

For Rheumatism —its origin

You would not have rheumatism if your kidneys performed their proper function of expelling uric acid from your system. Uric acid causes rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica and kindred ailments. What you need is Gin Pills. They act directly on the kidneys—the source of all the trouble. They neutralize the uric acid, relieve the congestion and cause the kidneys to resume their work. Thousands have found quick and permanent relief from rheumatism by using Gin Pills.

NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED, TORONTO.



At your druggists
— FIFTY CENTS —

GARDEN SEEDS

For Early Planting in HOTBEDS or indoors

Sweet Peas. Choice "Spencers" and others.

Tomato, early varieties.

Cabbage, earliest and best varieties.

Cauliflower "Snowball" and others.

Celery (earliest kinds) and many other varieties also

FLOWER SEEDS

Just received 12,000 pounds of Choice Onion Sets, 3,000 pounds of Choice Shallots all in the "pink" of condition.

Our Sweet Peas are all imported from the largest and most reliable growers of Superior Flower Seeds in London, England.

See Carter's Catalogue for varieties.

Carter & Co., Ltd.

Seedsmen to the people of P. E. Island

Professional Cards

MacDonald & McPhee

B. A.

L. A. MacDonald H. F. McPhee

Barristers, Attorney, Etc. Money to Loan

Riley Building, Charlottetown

Mark R. McGuigan

B. A.

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.

Money to Loan

Carleton Block

Charlottetown, P. E. Island

DR. CLIFT

Chronic Diseases

Treatment in person or by letter

Address: Purdy Station, Westchester Co., N. Y.

S. S. HESSIAN

Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public

Etc.

MONEY TO LOAN

Montague P. E. Island

W. Miles Garrison

A. B., M. D.

Pulmonary Tuberculosis Specialist

120 Brighton Road, Charlottetown

Gas Treatment in Selected Cases

Telephone 207.

Palmer & Palmer

H. J. PALMER, K. C.

Barrister, Etc.

Money to Loan

Bank of Nova Scotia Building

Charlottetown, P. E. I.

J. D. STEWART, K. C.

Barrister and Solicitor, 84 Great

George Street

Solicitors for the Union Bank of

Canada

Dr. C. C. Archibald

Graduate on N. Y. Post Graduate

Medical School and Hospital

Practice limited to Eye, Ear, Nose

and Throat

Office: Bayer Building, Great George

Street, Opposite Guardian Office

Telephone 850-J.

Office Hours—9 to 12 a. m. 1 to

The Girl Who Had No Chance

(Continued from Page Ten)

And Ruth always agreed and always promised, but she was so busy she never found time to go.

And the whole summer went by. Ruth went out very little that summer. The people on the big estates near Marketown, who had made overtures of friendship, were away most of the time, at mountains or at the shore. The Marketown paper, grown larger now the town was growing, recorded their "doings" as though they were quite important.

Langley, at a meeting of the Civic Committee which by now practically controlled the town—suggested certain things that should be attended to and could only be handled in New York. There was discussion about getting a New York agent, until finally Langley suggested sending Ruth.

"Who knows as much about this town as any of us, and could carry out our commissions perfectly well," another member of the board agreed.

So it was that the girl suddenly found herself actually sent off for a coveted vacation, with all her expenses paid.

And she could not refuse to go then, nor find an excuse.

She tried to get her work in shape so as to leave two weeks after the notice that she was to be sent.

Meantime, things had not been going well at home.

Ruth began to realize slowly that the sympathy in the house had ex-

isted solely between her father and herself. There was perfect understanding there. Between her mother and herself there was something which neither could comprehend and which neither would acknowledge—it was something as intangible as a dream, but as solid and as much a barrier as a brick wall.

After the funeral, Mrs. O'Neill methodically gathered up the clothes and the various useful possessions of her husband's, and gave them to the "most worthy" man in town.

Then she, as methodically, cleaned out his room, sorted his books, burned up some personal belongings and labelled "trash," and prepared to rent out that room as well as all the other rooms available in the house.

"No use keeping his things," she remarked as they sat at supper one night. "His books you'll want to read again sometime, so I haven't touched them. The rest of the stuff I've cleaned out."

Ruth said nothing. But the manner in which her mother spoke went through her like a knife. She knew her mother was right—they would never touch nor use various little trifles that had belonged to her father. But somehow the mere fact that he had them and loved them made them sacred in her eyes—even the pipe, he smoked, which now smelled of much stale tobacco. She did not want to keep the various little things—it wasn't that. It was the cold, methodical way in which her mother did it that hurt Ruth.

"Of course, we'll have to take some money and buy mourning," Mrs. O'Neill said the day before the funeral service.

"I'm not," Ruth answered. Her mother looked shocked.

"Not wear black when your own father died?"

