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Nov. 10th, 1915.

A beautiful complexion is a handsome woman's chief glory and the envy of her less fortunate rivals. Yet a soft, clear skin—glowing with health—is only the natural result of pure blood.

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H. Schlemmer
Feb 15

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA
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Ecarlate

A Man's Dream Materialized.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

When Dacre married his friends said of him that any woman who allied herself to him would not be able to hold him. He was a man about town, a clubman, a man who was always welcome behind the scenes at the theaters and was very often found there, especially when the chorus and ballet girls were pretty. Some declared that the girl he married was one of a thousand; just the woman, in fact, to hold such a man as Dacre. One who was familiar with his makeup replied that if she did hold him she would have to do it in gauze and tights.

Dacre before the wedding made all sorts of promises to his fiancée. He would eschew theaters—that is, he would never go behind the scenes. He would cut all his old friends who were "fast." In short, he would make a model husband, devoted to his wife alone. That he loved her she did not doubt. What she feared was that some one would steal him away from her through his senses.

To every one's surprise, Dacre kept his promises. For a year he never went to the theater except with his wife. Then when the baby came and she had a new being to look after he was left occasionally alone on an evening. One night to pass the time he sought amusement in what for him was a dangerous place. The queen of the ballet captured him, and from that time forward he was devoted to a succession of dancers. At last the predictions of those who knew him best had come true. His wife's life was changed from happiness to misery.

Then came the peerless Ecarlate. Shortly before her coming Mrs. Dacre had exacted a promise from her husband that he would abstain from an acquaintance with any more women of the stage. He kept his promise, but every night that Ecarlate danced he was in his accustomed seat in the theater. He had been captivated by the poetry of motion and could not look upon the dancer except with a mad temptation to break his word to the woman he really loved.

One night when Dacre was at the theater just before the dancer came on the stage the lights were lowered and the orchestra softly played a dream waltz. Then came a change.

The violins suddenly swept into a legato movement, and as if treading lightly on the delicate measure a small scarlet clad form swayed on to the darkened stage and fluttered there until the cold circle of the spot light searched and found her.

It held her there, a quivering creature of tantalizing mystery, a baffling airy thing of midnight hair, glorious eyes and unknown features, for Ecarlate was always masked.

Above the black velvet mask showed a white forehead, with the soft black hair banded with jewels. Below it there were rose red lips, curved in tender smiles, and a dimpled white chin. Through the slits in the mask her eyes worked disaster.

The mystery of her unknown features only added to her charm in the eyes of men, especially Jack Dacre.

Dacre leaned with his elbows on the railing of the box, and quite oblivious to significant glances he watched the dancer. He stared at her until his heart ached with longing that the mask might be lifted so that he could feast his eyes on the loveliness which he had never yet seen.

His eyes never left her while she danced. Occasionally she flashed a melting glance toward the box where he always sat when she danced, and then her head was turned aside so that he might see that she wore his nightly offering, a scarlet cactus flower tucked in the dusiness of her wonderful hair. "My scarlet beauty!" he muttered restlessly as she swayed in the dizzy mazes of her famous butterfly dance.

Scarlet she was from the flower in her hair to the tips of her tiny satin slippers.

With snowy arms she lifted the scarlet chiffon wings of her filmy skirts, her head fell back, and she melted into the rhythm of one of her character dances.

When it was over she withdrew, her arms loaded with flowers, her eyes smiling at Dacre's frowning face.

With her departure Jack Dacre went away. For him the performance had ended with the vanishing of Ecarlate.

For an hour he sat on the lounge of his club, drinking a little, thinking all the time of the strange woman whom he had met, although her face was unknown to him. Even her home was an impenetrable mystery. She came and went like a bright meteor flashing across the midnight sky. Her manners were dumb on the subject. It

WHEN BUYING YEAST INSIST ON HAVING THIS PACKAGE



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was whispered that she was of royal birth.

It was nearly midnight when Dacre let himself into his own house and gave his hat and overcoat to a sleepy servant.

"Is Mrs. Dacre out this evening?" he asked, with a foot on the stair.

"Mrs. Dacre returned an hour ago. I believe she is in her boudoir, sir."

Dacre went on up the stairs and turned into his own room. For a moment he hesitated; then he crossed to the door of his wife's dressing room and laid his hand on the glass knob.

Would it respond to his pressure? His hand gripped the knob. It turned, and he entered his wife's apartment.

Eve Dacre sat in her boudoir under the glow of pink shaded lamps. She wore a negligee of rose colored silk, and her dark, piquant face seemed to reflect the tender glow.

She looked up as he entered, and a cold little smile curved her lips and drifted away.

"Ah, you are home!" she said. "Did you enjoy the play?"

"I went to the Venus," he said frigidly.

Now Mrs. Dacre laughed softly. "The Venus, of course! I, too, was there."

"You?" he stammered.

"Yes. It was all rather stupid, was it not? Always excepting Ecarlate?"

