

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

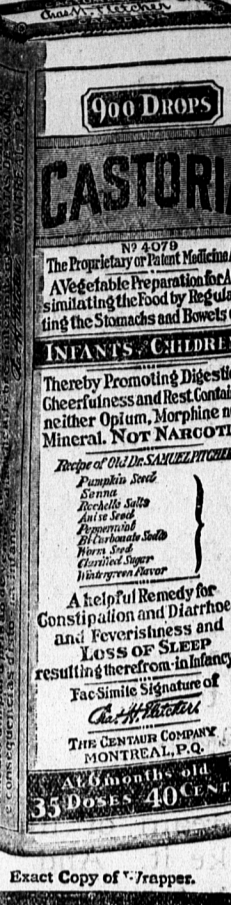
Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria

Always Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA



The Girl Who Had No Chance

(Continued from Page Twelve)

"Of course if I'd married Tim," she began, still feeling as though she were talking of a third person, and not herself. "If I'd married Tim, I would have come to the city to live. We would not have had much money, so probably I would have taken that business course I wanted so much, and eventually a position in some office. We would both have worked."

"Then you would have gone home to some tiny flat worse than the one Tim has now," Gaby put in ruthlessly. "You would have taken that long ride on the subway when it's crowded and the air is bad from so many people breathing it over and over, you would have stood a long time getting home and arrived out and with a headache. Then you would have to get dinner for Tim and yourself, and do all the housework you hadn't time to do before you went to the office."

"Gaby!" Ruth protested, beginning to laugh at this cheerless picture.

"Then you'd have had dishes to wash, and by that time you would have been too tired to want to do anything but creep into bed—to get up and go through the same thing over next day."

"Well, what if we did have to overwork for a time? At least, Myra isn't working now and they are comfortable—even if we don't like their flat."

"Well, but Tim's not the sort ever to make much of himself, even if Myra is proud of his \$40 a week. I don't think he'd be an enormous success, even with you behind him to inspire him."

"But who wants money?" Ruth protested almost angrily. "I don't mean that Tim would have a financial success! It's necessary to have enough to live in moderate comfort—I'm thinking of other things. We could have read good books together, even if we got them from libraries, and gone to hear nice music, even if we had to stand in the top gallery, we—"

"she broke off with a little gesture of her hands, and sank back again in the corner of the couch."

"In other words," Gaby said, "you think you would have been happy because there was intellectual sympathy between you and Tim. But I tell you that that's just where you are wrong. Tim hasn't the intellect you think he has."

"He's gone back because he married a girl who had no intellect."

"He's gone back because there wasn't strength of mind enough to resist Myra's bad influence," Gaby said vigorously. "I tell you, Tim's just mediocre, he never will be anything else. You could have pulled him up a little, but only a little, because there isn't a great deal of material there to work with. And meantime you've gone forward—I'm no highbrow," she went on re-peating into something like her old light, frivolous manner, "but I meet all sorts and kinds of men and women, and I can see the difference. I can see the difference in you. You're a changed being, you are not a bit like the timid, wistful, shabby little girl that came to New York a few years ago. You talk better, act better—"

"manner is that of a woman of great intelligence, and what we call 'quality' in stage characters."

"You only think you're in love with Tim. You're not, it's just a dream you're carrying about with you. As for intelligent companionship, you get more of that with that nice Langley Williams than ever you would with Tim. Why don't you fall in love with him anyway?"

"I can't," Ruth answered de-licately. "Because it takes more than intelligent companionship to make two people happy when they're married."

Gaby looked at her helplessly. Then she glanced down at the little watch strapped to her wrist.

"Great heavens! Six o'clock and me with an engagement to dine with a budding playwright at six! I want to make him write a play just for me. Come on, Ruth, you're invited too. You can sit through my show with Marshall—that's his name."

And not another serious word could Ruth get from the temperamental Gaby.

old affection, and that he cared for her. She had not quite believed him—now, when she heard he was in Chicago, she quite disbelieved him.

