

## TORTURED FROM BABYHOOD

"Fruit-a-lives" Cures Constipation



MISS E. A. GOODALL

EDMONTON, ALTA., Nov. 20th, 1911  
"I have been a sufferer since babyhood from that terrible complaint, Constipation. I have been treated by physicians, and have taken every medicine I heard of, but without the slightest benefit. I finally concluded that there was no remedy in the world that could cure Constipation. About this time, I heard about 'Fruit-a-lives' and decided to try them. The effect was marvellous. The first box gave me great relief, and after I had used a few boxes, I found that I was entirely well."

"Fruit-a-lives" is the only medicine that ever did me any good and I want to say to all who suffer as I did—"Try this fruit medicine and you will find—as I did—a perfect cure."

(Miss) E. A. GOODALL  
"Fruit-a-lives" is the only medicine in the world made of fruit and the only one that will positively and completely cure you of Constipation.  
50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

"Various Persons" got a haul of \$722.43 from Big Presque Isle Bridge.

## ST VITUS DANCE IN YOUNG CHILDREN

A Striking Example of Its Cure by Tonic Treatment

St Vitus dance is the commonest form of nervous trouble that afflicts young children, because of the great demand made on the body by growth and development, and there is an added strain caused by study. It is when these demands become so great that they impoverish the blood, and the nerves fail to receive their full supply of nourishment, that the nervous system which leads to St Vitus dance begins.

The remarkable success of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in curing St Vitus dance should lead parents to give this great blood-building medicine to their children at the first signs of the approach of the disease. Pallor, listlessness, inattention, restlessness and irritability are all symptoms which early show that the blood and nerves are failing to meet the demand upon them. Here is proof of the power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to cure this trouble. Mrs. J. W. Towns, Oshawa, Ont., says:—"At the age of eleven my daughter was attacked with St Vitus dance, and despite all we did for her the trouble grew rapidly worse. Soon she was scarcely able to walk, her body and limbs jerked and trembled so, and she was quite unable to feed herself. When she would lie down she would be unable to rise without assistance. As nothing was helping her I wrote a friend whose daughter had been similarly affected, and she advised the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which had cured her child. I at once got a supply of the Pills, and even the use of the first box seemed to show an improvement. By the time five boxes were used she was completely cured and had had no return of the trouble since."

Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## PROVINCIAL BALLOT IS ABSOLUTELY SECRET

There is one thing that every voter should remember, viz., that the present provincial ballot is absolutely secret. No man need know how you vote unless you tell him. The returning officer gives you an envelope when you go into the polling booth. You take this envelope behind the screen, where are placed ballots of both parties. You place inside the envelope whichever ballot you choose. You then give the envelope containing the ballot to the returning officer, who in your presence puts the envelope in the ballot box. There is not the slightest chance of the returning officer or any official or scrutineer having the remotest idea how you vote. This means that no one can coerce you or tell you that you have to vote a certain way. You owe it to yourself and to your province to vote as you want to, uninfluenced by threats or loss of place or position.

## The House of the Whispering Pines

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN  
Copyright, 1910, by Anna Katharine Rohlf

(CONTINUED.)

"I can help you some. You make it my duty, and I have never shrank from duty. A horse and cutter did go by here on its way uphill last Tuesday night at about 11 o'clock. I remember the hour because I was expecting my husband every minute, just as I am now. He had some extra work on hand that night, which he expected to detain him till 11 or a quarter after. Supper was to be ready at a quarter after. I heard the clock strike the hour and ran to the front door to look out. It was snowing very hard, and the road looked white and empty, but as I stood there a horse and cutter came in sight, which, as it reached the gate, drew up in a great hurry as if something was the matter. Frightened, because I'm always thinking of harm to my husband, whose work is very dangerous, I ran out bareheaded



"Was the hat like this one, madam?" to the gate, when I saw why the man in the sleigh was making me such wild gestures. His hat had blown off and was lying close up against the fence in front of me. Anxious always to oblige, I made haste to snatch it and carry it out to its owner. I received a sort of thank you and would never have remembered the occurrence if it had not been for that murder and if—"she paused doubtfully—"if I had not recognized the horse."

"Didn't you recognize the man?" "No. The snow was blinding; besides, he wore a high collar, in which his head was sunk down almost out of sight."

"But the horse—" "Was one which is often driven by here. Ask any one on the hill in what stable you can find a gray horse with a large black spot on his left shoulder. Now I must dish up my dinner."

