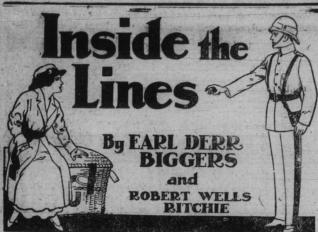
MAY 15, 1917

WALITEE INFERIEURE



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"An Englishman, Caesar says—an ber in the Wilhelmstrasse is 1932—1932 Englishman, who insists on seeing me—very important." Koch bit the end of one stubby thumb in hurried thought. He suddenly whipped open the door of one of the instrument cases, pulled out a stethoscope and hooked the two little blest proceivers into his easy.

the black receivers into his ears. Then he turned to Woodhouse.

"Quick! Off with your coat and open your shirt. You are a patient; I am just examining you when interrupted. This may be one of these clumsy English secret service men and I might. lish secret service men, and I might need your alibi." The sound of an opening door beyond the folding doors and of footsteps in the adjoining room

"You say you are sleepless at night?" Dr. Koch was talking English. "And you have a temperature on arising?
Hm'm! This under your tongue, if you please"—he thrust a clinical thermometer between Woodhouse's lips; the latter already had his coat off and was unbuttoning his shirt. Koch gave him a meaning glance and disappeared

him a meaning glance and disappeared between the folding doors, closing them behind him.

Minutes slipped by. The captain still nursed the clinical thermometer. The numble and muttering continued to sound through the closed doors. Suddenly the high whine of the unseen visitor was raised in excitement. Came clearly through to Woodhouse's ears his passionate declaration:

"But I tell you you've got to recog-nize me. My number's 1932. My tick-et was stolen out of the head of my cane somewhere between Paris and Alexandria. But I got it all rightgot it from the Wilhelmstrasse direct, with orders to report to Dr. Emil Koch in Alexandria!"

Capper! Capper, who was to be be-trayed to the firing squad in Malta after his Wilhelmstrasse ticket had passed from his possession! Capper on the job!

Woodhouse hurled every foot pound of his will to hear into his ears. He caught Koch's gruff answer:

"Young man, you're talking mad-ess. You're talking to a loyal British Milhelmstrasse or your number. If I did not think you were drunk I'd have you held here, to be turned over to the military as a spy. Now, go before I change my mind."

Again the querulous protestation of Capace, met by the dector's persentary.

Capper, met by the doctor's peremptory order. The captain heard the front door close. A long wait and Dr. Koch's black beard, with the surmounting eyes of thick glass, appeared at a part-ing of the folding doors. Woodhouse, the tiny thermometer still sticking absurdly from his mouth, met the basi-lisk stare of those two ovals of glass with a coldly casual glance. He re-moved the thermometer from between his lips and read it, with a smile, as if that were part of playing a game. Still the ghastly stare from the glass eyes over the bristling beard, searching-

"Well." Woodhouse said lightly, "no

need of an alibi evidently."

Dr. Koch stepped into the room with the lightness of a cat, walked to a desk drawer at one side and fumbled there a second, his back to his guest. When he turned he held a short bar-reled automatic at his hip. The muzzle covered the shirt sleeved man in the chair.

"Much need-for an alibi-from you!" Dr. Koch croaked, his voice dry and flat with rage. "Much need, Mr. 1932. Commence your explanation immediately, for this minute my temptation is strong—very strong—to shoot you for

strong—very strong—the dog you are."

"Is this—ah, customary?" Wood-house twiddled the tiny mercury tube between his fingers and looked undinchingly at the small, round mouth of the automatic. "Do you make a string a—friend with practice of consulting a-friend with a revolver at your hip?"

a revolver at your hip?"
"You heard—what was said in
there!" Koch's forehead was curiously ridged and flushed with much blood.
"Did you ask me to listen? Surely, my dear doctor, you have provided doors that are sound proof. If I may suggest, isn't it about time that you explain this—this melodrama?" The captain's voice was cold. His lips were drawn to a thin line. Koch's big head moved from side to side with a gesture curiously like that of a bull about to charge, but knowing not where his enemy stands. He blurted

"For your information, if you did not overhear: An Englishman comes just now to address me familiarly as of the Wilhelmstrasse. He comes to say he

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house rose, grasped the doctor's hand and wrung it heartily. "And now." he said, "to keep this fellow Capper in sight until the Princess Mary sails and I aboard her as Captain Woodhouse of Wady Halfa. The man might trip us all up."