Without knowing it, she had put a halo of romance around him, because of his old love affair, because of the broken heart she was sure he was carrying around with him yet.

"A broken heart always makes a man more attractive to a woman, don't you think, Miss O'Neil?" Newell Cooper said to her one evening. Newell Cooper was the younger brother of the Mr. Cooper she was doing business with. But as he himself was not in business, when she was at tea or dinner with the Cooper family, he possessed a large income, was rather a well known amateur musician and composer, and was noted for his wit.

"Why should it make a man more attractive?" Ruth asked in return.

"Because she always thinks she can mend it, of course," he answered, smiling down at her from his superior height. He was very tall too, and dark, and he affected the small moustache that seemed so popular with the young men who frequented the Coopers'.

"That's a bromide, and I apologize for it," he went on. "It's been said in every would-be clever magazine for years. But don't you think, seriously, that a broken heart makes a man attractive?"

"No, but it would make me sorry for him."

"Exactly! There, you have proved my bromide so true that I withdraw my apology for it. I wish now I had a broken heart, for your sorrow."

"I can't imagine you with one. You take life so lightly," Ruth said, smiling back at him.

"But later on she thought over this, and wondered whether Langley's old love affair had really made him more appealing to her, especially because she was in the same state and frankly felt sorry for herself.

"Later on, too, she learned that Newell had been very much in love with a beautiful young singer, who had refused to marry a man whose influence put her on the operatic stage. And she found herself liking this good looking man very much better because of the story Mrs. Cooper confided to her."

"So when a letter came in Langley's handwriting, postmarked Chicago, she hesitated a moment before she opened it."

It was long and chatty and interesting to read. Towards the end of it he said:

"You've probably guessed that my reason for coming her had something to do with the girl I used to know, whose story you've heard from me. I wrote to her first, to make sure she was in town, before I decided to take my vacation here. Otherwise, I had no special object in coming."

"So of course I've seen her. She's been fortunate, according to her world's way of thinking, in the fact that her wealthy but otherwise impossible husband recently died, leaving her everything she could possibly have wanted—money, houses, the sort of social position she likes, and complete freedom. She's been very nice to me—too nice. She will sigh romantically and refer to the old days, and say she made a mistake to leave me for empty wealth—conversation that goes best with several thousand dollars worth of diamond rings and a gown costing many hundreds."

"It's amusing to be able to see through her—now she's as clear as clean glass to me. She's had wealth still has it, everything her worldly spirit craved. Now she wants love, I fancy—and as her young lover, I stand for that. It's amusing to see her and a little cynical when she talks that way—if ever I wanted to revenge myself for having been made unhappy, I could do it no better. She's so little to me now that I don't even want revenge. Besides, any one of half a dozen other men about here will console her as well as ever I could."

LETTERS

Chapter 94

When Ruth had been in the city about two weeks, she received her first long letter from Langley. She had written him asking him whether he really sent the flowers that she found in her living room when she arrived at the hotel, how he got them there, and telling him how she loved them.

In answer she had a letter with some instructions regarding her business in the city, and a postscript saying he was glad she liked the flowers, and that there was no mystery in getting them there, beyond writing an order to a well known city florist to have them delivered to her.

Then came his telegram saying he was off to Chicago for a short vacation.

Meantime, she had been thinking a great deal about Langley in the few hours she had to herself. He grew more attractive the longer she was away from him, and the day she motored with the Coopers through a particularly lovely part of the Hudson Valley, she found herself wishing often that he was along to enjoy the trip with her.

The fact that he had gone to Chicago worried her a little, too—in Chicago lived the girl he had once loved, who for years kept him from taking any interest in any other

UNDERWRITERS ENDORSE CHEVROLET

Now Rated as Class "A" Insurance Risk

Less Than a Dozen Motor Cars—All Much Higher in Price—Have Similar Insurance Rating, Which is the Lowest Possible.