"Father hated black and hated to see me in it. He often asked me not to wear mourning. Do you think it would make him feel better, or me, for us all to go about in black?"

"But what will people say?"

"Do you think I care what they say?" Ruth was roused to sudden resentment. "The ones I care about will know how much sorrow I feel without my advertising it by wearing a color father hated."

"Still—"

Mrs. O'Neill could not get over the conventional ideas. She went to the shops and brought the proper "mourning"—buying frugally so as

WOMAN SICK TWO YEARS

Caused by Troubles Women Often Have—Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

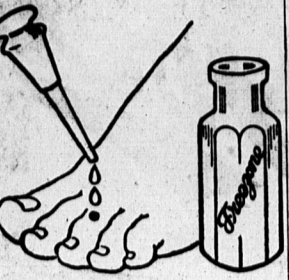
Medina, New York. "I had a great deal of trouble such as women often have, and this affected my nerves. For over two years I suffered this way, then I read in the Buffalo Times about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and have taken it with very good results. I am very much better and feel justified in praising the Vegetable Compound to my friends and neighbors who suffer from anything of the kind."—Mrs. Wm. H. Adkins, 811 Erin Road, Medina, N. Y.

Feels Like Girl Sixteen
Rochester, N. Y. "After my twin girls were born I was all run-down. My neighbors thought I was going to die. I saw your advertisement in the paper and bought Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The first bottle helped me and I kept on taking it. I only weighed ninety pounds when I began taking it, and I have gained six. I never can say enough for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. Wm. H. Adkins, 16 Struce Park, Rochester, N. Y.

That will be wonderful. Ruth

CORNS

Lift Off with Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching 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, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation.

not to spend an unnecessary cent, yet with a little satisfaction that her clothes were correct for the occasion, and that they were quite new as well. Ruth, having no money she felt she could spare, wore her old things.

That was only the beginning of a real rift in the feeling between Ruth and her mother. Mrs. O'Neill had never had much sympathy for Ruth's "bookish" tastes. She quite plainly felt that her husband's studiousness was the reason for his failure in life, and to her, Ruth was travelling the same road. Then when Ruth began earning money, the idea had to go—but she turned instead to a nagging because Ruth "wouldn't make up a little to the boys. You'll be an old maid if you're not careful."

"Who cares? I don't!" Ruth would answer, and every time a little more resentment would creep into her voice.

"It's a pity Langley Williams comes around so much. He scares off all the other men, and he's pretty slow making up his mind whether he wants to marry you or—"

The girl suddenly faced her mother, her face white except for the two red spots that came to her cheeks.

"Langley has no idea of marrying me, nor I of marrying him," she said as calmly as she could. "Most of the evenings he's here, he's working over plans. I prefer to waste time talking nonsense to someone."

Her mother put on a martyr's expression and turning, walked out of the room.

A SUDDEN CHANGE Chapter 75

Ruth had known for a long time that there was no sympathy to be expected from her mother. But she had not felt it while her father lived, for he was always there to talk to, always ready with quick sympathetic answer or with quick understanding that required no words to make itself felt.

Now she felt sometimes that she missed this more than anything else in the world. Little Mrs. Belding offered all the sympathy she could—an unintelligent sympathy that made her decide that everything Ruth did was right and everything her mother did was wrong.

Mrs. Belding still lived at the O'Neils'—but she had not paid any "rent," as she called it, since Ruth began earning enough to cover the family expenses. As the little old lady could get scarcely any work now, she put in her time helping about the house and mending and making such clothes as Ruth would allow her to do.

In the evenings Ruth would stay in her room and read, and she would come down then and sit with her, never talking unless Ruth talked or read the newspaper until 9 o'clock, when she laid aside what she was doing and went up to her room to bed.

So the girl, who had been the very centre of the little town's social life, suddenly dropped out of it entirely that Spring. A few of the older and more serious members of her club came to see her and occasionally she dined at their houses, and Langley came up to her for part of an evening. But she had, at last, almost as much time to read as she wanted.

"I believe you bring me a new book every time you come," she said to him once.

"Not quite," he answered. "besides, I read them all first. Here's one published this week—it's one of the best analytical studies of a man's reaction to misfortune that I ever read. You'll find—"

Ruth opened the book. Sometimes when he came up, he sat and smoked while she read aloud, sometimes he lounged in the couch hammock on the porch while the girl read to herself. Ruth had screened in a part of the big porch and had bought a lamp and comfortable chair and a table of green wickerwork for it. It was her one extravagance after the payment of the first "dividend."

It was shortly after this and towards Fall, that the Civic Committee told her they were sending her to New York. Her expenses were to be paid—and the "dividend" had given her enough to pay the rest of the bills, and quite a little over.