"Just one question, madam. Was the hat what folks call a derby? Like this one, madam," he explained, drawing his own from behind his back.

"Yes, I think so. As well as I can remember it was like that. I'm afraid I didn't do it any good by my handling. I had to clutch it quick, and I'm sure I bent the brim, to say nothing of smearing it with flour marks. I had been cutting out biscuits, and my hands were white with flour," she explained simply.

Sweetwater made one final plea, and that was for her name. "Eliza Simmons," was the straight-

## PRIVATE OFFICE

Some Lunch Back in ten minutes

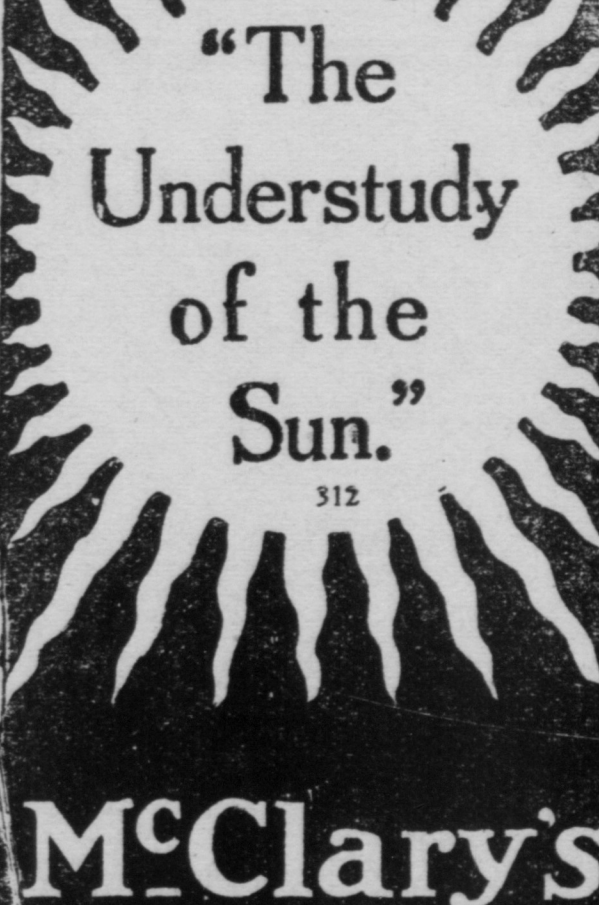
Cramming down ill-chosen food, and rushing back to work, leads straight to dyspepsia, with all it means in misery.

Proper habits of eating, with a Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablet after each meal, restore good digestion, health and happiness.

A box of Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets costs but 50c. at your Druggist's. National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited.

148

## SUNSHINE FURNACE



Sold by H. E. Burt, Woodstock, J. W. Montgomery, Hartland,

forward reply, and this ended the interview.

Sweetwater went on up the hill. Toward the top he came upon a livery stable. Stopping in his good humored way, he entered into talk with a man loitering inside the great door. Before he left him he had asked him these questions:

"Any gray horse in town?" "Yes, one. It belongs to a respectable family. There's a funeral there today."

"Not Miss Cumberland's?" exclaimed Sweetwater, all agog in a moment. "Yes, Miss Cumberland's."

The next turn Sweetwater took was toward the handsome residence district crowning the hill. Fifteen minutes later he stood in a finely wooded street before an open gateway guarded by a policeman. Showing his badge, he passed in and entered a long and slightly curved driveway. As he did so he took a glance at the house. It was not as pretentious as he expected, but infinitely more inviting.

The ceremonies had been set for 3 o'clock, and it was now half past 2. As Sweetwater reached the head of the driveway he saw the first of a long line of carriages approaching up the street.

"Lucky that my business takes me to the stable," thought he. "What is the coachman's name? I ought to remember it. Ah! Zadok-Zadok Brown. There's a combination for you!"

He had reached this point in his soliloquy—a bad habit of his, for it sometimes took audible expression—when he ran against another policeman set to guard the side door. A moment's parley and he left this man behind, but not before he had noted this door and the wide and hospitable veranda which separated it from the driveway.

"I am willing to go all odds that I shall find that veranda the most interesting part of the house," he remarked in quiet conviction to himself as he noted its nearness to the stable and the ease with which one could step from it into a vehicle passing down the driveway.

