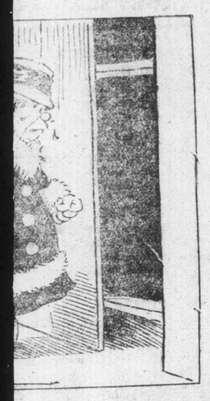

N FIVE MINUTES
NO SICK STOMACH,
IMDIGESTION' GAS

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 pharmachist to show you the formula, plainly printed on these nity-cent cases of Pape's Diapepsia, 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 Diapepsin" 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.

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Get some now this minute and rid yourself of stomach misery and indigestion in five minutes.

Lieut. Col. Cutcliffe has promised a "Clerk's Platoon." Get into line quickly and prepare for promotion.

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CASTORIA

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Total Amount Pledged $.....

As a contribution to the Canadian Patriotic Fund, I hereby promise to pay to Mr. H. T. Watt, Secretary-Treasurer of the Association, or his successor in office the sum of ..... Dollars per month, commencing with February 15, 1916, and continuing for twelve months, it being understood that only three months' payments falling due after the declaration of peace shall be paid. Should I enlist for Active Service all installments falling due after that date are to be cancelled.

Signed.....

Address.....

Brantford.....1916.

Note—The last installment of 25 per cent. on the Pledges given in the last Campaign, is cancelled.

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There is real relief for the Bronchial troubles of old folks in Veno's Lightning Cough Cure. Quickly it frees the choked up tubes and air passages, loosens the tough phlegm, and soothes the trying cough. Old age need never be burdened with old coughs, old wheezings, asthma or catarrhal troubles while Veno's Lightning Cough Cure can be purchased at the stores.

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There is no opium, morphine, or paregoric in Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, nothing harmful to old or young. Its wonderful curative power is the natural result of its strengthening action on the breathing organs. Each ingredient it contains has definite action on the mucous surfaces of the throat, lungs, and bronchial tubes, and all combine to enhance the effect. That is why Veno's cures where others fail. That is why it has the largest sale in the world. Take it for—

Coughs and Colds **Bronchial Troubles** **Nasal Catarrh** **Hoarseness** — *Price* **30** *cents.* — **Difficult Breathing** **Whooping Cough** **Blood Spitting** **Asthma**

Large size containing 2½ times the quantity 60 cents. Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere, or direct, on receipt of price, from the sole dealers for Canada, Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 10, McCaul Street, Toronto.

Proprietors:—The Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester, Eng.

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Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surface. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in the country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

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The Great English Remedy. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new blood in old veins. *Cures Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory.* Price $1 per box, six for $5. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. *New pamphlet mailed free.* THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor.)

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This contest is open to any man, woman or child who is not connected, directly or indirectly, with the Film Company or the newspapers publishing the continued story. No literary ability is necessary to qualify as a contestant.

You are advised to see the continued photo play in the theaters where it will be shown—to read the story as it runs every week, and then send in your suggestion. Contestants *must* confine their contributions for the sequel to *1,000 words or less.* It is the *idea* that is wanted.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A feud has existed between Colonel Arthur Stanley and his cousin, Judge Lamar Stanley, over an heirloom, the diamond from the sky, found in a fallen meteor by an ancestor. Also, the succession to the Stanley earldom in England may come to an American. When a daughter is born to the colonel and the mother dies, the colonel buys a gypsy boy and substitutes him. Three years later the gypsy mother, having had no part in this bargain, steals the girl, being reared in secret, and leaves her son undetected as the heir. The gypsy has obtained possession of the diamond from the sky, and a document with the Stanley secret. When Esther is grown a beautiful young girl, Hagar, now gypsy queen, returns to Virginia with her. Dr. Lee, the late Colonel Stanley's friend, adopts Esther. Arthur Stanley, son of Hagar, falls in love with Esther, and so does his companion and cousin, Blair Stanley, rightful male heir of Stanley. In stealing the diamond Blair causes the death of the doctor and tries later to put the blame on Arthur, who takes the diamond from him.

Arthur Stanley eludes his pursuers and joins Hagar, who reveals his identity and upbraids him for his wild life. Needing money, he pawns the diamond in Richmond. At a ball, at which a supposed New York belle, Vivian Marston, is the guest of honor, Arthur and Blair find the diamond on the visitor. She is an adventuress who has borrowed it.

Luke Lovell, Hagar's gypsy guard, steals the diamond, and to avoid detection drops it into a mail box. Arthur leaves Richmond and goes to the west. The diamond passes into a mail bag, picked up by Quabba, organ grinder. Quabba's monkey steals the diamond. Hagar takes Esther to Stanley hall.

