

ESCAPE Penalty of Middle Age

Too often men—and women too—find that after 40 they become heavy round the middle, lose the spring in their step, and feel so tired all the time they just can't be bothered keeping up with the crowd. It's the danger period—when too much rich, fatty food and lack of exercise often lead to "middle-age spread."

What a difference when you discover the favorite British remedy for keeping fit and trim—Bile Beans. This gentle, all-vegetable regulator tones you up, stimulates the liver, and helps relieve a system clogged with toxic waste. No wonder it's called "The Medicine That Wakes Up Nature!" Over 7 million boxes sold last year. Get BILE BEANS at drugist and resolve to keep fit, youthfully active. 50

PATTERN OF THREE

By Mary Hastings Bradley

A woman in a brown fur swag-ger coat, a brown and green beret tugged low over wide gray-green eyes, was looking in from the threshold.

"Mrs. Kendall returning?" she inquired.

She saw then who Kay was. Her expression changed. And Kay became suddenly aware of where she had seen those green-gray eyes like this checkmate before. She recalled the woman in the dark green dress, the woman at the Casino with her remote ex-aminating stare Mrs. Jerry Upton.

"I am Mrs. Kendall," she said over the epergne.

"Oh, yes. So sorry to intrude. I thought—"

She was turning to go. She be-lieved that the second Mrs. Ken-dall was taking the house over.

"Eve will be here in a few days," said Kay calmly. She went on. "She is not very well. We thought it better to have everything in readiness for her."

"Not well? Nothing serious, I hope?" She added, "I'm Mrs. Upton, one of her neighbors. I think we've met."

Kay said, "Yes, I remember you," and her enchainment was as good as Maude's.

"Serious," she repeated. "I'm afraid it is rather. Eve might not want her to be specific about it; Eve had been secret with her friends. At any rate she is quite frail, and Dick went over to bring her back. We again that shelter-ing possessive "I" did not think it safe for her to be alone."

Maude Upton was staring. Kay felt that very few of Maude Upton's intimates had ever seen her so unfeignedly astonished. Her green eyes were so unguarded that Kay could fairly see the thoughts swimming in them like fish through a glass in an aquarium. She derived a mordant exhilara-tion from Mrs. Upton's astonish-ment.

"If there's anything I can do—" "Perhaps you could help me in this. I'd like to get the house staffed (that had an east, affluent rim, she thought and I haven't had time yet. I wonder if you know any people immediately available?"

Maude Upton thought, "What's become of her old cook? Did you—" "Oh, no, we have Elise here."

Elise, putting the glasses on a tray, delaying her departure with it to the butler's pantry, was tak-ing this all in. "I shouldn't know where to find the other," Ger-trude wasn't it?"

"Yes, Gertrude. But I wouldn't know where she was. I do know about a maid, though. One she was very fond of. Elise came to see me just the other day. She stayed on with the tenants, but since then she hasn't been set-tled, and she wondered if I knew anything. My secretary will have her address. I'll look it up at once and get in touch with her."

"I'll see you somebody," Mrs. Upton promised. "I'll start this instant—luckily I'm free. Will you want a man, too? Let me see, Eve didn't have a butler, just a cook and two maids and the chauffeur. And a laundress, and a man for the furnace. I'll see what I can dig up and let you know."

"It would be a great help," said Kay composedly.

Mrs. Upton took her way out. Kay turned back to the glassware. Elise, all preoccupation, lifted the epergne and regarded it ecstasially. "Ah, the lovely taste!" she breathed. She said boldly, "I should like to work for the ma-dams who comes here. Since you have need of a cook for her—" "That would be very nice," Kay told her.

"She has been in Paris—yes?" Then she will enjoy the French cooking? Not that I wish to do-vert Madame and les petites—" "You can always come back to us." Not for words would Kay have betrayed her true feelings. Silently she remounted her chair.

Later in the afternoon Mrs. Up-ton returned, being as casual and intimate as if she had known Kay for years. These people Kay reflected, put on manners like garments and threw them off as readily.

"I found her," she reported cheerily. "She'd left her sisters' address with my secretary and I phoned over and she was in. She has been doing waitress work by the day—her husband had a place that didn't include her. He was Eve's chauffeur, you know. They'd both be glad to come back. I'm sure Eve would want them both."

Kay said she was sure she would.

"Ellen can come in the morning. Holden, that's her husband, can come in a day or two. She thinks a friend can take his place." Mrs. Upton was elated at her own ef-ficiency. She said, "So much nicer for Eve if she's ill to have her own maid, not some stranger from an agency."

"Ever so much nicer."

"Now for a cook."

"I'm sending over my own."

"Good. Then that's all taken care of. And for the extra maid—Eve had different ones at times, I seem to recall. I don't know—"

"Perhaps she can arrange for that after she gets here. Just so things are started—"

"You know, I think this is all rather fine of you," said Maude Upton in her mild, casual way.

Kay could have said, "I didn't have much choice." Her irony said it within her. To Mrs. Up-ton she said lightly, "Things have to be done."

"That's true. People make too much fuss about life. Well, give me a ring when you expect her. I'll send over flowers."

Kay's mockery suggested "Blue and rosemary for me," but that was heard only in the silent places of her heart where so much com-ment lay still-born.

