

TO EXPECTANT MOTHERS

Letter from Mrs. Ayars Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her

Spring Valley, N. S.—"I took the Vegetable Compound before my last confinement, when I got to feeling so badly that I could not sleep nights, my back ached so across my hips, and I could hardly do my work during the day. I never had such an easy confinement and this is my sixth baby. I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the 'Farmer's Telegram' and wrote you for one of your books. We have no druggists in our town, but I saw your medicine in T. Eaton's catalogue. I am a farmer's wife, so have all kinds of work to do inside and outside the house. My baby is a nice healthy girl, who weighed nine pounds at birth. I am feeling fine after putting in a large garden since baby came. (She is as good as she can be.) Yours is the best medicine for women, and I have told about it and even written to my friends about it."—Mrs. ANNIE E. AYARS, Spring Valley, N. S.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is an excellent medicine for expectant mothers, and should be taken during the entire period. It has a general effect to strengthen and tone up the entire system so that it may work in every respect as nature intends. All druggists sell this dependable medicine. Give it a trial.

A SURE WAY

How did you begin to be an aviator? I started at the bottom and worked up.



David Copperfield COLOR CUT-OUTS



PEGGOTTY'S CROCODILES

This is the third day's chapter of the story of 'David Copperfield.' Children who cut out the pictures every day will soon have a whole set of paper dolls with which to act out the story.

One of David's earliest memories was of how he and Peggotty sat up one night waiting for his mother to come home. He was reading to Peggotty from a book about crocodiles. Little David must have been a very funny reader indeed, or else old Peggotty must have been extremely patient, for when he was all through she thought that crocodiles were a sort of vegetable! Imagine! "Poor David was becoming so sleepy he could scarcely keep his eyes open. But he would have died rather than go to bed before his mother returned. At last his mother came in, very lovely from the cool night air. With her was a strange man.

(Make the trousers of this suit blue. The coat is of black velvet, with a little black bow at his neck. His shoes also should be black.)

ITALY EXPECTS U. S. LOAN.

ROME, Aug. 22.—The return to Rome of Giacomo de Martino, Italian ambassador to the United States, is interpreted here as a step toward the consummation of a loan of from \$100,000,000 to \$200,000,000 by United States financiers to Italy, which is reported here to be under consideration.

COME AND SPEND THE DAY AT BOCKY POINT

ROCKY POINT FERRY TIME TABLE Commencing June 1st, the Steamer O'Boorough will run between Charlottetown and Rocky Point during the Summer months, as follows:

Table with columns for departure times from Charlottetown and Rocky Point, including days of the week and specific times.

HARLES NEWSON, Manager

Advertisement for St. John's N.F. Boston, Mass. featuring Munson Steamship Lines and listing routes to Halifax, N.S. and other ports.

Canada Steamship Line Ltd. S. S. HITHERWOOD Montreal Charlottetown St. John's

Eastern Steamship Lines, Inc. BOSTON-ST. JOHN, N. B.—(International) LINE

MAY SEYMOUR FOOT LOOSE by BEATRICE BURTON CNEA.

MAY SEYMOUR, whose husband killed himself because of her love affair with another man, returns to her home town after a year's absence. She sells all her inherited property and with her entire fortune of \$20,000 sets out to find and marry a man with money. At 27 May has made up her mind that there is no such thing as real love, and that therefore she is going to have whatever happiness that money can buy.

At Atlantic City she meets a divorcee, Carlotta Frothing, and her two friends, DAN SPRAGUE and HERBERT WATERBURY. Both men pay court to May, greatly to the distress of Carlotta, who has been in love with Dan for many years.

May, however, sets her cap for Waterbury, having decided that he is the millionaire husband she is looking for. But finally she despairs of ever getting Waterbury to the point of a proposal and accepts Carlotta's invitation to winter with her in California.

She suddenly, Waterbury proposes, and May promises to marry him within a week. She turns over to him the \$14,000 that is all she has left after buying a fur coat and some expensive clothes and jewels. But she immediately regrets giving him the money when Carlotta on the eve of her departure for California, warns her not to trust Waterbury too far. She hints that she and Sprague put over some steady stock deals from time to time.

May goes straight to Waterbury and demands the return of her money. Waterbury goes up to his room in the hotel for the check and never returns. May realizes that she has been cheated out of every cent she has in the world!

How long she stood there, beside the railing, sobbing into the darkness, May never knew. But when she finally dragged her leaden feet back to the hotel the lobby was almost empty, and only a light here and there on the frescoed walls illuminated it.

She crossed the great, deserted space before the desk and asked the night clerk "If Mr. Waterbury had left any forwarding address." But Herbert, it seemed, had not the earth had opened and swallowed him up, so far as May was concerned.

