AGONIZING RHEUMATISM

OF 5 YEARS STANDING COMPLETELY RELIEVED BY "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

MR. JAMES DOBSON

"Be good enough to publish for the information of Rheumatism sufferers how "Fruit-a-tives" relieved my Rheumatism which had at least five years' standing. "The trouble was in my right hip and shoulder; the pain almost unendurable. This kept up until I started to take "Fruit-a-tives". After a continuous treatment for about six months, I am now in first-class condition. This, I attribute to my persistent use of Fruit-a-tives."

The above is the letter which Mr. James Dobson of Bronte, Ont., wrote after trying the wonderful Fruit Treatment — "Fruit-a-tives" — which consists of intensified fruit juices combined with tonics. If you suffer with Rheumatism, "Fruit-a-tives" will make you well and keep you well. 25c. and 50c. at dealers.

CLEARING AWAY THE SNOW.

Portland, March 4.—The snow storm left the roads in a very bad state for driving. Everyone was out shovelling to clear the way. Joseph Lyons, on the sick list, is improving. He is able to be down stairs. Mrs. Pamater, Syracuse, N.Y., returned home on Monday.

Mrs. Jennie Harte, Alberta, who is visiting her brothers here, was calling on friends in Portland last week. Miss Hattie Doneban, who spent a couple of days in Brockville, has returned home. Mrs. A. Gallagher, who has been visiting friends in Ottawa and Smith's Falls, has returned home. George Byongton who has been on the sick list is able to be out and around.

BIG PLAN BOOK

Handsomely illustrated with plans of moderate priced homes designed by Canadian Architects. MacLean Builders' Guide will help you to decide on the type of home, exterior finish, materials, interior arrangement and decoration. Send 20c. for a copy. Questions answered. MacLean Building Reports, Ltd., 331 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

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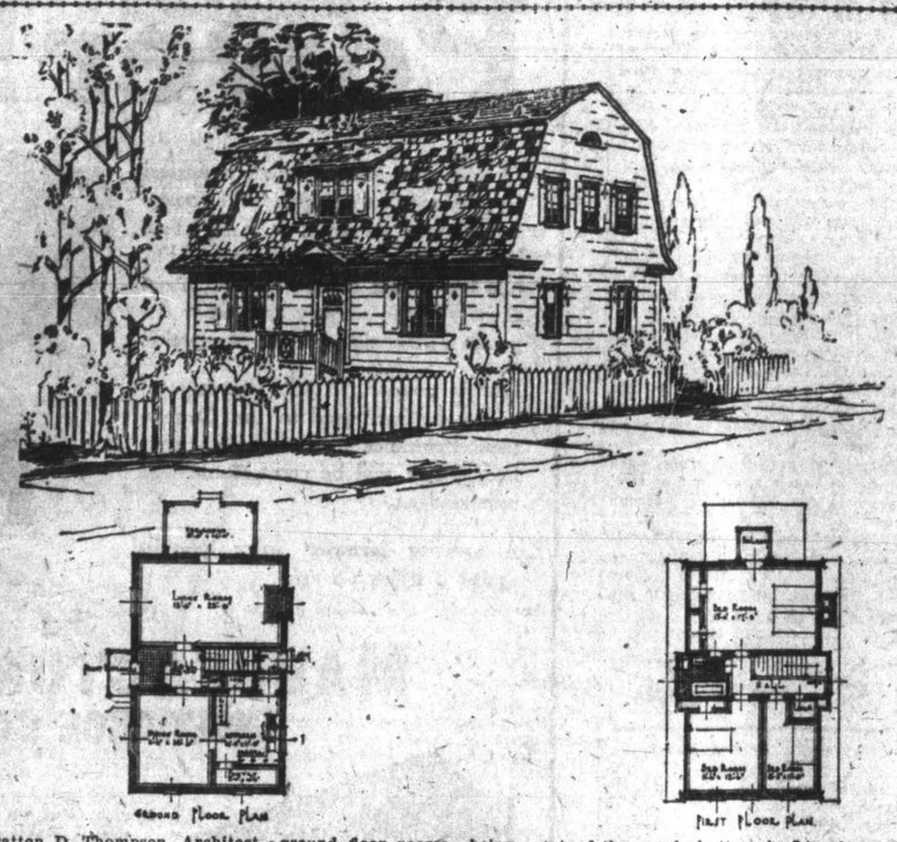
A WELL-PLANNED COLONIAL HOUSE



By Gratton D. Thompson, Architect.

The illustrations show a compact and, at the same time, thoughtfully planned house,—the living-room and dining-room well lighted and with floor and wall space quite sufficient for furniture and pictures for rooms of such sizes. Kitchen with its service entrances to the dining-room and basement and side entrances well arranged—a very important factor. The bedrooms each entered directly from the hall and provided with cupboard accommodation. The direct connection between the main bedroom and bathroom as well as from the hall should be noted.