The next day she installed Elise and Ellen and heard Ellen men-tioning to Elise with some dis-tinctness, the way that Mrs. Kendall liked things done. "She prefers this breakfast set," Ellen thought, Kay, observing the de-cided character of the pretty face, would be something else than the complaint Doris whose "Yes, ma'am, Miss Elise" had so pleased the Frenchwoman. Already there was a conflict over rooms. "Chester and I are to have the large one. Chester's my husband, you know, who's coming as chauffeur. We were to have had it that way before—toward the second Mrs. Kendall. Ellen was shyly reserved."

That afternoon Ada telephoned. She said, Western Upton's trying to reach you. You're to call this operator. She gave the number. Kay called the operator, received the telegram. Dick was writing from New York that they had docked and were arriving Chicago at one forty-five next day. Kay telephoned the Uptons and left a message with the time of arrival.

Next morning she was up early, calling at the cleaners and the laundry on her way north. She de-livered the packages; she saw that Eve's bed was made with the peach silk sheets she had just brought out—the tenants had left cigarette burns in one, but there had been no time for repairs.

Ellen asked hesitantly, "Other beds were to be made up, and Kay said easily, "Oh, I'd make one or two. There may be friends—a nurse—"

"The one in Mr. Kendall's room and in the guest room—?"

"They will do nicely."

The flowers from the Uptons had come. They must have emptied their greenhouses she thought for the place looked ready for a fête.

Kay took a last look about it at the shining floors, the immacu-late draperies, the air of expectan-cy and ease and went out. Eve would have an operation she told herself. Eve would miraculously recover and Dick would go back to her.

She had gone back to her. She told herself that, but she did not believe it not quite yet. Kay knew to an instant when the train was due. She stayed close to the telephone and when it did not ring she told herself that the Kendalls must be on a second section and that second section was late. Then as she passed she thought that Dick might have gone out to Lake For-est with Eve and would telephone from there. No note from them but after he left there. She gave him time to go out and back; she gave him time to return to the city and to his office and still the telephone did not ring for her.

The waiting had become un-bear-able. She could not understand this utter silence unless it meant that having discovered her ab-sence from the house he was ac-cepting it.

(To Be Continued)

THE EASTERN KING'S EXHIBITION ASSOCIATION Will Hold Their ANNUAL EXHIBITION In Souris On THURSDAY, SEPT. 13th

All Indoor Exhibits Classes 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 will be judged on Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 12th.

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CHARLOTTETOWN

Special Services at St. David's Geo-town

On the two Sundays, August 12th and 19th, St. David's United Church, Georgetown, was the Mecca for many worshippers. Two

outstanding ministers, Rev. E. Melville Aitken, B.A., B.D., of First United Church, Hamilton, and the Rev. Dr. J. Sutherland Bonnell, of Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, occupied his-toric pulpits.

Mr. Aitken dis-coursed effectively on the won-derful things God has done and is waiting to do through the co-operation of humanity with Him. Mrs. Rubley and the Mount Stew-

art Quartette made worthy con-tributions to the service with well-rendered selections.

The one hundred and third an-niversary services were completed on August 19th when Dr. Bonnell delivered a special address on the theme: "God's Hand in His-tory." The occasion was also ob-served as a service of thank-giv-ing for victory and peace. Taking as his text Jer. 32:15, the preach-

er, with telling illustration and eloquent utterance expressed his conviction that God's interven-tion in due time turned what seemed like inevitable defeat into final victory. He made an earn-est appeal to all to ally them-selves with the eternal principles of the Almighty and help build a Christian world. An inspiring service was greatly helped by two beautifully rendered solos by Mrs.

Ralph Douglas.

St. David's is greatly cheered by the generous help of many friends and goes forth with con-fidence into the future.

DEATH TOLL GROWS

BRIDGETOWN, BARBADOS, Aug. 26.—(CP Cable)—Death toll in the crash of truck load-ed with laborers near Lancaster St.

James Wednesday night rose 8th urday to 34 with the death in hospital of four of the injured. The accident occurred when the truck failed to negotiate a curve at the foot of a steep incline.

EDIBLE BIRDS' NESTS

On Borneo, close to recaptured Tarakan, natives have grown rich from collecting edible birds' nests.



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WE SAY

Thank You

DURING the war, so happily ended, the Canadian National Railways, as Canada's greatest transportation system, had a gigantic task to do.

Our ability to fulfill this duty to the credit and satisfaction of the Nation is due not only to the skill, devotion and zeal of those who are our workers, but in large measure to the Canadian Public who, by their generous responses to appeals for help and their uncomplaining acceptances of restrictions and controls, lightened our burden.

We wish to thank the Canadian Public sincerely for their help—the millions of passengers who used our trains and steamships, the shippers of freight and express, the guests in our hotels, the patrons of our telegraph and other services and the unnumbered citizens who refrained from travelling needlessly as their contribution to the common cause.

The surrender of the last enemy has ended the fighting but it has not ended the war job of the Canadian National Railways. The men and women in the Services have to be brought home without delay and for that purpose we shall continue to employ all our available passenger equipment. Millions of tons of materials must be transported for industrial reconversion.

So in saying "Thank You" we express the hope that in carrying out these and other extensions of our war job, we may continue to enjoy the understanding of the Canadian Public.

Albert J. Lewis
Chairman and President

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