

The Easy, Pleasant, Certain Way to Cure CONSTIPATION

The most convincing proof in the world that Fruit-atives do cure Constipation is the honest testimony of people these wonderful little tablets HAVE CURED.

"I have used Fruit-atives with great benefit. They are a grand medicine for Constipation and Stomach Troubles. I would not be without them in the house. They are so good."

MISS KATE KURTZ, Dunville, Ont.

Fruit-atives
or Fruit Liver Tablets.

At Drugists, etc., a box. Manufactured by Fruit-atives Limited, Ottawa.

Wayward But Winning

Something like an oath was crushed on the man's lips.

"There is nothing you cannot do with me," he said hoarsely. "Even make me the fool I must be—and am—to give you up. Good-bye, Zenobia. Give me—yes—give me one kiss."

Lord Neville awoke. An awful shudder ran through his frame, so that his arm shook. In Mr. Forsyth's grasp, and he turned his head away as if to avert a death-blow.

With a gasp he tore his collar open as if he were stifling, and staggered back against the balcony.

Then Mr. Forsyth held him in a grip of iron, held him hidden in the shadow, even while Gerald Moore came out, passed him, and descended the steps; held him while that woman's hand revealed her baseness in all its hideousness played the Spanish wine song again for her own amusement, and at last dragged and half-led him away from the accursed spot.

Not a word passed from Lord Neville's lips until they reached the hotel, and Mr. Forsyth had locked the doors upon them, then, raising his handsome face, all livid and drawn just as a face becomes when the Roman fever seizes him, he looked at Forsyth with pleading eyes, and muttered with a parched tongue that clove to the roof of his mouth:

"Is it true?"

"Then, reading the answer in Forsyth's face, he felt back and covered his eyes with his hands as if to shut out the horrid vision that seemed burned into his brain."

All that night Mr. Forsyth sat up with him, speaking not a word; for what words could avail in a mental agony such as this? In the morning the earl arrived to find his son in no danger of marrying an adventuress, but in danger of death.

When Lord Neville recovered his first words were to Mr. Forsyth:

"Forsyth," he said, "I have been mad; you are right; I am now, and shall remain so until the end."

"The earl, who heard him, did not know what the speech meant, but Forsyth did. It meant: 'Henceforth, love is not possible for me! While life lasts all that woman can inspire me with is—scorn, and unbelief, and hate!'"

The earl and Lord Neville went to England; Mr. Forsyth remained abroad.

He had a mission of Lord Neville's to perform. "Followed her," said Lord Neville as they parted at the station, "and tell me when they are married."

And this was the message which Lord Neville took from Carrie's hand, and bore to his own room:

"Zenobia has disappeared."

Good news he had said, and a wild thrill of grim satisfaction ran through him as the thought that the last link had been severed that bound him to the woman who had betrayed him.

But the Spanish have a proverb that it is hard to cleave one's hands of a wife, and fate had decreed that Lord Neville had not seen the last of Zenobia.

CHAPTER VI.

Lord Cecil sat in the privacy of the room that Philip had set apart for him, with the crushed and crumpled telegram before him, thinking of the madness that had possessed him, of the fascination with which she had held him, and the baseness with which she had betrayed him; thinking so hard, and with such intense intensity, that he quite forgot that he was, and the scene he had just left; the tall, slim girl, with her flashing brown eyes and flushed cheeks, with her little hand holding the telegram out to him defiantly, indeed, impudently.

Then he sighed, and resolved that he would take flight from Howells in the morning.

He felt annoyed and disturbed; certainly, he had been deceived for long shut up in the same house with a young girl—and such a young girl as Miss Carrie Harrington.

He wondered how his father could have been so mistaken as to say that there were two "young children." Philip, he could have sworn, had said he had "taken to" the elder girl, with her plain, kindly face and sensible talk; but this younger one? A flash of annoyance dyed his handsome face as he recalled the treatment she had bestowed on him—the defiant, sulky glances and right-down rude speeches.

Had she read the telegram? No, he was sure she had not, and at the same time he felt certain that if he had not appeared at this moment he she would have done so.

Yes, he would go.