It had another point of interest, or rather, the wing had to which it was attached. As his eye traveled back across this wing in his lively walk toward the stable he caught a passing glimpse of a nurse's face and figure in one of its upper windows.

Once around the corner, he perceived that the stable door was closed, but that a window well up the garden side was open. Encountering no watchful eye, he stepped up to the stable window and peered in.

A man sat with his back to him polishing a bit of harness. This was probably Zadok, the coachman. Sweetwater suddenly experienced a momentary confusion by observing the head and shoulders of Policeman Hexford leaning toward him from an opposite window—in much the same fashion and certainly with exactly the same intent as himself. As their glances crossed both flushed and drew back, only to return again, each to his several peephole. Neither meant to lose the advantage of the moment. Both had heard of the gray horse and wished to identify it.

There were three stalls, and in each stall a horse stamped and fidgeted. Only one held their attention. This was a mare on the extreme left, a large gray animal with a curious black patch on its near shoulder. The faces of both men changed as they recognized this distinguishing mark, and instinctively their eyes met. The coachman rubbed away with less and less purpose until his hands stood quite still and his whole figure drooped in irresistible despondency. As he raised his face, moved perhaps by that sense of a watchful presence to which all of us are more or less susceptible, they were both surprised to see tears on his face. The next instant he had started to his feet and the bit of harness had rattled from his hands to the floor.

"Who are you?" he asked, with a touch of anger quite natural under the circumstances. "Can't you come in by

the door and not creep sneaking up to take a man at disadvantage?"

As he spoke he dashed away the tears with which his cheeks were still wet.

"I thought a heap of my young mistress," he added in evident apology for this display of what such men call weakness. "I didn't know that it was in me to cry for anything, but I find that I can cry for her."

Hexford left his window, and Sweetwater slid from his. Next minute they met at the stable door.

"Had luck?" whispered the local officer.

"Enough to bring me here," acknowledged the other.

"So you mean to this house or to this stable?"

"To this stable."

"Have you heard that the horse was out that night?"

"Yes; she was out."

"Who driving?"

"Ah, that's the question!"

"This man can't tell you."

"But I'm going to talk to him for all that."

"He wasn't here that night. He was at a dance. He only knows that the mare was out."

"But I'm going to talk to him."

"May I come in too? I'll not interrupt. I've just fifteen minutes to spare."

Hexford threw open the stable door, and they both walked in. The coachman was not visible, but they could hear him moving above, grumbling to himself.

"I'll be down in a minute," he called out as their steps sounded on the hardwood floor.

Hexford sauntered over to the stalls. Sweetwater stopped near the doorway and glanced very carefully about him. Nothing seemed to escape his eye. He even took the trouble to peer into a waste bin and was just on the point of lifting down a bit of broken bottle from an open cupboard when Brown appeared dressed in his Sunday coat and carrying a bunch of fresh hot-house roses.

"Who's that man?" he grunted to Hexford.

"Another of us," replied Hexford, with a shrug. "We're both rather interested in this gray horse."

"Wouldn't another time do?" pleaded the coachman, looking gravely down at the flowers he held. "It's most time for the funeral, and I don't feel like talking, indeed I don't, gentlemen."

His distress was so genuine that Hexford was inclined to let him go, but more inviting.

Sweetwater with a cock of his keen eye put in his word and held the coachman where he was.

"The old gal is telling me all about it," muttered this sly, adaptable fellow. He had sidled up to the mare and their heads were certainly very close together. "Not touch her? See here!"

Sweetwater had his arm round the filly's neck and was looking straight into her fiery and intelligent eye. "Shall I pass her story on?" he asked, with a magnetic smile at the astonished coachman.

"You'll oblige me if you can put her knowledge into words," the man Zadok declared, with one fascinated eye on the horse and the other on the house where he evidently felt that his presence was wanted. "She was out that night, and I know it, as any coachman would know who doesn't come home stone drunk. But where she was and who took her, get her to tell if you can, for I don't know no more'n the dead."

"The dead!" flashed out Sweetwater, wheeling suddenly about and pointing straight through the open stable door toward the house where the young mistress the old servant mourned lay in her funeral casket. "Do you mean her—the lady who is about to be buried? Could she tell if her lips were not sealed by a murderer's hand?"

"She!" The word came low and awesomely. Rude and uncultured as the man was, he seemed to be strangely affected by this unexpected suggestion. "I haven't the wit to answer that," said he. "How can we tell what she knew? The man who killed her is in jail. He might talk to some purpose. Why don't you question him?"

