

Ashamed of her Skin

Now proud of the complexion "Fruit-a-tives" gave her.

Bad complexions are all too common among women. The skin becomes sallow—pimples and blotches break out. Then women try lotions and creams and "beautifiers" which really injure the skin. They never think of constipation and bad digestion—sick kidneys or torpid liver—as the CAUSE.

"I was a martyr to that distressing complaint—chronic constipation—and had a dreadful complexion, sallow in the extreme and black under the eyes. Last May, I was advised to try 'Fruit-a-tives.' Before I had finished the first box, the complexion began to clear up again, all the sallowness disappeared, and the black circles under my eyes went away. Since then, I have continued to improve and now my complexion is as clear as when I was a young girl. To all persons suffering from constipation and indigestion, and particularly those with bad complexions, I would strongly advise them to try 'Fruit-a-tives'."

FLORENCE JACKSON, Masson, P.Q.

Fruit-a-tives

or Fruit Liver Tablets

strike right at the root of the trouble. The skin helps to dispose of the waste of the body. When the bowels don't move regularly—when the kidneys are clogged—the blood carries the poisons, which the bowels and kidneys won't pass off, to the skin. The pores of the skin become clogged with this poison and the complexion becomes grey or sallow or irritated and inflamed—and pimples and blotches are the natural result of the poisoned blood.

"Fruit-a-tives" correct faulty digestion and make the bowels move regularly. They act directly on the kidneys—and open the millions of tiny pores of the skin by stimulating and strengthening the glands. This insures all the waste of the system being removed as nature intended. It insures pure, rich blood—and who ever heard of a bad complexion where the blood was rich and pure?

"Fruit-a-tives" cost 50c a box—and are worth 50c to any woman who values her complexion. If your druggist has none, we will send them on receipt of price—50c, a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50.

FRUIT-A-TIVES LIMITED, OTTAWA.



MANY DISASTERS IN RECENT STORM

Six Lives Lost and Twelve Vessels Wrecked or Damaged.

Boston, March 20.—The wrath of New England's storm of March 19th and 20th was vented apparently on the coastwise fleet, the record tonight standing twelve wrecked or damaged, and six lives lost. That the list will be augmented during the next few days seems probable, in view of the size of the fleet which was off the coast when the storm was at its height last night.

The list of disasters and accidents at 10 o'clock tonight was as follows: Schooners—Lady Austin, of Boothbay, total wreck at Marblehead; five lost. Cape Maclure, of Boothbay, ashore at Cape Poge (Mass.); crew escaped. Marion Draper, of Boothbay, ashore, but floated, at Hyannis.

Winnie Lawry, of Boston, sunk off South Yarmouth (Mass.); crew escaped. C. C. Lane, of New Haven, ashore at Boston Light; six men rescued. Sarah A. Reed, of Galois, ashore at Jonesport (Me.); crew escaped.

Mannell R. Cuzzi, of Boston, "escaped from a dangerous position, inside of Cape Cod, with sails blown away." Malcolm Baxter, Jr., of Perth Amboy, damaged by collision at Boston.

Grace A. Martin, of Bath, damaged by collision, at Boston.

Harry Miller, of St. John, ashore in that harbor, with crew on board.

Barge No. 14, N. E. Transportation Co., sunk at New London, woman lost.

Canal boat H. C. French, wrecked at New Haven; three men rescued.

Strictly private and confidential is all correspondence in reference to our marvelous treatment for Cancer and Tumors. Our remedy is pleasant to use and even the members of your own family need not know you are using it. Many severe cases of

CANCER.

have been permanently cured. Let us send you the names of some of these persons so that you can investigate this truly wonderful treatment. Stott & Jury, Bowmansville, Ont.

A ten days' mission in the Queen square Methodist church was opened yesterday by Rev. Dr. Bates, of Boston. He preached an able and eloquent sermon last evening from the words, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord." The hours of service today and during the mission will be: Preaching, 3 o'clock; young people's meeting, 4.15, and evening service, 7.30 o'clock.

The Celebrated English Cocoa.

EPPS'S

An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.

COCOA

The Most Nutritious and Economical.

My Friend the Chauffeur.

By C. N. & A. M. WILLIAMSON, Authors of THE... Lightning Conductor THE... Princess Passes, ETC.

(Continued.)

I tried him in Italian. No use; he jabbered protests in Slavic, with a wife peering anxiously over his shoulder, as the Countess peeped over mine. Finally, to save time and somebody's blood, perhaps, I offered an Austrian note and it proved a passport. They let us go in; and entering, I heard Miss Destrey's voice raised in fear or anger, behind another closed door.