He was sorry for he had taken a flight to the place; it was beautiful and quiet and secluded. Mr. Harrington, his host, too, had impressed him favorably. If this giddy, smart girl were not here! Then he tried to make up his mind where he should go.

Not to Harwood Castle. He had left that because the place was filling with guests; he had fled from it because he felt unequal to mingling with a gay crowd of men and women, most of them

"HANDS-ACROSS-THE-SEA" BLOW-OUT

British and U. S. Tars Tear Things Loose at Coney.

2,700 SIT TO A LOVE FEAST

Sailors From Both Fleets Take Part in Scene Unrecorded in Histories of Both Navies.

New York, Nov. 15.—The dinner and beer feast of the United States blue-jackets and marines to their visiting brethren of the British squadron was brought off according to schedule at Stauch's Pavilion, Coney Island, last night.

The history of the two navies records nothing like this. Twenty-six hundred sailors and 100 of their officers sat down to supper in one big hall. The whole 2,700 were moved, at times, to rise and cheer for anybody and everybody in husky sea voices.

Coney has seen many a sight, but never a sight like that "hands-across-the-sea" blow-out between the hosts and guests were carried down the North River on three Iron Steamboat Company vessels, the Isabel, the John Sylvester and the Erie.

Neither expense, flags nor policemen had been spared. Every ship had been robbed of bunting. You couldn't see the rafters for red, white and blue. The blue-jackets and marines filled the floor, the galleries, the alcoves, found seats and sang while they waited for the ships to arrive.

At 10 o'clock, a band of 60 pieces, picked from the squadron, and led by Bandmaster Ferguson, of the Kentucky, led the singing. The table of Prince Louis and his officers, arranged comb-fashion, stood at one end of the main floor.

Just when the sailors were reaching for the butter and salt, they were so hungry, the bosun's call came floating from the entrance. The prince and Admiral "Bob" Evans were coming up the aisle. The sailormen arose, and there fell over them that silence, more impressive than any applause, which is a token of respect in the service. As Prince Louis passed up the aisle, his heavy footfall could be heard in the gallery. He passed to his seat, Evans lined up beside him, and the assembled company let out the first cheer.

It wasn't a marker to the way they cheered afterward when they got really tuned up; yet it rattled every rafter.

RATTLED THE RAFTERS.

Prince Louis had a claims half-shell and mock turtle soup when the committee sprang its first stunt. Up the aisle walked a little girl dressed as Columbus—a blushing, yet confident, little girl, buried under a bouquet of red and white chrysanthemums. Behind her came a messenger boy, bearing another bouquet. She spoke her piece, and shoved the bouquet up at the prince. He bent over and kissed her. She paused, blinked, but went right ahead and gave the bouquet to Bob Evans. He kissed her, too.

Five minutes later the prince and Admiral Evans walked up to the main gallery and stood over the crowd. It rose, and then it did some cheering. 2,600 sea-dog voices, used to bellowing over a tempest, bawling as loud as they could bawl, to 2,600 blue arms waving, 2,600 bodies swaying.

"Speech! Speech!" howled the Americans. The admiral placed his hand on Bob's raised a deprecating hand.

After he had been cheered for five minutes the admiral retired and there was a short space for eating, during which the company tackled the main course. The higher officers of the two squadrons, who had been sitting two by two, an American with an Englishman, appeared at a time in the upper gallery. They all got a hand.

The drinks were now bubbling merrily—beer for the blue-jackets and champagne for the officers. When the champagne around to the prince he covered his glass.

BEER FOR THE PRINCE.

"Bring me beer, please," he said. Most of the men tried to see that little compliment. He was taking the same fare they got.

The prince finished his ice cream and coffee and rose to go at 8:25. Before he left he distributed largesse. The Americans had received leave until Wednesday morning. The British guests came to be back on ships tomorrow morning at 7. That had been a matter of concern to the committee. How could they possibly do justice to the wedding of two great navies in a skippy, twelve-hour party? An American committee waited on the prince and told him their troubles. "Certainly,"

he said, "I will do my best."

He looked up with a smile. "How much longer do you intend to regard me as an invalid, Yates?" he asked.

Yates shook his head gravely.

"You have been very bad, my lord," he said, "and are not strong yet though you look better this morning. They say this Devonshire is a wonderful place for invalids, my lord; and it certainly seems to have done you good already."

