## IF YOU COULD SEE HIM TO-DAY

Biliousness and Constipation gone -Thanks to "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

Health, vigour, energy-perfect regulation of the kidneys and bowelssound sleep and good appetite-how they all re-appear to make life worth living, as soon as you take the marvellous medicine "Fruit-a-tives," made from fruit juices combined with the finest medicinal ingredients.

Mr. Emery Lemay knows this. Writing from 88 St. Famille St., Montreal, he states, "I was always constipated and bilious, which made me feel tired and out-of-sorts. One day a travelling man recommended 'Fruit-a-tives.' You should see me to-day-in perfect health, full of energy, and the constipation all gone."

This is one of the great virtues of "Fruit-a-tives"—its wonderful cleansing powers. It acts on the three great eliminating organs, the bowels, kidneys and skin, keeping the body free of waste, purifying the blood, building up strength and energy. Try them. 25c. and 50c. a box-at dealers everywhere.

A. R. Holtby returned to the city in the country." on yesterday afternoon's train mured.

A-ma-a-a



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INSTALMENT XIII.

she declared. "and I think that you are all very brave."

speak no more of politics. I would could tell you before we reached ter long consideration, she asked done my work, gone to bed at like you to tell me more about your the next lamp-post."

"There isn't much to tell." Miss "I have had none." Brown confided. "She and I have "Your ambitions?" was the daughter of a small coun- a dreamer," she assured him. try doctor and I was the daughter He shook his head. fered through the war, died and so," he said, "but you were made we do nothing." left no money. Frances tried living for romance, and I think that roattempted a tea shop, but that be- grip. You will live through won- table. came impossible. Now she has a derful days, Miss Brown, before small chicken farm, but I think you go back again to the life you Miss Brown?" he asked. that she is very miserable. She is led before you sat upon the steps too bright and clever to be buried of Dessiter's house."

TOT exactly his regular face ... but who

couldn't forgive any ordinary, everyday

of steaming, tempting CLARK'S CHICKEN

Plump chickens . . . healthy chickens . .

the kind there used to be when the old open

a juicy, tender chicken swinging to and fro

. . . the flames eagerly licking around it

A-a-a-ah! a soup made from chickens

such as those . . . wouldn't you love

. . . don't you crave it . . . then, why

W. CLARK. LIMITER Establishments at MONTREAL, P.Q., ST. REMI, P.Q., and HARROW, ONT.

don't you have it? It's here . . .

CLARK'S CHICKEN SOUP!

CLARKS

SOUPS

fire in the kitchen did all the cooking .

. . . the gravy oozing out . . .

SOUP is placed before him.

man for giving way to his feelings when a plate and all all

maitre d'hotel by day and a pro- all my life that I lost my way." handsome.

he entered into her spirit.

up? Tell me under what sun you ing the afternoon she typed. "I think it is very wonderful," were born where the eyes are painted such a color." She laughed softly.

"For one thing," he admitted "That's better," she approved.

She nodded thoughtfully. "And too beautiful," Paul mur- "It was very damp there," she "I've been reading things up." murmured, "and the fog was ter-

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flat layer pressed down on another. No

space-wasting round cells. No soldered

connections to make trouble. Just the

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most solid, long-lived battery it is

possible to construct-with weeks

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Have you heard the new Eveready Radio Sets? 13

MOCK TURTLE JULIENNE CELERY

MULLIGATAWNY

The contents of

Clark's Oxtail Soup

have passed

Federal Government

inspection

ness in his eyes and sighed. Poor me more than I should like to yet usually so correct speech, his Mr. Paul, with a father and a confess, and yet I suppose you deferential air. She liked, too, the mother and a sister to keep-a are right. I think I shall be glad smile which sometimes made him

fessional dancer by night! She And then, without any warning. "I will see what I an cdo," she struggled against a wave of mel- the world with which Miss Brown promised, when she took her leave. was engaged seemed to drop back And as it happened on the very "A holiday," she begged. "Just again to exactly where it had been next evening, quite unexpectedly. for a short time let us forget ev- before. For many days nothing Frances appeared. She made her ery one who is unhappy and think whatever happened to disturb the usual gay and somewhat exuberant screnity of her existence. Each entrance, but she was pale and it His smile was a little sad, but morning after she had scanned seemed to her friend, watching the personal column of the Times, her anxiously, that there were she visited her clients in the var- signs of trouble in her face. ious districts of the city, and dur- "Tell me all the news, you mys-

