

PAINS ACROSS THE BACK Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Mitchell, Ontario. "I have taken your medicine for a number of years. I do not take it steady all the time, but I am never without it. I always keep it in the house. I took it first for pains in the abdomen and bearing-down pains, headaches and pains across the back. I have my home to look after and many a day I could not get up at all. I saw the advertisement in the paper about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and Mrs. John Miller told me about it, too. Every time I take it, it makes me feel better and I always recommend it to my friends. I am willing to answer letters from women asking about this medicine and you may use this letter as a testimonial." - Mrs. F. J. WASSMANN, Mitchell, Ontario.

MAY SEYMOUR FOOT LOOSE by BEATRICE BURTON CNEA

MAY SEYMOUR, whose husband, DR. JOHN SEYMOUR, killed himself because of her love affair with JIM CAREWE, returns to her home town after a year's absence. Heavily veiled, she comes late one fall night to the home of her lawyer, DICK GREGORY, and GLORIA, his wife. She tells them now the story of Dr. John's suicide has cast a shadow over her life. And so she has made up her mind to "sell out" and go to Europe where no one will know her story. She turns over her house to ULYSSES X. FORGAN, a wealthy widower, to sell for her. And she begs Dick to sell her stocks and bonds for whatever they will bring. All she wants, she says, is enough money to dress the part of a rich widow for a few months, so that she can "land" a rich husband.

Without waiting for an answer, she poured May's "Black Narcissus" perfume over her flabby blond hair, and rubbed it under her chin. "My husband," May said, very quietly, "has been dead for more than a year." She held her breath for a moment, and then continued: "He committed suicide." "Committed suicide?" Do you mean he killed himself?" Carlotta asked. Her blue eyes were like saucers.

May hurried to open it. A bell-boy stood there with a florist's box in his arms. Breathlessly she opened it. Within was a mass of full-blown cream colored roses. She buried her face in their fragrance before she read the little card that was tucked among their leaves. "You're like these," Herbert Waterbury had written across the face of it. "And will you have lunch with me at one? I'll wait for you



Carlotta Frolicking pushed open the door—

One night the four of them go to ADOREE'S little supper club. May drops her bag and her great roll of bills falls out. Waterbury offers to take care of it for her, but May refuses to let him. He makes love to her in the days that follow, and finally asks her to invest her money in Dan Sprague's oil well. She has led him to think that she has much more money than she really possesses.

Finally a letter from Ulysses Forgan comes. He tells her she can sell her house for \$12,000 or for \$16,000 on terms.

THE STORY

That night when she had eaten her lonely dinner, May went up to her room to answer Ulysses Forgan's letter.

"Dear Mr. Forgan," she wrote. "Being a foolish woman, I have decided to take \$12,000 for my house now, instead of \$16,000 in little dribs-and drabs, on terms. A bird in the hand—you know. "I suppose the safe thing for me to do is to invest the money. Later on, I'm going to ask you to give me your advice, along those lines. My husband used to tell me that government bonds were the only safe way for a widow. "I am going to stay here in Atlantic City until you send me the money for my house. Where I shall go then, I really don't know. To Europe, probably. The only thing I'm sure of is that I shall never come back to Montreal. Cordially yours, May Lucas Seymour."

"What else could I mean?" May in the lobby. "Well, I like his cheek!" May said to herself. "He's so sure I'll accept his invitation that he's going to wait in the lobby for me! For two pins I'd fool him and not go to his damned old luncheon!" But she knew she would. She dressed herself with extreme care, in soft mauve, crepe with a hat to match. She pinned one of Waterbury's roses to her breast, and with a beating heart went downstairs to meet him. He met her, smiling, and took her hands in his for just a second. Fire glowed in his blue eyes as he looked at her. "You're a stunner!" he said, admiring her. May was vaguely disappointed. She didn't like to be called a "stunner" by this man whom she was trying to marry. She wanted him to want her—not to admire her.

But, in her turn, she could not help admiring the sure, man-of-the-world air with which Herby gave his luncheon order. Today he was very good-looking, very debonair, extremely well-dressed. How other women would envy her if she were the wife of a man like him! And this got all the more to her, besides—she had heard May crinkled up her nose at him in a saucy smile. "I'm wearing your rose upon my heart, Sir Knight! And you haven't said a word about it!" she reproached him gayly. "I'm wearing my own heart on my sleeve," Waterbury answered, leaning across the table and speaking in a low tone. "Can't you see that I'm very much in love with you—and have been since the minute I laid eyes on you?" May shook her head. "No, I can't see that," she answered. "Are you?"

Waterbury nodded gravely. "I am," he said quietly. "And you know it." May wanted to ask him, "Then why in the world don't you ask me to marry you?" What did she care about love? It was marriage she wanted! (To Be Continued.)

Curious of gray rain hid the curtain from her the next morning when May awakened and went to the window to look out. She picked up her little wrist-watch from the table and stood beside her bed. It had stopped. "I'll buy myself a gorgeous new one today," she promised herself as she turned on the faucets of the bath-tub. The old watch had been a birthday present from Dr. John in the early days of their marriage. It had decided to give it to the chambermaid. She wished passionately that she could give away all the other souvenirs of that unhappy union, at the same time—the memory of Dr. John's dead face, the recollection of the snubs she had had from her townspeople, the thought of Jim Carewe.