"I am afraid I shall have to leave it, nevertheless, Yates," said Lord Cecil.

"Yes, my lord," he said, interrogatively, then, as Lord Cecil did not respond, he said, respectfully, "It's a pity, my lord. It's one of the prettiest places I have ever seen, and must be remarkably healthy. And the young lady—Miss Harrington, I mean, my lord—seems so anxious that your lordship should be comfortable."

Lord Cecil sighed. Certainly, it was a pity. If Miss Harrington was so young, Miss Harrington, and if only he could forget her! But that was what he could not do. All breakfast time, as he leisurely dined with the king and queen, he had been thinking of her. And he had been placed in the room, and played the air, with variations of his own.

While he was at this, there was a knock at the door and Yates admitted Mr. Harrington.

He came in with his usual hurried, preoccupied manner, and shook Lord Cecil's hand.

"I have just looked in to ask how you are, and how you are getting on," he said.

"I am very well, and I am, thanks to Miss Harrington's kind thoughtfulness, getting on in a manner that can only be described by the word 'famously,'" said Lord Cecil.

"That's right," said Mr. Harrington, glancing round the room. "Just remember, Lord Cecil, that this is Liberty Hall, and that you can do as you like. I mean, that we shan't be offended if you like to shut yourself up in your own quarters—all the same we shall be only too pleased if you care to give us your company. Anything you want?"

Now was the time for him to announce his departure, but somehow the words died away on Lord Cecil's lips, and instead he answered "No," and obediently followed him to the door.

[To be Continued.]

The new Williamsburg bridge in New York is to be lighted by a municipal plant, the power for which will be developed from the burning of street sweepings. It is announced that the incinerating plant has been installed, and that everything will be in operation by Oct. 1.

he said, and Chief Quartermaster Schumacker, of the Maine, was able to announce through a megaphone that the British leave was extended until tomorrow at noon. More cheers—many of them.

The prince received again the applause of silence as he left for the horse show a moment later. There was a pause of an instant—and someone noticed that many a half bottle of champagne was left on the officers' table. The rush which followed shook the house. The champagne lasted but a moment.

A vaudeville programme followed. It was almost a waste.

DARING HOLD-UP

Passengers Terrorized, Shots Fired, Posse Pursues, Pictures.

New York, Nov. 15.—There was a train robbery on the Lackawanna Railroad, in Jersey City, yesterday. The train was a special and had on board 72 passengers.

Between Rockaway and Denville, in a lonely spot, the train was stopped. The track caused the engineer to slacken speed. At that moment five masked men appeared from behind boulders and commanded the engineer and fireman to get out of the cab. They did so with alacrity.

Leaving the man to guard them, the other four went through the train, robbing the passengers at the muzzles of their revolvers. Women were treated the same as the men, and their shrieks and protestations were of no avail.

After securing all the valuables available the robbers leaped from the train and took to the woods, pursued by some of the bravest of the passengers. Shots were exchanged, and the excitement was intense, but the robbers escaped.

The train went on its way and after a relief train was sent out and stopped at the spot. A posse of men armed with rifles appeared and took up the trail of the robbers. After a desperate battle in Cook's swamp the road agents were captured.

While the relief train with the posse and prisoners on board was returning a woman lying upon the track was snatched from impending death by the fireman, who ran out on the pilot and swung her up alongside of him.

While all this was going on the moving picture cameras were clicking off yards of film to be reproduced this winter in depicting thrilling western hold-ups.

A "CABBIE" STRIKE

Peace of Old London Threatened by Dissatisfied Drivers.

London, Nov. 15.—London is on the verge of a serious cab strike. The "cabbies" are insisting that instead of paying them from \$3 to \$4 a day for the hire of their cabs, they shall be paid a regular weekly wage.

The cabmen insist that under the present conditions it is practically impossible for them to make a living.

The cabmen are indignant to put an end to the system of letting cabs, as they have become wealthy through their work, but if they do not yield bitter struggle is sure to ensue, and the Christmas holidays will be marked with an entire suspension of traffic.

But a cab strike does not present the terrors to Londoners that it would a few years back. Today, with motor omnibuses, electric trolleys, and underground tubes and other cheap methods of transportation the need of the hand-cab is not as pressing as it was in the past.

