

# THE TORTURE OF INDIGESTION

## Thousands Made Miserable By This Trouble

### "FRUIT-A-TIVES" Relieves It

What is indigestion and what causes it? As you know, solid food must be changed into a liquid by the stomach before it can be taken up a nourishment by the blood.

The stomach acts as a churn. It is covered by a strong, muscular coat and lined with a soft, delicate membrane which secretes the Gastric Juice, which digests or dissolves solid food.

When food enters the stomach, the muscular coat squeezes and presses the food from end to end, or churns it, with the gastric juice to dissolve or digest it.

But—if the stomach muscles are weak—or if the dissolving fluid is poor or insufficient—then food cannot be digested properly and you have indigestion.

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" is the most wonderful medicine in the world for strengthening the stomach muscles and providing an abundance of pure, full-strength dissolving fluid to completely digest every meal.

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" does this because it keeps the kidneys active, the bowel regular and the blood pure, which insures pure Gastric Juice.

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" will correct your indigestion or Dyspepsia and enable you to enjoy every meal. Try it.

60c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid 1 Fruit-A-Tives Limited, Ottawa.

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\$1,000—FOR YOUR NEXT 100 DAYS. Spot Cash. New invention. Just out. Chemical windshield wiper. The rub over rain blurred auto windshield and prevents glasses stay clear 24 hours—works like magic. Sold on sight. Agents make \$100 per lot. Exclusive territory. Free literature today. Auto Accessories Co., 605 Echo Drive, Ottawa, Ont.

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## A Husband to Marcia

(Continued from Page 2)

along and let you stay in the office. John muttered under his breath. "I wish you would."

"What did you say, John?"

"Nothing," she went on in her usual inconsequential manner. "I am not that kind of a wife. When people marry they should have patience with their wives. I haven't any patience with my husband. He goes without the husbands with husbands who leave their wives at home when they are looking for pleasure."

It was true. Marcia had no wish to go without John, and she had no understanding of men as a woman who was married. She had her own way. Why get married? she would ask if any one discussed the question in her presence.

If John wished she would be less strict in her ideas he understood so. He would not have understood. She supposed her presence necessary to him, as his was to her. At least she took this for granted. It was her appropriation of his time even his thoughts as he right that let John Aldrich with the helpless feeling of being caged, his freedom a myth.

**Chapter LXV**

"If Romeo could not be happy, what chance had twentieth century monarchs?" John asked himself as he threw down a book he had been reading. He had just had an argument with Marcia in which he had come off second best, as usual. The weather was getting cold, and Marcia needed a new coat, or thought she did.

"If I get a fur coat it will last several winters while any other kind goes out of style," she had said.

"Of course I want you to have a nice coat. Marcia, I cannot afford fur for you this fall. Your expenses this summer have not left us anything to throw away."

"That's right! Just because you let me go to Europe, bringing the expense up every time I want anything."

"And, Marcia," John tried to keep his voice even. "I notice styles change in fur coats as well as in other things. A nice, warm, loth coat will have to answer this winter."

Marcia began to cry, not noisily, but the slow tears fell down her cheeks, giving her face a piteous expression.

"You sometimes make me think of regret marrying me," she murmured, "and I love you so much."

John held out for a week. Then one day he came home to find Marcia jubilant.

"I know you will be pleased. I don't look me to her fur today and he is making me the loveliest coat. It is stunning on me. I am to pay for it when I can. I have bought fur from him or years so of course anyone she recommended would get consideration."

"Do we had decided not to buy a fur coat?"

"You mean you had. I knew I was going to have it all the time that some way would be found. Aren't you glad your little wife will look so charming this winter?"

A groan, quickly stifled, was her answer. She did not appear to be pleased. She could be singularly blind.

"Thank you for letting me have it. John, I'll tell you I know you couldn't refuse when you found out I could have time to pay for it. I told her you had extra things by the way. They all think you are the best husband. Claire says she never shall get married until she has one just like you. I told her she was only a child, and that belonged to me. It is so comforting to have one's woman friends like me's husband."

