men. I had to get away quickly, and your friends helped me on here from gentlemanly kindness, because they saw me unprotected. They are still protecting me. I can't explain how important it is for me to reach Nome on the first boat, because it isn't my secret. It was important enough to make me leave my uncle at Seattle at an hour's notice when we found there was no one else who could go."

That's all I can say. I took my maid with me, but the sailors caught her just as she was following me down the ship's ladder. She had my bag of clothes when they seized her. I cast off the rope and rowed ashore as fast as I could, but they lowered another boat and followed me."

The captain eyed her sharply, and his grim lines softened a bit, for she was clean cut and womanly and utterly out of place. He took her in shrewdly, detail by detail, then spoke directly to her.

"My dear young lady, the other ships will get there just as quickly as ours, maybe more quickly. Tomorrow we strike the ice pack, and then it is all a matter of luck."

"Yes, but the ship I left won't get there."

At this the commander started and, darting a great, thick fingered hand at her, spoke savagely:

There would be violence, perhaps mutiny. The fear of the sickness was nothing to Dextery and Glenister, but of their mine they thought with terror. What would happen in their absence, where conditions were so unsettled as in this new land, where titles were held only by physical possession of the premises? During the long winter of their absence ice had held their trousers inviolate, but with the warm summer the jewel they had fought for so wearily would be naked and exposed to the first comer. The Midas lay in the valley of the richest creek, where men had schemed and fought and slain for the right to touch. It was the fruit of cheerless, barren years of toil, and if they could not guard it they knew the result.

The girl interrupted their distressing reflections.

"Don't blame these men, sir," she begged the captain. "I am the only one at fault. Oh, I had to get away! I have papers here that must be delivered quickly." She laid a hand upon her bosom. "They couldn't be trusted to the unsettled mail service. It's almost life and death. And I assure you there is no need of putting me in quarantine. I haven't the smallpox. I wasn't even exposed to it."

"There's nothing else to do," said Stephens. "I'll isolate you in the deck smoking cabin. God knows what these mudsuckers on board will do when they hear about it, though. They're apt to tear you to shreds. They're crazy! Glenister had been thinking rapidly.

"If you do that, you'll have mutiny in an hour. This isn't the crowd to stand that sort of thing."

"Bah! Let 'em try it. I'll put 'em down." The officer's square jaws clicked.

"Maybe so; but what then? We reach Nome and the health inspector bears of smallpox suspects, then we're quarantined for thirty days; 300 of us. We'll lie at Egg Island all summer while your company pays five dollars a day for this ship. That's not all. The firm is liable in damages for our carelessness in letting disease aboard."

"My carelessness!" The old man ground his teeth. "Yes; that's what it amounts to. You'll ruin your owners, all right. You'll tie up your ship and lose your job, that's a cinch!"

One More Added To The Great Army

WHO ARE SHOUTING THE PRAISES OF DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. Saskatchewan Man's Kidney Trouble Developed Into Diabetes—Story of His Complete Cure.

Strong Pine, Sask., June 7.—(Special.)—Sore back, which developed into diabetes, has made life a burden to Maxim J. Capusten, a farmer of this place. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him, and he is added to that great army of Canadians who glory in telling their neighbors that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the one sure remedy for all kidney ills.

"For nearly five years I suffered from sore back and headache," Mr. Capusten says, in giving his experience. "I had a bad taste in my mouth in the mornings, and I was always tired. My muscles would cramp, and I was nervous, and the least exertion would make me perspire freely. At last diabetes developed.

"I finally came to the conclusion that my kidneys were the cause of my trouble, and decided to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I got half a dozen boxes, and before I had finished taking them I was completely cured."

"I advise anyone suffering as I did to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. All Mr. Capusten's troubles came from diseased kidneys. They speedily ceased when he commenced to use the one sure help for diseased kidneys—Dodd's Kidney Pills."

"Set there, don't you, an' watch me eat real grub, which I proceeded to do, cleanin' the menu from soda to hock. When I have done my worst, I pile bones an' olive seeds an' peelin's all over them articles of nourishment, stick toothpicks into 'em, an' havin' offered 'em what other indulgences occur to me, I leave the place."

Dextery and the girl were leaning over the stern rail, chatting idly in the darkness. It was the second night out, and the ship lay dead in the ice pack. All about there was a fat, ice clogged sea, leprous and mottled in the deep twilight that midnight brought in this latitude. They had threaded into the ice field as long as the light lasted, following the lanes of blue water till they closed, then drifting idly till others appeared; working out into leagues of open sea, again creeping into the shifting labyrinth till darkness rendered progress perilous.

(Continued Next Saturday.)

Captain Stephens wiped the moisture from his brow angrily.

"My carelessness! Curse you—you say it well! Don't you realize that I am criminally liable if I don't take every precaution?" He paused for a moment, considering. "I'll hand her over to the ship's doctor."

"See here, now," Glenister urged. "We'll be in Nome in a week—before the young lady would have time to show symptoms of the disease, even if she were going to have it—and a thousand to one she hasn't been exposed and will never show a trace of it. Nobody knows she's aboard but we three. Nobody will see her get off. She'll stay in this cabin, which will be just as effectual as though you isolated her in any other part of the boat. It will avoid a panic—you'll save your ship and your company—nobody will be the wiser—then if the girl comes down with smallpox after she gets ashore she can go to the pesthouse and not jeopardize the health of all the people aboard this ship. You go up forrad to your bride, sir, and forget that you stepped in to see old Bill Dextery this morning. We'll take care of this matter all right. It means as much to us as it does to you. We've got to be on Anvil creek before the ground thaws or we'll lose the Midas. If you make a fuss you'll ruin us all."