"For a very good reason," replied Sweetwater, with an easy good nature that was very reassuring. "He was arrested on the spot, so that it wasn't he who drove this mare home, unharmed, but put her back in her stall, locked the stable door and hung up the key in its place in the kitchen. Somebody else did that."

"That's true enough, and what does it show? That the mare was out on some other errand than the one which ended in blood and murder," was the coachman's unexpected retort.

"Is that so?" whispered Sweetwater into the mare's cocked ear. "She's not quite ready to commit herself," he drawled, with another enigmatical smile at the lingering Zadok.

"She's keeping something back. Are you?" he pointedly inquired, leaving the stalls and walking briskly up to Zadok.

"You're overstepping your dooty. I don't know who you are or what you want with me, but you're overstepping your dooty," said the coachman.

"He's right," muttered Hexford. "Better let the fellow go. See one of the maids is beckoning to him."

"He shall go and welcome if he will

tell me where he gets his taste for this special brand of whisky." Sweetwater had crossed to the cupboard and taken down the lower half of the broken bottle which had attracted his notice on his first entrance, and was now holding it out, with a quizzical look at the departing coachman.

Hexford was at his shoulder with a spring, and together they inspected the label still sticking to it, which was that of the very rare and expensive spirit found missing from the clubhouse vault.

"This is a find," muttered Hexford into his fellow detective's ear. Then, with a quick move toward Zadok, he shouted out:

"You'd better answer that question. Where did this bit of broken bottle come from? They don't give you whisky like this to drink."

"That they don't," muttered the coachman, not so much abashed as they had expected. "And I wouldn't care for it if they did. I found that bit of bottle in the ash barrel outside and fished it out to put varnish in. I liked the shape."

"Broken this way?"

"Yes; it's just as good."

"Is it? Well, never mind; run along. We'll close the stable door for you."

"I'd rather do it myself and carry in the key."

"Here, then. We're going to the funeral too. You'd like to?" This latter in a whisper to Sweetwater.

The answer was a fervent one. Nothing in all the world would please this protean natured man quite so well.

## CHAPTER VIII. "LILA-LILA"

"LET us enter by the side door," suggested Sweetwater as the two moved toward the house. "And be sure you place me where I can see without being seen. I have no wish to attract attention to myself or to be identified with the police until the necessity is forced upon me."

"Then we won't go in together," decided Hexford. "Find your own place; you won't have any difficulty. A crowd isn't expected. Miss Cumberland's condition forbids it."

Sweetwater nodded and slid in at the side door. He found himself at once in a narrow hall, from the end of which opened a large room. A few people were to be seen in this latter place, and his first instinct was to join them; but, finding that a few minutes yet remained before the hour set for the services, he decided to improve them by a rapid glance about this hall, which, for certain reasons hardly as yet formulated in his own mind, had a peculiar interest for him.

The most important object within view, according to his present judgment, was the staircase which connected it with the floor above, but if you had asked his reason for this conclusion he would not have told you, as Ranelagh might have done, that it was because it was the most direct and convenient approach to the Cumberland's room. His notice led him next to a rack upon which hung several coats and a gentleman's hat.

He inspected the former and noted that one was finished with a high collar, but he passed the latter by—it was not a derby. The table stood next the rack, and on its top lay nothing more interesting than a clothesbrush and one or two other insignificant objects; but, with his memory for details, he had recalled the keys which one of the maids had picked up somewhere about this house and laid on a hall table. If this were the hall and this the table, then was every inch of the latter's simple cloth covered top of the greatest importance in his eyes.

He had no further time for even these cursory investigations. Hexford's step could be heard on the veranda, and Sweetwater was anxious to locate himself before the officer came in. Entering the room before him, he crossed to the small group clustered in its farther doorway. There were several empty chairs in sight, but he passed around them all to a dark and inconspicuous corner from which without effort he could take in every room on that floor—from the large parlor in which the casket stood to the remotest region of the servants' hall.

The clergyman had not yet descended, and Sweetwater had time to observe the row of little girls sitting in front of the bearers, each with a small cluster of white flowers in her hand—Miss Cumberland's Sunday school class, he conjectured, and conjectured rightly. He also perceived that some of these children loved her. His eyes dwelt lingeringly on these before passing to that heaped up mound of flowers under which lay a murdered body and a bruised heart. He could not see the face, but the spectacle was sufficiently awe compelling without that.