"He will not; be sure of that." Koch growled, helping Woodhouse into his roat and leading the way to the folding doors. "I will have Caesar attend

to him the minute he comes back to re-

port where Capper is stopping."
"Until when?" the captain asked,
pausing at the gate, to which Koch had

"Here tomorrow night at 9," the doctor answered, and the gate shut behind him. Captain Woodhouse, alone under

the shadowing trees of Queen's terrace, drew in a long breath, shook his shoulders and started for the station

and the midnight train to Alexandria

Consider the mental state of Mr. Billy Capper as he sank into a seat on

propensity for trying to beat their fares, the bundle of clothes surmount-ed by a rusty brown bowler which huddled under the sickly light of the

second class carriage bespoke either a candidate for a plunge off the quay or a "bloomer" returning from his

or a "bloomer" returning from his wassailing. But the eyes of the man denied this latter hypothesis; sanity

was in them, albeit the merciless san

ity that refuses an alternative when fate has its victim pushed into a cor-

the flood of his own bitter cognitations that he had not noticed the other two passengers boarding the train at the

little tiled station-a tall, quietly dress

ed white man and a Numidian with a cloak thrown over his white livery. The latter had faded like a shadow

into the third class carriage behind the one in which Capper rode.

CONTINUED

Got Familiar With Them.

Professor Fugue — What do you mean, Mr. Jones, by speaking of Dick Wagner, Ludie Beethoven, Charlie Gounod and Fred Handel? Jones—

Well, you told me to get familiar with

great composers.-Musical An

Just Change.

Mrs. Bacon—Does your husband carry any life insurance? Mrs. Fraction Well, I never happened to run against any when I've been going through his pockets at night.—Yonkers Statesman.

So submerged was Capper under

midnight suburban from Ramleh to Alexandria. Even to the guard, unused to particular observation of his passengers save as to their possible

corted him.

remember—and I am to give him or-ders. Please explain that before I pull this trigger."
"He showed you his number—his ticket, then?" Woodhouse added this

parenthetically.



"The man said his ticket had been stolen from him some time after he left Paris-stolen from the head of his cane, where he had it concealed. But the number was 1932." The doctor

voiced this last doggedly.

"You have, of course, had this man followed?" the other put in. "You have not let him leave this house

"Caesar was after him before he left the garden gate—naturally. But"— Woodhouse held up an interrupting

"Pardon me, Dr. Koch; did you get this fellow's name?"
"He refused to give it—said I would not know him, anyway."

"Was he an undersized man, very thin, sparse hair and a face showing dissipation?" Woodhouse went on. "Nervous, jerky way of talking-fingers to his mouth as if to feel his words as they come out—brandy or wine breath? Can't you guess who he was?"

"I guess nothing."
"The target!"

At the word Louisa had used in describing Capper to Woodhouse Koch's face underwent a change. He lowered his pistol.

ed his pistol.
"Ach!" he said. "The man they are
to arrest. And you have the number."
"That was Capper—Capper, formerly
of the Belgian office—kicked out for
drunkenness. One time he sold out
Downing street in the matter of the
Lord Fisher letters. You remember. Lord Fisher letters. You remember the scandal when they came to light— his majesty, the kaiser's, Kiel speech referring to them. He is a good stalk-

Koch's suspicion had left him. Still gripping the automatic, he sat down on

the edge of the operating chair regarding the other man respectfully.

"Come, come, Dr. Koch; you and I cannot continue longer at cross pur-poses." The captain spoke with terse This man Capper sho ed you nothing to prove his claims, yet you come back to this room and threat-en my life on the strength of a drunk-ard's bare word. What his mission is you know; how he got that number



"Your pardon, No. 1932."

which is the number I have shown you on my ticket from the Wilhelmstrasse -you understand how such things are managed. I happen to know, however, because it was my business er, because it was my business to know, that Capper left Marseilles for Malta aboard La Vendee four days ago. He was not expected to go be-yond Malta."

Koch caught him up: "But the fel-low told me his boat didn't stop at Malta; was warned by wireless to proceed at all speed to Alexandria for fear of the Breslan, known to be in the Adriatic." Woodhouse spread out

his hands with a gesture of finality.

"There you are! Capper finds himself stranded in Alexandria; knows somehow of your position as a man of the Wilhelmstrasse. Such things cannot be hid from the underground work ers; comes here to explain himself to you and excuse himself for the loss of his number. Is there anything more

to be said except that we must keep a close watch on him?! The physician rose and paced the room, his hands clasped behind his back. The automatic bobbed against the tails of his long coat as he walked. After a minute's restless striding he broke his step before the desk, jerked open the drawer and dropped the weapon in it. Back to where Woodhouse was sitting he stalked and believe the right hand stiffly. "Your pardon, No. 1932. For my suspicion I apologize. But you see my position—a very delicate one." Woodhouse rose, grasped the doctor's hand SCHOOL

Lesson VIII.—Second Quarter, For May 20, 1917.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Isa. xxviii, 1-13. Memory Verse, 7-Goden Text, I Cor. 9-25-Commentary Prepared by

The title of this lesson is "The Importance of Self Control," and that fits well into the last lesson, for we cannot be faithful unless Spirit controlled. According to the Golden Text and its context, the self life must be persistently reckoned dead if we would win the incorruptible crown. Paul in that passage had no thought or reference to the loss of his soul, but was speaking only of service, which he knew might be rejected or disapproved, and he suffer loss, according to I Cor. iii, 14, 15.

