

STRICKEN DOWN IN PRIME OF LIFE

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" Rid Her of Crippling Rheumatism

How terrible it is to think of men and women stricken down with disease, just when they should be enjoying life to the full. How wonderful to know, however, that such dangerous disorders as Rheumatism, Pain in the Back, Irritated Bladder, Indigestion, Biliousness and other troubles of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels are quickly relieved by the wonderful medicine, "Fruit-a-tives."

From Enderby, in the beautiful Okanagan Valley of British Columbia, Mrs. E. Drasching writes: "I have received great benefit from 'Fruit-a-tives,' especially when I had Rheumatism very badly some years ago. I keep 'Fruit-a-tives' always in the house, as I think they are a wonderful medicine." For more than a quarter of a century "Fruit-a-tives" has been Canada's dependable home remedy. 25c. and 50c. a box—at dealers everywhere.

IDLE ISLAND

BY ETHEL HUESTON

THE STORY

"Come and eat, dearie," she said gently. "You can rest better on a full stomach."

Gay smiled at her, yawning, stretching luxuriously. "You are a darling," she said. "I wasn't a bit hungry, and now I am." She stood up shaking herself.

Auntalmiry watched her shrewdly.

"You didn't begin to rest any too soon," she said significantly.

"No. Almost too late, in fact. So far, I am too tired to enjoy resting, but after a while, a week, or a month how I shall revel in it."

She curled up the tips of her shoes boyishly, about the legs of the chair at the table, and although she was not hungry, the tea she sipped with relish. And as they ate, Auntalmiry despatched a great length on the outrageousness of fifty dollars a month for that rock-pile, told her to look out for the draughty window on the ocean side, and enlarged on the condition of the kitchen woodwork.

She recommended Lunny Lane for lobsters, and promised to send him up for orders. And at Auntalmiry's suggestion Gay made out a grocery list to initiate her own light house-keeping, and gave it to that same small obliging person to leave at the Pier grocery store.

While they were still at the table, Gus, the taxi boy, came up for Auntalmiry's things, and trudged off down the hill, heavily laden, and Auntalmiry, hastily catching up an armful of coats and dresses, tripped after him.

Gay waved them away and turned back, yawning, into the pretty cottage, turned again, gratefully, to the wide couch in the shadowy corner, stretched herself out upon it, and closed her eyes.

The afternoon waned. A boy from the Pier grocery store brought her basket of groceries, and left it on the kitchen table without disturbing her.

Dusk crept out of the forest and darkened the windows. Once Gay stirred, restfully, sensed presence in her sleep, seemed to feel the gaze of human eyes upon her in the silence. Resentfully she forced the heavy lids to raise. In the shadowy, dying light she seemed to see a small figure crouching near her, and a small face yellow and wrinkled like parchment, with pinched features and slanting almond-shaped eyes fastened hypnotically upon her eyes. Beneath one eye a small crescent-shaped scar shone in the yellow parchment. It was the scarred and wrinkled face of a little old Chinaman. Even in her sleep, Gay knew it could not be, and smiled faintly at her foolish fancy.

"It is a dream," she thought mistily. "Dream on."

She closed her eyes again.

The little yellow face receded into the dusk, the small figure faded noisily into the shadows, and there was not the slightest sound from the small, swift moving feet as he stepped over the sill of the window on the forest side, and padded away among the trees.

Hours after, when Gay awakened from her sleep, the house was still and dark. The greatness of her relaxation pleased her.

"I shall go on like this for weeks," she thought blissfully, "smelling sweet scents of sea and woods, hearing strange noises of ghostly breaths and phantom footsteps, feeling the touch of fairy fingers—Oh, good heavens, I wonder where the matches are!"

Roused by the rude thought from the sweet fantasy of dreams, she got up from the couch, and felt about her with outstretched groping hands. Deciding, logically, to follow the walls until she came to the kitchen door, knowing she would find matches over the kitchen gas stove, she crept along the wall to the left, working her way, hand following hand until she found them at last struck two together, hurriedly, and was glad to have the full light of electricity flooding the room. Doors and windows stood opened to the night as when Auntalmiry left in the afternoon. But on consulting her watch, Gay was amazed to find it was the hour of midnight.

"Well, I slept," she said philosophically.

On the kitchen table she found her basket of groceries, and feeling somewhat refreshed she took a real interest in unpacking its contents and arranging them neatly on shelves in the little wall cupboard. Carefully she closed and locked the doors and windows.

She opened a can of prepared soup and heated it, made toast, opened a jar of pickles.

For the first time since she left New York, she was sufficiently rested to feel a mental reaction to her environment.

She arranged her modest supper on a tray, and took it to the wall-seat by the window which looked down over the bay. The wriggling wrinkling lines of many little colored lights in the black showed where boats rode out the night at anchor. Intermittently the black was mellowed, turned to white mist, by the sliding rays of a lighthouse searchlight.

"Nice," she said to herself. "I like it. I'm glad I came. Auntalmiry is a dear, the Captain is a lamb, and that administrator person who tries to be so very bossy is a kind, sweet, generous fraud."

Remembering then that she had not yet so much as seen the upper story of her new home, she left the tray in the hall, went up at once to explore, switching on the lights of the stairs from the lowest step. She found it, modest enough above the stairs, but clean and fresh, all to her liking. There was a large closet on the landing, and to the left, a nicely appointed bathroom. The bedroom was large and cheerfully bright in furnishing, and bed, an old bureau, a commode and two small chairs matching.