Then most of the blood in my body seemed to spring to my head, and I have no very distinct recollection of anything more, till I found that I had done to do the first, and that Maida had run straight into my arms.

"My darling!" I heard myself exclaiming. I know that I held her tight against my heart for an instant. "Thank Heaven!" that she seemed to have been mine for all the past and must belong to me for all the future. I know that she was sobbing a little, that she clung to me, and that then, remembering the man and what was owing him, I put her away to begin his punishment.

"You unspeakable ruffian!" I threw the words at him, and threw myself at the same time. I think we struggled for a few moments, but I am younger, than he, as well as bigger, so it was not much credit to my prowess that I soon had my hand twisted in his collar and was shaking him as if he'd been a rat.

It was the Countess who stopped the fun, by hurling herself between us, quite like the heroine of old-fashioned melodrama. "Oh, for my sake, for my sake!" she was wailing. "It wasn't his fault. Wait and let him have the chance to explain."

One more shake I gave, and threw him off, so that he staggered back against the wall.

"He threatened to shoot me at last," cried Maida.

"Shall I kill him?" I asked.

"No," she said trembling. "Let him go. You are here. I am safe."

The man stood and glared at us like an animal at bay. I saw his eye dart from Maida to me, from me to the Countess, and then, as if he were begging something, he turned away.

His hunted instinct was right. If there were hope left for him anywhere, it was with her.

"Don't believe anything they say of me," he panted, dry-gapped. "Gorram! tricked me by sending his wife's servant to drag me down here, dressed in my things, wearing your motor-mask. She wouldn't speak. I didn't know the truth till I got here. I thought it was you I had run away with to Montenegro, hoping I might persuade you to marry me, when you were out of the way of your daughter, who hates me, and would ruin me with you if she could. I would have left Miss Destrey behind, if I could have hoped you'd come without her. Imagine my feelings when I found out I'd lost you! If I have frightened her it was in my blind rage against her and every one concerned in the trick. As for your Chauffeur, he is not worth fighting, and as I am a gentleman, I do not even return the blows of one who is not especially before ladies."

"Aunt Kathryn, you must not believe his falsehoods," cried Maida. "If you do—if you let yourself care for him—he will spoil your life."

The Countess petulantly stopped her ears. "I won't listen to you," was her answer. "I knew there had been trickery of some sort, and you may as well save your breath, for whatever you say I will believe nothing against the man I love."

With that she took her fingers from her ears, and held out both hands to Dalmar-Kalm. He ran to take them, and pressed his lips ardently first upon one then the other plump cushion of dimpled satin.

Disgusted with this exhibition of a woman's folly, while I pitied it, I could look no more, but turned to Maida.

"Will you let me take you away?" was all that my lips said, but my eyes said more, in memory of that first moment of our meeting, which was, please God, to end our whole future—hers and mine.

"Yes," she answered. "But—I can't leave her without Aunt Kathryn."

"You must go with Miss Destrey, Countess," I insisted. "Whatever you may decide later in regard to Prince Dalmar-Kalm, in any case you must go with your father, and me to stop at an hotel in Cetinje, for the night."

The man would not let go her hand. "Promise me you will not leave Montenegro till you are my wife," he begged.

"If you do, I fear I shall lose you for ever."

"I'll do my best," faltered the lady, as a lady should, I suppose, who feels herself a heroine of romance. I could almost have respected that scoundrel for his diplomacy. His motto was, "Get what you want, or if you can't, take what you can," and he was living up to it, playing up to it before an audience as no other man I ever saw could or would. He did not seem to care what we thought of him, but now that he was gaining his point, but now that he was gaining the soul sets in, there is room for little real pride in a man's breast.

"You will not allow yourself to be prejudiced against me?" he went on.

"Never," vowed the Countess. "No one will better try it."

"There shall be no case over tonight, if what I have to tell doesn't change your mind," said Maida. "But, just this once—"

"No—no!"

"Very well then, I will say nothing except—"

"Be careful!"

"Oh," and the girl turned imploringly to me, "take us somewhere, so that I can talk to her alone."

"There shall be a good enough hotel in Cetinje. I'll take you both there," I ventured.

"Come and see me early—early, Prince," said the Countess.

"Yes, But I am not 'Prince' now. I am 'Otto.'"

"Otto, then."