Once or twice she went to lunch at Paul's restaurant, and on each self up on the bed and lighting occasion was warmly welcomed. It cigarette. "I've a whole budget, was Paul from whom she gained myself." soberly, "I am thankful. We have "All my history, all that has hapkept our spirit. Now, we shall pened to me up till last night, I trend of events, and one day, afspeek no more of politics. The shall pened to me up till last night, I to be the shall be trend of events, and one day, af-

him a question. "Mr. Paul," she said, "you know What's been happening with you?" about everything. Why am I not "Oh, no end of things," Frances allowed to finish the task I began? declared, flicking the ash from the both the same dull history. She "I am much too practical to be Every day things throughout the end of her cigarette-"mostly concountry seem to become worse, nected with one cosmopolitan acthe men's leaders are permitted quaintance, Mr. Noel Frankland." of a struggling lawyer. Both suf- "You may have always thought to talk the rankest treason, and Miss Brown looked grave. There

was nothing in her mind more He made her a sign of caution certain than the fact that she diswith relatives, but gave it up. She mance has you now fairly in its and later on came and sat at her liked Mr. Frankland very much.

"You know what an anarchist is, she invited. Miss Brown assented.

until quite lately," she admitted "An anarchist is a senseless Her speech became slower. She from a brief trip to the interior. She saw a momentary wistful- rible, and what followed terrified soulless machine of death," Paul spoke as though the subject was declared, "but there is just one distasteful to her. feature about him—the death he "He came twice—behaved in the dispenses to others he does not usual fashion. The second time he fear himself. There are about 200 told me that he was married." of them distributed about London. "I shouldn't think." Miss Brown Abel Deane and the more respec- said soberly, "that that would table portion of the Communist matter much to you except that Party give them the cold shoul- under the circumstances he ought der, but the others are willing not to have come and called upon enough to make use of them. They you at all. Do you really think know very well the bank where that he is a nice man, Frances?" the record of Dessiter's work is "Nice? Of course, he isn't nice." deposited. They watch it even now was the impatient rejoinder. day and night. I can only conclude don't think that any men are nice that the reason Dessiter's political nowadays. He told me that he was executors don't communicate with married in one breath and asked you is that they don't want any me to motor down to Hastings

> fetch it away." "Couldn't it be taken away in a public man whose movements the night in a prison van or some- always attracted a great deal of thing?" Miss Brown asked.

> "They could blow a prison van "Beast!" Miss Brown exclaimed to pieces in two seconds," Paul emphatically. Then there's another trouble." He hesitated. Miss Brown's blue and yet I wanted to go."

> eyes were full of questioning. "I have had a hint," he contin- Miss Brown gasped. ued thoughtfully. "Tthat the Com- Frances threw away the end of munists have a spy planted in the her cigarette. authorities reluctant to move."

> nearly the whole of the work-the ously egotistical, but he has power, from memory? I shouldn't use the kind of virility. He makes me resame words, perhaps, but the alize all the time that he's a man. sense of it all would be there the Some of them don't."

wonder- anxiously

"Don't you know," he asked her. that no single movement on your part passes unrecorded? Those fellows have got tabs on you all the time. It is quite certain they know that you are dining here tonight. One or two of them will escort you home, even though may not realize it. The sound your typewriter in that little bedsitting room of yours would bring them around you like locusts after

"Surely they could find som safe place for me to work." Miss

"It is worth considering." Paul windows-and rain. needed-it is the documents. their publication which is going bring down the storm. What those know, but I can guess. It was who helped procure the report of to move to. warmth-we can only lieve any more that any one of the party has any idea of such a thing as a bloodless revolution. lamp we buy seems to smoke and You have not read the report of smell." that speech. Miss Brown?"

She shook her hear. "I did not look at any of the papers," she replied. 'It was not necessary."

Paul tapped with his finger upon the table.

"Frankland went too far even | for him." he said. "I believe it is true that he had been what Englishmen call 'in a devil of a funk' ever since. He was filled with Russian champagne and he spoke to please them. He gave the actual names of five prominent Englishmen who he swore should be hung in front of their own houses and he wound up by saying he only hoped that he would be near enough to give the rope a pull." "That horrible man," Miss Brown murmured.

A Dangerous Man "You can realize now," Paul con-

tinued. " how angry I was when saw him dancing with your friend. He is not a man she should know, Miss Brown, I wish you could persuade her of that. Could you not bring her here again?" he went on a little wistfully. "There is so much I dshould like to say to

Miss Brown studied him for a slightly. Somewhere buried in a corner of her heart the pain of her own brief hour of romance still lingered, yet she was young to pass all her life with the ashes of memory, and Paul was in his way attractive. She liked his drawn, serious face, his hesitating

terious little moth," she invited, throwing off her hat, curling her-

night and got up in the morning.