No waste hall space—just floor area sufficient for service to the various rooms. The vestibule is tiled with six inch Dutch tile and the bathroom dado and floors of same material in delft blue and white. Birch floors are laid throughout, those in the ground floor rooms being stained walnut color. Walls of rooms and halls throughout are finished in sand stucco for water color finish, the plastering being applied direct to composition board plaster base, instead of the ordinary wood lath.

The mantels, doors and trim, of simple Colonial design are of pine for paint finish. Heating is with hot water, the radiators being placed under the windows, and plumbing with all standard fixtures, built in. Storage for house use, as well as a properly fitted up laundry, is provided in the basement, together with coal storage and boiler-room.

The exterior shows a homelike, yet dignified design—the entrance sufficiently marked with a hooded doorway, the door itself being partly glazed and with simple panelling.

The walls—finished with clapboarding over composition board—have been painted a deep cream, and the wood shutters in Lincoln green. The windows throughout are casement, the sash being subdivided into small lights—giving a proper scale to the general design. Roofing material is slate surface multi-colored shingles, giving a very pleasing help to the general color scheme.

This home could be built on a lot with fifty feet frontage, with a depth of not less than one hundred and ten feet; more ground than this, of course, would add very much to the possibilities for a well planned garden, with tennis court, flower and truck gardens and drying area and garage yard.

Readers desiring further information regarding the plans and specifications of this house should communicate with the architect direct Address Mr. Gratton D. Thompson, 65 McGill College Avenue, Montreal, Que. Copyright 1926, MacLean Building Reports Limited.

THE YELLOW STUB

GREAT NEW MYSTERY SERIAL

By Ernest Lynn

Henry Rand, 55, a business man, is found murdered in a cheap hotel in Grafton. Police find a woman's handkerchief and the stub of a yellow theatre ticket.

Janet Rand, his daughter, breaks her engagement with Barry Colvin, because of the "disgrace." Jimmy Rand, his son, goes to Chicago, where the theatre is. The stub is traced to Thomas Fogarty, a political boss, who says he gave it to Olga Maynard, a cabaret singer.

Jimmy meets and falls in love with Mary Lowell. Later he encounters Olga. She faints at hearing police want her for murder. Mary, out with Samuel Church, a wealthy lawyer, sees Jimmy lift Olga into a taxi and misunderstands.

Olga tells ponce the stub might have come into possession of a man who "picked her up" two nights before the murder. Jimmy receives mysterious warnings to leave Chicago and later is attacked at night by two men, but escapes.

With Jimmy and Mary estrangled, Church gets Mary's promise to marry him. Mary tells Jimmy this when they meet and he, trying to hurt her, accuses her of marrying for money.

That evening Jimmy and Olga see, in an auto, a man they both recognize—she as the man who got the stub, he as one of his attackers. The man and his companion escape. Later they recognize his police picture as that of Ike Jensen.

Church, out driving with Mary, runs over a dog. His heartlessness kindles hatred in her and she breaks their engagement. The next day he attempts a reconciliation at her office but fails. On the street he encounters Jimmy, who offers his hand in congratulation. Church snarls and turns away.

Chapter XXXIV.

Jimmy took the ring from Barry's hand and examined.

"You say it belonged to dad?" He frowned.

"Janet gave it to me to show you. She ran across it when she went through some papers he had in the safety deposit vault in the bank."

Jimmy frowned. "Just a plain signet ring. I guess it was dad's, all right. Here are his initials, H. R. But I never saw it before, Barry. He never wore it."

"There's something on the inside, Jim. Maybe that's why."

Jimmy shot him a peculiar look then examined the ring again.

His face went very white. "From Marie to Harry," he said slowly, reading the inscription inside the ring, "September 25th, 1898. September 25th was my father's birthday, Barry."

He glanced up at Barry. "What did Janet say? Does mother know about it?"

"Janet said your mother knew nothing about it. You see, Jim, the ring was given to your dad after his marriage. That's why Janet didn't want your mother to know."

"Barry, you once asked me if there could have been another woman in dad's life."

"I'm sorry, Jim." Barry reddened.

"There was. I know who this Marie was. Her name was Marie Real. I've just heard about her. It was a boyhood romance. Listen."

He sank down on the bed and, with the ring in his hand, he told Barry Colvin the whole story, just as O'Day had told it to him. . . .

"What a pity!" commented Barry when Jimmy was through. "And so they did see each other again, after all—this Marie Real and your father."

"We can only guess. The ring would make it appear so. . . Barry, did you ever hear of a concert or stage singer named Marie Real? It would have to be some time back, for she'd be nearly fifty-five years old now."

Barry shook his head.