An agitation has also begun for a reintroduction of the sixpenny fare. Now the minimum fare is a shilling.

With the present convenient modes of traveling Londoners think twice about paying a shilling to go a distance of a few blocks, whereas if there was a sixpenny minimum fare many would use a cab instead of a bus.

IN EYE OF ASSASSIN

Oculist There Found Picture of the Murderer's Victim.

Rome, Nov. 15.—A remarkable discovery is announced to have been made by the celebrated oculist, Prof. Martini, of the University of Rome, which is an astonishing variant of the popular idea that the image of the murderer could be seen in the eye of the victim.

A young man named Casale was accused of having assassinated a lawyer named Bianchi at Perugia. The alleged murderer, a member of a good family, denied all knowledge of the crime. Prof. Martini proceeded to examine the eyes of the accused murderer.

His request being granted, the professor went to the prison and asked Casale to allow him to look at his eyes.

Directly he placed the ophthalmoscope in position to examine the left eye of Casale the professor saw on the retina the profile of a man's face with a beard.

He heard in the right eye he could distinguish nothing. He examined the face for a long time and finally photographed it. He then said to Casale:

"Confess that you killed Signor Bianchi. The face of the murdered man is visible on the retina of your left eye and I will show you a photograph of it."

Casale confessed immediately.

"Now," added the professor, "tell me do you see here the phantom of Signor Bianchi?"

"With which eye do you see it?"

"With my left eye."

"With my right eye do you see the phantom?"

"Always in profile."

The face of Signor Bianchi, according to Prof. Martini, continued to be visible in the retina of Casale's eye for 12 hours. It then faded away.

Prof. Martini has presented to the tribunal a report on his remarkable discovery.

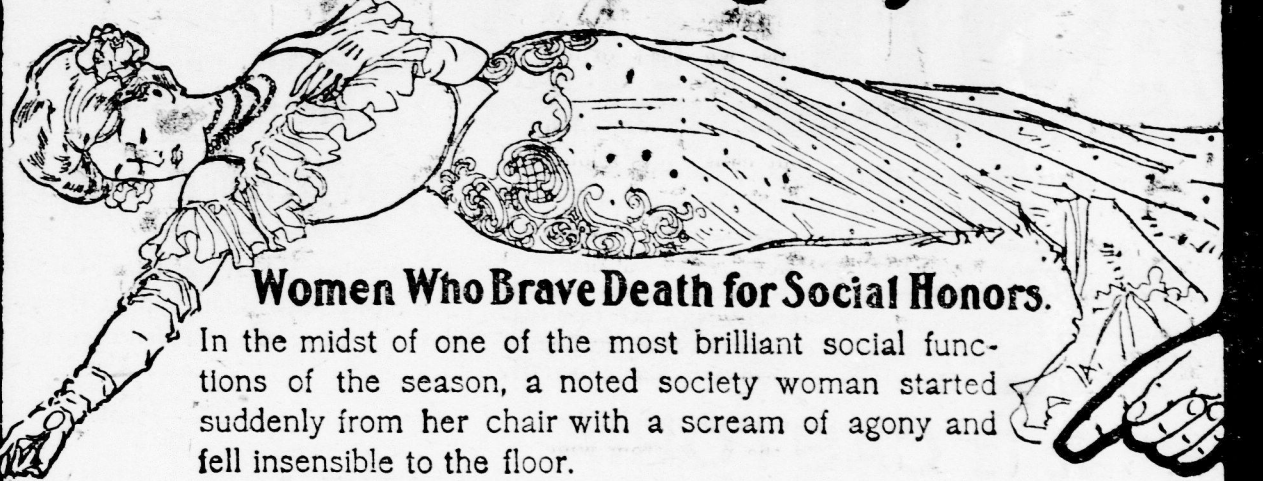
KING GEORGE IN ENGLAND

Grecian Monarch Goes to Windsor to Make Call on Edward.

London, Nov. 15.—King George of Greece, accompanied by Prince and Princess Nicholas of Greece, arrived in England yesterday in a steamer to his brother-in-law, King Edward. King George crossed the channel on King Edward's yacht, the Victoria and Albert, escorted by a squadron of British warships, and was met at Portsmouth by Prince Arthur of Connaught, who welcomed him in behalf of King Edward. King George subsequently proceeded to Windsor.