"Let the dead past bury its dead!" someone had said. "Why, the past was never dead. It had more lives than a cat. It lived forever, to torture you—" "How morbid I am!" May shook herself. "It must be the weather." She pulled down the window shades and turned on all the rose colored lights in the room. "Or perhaps I'm getting melancholy from living alone so much," she went on thinking as she lay in her warm bath, drowsy and relaxed. "I never could stand being alone very much. It gets on my nerves." But she didn't look as if she had a jumpy nerve in her body when she wrapped herself in a flannel bathrobe a few minutes later. Her warm white skin glowed with health. She brushed her black hair back from her low, broad forehead and breathed deeply with disdainful nostrils. "Heb!" she cried aloud. The air in the room was still sickeningly reminiscent of Carlotta's "Black Narcissus" perfume. She opened the windows wide to the wind and the rain. "I suppose Carlotta told Herbert the sad story of my life," she thought, remembering last night. At that moment there was a

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For All Readers of THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

To keep up with the times and supply the demands of all progressive readers, the publishers found it necessary to compile an entirely new dictionary with an enlarged vocabulary and with many special features never before incorporated in a similar volume.



Throw Away Your Old One Your old dictionary is out of date. It should be thrown into the discard, along with the old dictionary printing plates. This is a new era—new discoveries and new inventions make a new dictionary necessary. It's the new age of education, and everybody should have a new dictionary. Here it is—the newest of the new.

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The following educational sections are of value in learning:

- How to Use Words How to Punctuate How to Capitalize

How to Build Sentences Concluding with more than a dozen other features comprising a wealth of facts that are always at hand for instant use.

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All you need to do is to clip the coupon from this newspaper and present it as stated therein with the nominal sum to cover actual expenses of handling, packing, clerk hire, distribution, and 50c.

COUPON ON PAGE 5

No More Summer For Three Years?

OTTAWA, Aug. 10. — Are 1926 and the two or three years immediately following it going to have very severe winters with little or no summer?

This is the question scientists are trying to answer. They state that the likelihood is that next summer, and two or three summers immediately following it, will be periods of many storms, much rainfall and a minimum of sunshine.

Dr. R. E. Deury, assistant director of the Dominion Observatory, states that the reason is that during the next two or three years sun spots will reach a maximum number and the sunlight coming through to the earth will be reduced to a minimum not achieved since about 42 years ago, when the last sun spot maximum was reached.

The sun spots, it has been shown by records, have a recurring period of about 11 years; another period of about 60 years, and scientists are convinced, a further cycle is not so serious as the 60 years' one, and that in turn does not attain the proportions of the 62 year cycle. And during the next two or three years scientists estimate that the 262 year cycle and the 60 year cycle will reach the maximum of their intensity at the same time, producing weather conditions on the earth never before experienced in the known history of man.

The present 1916 year cycle is the second since 1816, known as the year without a summer; and the 262 year cycle in the past coincides with pestilences, poor crops, little or no summer and other disasters. Six of these 262 year cycles ago, brings one to the time of the great famine of Diocletian about 300 B. C. Chinese astronomers record a great obscuration of the sun in 1372, which is about 45 sun spot 11 year cycles ago.

AUCTION SALE

OF CHOICE HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE AT 100 HILLSBORO ST. AT 1.00 O'CLOCK ON THURSDAY AUGUST 13th

Rattan Suite, comprising Settee and three chairs, 2 Flower Stands, 2 Tables, 3 Arm Chairs, 1 Reading Lamp, 4 Pictures, Couch in velvet, Buffet in oak, Extension Table with extra pieces, 8 Dining Room Chairs, 1 Lounge, 8 Pictures, Linoleum, Edison Gramophone, and 40 Records.

MRS. JAMES WILSON, 100 Hillsboro Street, Auctioneer.

General Store For Sale With House, Barn, and 3 Acres Land

This business is situated in one of the best sections of P. E. I., with New London harbor, about to be repaired. This place would make one of the best shipping centres on the North Side.

Transportation Tenders

Tenders will be received at the Office of the Dept. of Agriculture until noon Tuesday, August 11th, from parties who will furnish suitable cars, gas and drivers to convey from farm to farm three veterinary inspectors with equipment.

W. BOULTER, Sec'y, Agriculture.

Cuticura Clears The Skin Of Blemishes. If you have pimples or red, rough skin you can rely on Cuticura to help you. Gently smear the ointment on your face after five minutes, wash off with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Dry without irritation.

C. N. R. Radio Programme TUESDAY, AUGUST 11, 1925. CNRA (313 Metres), MONCTON, N. B. STUDIO PROGRAMME by Stellan Artlets, under direction of J. B. Stewart.

St. John's and Boston. From HALIFAX, N. S. Special Passenger and Freight Service. S. S. MUNCASTER (5350 tons displacement) sails every nine days.

Canada Steamship Line Ltd. S. S. HITHERWOOD AND S. S. CEUTA Montreal Charlottetown St. John's. Leave Montreal August 12th, Charlottetown August 22nd, St. John's August 25th.

EASTERN STEAMSHIP LINES, INC. BOSTON-ST. JOHN, N. B.—(International) LINE. Fare St. John to Boston \$10.00; Eastport or Lunenburg to Boston \$2.00.