He was silent. His mouth was white, and his gray eyes looked cold and impenetrable.

Eve arose and crossed to the phonograph. She slipped in a record, set it in motion and returned to lean over the back of her chair, looking at her husband with grave, dark eyes, while the tender strains of Ecarlate's dance rose and fell.

"What are you doing that for?" he demanded fiercely.

"Jack," she said in a voice suddenly weary, "let us be frank with each other. You want your freedom. Am I right?"

"You are dead wrong!" he retorted doggedly.

"But Ecarlate?" Her voice dropped to a whisper.

"We will not talk of her."

"And those that came before Ecarlate," she went on, while the haunting music made a background for her passionate words. "I have overlooked, I have forgiven, and now it is Ecarlate. You love her. You dare not deny it!"

Again he was silent. He looked at her, noting, with a shock of surprise, that there were silver threads in Eve's dark hair and lines about her mouth and eyes—lines that he had graven there. Eve was only twenty-five, and he was killing her youth.

Suddenly she drew a long breath.

"What is it about these women that attracts you? What charm do they possess that is not mine?"

Still he did not answer.

She swayed a little and turned away. "Ecarlate is here! I am sending her to you!"

"Ecarlate here? You are mad!" he exclaimed. But the gentle closing of the door sent him quivering to a chair.

The music played steadily on—that eternal butterfly dance. He began to hate it. What was Ecarlate doing here—in his house? It was like a jealous woman to take revenge, but he had believed Eve above such trickery.

Ecarlate!

The repetition of her name, the familiar music, and again the old enchantment fell upon him. He watched the door for her appearance. What would she look like? Beautiful, of course! He forgot that Eve would accompany the dancer.

He jumped up when the door slowly opened to admit Ecarlate's scarlet clad form. She was alone.

The door closed and left her leaning against the white paneled surface, panting a little, as if afraid.

Dacre laughed triumphantly. Ecarlate afraid of him, her adorer!

He made one step toward her, but in that instant she left the door and swayed like a butterfly in the mazes of her dance. Delicately she poised before him, and then, before his outstretched hand could touch her, she had melted away beyond his reach.

Her tiny scarlet shoes seemed to

barely touch the floor; she floated; her chiffon wings beat the air; the jeweled band above her forehead blazed with myriad lights; the cactus flower flamed like a burning heart.

Suddenly the music ceased, and the dancer was once more leaning against the white door of Eve's dressing room. Through her black mask her eyes gleamed strangely.

Dacre clinched his hands. Ecarlate, standing there with outstretched scarlet winged arms, appeared like a scarlet angel barring him from his wife's room.

He stared at her smiling lips, at the alluring sparkle of her eyes peering oddly at him through the mask, at her black hair with its dazzling band of brilliants.

Suddenly he remembered that his wife's hair was black, but it was threaded with silver. He had placed the silver threads there.

He laid his hand on Ecarlate's arm. His voice was hoarse with resolve.

"Allow me to pass," he said.

She laughed, a merry, trickling, mocking laugh that ended suddenly in a sob of pain.

His hand had closed on her tender flesh.

"Will you let me pass?" he asked through clinched teeth.

"You love me!" she whispered tensely. He was silent.

"Say you love me!" she repeated.

He lifted his hand and deliberately tore aside the mask.

For several minutes he stared at Ecarlate's face. How many times had he yearned to tear away the mask and feast his eyes on her unknown loveliness!

It was a face such as he had never imagined in his wildest dreams of her. Suddenly she covered it with little jeweled hands.

Then he spoke.

"I love you!" he cried vehemently. "I have always loved you! It was because you were behind the mask that I loved you, and you alone!"

She melted into his arms, and he held her there.

Ecarlate no longer barred the door to his wife's room. She was in his arms. His wife was in his arms.

His wife was Ecarlate. Ecarlate was his wife.

WATFORD PEOPLE GET INSTANT ACTION

Those who have used it in Watford are astonished at the INSTANT action of simple buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc. as mixed in Adler-i-ka. Because it acts on BOTH lower and upper bowel, ONE SPOONFUL Adler-i-ka relieves almost ANY CASE constipation, sour stomach or gas. It removes such surprising foul matter that a few doses often relieve or prevent appendicitis. A short treatment helps chronic stomach trouble. Taylor & Son, druggists.

FARMS FOR VETERANS.

Australia Preparing for the Return of Her Veterans.

In addition to the comprehensive scheme being arranged by the Commonwealth authorities for the settlement of returned soldiers on the land, the various States of Australia have made practical attempts to ensure that those who have gone abroad to fight the Empire's battles shall not be left uncared for on their return. The local authorities and the people generally are co-operating in the matter.

In New South Wales, for instance, recently a working committee meeting commenced clearing an area of several hundred acres. It is intended to cut this land into "farmlets" of a few acres each, and to make the blocks ready for settlement, available for the soldiers as they return from the war. The idea of small local bodies working in this way is likely to become popular throughout Australia.