For some moments they watched him breathlessly as he frowned in indecision, then:

"You'll have to look out for the steward," he said, and the girl sank to a stool while two sailors rolled down her cheeks. The captain's eyes softened, and his voice was gentle as he laid his hand on her head.

"Don't feel hurt over what I said, miss. You see, appearances don't tell much hereabouts—most of the pretty ones are no good. They've fooled me many a time, and I made a mistake. These men will help you through. I can't. Then when you get to Nome, make your sweetheart marry you the day you land. You are two far north to be alone."

He stepped out into the passage and closed the door carefully.

CHAPTER III. WELL, be' as me an' Glenister is gonin' into the bowels of Anvil creek all last summer, we don't really get the fresh grub habit fastened on us none. You see, the gamblers downtown cop out the few aigs an' green vegetables that stray off the ships, so they never get out as far as the creek none, except maybe in the shape of an order.

"We don't get intimate with no nutriments except hog bosom an' brown beans, of which luxuries we have unstarved measure, an' beef's as this is our third year in the country, we hanker for bonny grub somethin' scandalous. Yes, ma'am, three years without a taste of fresh fruit nor meat nor nuttin' except pork an' beans. Why, I've eat bacon till my immortal soul has grown a rind."

"When it comes time to close down the claim, the boy is sick with the fever, an' the only ship in port is a Point Barrow whaler, bound for Seattle. After I book our passage I find they have nothin' aboard to eat except canned salmon. It bein' the end of a two years' cruise, so when I land in the States after seventeen days of a fish diet I am what you might call sated with canned grub and have added salmon to the list of things concernin' which I am goin' to economize."

"Soon'er ever I get the boy into a hospital I gallop up to the best restaurant in town an' prepare for the huge potlatch. This here, I determine, is to be a gormandisin' jag which shall live in history an' wharf in later years the natives of Puget sound shall speak with bated breath."

"First I call for \$5 worth of pork an' beans an' then a full grown platter of canned salmon. When the waiter lays 'em out in front of me, I lock them vitties coldly in their disgustin' visages an' say in sarcastic accents:

"Set there, don't you, an' watch me eat real grub, which I proceeded to do, cleanin' the menu from soda to hock. When I have done my worst, I pile bones an' olive seeds an' peelin's all over them articles of nourishment, stick toothpicks into 'em, an' havin' offered 'em what other indulgences occur to me, I leave the place."

Dextery and the girl were leaning over the stern rail, chatting idly in the darkness. It was the second night out, and the ship lay dead in the ice pack. All about there was a fat, ice clogged sea, leprous and mottled in the deep twilight that midnight brought in this latitude. They had threaded into the ice field as long as the light lasted, following the lanes of blue water till they closed, then drifting idly till others appeared; working out into leagues of open sea, again creeping into the shifting labyrinth till darkness rendered progress perilous.

(Continued Next Saturday.)

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

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

Made in Canada Baker's Cocoa Pure Rich Delicious Wholesome

A leading authority on cocoa says: "In order to have the cacao products most useful and to have the protein best appropriated, you must not take out too much fat. Hence, in my view, Baker's Cocoa (from which only the excess of oil is extracted) is an ideal food." Its Use Saves Other Foods TRADE-MARK ON EVERY PACKAGE Book of Choice Recipes sent Free. WALTER BAKER & Co. Limited Established 1780 DORCHESTER, MASS. MONTREAL, CAN.

FREE TO BOYS AND GIRLS This Lovely Pony or \$100.00 Cash Can You Solve This Great War Puzzle? WHO WANTS ME? THE PRIZES 1st Prize \$100.00 Cash 2nd Prize \$50.00 Cash 3rd Prize \$15.00 Cash 4th " 10.00 " 5th " 5.00 " 6th " 2.00 " 7th " 2.00 " 8th " 2.00 " 9th " 2.00 " 10th " 2.00 " 25 Extra Cash Prizes of \$1.00 each GET your pencil and paper right now. Try to solve this puzzle and when you think you have solved it, write them out as neatly as you can and send them to us. We will really thank you very much if you solve this puzzle and send your name and address in the upper right hand corner. If you want to write anything besides your answer to the puzzle to go with your answer, write it on a separate slip of paper. We will award prizes to the boys and girls whose answers are correct and best written. Wrong spelling and punctuation will also count. What Other Have Done You Can Do Here are the names of only a few of the boys and girls to whom we have recently awarded big prizes. SHEDDEN, Peter and Carl, Helen Queen, Edmondson, Sheldahl, Percy—Walton, Hanson, Hammon, Hans. 320 W. 2nd St., Minneapolis, Minn., Oct. 10, 1917. Helen, Bernice, Jennie, Alta, 552 1/2 W. 2nd St., St. Paul, Minn., Oct. 10, 1917. We will send you the names of every other boy or girl who has solved this puzzle.

Returned Soldier Hurt. Belleville, June 8.—Pte. George Doby, who was a few weeks ago invalided home, has met with a distressing accident. He had decided to re-enlist, and was about to go to Brockville, when, in boarding a moving train at the C.N.R. station, he slipped and fell, with the result that a wheel of the train passed over the left foot, smashing it in a terrible manner. Doby was taken to the hospital, where it was found necessary to amputate the foot just above the ankle. He was severely wounded while on active service in France.