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13 different Clark Soups, all equally delicious and wholesome provide a good variety of satisfying soups at a minimum consumption of fuel. Simply add water, heat and serve.

Each tin gives 4 good helpings.

CLARK'S SOUPS

W. CLARK LIMITED
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ESTABLISHMENTS AT MONTREAL, P. Q., ST. REMI, P. Q. AND HARROW, ONT.

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"In a Persian Market"

Played by Princess Orchestra

A. E. Bray, Cond. "His Master's Voice" Record No. 21642

10-inch double-sided 75c

A selection in which the music tells its own story, picturing a scene in an Oriental market place. The camel-drivers approach; the cries of the beggars for "Back-sheesh"; the Princess arrives, the jugglers and snake-charmers perform, the Caliph passes through, the Princess departs, the caravan resumes its journey, closing with the call to prayer from the Minaret.

If you liked "In a Monastery Garden" (No. 21622) you will be pleased with "In a Persian Market" which is by the same composer.

HIS MASTER'S VOICE, LIMITED

"His Master's Voice"

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

CHANGE OF SCHEDULES, MAY 14th, 1923

SERVICE TO MAINLAND POINTS

S. S. "Prince Edward Island" will make two round trips daily (Except Sunday.) Connecting trains will leave Charlottetown at 6.45 a. m. and 1.15 p. m. Connections at Sackville for Montreal and Western Canada, and for Boston, also for Halifax and Sydney. Connecting trains from steamer will arrive in Charlottetown at 6.20 p. m. and 10.55 p. m.

TRAINS FOR SUMMERSIDE will leave Charlottetown at 6.45 a. m., 2.50 p. m. and 4.25 p. m. Trains from Summerside will arrive at 10.50 a. m., 1.50 p. m. and 6.20 p. m. Trains for Tignish leave Summerside at 6.20 p. m. daily except Sunday and 12.30 noon Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

TRAINS FOR SOURIS leave Charlottetown at 3.10 p. m. daily except Sunday, 6.20 a. m. on Monday and Friday and 5.30 a. m. on Wednesday only.

TRAINS FOR GEORGETOWN leave Charlottetown at 6.20 a. m. Monday and Friday and 5.30 a. m. Wednesday and at 3.10 p. m. daily except Sunday.

No change in Murray Harbor service.

For Full Particulars of Service Apply to—
TICKET AGENTS
or to
P. W. CLARKIN
DISTRICT FREIGHT AND PASSENGER AGENT
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

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CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

The Girl Who Had No Chance
By MARION RUBINCAM
TIM'S HOME
Chapter 86

"This is the sitting room," Myra said, laying down the gray hat and leading the way.

The sitting room was "done" in a period suite, which Ruth remembered hearing of. Myra's mother had given it. It was handsome wood but too large and to heavy and too gaudy for that small room. There were lace curtains at the windows, looped back with ribbon, and velvet ones over them.

"And we're rich, for this neighborhood. We have a dining room. They eat in the sitting room mostly, or the kitchen," Myra was saying, going on through a curtained archway into another room.

This evidently was the dining room, for the table, stood in the centre and things that were obviously wedding gifts stood on what was obviously a "sideboard." This room was oak, rather plain, and the two small windows had white curtains and then blue ones. The table was set for three, with all the array of dishes and silver and glass that only a young housewife can muster and display with such an air.

"And here's Junior," Myra exclaimed.

She walked to a baby carriage in the corner, and gently picked up the sleepy bundle within it. Ruth stood perfectly silent.

She wanted to say something, she didn't know what it should be. After all she knew no babies and had no idea as to what one said or did to them. She was rather in awe of them and immensely flattered if one of them ever noticed her or smiled at her in a street car. To her they were fragile little beings, likely to crack in the middle if an amateur picked one up.

But Myra had no such feelings. She held the child in just the proper fashion in the corner of her arm, one hand supporting it where her arm did not cradle it.

"He's the image of Tim, isn't he?" she asked, looking fondly at the child, who was blinking a little at the light.

Still Ruth could say nothing.

So this was Tim's child? It looked like any other baby. Its skin was pink and fair, its delicate hair was dark, its eyes seemed dark too, though she couldn't tell. It was still young enough for its features to be soft and undetermined.

"Try as she would, she could see no resemblance to Tim—to Tim, glorified in her eyes as someone extraordinarily handsome.

"He's older than I thought," she managed to say at last. It was the only thing she could think of.

"Of course!" Myra turned with a little laugh. "Do you know how long it's been since we really saw each other, Ruth?"

The girl counted.

"We're 22. We were 18, weren't we, when you—"

"When I went to live with Cousin Emily. Time flies, doesn't it?"

Ruth looked again at the child.

