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## A Sweetheart At Thirty

### THE STORY OF A WOMAN'S TRANSFORMATION

By Marion Rubincam

#### LOOKING BACKWARD

Chapter 114

It was months before I heard the end of her affair with Violet. We talked about so that mail reached us spasmodically. We had gone straight to Paris from the boat, and spent only a week there seeing only a few of the fascinating bits of the city and spending most of the time shopping—since I had to get warm weather clothes.

Then we had gone to Italy, and the charm of that country took such a hold upon me, that I felt I must be almost a new person when I left it, for I had absorbed so much of its beauty, so much of its romance. Then north again going slowly, and stopping often in the cathedral country of France. Then again to Paris, when we received some long delayed mail, an on into Holland.

And it was at The Hague that I found Violet's letter telling me the happy termination of her affair—and other important news. It was very nearly June then—Francis and I had been married three whole months.

"Of course you won't be a bit surprised to know that Bud and I are engaged again," she wrote. "Both you and Uncle Francis have known all along it would happen—and I never denied it would—except to Bud himself. But I felt that the few months I kept him from knowing were good for him—the thought it was only a whim on my part; he didn't take it seriously at all. The conceited child never thought I could help being in love with him."

"Well I couldn't. But after two months he was very doubtful, and in a properly humble frame of mind. So then I graciously reconsidered what I had said before, and now we're engaged again. And this time it's forever—until we are married."

"You were right and so was Helen, in what she said sometimes—that Bud was too sure of me. But now he knows an independence of mind that he never suspected in me before, and he loves me like me much more for it. As for myself, I appreciate being engaged more, since I denied it to myself these last few months. Helen says it's always so—we appreciate things more when we've been without them for a long time. Now, for she and Ted are to be married this week—and you just ought to see them! They're worse than Bud and I."

There was a P.S. on the letter that made me laugh—  
"You should see my ring—a regular large diamond."  
Francis laughed at this too. "They say at the office Bud is doing very good work now, so I suppose he's been steadied by all that affair of the robbery. When I get back, we'll give him a raise."

"But they shouldn't be married on his salary even!"  
"No, we'll try to hold our young Violet until a year after she's married—she'll be 21 then, and you have given her a frivolous social season. She may not have him then."

"She will," I said, nodding my head emphatically.  
And after he left me I went out for a walk alone—thinking of Violet's letter and other things. I sat in a park in the centre of the city, with white swans in the lake and beyond a bit of old medieval town.

It was June and the summer was fully upon us. A fashionably dressed woman passed me, then a nurse and a child, and then a pair of two who made my heart ache with longing for another one just like herself—and a peasant woman in clattering wooden sabots. Tomorrow we were going to England, then back in July. And in October we were to open the house that would be our permanent city home.

In my trunks were enough wonderful clothes to please even the autocratic Mrs. Meade. I glanced at my gown, and the soft kid gloves that made my hands look so well.

And this was it! This young woman—  
**Home-made, but Has No Equal for Coughs**  
Makes a family supply of really dependable cough medicine. It respects and soothes.

If you have a severe cough or chest cold accompanied with a sore throat, throat tickle, hoarseness or difficulty breathing, or if your child wakes up during the night with cough and you don't know what to do, try this reliable old home-made cough remedy. Any drug store can supply you with 2½ ounces of Pinex. Pour this into a 16-oz. bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Or you can use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup, if desired. This recipe makes 10 ounces. It really relieves coughs, soothes, it tastes good, and in spite of its low cost, it can be depended upon to give quick and lasting relief.

You can feel the hold of a cough in a way that means business. It loosens and raises the phlegm, stops throat tickle and soothes and clears the irritated membranes that line the throat and bronchial tubes with such promptness, ease and certainty that it is really astonishing. Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and is probably the best known means of overcoming severe coughs, throat and chest colds.

