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TOO MANY WANT TO BE OFFICERS

Big Need is For Men to Go in the Ranks. Says Hon. G. W. Brown.

Toronto, March 20.—"Americans have formed a battalion of their own to fight against Germany for no other reason than that it is just," declared Hon. George W. Brown, ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Saskatchewan, in his strong recruiting appeal at the La Plaza Theatre last night. "Now it is up to the young men of Canada to realize their duty to their country and come forward at once. We are not so safe that we can afford to overlook our danger. Lord Kitchener has called for men and more men, and now Canada is called upon to send almost one out of every two men who are physically fit."

Hon. Mr. Brown said that there were many reasons why men did not want to go to the front, one of the chief being that there were too many who wanted to go as officers. "You want to go as officers," he said, "but you forget that there are at present almost five hundred officers at the front with nothing to do. He described them as misfits, and said that men were wanted that would go in the ranks. "Then," he continued, "if you deserve promotion you'll get it."

"You do not want conscription,"

THE DIAMOND FROM THE SKY

"There is a purple ribbon on the typewriter over there," she whispered. "It seems the same type of the machine. This telegram was copied on. In purple also. If the word 'not' were added at the end of the first line the message would read:

"Answering your wire, Miss Esther Harding is not in Los Angeles. Edgar Harding continues to improve."
"Vi, you are a genius!" cried Blair. "They placed the telegram in the typewriter. Vivian firmly struck the keys and the entire import of the message was changed. Then Blair carefully looked in the envelope and sent it by the office boy to Mr. Powell at his home."

"That will convince him he is dippy, for sure!" cried Blair. "But he is pretty cunning at that to get a telegram out to Blake without Durand or the Vaux knowing of it, for they watch him like hawks."

"Since the diamond from the sky turned up so tragically at the circus, Durand has forgotten his partner," said Vivian. "I believe Durand might have been on the level if it were not for one thing, diamonds!"

"He certainly is a bug on them," remarked Blair. "Here is all this business—millions at stake—and Durand does not question whether I will cheat or play fair when we divide. All he thinks of is the diamond. He would sell his soul for a diamond, a big diamond like the diamond from the sky!"

"Who would not?" murmured Vivian. "I have sold my soul, and you have sold yours for the diamond from the sky. And it has never rested in our grasp."
"But it will!" cried Blair fervently. "It belongs to us, to you and me. I am Stanley and the fightful heir, and you are my wife. As for that smooth swindler, Durand, and his shadow, De Vaux, the diamond from the sky shall never be dirty spoil for them."

"You want to be careful and cunning and daring, then," said Vivian. "I know Durand of old. He goes through blood and fire for a diamond of price. It is an obsession with him. He was born so marked. His mother was a waiting maid to a French baker's wife and murdered her mistress for a diamond necklace a few months before Durand was born. He was born in prison."

"He's likely to die there," remarked Blair grimly. "He had better keep his hands off the diamond from the sky."

"And we had better get our hands on it," said Vivian. "What witchery is on it? It comes and goes like the devil's talisman."
"It will only rest and stay with a true Stanley," muttered Blair.

Vivian regarded him strangely, but said nothing. If this were true, why had the diamond from the sky avoided Blair as though it were a living thing that wriggled from his grasp?
Arthur was clasp in the hands of the conspirators again when the doctored message from Blake reached him. Arthur believed now that it was true, as those around him inferred his obsession. That Esther was near—was a symptom of recurrent insanity. He shuddered and grew sick at the thought.

"Oh, God, spare me from madness!" he prayed in agony. "Let me recover in body and mind to make a man of myself, to return to Esther whole and sound and clean and honorable, as I promised her and my poor mother I would."

"Base, unworthy, prodigal as I have been, my gypsy mother sacrificed her youth and every happiness in life, and she now lies in a madhouse, as I lie mad in a mansion."
And then in his weakness and in his strength he nestled with the drug dealer that clutched him by the soul—he battled and lost.

That afternoon the soft California air of late summer brought the spice of fruit and flower across the green lawns of the shining new Powell mansion where dwelt the "Golden Man." Luck and fortune had been his, except an accident from the injuries of which, the newspapers stated, his friends were pleased to learn he was recovering.

This afternoon John Powell, the "Golden Man," goes to the races on his costly and shining tallyho. Four thoroughbred notch horses in gold mounted harness toss their heads in pride. An English coachman and a guard to blow

the yard of brass" add swagger to the turnout.
With the convalescent millionaire on his tallyho party to the races go his closest friends. These are his private physician, the eminent Dr. Frank Durand; his cousin, Mr. Blair Stanley, an eastern capitalist associated with Mr. Powell and managing his affairs during his convalescence; the Count de Vaux of Paris and Miss Vivian Marston, who, it is rumored, is a young woman of splendid family from New York and who has taken up nursing, and who was called into the case by Dr. Durand and who aided that skilled physician to restore his patient to health again.
This and much more the papers say. And this and much more Esther reads. These are fine friends, she thinks. Fine



The Daughter of the Stanleys Walks in the Dust.

friends indeed, and he, the gypsy changing, lords it well among them!
For the first time a sense of injustice and indignation burns Esther's bosom. She will make the test and prove him what he is. He is the gypsy and she is the true Stanley. She will go as the gypsy and confront the so-called gentleman, who once again bears a name that is not his own! She does her whip dress and takes her tambourine and walks afoot beside Quabba, the humble mountebank. The daughter of the Stanleys, the fair young mistress of Stanley Hall, walks in the dust with a mountebank and a monkey, beside the mountebank's pony and street organ.