This is called a temperance lesson, I suppose because of its references to drunkards and strong drink (verses 1, 3, 7, 8), but the whole chapter and the context refer to those who scorn the word of the Lord and take refuge in lies (verses 14, 15). No doubt the priest and prophet, as well as the people, were given to wine and strong drink and thus were out of the right way. drinking themselves drunk like thos in I Kings xvi, 9; xx, 16. The filthiness and beastliness of actual drunk ards are seen in lesson verse 8, and those who continue such cannot enter the kingdom of heaven, but there are forgiveness and salvation for all kinds of sinners if they will only turn to the Lord, according to I Cor. vi, 9-11. In the next chapter (xxix, 9) there are a drunkenness and a staggering with which wine and strong drink had noth ing to do. It was the religious, schol arly kind so prevalent today, a sleep from the Lord because they turned away from His word and said that they could not understand it. He called it drawing near to Him with their mouth only, while their heart was far from Him, and they were giv-ing heed to precepts of men and not to His precepts (xxix, 10-13). They said to the seers, "See not," and to the prophets: "Prophesy not unto us right things; speak unto us smooth things. Prophesy deceits. * * * Cause the Holy One of Israel to cease from before us" (lsa. xxx, 8-11). According to Ezek. xxxiii, 31, they hear, but do not; with their mouth they show much love, but their heart goeth after their covetousness. It was just the same when our Lord was on earth, for He quoted from Legish and said. "It vain do they wor." Isaiah and said, "In vain do they wor ship Me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men (Matt. xv, 8, 9)

There is only one true foundation, and that is the tried stone, the precious cornerstone, the sure foundation of xxviii. 16, spoken of so plainly in



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Cor. iii, 11. All else is lies and from the father of lies, the devil, but all

shall be swept away by the judgments (verses 17, 18). There is no rest for weary souls but in Him who said,

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt xi, 28). But He still has

to say, "Ye will not come unto me" (John v. 40). So in our lesson, verse 12, "This is the rest wherewith ye may

cause the weary to rest, and this is the refreshing, yet they would not hear." Again in chapter xxx, 15, "In returning

and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength, and ye would not." The

failure is ever on our part, and He has to say, "I would; * * * ye would not" (Matt. xxiii, 37). These scornful

men mocked the Lord's messengers, saying. Does He think that we are children just weaned, that he must

be ever repeating precept upon pre-cept, line upon line, not knowing that there is no other way for such slow

people as we are? But they were proud and rebellious (verses 9-14). They mocked the messengers of God and despised His words and misused

be filled with the knowledge of the

Lord, and a king shall reign in right-eousness and the work of righteous-

ness be quietness and assurance for

ever (Isa, xxvii, 6; xi, 9; xxxii, 1-17).

The father of lies and all his deceied ones shall go to their own place,

and there shall be one king over all the earth (Rev. xix, 29; xx, 10; Matt.

only the meek shall increase their joy

in the Lord, and the poor among men shall rejoice in the Holy One of Israel

(xxix, 19). As in Matt, v, 3, 5, "Blessed are the poor in Spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven; blessed are

the meek, for they shall inherit the earth;" also in Matt. xi, 29, "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for

I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." All other beauty but His is a fading flow-

er, for all flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God

nower radern, but the word of our God shall stand forever (verses 1-4; chap-ter xl. 6-8). There has always been a remnant, a little flock, to whom the Lord has been their all in all—the Abels, the Enochs, the Noahs.

Children and Reading.

That the child who reads rapidly gets
the most thought out of the books read
is the result of every experiment that
has been made in this line.—Miss Mary

Superstitions of Royalty.

Caesar, Napoleon, Bismarck and others were not above the superstition of "lucky" and "unlucky" days. Thursday was the "unlucky" day of Henry VIII., of his son Edward and of his days the superstitution of the superst

daughters, Mary and Elizabeth. It is strange that they should have died upon this day.

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and despised His words and misused His prophets until the wrath of the Lord arose against His people, till there was no remedy (II Chron. xxxvi, 15, 16). There was a restoration from Babylon after the seventy years' captivity, but there is to be a greater restoration, which is ever drawing nearer, after which they shall never be scattered again nor see evil any more (Isa. xi, 10-12; Jer. xxxi, 38-40; Zeph. iii, 15). Then shall Israel blossom and bud and fill the face of the earth with fruit, and the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the All Old Established Companies.

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