"So I got them away, leaving the man behind, to his own devices, and at the door I had the joy of wrapping Maida in my big coat. How glad I was that I had brought it! I drove them to a hotel in the place at the end of the long main street, and when the Countess had hurried ostentatiously off to her room, that no nefarious attempts might be made up

on her resolution. She and I stood for a moment hand in hand, in the dim hall.

"You are mine?" I asked.

"Are you sure you want me?"

"I've been sure of that—too sure for my peace of mind since the first day I saw your dear face—the loveliest on earth. But I never thought to have you. I never thought that I would have a right to ask, for I'm poor—horribly poor."

"Oh, as if that mattered!"

"I know it doesn't now, for this that's happened has given me to each other. I'll work hard and make money. Nothing can part us—I couldn't bear it. But it seems too good to be true. Is it possible you care for me?"

"I think I've cared—ever since the first few days. I've never guessed that I would meet a man like you. But oh, I did not mean to marry any man."

"I know, darling. I know what you'd planned. I lay awake nights over it, wondering if, beggar as I was, I couldn't snatch you from that cold future. But I shouldn't have thought I had the right if this thunderbolt hadn't struck me."

"As Aunt Kathryn—poor Aunt Kathryn!—is always saying, 'It must have been meant. I never promised that—that I would join the Sisters, you know. I suppose this is why my father would have me go abroad when I came of age. He was afraid I might make up my mind before I had—found my heart.'"

"Have you found it now—for sure?"

"No, I—I've lost it."

"Angel! but you've got mine instead. You won't mind marrying a beggar and a beggar's daughter?"

The adorable creature laughed. "I shall love it," she said. There was no one in the hall except Airole, and the shadows were asleep—so I kissed her, and knew why I had been born. I'd often wondered, but I never will again.

We had a fiercer tussle with the Countess to prevent her stopping in Montenegro and marrying her Prince there and then, as soon as might be. The truth was, and she owned it, that she was afraid to face Beechly till she had been made irreversibly a Princess. But finally we prevailed, most by force, and tore the poor lady from her lover, who protested that he would follow, were it to the world's end. I believed he would, too, for he had threatened to be the last man in Maida's world; the Countess was now the last woman in his, and he would hold on to her and her money, and a drowning man grasps at a substantial spar.

I shall never forget that drive down from the mountain land where a King rode to fetch a fairy bride.

At Cattaro we took the fishing boat which had carried me yesterday; and I think the sailors realized, when they saw what I had brought back, that I wasn't a madman after all.

Then the spin from Castelnuovo to Ragusa that I had taken in such a different mood fifteen hours before. And at Ragusa, Beechly, still pale and shaken, springs up from her sofa to meet Maida and me, and she is a gentleman, I do not even return the blows of one who is not especially before ladies.

"Where's Mamma?" came the first question, as was natural.

"She's in her room, and we're going to talk to you before she sees you," said Maida. "Oh Beechly, you must be good to her; she's miserable."

Then we told the story, preparing Beechly for her mother's decision, and I expected hysterics. But she neither laughed nor cried. She only sat still, looking curiously at me and meek.

"Isn't it dreadful?" But, Beechly, do anything," said Maida. "He is a wicked man—you don't know yet how wicked. He got me up to Montenegro by a horrid pretence, and when I wouldn't promise to marry him at once he tried to argue me about an hour, then locked the door of a room in the house where we were because his motor broke down, and threatened to shoot me. I don't know if he really would. Perhaps not. But anyway, Mr. Barrymore saved me. He came just then and burst the door open."

"It's all my fault from beginning to end!" broke out Beechly, tragically.

"I confessed to Sir Ralph yesterday, when I was only worried for fear some mischief might happen, but now it has happened, I'll confess to you, too. I got afraid Mamma would really marry the Prince—oh, but that wasn't the way it began! Just for fun, long ago, when we first started, I let him pump me—it was great fun then—and told him how rich Mamma was, and would be, even if she married again. I thought it would be such a lark to watch his game, and so it was for a while, till I was in an awful stew for fear I'd gone too far and couldn't stop things. I was ready then to do something desperate rather than find myself saddled with that Prince for my stepfather. So I sacrificed you."

"I don't see," Maida began; but Beechly cut her short.

"Why, when we went to that Sisterhood of yours, I overheard the Mother Superior, or whatever you call her, confiding to Mamma that you were a tremendous heiress, that you didn't quite know how rich you were yourself, and wouldn't be told till you were safely back from Europe. It was a secret, and I hadn't any business to know. But I let it out to the Prince, when I was in such a state of mind about him and Mamma, in Bellagio. He went for you at once, as I knew he would—what's the matter, Mr. Barrymore? It isn't for you to be angry with me. It's for Maida."