She did look wonderfully well in her coat. It set off her delicate beauty admirably. Yet when John saw Marcia the day after Marcia had purchased and down for his approval and admiration, he thought she looked lovelier in her plain brown cloth coat than in her Marcia in her expensive fur.

"You are looking awfully nice today, Muriel," he said as they walked alone. John was going to see Kenneth and had waited for Muriel at the shop.

"I must see my new coat. I was awfully extravagant. It is so nice and warm."

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"I don't believe you were extravagant. He knew Muriel earned a large salary."

"Yes, it is. I should have worn my old one. I got another new one with a fur collar, and I should have waited another year for mine. But I'm a woman and all women love pretty things."

John felt his eyes moist. This brave girl, the support of herself and her mother, working hard, conscientiously for buying a sensible warm coat. How he wished he were rich, that he might pay fairly for her. He had a coat like Muriel's. The soft mole would be so becoming to her.

"Mother isn't well, John?" For a long time they had been Muriel and John to each other, the only sign of intimacy they allowed themselves.

"Not worse, Muriel?"

"Yes, I'm afraid so. The doctor said last night that I might have to take her away to a warmer climate."

They walked on in silence. In John's mind the question: "What shall I do if I lose her?"

Mrs. Doran welcomed John brightly. He had not intended to go to Muriel's rooms, but when she had asked him if he would like to see her mother he followed her.

"I want to give you a piece of my mind, Mr. Aldrich," Mr. Doran said when he rose to leave. "There are so few who appreciate fine china, especially Menesty, but I know you will. It was given to me by Mrs. Doran. John said as he accepted the choice bit in the spirit in which it was given. 'I shall treasure it highly. It will be an addition to my collection. I have always wanted a bit of Menesty, but never felt I could afford it.'

Afterward, as he played with little Kenneth, his thoughts were turned to the self-sacrificing daughter who might soon pass out of his life. Until he realized he might lose her he had not quite sensed the value of Menesty and for Muriel become. If only he might help her!

**Chapter LXVI**

John Aldrich had longed to help Muriel in some way. She was giving up a fine position, going to an unknown city with an invalid mother. Since she found the way, he had once, again asked Marcia to give her consent to adopt Kenneth and once more she had angrily refused. Muriel should take Kenneth and he would be glad to have him and able to look after him during Muriel's absence. She planned to get a position as soon as possible. Muriel and her mother gladly consented to his plan.

Muriel's departure had no visible effect upon John other than that he became perhaps a little more reserved. Never had a word of love passed between them, and yet some way John felt that Muriel knew that he had been from the world, he was different. When the train drew out of the station and he had untwined Kenneth's arms he muttered as he watched until even the smoke had disappeared.

"Another fond hope wasted, no, two," said Muriel's face floated mistily before him. He had not realized until that day how much he was to miss little Kenneth, he had to economize to care for him, so he decided to give up smoking.

"I am so glad you have stopped smoking, John," Marcia said. "It isn't good for you, then, it is an expensive habit. We can have that lamp I have admired for what your smoking costs you."

"In a year, perhaps."

"There's no need waiting. I'll get the lamp. If you don't smoke the money will be saved."

John had a piece of work come his way at this time that paid him very well. For the first time he kept a good news from Marcia. He would put all he earned on that job away. He was really worried that he could not save anything, really-satisfied because of his obligation to Muriel's care.

He was not feeling well, a lassitude new and consequently annoying to him made his work an effort. He missed Muriel acutely. Her restfulness, her quiet understanding and also her interest in his own life, as Marcia called his love for valuable things, made for happiness and contentment when with her. Now that was gone, he no longer had to make excuses to himself for frequent calls at the shop, he no longer found it hard to refrain from buying something he felt he could not or ought not afford so that he might catch a glimpse of her. Of this with her for a few moments. Suddenly he felt stagnant, as if something were needed to rouse him to interest.