"Of course," Jimmy went on, "we don't know whether they met accidentally years after they had both left Durbin, or whether they were in communication with each other all along."

"Probably the first, Jim. You see, your dad married someone else."

"Oh well, they both might have decided they made a mistake."

Barry shrugged. "I confess it's got me guessing. . . Do you think it's linked up in any way with the murder?"

Jimmy threw up his hands in a despairing gesture. "Lord knows. . . I can't see how."

"But if this Marie Real is still living, and we can find her, it might help."

"I'll turn the ring over to Detective Mooney, Barry. Maybe he can do something."

"Of course, she might have had another name, a professional name. It might be possible to trace her through some of the theatrical booking houses and other agencies in New York."

Jimmy was pacing the floor. He stopped. "Is that why you came here, Barry? To show me this ring?"

"Not entirely. I've got some business here. . . And there's another reason, Jim. Janet wants you to come home. There was another letter."

"You mean—"

"Another one of those unsigned warnings. It's got her pretty scared."

"What did this one say? Did you bring it?"

"No; I gave it to Mooney. It simply said there wouldn't be any more warnings—that you had had your last chance."

"Good! I'm glad there won't be any more." Jimmy laughed, but a trifle nervously.

"Jim, it's got you worried. I'm worried myself."

"Well, to be truthful with you, it's not exactly a pleasant sensation to know I'm being watched like this. . . . Oh well! . . . By the way, I saw the man that Olga Maynard went out with that night—the man she said might have got the stub and the handkerchief. He was one of the men who tried to waylay me that night that I wrote you about."

He told Barry the details.

"It might be," Barry said, "that this Ike Jensen is the one who is writing the notes."

"Or somebody he knows," supplemented Jimmy. "There's more than one man mixed up in this. Jensen, if he's still in town, isn't taking any chances being seen mailing letters. He's lying low, Barry—for two reasons. In the first place, there was that mixup with me. And then he saw Olga with me and saw Olga recognize him. Lord knows what he thought when he saw us together, but he must have a suspicion that she's told me about the handkerchief.

"I don't think he knows anything about the ticket stub, Barry. I think that fell out of his pocket and he didn't see it. At any rate, it's sufficient to make him hide. . . . I'll bet he's worried sick, wondering how much know."

"Yes, and how you came to know Olga Maynard."

"What does Mooney think about it? About those letters I've been getting?"

"Well, Mooney, of course, thought he was going to find this H. A. Jones person in Grafton. But he's pretty sure, he says, that these threats against you are all mixed up in some way with the murder. He thinks you ought to leave town, and go home. Says if you don't he's going to frame some kind of charge against you and come after you with a warrant. He's worried about you."

Jimmy laughed. "Mooney's a man of direct action—and of originality. No, Barry, I'm not going home until the puzzle is unraveled. . . . You see, as long as I stay here I seem to be a source of irritation to someone who evidently knows a lot about the murder. If I go home, they may never find him. But if I stay the chances are this person will get a little overanxious and make a slip. Then we'll get him."

"If you insist on staying," remarked Barry drily, "someone's likely to use you for target practice. Or perhaps a knife between the ribs." He went through the pantomime of a dagger thrust.

"That's a little far-fetched, Barry."

"No it isn't; not by a long shot," the other persisted doggedly. "If you won't come home, then I'm going to stay here a while and be your bodyguard."

"How long shall you be in town?"

"Oh, a few days. Then I'll have to run back to Grafton for a day. Then I'm coming back here and inflict myself on you. Unless, of course, you listen to reason."

"Good. Make yourself at home. You can share this room with me. If you like, I'll have Mrs. King put in twin beds."

"It's not necessary, as far as I'm concerned."

"Nor for me. The old army took a lot of finicky notions out of our heads, didn't it? By the way, while you're here I want you to meet this Olga Maynard. Maybe after you see her you'll agree with me that she's all right now."

Barry was silent.

"Old doubting Thomas, eh?" Jimmy laughed. . . .

"Give me a cigarette, Barry," Jimmy said a few minutes later. He shivered. "Lord, I'm as nervous as an old woman."

"I should think you would be," said Barry, lighting the cigarette for him. "A sensible person would clear out and go home."

"It's this feeling of being constantly watched, Barry. It's not the threats. I think they are a schoolboy trick. . . . But to be haunted by the feeling that every move of mine is known to this—this someone, whoever it is."

He clasped and unclasped his hands nervously. "If only he would come out in the open. . . . Barry, have you ever read about any of these vendetta murders?" He forced a smile. "I feel as I imagine a man who has been marked as a vendetta victim must feel. . . . Not exactly you understand. . . . It isn't fear actually—"

"It's a plain case of nerves, Jim." Barry laid his hand on the other's shoulder. "Come home and take a rest, before you go to pieces. Maybe that's just what these people are trying to do—make you a nervous wreck."