"I'm not angry with you, but with myself," I said. "And then for a minute I forgot Ralph and Beechly, and remembered only Maida. 'Don't think I know,' I said. 'If I had, I wouldn't—'"

"Oh, don't say you wouldn't. I love to feel you had to," the Angel cried. "I hold you to your word, oh, with all my heart in my right to you. Beechly, your Chauffeur and I are engaged!"

"There!" the child exclaimed, with a look at Ralph I couldn't fathom. "Didn't I tell you so?"

"Well, it doesn't matter now, does it?" was his retort. "How shall I feel if you don't wish Miss Destrey your best wishes?"

"Oh, I do, I do," exclaimed the strange child. "And I congratulate the Chauffeur. But he must do some congratulating too. I'm going to put up my hair, come out in a long dress, and be engaged to Sir Ralph."

Maida's great eyes were greater than ever. "Beechly!" she protested. "You aren't fourteen!"

"No, I know I'm not; but I'm seventeen. And when I told Ralph that, he proposed at once. You see he's been my father confessor ever since we've been on this trip, so he knows all that's best and worst of me; and I do think we shall have real fun when we're married. I told Mamma I'd have no Princes on my ranch, and I won't. But if she'd only enough to take that man, after all, she and I can visit each other's ranches after this, and we'll be all right. Mine's going to be in England or Scotland in summer, and in winter I'm to live with Felicie and the duck. Oh, I shall be happy, and so will Ralph, I hope. But I never thought a good deal more like Papa's daughter would go and marry a man with a title."

"A mere baronet. It needn't go against the grain much," remarked Sir Ralph. "Think how much worse is for your poor cousin!"

"Why?"

"To marry a 'real live lord,' who will some day be a marquis."

"Oh!" exclaimed Beechly. "She would like to teach other American girls a lesson."

"I didn't know," Maida faltered.

"What?" asked Ralph. "You didn't tell her?"

"I forgot all about it," I said. "But Mamma, dearest, it doesn't matter. I—"

"Nothing matters but you," she said. "And you," I added.

(The End.)

STRANGE FACTS

It seems strange that sometimes your stomach or bowels won't digest your food, no matter what you eat.

It may be the weather, or it may be just the state of your general health, but in any case, there is only one certain, safe and positive method of cure, and that is the proper use of that universal remedy for all forms of dyspeptic trouble or digestive weakness, whether in stomach, liver, kidneys or bowels—Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Strange, it is, that in such little tablets, to be taken a few times a day, may lie such wondrous potential possibilities, that by their use the course of a man's whole life—yes, of the world—may be changed!

Yet, who would not appreciate the fact that if Napoleon had not been suffering from Cancer of the Stomach he would have won instead of lost—at Waterloo?

And Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets would have cured his Stomach Trouble had they been invented, as they have cured thousands of others in the past ten years, who have suffered just as Napoleon did.

So you can readily appreciate that today, by curing all these people, Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is helping to get the world's work done, by people who would do worse work if they were sick, so they must be having a great influence, in a quiet way, on the progress of the world.

They may, therefore, be classed as one of the triumphs of science, amongst other discoveries, in medicine, mechanics, transportation, etc.

Let this, then, remain in your memory, a fact upon which to act when occasion requires.

When any organ in your vast digestive machinery gets out of order, you have at your command one of the great inventions of the age, in Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, to put your machinery in order again.

By so doing you will save much useless friction and loss of energy, and working smoothly of your bodily machine, and relieve yourself from suffering, disease, weakness, premature old age and death.

All this is strictly in accordance with the most modern teachings of the best scientific schools of health, hygiene and medicine, and it will be to your advantage to lay on the facts here given.

Don't hesitate. Try Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets today.

Mr. Blackader's report showed that the company had obtained a block of Illinois Traction stock as a bonus with bonds they purchased. They put them upon their books at a value of seventy-one, and they figured at this rate in the return the company had made to the government.

Some months afterwards some of the stock had been sold to directors of the Sun company at from fifty-six to sixty-one.

A memorandum of the North American Life showed a heavy amount of foreign securities carried. Mr. Blackader had reported it to the government.

Fitzgerald had written to General Manager Goldman, of the North American Life, calling his attention to the matter. Mr. Goldman had replied that the foreign investments were within the allowance to cover the foreign business being done. The North American Life had written up a number of stocks to the total value.

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