There are many worthless imitations of this mixture. To avoid disappointment, ask for 2½ ounces of Pinex with full directions and do not accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

## Pale and Thin

"Many feel unequal to the daily task. They are prone to frequent colds or coughs, or are pale and thin. What is needed is rich, nourishing

## Scott's Emulsion

of pure vitamin-bearing cod-liver oil, to help strengthen and build up the vital forces of the body. Build up resistance daily with Scott's Emulsion!

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont. 22-23

woman who judging from her mirror, might be well under thirty—sleekly, smartly dressed, really distinguished looking in a gentle rather sweet fashion. This was I. And really I was 37. It had been more than two years since the Great Awakening I thought of the women in Henly Falls who were 37—women who had let themselves be wrecked by the narrow man's life of that little town. I thought of Mark Upjohn who grew noticeably fatter with the months, and his pitiable little wife. I turned—Francis was to meet me here and we were to go to tea, then for a drive before dinner.

Francis was coming, tall, handsome, with a quick, elastic step keeping the youthful slimmness of his figure but adding to it a decision of motion that youth rarely possesses. His eyes lit up as they saw me—they always lit up so when we met after even the shortest absence as mine must always glow with love and happiness whenever I look at him.

And this almost perfection of joy was to go on—and on—always. And when the romance and passion of our first years together cooled—if it did—there would be something deeper, and as sweet to take its place.

For we were not the sort to let ourselves sink down, to handle carelessly the golden gift of love that had been granted us. Almost too late I had found myself, pulled myself away from the most impossible conditions made myself over, brought back some of my youth—and this was my reward.

AND THIS I DID ANY WOMAN WITH ENOUGH WILL POWER AND IMAGINATION CAN ALSO DO.

"Dearest," Francis spoke from behind the bench, "are you ready for tea?"

## Ladies! Look Young, Darken Gray Hair

Use the Oldtime Sage Tea and Sulphur and Nobody Will Know

Gray hair, however handsome, denotes advancing age. We all know the advantages of a youthful appearance. Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray, and looks streaked, just a few applications of Sage Tea and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundredfold.

Don't stay gray! Look young! Either prepare the recipe at home or get from any drug store a bottle of "Weyth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," which is merely the old-time recipe improved by the addition of the ingredients.

Thousands of folks recommend this ready-to-use preparation, because it darkens the hair beautifully; besides, no one can possibly tell, as it darkens so naturally and evenly. You moisten a sponge or soft brush with it, drawing this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two its natural color is restored, and it becomes thick, glossy and lustrous, and you appear years younger.

## Tombs Are Hollowed In Heart Of Boulder

BROCKVILLE, Dec. 21.—In compliance with a wish expressed during his lifetime, the body of Dr. Charles Foreythe who died at Alexandria Bay last summer, has been entombed in a unique vault hollowed from a huge boulder in the cemetery of that village. Many years ago the wish that the boulder should be employed for this purpose was expressed by Dr. Foreythe to his wife and following his death stone-cutters were employed to carry it into effect, a channel being made in the heart of the boulder with room for two caskets. The doors will not be permanently sealed until after the death of Mrs. Foreythe.

## Lady Astor Sends Canada Message For Christmas

LONDON, Dec. 21.—Lady Astor, member of the House of Commons for the Sutton division of Plymouth, and the first woman M.P. to sit in the Imperial Parliament, recalls the wartime, when her beautiful home was given up to the Canadian soldiers for use as a hospital, in a special Christmas message to her friends in Canada, which she sends through the Canadian Press.

The message is as follows: "May we send our best Christmas wishes from 'Clivville' to all our Canadian friends. We had five Canadian Christmases here. Although nobody wants the war, I personally would like my Canadian hospital of the Christmas seasons back."

## THE SKY LINE OF SPRUCE

by Edison Marshall  
© 1922 Little, Brown & Company

#### PART ONE

##### The Awakening

###### CHAPTER I

###### Groping in the Dark

The convict gazed at a pleasant place to work today. Their road building had taken them some miles from the scattered outskirt of Walla Walla, among fields green with growing barley. The convicts themselves were in a genial mood, easily moved to wide grins; and with a single exception they looked much like any other road gang. Curiously enough, whenever the warden's thought went upon the inmates of his prison, there was always one wind-tanned, vivid face, one brawny, towering form that seemed to demand individual consideration. The man who was listed on the records as Ben Kinney was distinctly an individual.