"You'll have a lot of work to do for them, so they're going to raise your salary and give you an expense account," Langley explained. He had dropped in on the way home from the meeting, and was smoking cigars. The Andersons had come down that evening and were sitting there also.

"That will be wonderful. Ruth

you'll get a lot of clothes, won't you? Mrs. Anderson asked.

"To wear climbing around the building operations?" Ruth laughed in answering. "You can't imagine how much mud there is in our new town!"

"And do look at the new styles of hairdressing," the lady went on. "I'm so tired of the way I do mine, but I can't think of a better way. I wish I could go too."

"You'll see some of our old fellow citizens I suppose," Mr. Anderson said. "There's Tim Turner—let's see, he was engaged to Myra Weed, wasn't he? They're in New York. Aren't they married?"

"Well, for two years nearly," Mrs. Anderson said. "And you should just see the picture of the baby Myra sent home. It's as cute! Do look them up, Ruth."

"Of course," Ruth answered, and suddenly dreaded going to the city.

"Of course you'll take your mother," Mrs. Anderson seemed to think it settled.

"If you're wise, you won't," Langley said after the young couple had left. "Don't do it, Ruth. You'll be busy, you've got to spend some of your time with a very smart set that she won't like—and she won't try to be nice to them if she doesn't like them. This is a business trip, but it's a change too, and I want it to be as complete a change for you as possible."

"I don't want to go," Ruth said. "The man looked at her in astonishment."

"I know, you'll think me temperamental. I don't want to go but I appreciate being sent—it's a great honor and a great responsibility and I'm going, of course. And I'll do my best for them. But I'll have to ask mother. She hasn't had much fun in her life, she might like the city."

But Mrs. O'Neill did not seem to enthuse over the idea. She thought herself some more black dresses when Ruth received the money. And she asked Mrs. Belding to make some new things for Ruth. But when it came to the actual question of buying tickets and making hotel reservations, she said suddenly:

"I just don't believe I'll go. You can get along alone, so I'm not needed. If I was, I'd go. I always try to do my duty. But you're very capable of taking care of yourself, for all you're not 23. I'd rather go see Sarah. I'd like to spend the fall and winter with her."

"If you'd prefer it,"

"Well, I would. When you come back from the city, Mrs. Belding will be here to take care of you. You can send me an allowance if you want—"

Ruth wondered at this sudden change of plans, but she was so busy packing and getting work done, she had not much time to think about it. The day before she left, Langley came to the house.

LANGLEY CHAPTER 76

After all the talk and preparations about going to the city it was well along towards Fall before Ruth got off. She left Sunday afternoon, and Saturday evening Langley came to see her.

Sunday she was sure to be alone, for it was the big night at the club and all their friends were certain to be out in the little farm-house that had been made up in temporary fashion as a place to dance and play and flirt in. Ruth had only gone out to the club occasionally for a game of tennis since her father's death.

So she sat this Saturday evening in a big wicker armchair, in a favorite position—her knees doubled so she half sat upon them and so she was completely swallowed up by the big chair.

Langley lounged back in the hammock, smoking cigarettes and blowing out clouds of blue smoke to catch the lamp light and to be lit up into a sort of blue illumination by the soft light.

"Something amusing happened today," Ruth said. "I had a letter from a Miss Joan Bryce, who is a special writer for a woman's magazine, I've forgotten which one. She wants me to tell her about my share in making up South Market town and all the things in the way of playgrounds here she seems to



THEY CALLED HIM AN "OLD PILL"

THAT was years ago when he packed a terrible grouch, a mighty irritable stomach and a liver that refused to do the things that all good livers should. No wonder his friends called him an "old pill" and stayed away.

But that was years ago—long before he discovered Beecham's Pills and learned that two at bedtime can bring sunshine into a man's life. Today, he's an optimistic hero to his wife, and a staunch believer in Beecham's Pills.

The cheer that Beecham's Pills bring into a man's disposition, is the incomparable cheer of sound digestion, active liver, and the regular habits that make good health.

At All Druggists—25c and 50c

Society

for over eighty years has relied upon Gouraud's Oriental Cream to keep the skin and complexion in perfect condition through the stress of the season's activities. White Flesh-Rachel.

Sent 10c for Trial Size. FRED. Y. HOPKINS & SON, Montreal

Gouraud's Oriental Cream

think I've put through."

"So you have put them through. What else did she say?"

"She wanted, she said, to interview me. Isn't that funny? It's overnight from here to New York, then she lived. Why should she be interested in a prosaic little person like me?"

Langley blew out another smoke cloud, watching it till it was caught in the glow of the lamp.

"There's such a thing as too much modesty, my dear," he remarked. "You have done all she claims and a lot more. Recognize it, and acknowledge it. What did you write her?"