Would it have seemed yet more so had he known at whose request the huge bunch of lilies had been placed over that silent heart?

The sister sick, the brother inviolable, there was little more to hold his attention in that quarter, so he let it roam across the heads of the people about him to the distant hall communicating with the kitchen.

(To be continued.)

Atlantic City, a long sufferer at the hands of corrupt politicians, has decided to adopt the commission plan of government.

The garden ought to begin to grow now.

"He's right," muttered Hexford. "Better let the fellow go. See one of the maids is beckoning to him."

"He shall go and welcome if he will

## Nature's Way Is The Best.

Buried deep in our American forest we find bloodroot, queen's root, man-drake and stone root, golden seal, Oregon grape root and cherry bark. Of these Dr. R. V. Pierce made a pure glyceric extract which has been favorably known for over forty years. He called it "Golden Medical Discovery."

This "Discovery" purifies the blood and tones up the stomach and the entire system in Nature's own way. It's just the tissue builder and tonic you require when recovering from a hard cold, grip, or pneumonia. No matter how strong the constitution the stomach is apt to be "out of kilter" at times; in consequence the blood is disordered, for the stomach is the laboratory for the constant manufacture of blood. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery strengthens the stomach—puts it in shape to make pure, rich blood—helps the liver and kidneys to expel the poisons from the body. The weak, nervous, run-down, debilitated condition which so many people experience at this time of the year is usually the effect of poisons in the blood; it is often indicated by pimples or boils appearing on the skin, the face becomes thin—you feel "blue."

More than a week ago I was suffering with an awful cold in my head, throat, breast, and body," writes Mr. JAMES G. KENT, of 710 L. Street, S. E., Washington, D. C. "Some called it La Grippe, some pneumonia. I was advised by a friend to try a bottle of your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I tried a bottle and it did me so much good that I feel safe in saying it is the greatest and best medicine that I ever took. My health is much better than it was before using your medicine. It does all you claim for it and is satisfactory."



J. G. KENT, Esq.



## Freshen Up and Save Your Property

Spring time has become paint time in Canada, to the country's lasting benefit.

There is two-fold virtue in paint—good paint. It makes a home that looked dingy, cheerless and generally "down at the heels," a home of which any man, and his wife too, may well be proud. At the same time it protects the house from decay, adding years to its life and therefore to its value. What is true of the house is true of anything of wood or unprotected metal which is exposed to weather. It unquestionably pays to keep things well painted.

"Well painted," however, does not, as many people suppose, simply mean covered thick with paint. Some paints, like the barnacles on a ship's bottom, may be thick enough but an extremely poor protection; it all depends on the paint, and the paint depends mostly on the White Lead of which it is made.

A house is really well painted when it is covered with B-H "ENGLISH" Paint. This paint is 100 per cent. pure—70 per cent. White Lead and 30 per cent. pure White Zinc, and the White Lead used is Brandram's B. B. Genuine. This lead has been made for practically two centuries by Brandram Bros., London, England, and now by Brandram-Henderson, Limited, in Canada. The process is secret and the product has always commanded a higher price than any other.

A coat of B-H "ENGLISH" Paint forms a thin, elastic film of White Lead and Zinc that expands and contracts freely with changes of temperature, and does not crack. It lasts till it is worn off and affords real protection.

SOLD ONLY BY

## W. F. Dibblee & Son

THE HARDWARE DEALERS

Write them for prices, color cards, etc.

## KING STREET MARKET

Wholesale and Retail

ALWAYS ON HAND A GOOD SUPPLY OF

Beef, Veal, Pork, Mutton and Lamb

Ham, Bacon and Sausages

Halibut, Haddock, Cod, Shad, Gaspereau and Salmon

We handle Swift's Silver Leaf Lard

Butter, Eggs and Vegetables

We have the very best COLD STORAGE for handling Meats in Warm Weather.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO FARMERS.—We are prepared to buy and pay Cash for Butter, Eggs and Wool. Also Beef Cattle, Hogs, Veals and Lambs.

KING STREET MARKET

R. S. Phillips, Prop.

## BICYCLE REPAIRING and Supplies.

Cleveland Bicycles

RUBBER TIRES of all kinds—for Bicycle, Bike, Waggon, Baby Carriages, Etc.

## R. S. CORBETT

Connell Street, Woodstock. (1m-18) Opposite Old Stand