"Oh, probably I exaggerate my feelings. It's not that bad. I get presentiments, you know. . . . The night I was followed home and I had that mixup with Jensen, something kept telling me that I was being followed. . . . And tonight—"

He paused. "—tonight, on the short walk from the street car here, I kept imagining the same thing."

"Oh, Jim, go to bed. You need sleep, that's all."

"I suppose so. No reason to think anybody was following me to-night. There's a policeman detailed to do nothing but patrol this block since that other night."

Barry yawned. "I'm ready for the hay myself." He got to his feet and stretched. "By the way, Jim, are you a polar bear or something?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, when I came in the room, the window was open. It was cold as the devil. It's raw outside."

"That's funny." Jimmy stroked his chin thoughtfully. "It wasn't open when I left. Maybe Mrs. King came in to clean and wanted to air the room. Unusual, though, for her to clean at night."

He laughed. "Maybe it's spooks, Barry. Better—"

His voice was drowned out in the sudden sharp roar of sound that followed—a crashing pistol shot, and then the tinkling of breaking glass. The bullet sang past Jimmy's head and buried itself in the wall over the head of the bed.

Jimmy dropped to the floor. "My God!" gasped Barry, "are you hit, Jim?"

"No. Get down, that's all. Quick! Get down on the floor."

But there was no need. The sound of scuffling feet came from the porch, onto which the window opened. There was dead silence for a space, and then the two of them, white of face and stunned, ran to the window together and looked out into the night.

(To Be Continued).

Hair Dry, Brittle from Constant Waving, Curling

The constant curling and waving demanded by present styles in bobbed hair, slowly burns the color, lustre and very life from the hair, leaving it dry, faded, brittle, and full of dandruff; then the hair roots shrink and the hair falls out fast.

Since girls just must curl and wave the hair to appear their prettiest, try "Danderine" to offset any bad effects. After the first application your hair will take on new life and that healthy, youthful lustre, become incomparably soft, wavy and appear twice as thick and abundant. Falling hair stops and dandruff disappears.

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Pittsburg cheque protector salesman was arrested on charges of passing bad cheques.

Premier Pangalos, of Greece, seeks to co-operate with Italy in the Eastern Mediterranean.

Air mail service across the Baltic between Sweden and Finland will be started at once.

Owing to great depth of snow in Northern New York State schools were closed.

Italian Cabinet approved appropriation of $4,020,000 to build houses for the poor.

Dyspepsia Caused Her Agony After Every Meal

Mrs. M. Caldwell, 2335 Hemlock St., Vancouver, B.C., writes:—"After suffering for years with agony, from dyspepsia and indigestion, after every meal, I started taking

Burdock Blood Bitters

and got such relief I kept right on until I had used three bottles and was completely relieved of my trouble. Now, I can eat anything I wish without having any bad after effects."

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ROADS IN BAD SHAPE.

Teaming is Quite Impossible About Philipsville.

Philipsville, March 4.—The Ladies' Auxiliary, which was to be held at Mrs. William Tackaberry's, on Wednesday afternoon, was postponed until Friday afternoon owing to disagreeable weather. A wee son has arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ward Lawson. Marley Willows was in Ottawa recently. Miss Julia Myers, R.N., is on professional duty at Elgin. Mrs. Frederick Atcheson was a guest at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Roderick Stevens, on Wednesday.

Teaming is at a standstill at present following the heavy snowstorms which left the roads in almost impassable condition. Miss Ina Elliott is visiting her aunt on the Hearts gravel road. Measles are quite prevalent in the locality. Wesley Tackaberry was in Brockville one day this week. Mrs. Olive Putman is quite ill with grippe now. Mrs. Haskins is sewing in Delta this week. All are glad to know that William Phelps, who has been confined to his home for a few weeks, is feeling fine and able to be out around again.

At Marmora, Mr. and Mrs. Clare Naylor's little son, eight years of age, had his leg broken while playing at school.

Rubber vacuum disks will be used instead of dogs in coming French Arctic exploration trip.

China has formally applied for a permanent seat on the Council of the League of Nations.

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But your husband does not think that he is ill and hopes to be all right in a few days. Unfortunately nervous ills do not right themselves.

Why not use the treatment which has already proven good in your case? There has yet to be discovered a medicine which so certainly restores exhausted nerves as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

If you are nervous, irritable, tired and sleepless you can depend on it to overcome the cause of these symptoms. It is not like ordinary medicines because it benefits by the upbuilding, reconstructive method.

Gradually and naturally it builds up new, rich blood and nourishes the depleted nerves back to health and vigor. For this reason Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is the most satisfactory treatment any man or woman can obtain to restore the nerves and bring back the vigor and energy which is essential to a full and happy life.

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