Marcia noticed the change and asked: "Are you ill, John?"

"No, Why?"

"Well, you act as if you didn't care about anything. If you feel sick do go to a doctor! If you aren't, why do you try to show a little interest in me? I plan everything I can think of to have a good time and you are so lackadaisical that one would think I never did anything for you."

"Don't try to do so much, Marcia. Let us be just a little quiet,

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"Pepe's Diapepsin" has proven itself the surest relief for Indigestion, Gases, Flatulence, Heartburn, Sourness, Fermentation or Stomach troubles given by acidity. Each Distress caused almost immediately stomach relief and shortly the stomach is corrected so that you can eat favorite foods without fear. Large case costs only few cents. At drug store. Millions help them.

"Do stand straight, John! You are getting round shouldered and it makes you look old. And wait a minute. John! When will you go to look at your work with me?"

"You aren't fair," John fairly snapped out the word. Then as Marcia commenced to cry bitterly he hurried from the house.

As he strode in front of a shop, involuntarily he glanced into it. Yes, Marcia was right. He did look stooped and old. But he didn't really feel a hundred.

"Has it ever occurred to you, Marcia, that the women you know are in a way, the very worst sort for you to cultivate? They make you discontented. They are rich and smart, some of them, and they can afford because they hate arguments and have peace. He wanted to add 'and they are smart' but he didn't say it. He was making his shoulders and muttered: "Get a grip on yourself, old man! This won't do."

All day at the office he wondered how he was going to keep Marcia contented all day. He worked with that thought uppermost. It was glad she had forgotten it was his birthday. She might have been contented to buy him something.

About three o'clock his telephone rang.

"This is Marcia, John. Many happy returns, old dear. Come home very early, I have a surprise for you even if you were bad to your wife this morning. Be sure and come early."

"Damn!" was the explosive with which John punctuated the hanging up of the receiver.

What was Marcia up to now? Her birthday and anniversary gifts had been sort of a joke ever since they married. She would buy something for the house, something she wanted, and give it to him. And she always charged it.

It was six o'clock when he left the office, although Marcia called again and asked him to get home by five. But he had work to do, and his work had gone neither as quickly nor as easily as late.

He heard voices when he put his key into the lock. The apartment, brilliantly lighted, was filled to overflowing with guests. They all pounced upon him, wishing him many happy returns, while Marcia hurried him to his room to dress.

"Hurry, John! Isn't it lovely? You're thought of it being your birthday until after you had gone by. It was I kept the telephone busy for two hours getting up this party for you. I ordered the supper from a caterer, of course. We had no time to do anything but clean the rooms, and we are to have some music and dancing. Aren't you pleased, old dear?" She kissed him thirty-three times without waiting for an answer, then left him to return to his guests, cautioning him to hurry.

**Chapter LXVII**

John Aldrich felt a bit of science stricken when he heard the fact about extra work, and so extra money, from Marcia. But it was the only way he could keep his agreement to send Mrs. Doran to the States. He had to get the money, and Muriel had written that she simplified matters for them in every way. They both loved the little fellow, he was company for Mrs. Doran, and the money helped them in their household expenses.

"What's the matter, John? Aren't you as clever as you used to be?" Marcia asked fretfully one morning at breakfast. "You know I have always thought you rightfully clever."

"I guess I am about the same as I always have been. Why do you think I don't seem to get as much extra work as I want some new things for the house dreadfully. Can't you manage to let me have enough to refurbish the living room. I am really ashamed to entertain my friends at bridge. I must have a rug right away. We can't get along with this old one any longer. I'll put it in the dining room and set out one."

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"You have ordered them?"

"Yes."

"Can you pay for them out of your allowance?"

"No—what a question! I want to furnish the house out of my allowance! What has gotten into you, John?"

"These curtains look very well. How much are the new ones?"

"Only thirty dollars a window, and they are the sweetest things I've ever seen. I'm sure you'll like the newest pattern. It is lucky we have only two windows, isn't it?"