In addition to having fertile land made ready for them, the men will have the advantage of the practical advice and assistance of the settlers who, by their patriotic actions, have helped to make the way clear for a return from the battlefield to the position of productive settlers.

Offers of over eighty estates have been received, on varying conditions, for allotment among returned soldiers.

In South Australia a scheme has been adopted for settling returned veterans on the land. Training camps are to be created for the benefit of the inexperienced, and special assistance given to men to set themselves up as farmers. Reclaimed irrigation areas will be devoted to this purpose to begin with.

A similar scheme has been placed before the Government of Western Australia. Plans have been prepared by the Commissioner for the Wheat Belt, the Commissioner for the South-West, and the Fruit Industries Commission.

A Sure Thing. Bill—Are we downhearted? Tom—No, but I'm fearfully tired. It's nervous exhaustion, I guess. Bill—Well, there's no need to stay tired, Tom. Go and get a box of Takake pills. They'll fix you up. Fifty cents a box at your druggist, or by mail from the Georgian Mfg. Co., Collingwood, Ont. 3

NEW STRENGTH FOR LAME BACK!

Letter Tells of Long-looked-for Prescription.

Dear Mr. Editor—I suffered from lame back and a constant tired, worn-out feeling. At times I was unable to stand erect and scarcely able to get around. It would usually come on at first with crick in small of my back. I took one box of Dr. Pierce's Anuric Tablets and my back commenced to get better soon after starting to take them. I did not have to walk doubled over as I did before using the "Anuric." It is the best remedy I have ever taken for what it is intended to relieve.

I hope those who are in need of such a remedy will give the "Anuric Tablets" a trial.

(Signed) A. G. DRAKE.

NOTE: Up to this time, "Anuric" has not been on sale to the public, but by the persuasion of many patients and the increased demand for this wonderful healing tablet, Doctor Pierce has finally decided to put it into the drug stores of this country within immediate reach of all sufferers.

Simply ask for Doctor Pierce's Anuric Tablets. There can be no imitation. Every package of "Anuric" is sure to be Doctor Pierce's. You will find the signature on the package just as you do on Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the ever-famous friend to ailing women, and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, proven by years to be the greatest general tonic. Send 10 cents to Dr. V. M. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for large trial package.

At any rate don't give up hope of being cured of your malady until just a few doses of "Anuric" have proven that it will make you feel like a different person.

EDITOR—Please insert this letter in some conspicuous place in your paper.

HINDU ETIQUETTE.

Curiosities of Behavior in the Eastern Empire.

You can never tell what is manners and what isn't in India. When a woman wants to be very polite to a man she turns her back on him; it flatters any Hindu man to have a pretty woman plainly and ostentatiously turn her back. Whatever happens, a Hindu wife there is a queer system of etiquette. What ever happens, a Hindu wife must never mention her husband by name. When she goes to call on her neighbor, lightly chatting the afternoon through, comparing notes on the latest nose-rings and the best way to stain the fingers with the fashionable henna, she must never let the conversation swing around so that she will have to mention her husband. If she should go so far as to forget herself and mention her lord and master to her shocked companion, her hostess would soon yawn and explain that she had to go and put the bread in. However, she can talk about her children all she wants to; there is nothing in the Hindu etiquette book against that. She can tell what a funny thing Jami said the other night at the supper table, how much he helps around the house and delicately hint how much brighter he is than the other children in the neighborhood, but she must never under any circumstances mention his father.

Even stricter social rules govern the men. One Hindu man must never ask another Hindu man how his wife is getting along. That would brand the man as not having the slightest idea what drawing-room usage was. All the men at the club would shun him; no one would dare to ask him to come over to the table and have a grape juice for fear right before everybody he might ask how his wife was.

When a Hindu goes to call it is not good manners to leave until the host gets up and tells him to go—Leslie's.

To Get French Islands.

The possibility of the acquisition of the French colony of St. Pierre and Newfoundland is being discussed in official circles as a result of conditions arising from the European conflict.

The idea was suggested by the recent negotiations which led to the relaxation for the term of the war of the so-called bait act by the Newfoundland Government in view of the shortage of fish in France. The bait act was put in force in 1886, and prohibited the selling of herring to the French fishermen whose headquarters were at St. Pierre.

With the advent of the war France withdrew the last of her fishermen from this side of the Atlantic, resulting in a critical shortage of fish at home. Representations were made to the Newfoundland Government, and in view of the circumstances it was decided to allow buyers from St. Pierre to purchase Newfoundland herring on the condition that the fish should not be used for bait, but should be devoted solely to food purposes.

Within the next few months thousands of barrels of herring, it is expected, will be shipped to St. Pierre. This concession, it is believed in some circles, will pave the way to a readjustment of the whole fisheries question after the war, and possibly to negotiations towards the taking over of St. Pierre by Newfoundland.