"That the queerest case we ever had here," said Walla Walla Sprigley told his fellow guards, as they watched the man's peck-swing in the air. "Some times I wonder whether he ought to be here or not. Look at that face—he hasn't any more of a criminal type than I have."

The other guard Howard, scanning his companions face with mock care.

"Now let me tell you how they happened to catch him. Maybe you heard—he and Dago Frank were in the act of breaking into the Western Danish Bank. They were in the alley, in the act of jimmying a window, and all at once Kinney straightened up as if something had hit him and let the jimmy fall with a thump on the pavement. He put his hands to his head like a man with a headache. And next instant a cop came running from the mouth of the alley."

"Kinney was heeled, but he didn't even pull his gun. Now let me tell you another queer thing you know, the chief has started a system here to keep track of all the prisoners. He had them all fill out a card. Well, when this man Kinney turned in his card, he had written 'Ben' on it, but the rest was absolutely blank.

"Mr. Mitchell thought at first that the man couldn't write. It turned out though, that he can write an intelligent hand and spell good too. Then Mitchell decided he was just sulking, but I'm confident I know the answer. The reasons he didn't fill out the card was because he couldn't remember."

"He couldn't remember where or when he was born, or who were his folks, or who he had come from, or how he had spent his life. Amnesia—that's what the doctors called it—amnesia following some sort of a mental trouble in the end you'll see that I'm right."

There had been quite a northern migration lately these late spring days. The last of the waterfowl had passed by now, but the northern migration was not yet done. Ben thought about them as birds of passage, and the thought amused him. And at the sight of a small, stooped figure advancing toward him up the railroad right of way he paused, leaning on his pick.

Because Ben had paused, for the first time in an hour, his two guards looked up to see what had attracted his attention. They saw what seemed to them a white-haired old wanderer of sixty years or more; but at first they were wholly at loss to explain Ben's fascinated look of growing interest.

As he paused to scrutinize the convict gang neither insolence nor fear, one of which was certain to be expected, became manifest in his face.

Both guards were held and amazed by the apparent fact that at the first scrutiny of the man's outline his carriage and his drooping face, the prisoner Kinney was moved, and stared as if confronted by the risen dead.

The old man himself halted, returning Kinney's stare. Kinney's mind seemed to be reaching, groping for some astonishing truth that eluded him.

The old man ran in great strides, toward him. "My God, aren't you Ben Darby?"

The convict answered him, from a great distance, his voice cool and calm and with an infinite certainty "Of course," he said "Of course I'm Darby."

"I think you would in time," Fore said, remembering. "They must have been interesting experiences. Now what do these mean to you? Thunder Lake—Abner Darby—Edith Darby—MacLean's College. Abner Darby? It was curious what a flood of tenderness swept through Ben as, whispering, he repeated the name. Since his own was Darby, Abner Darby was, in all probability his father; but his reasoning, intelligent, rather than his memory, told him so.

The name of Edith Darby conjured up in his mind a childhood playmate—a girl with towed yellow curls and chubby confiding little hands, but these dim memories were no further: pictures went, no further: Edith as a young woman blossoming with virgin beauty. The third name of the three, MacLean's College, called up no memories whatever.

"They'll strengthen in time, I'm sure," Fore told him. "Put them out of your mind, for now. Let it be blank. The alienist again leaned toward him, his eyes searching. There ensued an instant's pause, possessing a certain quality of suspense. Then Fore spoke quickly, sharply. "Wolf Darby!"

In response a curious tremor passed over Ben's frame giving in some degree the effect of a violent start. "Wolf Darby," he repeated hesitatingly. "Why do you call me that?"

"The very fact that you know

the name refers to you, not some one else, shows that that hunched memory of yours has begun to function in some degree. Now think. What do you know about 'Wolf Darby'?"