"I should say it was. Sixty dollars, Marcia. I can't pay it."

"But you must! They are half made by this time. They'll sue us if you don't."

"Marcia, I shall have to forbid you getting anything beyond what your allowance pays for without first consulting me. I do all I can for you, as you know. But do not buy anything more without talking it over with me." John rose. It was time to go to the office.

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"Is Marcia a wonder? Claire says she'd give a woman later. 'Of course, but... what do you feel?'"

"Why, the way she manages to do things! No one but Marcia would try to get up such a big party on the spur of the moment. Way, nearly everyone one we know is here. Nell French said they broke another engagement to come after Marcia told them she was to have a small orchestra for dancing."

"An orchestra!" John was still a bit bewildered. He had forgotten that Marcia had told him about the music.

"Yes, three pieces. Won't it be great? I do so love these little impromptu affairs! One always has a good time."

"Yes—always." John scarcely knew what he was saying. Without realizing it he was computing the cost of his birthday party. A caterer, and music!

The "food" as Bob French called it, was delicious. Every one complimented Marcia. Before the dancing John took one of the older men, a Mr. Elder, who had expressed a desire to see his china, into his den. After a little desultory talk about some of the pieces in his cabinet he took out the Menesty that Mrs. Doran had given him.

"This is my most valuable and most valued piece," he said, passing it to Mr. Elder.

"Menesty, where I should say it was valuable. You are fortunate Aldrich, in possessing it so long as you are a collector. While I am here these things, I never care enough to buy 'my' money in them."

"My collection is very modest. I can't afford to buy often. That cup was a gift from another collector. It is priceless." He had not heard any one enter; the door had been slightly ajar and Marcia now stood just inside.

"About how much is that bit worth?" Mr. Elder pointed to the Menesty cup.

"Oh, I really can't say. It depends upon many things. Just how badly a collector wants it, for instance. A good many hundreds."

Had John not been so engrossed he might have heard and gaped at Marcia retired as quietly as she had entered.

But he put the cup away, unconscious that any one save Mr. Elder and himself had been in the room.

"Come, John," Marcia called,

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The "food" as Bob French called it, was delicious. Every one complimented Marcia. Before the dancing John took one of the older men, a Mr. Elder, who had expressed a desire to see his china, into his den. After a little desultory talk about some of the pieces in his cabinet he took out the Menesty that Mrs. Doran had given him.

"This is my most valuable and most valued piece," he said, passing it to Mr. Elder.

"Menesty, where I should say it was valuable. You are fortunate Aldrich, in possessing it so long as you are a collector. While I am here these things, I never care enough to buy 'my' money in them."

"My collection is very modest. I can't afford to buy often. That cup was a gift from another collector. It is priceless." He had not heard any one enter; the door had been slightly ajar and Marcia now stood just inside.

"About how much is that bit worth?" Mr. Elder pointed to the Menesty cup.

"Oh, I really can't say. It depends upon many things. Just how badly a collector wants it, for instance. A good many hundreds."

Had John not been so engrossed he might have heard and gaped at Marcia retired as quietly as she had entered.

But he put the cup away, unconscious that any one save Mr. Elder and himself had been in the room.

"Come, John," Marcia called,

**Chapter LXX**

Left alone, John Aldrich groaned. His face took on a sterner look and the grayness of his skin seemed to palpably increase. He was tired out, disheartened, discouraged. With a shiver he muttered: "Poor old man! I will have to go through with it, and joined the guests who were making merry at his expense."

"Is Marcia a wonder? Claire says she'd give a woman later. 'Of course, but... what do you feel?'"

"Why, the way she manages to do things! No one but Marcia would try to get up such a big party on the spur of the moment. Way, nearly everyone one we know is here. Nell French said they broke another engagement to come after Marcia told them she was to have a small orchestra for dancing."

"An orchestra!" John was still a bit bewildered. He had forgotten that Marcia had told him about the music.

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