Jokes are splendid things providing they don't point too strongly in your direction.

Social Tragedy



Women Who Brave Death for Social Honors.

In the midst of one of the most brilliant social functions of the season, a noted society woman started suddenly from her chair with a scream of agony and fell insensible to the floor.

A few hours later the distinguished physician told her anxious husband that she was suffering from an acute case of nervous prostration brought on by female trouble, and hinted at an operation. Fortunately a friend advised her to try

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

The result was that she escaped the surgeon's knife and to-day is a well woman.

The derangement of the delicate female organism sets every nerve in the body quivering with pain. Headaches, backaches, torturing bearing down pains and dragging sensations make women nervous and hysterical.

Mrs. T. E. Gillis, of Windsor, N. S., writes:

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—When I commenced to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was suffering with weakness and womb trouble, headaches, backaches, and that worn-out, tired feeling. I have only taken the Vegetable Compound a few short weeks, and it has made me weak strong and robust. I believe that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is without equal for female troubles.

Mrs. Laura Emmons, President Loyal Home Workers, Walkerville, Ont., writes:

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I am enjoying such good health that I feel it a duty to write and thank you for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I suffered for more than five years with ovarian troubles, causing an unpleasant discharge and weakness which no amount of medicine, diet or exercise seemed to correct. Your Vegetable Compound, however, reached the root of my trouble, cured me and made me strong, healthy and well. I want to say to every suffering woman, don't dally with medicines you know nothing about, but take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mrs. Pinkham's advice is free to all. Her address is Lynn, Mass.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cures Where Others Fail

The Celebrated English Cocoa.

EPPE'S COCOA

The Most Nutritious and Economical.

If you DRINK EPPE'S COCOA

ARMOUR'S Extract of Beef

goes further than other kinds. It is the very essence of the beef—pure and undiluted—with the natural beef flavor. If you drink beef tea, you can't afford to use any other. Savory and appetizing.

ARMOUR LIMITED - TORONTO.

Savory Soups 12 kinds. All grocers.

IF YOU HAVE NEVER TRIED

Stewart's Delicious Chocolates

you have the treat of your life in store. They are so much better—purer and richer—than any others, that you will notice the difference with the first taste.

ASK FOR STEWART'S The Stewart Co., Limited, Toronto.

The Canada Metal Co., Toronto, Ont.

BABBITT SPECIALISTS.

Write for "All About Babbitts."

ASK FOR Labatt's INDIA PALE ALE

The barley and hops used are the finest that money can secure. It is a prime favorite.

10 MEDALS—12 DIPLOMAS.

SPECIAL NOTICE. Feather Beds, Pillows and Mattresses renovated and sterilized, also manufacture of Mattresses, Feather Pillows, Cushions and Spring Beds, Brass and Iron Beds, Stoves, Furniture, Camp Beds, at the Feather Bed, Pillow and Mattress Cleaning Factory, F. H. HEN & SONS, 403 Richmond St., Phone 97.

LEE HING LAUNDRY Telephone 134. 467 Richmond Street. Shirt collars ironed straight, so as not to break the neck. Stand-up collars ironed without being broken in the wash. The done to look like new. Give me a call. If you are not at home, no pay. Washing returned in 24 hours. All hand work. Best in the city. Parcels called for and returned.

The Name HOLBROOK on the Label of a Worcester-shire Bottle Stamps it as Genuine

SAUCE

England's most famous Worcestershire

Is a Perfect Flavoring with All Kinds of Meats, Salads, Fish and Soups.

PRICE—25 CENTS A BOTTLE AT YOUR GROCERS

Ready for Use in Any Quantity. For making SOUP, softening water, removing old paint, disinfecting sinks, closets, drains and for many other purposes. A can equals 20 pounds of Soda.

SOLD EVERYWHERE. E. W. GILLET COMPANY TORONTO, ONT.

GILLET'S PURE POWDERED LYE

For making SOUP, softening water, removing old paint, disinfecting sinks, closets, drains and for many other purposes. A can equals 20 pounds of Soda.

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DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS