

ASK THIS HALIFAX NURSE

She is Willing to Answer Letters from Women Asking About Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Halifax, Nova Scotia. "I am a maternity nurse and have recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to many women who were childless, also to women who were childless. I am English and my husband is American, and he told me of Lydia E. Pinkham while in England. I would appreciate a copy or two of your little book on women's ailments. I have one which I keep to hand. I will willingly answer letters from any woman asking about the Vegetable Compound." Mrs. M. COLLEMAN, 24 Uniacke Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Could Not Sleep Nights - Dublin, Ontario. "I was weak and irregular, with pains and headaches, and could not sleep nights. I learned about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound by reading the letters in the newspapers and tried it because I wanted to get better. I have got good results from it and I feel a lot stronger and am not troubled with such bad headaches as I used to be and am more regular. I am gaining in weight all the time and I tell my friends what kind of medicine I am taking. You may use my letter as a help to others." Mrs. JAMES RACCO, Box 12, Dublin, Ontario.

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When a broom begins to show signs of wear don't throw it away. First of all seek it in hot suns, rise and put out into the air to dry. Then cut the bristles so that they are of even lengths again, and you will find that the broom has taken a new lease on life.

MAY SEYMOUR FOOT LOOSE by BEATRICE BURTON

THE STORY SO FAR: MAY SEYMOUR, whose husband killed himself because of her love affair with another man, returns to her home town after a year's absence. She sells her property, and with her whole tiny fortune in cash, sets out to find and marry a man with money.

At Atlantic City she meets HERBERT WATERBURY and DAN SPRAGUE through a divorcee, MRS. CARLOTTA FROLKING. Both men pay suit to May, greatly to the distress of Carlotta, who has long been in love with Dan. She is finally proposed to by Carlotta, and May becomes a divorcee.

May sets her cap for Waterbury, who she believes to be rich. He finally proposes and May accepts, but later she turns all her money over to him to invest for her and he disappears.

Penniless, May sells her furs and diamonds to buy a ticket to Los Altos, California, where Carlotta has her home. On the way she stops in her own town to see her old friends, the DICK GREGORYS, and meets a wealthy widow, ULYSSES FORGAN. He falls in love with her and asks her to marry him. But she refuses him, telling him that she likes him too well to marry him without love.

In California she tries to break into the movies and fails. Then she gets a job in a real estate office, and leaves because her married employer, HENRY HARKER, makes a play for her. She decides then to do nothing for a while but to throw herself upon Carlotta's hospitality.

One afternoon she and Carlotta have a little tiff over GABRIEL JUGLIEMO, a movie idol whom Dan has promised to bring for dinner.

THE STORY At last she made up her mind to try to find work for a few weeks. She was tired, and it would be lovely to do nothing. Just to "lop around" in Carlotta's comfortable little bungalow. Carlotta couldn't mind. She'd probably care to have her around, to help out with the housework a little.

A delicious odor greeted her nostrils when she opened the front door of the bungalow a minute later. She sniffed appreciatively. "Roast duck and apple fritters!" Carlotta greeted her, poking her head around the corner of the door.

that led from the kitchen. "We're having a regular dinner party tonight, with shiks 'n' everything." "Shiks?" May asked, puzzled. "Nothing else but," answered Carlotta, coming into the hall. May saw that she was dressed in her best embroidered crepe and had her thin light hair newly marcelled. "Dan's coming, and he's bringing Gabriel Guglielmo with him."

May gasped. Gabriel Guglielmo was probably the handsomest man in the world. Certainly the handsomest one on the screen. "How in the world does Dan happen to know him?" she asked. Carlotta shrugged. "How does Dan know anybody?" she asked. "He just picks people up. Every body likes him. Now, look here, May, you leave this Guglielmo man alone! You can flirt all you want with Dan, but lay off the Dago. I want to vamp him, and make Dan jealous. See?"

May opened her eyes wide. "Well I like that!" she cried. "Trying to tell me what men to talk to? You or what men not to talk to? You certainly have your nerve, Carlotta! I'll do as I please!"

There was insolence in her very walk as she swung into her own bedroom and closed the door. May took a hot bath, powdered and perfumed her fresh skin, and began to dress. She took a carefully wrapped pair of chiffon stockings, and a lace dress that had been one of her last extravaganzas. There was a tiny brown stain on one of the frail flounces.