And yet she was to hear from him again. Early the next morning, as she stood before the mirror putting cold cream into the circles under her eyes, a knock came upon the door. May opened it to a bellboy who handed her a letter—a letter from Waterbury himself!

She tackled the jeweler first. "No," he said firmly, shaking his bald head. "It makes no difference when you bought these things. They're second-hand the minute after you're paid for them."

He shook his head thoughtfully. "I'll give you half of what you paid me for them," he decided, after a long pause. "And that's better than you'd do anywhere else."

May argued with him for a while but in the end he triumphed and she left the store with \$800—just half of what she had paid for the trinkets less than a week ago!

Outside a high wind was blowing and May shivered as she sank her hand into the pocket of her dress and felt the weight of the money.

She opened the door to a bellboy who handed her a letter from Waterbury. A voice behind her roused her from her thoughts.

"Nice night, isn't it," it asked. May turned. The owner of the voice was one of the young men she had noticed at the table in the dining room she had just left—a fatish young man, with a round and rosy face, and a bald spot on the crown of his wide head.

Miss Minny had introduced him to May as "Mr. Sid Saller, who travels for the Sate-Silk Company" whatever the Sate-Silk Company was.

It's a heavenly night," May answered, not very cordially. "Cold, though," Mr. Sid Saller went on. "Thought I'd ask you to go for a walk, but I guess it's too cold don't you?"

Before May had time for a reply he had answered his own question. "Yes, it's too darn cold for a walk," he decided. "Cozier indoors. Let's hit a movie. What say?"

"I say 'No thanks,'" May answered coldly. "I-I have a headache, you see." She drew away from Mr. Saller, from whom the odor of fried onions seemed to fairly exude.

She heard him mumble something under his breath, and presently he went into the house, slamming the front door behind him. But in a moment he was back at her elbow again.

"Maybe you'd like to go for a stroll after all," he said. "Walk off your headache, maybe, eh?" He pressed her upper arm ever so lightly with his thick fingers.

May drew herself away from this experimental touch, and her disgust showed in her face as she

pointed chin deep into the soft fur of her coat. "I won't sell this for a while," she decided. "I need it."

So instead of going on to the fur store she retraced her steps and had hunted up the nearest police station.

"I can't see where you have any case against this bird who beat it with your money," the sergeant told her when she had finished her story. After all, you gave it to him.

The letter was signed "Herbie." May's heart surged not against him as she read it.

When she had finished dressing she ordered a large breakfast and found that she had no appetite. When she had tipped the waiter she counted her money. She had exactly three dollars in the world!

Three dollars between her and starvation!

"Not that I feel at all hungry, as far as that goes!" May thought as she stood at her dresser, shoveling the change back into her coin purse. "But I do need a roof over my head and a few little comforts like that!"

One thing was certain—she would have to sell her fur coat and the jewels she had just bought for herself. Perhaps the jeweler would take them back and give her what she had paid for the ring and the wrist watch.

He certainly ought to—they're brand new," she thought. "And so is the coat. I'll take it back to the

farrier and see what he'll do about chank of beef with blue slices of gristle running through it. Ugh!

She sat at her stomach, she pushed her chair back from the table, and passed swiftly out of the stuffy house to the clean air that smelled of the sea.

She stood on the porch looking up at the moon and the sky—eternal things, that brought peace to her heart as she stood there with lifted face and blown-back hair.

Life was built in layers, it seemed—first, a layer of happiness and good fortune, then one of misery and ill luck.

And when the unhappy time came, I suppose the only thing to do is grin and bear it," May told herself philosophically.

She looked at them, piled in a shiny brown heap on her plate, flanked by a boiled potato and a

answered him. "No thank you, Mr. Saller," was all she said. And quietly, at that.

But Mr. Saller felt as if she had smacked him across his plump, pink face with its quivering globes of cheeks, and its yellow mustache. He left her without another word, and slammed the door behind him harder than ever when he went in to the house.

In a few minutes May went in, too. She passed the parlor, where a noisy game of cards was in progress, and walked up the dark stair case to her own room. As she switched on the lights, she noticed how dirty and fly-specked the globe were.

"This is a terrible place I'm living in!" she thought with a shudder. "I've just got to get out of it!" She sat down under the dim light, poured the contents of her beaded bag into her lap, and counted her money.

She had counted it twice before that day, and knew what she had to the last cent. But perhaps she had made a mistake—Perhaps she had more than she thought!

But no—there were exactly two hundred dollars and three cents in the imported bag with its sterling silver top. May held it up by its heavy chain and looked at it meditatively. She had paid almost a hundred dollars for it a month ago—feeling that she must have it!

The things women felt they "just must" have—the imported bag, the perfume, the facial treatments and marcel waves, the silk stockings and high-heeled slippers! Absurd things—but absurdly necessary!