Ben gazed in vain to find an answer. A whole world of meanings lined up just beyond the reach of his groping mind; but always it eluded him. Forest suddenly spoke to old Ezra Melville and the latter put a small cardboard box into his hands.

"I want you to see what I have here," Forest told Ben. "They were your own possessions once—you sent them yourself to Abner Darby, your late father—and I want you to see if you remember them."

Evidently this was the climax in the examination. Forest opened the box, taking therefrom a roll of white cotton. This he slowly unrolled, revealing two small, ribboned ornaments of gold or bronze.

Ben's starting eyes fastened on them. No doubt he recognized them.

"The Victoria Cross, of course he said slowly, brokenly. "I won it, didn't I—the day—that day at Ypres—the day my men were trapped."

His words faltered then. The wheels of his memory, starting in to motion, were stilled once more. Again the great darkness dropped over him. Yet to Forest the excitement was an unqualified success.

"There's no doubt of it!" he exclaimed. He turned to McNamara the Governor. "His brain is just as sound as yours or mine. With the right environment, the right treatment, he'd be on the straight road to recovery."

McNamara focused an intent gaze first on Ben, then on the alienist. "It is, then—as you guessed."

"Absolutely. The night of his arrest marked the end of his trouble; you might say that his brain simply snapped back into health and began to function normally again, after a period of temporary mania from shell-shock. In other words he has been slowly convalescing since the outbreak, and under the proper stimulus I have no doubt that everything would come back to him."

"And our friend here—Melville—offers to supply those stimuli." "Exactly. And it's up to you to say whether he gets a chance."

Thoughtfully the executive drummed his desk with his pencil. Presently a smile, markedly boyish and playful, broke over his face. He turned slowly in his chair.

"Darby, I suppose you followed what the doctor said?" he asked easily.

"Fairly well, I think." "I'll review it, if I may. It seems that you have been the victim of a strange set of unfortunate circumstances. Due to the efforts of an old family friend we've looked up your record. You served in France with Canadian troops and there you won among other honors the highest honor that the Government of England can award a hero. There you were, shell-shocked, in the last months of the war."

"This good friend of yours has a plan outlined that will toll you of late that will not only be the best possible influence toward recalling your memory, but will also give you a clean new start in life."

"So you needn't return to Walla Walla, Darby, I'm going to parole you—under the charge of your benefactor, Melville, from now on 's up to you."

CHAPTER II  
Hiram Melville's Will

There was a great house-cleaning in the dome of the heavens one memorable night that flashed like a jewel from the murky desolation of a rainy spring.

The Seattle citizenry, for the first time in some weeks, recalled the existence of the stars. A magnificent moon rose in the east too big and too bright to compete with.

No living creature who saw it remained wholly unmoved by it. But to no one in the city was the influence of the moon more potent than to Ben Darby, once known as "Wolf Darby" through certain far-spreading districts, and now newly from the state capital, walking Seattle's streets with his ward and benefactor, Ezra Melville.

Forest had given over the case: it was Melville's time for experiments tonight. All the way out he had watched his patient, sounding him, studying his reactions, and all the while he had beheld had gone to strengthening his own convictions.

"I don't see any harm in telling you that the guesses you've already made are right. Your name is Ben Darby—and you used to be known as 'Wolf' Darby—for reasons that sooner or later you may know. Abner Darby was your father, Edith Darby was your sister that ain't no more. You went while to McLean's college, in Ontario."

"Now, Ben, I'm going to put a proposition up to you. I'm hoping you'll see fit to accept it. I don't see that it makes a whole of a lot of difference whether you get your memory back or not."

Thousands take Hood's Sarsaparilla as their tonic medicine for that tired feeling, nervous weakness, impure blood, and testify that it makes them feel better, eat and sleep better.

Hood's Sarsaparilla has given entire satisfaction to three generations in the treatment of general debility. It restores the appetite, relieves that tired feeling, enables the system to resist infectious diseases.