Tom Blake, a detective of Richmond, who is hired by Hagar, produces finger prints convicting Blair. Hagar proposes silence to Mrs. Stanley as the price of Hagar's and Esther's being received in Fairfax society. Blair strikes down Hagar and steals the finger prints, leaving the gypsy demented. The diamond is found by a negro boy and is later stolen from a Chinese den. Hagar is again with Esther among the gypsies. Marmaduke Smythe, lawyer, arrives to announce Arthur is heir to the deceased Earl of Stanley. Learning Arthur is a fugitive he seeks Blair instead. To win Vivian, Blair steals the diamond, later marrying her and leaving for the west. Their train is robbed, Vivian losing the diamond, which a slain train robber drops in the desert. The $100,000 he stole is found by Arthur, now known as John Powell, sheep herder. Vivian deserts Blair, telling him he must regain the diamond for her. Luke Lovell, driven from the camp after learning Hagar's secret, leaves to seek Blair. Hagar is under treatment and Esther is in Richmond society, protege of Mrs. Stanley, who suspects her real name, and of Mrs. Randolph. Abe Bloom, gambler, who knows Blair's guilt, covets the diamond and calls it the price of his secrecy. Blair will not listen to Lovell, and Arthur also insists on his silence. Blair returns to Richmond and, instigated by his mother, pays unwelcome court to Esther, Mrs. Stanley asserting Vivian had been married before. The diamond is picked up by an Indian woman. Dr. Lee, Arthur learns, died of heart disease. Becoming very rich he buys Stanley hall, sold at auction, through Blake, and also provides for Hagar and has money left secretly in Esther's room. Luke Lovell buys the diamond from the squaw, but loses it in a fight on Santa Barbara bay, the gem sinking. Vivian, desiring aid to ensnare Arthur, sends for Blair.

Esther and Quabba, also Blair, go to the California mines to seek Arthur. Blair to learn the whereabouts of the diamond for Vivian. Smythe is sent west by Blake. Lovell repairs the coach in which Esther and Smythe ride. Quabba catches a fish with the diamond in its gills, but a pelican bears off the gem.

The coach rolls down the mountain, but Esther and the lawyer escape unhurt. Meanwhile Quabba returns, and he and Esther elude Luke and Blair. Vivian Marston is rescued from drowning by John Powell, who falls in love with her. Marmaduke Smythe shoots a frog and finds the diamond.

Blair and Luke intercept the buckboard. The driver is shot. Esther and Quabba escape and are joined by Marmaduke Smythe, who gives Esther the diamond to deliver to Arthur. Blair and Luke go to the yacht in Arthur's absence and find Esther with the diamond. To escape them she jumps overboard.

CHAPTER XXXV.

The Charm Against Harm.

QUABBA, in the rowboat by the bottom of the yacht's companionway, heard the struggle upon the deck between Blair and Luke and the scream of Esther as, to escape them both, she plunged over the side. It seemed eternity to Quabba and a voyage to the gates of death to the strangling girl ere her head came to the surface. She instinctively clutched the rail of the rowboat, and Quabba drew her in. He headed the boat straight for the beach, for he saw the sailing master on the wharf stairs, bringing back the crew from their shore leave to the waiting launch. To Quabba all who are strangers are enemies, and he headed in a straight line for the beach and the breaking surf, a half mile away.

On the deck the struggle between Blair and Luke is one of vicious ferocity, in which the clothing of both is torn. Both joy in the battle, and the few half drunken sailors aboard, tumbling out from the forecastle, are wild with excitement and delight at the splendid smashing scrap between the burly, heavy built Luke and the lithe and active Blair.

"Hey, Bill," cries one of the sailors, "it's two old friends with a grudge for sure."

"I should worry. It ain't my floating palace they are mussing up!" exclaims the other marlner. And he spoke truly in one sense, for like maddened beasts the two men tore at each other, and the snowy deck of the yacht was stained with blood, which flowed profusely from both combatants.

Against the paneled mahogany of the cabin side the fighters crashed, smashing and splintering glass and woodwork. And then, in sheer tearing rage, combining all their strength to dash each other to insensibility and death, they plunged from the smashed cabin side at the center to the stanchion rail. At the heavy impact of the two strong bodies flung against it the rail bent outward and the stanchions snapped like pipestems, and the two men, locked in death grips, went over the side and into the water, kicking, thrusting, cursing.

In the water, more active, Blair loosened hold and dived under. Coming to the surface, he waited for the gypsy's head to appear, and when Luke rose to the surface, bubbling and gasping for breath, Blair struck him a smashing blow between the eyes and swam to the companionway. Half stunned and half strangled, Luke screamed in inarticulate insanity of rage and hate. Then through his dull mind came a realization that Blair, as friend of the owner of the yacht and as "a gentleman," would have the aid and assistance of the sailors.

Leaving the matter for another day to settle, for Luke was of a nature that loved to nurse and cherish his enmity, the gypsy turned and swam strongly and doggedly to the shore.

Blair, panting, water soaked and disheveled, leaned over the rope rail ing of the companionway and looked after Luke, also with that respect one good fighting man has for the other.

"Hurt, sir?" a sailor asked.

"Only a little scratched," said Blair, noting with some satisfaction that the cold sea water had checked the bleeding of his wounds.

"The poor fellow must have gone roaring mad," added Blair in explanation. "We had been lost in the woods for some days, and he must have got hold of some whisky and have gone clean crazy, for the first thing I knew he sprang upon me, fighting like a mad dog!"