She goes to meet a gentleman with his coach and four. But as she goes she wonders bitterly if the mountebank is not the gentleman and the gentleman the mountebank. For Arthur Stanley, as "John Powell," has been called the "Golden Man," but the poor hunchback who trudges in the dust beside her has in honor and loyalty to her proved he has a heart of gold!

Toward them comes the tallyho. Arthur, in high spirits despite his recent injuries, demands to drive the horses, and sitting beside Vivian, displaces Blair. Vivian smiles at Arthur and hands him a rose from the bunch at her belt.
And then Esther steps by the wheel horse and cries up to him. "Arthur!" He draws the horses to a halt. A look of glad, wild joy comes to his eyes, succeeded by a glare of horror. Vivian lashes the off horse with the whip she has seized, the rose falls from Arthur's nerveless hand and the horses dash away—and the coach is gone in a cloud of dust.

In the dust of the road lies the rose. Quabba stoops and lifts it from the dust and hands it to the broken hearted girl who leans in her gypsy finery against the pony cart and weeps. The rose in the dust to a rose in the dust!
Far down the road raccoons in other equipages see a ragged man clinging to a tallyho. "Whip behind" is the cry. The lash flies back and Luke Lorcal returns for blackmail and revenge; drops from the coach to which he had run and clung and shakes his fist and curses the more exalted gypsy who is master of a coach and four.

But the master of a coach and four has sunk fainting back among his friends. "What use is wealth to a madman? He has seen a flower by the wayside and a rose in the dust, and he deems what he has seen are but the visions of a mind diseased."
That night Quabba's pony in his stall munches his hay and knows naught of human heartaches. The rats scamper and annoy him, and something falls half from the hayrack and dangles at his nose. The pony nibbles at it, but it is not good to eat. A foolish thing, indeed, the pony regards it, and yet it is that baleful thing for which huddle loving men and women have bartered and taken life.

The diamond from the sky. Into whose hands will next it come?
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Our Safety Valves.
The invention of the safety valve for steam engines has saved thousands of lives and millions of dollars in property. It is an invention that stands prominently to the front in this age of mechanical progress. But nature supplied us each with a safety valve which for effectiveness works better than any made by man. If we did not have this safety valve we could not live twenty-four hours. This safety valve is the perspiration or sweat gland, and to make sure that we should not run short of the supply she has furnished the body with some two and a half millions of them. If our temperature rose 7 or 8 degrees we should die within a few hours, and yet we could not run, row, indulge in any athletic exercises, or even walk safely any distance without increasing our temperature to the danger point if we had no safety valve provided so ingeniously by nature.

The Midland mayor's who was injured in the recent Zappala raid is reported to be much weaker.

SHERIFF MAY SEIZE CEMETERY AT WINDSOR

Company Has Not Paid Award of \$10,000 by Arbitrators For Land Bought.

Windsor, March 20.—Dr. Abraham Soper of Detroit, has caused to issue a writ of execution against the Windsor Cemetery Company for non-payment of \$10,000, the amount of an award made in August of last year by a Board of Arbitration as the purchase price of land acquired by the Cemetery Company for an extension of the cemetery.

Early in 1915 the Cemetery Board commented expropriation proceedings to obtain several lots adjoining the Windsor Grove Cemetery, but Dr. Soper and the trustees were unable to agree on the price. When the price of Arbitration is paid, Sheriff d'Avignon may seize any property of the company, including the cemetery. The writ will be issued to-day.

IN FIVE MINUTES NO SICK STOMACH, INDIGESTION, GAS

If what you just ate is souring on your stomach or lies like a lump of lead, refusing to digest, or you belch gas and eructate sour, undigested food, or have a feeling of dizziness, heartburn, fullness, nausea, bad taste in mouth and stomach headache, you can surely get relief in five minutes. Ask your pharmacist to show you the formula, plainly printed on these fifty-cent cases of "Pape's Diapiesis," then you will understand why dyspeptic troubles of all kinds must go, and why it relieves sour, out-of-order stomachs or indigestion in five minutes. "Pape's Diapiesis" is harmless; tastes like candy, though each dose will digest and prepare for assimilation into the blood all the food you eat; besides it makes you go to the table with a healthy appetite; but what will please you most, is that you will feel that your stomach and intestines are clean and fresh, and you will not need to resort to laxatives or liver pills for biliousness or constipation.

This city will have many "Pape's Diapiesis" cranks as some people will call them, but you will be enthusiastic about this splendid stomach preservative, too, if you ever take it for indigestion, gas, heartburn, sourness, dyspepsia, or any stomach misery. Get some now this minute and rid yourself of stomach misery and indigestion in five minutes.

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