For the first time since her childhood, May knew that she couldn't afford these things. She had no job that would yield her a weekly salary, no husband to pay her bills—nothing but two hundred dollars, and a milk coat.

She took the coat from its hanger in the closet, and looked at it for a long time. She loved the feel of its soft golden fur—the sheer "mure" of it. She would hate to sell it.

"But I guess I've got to do it," she told herself bitterly. She felt that she couldn't go back to the old life, yet—the hateful

drudgery of pounding the keys of a typewriter all day in some body's dull office. It hadn't seemed so like drudgery ten years ago, when she had been stenographer to Dr. John Seymour.

But ten years of wifehood and case since then had softened her. The very thought of work frightened her—disheartened her, now. "I'll put it off as long as I can," she promised herself.

(To be Continued.)

BLUEBERRIES: We shall be buying Blueberries throughout the season, paying highest market value. We supply you with packages for shipping. Write or phone us for price.

The Island Cold Storage Co., Ltd. 4031-8-20-101

The Bankruptcy Act AUCTION SALE Acting under the instructions of the inspectors, the assets at Borden, of the Estate of Freeman A. Hewitt, Authorized Assignor, will be sold in detail. August 28th at 2 P. M. At this sale will be offered the equipment necessary to the packing and handling of lobsters and chicken, including: 4 Fishing Dories, 2 Tons Rope, 2 Jacket Boilers, 2 Meat Boilers, 1 Copper Boiler, 25 Anchors 2000 Traps, etc., etc. Also modern up-to-date dwelling house together with furniture consisting of Parlor, Dining Kitchen, Hall and Bed Room furniture. Sale positive, no reserve. W. H. V. DUNBAR, Trustee 4097-8-243-1

DRIVERS WANTED The Department of Agriculture will receive applications from parties willing to convey Veterinary Inspectors on Restricted Area work according to the changes necessary as work passes from one section of the province to another. Drivers will be paid \$7.00 per day. Applications will be filed as received. W. BOULTER, Sec'y. Agriculture. 4527-8-25M31.

AUCTION SALE AT FORT AUGUSTA ON THURSDAY August 27th, 1925, at One O'clock sharp at Farm, Stock, Crop, Farm, Implement, Household Furniture, etc. Farm consists of 117 acres of choice land, 166 acres clear, and in a high state of cultivation, balance in good growth of woods and lumber, good buildings, if not sold will be rented. Also all the following: CROPS—1 Horse, 8 years old, Green Knight; 1 Mare 5 years old; 1 Horse 3 years old, both sired by Baron Calix; 1 Choice Milk Cow, ranging from 4 to 7 years; 1 Heifer, 1½ years old; 1 Spring Calf; 2 Spring Pigs; 6 Sheep; 2 Lambs, 15 Imported Pure Bred Plymouth Rock Hens, 50 Pure Bred Chickens. CROPS—11 acres White Oats, 3 acres White Rye, 2½ acres of Potatoes, mostly blued, 30 tons choice Hay, Clover and Timothy mixed. IMPLEMENTS—1 MacCormack Reel, 1 Massey Harris Hay Cutter, 1 Spring Tooth Harrow, 1 1/2 Ton South Harrow, 1 Massey Harris Gang Plough, 1 Sledge, 1 Cart and Wheel, 1 Tractor, 1 Sprayer, 1 Cyclone, 1 Cleaner, 1 Thrasher and Tanners, 1 Wood Sleigh, 1 Drilling Sleigh, 1 Pump, 1 Set Drilling Horse, 1 Collar, 1 Harness, 1 Breeches, 1 Horse, 1 Forks and other farm implements, 1 practically new Century Washer, 1 Hairy Maid Cream Separator, 1 Perfect Kitchen Stove, 1 Parlor Stove, 1 New Williams Sewing Machine, 1 Bedstead set, also Beds, Chairs, Tables and other articles for sale in number to mention. TERMS—All sums up to \$10 cash; over \$10 and up to \$50 four months credit; over \$50, if monthly, 6 per cent off for cash. For further particulars apply to J. A. McDONALD, Auctioneer. 4032-8-22

For Store and Office AS WELL AS FOR HOME AND SCHOOL Every business man needs a dictionary within his reach at all times—every professional man—every man whose choice of words means money to him. And where is the man who does not profit through the use of expressive, forceful language? They all do, and they should recognize the fact that the dictionary is the short route to the proper use of words. Here is the new dictionary for business men, and for all readers of THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN The plan stated in the dictionary coupon printed elsewhere in this issue, makes it possible to throw away your old dictionary—as the publishers abandoned their old printing plates. 50 Cents Additional With One Years New or Renewal Subscription Brings This Wonderful Book to Your Door

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