Her natural energy somewhat restored by the long sleep, Gay carried her bags upstairs and unpacked them folding the little silken gar-

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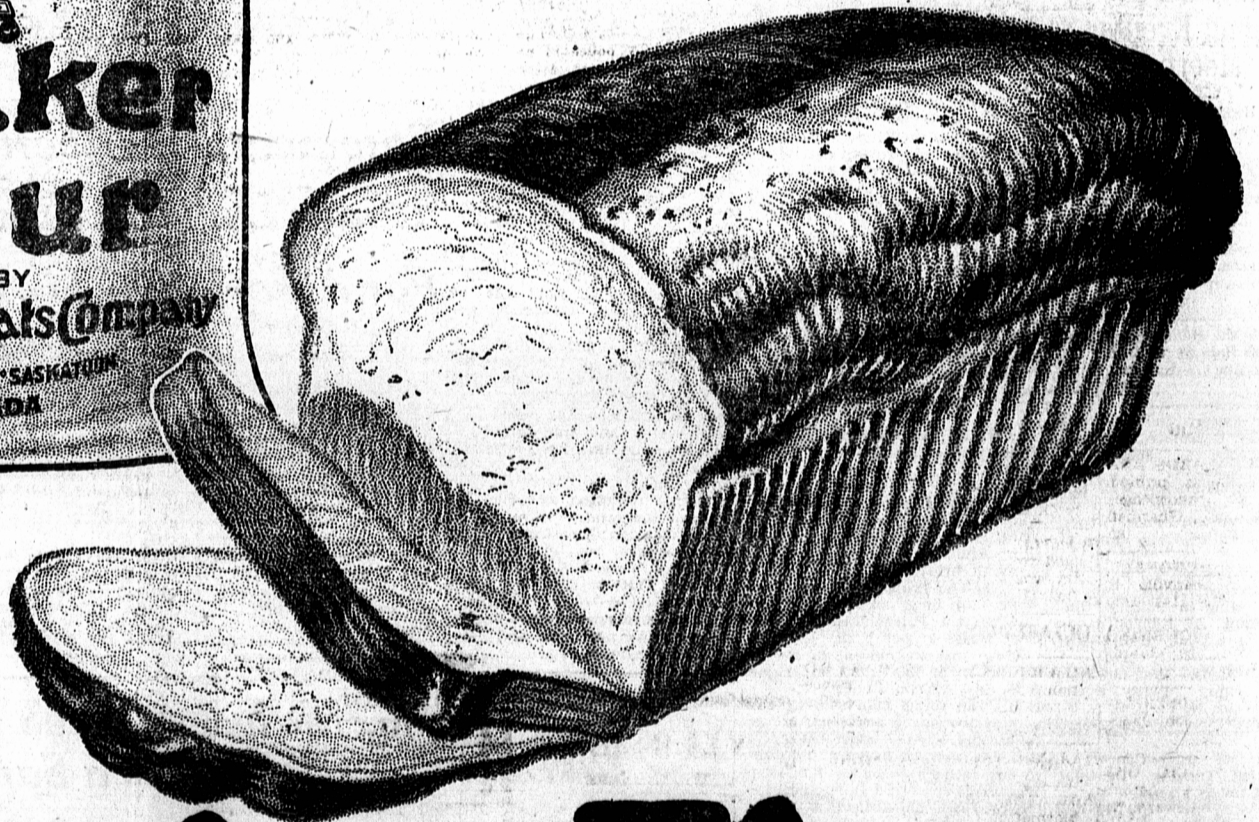
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9429-12-4-11.

POULTRY

We will be buying live and dressed fowl and chickens for the balance of the season at highest market prices.

We will also require a large quantity of dressed geese and ducks from December 10th to 15th. Be sure and get our prices before selling.

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final year of practical preparation for life-work in which with the inconspicuously blended driving of necessity and desire, she had studied stenography, and at the same time continued her classes in art under the best teachers obtainable.

"I've got to work—but I am going to paint," she said.

From the strictly clerical work she had been obliged to accept at first, bread-and-butter work she called it, she had gradually worked away from it, getting into things more to her taste and her talent, and at last, when she was able, abandoning it altogether, Black and White copies of style figures, fashion pages, back work of illustration, all grist to Gay; and always, through the formative years, she kept some hours, mostly at night and on Sunday, for more the insurance, all had some advanced study

States might be fully entitled to take her own course, without care or thought for the interests and opinions of other states, but it was nevertheless disquieting to reflect that she should not attach much importance to the League of Nations or to the recent Kellogg renunciation of war pact or she would not be so anxious about her navy.

The nations seemed to have learned little from the experience of a decade ago, falling to see that war can never bring lasting peace, he said. All Europe is arming, but only by the infusion of a more generous, frank and trustful spirit into the conduct of international affairs will the world be saved from drifting into another war.

Sir William's remarks were repeated over by Viscount Cecil.

INTENDS TO KEEP ON INCREASING HER NAVY

LONDON, Dec. 13.—(AP)—Field Marshal Sir William Robertson, former chief of the general staff, in a speech to-day, declared that the United States, "influenced by imperialist tendencies, apparently means, whatever happens, to go on increasing her navy and her official utterances on the question of armaments not infrequently bear a close resemblance to Germany's claims previous to the tragedy of 1914."

The field marshal, who was a prominent figure during the Great War, was addressing a peace conference held in connection with the League of Nations Union, and presided over by Viscount Cecil.

POULTRY NOTICE

We are buying live and dressed fowl and chickens commencing Monday, December 10th. Also dressed geese, turkeys and ducks. Highest market prices.

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Annual Meeting

The annual general meeting of the Kinsman Silver Black and Patched Fox Co. Ltd., will be held at the residence of the Treasurer, Mr. Peter Newsome, 10 Ambrose St. Charlottetown, on Saturday, Dec. 15 next at 1 o'clock p. m.

J. W. PALMER
President

We are taking live hogs daily, excepting Saturday, paying highest market prices.

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