"Tell me everything, please," "Well, he wrote and asked if he

could motor down and see me, so "I didn't understand properly I invited him to tea." Frances made a little grimace.

risk of the book being destroyed with the next. He suggested in a fight—and there would be a Brighton first, but thought that fight, if any one attempted to Hastings might be quieter. And then he reminded me that he was

replied-"make matchwood of it. "Yes," Frances agreed. "I felt like that exactly. It's a good word

attention.'

"You don't really like him?"

bank. That is what makes the "I think, in a way, that he's detestable," she replied. "I under-"If they don't do something stand him better than he thinks, soon it will be too late," Miss and that is the conclusion I have Brown pointed out. "Do you know, come to. He's coarse and he's dom-Mr. Paul I believe I could do ineering, and he's almost humorpart of it that counted, I mean- Edith, and a quaint, impressive

"But where would you do It?" I hope that you're not going to see him again," Miss Brown said

## Frankland's Intrigues

Frances shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know. When it comes to the pinch, you know, I'm rather inicky. I hate his ill-made clothes. bring with him such an atmosphere of vivid life, and I'm getting to hate my chickens. Edith: to wish I lived upon a hill or Brown protested with a little shiv- some buildings with tin roofs. that is all I can see from my rains. There are always long patches of flood in the meadow. The evenings there are horrible. I try to read—I can't. I think physically thing for my eyes to rest upon with pleasure, music for my body in the country now, since they strike-and plenty of light. Somehow or other whatever sort of

> "Well, anyhow, you're up for the night now, aren't you?" Miss Brown reminded her cheerfully. "We'll go out somewhere and have good time. You haven't made any plans?" she added, with suddenly anxiety.

(To Be Continued)