The fundamentally sound construction of Chevrolet Superior Models has again been proved by the fact that the Underwriters have given to Chevrolet, Class "A" insurance rating. This means that the Chevrolet owner gets the lowest possible rate of insurance, which means a saving of from 30 to 40 per cent.

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Orders for Chevrolet are taxing factory production schedules. A shortage on Chevrolet cars is threatened as the season advances.

Less than a dozen other cars are rated as Class "A" insurance risks, and these cars are all much higher in price.

Get in touch with the nearest Chevrolet dealer at once and ask for a demonstration.

This new ruling is further evidence of the attention to detail which our engineers have given to the production of the Chevrolet car, and which is reflected in the increasing popularity of Chevrolet. The Chevrolet car is the most economical transportation unit for the public. It will take you where you wish to go, comfortably, and at lower cost per mile than any other car.

Prices are as follows: 2-passenger Roadster \$695; 5-passenger Touring \$710; 2-passenger Utility Coupe \$910; 5-passenger Touring Coupe \$1115; 5-passenger Sedan \$1125.

All prices f.o.b. Oshawa. Government taxes extra. Ask about the G.M.A.C. plan of deferred payments.

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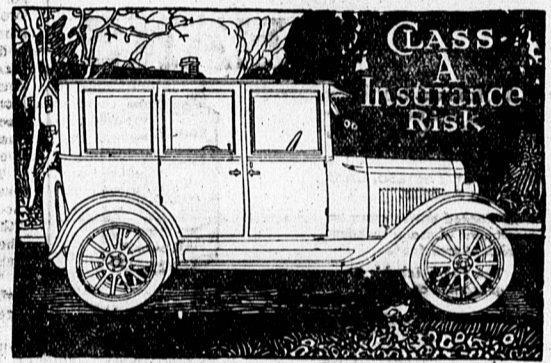
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ORCHARD DEMONSTRATIONS

Orchard Demonstrations including pruning, grafting, etc., will be conducted by G. H. Vroom and Le Clair of the Federal Department of Horticulture at the following Orchards.

Falconwood, Tuesday, May 29th.

J. J. McMillan, Wednesday, May 30th.

Capt. Hugh L. McPhee, Georgetown, May 31st.

Wilfrid Pickering, Clinton, Friday, June 1st.

All demonstrations to begin at 1:30 p. m.

See BUSINGS

Too bad to miss it was not my will But better to please them at Davey's Hill.

So on they went at their hearts content To spend the night they both were bent Somehow or other their minds were changed You had better go home and I'll remain.

Good-bye Dina but it's not my will To leave you here on this lonely hill Tomorrow we'll meet at half-past three To spend an evening and have our tea.

There's something in the parting hour Will chill the warmest heart Yet kindred, comrades, lovers, friends Are fated all to part—Com.

Economy in Space.

One housewife bought half a dozen enameled tins in her refrigerator. They cannot be broken and fit very nicely in the odd corners of the icebox.

noticed they take of the friends they pass by Artie's to Jordy's street.

we call at Percy's, no I think not remember the last night what I got.

Missed Herb's dance without a doubt

the night is fine and the sky looks fair Little they think that Samuel Hill gazing at them as they pass the mill.

thirty my task is done let us take a run powder an paste till half past eight Heavenly Dina will just look like.

seen in this light that's half so Davey's hill.

Public Now Prefers Vegetable Laxative

Dr. Caldwell's Laxative Syrup Pepsin affords prompt relief in a natural way. The public is constantly becoming more discriminating in its choice of things. Those subject to constipation try to learn what makes them constipated, and then avoid it. If constipation persists in spite of all their efforts they take the mildest, most easily tolerated laxative obtainable, and not a drastic physic that upsets them for days afterwards. As over 10 million bottles of Dr. Caldwell's Laxative Syrup Pepsin are sold a year, a large proportion of the people must believe that this mild vegetable compound is the proper remedy for them, and it is. No need to take salt and cathartic powders that dry up the blood; coal-tar drugs in candy form that produce skin eruptions, or salomel that salivates. These drugs are "heroic measures", over-effective, weakening and griping.