It brought back to May the memory of the first time she had worn the dress. . . a month ago at Atlantic City. She had come in cold and wet from a long walk, and had sent down to the hotel kitchen for a pot of hot coffee to drink while she dressed.

How easy life had been then! How soft and comfortable! Ah, it was one thing to be foot-loose when you had plenty of money. . . but to be homeless, with empty pockets besides! "I'm in rather desperate straits, as a matter of fact," May finished her thought. "Rather desperate straits!" She took her hand bag from the top drawer of her dresser, and counted the roll of bills in it. It was not much bigger than a cigarette. Thirty-five dollars was all there was in it. Three tens and a five-dollar bill.

Then she picked up her only remaining piece of jewelry from her pin cushion. . . a long bar set with diamond clips. Tomorrow, unless Carlotta kept her as a guest under the roof of the bungalow, she would have to sell that pin; and she did not want to sell it. . . her last treasure!

"So I guess it behooves me to be nice to Carlotta," she decided, fastening the pin to the cobwebby bodice of the lace dress, "because, if I have a row, I'll have to get out of here."

But it was not easy to be "nice" to Carlotta that night. She was in a peevish mood, and her peevishness took the form of "razzings" May.

"Just look her, I've buried the soup," she called shrilly from the kitchen as May emerged from her bedroom and settled herself on the porch.

With the sigh of a martyr May got up and went to her. "I'm so sorry, dear," she said, sympathetically. She really was sorry for Carlotta at that moment, standing flushed and half-tearful beside the hot stove.

Carlotta granted. "Your being sorry doesn't make me a new tureen of soup. Beautiful Doll!" she snapped, her eyes traveling up and down May, with anger in their depths. "If you'd been here in the time I squeezed the oranges instead of dolling yourself up like a minkin, it'd have been more to the point."

With a swift movement of her fat little arm she emptied the contents of the soup kettle down the sink. "Doggone it!" she cried wildly. "May couldn't help laughing. "Never mind," she soothed her. "I'll run down to the store for some canned peaches and cherries, and we'll have fruit cocktail to start off with, instead of the soup."

Without a word she went into her bedroom for her hand bag, and then she came back to the kitchen, cheerfully. "I heard his wife caught a long, yellow car whizzed by her. She caught a glimpse of the two men in it. . . Dan and Gabriel Guglielmo, no doubt! She quickened her step."

When she returned the house was brilliantly light and the sound of music came from the open front door. She stole around to the kitchen door, and noiselessly, deftly, made forced herself to smile. The fruit cocktail. When she had piled it into frosted cups and set them on the dining-room table, she drew back the portieres with a flourish.

"Madame is served!" said she, with a bow to Carlotta, and wondered at the sudden look of concentration that she saw in the Italian woman's eyes. "If she could have seen herself at that moment she would have known the source of that look. Her walk, and she stood there, dewy-lipped and starry-eyed as a dryad, wrapped in her lace gown.

The eyes of Gabriel Guglielmo glowed like coals as they fell upon her. . . the burning eyes of the Italian, who in a born lover. "You are beautiful!" they said to her, while his lips quietly repeated her name as Carlotta introduced them, and they followed her every move as she took the hiball Dan proffered her, and drank it slowly. "Why have I never seen you before?" Gabriel asked, when they were at the table. "I have been here for three solid years and . . . where have they been hiding you from me?"

"Where did you live before you came to this country?" she asked, ignoring his questions. Dan answered her. "Gabriel never lived anywhere until three years ago," he said thickly. May saw then that he was very drunk. His eyeballs were covered with little red veins, and his face was darkly flushed. His hands trembled, as he held his glass.

"Gabriel" came to life suddenly one afternoon at five o'clock, in the High-art studios down in Hollywood. Dan went on, sober as a judge. "He was wearing an English kit-hon as May emerged from his bedroom and settled herself on the porch.

He gave a single shout of laughter and then became sober, almost melancholy, again. "No one knows where he came from, or why!" he went on. "Certainly we didn't need any more sheiks either in the movies or out of 'em!"

He turned his blood-shot eyes to May. "Speaking of sheiks, I happened to bump into your friend Henry Harker, this afternoon," he went on. "What've you been doing to poor old Henry?"

"Why-why, I've been selling real estate for him," she answered in a strained voice. "But I quit my job this afternoon."

"Yeah, so I heard," Dan said cheerfully. "I heard his wife caught you out in the street!" He laughed drunkenly as if he had just heard the best joke of the year. "May's face went scarlet, then snow white. She put her hand out to the wine glass that stood beside her. She stole around to the kitchen door, and noiselessly, deftly, made forced herself to smile. The fruit cocktail. When she had piled it into frosted cups and set them on the dining-room table, she drew back the portieres with a flourish.

"I thought I told you to leave Dan shrugged. "Oh Man Harker, himself!" he replied joyfully, and bent low over the table in a burst of foolish laughter. There was an answering ripple from Carlotta. May looked at her, and saw that she was almost as drunk as Dan, himself. "How many highballs did they have before dinner?" May asked Gabriel, who sat, looking at her, with a queer smile on his dark, handsome face. "About four, I should say," he said quietly. He looked through the curtains into the living-room where a bottle of Scotch stood upon the centre table. "Good stiff ones, too."

May got to her feet, and carried the empty cocktail cups into the kitchen. Somehow or other, she put the rest of the meal on the table and served it. Dan and Carlotta ate nothing. Dan had brought the whisky bottle from the living-room and had made fresh highballs for everybody. "Don't want to eat! Nobody wants to eat!" he declared, childishly, pushing his plate away from him. "Who wants to kill a peppy party with food?" answered Carlotta. "Nobody wants to eat. . . Gimme a cigarette, somebody!"

Guglielmo solemnly lit one for her, and passed it across the table. "Then he picked up his fork, and began to eat. "The dinner was delicious!" he said to May when he had finished. "There is dessert." May answered vaguely, but he shook his head. "I wouldn't insult such a meal with a sweet."

back his chair. "Let us leave these doors. Your California stars are too magnificent. . . He spoke as if the other two could not hear what he said. And indeed Carlotta and Dan seemed to be deaf as they sat there, staring beyond the candles that flickered in the middle of the table above a bowl of yellow roses.

But as May and the Italian left the dining-room Carlotta roused herself and called after them: "Going to stage a little peppy party, Maizie?" she asked with piercing sweetness, in her thick unsteady voice. May pretended not to hear. She opened the screen door and stepped out into the cool California night, followed closely by Guglielmo. "The people in your country they drink too much," the Italian they drink too much. "Let us leave these doors. Your California stars are too magnificent. . . He spoke as if the other two could not hear what he said.

"Let's go back into the house!" she said to Guglielmo. "It's cold out here!"

"I thought I told you to leave

Guglielmo alone!" Carlotta said to her the minute the door had closed behind the two men, some three hours later. She reeled and dropped heavily into a chair. Her cheeks were mottled and puffy, and there was a glaze over her blue eyes. "Let's not talk about it tonight, Carlotta." May suggested in the soothing tone a nurse might have used to a half-insane patient. "Won't tomorrow do?"

Carlotta scowled. "No, tomorrow won't do. . . because there isn't going to be any tomorrow!" she answered. "You're going tonight! Now!"

"Very well," May raised her eyebrows disdainfully. "As long as I'm here in my house, on my bounty," she stormed. "Getting my foot sleeping under my roof, and not paying me a red cent! And then, when I ask you to give me a chance to make a man like me, you vamp him away from me under my very nose! . . . You're a fine friend, you are! . . ."

May turned on her with blazing eyes. "Who invited me here?" she asked furiously. "I didn't ask myself here, remember!"

"Well, I'm asking you to go," Carlotta answered. "I'm asking you to go, and never to darken my doors again, never! And with the melodramatic dignity of the very drunk, she walked elegantly into her room and locked the door behind her.

May telephoned for a taxicab to take her and her trunk down to the little hotel near the station. Then she turned out the lights in the dining-room, locked the kitchen door and sat down to wait. From Carlotta's bedroom came the sound of heavy snoring. Presently May heard another sound. . . the rattling of her taxi as it came up the street. "Footloose again," she sighed to herself as she climbed into it, and was whirled away. (To be Continued.)

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