"Want to hold him?" Myra offered—the last word in maternal hospitality.

Ruth drew back, not knowing why she did so. At one time she would have thought it the greatest privilege in the world to hold in her arms Tim's child. Yet here was Tim's child held out to her—though Tim's sure, it was Myra who held him out!

"No, I might drop him," she exclaimed hastily.

Myra laughed good naturedly. "Come, mavour's boy" she crooned to the sleepy baby. "It's long past beddy time. But we stayed up to see Auntie Ruth, didn't we? See Auntie Ruth over there?"

The baby turned a sleepy and indifferent eye upon the visitor. Ruth smiled, a forced smile, exactly the sort that grown-ups unused to children proffer as a friendly advance, and exactly the sort that children instinctively shrink from.

Ruth held out a hand, still feeling lost as to what was expected of her. The child made no answer, though it was much wider awake. Still Ruth could see no resemblance to Tim.

"My stars, the roast!" Myra went on into the kitchen, the baby still in her arms. She deposited him without ceremony into a child's high chair, opened the oven door and began pouring the steaming sauce over the meat within. A hot, fragrant smell came out.

Ruth followed to the kitchen.

"If he's sleepy, put him to bed and I'll watch things," she offered, looking about the cluttered kitchen.

At this she looked again at the child. His little red mouth was drawn down in a sullen expression, and yes—he did look a little like Tim around the eyes and a great deal like Myra around the lips. He threw back his head suddenly and howled.

"Tired! I'll put him in bed. I'll be back in a moment." And Myra, closing the oven, calmly picked up the now widely weeping baby and carried him into the rooms beyond.

Ruth stood, feeling a little helpless, in the centre of the kitchen. Here she was—in Tim's home! She thought it would have been romantic, once to have been in the very kitchen where his meals were cooked. She had thought this visit after his marriage would be tragic. But tragedy and a roast of beef cannot go well together.

"Hello, Ruth!" a voice cried. Her hand went to her heart. It was Tim—it was Tim—after all this time, it was Tim again, standing behind her. Slowly she turned around to him.

Tomorrow—The Dinner

GERMAN GENTLE POOR SELL THEIR OLD FINERY.

BERLIN, May 9.—Thousands of German gentlewomen are now going through the tragedy which Russian women of the same class have suffered for several years. Widows of officers and government officials, women with small pensions and limited incomes from investments, find themselves unable to buy the plainest food with their depreciated means.

A few days ago the aged widow of a once prominent physician and her invalid daughter were found almost dead from hunger in their

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For particular people—
COFFEE

Pure as the breezes of the mountain gardens where it grows—not a trace of any adulterant in this delightful coffee.

home, which had been stripped of every available article. The mother had done needlework as long as she was able. She was too proud to ask charity, and the doctors who were called by neighbors to attend her said both the mother and daughter, if left alone, would have been dead in another 24 hours.

In an effort to alleviate the condition of such persons and protect them from unscrupulous second-hand dealers, a number of philanthropic Berlin women have organized a fair where second-hand articles may be offered for sale. The owners may act as their own sales-



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Our stock is now complete. We are showing a splendid assortment at Special prices during Congoleum week.

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9x7 1-2 \$11.25 for \$ 9.95
9x9 \$13.50 for \$11.95
9x10 ... \$13.95 and 9x12 ... \$15.95

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Charlottetown P. E. Island

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Which Only Aggravate Constipation

Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative—so cannot gripe. When you are constipated, not enough of Nature's lubricating liquid is produced in the bowel to keep the food waste soft and moving. Doctors prescribe Nujol because it acts like this natural lubricant and thus secures regular bowel movements by Nature's own method—lubrication. Try it today.

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In Use For Over 30 Years
Always bears the Signature of *Carroll H. Hitchcock*

S. S. "Mapledawn"

Sailing from Montreal to Charlottetown about May 5th.

Sailing from Charlottetown to St. John's, Nfld., about May 9th.

For further information and rates apply **Carvell Bros.** Agent

Ch'Town — Pictou Service

S. S. "Magdalen" will again take up this service during the present season commencing about the 10th or 15th inst. She is now being overhauled and fitted for the season's work.

BRUCE STEWART & CO., LTD.
Agents
Charlottetown, May 1, 1923.

S. S. "GASPESIA"

Leaves Montreal on 15th inst for this port and will be due here on Sunday evening the 20th inst. Ship pers and others will please note this and order their goods to connect with above sailing.

BRUCE STEWART & CO., LTD.
Agents
Charlottetown, May 1, 1923.

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

TIME TABLE CHANGES

In regular Passenger Train Schedules will be made May 13th, 1923.

Information now in Agent's hands.

Beer & Weeks

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