"Nothing yet. I could call her up at her magazine when I get into New York, but I thought I'd wait, then write and say I hadn't done anything."

"Ruth, once in a while you make me mad."

Ruth laughed at this, for the man was in earnest, so much so that he sat up on the couch to lecture her. She listened meekly to his lecture and then promised to let the woman know where to find her in the city.

"You're the most amazing girl I ever saw anyway. I don't know what I would ever have done in this place if it had not been for you," he ended.

"Gone on to another town in the course of your work," she responded practically. "You did that any way. You went on to Ohio."

"And came back," he answered her. "I came back to help you work out the details of the scheme for a factory town that was your sole idea, but I think I would have come anyway. I don't know what I would ever have done in this place if it had not been for you," he ended.

"To see you, to be near you," he said.

There was a silence, so sudden so deep, that it seemed almost startling. Langley had never talked like this before! To be sure, he had picked her up in his arms the night after her father died, but it was only as though he were a grown-up, clothed in a grief-stricken child. There had been little enough sentiment in an otherwise sentimental act.

"And now you are sending me away to New York for a month," she laughed nervously as she said it. So was ready to say anything to break this sudden silence, and these words came first into her head.

"I have a special reason for doing that. One thing is that I want you to have a complete change—the change from small town to large, from people with one outlook on life to people with quite another. I want you to rest a little and to be a little frivolous—just what you'll have to be, for you must be yourself be entertained by some of the people you will meet there on business."

"That's several reasons, that's not a special—"

"I'll tell you the special reason when you come back. And I might add that I'll miss you awfully."

He held out his hand, stretched his long arm over the little table. Ruth put her hand in his as frankly as though she were a boy.

"I'll buy you a lot of new books," she said.

"I'll probably get lonesome and write you a lot of letters," he answered.

She pulled her hand away; he let go when he felt she wanted to be free.

"You've done more for me than you know," he said. "I used to think I had no more faith in women. I never knew anything about them before I met—the one in Chicago—and after my experience with her, I decided I knew the whole lot—and had little use for any of them. You've restored my old faith and my old ideals—no woman can do more for a man than that."

"If I used to hate her, I thought all women were like her, as though, heartless, mercenary, calculating, as she was. I know that I loved her a lot because I hated her so afterwards. But I don't any more. I never, think of her."

Ruth looked at his steadily.

"You were awfully miserable weren't you?"

Her ready sympathy had touched something in him. She watched his whole face soften a little. He lit another cigarette.

THE STORY
Chapter 77

The cigarette lighted, he leaned back. He had told her part of the story once. Now he told the whole thing again, with much more detail.

"She was so pretty," he repeated several times. "Her hair was fluffy and soft and gold. Her skin was soft when I kissed her cheek. She wore soft looking little dresses that always seemed quite smart to me, though she called them raggs. Her hands were the softest, smallest hands, the most incredible looking hands any woman ever possessed."

Ruth looked at her own, unconsciously. She knew she should keep her nails better. Her hands weren't large, but to her they seemed hopelessly competent and anything but pretty. Langley followed her glance, and broke into his story.

"Your hands have character. Ruth. Her's hadn't—but I didn't know

that. And I thought her heart was so soft and sweet as he appearance."

He went on. He told about the rainy afternoon when they were out under one umbrella, and how, as they took shelter in a doorway to escape a sudden heavier down-pour, he had told her he loved her and asked her to marry him. He went on through the weeks of the engagement—the first quarrel because he could afford only a tiny engagement ring, the reconciliation and weeks when he was happy, the sudden disappearance "to visit her sister in Chicago," the letters, charming at first, infrequent later, and the final, sudden brief note that announced she had married, as she put it "a man who at least knows how to make money."

"Now you are making a lot," Ruth said when he had finished. "You say it will come to \$20,000 this year and you own a lot of our new city bonds. You said you were going to Chicago and make her leave her husband—"

"I know I said that once. It was a spirit of revenge. I have always wanted to make a fortune from the moment she left me. First, I wanted to go where she was and spend more money than she could. Then I wanted to take along a very beautiful wife, to show her I didn't care and to make her jealous and envious. Then sometimes my old love would come back and I'd want to go there just for her—that must have been when I said I was going to make her get a divorce and marry me."

Now—

He stopped, to light the cigarette that had gone out.

"Now I haven't any feeling about her one way or the other. In fact, I don't care whether I see her or not. It's a matter of indifference. I know now that we would have been miserable tied to each other, for there wasn't the first bit of friendship between us. You taught me that."

"Taught you what?"

"That friendship has to come before love."

"Why, yes, we've been wonderful friends, haven't we?"

Ruth said it without thinking that he might mean more than that they had been good friends.

"It has to be a part of love. I think the large part I think its the largest part of my love for you."