Hood's Sarsaparilla aids digestion and makes food taste good. A good cathartic is Hood's Pills.



## Four ounces —an honest quarter pound of BAKER'S Caracas Sweet Chocolate

Pure—wholesome—delicious  
Made from only high grade Caracas cocoa, pure cane sugar and flavored with Mexican vanilla beans.

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"The reason I'm going to take you where I'm going to take you is for your own good."

"I'm willing to take your word for that, Mr. Melville," Ben interposed quietly.

"And I might say now's as good a time as any, to let up on the 'Mister.' My name is Ezra Melville and I've been known as 'Ezram' as long as I can remember, to my friends the Darbys in particular called me that, and you're a Darby."

"I'll say in the beginning I can't do for you all I'd like to do simply because I haven't got the means. On this expedition to come we'll have to go on the cheap. No Pullman's, no hotels—sleeping out in the hay when we're caught out at night."

Ben tried to cut in, to ask questions, but the old man's words swept his own away.

"I've got a brother—leastwise I've had him a few weeks ago—Hiram Melville by name. Ezram went out to be a prospector up to a low and my canoe landing. He got into a creek bed, in the pool and new cabin. And don't you ever in Snowy Gulch know you are away where you're going. Go quick brother Ez and put a stone for me at Snowy Gulch."

Your brother Hiram Melville— "And you haven't heard—what your brother is still alive?" "I got a wire the hotel man sent me. I reached me weeks before the letter came, and I guess must have died soon after. I wrote it. I suppose you see what he means when he says to carry copy of this letter instead of original."

"Of course—because it contains his will, your legal claim. Just the fact that you are his brother would be claim enough, should think, but this simplifies matters for you. You'd better make a copy of it, and you'd better leave it in some safe place, and of course this claim is what you'd refer to let me in on."

"That's it. Not much, but what I got. What I want to know is—if it's a go."

"Wait just a minute. Before we go any further, tell me what vice I've done you, what you're under to me, that you es me a right to accept so much from you?"

"It might have been in the moonlight that Ezram's eyes glittered perceptibly. 'You're in my debt, he grinned. 'I guess you ain't any say comin'."

"Wait—wait! He sprang to feet, and caught up by his arms. Ezram got up too. 'I appreciate the trust you put in Ben, went on slowly. 'For my part I'd give everything I've got and all I'd hope to ever get back with you. It's a chance such as never dared believe would come to me again—a chance to go away and get a new start in a country where I feel instinctively that I can make good."

The dark, vivid eyes seemed to glow in the soft light. "Forgive if I talk frank; and if it sounds like I can't help it," Ben continued. "You've never been in prison with a five year sentence hanging over you—and nobody gives damn."

"I ain't never take all that how it is. A man ain't while he's young strong, accept charity."

"Good Lord, it ain't charity the old man shouted. 'I'm glad as much pleasure out of it as his voice sank again; and in his eyes was no line of mirth in his face. Ezram went on, after a pause, "I know your mother, as a girl, married a better man, but I hear that every wish of hers I had to me. You're her son."

"Night is always a time of mystery in Snowy Gulch—like a cluster of frame shacks—lost far in the northern reaches of Canada Range."

Only a few have any idea sympathetic understanding of it. Among these was Beatrice Nelson and she herself did fully understand the dreams longings that swept her every time the fall of the mysterious wilderness night."

It seemed hardly fitting in that start, rough land—the soft glow and delicacy of the night features.

As she passed the door of a hotel one of the younger men had been lounging about the street and accented her remark. "Going home?" the man asked. "I'm going up to see my pop, I'll see you there, if you do mind."

Several Homeless In Fire At Saskatoon  
SASKATOON, Dec. 21.—Several persons are homeless as a result of a fire which broke out at 11:00 p. m. yesterday. The fire destroyed the Saskatoon tenement destroyed by the Saskatoon Hardware Co. and the homes of the tenants and the hardware store. The two buildings, the stocks and fixtures, are a total loss.