The best constipation remedy is the one that moves the bowels without a shock to your system, such as one is Dr. Caldwell's Laxative Syrup Pepsin. It is a vegetable

Thousands of parents are asking themselves, "Where can I find a trustworthy laxative that anyone in the family can use when constipated?" I suggest you try my Laxative Syrup Pepsin. I will gladly provide a liberal free sample bottle, sufficient for an advisable test. Write me where to send it. Address Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 23 Caldwell Building, Toronto, Ont. Do it now!

table compound of Egyptian senna and pepsin with pleasant-tasting aromatics, and has been satisfactorily sold for 30 years. Unlike the harsher physics it does not produce a habit, and increased doses are not required; in fact, it trains the stomach muscles that in time medicines of all kinds can be dispensed with.

Many take a teaspoonful of Syrup Pepsin once a week as a health safeguard. Others use it only when required, as for example, Mrs. Jack Turtle of Cherry Valley, Ont., who finds it equally valuable for herself and the children, and Mr. H. S. McLaren of Montreal, Que., who uses it regularly. Try Dr. Caldwell's Laxative Syrup Pepsin in constipation, biliousness, piles, headaches, sallow complexion, and so on. A general-size bottle can be had at any drug store, and it costs less than a cent a dose!

DR. CALDWELL'S LAXATIVE SYRUP PEPSIN

CORNS

Lift Off with Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an itching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Truly!

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn.

"But Ruthie dear, it only makes me know I love you that much more when I compare your steadiness and fitness and worth to her worthlessness. Do you know yet why I sent you to New York alone?"

Then suddenly many things came clearly to Ruth. She began to answer the letter.

THE DAWNING LIGHT

Chapter 95

"I think I must have known all along why you sent me here," she wrote. "But sometimes I feel I understand a thing, and then later, other things come up and change my point of view."

"I might have thought one reason why you sent me here was to see Tim and to satisfy myself whether I cared for him or not. But this and absence are supposed to be the great cures for a love affair, you know—I'm quoting Newell Cooper when I say that—and you were doing away with both those things when you sent me on here."

"Because it would be a test as to whether I liked Tim as much as I used to. And I couldn't quite see how you would want to risk having me see him again, when perhaps it would start up all the affection that was dying—at least, that should be dying—according to Newell's philosophy. And when I heard you were going to see the girl who played in your life the same part Tim played in mine, I really more or less thought it was because you found you did care for her still and didn't mind whether I found out that I still cared for Tim."

"You see, that's where my point of view is not so big and fine as yours—because, of course, I realize now that all along you knew we both had to be free of the old love, to be sure of the new."

"You seem sure enough—but Langley, it's so hard for me to tell you said to me once that no marriage would ever be happy, and stay so, if there was no mental sympathy, if there was no comradeship. You hadn't that with the other girl—only physical love, no mental. And the night before I left, I said that while I agreed no love would last if there wasn't friendship, that it had also had to have the physical attraction. For instance, I couldn't let you kiss me if I would rather it were some one else, could I? That wouldn't be honest or fair, would it? And I always thought that I had both kinds of love for Tim—and Tim's married."

She had hurried along writing this, her thoughts coming with a rush as she sat at the desk. Things

and she smiled a little with pleasure, because she looked so nice in the gown.

Then she began thinking over the problem again. Life with Langley—what would it mean? The work they were doing they would go on with, and it was pleasant to work with him. After a time they could travel, too, for they would both have money. She wondered whether she would want always to live in Markettown—or whether she would rather come to this big roaring city, overflowing with life.

She had been having a wonderful time since she arrived and had met a great many charming people. What would life here with Tim have been like? They would be

(Continued on Page Fourteen)

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