It was this same explanation in extension that Blair made to the sailing master when the latter returned to the launch with the sailors from their shore leave, for the two sailors left in the forecastle had not seen or known of Esther's boarding the yacht in search of Arthur, or her wild leap from it when faced by Blair and Luke. Nor had the sailing master, mustering his men at the end of the street leading to the wharf at the time of Esther's leap, known of her presence aboard the yacht. The sailing master had seen the rowboat with Quabba and Esther headed straight for the beach,

The Fight on the Yacht.

but the rowboat was too far away for even keen sailor eyes to note that the girl was wet and weak.

"I have heard of sailors getting homicidal d. t.'s," said the sailing master, "but I never knew a landsman to get 'em that quick."

The two sailors who had witnessed the titan combat grinned, for it had been a bout to delight the eye. But just then the sailing master gave a sudden cry.

"Look at that fool! What is he doing—trying to commit suicide?" And the master pointed to the beach, where the rowboat, with the tired, unskilled hands of Quabba on the oars, was negotiating the surf.

"Shall we lower a boat, sir?" asked one of the sailors. "There was a woman spilled from the boat with that awkward landlubber."

The sailing master shaded his eyes with his hand and then said: "By George, the girl can swim, all right! She is even helping the landlubber. They're all right. See! The fellow with her is asking some one to save the boat. There is quite a little bunch of people on the beach now. And our crazy friend sees them, too, and evidently does not desire to be questioned, for he is striking off to land farther down the beach!" And he pointed to the bobbing head of the strongly swimming Luke, a mere speck above the water halfway to the shore.

"The people on the beach don't even see my late friend of the woods," remarked Blair, with a cynical smile. "Oh, well, let the poor fellow go. The cold water will bring him to his senses." And Blair turned and went

Esther and Quabba in Santa Barbara.

toward the cabin to make another change in his attire from Arthur's yachting wardrobe.

"He's a cool one," said the sailing master admiringly as he looked after Blair, who walked in his dripping clothes across the deck whistling. "I'll bet he is a Virginian, that lad. He says he is Mr. Powell's cousin, and Powell is another fighting daredevil just like him. They breed good men in the west, but there's nothing wrong with the fighting strain they raise in old Virginia."

Luke gained a deserted part of the beach unobserved, shook the water from him as a great dog might have done and strode off. Luke Lovell had no use for the town. Far away in the Sierras the Lady Veronica mines and other prosperous and busy diggings called him. By train and on foot he made his way, and by another day Santa Barbara was far behind him; but, though he went for work and to get away from his very hate of Blair Stanley, Luke Lovell had not deviated one iota from his set, sullen purpose.

He had seen the paper that Blair Stanley had pursued and persecuted Esther to obtain. Then, too, Luke Lovell had beheld the diamond from the sky. Luke clinched his hand and looked down, as though he had expected to see the great gem he had thrice grasped as his own only to lose still burning balefully in his bronzed and brawny grasp. But the diamond was gone, and he clutched at the empty air and trudged on, resolved that the purpose of his life would be to have it. But he would have no more of Blair Stanley; that he was resolved.

Esther, after being thrown upon the beach from the overturned boat with Quabba, thanked those who rushed up to assist her and her companion and assured them it had been just an accident of small consequence. Her spirits rose again in thankfulness, and, followed by poor Quabba, who half hysterically accused himself of every crime under the calendar in his humiliation at having imperiled his young mistress, Esther reached a quiet part of the beach and from there had Quabba summon a conveyance which took her to the quiet hotel on a side street, where she had secured quarters for herself and her servant.

Esther knew she was safe enough in Santa Barbara or any other city. She would fight Blair Stanley fearlessly along the lines the Stanleys had always fought in their feuds—among themselves. True, the Stanleys, even in their feuds, had seldom fought women. But Esther, knowing she had the protection of Arthur's love and having every confidence in the strength, wit and courage of this handsomest of all heroes in her eyes, felt as though Blair was overmatched when all was said and done. Had she met Blair in the streets of Santa Barbara she might even have bowed to him with a mocking smile.

She sent a message to John Powell, president of the Good Hope Oil company, Los Angeles. It read:

Came here to see you urgent. Wire instructions. ESTHER.

"You will probably have an answer in an hour or so," said the clerk, and Esther murmured her thanks and said she would be back and so went shopping in the interim, while Quabba lurked at a respectful distance.

In the woods and in the wilderness, on the dangerous waters, he could come close to cherish and protect his beloved young mistress. But in the built up town, where romance and devotion seem strange and out of place, convention required the pathetic yet faithful Quabba must keep aloof. Esther had not asked this, but she knew the proximity of the queer looking follower who served her so faithfully would, in a town, bring upon her attention and questioning.

(To be continued.)

Edwin Lynn Thacker was seized in Barbadoes in a $30,000 swindle, and his wife came back to New York alone.

New Jersey boys may go to public school without collars, but must wear shirts, the State Board decides.

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