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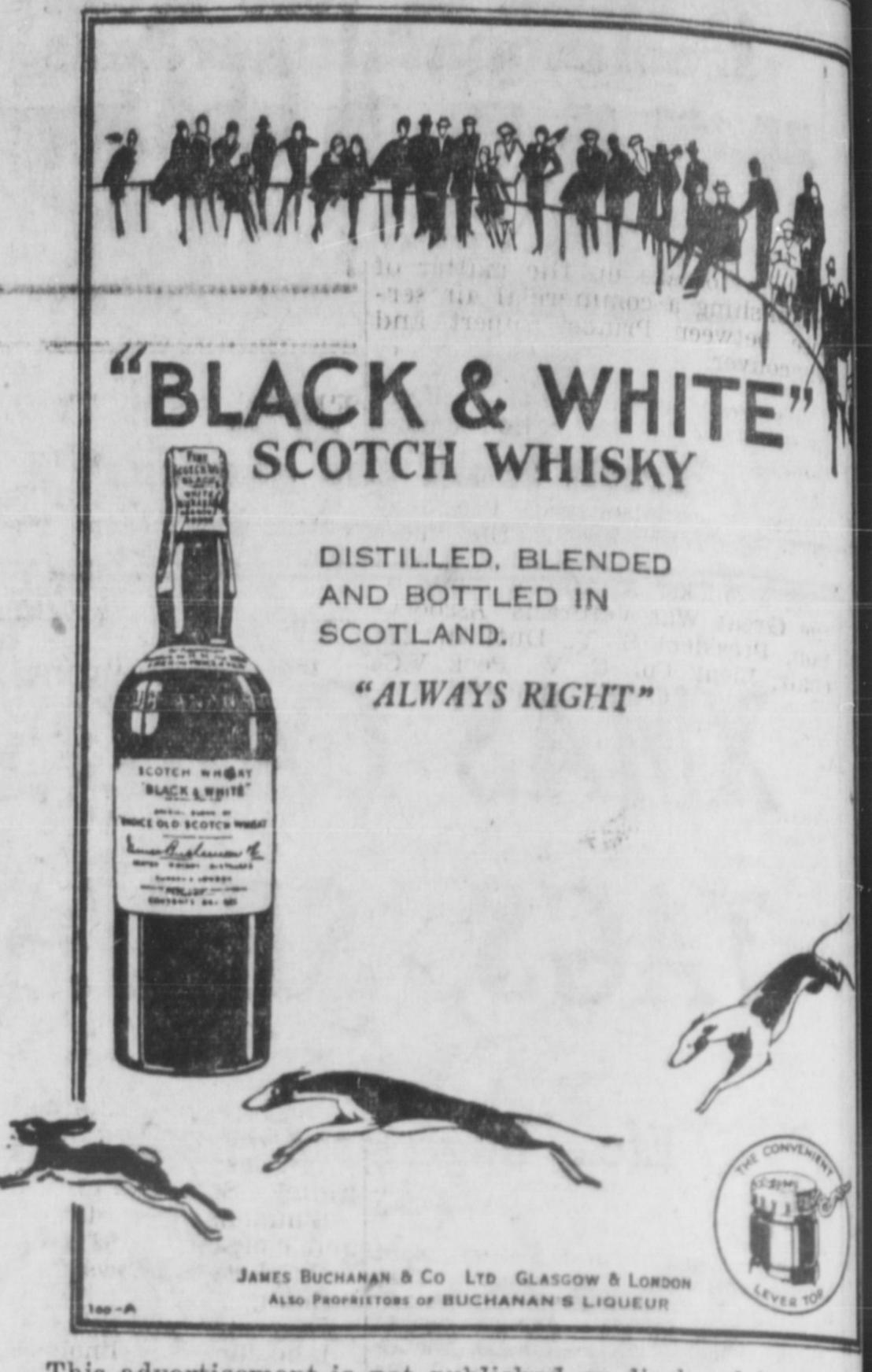
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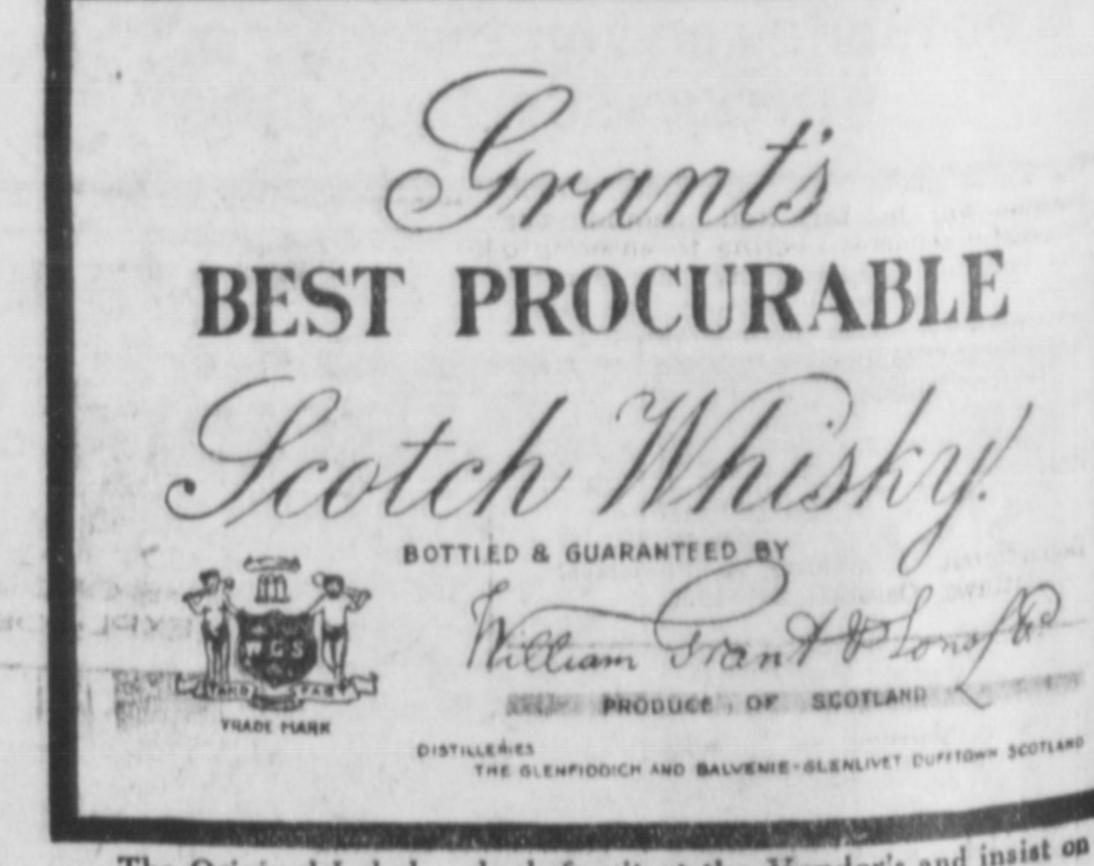


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